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AND THE

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ILLUSTRATION SUPPLEMENT: "A ROCKY MOUNTAIN BUFFALO HERD."

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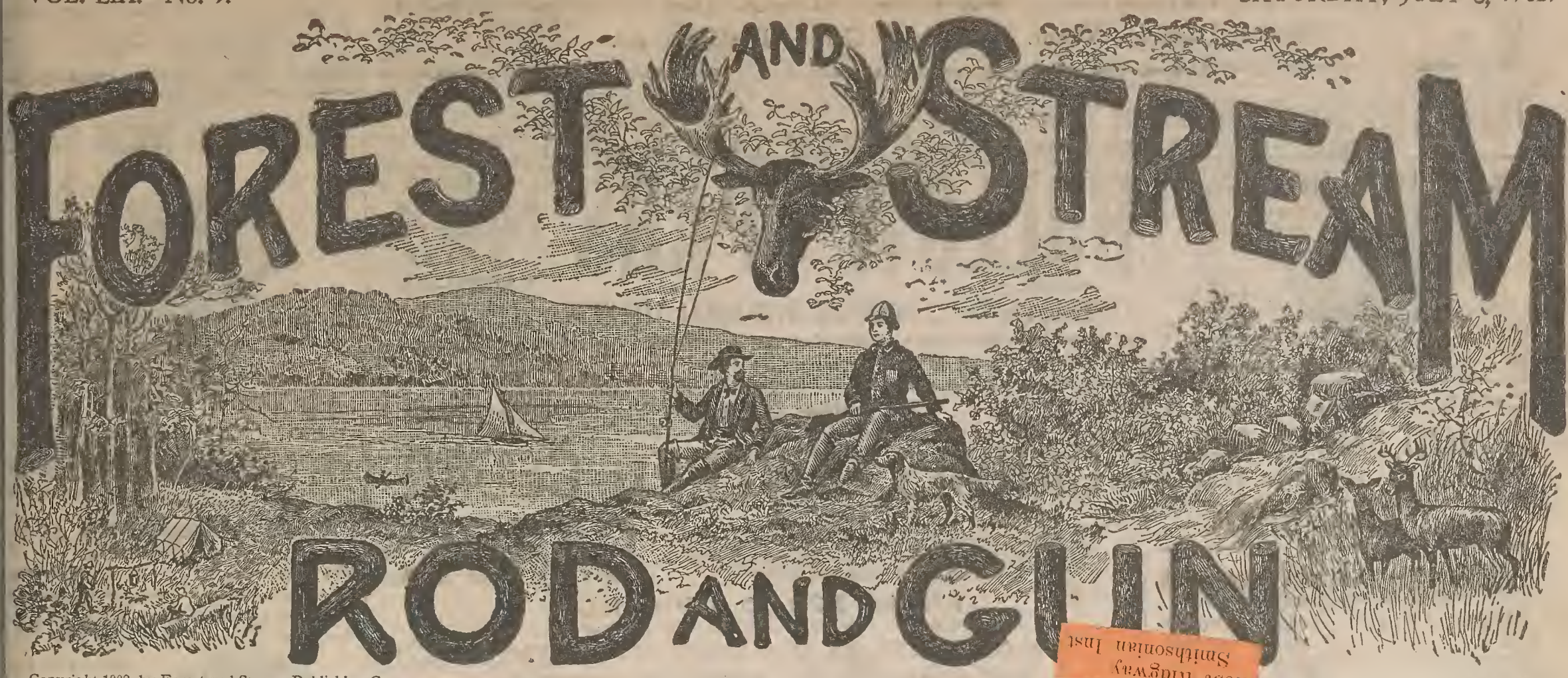

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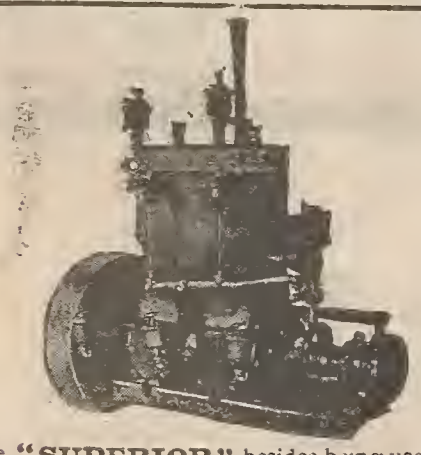

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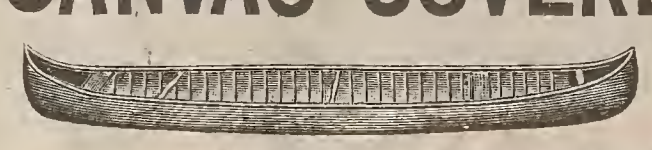

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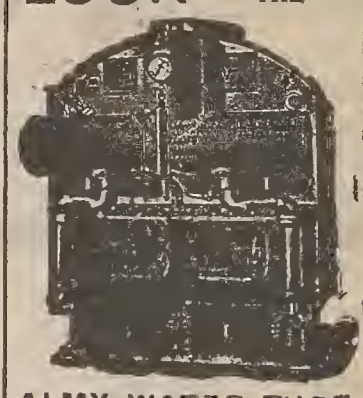

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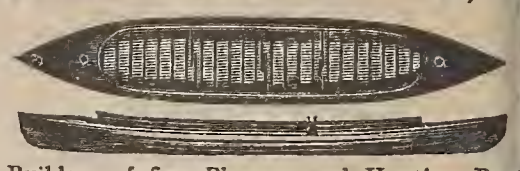

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1902.

VOL. LIX.—No. 1. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

A PICTURE OF THE PAST.

OUR illustration supplement this week presents a picture of the past. It is one which cannot be duplicated. The plain still stretches away in billowy waves; the everlasting mountains rear their snow-clad pinnacles to the skies; but the buffalo host has long since vanished from the land. The photograph, of which the engraving is a reproduction, was made years ago, and the negative has been destroyed. The picture is an unique memento of the West of another age.

MONTANA'S BUFFALO.

IN Montana, or on its borders, are to be found to-day the largest number of buffalo in any State of the Union, and yet in all, these number only 350 or 400 head. Most of them are under domestication, though a few are wild.

Twenty-five years ago the Southern herd of buffalo had practically disappeared, but twenty-five years ago fat cow, bosse ribs, dépouillé and marrow guts, together with newly dressed robes, were still, as they always had been since the first coming of the white men, familiar objects in Montana.

It may be surmised that there never were shipped from any Territory in the West so many robes as from the old Montana Territory, of which Fort Benton was so long the most important center of the fur trade. Other States or Territories in the south may have shipped out greater numbers of hides, but northern Montana, owing to its great Indian population and the late coming to it of the railroads, was always the great country for robes.

To-day in the Yellowstone National Park there are a very few wild buffalo. These are variously estimated at from twenty-two to thirty-two head, but the animals are so shy that for years it has not been practicable to count them, and their numbers can be only guessed at from the tracks found in the winter's snow.

The United States National Museum and the American Museum of Natural History more than a dozen years ago, sent out expeditions to collect a few specimens of the last remaining buffalo. A small number were found in the heads of Dry Fork and Porcupine rivers north of the Yellowstone, and a number of specimens secured. All seen were exceedingly wild. A very few individuals of this herd escaped destruction, and these—for years almost free from molestation—increased until, according to report, they numbered about sixty head. But the bunch had grown too large. A few years ago a concerted attack was made on them by the Red River half-breeds, and thirty-two were killed. Other people say that the whole bunch was wiped out. Certainly its numbers were so reduced—if any survived—that many years must elapse, even under the most favorable conditions, before these buffalo can again be counted. Montana has a law protecting the buffalo, but game wardens are scarce on the plains where these buffalo range.

The largest bunch of buffalo in the world is that owned by Michel Pablo and the heirs of Charles Allard, which ranges on the Flathead reservation in Montana. Stories concerning it float about through the newspapers, but definite information concerning the bunch is not easily had. Where it came from, how it started, what are its present condition and its future prospects are matters of interest alike to historian, naturalist and sportsman. It has seemed to the FOREST AND STREAM that the setting down of the essential facts about this herd was something well worth doing, and in order to obtain information, at once intelligent and accurate, Mr. J. B. Monroe, of Teton County, Montana, was recently dispatched to the Flathead country to learn everything possible about this herd. Nor did he limit himself to inquiry concerning the herd as it exists to-day. From Mr. Chas. Aubrey, of Browning, Montana, he received a full and most interesting account of the origin of this herd from calves born just twenty-five years ago on the plains, and the next spring taken over the mountain.

Mr. Aubrey and Mr. Monroe offer in this account contributions to the history of the buffalo which will be read with the greatest interest. We print to-day the story of the origin of the herd, and this will be followed next week with its development and present condition.

THE TUNA IN ATLANTIC WATERS.

ANGLING history has been made in the fishing columns of FOREST AND STREAM. There is in them a perfect mine of angling lore, to which must repair the chronicler who shall record the rise and development of the several branches of the art in American waters. The history here covered goes back to a remote and primitive age when there was heated discussion of the question—how odd it sounds now—"Will the black bass take a fly?" Later came the doubtful speculations on the possibility of killing tarpon with rod and reel. The discovery of the qualities of the leaping tuna and its exploitation as the great game fish of the Pacific, make another chapter of the history.

And now comes a communication from Mr. J. A. L. Waddell which may prove the opening page of a new record. Mr. Waddell, who is known by his writings in our pages as an enthusiastic, successful and well-informed tarpon fisherman, has been investigating the tuna fishing possibilities of the Atlantic side of the continent, and believes that he has discovered an opening for the sport in the waters of Nova Scotia. The information given by Mr. Waddell is so full and specific that it should induce salt-water fishermen to make a thorough test of the waters designated; and the fame which will surely attend the capture of the first Atlantic tuna with rod and reel should be a sufficient stimulus to provoke ambition and enterprise. We trust that the pioneer tuna fishing in Atlantic waters may have place among our fishing chronicles of 1902.

In this connection it may not be amiss to say that last summer there came to us intelligence of tuna fishing investigations conducted in certain of the Atlantic waters of the United States, the particulars of which have not been made public, pending their possible successful result.

THE DAY OF THE SMALL BOY.

INDEPENDENCE DAY, Friday of this week, has brought with it greater than ordinary cause for gladness of heart to all, for many of the great employers of labor have added Saturday to it as a holiday, thus conferring three consecutive days of liberty in fact upon thousands of working people, who, under the Constitution, are in theory free always.

The commercial signs of the times indicate that the American boy—and, on July 4, in a patriotic sense, said boy may be big or little, old or young, smooth-faced or bewhiskered—will be better equipped for giving vent to his annual surcharge of patriotic hullabaloo than he ever was before.

For the making of noises and smokes and flames, all kinds of devices, new and old, are offered for sale in abundance at prices to please the individual or the masses, hence it is safe to predict that on Friday Young America will be abroad early, present to himself the keys of the city and the freedom of the country, and make a blending of the noises of earth and Bedlam, as becomes the day and his opportunity. For has he not hoarded his pennies to insure the wherewithal to purchase noise makers? Has he not for weeks and weeks been in a fever of impatience for July 4, a day so drearily slow in its coming? Now that it has arrived, why should he not in his own way, with bray of horn, explosions big, little and often, whoops and yells, struts, quirps, marchings and countermarchings, express his veneration for the day's historical significance while revelling personally in an ecstacy of delightful pleasure? Give him liberty.

And yet, while as one in sentiment concerning the day's significance, the great American people will be divided in to two distinct classes, those who emphatically object to the din and uproar as disturbing and unnecessary, and those who cannot conceive of disturbance enough. The anti-noisers journey to the country till the disturbance ceases, or bear it with such resignation as they can muster. The pro-noisers are zealous and active in promoting the general tumult. In the light of past experience, July 4 is consecrated to hullabaloo, lost thumbs, singed eyebrows, lockjaw and dismemberment. It is an established institution, hence if one is disturbed by it, he should take the disturbance philosophically.

It is the one day on which the American boy can riot legally. He is giving expression to certain emotions, under certain conditions, which in a way do not differ from the manner of his elders under certain other conditions. Aged men sometimes whoop and cheer for candidates at election time; young collegians utter college yells apropos of nothing, at any time or place; groups of men sing "For he's a jolly good fellow" when their bosoms swell with friendly feeling; thousands become idiotically ecstatic in their demonstrations over the winner at a horse race; so that, if we disapprove of what has ceased to be novel to us, we may in turn be disapproved if enthusiastic over what has ceased to be novel to some one else.

Let Young America have his freedom for one day in the year, July 4, as in keeping with the declaration of the day. Let him make all the noise possible if no physical injury is done thereby. If he does not understand in his youth what it is all about, in his mature years, when he does understand it, there will be appreciation of its national beneficence, blended with happy accentuated associations.

Remember that all men were boys once, and that it is an ill stage in the life of any man wherein he forgets that he was once a boy himself. When the Declaration of Independence caused cannons to fight for years in war, we surely should be able to endure the roar for a day in time of peace.

The bill for the creation of a Southern Appalachian Forest Preserve was passed by the Senate last week, after having been amended to provide that the measure shall not take effect until the Secretary of Agriculture shall have reported to Congress the plots of each reservation. The bill authorizes the purchase by the Secretary of Agriculture, at a cost not to exceed $10,000,000, of not more than 4,500,000 acres of land to be selected in the forest regions of Virginia, West Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee. The bill has not passed the House; but on recommendation of committee will be carried over to the December session as unfinished business.

The commission authorized by the New York Legislature to select lands for a State park on Long Island, have had several tenders of available properties. The tracts offered include one lying between Manor and Yaphank, another on the Quogue Plains, and one in the Ronkonkoma section. Several thousand acres are said to be available on Peconic Bay, but the price asked would be prohibitive. The commission is reported to be favorably inclined to a Wading River tract of 6,500 acres, lying between Manor and Yaphank, and having a frontage on the Sound.

Mr. Charles Hallock tells in a very charming manner of the early days in the Massachusetts hills, where he first learned the art of casting the fly. We are all creatures of circumstance, our whole lives influenced by happenings which in themselves are as slight and trivial as they are in consequences powerful and lasting. The chance visit of a fly-fisherman to the trout streams of Hampshire county gave angling bent to a youth whose whole life was affected thereby.

The Visalia, Cali., Times charges that the United States troops detailed to the protection of the Sequoia National Park have been poachers, killing deer out of season and dynamiting the trout streams; and it calls on the Secretary of the Interior, in whose charge the Park is, to put an end to this lawlessness on the part of the troops. To state the abuse should be to find its quick remedy.

An international agreement for the uniform protection of certain migratory birds, has been entered into by Belgium, France, Greece, Lichtenstein, Luxemburg, Monaco, Austria-Hungary, Portugal, Sweden, Switzerland and Spain. Absolute protection is assured for birds useful to agriculture. It is extremely unfortunate that Italy should not have joined in the compact, for the migrating birds cross that country in immense hosts, and the industry of capturing them results in an enormous destruction.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Old Plainfield Days.

"On revient toujours a le premier amour." This proverb is as true in English as in French. How we superannuated old people do inevitably hark back in our waning years to the old haunts and the old homes! And every old memory stands out as a beacon to light the way.

It is this homing instinct which leads me back every year, nowadays, to this delectable corner of northwestern Massachusetts, where I was baptized in the living waters of the Plainfield Mill Stream. Its alder-shaded pools and sparkling riffles were then alive with speckled trout, and we boys basketed everything that came to the hook; but at present there are few fish in it legally worth the taking. Fingerlings under the six-inch limit are tired of being caught, and put back over and over again, while larger fish keep shy. Consequently my rods are hung up under the baby act, like Jewish harps by the waters of Babylon. But, *satis superque!* I shall go to Sunapee Lake ere long, where I am told there are eight varieties of entertaining fish, including the much-discussed saibling, or Sunapee Lake trout, so signally exploited by Dr. John D. Quackenbos, of New York, some twelve years ago. No person has done so much as the good doctor to bring this delightful summer resort to public notice, and to make it attractive.

As to Plainfield now. I wish that your readers could realize the sylvan charms of these terminal hills of the Green Mountain range. The venerated Bryant knew them of old, and weaved his dulcet rhythms over all the pleasant places, like summer cobwebs in the morning lights. From every summit there is a sweeping view, and in every valley there is a sparkling stream, a grateful shade and a winding drive. Ice-cold springs gush from every hillside and are caught in great log troughs at the roadside for the comfort of panting beasts which climb the steeps. The very hilltops are saturated with the limpid waters which percolate through the stubble of the hay fields and find their way to noisy brooks that clatter through the woods and stony ravines in their haste to join the main streams in the valley below. Rocks and spreading ferns are distributed with charming effect all over the pasture lands, while wayside and woodland flowers—Solomon's seal, Jack-in-the-pulpit, Indian pipe, pitcher plants and moccasin flowers—are in number and variety sufficient to cram an herbarium. The whole country is like a park. Since it was first cleared it has been in great part reforested, but there is no primitive forest. Every acre of land has been cut over and cropped over during the past century, and whatever woods there are have sprung into a luxuriant and sturdy growth from old clearings long since tilled and run to waste. There is everywhere a continuous interchange of rounded eminences and abrupt slopes, crossed in all directions by stone walls and interspersed with big boulders, granite outcroppings, apple orchards, cornfields and potato patches, with here and there a farmhouse, too often destitute of paint, and frequently abandoned and left to decay. Some elevations exceed 2,100 feet in height, and look into five States. Prof. Charles Lyman Shaw, who died last month at Astoria, L. I., was a famous mountain climber, and knew the altitudes of all the hills and knobs and higher elevations in this region. It was through him that Bryant Hill, Mt. Warner, and several other eminences received their present names. At the date of his death he was engaged on a descriptive and topographical chart of them.

In early geological times a big squeeze took place right here, while the earth's crust was cooling off, which upended large areas of laminated schists and gave to some parts of these slopes quite a graveyard aspect. Ledges of sedimentary rocks crop out from the hillsides in all directions; great dykes cross the lines of upheaval, and huge boulders are grounded on summits furrowed with glacial striæ, which will be legible to the end of time. When I was a boy I used to climb these crags to salt sheep whose matutinal bleating resounded from near to far. On these altitudes there is always a vitalizing atmosphere, so that the summer temperature is never too warm at night. One point in particular is called the "Bellows' Nose," where it is said one can always get a breeze, even if he has to blow it himself.

But in winter! Well, I do not see why even the New England winters should not be charming in their boreal aspects, with every one snugly housed and little to do, the winter supply of wood cut, and no one compelled to go out into the inclemency of the weather except the doctor and the stage driver. But my! to think of these heroes of the hills turning out every morning before dawn and returning with the mails three hours after dark, dodging snowdrifts and following the uncertain trail over stone walls and across wind-swept pasture lots under blizzard conditions, for such are the hyemal diversions of rural delivery! The bare thought provokes a shiver, suggests an ugh-ugh-ulster!

And just to think of a location so charming in summer and winter having no hotel, no typical boarding house, no hospice for the fagged and bilious men of business who eagerly scan the advertising columns for summer elysiums which they fail to find; for retreats umbrageous and cool, where charges are not unconscionable, where pullets never mature, and the matutinal toast is enriched with genuine cream instead of watered milk. There is not even a stage coach here—only mountain wagons—to ply to nearest railroad points, which are respectively eleven, fifteen and seventeen miles away. But the roads are fair, and portions of them are "State roads," costing $10,000 per mile, which vie with the "vias" of old Rome. I have long inclined to the opinion that a well-kept hostelry here in Plainfield could be crammed for ten weeks in the summer season at prices 50 per cent. higher than are asked now, and give satisfaction.

It is now fifty-six years since I cast my maiden fly into these primitive trout streams. I was a stripling then, city born and bred, and fairly reveled in my rural environment, like a colt turned out to grass. My whole time was passed out of doors, and I grew hardy and tough. I scorned a bed in summer months, and slept in a bunk in a rough board shanty hidden in a grove which crowned a knoll, under whose base wound a small rivulet. In this rustic kindergarten I learned the rudiments of woodcraft. In time I came to know every woodchuck hole in the township, and almost every red squirrel and chipmunk by sight; every log where an old cock partridge drummed; every crow's nest, and every hollow tree where a 'coon hid away. I heard Bob White whistle to his mate in May, and listened to the roundelay of the bobolink in June. I had no passion for collecting birds' eggs, but I knew where many a robin foregathered, and where to find the incubating ledge of the night hawk. My elder cousin and I had pets of all kinds—tame squirrels, foxes and crows. All the live stock on the farm were our friends. The old bay mare which once tossed my uncle across the stable with its teeth, would let us crawl between her legs. We rode the cows home from pasture, drove a cosset four-in-hand, trained two Maltese cats to wagon, and even got the little heifer so tame that I could rest my shotgun between her budding horns and fire without alarming her. We learned where to gather all the berries, roots, barks, "yarbs" and luminous fungi which grew in the woods, and so unconsciously became lovers of botany and natural objects. As to fishing, we fished whenever we got a day off. There were sequestered ponds cinctured by spruce belts, at whose outlets the hum and buzz of busy saw mills were heard, and whose waters were filled with pickerel and perch. In the solitude of the woods the bark-peelers stripped the hemlocks for the tannery. Of birch bark we fabricated no end of useful and dainty things. But most glorious of all, as I have said, were the mountain streams, foaming, purling, rippling and leaping, with a life and a dash and a joyousness which made our lives merry and filled our hearts to overflowing with pleasure.

Fly-fishing was in its infancy then. It was an art scarcely known in New England, and little practiced in Canada. We boys had no conception of the curious devices of feather and tinsel which we afterward learned to use, as I will tell you presently. To the angling fraternity at large the artifices of Thorndike, Stickler and Bethune were as mysterious as the occult sciences themselves. We used simply a wattle and a worm, and whipped the trout out of the water *vi et armis*. We did not understand "playing" a trout. Our sport was derived from our environment, from the size of count, and the sense of freedom in a day off. And yet we were the best anglers in the village. We caught bigger fish and more of them. We knew every good place in the Mill Stream. There was the old log just at the edge of the woods, the big hole where we used to bathe, the bridge that crossed the road, the rocky ledge at the pond where there was a small type foundry, the crossing log in the ten-acre pasture, the eddy at the lower falls, and so on from point to point through devious windings and turnings, away down stream three miles or more to the grist mill, the same which the old Mountain Miller used to tend in years gone by.

Ah! those were halcyon days. No bikes nor automobiles disturbed the quiet seclusion of this mountain nook. The scream of the locomotive was not heard within twenty-two miles of it. Twice a week an old-fashioned stage coach dragged heavily up the hill into the hamlet and halted in front of the house which was at once post office, tavern and miscellaneous store, and is now. So little has Plainfield changed! One day it brought a genteel passenger. A well-knit, wiry frame he had, with features denoting quick wit and kindred qualities. He carried a hand bag and a fascine of rods in a leathern case. Some thought it was a telescope, but the village quidnuncs said he was a surveyor. I have forgotten his name, except that it was of two syllables and began with D. He allowed he was from Troy, and had "come to go a-fishing."

From that stranger I took my first lesson in fly-fishing. As he stood upon the tavern steps he gazed across the barren waste of ground to the meeting house opposite—the same meeting house where my reverend grandfather ministered with grace for forty years—a meeting house quaint and ancient, rooster-crowned, with its horse block and rows of horse sheds at hand, and its square pews inside, its lofty galleries and crimson-cushioned pulpit, its deacon seats and its sounding board, long since things of the past. He gazed and seemed to meditate, then shook his head and remarked: "To-morrow will be Sunday. I shall have to wait a day. Sonny, can you tell me if there is any good trout fishing about here?" Trout fishing! To me there was magic in the sound. Yes; and I would take him to the brook. "All right; it's a go!" Of course my Sunday school lesson lapsed next day. Appetite deserted me. I even refused the "hunk" of gingerbread which my aunt supplied at the nooning from the family lunch basket. But you should have seen that stranger fish on Monday! It was not that he took so very many fish, but the cute way in which he did it. In the first place, his rod was so constructed in different pieces that he could separate or joint them together, and it was nicely varnished, too, and stiffer and more supple than our long hickory poles. I did not notice what kind of bait he used—I didn't see him use any—but he just gave a quiet twist of his arm and tossed his line every time, far, far beyond the most ambitious attempts of ours; and nearly every time a fish took his hook; then he let them dart about for a while, as if he didn't care to save them. At first I thought he was just fooling, but I soon discovered that he had some system about him, and I watched carefully. I always knew that there were big fish out there in that deep water under the alders, for we had seen them break there often. Yet we never tried to fish there, because we could not reach them from this side, and upon the other the bushes were so thick it was useless to attempt it. And it was too deep to wade. All day long while fishing with him, I employed my nicest art. I sought out my best holes, and crept up carefully. I took many fish, but only a few big ones. Any dozen of his would have outweighed my whole string. It aggravated me awfully. He said I was an excellent bait-fisher, but thought I would learn to prefer flies. Before he went away he gave me some instructions in casting and a few samples. Since then I have always used flies in fly-time wherever practicable.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

PLAINFIELD, Mass., June 26.

The Demon Bear of Tarantula Ridge.

RECENT press dispatches, with brief but stirring detail, set forth that our beloved President of the United States has been invited by some brave bear hunters, who are coincidentally brave and chivalrous Mississippians, to fill the office of guest in a bear hunt to take place in some place in the South as yet unnamed.

This national event in its significance recalls a bear-hunting episode of my own life which took place some years ago. I carried enormous pressures of sportsmen's egotism. As a side phase of it, I wanted some fame as a brave man, and to this end, concerning it, I wanted to establish some daring deed as of record. There then was no cheaper, nor quicker, nor safer way to achieve it than to invade the wilderness, kill something in some way or other, and forthwith portray the deed in proper flame of color, pitch of key and volume of detail, all properly spread before the public eye.

I have intimated that I was egotistical. I know that I was so, but I also know that it was all in a wholesome way. This wholesomeness certain narrow minds could not perceive or concede. A thirst for fame is not a novelty in the character of every well-organized man and woman. In every man's life there is a stage in which he aspires to distinguish himself favorably and pre-eminently in the eyes of his fellows. If the opportunity does not present itself naturally, he, if properly ingenious, presents it to himself. One sensational deed accomplished in the limelight and the trick is eternally done. A few moments of such well-chosen forwardness are sufficient to color one's whole life with heroic diffusiveness. It does not matter much in what the heroic deed consists, so that it is either of bloody novelty or bloodless superlative. In most instances, the public must necessarily take the hero's word as proof of his heroic deeds, and thus his private fancies may become the public's facts.

In civilized society, the law is an obstacle to heroic opportunities when the same are premeditated, and therefore it checks the proper advancement of that commendable infant industry called heroism.

The field of heroism perforce is narrow. The chance to save a beautiful, wealthy, married or unmarried woman from the thundering hoofs of a foaming runaway horse comes not to one man in a million. Only to the extremely fortunate few is vouchsafed the glorious good fortune to kill a riotous baby-biting mad dog; an act above heroism, for it more properly belongs in the domains of the saints.

The demand for heroic veneering is thus far greater than the supply. Peaceful society is a barren field from which to extract the raw material for the making of heroes. Hie thee, then, to the wilderness! There the man-eaters roam at large. In silence and secrecy the heroic chrysalis may be wrought, thence transferred to the public gaze for the emergence of its beautiful hero-butterfly.

There being ever a close season on man himself within the precincts of civilization, he is not available as raw material for bloody deeds; that is to say, he is not safely available, as he is dangerous in himself and still more dangerous from the mantle of safety within which the law enfolds him. Therefore, most of us, bent on securing data for bloody literary deeds, have to hunt the wild animals of the wilderness. After we have succeeded in killing one of them—bear, wildcat or rabbit—note that it is in keeping with the vainglorious consonance of the theme to depict the dreadful beast's gigantic size, irresistible power, boundless ferocity, lumpy skull, dagger teeth and scimiter claws; for by so much as these terrible attributes are magnified, by so much are the bravery and the glory of the vanquisher exalted.

My ambition was to conquer a bear. At first this ambition was merely an idea which in time developed into an imaginary exploit, but which I impressed upon my friends as a well-established fact. I wanted the bear's skin; not a mere bear skin, for a skin of the commercial world, known to be such, was not up to my standards or my requirements. I wanted this skin to be a personal matter exclusively; that is to say, I, myself, wanted to be the bear's slayer first, and next to be the one who denuded him of his covering. At least, if I did not actually do all this, circumstances required that as a matter pertinent to the record, I should be somewhere adjacent to my proxy at the time of the battle, thereby establishing the conventional associations so dear to the brave ones who do and dare, so useful in proving the validity of the herioc act, and so necessary in successfully calling attention to one's self when perched on the tip of the heroic pinnacle. On that tip, innumerable heroes, mighty hunters before the public, have perched throughout a lifetime merely by a tactful observance of the dramatic unities.

As I said before, I wanted a bear skin. The more I talked and thought of it, the more firmly I believed that a bear skin, drawn from life by me, was an essential to my home and reputation. Home was less a home without one. Reputation minus a bear skin of my own flaying was a reputation, but it was one flawy and moth-eaten. Yet talking and thinking of it were not without many profound constitutional disturbances to me. I confess to varieties of spinal creepiness and cold waves at times when imagining a face-to-face encounter with the ferocious possessor of the skin which I coveted, the bear whose skull had the resistance of steel plate, whose teeth and claws were like chisels; whose skin—my skin—had a thousand lives in storage, each of which required an individual bullet to take it, and even when pierced by a thousand bullets, the bear would remain vigorously alive for days after he should have been dead. A bear pierced lengthwise and crosswise with one thousand bullets, raging, roaring, bounding, fighting, glaring, gnashing, foaming, charging, blood-spurting, immortal, is a garnishment to a pen picture which is beyond price.

From a mere verbal want in the first place, circumstances at length made it a real want. I had achieved a reputation which I was forced to live up to. I had committed myself to a bear skin beyond power of recall. From it I derived much equivocal prestige, for, as a result of my friends' innumerable confabs and criticisms, which being sacred exchanges of confidences between them,

were by each told in turn to me at the very first opportunity, I was rated as a bluffing pretender. Some said that if ever I got near enough to a bear to be chased by it, it would not eatch me in a hundred years. There were others who thought differently, holding that my condition of body would be so paralytieal that I would be caught without any chase at all. A few exchanged winks and said nothing. All agreed upon the point that I was properly built for sprinting or tree climbing, when in the right mood, which would be at its best consequent to a eertain incentive. I had some stauneh friends who averred that a singed cat is better than it looks; that no one can tell how far a toad can jump by its mere shape.

A train of circumstanees brought about an opportunity to capture the bear's fleece. I at that time was a traveling salseman for a St. Louis firm. We had a customer in eastern Louisiana. He had defaulted three times in the payment of a note which had been twice liberally extended. The firm thought that I could promote their interests by calling on him in their behalf. I journeyed thitherto. He proved to be the very pink of courtesy and chivalrous hospitality, which adornments I have found to be a trait of all true gentlemen everywhere.

I presented to him my letter of introduction, which read as follows:

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 5.—M. Jean Mentcur, Tarantula Ridgc, La. Honored Sir: This will serve to introduce to you our Major Reuben Ursussen, who, owing to delicate health, is visiting your scction of country to sniff its fragrant air and taste its limpid waters as the best of restoratives. We requested him to favor you with a call for the purpose of talking over the trifle, $5,000, which we have the honor to carry on our books to your debit. Any attentions which you may extend to our Major Ursussen we will eonsider as being extended to us. Hoping that you will continue to esteem us as worthy of your consideration, we are, dear sir,

Your humble servants,

HARRY, WILLIE, EDDIE & Co.

I arrived at the domicile of M. Menteur in the middle of a pleasant afternoon, and was fortunate to find him at home; or rather he was sitting on the gallery of his Southern home, where the shade was thickest and the balmy breezes oftenest fanned his ealm brow and tossed his long loeks.

He read my letter with polite attention, rose, extended his hand in confirmation of his first welcome, and insisted that I must be his guest during my stay in that region. He observed that my disease must be grave, since there were no external signs of it; it was therefore of the insidious and alarming kind.

The more I protested my appreeiation of, and reluctance to, impose on his hospitality, the more I was assured that it was I who was conferring a favor. Finally, I accepted with pleasure.

"Now," said M. Menteur, "we might as well discuss and settle this little incident so tactfully mentioned by your firm. I know that, being now my guest, you would feel some embarrassment in reverting again to the subject. Will you be so good as to present your case to me at once?"

"Why," I replied, "my firm advises me that you owe them $5,000, and that I am to collect it if you will deign to settle. It will take only a minute, as I plan it, to close the whole indebtedness."

"Major Rube," he rejoined, "I see that you are entirely ignorant of the time-honored traditions of this country. Do you know that the note, referring to what you are pleased to term an indebtedness, has been twice renewed. In this country, that circumstance is considered as being fully equal to a receipt in full. You are now in this section of country, and whatever prejudices you may have, if any you have, against its customs or its traditions, while you are in our midst your own delicacy of judgment will prompt you to respect them. The ineident is closed."

We shook hands cordially, for we found that our hearts beat in unison as sportsmen, and from that moment began a friendship which time has not cured nor death ended. By such adventitious circumstances are warm friendships made among your true cosmopolites, sportsmen.

"To-morrow, if your delicate state of health will permit," continued M. Menteur, "we will go forth on a bear hunt. We will seek bruin (*Ursus americanus lepus*) in the fastnesses of his lair. I am the champion bear hunter of the world. I have killed more bears than all the rest of the hunters added together. Last year I killed over four thousand, and in my lifetime I have killed bears enough to cover the pyramids of Egypt as a bushel of wheat would cover a hen's egg. After all, it is not any fun to kill the bear. The sport lies in chasing him."

"Pardon me," I ventured. "you do not mean to say that you chase bear. I have always been led to believe that the bear did the chasing. I cannot imagine a pieture of a bear scudding across country with a man afoot in hot pursuit. However, it may be merely a ruse of the bear to get the man away from a tree or cave, so that he can turn on him at a proper time and place to devour him at his leisure."

My host laughed in a politely modulated key, but there were several verses to his merriment. "Major Rube," said he, as he viewed me compassionately, "if bears acted in the way you thought, there would be very few bear hunters, for one of the chief charms of a modern bear hunt lies in its entire safety. When I bragged so frankly of having killed so many bears, I was simply bragging of my industry in sport, as one might brag of chasing more foxes in a year than any one else had chased. One bear hunter of long ago, facing a grizzly after the old-time methods, incurred more danger than all the bear hunters of the Mississippi and Atchafalaya bottoms individually and collectively ever did from the beginning of the world to the present time. There are differences in bears and bear hunting as there are in everything else. Bear hunting as the public knows it is of the old-time variety. The *mise en scene* is composed of a bear which weighs a ton; a lithe, plucky hunter armed with rifle and knife; a forest of giant growth interspersed with fallen logs and dense thickets. It is a duel in which rifle and knife and craft are pitted against giant strength and devilish courage. It is a man, one man, against a bear. One stroke of the mammoth's forepaw, one hug, one disemboweling scrape with the hind foot, and the man is dead. On the other hand, the grizzly may be shot or stabbed and he lives on indefinitely. Shot through the head and heart, he may die in a short time or a long time, according to the exigencies of the story, the amount of space to be filled, or the avidity of the readers in swallowing hook, line and sinker. Those were bear fights. Ours are bear chases. Our bears are cowardly little black bears which weigh from 200 to 400 pounds, so timorous of nature that they seek the densest covers of the river bottoms for purposes of safety. The miles of switchcane, almost impenetrable to man, is their favorite haunt. Of man they have an agonizing dread. Only at night will they invade the sections which he most frequents. They are impelled to do so then only by the need of food.

"To the public, however, a bear chase is a bear fight; all bears are bears, and all bears are grizzlies; and also to the public, whose knowledge is fiction, a bear fight is about the most dangerous scrimmage known to mortal man.

"To-morrow, early, before the sun pops up at the eastern edge of the world, you will have an opportunity to learn the difference between a bear hunt and a bear fight; between an ancient bear fight and a modern case wherein a bear could not fight even if it so desired; and between a modern champion bear killer and a champion potato grower, concerning which there is only a very slight difference, since in each instance the principals are largely indebted to the work of menials. Do you ever get thirsty?" he snddenly asked.

I nodded feelingly in reply.

"Come within where the sideboard stands," he suavely said, and I came. When the time for retiring had long passed, we were something more than friends; we were as two long-lost brothers who had met. Poets have sung of many things, but of the lot not one has ever sung in full the praises justly dne to corn, vehicle of joys and headaches.

When I gazed around my chamber the next morning by the rays of a lamp put in action by a sloppy-looking negro boy, I had a feeling of comfort and contentment. The room was large enough for four rooms. The bedstead was a work of quantity and of art. The posts were high and rotund; an immense canopy projected from front to foot close to the ceiling, and there were ornamentations in the way of carving and satin linings so marvelous in their beauty as to almost distraet one from sleeping. Shortly afterward the negro boy brought to me a cup of hot, strong coffee, and told me that the horses and dogs were all ready, and the boss in waiting to start on the bear hunt.

Hurriedly joining my host, I found a number of young men with him, whom he introduced to me as his sons, Christian, Felix, Victor, Pierre, Jaques and Louis. Each was armed either with a 10-bore shotgun, loaded with heavy loads of buckshot, or a short rifle of .44 ealiber.

My host asked me if I was a good shot with the rifle, and on my not answering strictly in the affirmative, without more ado he handed me a shotgun and a half-dozen cartridges, which were to be kept in pocket till such times as they were needed.

Three negro men, who I learned later were famous hunters of bear, wildcat, rabbits, birds' nests, hogs of slightly indefinite ownership, or anything which savored not of manual labor, were of the party, and actually participated in the hunt, though subject to service for the party if needed, and under orders always. They were respectively named Mose, Pete and Henry.

M. Menteur was mounted on an American horse, about sixteen hands high, which was famous for his speed and sureness of foot; his rider in turn was famons as the most daring horseman even in that country of desperate riders, so that it was a byword of praise when one was said to ride like a Menteur. The rest of the party were mounted on Creole ponies.

My host blew his horn, and immediately there was a tumult of dogs such as no man, to the manor unborn, could conceive. Some stood stolidly and bayed deep and long. Some reared and barked, up and down, furiously. Some stood uttering sharply yip, yip, yip, holding their forelegs stiffly and rising a half-inch from the ground with each yip. Some put their noses to the ground and gave tongue while galloping in a short circle, as if on a true trail. Each had a different note; each gave the loudest note he had, and all together they made a babel of dog voices which would have driven me distracted but for the fact that I was enjoying true sport.

We at length sallied forth, a troop eleven strong in men, and about 100 dogs—about 111 all told, men and dogs, powerful enough to subdue a small insurrection, yet peacefully bent on sport with a little bear.

I noticed that each of our party had a horn slung by his side, which on examination I found to be a common cow horn with the small end scooped out after the manner of the mouthpiece of a cornet or trumpet, and which on trial I found I could not blow at all, though all the others could do so with ease.

After riding on tortuous long paths through the switch cane, through tangles of vines, sheets of water and fording bayous, I was given a stand with Felix and cautioned to be alert and hold it with unfaltering fidelity till the party returned for us later, as it was the best stand in that whole region of Tarantula Ridge, and there was almost a certainty that I would get a shot and a bear skin.

The patter of voices grew fainter and fainter. The babble of the dogs soon was out of earshot. I was in the country where the bears roamed at will. Suppose that one should roam my way of his own volition? Would that be sport for me, or would it be sport for the bear?

Every little voice of the forest sounded very loud to me. Earth, air and time seemed to me to be full of grave portend. I wondered what the loved ones at home were doing and whether they missed me mueh, me, Major Ursussen!

I had M. Menteur's word that this was a bear chase and not a bear fight; I also had his note of hand that he would pay a certain sum on a certain day. It was possible that he might be mistaken in this, or any other matter. It might be a bear chase, too, but which would be the chaser and the chased?

The silence of the forest had in it for me nothing of reassuranee. From any part of it a dreadful bear might pop out.

But hark! Is that a whispering whimper far away in the distance? I strained my ears and listened. A clear, faint note this time. In a few moments the tones have multiplied into the distinguishable cry of the full pack.

Felix seemed to be dormant, so imperturbable was his pose. Nevertheless, I felt that he was furtively serutinizing me at times, and seemed to be politely amused at something.

The faint babble of dog voices grew apace into a frantic chorus of the pack in full ery. The long, bugle note of the hound blended with the staccato yip, yip of the cur; for the pack was of all kinds and degrees of mongrels, with a few full-blooded hounds to do the guiding truly as trailers. I was told that a dog which would charge in on the bear and stand his ground was sure of death, so that the best bear dog was one which would keep close to the bear, yet always out of reach of his forepaws and teeth, thus holding him at bay while the champions eame up and riddled him with buckshot and bullets.

The chase came nearer and nearer in full cry. I began to have a most unaceountable feeling of trepidation, and I lost confidence in myself. My feeling, as near as I can define it, was a combination of stage fright, buck fever and nervous prostration. My companion, nevertheless, was as nonchalant as if seated in a flower garden on a June morning. This, if anything, added to my nerveless condition. I wished the bear elsewhere.

Out of a narrow opening, about 200 yards away from us, the bear broke cover. He seemed to be much in the same psychical and physical condition that I was myself. In the cane and timber further away, the dogs were following in fierce ery, and the voices of the riders supported them in yet fiercer though distant eneouragement. My companion gave me a nudge and a signal to get ready, for so enthralled was I with the beauties of the chase that I had forgotten that I had a gun. I quaked violently. I rose as the bear was passing about thirty yards away, aimed quickly, and fired, bang, bang. The bear spurted still more swiftly, and quickly disappeared in a wilderness of switch eane.

"He's hit hard," I exclaimed to Felix.

"Monsieur is jesting," he replied. "Monsieur did not care to end the sport so early. There is where your first barrel tore up the ground, and there is where the other cut off the high limb of a tree."

Looking in the direetion he pointed, I saw that the earth and tree marks bore silent witness to the truth of his statement. At this moment the pack of nondescript dogs burst by, hot in their galloping fury for gore.

"We might as well mount now and follow," Felix remarked, without the slightest show of vexation.

After riding after the pack a few minutes, the cry of pursuit changed to one of baying.

"They have the bear treed," said Felix. He spurred toward them. Following him with the greatest difficulty, though out of courtesy he restrained his speed to accommodate mine, we came to the closing scene of the bear's life, and the commencement of my fame as a bear fighter.

The bear had taken refuge in the fork of a tree about thirty feet from the ground. He seemed to be very restless at our appearance, and I thought that he meditated a jump and a run as a means to escape.

Soon we were joined by the rest of our party, and we had the bear so surrounded that he could not then flee without meeting one or the other of them. M. Menteur looked at me, and I confess that I was fairly quaking again. "I think that we will all shoot together," he said, "and then we will not know exactly who did or didn't kill the bear, so that under these circumstances any one then can claim the honor who cares for it. When I say 'Ready, fire,' all fire in a volley at onee. Now, Ready, fire."

There were flashes and roars of guns. The bear fell from the tree stone dead. It required the most vigorous exertions of father and sons to save the skin from the fangs of the infuriated dogs.

The bear looked almost as large as a steamboat when he ran by me at the stand, and I feel that my impressions then are sufficient grounds to warrant my solemn averment that the bear was a monster of his kind.

"Eheu!" exclaimed Pierre, who was skinning the bear. "This is the Demon Bear of Tarantula Ridge." All the party gathered around him excitedly as he held up to view one of the bear's forepaws. One of the outer toes was gone.

"That foot was caught in a trap years ago," Pierre continued. "We have hunted him many, many times, yet such was his almost human craft that never before to-day have we been able to capture him. I think that Monsieur Ursussen is the mascot and hunter of the party, and to him we owe all for our great success."

"Three cheers for Major Ursussen!" exclaimed Victor, and three cheers were given with a hearty good will.

I scrutinized the bear closely. He seemed to have shrunken into an insignificant size as compared with the size I had in mind when I first saw him galloping near me, and I felt that the honors were conferred on estimates made ante mortem.

"Major Ursussen," said M. Menteur, "you have been in a modern bear fight, and have acquitted yourself with average valor. Rest assured that being my guest I feel proud in the belief that at some future time I may have the honor to testify to your coolness of nerve and steadfastness of behavior in this terrible bear fight. Of course you will not fail to proclaim that I am champion, for you have been a witness to it. We will now return to the house, and there while away an hour or two in libant dalliance."

In the parlor of my home is a stuffed bear skin, life size, so realistic in outline and pose that one has to reason one's self out of the belief that it is a real bear. My friends admire it much and often. Close examination reveals many perforations in the skin. On the stand on which it is mounted is a silver tablet, bearing the following legend:

"The Demon Bear of Tarantula Ridge, a trophy of Major Reuben Ursussen's bear hunt in Louisiana, Jan. 6, ——. Sixty bullet holes in the skin were put there before the bear died, and they testify to his frightful vitality. The skin in drying shrank to a much less size than when it was green on the bear."

At home I am accepted as a bear hunter who has been tried by fire and proven true. When discussing me privately, my male friends say: "Ursussen was dead game

after all. He delivered the goods. I never thought that he had so much pluck, or his whole family."

The ladies, bless them, consider me a lion in a gentleman's clothing. I note that at all social functions the tips of fans are pointed at me, bright eyes follow me, and voices of sweetest music, women's voices, sound my praises.

As I pass the children at play, one of them is sure to exclaim, "That man kills bears My pa told ma that he was not afraid of a buzz saw. He's got a whole lot of skins and stuffed bears at home that he killed all alone with a knife. I'm going to be a bear hunter."

I do not need to hunt bears again, for I am a hero of record, having both a trophy and a reference. But I intend to add some moose heads, mountain sheep and a few big fish to my collections of trophies.

REUBEN URSUSSEN.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

"A Walk Down South."

A FEW days ago I had occasion to "walk" down South and I took a Mississippi River steamboat.

Unlike our good and interesting friend Spears, I had no business with the mate, and yet, when on deck I was a close observer of things going on aboard and ashore, and, inasmuch as the boat poked her nose into every bend and crook in the river to put off or take on freight and passengers, there were few moments when something was not going on.

I naturally watched the rousters at their work and found the study interesting. The men were uniformly young "niggers," there being not a single gray-headed man in the lot. I wondered if a gray-headed negro roustabout is as rarely seen as the proverbial dead mule. Perhaps a roustabout never survives to the gray-haired stage any more than a mule ever dies. What a life! As Spears' quondam fellow laborer exclaimed, "Work! work! nothin' but work!"

I wonder if the eight-hour work day will ever reach these poor devils! Except between landings, day and night and night and day they are everlastingly at it.

Those upon our boat were a young, strong, husky lot, yet after a landing and discharging of freight they seemed perfectly reconciled to a pile of boxes, a row of barrels or a collection of meal bags upon which to throw themselves and snatch the briefest kind of a cat nap, only to be aroused by the bellowing of the whistle as the boat blew for the next approaching landing.

I once read a squib about a Mississippi River captain who suddenly "got religion" and issued positive orders to the mate that the niggers must be "swore at" no more. And in twenty-four hours how the niggers sent a delegation to the captain and begged for the old conditions, "cause it didn't feel natural not to be cussed." On our boat we heard no profanity. The mate was a thin, wiry Southerner, with an acclimated complexion. He gave few orders, but there was a razor-like note in his voice that seemed to stir the niggers like the lash of a scientifically wielded blacksnake whip. His "come along there," "what are you doing," "get out of there," "now! now! now!" was sufficient to keep those roustabouts moving at a pace that was astonishing. Let the long line of toilers heavily laden and crawling up the steep bank like ants show the slightest sign of lagging, "What are you about?" shot like an arrow from between the mate's teeth, was sufficient to jump the whole line into a quickened pace.

What a diversity in the way of burdens! One piece at a time seemed to be the rule, and in the line and following the man straining under a 150-pound roll of belting would come a husky darky carrying a two-pound yeast box upon his broad shoulders. This single parcel idea went with no protest from the observant mate.

Heavy dry goods cases, barrels of salt and weighty and bulky packages generally were carried on a sort of stretcher consisting of two heavy poles connected together with cross lacing of chains. Four men manned these stretchers.

We picked up a flat coal-laden barge and fastening it to our boat moved down the river as the roustabouts, between landings, shoveled coal into barrows and wheeled them into the steamer's bunkers. The sun beat down unmercifully, yet for hours this unloading of freight and loading of coal alternately kept up.

There was "some" powder aboard and this had to be landed on the line of a new railroad under grading construction. The point selected for the landing was where the river had eaten tons of earth away from the steep bank as a hungry boy would bite into cake. To reach the deserted house in which the canisters of powder were to be temporarily stored, the steepest imaginary path up the slippery gravel had to be walked.

The single parcel rule was laid aside here and the darkies carried under each arm a 25-pound canister of blasting powder. There seemed to be no end of that powder, and when we had roughly counted about 1,000 canisters we came to the conclusion that we had slept last night over a veritable powder mine.

It was painful almost to see those poor devils grind their toes into the bank going up and coming down on a jog trot, slide and slip most of the way. There was no shouting or singing, and yet was there a broad grin on the countenances of the majority of them. And when the last keg had been landed and the boat's whistle and bell had sounded "all aboard," the men were again shoveling coal before the boat had gotten her nose a hundred feet from the bank.

And as I watched that reeking crowd of blacks, dripping with sweat and panting from their late exertion, buckling to under the broiling, blistering sun in their work of coal shoveling, I worked out in my own mind the solution of the problem of the gray-headed darkey roustabout.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and and not any individual connected with the paper.

Second Annual of the Uneasy Club.

(Concluded from last week.)

FOR two days I loafed about the river waiting for rough weather, picking up a few teal and reading the latest issue of the FOREST AND STREAM, which an obliging friend had sent me. While poking about with the canoe I found a coon in a trap, the picture of injured innocence. The foxy rascal, sitting there at the edge of the flags with a cruel steel trap fast to a foot, was a pitiful sight, and I was glad to see the owner of the trap coming up the river, who soon dispatched the unlucky animal with a blow from his paddle. He had three others in his dugout he had taken below. This trapper said it was not unusual to catch a fine otter in these swamps.

That evening at dinner Steve V., manager of the club, mentioned the fact that a flock of turkeys had been reported that day at a point down the river, and that he had a notion to interview them, but to do so properly involved being on the ground at daylight, as they would call better then than at any other time. I suggested that we start out that night, locate the place, build a fire in the woods near by and be on hand at daybreak, and upon counting noses we found that there were five of us game enough for this sort of a hunt; so at 10:30, as dark a night as could be imagined, found Steve in the lead with a large lunch basket. We crossed the railroad bridge, a happy expectant party of hunters, bound for a night of it in the woods at least. Upon striking the corduroy road the procession swung off the railroad and Steve collided with the dog Kiser, who evidently did not understand the order, "Column right, march!" Kiser howled as Steve's shoes pounded his ribs, but soon recovered and got in line, and the hunters were soon crossing the cotton field, where a year before the "3 Bs" were covered with cockle-burrs and cotton and filled with disgust. The going was good through the field, but in climbing the rail fence which surrounds it, there was an accident to the lunch basket, and when the wreck was gathered up the butter was liberally sprinkled with sand and chips, the sugar and salt had got together, and in fact the whole outfit was "pi," except a piece of bacon and several loaves of bread. Then for two hours we plodded and stumbled through the woods and underbrush barking our shins on fallen limbs and stumps, dodging under vines and climbing over logs. The climax came during this tortuous tramp when Steve, who was pilot, brushed a small springy sapling so that it sprung back and caught me a stinging blow in the face, which made me suddenly stop and duck. Mr. B., who was following me closely, caught the muzzle of my gun in his eye, and I was afraid he had been seriously hurt, until he assured me otherwise and insisted that it was his fault and not my awkwardness that caused the accident. In the mix-up the lantern was nearly put out of business, and as we sat down to fix it, the whole crowd agreed that a little rest would not be amiss, so we filled our pipes and Steve got reminiscent about moonlight nights and woods full of turkeys, and we spent a pleasant half hour in spite of our tiresome tramp.

As we started on Steve opined that another hour would put us in the vicinity of the coveted game. I thought that this trip reminded me of something I had read, but whether it was Stanley's Darkest Africa or a story of a snipe hunt with the attendant bag and candle, I had no time to decide, for we were again bumping our shins on every convenient cypress-knee, and in a moment more Steve stopped at the edge of a slough. Then came the order to back up and go around the bog, which added another half mile to this horrible walking. I was about deciding that turkey hunting in a swampy jungle was mighty good exercise, and was wishing some one would suggest that we "go way back and sit down," when Steve stopped at a tree and proceeded to hang up the basket and lantern. I had my suspicions that a "snipe" game with the turkeys might be on the programme, but was reassured when he gave us our bearings, explaining that we now were in a narrow strip of timber with a large lake bed on the right and a cleared farm on the left and that the turkeys might be anywhere in this neck of the woods, and that we must flush one or more at once so as to be able to be near their roost when they came off at daylight. We then struck out without the lantern, and if it was a task before, it was painful indeed now, for the woods were black as ink, except where one looked up at the sky, which was fast clouding over. I had zigzagged about for a quarter of a mile when I was startled by a heavy roar of wings in a tree just over me, and the falling of a lot of twigs about me, and as I looked up saw two large turkeys sailing away through an open space among the tops of some tall cypress trees. I could not resist, and pointing the gun as nearly as possible at the flying birds in the uncertain light, I fired both barrels with no effect, at least nothing dropped. The others of the party came up quickly, Steve cautioning no talking, and we then beat a silent retreat and struck out for the clearing, which was on high ground and promised a better camping place than the woods.

While we made a cheerful fire beside a large oak log, Steve went further into the clearing and shortly returned and said, "Gentlemen, I am going to bed, when you are ready you will find your beds ready for you about a hundred yards to the right, just over the fence." With that he and Mr. B. left the boys and myself broiling slices of bacon held to the fire on long sticks, which, with a slice of bread, was the next thing to a club sandwich and highly appreciated after our long walk. Then filling our pipes and lighting them with a glowing coal, we were supremely happy, sitting there in the bright firelight until about 1:00 A. M., when we decided to see the color of the bed Steve had mentioned, which I opined must be a haystack. On going to the fence, as Steve had directed, we there found a shed, the floor of which was covered to a depth of three feet with newly plucked cotton, and in this soft nest we found Steve and Mr. B. sound asleep. We piled in and were soon in the same condition.

At 4:30 I awoke to find myself nearly buried in the cotton. I crawled out and routed the others, and after poking up the fire we again took the trail for the turkey roost. We moved slowly and with as little noise as possible, until our party was formed in a half circle, surrounding the place where we had flushed the birds, facing the lake bed. I, on the extreme left, was backed up against a tree where the view was as clear as possible, waiting patiently for daylight.

Just at dawn I heard several birds fly down from their roosts, and was wondering if I had not got too far to the left, when I heard the flutter of wings and turned just in time to see one fly out of the top of a lone cypress that was 500 yards or more from the strip of timber we were in. The bird sailed in and lit in a tree about 150 yards from me, in plain sight. Then a veritable game of "rubbernecking" began on the part of the turkey as well as my own. Here was a situation I had not counted upon, as I had expected to get a shot at a turkey either running or flying, but here was a shining mark up a tree, but out of gunshot. Knowing the reputation a wild turkey has for locating a hunter, I never dreamed I could make a sneak on him. However, the bird was getting uneasy and seemed about to fly to the ground, giving a slight cluck occasionally, and I decided I must do something at once, as a gun might crack at any moment and spoil my chance. I decided to "sneak," and, if I do say it, no Indian was ever more stealthy. I first got a tree between me and the bird's head, and then walked on the air, I think, for over a hundred yards, and found that I was in range, but that was all, for the bird had changed position and the body of the tree obstructed the view, so that the head and a few inches of the neck showed, and I was unwilling to risk a load of BBs at so small a target. While standing there trying to control my increasing excitement and thinking of some way to outwit the wily bird, he hopped to another limb, and there stood against the eastern sky as big as a barn. I shall not try to describe the sensations of the following moment, just as day was breaking. My nerve stayed by me, however, and with my gun well braced and a careful aim I pressed the trigger. There was not a flutter or a sound after the gun cracked, except the thud of the falling body, and I rushed up to the tree and found him limp and bleeding, stone dead.

Daylight found the birds anxious to get together to feed, and as I stood there admiring my bird I could hear Steve calling keak-e keak-e; and in a moment, not fifty yards from me, a bird answered. Again I was thrilled with excitement, and was peering through the underbrush for a glimpse of the bird, when bang-bang went a gun in the timber back of me, and in a moment I saw a gobbler sailing off across the lake bed. The shots evidently startled my bird, for after five minutes I heard him call at a long distance. Then two more shots from the timber. I waited long and patiently for further developments, but saw no more signs of turkeys, although another shot from the timber assured me that someone was still among them, and after convincing myself there were no more birds in my vicinity, I picked up the dead bird and headed for the camp, thoroughly well pleased with myself as a turkey stalker. I soon came upon Steve, who was sitting on a log looking thoroughly disappointed, for he had called a pair of birds nearly up to him, when Kiser took an insane notion to see what was doing in another part of the woods, and bounding away frightened the birds Steve had all but counted dead and bagged. The boys and Mr. B. soon came up, and how their faces broadened and their eyes opened at the sight of the turkey which hung from my shoulder, its head nearly touching the ground. Mr. B. had not seen a bird or fired a shot, and the boys, who were still thoroughly rattled, admitted having done the shooting, but were not sure whether they had seen six or sixteen of the great birds.

Returning to our camp-fire we met a farmer boy, who for the promise of a quarter for a pail of hot coffee, brought it to us from the house a half mile distant. We went at the lunch basket and were soon broiling liberal slices of bacon, toasting bread and separating a dozen or more biscuits from a pint or so of apple butter which had swamped them in the wreck in the woods. In due time the boy returned with a large tin pail full of steaming coffee. We settled with him and reminded him that he was a gentleman and a scholar, and then proceeded with breakfast, which was soon reduced to an empty basket and coffee pail. Kiser refused to touch a large sandwich I had prepared for him, and from his manner I shall be obliged to think he was doing penance and was in deep disgrace for having ruined Steve's chance for a pair of fine turkeys.

Our breakfast settled and our pipes puffing, we were soon on the back track through the woods, which was not half bad going in daylight.

We had arranged to meet the guides with the boats, fishing tackle, etc., at a point on the river about half way home, and arriving found them waiting for us. Steve was to go on to the club house and we were to finish up the day with the bass, which we proceeded to do.

Having seen a number of ducks flying over and having all the fish I cared for by 3 o'clock, I decided to go back on the river for the evening. While on the way up to the opening where we were to wait for the ducks, a pair of mergansers came along and I fired both barrels and never got a feather, excusing my poor shooting to my guide on account of the unsteady boat. In another moment came a teal, with the wind, and he was badly frightened, only, after two loads were fired in his direction, and I was too disgusted to even want an excuse. In less than two minutes, while rounding a bend, we flushed a dozen mallards, and while they swung around in a wide circle we had time to partially hide the boat in the flags. Back they came, and I was chuckling to myself as they swung in to about forty yards, flying easily, and was thinking I would now redeem myself and lined up on the leader and fired. He just tilted a little and some feathers dropped off him and he began to climb with the balance of the flock and I gave him another barrel, but he still went with the flock. I said nothing, but was calling myself several kinds of lobsters and things equally expressive, when my guide said, rather sarcastically, I thought, "Your gun shoots pretty close, don't it?" To write down my reply, which I snapped out, might not look well. I was thoroughly nettled. In reloading I happened to catch a glimpse of the shell I was about to place in the gun, when the trouble dawned on me; I had forgotten that the pocket

had been emptying had nothing but BBs in it. I said thing, but promised myself I would fool the next uck that came within range, and the guide also, who, that time, must have wondered how in the world happened to hit that turkey. I threw all the BB shells in the bow of the boat where they would do no more isehief, and opened up a box of sixes and loaded the n. Directly down the river came a lone mallard, hich passed too far to one side for a shot; then turng suddenly he came back without seeming to notice e boat and flew directly over us, and just as he passed gave him the proper lead and fired.

"Blankity-blank-blank!! You shore did soak him good d plenty!" said the guide.

"Yes, if I get the shots you will get good and busy fore dark," I replied. He took the hint and began to sh on in the smartweed and soon had as fine a greenad as one would care to see. Arriving at the blind, hid our boat and were waiting for the evening flight hen a hunter came down the river with a buneh of e decoys, and I was glad when he anchored them in e channel and took a stand on the opposite side. I d the extreme pleasure of "wiping his eye" later, on fast mallard, after he had fired four shots from his mp gun at him, which did me nearly as much good as ling the turkey. Out of a dozen or more shots that ening I think I missed but two birds; bagging eight e mallards. Then having convinced the guide I could ot a little, we pushed out for the club house thorghly satisfied with the fine day's sport.

In the language of Fra Elburtus, of the "Philistine," se "little journeys" are "hot stuff," but all too short the fellow who only has ten days' vacation and a comssion from the "Uneasy Club," which is just as imrtant in a way as "A message to Garcia."

In summing up the result of the club's second outing, ind one member has developed a huge appetite and a e of honest tan which will not wear off before Christs, to say nothing of pleasant memories to store up that time when "The frost is on the pumpkin" and cannot chase the ducks or the turkeys except at the le, and then without the aforesaid appetite.

At the annual business meeting this winter, in all obability it will be decided that the club must get a r next season, and if my motion prevails, your read- may run with some of us after the bear is sighted. may also increase the membership. The only ques- to be settled will be the proof that the applicant a sportsman, not a "sport," mind you.

BILL.

o the Snow Line of the Himalayas

(Concluded from page 506.)

WE were told of a bear at a place some miles distant, lost a whole day by going in search of him. On iving at the place we found two native hunters who shot him the same morning and had just finished ing off the skin, which they showed us.

n order to have a better foothold in going over bad und than could be obtained with English shooting ts, we had bought some native-made shoes at one of villages. These had their upper parts formed of ting made with strong cord, a leather band across toes and a stiff piece of leather at the heel helping keep the feet in position. The soles were of leather ched across with strong hide thongs. These shoes e a great grip on rocky ground, and I found it easy run without slipping, even over water-worn boulders the banks of streams, but in the pine forests they were good. On steep slopes covered with the dead needles troo and the coolies frequently slipped down when and I were walking securely with our English boots. he native shoes assisted in walking without noise en stalking game, but ordinary shooting boots are d for this purpose if made with very low heel and soles studded with brads instead of hob-nails. I e frequently, when wearing such boots, walked ugh thick bushes to within ten or fifteen yards of r, in places where the ground was gravel or clay ed hard by the sun. Perhaps the easiest of all shoes walking silently with are those made for lawn ten- with fluted soles of vulcanized India rubber.

We would have been more successful in killing large e if we had remained a week or two in some likely , so as to become acquainted with the surrounding ntains, but then we would not have had time to go he snow-line, and that was of more consequence than ing a large bag. The scenery repaid for all. There e mountainsides covered with miles of forests, bathed he brilliant sunshine and glittering with a million ts of light and color that, merely to gaze at, caused lls of ecstasy along the nerves to the ends of one's ers.

here were valleys miles in width and many thouds of feet in depth, and so long that neither of the emities could be seen; their sides and bottoms cov- with forests or large patches of grassland.

he sides of the mountains below our paths often ed to such an immense depth that large pieces of , rolled down them, could be heard bounding from e to ledge for two or three minutes before they rested he torrent at the bottom. Jahtroo sometimes tried plan to startle any game that might be hidden ng the trees and rocks.

e succeeded only once, when an antelope called w (of the chamois tribe) rushed away, giving me a momentary glimpse of him.

was strolling alone one day along the edge of a y the sides of which were so steep that it looked like ncient bed of an enormous river. Far in the dise a lammergeyer (*Gypaetos barbatus*) was sailing the side in my direction. Thinking there would be ance of obtaining his skin for stuffing, I quickly drew the charge of No. 5 shot from one barrel of my and substituted an ounce of BB. When gliding past the bird appeared so large and distinct in the clear ntain air that I though he was only 40 yards away. passed calmly by, without a flap of the wings, and ng no notice whatever of the shot. There is no t but that the immense depth of the valley under and the clearness of the atmosphere, had deceived me as to the distance. He was probably more than 70 yards away, so that the charge of shot had dropped below him.

As we approached near the snow line, the way became more difficult, and in one part I narrowly escaped being killed. The path sloped up the side of a mountain to a sharp corner, and there, for a length of 50 or 60 yards, it had broken away and fallen into the valley below. We managed to pass around with the help of our alpenstocks, by stepping on projecting pieces of rock, and grasping with our left hands the plants or rocks that were level with our shoulders. At the extreme point of the corner there was a rocky shelf about 18 inches wide, where I stopped to say something to S., and carelessly let go my hold with the left hand.

All at once I lost my balance and felt myself falling backward. On the impulse of the moment I twisted round, and seeing a little piece of rock jutting out a few inches below that on which I stood, jammed the point of the alpenstock in it and gripped the upper end with both hands. The bamboo bent for a moment like a bow, and then sprang straight. Had it not done so, I must have dropped about 200 feet on to the rocks below, for there was nothing to break the fall.

On the road back to one of our camps when looking for game, I saw a gooral on the side of the mountain above me, only 70 yards away, and presenting an easy shot. I was carrying the Purdey rifle, which could be depended upon to hit anything as small as the palm of a man's hand at 100 yards. I took a careful, steady aim and missed altogether. It seemed that I was fated never to kill a gooral. I did so once, and only once, during an excursion into another part of the mountains five years afterward.

Our path went for some days through great forests of fir and pine, until we reached the mountains immediately below the snow line, and from which the snow had melted not long before. The ground was covered with short, rich grass, and here and there patches of rhododendron bushes, with blossoms white or of a light rose color. None of them was large enough to be called a tree—like those at a lower altitude. There were shepherds with flocks of sheep, brought for the summer season from the villages below. They had several large dogs with long hair, of the Thibetan breed, for protecting the sheep from leopards and other wild animals.

We pitched our tents on some level ground close to the steep side of an immense valley which sloped down abruptly several thousand feet below us. Its end could not be seen, and the opposite ridge was four of five miles distant. The bottom and sides were covered with great forests. From the side, about half a mile to the left of our tents, an immense spur of dark rocks jutted out into the valley, so that its extremity was exactly opposite where we stood. It rose like a wall from a depth of at least 1,000 feet, with its top some hundreds of eet above our level and not more than 400 yards away in a straight line. From the valley behind the base of this spur, rose the snow-covered peak of Mount Kedarnath, soaring to a height of more than 24,000 feet above the sea.

While we were reclining on the grass near our tents shortly before sunset, we saw a tiger walking along the top of the rocky spur, exactly opposite us, his body showing clearly against the sky. There was barely time to examine him with the binocular glass before he disappeared. The next morning we sent Jahtroo and some of the men to look for his tracks, but they failed to discover any. The rocks over which he had gone were higher than some of the places where the snow was still unmelted.

There is a general idea that tigers are inhabitants of hot countries only. This is an error, for they are found in Tartary, a long way north of the Himalayas, where the winters are extremely cold. There their fur is much longer than that of Indian tigers. Atkinson, an English artist who traveled through Kirghis Tartary about fifty years ago, mentions the tigers there, and relates an instance where one of them killed a Tartar girl. We remained three days in the new camp, strolling over the neighboring hills without meeting any except small game. I found a beautiful flower like an orchid, having green petals with purple spots on them, and returned to the place on the following day with drawing materials in order to make a water color sketch of it, but I failed to find it or another specimen. The most common flower met with during our journey was the forget-me-not (*Myosotis*) which was growing in masses along the banks of the rivulets and bearing blossoms much larger than those of the European variety.

S. was very anxious to obtain a skin of the cock monal, the largest pheasant of the Himalayas. (The hens were leading broods of young about the hills, so of course we would not shoot one of them.) As Jahtroo insisted that No. 5 shot was useless for bagging so large a bird, I loaded my 16-bore with BB, and sent him out on two different days to search for a cock monal. He failed to find one, but returned each day with a musk deer, the flesh of which we found very palatable. This queer little animal (*Moschus moschiferus*), whose native name is kustoora, is not more than two feet high. Its weight, as well as I could judge without scales, is about 40 pounds. The color is a dark gray, with a brown tint, which becomes much lighter on the throat, abdomen and inside of the thighs and arms. The coat close to the skin is almost like wool, and outside this the hairs are two or three inches long. Each hair is so large that its tube-like structure can be seen with the naked eye, if it be cut across. They are very brittle, and it is impossible to take off the skin without breaking many of them. The tail is about one inch long. The deer has no horns, but the canine teeth of the male form sharp tusks, curving downward and backward, and three inches long. The musk, which is only found in the full-grown male, is secreted by a kind of hollow gland, having an external opening, and situated inside the skin behind the navel. The deer inhabit the forests close to the snow-line, and often sleep upon the snow.

Our camp being at a height of 16,000 feet above the sea, the rarity of the air had a great effect upon our breathing. Walking quietly up a gentle slope made me faint. We had only been affected in this way during about the last 3,000 feet of the ascent, and one day when I descended 3,000 or 4,000 feet into the great valley in front of our tents I found myself able to run up a sharp hill without the least distress. While in the valley I came across the tracks of a bear, and followed them for a long distance up the side of a wooded hill, but eventually lost them.

Each morning of our stay at the camp a curious phenomenon occurred. At sunrise the sky was perfectly clear. When the sun had been shining a few hours the vapor from the snow on the summit of Kedarnath condensed so as to form a cylindrical column of enormous height, with its base resting on the peak. Gradually the vapor from the top of the column spread out horizontally until it assumed the appearance of a gigantic dark gray mushroom. Lightning flashed in various directions through this, and thunder rolled for an hour or two, when the whole cloud melted away; but whether it turned into rain, hail or snow could not be seen from where we stood.

I have often regretted that I did not attempt to make some sketches of the scenery, yet the landscapes all around were so unspeakably grand, so gloriously beautiful, that even a great artist would have despaired of giving more than a faint idea of their splendor.

I know of nothing which draws the heart of man toward the Creator more than the sight of mountains covered with pure white snow, pointing upward into a sky of clear, deep blue. It fills the soul with emotions which cannot be expressed.

During our march back S. killed a gooral and a barking deer. I also killed one barking deer and lost another that was wounded. While walking over a mountain not far from the tent, I saw him in a deep valley 150 yards distant, and fired with the Purdey rifle. The bullet appeared to hit the top of the shoulder, and after staggering a little he ran away under the trees. I had forgotten, when raising the sight, to allow for his being very much down hill. Jahtroo and I followed the tracks for some distance, when we found that the bleeding had ceased, and gave up the search, as evening was coming on.

We marched steadily every day, being unable to wait in any camp and search for game, for the time at which the monsoon might be expected was very near and we did not want to be drenched all day with torrents of rain. It burst two days after we reached Mussourie, with the most terrific thunderstorm I ever saw, lasting a great part of the night. For hours there were incessant flashes of vivid lightning so close overhead that the crashes of thunder were simultaneous. The station club house was on the side of the mountain about 80 yards above that in which I was staying, and an Englishman sleeping there had a narrow escape from being killed. A large dog was lying under his bed when a flash of lightning ran down the wall, passed through and killed the dog without touching his owner.

The heavy rains caused a rapid growth of ferns, and in a few days the trunks and branches of the rhododendron trees were covered with them, chiefly with heartstongue.

The views of the plains below us were unutterably grand. From the crest of a mountain 7,000 feet high, we could look down its steep sides into a valley called the Doon, 500 square miles in area, bounded at its northwest end by the Jumna, and at its southeast by the Ganges, the Sewalik hills forming its southwest border. Sometimes, when the sky above was clear, the whole valley was covered with masses of dense clouds thousands of feet below us, and glistening in the sunshine like a plain of the most brilliant snow. A large opening would form in them, through which the forests and rivers could be seen like a painting framed with silver.

In stormy weather troops of great dark clouds rolled from the Sewalik hills across the valley, the lightning flashing from one to the other until they struck the mountain and climbed up its side to where we stood, then passed on over the higher peaks behind us.

The time of my leave was drawing to a close, and I was obliged to return to the hot, steaming plains. When descending the mountain, I noticed that there was little difference in the temperature for the first 4,000 feet, so that the stratum of heated air with which the plains were covered was only about 3,000 feet thick.

J. J. MEYRICK.

ENGLAND.

Forest and Stream Day in St. Louis

MERCANTILE LIBRARY, St. Louis, Mo., June 24.—*To Forest and Stream:* This is FOREST AND STREAM day at the Mercantile Library. I was just thinking of answering a pleasant letter from our friend E. Hough, of the-West-and-the-rest-of-Chicago, when who should drop in but Coahoma. I had noticed in the papers that the Mississippi River Commission was in session here, and that the levee associations of the lower river had their representatives before it, but I did not recognize in Col. T. G. Dabney, of the Upper Yazoo, the kind-featured gentleman who stepped in this noon and introduced himself as Coahoma. It was not his every-day name, but his FOREST AND STREAM name that had sunk into my memory.

We talked of snakes, of course, and of other things, of course; but not of half the things that we will talk about when he comes again. I wish the Commission would run the Yazoo up-hill and bring Coahoma and his country gently with it.

Well, I settled back when he had gone, to think of old-time talks with Coahoma and others around your weekly camp-fire, and—it was not five minutes before in came another contributor to FOREST AND STREAM, Captain Flynn of the Eighth Cavalry. His salutation was: "I don't want to talk business, but to talk FOREST AND STREAM." And we did. He said: "I like FOREST AND STREAM because it tells the truth about things that are good to know." That puts it in a nutshell. Captain Flynn has been serving in Cuba, but was recently ordered with his command to Jefferson Barracks. I hope that he may stay with us a long time.

FOREST AND STREAM, I thank you. Certainly I have never met more pleasant gentlemen than through your introduction. Through you I became acquainted with E. Hough, and with that charming rascal, George Kennedy, and with many another good fellow who loves the clean

woods and clean sport. "Here's to you and all your family; may you live long and prosper!"

HORACE KEPHART.

[Prettily said; but meager consolation for the New York contingent, to whom the annual meeting of the Mississippi River Commission means by virtue of established precedent the coming of Coahoma to the Borough of Manhattan.]

Natural History.

Montana's Buffalo.

The Pablo-Allard Herd.

The Origin of the Herd.

BROWNING, Mont., April 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the year 1877 I was located on the Marias River and engaged in the Indian trade.

A few miles above me, at Willow Rounds, Col. Culbertson, of the American Fur Company, had a winter trading post; below me a wandering trader was located.

This part of the river was a favorite winter hunting ground for the Blackfeet. There was good grass and a variety of weeds for buffalo horses. The river bottom was well timbered, which furnished plenty of fuel and shelter. The high, level prairie to the north was a favorite winter range of the buffalo. The Marias was the main watering ground for all game between it and Milk River, one hundred miles to the northward.

Close by, and on the north side of the river, some three miles below me, was the great medicine rock of the Blackfeet. All war parties paid tribute to it as they passed. They placed articles of value upon it, and painted it, praying that they might be successful in war. The mothers of families here made offerings of valuables, with prayers to this medicine rock for the recovery of their children in case of sickness, or asked that the unborn child might be a man. Here, in the spring after the winter's hunt was over, was the general point of gathering; here passed the summer route of travel. At that time the soldier lodge was held, and laws and rules laid down for governing the summer's hunt, for friendly visits, and for war also; to protect their range and country from invasion by other tribes. Here they journeyed on their way to the summer hunting ground in the Cypress Hill far to the north. The historian of the future, when writing of the Blackfeet, with an abler pen than mine, will find interesting material in this country.

There were three trading posts in this favorably located country. I was called by the Indians The Man in the Middle, for the reason that I was between the other two. My post was called Ft. Custer. All foreign Indians gave me the preference in trade, for the reason I gave them the same tail and trade I gave my own people.

Among the Indians who traded with me that winter were the Sarcees and Stonies, from the far north; the Blackfeet proper, the Kootenais and Klamaths, from toward the Coast; the Nez Percés, Gros Ventres, Assinaboines, Pend d'Oreilles and one family of Crows. All tribes were in sympathy with each other, through the effects of the Nez Percé war. This was what brought these strange trade conditions about. I sold one Klamath twelve dozen buffalo tongues at $4 per dozen, as well as a number of fine robes. In his country there were no buffalo.

Among the Pend d'Oreille Indians who made up the hunting party from across the mountains, was an ambitious, bright, middle-aged man—of the warrior class, but not a chief—whose Christian name was Sam. He was known to the Blackfeet as Short Coyote. He was a typical Pend d'Oreille, with the economical turn of those Indians as gathered from their early Christian instructors, Fathers De Smet and Ravalli. I often met Sam in the way of trade, and he indicated more than ordinary friendship for me, caused perhaps by my fairness in trade. My interpreter for the Blackfeet was a three-quarter blood Blackfoot, Baptiste Champaigne. His father was the noted Michel Champaigne, trader and interpreter for the American Fur Company.

Baptiste's wife was a sister of Yellow Wolf, a Blackfoot warrior, still living here. She had a niece whose name was Mi-sum-mi-mo-na, and who being rather a comely girl, had attracted the attention of Sam. The Pend d'Oreille Sam made propositions to her kinsfolk, Yellow Wolf, Champaigne and his wife that he be permitted to marry Mi-sum-mi-mo-na, and offered for her sixteen head of good horses. The offer being very tempting, she became his wife. A short time afterward Baptiste gave me the story of the affair. I told him very frankly that he had made a mistake. He asked my reasons. I said to him: "You are a strong Catholic and your Church does not permit polygamous marriages."

By the rules and laws regulating marriage among the Pend d'Oreilles, Sam was punishable by both fine and flogging. This punishment is carried out by the soldier band of the Pend d'Oreilles. Baptiste was worried over my view of the marriage. Sam's Pend d'Oreille wife was very much opposed to his second marriage, and appealed to me to talk with him and tell him that he must not go crazy, that the Pend d'Oreilles were taught to have but one wife, while the Blackfeet could have any number they could buy and support.

In course of time Sam's first wife made so many objections, and so continually quarreled with him over his second marriage, that there was no peace in the family. By early spring (1878) feeling had risen to such a condition that Sam shot and wounded his first wife. It was a flesh wound in the shoulder. She was still asserting the rights of Christian marriage. She showed great love and affection for Sam, which he did not appreciate or reciprocate. Conditions were such that the Blackfoot wife, though fond of excitement and war, could not endure the continual strife, and found life in Sam's lodge unbearable.

When Baptiste spoke to me about his niece's troubles, I informed him that from an Indian point of view she was simply a piece of merchandise, sold for value received, and his interference would not be permitted. To Baptiste affairs now assumed a serious turn, as he feared for the life of his niece.

In the course of a few days, Sam, whom I had not seen for some time, called on me. I found him in the condition called by the Indians, "my heart is bad." He had his gun out of its cover and his blanket off. This in an Indian means war. I noted at once that there was a crisis in his affairs, and I signed him to sit down. I sat down beside him, knowing that if he wanted to make a gun play, which I apprehended from his actions, I would be close to him, and could close with him and give him an even showdown for the gun. I reasoned with him in the sign language, reminding him that he was alone among the Blackfeet, his people all having gone back home across the mountains. I told him he had made a mistake, but there was time yet for him to make it right, and advised him to come back in two days and I would tell him what I thought best. What I wanted was time, for a wild Indian in his war paint, mad and wanting to kill some one, is a bad customer to argue with. Sam departed without ceremony. He was faithful to my request and returned in two days' time.

In the meantime I had a talk with my interpreter, Champaigne. I found he had counseled with his wife and had advocated a separation of his niece and Sam. This fact had been communicated to Sam, and led him, in his now desperate frame of mind, to desire to kill Champaigne, and this was the object of his visit to my store.

When Sam returned I found him in a somewhat better frame of mind. I said to him, "When do you cross the mountains to your people?" He informed me that he was lonesome, and wanted to go, but he feared he would be punished by the fathers of St. Ignatius Mission. He had been married at this mission in the Flathead Valley. I carefully went over his affairs and impressed on him the fact that he had violated the law of his people. Now he must be careful and keep out of further trouble. I thought there was still a chance to make peace with the soldier band of his tribe by getting a pardon through the fathers. To that end I would assist him by giving him a letter to Father Ravalli, stating that he (Sam) was not a drunken or lazy Indian. I also suggested that in connection with my letter he make a peace offering to the fathers, in the hope it would lighten the punishment for marrying the Blackfoot woman. He told me he had nothing to give, and he could not stop the punishment, which I found he dreaded very much. I then suggested that as he was a good hunter, an expert horseman, and could handle a lasso well, he rope some buffalo calves—now nearly a year old—hobble them and keep them with my milch cows. He could use my corrals until they were gentle, he could then drive them across the mountains by the Cadotte Pass, and give them as a peace offering to the fathers at the mission. He looked at me in surprise and doubt. I then showed him that as there were no buffalo in the Flathead country, I thought the fathers would appreciate the gift. He at once said he would try my plan. I encouraged him to go to work at once, and soon saw him arranging for a hunting trip.

Next day I made a visit to his lodge and found him and his Pend d'Oreille wife hard at work, and both in a very pleasant humor. I asked in the sign language of the wife, "Where is the Blackfoot woman?" She informed me in a very serious manner that when the Blackfeet had broken camp, her people had taken her away. I then asked her to help Sam all she could. She smiled and said she would. I asked Sam, "When will you be ready for your trip?" He answered, "In two sleeps."

In answer to my inquiries as to how he proposed to handle the buffalo, he told me he would catch the young buffalo; he would then picket each by one leg at the place where he caught it. He would then take a blanket, peg it down at the ground at the outer limit of the picket line. I asked him why he did this. He replied it would attract the buffalo's attention and keep him quiet; by smelling the blanket it would become accustomed to the smell of man, and would not be alarmed at his approach. He would catch and handle two at one time on the prairie. They would then be driven in and kept with the milch cows.

Sam was successful on his first hunt and soon drove in two fine calves, then, April, 1878, nearly yearling buffalo—a heifer and a bull. The heifer was loose, the bull side-hobbled. The milch cows did not take kindly to the buffalo, but the buffalo persisted in being friendly. They finally made friends, for after a while the cows ceased to regard them as a curiosity, and seemed to enjoy their presence. Sam rested a few days after his first trip, his wife joining him in telling me the story of the wild chase and the fierce struggles with their captives. The hunt was far away, as the buffalo were already working to the summer range on the Saskatchewan. This would now cause some change in his plans. Being alone, he was afraid of the enemy—the Indians of the North. He would only risk one more hunt, and informed me I could look for him in eight sleeps. If he did not return then, he had been attacked by some war party. In that event he hoped I would make some effort to look him up. When I got up the next morning Sam was gone.

True to his promise, he returned at the end of eight days with five young buffalo—two bulls and three heifers. Each buffalo was head and foot hobbled; the head and front foot tied together, with a skin strap two feet long. Each bull was dragging a long lariat, so as to be easily caught for night picketing. Sam was well pleased to find the first two buffalo so contented with the domestic cows. The milch cows objected as before, but the new arrivals took kindly to their new-found friends. Sam told me they had met with no accident. He had worked hard—like a white man, as he expressed it—the rope skinning his hands many times. One could never tell when a buffalo would jump for liberty. He told me of killing one heifer, which he would have liked to save. She had a very fine, bright coat. In a hard chase along the side of a steep coulée, he singled her out of a bunch of cows. He threw his rope, and the noose settled on her neck. His horse, a powerful roan, settled for the shock. In snubbing, he gave her too much rope, and in the fall, which came an instant later, this fine heifer's neck was broken.

His wife advised him to quit now. They already had five on the last hunt, and she did not like the signs brought out by the death of this fine animal. She said to him, "This means we must stop."

Sam herded his buffalo with the milk stock for five days, resting and making arrangements for his trip across the mountains. He was feeling satisfied with his work, and hopeful that his peace offering would be accepted. He told me of his route of travel, and that he would be fifteen sleeps on the way home. Taking a small memorandum book from a parfleche, he showed me where he had six straight marks and then a cross for Sunday. He told me he did not want to start on his trip home on Sunday, and wished to know the day of the week, as he had lost his reckoning. I put him right, and he said he would start on the following Monday.

His buffalo were doing well, and were becoming quite docile. All preparations were made for his departure, and he talked hopefully of getting safely across the mountains. He always impressed me as being an Indian of marked determination, and at no time did it occur to me that he would not succeed in his effort.

On Monday he bade me a cordial good-bye, passing out, his wife and pack horses in the lead. They had discarded the travois with which they usually traveled, saying they could handle the buffalo better with her as a rider. Sam brought up the rear, the buffalo following the pack horses. The three bulls were head and foot hobbled, the four heifers loose; seven head in all is my recollection of the bunch.

Of the trip to the Teton River, to the Sun River, to the Dearborn and up that stream to the Cadotte Pass I have heard no word; of the crossing of these streams at this season, of the trip over the main range, down the Blackfoot River, all trace is probably forever lost. Through Indian sources I afterward learned that on the way over by some accident one bull became disabled and died. Sam arrived safely in the Flathead without further accident to the other buffalo. I also afterward learned, through Indian sources, that immediately upon his arrival upon the reservation he was arrested and severely flogged, by order of the soldier band of his own tribe of Indians. As I understand the story, Sam had no time or opportunity to meet the fathers and tender his peace offering.

In course of time I heard of Sam's death, not in battle as a warrior, but passing away peacefully in his lodge or cabin. His wife followed him some time after.

CHAS. AUBREY.

Samuel, the Pend d'Oreille.

From Pablo and his wife I learned that Sam returned to the Flathead about 1878. He brought with him five or six buffalo. They knew nothing of the flogging that Mr. Aubrey tells of, or perhaps had not noticed it in those busy times, as they have always been workers, rather than gossipers and visitors.

Sam ranged his buffalo ten miles below the St. Ignatius Mission, between Crow and Post Creek. Little is known of his life by Pablo.

In 1882 or '83 Michel Pablo and Chas. Allard bought the buffalo of Sam. There were fourteen head, but the number of bulls and females could not be remembered. There was still a considerable number of buffalo on the plains, and they did not possess the interest they now have. Sam lived on Crow Creek until 1886, and died in that year. He left a few head of horses and very little property. His wife, who made so much trouble on the plains, afterward married a mixed blood named Alex Finlay. Sam died a good Christian, and his regard for Christian teachings saved the buffalo. The widow died last year. If she had been living I should have found her at all cost.

It is to be hoped that some one else may find out something about Sam's life. I am done.

J. B. MONROE.

Dick's Fatal Fourth.

THIS same Dick has already been honored with considerable space in FOREST AND STREAM on three separate occasions, namely—May 9, 1896; Jan. 22, 1898, and July 7, 1900; a final word regarding him seems, therefore, not out of place, after a brief allusion to his career.

While yet a fledgling, this sparrow was saved from a cat's maw, carried to a place of safety and "brought up by hand." He soon manifested interesting traits and became a source of study and amusement. Among other accomplishments he learned to sing from hearing a guitar; he also used a vocabulary of his own tribe, comprising about a dozen distinct sounds, each having a different meaning. When Dick was rather more than a year old, his Loulou appeared upon the scene, she being nearly a year younger than he was. Thenceforth the two shared a very spacious cage provided with three apartments, also having the freedom of a good-sized room.

Loulou became a better singer than Dick, who courted her assiduously for two years before she condescended to reciprocate. During four springs Loulou made an attempt at having a family, but Dick broke the first three eggs, laid on consecutive mornings, and all the others lacked hard shells. Loulou's final endeavor to raise a family resulted in her death, over which Dick grieved immoderately for more than a year, in spite of a change of cage and other measures adopted to enable him to forget. Every day he grew worse and worse in temper, until his presence became a trial, and it was impossible to make him happy or even good-natured. At last this feathered foundling met his fate on the, for him, disastrous July 4, 1901; and it was partly due to fire-crackers; not that these set his feathers ablaze, for he was nowhere near them, but because the noise of the fireworks brought his friends to the verge of frenzy, which made them less tolerant with the bird and resulted in his being set at liberty, and, it is supposed, perishing in consequence, he having had no experience in earning a living out in the wide world. A dozen sparrow pensioners were playing about Dick's cage, and as he ceaselessly repeated his monotone of discontent, the cage was opened for him to come forth and join the other birds, the hope being that he might feel happier; but he did not even come out. I therefore took him in my hand and talked to him, telling him he might go if he liked to do so. He pecked my finger very spitefully and I set him down on the window-sill. Instead of going among the birds who were always around his cage and with whom he was familiar, he flew upward and to the northwest, and was out of

our sight in a moment. His cage was kept open by the window day and night for a week, but he never returned and, all things considered, he probably perished that very day of his flight. At any rate, he had ceased to be happy in captivity, if this word could be applied to the condition under which he lived—and so here is the foundling's epitaph: To the memory of Disconsolate Dick; Born 1892—departed July 4, 1901.

ALICE D. LE PLONGEON.

Cats as Eclectic Hunters.

IN the household where I am domiciled there are four fine hunting cats, which range afield and bring in much small game. One of the four is devoted to rabbits of assorted sizes and ages; another takes to squirrels and chipmunks; another to birds, and the fourth to moles and mice. Each has its specialty, and neither seems to encroach upon the prerogatives of the others. A fifth cat, which is a fine black and white animal weighing fourteen pounds, pays some attention to frogs and grass snakes. He allows the little farm chicks to play about him, and there is one small black one which climbs all over him. His natural instinct seems to have been eliminated by force of persistent discipline, or self-restraint.

Plainfield was once a noted place for Manx, or "rabbit cats," and pure white Angoras, but of these there are only a few cross breeds here now. They all have great spread of tail, say six inches in width, when in full plume.

C. H.

Do Squirrels Eat Birds?

THE other morning two mated robins were making a great fuss in and about a large maple, darting to and fro and screaming. It took some time before observers could discover the cause of the trouble, when at last a red squirrel was discovered in a crotch with a young robin in his mouth. An effective shower of missiles made him drop it, when it was discovered that the bird's head was eaten off. And this incident suggests that much of the birds' nest robbery which is attributed to jays and crows, may be due to the Sciurus tribe, for I have several times found egg shells on the ground beneath trees containing nests, and wondered that the points of the eggs were smoothly bored out instead of the large ends being roughly fractured, as when the chick breaks through into life and being. I thought at the time that the youngsters had managed to crawl out of a very small hole. The shell looked as if it had been blown by an oologist collector.

C. H.

Tripod's Snake.

CLARKSDALE, Miss., June 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I had hoped to inclose a rude picture of Tripod's snake supper from a St. Louis paper, but have failed to secure one. The snake is represented as coiled on a table, with head erect and mouth open, while, presumably, Tripod is poking food into his mouth on the end of a stick, to an accompaniment with the rattles. Another table shows the snake at full length, apparently in a cooked state, with the revelers seated around the board.

The snake still declines to eat. Six young rats were placed in the box, two of which were killed from time to time, but not eaten. The remaining ones snuggle up against the snake, under some hay, and all repose together.

Last week I attended a meeting of the Mississippi River Commission at St. Louis, and had the pleasure of meeting Horace Kephart, and found him a very agreeable personage.

COAHOMA.

Game Bag and Gun.

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

Moose.—III.

An Expedition to New Brunswick.

(*Continued from page* 509.)

ABOUT 2 o'clock Ben proposed that we go over to Lynch's Depot on Clearwater, nine miles west, for a few days. We met John Hayes and Ed Moon coming out; they had taken two hunters from Philadelphia over beyond Clearwater to Burnt Brook. We reached the depot in three hours from our cabin, found a hunter there by the name of Quackenbush from New York city, and his guide, John Scott. They had been out three weeks and had not seen a moose. Scott could not call. They got some birch bark and Ben made a horn and tooted it for their instruction. A moose answered it and came close to the house. We saw his tracks next morning down toward the river.

After dinner, while watching a little barren of about two acres beside Lake Brook, two men carrying a long canoe came out of the brush. One was an Indian guide from Moosehead Lake region in Maine, the other, Donald McKay. Presently Mr. Rosengarten, of the Philadelphia drug house of that name, came up. He and his partner had been moose hunting over in Maine, and not having success there, had come into the province and had brought their guides along, and then had to get Donald to guide the guides. This is what I referred to in my other letter. Ben thought there were white men enough in the province to do all of this work without importing Indians from the States, and I quite agreed with him. Their Guides' Association will probably look after this matter before another season opens.

Late in the evening we had a bull coming toward the little barren, but somebody began to swing an ax quite vigorously down at Rosengarten's camp near the dam and it frightened him away.

The next morning Ben said there were too many hunters coming in for that territory and that we were outside of our side lines anyhow, and had better go back to Camp Norrad. We learned afterward from Donald that Rosengarten killed a moose that day just east of where we had been calling, and three had been killed over on Burnt Brook the week before. On Wednesday morning, the 25th, the wind was so high that it was not only not safe to be out in the woods, but calling was out of the question. We fixed up our clothes and shoe packs, sharpened knives and axes, had an early dinner, and when the wind died down Ed, Wilfred and I started for Tehoc Lake, King and Ed had come up from there the day before and reported having seen more signs than at any place they had been, but the wind had been so high that calling was done with great difficulty; in fact, the high winds interfered greatly with us during all of our hunt.

On Thursday we drew blanks both morning and evening. It looked sometimes as if the wind would blow the water out of the lake, and the horn could not be heard any distance against it, the only direction from which one can hope to have a moose come close.

The next morning we were up at 5 o'clock, went to the barren at the north end of the lake and sat down in a trail in the high grass. At the second sound of the horn the welcome grunt of a bull came from the lower end of the lake, he came up the ridge on the west side and came out into the barren about 100 yards from where I sat. He made lots of noise, horned the bushes and came out into the open. We kept concealed, expecting him to come to the horn, but no amount of coaxing could lure him within close range. After he had gone we found that he was only 102 steps away, and there was not a tree between us. The experience with the bull the week before had made me too cautious. I had lost a shot at the first one by getting on my feet and looking for him, and now failed to get a shot at this one because I did not get up and look. It's a case where you are damned if you do and damned if you don't. Guides are not slow about offering criticisms on what you do or do not do, and ours were no exception to the rule, and one should not blame them, their reputation is at stake and it is their stock in trade. No one wants to go out with a poor guide, one that has not been successful in piloting the hunter in his charge into good territory and getting shots for him. The next thing to a good guide is a good caller; if the two things can be found in the same person, it is well, but if not, give me the caller and I'll take chances on getting lost if he does not know the country, which is not likely to be the case.

The next day was Saturday, the 28th. We had decided the evening before that by daylight we would be up at the end of the barren where we had had the bull out the morning before, and try to see if we could not induce him to repeat his part of the performance. It was, of course, assumed that I would not repeat my part. But Ed failed to get an answer. After breakfast we packed up and started for the cabin and got there in time for dinner. A mile before reaching the cabin we saw the tracks of two men, one had on boots or shoes with hobnails in the soles. We knew that none of our party had any such foot gear. Ed said "The German count must have gotten out before I expected him and had gone out to prospect a little." When we got to the cabin we found that his surmise was right. The Count had had an engagement with the Norrads from early summer for Sept. 28. Our dropping down in Fredericton and being disappointed in not getting in with Braithwaite's party, had led to our arrangement with them, as recited in my first letter, we found them open for the first two weeks of the hunting season, or until the 28th. Before leaving with us for the woods, however, Ed arranged with his cousin, Alex McKay, to meet the count at Boiestown and pilot him through to the cabin and guide him during our stay. We found Count Von Armin, who is an attaché of the German Legation at Washington, a very pleasant and agreeable gentleman, and a thorough sportsman, and Alex was a prince of good fellows.

The count had been hunting in the Flathead Mountains in Montana with M. P. Dunham, and had stopped off here to round out his trip with a moose head. He already had elk, sheep and good mounts. We were greatly interested in the account of his mountain hunt, but were more interested in the arrival of his grub train. Our cupboard was not exactly in the deplorable condition that Mother Hubbard is said to have found hers in; but the addition of three more men who had brought their appetites with them for twenty-four hours to our already good-sized family, reduced our stock of some things rapidly. The next evening, when John Hayes' and Ed Moon's sled trains with the count's small amount of baggage and large amount of provisions stopped in front of the cabin door, everybody was happy, as visions of hot wieners flitted before our eyes. These were much in evidence, and were thoroughly enjoyed as a great change from bacon, which had been our chief article in the meat line, except the few times that trout had been substituted as an entree.

The count and Alex were very fortunate in calling. Scarcely a day passed that they did not have an answer; but they were not so fortunate in getting shots. They had come in just at the right time. There were more moose in our territory in the last week than in the two preceding weeks. The days had been quite warm, while the nights were generally cool; but we were told that it took both cool days and nights to start the game on the warpath.

After dinner on Sunday, Ben and I decided to chance our luck over at our favorite ground around the Sister Lakes. King and Ed packed up and went down to Tehoe. Our parting was quite pathetic; each wished the other success on the morrow and reminded him that this was the last week of grace, and that something must be done or we would leave the woods empty handed, and could hardly hope to survive the jeers and gibes of our friends at home.

I had a good rest after our tramp was over. Ben got wood ready for the night. I dressed a pheasant for supper, and got water from the spring. Ben said some trout would go well with the bird. He shouldered the big .45-90 and started off. I followed behind. The wind was so high and the lake so rough that we did not try for trout, but went down to the outlet behind a sheltered point hoping to find quiet water, but the fates were against us; we were not to have any fish for supper. About this time the dark lowering clouds began to gather faster and thicker, and away in the north sheet lightning played hide and seek across the heavens. The roar of distant thunder told us what was coming.

A blast from the horn went volting down the lake, and was echoed back from the hills on the north and west. Almost instantly the old familiar grunt of a bull greeted our ears. It came from the thick woods a little to our left between the lakes and sounded as if the vocalist might be a half mile or so away. We quickly hid and awaited his coming. A deaf man could have heard him come crashing through the woods. He did not stop until he came to the opposite side of the outlet, where a deeply worn trail led out through the brush to the open water. About sixty yards from us he stood in six inches of mud, and the trail had been worn to a depth of over two feet. We were facing west and the sun was getting low and a storm coming, so that it was impossible to see into the dark recesses of the woods. I knew just where the last sound came from, and was certain that he was there, but could not see him. Quietly laying my hat off and getting upon my feet slowly, with only the top of my head above the brush, I still could not see him, but he was not so slow, he saw me, and what a time he had getting his feet out of the mud and vaulting out of that trail. It was all over in an instant. There was time enough for a snap-shot, but my faith in such shots with small calibered guns had been weakened by what I had heard of their failure to stop bull moose, unless the shot was well placed. I only saw his flanks and rump, so I thought it better not to shoot at all than only to wound him. The rain, which was rapidly coming on, would obliterate all traces of blood, and we could not hope to find him before it would be too dark in the woods to see. When it was all over, Ben sat on a log sad and dejected, his face buried in his hands. The moose was gone, we might not see another, and his reputation would suffer, and it was all my fault that the victors were not at that moment rejoicing over the vanquished. I knew that an explosion was coming. The last view that I had had of him he was lying flat on the ground fifteen feet away and urging me to keep concealed. Presently I thought he said "get up." What he really said was, "I'll tell you when to get up." My over anxiety added another thousand years to the time required to get a moose, in Ben's opinion. I tried to console him with the assurance that we would get him tomorrow, but he had entirely lost faith in me.

Night was rapidly coming on, and having secured a supply of birch bark for torches, we made our way to the tent. After supper Ben said he was sorry that he had said so much to me. Of course I was sorry so much had been said on my part; but as this was our second row, we were getting used to complimenting each other. My assurance that the next moose that came my way would be mine, brought forth no response, save a smile of pity at my credulity. For four evenings in succession the count and Alex had had answers over in this section, but from contrary winds, thick woods and brush and darkness coming on had failed to get a shot.

We were down at the lake early next morning and called until 9 o'clock, but no answer came save the howling of the wind.

After breakfast Ben went over to the cabin for bread after directing me where to go and watch down at the lake until his return. I did as directed; but a short experience sufficed. The wind howled, the trees swayed to and fro, the top of one that had served its usefulness came crashing to the ground uncomfortably near, and even when I would sit down there would be a movement underneath, synchronous with the swaying of the trees. All the roots of the evergreen trees, except the center or heart root, which goes directly down into the earth, run on top of the ground, covered only with moss and leaves of ages past, which make a sort of soil and fills the interstices between the nigger heads.

The next morning, Oct. 1, we were late getting up. The wind and rain had played havoc with our tent, and we had not had much sleep. Ben had gotten a thorough wetting the night before, and could hardly speak when he got up. He was coughing so much that it did not seem possible for him to call. We were late getting down to the outlet of the lake, but were rewarded by the sight of a fine bull and cow feeding out in the lake at the upper end, a half-mile away.

They were about through feeding and were working in toward shore when we saw them, and soon disappeared in the woods. Crossing over the outlet we were soon at the little barren. A bull answered the horn from the south side and not far away, but the answer was not repeated, and we did not hear him again.

Working on over to the outlet of the big Sister Lake, I left the trail and went a few rods east, where a good view could be had. Hastily casting my eyes over it and seeing nothing, I was about to retrace my steps when I heard Ben just behind me say, "I see one." I looked and looked and looked, but could see nothing that looked like a moose. Finally Ben whispered, "Where are your eyes? Don't look so far away. Keep down and be quiet. There must be a bull near by." The wind was against us; and we could not expect this seance to continue indefinitely, but there stood a beautiful cow not over seventy-five yards away. I had been looking over her into the woods beyond expecting to see a bull step out. She tossed her head nervously from side to side a few times, finally looked directly toward us, and turned her mule-like ears to catch the least sound of danger, but there was none, unless the sound of my heart beatings was wafted to her by the favoring breeze, but she had her nose with her when sight and hearing fail, and it can always be depended upon to give notice of danger. Her immense upper lip moved nervously a few times to open wide her distended nostrils. She turned and disappeared in the brush and woods so quietly that it was as if the earth had swallowed her up.

About 200 yards from there I sat down on a stone beside a moose trail on the bank of the lake. Ben said he would go further up to where a rocky point jutted out into the lake; he and Ed had had a Mr Eric, of New York city, out the year before, and he had knocked down a fine bull at this rocky point with a Mannlicher, but he would not stay down, the bullet was not well placed, as our .30 caliber friends insist they must be. He would not shoot again, and the moose staggered off into the woods and bled so little that they could not

trail it, and it probably died a slow, lingering death and furnished plenty of bear food.

I was just comfortably seated when a grunt from a bull, to my right and down along the lake, gave notice that he had heard and was coming as fast as his legs could bring him to the love song Ben was sending forth from the horn. The wind was blowing almost directly from us toward him. He came tolerably close, stopped and was not heard afterward. About this time another bull came crashing through the woods, further out from the lake, grunting every few steps. He was not just in line for the wind, so he came very close before his powerful olfactory organs warned him of the presence of danger. He stopped, turned and stole away so quietly that I did not hear him go. At this time Ben was having fun of his own. Sitting with his back to the lake, he heard another answer behind him across the lake and up on the hardwood ridge, which ran parallel with the southwest shore. Presently he saw the bull emerge from the bushes and start directly across toward him. When he reached deep water so that he had to swim, he turned and went back and disappeared. In a few minutes he crossed over to our side at the upper end of the lake, where the water was shallow, and came slowly and cautiously in a semi-circle toward the horn. It was a standoff as to which made the most noise, the moose or the caller; but on he came so slowly and might not come any further. It was a ground-hog case, we had to get him. I was tempted to go up to Ben to try for a shot, but it was not possible to get through without making so much noise that the moose was likely to be frightened away, and then he had the big .45-90. I had played in such hard luck from the begininng that I was willing to shift the responsibility of getting a moose to some one else. It so happened that my position put me at one end of the semi-circle, which the moose was describing. He had been quiet for a few minutes, and I began to fear that he had gone like the rest and left us to meditate on what might have been, when suddenly there was a great crashing of brush and limbs in front and to my left. The next instant through the thick undergrowth the dim outline of a large animal was seen. A few steps further on he stepped upon a large boulder with his front feet and stopped to listen. A glance had shown that he carried a pair of horns. Only a spot of hair could be seen; a glance along the rifle and I was looking under the Lyman rear sight. Quickly adjusting my head, the front bead came into the center of the ring, the finger pressed the trigger, and there was a sharp, wicked crack. Quickly throwing a cartridge into the barrel I jumped to my feet, ready for whatever might happen. The moose was nowhere to be seen. Carefully picking my way through the brush toward where he had stood, I was within ten feet of the spot before the tip of his left antler came into view over a large log, which was elevated some distance above the ground. Another glance under the log and his head, with a stream of blood gushing from each nostril, was seen. Ben soon knew what had happened, and came shouting at every step, "Give him another! Give him another! That little popgun won't kill a moose with one shot! Shoot as long as you can see hair, but don't shoot this way!" He was about out of talk when he reached the scene of the carnage. But there lay the moose as dead as the proverbial door nail, and he had to admit that he did not need another shot, and that the Mannlicher had done good execution, and from the way the blood was coming had wrought great havoc in his internal arrangements somewhere, for we did not then know where the bullet had taken effect. I forgave Ben for all the uncomplimentary things he had said about my hunting and shooting. We buried the hatchet, that is, I gave him one of the Marbles best, and we were soon at peace with ourselves and all the world. It is seldom, indeed, that the consummation of an event equals the anticipation of it, but at that moment the fond dream of a lifetime was a reality. I had killed a moose.

Ben hung his coat on a bush near by, and we started for help to handle the big brute. I stopped at the tent and got dinner and rested, while Ben went on to the cabin.

After a while he returned with the count, Alex and Wilfred, with cameras, meat sacks, sharp axes and knives, and we were soon at work. I was foolish enough to say that the bullet had gone through his lungs; this seemed evident from the way he had blown blood from his nostrils. As the skinning progressed and no bullet wound came into view in the chest or shoulder region, I assumed then that we would find it in his neck, and we skinned on to his ears and disarticulated his neck and head. My embarrassment was becoming painful. In the language of a coroner's verdict, we had not found a wound sufficient to have caused death, much less did we find the one that did actually cause it. The count suggested that it was his deliberate judgment that the animal died from fright, and they all agreed with him. My only consolation was in the fact that there was an amount of mobility and looseness of the lower jaw that indicated some trouble in the region of its articulation with the upper. This proved to be the fact. The bullet had entered about three inches below the ear and four back of the eye, had passed clear through and had fractured the jaw on both sides, and had cut off the large blood vessels and nerves at the base of the skull, completely paralyzing him.

Wilfred took all the meat he could carry and we started for the cabin via the tent, where we gathered up my sleeping bag and toiled on with our heavy load. Ben and Alex had remained behind to try to get a shot for the count toward evening and to bring the head and hide over with them. About a mile or more on our way we stopped to rest after a tramp up a long hill on a hard wood ridge, where there was not much undergrowth and one could see a hundred yards or more. Taking up the horn I gave the moose call as best I could. It had scarcely been finished and the sound died away, when Wilfred whispered, "Get ready, Doctor, I hear one coming." Instantly the horn came to my lips to coax him on, as I had seen and heard Ben and Ed do. But he was coming too fast. Before the horn sounded it was evident that a gun was needed to stop him rather than a horn to coax him on. The next instant there came into view a fine bull caribou, an animal I had never seen before. We had remarked as he came that he did not grunt like a moose, and certainly did not look like one, and came on a run, which a moose seldom or never does. Having run by the source of the sound and taken his bearings, he turned and came directly toward us, and when twenty steps away stopped. The Mannlicher spoke, the bullet entered a little to the right of the center of his head almost three inches below the eyes, passed through the skull, neck, chest and abdominal cavities, and came out near the root of the tail. It did not mushroon much, and the wound of exit was not much larger than that of entrance.

Considerable damage was done to the bones of the head, but the track of the wound through the neck, chest and abdominal cavities was not what I expected to see. It seems that it is necessary to have great resistance on impact in order to get the so-called explosive force of high-power metal-patched ammunition, which is only another name for mushrooming and its effects. Army medical officers tell us that the best illustration of this is found in the adult human skull; here the bones are very hard and the contents very soft and pultaceous. The explosive effects are terrible, but in animals the brain cavity is relatively very small and the whole head is given up to the organs of special sense, particularly those of the sense of smell, so that the explosive effects of this kind of ammunition are not so well marked in head shots.

Nature, in providing for the survival of the fittest among animals, is lavish in her gifts of hair, hide, cartilege, muscle, periosteum and bone. The forehead of an average bull moose will resist the penetration of any high-power soft-nose bullet if it strikes above the eyes and the head is up. I have not had the opportunity of seeing what effect a full mantled bullet would have under the same conditions, but assume it would reach the brain if the head was in the right position, but if it should strike high in the heavy bony ridge from which the antlers spring, it would probably do great local damage and might kill the animal from concussion of the brain, but that the bullet would enter very far into the ivory-like bone I do not believe. We began to skin the caribou, and as night came on made a fire so as to see how to do it, and, beside, we knew that the count, Ben and Alex were likely to come along at any time, and we preferred that they should see rather than hear us in the dark woods. The count only had a 7mm. rifle, not much of a gun for moose, but we did not care to try to stop any of his bullets. After a while they came threading their way along by the dim light of a lantern, which some one had been thoughtful enough to take along. They were glad to see the caribou and congratulated me on my success, but had a hard protest because the shot that killed the caribou had frightened away a moose which Ben and Alex had called for him.

The roads away from the settlement lack a whole lot of being boulevards; stumps are never taken out of the way, it is easier to pull around them, and no attention is ever paid to logs, roots and rocks; if the horses can get over them the sled will follow. But woes innumerable betide the hunter who tries to hit such a trail in the dark, and he only is wise who takes a lantern along. From Boiestown out to the end of the settlement at the crossing of the Miramichi there is a good graveled road. A team of horses can trot right along with a wagon and a fair load; but after that there are no roads worthy of the name. The old Indian trails have simply been widened out so that a team with a sled can go through. We went over the road to Lynch's depot on Clearwater, and the only evidence of any work ever having been done on it was that some low wet places had been filled in with logs (corduroyed) and were told that the rest of the road through to Perth was just as good. While this has been for more than sixty years the main highway into the woods around the headwaters of the southwest Miramichi and through to the St. John and the mouth of the Tobique, it is little used. During the winter when the heavy snows come and sledding is good, the supply depots and lumber and hunting camps too are stocked with supplies for man and beast for the year, but during the summer only an occasional sled team and a tramping lumber man may be met once in a while.

When we reached the cabin a light came through the west window, and Jim Moore opened the door. He had come up from Tehoe for bread. We were in high glee over my success—a moose and a caribou the same day. This does not often happen, especially in that part of the country where there are not many caribou. Our hearts sank within us when we heard that King had not had a shot. Only four days were left for hunting and his case was getting desperate.

D. W. GREEN, M. D.

DAYTON, O.

The Diamond Hitch.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., June 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the current number of FOREST AND STREAM I notice a request from Mr. Hough for information concerning the diamond hitch. In the U. S. Cavalry Drill Regulations, pars. 1,111 to 1,118 inclusive, there are full and explicit directions for lashing cargoes on a pack saddle, with six illustrations showing the hitch in different stages of completion. I have been under the impression that the form of lashing there shown was the true diamond hitch. If I have been mistaken in this I would be glad to learn of it.

W. G. VAN NAME.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 14.—Referring to the request of an army officer of the Dutch army in Java, in regard to information on the subject of the diamond hitch, I trust that should these lines ever come to his notice, he will feel that he now has the question as well solved as may be by any correspondence school. I was unable to obtain the excellent articles on the diamond hitch published in the FOREST AND STREAM years ago under the signature of Yo, but I have gotten at the matter from another angle through the kindness of divers FOREST AND STREAM friends.

Mr. F. F. Frisbee, of Detroit, Mich., states that some years ago he wrote an article on packing and pack horses which described the method of throwing the diamond hitch. He refers me to this book, for what he takes to be an easy course of instruction in throwing the hitch for my friend in Java. Still more specific is the following letter from Capt. Wm. F. Flynn, of Jefferson Barracks, Mo., who writes me in a letter which I take the liberty of quoting below, since it may prove of service to yet others who may be in search of information on the diamond hitch. Capt. Flynn says:

"If one wishes real information on any subject all he need do is say so in the FOREST AND STREAM! I can cite you a book prepared by one of the best packers (probably the best packer) in the U. S. Army, which will, I believe, give Lieut. de Waal all the information on the diamond hitch and packing in general that can be obtained from a book. The book to which I refer is 'Manual of Instruction in Pack Transportation—Daly.' It is for sale by the Adjutant, West Point, N. Y., and costs 50 cents. 'The U. S. Cavalry Drill Regulations,' pages 455 to 461 (for sale by Montgomery Ward for $1), shows how the hitch is thrown very clearly; but Daly's book is far the better. I will forward you under separate cover both these works, so you may examine them. Trust you will find the information you desire and also trust that you may find an opportunity of visiting me at this station and observing the two beautiful pack trains under my direction.'

I have sent for the books above noted, which I will forward to Lieut. De Waal at his post in the Dutch East Indies, and believe he has now had the best service obtainable in this matter. If he does not learn to throw the diamond hitch now, he will at least be able to feel that he lost his mind in a good cause.

E. HOUGH.

We quote the chapter on "Packing" from the "Cavalry Drill Regulations" of the United States Army:

Pack Trains.

1122. Active, short-coupled, short-legged, "blocky" mules, weighing from 800 to 1,000 pounds, are considered the best for pack animals.

Under favorable conditions each animal can carry a load of about 30 per cent. of his own weight; the load should not be much in excess of 200 pounds when long or hard marches are to be made.

With 50 packs there should be 12 packers.

Each troop should have four mess boxes, ⅞-inch lumber, dovetailed, 11 x 18 x 26 inches; and, when packed in pack cover, without lids.

In camp or garrison, logs of wood, 26 inches long, and sacks of corn, double-sacked and lashed to avoid breaking sacks, having the weight it is intended the mules should carry, are kept on hand for drill purposes.

Each pack should be provided with two coils of ⅜-inch rope, 18 to 28 feet long for lashing side packs.

The pack saddle consists of the saddle proper; two pads; crupper; corona; manta or pack cover; two pieces of canvas, each 84 x 22 inches, stitched together on the long edges; halter and strap; canvas cincha, 10 inches wide; sling rope, ½-inch best hand-laid manila whale line, 20 to 32 feet long; and leather cincha, with lash rope ⅝-inch whale line 42 feet long. There should be one blind for every five packs.

The size of rope is given by the measurement of its diameter.

A "full-rigged" saddle has sling straps and cargo cincha; the sling and lash ropes are then dispensed with.

While saddling, loading, or readjusting the packs, the animals should be blinded. The mules should be trained to stand perfectly quiet while the blind is on; they should never be fed or forced to move without first removing the blind.

To Fit the Saddle.

1123. The pack saddle is fitted to the animal in a manner similar to that of the riding saddle; it is so constructed that it can be placed one and one-half inches farther forward than the riding saddle.

If the pads are not square, draw the screws, unlace the pads from the skirts, then square and fit them to the animal by placing the canvas cincha immediately around the animal's girth, the front edge touching the breastbone (cartilages of true ribs), the middle of the cincha being exactly in the middle of the lower edges of the pads; then screw the pads to the saddle bars, keeping the cincha in place till the adjustment is made; then remove the cincha and relace the pads.

Adjust the canvas cincha so as to be long enough to go nearly around the girth of the mule, over the saddle.

Adjust the crupper by lengthening or shortening the lace strings that attach it to the saddle, taking care not to make it too tight.

To Saddle.

1124. Place the corona on the mule's back, about two to two and one-half inches in front of where the pommel end of the saddle is to rest; place the folded saddle blanket over the corona; take the saddle by both yokes and place it squarely in position, a little in rear of its proper place; place the crupper under the dock and gently move the saddle forward to position; pass the ring end of the canvas cincha over the saddle from left to right and under the belly; pass the latigo through the ring and tighten the cincha; when cinched, the ring end of the cincha should be above the lower edge of the near pad.

Cargoes.

1125. The rations should be carefully put up in 100-pound packs lashed solidly, and carried on the best pack mules; each pack is plainly marked with its contents and weighed.

Salt, sugar, coffee and beans are double-sacked and lashed in 100-pound packages. Bacon, in 100-pound packages, is packed in from five to eight pounds of clean straw or hay, double-sacked, and lashed firmly.

The yeast-powder cases should be opened and hay or straw stuffed closely around the boxes to prevent shaking, and, with other articles, lashed in 100-pound packages.

Each cargo is in two side packs of about 100 to 125 pounds each, and should match in size, shape, and weight, as nearly as practicable, each side pack having, as nearly as may be, the following proportions; width one-half more than the thickness, length nearly one-half more than width; e.g., 12 x 18 x 35 inches.

All the salt, sugar, coffee and beans should not be placed in one cargo. Ammunition should be in cargoes.

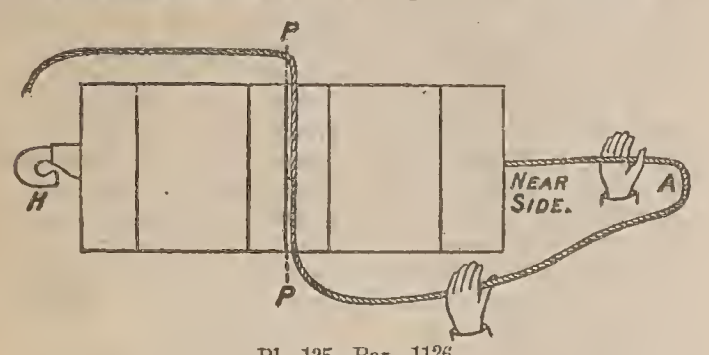
Pads or cushions of hay 26 x 44 inches may be placed under the cincha to keep long and rough packs from the animal's hips and shoulders.

To Load Cargo.

1126. The packers should work by threes, designated Nos. 1, 2, and 3. No. 1 is on the near side, No. 2 on the off side of the mule; when No. 3 works with No. 1, he is nearest the croup; when with No. 2, he is opposite the mule's shoulders.

The mule is placed near to, and with its left side next to the cargo by No. 2, who then puts on the blind.

No. 1, on the near side, passes the center of the sling rope over the saddle to the off side far enough to allow the rope to pass over the off-side pack and come back within his reach, the parts of the rope separated by six to twelve inches. Nos. 2 and 3 take the off-side pack,

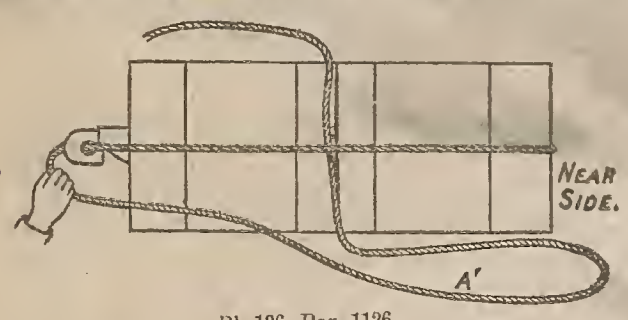


Pl. 135, Par. 1126.

place it well up on the saddle; No. 2 grasps the loop of the sling rope with his right hand, brings the rope up against the pack and lets the loop drop over his right shoulder, in readiness to pass it over the pack; No. 2 holds the pack in place. No. 3 passes to the near side and with No. 1 takes the near side pack and places it, flat side next the mule, well up on the saddle, lapping the upper edge well over the upper edge of the off-side pack. No. 1, with his back to the mule's shoulder, takes the end of the front part of the sling rope, passes it from the outside through the loop, and pulls it down with the right hand; he now grasps the rear end of the sling rope with the left hand, and ties the ends together in a square bowknot, the packs high up.

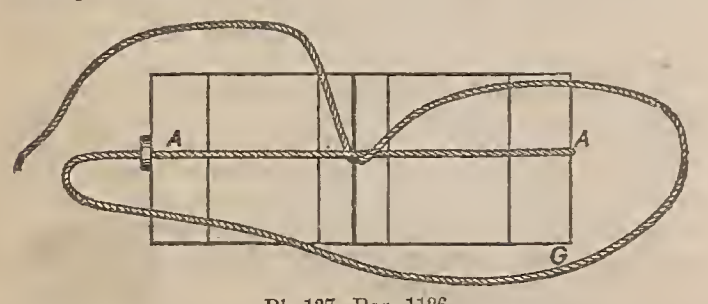
No. 1 calls out: Settle; Nos. 1 and 2 each grasps his side of the cargo by the lower corners, lifts upward and outward, settling the upper edges well together and balancing the load. If the packs are tied too high, they are easily lowered, but if tied too low they must be lifted and placed as in the first trial.

While Nos. 1 and 2 are tying and placing the cargo, No. 3 takes the lash rope, throws the free end to the rear of the mule, convenient to No. 2, and places the cincha end in front of No. 1. No. 1 grasps the rope with the right hand, three feet from the cincha, and passes the hook end of the cincha under the mule to No. 2, who takes the hook (H, Pl. 135) in the left hand; No. 1, with the left hand, grasps the rope three feet above



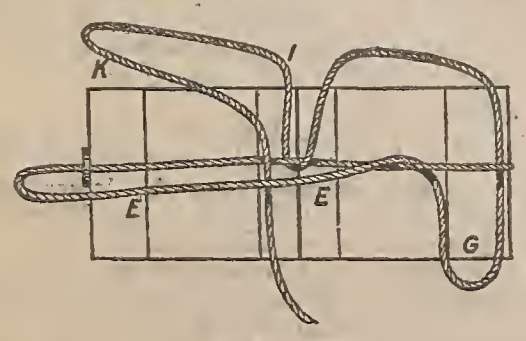
Pl. 136, Par. 1126.

the right, raises the rope, and lays it between the side packs from rear to front (PP), pulling it to the front, until a long enough loop (A) is formed to pass over the cargo and fasten in the cincha hook (H, Pl. 135). The right hand, back down, holds the cincha end of the rope, the loop (A) falling outward over the right forearm; the left hand, back up, holding the other part of the rope between the loop and the middle of the packs; No. 1 now throws the loop (A) over the pack, then lets the part in the left hand drop on the mule's neck, thus forming another loop (A', Pl. 136); No. 2 passes the



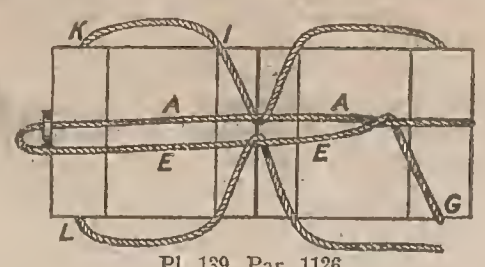
Pl. 137, Par. 1126.

rope through the hook, pulls the cincha end of rope till the hook is drawn up so that, when tightened, the hook shall be near the lower edge of the off pad; No. 1 now grasps the rope at G, Pl. 137, and tucks a loop, from rear to front, under the part AA, Pl. 137, over the cen-



Pl. 138, Par. 1126.

ter of the near side pack (G, Pl. 138); No. 2 passes the free end of the rope under the part EE, Pl. 138, and throws it over on the near side of the mule's neck; No. 1 draws the tucked loop forward and forces the rope under the corners and lower edge of the near pad and hauls it taut from above the rear corner; No. 2 grasps the rope at I, Pl. 138, with the left hand, and at K, Pl. 138, with the right, passes the rope under the corners and lower edge of off pad (K, L, Pl. 139), and hauls taut at the



Pl. 139, Par. 1126.

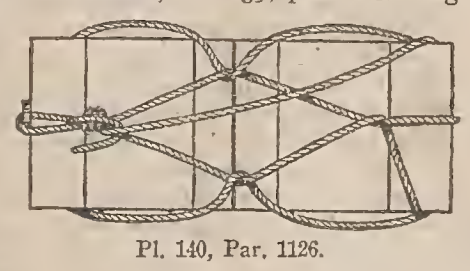
front corner, No. 1 taking in the slack at the free end of rope.

The lash rope is now ready for final tightening.

No. 2 removes the blind, leads the mule forward a few steps, No. 1, in rear, at the same time looking to see if the packs are properly adjusted. The mule is again blinded.

The object of the final tightening is to lash the load firmly to the saddle; pulling all the parts of the lash rope taut, and taking up the slack, commencing at the cincha, and continuing the process from part to part, until the slack is taken up at the free end of the lash rope. While No. 2 is pulling the parts taut, No. 1 takes up the slack or steadies the cargo, and vice versa; the pulling is done in such manner as not to shake the cargo out of position.

No. 2 grasps the lash rope above where it leaves the hook and below the edge of the pad, right hand below left, places the left knee against the rear corner of pad; No. 1 grasps with the right hand the same part of the rope where it comes over the pack on the near side, and with the left hand at G, Pl. 139, places his right shoulder



Pl. 140, Par. 1126.

against the pack to steady it; he then says, "Pull." No. 2 tightens by steady pulls, and, without letting the rope slip back through the hook, gives the slack to No. 1, who takes it up by steady pulls. When No. 2 thinks the cincha is sufficiently drawn, he says, "Enough." No. 1 holds solid with the right hand, slips the left down to where the rope passes over the front edge of pad, and holds solid; the right hand then grasps the continuation of the rope at rear corner of pad and pulls taut; then, with both hands, placing his right knee against rear corner of pad, pulls the rope well home, No. 2 taking up the slack by grasping the rope (I, Pl. 139) where it comes over the rear end of off-side pack, with both hands. No. 1 steps to the front and steadies the pack; No. 2 then pulls taut the parts on his side, taking up the slack; this draws the part of the lash rope AA, Pl. 139, well back at the middle of the pack; he then with the left hand at the rear corner of pad (K) pulls taut, and holds solid, while with right hand at front corner of pad (L), he takes up slack; he then with both hands at, and placing his knee against, the front corner of the pad, pulls well taut, No. 1 taking up the slack on his side, and then pulls solid, drawing the part EE, Pl. 139, of the rope coming out from the hook well forward at the middle of pack, then carries the free end under the corners and end of pad, draws taut and ties the end fast by a half-hitch near cincha end of lash rope. If the rope should be long enough to reach over the load, after passing under the corners, it is passed over and made fast on the off side by tying around both parts of the lash rope above the hook and drawing them well together.

1127. To tighten the lash rope on the load it is necessary to take up and pass the slack as in the final tightening.

To slacken the rope on the load it is necessary to begin to slacken from the free end, and carry the slack by reversing the process of tightening.

When the pack cover is used, it is placed over the cargo before putting on the lash rope.

When the side packs are of unequal bulk or weight, the larger or heavier should be placed on the near side; it should then lap over the off side pack until the packs balance.

Top packs, i. e., small packages placed in the middle between the side packs, should be avoided. When the sling rope is half-hitched into the saddle yokes, the load is made more secure, but there is great danger of injury to the mule's back.

On the full-rigged saddle, the canvas cincha is attached to the saddle by the "spider"; the side packs are laid on the saddle as before, held by the sling straps and secured by the cargo cincha. The lash and sling rope are then dispensed with; but use of the lash and sling rope gives greater security to the cargo and greater comfort to the mule.

To Unload Cargo.

1128. Only two men, Nos. 1 and 2, are necessary; they work as when loading.

The mule is placed with head toward the center of where the cargoes are piled. No. 1 puts on the blind; No. 2 unfastens the free end of the lash rope; then Nos. 1 and 2 slacken the rope; No. 2 with the left hand removes the part under the end and corners of the pad on the off side, and unhooks the cincha with the right hand; No. 1 removes the part under the end and corners of the pad on the near side, gathers the parts of the rope together on his side with both hands, coiling it, and lays the rope on the ground where he intends to place the cargo, the cincha and free end exposed on the side opposite where the rigging is to be placed. No. 1 unties the sling rope, casts it loose, takes his side pack and places it on the lash rope across the line of cargo; No. 2, at the same time, takes his side pack and lays it on top of near side pack, and then, holding the sling rope at center loop, doubles it and places it on top of load, loop exposed, for convenience when required.

The second load is placed end to end with the first and on the side next to where the rigging is to be placed; the end of the lash rope is coiled and placed on top of the last sling rope, and is used for tying the mule when reloading.

The saddle cinchas should be slackened and the mules allowed to cool before removing the saddles.

To Unsaddle.

1129. Unfasten the latigo and throw the end across the top of saddle; fold the cincha with latigo inside and place across top of saddle; push the saddle back, remove crupper from under dock, double it forward, with crupper above cincha on top of saddle, and remove saddle; the saddles are placed in line, resting on the ends of pads.

Game Notes from the Hampshire Hills.

THE weather has been cold and cloudy in this northwestern corner of Massachusetts for the past fortnight, though there have been warm sunny intervals, so that grass is rank and the hay crop very promising. Other crops are late, and crows are taking toll wherever they can. The trout fishing is poor, and the samples small. Those under six inches, which is the regulation length, are growing tired of being thrown back after being many times caught, and complain of unnatural selection. At the same time, the larger ones, if there are any, lie perdu. I have seen but two stream fishermen this month. The ponds yield some pickerel and ring perch.

Partridges, or timber grouse, are in evidence all along the stage lines, hence to West Hawley, Ashfield and Savoy. Some of the old birds are flushed near occupied buildings as we drive by, exhibiting much fluttering and roughness of plumage, while the chicks make for convenient cover. Quail are increasing perceptibly. One farmer acquaintance of mine put up four bevies on his own premises last fall, shooting four out of one bunch of eight, but considerately sparing the rest. I dare say a "true sportsman" would have bagged the entire lot, or tried to. A few quail have "used" in this section for half a century to my knowledge. Woodcock are in fair number, a dozen or more brace being shot every July by one of our experts, though I don't know of a dozen guns being owned in town. It is not uncommon to see wild deer running with the sheep and cattle, or looking over the stone pasture walls. Of the three kinds of animals the deer are much the tamest. They often bed in the brakes (fens) between the roadside and the edge of the woods. Of course, they are nobody's property, because the game law forbids their being "had in possession," but it will not be long, I opine, under existing signs, before the farmers will be seeking "protection" for their crops, as they have done in other sections, and suing the State for damages. Oh, deer! Oh, deer!

Blackberries are very plenty, or will be this fall if the present luxuriance of blossoms be indicative. Such masses of whiteness I never saw, except on the seashore. The roads are lined with them. CHARLES HALLOCK.

PLAINFIELD, June 24.

Bear and Cow.

CURRITUCK, N. C., June 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream.* Bears are becoming too numerous and saucy at Coinjock (this county) that the farmers are losing nearly all their hogs, and last week a very large one killed a milk cow in open daylight for Mr. John Spry. The cow was heard to bellow, and seven men, armed with as many kinds of implements of destruction, were soon in pursuit. When they caught up with him, the bear was sitting on the cow's back eating his breakfast out of the back of her neck, at the same time driving the cow further into the swamp. He guided her in "the way she should go" by a tap on the jaw with his forefeet when she tried to turn to the right or left. Some of the men had good shots at the bear, but were afraid of killing the cow, and Bruin escaped, but not until he had finished the cow, so that she died shortly after. Many hogs, some of them large ones, have been killed during the past few days, but this is the only true case of a cow being killed that I can vouch for.

While crossing about the center of Currituck Sound yesterday, I saw between 300 and 500 ruddy ducks and blackheads. I have never seen anything like this before in June at Currituck, and account for it by the gunners having stopped shooting a month earlier than usual this spring. I think they intend spending the summer with us, and if so, it will be the first time in fifty years.

MORE ANON.

Towser.

By Edwin L. Sabin in Lippincott's Magazine.

HERE'S to that dear old, trusty pard,
Comrade of woodland, street, and yard.
Who ne'er was wanting in time of need,
And never swerved from his loyal creed;
With his eager tail and his loving eyes,
His ears up-cocked in attention wise,
His ringing bark and his spirit bold,
His clever ways and his heart of gold.

Little it matters how goes his name:
Towser or Rover, 'tis quite the same;
Be sure that in boyhood's catalogue
His figure is blazoned as dog—true dog:
Ready to frolic, to fetch, to fight,
To run all day and to guard all night;
To follow his lord to the world's far end—
Servant and warder and faithful friend.

Where were the odds that he would not face,
Where the path that he did not trace,
Where the stream that he could not swim
If a well-known whistle had summoned him?
Snowy or rainy, cold or hot,
Light or darkness, he faltered not;
Weary his limb or torn his paw,
His master's wish was his highest law.

Oh, stanch companion of by-gone days,
Who asked for naught but a word of praise;
Whose purest bliss, and contentment sweet—
To lie outstretched at his master's feet!
The squirrel chatters adown the grove,
The grouse drums loud from the mossy log—
But deep are thy slumbers, boyhood's dog.

Sea and River Fishing.

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

Adirondack Trout.

THE ability to capture big trout where the average fisherman can not do so is an art of itself, and may be termed a sort of side degree which the angler sometimes takes after he has been thoroughly initiated into the mysteries of the regulation style of fishing, or in other words a kind of post-graduate course. The amateur fisherman will rarely make much of a success in angling exclusively for large trout, although it occasionally happens that at the outset he has phenomenal luck. In order to work intelligently, however, and be able to capture the big fellows where any are to be found, the angler must have a thorough knowledge of the ways of the trout, including their likes and dislikes, their habits, strong points and weaknesses. He should also understand some of their whims and eccentricities. He cannot hope to comprehend them all, but he can at least be prepared for their doing the most improbable and entirely unexpected thing, and thereby often times save himself from sore disappointment by the losing of a splendid fish. Many of these points can be read about in books, but the only way in which the angler can acquire a practical knowledge of them is by actual experience and personal observation. Of course in ordinary fishing almost any angler may once in a great while take a big trout, but in order to become more expert than the average fisherman in this particular branch of the sport, one must exercise his wits, and use caution, patience, perseverance, ingenuity and good judgment.

There are certain lakes in the Adirondack region abounding in big speckled trout, on which a party of four or five amateur anglers might fish all day without catching enough for a respectable mess. In fact, anglers who have had some experience and been fairly successful in catching small trout in other waters might also encounter the same difficulty, for they would find that they were face to face with an entirely different proposition when undertaking to bring these fellows to creel. Under certain conditions these big trout are capable of making a man feel very miserable and thoroughly disgusted because of his lack of success in capturing them. It is extremely aggravating to sit in a boat on a lake and see speckled beauties weighing from half a pound to two pounds flopping out of the water all around you and be unable to get enough for supper, but such things will happen unless a person is resourceful, observant and ingenious. The tantalizing chaps can usually be made to succumb, provided the angler is sufficiently determined in his efforts, but it is only the post-graduate, as a rule, whose persistence and skill are equal to the occasion. If the trout refuse every kind of artificial fly, which the angler has in his book and decline angleworms, spoons and imitation bugs with equal impartiality, the situation becomes somewhat involved, it must be admitted, but the expert will not be wholly discouraged. Of course one of his first efforts when he found the trout reluctant to take his lure was to endeavor to ascertain what they were feeding on, but having failed in this or in his subsequent trials to tempt them with something resembling what he believed them to be preying upon, he resorts to other measures. If there are no minnows obtainable to be used for bait, he will search in rotten logs and stumps for whitewood grubs or go in quest of young mice and moles, or bugs and beetles of some kind, anything which he thinks might tempt the appetites of the trout. If he can not induce the speckled beauties to come to the surface of the water, he will sink his hooks. In case he should fail after going to all this trouble, and the trout are still showing themselves occasionally, he may conclude to give them a rest for a while. Perhaps he will go ashore and smoke his pipe for a time or possibly he may take a walk and be gone one, two or three hours, but he will not give up beaten without at least one more trial. There is a possibility of failure once in a while, of course, notwithstanding all that can be done by the best of fishermen, but in such cases the post-graduate will simply suspend hostilities and renew them early on the following morning.

On some of the larger Adirondack streams it is possible for the amateur angler to fish for miles without so much as having a glimpse of a trout weighing over half a pound, even when it is a good day for fishing, while the man who has taken the side degree aforementioned in subsequently going over the same ground may place several weighing from half a pound to two pounds in his creel.

Several anglers with whom I am acquainted who meet with excellent success in capturing big speckled trout, commonly use minnows or small shiners for bait in preference to any other lure. Some of them use what is termed "a chub's tail," being the rear portion of a small fish including not only the tail, but a small section, perhaps half an inch long, of the fish itself. This they impale on a good-sized hook, having a double snood, passing the point of the hook through near the tail, out again and then into the thicker portion of the bait sufficiently deep to conceal both that and the barb. This lure is often very effective when the big speckled fellows decline to take a fly or worm. Good results are frequently obtained by using a whole shiner impaled on a small gang of hooks, and also with artificial minnows. For trolling purposes, the Archer spinner is excellent. Ordinarily, where angleworms are used for bait in fishing for big trout, it is advisable to loop several of them on the hook at one time, so as to make a good-sized squirming bunch. The hook should be kept well baited, and some anglers insist that the barb should always be kept covered. The ventral fin of a small trout, with a small piece of the meat attached, is a favorite lure with a number of successful fishermen whom I know, and in certain waters under certain conditions it works exceedingly well. When impaled on a hook and drawn on top of the water, the fin bears a striking resemblance to some of the artificial flies.

Some fishermen relate interesting tales about capturing big trout by using young mice for bait, and I have no doubt as to their truthfulness, although I have never resorted to such measures myself. I have known quite a number of anglers who have been very successful in taking large trout with the use of whitewood grubs, and others who claimed to have had good luck with crickets, but, judging from what others say, as well as from my own observation, I am inclined to the opinion that one of the most tempting morsels which can be presented to the speckled beauties is a big, fat grasshopper.

Of course grasshoppers are not always to be had, but when they can be found the pleasure of trout fishing is materially enhanced by the exciting sport incident to collecting the bait. If you are an old hand at fishing, the probabilities are that away back in boyhood's happy hours you used grasshoppers to tempt the trout. You remember as though it were but yesterday those good old times when a limb cut from a tree by the wayside, a cotton line and a bent pin or ringed hook, constituted the amateur outfit with which more trout were captured than are taken with the split bamboo rod, braided silk line and artificial flies of to-day, and bigger ones, too, if fish stories are to be relied upon. But if you used grasshoppers for bait you first had to catch them, and you remember perhaps how anxious you were to do so when the big trout that was in hiding in the deep pool under the roots of the maple tree where the rail fence crossed the stream was slapping the surface of the water with his tail at intervals, but would not look at a worm-baited hook. You remember, also, when you laid down your pole and started out into the open field, how the grasshoppers got up in front of you like a bevy of frightened quail. Then when you began the hunt in earnest and marked down a particularly large and fat fellow which you felt was just the one you wanted, what an exciting chase followed. You did not calculate on a chase to start with, as the big, lazy-looking grasshopper had apparently settled on a spire of timothy to spend the day, but when you reached out to take him up with the idea of putting him in your bait box, he unexpectedly jumped from under your hand and alighted on another grass stalk two feet away. Next time you were a little more cautious and approached the grasshopper slowly until your hand was almost over him, when you made a sudden grab. But again he jumps just in time, and now is sitting on the leaf of a big bull thistle, six feet distant, nervously moving his legs and looking around to see if you are coming. You conclude to make one more trial, although the grasshopper has exhibited such astonishing energy and activity that you begin to have more respect for him. Taking your straw hat in your right hand, for use in case of emergency, you draw near to the thistle and carefully reach out with your left hand to grasp the big fellow who now seems to be enjoying another cat nap. But you only succeed in getting near enough to warrant a faint-hearted sort of grab before he is off once more, and although you strike at him spitefully with your hat, it only makes matters worse. When you get on your feet again after a poorly managed wrestling bout with the bull thistle, and have picked the prickers out of your hands and legs, and donned the remnant of the straw hat, you go and look for another grasshopper. But they are all pretty much alike, and if you are really anxious to catch one, he is morally certain to keep you busy awhile before you get him where you can force him to give up his "molasses" and become bait for the big trout.

W. E. WOLCOTT.

UTICA, N. Y., June 26.

Inexpensive Salmon Fishing.

Editor Forest and Stream:

How much does it cost to kill a salmon?

Well, that depends. If you are a member of the Ristigouche Club your bill may run up a thousand or more, but ordinary mortals can do it for a good deal less.

I dropped off at Campbellton, N. B., on a mid-June morning, and looked up Billy Sproul, of the Royal Hotel, and got a pointer or two. At 6 o'clock I took an accommodation train a few miles west to Flat Lands, hailed a fatherly old fellow, William Delaney, caretaker of the Montgomery and Suction Water, and stated the case. William had a canoe, but no other man was presently available, so we two went out alone. The water was practically free, a nominal rental of $1.00 a day being charged per rod. There was perhaps half a mile of it altogether, and the Ristigouche River been unusually high, no pools were in sight. We pulled out a few yards from shore, and dropping a stone for an anchor, cast to right and left, choosing a Durham-ranger fly of rather large pattern. The second or third cast brought a nice fellow to the top, a little short, however, and a few minutes later another, short, likewise.

"Black salmon," said William, "and no good anyway." These kelts or black salmon are fish that have wintered in the river, and are lean, lanky fellows, not fit for food, but liable to give you as good a run as any other. Our first victims may or may not have been kelts; the guides are good-natured fellows as a rule, and sympathetic, and William may have been letting me down easy.

The stone is pulled up, and we drop down a few yards further, and after a while, with a moderately short cast, a good-sized fish takes the fly, turns over, and then trouble begins. Right out into the river he goes, the reel screaming with delight, one could almost imagine then an eruption in the water, and three or four feet of glittering silver is in the air for a second or two. Another run and then a sulk at the bottom, with a steady chug, chug, as if the fish was trying to get rid of the hook that was interfering with his freedom of motion.

"Keep the strain on him," said William, "and look out when he goes again." A few minutes of suspense, then another rush and another jump, and away he races up the center of the river.

"A Metapedia salmon bound for the club house for sure." But towing a canoe was a pretty heavy drag, and soon there were signs of distress. The fish led somewhat more easily, he was reeled up, and ran out several times, each rush a little less vigorous. All the time the canoe was being worked nearer shore, till at last I was able to get out on the gravel. Fifty feet out the fish was lying almost exhausted on the top of the water and was coaxed in till a stroke of the gaff impaled him and he was kicking himself on the gravel, when a blow from a stick straightened him out. A Metapedia salmon he was, deep and chunky, only a day or two from salt water, bright and shining, and on the scales a few hours later weighed 22 pounds.

They were not specially keen in the afternoon, one or two short rises, a run for a few minutes and a lost fish, and just as we were preparing to suspend operations a good stiff strike. This fish did not jump, but sulked for perhaps half a hour, then a wild rush or two. In vain we tried to guide him to a snug harbor, he would make for the south shore where there was no chance to land. A rather stiff rapid intervened, and in the trouble of navigating it with one man, the fish said good-bye, taking with him the fly and half the leader. It was nearly train-time again, and reluctantly we wound up operations for the day.

Going up on the train next morning I found that two other parties had arranged to fish the Montgomery and Suction waters, so Delaney and I betook ourselves elsewhere, on water of his own, with fair success.

One of the men had only a trout outfit and a shaky one at that, a weak reel with worn-out mechanism, and a line that broke easily between the fingers. He had never seen a salmon in the water, but with the proverbial luck of a tenderfoot, hooked one early in the day, and being blessed with two good guides—Micmac Indians—humored and nursed him for an hour and a quarter, never daring to trust the line, but allowing the fish to have his own way till he was practically dead and offered no resistance to the gaff. Forty pounds and a little over, the scales said, and the record fish of the season.

A heavy wind prevented casting the third day, and there being no signs of any let up after dinner, the two Indians whom I had engaged ran down the river to get a few trout. It was between the seasons, yet by dint of hard fishing we got a dozen or so, several of four pounds or over. At times the river is alive with trout of large size. The smelts come up from the sea in immense shoals and the trout follow them, afterward going away up the river to the spawning grounds at the headwaters.

Now for figures. There were three days' good fishing. Leaving the railway transportation out of the question the account stood thus:

Hotel, three days	$4.50
One man two days and two men one day	8.50
Incidentals	2.00
Total	$15.00

For tackle, one can please himself. A good strong salmon rod can be bought for $10 to $15; mine is 15 feet long, a Scribner of St. John, N. B., that cost $13, but I have had it sixteen years, used it for all kinds of fishing, and it is still good for a life time. A good salmon reel costs from $3 up, mine cost $4, it has a click but does not multiply, has also been used sixteen years. A good waterproof silk line costs $4 for 100 yards, but this year I used an Abbey and Imbrie, and No. 6 hard linen braid cost $1.10 per 100 yards—a little light, perhaps, but answering the purpose. In flies one can be as extravagant as he pleases—there is something wonderfully tempting in a tackle shop—but as good as we need can be got in any city for 25 cents each. Forrests at 75 cents are prettier and neater, but no better. You must have four kinds anyway, Durham-ranger, silver-doctor, Jock-Scott and black-dose, and can add anything else you like—fairy and silver-gray will not come amiss. You want three sizes, I prefer double hooks for the smaller sizes, but that is a matter of taste. Leaders cost from 25 cents to $2.50. I have used good cheap ones and bad dear ones—75 cents is a fair price. They should test 7 to 9 pounds dry. Your guides will likely have a gaff, but it is just as well to own one in case of accident, a large gaff is necessary, with a spread of 5 or 6 inches.

Practically all the salmon fishing in Canada is reached by the Intercolonial Railway. The Ristigouche, with its tributaries the Metapedia, Causapscal and Upsalquitch, are the nearest to Montreal. The I. C. R. follows the Metapedia for almost 50 miles, to where it empties into the Ristigouche at Metapedia Station, 8 miles above tidewater. The Causapscal joins the Metapedia 35 miles above Metapedia Station.

The Causapscal is owned entirely by the Ristigouche Club, who also control most of the Metapedia, and a good deal of the Ristigouche.

The Upsalquitch has been reserved by the New Brunswick Government, and is leased at $2.00 per day per rod. There is a great deal of good water and a dozen or more fishermen would not be in each other's way. Fishing in the Ristigouche and Metapedia is good from May until August, the Upsalquitch is at its best in July. The salmon in each river are entirely distinct and can be told at a glance by the guides; those in the Upsalquitch are a trifle smaller than the others.

Campbellton, N. B., at the mouth of the river, is the only considerable town in the Ristigouche country, and is a good place for headquarters. The Royal aforesaid, is a good friendly place to stop, cheap withal, and Billy Sproul is its prophet—good sportsman, with an intimate knowledge of all the water. Decidedly a good man to write to. The agent of the I. C. R. at Flat Lands, will also answer any questions addressed to him. Good board may be had at Flat Lands, and at farmhouses in the neighborhood.

In the early season, May and up to middle of June, there is considerable good water that is also entirely free for salmon fishing—from the lower limits of the Ristigouche Club, a mile below the Metapedia bridge, to tidewater—say seven miles in all—there is no restriction on catching trout anywhere you are likely to get them. During my three days' stay this year some thirty salmon—many over 30 pounds each—were killed in the water I have mentioned. Good stretches of water can be had below Metapedia at $1 to $2 per day, and still better water on the Metapedia and Ristigouche up to $10 a day. Mr. Alexander Mowat, Campbellton, N. B., has several excellent stretches very accessible, good all through the season, at varying prices. W. A. Mott, M. P. P. Campbellton, N. B., president of the Bay Chaleur Tourists' Association, can be consulted about the Upsalquitch.

C. M. YOUNG.

ONTARIO.

"The hosts which yesterday covered the plains and to-day are but a dream."

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Random Notes of an Angler.

More About Reels.

In my last paper I stated, in describing my reel, that the resistance furnished by the click is only sufficient to withstand a tension of six or seven ounces.

One of my correspondents has taken me to task for this statement, declaring that I have placed the figures altogether too low, and that from eight to ten ounces would be nearer the mark.

Now I dare say there may be reels which require a tension as high as he names, but mine does not, and I do not believe it is necessary.

However, to make the matter absolutely beyond doubt, I have just made a number of trials, and find that the click yields at a six-ounce pull if the reel is free from the rod; and if it is placed on the rod and the line is passed through all the guides, thus causing considerable friction, a straight pull, i. e., one through the guides, the rod being held horizontally, but unbent, a tension of eight ounces is required. This is a small matter, it is true, but when one states facts he must try to be accurate.

In describing the reel in a former paper I intended to say that the reel click is inside the spool, but inadvertently I dropped the "click," which made my meaning rather vague.

Care for Your Reel.

One cannot be too particular in caring for his reel, no matter how nicely the parts may be adjusted. Minute particles of sand and dust will find an entrance, and on this account I give mine a thorough overhauling every season, taking it apart and cleaning it and lightly oiling it with fine machine oil.

Tricks of Salmon to Escape.

In addition to those I have already named, the salmon is gifted with many artifices by which he strives to rid himself of the hook which is fastened in his mouth. Diving through a mass of submerged drift wood is a common trick with him, and it very often proves a successful one.

Running out of fifty or more yards and then quickly returning so as to get a bight in the line by which he gets sufficient slack to enable him to shake out the hook is another, and darting here and there with a corkscrew movement, by which the hook often gets twisted out is an expedient that is also often practiced. In fact, there is no end to the devices by which he seeks to obtain his freedom, and the angler must constantly be on the qui vive to meet and baffle them.

A thirty-pound fish is not so active as is one of half that weight, but his strength is more than proportionately greater. While the fight with a twelve or fifteen pound salmon is often "short, sharp and decisive," that with a large one is a "battle royal," in which strength, endurance and consummate skill on the part of the angler are called for; it is a battle in which no chances may be taken, and every possible expedient known to the craft must be availed of.

Expediency of Changing Flies.

I have already treated of the importance of changing flies for different stages and colors of waters, and have perhaps said all that is necessary; but I find something on this topic in the book "Salmonia," which I have already referred to that is well worth reprinting here. The author says: "I will mention a circumstance which every accomplished fly-fisher ought to know. You changed your flies with the change of weather, putting the dark flies on for the bright gleams of the sun, and the gaudy flies when the dark clouds appeared; now, I will tell you another principle, which it is as necessary to know as the change of flies for change of weather. I allude to the different kinds of fly to be used in particular pools, and even for particular parts of pools. You have fished in this deep pool, and if you were to change it for a shallower one, such as that above, it would be proper to use smaller flies of the same color; and in a pool still deeper, larger flies; likewise in the rough rapid at the top, a larger fly may be used than below at the tail of the water. I have often changed my flies thrice in the same pool, and sometimes with success, using three different flies for the top, middle and bottom. I remember that when I first saw Lord Somerville adopt this fashion, I thought there was fancy in it, but I adopted the lesson he taught me, and with good results in all bright waters."

As to Hooks.

Every salmon angler has had "troubles of his own" in consequence of barbs breaking from hooks, or the hooks breaking by the severe strain to which they are subjected, and those troubles will be repeated until only the very highest grades are used in tying the flies; these cost a little more than inferior ones, but the difference is so small it is an outrage on the angler to sell him the cheaper ones. What can be more maddening than to lose a good fish by the breaking or straightening out of a hook? Yet how often does such an accident occur?

Many anglers before using their flies test the hooks thoroughly by springing them against a piece of wood. If they are defective in any way it can thus be quickly proved, and it is vastly better to suffer the loss of a number of such hooks than it would be to have a salmon break one and escape.

Another source of annoyance and loss is found in the imperfect tying of the flies on the hook. If proper care is not given to this work, the hook often pulls out, leaving only a bunch of feathers and tinsel dangling on the end of the leader as it comes back to the angler.

To guard against such a calamity, one should carefully examine his flies, and if he finds any which feel at all loose on the shank of the hook, he had better reject them. If properly tied, the body of the fly is as rigid as if it were welded to the steel. There should be no movement whatever even with quite a severe test.

The gut loop, also, should be perfectly immovable, for if it is not securely fastened, the chances for its being pulled out are very great.

The Shape of Hooks.

I confess I have never been able to see any great advantages which one kind has over others, although most anglers have, I know, very decided preferences. I have a well-stocked book which on examination shows that my flies are tied on almost all kinds of hooks, and it is not strange that this is the case, for they have at various times been bought in at least a dozen tackle stores in the States and in the Provinces. I once pinned my faith on the O'Shaughnessy or Limerick hooks, but found that the steel was tempered a trifle too highly, and after several accidents, I lost faith in them. I am told that the genuine Limericks are quite different and more reliable than those which are tempered in England, but the latter seem to be the only kind which reach this country; probably they cost less. The Kirby hook has also been a favorite with me, but now as I again examine my stock of flies, I believe that, if I were to be restricted to a single form, I should choose the Sproat, and in this probably most salmon anglers will agree with me.

Genio C. Scott, in his "Fishing in American Waters," devotes considerable space to this matter, and also quotes a communication which had been printed in the Field, which is of no little interest and importance. My limited space will permit me to offer only a short extract from it.

The writer says: "In seven consecutive days' fishing I hooked thirty-six fish, and of them landed twenty-seven. I was broken four times. Once my single gut, with which I always fish, was frayed by a heavy fish against sharp boulders, and three times the hooks were traitors—two were Limericks, and one was a Sproat. Three out of thirty-six is too large a proportion, and it is very desirable to reduce it. Even in fishing with single gut, the heaviest fish, if properly handled, barring the circumstances of snags or boulders, seldom succeed in breaking the line. But what handling will save a hook?"

"The only Sproat hook which has broken with me went at a point just below the barb. I think it is an admirable form of hook. It is less apt to break than the Limerick, both from its form, and because the pull is nearly in the direction of the point, whereas in the other line of pull forms an obtuse angle at the point."

Sea Trout Destroy Salmon Flies.

Good salmon flies are expensive, and one cannot be too careful in using them. I venture to say that sea trout ruin many more flies than do all the salmon one kills in an entire season.

They are constantly on the alert, and the moment one casts his fly they are after it. Now, the angler does not wish to stir up the pool by bothering with these small fry. They are good fighters, and when they weigh a pound or two they do not come to the landing net without a good deal of struggling and splashing—and one must acquire the knack of shaking them off the hook quickly in the water. This is an accomplishment which requires a little study and practice to obtain, but it is one that is quite essential.

If the trout is not hooked too badly, it may be freed by this method, and the water still remain undisturbed, but if it cannot be thus disposed of, the better plan is to quietly lead it away to the further edge of the pool and lift it out before it becomes very boisterous.

The numerous fine, sharp teeth of the sea trout work sad havoc with the flies, and after two or three have had one in their jaws, it is practically ruined, for the fibers of the feathers, in fact all the materials used in making the fly, are cut to pieces.

Varieties of Feathers, etc., Used in Making Salmon Flies.

All the regions of the earth are ransacked for materials for salmon flies; in fact, there is no other industry which derives its materials from such varied and widespread sources.

In addition to flosses, silks, mohairs, various wools, the hairs of seals, various bears, foxes, otters, hog's down, the hairs of different kinds of squirrels and many other animals, the feathers of such familiar birds as the domestic fowl, land rail, ducks of various kinds, bittern, snipe, woodcock, golden and other pheasants, grouse, etc., are used. A vast number of birds are also obtained in India—in fact, in all the countries of the East and in the tropics of both hemispheres, for making the deceitful lures.

I find in an old copy of the Field, which I have kept on file for many years, an exceedingly interesting communication on this subject from a correspondent in Bungalore, India. In describing the manner in which many of the rare birds are obtained, he says:

"Sometimes these jungle people offer for sale birds of brilliant plumage, as paroquets, golden orioles, honey birds, hoopoes, the blue thrush, kingfishers, florican, painted snipe, sand grouse, etc., and then is my time for securing a stock of feathers for fly-tying.

"A friend in India, a Scotchman, enlightened me a little on the subject of feathers. He resided in a very jungly station, and I wondered one evening to see him baiting his compound with strychnine. I wondered still more next morning to see two or three jackals and half a dozen of the common Indian brown vultures stretched on the ground. And he then explained that the brown-black back feathers of these great, ugly birds were held in the highest estimation by salmon fishers in Norway; that, in fact, there was no fly so killing as one made from their dingy feathers. Another friend sets great store on the brilliant blue feathers in the Indian roller's wing. But that is not surprising, because, when blue is required in the tying of a salmon fly, there is no feather brighter than this, not even the cerulean tint of the much-persecuted kingfisher himself."

Tenderfoot Luck.

While it is usually the most experienced and accomplished angler who is most successful, one who is familiar with not only every device known to the art, but is also up to all the tricks that the salmon has acquired, and there are many of them, the merest tyro is sometimes "high line" in a day's fishing. I once invited a friend to visit a salmon river of which I was one of the lessees. He had had considerable experience in the gentle art, particularly in trout and black bass fishing, and had once or twice enjoyed the early fishing at the Rangeleys. He joined me on the train, and as we sped along to our destination we discussed salmon fishing in all its bearings, and, of course, built some very high castles in the air.

On arriving at the farmhouse which was to be our headquarters, and unpacking our rods and things, I found, greatly to my surprise, that he had brought his heavy trolling rod along, and the multiplying reel that he used in trolling. I had supposed that he knew what to bring, and therefore had not given him any advice.

Well, to make a short story of it, we had the big canoe hauled up the river early on the next morning and the sun had hardly begun to shine above the tree tops on the eastern shore when we had embarked and started on our day's run of twelve miles down the river.

The salmon pools were seven or eight in number, and the water was high enough to permit us to slide down in the canoe from one to another.

I showed my friend as well as I could how to proceed, and giving him the best chances I waited developments. They came thick and fast. He had hardly begun casting on the upper pool when he rose a salmon; it was slow in coming to the fly, and he missed it, but he soon rose another, which he hooked. It was a lively fish of only about eight pounds weight, but it gave my friend all he could attend to. Darting about on the rocky shore and uttering now and then a yell of wild excitement, he played the fish to a finish. He was harsh with it, of course, for he had never been fast to such a fish before, and I expected every minute to see his old trolling rod go to pieces or his line foul around the crank of his multiplier.

But good luck attended him, and the fish was gaffed inside of a ten minutes' play, and a happier man I never saw than he was when the salmon was laid out on the shore before him. We congratulated him, of course, and, entering the canoe again, we started down the river for the next pool. We worked diligently all day, and when the lower pool was reached, we found that we had five salmon, of which my friend had killed three, and about forty pounds of elegant sea trout. Yes, the tyro often has the best success, and "tenderfoot luck" has now become a recognized quantity.

EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Tuna in Nova Scotia.

SYDNEY, Cape Breton, Canada, June 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just learned certain facts concerning the possibilities for fine tuna fishing in Nova Scotia, so hasten to send them to you, and thus give any of your readers, who may so desire, a chance to try here for that great fish this season.

This information was given me by an old resident of Cape Breton, who lives near the mouth of the Myra River, about fifteen miles from the city of Sydney. In his younger days he spent a great deal of time on the water, so had an excellent opportunity to study the habits of the tuna, or, as it is termed here, albicore, horse mackerel, herring hog or jumper.

He has killed a number of them by harpooning, and even landed one on a hand line. No one, as yet, has tried to take one in these waters with rod and reel; but my friend, Mr. A. C. Ross, of Sydney, is sending to New York for a tuna outfit, and will make the attempt this summer.

The tuna follow the schools of herring, which come here early in July and remain till about the first of October. When the herring fishermen make a haul with a net, the tuna play around, often so close to the boats as to be struck by the oars, waiting for an opportunity to seize a stray fish, and occasionally rushing into the mass of herrings by tearing great holes in the netting.

The tuna are not only very plentiful, but are extremely voracious, so there would be no trouble in getting strikes when trolling for them in the vicinity of the herring schools.

The fishermen often throw out a herring just to see the albicore take it. I have not the slightest doubt that great sport could be had here on these fish for three months in the year, which is as long a tuna season as they have at Catalina Island.

Careful inquiries enable me to state that boating on the large bays and harbors of this coast during July and August is perfectly safe, and generally so in September, although during the latter month there is likely to be some wind. The summer climate is said to be delightful, quite cool and bracing, but still warm enough to be comfortable.

Experienced oarsmen can be obtained for reasonable compensation, and there are plenty of sound, seaworthy skiffs.

For from fifteen to twenty dollars per day, or perhaps considerably less by the week or month, a steam tug or naphtha launch, with her crew, can be hired. This could take care of several fishing boats. In my opinion, it would be well to have two oarsmen per boat, and to fish in couples, so, if one boat comes to grief in fighting with a tuna, the other boat could go to the rescue.

I would use 1,000 feet of the strongest tarpon line manufactured, with a reel amply large to hold it, and furnished with the usual leather brake and with one of Mills & Sons' patent handles set for a tension of at least fifteen pounds. Again, I would double the line for about twenty-five feet, so as not to lose the fish by breakage thereof when fighting at close quarters. The snell should be of extra strong wire, fully six feet long and provided with three swivels. The bait, of course, should be herring, of which an ample supply would always be readily procurable.

Several times in the last two or three years I have heard the statement that the reason nobody fishes for tuna on the coasts of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, is because of the stormy weather, great waves and consequent danger; so I have taken special pains to make inquiries concerning the weather that one is likely to encounter here during the summer, and have learned that for days at a time the waters of the large bays are as calm as a pond, and that there is no danger whatever to be apprehended. The fishermen often go far out to sea for the herrings, and no accident befalls them.

In my opinion, tuna fishing here during July, August and the early part of September would be no more perilous than it is at Catalina Island, and no more so than is tarpon fishing on the Gulf of Mexico.

I have investigated concerning the probability of finding tuna every day during the season, and have been told that wherever there are herring there are sure to be also these great fish, which prey upon them; and that large schools of herring can be found almost any day during the season. The first run comes early in July, and there is

a very large run also in September, while between these dates smaller schools keep coming in.

They appear first in Myra Bay, some fifteen or twenty miles south of Sydney, then work their way into Sydney Harbor, with the tuna following. They are very plentiful near Scatterie in September, but the bay there is not quite so well proteeted as is Myra Bay; beside, at that time the weather is more uncertain; nevertheless, as far as I can learn, the eonditions there are by no means too unfavorable for the tuna fishing. One would not, though, be able to fish eontinuously day after day as he could in Myra Bay and Sydney Harbor during July and August.

My informant advises that for the Myra Bay fishing, sportsmen go by train from Sydney to Myra Gut, and then by boat a eouple of miles to Round Island, and stay at the house of Mr. Geo. Dillon, where good boats and experienced boatmen can be proeured. This fishing ground is well protected from all winds except those which come from the east.

Scatterie, fourteen miles from Myra Gut, is reached by small sailboat or oecasional tug. The bay there is open only to the east, but it is larger than Myra Bay. The herring spawn in September at this plaee. Good boats and boatmen can be had there also, and it is probable that the lighthouse keeper would be pleased to take eare of several sportsmen.

I think that, if the tuna fishing here be given a fair trial by some of your readers, and if they will take the trouble to write up their experienees for your eolumns, it would not require many years to make these waters as fashionable a resort for tuna fishermen as are those around Catalina Island.

Unfortunately for me, my work will take me to British Columbia this summer, so I cannot start the ball rolling, mueh as I might desire to do so, but next year, and for several succeeding years, it is possible that business will bring me here during the summer months; and, if it does, you may be sure that I shall come provided with the best obtainable outfit for undertaking the capture of the great albicore. J. A. L. WADDELL.

Fish and Fishing.

Death of Dean Sage.

THE recent death of Dean Sage, of Albany, from apoplexy, in his fishing lodge at Camp Harmony, on the Ristigouche, has eaused deep regret among anglers and the lovers of angling literature everywhere, and serves to recall the deeease of other prominent fishermen under very similar eircumstances. Col. Walker, M. P. for London, Ont., died a few years ago on the Grand River of Gaspe, having been suddenly strieken down while playing a salmon. The sudden death of Governor Russell, of Massaehusetts, in the fishing camp of Mr. Dutton, of Boston, whose guest he was at the time on the Little Pabos River of Gaspe, is a still more recent event, and it is only about three years ago that Mr. Charles Hope, of Montreal, died in camp on the Moisie.

Next to his own home, it is natural that the angler should hold his fishing lodge in higher estimation than any other earthly resting place, and if the summons which comes in time to all of us should find us away from home, I know of no other locality whenee the angler would rather be called to cross the bar than the camp by the side of his favorite stream. I have before me at this moment, a letter written by the daughter of a dear old friend who died in his Canadian fishing lodge nearly two years ago. The writer of the letter says: "Was it not beautiful that his last days could be spent in the place dearer to him than any other spot on earth?" May not the same thought prove a consolation to others similarly bereaved?

Camp Harmony, where the late Dean Sage expired, is most picturesquely situated at the juncture of the Upsalquitch and the Ristigouche, and at the time of his decease he was accompanied by a number of his dearest friends. Not more beautiful, certainly, than many of the river stretches of the Ristigouche and its tributaries is "Coquet's Lovely Water," of which Thomas Westwood has so feelingly written in the following lines from his "Dying Angler":

"In the blest land of heaven, they say,
Are rivers fair beholden;
That by God's throne flow murmuring on
O'er opal sands and golden.
My lot may be those streams to see;
But, O dear son and daughter!
Shall I ne'er cast a backward glance
To Coquet's lovely water?"

It is a somewhat strange coincidenee that Mr. Sage's death should have been almost contemporaneous with the appearance of his latest book. Like many another writer upon his favorite sport, the deceased was an enthusiastic collector of angling literature, his library of works on fish and fishing having been one of the most interesting of private collections, since the presentation of that of Mr. John Bartlett to Harvard University. His book plate, in which a salmon holds the place of honor, illustrates the estimation in which he held the king of fresh-water fishes. Many anglers have longed to see that masterpiece of piscatorial literature, issued by Mr. Sage in 1888, and entitled "The Ristigouche and Its Salmon Fisheries," and have never seen it. Nor is this a matter for much surprise when it is recalled that the edition of this richly illustrated folio was limited to 105 copies, of which five went to public libraries, fifty were for private presentation, twenty-five were for sale in the United States, and twenty-five in Great Britain. I learn that the lamented author has utilized much of the text of this beautiful book in his contribution to the newly issued volume.

Killing Doubles.

I had quite a novel experienee the other day in the Grand Discharge, while fishing from a canoe with Johnny Le[illegible]ard as guide. The ouananiehe were rising so freely to the fly that Lessard more than onee urged me to take one of the flies from my line and fish with one only. We had rises at both flies almost as often as single fish, and the time required to exhaust a double rendered the guide somewhat impatient, until he saw that it was sport and not a big score that I was after. The lightness of the rod and tackle, and the roughness of the water in which the fish were rising, immediately below the Grande Chute of the Diseharge, necessitated our canoe being paddled into the still water of some quiet bay before Lessard could net the fish when two large ones were struek together. Lessard is one of the most expert netters that I have yet encountered. He never, as in the case of trout, attempted to net the two ouananiehe together, or to secure the lower one first. With the net in one hand, ready to be slipped under the lower fish, he waited his chanee to pass the fingers of the other hand under the gills of the upper one whenever I had so far drowned him that the line would hold his head out of the water. Of course it was often necessary to make several attempts before succeeding in lifting both fish into the canoe together. But not onee was a fish lost during the process of netting, despite the usually very dangerous character of the tactics employed by the guide. Very often he had barely darted his hand upon the upper fish when the lower one started off with a wild rush to the depths of the bay. So agile and ready was Lessard, however, that the moment there was the slightest strain upon the line from the lower fish, his hold was relaxed, and the upper one was dragged down along with it. Out of five doubles hooked in one day, only a single fish escaped, and in this case the hook was torn from its mouth. Never before had I seen the landing net so deftly and so suecessfully handled.

A Thirty-Pounder.

I picked up a newspaper the other day and saw a pieture of a fish being taken out of the water of a Newfoundland stream in a landing net. Below was the legend "Landing a thirty-pounder." The landing net was of the ordinary size, and might in ease of neeessity serve for the purpose of lifting out a five or six pound fish. The fish in the photograph from which the pieture was produced was a grilse a little over three pounds in weight. The typographer or engraver had evidently mistaken three for thirty, but the blunder was a disagreeable one for the writer of the illustrated story, whose name was printed at its foot, and the author of the error was certainly not an angler. E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

LAKE MINNETONKA, Minn., June 26.—Extremely heavy rains have prevailed over the Northwest for the past week, the days being fairly alternated, bright weather and driving rainstorms, the summer being thus far what is known as a eool season in this region. Lake Minnetonka, great sheet of water as it is, has times of high and low water. This year it is high, and the fishing is perhaps on that aceount better than usual. While one would not call this a sporting water, there are bass here, and the loeal market-fishers—let not Sam Fullerton think there are no market-fishers on Minnetonka—nearly always manage to get good strings of bass when they go out for themselves. When they are taking out a "sport" they are not always so successful.

Mr. Albert Bruning, a friend of mine, who is spending his summer here, manages by diligent fishing to take enough bass to supply the wants of a table of four or five persons. He casts frog in the shallow waters along the rush beds. He does not seem to get any good bass—that is to say, good to catch—though the small ones, a pound or so in weight, are the best to eat. The market-fishers and boatmen tell me that the bass have already gone out to deep water, and that they get most of their fish on the reefs. Minnetonka does not average a deep water, but the lay of the bars is useful to an angler after June 1.

The Fish Commission plants a lot of bass and wall-eyed pike annually in these waters, but the results seem on the whole disappointing. A few wall-eyes have been taken here this spring, but not enough to call this an established pike water. Indeed, this seems to have been a water better suited to pickerel (great northern pike) than any other fish. Even yet we run across these things every once in a while. I have taken them up to eight or ten pounds weight, and must say they put up a bit of a fight; but they are not popular among the ladies of our camp, who say they taste too much like raw eotton.

Crane Rookery.

Yesterday, in the course of a tour of the upper bays of Minnetonka, we passed close to the timbered island known as Crane Island, and could see hundreds of birds already assembling for the night roost. The tops of some of the dead trees were covered with them. An enterprising boy of our acquaintance says that there were many hundreds of these birds which nested on this island this spring, as well as a great many cormorants. Both these birds nest in the trees, and an enterprising photographer, interested in what they nowadays call the new school of natural history, will no doubt get some interesting studies here. The cranes are big blue herons. We often see them standing here and there in the shallows, and there are enough of them to account for many a fish in course of a season. Once in a while we see a loon out in one of the bays or hear its wild laugh before a storm. We had never known of a loon nesting here, but it is very likely they do occasionally.

Mississippi High.

The falls of St. Anthony, where good father Hennepin and his boatmen stole the votive offerings, buffalo hides, etc., which they found left there by the native tribesmen, have long been cut and filed and bound down by the dams of the ruthless millers of the Twin Cities, so that their early beauty is evanished. To-day they show a lot of water going over the many-faced dams, for the Father of Waters is on a bit of a rampage, and is rolling a great volume of stained water down the old channel way. I fear we shall not get that fly-fishing trip for bass yet a while, for the water is too high and the fish are scattered. We intended, on the advice of a Chicago friend, to get Henry Henning, or Louis Le Bras, boatmen at Alma, to take us out. Alma is a small place below Lake Pepin on the river. One cannot very well hire boats there, so it is well to remember the names of the above boatmen and fishermen, who, of course, have boats of their own. The best hotel to remember for Alma is the Burlington House.

Prescott, earlier mentioned in these columns as being worth notiee for its fly-fishing for bass, is above Lake Pepin. It is coming up as a bass point, for the best of the fishing used to be below that lake, or more properly speaking, that expansion of the Mississippi River. Can it be that the proteetive efforts of the Fish Commission around Lake Pepin have resulted in its inerease of bass higher up the river near the haunts of the market-fishermen?

Wet Weather and Bees.

Thousands of stands of bees have been lost this spring in the West. The rain had the flowers and blossoms clean of their pollen and sweets, so that the bees have literally starved to death. They have eaten all their stored honey, killed their drones, even killed their queen to cut down inerease, but even so the famine has caught them sadly. The wet spring has also been bad for nesting game birds in the West. E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

New England Waters.

BOSTON, June 21.—June 17 was a holiday in Boston and Charlestown, and some of the local lovers of rod and reel took the day for trips to nearby waters. Others went down the harbor on deep-sea fishing trips. The weather was favorable and the fishing for cod and haddock good. Mr. W. G. Harding and Mr. H. W. Brandenburg, of the Boston Herald composing room, went up the Sudbury. They tried for bass with several sorts of bait, without suecess, till Mr. Harding tried a green-professor in connection with a small spoon. With this lure he landed several small bass. But the success of the day came to Mr. Brandenburg's hook, baited with a live frog, on which he took a handsome bass of four pounds. An Arlington party is back from Moosehead—Edwin F. Farmer and his nieee, Miss Locke, of Arlington, Mass.; T. X. Fitzpatrick, of Cambridge; F. Perkins, of Wakefield, and Mr. and Mrs. George Fales, of Boston. The fishing was fairly good. They caught a laker up to nine pounds, and another of six and three-quarter pounds. About 100 brook trout of good size were seeured, most of them on the fly. No small fish were saved. A big laker was sent home to a friend in Arlington; one who professes to be a fisherman and to have caught about every sort of fish that is found in the Maine waters. Immediately the fish was received it was put on exhibition for his friends to see, with the admonition to "Look at the splendid landlocked salmon my friend has sent me!" There were doubters about the identity of the fish, but the recipient was so sure that they had nothing to say. Immediately on the arrival home of the party, one of the leaders was interviewed as to that fish being a landloeked salmon. Behold it was only a laker, after all, but the receiver begged that it still be termed a salmon, lest his friends get hold of his mistake.

There comes a shad story from Bowdoinham Me., a noted shad town on the Kennebec. The first was caught in a weir, by Moses Sedgley, of that town, and weighed 10½ pounds, just after being taken from the water. People acquainted with the shad trade say that this is one of the largest on record.

Late Megantic Club letters tell of a salmon weighing five pounds, just eaught at Chain-of-Ponds. It is certain that the fish was less than six years of age, for the first salmon put into those waters was a little less than six years ago. The rapid growth of landlocked salmon in waters where they are well fed is a source of satisfaction to fishculturists. J. O. Davis, stopping at the Megantic preserve, has reeently taken a "square-tail" weighing 3½ pounds. At a recent meeting of the directors of the Megantic Corporation, aetion was taken looking toward the building at once of a new and larger fish hatchery.

The Maine Fish and Game Commissioners have been holding numerous hearings. Their last decisions have been in the direction of restrieting fishing. One of their last and most important is: "It shall be unlawful for any one person, in any one day, from July 1, 1902, to take, catch, kill or carry away more than twenty-five white perch in all from any one or all of the following ponds: Mayfield Pond, in Mayfield Plantation; Kingsbury Pond, partly in Mayfield and partly in Kingsbury Plantations, in the county of Piscataquis; South Pond in Brighton Plantation, and Tomlinson, or Wyman Pond, in Somerset county. On petition to close Adams Pond, in Somerset county, to all fishing for a term of four years, the Commissioners decided adversely. The petitioners for all the above restrictions set forth that fishing is excessive, especially by local fishermen, and that the ponds are rapidly being "utterly fished out."

June 30.—The dirty brown flies that settled on the Maine fishing waters in such numbers a year ago, have been seen to some extent this year, though coming later, and not nearly as numerous. They have been noted on the waters of the eastern part of the State within a couple of weeks, and have been something of a nuisance to fishermen, but their numbers are very small, compared with a year ago. It will be remembered that a year ago the Rangeley waters were literally covered with them, almost in windrows, the last days of May and first of June. This year but very few have been seen on those waters. There has been better fishing at the Bangor salmon pool within a week, with some good ones taken. One day last week Edward Buck caught four salmon, the largest weighing twenty pounds. Mr. J. H. Peavy, another expert angler at the pool, also caught three salmon, the largest weighing twenty-one pounds. The white perch season on Maine waters opens July 1, and great fishing is promised. Fly-fishing is at its prime on Moosehead Lake, with many good catches being made by Boston and New York parties. Fly-fishing is also improving at the Rangeleys. Mrs. W. W. Coolidge, of Salem, Mass., stopping at the Rangeley Lake House, has made a record of one salmon of 3¼ pounds, one of 6¾ pounds, and a trout of 6¾ pounds. Mrs. E. S. Crocker, of Pittsfield, has secured a salmon of 3½ pounds. At Haines' Landing some good eatches continue to be made. Charles Taylor, of Washington, D. C., has landed five salmon within a few days weighing 3½ to 5 pounds. Fly-fishing is beginning on the Big Lake. Mr. E. E. Thomas, of Boston, caught forty-nine fish in one afternoon last week, all of which he returned alive to the water. Mr. S. C. Dizer, of Boston, has lately returned from a trip to Grand Lake Stream. He found

the salmon fishing good. He landed doubles once, and lots of singles. Mr. Felix Taussig and friend, of Boston, are also back from the same waters. Mr. H. A. Pratt, of Middleboro, Mass., has added a salmon of 5½ pounds to his record from the pool. Mrs. J. H. Parker has caught a salmon of 3 pounds, one of 4½ pounds and a trout of 2½ pounds, all in an hour's fishing. Mr. Fred S. Potter, of New Bedford, Mass., has caught a salmon of 5 pounds. At Lake Auburn, Me., the salmon fishing has been better lately. M. S. Robinson, of Auburn, has taken four salmon, three of them weighing over 4 pounds each. The fourth one weighed 6½ pounds. The bass fishing at Cobbosseecontee is good. E. B. Wood, W. H. Maxwell, Cyrus C. Kimball and Frank H. Jenkins, of Boston, have lately returned from a trip there. They stopped at J. W. Emery's. They captured a great many bass and a few trout. The trip is an easy one, and of no great cost from Boston.

BOSTON, June 28.—Local lovers of rod and reel frequently make good scores on the near-by trout streams. Then their fellows wonder "where they got them." Generally the fortunate fishermen are silent. A few days ago Mr. Howard Wade and Mr. James Ritchie, both expert trout fishermen, made a voyage by rail to a stream beyond Bedford and near Lincoln. Their expectations were not great, but they were most happily disappointed. The day was all that could be desired. They left their best clothes at a farmhouse, with an agreement from the farmer that he would "get them to the train some way." They made an "elegant day's fishing," with 34 handsome trout as the result. Both were satisfied that they might have gone on a long trip and fared worse. Was the brook posted? Ask the farmer. If it was posted, or if the farmer owned the land around it, Mr. Wade and Mr. Ritchie know just how to treat a farmer as he should be treated. They believe the farmers have some rights in the brooks they own and the land about them, and they never have the least trouble.

At the Megantic preserve the fishing has been unusually good in the waters near the club house. Many "big ones" for those waters have lately been taken; running from 2 to 4 pounds. The last good one was taken by Mr. O. H. Thrall, of Hartford, Conn., a trout of 3½ pounds, from Spider River.

SPECIAL.

Moosehead Lake Notes.

THE big dam built at the East Outlet a year ago is doing its work in a manner that must be highly satisfactory to the gentlemen who engineered the scheme to flood Moosehead. The lake has been higher this year than ever before known, and is still taking to the woods. Five years hence summer visitors will see thousands of dead trees lining the lake shores, the result of high water, and the beauty of many a spot will have "gone up higher."

Operations at the new State hatchery at Squaw Brook have been very successful for a beginning, and a fine lot of young salmon and trout for restocking Moosehead are now on hand. Much larger results will be possible next year, now that the plant is in smooth working order.

Two more steam yachts are building at Greenville, to go into commission this season. Mr. Benjamin Van Brunt, of Sea Bright, N. J., has a 78-foot boat nearly ready for her trial trip. She is named Marguerite, and will be used by Mr. Van Brunt and family in cruising about the lake on fishing and hunting trips. Capt. H. P. Sawyer, of Greenville, was the builder.

W. A. St. Germaine, of Greenville, is building a 75-foot boat for Mr. W. H. Wesson, of Springfield, Mass., who spends several weeks each year at his camp, Birchcroft, on Moody Islands. The yacht will be launched in August.

A new steamboat wharf is in course of construction at Northeast Carry. Every spring for years past the thing called a wharf at he Carry has meandered off into the lake when the ice went out, scarce leaving a tail behind it, and a very slippery and wet tail at that. The new company that has acquired the property now intend to build a wharf that will "stay put" and meet all the requirements of the constantly growing traffic at this gateway of the wilderness.

Drs. Hatch, Boston physicians, are to establish a sanitarium on the west shore of the lake, near Squaw Mountain. Ground is now being cleared and plans for the building are being perfected.

The Maine Sportsmen's Association big day at Kineo will be July 8. There will be races by white and Indian guides, in canoes, on logs, and bateaux, beside the alluring and seductive greased pole contest. It is rumored that some agile State politicians are training for this event.

ED. HARLOW, Registered Guide No. 92.

GREENVILLE, Me.

Bonny River Trout and Game.

BONNY RIVER, N. B., June 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Sullivan received one of your two cards the other day to report, so I thought I would let you hear a word from this place. I have been here from New York State two months as log inspector for the St. George Pulp and Paper Co. I have been traveling for years in Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, Massachusetts, Vermont and the Adirondack Mountains, but this is the best for speckled trout I ever saw. I have caught a good many myself; beside my ten-hour work, from one to ten a day, just fooling, so to speak. Sporting parties that I could give names from New York, Winsted, Conn., Sandy Hill, N. Y.; Boston, St. John, etc., have taken out great catches, 30 to 150 pounds. The fish run from one-quarter to four pounds. Fly or bait.

We have seen moose, deer, bear, foxes, partridges, rabbits and squirrels. It must be a grand place in the fall.

CHAS. B. HOWE.

"Fingerling Pool."

THE two illustrations, "Fingerling Pool" and the "Bridge of Sighs," printed with the sketch signed Split Bamboo, in our last issue, were by our mistake credited as photographs made by the writer of the article. They were taken by Mr. A. V. Porter, of Ellenville, N. Y., and Split Bamboo is solicitous that Mr. Porter should have the credit due for them.

The Aquarium's Sea Serpent.

THE New York Aquarium has received from Bermuda a strange sea creature which was sent by Prof. Chas. L. Bristol, of the New York University, who is now at Bermuda collecting for the Aquarium. The specimen is described as six feet in length, as large around as the thick portion of a well-developed arm, and striped with yellowish bands, which are against a background of brownish tint. It has a snake-like head, terminating in a bill, much resembling that of a turtle, has neither scales nor fins, and its general boa constrictor appearance is only dissipated by an eel-like tail.

L. D. Spencer, superintendent of the Aquarium, received a letter from Prof. Bristol, in which the capture is described.

"While fishing for specimens, seven miles northeast of Bermuda, in eleven fathoms of water, and only a short distance away, the water deepened quickly to two hundred fathoms, and the unknown creature was caught by three negroes," says the letter. "They had been fishing lazily and imbibing freely of the rum to be otbained on the island, when suddenly one of the lines refused to come up, and they thought it caught on a projection on the coral reef below. All efforts to clear it were of no avail, so they buoyed it, and came to the shore for a big 'jack lead' to send down the line, and break it from the reef, and incidentally for more rum.

"In a somewhat maudlin condition they returned to the fishing ground and found that even the 'jack lead' would not do the work, and finally one fellow succumbed to the effects of his efforts and the spirit within him. The remaining two gave a strong pull and a long pull, and something gave way.

"Up to the top came the mighty struggling burden, until one of the negroes glanced over the side and saw the head of the monster. 'The debble!' he cried, and collapsed. The remaining fisherman hauled in the prize with trepidation and quickly put it in the well and made the hatch fast and tight.

"When his companions recovered they rowed to shore and delivered to me what I believe is the greatest marine mystery of the day. They told their strange story, and there is no one on the island who ever saw such a creature or can give any idea as to its nature. I respectfully submit it for any one's opinion."

Wall-Eyed Pike in the Susquehanna.

AFTON, N. Y., June 20.—Owing to the continued rains and a record as regards cloudy dark days, the black bass season has opened very poor. They have not as yet left their beds. But that they are herein abundance, and that promise for future fishing is very bright, there is no doubt. To the credit of our local anglers I wish to say that not a single instance has come to my knowledge of a fish that has been disturbed while watching the beds. While the bass have given but poor sport to the angler's patience, not so with that grand fish, the wall-eyed pike. Fishing this morning for two hours we captured seven very fine fish of that species, and one bass. Never have they been so plentiful, or more eager to take the hook. That this is possible, all thanks are due the Fish Commission of the State of New York. Let every sportsman "take off his hat" to the work the State is doing for the angler. Five years ago the wall-eyed pike were almost unknown, but to-day in the upper Susquehanna the fishing is all that the most exacting fisherman could ask. A few days ago in the sporting page of one of New York city's daily newspapers was an article, saying that the pike was a thoroughly worthless fish to catch in regard to its fighting qualities. Now that this may be true in the waters where the writer was fishing we will not question. But if he will take the trouble to come to this place, and after hooking a five-pound pike to the end of a 150-foot line, when at last the fish, exhausted, lies in the boat at his feet, if he has not had a battle royal, and is satisfied that he has fought with the Terry McGovern of his class, then we will take back all we have said in praise. True, the wall-eye will often run with the line (and this is a trick of the family) until the inexperienced fisherman will think him lost, and the larger the fish the oftener will this trick be played. But the shrewd old rascal knows that often has he succeeded in getting a little slack and then throwing out the hook. Or when least expected will he throw all of his mighty strength against the line, either tearing out the hook, or smashing the tackle. But that the pike of this section is a fighter there is no question. And as a fish for the table, none is better. Each year the Fish Commission has furnished for this one place 500,000 fry of the wall-eyed pike. The only item of any kind whatever has been a charge of 25 cents for a message to meet the fish when delivered here. And we ask that the anglers will apply for what fry they can use next year and so keep this a home so well suited for pike.

A. T. ENGLAND.

A Rowing Medal.

DAMARISCOTTA, Me., June 16.—A few weeks ago there was picked up at the railroad station in Newcastle, Me., a gold medal, evidently a valuable one. It is an eagle with an anchor suspended from his talons, with a gold disk backed by a pair of oars. It is inscribed in blue enamel, "First Prize, Single Scull, Hudson," and engraved "Aug., 1874, 3-mile race." It is of great value to some one without doubt. Have you any records which will enable you to tell who won that splendid race, and enable me to return the badge to the owner? I have advertised it in my paper, the Herald, but it was probably dropped by some traveler who never sees the Herald.

G. W. SINGER.

The Preservation of Gut.

IN July, 1854, a cousin of mine was killed by poachers on the Derbyshire Wye. We still have his fly-book, and I inclose you some of the gut out of it. After a good soaking I think you will find it still amply strong enough to fish with. It has been kept in the fly-book all these years just as it was when last used, and no steps taken for its preservation, which seems to show that the use of glycerine or any preservative is entirely unnecessary. We also have the cast which he used the day he was killed, and which was taken off his rod, put in an envelope, and signed by the late Sir Henry Halford, "July 18, 1854." This also is perfectly strong still. We are a family of fly-fishers, and take no steps at all for the preservation of gut other than to soak it for twenty-four hours some time between the end of one season and the beginning of the next, and always find it perfectly sound, even when many years old.—Correspondence London Field.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Oct. 7-9.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society's show. John W. Bacon, Treas.

Oct. 21-24.—New York.—Ladies' Kennel Association of America's show. Miss M. K. Bird, Westbury, L. I., Hon. Sec'y.

Nov. 26-29.—Philadelphia.—Philadelphia Dog Show Association's show. M. A. Viti, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Aug. 19.—Emmetsburg, Ia.—Iowa Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fifth annual trials. Louis Stuehmer, Sec'y, Emmetsburg, Ia.

Aug. 26.—Salem, S. D.—South Dakota Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) third annual trials. E. H. Gregory, Sioux Falls, S. D.

Aug. —.—O'Neill, Neb.—Nebraska Field Trial Association's inaugural chicken trials. M. H. McCarthy, Sec'y.

Oct. 27.—Paris, Mo.—Missouri Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club), sixth annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.

Oct. 27.————, Pa.—Monongahela Field Trial Club's field trials. A. C. Paterson, Sec'y.

Nov. 3.—Robinson, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. W. R. Green, Sec'y, Marshall, Ill.

Nov. 3.————, Mich.—Michigan Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fifth annual trials. C. D. Stuart, Sec'y, Benton Harbor, Mich.

Nov. 10.—Bicknell, Ind.—Independent Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 10.—Ruthven, Ont.—North American Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. Richard Bangham, Sec'y, Windsor, Ont.

Nov. 11.—St. Joachim, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's fourteenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.

Nov. 17.—Elizabethtown, Ky.—Kentucky Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) third annual trials. F. W. Samuel, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.

Nov. 20.—Manor, L. I.—Pointer Club of America's (member of the American Championship Club) second annual trials. R. E. Westlake, Sec'y, Scranton, Pa.

Nov. 24.—Washington C. H., Ohio.—Ohio Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fifth annual trials. C. F. Baughn, Sec'y.

Dec. 1.—Washington C. H., Ohio.—American Championship Field Trial Club's second annual trials. Chas. B. Cooke, Sec'y, St. Louis, Mo.

Dec. 1.————, —. —.—Interstate Championship Field Trial Association's second annual trials. C. D. Cooke, Sec'y.

Dec. 15.—Huntsville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) third annual trials. John F. Fletcher, Sec'y, Birmingham, Ala.

——, —.————, —. —.—Western Field Trial Association's second annual trials. C. W. Buttles, Sec'y.

Canine Diseases of the Eyes.

WHILE dogs are very subject to affections of the eyes, they are in most instances of a simple kind, arising from exposure to those causes of irritation to which the dog is particularly liable from the circumstance of the head being so near the ground. Injuries from thorns, or from the introduction of dust and dirt and other foreign matters, will naturally be followed by a certain amount of irritation of the mucous membrane lining the eyelids, attended with discharge of a watery character in the first instance, but assuming a muco-purulent condition as the disease goes on. It was particularly noticed as a somewhat curious circumstance that the obvious symptoms of irritation or inflammation of the mucous lining of the eyelids only induces the owner of the animal to inquire for a remedy, never, or very rarely, to make any attempt to ascertain the cause of the irritation. It is perfectly well known that a small particle of grit may remain attached to the under surface of the upper lid in spite of fomentations and lotions, which, under such circumstances do little or no good, whereas an examination of the eye would lead to the discovery of the offending body and its prompt removal. Even when an examination fails to lead to the discovery of any recognizable foreign body, its presence may, nevertheless, be suspected, and it is desirable to use a small quantity of pure olive oil, which may be applied to the inside of the eyelids by means of a camel hair pencil. This remedy as a preliminary step in the treatment will often find out and clear away particles of dust or grit which are too minute to be recognized by the unaided eye of the examiner.

A more acute form of irritation of the membrane lining the lids and covering the eyeball sometimes occurs, and is attributed to a cold. The symptoms which indicate this active for mof disease are redness of the conjunctival membrane, which is, of course, most apparent in the white of the eye, and the inner surfaces of the eyelids, which are in many cases kept nearly closed owing to the stimulating effect which is produced by the entrance of light. The acute stage of the disease is always followed by discharge as in the more simple forms, and the eyelids are constantly found to be glued together owing to the drying of the discharge when the animal is asleep. At the outset this more acute form of disease, which is often, but wrongly, called ophthalmia, may be due to constitutional disorder as well as to mechanical injury; indeed, such cases are more commonly than not purely symptomatic, and the recognition of this fact is most important, because treatment by means of the ordinary astringent lotions will only add to the mischief by tending to arrest a discharge which is the natural method for relief of the overcharged vessels of the mucous membrane. Sympathetic irritation of the visible mucous membrane is a well-known indication of febrile disorders affecting internal organs, and at one time even the village cow doctor went through a regular form of inspection, in the course of which he would lift up the edge of the animal's nostril, separate the eyelids, and turn up one or both of them, and slightly open the animal's mouth, and to some extent the same form of examination is in use at the present time. The febrile disorders which are most likely to give rise to discharge from the eyes of the dog are common cold, which it is not at all improbable that they catch occasion-

ally from their owners, and doubtless return the compliment from time to time, and distemper in its various forms.

Dogs which are kept as pets, and which lead a pampered life, suffer from catarrh in its most severe forms from even a very slight exposure to inclement weather. Distemper presumably only occurs, as a rule, once in an animal's life, but there is no doubt that the severe forms of catarrh very often do duty for it. Different forms of indigestion may be associated with irritation of the mucous membranes throughout, and the eyes will suffer in common with other parts. Rheumatism is also one of the maladies which are attended with inflammation, more or less pronounced, of the eyes, the eyeball itself and the lids participating in the disorder. It must, therefore, be obvious that the common expression "a discharge from the eyes" may refer to a variety of morbid conditions which are not to be counteracted by an application of a lotion to the eye. Perhaps a safe guide for the tyro in medicine may be found in the duration of the discharge. In any case of simple irritation from the presence of dirt or grit it may be fairly expected that the symptoms will cease very quickly upon the application of simple remedies, that is to say, after it has been clearly ascertained that there is no offending body adherent to the underneath part of the eyelid. The continuance of the discharge week after week, or even month after month, as some of our correspondents describe it, may certainly be taken to mean that something more than ordinary irritation of a simple kind is present, and under such circumstances the chances are that the common eye water, for example, three or four grains of boracic acid in an ounce of rose water, is not likely to do any good, and may possibly do some harm by checking the discharge, which is really critical in its character. The proper course in such cases would be to consult an expert in diseases of the dog, who will most probably be able to find some constitutional cause to account for what has been looked upon as a local disorder.

There is one form of disease which is attended with considerable discharge from the eyes undoubtedly possessing contagious qualities. This affection is known as contagious ophthalmia. The oculist is perfectly well aware that an outbreak of such a malady in a school, for example, is likely to be attended with remarkable rapidity of its spreading; even the use of a towel which has been employed by a sufferer from the disorder is sufficient to convey the disease. Perhaps the most marked illustration of this variety of the affection in the dog is that which is associated with distemper, and it may be noted here that by the term ophthalmia is meant the disease which implicates the eyeball itself. More or less opacity of the cornea is one of the symptoms of ophthalmia either of the simple and contagious variety, and, in the case of the dog affected with the ophthalmia of distemper, the indications are of a most marked character. The conjunctival membrane is highly injected and reddened, the cornea becomes opaque early in the disease, and very frequently a small spot of ulceration appears in the center of it, which rapidly extends, and in many cases penetrates the cornea completely, allowing the fluid in the anterior chamber of the eye to escape. A profuse discharge of a purulent character continues during the whole course of the disease, and one of the annoying features of the complaint is the gluing together of the eyelids, which can only be separated by very careful and continued fomentations of warm water or, what is better, warm milk. One very remarkable feature of the ophthalmia of distemper is the tendency which it exhibits to rapid repair of the damaged structures. The eye, which to all appearances is utterly lost, gradually during the convalescent stage of distemper recovers its normal appearance even without the use of any local remedies; in fact, it was a maxim with the late Edward Mayhew, who was a great authority on the treatment of diseases of the dog, that the least interference with the eye, even the attempt to remove the adherent discharge by fomentation, was likely to do more harm than good, and that nature, left entirely unaided, would manage the restorative work quite perfectly. The modern veterinarian does not, as a rule, share this view, but applies fomentation and lotions during the course of the disease, apparently with average success.—London Field.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1902.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also changes which may be made in the future.

JULY.

1-3. Bridgeport, trial races for selection of representative for Seawanhaka cup contest, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.
4. City of Boston, M. Y. R., open, City Point, Boston Harbor.
4. Beverly, open sweepstakes, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
4. Larchmont, annual, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
4. Hartford, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Saybrook, L. I. Sound.
4. Seanwanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
4. Corinthian, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
4. Columbia, annual open regatta, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
4. Milwaukee, club regatta, Milwaukee, Lake Michigan.
4. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Massachusetts Bay
4. New Bedford, club, cruise, Buzzard's Bay.
4. Kennebec, club cruise, Bath, Maine.
4. Jamaica Bay Y. R. A., open, Jamaica Bay.
4-5. Shelter Island, club race, Loehrke cup, Shelter Island Heights.
4-5. Eastern, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
4-7. Manchester, Quincy Y. C. challenge cup races, West Manchester, Massachusetts Bay.
5. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
5. Royal Canadian, 30ft. class, Toronto.
5. Penataquit-Corinthian, summer regatta, Lighthouse cup, Bay Shore.
5. Mosquito Fleet, M. Y. R. A., open, City Point, Boston Harbor.
5. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club race for Centre Island Cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
5. Beverly, first Corinthian, Mon. Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
5. Riverside, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Riverside, L. I. Sound.
5. Hull-Massachusetts,, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
5-11. Atlantic, annual cruise, rendezvous Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
10-12. Indian Harbor, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
10-12. New York, Newport series, Newport.
10-12-14. Newport Y. R. A., open, Newport.
12. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Massachusetts Bay.
12. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
12. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
12. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
12. Beverly, second Corinthian, Mon. Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
12. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
12. Marine and Field, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
12. Squantum, M. Y. R. A., open, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
12. Royal Canadian, 25ft. class, Toronto.
12. Kennebec, club, Bath, Maine.
12. Canarsie, J. B. Y. R. A., open, Jamaica Bay.
12. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
14-16. Newport Y. R. A., Newport.
19. Penataquit-Corinthian, Lighthouse cup, Bay Shore.
19. Shelter Island, club race, Loehrke cup, Shelter Island Heights.
19. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club race for Centre Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
19. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
19. Stamford Corinthian, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open. Stamford, Long Island Sound.
19. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Massachusetts Bay.
19. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
19. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
19. Beverly, club, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
19. Manhasset Bay, club, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
19-26. Larchmont, race week, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
19-31. Royal Canadian, L. Y. R. A. circuit, Toronto.
21-26. Interlake Y. A., an. regatta, Put-in-Bay, Toledo, Lake Erie.
24-26. Hull-Massachusetts, midsummer series, Y. R. A., open, Hull, Boston Harbor.
26. Quincy, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
26. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
26. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Massachusetts Bay,
26 to Aug. 2. Corinthian, annual cruise, from Delaware River to Long Island Sound.
26. Beverly, third Cor., Mon. Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
26. Manhasset Bay, club, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
26. Beverly, third Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
26. Mosquito Fleet, club, City Point, Boston Harbor.
26. Atlantic, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
26. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
26. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club race for Centre Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
26. Norwalk, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, So. Norwalk, L. I. Sound.
26. Hartford, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Saybrook, L. I. Sound.
28. Wollaston, M. Y. R. A., open, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
28-29. Boston Y. R. A., open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
29, 31 and Aug. 2. Kennebec, commodore's cup series, Bath, Me.
30-31. Corinthian, Midsummer Invitation series, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.

AUGUST.

1. Manhasset Bay, race for 18ft. one-design classes, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
1. Corinthian, Midsummer Invitation series, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
2. New Bedford, club, South Dartmouth.
2. Indian Harbor, club, Greenwich, L. I. Sound.
2. Royal Canadian, dinghy, 16ft. to 25ft. classes, Toronto.
2. Penataquit-Corinthian, open regatta, Bay Shore.
2. Shelter Island, club race, Loehrke cup, Shelter Island Heights.
2. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Massachusetts Bay.
2. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
2. Corinthian, annual, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
2. Columbia, race to Macatawa Bay, Lake Michigan.
2. Manhassett, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
2. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
2 Brooklyn, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, N. Y. Bay.
4-5. Manchester, M. Y. R. A., open, West Manchester, Mass. Bay.
5. New York, cruise, rendezvous at New London.
6. New York, cruise, run to Newport.
5-6. Misery Islaud, open, Salem Bay, Massachusetts Bay.
7. New York, cruise, Astor cup races.
7. East Gloucester, M. Y. R. A., open, Gloucester, Mass. Bay.
7-9. Seawanhaka cup races, Dorval, Lake St. Louis, Canada, between representatives of Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. and Bridgeport Y. C.
7-9. Macatawa Bay, Lake Michigan, Y. A. open races.
8-9. Annisquam, M. Y. R. A., open, Annisquam, Mass. Bay.
9. Hempstead, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Glen Cove, L. I. Sound.
9. Northport, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Northport, L. I. Sound.
9. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club race for Centre Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
9. Knickerbocker, annual cruise, rendezvous College Point, L. I. Sound.
9. Kennebec, open, Bath, Maine.
9. New Bedford, club, South Dartmouth.
9. Quincy, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
9. Royal Canadian, first class, Toronto.
9. South Boston, sailing tender race, City Point, Boston Harbor.
9. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Massachusetts Bay.
9. Beverly-Van Rensselaer cup race, Marion, Buzzard's Bay.
9. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
9. Wollaston, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
11. American, M. Y. R. A., open, Newburyport, Massachusetts Bay.
15. Penataquit-Corinthian, annual cruise, Bay Shore.
16. Royal Canadian, 30ft. class, Toronto.
16. Shelter Island, open regatta, Shelter Island Heights.
16. Horseshoe Harbor, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
16. Huntington, Y.R.A. of L. I. S., open, Huntington, L. I. Sound.
16. Hartford, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Saybrook, L. I. Sound.
16. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
16. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, race for Centre Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
16. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Massachusetts Bay.
16. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
16. Beverly, fourth Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
16. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
21. Plymouth, M. Y. R. A., open, Plymouth, Massachusetts Bay.
22. Kingston, M. Y. R. A., open, Kingston. Mass. Bay.
23. Bridgeport, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Bridgeport, L. I. Sound.
23. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
23. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
23. Huguenot, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
23. Royal Canadian, 16ft. class, Toronto.
23. Penataquit-Corinthian, Lighthouse cup, Bay Shore.
23. Shelter Island, ladics' race, Shelter Island Heights.
23. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
23. Beverly, fifth Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
23. Wollaston, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
23. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
23. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
23. Duxbury, M. Y. R. A., open, Duxbury, Mass. Bay.
23. Marine and Field, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
24. Mosquito Fleet, club, City Point, Boston Harbor.
25-26. Wellfleet, M. Y. R. A., open, Wellfleet, Massachusetts Bay.
28-30. Cape Cod, M. Y. R. A., open, Provincetown, Mass. Bay.
30. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
30. Beverly, sixth Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
30. Columbia, race to Waukegan, Lake Michigan.
30. Manhasset Bay, club, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
30. Larchmont, club, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
30. Atlantic, club, Fire Island and return, New York Bay.
30. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
30. Indian Harbor, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
30. Royal Canadian, dinghy and 25ft. classes, Toronto.
30. Kennebec, club, Bath, Maine.
30. Hartford, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Saybrook, L. I. Sound.
30-31. Corinthian, annual cruise, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Indian Harbor, club, Greenwich, L. I. Sound.
1. Quincy, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
1. Corinthian, club, Essington, Delaware River.
1. Corinthian, annual cruise, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
1. Larchmont, fall regatta, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
1. Sachem's Head, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Guilford, L. I. Sound.
1. Norwalk, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, So. Norwalk, L. I. Sound.
1. Lynn, M. Y. R. A., open, Nahant, Massachusetts Bay.
1. Beverly, open, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
1. Royal Canadian, first class, Lorne cup cruising race, Toronto.
1 Shelter Island, club race, Loehrke cup, Shelter Island Heights.
2. Penataquit-Corinthian, fall regatta, Bay Shore
4-6. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
5-6. Eastern, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
6. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
6. Boston, club, City Point, Boston Harbor.
6. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
6. Beverly, open, Mattapoisett, Buzzard's Bay.
6. Wollaston, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
6. Quincy, M. Y. R. A., open, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
6. South Boston, sailing tender race, City Point, Boston Harbor.
6. New York C. C., Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
6. Penataquit-Corinthian, Lighthouse cup, Bay shore.
8. Eastern, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
11. New York, autumn regatta, New York, Lower Bay.
13. Knickerbocker, ladies' day race, College Point, L. I. Sound.
13. Kennebec, club, Bath, Maine.
13. Beverly, seventh Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
13 Atlantic, fall regatta, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
13. Larchmont, club, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
20. Manhasset, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
20. Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
—. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
27. Riverside, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Riverside, L. I. Sound.
27. Manhasset Bay, club raceabouts, Port Washington, L. I. Sound.

For Cruising Yachtsmen.

WITH the purpose of stimulating the interest in cruising, and the keeping of a detailed log by cruising yachtsmen during the season of 1902, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer prizes for the best stories of cruises submitted to be published in FOREST AND STREAM. It is believed that these will form not only entertaining records of pleasant summer days spent afloat along our coasts and waterways, but will furnish information of practical value to other yachtsmen making subsequent cruises on the same waters.

Prizes will be awarded to the three best stories as follows:

First prize, $50.00.

Second prize, $30.00.

Third prize, $20.00.

Contributions are invited under the following conditions:

1. The cruise must be made in waters of the United States or Canada in the season of 1902.

2. The cruise must be made in a sailing yacht, power to be used only as an auxiliary, if at all.

3. The story must be prefaced by a description of the boat. Cruises should be treated in as interesting and readable a way as possible, but should be practical and contain all possible information and data that would be of value to men going over the same route. A description of the handling of the ship in all weathers will be regarded very favorably in making awards, and it is suggested to writers that an accurate account be kept of all incidents happening while under way.

4. An outline chart suitable for reproduction, showing the course taken, must accompany each article. When possible, articles should be accompanied by amateur photographs taken on the cruise, including one of the boat. Good photographs will be considered in making the awards.

5. The story should contain about seven thousand words, written on one side of the paper only, and must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York city, on or before Nov. 15, 1902.

Mr. T. C. Zerega has very kindly consented to act as judge and to make the awards.

New York Y. C.

GLEN COVE CUPS.

Tuesday, June 24.

THE annual New York Y. C. races for the Glen Cove cups were sailed on Tuesday, June 24. Fifteen craft started, and the winners in the different classes were Vigilant, Elmina, Mineola, Hester, Humma and Dorwina. The schooner Amorita was not timed, and the class M sloop Cymbra did not finish.

Had there been as much breeze as sunshine, conditions would have been ideal. There was wind enough, however, to enable the larger craft to cover the fifteen-mile triangle twice. The smaller boats in classes L and M, which had to go over the journey but once, ended the race in good season.

The wind was fickle and shifting. At 11:40 A. M. the time of the starting signal for classes J, K, L and M, it was blowing from the northwest. This gave the craft a reach with booms to starboard to the first mark off Lloyd's Point, a distance of six miles from the start.

The yawls Ailsa and Vigilant and the 70-footers Mineola and Yankee, however, preferred to run close up into the wind and set spinnakers for the last part of the journey to the mark.

The starting signal for the yawls and 70-footers was sounded at 11:45. Ailsa slipped over the line 19s. ahead of Vigilant. The new hollow spar and rig of the latter appeared to like the light airs. Regardless of a soft spot just before the first mark, which greatly handicapped all of the starters, the old defender of 1893 rounded the mark 3m. and 50s. ahead of her rival.

With the wind gone for the moment, this lead was of uttermost advantage. Drifting over toward the end of her four-mile leg to a buoy off Great Captain's Island Light, the converted Herreshoff creation got the first of the breeze in its journey toward the south, while the other starters were almost becalmed off Lloyd's Point.

The wind gradually veered around into the westward and finally landed in the southwest, where it remained during the last half of the contest. The change to the extreme southern point came at an inopportune time for most of the boats.

Just as Vigilant rounded the home mark, at the end of the first round of the triangular course, the remainder of the fleet were making down from Great Captain's Island Light on the five-mile leg. Then the wind went into the southwest. This headed off all of the other boats and gave Vigilant a fair spinnaker run to Lloyd's Point buoy.

Vigilant simply walked away. She finished the race 24m. and 32s. ahead of Mineola, the second boat to complete the contest, and was 38m. and 1s. ahead of Ailsa. Counting the 19s. advantage Ailsa had on the start, and a time allowance of 2m. and 3s. conceded her by Vigilant,

the latter beat her Fife-built rival by 36m. and 17s. corrected time. Throughout the contest luck favored Vigilant and was against Ailsa.

In the schooner class, Amorita, now owned by T. M. McKee, of Pittsburg, Pa., made her first appearance of the year. From a good start nearly a minute ahead of Elmina and Muriel, she was left almost hull down before the race was over. In 7m. from start Elmina had luffed by her to windward and at no time thereafter was Amorita a contender.

Muriel did no luffing, but kept straight on her course, and was a minute ahead of Elmina around the first mark. Elmina forged to the front on the next two legs, and was 5m. in the lead at the home mark, ending the first round.

On the next tour of the course the sister schooners sailed a fine contest. Muriel picked up well and was beaten by only 1m. and 31s. There were no allowances except in the yawl class.

The 70-footer Yankee and Mineola had it nip and tuck all day. They crossed the starting line exactly abreast, though Barr had worked the Belmont boat into windward position. Mineola led around the first mark by 55s.

Over on the Connecticut shore, Yankee stood in further, got the first of the breeze and rounded the home mark leading by 1m. and 25s. Mineola again slipped by on the spinnaker run to the first mark, and rounded this buoy 28s. ahead. Gradually increasing the advantage, she won out by 3m. and 32s.

In class I, for imported sloops, Hester led Eelin by 9m. and 58s., and Isolde by 10m. and 55s. The latter two, it is said, had a match race on, and therefore paid but little attention to Hester.

In class J the Herreshoff flyer, Humma, gave Syce a bad beating, winning out by 8m. and 54s. Syce had trouble with her gaff topsail during the early stages of the contest.

In class L Dorwina handily defeated Effort by 8m. and 29s.

The new 60-raters, Weetamoe, George M. Pynchon, and Neola, Henry F. Lippitt, were entered in the Glen Cove cup races in hopes of being ready for the struggle. They were not in trim to start. The summaries follow:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Schooners—Class D.			
Elmina, F. F. Brewster	11 52 00	5 26 44	5 34 44
Muriel, Charles Smithers	11 52 00	5 28 15	5 36 15
Amorita, T. M. McKee	Not timed.		
Yawls—Class G.			
Vigilant, Percy Chubb	11 45 39	4 53 22	5 07 43
*Ailsa, H. S. Redmond	11 45 20	5 31 23	5 46 03
Sloops—Class H.			
Mineola, August Belmont	11 46 15	5 17 54	5 31 39
Yankee, J. R. Maxwell	11 46 15	5 21 26	5 35 11
Sloops—Class I.			
Hester, C. H. Dodge	11 47 00	6 20 35	6 33 35
Isolde, F. M. Hoyt	11 45 18	6 29 48	6 44 30
Eelin, F. J. Rodewald	11 47 00	6 30 33	6 43 33
Sloops—Class J.			
Humma, H. B. Duryea	11 40 57	6 10 05	6 29 08
Syce, C. F. Judson	11 41 50	6 23 05	6 38 02
Sloops—Class L.			
Dorwina, C. V. Brokaw	11 41 36	3 16 33	3 34 55
Effort, F. M. Smith	11 41 37	3 25 21	3 43 44
Sloops—Class M.			
Cymbra, F. C. Henderson	Withdrew.		

*Vigilant concedes Ailsa 2m. 3s. time allowance. This makes the corrected time of Ailsa 5:44:00.

The winners were Elmina, Vigilant, Mineola, Hester, Humma and Dorwina.

Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay.

Saturday, June 28.

THE third regatta of the Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay, held on June 28, under the auspices of the New York C. C., was by far the best of the season. Twenty-five craft started; two were disqualified, and one withdrew. The winners in the different classes were Sunol, Caribou, Cockatoo, Wraith, Stinger and Martha M. Vivian scored a sail over.

The preparatory signal was sounded at 3 o'clock, and the different classes were sent away at three-minute intervals. The wind, at the start, was blowing a little east of south, but gradually worked into the southwest ere the race was ended. The craft were sent over the course in an opposite direction from usual; leaving all marks on the port hand.

Class M and N boats went out to West Bank Light and return, covering the course twice. They had but little windward work to do, close and broad reaches being in order.

The wind afforded the smaller boats, which sail the inside courses, a good run to the first mark of the Marine and Field Club, a reach to Fort Hamilton buoy, long and short windward legs to the Atlantic Y. C. mark, and a broad reach home.

Among the larger boats going out to West Bank Light the class N craft Gwendolin did well. She started the contest, however, on the wrong side of the line and was eventually disqualified. Sunol and Bonito came down for the home mark at the end of the first round almost as one boat, turning the buoy exactly abreast.

During the latter part of the second tour the wind veered into the southwest. At this time many of the smaller craft had stood over toward the southerly side of the bay in hopes of a long, close-hauled board to Atlantic Y. C. mark. Others had kept out more. As is often the case, the boats catching the first of the new breeze were put so much nearer the mark.

Class P craft sailed a grand race throughout. At the finish, with spinnakers set and everything drawing, they came down for the line separated only by seconds. Cockatoo slipped in ahead by 5s. Song and Dance was next leading Karma by 15s.

Wraith got a good start in class Q and was never headed. She was the first of the fleet to finish the race and beat out Trouble, her nearest class competitor, by 2m. 47s.

By a lucky shift in the breeze, the Marine and Field boat Stinger passed Kelpie on the second round and won out by 20s. Stinger scored a leg on a cup offered by President Theodore L. Cuyler, of the organization, from which the little fellows hail, to the winner of the best two out of three races. It was the first contest for the trophy.

Catboat Martha M. led Rascal at the finish by 1m. and 4s. Class R boat, Opossum, was disqualified for starting out of her class, and the Marine and Field boat Vixen withdrew after the first round.

Among the larger craft, Sunol, well handled, headed Bonito by 2m. and 17s. Vivian and Gwendolin made a fine finish, the latter crossing the line by 2s. ahead.

Class N boat Caribou luffed by Squaw just off Sea Gate, on the last round, and won out by 40s. Indian, a newcomer in class N, started late. Bronco sailed the race without her centerboard.

The next Association regatta occurs on July 12, under the auspices of the Marine and Field Club. The summaries follow:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sloops—Class M—Start, 3:03.		
Sunol, John Abbey	6 12 45	3 09 45
Bonito, Haviland Brothers	6 15 02	3 12 02
Kangaroo, C. H. Humphreys	Not timed.	
Sloops—Class N—Start, 3:06.		
Caribou, J. E. Nickolson	6 22 25	3 16 25
Squaw, H. J. Heath	6 23 05	3 17 05
Indian, Menton Brothers	7 14 45	4 08 45
Class N—Special—Start, 3:06.		
Vivian, S. E. Vernon	6 07 52	3 01 52
Gwendolin, H. G. S. Nobles	Disqualified.	
Sloops—Class P—Start, 3:09.		
Cockatoo, Hendon Chubb	4 40 10	1 31 10
Song and Dance, E. F. Luckenbach	4 40 15	1 31 15
Karma, J. C. Erskine	4 40 30	1 31 30
*Streak, Spiedel Brothers	4 44 55	1 35 55

*Streak gets 28s. time allowance. This makes her corrected time 1.35.27.

Sloops—Class Q—Start, 3:12.		
Wraith, Calvin Tomkins	4 39 15	1 27 15
Trouble, W. H. Childs	4 42 02	1 30 02
Bronco, F. C. Moore	4 47 05	1 35 05
Wink, W. A. Barstow	4 51 20	1 48 20
Flying Fish, J. M. Dean	4 58 40	1 46 40
Sloops—Class R—Start, 3:15.		
Opossum, R. P. Doremus	Disqualified.	
Marine and Field Class—Start, 3:18.		
Stinger, A. P. Clapp	4 51 10	1 33 10
Kelpie, W. K. Brown	4 51 30	1 33 30
Jig-a-Jig, W. A. Hutcheson	4 57 50	1 39 50
Quinque, L. H. Smith	4 57 58	1 39 58
Vixen, Mahoney & Chandler	Withdrew.	
Catboats—Class V—Start, 3:24.		
Martha M., Richard Moore	4 57 52	1 33 52
Rascal, D. G. Whitlock	4 58 56	1 34 56

The winners were Sunol, Caribou, Cockatoo, Wraith, Stinger and Martha M. Vivian gets a sail over.

Points on Y. R. A. G. B. series to date—Mariquita, 5; Bonito, 18; Sunol, 18; Kangaroo, 12; Vivian, 10; Caribou, 25; Squaw, 16; Karma, 16; Song and Dance, 26; Cockatoo, 24; Opossum, 10; Trouble, 16; Wraith, 16; Bronco, 10; Wink, 4; Spots, 2; Flying Fish, 2; Streak, 4; Kelpie, 28; Stinger, 26; Quinque, 4; Jig-a-Jig, 6; Martha M., 20; Rascal, 16; Indian, 6.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Mr. Chas. M. Hall's cutter yacht Chispa, 56ft. 6in. over all, and 13ft. 8in. beam, has been chartered through the agency of Gardner & Cox to Mr. H. Radclyffe Roberts, of Philadelphia.

FILIBUSTER—SEAWANHAKA CUP TRIAL BOAT.
Designed by W. Starling Burgess. Owned by Frank Crowninshield. Photo by Willard Jackson, Marblehead.

Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY, L. I.

June 26, 27, 28.

THE three days of racing at the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. began on Thursday, June 26. The event was marked by a strong wind blowing from the northwest which made reefs advisable and caused a number of accidents. Hobo, an American Y. C. 21-footer, belonging to Trenor L. Park, at the begining of the second round of the race, carried away her mast about two-thrids distance from the deck and had to be towed in. She was then leading her opponent, Howdy, Stuyvesant Wainwright, owner, by nearly half a minute.

In the class for Manhasset raceabout, Arizona, champion of the Yacht Association of Long Island Sountd for 1901, belonging to G. A. Corry, broke her gaff, and the race went to Lambkin, owned by S. V. Roach.

Nearly all of the star yachts were entered for the contest, but few of them came to the line. Vigilant and Ailsa were undergoing repairs at City Island, and the schooner Elmina had gone to New London. Barr sailed the Mineola to a walk-over, and did the 23½ miles in the fast time of 2h. 11m. and 35s. She went twice around a triangle of 11¾ miles, starting from a line near Center Island buoy.

Twelve craft in all started the contest. Alerion and Mimosa tried for honors in the class for 30-footers, and the former was victorious. Mimosa had a good lead at the end of the first round, but was eventually beaten out at the finish by 28 seconds.

Gowan, Marcia and Heron competed in the race for Seawanhaka knockabouts. Marcia led on the first round but Gowan passed her and won out.

Two of the New Rochelle one-design class started. Knave, belonging to W. N. Bavier, gave Deuce, the property of L. D. Huntington, Jr., a bad beating.

The 30-footers covered a course aggregating 16½ miles. The 21-footers and knockabouts had a 13½ course to travel, while the smaller classes were allotted a distance of 8¼ miles. The summaries follow:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sloops—Class H—Start, 12:45.		
Mineola, August Belmont	2 56 35	2 11 35
Sloops—ClassN—Start, 1:00.		
Alerion, A. H. Alker	3 50 57	2 50 57
Mimosa, Trenor L. Park	3 51 25	2 51 25
American Y. C. 21ft. Class—Start, 1:10.		
Howdy, Stuyvesant Wainwright	3 52 35	2 42 35
Hobo, Trenor L. Park	Disabled.	
Seawanhaka Knockabouts—Start, 1:15.		
Gowan, F. G. Stewart	3 57 55	2 42 55
Marcia, Johnston de Forest	3 58 21	2 43 21
Heron, F. R. Coudert, Jr	3 58 36	2 43 36
Manhasset Bay Raceabouts—Start, 1:20.		
Lambkin, S. V. Roach	2 49 00	1 29 00
Arizona, G. A. Corry	Disabled.	
New Rochelle 18ft. Class—Start, 1:20.		
Knave, W. N. Bavier	2 50 15	1 30 15
Deuce, L. D. Huntington, Jr	2 59 23	1 39 23

The winners were: Alerion, Howdy, Gowan, Lambkin and Knave. Mineola scored a sail over.

Conditions on Friday were a bit better. The breeze still hovered between north and west and blew at times as high as 18 miles an hour. Most of the craft were

reefed. The courses were covered in directly opposite way from that of the first day. This gave the boats a reach to the first mark, some little windward work on the second and a reach home.

Twenty-two craft went over the line for the start. The 70-footer, Mineola, and the schooner Muriel, covered the longer course of 23½ miles, and were credited with sail overs. Challenge, a new class L boat, started but did not finish. She belongs to Wallace T. Foote, Jr., of Port Henry, N. Y., and is 57ft. 6 in. over all and about 36ft. on the water line.

In the class for 30-footers, Mimosa reversed the decision of the Thursday and won out by 1m. and 27s. This advantage was gained on a run when both carried spinnakers, just before the finish.

Whistlewing, H. M. Crane's new one, was victorious in the raceabout class, just beating out Mavis, formerly Merry Wing, which led during the first round of the 6¾-mile triangular course. The American Y. C.'s 21-footer, Howdy, deprived of a competitor by the accident to Hobo on Thursday, entered this class.

Four Seawanhaka knockabouts started, the honors going to W. A. Stewart's Bobs, which led from start to finish. Chipmunk sailed the wrong course in the race for class R boats, and the contest went to Cricket.

Arizona, with her gaff repaired from the damage of Thursday, suffered defeat in the class for Manhasset Bay raceabouts—Lambkin winning. Three of the New Rochelle one-design class started, Knave scoring her second consecutive victory of the series.

Fidget, an 18-footer belonging to Edwin Gould, of the American Y. C., and Houri, J. H. Esser's 21-footer, scored sail overs. The summaries follow:

Sloops—Class H—Start, 12:10.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mineola, August Belmont	2 37 15	2 27 15

Schooners—Class D—Start, 12:15.

Muriel, Charles Smithers	3 09 48	2 54 48

Sloops—Class L—Start, 12:30.

Challenge, Wallace T. Foote	Withdrew.

Sloops—Class N—Start, 12:35.

Mimosa, Trenor L. Park	3 36 47	2 01 47
Alerion, A. H. Alker	3 38 14	2 03 14

Sloops—Class P—Start, 12:35.

Houri, J. H. Esser	2 34 00	1 59 00

Raceabouts—Start, 12:45.

Whistlewing, H. M. Crane	3 16 43	2 31 43
Mavis, G. L. Pirie	3 17 21	2 32 21
Howdy, Stuyvesant Wainwright	3 19 55	2 34 55
Seamp, A. H. Pirie	Withdrew.	

Seawanhaka Knockabouts—Start, 12:50.

Bobs, W. A. W. Stewart	3 41 39	2 51 39
Lucille, H. H. Landon	3 42 50	2 52 50
Marcia, Johnston de Forest	3 42 12	2 52 12
Mistral, E. I. Low	3 46 36	2 56 36

Sloops—Class R—Start, 12:55.

Cricket, H. C. Pryer	2 57 34	2 02 34
Chipmunk, T. S. Young, Jr.	Mistook course.	

American Y. C. 18ft. Class—Start, 1:00.

Fidget, Edwin Gould	3 24 45	2 24 45

Manhasset Bay Raceabouts—Start, 1:00.

Lambkin, S. V. Roach	2 54 14	1 54 14
Arizona, G. A. Corry	2 56 57	1 56 57

New Rochelle 18ft. Class—Start, 1:00.

Knave, W. N. Bavier	2 54 33	1 54 33
Deuce, L. D. Huntington, Jr.	3 02 42	2 02 42
Caper, P. L. Howard	Sailed wrong course.	

The winners were the Mimosa, Whistlewing, Bobs, Cricket, Lambkin and Knave. Mineola, Muriel, Houri and Fidget won sailover prizes.

Forty craft started in the race of Saturday. It was the occasion of the thirty-second annual Corinthian contest and proved to be the best regatta held on Long Island Sound this year. The Leland Challenge Cup going to the first club knockabout finishing and a series prize for the boat of the same type scoring the greatest number of points in the three days' racing, was won by F. G. Stewart's Gowan.

A brilliant array of stellar racing lights competed. The winners in the different classes were: Vigilant, Elmina, Mineola, Dorwina, Empress, Mimosa, Adelaide, Jolly Roger, Gowan, Cricket, Lambkin, Knave and Esperanza. Neola, Gazabo and Syce scored sailovers.

Interest centered in the race between the 90ft. yawls, Vigilant and Ailsa. Both were fresh from the drydock, and it was rumored that some changes had been made on Ailsa which would be beneficial. The breeze was west by south and light. These conditions suited Vigilant and she gradually drew away from the imported craft, and won out by 11m. and 34s. It was a run to the first mark, a beat to the second and a reach home.

Mineola and Yankee met in the class for 70ft. sloops. Although the Belmont boat was again victorious by 1m. and 10s., it looked at times as if Barr would have to doff his cap to J. Rogers Maxwell, who held the tiller of Yankee. The latter boat crossed the starting line nearly half a minute later than did Mineola.

In the contest for class D schooners, Elmina beat Muriel by 6m. and 59s.

Dorwina beat out Effort and Challenge in class L. Effort was late in starting, crossing the line 13 minutes after the winner.

In the race for class N sloops, Mimosa scored over Alerion by 8m. and 23s., giving her two races out of the three sailed during the Seawanhaka series.

In the raceabout class the Crowninshield boat, Jolly Roger, defeated H. M. Crane's new Whistlewing by 1m. and 12s. Mavis finished third 7 seconds later. The struggle between Esperanza and Hera, Newport 30-footers, resulted in a victory for the former by 5m. and 45s. The courses sailed in the race were the same as used on the first two days of the series.

The new 60-rater, Neola, belonging to George M. Pynchon, went over the course on a time trial. She did the larger triangles in 11m. and 38. slower time than Vigilant and 11m. and 7s. slower than Mineola. She is a thoroughbred-looking craft with large sail spread.

The Manhasset Bay raceabout, Lambkin, scored her third victory of the series as did Knave, the New Rochelle 18-footer. The summaries follow:

Yawls—Class G—Start, 12:05.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vigilant, Percy Chubb	4 04 22	3 59 22
Ailsa, H. S. Redmond	4 15 56	4 10 56

Sloops—Class H—Start, 12:10.

Mineola, August Belmont	4 09 53	3 59 53
Yankee, J. Rogers Maxwell	4 11 03	4 01 03

Schooners—Class D—Start, 12:15.

Elmina, Fred F. Brewster	4 14 39	3 59 39
Muriel, Charles Smithers	4 21 38	4 06 38

Sloops—Class J—Start, 12:20.

Neola, G. M. Pynchon	4 31 00	4 11 00

Sloops—Class K—Start, 12:20.

Syce, C. F. Judson	5 03 06	4 43 06

Sloops—Class L—Start, 12:35.

Dorwina, Clifford V. Brokaw	3 24 34	2 59 34
Effort, F. M. Smith	3 36 00	3 11 00
Challenge, Wallace T. Foote, Jr.	3 35 31	3 10 31

Sloops—Class M—Start, 12:30.

Empress, G. M. Heckscher	4 06 00	3 36 00
Hanley	4 24 58	3 54 58

Sloops—Class N—Start, 12:35.

Mimosa, Trenor L. Park	4 04 23	3 29 23
Alerion, A. H. Alker	4 12 46	3 37 46

Sloops—Class P—Start, 12:45.

Adelaide, J. J. Dwyer	4 35 46	3 50 46
Houri, J. H. Esser	4 44 23	3 59 23

Raceabouts—Start, 12:50.

Whistlewing, H. M. Crane	4 26 00	3 36 00
Snapper, A. B. Alley	4 27 53	3 37 53
Mavis, G. L. Pirie	4 26 07	3 36 07
Indian, J. R. Maxwell, Jr.	4 27 41	3 37 41
Scamp, A. H. Pirie	4 36 27	3 46 27
Jolly Roger, T. B. Bleecker	4 24 48	3 34 48

Seawanhaka Knockabouts—Start, 12:55.

Marcia, Johnston de Forest	4 47 54	3 52 54
Gowan, F. G. Steward	4 38 05	3 43 05
Bobs, W. A. W. Stewart	4 49 19	3 54 19
Lucile, H. H. Landon	4 49 49	3 54 49
Vagrant, Brown & Lord	4 39 55	3 44 55

Sloops—Class Q—Start, 12:55.

Gazabo, W. P. Vulte	3 05 28	2 10 28

Sloops—Class R—Start, 1:00.

Cricket, H. C. Pryer, Jr.	3 14 34	2 14 34
Chipmunk, T. S. Young, Jr.	3 16 39	2 16 39

Manhasset Bay Raceabouts—Start, 1:05.

Lambkin, S. W. Roach	3 31 21	2 26 20
Mist, J. W. Alker	3 34 25	2 29 25
Bab, J. R. Hoyt	3 31 26	2 26 26
Arizona, G. A. Corry	3 32 55	2 27 55

New Rochelle 18-footers—Start, 1:05.

Caper, P. L. Howard	3 28 00	2 23 00
Knave, W. N. Bavier	3 17 08	2 12 08
Me Too, H. T. Foote	3 28 15	2 23 15

Newport 30-footers—Start, 1:20.

Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	3 11 30	1 51 30
Hera, Ralph N. Ellis	3 17 15	1 57 15

The winners are: Vigilant, Elmina, Mineola, Dorwina, Empress, Mimosa, Adelaide, Jolly Roger, Gowan, Cricket, Lambkin, Knave and Esperanza. Gowan wins the Leland Challenge Cup, also the Series Cup for knockabouts. Neola, Gazabo and Syce had sail overs.

Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your report of the action of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes in the number of June 28 shows that at last we are likely to see something reasonable accomplished in the matter of yachting classification. For the first time an influential body of yachtsmen have placed themselves on record as in favor of restrictions instead of a formula for yachting classification. This is particularly gratifying to me because the general trend of these restrictions is in line with the suggestions made by me about five years ago for the first time, and constantly reiterated since then. I would like to, however, suggest that one fundamental error has been committed, namely, the use of the erect instead of the inclined load waterline. With yachts of various types the erect waterline is an inaccurate means of comparison, as every one knows. As I had the privilege of pointing out in your columns some time since the requirement of minimum area of immersed cross section is not the same as a displacement requirement, this relation of area of midship section to displacement varying with different types at least 15 per cent. As a consequence, all of the requirements of the Union can be complied with and a small-displacement racing machine be designed. If, on the contrary, the Schedule A had displacement substituted for immersed cross section and a column substituted, giving the limiting length of inclined waterline as I have already suggested, the four columns devoted to beam and freeboard could have been omitted and the Union would have been absolutely assured of boats of good accommodation, which it would be cheapest and best to build strongly, and all of the requirements in regard to cabin trunk, freeboard and scantlings could have been omitted as entirely unnecessary. Nevertheless the principle of the change is a most commendable one, and I have no doubt that in the course of a few years it will be found that all my suggestions are practical and they will be carried into effect when a new era of yacht racing in seaworthy, fast yachts will begin.

GEO. HILL.

NEW YORK, June 28.

Dorchester Y. C.

DORCHESTER, MASS.

Tuesday, June 17.

THE Dorchester Y. C. Y. R. A. open race for Association 15-footers and 18-footers, one-design dories and sailing tenders, was sailed in Dorchester Bay on Tuesday, June 17, in a strong northwest wind. The strong breeze affected several of the little fellows to such an extent as to put them out of it. No 15-footers showed up. Wawenock had an easy win in the 18-footers. Anita won a good race in the one-design dories. The Leach and Hewes S. H. Y. C. tenders sailed a close race, and E. E. Merrill took an easy win in the S. B. Y. C. tenders. The summary:

Class T—18-footers.

	Elapsed.
Wawenock, W. J. Coombs & Seymour	1 17 15
Zetes II., John A. McKee	1 30 15
Owaissa, Walter Kelly	1 30 30

One-Design D. Y. C. Dories.

Aurita, E. L. Cutler	1 28 45
Vera, Hjalmar Lundburg	1 29 45
San Toy, J. A. Hendrie	1 30 45
Boomerang, Cleary	Withdrew.
Hobo, T. W. King	Withdrew.
Lurline, John P. Meade	Withdrew.

One-Design S. H. Y. C. Tenders.

C. H. Leach	0 51 25
A. P. Hewes	0 51 50
R MacCurdy	1 01 00
E. Keepers	1 02 35
R. Loring	1 09 00
J. W. Will	1 10 25
J. Turner	Withdrew.
H. Skinner	Withdrew.

South Boston Sailing Tenders.

E E. Merrill	0 56 35
W. D. Colson	0 58 35
Fred Borden	1 01 15
F O French	Withdrew.

Seawanhaka Trial Races.

LONG ISLAND SOUND—BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Monday, June 30.

THE first of the series of trial races to select a challenger for the Seawanhaka Challenge cup, now held by the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., was sailed on Monday, June 30. Eight boats started, as follows: Massasoit, Bridgeport Y. C.; Tecumseh, Bridgeport Y. C.; Nutmeg, Bridgeport Y. C.; Seeress, Manhasset Bay Y. C.; Frontenac, Penataquit Corinthian Y. C.; Crusader, White Bear Y. C.; Monsoon, Manchetser Y. C.; Filibuster, Eastern Y. C. Wampnissic, Shinnecock Y. C., was withdrawn. The wind was light throughout the race, varying from S.E. to S. The course was a triangular one of four miles, starting from the spar buoy off Black Rock Lighthouse, and was sailed over three times. The boats were stopped at the finish of each four miles, and their times taken, thus making the trials practically three races of four miles each. Of these, Massasoit, the Crowninshield boat, won two, and Tecumseh, the Western boat, finished first in one.

The starting gun was fired at 1:30, and the first leg was a beat, the wind blowing S.E. by E. very lightly. Nutmeg crossed the line first, followed in order by Monsoon, Seeress, Filibuster, Crusader, Frontenac, Tecumseh and Massasoit. Tecumseh took the lead in the first mile and rounded the first mark nearly three minutes ahead of Nutmeg, the second boat. Monsoon was third, followed by Massasoit, Filibuster, Crusader, Frontenac and Seeress in the order named. Spinnakers were set for the reach to the second mark. Tecumseh increased her lead to five minutes over the second boat on this leg. Nutmeg was still second, with Monsoon, Massasoit, Filibuster, Frontenac, Crusader and Seeress following. On the run home Nutmeg gained on Tecumseh, but not enough to win, and Tecumseh crossed the line winner by 3m. and 40s.

	First Leg.	Second Leg.	Third Leg.	Elapsed.
Tecumseh	0 41 45	0 11 21	0 17 22	1 10 28
Nutmeg	0 44 35	0 13 25	0 16 08	1 14 08
Monsoon	0 45 43	0 13 54	0 18 44	1 18 21
Massasoit	0 46 21	0 13 25	0 18 47	1 18 33
Filibuster	0 46 59	0 12 56	0 19 00	1 18 55
Frontenac	0 48 10	0 12 11	0 18 42	0 19 03
Crusader	0 48 05	0 13 06	0 17 32	0 18 43
Seeress	0 50 44	0 13 20	0 18 42	1 22 46

The boats were sent off over the same course at 3:05. The wind had freshened somewhat, but was still light. They crossed the line in the following order: Filibuster, Crusader, Seeress, Nutmeg, Massasoit, Monsoon, Tecumseh and Frontenac. Massasoit liked the weather and drew ahead at once, rounding the first mark at 3h. 28m. 33s. Crusader, the second boat, was 2m. 30s. behind, and Filibuster, the last boat, 7m. 27s. behind the leader. Massasoit retained her lead on the reach to the second mark, and on the run home and won by 2m. 23s. over Crusader:

	First Leg.	Second Leg.	Third Leg.	Elapsed.
Massasoit	0 23 33	0 15 31	0 13 33	0 52 37
Crusader	0 26 03	0 15 55	0 13 02	0 55 00
Tecumseh	0 26 23	0 15 26	0 13 13	0 55 02
Frontenac	0 25 14	0 17 46	0 14 12	0 57 12
Seeress	0 27 33	0 16 17	0 15 56	0 57 46
Nutmeg	0 28 24	0 17 01	0 14 49	1 00 14
Monsoon	0 29 15	0 17 37	0 14 36	1 01 28
Filibuster	0 31 00	0 16 41	0 14 12	1 01 53

In the third race the course was reversed, making the first leg a beat to windward. The breeze was improving, but was only fair. There was some confusion at the starting line, and Monsoon finally crossed first at 4:20. Massasoit was second, and was followed by Frontenac, Crusader, Filibuster, Nutmeg, Seeress and Tecumseh. Massasoit at once took the lead, and at the first mark was 1m. 29s. ahead of Crusader, the next to round the mark. The positions remained unchanged on the reaches to the second mark and to the finish, and Massasoit crossed the line 32s. ahead of Crusader, in the best-sailed race of the day:

	1st Leg.	2d and 3d Legs.	Elapsed.
Massasoit	0 23 37	0 25 29	0 49 06
Crusader	0 25 06	0 24 32	0 49 38
Frontenac	0 25 20	0 25 49	0 51 09
Seeress	0 28 42	0 23 23	0 52 05
Filibuster	0 28 10	0 24 22	0 52 32
Tecumseh	0 29 28	0 23 34	0 53 02
Nutmeg	0 29 13	0 24 22	0 53 35
Monsoon	0 29 06	0 25 17	0 54 23

Savin Hill Y. C.

DORCHESTER, MASS.

Saturday, June 28.

A CLUB race was held by the Savin Hill Y. C. on Saturday, June 28. The winners were Hesper and C. A. J. Smith's sailing tender. The summary:

Handicap Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hesper, W. H. Christie	4 18 00	3 58 00
Harriette, C. C. Durgin	4 13 10	4 08 10
Wide Awake, J. H. Ricker	4 27 07	4 09 07
Icureasy, J. D. McBeath	4 32 25	4 12 25
Aikane, A. A. Swallow	4 38 40	4 13 40
Primrose, J. H. Spark	Disabled.	
Romance, Loring Sears	Capsized.	

Sailing Tenders.

C. A. J. Smith	3 39 00
A P Hawes	3 39 05
J D McBeath	3 40 30
C. H. Leach	3 41 00
H. Skinner	3 42 20
J. E. Robinson	Withdrew.

Cohasset Y. C.

COHASSET, MASS.

Tuesday, June 17.

THE opening race of the Cohasset Y. C. was sailed Tuesday, June 17, over the regular club course in a strong northwest breeze. The summary:

Knockabout Class.

	Finish.
Delta, R. B. Williams	2 10 12
Moonsoon, J. A. Knowles	2 25 10
Remora, G. E. Crocker	2 25 10
Heralda, Alanson Bigelow	2 25 15
Eleanor, F. H. Moors	Disabled.

Handicap Class.

Edith, A. Abbott Hastings	2 30 00
Undine, Gilbert Tower	2 35 10

18ft. Knockabout Class.

Kannaka, Hugh Montgomery	2 37 00

Beverly Y. C.

MONUMENT BEACH, MASS.

Tuesday, June 17.

IN a strong northwest wind the open sweepstakes race of the Beverly Y. C. was sailed off Monument Beach on Tuesday, June 17. There was a bit more wind than some of the skippers of the one-design 30-footers cared for, but it was an excellent chance in which to try them out. They were all sailed hard, and throughout most of the windward leg the water was up to their cabin windows. While some of the owners deem this an undesirable feature, enough of this kind of work was done to show that the boats are practically non-capsizable. Four of them were unfortunates. Gamecock's port spreader was broken early in the race, and the mast of Young Miss was carried away. In shaking out a reef Mashnee's mainsail was split from top to bottom. Zingara parted a stay, but she kept on and made a good showing. Pontiac did not relish the strong breeze and withdrew. Praxilla established a lead early in the race and maintained it to the finish.

There were three starters in the 21ft. raceabout class—Barnacle, designed by Fred Lawley, and Terrapin and Arethusa, designed by Herreshoff. Barnacle defeated the two Herreshoff boats in the easiest manner possible, and thereon lies the tale of a scow, for Barnacle is a scow of the most pronounced type. She has the hardest of bilges in her forward overhang, which lies very close to the water, to give her the right entrance, and the bilges soften amidships. She has a fin with a bulb resembling a Whitehead torpedo, and through this runs a centerboard which runs straight up and down. Howard and Krieker broke down in the fourth class cats, and Maori had it all to herself. Go Bye and Spider had a close race in the 15-footers. The summary:

30-footers—One Design.

	Elapsed.
Praxilla, John Parkinson, Jr.	2 17 56
Mashnee, R. W. Emmons	2 18 31
Quakeress, W. F. Harrison	2 22 00
Zingara, E. N. Farnsworth	2 30 49
Anita, R. T. Crane, 2d	2 32 35
Notos, W. O. & C. H. Taylor, Jr.	2 37 14
Gamecock, Louis Bacon	Disabled.
Young Miss, D. L. Whittemore	Disabled.
Pontiac, J. A. Beeze	Withdrew.

21-footers.

Barnacle, W. E. C. Eustis	1 56 22
Terrapin, L. S. Dabney	2 07 08
Arethusa, C. M. Baker	2 14 57

Fourth Class Cats.

Maori, A. B. Hastings	2 15 45
Howard, H. O. Miller	Disabled.
Kricker, W. O. Jameson	Disabled.

15-footers.

Go Bye, L. S. Stockton	2 33 02
Spider, H. M. Stone	2 34 35
Ranzo, M. H. Richardson	2 36 56

Saturday, June 28.

A club race of the Beverly Y. C. was sailed off Monument Beach, Saturday, June 28, in a fluky breeze from the southeast. The 30-footers went over the line in a bunch, with Pontiac in the lead. After some short tacks Young Miss pulled away from the bunch and held her lead to the finish, Pontiac being second. In the 21-footers Terrapin won handily. Krieker had things all her own way in the fourth class cats. In the 15-footers Spider won a good race after starting long behind the time of gunfire. The summary:

30-footers—One Design.

	Elapsed.
Young Miss, D. L. Whittemore	2 04 20
Pontiac, J. A. Beebe	2 05 40
Mashnee, R. W. Emmons, 2d	2 06 54
Praxilla, John Parkinson, Jr.	2 07 10
Notos, C. H. and W. O. Taylor	2 07 52
Gamecock, Louis Bacon	2 08 49
Zingara, E. M. Farnsworth	2 09 23
Evelyn, John Hitchcock	2 11 29
Quakeress, W. F. Harrison	2 19 21

21-footers.

Terrapin, L. S. Dabney	2 13 16
Sylvia, S. D. Warren	2 17 13
Arethusa, C. M. Baker	2 17 19
Kestrel, G. B. Dabney	2 17 52

Fourth Class—Cats.

Krieker, W. S. Jameson	2 28 08
Howard, H. O. Miller	Withdrew.

15-footers.

Spider, H. M. Stone	1 38 54
Teazer, R. W. Emmons, 2d	1 39 34
Go-Bye, H. Stockton	1 39 42
Catspaw, S. D. Warren	1 46 52
Ranzo, M. H. Richardson	1 51 49

Duxbury Y. C.

DUXBURY, MASS.

Saturday, June 21.

THE first club race of the Duxbury Y. C. was sailed off the club house at Duxbury, Saturday, June 21. The breeze was light at the start, but later freshened to whole-sail power. Miladi II. won handily in the 18ft. knockabouts. In the handicap class As You Like It finished first, but took third place on corrected time. In It finished second, but Dolphin, which finished third, took first on corrected time. The summary:

18ft. Knockabouts.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Miladi II., F. R. Adams	2 04 17	. . . ..
Kittiwake, H. M. Jones	2 08 31	. . . ..
Osprey, A. R. Train	2 09 43	. . . ..
Aspinquid, C. R. Foster	2 12 40	. . . ..

Handicap Class.

Dolphin, N. Morton	2 18 45	2 03 44
In It, Watson Brothers	2 15 38	2 05 10
As You Like It, W. T. Whitman	2 06 20	2 06 20
Nautilus, Simmons Brothers	2 19 01	2 08 33

Duxbury Y. C.

DUXBURY, MASS.

Saturday, June 28.

A CLUB race of the Duxbury Y. C. was sailed Saturday, June 28, in a whole-sail southwest breeze. Question won by a comfortable margin. The summary:

18ft. Knockabouts.

	Elapsed.
Question, H. Hunt	2 01 05
Dominoe, C. C. Clapp	2 02 21
Miladi II., Adams	2 04 16
Kittawake, H. M. Jones	2 05 52
In It, Train	2 07 58
Aspenquid, C. Foster	2 09 12

Hull-Massachusetts Y. C.

HULL, MASS.

Tuesday, June 17.

IT was a keel boat day all around in the Y. R. A. open race of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C., sailed over the outside courses, off Point Allerton, on Tuesday, June 17. In the 25-footers, Calypso walked out through the bunch on the two reaches and broke down on the windward leg of the first round. Before this happened, however, Seboomook, a Gloucester craft, designed and built by Archie Fenton, had the best of her, and Sally VI. was not far behind. Chewink passed Calypso while she was in trouble, and the three keel boats continued over the course, another accident to Calypso putting her out of it for good. It was Seboomook's first race, and she made a great showing, winning by a big margin. In the 21-footers Little Haste had things all her own way on the two reaches, but on the windward leg the Adams boat went up from sixth place to first. Chloris came through the bunch to second place and Tabasco III. moved up from fifth to third. The three keels finished in the above order. In the 18ft. knockabout class Question led down hill, but on the windward leg Biza, a keel, came to the front and won a good race. The breeze was west, northwest, strong and very puffy. All hands were reefed. The summary:

Class D—25-footers.

	Elapsed.
Seboomook, B. A. Smith	3 03 28
Sally VI., L. F. Percival	3 11 45
Chewink II., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	3 16 22
Marion, E. W. Gilvan	Withdrew.
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton	Withdrew.

Class S—21-footers.

Adams Brothers	1 43 05
Chloris, Cheney & Lanning	1 44 02
Tabasco III., H. H. Wiggin	1 45 10
Mildred II., S. P. Moses	1 45 20
Little Haste, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	1 50 12
Perhaps II., J. E. Robinson	1 56 50
Rambler, W. L. Learned	Withdrew.

Class I—18-footers.

Biza, Alfred Douglas	1 50 20
Question, J. H. Hunt	1 51 30
Kittiwake, H. M. Jones	1 52 15
Malillian, P. S. Permar	1 53 03
Tokalon, R. J. Randolph, Jr.	1 54 52
Comforter, J. M. Whittemore	1 56 51
Nethla, C. W. Cole	1 59 24
Lollipop, H. B. Bailey	Disabled.
Marion C., J. J. Moebs	Disabled.

The judges were Foster Hooper, John T. Humphrey and Louis M. Clark. There were no protests.

Eastern Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

Monday, June 23.

THE first of the Eastern Y. C.'s special open races for Y. R. A. restricted classes was sailed off Marblehead Monday, June 23. The breeze was from the northwest, strong at first, with a soft spot in the middle and a perfect whole-sail breeze at the finish. Seboomook was over first at the start, with Chewink II. close by, Sally VI. astern and Calypso to leeward, but in a fine position. A shift in the wind hurt Calypso on the first leg, while the three keels were close together. Chewink turned the first mark in the lead, and at the second mark she and Sally VI. were right together. They started working short tacks. Seboomook took a long board inshore, followed by Calypso, and, in a single tack, they were first and second. Seboomook once more showed herself to be a great windward boat, and she increased her lead to the finish.

In the 21-footers Perhaps II. was first at the start, with the rest in a bunch, excepting Opitsah IV., which took the leeward end of the line. Pilot pulled out ahead and turned the first mark in the lead. Little Haste pulled up on her on the second leg, but Pilot held the weather berth and it was some time before Little Haste could get by. She did it just before raching the second mark, and at this point Chloris fouled Pilot and spoiled her chances. Little Haste, with nothing to bother her, kept her lead to the finish. Janet, a new Crowninshield boat, sailed her first race, and made a close finish with Malillian. The summary:

Class D—Y. R. A. 25-footers.

	Elapsed.
Seboomook, B. A. Smith	2 04 17
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton	2 09 04
Chewink II., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	2 10 34
Sally VI., L. F. Percival	2 14 07

Class S—21-footers.

Little Haste, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	1 50 33
Pilot, Reginald Boardman	1 53 23
Tabasco III., H. H. Wiggin	1 54 29
Opitsah IV., S. H. Foster	1 55 29
Chloris, Lanning & Cheney	1 56 32
Perhaps II., J. E. Robinson	1 58 44

Class I—18-footers.

Janet, B. B. Crowninshield	1 54 54
Malillian, B. S. Permar	1 55 12
Scrapper, Loring Brothers	2 19 24

The judges were H. H. Buck, O. B. Roberts, Henry D. Bennett and Henry P. Benson. Protests were entered by Pilot and Chloris, each against the other.

Corinthian Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

Tuesday, June 17.

THE first race of the Corinthian Y. C. of the season was sailed off Marblehead on Tuesday, June 17, only one class filling and two boats crossing the finish line. The summary:

Class A.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Yerico, W. H. Rothwell	1 41 00	1 36 30
Virginia, R. L. Small	1 52 00	1 52 00
Chasca, D. H. Follett	Disabled.	

Class B.

Ruth, H. S. Wheelock	Withdrew.

Saturday, June 21.

The first championship race of the Corinthian Y. C. was sailed, off Marblehead, Saturday, June 21. The breeze was southeast, fairly strong outside, with quite a chop to the sea, and, withal, a trifle fluky. The finish was made in a drizzling rain. Sally VI. got the best of the start, and led to Archer's Rock, with Chewink II. in second place. On the leg to Halfway Rock, Calypso went by the two keels and held her lead to the finish. Little Haste led the 21-footers over the course, and when the breeze freshened, Opitsah IV. went up from last to second place. Two Burgess-designed 18-footers sailed a very close race in the 18ft. knockabout class. The summary:

Class D—25-footers.

	Elapsed.
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton	1 27 51
Chewink II., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	1 28 40
Sally VI., L. F. Percival	1 29 05

Class S—21-footers.

Little Haste, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	1 29 11
Opitsah IV., S. H. Foster	1 33 00
Pilot, R. Boardman	1 35 05
Tabasco III., H. H. Wiggin	1 35 20

Knockabouts.

Ruth, H. S. Wheelock	1 24 51

Class I—18ft. Knockabouts.

Savage, John Lawrence	1 25 16
——, W. C. Lovering	1 25 22

Wollaston Y. C.

QUINCY, MASS.

Saturday, June 28.

A Y. R. A. open race, given by the Wollaston Y. C., was sailed in Quincy Bay, Saturday, June 28, in a whole-sail northwest breeze. Good starts were the order in all classes, and the races throughout were good. In the 25-footers Theodora got the start, but Thordis caught her on the first leg and led the rest of the course. The 21-footers were away in a bunch, but Chloris came into first place on the second leg and led to the finish. Wawenock was first at the start and kept there to the finish. Malillian and Biza had a most exciting finish in the 18ft. knockabout class, going over the line right abreast. Honors were divided on the rest of the course. There was a good race in the handicap class and the first four boats finished close. The summary:

Class C—25-footers.

	Elapsed.
Thordis, C. A. Henly	1 05 02
Theodora, Frank Burgess	1 11 10

Class S—21-footers.

Chloris, Cheney & Lanning	1 02 03
Adams Brothers	1 06 16
Opitsah IV., S. H. Foster	1 07 35
Micmac, Richard Hutchinson	1 07 40
Perhaps II., J. E. Robinson	1 07 47
Rambler, W. E. Learned	1 10 17

Class T—18-footers.

Wawenock, Coombs & Seymour	1 05 40
Owaissa, W. C. Kelley	1 07 29

Class I—18ft. Knockabouts.

Malillian, B. S. Permar	1 10 42
Biza, Alfred Douglas	1 10 48
Marion C., J. J. Moebs	1 12 14
Tokalon, R. J. Randolph, Jr.	1 12 49
Comforter, J. M. Whittemore	1 13 00
Nobby, G. W. Glover	1 13 52
Bohemian, A. B. Holmes	1 15 00
Lollipop, H. B. Bailey	1 17 59
J 13	1 20 36

Handicap Class.

Pocahontas, F. C. Merrill	1 06 22
Sheila, L. F. Hewitson	1 07 48
Neptune, A. E. Linnell	1 08 58
Canacum, J. C. Moore, Jr.	1 09 48
Rover, J. L. Smith	1 16 15
West Wind, W. M. Chase	1 16 15
Brant, J. A. Fenno	1 17 00
Ruth, A. T. Barstow	1 24 09

The judges were C. G. Jones, S. N. Small, W. C. Lapham, H. E. Nelson and Com. A. L. Baker. Protests were entered by Takalon against Marion C., Owaissa against Wawenock, Micmac against Opitsah IV., and Opitsah IV. against Micmac.

Penataquit Corinthian Y. C.

BAY SHORE, L. I.

Saturday, June 28.

THE Penataquit Corinthian Y. C., of Bay Shore, L. I., opened the season of 1902 on June 28 with the first race for the Lighthouse cup and the spring regatta. This trophy goes to the club member winning the series of six races each year, three times, not necessarily consecutively.

Five class N boats started, including two new ones belonging to H. O. Havemeyer and John R. Suydam. The former, a Herreshoff production, Electra by name, won the race, beating out Amy Foster, winner of the series of 1901, by 5m. and 52s.

Arrow, the Suydam craft, built this year at City Island from the lines of Clinton H. Crane, was unfortunately disabled. Richard Hyde's Gayety withdrew. Winners in the other classes were Dolphe and Helen.

Points scored on the Lighthouse cup were as follows: Electra, 15; Amy Foster, 11; Treasure, 8; Arrow, 2; Gayety, 2. The next contest in the trophy series takes place July 5. The summaries follow:

Sloops—Class N—Start, 2:05.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Electra, H. O. Havemeyer	3 52 16	1 47 16
Amy Foster, J. C. Smith	3 58 08	1 53 08
Treasure, C. H. Covell	4 03 48	1 58 48
Arrow, J. R. Suydam	Disabled.	
Gayety, Richard Hyde	Withdrew.	

Sloops—Class Q—Start, 2:10.

Dolphe, J. A. Mollenhauer	3 40 38	1 30 38
Toddie, H. Peters	3 38 56	1 28 56

Dolphe wins on corrected time.

Sloops—Class W—Start, 2:15.

Helen, W. H. Wray	3 16 00	1 01 00
Scud, J. B. F. Walling	3 17 04	4 12 08
Lank, E. T. Bailey	3 08 00	1 03 09

The winners were Electra, Dolphe and Helen.

Columbia Y. C.

SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.

Saturday, June 28.

THE Columbia Y. C. sailed its second race off City Point, Saturday, June 28, in a strong northwest breeze. The summary:

First Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Wapiti, E. J. Powers	1 58 25	1 48 25
Rival, Joseph Nicholson	1 57 43	1 50 43
Nelka, George Coy	2 02 30	1 54 30
Julia, M. Roche	2 11 45	2 11 45

Second Class.

Acme, Hiram Patterson	1 51 25	1 46 25
Strideaway, Clarence Snow	1 51 27	1 46 27
Catherine, Reuben Young	2 03 50	1 54 50

Quincy Y. C.

QUINCY, MASS.

Saturday, June 28.

THE Quincy Y. C. held a club race Saturday, June 28, in Quincy Bay. There was a strong breeze from the northwest and the wins in each class were on good margins. The summary:

First Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Eclipse, Dr. Jones	2 19 56	1 49 36
Hustler, Robbins & Whittemore	2 28 48	1 54 00
Argestes, Geo. Wilkins	2 32 39	2 00 46
Ida J., C. C. Collins	2 32 31	2 01 41
Moondyne, Shaw Brothers	2 34 07	2 01 46
Marvel, Reed & Lincoln	2 36 16	2 02 23
Wild Duck, J. Bainbridge	2 40 42	2 07 19
Goblin, E. Ricker	2 44 40	2 08 15
Olive, Mr. Pond	Withdrew.	

Special Class.

Omeme, W. P. Barker		2 27 10
Cleopatra, F. F. Crane		2 33 06

Special One-Design Class.

Elsie, S., Geo. Swift		0 49 05
Ella H., Herbert Holmes		0 51 58
Marjorie A., Wm. Bennett		0 53 52
Betty B., R. Bowles		0 55 45

QUINCY, MASS.

Tuesday, June 17.

THE club race of the Quincy Y. C. was sailed in Quincy Bay, Tuesday, June 17, in a reefing northwester. There was a good list of entries in the first handiacp class and Ida J. won a close race. Edith A. won easily in the second class. The summary:

First Class.

	Elapsed.
Ida J., C. C. Collins	0 59 03
Dabster, G. Keith	1 00 21
Eclipse, Dr. Jones	1 01 09
Marvel, Reed & Lincoln	1 02 16
Wild Duck, J. Bainbridge	1 02 52
Argestes, G. Wilkins	1 04 47
Whisper, W. Harrison	1 05 17
Goblin, Elmer Ricker	1 07 33
Cleopatra, F. F. Crane	1 09 37
Moondyne, Shaw Brothers	Withdrew.
Hustler, Robbins & Whittemore	Disabled.

Second Class.

Gaycap, Frank White	1 08 09
Kitty, John Evans	1 15 50
Mabel, G., Mr. Gardner	Withdrew.

Winthrop Y. C.

WINTHROP, MASS.

Saturday, June 28.

A HANDICAP race was given by the Winthrop Y. C. Saturday, June 28. Calypso finished first in the 25-footers, but lost on allowance. The other winners were Louise, Ella M. and Virginia. The summary:

25ft. Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ideal, H. B. Whittier	1 24 20	1 11 20
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton	1 12 55	1 12 55
Ariel, J. R. Hodder	1 21 25	1 13 25

21ft. Class.

Louise, W. H. Allen	1 19 57	1 17 57
Favorite, F. W. Bird	1 23 12	1 19 12
Mentor, F. I. Cobb	1 23 36	1 20 36
Henrietta, J. C. McCloskey	1 30 15	1 22 15
Zetes, J. A. McKie	1 22 40	1 22 40
Thelma, E. K. Tewksbury	1 29 30	1 25 30
Hector, A. W. Hubbard	1 27 33	1 25 33

15ft. Class.

Ella M., D. F. Murphy	1 24 00	1 24 00
Caper, W. W. Colson	1 28 55	1 28 55
Elf, Charles Kelly	1 29 53	1 29 53

15ft Juniors.

Virginia, W. F. Traiser	1 30 20	1 28 30
Flash, W. H. Myrick	1 30 00	1 30 00

Riverside Y. C.

THE fourteenth annual regatta of the Riverside Y. C., of Riverside, Conn., will be held on Saturday, July 5, and will be open to yachts enrolled in any recognized yacht club. The classes are:

Schooners—75ft. and 55ft. classes.

Sloops and Cutters—80ft., 70ft., 60ft., 51ft., 43ft., 36ft., 30ft., 25ft., 21ft., and 18ft. classes.

Yawls—43ft. and 36ft. classes.

Raceabouts—Regular classes.

Catboats—30ft., 25ft., 21ft. and 18ft. classes.

American Y. C. 21ft., 18ft. and 15ft. one-design classes.

New Rochelle Y. C. one-design class.

Horse Shoe Harbor Club one-design class.

Manhasset Bay Y. C. one-design raceabout class.

The races will be started at 12 o'clock, and the starting and finishing line will be indicated by a mark boat and the committee boat, anchored half a mile southeast of the gas buoy off Little Captain's Island.

Entries will be received by the chairman of the Race Committee at 21 Park Row, New York, up to noon of Thursday, July 3; later at the club house at Riverside, Conn.

Kennebec Y. C.

KENNEBEC RIVER, BATH, ME.

Saturday, June 28.

THE second championship cup race of the Kennebec Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, June 28. The weather was bright and clear, and the wind strong, with heavy flaws from the northwest. All the boats carried reefs, Aspenet and Hecla one, and Dewey, Swift and Pirate two. The course was six miles. The summary:

Second Class—21 to 25ft.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Aspenet, ex-Com. F. M. Cook	0 50 17	0 50 17
Dewey, Bonney & Farrar	0 53 48	0 53 01

Third Class—18 to 21ft.

Swift, Owen J. Ledyard	0 59 03	0 59 03
Pirate, Jas. A. Bimson	1 04 03	1 04 51

Fourth Class—15 to 18ft.

Hecla, Geo. A. Ward	1 02 01	0 02 11

The winners were Aspenet, Swift and Hecla.

Meteor Beaten.

EMPEROR WILLIAM'S American-built yacht, Meteor, was beaten in a race at Kiel on June 30 by the Empress' yacht, Iduna. Meteor finished 2h. behind Iduna. The reports say that Meteor was steered by the Emperor.

Trapshooting.

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

Fixtures.

July 4. North Branch, N. J.—Open target shoot of the North Branch Gun Club. H. B. Ten Eyck, Sec'y.

July 4.—Richmond, Va.—Annual shoot of the East End Gun Club.

July 4.—Towanda, Pa.—Annual tournament of the Towanda Gun Club; targets. W. F. Dittrich, Sec'y.

July 4.—Palmer, Mass.—Reunion of the Massachusetts Amateur Shooting Association; amateur and professional match. Dr. S. B. Keith, Sec'y.

July 4.—Ilion, N. Y.—The Remington Gun Club's all-day open shoot.

July 4.—Monticello, Ill.—Monticello Gun Club's tournament.

July 4.—Shelbyville, Ill.—Shelbyville Gun Club's amateur target tournament.

July 4.—Swanton, Vt.—Amateur tournament; open to New England and Canada.

July 4.—Watertown, Mass.—One-day target tournament of the Watertown Gun Club. H. A. Philbrook, Capt.

July 4.—Rutherford, N. J.—All-day target shoot of the Boiling Springs Fishing and Gun Club. C. B. Axford, Sec'y.

July 4.—Haverhill, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Haverhill Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.

July 4-5.—Cripple Creek, Colo.—Cripple Creek Shotgun Club's tournament.

July 4-5.—Mt. Kisco, N. Y.—Third tournament of the Westchester County Trapshooting Association. J. C. Barlow, Sec'y.

July 4-5.—Houston, Texas.—Peters Cartridge Company's tournament, under the auspices of the Houston Gun Club.

July 4-5.—Beaver Falls, Pa.—Two days' shoot of the Recreation Gun Club. W. R. Keever, Sec'y.

July 8.—Fremont, O.—Annual tournament of the Fremont Gun Club.

July 8-10.—Pine Bluff, Ark.—Twelfth annual meeting and tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y, Little Rock.

July 8-10.—Pine Bluff, Ark.—Twelfth annual meeting and tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. Targets. Added money $300. Rose system. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y.

July 15-16.—Charlottes, Va.—Annual merchandise shoot of the Charlottesville and University of Virginia gun clubs. G. L. Bruffey, Sec'y.

July 16-17.—McConnelsville, O.—First annual tournament of the McConnelsville Gun Club. J. F. Dover, Sec'y.

July 16-17.—Allentown, Pa.—Two days' target tournament under the auspices of the John F. Weiler Gun Club.

July 16-18.—Titusville, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Titusville Gun Club. T. L. Andrews, Sec'y.

July 17-18.—Pensacola, Fla.—Two days' tournament of the Peters Cartridge Co., under the auspiees of the Dixie Gun Club; $150 added. V. J. Vidal, Sec'y.

July 21-23.—Winnipeg, Man.—Sixth annual trapshooting tournament of the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition Association. F. W. Henbach, Gen'l Mgr.

July 22-23.—Greenville, Miss.—Mississippi and Louisiana Trapshooters' League target tournament. C. W. Walton, Sec'y. Natchez, Miss.

July 23-25.—Bay Ridge A. A. Co., Md.—J. R. Malone's eighth annual midsummer tournament; $200 added money; two days prise Gun Club. Geo. W. Mains, Sec'y.

July 28-Aug. 2.—Atlanta, Ga.—Peters Cartridge Company's tournament.

Aug. 5-8.—Asheville, N. C.—Tournament given by Col. J. T. Anthony and Maj. E. P. McKissick.

Aug. 6-7.—Marietta, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Columbian Gun Club. Chas. Bailey, Sec'y.

Aug. 12-13.—Birmingham, Ala.—Third annual Alabama State target tournament, under the auspices of the Birmingham Gun Club. R. H. Baugh, Sec'y.

Aug. 13-14.—Brunswick, Me.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Brunswick Gun Club. L. C. Whitmore, Sec'y.

Aug. 14-16.—Hamilton, Can.—Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association's tournament.

Aug. 19-20.—Vicksburg, Miss.—Mississippi and Louisiana Trapshooters' League target tournament. C. W. Walton, Sec'y, Natchez, Miss.

Aug. 20-21.—Ossining, N. Y.—Two days' shoot of the Ossining Gun Club; first day, handicap and R. I. clam bake; second day, regular programme.

Aug. 26-29.—Okoboji, Ia.—Amateur shooting tournament, under management of Messrs. C. W. Budd and E. C. Hinshaw.

Aug. 27-28.—Haverhill, Mass.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Haverhill Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.

Sept. 2-3.—Tiffin, O.—Second annual tournament of the Tiffin Gun Club; $75 added. L. D. Arndt, Sec'y.

Sept. 3-4.—Nappanee, Ind.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Nappanee Gun Club. B. B. Maust, Sec'y.

Sept. 3-5.—Erie, Pa.—Erie City Rod and Gun Club's handicap tournament at targets. Open to all; $200 added. A. N. Aitken, Sec'y.

Sept. 9-12.—Battle Creek, Mich.—Tournament of the Indians; open to the world.

Sept. 15-20.—Blue River Park, Kansas City, Mo.—Twenty-fifth tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. Targets and live birds. Paul Franke, Sec'y.

Sept. 23-25.—Cincinnati, O.—Second annual handicap target tournament of the Cincinnati Gun Club. Charles F. Dreihs, Sec'y.

Sept. 29-30.—Lewistown, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Lewistown Gun Club. H. H. McCumber, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-8.—Greenville, O.—Handicap tournament of the Greenville Gun Club. H. A. McCaughey, Sec'y.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's target shoot, every Saturday afternoon until October. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

First Saturday of each month for a year, Burnside.—Contest for the Troisdorf live-bird and target medals; 10 live birds; 25 targets; open to all. First contest, March 1.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park. Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

Winchester Gun Club.

DETROIT, Mich.—At the regular shoot, June 28, Brodie was very near to the straight score silver cup, winning in Class A with 24 out of 25. Hitchcock beat out Guthard in Class B with 22, and Barthel led Class C with 13.

The day was favorable for good scores, and was acknowledged by the 10 and 15 straights, 14s out of 15s and Brodie's 47 out of 50. We call this good shooting. Following are the scores, the last being the club event:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	15	25	25
Brodie	8	13	8	13	10	..	..	..	24
Toll	9	13	9	11	9	8	11	22	21
T Reid	9	11	10	..	10	..	..	..	18
Hitchcock	8	9	5	..	..	13	14	..	22
Guthard	8	13	9	14	9	13	14	19	20
Barthel	..	..	..	..	4	3	..	..	13
Ford	..	..	8	7	..	10	..	15	10
Bachmann	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	9
Cox	5	13	7	..	8	9	11	..	..
A Reid	..	14	9	15	8	14	..	23	..

D. A. HITCHCOCK, Sec'y-Treas.

Dover Sportsmen's Association.

DOVER, N. H., June 14.—This afternoon the fourth shoot of the Dover Sportsmen's Association afforded the following scores: Fisher 57 out of 80, St. Evens 52 out of 80, Nosroc 51 out of 80, F. F. Wentworth 47 out of 90, Hallam 14 out of 60.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Trap at Smith Brothers' Grounds.

Newark, N. J., June 27.—There were several warm matches settled on Smith Brothers' grounds to-day. The weather was fair and a good crowd was present. Mr. F. C. Schneider was referee; Mr. H. Gray, scorer.

Sanders—Pape.

The first match was between Messrs. W. H. Sanders and H. Pape, 25 birds, $25. Sanders took the lead at the first inning and never was headed. He won by a score of 20 to 17. The birds were only a fair lot in this match. The scores:

W H Sanders	2220222222200222202202221—20
H Pape	0102212*21*2272220101 2022—17

Loebel—Pape—Hainhorst—Sanders

This match was for $50, 50 birds per man, winner to pay all expenses. Mr. Loebel shot in fine form and killed neatly some very fast birds. Hainhorst also did good work. It was a handicap match, and considering the distance, the back-mark men did well. The scores:

H Pape, 28	2010[2210210022 11*0022222—17
	020002*20100002220220022 0—11—28
W H Sanders, 27	2212220022*002020222222222—18
	2221220222220202202200222 2—19—37
G E Loebel, 32	2222222010121222222222222—23
	0122222221222110002222222—21—44
J Hainhorst, 31	0211222200222001110 2*2022—17
	2021122122221*20222221212—22—39

Wellbrock—Packard.

This match was at 50 birds. $50. Packard was entirely outclassed.

J H Wellbrock	2020*22222*2022211*122022—18
	2212020202222222222222222—22—40
R L Packard	2202200122022020022201012—16
	0120*020002222020020 1010—12—28

Hell Gate Gun Club.

Carlstadt, N. J., June 24.—There were thirty contestants in the monthly shoot of the Hell Gate Gun Club at Outwater's place to-day. Dr. Roof and A. Deitzel killed straight in the club event, both from the 30yd. mark.

	Hdcp.	Pts.	Score.		Hdcp.	Pts.	Score.
C Lang	28	7	9	Baudentistel	26	5½	9
R Regan	27	5½	7	R Albert	28	7	8
Dr Roof	30	7	10	J H Doherty	26	5	4
J Wellbrock	30	7	8	G K Breit	28	5½	5
Van Valkenburgh	28	6½	8	J Dannefelser	28	6	9
J A Belden	30	7	6	E A Merkel	28	5½	9
W G Wilson	28	6½	9	P Brennen	26	..	6
F J Deady	28	6	9	F Gerbolini	28	..	8
J H Voss	30	7	10	C H Cohn	28	..	8
A Dietzel	30	7	9	F Gardella	27	5	6
L T Muench	28	6½	8	E Doeinck	30	7	9
E Steffens	28	7	8	P Woelfel	28	6½	7
L Stelzle	28	5½	6	F Trostel	28	6½	6
J Schlicht	28	6½	9	J Klenk	28	6	8
D Kattengall	28	..	9	H Foster	28	7	9

Sweepstakes, 7 birds, $3, Rose system, 5, 3 and 2:

Wilson	2102212—6	Brict	0100102—3
Barron	2012222—6	Brennen	2221220—6
Merkel	1021111—6	Voss	2101220—5
Gardella	1222222—7	Doeinck	0222121—6
Meunch	1222222—7	Lang	2021010—4
Belden	2000022—3	Dr Roof	2212212—7
Klenk	0212122—6	Woelfel	0102222—5

Five birds, $2, one money, club handicap:

Dietzel	20220—3	Schlicht	2*012—3
Steffens	21121—5	Baudentistel	00102—2
Albert	01011—4		

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., June 28.—Twelve events at 10 targets each was the programme of the North River Gun Club to-day. The scores were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Capt Money	5	8	7	9	9	7	8	9	9	10	9	10
F Truax	6	8	5	4	7	5	5	3	6	6	8	8
Peters	6	5	6	3	3	..	4	..	..	..	..	..
Butler	6	3	6	5	..	3	6	8	..	7	7	8
Richter	5	7	2	7	8	8	6	8	8	7	8	4
C Truax	..	6	5	3	..	..	..	9	..	7	..	7
G Allison	..	7	7	3	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Eickhoff	..	5	7	8	4	5	8	7	8	10	8	9
Greiff	..	9	8	8	8	9	9	7	9	8	9	8
Pope	..	6	8	4	4	4	6	9	4	9	8	6
Merrill	..	..	5	5	..	6	5	7	7	8	..	5
Newkirk	..	..	4	3	..	4	2	2	6	3	..	2
Bittiner	..	..	1	..	2	4	6	3	3	1	7	4
Morrison	..	..	..	6	8	7	10	7	6	10	6	8
Cathcart	..	..	..	8	..	7	5	6	8	8	6	..
Annett	..	..	..	..	7	7	7	8	7	8	..	5

New York, June 21.—The North River Gun Club, of Edgewater, N. J., shot a return match with the Westwood Gun Club, which resulted in a victory for the Westwood. Each man shot at 25 targets:

North River Gun Club—Richter 22, Monahan 19, Beach 14, Morrison 17, Greiff 15, Annett 15, Merrill 15, Cathcart 16; total 133.

Westwood Gun Club—Ford 19, Van Buskirk 19, Hoek 18, Speth 16, Gruman 22, Kreebs 18, Bahr 10, Hasbrouck 14; total 136.

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	15	15	15	15
Guilbert	..	7	4	3	12	6	..	..	..
Eickhoff	4	2	3	6	10	8	10	7	10
F Truax	6	7	2	9	10	11	8	9	12
Richter	7	7	5	4	10	8	7	12	8
Allison	2	3	6	..	..	6	8	..	7
Blauvelt	4	4	..	3	..	4	6	6	..
Greenan	..	..	..	..	3	12	..	..	..
Monahan	7	7	6	6	..	9	11	8	7
Merrill	8	3	6	3	8	7	10	6	7
Fleischman	6	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
W Eickhoff	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5
Annett	3	7	8	7	8	10	..	7	..
Beach	..	7	..	9	14	8	..	..	7
Greiff	..	7	..	4	11	11	..	10	..
Morrison	..	3	..	5	12	12	..	10	..
Cathcart	..	..	..	5	7	..	..	6	..
Gruman	..	..	..	10	13	14	11	11	13
Holdrum	..	..	..	4	5	..	..	12	10
Hock	..	..	..	5	10	14	..	..	..
Frank	..	..	..	5	14	15	..	..	..
Van Buskirk	..	..	..	7	7	11	8	8	9
Speth	..	..	..	8	9	9	9	..	8
Ford	..	..	..	6	11	10	..	12	..
Bahr	..	..	..	3	10	8	..	..	..
Hasbrouck	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	8	8

J. R. MERRILL, Sec'y N. R. G. C.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., June 28.—Enthusiastic industry marked the shoot to-day of the Brooklyn Gun Club. Ten contestants participated in the events, the scores of which are as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	15	5p	15	10	5p	5p	15	15	15	15	5p	5p	15	10
Frost	4	10	3	6	..	5	6	..	8	7	6	5	7	..	..
Fremont	3	5	..	..	3	..	..	6	5	4	..	..	..	..	..
Newton	7	11	..	8	6	..	..	..	12	11	13	..	..	..	..
Bergen	7	13	..	10	9	5	..	..	10	..	8	..	6	..	..
Hopkins	..	11	8	13	9	8	10	11	..	12	10	9	7	14	8
Wright	7	..	8	10	7	7	7	..	11	..	8	6	7	8	..
Hitchcock	6	..	7	11	8	6	..	10	..	8	..	4	6	11	8
Berquist	..	..	6	9	6	..	5	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Griffiths	..	..	9	12	7	..	7	14	..	7	11	..	..	..	..
Henry	..	..	..	12	8	..	9	12	..	10	..	..	..	..	..

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

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

The Field (Loudon) concerning the late Mr. Charles Eley has the following: "The sudden death of Mr. Charles Eley, on the 11th inst., at the ripe age of seventy-eight, will have caused a pang of regret not only in a wide circle of personal friends, but among shooting men generally to whom the name of Eley has long been a household word. It would be beside our present purpose to enlarge upon the benefits which have been conferred upon every user of a gun or rifle by the eminent firm of which the deceased was for so many years a member. On his estate at East Bergholt, in Suffolk, he accomplished wonders in the way of partridge rearing. He was wont to say that when he first went to reside in that neighborhood fifteen or twenty brace of birds a day was about the average bag to be expected; by judicious management he lived to see 3,000 brace killed in a season. And yet he set his face against what he termed mere slaughter; so much so, that in the capacity of a genial host he never countenanced the use of a second gun by any of his guests in a day's shooting. His opinion was always worth having, for he spoke from long experience of the subjects that were most dear to him, and was unselfish enough to impart all he knew if he thought others would benefit by it. Although not a brilliant shot, he could hold his own with some of the best in a long day's game shooting, and at the close of his life he was as keen over a grouse drive or a partridge drive as many a man half his age. Only last year, on a moor which he took with a few friends for the season, he assisted in making a bag of some 3,000 grouse. Mr. Charles Eley was a well-known figure at the Gun Club, and an occasional winner of cups. It will be in the recollection of many that on one occasion when a cup was handed to him he excused himself from taking it away, and with his characteristic generosity, expressed a wish that it should be shot for again at a future meeting. During the summer months he was wont to keep his hand and eye in training by practice at clay pigeons at the London Sporting Park, where he would spend an hour or two in having "birds" sent over him at all sorts of heights and angles to qualify him for dealing later in the year with driven grouse and partridges. Mr. Eley was a keen supporter of the Keepers' Benefit Society, and a generous donor to other associations having for their object the encouragement of field sports and the prevention of poaching. As a member of committee of these and kindred societies his advice was always valued, and in future deliberations will be much missed."

The Cincinnati Gun Club's programme for its annual handicap target tournament, Sept. 23 to 25, is now ready for distribution. Competition is open to the world. Targets, 2 cents. To the seven high averages, $70; to the ten low guns, $80. First day, eleven events at 180 targets. Second and third days, ten events at 170 targets. All 15 and 20 target events, four moneys, 7, 6, 5 and 4 points. Handicap 14 to 22yds. Second day, Wednesday, Sept. 24, events 9 and 10 will be shot as the Cincinnati Preliminary Handicap, 50 targets, entrance $5, targets included, for a guaranteed purse of $250, and all surplus added, twenty-five high guns. Third day, Thursday, Sept. 25, commencing promptly at 1 P. M., events 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 will be shot as the Cincinnati Gun Club's annual grand target handicap, 100 targets, entrance $10, targets included, for a guaranteed pure of $500 and all surplus added, twenty-five high guns. Regular entries for the above two events will close Tuesday, Sept. 9, and must be accompanied by $7.50 forfeit. Penalty entries, $6, may be made after Sept. 9 up to 1 P. M., Sept. 24, for the Cincinnati Preliminary Handicap, and $12, to 1 P. M. Sept. 25 for the Cincinnati Gun Club's annual grand target handicap. All paid representatives, whether paid in shells, money or otherwise, and all those connected in any way with companies manufacturing guns, shot, shells, powder, targets and traps, shall pay $2 each day extra, and every other shooter will pay $1 each day extra, and this money will be divided among all amateurs shooting through all the regular events and do not draw their entrance fees out. The decision as to who such paid men are, to be left at all times to the manager, whose decision shall be final. Souvenir programme will follow. For further information address A. B. Heyl, Chairman Tournament Committee, 1870 Madison Road, Cincinnati, O. Grounds open for practice Monday, Sept. 22. Ten-gauge guns and black powder barred.

We are indebted to Mr. John S. Lurman, of Catonsville, Md., for a clipping from the Baltimore Sun, which presents some interesting matter concerning some phenomenal shooting done by a child, some excerpts of which are as follows: "Jesse D. Poplar, Jr., seven years old, is probably the greatest shot of his age in the world. He could shoot accurately the first time he put a gun to his shoulder. He is now training to shoot in the big trap tourney which is to be given at Bay Ridge, Md., July 23, 24 and 25. He began to shoot on April 8 last, when his father gave him a 28-gauge shotgun, with which he bagged from a blind fifteen blackhead ducks. On May 17 at the traps he killed 17 out of 20 pigeons at 18yds. rise. On May 24 he killed 18 out of 20, and on June 7 he came to Baltimore and shot at the Baltimore Shooting Association's traps, killing 15 out of 20, with four of his birds falling dead out of bounds, and that with so hard a trigger pull as 9 and 9½lbs., instead of the proper 3lbs. This was enough to make an old expert miss, let alone a tot who had to use two fingers to pull the trigger. On June 14 Jesse killed 10 straight; on the 16th he killed 10 straight; on the 17th, 10 straight, but on the 18th fell down and bagged but 7 out of 10 shot at. His gun weighs 5¼lbs. He uses 1¾drs. of powder and ½oz. shot. At the Bay Ridge shoot he is entered in a 25-bird race on each of the three days of the shoot. Jesse is a son of Jesse D. Poplar, who is the greatest sinkboat duck shot in America."

With pleasure we acknowledge receipt of the following invitation: "You are cordially invited to join us in celebrating Independence Day, July 4, 1902, and the one hundredth anniversary of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. Our business was established at its present location, on the Brandywine, A.D. 1802. One of the most decisive conflicts for American liberty and Old Glory was fought in this vicinity on the banks of that historic stream. The Dupont powder, made at the Brandywine mills, has been used in defense of the Stars and Stripes, by the army on every battlefield, and in every engagement by the Navy, for a century. From Perry's victory on Lake Erie in 1812, to the destruction of Spain's navy at Manila, and the combined victory of Santiago, Dupont powder has proved an important factor in establishing American freedom and securing the respect of all countries for this nation. To commemorate this important era in our business we will, during the evening of July 4, 1902, give a magnificent display of fireworks on the grounds of the Wilmington Country Club, Wilmington, Del. Programme inclosed." The programme provides for fifty elaborate pieces.

The programme of the Michigan State League of Trapshooters' second annual tournament, to be held at Jackson, Mich., July 1 and 2, has eleven events on the first day, of which five are at 15 targets, $1.50 entrance; four at 20 targets, $2 entrance; one at 25 targets, $2.50 entrance, and one, No. 5, at 25 targets, 75 cents entrance, the latter being a championship event for expert, semi-expert and amateur trophies. Five of these events have $10 added to each, and two $5 added to each. On the second day there are twelve events; six at 15 targets, four at 20 targets and two at 25 targets, of which one, No. 4, is the State championship for three men, $2.25 per team. Three events have $10 each, four have $5, and one $15 added. There is also $5 each day for high average. Ship guns to Charles Sarvis, Jackson. Meeting of State League on July 1, in the evening. Amateur handicaps 16 to 18yds. Shoot rain or shine. Hotel accommodations on the grounds. Targets 3 cents, from which 1 cent is deducted for a fund to be divided pro rata among League members shooting through the programme. Sweepstakes open to all. Moneys divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

The Fort Lee (N. J.) Gun Club, which has beautiful shooting grounds on the Jersey shore, opposite 125th street, New York city, contemplates a team match with the Brooklyn Gun Club, to take place some time in the near future, if all the preliminaries can be satisfactorily arranged. As Mr. John Wright, the Brooklyn Gun Club manager, expresses himself as willing, the match is reasonably certain to take place.

The following communication is of interest: "The Sistersville Gun Club, of Sistersville, West Virginia, will hold their midsummer target tournament on July 10. For the first time in our lives, we are going to have a distance handicap, and we shall try to put each contestant where he rightly belongs, without having to stand clear off the earth, or even behind the club house. The programme calls for twelve events: eight at 15 targets and four at 20 targets; entrance $1.50 and $2. Shooting will commence at 9:30 A. M., and will be over a magautrap. Purses will be divided Rose system, 8, 5, 3 and 2. Programmes may be had by dropping a card to Mr. Ed. O. Bower, secretary, Sistersville, W. Va."

Mr. A. Betti, manager, Mt. Kisco, N. Y., writes us as follows: "The prospects for the third tournament of the Westchester County Trapshooters' League, to be held here July 4 and 5, are excellent, and sure will this time bring together the largest assemblage of shooters ever seen in this place. Several rooms are already engaged at the Hotel Elwood, and several boxes of ammunition have arrived for different shooters. Surely the members of our club will not spare pains to give to the sportsmen a fine time. Two large tents will be erected close to the club house. One will be used for refreshment purposes; the other for visitors. On the night of July 4 there will be a fine band concert in front of the Hotel Elwood, and also a fine display of fireworks."

Messrs. R. A. Welch and D. Bradley returned last week from a long sojourn abroad. They extended their spheres of influence extensively on this trip, visiting Spain during the latter part of their trip. In the latter country, they came across a distinct novelty in pigeon shooting, the birds being thrown into the air by hand. So deft do the trappers become that they give the birds flights peculiar and difficult for the shooter to solve with the shotgun.

A race meeting on the new half-mile track at Interstate Park is fixed to take place on July 4. There will be a 2.40 class trot and pace, a free-for-all and a 2.25 trot or pace. Several matches also are fixed for that day and place. The Interstate Driving Park Association was formed on June 22, at which of the large number in attendance at the organization meeting over 100 agreed to join as charter members. The Association was formally organized on July 1. A fall meeting on a large scale is contemplated.

The Riverside Gun Club, of Topsham, Me., announce a shoot for July 4, the initial shoot of the club on its new grounds. A new trap house has been built recently. Four high average prizes will be given. Shooting commences at 1 o'clock. Competition is open to all. There are seven events on the programme, four at 15, two at 20 and one at 25 targets. Rose system. Targets 2 cents. Mr. Sumner Stroub is the president. Mr. George Rogers is the treasurer.

At the Interstate Association's tournament, given for the Raleigh (N. C.) Gun Club, June 25 and 26, Capt. Ben Eick was high average; Mr. Neaf Apgar second, and Mr. Walter Huff third. A specially pleasant feature of the tournament was an act of friendly appreciation manifested in the presentation of a pair of cuff buttons to Manager Shaner by President James I. Johnson, in behalf of the Raleigh Gun Club, as a token of appreciation and friendliness.

The programme of the McConnelsville, O., Gun Club's first annual tournament, July 16-17, has twelve events each day, each at 15 targets, $1.50 entrance. High average for three high guns and one low gun. Shoot rain or shine. Rose system, 7, 5, 3 and 2. Targets 2 cents. Magautrap. Warm dinner served. Guns and shells shipped to Shafer Brothers will be delivered on the grounds. Mr. J. F. Dover is the secretary.

The Carlisle (Pa.) Gun Club contemplates holding a merchandise shoot of rare domestic significance on July 4. Ladies' and children's shoes, hash grinder, umbrella, pipe, suspender and other useful articles of virtu are the desirable prizes. In the afternoon, if matters go as arranged, there will be a five-man team race with Chambersburg for the championship of Cumberland Valley.

The matches at Smith Brothers' grounds, Newark, N. J., June 27, resulted as follows: Mr. W. H. Sanders defeated Mr. H. Pape, 25 birds, $25, by a score of 20 to 17. Four-cornered match, 50 birds and $50 per man, the scores were: G. E. Loeble 44, J. Hainhorst 39, W. H. Sanders 37, H. Pape 38. Match at 50 birds, $50: J. H. Wellbrock 40, R. L. Packard 28.

The Hell Gate Gun Club, of New York, will depart from its time-honored midsummer event, substituting a shore dinner for the honored clam bake. This year it will be held on July 22. Mr. Geo. C. Lebohner, of Dexter Park, will attend to the culinary interests. This event is open to members only, and possibly some members of the press.

We regret to note that the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., has decided to sell its well-equipped club house, grounds and good will. This club was at one time the most active and powerful of New Jersey clubs, though it has been far from inactive of late.

Mr. John S. Wright, the popular manager of the Brooklyn Gun Club, announces an Independence Day shoot (July 4), on the club grounds, corner Enfield street and Liberty avenue, Brooklyn, commencing at 1 o'clock. Take Kings County Elevated to City Line.

Mr. L. B. Fleming, of Pittsburg, on June 24, held his title to the bronze medal emblematic of the championship of Western Pennsylvania, by defeating Mr. W. D. Berger, of Allegheny City, who was the challenger. The scores were 93 and 81.

The Fourth of July shoot at Swanton, Vt., will be an amateur shoot, the main event of which will be the Robin Hood cup contest, $25 added, open to shooters of New England and Canada. Mr. E. C. Fort is the secretary.

Mr. H. B. Ten Eyck, secretary, North Branch, N. J., writes us as follows: "The North Branch Gun Club will hold an open target shoot Friday, July 4. All are invited. Sweepstakes to suit the shooters."

In a ten-man team race between the Clearview Gun Club and the South End Shooting League, Philadelphia, June 28, the former won by a score of 195 to 184 out of a possible 250.

At the W. E. Kessler tournament, held at Des Moines, Ia., June 26 and 27, Mr. C. W. Budd won high average for the two days with the excellent percentage of .946.

BERNARD WATERS.

Rockland Military Academy—Spring Valley.

NYACK, N. Y., June 28.—The appended scores are the result of a second match between Rockland Military Academy and Spring Valley. The latter team won to-day. The deciding match will be shot at Spring Valley, June 26. The teams were very evenly matched to-day:

Rockland Military Academy.

French	11101011101111111110110111—20
Moeller	10101011111111011100101111—18
Gilson	11110011101110110101110001—17
Potter	10111111111111011111110111—22
Creighton	10001010011111010111101—16—93

Spring Valley Gun Club.

Smith	11111011111110011111111111—22
Bahr	11011111111111011011111110—21
Addis	11101011111110100011110111—18
Makes	11110111001010100111110001—15
Fisher	11111001011111111111111111—22—98

F. E. FRENCH, Sec'y R. M. G. C.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, June 28.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the second shoot of the second series. Notwithstanding the extremely bad day for target shooting or any other outdoor sport (as it rained steadily all afternoon without one minute's let up), twelve members lined up for the regular weekly contest.

Dr. Meek won Class A trophy on the score of 22, Drinkwater won Class B on same score, and Thos. Jones won Class C on 18.

The shooting was extremely unpleasant, as a head wind caused the rain to beat directly into the shooter's face, and caused the targets to soar and dip very badly. It was so chilly as to make the good fire we had in the club house extremely popular.

Ninth trophy event, 25 targets:

Dr J W Meek	1111110111011101111111111—22
J D Pollard	0111111110011110111111101—20
L Thomas	1001111110100011110110111—17
R S Leete	1011000111110110101111111—18
A D Dorman	1101011101111111111011111—21
L D Price	0001101011111111100011110—16
G W Drinkwater	1110111111011111111101111—22
J Monighan	0110110000100111010011000—11
T Eaton	1111110011011111010111111—20
T Jones	1010011010101111101111111—18
M G Eldred	0011100010110100111011100—13
J McDonald	1001100110100111111100011—15

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	15
Meek	7	9	8	9	10	7	13	Eaton	9	8	6	8	7	9	14
Pollard	10	9	7	8	8	..	..	Jones	..	4	10	7	..	..	..
Thomas	8	9	5	10	..	9	8	Eldred	..	..	4	4	5	..	..
R S Leete	6	6	4	..	6	..	..	Monighan	..	..	3	5	7	7	..
Dorman	8	8	9	..	8	8	..	McDonald	..	..	..	8	5	7	3
Price	6	5	4	9	7	..	..	Town	..	..	..	..	7	6	..
Drinkwater	6	4	7	7	8	7	..	Brooks	..	..	..	..	4	7	8
Morgan	3	8	..	..	..	..	..								

North Side Gun Club.

ALLEGHENY CITY, Pa., June 24.—The opening tournament of the North Side Gun Club, of Allegheny City, was a decided success, the attendance being larger than any sweepstake shoot held in Pittsburg and vicinity since the large shoot of 1896, which was open to the world.

Shooters were present from New Castle, Titusville, Beaver Falls, New Brighton, McKeesport, Rodfield, Irwin, Sistersville, and other surrounding towns. The shoot passed off without a hitch of any kind. Over 5,000 targets were thrown during the day, and the magautrap worked nicely. The targets were thrown 50yds.

A very high wind prevailed during the entire day, which kept down the scores and prevented any very long runs.

For the total of 190 shots, Lutz, of Beaver Falls, led for the day with 177 broken.

Fleming, of Pittsburg, and Moore, of New Castle, tied for second average with 175, and Dade, the West Virginia champion, landed third with 174.

The contest for the bronze medal representing the target championship of Western Pennsylvania between L. B. Fleming, of Pittsburg, holder, and W. D. Berger, of Allegheny City, challenger, was won by Fleming, with a score of 93 to 81 for Berger.

A purse of $4 was given to each of the three high guns, and a similar amount to each of the three low guns shooting through the programme.

The North Side Gun Club were highly gratified with the success of the tournament, and expect to give a two days' shoot during the early fall with liberal added money.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Broke.
Targets:	10	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	190
Lutz	10	13	15	15	13	14	19	14	15	20	14	15	177
Dubs	9	13	13	20	12	15	19	14	13	19	13	15	175
Fleming	10	11	14	20	13	14	18	14	14	19	14	14	175
Dade	8	13	15	17	14	12	18	14	15	18	15	15	174
Atkinson	9	14	13	17	13	13	20	13	14	17	15	15	173
Kelsey	9	14	14	17	12	14	19	14	13	16	15	14	171
Early	8	14	14	18	14	12	18	13	13	19	13	13	169
Jordon	10	13	13	18	13	15	17	13	12	19	14	11	168
Bilsing	10	12	15	17	14	12	16	14	12	15	15	13	165
North	10	13	13	16	12	11	18	12	14	18	13	13	163
Hall	10	13	14	18	13	12	14	14	14	15	12	11	160
Hickey	8	7	13	13	15	14	16	12	15	17	12	13	155
J A W	9	13	13	13	8	12	18	13	13	16	14	11	153
Berger	6	12	11	16	14	12	16	11	12	13	11	12	146
Brown	9	8	12	12	10	11	17	13	12	14	13	14	145
Keefer	8	(1	9	15	11	10	16	12	9	13	11	11	136
Bad Shot	5	9	13	13	14	12	..	13	11	13	11	..	114
Cochran	10	11	12	17	14	12	14	12	9	19	..	..	130
Tony	..	10	11	18	13	13	17	13	12	17	..	..	124
J F C	..	..	..	17	13	15	16	12	13	16	..	..	102
Bessemer	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	20	13	11	12	14	14	94
Thomas	..	..	..	..	..	9	10	15	9	10	17	10	..	80
Hamilton	8	9	13	17	14	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	75
Rube	..	..	12	14	10	11	12	15	..	..	..	..	..	74
Holmes	..	..	..	..	..	11	14	11	12	..	11	12		71
Crab	7	11	13	13	11	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	70
Brandt	..	..	..	..	..	9	13	12	11	18	..	..	..	63
Kaiser	..	..	..	..	..	14	10	14	18	..	..	..	..	56
Wilson	..	6	13	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	32
Gerber	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12
Casper	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10

L. B. FLEMING.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, June 30.—The regular weekly prize shoot occurred at Wellington, June 25, seventeen shooters presenting themselves to try their luck at the flying targets. Leroy was high on the prize match, with 23 broken targets. As to weather, slight wind and very cloudy. As to the average, most of the shooters shot well, as the following scores will show:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	10	5p	10	15	5p	10	10	15	5p	10
Leroy, 21	10	6	9	8	13	10	..	..	..	..	..
Griffiths, 19	9	5	7	9	12	8	10	..	..	..	..
Baker, 18	8	7	5	7	13	8	7	..	..	..	..
Woodruff, 17	5	7	5	8	14	7	10	7	13	..	..
Frank, 18	8	10	4	8	10	5	..	..	..	..	..
Doremus, 16	4	5	6	5	12	1	7	..	..	..	..
Hawkins, 16	6	9	2	7	9	6	..	..	..	..	..
Barry, 18	6	10	6	7	11	8	..	..	..	..	..
Bullard, 17	6	8	7	5	11	6	..	..	..	..	..
Williams, 16	5	6	4	5	..	5	5	8	2	4	7
Howe, 19	..	7	6	8	10	5	..	..	..	..	..
Prior, 16	..	5	3	4	8	5	..	..	..	..	..
Nichols, 14	..	..	..	..	..	3	2	2	6	4	..
Muldown, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	3	13	..	7
Edwards, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	4	2	..	..
Whittle, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	1	1	..	..
Spencer, 18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	14	5	9

Nos. 1, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 10 and 11, magautrap; Nos. 2, 5, and 9 Sergeant system.

Merchandise match, 25 targets—15 Sergeant and 5 pairs magautrap:

Leroy, 21	11111111100111111	11 11 11 11 11—23
Baker, 18	11111111011111	11 11 10 11 10—21
Woodruff, 17	11111111011111	11 00 11 01 11—21
Griffiths, 19	11101111110110	11 11 01 10 11—20
Barry, 18	11110111111000	11 10 10 11 11—19
Spencer, 18	01111111111111	00 10 11 10 10—19
Bullard, 17	11111111001100	01 00 10 11 11—17
Frank, 18	00111110110110	11 10 01 10 00—15
Hawkins, 16	00101110110101	11 01 10 01 10—15
Howe, 19	11011011011010	10 10 01 11 00—15
Prior, 16	01101000011110	10 10 10 10 10—15

Keystone Shooting League.

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Pa., June 28.—The Keystone Shooting League had eight contestants in its open handicap at 20 live birds to-day. The entrance was $10, two moneys, Rose system. J. McFalls was high with 19. The scores:

J McFalls, 28	21211121011112111211—19
F M Lefever, 28	22202222112222122102—18
C E Smith, 27	22222222220022222222—18
W Parker, 27	11221012122121121110—18
W Harrison, 28	21111211111111211001—18
C Thomas, 28	22220222202222222222—18
E Johnson, 28	2*12221121102120112—17
An Francott, 28	2*02222122222120202—16

A Point of View.

CINCINNATI, O.—Trapshooting, in its particulars as a sport, differs radically from those of every other reeognized sport which has a national breadth and interest. The difference is in the utter absence of any distinction between the amateur and the professional. The latter affects to consider that trapshooting is sport, and refers to it as such, though to him it is not sport at all; it is a business. To him it is sawing wood.

From a small and comparatively humble start, professionalism has grown till it dominates every branch of trapshooting. There was a time when the salaried professionals had no higher purpose than to sell their goods, enter all the events at a tournament and skim off the cream from all the moneys in such cases as they could not take both cream and milk.

At present all the manufacturers are in frantic competition to make the best showing in the way of winnings and averages with their products, so that at any open tournament an outsider may well be in doubt as to whether competition is run as a sport for those who engage in it, or as a means merely to advertise goods.

There is much to deplore in this destructive ascendency of professionalism. It eternally parades before the eyes of those who are fond of it as a sport that they, as amateurs, are profitable appendages to the business interests of manufacturers who are seeking advertising matter. It is the old story of killing the goose which laid the golden eggs.

Further than that, the professionals, by constant practice week in and week out attain to such a high stage of skill that their performances are not only sufficient to frighten ordinary amateurs out of all competition with them, but sufficient to discourage the amateurs from any attempts in any kind of a competition. The amateur reasons that, if he can miss three targets in ten, while the professional only misses three in 300, what use is there in attempting to shoot at all?

It would be greatly to the advancement of trapshooting if the leading amateurs would immediately take steps to organize a national association. But they will not do so.

Let the professional live, but let him live from his profession. Let him not live as a parasite on the amateur. He has an entire right to his profession. The amateur has an entire right to his sport. The latter buys his guns and ammunition. He pays cash for them. When he comes to use them in competition, he is competing oftentimes against the agents of the very manufacturers from whom he purchased them. In the end, his defeat serves to advertise something or other which served to beat him. If he wins, it serves as an advertisement of what he had bought and paid for already. He is subordinated to what is used. As a contestant, he holds a second place to the trade interests.

One may read the tournament scores week after week to learn that who won is secondary to what won. And the trade generally wins. The same uames are dished up in first place week after week, East, West, North and South, wherever there has been a crop worth picking. As a consequence, all kinds of new devices are necessarily invented and put in action to reassure the amateur that the professional is rendered harmless. Club managers, if they have not a sympathy due to substantial manufacturers' favors, are woefully lacking in moral courage in dealing with professionalism. Handicaps are announced which, when applied, do not handicap at all; moneys are divided in a mystical way, which, after all the tooting of horns concerning them, go to the men who can shoot the best, the professionals.

Probably no amateur organization ever had as large a membership as the League of American Wheelmen had. It guarded its amateur interests most rigorously. At one time, it had far upward of 100,000 members. That time is only three or four years ago. In a commercial way—that is, a professional way—it afforded fat emolument to those who knew the professional arts. Professionalism at length grew strong enough in the L. A. W. to make a fight for recognition and won. The L. A. W. to-day is hardly important enough to call it a wreck of its former great self. The principle is the same. One man cannot fatten as a business measure by monopolizing all that is of value in another man's sport.

No doubt but what there is a great deal of trapshooting done in America even under the heavy burdens imposed on it by professionalism. No doubt but what there would be many times more of trapshooting done but for the burdens of professionalism.

When men stop shooting, we can gather together and wonder why they stopped. We can conjecture this, that and the other thing, except professionalism. When the game is dead, as it will be in time under present conditions, some Napoleon can then start a national amateur association out of what is left of trapshooting.

Let us, at least, for a while longer, show more interest in the winner as a shooter than in what he won with. Let us make a pretense that the shooters are honestly engaged as men, each contesting against the others, not as agents who are using their opponents merely for advertising purposes. It is much pleasanter to compete as a man than it is to compete merely as a means for some other man to accumulate advertising data.

I write this from a conviction that the manufacturers, in their headlong eagerness to control both the sales of their goods and their use after being sold, will in time find they have handled a two-edged cutter.

SUCKER.

Central Michigan Trapshooters' Association.

ALBION, Mich., June 26.—Early this season an association was organized consisting of Battle Creek, Marshall, Albion, and Charlotte gun clubs, to be known as the Central Michigan Trapshooters' Association, the object being that of holding tournaments and friendly contests at the traps. The first meeting was held a month ago at Marshall; the second one at Albion, June 26. These gatherings have proven very interesting and created a friendly and healthy rivalry, especially so seeing that there is a five-man team shoot as part of the programme.

The Albion club is a large one, having good officers, and to be up to the times, have set up a magautrap on the fair grounds, Everything is lovely save the background, and this not the best. Targets are thrown against a hill, and there are many trees, just now covered with a very dark green foliage. Hence, there are many low scores, as shown by the tabulation herewith.

Considering that the shoot was intended to be a local affair, there was a large attendance. The Jackson delegation was composed of R. W. Smith, Mr. Ferris and Mr. Crosier; Marshall sent down a fine body of good shooters, viz., C. C. Smith, H. M. Holmes, S. Swarthout, E. De Reamers, L. H. Crampton, C. Brugel, M. F. Roberts, H. Faulkner, John Farnsworth, F. G. Seaman. Homer was quite at home when C. A. Rafter, John Linton and Wm. Brunson got to smashing targets. Part of the Battle Creek club were late getting in, but they had a good team in Fred Howse, S. J. Carpenter, G. C. Willard, Max Hensler and Al. Hensler. The home club was well represented by E. C. Gale, W. J. Cattermole, O. H. Stecker, W. A. Sweeney, L. J. Deering, C. H. Bliss, C. H. Ackley, Homer Brasie, W. S. Daskam, C. D. Baum, A. F. Andrews, Elmer Jacobs and G. W. McGuire. Charlotte sent Sam Robinson, Tom Waddell, Henry Robinson and Fred Hartel, and as but two of them were shooting their team did not compete.

The prizes were mostly merchandise, donated by the Albion business men and women. Price of entrance, targets only. Ties were not shot off, but were decided by chance.

Trophy team shoot, five men to the team, 20 targets to the man. As may be expected, the team contest was the most exciting event of the day. It is very seldom that teams are so evenly matched, as there was but one bird difference in the total of each team, and that was in favor of the Marshall team, which won on the former contest also. The scores:

Albion Gun Club—Bawn 18, Gale 13, Bronson 18, Sweeney 17, C. K. Bliss 14; total 80.

Marshall Gun Club—Crampton 17, Faulkner 15, Swarthout 16, Wade 17, C. Smith 16; total 81.

Battle Creek Team—Carpenter 16, Willard 15, Howes 17, Hensler 17, A. R. Hensler 15; total 80.

Hensler trophy, open to League members, 25 targets: S. Howse 22, Carpenter 18, Gale 15, A. R. Hensler 19, Swarthout 19, A. H. Gale 18, Holmes 15, Robinson 17, Sweeney 17, Crampton 19, Bronson 20, Roberts 19, Hartell 20, Willard 16.

There was little time for any sweepstake shooting, and yet the popping of nitro powder was kept up until sundown. Max Hensler, of Battle Creek shot a steady gait, losing but 10 out of 120 shot at in the regular events. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	
Targets:	10	15	10	20	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	20	25	15	Broke.
C Smith	4	8	7	17	10	7	12	9	8	9	..	16	..	..	107
Wade	10	11	7	14	11	8	10	9	14	10	13	17	..	15	149
Holmes	6	5	5	8	7	5	5	4	8	6	5	..	15	..	79
Crampton	7	12	5	17	11	8	14	7	13	8	10	17	19	11	159
Cattermole	4	4	1	8	5	4	9	5	6	4	..	..	..	..	49
Sweeney	8	12	8	13	..	7	11	7	11	10	..	17	17	..	121
E C Gale	4	8	3	17	11	7	10	7	7	5	12	13	15	..	119
Stecker	6	9	2	..	..	7	11	5	7	8	..	..	..	..	55
Briegel	5	..	2	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	14

M Hensler	9	13	10	18	15	9	14	..	12	10	..	17	..	14	141
Swarthout	8	11	4	15	8	3	8	4	9	5	11	16	19	..	121
Bruser	6	10	7	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	31
Robinson	6	9	3	..	7	6	9	8	12	7	11	..	17	..	95
Hartell	5	8	5	..	11	5	8	4	9	..	..	..	20	..	75
Roberts	5	..	4	..	7	1	10	5	10	6	9	..	19	..	76
Bliss	6	5	..	12	..	5	11	8	7	9	12	14	..	..	89
O H Gale	7	11	4	14	..	..	10	5	11	7	11	..	18	..	98
Andrews	7	8	3	..	..	..	8	5	..	4	..	..	..	..	31
Clark	..	7	..	13	..	..	9	4	8	4	..	..	..	..	45
Dicker	..	..	5	15	10	7	9	4	8	6	5	..	..	11	80
Plunk	..	..	7	17	14	6	14	9	14	9	12	..	..	11	103
Clay	..	..	..	..	..	8	10	6	8	7	..	..	..	..	39
Crozier	..	..	..	..	10	8	9	6	10	8	14	..	..	11	76
Ackley	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4
McQuire	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	5	8	3	9	..	..	..	28
Baum	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	8	11	18	..	..	47
Hughes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	10	5	..	..	..	..	19
Carpenter	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	9	13	17	18	14	81
Faulkner	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	7	..	15	..	..	33
Farnsworth	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	5	3	..	..	..	17
Willard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	9	10	15	..	..	45
Rafter	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	7	11	..	..	..	30
Pickett	..	..	..	..	7	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12
Linton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	5	..	..	..	..	15
Bronson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	7	13	18	20	12	81
Seaman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	5	..	..	..	..	12
A R Hensler	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	12	15	..	..	35
Walvogel	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	6	..	..	..	..	16
Howes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	8	12	17	22	14	87

SPECTATOR.

Interstate Tournament at Raleigh.

RALEIGH, N. C., June 27.—The Interstate Association's trapshooting tournament, given under the auspices of the Raleigh Gun Club, June 25 and 26, was not as largely attended as had been expected by the local club, but those who were there witnessed some good shooting.

Among the better known shots present may be mentioned the following: Mr. H. P. Collins and Capt. Ben Eick, representing the Dupont Powder Company; Mr. Walter Huff, representing the Hazard Powder Company; Mr. Charles Nichols, representing the Winchester Repeating Arms Company; Mr. J. E. Avery, representing the Union Metallic Cartridge Company; Mr. A. W. du Bray, representing Parker Brothers; Messrs. L. D. Thomas and J. S. Fanning, representing the Laflin & Rand Powder Company; Messrs. H. B. Lemcke and Neaf Apgar, representing the Peters Cartridge Company; Messrs. P. J. Gallagher and J. W. S. Butt, of the Portsmouth, Va., Gun Club, and Messrs. Johnson, Gowan, Walters, Stark, Dixon, Ellington and others, of the local club.

High average for both days was won by Capt. Ben Eick, Neaf Apgar second and Walter Huff third.

After the regular programme had been finished the second day, the Raleigh Gun Club donated a purse of $50, open to all, handicap by distance, to be contested for without entrance fee, the Raleigh Gun Club members not competing for the money. This liberality upon the part of the club was appreciated by all who were present.

A pleasant incident in connection with the tournament was the presenting of a pair of cuff buttons to Manager Shaner, of the Interstate Association. The gift was from the Raleigh Gun Club, and President Johnson, in making the presentation speech, stated that it was a faint expression of the club's appreciation of Manager Shaner's kindly efforts to render the occasion pleasant and agreeable to all. Manager Shaner responded in a few well chosen words.

The Raleigh Gun Club was organized three years ago, and has a membership of about fifty. The club has been in active life ever since it was organized, and the interest in it has steadily grown. Mr. James I. Johnson is President; Mr. Jos. F. Ferrall, Vice-President, and Mr. R. T. Gowan, Secretary and Treasurer. The club has splendidly equipped shooting grounds on the car line, less than ten minutes' ride from the capitol square, where it holds a weekly shoot each Thursday afternoon. Just southwest of the traps stands a clump of trees, affording ample shade on hot summer afternoons. The traps face northeast, looking away over a gentle slope, forming an ideal shooting place. Blackbird targets and expert traps, arranged according to the Sergeant system, were used, and gave the very best of satisfaction. The scores of both days follow:

June 25, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	20	20	20	20	at.	Broke.
H P Collins	12	12	14	15	11	11	15	10	15	12	185	127
A W du Bray	12	14	12	15	11	16	17	15	15	14	185	141
W Huff	13	19	14	19	11	16	18	17	17	16	185	160
B Eick	14	20	15	16	15	18	19	14	19	19	185	169
J E Avery	12	15	9	17	10	12	15	14	16	16	185	136
J I Johnson	11	17	13	18	13	15	17	17	19	17	185	157
J S Butt	13	17	10	17	9	18	14	13	15	14	185	140
R J Gallagher	15	19	13	17	14	17	18	18	15	18	185	164
T S Pierce	10	14	11	15	10	14	10	13	17	10	185	124
J S Gray	7	17	13	17	13	17	15	18	17	15	185	149
H B Lemcke	11	12	15	18	13	14	15	15	9	12	185	134
L D Thomas	12	16	11	13	12	12	17	11	13	13	185	130
N Apgar	15	20	15	20	9	17	18	17	18	18	185	167
J S Fanning	14	16	14	19	14	19	19	19	20	20	185	174
P G Welch	11	11	10	..	10	15	15	..	..	..	105	72
G N Walters	..	9	8	13	6	13	12	14	9	10	170	94
B Stark	..	16	..	..	14	17	15	20	14	17	135	113
J Johnson, Jr	..	12	10	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	55	34
Jas Levi	..	14	7	9	10	..	..	5	..	..	90	45
R P Dixon	..	4	5	10	13	10	15	10	..	..	130	67
Chas Nichols	..	..	..	15	8	15	19	12	16	18	135	103
J C Ellington	..	..	..	13	13	14	..	..	..	..	55	40
I M Proctor	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	10
E C Hillyer	..	..	..	..	7	8	11	..	..	..	55	26
T L Eberhardt	..	..	..	..	12	13	14	..	..	..	55	39
R T Gowan	..	..	..	..	12	10	13	..	..	..	55	35

June 26, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	20	20	20	20	at.	Broke.
H P Collins	9	13	10	13	9	15	11	10	13	12	185	115
A W du Bray	12	14	9	16	13	16	12	10	14	19	185	135
W Huff	12	17	12	18	15	18	17	15	20	19	185	163
B Eick	13	20	13	19	15	16	19	18	17	19	185	169
J E Avery	8	14	8	11	10	13	17	14	16	17	185	128
J I Johnson	11	15	14	14	12	13	13	18	17	16	185	143
J W S Butt	11	16	11	17	13	16	16	18	16	16	185	150
P J Gallagher	12	16	12	14	12	14	18	11	17	15	185	141
T S Pierce	11	11	11	9	8	11	15	13	10	16	185	115
J S Gray	13	19	12	15	10	16	15	15	16	15	185	146
G Walters	7	11	7	12	13	7	11	9	9	8	185	94
L D Thomas	9	16	9	13	6	13	14	14	14	13	185	121
J S Fanning	10	16	11	14	12	14	17	13	13	15	185	135
Chas Nichols	9	17	13	15	12	18	11	16	17	15	185	143
Hal Worth	..	11	7	..	..	..	14	12	13	..	95	57
H B Lemcke	8	11	10	15	11	18	14	17	15	12	185	131
N Apgar	11	17	10	19	13	17	18	18	17	17	185	157
B Stark	11	15	8	16	11	17	18	17	18	13	185	144
J Johnson, Jr	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	8
J Ellington	..	..	10	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	35	25
R P Dixon	..	..	9	15	11	..	10	..	..	15	90	60
T B Crowder	..	..	..	..	10	10	13	..	..	..	55	33
E H Fellows	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	15	13	60	37
F Parker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	10	16	60	35

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y.—The scores herewith appended were made at the regular Saturday afternoon shoot of the Ossining Gun Club, June 28. A. Betti came over from Mt. Kisco for a little preliminary practice for the Kisco shoot on July 4-5. Handicap sweepstakes were shot to-day, which equalized matters to a certain extent:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	5p	15	15	15
J C Barlow	6	7	7	8	7	..	7	12	10	..
C G Blandford	9	9	9	8	10	9	8	14	15	15
Eggs	0	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hans	9	9	8	9	8	..	7	13	12	9
Henry	5	7	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
A Betti	10	10	8	8	9	10	7	15	15	13
E Ball	..	6	9	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
A Bedell	..	10	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
A Green	..	..	..	5	..	..	10	9	13	12

C. G. B.

L. and M. Trapshooters' League.

THE largest tournament that has been held in the Southern country has just come to a close at Shreveport, La. The tournament was given by the Louisiana and Mississippi Trapshooters' League, under the auspices of the Caddo Gun Club, of Shreveport. To say that the shoot was a success, goes without saying, as the scores below will show for themselves.

Mr. Ward Erwin, of the Greenville Club, was the lion of the day, winning first average over all the experts, making a score of 378 out of 400 birds shot at. Taking into consideration that the shooting was done over four expert traps, each set being in a different location, making the targets pretty hard, I think that the score is phenomenal; and also, taking into consideration that Mr. Erwin weighs only 108 pounds. He also won the individual trophy donated by Baker & McDowell, and led his team, which won the loving cup donated by the Peters Cartridge Company. The team winning the cup was composed of Erwin, Blake and Foote; they scored 71 out of 75 birds. This team—and in fact the Greenville Club—is being very ably coached by that veteran trap shot, Major Foote, and a great deal of their success in their team work is due to his wide experience.

Mr. Wilcox, of Texas, shot second; Mr. Fletcher, of Birmingham, third.

Among the experts, Mr. Wade, of Texas, representing the Peters Cartridge Company, won the higb expert average; Mr. Spencer, of St. Louis, also of the Peters Cartridge Company, shot second, and Mr. Faurote, of the Winchester Arms Company, shooting third.

The trade was represented by Messrs. Wade, Spencer and Kaufmann, for the Peters Cartridge Company; Messrs. Faurote, Hillman and Hildreth, for the Winchester Arms Company; Messrs. Skelly, Williams and Fanning, for the Laflin & Rand Powder Company, and the only Bert Taylor, for the Hazard and Dupont powder companies.

One of the most pleasing features of the shoot was the presentation of diamond lockets to Maurice Kaufmann, who managed the shoot, and to Mr. George Hillman, who so ably assisted the manager in taking complete charge of the office work.

The next shoot of the League will be held in Greenville, Miss., July 17 and 18, where $500 will be added to the purse and two cents charged for targets. The League shoots are strictly amateur shoots, without any handicap; all amateur shooters will be welcome.

Each of the contestants shot at 400 and scored as follows: Erwin 378, Wilcox 370, Fletcher 367, Wade 366, Mercer 362, Spencer 359, Faurote 358, Jackson, Dick and Miller 356, V. C. 354, Fanning and Frank 353, Darlington 352, Burke 350, Hawkins and Skannel 348, Howard 345, Atchison and G. G. Ingraham 343, Cocke 341, Baker, Saucier, Tucker and Boissau 340, Post and H. Taylor 339, Dickson, Rabb, Turpin and Adams 338, Wilson 337, Watson and McCormick 336, Flournoy, Sr., 335, Guessaz 334, Blake and Conroy 333, McC., Duncan and Gilmer 331, Schaffer 332, P. S. Ingraham and Dickson 329, McMurdo 328, Turner and Coles 327, Skelly, K. K. and Hays 326, Foote and Moser 325, Flournoy, Jr., and Broyles 324, L. J. Lockett and Scoville 323, Clements 322, Graber and Dinkins 320, Fisher 318, Stratton and Walton 315, Abbott 313, Heard 312, B. R. Nash 310, Subblett 309, Thornton 308, John Jenkins 307, Pratt 306, Moore 305, McCutcheon 304, Arnold 300, Pinkston 296, Vick 280, Cleveland 280.

Each of the following shot at 200: J. W. Atkins 177, Dillard and Spears 172, Bennett 168, Francis 165, Lalland 163, Gates 162, Fisher, Fred, Bearing and C. E. Jenkins 151, Kerley and Pollard 149, Elan and Daniel 135, Buell 154.

Shooters in attendance not completing programme either day: Lay, Marston, Hughes, Prescott, Waxa, Helmcamp, Pendleton, Ruple, Brady, Z. T. Luckett, Allen, Poole, Cowley, Cayle, Hildreth, North, Whitside.

NEMO.

W. E. Kessler's Tournament.

DES MOINES, Ia., June 28.—Tournament fixed to be held June 26, 27 and 28 on the old Des Moines Gun Club grounds in this city was fairly well attended.

The programme called for three 10 and eight 15 targets events each day. The shooting was from three traps, Sergeant system. Targets were thrown about 50 yards.

The weather on Thursday and Friday was pleasant, but on Saturday morning it commenced raining and most of the shooters went home. Owing to the small attendance, Mr. Kessler decided not to finish the programme.

Budd was high with 95 per cent. for the two days; Sellers second with 91.3, and McFarland third with 84.3.

June 26, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	10	10	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
McFarland	9	9	8	12	13	11	15	15	13	12	10
McKelvey	9	9	10	14	14	14	14	14	15	13	11
McDowell	9	8	6	12	12	..	..	14	10	10	13
Sellers	8	10	9	14	13	13	14	12	15	15	15
Budd	9	9	9	13	15	14	15	14	15	15	15
Kessler	9	8	5	11	8	9	10	10	9	11	9
Elbert	8	9	8	12	11	13	12	14	14	12	14
McCully	8	10	9	14	15	14	14	14	15	14	12
Blagburn	8	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sears	4	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Patterson	6	9	8	10	..	..	..	9	13	10	9
Stone	9	6	6	10	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
Winfrey	8	7	7	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Van Winkle	8	10	10	12	13	..	..	..	..	11	13
Kirsher	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Mitchell	..	..	..	13	14	12	12	13	13	13	9
Callison	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	12	14	12	12
Been	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	9	..	..	..
Boa	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cottrell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	14	13	14
C Harkins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	13	15	12
J Harkins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	11	15	11

June 27, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	10	10	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
McFarland	9	8	10	11	11	14	14	13	11	12	13
Budd	9	9	10	14	15	14	14	14	14	14	15
Cottrell	9	7	7	13	12	13	11	13	12	12	9
Selbers	8	9	10	12	13	15	14	15	15	14	11
Steiner	5	8	9	15	10	13	12	..	..	..	..
French	6	7	9	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Elbert	9	10	10	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
McDowell	8	7	9	14	13	13	11	14	14	15	14
Schlosser	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	..
Forney	7	8	7	9	11	11	11	12	..	..	..
McCall	..	..	..	11	12	15	14	13	14	11	14
Patterson	..	..	..	..	12	6	9	9	11	12	11
McCully	..	..	..	..	13	12	15	14	13	11	11
Van Winkle	..	..	..	..	15	12	..	11	..	..	..
Lewis	..	..	..	..	..	13	11	13	13	15	8

General averages:

	1st day.	2d day.	Total.	Av.
Budd	143	142	285	.950
Selbers	138	136	274	.913
McFarland	127	126	253	.843

HAWKEYE.

They Will Close.

NEW YORK, June 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It might interest the shooting fraternity to know that the entire gun trade are going to close their stores on July 5. It would probably be a good idea if you published this fact, in your next issue. This is merely a suggestion on our part, and if you care to publish it, we would be glad to have you do so. Below are the names of the people who have signed the agreement to close: M. Hartley Company, Winchester Repeating Arms Company, A. G. Spalding & Brothers, Schoverling, Daly & Gales, H. D. Folsom Arms Company, Bridgeport Gun Implement Company, Remington Arms Company, Von Lengerke & Detmold, C. J. Godfrey, Union Metallic Cartridge Company, E. C. Powder Company, Walsrode Powder Company, A. H. Funke, H. Werleman.

SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES.

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Grand American Handicap

AT TARGETS.

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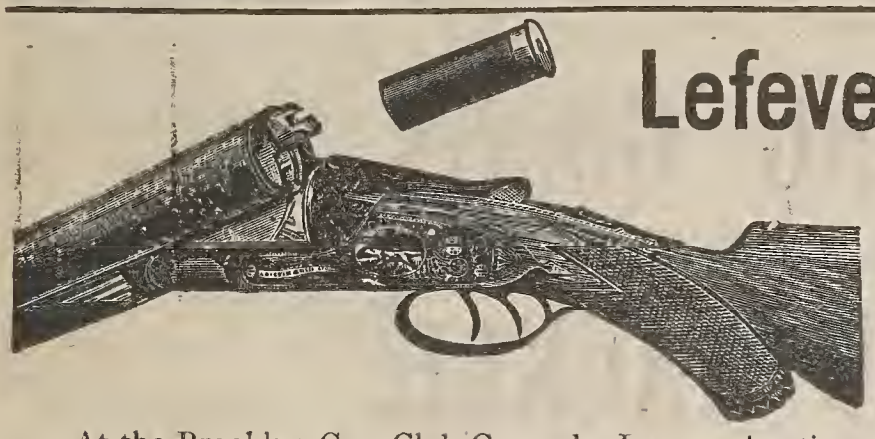

Lefever Arms Co.,

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

At the Brooklyn Gun Club Grounds, June 7, shooting under the name of Dudley, Mr. C. W. Floyd, an amateur of New York City, shooting his

Lefever Arms Co. Ejector Gun,

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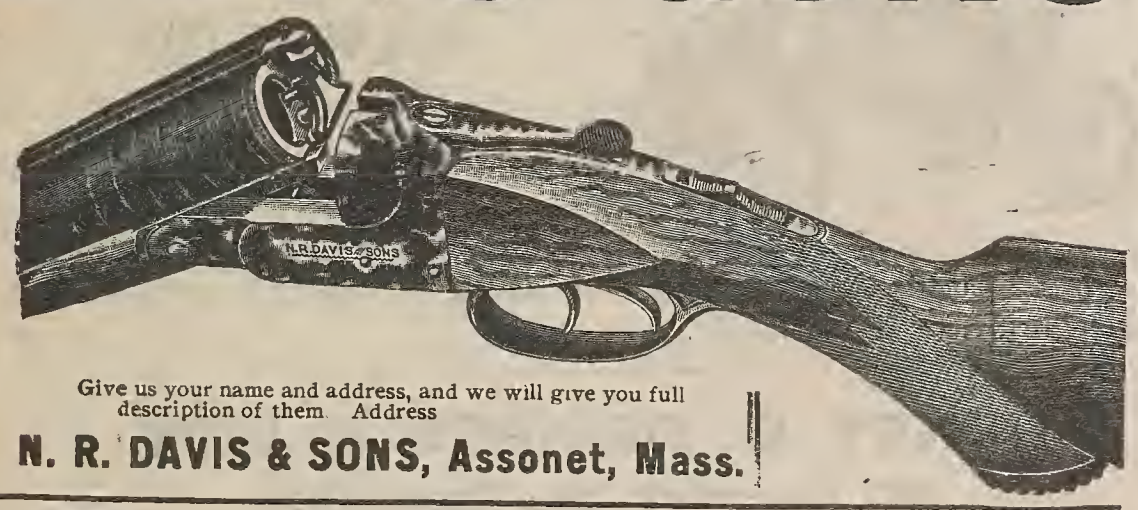

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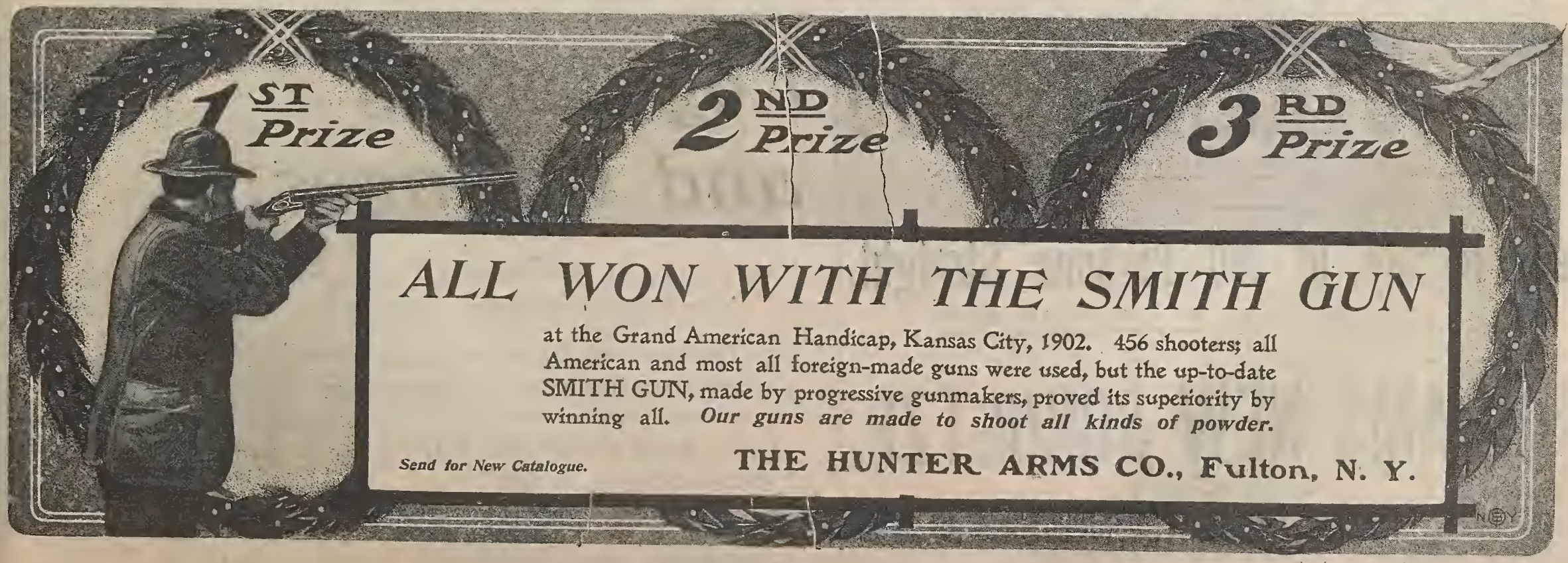

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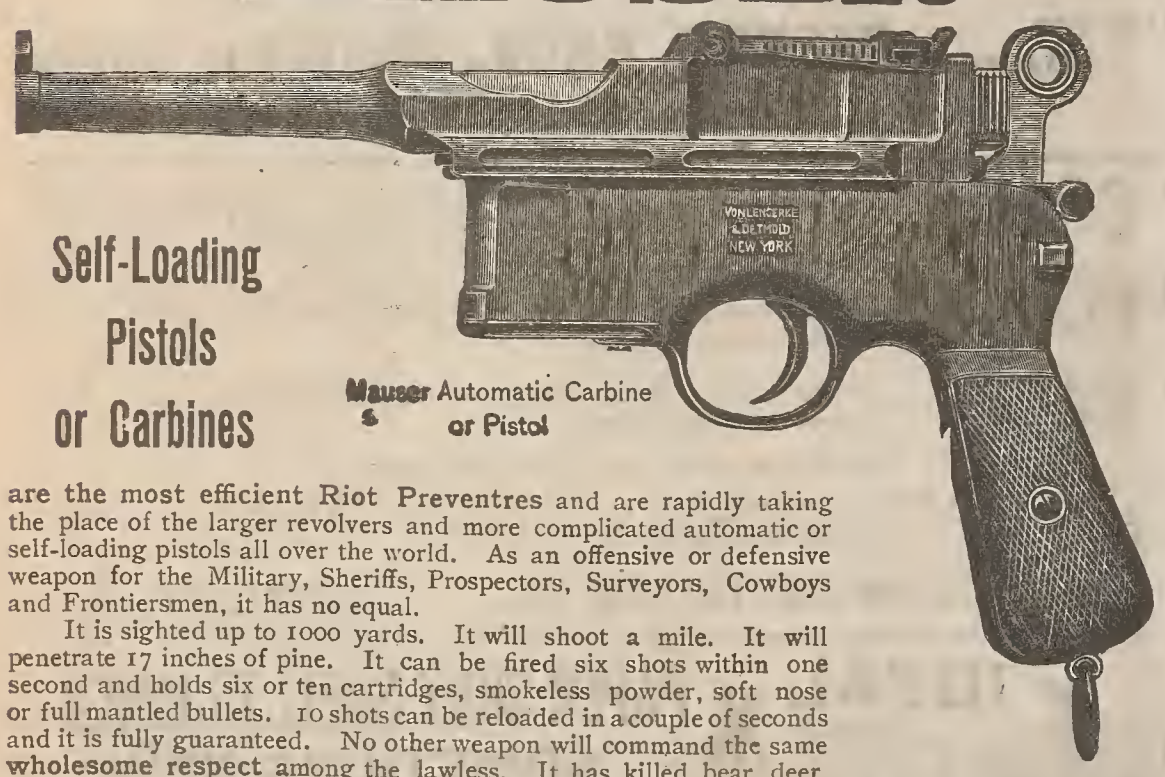

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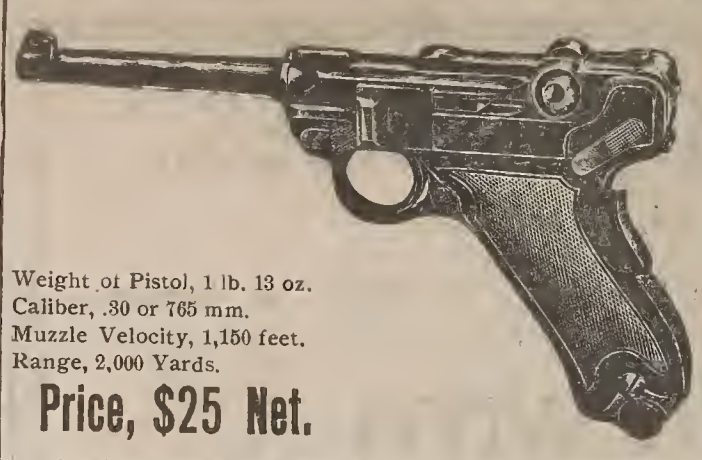

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VOL. LIX.—No. 2. SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1902.

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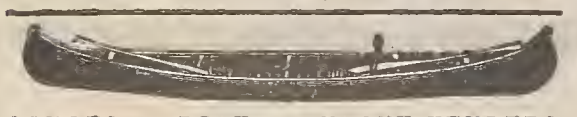

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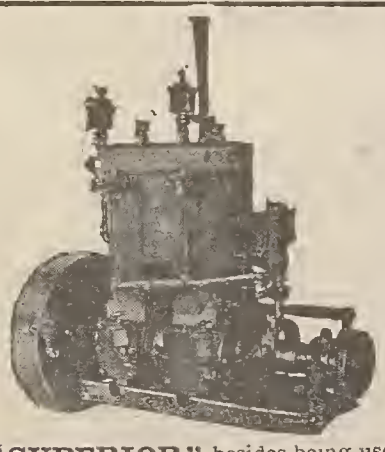

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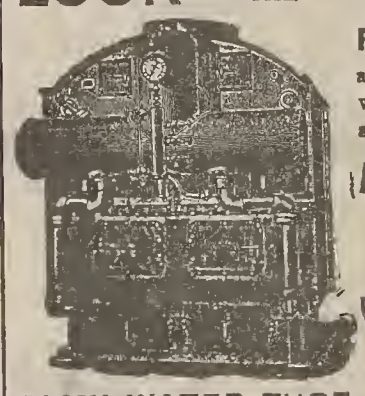

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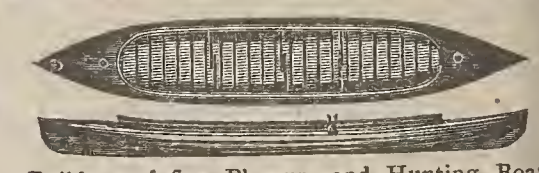

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This edition has been largely re-written, and contains a great number of new subjects, and the lines of many boats never before published, the total number of plates exceeding 100, besides more than 350 woodcuts in the text. Contents: "Selecting a Yacht," "Examination of the Yacht," "Building a Yacht," "Equipment of the Yacht," "Seamanship," "The Management of Open Boats," "The General Management of a Yacht," "The Rules of the Yacht Racing Association," "Yacht Racing," Handling a Yacht in a Match," "Centerboard Boats," "Centerboard Boats for Rowing and Sailing," "Sails for Centerboard Boats," "Small Centerboard Yachts," "Mersey Sailing Boats," "Clyde Sailing Boats," "Belfast Lough Boats," "Dublin Bay, Kingstown Boats," "Cork Harbor Boats," "Itchen Boats," "Falmouth Quay Punts," "Thames Bawley Boats," "Lake Windermere Yachts," "Yachts of the Norfolk Broads," "Small Yachts and Boats of Y. R. A. Rating," "Singlehanded Cruisers," "Types of Sailing Vessels," etc.
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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LONG-RANGE TESTS.

THE story of the preparations for the series of international victories in long-range rifle shooting, beginning in 1874, is being repeated in a quiet way just now. At the Bruce dinner last winter it was resolved by the old-time rifle shots that a renewed effort should be made to organize and maintain a long-range rifle club on the lines of the famous Amateur Rifle Club. It was to be a civilian organization, devoted to any rifle as distinguished from strictly military arms, and to be given up to shooting at the extreme open-sight ranges of 800 to 1,200 yards.

Without much publicity being sought, the organization has been effected, and on selected ranges in New Jersey a great deal of very interesting work has been in progress for some time. Messrs. Bruce and Hyde, of the early American teams, have been acting as shooting masters for a very enthusiastic group of youngsters, and some of the spirit which animated the riflemen of a quarter-century ago has been aroused. The co-operation of the rifle-making and ammunition companies has been secured, and at every shooting day for weeks past some very delicate problems have been met, but as yet they have not been mastered.

These marksmen pioneers have nothing to guide them in the path they have worked out for themselves. All the old data when black powder was used must be laid aside now that smokeless powder has been taken in hand. So far it has proven to be a most uncertain article to handle, and despite the assurances of the manufacturers that it will act the same under all conditions, the marksmen find this to be far from the fact.

A batch of cartridges is prepared and at 500 yards give very uniform results; so on back to 800; but above this those perplexing "unaccountables" become so frequent that it is evident some definite cause must be discovered. That discovery is the current problem of the Bruce-Hyde band of experimenters, and to solve it they are determined if intelligent and persistent work can accomplish it.

It must be borne in mind that the smokeless powders are nitro powders—really of a common origin with nitro glycerine, dynamite, gun cotton and all that class of explosives, and prone to the vagaries which have always marked this group. With black powders the chemical action of the liberation of a great quantity of gas to create a pressure behind the bullet was governed by a few easily understood physical conditions. The size of the grain, the compactness of the mass and any moisture present were factors easily allowed for, but with the more powerful and far more sensitive mass of nitro powder, not only are these factors magnified, but there are apparently new ones which have yet to be detected.

We suggest as a possible cause for some of the irregularity noted, the matter of temperature. A stick of dynamite on a frosty morning is practically inert. The careless laborer who warms it up over the blacksmith fire proves what changes warmth works in the rather unstable chemical mixture. May not something of this be working out in the metallic cartridges as they are slipped into the breech opening? Early in the day, with the rifle barrel comparatively cool, the powder is in very much the same surroundings as in the cartridge case. When the longer ranges are reached the weapon is not only much hotter, as every rifleman knows who has put in a day's shooting of from fifty to one hundred shots, but the time taken for sighting, etc., is longer, and all this gives opportunity for the powder to absorb an appreciable quantity of heat from the metal of the barrel, and so lead to an entirely different form and rate of combustion with an accompanying variable evolution of gas with a consequent change in the initial velocity of the bullet, and a miss where a bullseye was held for and expected.

BIG CATCHES AND THE BIG CATCHERS.

As a rule, we do not print the notes which come to us of tremendous catches of trout or bass, but now and then they are given place to show that the count fishermen are still in the land, and are actively engaged in doing what they can to prevent the rest of the world from having any fishing after they have got through. To impute to such anglers any deliberate motive of this nature would be to do them an injustice. The man who snakes out his two or three hundred trout and tells of it with gusto, in all probability has no thought of what is to follow his own fishing. The idea never enters his head that his intemperance will have any effect whatever upon the fortunes of other anglers. This is illustrated in the case of the correspondent who reported the other day the taking of several hundred trout at a Maine resort, and then recommended other fishermen to visit the same place. Such a person simply does not think. He is a good fellow who would like to have others share his good fortune, so after fishing to his own satiety, he invites others to come and take his place and have some of the great luck after he has departed.

It is clear then that the remedy lies in education. The unthinking, foolish and improvident angler must be made to recognize the principle of the thing. He must be taught to apply to fishing the A B C axiom that you cannot eat your cake and have it too. The only way to accomplish the education is by everlastingly proclaiming the doctrine of temperance in fishing. The principle is accepted more generally now than ever before. It was not so many years ago that the success of a fishing expedition was conventionally reckoned by the score of the fish taken. But among the vast majority of intelligent anglers to-day, there exists no spirit of emulation in count fishing. The men who catch their hundreds and tell of it in public are individual personalities who are out of their place in history. They belong to an angling time which has passed.

Camp keepers and hotel managers of fishing resorts are very often responsible for the count fishermen who herald their big scores to the world, for it is thought by them that other fishermen hearing of the great catches will hasten to get their share of the fun. The very reverse of this is quite as likely to be the case; for your experienced angler who reads of big catches of fish reasons with himself that fished-out waters are wisely avoided, and in consequence he betakes himself to other scenes. The list is not short of fishing resorts once popular and capable of being judiciously farmed for an indefinite period, which have been utterly ruined by the silly connivance of the count fisherman and the foolish landlord.

In her "Florida Days" Margaret Deland paints a sunset on the East Coast and makes the sun sink into the sea. This is matched by Tolstoï, who, in "Anna Karenina," when describing a snipe shooting on a spring evening, tells us that "Venus, bright and silvery, shone with her soft light low down in the west behind the birch trees. * * * Levin resolved to stay a little longer, till Venus, which he saw below a branch of birch, should be above it. * * * Venus had risen above the branch." Of the two manipulators of the heavenly bodies, we are so patriotic as to hold that the American woman who makes the sun set in the east is a greater wizard than the Russian who makes the planets rise in the west. Moreover, if Tolstoï knows as little of snipe shooting as he does of astronomy, he would not amount to much on a jacksnipe bog.

At Mammoth Hot Springs in the Yellowstone National Park on July 20 there will be a convention of the State game wardens of the Northwest. The meeting is the outcome of efforts on the part of Mr. F. W. Scott, of Helena, State Game and Fish Warden of Montana. There will be a two days session, and the discussions will cover many subjects of interest in the work of fish and game protection. The Yellowstone Park is in peculiar degree an appropriate place for such a meeting of game protectors, for it is in itself a striking object lesson of game protection which protects and preservation which preserves. It has even some specimens of that great rarity in the twentieth century, the native wild American buffalo—a remnant bunch estimated to contain twenty-five individuals. The elk, it need not be said, are extremely numerous; they roam the Park and the country south of it by the tens of thousands. The deer are so plentiful and so tame that the delegates to the convention may get sight of them; or failing this, may at least have the satisfaction of seeing at close quarters the bears at the hotel garbage piles. The antelope, under the combined protection afforded by the Park and by Montana under the new game law, promise rapid increase. The beaver has built its dams in almost all the smaller streams. The Park supplies also a demonstration of successful fish stocking. In nearly all the waters visited by the tourists of to-day, trout fishing may be had, either for the native variety or for those which have been introduced by the United States Fish Commission. There are four trouts in the Park—the indigenous black-spotted, and the introduced rainbow, Von Behr, Loch Leven, and Eastern brook trout—and there are no restrictions on the fishing except that trout may not be caught for market.

We conclude to-day the special report procured for us by Mr. J. B. Monroe on the Montana buffalo herds. The summary has special interest at this moment when the report comes from Washington that Mr. Howard Eaton, of Medora, N. D., has secured an option on the Flathead buffalo, which he has told President Roosevelt he would make over to the Government, without profit to himself, if the herd could be acquired and added to the buffalo now in the Yellowstone National Park. The advantage which would accrue from such a disposition of the Montana herd would be very great. It is recognized that the Park buffalo constitute so small a remnant that their ultimate extinction may be looked for. The accession of the Allard herd would provide not only the strength of increased number, but of much needed new breeding stock. The taking over of the herd by the Government would be an assurance that the day of the final passing of this interesting American mammal was to be postponed.

The annual report of the Fishery Board for Scotland gives the results of the series of salmon-marking experiments which have been carried on on the Tay, Tweed and other rivers. Metal labels were attached to a large number of captured kelts, the labels being numbered and the fish when recaptured identified thereby. The records show that the popular notion that a salmon always returns to its native river has a basis in a rule with exceptions. Of twenty-four marked fish which were recaptured in rivers after the lapse of at least one season, nineteen had come back to the river in which they had been marked; five went to other rivers, but of these five only one went to a river very far away. The salmon which holds the record for long wandering was a Norwegian fish which, having been marked and released in the Aadsira River, was recaptured two and one-half years afterward on the Trondhjem Fjord, 500 miles distant.

Executive Agent Sam. F. Fullerton, of the Game and Fish Commission, takes a rosy view of the prospects for Minnesota game. Since the State "has got FOREST AND STREAM'S Platform Plank securely spiked," the change in the situation has been strikingly manifest. Indeed if the progress in this direction now making shall continue, Minnesota game promises to be as plentiful as it was in the old days. The mildness of recent winters has been exceedingly favorable to the quail, which are everywhere reported in great abundance. It is a long look ahead to the time when the venison-consuming lumber camps will cease to be a factor, but just so surely as the forests are to go, lumbermen must go with them, and the slaughter of deer for lumber camps will come to an end.

We have studiously refrained from calling the horse mackerel a "horse mackerel," since the name "tuna" is so much more taking; and "leaping tuna" has in it something of the poetry of sport. But in Atlantic coast waters horse mackerel it is, and horse mackerel it will remain in popular parlance, until some angler shall follow the lead pointed out by Mr. Waddell, Commissioner Collins or Dr. Morris, and by bringing the big fish by capture with rod and reel into the category of game fish, give acceptance to the name by which it is known on the Pacific coast.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Concerning the Roustabout.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Like your many other appreciative readers, I have enjoyed Mr. Spears' series of "Walk Down South" narratives, and regret that they have come to an end. Mr. Spears' observations on the hard lot of the negro "roustabouts" on the steamboat he traveled on, and Mr. Charles Cristadoro's subsequent remarks on the same subject, no doubt present a true picture of this interesting class of the Southern negro, as seen by these gentlemen, through spectacles that admitted no side lights on the canvas. The impression made on their minds, however, by the partial view of the situation which they had opportunity to see, and which they have imparted to your readers, is that these negroes are proper objects of commiseration and sympathy, from the hard, and inferentially unavoidable, lot to which they are subjected.

While FOREST AND STREAM is no proper place for a controversy on the "race question," I may be permitted to cast a few "side lights" upon the picture so graphically drawn by those gentlemen, in order to dispel the very erroneous impression which they have imbibed and laid before your readers, as a consequence of merely superficial observation.

The negro steamboat "roustabout" is a *sui generis,* a class by himself, a unique figure in the post bellum industrial development of the South. His class is perhaps the most independent of all the laboring negroes in the Mississippi Valley. His servitude in steamboat work is exceedingly hard, but is purely voluntary, and is indeed his chosen profession, so to speak. The pay he receives is several times as great as that of any other class of mere laborer, so that the proceeds of a single trip on the boat enable him to lie off, and revel in his most coveted luxury of crap shooting and similar indulgences, until his money is exhausted, when he has no difficulty in making engagement for another trip.

The demands of the steamboat service on the Mississippi River are, from its very nature, extremely exacting on the "roustabout," taxing severely his physical powers while he is actually at work—that is, during the continuance of his "trip." These demands have led to the development of this picturesque class of negro laborers.

But so far from being proper objects of sentimental commisseration, the "rousters" are generally masters of the situation, in large measure dictating the terms of their service; and, after the example of the white "brotherhoods," not infrequently tie up a boat by refusing to load or unload her, until their demands are complied with.

During the busy season, when cotton is moving, the customary pay of the roustabout on Mississippi River boats is sixty dollars a month; and it is not unusual for them to strike for ninety dollars, and get it, when there is great pressure of business.

The roustabout as a class is conspicuous even among negroes, for general cheerfulness, and that disregard of life's vicissitudes which is characteristic of the race, appearing as happy and contented when without any "visible means of support" as when receiving regular pay; working or idling as the whim takes him. But when he has "signed" for a trip on a boat, it is perfectly well understood what the work is to be, and that no shirking is to be permitted. Moreover, he prefers this kind of employment to any other, and cannot be enticed into other fields where both the work and pay are lighter.

Neither can it be considered strange that a gray-haired rouster is rarely, if ever, to be seen, and this for several reasons; as for one thing, he drops out of this strenuous sort of life when he has passed the most robust age and is consequently no longer fitted for it. Another reason is that the roustabout is perhaps the most dissolute in his habits of all the negro population, falling a victim to diseases that result from such habits of life, getting into fatal broils with his fellows, and furnishing the largest proportion of the subjects for the police courts in river towns.

The roustabout is withal an indispensable adjunct to the Mississippi River steamboat traffic, where trips must be made on regular dates, and where freight must be loaded and unloaded on time, day and night, and in all weathers; and long may he continue to labor and sweat in season, and to draw high pay, and laugh and sing, and shoot his "craps," and slash his fellow rouster with his ready razor, and dodge the "cop," and adorn the benches of the police courts, and amuse himself in divers ways; there being no power to compel him either to do or not do these things.

COAHOMA.

MISSISSIPPI.

Doomed.

WHEREVER the invading foot of the white man passes, he seems to leave behind him a trail of blood and ruin. In his footsteps later on may spring up amelioration and improvement; but before his face the native races of men and animals give way and disappear. It has been eminently so in this country, and the same process of extirpation has begun in Africa. The spirit of gain or of sport that has practically wiped out the buffalo here is in operation against the elephant over there. Mr. Frank Vincent, noted as a traveler, author and naturalist, in his excellent book, "Actual Africa," gives us a glimpse of the work of extermination of this noble animal as it is carried on in the Dark Continent. At the time of his writing (1895) he reports that 65,000 elephants were killed annually in Africa. The modus operandi may be seen from the following extracts from Mr. Vincent's description of his trip up the Kassai and Kuilu rivers.

"The day after, early in the morning, as we were rounding a sharp point, we were greatly surprised at seeing a large elephant quietly walking across the river and half out of the water, just before us. Within a minute we had fired five shots at him, three taking effect, and bringing him to his knees. He quickly recovered himself, however, and kept on his way, but soon fell again, and kicked and rolled frantically. Then he gained his feet once more, but we saw that he was badly hurt. He walked a few paces further, and then fell again, and lost by drowning what little of life was left.

"The next afternoon we saw three large elephants, each with fine great tusks, crossing the river ahead of us. They walked nearly all the way over, having only once or twice to swim short distances, and refreshed themselves by diving and by squirting water over themselves. We ordered 'full steam ahead,' but failed to get within range for a 'killing shot.' The next day we saw another very large one, also crossing the river, but we were out of range again. About noon a large elephant undertook to cross the river almost directly before our bows. We hastily got our rifles and fired several shots at his head, now out, now half under water, as he lumberingly swam along. Our steamer had such headway that it ran right atop of him, and he passed directly under us, and soon was so far astern and toward the farther bank, that it was difficult to hit him at a vulnerable point. Though we blazed away, we had the mortification to see him mount the bank and enter the forest. We were, however, so certain that he was mortally wounded and could not get far, that we sent some of our most trusty men to follow his tracks. They were gone a couple of hours, but did not succeed in coming up with him, so we had to reluctantly give up the chase and continue our voyage.

"During the afternoon, within the same hour, three elephants, each by himself, crossed the river ahead of us, but all of them unfortunately beyond a satisfactory range, though we altered the sights of our Mausers and blazed away as usual. Soon we came suddenly upon a huge elephant bathing in the river close to the bank. We at once opened fire upon him, but our speed was so great we could not get a good shot, and though we thought we had mortally wounded him, he quietly walked up the bank and into the forest. We at once stopped and sent a canoe ashore with some men to follow him and see if he was seriously wounded. They returned after awhile and reported that though he was bleeding profusely, they had not come up with him. The next morning, about 7 o'clock, we saw a small elephant crossing the river a long distance ahead. We at once 'put on steam' and bore down upon him. We fired half a dozen shots, and thought, nevertheless, he would escape, when, just as he was mounting the bank, a bullet penetrated the brain, dropping him dead without a tremor. * * * The elephant we shot this day makes a total of four killed out of the eleven we saw on the Kuilu."

These extracts read like the old-time accounts of shooting buffaloes from the windows of passing trains, and alligators from the decks of steamboats in Florida.

It is, of course, inevitable; it is written in large hand in the book of fate. Ivory is in demand; beside, there is not room for big game, especially of the elephantine order, in a country peopled by civilized men. The forests must necessarily melt away before the ax of the woodman. Farms must be opened up if the country is to sustain a large and prosperous community. The red man has been compelled to give place to the white, and the buffalo range to the cattle ranch. The same thing is decreed for Africa. The native races must crowd back and finally disappear, and the great beasts of the African forests are doomed. Sic transit elephantus.

T. J. CHAPMAN.

Knights of the Quill.

THE coronation honors awarded to literary men of England on June 26, whereby they received the title of Sir Knight in the new Order of Merit, will be grateful to the distinguished recipients whom the world of letters knows, and admirers. No doubt the distinction is well bestowed. Those named are: Conan Doyle, the novelist; Gilbert Parker, the traveler and author; Francis C. Burnand, the editor of Punch; Leslie Stephen, president of the Ethical Society; Charles Wyndham, the actor, and Oliver Joseph Lodge, principal of the University of Birmingham.

In this signal bestowal King Edward has but followed the example of his illustrious mother, Queen Victoria, who thought fit, some two years before her death, to thus recognize the literary merits and distinguished abilities of James M. Le Moine, of Quebec, whilom president of the Royal Historical Society of Canada, the author of some forty valuable volumes of history, science, legend and belle letters, in French and English, and already the bearer of many enviable distinctions conferred by dignitaries and societies on both sides of the Atlantic. So that, whosoever may exult or revel in the halo of present consideration, or may fall into the line of preferment hereafter, the precedent will stand that Sir James is the first and only literary beneficiary of her gracious Majesty; bless her memory! In this pre-eminence he will be conspicuous while he lives; and no one will wish to gainsay or impair the prerogative of so worthy and modest a man.

Long and useful has been the period of his eventful life. Many are the friends whom he has survived. Many are the confreres and savans who have been gathered around his hospitable mahogany. Numerous the benisons which have been called down upon his whitening head. And now, at the ripe age of 77 years, bereft as we all are, indeed, but happy in the ministering companionship of his only surviving daughter, he serenely reclines sub tegmini fugi, literally under his own vine, enjoying the entourage and letting the zephyrs stir the somnolent leaves while he looks calmly toward the shadows which are deepening in the valley, because he sees they are flecked with the radiance of the glory beyond. The end of such men is peace.

It was my special privilege to lunch en famille with Sir James last month at "Spencer Grange," in the staid old city of Quebec—and renew an acquaintance which had begun a third of a century ago. There I inspected his patent of knighthood, which he lifted with a commendable show of pride out of a richly embossed and ornate velvet casket emblazoned with the royal arms. It was an illustrated parchment, beautifully engraved with ornamental script, after the fashion of the college "sheepskin," which we students received at graduation, but was rendered tremendously imposing by an enormous pendant of chocolate-colored wax which looked like taffy, and was to be so regarded metaphorically, no doubt.

[I remember that some antiquated army commissions of Colonial and Revolutionary times which were unearthed from our family records, were sealed in the same way; only there was less wax. The higher the commission, the bigger the wax, of course.]

In view of the fact that the broad acres of Spencer Grange adjoin the demesne of the Governor General, it was, perhaps, natural for me to express my pleasure that some portions of the royal fruitage had dropped over on his side of the fence, though it must have been a vice-regal predecessor who shook the tree. The appointees of the Crown at Quebec have always held Sir James in the highest esteem, and he has quite a few elegant souvenirs from the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, Earl Dufferin, Lord Elgin and other royal representatives; for they have delighted to honor our author and scholar whose standard volumes occupy such conspicuous places on their library shelves. As a further tribute to Le Moine's worth, a few of his old friends, headed by George M. Fairchild, E. T. D. Chambers, Com. J. U. Gregory, Geo. Van Felson, Mayor Parent and such ilk, have chipped in for a life-size portrait of the author, which is being painted by R. J. Wickenden, to be presented to him. Each subscriber is to receive one artist's auto-lithograph from the painting signed by the artist and Sir James. En masse, they form a literary galaxy, such as not only Canada but FOREST AND STREAM should be proud of, for every mother's son of them has been a contributor to its columns, one or the other of them, almost constantly, for nearly thirty years. It was a kind Providence which permitted me to meet them all in June, weathered and gray, the old commodore still at the head of the Department of Marine after 38 years' service; Chambers filling many a gap in natural history which the books have left uncovered; George Stewart, F. R. S., who published Stewart's Literary Quarterly in 1867, and is now editing the Quebec Mercury; and Fairchild, the breeziest author of them all whose forest runes and volumes of Canadian sport are the joy of many interested readers. Fairchild lives at Cap Rouge, several miles beyond the city walls on the St. Louis road, which is a sort of Canadian Plymouth Rock, where the earliest French settlers made a landing 400 years ago, before Kanucks were known. The spot in itself is extremely picturesque, but historically it is transcendent. I suppose the Laval Museum itself does not contain as quaint old curios as those which adorn the walls of Ravenscliff. Everything that the aborigines used (or wished to use), whether Iroquois, Algonquins, Nascaupies, or Red Indians, may be found about the premises, inside the house or out.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Incidents in an Explorer's Life.

A Jaguar in Broad Daylight.

ONCE I and some companions were sitting in front of a hut in the jungles of Central America watching the sun set, and wondering at the volume of water in the flooded river just before us; then from the other side I saw a great animal come out of the woods, where for an instant it stood in bold outline against the sunset. "What is that?" I cried, "a tapir or what?" An Indian sitting near said, "Tiger." Then the men began calling to the women and children, for some people were stopping with us waiting for the flood to run down, and in an instant there was commotion in camp. Supremely quiet, the great jaguar stood looking across the water; then with a slow movement, his eyes fixed on us, he walked to the river and began to swim as if intent on reaching where we stood and beginning the attack. He must have been well hungry to attack so many people, but a hungry jaguar will do anything. We rushed for our rifles and before the jaguar could cross the broad river all were prepared for him. "You saw it, your shot," whispered one of the Indians, as we stood waiting. Then I stepped ahead of the others, feeling sure of my game this time. I wanted the skin and had just determined to let the beast reach shallow water on our side of the river, feeling sure I could kill before it sprang on us; when one of my companions fired over my shoulder, taking my shot, and killing the game while it was yet in deep water. For a moment or two it struggled, making a magnificent effort to reach shore, then sinking below the surface, disappeared forever, carried down by the swift current.

A Black Jaguar.

If one admires nature in the primeval forests of the tropics, one is apt to become separated from traveling companions in order to see and admire in undisturbed silence. Once on a beautiful clear day I had ridden ahead of a mule train carrying my supplies and mining equipment, and was making my way alone mounted on a stout mule, and following a trail that led on through a great forest of giant palms in Central America. These giant palms spring from near the ground like ferns and rise in graceful curves twenty-five to forty feet. All other vegetation is shut out, and as one passes on great archways of green open in all directions, like the isles of an enormous cathedral, only these have no end, and blend into one another till they form, in the distance, one solid wall of green, with the long archways leading out to it. In the deep shade of such forests many varieties of ferns and wood flowers grow in profusion. I rode on, lost in wonder, till, suddenly there came a rustling among the ferns, a moment of silence, a rustling a little before me; and then a large animal stepped cautiously out on the road, perhaps one hundred yards or more ahead of me.

I could see that it was what the Indians call a black tiger. It looked at me over its shoulders, hesitated for a moment, then faced about suddenly, took a few steps forward, and squatted down in the road, its eyes glowing, and its great tail beating vigorously from side to side. The Indians say if one meets a black tiger, it will kill or be killed, and it is said that if one of these animals appears near an Indian village the people will desert their houses, and that the Indians will never

camp for the night where it is supposed the animals are about.

On the other hand, professors of zoology insist that there is no such animal, but as far as I am concerned I think I saw one. It was squatting in the road just in front of me, had a coal black skin, a thin, loose-jointed body, a rather heavy tail with a tendency to bush toward the end, a square head, small ears and large, clear, yellow eyes. It looked to me more like a panther than a jaguar, and yet it was too heavy about the shoulders, neck and head for a panther.

Naturally, I wanted that animal, and there it was, all ready for fight. I drew my pistol, the only firearm I had with me, and tried to drive the mule nearer, but she didn't appear to like it, and began to act silly. I kept her head on the animal, which was crouching there jerking its tail from side to side with savage vehemence; and from time to time seemed to gather itself as if for a spring, and then settled back again. I was just getting near enough to consider risking a shot, and was trying to quiet the mule, when suddenly around the corner my pack train appeared on a full run, the gold pans clattering, the peons swearing, a tumult generally.

The animal raised its head, looked for an instant, and then with a graceful bound disappeared among the ferns and palm trees. I was disappointed, but I never did have particular luck in shooting.

An Incident in Mule Life.

Once on a mining expedition we had among the mules a strong rebellious young animal that was determined to go where and as she pleased. Sometimes her fancy took her along the high places above the road, sometimes she went down below it, then she seemed to have lost something, and acted as though she expected to find it in the woods, but she had decided objections to walking on the road, and so gave the peons a great deal of trouble. Finally there came to one a brilliant thought. I had a steady old horse, and they caught the ambitious mule and tied her securely to my horse's tail; it wasn't considerate to the horse, but it did fix the mule. She couldn't stop conveniently, and she couldn't get past the horse, neither could she wander up to the hilltops or climb down among the gulleys without taking the horse along, too, but that was inconvenient. For a time all went well, but after a while we came to a place where the road went down between pretty steep banks till it reached a stream of considerable volume. My horse went down the trail in a resigned sort of way, but the mule started along the bank and wouldn't come into the trail; the result was that presently she could go not further, and then came a tug of war, to see whether the horse in the gully could pull the mule down from the high bank or whether the mule could pull the horse's tail out. I scrambled from the saddle as fast as possible, and then the animals seemed to come to an understanding; the horse backed up as far as he could, and the mule braced her fore feet and hung her head over the bank as far as possible, and so they stood. Presently the peons came and untied them, and I declined to have them done up again; and so for the rest of the way that mule followed its own sweet will, "and a 'mule's' will is the wind's will," and the thoughts of a mule are long, long thoughts, incomprehensibly long.

Apologies to the memory of America's great poet, Longfellow.

Eniguas.

Probably all who travel in tropical America will have some experience with eniguas, an insect resembling the flea. The female fastens herself to any protected place on one's skin, particularly under the toe nails; and then working her way through the outer skin forms a little nest and lays a multitude of eggs; these increase in size, and gradually develop till numerous little grubs are formed, which immediately begin to feed on the living flesh of the person who is so unfortunate as to harbor them. Then serious results may be expected, the pain is most severe, and not unfrequently the loss of one's feet follows, or, perhaps, blood poisoning sets in, to end in a most miserable death. This, however, is only among those who, from ignorance or other cause, allow the eniguas' eggs to remain under the skin till they develop the living grubs. Fortunately, some days pass before the grubs develop, while an intense itching gives early warning that something is wrong, and to remove the eggs is a very simple matter; usually after removing them an unpleasant sore is left, requiring some days to heal. Having had one experience with eniguas, I have learned to be careful. My plan of treatment is to remove the eggs and then drop a little permanganate of potash in the place from which they were taken. It smarts for a moment, but after that the sore dries up at once and gives no further trouble. During one of my earlier explorations in Central America I found a number of sores on my feet looking like little boils with a black spot in the center of each. I thought they were nothing but boils, and was surprised to find a tough skin covering them, but by pricking this open I cleaned them out rather indifferently, and finding the pain relieved, thought no more about it. Later my feet began to pain again, presently swelling set in, till one morning I could not put on my shoes, and then I became rather alarmed.

I called one of the natives and learned that eniguas had attacked my feet, that I had allowed some of the eggs to hatch, and that now the grubs were eating into the living flesh, which might cause the loss of both my feet. This was serious, and the remedy they proposed was a thing that the bravest might srink from. I was told that the only way to save my feet was to let the natives strap me down on a table so that I could not move, while they scraped the sores with bits of glass till they had taken out all the grubs, and they might be obliged to even scrape the bones.

I consented, of course, but the preparations sent cold perspiration trickling down my back. Fortunately, I was spared the suffering; an old medicine woman happened to be in camp, who said that if I would give her a dollar she would cure my feet in a day without cutting them. A dollar was no consideration, and she had it at once, though I must confess I doubted her. She seemed to know just what she was about, and went at once to the woods to get some herbs. Within an hour she was back again carrying a lot of bruised leaves crushed together in one hand. These she roasted over the fire and squeezed a black liquor out of them, which she dropped into the sores on my feet. It seemed as though she was using liquid fire, but the sting was only for an instant; then as soon as the smarting had passed, the pain in my feet became easier. I had a number of other sores on my feet and legs which she treated, and then told me that all would be well in the morning. They certainly were feeling much better, and I was decidedly relieved. She would not taken any more money, but ordered me to keep quiet and she would come back to see me next day.

When morning came I was surprised to find that my feet were perfectly cool and natural, that all the swelling had gone down, and that the sores were beginning to heal.

They never gave me any more trouble, and when the medicine woman came back I determined to learn her secret. It was hard work, and money would not buy it; but finally she consented to tell me because I assured her it would be useful to a great many people.

I found that what she had used was a common weed growing all over Olancho in Honduras; yet I have never met with it in any other country.

I took samples, but, when later I showed them to doctors and manufacturing chemists, I was met with a smile of incredulity for my story, and informed that the profession was abundantly supplied with antiseptics.

FRANCIS C. NICHOLAS.

One Summer.

ALL through the spring of '96 the moot question with the city pedagogue and his chum, Fred, was whether they should spend their annual fishing and camping trip in the old place, the valley of Dead River in Maine, or seek new scenes. Odd hours and evenings had been spent at the rooms of one or the other in smoke talks, plans and more active preparations. Rods had been put in order. Flybooks had been inspected and their contents overhauled, till the old flies on the last page, kept for the good they had done, actually failed to suggest another story. Tackle stores had been visited and the last leader, fine-snelled hook and bit of whipping silk, had been added till the stained seal covers could hardly be clasped and the stray ends would insist on proclaiming that the contents of the book was not bank bills.

Then came the sad news of sickness in the chum's family, a hurried packing of his trunk, the straining hand grips, and a sense of desolation for the pedagogue. Who cared for a trip even to the woods if Fred was not along? Fred, who never could understand how he always came to be high line, who could laugh and be jolly when wet to the skin in a cold drizzle with five miles of paddling between him and camp, and who—but lack of space forbids.

After the school books had been laid aside and the dust and turmoil of the city had been exchanged for the fresh breezes of his native hill town in Maine, the pedagogue felt full force again the old desire to be near to nature's heart. Those who know will agree that nothing will satisfy this craving, but such as to lie as near to mother earth as a bed of boughs will permit, and to live on the fat of the land—viz., venison, chops or fried trout in their season. So with many regrets that the trip must be taken alone and many remarks from those who had not been there on the absurdity of such a proceeding, the canoe was loaded on its wheels, the rods and duffle were stowed under the buggy seat, and the fifty-mile drive to Dead River begun.

On a warm, still July morning the canoe glided smoothly from the bank, pointed her nose down the river into a region where she must either convey the traveler or be conveyed by him. It is nine miles of lazy, even paddling over the glassy dead water, between brown earth and clay banks partly concealed by cornels, dogwoods, alders, etc., and surmounted by the first phalanx of spruces, cedars and other soft woods which extend back on either side in unbroken undulations over the foothills till they are met by the hardwoods on the sides of the distant ridges. As the morning advanced the hot sun beat down on the shimmering river surface and incidentally on the lone paddler's unprotected head. There was little evidence of animal life. Only an occasional thin piping of the dainty little Canadian warblers broke the stillness. Where would trout be found in such heat?

But at length the head of the carry is reached and here is shade, a cool drink and rest. Ah! the delight of stretching cramped limbs on a cool mossy bank, of gazing into leafy depths or through the thin screen of green that only half conceals the dancing water! Close by is the head of the rapids—rapids that stretch away for a mile into the forest. But now a few lusty mosquitoes spur to activity. The inverted canoe resting on paddles lashed to the cross bars is first carried safely down the dim trail marked here and there on the rocks by white scratches and dents made by the steel calks in the river drivers' shoes, then back for the pack. This rides easily high on the shoulders, held securely in place by the broad cedar bark thong across the forehead. Fine fellows in their own native wilds, those straight, strong Indians must have been. They did not numb their arms nor round their shoulders with ill-slung burdens, but used their heads in more ways than one, and loaded their packs so as to be carried easily, as they knew it, over the center of gravity, as we know it.

Now the last pitch in the rapids is reached and the pack is portaged almost as far as the canoe. A few feet out on this jutting point of torn granite rock and the whole foamy mass of the river, dead no longer, is seen to leap and thunder down between steep, ragged, gray rocks and spread bubbling and eddying out into a delightful pool. What a tempting cast! But trout will not be found in this water of 65 degrees or so. This cool, moist breeze above the surging water will serve far better than the fan waved over any Eastern potentate to drive dull care away, and incidentally the pestiferous mosquito. An ideal place for a lunch! A lunch with coffee over a small fire followed by a cigar! Life is surely well worth living! The portage past and the afternoon well on, it is only about four miles to the old log camp on the bank where, last winter, in the early snows, four hunters stayed to track and shoot. There is the white birch stump from which we felled firewood on to the ice. Here is the old camp just out of sight from the river; but, oh! how changed! High water has floated the floor logs all awry, the long bench is overturned, the lower bunks are sodden and musty, the table is covered with gnawed, stained newspapers, on which is a thick layer of brown dust from the worm-eaten rafters overhead. A desolate, deserted camp! There, just over the table, is the hole in the roof where went out the bullet, not so very far from the head of a dear camp comrade who was standing near while the new rifle was being wiped out and oiled. A jerk of the lever to show the smooth action and then, as the hammer is let down, it slips under the oily thumb, and, bang! A smothered exclamation, a white, drawn face peering over the smoking barrel to find the friend uninjured. A few awkward, choking words, a hand grasp, a mental vow, since kept, never again to take a gun containing cartridges, even in the magazine, into camp. How plainly it all comes back!

But the afternoon wanes. On this low ground the mosquitoes are collecting in clouds. The camp windows are easily closed with old burlap and cedar splits from the roof, and a small smudge fire is soon kindled on the earth among the floor logs. Another small fire outside for coffee, and later a smudge serves to discourage some of the less voracious of the mosquitoes at least, but the others present long bills to be satisfied only with blood, and liquidate their draughts at sight from neck, wrists and calves whenever these are left a moment out of the smoke. Supper eaten, the cigar smoked in silence and alone, is not quite able to dispell the first and only sense of loneliness of the trip, brought on perhaps by the gathering shadows and the tormenting hordes. However, the camp is clear of the little pests, and will so remain, and soon all loneliness is forgotten in sleep.

A drowsy vibrant scream arouses the sleeper on the upper bunk, but this is soon recognized as the reveille of one or two representatives from the clouds of the mosquitoes outside. As the door creaks open a flood of sunshine pours in, and the enthusiasm of the new day puts to blush the slight homesickness of the preceding night. A belated wood thrush sends his ringing flute notes out over the bog at the back of the camp. A couple of white-throated sparrows are calling "Old Ben Peabody" to each other, and an energetic member of the ever-present tribe of red squirrel is whisking and scolding about on a nearby cedar log. Otherwise it is very still and very satisfactory out here alone.

Once more afloat! Five miles further down the river is a long dam built of logs, and above it on the hillside, well above the mosquito line, is a commodious log drivers' camp, furnished with stove, tableware and bedding, to which the key is somewhere in the duffle bag. Ah! Here is comfort and plenty, for only two miles away is the confluence of the Spencer Streams, Big and Little, both good trout streams, and only a mile away the united Spencers join the river, and nearer yet is the mouth of a cold brook, guarded always by a few big trout; if only they can be coaxed to rise.

After a day or two of comfortable fishing and camping, the canoe is carried over to the forks of the Spencers, and as an occasional cloud rolls over, a few tentative casts are essayed in the big pool at the foot of the cliff. No result! The water must be too warm or the sun too bright. Across the pool among a lot of boulders and down treetops, seeps in a little rill of cold water out of the deep black spruce growth. Standing in the canoe and paddling lazily up toward this, the lone fisher saw down in three feet of quiet water, just where the cool water of the brook flows along the bottom into a shallow basin nicely cleaned and hollowed out, a good sixty lusty trout lying closely packed together, evidently enjoying their perpetual cool bath. A few at the sides were darting uneasily about, flashing their white-edged fins, but most of them lay very quiet. Enough! One must not stare royalty out of countenance. Very gently the canoe is stayed, then backed away out of sight and vibration reach of those beauties. What a regal sight it was! Some of those vermiculated backs must have been at least eighteen inches long, which means two and a quarter pounds or more. Quickly the plan of campaign is layed. Not till that spruce-crowned cliff throws its deep shadow on the pool shall a fly be cast. While waiting for the sun to sink sufficiently, a pint of luscious wild strawberries is gathered into a birch-bark box from an old, half-grown-up, stumpy field, the only one in twenty miles, cleared years ago by the lumbermen on which to raise hay.

When the shadow on the pool is deep and the sun is just sinking toward the horizon, the canoe is very gently worked up into the gorge around and above the shadowy beauties' bower, is allowed to drift down to just in good casting distance and beached on a convenient submerged rock in such a position that the fisherman is screened by a big boulder. Now, very deliberately, fly-dope is applied to neck, wrists, etc., and a cigar lighted. A leader is put to soak and flies follow as fast as selected. A Parmachenee-belle for snapper, a silver-doctor for middle, and a brown-hackle for dropper. The rod is set up and rigged, leader bent on and flies looped into place. All is whist. Trout and canoe are in deep shadow, but far up on the bare ledges above, the sun's last rays linger.

A preliminary cast or two up stream and the flies are allowed to spread just over the chosen locality, then to settle gently—when, slap! swirl—a double is on and something worth while certainly is hooked! Yes, both are on. How they do fight! Steady now! By this time we are well away from the brook mouth and waging battle in the deep, quiet water of the pool. Will the leader hold? If that dropper trout can be kept near the surface he will serve as a counterweight for the bigger one below. At length the dashes are less fierce and the steady strain of the lithe bamboo begins to tell. Then there are no rocks nor brush out here and the odds are against you, my beauties. Great snakes, what a tug! Who would have thought it was in them? Now, as this trip was one of the light-marching order style and for brook trout primarily, there was no landing net along. Can those fellows be saved! Cautiously a hand is run down the leader to the thoroughly exhausted dropper fish, which is easily a twelve-ounce trout, the fingers draw the snell in gently till they are on the fly, all the while moving the

trout about or leaving that to the still moving fish below. Now, with the rod between the thighs, the other hand is slowly brought down to inclose the fish, and simultaneously it is seized and a finger thrust into the mouth to meet a thumb in the gill slit. But now the rested nether fish takes part, giving a vicious tug at the leader and—Shade of Isaak Walton, there are two of them below! Three at a cast! Can they be landed? Luckily, at this critical moment, the hook of the dropper fly is disengaged and trout number one is quickly in the canoe. Now the fight is on again, fast and furious, for a few plunges. What chances were taken in landing that dropper trout! A net! A net! My kingdom for a net! After more play, till there seems little more life left in the two trout, the middle fly is relieved of its shining game in much the same way, and the third beauty only remains. Cautiously he is worked near to midships, the canoe tilted to the danger point, and with a hand on the leader, at just the right moment, he is led with a little lift and swing over into the canoe.

Now their necks are pierced and they are weighed and admired. The middle fly held a plump one-pounder, while the snapper held the heavyweight of the three. He weighed one pound six ounces. The place of the cast must be well rested by this time. A repetition of these successful tactics results in a double at the first cast, and by rare good luck, with much time and care, they are landed. Five trout at two casts! Who will believe it? No one, perhaps. However, there they are, and that's the way they were caught.

At each of our several subsequent visits to this favored pool, fish were taken, but after the first two or three days the exercise of the highest art was required, and at the last, only real live mooseflies (caught on the camp windows) on tiny hooks, attached with thinnest gut and dropped with lightest nicety, availed. But that's just wherein the real sport of fly-fishing consists. Who cares to catch them when no skill is required?

The memory of the fifth lazy evening over the dam in that "camp of proved desire and known delight" will linger long. The city dweller, refreshed with a plunge in the cool river, well-sustained by a meal of crisp trout garnished with wild strawberries and condensed milk, sat tilted back in the light smudge smoke, enjoying a cigar and gazing out over the wide river valley across which streamed the level rays of the moon rising from behind old Basin Mountain. A cool breeze was blowing, laden with life-giving oxygen and the odor of balsams. The night hawks (bull bats) were booming and wheeling in great circles overhead or swooping fearlessly down to hover over the sun-dried chips of the yard. Two little screech owls answered and called to each other at intervals out of the obscurity of the valley. It was a situation and a scene to fill the soul with calm and wholesome thoughts.

The next day was one of toil. The canoe and a small outfit were worked up the rocky bed of the Little Spencer, now at low-water pitch. Paddling a little, poling, pushing, pulling and lifting, coaxed the outfit past the last rapid, through the last pool, and finally over the dam and afloat on the clear, sparkling waters of Spencer Lake. Forest-girt home of the trout and togue, where few indeed molest or even intrude. There are a very few cabins on the twenty-five or thirty miles of shores which are occasionally visited by sportsmen, but the evidences of man's visitation are very few. No steam whistle ever rivalled the loon's wild cry and no sailboat, even, has ever startled the bald eagle that keeps watch and ward over this lake of the woods. Nestled among its rugged mountains and smiling in the sunshine or rushing on the rocks of the south shore in miles of indigo waves tipped with white under a stormy sky, it is ever a wild thing in a wild setting. A couple of hundred yards from the shore is a low log camp, sans floor, sans stove, sans everything in the way of furnishings, except a big square hole in the roof, and under it some big stones on which to lay logs for the camp-fire. Ah! The glad days on the Spencer and the delightsome evenings at the crackling camp-fire called up by the thoughts of that old camp in the woods! Dear old Phil! The college chum and camp companion of those days whose ready wit, never-failing good nature, and keen insight into all the moods and ways of nature, added so much to the pleasant memories of camp life, has finished his work here and gone into the great beyond. In his own words, *"Pax vobiscum."*

On stumbling through the low, familiar doorway of this camp, somebody's duffle was found scattered about. Is there no neck of the woods so securely hidden away in these wilds that the ubiquitous camper has not found it? Well, whoever you are, they probably won't refuse the usual hospitality of the backwoods—i. e., to share with the stranger. Firewood and fresh boughs for a bed are dragged in out of the gathering darkness and arranged under a tight-looking part of the roof. Then comes supper, and later a smoke, as one lies stretched on the blanketed boughs, gazing at the flickering camp-fire that throws dancing shadows into the far corners. How is it that an Havana so enhances its fragrance by being enjoyed under such circumstances? How still it is!

Plump! gently strikes a soft body on a corner of the roof, followed by the scratching of small nails and a scampering of little feet along the eaves. A flying squirrel, doubtless. Wonder where those owls are that used to practice their hooting lessons in the surrounding treetops. The fire had died down and the only inhabitant, as he fancied, of Range V., No. 3, must have been nearly asleep. What's that? Approaching footsteps—from the direction of the lake—two of them! What a thumping and stumbling on the rough path! "Ah! Here's the camp!" says one. "What!" as he sees the smoke. Then they tramp steadily around to the door, and it creaks back on its wooden hinges. "Hello' Room for one more to-night?" This is sent out from the blankets behind the "deacon's seat." Then followed the renewal of the fire, a glimpse of each other's faces, introductions, the laying aside of creels and rods, supper for the hungry, inquiries anent the route down the Spencer and up the Dead River, where Arnold's route in '75 is struck, etc. With the production of some information, maps and cigars, the acquaintance with Messrs. Nichols and Whipple is on. Not ordinary, country rustlers these, out for a few days' fishing, but men of discernment and information, apparently. While Nichols is drying his only trousers at the fire, Whipple, also wet to the hips, unpacks his creel and tenderly takes out a spray of white flowers wrapped in leaves and protected from the trout by twigs. He shakes it out and holds its curious white flowers to the light, wondering what variety of orchid it is, and suggests that it is one of the eighty-odd varieties of Gyrostachys, and shows us how the pinkish pistils, bent in a bow and pointing outward, may be released by a touch to fly upward and inward like a spring to touch their ends pollen laden to the upright stamen.

Not till next morning, when, breakfast over, we were about to separate, two to go down the Spencer to camp and fish, while one went up the lake to strike across country four miles to King and Bartlett lakes, did it come out that these were young professors, teachers of French and higher mathematics in a New York college. Being thorough woodsmen and ready to rough it to the fullest extent, they had struck through the forest from Jackman on Moose River, for some point on the stage line on Dead River, a tramp of nearly fifty miles through an almost trackless forest. There may have been a lingering desire to know more of these manly, modest nature lovers, who revelled in old French literature and differential calculus, these doctors of philosophy who knew the birds and flowers on sight, and never doffed shoes or garments in crossing a ford or fishing a stream, who toted their duffle and tent on their backs and struck through, without map or arms, from one river valley to another unknown river. Be that as it may, the stay at King and Bartlett lakes was short, and the second afternoon following found the three back on the banks of the Spencer, the professors declining an invitation to share the accommodations of the camp over the dam on Dead River. They preferred their tent, they said, so, directed to a camp site on the strawberry meadow, they were left.

That night it rained and blew so that the brooks more than tripled their volume. The professors, their tent having been blown down, appeared at the camp. Here two weeks passed all too quickly, and a chance acquaintance soon developed into a mutual regard and friendship that the lapse of time has only served to strengthen and perfect. Many were the pleasant fishing trips and experiences crowded into that fortnight. On one of our trips together, that to the mouth of Heald Brook, a tributary of the Little Spencer, some four miles from camp, as the trail led through a beautiful hardwood growth, a peculiarly sweet, weird bird song was heard. A love for the birds, vacations in their haunts and ordinary observation, with some reading, serve to acquaint one with the commoner bird notes and their producers. Here was a note not heard except in the deep north woods. An elusive little sprite he must be, for many a chase has he led off the trail, sometimes so far that the dropped pack or rod has been hard to find again. Only the merest glimpses of himself would he allow. So he came to be a sort of tantalizing, haunting thing, and his gay, cheery song took on a fancied note of taunting. None seemed to know him, so for three summers he had mocked all effort to discover his identity. "Now, Whipple, you seem to know all the birds, whose song is that?" "That must be the winter wren, a common breeder in this latitude, but rarely seen away from the deep forest." So it was solved, and from that time on his song lost all hint of mocker, and became the glad, wild music of the midsummer woods.

At the mouth of Heald Brook, overhung with alders or banked with tough, wiry "tea wood," the matted roots of which form the surface of so many of our northern bogs; it was not easy to force one's way to within casting distance of the water. In eagerly working his way out on the bog, Whipple broke the middle joint of his rod and was hors de combat. However, the stained old fly-book containing things other than flies, was along, and soon two figures were seated on a log busy with knife, glue, quills, shellac and whipping silk, but dividing their attention with the mosquitoes. How the pests did bite! They seemed to recognize that they could take a mean advantage. Meanwhile Nichols was evidently finding the trout. We could hear faint splashes and exclamations or chuckles of satisfaction from up the stream not intended for our ears. He shouted down occasionally to find how the rod progressed, and even seemed at one time on the point of stopping his sport to come down to us till the rod should be finished, and no doubt, like Lowell in the Adirondacks, though not with the same motives, he "avoided to catch" when he could. Assured that the rod was nearly finished, however, he kept on and—filled his basket before he or any one else realized it. At a subsequent visit to this place he insisted, as though in some way to atone for his good sport, on paddling while the other two rods fished.

Among the cherished mementoes of the chase and angle is a stick of white maple sapling picked up that day fresh gnawed and peeled on the beaver dam we found thrown across Heald Brook. Lifting over, the big dome of wood and mud, the home of the little engineers was not far to seek. On this trip, too, Whipple explained on request that the so-called "tea wood" of the bog was a variety of Rhodora, probably Canadensis, and that it was a member of the same family—i. e., the heath family, as "Labrador tea," sometimes used by hunters and Indians in lieu of other wherewithal to "bile the kettle." The leaves of the bog Rhodora are similar in shape to those of the tea plant, but the leaf of the "Labrador tea" (*Ledum*) has a concave, brown, wooly nether surface, while the leaf of the Rhodora is smooth.

At length the day for breaking camp came all too soon. Plans were made for a next summer's trip up the Kibby Stream. The professors tramped along up the Spencers nearly to the lake to help with the canoe, which had been brought down for use in fishing. A shower coming up, the last cigars were smoked as the three sat huddled close under the overturned canoe to avoid the raindrops. Not that the professors cared for a little wetting, but they wanted to be sociable with one who did. So, the shower over, with a handclasp and wishes of good will that were not empty words, the professors set out south to find their way to civilization by following Dead River, while the lone fisher made the best of his way by land and water to the sporting camps at King and Bartlett lakes, where the canoe found a ready purchaser in the person of the genial, hearty proprietor. Next day a sixteen-mile tramp on a buckboard road returned the traveler to the land of sawed boards and paint, where travel by stage and rail is easy.

GRAPHO.

"A Walk Down South."

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read to their conclusion, with unabated interest, the thirty-five chapters of Raymond S. Spears' "Walk Down South," a most misleading and insufficient title, for which I would suggest "River Life in the Southwest" as a substitute.

I infer that it is the author's intention, and perhaps the purpose of the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM, to issue these very valuable letters in book form. Such a book ought to sell like hot cakes in the river towns west of the Alleghanies, for the sketches cover phases of river life in the Southwest which I do not remember to have ever seen presented except in isolated bits. Added to Mark Twain's steamboat experiences, they cover pretty much the entire fluviatile economy of the continental midway and its peculiar people, and add a chapter to the volume of distinctively "American Notes," to which Charles Dickens was pioneer contributor, and very ungenerously received, too, at the time of writing them. They are life photos of which the chance tourist, however favored, seldom secures more than transient glimpses..

I don't know of a book or subject that should command so wide or eager a market. The interested reader ought to be thankful to obtain so much grist at so small expense of comfort. For my own part, I would not provoke my gorge to get the information which Mr. Spears has done in the only way in which it could be gotten—namely, to live with the men. In these fastidious later years of life, when I am grooming my appetite, I often wonder how my stomach could have ever retained what went into it in those years "when I went gipseying."

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Natural History.

Montana's Buffalo.

The Pablo-Allard Herd.

(*Concluded from last week.*)

The Pablo-Allard herd of buffalo consists this spring of about 360 individuals, divided as follows:

Full-blooded buffalo	300
Half-bred buffalo	60
Quarter buffalo	1
	361
In 1898 the calves produced were	48
In 1900	50
In 1901	50

It will thus be seen that the increase is very rapid, and by proper attention and the frequent renewing of blood the herd should last and grow. The heifer drops her first calf at three years old and breeds thereafter for many years. The herd is now in charge of Michel Pablo.

The Conrad Herd.

In the spring of 1901 the Conrad Brothers, of Kalispell, Mont., purchased some buffalo of Pablo and Allard estate. They were bought as a business venture, and the owners have since offered to dispose of some of them. They are kept near Kalispell in an inclosure of 240 acres.

The herd consists of thirty-six full-bloods. The number of calves born in 1901 was nine. Three calves and one cow died in calving, probably from injuries received in handling and driving on the way from Pablo's in early spring. There are eight bulls, one stag, eighteen cows and heifers, of which three are three-year-olds. The calves are dropped in May and June. None have been sold.

One two-year-old bull was castrated. He went off by himself for some time until he had recovered. The fence which incloses the buffalo is about five feet high, with one wire at about three feet from the ground. The same fence would be required for domestic stock.

They have been fed about fifty tons of timothy and grain hay. The buffalo seem to prefer the grain hay. They all look fat and thrifty. Some of the cows were commencing—April 5—to shed their winter coats. Everything connected with the buffalo is in good shape.

Mr. Ford, who personally attends to this herd, is an old Montana cattleman, and so thoroughly in sympathy with the animals that they ought to do well in his care. The public is not allowed to frighten or worry the buffalo, but interested persons will be given every opportunity to see the herd. The herd is run by business men, and information concerning it may be had from W. A. Conrad, Kalispell, Mont.

Michel Pablo and his Home.

Michel Pablo is a half Blackfeet, half Spaniard, and was born on the Great Plains. When he was quite young his parents moved to the Colville Reservation. His early life was one of hardship and rustle, and he seems to be a man who knows every phase of Western life.

About 6 ft. 2 in. in height, weighing about 240 pounds, without any spare flesh, active and pushing, he seems a man thoroughly awake and alive to all business ventures. His ranch is run like clockwork; a skilled Chinese chef runs the kitchen; two business-like men, a French-Canadian and a German, attend to the ranch and farm work; meals are had on time, horses curried night and morning, stables swept out, wagons, buggies and farm machinery under cover, fences and all buildings in good repair. Everything denotes push and progress. He has an elk park, and two cows, two bulls, and one last year's calf occupy a well fenced twenty-acre tract. I saw some wild geese, and some queer looking geese around the house. During our talk he told me he had some cross geese, between wild and tame. I forgot to examine them in my haste to catch the boat.

He told me of having had a white mountain goat which would get upon an ordinary rail fence and walk the top rail for a quarter of a mile. Some hounds one day caught it away from home and killed it. He is now negotiating with parties in the Northwest Territories for some antelope.

Large fine work horses are used on his ranch, and lighter horses for cow and driving purposes. In winter he runs a private school close to his ranch and pays the teacher. He has tried the mission schools, but they were too slow and worshipped the past. He wants his children to progress and look to the future. His wife is a full blood Flathead.

There were three children at home, a good-looking girl of about 16, who keeps books for her father and keeps account of all his many business transactions; a boy of about 12, who seemed to have his father's rustle and go. There was a younger boy; all could answer almost any kind of a business question.

The ranch contains some 450 acres of good farming and grass land. It is situated on the east side of the valley close to the belt of timber. He has large irrigating ditches. He has a barn that will shelter 100 head of stock. All kinds of improved harvesting and haying machinery are carefully housed. The broad level prairie rolls away to the west. Here is all a western man wants, plenty of fine timber, water and grass. His house is large and commodious, suitable for his business, and he is building an addition.

The cowboys or herders of the ranch are living about ten miles west, on the Pend d'Oreille River. They have a good ferry and a good house and stable.

I talked for about four hours with Mr. Pablo. His daughter got out the books and gave me the sales, which are kept as references. The Allard estate will some day have to be settled. Mr. Pablo, as I understand him, is guardian for the smaller children. Pablo owns half, and the Allard estate the other half-interest in the buffalo. There is a great danger of the herd being divided and scattered (or one-half scattered), as one of the Allard boys insists on being a Wild West showman and is rapidly getting rid of his portion of the herd. I was given to understand that there must be some kind of a definite division this season. Herein lies the greatest menace to the herd.

Pablo told me of an exhibition they gave in Butte City some years ago. When they purchased the Buffalo Jones herd, or as they call them, the Winnepeg buffalo, Allard, who went east to ship them out, suggested that Pablo take a bunch of Flathead buffalo, drive them to Butte City and meet the herd from the east there. They would then give a show in the fair grounds at Butte. The buffalo were handled easily, and they arrived in Butte after a drive of about 150 miles. There were present bronco busters that could ride anything that walked on four legs; they were to ride the big bulls at the tail end of the show. The eastern herd came in by rail, and when they were turned loose with the others, there were many hard fights between the two herds.

The show was a success. Broncos were ridden to a finish, all kind of wild west roping was done with credit; then came the riding of the buffalo. This was "a new one" on cowboys. Wild Texas steers had been ridden for July 4 celebration for generations; there was no record of a man forking a buffalo.

Two of the best riders were singled out for this. Neither of the busters was anxious for the first ride, and they drew cuts to see who would have to climb the hump of the first bull. The first man to ride was a noted horse rider. He would crawl on the wildest cayuse as though it were pastime. A large husky bull, young and active, was roped by Pablo and heeled by another man; the rope was run through a hole in a post and the bull's head was drawn up to the post. The buster complained of not feeling well, when he saw the rolling eye and fighting attitude of the bull.

"Don't weaken now," said Pablo to the cowboy. "Go and throw in a couple of glasses of the worst whisky you can find; we will have him saddled before you get back." The cinch had to be lengthened to fit the bull, and the saddle was on before the would-be buffalo buster had returned. After a look at the trembling and now thoroughly aroused bull, he again complained of not feeling well.

"Crawl him, son," said Pablo; "crawl him; see all these people here who have paid to see the wild son of the prairie ride the equally wild buffalo." The cowpuncher took a chew of Climax plug, drew a long breath, turned pale behind the ears, and climbed into the saddle. When the bull was turned loose it was a very tame performance. He could not twist a saddle, and the rider raked him with the spurs and rode him to a finish. They cannot jump high or land hard. The next rider rode his bareback, and said it was like riding work horses; a soft job.

Range of the Herd.

The lower Flathead Valley, or Flathead Indian Reserve, is the place where the buffalo are kept. On the north is the Flathead Lake; on the east the high snow-capped Mission Range; on the west is the Bitter Root Range. The valley seems to be surrounded by high mountains. At the eastern part of the valley, at the foot of the Mission Range, are large forests extending out into the level part of the valley several miles. The Pend d'Oreille River runs through the western part of the valley, and between the river and timber are from ten to twenty miles of the finest grazing prairie country in the West, comparatively level, with an occasional hill rising abruptly and forming small round buttes. A wagon can be driven almost anywhere, as there are low passes and level ground on all sides of these hills. Several small creeks come down from the Mission Mountains, and flow west across the valley and empty into the Pend d'Oreille River. The valley is about 35 miles long and from 10 to 20 miles wide.

DOMESTICATED BUFFALO AND HALF-BREEDS.
From photographs of the Jones Herd. Reprinted from FOREST AND STREAM.

About ten miles below Flathead Lake, on the west side of the valley, and bordering the Pend d'Oreille River, is the range of the buffalo. On the bench land and about five miles east of the river, is the summer range. There are a number of lakes here where the buffalo usually water, but in the hot summer when the lakes go dry, the buffalo go to the river. It is an ideal spot for this last remnant of the greatest of American game. The range is rather short, but the buffalo seem to be in better flesh than either horses or cattle.

Their winter range is on the low bald mountains west of the Pend d'Oreille River. In December the buffalo commence coming from their summer range in small bunches. They swim the river of their own accord and take up their winter range on the bald hills bordering the west side of the river.

The snow sometimes gets very deep in the valley, and all stock must be fed; not so with the buffalo. In the coldest weather they can be found bedded down in the snow with their heads to the wind, and seem to be contented. A buffalo keeps his head to the storm; all other stock turn tail and drift with it. Sometimes the thermometer drops to thirty degrees below zero, but the herder said he had never seen a buffalo which seemed to be cold.

When the snow goes in the spring and the ice goes out of the river, the buffalo come to the stream and swim to their summer range. Sometimes a small bunch will be slow in coming, but the herder will give them a start toward the river, and they will keep on until they reach the summer range. They are handled about the same as range cattle; the so-called herder is merely a range rider, although everybody here called him the buffalo herder.

Tame Buffalo at Home.

The herder, Jimmy Michel, is a very intelligent mixed blood, and took me out to see the buffalo. To him I am indebted for much information. We were riding for several hours, and he gave me a chance to see about two hundred buffalo. From a high butte a number of small bands could be seen, while close to us, stringing out in single file and coming to water, was a herd of about one hundred. The day was calm and warm, and we lay in the sun on the butte and watched the buffalo come in to water. Sometimes a cloud of dust would rise from around a water hole, and an old bull would be seen horning the ground and throwing up the dust in the air.

Jimmy told me of a cow and calf which stayed on the winter range until late. One morning she came to the river with a calf not over twenty-four hours old. They took the water without any hesitation. The river at this time is high; it runs like a millrace, and is a quarter of a mile wide. The calf swam easily under the lee of its mother, and landed without apparent exhaustion. The same swim is a hard job for a fat strong saddle horse.

With the herder I rode down off the butte, where we had lain watching the herd. There were about one hundred head close by, and they were slowly grazing away from the water. We approached, giving the buffalo the wind of us. When we were within 300 yards of them they threw up their heads and came for us on a gallop. They gathered around us, snuffing and looking, the yearlings bucking and playing like domestic calves. We stood still and watched them. Most of them were within 40 to 80 feet of us; a few old bulls were strung out behind, and they slowly came on, in our direction. There was no sign of fear or wildness; there was no indication of bad temper; just good-natured curiosity and playfulness. We rode off and left them standing, looking after us. The cows were commencing to shed. All looked in good flesh and thrifty. Not so with the range cattle close around, most of which were poor and had a distressed look after being fed hay for two months.

Habits.

Accounts differ somewhat as to the temper of buffalo. Mr. Ford, who manages Mr. Conrad's herd, told me they were as easily handled by an intelligent man as a bunch of cattle. Mr. Pablo, who drove a part of his herd to Butte for exhibition purposes, said that as soon as they were out one or two days, they handled fully as easily as domestic cattle. They were bedded down at night on the open prairie, and were a great deal easier to night-herd than ordinary stock. A buffalo would rise in the night, feed close to where he had been lying, and again lie down. Domestic cattle will attempt to graze away from the herd.

In the rutting season the bulls fight, and then all agree that it is best to leave them alone. I failed to get any story of any one being hurt by a buffalo. Sometimes a bull is seriously injured in a fight. At this season domestic bulls leave them alone. The buffalo usually wins a battle with a domestic bull very easily when weights are even. During the rut the bulls are self-willed and hard to manage, but every one seems to believe that at other seasons they are no more dangerous than a band of range stock. I stood in the Conrad inclosure, and two old bulls fed up to within forty feet of me. They had the wind of me. One young bull took some notice of me, but the others merely turned somewhat from their course and grazed past. No buffalo of either the Pablo-Allard or Conrad herd are branded.

Pablo told me of a buffalo bull which fought for three days with a large muley polled angus bull. They would fight until tired out, then rest and renew the conflict; the buffalo finally won the battle.

The herder told me of one cow which—when her calf was very young—always came out and chased him and his horse for several hundred yards. Sometimes she gave him a hard run to get away. After a few days, she was all right again.

The bulls fight much as do domestic cattle. The herder told me that when one bull got the advantage, and the other turned to run, the stronger bull would lunge viciously, and often tore the other in the flank and hindquarters.

When the Buffalo Jones herd and the Pablo herd met in Butte, there was plenty of fighting, but no serious results. I did not learn at what season this meeting took place. Pablo and the herder said the bulls—in season—were continually fighting.

Mr. Ford, of Conrad's herd, maintained there was no fighting at rutting season. A bull would cut a cow out of the herd and drive her off to some other part of the pasture.

Mr. Ford said that a cow in calving gave no sign, as usually shown by domestic cows. She would be uneasy and restless; then she would leave the herd, and in two or three hours come back with a calf by her side.

The Conrad herd are kept in confinement. There are double the number of cows to bulls, which may account for the absence of fighting at the rutting season. They were changed from their range, where they were as free as it is possible to be in these days, to the Conrad inclosure. This was all done, and the actions of the herd

noted, in one year. Mr. Ford said he never saw one seek the shade. In the hottest weather they go up on the top of the hill. There are plenty of large pines and considerable brush in the pastures. Mr. Ford said they seemed to avoid both. A mother never cached her calf. It was always under her eye.

Cross-Breeding.

At one time a number of Galloway cows were purchased and conveyed to Wild Horse Island, in Flathead Lake. A number of young buffalo bulls that had been raised with, and as I understand, suckled by domestic cows, and kept with the milk stock until full grown, were put with the Galloway cows on Wild Horse Island. This island is about four miles square, or nearly square. It is called six miles by some. It rises about 1,000 feet above the level of the lake. On the north end it is covered by pines and other evergreens. Most of its surface is covered with good grass, with now and then a pine tree. It looks like a rolling prairie, sloping from the north end, where the hills are high and abrupt, in a gentle grade to the south end, where the prairie meets the lake. It is an ideal summer range.

These cows were kept there several years, but the venture was unprofitable, as a number of the cows died in giving birth to the first calf. After the first calf was born the cow seemed to have no further trouble in parturition. The experiment was discontinued, and since then there has been no effort made at cross breeding.

When the cows were taken off the island one or two of the buffalo refused to be driven or taken off. When the rutting season came on one bull swam off the island to the mainland, a distance of half a mile or more. The first herd he struck was a bunch of dairy cows belonging to a rancher. The cows seemed to be afraid of him, with his long beard and big black head, and they struck out for their home corral. The buffalo followed and insisted on being sociable. When the rancher came to milk, he also lost his nerve and would not go into the corral. He dispatched a boy to Pablo's and left his cows without milking for a couple of days. The rancher lived off the reserve, and it was a long way to Pablo's. When the herder reached the rancher's home he found that the bull could not be driven away, and the herder threw him and castrated him, and he was then driven away without difficulty.

The general impression is that if left to themselves the buffalo will not cross with domestic cattle. The buffalo run in bands, and while occupying the same range, they herd together and act just as antelope, elk and buffalo would act when occupying the same range. In order to cross, they must be kept away from their own kind. What half-breeds are there run by themselves and with the buffalo, never with the domestic cattle. Half-breed bulls are castrated, and the heifers prefer the buffalo bulls and breed to them. There are a number of three-quarter buffalo, but only one one-quarter buffalo.

There is no attempt made now to encourage them to cross-breed. The band is so large that with a few years of luck there will be all the buffalo the range will support.

Description of Cross-Breeds.

In size the half breeds are somewhat smaller than buffalo. The hair is not so long over the hump and fore quarters. The beard is smaller and shorter; the coat more even and darker; the long flowing hair on outside of front legs a great deal shorter; hump somewhat less prominent; tail a little (perhaps 6 in.) longer, and thicker; horns lighter in color, straighter and do not turn in at the point so much, which gives them the appearance of being longer. Pablo said the horns when polished were always black.

In a bunch of twenty-five mixed bloods, I saw one with a tail like domestic stock, and his general look was more like a black domestic steer than a buffalo. The herder told me it was a half-breed steer. Castration does not seem to make any material difference in the full-blood buffalo's appearance, the fattest and about the largest bull I saw, the herder told me, had been castrated, but at what age I could not say.

A full-blood buffalo, which has been castrated when young, has straighter horns than the entire animal. The horns do not turn in quite so much at the point.

I could get information regarding only one quarter buffalo. The mother was a polled angus, the sire a half-breed.

Pablo told me it looked like a polled angus—muley or polled; the coat very fine and silky and very black. I did not learn the sex. Pablo told me of one he called a Texas buffalo, evidently a half-breed. It was yellow with black bars on its legs. I did not get a good description of this animal.

Half-breeds are more easily handled than buffalo. Pablo told me of a half-breed heifer whose mother was a Hereford cow, sire a buffalo bull. She has the bald face of the Hereford, and is without horns. She has a long dark buffalo-marked coat. She is somewhat of a hermit and seems to prefer being alone.

The band of half-breeds I saw seemed to be thinner in flesh than the buffalo. When started they run like the buffalo, breaking into an easy gallop, almost from a walk. They were fully as gentle as ordinary range stock.

I could not find any evidence to support the theory that the mixed bloods ever cease to breed. I asked the question and they told me that all the cows have calves. I have no doubt but there are some mixed bloods that cannot be told from buffalo by the ordinary observer.

Deaths on the Range.

Sometimes a buffalo is found dead on the range, and no reason can be given for the death. There must now be some very old buffalo in this herd; the bulls injure each other in fighting, but these causes do not cover most of the cases.

They told me of one buffalo bull which persisted in ranging off toward the reservation line, sometimes crossing beyond the bounds. Complaints came in that the bull was doing damage. A cowboy was sent to bring him back. He would only stay a short time and then go back to his old range. At last he became ugly and refused to be driven.

The ranchers living in the section where the buffalo ranged were asked if he did any damage, and they all insisted that he did not. Pablo at last took a wagon and drove out and butchered him. In skinning the animal his hide was found to be loaded with all kinds of small shot. A great number of .22-caliber rifle bullets were also found under it. The ranchers had evidently been afraid of him and shot to keep him away from their outfits, or else some one filled him full of shot out of pure maliciousness.

Such causes as this may account for some of the deaths. There have not been a sufficient number of these to cause any uneasiness, and I am inclined to think they must be from old age and injuries received in battles at the rutting. The herder said they sometimes were seriously torn, and some had died from this effect. None had died from lack of feed and exposure, as domestic cattle on the plains so often do.

When a buffalo is shot on the range, the buffalo merely start or give a little jump at the crack of the rifle. Then they gather around the fallen buffalo, and have to be driven away before the animal can be butchered.

Sales from the Allard-Pablo Herd.

The following records of recent losses of buffalo from this herd by sale and accident are taken from the books of the concern. Many of them are without date, and other particulars, yet they are interesting so far as they go. From the dates given it probably would not be difficult to trace up many of these sales and to learn full particulars about them. It will be noted that almost all the sales are of bulls or steers. There is always a superabundance of males in the herd:

No date. Sold to a Mr. Adams, of Massachusetts, six yearling heifers and two two-year-old heifers; taken east for breeding purposes.

Sold to a Michigan banker named Hills, two two-year-old heifers, and one two-year-old bull.

Sold to Governor Young—and no one seems to be able to tell where he governed—two two-year-old heifers, one two-year-old bull; for breeding purposes.

Three head sold to C. C. Willis, Horse Plains, Mont. No record, but they were probably butchered.

The above undated sales were probably made by all parties interested in the herd.

1899—Wilkins, of Bozeman, bought one old bull; butchered.

1899—Five were sold to Meyers, of Helena, Mont.—bulls and steers; butchered. Record does not show by whom sold.

1899—Sold by M. Pablo, to a butcher in Kalispell, Mont., one old bull. It is stated that the butcher sold buffalo meat at a high price all through the winter.

1899—Sold by Michel Pablo, one old bull to Caspar Deschamps, of Missoula; butchered.

I find the following entries made without date:

Sold to Howard Eaton, one bull, one heifer. Went east for breeding purposes.

Dec. 14, 1901—Jos. Allard sold one stag, very old. No record of purpose.

May, 1901—Sold by Jos. Allard, four cows and calves. Went east for some park. No record as to buyer or locality.

May, 1901—One cow and one yearling killed in round up. This was done while rounding up to take the Conrad purchase out, then made.

1901—M. Pablo sold nine steers and stags to Morris, of Seattle, Wash. They were sold for butchering, but I heard that the city of Seattle bought them and put them in a park.

Nov. 23, 1900—Michel Pablo killed one stag for beef for his home.

1902—Sold to Wilkins, of Bozeman, by the firm Pablo & Allard, three head of old steers. The buyer came, butchered them on the range, took the heads and meat. Their hides were still hanging on the fence at the herders' camp.

January, 1902—Jos. Allard sold eight head, sex not stated, buyer not known. (? Eaton and Talstrup. ED. FOREST AND STREAM.)

March 7, 1902—Jos. Allard sold four head. There is no record of the sex of those sold, nor for what purpose.

Feb. 11, 1902—Jos. Allard sold one cow, two bulls, to butcher at Horse Plains, Mont.

February, 1902—Jos. Allard sold one steer to butcher at Horse Plains, Mont.

February, 1902—Jos. Allard sold one half-breed to Sears, of Wallace, Idaho; butchered.

How to Get There.

Parties wishing to see these buffalo should take the Great Northern Railway to Kalispell. Here there are good hotels, and all kinds of driving, saddle and pack horses can be obtained if desired.

A short drive or walk of a mile north of the business part of the city will take you to the Conrad herd.

If you wish to see the Pablo-Allard herd, an outfit can be obtained, and you can drive down on either side of the Flathead Lake. A distance of seventy-five miles will bring you to them. The country is well adapted to camping; wood, water and grass are abundant, and good camp grounds are encountered every few miles. A good way to go is to take the steamer Klondike, which sails from Demersville, three miles from Kalispell. The boat leaves for the foot of the lake every Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week during the spring, summer and fall. The round trip costs $5. Stages run from Kalispell to Demersville, fare 50 cents.

You board the Klondike between 5 and 6 o'clock in the morning, take breakfast on board. For sixteen miles you steam down the Flathead River, which is bordered by dense forests of large pine, fir and tamarack, but an occasional ranch house and field is passed. At the head of the lake you pass the post office, store and saloon comprising the town of Holt. A run of twenty miles on the lake takes you to Dayton Creek. Here the Flathead Indian Reservation begins. A stop is made here, but soon the boat moves on, and you pass down the lake by Wild Horse Island, where, as already stated, a number of Galloway cows and buffalo bulls were kept for a number of years. You are due at Polson, the foot of the lake, at 11 A. M.

Here Mr. Henry Terrvault keeps a general store, runs a hotel, and can furnish almost any kind of conveyance you may wish to take you to see the buffalo. A ride of seven miles brings you to Pablo's ranch.

If you are an old hand and want to camp and look at things in your own way, you can drive down the Pend d'Oreille River—which leaves the lake here—in a southwesterly direction, and you will soon be in the summer range of the buffalo. I advise people to see Mr. Pablo or either of the Allard boys.

This country is an Indian reserve, and it might be advisable to be with some resident. Mr. Pablo is a busy man, and treated me with old-time hospitality, but I do not think he would be able to take care of very many people at one time.

One can camp at Mr. Terrvault's at the boat landing, and with a good saddle horse or driving team can see most of the buffalo in a day. The country is fine for driving, although with a saddle horse some of the low mountains or high hills that rise up out of the tableland and border the buffalo range may be climbed so that one has a wider view. When the visit is over you can take the stage from Terrvault's, and a drive behind four fine horses takes you across the main Flathead Indian reserve to the Northern Pacific, at Ravalli. The distance is thirty-five miles, and is made in five hours. Stage connects with steamers from Kalispell.

You can leave Kalispell in the morning, have a boat ride down the river and across the lake of sixty-five miles, then stage it thirty-five miles to the Northern Pacific at Ravalli for supper. At Ravalli there is a good general store and hotel kept by Duncan McDonald, who was born and raised in this place.

If it is more convenient, one can reverse the trip just outlined, and start from Ravalli, where, if one is used to travel in the West, he will find everything he will need.

I found everybody kind and polite, and did not see a bad man with a gun hung to him on the trip.

J. B. MONROE.

Catching Fulmars in St. Kilda.

THE remote island of St. Kilda is exempted from the operation of the Wild Birds Protection Acts, for the reason that the inhabitants are dependent for their living on the sea fowl which abound there, and which are most easily taken from the cliffs toward the close of the breeding season. This fact, it would seem, has not escaped the notice of His Majesty the King, for in a recent letter to Dr. C. F. Forshaw, who is about to revisit St. Kilda, Sir Francis Knollys, writing from Buckingham Palace on June 5, says: "I have had the honor of submitting your letter of the 2d inst. to the King, and I am commanded to request you to inform the inhabitants of St. Kilda, when you next visit that island, that he trusts that they will have a successful season in their occupation of fulmar catching." For the benefit of those who may have but a limited acquaintance with northern sea fowl, it may be well to explain that the fulmar, so called from the Gaelic name for the bird, is a large petrel about the size of our common gull (*Larus canus*) for which at a little distance it might be mistaken. But though resembling it in size and color while at rest, it is observable when on the wing that the flight feathers are gray instead of black, while a closer inspection would reveal the peculiar nasal tubes which characterize the petrels, and cause the beak to present a very different appearance to that observable in the gulls.

In British waters the great stronghold of the fulmar is St. Kilda, although of late years it has been found breeding in the Shetlands, on Foula and Unst, and there are indications that its breeding range as a North British species is more extensive than was formerly the case. Unlike the smaller petrels and shearwaters which lay their eggs in crevices of the rocks, among loose boulders, and in burrows excavated where the soil admits of it, the fulmar makes a nest like a gull on a ledge of sea cliffs, lining it with a little dried grass, and in this it deposits a single white egg. The number of these birds which resort to St. Kilda for the nesting season is almost incredible, and can only be estimated from the returns of the numbers killed for food by the islanders. The season for capturing them lasts for eight days from Aug. 12, during which short period it is said that from 18,000 to 20,000 are annually captured.

The method of catching these birds is peculiar to St. Kilda, and although the process is simple enough, the danger attending it must be witnessed to be appreciated. Hanging on a rope, usually made of twisted thongs of cowhide and sheep's hide, the fowler descends the fearful precipices armed with a sort of fishing rod with a noose at the end. This he dexterously slips over the head of the bird which is sitting on a ledge of rock beneath him, and hauls it up. He then dips the bird's beak into a small leather bag suspended to his waist, and there the oil is vomited. The bird is then killed for food, the feathers and the oil forming articles of export.

The late Rev. H. A. Macpherson, in his "History of Fowling" (Douglas, 1897), thus describes the fowling-rod by which the fulmars in St. Kilda are captured, and of which he gives a sketch: "A rod which I brought back with me from St. Kilda measures about six feet six inches in length. It differs in no respect from a plain sea rod except that its upper extremity bears a slip noose mounted on a switch. This noose is made of horse hair, and is plaited together with strong quills, probably those of the gannet."

It will be easily understood that no one but a practiced cragsman could venture to engage in so perilous an occupation as that of snaring fulmars on their nesting ledges. Bishop Stanley, in his "Family History of Birds," has collected some thrilling anecdotes of the dangers attending the avocation of the fowler in St. Kilda, and many readers will doubtless remember the illustration in that little volume which depicts "the perilous leap of a bird catcher," who, having inadvertently let go his rope while collecting eggs, had to jump off a ledge to catch it as it swung several feet in front of him.

In MacLean's "Sketches of St. Kilda," 1838, quoted by Gray with approval in his "Birds of the West of Scotland," it is stated that the fulmars "are from two to three pounds weight. About 200 will go to fill a herring barrel; yet each family, after serving the poor, shall have from four to five barrels salted for winter use." With regard to the alleged weight of a single fulmar, there must be surely some mistake here; probably it was only guessed from the size of the bird, a misleading mode of computation. So far as the writer's experience has extended with birds of this species, taken off the east coast of England during the winter months, the weight of an adult fulmar

in good condition is not more than one pound, or that of a red-legged partridge.

According to Mr. E. C. Stanford, the oil obtained from these birds is a good deal mixed with a rougher sort procured from the Solan goose or gannet, and realizes a poor price as an ordinary rough fish oil. When genuine it is of a clear dark slightly reddish sherry color, and has a powerful and peculiar odor, of which the whole island and all the inhabitants smell. It is certainly a fish oil (he says), and possesses nearly all the properties of cod liver oil.—J. E. Harting in London Field.

A Pailful of Rattlers.

A GOOD and truthful tale is told by a distinguished alumnus of Yale, a classmate of Senator Depew. The facts came under his personal observation and were related to me as follows: "I was visiting friends up at Sheffield, Mass., last August, and one of the principal amusements for all hands was blackberry-picking. The only drawback to this exercise was the occasional presence of a big rattlesnake among the rocks where the best berries grew. After several severe frights fruit began to grow scarce upon the table and we were in despair. Finally, one morning a couple of young college men came along on their wheels and upon learning the trouble, promptly volunteered to clear Black Rock in one day or stand treat when we all got back to New York. They wore thin knickerbockers, ordinary hose and shoes, and were each provided with a hickory cane. This constituted their entire armament, with the exception of a big 15-quart milk pail, which they took along to gather berries in. They carried along a light luncheon provided by my hostess and took matters as easily as though starting out for a walk through Central Park.

"Well, the hot day dragged its slow length along until 5 o'clock, when the boys appeared carrying the big pail between them. We chaffed them about snakes and finally asked how much fruit they had picked. 'About 50 pounds or so,' said the slim pale youth, the more studious of the twain, who thereupon proceeded to take from the pail rattlesnake after rattlesnake, to the number of eight. Both men apologized for the absence of the biggest one they saw, which, unfortunately, had gotten away into a hole before they could get in a killing blow on the neck with the hickory cane. We assured them that no excuses were needed as the snakes were duly displayed on the lawn before our astonished and admiring gaze. The two largest measured exactly six feet in length. One of these had thirteen perfect rattles, and we called the veteran 'old '76.' The remaining four ran from four to five feet each.

"The hunters excused themselves for not bringing berries, saying they had been pretty busy with the reptiles. After taking photographs of the eight snakes hanging on a pole the boys skinned them and took their prizes along, saying that they were to be presented to various fair friends in New York.

"I forgot to say that inside of one of the largest snakes they found twenty little baby snakes, which were promptly killed." PETER FLINT.

Game Bag and Gun.

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

Moose.—IV.

An Expedition into New Brunswick.

(*Concluded from page 8.*)

THE next morning Moore started back for Tehoe and carried my rifle for King. Toward evening Ed sent a seductive call reverberating down the valley toward Rocky Brook. A bull answered away up on the ridge to the west and came rapidly toward the horn. King said he feared he might get lost and started to meet him and show him the way down to the lake. Presently, about sixty yards ahead, he saw a dark object move between two trees. At the report of the gun the bull went down, he was up in a second and went down again with a bullet through the loins, about four inches in front of the first one, but he did not stay down. With head lowered and hair turned the wrong way, the very incarnation of rage, he charged. King says he can answer in the affirmative the question so often asked, whether a wounded moose will charge or not. At about forty yards another bullet caught him about in the center of the forehead, but high up in the heavy, bony ridge, from which the antlers spring, too high for the brain, and he went down again, they thought, for good, but after a few convulsive kicks he staggered to his feet and made for the lake. After he had passed a shot from the .30-30 struck him in the rear end of his anatomy. He did not go down but rather increased his speed. Another passed through the web of his right antler. By this time he had reached the lake and started across. When almost a hundred yards out a shot from the Mannlicher shattered his lower jaw on a line just in front of the eyes, so that it only hung by the skin. The great shock stopped him, and another bullet struck behind the ear, and he went down and out. I have related the killing of this fellow just as it has been told me, because he was about the largest one that has come out of York County in a long time, and being so large and old furnishes a good text for a dissertation on the general utility of modern small-caliber, high-power rifles for hunting big game. I went into the woods a firm believer in their killing and stopping power, but heard so much unfavorable comment on them by men whose opportunities for judging of their killing qualities could not be surpassed, and then had the opportunity of seeing some wounds myself which caused me to weaken very much in my estimation of their stopping power. High velocity and low trajectory are desirable in a rifle, but should not be attained at the sacrifice of lead; in other words, the so-called shocking power will not offset a large bullet at slower velocity in my judgment.

After the scalp had been taken off I removed the bullet with a hatchet and a chisel; some of it had been dug out with hunting knives and lost. The portion saved weighs 120 grains, the bullet originally weighed 236 grains, so that 116 grains were lost. There was nothing to indicate that the bullet had splattered or left the mantle, because the first part removed was the base of the mantle. The lead looks as if it had been melted from the heat generated by the sharp pitch of the rifling and the impact against bone that it could not penetrate. One is reminded of the question we used to debate in our schoolboy days: If an irresistible force should meet an immovable body, what would happen? About the nearest approach to an irresistible force that we know anything about is the explosion of a full charge of high-grade smokeless powder, and the head of a bull moose simulates the immovable body sure enough. I have related what happened.

We were in great luck; Ed had a large, deep dish pan in which we put our heads and boiled off all the meat. The parts that would not go into the pan were filled with boiling water with an old can, so that the lining of the nose and mouth came away as well as the rest of the flesh. This is the way to clean heads. The taxidermists wrote us that ours were the best prepared heads sent them last fall, and the reasonable charge they made for mounting them indicates that they were well prepared.

It was Friday noon before King got up to the cabin with all his duffle, although the head and scalp had been brought up the day before. If King could have had a caribou we would have had our legal limit, except the deer, but no one expects to get deer in New Brunswick; they are not plentiful. They tell you that many years ago they were plenty, but great hordes of wolves, like the Huns of old, came down out of the north and they disappeared. They think they are coming back. It seems strange that they should not when they are so plentiful just over the border in Maine.

If some enterprising maker will just give us a modern high-power rifle of 10 to 12 mm. caliber with sixty to seventy grains of Walsrode or some other high-grade powder behind a 400 to 450 grain soft-nosed bullet, the big-game hunters will rise up and call him blessed. Blake, of Batavia, N. Y., has made a few high-power forty-caliber guns on orders, but they are not on the market. If I understand the situation correctly, it is this: Those who hunt moose and the guides generally are in favor of a heavier gun than those now in use, and, of course, a larger and heavier bullet with more powder behind it.

I think it self-evident that such a gun would be more deadly on all large game, not moose alone. We have no quarrel with the 7 mm., 7.65 mm., the 8 mm., or even with those fellows who are hurrying their orders across the great damp spot for the new Mannlicher or Mauser 9 mm. We admire the pluck of these German makers, and are only sorry they have not seen fit to offer us a 10 mm. instead. These are all excellent guns for what they can do, but I will venture the assertion that every guide in New Brunswick, unless it be Adam Moore, who seems to be in love with .30-calibers, would be glad to see every hunter that goes into their territory armed with a 10 mm. .40-caliber, instead of with a 7.62 30-caliber, and it strikes me that Adam would look with favor on such a gun when visions of a great, gaping, external wound to let out the blood, one that could be found without putting on magnifying glasses, and bruised and lacerated tissues and fractured and comminuted bones came up before him, and our old friend, Uncle Henry, would find in it the consummation of all his desires in the gun line and the old .577 cannon, which weighs about one-fifteenth as much as Henry himself, would no longer be a "thing of beauty and a joy forever;" and the transportation problem would be partly solved with him, and my old friend Ben would not apply opprobious epithets to it, like "popgun, pea shooter, moose bird killer, etc."

"I like to see a hole in the barrel, doctor," he said to me one day, "and a place to put in lots of fuel. I have noticed that a big chimney draws better than a small one." He had not been in love with my rifle; said he always felt better when he had the big .45-90 along, but after the moose and caribou fell to it with one shot each, he had more respect for it. Ed had no words of praise when he came up from Tehoe. He said "Your gun was bad enough; it took six shots to kill, but we never would have gotten him with King's .30-30." If I had had the same shots with the .45-90, two would have stopped him.

Jim Moore carried a .44 Sharps, and nothing of smaller caliber would satisfy him. Alex was particularly bitter against small calibers. Two seasons before he was guiding young Weaver, of Philadelphia, and had an experience which everybody in New Brunswick knows and many in the States have heard about since Frederic Ireland's article appeared in this paper last February. As I write a letter has just come from him, in which he says:

"You know, doctor, that last fall I advocated heavier guns. You had good luck with your game, but you struck them on fatal spots. The small gun is all right if they strike the head, heart or the lungs, but the chances are about ten to one at a 200 or 300-yard range that any sport will aim for the middle of his game. Now this is where the heavy gun tells, we will say .45-70, .45-85, .45-90. You are a doctor, you must know if a ball passes through the middle of a moose that he will bleed on the inside a great deal faster than he would from a .30-30, and they die so much more quickly. I was talking to William Carson, who was up with a party the same time you were up last fall; he told me that they lost five out of seven, and their guns were .30-30. He said that one morning they were going up over a ridge and they saw a moose jump to its feet. He pointed it out to the sport, he fired at it and it fell, and when the gun went off the second one jumped to its feet and started off. They followed it, thinking the first one was all right, but they did not get a chance at the second one. When they came back to the first one it was gone. They followed it seven miles, but lost it after all. He also told me that he saw Braithwaite, and he told him that they lost eleven of their game last fall; and if so there is something wrong somewhere, and I would like to see all you sports bring heavier guns next fall, and probably you will find out where the trouble is. So much for the size of guns."

Late Saturday afternoon John Hays came as agreed. We were pretty well packed up. Ed was so in love with our acetylene lamp that it had to be left behind with numerous other remembrances to each of the party. Early Sunday morning our packing up was completed. It was arranged that Ed and Ben would remain with the count. Alex was to go with John Hays and the sled load, King, Wilfred and Jim Moore had argued themselves into believing that they knew of a short cut through, via Tehoe Lake and McKay's old camp to our meeting point at Ten Mile Camp, where we were to meet for dinner. I went with Ben's younger son and the saddle horse around the road. Just before we reached Rocky Brook a fine bull caribou jumped into the road fifty yards from us and kept ahead for several hundred yards. I had nothing to shoot with except a .22 Marlin, so he went his way undisturbed. We beat the other party to the meeting place one hour. Their short cut proved to be longer than around the road. After a hard tramp John Hays' welcome hostelry was reached in time for late supper, and we turned in for the night on the big feather bed, described in my first letter. Wilfred came early to take us to Boiestown, but Hays and Alex did not get in with the baggage, heads and hides until 11 o'clock. Their delay caused us to miss the morning train down to Fredericton, and as the mixed train only runs every other day and this was not their day, we were guests of the Duffy House over night. Next morning, with N. T. De Pauw, of New Albany, Ind., who came in with a good head from Braithwaite's territory, I went to McMillens and photographed the head of the Weaver moose. He bought it for $10 of the parties who found it. We got down to Fredericton at 12:45. Our friend Allen met us after dinner and unfolded the plan made for our entertainment at a banquet that evening by the Tourists' Association and the good friends we had made there, but we were obliged to decline, our train was to leave at 5 o'clock and business at this end of the line needed attention. King was able to check his hide through to Detroit as baggage, because it was in a gunny sack, mine was only baled with wire and cost $2.50 express charges; see the point!

To the tired and careworn business or professional man who is working from twelve to sixteen hours a day, burning the candle at both ends and wondering why the hair begins to silver, the eye loses its brightness, the step its elasticity and the erect form to bend with cares when he should be at his best; if you have done me the honor to read these letters, let me urge you to go and do likewise. You will not find the fountain of youth in the wilds of New Brunswick, nor a panacea for all the ills of life, but you can get close to the great heart of Nature in a restfulness and stillness that will cause you to startle at the tumultuous beatings of your own heart. The walking and exercise will whet your appetite and improve your digestion; the coated tongue and fermentation of ingesta will disappear, and with it the sallow complexion and jaundiced tinge of the eyes. The excess of uric acid, ptomaines, toxines and other products of imperfect digestion will be eliminated, cleared out, so to speak, by the aid of great draughts of balsamic ozone-laden air, which can be yours for the taking, and you will be healthier, happier and better able to take up your daily work than your brother who has plodded along and denied himself the pleasure of such an outing. D. W. GREENE, M. D.

DAYTON, O.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Wisconsin Fish and Game Law Held Unconstitutional.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 5.—There will always remain upon the records of fame the name of that Texas justice of the peace who declared all laws prohibiting the sale of whisky unconstitutional. He said it was "agin reason and agin natur'." History does not state whether the supreme court of the State of Texas ever confirmed this justice of the peace in his notions in these matters.

A county judge in Winnebago County, Wis., on July 2, put in his bid to join the Texas J. P. on the roll of glory. He decided that the fish and game law of the State of Wisconsin is unconstitutional. The case will be taken to the supreme court, but as, in the matter of the Texas J. P., we don't yet know what the supreme court may think of the wisdom of the lower legal luminary.

Two game wardens undertook to board a steamer on the Fox River with the purpose of searching for contraband game which they had reason to suspect was carried by the boat. The captain put the wardens off the vessel. The wardens later arrested the captain and prosecuted him under the game law for misdemeanor in obstructing wardens in their search for contraband game. The worthy judge of Winnebago county held that the law as it stands on the statute books operates as a forfeiture of property rights. He therefore declared it null and void. This leaves all the steamboats plying out of Winnebago Lake to carry illegal fish and game with absolute impunity. It is astounding how much mischief a small individual can do in this world without a great deal of effort on his part. That this is mischief cannot be denied. The neighborhood of Lake Winnebago has been a battle ground between right-thinking sportsmen and wrong-thinking market-shooters and fishermen. While we may presume that the fight will continue, it is deplorable that this unnecessary delay and cost should be forced on the decent citizens of the State of Wisconsin.

Howard Eaton and the Flathead Buffalo.

The beautiful supplement to last week's FOREST AND STREAM and the editorial and news mention regarding the well-known Flathead herd of buffalo received a curious addendum this week by reason of the plans of a Western man in regard to this same herd. Mr. Howard Eaton, a well-known character of Medora, N. D., on July 2 returned from a visit to President Roosevelt at Washington. It is stated that a part of his purpose was to induce the U. S. Government to purchase the Allard herd and turn it loose in Yellowstone Park. Mr. Eaton has recently bought several full-blood buffalo from the Allard herd, and is said to have secured options on nearly all the full-blood buffalo now to be found on the Flathead reser-

vation. He offers to turn these options over to the Government without any commission or profit to himself, and states that his object is simply the preservation of the species. It is believed that the Yellowstone Park herd needs new blood before there can be any general multiplication of its numbers. It is stated that President Roosevelt turned over the matter to Secretary Hitchcock, asking that action be taken in the premises.

The only thing militating against this proposition is the old axiom which runs to the effect that it is wise to let well enough alone. The buffalo herd in the Yellowstone Park was once far more numerous than the Allard herd. None the less, poachers cut it down to its present pitiful remnant. Sometimes the buffalo wander out of the Park on the western side and are killed outside the Park limits. There is no reason to suppose that the same conditions will not prevail in the future. Now the Allard herd is at least doing fairly well in the Flathead country. Unless Uncle Sam can better protect Yellowstone Park than he has ever shown himself able to do, it is a grave question whether it would be wise to transport these buffalo into what might prove to be the burial ground of their race.

Wants Chickens.

Mr. Edward Banks, of New York, has a friend, a Mr. Cleave, of Altoona, Pa., who wants chickens. I would refer these gentlemen to Deputy Warden Stephens, at Detroit, Minn. State Warden S. F. Fullerton could no doubt give advices also. Friends of mine who shot with Mr. Stephens last year reported very good success, and said that then he had a good string of dogs.

About the Magnetawan.

Mr. J. W. Evans, of Steubenville, O., writes in regard to recent inquiries about the Magnetawan River: "You may say to Mr. E. L. Brown that the trip down this river is not only possible, but also pleasant, but canoes should be used. I have forgotten the number of portages to Byng Inlet, but they number about forty. To go in a boat takes away the pleasure to a great extent. I have gone down the Moon, Magnetawan, Musquash and Seven Rivers, using both kinds of boat, and will never go again except by canoe. Mr. Brown should write to George Ross, Magnetawan village, the best guide in all that region."

I have a letter at this office, addressed to Mr. F. L. Brown. If the latter will forward his address I should like to send him this letter.

Where to Get Your Moose.

The number of big-game hunters in this part of the country increases annually, and there are several men here in Chicago who have asked me where to get a moose next fall. Therefore, the following letter from Adam Moore, of Scotch Lake, New Brunswick, comes most opportunely at this time. The pistol to which Adam refers is the Mauser which I gave him for his spring bear hunt. His remarks regarding this arm, and also regarding the new moose country which he has discovered, will be found interesting:

"I have had the best kind of luck; got eight bears, good ones, too, and the Mauser is just the thing to kill them with. It punches a clean little hole that don't bleed any, but kills them all right. The bullet is not expansive. There is such a small part of the bullet not covered with the patch that it is just the same as a full metal patched bullet.

"I had John (my son) with me, up the Tobique, and a nephew of mine, that has the ambition to be a mighty hunter, so I took him this spring to give him his first lesson, and he is learning well. When we got up there we started out to put out a line of bear traps northeast of Nictou Lake, where we went last winter looking for moose. I found your U. S. tin cup at the brook where you lost it, and then my luck began. John and I climbed to the top of the mountain and climbed trees to take a look at the country, and about two miles northeast we saw water, so we started for it, and found the nicest pond for moose you ever saw. There is about ten acres in it, and the bull moose signs that were there was a sight for sore eyes. I told the boys that I was better pleased to find that pond than I would be to find ten bears in our traps. It is about six miles from the lake, and the woods round it is a perfect park. You can see 200 yards. We decided at once to build a camp there, and we did—a good one—the size of the camp at Bathurst Lake, all peeled and finished in good shape. We even cut about two cords of wood, so we could go in there and not make any noise. I am going to get a new light cooking stove and take it in there when I go up in August.

"But that is not all. We struck out over the divide on the same course, northeast, found another brook with a chain of five nice ponds and lots of beaver. These are about two miles from our new camp. It is a perfect moose country, has never been hunted, and by the horn marks it looks as if they were all bulls. I saw nothing to compare with it on the route we took last winter.

"We set five bear traps out in that country and got five bears in them, and the place is alive with caribou, too. I found two big moose horns near where we built the camp that had been shed last winter, and by the looks of the sign the whole country has been a moose yard.

"If Mr. Robinson, of Chicago, will come, I will give him John for guide and my nephew, who has been with me this spring, for cook, and that camp and country to himself. I never do guarantee a man a moose, but I have so much confidence in the country and the kid, that for a small advance on regular charges, if he is a fair hunter and will do as John tells him, I would be willing to say, no moose no pay, if he will stay a month. I think you know me well enough to know that I am not overdrawing the facts to try and get a party. I have Mr. Weed again, and a friend, and I don't need that ground for them. I don't think this offer is going begging very long, and if he wants it, let me know at once.

"We cut out a good clean trail from the lake to the furthest ponds about eight miles. But that is not all we have done up there. We cut another camp the same size and style, on the river, in a fine moose country, and I have a good stove there now, the same as the one in Nictou camp. You see, since I have got that country alone I am going to work to develop it. I have never seen more big bulls than this spring, and there is no doubt of it they are plentier than ever, and I never felt as confident of being able to get every man a moose as I do this season. We worked very hard up there; we were two days each week tending our traps, and four days of each week to build camps and cut trails."

So Adam found my old Yellowstone Park U. S. tin cup! I lost it up there last winter in the snow, five miles from camp, and with it lost my luck. Adam found luck again when he found the cup. Wouldn't take a thousand dollars for that sooty, dirty tin cup, so I reckon I'll have to draw on Uncle Adam for it.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Hunting Rifle.

BUENOS AYRES, Argentine Republic, S. A., May 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just been enjoying a pleasure I have not had for a number of months—a chance to read FOREST AND STREAM—which I owe to a new-found friend, Dr. H. W. Peard, of Coronel Suarez, an important wheat market town south of this city. He is a born naturalist and sportsman of the better class, whose observations in this country have added to the world's knowledge of numerous birds and quadrupeds.

But the motive for this letter is to say a few words, just a few, about the small-bore, high-power rifle, after having read the interesting accounts of personal experiences by Mr. C. M. Stark and Mr. Frederick Irland in your issue of Feb. 15, 1902. It would seem from both their accounts that they refer to the all-jacketed .30-caliber bullet. If this is true, they are both right and both wrong. It is, of course, well known that the steel-jacketed projectile, long and slender, with a comparatively sharp point, will even penetrate a bone without crushing it or at once stopping the man who is hit. For this reason, because it wounds and disables but does not kill, its use is advocated in civilized warfare. One might fill almost any large game animal with holes with a .30-caliber gun, using all-jacketed bullets, and never get the animal unless he happened to be hit in a vital spot, and perhaps not then.

But if the .30-caliber bullet is steel-jacketed only part of the way, leaving a soft lead point of about .35 of an inch in length, there will be a different, very different, story to tell. In fact, I am quite sure, though I have never tried it on moose, that there is no gun made of greater killing, crushing power than the .30-40 Winchester, model 1895, when soft-nosed bullets of 220 grains weight are used, backed by from 36 to 40 grains of nitro powder, specially adapted as to rapidity of burning, for this gun and projectile. The soft-point, when it spreads upon contact, impelled by the weight of harder metal and the tremendous force behind it, tears a hole big enough for a man's fist, and nothing can stand, or run, against it. I have used it in the Rocky Mountains on deer, and have hunted there with old-timers, men who have lived in the mountains for years, and they are getting rid of their big, clumsy, large-calibered guns in favor of the small-calibered guns, simply because they have seen what the latter will do. Give me one good chance at any animal with my .30-40, and I will agree to stop him. But it would be only silly and cruel to go about punching holes in the few game animals left in our country with all-steel-jacketed bullets. I have seen the difference in an experiment on a beef animal, where the steel-jacketed bullet in the head seemed to produce no effect and the soft-nosed bullet felled the animal as if struck by lightning.

The advantage of this gun, with its box magazine, is very great, because the balance of the gun is preserved and is always the same, while in the old-style guns the heavy cartridges are in the magazine under the barrel, and every time the gun is fired the balance, or "hang," of it changes. So by all means use the neat, light, powerful small-calibered gun. F. W. BICKNELL.

Illicit Game in New York Restaurants.

SUITS have been brought by State Game Protector Overton, in the Eleventh District Municipal Court, Manhattan, against Shanley's Restaurant, Broadway near Forty-second street; Healy's, corner Columbus avenue and Sixty-sixth street, and the Manhattan Oyster and Chop House, Sixth avenue near Forty-fourth street, for serving quail out of season.

The penalties amount to about $1,200. Protector Overton obtained the evidence by taking parties to late supper to the places, and after ordering, carrying a part of the carcass of each bird away, so as to allow no question as to evidence.

Massachusetts Quail.

BOSTON, Mass., July 5.—It is astounding to see how plentiful quail are. June 12 I was at Georgetown (near Haverhill) and was driven around to several ponds by ex-Senator Wm. Butler, President of the Georgetown Fish and Game Club, and Mr. Abbott, President Groveland Fish and Game Club. All day we could hear the whistle of Bob White, and on one occasion saw a big covey fly across the road, while a pair sat on the rail fence until we had driven by. J. W. COLLINS.

100 Sportsmen's Finds.

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

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In the Scientific American an interesting communication appears regarding a large wild goose, weighing 16 pounds, which was shot by a hunter on the shore of Lake Liberty, Washington. On picking up his game the hunter was surprised to see a piece of polished ivory protruding from the breast of the goose. The ivory projected about two inches. With great difficulty the man pulled the stick out, for the flesh had grown tightly round it, and the wound had entirely healed. He then saw that it was the long, sharp point of an arrow, which was made of ivory, about eight inches long, and as large as an ordinary lead pencil. The ivory had on it some delicate carvings, and was quite unlike any used by Indians. The bird must have been wounded by an Esquimau, and flown several thousand miles with the arrow imbedded in its breast.

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FOREST AND STREAM'S list of 100 curious sportsmen's finds presents many notable instances, but none more remarkable than one made by Oscar Dougherty, a citizen of Alton, although he did not go to the woods to find it. Oscar, like many other good Americans, is fond of the succulent chicken, and last week went to a local butcher shop, where he bought a fine young cockrel, which he took home for his wife to prepare for dinner. The good lady went about this duty philosophically, until she opened the crop of the bird and emptied out what appeared to be a small arsenal of modern ammunition. Mr. Dougherty was called and picked out from the contents of the crop twenty-four No. 2 percussion primers of standard make, only a portion of which had been fired, and two No. 22 short rifle cartridges. The presumption, of course, is that gravel was scarce and ammunition plenty where that bird lived; but the writer did not push the inquiry further. For the absolute veracity of this circumstance as related above, however, he is prepared to vouch.

Sea and River Fishing.

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

Random Notes of an Angler.

Salt-Water Anglers are Rarely Enthusiasts.

IN the course of a conversation with a gentleman a few days ago, he remarked that "There is a strange dearth of literature on salt-water fishing, which is most unaccountable to me; it is only very rarely that an angler writes for publication anything in relation to the attractions of his outings on the "briny deep," and when he does put pen to paper it is in a most perfunctory, matter-of-fact way, and he never permits himself to indulge in rhapsodies. I wonder why this is the case. Sometimes I imagine that it is because of the deadly monotony of sitting in a boat and waiting for a fish to bite, sometimes for hours at a stretch. What is your opinion in relation to this matter?"

The question was a difficult one to answer offhand, but on giving considerable thought to it I have come to the conclusion that while angling with the fly for the nobler game fish is in consequence of the surroundings in which it is pursued, an art which appeals to the poetic instinct in the angler's nature, fishing in the salt water fails to arouse that sentiment except in a very slight degree. What can be compared with the ecstatic feeling with which one follows the meanderings of the trout brook or the rush of the salmon stream through scenery which is always picturesque and often sublime? And is it to be wondered at that the devotees of the fly rod become enthusiastic in relation to the charms such sport bears for them and delight in telling of them?

But salt-water fishing has its attractions, and in the absence of the opportunity for enjoying the higher sport, it affords to anglers a recreation which is far from despicable. I daresay that all would be glad to have a chance to try their skill on the lordly salmon or the gamy trout of the northern lakes and streams. But salmon fishing is not easily obtainable by the great majority of anglers; it takes time, which cannot well be spared by most men who are tied to business, and it is also an expensive recreation, which is an important consideration with many. Of course, almost everyone would like to own an automobile or steam yacht, or a nice trotter, but as all cannot do so they have to content themselves with that which is attainable. I doubt very much if salt-water angling ever aroused much of a poetic feeling in any one, but it certainly affords an exhilerating pastime that even salmon fishing does not eclipse. One cannot be upon the mighty ocean breathing the ozone and iodine with which the breezes are laden without feeling that there is something in life worth living for; there is no other tonic that compares with it, and it is free to all. New York has exceptional fishing advantages.

The fact is not generally appreciated, but I have no hesitation in saying that there are available to the angler within easy reach of New York many more and better localities for good sport than are found near any other large city on the Atlantic coast. In fact, there seems to be no limit to them, and no matter how persistently they are taxed their supply of desirable game and food fishes shows no indications of diminution; for the average catch of the angler is as good to-day as it was ten years ago, and of some species it is even better.

In hardly any other locality does this condition obtain.

For example, within my memory the striped bass was a common species in the Charles River, near Boston, and it was taken in dozens of localities all along the north shore and south shore of Massachusetts Bay, and even in Dorchester and Quincy bays, but it is now very rarely met with even in waters which have not become polluted and which would seem to be its natural abiding places, and I doubt very much if anglers now kill fifty of these splendid game fishes in any one year north of Cape Cod.

And so with many other species. The tautog or blackfish, which used to be very abundant, is now so scarce that anglers have ceased to follow it except at a very few points, such as Cohasset, the rocky shores near Scituate and the rugged ledges at Eastern Point, Gloucester.

The black sea bass is, north of Cape Cod, becoming almost a curiosity, and bluefish, which were so common that large catches were formerly made by "trollers" as near the city as Dorchester and Quincy bays, is, I believe, never found in those or adjacent waters, and Boston fishermen depend now almost entirely on Buzzards and Narragansett bays for their bluefishing.

From this it will be seen that the salt-water anglers of the "Hub" have but very little sport left to them, and

they have good cause to envy the abundance which their New York brethren enjoy.

Concerning Weakfish.

Among our seacoast game fishes, the weakfish or squeteague is undoubtedly the favorite in this latitude, for it gives more real sport to those who use the rod and reel than any other species, the striped bass, perhaps, alone excepted, and it is followed by vastly more anglers than is either of the others.

Indeed, so numerous are those who depend on weakfishing for their summer sport, if a census of them would be taken, its numbers would surprise the uninitiated. There are four species of weakfish on the Atlantic coast, but the squeteague whose range extends from Cape Cod to the Delaware Bay, and the spotted weakfish, commonly but improperly called the sea trout in the South, which is found along the coast from Southern New Jersey to Florida, are the two species best known to anglers.

My first acquaintance with these last-named fish was made a number of years ago under rather peculiar circumstances. I had accepted an invitation to enjoy a fishing excursion on a steamer which carried parties from Philadelphia to the "Banks," which are situated ten or a dozen miles to the eastward of the Delaware Breakwater, and had been promised that I should have some good sea trout fishing, they being very abundant at that time.

I thought I was pretty familiar with the habits of the fish I had heretofore known as the sea trout, and while I was incredulous that any of the silvery beauties that I had known for many years were to be found so far south, I was anxious to know what the species was that went by so inviting a name.

As the steamer passed down the river that night I heard, of course, a great deal of "fish talk" from the excursionist anglers who were aboard, and this chiefly related to the gamy sea trout and the black sea bass, both of which were to be taken at the Banks.

I listened and tried to get all the information I could, but I obtained no facts about the alleged sea trout, except that they were silvery bright with numerous black spots, were very gamy and their weight was all the way from two to five pounds.

A little before sunrise the steamer approached the wharves near the Breakwater, and here a short stop was made before passing out upon the bay. A number of fishermen were pointed out to me on the wharf to which we were moored; each of whom had a fine string of what I at first supposed to be squeteague, but which, by reason of their numerous black spots, I discovered were the spotted weakfish of the South, *Cynoscion carolinensis*.

I gave them as close an examination as I could in the short time in which the steamer lay at the wharf, and found them to be more round and stocky than the squeteague, and apparently with much greater strength, but in most respects they differed but little from the others.

We reached the Banks early in the forenoon, and as soon as the anchors were dropped the hooks on the hand lines were baited and dropped into the water. There were, perhaps, fifty fishermen aboard and they all kept busy.

While hand-line fishing has no charms for me, I like to see others enjoy it, and to say that the sport "waxed fast and furious" is to put it very mildly.

Deep-sea flounders, black sea bass, scuppaug—called "porgies" in the tidal waters of the Middle States—and weakfish were pulled up and sent flopping all over the steamer deck. I found that in addition to the squeteague, the spotted weakfish was being taken, and was told that along that section of the coast both species mingled and were so equally abundant that in a day's catch about half would be of each kind.

Further north, however, along the Jersey shore, the spotted weakfish becomes more rare and, finally, is entirely displaced by the squeteague. The bait that was used by the fishermen consisted chiefly of pieces of quahogs or hard-shell clams, although fresh herring had been provided for those who preferred to use them.

I watched the varying success of the fishermen for several hours and noted the proportionate catch of the different species. The black sea bass were far and away the most abundant of all, but the "porgies" were by no means scarce. The weakfish were rather plentiful, also, the total catch being upward of thirty. They seemed to take the clam bait with avidity, although the hooks and tackle were quite coarse, very different in fact from that which anglers who use the rod and reel are accustomed to use. I saw none that would scale over three pounds, and the average weight could not have been more than two pounds.

They were as beautiful fish as one might ask to see, in fact, they seemed to be of more brilliant coloration than those which are taken on the flats and in the small bays along the coast.

Everyone who has caught these fish knows how beautifully iridescent their color is when they are first taken from the water. The green and purple and gold added to and blended with the silvery sheen of their armor, make them one of the handsomest of fishes, but the bright colors soon fade, and in a short time they become dull and unattractive.

How they are Caught.

Weakfish are among the most abundant of our coastal fishes, and the methods employed in their capture are varied. Market fishermen who desire to make the largest possible catch familiarize themselves with the best localities, and, disdaining to waste time with rod, reel and fine tackle, anchor their boats in tideways or on the edge of a channel and pull in the fish as expeditionsly as possible. A favorite method with both market fishermen and sportsmen is by "drifting," in which either a hand line or stout rod is employed. The boat is allowed to drift with the tide and breeze, keeping as closely as possible to the silvery beauties, care being taken not to drift so rapidly as to go by then nor so slowly as to permit them to pass beyond the reach of the anglers.

The weakfish are continually on the move in pursuit of the minnows, shrimp, etc., on which they feed, and as they often gather in large schools and swim near the surface, their movements may be easily followed and a good catch made. The bait used in drifting consists usually of white worms, sand worms and shrimp, shedder crabs are also a favorite with most anglers. Sportsmen anglers who use finer tackle get their sport chiefly from still-fishing.

Their boat is anchored "just off the edge of the tide," and "chumming" with shrimp is resorted to to draw the fish about them. A stout rod is employed with about 75 yards of line (oil-boiled is preferred by most anglers). The leader is of good single gut—a salmon leader is none too good, and the hook that I think is most used, is about a No. 3 Sproat.

The reel may be either a multiplier or an ordinary trout or salmon reel. My preference is for a click reel, such as I use in salmon fishing, but of a smaller size.

In Vineyard Sound and Buzzards and Narragansett bays, practically the northern limits of the squeteague, they are much less abundant than they are along the coast of Long Island and New Jersey. A catch of ten or a dozen fish in the first-named waters being regarded as "high line," while in the others a take of fifty or sixty in a day's fishing of a single boat is not at all uncommon.

In the files of FOREST AND STREAM such statements as the following appear:

"The fishing in Jamaica Bay is at its best; catches of fifty weakfish in three or four hours' fishing are not rare."

"At Gifford's Station, Staten Island, weakfish are now numerous. On Sunday and Monday the ebb tide yielded from eight to twelve fish to a boat; all being of good size."

"Weakfishing at The Raunt, Jamaica Bay, is very good at present. Mr. George Schwind, of that place, reports that on Friday of last week one boat got sixty-two and another forty-five, while catches of from twelve to twenty-five are of daily occurrence."

"The catch in Great Egg Harbor was very large, some boats taking 150 on a tide."

"Two men caught 200, many of them very large, in the ocean not far from Ocean City, N. J., on a single tide."

In fishing for squeteague a small swivel sinker is used, one that is only heavy enough to carry the bait to the proper depth, and many anglers use a float to keep the line in proper place. The squeteague is a sharp, fearless biter, and the instant the hook is felt the fish gives a vigorous run, sometimes taking out fifteen or more yards of line and causing the reel to ring right merrily. The first run is always the strongest, but the fight is sure to be an interesting one as long as it continues. With almost electric speed the fish rushes about in every direction, now with a quick run it dives deep in the water, and tries to entangle the line in the weeds and rocks at the bottom.

Failing in this, it darts to the surface and leaps high in the air with all the agility the grilse displays, shaking its head like a bass and making every effort to dislodge the hook.

It is, while it lasts, as exciting a struggle as one can wish, but the fish soon becomes exhausted, and, lying on its side, permits the angler to draw it nearer and nearer, until finally the landing net is employed and the captive is lifted into the boat.

The squeteague is, like the bluefish, exceedingly voracious, the number of small fish that it destroys being very great; but it kills only for food, while the other continues its attacks long after its appetite is gratified.

I have watched them while feeding in the great tanks in the New York Aquarium and could see no difference in their movements in capturing the minnows which are thrown to them from those of the large trout in adjacent tanks; they rushed for their prey just as the others did and gorged themselves to repletion.

In fact, if one did not know the difference between the species he would believe them to be identical.

EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Black Bass in Woodcock Cover.

OTTAWA, Ont., June 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As we happened to be in this city at the opening of the black bass season, we were given an opportunity to indulge in a rare kind of sport that our old-time friend Throop had so often talked about to us—"gunning for black bass with a fly over good woodcock grounds." Hitherto, whenever he would become over enthusiastic in discoursing about this sport, which could only be had at a certain season of the year—the middle of June—we would quietly touch the bell and order in the refreshments—and change the subject to something that we had enjoyed or might at some future time be likely to be in a position to enjoy. So when he gave us an invitation to accompany him with a couple of other friends —who were thoroughly good fellows—to the locality where the wary black bass "used" during the period of high water in the Grand River—as the lumbermen call the Ottawa—of course we could not resist the temptation—and we joyfully accepted his invitation.

The next morning at the station of the Ottawa and Aylmer trolley line, we found awaiting us the well-known trap shots—Messrs. A. W. Throop, W. Slaney, also Mr. Sissons Throop and Master Norman Throop—a chip and true son of his father—the redoubtable A. W. Our destination was the club house at Aylmer Park, where we met for a few moments the Province of Quebec Fish and Game Inspector, N. E. Carnier, who was on his way to some more northern fishing grounds. At the club house we took a couple of skiffs for a three-mile row across the lake to the bass-woodcock grounds.

Among A. W.'s outfit was a mammoth fish basket about the size of an ordinary clothes basket. In reply to our little fun regarding the size of this basket, we were gravely and soberly assured that it would be none too large for our catch. We had a quiet pull over across the lake, as the enlargement of the river is here called. On the south shore we passed around a point into a large back bay that contained several low islands whose shores in many places were fringed with thick cripple brush. The water in the river being at its high tide, the low flat shores of these islands were covered to the depth of several feet, and the smallmouth bass were congregated in among the flooded bushes. By keeping outside in the boats, so that with a long cast we could drop our flies close up under the bushes, we would often be rewarded with a vicious strike. While we lost many a fine fish, with easy fishing we safely landed fifty-five good size bass—all smallmouth. We also took one small maskinonge, and a small pike, several perch and rock bass.

The smallmouths were instinctively "cute," for invariably, when they felt the prick of the hook, they would dart toward the boat and out of the water, and too often with a spiteful shake of the head, would send the fly away flying.

Individually, we at first lost every fish that we raised, but we soon learned to circumvent their wily tricks. As soon as they struck, by giving a sharp twist of the wrist, settling the hook well home, then throwing the tip of the rod well back and rapidly reeling in the line, thus keeping a stiff strain all the time on the fish, we soon had them well under control, but they were gamy—true grit to the backbone—first out of the water, then down grubbing along the bottom to find a snag to snub the leader around; failing in this, whiz-z-z would go the reel, as they would make a rush out for the open water, to double back under the boat. It was a steady fight, until at last they broke away or became tangled up in the landing net; then only we had them safe.

Our catch, while not large in point of numbers, was large enough for us, as we took things easy, and had keen appetites to satisfy, which caused us to make repeated calls for lunch. We ate under the shady canopy of some wide spreading branches of scrub oak—on a clean carpet of green grass surrounded by wild flowers and woodland song birds—which included our North American mocking bird, libelously named catbird, and with not a mosquito nor blackfly to give us annoyance. We ate, we drank, smoked and related truthful anecdotes, some of them old enough to be historical; in fact, we enjoyed ourselves in a decorous and rational manner.

We took all of our fish with the fly. The most killing fly was the Parmachene-belle, which, to be properly offered so as to excite the smallmouths' cupidity, should be dropped on the overhanging bushes, then with a quiet movement of the rod dropped off into the water. As it sinks below the surface, give it a little motion, then look out for trouble. Our experience with artificial baits when after voracious fish has taught us to make our lures appear like a thing of life struggling to escape. Fish take artificial baits from one of the following motives: Some kinds of fish take them for food; others from curiosity, or playfulness, and under certain conditions some regard the baits as a nuisance to be removed from their vicinity. We see an illustration of this when we drop a bait down where a bass is guarding her spawning bed. It would take many pages to fully cover the above subjects, so we will leave them for some future article.

Master Throop was taken along partly for his company and partly to row one of the boats while one of us older ones fished. This latter part of the programme was not at all to his liking. While he did not break out into actual open rebellion, he would when a fish was lost make cutting observations and indulge in sarcastic reflections about our lack of skill in handling a bass. We remembered his tender age and tried to remain undisturbed, which was at times a hard task, one that required strong self-controlling efforts. After our first lunch, while we were enjoying a restful smoke, we became aware of the fact that the young gentleman had disappeared with one of the boats. We found him around the point of the island playing a large bass, which he successfully landed single-handed. The way that he held the rod in one hand and worked the boat away from the brush with the other, then used the landing net, was an object lesson and an illustration of youthful precocity belonging to the present age. When he returned to the landing he had added several more fish to the score.

At first we were of the opinion that the bass were in among those bushes for the purpose of protecting their young, but we soon became convinced that this was a mistake, that they were in there where there was an abundance of feed and also cover. In some places they were in perfect schools. As the high waters go down they gradually retire to the deep waters, where they are then taken with live bait down-fishing. Though while returning in the evening, we were thoroughly drenched in a heavy shower, we put in one of the red-letter days of our life. We also had learned something new about the habits of the smallmouth bass. With the exception of the evening shower, the day was a beautiful one. All of our fish were taken with a fly, our companions were of the right sort, genial, whole-souled gentlemen. And the boy—"God bless them"—he gave the spice with an interesting flavor to the outing.

At the club house landing we found some waiting friends, among whom was Thos. A. Duff, Esq., the president of the Dominion Trap Shooters' League; Geo. Ketchum and others. Of course, we had to exhibit our full basket of fish, and received their congratulations with due and becoming modesty. STANSTEAD.

Big Catches Mean Future Dearth.

THE piece under the title of "The Schoodics," where one of your subscribers writes that he and a friend took 200 trout, which he says is a common occurrence there, attracted my attention. Further, he says that he saw one man bring in 120 trout up to three-quarters of a pound, and recommends anglers to come there to fish. I will simply say that if they expect to get anything, they had better get there soon, or the fish will be all cleaned out, and I cannot understand the satisfaction of killing so many fish unless a man is a fish hog or running a fish market. I often meet good fellows that are fish hogs and do not know it, and I feel sorry for them. But a good many of them are getting educated of late years, and learn that they cannot kill them all and have the sport last from year to year, and they realize after a while that in order to keep up the supply they must kill only a few and return the rest to breed and make sport later on. C.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Western Angling Situation.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 5.—Pretty much everybody in Chicago left the city yesterday for some place out of doors and out of town. About 125,000 people decamped bodily, leaving behind only enough to make the streets untenantable with the din of crackers, guns, etc.

It would seem that the season has been a good one thus far, the high waters having resulted in a general movement of the fish and the cool weather having offered conditions favorable for angling. We do not often hear of big muscallunge in this country any more, but a few came down from Wisconsin last week. The Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad exhibited one taken by Mr. F. A. Wheat, of this city. This fish was caught in Bullard Lake, and weighed 26 pounds. A grand specimen came also from the Little St. Germaine Lake, 42 pounds, a beauty taken by a lady, Mrs. C. A. Wheeler, of this city. Mr. Wuthmann, of Chicago, also sent down a 38-pounder from the same water. When it is remembered that the St. Germaine country has been hammered persistently for twenty years or so, it would seem that the angler who has lost a muscallunge may yet take heart of grace.

Mr. W. T. Davis, of the Manitowish Club, sends a kind invitation to join his party at the Divide retreat on Turtle Lake, Wis. The club will be in camp until July 23, and it goes without saying that among so large a number of industrious and successful anglers something will be doing between now and then. I regret that I cannot accept this kind invitation.

Nepigon Trout All Right.

The Nepigon season being now at hand, and several Chicago parties being upon the point of starting for that historic stream, the following advices put out by the Canadian Pacific Railway may be of interest: "A report that has been going the rounds of the newspapers that a disease has struck the trout of the Nepigon, on the Canadian shore of Lake Superior, and is killing them off by the thousands, is contradicted by the officials of the Ontario Fishery Department. Inspector McKirdy reports to Toronto that the report is absolutely false and unfounded, and that the fishing has never been better than it has been this year."

Tips From an Angler.

A trout fisherman well posted on Michigan waters adds the following useful little tips on fish, fishing and fish laws. Anglers will please cut out these fly-dope recipes and place them in the rod case, where they are not to forget them in case they want them in a hurry some day:

"Inclosed find recipe for Col. Fox's fly-dope. I have not found it satisfactory on some occasions. If mosquitoes, midges, etc., are bad, fly-dope No. 1 on annexed sheet is good, in fact the best I have used; No. 2 answers for most places where I have had experience. The best way to use No. 1 or No. 2 is to put on exposed parts of person and let it remain, simply washing palms of hands and eyes, as may be necessary. Not a pleasant way to do, but effective.

"On two occasions I have caught speckled trout with artificial flies during thunderstorms. Last Wednesday I fished on the Boardman from 7 to 11 A. M., during a rain, and caught fifteen trout with flies. When I commenced fishing the rainfall was light, but afterward quite heavy.

"If the State of Michigan would charge all non-residents a license (excepting women and children) and use the money so obtained to enforce the protective laws, it would accomplish something. I am a non-resident; have fished in this State for many years. Dynamite is used freely by many persons in trout streams in this State and does more to ruin fishing than anything else."

COL. FOX'S FLY-DOPE.

Oil pennyroyal, 1 dram; oil cedar, 1 dram; oil peppermint, 1 dram; fld. ext. quassia, 1 dram; gum camphor, 4 drams; vaseline (yellow), 2 ounces. Dissolve gum camphor in vaseline by aid of heat and add other ingredients.

FLY-DOPE NO. 1.

Pine tar, 1 ounce; oil pennyroyal, 1 ounce; vaseline, 3 ounces. Mix cold in a mortar.

FLY-DOPE NO. 2.

Oil pennyroyal and oil tar, each 1 ounce; camphor gum, 1¼ ounces; vaseline, 3 ounces; carbolic acid, 2 drams. Add a little paraffin wax to above to make it a little firmer, so that it will not be too soft on hot days.

Mr. J. M. Oliver, of this city, wants to join me in a trip after small-mouths on the Mississippi River or some other stream. I cannot get away just now, but would suggest that he go to Prescott, Wis., on the C., B. & Q.; to Alma, Wis., on the C., B. & Q.; to La Crosse, Wis., or to others of the points between the foot of Lake Pepin and the city of La Crosse. A six-ounce fly-rod is heavy enough, but it is better to take special flies for that river, the Onondago being the best, as I have often mentioned in these columns.

Western Anglers in the East.

Mr. W. B. Mershon, of Saginaw, Mich., is just back from his lodge on the Cascapedia River, and is good enough to give the following information regarding the success of himself and friends. Pretty young salmon anglers, these, at nine and twelve years of age!

"I had a fine time on the Cascapedia," says Mr. Mershon; "the fishing was good this year—better than I have seen it for years. The continued high water seemed to bring in a good many fish, though at times the river was so dirty we could not go out, and I lost a good deal of fishing, but more than made up for it when the water did get right.

"Mr. Thos. Harvey stayed with me about ten days and missed the good fishing. He got six salmon, the largest weighing 31 pounds, but his average was a fraction over 26 pounds. My boys and I had twenty-two fish, averaging 26 1-6 pounds. My largest was 41 pounds. Little Ted, nine years old, killed a fish. I hooked a small one, 9 pounds in weight, and handed the rod over to him, and he played it until it was successfully gaffed and brought into the boat. Billy, twelve years old, was out a few days with his own boat, independent of his dad, and he had the good fortune to get three nice salmon, running from 22 to 27 pounds.

"I never saw the fish fight better. Nearly all of them were jumpers. I used a large fly on account of the heavy water. My best day was six, although one day with my boys' help I took eight.

"I only saw two bright, sunny days in all the time I was away; cold wind and rain predominated, but I have come home feeling like a fighting cock. I ran across a good many anglers returning, and all reported exceptionally good fishing."

Mr. Watts Humphrey and Mr. C. H. Davis are back from the Little Pabos. They took nine salmon. Mr. Bennett, of Minneapolis, was with them. The above is the score of the three rods. The salmon in that river are smaller, and their average was only 12 pounds.

The Weight of Fly-Rods.

Mr. E. W. Raymond, of Post Mills, Vt., offers the following interesting and useful hints regarding the weight of fly-rods. His mention regarding the heavy rods, the "choke-bore rods" of which I have complained, is speech of gold. It is not the longest line which takes the most trout, or the stiffest fly-rods which give the greatest skill or the greatest pleasure. He writes:

"I notice in the last FOREST AND STREAM your inquiry for advice of a 4½-ounce rod. I do not claim to know everything about rods, and the man who does claim this only shows his ignorance, but for twenty-five years I have been in touch with anglers from California to Maine all over the United States and Canada, am also a crank on trout fishing, and have made several trips into Maine and other waters. I will give you my opinion, which I think will be the verdict of the best-posted anglers in the country. Do not have your rod over 9 feet in length for 4½ ounces; with a 9-foot rod of this weight with proper 'hang' you can cast a fly as far as will be required in practical fishing, and it will handle as large trout as you can hope to hook, and if you do get hold of that big one that always gets away, you need not be afraid of your rod in fairly clear water. It will also be light and a pleasure to handle it.

"I think I have read all the articles that you have ever written and printed in FOREST AND STREAM, and I think I only lack two numbers of having a complete file of FOREST AND STREAM for the last twenty years, and I often think of some of those 'good things' that you are giving away in the Western countries.

"Above all things, avoid one of those tournament rods which are made for long casts; they are of no use in actual fishing."

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

Following are the records of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club on June 21:

	Distance and Accuracy, Fly, Per Cent.	Distance and Accuracy. Per Cent.	Bait Casting. Per Cent.	Bait. Per Cent.
C. F. Brown	94	98 4-15	87.3	81.8
G. A. Davis	..	..	93.7	88.1
H. G. Hascall	99 2-15	98 6-15	94.7	91.3
E. R. Letterman	..	..	93.8	86.4
E. L. Mason	..	..	95.2	89.3
F. N. Peet	99	98 7-15	96.9	97.4
H. W. Perce	99	98 5-15	98	97
C. B. Robinson	..	..	91.2	92.1
A. C. Smith	98 7-15	98 11-15	98.3	99
F. S. Smith	..	..	95	95

Next contest, June 28.

Winning Scores, Regular Event—Distance and accuracy fly, H. G. Hascall; bait-casting, A. C. Smith.

Re-entry—Distance and accuracy fly, A. C. Smith; bait-casting, A. C. Smith.

English and American Fly-Rods.

There is a cock-sureness about our English cousins which is sometimes a trifle amusing. I presume Great Britain is the most provincial country in the world (unless it's New York). Not that provincialism is not quite as well as cosmopolitanism sometimes, and not that it is not a poor province which will not stand up for its own notions. Here is what a firm of English tackle makers say regarding "light and powerful rods" in the Fishing Gazette of London. This firm makes a rod of 4½ ounces 8½ feet, but I infer does not approve of it, for the communication noted goes on to say:

"In discussing what is a reasonable weight, we have to bear in mind the strength of the angler and the conditions under which he is to fish. Both vary to a considerable extent, and the writer (an angler of moderate strength, who has fished many of the principal rivers in Europe both for salmon and trout), if he may be permitted to give his opinion, considers one ounce to the foot as the maximum for trout rods. Lighter rods, down to as low as 7½ ounces for 10 feet, and so on, are practical weapons, and very suitable for men under the average.

"Do not let us be led away with the idea that these 2-ounce to 4½-ounce rods are universally approved in America, because they evidently are not. It may be all very well for American makers to produce these toys, but the fact that we send into America a great many of our built cane rods of our usual weights, and that at any rate many prefer them to the rods they get in that country, and are willing to pay our price, and an added duty of 45 per cent., is fairly strong evidence; and we might add further the fact that we have no complaints of overweight, nor are we asked to reduce in any way.

"To give an example. One of our latest productions (which we have just had the pleasure of turning out for our genial editor), is a rod 10 feet 4 inches in length, intended for dry-fly, and sufficiently powerful to lift and drive a medium Houghton line.

"The same style of rod can be made a good deal less in weight for wet-fly. We make no apology for giving particulars of this rod as taken by us during manufacture. The length, as we have said, is 10 feet 4 inches. The rod is cork-handled, with lock-fast joint, and our patent combined spear and butt cap. The three pieces of cane forming the rod, before commencing to joint or do any work on them, weighed 4¾ ounces. The handle, winch fitting, lock joints, rings and varnish weigh 3¾ ounces, thus making a rod of 8½ ounces. The patent spear and butt cap are, in comparing with a rod not so fitted, deducted; they weigh 1½ ounces, and if we add them to the 8½ ounces, the whole rod completed is 10 ounces, but, as we point out, the rod considered without this patent spear and butt cap is 8½ ounces. Now, it will be seen that if a rod of this length requires 4¾ ounces of bamboo alone (and neither the Americans nor any one else can use a lighter, better, or stronger bamboo), what becomes of these light rods of 4½ ounces, or even anything under 7 ounces? As we have said, and as the editor in a footnote to a previous letter very wisely remarked, such things were only suitable for 'ladies and girls.' Now as 5 ounces out of a total of 10 ounces of this rod referred to is in the hand, there surely is not much for the average man to complain of in the way of weight."

Another firm says on the same topic:

"With reference to light rods, we would point out that we have had no inquiry for such a light rod as mentioned or we could easily have supplied him with a 4½-ounce or any other weight rod, made by the best firm of English rod-makers, who can produce a rod equal, if not superior, to anything made in America, both for lightness and strength."

The "genial editor" referred to is Mr. R. B. Marston, and I am sure no angler can read his writings without calling him brother. We would like him in Chicago. But the first thing we would do to him would be to show him that American split-bamboo—or, as the English term it, "built cane," rods are in the better grades called heavy when they run so high as 7 ounces, and even a 4½-ounce rod is thought heavy enough at least for stream fishing by men who can walk as far, jump as high, spar as well and do a great many other things as well as the average athlete on either side the water. An American 4-ounce rod is by no means a rod fit only for "ladies and girls," but a tool with drive enough to it to fish in a bit of wind, and powerful enough to kill any trout or bass up to 3 or 4 pounds. I have a 4-ounce rod with which I once killed two bass, either of which went over 3¼ pounds, and that in a pool under a bridge on which I stood. I fished from the upper side of the bridge, and could hear the fish jumping below and behind me, the tip of the rod being popped down under the bridge. It held, and the bass came up stream and into the net eventually. I do not consider this rod relatively as powerful, ounce for ounce, as others I have owned since. In our best American makes a 5-ounce rod is a heavy one for trout fishing in an average stream. One of 7 ounces I have rarely seen used in any but the heaviest kind of fishing. One of 10 ounces I personally never saw used by any American angler who patronized our best makers. It would be thought nearer a salmon rod than a trout rod.

We do not use 2-ounce rods in our part of the world, and would call that a fad. I know one angler who kills hundreds of trout each year on a 3-ounce rod, though he thinks 4 ounces or 4½ ounces would please him better. A 6½-ounce rod, in our best make, may, and in all likelihood will, prove too stiff for easy casting at short range, especially in so short as 10 feet. And poorer and cheaper rods run heavier.

I have always thought the English sporting gear honestly made and very durable, but inclined to heaviness and clumsiness. I don't see how they happen to make their dry-flies so dainty. One would expect an English fly, to be fit for any but "ladies and girls," to weigh about 2 to 10 ounces.

It is likely that the greater part of the weight in English rods is in the fittings, reel seat, etc. I have seen some of their rods with a big ball at the butt, which meant weight of unnecessary extent. I do not hear of any English wooden reel seats or a butt finish like our American Catskill pattern rods, where all the weight goes into the essential part of the rod, and not into balls, spears or metal butt caps.

It is much a matter of fancy, or matter of habit, in the use of rods. It would be unkindness for one angler, or one set or cult of anglers, to seek to impose their ideas upon another. I imagine that, ounce for ounce, we could beat the British with our regular angling rods, such as are in general use; that is, of course, to say, with our high-grade rods as against their high grades. We have a lot of trash in our cheap American department store tackle. But that is not to say that we want to change the English Ephraim to another sort of idol. Their fathers have always made rods that way, and I think it is illegal in England to think of making them any other way. Two hundred years from now they will still be making them in the same old way. And the Americans will then be selling their style of rod to the Kalmuk Tartars and the Chinese mandarins. We are a light and frivolous people, especially in Chicago, but we come to arrive, as we say, in Chicago.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Rangeleys.

UPPER DAM, Me., July 5.—Fishing is good here. The water is high for so late in the season. Both lakes are full, in fact, but the gates are closed, so that the Pool is not too "lively." Some record fish are being taken; that is, fish weighing 3 pounds and over, caught on the fly. R. N. Parish, of Montville, Conn., made a big record June 27, a salmon of 6 pounds 6 ounces, one of 12 pounds 9 ounces, and one of 10 pounds 5 ounces. June 29 Mr. Parish got a salmon weighing 6 pounds 12 ounces. July 4 he took a salmon of 5 pounds 9 ounces. So far this year he is champion angler of the Pool. It will also interest brother anglers to know that he catches these salmon on exceedingly small flies, No. 10 and 12, the bow of the hooks not over three-sixteenths of an inch across. June 29 John S. Donne got a trout of 4 pounds 4 ounces; J. Morgan, a salmon of 4 pounds 7 ounces; E. F. Van Dusen, of New York, a salmon of 6 pounds 8 ounces; July 3, J. C. Dougherty, of Syracuse, N. Y., a salmon of 5 pounds 3 ounces; Mrs. J. C. Dougherty, a trout of 5 pounds 2 ounces, a most beautiful fish that gave the lady lots of sport. It took nearly half an hour and till after dark to conquer it. Prof. J. F. Moody, Auburn, Me., got a trout of 3 pounds on the morning of July 4. That evening Mr. R. N. Parish broke his rod over a salmon, and lost him. That fish he believes to be as large, or larger, than his fish of 12 pounds 9 ounces, noted above, which is the largest salmon ever taken in the Rangeley waters. J. C. Dougherty caught a salmon of 3 pounds this morning.

SPECIAL.

Tuna on the Atlantic Coast.

BOSTON, July 5.—I have read with much interest the communication concerning the tuna in Myra Bay from Mr. J. A. L. Waddell, which appears in FOREST AND STREAM of this date. If the so-called "tuna," which is the same species (as has been indicated by Mr. Waddell) that the Atlantic coast fishermen know as horse mackerel, albicore, etc., will take a hook readily off this side of the continent, and there seems no reason to doubt it, then it is certain as much sport can be had catching this fish with rod and reel in our coast bays as elsewhere.

It is well known that the horse mackerel of New England and Nova Scotia is exceedingly voracious; it eats herring, mackerel, menhaden or other small species suitable for food. But it is not always fastidious regarding its diet, for the late Capt. Nathaniel Atwood has said: "I have seen the horse mackerel swallow dogfish whole weighing eight pounds. As fast as we got out the livers of the dogfish they would catch them and eat them."* This exhibition of the gastronomic capabilities of the horse mackerel took place in Provincetown Harbor, and seems quite sufficient to convince any one that fish of this species, frequenting Atlantic coast bays, will bite at a hook, statements to the contrary notwithstanding. All that seems necessary for sportsmen to do who are anxious to capture one or more of these fish off our eastern shores is to go after them at the proper time with suitable tackle, use the right kind of bait and—go when the fish are in the locality they visit.

Everybody may not know that Cape Cod Bay is often filled with horse mackerel ranging in size from 30 to 600 pounds or more. But such is the fact, and it is not uncommon for the weirs to catch hundreds of them at a single haul. One morning in the summer of 1891, when I was at the "landing place," on the bay side of North Truro, many of these large fish were brought on shore from the pound nets; they mostly ranged from 60 to 100 pounds, but the largest was estimated to weigh 400 to 500 pounds. After they were thrown on the beach I had them photographed, and later the big fellow was secured and shipped to Washington, where a papier maché cast was made from the specimen for the U. S. Fish Commission's exhibit at the World's Fair. Reference to this incident is made only to indicate the great abundance of the species in Cape Cod Bay, but probably this could be more forcibly suggested by the simple statement that a canning establishment did quite a large business that summer in packing in tins horse mackerel labeled "Deep-Sea Salmon." It may, however, be remarked incidentally that this brand of "salmon" did not prove popular, and the business was discontinued. Nevertheless, the horse mackerel swarms into the Cape Cod Bay now as before, when fancy prompts it, drives after schools of herring and mackerel with all its old-time vigor and relentlessness, and rips up the fishermen's nets as if they were cobwebs.

The species, though sold to some extent for market purposes, is comparatively of small commercial importance now. There is little inducement for the practical fisherman to take it except to prevent the destruction of gear and more valuable fish. But here is an opportunity for the sturdy angler to secure sport with rod and reel not excelled, I believe, in any water under the sun. And among all the sportsmen who frequent the Massachusetts coast in summer it is to be hoped there may be some who will thoroughly test this question in Cape Cod Bay, while a similar test should be made, if possible, at Myra Bay. If once it can be found that the tuna can be caught in our Atlantic bays, there will be sport enough and to spare at certain seasons.

J. W. COLLINS.

*The Fishery Industries of the United States. G. Brown Goode and Associates. Section 1. History of Aquatic Animals, page 331.

MR. WADDELL'S article on Nova Scotia tuna, in FOREST AND STREAM for July 5, is in line with a contribution on the same subject which I sent to FOREST AND STREAM last year. It seems absurd for fishermen to go from New York and Boston to California for tuna, when they fairly swarm in our Eastern waters. All through the herring season the tuna are considered a nuisance by the net fishermen, and they are so greedy that I have seen them take herrings that were simply tossed over the side of the boat. They show almost no fear, and if any one seriously wants to try tuna fishing, I will be glad to give him directions for finding the fish. I have been after salmon when the tuna were on the coast, and did not have the proper outfit for sea fishing. Further than that, the local fishermen were unwilling to row the boat when I proposed to try the tuna with the first joint of a salmon rod and the salmon reel, they were so certain that the boat would be upset if the tackle held.

ROBERT T. MORRIS.

NEW YORK, July 8.

Mr. Rourke's Salmon.

THE St. John, N. B., Globe says: Mr. E. Vernon Rourke, clerk in the Savings Bank, returned on Saturday from Dalhousie. Mr. Rourke brought home with him as a result of his skill as a fisherman, a monster salmon weighing 40 pounds 4 ounces. The fish was caught by Mr. Rourke Friday morning at the Montgomery Pool at the Flatlands, about nine miles from Campbellton. It is the largest fish taken this year, and is said to be one of the largest and finest ever caught on the Ristigouche, where the fish do not average as heavy as on the Metapedia and some other rivers. Mr. Rourke's capture of this fish was a noteworthy achievement for an amateur, particularly as he was using a trout rod and reel. He was in a canoe with two Indians, and in the hour and twenty minutes that it took to land the fish, was towed a good mile down stream. The fish, as stated, weighed 40 pounds 4 ounces. It measured 3 feet 10 inches long, and was 25 inches in circumference. The old sports on the North Shore warmly complimented Mr. Rourke on his capture, and St. John fishermen who saw the fish have done the same.

In a letter to the Free Press Mr. John H. Fairbairn, of the Post Office Department, Ottawa, gives an interesting account of this notable fishing achievemeat. He says:

"Rourke and myself, after finishing transfer of Dalhousie Government Saving Bank to P. O. Saving Bank, went over for a day after salmon in the Ristigouche, and we brought away the biggest fish of the year. We were both perfectly green hands as regards the 'king of fishes.'

"I got a much smaller one (22 pounds), and we lost one over after an hour's play, which was certainly not smaller than 20 or 25 pounds.

"The fishing is just beginning to hum. We are on private waters and have offers of other Metapedia and Ristigouche water galore.

"This is a glorious country, and the Bay Chaleur is simply grand."

Megantic Fishing.

MEGANTIC FISH AND GAME PRESERVE, June 30.—The fishing has been exceptionally good in the Megantic Preserve, and is improving every year, both in size of fish and number taken. Our members and guests have taken salmon up to 5 pounds and trout up to 3 pounds 6 ounces this year, and quite a good many 2 and 3 pound trout. Ed. Grant, the old guide and camp owner, of Beaver Pond, says that our fishing is better than it used to be and the fish are averaging larger, which I think is good evidence that the club rule that "only enough fish shall be killed as are needed for the table" is a good one.

We are about to build a new and much larger hatchery, from which we expect to hatch about 400,000 trout and salmon next season, which we shall rear in small ponds until fall before turning out, and we have great hopes that our waters will continue to show better results every year.

L. O. C.

Points and Flushes.

Dr. Geo. W. Clayton, P. O. Box 914, Chicago, writes us as follows: "Please insert in your fixtures the dates of the fifth annual bench show of the Texas Kennel Club, Oct. 8-11. Mr. John Davidson will judge sporting dogs, and Mr. L. A. Klein will judge all non-sporting breeds. Our prize list will be out in three weeks." Dr. Clayton is superintendent.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1902.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also changes which may be made in the future.

JULY.

10-12. Indian Harbor, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
10-12. New York, Newport series, Newport.
10-12-14. Newport Y. R. A., open, Newport.
12. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Massachusetts Bay.
12. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
12. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
12. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
12. Beverly, second Corinthian, Mon. Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
12. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
12. Marine and Field, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay
12. Squantum, M. Y. R. A., open, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
12. Royal Canadian, 25ft. class, Toronto.
12. Kennebec, club, Bath, Maine.
12. Canarsie, J. B. Y. R. A., open, Jamaica Bay.
12. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
14-16. Newport Y. R. A., Newport.
19. Penataquit-Corinthian, Lighthouse cup, Bay Shore.
19. Shelter Island, club race, Loehrke cup, Shelter Island Heights.
19. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club race for Centre Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
19. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
19. Stamford Corinthian, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open. Stamford, Long Island Sound.
19. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Massachusetts Bay.
19. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
19. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
19. Beverly, club, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
19. Manhasset Bay, club, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
19-26. Larchmont, race week, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
19-31. Royal Canadian, L. Y. R. A. circuit, Toronto.
21-26. Interlake Y. A., an. regatta, Put-in-Bay, Toledo, Lake Erie.
24-26. Hull-Massachusetts, midsummer series, Y. R. A., open, Hull, Boston Harbor.
26. Quincy, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
26. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
26. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Massachusetts Bay.
26 to Aug. 2. Corinthian, annual cruise, from Delaware River to Long Island Sound.
26. Beverly, third Cor., Mon. Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
26. Manhasset Bay, club, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
26. Beverly, third Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
26. Mosquito Fleet, club, City Point, Boston Harbor.
26. Atlantic, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
26. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
26. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club race for Centre Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
26. Norwalk, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, So. Norwalk, L. I. Sound.
26. Hartford, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Saybrook, L. I. Sound.
28. Wollaston, M. Y. R. A., open, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
28-29. Boston Y. R. A., open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
29, 31 and Aug. 2. Kennebec, commodore's cup series, Bath, Me.
30-31. Corinthian, Midsummer Invitation series, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.

AUGUST.

1. Manhasset Bay, race for 18ft. one-design classes, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
1. Corinthian, Midsummer Invitation series, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
2. New Bedford, club, South Dartmouth.
2. Indian Harbor, club, Greenwich, L. I. Sound.
2. Royal Canadian, dinghy, 16ft. to 25ft. classes, Toronto.
2. Penataquit-Corinthian, open regatta, Bay Shore.
2. Shelter Island, club race, Loehrke cup, Shelter Island Heights.
2. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Massachusetts Bay.
2. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
2. Corinthian, annual, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
2. Columbia, race to Macatawa Bay, Lake Michigan.
2. Manhassett, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
2. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
2 Brooklyn, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, N. Y. Bay.
4-5. Manchester, M. Y. R. A., open, West Manchester, Mass. Bay.
5. New York, cruise, rendezvous at New London.
6. New York, cruise, run to Newport.
5-6. Misery Island, open, Salem Bay, Massachusetts Bay.
7. New York, cruise, Astor cup races.
7. East Gloucester, M. Y. R. A., open, Gloucester, Mass. Bay.
7-9. Seawanhaka cup races, Dorval, Lake St. Louis, Canada, between representatives of Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. and Bridgeport Y. C.
7-9. Macatawa Bay, Lake Michigan, Y. A. open races.
8-9. Annisquam, M. Y. R. A., open, Annisquam, Mass. Bay.
9. Hempstead, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Glen Cove, L. I. Sound.
9. Northport, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Northport, L. I. Sound.
9. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club race for Centre Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
9. Knickerbocker, annual cruise, rendezvous College Point, L. I. Sound.
9. Kennebec, open, Bath, Maine.
9. New Bedford, club, South Dartmouth.
9. Quincy, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
9. Royal Canadian, first class, Toronto.
9. South Boston, sailing tender race, City Point, Boston Harbor.
9. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Massachusetts Bay.
9. Beverly-Van Rensselaer cup race, Marion, Buzzard's Bay.
9. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
9. Wollaston, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
11. American, M. Y. R. A., open, Newburyport, Massachusetts Bay.
16. Penataquit-Corinthian, annual cruise, Bay Shore.
16. Royal Canadian, 30ft. class, Toronto.
16. Shelter Island, open regatta, Shelter Island Heights.
16. Horseshoe Harbor, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
16. Huntington, Y.R.A. of L. I. S., open, Huntington, L. I. Sound.
16. Hartford, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Saybrook, L. I. Sound.
16. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
16. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, race for Centre Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
16. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Massachusetts Bay.
16. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
16. Beverly, fourth Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
16. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
21. Plymouth, M. Y. R. A., open, Plymouth, Massachusetts Bay.
22. Kingston, M. Y. R. A., open, Kingston, Mass. Bay.
23. Bridgeport, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Bridgeport, L. I. Sound.
23. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
23. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
23. Huguenot, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
23. Royal Canadian, 16ft. class, Toronto.
23. Penataquit-Corinthian, Lighthouse cup, Bay Shore.
23. Shelter Island, ladies' race, Shelter Island Heights.
23. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
23. Beverly, fifth Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
23. Wollaston, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
23. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
23. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
23. Duxbury, M. Y. R. A., open, Duxbury, Mass. Bay.
23. Marine and Field, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
24. Mosquito Fleet, club, City Point, Boston Harbor.
25-26. Wellfleet, M. Y. R. A., open, Wellfleet, Massachusetts Bay.
28-30. Cape Cod, M. Y. R. A., open, Provincetown, Mass. Bay.
30. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
30. Beverly, sixth Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
30. Columbia, race to Waukegan, Lake Michigan.
30. Manhasset Bay, club, Port Washington, Long Island Sound
30. Larchmont, club, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
30. Atlantic, club, Fire Island and return, New York Bay.
30. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
30. Indian Harbor, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
30. Royal Canadian, dinghy and 25ft. classes, Toronto.
30. Kennebec, club, Bath, Maine.
30. Hartford, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Saybrook, L. I. Sound.
30-31. Corinthian, annual cruise, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Indian Harbor, club, Greenwich, L. I. Sound.
1. Quincy, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
1. Corinthian, club, Essington, Delaware River.
1. Corinthian, annual cruise, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
1. Larchmont, fall regatta, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
1. Sachem's Head, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Guilford, L. I. Sound.
1. Norwalk, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, So. Norwalk, L. I. Sound.
1. Lynn, M. Y. R. A., open, Nahant, Massachusetts Bay.
1. Beverly, open, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
1. Royal Canadian, first class, Lorne cup cruising race, Toronto.
1 Shelter Island, club race, Loehrke cup, Shelter Island Heights.
2. Penataquit-Corinthian, fall regatta, Bay Shore.
4-6. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
5-6. Eastern, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
6. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
6. Boston, club, City Point, Boston Harbor.
6. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
6. Beverly, open, Mattapoisett, Buzzard's Bay.
6. Wollaston, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
6. Quincy, M. Y. R. A., open, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
6. South Boston, sailing tender race, City Point, Boston Harbor.
6. New York C. C., Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
6. Penataquit-Corinthian, Lighthouse cup, Bay shore.
8. Eastern, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
11. New York, autumn regatta, New York, Lower Bay.
13. Knickerbocker, ladies' day race, College Point, L. I. Sound.
13. Kennebec, club, Bath, Maine.
13. Beverly, seventh Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
13 Atlantic, fall regatta, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
13. Larchmont, club, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
20. Manhasset, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
20. Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
—. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
27. Riverside, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Riverside, L. I. Sound.
27. Manhasset Bay, club raceabouts, Port Washington, L. I. Sound.

For Cruising Yachtsmen.

WITH the purpose of stimulating the interest in cruising, and the keeping of a detailed log by cruising yachtsmen during the season of 1902, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer prizes for the best stories of cruises submitted to be published in FOREST AND STREAM. It is believed that these will form not only entertaining records of pleasant summer days spent afloat along our coasts and waterways, but will furnish information of practical value to other yachtsmen making subsequent cruises on the same waters.

Prizes will be awarded to the three best stories as follows:

First prize, $50.00.
Second prize, $30.00.
Third prize, $20.00.

Contributions are invited under the following conditions:

1. The cruise must be made in waters of the United States or Canada in the season of 1902.

2. The cruise must be made in a sailing yacht, power to be used only as an auxiliary, if at all.

3. The story must be prefaced by a description of the boat. Cruises should be treated in as interesting and readable a way as possible, but should be practical and contain all possible information and data that would be of value to men going over the same route. A description of the handling of the ship in all weathers will be regarded very favorably in making awards, and it is suggested to writers that an accurate account be kept of all incidents happening while under way.

4. An outline chart suitable for reproduction, showing the course taken, must accompany each article. When possible, articles should be accompanied by amateur photographs taken on the cruise, including one of the boat. Good photographs will be considered in making the awards.

5. The story should contain about seven thousand words, written on one side of the paper only, and must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York city, on or before Nov. 15, 1902.

Mr. T. C. Zerega has very kindly consented to act as judge and to make the awards.

Eastern Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

Friday, July 4.

THE second special open race of the Eastern Y. C. for the restricted classes of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts, was sailed off Marblehead, Friday, July 4, in a very light, fluky air. The breeze varied from southeast by south to northwest. Seeboomook won in the 25-footers, Rooster II. in the 21-footers and Savage in the 18ft. knockabouts. At the start the breeze was southeast by south, and as it was extremely light, all classes were sent over the short course, three miles to windward and return.

In the 25-footers Calypso went over the starting line in the weather berth, with Seeboomook under her lee. Then came Chewink and Sally VI., with Chewink in the windward position. All went to the starboard tack after crossing the line, and Sally VI., which was to leeward, tacked across the sterns of the other three and took a position at the weather side. She made by this and led the bunch to the weather mark. All three keel boats turned the mark close together, while Calypso, she of the centerboard, could not find wind enough to make her move. After turning the weather mark the breeze flattened out and the three keel boats came together, about drifting toward the finish line. As they came inshore they met a northwest breeze. Spinnakers had to be abandoned and a few tacks were necessary to make the line. Seeboomook laid a beautiful course and finished first, with Chewink II. second. Sally VI. overstood the line in looking for wind and was some distance behind. Calypso could not do anything in the light air.

In the 21-footers Porcupine got the best of the start, but Rooster II. poked out ahead on the windward leg and turned the mark in the lead. She held her lead to the finish. The 18-footers went over the starting line in a bunch, and then they split tacks. In the light air they traveled about even, and, when they had turned the windward mark, they all became bunched again in the calm. With the shift of wind Savage pulled out and finished in the lead. The summary:

Class D—Y. R. A. 25-footers.

	Elapsed.
Seeboomook, B. A. Smith	1 32 22
Chewink II., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	1 32 53
Sally VI., L. F. Percival	1 36 56
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton	1 49 48

Class S—Y. R. A. 21-footers.

Rooster II., Adams Bros.	1 36 50
Porcupine, C. H. W. Foster	1 38 57
Opitsah IV., S. H. Foster	1 42 47
Mildred II., S. P. Moses	1 46 28
Micmac, R. Hutchison	1 49 25
Perhaps II., J. E. Robinson	1 49 46
Chloris, Cheney & Lanning	1 50 57

Class I—18ft. Knockabouts.

Savage, J. S. Lawrence	1 52 57
Rattler, I. D. Irving	1 55 36
Biza, A. Douglas	1 57 35
Malillian, B. S. Permar	2 00 10
Scrapper, Loring Bros.	2 05 41
Tokalon, R. J. Randolph, Jr.	2 13 45

Saturday, July 5.

Another fluky race was the special open for the Y. R. A. restricted classes, given by the Eastern Y. C., on Saturday, July 5. The breeze was south southwest at the start, but on the second leg it shifted to southeast. It was very light throughout. In the 25-footers Seeboomook was first over the starting line, and she led all the way to the finish. She has proven superior now in both light and strong breezes. In the 21-footers Porcupine got the best of the start and led to the first mark, but on the reach and the run Little Haste went out ahead and finished first, with Porcupine second. In the 18-footers Savage had the best of the start, but on the windward leg Ayaya, Biza and Malillian worked out ahead. On the last two legs Malillian came to the front and won, with Biza second. The summary:

Class D—Y. R. A. 25-footers.

	Elapsed.
Seeboomook, B. A Smith	1 43 49
Chewink II., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	1 45 11
Sally VI., L. F. Percival	1 48 02

Class S—Y. R. A. 21-footers.

Little Haste, T. R. Lothrop, Jr.	1 53 31
Porcupine, C. H. W. Foster	1 58 33
Chloris, Cheney & Lanning	2 00 53
Rooster II., Adams Bros.	2 01 55
Thelema, Livingston Davis	2 02 13
Opitsah IV., S. H. Foster	2 05 14
Pilot, Reginald Boardman	2 02 40
Mildred II, S. P. Moses	2 05 58
Tabasco III., H. H. Wiggin	2 06 12
Micmac, Richard Hutchinson	2 10 48
Katherine, H. C. Sears	2 12 28
Perhaps II., J. E. Robinson	Withdrew.

Class I—18ft. Knockabouts.

Malillian, B. S. Permar	2 11 56
Biza, Alfred Douglas	2 14 37
Rattler, A. D. Irving	2 15 11
Savage, J. S. Lawrence	2 15 28
Ayaya, W. P. Keyes	2 15 32
Scrapper, Caleb Loring	2 17 28
Tokalou, R. J. Randolph, Jr.	2 18 43
No. 53, W. S. Burgess	2 21 45
Nobby, G. W. Glover	Withdrew.
Nethla, Cole & Bacon	Withdrew.

City of Boston Regatta.

OFF CITY POINT, BOSTON, MASS.

Friday, July 4.

ONLY two boats of the first handicap class and the boats of the one-design dories and sailing tender classes finished within the time limit in the City of Boston open race on Friday, July 4, under the auspices of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts. The air was fluky throughout, and there was no chance to bring out the true merits of the different boats. The summary:

First Handicap Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Elfreda, M. Hall	3 12 03	2 56 45
Emma C., P. A. Coupal	3 48 51	3 36 45

D. Y. C. Dories.

Vera, H. Lundberg	1 25 19
Boomerang, H. Cleary	1 26 16
Hobo, T. W. King	1 27 39
San Toy, J. A. Hendrie	1 29 51
Lurline, J. A. Meade	1 30 20

S. H. Y. C. Tenders.

No. 7	1 28 52
C. A. J. Smith	1 29 43
A. A. McGuinness	1 31 38
J. D. McBeach	1 33 14

Open Tenders.

Howard Stickney	1 17 28
E. T. Landers	1 19 51
J. Sullivan	1 19 40
F. O. French	1 21 22
W. E. Geyer	1 25 02
W. L. Colson	1 27 30
C. A. Norwell	1 34 30

	0 57 58
	0 59 17
	0 59 50
	1 01 13
	1 04 46
	1 08 08
	1 11 46

An attempt was made to resail the unfinished races on Saturday, but it had to be given up, as there was no wind.

Beverly Y. C.

WING'S NECK, BUZZARD'S BAY.

Friday, July 4.

THE open sweepstakes regatta of the Beverly Y. C. was sailed off Wing's Neck on Friday, July 4, in fluky winds. The Buzzard's Bay one-design 30-footers found the wind very light until they had nearly reached the turning buoy, and they kept close together. After turning the buoy they took a stiff southwest breeze and commenced to spread out. Praxilla went out to the front and led to the finish line. A close race was sailed between Totem and Alison in the fourth class cats, Totem winning by 5 seconds. In the 21-footers Terrapin won handily, and Spider had an easy win in the 15-footers. The summary:

30-footers—One Design.

	Elapsed.
Praxilla, John Parkinson, Jr.	3 15 36
Mashnee, R. W. Emmons	3 16 58
Notos, C. H. & W. O. Taylor	3 19 00
Larriken, R. Bacon	3 20 03
Zingara, E. M. Farnsworth	3 20 59
Pontiac, J. A. Beebe	3 21 06
Young Miss, D. L. Whittemore	3 21 26
Quakeress, W. F. Harrison	3 22 43
Game Cock, L. Bacon	3 23 46
Anita, R. T. Crane, 2d	Withdrew.
Evelyn, J. Hitchcock	Withdrew.

Fourth Class Cats.

Totem, W. W. Phinney	2 54 04
Allison, Stewart McLeod	2 54 39
Howard, H. O. Miller	2 55 05
Krieker, W. S. Jameson	Withdrew.

21-footers.

Terrapin, L. S. Dabney	2 31 03
Sylvia, S. D. Warren	2 33 35
Arethusa, C. M. Baker	2 34 30
Edith, Clark King	2 37 40
Barnacle, W. E. C. Eustis	2 38 50

15-footers.

Spider, H. M. Stone	1 55 25
Vim, F. W. Sargent, Jr.	1 59 15
Ranzo, M. H. Richardson	2 00 32
Go Bye, H. S. Stockton	2 01 40
Teazer, R. W. Emmons	2 03 41

Saturday, July 5.

A club race of the Beverly Y. C. was sailed off Wing's Neck on Saturday, July 5. The wind was light from the east at the start, but it died down and the contest was nothing more than a drifting match. The summary:

30-footers—One Design.

	Elapsed.
Pontiac, J. A. Beebe	4 07 58
Praxilla, John Parkinson, Jr.	4 10 55
Young Miss, D. L. Whittemore	4 12 06
Mashnee, R. W. Emmons	4 15 29
Zingara, E. M. Farnsworth	4 16 01
Quakeress, W. F. Harrison	4 16 31
Larriken, Robt. Bacon	4 20 40
Notos, C. H. & W. O. Taylor	4 32 58
Gamecock, L. Bacon	Not timed.
Anita, R. T. Crane	Not timed.

21-footers.

Terrapin, L. S. Dabney	3 03 11
Edith, Clark King	3 11 39
Radiant, E. C. Baker	3 13 08
Barnacle, W. E. C. Eustis	3 19 08

Fourth Class Cats.

Krieker, W. S. Jameson	3 19 44
Allison, Stewart McLeod	3 20 08
Howard, H. O. Miller	3 31 06
Daisy, H. Stockton	3 31 16
Hod, H. B. Holmes	3 33 23

15-footers.

Vim, F. W. Sargent	2 10 55
Spider, H. M. Stone	2 12 08
Go Bye, H. Stockton	2 13 32
Catspaw, S. D. Warren	2 18 19
Ranzo, M. H. Richardson	2 19 01

English Letter.

THE dangerous illness of the King has put an end for the present to the great naval review at Spithead. Everything was so far advanced that it was possible to form a fair idea of what the scene would have been like, and though the show of warships would hardly have been so imposing as in 1897, the number of yachts would certainly have been greater. Even a week before the day fixed for the review the fleet of yachts anchored in Southampton water was larger than any I have yet seen there. The anticipated review has had the effect of spoiling the German Emperor's cup race. Only seven yachts entered, and of these, but three started—Cicely (the new Fife schooner), Vol-au-Vent and Leander. Leander is smart yawl of 98 tons, designed by Payne last year, and owned by the Hon. Rupert Guiness, and Vol-au-Vent is an old vessel of 104 tons, built by Ratsey, of Cowes, so far back as 1875. Cicely was put scratch and had to allow Leander 3½ hours and Vol-au-Vent 5½ hours. They started last Saturday in a smart westerly breeze and finished at Heligoland on Monday evening, Vol-au-Vent saving her time from Cicely by over 5 hours. Leander also saved her time. Details of the race are not known yet, but the result shows how very difficult it is to handicap vessels that have to sail on a compass course. Cicely is the prettiest schooner I have ever seen, but from what I hear Mr. W. Jameson's new auxiliary schooner will be even smarter, though smaller. She was launched last week at Fairlie, and is bound to create a sensation. In size she is called a 40-tonner (a meaningless phrase nowadays), and is of much the same size as the racing 52-footers. Her motor engine is placed well forward in the boat, and the exhaust is led into the foremast, which is a hollow steel spar cased with wood. The engine is said to be of 75 horse-power and is a "Napier." This ought to develop very great speed in so well-designed a boat. The most startling feature (in so large a yacht) is that her sails are scarlet, the vessel being named Scarlet Rambler. Her draft is light, in order that she may be able to enter shallow harbors on the Irish coast. Altogether, this yacht is a notable departure for our waters, as her headroom is obtained by a low booby hatch—a very unusual thing in cruising yachts of this size over here. However, the object is plainly to produce a bonafide auxiliary yacht—not merely a sailing yacht with a little motor in it for oily calm weather. Scarlet Rambler will be able to make passages that will compare well with steam yachts of twice her tonnage and keep the sea when they have to scuttle into the nearest shelter. She will carry petrol in her tanks for 100 hours' continuous power driving. From the time this yacht's keel was laid until she was finished, only one month elapsed. Some delay occurred in delivering parts of the motor equipment, but the builder's work was over in that time. I don't think you can show a better record than that even in your "greased lightning" land!

The already attenuated 52ft. class has temporarily broken down. Camellia, the Payne boat, did not start in the Nore to Dover match, owing, it was said, to her topsides having opened. She is at her builders for some "small alterations," but as these include new garboards, it may possibly be a case of altering the d measurement of the yacht. Anyway, the garboard strakes do not usually form part of a vessel's topsides. Secrecy in all such matters is nowadays considered absolutely essential. Camellia fails on the wind a little, but is a very fast boat with sheets checked. Any improvement, even if slight, should enable her to stop the triumphal march of Lucida occasionally.

In the Solent class racing—confined to yachts of 36ft. and under—the best boats in the various classes so far are Nyama (Fife 36-footer), Sorais II. (Fife 30-footer), Duet (Payne 24-footer). The proportion of sail to length in the various classes is altogether uneven, and the new rule will not work out its ultimate development for a considerable time yet. The entries are few in all classes, but next winter should see a spurt in building. The tendency of the rule is apparently not to curtail beam unduly lent to approximate draft—so half the beam at the station measured (.6 of L.W.L. aft of stem). This is the minimum amount of draft allowed there, but it is not otherwise measured, so that the custom is to make the profile triangular and thus get a lot of useful untaxed draft at the stern-post. This result was foreseen, but neglected when the rule was passed. It appears likely that this will be the prevailing type, but I think it is certain that a rather narrow craft in the classes of 30ft. and upward would win many prizes. The time has not come yet to try the experiment. It will arrive when four or five boats of the other type are making close races in any one class.

Last Thursday Miss Cust, the owner of the 36-footer Cuckoo II., died suddenly. She was one of the best-known yacht women on the Solent, and her death created much regret. Cuckoo II. is a Sibbick boat, and fairly fast in light weather, but of too large a d measurement.

The official measurement of Mr. Cecil Quentin's schooner Cicely is 95.67 rating, and with the deduction made for her "inferiority of rig" she will sail as of 81.3 rating. She would have a very fair chance with Sybarita and Kariad in open racing if the course gave a large proportion of reaching. Our rule treats schooners rather unfairly in the matter of spinnakers, for the area of sail between the masts is of no use when dead before the wind, and no allowance is made for this in the size of the spinnaker. It would surely be fair to allow the whole area forward of the mainmast to be put into the spinnaker provided that this sail be always set on the mainmast.

Another American motor firm has established an agency over her, Messrs. Westmacott, Stewart & Co., of St. Helens, Isle of Wight, having taken a agency for the "Standard" motor. The name is a good one over here, and this firm are high-class builders, having a most complete yard.

Mr. M. B. Kennedy has promised to race Sybarita at the Clyde regattas, so that Kariad will have some racing at home after all.

E. H. HAMILTON.

Springfield Y. C.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Friday, July 4.

THE fourth annual regatta of the Springfield Y. C. was sailed on the Connecticut, on Friday, July 4, in a very light northwest breeze. On account of the lack of wind the races for the Commodore's, the Ladd and the Parish cups had to be abandoned. The summary:

Sailing Race.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Aquilon, Rev. Newton Black	4 04 21	3 57 35
Vamoose, C. McKnight	4 03 43	4 03 43
Caroline, J. H. Jones	4 13 23	4 06 37
Thelma, F. B. Bagg	4 16 43	4 09 57
Giralda, W. Bebler	4 20 46	4 14 00

Launch Race.

Wipanet, C. D. Nelson	2 46 18	2 44 18
Flora, W. L. Bunker	2 49 01	2 44 56
Glenorman, P. A. Nethain	2 51 14	2 47 06
Larone, Hubbard & Binney	2 49 10	2 47 32
Winnie, A. D. Copeland	2 53 10	2 50 42

Mosquito Fleet Y. C.

SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.

Saturday, July 5.

THE open race of the Mosquito Fleet Y. C. for one-design dories and sailing tenders, was sailed off City Point on Saturday, July 5, in a light southwest breeze. The summary:

Tenders—15ft. over all.

	Elapsed.		Elapsed.
H. Stickney	4 06 55	W. L. Colson	4 10 37
E. S. Merrill	4 08 05	J. Sullivan	4 11 55
E. T. Landers	4 08 55		

Tenders—13ft. over all.

W. F. Scott	4 12 40	W. B. Geer	4 20 23
C. Smith	4 15 48	R. Loring	4 22 09

Dory Race.

T. W. King	4 37 05	E. Cutter	Withdrew.
H. Cleary	4 37 42	E. Cutter	Withdrew.
H. Lundberg	4 41 58		

Bridgeport Y. C.

Seawanhaka Cup Trial Races.

BLACK ROCK, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

June 30, and July 1, 2 and 3.

THE races for the Seawanhaka cup, being the only international matches of the year, naturally caused widespread interest among yachtsmen throughout the United States and Canada.

It was through the efforts of Com. Thomas H. Macdonald that the Bridgeport Y. C. sent a challenge for the Seawanhaka cup to the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., and it is a matter of regret that he got so little support in the enterprise from his own club members. Not only in the building of the boats, but in the managing of the trial races much of the unpleasantness that came up reverted to him, and in a great measure the blame was placed on his shoulders. It was not until all the boats and their crews arrived at Black Rock that every one realized that the club had a big proposition on its hands, and that it was going to take more than one man to look after all the details. Not only did the men of the different crews have great difficulty in finding places to sleep in and keep their clothes and dunnage, but they were astounded to find only one railway and cradle available, so that it was practically impossible to haul more than four or five boats over one tide, which meant that several had to stay overboard while the others were drying out.

Although Com. Macdonald's enterprise did not seem to impress the Bridgeport Y. C. men, it did interest yachtsmen all over the country, and from them he received cordial support. Nine boats were built to compete in the trial race, three sailing under the Bridgeport Y. C. flag. Two out of these three were owned by a syndicate headed by Com. Macdonald, and the third by Messrs. Clinton Barnum Seeley, and Wilson Marshall, a well-known yachtsman, and owner of the schooner Atlantic.

Eight of the nine boats built were on hand for the races. Tecumseh, the boat selected by the judges as being the best all-round craft in the fleet, was designed and built by Messrs. Jones and La Borde, of Oshkosh, Wis. She is owned by a syndicate headed by Com. Macdonald. Tecumseh is 37ft. over all, 22ft. waterline, 7ft. 6in. breadth and 6in. draft of hull. She was an extreme scow, with considerable power and flat overhangs. Mr. James H. Jones, her designer, sailed her, and she was better handled than any of the other craft. Her crew was made up of Frederick Gates, mainsheet; Leroy Gates, jib, and Charles Sherwood. The team work of this crew was remarkably good; all the men in the boat understood the scow type thoroughly, and in consequence got more out of their boat than did any other crew in the fleet. If these men are permitted to sail in Tecumseh when she races on Lake St. Louis, the Canadians will have to look to their laurels. In addition to a good crew, Tecumseh had a remarkably fine suit of sails, much superior to those seen on any other boat in the races.

Massasoit, the boat that finished second best in the races, was designed by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield, and built by Mr. W. B. Smith, of Quincy, Mass. She is also owned by a syndicate headed by Com. Macdonald. Massasoit is 39ft. 9in. over all, 26ft. 7in. waterline, 8ft. breadth and 6in. draft. She is by far the smartest scow her designer has ever turned out. Her high freeboard would indicate that she was a boat of considerable power, but this did not prove to be the case, for in a strong breeze and sea she was not a match for several of the other boats. Massasoit was sailed by Mr. W. H. Jennings, and he was assisted by Mr. Edgar Sherwood on mainsheet; Mr. Harold Fish, jib, and Mr. Preston Sherwood. There was some criticism on Mr. Jennings' work as helmsman of the boat, but this is often the case when a good man is sailing a losing boat. Mr. Jennings not only sailed his boat well, but got all there was out of her, and much credit should be given him. Masasoit is a fast boat in light and moderate weather, and in smooth water turned out to windward in wonderful shape.

Crusader, the Western boat, that stood third in the racing, was designed by Mr. George B. Reid, and was built by Rameley, of White Bear Lake. The boat is owned by Mr. Homer P. Clark and Mr. L. P. Ordway. Crusader was one of the best built boats in the fleet, and was able to stand more pounding and racking than some of the others. She was 37ft. over all, 22ft. waterline, 7ft. breadth and 6in. draft. Mr. L. P. Ordway, her helmsman, is a boat sailor of thirty years' experience, and has twice sailed against the Canadians, once in Yankee and once in Minnesota. Mr. Ordway was ably assisted by Mr. Frank M. Douglas, who owned Minnesota when she sailed on Lake St. Louis, and Mr. Donald Bunn and Mr. J. J. Johnson. Crusader was perhaps the best all-round boat in the collection. She was a match for any boat in the fleet in fresh to strong breezes and a sea, and had she had a good light air sail she would have finished a winner.

Seeress, the competitor sailing under the colors of the Manhasset Bay Y. C., was designed by Mr. Charles D. Mower and built by Thomas Smith, of Bayonne. She is owned by her designer and Mr. Albert B. Hunt. Seeress is 39ft. 5in. over all, 26ft. 9in. waterline, 8ft. 2in. breadth, and 5in. draft. She was sailed by Mr. Charles D. Mower, with Mr. Edward MacLellan on mainsheet, Mr. Albert B. Hunt jib, and Mr. Harry S. Fairchild. Seeress was at her best in fresh to strong winds. In light weather her large steel board (the largest in the fleet) hurt her, and this, together with poor sails, accounts for her indifferent showing.

Frontenac, another of the Western-built boats, is owned by Mr. Charles De Hart Brower, and she sailed under the Penataquit Corinthian Y. C. flag. She looked to be the most powerful craft of any of the contestants, owing to her full section and high freeboard. The boat was designed and built by Gus Amundson, of White Bear Lake, Minn., and she was a remarkably well-built boat. Frontenac was sailed by Charles De Hart Boower, Jr., who, considering his age and experience, handled his boat very skillfully. He was assisted by Mr. F. O. Came, on mainsheet; Mr. Willis Putnam, jib, and Mr. Thomas Hardenburg. Frontenac showed up well in all conditions, and is a very good all-round boat.

Nutmeg, the only fin boat in the fleet, was designed and built by Mr. Lawrence D. Huntington, of New Rochelle, for Messrs. Wilson Marshall and Clinton Barnum Seeley. She is 38ft. over all, 23ft. waterline, 6ft. breadth and 5ft. draft. Her best chance is in very light air or fresh breeze and smooth water. Nutmeg was sailed by her designer, Mr. L. D. Huntington, with Mr. R. N. Bavier on mainsheet, and Mr. L. Blank jib. She sailed under the Bridgeport Y. C. colors.

Filibuster, the boat designed by Mr. W. Starling Burgess, and built by Graves, of Marblehead, for Mr. F. B. Crowninshield, was perhaps the most unlucky boat of all. Shortly after she was launched she capsized off Marblehead, and, after being cut in two by a big sloop that ran alongside to render assistance to her crew, had to be almost entirely rebuilt inside of a week, so that she would be ready for the trial races. Filibuster was so badly out of shape when she arrived at Bridgeport that it seemed almost useless to race her. Even after she arrived it could be seen she was originally a most likely looking boat, and had she not been so unfortunate would have undoubtedly been a better performer. Her owner and skipper, Mr. Frank B. Crowninshield, deserves great credit for bringing his boat to the starting line after such a run of hard luck. On board Filibuster were some of the best amateur sailors in the East—Mr. E. J. Horton and Mr. Frank Burgess. Filibuster is 40ft. over all, 26ft. waterline; 8ft. 8in. breadth and 6in. draft. She sailed under the Eastern Y. C. flag.

Monsoon was also designed by Mr. W. Starling Burgess and built by Mr. W. B. Stearns, of Marblehead, for Messrs. Hollis Burgess and T. K. Lothrop. She was the only pointed bow boat in the fleet. Monsoon was sailed by Mr. Hollis Burgess. On board were Mr. T. K. Lothrop and Joshua Crane and E. Burwell. She sailed under the Manchester Y. C. flag.

Wampnissic, the ninth boat, did not show up for the trial races, as she was found to be lacking in windward qualities. She was designed and built on speculation by Mr. Benjamin Hallock, of Moriches.

The Regatta Committee was made up of Mr. Frank Bowne Jones, of the Indian Harbor Y. C.; Mr. Charles P. Tower, of the New Rochelle Y. C., and Mr. Carl Foster, of the Bridgeport Y. C.

The rules governing the trial races were practically the same as in previous years.

First Day, Monday, June 30.

The easterly gale that blew with considerable force all day Sunday seemed to have cleared the atmosphere, for Monday was fair, but hardly favorable for boat sailing, as there was little wind. Two officers from the revenue cutter Dallas, which had been ordered to Black Rock to keep the course clear, were out in launches. The judges and newspaper men were on board Mr. Henry S. Burr's power yacht Helys, an admirable boat, just suited for the purpose.

FIRST ROUND.

A triangular course was logged off, the first leg of which was a beat and the other two legs reaches. The wind was very light from the S.E. by E. At 1:20 the warning signal was given; at 1:25 the preparatory, and at 1:30 the starting gun. Nutmeg was first across, with Monsoon just to windward, then came Seeress, Filibuster, Crusader, Frontenac, Tecumseh and Massasoit. Although late in getting over the line, Tecumseh soon began to draw into the lead, and with sheets eased a little and with good headway on, soon left the rest behind. The times at the first mark were:

Tecumseh	2 11 45	Filibuster	2 15 50
Nutmeg	2 14 35	Crusader	2 18 05
Monsoon	2 15 43	Frontenac	2 18 10
Massasoit	2 16 21	Seeress	2 20 44

It was a broad reach to the second mark, and sheets were eased off and spinnakers set. The pole was allowed to run way forward and the sheet carried out and around the forestay and lee shroud, making a large balloon jib. Tecumseh continued to draw ahead a little, but the positions of the others remained virtually the same. At the second mark the times were:

Tecumseh	2 23 06	Filibuster	2 29 55
Nutmeg	2 28 00	Frontenac	2 30 21
Monsoon	2 29 37	Crusader	2 31 11
Massasoit	2 29 46	Seeress	2 34 04

On the run home, with spinnakers set to port, Nutmeg drew up a little on Tecumseh, but the latter already had the race well in hand. The times at the finish of the first round follows:

Tecumseh	2 40 28	Crusader	2 48 33
Nutmeg	2 44 08	Filibuster	2 48 55
Monsoon	2 48 21	Frontenac	2 49 03
Massasoit	2 48 33	Seeress	2 52 46

The following table shows the elapsed times made by each boat over each leg of the course:

	First Leg.	Second Leg.	Third Leg.	Course.
Tecumseh	0 41 45	0 11 21	0 17 22	1 10 28
Nutmeg	0 44 35	0 13 25	0 16 00	1 14 08
Monsoon	0 45 43	0 13 54	0 18 54	1 18 21
Massasoit	0 46 21	0 13 25	0 18 47	1 18 33
Crusader	0 48 05	0 13 06	0 17 32	1 18 43
Filibuster	0 46 59	0 12 56	0 18 00	1 18 55
Frontenac	0 48 10	0 12 11	0 18 42	1 19 03
Seeress	0 50 44	0 13 20	0 18 42	1 22 46

Tecumseh won by 3m. 40s.

SECOND ROUND.

As soon as Seeress finished, the warning signal for the next round was set. The race was started at 3:05. Filibuster was first away, with Crusader, Seeress, Nutmeg, Massasoit, Monsoon, Tecumseh and Frontenac crossing in the order named. The breeze had shifted a little and was freshening. Massasoit was doing much better, and Tecumseh had pulled into third place. It took a long and a short leg to fetch the mark. A strong tide was setting the boats down on the mark, and most of the skippers did not make sufficient allowance for this, and had to make several tacks to clear it. Good judgment on the part of Crusader's helmsman at this point put him ahead of Tecumseh. The times at this mark were:

Massasoit	3 28 33	Seeress	3 32 33
Frontenac	3 30 14	Nutmeg	3 33 24
Crusader	3 31 03	Monsoon	3 34 15
Tecumseh	3 31 23	Filibuster	3 36 00

The hauling wind made the second leg a beat instead of a reach. Massasoit was showing to much better advantage. Nutmeg, Monsoon and Filibuster held the starboard tack after rounding, and had a lee bowing tide, which helped them considerably. Seeress was doing much better in the freshening breeze. Massasoit continued to improve, and the times at the second mark were:

Massasoit	3 44 04	Seeress	3 48 50
Tecumseh	3 46 49	Nutmeg	3 50 25
Crusader	3 46 58	Monsoon	3 51 52
Frontenac	3 48 50	Filibuster	3 52 41

It was a spinnaker run from this mark to the finish line. Massasoit was well ahead and a sure winner barring a breakdown. Crusader drew ahead of Tecumseh and finished second. Seeress had pulled up into fifth place. The times at the finish of the second round follow:

Massasoit	3 57 37	Seeress	4 02 46
Crusader	4 00 51	Nutmeg	4 05 14
Tecumseh	4 00 53	Monsoon	4 06 28
Frontenac	4 02 12	Filibuster	4 06 53

The following table shows the elapsed times made by each boat over each leg of the course:

	First Leg.	Second Leg.	Third Leg.	Course.
Massasoit	0 23 33	0 15 31	0 13 33	0 52 37
Crusader	0 26 03	0 15 55	0 12 33	0 55 51
Tecumseh	0 26 23	0 15 26	0 14 04	0 55 53
Frontenac	0 25 14	0 17 44	0 16 12	0 57 12
Seeress	0 27 33	0 16 47	0 15 56	0 57 46
Nutmeg	0 28 24	0 17 01	0 14 49	1 00 14
Monsoon	0 29 15	0 17 37	0 14 26	1 01 28
Filibuster	0 31 00	0 16 41	0 14 12	1 01 53

Massasoit won by 3m. 14s.

THIRD ROUND.

The committee decided to reverse the course for the third round, which made the first leg a beat in the S. wind. At 4:20, when the boats were started, the breeze had increased to a fair sailing breeze. They were bunched on the line at the start, and Seeress came down and gybed over, her skipper looking for a good berth. This caused a mix up for a moment, but all luffed out around the committee boat. Monsoon got the best start, with the rest of the boats following in the order named, Massasoit, Frontenac, Crusader, Filibuster, Nutmeg, Seeress and Tecumseh. Massasoit soon pulled into the lead, again showing her superior windward qualities under the prevailing conditions. Crusader was second, with Frontenac third. The times at the first mark were:

Massasoit	4 43 37	Seeress	4 48 42
Crusader	4 45 06	Monsoon	4 49 06
Frontenac	4 45 20	Nutmeg	4 49 13
Filibuster	4 48 10	Tecumseh	4 49 28

The next two legs were reaches. Crusader began to cut down Massasoit's lead in most alarming fashion. The judges took no time at the second mark. On the last leg Crusader was pushing Massasoit hard for first place. Seeress was slowly pulling up, and finished in fourth place. The times at the finish of the third round follow:

Massasoit	5 09 06	Filibuster	5 12 32
Crusader	5 09 38	Tecumseh	5 13 02
Frontenac	5 11 09	Nutmeg	5 13 35
Seeress	5 12 05	Monsoon	5 14 23

The following table shows the elapsed time made by each boat over the first leg and the course:

	First Leg.	Course.
Crusader	0 25 06	0 49 38
Frontenac	0 25 20	0 51 09
Seeress	0 28 42	0 52 05
Filibuster	0 28 10	0 52 32
Tecumseh	0 29 28	0 53 02
Nutmeg	0 29 13	0 53 35
Monsoon	0 29 06	0 54 23

Massasoit won by 32s.

The result of the first day's racing had been anything but satisfactory, as in the fluky breeze no definite conclusions could be reached.

Second Day, Tuesday, July 1.

The boats were to sail a windward and return course on the second day's race, and after the light and fickle breeze that prevailed on the day previous, the majority of the owners and crews were glad to see the fresh N.W. wind that was blowing when the boats went out to the starting line. It was a condition of wind and sea that was just suited to the type of racing craft represented—i. e., a strong breeze and smooth water. The contestants sailed around the bay, some under two and some three reefed mainsails, waiting for signals from the committee boat, but none appeared, and the different boats finally ran up to the judges' boat to find out the cause of the delay. When the committee announced that the race had been postponed on account of the weather, the majority of them were astonished, and protested in no unmistakable terms. The committee argued that if any of the boats capsized some one might be drowned, and as the wind was off shore, they might be blown over to Long Island, because there was no boat to pick them up. They quite overlooked the fact that the revenue cutter Dallas never left her anchorage during the races, and might have been used for this purpose. Several of the men owning and sailing the boats who had participated in races at Lake St. Louis felt that they were better qualified to decide whether or not the conditions were the same as were experienced in Canada, for none of those on the committee was really familiar with the weather that boats are liable to meet when racing in Canada. The race was abandoned for the day, and the dissatisfied crews hung around ashore all the afternoon. Mr. Joshua Crane, one of Monsoon's crew, left for home soon after getting ashore. Mr. C. M. Griggs, one of the White Bear Y. C. men also left that night for the West, being thoroughly disgusted with the committee's action. It was a most unfortunate incident, and the committee unquestionably made a very great blunder.

Third Day, Wednesday, July 2

FIRST ROUND.

When the boats came to the line for this race, over a windward and leeward course, two miles to a leg, the wind was light from S.W. by S. The warning signal was given at 11:55, and ten minutes later, at 12:05, the boats were started. Crusader was first away, followed closely by Massasoit, Tecumseh, Seeress, Frontenac, Nutmeg, Monsoon and Filibuster. Tecumseh soon moved from third to first place. Tecumseh came down on Massasoit and crossed her bow, while the latter went across Crusader's bow. The times at the weather mark were:

Tecumseh	12 38 46	Frontenac	12 43 11
Massasoit	12 38 53	Nutmeg	12 44 33
Crusader	12 41 25	Filibuster	12 49 12
Seeress	12 41 45	Monsoon	12 50 06

Spinnakers were set smartly after rounding, and it was a close race back to the finish line. Massasoit cut down

Tecumseh's lead slightly. Both Crusader and Seeress made better time down the wind than did Tecumseh and Massasoit, but their gain was not sufficient to put them in the first place.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Tecumseh	1 00 16	0 55 16
Massasoit	1 00 20	0 55 20
Nutmeg	1 10 26	1 05 26
Crusader	1 02 30	0 57 30
Seeress	1 02 55	0 57 55
Frontenac	1 05 59	1 00 59
Filibuster	1 18 06	1 13 06
Monsoon	1 19 11	1 14 11

Tecumseh won by 4s.

SECOND ROUND.

The boats were sent off for the second round at 1:40, and crossed the line in this order, Tecumseh, Seeress, Massasoit, Nutmeg, Crusader, Monsoon, Frontenac and Filibuster. Seeress began for the first time to show some of the speed displayed early in the season. Massasoit worked into the lead, with Seeress second and Tecumseh third. The sloop Diana, owned by a member of the Bridgeport Y. C., blanketed or back-winded several of the boats all over the course, and the revenue officers seemed powerless to keep her off the course. How little interest a man has in the sport when he interferes with an international affair! The times at the weather mark follow:

Massasoit	2 10 06	Crusader	2 15 07
Tecumseh	2 11 26	Nutmeg	2 26 30
Seeress	2 11 22	Filibuster	2 27 16
Frontenac	2 13 21		

Spinnakers were set, but could not be carried far, for the wind shifted to N.W., making it a beat back. Tecumseh again showed her good windward qualities, and passed Seeress, but could not overtake Massasoit. The summary of the second round:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Massasoit	2 35 52	0 55 52
Tecumseh	2 36 20	0 56 20
Nutmeg	2 44 40	1 04 40
Seeress	2 36 52	0 56 52
Frontenac	2 38 08	0 58 08
Crusader	2 38 33	0 58 33
Filibuster	2 46 52	1 06 52

Massasoit won by 28s.

THIRD ROUND.

At 3:40 the boats were sent off for the third round. The breeze had hauled back to S.W., and was blowing fresher. Tecumseh was first to start, closely followed by Massasoit and Seeress. Massasoit and Tecumseh stood in on the north shore out of the tide, while the others stayed outside and got its full force. Massasoit rounded the outer mark 39s. ahead of Tecumseh. The times at this mark were:

Massasoit	4 08 17	Crusader	4 12 22
Tecumseh	4 08 56	Nutmeg	4 13 44
Seeress	4 12 04	Filibuster	4 14 12
Frontenac	4 12 19		

On the spinnaker run home Tecumseh caught and passed Massasoit and finished a winner. Seeress made the best time down the wind. The summary of the last round follows:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Massasoit	4 34 13	0 54 13
Tecumseh	4 33 43	0 53 43
Nutmeg	4 36 08	0 56 08
Seeress	4 34 27	0 54 27
Frontenac	4 34 55	0 54 55
Crusader	4 34 45	0 54 45
Filibuster	4 35 47	0 55 47

Tecumseh won by 30s.

Fourth Day, Thursday, July 3.

FIRST ROUND.

The morning of the fourth day did not hold forth many inducements for small-boat racing, as a strong S.W. by W. wind was blowing, which kicked up a rather nasty sea. In the morning rain squalls made matters more uncomfortable. The course was triangular for the first round, and the boats were reefed when they came to the line. The boats were started at 1:10. Frontenac was first to cross, the others following in the order named, Massasoit, Crusader, Tecumseh, Filibuster, Monsoon, Nutmeg and Seeress. Monsoon and Filibuster fouled at the start. It was a reach to the first mark, and Tecumseh rounded ahead. No times were taken there by the judges. At the second mark Tecumseh rounded after some pretty windward work at 1:39:53, Crusader at 1:40:10 and Massasoit at 1:41:23. The wind had let up so much that reefs had been shaken out on most all the boats. Tecumseh held her lead on the third leg and finished a winner. The summary of the first round:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Tecumseh	1 52 25	0 42 25
Crusader	1 52 21	0 42 51
Massasoit	1 53 45	0 43 45
Seeress	1 53 56	0 43 56
Frontenac	1 54 52	0 44 52
Filibuster	1 57 54	0 47 54
Monsoon	1 59 24	0 49 24
Nutmeg	2 03 32	0 53 32

Tecumseh won by 26s.

SECOND ROUND.

The second round was started at 2:25. The wind was much lighter and the sea was quite smooth. The boats got away in the following order: Nutmeg, Filibuster, Massasoit, Crusader, Seeress, Frontenac, Tecumseh and Monsoon. Tecumseh again worked her way through the fleet into first place. The times at the first mark were:

Tecumseh	2 45 06	Seeress	2 46 30
Crusader	2 45 29	Nutmeg	2 46 30
Massasoit	2 45 53	Monsoon	2 47 08
Filibuster	2 46 20	Frontenac	2 47 30

After going on the port tack, Tecumseh weathered Massasoit, and Crusader moved up on Tecumseh. When nearing the second mark the wind comes out of the W. and freshens rapidly. Tecumseh shows a great burst of speed, and passes Massasoit, and finished a winner. The summary of the second round:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Tecumseh	3 14 24	0 49 24
Massasoit	3 15 05	0 50 05
Nutmeg	3 16 16	0 51 16
Seeress	3 16 21	0 51 21
Crusader	3 16 33	0 51 33
Filibuster	3 16 35	0 51 35
Frontenac	3 19 34	0 54 34
Monsoon	3 20 16	0 55 16

Tecumseh won by 41s.

THIRD ROUND.

The committee decided to sail the boats the third time over a windward and leeward course. Monsoon had withdrawn, consequently there were only seven starters. All hands had their mainsails reefed, but all carried their largest spinnakers down the wind. The start was made at 4 o'clock. Massasoit was first across the line but Crusader made the best time down the wind. The times at the leeward mark:

Crusader	4 16 24	Frontenac	4 17 37
Filibuster	4 17 04	Tecumseh	4 17 46
Massasoit	4 17 21	Seeress	4 17 55
Nutmeg	4 17 33		

Tecumseh shook out one of her reefs, but she was too far behind to cut down Crusader's substantial lead to any noticeable degree. The times for the third round follow:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Crusader	4 45 08	0 45 08
Frontenac	4 46 45	0 46 45
Filibuster	4 48 50	0 48 50
Seeress	4 49 29	0 49 29
Tecumseh	4 49 32	0 49 32
Massasoit	4 54 44	0 54 44
Nutmeg	4 56 55	0 56 55

Crusader won by 37s.

FOURTH ROUND.

At 5:30 the boats were again sent away to sail over the windward and leeward course. At the start Filibuster and Tecumseh nearly fouled each other. Mr. Crowninshield was nursing his boat along at the time, as his tiller had just broken, and it was only by very capable handling that he avoided a collision. According to the rules of the road, he was entirely in the right, but he was disqualified by the judges. This looked as if Mr. Crowninshield, who is one of the best sportsmen in the country, was being discriminated against. The numerous fouls that had happened in the other races had been overlooked for some reason or other, and Mr. Crowninshield was picked out in the last race of the last day to be made an example of.

This race was Seeress' from the start; she outsailed the fleet down the wind, turning the leeward mark first. The times at the leeward mark were:

Seress	5 38 22	Tecumseh	5 39 19
Crusader	5 38 52	Frontenac	5 39 31
Filibuster	5 39 10	Massasoit	5 39 40

The two-mile beat to windward was an interesting one. Seeress held her lead and finished a winner. Tecumseh, after a hard battle, worked ahead of Crusader and finished second. The summary follows:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Seeress	6 07 54	0 47 54
Tecumseh	6 08 21	0 48 21
Crusader	6 08 31	0 48 31
Massasoit	6 09 45	0 49 45
Filibuster	6 11 04	0 51 04
Frontenac	6 12 28	0 52 28

Seeress won by 27s.

Ten races were sailed in all, and the points made by the boats each day were as follows:

	First day.	Second day.	Third day.	Totals.
Tecumseh	19	22	25	66
Massasoit	21	21	19	61
Crusader	18	14	23	55
Seeress	10	16	21	47
Frontenac	13	12	14	39
Nutmeg	12	7	8	27
Filibuster	8	6	11	25
Monsoon	9	1	3	13

After the races the boats were made ready for their return to home ports, whether by water or rail.

Crusader and Seeress have been shipped to White Bear Lake, where they will be raced.

Frontenac will be raced on Great South Bay.

Nutmeg and Monsoon will be taken to New Rochelle and laid up.

Filibuster will be used for day sailing around Marblehead.

Corinthian Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

Friday, July 4.

OUT of 37 starters in the special invitation race of the Corinthian Y. C., sailed off Marblehead Friday, July 4, there were only 7 which finished. The breeze was fluky from the start, ind in the classes that did finish there was considerable distance between the boats. The summary:

Class D—Y. R. A. 25-footers.

	Elapsed.
Sally VI., L. F. Percival	2 44 08
Chewink II., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	2 50 11
Seeboomook, Smith	3 08 43

Class B—Handicap.

Ruth, Wheelock	1 42 30
Aspinet, E. W. Remick	1 47 18

Class K—Raceabouts.

Sintram, W. P. Fowle	3 24 03
Baggera, R. C. Robbins	3 35 00

An attempt was made to resail the unfinished races on Saturday, but it had to be given up on account of lack of wind.

Newport Special Thirties.

NEWPORT, NARRAGANSETT BAY.

Friday, July 4.

THREE of the Newport special 30-footers sailed an interesting race on Friday, July 4. The wind was fresh from the S.W. The course was from Brenton's Cove to and around Dyer's Island. Barbara finished the winner. The summary:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Barbara, Winthrop Rutherfurd	5 42 19	2 20 19
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	5 44 16	2 22 16
Caroline, Pembroke Jones	5 47 49	2 25 49

Saturday, July 5.

On Saturday, July 5, the 30-footers attempted to race over a triangular course in a light N.E. breeze. The race was won by Esperanza, and the boats sailed only once over the course, the wind being so light. The summary follows:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	5 06 02	1 21 02
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	5 09 44	1 24 44
Barbara, Winthrop Rutherfurd	Withdrew.	

History of Chicago Y. C.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 23.—When the small band of yacht owners undertook the reorganization of the Chicago Y. C. in 1897, they found the proud organization, founded more than twenty years before, to have little to boast of in the way of fleet or membership, and nothing in the way of a home.

After an interval of indecision, the club house of the Argonauts was obtained as a home, and for five years, from its little south verandah, the members (numbering sixty in 1898) gazed upon the long stretch of park breakwater, which even in those days was looked upon as the site of the future home of the club. The first steps toward the realization of this hope were taken in 1899, when the trustees obtained from the United States Government a permit to erect a building in the harbor adjacent to the breakwater. The permission of the South Park Board, and finally of the city, was obtained, and in the fall of 1900—after an interval of anxiety over the building plans, ways and means—the contract for the foundation was let. Before the work could be started, winter closed the harbor in her icy grasp—and another period of waiting was before the club. With the advent of open weather the work was started and pushed to final completion.

The work upon the superstructure, though started in April, was delayed during most of the summer by injunction proceedings, and the middle of October was reached before the work was again allowed to proceed. The building was completed during the winter, and in May, 1902, the club moved into the new quarters.

The foundation consists of 105 white oak piles, 45ft. long, driven in water varying in depth from 10 to 20ft. These were capped with 12x12in. white oak timbers, carried in both directions, with lighted joists between, the whole being covered with a 2in. plank platform laid diagonally. The unusual strength is required on account of the location of the opening in the protecting breakwater, which exposes the building to heavy seas from the southeast, which had to be met by substantial construction, if swaying was to be avoided. This is illustrated in the case of the group of piles, under the south chimney, which, 25ft. above the point where they enter the ground, are called upon to support a load considerably more than 100 tons.

The club house is a three-story structure, 66x138ft. outside dimensions, the main floor being the second above the water level. A bridge from the park breakwater communicates directly with the main floor. On the left, as you enter the hallway, is the office and main stairway, with doorway communicating with the rear stairs, from which access is had to the kitchen and service portion of the house. Opposite the office is the ladies' dressing room and main cloak rooms. The entrance hall opens into the reception hall (a room 27x33), which extends to the front edge of the porch, the east side being inclosed with glass doors on either side communicating with the north and south verandahs.

To the south of the reception room is the living room (35x40ft.), with large double doors communicating with porches 15ft. wide on the east and south exposures. These doors are sufficient in number to make the porches and living room one large apartment when thrown open for dancing.

To the north of the reception room is the dining room (24x40ft.), with porches and communicating doors identical in arrangement with that provided in the south wing, except that in this case they are screened in, and in pleasant weather the porch tables are the most popular feature of the club house.

To the west of the dining room is the kitchen and pantry, with servants' stairway communicating with the store rooms and servants' dining room on the lower floor, and with the servants' bedrooms above.

North of the kitchen, communicating with the dining room and verandah, is the buffet (10x10ft.), equipped with small serving bar, refrigerator, sinks, etc., with storage room reached by private stairway just beneath.

The main stairway communicates with a billiard room (27x27ft.) on the upper floor, which opens on to a small verandah (15x27ft.), facing the east.

To the south and north of the billiard room are chambers (twelve in number) for the use of members. These chambers average 11x15ft., and each suite is provided with toilet and bathrooms.

On the west of the billiard room is the dicectors' room, four servants' rooms, with toilet and bathrooms, occupying the northwest wing.

On the lower floor, the toilet room (10x20ft.), locker room (17x32ft) and shower baths are located at the foot of the main entrance stairway.

The servants' dining room, storerooms and sleeping quarters for the dockmen, occupy the northwest corner, the balance of this floor being taken up with sail lockers, one 3x4.6x8ft. being provided for each yacht in the fleet; storage room for shells, with ample space remaining for canoes, dinghys, spars and so forth.

The lower floor has an 18ft. verandah, extending around its south, east and north sides. Along the entire east front is a 12ft. dock, while along the west front is a 4ft. landing stage for the use of the small boats.

The interior finish of the building is particularly attractive. The woodwork of the living room is weathered oak, and its beamed ceiling, expanse of bookcases, broad fireplace, and leather-upholstered furniture of oak of the same finish as the surrounding woodwork, makes it particularly pleasing.

The entrance hall and reception room are finished in weathered oak and furnished with grass furniture.

The dining room is finished in birch, furnished in mahogany and has a broad fireplace corresponding to that in the living room.

The entire main story is floored with quartered oak, stained and polished.

Porches are furnished with chairs, tables and settles of rustic hickory.

The woodwork of the chamber floor is finished in white enamel, and in the basement yellow pine, natural finish, is used.

Throughout the house the decoration and draperies are elaborate and in harmony with the woodwork. The house is lighted by electricity, and the water supply is pumped by the same agency.

An idea of the generous nature of the accommodations

NEW HOME OF THE CHICAGO Y. C.

may be gathered from the fact that the building has nearly 7,000 sq. ft. of verandah space, beside the bridge, dock and landing stage.

Messrs. Holabird & Roche, the architects, have embodied in the plans many unique features, tending to the comfort of the members in the use of the club house; for instance, all the porch railings are made solid, with scuppers inside to drain the floors, thus acting not only as a shelter from the wind, but allowing the porches to be screened in with wire or glass, by simply inserting a frame in the openings. On the east verandah the projection of the reception room is for the purpose of affording a windbreak, so that no matter from what direction the wind may blow, a lea is always provided in the shelter, where the verandah sailor may find comfort. This is a very essential provision in a climate such as this, where the high winds make an unprotected verandah uninhabitable during many of the finest nights of the summer.

G. H. A.

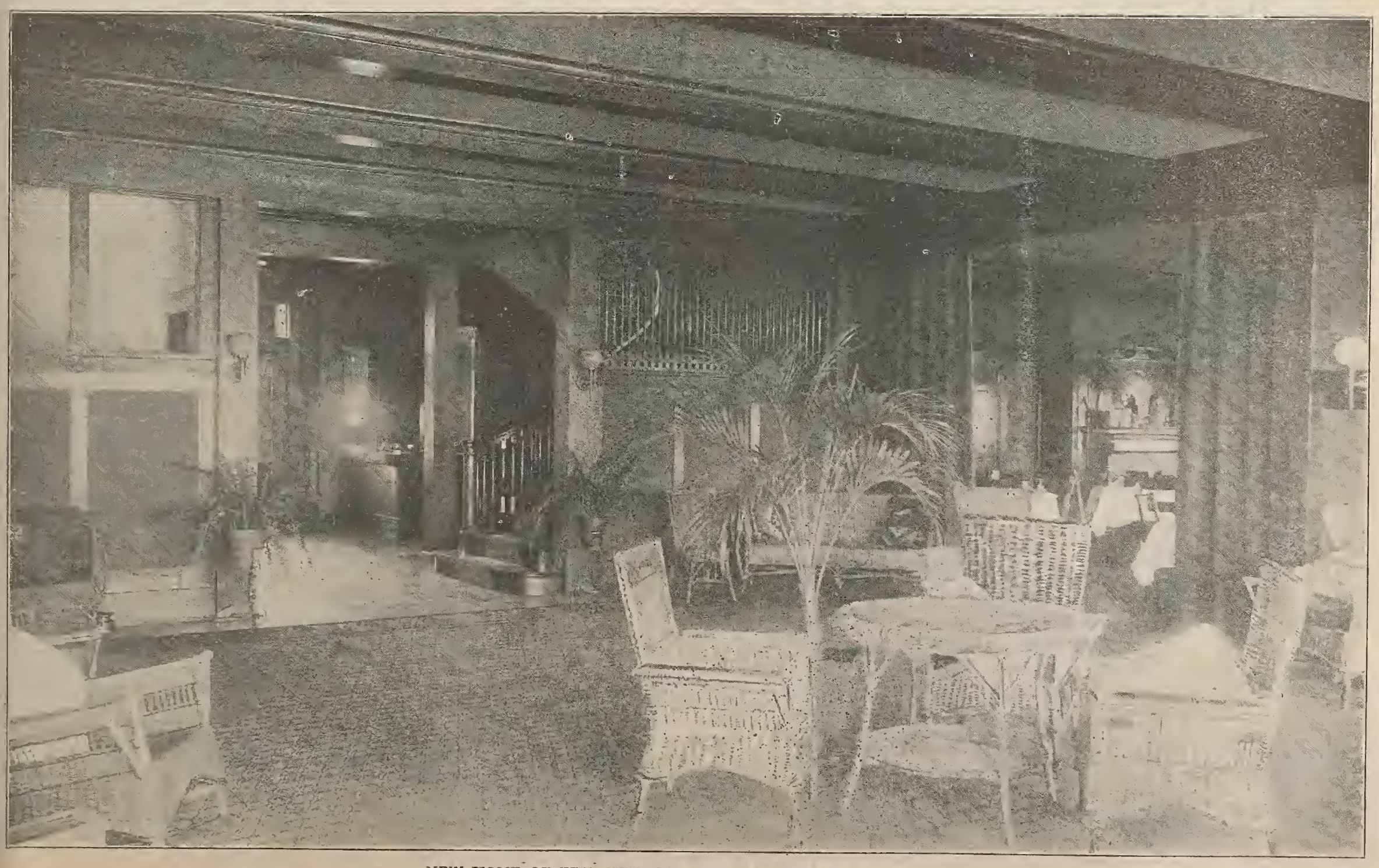
Western Yachts.

The Fourth at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 5.—The tenderness of the average modern yacht was well brought out in the races off this port yesterday, where no less than three accidents marred the quality of the sport offered. The weather was warm but clear, the wind a bit puffy, but not impossible as a yachting breeze. Under such conditions Vencedor lost her main mast at the start in the Pfister cup race; Colleen split her mast in the same race, and in the first of the Lipton cup series, Sprite, which was giving the favorite, La Rita, a good hard run for the decision, lost her rudder and fell out of the race.

The Lipton Cup Series.

The win of La Rita, Mr. Peare's new yacht, was a somewhat hollow one, as Arab IV., second, was 18m. be-



NEW HOME OF THE CHICAGO Y. C.—RECEPTION ROOM.

hind. The course was triangular, about the four-mile crib, two miles to the leg, and twice around. The wind was fresh and a bit puffy. Of the five starters, Spray was first off at 1:35:10, La Rita and Sprite next, then Privateer and Arab IV., which got a bad start and fell back of the judges' boat. Sprite hung to La Rita pretty well on the first round, but the latter boat began to edge away at the first leg of the second round, and had established a lead of nearly 1m. at the time Sprite broke down. Arab IV. made a grand stand finish, coming strong out of nowhere at the close of the last round. The times of the boats were as follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Per Cent.
La Rita, G. R. Peare	1 35 15	3 55 21	100
Arab IV., J. H. Cameron	.. ..	4 13 05	80
Spray, J. B. Keogh	1 35 10	4 13 35	60
Privateer, O. Daniels	1 35 31	4 16 20	40
Sprite, Dr. Pinckard	1 35 17	. .. ..	...

The judges were A. T. Bliss, Geo. A. Martin, C. E. Kremer, and E. C. Berriman. The Columbia Y. C. people turned out en masse and the guest boats were crowded, a great popular interest attending the series for the cup offered by the well-known and well-liked Sir Thomas Lipton. The latter sent a cablegram of good wishes, which was received just before the start in the regatta yesterday afternoon.

It was a Columbia Club affair, Colleen and Spirte, the Chicago Y. C. entries, both being disabled, Colleen not starting in the Lipton cup race, and the matter was left entirely to the Columbia boys. The Milwaukee Y. C. entries were received too late to qualify. The matter thus simmered down to a smaller entry and a tamer fight than was desirable for an event of this consequence. All the clubs of the Great Lakes ought to have boats in this series.

The races will be run on the per cent. system of scoring, the percentage standing at this date, La Rita, 100; Arab IV., 80; Spray, 60; Privateer, 40; this being in accordance with the Columbia Club percentage tables. At the close of yesterday's race La Rita was the favorite on the series, though what Sprite may do with mended steering gear remains to be seen this afternoon, when the second race of the series of three will be sailed.

The Lipton Cup.

The Lipton cup for 21-footers, Massachusetts cabin class, is a beautiful trophy. In height it is 39in., its form that of a vase, two graceful figures serving as handles, and showing two scrolls, one bearing the word "Victory," the other "Good Will." The American eagle appropriately dominates the trophy.

The panels of the cup show surfaces decorated by wreaths, lilies, yachts, etc., one panel presenting the shield of the United States enameled in red, white and blue, surrounded by a laurel wreath. The pedestal is of ebonized wood, paneled and appropriately inscribed to Columbia Y. C., Chicago, as well as bearing the name, "Sir Thomas J. Lipton Competitive Cup, Instituted 1902."

It need hardly be said that the gift of this cup from Sir Thomas was gratefully appreciated by the members of Columbia Y. C. The trophy was formally received by the members in a meeting at the club house June 21, where appropriate speeches and resolutions were entertained. The races of to-day and next day will be closely watched by all the Chicago sailing contingent.

The Pfister Cup.

The Pfister cup was presented to the Milwaukee Y. C. a year ago, open to competition for yachts built under the L. M. Y. R. A. rules, 21ft. knockabouts. The first race was held a year ago yesterday in Milwaukee, and was won by Colleen, of Chicago. The latter boat made it two out of three to-day, and if she shall last in her present form another year, will win the cup apparently without difficulty. Colleen is owned by Dr. W. L. Baum, of Chicago, and her victory to-day was, under the circumstances, a plucky one, as she came in with a split mast, result of a sudden puff of Lake Michigan's strong air, which caught the boat at the second buoy.

Colleen was away well in advance at the start, the Milwaukee boats Vagabond and Badger following in the order named. The first leg was sailed reaching, and Colleen liked the going very much, bettering her lead to the first turn and thereafter holding the race safe. The judges in the race were H. S. Griswold, Messrs. Whitney, Noble and Belden, of Chicago Y. C.; H. Y. Brown and W. U. Kirby, of Milwaukee Y. C. The actual times in the Pfister cup race were: Colleen, 1:45:18; Vagabond, 1:46:09; Badger, 1:49:20.

The harbor was packed with craft during the sailing of this race, the big guest boat, Hackley, being crowded. Milwaukee Y. C. sent down about fifty representatives, among these Com. E. P. Vilas, C. A. Vilas, F. C. H. Strachan, J. M. Handley, Fred Cook, John Rice, A. K. Taylor, A. Mather, J. Johnston, W. N. Kirby, Ed. Sanger and P. R. Krueger. Ten boats came down from Milwaukee, a handsome fleet, which return to-day, Saturday, accompanied by the fleet of the Chicago Y. C., which starts to-day on its cruise up the coast to Kenosha.

Minor Races.

It was expected that Vencedor and Siren would have another of their famous fights yesterday, but Vencedor's injury put her out of it. In the schooner race, Alice beat Hawthorne. The Milwaukee boat, Illinois, took the measure of the Chicago craft, Prairie, in Class 2A. Dolphin won in Class 2B. The following are the times of the above events:

Class 2A.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Illinois	3 55 14	1 43 44
Prairie	3 56 14	1 46 08
Minota	4 00 47	1 50 47

Class 2B.

Dolphin	4 21 11	1 54 29
Beatrice	4 18 24	2 01 11
Charlotte R.	4 15 23	2 05 23

The foregoing races were sailed over the Chicago Y. C. regular course, the start being made at the Van Buren street gap.

Columbia Y. C. had out between forty and fifty craft of all description and classifications in the general regatta yesterday afternoon.

Tecumseh of Oshkosh.

So at last a Western boat really has gone down for the trial races for the Seawanhaka cup! It was not a Chicago boat, for Chicago, after all, is not the hottest sporting town on earth when it comes to getting out and doing business at the other fellow's four corners. Tecumseh comes from Oshkosh, from Oshkosh on Winnebago Lake, which latter body of water is a good deal hotter and sportier than Lake Michigan, mile for mile. It hardly need be said that the selection of Tecumseh as the challenger for the cup, after its decisive winning at Bridgeport, leaves the Oshkosh soul in a state of exuberance which only hoops of the strongest sort can be expected to restrain. One hazards it as a safe wager that things were doing at Oshkosh yesterday, as well as here in Chicago.

Kenosha Cruise.

Later.—In the Kenosha cruise of the Chicago Y. C. to-day the following boats first started for the Milwaukee and Chicago fleets: Illinois, Siren, Hawthorne and Alice, followed twenty minutes later by Mowaja.

Second Lipton Cup Postponed.

The start in the second race for the Lipton cup this afternoon was postponed from 1:30 to 2:30, in order that Colleen and Sprite might be fitted better for the race.

The weather is clear, with a heavy and puffy wind. The course is three miles to leeward and return, repeated, the start to be made from the Van Buren street gap. The leeward course runs to northeast to-day, the wind from the southwest, fifteen miles an hour. Colleen at the start is liked, though it is doubted whether her stick will serve under such weather.

Colleen finds the wind too stiff for her patched stick, and returns a few minutes before the starting gun. At 2.40 all the boats go over the line on the starboard tack, La Rita first, Privateer second, Arab IV. third, Sprite fourth, Spray last.

Arab IV. is called back by the judges to cross the line properly. Sprite and Privateer draw up on La Rita, which breaks out spinnaker. At 2:50 Sprite breaks out balloon jib and appears in the lead. Arab IV. begins to show strongly.

Later.—The race is declared off, injury to the machinery of the judges' boat is reported to make it impossible to judge the race. It is decided to resail the race, and the start is set for 4:10. It is stated that only La Rita and Arab IV. will start.

July 6.—Only La Rita and Arab IV. started in the 4:30 start, after the breakdown of the judges' boat in the first attempt at the second race, Saturday afternoon. Sprite had fear of a second accident, and Privateer was forced to pull out of the race, joining Colleen in the hospital. Arab IV. was away first, passed by La Rita shortly, and a brief jockeying match was ended by the Peare boat forging ahead. The revenue cutter Morrill acted as judges' boat, and La Rita was first to turn the buoy; it dropped Arab IV. only 6s. behind. Beating home, Arab IV. boldly shook out a reef, La Rita holding on double reefed in a stiff wind. As the boats began to split tacks at 5:08:15, La Rita gradually drew away, and although Arab IV. held up well, it could not point and foot with the mahogany boat, and the latter won handily, finishing at 7:00:00; Arab IV., 7:10:00.

Columbia Y. C. last night entertained the visitor, Com. Bliss. The third race of the series will be sailed Monday. It is hoped there may be more starters. It is a bit hollow thus far.

Later.—La Rita won third Lipton cup race to-day by 3m. 25s. Sprite only other starter.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Larchmont Y. C.

LARCHMONT, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Friday, July 4.

THE twenty-third annual regatta of the Larchmont Y. C. was held on Friday, July 4. For a time it looked as though the race would have to be abandoned for lack of wind but at 2:45 o'clock, nearly four hours late, the warning gun was heard, a little breeze having sprung up.

The 70-footers were sent away at 3:05. Rainbow was on hand for the first time this season. In addition to the owner, there was on board Mr. E. A. Willard and Capt. Hank Haff. It was a quartering free run to the first mark, and balloon jibs were carried. Mineola was first over the line in the best position. Rainbow was astern and to leeward, with Yankee just a little further behind. Yankee and Rainbow got into a luffing match on the first leg, and after getting well under the Long Island shore they set spinnakers and ran down to the first mark. The second leg was the windward one and all the boats held well under the shore getting the benefit of the wind and tide. From the second mark across to the finish line it was a broad reach, and in the freshening breeze the boats made good time.

The schooners sailed over the same course as did the 70-footers. Elmina got the best of the start, and after a hard race won by 1m. 12s. Elmina also won the Colt cup for schooners, as the trustees have changed the conditions governing this trophy, so that it is now raced for in class D instead of class B.

The schooners Katrina and Gevalia raced in cruising trim. The former boat allowed the latter fifteen minutes time over the course, but Katrina won out with minutes to spare.

The interest of the day was centered in the two new bronze 60ft. cutters designed by Messrs. Gardner & Cox. The boats are remarkably well-turned craft. Their low topsides and bronze bottom gives them a very rakish appearance. On board Neola was Messrs. George M. Pynchon, the owner; Frank Henderson, William Gardner and Capt. Bob Dennis. On Weetamoe was Messrs. Henry F. Lippitt, C. Oliver Iselin, L. V. Clark and Capt. Harry Haff. Neola was well berthed at the start. On the first leg both boats got into a luffing match and were well across the Sound before they squared away and set spinnakers to run down to the mark. At the mark Neola was 25s. in the lead, and it bid fair to be a close race up to the time that Weetamoe twisted the eye in the bobstay plate, and came jogging around the course under mainsail, topsail and staysail.

In the 51ft. class, Humma, sailed by Mr. W. Butler Duncan, beat Syce very handily.

The two old 40-footers, Ondawa and Choctaw, had a close race, and the former won by a small margin.

In the 43ft. class Dorwina, Effort and Challenge started. Dorwina was well sailed and finished a winner by 2m. 9s.

Leda, in the 36ft. class, had no difficulty in defeating her three competitors, Spasm, Empress and Possum.

Mr. John Hyslop's yawl Tern defeated the Crowninshield-designed yawl Columbia by 5m. 36s.

In the 30ft. class Hanley made her first appearance, and defeated Mimosa and the old crack Alerion.

Indian got her first race of the season in the raceabout class.

Mr. Frank J. Gould's Rochelle won in her class.

In the New Rochelle one-design class Knave won, and in the Manhasset Bay one-design class Lambkin won.

The wind was light from the S.W. at the start, but increased so that during the last half of the race there was a good sailing breeze.

The summaries:

Sloops—Class H—70 to 80 ft.—Course 15 Miles—Start, 3:05.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mineola, August Belmont	5 24 02	2 19 02
Yankee, J. R. Maxwell	5 25 54	2 20 54
Rainbow, Cornelius Vanderbilt	5 29 11	2 24 11

Schooners—Class D—65 to 75ft.—Course 15 Miles—Start, 3:10.

Elmina, F. F. Brewster	5 35 59	2 23 59
Muriel, Charles Smithers	5 35 11	2 25 11

Schooners—Class D—Cruising Trim—Not Over 65ft.—Course 15 Miles—Start, 3:10.

Katrina, James B. Ford	5 49 45	2 39 45
Gevalia, T. O'Conor Sloane	6 13 56	3 03 56

Sloops—Class J—51 to 60ft.—Course 15 Miles—Start, 3:15.

Weetamoe, F. Lippitt	5 54 08	2 39 08
Neola, George M. Pynchon	5 47 46	2 32 46

Sloops—Class K—43 to 51ft.—Course 11 Miles—Start, 3:20.

Humma, H. B. Duryea	5 18 02	1 58 02
Syce, C. F. Judson	5 32 31	2 12 31

Sloops—Class K—Cruising Trim—43 to 51ft.—Course 11 Miles—Start, 3:20.

Choctaw	5 37 51	2 17 51
Ondawa, H. J. Robert	5 36 44	2 16 44

Sloops—Class L—36 to 43ft.—Course 11 Miles—Start, 3:20.

Dorwina, Clifford V. Brokaw	5 22 50	2 02 50
Effort, F. M. Smith	5 24 59	2 04 59
Challenge, Wallace T. Foote	5 32 12	2 12 12

Sloops—Class M—30 to 36ft.—Course 11 Miles—Start, 3:25.

Leda, Henry L. Maxwell	5 30 15	2 05 15
Possum, E. S. Ballou	5 41 04	2 16 04
Spasm, E. D. King	5 34 59	2 09 59
Empress, G. M. Hecksher	5 43 40	2 18 40

Yawls—Class M—30 to 36ft.—Course 11 Miles—Start, 3:25.

Columbine, C. A. Gould	5 46 01	2 21 01
Tern, John Hyslop	5 40 25	2 15 25

Sloops—Class N—25 to 30ft.—Course 11 Miles—Start, 3:30.

Alerion, A. H. Alker	5 48 06	2 18 06
Mimosa, Trenor L. Park	5 43 21	2 13 21
Hanley, Clifford Mallory	5 42 26	2 12 26
Zaza, G. P. Granberry	5 57 22	2 27 22
Gossip, D. B. Pratt	5 51 07	2 21 07
Iroquois, S. C. Ayer	6 02 33	2 32 33

Raceabouts—Course 11 Miles—Start, 3:35.

Rogue, A. B. Alley	6 07 05	2 32 05
Jolly Roger, T. B. Bleecker	Withdrew.	
Mavis, G. L. Pirie	6 07 16	2 32 16
Indian, H. L. Maxwell	6 06 34	2 31 34
Scamp, A. Pirie	6 09 38	2 34 38

Sloops—Class P—21 to 25ft.—Course 11 Miles—Start, 3:35.

Rochelle, Frank J. Gould	6 01 46	2 20 46
Chingacngook	6 08 48	2 33 48
Snapper, A. B. Alley	6 09 56	2 34 56

Larchmont 21-footers—Course 11 Miles—Start, 3:45.

Houri, J. H. Esser	6 11 51	2 36 57
Adelaide, J. J. Dwyer	6 14 57	2 39 57
Dorothy, L. G. Spence	Withdrew.	

Sloops—Class R—Not Over 18ft.—Course 11 Miles—Start, 3:40.

Hope, Lewis Iselin	6 24 50	2 44 57
Cricket, H. C. Pryor	6 27 57	2 47 57

Manhasset 18ft. Raceabouts—Course 11 Miles—Start, 3:40

Firefly, Guy Standing	6 37 42	2 57 42
Mist, J. W. Alker	6 41 15	3 01 15
Bab, J. R. Hoyt	6 36 18	2 56 18
Arizona, G. A. Corry	6 35 16	2 55 16
Lambkin, S. W. Roach	6 34 44	2 54 44

New Rochelle One-Design Class—18ft.—Course 11 Miles—Start, 3:40.

Captor, P. L. Howard	6 29 12	2 48 12
Knave, W. N. Bavier	6 26 39	2 46 39
Ace	6 30 35	2 50 35
Deuce, L. D. Huntington	6 27 28	2 47 28

Dory Class—Course 11 Miles—Start, 3:40.

Prize, H. H. Van Rensselaer	5 51 05	2 11 05
Cecil	6 06 57	2 26 57

The winners were Mineola, Elmina, Katrina, Neola, Humma, Ondawa, Dorwina, Leda, Tern, Hanley, Indian, Rochelle, Houri, Hope, Lambkin, Knave and Prize.

Riverside Y. C.

GREENWICH, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, July 5.

THE fourteenth annual regatta of the Riverside Y. C. was held on Saturday, July 5. Although fifty-one boats started, the race was a most unsatisfactory one, owing to the light and variable winds.

After some clever jockeying before the race between Mineola and Yankee, the former got the best start, and kept in the lead all over the course, finishing the winner in her class.

Neola was without a competitor, as Weetamoe could not be repaired in time to start. Neola sailed alone about half way around the course, when she withdrew, her owner not wanting to run the chance of wetting her new sails, as a thunderstorm was threatening in the N.W.

Effort made a good showing in the 43ft. class, beating the new Gardner & Cox boat Challenge, which withdrew.

The surprise of the day was in the 36ft. class, when Leda was beaten by both Spasm and Possum. Leda got a bad start, and all through the race the little slants of wind that came up now and then did not seem to reach her. Leda is painted black above the waterline this year, and she presents a very smart appearance.

At the time the boats started there was a very fair sailing breeze from the N.W., but this gave out and left the boats becalmed for a time. Finally a little wind came up from the east, and after this died out it came in from W.S.W. The boats had a good breeze to finish with. Just after the boats completed the race a heavy thunderstorm broke and for a time blew very hard. The summary follows:

Sloops—Class H—70 to 80 feet—Course 25 Miles—Start, 12:40.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mineola, August Belmont	4 43 27	4 03 27
Yankee, J. R. Maxwell	4 45 13	4 05 13

Schooners—Class F—Not Over 55ft.—Course 25 Miles—Start, 12:35.

Regina, W. Hamilton, finished, but time not taken.

Sloops—Class J—51 to 60ft.—Course 25 Miles—Start, 12:45.

Neola, George M. Pynchon.....Withdrew.

Sloops—Class L—36 to 43ft.—Course 18 Miles—Start, 12:50.

Effort, F. M. Smith	3 55 37	3 05 37
Challenge, W. T. Foote, Jr.	Withdrew.	

Sloops—Class M—30 to 36ft.—Course 18 Miles—Start, 12:50.

Spasm, E. D. King	4 38 20	3 48 20
Leda, H. L. Maxwell	5 54 00	4 04 00
Possum, E. S. Ballou	4 49 35	3 59 35

Yawls—Class M—Not Over 36ft.—Course 18 Miles—Start, 12:50.

Spindrift, S. C. Weld	Withdrew.

Sloops—Class N—25 to 30ft.—Course 18 Miles—Start, 12:50.

Eupronzi, Alfred Peats	4 57 35	4 07 35
Alerion, A. H. Alker	4 57 52	4 07 52
Mimosa, Trenor L. Park	4 52 59	4 02 59
Zaza, G. P. Granberry	5 09 23	4 19 23
Hanley, C. D. Mallory	4 51 53	4 01 53
Gossip, P. M. Brooke	4 59 51	4 09 51

Raceabouts—Course 14½ Miles—Start, 1:00.

Mavis, G. L. Pirie	3 56 43	2 56 43
Scamp, J. F. Pirie	3 59 17	2 59 17
Indian, H. L. Maxwell	3 57 33	2 57 33
Whistlewing, H. M. Crane	3 56 22	2 56 22
Rogue, A. Bryan Alley	3 58 23	2 58 23

Sloops—Class P—21 to 25ft.—Course 14½ Miles—Start, 1:10.

Ojibway, D. P. Morse	3 58 50	2 48 50
Chingacngook	3 52 50	2 42 50
Robin Hood, G. E. Gartland	3 57 59	2 47 59

Larchmont 21ft Class—Course 9 Miles—Start, 1:10.

Houri, J. H. Esser	4 41 12	3 31 12
Adelaide, J. J. Dwyer	4 14 44	3 04 44

Sloops—Class Q—18 to 21ft.—Course 9 Miles—Start, 1:15.

Enos, E. D. Mead	3 43 05	2 23 05
Gazabo, N. P. Vulte	3 41 18	2 26 18
Neola, J. R. Johnson, Jr	3 41 37	2 26 37
Malillian	3 43 20	2 28 20

Catboats—21ft. Class—Course 9 Miles—Start, 1:15.

Little Joe, Samuel Lynes	3 45 31	2 30 31

Sloops—Class R—Not Over 18ft.—Course 9 Miles—Start, 1:20.

Chipmunk, T. S. Young	3 40 09	2 25 09
Cricket, H. C. Pryer	3 45 18	2 25 18

New Rochelle One-Design Class—18ft.—Course 9 Miles—Start, 1:25.

Knave, R. M. Bavier	3 44 10	2 19 10
Ace, W. N. Bavier	3 45 45	2 20 45
Caper, O. L. Howard	3 44 26	2 19 26

Manhasset One-Design Class—18ft.—Course 9 Miles—Start, 1:25.

Firefly, Guy Standing	3 47 32	2 22 32
Mist, J. W. Alker	3 49 53	2 24 53
Bab, J. R. Hoyt	3 47 54	2 22 54
Arizona, G. A. Corry	3 49 24	2 24 24
Lambkin, S. W. Roach	3 49 22	2 24 22

Horseshoe Harbor One-Design Class—Course 9 Miles—Start, 1:25.

His Knibbs, L. M. Winship	3 53 13	2 28 13
Gloomy Gus, L. H. Riley	3 57 16	2 32 16
Indra, W. S. Albee	3 58 21	2 30 21
Catherine, R. W. Robinson	3 54 29	2 29 29

Lark Class—Course 9 Miles—Start, 1:20.

Askme, John Tyson	3 05 20	1 36 20
Lobster, A. M. Brush	2 59 35	1 30 35
Bantam, T. Page	3 10 25	1 41 25
Wasp, J. H. McKenna	3 08 15	1 39 15

Indian Harbor Sailboats—Course 9 Miles—Start, 1:25.

Cero	3 52 40	2 27 40

The winners were Mineola, Effort, Spasm, Hanley, Whistlewing, Chingacngook, Adelaide, Gazabo, Chipmunk, Knave, Firefly, His Knibbs and Lobster.

Duxbury Y. C.

DUXBURY, MASS.

Friday, July 4.

A RACE of the Duxbury Y. C. was sailed off Duxbury on Friday, July 4, in a fluky northwest breeze. The boats were reefed at the start, but finished with whole sail. The summary:

18ft. Knockabouts.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Question, H. H. Hunt	1 39 52	. .. ..
Domino, C. C. Clapp	1 41 32	. .. ..
Miladi II., F. R. Adams	1 41 39	. .. ..
Aspinquid, C. M. Foster	1 43 31	. .. ..
Osprey, C. R. Tain	1 44 28	. .. ..
Bohemia, A. B. Holmes	1 46 39	. .. ..

Handicap Class.

Nautilus, Simmons	1 48 46	1 33 29
Scamper, Reed Bros.	1 52 35	1 36 48
Challenge, E. B. Atwood	1 41 36	1 38 28
Solitaire, B. B. Baker	2 03 08	1 39 42
Dolphin, N. Morton	1 45 20	1 41 38
In It, Watson Bros.	1 44 53	1 41 40

Saturday, July 5.

Ladies' day was held by the Duxbury Y. C. on Saturday, July 5. The races were started in a light breeze from the southeast, but the wind died down before the finish, and slow times were made. The summary:

Knockabout Class.

	Elapsed.
Miladi, F. R. Adams	2 12 50
Domino, C. C. Clapp	2 14 38
Kitawake, H. M. Jones	2 16 23
Question, H. H. Hunt	2 18 55
Osprey, A. Train	2 21 03
Aspinquid, C. M. Foster	2 23 45
Bohemia, A. B. Holmes	2 34 58

Handicap Class.

In It, Watson Bros.	2 15 50
Nautilus, Simmons	2 17 51
As You Like It, W. T. Whitman	2 19 33
Scamper, Reed Bros.	2 21 02
Fedora, H. Hunt	2 21 08
Aureolus, Kellogg	2 29 48
Random, S. Cushman	Withdrew.

Jubilee Y. C.

BEVERLY, MASS.

Friday, July 4.

A REGATTA of the Jubilee Y. C. was sailed in Salem Bay on Friday, July 4, in a puffy, off-shore breeze from the northwest. The summary:

Class A—25-footers.

	Elapsed.
Adina, E. T. Foster	1 33 45
Transit, Edward Miller	1 38 57
Eli, Charles Prescott	1 39 34

Class B—21-footers.

M. L. E., W. L. Maloon	1 41 40
Phyllis, C. E. Morgan	Withdrew.

Class C.

Lelia, D. W. Taylor	1 54 50
Vega, Pickett	2 03 42
Rita, Jos. Rock	2 06 33

Class D.

Walter, Walter Alley	1 21 42
Barty, David Coleman	1 22 25
No Name, B. L. Morse	Withdrew.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

July 14.—Bisley, England.—Forty-third annual prize meeting of the National Rifle Association of Great Britain.

Aug. 26-Sept. 6.—Sea Girt, N. J.—Annual tournament of the National Rifle Association of America, New Jersey State Rifle Association and United States Revolver Association.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at Four-Mile House, Reading Road. Conditions: 200 yards, offhand, at the German Ring target. Payne was declared champion for the day with the fine score of 231. Weather clearing. Thermometer 70 degrees. Wind, fish-tail from 4 to 8 o'clock. This club will hold a return team match with the Indianapolis Club on their grounds on the 29th.

June 22.					Honor.	Medal.
Payne	231	223	222	221	218	25 22 24—71	20 16 21—57
Gindele	222	219	217	215	213	24 25 22—71	21 21 24—66
Nestler	222	208	207	205	204	19 18 6—43	18 21 21—60
Strickmeir	220	214	211	209	208	23 24 24—71	19 19 23—61
Hasenzahl	218	212	212	210	210	21 20 21—62	24 20 18—62
Speth	214	211	199	196	...	21 21 18—60	22 21 14—57
Roberts	207	207	206	205	197	24 21 19—64	15 17 17—49
Lux	210	203	201	197	195	21 19 16—56	17 23 22—62
Uckotter	205	198	197	196	183	21 23 23—67	14 18 17—50
Jonscher	204	198	196	196	195	22 10 25—57	21 23 22—66
Hofer	201	194	191	190	174	22 13 23—58	16 15 10—41
Trounstine	186	185	179	178	174	18 17 19—54	18 15 23—56
Odell	185	176	161	...	...	20 20 25—65	19 17 22—58
Topf	179	159	157	143	146	8 7 16—31	16 10 22—48

Mat. Gindele now holds the range record with the fine score of 233. This beats the former record made by Payne by one point, he having scored 232, which has stood high for several years. The latter expresses a determination to go after the record again. He has now returned to the fold, having been visiting in the East for the past two months. The incident of the day was the tieing of three members for first place on the Honor target with the good score of 71.

The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at Four-Mile House, Reading Road, July 6. Conditions: 200 yards, offhand, at the German Ring target. Hasenzahl was declared champion for the day with the good score of 226. Weather, strong and clearing. Thermometer 97. Wind from 4 to 6 in the A.M.; changing to 10 to 2 in the afternoon.

						Honor.
Hasenzahl	226	220	217	215	210	24 22 21—67
Payne	225	213	209	209	209	20 16 20—56
Strickmeir	219	216	214	213	212	24 23 20—67
Nestler	218	217	210	207	206	22 14 20—56
Lux	213	209	207	205	201	17 21 20—58
Speth	216	214	210	209	206	23 22 21—66
Roberts	204	203	201	198	193	19 25 22—66
Bruns	204	198	187	185	167	16 10 25—51
Jonscher	202	185	179	179	169	18 19 20—57
Uckotter	190	187	184	182	180	22 20 19—61
Trounstine	179	167	164	...	...	

Rifle at Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 30.—Yesterday proved a favorable day at Shell Mound as regards weather conditions. The most notable work done was that of D. B. Faktor, who made three consecutive 72's in the Germania 3-shot competition. Scores:

San Francisco Schuetzen Verein, monthly bullseye shoot—J. von Husen 50, F. Koch 328, D. B. Faktor 334, John Utschig 347, Louis Bendel 380, F. Brandt 436, D. Salfield 437, F. P. Schuster 446, August Jungblut 483, J. C. Waller 483, F. Gooss 495, H. Zecher 499, A. Mocker 502, R. Stettin 568, John de Wit 595, S. Heino 623, J. Gefken 683, August Pape 829, H. Lilkendey 947, N. Ahrens 973.

Germania Schuetzen Club, monthly bullseye shoot—F. Brandt 292, F. E. Mason 324, J. Gefken 423, N. Ahrens 470, George H. Bahrs 472, S. Heino 658, O. Bremer 682, D. B. Faktor 737.

Germania Schuetzen Club, competition for trophies—F. E. Mason 225, A. Gehret 223, D. B. Faktor 221, John Utschig 221, F. P. Schuster 220, Otto Bremer 209.

Competition for cash prizes—F. E. Mason 72, D. B. Faktor 72, F. P. Schuster 71, A. Gehret 71, D. Salfield 71, Louis Dendel 71, August Jungblut 69.

ROEEL.

From the Sun we take the following concerning the death of a gentleman eminent in the field of manufacture: "John H. Hall, president of the Colt Firearms Manufacturing Co., died yesterday in Hartford. On Friday, June 6, he suffered a stroke of apoplexy and since that time his death had been only a question of days. Mr. Hall was born in Portland, Conn., March 24, 1849. He succeeded to a quarry business in his native town, which had been in his family for several generations, and largely developed it by combinations and extensions. He was recognized as a successful business man, when he was asked to come to Hartford in 1888 and take the management of the Colt company. Since Mr. Hall's connection with the company began, its business had largely developed. In politics Mr. Hall was a Democrat. He served one term as State Senator in 1895-6. He was a director of many Hartford institutions, was prominent in the Episcopal Church and was a thirty-second degree Mason. He leaves a widow, one son and one daughter."

Trapshooting.

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

Fixtures.

July 10.—Sistersville, W. Va.—Midsummer target handicap tournament. of the Sistersville Gun Club.

July 10-11.—Mobile, Ala.—Mobile Gun Club's target tournament.

July 14-15.—Tomah, Wis.—Tomah Gun Club's target tournament.

July 15.—Kingsville, Ont.—Fifth annual tournament of the Kingsville Gun Club.

July 15-16.—Grafton, N. D.—Grafton Gun Club's tournament.

July 15-16.—Charlottes, Va.—Annual merchandise shoot of the Charlottesville and University of Virginia gun clubs. G. L. Bruffey, Sec'y.

July 16-17.—Wabash, Ind.—Wabash Gun Club's tournament.

July 16.—Algona, Ia.—Algona Gun Club's tournament.

July 16-17.—McConnelsville, O.—First annual tournament of the McConnelsville Gun Club. J. F. Dover, Sec'y.

July 16-17.—Allentown, Pa.—Two days' target tournament under the auspices of the John F. Weiler Gun Club.

July 16-18.—Titusville, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Titusville Gun Club. T. L. Andrews, Sec'y.

July 17-18.—Pensacola, Fla.—Two days' tournament of the Peters Cartridge Co., under the auspices of the Dixie Gun Club; $150 added. V. J. Vidal, Sec'y.

July 21-23.—Winnipeg, Man.—Sixth annual trapshooting tournament of the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition Association. F. W. Henbach, Gen'l Mgr.

July 22-23.—Greenville, Miss.—Mississippi and Louisiana Trap shooters' League target tournament. C. W. Walton, Sec'y Natchez, Miss.

July 23-25.—Bay Ridge A. A. Co., Md.—J. R. Malone's eighth annual midsummer tournament; $200 added money; two days prise Gun Club. Geo. W. Mains, Sec'y.

July 24.—Pottstown, Pa.—Opening shoot of the Shuler Gun Club on its new grounds; open to all.

July 24-25.—Ann Arbor, Mich.—Third tournament of the Michigan State Trapshooters' League.

July 25.—Salem, O.—Salem Gun Club's tournament.

July 25-26.—East Alton, Ill.—Wann Gun Club's amateur tournament.

July 29-31.—Newton, Ia.—Southeastern Iowa Shooting Association's third annual amateur tournament.

July 28-Aug. 2.—Atlanta, Ga.—Peters Cartridge Company's tournament.

Aug. 5-8.—Asheville, N. C.—Tournament given by Col. J. T Anthony and Maj. E. P. McKissick.

Aug. 6-7.—Marietta, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Columbian Gun Club. Chas. Bailey, Sec'y.

Aug. 12-13.—Birmingham, Ala.—Third annual Alabama State target tournament, under the auspices of the Birmingham Gun Club. R. H. Baugh, Sec'y.

Aug. 13-14.—Brunswick, Me.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Brunswick Gun Club. L. C. Whitmore, Sec'y.

Aug. 14-16.—Hamilton, Can.—Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association's tournament.

Aug. 19-20.—Vicksburg, Miss.—Mississippi and Louisiana Trapshooters' League target tournament. C. W. Walton, Sec'y, Natchez, Miss.

Aug. 20-21.—Ossining, N. Y.—Two days' shoot of the Ossining Gun Club; first day, handicap and R. I. clam bake; second day, regular programme.

Aug. 26-29.—Okoboji, Ia.—Amateur shooting tournament, under management of Messrs. C. W. Budd and E. C. Hinshaw.

Aug. 27-28.—Haverhill, Mass.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Haverhill Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.

Sept. 2-3.—Tiffin, O.—Second annual tournament of the Tiffin Gun Club; $75 added. L. D. Arndt, Sec'y.

Sept. 3-4.—Nappanee, Ind.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Nappanee Gun Club. B. B. Maust, Sec'y.

Sept. 3-5.—Richmond, Ind.—Richmond Gun Club's handicap shoot.

Sept. 3-5.—Erie, Pa.—Erie City Rod and Gun Club's handicap tournament at targets. Open to all; $200 added. A. N. Aitken, Sec'y.

Sept. 9-12.—Battle Creek, Mich.—Tournament of the Indians; open to the world.

Sept. 15-20.—Blue River Park, Kansas City, Mo.—Twenty-fifth tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. Targets and live birds. Paul Franke, Sec'y.

Sept. 23-25.—Cincinnati, O.—Second annual handicap target tournament of the Cincinnati Gun Club. Charles F. Dreihs, Sec'y.

Sept. 29-30.—Lewistown, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Lewistown Gun Club. H. H. McCumber, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-8.—Greenville, O.—Handicap tournament of the Greenville Gun Club. H. A. McCaughey, Sec'y.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's target shoot, every Saturday afternoon until October. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

First Saturday of each month for a year, Burnside.—Contest for the Troisdorf live-bird and target medals; 10 live birds; 25 targets; open to all. First contest, March 1.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

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

The programme of the eighth annual tournament to be held at Bay Ridge, A. A. county, Md., July 23, 24 and 25, is open to all. There will be $200 in added money. On Wednesday and Thursday, the first two days, the open-to-all programme is alike, eleven events, alternately 15 and 20 targets, $1.30 and $1.75 entrance. Also, on the first and second days, there is a county programme. On the first day there are eight events for county amateurs only; of these, four are at 15 targets, $1 entrance; three are at 20 targets, $1.40 entrance; and No. 8 is at 50 targets, $1 entrance, for a handsome silver cup. Four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent in sweeps. On the second day the county programme "for County Shooters," has five events, two at 15, two at 20 targets, and No. 5, a four-man team race, at 100 targets, entrance $2 per man. This is open to any four men of any county in Maryland; 1st, $35; 2d, $15. Each team must send $4 on or before July 21, or a penalty will be added. The third day will be devoted to live bird competition. Event 1 is at 7 birds, $5 entrance, high guns. Event 2 is at 10 birds, $7, two moneys, 60 and 40 per cent. Event 3 is at 20 birds, $10, three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. The foregoing are followed by three $2 miss and outs. In event 3, known as the Bay Ridge handicap, the winner, in addition to first money, will receive a handsome sterling silver trophy, value $50. Two shot, miss and out in this event. The added money, $50, each day in the target events, is to be given as average money to the ten highest scores on the reverse system, as follows: First and 2d, $3 each; 3d and 4th, $4 each; 5th and 6th, $5; 7th and 8th, $6; 9th and 10th, $7 each. A gold medal will be given each day to high average. Handicaps in target events, 14 to 20 yards; in live bird events, 25 to 32 yards. Handicap committee, Messrs. J. C. Hicks, L. German, W. Chew and Dr. Lupus. Grounds will be open for practice on July 22. A contestant may shoot for targets only. Shooting commences at 10:30 sharp. Shells for sale on the grounds. Targets 2 cents. Two sets of traps will be used. Guns and shells shipped to J. R. Malone, 2671 Pennsylvania avenue, will be received and taken to the grounds. Mr. Malone is the manager of the tournament. Bay Ridge is situated on Chesapeake Bay, at the mouth of the Severn River, 36 miles from Baltimore by rail. It has a fine bathing beach, boating and fishing. There is a first-class hotel on the grounds; those who wish to secure rooms in advance should communicate with Mr. Malone. Trains leave Camden Station, Eutaw and Camden Streets, daily, over the Baltimore & Annapolis Short Line, at 8:50 A.M. and 1:30 P.M. Round trip 50 cents. Leave Washington daily at 9:10 A.M. and 11:55 P.M.

The Breeder and Sportsman, San Francisco, in its issue of June 28, states as follows: "Trapshooting is apparently having a boom throughout the interior of the State. Many gun clubs have recently been organized. The sport seems to have attracted the attention of many new shooters and bids fair to maintain a renewed interest among sportsmen. * * * The California Inanimate Target Association is to all intents and purposes an institution of the past. At a meeting of such representative officers and club delegates as could be convened on the 23d inst., the sentiment of those present was for disorganization, because under the existing stage of affairs it would be impossible to carry out any proposed measures or transact any business whatsoever as the then status of the organization was such, by reason of the disbandment of several clubs, that under the governing constitution and by-laws nothing could be done by the board of governors in accordance therewith. This contretemps could have been avoided had there been a meeting last year any time previous to the withdrawal of several clubs and their representatives when the proper amendments, etc., to the by-laws, etc., could have been adopted. After the affairs of the old association were wound up, the preliminary formation was made of a new organization, based on similar lines, but further reaching in its scope. The new association was called the Pacific Coast Trap Shooting Association. Temporary organization was effected with Dr. W. S. George, of Antioch, president; pro tem, T. L. Lewis, vice-president; W. J. Street, secretary. These gentlemen, together with A. M. Shields, were constituted a committee to draft a constitution and by-laws and formulate rules. The next meeting will be held at the call of this committee. It is the intention of the organizers to have an individual membership, of shooters, instead of a club representation. Membership in the new association will be open to all sportsmen of the coast."

At the Michigan State Trapshooters' League second annual tournament, held at Jackson, July 1 and 2, there were three ties on 24 for the expert championship medal, between Messrs. Wood, John Parker and Chas. Caleb, the latter wining the shoot-off by breaking 25 straight, Mr. P. A. W. Fitzsimmons, of Tecumseh, won the semi-expert and Mr. W. C. Somerville, of Flint, won the amateur medal.

Mr. C. T. Chubb, secretary, under date of July 2, writes us as follows: "There will be a tournament, held at Algona, Ia., Wednesday, July 16, under the direction of the Algona Gun Club. Twelve 15-bird events, $1.50 entrance, and $3 added to each event, is the programme. Professionals welcome to shoot for targets only. We have fine grounds; good hotels, and a very large gun club. Send for programmes."

The team match, shot on Outwater's grounds, at Carlstadt, N. J., July 2, between Messrs. E. Kattengell and Count Lenone against Messrs. A. Dietzel and F. Gerbolini, 25 birds, $25 per man, resulted in a victory for Messrs. Kattengell and Lenone by a score of 41 to 38.

The secretaries of gun clubs who send the programmes of their club tournaments to us for purposes of review in the same week that said tournaments take place, should ealmly ponder over the fact that it is not news to state that a thing will happen after that very thing has already happened.

On July 12, at 2 o'clock, East Side Gun Club's grounds, Newark, N. J., the Richmond Gun Club will hold a live-bird shoot. Sweepstakes will be the main feature. Mr. A. A. Schoverling is the secretary. His address is P. O. Box 475, New York.

Mr. J. H. Outwater, Carlstadt, N. J., announces an all-day shoot at his place, July 17, the programme of which is 7 birds, $5; 20 birds, $10 entrance; birds included in each event, to be followed by miss and outs.

The third tournament of the Michigan State Trapshooters' League will be held at Ann Arbor, July 24 and 25.

BERNARD WATERS.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Cripple Creek of Colorado.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 5.—The following were the scores made at the last weekly shoot of the Cripple Creek Shotgun Club:

Targets:	25	25	*	25	Targets:	25	25	*	25
Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Stoddard, Sr	15	19	18	21	Curry	16	17	..	..
Cameo	21	17	..	20	Cunningham	16	17	17	15
Price	17	22	..	..	King	19	20	16	21
Tolman	18	19	..	22	Matlock	21	19	..	..
Woodruff	12	13	11	14	Glover	20	20	15	18
Woodruff, Jr	12	..	..	..					

*Fifteen singles and five pairs.

Richmond, Ind., Gun Club announces its handicap shoot Sept. 3-5. E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, July 5.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the third trophy shoot of the second series. Marshall and Thomas tied for Class A trophy on 22; Marshall won on shoot-off. P. McGowan won Class B on 20, and Monighan won Class C on 19. A straight south wind blew across the traps, making the shooting quite difficult. Owing to the absence of many of our members from the city on Fourth of July excursions, the attendance was not up to standard, only fifteen members lining up for trophy event. The day was beautifully clear, and aside from the strong wind, an ideal one for target shooting:

Tenth trophy shoot, 25 targets:

J W Meek	1111101110011010011110101—16
C H Kehl	1011110111100101111000010—15
A Marshall	1101111101111111101111111—22
R S Leete	1001010111110001001111 0—14
W T Johnson	1111100101010011111110111—18
A McGowan	1011011001101111110110101—17
P McGowan	1111100110111111111100111—20
L Thomas	1011111111111111111001111—22
T Eaton	1111111101100111111011011—20
M G Eldred	0001110001111110000111001—13
Monighan	1101110101110111110110111—19
G W Drinkwater	1011111101100110010111011—17
J C Dofter	0111111111101111111111111—23
J McDonald	1010111111111111100101011—19
C T Keck	0111101010101001010110111—15

Sweeps, at 10 targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Meek	6	5	4	7	9	10	Thomas	9	8	6	10	9	8
Kehl	7	6	5	4	7	..	T Eaton	6	7	8	8	9	10
Marshall	7	8	6	9	10	9	Eldred	..	..	6	8	4	..
Leete	7	5	3	5	5	10	Monighan	..	..	6	8	7	..
Johnson	8	5	5	6	6	..	Drinkwater	..	..	7	7	10	8
A McGowan	4	2	3	6	6	7	Dofter	..	..	..	8	7	..
P McGowan	9	6	6	8	8	..							

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., July 4.—The main event of the Brooklyn Gun Club's shoot to-day was event 8, a handicap, in which all stood at 16yds. save Mr. Welles, who was at 18. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	10p	15	25	5p	25	25
Welles	10	..	15	..	25	..	21	20
Loebel	6	..	13	..	21	..	17	18
Bergen	9	..	9	..	18	..	15	15
May	7	10	10	..	15	7	13	12
Newton	7	9	..	..	12	..	..	15
Wright	7	8	13	8	14	5	13	19
Wilson	7	9	13	..	..	8	16	12
Kelley	8	10	..	..	..	..	17	16
Charles	2	..	..	..	..	..	16	8
Millican	..	9	..	10	14	5	11	..
Fess	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	19

Birch Brook Gun Club.

LYNN, Mass., July 5.—Eighteen shooters faced the traps at Lynnhurst Saturday afternoon, July 5, and among them were several shooters from Amesbury, of whom, Lockwood, Allen, Hatch and Spofford did some good shooting. Mr. Colville, representative of the Dupont Powder Co., was present and made over 90 per cent, breaking 113 out of 125 shot at. No. 1 was merchandise; No. 2 was the medal event. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	30	50	15	20	10	10	10	5p	5p	10	10	10	10	25
Lambert	25	39	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	9	8	7	6	..
Everett	20	36	..	..	7	..	..	9	10	6	..	..	..	..
Riley	23	38	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	8	7	8	8	..
Hastings	19	33	..	..	..	..	..	7	6	8	3	9	8	..
Dudley	17	25	..	..	5	..	6	2	6	5	..	..	..	..
Hebbard	24	35	..	..	7	6	7	..	9	8	..	8	8	20
Straw	20	35	..	..	3	..	6	..	..	9	5	6	..	..
Rowe	24	38	..	..	..	..	7	..	5	7	9	9	8	..
Allen (Lynn)	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..
Barry	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..
Colville	26	..	13	20	..	..	7	..	9	9	9	10	10	..
Lockwood	..	..	11	17	6	8	6	4	4	8	7	7	5	21
Allen (Amesbury)	..	..	13	12	7	6	4	7	9	5	8	9	7	19
Hatch	..	..	12	15	7	8	5	6	8	7	7	8	9	19
Spofford	..	..	13	18	7	7	6	8	6	8	7	9	8	15
Ludden	..	..	9	10	3	..	..	..	6	5	7	..	..	..

HENRY ROOD, Sec'y.

Standard Gun Club.

BALTIMORE, Md., June 24.—The Standard Gun Club has made preparations for a shoot July 4 of special interest, a championship cup race being the main feature. Any resident of Maryland is eligible to contest for it.

In the seventh club shoot, held to-day, Messrs. Lester German and Harry Dupont led the club in the 50-bird event with 47 breaks. J. W. Chew was second, Storr third, Malone, John and A. R. M. broke 42. Following are scores made yesterday:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	15	10	15	50	Targets:	10	15	10	15	50
Chew	10	14	9	13	46	John	8	13	..	..	42
Dupont	10	13	10	12	47	Franklin	9	12	..	..	36
Peters	7	9	10	10	34	Malone	10	15	..	..	42
A R M	8	13	10	14	42	Clabrough	9	12	..	..	41
Chelf	7	9	5	11	..	Roberts	10	13	..	..	35
German	10	13	9	..	47	White	5	10	..	..	30
Storr	10	15	..	..	45						

From Mr. M. F. Lindsley.

KING'S MILLS, O., July 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If you will kindly grant me space, I wish to thank the many friends of Mrs. Lindsley and myself who have extended to me their sympathy in this my time of sorrow. M. F. LINDSLEY.

Jackson Park Gun Club.

Paterson, N. J., July 4.—The Jackson Park Gun Club held a little shoot this afternoon at their grounds which proved to be quite interesting, as the scores will show.

This shoot was gotten up on short notice, since last Wednesday, and a few cards were sent out to some of our nearby friends. The live birds were ordered in New York on Thursday and were delivered in Paterson in good condition at 9 o'clock this morning. They were an exceptionally good lot, quick to take wing. There were very few sitters, and some were fast enough to suit any one.

Capt. Money came down early and went straight to the grounds, where I found him, and proposed to him that we go over to Ryles' Park, a beautiful place on the banks of the Passaic River, about 300yds. from our grounds. After congratulations by Tom Ryle, the Captain espied the ping pong table, and he was soon exercising himself. He proposed a game with me. I soon had enough, as the Captain appeared more like a youngster and was in the best of trim. I introduced him to a friend of mine, who I did not know could play, and they were soon at the game, and gave an exhibition which was very interesting. They played two games which were very close and brought out plenty of encouragement for each contestant.

Returning to the shooting grounds, we found Morgan, Hopper and Capt. Powers. Capt. Money soon challenged Hopper to a 5-bird match for the price of the birds. They were soon at it. Money lost his first, a corker, skimming along the grounds till one yard over bounds. Capt. Powers was after Morgan with the same proposal, and they started in as soon as the others finished. The Captain got the worst of the bargain. He was game, and they fought it out in the next event, a tie on the first 5, and then Powers struck his gait. Several other shooters had arrived by this time, a large crowd. The heat was something awful for a time.

The first regular event, 10 birds, had six entries, and produced some fine shooting. The second event, 15 birds, produced some more fine shooting and good birds. Morgan and Money seemed to get the cream of them. Hopper and Doty shot in good form and time, and took the money. The third event, $1 miss-and-out to finish the birds, as there were not enough for another event; they only shipped us 200—all they had. Ten birds, $5; 15 birds, $7.

We soon had them at the targets, and more entries. Capt. Money was in great form losing but 7 out of 95. Powers, Wright and Doty were in good form also. Capt. Money and Doty had a little battle by themselves; first 25 each scored 21; second 25, Doty 24, Capt. Money 23.

The club is under the management of a board of managers now, and we look for more shooting. Garry Hopper drove us all over to the Ryle Park Lodge, where we were invited to partake of chowder, crabs, lobsters and plenty of refreshments, which finished a good afternoon.

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Money, 30	*1111—4	1210111111— 9
Hopper, 29	12222—5	2222002222— 8
Morgan, 29	22221—5	2122*0*022— 6
Powers, 29	11100—3	2202212221— 9
Doty, 30	....	2201221*22— 8
Stalter, 29	....	2122122102— 9

No. 3:

Money, 30	021120112120**1—10	Powers, 28	02022*121011222—11
Hopper, 29	022222222222222—14	Doty, 30	2222222*2220222—13
Morgan, 28	022202021222220—11	Stalter, 29	22*220210022121—11

Miss-and-out: Doty 2, Money 0, Stalter 2, Powers 2, Hopper 0, Morgan 1, Wright 1, Money 2, Hopper 0.

Fifteen targets, 75 cents entrance: Money 15, Doty 9, Morgan 8, Powers 13, Wright 14, Hughes 8, Hopper 9, Mathews 11, Malloy 13, Stalter 6.

Fifteen targets, 75 cents entrance: Money 15, Powers 14, Wright 12, Hopper 7, Doty 14, Malloy 9, Morgan 10, Mathews 5, Money 14, Doty 13, Powers 11.

Match, 25 targets: Money 21, Doty 21. Money 23, Doty 24.

DUTCHER.

East Side Gun Club.

SAGINAW, Mich.—The East Side Gun Club, of Saginaw, gave a very pleasant shoot at their grounds in Stolz woods. The threatening weather in the morning discouraged many who would have turned out otherwise.

The shooters from out of town present were: H. Waters, of New York, representing Laflin & Rand Powder Company; J. Cole, of Massachusetts, representing U. M. C. Company; J. C. Graves, of Midland; L. R. Grossell, G. W. Varnum, Wm. Grant and T. Miller, of Vassar; W. B. Jarvis, of Grand Rapids.

Bay City sent the following delegation of shooters: J. Cotter, Sr., J. Cotter, Jr., C. A. Russell, S. C. Allen, E. I. Flues, F. F. Hagaman and F. Johnson.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	10	Broke.
Meissenburg	15	13	14	15	13	13	8	91
Sibbald	7	3	4	5	5	6	3	33
Hagaman	15	10	10	12	12	12	8	79
Russell	12	12	12	12	12	12	8	80
Zeigin	12	11	13	12	14	13	9	84
Allen	11	11	14	12	11	11	10	80
Flues	10	11	12	12	10	12	8	75
Lafayette	10	11	12	6	7	8	5	57
Popp	12	14	9	7	13	8	5	68
Merrill	12	9	12	12	10	12	10	77
Endert	9	13	12	11	12	15	6	77
F Wolf	9	6	7	8	10	9	8	57
Hill	10	12	6	10	14	7	7	66
J P Derby, Jr	6	7	5	5	9	5	6	43
J Ditz	7	10	13	7	11	10	4	62
Krogman	6	12	14	7	6	8	8	61
Schmidt	7	6	9	10	6	10	6	54
Smith	6	11	10	8	7	11	5	58
Messner	7	10	7	8	5	5	2	44
Scheib	11	13	10	14	11	13	5	77
H Henny	4	13	6	9	8	8	6	54
Pardrige	2	7	5	..	..	..	..	14
Winey	6	7	7	..	..	..	..	20
Baumgartner	9	8	12	12	8	11	8	68
J Cotter, Sr	9	7	12	11	9	12	9	69
J Cotter, Jr	8	9	7	14	8	10	5	61
F Johnson	13	13	14	10	13	8	8	79
Lown	2	5	8	..	..	..	..	15
Bastian	10	13	7	11	11	10	7	69
Grossell	11	14	8	12	12	7	7	71
Grant	8	13	11	12	8	9	7	68
Varnum	13	9	11	13	8	11	9	74
Bluemlein	8	7	4	..	..	..	..	19
Graves	11	4	8	8	4	8	4	47
Slade	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	1
H Waters	14	15	15	13	14	15	9	95
Jarvis	8	10	9	8	6	5	3	49
W Davis	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	9
T Davis	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	9
Marble	..	5	6	5	6	..	..	16
Leitow	..	..	7	9	6	..	..	22
Mees	..	..	10	10	8	6	4	38
G Schaitberger	..	..	2	4	7	4	3	20
Dietrich	..	..	2	6	4	6	4	22
Herman	..	..	11	9	8	..	..	28
Breck	13	11	12	11	14	11	9	81
Carrigan	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	5
Lynch	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	5
Letterman	..	..	..	..	7	8	6	21
Miller	..	..	..	..	..	13	9	22

H. W. MERRILL, Sec'y.

Haverhill Gun Club.

HAVERHILL, Mass., July 4.—Our holiday shoot failed to draw our usual attendance, but those shooters who toed the line kept busy. The day, so far as weather goes, was ideal, and that fact must surely have had an influence with the contestants, for most of them shot very badly.

Events 5, 6 and 7, 50-target prize match, was won as follows: Dickey, 22 yards, 1st, sole leather gun case; Howe, 21 yards; Allison, 19 yards, and Miller, 18 yards, scored 38, Miller winning in shoot-off, 2d, Thurman shooting blouse. Tozier, 18 yards; Bowen, 19 yards and Lambert, 22 yards, scoring 36, Tozier winning, 3d, a Powers cleaning rod.

Had not a good number of out-of-town shooters appeared our numbers would have been small indeed. Among them was W. L. Colville, the genial representative of the Dupont brand; "Bob" Smith, of the Iver Johnson Co.; Pryor (Limus), Richards, Cole and Dennison.

Those named above have never visited us before, but declared their intention of coming again. The old reliable four in number one squad are no strangers, and are always welcome.

Our next attempt will probably be Aug. 27 and 28, on the occasion of the Interstate Association tournament. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	20	20	10	15	10	15	20	20			
Dickey	13	14	10	13	14	16	9	13	8	14	16	18	190	158	.831
Howe	13	12	11	14	18	15	5	10	9	11	19	16	190	153	.805
Allison	11	11	8	12	15	17	6	9	9	14	19	17	190	148	.778
Puck	11	13	11	12	12	12	7	8	8	11	13	14	190	132	.694
Lambert	14	14	10	13	15	14	7	7	6	12	14	16	190	142	.747
Limus	7	5	9	6	8	9	6	7	5	8	13	13	190	96	.505
Dennison	12	12	14	13	14	13	5	15	5	11	17	14	190	145	.763
Smith	14	13	12	11	13	15	6	15	8	13	16	17	190	153	.805
Colville	13	8	12	10	10	16	6	12	6	13	15	13	190	134	.705
Cole	12	13	15	12	15	14	5	12	8	13	17	18	190	154	.810
Miller	10	13	12	11	15	15	8	11	6	13	11	11	190	136	.710
Tozier	10	11	12	12	16	13	7	13	10	11	..	..	150	115	.766
Farrington	10	9	6	7	11	12	5	10	7	11	..	..	150	88	.586
Bowen	12	12	12	14	14	16	6	13	..	..	..	..	125	99	.792
Childs	10	6	10	9	11	12	4	8	7	9	..	..	150	86	.573
Graffam	..	10	9	10	13	16	2	..	..	..	..	..	95	60	.631
Dodge	..	..	..	6	7	10	5	..	..	..	..	..	65	28	.430
Richards	..	..	..	..	..	14	11	7	13	7	12	14	13	130	91	.700
Curtis	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	5	..	..	..	..	..	30	14	.466
Orne	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	4	7	4	14	8	90	41	.455

S. G. MILLER, Sec'y.

Riverside Gun Club.

TOPSHAM, Me., July 4.—The Riverside Shooting Club held their initial shoot on their new grounds this afternoon. The weather was fine and everything went off pleasantly. All hands had a general good time.

Entrance fee was based on 10 cents per target. Purses were divided Rose system, 5, 3, 2, 1. Targets 2 cents. No handicaps. The shoot was open to all. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	20	20	25		
Hunnewell	11	13	15	11	19	13	21	125	103
Dunning	12	12	14	11	16	15	23	125	103
Fisher	11	14	12	12	13	16	23	125	102
Rogers	13	8	13	10	18	15	22	125	99
Webber	9	14	13	11	16	14	16	125	93
Wheeler	10	10	11	12	19	15	16	125	93
Merrill	9	9	11	14	15	15	20	125	93
Stetson	10	9	11	11	15	14	23	125	93
McMurray	14	5	12	12	18	11	19	125	91
A. Hall	11	10	13	11	16	13	17	125	91
Nason	11	11	13	10	14	13	19	125	91
Scribner	10	11	10	11	14	12	21	125	89
Day	12	10	8	10	13	14	16	125	83
S Strout	12	8	9	7	16	13	17	125	82
C Strout	10	11	9	7	13	12	19	125	81
A Goud	9	6	9	9	14	13	16	125	76
Stour	9	8	12	10	11	9	17	125	76
Gatchell	9	6	8	9	13	13	18	125	76
J P Goud	10	7	10	6	13	11	15	125	72
F Hall	10	4	8	8	13	8	15	125	66
Bowker	7	7	4	10	10	8	9	125	55
Atkinsons	10	7	11	9	10	..	15	105	62
Lancaster	10	8	8	5	10	15	..	100	56
Luce	10	7	13	..	..	..	..	45	30
Plutzer	7	8	11	..	..	..	..	45	26
Baker	6	6	7	5	..	..	..	60	24
F E Hall	7	4	9	..	..	..	..	45	20
Mariner	3	4	6	..	..	..	..	45	13
Graves	3	4	4	..	..	..	..	45	11
Jones	..	..	11	9	11	14	..	70	45
Thomson	..	..	..	..	6	16	12	19	80	53
Whitney	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	20	8

Shoot-off for first prize, 15 unknown and 5 pairs: Hunnewell 19, Dunning 16.

FRED W. ATKINSON, Sec'y.

Towanda Gun Club.

TOWANDA, Pa., July 4.—The tournament of the Towanda Gun Club, the 15th annual meeting held to-day, was the most successful shoot ever held here. The visitors were Spencer Reed, of Tunkhannock; J. W. Ensign and W. H. Stroh, of Pittston; H. D. La Plant, D. Higgins, W. J. Hall, Fred Allen, of Sayre; A. C. Sterling, of Wilkes-barre; J. N. Knapp, of Auburn; C. S. Cottle, of Skaneateles Junction. Messrs. Cottle and Knapp tied for high average, and they will decide the ownership of the silver medal at some future date. Knapp won the gun case, Stroh the revolver and Montayne the pin. Six men made averages above 86 per cent. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	10	10	20	15	10	15	20	20	10	25	25	20	Broke.
Knapp	9	9	18	13	8	12	16	19	10	24	24	20	182
Cottle	8	10	17	13	10	13	18	19	8	25	22	19	182
McCabe	10	9	18	13	10	11	18	17	9	25	21	19	180
Montayne	9	10	20	14	10	12	18	16	9	20	21	18	177
Stroh	10	5	19	12	9	10	19	18	8	22	23	18	173
Reed	8	9	19	13	9	14	16	19	10	23	18	15	173
Higgins	5	8	16	9	8	10	17	17	8	20	22	17	157
Ensign	8	9	14	12	7	14	17	18	6	21	..	17	
Ward	6	8	16	12	8	11	18	17	8	22	18	..	
Scheufler	8	8	14	8	10	10	16	..	8	..	..	..	
M Shores	10	6	11	..	8	..	..	14	..	..	..	16	
Curran	8	..	18	..	9	..	14	18	8	22	20	..	
LaPlant	5	6	14	11	7	8	..	14	..	..	..	14	
Fanning	7	5	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	
Dittrich	5	7	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	
G Shores	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	
Gregg	..	5	..	12	..	12	..	12	..	..	..	..	
Weston	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	
J Shiner	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	
W Shiner	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	
Allen	..	..	..	..	..	18	16	6	..	..	..	..	
Hall	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	4	..	..	..	..	
Sterling	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	
Ruggles	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	14	

Trap at Allentown.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., July 4.—The scores made at a joint shoot of John F. Weiler Gun Club and the Allentown Rod and Gun Club, at the Duck Farm to-day, are appended:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	25	
O H Acker	8	6	8	10	6	9	9	7	10	8	8	..	
W Desch	5	7	10	10	6	8	7	7	8	9	..	..	
H Heil	6	7	9	9	8	8	10	7	8	8	10	21	
M Desch	10	9	10	8	8	8	9	7	9	8	9	22	
Jones	2	3	3	4	5	1	4	..	..	..	..	..	
A W K	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	
C F Kramlich	..	10	9	10	10	10	9	10	8	10	10	..	
Knauss	..	..	9	7	8	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	
Blose	..	..	9	9	8	10	9	8	8	..	..	..	
Walker	..	..	9	7	7	8	10	4	9	7	..	..	
Englert	..	..	7	9	9	10	10	6	10	..	..	..	
Johnson	..	..	4	5	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	
Gallagher	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	
Kutz	..	..	5	6	6	8	3	5	..	..	..	..	
Smith	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	
Young	..	..	..	..	10	2	7	5	8	7	5	2	
Ed	..	..	..	..	6	6	5	6	..	..	..	..	
C Desch	..	..	..	..	6	5	4	9	..	..	..	..	
Black	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	7	..	..	..	..	
Ben	..	..	..	..	..	9	6	7	..	..	6	..	
Black	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	7	..	..	..	..	
Parkes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	3	..	
Meyle	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	

Clearview Gun Club.

DARBY, Pa., July 5.—Messrs. A. Edwards and J. Barr tied on 43 for first place in the fourth shoot of the prize series of twelve, the conditions of which are 50 targets, handicap rise, two highest guns out of ten shoots to win. The scores:

	Handicap.	First.	Second.	Total.
A Edwards	16	22	21	43
J Barr	16	21	22	43
W Harrison	18	19	22	41
H B Fisher	18	21	19	40
F Muller	17	21	17	38
H Leight	16	17	17	34
P Jones	16	19	15	34
Dr Harvey	16	15	15	30
L Franklin	16	14	16	30
W Farwell	16	13	16	29

Michigan State League Tournament.

SUCH a continual rainfall as that of the past two months cannot be recalled by the oldest inhabitant. On Monday a drizzling rain fell continually, and when the morning sun shone out bright on Tuesday morning those interested in the Michigan State League tournament, July 1 and 2, began to imagine they had been ushered into some foreign elimate where the air is purified by the glowing sunshine. No wonder then that a large and most enthusiastic gathering of the Michigan trapshooters were early on the grounds at Michigan Center, the splendid grounds used by the Jackson club, and presided over by Charles Sarvis, who shows by his arrangements of the grounds to be the right man in the proper position.

We found a magautrap and a Sergeant system facing to the northeast, with a good background, sun shining bright with a slight north wind that elevated the targets slightly. Taking the layout as a whole, everything was favorable for good scores.

Jackson has an actual membership of less than ten men, but they are workers. There was Smith in the office, Linabury doing the squad hustling, while here and there, and all about the grounds might at all times be seen Wolcott, Crosier, Dr. White, Dr. De May, Dr. Taft and Mr. Thompson, most of them shooting in the events and making good scores. Thus it is not surprising that everything passed off in clockwork order.

Beside this array of home talent, there was present that old-timer and energetic tournament manager, the only Jack Parker, ready to assist whenever a little advice became necessary.

A litle canvass revealed the fact that Detroit had a good delegation in Jack Parker, A. Toll, J. H. Cox, H. Guthard, Jacob Klein, A. J. Stanley, Owen Scotton, Mr. Wood and Joe Marks. Ann Arbor turned out with W. W. Wadhams, A. Cullom, B. F. Schumacher and W. Carson. Flint had the good shots and medal winners, W. C. Somerville, Chas. Caleb, A. D. Caldwell and T. E. Houghton. Battle Creek was a little shy, but carried away honors with Max Hensler, A. R. Hensler and Sam Howes. Tecumseh had a good pair in C. R. Wilson and Mr. P. W. A. Fitzsimmons. The home crowd consisted of the wideawake boys as follows: W. W. Wolcott, H. B. Crosier, B. E. Linabury, M. W. Thompson, C. W. Sarvis, J. B. Schumaker and the trio of doctors, C. J. White, J. H. De May and Taft. Some of the towns were represented by pairs, viz., Marshall with W. B. Wade and L. H. Crampton; Grass Lake with E. A. Carpenter and B. Scott; Leslie with F. E. Sayers and V. E. Covert; Kalamazoo, Grand Rapids and Saginaw were not represented, but some individual representations hailed from points, viz., H. C. Young, Munith; W. W. McQueen, Bay City; Leonard Finletter, Adrain; C. E. Alban, Willis. Outsiders were few, and they were disposed to kick on their 20yd. handicap, viz., J. M. Hughes, Palmyra, Wis.; Kit Shephardson, La Grange, Ind.; Mr. Lang, Findlay, O. Mr. G. C. Williamson, of Muncie, Ind., was a busy man distributing souvenir badges and making new acquaintances.

The shooters were handicapped from 16 to 18yds. for State men and Messrs. Shep, Hughes and Lang at the 20yd. limit. Three cents was charged for targets, and one cent was reserved for a fund to be divided between League members shooting through the programme.

The programme consisted of eleven events, with $60 added money.

Event No. 5 was a championship contest, three medals combined in one shoot being that of expert, semi-expert and amateur trophies. This was the center of attraction, there being three ties on 24 for the expert medal, viz., Wood, Parker and Caleb. On the shoot-off Caleb won easily by breaking 25 straight. Fitzsimmons won the semi-expert and Somerville the amateur medal. As the latter's win was the third he is now the permanent owner, and will pass into the semi-expert class.

While Michigan Center is five miles from Jackson, there is everything there to make shooters happy—hotel, lake, boats, fishing, summer resort, with its merry-go-round, and other amusements galore. The scores:

First Day, July 1.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
Targets:	15	15	20	20	25	15	20	15	25	15	20	Broke.
Shep. 20	14	13	18	14	..	14	13	11	..	..	..	97
Lang, 20	14	13	16	17	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	71
Hughes, 20	15	14	19	16	..	15	20	12	24	15	20	170
Parker, 18	13	11	18	16	24	12	19	13	22	11	19	178
Wood, 18	14	13	18	19	24	11	16	12	23	12	15	177
Stanley, 18	12	15	14	18	23	11	15	9	20	12	19	168
Scott, 18	15	15	19	15	21	10	19	14	23	12	17	180
Marks, 18	14	12	19	19	23	14	18	12	23	12	20	186
Wilson, 18	13	14	19	19	20	13	19	11	22	13	17	180
Thompson, 18	14	15	20	16	22	12	19	14	24	11	18	185
Hensler, 18	14	15	20	20	23	12	16	12	23	14	19	188
Toll, 18	12	14	18	17	19	13	17	10	22	12	14	158
Cox, 18	13	14	19	18	22	10	20	11	23	13	18	181
Collum, 16	12	14	16	19	22	10	18	10	23	..	19	163
Carson, 16	9	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	25
Scotten, 16	12	10	17	16	15	12	16	8	18	13	14	151
Guthard, 16	13	14	18	19	21	11	13	12	23	12	19	175
Houghton, 16	13	14	18	18	21	13	16	12	21	14	18	178
Wade, 16	12	13	16	16	21	13	15	12	..	..	..	118
Crampton, 16	10	7	19	16	22	6	19	..	19	..	..	118
Howes, 16	15	15	13	17	..	10	19	..	..	..	..	89
Alban, 16	14	13	17	19	..	11	17	15	25	12	19	154
Somerville, 16	13	13	17	19	24	14	19	11	20	11	17	178
McQueen, 16	13	14	17	18	20	14	19	12	23	14	18	182
White, 16	12	14	15	17	23	13	18	13	23	14	20	179
Sayers, 16	13	..	17	17	..	14	20	10	21	12	20	147
Fitz, 16	14	12	18	18	21	11	20	14	23	13	15	179
Klein, 16	14	13	15	15	23	..	..	..	..	..	18	98
Wolcott, 16	11	15	19	19	..	15	17	8	23	14	17	158
Caleb, 18	14	14	18	18	24	14	18	12	24	14	19	189
Jones, 16	..	7	..	16	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	33
Finletter, 16	..	..	12	19	21	13	19	..	..	..	..	84
Forrey, 16	..	..	..	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19
Crosier, 16	..	..	..	16	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	34
Graphine, 16	..	..	..	19	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	30
Carpenter, 16	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15
Taft, 16	..	..	..	13	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	19
Adams, 16	..	..	..	16	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	34
Tobey, 16	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	14
Schumaker, 16	..	..	..	..	21	..	..	..	..	..	..	21
Smith, 16	..	..	..	..	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	20

Second Day, July 2.

After a good night's rest at the Sarvis Hotel, the shooters were in no great hurry to get their guns unpacked, as the weather man had not duplicated his weather of yesterday, but instead, as if one clear day was too much for Michiganders, had endeavored to empty the clouds of their accumulation of the day previous as well as that of to-day's portion. The programme called for shoot rain or shine, but as there were no provisions for shelter overhead at the score, the shoot was postponed until about 11 A. M., when it had cleared up sufficiently to begin the programme. But the heavy rain had kept many away, and the attendance was not nearly so large as on yesterday. All those present shot the entire programme, and they experienced winds, cloudy background and toward the close of the day very threatening clouds caused much uneasiness, yet fortunately the storm passed around, and the very lengthy programme was finished.

Twenty-five men shot in most of the events, one of which was a team shoot of three men from a club, and that was the one shoot which attracted the closest attention and demonstrated that team shoots are what draws a crowd. There were six clubs that entered, three of them from Detroit, viz., Yaller Club, Ideal, and Live Bird Club. Jackson had two clubs and Flint one. The Ideal and the Yaller boys were very even, each getting 67, with J. H. Cox, the star performer with the only straight score. Flint fell a little short, as one of their medal winners fell off from his championship form. The good looking Jackson team came out for their spurt last, and they looked to be winners before a shot was fired. Some wagers were made, and the race was on. The first 30 targets saw but one goose egg, and that Mr. White's eighth. Their next 30 ended with two gone through Wolcott's pattern, and the remaining 15 were all smashed save Thompson's twenty-fourth, a fast dropping target, closing with a grand total of 71—White 24, Thompson 24, Wolcott 23.

There was a $1 sweep on the side, and Scott, shooting as did others for the money, made 24.

Scores of teams:

Ideal Team, of Detroit.

Toll .....101110110111111111110111111—21
Cox .....111111111111111111111111111—25
Parker .....111111011111111111110110111—21—67

Live Bird Team, Detroit.

Scotten .....111110011000011001111010101—15
Guthard .....011101010111101111001001l—16
Wood .....100111111111101110011111111—21—52

Jackson Club.

White .....111111101111111111111111111—24
Thompson .....111111111111111111111111101—24
Wolcott .....111111111110110111111111111—23—71

Jackson No. 2.

De May .....101110010000101101110l100—13
Scott .....110111111111111111111111111—24
Newkirk .....011010101111101101011100ll—16—53

Yaller Club, Detroit.

Stanley .....110111111111111111111100111—22
Harvey .....111111101111111111011111111—23
Marks .....111111111111110111111010111—22—67

Flint Club.

Caleb .....111011110111101111011111—21
Houghton .....111111101111101111111111—23
Somerville .....011111111011111111011111—22—66

Scores made not so good as yesterday, yet Thompson held up well and made an even 90 per cent., his nearest competitors being Wolcott and Harvey, from Detroit, though Houghton was but one behind. Stanley, Marks and Caleb were bunched. Max Hensler duplicated his score of yesterday by winning two firsts in succession and then fell away for the remainder of the day. He does not shoot enough to withstand the punishment of continuous two days' shooting. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	20	25	20	15	15	20	15	20	15	25	Broke.
Caleb	12	14	17	21	17	13	14	18	9	17	14	24	190
Marks	14	11	19	22	13	12	15	18	13	16	14	23	190
Thompson	11	14	20	24	16	13	14	19	13	19	13	22	198
Alban	13	13	18	..	16	12	13	17	12	18	11	21	164
Cox	15	14	16	25	19	14	12	18	8	15	9	21	164
Wolcott	13	12	19	23	16	13	11	18	14	18	14	22	193
Parker	12	12	17	21	16	8	12	18	9	18	8	20	171
Wood	14	11	17	21	14	11	14	9	14	11	9	22	167
Stanley	14	14	17	22	17	13	13	18	9	17	15	22	191
Toll	12	14	16	21	14	14	11	16	12	10	13	22	175
Wilson	15	14	16	..	13	12	13	18	8	18	9	20	156
Fitz	13	13	17	..	15	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	70
Scotten	4	10	14	15	6	11	11	17	9	12	10	18	137
Guthard	13	13	16	16	15	7	7	18	10	17	11	23	166
Houghton	12	15	19	23	17	13	13	18	11	17	14	20	192
Somerville	13	10	19	22	20	14	13	15	13	17	15	23	194
McQueen	11	14	19	..	17	12	15	19	14	18	14	19	172
Harvey	12	14	19	23	16	13	11	17	14	20	11	23	193
Newkirk	11	13	17	16	14	7	12	15	13	15	10	17	160
Hensler	13	13	14	..	20	15	13	17	14	18	12	20	169
Cullum	15	11	18	..	17	11	..	19	..	16	..	24	131
White	..	13	20	24	19	13	12	19	13	18	14	18	183
Carson	..	10	15	..	18	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	55
Scott	..	14	18	24	16	13	13	18	11	17	14	21	179
Watts	..	..	..	..	17	14	12	16	..	..	..	..	59

The programme provided for a rebate of one cent per target for the two days. The number shooting in all events proved to be fifteen, and each drew out $6.75 for his sticktoitiveness.

The rules and by-laws of the Association were amended so that the rebate hereafter given will go only to those who compete as a team, and those who do not come as a club will be barred from this rebate.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We, the undersigned, having received programmes of the tournament of the so-called Michigan Trapshooters' League shoot, held at Jackson, Mich., on July 1 and 2, and after consulting said programme wherein it is specified that the sweepstakes were open to all, and the only mention of handicapping is that amateurs would be handicapped at from 16 to 18yds., and considering this a fair proposition, we accepted the same and were present at said shoot. After paying our entries for the day's programme, we were informed that we were handicapped 20yds. We being the only scratch men, although professionals and semi-professionals, comprising the flower of Michigan shooters, were placed at from 16 to 18yds., no Michigan shooter being placed at a greater distance.

Trapshooters, as a rule, are a genial lot of gentlemen, who extend a warm and generous welcome to brother shooters, and although there were many here who openly protested against the injustice, yet the controlling element of this so-called Michigan Trapshooters' League did not care to meet us on equal terms, although we were paying 3 cents each for targets, one cent of each going into a pool to be divided among all League shooters shooting the entire programme. This virtually being a tariff of $2 per day imposed upon non-residents for the privilege of shooting.

K. C. Shepardson, La Grange, Ind.
Thomas W. Lang, Findlay, O.
J. M. Hughes, Palmyra, Wis.

[Concerning the above matter, we fail to find conditions which made it compulsory to compete if any one did not wish to do so.]

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., July 4.—The South End Gun Club, of this city, held an all-day target shoot to-day on the grounds along the river, near the Bingamin street bridge. The fine weather brought out a large crowd of sportsmen, and the shoot was a success throughout. The scores follow, all sweepstake events at 10 targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Gerhard	10	9	9	7	10	9	9	9	10	10	9	8	9	8	8
Miles	8	10	8	8	7	8	8	7	9	6	9	8	8	9	9
Eshelman	9	9	8	7	8	7	9	9	8	7	7	8	9	8	9
Walters	8	10	9	6	10	9	9	10	9	10	8	9	8	7	10
Ball	9	8	9	9	8	9	8	9	9	10	10	10	8	7	5
Essick	6	7	6	6	7	6	6	8	8	8	5	5	2	6	6
Gicker	6	5	9	7	9	7	8	8	9	8	9	8	9	8	8
Wilson	4	6	8	5	7	7	5	4	5	6	3	8	7	7	5
Earnshaw	7	5	9	7	8	6	7	7	9	8	4	5	4	..	..
Miller	6	7	8	6	9	8	9	7	9	5	8	6	9	..	..
Shultz	9	10	7	8	8	8	10	10	9	7	9	..	..	..	..
Farrer	5	6	8	7	9	8	9	7	7	9	..	..	..	..	..
Yost	7	8	10	9	9	9	9	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Henry	9	6	6	5	10	6	4	6	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bell	8	9	9	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jones	6	6	6	4	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Downs	..	..	..	..	..	4	2	4	2	6	..	..	..	..	..

Events:	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
Gerhard	8	8	8	9	8	8	8	9	9	9
Miles	8	9	8	7	8	9	10	9	9	10
Eshelman	8	8	9	9	6	8	7	8	7	8
Walters	10	8	9	6	7	..	..	..	..	..
Ball	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Essick	7	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gicker	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Yeager	8	9	8	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Melcher	8	9	7	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rhoades	..	..	..	..	6	7	6	..	..	..
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	8	5
Grill	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	3
Geiger	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9
Becker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4
Al Shaaber	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3

A shooting match took place in the rear of the Reading Base Ball grounds to-day between two teams, composed of two men, each man at 15 targets, for $5 a side. The scores follow:

Robeson Team.

Croft .....001111111111111—13
Templin .....110111000110100— 8—21

Marion Team.

McHenry .....101111111101001—10
Boyer .....110011001111100— 9—19

Referee, Newman.

Pottstown, Pa., July 1.—At a meeting of the Shuler Shooting Club, of this town, held at the Shuler Hotel, it was decided to move the shooting house from the present shooting grounds at Saratoga Park to the East End Base Ball grounds, which grounds were decided upon as the club's new shooting grounds. The club members desired the change made, owing to the new grounds being nearer to town. The opening shoot will be held about July 24, when a large attendance is expected, especially from out of town sportsmen. The shoot will be open to all, and a good time is guaranteed.

DUSTER.

Raleigh Gun Club.

RALEIGH, N. C., July 3.—The weather was entirely too warm for our members to do justice to themselves. All the good shots fell down except Jos. I. Johnson, who held his own, beside tieing the heaviest man in our club. His record was 90 per cent. He has the best all-round record in our club, but several have made up their minds to get in his class ere the season is over. The following event was at 50 targets: Whitaker 26, Gowan 33, Gray 32, Johnson 45, Pearce 35, Eberhart 23, Parker 36, Fellows 29, Worth 21, Ferrell 24.

R. T. GOWAN, Sec'y.

Westchester County Trapshooters' League.

MT. KISCO, N. Y., July 5.—The Westchester County Trap Shooters' League held its two days' tournament at Mt. Kisco on the 4th and 5th, the gathering on the Fourth being a representative one. The day was extremely sultry, but no rain fell to mar the day's sport. Among those from out of town were the following: T. H. Keller, Peters Cartridge Co.; J. T. Skelly and J. S. Fanning, of the Laflin & Rand Powder Co.; F. E. Butler, U. M. C. Co.; Edward Banks, Am. "E. C." & "Schultze" Gunpowder Co.; C. W. Dudley, L. H. "Mike" and Simon Glover, all of New York City; G. H. Piercy and his son, L. H. Piercy, of Jersey City; C. G. Blandford, of Ossining, N. Y., and many others. Of the home club, A. Betti, manager; President Frank Bailey and G. Sutton, all worked hard for the success of the shoot, Mr. Sutton looking after the cashier's office and Mr. Betti acting as squad hustler and general superintendent. Al. Rae's department (refreshments, etc.) in the big tent to the left of the clubhouse, was patronized satisfactorily, Bert Vandeusen finding that chicken salad, ice cream and sarsaparilla made a combination apparently well suited to the average trapshooter's appetite on a warm Fourth of July. There was a good attendance of spectators, an unusually large number of ladies gracing the clubhouse with their presence.

The trap was run by an expert from Ossining, who managed to throw the targets far and fast enough to make a straight score more than usually pleasing. The strangest thing about his work was that the later it got in the day and the warmer it got in the traphouse the further he threw the targets. George Piercy was high average on the first day, shooting remarkably well and evenly; on the second day Jack Fanning went to the front, with the result that he and Piercy were tied at the end of the tournament for high general average. Fanning, however, being ineligible for the average money, the solatium for first average went to Mr. Piercy. On the second day the attendance was quite small, and the programme was run through quickly in order that the visting sportsmen might be able to reach home before Sunday morning. After their departure several novices, residents of Mt. Kisco, tried to equal the scores made by the experts. Al Rae was easily high man, the four others in the squad only managing to break four targets between them, the race being at ten targets per man, and each of the four accounting for one target. Their names are therefore suppressed out of regard for the feelings of their respective families.

On the night of the Fourth there was a band concert in front of the Hotel Elwood, the music being discoursed by a large-sized orchestra under the direction of Mr. A. Betti, who proved that target shooting and music do not conflict. After the concert a fireworks display in front of the hotel attracted a lot of attention, Mr. Skelly handling Roman candles with much skill, showing that his acquaintance with Laflin & Rand's explosive productions enabled him to show off to the best advantage fireworks of every description. His efforts were highly thought of.

The scores of the two days follow:

First Day, July 4.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
C Blandford	12	14	13	15	13	14	14	14	12	13	15	14
Fred	5	4	6	7	8	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
T H Keller	11	9	8	13	9	11	12	..	..	..	..	..
Dr Shaw	9	12	14	12	12	15	12	..	..	..	..	..
W H Dyckman	10	8	11	10	10	13	12	9	..	..	..	..
Fanning	13	14	14	13	14	15	15	14	12	15	14	15
Skelly	13	13	15	12	13	11	12	13	13	14	12	12
O'Rourke	9	10	14	11	11	11	13	..	11	..	..	..
Gilson	8	10	10	8	13	12	11	..	..	..	..	..
Banks	10	15	15	12	12	13	14	15	14	14	15	13
F Dudley	12	13	14	13	15	14	15	13	14	10	13	15
Piercy	14	13	15	12	15	14	14	15	14	15	15	14
Mike	12	13	14	14	13	13	14	15	14	14	15	15
Glover	13	14	14	15	14	14	14	15	13	15	13	14
H W Bessing	10	9	13	10	10	9	10	13	10	12	8	11
W H Coleman	13	12	8	8	10	9	8	6	12	10	5	10
Lauder	7	9	9	11	10	11	11	..	..	..	..	..
D Lydieker	9	2	7	8	8	6	5	..	..	..	..	..
J Tallman	11	13	15	13	14	12	15	..	..	..	..	..
Geo Creighton	10	12	13	11	13	14	10	14	11	..	..	..
Butler	11	12	11	11	11	11	7	10	10	10	14	11
F Bailey	8	3	9	7	7	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hoffman	6	11	5	..	8	11	10	9	7	8	..	..
Fowler	7	7	12	..	..	..	12	12	..	..	..	..
W Gaul	..	13	14	11	9	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
S C Thompson	..	7	..	14	10	8	9	..	..	..	..	..
C H Cone	..	10	..	11	14	13	11	..	..	..	..	..
R Gorham	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	11	11	9	9	12
Betti	..	..	..	..	12	10	13	12	12	13	14	13
A Sutton	..	..	..	..	8	11	10	11	9	..	..	..
A Hoyt	..	..	..	..	9	8	8	9	..	..	..	..
W Dominick	..	..	..	..	13	11	8	7	..	..	..	..
F Sutton	..	..	..	..	12	11	14	7	..	..	..	..
Carpenter	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	14	14	11	..	..
Martin	..	..	..	..	..	9	7	11	..	12	..	..
Flewellin	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	10	13	13	..	..
Reed	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	14	13	13	..	..
Green	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..

Second Day, July 5.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Banks	12	13	14	13	14	15	12	11	8	15	14	12
Fanning	11	15	13	14	14	14	15	15	14	15	14	14
Piercy	13	15	15	13	14	15	13	13	14	15	14	12
Mike	11	14	14	11	13	12	14	14	15	13	14	15
Glover	13	14	13	13	14	13	15	14	13	12	15	15
Butler	7	13	12	11	7	11	9	12	13	11	13	12
Gorham	8	7	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	9	..
Blandford	12	14	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Skelly	11	12	14	13	12	14	12	13	13	12	13	13
Betti	11	13	12	11	8	10	10	10	9	10	11	12
Bailey	8	9	4	4	8	6	6	7	..	..	..	..
Sutton	13	7	14	13	13	12	10	14	14	14	14	13

ROUSTABOUT.

Birch Brook Gun Club.

LYNN, Mass.—Owing to a tournament at Wellington run by O. R. Dickey, of the Boston Shooting Association, there were not as many at the traps on the 28th as usual. Riley was high man in the merchandise and medal events. There was a tricky wind most of the time, causing the left-quarterers from the magautrap to duck and some of the others to rise, so the scores of some were not so good as usual. Nos. 3 to 9 were practice events.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	30	50	10	10	15	5p	5p	50	20p
Hilliard	22	38	9	9	13	7	10	40	32
Dudley	17	32	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Riley	27	45	8	4	12	8	7	..	..
Everett	20	34	..	9	7	8	6	36	33
Sabin	17	30	..	4	7	..	..	..	..
Straw	26	39	..	7	12	8	7	..	..
Rand	15	30	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Yelmah	12	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hastings	20	33	..	..	..	7	6	..	..

HENRY ROOD.

Prospect Park Shooting Association.

BALTIMORE, Md., June 23.—The Prospect Park Shooting Association's shoot, held to-day, had six events on the programme, one of which was at 50 targets. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	50	10	10	25	25	25	25
Prospect	36	6	8	19	20	16	18
Sampson	36	8	..	19	18	20	17
Leland	43	7	8	..	..	20	..
Boyd	37	7	8	19	21	23	20
Carr	35	8	8	14	19	17	19
Becker	39	10	8	..	..	..	..
Medinger	39	8	..	..	..	..	..
Ruth	31	8	..	..	..	..	..
Clark	5	4	..	..	..	..	..
Yaeger	33	7	..	..	..	..	..
Newkirk	32	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fenhagen	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Poehlman	32	8	..	18	14	15	16
Monath	30	..	..	..	16	..	..
Tunis	..	..	..	9	..	..	..
Berryman	..	..	..	9	..	..	..

Boston Shooting Association Tournament.

BOSTON, Mass.—The finest tournament held in Massachusetts since 1888, was the verdict rendered by the old-timers upon the Boston Shooting Association's two-day tournament at Wellington, Mass., June 27 and 28. There were two reasons for the success of the meet; first, the managers of the shoot were blessed with fair weather on both days, and secondly, the team matches among five-man teams from Maine, Rhode Island, New Hampshire and Massachusetts, and a special ten-man team match between Maine and Massachusetts, drew shooters and spectators from all parts of New England, and the shooting of each member of the various teams was keenly watched by a large and enthusiastic crowd of friends.

The five-man team match was the first of a series of four which will be held in the New England States for a purse of $200, $100 of which is the entrance money from teams from the four States entered, and $100 which has been donated by the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company through Paul North. In this contest Maine secured a lead of 8 birds over Massachusetts with a score of 451 out of 500. Massachusetts came second with 43, Rhode Island third with 435, and New Hampshire fourth with 398. The conditions in this match were 100 birds for each man at unknown angles. The next shoot in this series will be held at Providence, R. I., in July, and the winner will be determined by the aggregate of birds broken in the four shoots.

The greatest interest, however, was taken in the match between ten-man teams from Maine and Massachusetts for a purse of $100, and it certainly was the closest and most exciting contest ever shot between ten-man teams. The averages made by both teams must surely be new records. Massachusetts averaged .912 per cent. per man, and Maine .908 per cent. per man, each man shooting at 100 birds, 50 unknown and 50 known angles. Massachusetts won by the small margin of 4 birds in 2,000 in a hair-raising finish, and the members of the team were heartily congratulated by their courteous opponents from the Pine Tree State.

A similar match will be shot in Maine in August, and a third at some neutral ground later.

Two sets of traps were used, one Sergeant system and one set of five bluerock expert traps. More than 20,000 birds were thrown in the two days, and the traps worked very smoothly. The fine breaking qualities of the birds manufactured by O. R. Dickey called forth many favorable comments from the visiting shooters, as there were certainly not more than half a dozen dusted targets during the two days.

On Saturday every train that stopped at Wellington poured out its quota of shooters, so that the management was fairly swamped, and at 3 P. M. all further entries had to be rejected in order that the team matches might be finished. Shooting was continuous from 9 A. M. until 7 P. M., with the exception of an hour for dinner. Mr. Dill, the caterer, a member of the Association, provided the dinner each day, and it was deserving of the many praises it received.

Among the celebrities present outside of New England, were J. A. R. Elliott, who shot in splendid form, winning high average both days; E. Banks, S. Glover, T. H. Keller, Haze Keller, Doremus, T. Morfey, Dick Swiveller, and S. Van Allen.

The weather conditions the first day were unfavorable to high scores; the wind blew the targets about in rag-time melody, and nearly every miss was caused by over-shooting.

On the second day the same conditions prevailed in the morning, but after dinner the wind softened down, and fine conditions prevailed for good scores.

The scores for both days, including the record of the team matches, follow:

Friday, June 27.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	15	20	20	15	20	Broke.
Elliott	15	19	13	18	14	15	19	18	13	17	161
Wheeler	14	18	14	19	11	14	17	17	14	19	157
Foster	13	17	15	17	14	15	17	18	11	19	156
Inman	12	19	13	18	14	15	14	15	15	20	155
Sawin	13	20	13	17	11	15	17	17	12	20	155
Griffith	12	18	13	18	13	15	15	19	13	18	153
Le Roy	13	18	15	17	12	15	16	19	11	15	151
Hull	14	16	10	18	12	13	18	20	13	17	151
Randall	14	19	14	17	12	14	12	17	13	18	150
Hunnewell	13	14	13	17	13	15	18	15	13	19	150
Dickey	13	14	14	17	15	13	18	15	12	18	149
Glover	12	19	14	15	11	14	15	16	14	19	149
Herbert	14	17	15	16	12	10	18	13	13	20	148
Baker	13	13	13	16	15	13	16	17	11	18	145
Horn	13	16	14	15	13	13	16	15	14	16	145
D S D	10	13	14	17	11	12	17	16	15	19	144
W H Stobie	10	15	15	16	12	13	19	15	12	17	144
Green	9	18	14	16	14	12	17	14	12	17	143
Welles	10	18	11	16	11	16	17	18	11	19	143
Banks	14	16	13	14	10	13	17	14	13	19	143
Howe	10	18	12	19	11	13	17	12	12	19	143
Preble	10	14	15	14	14	13	17	18	11	16	142
Morse	14	16	12	17	12	14	15	15	14	13	142
Van Allen	12	15	13	14	13	13	18	12	14	18	142
Morfey	14	16	12	16	11	14	17	16	10	14	141
Conn	12	17	13	17	10	13	16	13	12	17	140
Coffin	11	17	15	17	11	12	15	13	11	15	137
Nardini	9	17	12	15	9	11	17	18	13	17	138
Puck	11	17	9	14	12	12	15	18	15	14	137
Stark	12	15	11	15	13	11	17	14	10	19	137
Cate	11	14	11	12	12	11	16	18	11	17	133
Fletcher	10	13	11	11	6	9	..	..	..	..	...
Rundlett	..	..	12	16	16	11	9	14	15	19	..
Chapin	..	..	12	15	12	15	19	17	11	17	...
Woodruff	..	..	..	15	9	10	12	11	11	16	...
Moody	..	..	..	11	11	14	17	15	12	16	...
Bullard	12	16	12	10	11	9	..	..	..	..	...
Bond	10	18	12	18	14	14	..	..	..	..	...
Lambert	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	18	14	19	...
Quaker	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	11	13	..	...
Connor	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	17	12	..	...
Hilliard	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	17	13	..	...
Climax	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	17	13	..	...
Stanley	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	9	..	...

Saturday, June 28.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
Targets:	15	20	15	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	Broke.
Elliott	14	19	13	25	24	25	25	25	23	25	25	243
Le Roy	13	17	15	20	23	22	25	24	24	22	25	230
Hunnewell	13	17	14	23	25	24	21	22	25	22	25	230
Randall	13	20	14	21	23	23	23	23	25	21	24	230
Foster	15	18	15	24	24	24	24	20	23	22	24	229
Climax	12	20	12	22	23	22	24	23	25	24	22	229
Green	14	19	15	23	24	20	21	21	23	25	23	228
Herbert	14	20	12	18	21	23	24	23	25	24	24	228
Darton	15	16	15	21	24	22	22	21	24	24	24	228
Wheeler	13	18	10	22	22	24	24	22	24	20	24	223
D S D	14	18	14	22	24	22	16	24	23	23	21	221
Dickey	14	19	15	20	23	21	20	23	22	21	23	221
Connor	12	18	15	21	23	..	..	23	23	25	24	...
Reid	11	14	13	21	22	..	..	24	21	24	24	...
Rule	10	18	12	22	23	..	..	20	25	20	24	...
Chapin	12	16	14	23	23	..	..	24	24	23	23	...
Merrill	11	19	11	22	19	..	..	16	20	23	23	...
Preble	12	18	13	19	25	..	..	23	22	24	24	...
Doremus	9	16	13	15	21	20	..	18	..	19	17	...
Sawin	12	20	14	21	24	..	..	20	23	24	22	...
P H	12	18	12	23	25	..	..	..	23	23	22	...
Lambert	13	18	12	20	21	..	..	21	22	18	24	...
Voelker	13	19	13	20	22	20	23	21	..	21	..	...
W H Stobie	..	..	12	20	20	..	23	21	19	22	..	...
Bain	12	17	13	21	21	22	22	..	..	..	..	...
Griffith	15	19	10	19	24	18	22	..	..	..	..	...
Getchel	11	17	13	24	22	24	24	..	..	..	..	...
Gerish	7	13	7	16	19	21	17	..	..	..	..	...
Carlisle	10	19	8	22	19	14	17	..	..	..	..	...
Langley	13	18	11	19	20	18	22	..	..	..	..	...
Nordini	10	19	13	23	23	17	20	..	..	..	..	...
Stark	13	19	14	24	24	21	22	19	..	..	24	...
Van Allen	14	18	14	22	24	24	23	..	..	..	..	...
Puck	13	14	12	18	21	24	..	..	..	..	..	...
Spofford	11	16	9	15	18	19	..	..	..	..	..	...
George	14	19	13	20	22	..	..	25	..	..	..	...
Miller	13	16	12	14	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Moody	13	16	9	16	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Worthing	11	15	12	23	21	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Haines	12	16	11	12	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Morse	10	19	14	15	22	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Inman	14	20	12	21	23	19	24	..	..	..	..	...
Wyman	12	15	13	17	22	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Hinds	10	16	12	18	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Adams	12	18	14	20	23	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Welles	11	17	15	20	22	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Keller, Jr.	13	17	6	18	21	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Cate	12	18	14	22	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Kirkwood	11	15	14	19	21	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Hibbard	13	18	12	17	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Coffin	13	18	12	17	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Bullard	12	20	10	18	21	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Morfey	13	18	11	21	22	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Glover	12	19	12	21	24	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Hull	14	19	12	24	23	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Howe	13	17	14	19	23	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Horn	13	17	23	18	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Rowe	11	..	13	19	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Wood	11	16	14	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
R N Stobie	..	..	13	19	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Lewis	..	..	..	10	18	21	..	..	..	..	..	...
Woodruff	..	..	13	20	22	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Colville	..	..	9	21	23	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Carpenter	8	17	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Bond	13	18	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Keller, Sr	11	15	14	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Lawrence	..	..	..	20	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Banks	..	..	..	21	21	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Lander	..	..	..	21	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Dennison	..	..	..	..	23	23	..	..	..	..	..	...
Davis	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Odekirk	..	..	9	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Lander	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...

The team matches follow:

Five-man teams:

Maine Team.		Rhode Island Team.	
Green	88	Griffith	83
Darton	88	Inman	87
Hunnewell	93	Getchel	94
Foster	92	Voelker	85
Randall	90—451	Bain	86—435
New Hampshire Team.		**Massachusetts Team.**	
Gerrish	73	Le Roy	90
Carlisle	72	Dickey	84
Langley	79	Wheeler	89
Nordini	83	Herbert	86
Stark	91—398	Climax	91—443

Ten-man teams:

Maine Team.		Massachusetts Team	
Green	92	Le Roy	95
Darton	93	Dickey	89
Hunnewell	93	Wheeler	90
Foster	89	Herbert	96
Randall	92	Climax	94
Connor	95	Sawin	89
Merrill	82	Rule	89
Stobie	86	Chapin	94
Reid	93	P H	91
Preble	93—908	Lambert	85—912

The Wellington Tournament.

DUNBARTON, N. H., July 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Boston Shooting Association were favored with good weather and a large attendance at their recent tournament. It was a great pleasure to me to meet so many of my old friends of the shooting fraternity, and also numerous new men whom I know only by reputation.

First of all comes J. A. R. Elliott. I had not seen Elliott since February, 1885, when I met him in New Orleans. Elliott was the star of the tournament. Old gray-headed shooters and their numerous younger brothers were eager to see and know him. Elliott came East, hunting for clams and sea breezes—crops which the wooly West did not produce. From force of habit he came to Wellington. As to his shooting, the scores tell the story. I can only say that it became somewhat monotonous to see him break targets. There was no variety to it—a broken target in front of his pump and an empty shell flying from the breech at the same time seemed to be about all.

There were many others of considerable fame in the shooting world: T. H. Keller, of Ideal Cartridges, was on hand, as lithe and graceful as ever. I think that Tee Kay and I mutually admire each other. Now I am quite sure that Tee Kay has discovered the fountain of perpetual youth, and I think it is mean of him that he does not print of how he found and uses it and inclose a copy in every box of his best-on-earth cartridges. It would beat the prize candy package out of sight. For some time he shot in his usual old-time form. A certain event on the programme was called, and Tee Kay was one of the squad. Some of his ardent admirers (I think Ed. Banks started it) formed a line and followed him to the score.

When he took his position before calling pull, his admirers formed a half circle close by and gave him no end of advice as to holding. Some men would have been rattled by such doings. I think Tee Kay's nerves are made of the same mixture as the shot he uses. At all events, I never saw him shoot so well, and I decided at once to withdraw my standing offer to shoot him a match on the Concord grounds for a million or so a side. The way he centered target after target made me think that any one could learn to shoot. When the score was finished, he bowed gracefully to his supporters and said, "No charge, gentlemen, for the lesson I have given you. Shoot Ideal cartridges, hold as I do and you will get there every time."

As for the inter-New England team match, Massachusetts ought to have won. For some reason their crackerjacks failed to cracker. At the last moment New Hampshire entered a team. For what reason that team entered I fail to see. The first match went to the Pine Tree State, and they earned it. The Maine men were good fellows, even if one of them did try to inveigle me into a match.

A stranger came to me and said, "I read your offer in FOREST AND STREAM to match two old fellows up your way against any two of equal age, and I will take it up." I had no idea this man came from Skowhegan or some other settlement in Maine where they have moose, bears and other things, but when I found he intended to put up two Maine men, I told him to read again my challenge and he would find that it was surrounded with a barbed-wire fence forty feet high, which ran straight around the boundaries of New Hampshire.

We all had a good time at Wellington. Those who won did not have to waste much time counting their winnings. Elliott has no doubt blown his in on clams and sea air. There is just one point I criticize about this tournament: There were not assistants enough to handle it. Dickey and another man struggled with the scores, figuring out who won and the amount, and got somewhat balled up. The scorers usually acted as judges. This is not the way to run a tournament according to my old-fashioned idea.

C. M. STARK.

The Fourth at Omaha.

THE shooting fraternity of Omaha celebrated the Fourth of July in very appropriate style. The Dickey Bird Gun Club gave an all-day tournament at its elegant grounds north of the city. This is a new organization of 40 odd members, and will do much good work before the year is out. The day was very favorable, except for a hard cross wind, which made the flight of targets so erratic that but few straight scores were made all day. F. C. Riehl won first and H. S. McDonald second average on the regular programme, and in all, fifty men participated.

Two club trophy contests were held in conclusion, for Class A and B medals. Parmelee and Fogg tied on 25 in Class A and did not shoot off. The Class B honor was won by W. Hooper with 24.

This was Frank Parmelee's first appearance at the traps in many months, and it will be seen that he has not lost form. The scores follow:

No. 9 was Class A medal; No. 10 Class B medal.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Maryott	11	11	10	11	7	..	9	..	24	..
Hooper	12	9	11	..	..	..	12	..	..	24
C Olsen	11	9	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
A Olsen	10	10	9	6	6	..	..	..	..	..
Grimm	11	10	14	12	5	..	9	..	..	..
Hayden	9	10	11	..	..	..	6	..	..	21
Stary	13	8	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Koller	7	9	9	10	6	8	7	..	..	22
Sherwood	9	11	9	12	..	..	..	..	..	22
McLean	12	7	11	7	1	..	..	..	20	..
Voorhees	9	8	10	11	3	5	..	..	..	21
Riehl	13	14	12	13	6	12	13	12	..	..
Sandy	12	11	10	15	5	8	14	9	..	..
Nicholson	10	5	5	..	5	9	..	..	..	..
Toozer	7	4	5	8	3	5	..	..	..	19
Diamond	3	0	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dresbach	10	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Morrell	12	..	15	12	..	11	..	13	..	..
Cheney	9	11	..	9	6	..	..	..	..	..
Owens	5	..	8	..	1	..	..	9	..	15
H Grimm	..	8	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kinnear	..	8	..	13	8	..	..	10	23	..
Brooks	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Simpson	..	10	..	11	3	..	..	..	..	20
Downs	..	15	12	9	2	11	..	..	23	..
Pries	..	7	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	20
Jackson	..	2	..	6	..	..	4	..	..	20
Gilhansen	..	..	..	10	5	9	..	10	24	..
Haynes	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	21
Christiansen	..	..	..	6	6	..	..	..	..	..
Fogg	..	..	..	..	6	13	9	9	25	..
Bleick	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..
Wulff	..	..	..	..	5	7	..	..	24	..
Brooks	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	20
Townsend	..	..	..	..	7	11	12	11	21	..
Driesbach	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	23	..
A Christiansen	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..
Black	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..
Sellick	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	8	..	22
C C	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..
Porterfield	..	..	..	..	..	12	12	12	..	..
Parmelee	..	..	..	..	..	13	14	14	25	..
English	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..
Sellick	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..
Curtis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..
G Nicholson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	22
Hayne	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..
Gilmore	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	21
Izard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20
Hamond	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20

IN NEW JERSEY.

Forester Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., July 4.—There were conditions as follows at the shoot of the Forester Gun Club to-day:

Sergeant system, electric pulls, all-day shoot, good lunch. Event No. 15 was the match, a squad shooting in between to give the guns a chance to cool off after shooting at 15 targets. Events 17 and 18 were at doubles.

Next shoot Labor Day; live birds in the morning and targets in the afternoon.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
C Smith	4	4	4	4	4	6	5	7	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Trobridge	4	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bradley	3	4	8	7	6	7	9	8	8	10	7	9	8	..	..	..	3	..
J J Fleming	7	..	7	8	3	5	9	7	9	9	9	9	9	6	..	..	4	6
Brant	..	..	..	4	7	6	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
See	..	..	..	0	6	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wheeler	..	..	..	2	2	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
D Fleming	..	..	..	..	3	5	4	6	4	2	1	4	7	5	5	3	..	..
D Fleming, Jr.	..	..	..	..	3	1	5	1	5	4	6	4	3	5	4	4	..	..
P M Kling	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	10	9	9	9	7	8	4	..	..	7	8
Lewis	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	9	8	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Williams	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	5	4	7	6	6	3	
Parker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	3	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	
Permont	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	5	8	7	2		

P. M. Kling vs. J. J. Fleming, for small stake:

J J Fleming.....1111111011111110111011111—22
P M Kling.....1101101111111101111111111—22

The tie will be decided at some future day, as Mr. Kling ran out of shells.

J. J. FLEMING, Sec'y.

Team Match.

Carlstadt, N. J., July 2.—The two-man team race, Messrs. E Kattengell and Count Lenone against Messrs. F. Gerbolini and A. Dietzel, shot at Outwater's place to-day, resulted in a victory for the former by a score of 41 to 38. The birds were a fair lot, though there was no wind to help them. Messrs. Dietzel and Gerbolini had the race up to the finish, where they lost 5 birds in a bunch. The conditions were 25 birds per man, $25, loser to pay for birds. The scores:

E Kattengell	12111121021222222202121 02—22
Count Lenone	21212201010222312122011020—19—41
F Gerbolini	121211*12221*221002220200—18
A Dietzel	22221222202222222*12222000—20—38

Ten birds, $5, two moneys, 28yds.:

Count	*021110200— 5	Gerbolini	222*220102— 7
Butler	2121102021— 8	Voss	12222*2111— 9
Kattengell	1212221222—10	Steffens	1121112210— 9
C V L	2202221020— 7	John Hen	22211120*1— 8

St. Mary's Field Day.

BALLSTON SPA, N. Y., July 4.—The folowing event of St. Mary's Field Day, was at 25 targets; two, Messrs. Smith and Livinston, tied on 23. F. D. Rood was second with a score of 20. The scores:

Nicker Backer	11101000110011001100000110—11
C R Bubs	10101011111011110111111001—18
A J Harvoy	11110010011100101011111111—17
E Semore	11100111110111001101111001—17
A B Oscutt	00000110001111111010100111—13
J Hass	01101010001010000111111111—14
J M Carey	01000111101100010001100 10—11
J Chase	10010011110011100111011010—14
H K Stiles	11111010010111111111011101—19
M Killbara	00000101101001001001101 10—10
G Pratt	01000001000010000101101 00— 7
E Ellsworth	10000111110010010000001 10—10
W Killbara	10101101101100110001110 00—13
E Diamond	00000101110000000000001001— 6
F D Roods	11111011010101011111111011—20
A Roods	01001001100011010101101 11—13
G Phillips	10111001000001000101001 10—10
J W Smith	01111110001100100110110 00—13
C B Coles	01110011100111111111001101—17
H Gibbs	11011101011111101011011 01—18
J Pershall	10101111011110011111110 11—19
Smith	11111001111111111111111111—23
Livingston	11111111111111011101111111—23
Livingston, Jr	11101010110001100111111 11—17
W Hodges	01110010111111111110110 111—19
W Schuyler	11000111101101101111010—16
G Nahal	11010101000111110111011 11—17

St. Paul Gun Club.

ST. PAUL, Minn., June 28.—The scores of the regular St. Paul Gun Club's shoot, held to-day, follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	15	15	15	15	at.	Broke.
Wilkinson	25	24	25	25	24	23	13	14	14	15	210	187
Irle	22	25	21	23	22	23	10	14	13	14	210	187
Morrison	24	24	25	25	25	24	14	14	15	..	195	190
Hauser	23	24	25	25	25	22	14	14	..	..	180	171
Gotzian	24	23	25	25	23	..	15	14	..	..	155	149
Thorp	23	24	24	24	23	..	13	13	..	..	155	144
Wood	23	23	25	24	22	..	..	..	..	..	125	117
Bazille	20	19	22	20	18	..	8	..	..	..	140	107
French	23	21	22	24	..	..	11	12	..	..	130	113
Dezotell	24	23	19	..	..	..	14	14	..	..	105	94
Holt	23	21	22	..	..	..	12	13	..	..	105	91
Beyer	24	23	22	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	69
Danz	19	19	..	..	..	..	12	13	..	..	80	63
Charles	23	22	..	..	..	..	13	12	..	..	80	71
Perry	23	21	..	..	..	..	14	12	..	..	80	70
Linden	22	22	..	..	..	..	14	11	..	..	80	69
Work	19	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	35
Holmes	11	7	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	65	20

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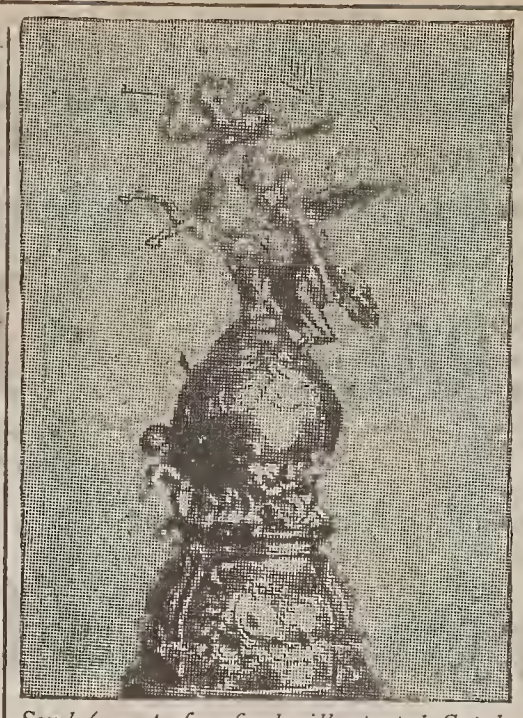

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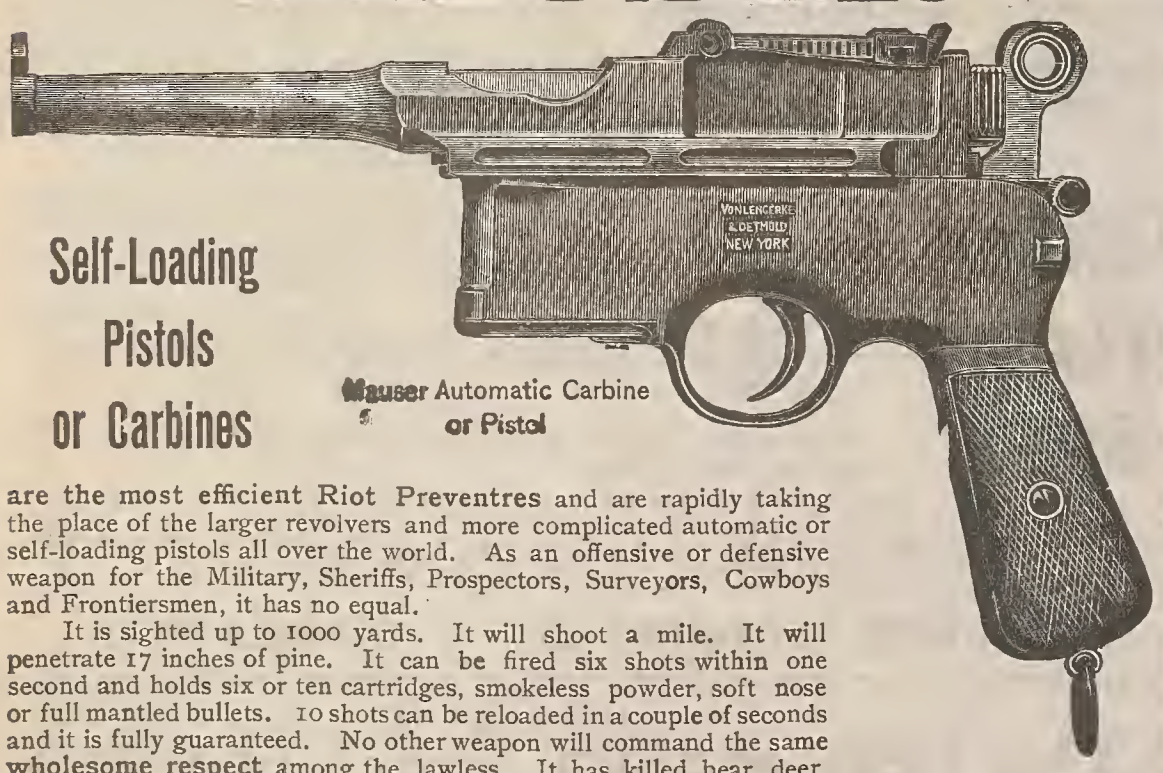

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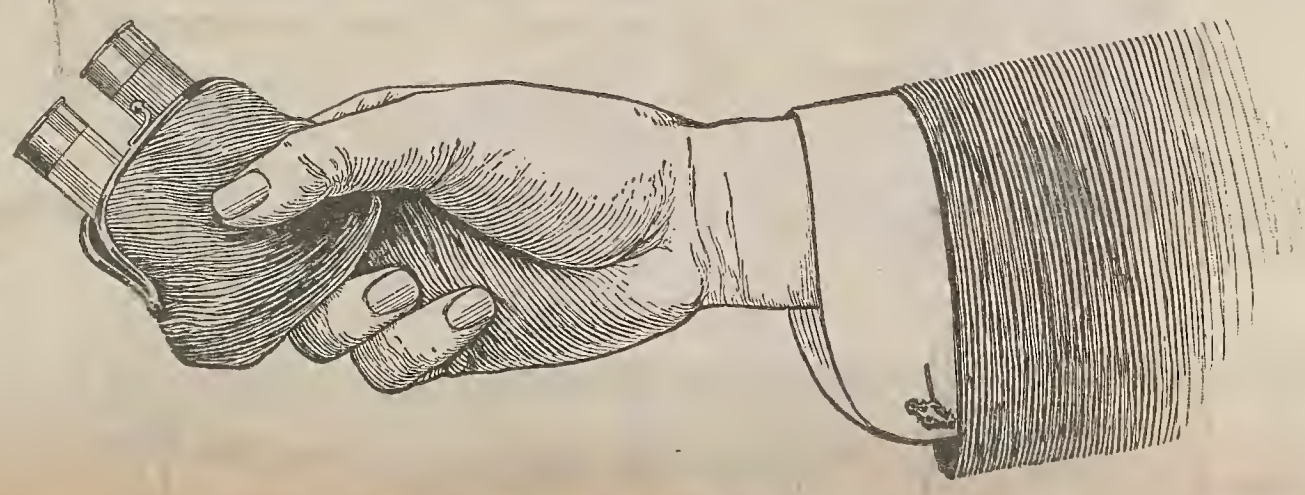

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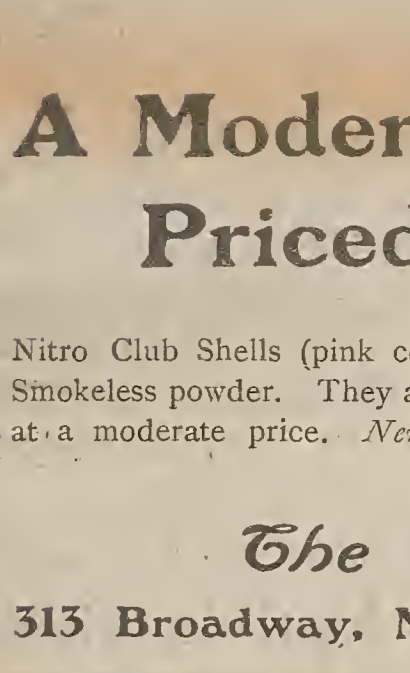

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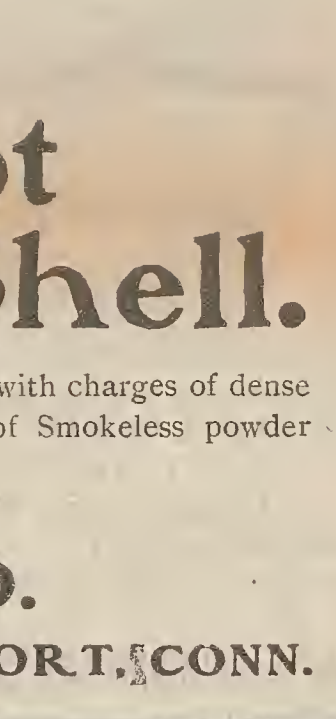

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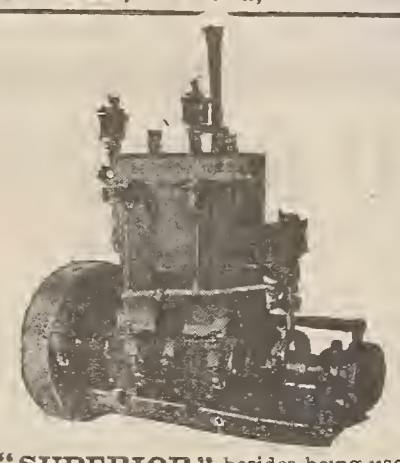

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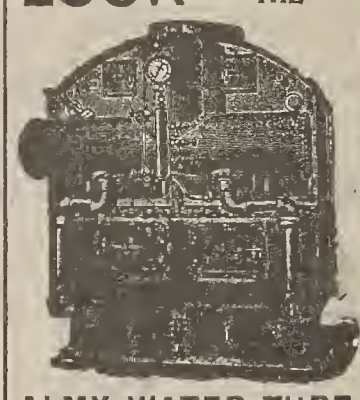

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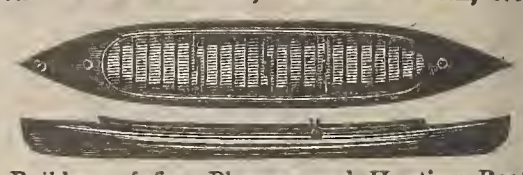

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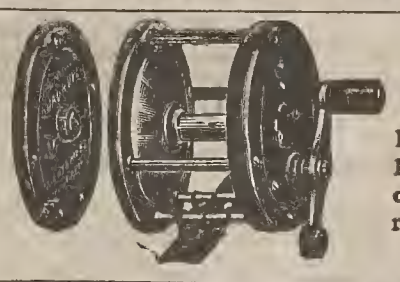

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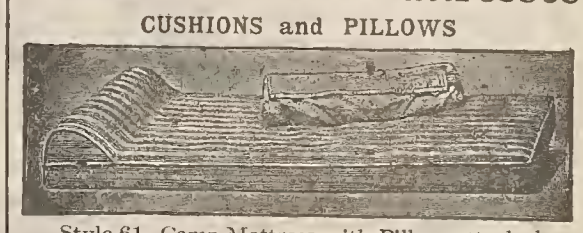

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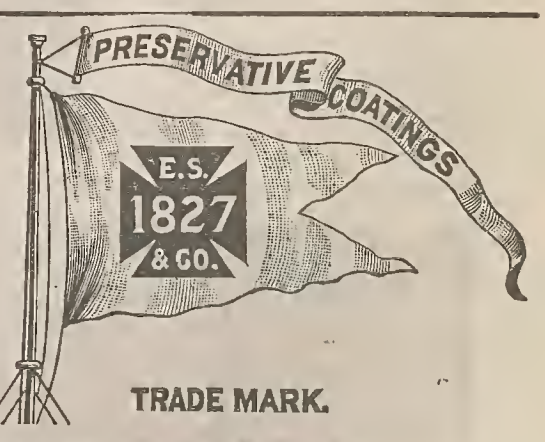

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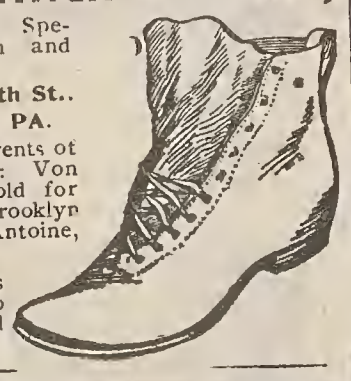

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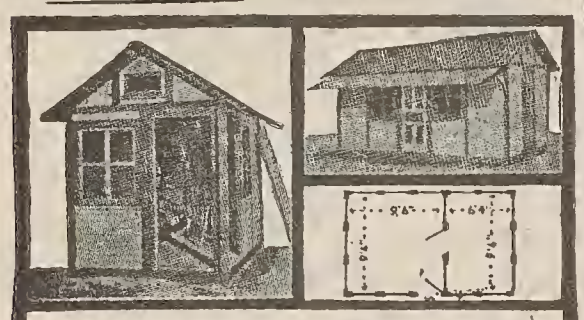

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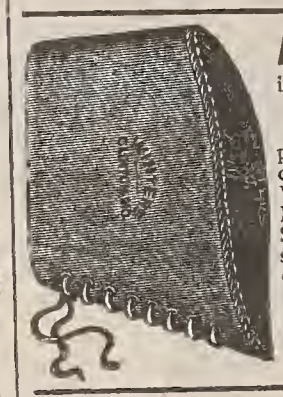

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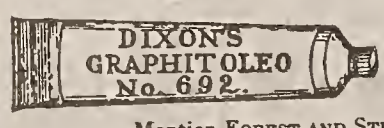

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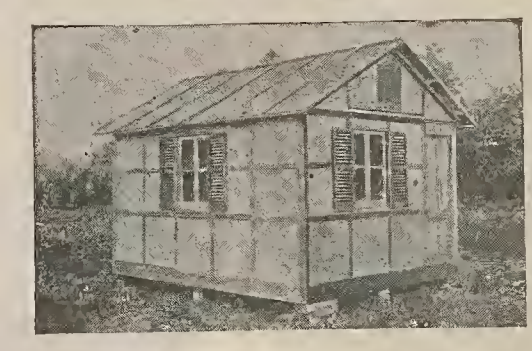

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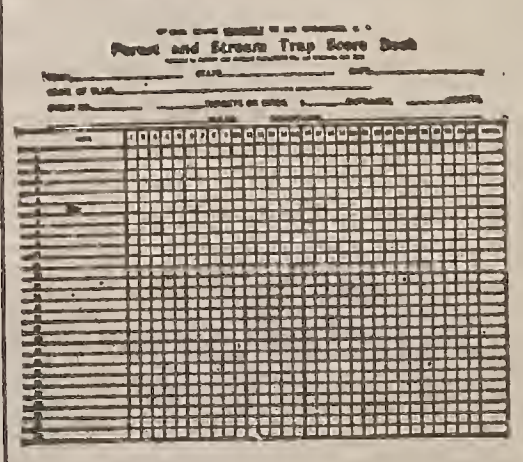

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1902.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

THE BUFFALO REMNANTS.

THE increased interest in buffalo preservation is encouraging, and it would seem that there is now a prospect of some earnest action by the Government looking toward efficient efforts in this direction. Congress has appropriated $15,000 for the purpose of protecting the buffalo in the Yellowstone National Park, and for establishing there a herd of domesticated buffalo, and the Hon. C. J. Jones—better known as Buffalo Jones—has been commissioned to carry out this purpose. No one has had more experience in capturing the buffalo than Mr. Jones, whose interest in the subject, after twenty years, is as keen as ever.

Beside the two considerable herds in Montana, described in FOREST AND STREAM of July 5 and 12, there are several other bunches of importance. Of these the most considerable is the Corbin herd in New Hampshire, said to be doing well, and perhaps next after that is the one of about forty-five head, belonging to Scotty Phillips, of the Cheyenne River Indian Reservation. There is another bunch of about twenty-six now on Antelope Island in the Great Salt Lake.

The owner of this last bunch, Mr. Dooly, is apparently willing to part with his buffalo and the island to the Government, to establish here a national buffalo reservation, and the subject certainly deserves consideration by the authorities.

The island is described as about twenty miles long, three to five miles wide, and with an excellent water supply. The buffalo are said to be in good order, and to maintain themselves during summer and winter in excellent condition.

Mr. Dooly's herd is slowly increasing, and he has very wisely arranged to make some exchanges of stock with Dr. Frank Baker, of the National Zoological Park, and thus to infuse fresh blood into his herd. Such exchanges of blood between different buffalo owners are of the very highest importance, for it is only in this way that the various small herds of buffalo scattered over the country can be kept from deteriorating and finally running out.

It has been suggested that if the Government should see fit to secure Antelope Island and Mr. Dooly's buffalo as the beginning of a national park in Utah, there is room also on the island for many animals of other species which are now becoming more and more scarce.

FOREST FIRES.

THE danger of fire from the careless use of firearms in the woods is so great that the Secretary of the Interior has issued an order forbidding the carrying of firearms, particularly shotguns, in certain of the forest reserves without special permit. The order applies to San Gabriel, San Bernardino, San Jacinto reserves and others. Thousands of outers and campers wander over the ranges in the summer, and fires due to carelessness are constantly menacing the forests; on the San Gabriel reserve alone forty-five fires were extinguished last season by the forest rangers.

Following the example of the Federal Government, some of the California reservoir companies which control large mountain territory have prohibited the carrying of firearms on their lands. It is estimated that more than a third of the disastrous mountain fires are due to ignited gun wads which kindle the dry brush. We now and again hear of Maine timber land owners who object to hunting on their territory because they fear the starting of fires by sportsmen, but their apprehension is chiefly of the spread of conflagrations from carelessly built or abandoned campfires. The average inexpericnced camper has no realization of the hazard attaching to his fire building, but in Maine every woods visitor is by law attended by a guide, who understands the necessity of caution with the campfire.

Superintendent of Forests William F. Fox, of the New York Commission, issues these concise and comprehensive warnings for campers in the Adirondacks:

Fires will be permitted for the purposes of cooking, warmth and insect smudges; but before such fires are kindled, sufficient space around the spot where the fire is to be lighted must be cleared from all combustible material; and before the place is abandoned, fires so lighted must be thoroughly quenched.

All fires, other than those hereinbefore mentioned, are absolutely prohibited.

Hunters and smokers are cautioned against allowing fires to originate from the use of firearms, cigars and pipes. Especial care should be taken that lighted matches are extinguished before throwing them down. All persons are warned that they will be held responsible for any damage or injury to the forest which may result from their carelessness or neglect.

Girdling and peeling bark from standing trees is prohibited. Fallen timber only may be used for firewood.

WORK AND PLAY.

IT is not infrequently the case that, at a certain stage of mature life when business cares multiply and worldly interests grow in importance, men, who were once practical enthusiasts in matters pertaining to sport of the rod and reel, gun and dog, rifle and camp life, or yachting and canoeing, abandon entirely all active participation in sport, giving as a reason that the burdens of many responsibilities and active duties in business exact every moment of their time. They are "chained to business," but with chains which in the greater number of cases have links which are wholly fanciful.

With some men of peculiar temperament, the business habit grows into a kind of business mania; and possessed by this mania the victim's one reply to suggestions of recreation is, "I haven't time."

Now the expression "haven't time" is in very many cases only another way of saying "don't take time." No man can righteously be so continuously busy that he cannot find time for something outside of his business. If he is working so hard as all that he is doing more than he individually has any right to do; and if all that he does must be done by some body, he should give some one else a chance to do some of it. He owes it to himself, and to others, to "have" time, which means to "take" time for some of the amenities of life.

The fact is that the army of sportsmen—shooters, anglers, yachtsmen and others—is recruited from the ranks of the world's workers. The man you meet with a rod on the stream or in the fishing boat on the bay or casting his line into the surf, is there and then at play; but if you follow him to his home after his outing is over you will find him doing something else than reeling in fish, and ten to one doing it with the same zest he displayed in his fishing. No rule can be made which will cover every case, but any experienced observer of anglers and their ways will bear out the assertion that those who accomplish most as fishermen are the very ones also who accomplish most in the work that is set before them.

There is no substantial ground, then, for the conventional "I have no time to go fishing," because among those who do go fishing are those who in their working days are every bit as busy and as efficient and as successful as the stay-at-homes, and accomplish as much in the end—to make no account of what they get from the fields and the streams.

Many tens of thousands of Eastern brook trout have been put out this year in Oregon streams. In Ontario during the last bass stocking season nearly 10,000 adult black bass were distributed to new waters covering a distance of 400 miles. These two facts are indicative of the extent of the transfers of game fishes which are so rapidly enlarging the fishing resources of the States and Provinces.

The recent enlargement of the Big Horn Forest Reserve in Sheridan county, Wyo., and the creation of the Yellowstone Park Forest Reserve, in Big Horn county, Wyo., bordering the Yellowstone National Park, have cut off a large tract of country on which sheep have been pastured, and the sheep men are holding indignation meetings to protest against such invasion of their ancient rights and privileges. Concerning which it may be said that the sheep men do not own the country and the country is under no obligation to provide them free pasturage. They have no rights in their former sheep ranges which the public is bound to respect; the pasturing of sheep means the ruin of the country they ravage, and the sheep men should have been shut out from the public lands long ago.

Didymus, Jacobstaff and the rest of them are giving us a delicious exhibition of human nature in their discussion of what real sport may be; for each one of them adopts as the criterion the particular form of recreation in which he himself finds pleasure. In this they are only following in the steps of their forebears. It was so in Walton's time; and when the author of the "Compleat Angler" set out to celebrate his own pastime, he ingeniously provided for his characters Auceps a falconer and Venator a huntsman to contemn the contemplative man's recreation, in order that Piscator the angler might have occasion to praise it:

AUC.—Why, sir, I pray, of what fraternity are you, that you are so angry with the poor otters?

PISC.—I am, sir, a brother of the angle, and therefore an enemy to the otter; for you are to note, that we anglers all love one another, and therefore do I hate the otter, both for my own and for their sakes who are of my brotherhood.

VEN.—And I am a lover of hounds; I have followed many a pack of dogs many a mile, and heard many merry huntsmen made sport and scoff at anglers.

AUC.—And I profess myself a falconer, and have heard many grave, serious men pity them, it is such a heavy, contemptible, dull recreation.

PISC.—You know, gentlemen, it is an easy thing to scoff at any art or recreation; a little wit mixed with ill-nature, confidence and malice, will do it; but though they often venture boldly, yet they are often caught, even in their own trap.

Life is so short and the growth of trees so slow that the average person does not go in enthusiastically for planting a forest, provided he can do anything else with his land or his capital. But corporations are long lived and can look to the future; and we see railroads putting out great plantations for their supply of ties. The Diamond Match Company, which consumes a vast amount of pine timber, has engaged in practical forestry on a large scale, to meet its future requirements. The company some years ago bought a tract of 30,000 acres in Massachusetts, the most of it denuded of trees, and planted it to pine. Recently it has acquired for the same purpose 50,000 acres in Butte and adjoining counties in California, which are being planted to pine. The Diamond Match people manage their forests on the most advanced lines of European forestry development, cutting down only such trees as are of proper age and size, and replacing what have been cut with new ones.

Greenwich, Conn., salt-water fishermen have a grievance against the non-residents who invade their sand beaches and dig the sandworm useful for fish bait; and the town fathers have been prevailed upon to enact a decree that any outsider caught digging worms in Greenwich sands shall forfeit to the treasury $5 and costs. Five diggers from New York and Jersey City were swooped down upon by the Greenwich constables last Saturday and for the 2,000 worms found in possession paid $23 fine and costs per man. The Greenwich law is presumably based upon a theory that the sandworm comes under the head of fish or game; but it will strike outsiders that the Connecticut people are running the non-resident law system into the ground.

Dr. Tarleton H. Bean has secured from the Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court a reversal of the judgment of the lower court in his suit against former Park Commissioner Clausen for removal from the directorship of the New York Aquarium. As Commissioner Clausen's action in removing a competent official to make room for an ignorant office seeker was purely a political spoils trick, a final victory by Dr. Bean would be in line with the interests of good government.

And now we hear of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland anglers providing themselves with tuna outfits from New York tackle houses, for their own use and for London anglers who are coming across the Atlantic this summer to make trial of the fishing for the big fish. If the development of the tuna as an angler's fish in Atlantic waters is thus to be an occasion of international rivalry, American fishermen should look to it that the credit for the first tuna taken with rod and reel does not go to the other side.

That is an extraordinary instance of ruffed grouse tameness which Mr. G. Hills relates to-day.

The Sportsman Tourist.

The French Cruiser's Visit.

SOMEHOW the French men-of-war are different.

In Apia one could acquire a fine taste in cruisers. There was the still precision of the German corvettes, white as our own navy before war's alarms. The British gunboats had their individuality, there was a sort of atmosphere of being off on a good time aboard their black hulls to which German militarism does not know how to unbend. In times of peace at Apia one got to know these vessels and their officers. German cruisers were in the harbor for all of nine months of the year, or if their anchorage were empty, the muffled boom of guns out at sea showed that they were only out for drill. British cruisers sailed in and out again, and with all the uncertainty of their movements succeeded in making two or three months' stay in the year. Even American cruisers managed to keep just as much in the public mind by staying away altogether. It gave scope, this unvarying absence, for reminiscence of the last visit of the Mohican or the old Adams, which once made the record trip of fifty-nine days from Panama to Apia, or the Iroquois, whose last voyage started from San Francisco for Apia and ended in Puget Sound, after a cruise of wild wreck. There was always the chance of a Yankee cruiser, about once in so often the wiseacres on the beach had certain knowledge that one was coming; then the tradesmen made combinations to purvey supplies, and intercepting letters were sent to Honolulu to establish relations with the coming paymaster. Prosperity was in the sight of everybody as the recollection ran back to memory of how the Yankee boys scattered money all along the beach, and the round gold pieces flew in store and bar and jingled in the pockets of the shrewd half-caste who has acquired a competency already by syndicating the industry of returning deserters, whom he hid in the bush until the precise moment when they became worth ten dollars apiece delivered on the cruiser's deck.

Somehow the French cruisers are different. Apia gives them scant consideration; they are really regarded almost as naval tramps. For one thing, France had nothing to do with the running of Samoan affairs, and its cruisers were, therefore, rank outsiders, not authorized to fire a single gun and call it war. Once a year a French warship comes into port on its way between the two French colonies of Tahiti and New Caledonia; it comes unannounced and unexpected, its stay is but brief and without bearing on governmental affairs, and, the tradesmen say, it contributes all too little to local coffers. The French at home legislate sharply against religious orders, and have even gone so far as to order their expulsion, but in the Pacific they foster the work of the mission of the Marist priests, whose labors have in Oceanica always preceded the establishment of French protectorates. The annual visit of the French cruiser is solely to pay honor to the French bishop of the missionary see of Samoa, and to look to it with the fostering care of a great and forever republican nation that no quarrel should exist between the two lay French citizens in Samoa.

If the one French moiety had begun to squabble with the other French moiety, it would have been a sad plight, something, perhaps, like the interdict of the Middle Ages. For Citizen Jacques was a carpenter of coffins, and Citizen Georges was also a carpenter of coffins. If the normal business rivalry had ever reached an acrimonious stage, it can only be imagined what a sad state of affairs would have ensued. In the interests of the blessed dead it was just as well that the officers of the Republican navy should call and compose the differences which in the year had begun to arise between Citizen Jacques and Citizen Georges.

Early one afternoon in the fair season, when the very clouds are not only no screen to the blaze of the sun, but rather serve as mirrors to reflect the glare, the signal flags unexpectedly began to flutter at the pilot station on Matautu Point, and the tale they told in fluttering signals was that a man-of-war was in sight. Between the early morning hours and the late afternoon hours all who can choose comfort spend the day beneath broad verandahs. Island habit keeps one interested in the sea, therefore you pick a shady reach of verandah where it is still possible to know what is going on out upon the ocean, and planting there the work and the sewing woman with her dwarf machine, you study that empty stretch of water until the weariness of seeing nothing for day after day becomes an ailment, a habit of thought. But the whole expanse of ocean is too great a contract to watch, man or woman, every white person in the exile of Apia does the work by deputy, never for long does one move out of sight of the pilot's flagstaff, for Captain O'Ryan keeps one of the savage islanders of his boat crew sitting all day long and every day on a stump at the end of the point sweeping the horizon with a spy glass that no coming vessel may escape him. Seldom was a vessel sighted except the mail steamers at four weeks intervals, but the occupation does not pall upon the native watchman, every Polynesian in the broad Pacific would be only too happy to draw salary for sitting day by day on a stump.

On this particular afternoon the signals had scarcely begun to climb the pilot's flagstaff when the sewing woman caught them and announced their meaning. Sure enough a cruiser was in sight, and through the glass it was easy to make out the broad bands of the tricolor. The news was soon confirmed, not that there was any room to doubt. The houseboy was away in the pursuit of one of the duties for which he drew pay, his afternoon swim. In the dull despair of housekeeping in Samoa this necessity of taking a bunch of hours right out of the day, which the houseboy claimed as his right, grew on the housekeeping mind as a part of his duty. When one is served by attendants who look upon the assumption of even a shirt supplementary to their waistcloth as the equivalent of wearing livery, it is after all commendable as a duty well performed when the houseboy takes a few hours off for bathing purposes. The houseboy was far more insistent upon the niceties of official etiquette than were those upon whom he conferred the high honor of accepting their wages. Of course the flag at the Consulate was flying from the lofty flagpole on the beach, which in itself is a memorial of the wrecked Trenton and Vandalia, being made of a spar from each. But that did not satisfy the ideas of his mightiness, the houseboy. There were degrees of Stars and Stripes, and in his judgment the dignity of a great nation was lessened by the flying of the eight-foot flag, which was standing out as stiff as a board in the full blast of the trade wind. He was for displaying the full-size sixteen-foot ensign which the regulations allowed every day and in all weathers. It broke his heart when the rule was laid down for his guidance that the small flag must be used on all days in between steamers, and always in rainy weather. If it had not been for that, the Government's bill for bunting would be enormously increased. A large flag would scarcely last a week in that high wind. He was only a houseboy, but he strutted under the idea that he was an official of the United States. He had no hesitation about encouraging such an idea, no inconsiderable portion of Samoan politics was settled in his cook house, where island statesmen called upon him to find out how America would regard their conduct. Really those matters of statecraft could be settled just as well in the cook house as in the Consular office, and a reasonable view of Samoan affairs will see in the lesser building the more appropriate place for such settlement.

When he saw the man-of-war signal on the pilot's flagstaff, the houseboy recalled the fact that a small flag was flying. The white people around at the Consulate in Vaiala might be stupidly content with such a small display, they were so careless about so many of these essential matters. But as an official of the American Union (he never failed to call it laboriously in full the "Unaike Sekeke Meleke"), he knew what was due to official dignity, and he knew that it was measured by sixteen feet, and hang the price of bunting. Back from the swimming place under the Vaisingano bridge he came running at top speed, almost the only known instance of haste on his part in the direction of his place of employment, though reasonably prompt the other way. Not halting to close the gate of the compound—a solemn necessity so long as the pigs of the native village roam at large—he dashed up the steps with a shout in passing of "French man-of-war," and went at once to the closet in which the flags were kept. With equal promptitude he selected the largest in stock and dashed down to the flagpole. To strike the offending banner was easy; all he had to do was to loosen the halliards and the wind carried the flag down with a rush. But the difficulty came in hoisting its larger successor, for he had not learned the sailor fashion of hoisting the flag in a bundle, which comes loose at the top of the mast. Now, it is no easy task to hoist some eight square yards of bunting to the top of a staff more than a hundred feet high, when the wind is blowing as it does blow in the afternoons in Samoa. On his first attempt he failed. Within a foot of the top the flag stuck fast and would go no higher. He hauled it part way down and made a fresh trial. Again it stuck obstinately at the same place; again he hauled it down for a new start. This succeeded, and the dignity of a great nation was represented by its full sixteen feet of stripes, and the houseboy felt that as an official of the United States he had not proved remiss in the discharge of his duties.

Far more than any man can do, a woman projects herself to the other side of any event, and sees unerringly what effect it is producing upon others, and, of course, this was still more the case with the imperfectly tamed Samoan who felt that he had done his whole duty. In this case it was easy to understand that the officers of the French cruiser which then was just in front of the official residence and not more than a mile off shore would be in a state of puzzled wonder as to the meaning of two dips of the flag from the American Consulate. Two dips of an ensign have no meaning. There is no naval code or other system of the etiquette of the men of the sea in which two dips can carry any meaning. Yet on the other hand to touch the flag at all must mean something. Any motion of the flag not otherwise comprehensible would undoubtedly be taken as a signal of distress and action taken accordingly. There was no particular distress in Vaiala at that time; nothing, at least, beyond the lack of ice and the general loneliness of life in mid-Pacific. The landing of a boat load of French sailors and marines coming to the rescue of American interests would have been a relief to the general monotony, but it would have entailed all sorts of official explanations that it was just as well to avoid. It was a clumsy situation at best. The only way out of it was to complete the ill-timed salute and put in the explanations afterward. The houseboy, accordingly, was ordered to lower the flag once more and finish out the salute. No sooner had this been done than the cruiser dipped her ensign.

According to the local custom of the port of Apia, a relic of the warring times, when it took any amount of diplomacy to arrange an official call of the consuls on the ships, the consuls had twenty-four hours in which to make the first call upon a visiting warship without regard to any questions of relative rank. But in this instance the American representative thought that it would be just as well to go off at once and make the explanations as to the houseboy's efforts to be correct. After a hasty attempt to remember the convolutions of the more common irregular verbs in the French grammar, he started out in his boat to pay the official call.

After the first few words of reception, and before it was possible to lead up in an unobtrusive fashion to the subject, the French captain broached it himself. As soon as he began enthusiastically about the eternal amity between the two great republics of the world, it was clear that any attempt at explanation and casting of blame on the houseboy would only spoil a charming situation. France was tickled clean through with the spontaneous expression of the warm regard of America which every Frenchman in his infancy learned to believe in, which none the less it "deliriated" this particular French officer to find manifested in the heart of Oceanica. Was anybody going to apologize after that? Well, no. Not a word said to suggest that this sort of salute was not specially ordered in Washington for French gunboats.

When it came time for the call to end, there was encountered a hitch, a thing not common in warship experiences, where things generally move with beautiful precision. Samoa was very wise in the matter of guns and salutes. Even the Samoans knew all about it. They knew that a consul was entitled to receive his seven guns and that a consul-general got two more in token of the superiority of his rank. Unfortunately, their own king was sometimes saluted (a great personal distress to him, for he was gun shy), and his twenty-one guns rather tended to produce the impression that he was three times as important as a consul. That complicated affairs, for it was the three consuls who did all the ruling, while the king did nothing but reign at $48.60 per month, royal magnificence at $12.15 a week. What the hitch was failed to make itself clearly apprehended, as a junior officer came up on the run. It seemed to be that the second captain had mislaid the powder, or some such annoying event, which might happen on any man-of-war, if it had two captains. Meanwhile it was graciously offered to look over the ship. There was a preponderance of live stock, pigs beyond counting, coops of hens in every place in which it was possible to stow the great producers of omelets, no less than four cows were peacefully tied in stalls on the deck. At last the powder ceased to be mislaid; the steward had probably locked it up in his pantry; the salute could be fired and the caller could go away with all the honors.

Next morning when the call was returned—they are very punctilious in the South Sea, where there is nothing larger to occupy the mind—the French captain still carried his enthusiasm with him, as though a great international union had just been cemented. He was charmed to find that madame was in residence; he should crave permission to call upon her with some of the passengers of his cabin, ladies of the superior colonial government in Tahiti. As to passengers, oh! yes, when there were ladies of the number it did much to add to the pleasure of the voyage; the cruisers in the South Sea were expected to carry many. Tahiti was the whole width of an ocean from Noumea, and it was only in New Caledonia that it was possible to embark upon the steamers of the return to France. It was therefore a part of the French colonial policy that the naval vessels should carry passengers between the widely separated French colonies of Oceanica, for this trip he was carrying fifty-four, and it was for their feeding that the animals were carried alive upon the deck. His experience was that the presence of the animals did not at all interfere with the naval duties of the sailors. Of course, in time of war the animals would be thrown overboard; as to the passengers in such a case, there would be some other provision for them.

The French vessels of war in South Pacific waters are probably well fitted to their uses, but they are inferior to the fleets of the other European nations which cruise south of the line. They are entirely unarmored cruisers of an old type, in all likelihood vessels which have outlasted their usefulness elsewhere, and which have been sent to Oceanica principally because they have the room for passengers and their necessary live stock on deck. That seems to be very nearly the sum of their employment, to lie for months at a time either in Noumea or Papeete, once a year to make a slow voyage with passengers either from New Caledonia to Tahiti, or the same voyage in the reverse order. They seldom employ their spare time in marine surveying, such as occupies British and German commanders. Once in a while they may be called on to exact some punishment for a massacre on the French islands in the west, the Loyalties and part of the New Hebrides. If they were more earnest in their patrol of these wild lands, it might be that the French islands would in time lose their reputation for being populated with the most intractable cannibals of the whole Pacific sphere of barbarism, a reputation which up to the present the native inhabitants have done their best to deserve at every opportunity. Instead of performing the rigid police which the civilized powers regard a duty when brought into close touch with the wild races of the world, the French fleet has no higher function than as acting as a connecting line at rare intervals for the subsidized French steamship line from Marseilles to Noumea by way of Australian ports. Slowly carrying passengers and live stock, they strive to make one call a year at Samoa and Tonga and Wallis Island, and wherever else one of the superior order of the French clergy is in charge of a mission.

LLEWELLA PIERCE CHURCHILL.

Down the Magnetawan.

In Two Parts—Part One.

FOR some time we had been studying guide books and charts, getting all the information we could about the Magnetawan River. Two things on which every source of information agreed, and which we found to be true, were, that the river was very rough and there was from eight to ten miles of carrying to be done. We were fortunate enough to procure a chart of the river with all the portages marked, and felt that with two competent guides we could now make the trip with safety. Having heard that neither guides nor canoes could be hired at Burk's Falls, we wrote to Captain Swartman, of Waubaushene, to engage two guides and canoes for us there. He procured Wilson Mowers and Clayton Gillete, two thoroughly competent and reliable men, and two good canoes. We met the guides at Orillia Monday afternoon, Aug. 12, 1901. Neither of them had ever been on the Magnetawan, but they had heard of its terrors, and one of them was ready to go home, as there was a woman in the party.

The Pacific Express on the Grand Trunk was crowded, until there was no longer standing room, with men going to harvest the great wheat crop in the Northwest Territory. The proverbial "room for one more" was actually occupied, and the crowds of men at the stations beyond Gravenhurst were obliged to wait for the night express.

The railroad company was selling tickets to Winnipeg for $10. The men, who had taken advantage of these low rates, were quiet and respectful. There was little or no drinking and no disorderly conduct. They were evidently small farmers lured by the low rates and good wages, many of them no doubt hoping to get land of their own in this great wheat country.

The train was thirty minutes behind time, and the stores were all closed when we reached Burk's Falls. Being anxious to start down the river the next morning on the little steamer that runs to Ahmic Harbor, Mr. Sharp kindly took us into his store that night, put up our provisions and sent them to the dock the next morning. We expected to spend ten days on the river, but considered it advisable to carry provisions enough to last four people fourteen days, of which the following is a complete list:

4 loaves of bread.
25 pounds of flour (15 would be enough).
1 pound baking powder.
30 pounds boneless shoulder.
5 pounds cheese.
5 pounds sugar.
4 pounds coffee.
5 pounds butter.
2 quarts beans.
4 dozen beef and vegetable tablets (Armour's).
4 pounds rice.
4 pounds prunes.
1 pound tea.
1 sack salt.

We took no canned goods on account of the long portages, and found our provision list very satisfactory. Our cooking outfit weighed 9 pounds, and consisted of the following articles: 4 tin buckets with close-fitting lids and a tin coffee pot; these nested, and the lid of the largest bucket (6-quart) fitted down over all. Four tin cups, four knives, forks and spoons; six tin plates, two frying pans with one detachable handle (we should have had two handles), and one wire broiler. We also had with us copper wire, a few trunk nails, a mixture of white lead and glue for stopping leaks in canoes; six candles, 75 feet of rope, matches, a sportsman's ax and two cakes of Ivory soap. We always take Ivory soap, for if it falls into the water it does not sink and can easily be recovered, and if you have to do any scouring there is always plenty of sand.

We spent the night at the Burk House, and were furnished excellent meals and a clean, comfortable room and bed. This is, I believe, the oldest house in the town. Its location is delightful and commands a magnificent view. We had met a young Englishman, named Bennett, at the station, who intended starting down the river the next morning. He was going to Bing Inlet, and preferred making the trip down the river in a canoe to going around by rail, so we arranged to travel together, and early Tuesday morning, we commenced our voyage down the Magnetawan on the steamer Winnona. The trip down this part of the river in the early morning, the little steamer following the windings of the river, sometimes backing in order to make the bend, is enchanting. The gently sloping banks, grass-grown to the water's edge, and the gentle current, gives no hint of the perpendicular shores of rock and the furious rapids beyond. When we reached Lake Cecebee, we saw a number of tourists and one or two camps. At Rocky Bend we left the steamer, which runs into Ahmic Harbor, and embarking in our canoes continued on our way. We had crossed Ahmic Lake and had gone but a short distance down the river when we came to Knoeffler's Dam, where there is a log house. We cooked our dinner on this portage. On leaving Ahmic Lake the character of the river is entirely changed. Instead of the gently sloping, grass-grown banks, we find steep, boulder-strewn shores, covered with pine, hemlock, maple and birch. Some distance below this portage we left the river and turned to the right into Poverty Bay.

The water was very low, but we succeeded in pushing our canoes through the mud and grass to the portage, which is about half a mile long and not difficult. By taking this route through Poverty Bay we had been able to avoid a part of the river known as the Three Snaith Rapids, a series of falls and rapids that have cost the lives of more than one tourist and river driver.

When we reached the end of the portage we had a beautiful stretch of river ahead of us. The banks were well wooded and less steep; the water clear and cool, and a good current. We put out a troll and, soon hooked a wall-eye, but it swam off as we were about to lift it into the canoe, and we did not get another strike, although we were traveling over good feeding grounds. My husband and I were in one canoe with a guide, and the other had all the baggage. The Englishman had a craft; I can hardly dignify it by the name of canoe, made of one-eighth-inch basswood, covered with canvas and given coat after coat of a mixture of white lead and glue. It was about 10 feet long, with a 28-inch beam. The ends came suddenly to a sharp point, and the gunwales were very small. Its lines were anything but graceful, and a crankier craft never floated. He had a complete one-man cruising outfit, and when it was stowed away in the canoe with him in paddling, the stern was not more than four inches above water. If his load had not been perfectly balanced the canoe would have capsized long before it did. Bennett had been down the river before, and as we came into Fletcher's Bay he paddled ahead to a farmhouse to get milk for supper, as we expected to camp on the next portage. On one side of Fletcher's Bay there is quite a clearing and two or three farmhouses. There is a bridge across the river at the foot of the bay and a road to Ahmic Harbor.

Bennett had beached his canoe and had gone to a house near the end of the portage; when we came along the farmer's hogs were investigating his canoe and its contents, but we arrived in time to prevent any serious damage. Crossing the next portage, we camped on a sandy beach in the first bend below. Our tents were pitched on the clean, white sand and comfortable beds were made of balsam boughs. For supper we had bread, butter, boneless shoulder, coffee, and milk so fresh that it was not yet cold.

The guides rolled logs up to the fire for seats and picked up short boards and made a table. While we sat around the camp-fire, prunes were put on to cook, and we enjoyed them very much for breakfast. Although not more than half a mile from a farmhouse, we had passed the clearing and were again in the woods, with no sign of civilization around us. We were camped on the sandy beach of a beautiful little cove. Back of us was a rise of several feet to a bench, from which the hill rose abruptly. The falls were just around the point on our left, and could be faintly heard. In front lay a pool of calm water, beyond which was the swift current of the river against a steep bank covered with forest trees. As night came on the trees and hills appeared to close in and surround us, and when we looked up through the opening to the stars twinkling in the sky, we seemed to be down below the surface of the earth, while the moon shining down through the trees, filled the forest with weird shadows, which we were too tired to linger long around the camp-fire and watch. Although this was our first night out, we slept, as one only can sleep, soothed by the soft murmur of running water and the spicy fragrance of the pine.

The next morning we got almost a tin cup full of good, rich cream off our milk. Cream for our coffee, good bread and butter, fried shoulder, cheese, prunes and all the milk we could drink, did not prove a bad breakfast. While we were packing up two men came up the river in a flat-bottomed boat and stopped to talk awhile.

A short distance below our camp we came to the portage around the rapids known as Hell's Gate. This portage is about a mile long, back some distance from the chute through a beautiful bit of forest. We went through a bed of ferns, where many of the fronds were five feet long. By the side of the path we saw where a deer had been dressed, the long hair showing it had been killed in the winter. We were told that three men were fishing at this chute from a canoe, when one of them, desiring to fish from a rock near the shore, had the canoe put alongside the rock, but as he stepped out, he accidentally gave the canoe a slight push; it was caught in the current and carried down the rapids, drowning the occupants.

We had a long rope attached to each canoe and Bennett said they could be let down the next rapids, so we did not look for a portage.

The first part of the rapids we shot, then unloaded and let the canoes down as far as we could with ropes, but the last part had to be carried, and the sharp, loose rocks along the shore made the carrying very difficult and dangerous. To have made the portage around the entire series of rapids would have saved us much trouble and anxiety. The next portage is on the left, but the right shore looked as though we might let the canoes down. Going into a cove on our right we beached the canoes and walked down along the shore to investigate, but the water was too rough. The guides and Bennett came back to take the canoes across the river to the portage, but the Doctor walked on down to the end of the rapids. There were some pieces of baggage that Doctor and I had always carried across the portages, and as they were troublesome for the guides, I thought I would carry them. I picked up our boat cushions, which were also our pillows, a coat, jacket, camera, two fishing rods and a small satchel. When I started they did not seem heavy, and the portage was short, but long before I reached the other end, I had decided that, in order to maintain proper discipline, in the future the family must all keep on the same side of the river.

Bennett had his canoe and all his duffle across and was shooting the last part of the rapids, when he stuck on a rock in the middle of the river. He could not shove the canoe off and stepped out on a rounding knob of rock that was about four inches below the surface of the water. When I came to the end of the portage, he was standing in the middle of the river, holding his canoe by the rope, and the Doctor was standing on the opposite shore.

The swift current made it impossible for Bennett to get into his canoe again; he could not get ashore, for the water on one side of him was six or eight feet deep, and on the other side he could not touch the bottom with his paddle. After several attempts he succeeded in catching a small stone the Doctor threw to him, and tying it to the end of the rope attached to the bow of his canoe, threw it back, and the canoe was drawn ashore, Bennett keeping one of the paddles. He wore low canvas shoes with rubber soles and canvas leggings, fastened with leather strings, which were crossed and re-crossed around his legs. How he could keep his footing on that rounding knob of rock, even in the soft shoes, with the water rushing past him and piling up over his feet, I could not understand, and when he fastened his paddle in the lacing of his legging, got out his pipe, filled it, struck a match, lit his pipe and commenced to smoke, I thought it the height of recklessness and folly. He must have stood there ten minutes before the guides came down and brought him ashore.

We shot the next rapids and came to a clearing where the Great North Road crosses the river. There is a short rapids under the bridge, but the ropes saved us a carry. The river is divided here by Maple Island, which is quite large, diamond-shaped and well wooded. We kept to the right over a pretty stretch of river and camped for dinner at the first bend. The Doctor and Bennett went to a farmhouse for supplies, for we had not carried either potatoes or onions from Burk's Falls, knowing we could get them here. This is the last place on the river where supplies can be procured, unless some of the tourists on Deer Lake are kind enough to accommodate you, but they frequently have trouble getting their own, as all their supplies are brought over from Whitestone. We got a peck of new potatoes, a peck of onions, three dozen roasting ears, one-half dozen cucumbers, pint of vinegar, bucket of sweet milk, and what seemed to be a small watermelon for 75 cents. By the time the foraging party had returned the meat and fish were cooked, the coffee was ready, bread and butter sandwiches were made, which, with sliced cucumbers, we all enjoyed to the utmost of our capacity.

Then came the watermelon, which I was to have the honor of cutting and serving. As I made the first cut, the hungry, expectant look on the faces of those gathered around me was surprising, considering the amount of bread and butter that had so recently disappeared. At the second cut they sat down in a hopeless sort of a way, their elbows on their knees, their heads in their hands.

We had staked our hopes on an over-grown green citron.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these—it might have been."

It was a great disappointment, but we rallied and prepared to move on. Below Maple Island the river seemed to have increased in volume and to have become wilder. Shooting a small rapids we were soon in a narrow river with almost perpendicular walls of rock from twenty to thirty feet high on each side. A fire had run over the surrounding country, leaving nothing but bare, hard rocks, with here and there a skeleton pine, blackened and scarred, still standing, emphasizing the hopeless desolation of the surroundings.

Occasionally we would see a bird of some kind perched on one of these trees, and once a crow followed us a short distance, flying from the top of one dead pine to another, cawing angrily, and an eagle flew over the gorge high above us.

We had been warned about the landing at the first Burnt Chute, and as we neared it the guides paddled along very cautiously, one canoe dropping well behind the other. The portage is on the left and the landing very close to the edge of the falls. We had to keep close to the shore to avoid being caught in the current and carried over. We made the landing without any difficulty and found a rough portage. The path is broad and well cleared, but it is up and down, over little ridges and is almost a mile long. The guides said it was the hardest carry on the river, though there are much longer ones.

The opening through which the water pours into this gorge is not more than fifteen feet wide. The shore on one side is a sheer wall of rock from forty to sixty feet high. The other shore is more broken with great masses of broken rock in the river bed. Below this is a stretch of broad, smooth river, almost a bay, when suddenly the banks close in, leaving a space barely ten feet wide, called the Needle's Eye, through which the water rushes.

There is a fall of four feet at the narrowest part and the river is again broad and smooth. The Needle's Eye is an interesting place. For ages these two points of rock have stood there, resisting all the forces of nature and the current of that mighty river, and have yielded barely ten feet to an apparently irresistible force. The shores, both above and below, are sloping, but at this point the river cuts through a rock standing about twelve feet above its surface. All our duffle was portaged over this rock, but the canoes went through the Needle's Eye attached to threads of rope. As we continued on our way the river became more narrow and the banks were very steep and rough. The roar of water that had slipped over another falls could be heard, and in a short time we reached the landing above the second Burnt Chute.

This chute resembles the one above the Needle's Eye, but is much rougher. It is quite narrow and the banks are almost perpendicular rock, no place less than forty feet high, while the bed of the chute is filled with rocks and boulders. In the middle of the channel lay a boulder, the top of which was about a foot above the surface of the surrounding water. The water from above slipped down and piled up, covering the rock with a smooth sheet of water instead of breaking breaking into foam. Near the end of the portage where we landed were two graves showing that the chute had been taking toll from the crews of river drivers that had dared its waters. These graves had been carefully tended by the men who had taken the spring drive down. They were covered with moss, and ferns were planted around them. We were told there are twenty-two graves on the river.

On the right hand shore, almost opposite the portage, a small stream comes tumbling and dashing down the steep bank in a series of cascades. Sparkling and dancing in the sunlight, it seemed to be in such mad haste to throw its small torrent into the big river. This portage is about a mile long with a bit of winding river below that is exceedingly beautiful. The sloping pine-covered banks threw their shadows on the clear, still water, showing a magnificent reflection. We came upon a party of two ladies and three gentlemen in canoes getting a bucket of water at a spring on the shore. They paddled out to us and gave us a drink of good, cold spring water. One of the ladies said that if we needed bread she could let us have some, but we still had one loaf, and I was conceited enough to think I could bake biscuit in the skillet. Their summer cottage was down the river a short distance, and was a very artistic log house. Below the cottage is a small island in the middle of the river, and a drop of a few feet on each side. We kept to the right and made a short portage along the shore. Bennett landed on the island, and taking out his tent, bedding and provisions, attempted to let his canoe down with the rope. The water was very rough, the channel full of broken rocks, and his canoe capsized. He lost his tin cup and troll, but an old gun he had was still under the thwarts when his canoe was righted. We were now in Deer Lake, and wanted to reach a point beyond Dead Man's Rock, where we knew there was a good camp ground. The lake this evening was wondrously beautiful, its calm surface was dotted with small islands, clothed in pine and silver birch. The sun, well down in the western sky, threw a path of crimson and gold across the lake which seemed to beckon us on.

"And the evening sun descending
Set the clouds on fire with redness,
Burned the broad sky, like a prairie,
Left upon the level water
One long track and trail of splendor,
Down whose stream, as down a river,
Westward, westward, Hiawatha,
Sailed into the fiery sunset,
Sailed into the purple vapors,
Sailed into the dusk of evening."

The golden pathway was irresistible, and we kept on toward the setting sun until the light had died out of the west, and our path was lost in darkness. Then we landed on the first island we reached and put up our tents. Our supper of roasting ears, bacon, bread, butter, cheese and coffee was cooked and eaten under the stars. It rained and was quite stormy during the night, but we slept well and felt perfectly secure in our litttle canvas house.

In the morning we boiled potatoes for breakfast and I baked bread in the skillet, but it was not exactly a success. We intended spending the day on Deer Lake and wanted to reach the river drivers' camp ground, which was well protected, yet afforded a good view of the lake, but the storm clouds were rising in the west, and we did not care to break camp unless the weather cleared.

One of the guides suggested taking a troll and trying to catch a fish for dinner. Soon after they left camp the sky became very threatening, and it commenced to thunder. This put an end to their exploring, and they returned in less than an hour bringing in a five and three-quarter pound wall-eye. Two men in a canoe came to our camp and wanted to buy bread. They said a steam yacht came from Whitestone every day with supplies, but for some reason it had failed to come the day before. There are several summer cottages on the lake, and we saw a few tents. By 10 o'clock the sky cleared, the sun was shining and the gray mantle of fog had lifted from the lake. We loaded our canoes and started to hunt the camp ground. When we saw the round top of Dead Man's Rock, projecting a few inches above the surface of

the water, we knew that the landing we were hunting was just beyond. We found a charming camp ground, about one hundred feet back from the lake, and on quite an elevation. Our tents were pitched on a bench and back of us the ground rose gradually and was well wooded, while the gentle slope in front had been cleared of all but a few of the largest trees. Ferns grew all around our tent, while the fireplace, table and benches were in the center of a clean, cool grass plot. For dinner we had stewed onions, cucumbers, bacon, fish, bread, butter and tea.

One side of the fish was skinned and the firm white meat carefully trimmed off the ribs and put into a skillet of hot bacon fat; then the other side was treated the same way, the white meat never touching water. Fish dressed in this way retains all its delicate flavor. The wind was quite high in the afternoon and evening, so we baked bread and rested. In two quarts of water we cooked a handful of rice and beans with two potatoes and two onions sliced. When these were well done we added eight of our soup tablets, making an excellent soup for supper.

In the evening we went out to troll, and in less than half an hour we hooked and landed a seven and a half pound wall-eye. This fish was dressed, put in a bucket and hung as high up on a pole as we could reach. For breakfast we fried part of the fish and broiled the rest of it in a wire broiler over hot coals. The bread that had been baked in the skillet the day before, was split in two and the inside toasted brown and buttered. This breakfast would have been good at home, but out in the pine forest seated around a rough board table covered with paper napkins, the blue sky overhead and one of the most beautiful lakes in Canada spread out at our feet, with the sunlight dancing upon it, is it any wonder that five people ate a seven and a half pound fish and great pieces of hot buttered toast? Loading our canoes we continued on our way to the west. It was a glorious morning, and we left this picturesque lake with many a longing look.

A. W. C.

The Magnetawan as a Canoe Water.

TORONTO, July 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I noticed the inquiry of Mr. F. L. Brown in a recent number of the FOREST AND STREAM as to the nature of the River Magnetawan, between Ahmic Harbor and Bing Inlet, and as to whether a trip down it would be feasible by canoe or skiff; and as we have an officer at that point, I wrote to him for such information as I thought would be of use to Mr. Brown. I have this moment received his reply, in which he says that "the trip to Bing Inlet can be made by skiff or canoe, but I think a canoe preferable, as there are a number of portages. There are few settlers along the route. Supplies can be procured here (Burk's Falls). He ought to have a guide."

S. T. BASTEDO,
Deputy Commissioner of Fisheries.

The Controversy. I

GOOD men will differ, and it is well.

"If all men thought as I do," said a good old brother, "they would all want my wife."

"And if they all thought as I do," replied his candid neighbor, "no one would have her."

No harm is done by such men as Didymus, Carney, et al, candidly stating their preferences in the matter of sport, for that they are good men and sportsmen we all know. That big game hunting does not appeal to our Nestor is his misfortune, as it loses him some grand sport in reality, and, in addition thereto, delightful enjoyment of the sport of others, as so often thrillingly and interestingly set forth in our sporting journal "par excellence."

Though some of us are, not all of us can be, in the matter of sport, as our Irish friend was about his favorite beverage—"Good whisky! Faith! ut's all good, only some of ut is bhetter thin other."

It is the writer's blessed privilege to enjoy all sport from fishing a doodle bug hole with a straw, to big-game hunting—barring trapshooting at live pigeons—but he has strong preferences.

The man who really does it, even if he is only an amateur in the matter of recounting it, whether it is big or little game he hunts, will interest his brother sportsmen in his adventures. That Didymus pays the writer a compliment—which is believed to be sincere and is highly appreciated—is not due to any literary merit in the articles that have pleased him, for though often writing, I am not a literary man in the true sense, but is due solely to the fact that when telling of a day afield it is the story of a real event, loved but not lost.

How much sport of any kind has there been in Spears' "Walk Down South," and yet when has anything been done by the boys in the woods or on the water that has afforded such universal pleasure as has his most excellent stories. The reason is that we have the action in every line and truth in every incident.

It is the story that drags in the telling, or savors of the article manufactured out of the whole cloth, that we read at and conclude to leave for another day, be it a tale of the .30-30, or the scatter gun; but if the action is good it will go, let the game be big or small. If you never shot a rifle in your life nor hunted big game of any description, you can enjoy a hunt with the man who can really get you out, even after elephants. If you doubt this statement turn back a few months and read any of the articles on big-game hunting contributed by Mr. Carney to FOREST AND STREAM and prove its truth.

Our Nestor enjoyed them, and others of the same kind that we have had from time to time, and is only expressing his disapproval of some of the big-game pipe dreams that occasionally get away from the office cat and into the columns of this high-class publication. He loves to stir the boys up and never means quite all he says, except when arraigning vandals for committing sinful waste of the good things of the field, forest or water, in which noble work may be long continued. This—by the way—is all rather personal, but we old friends can be as personal as we please, "entre nous."

LEWIS HOPKINS.

Smith and Jones.

A Contrast.

SMITH was a man whose motto was: *Time is money.*

Jones was a man whose motto was: *We'll be a long time dead.*

Smith, in order to live up to his motto, set to work systematically to save time. He began by curtailing his hours of slumber. He got up long before breakfast was ready and fussed and fumed because he had to wait. When at length the meal was served, he sat down and bolted it, then seized his hat and rushed for the elevated station. If, after turning the corner, he saw a train approaching, he made an extra spurt in order to catch it. The stairs he took three at a time. But usually he got left. Then panting and exasperated, he would pace up and down the platform swearing at his luck and more especially at the management of the road which did not put on more trains.

On reaching his office, if every clerk was not in his place and everything O. K., he proceeded to work himself into a state of mind, from which he did not recover for half an hour at least. It was suggested by a friend who encountered him on one of these occasions that he smoke a cigar and soothe himself.

"What, sir! Smoke?" exclaimed Smith. "I never smoked a cigar in my life. An idle, wasteful habit, sir."

From 8 o'clock till noon it was one continuous "hustle." He dictated his letters at a gallop—chopping all his English—threw a word to this visitor or to that—darted to the telephone with a "Who's this?" before his mouth was to the receiver—scolded vehemently if there was the least delay—rushed back to his desk, yelling orders to the clerks, then on a sudden thought dashed into the street and went flying in one direction or another—returned out of breath and perspiring, threw off his coat, flung himself into his chair and pitched in once more.

The noon hour he dreaded, for he knew that he must interrupt his labors to eat. Why can't we eat and work at the same time? he would ask himself; or, Why do we have to eat at all? He thought seriously whether it would not be possible to invent some device whereby the stomach could be opened and filled from the side. What a blessing—what a saving of time—that would be! Though obliged to give it up, as far as opening the stomach was concerned, he partially solved the problem by going to a "quick lunch" resort, where he made two bites of a sandwich and a piece of pie and away.

His afternoon was even more strenuous than his morning, and when he arrived home he was fagged out. At dinner he gorged himself to make up for his meager breakfast and lunch, and was stupid as a cow thereafter in consequence. If his wife proposed the theater, or a ball, he would beg to be left alone, and usually was while she went out with "cousin Charlie." For an hour or two he would dawdle over financial reports, or stock market quotations, and then drop off to sleep like a serpent that had swallowed a goat, his slumbers being visited by the most horrible nightmares.

Ten years of this began to tell on him, so at his doctor's imperative order, he took a vacation of a week. (His doctor wanted him to make it a month, but he wouldn't hear of it.) Away he went. therefore, promising himself to leave his business behind, as per prescription, but it was no use. He did nothing but think of it all day and fret and worry and bore himself to death. Whether on water or on land, fishing or golfing, it was all one. What's the good of wasting time with a fool line, or a fool ball? he would say. When his week was up he shouted for sheer joy and returned to harness, vowing that he would never again get out of it.

For the present we will leave him and turn to Jones.

Agreeably to his motto. Jones had evolved a very different scheme of life. When he awoke he did not jump feverishly out of bed, but lay for a while smiling over the recollection of his dreams, or just "soaking," as the schoolboys say; and if, perchance, he closed his eyes again, it didn't at all matter. Breakfast was always at his orders, and he ate the meal deliberately while reading his morning paper. This usually afforded him much occasion for amusement. It was the record of the daily human comedy. After breakfast, instead of rushing to the elevated station to catch a train, he set out leisurely to walk down town. At the office he left the attendance of clerks and all such matters to a trusted subordinate. "I never bother with details," said Jones. Consequently he had a good deal of spare time on his hands, which he employed in talking and laughing with friends who called. He smoked a mild cigar in the morning and another in the afternoon, and once in a while he would leave the office with some bosom friend and come back looking particularly contented and jolly. From which it was argued by peeping Tom, the "wise guy" of the office—but no matter. His lunch he usually spent an hour over, and he always had a soup, a cut of roast or boiled, and a vegetable. In the afternoon he took things dead easy—was out in the open air much, but yet not idle. At 4 o'clock promptly he started for home—again on "shank's mare." Before dinner he bowled for an hour. After that meal, which was as sensible and as sensibly partaken of as his lunch, he read FOREST AND STREAM for a good digestion. Twice a week he went to some play or other amusement with the wife of his bosom (who was never known to indulge in one little nagging word—so true it is that good nature in the husband begetteth good return in the wife). During the other evenings of the week he played whist, or chess (he drew the line at ping pong) or read some breezy works of adventure.

But what Jones did especially was this: Every now and then he went off on a little sporting tour. In the spring he went a-fishing, in the summer he went a-golfing or a-sailing, and in the fall he went a-hunting. Oh, the pleasant hours he spent in contact with nature! What joy it was to play and land a great silvery trout, or make a straight drive, or reef a mainsail in a blow, or stop a partridge on the wing! And what joy to drink in the fresh air, bask in the sun and revel in the manifold beauties of nature! And then what a store of health he was laying in—how his lungs grew deep, his stomach grew strong, his sinews grew supple, his eye grew clear and his skin grew brown and luminous! Talk of the granaries of Egypt! They were not in it with Jones' store. Happy Jones!

Now the reader is to know that Smith and Jones had been boys together, but had drifted apart on the ocean of life. It happened thirty long years ago after this event that the two quondam friends ran across each other. Neither did Smith recognize Jones, nor Jones Smith, but a mere chance discovered them to each other. Smith was being helped into an invalid chair, and Jones, passing at the time and seeing his feebleness, with his usual good nature went to assist the attendant.

"Sir," said Smith, in a weak emasculated voice, "you are very kind. It would give me pleasure to know your name."

"My name is Jones," said Jones.

"Jones, Jones," repeated the invalid, "any relation to the family of that name of Spring Valley?"

"Rather," said Jones, "the worthy Ephraim was my parent."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the invalid. "But you are surely jesting. Ephraim had no son who could look so young as you."

"Oh," said Jones, "I ain't so young. Fifty next birthday, I guess."

"You don't look forty," said the invalid. And then ruefully: "Do you remember your old comrade, Bill Smith?"

"Why, sure," said Jones. What of him?"

"You see him before you, Sam."

Jones fell back in astonishment. Then he rushed forward and grasped the invalid's hand.

"I'm so sorry," he cried, "to see you like this, Bill. What has done it?"

Smith leaned back in his chair wearily, like a broken man.

"Making a million," he answered, with a sigh.

FRANCIS MOONAN.

Camp-Fire Flickerings from the Miami Valley.

WHO does not love to look back over the receding years and recall to his mind stories of the old days, days when the red hunter pitched his wigwam on the banks of the lonely rivers and the furry and antlered inhabitants roamed at will in the vast forests? Nothing is more enjoyable to me than to draw my chair up to the fireplace and listen to the stories of some old settler. I enjoy the acquaintance of several of these and have collected from them quite a number of amusing sketches of the frontier, a few of which I will now relate.

At one time the early settlers of Dayton, O., were dependent upon the Kentucky settlers for salt. This necessary article was always brought from Kentucky by way of the old Mad River Trail. It was always put up in great bags and carried on the back of a pack horse. The distance from Kentucky to Dayton was sixty miles, and the trip was usually made in two days. The man generally chosen to make the trip was David Pettegrew, and it was from his son that I learned the following laughable incident:

It was his usual custom when stopping for the night to turn the pack horse loose without taking off the packs, but on this particular night he thought he would take the pack off and rearrange it, as it had been persisting all day in slipping off.

The salt was easily gotten off and the pack saddle fixed securely, but when he came to put the bags on again he found that try as he would he could not lift them. Here was a predicament that, trifling as it appeared, was difficult to overcome. Again and again he lifted at the bags, but all to no purpose. They would not budge an inch. Then a happy idea struck him and he proceeded to act upon it at once. Arranging his bags as best he could he peeled a number of sapling, making ropes out of the bark with which he threw and tied his horse securely. He managed to throw the horse so that its back just fitted up to the bags. Then he fastened the bags to the pack saddle and cut the thongs with which the horse was tied. After a few unsuccessful efforts the horse gained his feet, and the difficulty that a few moments before seemed insurmountable, was overcome.

A Beaver Skin for a Smell of Whisky.

One of the chief articles of barter used by the early traders was whisky. The Indian would pay big prices for a drink of "firewater," often neglecting the wants of himself and family to get the coveted article. In fact, a trader who did not carry it could not remain long in the business. The traders knew this and generally tried to accommodate the Indian with all he could drink, but one time a certain party drank all the whisky themselves before the Indian country was reached. They knew what the consequences would be, but their appetite for liquor was too strong to be resisted. Upon reaching the Indian country they realized that they would have serious difficulty in dealing with the redskins, but, nevertheless, they unpacked their goods and attempted to trade without any liquor. Indian after Indian came up with rich packs of fur and everyone uttered a smothered "ugh" and walked away when he found that he could not get "firewater." At length some one hit upon the plan of telling the Indians a monstrous lie. He told them that the man that made the whisky was dead and that no one else knew how to make it, but as they had always liked "firewater" so well, he had saved the flasks in which it had been kept in order that they might at least get a smell of the beloved liquid once more. The traders then insisted that for each smell out of the flask the Indian must give one beaver skin or other skins of equal value. The demands were complied with, and it is said that they carried on a thriving business as long as they remained in the country. It is needless to say, however, that the traders never ventured among those Indians again after the cheat was found out.

A Farm for a Barrel of Whisky.

In the Great Miami valley at one time lived a man named Fox, who was desirous of obtaining a large tract of land. In the same neighborhood also lived a well-to-do man, who had been at one time the owner of a large distillery in Virginia, which was noted for the fine whisky it produced. Upon removing to Ohio the man sold the plant. He found that in the newly settled section into

which he moved, whisky was not only expensive but scarce as well, and none of it suited his taste. The old man longed for some of his own old time liquor. It happened that Fox had a barrel nearly full of this same man's make that had in some way been carried into the wilds. He offered to sell it to the old man and jokingly said that if he hadn't the money to spare his farm would be accepted in its place. Imagine his surprise when the offer was accepted. The farm was quite large, and is now worth thousands of dollars, but whisky was considered far more valuable at that time, especially to a retired whisky maker.

Another Whisky Story.

In order to show how highly "tanglefoot" was valued by the early Buckeye settlers, I will tell another circumstance of a like character. Years ago when Ohio was a howling wilderness a family of settlers emigrated from the East and sought a home in the lonely wilds. Among their possessions were several pigs with which they intended to stock their clearing. They also had with them several jugs of whisky which were carried on a horse's back. As they were journeying along one day the jugs in some way became cracked and the contents began to rapidly leak away. A family council was quickly held and the affair decided. They had no other vessel into which to put it, and so they concluded that the only way was to kill the pigs and convert their skins into a kind of skin bottle. The pigs were almost invaluable to them, but the liquor was more so. As they were obliged to sacrifice one or the other, they decided in favor of the whisky. Their plan was quickly carried out, and in a little while the skins which had formed a covering for the pigs were converted into leather whisky bottles.

A Rattlesnake Story.

We all know that in the early days our river bottoms were only dense swamps and that each spring the country was submerged by the freshets. This caused the pioneers to settle on the high lands bordering the river valleys. This was very inconvenient, for the nearby swamps were the home of fevers and reptiles. That it required real grit to live in those days is shown by the following. Two boys were one day working in a field on the edge of a swamp when one was bitten in the hand by a large rattler. Of course they were badly frightened, but the uninjured one retained his presence of mind and did the only thing he could to save his companion's life. Ordering his friend to lay his hand upon a stump near by he severed it with a well directed blow with an ax. It was a desperate remedy, but it saved his friend's life, as no medical aid was to be had.

The First Cabin Floor in Cincinnati.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century a man named William Vandiveer (the writer's great-grandfather) left his home in Delaware and crossed the mountains to the headwaters of the Ohio River, where he made a flatboat and descended that stream to Cincinnati, where he proposed to make his future home. He erected a cabin out of the lumber of his raft, using the bottom of the boat for his floor. This was the first floored cabin in the "Queen City of the West." Later this man led a party of emigrants to the newly settled hamlet of Dayton. It is also said that this was the first wagon train to arrive in that city. Some years after he built a mill at Franklin on the Great Miami and there did a flourishing business. The old structure stood through the blasts of many a year until the exceedingly high water of the spring of 1898 carried it away.

Such are the many tales of the past that are afloat in the Miami Valley. The Indians, the pioneers and the game have disappeared, but a memory of their deeds will always remain. CLARENCE VANDIVEER.

Natural History.

Tame Ruffed Grouse.

HUDSON, N. Y., July 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Much has been said and written about domesticating the ruffed grouse, and if I remember correctly, Jay Bee came the nearest to it; but for taming this bird, I think that Mrs. M. McKenna is in the lead.

Some two months ago Mr. McKenna said: "Come over and see our tame partridge and get a picture." Then he told me that in the early spring a partridge came near the house (which is in a grove) and they threw out some crumbs, which she picked up, and the next day she came again, and continued to come, and finally came two and three times each day.

One day they noticed the bird looked larger and darker, and on close inspection found that it was not the same bird, but another, which proved to be the cock bird, as both the cock and hen bird came up the next day.

I drove over several times, but she did not come until after I had started for home. I guess she smelt the camera. One afternoon I went prepared, if necessary, to stay all night, and to take a flashlight if she did not come earlier. I sat down to the table for supper about 6:30. About 6:45 they said, "Come." I dropped napkin, supper and all, and started for the cottage, and there sat Mrs. McK. on the door step and the bird was picking up pieces of apple and eating out of her hand.

There were three members of the family present. I stood in a doorway about eight feet from the bird, and at last stepped out. As soon as she saw me she straightened up her neck, with *Twit, twit, twit,* and walked away.

This bird has come into the kitchen while the dog was lying on the floor and several members of the family have been present; has jumped on the window sill and never shown fear. Last Sunday it was very rainy all day, and she came to the house twice and was fed.

Now if the rainy weather does not kill all the young, we shall not be in the least surprised to see this old cock and hen bring their brood up to the house to be fed and warmed by the kitchen stove.

I inclose you a photograph taken by Miss Ella McKenna, which will show for itself. H.

Can the Rattlesnake Poison Itself?

ST. LOUIS, Mo., July 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In describing the capture of a rattlesnake, Coahoma says: "In his contortions in the effort to get away, the fangs were forced into the snake's lower jaw, so as to produce a free flow of blood, but he did not appear to suffer any harm from his self-inflicted wounds. This is a mystery, as it seems to be a well-attested fact that the injection of a snake's venom into its own veins is fatal to him."

There is a conflict of authorities on this point. Miss Hopley, in her book on "Snakes," quotes Dr. E. Nicholson, of Madras, to the effect that venomous serpents can, and sometimes do, kill themselves with their own venom. She says that the keeper of the reptile house of the London Zoological Garden has known poisonous snakes to die from bites inflicted by others of their own species. Yet she cites other instances to the contrary.

Dr. Weir Mitchell, who is our best authority on the

MRS. M'KENNA'S TAME GROUSE.

venom of American snakes, says positively: "The deadly apothecary does not succumb to his own drugs. I have over and over injected under the skin of a rattlesnake its own venom, or that of a moccasin, or of another crotalus, but in no case have I seen a death result."

Not long ago I saw a large rattlesnake that, after being wounded by a stone thrown by one of our party, struck its fangs so deeply into its body that we had trouble in extricating them. The snake's back was broken by the stone, but it lived half a day, and its death, so far as we could judge, resulted from the broken back alone. There was no swelling where it had struck itself.

Can any of your readers give me details of a case of snake bite treated by hypodermic injection of a saturated solution of potassium permanganate, as recommended by Weir Mitchell? I have carried the apparatus for such treatment, but, fortunately, have had no occasion to use it. It was recently swept overboard, with my other duffle, in a skiff wreck on the Mississippi.

HORACE KEPHART.

The Bobolink's Song.

WE have had two versions by Mr. Charles Hallock of the bobolink's song. Mr. H. H. Thompson sends this to Mr. Hallock as another version:

"John Gillet, John Gillet, scour the kettle, scour the kettle; scour it clean."

HARTFORD, Mich.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed please find a good rendition of the bobolink's song, clipped from our paper. SULLIVAN COOK.

Weary of the palaver of the politicians, suppose you go up on Belle Isle any bright day and listen to the bobolinks.

This is the month of the bobolink, and as he breasts the wind and darts over the green fields, Bob sings a riotous song, which, by the way, he stole from the robin, the field sparrow, the little wren and others, too, breathing into the fragments the very essence of summer time.

Swarms of warblers dart and dip carrying their glad cries through the deep green woods, but Bob pipes as though specially commissioned to outdo, in sweetness at least, if not in variety, all the woodland songsters.

Many critics regard him as the finest singer that comes to Michigan. Perhaps he says, in his impish way:

My wife! My wife!
I sing to you!
Mrs. Link! Mrs. Link!
Mrs. Bob-o-Link!
Queen! Queen!
June's here! June's here!
Let's frolic over the wheat!

This free translation is the best the writer could make, but if you try to put in words the spirit of another of his outbursts, you find yourself watching him as he swings on a tuft of tall grass, and imagine that he is saying something like this:

Blubber-dubber-snipper-snapper-snee!
Mrs. Link, to thee! To thee!
Fe-fi-fofum-fee!
Snicker-a-mar-ee!

Bob's as black as tar, except for his white collar and white cap, and his wings are shaded with fine golden seams. He's a plump, saucy beauty who sometimes sings:

Single! Twingle Kerdingle!
I rise! I rise!
To the skies! The skies!

Up, up he goes, over the open meadow, all green like a wavy sea; the sunlight sparkles on the dewy grasses and the rapturous song makes rare music for tired city ears.

Poor Bob! His fate, alas, is shared by many human beings. In the springtime of life he offers every promise of a happy, successful career, but as time passes, he grows lazier and lazier, and finally flies to the rice fields of South Carolina, where he makes a living without any trouble whatsoever, becoming more and more confirmed in his indolence, until along comes the gunners and bring him to the ground.

In the market he masquerades as a plump reed bird. Perhaps he died in time, for long before that, his once musical voice degenerated into a sorry croak. Good fortune proved too much for him, and when he found the rice fields so rich for the mere plundering, he even forgot to practice his notes and his last glory was soon gone. The precious imp of the Michigan fields become the fat dumpling of the rice fields; and that's the last of our Bob whose riotous song was the envy of all the Michigan woodland.

Alexander Dumas on Snakes.

From the Page.

WHEN M. de Villemessant was founding Le Grand Journal he wrote to Dumas asking for his assistance. Dumas at once prepared a romance in six volumes. In the meantime the editor asked him for some articles or causeries which were to be published immediately. "I have the very thing!" cried Dumas. "I was just about to start on a whole series about snakes." "On snakes?" "Yes. I have the entire subject at my fingers' ends. I spent half my life studying them. There's not a soul who knows anything about the dear, interesting little creatures. You will find it will be a great success—this article." The editor, half-convinced, agreed to accept this article "on snakes," saying to himself: "After all, Dumas is very likely to hit on something effective." "If you want a little cash in advance, you can draw on me." "I have plenty," said Dumas, "for the first time in my life, I confess; but still, I really have enough." They parted, and the editor returned to his office. On arriving there he found Alexandre's secretary waiting for him with the following paper ready signed: "Received the sum of fifteen napoleons on account of my story. A hearty squeeze of the hand. A. D." The next day the secretary arrived with the first *feuilleton,* and a letter which ran: "My dear friend: Be kind enough to hand the bearer the sum of nine napoleons. A. D." The very same evening came a dispatch from Havre: "On receipt of this please send twenty napoleons to my lodging at Frascati. A thousand thanks. A. D." An hour later came another: "My Dear Boy: I should have said thirty, not twenty, naps. You are my best friend. The *feuilleton* is on the road. A. Dumas."

The finale of this capital story is no less characteristic. The *feuilleton* arrived by post the following day, and was found to contain exactly four lines of Dumas' composition—two at the beginning and two at the end of the paper. Thus it ran: "I copy from my good friend, Dr. Revoil, the following particulars about snakes." Then came a long essay on that subject, all copied out in his own neat handwriting, and closed by this original remark: "In my next I will deal with the boa constrictor, the most curious of all the snakes."

The Opossum as a Chicken Thief.

HYDE PARK, Mass., June 17.—In answer to a request for information a few weeks since in FOREST AND STREAM, as to whether or no opossums would kill chickens, I would say, though I have no actual proof, I think I have enough evidence against "Bro' 'Possum" to justify a poultry raiser in considering him a suspicious character.

In Seffner, Fla., in March of this year, I killed two opossums near a hen yard owned by a friend, who had, a week or two before that, killed one inside the same inclosure.

To-day I have received a letter from a young son of the friend mentioned above. In it he says: "One night a 'possum came and broke into the coop and took thirty chickens." They had about one hundred chickens hatched in March, and as many more in April.

MARK E. NOBLE.

Ducks Breeding in New York.

WATERTOWN, Jefferson County, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Reports from different parts of the county show that ducks are nesting here in large numbers. Geo. E. Bull, of Rural Hill, reports five pairs of wood ducks and a pair of Canada geese nesting near his place. Reports from Perch Lake and the lakes around Theresa and Redwood, show an unusually large number of wood duck, mallard, black duck and teal. Even along our lake front and the St. Lawrence River, where we met the greatest opposition, the sportsmen are reconciled, claiming that they had the best shooting last fall that they ever had, and that the ducks bred there last year, and that more ducks are staying here this year than last.

W. H. TALLETT.

A Huntsman's Grave.

MORE than a touch of old-world romance was displayed at the funeral, the other day, of Prince Albert of Sachsen-Altenburg. After the service at the church of Serrahn the coffin was placed on a hearse, and the procession went slowly toward the forest, where, in accordance with the last wishes of the Prince, a so-called huntsman's grave had been dug under an old beech tree. When the mourners were all assembled the lid was taken from the coffin, and the body, wrapped in a white satin shroud covered with fir twigs, was taken out and placed in the grave, which was four yards deep and lined with green boughs. Then the prayers of the dead were said, the grave was filled with earth, and a simple white wooden cross was planted on the mound as the only sign of the spot where the forest-lover's dust had been given back to the dust.—**Westminster Review.**

Game Bag and Gun.

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

On the Meadows.

"While sitting in my blind alone,
Just watching my decoys,
I feel the subtle ecstasy
Of all a hunter's joys;
All careless of the world's affairs,
Nor to its ways inclined,
I envy not a soul on earth,
While sitting in the blind."

F. C. RIEHL.

Whoever has heard the shrill whistle of the yellow-leg, when, when-when-when, and seen the noisy sociable birds come circling down from the clouds in response to a skillful imitation of their own call; has watched them jostle and hurry their companions in their efforts to join the delusive flock of decoys, so peacefully standing in the meadow pond, and then, alas, yielding to the aboriginal instinct that all possess, has raised up and poured the contents of both barrels into the unsuspecting ranks, well he knows by the sweet joy of experience the sport snipe shooting affords.

When the breezes of August are sweeping in from old ocean, bringing comfort and coolness with them, the wanderer by the bay-side will see flocks of little snipe, the oxeye and teeter-rail, running busily along the beach, now hastening after the receding wave that has laid bare a tempting morsel, then scurrying back, pursued by a dangerous billow that threatens to overwhelm them; piping a shrill little note of welcome to the straggler off in the distance, and if the observer approaches too closely, rising on wings that seem ridiculouly out of proportion to their diminutive bodies, and flying away from the unwelcome intruder, alighting again maybe a hundreds yards up the beach, where they once more resume their interrupted feast.

Presently a flock of blackbreasts will swing past, bound for a distant sandbar from which the tide has fallen, giving note to a sweet, wailing whistle, easy to imitate, but difficult to illustrate or describe with the pen. Great plump fellows, these, fattened by many an unlucky shrimp, sand worm or some other small marine creature that forms their daily, if not hourly, diet, for the blackbreasted plover is a voracious bird, seldom if ever neglecting the opportunity of securing some choice morsel, such as are found on the flats or sandbars of the bays.

Then, if the stroller leaves the bay-side and continues his course across the meadows, he will hear the clear whistle of the yellow-leg calling from his feeding place by the edge of some shallow pond to a companion just discernible among the clouds, and as he slowly descends, his answering whistle drifts to the earth and is once more replied to by the relative in the pond.

'Twas in the early fall, not so many years ago, that one of the largest flights of snipe, particularly large and small yellow-legs, that had ever flown along old Long Island's sea-girt shore, was welcomed by sportsmen from Coney Island to Montauk Point. When the tidings of this wonderful flight reached my ears, business was forgotten, the catboat hastily provisioned, gunning box, shells, gun and all the other paraphernalia necessary for comfort shipped, and the staunch little craft was headed across the bay for an island in the center of which lay a most attractive pond, surrounded by the salt meadows.

The day's flight was over when I reached my objective point, a little cove in the island, where the anchor was thrown overboard for the night; only a few of those nocturnal wanderers, quawks, were swinging in clumsy flight across the meadows, breaking the silence with their harsh cries, while off in the distance the bright beacon of the Fire Island light glimmered cheerfully. Lulled to sleep by the ceaseless beat of the surf upon the beach and the gentle rocking of the boat, I slept the sleep of the bayman, calm and deep, refreshing to both body and mind.

Before daybreak I was awakened by the weird, noisy screeching of the gulls, and hastened to prepare the morning meal, which was finished with the utmost dispatch, and then, equipped with long rubber boots, a gunning coat and cap of brown canvas and a heavy sweater—for the mornings have a sharp, penetrating chill which made thick clothing indispensable—with gun, decoys and bag of shells deposited in the bottom of my sharpie, and gunning box in tow, I pushed off for the island. Upon reaching it, I pulled the sharpie up in the sedge beyond reach of the tide and proceeded to drag the box to the edge of the pond, where it was nicely hidden in a tall bunch of grass. Then I set out the decoys, forty of them, all painted and shaped in close imitation of the yellow-leg, in front of the box, and in the shallow waters of the pond. How natural they looked in the dim morning light, with heads all pointing to windward and some tilted at an angle suggestive of feeding, No wonder they fool the live birds. Why, I declare! If I hadn't put that one in that bunch of grass not over three minutes ago I would not believe it was anything but the genuine article.

Hark! What was that sound I heard off in the east? There it is again! A faint whistle—when-when! Yellow-legs sure enough.

I scurried back to the box, and pulling out a couple of shells from the hundred odd that swelled the canvas bag, I jammed them into the gun and then stretched at full length on the hay that covered the bottom of that coffin-shaped creation, built of the lightest wood for convenience in dragging it across the meadows, and dignified by the name gunning box.

For a moment I lay there, then, so close that I was startled into the belief that the bird was in the stool, I once more heard the shrill whistle, thrice repeated. Peeping over the edge of the box, I saw the fellow that had so disturbed my equanimity, not in the stool, but winging his way in easy circles from the heights above.

When, when-when-when, I whistled, with a longing accent that was seemingly not lost by the unsuspecting object of my solicitude. With an answering note, he set his graceful wings and came scaling into the stool.

Just a moment, and then came my time. When those yellow-tinged legs were outstretched in preparation for alighting, I rose in the box, gun to shoulder and eye glancing along the rib. Then that indefinable something that tells the shooter when his weapon is pointed at the proper spot, whispered in my ear, and the ready finger pressed the trigger.

Too late, old fellow. That upward jump was not speedy enough, the No. 10s did their work cleanly, and the first bird of the day lay on his back in the water, rising and falling on the little ripples, caused by the freshening breeze.

Old Sol was now peeping at me over the sand dunes of the nearby beach, and as I waded out to pick up the dead bird I thought I could see a smile of approval on his somewhat dim but rapidly brightening countenance.

How the snipe flew that day! The little sixteen was never idle, and my heap of game gave abundant evidence of its prowess. Flock after flock of yellow-legs swung into the stool and paid toll for their hardihood. A belated blackbreast, hastening after a flock of relatives that had gone before, came scaling over the decoys, but before the smoky haze cleared away, a resounding splash told of another victim.

Misses were by no means scarce, but they, too, were to be expected, for the man that always kills was not lying in the box, only a chap who was perfectly satisfied with an average three of five.

Off in the distance I heard the pill-will-willet, pill-will-willet of the bird whose whistle proclaims his name, and presently, against the blue sky, four specks, rapidly growing larger, caught my expectant eye.

Get down, old man! The sight of your hat brim would alarm these sharp-eyed tattlers, wary and wise in the tricks of man. Flat on your back in the box, and wait! Just one calling whistle. That's sufficient. They see the painted imitations of their species, and on tireless wings fly easily over the meadows, low down and headed directly at the pond.

What! Not coming! For the leader suddenly shoots into the air, closely followed by his three companions.

Keep still! If that restive head had not bobbed up so prominently they would have surely stooled. Now they mount higher and higher until they look like mere dots against the background of fleecy clouds.

Where is that little lead whistle that every snipe shooter should carry? Oh, yes! Just where it always is, snugly resting in the pocket close up to the collar of the coat.

A clear call, twice repeated, and an answer floats down from the heights above. Once more it is sounded, and the little dots, seemingly an infinite distance away, begin slowly circling, gradually increasing their orbit, until once more the varying colors of their plumage may be distinguished—the buff and white that marks this visitor to our coasts.

Stretch out on the hay and stay there, grasping the gun with eager hands and longing, but hardly daring, to peep at the near-by game.

Suddenly there is the whir of swiftly moving wings, and over the box flash four shadowy somethings that a moment later proclaim their reality by splashing down in the water among the stools. There they are, with heads upraised, alarmed at their own daring, and seemingly about to leave the suspicious looking spot.

Take that one just in the act of rising. Good! He's down! Quick! And a sharp report sounds the death knell of two others not a foot apart and just clear of the water.

No use hurrying to get another shell in, my dear boy, the survivor is already a hundred yards away and raipdly increasing the distance between him and the deceiving decoys. Retrieve the three lying in the water and get back to the box, for a faint whistle warns you of the approach of the other game. And the three willet, the largest birds of the snipe family that fly along our coast, were added to the pile lying in the foot of the gunning box.

And so it went, with only a short intermission at midday; snipe constantly in sight, flying in flocks, large and small, across the salty meadows, while to the east and west there sounded the faint reports of guns. Evidently I was not the only one enjoying the pleasure provided by the migrating birds.

The sun had long been down before I gathered up my decoys and returned to the boat, happy and contented with such a bag as I have often dreamt about, but never thought would have the good fortune to secure. Oft-times I have been out and come back without putting my gun to shoulder, but to-day my shell bag was empty and my shoulder aching from the continuous shooting.

As I mused the words of a poem straggled through my brain:

"In spite of all the boomin', it will never seem the same;
And the devil take a country that hasn't any game."

Terse and to the point, somewhat forcible in its declaration, but agreeing perfectly with a sportsman's views, for what would a country be where game was not an existing reality, and the gun lay idle year after year, not wearing, but rusting out? F. ARTHUR PARTRIDGE.

Connecticut Quail and Deer.

ESSEX, Conn., July 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is quite a good sign of the times to mark that the Bob White in this locality are more plentiful than they have been for years. My father, a man of fifty-six, says he never knew them to be thicker, and this seems to be the verdict of all those who take an interest in this most desirable game bird.

I am pleased to state, too, that deer are also on the increase. Although I have never had the pleasure of seeing one in a wild state, several of my friends, whose word is authentic, have. Only this morning one was seen by Earl Stannard while he was on his way from Westbrook to this place.

Let us hope that the laws pertaining to the welfare of our game may be rigidly enforced, and that in a few years we may have a veritable sportsmen's paradise in this thickly settled State of Connecticut.

GEORGE W. COMSTOCK.

More Rifle Talk.

SPRAGGE, Ont., June 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been a reader of your most interesting paper for many years and am always especially attracted by the articles which appear in it from time to time anent guns and rifles. When I first became a subscriber—years ago—the controversy was "Muzzle versus Breech." Then a strong agitation was started in favor of a repeater with a stronger action and shooting heavier charges than then employed (my .45-85 Bullard is now in a gunsmith's shop for sale), and when the manufacturers acceded to this: Behold the era of smokeless powder and small caliber! Then it was black powder versus smokeless, the advocates of the former, dilating on the danger of the extreme range of the bullets projected by the latter, the slight effect in shocking power possessed by full-mantled ones, and the mangled condition of the game hit by the soft-nose!

Now, the cry is for wider calibers and more powder—smokeless, of course. It may surprise some of your readers to learn that such rifles have been made in England, now for at least two years, in double and single barrels. The former weighs from 10 pounds 12 ounces to 12 pounds, and the latter from 9 pounds up. The caliber is .45, and the charge 70 grains Cordite, or an equivalent of Rifleite.

However, for my part, I cannot see any inducement for American arms companies to make these hand-cannon. They would have a very small sale, as their only use would be in the hands of the comparatively few individuals who hunt moose and grizzly bear, and they, as a rule, can afford to pay the price of the imported article.

As to what really constitutes the best rifle for moose, it must to a great extent depend upon the physique of the hunter. One man can carry ten or eleven pounds around all day without more effort than another can six or seven. Were the latter to invest in a heavy rifle, he would find that, perhaps, when after a long tramp he had come upon his game, his tired muscles would fail him as he put his gun to his shoulder, and the muzzle would wobble to such an extent that the bullet would fly far wide of the mark, and consequently the "knock down and stay down" qualities of that particular weapon would be of no avail; while with one suited to his strength, although of much less power, he would have been able to score a hit, and if a repeater, have the power to send in several more if necessary, and so make a kill.

To me it seems immaterial whether one bags his game at one shot or with four! Certainly, it is much more satisfactory to kill cleanly; but when a man has a repeater, the temptation to keep on shooting, so long as his game is up and getting away, is irresistible, and I fancy that many of the accounts of the killing of moose, in which we read—"It took four shots to down him, etc.," are simply from this reason. Not that the first shot was not a fatal one, but having others in reserve, they were also fired.

For myself, I am what most of your readers would call a gun crank. I have a passion for collecting firearms, not old ones for curios, but the newest things out, and when I cannot shoot at the things which walk and fly—and by these I mean those classed as game, and most assuredly nothing else—I take a lot of solid satisfaction in targeting my rifles, moving the sights until they are exactly fitted for me.

When I cannot even do that, I take a delight in rubbing them up and handling them.

Now, in this collection I have four rifles, any one of which I think a man could not be far wrong with if he took it after moose. One, an 8-m. Mannlicher, light, quickly loaded, of extreme accuracy and throwing a bullet with tremendous force; another, a .45-70 extra light, take down, Winchester. This rifle is sighted for smokeless powder, and while I cannot do the shooting with it I can with the others, it is accurate enough for big game and strikes with force. The recoil is wonderfully light for weight of rifle, considering the load it shoots.

My next is one of the new Winchester .32's. It is one of the most accurate weapons I ever put to my shoulder and an extremely pleasant rifle to shoot. I had it only sighted for smokeless powder, as what is the use of being able to use also the .32-40 black powder cartridge? It is too powerful for small game, such as squirrels, partridge, etc., and it is only for these that light charges are required. In this respect an "adaptor," such as is used in England, is the only practical way to use small charges for small game. This is a sort of false chamber which fits into the breech of rifle, and which is itself chambered for a short cartridge, taking a bullet same size as the service one (I mean, of course, in diameter) but light, and driven by only a few grains of smokeless. The adaptor slips into and out of chamber easily, and up to its limited range the cartridge is very accurate.

My last big-game gun is, I think, the most perfect all 'round weapon one can get. It is a double-barrel hammerless by Greener, barrels 26 inches long, made of wrought steel. The right barrel is rifled and shoots the .303 British service cartridge, and the left is what Greener calls a "rifle choke" of 20 bore. No groovings are at all visible. It shoots shot beautifully, and with round ball is accurate up to 150 yards. Its weight is just 7½ pounds.

I have never, so far, had an opportunity to use it on big game, but have no fear of failure on its part when the time comes. That .303 cartridge is a very powerful one, and when one of those 20-bore bullets strikes a moose it is bound to make a hole.

For balance, workmanship and general handiness it is superior to any repeater I have yet seen.

Can any of your readers tell me their experience with one of the "Lee straight pull" rifles, caliber .236?

I have one—a beauty—made to order by the Winchester people, but so far as shooting is concerned its bullets appear to have a positive aversion to be seen in each other's neighborhood! It may be my fault, but I doubt it, owing to the fact of being able to do tolerably well with the other rifles. However, I would be obliged if someone who has used one, on game preferably, would state what it can do.

The high front sight is, in any case, a drawback. Why cannot the manufacturers get the height in front by angling up to it gradually, as is done in foreign rifles, instead of sticking up an unsupported barn door?

Expense, I suppose—but the few dollars extra it would cost would, I am sure, be gladly paid by the satisfied sportsman, and so many Mausers, Mannlichers, et al, would not be sold as now.

ALERT.

Concerning Thrills.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I HAVE been very much interested in several articles by Didymus. He talks right. He seems to be my kind of a gentleman sportsman, not sporting man, though he may be that also. It would not be anything against him. I never killed an elk or moorse, but I trapped it some time in the northern wilds of Wisconsin in the 50's and lived on the product of my gun, killing many deer, wolves and wildcats, sometimes because I had to. But for genuine sport—by sport I mean following out the instincts of a true sportsman—give me a good dog and the stubble or variegated field. There is something grand in following and watching the movements of an educated dog. As you start out of a brisk autumn morning, your dog is away off, in the exuberance of his freedom. How he ranges back and forth, back to you and then away almost like an Antonio, his bright eyes turning to you at every turn. Let him go. He will be all right anon, after he has run off the excitement of this his first outing of the season. You cross that rail fence, the top rail just tinged with the first white frost. As you step carefully over you see Carlo rigid as one of the fence posts. As you very gingerly step up and gently nudge him with your knee or step before him and make a clean double, and you gather in your back pocket a brace of long bills or quail, could the satisfaction be excelled if you had slaughtered a lordly moose or elk? Or, say, you have climbed the mountain side and tracked the royal grouse to his lair and have made a successful bag of, say five out of eight or ten shots; is not that exceedingly happy? You follow moose day after day, in all sorts of weather, and far from camp get a shot, and perhaps you get your quarry. A long tote through the swales and brush—is it fun? Not for the undersigned. As for shooting deer I had just as leave for the fun of the thing go out in a barn yard and shoot down a calf.

My first deer I shot in the Adirondacks—it then was called John Brown's tract—in 1850. We camped under a brush shanty about sun down at the "Old Forge"; and when we awakened in the morning there was a mist or fog hanging over the water in our front. Upon looking over the lily pads of the bayou or bay we discovered seven deer belly deep in the shallow water. I had my pick and dropped a three-year-old buck. I felt good of course, better than I have felt since in knocking over a deer. But was that sport? I can understand the enthusiasm and true sporting element in President Roosevelt's manner in his pursuit of the cougar or California lion. That is game worth while, and the slaughter of which is a benefit to the country at large. That is all right for the President and Prof. Bobo and those that can afford it; but for an old 'un of three score and ten and who has seen some life, give me a breechloader and a good dog among the Bob Whites on the timber doodles. There are certain thrills—thrills I may call them—that come over a shooter or small game that do not fit or find one of the heavier kind. I can fully appreciate Didymus' good luck in his unexpected three woodcock and three grouse. That was good. He had twelve different thrills.

To stop a lordly grouse as he essays to climb the tree tops is great; and as one hears the thud, thud of the beating wings on the leaves, he feels a thrill, and as he gathers in the magnificent bird and smoothes down the glassy feathers of the plump breast, ere he puts it away in the pocket of his shooting coat there is another and very satisfactory thrill. Dou you get that on a deer hunt? The last deer I shot was up in Warren County, N. Y., in '60—a nice buck. I had a flying crack at him about 4 o'clock P. M. on a January day. But I only paunched him too far back. I foolishly followed him too fast, not giving him time to lie down and get stiff before I jumped him again. It was 11 o'clock of a moonlight night before I was able to give him the coup de grace, and I was twelve miles from home. I gralloched him and in a few minutes had his heart broiling, and it was good. With a withe in his nose or under jaw, I drew him home on the snow, through those old woods, through brush, over logs, up hill and down dale. Was that fun and did I thrill? Not much. Well, hardly. No, Didymus and I are agreed, emphatically, notwithstanding Dr. Ambler's able and plausible article. He may be one extreme while Didymus and Jacobstaff are the other.

I like these talks of brother sportsmen in FOREST AND STREAM—the sportsmen's journal of the world. They are a kind of a bond that keeps alive and up to date some of us "old 'uns" whose rifles or breechloaders hang upon the wall to be taken down, perhaps, no more.

Give us some more.

JACOBSTAFF.

A Revolutionary Arm.

RECENTLY the Goshen News-Times, an Indiana paper, told its readers, as a bit of local news, that "Harry Toms, living near Benton, was in town Wednesday with a genuine old flintlock musket bearing the date of 1807." Not satisfied with adding that the gun was still in an excellent state of preservation, the paper went on to say that the gun was carried through the Revolutionary War by Harry Toms, the great-grandfather of its present owner. The Milford Mail noticed the paragraph and asked, as a matter of information, if the News-Times would "explain how a man could carry through the Revolutionary War a musket made in 1807." It is not recorded what the News-Times man said when he read this comment, nor how he will reconcile the discrepancy in dates.

Sea and River Fishing.

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

A Week on the Upper Sacramento.

MY vacations are spent in fishing, and I have enjoyed a very pleasant outing at La Moine, Shasta county, Cal. This point is in its infancy as an angling resort, but cannot fail to be appreciated when once visited. The Sacramento River is within two minutes' walk of the house, and Slate Creek is right at the door. Mr. Clifford Coggins, the genial landlord, welcomes you most heartily and makes you feel immediately at home. The accommodations are of the best, and here one appreciates what is hard to find at the majority of resorts; namely, a square meal after the evening fish.

The fishing on the Sacramento River, like most Western streams is best in the morning from 7 to 10 o'clock, and in the evening from 4:30 until dark. Through the heat of the day, the trout will rarely rise to a fly, they will frequently, however, take a spoon or spinner, but the average angler is satisfied with the morning and evening sport. Bait is never used when the flies are on. However, I will relate a little amusing occurrence which greatly tickled my friend Sam. Heller and me. The second day after our arrival a young banker from Woodland alighted from the morning train, but by some accident his baggage had miscarried. Now he certainly was an ardent angler, "would sooner fish than eat," and after a brief introduction by Missouri Tom, his guide, the banker was desirous of at once starting out, but he was minus his tackle. He was soon accommodated in this respect, and a careful selection of flies was added, but he still looked anxious. Suddenly he exclaimed, "Have you a bug or a worm? I am completely lost without my baggage." He evidently had bugs and worms in his valise, but Missouri Tom solemnly swore that he fished exclusively with a fly, and was much disgusted with the banker's request. Unfortunately for the Woodland swain, we could not accommodate him, and he had to wait for his bug or a worm. He was off bright and early next morning for a pool two miles up the river, where he succeeded in landing some good-sized fish with his bait.

Great sport was had by Sam. Heller and myself every day of our stay: the trout averaged from a quarter of a pound to one and a half pounds, with an occasional salmon.

It is a curious fact, noticed probably by most anglers, that no matter at what resort he may be putting up, he invariably conceives the idea that the fishing cannot possibly be good so near "to home," and so he hies himself off either one or two miles above or below, and feels that he has been rewarded by his forethought when he returns with a full creel. Still, were he to drop down to the stream in front of the hotel any evening, he would be surprised how many fish he would pick up. Good fishing is to be had on the Upper Sacramento in June, July, August and September. Slate Creek is an ideal mountain stream well stocked with trout, which, however, do not average as large as in the river, but a good day's sport can be had by the angler, who is an adept at getting over bluffs, rocks, etc.; the creek, however, can be easily waded in July, August and September, and good results had.

The successful flies on the upper Sacramento River are gray-hackle (red body, silver tinsel), grizzly-king, professor, brown-hackle (yellow body) and royal-coachman. A good cast for evening, gray-hackle (red body), tail fly; professor, middle dropper, and royal-coachman, dropper, keeping the dropper fly a few inches out of the water.

JAMES WATT.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 8.

Random Notes of an Angler.

Relating to the Black Bass.

THAT the black bass is the chief game fish of America there can be no question.

It is more widely diffused than any other fish, and the hosts of anglers who follow it almost exclusively vastly outnumber all the trout and salmon fishermen combined. Indeed, so many are there who depend on the bass for sport that Dr. Henshall has been led to say that "The number of black bass anglers at the present day may be reckoned by thousands, where trout fishers are counted by hundreds, and salmon fishers by scores."

It is distinctively the American game fish, being found in Canada and in nearly all the States of the Union, and its merits are now well known in Europe, it having been transplanted in the British Isles and in France, Germany and other continental countries.

No matter where the angler casts his line, either in northern, western or southern waters, he finds the bass the same grand, indomitable fighter, and whether it is the 3 or 4-pound "small-mouthed," such as is found most commonly in our northern waters, or the 15 or 20-pound "large-mouthed" that is taken in the Gulf States, the sport derived from its capture before it is brought to creel is, in the opinion of many anglers, hardly excelled by that from any other fish.

Both species are taken in northern waters, but the "large-mouth" never attains in them the great size to which it grows in the Gulf States.

The small-mouthed bass which is, I believe not found in the South, never reaches such great weight as does the other, but inch for inch and pound for pound, it is the gamiest fish that swims.

The black bass in the North seems to prefer small lakes and slowly moving streams in which the water is fairly clear and cool, to larger bodies of water which are warmer and less limpid.

There are many thousands of lakes ranging in area from 20 to 100 or more acres scattered through the country which furnish ideal abiding places for this fish, and so far as my observation has gone the better the water is the more plucky fighters are the bass that inhabit them.

A single example will suffice to show that this is the case. I was fishing in one of the small lakes which abound in Plymouth County, Massachusetts. Its water was clear and free from sediment, and the bottom and shores were of sand and fine pebbles and gravel. It was as perfect a bit of water as one could ask for, and the bass responded to my lures most generously. I never saw fish more gamy, every one that was hooked being full of fight until the landing net was brought into requistion.

Wild dashes of ten or fifteen yards was the rule, and every fish leaped most vigorously above the surface, and often two or three times in succession.

They made a handsome catch of fifteen fish which averaged about 1¾ pounds in weight. Later in the same day we fished another pond which was well known for the abundance of bass it contained, and caught nine, which were of about the same size as the others; but they did not show any pluck whatever; they gave a dogged resistance to the pull of the line, it is true, but it was not the kind of a fight a bass usually puts up; not one of them made a run of more than 6 or 8 feet, and but one or two leaped above the surface of the water. The pond was about one-half as large as the other, and its water was warm and full of sediment, the shores and bottom were almost entirely of mud, and flags, lily pads and sedges were scattered abundantly through it. It was an ideal pickerel pond, but it was illy adapted to the black bass.

Time and again have I had similar experiences. I know it will be said that the gamy fighters were "smallmouths," while the more sluggish ones were of the other variety, but such was not the case; they were all of the first-named variety, there being none of the others in that vicinity. No, the difference in temperament was owing solely to the difference in the waters.

As to Rods.

I suppose that every bass fisherman has had "troubles of his own" through using unsuitable rods. I have always contended that an angler obtains proportionally the best sport with the lightest rod and tackle available to him. That is to say, a 5-pound trout landed with a four-ounce rod gives much better sport than it would if an eight-ounce rod were used. Times without number have I witnessed magnificent work done with a delicate little split bamboo rod, such as an old-time fisherman would declare to be too flimsy to kill a fingerling trout, and there are many instances recorded of the success which follows the use of one of these little rods.

Archibald Mitchell, in discussing this topic, says: "During the past season a salmon was killed on a Canadian river with a split bamboo rod 9 feet long and weighing only four and one-eighth ounces. The reel used was a plain rubber click reel with 80 yards of fine trout line. The fish weighed 23½ pounds, which is a trifle over ninety times the weight of the rod, and it was gaffed in exactly 27½ minutes from the time it took the fly. This was accomplished on a part of the river where there is a strong current, and at the same place where half an hour has frequently been spent in killing a fish on a regular salmon rod weighing 27 ounces, no heavier and no gamier than the one killed on the feather-weight trout rod." *** The steady, never-let-up strain that clings is the one that soonest discourages and tires out the fish, and it was surprising how soon the big salmon began to weaken under the steady strain of the little rod."

But—and there always seems to be a qualification to every assertion one makes in relation to angling—although I love to use the small rod with trout, I have, in black bass fishing, come to using a rod of not less then seven ounces in weight. There is so much of real "rough and tumble" in a fight with one of these fish that a very light rod seems to be rather a poor dependence. Beside this, one needs something more than a mere fly-rod, for when he is at a stated time fishing, with a bait and sinker, anon is trolling with a spinning minnow or spoon, and later is casting the fly, all, perhaps, within an hour's time, he manifestly needs a strong rod and a rather stiff one, and a more pliable one adapted to casting, so that he must have all these properties in a single rod or carry two with him for use in a day's sport. I used to employ my trout fly-rods in bass fishing, but finding that they soon came to grief with large bass, I had a bamboo rod built for me which has proved perfectly satisfactory. It has but one bottom piece or butt, but interchangeable to this are two second joints, one as pliable as that of any fly-rod, and the other considerably stiffer, and the tips also vary in strength, one being suitable for fly-fishing only and the other adapted to bait-fishing. A fly-rod is soon ruined if it is used in bait-fishing and one cannot cast a fly very well with a stiff rod.

Caprices of Bass.

Like other game fishes, the black bass is a capricious biter, and the angler who places his dependence on a single kind of line will often meet with disappointment and chagrin.

All of us have seen the time when a small frog was the only bait that had any attractions for the dusky warriors; but in a half hour's time, aye, even less, the frog went begging to be eaten and nothing but the helgramite would suit; and later on the helgramite was spurned with contempt, and a live minnow only would be accepted.

So great is its capriciousness that there are times when nothing seems to have any charms for it, and though there may be hundreds within casting distance, not one will respond to the angler's offerings.

Of course not all its moods are caprices, for like many other fishes the bass dislikes to move about in the direct rays of the sun, and when the day is bright and no ripple is moving, it settles down deep in the water where lurking in the shadow of a submerged rock or a bunch of weeds it remains quietly until the light becomes less powerful.

Favorite Bass Flies.

There are times when the bass, refusing any and all baits, will come to the fly. Of course, there are anglers who use nothing but the fly on any consideration, just the same as there are others who disdain to employ anything but a baited hook, and though both

classes cannot have their innings all the time, it is nothing but fair that each should have them a part of the time.

So far as my own inclination goes, I vastly prefer fly-fishing to any other—and am willing to take my chances with it if fairly suitable conditions obtain.

Of course, fly-fishing for trout and for bass are two quite different things, and I never have felt the same degree of enjoyment with the latter that I have with the other. There is an almost indescribable difference between them which I have no doubt most anglers have noticed.

Trout fishing appeals to the aesthetic sentiment which bass fishing does not stir, but which, on account of the greater fierceness of the struggle, arouses the combative instinct instead. It is almost precisely the same feeling that one has when fishing with light tackle for 2 or 3-pound bluefish; there is nothing poetic whatever about it, it is simply a fight from start to finish. It has its attractions, however, and provided the fish will rise it gives good sport, which is often exciting in a high degree.

There is almost as great a variety of bass flies as there is of trout flies, but a half dozen kinds will as well meet all requirements as fifty would.

I have an almost endless and varied stock which were mostly tied by father, who was an amateur fly-tier of remarkable skill and good taste; but I have never used more than two or three of the kinds; beautiful pieces of handiwork they are, and I treasure them and caress them as elegant souvenirs of an enthusiast's untiring and painstaking industry. But if I were now to buy an outfit I would confine myself to not more than four or five kinds.

It is to be premised that one cannot rise a black bass with a fly in a considerable depth of water, and when a fish does come it will rise to almost any fly, provided, of course, that a judicious selection is made with reference to the condition and depth of water and the degree of light.

My best success on dark water, or at morning or early evening fishing, has been with that remarkable all-round creation, the "Tomah-Jo," which was originally tied in honor of an old Indian guide on Grand Lake, of that name.

I first learned its merits when fishing for "land-locks" on Grand Lake stream in Maine, when I found that it was the most killing fly by all odds, that I had in my book.

I later proved it to be wonderfully successful with ouananiche, which are the same fish as the other; and have often killed salmon and sea trout with it. In fact, I have one in my book which I treasure highly for the reason that I have taken with it three salmon and several good-sized sea trout. Of course, it showed the scars of battle, but it is yet good for one or two fish if it is offered them.

Whenever I have used it in black bass fishing it has been successful, and before all others, too. On one occasion with several other anglers, I was fishing in a small lake in Massachusetts which was famous for its stock of bass. The sky was slightly overcast and a light ripple was on, thus making it an ideal day for sport. The water was of no great depth for twenty rods or so from the shore, and either still or fly-fishing, therefore, was practicable. As we had an abundance of small frogs and helgramites we started in with them, but with only moderate success, for our bait was taken from the hooks as fast as we could put it on, and we soon voted that the bass had been educated to steal bait or some other fish were quicker to get it than they were. The mystery was soon solved by the discovery that a large number of "horn-pout," a fish similar to the catfish and with a sharp horn on each side of the head and one on its back—were the greedy transgressors. The quickness with which they took the bait from the hooks was astonishing and they proved so insatiable that we were forced to shift our anchorage ground, but this proved futile, for no matter where we went the horn-pouts were there and they seized the bait before a bass could make up its mind to go for it. A good many were hooked, of course, but as they were valueless for the creel there was no satisfaction in taking them, and they were thrown back into the water as fast as they were pulled out. I am aware that this seems a good deal like a fish story, for the horn-pout is usually regarded as a sluggish fish addicted to angle worms at night if they can be obtained, but that it should be a quick-moving, aggressive diurnal species, one that would dart for a moving bait and strip it from the hook before a bass could get it seems quite incredible, but such was the fact. At length we abandoned bait-fishing, moved our boats again and began to cast the fly. My friends had a variety of ordinary bass flies which they offered to the dusky beauties, while I had with me none but trout and salmon flies, which I disliked to use with such rough fighters.

I finally put on a Tomah-Jo and threw it out.

I had hardly made three casts when I rose and hooked a 3-pounder which, after a lively fight, was successfully landed. A second and third fish were taken on the same fly before my friends got a rise, and, of course, their inquiry soon was, "What fly are you using?" I showed them, and as I had a half dozen or so in my book, I distributed them among the party, and subsequently we all made a fine catch.

Now, I do not claim that no other fly would have been as successful, but we certainly found none among our books that was. I would suggest if any of my readers are about to have a number of these killing flies tied that they give the tyer instructions to make the yellow hackle a little more full than is usually done, and that only pure silver tinsel is used on the body.

Another bass fly that I have had good success with on dark water is the "Henshall," and the "Cheney" fly has also been a very satisfactory lure.

For bright days, if there is a ripple on, the professor has done good work.

Trolling for Bass.

While bait-fishing and fly-fishing are most generally employed in the capture of the black bass, trolling is a favorite method with many anglers. The lures used are either a live minnow hooked so that it will spin, a phantom minnow, or a spinning spoon.

Probably in no other section of America has the practice of trolling attained the degree of a high art, if such an expression may be used, as it has on the St. Lawrence River. It is followed in western waters a good deal, but in nothing like the degree it has there.

My experience in trolling for bass has been somewhat limited, for the reason chiefly that I prefer the more active sport of fly-casting, but I once utilized a trolling rod and spoon to good advantage. The dam of a large mill pond had gone out in a heavy freshet, which permitted a large number of fine bass, which the mill-owner had been treasuring for several years, to escape into the Charles River, near Boston, into which the mill stream emptied about forty rods from the mill. Of course, as soon as the escape of the bass became known among the local fishermen, they all busied themselves in trying to discover where the fish had located themselves. They were not successful, however, for a very few fish rewarded their efforts, and the belief became general that the large stock of big bass that the pond was said to have contained, was largely mythical. I knew better, however, and bided my time. The river was about ten rods in width at the point where the mill brook emptied and its depth varied from 4 to 8 or 10 feet.

One morning bright and early I rigged up a rod and trolling tackle and with a boy to row the boat I began a systematic investigation.

Coursing back and forth and covering the water thoroughly, I moved down the river an eighth of a mile, and then returning pursued the same course up the river about the same distance. No bass were found, and save a stray pickerel or two, no fish were taken.

At length a ledge of rocks, together with a number of boulders partly showing above the surface, was discovered, and passing these at a distance, which was safe for my trolling tackle, I felt a strike as my minnow came abreast of the ledge, and in a twinkling a 2-pound bass was scurrying about and leaping above the water as if he had entered a jumping contest.

It did not take long to bring him to the landing net and prepare for a fresh encounter, which soon came, and I was then convinced that the abiding place of the fugitive bass had been found.

To say that I had most excellent fishing for a week or two afterward is superfluous.

Dropping my killick at the edge of the ledges I devoted two or three hours of the early mornings to the sport, and with minnows, helgramites—which were scarce in those days—and flies I captured at least twenty-five fish, and enough were left to stock the river plentifully. In fact, it was from the fish that escaped from the mill pond, which I did not capture, that the great numbers of bass which are now found in the river originally sprang.

EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Fourth a Failure.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 8.—Most of the angling parties who went out on the Fourth of July for a trip into the angling districts have now returned and they nearly all report the Fourth a failure so far as fishing was concerned. We have had a great deal of rain this spring and the waters are high and roily. Our lakes are from a foot to two feet higher than ordinary, and the disturbed condition of the waters have played havoc with the sport for the past week.

Among those who went up last Friday to the Lake Villa district were Messrs. L. D. La Parle, John Thein, L. Walch, James Hastings, Wm. Du Bois, P. Ambrose, Alex Friend, Dr. Friend and W. L. Beason. These caught a few bass, but they do not speak very enthusiastically of the sport the past week.

Bass at Lake Geneva.

Mr. James Keely, managing editor of the Chicago Tribune, returned from a week or so at Lake Geneva, where he faithfully tried the bass fishing, though with very poor success. That lake is much patronized by wealthy Chicago residents, and the shore line is practically built up with handsome villas. These summer residents understand the value of good fishing, and the lake is annually stocked with many thousands of small-mouthed bass, and without doubt there are many bass in the water. Everything comes high at Lake Geneva. Mr. Keely, feeling the need of expert advice as to the fishing grounds, undertook to charter a local fisherman reputed to be exceeding wise in the matter of small-mouths. He found that it cost him the pretty penny of $8 a day to associate with this gent, and owing to a misunderstanding as to who was running the boat, the fishing came pretty near being nil. This ancient angler is proud and haughty in his ways. He knows how to catch bass, but will not agree that anybody else knows how. A spoon hook he abominates, a frog is anathema, and anything but a good live minnow excites his deep-seated ire. I believe Mr. Keely likes to have a spoon hook above his minnow upon occasion, and hence the misunderstanding which brought him in at night fishless and eight-dollarless.

The same gentleman reports seeing a large school of bass in the shallow water, but they absolutely refused to pay any attention to any sort of lure which he could devise for them. It is likely that they have gone on one of their sulky spells and for some days will not do much business. One would hardly expect bass fishing out in the shallow water at this time of year. The bass have done spawning and have doubtless moved out into the deep water. The thing to do now is to find a bar or reef running up out of the deep water. Here is where the gass lie during the summer months. All of which is much easier said than done.

Bass Bars.

Speaking of bass bars, reminds me that at Lake Minnetonka last week I saw a gentleman whose name I do not know, who had as fine a string of big-mouthed bass as I have seen for some time. He came to the depot at Spring Park after a morning's fishing out in the bay, which runs in close to that station on the east side of the railroad. He had eight bass which weighed 33 pounds, two or three of them running over 5 pounds. He caught eleven in all that morning, and caught them all fishing deep along the edges of a bar, which was shown to him by a youthful boatman, who was the best oarsman he could find that morning. It was a cloudy and very rough day, just the kind of a day which stirs up the big mouths and sets them on the feed. This angler did not anchor his boat, but poked around over the bars, fishing with the frog in 8 to 12 feet of water. His string of bass was a very good one.

Peculiarities of Fish.

I presume there will be no end to the discussion of the whims, moods and fancies of game fishes. The salmon anglers tell us of the moods of the salmon which will set them on the rise all at once, although for hours and days they may have been proof against all wiles. Every one knows the whims of the small-mouthed black bass and of the brook trout. To-day at the Wishininne Club several of the members were talking of these things. Mayor Harrison was present and went on to describe a little experience which he had on the Salmon Trout River with a toad and a trout. He said that he stopped at a pool where he and his boatman saw a number of good trout which for a long time resisted all kinds of feathered fascinations. The boatman caught a big toad on the bank, and just for the fun of it, Mr. Harrison threw it in among these trout. They let it alone for some minutes. At length a big trout began edging its way toward it slowly, as though half a mind to take it in. As this big fellow did so, another fish back of him made a lightning-like dart and swallowed the toad, moving off like a flash. This fish was landed and weighed 3½ pounds. Shortly after, as the guide and angler sat at lunch, Mr. Harrison threw his toad, which was now dead and much disfigured, into the pool, more to keep his leader wet than in the hope of catching any fish. While they were eating, all at once the line began to run out again. A second trout had taken the toad, by this time dead and not attractive. This fish was lost by the parting of a leader when the strike was made.

Mr. Harrison related an incident on somewhat similar lines in regard to a bass whose mounted skin adorns his boudoir. "I caught this bass below a dam on the Sturgeon River," said he. "The water was not very deep and was clear, and looking down into it, we could see numbers of bass there. They would not touch any kind of fly or lure, do the best we could. At length I took a live frog and placed a heavy bullet on the line so as to sink the bait down to the bottom where the fish were lying. The sinker was so heavy that Mr. Frog could not pull it, so he concluded to sit down quietly on the bottom, and did so, directly in the middle of the bunch of bass. They looked at him indifferently, once in a while a big fellow taking a sort of circle around him lazily, as though to get a better look. None of the bass made any attempt to strike at the frog for several minutes. I lay there with my face close to the water for perhaps 7 or 8 minutes or so, when I saw the head of a big bass project from under the apron of the dam. He seemed to be looking at the frog. At length he came out, slowly and deliberately walked up to the frog as though he would smell of it, turned around and went back under the dam. He did this once or twice, but seemed to take no more interest in the frog than any of the other bass had. All at once, for no apparent reason, he came out from under the apron like a streak of greased lightning, and both grabbed and swallowed that frog in one motion. In about one more motion I had him on the bank. The incident seemed to me so peculiar that I had the fish mounted."

Here is proof enough of my often advanced contention that you can make almost any trout bite if you keep on hammering away at him, even with a fly. What the motive is which induces a fish at length to rush at a bait in this way is something left for science to discover, but that they will do so much as above described is easily established from the experiences of many anglers.

Back from Wisconsin.

By the way, the two gentlemen above mentioned, accompanied by Mr. Wm. Ellicott and Col. Bill Haskell, recently enjoyed a very pleasant trip on Manitowish range of Wisconsin. Mayor Harrison was fortunate enough to get one muscallunge of 18 pounds, with others smaller, 9 pounds, 8 pounds, etc. This only after fishing several different lakes. Mr. Harrison did some bass fishing and reports a delightful time. Col. Haskell distinguished himself by capturing a live muskrat, which he calmly picked up by the tail after wading out into the water where the rat was disporting itself. Had this fact not been witnessed by gentlemen of approved character, this story would have been laughed to scorn as that of one seeking only to add to his already resplendent reputation as a gentleman of inventive turn of mind.

Alligator in Chicago River.

Whether the saurians of the Mississippi Delta have taken advantage of the waterway now existing between Chicago and New Orleans is a matter not fully established. Yet day before yesterday a couple of gentlemen saw an alligator swimming in the Chicago River. It was captured after an exciting adventure, in which one of the discoverers got a soaking in the river. The creature was about two or three feet long. There is no place which surpasses Chicago as a big game center, as I am sure a close study of these columns for the past few years will have convinced any reader.

Muscallunge in Wisconsin.

The muscallunge game grows more and more of a speculative nature every year. No one can depend on catching a 'lunge any more. The Turtle Lake region has produced six 'lunge this year, each of which weighed over 30 pounds. I have already mentioned the little St. Germaine fish weighing 42 pounds, caught two weeks

ago by Mrs. Wheeler, of this city. A gentleman who came from that country to-day told me that Mrs. Wheeler not only caught this fish, but stood a very fair chance of capturing its mate. After taking the 42-pounder she was worn out, tired and a little frightened, which is natural for a woman to be after a fight with a fish of this size. She went ashore on the island in Little St. Germaine to rest for a while, but presently went out in the boat again. While trolling past the place where she struck the big fish, she had another very heavy strike. Frightened and weak she dropped the rod in the boat, where it was picked up by the guide, who, with no one to row him, played the fish for a few minutes, until it finally broke away. It is thought to be the mate of the fish which Mrs. Wheeler took, it being an old tradition among anglers that these fish lie in pairs.

The water is reported roily at Turtle Lake at the present time, and the muscallunge fishing is not thought to be good there. The Manitowish waters offer very good fishing when the dams leave the lakes and streams in their normal condition.

Tarpon.

Mr. C. H. Fargo, of this city, is back from a pleasant trip to the tarpon country of Aranzas Pass, Texas. He says he never saw such tarpon fishing as he experienced in all his life or heard of it. Everyone was catching fish, one gentleman landing thirteen tarpon in one day. Mr. Fargo himself killed four handsome fish, playing a good many others which he turned loose, not wishing to go ashore and beach the fish, as is the custom at Aranzas Pass. One morning a fleet of fifteen boats started out from the club. They struck into a school of tarpon and four rods had on fish at the same time, the four fish springing into the air at almost the same moment. This would seem to be an unusual scene in tarpon angling. All this tarpon fishing in Texas is done by trolling and not by still fishing, as is the case in Florida. Mr. Fargo says that he was advised that the best tarpon fishing had not begun at the time of his visit, which was about June 8.

Grayling.

Mr. W. B. Mershon, Mr. Watts Humphreys, Mr. C. H. Davis, and perhaps one or two other of the angling contingent of Saginaw, Mich., propose a trip for grayling some time in the present month and ask me to join them. If it be a possible thing I must certainly accept this invitation, for it has never been my fortune to see a live grayling east of the Rocky Mountains. We think we know where we can catch two or three on a certain remote stream in the southern peninsula of Michigan. It will be a long and hard trip with a great many mosquitoes in it, but if the Saginaw crowd start out after grayling, they are mighty apt to have grayling in the game bag when they come back home. I do not know the exact location of the stream which it is intended to visit.

Gaylord Club of Wisconsin.

Gaylord Club had the misfortune to lose their handsome club house by fire last fall, and the new structure is not yet completed, so that the patronage of the club members has been much less than usual. There are several up there this week, however, and they are having splendid sport. The branches of the Pike have been bountifully stocked by the private hatcheries of this club, and the average weight of the fish is now fully four times as heavy as it was when I last fished those waters. The members of this club get good fly-fishing for bass in the lakes now and again.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

Bad weather caused the postponement of the June events of Chicago Fly-Casting Club to July 12. There will be two entries for each event on that day. The regular event scheduled for July 12 is postponed to Aug. 9. Matters in this club are reported pleasant and flourishing.

A Fighting Pike.

My friend, Mr. Albert Bruning, and I started out for a little quiet paddle along the shores of an arm of Lake Minnetonka one day last week. We didn't have a great deal of use for any fish, but we thought we would enjoy two or three for the table if we had good luck. Good luck is a very necessary fixture when you go fishing in Lake Minnetonka, for that water is hammered so hard that it takes a genius to catch more than a half dozen fish in a day, in the average fishing. We started in under the bridge at Black Lake and passed up the right-hand shore of that lake directly on the course where actually thousands of boats go every month, this being within half a mile of the boat livery at Spring Park. Mr. Bruning was rowing and I was seeing what I could do with a spoon hook and frog. We got into the lake a little way when all at once, as I looked about, I noticed a heavy swirl in the water and felt a strike on the line. The fish we at once saw was a good one, but we fancied we had lost him, for he went directly to the bottom in the weeds, and although I put a heavy strain on him, I could not start him for quite a while. We were now at the edge of a bar, with perhaps 30 or 40 feet of water out to the right in the middle of the lake. Bruning started out for the deep water, and we described an arc of a circle on the fish. At last, putting on a strain as great as I thought the rod and line would stand, we were gratified to see him come out slowly toward us. It was not so much weeds as fish which was making the strain on the tackle. All at once the old fellow jumped, and we saw a Great Northern pike, short, stocky and very heavy. We guessed his weight at 10 to 15 pounds, "wet weight," as the saying goes.

It was only a pike, in fact, only what is usually called pickerel, but he was the fightingist fish I have had on the rod in many a day, and, indeed, I have killed many muscallunge which did not compare with him in stubbornness and agility. I presume we fought him for 20 minutes before we could do anything with him. He was so heavy that I could not lift both his gills out of the water at the same time, and so could not do much toward smothering him. We were fishing in a little Mullins "Get There" boat which sits low in the water, made for a duck boat. The fish could whirl this boat around whenever he liked, and for a time it was a question which party had the other. At last the old fellow began to tire so that I could draw him alongside. Then he would take a look at the boat, give it a whack with his tail, which sounded like hitting a wash boiler with a club, and dive 20 or 30 feet straight down. The rod would gradually bring him up again and then he would take another flirt, splashing water all over us. It was quite a session that we had with him. At last I got him alongside, perhaps for the tenth time, and we tried unsuccessfully to poke him into a landing net, there being no pistol in the boat. This sort of thing set him afire once more. Once more he came alongside and I told Bruning to slip his hand under the fish and lift him into the boat. Three attempts at this failed, and it seemed as though the life never would go out of this old warrior's soul. At last Bruning, slowly and quietly, passed his hand under, at the same time grasping the back of the fish with his other hand, and so with a lucky lift got him inboard, where he threatened to smash everything. A few taps on the head with the club settled him at last. We found this fish weighed more than we could weigh on our little 10-pound pocket scale. We estimated its weight was about 12 pounds, it certainly being more than 10 pounds. Not a very heavy fish, but one of the gamiest ones that I ever saw of any species. We thought we were about 25 minutes getting him into the boat. The rod was a split bamboo bass rod of splendid quality and quite as game as the fish.

This fish was taken in waters which are fished over daily by scores of rods. No one can tell how many hundreds of boats have passed over his lurking place along the bar of Black Lake. Truly there are as good fish in the seas as ever have been caught.

How Big Does Muscallunge Grow?

I saw the statement on Jordan and Evermann's recently published book, "American Food and Game Fishes," that the muscallunge sometimes reaches a length of 8 feet and a weight of 100 pounds. I should think an 8-foot muscallunge, if there ever was such a fish, would weigh a great deal more than any 100 pounds. I have never heard from Mr. Nevins, superintendent of the Wisconsin Fish Commission, who caught the 102-pound muscallunge in Lake Minocqua, what were the measurements of the fish, if they were taken. Should this come to Mr. Nevins' eye, will he please advise the readers of FOREST AND STREAM what the measurements of this monster muscallunge were? This is the biggest fish which has ever been taken in any part of the West, so far as known. It has before been stated that this fish was returned to the water and is still there—one of the fishes which are quite as good as any which have been caught.

About Rain Coats.

To-day I started out to make myself a rain coat for fishing purposes, not being able to find anything in the market which just suited me. At a rubber store I found some light rubber cloth such as is used in camera work by photographers. It is apparently silk, water-proofed. The cost was only 35 cents a yard, and I got three yards. Then I had a tailor cut my three yards of stuff in the middle and sew the edges together with a lap seam, all except a hole in the middle big enough for one's head to go through. At the edges of this hole the seams were reinforced with pieces of cloth set in. The material cost me $1.05 and the labor 20 cents. My rain coat weighs just 18 ounces and will cover me well enough, whether standing in the water in a stream or sitting on a boat seat.

By the way, I had a chance to try the coat this very afternoon. I was going out to meet Fred Peet over at Jefferson Park in order to try a fly-rod. It had been raining all the afternoon and the seats of the street cars were very wet. I had put my rain coat in my pocket, thinking we might need it at the park. Enter now a tall and scornful young lady with plenty good clothes. Seeing that she looked longingly at the seat, I accosted her to the effect that her clothes cost about $1,100, and were not good enough for her at that, but if she wished to sit down, I had a little arrangement which I always carried with me for just such cases. I spread my new poncho on the seat, the lady sat down, and for two miles never said a word to me. That was just one mile beyond where I wanted to go. I was scared to ask her to let me have the coat again. Thus one may see that there are advantages and disadvantages in the ownership of a hand-made poncho of which one is very proud.

Trying the Rod.

By the way, as to the fly-rod, I got a box of half a dozen from New York this morning. None of these suited me but one, and that I held out, returning the others at once. Fred Peet and I tried this rod this evening. It weighs 4¾ ounces, is 9 feet 1 inch long and is a shore daisy. This is not so much a casting rod or a tournament rod as it is a fishing rod. It goes into my battery at once.

Meat Rod.

Mr. Peet brought out to the little park lagoon this evening another rod, which I think was about the homeliest thing in the way of a fishing rod I ever did see. It was wound with cane and leather and things at the hand grasp, had a foot and a half of wood above the hand grasp, and then went into split bambo. It had a continual wrapping from one end to the other in diamond pattern. The whole thing, I imagine, must have weighed 7½ to 8 ounces. It was a fright. Fred tried my new rod for a while, and we both agreed it was probably the best one ever made in the whole wide world. Then he modestly asked me to try his rod. I smiled in a lofty sort of way and took hold of the outfit. It was rigged with a D line, good and heavy. I began to cast with it.

"How will you trade rods right now?" I asked him.

"Not for a hundred dollars," said he.

"I don't blame you," said I.

This rod was made by an amateur, or semi-amateur, over in Michigan, who builds a few each winter for his friends at a moderate cost. The builder himself is an angler, and I must say that in this rod he has built a fishing rod. It will almost cast by itself and will drive a line directly into the wind. Short line or long line, it lays it straight and is capable of any amount of delicacy in handling its flies. This is not a choke-bore rod. I should call it a good old-fashioned, plain, homely, cylinder-bore fly-rod, the kind that brings the meat into camp. I don't know how I am going to get it away from Fred Peet, but I think I shall have to have it somehow. There is nothing like having plenty of fly-rods in the family in case anything should go wrong. I am afraid to count up how many I have beside this new one I got to-day, and this one of Fred Peet's, which I am going to have some day.

Bound for the Coast.

By the way, several of the Chicago boys will start out in a few weeks now for the fly-casting tournament at San Francisco. These Chicago folks want to sample the trout fishing on the Pacific Coast. Mr. Peet, for instance, is anxious to go up into the Puget Sound country, of which we read so much. He is a stranger there, and I wish some good, honest angler of that locality would send me his name and address if he is willing to receive Mr. Peet's call sometime in August and to direct Mr. Peet to some good fishing out in that part of the world. He will stop at Seattle on his way back, and any Seattle sportsman can confer a favor on me by doing a kindness to this Chicago angler.

Good Gut.

In spite of the longest kind of a pocket book and the greatest kind of care, it is sometimes difficult to get a first-rate article of gut for leader making. Neither is it always possible to get perfect leaders out of the stock in trade. The best leaders I have ever seen were those tied by the gentleman above mentioned, Mr. Peet, and he got his gut from a firm in San Francisco. He has promised to bring me two or three hanks when he comes back from the shore. Then—after I have traded him out of his homely old fly-rod—I think I shall be pretty near ready to do some business with the trout and bass.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Angling Near New York.

SALT-WATER angling in local waters has been poor for the past week or more, but reports from the fishing waters show that there has been marked improvement within the past few days. The weakfish have again begun to bite, and good catches are reported from most of the waters. In Jamaica Bay, where many anglers were disappointed last week, the weakfishing is now good, while the bay is full of fluke. Sea bass are also being caught in satisfactory numbers.

The Staten Island waters, too, are yielding good results. The weakfishing at Gifford's continues excellent; hardly a boat returns without a good catch of the fish. At South Beach weakfish and fluke are being taken in goodly numbers.

At Sheepshead Bay, L. I., where the weakfishing has been very backward this season, there is now good fishing. Good catches of weakfish are made in the bay off Ritchie's Point, while in the Rockaway Inlet the fluke are plentiful. The outside waters reached from this place are good points for deep-sea fishing.

Weakfishing at Long Beach, L. I., is unsatisfactory at present, but great catches of sea bass and porgies are made here. These fish are caught by the hundreds, but only a few weakfish are taken. Some kingfish are being caught in the surf.

Deep-sea fishing is at its best just now. The boats running to the Fishing Banks bring in large catches of sea bass and fluke, and enormous numbers of ling.

Some bluefish have been caught and a few striped bass, but neither of these fine fish are yet biting in any numbers in the local waters. G. F. DIEHL.

Where to Get Wild Celery.

MR. R. B. WHITE, of Water Lily, N. C., on Currituck Sound, writes: "If any of your friends should want wild celery seed, I shall thank you if you will direct them to me. I have beeen advertising in the FOREST AND STREAM to the effect that I can now supply this seed. My father, Joseph B. White, shipped to the Tolleston Club, of Chicago, a few bushels of wild celery seed to-day. He has also shipped seed to Lac du Flambeau, Wis., and to Denver, Colo." E. HOUGH.

Potomac Bass.

PASSING through Point of Rocks, Potomac River, on Monday, July 7, I saw a fisherman who had caught a fine string of a dozen or more black bass. The river was rather muddy on account of the recent heavy rains. At Harper's Ferry the same condition prevailed, but I saw no bass. The fish at Point of Rocks were about eight to ten inches long, and I am informed that larger ones are scarce in that part of the stream. T. H. B.

A Coney Island Turtle.

JACOB SMYTH, of Lake Street, Coney Island, while fishing for weakfish at the Old Iron Pier last Sunday, caught a turtle that weighed 413 pounds.

Peanut Growing in Miniature.

THOSE who have never seen peanuts growing, will be interested in the experiment. The ground should be light, soil well manured with fresh manure from the stable. Dig a space say about two feet square and six inches deep. Prepare the nuts as follows: Select good firm, full shells; cut a small piece from the shell away from the end having a small fibre attached; soak them a day or two in water, and then plant them about six in a hill two or three inches apart and cover with soil to a depth of one or two inches.

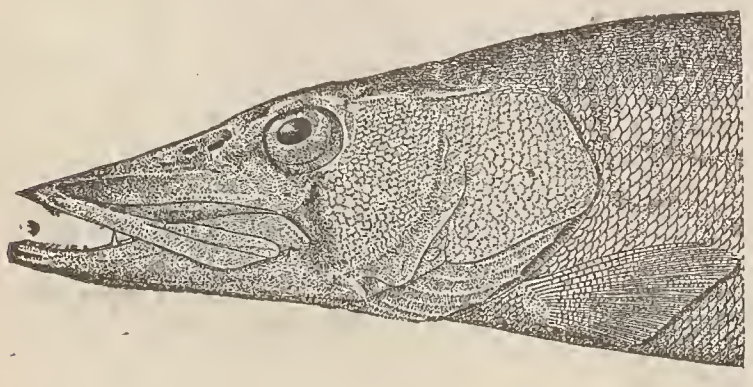
Pike, Pickerel, Mascalonge.

WE reprint for the benefit of several inquirers these illustrations of the three fishes, with enlarged cuts of the heads, showing the markings so clearly that there should be no difficulty in distinguishing one from the others.

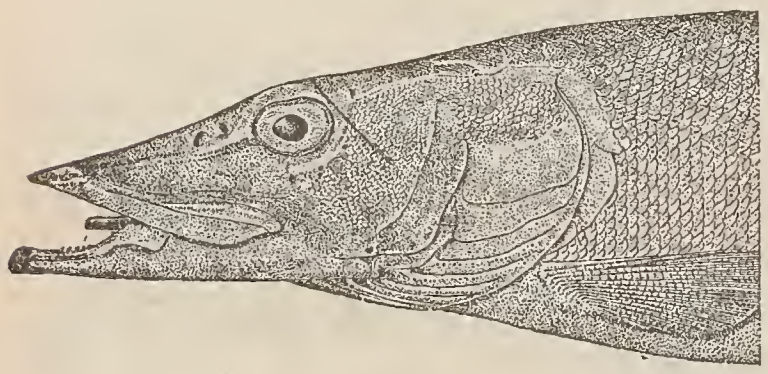
The most marked difference, perhaps, in the pike and mascalonge, that is constant is the scales on cheek and gill covers. In the case of the mascalonge the scales cover the upper half only (generally about eight rows of scales) of the cheeks and gill covers; while in the case of the pike the cheeks are entirely covered with scales, and the lower half of the gill covers is bare the same as the mascalonge. The coloring of the pike is more constant than the coloring of the mascalonge. The pike of this country and Europe are the same, and always it is found with lemon-colored, bean-shaped spots on a darker ground.

Something about the three fishes is told thus by Fred Mather in one of his "Fresh-Water Angling" chapters in FOREST AND STREAM:

Here are three good American game fishes which somehow seem to be mixed up in the minds of anglers who fish, but do not read. They know the three names, and in a vague way attach them to the fish found in their local waters. To readers of FOREST AND STREAM the differences have been pointed out in print and in picture many times, but these things require to be hammered at and reiterated year after year before a few anglers in separate localities are well enough informed to begin the education of their neighbors. There is no good reason



PICKEREL.
Cheeks and opercles completely scaled.



PIKE.
Cheeks scaly. Lower half of opercles naked.

MASCALONGE.
Lower half of cheeks and opercles naked.

for confounding the three species, for they are not only distinct in points of structure, but their colors differ so greatly that there should be no confusion, and color is more regarded by the angler than by the ichthyologist. A man should not only know how to catch fish, but also how to name them correctly.

Pickerel.

In portions of Canada this name is applied to a hard-finned member of the perch tribe, and in parts of the United States it is used properly, and also improperly, for the great pike. The pickerel, *E. reticulatus*, gets its specific name from the Latin *reticula*, a net, on account of a more or less distinct black network on its yellowish or greenish sides. This should be a sufficient guide to the angler, but in some waters where this and the next species exist there are anglers and fishermen who do not separate them, or if they do they call the larger species mascalonge when they are simply pike.

In the three species of which this paper will treat the shape and position of the fins is the same. Except in large specimens there is no aldermanic abdomen, the lines of the back and belly being nearly parallel, with the soft dorsal fin set far back, near the tail, and but slightly in advance of the anal fin, which, with its fewer rays, comes out about even behind.

The pickerel is called "jack" in Virginia and Southern waters, and as they have no other species there we can get on understandingly. It is found in the clear, grassy streams and ponds of the Atlantic coast from Maine to Alabama, but not west of the Alleghanies, nor in the Great Lake region. It was introduced into the Adirondacks from Fulton county, N. Y., in 1842, and they have spread from the "south woods" north to Meacham Lake, ruining many good trout lakes and streams, for worms, insects and their larvæ do not enter into the diet of this family to any noticeable extent; they live on fish and are the sharks of fresh water. The pickerel seldom exceeds 6 pounds in weight, and 8 pounds is believed to be the limit of its size.

Pike.

The pike grows to a weight of 40 pounds and over, and this fact makes some fishermen confound it with its big brother, the mascalonge. Its color is a bluish gray, with oval white spots about the size of a white bean. As the mascalonge is black spotted, plain or slightly barred the confusion in names can only exist among those who have not seen both species. The fact that it has no scales on its cheek and none on the lower half of its gill cover would not be noticed by the average angler.

The pike, *Lucius lucius*, has probably the greatest range of any fresh-water fish. It is found throughout northern Europe and as far south as Italy. It occurs in Asia, and we would not be surprised to find it scooping in the smaller fishes in some of the lakes and streams of Africa, when the British angler explores that continent in search of new fields and fishes. Ah me! if I were only twenty now, with the spirit of adventure that once raged, and the geographical knowledge and possibilities of travel of to-day, the streams of Siberia, South Africa and India would be a mine of fishy wealth to explore.

In America the range of this fish was originally from Lake Champlain to northern Indiana and the northwest to Alaska, according to Jordan. It has been extended to the Adirondacks of New York by vandals who placed it in the trout lakes there for reasons best known to themselves; let us hope that it was in ignorance of the destructiveness of the fish. In places where the pike occurs it is commonly mistaken for the mascalonge because it is larger than the pickerel, the exceptions being where both of the larger species are found. How any man who has once seen these two great pikes can confound them is a great puzzle.

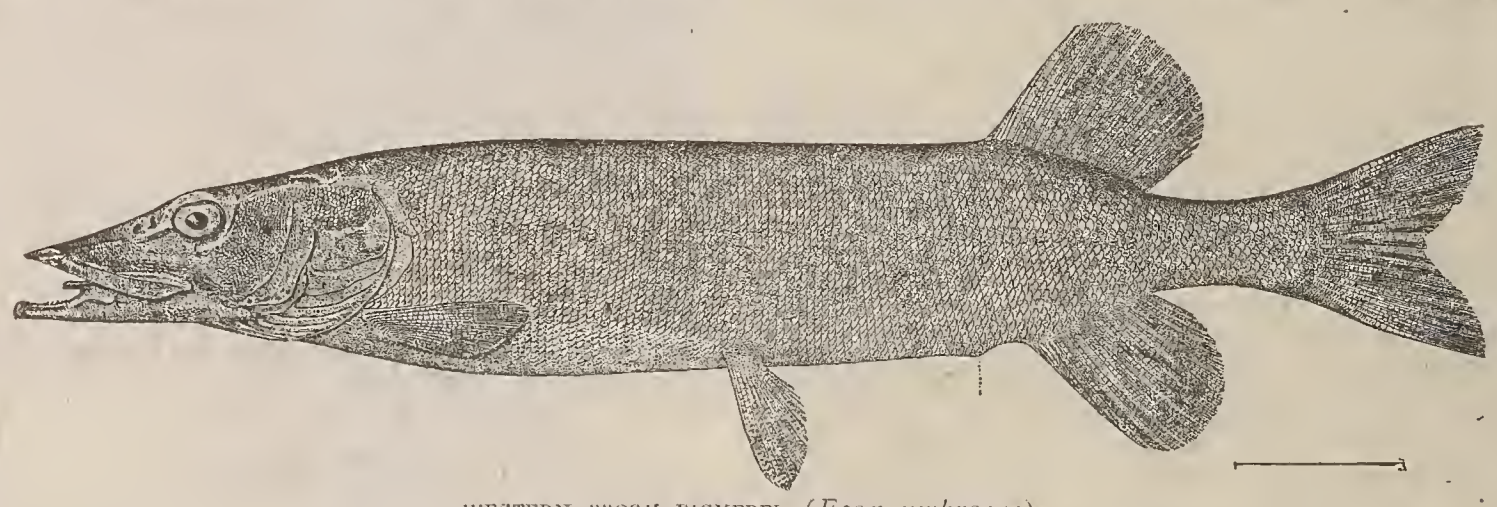
The Mascalonge.

The range of the mascalonge is quite limited. It does not exist in the Adirondacks, although the St. Lawrence River and Lake Ontario are its home. It is found in the Great Lakes and in Chautauqua Lake, in the southwest corner of New York, which, although near Lake Erie, drains its waters into the Alleghany River through Conewango Creek, and thus the fish gets into the Ohio Valley. Curiously, this isolated branch of the species is not spotted, nor does it grow as large as in the Great Lakes, where there are legends of its having obtained a weight of 100 pounds. I have seen this fish among the Indians about Crow Wing and Mille Lacs, Minn., in the fifties, but never saw one that would weigh over ten pounds with them. These were black-spotted, and as these waters flow into the Mississippi River, the only reason that they differ from their brothers of the upper Ohio Valley seems to be that there must be impassable water in the rivers before they join.

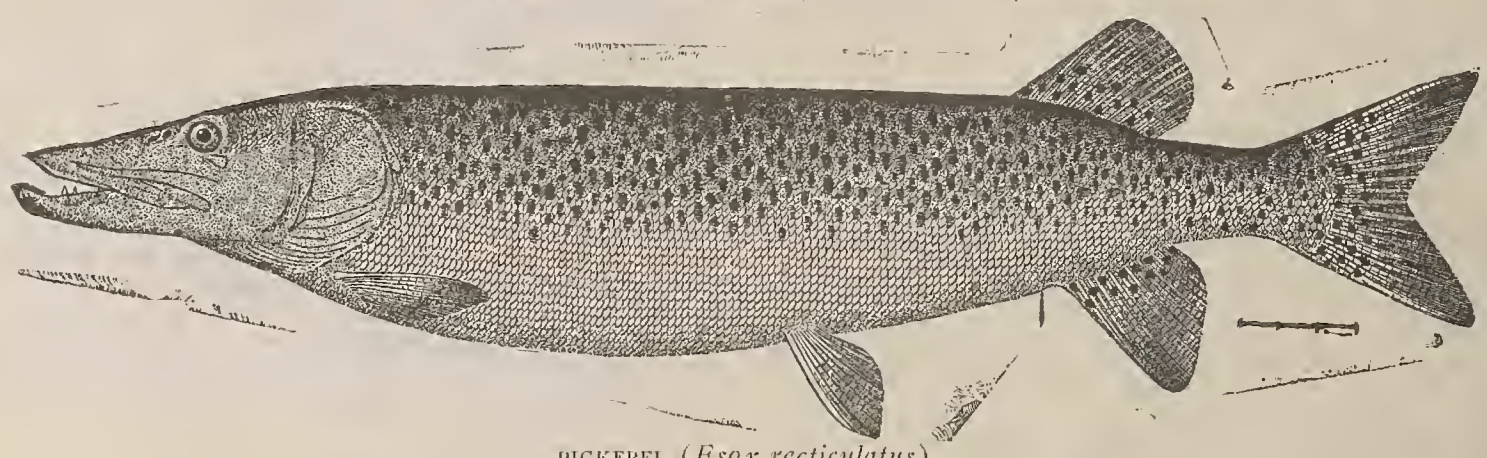
The pike will go on mud flats in spring freshets, and in hot weather is found in shallow, warm water among the weeds, while a mascalonge loves deep, cool lakes or swift, clear waters. Floods do not tempt him to roam over lands that are temporarily flooded, and with this knowledge we may find a key to the problem of distribution and of the isolation of some members which by interbreeding have lost the spots. The Wisconsin fish are spotted.

Pickerel Fishing.

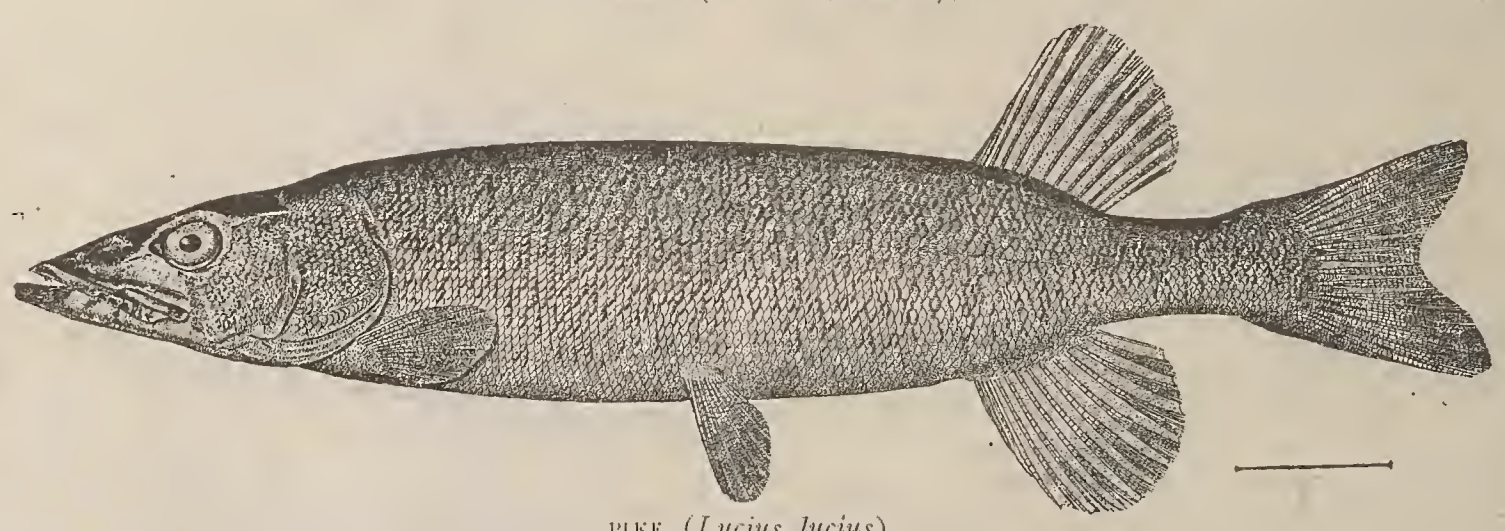
The angler for pickerel may take his fish in many ways,



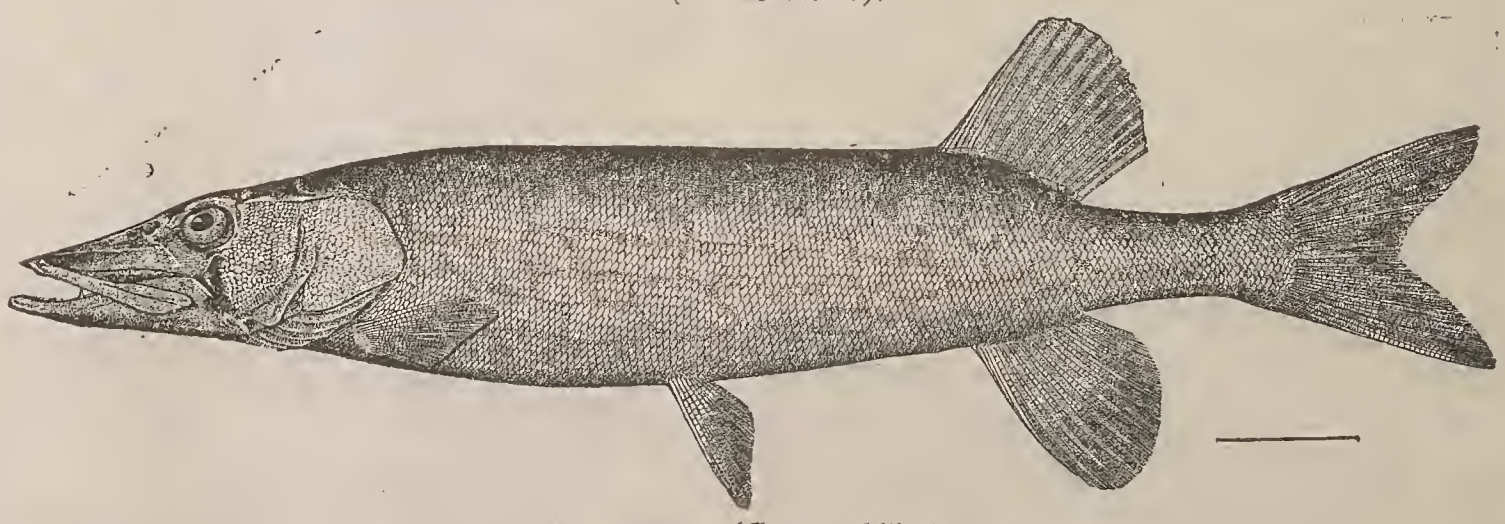
WESTERN BROOK PICKEREL (*Esox umbrosus*).



PICKEREL (*Esox reticulatus*).



PIKE (*Lucius lucius*).



MASCALONGE (*Esox nobilior*).

and with as little consideration for his game as the pickerel has for a toothsome trout. The fish is the worst kind of a cannibal, and one that weighs twice as much as another thinks of his smaller relative merely as something to decorate his interior. This is the best trait in the character of this whole family—they destroy each other—and as a fisheulturist I wish they would emulate the famed Kilkenny cats. The world would be better without them. Therefore any kind of a mouthful of steel is pardonable to use on the brutes. I took one of about four pounds weight which had three small trout in its pouch, and which wanted my chub to add to its collection. Three trout to feed a durned pickerel! From my point of view these three trout were sadly misplaced in the economy of nature, for they should have met a better fate: they were "lads of high degree," and they went to sustain a fish which Adirondack guides call a "snake-eater."

In trolling for pickerel, if you use a spoon, and it is as good to troll with as a minnow gang, and less trouble, let it be suited to the size of the fish which you may reasonably expect to strike. A pickerel has an eye for fish which will fill his bill, and seldom makes the mistake of tackling a fish which is too big, although in the South Kensington Museum, London, I saw a plaster cast of a twenty-pound pike which had choked to death in trying to swallow one too near its size, and had been

captured and set up as a horrid example of greediness. Therefore, let your spoon or minnow be in proportion to the game which you expect to get. This is something which the beginner must learn, and perhaps there is no better way than to consult a first-class tackle dealer, but it is better to err on the side of smallness, whether of spoon or minnow.

In trolling from a boat, use an ordinary trout or bass bait rod—a fly-rod is hardly the thing if the fish are large. Row slowly, with just enough motion to spin the spoon well, and you can judge of this by putting it over the side and watching it. The slower the better, if the spoon spins and glitters well.

These remarks apply to all of this family, and therefore there is no need of repeating them for the pike and mascalonge. Having fed all these fishes in the confinement of aquaria, and watched them take live minnows, it may be pardoned if I say just how all the pike family approach and take their prey. When they are very hungry they will make a sudden rush from below and seize the living minnow and then retire with it to consider the next move. Then, if it has been taken crosswise, or tail first, it is ejected and turned so as to be taken head first, when the fins and scales lie in the proper manner to slip down easily.

If, however, the pike or pickerel is not hungry, but would take a little something if it looked tempting, the tactics are different. There is no sudden rush: the game is pointed as a setter points a woodcock. There is no motion of the body, nor of that propeller which we call a caudal fin, but a wary motion of the dorsal and anal fins sends the fish slowly ahead, while its eye glitters with suppressed excitement. The distance is gauged, there is a rush, a flash, and the minnow or spoon is engulfed.

If using a spoon the angler knows whether his game is hooked or not, and that the fish cannot eject the bait if it would; and then, after a short struggle, the fish yields. In describing how a pickerel, which is not hungry, approaches a fish, the only object is to warn the angler not to row too fast and thereby pass too quickly from the field in which a pickerel or other member of the family wishes to approach its prey.

There is a gang on gut or gimp, consisting of a lip hook for the minnow and a hook to be carried over its back and inserted under the dorsal fin, and then one of a triplet is hooked into the tail in a way to bend the minnow and thereby give it a semi-rotary motion. It is a most murderous combination, but none too severe for this cannibalistic family.

A stiff cane is used for this work, and should be from 18 to 20 feet long in order to cast 30 feet, and then "skitter" a minnow on the surface of the water. I have used a ringed Limerick hook, size 4-0, but do not know why this has been preferred further than that it was the first hook I used for the work, and so to use it has become a habit. To-day, if a change was made, it would be for the more modern turn-down eye Pennell hook of that size, or of a size larger. A foot of gimp or of piano wire should connect the hook with the line. The minnow or frog should be hooked through both lips, and it is merciful to pierce the brain with a knife, because the bait is as good dead as alive, and it is cruel to kill it by such rough usage as skittering.

From the shore the bait should be cast into open places among the weeds, but from a boat the angler should stand in the bow and cast ahead into unbroken water.

A good bait rod and reel are the proper tools, and a live minnow hooked just under the dorsal fin, or a frog hooked firmly in the muscle of a hindleg, near the backbone, is the best of baits. If a float is used it should allow the bait only three feet to go down, unless the water is over ten feet deep, because all of this tribe seek prey that is above them, as is denoted by their lower jaw being longest. A float is a nuisance when a reel is used, but is one of those evils which we sometimes term "necessary."

When a pickerel seizes a spoon hook it is either well hooked or lost at the moment of contact, as the fish knows at once that it has made a mistake, and will get rid of the combination of steel and other ingredients if possible. With a minnow or frog it is different. The pickerel may take it crosswise in its mouth and run to cover with it. Let him run and have time to gloat over his prize, eject it, and take it head on and pouch it. This may consume some minutes, during which there is no sign of life at the far end of the line. Wait. After the bait is fairly down the pickerel moves and finds itself fast, and then the angler may begin the fight with no danger of drawing the bait away and alarming its game by a premature movement.

Pike Fishing.

The same methods are used for pike as for pickerel. Their habits are much the same, and they are found in similar waters. For the larger fish we must use larger hooks and baits. Where pike of ten pounds may be looked for, a 7-0 hook or larger is the right size, and the minnow should be five or six inches long, frogs in proportion. Spoons are made in so many shapes (and the makers have a scale of sizes of their own) that the angler must work out this problem of size.

There are spoon baits in great variety, and all of them will catch weeds, some more than others, and the angler must reel up occasionally to look for weeds, since a bit of green weed on spoon or minnow tells your game that it is an undesirable morsel, for the fish knows that no living minnow or frog drags weeds with it.

Both pike and pickerel are taken through the ice with live baits, and this is the only winter sport of the fresh-water angler. Many holes are cut and the lines are attached to "tip-ups," which signal the fact that a fish is hooked.

Mascalonge.

It is in the Great Lakes where this king of the pike family grows to its greatest size, but with an increased population they do not live long enough to attain their maximum weight. The clear waters of the Thousand Islands, at the head of the St. Lawrence River, is a famous place for them, but their numbers have greatly decreased in late years. It is a gamier fighter than its relative, the pike, and coming from clearer waters it is a better table fish.

It is mainly caught by trolling the minnow or the spoon, with an eight-foot bait rod, a multiplying reel, and 100 yards of good cuttyhunk bass line. The best seasons for mascalonge are in June and again in September and October. All fish weighing over ten pounds should be gaffed; the landing net is too light for them.

Maine and Elsewhere.

BOSTON, July 11.—George J. Raymond, J. J. Munroe, S. R. Raymond and F. N. Ganong recently made up a Boston fishing party to Sunapee Lake. They caught about thirty bass; all on the fly; none were very large, but "it was rare sport to catch the gamy fellows." They also caught a number of the aureolus trout, for which Sunapee Lake is celebrated. They describe these trout as very beautiful and weighing from ¼ of a pound to 3 pounds. The fishermen were much pleased with boatman I. P. Rawson, who took them out. They found him a boatman or guide worth having. This is written to give other guides a hint, if they desire to please their patrons. The boat was large, roomy and very steady; painted pure white and most scrupulously clean. The whole inside was lined with stout canvas. The seats were armchairs, with legs sawn off and mounted on springs, with spring bottom under the cushions. In the lockers that were under the seats was to be found everything to make the sportsman happy. Rubber clothing was ready in case of a storm. One of the boys suggested that he wished he had brought a straw hat, as the sun was hot. Behold the locker came open and there were straw hats. All sorts of fishing tackle were on the boat: rods, with neatly arranged rod rests, for trolling. Guide Rawson was suggestive, but not officious. If the fish did not take a certain fly after a fair trial, he would say: "Now let us try this fly." Then, if the fisherman was agreed, he would deftly make the change. For all this service, boat and all, with four in the boat, his charge was the very moderate one of $3 per day. Verily, it is in the power of the guide to make the sportsman happy.

Mrs. Frank L. Hosmer, of Baldwinsville, Mass., has just made the champion bass catch of the season—a beauty of 4 pounds weight, from Queen Lake in Templeton. At the Upper Dam Mr. L. A. Reese recently landed in one and a half hours 43 pounds of fish; three trout and the balance salmon, fifteen fish in all, including one of over 5 pounds. Mr. Eugene Lynch, of Boston, is back again from the Upper Dam with a record of ten fish, all taken on the fly. J. S. Doan, of Boston, and J. C. Morgan, of Norwich, have both made good records.

Mr. N. G. Manson and Mrs. Manson, of Weston, went up to Camp Leatherstocking, Richardson Lake, last week, where they make their summer home. About the first morning in camp Mr. Manson rose at 4 o'clock to look at the weather. What was his surprise to see a big bull moose, not 75 feet away, quietly nibbling the grass and twigs in front of the camp. Watching the ungainly beast did not seem to alarm him in the least, and all hands were aroused and had a good look. Mr. Manson writes that "he looked the property all over leisurely, with the suggestion from his big eyes that he might come again. Then trotted quietly away and into the woods."

BOSTON, July 14.—Mr. Felix Taussig, a Boston fisherman who lives at Sharon, fished Lake Massapoag on the Fourth, and as the result took over to the store of his firm four bass, one of 2½, one of 3½, one of 4½ and one of 5½ pounds. Mr. F. A. Perry had his Fourth of July fishing at Black Brook, Lake Road, above Andover, Me. Sportsmen who formerly went into the Rangeley region by way of Andover, will remember this brook as one of the best trout brooks in Maine. Though in the deep woods, it is near to the Lake Road for nearly eight miles. Large and full of pools and deep gorges, it is naturally full of trout, but excessive fishing had reduced it to almost utter depletion, till up to six or eight years ago, when it was legally closed to all fishing for all but three days in a week. This amount of protection has seemed to partly restore the trout. Mr. Perry fished from the Bridge up to the Devil's Den, about three miles, and took thirty-five handsome trout. Some were up to ½ pound weight. He hears of trout being taken from that brook this year of over 1 pound, and a good many of them. But Andover has a good many trout fishermen, beside a country for miles below, from which fishermen drive with teams in great numbers. Even the women of that section are fishing the brooks. One Andover woman has a record of 1,000 trout taken at different times this year; mostly from Sawyer Brook, which comes into that town. Mr. L. O. Crane and Mrs. Crane, of Boston, at the Megantic Preserve, write that the fishing is good, though the water is still high from constant rains. At L Pond Mr. Crane had a catch of thirty trout at one trip, nearly all of which were returned to the water.

The Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association spent the most of last week in a session at Kineo, Moosehead Lake. The most important feature of the session was the meeting of Monday evening when the question was discussed, "How Shall Money Be Raised for the Protection and Propagation of Fish and Game?" This opened the hunters' license question full blast, and nobody was there to say much in opposition to the imposing of such a license. The Hon. J. F. Sprague read a paper in which he pointed out all the necessity of more money and what seemed to him to be the utter impossibility of raising any more from taxation. He then attempted to show how admirably a system of taxing outside sportsmen would work. He forgot to suggest that it is optional with a sportsman, who does not live in Maine, whether he goes to that State for hunting or not; that already the tax is tremendous on those who have been in the habit of going there; that thousands are now kept out of that State by the cost; that the imposition of a further tax, especially in the form of an obnoxious license, that must be paid whether the hunter is successful or not, will tend to keep thousands more away. He seemed to forget that the great majority of those who have heretofore gone to Maine to hunt are not bondholders and aristocrats with "money to burn." If he could be thrown among sportsmen outside of Maine as I am thrown among them, through meeting them in a business away almost every day in the year, he would soon learn that the only sportsmen of that class who favor a license system in Maine are the few who happen to have wealth and are willing to pay for a license to hunt themselves in order to keep the rabble of hunters away. He did not touch upon the fact that Maine's worst enemies of her fish and game dwell within her borders, whom he does not propose to touch with his license system. What would Mr. Sprague think of a Boston dry goods store that should, with a body of keepers at the doors, attempt to tax everybody who came in to look at goods, simply because through mismanagement or otherwise, the store was not paying? He would say, better by far let everybody come in freely and get the needed money from the goods sold; that is, tax the sportsmen, residents of the State, not living in the immediate locality, as well as non-residents, for the game actually obtained. If Maine wants to get revenue from her big game, for greater protection, then let her go about it in a business-like way. Let her great men look thoroughly into the license systems of other States and see that as a system for producing revenue they have proved almost an utter failure.

It is a curious fact that the proposition discussed somewhat at the Kineo meeting, to make a law not permitting the carrying of firearms into the woods in close season did not meet with favor. One man argued that a rifle is just as necessary at a camp as a frying pan or water bucket. Necessary for what?

The summer boarder and tourist are more in order at many of the Maine fishing resorts now than the fisherman. Still, there are reports of good fly-fishing at Moosehead. Some good catches are being made at some of the Rangeley resorts. At Bald Mountain camps and at the new camps on the Decker Purchase there are a number of expert fishermen. Mr. C. A. Robinson, of South Windham, formerly a devotee of Sebago salmon fishing, has built a fine cottage on that purchase this year. His last record was two salmon, one of 5½ and the other 5 pounds. He has also a trout record for the same days, four, from 2½ pounds to 4 pounds. Mr. E. B. Newton, of Boston, has a camp there, built this year. His trout and salmon record is good. Mr. L. A. Reese, of Philadelphia, has lately made another fishing record at the Middle Dam, Richardson Lake: Trout, 2 and 3¼ pounds; salmon, 2, 3¼, 3, 2½, 2, 2, 2¾ and 4 pounds. Other fishermen are making good records there. The Pond-in-the-River is proving a good fishing ground with the present high water.

SPECIAL.

The Kennel.

Some Canine Epitaphs.

HERE are some epitaphs and elegies of departed dogs. Others will be given in later issues; and the series, as indicated by the present installment,, covers a wide range of time and place:

I.—The Dog's Grave.

Soft lie the turf on those who find their rest
Here on our common mother's ample breast.
Unstained by meanness, avarice and pride,
They never flattered and they never lied;
No gluttonous excess their slumber broke,
No burning alcohol, no stifling smoke.
They ne'er intrigued a rival to displace,
They ran, but never betted on a race;
Content with harmless sports and moderate food,
Boundless in love, and faith, and gratitude.
Happy the man, if there be any such,
Of whom his epitaph can say as much.

—Lord Sherbrooke.

II.—Bush.

In memoir of a true friend, pure and honest, an example to humanity, more honorable than the Star or Garter, a simple canine whose remains are interred at the root of this maple trees, by its owner, G. F. Dyer.

Here lies a dog that was almost a man, murdered by a man who was almost a brute. This faithful dog—

"Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear to his that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off."

His name is Bush, a dutiful companion of his owner, murdered by a Fiend

July 26th, 1889.

The Dog was superior to its Assassin. It had a Pedigree.

G. F. D.

III.—Poor Little Boxer.

In the pets' cemetery of Marlborough House, where are buried several of the pets of the King and Queen:

A true friend! Man or dog, what name
Could more win love or more enhance his fame?
Through burning desert and the midnight fray,
Where his fond master led the glorious way,
He bravely followed, and with mute caress
Cheered both his labors and his idleness.
A miscreant slew him, none were near to save;
Let kindly tears bedew his honored grave,
And fairest fingers twine his funeral wreath;
A faithful comrade is at rest beneath.

IV.—At the Burial of a Dog.

Small friend, of faithful heart and liquid eyes,
We give thee to our Mother Earth again,
And thank thee for thy friendship. We are men
Who pride ourselves that we are very wise;
We throw our glances upward to the skies,
Yet cannot tell what death is. Even when
Thy little spark of life escapes our ken,
We're left to grope in sad and blind surmise,
Dear dead companion, would that thou couldst know
What human tears are shed above thy grave!
How human-like we felt thy love to be!
How much to us thou wast, in weal and woe!
Thou merry, curious, willing little slave,
Half human, wondrous, wond'ring mystery!

—Arthur Ransom.

V.—Vite.

(From the New York Commercial Advertiser.)

A tragic story of a dog's devotion and faithfulness to his master, even unto death, is graven deep in a tablet hewn in the face of a rock beside the Kaaterskill Falls, at the time of the occurrence thirty-three years ago. It has interested many thousands of visitors to this beautiful and romantic region of the Catskills, who have made the descent into the wood-lined abysm where the falls plash and murmur and extend in a crystal brook that serpentines among the boulders to a more level course in Sunset Gorge at the foot of High Peak Mountain.

The epitaph is as follows:

To the Memory of
VITE,
The Bayard of Dogs,
Sans Peur et Sans Reproche.
Killed
June 19, 1868, by Leaping from the
Platform Above the Falls to
the Rocks Beneath.

This Epitah is Inscribed to His
Memory by His Friends
J. S. McK.—W. E. P.—J. K. M.

Vite was a spaniel. His master, with his friends, went to the foot of the falls, leaving the dog above. The animal could not see them, as they made the precipitous descent, and was in great distress, when at last they emerged from the woods into the open on the rocks, nearly 280 feet below. As his master appeared, Vite barked for joy, and perceiving no other way to reach him, unhesitatingly made the fearful leap.

VI.—Tiger Afterward Called Friend.

(From the London Field.)

In the middle of the garden of Eling Vicarage there is a life-size figure of a Newfoundland dog resting on an oval plinth, the monument altogether being about 6 feet high. On the sides of the plinth are inscriptions, one in Latin, the other in English. In the English version some slight gaps are owing to the stone having perished and been filled up with cement at some time or other. The following is the inscription:

In memory
Of a Newfoundland dog,
Formerly called Tiger, afterward Friend,
Eminently qualified
By acuteness of scent, quickness of eye,
Strength of body, peculiar sagacity,
For every duty of his species,
Who on the fourteenth day of October, 1789,
When one to whom he was yet a stranger,
But was in a short time to be his master,
Had unconsciously been carried out of his depth
While bathing in the sea at Portsmouth,
And being unable to swim
His strength became exhausted and his senses overpowered
By long struggling with the waves,
Rushed spontaneously to his assistance
Seized him by the hair,
Brought him cautiously and steadily to the shore,
And thus rescued him from imminent death,
From gratitude
. . . the preserver . . .
. . . guardian of . . .
Who . . . age the 6th . . .
. . . Phillips
Caused this monument to be erected
Over his remains which are here deposited
A.D. 1810.

From these dates it appears that the dog was in the possession of his new master, whose life he had saved, for twenty-one years, and obviously must have been something more than a puppy at the beginning of that time. T. THISTLE.

VII.—Toby Tone.

OXFORD, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The inclosed lines were printed fifty or sixty years ago, evidently from an English source. Can you tell where they can be found, and the author? Or can you give the missing line beginning the last stanza? The rest are fresh in mind, but this one seems to have vanished utterly.
F. G. DANIELS.

There's howling in the kennel, Dace,
Therc's mourning in the hall,
For Toby Tone has run his race,
Lamented by us all.

He ranged the stubble yesterday
With little Mike at side,
Then laid him down all quietly
And died at turn of tide.

The boys were quite disconsolate,
Nor deemed that it could be;
They placed a partridge by him straight
And fired volleys three;

But cold alike to scent or sound
He moved no tail nor head,
And so they laid him in the ground
Convinced that he was dead.

? ? ? ? ? ?
Since little Mike would swear
He'd flush a woodcock in the corn
And stand it in the clear;

And I myself, and scorn to cog,
Will say beneath the sun,
That Toby was as good a dog
As ever followed gun.

Canoeing.

Western Canoes.

Western Division Meet.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 5.—It is the expected which happens once in a while, about ten years later than it was expected. We have always expected that the Western Division of the A. C. A. would one of these bright days have a meet of its own, and now the expected is to happen. On July 12-26, at Ballast Island, this heroic little band of Western canoeists will once more assemble and do things to each other as well as to the rippling waves of Lake Erie and the circumambient atmosphere which is superimpendent thereupon. We are confidently advised that delegations will be on hand from Chicago, Toledo, Cleveland, Detroit, Dayton, Cincinnati, Oshkosh, Madison, Wis.; South Bend, Ind.; Springfield, Ill.; Springfield, O.; Bloomington, Ill.; Columbus, O.; Jackson, Mich.; St. Paul, Minn.; Fremont, O.; Wyandotte, Mich.; Rochester N. Y.; Hamilton and Kingston, Ont.; Pittsburg, Pa.; Rome, N. Y.; Des Moines, Ia.; Peoria, Ill.; Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.; Buffalo, N. Y., and other seaport towns. It would indeed be very gratifying did al lof these delegations appear. Perhaps one-tenth of them may appear, but even so, if these be of the old faithful guardians of the honor of the little craft in the West, then assuredly the meeting must be a success. If it is such, then let credit go where credit is due. The meeting of the Western Division of the A. C. A. at Ballast is due to the effective interest and the personal work of Mr. F. B. Huntington, Vice-Commodore.

These Western men have clung with great tenacity to their interest in the beautiful sport of canoeing. Hard times and many vicissitudes wrought the ruin of the old W. C. A. The Western Division of the A. C. A. is nothing better and nothing much bigger than the old W. C. A. The reorganization makes little difference. The men who make the organization in this, that or the other part of the country stand for the character of the sport itself. These men are drawn together at Ballast not by the wish of winning cups so much, I am convinced, as by the honorable and very beautiful feeling of fellowship which has so long existed among them.

As to Ballast Island itself, it is by no means a name with which to conjure. High, rocky, restricted, offering no sport at all excepting in the nature of sailing, Ballast Island never appealed to me personally. I like localities less civilized. E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Announcement and Programme of Meet at Ballast Island

Lake Erie, July 12 to 26, 1902.

For the first time in the history of its existence, the Western Division of the A. C. A. will hold a meet. There is every indication and assurance that it will be a good one. A canvass of clubs and members of this and adjoining divisions indicates a large attendance from the following cities: Milwaukee, Wis.; Chicago, Ill.; Detroit, Mich.; Toledo, O.; Cleveland, O.; Dayton, O.; Cincinnati, O.; Oshkosh, Wis.; Madison, Wis.; South Bend, Ind.; Springfield, Ill.; Bloomington, Ill.; Springfield, O.; Columbus, O.; Jackson, Mich.; St. Paul, Minn.; Fremont, O.; Wyandott, Mich.; Rochester, N. Y.; Toronto, Hamilton, Ont.; Kingston, Ont.; Pittsburg, Pa.; Rome, N. Y.; Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.; Des Moines, Ia.; Buffalo, N. Y., and Peoria, Ill.

LOCATION.

Ballast Island, Lake Erie, the birthplace of canoeing in the West, and for many years the home of the Western Canoe Association, has been chosen as the location of the present meet.

DATE.

The meet will open Saturday, July 12, and continue for two weeks, or until Saturday, July 26. We have arranged for moonlight during this time.

CAMP SITE ARRANGEMENTS.

Mr. C. J. Stedman, of Cincinnati, and Mr. J. R. Bartlett, of Fremont, O., constitute the Camp Site Committee, and have charge of the details of all camp arrangements. Members are requested to communicate with Mr. Stedman at once, announcing the probable date of their arrival, their requirements in the way of tents and tent floors, whether or not they are to be accompanied by members of their family; in short, a statement of their plans as far as possible, in respect to attending the meet.

Board for those occupying tents, $1 per day. Board for those occupying cottages, $10 per week. Ice water free in camp. Ice to members, 20 cents per 100 pounds.

A few cottages or rooms in same may be available for those who wish them.

Members are requested to bring their own cots, bedding and tents.

Mail should be addressed to Canoe Camp, Ballast Island, Lake Erie, via Put-in-Bay, Ohio.

ENTERTAINMENT.

Mr. G. H. Gardner, of Cleveland, O., and Mr. W. H. Yardley, of St. Paul, Minn., constitute the Entertainment Committee, and all arrangements for entertainment are in their hands. An attractive programme has been prepared by them for the edification of members, their wives and families. Bring your musical instruments, jokes, ping pong, games, and aid the committee in its efforts to provide amusement.

TRANSPORTATION.

Ballast Island is reached by steamer from Put-in-Bay. Put-in-Bay is reached by steamers from Cleveland, Sandusky, Toledo and Detroit. The following are the one way rates from points named to Sandusky, O., which is the nearest railroad point:

Chicago, Ill., $8.25; Peoria, Ill., $11.25; Springfield, Ill., $12; Bloomfield, Ill., $10.60; Milwaukee, Wis, $10.80; Madison, Wis., $12 17; Oshkosh, Wis, $13.22; Cincinnati, O., $5.85; Springfield, O., $3.90; Dayton, O., $4.15; Fremont, O., 70 cents; Columbus, O., $3.30; Cleveland, O., $1.80; Toledo, O., $1.45; Detroit, Mich, $2.75; Jackson, Mich., $3.59; Ypsilanti, Mich., $3.34; Wyandotte, Mich., $2.60 St. Paul, Minn., $19.75; Minneapolis, Minn., $19.75; South Bend, Ind., $5.90; St. Louis, Mo., $13.30; Davenport, Ia., $12.87; Des Moines, Ia., $18.40; Buffalo, N. Y., $6.80; Rochester, N. Y., $8.18; Rome, N. Y., $10.56; Pittsburg, Pa., $5.80.

The Detroit and Cleveland Navigation Company name the following rates: Cleveland to Put-in-Bay, and return, $1.25; Toledo to Put-in-Bay and return, $1; Canoes, Cleveland or Toledo to Put-in-Bay, $1 each.

The Ashley & Dustin Line steamers name the following rates: Detroit to Put-in-Bay, and return, $1. Canoes, Detroit to Put-in-Bay and return, $1.

The Sandusky and Island Steamship Company will make rate: Sandusky to Put-in-Bay and return, $1. Canoes, Sandusky to Put-in-Bay and return, $1 each.

Capt. E. J. Dodge, steamer Ina, will make rates between Put-in-Bay and Ballast, one way, 15 cents; round trip, 25 cents; trunks, 25 cents; canoes, 50 cents.

It is suggested that members make inquiry of their ticket agent in respect to excursion and tourist rates to Cleveland, Sandusky, Toledo and Detroit, and take advantage of such reduced rates as may be in effect.

RACING PROGRAMME.

Mr. J. R. Stewart, 3535 Euclid avenue, Cleveland, O., chairman of the Regatta Committee, makes the following announcement in respect to the racing:

The regatta will begin July 21 and be run off as fast thereafter as wind and weather conditions will permit. In addition to the Gardner cup, W. C. A. trophy, and Gardner trophy, an attractive line of prizes has been secured.

CAMP RULES.

1. A member will be appointed by the commodore daily to act as Officer of the Day, who will have charge of the camp, and will be obeyed accordingly. He will appoint pickets to assist him.
2. Members will register and pay their camp dues of $1 at purser's tent immediately upon arrival.
3. The commodore or purser will be at headquarters for the transaction of business from 9 until 11 A. M., and 1 until 3 P. M. each day, but will be immediately available at all other hours.
4. Tents may be located by owners, subject to the approval of the Camp Site Committee, and with due regard for the thoroughfares and lines. Daily before 10 o'clock tents and grounds must be put in order; all refuse, papers etc., must be ready for removal by the camp cart. Members will be held responsible for the appearance of their tents and the surrounding grounds. Due regard to dress while at meals is requested.
5. Camp will be open daily from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. Guests may be invited by card, obtained of the Purser. Before 10 A. M. and after 6 P. M. no guests will be expected in camp, except by invitation for occasions specially announced on bulletin board.
6. Visiting boats must land at the steamboat wharf, unless otherwise directed by officers in charge.
7. Reveille will be sounded at 7 A. M. The United States Army bugle calls will be used.
8. Flags will be raised at 8 A. M. and lowered at sunset. Last post will be sounded at 11 P. M., after which quiet will be maintained in camp. Hours for meals will be noted on the bulletin board and called by bugler.

The observance of these rules will greatly facilitate the officers in the discharge of their duties.

The Inter-Lake Yachting Association will hold their annual regatta at Put-in-Bay July 20 to 27, and through their commodore, Mr. C. C. Warren, have kindly extended their courtesies to the members of this Association.

The original Gardner cup, last sailed for at the Mullet Lake meet in 1896, has been lost, and diligent inquiry has failed to disclose it. If this circular reaches the eye of any one having knowledge of its whereabouts it is requested that they communicate with the vice-commodore.

The annual meeting of the Division for the election of officers and transaction of appropriate business will be held during the second week of the meet.

F. B. HUNTINGTON, Vice-Com.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1902.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also changes which may be made in the future.

JULY.

19. Penataquit-Corinthian, Lighthouse cup, Bay Shore.
19. Shelter Island, club race, Loehrke cup, Shelter Island Heights.
19. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club race for Centre Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
19. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
19. Stamford Corinthian, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open. Stamford, Long Island Sound.
19. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Massachusetts Bay.
19. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
19. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
19. Beverly, club, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
19. Manhasset Bay, club, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
19-26. Larchmont, race week, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
19-31. Royal Canadian, L. Y. R. A. circuit, Toronto.
21-26. Interlake Y. A., an. regatta, Put-in-Bay, Toledo, Lake Erie.
24-26. Hull-Massachusetts, midsummer series, Y. R. A., open, Hull, Boston Harbor.
26. Quincy, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
26. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
26. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Massachusetts Bay.
26 to Aug. 2. Corinthian, annual cruise, from Delaware River to Long Island Sound.
26. Beverly, third Cor., Mon. Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
26. Manhasset Bay, club, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
26. Beverly, third Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
26. Mosquito Fleet, club, City Point, Boston Harbor.
26. Atlantic, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
26. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
26. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club race for Centre Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
26. Norwalk, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, So. Norwalk, L. I. Sound.
26. Hartford, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Saybrook, L. I. Sound.
28 Wollaston, M. Y. R. A., open, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
28-29. Boston Y. R. A., open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
29, 31 and Aug. 2. Kennebec, commodore's cup series, Bath, Me.
30-31. Corinthian, Midsummer Invitation series, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.

For Cruising Yachtsmen.

WITH the purpose of stimulating the interest in cruising, and the keeping of a detailed log by cruising yachtsmen during the season of 1902, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer prizes for the best stories of cruises submitted to be published in FOREST AND STREAM. It is believed that these will form not only entertaining records of pleasant summer days spent afloat along our coasts and waterways, but will furnish information of practical value to other yachtsmen making subsequent cruises on the same waters.

Prizes will be awarded to the three best stories as follows:

First prize, $50.00
Second prize, $30.00.
Third prize, $20.00.

Contributions are invited under the following conditions:

1. The cruise must be made in waters of the United States or Canada in the season of 1902.
2. The cruise must be made in a sailing yacht, power to be used only as an auxiliary, if at all.
3. The story must be prefaced by a description of the boat. Cruises should be treated in as interesting and readable a way as possible, but should be practical and contain all possible information and data that would be of value to men going over the same route. A description of the handling of the ship in all weathers will be regarded very favorably in making awards, and it is suggested to writers that an accurate account be kept of all incidents happening while under way.
4. An outline chart suitable for reproduction, showing the course taken, must accompany each article. When possible, articles should be accompanied by amateur photographs taken on the cruise, including one of the boat. Good photographs will be considered in making the awards.
5. The story should contain about seven thousand words, written on one side of the paper only, and must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York city, on or before Nov. 15, 1902.

Mr. T. C. Zerega has very kindly consented to act as judge and to make the awards.

Atlantic Y. C. Cruise.

FIRST SQUADRON RUN—LARCHMONT TO MORRIS COVE.

Monday, July 7.

THE Atlantic Y. C. fleet gathered in Larchmont Harbor on Sunday preparatory to making an early start on Monday.

The first run was from Larchmont to Morris Cove. Mr. George Hill, chairman of the Regatta Committee, used his auxiliary sloop Akista as the committee boat, and after starting the fleet headed directly for Morris Cove, in order to be on hand and take the boats' times as they finished. The wind was from the E. and quite light. The smaller classes were sent first. Class L started at 9:15, class K at 9:20 and the balance of the boats at 9:25. The course was E. by N., ½ E., thirty miles to the Red Spar Buoy off Stratford Point, leaving it on the port hand, thence E.N.E., eleven miles, to the finish, between the breakwaters at the entrance to New Haven Harbor.

It was slow work beating against the light wind, but when off Oyster Bay the wind came out of the S. and W., enabling the boats to carry ballooners and spinnakers. Before the wind shifted the sloops held in the lead, but as soon as light sails could be used the schooners did better, and Emerald was the first boat to finish.

Neola and Yankee had a pretty race all during the day. Neola held her lead until she was off Stratford Shoal, when Yankee, showing more speed, got slowly by her and won by nearly 10m. All the boats in the fleet, with the exception of Maraquita, Ondawa and Narika, finished by 7:30.

Yankee went aground in Morris Cove, but came off on the flood tide without injury. The summary:

Schooners—Class A—Start, 9:25.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Emerald, W. E. Iselin	5 39 08	9 14 08
Schooners—Class B—85 to 90ft.—Start, 9:25.		
Sachem, F. T. Adams	6 21 31	8 55 31
Varuna, F. F. Ames	5 46 39	9 21 39

Schooners—Class F—Under 65ft.—Start, 9:25.

Loyal, R. P. Doremus	6 45 50	9 20 50

Sloops—Class H—70 to 80ft.—Start, 9:25.

Yankee, J. R. Maxwell	5 59 26	8 34 26
Neola, G. M. Pynchon	6 10 39	8 45 39
Eelin, F. J. Rodewald	6 32 54	9 07 54

Sloops—Class J—51 to 60ft.—Cruising Trim—Start, 9:20.

Mariquita, H. B. Shaen	Withdrew.	
Isolt, C. W. Nason	6 51 19	9 31 19
Eclipse, L. J. Callanan	8 03 27	10 25 27

Sloops—Class L—36 to 43ft.—Start, 9:15.

Narika, F. T. Cornell	Withdrew.	
Rondinella, F. H. Davoll	7 02 00	9 47 00
Heron, F. C. Swan	7 24 36	10 09 00

Sloops—Class K—43 to 51ft.—Start, 9:20.

Ondawa, H. J. Robert	Withdrew.	

The winners were Emerald, Sachem, Loyal, Yankee and Rondinella.

SECOND SQUADRON RUN—MORRIS COVE TO NEW LONDON.

Tuesday, July 8.

When Tuesday broke the weather conditions were anything but promising. The wind was strong from S.W. and from the overcast sky the rain fell in torrents. About 9 o'clock it began to clear, and as there was a nice S.W. breeze blowing, the preparatory signal was made at 9:30 on the committee boat. The starting line was off the lighthouse at the western end of the east breakwater. The course was E. by S., twenty-five miles to Cornfield light vessel, then E. ½ N. to Bartlett Reef light vessel, then N.E. by E. two miles to the finish, off Sarah's Ledge.

The boats in class L were started at 9:45. Mira allowed 1h. each to Rondinella and Heron, and 1h. and 45s. to Narika.

Yankee allowed Neola 18m. and Eelin 26m. All the boats got away on the starboard tack, and most of them were carrying baby jib topsails. Yankee held close in to Thimble Island and got out of the tide, while the others stayed out in the Sound.

Just before reaching Faulkner's Island, Emerald drew into the lead, which position she held up to the time she finished. The boats passed Cornfield Lightship in the order named: Emerald, Sachem, Yankee, Neola, Varuna and Loyal. Sheets were eased well off here and spinnakers were set to starboard. When Bartlett's Reef Lightship was passed, Emerald was still in the lead, but Yankee had moved into second place. At this point spinnakers were doused and booms gybed over to starboard, as it was a broad reach to the finish line.

Com. Robert E. Todd's schooner Thistle accompanied the fleet, and was the fourth boat to finish, having started at 9 o'clock. The summary:

Schooners—Start, 9:55.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Emerald, W. E. Isclin	2 34 24	4 39 24
Schooners—Class B—85 to 90ft.—Start, 9:55.		
Sachem, F. T. Adams	2 46 54	4 51 54
Varuna, F. F. Ames	3 21 29	5 26 29
Schooners—Class F—Under 65ft.—Start, 9:55.		
Loyal, R. P. Doremus	3 34 15	5 39 15
Uncas, Jas. Weir, Jr	4 12 52	6 17 52
Schoners—Match Race—Start, 9:55.		
Varuna, F. F. Ames	3 21 29	5 26 29
Loyal, R. P. Doremus	3 34 15	5 39 15
Sloops—Class J—51 to 60ft.—Start, 9:50.		
Isolt, C. W. Nason	4 16 41	6 26 41
Eclipse, L. J. Callanan	4 20 58	6 30 58

Sloops—Class L—36 to 43ft.—Start, 9:45.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mira, C. L. Poor	4 09 04	6 24 04	. . . .
Narika, F. J. Cornell	Not timed.		
Rondinella, F. H. Davoll	4 28 40	6 43 40	5 43 40
Heron, F. C. Swain	4 31 48	6 46 48	5 46 48
Match Race—Start, 9:45.			
Rondinella, F. H. Davoll	4 28 20	6 43 40	. . . .
Heron, F. C. Swain	4 31 43	6 46 48	. . . .

Sloops—Classes H, L and J.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Yankee	1 00 00	2 38 35	4 38 35	4 38 35
Neola	9 50 00	3 07 43	5 17 43	4 59 43
Eelin	10 00 00	3 46 38	5 46 38	5 20 38

The winners were Emerald, Sachem, Loyal, Varuna, Isolt, Rondinella and Yankee.

THIRD SQUADRON RUN—NEW LONDON TO SHELTER ISLAND.

Wednesday, July 9.

A fresh S.W. breeze made the run from New London to Shelter Island an interesting one. It was a beat across and Yankee led the fleet.

The boats were started off Sarah's Ledge and the preparatory signal was made at 10 o'clock.

Yankee was the last boat to start, but she walked through the fleet in great style.

The boats passed through Plum Gut in this order: Yankee, Mira, Isolt, Sachem, Eclipse, Varuna, Uncas, Loyal and Maraquita. Some of the boats got caught with little or no breeze in the Gut, and were delayed some time. Yankee and Mira were the first boats through.

It was now a long leg and a short one across Gardner's Bay to the finish line off Long Beach Point. Yankee was first to finish, followed by Mira, Eelin, Sachem, Uncas, Isolt, Loyal, Eclipse, Varuna, Rondinella and Heron. The summary follows:

Schooners—Class B—Start, 10:25.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sachem, F. T. Adams	2 15 16	3 50 16
Varuna, F. F. Ames	2 35 00	4 10 00
Match Race—Start, 10:25.		
Loyal, R. P. Doremus	2 19 00	3 54 00
Varuna, F. F. Ames	2 35 00	4 10 00
Schooners—Class F—Start, 10:25.		
Loyal, R. P. Doremus	2 19 00	3 54 00
Uncas, Jas. Weir, Jr	2 27 01	4 02 01
Corrected time, Uncas, 3.55.01.		
Sloops—Class H—Start, 10:30.		
Yankee, J. R. Maxwell	1 41 26	3 11 26
Eelin, F. L. Rodewald	2 00 16	3 30 16
Corrected time, Eelin, 3.10.16.		
Sloops—Class J—Start, 10:20.		
Eclipse, L. J. Callanan	2 31 45	4 11 45
Sloops—Special Race—Start, 10:20.		
Isolt, C. W. Nason	2 23 05	4 03 05
Mariquita, H. B. Shain	3 02 20	4 42 20
Sloops—Class L—Start, 10:15.		
Mira, Chas. L. Poor	1 55 19	3 40 19
Sloops—Class M—Start, 10:15.		
Heron, Frank Swain	2 50 33	4 35 33
Rondinella, F. H. Davoll	2 55 38	4 40 38
Narika, F. T. Cornell	3 37 00	5 22 00
Match Race—Start, 10:45.		
Heron, Frank Swain	2 50 33	4 05 25
Rondinella, F. H. Davoll	2 55 38	4 10 44

The winners were Sachem, Loyal, Eelin, Eclipse, Isolt, Mira and Heron.

Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay.

Saturday, July 12.

THE fourth regatta of the Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay was held on July 12 under the auspices of the Marine and Field Club, Bath Beach, L. I. Twenty-four craft started. Three did not finish and one was disqualified. The winners in the different classes were Sunol, Caribou, Cockatoo, Bronco, Kelpie and Boozie. Vivian and Opossum scored sailovers.

The race marked the advent of a newcomer in class V for catboats, which it is hoped is but the forerunner of other additions. She administered a defeat to the hitherto unbeaten Martha M., although the victory was by only 6s. The new craft is from Patchogue, L. I., and belongs to C. D. Durkee, of the Brooklyn Y. C. Her name is Boozie.

Gravesend Bay never saw a better racing day. The yachts were started off in a two-reef breeze, which held true and did not lighten until just before the finish, and there was almost a whole-sail breeze.

The preparatory signal was sounded at 3 o'clock, and the different classes were sent away at 3m. intervals, beginning at 3:03. The start, on the whole, was very satisfactory. The signal for a reversal of the course, in which all marks are left on the port instead of the starboard hand, was flown, according to the regulations by which the Association races are governed. None of the starters in class N or above saw the red flag, and they covered the course out to West Bank Light and return in the usual way.

As all of them started the same, however, rather than throw out their entries, the Regatta Committee decided to allow the records to stand.

Of the smaller boats, which sail the regular inside Association course, Song and Dance started over the wrong way, and only after she saw the other craft sailing a different course, did she come back and start aright. Karma, another class P boat, failed to cross inside the starting line, and returned to do so quite a bit after the start.

At one time the gun used by the Regatta Committee went on a temporary strike, and although the signals were displayed at the proper time, the absence of the accustomed boom confused the yachtsmen somewhat.

All these circumstances, no doubt, were responsible for the finishes, which, excepting in class V, were of the procession variety. There were few changes in the order of the craft after the first round. A strong ebb tide was running and the Corinthian, who coped with this successfully, providing he had started aright, in most cases found himself in the lead.

In special class M, cruising trim, Sunol won from Bonito. The latter did not finish. Before the race Sunol and Bonito were tied on points, but the result of the contest put the former ten in the lead.

Caribou defeated Squaw in class N by 2m. and 15s. elapsed time. Indian did not finish. Cockatoo led Streak in class P by 6m. 37s. Song and Dance and Karma made poor showings because of the mistakes in starting.

In class Q Bronco led Wraith by 2m. and 23s. at the finish. Wraith was disqualified for fouling a mark, and second place went to Trouble. This puts the latter ahead on points for the series to date, with Bronco second and Wraith third.

The former class R boat, Opossum, has been recently measured and is found to be long enough for class Q with three men aboard. Because of the recent action of the Association regarding her entry in the class, she was raced as a special.

Kelpie led the Marine and Field boats from the start. She defeated Stinger, her nearest rival, by 35s. In the second round Stinger passed Quinque, and Vixen got ahead of Flying Fox. It was the first start of the year for the latter.

Beside points on the Association series, Kelpie's victory gives her a leg on the Cuyler cup. The series for this trophy now stands a tie between Kelpie and Stinger, each having captured one leg. The two boats will sail off for the cup at some future date.

Boozie won in the class for catboats. Rascal protested Martha M. for crowding and eventual fouling at one of the marks. The protest has not been decided, and figuring the standing to stand in the different classes, the protest, for the present, is disregarded.

The next Association race occurs on July 26, under the auspices of the Atlantic Y. C. Each club in the organization has now held one race. The summaries follow:

Class M—Special—Start, 3:03.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sunol, J. Abbey	6 03 37	3 00 37
Bonito, Haviland Bros.	Withdrew.	
Sloops—Class N—Start, 3:06.		
Caribou, F. Nicholson	6 21 08	3 15 08
Squaw, H. J. Heath	6 23 23	3 17 23
Indian, Menton Bros.	Withdrew.	
Class N—Special—Start, 3:06.		
Vivian, S. E. Vernon	6 06 05	3 03 05
Sloops—Class P—Start, 3:09.		
Cockatoo, Hendon Chubb	4 24 28	1 15 28
Streak, Speidel Bros.	4 34 05	1 25 05
Song and Dance, E. F. Luckenbach	4 35 50	1 26 50
Karma, J. C. Erskine	4 37 45	1 28 45
Corona, J. E. Beggs	Withdrew.	
Sloops—Class Q—Start, 3:12.		
Bronco, F. C. Moore	4 36 00	1 24 00
Trouble, W. H. Childs	4 42 04	1 30 04
Wink, W. A. Barstow	4 43 50	1 31 50
Wraith, Calvin Tomkins	Disqualified.	
Class Q—Special—Start, 3:12.		
Opossum, R. P. Doremus	4 44 00	1 32 00
Marine and Field Class—Start, 3:18.		
Kelpie, W. K. Brown	4 46 12	1 28 12
Stinger, A. P. Clapp	4 46 27	1 28 47
Quinque, L. H. Smith	4 48 12	1 30 12
Vixen, Mahoney & Chandler	4 48 40	1 30 40
Flying Fox, Cone & Buckman	4 53 20	1 35 20
Catboats—Class V—Start, 3:24.		
Boozie, C. D. Durkee	4 55 03	1 31 03
Martha M., Richard Moore	4 55 09	1 31 09
Rascal, D. G. Whitlock	4 57 45	1 33 45

Points to date in different classes of Y. R. A. G. B. series: Mariquita, 5; Sunol, 28; Bonito, 18; Kangaroo, 12; Vivian, 15; Caribou, 35; Squaw, 24; Indian, 6; Cockatoo, 34; Song and Dance, 32; Streak, 12; Karma, 20; Trouble, 24; Bronco, 20; Wraith, 16; Opossum, 15; Wink, 10; Spots, 2; Flying Fish, 2; Kelpie, 38; Stinger, 34; Quinque, 10; Jig-a-Jig, 6; Vixen, 4; Flying Fox, 2; Martha M., 28; Rascal, 22; Boozie, 10.

Western Yachts.

La Rita Wins Lipton Cup.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 8.—As telegraphed Monday evening, La Rita won the third race straight in the series for the Lipton cup. Arab IV., dissatisfied with the percentage accorded her in the earlier race, withdrew, and Sprite, Dr. Pinkard's well-handled boat, was the only competitor to start with La Rita in the third race of the series.

The race was run over the rectangular course, twelve miles, and Sprite left it by no means a walkover for the Gloucester boat, the margin at the finish being but 3m. 25s. in favor of La Rita. The start was unconscionably delayed, and the breeze at 3:10, when the preliminary gun was fired, had dropped considerably. For a time it was thought that the boats would not finish within the time allowance.

The boats went away under balloon jibs. Later, on the windward work, Sprite had the better of it and cut down the lead. La Rita, however, led by 25s. at the first stake, and in the beat and reaching which followed, maintained a lead at one time of nearly 5m. The last leg of the course showed some interest, as Sprite began to close, though not at any time strictly dangerous, La Rita winning with a good margin and demonstrating its superiority over the local fleet in this series.

It is to be regretted that a more general interest and a larger entry did not appear in the contest for this interesting trophy. Owing to the small entry and the decisive wins of La Rita, the matter here did not assume the importance which it otherwise would have done and ought to have done. The following are the times in the last race, start 3:20:

	1st stake.	2d stake.	3d stake.	Finish.	Elapsed.
La Rita	4 08 50	4 55 50	5 25 30	5 55 35	2 35 35
Sprite	4 08 15	4 59 30	5 30 05	5 59 00	2 39 00

The judges were A. T. Bliss, George A. Martin, C. E. Kremer and E. C. Berriman. E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Twenty-one Foot Class at Islesboro, Maine.

THE raceabout, although being succeeded at Marblehead by the 21-footer, and on Buzzard's Bay by the 30-footer, still holds sway at Islesboro, and is even gaining, rather than losing, in popularity on this part of the coast. Small and easily handled, this boat makes an ideal craft for the smooth waters of Penobscot Bay. The prospects for good racing in this class for the coming summer at Islesboro are better than ever before. In addition to the eleven starters of last summer, there will be three new boats, Idol, Persimmon and Jilt, although the last named has been a starter in the Islesboro class off and on for the last two years. Following is a list of the starters for the coming season: Raider, Messrs, Derby; Mongoose, Messrs. Starr; Peterkin, Mr. Kissel; Bagheera (knockabout), Messrs. Greenough; Opitsah I., Mr. Daniels; Betsy, Mr. Platt; Day Dream II., Mr. Minturn; Loafer, Messrs. Shattuck; Mist, Messrs. Lawrence; Pirate, Messrs. Metcalf; Cross Patch, Mr. Silsbee; Idol, Mr. Lyman; Persimmon, Mr. Dodge; Jilt, Mr. Gay.

In addition to these 21-footers are two 25-footers—Flirt, owned by Mr. Bond, and Chewink, owned by Mr. Scull.

There have already been several cups offered for the coming season. One offered by Dr. Derby, is for the boat winning the greatest number of points in four consecutive races. Each boat gets one point for finishing, and one point for each boat she beats, and in addition there is a premium of five, three and one points for first, second and third place, respectively. Another cup has been offered by Mr. Scull in the 25ft. class, in which the same system of scoring holds good. The Tarratine Club has also offered a cup, in the 21ft. class, for the boat making the best record through the season. Several other cups have been promised, but not yet offered.

For the last two summers the courses over which the season's races have been sailed have been a small triangle, a mile and a half to each leg, sailed over twice, and a five-mile course to windward and return, down toward Owl's Head, both in the West Penobscot Bay. But the close proximity of the Camden Hills makes the sailing in the West Bay most puffy and treacherous, and it is more than likely that many of this season's races will be sailed over a course in the East Penobscot Bay, especially if it proves feasible to get the boats around the head of the island to the start.

The season's racing began with the first race for Dr. Derby's cup on Saturday, July 12.

New York Y. C. Cruise.

COM. LEWIS CASS LEDYARD, of the New York Y. C., has issued General Order No. 2, dated Flagship Corona, July 1, as follows:

The squadron will rendezvous at New London, Aug. 4, 1902. Captains will report on board the flagship at 5 P. M. The programme for the cruise, weather permitting, will be as follows:

Tuesday, Aug. 5, squadron run, New London to Newport.

Wednesday, Aug. 6, race off Newport for the Astor cups.

Thursday, Aug. 7, squadron run, Newport to Vineyard Haven.

Friday, Aug. 8, squadron run, Vineyard Haven to Provincetown.

Saturday, Aug. 9, squadron run, Provincetown to Marblehead.

The Regatta Committee will furnish details for the runs from port to port, and for all other racing events. The Commodore's cup will be sailed for on the run from Vineyard Haven to Provincetown. Captains are requested to supply their vessels with N. Y. Y. C. night signals. The captains and their guests will be welcome on board the flagship at any time. Attention is called to the new routine as published in the club book.

NUTMEG.

FILIBUSTER.

MASSASOIT.

MONSOON.

SEAWANHAKA CUP TRIAL BOATS.
Photos by James Burton, New York.

Indian Harbor Y. C. Midsummer Series.

GREENWICH, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

July 10, 11 and 12.

THE first of the three days of racing opened on Thursday, July 10. The programme was rather an unusual one, as the racing was confined to one-design classes. Twenty-one boats started, representing seven different clubs.

The day was a most unsatisfactory one for boat racing; at the start the wind was light from N.W., accompanied by showers, afterward shifting to S.W., and later getting back to N.W. The larger boats sailed over a ten-mile course, while the smaller boats covered a six-mile course. The Regatta Committee was made up of Messrs. F. B. Jones, C. F. Kirby, F. C. Henderson, C. E. Simms and R. Babcock. The summary:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
American Y. C. Raceabouts—Start, 2:05.		
Jolly Tar, S. Howland	6 18 44	4 13 44
Rascal, S. C. Hopkins	6 11 20	4 06 20
Howdy, S. Wainwright	6 04 49	3 59 49
Hobo, Trenor L. Park	6 03 26	3 58 26
Larchmont 21ft L.W.L. Class—Start, 2:05.		
Adelaide, J. J. Dwyer	6 39 40	4 34 40
Houri, J. H. Esser	6 30 57	4 25 57
Dorothy, L. Spencer	6 27 34	4 22 34
Manhasset Bay One-Design Class—Start, 2:15.		
Lambkin, S. W. Roach	6 58 05	4 43 05
New Rochelle One-Design Class—Start, 2:15.		
Knave, R. N. Bavier	6 32 09	4 17 09
Ace, W. N. Bavier, Jr.	7 00 24	4 45 24
Ardsley One-Design Class—Start, 2:10.		
Scoot, H. S. Shonnard	6 54 38	4 44 38
Ping Pong, S. Deming and N. A. Campbell	Withdrew.	
Midget, Edwin Gould	6 37 06	4 27 06
Indian Harbor Raceabouts—Start, 2:20.		
Betty, E. F. Swords, Jr., and W. M. Hyde	6 23 08	4 03 08
Queenie, Frank Tulford	6 08 03	3 48 03
Cero, Charles Mallory	6 07 57	3 47 57
Noggin, C. S. Somerville	5 56 30	3 36 30
Lark Class—Start, 2:25.		
Wasp, I. H. McKenna	5 59 06	3 34 06
Askme, G. G. Tyson	5 43 05	3 18 05
Lobster, Abbott Brush	6 08 25	3 43 25
Crab, T. Roosevelt Pell	Withdrew.	

The winners were Hobo, Dorothy, Lambkin (sailover), Knave, Midget, Noggin and Askme.

Friday, July 11.

The light breeze that prevailed the day previous continued on the second day's racing. There was a good list of boats on hand, and thirty-nine started. The wind chopped around from N.W. to S. and while most of the time it was light, it was occasionally quite puffy. The larger boats sailed twice around a ten-mile course, while the "little fellows" went once around.

Leda sailed a pretty race in the 36ft. class, starting some time after the other boats in her class, she cut down their leads in great shape and finished only a few seconds behind Spasm, the winning boat.

Mimosa, in the 30ft. class, again finished a winner, adding another winning flag to her already good list.

The American Y. C. one-design raceabouts were bunched in with the regular raceabouts. The old Larchmont 21ft. one-design class was started with the regular 25ft. class. The Manhasset Bay one-design class and the Ardsley one-design class sailed in the regular 18ft. sloop class. The 18ft. catboats and the Indian Harbor Y. C. sailabouts also sailed in one class. The summary follows:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sloops—36ft. Class—Start, 2:05.		
Leda, H. L. Maxwell	4 58 57	2 53 57
Spasm, E. D. King	4 58 32	2 53 32
Cymbra, F. C. Henderson	5 00 51	2 55 51
Bubble, H. A. Weatherton	Withdrew.	
Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 2:10.		
Mimosa, T. L. Park	4 55 51	2 45 51
Enpronza, A. Peats	4 56 39	2 46 39
Alerion, A. H. Alker	4 58 04	2 48 04
Raceabout Class—Start, 2:15.		
Jolly Tar, Sloeum Howland	5 26 55	3 11 55
Rascal, S. C. Hopkins	5 19 17	3 04 17
Howdy, S. Wainwright	5 13 13	2 58 13
Scamp, A. Pirie	5 13 37	2 58 37
Mavis, G. L. Pirie	5 17 59	3 02 59
Viper, Newcomb & Elson	5 12 00	2 57 00
Snapper, A. Bryan Alley	5 35 17	3 20 17
Rogue, B. Whiting	5 10 56	2 55 56
Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 2:20.		
Dorothy, L. Spence	5 13 30	2 53 30
Houri, J. H. Esser	5 34 14	3 14 14
Adelaide, J. J. Dwyer	5 59 33	3 39 23
Chingachgook, A. W. Lockwood	5 43 19	3 23 19
Drift, C. N. Trippe	Withdrew.	
Sloops—21ft. Class—Start, 2:25.		
Eos, E. D. Meade	5 44 38	3 19 38
Montauk, J. S. Appleby	5 13 19	2 48 19

SEAWANHAKA CUP TRIAL CHALLENGER TECUMSEH.
Photo by James Burton, New York.

Gazabo, N. P. Veith	Withdrew.	
Knave, R. N. Bavier	Withdrew.	
Malillian, R. P. Thompson	6 09 26	5 44 26
Sloops—18ft. Class—Start, 2:30.		
Speed, D. Abbott	Withdrew.	
Cricket, H. C. Pryer	6 12 36	3 42 36
Neola, J. R. Thomas, Jr	6 13 06	3 43 06
Lambkin, S. W. Roach	Withdrew.	
Scoot, H. S. Shonnard	6 26 06	3 56 06
Ping Pong, Denning & Campbell	Withdrew.	
Flim-Flam, A. D. Prince	5 59 08	3 29 08
Indian Harbor Sailabouts and Larks—Start, 2:35.		
Bantam, F. H. Page	4 51 32	2 16 32
Askme, G. G. Tyson	4 45 22	2 10 22
Lobster, Abbot Brush	4 52 12	2 17 12
Wasp, J. H. McKenna	4 49 02	2 14 02
Mingo, T. L. Gould	4 46 23	2 11 23
Crab, T. R. Pell	5 11 40	2 36 40
Louie Bell, J. M. Williams	4 45 29	2 10 29

The winners were Spasm, Mimosa, Rogue, Dorothy, Montauk, Flim-Flam and Askme.

Saturday, July 12.

The annual race of the Indian Harbor Y. C. held on Saturday, July 12, proved to be a most successful regatta. Not only was the list of starters large, but the wind had sufficient strength to make the racing interesting. The 43, 36 and 30 footers sailed twice over a nine-mile triangle. The raceabouts, 25ft. sloops, 25ft. catboats and Larchmont 21-footers, covered a six-mile course twice. The 21ft. sloops, 18ft. sloops, 18ft. catboats, New Rochelle, Manhasset and Ardsley one-design boats sailed over the nine-mile course, while the Indian Harbor sailabouts, small catboats and special 18ft. sloops sailed over a six-mile course.

Out of sixty-five entries, fifty-three boats started and fifty-one finished, a very excellent showing.

In the 43ft. class, Challenge, sailed by Mr. Wilmer Hanan, got her first race, beating Dorwina by a small margin.

Leda had things her own way in the 36ft. class, beating Spasm, the second boat, by over 7m.

Mr. T. L. Park's Mimosa won again in her class, although Alerion showed up better than she has been doing this season, and finished a close second.

Viper showed wonderful speed in the raceabout class. She started over 15m. behind the boats in her class and won by 1s. Jolly Roger was second.

In the 25ft. class for sloops, Chingachgook and Robin Hood were 20m. late in starting, but picked up Snapper in good shape, and finished only a short distance behind her.

Owing to the light breeze that prevailed during the morning, a number of the boats were late in getting to the starting line. As the day wore on, however, the breeze freshened and up to the time of the finish was blowing strong from the S.W. The summary:

	Finishd.	Elapsed.
Sloops—43ft. Class—Start, 12.10.		
Dorwina, C. V. Brokaw	3 33 08	3 23 08
Challenge, W. T. Foote	3 32 38	3 22 38
Sloops—36ft. Class—Start, 12:15.		
Leda, H. L. Maxwell	2 48 13	3 33 13
Spasm, E. D. King	3 55 42	3 40 42
Empress, G. M. Heckscher	4 05 56	3 50 56
Possum, E. Ballou	3 59 37	3 44 37
Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 12:15.		
Hanley, C. Mallory	3 58 21	3 43 21
Alerion, A. H. Alker	3 56 27	3 41 27
Enpronzi, A. Peats	3 58 30	3 43 30
Marguerite, J. F. Dingee	4 04 48	3 49 48
Mimosa, T. L. Park	3 55 37	3 40 37
Raceabout Class—Start, 12:25.		
Mavis, G. L. Pirie	3 44 37	3 19 37
Scamp, A. Pirie	3 34 34	3 09 34
Viper, Newcombe & Elson	3 33 36	3 08 36
Jolly Roger, T. B. Bleecker	3 33 37	3 08 37
Rogue, A. B. Alley	3 39 56	3 14 56
Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 12,20.		
Snapper, A. B. Alley	3 45 27	3 25 27
Chingachgook, A. W. Lockwood	3 45 43	3 25 43
Robin Hood, G. E. Gartland	3 46 35	3 26 35
Catboats—25ft. Class—Start, 12:20.		
Drift, C. N. Trippe	4 24 39	4 04 39
Penguin, G. Bartlett	4 15 47	3 55 47
Sloops—21ft. Class—Start, 12:30.		
Gazabo, N. P. Vaulte	3 20 35	2 50 35
Montauk, J. S. Appleby	3 16 37	2 46 37
Eos, E. D. Meade	3 01 12	2 31 12
Sloops—18ft. Class—Start, 12:35.		
Neola, J. R. Johnston, Jr	3 23 32	2 48 32
Cricket, H. C. Pryer	3 19 32	2 44 32
Flim-Flam, A. D. Prince	3 15 30	2 40 30
Tar Baby, T. A. Howell	3 17 18	2 42 18
Catboats—18ft. Class—Start, 12:35.		
Lobster, A. Brush	4 06 36	3 31 36
Bantam, F. Page	3 38 13	3 03 13
Louis Bell, J. M. Williams	3 34 07	2 59 07
Mingo, T. L. Guild	Withdrew.	
Larchmont 21ft. Class—Start, 12:20.		
Adelaide, J. J. Dwyer	3 47 16	3 27 16
Houri, J. H. Esser	3 47 30	3 27 30
New Rochelle One-Design Class—Start, 12:30.		
Capor, P. L. Howard	3 12 00	2 42 00
Knave, R. N. Bavier	3 05 29	2 35 29
Ace, W. U. Bavier	3 09 29	2 30 29
Manhasset Bay One-Design Class—Start, 12:30.		
Firefly, G. Standing	3 17 19	2 47 19
Mist, J. W. Alker	3 27 32	2 57 32
Lambkin, S. W. Roach	3 11 07	2 41 07
Ardsley One-Design Class—Start, 12:35.		
Mary Baker III., F. M. Hoyt	3 16 55	2 41 55
Scoot, H. S. Shonnard	3 22 07	2 47 07
Ping Pong, Denning & Campbell	3 31 47	2 56 47
Midget, Edwin Gould	3 08 08	2 23 08
Indian Harbor Sailabouts—Start, 12:40.		
Betty, Swords & Hyde	2 53 26	2 13 26
Queenie, Frank Tilford	2 52 12	2 12 12
Cero, Chas. Mallory	2 52 03	2 12 03
Bug, G. F. Dominick, Jr	2 56 07	2 16 07
Lark Class—Start, 12:45.		
Askme, G. G. Tyson	2 46 14	2 01 14
Wasp, I. H. McKenna	2 48 52	2 03 52
Sloops—18ft. Class—Special—Start, 1:25.		
Spud, D. Abbott	3 36 42	2 11 42
Wiswaf, H. E. Sayre	3 39 50	2 14 50
Chipmunk, T. S. Young, Jr	Withdrew.	

The winners were Challenge, Leda, Mimosa, Viper, Snapper, Penguin, Eos, Flim-Flam, Louise Bell, Adelaide, Knave, Lambkin, Midget, Cero, Askme and Spud.

New York Y. C. Newport Series.

NEWPORT, R. I.

July 10, 11 and 12.

EARLY Thursday morning there was little promise of a race. There was hardly any air stirring, and the sky was heavy and overcast. About 10 o'clock a squall of wind and rain came out of the N.W., and after this had passed over there was a slight breeze, and preparations were made on the different boats to get under way. Messrs. Newbury Lawton, Nicholson Kane and Edw. H. Wales, the Regatta Committee, were on board the tug Storm King, and at 11:30 they signaled that the course for the large boats would be S.S.E. twelve miles and return, and the smaller craft six miles S.S.E. and return. The starting line was between Brenton's Reeef Lightship and the committee boat.

Mr. H. B. Duryea not having any competitor for Humma, was allowed to go up a class and sail against Neola and Weetamoe. The starting gun for this class was given at 11:50, and Humma was on the line just at gun fire. It was a run to the outer mark, and Humma set her spinnaker to port and moved off in good shape. Neola was next to cross with Weetamoe close behind, both these boats gybed over and dropped their spinnaker booms to port. It was 10m. before their spinnakers were broken out, as they got into a lively luffing match, Weetamoe getting a shade the best of it. In the meantime Humma had kept on her course and had a substantial lead, when the long rolling sea caused the jaws on her gaff to give away. This thrust the spar forward of the mast, and the sail was lowered while temporary repairs were made. In the meantime she was kept going under her spinnaker and club topsail.

At 11:55 the starting signal for the big yawls was given. Ailsa was first across, breaking out her balloon jib as she crossed. Vigilant, with her spinnaker and balloon drawing, came down close behind her.

The schooners were the next boats to start, with Elmina close to the light vessel, Amorita in about the middle of the line, and Muriel at the other end. Muriel and Amorita set their spinnakers to port, while Elmina broke hers out to starboard.

At 12:15 the Buzzard's Bay 30-footers were sent away. They came down on the line in a bunch, all having spinnakers set to port. Quakeress II. was first over, with Zingara, Mashnee, Pontiac, Wahtawah and Lariken following in the order named. Five minutes later, 12:20, the Newport special thirties got away, with Esperanza in the lead, Wawa, Breeze and Barbara following. All had

SEAWANHAKA CUP TRIAL BOAT CRUSADER.
Photo by James Burton, New York.

SEAWANHAKA CUP TRIAL BOAT SEERESS.
Photo by James Burton, New York.

spinnakers set to port. It was slow work running down to the outer mark, and it took the smaller boats nearly 3h. to cover the six miles. The times at this mark follow:

Wahtawah	2 47 00	Mashnee	2 59 06
Esperanza	2 52 00	Breeze	3 14 30
Lariken	2 55 20	Barbara	3 14 45
Zingara	2 56 30	Wawa	3 18 30
Quakeress II.	2 57 15	Pontiac	3 18 35

After rounding they had a little windward work, but in a short time the breeze hauled to S.W., giving them a reach to the finish.

The big boats in the meantime were making slow progress against the long swell, and with hardly enough air to keep their sails filled. Elmina was gybed over and her spinnaker set to port; at this time she was well in the lead of Muriel and Amorita. Weetamoe had a good lead over Neola, and Mr. Duryea finding that the gaff on Humma would not stand, decided to withdraw, and he started back to Newport.

When about two-thirds the distance to the mark Amorita and Muriel had pulled up on Elmina, and there was no great distance between any of them. The time at the outer mark follows:

Weetamoe	4 06 40	Muriel	4 18 15
Vigilant	4 09 38	Neola	4 29 50
Ailsa	4 10 40	Amorita	4 40 02
Elmina	4 12 50		

As the wind had hauled to S.W., it was a twelve-mile reach to the finish line. The boats had the wind slightly forward of the beam. The boats finished in the following order: Elmina, Weetamoe, Muriel, Ailsa, Vigilant, Neola and Amorita.

The surprise of the day was the manner in which Ailsa beat Vigilant, in what was supposed to be the latter's weather.

Weetamoe beat Neola as handily as Neola beat her on July 4 at Larchmont. The summary:

Schooners—Class D—Start, 12:02.

Schooners—Class D.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Elmina, F. F. Brewster	12 02 00	6 12 25	6 10 25
Muriel, C. Smithers	12 02 00	6 16 26	6 14 26
Amorita, T. M. McKee	12 02 00	6 27 30	6 25 30
Yawls—Class G.			
Ailsa, H. S. Redmond	11 55 59	6 17 11	6 21 12
Vigilant, Percy Chubb	11 57 00	6 19 51	6 22 51
The Ailsa's corrected time is 6.19.34.			
Sloops—Class J.			
Weetamoe, H. R. Lippitt	11 52 00	6 13 54	6 21 54
Neola, G. M. Pynchon	11 51 45	6 22 27	6 30 42
Humma, N. Duryea	11 50 15	Withdrew.	
Sloops—Class Y.			
Wahtawah, A. Rogers	12 15 00	5 20 27	5 05 37
Zingara, E. Farnsworth	12 15 00	5 21 19	5 06 12
Quakeress II., W. F. Harrison	12 15 00	5 23 35	5 08 35
Larriken	12 15 00	5 24 12	5 09 12
Pontiac, J. M. Beebe	12 15 00	5 26 57	5 11 57
Mashnee, R. W. Emmons	12 15 00	5 32 24	5 17 34
Sloops—Class Z.			
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer	12 20 00	5 19 36	4 59 36
Barbara, W. Rutherfurd	12 20 00	5 28 45	5 08 45
Breeze, W. Roelker	12 20 00	5 29 16	5 09 16
Wawa, R. Brooks	12 20 00	5 34 04	5 14 04

Yawls—Ailsa beat Vigilant 1m. 39s. elapsed time, and 3m. 17s. corrected time.

60ft. Class—Weetamoe beat Neola 8m. 48s.

Schooners—Elmina beat Muriel 4m. 1s. and Amorita 15m. 5s.

Buzzard's Bay Class—Wahtawah beat Zingara 35s.; Quakeress, 2m. 58s.; Lariken, 3m. 35s.; Pontiac, 6m. 20s.; Mashnee, 11m. 57s.

Newport 30-Footers—Esperanza beat Barbara, 9m. 9s.; Breeze, 10m. 40s.; Wawa, 14m. 28s.

Friday, July 11.

When the contesting yachts reached Brenton's Reef Lightship they found the fresh N.W. breeze that was blowing in the inner harbor had not reached out into the bay, and that there was little air out there. The committee boat Storm King anchored to the S.E. of the light vessel, and sounded the preparatory at 11:40. Signals had previously been displayed, showing the course to be as follows: The first leg was S.E., the second leg W.S.W. ½ W., and the third leg N. by E. ½ E. These legs were of nine miles each for the schooners, the seventies and the sixties and of five miles for the 30-footers.

Weetamoe and Neola having been measured, were found to belong in class J instead of class I. Weetamoe measured 60.04ft. and Neola 60.74ft.

Humma not having any competitor in her own class, again went up and sailed against Weetamoe and Neola. The wind was N. by E. at the start, and the first leg was a reach. Class J was started at 11:50, Weetamoe being first, followed by Neola. Humma was handicapped 22s. Neola and Weetamoe carried reaching jib topsails, while Humma had on her baby.

Mineola and Rainbow were started at 11:55, both being late in getting to the line. Mineola was handicapped 22s. and Rainbow 51s.

The schooners were started at 12:00, Muriel going across on the smoke of the gun. Elmina was late and was handicapped 3s. and Amorita 31s.

The Buzzard's Bay 30-footers were sent away at 12:15, and they crossed in the following order: Wahtawah, Mashnee, Zingara, Quakeress II. and Pontiac.

At 12:20 the Newport special thirties started, with Esperanza in the lead, followed by Barbara, Carolina, Wawa and Breeze.

After a luffing match lasting some fifteen minutes, Mineola and Rainbow finally kept away on their course. Rainbow had rather the best of having Mineola under her lee.

Muriel and Elmina had also had a luffing match on, and while they were fighting it out Amorita had been sliding away for the first mark.

Humma had been getting away from her competitors while they were indulging in a luffing match.

It was slow work reaching out to the first mark, and the boats were almost becalmed when only half way out. About 2:30 a little breeze came out of the S.W. and sheets were flattened down and all headed for the mark. The times were there:

Rainbow	2 42 20	Neola	2 57 39
Mineola	2 48 35	Amorita	2 59 27
Elmina	2 51 25	Humma	2 59 30
Muriel	2 52 12	Weetamoe	3 00 10

It was a beat to the second mark, and all started off on the starboard tack. Mineola, with her new suit of Ratsey sails, was doing beautifully, but Rainbow was giving her a good fight. Mineola split tacks with Rainbow, but never got far away from her. Muriel and Elmina fought it out tack for tack all the way to the second mark. Neola, Weetamoe and Humma, after making several short tacks, finally made a long leg to the W., Neola in the lead. The times at the second mark were:

Rainbow	4 29 24	Muriel	4 55 28
Mineola	4 32 18	Weetamoe	4 58 48
Elmina	4 52 24	Humma	5 00 26
Neola	4 52 50	Amorita	5 01 50

It was a run to the finish line, and balloon jibs were carried and spinnakers were set to port. The schooners carried their main top staysails. Mineola cut down Rainbow's lead somewhat and Muriel pulled up on Elmina. Humma also drew up so far as to almost get the race on time allowance. The summary:

Schooners—Class D—Start, 12:00.

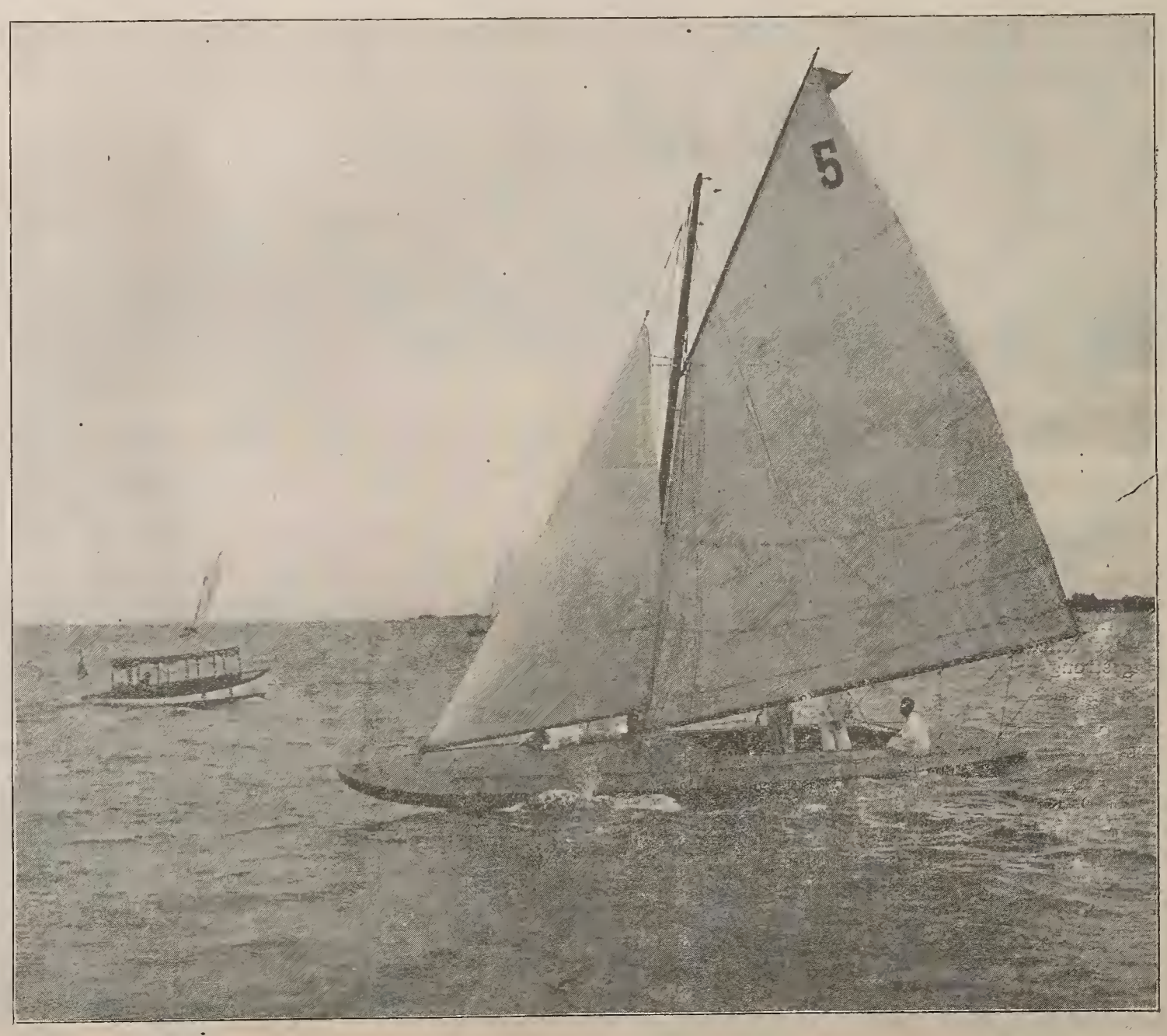
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Elmina, F. F. Brewster	6 05 28	6 03 28
Muriel, C. Smithers	6 06 32	6 05 52
Amorita, T. M. McKee	6 14 15	6 12 15
Sloops—Class H—Start, 11:55.		
Rainbow, C. Vanderbilt	5 53 23	5 56 23
Mineola, A. Belmont	5 54 33	5 57 33
Sloops—Class I—Start, 11:50.		
Neola, G. M. Pynchon	6 10 04	6 19 04
Weetamoe, H. R. Lippitt	6 13 09	6 22 37
Humma, N. Duryea	6 14 39	6 22 39
Buzzard's Bay 30-footers—Start, 12:15.		
Pontiac, J. M. Beebe	1 44 36	4 29 36
Quakeress II., W. F Harrison	4 47 20	4 32 20
Mashnee, R. W. Emmons	4 20 44	4 05 44
Zingara, E. Farnsworth	4 33 34	4 18 34
Wahtawah, A. Rogers	4 22 44	4 07 44
Newport 30-footers—Start, 12:20.		
Carolina, P. Jones	Withdrew.	
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer	4 43 01	4 23 01
Wawa, R. Brooks	4 44 37	4 24 37
Barbara, W. Rutherfurd	Withdrew.	
Breeze, W. Roelker	4 44 38	4 24 38

Schooners—Elmina beat Muriel 2m. 24s. and Amorita 8m. 47s.

Sloops, Class H—Rainbow beat Mineola 1m. 10s.

Sloops, Class J—Neola beat Weetamoe 3m. 33s.; Humma,; 3m. 35s.

Buzzard's Bay Class—Mashnee beat Wahtawah 2m.;



SEAWANHAKA CUP TRIAL BOAT FRONTENAC.
Photo by James Burton, New York.

Zingara, 12m. 50s.; Pontiac, 23m. 52s., and Quakeress II., 26m. 36s.

Newport 30-Footers—Esperanza beat Wawa 1m. 36s.; Breeze, 1m. 37s.; Carolina and Barbara withdrew.

Saturday, July 12.

The last day of the racing under the auspices of the New York Y. C. was marked by some very spirited contests and some unfortunate accidents. Elmina, when rounding the outer mark, broke her foremast off about half way up from the deck. Her main topmast was soon after carried away, and she was almost as much of a wreck as Muriel when the latter was dismasted off Race Rock while on the New York Y. C. cruise last year. No one was injured. It is really remarkable considering the large number of big yachts that have been dismasted during the last few years that no personal injuries have attended them.

The wind was S.W. and blowing a nice sailing breeze when the committee boat went out to the starting line at 10 o'clock. The course for the 60 and 70ft. sloops and the schooners was twelve miles to windward and return, and for the 30-footers six miles to windward and return. The windward mark for the big boats was three and one-half miles northeast of Block Island whistling buoy, and for the small boats it was one and one-half miles southeast of the whistling buoy off Point Judith.

The preparatory signal was made at 11:30. The 60-footers were the first boats to start, and they set baby jib topsails in stops. Neola was in the weather berth, and although doing the best, Weetamoe could not get away from the leeward position. Both boats gybed twice in the maneuvering, but Neola still held her position. Neola was first across, with Weetamoe under her lee, but the latter's skipper brought his craft around and recrossed handicapped 26s., but having clear wind. Weetamoe tacked off to the E., while Neola held over toward the Narragansett shore.

At 11:45 the 70-footers started. Both stood for the line on the starboard tack, Mineola in the weather berth. As the boats ran down the line toward the committee boat, Mineola bore away and immediately Rainbow was luffed across Mineola's stern. Rainbow did not hold this position long, for the wind was blowing out of Mineola's headsails, so she went on the port tack and followed Neola. Mineola soon followed.

The schooners got away at 11:50. Muriel was first across, followed by Amorita, who had Elmina under her lee. Muriel and Amorita went on the port tack after crossing, and Elmina followed a little later.

While Neola was holding in shore, Weetamoe was staying outside, and apparently doing well. Mineola was leading Rainbow when they took the starboard tack. When Muriel tacked inshore she crossed Elmina's bow, and then stood inshore again. When Amorita came out, Elmina crossed her bow and went after Muriel; these two boats had a fine struggle inshore, while Amorita held out off shore.

Mineola was well ahead of Rainbow, and Neola was in the lead of Weetamoe.

Muriel and Elmina approached the mark on the starboard tack, while Amorita came down on the port tack. Amorita gave way for Muriel and went under her stern, and by a wonderfully pretty piece of handling shot across Elmina's bow and went around the mark first. The timse at this mark were:

Mineola	1 31 34	Amorita	1 52 02
Rainbow	1 34 30	Muriel	1 53 55
Neola	1 40 25	Elmina	1 54 10
Weetamoe	1 42 45		

It was at this point that Elmina's rig went out of her. The tug C. P. Raymond, that had been with the Atlantic Y. C. fleet, took her in tow and brought her in to Newport.

After rounding sheets were eased off and spinnakers were set to port. Balloon jibs were also broken out. Mineola continued to improve her lead, and Neola drew steadily away from Weetamoe. Muriel was surely overhauling Amorita, and if she had not parted the throat halliards her foresail would surely have won the race.

Humma had not been able to start, as she carried her topmast out before the race.

Elmina will probably be towed to City Island for repairs and new spars, rigging and sails. The summary follows:

Schooners—Class D.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Amorita, T. McKee	11 51 25	3 17 45	3 26 20
Muriel, C. Smithers	11 50 35	3 17 00	3 26 25
Elmina, F. F. Brewster	11 51 47	Disabled.	
Sloops—Class H.			
Mineola, A. Belmont	11 46 56	2 49 15	3 02 19
Rainbow, C. Vanderbilt	11 47 00	2 52 46	3 05 48
Sloops—Class I.			
Neola, G. M. Pynchon	11 40 19	3 03 11	3 22 52
Weetamoe, H. F. Lippitt	11 42 00	3 07 16	3 25 16
Buzzard's Bay 30-footers.			
Pontiac, J. H. Beebe	11 05 00	2 14 20	2 09 20
Wahtawah, A. Rogers	11 05 00	2 16 05	2 11 05
Quakeress II., W. Harrison	12 05 00	2 20 30	2 15 30
Zingara, F. Farnsworth	12 05 00	Withdrew.	
Newport 30ft. Class.			
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	12 10 00	2 22 03	2 12 03
Carolina, P. Jones	12 10 00	2 22 51	2 12 51
Barbara, W. Rutherfurd	12 10 00	2 29 49	2 19 49
Asahi, L. Warren	12 10 00	2 29 47	2 19 47
Wawa, R. Brooks	12 10 00	Withdrew.	

The winners were:

Schooners—Amorita beat Muriel 5s., and Elmina.

Sloops, Class H—Mineola beat Rainbow, 3m. 29s.

Sloops, Class I—Neola beat Weetamoe, 2m. 24s.

Buzzard's Bay 30-Footers—Pontiac beat Wahtawah, 1m. 45s.; Quakeress II., 6m. 10s., and Zingara.

Newport 30ft. Class—Esperanza beat Carolina, 48s.; Asahi, 7m. 44s.; Barbara, 7m. 46s., and Wawa.

Seawanhaka Cup Trial Boats.

WE publish this week half-tones of the eight boats that competed in the Seawanhaka cup trial races at Bridgeport a short time ago. While the boats were all of the same type, still they were widely different in design. The races satisfied all concerned that the design of the boats' hulls counted about 40 per cent., while good sails and good handling made up the balance of the result.

Mr. Frank N. Tandy has sold for Mr. John R. Buchan the 35ft. waterline sloop Rondinella to Mr. F. H. Davol.

Tarratine Y. C.

ISLESBORO, ME.

Saturday, July 12.

THE second race of the season for a prize offered by Mr. Brown, of Dark Harbor, was sailed on Saturday, July 12, at 3:09 in the afternoon. The wind was blowing almost a reefing breeze from the south'ard, kicking up a rough sea against a strong ebb tide. The course, laid in the West Penobscot Bay, was two and one-half miles to windward and return, to be sailed over twice. Just before the first gun the Persimmon unfortunately carried away her bowsprit and was forced to retire from the race.

The following boats crossed the line on a one-gun start in the order named: Jilt, Daydream, Opitsah, Raider, Loafer. Jilt, Daydream and Opitsah stood off shore, whereas Raider and Loafer tacked immediately under the islands in hopes of finding smooth water. Jilt and Daydream soon followed suit, closely followed by Opitsah. Seeing that Raider and Loafer were doing good work in the smooth water. Daydream, pointing higher and footing faster than Jilt, soon worked out a considerable lead, especially when the shelter of the shore was left, and the fleet struck out into rough water. Raider hammered out a lead on Opitsah, but seemed unable to gain on either Jilt or Daydream. All five boats were rapidly approaching the windward mark, and were well out in the rough water, with an ever-increasing breeze. Daydream seemed to like the conditions, and slowly increased her lead. She rounded the mark at 3:46:00, closely followed by Jilt, 3:46:20, and Raider at 3:46:50. Opitsah did not allow enough for the mark and was forced to tack under it, thus losing much time. She rounded at 3:48:10. Loafer rounded at 3:50:20, a poor fifth.

The run was uneventful, the boats gaining and losing little. At the finish of it, however, Daydream unfortunately made a mistake about the course, and started home, thinking it was only to be sailed over once. This mistake put her out of the race, and Jilt took the lead. After rounding the mark she stood off shore, while Raider tacked around and sought calm water under the islands. Opitsah followed suit, and Jilt soon also stood in in a commanding weather berth. Opitsah gained considerably in the smooth water on Raider, but lost all she had gained, and more still, in the rough water. Jilt made short tacks and Raider followed suit, holding her fairly well. Opitsah struck out into the bay and was much slowed up by the heavy sea. The wind dropped a bit, but the chop was still sharp, and it was heavy going for all hands. Jilt increased her lead, if anything, and rounded the windward mark at 4:42:35, followed by Raider at 4:44:03, and Opitsah at 4:45:45. Loafer again rounded a poor fourth at 0:48:50. Jilt and Opitsah gybed and set their spinnakers to port. Raider, however, set hers to starboard. The run in was not exciting, as the boats were well separated. Jilt won handsomely by 1m. 29s from Raider.

The beauty of the finish was much enhanced by the presence of Vice-Com. Sloane, of the Seawanhaka Y. C.'s schooner Idler; Mr. Lay's 70-footer, Athene; Mr. Steele's steamer, Laurita, which acted as judges' boat, and Dr. Derby's 40-footer Petrel.

The summary of times follows:

Start, 3:09.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Daydream, J. W. Minturn	Withdrew.	
Jilt, W. O. Lay	5 01 51	1 52 51
Raider, R. Derby	5 03 20	1 54 20
Opitsah, E. A. Daniels	5 04 23	1 55 23
Loafer, L. Shattuck	Withdrew.	

The fact that only five boats started can be explained, for Pirate had a mishap with her rudder just before the start; Persimmon carried away her bowsprit, and Idol and Peterkin were not in racing shape. All four of these boats are creditable performers, and in such conditions as Saturday's race, can be expected to finish close together. Peterkin, formerly Cyrilla, of Herreshoff design, so successfully raced by Robert Emmons in Buzzard's Bay, won the championship at Islesboro last summer. She is an excellent all-round boat, but seems to prefer smooth water to rough. Idol, designed by Burgess, and formerly raced at Marblehead, is a new boat at Islesboro. She won the first race of the season, which was little more than a reaching match in smooth water. She appears to be fast on the wind in light airs, but is considerably slowed up by a chop. Her rig is high and narrow, as is Peterkin's.

Little is known about Persimmon, a Purdon design formerly raced on the Sound. She is a smart-looking boat, but her rigging seems to be too light for the severe winds of Maine. Pirate, a former Marblehead champion, of Crowninshield design, is a fair all-round performer, but prefers a moderate wind and sea. She at times shows bursts of speed, but seems a hard boat to get the best out of. Jilt, designed by Herreshoff, and winner of Saturday's race, is one of the top boats of the raceabout class, and has one of the most wonderful racing records. In moderate winds she is a difficult boat to beat, but she appears too short to batter through a heavy seaway. Daydream, a Crowninshield design, clearly outsailed Jilt in every particular on Saturday's race, and would have won had it not been for her unfortunate mistake. She is a long, clean-cut, thoroughbred-looking boat that works to windward in rough water like a charm. She is capable of pointing very high and footing with any other member of the fleet. She appears a bit logy in calm weather or moderate breezes.

Opitsah is a Purdon design, and much resembles Persimmon, although it is doubtful if she is as fast. Her new sails this year do not appear to be satisfactory. Raider was designed by Crane three years ago, and raced with fair success on the Sound. She sails well to windward in a breeze and rough water, and also in a very light air. In all conditions between these she is not more than average. Loafer, designed by Crowninshield, much resembles Daydream, but is not as fast. She has possibilities, however, and if she can be gotten into really good shape should prove a winner. Cross Patch is a Lawley boat, but is seldom raced, as she only begins to wake up when a young hurricane is blowing. Then, however, she can show her heels to any other boat in the bay. Mongoose is another old Marblehead champion, and is a production of Crowninshield. She, as is Mist, also of Crowninshield design, is completely outclassed, and it is doubtful if either will be raced this season. Betsy, formerly a good performer in these waters, is also out of the game.

The weather at Islesboro is on the whole rough. A southerly wind generally draws up the bay during the afternoon, and if it meets an ebb tide kicks up a nasty quick chop that puts an end to the windward abilities of any scow-built boat. The Regatta Committee is very fond of laying out a windward and leeward course, and gives more of them on the average than of triangles, it being hoped to encourage the more or less heavy rigging of the boats rather than the use of light rope and wire. A fast season is looked for, as many prizes have been offered and the owners of the boats are showing a keen, sportsmanlike attitude that bids well for the future of the sport at Islesboro. RICHARD DERBY.

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, July 5.

FOUR of the Seawanhaka Club knockabouts started in the third series race for the Centre Island cup. The boats sailed over knockabout course 3. The wind was variable and light. The summary:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Gowan, F. G. Stewart	6 55 11	3 15 11
Bobs, W. A. W. Stewart	6 58 18	3 18 18
Wyntje, C. Hoyt, Jr.	7 01 45	3 21 45
Lucille, H. H. Landon	7 13 50	3 33 50

Saturday, July 12.

On Saturday, July 12, the Seawanhaka knockabouts sailed a special race over knockabout course 3. The breeze was fresh from the south. The summary, start, 3:20:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Lucille, H. H. Landon	5 15 55	1 55 55
Marcia, J. de Forest	5 18 22	1 58 22
Heron, F. R. Coudert, Jr.	5 19 21	1 59 21
Gowan, F. G. Stewart	5 21 12	2 01 12
Bobs, W. A. W. Stewart	5 23 00	2 03 00
Wyntje, C. S. Hoyt and C. Hoyt, Jr.	Withdrew.	

Lucille won.

In the morning of the 12th the Seawanhaka knockabouts Gowan and Bobs sailed a race for the Leland Corinthian Challenge cup. The wind was very light from the south at the start, but freshened at the finish. Gowan finished a winner. The summary follows, start 11:01:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Gowan, F. G. Stewart	1 59 55	2 58 55
Bobs, W. A. W. Stewart	2 04 53	3 03 53

Newport Special Thirties.

NEWPORT, R. I.

Monday, July 7.

ONLY two of the 30-footers started in the first race for the Paget cup, which was sailed on Monday, July 7, over a triangular course eight miles in length. The wind was light from the S. Esperanza won by 41s. The summary, start 3:21:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	4 30 41	1 09 41
Barbara, Winthrop Rutherfurd	4 31 22	1 10 22

Tuesday, July 8.

In a fresh S.W. breeze Barbara, Breeze and Esperanza sailed an interesting race on Tuesday, July 8. The course was to Dyer's Island and return, making the first leg a run and the second a beat. Barbara won by nearly 2m. The summary, start 3:30:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Barbara, W. Rutherfurd	6 05 31	2 35 31
Breeze, W. G. Roelker, Jr.	6 07 26	2 37 26
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	6 10 04	2 40 04

Wednesday, July 9.

Esperanza, well handled by her owner, Mr. H. O. Havemeyer, won the race sailed on Wednesday, July 9. The course was to Dyer's Island and return, same as on the day previous. The wind was fresh from the S.W. Esperanza was 40s. ahead at the turn, and won by 2m. 21s. The summary, start 3:10:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	5 32 08	2 22 08
Barbara, W. Rutherfurd	5 34 29	2 24 29
Wawa, R. Brooks	5 35 06	2 25 06
Breeze, W. G. Roelker, Jr.	5 35 37	2 25 37
Carolina, P. Jones	5 37 58	2 27 58

Corinthian Y. C. Cruise.

THE fleet of the Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia will rendezvous for the annual cruise at Glen Cove, Long Island, N. Y., on the afternoon of Friday, July 25, 1902.

The squadron runs will be as follows:

Saturday, July 26.—Race from Glen Cove to Oyster Bay.

Sunday, July 27.—Fleet to remain at anchor at Oyster Bay.

Monday, July 28.—Race from Oyster Bay to Morris Cove.

Tuesday, July 29.—Race from Morris Cove to Shelter Island.

Wednesday, July 30.—Race from Shelter Island to New London.

Thursday, July 31.—Fleet to remain at anchor. Gig and dinghy races for yachts' crews, and races for small boats belonging to yachts of the fleet, will be held in the afternoon. Entries to be made to the fleet captain.

Friday, Aug. 1.—Race from New London to Newport.

Saturday, Aug. 2.—Disband.

Manchester Y. C.

WEST MANCHESTER, MASS.

Friday, July 4.

A SPECIAL open race for 16-footers was sailed off West Manchester on Friday, July 4, in a fluky northwest breeze. Rikki Tikki finished first by a big margin. The summary:

	Elapsed.
Rikki Tikki, A. P. Loring, Jr.	0 53 00
Jap, Lawrence Wigglesworth	1 03 00
Witch, George Wigglesworth	1 08 41
Kotik, Miss Esther Williams	1 10 30
Devil, C. L. Rumsey	Withdrew.

Witch was disqualified for fouling a buoy.

Newport Y. R. A.

MR. H. B. DURYEA, chairman of the Regatta Committee of the Newport Y. R. A., announces that owing to the poor list of entries, their races will be postponed until after the New York Y. C. cruise.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

We are indebted to Mr. Everett Paine, Secretary of the Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, for a copy of its club book.

Mr. F. W. Sykes, of Leith, Scotland, has sold to Mr. William L. Harkness, of Cleveland, O., through Messrs. Gardner & Cox, the steam yacht Gunilda. She was designed by Messrs. Cox & King, and was built by Messrs. Ramage & Ferguson, of Leith, in 1897. Gunilda is 166.5ft. on the waterline, 24.65ft. breadth and 14.15ft. deep. The yacht is built of steel throughout, and has six watertight bulkheads. She is lighted by electricity and is equipped with triple expansion engines.

Hon. Edward H. Blake, of Bangor, Me., has sold his steam yacht Aria to Mr. John R. Rhodes, of New Bedford, Mass.

There was launched on Monday, June 30, from the yard of the Holmes Shipbuilding Co., West Mystic, Conn., the sloop Vayu II., built for Mr. R. H. Harte, of Philadelphia, from designs by Mr. Fred D. Lawley. She is 54ft. 6in. over all, 35ft. waterline, 12ft. breadth and 7ft. draft.

The Board of Trustees of the New Rochelle Y. C. have accepted the resignation of Clendenin Eckert as Commodore, and the following appointments were made. Vice-Com. Lloyd M. Scott to be Commodore, Rear-Com. P. E. Reville to be Vice-Commodore, Lawrence Dunham to be Rear-Commodore.

The yacht brokerage firm of Messrs. Huntington & Seaman has been dissolved by mutual agreement. The business will be carried on at the same address, 220 Broadway, by Mr. Stanley M. Seaman.

The Lake Yacht Racing Association has announced the dates for the racing circuit for this season. They are as follows:

July 21.—Royal Hamilton Y. C., Hamilton.
July 23-24.—Royal Canadian Y. C., Toronto.
July 26.—Citizen's Regatta, Cobourg.
July 29.—Rochester Y. C., Charlotte.

On July 9 the 38ft. launch Abiel Abbot Low left New York for Falmouth, England. The boat is in charge of Capt. William C. Newman, who will be accompanied by his sixteen-year-old son Edward. This is the first time that a small power boat has attempted the voyage, and it is expected she will take about thirty days to make the trip. The boat is 8ft. wide and draws 3ft. 8in., and is equipped with a 10-horse-power motor, which drives her in smooth water about seven or eight miles an hour. Eight hundred gallons of kerosene was stored in the tanks, and in addition to sufficient provisions for sixty days, 200 gallons of water is stored in tanks. The boat was built by the New York Kerosene Engine Co.

A new yacht club has been organized at Sayville, L. I., to be known as the South Side Y. C. The directors for the first year will be Messrs. Regis H. Post, Walter L. Suydam, John E. Roosevelt, John R. Suydam and Robert B. Roosevelt. Arrangements are being made to hold a regatta this season.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

Aug. 26-Sept. 6.—Sea Girt, N. J.—Annual tournament of the National Rifle Association of America, New Jersey State Rifle Association and United States Revolver Association.

Long-Range Shooting.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your article on "Long-Range Shooting" is more optimistic than the facts will warrant. I do not know what Col. Bruce is doing, but for myself, the only "youngsters" I am teaching is my son. The Long Range Club is too thoroughly military in its composition to give any hope of revival of old-time glories through it. Very few military men have any more time to give than they want for their own arm, and the more expert they are with that the more likely to make mistakes when they switch to the other gun.

As the files of the FOREST AND STREAM will show, I had a considerable measure of success with former style of rifle and ammunition, and after twenty years without seeing a rifle, was able after a week's practice last summer to do fairly well with the new tools. As ever "like causes produce like effects," and the only change is that "causes" are greater than they used to be, and consequently greater changes in effects.

You have hit the nail squarely on the head in your last paragraph. Discharge your cartridge at the same temperature every time, and it will send its bullet to the same place, if wind conditions are same. But you must make greater allowances for wind changes with the swiftly flying light bullets now used. To show what changes of temperature will do, I will mention results of some experiments made last fall. Shooting from a fixed rest at 200yds., with the rifle hot from rapid shooting, a cartridge left in the rifle fifteen seconds longer than usual sent its bullet 8in. higher. This, if shot at 1,000yds., would have been one of those "unaccountables" the boys talk about.

The Palma has gone to Canada, and is going to stay there, so long as the powers that be try to retain it by making a team with a week's practice.

The beautiful cup presented by Mr. Haskell for an international army rifle prize, and which I think none of our marksmen beside myself has ever seen, is defended in Ireland by veterans of from ten to thirty years' constant practice. What hope is there for our bringing it home if we wait till two weeks or two months before sending for it before organizing a team? We should be getting ready for next year now.

FRANK HYDE.

Trapshooting.

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

Fixtures.

July 16-17.—Wabash, Ind.—Wabash Gun Club's tournament.
July 16.—Algona, Ia.—Algona Gun Club's tournament.
July 16-17.—McConnelsville, O.—First annual tournament of the McConnelsville Gun Club. J. F. Dover, Sec'y.
July 16-17.—Allentown, Pa.—Two days' target tournament under the auspices of the John F. Weiler Gun Club.
July 16-18.—Titusville, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Titusville Gun Club. T. L. Andrews, Sec'y.
July 17-18.—Pensacola, Fla.—Two days' tournament of the Peters Cartridge Co., under the auspices of the Dixie Gun Club; $150 added. V. J. Vidal, Sec'y.
July 19.—Freehold, N. J.—Contest for the E. C. cup between Neaf Apgar (holder) and W. S. Burtis (challenger); also all-day shoot, open to all, under auspices of the Freehold Gun Club.
July 21-23.—Winnipeg, Man.—Sixth annual trapshooting tournament of the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition Association. F. W. Henbach, Gen'l Mgr.
July 22.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Open target shoot and fish dinner of the Hell Gate Gun Club, Dexter Park.
July 22-23.—Greenville, Miss.—Mississippi and Louisiana Trap shooters' League target tournament. C. W. Walton, Sec'y Natchez, Miss.
July 23-25.—Bay Ridge A. A. Co., Md.—J. R. Malone's eighth annual midsummer tournament; $200 added money; two days prise Gun Club. Geo. W. Mains, Sec'y.
July 24.—Pottstown, Pa.—Opening shoot of the Shuler Gun Club on its new grounds; open to all.
July 24-25.—Ann Arbor, Mich.—Third tournament of the Michigan State Trapshooters' League, under auspices of the Ann Arbor Gun Club. Wm. Corson, Sec'y.
July 25.—Salem, O.—Salem Gun Club's tournament.
July 25-26.—East Alton, Ill.—Wann Gun Club's amateur tournament.
July 28-30.—Atlanta, Ga.—Peters Cartridge Company's tournament, under auspices of the Atlanta Gun Club.
July 29-31.—Newton, Ia.—Southeastern Iowa Shooting Association's third annual amateur tournament.
July 28-Aug. 2.—Atlanta, Ga.—Peters Cartridge Company's tournament.
Aug. 4-5.—Moberly, Mo.—Inanimate target tournament for amateurs.
Aug. 5-8.—Asheville, N. C.—Tournament given by Col. J. T Anthony and Maj. E. P. McKissick.
Aug. 6-7.—Lafayette, Ind.—Lafayette Gun Club's annual tournament.
Aug. 6-7.—Litchfield, Ill.—Amateur tournament of the Litchfield Pioneer Gun Club.
Aug. 6-7.—Marietta, O.—The Interstate Association's tourna ment, under the auspices of the Columbian Gun Club. Chas. Bailey, Sec'y
Aug. 7.—Leamington, Can.—Annual tournament of the Leamington Gun Club.
Aug. 12-13.—Bowling Green, O.—Merchandise tournament of the Bowling Green Gun Club, for Wood county shooters.
Aug. 12-13.—Birmingham, Ala.—Third annual Alabama State target tournament, under the auspices of the Birmingham Gun Club. R. H. Baugh, Sec'y.
Aug. 13-14.—Brunswick, Me.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Brunswick Gun Club. L. C. Whitmore, Sec'y.
Aug. 14-15.—Greenville, Pa.—Alexander's annual target tournament.
Aug. 14-16.—Hamilton, Can.—Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association's tournament.
Aug. 19-20.—Vicksburg, Miss.—Mississippi and Louisiana Trapshooters' League target tournament. C. W. Walton, Sec'y, Natchez, Miss.
Aug. 20-21.—Kane, Pa.—Kane Sportsmen's Club's amateur target tournament.
Aug. 20-21.—Ossining, N. Y.—Two days' shoot of the Ossining Gun Club; first day handicap (100 targets, 14 to 21yds. rise, open to all) and R. I. clam bake; second day, regular programme.
Aug. 26-29.—Okoboji, Ia.—Amateur shooting tournament, under management of Messrs. C. W. Budd and E. C. Hinshaw.
Aug. 27-28.—Peru, Ind.—Peru Gun Club's sixth annual midsummer tournament, at Bass Lake. Frank Dunbar, Sec'y.
Aug. 27-28.—Haverhill, Mass.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Haverhill Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.
Aug. 27-28.—Ruffsdale, Pa.—Ruffsdale Rod and Gun Club's first annual two-day target tournament. Added money, $30. Rose system. Lloyd H. Ruff, Sec'y.
Sept. 1.—Battle Creek, Mich.—Amateur tournament of the Battle Creek Gun Club. M. E. Hensler, Sec'y.
Sept. 2-3.—Tiffin, O.—Second annual tournament of the Tiffin Gun Club; $75 added. L. D. Arndt, Sec'y.
Sept. 3-4.—Nappanee, Ind.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Nappanee Gun Club. B. B. Maust, Sec'y.
Sept. 3-5.—Richmond, Ind.—Handicap tournament of the Richmond, Ind., and College Corner, New Paris and Oxford, O., gun clubs.
Sept. 3-5.—Richmond, Ind.—Richmond Gun Club's handicap shoot.
Sept. 3-5.—Erie, Pa.—Erie City Rod and Gun Club's handicap tournament at targets. Open to all; $200 added. A. N. Aitken, Sec'y.
Sept. 9-11.—Du Bois, Pa.—Three days' target tournament of the Du Bois Rod and Gun Club; added money, $200. L. S. Munch, Sec'y.
Sept. 9-12.—Battle Creek, Mich.—Tournament of the Indians; open to the world; $1,000 added. John Parker, Mgr.
Sept. 15-20.—Blue River Park, Kansas City, Mo.—Twenty-fifth tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. Targets and live birds. Paul Franke, Sec'y.
Sept. 16-17.—Nebraska City, Neb.—Tournament at Nebraska City.
Sept. 16-18.—Williamsport, Pa.—Tournament of the West Branch Rod and Gun Club.
Sept. 16-19.—Detroit, Mich.—John Parker's annual tournament.
Sept. 23-25.—Cincinnati, O.—Second annual handicap target tournament of the Cincinnati Gun Club. Charles F. Dreihs, Sec'y.
Sept. 29-30.—Lewistown, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Lewistown Gun Club. H. H. McCumber, Sec'y.
Oct. 1-2.—Union City, Ind.—Parent Grove Gun Club's fall tournament. O. E. Fouts, Sec'y.
Oct. 1-2.—Allegheny, Pa.—Two-day target tournament of the Northside Gun Club; $100 added money. I. W. Morrow, Sec'y.
Oct. 7-8.—Greenville, O.—Handicap tournament of the Greenville Gun Club. H. A. McCaughey, Sec'y.
Oct. 15-16.—Springfield, O.—Springfield Gun Club's tournament. B. F. Downs, Capt.
Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.
Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's target shoot, every Saturday afternoon until October. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.
First Saturday of each month for a year, Burnside.—Contest for the Troisdorf live-bird and target medals; 10 live birds; 25 targets; open to all. First contest, March 1.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

At the club shoot of the Sistersville (W. Va.) Gun Club, July 14, the president of the club won the championship trophy with the excellent score of 24 out of a possible 25. Mr. Ed O. Bower and C. I. Hall tied for the second medal on 23, the former winning in the shoot-off.

There will be an all-day shoot at Freehold, N. J., on Saturday of this week under the auspices of the Freehold Gun Club. The main event is the contest for the E. C. cup, emblematic of the championship of New Jersey.

The Ossining (N. Y.) Gun Club has issued the programme for its tournament of Aug. 20 and 21. On the first day there are four 15-target events, $1.30 entrance, followed by the main event, the handicap at 100 targets, 14 to 21yds. rise, high guns, entrance $5, which includes a ticket to the clam bake. The latter will be made by Mr. George Hunt, under the direction of Capt. George Washburn, and will be more than the name indicates, as there also will be chicken, lobster and other good things. On the second day there are ten events on the programme, of which five are at 15 targets, $1.30 entrance; four at 20 targets, $1.50 entrance, and one, the merchandise event, at 25 targets, 50 cents entrance; 180 targets, with a total entrance of $13. The Rose system will govern. Professionals may shoot targets at 1 cent each and may shoot for prizes in the merchandise event, which is an open one. Added money for two highest amateur averages. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock. Ossining is thirty miles from New York, on the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad. Loaded shells and lunch can be obtained on the grounds. The captain is Mr. Chas. G. Blandford.

Dr. Silas B. Keith, of Palmer, Mass., writes us as follows: "Plans are being made in the State of Massachusetts for the broadening of the Massachusetts Shooting Association, and which is expected to take in the entire State. The Association will be divided into three or four divisions, each division being composed of four or five clubs. Each division will hold shoots about four times during a season and will finish the season with a State shoot, which will bring all the clubs together. Each division will hold team shoots as well as sweepstake shooting, and it is expected that the winning club in each division will constitute the teams for the final state shoot. The following committee is appointed by the Association to make final preparations for next year: Dr. S. B. Keith, Palmer, secretary of Association; Mr. E. Menett, Springfield; Mr. H. Lawrence, Winchendon; C. L. Rundlett, Jr., Worcester: Leroy Woodard, Boston; H. Federhen, Boston. It is expected the committee will have a meeting at some time in the near future."

The programme of the Interstate Trapshooting tournament, given for the Columbian Gun Club, Aug. 6 and 7, at Marietta, O., can be obtained of the club's secretary, Mr. Chas. Baily, 106 Front street, Marietta, or Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association. The events are alike each day, namely, five at 15, four at 20 and two at 25 targets; entrance $1.50, $2 and $2.50; $3 added to each of the 15-target events, and $5 added to each of the others. Lunch will be served on the grounds each day. Targets, 2 cents, included in entrance. The grounds will be open for practice on Aug. 5. Percentage system, five moneys, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent., will govern the division of the purses. Guns and ammunition, express prepaid, sent to the secretary, will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. High average prize for agents, $8; and the same for amateurs. Shooting will commence at 9 o'clock.

We acknowledge with pleasure the receipt of the Inanimate Bird Shooting Association's programme and rules which govern its tenth annual clay pigeon open championship meeting, to be held under the management of the Middlesex Gun Club, Welch Harp, Hendon, S. W., London, July 17 to 19. Some of the general conditions, as set forth in the programme, are of special interest, of which we note the following: "All guns must be kept open at the breech until the referee, having satisfied himself that the shooters are in their places, calls, 'Line ready?'" "A shooter from any cause whatever who shall discharge his gun otherwise than in accordance with the regulations shall be excluded from taking part in any further competitions during the day." "No person is allowed to make any noise or disturbance likely to affect the competitors."

The two days' tournament under the auspices of the Providence (R. I.) Gun Club, July 25 and 26, has ten events on the programme each day. On the first day the events are alternately at 15 and 20 targets, entrance $1.30 and $2.40. On the second day there are four events at 15 and two at 20 targets, and four events at 25 targets, $2.50 entrance, these four events being the five-man team race between teams from Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Rhode Island for a purse and the championship of New England. Targets 2 cents. Rose system, 8, 5, 3, 2. Shooting commences at 9:15 each day. Lunch served on the grounds. Send shells care of C. F. Pope Co., 33 Weybosset street. Any pertinent information will be furnished by Secretary R. C. Root, Providence.

Capt. E. B. Wadsworth, of Boston, renowned in the trapshooting world, under the nom de fusil of "Puck," sends us, under date of July 11, the following interesting item: "I want to inform you of a little affair that occurred at Wellington last night. Our old friend, Mr. O. R. Dickey's fiftieth birthday occurred yesterday, July 10, so I started a paper among his shooting friends, and last night at his residence presented him with an elegant diamond stud and his good wife with an elegant cut-glass vase and a silver-mounted mirror stand and a bouquet of fifty elegant roses. Mr. Dickey invited eight of his friends to dine with him on his fiftieth birthday, and the result was as above stated. I sent him a watermelon weighing 54 pounds, and I told him I came out to cut a watermelon. The evening was spent with a great deal of enthusiasm."

The members of "The Wanderers," the old, old club, which has been revivified, received a notice this week as follows from the secretary, Mr. Edward Banks: "The Wanderers will meet next Saturday, July 19, at Freehold, N. J. An all-day shoot will be provided, the main feature being the match between Neaf Apgar (holder) and W. S. Burtis (challenger) for the E. C. cup. Take the 8:30 A. M. train from foot of Liberty street, over the C. R. R. of N. J., or the 7:25 A. M. train on the Pennsylvania from the foot of Cortlandt street. Central train preferred. If you cannot attend, notify me by Thursday, the 17th, or you will be fined 25 cents for the good of the cause."

At a meeting of the Du Bois (Pa.) Rod and Gun Club, held recently, it was decided that the club will hold a three days' target tournament, Sept. 9, 10 and 11, on the local fair grounds. The citizens of Du Bois have liberally donated both cash and merchandise prizes. A silver cup, valued at $100, will be a prize for a four-man team match, open to members of Pennsylvania clubs. Much energy has been evoked by the visit of Mr. Frank Lawrence, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., who was elected an honorary member.

Under date of July 12 Mr. C. F. Lambert, from Haverhill, Mass., writes us as follows: "The Haverhill (Mass.) Gun Club, at its coming Interstate Association tournament, are arranging for some features that should prove attractive to the shooters. Most every one, shooters included, while not specially looking for or trying to get something for nothing, will at this particular shoot have that opportunity offered them. To fully learn what this means they should watch these columns closely for the next few weeks."

The Schenectady Gun Club's team defeated the Boston Athletic Association's team in a trophy contest, at Riverside, Mass., July 12. This is the second and final win by the Schenectady team. The first contest was won by a margin of 30; the second by 24, or 54 to the good in the total of both contests.

Keep in mind that Mr. Jim Malone's eighth annual midsummer tournament will be held next week, July 23 to 25, at Bay Ridge, A. A. County, Md., where the ocean breezes play freely, where the fish bite on opportunity, and where there is good trapshooting competition for the world.

Mr. F. C. Riehl, who recently entered the employ of the U. M. C. Co., is distinguishing himself as an excellent shot. He won high average recently at Sioux City, Ia., and he was also in the first flight at the Chamberlain (S. D.) Gun Club's tournament, July 10 and 11.

The North River Gun Club, of Edgewater, N. J., has most pleasant quarters on the shore of the North River, opposite 125th street Ferry, New York. It holds shoots regularly every Saturday, and extends a hearty welcome to visitors to participate in its sport.

The Hampshire (W. Va.) Sportsmen's new club house was formally opened on July 4, with a housewarming of large size. A special Pullman car conveyed a large number of the members to the station, whence they journeyed by carriages to the club house, with which they were greatly pleased. Fireworks engaged the attention of some of the guests in the evening, while dancing was the preference of others.

Mr. Lloyd H. Ruff, secretary of the Ruffsdale (Pa.) Gun Club, writes us that his club will hold its first annual target tournament on Aug. 27 and 28. There will be $30 in added money, and the Rose system will govern the division of the purses.

Aug. 27 and 28 are the dates fixed upon for the sixth annual midsummer tournament of the Peru, Ind., Gun Club, and Bass Lake the place. Mr. J. L. Head is the president, Mr. Frank Dunbar the secretary.

The Hell Gate Gun Club will hold a target shoot, open events, and have a fish dinner on July 22, at Dexter Park, Jamaica avenue and Enfield street, Brooklyn. Targets 1½ cents. Fish dinner, $1.

We are advised by Mr. T. H. Keller, the energetic and popular manager of the Peters Cartridge Company, Eastern Branch, that Mr. John Parker won the Michigan State live-bird championship.

At Mr. F. C. Whitney's July 4 shoot, Des Moines, Ia., Mr. C. W. Budd did some phenomenally skillful shooting, scoring 166 out of 170 targets shot at, an average of nearly 98 per cent.

Mr. B. Leroy Woodard, at a recent shoot of the Montello Gun Club, did some extraordinary target smashing by making a run of 130 straight. He also scored 142 out of 144 shot at.

Mr. I. W. Morrow, secretary, informs us that the Northside Gun Club, of Allegheny City, Pa., claims the dates Oct. 1 and 2 for a two-day target tournament; $100 added money.

At the midsummer tournament of the Sistersville (W. Va.) Gun Club, July 10, Mr. Luther Squire made highest average, breaking 185 out of a possible 200.

BERNARD WATERS.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, July 2.—The usual weekly shoot of the Boston Gun Club was held on their grounds, at Wellington, to-day, and a small number of shooters were in attendance, due to the fact that another shoot day is coming in a few days. However, the usual good feeling prevailed, and those who did attend had a royal good time. As is usual, Leroy took the lead both in handicap events, as well as 16yds., and there is no use talking, something will have to be done so that some of the rest of us can have a chance. First in the match was Leroy with 21 at his usual distance of 21yds., followed by Kirkwood, 18yds., with 19. Frank Spencer and Bullard tied for third place with 17. Scores:

Nos. 1, 3, 4, 6, 7, 9 and 10 were magautrap; Nos. 2, 5, and 8 were Sergeant system.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Leroy, 21	8	8	9	8	13	9	10	15	9	14
Frank, 18	7	8	7	6	11	6	..	..	..	..
Woodruff, 17	8	6	4	7	12	4	6	13	..	7
Follansbee, 16	7	4	1	4	8	..	..	..	..	..
Bullard, 17	7	6	7	8	11	6	..	..	..	..
Hawkins, 16	6	8	9	5	9	4	..	..	..	..
M E, 14	4	3	..	2	7	..	4	..	..	8
Kirkwood, 18	10	8	6	9	14	5	8	14	6	14
Lund, 16	..	..	..	..	8	7	6	9	4	9
Spencer, 18	..	..	..	..	6	10	13	4	11	13

Merchandise match, 25 bluerocks, 15 Sergeant, 5 pairs; distance handicap:

Leroy, 21	1011110111111111	11 11 11 11 10—22
Kirkwood, 18	1111111110111111	11 00 01 01 10—19
Frank, 18	0101111110111110	10 10 11 00 11—17
Spencer, 18	1111111111101101	00 10 10 10 10—17
Bullard, 17	1011011010111111	10 00 11 11 10—17
Woodruff, 17	0110101111111111	11 00 00 10 01—16
Lund, 16	0110011011111000	11 10 11 00 11—15
Hawkins, 16	1101000111110011	10 10 00 11 00—13

North River Gun Club.

New York, July 12.—The North River Gun Club, of Edgewater, N. J., had its regular Saturday shoot on their beautiful grounds at Edgewater. The weather being clear, with a southerly wind, made the shoot all the more pleasant. The only incident that marred the shoot was the firing of a revolver by an idiot who was passing by in a row boat, who thought that the members were firing at him and promptly pulled out a large revolver and fired five shots in succession. Capt. Cathcart and Chief Marshal Geo. Allison, of Edgewater, in the former's launch, quickly overhauled the row-boat and towed man and boat to shore, where he was put under arrest, but Chief Allison, yielding to the entreaties of the ladies present, allowed the man to go, and the shoot then again proceeded.

The Glaser trophy, a club event for members only, was at 50 targets, handicap allowance. It was won by Mr. F. Truax with a score of 49, allowance added.

The allowances and scores were as follows: Eickhoff (7) 37, Richter (5) 42, Allison (9) 35, F. Truax (8) 41, Annett (5) 38, Merrill (10) 19, Morrison (5) 29, Catheart (7) 34.

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	10	25	25	10
Eickhoff	9	9	7	6	..	6	6	13	5	16	21	10
Richter	10	8	5	6	9	7	9	11	9	23	19	..
Allison	5	6	4	4	9	7	8	5	5	15	20	..
Truax	..	3	6	8	5	4	7	13	10	21	20	9
Annett	..	8	5	8	9	5	9	13	..	17	21	..
Sedore	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	6	8	..	13	18
Brinckerhoff	..	..	..	..	..	5	2	6	4	..	12	17
Merrill	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	5	7	..	6	13
Billey	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	5	9	..	9	13
Waters	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	5	12	..	16	19
Morrison	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	15	14
Cathcart	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	17	..

JAS. R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Carlstadt Gun Club.

Carlstadt, N. J.—The shoot of the Carlstadt Gun Club, held on July 4, had several prize events, first of which was won by A. Roemer; second by H. Krug, who also won third, fourth and fifth prizes, which were shot for miss-and-out. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Wm Rasmus, 1	3	4	7	..	5	..	..	5	7
A Niederer, 3	5	7	5	3	7	5	6	5	..
A Roemer, 3	6	3	7	9	..	6	7	4	7
H Krug, 0	7	7	7	8	8	8	7	..	6
J Vohs, 3	7	7	4	7	..	..	..	..	..
J Rasmus, 1	..	3	3	4	..	..	6	5	..
M Rasmus, 0	..	2	7	5	7	5	..	..	3
T Gunpp	..	..	..	..	6	5	6	3	5

Dover Sportsmen's Association.

DOVER, N. H., July 12.—Seven members and two visitors took part in the regular shoot to-day. The hard, westerly wind gave some difficult targets. Messrs. Langley and N. C. Wentworth negotiated one straight each. The scores:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
F F Wentworth	75	56	Miller	60	27
St Evens	75	51	Meseroe	30	15
Langley	110	92	Smart	60	27
N C Wentworth	100	66	Henry	20	4
Hallam	70	46			

F. C. Whitney's Tournament.

DES MOINES, Ia., July 5.—At F. C. Whitney's Fourth of July tournament, the shooting was done from one set of traps, Sergeant system. Events 4 and 5 were at doubles. A nice lunch was served by Mr. Whitney, and a very pleasant day was enjoyed by all present.

Budd made high average, losing but 4 targets out of 170 shot at. In the amateur class Famechon was high with 94.4 per cent; Kessler second with 85.7. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
Targets:	15	15	15	5p	5p	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	15	10	10	10
Kessler	12	11	14	7	7	..	10	8	..	10	..	9	14	..	9	..	9
Ross	11	13	13	6	5	..	..	6	9	9	7	5	13	11	..	..	..
Allison	10	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	14	..	8	..
Blackburn	13	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	13	..	8	..
Dale	13	12	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	12	13	..	9	..
Layman	14	14	10	8	4	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	10
Budd	15	15	15	10	9	15	10	9	10	10	10	..	15	14	9	..	..
Famechon	14	14	14	9	9	..	..	10	9	10	..	..	15	14	..	..	..
Calson	8	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	7	..
Sanders	10	..	12	..	..	7	..	..	7	7	..	8	..	11	..	9	8
Close	11	..	..	..	..	5	..	9	6	..	..	..	..	10	..	7	..
French	..	13	8	..	..	11	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Harris	..	..	7	..	..	13	10	8	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Martin	..	..	10	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	5	..	8
Smith	..	..	12	..	..	11	4	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	5	5	6
Morris	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	8	..	6	..	..	6	..
Bryan	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	9	6	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	..
Carrs	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	8	..
Weaver	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	10	9	7	4	9	..	13	..	..	..
Stotts	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	7	..	8	..	7	8	..	..
Fellows	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	6	5	7	5	..	..	6	7	6
Ferron	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	8	..	..	10	..	..	9	..	8
Towne	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	6	..	..	..	..	7	8	6
Knowlton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	7	7	6

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Kessler	140	120	.857	Harris	60	47	.783
Allison	70	50	.714	Martin	55	37	.672
Ross	145	108	.744	Smith	80	46	.575
Blackburn	70	58	.828	Morris	50	26	.520
Dale	95	78	.822	Bryan	65	47	.723
Layman	100	78	.780	Carrs	35	24	.685
Budd	170	166	.976	Weaver	75	59	.786
Famechon	125	118	.944	Stotts	55	33	.600
Calson	50	29	.580	Fellows	80	50	.625
Sanders	110	79	.718	Ferron	50	41	.820
Close	75	48	.640	Towne	60	41	.683
French	55	38	.690	Knowlton	40	22	.550

HAWKEYE.

Boston Athletic Association.

BOSTON, July 12.—A return match between the Schenectady Gun Club and B. A. A. Gun Club was shot off at the grounds of the B. A. A. at Riverside, Mass., this afternoon. The matches were for a trophy, the grand total on the two to count. As Schenectady team won by 30 birds at home and by 24 this afternoon, they were rather easy winners.

The conditions were perfect, and some of the scores, especially those of Messrs. Wagner, Green, Warnick and Leviston, of the New York team, and Messrs. Baxter and Dickey, the B. A. A., were exceedingly good, inasmuch as the targets were thrown very hard and fast. It was an eight-man team match, 50 targets to each contestant.

As our team have been shooting remarkably well all through this spring and summer, our defeat on our own grounds was a surprise to us all, and the very low scores made by most of our team is simply unaccountable. Following are the scores of the team shoot:

Boston Athletic Association.

H Baxter	11111010001111111111111111—21	
	11101010111111101111111101—20—41	
Dr Edwards, Jr	00100101110000010111111101—13	
	10111101110010001110110011—15—28	
N Ellis	11111110101100111110100010—16	
	10000111101110000011111100—13—29	
O R Dickey	01010111110101101111111111—19	
	11111101111110110111111111—22—41	
J H Daggett	10111010110001111111111111—19	
	00110101110111111110100011—16—35	
C M Howell	10111111101111111111000111—20	
	11111010101111111010110111—19—39	
G B Clark	11100101001101101111110111—17	
	01101110101110100000111011—15—32	
W L Hill	01011101101111101110011111—18	
	01110111111110111011111100—19—37	

Schenectady Gun Club.

V Wallbung	00011001111100111110101100—14	
	11101101100101000010100000—11—25	
A A Green	10111011011101111111110111—20	
	10101010101101111110100111—16—36	
H H Valentine	11001111011101111111101001—18	
	11111111110001101110111111—20—38	
S K Warnick	11110111111111111111101111—23	
	01111111111101110111111110—21—44	
H E Greene	11010111011111111111111111—22	
	11111011111111110111111101—22—44	
B B Hull	11001111101101011000110 1—16	
	10101011111110011111000111—17—33	
C Wagner	01111111111111111101111011—22	
	10111111111111111111101111—23—45	
H M Livingston, Jr	00111111111101111111110111—21	
	01111111111101111111111001—21—42	

J. H. DAGGETT, Capt. B. A. A. Gun Club.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O.—The contest for the solid silver loving cup, presented by Mr. Theo. Fourcar, was won July 4 by Mr. Randall. Trimble was high in the fourteenth cash prize contest with a score of 46. The scores:

Silver cup contest:

Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	Total.
Randall, 18	13	13	12	13	12	14	11	88
Ahlers, 19	12	13	15	10	11	13	14	88
Davies, 18	11	12	12	14	13	12	13	87
Herman, 16	15	11	13	12	12	11	13	87
R Trimble, 22	12	13	13	13	13	10	12	86
Gambell, 18	6	11	15	12	14	13	13	85
Dick, 17	13	11	10	14	13	13	11	85
Faran, 18	12	13	13	10	11	14	12	85
Harris, 17	13	9	11	14	10	13	14	84
Willey, 17	10	12	13	13	12	11	13	84
Nye, 18	12	11	12	13	12	12	11	83
Jones, 18	12	8	11	13	15	10	13	82
Du Pont, 19	12	9	12	13	12	13	10	81
Coleman, 19	12	9	12	12	13	9	11	78
Grau, 18	14	10	12	11	12	9	9	77
Capt, 17	13	13	8	11	9	12	9	75
Fredericks, 17	10	11	14	12	9	10	8	74
Ackley, 15	11	10	11	10	11	9	11	73
Falk, 16	10	11	7	9	13	10	11	71
J B, 17	7	9	12	10	8	10	11	67
Philebaum, 15	9	9	8	9	11	7	10	63

Tie on 50 targets: Ahlers (19) 34, Randall (18) 37.

Cincinnati Gun Club's cash prize contest, July 5: R. Trimble (19) 46, Gamble (18) 41, Van Ness (18) 41, Herman (16) 41, Day (17) 41, Ahlers (18) 40, Randall (18) 40, Osterfeld (19) 38, J. B. (16) 38, Butts (16) 38, United (16) 37, Falk (17) 37, Coleman (19) 36, Faran (19) 36, Davies (18) 35, Ackley (15) 35, Boyd (15) 35, E. Trimble (17) 34, Roll (18) 34, Corry (17) 33, Captain (16) 32, Boeh (15) 29.

The Verbosity of Match Making.

AUBURN, Me., July 13.—No doubt the readers of FOREST AND STREAM who read brother Stark's comment on the Wellington shoot, have decided he is a kicker long before this. Now I can show you that he is also a squealer.

You probably noticed what he said about the stranger from Skowhegan or somewhere trying to inveigle him into a match on his "grandpa gray head" challenge. Now this is a surprise to me, being called a stranger to C. M. Stark. Why, I have known him (through FOREST AND STREAM) these many years, and if he doesn't know me, he can get acquainted mighty easy by accepting my offer to make a match between Maine and New Hampshire. He tells me he and his pard's combined ages are 115 years. We can furnish two shooters whose ages will make 118 years. When I read Mr. Stark's challenge, I said to myself he isn't one of those "narrer minded critters" who will insist on living inside New Hampshire boundary, and a match between the two States will set the young men to thinking and training, so they can take their places in a "grandpa grayhead" match when they get old enough.

So when I met Mr. C. M. Stark at Wellington, I proposed that when the return match was shot in Maine, if he would bring down his side pard, we would have our men ready for a friendly match for fun or marbles, as he liked. He said we will make it for just enough to be interesting. This, I thought, was an acceptance of the proposition, details to be arranged later.

He asked me who was to make one team, and I told him Prof. Moody was one of them, and the other was not there, but was all right. Now here is where I made a mistake in not giving Prof. Moody a tip not to shoot too well, and he kept right on smashing the asphalt crockery at a 90 per cent. gait, which, I think, took the wind out of Brother Stark's sails, for he came to me in about an hour and said, "You are from Maine, are you? Well you read my challenge again, and you will see that it was confined strictly to New Hampshire. I don't want no part of you Maine shooters. I was down there once and paid a guide money enough to buy the county we were stopping in, and only got one shot at a caribou [didn't say what the result was], and I swore I would never go there again. My challenge was for New Hampshire, and if I ever make another it will only include Dunbarton, Weare and Heniker, and as there isn't a shooter in Weare, and only one in Heniker and he is most blind, I shall feel pretty safe."

Now, I hope that a man who can shoot as well and dress as sporty as Mr. Stark, won't crawl into a hole like New Hampshire and pull the hole in after him. He likes fun, and that is what we are all after in this game, and as there is to be a match in each State in the Interstate contest, it will cost nothing to bring about this side match. It would create a lot of interest in trapshooting, for there is nothing pleases me more at our shoots that to see an elderly gentleman at the score with gun in hand and enjoying himself. Let's see if Brother Stark is mad when he reads this. The comment on elderly gentlemen, which includes him, ought to cool him off, and I hope it will—if not, brother, take revenge at the traps.

SEE E. SEE.

Sistersville Gun Club.

SISTERSVILLE, W. Va., July 11.—The midsummer target tournament by the sistersville Gun Club yesterday was quite a success, although the attendance was not up to expectations, in all probability because of the very heavy rain in the early morning, which continued during the greater part of the forenoon. It, however, cleared up about 11 o'clock, and from that time on until evening, it was a delightful day for the sport, and afforded those present great enjoyment.

Mr. Luther Squire, representating the Dupont Powder Company, was here from Cincinnati; P. Schlicher, Jr., and John M. Speary from Marietta; John B. Garden and C. H. Dowler, from Wheeling, and F. C. Percival, Esq., from St. Marys. The local club was represented by Curt I. Hall, Frank Dunlap, Geo. Wolfe and Ed O. Bower.

The best shooting of the day was done by Mr. Squire, his score being 185 out of a possible 200. Of the other visitors, J. M. Speary and P. Schlicher, Jr., of Marietta, O., did some excellent shooting. Of the locals, Dade had a little the best of it, and landed not far from the top, he and P. Schlicher, Jr., tieing for third place. After the completion of the regular programme an extra race at 25 targets was shot, which was won by Dade, who went out with 24. P. Schlicher, Jr., followed closely with 23, J. M. Speary and C. I. Hall each broke 22, Cole and John B. Garden 21.

F. C. Percival, Esq., president of the West Virginia State Association since its organization, was a most welcome visitor. He has not been well for several weeks, and considering the condition of his health, and shooting a new gun, his scores were exceptionally good. He is known among the shooters as Cole.

The rag time flight of the targets, caused by the heavy wind, was quite a proposition for John B. Garden and C. H. Dowler, who were present from Wheeling, and their scores were far below their usual average. They promise ti do better next time, however. Tabulated scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	15	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	20	25
L Squire	15	14	13	19	15	14	18	14	13	16	15	19	..
J. M. Speary	13	14	14	17	14	12	18	11	13	16	13	20	22
Dade	12	14	13	17	12	10	18	12	14	18	12	18	24
P Schlicher, Jr	14	12	14	15	15	11	18	13	13	17	12	15	23
Cole	12	13	12	18	10	12	12	12	13	17	13	12	21
C I Hall	14	13	13	14	12	12	12	11	14	13	10	15	22
J B Garden	11	10	12	16	15	11	11	8	15	15	9	18	21
J G Wolfe	8	12	13	..	11	14	13	12	11	12	12	17	14
C. H. Dowler	6	11	6	14	8	12	12	7	10	14	9	16	15

July 14.—The regular club shoot of the Sistersville Gun Club was held on their range Saturday afternoon, and Mr. Jos. Y. McNaught, the club's genial president, walked off with the championship trophy in his inside pocket on the very creditable score of 24 out of a possible 25, from the 20yd. mark. C. I. Hall and Ed O. Bower were following closely, and went out with 23 each for second medal, which, in the shoot-off, was won by Mr. Bower. Mr. J. G. Wolfe, one of our new shooters, did well by breaking 21, considering that he had to shoot a strange gun. He is a comer. The scores in detail follow:

Event No. 1, 25 targets, for practice: Bower 20, McNaught 21, Hall 22.

Event No. 2, 25 targets, for championship trophy: McNaught 24, Hall 23, Bower 23, Wolfe 21.

Event No. 3, 25 targets, the score of Hall and Bower to count as shoot-off for second medal: McNaught 19, Hall 21, Bower 22.

Event No. 4, 25 targets: McNaught 22, Hall 23, Bower 24.

LERANZO.

St. Paul Rod and Gun Club.

ST. PAUL, Minn.—Herewith find scores made at our regular weekly club shoot, held Saturday afternoon, July 12. Weather bright and clear. As the magautrap was in perfect running order, the shooting was fast and furious from 1 P. M. until dark:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	15	25	25	25	25	25	25
French	13	13	20	22	19	24	23	21
Gotzian	12	13	22	24	23	24	22	21
Wood	11	14	21	25	22	25	25	25
Hirschy	14	13	24	23	25	25	23	..
Isle	14	10	20	22	22	..	..	..
Leiden	12	11	21	20	..	..	..	..
Scherer	11	12	21	21	..	..	..	..
Hanser	13	14	24	24	25	21	..	..
Holt	14	15	24	25	19	..	..	..
Perry	11	11	19	20	20	21	..	..
MacRae	10	8	15	13	..	..	..	..
Henry	12	15	22	20	24	..	..	..
Fischer	13	12	19	19	..	..	..	..
Strider	11	10	21	22	..	..	..	..
Dezotell	..	12	22	22	22	..	..	..
Wilkinson	..	15	24	24	24	25	23	24
Gottschammer	..	14	20	25	18	..	..	..
Schmitz	..	..	15	17	..	..	..	..
Sedden	..	..	..	..	..	24	24	18
Beyer	..	..	..	..	23	21	22	22
Hunt	..	..	..	..	24	..	..	..
Smith	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..

Wilkinson wins the cup for the third time, and it becomes his property. It is a solid silver trophy; cost, $50.

SECRETARY.

Birch Brook Gun Club.

LYNN, Mass., July 12.—The seventh shoot of the series was held at their grounds by the Birch Brook Gun Club on Saturday afternoon, July 12, and during the shooting there were some individual contests. Hilliard and Riley, shooting at 10 targets, broke 9 each. On the shoot-off Hilliard broke 10 and Riley 8.

Hebbard and Straw ended their bout with Hebbard 9, Straw 8.

Hastings was high man in merchandise and medal events.

Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	30	50	10	10	10	5p	5p	10	10	15	10	10	10	15	15
Riley	20	33	8	..	5	6	5	4	..	..	..	9	8	..	..
Hilliard	23	33	7	10	8	6	7	7	10	12	10	9	10	12	13
Emery	15	22	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rowe	19	31	..	..	5	..	6	8	7	11	..	..	..	..	..
Yelmah	7	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Straw	19	37	..	9	7	6	4	9	10	13	..	9	8	..	..
Rand	23	37	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hastings	24	39	..	9	..	4	..	9	7	13	..	..	..	..	..
Hebbard	17	33	..	8	8	6	..	7	9	15	..	9	9	12	..
Dudley	18	32	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Everett	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	12	9

Event 1 was merchandise. Event 2 was the medal contest.

HENRY ROOD, Sec'y.

East End Gun Club.

RICHMOND, Va.—The second annual merchandise tournament of the East End Gun Clum, which was pulled off on the club grounds July 4, was the most successful one-day shoot ever held in the State. There were sixty-three entries, representing all the clubs in and around Richmond, and several shooters from a distant part of the State. Among the latter was that whole-souled, good-natured sportsman and shot, Mr. T. F. Stearns, of Newport News.

Two sets of traps, Sergeant system, were used. The office was in charge of Mr. Banks, brother of Edward Banks, of the All-American team fame, ably assisted by Mr. Franklin Stearns, the most popular shooter in the State.

Mr. L. D. Thomas, representing L. & R. Powder Company, was present, and shot through the entire programme. He, by his affable ways, made many friends. Programme carried six 25-target events, ten prizes in each.

Probably the most exciting contest of the day was the five-man team shoot between the four teams from Richmond and Ashland. The result of the team shoot at 50 targets was a victory for West End with the following shooters: Franklin Stearns 41, Hammond 37, Boyd 47, Tignor 38, Hawes 41; total 204.

East End second: Anderson 41, Hechler 40, P. J. Flippant 39, Purdie 39, Boudar 41; total 200.

Other clubs were: Deep Run—T. F. Stearns, Buckner, Johnson, Coleman, Venable; total score 188. Ashland Club—Saunders, Hutchins, Fox, Cox, Trevillian; total 196.

The last event was 10 doubles, and was won by J. A. Anderson with 16 out of 10 pairs. This carried a prize of $5 worth of laundry tickets, and the winner now claims the championship of the State at pairs.

Scores in this event: Hammond 11, Stearns 11, Mills 12, Baker 8, Williamson 7.

High average for the day was won by Mr. Horace Hawes with 135 out of 150. Mr. Boyd was a close second with 133. Hawes used 2¼grs. L. & R. powder, 1¼oz. shot in U. M. C. shells. Anderson shot 3¼drs. Robin Hood powder, 1¼oz. shot.

Scores as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Total.
V Hechler, 7	16	12	14	14	17	15	88
L D Thomas	23	18	14	17	17	22	111
F M Ford, 4	9	12	18	8	17	15	79
R P Allison, 10	7	11	16	17	16	16	83
J W Brauer, 8	18	4	13	15	15	17	82
J Jackson, 3	21	19	23	22	..	..	85
G A Smith, 10	13	17	10	10	13	12	75
W E Harris, 7	12	14	15	14	13	19	87
O J Thompson, 6	13	14	17	21	10	13	88
Dr Hillsman, 5	16	14	17	15	17	20	99
Hammond, 0	22	22	21	22	21	21	129
F Stearns, 0	19	22	24	20	20	24	129
Boyd, 0	23	20	22	25	21	22	133
J C Tignor, 2	20	19	24	20	15	21	119
Purdie, 0	22	19	23	23	18	25	130
Hawes, 2	22	23	25	22	22	21	135
W M Hechler, 2	23	23	19	19	19	20	123
H C Boudar, 1	19	18	23	21	19	20	120
G D George, 2	19	18	19	18	18	20	112
P J Flippen, 1	21	20	21	21	21	22	126
J A Anderson, 4	22	21	22	17	20	22	124
Wiltshire, 2	15	18	21	24	20	18	116
McSweeney, 5	19	19	12	18	18	15	101
S J Doswell, 6	9	14	12	12	..	..	47
Southard, 2	19	20	24	20	17	21	121
A A Slagel, 5	19	17	16	19	17	19	107
Peebles, 10	17	8	18	6	..	..	49
D Talman, 5	18	14	14	18	18	21	103
Thurston, 8	16	9	14	16	18	12	85
A J Warren, 2	21	16	21	13	..	..	71
Cushman, 4	15	17	20	18	17	..	87
Fairlamb, 4	12	9	19	13	16	19	82
S Burnett, 6	16	13	16	13	14	18	90
Houghton, 5	20	18	18	12	18	15	101
L Hulcher, 8	11	11	12	14	..	..	48
Janowski, 6	17	17	14	17	15	8	88
J T Martin, 8	17	10	16	13	13	13	82
L Lorraine, 2	18	17	19	23	13	15	105
Woodcock, 6	9	8	9	15	12	9	62
Venable, 2	19	24	23	19	19	20	124
W C Saunders, 0	22	20	23	20	24	17	126
T H Fox, 3	10	19	14	17	19	20	99
J W Harrison, 4	17	20	15	19	15	20	106
J E Cox, 3	17	24	17	21	22	20	121
Hutchings, 2	20	20	18	17	21	20	116
T F Stearns, 2	16	15	20	21	22	17	111
Buckner, 3	19	12	20	17	16	15	99
Johnson, 2	22	18	19	19	20	23	121
Coleman, 2	23	15	20	15	14	17	104
Atkinson, 8	17	17	17	21	20	16	108
E L Tiller, 6	9	17	..	..	..	..	26
H M Cannon, 8	..	13	11	..	..	..	24
H B Flippen, 6	..	..	..	16	16	7	39
Cersley, 6	..	20	15	14	16	13	78
Arwood, 7	..	12	14	11	12	..	49
Littleton, 2	..	20	17	17	19	..	73
Lakeside, 2	..	18	17	18	16	..	69
Williamson, 3	..	..	..	..	19	19	38
Trevillian, 3	..	..	..	..	15	18	33
Lawrence, 10	..	..	..	..	..	8	8
A L Anderson	..	..	..	..	8	..	8
Mills, 3	..	..	..	..	..	18	18
Pitts	..	..	..	..	..	12	12

Team race, at 50 targets:

West End—F. Stearns 41, Hammond 37, Boyd 47, J. C. Tignor 38, Hawes 41; total 204.

Deep Run—T. F. Stearnes 35, Buckner 33, Johnson 41, Coleman 33, Venable 46; total 188.

Ashland—Saunders 40, Hutchings 46, Fox 35, Cox 42, Trevillian 33; total 196.

East End—Anderson 41, Hechler 40, Flippen 39, Purdie 39, Boudar 41; total 200.

The winners of the merchandise prizes in the handicaps are as follows:

First event: Atkinson first, Hawes second, Smith third, Hammond fourth, Venable fifth, Cox sixth, F. Stearns seventh, Allison eighth, Fairlamb ninth, Tiller tenth.

Second event: Atkinson first, Harrison second, Houghton third, Jackson fourth, Allison fifth, Thompson sixth, Boudar seventh Peebles eighth, Thurston ninth, Ford tenth.

Third event: Allison first, Cuchman second, Wiltshire third, Boyd fourth, Lorraine fifth, Cox sixth, Talman seventh, Doswell eighth, McSweeny ninth, Woodcock, tenth.

Fourth event: Atkinson first, Cox second, T. F. Stearnes third, P. J. Flippen fourth, J. A. Anderson fifth, Saunders sixth, Hutchings seventh, Arwood eighth, Houghton ninth, Peebles tenth.

Fifth event: Thurston first, J. A. Anderson second, Talman third, Hillsman fourth, Boyd fifth, F. Stearns sixth, Harrison seventh, Purdie eighth, Tignor ninth, Coleman tenth.

Sixth event: Hillsman first, Burnett second, Southward third, Smith fourth, Hammond fifth, Thurston or Houghton sixth, Coleman seventh, Buckner or Lorraine eighth, Lorraine ninth, Woodcock tenth.

Michigan Trapshooters' League Matters.

DETROIT, Mich., July 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of July 12 I notice an article reflecting on the Michigan Trapshooters' League and the handicap committee appointed at the League shoot held in Jackson, July 1 and 2. The writer was unfortunate enough to be placed on the handicap committee, perhaps because he knows at least two-thirds of the trapshooters belonging to the State League.

The programme read, "Sweeps open to all; amateurs will be handicapped 16 to 18yds." I will admit that the programme was rather loosely drawn, but on its title page it plainly read "Michigan Trapshooters' League."

The article mentions that a lot of professionals and semi-professionals shot in the tournament. So far as I know, there is but one professional shooter in Michigan, who does any shooting. There may be others who would have to shoot with the profcssionals if they shot; that is to say, ones who receive their shells for nothing, or guns, or whatever it is that makes a man a professional; but they did not shoot with the Michigan State League. The only one that we know of is Jack Parker. He is a charter member of the State League. He always shoots with us. He can shoot no better than a number of us. He is willing to shoot and will shoot from the 40yd. mark if you put him there. He will shoot for targets; in fact, he will do anything and never kick. We have always considered him one of our own, and treated him as such, and the writer doubts if he ever took a cent from one of our shoots more than he brought. This does not pertain to what he may do in other parts of the country. He has done more for the State League than any other one man; consequently, with us, he is not considered a professional.

The Trapshooters' League is composed of a class of sportsmen made up of farmers, clerks, business men, almost entirely, and so far as we know, gentlemen. When we find one that is not, we immediately fire him. We shoot three or four times a year for our own pleasure, but are always glad to see outsiders, if they are gentlemen, and will comply with our rules—i. e., shoot an even game with us—but when people come whom the writer thinks could not make five shooters of any note in the United States believe that they are amateurs, regardless of what they say, and kick on our rules, we can't use them. The writer does not believe that J. M. Hughes is an amateur, neither does he believe that Kit Shepardson is an amateur. Mr. Lang we know nothing about, and I personally would feel like apologizing to him, so far as I am concerned.

We asked these gentlemen to shoot at 20yds., and they refused for a long time. It was the sense of the members to give them back their money if they did not want to shoot. They went in and shot. Mr. Hughes, from the 20yd. mark, got the first average of the day. Mr. Shepardson held his own, so far as the killing of the number of birds went until his gun got out of order. There were but three men at the whole tournament who got their entrance money back, and Mr. Hughes was the only man who made any money. It was simply a case of "shark." They thought they had a soft thing, but we would not have it that way. Personally, I care nothing about it, as I do not care to travel with that class of people—"soft snap hunters."

They tried to injure the State League, but I wish to say that at a meeting held the evening of the first day it was the voice of this meeting that we never want to see such people on our grounds. We cared nothing about whether they stayed or not. We consider them no good to any tournament, and know that such people have no influence with the true sportsmen either at the trap or elsewhere.

We also wish to state that we did not include Mr. Lang in this class, and wish your readers to make exception of him, as he was an entire stranger. Had we been given a little more time before leaving the grounds to look up his record, we no doubt would have modified his handicap. The other two gentlemen we are very well acquainted with, and should have shot them from the 22yd mark instead of the 20.

J. A. MARKS.

Shooting in South Dakota.

THE Chamberlain, S. D., Gun Club gave a two-days' tournament July 10 and 11. This is a new club, with a membership of active game shooters, who have hit upon this means of filling in the time until chicken and quail shooting time. The boys have a good equipment of expert traps and convenient grounds, and while the attendance upon this meet was not large, the game was lively and some good scores were made. Shooting was according to the Sergeant system, and moneys divided on the percentage plan. Riehl won first average for the two days; Trotter second, and Hogue third. Scores in detail are here given:

First Day, July 10.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Hogue	13	12	12	12	13	10	11	14
Johnson	10	11	12	11	14	..	9	12
Trotter	14	14	12	13	13	15	15	16
Riehl	15	14	13	15	14	13	15	20
Lockwood	12	9	8	6	..	2	..	9
McMullen	12	10	7	8	7	..	5	10
Irish	14	11	13	13	11	11	12	17
Hawman	15	13	13	14	13	14	14	18
Collard	12	..	13	..	11	11	13	18
Berry	12	13	11	13	14	11	13	18
Chubbock	..	11	8	9	10	..	..	11
Hildebrand	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	10
Gilbert	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..
Cannick	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..
Yarish	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9
Huniger	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..
Fort	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..
Bortine	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11
Haas	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12

Second Day, July 11.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Riehl	14	14	14	12	13	12	9	10
Hogue	14	14	15	13	12	15	7	9
Johnson	10	11	12	11	12	7	4	5
4X	11	11	11	..	7	12	5	5
Trotter	14	13	14	12	11	13	..	..
Irish	13	12	13	7	12	10	6	7
Avery	11	5	8	8	7	7	4	6
Miller	6	10	11	10	11	11	4	6
Bortine	2	9	10	..	..	6	9	9
Hawman	12	12	15	..	15	13	3	..
Berry	..	..	11	9	11	11	4	6
Chubback	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..
Mangan	..	..	..	5	6	..	..	..
Hildebrand	..	..	..	8	5	6	..	..
Bortner	..	..	..	8	12	15	4	..
Brown	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..
Brodis	..	..	..	5	5	..	..	..
Wiseman	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..
Ford	..	..	..	..	6	9	..	..

KILLMORE.

The Rod and Gun Club.

PITTSFIELD, Mass., July 4.—A Field day was held on this date, and recently having put in a new magautrap, considerable interest has been manifested by our club in shooting bluerocks. The day being perfect, we all enjoyed a very fine time. The scores were fairly good for beginners. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Total
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	Broke.
Shearer	8	7	8	6	8	8	8	53
Cutting	7	5	6	10	7	4	5	44
Dr Hubble	7	2	8	6	5	8	6	42
Kellog	7	7	9	9	..	8	8	48
Tracy	8	7	8	7	8	6	10	54
A Wood	0	0	5	..	..	..	..	5
Frish	5	6	6	..	..	..	..	17
Kane	5	4	5	..	..	..	..	14
Howarth	3	3	6	..	..	..	..	12
Mackey	5	4	6	..	..	..	..	15
Clark	3	2	7	..	..	..	..	12
Dennison	8	7	8	..	..	..	..	23
J H Wood	6	8	9	8	..	..	..	31
Graves	9	7	6	..	..	8	7	37
E Henry	..	7	9	9	6	7	7	45
T Henry	..	3	6	..	..	..	..	9

A. C. GRAVES, Sec'y.

Roman Gun Club.

ROME, N. Y., July 4.—E. B. Smith, who is a member of the Carlstadt Gun Club, made at one time a run of 38 straight, and another at 23 straight. Mr. Smith was at Rome to represent the Carlstadt Club.

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	20	20	25	Targets:	20	20	25
E B Smith	18	20	23	J Servey	10	9	13
N Roussau	17	12	15	M Strecter	12	10	12
W R Rayland	12	12	18				

Erie Gun Club.

Carlstadt, N. J., July 9.—The Erie Gun Club held a shoot at Outwater's place to-day. Only three were present. A 7-bird event resulted as follows:

P Finnigan.....2122012—6 P Mohrman.....012221*—5
C Runge.....2101211—6

Raleigh Gun Club.

RALEIGH, N. C., July 10.—Our regular weekly shoot was held to-day under unfavorable weather conditions—very cloudy, windy and rain, a combination not desirable to make a good record. The following scores were made out of 50: Johnson 35, Whitaker 31, Gowan 31, Gray 30, Parker 28, Stark 28, Mitchell 28, Ferrall 25, Pearce 24.

R. T. GOWAN, Sec'y.

Holiday Shoot.

HOLT, Mich.—The glorious Fourth was celebrated at this burg in a very appropriate way, in so far as noise is concerned, as there was a tournament held here under the management of R. C. Thorburn. He proved that he was the man for the place, as he had the grounds arranged in admirable manner. Could have accommodated fifty shooters. The ground under foot was very moist, owing to the heavy rains, but the overhead shelter was of the best, even an awning was stretched over the shooters' stand.

The manner of shooting was calculated to carry an oldtime shooter back many years. The traps were arranged five in number and set known angles. You will wonder why the scores were not larger. Let it be known that the shooters were local country boys who have not had much practice. The best shot on the ground was the oldest man present.

Those present whose names were taken were F. C. Hess and R. C. Thorburn, Mason, Mich.; E. Stopple, Wm. Bascomb and W. W. Wigmon, Lansing; F. Bates, Diamondale, Mich.; W. E. Wagoner, A. Aldrich and A. Henniker, Holt; C. J. Raines and E. B. Phillips, Mason. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	10	15	20	10
Franklin	5	7	8	7	11	7	10	13	7
Henniker	5	6	2	4	10	3	4	10	6
Aldrich	7	8	7	6	9	7	13	17	7
Stopple	6	8	7	8	..	9	8	13	8
Weigman	3	5	6	4	11	8	9	11	6
Bascomb	5	8	5	5	6	8	6	11	8
Thorburn	7	5	7	6	10	6	9	13	6
Wagoner	6	8	..	7	..	5	..	10	5
Hillard	6	6	6	7	..	7	4	..	4
Somerville	1	3	5	6	..	..	..	..	..
Phillips	..	..	5	7	6	4	7	11	7
Bates	..	..	5	8	12	8	..	14	8
J W Bates	..	..	4	10	..	5	..	..	..
Hess	..	..	3	6	8	..	..	..	..
Rainer	..	..	..	6	12	8	7	10	7
Snyder	..	..	9	8	..	..	12	16	9
Ribby	..	..	5	6	..	7	..	12	..
Sibra	..	..	..	..	10	4	..	..	..
Miller	..	..	..	..	10	7	..	11	..

SECRETARY.

Fremont Gun Club.

FREMONT, O.—The Fremont Gun Club had an all-day shoot at their grounds Tuesday, July 8. The day was a scorcher, but not hot enough to keep the good-natured representative of the Hazard Powder Company, Phil, from breaking 179 targets out of 195 shot at. The hot sun made the targets hard to break, and low scores were in order. It was suggested that Phil was shooting BBs.

Snow was delayed in getting to Fremont, but nevertheless arrived in time to make it snow pieces of targets, especially in the miss-and-out shoots which followed the regular programme.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	10	20	10	15	10	10	15	10	10	20	10	20	10	15
Sanford	7	8	12	8	12	7	8	10	8	8	14	7	15	7	11
Allen	10	7	14	5	7	8	6	12	5	5	16	6	12	8	10
Phil	10	9	18	10	14	10	10	13	9	10	18	8	18	8	14
Volk	8	8	14	6	10	7	7	11	7	7	16	7	15	9	13
Lincoln	9	8	14	9	11	6	8	11	7	8	14	6	17	8	11
Burton	7	6	14	8	10	9	7	12	7	9	15	7	16	8	13
Call	7	4	15	8	13	6	9	15	5	7	12	8	16	9	13
Riley	6	9	12	7	11	7	8	13	7	9	19	6	15	5	15
Taylor	7	10	10	7	11	5	8	9	8	9	16	8	11	7	9
Martin	5	7	..	7	9	6	8	7	4	5	..	6	13	6	9
Inman	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Day	6	5	5	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7
G W Smith	4	5	13	6	9	..	8	14	7	7	..	..	12	5	10
Walters	5	7	11	6	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	7	..
Gregg	9	8	13	6	9	5	..	..	..	..	11	8	15	..	..
Clink	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hock	..	5	12	7	9	7	6	8	8	7	8	6	7	7	5
Eisenhour	..	..	14	9	11	..	..	..	..	..	13	8	13	8	11
Snow	..	..	..	8	12	8	8	14	8	8	15	6	15	9	15
Dosh	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	6	5
Pearson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	5	..	..	..	..	5	7
Jones	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	7	6
Hewitt	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	15	8	5
Witt	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	6	10
G B Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	5	7
Forsythe	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	6	..
Lang	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10

Nos. 3 and 11 were at 10 pairs each.

LOST.

Winchester Gun Club.

DETROIT, Mich.—The regular shoot July 12 was well attended and enjoyed by all. Brodie was precise and very steady again, coming within one of lifting the straight score silver cup and breaking 57 out of the 60 shot at. Guthard's work in the short turns was also brilliant, and his 19 in the club event was sufficient for the Class B medal. Ford's 17 landed the Class C medal.

Following are the scores, the last event being the club event:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	15	15	10	10	10	25	25
Brodie	10	9	14	..	..	..	..	..	24
Shiell	8	5	12	..	4	..	..	..	23
Guthard	9	10	14	..	9	9	10	20	19
Hitchcock	..	7	13	..	7	9	8	19	16
McAdam	..	..	8	11	..	..	..	..	15
Ford	..	4	8	5	..	..	..	21	17
Leggett	4	..	4	..	4	6	..	14	12
Barthel	3	..	8	..	..	3	5	..	11
Bachmann	..	6	..	3	5	..	..	..	13
Whitmore	6	..	9	..	6	7	8	13	..
Johnson	..	5	7	..	..	8	..	..	..

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y.—Though the attendance was rather slim, we managed to use up a couple barrels of bluerocks at our regular Saturday afternoon shoot, July 12. Next Saturday there will be a larger attendance, as a handsome prize has been offered by a club member, the possessor of which is to be decided by a 25-bird handicap match, 14 to 20yds. A game carving set with buckhorn handles is the prize, and all of the hot stuff of the club will try and capture it. The sweeps to-day were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	25	25	25	25
Frew	11	7	6	7	6	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hans	11	8	9	6	4	8	8	7	18	..	15	..
C Blandford	12	8	9	9	9	9	9	8	21	22	22	22
W Clark	10	9	8	8	7	6	7	6	18	..	..	..
W Hall	..	9	9	9	10	10	9	6	25	21	..	..
I Washburn	..	..	7	7	9	6	10	9	22	20	17	20
A Bedell	..	..	..	..	9	8	9	8	..	..	..	..
Dr Snow	..	..	4	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

C. G. B.

Cheapeake Gun Club.

NEWPORT NEWS, Va., July 9.—The Chesapeake Gun Club had an interesting shoot yesterday afternoon. Two visitors were present as guests of the club. These were Messrs. F. J. Gallagher, of the Portsmouth Club, and Capt. A. W. du Bray, a representative of the Parker Gun Company.

Mr. Harry Westacott has donated a handsome watch fob to the club to be shot for by the members. The one making the highest score at three consecutive shoots will win the fob. Mr. Thomas F. Stearnes was high man yesterday, but he will have to maintain his position at the next two shoots in order to retain the trophy:

P. J. Gallagher	20	23	22	22	F Palmer	18 22 19 ..
A W du Bray	21	22	23	..	G B James	21 18 22 ..
B B Semmes	18	21	22	22	E S Robinson	23 21 20 ..
Dr J. Charles	17	19	16	..	J de Pass	14 14 23 18
T F Stearnes	23	23	21	21	T Johnson	14 20 15 ..

T. F. S.

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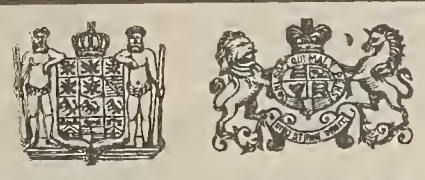

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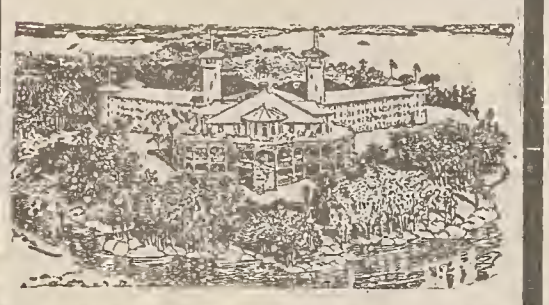

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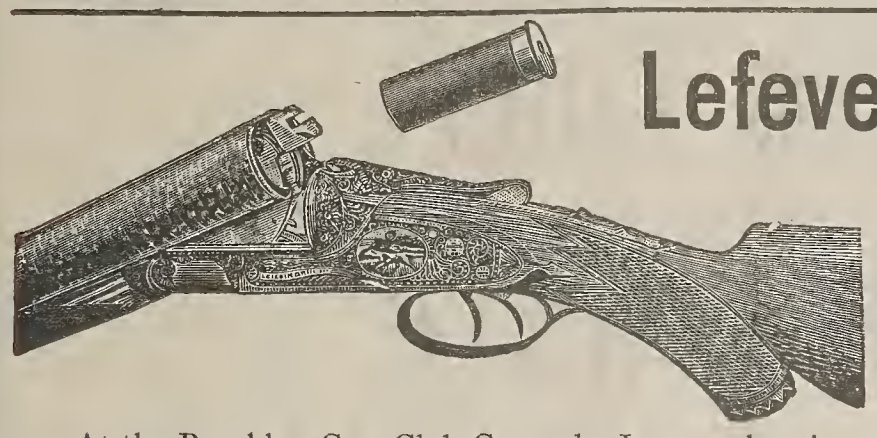

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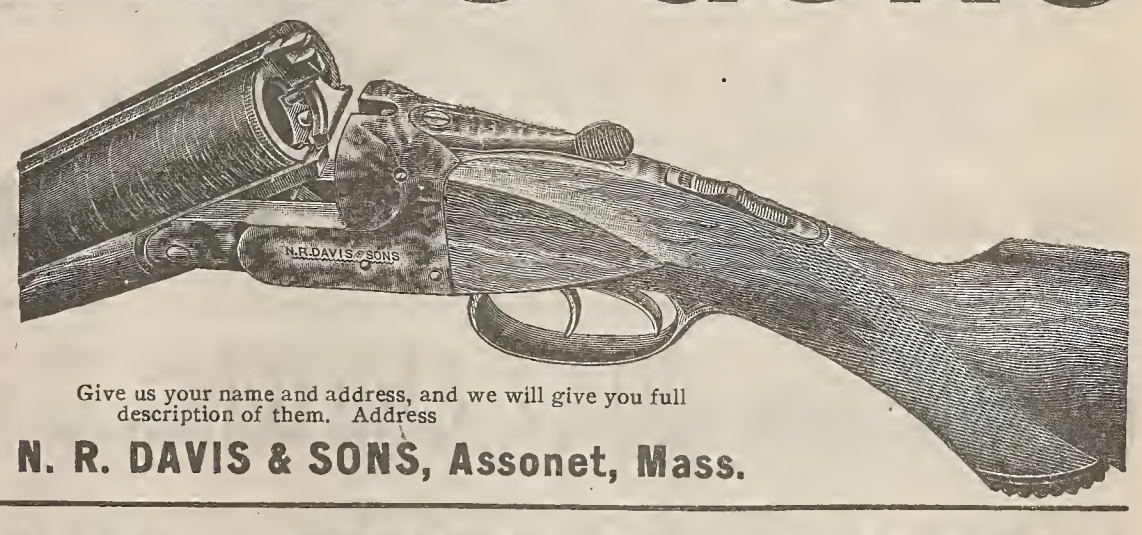

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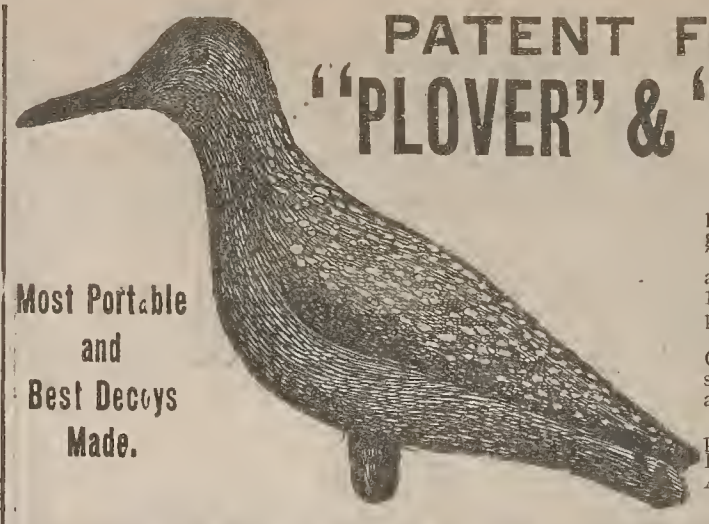

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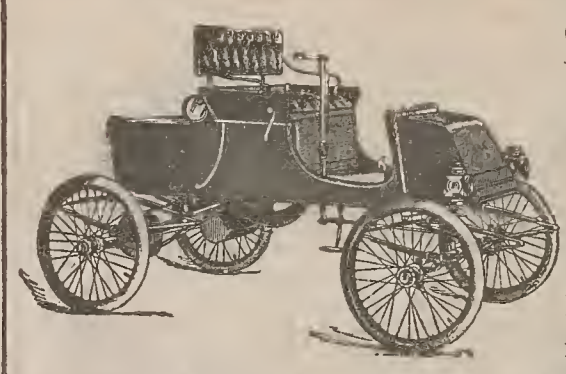

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VOL. LIX.—No. 4. SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1902.

FOREST AND STREAM

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Robt. Ridgway
Smithsonian Inst

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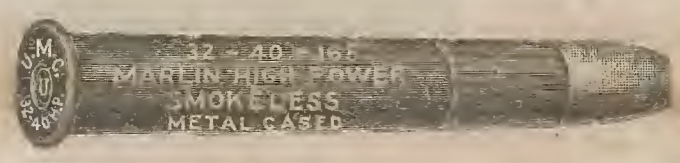
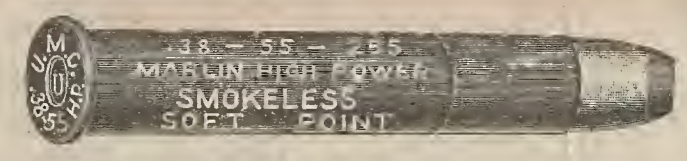


.38-55 Marlin High Power.



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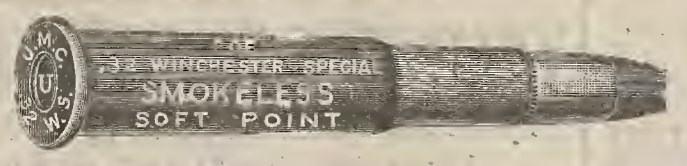

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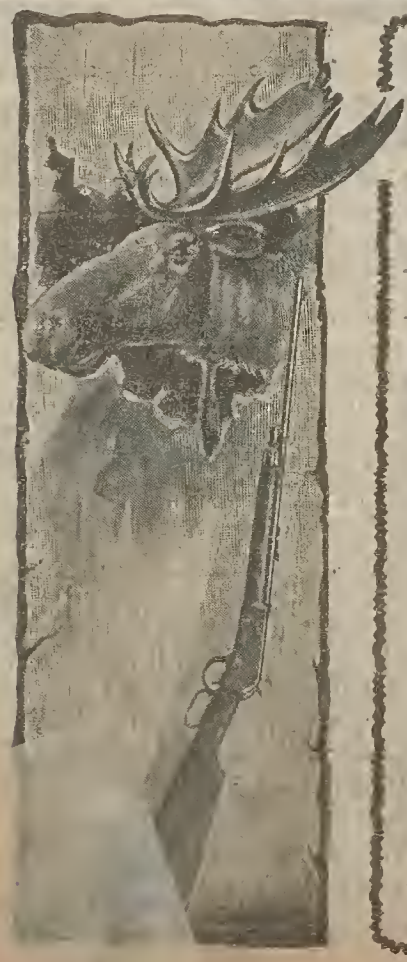

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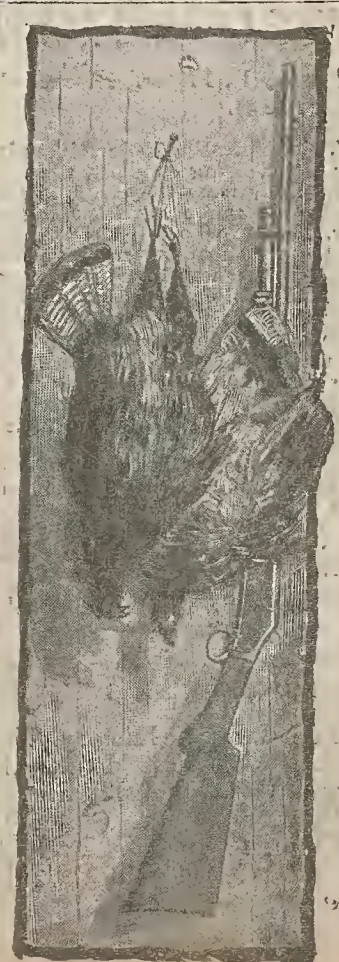

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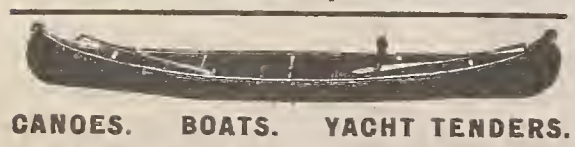

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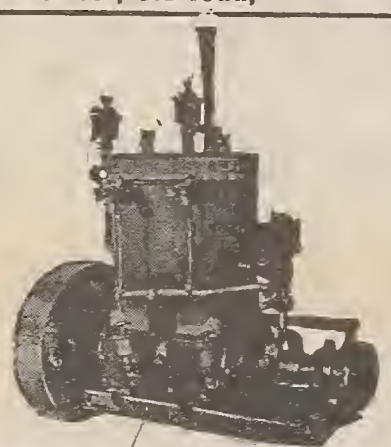

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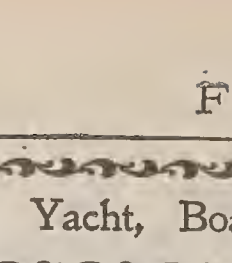

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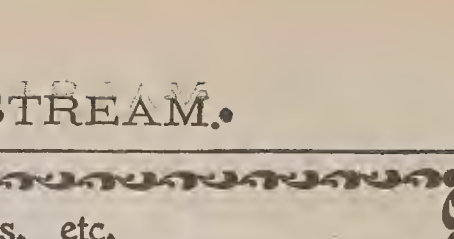

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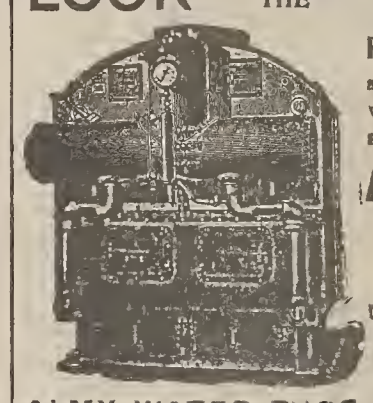

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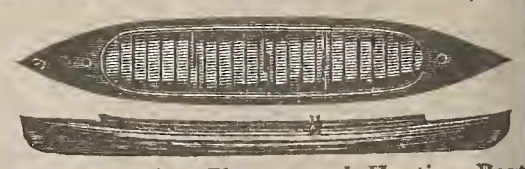

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1902

VOL. LIX.—No. 4. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

THE BLOOMING OF THE CHESTNUT.

WITH the coming of mid-summer comes also, in these temperate climes of ours, the beginning of maturity for all growing things. The time of adolescence is at an end. It is true that before the process of ripening is complete months may elapse; nevertheless the period of growth is well nigh over, and one feels that henceforth, until the coming of the autumnal frost, animal and vegetable life alike are but preparing for that time of bitter cold which pinches and kills. If early spring is the time when life first starts into being, and May and June are the months of increase, July and August may be called those of pause and rest, while the months of early autumn are those of fruition and the garnering of the fruits of the earth.

Who does not know the signs of this season—so evident to him who walks or runs or rides—visible by every bit of roadside, in every field, along each hedgerow or bit of woodland.

Meadows are shorn of their once waving crops of grass, or in billowing grain fields the yellow wheat or rye or oats stand ready for the reaper's cradle—or that more modern but less poetic engine, the reaper and binder. Asters, daisies and milk weed bloom along the roadside or in brushy fence corners, and crowning the tops of the chestnuts in the woodland are seen the feathery blooms which always appear after the summer's solstice has passed and gone.

Already many of the birds have reared their first and second broods, and their young are well able to take care of themselves. Even the chimney swifts, late breeders as they are, have young almost large enough to leave the nest, which make their presence known throughout the house by harsh grating cries, as they hungrily call for food. The number of robins on the lawn has mightily increased since the spring, for those of the new generation are not less busy now in digging worms for themselves than were their parents when the first nests were building in April. Now from many quarters of the landscape comes the mellow call of Bob White, sometimes near, again further off, the different birds answering each other in exultant emulation, yet each no doubt contented with his lot and calling for the ear of his own dear mate. The kingbirds are beginning to get together for the autumnal flight, and woe to the unlucky hawk whose course brings him near to one of these gatherings. Snapped at, buffeted and dismayed, he is only too glad to hurry on heavy wing to the shelter of the nearest woods.

Over the wet meadows along the rivers and the shore the whetstone clinks merrily against the ringing scythe, and already the notes of blackbird and bobolink, preparing for their southward journey, may be heard as the birds swing on the tall stems of the maturing wild rice.

Is there any connection between the blooming of the chestnut and the getting out the gun? In old times—happily now past for most of the country—the woodcock shooting opened when the flowers of the chestnut appeared. At that time, too, the bay birds were wont to show themselves in numbers along the shore, and there was much shooting under the hot sun of summer. The work was hard. Low shoes, a pair of linen trousers, a shirt and a straw hat were all too heavy covering as one waded through the woodcock swamps, dripping with perspiration, stung by mosquitoes and flies, and scratched by the briars, getting now and then a shot and stopping to pour in powder and shot and to ram the load and put on the cap. In those old days we suffered indeed what would be hardships from the point of view of the sportsman of to-day, but also we had joys of which the modern sportsman scarcely knows, for then there were birds. The lower of branches, the green umbrella, and the various other devices which the beach bird shooter used as shelter are unknown to the present generation. Unknown, too, are the great bags of rail which formerly were boated; 30 or 70 for a good day, 100 or 125 or 150, or even more, for a great tide. Indeed, if in those days of rail plenty we had had also the guns of to-day, how many might we not have killed. But we charged our muzzleloaders from two cigar boxes, one containing powder, the other shot, each having its measure, while the loading rod lay in the bottom of the boat, one of its ends resting on a thwart.

Surely it is well that in his killing the gunner of to-day is forced to be more moderate than him of forty years ago. It will be well, too, if this moderation shall be continued until a time when birds shall have so increased as to be found in something like their old-time plenty. In many, even of our most thickly settled, States, there is much to encourage us. The ducks of northern New York, protected in some localities, have there bred in numbers. Even in some New England States, where, though the law permits, public sentiment forbids spring shooting, black ducks and wood ducks are breeding this season. In many parts of New England, too, quail are singularly abundant, as they are in many portions of the West. We may hope for a good shooting season.

Let us be glad that the blooming of the chestnut no longer marks the opening of the shooting season.

THE YACHTING SEASON.

THE season of 1902 will go down in the annals of yachting as the most successful one ever known. This healthy condition of affairs is due in a great degree to the fact that there has been no America's Cup race this year. The popular impression has always been that the Cup races have helped the sport, but the contrary has proven to be the case. The thousands of people who attend the Cup races are not yachtsmen, but rather represent the crowds that gather at baseball and football games and horses races or at any event of public interest. Another reason for the unusual prosperity in yachting circles is to be found in the growing popularity of the smaller yacht, for it is in these boats that the best type of yachtsmen is developed.

It is well that such is the case, because of the tendency toward luxury and extravagance in the larger craft. During these latter years many wealthy men have abandoned the larger boat and built in the smaller classes. This is easily accounted for, as boats are outbuilt almost every year, and it therefore becomes necessary for the racing man who desires to be in the front rank to build a new and faster boat every season. The cost of construction of the modern large boat is very large, and to this must be added the great difficulty of securing able and reliable paid hands; hence it is that the smaller boat is looked to for a solution of the problem. The attitude of the New York Yacht Club toward the smaller boat is perhaps the best evidence of the change of public sentiment on the subject. For the first time in years the club has offered prizes for boats of 30 feet waterline length. During the recent races at Newport prizes were offered for the Newport special thirties as well as for the Beverly Yacht Club one-design class; and there is every indication that next year the club will give an open regatta on Long Island Sound for all classes. If the New York Yacht Club can be persuaded to do this it would prove of the greatest benefit to yachting, as it would not only stimulate the sport, but would create a new following. This club is the one to do this, because it is the largest organization of the kind in the United States, and its action carries great weight in yachting circles, both at home and abroad.

Unusual interest has been shown the past few years in the one-design classes, and to-day nearly every club on Long Island Sound has made this a special feature. Since the Larchmont 21-foot one-design class was introduced in 1894, there has been a number of others started, including the Newport special thirties, Manhasset Bay 15-footers, American Yacht Club 21, 18 and 15 footers, the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club 21-foot knockabouts, Marine and Field Club 15-footers and a great many others. The unsettled condition of the measurement rule question has done much toward developing the one-design class. Last winter the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound and the Larchmont Yacht Club adopted a rule which has proven most satisfactory to boats of over 30 feet waterline length. The conditions of this rule are not easily evaded, and the result is that the boats produced under it are of a wholesome type. The rule is a vast improvement over the old Seawanhaka rule, which has prevailed since 1882, although many yachtsmen have been skeptical regarding it, owing to the complicated formula that is embodied in it, but on close examination the conditions are found to be simple and fair in every way. The committee selected by the New York Yacht Club to examine the matter of measurement rules went into the subject thoroughly and will make its report in the fall.

The change in the construction of yachts during the last two or three years has been very noticeable, there having been a reaction in favor of heavier building, with the result that the racing and cruising boat of this year is better able to stand the strains to which it is subjected than has heretofore been the case. There is yet much to be done in improving and strengthening the rigging, however, the experience this year has shown alarming weakness in this particular. Hardly a race has been sailed without a mishap, and the fact that no serious accident has resulted is a matter of congratulation. In two instances large yachts have been dismasted in consequence of the light rigging.

The season opened very early this year, the spring weather being most favorable for fitting out, consequently the racing has been good everywhere all along the coast. With Larchmont race week under way the height of the racing season is therefore here. The cruise of the New York Yacht Club is the next event of importance, and it promises to be of great interest, the owners of a larger number of boats having signified their intention to participate than ever before. The Seawanhaka cup trial races held at Bridgeport early in July also created much attention; eight boats competed for the honor of being sent to Canada. It now remains to be seen whether or not Tecumseh, the boat selected, can beat the production of the hitherto invincible Canadian, Duggan. An event of much interest will be the races for the Quincy cup, which are to be held at Manchester early next month. The type of boat which is to compete in these races is most abnormal in that the only restriction in design is on the waterline length, which must not exceed 21 feet. The three boats that have been built for this purpose are about 53 feet over all, 15 to 17 feet breadth, and carry in their mainsails and jibs from 1,500 to 2,000 square feet of canvas. Such extreme craft will never be seen again, as the clubs all over the country are sure to legislate against them. It was never thought that boats of these dimensions would ever be constructed. Interest in yachting on the Great and Inland Lakes in recent years has been very great, and the strength of these Western yachting organizations is a matter of surprise to the Eastern yachtsmen. These men are, as a rule, good sportsmen and splendid boat sailors, and they are doing a great deal in their different localities to increase interest in the sport. Reports from Kiel, Germany, state that the success of American-built boats in those waters has been marked. Navahoe and Virginia II. (ex Oiseau) have done remarkably well, the former having won eight first prizes out of nine races sailed. The latter having done equally well. The little boat, Uncle Sam, designed by Crowninshield, beat all her competitors with the greatest ease. Meteor, the German Emperor's new American-design and built schooner, has so far made but an indifferent showing with the English and German boats, but she will undoubtedly show up to advantage when she is in better shape, and her crew become acquainted with her.

MEAT AND DRINK.

IT is a well-known fact that at all seasons of the year the majority of men eat and drink much more than their actual physical needs require. In winter, when the body needs abundance of fuel, the ill effects of overeating are not to any important degree in evidence. In summer, however, when bodily comfort is largely a problem of keeping cool, what and how much one eats, and what one drinks, are of paramount importance for the best well being of mind and body. While the fields and streams, beside their witcheries of beauty, give, to those who will take, a balm for minds aweary and a restorative for bodies worn by business labor, one may nullify all by overindulging his palate and his stomach. In the torrid season it specially behooves him to eat sparingly and plainly, to drink nature's wholesome drink, pure cold water. In summer, alcoholic drinks are specially abhorrent to the system, though, whether in winter or summer, the person who indulges habitually in alcoholic drinks, as shown by statistics, has incomparably less power of resistance and endurance than has one who eschews them. Eat lightly and plainly, drink all that is required, but drink water or mild, thirst-gratifying but unstimulating beverages, and at this torrid season comparative comfort will be secured. To those who fish, or camp out or sail, the benefits of the outing will be many times multiplied by observing abstemiousness in food and drink.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Through the Parsonage Window.

III.—The Winter Camp.

AFTER my partners had gone I set about the construction of the camp. With the spade I shoveled the uneven face of the embankment at the first bench to a straight wall six feet high. In the center of this I carved out a fireplace, digging it wide and deep. In the top of the bank near the face of the wall I then dug down and connected with the fireplace. Around this connecting link I next built a sod chimney, and the fireplace was done.

Next I set two posts against the wall twenty feet apart on each side of the fireplace, and two more opposite, twenty feet out, forming a square. The sides I built up with poles, willow brush and a thatch of blue stem. The roof I made in the same way, using three heavy logs for ridges and plates, and covering the whole with dirt; the front was left open with only a thicket of willow to protect it. It was a slight deviation from the usual dugout, but when lined with dried buffalo hides, fur side in, made a very comfortable place to drop into of a stormy night when aweary with the day's hunt. So comfortable indeed was it that many came that way and tarried long, and did literally eat us out of house and home, as it cost four hundred dollars to provision it for the winter, with meat for the finding.

After supper, at the close of my first day's work on the camp, I took the Sharps and strolled down the ravine below the pool. Sitting on a knoll to rest, for I was tired, I watched the sun set and the red glow of the sky after it was gone. Alone in the solitude of the hills the coloring of the sky or passing cloud meant more than it did when one was closely associated with his fellows. In dense populations man is apt to forget the works of the great Over-ruling Power and see only his own conceited efforts. Colonel was my constant companion. He was good company, listening with rapt attention to the minutest details of any exploit I was minded to recount, a quality I have seldom found in men.

I was about to get up and start back to camp, when a queer-shaped shade in the blue stem two hundred yards down the ravine attracted my attention. The shade was the shape of a deer, but motionless. I watched it for some time, but could make nothing out. It was perhaps only a shade in the grass, but I leveled the half-breed on it and pressed the trigger. When the smoke cleared the shade was gone. It was deep dusk and the shade might have run off without my seeing it, yet I walked down, and there found a fine whitetail buck stretched in the grass.

Two days finished the camp, and I had, presumably, three days' leisure before the fellows were likely to get back. Hunting would be mere wasteful slaughter, as game would certainly spoil in the warm weather that prevailed, and I had seen only one deer and a few antelope. Not a buffalo had been visible since the stampede. There were ducks and geese flying about all the time, and quite a number of ducks made their home on the pool near the camp.

I had never shot a white swan and resolved to put in the next day trying for one. The fellows had taken the shotgun on the return trip with them, so that I had to depend on the Sharps and a Remington revolver. This revolver was a heavy-weight of .44 caliber, and would shoot as accurately as any of the rifles. I carried it in a holster attached to a belt, and it was a great nuisance, with its constant thumping when riding or walking. In stalking game on foot it was still worse, and I usually unbuckled the belt and left all on the prairie until the stalk was over. This caused many long side trips to retrieve it, and I finally traded it to a passing hunter for a nice briar-root pipe.

This was the best trade I ever made, as the pipe took fire and burned up the first time I filled it, and forever relieved me from owning the two greatest nuisances ever invented—a revolver and a pipe.

There were at least a hundred swans in the big basin, together with thousands of ducks and geese. These latter increased the difficulty of getting a shot at a swan by fifty per cent. The tall grass made a complete girdle round the lake, and I had no trouble in getting into it without alarming the birds, but the swans were in the center nearly half a mile out. Ducks and geese were all about, but no swan. I must wait for something to turn up, and concluded to while away the time by doing a little sharpshooting.

The birds were to windward, with quite a gale blowing, and there was little danger of the swans becoming alarmed at the report of my gun and leaving the marsh. I fired several shots at the white bank, but could not locate the planting of the bullets on account of the constant splashing of the water in the wind. After half a dozen shots, a commotion among the birds showed that I must have landed somewhere near them, as there was considerable squawking and a number of swans rose and made several circles before they settled again, sending their distance-withering cry far over the water. A half-dozen more shots failed to raise any further disturbance, and I gave it up and lay waiting and listening to the wild tales of the blue stem as it whistled and gesticulated in the wind.

I had lain thus perhaps three hours, when a rush of wind overhead attracted my attention, and looking up I saw four swans passing not twenty yards above me. With a shotgun I might have been sure of a double, but I was slow in getting the half-breed leveled. When I fired a jet of feathers flew from the side of one of the swans and hurled off down wind, but the bullet had not raked deep enough to do any damage.

Soon after this I noticed something white drifting across the water. I watched it closely and soon made it out to be a dead swan. It was coming toward me, but lodged 200 yards away. Colonel had been lying beside me all day, and I ordered him to get it. He was a fine retriever, and soon laid the great bird at my feet. I estimated its weight at thirty pounds. A rifle ball had passed through its body and it was fresh killed. It had evidently been hit by the shot that had raised the disturbance among the birds.

Colonel seemed to suffer no inconvenience from a cold bath. During the winter I shot a mallard on the pool near camp, and broke its wing. Except for a few rods of open water in the middle, the pool was covered with ice. The duck, falling on the ice, slid into the water. Colonel saw it and plunged in after it. Round and round the pool went duck and dog. The dog could swim faster than the duck, but when he came close the duck would dive. After being foiled in this way a number of times, Colonel took to diving after the duck. Then an interesting diving match took place. He easily worsted the duck at this, and after several efforts caught it deep under water.

Unfortunately for me, when he came up with the duck it was under the ice. The ice was thin and clear, and when I saw him struggling beneath it, I was not long in landing on it with both feet. It broke and I caught Colonel by the collar, and, getting under, boosted him out on solid ice.

But when it came to getting out myself, I met with obstacles. The ice was smooth as glass and slippery as a trout's tail. I could only raise myself a certain height and then would slide back again. At length I got out my pocket knife and opening it reached back as far as I could and drove the blade through the ice. By this aid I climbed out. Colonel came out of the scrimmage as happy as a clam at high tide, but I got a disagreeable cold bath.

When I got back to camp with my swam, there were two more on the pool near camp. One of these I shot, and emptied several shells at the other as it circled about, but failed to hit it. In the morning the swan was back on the pool again. I had heard that a swan losing its mate would mourn itself to death, and thought I would anticipate such a melancholy event with a bullet. This time I succeeded in laying its back open from wing to wing, cutting it half in two.

I skinned the swans and treated the skins with a solution of alum, and the next winter a young lady of our settlement disported herself in swan-skin cape and muff.

It was six days before my friends got back, bringing with them four extra teams and half a dozen men. I had scarcely made a start toward eating the deer I had killed, but with this addition to the eating force, only the skeleton remained after breakfast next morning, and it was necessary to get meat before dinner.

Pete and one of the new men volunteered to bring in an antelope in time, but they failed even to bring themselves. They lost their bearings, and were out till midnight. After that some one was lost almost every night, and a signal lantern hanging on a tree was seldom taken down except to be refilled and lighted. More ammunition was wasted in firing signal shots in a week than we fired at game all winter. But no game was brought in, and we went without meat for four days.

With so many enthusiastic hunters in the hills, even the antelope were soon driven away. Yet one there was that remained. He came one morning to take a survey of our camp. Eight rifles spoke to him at once, and some spoke several times, and the poor antelope fell with both forelegs broken. One ball broke both legs, two inches above the ankle, but we had fresh meat for a couple of meals.

In the gray of dawn a few days later the hills were again discovered to be a living mass of buffalo. It was the signal for a busy day, and before night fifteen buffalo had been killed and everybody was in good humor. Nathan and myself did most of the execution, having strayed off by ourselves and got into a pleasant little mix-up, where nine big fellows were dropped in a bunch. Nathan in particular was in high feather that night in camp, and went so far as to compliment my performance. He said I faced the music bravely and kept the Sharps spitting fire to the tune of Fourth-of-July firecrackers.

"For a beginner," said he, "Darby kept his nerve splendidly."

It was pleasant to be thus flattered, especially by one whose position was assured, the more so that I had a secret suspicion the half-breed had accounted for eight of the buffalo, with probable lead from it in the ninth. Take it all round, it was a very pleasant evening, and the cards were not once mentioned. It took all next day to get the meat in and cut up and the hides stretched, which was done by turning the hair-side to the grass, spreading them on the prairie, cutting holes round the edge of the hides and driving sharp sticks through and into the ground. When the hides were all staked out and the meat cut up and spread round in quarters on the little smooth strip of tableland just back of camp, it made quite an imposing show. I can see Colonel strutting round among the quarters yet, as a dog will at butchering time. I went out after a while and caught him eating from one of the quarters, and took a switch to him. Afterward I gave him a piece of meat for his own, and he never again helped himself, though the ground was covered with meat.

Colonel and I never got the camp to ourselves again that winter. There was always some Kansas sufferer, none too well fed at home, who volunteered to keep us company while the teams were on a trip. Five times, I think, the teams made the round, and always got more or less meat. The buffalo were a great help to the settlers; without them the march of civilization across the plains would have been much slower and likely a great deal better founded. It was with a pang of regret that I packed the things belonging to the camp and went out with the teams one day in February. They were coming back no more.

The night before starting a dispute arose as to the distance between the camp and the settlements. One old settler, who had hunted buffalo in that country for several years, said it was one hundred and fifty miles. This was generally accepted as the distance, though several declared it was nearer two hundred. It had finally come to take eight days to make the round trip, and every man knew his team could make fifty miles a day. The country had all been newly surveyed, and there was a corner stake near camp.

I went out and got the numbers from it. I knew the numbers of the land I had located, and it was a simple matter of a few figures to tell how far it really was. The figures showed it to be just ninety miles. There was a hoot of derision when I announced this, and a good many sarcastic remarks were made about boys who thought they knew it all. However, two men in the party understood something of the survey system and backed me up. A riot was barely averted. If there is anything that will make a would-be plainsman hot it is to hint that he does not know distance or direction. Of course I had not disputed with any one, but had simply gone to the figures for my facts and was surprised at the result myself.

The first night out on the return trip we camped in a bewildering jumble of small hills, and in the morning a snowstorm was upon us. Six inches had already fallen. A strong wind was blowing and the snow was being swept almost horizontally across the plain. There had been little snow during the inter, and this took us completely by surprise. Nothing could be made out in the misty whiteness at any great distance ahead. The teams had not followed the same trail in their trips back and forth to the settlements during the winter, but had struck off to the right and left in attempts to find a better route. The faint trail we had been following the day before was entirely lost under the snow, and our course was now wholly a matter of guesswork.

When the teams started out it seemed to me as if they turned almost at right angles to the course we had been keeping. Knowing the fate of the boy who presumed to knowledge superior to his elders, I kept still as long as I could. But at length our lives seemed to hang in the balance, and I broached the subject of my fears. My audacity won me a hearing and the wagons stopped for council. I argued that we were traveling due north. Some claimed we were moving almost east, others had no opinion. One man said he had been on the plains for years and had never been turned round; we were going directly northeast, which was the proper course.

At this juncture there was a rift in the clouds and the sun shone through. It was directly over our left hind wheel; we were going due west. We had made nearly a half-circle in less than two miles. So much for the homing instinct of man. Relying on instinct, man is much less sagacious than the brute. Reason is his true guide, if only he could be brought to exercise it.

The fleeting glimpse of the sun gave us our course, but I knew it could not be kept unless by the exercise of great caution. I now started to walk ahead of the teams, taking an object as far in front as I could see, and going straight toward it, singling out other objects as we advanced, with my gun, which was coated with snow, for a pointer. At night all we could do was to cower down in the snow and wait for morning. We had no wood for fuel.

I marked our course by the bearings of one of our wagons. In the morning the men were all thoroughly at sea, and there was no dispute about direction. I took the lead as before. It was still snowing furiously, though not cold; about twelve inches of snow had fallen. Our progress was slow through the drifts, but by 3 o'clock we came out on the Arkansas River. Fuel was plentiful. We soon had a great fire roaring, and perhaps you think its warmth was not grateful to a lot of tired men—far too tired to argue over who had brought us through.

I have seen much of the unerring instinct of the plainsman in the wandering imbecility of some of the great trails of the old-time West. Even in a much-traveled thoroughfare like the Santa Fé trail, I have noted a half-circle when a better grade could have been had by taking a direct course. Mainly, the trails were laid out by taking the high ground between streams, between the heads of the draws running either way, and by following the bottoms along the streams. This made crooked trails, but on level tableland I have seen the trails just as crooked as if nature had compelled their making in corkscrew fashion. This was the work of instinct, and it resulted just as badly there as it does in letting it guide in politics, religion or business. Close application of reason is what made great plainsmen as well as great engineers in any line.

THE PARSON.

Fishing Rod vs. Toy Pistol.

TAKING of inventory at the close of the business year is to the merchant always an occasion of more or less anxiety, but it is not in any sense to be compared with the anxiety of the mother of the growing boy as she sits in dread all day and prays that when an inventory of fingers and eyes are made at bedtime that there will be found no shortage in the stock.

The advent of the mud can and the blank shooting pistol has added a thousand fold to the terrors of the day when only firecrackers, "nigger-chasers" and torpedoes filled the measure of happiness of the growing and patriotic boy.

The only remedy for a situation that involves the possession of pistols by every boy in the block, helped out by a programme of mud can and potash-sulphur abominations, was to offer a counter attraction, and I offered my boy a fishing trip. Well, going fishing was, of course, good enough, but it had no flavor of the glorious Fourth in it. So as a compromise and a further inducement, I promised to take a small rifle and a supply of cartridges along. This closed the bargain. Then there were my nephew and niece, and I included them in the party, and early Fourth of July morning we took train and off we went.

It was somewhat of a proposition to turn over to those children your rods and reels, but I did so, and braved the outcome. We intended to try for bass, but concluded that wall-eyed pike would perhaps be more in order, as it involved trolling well down toward the bottom. Casting would hardly have proven a success. My boy sat up well forward; next came the oarsman, then the writer, and in the stern seat sat the two other children. It took some time to rig them all up, and once their lines were in the water I laid fresh hooks within easy reach and drew the minnow and crayfish bucket close up.

And then the trouble began! What with baiting hooks, unsnarling tangled lines, unloosening or tearing hooks loose from snags, supplying fresh hooks, baiting lines and removing fish, I certainly had a busy time of it.

The fish were not voracious, but by noon we had a couple of nice bass and some goodly sized wall-eyed pike,

more than sufficient for our camp-cooked dinner. It was a great experience for the children, and the playing of the larger bass certainly worked them up into a frenzy of excitement as he leaped clear of the water and did his best to pull the rod from the owner's hands.

It was near noon time, and we pulled for the shore. The clouds were forming, but we felt that good fortune might favor us yet and but a passing shower would result. Before we could gather our firewood, down came the rain in torrents, but we did not propose to give up. We shaved off some chips from the inner surface of some pine driftwood and when a match was called for but two solitary matches were forthcoming. The first one miserably hissed and went out. Here we were with but a single match between us and starvation. Gathering from the pocket of my shooting coat some paper as dry as tinder, I poked this under the shavings, struck my match and at once the paper blazed up, then the shavings ignited slowly, and with a little care we soon had a blaze strong enough to warrant fresh additions of more or less damp wood.

The rain kept up and for a time the dripping from the trees overhead threatened to wash our fire away, but it had now gotten a good start and bade defiance to the rain.

The frying of the bacon over the coals, the cleaning and skinning of the fish and its cooking was enjoyed by the children, who, when they were not gathering fresh wood, stood around in more or less of a bedraggled condition.

It was not a pleasant job to bend one's back to the pelting rain and stoop over that more or less smoking fire with the fat in the pan sizzling and spluttering as the beating rain flew into it. But the fire held out and the bacon was tried out and laid one side upon a sheet of pine bark taken from the river (the guide had forgotten the tin plates) and cooled off in the rain. The fish was dusted with damp corn meal and in time was cooked, during all of which process my broad back proved a goodly watershed for the pelting rain that ran in rivulets down my spine, finding final lodgment in my shoes. But then it was all done in a good cause, and the children were getting lots of fun out of it. Improvised plates of additional pieces of pine bark were secured, the steaming coffee was poured out and bread—a little moist, undoubtedly—was cut and buttered, and so they ate their hot fried fish and laughed and enjoyed the novelty of the situation, while between spells I ruminated over my prospects for a good attack of lumbago or rheumatism "after the Fourth."

The children cared not for the rain; in fact, I think they had more real fun out of the fact that they were camping out during a pelting rainstorm than had the sun been shining brightly. It was a novel experience, a new sensation to them.

And when I moved about, drenched to the skin, my clothes sticking to me like a porous plaster, I consoled myself with the fact that unless the boat capsized we should not be numbered with those helping to swell the accident columns after the Fourth. Yet the fish was good and the coffee warming, and the judges, the children, voted the dinner a great success. In due course the clouds brightened, when we again rowed out upon the river, the blistering sun and warm breeze made us soon forget it had rained only a short time ago.

And when we reached home, a little late, of course, because of Fourth of July travel, we took inventory and found all members present or accounted for.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

Down the Magnetawan.

In Two Parts—Part Two.

A FEELING of dread, almost of fear, of what lay before us was curiously mingled with our regret on leaving Deer Lake, for we felt that we were leaving every vestige of civilization behind us, and we knew only vaguely of the dangers ahead. Soon after leaving the lake and entering the river again we heard the roar from the Canal Rapids, and keeping to the right, we crossed a glance boom into a large bay. As we turned into the bay I had a feeling that we were going down hill.

What there was in our surroundings to give me this impression I do not know, but I felt that it was down grade to the portage landing at the head of the bay. This portage is a tote road about three miles long that the river drivers use, but we did not carry more than a mile and a half. The road is through a beautiful forest and some distance back from the river. The soft ground on the road was covered with footprints of deer. They were all sizes, from the tiny ones of the little fawn up to some very large ones where a big buck had crossed from the river into the forest.

We saw a flock of six or eight ruffed grouse, and while we were not more than fifteen feet away from them, they paid no attention to us, but went about their business hunting their dinner, as if no one was near.

The Canal Rapids are a mile long. From the Government dam at the head of the rapids the water rushes through a gorge about twenty feet wide with perpendicular walls of rock varying from forty to eighty feet in height. In places the faces of these walls are broken and great masses of boulders lie in the water at their foot, while at other places they are absolutely straight and clean cut to the water's edge. The current is very swift, the waters rough and broken by masses of rock. We cooked and ate our dinner on a rock-strewn beach at the end of the portage. Back of us was a bank of shale about fifteen feet high. Clear, cold water was trickling from all the cracks and crevices, over the little shelves and running in tiny streams on to the beach. We caught a bucket of water while we cooked our dinner. The bank was covered with delicate green moss and small ferns. Growing on top of the bank just over the spring was a large maple tree which leaned slightly toward the river. We were sitting in the cool shadow of the maple, enjoying the beauty of our surroundings, when Bennett broke the silence by saying, "Bah Jove! I like this Canadian country. If I owned it I would build a barbed-wire fence around it and leave it just as it is."

Below this the river makes several sharp elbow bends, and we let the canoes down over a short rapids and then had a long stretch of clear, open water ahead. A small stream flowing into the river on our left attracted us and we paddled up it to a log chute. Here we left our canoes and, following a winding path some distance through a pretty bit of woods, came out on the shore of a beautiful lake. We had beached our canoes on the shore of an eddy about twenty feet across, and when we returned to them we put out a troll to see if there were any fish. In passing the foot of the chute five times, we hooked five bass and landed four, weighing from two to three pounds each. This was enough fish for supper, and we pulled out into the river, where we found a stiff breeze blowing up stream, and when we came into Trout Lake the water was quite rough. Rounding a bend in the river where the South Branch breaks off, we came to the river drivers' camp with a river of floating logs ahead of us. The wind had been blowing the logs up stream for several days, but a boom stretched across the river below the camp kept the logs from scattering, and for two miles below this boom the logs were packed together as close as a high wind could pack them. Captain Beasley, the foreman of the drive, received us very cordially. He said that about 300,000 logs had gone down the river that summer. After quite an interesting talk he invited us out to the kitchen tent to have supper. It was not yet supper time, but the cook had prepared supper for us, and how we did enjoy it. We had good bread and butter, tea, fried potatoes, ham, cheese, pickles, stewed prunes, pie, small sweet cakes and fruit cake that was simply delicious. When we were ready to start, the foreman sent three of the drivers with pike poles to help us through the logs. So, bidding good-by to the men who had treated us so royally, we started for the logs, accompanied by three "Knights of the Spike-sole Boots."

It was wonderful to see the men walk on the logs and with their pike poles open up a way for our canoes. The soles of their shoes being full of small nails or spikes about one-half inch long, kept them from slipping off the logs, but they had to be very quick when a log would turn, or go down under the water. No wonder these men become reckless and daring. Their life is one of continual hardship and danger.

Working our way through a log drive was a new experience, and if we had been compelled to do it unaided, we would have looked a long time before we could have seen the funny side, but as it was, we had lots of sport. When at last we were through the logs, the sun was almost down, and we were still two miles from a place where we could land and pitch our tents for the night.

It was dark by the time we reached a camp ground, and to cut poles and put up the tents was all we could do—the beds had to go unmade. A camp-fire was started and we made coffee, for we were chilly. No one was in a hurry to retire that night, and we sat in the cheerful glow of the camp-fire till quite late. I was very tired, and was afraid to go to our tent, but I did not want any one to know it. I knew we were camped just above the mountain chute, and we could hear the falls in the distance, but it was dark when we landed; I had not seen the place in daylight, and beyond that charmed circle of firelight all was shrouded in mystery and gloom. We had heard a lynx away off in the distance, and occasionally I would hear the rustling of leaves as some small animal made its way through the underbrush, which did not increase my desire to go to the tent that lay just outside the circle of light.

I believe the others sat up because they felt that sleeping on the bare ground was getting a little too close to nature for comfort; a fact that I fully realized before morning. If the floor of our tent had not had such a beautiful slope I would have slept fairly well even though I could not keep the ground under me warm, and the lumps seemed to increase both as to size and number toward morning. We went to bed with our feet down hill, for I thought if I should start to roll I would perhaps land in the camp-fire. As it was, my head had completed a quarter-circle when I awoke in the morning and my pillow was lying where I put it when I went to bed. The early hours were not wasted in slumber the next morning, and one man who is usually averse to early rising was quite anxious to get up and start the fire.

The guides had pared potatoes and boiled them for breakfast, and when they were cooked I took a tin cup and mashed them, adding butter, pepper and salt, and we found this a great improvement on plain boiled potatoes.

We had been told to stop on Carved Island, which is somewhere in this part of the river, but we failed to see it. All the river drivers that can carve anything have for years left specimens of their work on this island, till there is now quite a collection, and among them some very beautiful things. We were very much disappointed when we found that we had passed the island without seeing it.

The portage around the Mountain Chute is short, but we had to go through some logs in the river just above it, and there were more logs in the river below. About a mile below this chute we crossed a glance boom into a bay on our left, which we followed to the head, where we made a short portage into an arm of the Lake of Many Islands. This lake is connected with the river about two miles further down, and by taking this route we were avoiding a stretch of river that was full of logs. We camped on a point commanding a good view of the lake and made comfortable beds, for, this being Saturday, we would not break camp before Monday.

Dinner over and our tents in good shape, the guides cut down some small pine trees and set them up around our table, which was not well shaded. The table was made with pieces of board we had picked up, and two short pieces of logs served as seats. We were about out of bread, and after dinner I mixed up some more biscuit dough, which we baked in the skillets. I had made the cakes the size of the skillet and quite thick, but they burned before they baked through. They should be rolled very thin, of if thick, the size of biscuit. To bake both sides, of course, they must be turned. We have found boiled dumplings to make a very good substitute for bread.

After the baking was done we went out in a canoe with one of the guides to explore the lake. Just as we were starting the other guide called to us to bring in enough wall-eyes for supper, but said he did not want any bass. We found the fishing in this lake about what we think it must have been a hundred years ago. There are no cottages or camps on it, and but few tourists come down the river. Market-fishermen could not get fish out, for there is nearly five miles of carrying to be done. We could decide what kind of fish we wanted for a meal, go out and in a short time catch all we needed, putting back the ones we did not want. We had wall-eyes for supper Saturday, bass for breakfast Sunday, and catfish for breakfast Monday.

About sundown we were on the lake and could catch fish as fast as we could bait our hooks, but such fishing was not sport. We caught no very large ones, for the smaller ones would take the bait, even our largest troll, as soon as it touched the water.

Looking over the lake in any direction we could see the fish jumping, and we saw some very large ones, so we knew the big fish were there. I do not know whether they were feeding or not, but it was a wonderful sight to see them jumping all around us, sometimes quite close to the canoe. One of our guides, who was a fisherman, said he had never seen anything like it before. As the light died out of the sky, the fish became quiet again, and we returned to our camp, but the same thing was repeated in the morning about sunrise. The first thing I heard when I awoke was the splashing of water, and I opened the tent and looked out and could see the fish jumping on the lake. We saw this repeated each morning and evening we spent on this lake.

We returned to camp with three wall-eyes, which the guide cleaned, and cutting each one into four pieces put them in the skillet with four or five sliced onions and a pint of water.

When the onions were well done he added salt, pepper, butter and a little flour. He called it "à la ———" (some unpronouncable French name), but we thought we had never eaten anything better.

For our Sunday dinner we took some boiled rice and spread it about one-half inch thick on the center of a small square of clean muslin, and in the center of this we put a spoonful of stewed prunes that had been seeded. Gathering up the corners and edges of the muslin and tying them with a thread, we had a dumpling ready to drop in boiling water. It only required a few minutes to make one apiece for each of us, and fifteen or twenty minutes in boiling water to cook them. They were served with a dressing made of the sweetened prune juice, and were always a welcome addition to our bill of fare. They are delicious if fresh berries can be had to use instead of prunes. In the afternoon we boiled a piece of shoulder with beans for our supper. We should have poured the water off the meat when it commenced to boil and put on fresh water before putting in the beans, for they were salty enough to make us very thirsty. We cooked a large piece of meat, for according to our chart we would "hit the trail" over a three-mile portage the next day, and that meant work enough without cooking. That evening the sunset was gorgeous, and the sunrise next morning was even more brilliant. The glow, the profusion of color, the wonderful radiance was simply marvelous. A small division of the river drivers were camped at the Three Snaith Dam, about two miles below the lake, and we got bread from them on Sunday. Monday morning we were up early, for the wind was coming from the east and the logs were already moving down the river. We hastened our packing, for there were more than enough logs in the river ahead of us to make work without waiting for those above to come down.

One of the guides had robbed the sunset of part of its sentiment the evening before by saying, "That is a dirty sky; we'll have rain to-morrow," but the gray clouds that were now settling down proved him a good prophet. Nothing but the alternative of working our way through or carrying around acres and acres of floating logs would have induced us to break camp that morning.

While we were eating breakfast I spoke of having heard a dog bark in the night, and the guides laughed and said that it was a fox. I had entirely forgotten that we were miles away from a settlement. While the tents were being taken down, I sliced the boiled meat and filled a bucket with ham sandwiches for our dinner. When we came out into the river it was full of scattered logs. After traveling some distance we all at once found ourselves in a very swift current, and seeing that the logs were being rapidly drawn into it, we hastily steered out of danger.

We learned afterward that the current had been caused by letting the water off the dam. In one place the logs had become wedged across the river, holding back those above and leaving a clear space below. Bennett started ahead with his little canoe, but the guides told him he could not get through there, and they kept closer to the shore, but he would not follow. His canoe became wedged in among the logs, and he could make no headway, so taking a paddle he stepped out on a log and was meeting with more success when the log turned and he landed astride of it. He sat still and continued to work his way through till one of the guides asked him if he was going to leave his canoe and go to Bing Inlet on the log. He had forgotten all about his canoe, which was wedged in among the logs twelve feet or more behind him.

The whole performance had been so absurd that we could stand no more, and the guides just shouted, while I laughed till I could hardly sit up. With some difficulty he worked his way back and got in his canoe, but we could see he was very angry.

After making our way through these logs we had no more trouble till a half-mile above the dam, where we had to beach our canoes and carry what we could the rest of the way. The river water was cool and palatable, until we reached the logs, when it became very warm, but as soon as we got beyond them the water was again cool. The heat is no doubt due to some chemical action.

We had heard what we thought was thunder soon after entering the river, but it had gradually grown louder, until at last we began to realize that it was the noise made by the logs as they went thundering down the chute below the dam. We had a hard, rough carry and a drizzling rain was falling, but we reached the dam without any serious difficulty. The river drivers helped the guides take the canoes down through the logs.

There are three dams across the river here, but the logs were only going over one, a glance boom keeping them away from the others. We had never seen the drivers at work before, and we stayed here a long time watching the two men on the glance booms, one on each side of the opening in the dam, guiding the logs through end first; many of them came up in the eddy below looking the worse for the trip. By the time the guides had everything over the portage, the cook had dinner ready

for the drivers, and they kindly asked us to take dinner with them, an invitation we gladly accepted. They took our flour and gave us bread enough to last us the rest of the trip, and filled a two-gallon bucket full of crisp, fresh cookies. Wherever we met any of the river drivers we found them exceedingly kind, and they did everything they could to add to the pleasure of our cruise. If the river below this dam is full of logs the three-mile portage commences at the dam, but the foreman said we would have no trouble with logs, and by making two or three short portages we could save a mile of carrying. Bidding the drivers good-by, we launched our canoes a short distance below the chute. The first portage was rather difficult, for the logs had drifted in along the shore, but the next one, over an island, was not hard. We were now in a very large eddy, almost a lake, the center filled with slowly moving logs. Making our way aronnd the logs we crossed the eddy and beached our canoes on the left bank at the end of a two-mile portage.

Bennett, who was still angry, had pushed on ahead of us and we had not seen him for some time, but when we were part way over the portage we saw him with his canoe on his head, struggling up the steep bank through a dense growth of underbrush. We learned afterward that he had attempted to go through the Thirty-Dollar chute, but had been compelled to give up, and not being able to get back to the portage landing, had carried his canoe and duffle up that steep hill through the bush. It commenced to rain soon after we landed, but we thought it would be only a shower, such as we had been having all day, and we each took what we could carry and turning the canoes over what remained, started over the portage, which is a tote road, and I believe, goes to Bing Inlet.

The first part of the way was through the woods, and the bushes along the sides of the road poured their share of the rain down upon us, while the weeds that grew on the pathway added theirs. It was now raining hard, with every indication that it would continue all day; everything about us was dripping and we were just about as wet as we could be. Nothing turned the water; my hat, shoes, even my storm coat leaked. When we reached the level plateau a more desolate prospect could not be imagined; there were no trees nor bushes; nothing but a gray, desolate waste of bare rocks with here and there a charred and blackened stump, and the rain pouring down from a leaden sky. If any one had looked on it from a distance, they would have seen four little black specks creeping, one after the other, slowly across the plateau, all of them wet and miserable and one of them miserably cross. We had lost sight of the river, but could hear the roar from the falls, and walked over to the edge of the cliff to see what the river was doing.

This is a terrific gorge, two miles long, with broken walls varying from eighty to a few feet in height, and is a continual series of falls and rapids throughout its entire length. The river drivers call it the Thirty-Dollar Chute. On our way back to the path we saw a bark shelter that one of the drivers had put up to protect himself while he watched the chute, for there was danger of the logs forming a jam at the Thirty-Dollar Falls.

Our tramp was not without interest, wet and disagreeable though it was. Looking over this desolate plain toward the west, the gray fog was more dense and we began to realize that we were not far from the Georgian Bay. On our right was the gorge with the river boiling and surging from 100 to 150 feet below the level on which we stood, and a similar plain beyond.

When at last we reached the end of the portage around the Thirty-Dollar Chute, we found the guides with everything ready to put up our tents. The tote road was some distance back from the river along the edge of a dense growth of young maple and birch trees that extended down to the river bank. Our tent was pitched on the lower side of the road in the edge of the bush. The rut worn by the sled served as a drain to carry off the water.

I reached the end of the portage wet through; the rain was dripping off my chin and ears and slowly trickling down the back of my neck, and with the feel of wet shoes and stockings, I thought nothing could add to my discomfort; but when I saw the guides put our tent up over those wet leaves, the rain dripping off the bushes all around, it was too much. It was still raining hard; I was wet, tired and cross; I could not see the river and had seen no pine, and the thought of those wet leaves for a bed was not cheerful. I looked for some place to sit down, but everything, even the logs, were sopping wet. If I had found a dry place I would probably have sat down and wept, but there is no comfort in crying if you have to stand up.

About this time some one remarked how much good the trip had done me, I was looking better every day. I know I just looked ridiculous in my wet and bedraggled clothes, but I had not the courage to even smile. Completely out of heart I turned to go down to the river. A road had been cut through the bush, and the rain falling from the branches that met overhead made a very wet, disagreeable walk. At one side of the path, near the shore, was a large arbor vitæ tree that made an excellent shelter, for the rain was not coming down through its branches. Just at the foot of the tree was a natural range with a wall of rock from one to four feet high around three sides, leaving an opening for the fire about five feet across. I began to feel more hopeful and went to the tent for matches. The guides had gone back over the portage for the provisions. Our blankets were perfectly dry, and the Doctor had found balsam and was making a bed. I got the matches and went back to the river. By pulling dry bark off the arbor vitæ tree and gathering up some small twigs, I soon had a fire, and there was an abundance of fuel. I took off my storm coat and jacket and hung them on the limbs of the tree above the fire, then I sat down on the rock with my feet in the fireplace. I was perfectly happy. I could look out over an eddy in which logs were arranged like spokes in the wheel of a wagon and the great wheel was slowly turning round and round. These eddies were very fascinating; I could watch them by the hour. The great wheel, like some huge monster, would release its hold on one log to grasp another, which would slowly adjust itself into place.

Before long the Doctor came down, and I thought I saw a look of relief on his face when he found there were no tears. The coffee pot was filled with water and put on to boil, and when the guides returned we had ham sandwiches, cookies and hot coffee, and how we did enjoy our supper. It stopped raining about dark, and when we went to bed our clothes were quite dry, even our shoes and stockings. That was one of the most comfortable nights we spent on our trip.

When we awoke the next morning the sun was shining, the sky was a deep intense blue, nature was in her most charming mood. The path to the river was a beautiful green archway. The sunlight spilled down through the leaves and fell in great patches on the ground and the birds were singing in the branches overhead. Oh! the joy, the pleasure of living in this beautiful world and breathing the pure, clean air. Surely this is God's country where,

"Away from the toil and strife of our daily life,
Let us pause awhile in silence and adore."

The guides had breakfast ready, and we did it ample justice. After breakfast they went for the canoes, we washed the dishes, put beans on to cook for dinner, hung our blankets out in the sun and then went back over the portage to get a better view of the chute. Following the road which ascends gradually to the plateau, we turned to our left down a gentle slope to the edge of a cliff fifty feet above the surface of the water. Following along the cliff we came to a more broken place and succeeded in getting down to the water where we could get a good view of the Thirty-Dollar Falls. The logs were coming down and occasionally one would come over the falls, plunge entirely under water, then slowly rising, end first, it would stand straight up, fully two-thirds of it above the water, when it would balance for an instant, then fall and continue on its way down the gorge. If Bennett had gone down the Thirty-Dollar Chute he would have fared worse than the man who went through the "Hulling Machine." After an hour or more spent watching the logs, we returned to camp, ate our dinner, packed up and continued on our journey. Shooting some rapids as we followed the beautiful winding of the river, we came to a long stretch of straight open water, sometimes called Long Lake. We caught a pike on a troll here; it was the only one we caught on the river. We saw a porcupine feeding on the branches of a young tree about 20 feet high, and a deer on the shore. Reaching what is known as the Fourteenth Chute, early in the afternoon, and finding a good camp ground, we put up our tents. There is a dam here and quite a fall, from which we could see the mist rising when we were still some distance up the river. The river is very wild and full of boulders below the falls. The water falls over the dam and is dashed into foam, while a rainbow suspended in the mist hangs over it all day long. It is a wild, beautiful place.

After supper the guides took the canoes and we went up the river about two miles, hoping to see some deer. A short distance above our camp we came upon the most perfect and beautiful reflection we had ever seen. It was a grove of red pine on a slope that rose gradually from the shore, and was free from underbrush and fallen trees. Here were two beautiful groves, one sloping from the sky down to the water, and the reflected one from the water back till it met the reflected sky, the light falling through the trees on both, and thrown over all was the brilliant color from a gorgeous sunset.

We thought we had seen wonderful reflections before, but this one was a revelation to us, even the guides were astonished. In the first place a more beautiful bit of nature than that grove is seldom seen, and when we add to this the fact that it lay in exactly the right position to get the best possible light from the setting sun, which was very brilliant, we could account for the unusual beauty of the reflection.

The guides saw two deer and tried to point them out to us, but we had not learned to see things at a distance. On our way back we heard a splash on the shore ahead of us, and one of the guides pulled over in that direction. After quite a scramble and splashing in the water, a deer struck out across the river.

The other canoe came up on the other side, and we drove the deer down the river between the two canoes, almost to the landing, when we held back and let it swim ashore, for if it had been caught in the current it would have been carried over the dam and killed. At times we were so close to it that I could have touched it with my hand.

I was up early the next morning, for I wanted to see the falls as the sun came up, and while standing on the shore a duck flew over, scarcely ten feet above my head.

We walked up along the shore of the river a short distance, and saw a little ground squirrel making its winter home. It was not the least bit afraid of us, but worked away, carrying out dirt and piling it up around the door while we stood but a few feet away. The guides were preparing breakfast, and we left the squirrel and went back to camp. We were standing by the fire when one of the guides called us to come and see a deer. We rushed along the path, and not fifty yards from where we were cooking breakfast was a deer drinking at the river. About all we saw was a red streak and a white flag waved as it went over the rocks at the top of the hill, but the red streak was quite exciting while it lasted.

We were going to make rice dumplings for dinner, and hoping to get some fresh berries, we climbed the steep hill back of our camp to the level plateau above. We found no berries, but had a delightful tramp, and enjoyed the dumplings made with prunes.

We had expected to get berries whenever we wanted them, but owing to the dry season, there were none on the river. After an early dinner we were again on our way. Shooting a small rapids we came to a portage on the right. The landing was very close to the falls, but the carry was short. The next portage was on the left and was rather hard. We let the canoes down with ropes part of the way, but everything else had to be carried, and the path was narrow and along the side of a hill. The next portage is on the right bank around a falls of about two feet, and is short. While we were making this portage two Indians from the reservation near Bing Inlet went over the falls in their heavy fishing boat. After we had crossed the portage the baggage was put aboard and Bennett and the guides, each in his own canoe, paddled out into the rapids. We walked along the shore to get a picture of the falls.

The canoes had gone safely through the rapids and were in quiet waters, when we heard a call for help, and looking around saw Bennett struggling in the water, his canoe bottom up and well under water, and his duffle bag floating down stream. No one had seen his canoe capsize, for we had been watching the Indians shoot the falls, but we supposed he had turned around in his canoe to see them, and leaning a little to one side the canoe tipped over.

He was not far from the shore, but was so frightened he did not know what to do, and climbed on top of the canoe. One of the guides paddling quickly to him, made him take hold of the bow of his canot and took him ashore. The other guide rescued his duffle bag and paddle, and the Indians brought back his canoe.

Learning from the Indians that we were but a short distance from Bing Inlet, we decided to push rapidly on and take the Wednesday instead of the Friday boat to Parry Sound. We had no more carrying to do, but shot several rapids, and reached Bing Inlet about 3 o'clock, a few minutes before the steamer came to the dock. As it lays here an hour taking on fuel, we had ample time to get everything on board and see the town.

We had a delightful trip down the bay, arriving at Parry Sound about 10 P. M. We spent the night at a hotel and reached the Iron City Camp on the Moon River on Thursday.

A. W. C.

One Thousand Miles for Rest.

LAST summer my business was such that I was unable to leave town. Later it seemed as if I must have some rest for a few days at least. So taking the last day of August, that being Saturday, and the first two days in September, the latter being Labor Day, I had three days at my disposal. With another weary toiler I discussed various plans for a canoe trip. At last the course was settled. The chart was nearly worn out with the numerous lines we had drawn while measuring distances.

Leaving Boston at 4 o'clock on Friday afternoon we awoke next morning in Winn, a small town in the northern part of Maine. Here we ate a hearty breakfast at the local "hotel," engaged a team to carry the canoe to Bottle Lake, where our real trip began. Paddling across this we encountered a half-mile carry to Lake Dobsis, a picturesque sheet of water, studded with wooded islands of various sizes from a few hundred feet to two miles in length. Late in the afternoon we arrived at Shaw's Camp, situated at the other end of the lake. Here we remained all night. An early start the next morning carried us through a small lake into Grand Lake, and thence to its outlet, where we ate dinner. Here we found another carry of a quarter of a mile to Princeton Lake, and arrived at the town of that name in time for supper. The following day we went down the stream into the St. Croix River, passed Calais and spent the night at St. Andrews. It was only a short paddle from here to Eastport, where we took the Boston and Halifax boat, arriving home Wednesday morning. The round trip by rail, water and steamer is about 1,000 miles, and its total cost was only $22 apiece.

It would be useless to attempt to enumerate the benefits to be derived from such a trip. Its results are miraculous. Any one who has been in the woods even for a day knows how much better one feels afterward. Combine with this the panorama of ever-changing scenery, the delightful exercise of paddling, the long sea voyage home, and you have in a nutshell the remedies for more ills than a year of medical treatment.

A. L. S.

BOSTON, June 22.

French—Montagnais Dictionary.

THERE has recently been published by Messrs. W. B. Cabot and P. Cabot, of Boston, a volume that possesses not a little interest for all sportsmen who visit those portions of northeastern North America inhabited by Indians of Algonquin blood. Its title is "Dictionaire Français-Montagnais, by Father G. Lemoine, a priest of the O. M. I." The volume is one of considerable size, the French-Montagnais portion occupying 261 pages, while the Montagnais-English vocabulary has a dozen, a list of geographic names 3, and the Montagnais grammar 63.

The angler or big-game hunter who visits Maine or Canada can hardly fail to feel a considerable interest in the guides of Indian blood whom he meets there; and many a man, visiting the region year after year, picks up from these Indians a good many words of their language. It was precisely in this way that Mr. W. B. Cabot became interested in this language and in Father Lemoine's studies in it. Mr. Cabot encouraged the father to pursue these studies, and at last with his brother went to the very considerable expense of publishing the dictionary. In doing this Mr. Cabot has performed a genuine service to science, and we believe has also done much to stimulate among his brother sportsmen an intelligent interest in these Indians, and in other allied tribes. From Maine all through southern Canada and quite to the Rocky Mountains, the Indians speak some dialect or other of the Algonquin language, though these Montagnais and Naskapis occupy only the country lying between the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the Straits of Belle Isle, the North Atlantic Ocean and Hudson's Bay. Nevertheless, in all these dialects there is much similarity, and a copy of this dictionary might profitably form a portion of the luggage of every man who expects to employ Canadian Indians as guides.

Pack-Horses and Their Packs.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., July 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We read with interest the article in one of your recent issues on "Camp-Fire Flickerings from the Miami Valley." The incident mentioned of one David Petigrew, who in the early days packed salt from Kentucky to Dayton, O., with a pack train, gives one the impression that the men or the horses of those days were entirely different from what they are now. David Petigrew must have had wonderfully strong horses, or else he must have been a very weak man. It hardly seems possible these days that any one would put two packs, "each of which was so heavy that a man could not lift it," upon a horse and not remove the packs for two days and a night. Any packer of to-day would be considered a very inhuman man who would turn his pack horse loose at night without removing the load. After considerable experience with pack trains in the West, I have yet to find a packer who is not exceedingly careful of his pack animals, and who does not

upon every occasion possible remove the load and look carefully after the backs of the animals.

It would be interesting to hear if any of your numerous readers know of instances occurring to-day where heavily loaded pack horses are turned loose at night without their loads being removed. C. P. A.

[The Miami Valley stories, we assumed, were given as they have come down and are current; and are not to be judged by the strict standards of historical records.]

Natural History.

St. Augustine Tame Birds.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., July 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I feel somewhat elated to find myself the target of such a cloud of compliments and cusses as I have brought upon my innocent head by merely saying I'd rather bag a woodcock than a moose, though the cusses, I am happy to say, are all of a mild and gentlemanly type, while the compliments do me proud, especially when coming from such model sportsmen as Jacobstaff and Lewis Hopkins.

I'm always delighted when I'm able to get up a little sparring for pastime without staining the pages of FOREST AND STREAM with blood, but the simple stuff that follows this heading will not admit of even the mildest opposition.

I have been stirred up to this by reading the account of Mrs. McKenna's wonderful work in taming what I supposed to be the untamable grouse.

My wife and I sit here on our wide piazza day after day enjoying the delightful sea breeze, and to make time pass more pleasantly, we cultivate the company of several kinds of birds.

For a long time we had a pair of cardinals, but an ill-natured mockingbird drove them off.

Then we turned our attention to a beautiful red-winged blackbird, and soon got him very tame, but the before-mentioned bully fell foul of him and refused to let him come near the house. This was a trifle too much for my angelic nature, and I put a squib in my "scatter gun" and killed him as dead as Homer. Since then sweet peace has reigned among our birds. The banished red-wing has returned and brough two of his children, and now, while my wife is sewing and I am reading, two or three of them are feeding on the table at once apparently unafraid. They are quite entertaining, but our most interesting little pet has gone to parts unknown.

Every summer I tame hummingbirds when the young ones appear, from the first to the middle of June, but this year the mother bird found the bottle at the same time with the young one, the result being that the youngster had to leave.

They are intensely selfish, on account of which only one can be tamed, with satisfaction, at a time, and as the old birds are difficult to tame, I paid but little attention to this one, though she would feed from my hand. To my surprise, the male bird, a perfect beauty, which we called Ruby, came to the bottle—which was pretty good proof that he was a pet of the year before—but his wife was boss, and sat on a tree near by from morning till night to keep him from meddling with her bottle, though once in a while he would slip in on the sly.

As this was not to my liking, I refused to let her have anything to eat, and she left. I fed Ruby every time he came, and he soon got so tame that he would hunt for me in search of his bottle.

(To digress—a beautiful "nonpareil" is feeding on the grass seeds just before me.) To tame hummingbirds so that they will come to me anywhere about the place is an easy matter, but how Mrs. McKenna tamed that grouse is a mystery to me. About the first of July the flowers have almost disappeared from this region, and nearly every hummer leaves, but why our well-fed pet should leave I can't imagine, unless his wife commanded him to go with her. The male is a trifle smaller than the female, and she appears to be always boss. DIDYMUS.

The Snake Skin in the Bird's Nest.

AN inquirer asks the Outlook: "When a boy, I was told that an atheist was turned from the error of his way by seeing the parent birds carrying in their bills leaves of the white ash and placing them upon their nest of young to protect them from a climbing snake reaching out for them. The leaves instantly drove the snake away. Please inform me through your weekly whether there is positive proof that such a protection is used by birds, or is it only to be found in Sunday school books, but not in authoritative natural history works?"

To this the Outlook makes reply: "It would seem that there are many miracles evident out of doors that might turn an atheist from the error of his way.' The incident recited by our correspondent—namely, the use of the leaves of the white ash by parent birds for protecting their young from climbing snakes—possibly has some foundation in fact. In a long experience as a field ornithologist, Mr. William E. D. Scott, a trained naturalist, says he has observed nothing of a like nature. He adds, however, that the great crested flycatcher, which builds in deserted woodpeckers' domiciles as well as in natural cavities in trees, habitually does something quite as extraordinary. A cast snake's skin almost always figures as a part of the lining of the nests of this kind of bird. Presumably this may be to prevent intrusion on the part of enemies, as well as of other birds seeking similar localities for nesting or sleeping."

This purpose has more than once been suggested to explain the use of the snake skin, and by observers whose opinions carry weight. But after all, we know nothing about it, and the explanation seems somewhat fanciful. Here are some quotations on the subject, however, and any observations by readers of FOREST AND STREAM will be very gladly published if sent in to us.

On this habit Miss Florence Merriam, in her "Birds of Village and Field," says: "Whatever may be the historic reason for this peculiar habit, the lamented Mr. Frank Bolles watched two nests in which the skin was apparently used to scare away intruders. The morning he found the first nest it had one egg and no snake skin, but that evening he was startled to be met by the raised head of a snake (skin) in front of the nest, and on examination found that the body of the snake—six or seven inches long—was coiled around the eggs. The second year the birds built in the same place, and after each of Mr. Bolles' visits to the nest fresh pieces of skin were added. This was done with an eye to his intentions, Mr. Bolles believed, from the evident disapproval of the birds, for they scolded him severely whenever he came, and as long as he remained in sight. A similar use of the skin is suggested in the instance quoted by Major Bendire, in which the skin was arranged to hang out of the hole. Mr. Burroughs throws a side light on the question by stating that he has found onion skins, fish scales, and even oiled paper in nests where there was no snake skin. If originally protective, the instinct seems to have run to seed as a morbid taste for the grotesque in house furnishing."

The case noted by Major Bendire is mentioned in his "Life Histories of North American Birds (Parrots to Grackles)." p. 261. He says: "Exuviæ of snakes seem to be present in the majority of the nests of this species; they are sometimes incorporated in the nest proper and again they are placed around the sides of it, in all probability for protective purposes, and are changed and rearranged from time to time. But few nests are found which do not contain more or less of this material, occasionally whole skins enter into their composition.

"Mr. W. E. Loucks, of Peoria, Ill., writes me: 'I found a very remarkable nest of the crested flycatcher some years ago. The curious feature about it was that the birds had taken an enormous snake skin, probably that of a black snake, and had so arranged it within the entrance of the cavity that the greater part of it hung outside. What other motive could the birds have had than that of alarming intruders?' "

The Mexican crested flycatcher (*Myiarchus mexicanus*) while also commonly using bits of snake skin as nest material, does not, it is said, use it as generally as does its more northern relative (*M. crinitus*). On the other hand the Arizona form (*M. mexicanus magister*, Ridg), is reported to use "bits of snake and lizard skin" as nest lining, and one observer speaking of a nest he found, says: "It was entirely similar in construction to that of *Muscicapa crinitus* even to the traditional snake skins."

Wild Animals of the North.

The Arctic Fox.

From Richardson's "Fauna Boreali-Americana; or the Zoology of the Northern Parts of British America."

THE Arctic fox, as is well known, has two color phases, the one white the other bluish or brownish slate color. This was originally believed to be the result of a seasonal change, the white being the winter dress, and the dark the pelage of summer. It is known, however, that not all—perhaps not even a majority—of these foxes change their color with the seasons; and since the breeding of blue foxes has become an industry in Alaska, it has been learned that these animals, if brought to the south, remain dark in color throughout the year, one which is white, or partly white, being only occasionally found among the many litters of dark animals. The Arctic fox is smaller than the red fox, the weight usually being about eight pounds, while some are as low as seven, and a few as high as nine and a half. Dr. Richardson quotes at length, as to the habits of this species, from Capt. Lyon, who, during two winters passed on a Melville peninsula, studied with care the manners of several of these interesting animals, which were taken alive and kept as pets. He says:

"The Arctic fox is an extremely cleanly animal, being very careful not to dirt those places in which he eats or sleeps. No unpleasant smell is to be perceived, even in a male, which is a remarkable circumstance. To come unawares on one of these creatures is, in my opinion, impossible; for even when in an apparently sound sleep, they open their eyes at the slightest noise which is made near them, although they pay no attention to sounds when at a short distance. The general time of rest is during the daylight, in which they appear listless and inactive; but the night no sooner sets in than all their faculties are awakened; they commence their gambols, and continue in unceasing and rapid motion until the morning. While hunting for food, they are mute, but when in captivity or irritated, they utter a short growl like that of a young puppy. It is a singular fact that their bark is so modulated as to give an idea that the animal is at a distance, although at the very moment he lies at your feet. Although the rage of a newly caught fox is quite ungovernable, yet it very rarely happens that on two being put together they quarrel. A confinement of a few hours often sufficed to quiet these creatures, and some instances occurred of their being perfectly tame, although timid, from the first moment of their captivity. On the other hand, there were some which, after months of coaxing, never became more tractable. These we supposed were old ones.

" 'Their first impulse on receiving food is to hide it as soon as possible, even though suffering from hunger, and having no fellow prisoners of whose honesty they are doubtful. In this case snow is of great assistance, as being easily piled over their stores and then forcibly pressed down by the nose. I frequently observed my dog-fox, when no snow was attainable, gather his chain into his mouth, and in that manner carefully coil it so as to hide the meat. On moving away, satisfied with his operations, he, of course, had drawn it after him again, and sometimes with great patience repeated his labors five or six times, until in a passion he has been constrained to eat his food without its having been rendered luscious by previous concealment. Snow is the substitute for water to these creatures, and on a large lump being given to them, they break it in pieces with their feet, and roll on it with great delight. When the snow was slightly scattered on the decks, they did not lick it up as dogs are accustomed to do, but by repeatedly pressing with their nose, collected small lumps at its extremity, and then drew it into the mouth with the assistance of the tongue.' In another passage Capt. Lyon, alluding to the above-mentioned dog-fox, says 'He was small and not perfectly white, but his tameness was so remarkable that I could not afford to kill him, but confined him on deck in a small hutch, with a scope of chain. The little animal astonished us very much by his extraordinary sagacity, for during the first day, finding himself much tormented by being drawn out repeatedly by his chain, he at length, whenever he returned to his hut, took this carefully up in his mouth, and drew it so completely after him, that no one who valued his fingers would endeavor to take hold of the end attached to the staple.'

"Hearne says that when taken young, the Arctic fox may be domesticated in some degree, but he never saw one that was fond of being caressed; and they are always impatient of confinement. Notwithstanding the degree of intelligence which the anecdotes related by Capt. Lyon show them to possess, they are unlike the red fox, in being extremely unsuspicious, and instances are related of their standing by, while the hunter is preparing the trap, and running headlong into it the moment he retires a few paces. Capt. Lyon received fifteen from a single trap in four hours. The voice of the Arctic fox is a kind of yelp, and when a man approaches their breeding places, they put their heads out of their burrows, and bark at him, allowing him to come so near that they may be easily shot. They appear to have the power of decoying other animals within their reach, by imitating their voices. 'While tenting, we observed a fox prowling on a side hill, and heard him for several hours afterward in different places, imitating the cry of a brent goose.' They feed on eggs, young birds, blubber and carrion of any kind; but their principal food seems to be lemmings of different species.

"The Arctic fox is an inhabitant of the most northern lands hitherto discovered, and in North America their southern limit appears to be about latitude 50 degrees. They are numerous on the shores of Hudson's Bay, north of Churchill, and exist also in Behring's Straits; but the brown variety, mentioned in the following pages, is the more common one in the latter quarter. They breed on the sea coast, and chiefly within the Arctic circle, forming burrows in sandy spots—not solitary, like the red fox, but in little villages, twenty or thirty burrows being constructed adjoining to each other. We saw one of these villages on Point Turnagain, in latitude 68½ degrees. Toward the middle of winter they retire to the southward, evidently in search of food, keeping as much as possible on the coast, and going much further to the southward in districts where the coast line is in the direction of their march. Capt. Parry relates that the Arctic foxes, which were previously numerous, began to retire from Melville Peninsula in November, and that by January few remained. Toward the center of the continent, in latitude 65 degrees, they are seen only in the winter, and then not in numbers; they are very scarce in latitude 61 degrees, and at Carlton House, in latitude 53 degrees, only two were seen in forty years. On the coast of Hudson's Bay, however, according to Hearne, they arrive at Churchill, in latitude 59 degrees, about the middle of October, and afterward receive reinforcements from the northward, until their numbers almost exceed credibility. Many are captured there by the hunters, and the greater part of the survivors cross the Churchill River as soon as it is frozen over, and continue their journey along the coast to Nelson and Severn rivers. In like manner they extend their migrations along the whole Labrador coast to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Most of those which travel far to the southward are destroyed by rapacious animals; and the few which survive to the spring, breed in their new quarters, instead of returning to the north. The colonies they found are, however, soon extirpated by their numerous enemies. A few breed at Churchill, and some young ones are occasionally seen in the vicinity of York Factory. There are from three to five young ones in a litter.

"The Esquimaux take the Arctic foxes in traps, which are described by Capt. Parry as being 'extremely simple and ingenious. They consist of a small circular arched hut built of stones, having a square aperture at the top, but quite close and secure in every other part. This aperture is closed by some blades of whalebone, which, though in reality only fixed to the stones at one end, appear to form a secure footing, especially when the deception is assisted by a little snow laid on them. The bait is so placed that the animal must come upon this platform to get at it, when the latter, unable to bear the weight, bends downward, and after precipitating the fox into the trap, which is made too deep to allow of his escape, returns by its elasticity to its former position, so that several may then be caught successively.' They are also taken in the wolf traps of ice, described on page 65, and all the rocky islands lying off the mouth of the Coppermine River are studded with square traps, built of stone by the Esquimaux, wherein the fox is killed by a flat stone falling upon him when he pulls the bait.

"The fur of the Arctic fox is of small value in commerce when compared with that of any variety of the red fox. Its flesh, on the other hand, when particularly young, is edible; while that of the red fox is rank and disagreeable. Capt. Franklin's party agreed with Hearne in comparing the flavor of a young Arctic fox to that of the American hare. Capt. Lyon considered it to resemble the flesh of a kid."

Canada Lynx.

Loup-cervier is a name familiar to most hunters in the north, and this is one of the best known—by name at least—of our North American mammals; yet, when Richardson wrote the list of synonyms of this cat, it was a short one. He says that the Canada lynx is "rare on the sea coast and does not frequent the Barren Grounds, but it is not uncommon in the woody districts of the interior, since from seven to nine thousand are annually procured by the Hudson's Bay Company. It is found on the Mackenzie River as far north as latitude 66 degrees. It is a timid creature, incapable of attacking any of the larger quadrupeds, but well armed for the capture of the American hare, on which it chiefly preys. Its large paws, slender loins, and long, but thick, hind legs, with large buttocks scarcely relieved by a short, thick tail, give it an awkward, clumsy appearance. It makes a poor fight when it is surprised by a hunter in a tree, for, though it spits like a cat, and sets its hair up, it is easily destroyed by a blow on the back with a slender stick, and it never attacks a man. Its gait is by bounds, straightforward, with the back a little arched, and lighting on all the feet at once. It swims well, and will cross the arm of a lake two miles wide; but it is not swift on land. It breeds once a

year, and has two young at a time. The natives eat its flesh, which is white and tender, but rather flavorless, much resembling that of the American hare.

"The early French writers of Canada, who ascribed to it the habit of dropping from trees on the backs of deer, and destroying them by tearing their throats and drinking their blood, gave it the name of *Loup cervier*. The French-Canadians now term it indifferently *Le Chat*, or *Le Pesshoo*."

Of late years, as is well known, the Canada lynx has been accused of killing calf moose in Maine and Canada, as well as of killing calf elk in the Yellowstone Park; but we do not know that any actual evidence of such acts has been secured by any one. It is conceivable, of course, that this might happen, but, on the other hand, it is to be remembered that at the season of greatest stress, when food for the lynx is most difficult to obtain, the calves of moose and elk alike are well grown, strong, and hardy animals, perhaps too much so to be destroyed by a small creature like the lynx. While ferocious enough in appearance, the power of the lynx is limited. Its total length is less than three and a half feet, and its height, at the shoulders, less than a foot and a half. At the same time the lynx is not devoid of courage; we have known of its coming up to a camp at night and boldly carrying off a ham of meat, and then defeating and driving away two small dogs that were set upon it.

The Doom of the Mosquito.

From the Paterson (N. J.) Chronicle.

THE present State administration is taking gigantic steps toward covering itself all over with glory several inches deep. The mosquito, which has added so much to the renown of New Jersey, is to be exterminated to the great relief of suffering humanity and a material reduction in the usual volume of profanity. Physically and morally the human species within the borders of this State is to be improved.

The first step toward the attainment of this desirable end was the dissemination of useful information in regard to the enemies of mosquitoes, and people were informed that sticklebacks and minnows subsisted to a great extent upon the larvæ of mosquitoes and upon the fully developed insect, the latter being placed within reach of the fish whenever the mosquitoes attempt procreation of their species. The result was a number of applications to the Board of Fish and Game Commissioners for consignments of sticklebacks and minnows. Unfortunately, sticklebacks live only in salt water; if transfertred to fresh water they would show about as much activity as smoked herring, but a little mistake like this should not be noticed when the great end to be attained is remembered. It is to be hoped that the fish and game authorities will fill every requistion for minnows, if not for sticklebacks, for such a course would not only tend toward the extermination of the insect pest but would also start up a new industry in New Jersey. There is no doubt that minnows are fond of young and tender mosquitoes; the fact that the fish and game authorities would have to take their supply of minnows from one insect-breeding water in order to supply another is hardly worthy of consideration, for the relief the mosquitoes would obtain in one place would be counterbalanced by the warfare to be waged on them in the water where they are to be placed. The new industry which would be developed by this plan of killing mosquitoes would be the establishment of canning factories in numerous places, giving employment to hundreds of hands. Mosquitoes breed only during a short period of the year, and consequently it would be necessary to supply the minnows with mosquitoes during the spring, fall and winter months. For this reason it would be necessary to can a lot of mosquitoes during the summer months in order to prevent minnows from starving to death during the rest of the year. Then people would have to be employed to feed the canned mosquitoes to the minnows, and care will have to be taken not to give them too much food, for mosquitoes are a rich food for fish, apt to develop dyspepsia, gout and similar diseases. But just think of the millions of mosquitoes that would be killed both by the minnows and by the canning process!

Having settled this matter to their satisfaction, the State mosquito authorities have now applied to the fish and game authorities for a permit to kill certain kinds of birds, the object being to ascertain what birds devour the most mosquitoes. It will be seen that in the wisdom of the mosquito authorities the insects are to be attacked both in the water and out of it. They will not be given any rest until they have been exterminated. The fish and game authorities have no more right to grant permits for killing insectivorous birds than has the Board of Aldermen of Paterson a right to issue permits for horsestealing, but when the constitution is set aside for the attainment of great objects, a little thing like granting a permit to kill birds ought not be deemed worthy of consideration. The State mosquito authorities evidently intend to secure their information first hand, from the stomachs and crops of birds; they evidently do not intend to rely on the extensive investigations into this subject made for some years past by the Department of Agriculture of the United States. From these reports it might be learned that the swallows devote most of their lives to killing mosquitoes, but there is nothing like knowing a thing by direct information and not depending on hearsay. After the State authorities have killed a few thousand birds and analyzed the contents of their crops and stomachs, they will probably inform the public what steps they expect to take next. There will be no use in passing a law prohibiting the killing of these birds, for such a law has been on our statute books for many years. The chances are that they will invent some artificial method of propagating these birds, just as scientists propagate trout. Whether the birds will be permitted to die when their usefulness for the season has expired or whether they will be fed on canned mosquitoes for the rest of their sojourn in New Jersey will be a matter for subsequent consideration.

Great is science, especially as developed by the State mosquito authorities, and what a fortunate thing it was that we have a governor who has kindly given the use of a part of the $10,000 fund in his hand for the noble purpose of ridding New Jersey of mosquitoes! In the meantime the world is waiting with bated breath for the next step to be taken by the State mosquito authorities.

Locked Antlers.

BOSTON, July 20.—Fish stories are good, but they should have some shadow of truth. Stories of hunting and game animals should not be surrounded with impossible conditions. The latest comes from Maine, concerning the finding of the bodies of a couple of buck deer, with antlers interlocked. So firmly were the heads locked together that it was not possible to separate them, and the story says that the heads are being mounted in that position. To a well-known Maine guide the find is attributed. Now the story is all right, if told at the proper season, and the fact that buck deer do get their antlers locked together and die in that position is well known, but when such a find is made in late July, conditions are somewhat at contraries. In the first place, the deer and moose of Maine all shed their antlers not later than the middle of January, and in July the new horns are but mere knobs, a few inches in length, "in the velvet." If the deer of the recent find had locked their horns when they had them last fall, and died in that position, their bodies would have decayed at the first approach of spring weather, even if every shred of flesh had not long before been eaten by foxes and other animals. This story has appeared in several papers, but if buck deer are to lock their horns and die in that position, let us have them do it at the season when they have horns.

SPECIAL.

Game Bag and Gun.

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

An Adventure with Buffalo.

This story is taken from the British Naval and Military Gazette of 1835. It is a sturdy tale such as they knew how to tell in those days.

THE extraordinary adventure and miraculous escape of Lieutenant Clerk, of the Bombay Army, from death by the jaws of the lion, is one of the many astonishing interpositions of Providence, and strikes not only religious and reflective people, but the most thoughtless, with awe, admiration, gratitude and wonder. Such narratives are not only entertaining, but useful in a moral and religious point of view. They instruct mankind how much, under all and every circumstance, their lives are in the hands of the Creator of the Universe.

When I was a lieutenant in the Fifteenth Regiment, Bengal Native Infantry, I experienced almost as miraculous an escape from death from a wild buffalo. There was a long, though inaccurate account of it given in the Bengal papers at the time, and again copied from them into some of the London journals. An authentic narrative, however, even at this distant period, may be amusing to your readers, and if you think so, you are welcome to the following statement of facts, to which I pledge myself:

I was at breakfast one morning, in March, 1813, the battalion of the Fifteenth Regiment, N. I., to which I belonged, then being stationed at Kissenjunge, when an orderly of the commanding officer of the regiment and station, Lieutenant-Colonel Morgan, came with the Colonel's compliments desiring to see me. I sent word back that I should be with him as soon as I had breakfasted. The orderly returned a second time with the Colonel's compliments, desiring that I should repair to his quarters instantly, and breakfast with him. The Colonel, when I entered the room, said: "What the d—l did you stay for your breakfast for; did you suppose there was none here?" adding, "there was a whole herd of wild buffaloes in my compound or back lawn." "Come," said he, "sit down and eat your breakfast and we will talk to them afterward." I replied: "Stuff, sir, you are gammoning!" To which he said, "No, by Jingo! come and see for yourself." I accompanied the Colonel to the back of his house, and upon the plain, at a distance of about 200 yards, was a herd of seven buffaloes, and a three-parts grown calf. I was so astonished I could hardly believe my eyes, and expressed myself that they must be tame buffaloes. The Colonel replied, "Tame buffaloes, indeed! Where were the like ever seen before?" Upon my asking how he could account for their being there at such a long distance from the forest (about thirteen miles), he said that the only way he could account for it was their having wandered in the night; and daylight having broken upon them, they were lost. We retired to the breakfast table, and the Colonel sent his orderlies round the cantonments to call the officers to his quarters.

Most of the officers having arrived, and expressed their surprise at the extraordinary visit of such company, the Colonel wished to know what was to be done. The Colonel stated that his elephants, and also the company's, were gone for charra, or food. The other two private elephants, one mine, the other that of another officer, were also gone. The Colonel then said the only way to attack them and prevent their escape was that of hunting them on horseback and spearing them. No one seemed to relish the Colonel's ideas of encountering so formidable an antagonist with a mere hog spear on horseback. The Colonel, however, to stir up our pluck, said: "There was time when I would not have looked at them before I had been at them; I am now too old and too heavy to ride" (about 17 stone); and returning to me, who had professed to be a sportsman, added, "Come, send for your horse and set them an example." I felt very little relish for this, and to get off, made some excuses as to the strength of my horse and its incompetency; but this was overruled by the offer of horses of other officers, one of which I accepted. After some persuasion several others sent for their horses, and when mounted, we consisted of five—Capt. Cooper, Lieut. Stirling, Lieut. Shuldham, myself and Dr. Swiney. Armed with spears, we advanced upon the herd, who immediately set off at full speed. After a chase of about a mile and a half, the calf being unable to keep up with the herd, separated from it; we rode it, and having despatched it, continued our pursuit after the herd. We had very hard riding before we came up with them. They were almost immediately lost in a grass jungle, but through which we followed them, and once more drove them out upon the plain. Their speed had hitherto been so great we had not been able to close upon them so as to deliver a spear. We had ridden about seven miles, when all on a sudden a very large male about 17 hands high, with horns at least six feet long, the leader of the herd, turned round, and having allowed the herd to proceed on, he charged most furiously, first one horse, then another. He was not, however, able to come in contact with our horses, and after the herd had proceeded at least a mile and a half, and could only be traced by the clouds of dust they raised from the burning sands over which they traveled, he set off at a full gallop after them. Now was the time when our spears first began to have effect. He was closely pursued for nearly two miles, and, although the spears, which had been delivered, had very severely cut his hind-quarters, he still kept up his pace. Seeing that the system pursued was not likely to bring him down and that we should lose him, I called out to the other huntsmen to "keep off," to "keep clear," and I would "job him," a system sometimes resorted to by first-rate hog hunters, and which consists in not delivering the spear from the hand, but to wait until the horse is sufficiently near to the hog to drive it through him, holding the shaft in the hand. Very few sportsmen, however, will venture upon it, as it is attended with much danger to the horse from the tusks of the boar. I rode in upon the buffalo, who was most eagerly continuing his course in chase of the herd, which he was fast closing up on. He took no notice of the horse—not even when neck and neck together.

In that situation, not being able with single hand to drive the spear far in, I dropped the reins upon the neck of my horse, and with my two hands drove the spear with my utmost force in between his ribs. When I found I could get it no further, I laid hold of the reins and endeavored to wheel the horse to the left, to make way for the other sportsmen to close in; but the horse, instead of answering the bit, made a quarter wheel, and stood still, refusing the spur. The buffalo missing the horse, halted, turned round, and faced the horse. Immediately I saw this, without looking round to the sportsmen, who were close upon my heels, I called out to them—"For God's sake, keep off, for I am gone." As I spoke these words, I saw the buffalo preparing to charge; his ears were drawn close to his neck, he tossed his horns back, sunk his head, took his level, and with his eyes flashing like two balls of fire, down he came with a tremendous crash to the charge, and threw me and the horse a considerable distance. I alighted upon my back, and the buffalo ran up to my feet. There he stood, with the spear in his side, the blood flowing in torrents from his wounds. My companions were sitting upon their horses at a respectful distance, exclaiming: "My God! he is killed." "Poor fellow," said another, "It is all over with him." A third exclaimed: "I would not have come and seen this for all the world!" A consultation was shortly held as to what was to be done to get my body, one observing that they could not return without it. Upon this a certain gallant cock, whose name, perhaps, it may be as well to withhold, said: "I will go back and get a gun and shoot him." So saying, off he went; but, alas! never more to return.

I had begun to get exceedingly tired of my situation, and to think very seriously of having to wait until my friend should reach the cantonment and come back with a gun. Indeed, I was fearful that when arrived in cantonments, he would be fatigued; and if he once got in company of Hodgson's pale ale or saw the Tiffin table smoking with the savory curries and chicken cutlets, his senses would be so absorbed in gastronomic reflections that he would forget the object of his journey, and we should see no more of him. So it turned out. He had been very shy all the day of the monster. Circumstanced as I was I felt a great delicacy in doing anything which might offend His Majesty of the Plain; however, after a little consideration, I resolved to raise my hand, and beckon therewith to the remaining hunters, to indicate that I was alive and to draw the buffalo off from me. I accordingly waved my hand. This was replied to by exclamations. "Good God, he is not dead!" "See, he moves his hand!" "Get up and run away, for God's sake, or you will be killed." This, I thought pretty advice; easier given then followed; and if followed, sure almost of meeting with death. The sun was now in the meridian, very powerful, burning my face and eyes sadly. After some further consideration I rolled over from my back to my belly. I then cast my eye behind me and found my fierce companion still quiet. I then began seriously to think of escaping from him, despairing of being extricated by the assistance of my companions. After a little hesitation, by way of experiment to see how the buffalo would take my movement, I rose gradually upon my hands and knees, keeping my eye over my shoulder upon him. In a second he went through all his former evolutions of ears, horns and eyes, took his level, and made another furious charge; the dreadful consequences of which I escaped by prostrating myself flat upon the ground as soon as I saw that he had taken his level. By this maneuver his horns merely grazed my back. The force of his head broke on the ground off my left shoulder, he rolled head over heels and lay upon the ground upon his forefeet close to me, we looking at each other in the face.

It was now time to think seriously of getting away. I felt I had been much bruised; but I experienced but little pain. I thought the moment favorable to try and escape, and I calculated that before he could get up I could lie down again. Up I got but with difficulty, the pain in my loins was so great; I supported them with both my hands. He permitted me gently to walk away, for fast I could not, and rejoin my companions. The buffalo never offered to move. My companions were full of sympathy, such as exclaiming: "Make haste, make haste!" "Look, look at the blood," and at last, "What can we do for you?" Irritated and vexed, I said: "Go

and pick up my hat," which lay at the buffalo's feet. This they declined; I vented my spleen and anger in volleys of abuse at their cowardly conduct throughout, and said: "If you will not do it, I will do it myself." In vain they endeavored to restrain me by riding between me and the buffalo. I was determined to accomplish it, after daring them to do it, if it cost me my life. I went and picked up my hat, my old acquaintance never offering to take the slightest notice of me. We retired to a village about 300 yards distance, to where my horse had retreated, and several hundred people were collected.

The buffalo missing his own and new companions, shortly after got up upon his legs, appeared to be quite revived, and for some time amused himself, to the great entertainment of the spectators, with galloping after several pariah dogs that were traversing the plain. At length he walked into and immersed himself, all but his head, in a large tank. The other sportsmen had rode up to the tank and were quietly sitting on their horses upon the banks, the buffalo not taking the least notice of them. Seeing the tranquil state of the animal, I mounted my horse, which was very lame from the effects of the violent blow he had received, and rode up to the tank. Before I had time to pull up my reins the buffalo immediately selected my horse out and furiously rushed out of the water after him. I had but time to get to the right about and into a smart gallop, retreating, when I found my old companion following close to my heels. He continued the pursuit for 150 yards and gave it up. After looking about him for a few minutes he started off across the plain at a furious rate. He had proceeded about half a mile when we observed an object, at some distance ahead of him, crossing the plain; he directed his course toward it, speedily came in contact, knocked it over and proceeded on. The other sportsmen and a number of the villagers immediately went to give assistance, but it was of no avail. The unhappy creature proved to be a middle-aged woman. She was killed and dreadfully mutilated; her arms were broken in several places, her ribs driven in and her head smashed. She was on her return home from a neighboring village. This awful spectacle strongly impressed us all, but none more particularly than myself, with a most powerful feeling of wonder and gratitude to Providence at the miraculous escape I had a few minutes before experienced by Divine interposition, for it appeared a perfect miracle how I could have escaped. We now went our way home. On our arrival we found the little Captain snugly at home, three sheets in the wind, or half seas over, with a large party assembled most anxious to hear the fate of myself and the issue of the day's sport. On the following day some peasants came into the cantonments to inform us that the buffalo had traveled about two miles from the spot, had taken refuge in a large lake, and was found dead in the morning.

The "Massacre" at the Alders.

It was a hot, sultry afternoon, succeeding a term of intense heat of long duration. The mountain streams were either very low or entirely dry, the remaining pools looked green and uninviting. The long curled corn was loosening its sun-baked coils in anticipation of an approaching storm. The potato vines were sun-dried and brown before maturity; and Lewis' "spuds" were all new potatoes in their miniature development. The fields looked dust colored and yellow through lack of nourishment. The cows could only find pasture in the neighboring meadow, and this was equally true of the woodcock. They had left their accustomed haunts and followed the cows.

In those cowpaths between the tussocks, where the "coboss" wended her way, clipping the rank growth as she went, the woodcock would follow, boring for the coveted worm. During the hot hours of the day cow and woodcock alike would seek the short growth of alders, seemingly strangely planted in an oblong path entirely alone in that long, narrow tussock-ridden lowland, too low to drain, too uneven to mow. It was only good for what it was now being used for, sort of auxiliary refuge for the surviving descendants of the ark, planned so very many years ago by a far-seeing, all-knowing wise Providence for just such emergencies. Such places are the storage reservoirs, the unleaking basins of time, the safeguard in the time of drought of thousands of well-regulated farms; they are the haunt of the artist, the inspiration of song. We can all recall the chorus at night; the early heralding of spring emanates thence; we have been lulled to sleep by its awkward-gaited inhabitants, and have longed to hear its croakings and chattering again. We have been "in swimming" in the "Old Run," and killed the water snake on the driftwood. That tender age has, however, multiplied itself by two, three, and yes, four for some, until now, only in fancy can we dream those innocent dreams.

Again, in the full maturity of age, and as graduates in the knowledge of local woodcraft, we entered once more the old meadow, followed by Jennie, her tongue hanging low and dry from the side of her mouth. The heat was oppressive, but in the distance could be heard the roll of thunder proclaiming relief to all. We struggled and stumbled from tussock to tussock, and were drenched in perspiration until the "greenhead" flies slipped. We came to the alders; there I took up my position in imitation of "the Colossus of Rhodes" overlooking and covering (with my gun range) that little lonesome swamp, while John N. mounted in excellent imitation to the left of opposite me. I pointed to the brush and commanded Jennie to enter, which she did with glad alacrity, and disappeared entirely. All that could be heard was the patter of her feet in that oozy bottom, and the noise of the coming storm. All that could be seen was the moving alder tops as she forced her way beneath them. The pattering ceases; the bushes are motionless—a point, unseen, but still very still, a point. I call, "Go on, Jenn, go on." She moves, the branches part to fluttering wings, and reveal a woodcock at twenty-yard rise. A kill. I call, "Fetch, Jenn; dead bird," and soon the bushes at my feet are parted and my little mottled beauty appears, black with mud, but with the coveted prize. She returns to the cover. Again the pattering feet stop, and although she is hidden from view, I know she is on three feet, her lip drawn in and held by her teeth lest its escape be heard, and her brave heart's action suppressed nearly to bursting. Again she is urged on by a kindly word, which those ears know so well; and another woodcock comes into view, is killed and retrieved. The first act is repeated, the second rehearsed, and repeated again, and the third opened to the tune of the first with the characters of the second. Business is good, and we go on playing at the old stand. But darkness comes on, flashes of lightning gild the alder leaves with gold, the territory has been covered, crossed and covered again, and not a living woodcock remains. The "massacre at the alders" is complete; and the crashing thunder renders a weird applause. As we enter the farmyard gate the storm bursts in all of its pent-up fury and the drought is broken.

THOMAS ELMER.

California Duck Notes.

LOS ANGELES, Cal.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is with a feeling of satisfaction that one lays down Grinnell's "American Duck Shooting," after reading its interesting and instructive pages. The volume is well gotten up, and its completeness makes it a most desirable book for the sportsman's library. The reproductions of Audubon's plates of the canvasback, redhead, black duck and shoveller add materially to the work.

In the article on the shoveller (called on this coast the spoonbill) it is said that "the note of the shoveller is a weak quack, somewhat like that of the greenwing teal." This has not been my experience. Often I have seen a single spoonbill swing over the decoys and drop into the water a hundred yards or so from the stool, and then while swimming slowly about call at frequent intervals—a loud, harsh qua-a-ak, fully as loud as that of the mallard, and more discordant. When come upon suddenly and flushed, the spoonbill quacks loudly and vociferously, much as the mallard does.

In the chapter on the widgeon, there is a quotation from Elliot's "Wild Fowl of North America," where one reads: "The widgeon is one of the wariest of our ducks, suspicious of everything, and not only is unwilling to approach any spot or object of which it is afraid, but by keeping up a constant whistling alarms all the other ducks in the vicinity and consequently renders itself very disagreeable, and at times a considerable nuisance to sportsmen." On the Pacific coast, and particularly along the coast of Southern California, the widgeon are very plentiful during the winter months, and, with the greenwing teal, form the mainstay of the shooting. With us the above description does not fit the widgeon at all, for here it is one of the least suspicious of ducks, coming readily either to decoys or whistle, and frequently by its boldness leading in other ducks that would not otherwise come in. The widgeon is one of the easiest ducks to kill, owing to the fact that they do come in so well to decoys.

The wariest birds we have are the mallard and pintail (called here the sprig), except during the early fall, when shooting is had on young pintail and mallard, which then decoy readily. Later in the season, however, it is only after repeated circling that sprigs will drop to decoys, and then only if the flock be small, for large bands are very suspicious and wary, and will rarely come to decoys.

A method of calling canvasback within range that is employed by some of the market-hunters in California is by thumping with one's boot heel on the bottom of a wooden skiff or platform, which will give forth a dull, hollow sound. This was told to me by an old market-hunter, a man who has bagged thousands of canvasbacks, and I afterward tried it with success. This method rarely fails to call in a single bird or small band, and once last season I called in a flock of fifty or more birds, which otherwise would not have come in at all, by thumping on the platform on which I was standing.

At the commencement of last season, in October, the fulvous-bellied tree ducks were seen in large numbers, and many were killed on some of the grounds. The birds are slow, labored fliers, when compared to other ducks, and are lacking in watchfulness, and their flesh is exceedingly poor.

ROBERT ERSKINE ROSS.

Memories of Northeastern Wisconsin

If you will leave the railroad where the large jagged rocks line the road bed, climb the cut bank on the west and follow your compass westward about two miles, you will come to two small lakes, which in their relation to each other, resemble a pair of nose glasses. You will not only come to the lakes, but you will stand on the nose of the giant that wears the glasses. To your right and left glitters the glassy surface of the lakes, bordered with native forest. The ridge on which you stand, tapering for all the world like a gigantic nose, leaves the timber line near the middle, ending in shrubbery and finally a sand bar that connects with the shore line on the west.

I stood on this nose of an imaginary old man of the forest. The sand bar was cut up with deer tracks, while the stillness of death was relieved by the soughing of the topmost branches of the pines, and the more cheerful sounds from chattering pine squirrels and occasional drumming of the great northern woodpecker. There is beauty in nature no artist nor poet can paint. The sportsman, who in the depths of the forest is alone but not lonely; who feels that he is just where he would wish to be, with no occasion to hurry nor worry; can enjoy the fullness of nature's blessings. Thus, I reasoned; then picking my way eastward, I stopped near a hemlock whose youthful companions were sheltering its decaying roots, and speculated on its probable age. I had not speculated long, however, before I lost all interest in the dead tree, except as a means of concealment, for down through a hollow came a buck, his nose sniffing the breeze, and then again pointing to earth in order to catch up the scent of the doe he was trailing.

He stopped to listen and look. An enemy might be lurking near. Possibly he scented danger. His instinct taught him to be ever watchful and apprehensive, but his amorous nature mastered his caution and spurred him on. Unfortunate love affair!

There was thunder and lightning on the hilltop and a sting in his shoulder. He lost his interest in the trail as suddenly as I had lost interest in the dead tree, and, turning to the right, bounded off through the dense forest. We had, each in turn, done foolishly. He in running into danger and I in reckless shooting. He was hard hit, as the blood trail evidenced, but managed to keep going for a mile and a half before lying down. I trailed carefully and slowly, and when he jumped took a snap shot and then followed the fresh trail to within an eighth of a mile of the railroad, where I lost it in the fast disappearing snow and innumerable tracks, blood having ceased to flow soon after the shot. Since the trail had led me near the railroad and directly toward a deer crossing, I went straight out to it and was much surprised to see our neighboring camp of hunters from Milwaukee loading a deer on a hand-car preparatory to going to camp. They invited me to ride, and while standing over the deer, I had time and opportunity to notice the similarity between the deer shot by Mr. Brown and the one I had shot at, and not only the similarity of the two bucks in size, color, antlers and other characteristics, but I noticed also that the bullet wound was in the left shoulder, and, to be frank, had these men told me that he was my buck, that he had run to the railroad and dropped dead, I would not have disputed the statement.

But it was a day of sport, and as I look back at this picture of the old man of the forest with his nose glasses and watery eyes, I wish I was there to count the deer tracks on his pointy, sandy old nose.

G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Minnesota National Park.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 13.—So we are, after all, to have a national park in the Middle West. The patient efforts of the unselfish advocates of this enterprise are to receive at least some reward, and we are to have left to us, at least, a part of that beautiful pine forest which was once the glory of the upper West, but which, of late, has come to be a glory paling and diminishing.

We are all glad we are to have a park in Minnesota. It will be useful to all of us, a delight to those who will follow us. We do not realize how big a thing has been done here. Even the men most interested do not know. No one has ever been able to dream big enough for America. No crazy real estate dreamer has ever dreamed half big enough as to the swift march of American civilization, the swift passing away of American wild life, wild things, wild country. It is a tremendously significant thing that Congress has passed an irrigation act, whose purpose is to reclaim for the clamoring settler, at great expense, lands which ten years ago were scoffed at. The country is overrun. There is no West.

Then it is a tremendous thing that Congress has at the same time given us a little oasis to keep forever; that Congress has said, Here, in the midst of change, is a part of the West which should not be changed, which remains forever as a sign of the West that was.

It must be a proud day for Col. John S. Cooper, of Chicago. This park ought to have been called the Cooper Forest Park. The name Minnesota does not belong on it, for the whole State of Minnesota is part recreant, in part traitor, in part inefficient, in part lukewarm, and only in part loyal and earnest, allowed itself to be overshadowed in all essential and desirable qualities by the energy and staying qualities of one man. There were cheap hangers-on in this work, a lot of men who were out for what notoriety they could get, but they did nothing in the way of actual aid. The pluck and the brains and the needed funds came from one man, he did little asking of anyone else. If he had wanted anything—and it is impossible to make the hangers-on believe that he did not want anything—if he had sought for any political capital, as plenty of the hangers-on did, then I would be the last man to add a word of praise, for practical politics is something I detest. It would not do for me personally to add any word of praise at all were it not fit that the public should know the facts from one who has exceptional opportunities for knowing Col. Cooper's real attitude throughout the long fight. It wasn't a land deal—there was no steal and no graft to it. It wasn't done because Col. Cooper wants to go Congress. He doesn't have to go to Congress to make a living. He didn't want anything. He was unselfish. He wanted this park and nothing else. He wanted it primarily because he had a sportsman's soul and sportsman's imagination. It is hard to believe this, isn't it? But it is true.

The Closing Scenes of the Fight.

It was a fight to get this park—a fight, not all of whose details in print would redound to the credit of certain of our public men. Of the latter, a few big men, such as Theodore Roosevelt, stood to their guns on principle, knowing what was right. For the others, the politicians, the lumbermen who produce funds for the politicians, the hangers-on who cut up the game and serve as stool pigeons for lumbermen and politicians, it makes little difference, anyhow. The first stages of the fight have been faithfully reported in these columns. The last scenes ran somewhat as follows:

After the failure of the friends of the Minnesota Park in getting any recognition from the Speaker of the House of Representatives at Washington, so that the matter of the Joint Commission might be brought on for decision, and after Governor Roosevelt, of New York, had gone to Washington to see the speaker, and then had written him, all to no purpose, and the friends of the park movement had rather become discouraged and lost heart and hope, Congressman Tawney and Col. Cooper began to work on the lines of getting such of their adversaries as were fair men, especially those at Cass Lake and Duluth, to make some kind of a compromise by which they might introduce in the treatment of the forests in the four Indian Reservations around the headwaters of the Mississippi, in Northern Minnesota, the elements of forestry, as applied for generations in Europe, and in this country to some extent, through the influence and services of the Hon. Gifford Pinchot, Forester of the Department of Agriculture, Dr. Schenck and other foresters.

Last fall Col. Cooper went with some friends to Cass Lake and met the most effective opponents of the park there, viz., the Hartley brothers and Mr. Bernard. Mr. Tawney, Mr. Pinchot and Col. Cooper kept in communication on that line, and finally in January the latter re-

ceived a telegram from Mr. Tawney that if he would come to Washington immediately a compromise could perhaps be made. Col. Cooper got some lawsuits postponed, put his business out of the way and went. He persuaded one of his companions on the trip to Cass Lake last fall, Hon. Ferdinand W. Peck, to accompany him, and they arrived the night before the day on which, at 3 o'clock P. M., the meeting of the Minnesota delegation was to be held. Mr. Tawney having said that it was very important that Col. Cooper should see Mr. Pinchot and go over the matter with him before the meeting, he, fortunately, was able to spend the evening with Mr. Pinchot. The result of it all was that Col. Cooper found if the matter could be carried through as he and the Hon. Page Morris, Congressman from Duluth, had talked, that it would be very much better than half a loaf, which we know, is better than no bread.

The great thing, in Col. Cooper's mind, was to get a part of this region out from under the control of the Indian Bureau and Public Lands Department, and he could see, from what Mr. Pinchot told him, that Judge Morris had come around to that conclusion, and that the Forester of the Agricultural Department, Mr. Pinchot, was to have charge under the plan of the proposed law as an amendment to the Nelson Law. We can be very sure that Col. Cooper left Mr. Pinchot's residence that night pretty happy. The next day, between 11 and 12 o'clock, he met the President and told him something about what was in the wind, and he was delighted. He said several complimentary things, and urged Col. Cooper by all means to get the best for the public he could out of the matter on the lines of forestry and a natural park.

At 3 o'clock that afternoon all assembled in Mr. Tawney's committee room. There were present Senator Clapp, of Minnesota, Congressmen Morris, Tawney, Stevens, Fletcher, Eddy and others, also Mr. Pinchot and several people from Cass Lake. They all had their talk, and if ever one saw what is called a "practical" man turned down cold, and big enough to admit it, it was Congressman Eddy at the hands of Mr. Gifford Pinchot, the Government Forester. At the last, Judge Morris, in a little talk very complimentary to Col. Cooper, asked him what he thought of the measure proposed, and requested that he tell the meeting his judgment. Mindful of the fact that there were in the meeting two of the close friends and representatives of such men as the Hon. Thomas H. Shevlin (the Minnesota traitor who pretended friendship), Col. Cooper was a little cautious, and not inclined to slop over with enthusiasm over the proposed arrangement. But he said in effect that it might be the best thing that the friends of the Park and Forestry Reserve could obtain, and so far as he was concerned personally, he would stand by it. And, to make a long story short, it was agreed to accept the terms of the compromise. Since then Judge Morris is thought to have done better for the Forestry end of the proposition than the compromise provided for.

What We Get.

We all know what we wanted. I shall let Col. Cooper give the details as to what we actually get. He says, in a communication now at hand: "No pine or other timber is to be cut on the islands in Cass or Leech lakes, or on the two great peninsulas in front of Walker. The extent of those amount, as near as I can figure, to about 17,000 acres. All the balance of the four reservations amounting to about 594,000 acres of land, are disposed of about as follows: The Indian separate allotments, it is estimated, will amount to 140,000 acres. That will leave 454,000 acres. That land is subdivided into 40-acre tracts, the 40-acre tract containing merchantable white or Norway pine, are called 'pine lands,' following the Nelson Law and the Rice Treaty thereunder. All the other tracts containing no merchantable pine, are called 'agricultural lands'; 206,400 acres of 'pine lands' are to be selected by the Forester of the Agricultural Department, and designated as 'Forestry lands,' which are to be under his charge, and upon which 95 per cent. of the merchantable white and Norway pine is to be cut, and the tops or slashings burned or removed, so as to prevent forest fires, and to be reforested with white and Norway pine. The other timber on each 40-acre tract is to be protected, and the whole region of forest lands is to be policed and protected from spoliation and forest fires under the direction of the Forester. In addition to the 206,400 acres of forest lands, the Forester is to select 25,000 acres of agricultural lands to aid in protecting the forestry lands, and as a part thereof, making altogether of 'Forestry lands,' 231,400 acres; of natural forests where no trees are to be cut, 17,000 acres; altogether 248,00 acres; leaving after the Indian allotments are taken out, 226,000 acres of agricultural lands to be open to settlement under the Homestead laws.

The Great Game.

"The pine on all the reservations in Minnesota is to be sold under Scribner rules, the pine measured in the log on bank scales. But the great object that will be accomplished by the new law is the securing of 231,400 acres, or 360 square miles, of primeval forests, to be treated under modern forestry rules, the merchantable pine to be cut, and in such way, as not to injure the rest of the forest, and to be re-forested with white and Norway pine, and the whole region protected from forest fires.

"I wish to pay my tribute of respect to Judge Morris for his unswerving loyalty to the forestry and park proposition in all that has occurred since the compromise of last January; he has made it very much stronger on those lines than was even agreed to at that compromise. Mr. Pinchot and I both telegraphed Dr. Schenck to come up to Washington and look the matter over, I paying his expenses. He did, and he wrote me afterward, that while the terms of the conference were not everything that might be expected, they were so much better than had ever been done by the Government before, that it was very satisfactory to him."

Col. Cooper then adds a few personal words which I shall take the liberty of giving to his many friends:

"So all the labor of love, and the worry and fretting of the last three or four years have not gone for nothing. To get the Government of the United States committed through Congressional action to a system of this kind, the first in our history, is something; and to do something better for those forests around the headwaters of the Mississippi than any other of our public forests is something more. I am delighted with the result, and I trust you will be."

Forestry Idea Grows.

ST. PAUL, Minn., July 14.—C. C. Andrews, State Fire Warden, in charge of forestry in Minnesota, to-day made public a letter to General Land Commissioner Binger Hermann, recommending that certain townships in Cook and Lake counties, all public lands, aggregating 500,000 acres, be set apart by the President as a forest reserve. Ten of the townships are unsurveyed and all the lands are practically vacant, with specified minor exceptions.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Sea and River Fishing.

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

Tarpon Fishing.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., June 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Those of your readers who have waded through my series of papers on tarpon fishing (if there be any who have done so) may remember that I still owe a final paper on the subject of "allied fishing." This paper I have concluded not to write for the following reasons:

First. The lack of interest shown by your readers, in that they have almost without exception, failed to discuss the various points that I have raised, and to add to the general knowledge of fishermen concerning the habits, etc., of the king of game fishes.

Second. My series of papers is nearly complete without the said paper on "allied fishing; and,

Third. In a way I am not well fitted for writing on the subject, because, when angling in tarpon waters, I never try specially for any other fish than the silver king, when there is any probability of the latter striking. It is true that I catch a good many jackfish and an occasional jewfish, kingfish or shark; but these are always taken on tarpon tackle, except that once in a while, when jackfish are very plentiful, I use a comparatively light rod, fine line and smaller hooks, so as to make surer of hanging the fish and in order to obtain all the sport practicable. Sometimes, though, I merely change snells on my tarpon outfit, because the jackfish puts up, pound for pound, the hardest fight of all game fishes that I have ever encountered, and is, consequently, the most destructive on tackle of all fishes of its size.

One objection to the use of lighter tackle for jackfishing is the risk one runs of hanging thereon a tarpon too heavy for the outfit.

So much for the promised paper; but, as it is not to be written, why then this letter? Well, I have lately had a short outing at Tampico that I think is worth

LEAPING TARPON.
Photo by Dr. Howe.

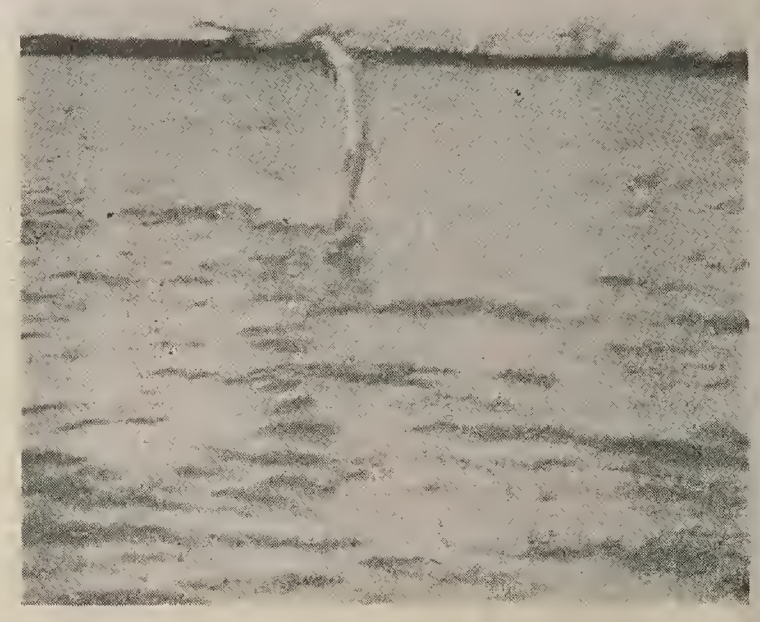
describing, and in the last twelve months I have learned a few things about tarpon tackle which I desire to tell to my brother anglers.

On the night of March 9 I arrived at Tampico and was met by my friend, Mr. A. B. Ross, the engineer in charge of the construction of the Government wharf, who had very kindly made for me all the necessary arrangements for a boat, boatman, chair, bait, etc. In consequence, I was able to make a fairly early start the next morning, Mr. Ross accompanying me in another boat. The weather was fine and the conditions for fishing appeared to be favorable. It was not long before I hooked a large jackfish and brought it to gaff, but the boatman muffed it three times and finally succeeded in knocking it off the hook. Soon after I hung a six-foot tarpon, which, after it had put up a brilliant fight, I drew belly-up alongside the boat. Fearing that my man would make another fizzle with the gaffing, I put a couple of bullets through it, then told him to gaff it in. He made an attempt to do so, but only succeeded in pulling the hook out of its mouth, after which he made a couple of unsuccessful lunges at it before it sank out of reach.

Unfortunately, my Spanish gave out just then, and he failed to comprehend the complimentary remarks that I made about him in English. However, Mr. Ross, who was near by and who was playing havoc among a school of jackfish, seemed to appreciate them, as I heard him repeat them that night to a select circle of his friends, including the British Consul, who all had met at their usual evening resort.

Luck seemed certainly against me, for I soon had two fine strikes and failed to hang.

We had started from the office of Mr. Ross and worked down stream about a mile to the mouth of the little river that flows into the Panuco, opposite the lower end of the city, then back. When I left my friend at eleven o'clock he had in his boat seven jackfish and two fair-sized tarpon, while I had nothing; and while opposite his office he struck another small tarpon and landed



LEAPING TARPON.
Photo by Dr. Howe.

it. Meanwhile, I was proceeding up stream, and when opposite "The Palms" (a grove of a dozen cocoanut trees on the south bank), I hooked a big fellow and succeeded in landing it inside of half an hour, on a muddy bank without permitting the boatman to use the gaff. It measured 6 feet 2 inches by 36 inches girth, and weighed, several hours later, after it had dried somewhat, 117 pounds. According to the standard formula, viz., weight in pounds is equal to square of girth in inches, multiplied by length in inches and divided by 800; this fish would have weighed when first caught 120 pounds, which it probably did.

After wasting an hour in going up town for luncheon, Mr. Ross and I started out again and had not gone more than 200 yards before he struck a tarpon, which he soon landed, then returned to his office for the rest of the day. His six hours' catch is shown on the accompanying photograph, the weights of the fish being as follows:

1 Tarpon	104	pounds.
1 "	84	"
1 "	55	"
1 "	45	"
7 Jackfish	94	"
Total	382	pounds.

This is a catch large enough to satisfy any reasonable man, but it is a very easy matter for any skilled fisherman to equal or beat it on a good day at Tampico.

Leaving Mr. Ross struggling with his last fish, I proceeded up river, and when opposite "The Palms," I struck another, but did not hang it well, so it soon got off. Shortly afterward I struck another, and after about twenty minutes' fight beached it in the mud. It measured a little more than the one I caught at noon, and probably weighed over 130 pounds. I presented it to a native who resided near where I landed. Meanwhile, a rather stiff breeze had sprung up, which proved too much for my young oarsman, so we gave up fishing and pulled slowly back to the city against wind and tide.

About this time I was in an uncomfortable frame of both mind and body—six tarpon strikes and only two fish! It is true that I had actually killed one more and lost it through no fault of mine, but it did not count. Beside, I was so worn out physically with the unusual exertion that I actually feared that I had become too old to indulge in such strenuous sport, and that my tarpon-fishing days were fast drawing to a close.

However, a night's rest put a different aspect on affairs, so with another but still younger boatman, who, by the way, soon learned the business fairly well and was plucky enough to pull against a stiff breeze, I made an early start and succeeded that day in landing five large tarpon and one jackfish. One measured 6 feet 8 inches in length, but as the girth was only 36 inches, the estimated weight was only 130 pounds. The average length of the five tarpon was a little over 6 feet.

Strange to say, when night came I was feeling first-rate and not excessively tired, so I came to the conclusion that my dread of the effects of advancing years was unfounded.

As I had gotten only eight strikes on the second day, making fourteen altogether for seven fish, I had caught up to my usual average of 50 per cent.

Next day I landed two out of three tarpon in the forenoon; but it blew so hard in the afternoon that I took pity on my little boatman and did not go out.

Next forenoon I was out of luck; for, in spite of two or three strikes, I failed to score, and in the afternoon I took a lady out with me, having promised to show her how to catch tarpon. The promise was a rather rash one, as the fish were not striking well, the water being

too smooth. Out of three strikes I managed to land one little fellow and one jackfish; but when trolling slowly in shallow water at the mouth of the river opposite the city, I hung a little jewfish and beached it. I guessed its weight at 45 or 50 pounds; but, when it was put on the scales it tipped them at 75 pounds. Unfortunately, I did not take the measurements, so am unable to state haw well the formula for weight applies to jewfish.

I had gone to Tampico with the intention of putting in there two solid weeks, but on the second day I received a telegram calling me to Texas on important business for the 17th, and the next day I received another stating that I was wanted in British Columbia, so had to leave on the morning of the 14th, thus giving me only five days, of which, as previously stated, I lost half a day on account of windy weather.

As the next day was to be my last, I got to work quite early and fished around "The Palms" in the forenoon, landing three big fellows and failing to hold several more. One of them was my record fish to date, measuring 6 feet 8 inches in length and 40½ inches in girth, and weighing exactly 160 pounds. The formula gives a weight of 164 pounds. As in the other case, there was a delay of several hours in getting the fish

MR. A. B. ROSS AND ONE DAY'S CATCH AT TAMPICO.
Photo by Dr. Howe.

to the scales, so it may have lost the four pounds by drying; or, perhaps, the girth measurement was not quite accurate, being made with a piece of tarpon line.

Dr. Howe took several photos of my two largest fish of this morning's catch; but they were all failures. A Mr. Sargent, of Chicago, who spent several days with me on this fishing trip, took a couple of shots at the same fish with a larger camera, and promised to send me prints therefrom, but has not yet done so. Perhaps this letter will jog his memory. If it does, and if the said prints be good ones, I shall send you one later on.

In the afternoon I went up stream some four miles to the mouth of the Tamise River, where I found many tarpon, getting six strikes and as many more bites, and landing but one. My line had become weak and failed me, thus losing a fine fish, and there was not sufficient time before sunset to put on a new one.

As the wind was blowing pretty stiffly up river, we went through a small canal over to a chain of lakes, then down the small river that flows through Tampico and empties into the Panuco, or main river, some two miles below the center of the city.

In the four and a half days I had thirty-six tarpon strikes and landed fourteen, beside the jewfish and the three jackfish previously mentioned. Had I had a strong and experienced boatman I could certainly have landed half a dozen more fish, as I had on several occasions to ease up on my small boy, and I could not trust him to gaff a fish into the boat, so had him haul them out on to the bank by the snell, generally after I had put a bullet or two into them.

On this trip I had with me Dr. Howe's gun-camera and an ample supply of films; but to my great regret all the photos taken with it before I left were failures, owing, probably, to the inexperience of the operators. Dr. Howe afterward took a number of shots at leaping tarpon, but with rather poor success. I send you three specimens thereof for illustration, if you see fit to use them. The fish were hooked by Mr. Sargent and photographed by Dr. Howe.

I secured also an excellent photograph of Mr. A. B. Ross with a 6-foot 8-inch tarpon caught earlier in the season. Its weight was only 125 pounds, which is very small for a fish of that length.

As a matter of curiosity, I would like to know how much a 6-foot 8-inch tarpon can weigh. The Tampico fishermen vow that there must have been some mistake made by Dr. Howe in weighing his 223-pound record fish, of which the length was just 6 feet 8 inches; for they say it is impossible for a fish of that length to attain such a great weight. In future the dimensions as well as the weight of all record fish should be taken.

The month of March is probably the best month in the year for fishing at Tampico, because the weather there is perfect, the thermometer ranging from 75 to 85 degrees Fahrenheit, and the heavy northers being about over.

This fishing ground is beginning to become known to sportsmen; for one day I counted seven boats, each containing a tarpon fisherman.

My friend, Dr. Howe, of Mexico City, arrived two days before I left; and Mr. Geo. Ross and two other gentlemen from the same city arrived while I was there. Mr. Farley, the taxidermist from Aransas Pass, did not go to Tampico last season, but expects to go there every winter in future.

It is probable that before next winter there will be a comfortable hotel at La Barra, mainly for the accommodation of sportsmen.

As soon as they begin to be numerous it would pay to put a small naphtha launch on the river to tow each day a fleet of boats to and from the best fishing ground, which varies with the wind and weather.

Sometimes the best sport is to be had between the outer ends of the jetties, and, again, it is to be found from seven to ten or twelve miles up river therefrom; and they say that in the neighborhood of Tamus, some nine miles above the city, there are more tarpon than at any other point on the river. Had I been able to remain the two weeks that I had counted upon, I certainly would have tried Tamus. It is conveniently located for sportsmen, as one could leave his boat there and could take the early morning train up and return just after dark by the evening train.

I strongly advise all tarpon fishermen who can spare the time to give Tampico a trial during the months of December, January, February and March. Probably December and March are best, but excellent sport can be had in January and February, and I understand that the fishing is fine in November and April or even May; but the weather is pretty hot after the middle of April and does not begin to cool off much before the middle of November. Beside, there is a little risk of fever before Dec. 1 and after April 1, although last year there was only one case of yellow fever at Tampico, and that was imported from Vera Cruz. Still, there are other fevers beside yellow fever, but there is no danger of contracting them during the four cool months, unless, perchance, one were to get caught out in the swamps after dark and let the mosquitoes bite him, in which case he would be likely to become inoculated with simple malaria.

It appears to me that the tarpon at Tampico average more in both length and pounds per foot than do those

LEAPING TARPON.
Photo by Dr. Howe.

on the Texas coast. Throwing out one little fellow that I caught, the remaining thirteen would average 6 feet in length.

Again, I am certain that the Tampico tarpon strike more voraciously than do those at Aransas, and I believe that they fight harder and jump higher. One that I had on this last trip jumped fully twelve feet high and afterward escaped, while never before had I seen a tarpon leap over ten feet high—these heights, of course, are merely estimated, but I believe they are quite accurate, because I judge the height by the length of the fish, and I can usually guess that within two or three inches.

In respect to how far tarpon travel up rivers, I have learned that many have been seen forty or fifty miles up the Panuco, and a small one was caught in a net in the Papaloapam River, where we have lately built a large bridge, about 125 miles from where it reaches the Gulf at Alvarado.

It is possible that good tarpon fishing will be found at Boca del Rio some ten or twelve miles south of Vera Cruz, where the branch line of the Vera Cruz and Pacific Railway crosses the combined mouths of the Rio Blanco and several other streams. Although I gave our assistants, who are working on the bridge there, instructions to make inquiries about tarpon, and spent three or four hours there myself last February, I have not yet learned anything very definite about the possibilities for good tarpon fishing at this locality. The boatmen informed me that there are a few tarpon in the river, but plenty of them just outside. Next November I purpose wetting a line there so as to obtain some reliable information on the subject.

At Coatzacoalcos, the eastern terminus of the Tehuantepec Railway, I do not think there will ever be good tarpon fishing, as the mouth of the river is infested with sharks. It was only a few months ago that a drunken boatman upset while crossing the river, struck out immediately for the nearer shore, and was torn to pieces before he had gone a dozen yards.

And now a few words about what I have learned concerning tarpon tackle and apparatus during the last twelve months.

The leather-butt socket for screwing on to the seat of one's chair is an excellent contrivance, and every tarpon fisherman should possess one and use it. Edward vom Hofe keeps them and charges for them, if I remember rightly, $2.50 each.

The patent handle drag offered for sale by Wm. Mills & Sons is the best thing of its kind yet evolved, although it needs a couple of improvements to make it perfect.

In the first place, the thumb screws should be taken out and replaced by ordinary screws like the others of the attachment, otherwise the skin will surely be taken off one's knuckles if the handle slips. I took this precaution before using the apparatus.

In the second place, the friction should be increased fully 100 per cent. by the insertion of washers. My handle gave an initial resistance of seven or eight pounds, which soon reduced to five pounds, which is not enough for tarpon fishing. I have since had the manufacturer increase the tension to ten pounds, but would like to be able to augment it to fifteen; and there is no reason why this cannot be done.

One great advantage of this brake is that with it no sound line can ever be broken. Another advantage is that when the fish pulls too hard it is not necessary to drop the handle and risk the skinning of one's knuckles.

I prefer to supplement this patent handle with the ordinary leather brake, so that when the fish is close to the boat I can put on more resistance than the apparatus affords, and thus stop the fish from getting any further away.

In order to prevent breakage of the line under such conditions, I double it for about twenty feet and take care to fasten it to the swivel by running the doubled line through same and fastening by a bowline knot.

The placing of this new brake on the market has incited Mr. Ed. vom Hofe to improve his patent drag, so that it can now be adjusted for any resistance up to the breaking strength of the line. I had suggested this to him several years ago, but he paid no attention to my suggestion. He has fixed one of my reels with this improved drag, and, as soon as I have had an opportunity to give it a test, I shall report upon the merits of the modification.

My tarpon fishing experience has convinced me that not only one's hands but also his legs need protection; for, when the fish pulls at right angles to the boat, one's leg gets pinched and bruised by the butt piece of the rod. To prevent this I am going to have made a pair of stiff leg-pads, each about eight inches long and six inches wide, and furnished with two broad straps to pass around the leg. The stiffening is to be effected by narrow longitudinal ribs of wood sewn into the padding.

As I am not patenting this device, anyone is at liberty to manufacture, use or sell it. Later on I shall report concerning its efficiency.

By this time I had hoped to be able to report finally upon the best kind of wire for snells, but cannot, as yet. Thus far I have tried fine steel wire (such as furnished by Ed. vom Hofe), coarse steel wire, copper, brass, phosphor-bronze and German silver, but not one of them is satisfactory. The fine steel wire soon gets too brittle, the coarse steel wire curves after being put under tension and is too stiff to bend back; the copper is too soft, the brass too brittle and weak, the phosphor-bronze, which is composed of fine twisted strands, is so refractory that it untwists at the connection, no matter how many turns may have been used, and the German silver breaks at the connection.

I have found a coarse, soft, Bessemer steel wire, which is sold in straight pieces of four feet length, and have mounted a number of hooks with this. It promises to prove satisfactory; but I cannot recommend it until after it has been tried.

The requisites for a good snell wire are as follows:

A. Straightness before being used.
B. Strength.
C. Pliability.
D. Resistance to corrosion.
E. Lightness.

The soft Bessemer steel wire has the first three properties, and on account of its comparatively large diameter has probably also the fourth; but its weight may be so great as to sink the bait too great a depth.

I am trying to arrange for a few days' tarpon fishing at Galveston next September, as I am anxious to experiment upon those, as yet, practically untried tarpon waters. If I find time to go there I shall report to you later, not only about the fishing, but also concerning the new wire and the merits of the improved brakes previously mentioned.

J. A. L. WADDELL.

Random Notes of an Angler.

The Passing of the Striped Bass.

THAT the striped bass is decreasing both in size and numbers no one who has followed the fish or observed or studied its habits, will deny.

In the memory of all of us who have used the rod a quarter of a century, the average size of the bass was in earlier days much greater than it now is, and it is no exaggeration to state that a day's catch was then at least double what it is at the present time.

The cause of this decrease cannot be attributed to overfishing with hook and line, for there are fewer anglers for it now than there were then; in fact, I believe I am safe in stating that there were double the number of bass anglers ten years ago than there are today. In fact, outside a few fishing clubs, such as the Cuttyhunk, there are but a small number of fishermen who devote much time to this species, preferring to follows others which are more certain to afford satisfactory catches. Time was when there were all along the New England coast favorite localities at which fishermen in parties of three or four made magnificent catches of this truly magnificent fish, the gamest, by all odds, of the salt water fishes of America, but they are mostly abandoned for the reason that there are no bass to be found there.

Of course the pollution of some waters in which they were formerly abundant affords a sufficient explanation of their disappearance from those localities, but they have become scarce in waters which have not been contaminated in any way.

For example, Thatcher's Island, a Government lighthouse station off Rockport, Essex County.. Mass., the most eastern point of Cape Ann, used to be a famous locality for bass, and a number of enthusiastic anglers always made it their headquarters during the fishing season every year. The success they had was phenomenal, and good-sized fish, too, 15 and 20-pounders, being often taken. Those anglers have now, I think, all passed away, at any rate, I know of one that is left.

They were mostly artists and members of the theatrical profession, and many of them bore illustrious names, such as Junius Brutus Booth, John Gilbert and Thomas Barry. Like the anglers, the bass have also gone from that locality, a very few only being taken annually; in fact, one might say that the catch is merely nominal, the total number reported by the Massachusetts Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game for the four years prior to 1901, being only 35 caught in all the gill and sweep nets, and the pounds and weirs of Essex County! In my younger days we used to fish for the striped bass at the tide gates of the milldam between Boston and Brookline, using the scarlet ibis fly mostly, but sometimes changing to the shrimp and minnows, a sinker and float being used with the latter.

At that time the fish were so plentiful, a good catch was the rule.

They were of good size, 8 and 10-pound fish being not uncommon, and I have seen an 18-pounder taken there with a fly-rod and rather light tackle. When one remembers that the striped bass is as gamy and active as a salmon, the sport that the big fellow gave can be imagined. As the river became polluted by sewage and by the refuse of numerous mills along its course, the bass became more and more scarce, and finally they entirely disappeared from that locality.

In the Piscataqua River and in the vicinity of Biddeford Pool, Me., they were also formerly quite abundant, the Piscataqua River with its deep, cool and rapid tide being a particularly favorite abiding place with them.

The size of the fish was in that locality much greater than it is at the present time, there being records of bass weighing 52 and 70 pounds having been taken, while now a 10-pounder would surprise the angler who caught it.

In the waters of Nova Scotia I have never seen very large bass, and in the Baie des Chaleurs, where it is also found, I think it never attains anything like such a mammoth size as I have mentioned, the largest that I ever saw there weighing not over 5 pounds.

In the Baie, particularly about Chatham, they are often quite abundant, and in the Miramichi River they are taken as far up the stream as "Red Bank," but comparatively small sizes prevail. To show how great has been the decrease in numbers and size of this noble fish in our own waters, I will quote a portion of the evidence that was given at the great hearing in relation to food fishes, a report of which is given in full in Prof. Baird's U. S. report published in 1873. One witness, a Mr. Swan, stated that "About fifteen years ago, one Fourth of July, I trolled for bluefish while going out to my lobster pots and I got a striped bass that weighed 30 pounds. After I had hauled my pots I got two more, one weighing 19 and the other 21 pounds. On July 8 I went again, and after hauling my pots I cut up a little lobster and fixed my bait; that day I got eight that weighed in the aggregate 276 pounds after they were cleaned."

Nathaniel Smith said:

"There are no school bass here in the fall of the year. In old times, thirty or forty years ago, the bass were around in schools in September and would run until cold weather. I have caught them as late as Dec. 10. I would get from 1 to 200 a day. I used mackerel or menhaden for bait; I used dead bait, but of late years I fished with lobster bait. That would not answer, only when there was a heavy sea and the water was thick; I used to catch a boatload in a day in that way. I got sixteen one morning, four of which weighed 206 pounds, and the rest would weigh from 30 to 40 pounds apiece. Four or five years ago I could not catch any. The bass are very scarce now."

Mr. J. M. K. Southwick, in his argument printed in the same report, says: "At this writing, July 28, 1871, a boat is in the harbor with 9,000 pounds of bass, the result of one haul with a shore-seine, for which they will probably realize $900. One day this month one man caught with hook and line 1,000 pounds of bass in two hours! I know of a locality near Tappahannock, on the Rappahannock River, where there is good fishing for them. Have caught them there in January with troll lines, but they are most abundant in February. In February, 1867, I saw 6,000 pounds that had been caught there at one haul. There was one fish among them that weighed 80 pounds, the largest I ever saw. The smallest of this lot would probably weigh 10 pounds."

At the hearing the great weight of evidence was that the diminution in the numbers of the bass was chiefly attributable to the nets, pounds and weirs which were abundant long the shores.

Those engines of destruction continue to exist and at the present time they are looked upon with great disfavor by those who are interested in our food and game fishes.

In addition to these much stress has been laid on the rapacity of the bluefish which kill vast numbers of the menhaden and other fishes upon which the bass subsist.

But most of all the menhaden fishermen are blamed for the mischief that has been wrought; they not only capture immense quantities of the favorite food of the bass, but they also take vast numbers of the bass themselves, together with other valuable food fishes.

In the 1896 Transactions of the American Fisheries Society, there is a paper on the "Waste of Food Fishes," by L. D. Huntington, ex-president of the N. Y. Fish Commission, in which occurs the following:

"Mr. E. G. Blackford, the well-known fish dealer of Fulton Market, before same committee, stated that from his own knowledge every year those fishes which feed upon menhaden, grow more scarce, that there had been several instances which had been spoken of there of his own knowledge where the menhaden vessels have taken large schools of food fish and have brought them to market; the very large catch of 1891, just about that time of the year, was principally of weakfish. Some four or more vessels came up to Fulton Market with a cargo or quantity of at least 200,000 pounds, nearly all weakfish, and out of that 200,000 pounds about one-quarter were marketed; the balance of these cargoes was sent to the factories and rendered into oil and scrap. Mr. Blackford further stated that in his opinion the effect of the great amount of fishing that is carried on for menhaden all along the coast breaks up the schools of fish which are followed by the striped bass and bluefish, and has a tendency to make these fish seek other feeding grounds."

Now, if weakfish are destroyed in such great numbers, there can be no doubt that bass, with similar feeding habits to theirs and moving, as a rule, in the same waters, south of Cape Cod, should also be captured by the menhaden fishermen.

As for a remedy for the waste that is thus wrought, I have none to propose other than that the operations of the menhaden fishermen should be restricted to a three-mile limit from the shore. Mr. Huntington says of this:

"The indiscriminate use of the purse net by the menhaden fishermen within the three-mile limit is an abuse of the rights of all citizens. * * * There should be proper restrictions that would be just to all, to the menhaden industry, as well as to millions of hardworking citizens who depend upon the continual food fish supply for a livelihood, the many thousands who at times take fish for food for their families, the many thousands who, of choice, prefer to catch their supply of food fish from the waters adjacent to them, instead of from the market, as well as thousands who resort to the waters along our coasts for food fish as well as for recreation and health; the food fish should be protected within the three-mile limit before it is too late. If the use of the purse net was properly restricted, or prohibted within a reasonable distance from the shores, and used only in waters beyond the depth of the net used, it would go far to stop the present waste and to insure a continued supply now so seriously threatened."

Some idea of the destructiveness of the purse nets and by the menhaden fishermen may be formed when it is stated that a haul of one of them inclose about three and a half acres of water and capturing, of course, every fish within its limits.

Like the salmon, which it resembles in many respects in its habits, it comes into the fresh water rivers and ponds to spawn, and it will thrive perfectly if it is permanently restricted to them.

It is a most voracious fish and a promiscuous feeder, accepting almost any bait that is offered.

Its favorite food, however, is the herring or alewive, although it is very fond of shedder crabs, shrimp and minnows.

It seems to be attracted by gaudy colors and will take the scarlet ibis or other red and white fly in fresh or brackish water without hesitation. A bright spininng spoon or metal or natural squid is also readly taken.

The rod and tackle may be either that which is adapted to salmon fishing, or the heavier so-called bass rod, shorter and stiffer than the other and better adapted to bait-casting.

My best success has been with a split bamboo rod ten feet in length and weighing about fifteen ounces, on which I have used a multiplying reel carrying 100 yards of salmon line, the reel being placed on the grip about fifteen inches from the butt.

This tackle I have used for casting menhaden bait, for trolling with squid, spoon or eel skin, and for still fishing with float and sinker.

The tip funnel of the rod is made of cornelian and the guides are large enough to permit the line to run absolutely without friction.

In still-fishing I have found that a sinker which is barely heavy enough to carry the bait down in the flowing tide, is preferable to a heavier one, in fact, many fishermen dispense with a sinker when it can be done.

We used to have capital sport on the bridge at Wareham, Mass., using for bait either shrimp, shedder crabs or the belly of a soft-shelled clam. The tdie there flows with considerable rapidity, and on the quarter or half ebb it carried our bait and floats a considerable distance; in reeling up our lines we struck a bass at least one in three casts, which we considered was having very good success.

Mr. Robert B. Roosevelt, in his "Game Fish of the North," states that the scallop is an excellent bait early in the fall.

I have also taken many bass when using small crabs an inch or so in diameter for bait while fishing for tautog. On one occasion I took five very fine fish with this bait, and in a locality which I had no idea contained a single bass. This was in the Fore River, between Quincy and East Weymouth, Mass.

On the submerged piles of the bridge which spans that stream, are myriads of mussels upon which the tautog greedily feed.

I used the small crabs in preference to any other bait, and have always found that tautog will accept them when they will refuse everything else.

On this occasion, as I was moving my bait around which was well down toward the bottom, I felt a fierce tug quite different from the bite of the tautog and then my line was run out in a most lively manner.

I saw that I had a good fish on, but was puzzled as to its identity until after playing it a while I brought it to the landing net, when I discovered that it was a 4-pound bass.

That I was highly elated goes without saying. I supposed, however, that it was only a wanderer, and consequently had no expectation of taking any more.

Four others, however, came to my creel, and that locality became for a while an established bass station.

But before the summer was ended it came to grief, for the authorities, wishing to deepen the channel of the river in order that larger vessels and coal barges might ascend to the wharves, blasted a number of large rocks which lay at the bottom. Heavy charges of dynamite were used, and at the discharge great numbers of fish arose to the surface, killed by the concussion.

Among them were many large tautog and striped bass, one of the latter weighing 37 and another 32 pounds. I doubt very much if there are any bass there now, although there may be, but I will assure my Boston friends that there are a great many tautog left and probably there are some good-sized ones.

Casting for striped bass with the rod is really the most sportsmanlike method. Like fly-fishing, however, it requires considerable practice before one may become an adept at it. It has been described so many times that I will not enlarge upon it here. Casting without any rod is also practiced by many. The baited hook and sinker are whirled around above the fisherman's head until a proper impetus is obtained, and is then thrown as far into the ocean as possible, and is then drawn back to the fisherman, hand over hand, to be cast again and again until it is seized.

EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Small Flies.

MR. FRANK M. TRAFTON, summering at Sharon, was out on Lake Massapoag the other evening, and brought home several good pickerel and a bass or two. Mr. Charles S. Robertson, of Boston, a gret lover of fly-fishing, was one of the many fishermen who were on hand at Grand Lake Stream the day the extended close-time law was off. In order to get ahead of the rest of the crowd, he and his fishing companion got up at 2 o'clock in the morning on the opening day. The moon had not set and the weather was clear; they could see to cast their flies only by the glint of the moonlight. But Mr. Robertson made the catch of his life, and that is saying a good deal. At breakfast time he had landed eighteen landlocked salmon, the united weight of which was forty-three pounds. All of these could not be kept, nor did Mr. Robertson want them. The smaller fish were returned to the water as soon as weighed. He says that never before has he had such fly-fishing. He remained for a week, and caught salmon every day, though the weather was cold and disagreeable. The fishing begun to flag by the end of the first day, as it naturally must with so many anglers whipping all the desirable water.

Fly-fishermen are much interested in the recent accounts of experts using small flies for salmon and trout in Maine. I have lately been questioned a dozen times concerning "those new flies." There is nothing new about them, except that they are being used for landlocked salmon and trout, and even sea salmon. They are on No. 8 to 12 hooks, and the only new feature is the small size. Mr. R. N. Parish caught his champion landlocked salmon at the Upper Dam the other day, weighing 12 pounds 9 ounces, on a No. 12 fly. Other experienced anglers are using small flies for both trout and salmon. Mr. Robertson, mentioned above, used smaller flies than ever at Grand Lake Stream; scarcely larger than No. 8. Bangor salmon anglers are using smaller flies. The bow of a No. 12 hook is but three-sixteenths of an inch across, and the hook itself is but one-half inch long. The whole fly, on a No. 12 hook, is almost covered by a dime, and completely hidden under a nickel. A No. 8 hook is but three-quarters of an inch long, and the bow is but a quarter of an inch across. The only question concerning these diminutive flies is the strength of the hook and snell to which it is tied. Both must be first class, and capable of standing a reasonable strain. No light fly-rod in the world will stand more than these hooks and snells will hold; say a strain of four or five pounds. Once a large fish is hooked, the elasticity of the rod, if in the hands of a skillful angler, keeps him hooked. If he makes a run, the reel takes care of that, if properly handled. The fish is carefully drawn, all the time on the elasticity of the rod, or humored with the reel when he runs, plunges or leaps, till he gives up in utter exhaustion. What greater skill than this; a ten-pound fish brought to net on a five-ounce rod, hooked on a No. 12 fly? Mr. Robertson mentions a singular experience or two. One salmon jumped squarely into the boat, when being drawn up to the net. Another plunged and went under the boat, coming up on the other side. The line was quickly passed around the bow of the boat, when the salmon leaped out of water again, striking the arm of the guide. This disengaged the hook and the salmon was free.

SPECIAL.

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Pike, Pickerel, Mascalonge.

A Revised Illustration.

BY an extremely unfortunate, mortifying and regretted transposition of cuts and titles in the last issue, our well-intended effort to illustrate the characteristic markings which distinguish these three fish was rendered nugatory. We accordingly repeat the illustrations, with the titles now given as they should have been printed last week, and we trust that the correction may undo the confusion caused by the error.

The accompanying figures of heads show the characteristics that are constant in the mascalonge (which is sometimes called a big pickerel and great pike), the pike and the pickerel.

Without regard to color or other markings, each of the fishes named may be identified from the peculiarity of scale formation shown in the accompanying cuts.

The mascalonge, the pike and the pickerel have each the same number of fins, placed in the same position on each fish. The mascalonge has scales only on the upper part

FIG. 1.—PICKEREL.
Cheeks and opercles completely scaled.

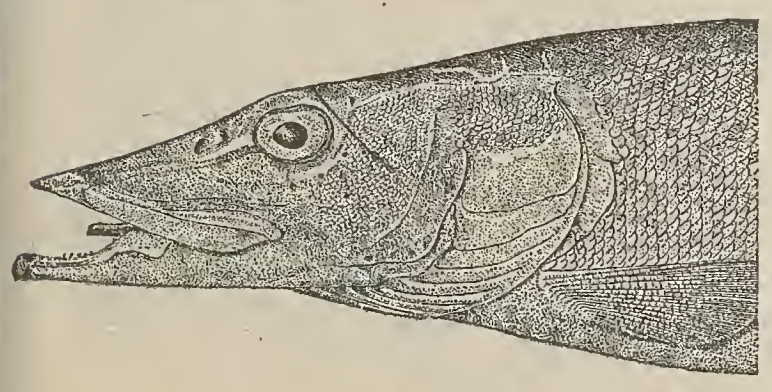


FIG. 2.—PIKE.
Cheeks scaly. Lower half of opercles naked.

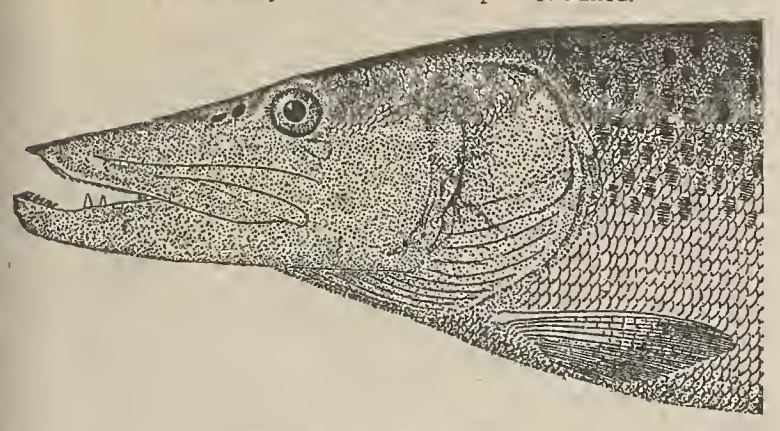


FIG. 3.—MASCALONGE.
Lower half of cheeks and opercles naked.

of cheek and gill covers, as shown in Fig. 3. The fish may be the mascalonge from the St. Lawrence River, with round brown spots on a light ground, or the mascalonge from Chautauqua Lake with blotches or splashes of brown, or it may be without spots of any kind, and it may be called Chautauqua pike, or Kentucky River or Muskingum River pike, and yet it will be a mascalonge and have scales on cheek and opercula, as shown in Fig. 3.

The pike is commonly called pickerel in New York State; there is a marked difference between the two fish. The pike grows to a weight of 50 pounds and more, as one was recorded from Ireland of 54 pounds in weight. Our pike and the European pike are the same. The cheek and gill covers of the pike shown in Fig. 2 will explain how the scales are placed; they cover the cheek and part of the gill cover. The pike is the fish sometimes called the great northern pike, although a claim was made a few years ago for this title for the unspotted mascalonge.

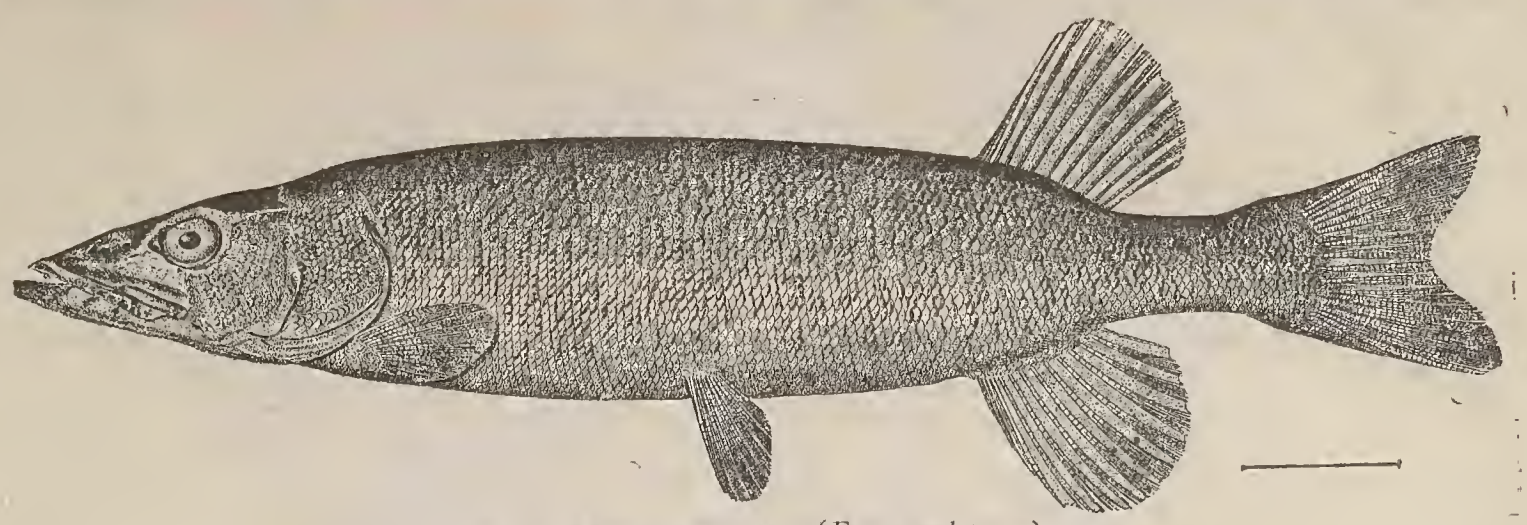
The pickerel, proper, is a small fish as compared with the pike, as it averages in weight from 1½ to 2½ pounds, and one of 5 pounds is a very large fish. Fig. 1 will show how the scales are placed on cheek and gill covers, extending over both.

The fish are of the same species, and exactly alike structurally, but one fish is spotted with spots that are nearly round, while the other has oblong spots, and the dark lines are more regular in the pond fish than in the river fish.

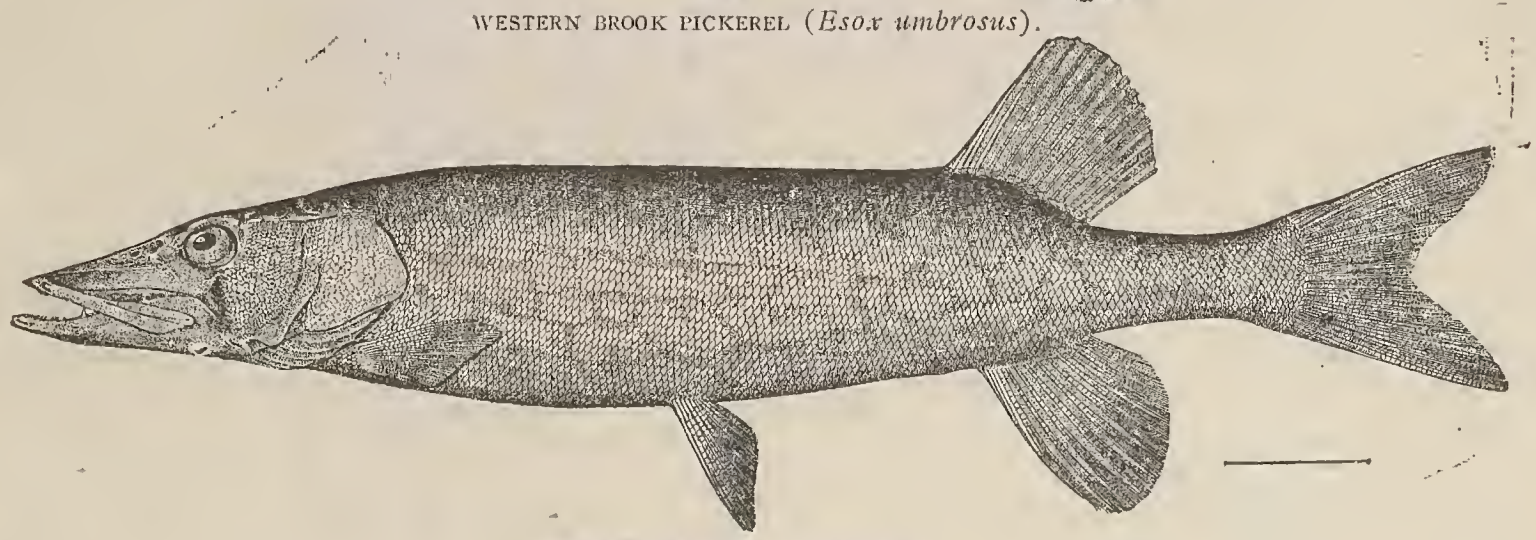
The Chautauqua Lake mascalonge, instead of having round brown spots on a light ground, has splashes of brown, quite irregular in shape, on a light ground. The Wisconsin fish, like the Ottawa River fish, is unspotted.

THERESA, N. Y., July 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "Is it true there are no pickerel here?" The above question was asked me to-day by a party who had been told that I had said that the fish caught in this vicinity were not pickerel, but pike.

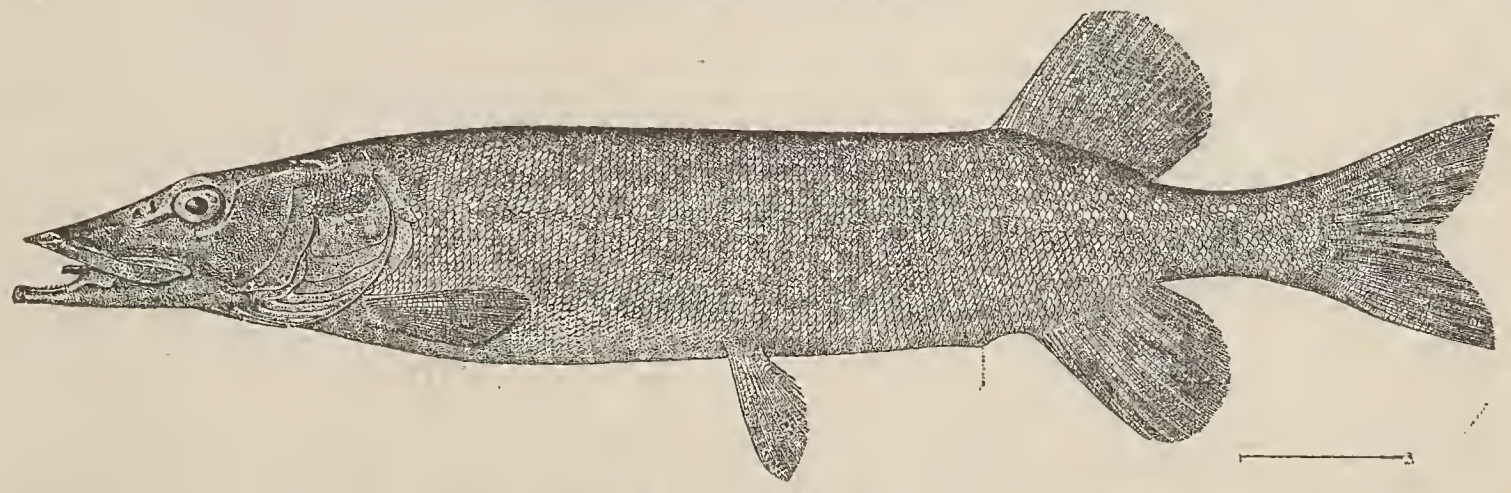
In answer I reached for the current number of FOREST AND STREAM and showed him the article under the heading, "Pike, Pickerel, Mascalonge" (which I had not read). In examining the illustrations given, we concluded that the names under the full-length cuts were as mixed up as is usually done by the typo. I do not claim to be an ichthyologist, nor even an angler, as FOREST AND STREAM well knows. But I could not make the head cut (mascalonge) fit only on the illustration of pickerel, which



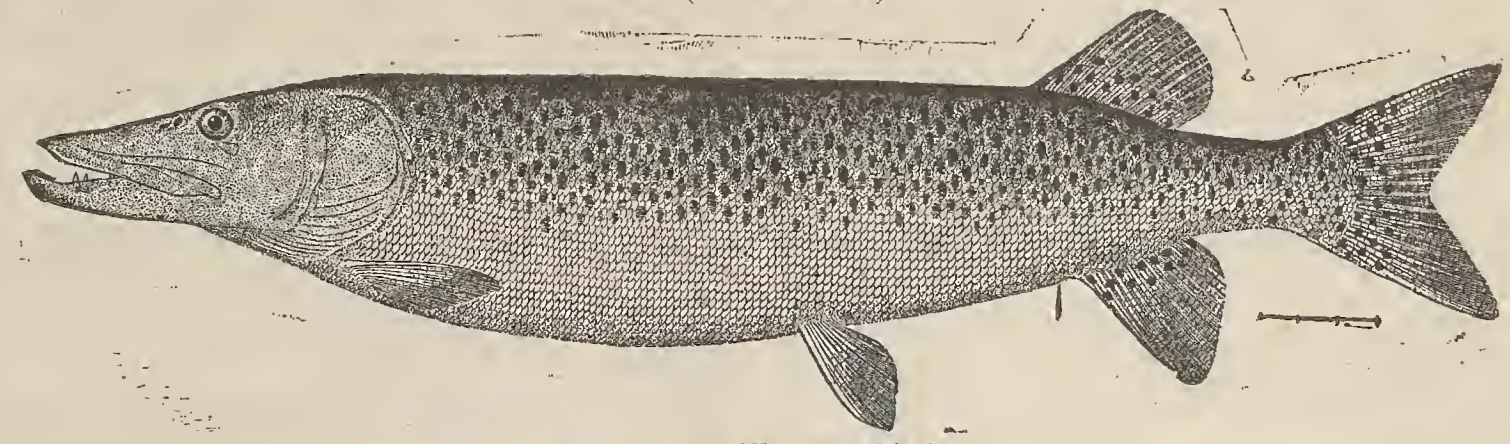
WESTERN BROOK PICKEREL (*Esox umbrosus*).



PICKEREL (*Esox recticulatus*).



PIKE (*Lucius lucius*).



MASCALONGE (*Esox nobilior*).

without doubt should be mascalonge; and the pike head would not go with pike (*L. lucius*), which I think must be intended for "western brook pickerel (*Esox umbrosus*)" (which I have never seen), while the head "Pickerel" would go only with the illustration "Mascalonge (*Esox nobilior*)," which should have been pickerel (*Esox recticulatus*), I think.

Only last week I had occasion to decide the identity of a mascalonge caught in Red Lake, near this village. A party of six, of which I was one, was spending the day on the lake at the Lotus Club house. About noon a man living on the lake brought some letters which he wished mailed at the village. I had seen some one trolling near his house all the morning, and asked him what luck he had fishing. He said that he had caught two "pickerel" (pike) and a thirteen-pound "muscalunge" (mascalonge). I asked him how much he would sell the mascalonge for. He said, "A dollar." I told him that I would take it. He then said that he had cleaned it all but cutting off the head. I got into his boat and went to his house. I was a little skeptical about the fish being a mascalonge (as I am not an ichthyologist nor an angler), and frankly told him so. He then brought the head of the two pickerel (pike) he had cleaned. I saw the difference between them and the head that was on the larger fish, and immediately gave him a crisp new $1 bill and took the fish, which I think was the smallest mascalonge taken from Red Lake in several years. More have been caught weighing over forty pounds than under twenty. Last year one of sixteen was taken. A few weeks ago a young friend of mine living on the lake found a dead one on the beach that measured four feet and three inches, that would have weighed nearly fifty pounds alive. I saw the lower jaw bone. The teeth were an inch long; the first tooth on the right side was gone and the bone seemed to be diseased; the fish had probably carried a trolling bait for some time. In 1882 about two hundred pike were put in Indian River here, which undoubtedly caused the extermination of the mascalonge and to a certain extent of the black bass, although there is very good bass fishing yet. A Mr. O'Harra, of Syracuse, came up from Red Lake yesterday with twenty-five good bass and "pickerel" (pike).

J. L. DAVISON.

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Jottings of a Fly-Fisher.

MANY anglers are delightful companions, not only those who can tell a good story, but others who narrate, when in congenial society, a few of their thoughts and experiences. Very few have time or inclination to write for publication, and the sporting press is thus deprived of much material of great value. I can think of no publication at present devoted exclusively to angling, but some of my friends complain of the comparatively small space given to this subject in our periodicals. This could easily be remedied by sending reports of interesting experiences to our favorite paper. Chat about rods, flies, new wrinkles, etc., would, no doubt, be welcome.

These remarks were suggested by one of the friends aforesaid, who, after complaining of the dearth of fishy news, proceeded to give me a few details of his own sport, which, if written down as told, would have made a very interesting article. How he lost two 4-pound trout, for instance. We always relish these stories of the big fish that got away.

This gentleman is one of the comparatively few who use Pennell eyed hooks for fly-fishing, but he has snells lashed to them. This seems entirely unnecessary, when a good knot would answer the purpose, and it does away with nearly every advantage possessed by the eyed hook. Convenience of storage and carriage in a small box, durability and strength, by reknotting gut when worn and using any strength of gut required for a particular occasion.

I had used these hooks for two years, both up-eyed and down-eyed. The former, Hall's eyed hooks, were made of very fine wire, and failed me several times with large fish (one glorious "rainbow" I shall never forget), as the wire sprung or broke. This may have been the fault of this particular manufacture, as in England these hooks are used for the largest chalk (limestone?) stream trout. The Pennell hooks gave perfect satisfaction when the real thing was got. Pennell's hooks should have his signature—H. Cholmondeley Pennell—on every package of 25, or box of 100. The eye is small, and the jam knot never failed me, as I left a scrap of surplus gut pointing downward in the hackle.

As dry fly-fishing is being more and more practiced every year, these hooks will probably become more popular, as there can be no doubt of their great ad-

vantage for this style of fishing. The body of the fly can be made much thinner and lighter, and if the hackle is not crushed in a book, the fly cocks up and floats much better.

Carry a little bottle of kerosene or a tin pill box of vaseline and just touch the wings and legs of the fly, if you wish to save yourself labor in drying it. This dodge will, however, ruin the bodies of many flies. I tie floaters with quill body usually, and have discovered a quill of which I expect great things. I have not tried it yet. Hackle flies float very well and are always in the proper attitude upon the water. If a soft hackle is tied or wound in front of the cock's hackle, it gives the effect of wings or of a fly just hatching out from the nymphæ case. No doubt more interest will be taken in entomology, and this certainly lends additional interest to the art of fly-fishing. The flies bred on the trout streams are most interesting and beautiful insects, and will some day be the subject of a great work fully illustrated in colors. The man to undertake it should be an artist as well as an entomologist. There are some English books on this subject, but climatic conditions are very different here, and my impression is that while we have insects closely resembling those found there, we have a greater number of species, much greater. We have, at least, two early browns, for instance, and a host of duns of various sizes and shades, which change into spinners of many colors.

Many stone flies are found, the common Eastern stone fly may be seen all through the season when the temperature is not too high. I have never seen this in great quantities, but there is a yellow stone fly that hatches out in immense numbers on some streams in May. I have reason to believe that this fly, or one like it, is found in the West and would like to hear from your Western readers on the subject, and, indeed, on that of the flies of Western trout streams generally. I think that we have many varieties of this species which only hatch out at night. One of the stone flies is known locally as the "May fly," but we have several true Ephemera approximating the May fly of Europe.

I have heard of several American grammarus, but only know one well. This rises abundantly in June.

The Ephemera are probably the most important family, with the stone flies a close second. The case worms or caddis, are very abundant of all sizes, with their houses of sticks, pebbles, sand and gravel. The big brown trout take in the big "stick bait," as it is called in Western North Carolina and Tennessee, case and all, the former can hardly prove nourishing. One becomes very much puzzled as to the life history of many species. Even in Europe they are in doubt on many points. The Ephemera are probably best understood, as they have been more carefully observed. First the egg is dropped on the water, sinks to the bottom and finds a lodgment among the sand and gravel. In a few weeks it hatches into a hungry larva, which feeds voraciously on minute organisms or particles of vegetable matter. Some observers say that it changes its shell or covering several times as it grows, but this is uncertain. It lives in this state from one to two years, then grows wing-cases, and is called a nymph. Then, when the temperature of the water is suitable and it has passed its allotted time as a lower form of life, it swims upward to the surface of the stream, splits down the back and appears as an imago or dun. Sometimes it takes wings immediately, at others it floats jauntily down its native element, until its wings dry and gain strength for a flight to the shore, where it clings to a leaf or twig. In from three to nine days it undergoes another transformation, shedding its whole outer covering and becoming a much brighter and more beautiful insect. The males may then be seen toward evening or when the weather is not too warm, dancing up and down in small swarms or companies. They are in wait for the females which are hidden in some leafy retreat, but which fly out from time to time. Courtship is not prolonged, and the female soon drops her eggs upon the stream, becomes a mere shell and dies. The stone fly drops her eggs in the same way, but the larva crawls out upon a stone to change its coat; then it seems to live under stones and gravel until its wings are fully developed, and does not undergo a second transformation.

There is so much to learn that we are discouraged sometimes, but I advise any one who has the opportunity or time to make such studies as he can. If the water is shut off from a race and he turns over the stones, he will be astonished at the numbers of larvæ of all colors and sizes (principally yellow, olive and brown). The caddis are very abundant in June. Duns of the Ephemera will be seen as early as March on some waters, and appear all through the season when the weather is sufficiently cool. They seem to be very hardy, and the early broods are the largest and darkest in color, though some of a dark brown and lead color appear later. I have seen large hatches of small duns with light blue and also with orange bodies as late as July, the former on pleasant days with cool breezes, and the latter on blustery days with gusts of wind and rattling showers.

I could go on for hours with my random and doubtless often inaccurate remarks, but will have mercy upon those who have been brave enough to follow me thus far. I would be glad to correspond with any who are interested in the subject of the flies that feed the trout, and means and ways of imitating them successfully.

I am particularly curious in regard to natural flies found in trout waters in the West. Some species seem to be quite local in their habitat, while others are common to all or nearly all, although you will find some large flies on small brooks. As a general rule, the bigger the water the larger the flies. Yet, again, many of the smaller flies will be found on the large streams. Now to conclude, tell your brother anglers what interests you, it will probably interest them, I am taking great chances. Relate your curious or rare experiences. Talk about flies is eagerly read by many anglers, I think. As a class they are as full of theories and fads as an egg is full of meat.

A fisherman I know caught and returned to the water, in one day, 300 black bass, in the presence of two witnesses. That must have been a wonderful experience. Many of our friends have at least hooked one of the immense brown trout now found in some of our rivers. The stories of these fights with light tackle, often 4-ounce rods and No. 10 or No. 12 flies, would be quite exciting. I know that the actual experience is very.

Large salmon have been landed with light trouting tackle, but these big German trout always seem to get away when hooked with small flies. About 3 pounds is the heaviest I know of as having been killed in this way. One or two 5-pound fish have succumbed to bass flies, and I heard of one weighing 8½ pounds being caught by a boy 13 years old. But enough said.

Good luck to all the fraternity of genial fly-fishers.

BADGER HACKLE.

Fish and Fishing.

Royal and Select Anglers.

IN the mass of anecdotal matter which has appeared all over the world within the last few weeks concerning King Edward VII., it is not surprising to find lengthy reference to his career as a sportsman. Like President Roosevelt, His Majesty has an enviable record as a successful hunter of large game, though whatever may be the reason for it, we hear of few of his performances as a fisherman, compared with those of other members of the British royal family, and of many more, who, like him, are much in the public eye. Perhaps it is because he has been so very much in the public eye all his life long, that few opportunities were afforded him for the contemplation and retirement so helpful to the education of a successful angler. His eldest son, on the other hand, who has been styled "the angler-in-chief of the royal family," was so far removed from the throne in the days of his youth, that he had ample opportunities for careful study and frequent practice of the gentle art, and is recognized as quite a master of the salmon rod. As long ago as when his aunt, the Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, was living in Canada, the present Prince of Wales, then Prince George, enjoyed good salmon fishing while visiting her upon her salmon river, in company with his elder brother, the late Duke of Clarence. The Duchess was quite an accomplished fisherwoman when in Canada, and met with splendid success upon both the Ristigouche and the Grand Cascapedia rivers. The 54-pounder killed by her was not far from the record fish killed by rod and line in Canadian waters. She and her husband, then the Marquis of Lorne, Governor-General of Canada, erected a pretty fishing lodge for their own use, on the banks of the Grand Cascapedia. In those days the Government reserved the fishing of the waters controlled by it in the Cascapedia, for the personal use of the Governor-General and party. Now this fishing is leased for no less than $8,500 a year, including that of the estuary. On one of her fishing expeditions, H. R. H. had a very narrow escape from drowning. I think it was in the Rock Pool of the Ristigouche that the canoe in which the Princess was seated was on the point of capsizing, when one of the Indian guides leaped out of it into the water and held it upright.

Princess Louise is not the only keen fisherwoman of the British royal family. Her niece, the Duchess of Fife, one of King Edward's daughters, is an expert angler for both trout and salmon, both of which abound in the waters upon her husband's estates in Scotland.

Queen Alexander is no novice with the salmon rod, and the fact has lately been recalled, by an English sporting paper, that at the 1901 dinner of the London Fly-Fishers' Club, the late Sir Courtenay Boyle, who presided, stated that he had assisted her present Majesty in landing from the Blackwater her first salmon.

In the Highland Dee, the angling members of the royal family enjoy exceptionally fine sport, rising fish being found in some of its stretches throughout the entire season. The King is absolute proprietor of the right bank of the Balmoral water, and rents the fishing of the left bank from one of his neighbors.

When His Majesty visited Canada in 1860, every effort was made to afford him some good fishing in the Saguenay country. The late Senator David Price entertained the young prince at the famous Marguerite, but the fates were not propitious, and a few small trout were all the whole party had to boast of, beyond the experience that there is no royal road to fishing. Mr. Price hooked a large salmon and gave it to the Prince to land, but his attempt was not successful. The Prince had not had sufficient practice in salmon fishing to enable him to accomplish that most difficult of all feats to a beginner—that of landing a very large fish with a very small line. The historian of the expedition amusingly adds: "It was not for the want of advice, however; there was plenty of that. Every one called out what to do, and, as a matter of course, every one suggested a different mode from every one else, so that His Royal Highness was bewildered, and the salmon proved the truth of the old proverb, that 'in a multitude of counsellors there is safety', and, breaking the line, got clear away."

Marine Biological Station.

Every student of fish life in North Atlantic coastal streams and adjacent waters will rejoice to learn of the good work being accomplished by the comparatively new Marine Biological Station of Canada, which has just entered upon the fourth season of its operations. Its position is already established as the center of original marine and fishery researches for the Dominion of Canada, and an arrangement has been completed with Dr. C. O. Whitman, director of the Wood's Holl Biological Station, whereby an investigator's table at that station is placed at the service of a nominee from the Canadian station, in exchange for a similar courtesy extended at the latter to an American investigator. It was contemplated at the inception of the scheme for the establishment of the station, that the building should be floated to a different point each year. So fruitful a field for scientific research was found to exist, however, in Passamaquoddy Bay, near St. Andrews, N. B., that operations were continued there for two seasons, and now the staff of the station have entered upon their second year's work at Canso, on the coast of eastern Nova Scotia. Canso is a great center of the Gulf and Atlantic deep-sea fisheries, forming a connecting link between the fishing industries and marine fauna of the southern waters of the Dominion, as found in Passamaquoddy Bay, and the more northerly fisheries and fauna of the Gulf of St. Lawrence proper. The papers in course of preparation upon the work of the station are expected to be of peculiar interest. Trawling, tow-netting, dredging, line fishing and other methods of testing the neighboring sea and of procuring specimens are being adopted with great success, and experiments have been made with dynamite, for the purpose of securing accurate information as to the effect of the explosive upon schools of fish at different depths of water.

Summer Netting in the St. Lawrence.

PRIME MINISTER PARENT of Quebec, in whose department rests the control of the provincial fisheries, is nothing if not thorough and practical. The fishery department of the Dominion of Canada, with which rests the right to entirely prohibit fishing in any Canadian waters, lately asked his advice as to the propriety of enacting a partial or entire prohibitton of net fishing for two or three seasons, in that part of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa rivers extending from the foot of Lake St. Peter to the head of the Lake of Two Mountains. Before proffering any advice on the subject, Mr. Parent ordered a thorough inquiry into the matter. Mr. L. Z. Joncas, Superintendent of Fisheries, accordingly spent a fortnight going over the entire ground and taking the evidence of fishermen and others on the spot. Upon the two banks of these 140 miles of river and lake, it was found that some 270 families depended alone upon the result of the fisheries, and that the closing up of the industry for a couple of years would mean ruin and expatriation to them. It was established, however, that the principal waste of fish from these waters occurs in the months of July and August, when it is not easy to take the larger specimens, and when, consequently, millions of small and immature fish are captured and destroyed in the hot weather. Almost unanimously, these poor people urged the prohibition of netting during the months of July and August, fully realizing the fact that if the present slaughter of immature fish is persisted in there will soon be none for them to take. This recommendation will be forwarded to Ottawa, and will most likely to be acted upon. Over 10,000 pounds weight of these small fish, taken out of the waters in question, have been seized during the present season, mostly small pike-perch, bass, pike and maskinonge.

Reducing the Limit.

There is a move on foot in the Province of Ontario to reduce the limit of catches of bass and maskinonge. At present the law allows twelve bass and four maskinonge to each rod. District Overseer Thwaite, of Oshawa, recommends that the limit be reduced to eight and two, and he says that nearly all of the local overseers in his district would make it six bass and two maskinonge.

Dynamiting.

Several reports have been received of late that dynamiting was being resorted to in many of the inland waters of Canada, most of the complaints coming from the shores of the St. Lawrence. It is feared that the practice is much more general than supposed, and that it is not at all confined to poachers from the other side of the American line, though many undoubtedly cross the river at night in order to indulge in the forbidden work of destruction, under cover of the darkness. A scientific investigation into the effects of dynamite explosions upon fish life, not only upon adult fish, but upon fry, fish eggs and all other kinds of life found in the water near the spot of explosion, has been made by Dr. A. P. Knight, professor of Animal Biology, at the instance of the federal government, and his report upon his experiments is awaited with considerable interest.

A New Whitefish.

The Ontario department of fisheries was recently asked to identify a fish taken in Lake Simcoe, which resembled somewhat the common whitefish, though differing therefrom in some well-defined respects. Dr. Bensley, who made the examination, reported that "the specimen belongs to the genus *Coregonus,* but does not correspond to any of the species described by Jordan and Evermann in their 'Fishes of North and Middle America.' From *Coregonus clupeformis* it differs in the coloration, in the number of scales and in its more elongated form. The fact that it occurs in Lake Simcoe, with the common whitefish, makes it extremely probable that it belongs to a different species. Its characteristics approach more closely to those of *Coregonus labradoricus,* of which it may be a local variety. It shares with the Labrador whitefish the following characteristics: Color, dark bluish above, sides silvery, scales with dark punctulations on edges. Dimensions correspond very closely. Teeth on tongue present in both. The more important difference is in the number of the scales, of which there are 71—76 in longitudinal series in *C. labradoricus,* 83—88 in the specimen submitted. The characters are not intermediate between the common whitefish and the lake herring as has been suggested. The gill rakers, which are numerous in herring, are few in this specimen, even fewer than in the common whitefish, and the relationship of the jaws to one another is characteristically coregonoid. The occurrence of two distinct species of whitefish in such a small body of water as Lake Simcoe, is, in all probability, rendered possible by a difference in habits, or in the nature of the food. In the summer of 1899, I examined, at the St. Andrew's Marine Station, the stomachs of a number of whitefish obtained by Prof. Prince from fish caught in the northern part of Lake Huron, the contents of which were quite exceptional as whitefish food, consisting for the most part of small fish, sticklebacks and others. This is a matter of some interest, as I am told that these Lake Simcoe fish are taken with minnow bait. It is possible that the species is distributed over a certain area of the northern portion of the province, and that individuals reach a greater maximum size in the larger bodies of water. The largest specimen submitted was 13 inches in length and a little over 1 pound in weight."

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Maine July Fishing.

BOSTON, July 21.—At Belgrade Lakes, Me., though the trout season is considered over, twelve were caught last week. The largest, taken by A. B. A. Bradley, New York, weighed 4½ pounds. Bishop Paret, of Maryland, caught the largest bass of the week, weighing 4½ pounds. At Clearwater and Varnum lakes, near Farmington, Me., the camps are full of guests, with some fishing being done, and an occasional salmon or trout taken. Mr. E. C. Stevens, of Boston, is at Lake Dunmore, Salisbury, Vt., and the big pickerel, for which that lake is noted, may as well yield at discretion. At Moosehead Lake fishing is holding out well. A gentleman writes me, sending his letter through the care of the FOREST AND STREAM, concerning the prospects of "bass and pickerel fishing" there in late August and early September. The answer is positive, there are no bass nor pickerel in Moosehead Lake. Trout, togue and landlocked salmon are what that lake is noted for, especially brook trout fishing with the fly. All the near waters to that lake are supplied with the same sort of fish. The gentleman also desires the address of some one who will give him information concerning the chances for side trips to lakes, pond and streams, near Moosehead, and the facilities for stopping at camps away from the hotels. The chances are all that could be asked for, with side trips numerous and camps by the hundred. In fact this side trip business in the Moosehead region is one of the most common features in the late summer and autumn. The proprietor of the Kineo House will put our friend L. M. K. on the right track, even if he does not desire to stop at the hotels.

The Birches, Mooselucmaguntic Lake, now has about 100 guests, with a little fishing being done. Waldo B. Fay, of Southboro, Mass., took a salmon weighing 8 pounds there last week. Mrs. Fay got one of 4 pounds. The women anglers are making a good record at the Pool, Upper Dam. Mrs. J. S. Doane, of Boston, has made a record of two salmon in one day, on the fly, one weighing 4 pounds 3 ounces, and the other 3 pounds 4 ounces. Mrs. J. C. Dougherty, of Syracuse, N. Y., has lately caught a salmon weighing 5 pounds 3 ounces. Mr. R. N. Parish, the champion angler of that section, and who uses the wonderfully small flies, has just added to his record salmon of 9 pounds, 5 pounds 14 ounces, 3 pounds 11 ounces, 3 pounds 10 ounces, 3 pounds 10 ounces, and 3 pounds 2 ounces. The Rangeley Lake House is full of summer guests, and still angling is not wholly neglected. Mr. E. E. Allen, of Watertown, Mass., caught 10 pounds of salmon in one day's fishing last week. Mrs. J. H. Tower, of North Weymouth, Mass., caught a trout of 3½ pounds one day last week. The same day Mrs. L. B. Curtis, of the same town, landed a salmon of 3¼ pounds.

SPECIAL.

Massachusetts Fish and Game.

IT seems timely now that mid-summer is here and the trout season is passed in the four western counties, and within a few weeks of its termination in the rest of the State, while the hunting season is yet more than two months in the future, to take a glimpse at the fish and game conditions in this State, so far as that can be done from observations already made. A consideration of these matters may be all the more interesting at this time because it is not so long ago when there were grave doubts as to the feasibility of securing anything like desirable conditions in Massachusetts, so far as fish and game are concerned.

FOREST AND STREAM has already published more or less this year regarding the abundance of trout in the streams of this State, and therefore many of its readers will not be surprised that a prominent member of the Legislature became very enthusiastic a few days ago in discussing the condition in the streams in and near his town. Indeed, he declared with much positiveness that in some of those streams, which were practically barren of fish life three years ago, there is now better fishing than might be found in many of the brooks of northern New England. Naturally, he felt a pride and satisfaction in this, since he personally obtained the trout and stocked the brooks with them.

Mr. George Pogue, of Grafton, writing on July 15, made the following statement: "The trout fry we had are doing fine, and in the brooks stocked here a few years ago there have been some nice fish caught in one stream. A friend of mine caught eight fine ones one morning, which weighed from 14 ounces to 1¼ pounds, * * * and there haven't been any trout caught in the same brook for years. * * * We are beginning to think that the Fish Commission is doing a good work."

Statements like the above might be multiplied, and the chief difference of opinion regarding trout in this State is as to what the outcome may be in Berkshire county, where there is no protection either as to the catching or sale of trout of any size. The result of non-protection will be, of course, the catching of everything in the shape of trout that may be big enough to take a hook, and some believe that this may have a bad effect on the streams, in making it impossible to have trout of reasonable size in them. Some contend that trout will not grow much above six inches in the mountain streams of Berkshire, while others hold a contrary opinion and furnish facts to maintain it. A citizen of Berkshire, who is interested in this question, writing under date of July 12, made the following statement, which speaks for itself, and seems to indicate that there is more than the possibility of trout attaining fair size in the Berkshire brooks, declarations to the contrary notwithstanding:

"While out at So. Williamstown to-day I fished for trout for a little while in the New Ashford Stream, and out of one hole in about three minutes I caught three trout, each weighing one-half pound, and measuring eleven inches in length. And still they say there is no trout over six inches in length in Berkshire."

The most interest, however, attaches to the outlook for game next fall, when the shooting season opens on the first of October, and if the information which comes from all sections of the State can be relied upon as a basis for forming a correct judgment, it is undoubtedly true that the game conditions this year will far surpass anything seen in this State for many seasons. It is practicable to quote only a few of the many statements which have come to the Fish and Game Commission, all of which are precisely of the same tenor as those quoted below.

Mr. W. N. Prentiss, of Milford, in the central part of the State, who is a very keen observer, writing on July 4, says: "Quail are very plenty. As I sit here I can see three old cocks on the walls in as many directions, not one over ten rods from the house. * * * I have seen several broods of young partridge. There are at least two broods of pheasants on the golf links, about a half a mile from here, and the caretaker of the club tells me he sees them nearly every day. There is a deer in this neighborhood, but the dogs drive it more or less (it will be less if I catch them at it)."

Deputy Commissioner John F. Luman, of Palmer, who has been over nearly all of the four western counties, writing on July 13, makes the following remarks concerning the outlook for game in the western part of the State: "From every quarter comes the report that birds never were so plentiful. Big sport is in store for this fall. All compliment the State Commissioners on their endeavors to make good hunting and fishing." Writing on July 7, he said: "The woods and covers are filled with partridge, and you cannot go out in any direction in the country but you can see and hear the familiar Bob White. Hunters whom I have spoken with about the matter all say that this year promises to be a record breaker for all kinds of birds."

Mr. Henry A. Mower, of Worcester, in a letter dated July 15, says: "I was trout fishing July 4 and found three broods of young partridge. The partridge were all good size and apparently quite large broods. One nest I saw this year had 15 eggs in it, one 14 and one 11. From all reports I get, it bids fair for sport this fall."

Mr. Pogue, to whom reference has previously been made, writes: "There seems to be more birds than for years—especially partridge and quail, I mean."

Statements of this kind could be multiplied indefinitely, and they certainly indicate a most desirable outlook for the hunters and likewise demonstrate the wisdom of good laws well enforced.

J. W. COLLINS.

The American Fisheries Society.

THE thirty-first annual meeting of the American Fisheries Society will be held at Put-in-Bay, Ohio, Aug. 5, 6 and 7.

United States Fish Commissioner Bowers writes: "In connection with the meeting of the American Fisheries Society at Put-in-Bay, I shall be pleased to place at your service the steamer Shearwater for the purpose of taking the members of the Society about the islands, and also to assist in any other way that will contribute to the success of the meeting."

Put-in-Bay enjoys special advantages as to hotel accommodations, easy access, and, being an island in Lake Erie, a most cool and comfortable place. The waters surrounding the island are among the best for black bass fishing in America.

Correspondence intended for the president or secretary, mailed too late to reach their regular post office address before Aug. 1, should be mailed in care of Hotel Victory, Put-in-Bay, Ohio.

Every member is urged to be present at this meeting, and to bring as many candidates or names for membership as possible. Membership fee only one dollar per year. Intending members are invited to be present at this meeting.

The officers are: E. E. Bryant, President, Madison, Wis.; Geo. F. Peabody, Secretary, Appleton, Wis.

Prince's Bay Weakfishing.

PRINCE'S BAY, Staten Island, N. Y., July 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have noticed lately short notices of "Fishing Near New York," and as far as Staten Island was concerned the news only reached as far as Gifford's, but why not report about the weakfishing a little further on—say, Prince's Bay, for instance? We have just as good fishing here as anywhere just at present. Last evening I saw a man with a few flounders and some fine bluefish, and I asked him where he caught them. He said: "I just went out and got them off the 'bunker' boat (menhaden fisherman); they have got a ton of weakfish; going to take them to the city and sell them." And this is not one case, but the bay is full of sloops hauling their nets every day, catching barrels of food fish in an illegitimate manner. They sell the menhaden to fishing smacks and oil factories, but the weakfish and food fish in general they take off to market. If any one wants to get a good mess of fish, just come to Prince's Bay, S. I., and row out to the menhaden sloops and they will give you all you want to take home at a very low price. They are good-hearted fellows, kind and generous, and seem to want the good will of the people, but I am afraid before this goes to print that it will be over. I cannot say, as the workings of justice are sometimes peculiar. ***

Exhibition of Fishery at St. Petersburg.

CONSUL-GENERAL W. R. HOLLOWAY writes from St. Petersburg, June 21: "The official report of the International Exhibition of Fishery, which was held at St. Petersburg, Jan. 28 to March 9, 1902, has just been published. The countries participating were Russia and Finland, Austria, Belgium, Germany, Denmark, Egypt, India, Spain, Italy, Monaco, Norway, Persia, Roumania, Siam, France, Sweden and Japan, the first making much the best exhibit; but as a whole, the exhibit was not up to the standard of previous ones, the participants, Russia excepted, taking little or no pains to make a creditable display. Belgium was the onl ycountry that sent live fish."

European Grayling in America.

Editor Forest and Stream:

With present advanced knowledge of fishculture, there is no reason why the European grayling should not be naturalized here. With rainbow trout and grayling in the lower portions of our large trout streams, good fly-fishing would be possible until very cold weather. See the success of the rainbows in the Esopus and other large streams.

THEODORE GORDON.

Fishing on the Delaware.

FOR the past month or more the fishing on portions of the Delaware River has been very unsatisfactory on account of the heavy rains. Recently, however, conditions have changed and good fishing for bass and wall-eyed pike is regarded as assured.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 8-11.—Toronto, Can.—Twelfth annual show of the Toronto Industrial Exposition. Fred Jacobi, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-9.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society's show. John W. Bacon, Treas.

Oct. 8-11.—Dallas, Tex.—Fifth annual show of the Texas Kennel Club. Geo. W. Clayton, Supt.

Oct. 21-24.—Frederick, Md.—Frederick County Agricultural Society's annual bench show. J. Roger McSherry, Supt.

Oct. 21-24.—New York.—Ladies' Kennel Association of America's show. Miss M. K. Bird, Westbury, L. I., Hon. Sec'y.

Nov. 26-29.—Philadelphia.—Philadelphia Dog Show Association's show. M. A. Viti, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Aug. 19.—Emmetsburg, Ia.—Iowa Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fifth annual trials. Louis Stuehmer, Sec'y, Emmetsburg, Ia.

Aug. 26.—Salem, S. D.—South Dakota Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) third annual trials. E. H. Gregory, Sioux Falls, S. D.

Sept. 2.—Inaugural trials of the Minnesota-North Dakota Field Trial Association. Dr. W. A. Moore, Sec'y, St. Paul, Minn.

Sept. 4.—Carman, Man.—Sixteenth annual trials of the Manitoba Field Trials Club. Eric Hamber, Sec'y, Winnipeg.

Sept. 11.———, Man.—Fifth annual trials of the Brandon Kennel Club. Dr. H. James Elliott, Sec'y, Brandon, Man.

Sept. 11.—O'Neill, Neb.—Nebraska Field Trial Association's inaugural chicken trials. M. H. McCarthy, Sec'y.

Oct. 20.———, ———.—Western Field Trial Association's second annual trials. C. W. Buttles, Sec'y, Kansas City.

Oct. 27.—Paris, Mo.—Missouri Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club), sixth annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.

Oct. 27.—Washington C. O., Ohio.—Monongahela Field Trial Club's field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y.

Oct. 28.—Whitby Island, Wash.—Pacific Northwest Field Trials F. R. Atkins, Sec'y, Seattle, Wash.

Nov. 3.—Robinson, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. W. R. Green, Sec'y, Marshall, Ill.

Nov. 3.—Lake View, Mich.—Michigan Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fifth annual trials. C. D. Stuart, Sec'y, Benton Harbor, Mich.

Nov. 10.—Bicknell, Ind.—Independent Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 11.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trial Club's trials. F. W. Smith, Sec'y, New Haven.

Nov. 10.—Ruthven, Ont.—North American Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. Richard Bangham, Sec'y, Windsor, Ont.

Nov. 11.—St. Joachim, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's fourteenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.

Nov. 17.—Glascow, Ky.—Kentucky Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) third annual trials. F. W. Samuel, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.

Nov. 18.—Ruthven, Ont.—Fourth annual trials of the North American Field Trial Club. Alfred Wigle, Sec'y, Windsor, Ont.

Nov. 20.—Manor, L. I.—Pointer Club of America's (member of the American Championship Club) second annual trials. R. E. Westlake, Sec'y, Scranton, Pa.

Nov. 24.—Washington C. H., Ohio.—Ohio Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fifth annual trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.

Dec. 1.—Washington C. H., Ohio.—American Championship Field Trial Club's second annual trials. Chas. B. Cooke, Sec'y, Richmond, Va.

Dec. 1.———, —. —.—Interstate Championship Field Trial Association's second annual trials. C. D. Cooke, Sec'y.

Dec. 15.—Huntsville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) third annual trials. John F. Fletcher, Sec'y, Birmingham, Ala.

Canine Elegies and Epitaphs.

READERS are invited to send for this column any epitaph or elegy of departed dogs of which they may have knowledge. We continue the series from last week:

VIII.—Elegy on a Mad Dog.

Good people, all of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say
That still a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad and bit the man.

Around from all the neighboring streets
The wondering neighbors ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
To every Christian eye:
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That showed the rogues they lied:
The man recovered of the bite;
The dog it was that died.

—Oliver Goldsmith.

IX.—Mad Dog.

(From the Chicago Herald.)

A dog goes trotting down the street;
"He's mad! He's mad!" they cry;
His temper may be mild and sweet,
His aspirations high;

He may be out to take the air,
But seven women see him there,
And rush to save their loved ones where
The monster saunters by.

He pauses, wondering what is wrong:
"He's mad! He's mad!" they shout;
A fool or two now comes along
And wildly dance about;
The children in their terror bawl—
"Mad dog! Mad dog!" the women call.
The culprit looks at each and all,
And backs away in doubt.

A boy with one suspender on
Runs in and throws a brick;
A hired man swoops o'er a lawn,
Armed with an ugly stick!
The gathering hoodlums wildly whoop,
The dog permits his tail to droop,
And, turning, tries to loop the loop
Upon the double quick.

They chase him through a vacant lot,
They raise the hue and cry,
And now and then a random shot
Makes dust and gravel fly;
Wild-eyed, he runs with all his might,
And nearly dead with sudden fright,
He hears them yell: "He's mad! He'll bite!"
And vaguely wonders why.

A dog lies dead beside the track;
One foot is shot away,
Another bullet broke his back—
There's little more to say.
A score of trembling mothers raise
Their eyes to heaven, giving praise
To Him "who in mysterious ways
Has shown his love this day."

X.—Rover.

(On a tablet in Ipswich, England.)

Poor Rover's dead;
His loss deplore,
Lament his early fall;
Pity he didn't die before—
Thank God, he died at all.

Reason, or What?

UP on the corner of the postoffice, with his back against an electric light pole, sits a blind old man. His sole companions are two small dogs, and his vocation is the soliciting of alms with the use of a dilapidated street organ and a wretched appearance.

I was standing in the postoffice yesterday at noon, and through the window saw him put one of the dogs in his box, rise to his feet and come tottering toward the postoffice door, his little dog Fannie preceding him and tugging at her chain with all her little might. She led him straight to the delivery window, and as soon as the clerk had informed him there was no mail, the little thing turned and led him back through the door and to his seat on the sidewalk. I asked the clerk how the little dog knew where her master wished to go. Her answer was—"He tells her." She further said that Fannie would slacken her chain when she came to the curbing or other stumbling blocks, and that was a sign to her master of some obstruction or uneven condition of his path. While we were talking the old man got up again and tottered off, Fannie tugging at her chain as before. I followed, and the little dog went straight to a restaurant, where she lay at her master's feet while he partook of soup. G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

F. O. De Luze.

The long-time treasurer of the Westminster Kennel Club, Francis Ogden De Luze, died on July 17, at his home at Southampton, L. I. He was 66 years old. He also belonged to the Knickerbocker, Metropolitan and Union clubs, the Downtown Association, the New York Yacht Club, the New York Whist Club and the South Side Sportsmen's Club of Long Island. He was the senior member of the firm of F. O. De Luze & Co., of 18 South William Street. He is survived by a widow and two daughters.

A Fisherman's Boy.

Down on the string-piece perhaps you'll find him,
Sturdy and brave and brown,
Leaving the world and its cares behind him,
Up in the fishing town;
Over and over his old hooks baiting,
Just for a flounder or two in waiting.

If he's not there, then he's in his glory,
Off in the outer bay,—
Paddling about in a patched-up dory
Half of a summer's day;
Proudest of captains and crews together,
Gathering cargoes in any weather.

Out before daylight in every season,
Down to the waterside,
Truly forecasting with sailors' reason
Weather, and wind, and tide;
Happy, contented and glad sea-rover,
Living the days of his grandsires over.

—Youth's Companion.

One of Washington's noted fishermen is Major "Dick" Sylvester, the Superintendent of Police for Washington and president of the National Association of Chiefs of Police.

The Major went fishing a few days ago and returned with a 5-pound black bass, which he sent to the President with his compliments.

Two of the Major's friends heard of his catch and asked about it a few days later when they were fishing at the same place. They met a country boy and said: "Is there good fishing up here?"

"Yep," replied the boy, "it's fair. Major Dick was up last week fishin'."

"He caught a 5-pound bass, I understand," observed one of the party, "and gave it to the President."

"I dunno nothin' about his givin' it to the President," the boy said, "but gran'pap, he caught the fish."

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1902.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also changes which may be made in the future.

JULY.

24-26. Hull-Massachusetts, midsummer series, Y. R. A., open, Hull, Boston Harbor.
26. Quincy, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
26. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
26. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Massachusetts Bay.
26 to Aug. 2. Corinthian, annual cruise, from Delaware River to Long Island Sound.
26. Beverly, third Cor., Mon. Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
26. Manhasset Bay, club, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
26. Beverly, third Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
26. **Mosquito Fleet**, club, City Point, Boston Harbor.
26. Atlantic, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
26. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
26. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club race for Centre Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
26. Norwalk, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, So. Norwalk, L. I. Sound.
26. Hartford, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Saybrook, L. I. Sound.
28. Wollaston, M. Y. R. A., open, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
28-29. Boston Y. R. A., open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
29, 31 and Aug. 2. Kennebec, commodore's cup series, Bath, Me.
30-31. Corinthian, Midsummer Invitation series, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.

For Cruising Yachtsmen.

WITH the purpose of stimulating the interest in cruising, and the keeping of a detailed log by cruising yachtsmen during the season of 1902, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer prizes for the best stories of cruises submitted to be published in FOREST AND STREAM. It is believed that these will form not only entertaining records of pleasant summer days spent afloat along our coasts and waterways, but will furnish information of practical value to other yachtsmen making subsequent cruises on the same waters.

Prizes will be awarded to the three best stories as follows:

First prize, $50.00.
Second prize, $30.00.
Third prize, $20.00.

Contributions are invited under the following conditions:

1. The cruise must be made in waters of the United States or Canada in the season of 1902.

2. The cruise must be made in a sailing yacht, power to be used only as an auxiliary, if at all.

3. The story must be prefaced by a description of the boat. Cruises should be treated in as interesting and readable a way as possible, but should be practical and contain all possible information and data that would be of value to men going over the same route. A description of the handling of the ship in all weathers will be regarded very favorably in making awards, and it is suggested to writers that an accurate account be kept of all incidents happening while under way.

4. An outline chart suitable for reproduction, showing the course taken, must accompany each article. When possible, articles should be accompanied by amateur photographs taken on the cruise, including one of the boat. Good photographs will be considered in making the awards.

5. The story should contain about seven thousand words, written on one side of the paper only, and must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York city, on or before Nov. 15, 1902.

Mr. T. C. Zerega has very kindly consented to act as judge and to make the awards.

Larchmont Y. C. Race Week.

LARCHMONT, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

July 19-26.

FORTY-SEVEN boats started in the different classes on Saturday, July 19, the opening day of Larchmont race week. The strong wind that prevailed throughout the race made the contests exciting and interesting.

The preparatory signal was given from the committee boat at 11:30. At this time the wind was blowing about fifteen knots from the E.N.E. Triangular courses were selected. The course for the 70-footers, schooners and special class (cutter Isolde and schooner Katrina) was thirty miles, twice around a fifteen-mile triangle. The first leg was to windward, E. ¾ N. 6 miles; the second leg a run, S.W. ⅝ W. 6 miles, and the third leg a close reach, N.N.W. 3 miles. The boats in classes K, L, M and N sailed twice over an 11-mile tringle, and the rest of the boats went twice over a 5½-mile triangle.

Five minutes after the preparatory signal, at 11:35, the 70-footers were started. Rainbow was first away, some 30s. after the gun; next came Mineola, and Yankee last; both boats were handicapped by over a minute. These boats were swinging club topsails, and in the hard wind were moving very fast. Mineola began to cut down Rainbow's lead, and after a pretty bit of sailing rounded the weather mark first. It was a run to the next mark at the mouth of Hempstead Harbor. Mineola carried a balloon jib in addition to her spinnaker, the other two boats were content, however, without the big sail. Mineola increased her lead on this leg, and Yankee closed up on Rainbow. After gybing around the second mark it was a reach across the Sound, with the wind about abeam. Mineola and Rainbow tried carrying small jib topsails, but soon took them in. The times at the end of the first round were:

Mineola	1 16 05	Yankee	1 18 58
Rainbow	1 18 35		

The boats now hauled on the wind again for the second round. Mineola continued to increase her lead. The race was easily hers, and it was now a contest between Rainbow and Yankee. Small spinnakers were carried on the run across, Yankee being close up on Rainbow, but could not seem to pass her. Mineola won by over 5m.

The schooners and the special class started at 11:40. Elmina was first away in her class; Muriel was over a minute and a half late, while Quisetta was over 8m. behind. These boats also carried club topsails, but on board Elmina working topsails were substituted, and she seemed to do better under reduced canvas. It was Elmina's race from the start, and on the second round she increased her lead and finished a winner by 10m. 25s.

In the special race between Isolde and Katrina, the latter was to allow the former 8m. Isolde, however, found the weather just to her liking, and beat Katrina boat for boat over 10m.

The 43-footers were started at 11:50; just before this time Dorwina carried away one of her peak halliard blocks and was unable to start. Mira and Effort were the only starters, and Effort had matters her own way and won easily.

Leda as usual won in her class, beating Spasm and Possum without any difficulty.

Five boats started in class N, and Alerion won, after a very close race by 7s. At the end of the first round Mimosa was 1m. 30s. in the lead, but on the second round Alerion passed her and came in first. Empronzi carried away her mast and was towed into the harbor by the steam yacht Helenita.

Good sport was seen in the raceabout class, eight boats starting, and at the end of the first round Mavis was 43s. ahead, with Whistlewing second. On the second round Whistlewing passed Mavis on the second leg and won by 15s.

Three boats started in the class for Larchmont 21-footers, but only one boat finished. Dorothy was dismasted and Houri did not finish. The summary:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sloops—Class H—70 to 80ft. Racing Length—Start, 11:35.		
Mineola, August Belmont	2 54 56	3 19 56
Rainbow, Cornelius Vanderbilt	3 00 07	3 25 07
Yankee, J. R. Maxwell	3 00 44	3 25 44
Schooners—Class D—65 to 75ft. Racing Length—Start, 11:40.		
Elmina, F. F. Brewster	3 19 45	3 39 45
Muriel, Charles Smithers	3 30 10	3 50 10
Quissetta, S. C. Darks	3 47 30	4 07 30
Special Class—Start, 11:40.		
Katrina, J. B. Ford	3 35 16	3 55 16
Isolde, F. M. Hoyt	3 25 12	3 45 12
Sloops—Class L—36 to 43ft. Racing Length—Start, 11:50.		
Effort, F. M. Smith	2 52 56	3 02 56
Mira, C. L. Poor	3 05 42	3 15 42
Corrected time, Mira, 3.11.02.		
Sloops—Class M—30 to 36ft. Racing Length—Start, 11:55.		
Leda, H. L. Maxwell	3 04 30	3 09 30
Possum, E. S. Ballou	3 24 56	3 29 56
Spasm, E. D. King	3 10 07	3 15 07
Corrected time: Possum, 3.29.14; Leda, 3.09.09.		
Sloops—Class N—25 to 30ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:00.		
Mimosa, Trenor L. Park	3 29 57	3 29 57
Alerion, A. H. Alker	3 29 50	3 29 50
Marguerite, O. H. Jenning	3 32 57	3 32 57
Iroquois, J. C. Ayer	Withdrew.	
Enpronzi, Alfred Peats	Disabled.	
Raceabouts—Start, 12:05.		
Rogue, A. B. Alley	2 17 03	2 12 03
Whistlewing, H. M. Crane	2 03 51	1 58 51
Scamp, A. Pirie	2 10 23	2 05 23
Mavis, G. L. Pirie	2 01 07	1 56 07
Sis, F. T. Bedford, Jr	2 15 16	2 10 16
Jolly Roger, T. B. Bleecker	2 09 20	2 04 20
Hobo, Trenor L. Park	2 09 35	2 04 25
Indian, J. R. Maxwell, Jr	Withdrew.	
Larchmont 21-footers—Start, 12:05.		
Adelaide, J. J. Dwyer	2 09 45	2 04 45
Houri, J. H. Esser	Withdrew.	
Dorothy, H. T. Spence	Disabled.	
Sloops—Class P—21 to 25ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:05.		
Rochelle, F. J. Gould	2 02 29	1 57 29
Chingachgook, E. A. Stevens	2 08 45	2 03 45
Snapper, A. B. Alley	2 36 03	2 31 03
Sloops—Class Q—18 to 21ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:10.		
Quoc, A. D. Tappan	Withdrew.	
Gazabo, N. P. Vulte	2 35 17	2 25 17
Sloops—Class R—Under 18ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:10.		
Cricket, H. C. Pryer	2 21 23	2 11 23
Flim Flam, A. D. Prince	2 50 43	2 40 43
Microbe	Withdrew.	
Manhasset Raceabouts—Start, 12:10.		
Lambkin, S. W. Roach	Disqualified.	
Firefly, Guy Standing	2 41 35	2 31 35
Mist, J. W. Alker	2 59 52	2 49 2
Arizona, G. A. Corry	2 59 32	2 49 32
New Rochelle Raceabouts—Start, 12:10.		
Caper, P. L. Howard	2 52 21	2 42 21
Deuce, L. D. Huntington, Jr	2 44 30	2 34 30
Ace, W. N. Baker, Jr	2 41 50	2 31 50
Knave, R. N. Baker	2 38 00	2 28 00
Ardsley One-Design Class—Start, 12:10.		
Ping Pong, Denning & Campbell	2 53 55	2 43 55
Midget, Edwin Gould	2 53 10	2 43 10

The winners were Mineola, Elmina, Isolde, Effort, Leda, Alerion, Whistlewing, Adelaide, Rochelle, Gazabo, Cricket, Firefly, Knave and Midget.

New York Y. C. Meeting.

THE fourth general meeting of the New York Y. C. was held at the club house on West Forty-fourth street on Thursday afternoon, July 17. Vice-Com. Frederick G. Bourne presided, and there was a very fair number of yacht owners present. Aside from the general routine business transacted, a resolution was considered on changing Chapter I of the by-laws so as to make foreign members and members absent from the United States pay the usual dues, from which they have been exempt up to the present time. This amendment will come up for a final vote at the October meeting. The following members were elected: Frank W. McCullough, Capt. George C. Thorpe, U. S. M. C.; Read-Admiral Henry L. Howison, U. S. N.; Benjamin Seymour Ginniss, Naval Cadet Edward C. S. Parker, U. S. N.; Naval Cadet William Lee Pryor, U. S. N.; W. T. Helms, chaplain, U. S. N.; Sidney Dillon Ripley, W. C. Taylor, David L. Whittemore, Paymaster John H. Merriam, U. S. N.; Lieut.-Commander Frank A. Wilmer, U. S. N.; Lieut. Albert M. Beecher, U. S. N.; Lieut. Walter J. Manion, U. S. N.; Naval Cadet George Blair, U. S. N.; Surgeon Oliver D. Norton, U. S. N.; Alan W. Wood, Harold J. Pratt, George D. Pratt, Theodore D. Buhl, Charles M. Schwab, Surgeon Frank Anderson, U. S. N.; Lieut. Charles F. Preston, U. S. N., and Surgeon P. M. Wheeler, U. S. N.

Manhasset Bay Y. C.

PORT WASHINGTON, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, July 19.

AFTER finishing the race at Larchmont, the Manhasset Bay raceabouts returned to Port Washington and sailed another race under the auspices of their own club over the inside course. Com. Stephen W. Roache's boat Lambkin, sailed by Mr. W. Swan, was the winner. The summary, start 3:40:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Lambkin, S. W. Roache	5 12 15	1 32 15
Firefly, Guy Standing	5 13 16	1 33 16
Arizona, George A. Corry	5 14 23	1 34 23
Mist, G. W. Alker	5 15 24	1 35 24

Atlantic Y. C. Cruise.

NEWPORT TO SEA GATE.

July 14, 15.

After arriving at Shelter Island on Wednesday, July 9, the fleet lay at anchor over the day following, so that the launch, gig and dinghy races could be held there on Thursday. On Friday the boats were to race from Shelter Island to Newport, but owing to the light breeze the fleet made slow time of it, being becalmed most of the way. The majority of the boats did not reach an anchorage in the harbor at Newport until late Friday night. Saturday and Sunday were devoted to putting the boats that were to race to Sea Gate, in the best possible shape for the contest.

Monday dawned clear with a light S.W. breeze stirring. The tug C. P. Raymond lay to the westward of Brenton Reef light vessel, which made the starting line. At 11 o'clock the starting signal was given and the topsail schooner Thistle, owned by Com. Tod, was first over the line. Thirty seconds after the gun the yawl Ailsa followed by the schooner Varuna. Next came Mira, and last, 15m. after the signal, came the schooner Endymion, her sailing master having made a mistake in the signal. The wind had increased in strength, and at this time was blowing about ten or twelve miles. The boats were to sail in cruising trim, and no light sails were carried. At the start all the boats were under lower sails and working topsails, with the exception of Mira, which craft was under lower sails only. Ailsa stood over under the Narragansett shore, while the rest of the boats held off shore. About half an hour after the start Varuna came about and going under Thistle's stern crossed ahead of Endymion and Mira. At this time Mira also tacked and stood over toward the shore in order to get into the smoother water.

Ailsa and Mira held along the Rhode Island shore as far as Point Judith, and they then took a long tack off shore going on the north side of Block Island. The rest of the boats went out to sea, going to the eastward of Block Island.

When near Montauk Point, just before night shut in, Ailsa broke down and withdrew from the race. She was picked up later and towed to City Island, where repairs will be made. About this time Mira also withdrew from the race. This left only three boats, Endymion, Varuna and Thistle.

The wind was blowing straight down the Long Island coast, making it a beat for the boats all the way, and the strong breeze had kicked up a big sea.

The night was an ideal one for the three big boats; there was a good moon, the weather was very clear and there was a strong breeze. In the early evening Varuna tacked and stood off shore, crossing Thistle's bows.

During the night the different boats lost sight of one another. Just before daybreak the wind had increased in strength and as it lightened up a little those on board Thistle could see that Varuna, which was to leeward of them, had lost her topsails, they having been blown to pieces. Shortly after 4 o'clock Varuna crossed under Thistle's stern, but when she was seen again two hours later she crossed Thistle's bows. At this time Endymion was made out several miles in the lead.

The wind continued to increase in strength and the boats were heading for Fire Island Light. Just before 9 o'clock the strain on Thistle's fore topgallant mast caused it to break, and it fell away to leeward. It was a big job clearing away the wreckage, and nearly two hours elapsed before everything had been snugged down in shape again. This accident greatly handicapped Thistle, as she was unable to carry her flying jib, and consequently Varuna immediately began to get away from her. At 10 o'clock Endymion was abeam of Fire Island Light, with Varuna some distance astern, and Thistle a mile behind Varuna.

Endymion drew away from her competitors fast on the beat from Fire Island Light Vessel to Sandy Hook Light Vessel, and after rounding the latter she eased sheets well off and raced up into the harbor. A thunderstorm broke as she was passing Roamer Beacon, and she was jogging along under reduced sail. Endymion beat up to the finish line and crossed at 3:21:05. The squall killed about all the wind and Varuna and Thistle made slow progress up the harbor. The wind finally freshened, and it reached Varuna first, and she finished nearly half an hour ahead of Thistle. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Endymion, E. A. Thompson	11 14 15	1 30 00	26 15 45
Varuna, F. F. Ames	11 01 30	3 21 05	28 19 35
Thistle, R. E. Tod	11 00 30	3 50 30	28 50 00
Ailsa, H. S. Redmond	11 01 00	Disabled.	
Mira, C. L. Poor	11 03 00	Withdrew.	

Endymion won in 26h. 30m. The second boat was Varuna. She covered the course in 28h. 21m. 5s. Thistle's time was 28h. 50m. 30s.

A close race was looked for between Ailsa and Endymion, and it was very unfortunate that the former broke down, for the weather conditions were much to her liking.

The showing made by Varuna was rather a remarkable one, for she was built twenty years ago, and her performance with two modern boats, both larger than herself, was greatly to her credit.

Had the wind been from a different quarter, Thistle would have undoubtedly done better, for windward work is not her best sailing point, as she cannot carry her topsails and get any benefit from them. She also had fifteen tons of ice and coal on board, which tended to make her rather logy.

Newport Special Thirties.

NEWPORT, R. I.

Monday, July 14.

The first race given by the Newport Y. R. A. for the 30-footers was sailed on Monday, July 14, in a strong S.W. wind and a rough sea.

The course was to leeward and return, the first leg being to Dyer's Island, and then a beat back to the finish line. Out of four starters two of the boats finished. Wawa carried away her spreaders soon after hauling on the wind and withdrew, Barbara being well behind at this time, also withdrew.

The boats got away in a bunch, but Carolina soon drew into the lead and rounded the outer mark 15s. ahead of Esperanza. The beat back to the finish line was an exciting one, both boats holding well over to the west shore. Carolina increased her lead on Esperanza slightly and finished a winner by 39s. The summary, start 3:17:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	5 25 42	2 08 42
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	5 26 21	2 09 21
Wawa, Reginald Brooks	Disabled.	
Barbara, Winthrop Rutherfurd	Withdrew.	

Tuesday, July 15.

The second race given under the auspices of the Newport Y. R. A. on Tuesday, July 15, proved to be the most interesting that the thirties have been in this year.

There was a two-reef breeze from the S.W., but the 30-footers swung all sail and carried it in good shape. The boats sailed over the Dyer's Island course, which made it a run up the bay and a beat back, same as yesterday.

Wawa was unlucky again, as she sprung her mast just before the start, and ran back to the harbor under her jib. The start was a very close one, Breeze having a shade the best of it. Soon after the start Esperanza pulled into the lead and continued to leave the rest, and rounded the mark nearly a minute ahead of the second boat. On the beat home Esperanza did still better, and finished a winner by 2m. 12s. The summary, start 3:27:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Esperanza, H. O. Hevemeyer, Jr.	5 36 21	2 09 21
Breeze, W. G. Roelker, Jr.	5 38 33	2 11 33
Asahi, Lloyd Warren	5 40 02	2 13 02
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	5 41 29	2 14 29
Barbara, Winthrop Rutherfurd	Withdrew.	

Wednesday, July 16.

The Newport Y. R. A. was fortunate enough to have good weather again for their third day's racing. The breeze was from the N.W., and blew with considerable strength. The course was across to Jamestown, a distance of two and one-half miles and return, sailed over twice.

Breeze was first over the starting line, but Asahi pulled into first place, and at the end of the first round was 9s. in the lead. On the second round on the windward work Breeze again worked into first place. She was first around the mark, and was fast getting away from the rest of the boats and looked like a sure winner, when an accident happened to her spinnaker. The sail was taken in and she was withdrawn from the race. The summary, start 3:18:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Asahi, Lloyd Warren	4 30 26	1 12 26
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	4 31 16	1 13 16
Barbara, W. Rutherfurd	4 31 51	1 13 51
Wawa, Reginald Brooks	4 32 04	1 14 04
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	4 34 29	1 16 29
Breeze, W. G. Roelker, Jr.	Withdrew.	

Thursday, July 17.

The 30-footers experienced all kinds of weather in the sweepstake race sailed on Thursday, July 17. At the start the atmosphere was clear, and the prospects seemed fair for a good race. Before the boats finished, however, a heavy squall was met, accompanied by rain, thunder and lightning.

The start was made from Brenton's Cove, and Breeze and Carolina got away slightly in the lead. The boats sailed over the Dyer's Island course. On the run to the first mark Esperanza soon left the rest of the fleet, and was 30s. ahead at the mark. The wind had increased and the boats had all they wanted. On the beat Esperanza increased her lead and finished a winner by 1m. 29s. The summary, start 3:30:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	5 45 19	2 15 19
Wawa, Reginald Brooks	5 46 48	2 16 48
Asahi, Lloyd Warren & W. S. Miller	5 47 22	2 17 22
Breeze, W. G. Roelker, Jr.	5 47 47	2 17 47
Barbara, Winthrop Rutherfurd	5 49 36	2 19 36
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	5 50 46	2 20 46

Friday, July 18.

The race sailed on Friday, July 18, was one of the closest of the season, the three leading boats crossing the finish line within eleven seconds of one another.

The wind blew fresh from the N.W., and the boats sailed twice over a triangular course, making the total distance covered about twelve miles.

At the end of the first round Asahi was in the lead, but on the second time around she was passed by both Esperanza and Wawa, the former finishing a winner 4s. ahead of Wawa, and 11s. ahead of Asahi. The summary, start 3:18:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	5 10 09	1 52 09
Wawa, Reginald Brooks	5 10 13	1 52 13
Asahi, Lloyd Warren & W. S. Miller	5 10 20	1 52 20
Barbara, Winthrop Rutherfurd	5 11 48	1 53 48

Saturday, July 19.

On Saturday, July 19, the 30-footers sailed twice over a windward and leeward course, two and one-half miles to each leg. The wind was light from the S.E. Barbara got into the lead soon after the start, and was never headed. She finished a winner by nearly 3m. The race was for a cup offered by Mr. Pembroke Jones. The summary, start 3:32:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Barbara, Winthrop Rutherfurd	5 00 07	1 28 07
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	5 03 03	1 31 03
Asahi, Warren & Miller	5 03 27	1 31 27
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	5 03 41	1 31 41
Wawa, Reginald Brooks	5 07 58	1 35 58

Winthrop Y. C.

WINTHROP, MASS.

Saturday, July 19.

The regular handicap class race of the Winthrop Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, July 19, but on account of the extremely light air there were fewer entries than usual. The summary:

21ft. Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mineola, C. L. Haskell	1 26 15	1 11 15
Grayling, D. G. Langland	1 11 21	1 11 21

18ft. Class.

Hector, A. W. Hubbard	1 08 26	1 06 26
Zetes, John A. McKee	1 08 15	1 08 15
Henrietta, J. A. McCloskey	1 20 35	1 10 35
Louise, W. D. Allen	1 13 16	1 13 16
Favorite, Fred Bird	1 19 00	1 15 00

15ft. Class.

Elf, W. I. Kelly	1 14 37	1 14 37
Caper, W. W. Colson	1 20 23	1 19 23

15ft. Juniors.

Flash, W. H. Myrick	1 08 03	1 08 03
Eva, L. B. Flinn	1 08 22	1 08 22
Virginia, W. H. Traiser	1 11 55	1 09 55

Eastern Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

Saturday, July 19.

An open race of the Eastern Y. C. was sailed off Marblehead on Saturday, July 19. As there were only three entries in the schooner classes, all sailed in the same class and received time allowance on their actual waterline length. There were two 35-footers in the seventh class sloops, Golden Rod, a Gardner & Cox scow, and Cossack, a cruising sloop designed by Crane. It was a fluky day all through, the wind holding true in neither direction nor force. Although there was not much prospect of a breeze at the starting hour, the yachts were sent away over the same course, the shortest of the club courses, twenty and one-quarter miles in length. Even this was a bit too long, for the best the big schooner Constellation could do over it was a little over five and a half hours. The breeze came from the N.E. at the start, and, between calms, it hauled as far as S.W. and backed again to N.E. At the finish a nice little breeze came in, just at a time when nobody cared whether it would blow or not.

Under the circumstances it was a most miserable day for a test of any of the classes. The feature of the race was the manner in which the 35ft. schooner Redskin hung to the 105-footer Constellation and the 75-footer Amorita. Her crew, composed almost entirely of amateurs, worked unceasingly to keep their boat in a leading position, and, as a matter of fact, she did lead the big fellows for almost two-thirds of the course. Redskin was first over the starting line, well clear of Amorita. Constellation was slow in getting to the line, and, on account of the light air and tide, came near fouling the flag mark. She was handicapped 1m. and 40s. Redskin led to the first leg in a drifting breeze. She tacked around the mark, while Amorita stood on and tacked to windward. Constellation tacked around the mark and followed Redskin. They got a little breeze until they were off Magnolia, when it left them, coming in again S.W. Constellation had pulled up on Redskin, but Amorita could not find the breeze and had lost all she gained by her tack. Redskin and Constellation were having it out, Constellation being unable to get by the little schooner, when the breeze again left them. It came in again N.E., when Constellation caught it first and turned the second mark in the lead. Redskin was a close second, while Amorita brought up in the rear. Constellation and Amorita set spinnakers on the run to the finish and both caught and passed Redskin. Redskin had no spinnaker, but her foresail was winged out and she held on well. If her fore and main sheets were trimmed a little more she would have done better. When near the finish her ballooner was unhooked about half-way up the luff and the foot poled out. This improvised spinnaker helped her. Although she finished last her time allowance gave her the race, and she deserved it.

In the seventh class sloops Golden Rod was first over the line and led throughout the race, but this was only what might have been expected. It is much to Mr. Morss' credit that he went out and raced Cossack when he knew that his chances of winning were very remote. The summary:

Schooners.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Redskin, Sturtevant Bros.	12 16 06	6 06 28	5 50 22	5 07 00
Amorita, T. M. McKee	12 18 46	6 04 26	5 45 40	5 32 05
Constellation, F. Skinner	12 20 00	5 59 47	5 39 47	5 39 47

Sloops.

Goldenrod, G. M. Bruce	12 30 42	6 10 05	5 41 05	5 41 05
Cossack, H. A. Morss	12 30 54	6 23 32	5 53 32	5 49 20

The judges were Henry Howard, H. H. Buck, H. D. Bennett and H. P. Benson.

City of Boston Open.

OFF CITY POINT.

Saturday, July 19.

The postponed races of the City of Boston for the classes which did not finish in the Fourth of July regatta were sailed off City Point on Saturday, July 19, in a very light N.E. breeze. Chloris, one of the Y. R. A. 21-footers, entered in the 25ft. class, and won easily. In the 18-footers there was a good race between Lobster and Wawenock. They were only a few seconds apart during the race, Lobster leading at the start, then Wawenock, and Lobster on the last leg to the finish. In the handicap class there were fourteen starters. Ida J. got the start, but the big cat Pilgrim soon went out into the lead and held it to the finish. The summary:

Class C.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Chloris, Cheney & Lanning	1 46 27	.. .. ..
Thordis, C. A. Heney	2 03 03	.. .. ..
Ideal, H. B. Wheeler	2 12 00	.. .. ..

Class T.

Lobster, C. J. Hendrie	1 44 44	.. .. ..
Wawenock, Coombs & Seymour	1 46 19	.. .. ..

Handicap Class.

Pilgrim, Joseph Turner	1 40 52	1 19 45
Owaissa, Walter Kelly	1 49 21	1 20 50
Eclipse, Jones & Crocker	1 43 03	1 21 16
Hustler, Whittemore & Robbins	1 48 56	1 22 14
Ida J., C. C. Collins	1 47 49	1 24 13
Marvel, Reed & Lincoln	1 58 13	1 31 49
Harriet, C. C. Durgin	2 00 25	1 34 10
Tacoma, John Ring	1 59 08	1 36 39
Silva	2 04 41	1 37 39
West Wind, H. C. Chase	2 13 18	1 38 01
Belcher Circle, W. A. Cross	2 12 40	1 41 20
Swirl, G. H. Dean	2 12 54	1 47 15
Lulu S., Bush & Sanford	2 14 57	1 50 09
Winona, D. T. Pinkham	2 14 37	1 52 50

Annisquam Y. C.

ANNISQUAM, MASS.

Saturday, July 19.

The second club race of the Annisquam Y. C. was sailed in Ipswich Bay on Saturday, July 19, in a light N.E. breeze. Three classes sailed and the dory class was the only one to fill. The summary:

First class.

	Elapsed.
Comforter, John Whitemore	2 27 00

Third Class.

Evelyn, D. H. Woodbury	2 20 48

Dory Class.

Ventus, I. Pevear	2 35 52
Pooh Bah, Finch	2 36 42
Clare	Withdrew.

Tarratine Y. C.

ISLESBORO, ME.

Saturday, July 19.

THE first race of the series of four to be held for a cup offered by Dr. Derby for the 21-footers, was held on Saturday, July 19, at 2:45 P. M. The first race of a like series for the 25-footers was started at 2:40 P. M., the prize being offered by William E. Scull, of Philadelphia.

The overcast sky and light airs of the morning gave little promise of a breeze in the afternoon and of any possibilities of a race. A large triangular course was laid out, to be sailed over once, the first leg bearing S.W. from the starting line, and being three miles distant, it being expected that whatever wind there was would come from the south'ard. Mr. Steele's steamer Laurita, which acted as judges' boat, took up her position on the line at 2:30 sharp, and found a brisk breeze blowing in from the S.W. that gave indications of holding for the afternoon. She fired the preliminary gun for the 25-footers at 2:35, and the final gun at 2:40. Chewink and Flirt were the only starters, and, after some pretty maneuvering crossed the line in the order named, Chewink having a good lead. They both went over on the port tack, and held along together for some time. Flirt seemed to like the conditions better, and began to slowly pick up on Chewink, weathering her and footing a slight bit faster. It was a pretty race, with little to choose, both boats appeared to be sailing on about even terms. When they flung over on the starboard tack Flirt established a lead and began to steadily increase it, until she rounded the windward mark at 3:11:00, Chewing following at 3:11:15. Both boats set their spinnakers to port and began one of the prettiest runs seen here for some time. Flirt held her lead until she unfortunately carried away some of her spinnaker gear and dropped part of the sail overboard. This brought her up into the wind and allowed Chewink to pass her. Flirt soon recovered her sail, got it set again and started off after Chewink. Again she had trouble with the sail, and it was this that cost her the race. Chewink had stolen a considerable lead and managed to get comfortably clear of Flirt's blanketing. She rounded the second mark ahead.

The next leg was a close reach home, a matter of only two miles, and was not long enough to allow Flirt to regain her lead. Chewink got her winning gun at 3:49:30 and Flirt crossed at 3:50:55.

Start, 2:40.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Chewink, W. E. Scull	3 49 30	1 09 30
Flirt, E. A. Bond	3 50 55	1 10 55

The raceabouts took their preliminary gun from the 25's start, and began scrapping for the choice of position on the windward end of the line. Opitsah made a beautiful start, crossing with the gun on the port tack, and was closely followed by Raider, who crossed her wake on the starboard tack, and headed in under the islands. Daydream, next over, followed Opitsah out into the bay in hopes of getting the benefit of the strong ebb tide. Persimmon kept close to Daydream, and Peterkin and Pirate, after holding on for a short time, flung about on to the starboard tack and followed Raider. Peterkin and Pirate had a short luffing match, which Peterkin got the best of and established a lead. Raider swung over to port tack and was forced by Peterkin, but after a few minutes' sailing had to ask for room on account of the rocks. Peterkin and Raider tacked almost together, and both crossed Pirate's bows.

The rest of the fleet was by this time standing in under the islands, having been greatly aided by the strong ebb tide out in the bay. All of them crossed the bows of Peterkin, Raider and Pirate and soon came about on the port tack. Persimmon had gotten a big lead and showed an immense liking for the conditions of light breeze and fairly choppy water. Daydream showed her usual windward abilities, but it was not blowing hard enough for her; she appeared a bit logy in comparison to her performances in a breeze of wind. Opitsah was doing very well, but could not prevent Peterkin from working out a lead on her. Raider was sailing wretchedly, not pointing within a point and a half of any of the other boats and moving in a perfectly lifeless sort of way. Pirate worked to windward of her and passed her with ease.

All the boats were near the windward mark, but there were no evidences of an exciting rounding. The fleet was pretty well strung out, Persimmon having a comfortable lead. She rounded at 3:20:00, followed by Daydream at 3:20:30, Peterkin at 3:21:08, Opitsah at 3:21:25, Pirate at 3:23:25 and Raider a poor last at 3:23:35.

All spinnakers were set to port, although they would have done better if set to starboard.

Opitsah luffed out to windward of Peterkin, blanketed her and passed her. She then began to gain a lot on Daydream, but not enough to pass her. Daydream blanketed Persimmon and shot ahead only to be again passed by Persimmon, who cleverly gybed and set the spinnaker to starboard. By doing this she blanketed Daydream and carried her sail on the side where it was doing by far the most work. Daydream attempted a gybe, but swung her boo mover on her spinnaker and carried its gear entirely away. This lost Daydream the race, for Persimmon shot ahead into a comfortable lead, which she maintained till the finish. The fleet rounded the second mark in the following order: Persimmon, Daydream, Opitsah, Peterkin, Pirate and Raider.

The reach home was pretty, all the boats except Raider and Pirate being well bunched. Opitsah gained considerably, but not enough to pass Daydream. Persimmon crossed the line in the pride of place at 3:57:15. The summary of times follows:

Start, 2:45.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Persimmon, E. Dodge	3 57 15	1 12 15
Daydream, J. W. Minturn	3 57 47	1 12 47
Opitsah, R. H. Daniels	3 58 28	1 13 28
Peterkin, Y. E. Kissell	4 00 40	1 15 40
Pirate, P. Metcalf	4 03 07	1 18 07
Raider, R. Derby	4 06 36	1 21 36

Persimmon won 11 points for the series; Daydream, 8; Opitsah, 5; Peterkin, 3; Pirate, 2, and Raider, 1.

Persimmon had a new set of Ratsey sails that worked beautifully and seemed to set better than any others in the fleet. Peterkin has her mast cut down and a wider headed mainsail put on. She did very well, considering it was the first time she had used her new sails.

RICHARD DERBY.

WEETAMOE.

Designed by Gardner & Cox. Owned by Henry F. Lippett. Photo by James Burton, New York.

Inter-Club Racing.

THE Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., which has been particularly active in years past in bringing about inter-club racing, has now succeeded in making an arrangement with the Beverly Y. C., of Monument Beach, Mass., by which a series of races will be held for the next three seasons. The boats representing the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. will be towed to Newport by Com. A. Curtiss James' flagship, Aloha. The Aloha will leave Oyster Bay on Aug. 2 and the races will be held on Aug. 4, 5 and 6.

The date of the series for 1902 has been arranged so as to correspond as nearly as possible to the date of the arrival of the New York Y. C. at Newport, so that those who are taking part in the races may also participate in the cruise to Marblehead.

The terms of the agreement, signed by Johnston de Forest, chairman of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Race Committee, and R. W. Emmons, 2d, chairman of the Beverly Regatta Committee, is as follows:

Agreement covering the match races between the 21ft. raceabouts of the Beverly Y. C. of Massachusetts and the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. of New York:

ARTICLE I.

The match shall be between yachts of the 21ft. raceabout class of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. and the 21ft. restricted class of the Beverly Y. C. Any yacht shall be eligible to compete which conforms to the rules of either club governing these classes now in force, or as such rules may hereafter be changed by the consent of the two clubs, and which is the bonafide property of a member or members in good standing in the club which it represents.

ARTICLE II.

The match shall consist of an annual series of races to be sailed each year for three successive years, or until one club has won two of the annual series. Each annual series shall consist of three races, and the match shall be awarded to the club whose representative yachts win two of the annual series.

ARTICLE III.

The system of scoring shall be that now in use by the Beverly Y. C. The scores by that system of the respective representative yachts of each club in any race shall be added together and the race awarded to the club making the highest total score in that race.

ARTICLE IV.

Each club shall be represented by three yachts in each race, except in the contingency provided for in this article. Should one or more yachts of either club be disabled before the starting of any race, a corresponding number of yachts shall be withdrawn by the other club; the yacht or yachts to be so withdrawn to be selected by the club withdrawing. At least ten days before the day set for the first race in each year, each club shall give in writing to the other the names of the yachts which it enters, the names of their owners, and a certificate by the official measurer of the club showing that the yachts conform to the rules as required by Article I. of this agreement.

ARTICLE V.

Should any ties result in any of the annual series, they shall be sailed off on a date to be settled by the committee.

ARTICLE VI.

The courses for the races shall be not less than eight and not over twelve miles in length, and for the first and third races in each year shall be to leeward or windward and return, and for the second race triangular. The start shall be "one gun," and shall be made between 1 and 4 o'clock P. M. each race day.

ARTICLE VII.

Each yacht shall be steered by a member of the club which it represents, and, except as herein modified, the racing rules of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. shall govern all races held pursuant to this agreement.

ARTICLE VIII.

Protests must be filed with the committee within twelve hours of the starting of the races.

ARTICLE IX.

The certificate required by paragraph 4 of Rule IX. of the Racing Rules may be filed with the committee at the close of the series if required, but the committee may dispense with all or any of the same in their discretion.

ARTICLE X.

No yacht shall be hauled out or laid on shore within the six days preceding the first race, or during the races of any series, except in case of accident for necessary repairs.

ARTICLE XI.

A committee to consist of one member from each club, and one other to be chosen by these two, shall have complete charge of the races, and their decision on the interpretation of this agreement and on all protests shall be final.

ARTICLE XII.

Each club shall subscribe $100 to be used for the purchase of a cup, to be held for a year by the club winning an annual series and to become the permanent property of the club winning the match.

ARTICLE XIII.

Each club shall bear one-half the expense of conducting the races in 1902, and in succeeding years the club in whose waters the annual series is sailed shall bear the whole expense.

ARTICLE XIV.

The series of 1902 shall be held at Newport, R. I., on Aug. 4, 5 and 6. In succeeding years the races shall be held in the home waters of the club which won the previous series, the dates to be mutually agreed upon.

South Boston Y. C.

OFF CITY POINT.

Saturday, July 19.

THE regular race for sailing tenders of the South Boston Y. C. was sailed off City Point on Saturday, July 19, in a very light air. The summary:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
E. Merrill	4 52 50	4 52 09
P. Wineman	5 07 39	4 52 39
T. O. French	4 58 40	4 52 40
W. Colson	4 53 09	4 52 09

The day was scheduled for Ladies' Day, and it was intended to cruise down the bay in the larger yachts, but on account of the lack of wind this had to be abandoned. A hop was held in the club house in the evening.

NEOLA.
Designed by Gardner & Cox. Owned by George M. Pynchon. Photo by James Burton, New York.

Comments on Proposed Restrictions of the Y. R. U. of the Great Lakes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your interesting summary of the report of the Rule Committee to the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes, on page 515 of your impression of June 28, shows that the main matter for discussion was the question whether a rating rule should be employed, or not—in the latter case the classes being subject to various restrictions.

Mr. Stephens, of New York, appears to have been the only expert who voted for a rating rule, all the others being in favor of restrictions, thinking that a better class of yacht would thereby be developed than under a rating rule.

The words "better class of yacht" no doubt means a better average yacht, and there can be little doubt that restrictions if settled with only a freer amount of common sense, are bound to produce a better average yacht than a rating rule. If, therefore, a good average and a strongly marked cousinship be the ideal, if all the yachts built for racing on the Great Lakes are to be very similar in speed and other capabilities, the restricted classes adopted will no doubt be the best means possible for producing same.

In my mind, however, the ideal of yacht racing is discovery, and this can only be attained by some very simple and untrammeled rating rule, such, for instance, as the Seawanhaka rule of 1882, and a multitude of yachts differing considerably.

The result of the racing then shows how speed can best be obtained under that rating rule, and important facts relative to speed soon become known. Racing under the length and sail area rules for about twenty years has certainly taught us a great deal in naval yacht architecture. Would we have made the same advance if in 1882 restrictions had been used instead of a rating rule? The answer is probably self-evident. If then we adopt restricted classes now the reason must be:

I. That we do not believe in the advantage of any further development—although the same be unknown to us, and may be of more startling importance than anything yet discovered; or

II. That we prefer one-design class racing to the worries and expense of the other.

THALASSA.

Beverly Y. C.

WING'S NECK, BUZZARD'S BAY.

Saturday, July 19.

THE club race of the Beverly Y. C. was sailed off Wing's Neck, Buzzard's Bay, on Saturday, July 19, in an extremely light easterly breeze. It was so light that it would be more properly termed a drifting match. Under the conditions it was no test of the boats. Arabian won in the 30-footers, Sylvia in the 21-footers, Vim in the fourth class cats and Krieker in the 15-footers. In the 21-footers only Sylvia and Barnacle rounded buoy 8, and so their times are given first in the summary. There was a misunderstanding in this class as to the course to be sailed, and this will be fixed up by the judges later. The summary:

Buzzard's Bay 30-footers.

	Elapsed.
Arabian, Robert Winsor	3 30 41
Praxilla, John Parkinson	3 35 52
Pontiac, J. A. Beebe	3 36 23
Young Miss, D. L. Whittemore	3 36 40
Zingara, E. M. Farnsworth	3 38 59
Gamecock, Louis Bacon	3 40 32
Mashnee, R. W. Emmons, Jr.	3 42 31
Notos, W. O. & C. H. Taylor, Jr.	3 44 38
Evelyn, John Hitchcock	3 47 13
Quakeress, W. F. Harrison	3 50 42
21-footers.	
Sylvia, D. S. Warren	3 57 33
Barnacle, W. E. C. Eustis	4 19 25
Terrapin, L. S. Dabney	3 33 05
Wyona, Howard Miller	3 44 05
Edith, Clark King	4 09 20
Arethusa, C. M. Baker	Withdrew.
Fourth Class Cats.	
Krieker, W. S. Jameson	3 09 19
Allison, Steward McLeod	3 12 15
Hod, H. B. Holmes	3 16 21
15-footers.	
Vim, F. Sargent	2 15 38
Go Bye, H. Stockton	2 15 53
Spider, H. B. Stone	2 17 28
Eaglet, R. Bacon	2 18 09
Ranzo, M. Richardson	2 22 59

Eastern Y. C. Open Race.

THE Regatta Committee of the Eastern Y. C. has announced that the annual open race will be sailed off Marblehead on Monday, Aug. 11, and that it will be open to yachts of the Eastern and New York yacht clubs. The New York Y. C. fleet will be in Marblehead on that day. The start will be made at 11. The following classes will be provided:

SCHOONERS.

First Class—All over 75ft. waterline.
Second Class—53ft. and not over 75ft.
Third Class—30ft. and not over 53ft.

HANDICAP SCHOONERS.

Class A—All over 53ft. waterline.
Class B—30ft. and not over 53ft.

SLOOPS.

First Class—All over 71ft. waterline.
Second Class—61ft. and not over 71ft.
Third Class—53ft. and not over 61ft.
Fourth Class—46ft. and not over 53ft.
Fifth Class—40ft. and not over 46ft.
Sixth Class—35ft. and not over 40ft.
Seventh Class—29ft. and not over 35ft.

HANDICAP SLOOPS.

Class A—All over 40ft.
Class B—29ft. and not over 40ft.

In each class there will be a first prize. If four or more yachts start in a class there will be a second prize, and if seven or more start a third prize will be given. Special prizes will be given to the Buzzard's Bay 30-footer making the fastest time in the seventh class sloops. In the racing classes the prizes will be silver and in the cruising classes they will be pewter.

The Puritan cup for the year will be awarded to the Eastern Y. C. yacht making the fastest time over the courses sailed by the larger yachts.

Entries in the racing classes must be received by the Regatta Committee in writing by 8 on the morning of the race. For the handicap classes entries must be received by 8 of the evening before the race.

Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, July 19.

THE Seawanhaka knockabouts sailed the fourth series race for the Centre Island cup on Saturday, July 19. The wind was strong from the N.E., and the boats sailed over the inside course. The boats that finished first and second—Wyntje and Lucille—were protested for fouling one of the marks. The summary, start 3:20:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wyntje, Colgate Hoyt, Jr.	5 49 46	2 29 46
Lucille, H. H. Landon	5 50 43	2 30 43
Marcia, Johnston De Forest	5 51 21	2 31 21
Gowan, G. G. Stewart	5 53 21	2 33 21
Nakodo, J. G. Sherman	5 53 30	2 33 30
Heron, F. R. Coudert, Jr.	5 54 24	2 34 24
Bobs, W. A. W. Stewart	6 04 45	3 44 45

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

On Tuesday afternoon, July 15, Mr. George M. Pynchon's new cutter, Neola, was dismasted in a vicious squall when off the Norwalk Islands on Long Island Sound. The yacht was returning from the New York Y. C. races at Newport to the owner's home at Belle Haven, Conn. The squall had been making for some time, and the canvas on the boat had been reduced to mainsail and jib. When the storm broke about 3 o'clock it was more severe than was expected, and after standing the strain for a short time, the mast finally gave way and the spars and gear fell off to leeward an don deck. Mr. Pynchon was accompanied by his wife and niece and Mr. Fred M. Hoyt, owner of the cutter Isolde. The ladies were below when the accident happened, and no one on deck was injured. After the wreckage was cleared away the yacht as towed into Greenwich, and was afterward taken to Shooter's Island, where a new mast was fitted. The squall was one of the worst ever experienced on the Sound, and for a time the wind reached a velocity of nearly sixty miles an hour.

The following sales have been made through Manning's Yacht Agency: The steam yacht Aria for Mr. John B. Rhoads, of New Bedford, Mass., to Mr. Edward H. Blake, of Bangor, Me.; the steam yacht Whisper for the estate of the late Thomas Manning to Mr. W. H. Burgess, of Oyster Bay, L. I. This agency has chartered the steam yacht Speranza to Mr. Charles H. Mellon, of Morristown, N. J., for Mr. Ogden D. Wilkinson, of Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. T. Jenkins Hains has purchased through the agency of Mr. A. J. McIntosh the 30ft. L.W.L. Burgess cutter Saracen.

The Herreshoff Mfg. Co. has built for Mr. Harold Vanderbilt a cruising sloop to take the place of the 25ft. waterline knockabout Alyce that he had last season. The boat is 34ft. on the waterline and has a pole mast rig. She has liberal freeboard and under a cabin house has a large amount of accommodation. The Vanderbilt boat is quite like Azor, a sloop turned out this spring by the Herreshoffs for Mr. J. Malcolm Forbes. Azor is 34ft. on the waterline, and 40ft. over all. She is a combination keel and centerboard boat. These boats are arranged on deck and below very much the same as the Beverly Y. C. one-design 30-footers.

Mr. Percy Chubb's yawl Vigilant will not be seen in the racing this summer, as her owner is to make an extended cruise in the yacht as far as Labrador. This is rather unfortunate for Ailsa, as she is now without a competitor.

The English schooner Elmina, owned by Mr. W. Exshaw, of Portsmouth, England, now on an American cruise, anchored off Bay Ridge on Friday, July 18. Elmina was designed and built by Messrs. Camper & Nicholson, at Gosport, in 1874. She is 128ft. over all, 25ft. breadth and 13ft. deep.

Mr. Charles F. Herreshoff, who was for some time head draughtsman at the Herreshoff Mfg. Co., Bristol, R. I., and who has recently been associated with Prof. Byles, of Glasgow, Scotland, has gone into partnership with Mr. T. D. Wells, and has opened an office at 11 Broadway, New York city. In addition to their professional work as naval architects and engineers, they will also do a yacht brokerage business.

The American yacht Uncle Sam, designed by Crowninshield, and which won the Kaiser's prize in the Kiel regattas, has been bought by the Kaiser himself from Mr. F. R. Riggs, of New York city.

Mr. Francis W. J. Hurst, one of the most prominent and oldest members of the New York Y. C., died at Mount Kisco, N. Y., on July 22. He was 62 years old.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

July 23-25.—Bay Ridge A. A. Co., Md.—J. R. Malone's eighth annual midsummer tournament; $200 added money; two days targets, one day live birds.

July 24.—Pottstown, Pa.—Opening shoot of the Shuler Gun Club on its new grounds; open to all.

July 24-25.—Ann Arbor, Mich.—Third tournament of the Michigan State Trapshooters' League, under auspices of the Ann Arbor Gun Club. Wm. Corson, Sec'y.

July 25.—Salem, O.—Salem Gun Club's tournament.

July 25-26.—East Alton, Ill.—Wann Gun Club's amateur tournament.

July 28-30.—Atlanta, Ga.—Peters Cartridge Company's tournament, under auspices of the Atlanta Gun Club.

July 29-31.—Newton, Ia.—Southeastern Iowa Shooting Association's third annual amateur tournament.

July 28-Aug. 2.—Atlanta, Ga.—Peters Cartridge Company's tournament.

Aug. 1-2.—Excelsior Springs, Mo.—Target tournament of the Excelsior Springs Gun Club. W. E. Templeton, Pres.

Aug. 2.—East Orange, N. J.—E. C. Medal contest for championship of New Jersey, between Neaf Apgar, holder, and Dr. W. L. Gardiner, challenger.

Aug. 2.—East Orange, N. J.—Dr. W. L. Gardiner's target shoot and succotash party, given to the Wanderers.

Aug. 4-5.—Moberly, Mo.—Inanimate target tournament for amateurs.

Aug. 5-8.—Asheville, N. C.—Tournament given by Col. J. T. Anthony and Maj. E. P. McKissick.

Aug. 6-7.—Lafayette, Ind.—Lafayette Gun Club's annual tournament.

Aug. 6-7.—Litchfield, Ill.—Amateur tournament of the Litchfield Pioneer Gun Club.

Aug. 6-7.—Marietta, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Columbian Gun Club. Chas. Bailey, Sec'y.

Aug. 7.—Leamington, Can.—Annual tournament of the Leamington Gun Club.

Aug. 12-13.—Olean, N. Y.—Two days' tournament of the Olean Gun Club; $30 added; open to all. B. D. Nobles, Sec'y.

Aug. 12-13.—Bowling Green, O.—Merchandise tournament of the Bowling Green Gun Club, for Wood county shooters.

Aug. 12-13.—Birmingham, Ala.—Third annual Alabama State target tournament, under the auspices of the Birmingham Gun Club. R. H. Baugh, Sec'y.

Aug. 13-14.—Brunswick, Me.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Brunswick Gun Club. L. C. Whitmore, Sec'y.

Aug. 14-15.—Greenville, Pa.—Alexander's annual target tournament.

Aug. 14-16.—Hamilton, Can.—Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association's tournament.

Aug. 14-15.—Vicksburg, Miss.—Mississippi and Louisiana Trapshooters' League target tournament. C. W. Walton, Sec'y, Natchez, Miss.

Aug. 20-21.—Kane, Pa.—Kane Sportsmen's Club's amateur target tournament.

Aug. 20-21.—Ossining, N. Y.—Two days' shoot of the Ossining Gun Club; first day handicap (100 targets, 14 to 21yds. rise, open to all) and R. I. clam bake; second day, regular programme.

Aug. 26-29.—Okoboji, Ia.—Amateur shooting tournament, under management of Messrs. C. W. Budd and E. C. Hinshaw.

Aug. 27-28.—Peru, Ind.—Peru Gun Club's sixth annual midsummer tournament, at Bass Lake. Frank Dunbar, Sec'y.

Aug. 27-28.—Haverhill, Mass.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Haverhill Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.

Aug. 27-28.—Ruffsdale, Pa.—Ruffsdale Rod and Gun Club's first annual two-day target tournament. Added money, $30. Rose system. Lloyd H. Ruff, Sec'y.

Aug. 29.—Pleasant Hill, Mo.—Sixth annual merchandise and sweepstake tourney. T. H. Cohron, Sec'y.

Sept. 1.—Battle Creek, Mich.—Amateur tournament of the Battle Creek Gun Club. M. E. Hensler, Sec'y.

Sept. 2-3.—Tiffin, O.—Second annual tournament of the Tiffin Gun Club; $75 added. L. D. Arndt, Sec'y.

Sept. 3-4.—Nappanee, Ind.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Nappanee Gun Club. B. B. Maust, Sec'y.

Sept. 3-5.—Richmond, Ind.—Handicap tournament of the Richmond, Ind., and College Corner, New Paris and Oxford, O., gun clubs.

Sept. 3-5.—Erie, Pa.—Erie City Rod and Gun Club's handicap tournament at targets. Open to all; $200 added. A. N. Aitken, Sec'y.

Sept. 4-5.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Open tournament of the Consolidated Sportsman's Association. Eber Rice, Sec'y.

Sept. 9-11.—Du Bois, Pa.—Three days' target tournament of the Du Bois Rod and Gun Club; added money, $200. L. S. Munch, Sec'y.

Sept. 9-12.—Battle Creek, Mich.—Tournament of the Indians; open to the world; $1,000 added. John Parker, Mgr.

Sept. 15-20.—Blue River Park, Kansas City, Mo.—Twenty-fifth tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. Targets and live birds. Paul Franke, Sec'y.

Sept. 16-17.—Nebraska City, Neb.—Tournament at Nebraska City.

Sept. 16-18.—Williamsport, Pa.—Tournament of the West Branch Rod and Gun Club.

Sept. 16-19.—Detroit, Mich.—John Parker's annual tournament.

Sept. 23-25.—Cincinnati, O.—Second annual handicap target tournament of the Cincinnati Gun Club. Charles F. Dreihs, Sec'y.

Sept. 29-30.—Lewistown, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Lewistown Gun Club. H. H. McComber, Sec'y.

Oct. 1-2.—Union City, Ind.—Parent Grove Gun Club's fall tournament. O. E. Fouts, Sec'y.

Oct. 1-2.—Allegheny, Pa.—Two-day target tournament of the Northside Gun Club; $100 added money. I. W. Morrow, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-8.—Greenville, O.—Handicap tournament of the Greenville Gun Club. H. A. McCaughey, Sec'y.

Oct. 15-16.—Springfield, O.—Springfield Gun Club's tournament. B. F. Downs, Capt.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's target shoot, every Saturday afternoon until October. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

First Saturday of each month for a year, Burnside.—Contest for the Troisdorf live-bird and target medals; 10 live birds; 25 targets; open to all. First contest, March 1.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Mr. Chris. Gottlieb, of Kansas City, Mo., writes us as follows: "The Excelsior Springs Gun Club will give a target tournament on Aug. 1 and 2. Traps will be open for practice on July 31. There will be ten 15-target events each day. Targets 1 cent each. Moneys to be divided Rose system. This is their first tournament venture, and they will endeavor to give everybody a good time. The waters of the famous Siloam, Sulpho Saline, and Regent Springs are world renown. The Wabash have seven trains daily from Kansas City to the springs; time, one hour and fifteen minutes; round trip, $1. The following well-known gentlemen will handicap you from 16 to 22yds.: Louis Erhardt, Atchison, Kans.; F. B. Cunningham, St. Joseph, Mo.; Frank Hodges, Olathe, Kans.; Harry Davis, Richmond, Mo.; Thos. Hearn, Kansas City, Mo. Ship your gun and shells to W. E. Templeton, president Excelsior Springs Gun Club. The Snapps tavern and Hotel Maple will be shooters' headquarters."

Dr. W. L. Gardiner made glad the hearts of the Wanderers, of which dignified body he is an illustrious member, by informing them at Freehold last week that he contemplated inviting them to a target and succotash carnival at his home in the Oranges, in the Republic of New Jersey, on Aug. 2. The Indian compote, the succotash, will be reinforced by other dishes and wholesome beverages, selected with an eye to quick fermentation and vivacious enjoyment.

The Interstate Association, through its able manager, Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, announces its programme for the trapshooting tournament given by it for the Brunswick (Me.) Gun Club, Aug. 13 and 14. Each day has a like programme, namely, ten events at 20 targets each, $2 entrance, alternately at known and unknown angles. Lunch and shells can be obtained on the grounds. Two sets of traps will be used. Targets, 2 cents. Rose system, ratios 5, 3, 2 and 1, will govern. Shooting will commence at 9 o'clock. Guns and ammunition forwarded to G. B. Webber, Brunswick, will be delivered on the shooting grounds free of charge. The Brunswick Gun Club will give $15, $10 and $5 to first, second and third high respectively, open to all who shoot the entire programme. The secretary, Mr. L. C. Whitmore will cheerfully furnish all pertinent information.

Mr. C. F. Lambert, of Haverhill, Mass., under date of July 19, writes us as follows: "Here is a quiet tip for those shooters who contemplate attending the Interstate Association tournament at Haverhill, Mass., Aug. 27-28: Don't limit your ammunition to the bare necessities of the programme, but bring an extra supply. The wingless bird may fly from other traps than the two sets from which the regular programme will be pulled off. Each of the committee has provided himself with a dark lantern, and is using it these nights looking for those two things most interesting to those who shoot, and are alive to the fact that the aforesaid 'things' consist of cash and merchandise. It is among the probabilities that an extra day's shooting may be added. If so, there will be an interstate, interclub and an individual handicap contest, with cash prizes for each."

Mr. Ed. Banks, the secretary of the organization mentioned, has sent out the following notice: "The Wanderers will meet on Saturday afternoon next, the 26th inst., on the grounds of the South Side Gun Club, Newark, N. J. The P. R. R. station at Emmett street, Newark, is five minutes' walk from the grounds; or Newark trolley (South Broad street line) two minutes' walk, getting off at terminus of the line. Please notify me by Thursday, the 24th, whether you will be in attendance or not. Dr. W. L. Gardiner, our treasurer, has kindly invited the Wanderers to a 'Succotash Party' at his home, East Orange, N. J., on Saturday afternoon, Aug. 2, on which date Dr. Gardiner will shoot a match with Mr. Neaf Apgar for the target championship of New Jersey."

At the Interstate tournament given for the Titusville, Pa., Gun Club, Mr. B. Leroy Woodard was high average for the first two days, by breaking 160 out of 170 on the first day and 163 out of 170 on the second day. On the third day Mr. J. S. Fanning was high with 163 out of 170, which tied Leroy for high average for the three days. Mr. Fanning was second on the first day with 157 out of 170, and tied for third on the second day with Mr. L. V. Byers. On the first day for third average, Messrs. A. H. Fox and H. D. Kirkover tied on 156 out of 170. On the second day for second average Messrs. J. F. Mallory and J. T. Atkinson tied on 146.

Mr. A. B. Richmond, of Grand Rapids, Mich., writes us as follows: "The Consolidated Sportsmen's Association of this city will hold a grand shooting tournament on Sept. 4 and 5, open to everybody. There will be between $300 and $500 added money. The club has one of the finest shooting grounds in the country, nicely located near the river, and no effort will be spared to make it most enjoyable for all. For full information and particulars address W. B. Jarvis, chairman executive committee, Grand Rapids, Mich."

After a two days' visit in New York, Mr. Frank Lawrence, on Monday of this week, returned to Pennsylvania, which territory he is caring for in the interest of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., of which he is a representative. He had been absent on a six weeks' trip, and reported gratifying success. Mr. Lawrence has been engaged in the sporting goods business for many years, and knows all its details from beginning to end.

On Thursday of this week the Shuler Gun Club, Pottstown, Pa., holds its annual shoot. A team shoot, four men to a team, is on the programme for 1:30 o'clock. Moneys divided by the percentage system. There are twelve events on the programme, at 10, 15, and 20 targets, entrance 50 cents, 75 cents, $1 and $1.50. Competition is open to all. Shooting commences at 9:30.

We acknowledge with pleasure the receipt of the following invitation: "The committee in charge of the trapshooting tournament, by permission of the president and directors of the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition Association, request the pleasure of your company to a supper at the grounds on Monday night, July 21, at 10 o'clock."

Interstate Park, L. I., the scene of some world-famous trapshooting contests, is now aswirl with horse racing activities. On Aug. 2 there is an opening meet of the members of the National Trotting Association, four races on the programme, namely, a free-for-all trot and pace, a 2:35 trot and pace, and a 3-minute trot and a running race for a silver cup. Later in the season target trapshooting will have special attention.

Mr. John S. Wright, manager of the Brooklyn Gun Club, announces an all-day shoot for July 30. He contemplates a programme of special interest to his select clientele. Competition commences at 10:30 sharp. As he always has something of practical value as an object of competition, his shoot is of the kind to keep in mind and attend.

In the 25-target handicap event of the Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club's shoot of July 19, Mr. J. Hitchcock, at 14yds., and Mr. H. W. Bissing, at 16yds., tied on 23 for the Terwilliger prize. In the shoot-off Mr. Hitchcock won by a score of 12 to 10 out of a possible 15.

The contest for the E. C. cup, emblematic of the championship of New Jersey, between Messrs. Neaf Apgar, holder, and Mr. W. S. Burtis, challenger, took place at Freehold, N. J., on Saturday of last week and was won by Mr. Apgar. The scores were 46 to 38.

Mr. T. M. Craig, of Sherbrooke, Can., defeated Mr. N. G. Bray in a contest for the individual championship Provincial trophy, July 12, by a score of 45 to 42. Each man shot at 50 targets, of which 20 were at known angles, 20 unknown angles, and 5 pairs.

The Wanderers and the Freehold Gun Club had a nine-man team race on the grounds of the latter on July 19, and the former won by a score of 187 to 184, each man shooting at 25 targets.

Mr. B. D. Nobles, secretary of the Olean, N. Y., Gun Club, writes us that his club will hold a two days' shoot Aug. 12 and 13. There will be $30 added money. Competition is open to all.

BERNARD WATERS.

Towson Gun Club.

TOWSON, Md., July 19.—The scores made at the first shoot of a series of three, between members of the Maryland Country Club and the Towson Gun Club, were in favor of the latter, 221 to 208. The conditions were 50 targets to each contestant. The scores:

Towson Club—C. Tracy 42, Geo. Marley 48, Brady 42, B. C. Marley 45, Geo. Tracy 44; total 221.

Maryland Country Club—J. Lassel 42, Richards 40, Hollander 44, Street 43, P. Lassel 39; total 208.

The next shoot will take place at the Maryland Country Club's grounds.

Dover Sportsmen's Association.

DOVER, N. H., July 19.—The scores made on the Dover Sportsmen's Association grounds to-day were as follows:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
F F Wentworth	84	65	Chesley	14	9
N C Wentworth	50	33	Meserve	30	14
St Evens	77	50	Tibbetts	10	2
Hallam	90	48			

The Duck Farm Shoot at Allentown.

THE John F. Weiler Gun Club, of Allentown, Pa., held its midsummer shoot at its grounds, near the Duck Farm, on Wednesday and Thursday of last week, July 16 and 17. On the first day there was quite a good attendance, but the heavy rain in the early morning of the 17th had its effect on the number of shooters gathered together on that day.

From out of town, representing the trade, were T. W. Morfey and F. E. Butler, of the U. M. C. Co.; T. H. Keller and Neaf Apgar, of the Peters Cartridge Co.; Edward Banks, of the American E. C. & Schultze Gunpowder Co.; Simon Glover, of New York; D. S. D., of South Bethlehem; C. E. Mink, Howard Ridge and Sanford, of Philadelphia; Fen. Cooper, of Mahanoy City, and W. N. Stroh, of Pittston, were among those who took part in the shooting.

The weather on the first day was all that could be desired, the air being cool and the sunshine quite enjoyable. On the second day things were different. It rained hard early in the day, and between 9 and 10 a thunderstorm of full growth took part in the proceedings. Before noon the sun came out, and the afternoon was close and muggy, myriads of black flies making things very unpleasant for shooters and onlookers. As, too, both traps worked exceedingly ill, the delays at the score, while the flies were busy were trying to even the most earnest disciple of Job in the bunch.

On the first day Glover was high, losing but 10 targets, while on the second day Apgar did the trick with the same number of losses, Glover losing 12. For the two days, Glover was high with 22 missed, C. F. Kramlich, the club's hard-working secretary, well earning second place by shooting consistently well under the most severe conditions. Mink took third place and Apgar fourth.

All the purses were divided under the Rose system, Mr. Gurnard looking after the cashier's office in a capable manner, assisted by Mr. Hausman. Scores of both days follow:

First Day, July 16.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20
Ed Banks	10	8	13	15	12	19	11	11	16	14	14	19
N Apgar	10	10	17	13	14	18	14	15	18	15	15	19
S Glover	10	8	19	15	15	20	15	14	20	14	15	20
D S D	9	8	17	14	12	17	13	11	18	11	15	19
T W Morfey	9	9	16	11	13	19	10	13	15	13	14	16
M H R	8	6	19	12	13	19	9	14	19	13	11	18
Stroh	7	9	15	13	10	15	15	11	17	13	14	15
Ritter	8	8	16	11	12	19	10	12	16	15	13	17
Murphy	8	9	15	13	11	15	12	9	12	7	8	16
Parker	7	7	18	12	11	17	14	12	19	13	..	..
Mink	10	10	18	14	13	20	14	14	20	14	13	20
Miller	7	6	17	14	12	16	13	12	19	11	13	..
Hahn	10	9	18	12	13	15	13	14	17	14	14	..
Acker	8	7	17	11	10	14	13	10	17	9	12	17
Butler	9	7	15	15	13	16	14	13	18	12	13	16
Brey	8	10	19	13	14	20	14	13	18	14	14	17
Rehrig	9	9	17	13	15	19	15	14	19	14	14	20
Graff	7	8	12	10	11	10	12	10	..	..	..	..
Kramlich	9	9	19	15	14	18	15	15	18	13	13	20
Cooper	..	..	20	13	12	18	15	14	19	14	13	17
Sanford	..	..	17	12	13	19	13	12	19	14	14	16
H Ridge	..	..	18	14	12	17	11	14	18	15	15	17
C F H	..	..	..	..	..	10	20	11	10	17	12	13
Burk	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..
T H Keller	..	..	10	13	12	18	..	..	..	..	..	..
J Weiler	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
J Burk	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Somers	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gillette	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..
Steckel	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..

Second Day, July 17.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	15	15	20	15	10	20	20	10	15	15	15	25
Ed Banks	11	11	17	14	9	17	18	7	10	15	14	22
N Apgar	15	14	18	15	10	18	19	8	15	14	15	24
Sim Glover	15	15	18	13	9	20	18	9	14	15	14	23
D S D	12	14	17	13	10	18	18	9	13	15	14	25
T W Morfey	14	14	17	13	8	20	16	9	11	10	13	20
Mink	13	14	19	13	9	20	17	10	14	14	15	24
Butler	14	14	17	13	7	16	19	9	12	11	12	20
F Cooper	14	15	20	14	10	19	19	10	..	..	..	..
Kramlich	15	14	19	15	10	17	16	10	15	14	15	24
T H Keller	10	9	18	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
M H R	..	..	17	14	9	18	19	3	11	..	..	..
George	..	..	12	8	4	9	10	4	6	..	..	..
Rehrig	..	15	19	15	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Acker	..	..	..	..	..	16	14	6	10	..	..	..
Miller	..	..	..	..	..	14	11	6	..	..	..	..
Showalter	..	..	..	..	..	17	16	..	..	..	..	..
Brey	..	..	..	..	..	15	16	..	..	..	..	..

Birch Brook Gun Club.

LYNN, Mass.—The Birch Brook Gun Club held its regular shoot on Saturday afternoon, July 19, and some good scores were made. Hilliard and his son Everett made 15, 10 and 7 each out of a total 35 in practice shooting. The rivalry is getting a little exciting, as several of the high men are not very far apart, but as the high ones maintain about the same average, the outcome may be pretty safely judged.

No. 1 was the medal; No. 2 the merchandise shoot. The handicap allowances in yards follow the names:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	30	50	10	15	15	15	10	10	10
Yelmah, 15	17	25	7	8	..	..	..	..	..
Hilliard, 20	27	42	7	8	14	15	10	7	..
Riley, 17	25	42	8	11	12	..	..	..	..
Rowe, 18	26	41	7	7	13	..	..	..	..
Straw, 16	26	43	6	11	..	..	..	..	..
Dudley, 16	19	27	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Everett, 19	26	40	..	..	..	15	10	7	..
Hastings, 17	21	31	..	..	..	12	7	7	6
Hebbard, 19	26	44	..	..	13	13	8	10	10
Rand, 17	19	34	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sabin, 16	17	30	..	..	..	..	..	..	8

HENRY ROOD, Secy.

Pahquisque—Danbury.

DANBURY, Conn., July 21.—We append herewith the scores of match between the Pahquisque Rod and Gun Club and the West Danbury Gun Club. This gives the Pahquisque Club the second match in the series for the Tasch challenge cup, winning by three shoots to one:

Cup shoot. There was a high wind and poor light:

R Hall	1000111111111011111110010—18
Stevens	1111111111110111111110111—23
Gardner	1111011101001101111110111—19
Gregory	0101110111011010111010101—16
Ottman	1000110100010000001001100— 8
Olmstead	1010011100100100000111100—11
Brown	0111011101111000110111100—16
Snell	1101000111011011000000010—11
Wilkins	0100011001110111000000010—10
Van Scoy	0011010101100010010001101—11

West Danbury Gun Club—R. Hall 18, Gardner 19, Ottman 8, Brown 16, Wilkins 10; total 71.

Pahquisque Club—Stevens 23, Gregory 16, Olmstead 11, Snell 11, Van Scoy 11; total 72.

C. W. STEVENS, Sec'y P. R. and G. C.

Baltimore Shooting Association.

BALTIMORE, Md., July 19.—The third trophy shoot of July was not strongly attended. The weather was hot. Capt. J. R. Malone made high score in the club race with 48 and 50, breaking his last 25 straight. Dr. H. E. Lupus was second with 47, W. R. Biddle third with 44.

Dr. Lupus now leads in Class A with 135 out of 150. In Class B J. W. Chew is first with 123. In Class C. C. E. Peters has the lead with 117. The handicap committee has decided to use the average system for the next handicap. This is the system which gave such general satisfaction on last Thursday at the Standard Club:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	10	15	H	50	Targets:	10	15	10	15	H	50
Peters	10	11	7	11	16	39	Lupus	6	14	..	..	18	47
Edwards	8	9	..	8	16	37	Malone	9	12	..	..	16	48
Biddle	5	9	6	12	14	44	Hart	8	13	9	10	16	43
Chew	6	13	9	15	16	43	Roberts	7	7	..	..	14	35

IN NEW JERSEY.

Emerald Gun Club.

The postponed May shoot of the Emerald Gun Club was held to-day, July 15, on Smith Brothers' grounds, Newark, N. J. Mr. W. Hassinger is a new member. The birds were a fair lot. The handicaps are distance and points:

W Corbet, 25, 5....0111*01022— 6
J Moore, 28, 6½...1011101021— 7
R Regan, 25, 6.....1111222022— 9
Dr O'Connell, 32, 7..1212222202— 9
F Kall, 28.....0111222001— 7
W Catton, 28, 7...0212111201— 8
J Henry, 28, 6.....1120110021— 7
R May, 28, 6.....110221200*— 6
A Hawes, 28.....1121022102— 8
H Koegle, 30, 7....2202122202— 8
J Fischer, 28, 6....1122121000— 7
Dr Hudson, 28, 7..1112111210— 9
T Short, 28, 7.....1220211222— 9
F Hansman, 25, 6..0111*1112— 8
W Hassinger, 30, 7.1122112121—10

Five birds: Koegle 4, Dr. O'Connell 5, Hansman 5, Dr. Hudson 4, R. May 3.

Freehold Gun Club.

Freehold, N. J., July 19.—The Freehold Gun Club held quite a successful shoot to-day, the event being marked by a strong attendance of "the Wanderers," some ten in number, most of whom shot through the entire programme. The weather was clear and warm and calm. The light in the midday hours was rather high, but in the late afternoon it was softer, and favorable for good scores. There were ten events on the programme, of which two were special contests, namely, the Championship of New Jersey, of which the E. C. cup is the emblem, between Messrs. Neaf Apgar and W. S. Burtis, and a nine-man team match between teams of the Wanderers and the Freehold Gun Club.

The grounds, situated at the edge of the town, are level, beautiful and, as to background, favorable for good work. The club contemplates building a new club house in the near future, on a plan in keeping with its greater scope and greater needs.

The visiting shooters were most courteously treated. The sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	15	10	10	20	30	15	15
Banks	12	13	10	8	20	29	13	10
Apgar	14	14	8	9	20	29	12	14
Glover	13	14	7	9	20	..	..	..
D S D	12	13	9	8	18	29	12	11
Morfey	15	12	6	7	16	25	14	10
Gardiner	13	11	8	9	18	23	14	12
Skelly	12	13	9	10	15	29	13	14
Waters	13	13	6	8	16	..	..	..
Dudley	13	13	8	9	17	29	14	12
Butler	13	11	7	9	17	19	9	14
W Danser, 1	10	14	5	6	15	23	13	13
Burtis	12	11	7	10	20	..	..	..
Muldoon, 1	11	14	10	..	17	24	14	12
J Laird, 5	..	..	7	..	..	22	..	..
Van Derveer, 0	..	..	6	9	16	25	13	12
Ewing	..	..	..	6	16	..	9	12
Ellis, 0	..	..	..	..	..	19	..	14
J T Laird, 4	..	..	..	..	..	30	..	..
W Walling, 6	..	..	..	..	..	30	..	..
Matthews, 2	..	..	..	..	..	28	9	..
S B Walling, 5	..	..	..	..	..	20	..	..
Hance, 0	..	..	..	..	..	25	..	..
Campbell, 2	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..
Ferriday	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..

No. 6 was the Freehold Gun Club handicap, the allowances following after the names of the contestants. The winners were: First, W. Walling; second, J. T. Laird; third, J. Matthews; fourth, Van Derveer.

The E. C. Cup Contest.

The New Jersey State championship contest, between Messrs. W. S. Burtis and Neaf Apgar, was the main event. It proved, however, to be an easy victory for the latter by a score of 46 to 38. The first 15 targets practically decided the contest, and at the end of the first 25, Mr. Apgar had scored 24, with 4 to the good, so that with such a lead there was no hope for his opponent.

Mr. Burtis' gun was pounding his cheek severely, which may account for the falling off in his form. The scores:

N Apgar.....1111111111111101111111111101111111111111111111111001—46
W S Burtis.....1111110110100101111111111101101111101110100111101l—38

The Wanderers—Freehold Team Race.

The nine-man team race proved to be quite close, the victors having but a narrow margin of superiority—that is, 3 targets, 187 to 184, out of a possible 225, or a little better than an average of 83 per cent. The scores:

The Wanderers' Team.

Banks .....1111101111111111111111111—24
Apgar .....1110111111111001101111111—22
Glover .....1101111111111111111111111—24
Morfey .....1110111111111001111100101—19
Gardiner .....1111101111011101110110110—19
Skelly .....1111110111111111110010111—21
Waters .....1111110111111101111101111—22
Dudley .....1110111111111101111111111—23
Butler .....0010000110111110111100101—14

Freehold Gun Club Team.

Hance .....1110110101101111111100011—18
Burtis .....0111110101011110101111110—18
Danser .....1111111110111111110011101—21
Ellis .....0011001111111111110011111—19
Van Derveer .....1011111111101111111101111—22
Matthews .....0101001110111101111111111—19
Muldoon .....0111111111111111111111011—23
Daudt .....1111111111111111111111111—25
Ewing .....1101101011101111011101l1—19—184

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., July 19.—The sweepstake events of the North River Gun Club's shoot are appended:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	25
Eickhoff	5	5	3	5	5	8	9	5	6	16
Merrill	5	6	8	6	5	5	1	5	6	11
Truax	7	7	7	8	5	3	8	7	8	10
Richter	9	9	4	9	6	5	8	7	7	19
Allison	5	6	7	6	4	6	6	5	5	11
Morrison	9	6	6	..	..	..	4	7	4	16
Johnson	..	..	0	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fred	..	..	..	3	3	2	2	..	..	6
Herrington	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..

For members only, 25 targets, handicap, for brass cleaning rod:

Eickhoff .....1100011100111111000110011—15+4—19
Morrison .....0100101111101110111010101l—16+4—20
Richter .....1111111110001100111101111—19+3—22
Merrill .....0101010100110101000001101—11+7—19
Truax .....0011100100000100100111010—10+3—13
Allison .....1111001010001110100000010—11+6—17

JAS. R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

Suffern Gun Club.

Paterson, N. J., July 20.—Ten members of the Jackson Park Gun Club, of Paterson, paid a visit to Suffern yesterday afternoon as the guests of the Suffern Gun Club. The latter had a delegation at the depot to meet us when we arrived. We were overdue in getting to Suffern, as our train was 45 minutes late on leaving Jersey City. We arrived at Suffern at about 3:15. We were escorted by the delegation to the grounds, about 300yds. from the depot, and down a steep embankment formed by the Erie railroad to the bottom of the Ramapo Valley, where are situated the grounds and club house. A large crowd was there to greet our coming. There was a squad shooting when we arrived, but they soon finished, and then followed a general introduction all around and a welcome hand extended to the Paterson boys. The visitors included Capt. Money, Count Lenone, Capt. John Powers, former game warden, Wm. Stalter, Garry Hopper, Ed. Morgan, Aaron Doty, G. W. Hopper, Wm. Dutcher, James McGuire and two other gentlemen.

While the boys were being made welcome the writer, Wm. Dutcher, made himself generally useful, and by the time the Paterson boys got ready, he had all their names down on a score pad and entrance money collected. Within ten minutes from the time we arrived at the grounds he had the first squad banging away to the wonderment of the crowd. He kept them at it at so fast a clip that after shooting at five events, all at 15 targets, the operator of the electric pull over the magautrap came to him and invited him to come and take some refreshments and something to eat. Then he told the writer that he was making it pretty hot work for the boys, as they were not used to such fast shooting. The crowd seemed to enjoy the lively work, and there was plenty of encouragement. All the while the writer was hustling things along he could hear the boys enjoying themselves on the inside of the club house.

They shot six events at 15 targets and one or two 10-target events, and then shells were nearly all gone. It was getting dark. At the request of the officers of the Suffern Gun Club, Capt. Money and Aaron Doty finished up the afternoon's sport with a 25-bird race, which was very interesting to spectators, ending with 21 for each man, a tie, and no more shells on hand.

The members of the Suffern Gun Club, whose names I failed to get, proposed three cheers and a tiger for the Paterson boys, and they were returned with interest by the Jackson Park Gun Club till the echo resounded between the hills where the grounds are situated. The Paterson boys extended an invitation to the Suffern boys to come to Paterson next Saturday, 26th, when they will hold a shoot, and enjoy an afternoon with us.

Capt. Money, and Doty after first event and Capt. Powers shot in pretty good form for a strange grounds. Reeves shot in fine form.

The writer was referee:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Count Lenone	13	8	9	9	8	10
Capt Money	14	13	13	11	14	12
A Doty	7	13	14	13	12	11
J Powers	12	11	10	10	11	12
G Hopper	6	6	11	6	8	5
G W Hopper	11	10	13	7	11	6
E W Morgan	13	9	5	10	8	9
Reeves	12	14	13	14	10	
Randolph	14	9	11	12	11	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Rehling	11	10	11	13	..	..
Gillette	6	10	..	11	8	..
Wm Stalter	11	8	13	10	10	12
Wanamaker	10	..	9	..	..	11
Hotaling	10	11	10	6	..	12
Becraft	8	11	11	13	6	..
Hicks	..	10	..	9	..	10
Preston	..	10	..	..	9	..
Christopher	..	..	8	..	8	.. 8

Match: Money 21, Doty 21.

WM. DUTCHER.

Jeanette Gun Club.

July 18.—The first shoot of the Jeannette Gun Club on its new grounds at Guttenburg was held to-day. Mr. Schortemeier (Job Lott) won Class A medal after a close race, which included a shoot-off on 13 birds. Steffens won the challenge medal. The scores:

F Ehlen, 28.....100*100222— 5
H Pape, 28.....12*1101022— 7
C Meyer, 28.....2111121221—10
C Steffens, 30.....1212112111—10
J H Kroeger, 28...0111110212— 8
C Intermann, 28...1111112122—10
C Meyerdiercks, 28.2011212101— 8
A Schumacher, 25.0012021012— 6
Job Lott, 30.....1222111112—10
H Gerdes, 25.....1021212222— 9
W Rohlfs, 28.....2111111111—10
J Hainhorst, 28....2121222122—10
C Thyssen, 25.....220*022222— 9
H Luhrmann, 25...0212122122— 9
H Lohden, 25.....1002200122— 6
R Mohrmann, 28..1021212*12— 8
C Koenig, 25.....00*1*21111— 6

Class A shoot-off:

Job Lott.....11212222122222
Intermann.....111111122121*
Meyer.....11111210
Rohlfs.....12220
Steffens.....20

Class B shoot-off:

Luhrman.....2
Gerdes.....0

Challenge medal, 15 birds:

Steffens, 30....2211212111*1122—14
Mohrmann, 28.1122211111102111—14

Shoot-off, miss-and-out:

Steffens.....212
Mohrmann.....220

Team race:

Capt Steffens.....11221—5
Intermann.....21221—5
Hainhorst.....*1011—3
Rohlfs.....11212—5
Meyerdiercks.....12101—4
Pape.....21222—5
Koenig.....10122—4
Pape, Jr.....10222—4—35
Capt Meyer.....12211—5
Kroeger.....10101—3
Mohrmann.....21211—5
Thyssen.....22221—5
Gerdes.....11110—4
Ehlen.....01122—4
Schoen.....01021—3
Schumacher.....02022—3—32

Ten-bird race, loser to pay for birds:

Pape, 30.....1212001122— 8
Thyssen, 25.....0022122001— 6
Rohlfs, 30.....2011*22021— 7
Hainhorst, 30.....1000212211— 7

WESTERN TRAPS.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 19.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the fifth trophy shoot of the second series. Notwithstanding the rain, which fell steadily until 2 o'clock, fifteen shooters put in an appearance for the trophy event. Dr. Meek carried off the honors of the day, breaking 24 in the main event, winning Class A trophy. P. McGowan did the trick for Class B, scoring 22, while J. Monighan captured the trinket in Class C on 14.

The day was a fairly good one for target shooting, except for being dark and gloomy. No wind, but abundance of water:

Twelfth trophy shoot, 25 targets:

J D Pollard.....0010101001001111010111110—14
C H Kehl.....0100000100101111100001100—10
L Thomas.....1111111110011111010111111—21
J. C. Kissack.....1010111010100010110001010—12
J McDonald.....1011111111111110100010111—20
J W Meek.....1111111111111111111101111—24
A McGowan.....0011001100010100001101010—10
P McGowan.....1111011110111111101111111—22
R S Leete.....0011011101100100001110111—14
T Eaton.....1111111110111101111111101—22
J. E. Dafter.....1001001001100001110111111—14
W Drinkwater.....1111101111111001001111010—18
A Hellman.....1111111111111011111011111—23
M G Eldred.....0001011001111000111110100—13
J Monighan.....0110101111011111001010000—14

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Pollard	6	5	10	7	9	..	..	..
Kehl	4	3	6	7	5	7	..	..
Thomas	5	9	6	8	9	8	6	..
Kissack	6	6	6	5	7	6	7	..
McDonald	5	7	5	3	6	..	..	..
Meek	10	10	8	10	8	8	10	10
A McGowan	6	8	5	..	9	9	..	..
P McGowan	9	8	7	8	..	..	10	..
R S Leete	8	7	9	10	8	..	..	..
Eaton	7	9	10	7	7	10	10	10
Dafter	..	5	6	8	..	..	..	..
Drinkwater	..	9	8	9	8	7	..	..
Hellman	..	7	8	7	9	10	..	..
Eldred	..	3	5	..	..	..	..	..
Monighan	..	4	4	1	2	6	..	..
Pollard	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

Tournament at Pleasant Hill.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The sixth annual merchandise and sweepstake (colored) tourney will take place at Pleasant Hill, Mo., Aug. 29. Our fifth shoot was to the negro race what the last G. A. H. was to the Anglo-Saxon one, as it brought together more colored shooters of the scatter gun than was ever known of before. This was due largely to the liberality of the manufacturers, aiding us in the encouragement of more trapshooting among our race.

We expect our coming shoot to surpass any previous one in every respect, as our programme will be more inviting than ever, and every colored lover of trapshooting should begin to prepare to make it a point to attend this shoot.

Owing to the death of the late E. R. Nuttall, of Ohiowa, Neb., holder of the colored championship cup, emblematic of the colored champion wing shot of the United States, it will be put up in open competition at this shoot.

Programmes will be out about the first of August, and can be obtained by addressing T. H. Cohron, Secretary, Box 345, Pleasant Hill, Mo.

Vicksburg Gun Club.

VICKSBURG, Miss.—The eighth annual shooting tournament of the Mississippi and Louisiana Trapshooters' League will be held under the auspices of the Vicksburg Gun Club at Vicksburg, Miss., Aug. 14 and 15 instead of former dates advertised. As will be remembered, the Vicksburg Gun Club gave a fine tournament last August, having in attendance over 100 trap shots. They expect to exceed that number this time. Their handsome catalague will be issued in the next ten days.

Reduced rail rates will be given to Vicksburg from all points. Shooters attending the Birmingham Gun Club tournament Aug. 12 and 13 can leave Birmingham the night of Aug. 13 over the Queen & Crescent route and arrive at Vicksburg by 7 A. M. Aug. 14. Any further information will be cheerfully furnished by J. J. Bradfield, secretary, Vicksburg, Miss.

Please note we have changed dates of our shoot to Aug. 14 and 15, instead of Aug. 19 and 20.

Algona Gun Club.

ALGONA, Ia., July 16.—The Algona Gun Club tournament was fairly well attended, twenty-eight taking part in the shooting. The weather was warm, with a strong south wind blowing directly in the faces of the shooters.

The programme called for twelve 15-target events, with $3 added to each event. The shooting was from one set of traps, Sergeant system. Gilbert was high man with 173; Budd and Konvalinka second with 168. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Total.	Av.
Mortenson	14	13	15	13	12	13	15	15	14	14	14	15	167	.927
Castle	5	7	10	12	15	12	14	13	14	10	..	..	...	....
Patch	15	13	13	13	12	12	14	15	10	14	13	14	158	.877
J G Smith	14	12	13	13	14	13	12	14	14	10	9	10	148	.822
Bastian	12	13	9	10	13	13	13	14	13	13	12	12	147	.811
Henshaw	12	12	11	13	12	13	15	11	14	14	14	14	155	.861
Klein	16	12	12	13	14	15	14	13	14	14	14	13	163	.905
Konvalinka	14	15	13	14	13	15	15	12	14	14	15	14	168	.933
Emerson	13	14	10	15	12	13	14	14	13	13	12	12	155	.861
Sunderstrum	11	14	14	10	13	11	11	15	13	11	10	15	148	.822
Budd	13	14	12	15	15	14	13	15	15	14	15	13	168	.933
Gilbert	15	15	14	15	14	13	15	15	14	14	15	14	173	.961
Moore	13	13	10	11	13	14	11	12	12	13	12	11	145	.805
Lampright	14	14	11	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
West	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Shoen	11	15	13	13	9	13	14	12	14	12	13	14	153	.850
Brown	12	13	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Cramer	3	6	5	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Nelson	6	11	9	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Loss	7	8	7	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
McIntyre	9	13	12	13	10	11	11	11	..	..	..	..	...	....
H Smith	15	13	14	12	12	13	9	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Hoon	10	13	15	14	14	14	..	13	13	14	15	12	...	....
Carver	11	8	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Wange	10	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Finkle	11	..	13	13	8	14	..	..	14	14	14	13	...	....
Drayton	11	14	15	12	12	13	..	15	12	12	11	10	...	....
H L Simmons	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	9	9	...	....

HAWKEYE.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., July 19.—There was a good turnout of shooters at the regular Saturday afternoon shoot of the Ossining Gun Club to-day. The main event, No. 6, was at 25 birds, distance handicap for the Terwilliger prize, a set of game carvers. H. W. Bissing, at 16yds., and J. Hitchcock, at 14yds., tied with 23 out of 25. In the shoot-off at 15 birds, Hitchcock broke 12 to Bissing's 10. The win was remarkable for the reason that Mr. Hitchcock has been on the sick list for some time, and has not nearly recovered his accustomed strength.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	25	25
W Fisher, 16	7	5	..	..	..	17	..
E D Garnsey, 15	6	3	..	..	6	19	..
D O'Connor, 16	8	8	7	6	..	15	..
R Kromer, Jr, 16	6	7	7	9	7	20	..
A Rohr, 14	7	..	..	..	..	13	..
W Clark, 16	7	7	5	9	9	16	..
E Ball, 16	..	6	7	..	..	16	..
J Hitchcock, 14	..	..	..	..	..	23	..
E N Garnsey, 0	..	5	3	7	4	..	..
C Barlow, 16	..	9	6	9	9	21	..
C Blandford, 18	..	..	9	8	8	20	24
A Bedell, 18	..	..	9	..	..	21	..
G Edgers, 14	..	..	..	..	..	19	..
A Betti, 18	..	..	..	8	8	21	21
H Hutchings, 0	..	..	..	6	6	..	..
W Coleman, 17	..	..	..	7	7	16	20
H Bissing, 16	..	..	..	10	..	23	18

C. G. B.

Provincial Championship Trophy.

SHERBROOKE, Que., July 19.—I inclose you a clipping from one of our city papers of July 12, and would like to publish that part of it referring to the Provincial championship trophy, as many of your subscribers know the contestants and are interested in the fate of the old cup:

"Considerable interest was manifested in the shooting at the grounds of the Sherbrooke Gun Club on July 12, as, in addition to the regular matches, there was a shoot between T. M. Craig and N. G. Bray for the individual championship Provincial trophy, held at present by the former. Last Saturday Craig again came out ahead with a score of 45 points. The conditions for this shoot are 50 birds, 20 at known angles, 20 at unknown angles, and 5 pairs. The scores were:

T M Craig.....16 20 9—45 N G Bray.....17 18 7—42

The scores in the other two matches were:

Robin Hood, 15 birds: C. H. Clark, 16yds., 14; J. B. Goodhue, 19yds., 14; Dr. Stockwell, 17yds., 13; N. G. Bray, 23yds., 13; T. M. Craig, 22yds., 13; C. G. Thompson, 22yds., 12. Clark and Goodhue tied, and in the shoot-off Clark won out with 11 to the latter's 10.

Club trophy, 15 birds: Dr. Stockwell, 16yds., 14; C. H. Clark, 16yds., 11; J. B. Goodhue, 19yds., 13; C. G. Thompson, 24yds., 11; T. M. Craig, 24yds., 10; N. G. Bray, 24yds., 9. C. H. Clark won second place in this match, as none of the scratch men are eligible for second place in this competition

Pawtuxet Gun Club.

PAWTUXET, R. I., July 12.—The first event was the tenth handicap for silver spoons. The second event was for the silver trophy representing the championship of Kent county:

Events:	1	2	Events:	1	2
Targets:	25	25	Targets:	25	25
W Stainton, 16	20	17	Sherman, 16	14	12
Armstrong, 18	16	19	Monteith, 14	12	13
Sheldon, 20	18	..	R Sheldon, 14	11	..
Inman, 16	19	16	Jordan, 16	12	7
Willis, 16	15	13	J Stainton, 16	6	..

July 19.—Event No. 1 was eleventh shoot in the handicap for sterling silver spoons. The next shoot will be the last of the series, and will be interesting. W. H. Sheldon, at 20yds., beat Dr. Inman by 2 targets only, who in turn led Armstrong by 1 target; then came Sherman, Willis and Stainton in a bunch with equal scores, followed by Ray Sheldon, the twelve-year-old, and Monteith in order. The last shoot may change positions somewhat.

Armstrong won the Kent county trophy again to-day; he seems to have a cinch on this.

The next shoot will be two weeks from to-day, as we postponed our regular shoot to allow the boys to see the Interstate team match at Providence next Saturday:

Events:	1	2	Events:	1	2
Targets:	25	25	Targets:	25	25
Willis, 16	21	13	R Sheldon, 14	15	..
Inman, 16	21	19	Monteith, 14	15	14
Sherman, 16	20	20	Perkins, 14	13	..
Armstrong, 18	19	22	Stainton, 16	19	18
Sheldon, 20	19	19			

KENT.

Metropolitan Gun Club.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., July 13.—Besides the regular monthly trophy shoot of the Metropolitan Gun Club, two teams were chosen from the members present, and shot a match at 25 targets per man, losing side to pay for supper. Scores as below:

No. 1 Team—Zim 24, Arnold 23, R. Conser 19, Stout 17, Brown 16, Moore 15, Loderhose 14, Toole 11, Downs 5; total 144.

No. 2 Team—Cunningham 24, Brinson 21, Libbe 20, Netherton 20, Chandlee 22, Kite 21, H. Conser 17, Walker 13, Padfield 3; total 161.

Trophy shoot: Cunningham (1) 22, Zim (1) 24, R. Conser (5) 25, Stout (5) 22, Libbe (5) 25, Brinson (4) 25, Chandlee (9) 25, Walker (9) 25, Loderhose (9) 23, Toole (6) 19, Brown (8) 24, Moore (10) 25.

Tie first shoot-off: Conser (5) 24, Moore (10) 24, Libbe (5) 25, Chandlee (9) 25, Walker (9) 25.

Tie second shoot-off: Libbe (5) 25, Chandlee (9) 25, Walker (9) 21.

Tie third shoot-off: Libbe (5) 24, Chandlee (9) 25.

Raleigh Gun Club.

RALEIGH, N. C., July 17.—The regular shoot held to-day was poorly attended, owing to absence from the city of several members who rarely ever fail to attend. Capt. Ben Eick was a visitor to-day. We enjoyed his visit, and trust to see him represent Dupont in this territory for years to come. His Winchester was out of repairs, so he used a double barrel. Not being accustomed to the gun, his percentage was not up to his usual score. The scores follow, each shooting at 50 targets: Johnson 44, Eick 42, Crowder 36, Ferrall 36.

R. T. GOWAN, Sec'y.

Boston Gun Club.

Boston, July 9.—The Boston Gun Club's ninth serial shoot was held on their grounds at Wellington to-day, and just an even dozen shooters were present to do justice to a delightful day. Straights were few and far between, Leroy being the only lucky one in the bunch, securing one from the 21yd. mark, and the other from the 16yd. mark. In the prize match Frank and Spencer were the real thing, and occupied first position with 19, both handicapped at 18yds. Leroy took care of second position with his lowest score of present series, but it did no harm to his standing, as he still has a clear lead of 8 birds over his next competitor.

Other scores as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	10	5p	10	15	5p	10	15	5p	15	25
Leroy, 21	7	10	7	8	8	7	10	..	..	..	..
Frank, 18	8	7	6	8	12	7	9	12	4	10	21
Barry, 16	4	7	6	7	8	7	7	..	..	..	..
Prior, 16	5	3	4	1	9	0	3	..	..	..	..
Lund, 16	3	4	3	8	7	1	..	..	..	..	..
Hawkins, 16	6	5	6	5	11	5	..	..	..	..	..
M E, 16	5	2	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W K, 16	7	6	3	2	7	4	..	..	..	..	..
Whittle, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	2	..	..
Spencer, 18	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	12	7	10	22
Fred, 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	..	..	..
Henry, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..

Nos. 1, 3, 4, 6, 7, 9, 10 and 11, magautrap; Nos. 2, 5 and 8, Sergeant system.

Merchandise match, 25 targets, 15 Sergeant, 5 pairs magautrap:

Frank, 18	111111101001111	11 11 01 11 00—19
Spencer, 19	101111011011111	10 00 11 11 11—19
Leroy, 21	100011011101011	10 10 10 11 11—16
Hawkins, 16	111110101011011	11 10 10 00 01—16
Barry, 16	111100110010100	10 01 11 11 10—15
W K, 16	001101011010001	11 00 10 10 00—11
Prior, 16	001010100001010	00 00 00 00 00— 9
Lund, 16	001110100100101	00 00 00 00 00— 8

July 16.—The final shoot of the Boston Gun Club was held on their grounds at Wellington to-day, and though the difficulties encountered were more than the usual, there was just as much good time connected with the affair as any one of the year.

Through a mistake, the haymakers had taken possession of the field in front of the traps, which necessitated our shifting our whole location, which was done in a short time, and things were moving with the usual hum, though not as convenient as is the usual case.

Much merriment was secured watching the ineffectual efforts of the contestants to break them all, and when scores were announced, the smallness of them was, to say the least, extremely laughable.

With all the faults, there never was any shoot enjoyed more than this one, and if it is a necessity we will see that conditions are similar on some future dates. In the prize match of to-day Frank easily led with 19, followed by Spencer with 17. In the serial match, five scores out of ten to count, Leroy captured first honors, having the excellent total of 108. Second postion was taken care of by Woodruff with 98; Frank, third, 95; Bullard, feurth, 95; Barry, fifth, 94; Spencer, sixth, 93; Hawkins, seventh, 87; Kirkwood brothers, eighth, 85.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	10	10	5p	15	5p	10	10	15	5p	10
Frank	7	7	9	7	13	7	9	6	12	7	..
Bullard	6	7	6	7	9	7	4	..	..	..	..
Barry	7	5	6	6	12	4	4	0	11	..	..
Lund	3	4	5	3	7	1	2	1	8	..	..
Retwood	2	..	4	2	2	..	..	..	..	..	..
M E	1	3	2	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kirkwood	8	5	8	5	9	2	6	4	..	8	..
Muldown	..	..	3	..	10	4	3	6	8	2	..
Powers	..	..	..	..	6	..	6	4	..	..	..
Spencer	..	..	..	..	..	5	8	8	14	3	7
Frederick	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7
Henry	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6

Merchandise match, 15 singles, and 5 pairs; distance handicap:

Frank, 18	111111011111110	11 11 01 10 01—20
Spencer, 18	111111111111110	10 00 10 01 00—17
Bullard, 17	110101101010110	01 10 11 01 11—16
Barry, 16	111101111111010	00 00 11 10 10—16
Muldown, 16	010011011111110	00 11 00 00 11—14
Lund, 16	001001100101101	00 00 00 00 10— 8
Kirkwood, 18	110010011111001	10 00 00 00 10—11

Winners of serial prize match, five best scores out of ten to count:

						Total.
Leroy, 21	23	22	22	21	20	108
Woodruff, 17	23	21	18	18	18	98
Frank, 18	21	20	19	18	17	95
Bullard, 17	21	20	19	18	17	95
Barry, 16	22	20	19	17	16	94
Spencer, 18	19	19	19	19	17	93
Hawkins, 16	20	19	17	16	15	87
Kirkwood, 18	19	19	19	17	11	85

University of Virginia Shoot.

Charlottesville, Va., July 18.—The scores made at our merchandise shoot here July 15-16 are appended. George shot a blue streak, making an average of 95 per cent. in regular events during first day, running 45 straight, capturing both the $5 gold pieces given for best average and longest runs open to amateurs only. His average for the two days, regular events was 88½ per cent. Regular events and the two special handicap events he made 86 2-3 per cent. His long run also captured the $5 gold piece offered for longest run, open to experts as well as to amateurs.

Bruffey made 92½ per cent. first day in regular events, 90½ in the two days' shoot, regular and handicap events counted, tieing with Eick for $5 gold piece for best average open to experts and amateurs.

G. L. Bruffey won the Winchester shotgun in the handicap event on the score of 24 out of 25 at 20yds., and E. W. Bruffey and Warren tied on 24 out of 25 same event, second day, and divided. Former was at 16yds., and latter at 17yds. Capt. Eick ran our shoot for us in the best manner without a hitch, for which our club is under obligation to his house, Dupont Powder Company.

	First Day.								Second Day.							
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
F Stearns	10	15	14	14	14	13	15	15	9	11	9	12	13	12	11	10
Du Bray	13	13	12	12	12	12	14	13	10	10	13	14	12	11	12	10
Tignor	11	14	12	10	7	11	11	13	12	11	14	11	13	12	11	12
Buckner	10	11	9	9	10	10	10	10	8	9	10	10	8	12	7	12
T Stearns	12	14	11	12	12	13	15	13	11	11	12	9	11	11	14	11
Hammond	13	14	13	11	14	12	15	13	14	14	13	14	12	12	13	15
Purdie	13	15	13	13	14	12	14	12	15	12	12	13	13	15	10	11
Warren	8	13	12	9	11	14	12	13	12	12	11	9	7	14	13	13
Atkison	7	9	9	9	7	11	9	11	10	12	6	9	..	9	9	6
Lipop	14	14	13	14	12	9	9	14	8	14	14	12	13	11	11	12
Meeks	13	14	11	10	12	13	14	13	11	14	13	13	11	14	13	11
Baskerville	12	11	11	11	7	13	9	12	11	11	14	13	12	14	13	11
E W Bruffey	12	10	13	14	13	13	15	13	12	14	12	11	11	13	11	14
Sproul	14	6	10	10	10	10	9	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Eick	13	15	14	15	14	14	13	14	13	15	14	13	13	13	14	13
G L Bruffey	13	13	14	14	14	14	15	14	14	14	14	13	14	13	13	14
George	14	14	15	14	13	14	15	15	13	13	11	12	14	11	13	11
Marshall	14	13	12	14	10	10	14	13	9	10	12	11	5	10	7	10
Snow	10	14	11	11	12	13	11	12	14	13	10	10	12	12	12	12
Kiracofe	13	13	14	14	12	13	13	12	11	14	13	10	12	13	13	13
Sillings	14	14	10	13	11	14	14	11	..	13	9	12	12	13	12	14
Smith	9	9	13	11	11	12	11	11	6	11	10	10	10	9	7	10
McDaniel	12	12	12	15	11	12	15	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wayman	11	11	14	14	11	12	13	13	8	11	12	..	..	..	..	..
L D Thomas	11	11	11	10	11	13	12	14	11	12	11	12	8	8	10	10
Johnson	13	13	11	6	6	7	13	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cochran	11	11	9	9	11	13	7	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Link	12	12	7	12	13	12	13	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dennis	12	14	13	11	12	12	10	..	11	10	9	..	..	..	..	..
Scott	15	13	12	13	10	13	14	15	9	11	9	10	11	14	13	12
Taylor	11	11	10	12	10	11	13	11	12	10	9	8	13	9	8	10
Randolph	..	..	..	..	12	7	9	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hawthorn	..	..	..	..	12	7	10	11	9	9	5	..	10	6	9	..
Walker	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Keller	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Peyton	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Irvine	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gorr	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Neese	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Craig	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Coyner	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

Special handicap event for Winchester gun, first day:

G Bruffey, 20	1111111111111111111111101—24
Kiracofe, 20	1111111110111111111111011—23
Sillings, 19	1110111111111111110111111—23
T Stearns, 18	1101111111111111111110011—22
Warren, 17	1111101111111111110111011—22
Meeks, 16	1111111111111011111111110—23
George, 20	1111011111111111111011110—22
F Stearns, 20	1110111111111000111111111—21
Eick, 20	1111111111111111111001100—21
Baskerville, 16	1111111111110111011001111—21
Purdie, 20	1011111111111010111011101—20
Wayman, 19	0111111111001111010111111—20
Lipop, 18	1011111001111010111111111—20
E Bruffey, 17	0111111001110111101111111—20
Snow, 17	1111101111001101111110111—20
Thomas, 17	1011111011111110010111101—19
Tignor, 16	1011110011111101011111011—19
McDaniel, 19	0111111101100101111111010—18
Du Bray, 18	1100011111011111100110111—18
Marshall, 18	1110111101110110111110100—18
Hammond, 20	1101111110110101101010101—17
Scott, 19	1111111011011000101011110—17
Dennis, 16	1110111100011100110101110—16
Buckner, 16	1001010011111100100100011—13
Atkison, 14	100111110w
Sproul, 14	100110w
Smith, 14	110010w
Johnson, 14	011101w
Hawthorne, 14	111000w
Second Day:	
E Bruffey, 16	1111111111111111111111101—24
Warren, 17	1111111111111111101111111—24
Eick, 20	1101111111111111101111111—23
Meeks, 16	1111011111101111101111111—22
Tignor, 16	1111111111101100111111111—22
Snow, 17	0110111110011111111111111—21
Baskerville, 17	1111110010111110111111111—21
Sillings, 18	1011110001111111111111111—21
T Stearns, 18	1111101101100111101111111—20
Thomas, 17	1010011011111010111111111—19
Lipop, 18	1111101010110110011111111—19
G Bruffey, 20	1100101111111001111111101—19
Hammond, 20	0111010111111011111100101—18
Du Bray, 18	1110001101011111101101110—17
Purdie, 20	1100110110111011011110101—17
Kiracofe, 20	1011101110011010100111111—17
George, 20	1100000111111111111100011—17
F Stearns, 20	1001010101010100011110100—13

G. L. Bruffey.

Interstate Tournament at Titusville.

Titusville, Pa., July 19.—The Interstate Association tournament given at Titusville, Pa., July 16, 17 and 18, under the auspices of the Titusville Gun Club, was a decided success in every particular.

The Titusville Gun Club is a comparatively new organization. It was organized in October, 1900, and has grown steadily in membership since that time. The shooting grounds are situated a mile west of the city limits, within easy access, being but fifteen minutes' ride by the electric cars. The location of the grounds is one of the most picturesque spots along beautiful Oil Creek, and a first glimpse of it never fails to elicit the admiration of visitors. A background of trees and shade, not too dark for good shooting, presents to the sportsman a picture that arouses his enthusiasm for the beauties of nature. Last year a cozy and convenient club house was erected on the grounds for the accommodation of the gun club and visiting sportsmen. It is neat, commodious and comfortable. The membership is composed of representative citizens of the town, among them many of the most successful business and professional men. They are noted for their hospitality and every visiting sportsman declares they are royal good fellows.

The officers of the club are: Mr. C. F. Emerson, President; Dr. Hugh Jamison, Vice-President; Mr. T. L. Andrews, Secretary; Mr. Sol Mayer, Treasurer, and Mr. W. W. Kellog, Captain.

The opening day of the tournament was replete with interest. The weather could not have been better, with the possible exception of a breeze, which blew rather strong from the west at times. At the No. 2 set of traps, situated at the south side of the grounds, the targets were particularly erratic at times. When hard right-quarterers started over the gravel bank, the brisk wind coming down the creek would raise them several feel almost instantly, and he was a fortunate gunner who hit one of them.

In the day's shooting Leroy carried off first honors by breaking 160 out of a total of 170. J. S. Fanning was second with 157, and A. H. Fox and H. D. Kirkover, Jr., tied for third with 156.

One of the stellar attractions of the day was the Mallory brothers' squad. In the day's shooting they were inside the money in about every event, and always attracted an audience. In the evening they entertained the visiting sportsmen by taking them around the city in their automobiles, each of the brothers coming to the tournament with one of these machines.

The second day of the tournament was ushered in with a wind that started at about twenty-five miles an hour and increased to a gale before 10 o'clock. The shooting began at a few minutes before 10, and all the regular events were concluded by 2 o'clock. Several practice events were indulged in for the benefit of spectators who arrivd too late to see the work of the experts.

The attendance was not so large as on Wednesday, but there were as many shooters on the grounds, not all of whom were willing to risk their reputations and money in such windy weather. Considering the weather, the shooting was excellent. The shooting of Leroy, losing but 17 targets out of 170, may be considered remarkable. He was again high gun for the day. J. F. Mallory and J. T. Atkinson tied for second honors with 146. Third place was also a tie between J. S. Fanning and L. V. Byers, each having 143 to his credit.

The closing day of the tournament was an ideal one for making high scores, and Fanning succeeded in putting up the fine score of 163 out of 170, tieing Leroy for first general average for the three days of the tournament. The attendance was rather light, and the shooting was rushed through in order that the visitors could get away on early trains.

The scores of the three days follow:

July 16, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total
Targets:	15	15	15	20	15	25	15	20	15	15	Broke.
F E Mallory	14	13	11	16	14	21	14	19	13	13	148
S T Mallory	12	10	12	18	9	24	15	18	13	13	144
Dade	13	15	14	17	12	21	11	18	12	13	146
L E Mallory	12	13	11	16	14	22	12	18	13	14	145
J F Mallory	11	15	14	17	13	21	11	18	13	13	146
J Hull	14	13	13	16	9	21	10	16	12	8	132
L J Squier	11	13	13	16	11	23	15	18	15	14	149
J S Fanning	14	14	14	19	14	23	14	17	14	14	157
H D Kirkover	14	11	13	20	14	24	14	18	14	14	156
Moore	11	14	14	13	13	18	11	13	13	13	133
Alexander	7	8	9	14	6	19	10	11	9	6	99
Geo Cochran	13	14	15	17	12	22	14	18	14	14	153
J T Atkinson	11	14	14	18	15	23	13	17	15	13	153
L V Byer	10	12	12	16	15	23	15	20	13	14	149
T L Andrews	14	9	13	17	13	19	14	15	12	12	138
J T Graff	9	13	12	13	12	21	11	17	7	12	127
H North	13	14	15	14	14	22	14	17	13	15	152
F S Bates	9	12	12	17	13	21	14	16	13	12	139
Chlay	13	13	11	19	14	16	10	17	11	13	137
Riblet	12	11	10	17	12	21	14	16	13	11	137
Sizer	13	12	15	14	13	14	11	13	13	10	128
Millin	12	12	12	13	15	20	14	16	15	12	141
Nithrow	9	9	13	15	13	23	12	17	8	6	125
Williams	12	13	12	16	11	22	13	18	12	12	141
Bilsing	14	10	11	12	14	21	13	17	12	13	137
A H Fox	15	15	14	16	14	23	12	20	12	14	156
Lynch	11	12	14	..	..	..	10	..	11	12	70
Sheldon	11	10	13	10	..	17	13	14	11	12	111
Dinsmore	11	..	11	..	10	16	..	14	11	10	83
Guinzburg	..	9	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	24
Leroy	14	14	15	19	14	24	14	17	14	15	160
Jordan	10	12	14	16	13	22	12	16	12	11	138
Carnahan	10	11	9	16	13	15	12	12	11	12	121
Peebles	..	..	..	16	..	16	..	..	..	..	32
Jessop	..	..	..	18	14	15	14	17	10	9	97
Donely	..	..	..	..	10	18	10	13	10	12	73
Althop	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	10
Schwartz	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	9
Hall	..	..	..	..	8	14	10	11	6	8	57
Kellog	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	13	23
Brown	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	8	17
McLouth	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	9	19
Mayer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	10	20

July 17, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total
Targets:	15	15	15	20	15	25	15	20	15	15	Broke.
F E Mallory	12	11	12	15	13	21	12	15	14	13	138
S T Mallory	10	9	11	18	12	19	15	13	13	13	133
Dade	14	13	12	16	9	19	12	14	12	10	131
J F Mallory	13	13	12	16	12	21	11	19	15	14	146
L E Mallory	13	9	10	16	11	22	14	14	11	14	134
J R Hull	11	11	13	14	12	17	12	11	12	10	123
L J Squier	11	12	10	16	9	21	12	17	10	11	129
Leroy	12	14	14	19	15	22	14	16	13	14	153
J S Fanning	14	15	11	18	10	20	11	15	15	14	143
Moore	12	12	13	16	11	16	10	13	13	14	130
H D Kirkover, Jr	11	14	10	15	12	18	11	17	11	13	132
Bilsing	12	10	11	14	9	16	8	11	11	9	111
Cochran	9	14	14	15	14	21	12	17	14	11	141
Atkinson	15	13	13	17	14	18	14	13	14	15	146
Jordan	13	11	15	15	9	14	11	16	10	14	128
T Andrews	14	13	12	16	13	20	9	17	8	13	135
L V Byer	13	13	13	18	14	20	12	18	11	11	143
F S Bates	12	9	12	14	14	13	12	18	12	14	130
A H Fox	13	13	12	16	13	18	13	15	14	12	139
Carnahan	13	8	13	12	8	14	11	13	9	10	111
Williams	10	11	14	19	11	15	13	15	6	10	124
Dougherty	9	12	10	13	11	15	11	13	8	9	111
Crawford	8	8	8	..	12	..	5	..	7	..	48
Thompson	12	10	11	12	10	17	10	16	8	13	119
Riblet	12	12	12	15	13	22	11	13	8	13	131
Hallinan	9	11	11	12	8	14	10	14	9	9	107
J T C	9	12	13	12	12	12	7	..	..	..	68
Baird	..	..	..	11	8	16	12	12	9	8	76
Guinzburg	..	..	..	..	13	..	8	..	12	..	33

July 18, Third Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total
Targets:	15	15	15	20	15	25	15	20	15	15	Broke.
F E Mallory	12	14	13	18	12	22	14	20	14	14	153
S T Mallory	13	14	15	20	11	20	14	17	14	13	151
Dade	10	13	12	17	13	21	14	19	13	12	144
J F Mallory	13	14	13	20	14	22	14	19	14	14	157
F E Mallory	13	14	13	19	10	17	10	14	11	14	135
Hull	11	15	13	19	12	21	14	19	15	25	154
Squier	9	14	9	14	10	22	15	20	14	15	142
Leroy	14	11	10	18	13	24	13	19	14	14	150
Fanning	15	13	15	20	15	24	13	20	13	15	163
Kirkover	12	12	13	16	13	24	14	20	12	14	150
Andrews	11	14	11	15	14	19	8	17	13	12	134
Jordan	12	11	13	16	15	24	13	15	14	15	151
Atkinson	13	14	12	19	14	24	15	17	15	13	156
Moore	12	14	12	17	11	24	12	18	11	14	145
Loomis	13	12	11	16	13	19	12	17	13	9	135
Fox	12	14	14	20	11	24	14	20	14	15	158
Hall	5	6	4	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	27
Williams	11	11	14	17	15	21	11	20	14	12	146
Schwartz	11	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	33
Carnahan	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	10	..	23
Peebles	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	12	24
Myer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	10

The Verbosity of Match Making.

Dunbarton, N. H., July 18.—Friend See E. See kindly relegates me to the class of kickers and squealers. I object to the squealing part. No one ever knew of my squealing out of any match I ever made, and I have been in a good many. Having shot, I think, in more open contests in various parts of the country from Canada to New Orleans, than any trapshooter in See E. See's State, I ought to know something of the rules of trapshooting.

See E. See quotes me (or rather misquotes) as saying that I did not want any part of the Maine shooters. What I said was, "I am not hunting for matches." As far saying that I was down in Maine once and paid my guide so much for one shot at a caribou that I swore I would never go there again, I certainly did not make such a statement. I said that I spent once six weeks in the late fall hunting with John Danforth, of Parmachenee Lake, and saw but one caribou, which I killed with the only cartridge I used on the trip. Why, friend See E. See, I have made seven trips to the backwoods of your State, spending from one week to two months at a time on the hunting or fishing grounds, and always had a good time.

As for my offer as published in Forest and Stream, it means precisely what it says, the object being to stir up some interest among the shooters of our local clubs. If See E. See wants something different, why does not he challenge New England or all creation in behalf of the Maine shooters. Just at present, I should think the Pine Tree men had a ten-man team race on their hands which will make them trot some to win. As for the wind being taken out of my sails by seeing Prof. Moody break targets, I did see a quiet gentleman of about my age do some shooting. According to the scores as published in Forest and Stream, the only man shooting under the name of Moody shot in about half of the events on the programme, and broke less than 80 per cent.

As for kicking: In my account of the Wellington tournament, I did criticise the manner of judging and keeping the scores, and I am not the only one who did. I entered every event on both days, including three extras on the first day, and paid in something over $47, and I think I was lucky in winning back some three-fourths of it. Late in the afternoon of the second day it was announced that all regular events were shot out. I was very sure that there were two of 25 targets each in which I had not shot, although I had paid my entrance to them. Dickey said that I had shot. The printed scores show that I was right. Therefore, I criticise that part of the tournament. (See E. See calls it kicking.) I would do the same again under similar conditions. Now, friend See E. See, we do not want to get into a personal controversy. Such things are not interesting to readers of Forest and Stream. If, as David Harum says, "I have done or said anything I am sorry for, I am willing to be forgiven."

C. M. Stark.

Ashland Gun Club.

Ashland, Va.—We inclose you newspaper clipping, showing account of shoot on the 12th inst. We arranged the distances 21yds. for 90 per cent. average, and decreased 1yd. for each 4 per cent. less, down to 14yds. This we thought the fairest that could be done, but from the small attendance—especially of the cracks—it looks as if they did not agree with us. What is the usual rule for distance handicapping, if any?

A. G. Club.

The cup is a handsome silver one, fashioned after the Carteret Gun Club style. It was donated by Mr. George B. Hutchings, of Ashland. It is about 8in. in diameter, 4in. deep, and beautifully engraved and embossed.

This is the first time a distance handicap was ever shot by any club in Virginia, and it is conceded by all shooters as being the fairest system of handicapping.

At the 21yd. line W. C. Saunders made the best score—71 out of a possible 100. At the 20yd. line M. D. Hart, with 70; at the 18yd. line George B. Hutchings, 72; at the 17yd. line Thos. H. Fox, 78; on the 16yd. line, W. D. Cushman, 70; on the 15yd. line S. J. Doswell, and on the 14yd. line line McLelland, 48.

The following are the scores: W. C. Saunders (21) 71, F. Stearns (21) 63, W. A. Hammond (21) 63, J. Harrison (21) 67, M. D. Hart (20) 70, G. B. Hutchings (18) 72, Dr. Bridgeforth (18) 65, J. E. Cox (18) 64, R. H. Johnson (18) 59, H. Brown (18) 68, T. H. Fox (17) 78, W. D. Cushman (16) 70, J. A. Anderson (16) 64, S. J. Doswell (15) 72, Wm. Sands (14) 47, McLelland (14) 48, H. W. Paine (14) 35.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Mr. Fred Gilbert, the shotgun wizard, of Spirit Lake, Ia., has shot at 5,765 targets since Jan. 1, of which number he has broken 5,532, or .959 per cent. He used a Parker gun.—*Adv.*

All field shooters know that in cover most birds rise within a very few yards of the gun, and thus before a choke-bore are likely to be missed altogether or cut all to pieces. In these days, when all guns are choked, the shot spreader is a very useful part of the equipment of a cover shooter.—*Adv.*

At the Interstate Association's tournament given for the Titusville, Pa., Gun Club, July 16 to 18, there were trade representatives as follows: Chas. G. Grubb, Pittsburg, of the Peters Cartridge Co.; J. R. Hull, Meriden, of Parker Bros.; L. J. Squier, Cincinnati, Dupont Powder Co.; J. S. Fanning, New York, Laflin & Rand Powder Co.; A. H. Fox, Philadelphia, and Frank Lawrence, New York, Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; B. Leroy Woodard, Campello, Mass., Dupont Powder Co., and Parker Bros.

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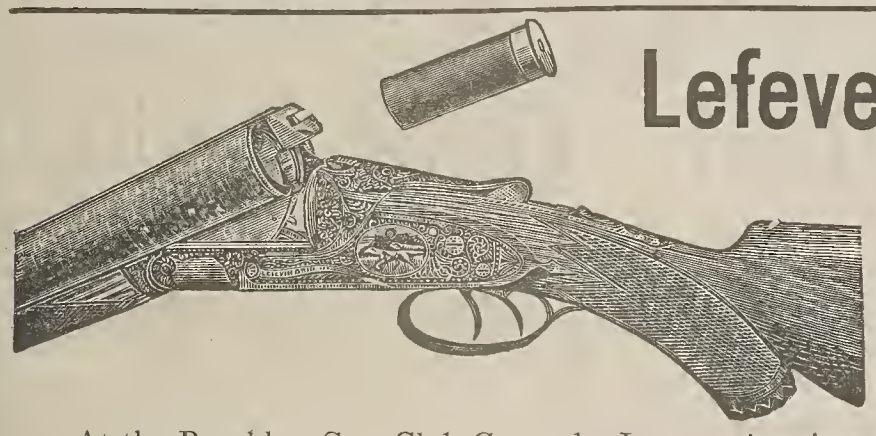

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At the Brooklyn Gun Club Grounds, June 7, shooting under the name of Dudley, Mr. C. W. Floyd, an amateur of New York City, shooting his

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Dubuque, Ia.,	360	351	97.5%

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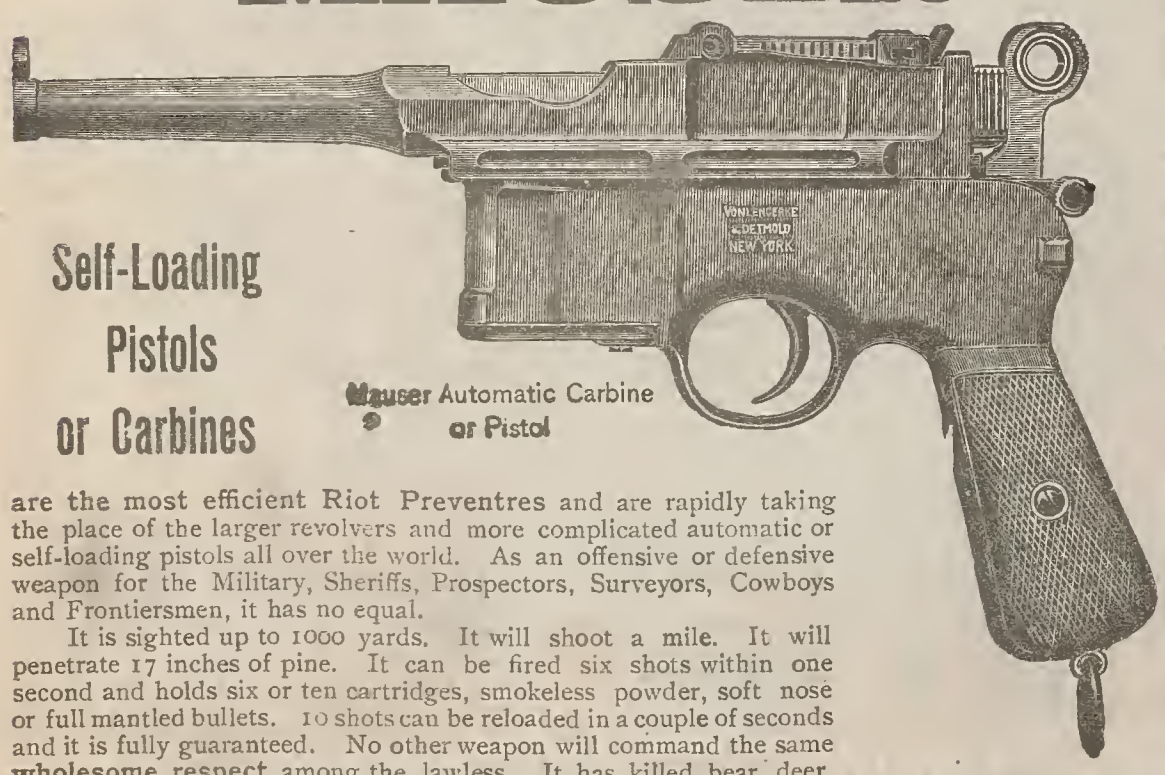

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VOL. LIX.—No. 5. SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1902.

FOREST AND STREAM

ROD AND GUN

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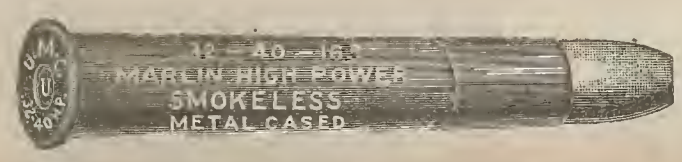

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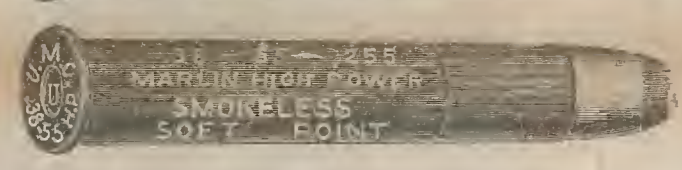

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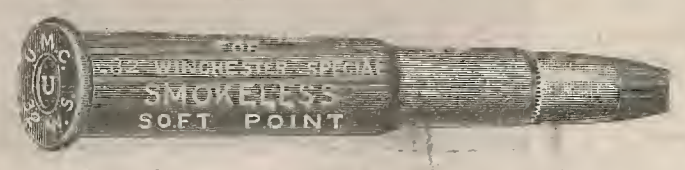

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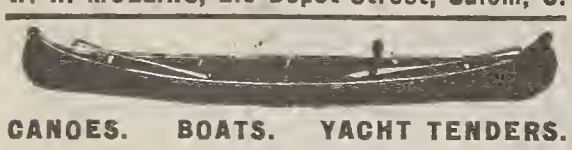

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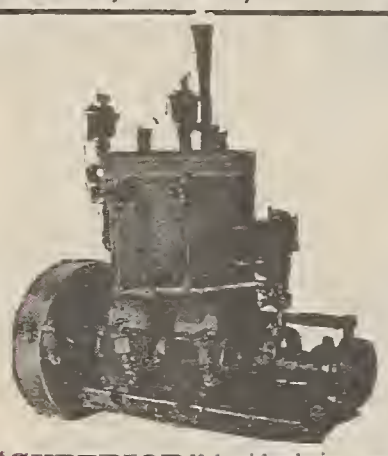

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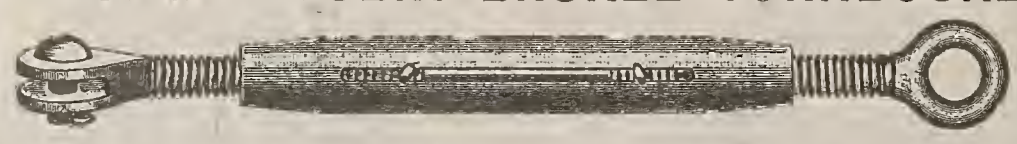

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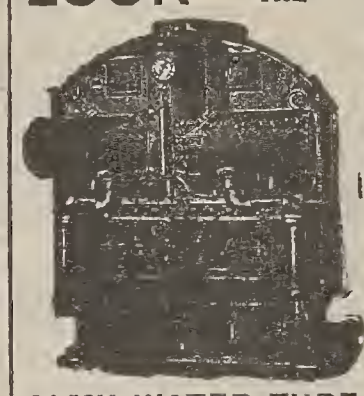

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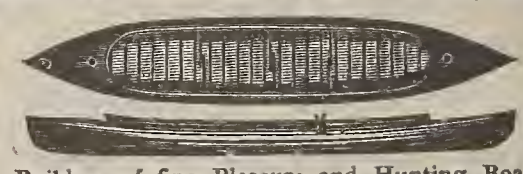

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WARDENS IN CONVENTION.

THE meeting of game and fish wardens at Mammoth Hot Springs in the Yellowstone Park last week was the beginning of a system of co-operation which, it is hoped, may result in much benefit to the States of the Northwest. The convention was the outcome of activity on the part of State Game and Fish Warden W. F. Scott, of Helena, Montana, who has long been convinced of the practical results of associated action by the authorities of contiguous States in the work of protection. There were present representatives from eight States—Warden Scott and Dr. Jas. A. Henshall, of Montana; Executive Agent Sam. F. Fullerton and Commissioner H. G. Smith, of Minnesota; State Game Warden D. C. Nowlin, of Wyoming; State Game Warden C. W. Harris, of Colorado; State Game Warden L. P. W. Quimby, of Oregon, and Commissioner John Sharp, of Utah.

A permanent organization was effected under the name of the National Association of Game and Fish Wardens and Commissioners. W. F. Scott, of Montana, was elected President, and H. G. Smith, of Minnesota, Secretary and Treasurer.

Several well-considered papers were read and discussed. Commissioner Sharp made a strong argument for the abolition of spring shooting—an expedient which he reckoned absolutely necessary if the migratory species are to be saved. Mr. Fullerton discussed the benefits of co-operation between the States, and cited from his own experience instances where game illegally shipped from other States had been intercepted in Minnesota, whereupon the authorities of the State from which the game had been shipped had been supplied with the evidence thus obtained, and the culprits had been punished. Such co-operation if carried out systematically will go far to break up the business of a lawless border element which promotes the underground game traffic between the States. The system may well be extended to international co-operation between this country and Canada; among the possibilities of the immediate future is an alliance between the Dominion Marine and Fisheries authorities and those of the Great Lakes States for the efficient protection of the boundary waters. Mr. Fullerton urged as to legislation which should be adopted in such States as do not already have such features in their laws: (1) A declaration in the statute that the game is the property of the State and may be taken only as the statute itself expressly gives the privilege. (2) A non-export law. (3) A limit on the bag, "say twenty-five birds, two or three deer, and one moose." (4) Specific provisions respecting heads and hides; for the hide and head hunter does perhaps more damage than the meat hunter. (5) Above all else a prohibition of the sale of game birds, animals and fish at all times. On this point Mr. Fullerton said:

When FOREST AND STREAM first proposed this measure years ago, they were laughed at from one end of the country to the other. Strong editorials were written on the subject by the leading newspapers of the country, accusing FOREST AND STREAM of working in the interests of the "dude" sportsmen and trying to deprive a large majority of our citizens of the privilege of buying their game in the open market. But sentiment has changed since then, and I bring you a message from Minnesota vouching for the benefits we have received from that excellent section in our game laws stopping the sale of all game.

(6) A provision making contraband all implements of shooting and fishing illegally used. (7) Wardens' right of search. (8) Abolition of spring shooting. (9) A shooting license.

Warden Nowlin, who has made a study of the operation of the Wyoming non-resident hunting license system, read a paper strongly supporting the wisdom and utility of the tax, as an expedient for providing revenue, for keeping out the meat hunter, and for enabling the authorities to know what is done in the woods.

Years ago a New York city dweller having achieved an outing in the elk ranges of the Northwest, in reporting his experiences for FOREST AND STREAM, told how the allurement of the mountains had taken hold upon him, so that henceforth he could live no longer in the East, but amid the scenes which had attracted him in the West. He was one of an unnumbered host of men for whom the chance of a hunting trip has meant a permanent change of residence and of fortune. The place of fish and game as advertising mediums for a country was the subject of a paper read by Warden Scott, of Montana, who declared that millions of dollars had been invested in the Northwest by persons who had first been attracted to the country by the hunting and fishing. This with the other papers to which reference has been made will be printed in full in our next issue.

NATURE IN IRVING.

THE beauty, majesty and variety of the natural world, whether viewed in its entirety, or in its infinite commingling of variegated detail, have been ever a source of constant delight to the true sportsman. Merely catching the fish or bagging the swiftly flying bird is in itself but a fragmentary part of the sport. The witchery of nature's setting must be allied to it, else it is sadly marred or depreciated, or, indeed, entirely ceases to be sport. This is materially felt by sportsmen when they attempt to give realistic descriptions of their outings. The pleasurable emotions, excited by the beautiful, the sublime and the transformations in nature, so clear to the beholder's own consciousness, seem almost inarticulate in the attempt to depict them and their causes to others. And yet, inso much as a writer falls short of giving a full, realistic description of his mind picture, insomuch is the description imperfect in itself and lessened in value to the readers of it. Word painting, like color painting, is an art which requires nice judgment, nice treatment and delicate blendings. There is quite as much difficulty in painting a mind picture in words so that it will be truly clear and pleasing to the minds of others as there is in painting in colors a picture which will be clear and pleasing to the eye and mind. Even among writers of established eminence, this art is rare. Washington Irving, whose works rank with the products of the world's best writers, possessed in an eminent degree the art of describing natural scenes, though, for that matter, he was a thorough master of any vein of literature which he engaged in. Much of his writings, however, are purely descriptive, and so fertile was his imagination, so airy and vivid his description, and so delicately and well chosen the matter, that continued reading of him is a continued delight. As a case in point, what could more delightfully portray a country home than the following, in "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow":

A great elm tree spread its branches over it: at the foot of which bubbled up a spring of the softest and sweetest water, in a little well formed of a barrel; and then stole away sparkling through the grass to a neighboring brook that bubbled along among alders and dwarf willows. Hard by the farmhouse was a vast barn that might have served for a church; every window and crevice of which seemed bursting forth with the treasures of the farm; the flail was busily resounding within it from morning to night; swallows and martins skimmed twittering about the eaves; and rows of pigeons, some with one eye turned up as if watching the weather, some with their heads under their wings or buried in their bosoms, and others, swelling and cooing and bowing about their dames were enjoying the sunshine on the roof. Sleek, unwieldy porkers were grunting in the repose and abundance of their pens, from whence sallied forth now and then troops of sucking pigs, as if to sniff the air. A stately squadron of snowy geese were riding in an adjoining pond, convoying whole fleets of ducks; regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farm yard, and guinea fowls fretting about it like ill-tempered housewives with their peevish, discontented cry. Before the barn door strutted the gallant cock, that pattern of a husband, a warrior, and a fine gentleman, clapping his burnished wings and crowing in the pride and gladness of his heart—sometimes tearing up the earth with his feet and then generously calling his ever-hungry family of wives and children to enjoy the rich morsel which he had discovered.

Can any one read the following without recalling to mind a brook just like it?:

Our first essay was along a mountain brook, among the highlands of the Hudson—a most unfortunate place for the execution of those piscatory tactics which had been invented along the velvet margins of quiet English rivulets. It was one of those wild streams that lavish among our romantic solitudes unheeded beauties, enough to fill the sketch book of a hunter of the picturesque. Sometimes it would leap down rocky shelves, making small cascades over which the trees threw their broad balancing sprays; and long, nameless weeds hung in fringes from the impending banks, dripping with diamond drops. Sometimes it would bawl and fret along a ravine in the matted shade of a forest, filling it with murmurs; and after this termagent career, would steal forth into open day with the most placid demure face imaginable; as I have seen some pestilent shrew of a housewife, after filling her home with uproar and ill humor, come dimpling out of doors, swimming and curtseying and smiling upon all the world.

The following conjures up thoughts of the ruffed grouse:

It is a rugged region; full of fastnesses. A line of rocky hills extends through it like a backbone, sending out ribs on either side; but these rude hills are for the most part richly wooded and inclose little fresh pastoral valleys watered by the Neperan, the Pocantico, and other beautiful streams along which the Indians built their wigwams in the olden time.

Could anything be more realistic in the way of describing where to dine, to fish or to shoot?

That question of the qualities of true sport has the perennial freshness of spring and the endurance of the everlasting hills. It has been discussed over and over again by correspondents of FOREST AND STREAM, and on each occasion has been settled for all time; yet but a spark is needed to kindle the flame anew. Just now the talk happens to have been prompted by Didymus, who made some invidious remarks about moose hunting and has brought out a vigorous defense from the big-game hunters. This is an admirable illustration of the bearing which the particular view-point may have on such a question. In his notes on tame birds last week, Didymus pictures himself as sitting on a shady porch, fanned by the Florida sea breeze, and for diversion winning the confidence of wild birds. How may one under such conditions be expected to view with any sympathy whatever the arduous enterprise of reducing to possession a set of moose antlers in the Canadian wilderness?

Whether advocates and followers of bird shooting or of big-game hunting, we are all agreed on this one thing, that the allurement of the sport is in the pursuing, be the pursuit indolent or arduous. In this the sportsman of to-day is the sportsman of two thousand years ago, as witness the Greek Callimachus, who lived and hunted and loved in the third century before the Christian era:

The huntsman o'er the hills pursues
The timid hare, and keenly views
The tracks of hind amid the snow,
Nor heeds the wint'ry winds that blow.
But should a stranger mildly say,
Accept the game I kill'd to-day—
The proffer'd gift he quickly scorns,
And to th' uncertain chase returns:
Such is my love; I never prize
An easy fair, but her who flies.

Rather severe on "The Future George V. of England" is a writer in Harper's Weekly, who recently gave six columns to a description of that Prince and his characteristics. The writer says: "Shooting and fishing are his chief recreations, and in both he is above the average." He also declared that the Prince is a "keen sportsman," and followed up this with the statement that he "has shot turkey buzzards in Buenos Ayres." One wonders—so different are men's ideas concerning sport in different countries—whether in all the wide world there is a place where turkey buzzards are regarded as game, or even where it is legitimate to shoot them. In many countries they are protected by law as scavengers. What is of course most probable is that Prince George never in all his life shot a turkey buzzard, but that the statement is merely the phrase of a writer who knows nothing about sport, but thought the combination of words sounded well. The amount of misinformation on sport and natural history that creeps in to the most carefully edited periodicals is astonishing. It is not long since, in a valued exchange, mention was made of shooting wild turkeys in the Altai Mountains in Siberia! Think of it!

Interesting evidence of the efficiency of the non-sale of game system comes from Florida, which was one of the last States to take up in earnest the protection of its deer and birds. The Legislature of 1899 enacted a stringent law, limiting the take of deer to five for any one person, and forbidding absolutely the sale of hides and venison. The law as to limit might be evaded, but with popular sentiment in support of the sale prohibition, excessive killing is a negligible factor. The market-hunter cannot sell his game; he is therefore to be counted out. The people other than market-hunters who would kill more than five deer in a season are not so numerous as to affect the situation. In counties like Kissimmee, where the non-sale law is rigorously enforced by the power of popular sentiment, the good results are convincingly manifested in a renewed deer supply.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Yellowstone Park from a Car Window.

In Two Parts—Part I.

Though the title of this article is to a slight extent a misnomer, and we did not actually see the Park in that way, still our trip was so lacking in all the elements of romance and discomfort, that I deem it only proper to prepare the reader's mind for what is to follow.

Since Forest and Stream is allowing Mr. Sears to "walk" all over the South on rafts, in farmers' wagons, canoes and various other prosaic methods of locomotion, I hope I shall be pardoned if my account of our vacation is lacking in elements of the picturesque, for we didn't camp, didn't tramp or pack our grub. On the contrary, we traveled in the most Philistine manner possible and had the best of everything we could get.

The first stage of our journey brought us to Ogden, a city which has for me a strong interest: first because it was named after Podgers; second, because it don't amount to anything, and third, because it ought to. The location in the prairie just at the foot of some grand mountains, is ideal, and the fact that it is a railroad junction should make it important; but the view from the top story of the hotel where we breakfasted showed that the inhabitants had hardly lived up to their opportunities. Having some few hours to wait, we wrote letters and took pictures after a good breakfast, and then put in a little time in the electric cars, some of which were very good and others so remarkably dilapidated as to suggest the thought that the line was either in liquidation, or else an instance of municipal ownership.

We had to get tickets at Ogden so long that the agent intimated that we had better do the town while he was getting them ready, and the train was twenty minutes late in its departure, but we were off at last in a car that was hot enough to fry eggs. There was the usual congregation of passengers, and the inevitable small boy. We had had one before, but a kind Providence had removed him from our midst at Reno. This small boy was pretty sick and very miserable, with a severe dose of whooping cough, and a very inexperienced mother who was hurrying him to the sea coast for a change of air, but meantime was filling him with alkali water and cake. As fast as he coughed himself empty, which he did at frequent intervals, she filled him up again. I think that if she had given him half a chance he would have been quite a cheerful little beggar, for he seemed that way inclined, but between the cough and the cake he had a pretty hard time.

At Pocotello, in the Fort Hall Indian Reservation, which has lately been the scene of some exciting land locations, we saw several specimens of the "noble red man," and likewise of "Mrs. Lo." He "favored" some startling effects in his costume, combining the most striking portions of the habiliments of the cowboy with some of his own. One young brave, to whose grace of carriage and eclecticism of dress we immediately succumbed, wore a cowboy hat and boots of the most aggravated type, a red calico shirt, a voluminous scarf of blue mosquito net around his neck, and no coat or vest. Another older brave had added a feather to his hat, moccasins and a gorgeous-hued blanket. The squaws were equally taking in their apparel (at a distance).

We passed over some miles of lava plains, relieved at intervals by what looked for all the world like ruined Ticonderogas, and though I knew that these were not the famous "lava beds" where the Modocs made it warm for Canby once, I couldn't help thinking that some first-class opportunities for an Indian fight had gone to waste hereabouts.

As it grew dark the engine livened up the landscape by setting fire to the grass alongside the track, until we seemed to be traveling in the midst of a torchlight procession got up especially in our honor.

Monida (the name is made up of the first syllables of Montana and Idaho, and it lies just on the boundary between those States) did not seem very imposing as we left the train; in fact, my first impressions of it were limited to a big lantern and a streak of board walk shining in its glare. There were no attentive gentlemen of color in red or any other caps, lying in wait for quarters, and I was under the disagreeable necessity of loading Mrs. *** with the cameras and smaller impedimenta, while I grasped the handles of two very heavy bags. Fortunately the distance was less than it appeared.

The hotel at Monida would hardly compare favorably with the "Walled-off Hysteria," but we managed to make out fairly well, and after breakfast next morning I went out and made the acquaintance of a big dog of the blue-ribbon-St.-Bernard kind, and found him "a perfect gentleman," with a pedigree and all the trimmings.

This metropolis lies in a plain surrounded by mountains, and is in fact located near the summit of the range which divides Idaho and Montana, at an elevation of 7,000 feet, which is about the average elevation of the Park, so there is little or no climbing to do in the stage ride.

The box seat of the "coach," as it is quite properly called, was pre-empted by a female who popped up suddenly from somewhere, and whose appearance was far from prepossessing. There were two other feminines in the party, both younger and infinitely better looking, but that didn't count on this occasion, and the lady, whom we came to know subsequently as Missouri, and not unfrequently as Misery, was not to be disturbed; her passive resistance being proof against all our efforts.

There is a great deal of country about here lying around out doors, and once in a great, very great, while the vastnesses were punctuated by a collection of low, squatty looking log cabin farm buildings, which are all one sees, except a few fine-looking cattle, of the famous stock ranges of Montana and Wyoming.

The stage road hardly came up to our ideas of what a stage road should be. In the first place, it was nearly level, and four horses dragged a rather heavy coach along without any difficulty, then there was very little dust, and no "chuck holes." Now a stage road without chuck holes, and no places just wide enough for the stage to squeeze up and through, while you gaze in fearsome admiration at the tops of big pines, more feet below you than you like to think, was to us a novel experience, and we found ourselves joining in the conversation of the others and with them perpetrating moss-grown conundrums and anecdotes of a hoary antiquity.

At various places in the dim distance we saw floating white specks which we were told were swans (wild, of course), and they possibly were, though they might have been pelicans; we were too far off to make sure even with the binoculars. Misery on the box seat borrowed Mrs. ***'s sunshade, admired the scenery and took copious notes of everybody's yarns, while she poked the driver's eye out with the parasol. He found her a most engaging companion, and traded off with an extra driver the first chance he got, "so he could get his eye put out for a while."

Somewhere between 5 and 6 we drew up at "Dwelle's," or, as it is more appropriately styled, the Grayling Inn, a log structure of considerable picturesque pretensions. Two large striped tents serve the purpose of annexes. The interior of the inn was quite prepossessing. A large central living room, with fireplace and comfortable chairs, and opening on to the dining room and various chambers, extended to the roof, while a gallery running round all four sides gave access to a second-story tier of sleeping rooms. The railing of this gallery, and the walls of the room, were ornamented with skins and heads and other trophies of the chase, and skin rugs were also plentifully bestowed about the floor.

The manager of the establishment was a lady of American nativity and administrative ability, and she rounded us up for dinner when we were trying to take photographs of the inn, with a polite but decided firmness that showed that she had a lively appreciation of what was due a good cook.

After dinner we crossed a stream on a narrow foot bridge to inspect a store kept by the proprietor of the hotel for the benefit of campers, and his own health. It was on the outside an unpretentious log structure, but inside it held the most heterogeneous collection I ever saw—shoes and candy, rifles, rubber boots and dishpans, baking and gun powder, beside all kinds of edibles in cans. In the rear was a room with a sawdusted floor about a foot below the level of the other room, and here were dispensed liquid refreshments, while on all sides, above and below, the space was encroached upon by big bags and barrels of staple supplies.

The proprietor, who was barkeeper as well, was extremely emphatic in his denunciations of some unknown party or parties who had effected an entrance into this sanctum the night before, by prying some fly-screen stuff from a window, and, as he supposed, helping him, or themselves, to what they wanted—the joke of the thing being that he had been unable to find out what they did want, since, after diligent search, he could not discover that anything had been taken. The money in his strong box (a cigar box without a cover in plain sight behind the bar) had not, apparently, been meddled with, and nothing else seemed to be missing. He hadn't taken the trouble to nail up the screen again, but with loud animadversions on the advance of "civilization," threatened to lie in wait with a rifle and a bear trap if there were any more "foolishness."

That portion of our stage load which hailed from Chicago had arranged for a "private conveyance," which left Mrs. ***, myself and one other passenger (Misery) to be disposed of; we were therefore stowed in a light wagon which just held four, and putting Misery on the seat with the driver, we set out in the morning on a rather hot and dusty ride. Misery, however, tortured the driver, and that made the time pass more pleasantly. To do her justice, though, she got off a conundrum yesterday none of us had heard, and gave me a chance to perpetrate one a man had told me thirty years ago. Hers was, "What are the three quickest ways of spreading the news? Telegraph, telephone, tell a woman."

The Grayling Inn is "just outside the Park," but whether that means a mile or a few yards, I don't know; there was no triumphal arch in our honor at the entrance, and after a ride of some hours over a country not particularly remarkable for anything, we arrived at the Fountain House, making a detour just before reaching it to look at the Paint Pots, Firehole Lake and Black Warrior Geyser. I could discover no resemblance to a black or any other colored warrior, and the fire hole was full of water, but the paint pots did look for all the world like boiling paint. There was also a certain "Mushroom Geyser," which Misery was very anxious to see, on the general principle of getting her money's worth, but for some reason we fell between two (toad) stools as it were and didn't get there. As the geysers were only pools of boiling water, they were not so interesting that we felt compelled to see every last one. The geyser country is not replete with picturesqueness, being composed principally of discolored deposits of silica and lime left by the overflow and cooling of the heated water. Everything, therefore, in the immediate vicinity of a geyser is as absolutely bare of vegetation as a cement cellar, and the air is full of the odor of wash day. The geysers, broadly speaking, are built on two plans: one a chamber deep down in the earth, where steam gradually accumulates until it grows powerful enough to force the water above it, through a more or less crooked and contracted channel, out into the air with a tremendous roar. The other on the champagne glass principle, a wide shallow basin like an open trumpet flower, and a deep center, through which the steam rises and breaks continuously as the bubbles of champagne do.

The "gushers" when quiescent, look like a mound of discolored plaster, with an irregular hole in the top, but the boiling kind have their bowls ornamented with all the colors of the rainbow, like a mussel shell, and rather darker and more intense than mother-of-pearl, as a rule, though some were very delicate in their coloring.

After getting located at the hotel, we strolled around a little and devoted considerable time very pleasantly to watching some of the smaller geysers (they were much larger than any we had ever seen before), which played at frequent intervals to heights varying from a few inches to ten feet. One, the Clepsydra (water clock) was particularly complaisant, and played in the most engaging manner for our sole benefit, and somewhere on our journey (it is impossible to retain any clear idea of the geography), we saw a pair which Mrs. *** christened "Mama and Baby," because whenever the larger one, which was some feet in diameter, gushed, the smaller one adjoining, which was only inches in diameter, gushed also a few seconds later, and in proportion to its size, as a little child imitates the motions of its mother.

Quite late in the afternoon Mrs. Chicago came to tell us that the Fountain Geyser, the largest in the Park, was scheduled to "gush" in a short time, and that a coach was waiting to take those who wished to gaze upon it at fifty cents per "gaze." That wasn't exactly the way she put it, but that was what it amounted to. The distance is about three-quarters of a mile, and on the way the coach stopped at the Surprise Geyser, a pool that remains placid until something is thrown into it, when it breaks into silvery bubbles in the track of the intruder. It is one of the prettiest surprises in the Park. This geyser deposits on the bottom of its shallow basin, concretions which look like white pebbles. From the circumstance of the driver plunging his bare arm into the water, I judge it to be much less heated than most of those I tested. Some of the highly colored literature published for the benefit of "geezers" shows this geyser in a magnificent state of eruption, but we saw no signs of any such action, nor did the driver say anything about its doing anything more than boil when pebbles were thrown in. It is given in the list of active geysers, but with an uncertain interval, and it may be that this is where the surprise really comes in.

By the way, there are no trees that any one would want to carry away, no glorious weeds, and almost no flowers. Trees are like telegraph poles, and there is no undergrowth. Millions and milions of feet of timber have fallen, with more millions of burnt skeletons than won't decay, but will stand, a blot on the landscape for years to come. What to do with the dead and fallen timber is a problem which I fear will never be solved. It is of no use to any one, and would cost a million dollars to remove, and the snows of winter and the fires of summer add to its mass faster by far than decay can diminish it.

The Fountain Geyser was reached after a time, and there were mild symptoms of disturbance on its surface which the driver said surely portended an eruption very soon. The water we were told would gush to the height of a hundred feet. There was considerable delay in the performance, but so much was evidently being done by the geyser in the way of preparation that we all waited with patience, and we were at length rewarded.

With a grandly increasing roar and volume the mass of water rose in the air, not quite as high as they said it did, I think, but about eighty feet, with a diameter at the base of a hundred, and played like a gigantic fountain for several minutes, while clouds of steam floated away over the "formation," then it gradually subsided, and the show was over. It was our first view of a real geyser, and though it had been a little spoiled by the exaggeration of the drivers, etc., it grows larger and more satisfying as we look back upon it.

We returned to the hotel in time for dinner, the driver of one of the coaches taking the precaution to collect the "fifty per" before we left the geyser, which seemed to show a lack of faith in the probity of the average tourist. He probably understood his business.

In settling my bill at the hotel next morning, I paid for board and lodging for the rest of the trip in the Park, getting in exchange for my good coin a couple of cards which nearly everybody seemed to desire to punch holes in, but the system is somewhat irregular, as at some places they declined to make any holes, and simply took the numbers.

It was at this—the Fountain—hotel that Mrs. *** displayed that reckless disregard of danger when in the pursuit of art which so distinguishes her. We were informed, probably by Misery, who was indefatigable, that a number of entirely untamed specimens of the genus "bar" of the species "black" were in the habit of breakfasting and supping on the tin cans and other relics of our feasts, which were deposited some distance in the rear of the hotel.

I had, up to the time of which I speak, lost no bears, and my natural timidity would have prompted me to remain where I was; but heartened by the dauntless bearing of Mrs. ***, who being a very small woman, naturally fears nothing, and Misery's childlike confidence in the good nature of bears, I accompanied these redoubtable females on their morning call.

There *were* bears, more than any of us had ever seen together at one time in our lives, and they were certainly not tame. They were of all sorts and conditions, from solitary and very stolid looking gentlemen, to the watchful mother with a pair of rollicking cubs. This lady seemed to regard all the world with a liberal measure of disapprobation. Upon sight of Misery the cubs scrambled up the nearest tree, with a rattle of claws that sounded like castanets, accompanied by snarls and growls, as large and emphatic as they could make them, while the old lady, stationing herself at the foot, greeted every bear that approached with a sight of her teeth and a taste of "the rough side of her tongue."

The human visitors had the wit to keep at a respectful distance from this touching picture of maternal solicitude, but the ardor of the camera fiend was not entirely to be overcome, and Mrs. *** and Misery approached so near to some bears feeding, as to get them on the plate large enough to be visible to the naked eye. A scientific friend with a differential rule, and a lot of abstruse calculations figured out that the camera and the bear were sixty feet apart, but I am sure the distance was less. According to my count there were eleven bears attending this matinée, but Mrs. *** detected two others more timid in the shades of the woods.

As we bent our steps toward the hotel again, we found that a patriarchal looking bear was between us and our destination, and was slowly and with dignity pacing along the path that led to it. At a respectful distance we followed him, carefully abstaining from anything likely to give him the idea that we considered his presence an intrusion. In fact, we endeavored to convince him that we regarded it as an honor to appear in his train. As far as distance went, there was nothing to prevent our taking a picture of the gentleman, but there was a lack of expression about the end presented to us, which made it doubtful that the picture would be recognized as a speaking likeness. We followed him for a hundred yards or so, when he obligingly turned off and disappeared among the nearby trees.

Our first stopping place to-day was the Prismatic Lake, a very large and strikingly beautiful pool, but the air was so full of steam, and the soap-sudsy odor was so strong, that combined with the altitude and the heat of the day, we found it impossible to stay long. We could not determine exactly where the prismatic part came in, but the bottom was covered with a formation resembling brain coral and displaying a great variety of coloring. The driver said it got its name from the changes in the hues of the stream as it rose from the surface, but we were unable to discover them.

Our way until lunch time lay through a country that was a good deal more than half hot water, most of it being just as near 212 degrees as an open vessel could be at that elevation; one has to be very careful about testing the temperature with the fingers even at the edges of the pools.

Speaking with only an approximation to scientific accuracy, an elevation of 6,970 feet corresponds to a barometrical height of 24 inches, and this to a boiling point of 201 degrees. An elevation of 8,130 feet corresponds to a barometric height of 21 inches, and this to a boiling point of 199 degrees, which would indicate a fall of one degree in the boiling point for about 570 feet increase in elevation.

As the Park lies somewhere between these elevations, I should judge that the heat of the boiling geysers where the water first rises, would be about 200 degrees, quite enough to scald any one seriously.

One geyser, about as large as an ordinary room, was an almost perfect shell shape, covered and colored with an iridescent coating that made it look like a pearl oyster.

Our driver showed himself ready to stop anywhere and to make little side trips to enable us to see everything possible, with the result that we saw so many pools and geysers that the names in my note book fail to identify them. There were the Emerald Pool, the Jewel, the Sapphire, the Morning Glory and the Excelsior.

The Emerald Pool I have utterly forgotten (one might as well be honest about it), while Mrs. *** says it was strikingly beautiful. The Jewel I remember more because I could see no reason in particular for the name. The Sapphire didn't seem any bluer than many of the others (it couldn't), but the Morning Glory was a wonder. It did certainly look like a gigantic flower, in all its variety of color, with the deep dark blue cup for the bees to poke their heads in after honey. It was nearly as large as a ball room, so it would hardly do for a boutonnier. The Excelsior on the other hand was a tremendous big pot of boiling water, with clouds of steam, too dense to allow one to see much of its surface.

In ample time for lunch we arrived at the hotel at "Old Faithful" Station. This hotel had been until recently only a lunch station, and its sleeping accommodations were far from satisfactory, consisting of several large tents, each divided by canvas partitions into sleeping apartments about six feet square. The Grayling was luxury in comparison; the table, though, was much better than these accommodations had led us to expect.

Having made things as comfortable as possible in our one-sixth of a tent, we set out to get a nearer view of old Faithful.

I don't think much of the name, it hardly seems fitting for so grand a subject, but it at least has the merit of indicating the regularity with which this, the greatest geyser in the world, and one of the greatest wonders, gushes. At almost exact intervals of seventy minutes this magnificent geyser throws a column of boiling water eight feet in diameter a hundred and fifty feet in the air, accompanied by clouds of steam and a stupendous roar. It plays for ten minutes or so, and then subsides, the water in the funnel receding to a depth of fifteen feet. The water rushes through an irregular opening in the top of a mound built up by precipitation of the materials held in solution, and this opening has evidently been at some time not very far distant, much larger than it is now.

This outlet will, I have no doubt, be entirely closed in course of time, and then there will be a grand explosion, the whole top will be blown off and it will in all probability become, like the Excelsior, only a big boiling pot, and will gush no more, but this will not happen for many years.

After the eruption most of the party went on a tramp over the "formation" to view some of the lesser wonders, but a small thunderstorm came up and sent them hurrying for shelter. I was rather in hopes that we should have a real good specimen of a thunder and lightning display among the mountains, but it soon passed away.

We had a good deal of a night. The gentleman in the next canvas cell seemed to have a good many troubles on his mind, and effectually prevented any one else from sleeping. While I lay awake I several times heard a big mule wagon belonging to the "post" drive past the hotel, and wondered what on earth it wanted around at that hour. In the course of time it dawned upon my benumbed faculties that it was the roar of Old Faithful, and no lunatic in a wagon. During the day the incessant turmoil of a hotel, even though so primitive as this one, drowns the roar of the geyser which is about a thousand yards away, but in the stillness of the night it sounds like distant thunder.

As a consequence of our neighbor's troubles, I did a little unwonted early rising, and joined a party of other disconsolates on the hotel porch, where I had my reward in seeing and hearing the Lion, which was gushing and roaring at a great rate. He throws a stream, which seems largely steam, nearly, if not quite, as high as Old Faithful, but it is not so large. All about, the valley was dotted with steam jets, and clouds of vapor hung over everything, the cold morning air condensing the steam and making it much more apparent than in the heat of noonday. I should have mentioned, too, the Castle Geyser, which we stopped to view as we came to the hotel yesterday, and which is partly described by its name. It is one of those that are active at uncertain intervals, and does not rank as one of the great ones, but it was spouting away this morning about fifty feet in the air.

Both the accommodations and the management at this hotel (?) leave considerable to be desired, but we were told that it was intended to change both and make this station the equal of the others.

We bade adieu to Old Faithful with many regrets, but we left the hotel without a tear, and set out for Yellowstone Lake. On this day's journey we crossed the Continental Divide twice, for the continent on this part of the world seems affected with curvature of the spine, and its rocky backbone is considerably out of line. We reached our greatest elevation at 8,390 feet, but as there was no walking to do, nobody suffered any inconvenience in consequence. If our stage had rolled off the road on one side, we should have been "Pacific Slopers," and on the other "Easterners," but it would have been a very gentle roll either way. ***

Two Glorious Fourths.—I.

July 4, 1901.—After a long night in which fleas and mosquitoes had taken turns in keeping me awake, I rolled out of my hammock, and out of the palm-thatched hut into the gray dawn. The Indians, oblivious to insects and temperature, were snoring on the ground. The four huts at Mccanche were all that was left of a large mahogany camp, and they were deserted except by vermin. Shaded by cocoanut palms they faced the blue waters of Lake San Andres, across which we had paddled on the preceding day. Far out on the water was a lazy cormorant, the only animate creature in sight. There were no alligators near, and everything was propitious for a bath. Over the low rolling, verdant hills of Yucatan, into a cloudless sky, rose the sun. There was none of long, roseate-tinted golden dawn of more northern latitudes. Not a breath of air was stirring. The lake was glass, and in the jungle not a leaf fluttered. Suddenly the forest broke into life. The doleful howl of the babboons and the roar of the jaguar had not been intermitted during the night. Now came the noisy chattering of monkeys, the derisive screams of parrots and yells and shrieks from countless beasts and birds that I could not identify in the pandemonium. Remembering the day, I labeled this part of the programme "The Sunrise Salute."

Coming from the water infinitely more comfortable than when I entered it, I aroused my two men and prepared breakfast. These natives can cook first-rate, but somehow I don't like their style. They have serious objections to washing either their hands or the dishes, or to properly cleaning game. Breakfast consisted of coffee, tortillas, chili and delicious whitefish, that had been caught in the lake the previous evening. The natives made the tortillas, I did the rest. I had not tasted bread, nor seen a person who could speak the English language since April 22. The Indians knew only a few words of Spanish and I had picked up still fewer words of the Maya dialect, so we were not very sociable. Naturally my thoughts were on better meals in the land of firecrackers and celebrations.

After breakfast the Indians rolled their cigars from the tobacco leaves which they always carried and packed up. Each took a gourd full of water. The guide had a light pack, a machete and a shotgun. I walked second. As I was just up from a hard tussle with fever, it was all that I could do to keep pace with the others and carry no weight, but notebooks and writing material that I was afraid to trust out of my hands. Indian No. 2 brought up the rear with a load of about eighty pounds. His sole weapon was a machete. There is a venomous little green snake in the jungle, one only of hundreds of species, but the meanest of them all, that delights in disputing the trail with travelers. On this account, if on no other, I was glad to have a native before me. Every few moments he would lop off a snake's head with his machete, and he took as much pride in the operation as a Western boy takes in stoning a rattler.

Near the huts we passed through several abandoned *milpas* (cornfields), that had been burned off in the days of the mahogany camp. Great squared logs of mahogany lay beside the trail, and there were the remains of an old saw pit. The timber will probably lie there until it rots, unless some piece strikes the fancy of an Indian who is about to make a new canoe. All the canoes on Lake San Andres are of mahogany. When we had traveled for half an hour, clearings and trail disappeared. The dense, apparently impenetrable jungle was on every side. The guide swung his machete with his right hand to clear a way through the thorns and vines that blocked our progress. In his left hand he carried his gun, and at the same time he kept up a good three-mile gait that it was difficult for me to follow. We were not the first that had penetrated the *montana* that juts out between the Gulf of Campeache and the Caribbean Sea. All about us were rubber and chicle trees, scarred from base to apex with the rude incisions of Indian sap gatherers. Most of these trees were more than half-dead, as the native thinks of only the present and bleeds a tree for all that it is worth, sometimes killing it outright.

But it was not all travel. Both the Indians were keen after game, and often when we came to a little spot where the undergrowth was not thick, and the sun shone down through the branches, drying the ground that had been soaked by yesterday's rain, I was forced to lie down and rest. The first game of the day would never have been discovered had it not been for the sharp eyes of the guide—a little brown creature shuffling through the brush and nosing the soft earth for insects and succulent roots. Pablo jumps after it. The thing waddles along clumsily for a few steps and then disappears. Where it had been there is now a dirty, brown football. Pablo gives it one or two hard raps with the heavy handle of his machete, when, lo! the thing relaxes and a dead armadillo lies on the ground. Of all the meat that the jungle produces, that of the armadillo is the most delicious. When boiled, sliced and eaten cold, it is even better than veal.

Pablo did most of the hunting, while Pedro and I rested and smoked. At first we tried to sleep, but soon gave it up as a bad job. Whenever we would get comfortably settled, the little monkeys would commence their chattering right over our heads, and would pelt us with twigs and rotten fruit until we were glad to leave them in undisputed possession of the territory. We were a month too late for the fruits of the jungle, but the sapote trees, covered with half-dried or decaying fruit, were visited by flocks of cojolitos—a bird as large as a sage hen and very wild. Pablo stalked one pair for an hour and then was unable to get a shot. He did, however, bring down a male *pisano* that dressed about 12 pounds. This bird had a large black crest, back black, abdomen and lower tail coverts white, cere brilliant gamboge yellow, immense. The prevailing color of the female is red and her cere is neither immense nor brilliant. When the *pisano* and the armadillo were put on Pedro's pack he became quite indignant, and, if I could understand him correctly, swore that he would not carry another ounce. I could not blame him under the circumstances. None the less we were blessed with plenty more game, more than we had any need of, the Indians' destructive instinct being the only excuse for slaughter. After the water supply in the gourds was exhausted we quenched our thirst by cutting bujuju vines and collecting the sap in cups, perhaps half a pint from each incision. This sap was much cooler than the water in the gourds, and was tasteless, but a trifle sweet.

About 2 o'clock we neared Xtinto, a seep hole in the jungle. From this point for thirty-six hours we would be dependent upon the bujuju vines for our water supply, unless we should be fortunate enough to catch some during the regular afternoon rain on the morrow. Pablo told us that he would blaze a trail that we could follow and darted on ahead. It took but an instant to lose sight of him. Half an hour later we heard a shot, and when we reached our man he was seated on a large, fat doe. This deer was as large as the Rocky Mountain blacktail, and much larger than the deer that I had shot in Mexico. It was only 200 yards to the laguna at Xtinta, and Pablo easily shouldered his game for that short distance.

Xtinto! Even amid the peace and plenty of the beautiful mountains, my stomach revolts and a kind of a seasick feeling comes over me at the thought of Xtinto. A pool, stagnant, slimy, covering less than an acre of ground. Beside the water, an alligator was sunning himself and loathsome snakes wriggled in and out through the scum. Coiled up by a stump was a boa constrictor. He had just made a hearty meal and was not at all irritable. Pablo dispatched him easily. He measured thirteen feet ten inches in length, and was the largest reptile that I saw in Yucatan. Then there were wild turkeys galore about the water. It was the genuine ocellated turkey, the most beautiful of its genus and the first of its species that I had ever seen. As it was within the political confines of Guatemala, the interrogation mark may as well come out of the last edition of Ridgway's Manual. Probably these turkeys had never before seen a human being. They were so tame that at first we could kill them with sticks.

About the pool the ground was marshy, suggestive of fever and noxious insects and venomous reptiles. The very smell of death was about the place. Before anything else could be done a *champa* must be built. The regular rain might come up at any moment. Literally these tropical showers often commence from a cloudless sky, the approaching sound through the forest being the only monitor. The *champa* is a hut of palm leaves that may be built in ten minutes. It sheds water, but is no protection against the creeping, flying or four-footed creatures of the tropics. Then came the skinning and dressing of the deer, and the cooking of the supper. Even the coffee was spoiled with the thoughts of the water from which it was made. I made my supper of *pisano;* the armadillo was boiled for the next day's lunch, and the Indians feasted on the deer's lungs, which they consider a great delicacy. After supper the Indians took the gun and went for a hunt. This seemed a useless undertaking, as we were so loaded already that we could not take any of the venison with us. But they were bound to go anyway. I heard several shots fired and just at sundown they returned, each carrying a wild hog, which they called *javile.* These were dressed and then the natives explained that they were going to smoke the meat and take it home with them on the return trip. I may as well remark that long before we got back to Xtinto the meat had gone the way of all flesh. First they made a framework of green wood, about two feet high, on which they placed the venison and pork, after cutting it into small pieces. Over this they built a *champa,* both to retain the smoke and to keep off the rain, which had not yet put in an appearance. The operation was completed by building a fire under the meat. In this green wood and dry were so mixed that there was great heat and dense smoke without much blaze. Meanwhile I was tired out and went to bed, but not to sleep. There were no large trees near by from which to swing a hammock, so I laid my blanket on the wet ground, put up my mosquito net pavilion and stretched out without undressing. The Indians smoked silently and kept up the fire. I shall have to confess that sickness and fatigue had made me very nervous. A dozen boils made it impossible for me to lie long in one position. The roar of the tiger, the howl of the baboon, the splash of the alligator, all seemed very near. Each rustle in the brush made me tremble at thoughts of the deadly lancehead snake. In fact, had I not been a total abstainer ever since entering the fever zone, I might have imagined that I had "snakes in my boots." Hours rolled on. Still the Indians smoked and fed the fire. I lay, bathed in a cold perspiration. By and by there was a sigh in the distant forest. It came nearer and grew louder—the moaning of surf on a rocky shore. Nearer yet nearer. All other sounds were drowned. Flashes of lightning flared through the jungle and thunder crashes made the earth tremble. Dead trees snapped with noise like rifle shot, and the verdant crown was twisted from more than one stately palm. Then the storm burst. The rain fell not in drops, but in sheets. Crash! Thunder! Lightning! Rain! Chaos!

Silence! The storm has passed far away. The beasts commence again their nightly prowling. Drip, drip, drip fall the drops from the plantain tree overhead. I dream of fireworks and salutes on Union Square. Another glorious Fourth has gone into history. Shoshone.

"Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."
—Wordsworth.

Through the Parsonage Window.

IV.—Holding Down a Claim.

The winter on the buffalo range had been one of the pleasantest in my experience, just enough of exercise and adventure to keep one thoroughly alive. And, oh! the glorious rest and sleep. It was a brief glimpse of what might have been, but for the backslidings of Adam the First.

I expected life on a claim was to be much the same, for a time at least, but I was sadly mistaken. After a short time it grew to be the most hateful thing ever endured by man. I did most of my farming by proxy, which left me with much leisure on my hands. In summer when there was no outlet in the way of hunting, this burden of leisure became greater than I could bear, and I took on side lines in the way of herding Texas cattle on the range and making long drives to other parts of the country. In this I found relief, but in peace times even this became fearfully monotonous. In times of storm and flood, however, it was lively enough.

One of the bright spots of my herding experience was my association with a cowboy. Among the settlers and cattlemen, a person who knew anything of books was a rarity. There were plenty of well-educated men, but seldom one who knew anything of books and authors. A few quotations from Shakespeare, or rather from the almanac; and a brief rigmarole about the Bible being, after all, the greatest literary work, was the stock in trade of the educated who pretended to literary knowledge. I was always looking for people who could talk of literature in a common-sense way, and who took real interest in it. Through this yearning for companionship in books, I asked many leading questions, but whenever I saw any one getting out those musty old chestnuts about Shakespeare and the Bible, and brushing the dust off them, I fled to the hills.

There are several books that became enshrined in my memory in ineffacable tracery by coming unexpectedly upon me during this literary dearth. I used to make long journeys on horseback between my homestead and the ranches where I found employment. On one of these trips I stopped at a deserted sod shanty to try and get a drink of water. There was a well, tightly boarded up to keep out vermin, but no way to draw the water. In rumaging about for an empty tin can that I might attach to my lariat, I found an old book on the top of the sod wall under the eaves. The cover and some of the front part of the book were gone, but the body was intact, though nibbled at the edges by mice. I glanced at the first lines, became interested, and sat down in the shade of the wall to read more. It was high noon when I sat down, and when I got up from the feast the sun was just dipping behind the western hills. It was "Tempest and Sunshine," by Mary J. Holmes. To-day the same story has too much of sugar and melancholy in it, and I grow impatient.

Another was "Opening a Chestnut Burr," by E .P. Roe. That book transformed the vexing winds of the prairies into thrilling rhythms of song and story for several days. Later came "The Lady of the Aristook," the first I read of that author's works. Like the Kansas prairies, it was grand at first sight, but, unmixed with stirring events, it soon became a monotonous dead level of excellence.

Another book that came like a ray of light through inky blackness, was "Tow Sawyer." It was a copy of a pirated edition printed in Canada and smuggled into the United States, where it was sold cheap. A cowboy bought it on account of the cheapness, and brought it into camp at a time when I was convalescing from the effect of three broken ribs, and I verily believe it saved me from lunacy.

I want to apologize to the author for reading that pirated copy, but under the same circumstances would not you have done just as I did?

Among the cowboys was a literary crank like myself. Not that his knowledge of literature was extensive, any more than my own, but what he did know was never covered with the dust of conventionalism, and lying on the prairie beneath the stars and talking with him was a great treat. Sometimes the crimson dawn caught us still talking. We had grand times nearly all one summer, and then fate decided that we were getting too much enjoyment out of the situation and changed the deal. In my collection of gems, Cale Hodson is still in the same pigeon hole as Tom Sawyer, Burns, Milton, Walter Scott, Longfellow, Jim Bludso and the man he made famous, Artemus Ward, and many others.

Adventures, humorous and otherwise and more or less dangerous, were of almost daily occurrence. One that stands prominently among the many took place during a stormy period in May. Floods of rain had fallen and were falling at intervals of a few hours apart at most. Small ravines were turned into mighty rivers, and the levels into seas. Two of us were handling a bunch of 400 Texans, I taking the day and my partner the night shift. We had no camp, but rode back and forth from the main ranch.

One evening when the west was black and sullen, with occasional rumblings of discontent, the night man came out early, bringing a roll of blankets, a frying pan, some bacon, coffee and other provisions, and requested that I help drive the herd to a corral further back in the hills and stay the night with him. There was a sod shanty at the corral where we could stay during the night, and also prepare our meals. The weather was so threatening that he was afraid to risk the cattle on an open bed ground. The shanty consisted of a sod wall, with pole, hay and dirt roof.

With the cattle safely corralled, we went into the shanty to prepare our evening meal. To boil coffee and fry a little bacon was all the preparation we had to make, the bread being ready baked and well dried. As the bacon sat sizzling before the fireplace on a few coals raked out to give a steady heat without burning, we were surprised by a couple of snakes falling into it. The snakes were twisted together in a knot and fell squarely into the frying pan, and the way the hot grease flew when they began to thrash about sent us flying out of the shanty. When we ventured back a few minutes later we had "a pretty kettle of fish," and well cooked, too.

An examination of the roof showed it to be a literal den of snakes. The mice had come first to nest in the dry hay, which kept the dirt from falling through. Then the snakes had come to prey upon the mice. Snakes in dirt roofs of the sod shanties were a common thing in those days. We concluded that dry bread and coffee were all we needed for supper, and ate that in the open air. We also made up our minds without dissension to sleep outside, but alas for our hopes! We had no more than got snugly rolled up than the storm sprang upon us with demoniac howl and the rain came down in sheets, blankets and coverlids, and drove us inside again. I called a meeting and resolved that as the night man had been sleeping all day and was relieved from duty by reason of the corral, he should put in the night by herding the snakes off me while I slept. Rolling in a blanket on the pole bunk, I lay for an hour or so in restless wakefulness and finally dropped to sleep, there to be imprisoned in a den of snakes. Everything I grasped was snakes, everything I stepped on was snakes. At last the struggle became so fierce that I awoke. The night man had curled up at the foot of the bunk and was snoring lustily. The oil had all burned out of the lantern, which was left burning, and not the faintest trace of light showed anywhere.

Softly I stepped out of the bunk and thrust my foot into six inches of water which covered the floor. Gingerly I sat on the edge of the bunk and felt round till I got hold of my boots, and drawing them on, waded outside. The storm had broken and the moon was just beginning to top the black mass of clouds that was retreating to the eastward. Saddling my pony I mounted and rode down to the stream I must cross to reach the main ranch. The creek, which ordinarily was a mere thread, was a boiling race of mud and water. Plunging in, my pony swam for the opposite shore, but fell below the landing and came out against a perpendicular bank some six feet high. The water was nearly level with the top of it, but as the pony had no footing below, it was impossible for him to climb out, and we were carried down the stream. As we were swept along I grasped an overhanging bush and pulled myself out on the bank, then walking close along the bank, I pulled the pony up against the current to the landing by the bridle rein. Just below was a thick tangle of willows, where he must surely have been drowned. Riding hard, I reached the main ranch just in time to begin the duties of a new day.

Such is a brief chapter of life on a cattle ranch in early days. I have slept out under the stars for months without being bothered with a drop of rain, and I have seen more rain fall in a month in Kansas than in any other country. In the wilder country where the range was wide, I have known a cowboy to follow a herd for weeks at a time, and take care of it day and night alone. This of course was considered the work of two men, but under stress of circumstances, I have often known one to do it alone.

A Summer Evening.

RUTHERFORD, Cal., July 15.—I have just come in from watching one of the prettiest sights I have ever seen since I have been here—one that I never tire of.

C. and I sat on the steps of the porch reading, and looking up I happened to see a flock of quail standing out on the gravel path, looking at us. There were the father and mother and thirteen little ones. They trotted a few steps at a time and then, when they were near enough, all flew into the big live oak on the right hand side of the lawn. In a little while the lawn was covered with families of them, as well as a number of unfortunate pairs that did not seem to possess any offspring.

I noticed an occasional forlorn bachelor, and one of these clucked too sweetly to a demure hen near the fountain. I don't know whether he had received any encouragement from the lady or not, but her spouse pounced on him and soon chased him off. We counted seven flocks of young ones, and there must have been fully fifty pairs of grown ones.

They roosted in the palms in front of the house, and in the old madrona tree on the left. Before they flew into the trees they ate the mulberries lying under those trees, and a few took dust baths in the road just as a hen would do. They also drank the water that dribbled from the faucet, and picked around the lawn in the most fearless manner. I sat and watched them until it was time for C. to go to bed.

Last night after supper he took his gun and we went down the avenue on a hunt. Pretty soon we saw a jackrabbit sitting in the hay field. Of course, C. flew toward the rabbit, and the rabbit departed. It did not take long to get out of sight, and then right in front and near us we saw another. C. aimed carefully—or at least he says he did—and he took three and I one shot at that animal, and it just sat there and only raised its long ears when we fired. Then we crawled up closer, and all at once it too departed and we saw it no more.

Thus do I spend my evenings.

The magnolia trees are covered with their huge white flowers, and the cape jassamine on the porch smells nearly as strongly. The peaches, apricots, figs and mulberries are ripe, also blackberries, raspberries and melons.

L.

How He Stated It.

WHEN Representative Tompkins, of Ohio, was a young lawyer in the State, and was winning his spurs, he occasionally found it profitable to accept a case in a justice's court in the country. He tells the following story of the argument made by a rural barrister before such a magistrate. The case was one in which the plaintiff sought to recover damages from a railroad company for the killing of a cow. During the course of his argument the country lawyer used this expressive sentence: "If the train had been run as it should have been ran, or if the bell had been rung as it should have been rang, or if the whistle had been blown as it should have been blew, both of which they did neither, the cow would not have been injured when she was killed."—Richmond Dispatch.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Natural History.

Mr. Lenander's Buffalo.

BANCROFT, Ia., July 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was interested in the articles on the Pablo-Allard herd of buffalo by Mr. Monroe, in your issues of the 5th and 12th. Mr. C. J. Lenander, banker and land agent of this place, has a herd of eleven buffalo, eight of them being the sale of January last by Jos. Allard, listed in the article of Mr. Monroe's, but the buyer and sex not being given. Mr. Lenander is a lover of animals generally, and first took a liking for the buffaloes at Lincoln Park, Chicago, while visiting with Mr. DeVry, the head keeper of the zoo there. At that time he bargained for a pair of the bulls (they would not sell a cow), one and two years old, and though the park board nearly doubled the figures for which he had bargained with the keeper, he ordered them shipped, and they came by express, crated, early last fall, arriving with bruised and skinned rumps, but otherwise all right. Under his generous care they have grown rapidly, and are a handsome pair. Getting into communication with the Allard boys through a mutual friend, Mr. Lenander went out to the reservation last January and brought back eight head; he had bargained for cows, but so much of the herd they had started with broke away from the drivers before they got to Sellish, where they were loaded, he was unable to secure that number, and so took a steer (that he expects to transform into buffalo steak and robe next winter) and a four-year-old bull to fill out the car. Until last month he kept them in his barn lot, but last month turned them into a thirty-acre pasture on the edge of town, which he had bought and fenced for that purpose. One of the cows dropped a bull calf while they were in the small yard, but it was dead when found the next morning, doubtless resulting from an injury a short time previous when the mother got tangled up in a hay rick in the lot. Last Sunday a heifer calf was born, and the little one appears strong and hearty as can be. The animals do not appear to be very shy; the bulls and one of the cows have frequently eaten from our hands—in fact, the two bulls he got from Lincoln Park are almost rude in the manner they crowd about when there is corn in sight. I have sent you under separate cover three snap shots of the animals, the light-finished one being Mr. Lenander in the act of handing Buffin an ear of corn. Mr. Lenander and myself were out in the pasture this morning getting some snap shots at the new addition to the herd, and as soon as finished will send you one, as well as a snap taken by C. J. while I was handing an ear of corn to the bull brought from the Allard herd, just as an evidence that the wild buffalo is fairly domestic when treated right.

THE LENANDER HERD.

BUFFIN IS AMIABLE.

Mr. Lenander is negotiating with a party in this State for a pair of cows, now on exhibition at Arnold's Park, and will doubtless swell the number of his herd to thirteen soon. Beside the buffaloes, he has, at present, twenty wild geese and brant, a pair of sandhill cranes, twenty-five wild ducks—mallard, canvasback, widgeon and pintails—and a pair of Chinese pheasants, but as soon as he gets a place fixed for them he will get in three more pairs of the latter. An antelope will be added to his collection in

he pasture next week, and he also contemplates closing a argain for a half-dozen clk. In his pasture are eight ead of Polled-Angus cows, with which he intends trying rossing the buffalo, and is promised several results of the xperiment next season. W. F. LAIDLEY.

The Parrot and the Crows.

STAUNTON, Va., July 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* have not fired a gun since forty years ago, when, as a onfederate soldier, I used to chase, and be chased by, y brother Americans over the Virginia fields. I have ot cast a fishing line since the days of "Tippacanoe and yler too," when the Richmond boys of that day used to equent Blakey's mill pond on the outskirts of that now storic city. And as for boating, I can't remember ever ing on anything smaller than a passenger steamer. hat on earth, then, does he subscribe to FOREST AND TREAM for? you will ask. Well, I get my natural history om its columns, where it is served up in the most unfected, intelligible and informatory style of any source at I have yet found. Especially do I get a good idea the animal, man, from its correspondence, for of all urces where that animal is exhibited with unaffected turalness, the sporting camp is the best place to see m. It is there that he exhibits his true self—his good d bad traits.

What I write you now is in the natural history line, and as resurrected by seeing in FOREST AND STREAM some eresting speculations about crows talking. I live oppoe to a large college for girls, on the grounds of which many trees. Next door to where I live lives an aged rrot, with nothing very brilliant about him except his mage. He cannot talk English, and makes no effort that line that I can see. He can imitate no sound that recognizable, except the gleeful laughter of children at y, and their cries to each other. Over the house where parrot lives there sailed every morning during the early nths of the past spring a flock of crows, going from college trees, where they had spent the night, to a le mountain called Betsey Belle, a half-mile from town. night they sailed back by the same route. Their es on the passage were incessant. In less than a week. ch to my surprise, my dull parrot had caught, and uld and did, reproduce those cries so exactly that I uld not tell which was which. By the end of the first ek the crows plainly noticed it. At first one or two uld drop from the flock to a tree near the parrot, rein a few seconds, rise, and rejoin the flock. Gradually number increased, until I have seen as many as from een to twenty crows in the tree, apparently chattering ut their imitator, who was on the porch only a few t off, and who replied in what seemed to me the very ne chatter. This went on as long as the crows roosted the college—say about six weeks. It was in the early wn only; for in the evening the cautious crows saw many people astir to venture down. So much for the rot's ability as an imitator; he could fool the very ws themselves.

Now for the parrot as the imitated. At the house I live here is a very clever quadroon cook, Alexander Jones, o is also a clever imitator. He often opens a conversan with the parrot by imitating the bird's attempt at king. He can make the bird "talk" just as long as he nts to, and when the bird is silent can start him up any time with his parrot jargon and keep him going. imitates the bird as exactly as the bird does the ws; and it is impossible to listen to the two day after without being convinced that Poll thinks he is talking nother bird.

Like all wise professors treading on new ground, I st either draw no conclusion at all, or draw so many as bewilder the student. I prefer the former and safer n, and will leave it to the class in natural history with simple assurance that the statements are fates.

H. C. T.

Pike and Potholes.

HARLESTOWN, N. H., July 25.—*Editor Forest and am:* I am very glad to see in this week's FOREST AND EAM your correction of the typesetter's blunders of week, in the cuts of the "pike family." If there is any ect on which I have preached persistently for more twenty years, it has been the continual perversion ames as applied to this race of fishes. Not only are names of the different species misplaced, but the thern and Western correspondents insist on writing atching "pike," when they mean "pike-perch," but the thern ones call them jack salmon, or Susquehanna ion.

they would remember that neither the pike nor salfamilies have any spiny fins at all, and the pike, no er dorsal fin, what answers for that purpose being a small fin, set nearly back toward the tail, they would themselves from some erroneous descriptions of their t.

have been intending to write you for some days in rd to Mr. Stewart's very interesting letter describing holes" in North Carolina, and especially as to the ry that they are due to glacial action, which I do believe in.

have been familiar with both potholes and glacial vings, since my childhood, though it was not till many s later that Prof. Agassiz explained the true cause ne groovings and scrapings with which the rocks of Connecticut River Valley are furrowed. There are very fine and large potholes in the granite rocks at ws Falls, eight miles below here, and another set moskeag Falls, on the Merrimac, about forty miles east of here; but the rotary action which produced could never have been given by the slow downward d of any glacier, such as has scored all the rocks of valley with furrows leading down stream, and left e collection of what he called *roches moutonnees,* on top of one of the ranges of hills between here and pee Lake, about 1,000 feet above sea level. I used te when a boy a fine show of these groovings by the of a hill road, leading to a neighboring town, and in oyish ignorance attributed them to wagon wheels and runners, getting out of the road; but when the railroad was built up the valley some fifty years ago, wherever the old sod and soil was taken off the rock, a beautifully planed and polished surface was revealed, corresponding exactly with the old marks by the roadside, which I had seen twenty years before. Now it is easy to see how a slowly moving mass of ice loaded with stone and gravel could do this planing, but it could not stop to bore "auger holes" in the rock! That required an eddy below a waterfall to give the necessary motion.

One of the largest potholes at Bellows Falls has the lower edge split out, leaving a semicircular cavern, as if it had been thrown out by the freezing of the water which once filled it, and the same thing is shown in the largest and most remarkable pothole I have ever seen. This one, known as "The Devil's Pulpit," it located on Shirley Hill in Goffstown, N. H., about six miles west of Amoskeag Falls, in the valley of the little trout brook which comes down from the Uncanoonuc Mountains, and must be 700 or 800 feet above the level of the Merrimac River. It is many years since I saw it, but I should say from memory that it was ten or twelve feet in diameter, and as much in visible depth. The bottom was covered with forest débris, and a pine tree six or eight inches in diameter had fallen into it, top down, so that it was not convenient to get at the bottom. The brook fell into it, over the upper rim, and escaped through the wedge-shaped cleft, which had been split out of the lower side. It was, when I saw it, a very diminutive brook, with no such volume of water as would be supposed necessary to bore out such a hole, but all the visible rocks above it, for it was in a thick forest, were smooth and waterworn, and it seemed as if the whole Merrimac River might have flowed up at that level at some previous prehistoric time. I am almost inclined to think that these holes are pre-glacial, and that the downward thrust of the ice cap broke out the lower edges of the rim of both this one and the big one at Bellows Falls.

Beside, the geologists tell us that the "ice cap" only reached down into Pennsylvania, and Mr. Stewart's potholes must be far beyond its reach. However, I am more of an angler than a geologist, and do not set up for an authority on such questions. My angling has been naught this year, a severe attack of "the grippe" last spring leaving me too weak to tramp the trout brooks, and I have had to content myself with reading about other fishermen in FOREST AND STREAM.

I have enjoyed the discussions on the subject of calibers of rifles, and although I never had a chance to shoot "big game," and my experience has all been of the old-fashioned muzzleloading pea-shooters on squirrels and such "small deer," I am inclined to agree with Mr. Irland and Henry Braithwaite that the weight of the projectile should be proportional to the size of the game.

No doubt the small bullet in the right spot will kill, but we are not all Leatherstockings nor Robin Hoods, and cannot boast of such skill as Walter Scott describes, when he says:

"And when in turn he shot again,
The second cleft the first in twain."

Speaking of squirrels, I had a good laugh a few weeks since at a letter in FOREST AND STREAM, describing an imaginary conflict between a red and a gray squirrel, and I say imaginary, because in describing the red squirrel the writer drew a very good picture of a chipmunk, with his tawny back and the black stripes on his sides.

Now, a chipmunk never chased a gray squirrel up a tree, and the writer's imagination played a strong part somewhere!

VON W.

"We get queer men on our ships sometimes," said Rear Admiral Schley while he was telling stories of his experiences, "although they are all brave and loyal.

"There was a landsman on one of my ships once who was a bright fellow, apparently, and I took him as an orderly. One night I was in my cabin and a gale of wind came up. I called the orderly and said, 'Find out how the wind is blowing and report to me.'

"The man was gone a few minutes and then came in and reported, 'Captain, the wind is blowing right over the ship.' "—New York World.

Potassium For Snake Wounds.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your paper of the 19th instant Horace Kephart, in the course of an article about rattlesnakes, asked for the experience of others in regard to the efficacy of potassium permanganate injected subcutaneously as an antidote to the poison of the rattlesnake.

The only occasion on which I ever met a rattler on his native heath was many years ago, when as a small boy I ventured into the brush on the banks of the Genesee River north of this city, for the purpose of cutting a "pole" wherewith to yank from the placid stream the perch, rock bass and sunfish which in those happy days did much abound in the river below the falls. This particular snake was comfortably coiled on a site where he could enjoy the sun rays and the balmy breezes of spring, and as I had no quarrel with him, and no weapon of attack or defense, I thought discretion the better part of valor, and did not disturb him, but cut a rod at another point and caught a good "string" of fish. This incident sheds no light on the value of permanganate in snake wounds, but it tells of one way to treat snakes when one has a choice. However, if I was never stung by rattler, one of my fellow citizens of Rochester was, and he has had experience enough with the reptiles to illuminate the subject.

Peter Gruber, better known as Rattlesnake Pete, has an extensive collection of snakes in his restaurant and museum on Mill street. I am not sure that his knowledge of snakes is deeply scientific, but there can be no doubt that it is practical. He has them in all forms and sizes, dead and alive. On special occasions he dresses in a suit made of the skins of rattlesnakes, and the visitor to his collection can see several large specimens of that snake any day with nothing but a plate of glass between himself and the venom sack. Pete handles his snakes freely, and has been struck by rattlers several times. A few months since a large rattler drove its fangs into his hand, and it was doubtful for a day or two if he would recover. The arm became alarmingly swollen in a short time, and the pain was excruciating. In anticipation of such accidents, he has constantly within reach a supply of permanganate of potassium, and on this occasion he attributes his recovery from the wound to the prompt application of the drug by subcutaneous injection. I believe that he also washes the wound with the antidote.

E. R.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., July 22.

A MASSACHUSETTS NESTING WOODCOCK.
Photo by H. A. Mower, May 23, 1902. Photo copyright, 1902, by H. A. Mower.

A Nesting Woodcock.

BOSTON, Mass., July 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Mower had the good fortune on May 23 to photograph a woodcock on her nest at the so-caled "Sawmill Privilege" of the Kettlehook system of Worcester Water Works. I inclose copy of an enlargement which will clearly show how nature contrives to have birds simulate their surroundings for protective purposes. You will see how difficult it is to distinguish the bird from the brush, grass, etc., among which it has made its nest. This photograph was considered so rare by Mr. Mower that he had it copyrighted, but has given me the privilege to use it, if FOREST AND STREAM cares to publish it. I hope it may be considered of sufficient importance for publication, not only because such pictures are rare, but also because this is tangible evidence of the fact that the woodcock is breeding in this State. Mr. Mower says that the mother bird bravely stayed on her nest despite the fact that one leg of the tripod which held his camera was only eight inches from her. But it was a critical time for the little creature, as was evidenced by the fact that when the nest was visited the next day there was proof that her brood had been hatched, and she had taken her young away.

J. W. COLLINS.

First Rabbit—That town boy has been around here nearly a week and never once tried to kill us.

Second Rabbit—Yes; he seems to be devoid of all human attributes.—Indianapolis Press.

Second Occurrence of the Black Brant (Bernicla nigricans) in Massachusetts.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass.—I have just had the pleasure of examining a black brant which was shot by Mr. William Avery Cary at Chatham, Mass., on April 15, 1902, and mounted by Mr. J. T. Clark, who ascertained, by dissection, that the bird was a male. It is a fine specimen in fully adult and perfectly typical plumage, having the characteristic belt or collar of conspicuous white marking almost completely encircling the neck, and the normal amount of sooty slate on the under parts. In company with six other brant it came within long gun range of a shooting stand or box on the Monomoy Island Flats. As its companions escaped capture, and hence close examination, it is uncertain whether or not they were of the same kind, but the presumption is, of course, that they belonged to our common Eastern species, for the black brant is an exceedingly rare straggler (from the Pacific coast of North America) to our Atlantic seaboard. It has been taken once before, however, in Massachusetts —"at or near Chatham," in the spring of 1883 (Cory, Auk. 1, 1884, 96). Mr. Cary, to whom I am indebted for most of the above details—as well as for permission to make them public—is, no doubt, personally known to many readers of FOREST AND STREAM, for he is Secretary of the Monomoy Branting Club, and one of our most prominent Boston sportsmen. He has, in his business office, a small but choice collection of mounted birds, chiefly waders and waterfowl, all of which have fallen to his own gun. The black brant will be added to this collection as soon as it leaves the hands of the taxidermist. Mr. Clark.

WILLIAM BREWSTER.

Weather Lore in Verse.

Dr. Jenner, of vaccination fame, found time, writes a contributor to American Medicine, to worship occasionally at the shrine of the muse. While he was not noted as a poet, yet some of his metrical compositions were quite clever. It is said that on receiving an invitation from a friend to make a country excursion, he sent his excuse in the form of a poem. As this poem shows very acute power of observation, I think it worth reciting. It is entitled, "Signs of Rain":

The hollow winds begin to blow,
The clouds look black, the glass is low,
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs creep.
Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in halos hid her head.
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
For, see! a rainbow spans the sky.
The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
Clos'd is the pink-ey'd pimpernel.
Hark! how the chairs and tables crack!
Old Betty's joints are on the rack.
Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry,
The distant hills are looking nigh.
How restless are the snorting swine—
The busy flies disturb the kine.
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings;
The cricket, too, how loud it sings.
Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
Sits smoothing o'er her whiskered jaws,
Thro' the clear stream the fishes rise,
And nimbly catch the incautious flies.
The sheep are seen with early light
Cropping the meads with eager bite.
Though June the air is cold and chill,
The mellow blackbird's voice is still.
The glow-worms, numerous and bright,
Illumed the dewy dell last night.
At dusk the squalid toad was seen
Hopping, crawling, o'er the green.
The frog has lost his yellow vest,
And in a dingy suit is dress'd.
The leech, disturb'd, is newly risen
Quite to the summit of his prison.
The whirling wind the dust obeys,
And in the rapid eddy plays.
My dog, so altered in his taste,
Quits mutton bones on grass to feast;
And see yon rooks, how odd their flight
They imitate the gliding kite,
Or seem precipitate to fall,
As if they felt the piercing ball,
'Twill surely rain—I see with sorrow
Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.

Game Bag and Gun.

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

Sport.

I AM not certain that I read Jacobstaff's article in FOREST AND STREAM for July 19 right, but if I did his idea of what constitutes sport is somewhat peculiar. If I understand him correctly, sport, in his judgment, is genuine just to the extent that it is free from exertion, and to insure this indispensable feature, the game must be small so the sportsman can carry it easily.

Now this is, to say the least, a novel view of the matter to me, and if all sport is to be measured by this new standard I cannot help wondering what will become of our rowing contests, our boxing contests, our baseball contests, our football contests—in short, all of our sports which demand supreme physical effort. Again, if size of game is to count for nothing, and the ease of the sportsman is to be the sole gauge of sport, we shall no doubt see salmon and tarpon anglers catching chubs and minnows from nearby ponds and brooks, while the disciples of the mighty Nimrod sit in easy chairs and shoot the ubiquitous English sparrow through the open window.

I have cherished the belief that the true sportsman delights, yes, glories, in the most arduous labor involved in his sport. I once saw a little dog kill a woodchuck almost as large as himself, and then lug it for a mile or more, finally laying down his prize near the spot where he killed it. I know of a hound that ran a trail steadily for three consecutive days. Now dogs cannot speak and give us, who profess to be sportsmen, definitions of sport, but a trite saying avers that "actions speak as loud as words," and we have in the action of these dogs an exemplification of sport which I think we may study with profit.

Jacobstaff speaks of moose hunting and other hunting as though he thinks that all the fun lies in the killing of game, and that all the rest of it is repulsive labor which should be shirked and avoided as one would avoid a plague.

I do not know how it is with others, but with me a moose hunt is a grand crescendo and diminuendo of sport, to which the killing of the noble game is but a fitting climax. The pleasure begins when I commence to outfit for the trip, and ends when I return and exhibit my trophies to my friends. No, it does not end then, for I have its memories to enjoy indefinitely. And what are those memories? I remember with pleasure and satisfaction the clean and sportsmanlike manner in which I killed the antlered monarchs, but far dearer and more pleasurable are my memories of the rushing rivers, the placid lakes, the primeval forests, the vast solitudes where I studied nature—nature unscarred by man.

And this is not all, for I remember with pleasure the storms and other discomforts which I endured, the wearying tramps, the contests with rushing waters as I pushed my canoe up stream through rapids for mile after mile, the sweating under havy packs—in short, the overcoming of each and every obstacle, obstacles which only served to give zest to the sport. I pity the sportsman who can see nothing but labor in all of this.

I have no desire to belittle the sport which Jacobstaff seems to regard as the only genuine sport, although it must necessarily appear somewhat tame when compared with moose hunting. I enjoy "following and watching the movements of an educated dog" through "the stubble or variegated field," and cutting down the whistling cock, whirring quail, or booming grouse, and I have had the good fortune to enjoy my full share of this sport in my day. I think I have reason to be thankful that I can enjoy this sport, as well as many other kinds, some of which require the expenditure of more energy and muscle and less powder and lead, and feel that they are all genuine. Jacobstaff, you have my sympathy.

JOS. W. SHURTER.

GANSEVOORT, July 19.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

A Sheep Hunt in Mexico.

Mr. E. E. Bliss, of Denver, Colo., has been feeling around for a good bighorn head, and I take pleasure in giving the story of his hunt in Old Mexico, where he was successful in getting his bighorn, under rather discouraging circumstances. Interest turns more and more to Old Mexico as a sporting country, and I am sure many readers of FOREST AND STREAM will take pleasure in reading Mr. Bliss' story of his hunt. It is especially interesting to myself, because of my familiarity with the Southwest during a residence there of some time.

E. HOUGH.

Shortly after hearing from you, says Mr. Bliss, I went to El Paso, intending to try for an Acapulco deer—if that is the name—and turkey in the Yaqui country. I had killed the small deer a few years before in the State of Durango, but saved no head.

The taxidermists, Townsend & Barber, and Messrs. Ramsay and Meade, of the Sierra Madre line, said the deer and turkeys are there all right. They also told of mountain sheep recently classified as a new species, only about eighty miles south.

You know the things they do to you for killing sheep in Colorado? Well, this looked like a good chance, although Mr. Meade confessed to tieing King Bruce's spider with seven unsuccessful attempts.

I lay my first failure to the poor quality of the Mexicans I had for guides. No. 1 didn't know the water holes at all. No. 2 did, but had other business after a couple of days.

The next outfit from Ahumada on the Mexican Central was good. Pedro knew the holes, but nothing about killing sheep. Burns & Daily, the all-right merchants of that place, had told me this, however, so the fact that I didn't get a shot, is to be charged to me.

Jack Boyd, born in the Southwest and raised on a cattle ranch, is the only man in that section who knows the sheep. At the time of my visit he was running the Plaza Hotel, but is now on his cattle ranch. With him as a companion, the third and last trip was begun.

Hough, if you wish to be real kind to some friend who thirsts for the gore of a mountain sheep, let him address this man at El Paso. He would, I think, act as guide the coming winter, and has all the qualities to be desired.

This should be a good place to say something of the Mexican officials, also. A writer in one of the sporting monthlies a short time ago was displeased with most everything at the customs office. I went there alone and discovered an inspector who speaks English. In fifteen minutes I had a thirty-day permit for my rifle and one hundred cartridges. This cost me twenty-five cents of their money. Of course there was a little red tape, but the trouble was theirs, not mine.

On each of the three trips the grub was packed in drill bags and each time was duty free. No tips or bribes and nothing but kindness was my experience.

At Ahumada we learned that a party of naturalists was camped at the spring west, where we intended to make our headquarters, so we decided to go east into a country unknown to all of us. This time we had trouble getting an outfit, but finally started with two small mules hitched to a small wagon with Francisco as driver, and two sorry-looking saddle horses, all for six dollars Mexican money per day.

The first day's journey was south of east to a water hole known to Boyd. Here we camped and filled our barrel and keg. The second day's course was the same. Toward noon Boyd got a nice antelope, and about 4 o'clock discovered a second bunch. This time I got a small but very pretty head, and as it was rather late we camped.

While we were caring for the heads and meat, Francisco got supper and watered the horses, giving them a bucket and a half each, a little more than was intended.

The third day in the same direction would take us to the Iron Mountains, and two miles out from the high part of these we had been told we would find Red Spring. Late that afternoon we had passed well down beyond the high part and no spring. Neither had we crossed a trail. The Mexican who had told us of the spring also said San Antonio ranch laid fifteen miles south of this same range. Should we go on and look for this, or should we strike back for the water hole, two days away? Approaching darkness made us prudent enough to decide in favor of the known water, but in the morning we were again brave, so we went on south to look for the ranch.

The forenoon was half gone when we came to an old, little-used road, running east and west. We followed this east into the hills at the south end of the mountains. Here Boyd took a climb and with his glass looked south, but could see no ranch. From his point he could see that our road turned north on emerging from the hills. Consulting, we decided to take the road west, hoping to strike the railroad by morning, as it runs southeasterly below Ahumada. The night would be cool and our poor old horses could travel better. Saddles and harness were taken off at noon as usual to give the animals a rest. Heretofore they would feed around camp with trailing ropes, but to-day they had to be tied to keep them away from the wagon. Three or four swallows for each of them had emptied the barrels the night before.

About 5 o'clock that evening we saw three horses off to our right feeding, and a little later as we reached the top of one more swell, a 'dobe appeared in the distance that an hour or so later proved to be San Antonio ranch, fifteen miles east of the mountains instead of south. A twenty-foot well is the only water, but it looked pretty good to us.

That night Boyd killed a coyote that came right into camp after our antelope meat.

The next morning we filled our barrels, took a few pictures of the Rurales, or country police, who are stationed here with their families, and also got them to set us right in regard to the water. Red Spring lies as the Mexican had told us, only east of the Iron Mountains, at the end of the road we had followed, instead of on the west side, where we had understood it to be.

Yes, there were sheep in these mountains, and wild hogs too. At noon we turned east on our back track, camping near the pass at night. With our horses we hunted around the south end the following forenoon, this time for sheep. Our water hunt was about ended.

At noon we met the wagon just through the hills. That night we camped at the water, having seen nothing favorable all day.

Leaving Francisco and the wagon at the spring, we spent the day hunting north along the mountains, seeing old sign of wild hogs, for which we hunted a little, but no sheep tracks. We had now seen these hills from most every point, scanning the sides with our glasses and occasionally looking for sign on a low ridge or knoll at the foot.

This is Boyd's method. The Mexican will take you to the very top, believing the sheep are always there. Boyd says they sometimes go there, after a run along the base, when alarmed.

A small group of mountains about twenty-five miles east of north from our camp looked good to Boyd, so in the morning, with our barrels filled, we made for them.

At about 5 o'clock that night we reached the base and camped. As it was early, we hunted a little near by, Boyd afoot over some of the ridges, and myself on horse around. On returning to camp Boyd said: "Well, we will get our sheep to-morrow. There is plenty of sign here, but it is a few days old. We will probably find they are in some other part of the mountains."

In the morning we rode around the east side, sending Francisco the other way with instructions to watch for signs of water and to camp out in the flat from the north end.

We reached the small hills at the north end before seeing anything except a few tracks. Here we crossed through and continued on north, stopping frequently to look. Coming to a long ridge about 150 feet high, we tied our horses and went to the top of it. Along the crest to the right Boyd found deer sign, and while we stood there we discovered four deer just at the base of the ridge in front of us. We admired them for some time till they scampered away to our left. Another ridge similar to and parallel with the one we were on laid in front of us a short distance. Boyd started for this, promising to give me the high sign if he should see anything. When half-way across the flat he glanced back at the deer which were still in sight at the end of my ridge. As he turned further to let me know there were now six of them, he sank to the earth and pulled off his old sombrero. The sign! With the little .30 carbine ready, I looked along the top of the ridge just as a nice old ram stepped up in sight, head on at about seventy-five yards.

In the three trips I had spent about thirty days looking for just this. Very, very carefully I touched the trigger. With a bleat the old fellow laid over dead.

Presently Boyd's gun cracked. A smaller ram had been behind. When his big brother fell he ran down across the flat in front of Boyd, making around the other ridge. Boyd can run some, too, but he couldn't head that sheep. One of his shots had drawn blood, however, so he followed the train. After a while I heard another shot, then in a few minutes he came in sight with red hands, as the glass revealed. Jack is a true prophet, you see. He had kept the trail to where the blood stopped, and here the small sheep had cut the trail of a large one which Boyd saw and shot as he turned to run, hitting him from behind in the center of one horn, yet the .25-35 was instantly fatal.

We luckily found the wagon and camped with the sheep. Sixteen inches for my horns and sixteen and a half for his, was the way Boyd made it.

Twelve o'clock found us ready for bed, Boyd having measured and skinned his sheep to be mounted whole. Hough, do you know where he could sell it? It's a fine specimen and in good shape.

We had found no water, but that was not so very important now. A half-bucket apiece was all the animals had.

Isn't it hard to believe that these sheep and the deer were at least twenty-five miles from water? Boyd says he never found a sheep track around any water hole, and he certainly has a keen eye. He claims they don't drink. I think so, too, now.

In skinning out my head the chin muscles were found to be just filled with small spines, evidently from the prickly pear cactus. Isn't this where they get the necessary moisture? We found the ears of these sheep entirely closed with scab. They say that all the sheep in that

section are similarly affected, but this does not harm the appearance of the heads at all.

Early in the morning we were off for the spring. During the noon rest the horses and mules preferred the scant shade of the palmillas to the grass, as it was very warm.

We wore very little clothing, but never suffered from cold. Duck shirt and pants, socks, shoes and leggins, with an Upthegrove coat tied to the saddle, was my rig. Boyd's was much the same, except socks. He sometimes followed the example of the natives and left them off, too. Rubber soles or something similar are quite necessary, but will soon wear out. The rocks are the worst I ever saw.

The rest of the way to the spring was made mostly on foot. Our horses were played. Boyd's had been without shoes behind for several days, and his heels were bleeding. For this reason he had been favored a little in dividing the water the previous night. About 3 o'clock my horse got so he didn't even feel like carrying his own weight. We emptied our canteens into the bucket. This small amount of water braced him up, and at 7 we reached the spring. Here we rested one day and just drank water. Francisco found two or three old horseshoes left by some prospector. We had no nails, but on arriving at San Antonio ranch we got a few ,and with Boyd's horse shod made Ahumada in due time.

Every one soon learns the Mexican expression for "very far." If there is one for "near by" I never heard it. There doesn't seem to be any occasion for it.

The Writings of Special.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your regular correspondent under the name of Special writes well and entertainingly. I am sure the majority of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM are interested in what he says. Special is a personal stranger to me, yet I always read what he says. He has a way of stating cold facts which is interesting.

I object to New Hampshire being called a hole. Literally (as I understand) a hole (that is comparing Maine with New Hampshire) means a receptacle for the dollars which outsiders deposit. If New Hampshire is a hole in this sense, Maine is a cavern with no bottom. You Maine men, whether of the Fish and Game Commission or private citizens, read carefully what Special says as to this non-resident hunting license. Get out of your heads that your State is the only one where a man of moderate means can take his annual outing. You have a small class (comparatively) of transient visitors, who would be glad to have all expenses of such visitors trebled, and also to have a license of a large amount added, as Special says. Try it for a few years and note carefully the falling off of receipts.

Here in this smaller hole (as compared with Maine) we are glad to see transient visitors. We do not pretend to allure as does our neighboring State; we have deer, feathered game and some good fish. If you know how to kill or catch them, they are yours, and it will cost one considerably less than to try it in Maine, and sometimes the result will be fully as satisfactory. In this "hole of New Hampshire" we think we know the value of our transient visitors. They are the best crop we can cultivate. We do not want to choke them off by making them pay a special license for what they may not get. You Maine men read what Special says and ponder over it before you decide to kill the goose which lays the golden egg.

C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H., July 28.

Sea and River Fishing.

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

A Mouth-to-Mouth Talk.

IF the salmon is king, and the brook trout a prince of the blood, surely the black bass is entitled to have at least that much misused appendage, Esquire, hooked to his patronymic. But precisely here we are in deep water. If, in accordance with the threadbare jest, we "drop a line" to the large-mouthed gentleman from Oswego, bearing the alluring title of Esquire, should we not present to his nimbler and daintier-mouthed congener letters patent conferring the title of, say, Knight Commander of the Bath? We have no taste for raising family dorsals, therefore we shall leave this moot case in somewhat the same state of uncertainty as that in which the two petty rival Irish chieftains left the question of their superiority. One claimed the overlordship of the other, and the feudal service and emoluments appertaining to the tenure. The claimant dispatched a scowling kern, fortified with a primitive shillalah, who delivered his message, punctuated with thuds of his blackthorn on the gate (not the pate, in this instance) of the putative vassal:

"Pay me m'rint, O'Toole! An' if y'don't!!"

The addressed chieftain arose, muttering, "Sufferin' sods!" smote his shield with the handiest weapon at the moment, his fist, and thundered forth the ultimatum:

"I owe ye no rint, McFod! An' if I did!!"

Probably the "rint" is yet unpaid.

But though we do not desire to decide oracularly whether it shall be Micropterus Dolomieu, K. C. B., and Micropterus Salmoides, Esq., or vice versa, there is no reason why the interested parties themselves should not thresh out the subject. The opportunity to overhear such an interesting discussion was afforded us one day last summer at Greenwood Lake, where both species of the fresh-water bulldog occur. A more charming environment could not easily be found. Here nature emptied her horn of plenty long ago, and still sits smiling amid the beauties she has lavished. Doubtless there be lakes as blue and as placid as Greenwood, but with a more conscious, tricked-out insistence; there may be embosoming hills clad in more luxuriant summer verdure, but you shall find them in the infected air of the tropics; and the Greenwood hills in their autumn dress are unsurpassable. For the true sportsman, whose avocation is but a peg whereon to hang, in the gallery of his memory, pictures whose appeal is as varied to the mental as to the physical eye, this is an enchanted land. True, the mountain-fed waters do not now so teeem with their pristine life; the deer have been buffaloed, if we may be permitted the word, and the drum of the ruffed grouse and the fife of Bob White do not stir the blood so frequently as they did when Frank Forester trod the Warwick woodlands. But her majesty the lake is to-day as fair, and her surrounding knights, the hills, are still as majestic and obsequious in their bravery, throwing their gorgeous mantles at her feet, as was Sir Walter when, with the gesture of a king, he spread his cloak beneath the foosteps of his queen.

It was in these surroundings that my guide and I lay on a bank at the water's edge, one broiling summer afternoon. The chorus of the birds was hushed. The "drowsy hum" of insects filled the air. Here and there a dragon fly needled his gaudy length among the golden

A QUIET NOOK.
Photo by Miss B.

globes of the pond lily that "lolls upon the wave," as it does forever in Poe's exquisite line. Leaves turned their pallid faces to the wilting sun as if beseeching him for mercy. Great fleece clouds mirrored their snow in the nether blue, or flung their giant shadows athwart the hills. A breeze, dropping from its wings the sappy odors of the woods, fluttered lightly on the surface of the lake.

"See!" cried John, suddenly, "there's a big bass under them lilypads."

A dark shadow glided through the anchoring stems. It was a large-mouth bass.

"That fellow will go five pounds good," he added. "An' by Christmas! there's another—a small-mouth—he's a two-pounder."

The second shadow seemed a little shy of the first. It was quicker in its movements, but kept a respectful distance. Just then we heard from the floor of the lake—it was shallow here—in snappy tones, the greeting:

"Hello, Stumpy!"

"Howdy, Redeye! What air yew a-doin' here?" came back the drawling answer, with an unmistakable implication of authority.

"Well," said the small-mouth, "the spring's been cold,

ROCKY POINT.
Photo by Miss B.

an' I thought I'd lazy a spell like yerself an' take a look at the sun."

"Hugh! Yew did, naow," grunted the Oswegoan.

"How d'y' stan' this hot weather, with all that fat on, Stumpy?"

"I hain't bin right smaart fer some days, young feller, ef y' want t' know bad. Th' lake's purgin' ongodly, an' I feel it alonger th' backbone—I hain't riz in a week, I hain't. I'm thirsty more than common, an' I drink like a fisherman! Y' look ez chipper ez a yaller perch yerself." He looked at the two-pounder enviously.

"Oh, yeh; I'm able to shake a fin, thanky—but you cer'nly look pale aroun' the gills, ole man."

Redeye was rubbing it in, but the loquacious old fellow had a failing common to the aged—he liked to talk about his ailments.

"Like's not I do look kind o' bad. Whiskers, thet catfish thet live in the hole at the maouth o' the crick, tol' me last night I'd oughter git a mess o' shiners t' brighten up on."

"Why, say, yer back fin ain't on straight, Shorty, an' y' got that greenery-yallery color on th' sides, from loafin' roun' weeds. You look fierce! What's the worst word?"

"Waal, I may look green an' I may look yaller, ez yew say, but I feel blue. Ef I must tell, my health hev bin pore sence I lose thet single o snelled hook thet stuck into m'jaw, an' three foot o' double gut a draggin' onto it, sence nigh onto a month. Yew seed it, hain't y'? Waal, I kind o' got use to it, I did. I drug it araoun' an' drug it araoun', an' when it rusted an' bruck off onto a stump a few days ago, I feel l-o-n-e-some like. 'Pears t' me ez ef I lose a fin." Here he rubbed his opercles gingerly against a lily stem.

"Don't worry about that, Shorty," said Dolomieu, moving slyly away. "You'll soon get another single o into that big gob o' yours."

Salmoides squared himself and set his spines, but did not follow. He knew he was no match for his sprightly half-brother in a swimming contest.

"Don't be so bristly, will y'? I didn't mean anythin'. I'm sorry y're under the weather." And Redeye ventured a little nearer.

"I don't take no stock in sich small fry ez yew, no haow," replied Stumpy. "Yew hain't wuth a tin frawg!"

"You seem t' be 'quainted with tin frogs. Did y' ever drop one down y'r fish car in a thunderstorm?"

"Say, mister fingerlin'," growled Stumpy, quivering with unavailing rage, his accent expanding in the heat of excitement, "my maouth bawthers yew awful, don't it? Eet's a handier maouth than yourn t' ketch reel live minnies into. Yew air stuck on yer shape big, hain't y'? But y' hain't no brook trout yerself, by a long fish line!"

"Now, see here, Stumpy, I don't want t' be too finical, but y' mustn't use such spressions as 'stuck on your shape' when addressin' me. I ain't used to it, an' I'll snub y' the next time I meet y'." Redeye picked up some diminutive substance from the sand, pebbled it out again with supercilious delicacy, and added: "You're as vulgar as a sucker, Shorty! Did y' ever go t' school?"

"School! Hugh! I bin jawstled araoun' into this here lake tew much t' go t' school. I never sot fin in no school, an' I hain't sced any."

"Then y' might 'a' hooked on to somethin' from the fishermen that come here, beside vulgarity an' tin frogs. That's the way I polished up m' grammar an' icktyology —ahem!"

"Wow! Say, yew must 'a' swallered what thet dominie thet use t' fish here on Sundays, with a wooden bait an' a bottle, calls a 'dictionairy.'"

"Well, y' see, Stumpy," replied Redeye, without moving a fin, "I'm a produc' o' fishculture." He turned in a flash, darted forward, and snapped out "Scat! Scat!" at a retreating object.

"What air yew a-scattin' about naow?" inquired Stumpy, irritated. "Yew're wusser'n one o' these here dawgfish."

"There's that ugly catfish just been here," said Redeye, returning.

"Caatfish! Say, hain't yew got sence enough into yer head t' know that no caatfish is a-comin' into this shaller water this time o' day? Thet's Spikey, the pick'rel, snootin' 'raoun' them weeds fer a minnie. Caatfish! Oh! Glob-glob! Glub-glub!" laughed the hulking fellow, rolling on his side, his gills rising and falling. "Yew bin t' school an' learn codology or somethin', yew hev! Oh, glob, glub! My sides! I'll bust somethin' a-lafin'."

"I ain't used t' these weeds," explained Redeye, weakly, "an' I didn't look sharp."

"Oh! Ho! Glub-glob! Glob!" came the fat, bubbling laughter again. "Yew hain't the only fresh fish thet's chock full o' book learnin', an' hain't got ez much nat'ral gumption ez a phantom minnie! I knowed slews o' fish, I did, what mout be ketchin' spinners to-day ef they leave these here fly-books alone. Oh, glob-glob!"

This outburst riled Dolomieu. The fire flashed viciously in his eye. His spines bristled "like quills upon the fretful porcupine." Round and round Salmoides he rushed, as a predatory street arab capers around an apple cart, not daring to approach within striking distance of the enraged Greek; or, to change to a more appropriate metaphor, like a swift cruiser about a sluggish battleship. The large-mouth merely turned within his own length, slowly, head to the enemy.

"Ain't you done chawin' of your mouth yet?" Redeye burst out. "When that gullet o' yours is open, y'r head's off an' the lake's afire! If I could throw a grain o' salt on y'r tail, you'd grow up t' be a jewfish! Y' look flabbier than a piece o' pork rind after a' evenin's fishin'." He was forgetting his boasted good manners under the barb of wounded vanity.

The five-pounder also began to lose his head at this Billingsgate, and started in to plow water. "Yew'll call me names oncet tew often, yew little blaack trash! I'll rip——" He stopped short, his prow toward the shore where we were lying.

"What y' starin' at, Stump?" asked Redeye, surprised. "Y' look as scary as Goggles, the wall-eyed pike!"

"Gosh all sinkers!" heaved out the huge one in great alarm. "They's Jawhn Smith, the guide, a-sittin' on to that bank, right there!"

"John Smith! Y' don't say!"

Both turned tail instantly and fled to the shelter of the further pads. We could still discern the two shadows, however, and hear the voices gurgling upward. Fear of their common enemy settled their squabbles temporarily. They drew closer together.

"Do you know John, too?" said Redeye.

"Do I know Jawhn! Yes, yes! Jawhn come mouty near givin' me the gapes, oncet upon a time, he did! It were the wuss turn I ever hev!"

"How'd it happen?"

"Waal, it were this-a-way: This June, one fine mornin', an' a ripple onto the lake, I sot eyes on Jawhn drappin' into his boat an' sneakin' aout t' fish, all by his lonesome. He were castin' a small frawg on a six-ounce fly-rawd. Yew seed him do it, hain't y'? Naow, thinks I, y' hain't a-gittin' no riz outen me t'-day, Jawhn! Waal, he kep a-wavin' an' a-wavin' thet little rush o' hisn, like a strip uv eel grass, an' I were tempted, I were, to foller him up an' see him ketch some fool fish on to it, livin' in hopes, I were, thet a loose frawg mout jump overboard outen his frawg car. 'Long about 'leven o'clawk. Vane come along, tew, an' I git kind o' kerflummixed with the tew boats, I reckon; an' I were feelin' terrible hongry by then, doin' nawthin' but follerin' all day. Ennyhaow, I were just behind a big stump, front o' Jawhn's raft, when I see a nice, bright frawg a-floppin' an' a-skitterin' an' a-shakin'

of his legs fer home, perpetual. Slosh—O! I sez, an' struck thet frawg like a musskylunge."

"Did y' get the frog?" asked Redeye, eagerly.

"Did I git th' frawg! Yes, yes! I git th' frawg, I did, an' a heap more t' boot! I struck thet frawg, head fust, an' run thirty foot t' swaller him, an' all t' wunst somethin' hit me a jab in the jaw an' sock me tew good foot offen bottom."

"Did y' spit him out?"

"I couldn't spit nawthin' out, I tell y'! Thet air frawg were tied tew a string, he were, an' Jawhn Smith were at t'other end on it."

"Snells alive! How'd y' pull out, Stumpy?"

"Waal, I med fer the stump an' got snarled 'raound it, kind o', an' busted the gut near the line—it were some frayed, I reckon—an' thet were the same snelled hook I drap t'other day!"

Before Stumpy finished relating his thrilling adventure a small sunfish had stolen to the edge of the lilypads. When Stumpy got his eye on the intruder, he swung his helm hard aport instanter, headed for him, and opened with his usual interrogative broadside:

"Say, Sunny, what air yew a-doin' here? This hain't no plaace fer the likes o' yew. I guess y' sort o' like the sun, but yew'll find this here summer resort a leetle tew hot! Me an' Redeye is a-havin' a quiet talkee, an' we don't want no disruption!" He waved his tail threateningly.

"You'd better take Stumpy's advice," admonished Redeye. "Paddle along now, Sunny—swimmin's good!"

The sunfish did not wait for a third invitation.

"Say," said Stumpy, weaving himself again into the pattern of the lily stems, with the important manner in which an obiter dictum is usually delivered, "say, them sunnies is cu'r'us little cusses."

"Yeh," assented Redeye, just tickling the old fellow's side with his tail tip, "they think themsel's some punkin seed."

"Waal," continued Stumpy, "ez I were a-sayin' when thet little tadpole disrupted me, Jawhn's ez slick ez a mother eel, an' y' don't ketch this here 'specimen o' the

CASTING FOR BLACK BASS.
Photo by Miss B.

finny tribe' ez yew say, a-follerin' of his boat no more. But, say, hain't yew had no hair-bread escapes, Redeye?"

"Only one, Stumpy, when I took a scarlet-ibis off a fly-fisherman last year; but I shook'm out on the second jump."

"I hain't much on th' jump m'self. Gimme a stump, or a lawg, or a bunch o' weeds, an' I'll tear loose tew outen three times, ev'ry sqush. But talkin' o' flies, yew wuz on to the beds when y' took thet air red-headed fly, I reckon?"

"I was that—early in June, in fly time, before the law was changed."

"Flies don't bawther me much, but on the beds I'll fight 'any ole thing,' ez them Noo York still-fishers sez. Our beds hev got-tew-be-purtected, Redeye—sot thet down oncet fer all. I tell y', I hain't skeered uv a wooden spinner an' thirteen hooks on to it, in spawnin' time."

"The law allows only three hooks on 'em now, an' they don't ketch to yer outsides so offen; but I don't want one of the flyin' devils stuck into my gullet, anyhow!" said Dolomieu, with a tremor. "I like mine soft, thank y'! What are you takin' now, Stumpy? What grub are y' livin' off?"

"Waal, a little of anythin' I kin git, but mostly minnies an' daubsons. I'm a great favoryte o' daubsons, I am—I like daubsons, special."

"Dobsons? I call 'em hellgrammites," corrected Redeye, unable to keep from showing off his "book learnin'."

Stumpy resented this display of pedantry. His caudal twitched angrily. "Yew do, naow?" he drawled. "Waal, say, I don't keer what the cuss word yew call 'em, I'll call 'em daubsons. They taste jest as good, an' they air good tew, I'll tell y'." He snapped his jaws together, half in warning, half in appreciation. "I wish I hed a nice bunch o' daubsons or nightwalkers, right naow!"

"How would a plump young frog go?"

"Naow, say, thet hits me tew a tender spawt! This here pouch o' mine's a-gittin' terrible slack. Ef I see a frawg naow, I'd show y' what a riz looks like—I kin make the water bile! I heerd a fisherman say oncet thet yew fellers fit like one o' these here salmon when y' wuz hooked, but y' don't rise tew a frawg good."

"Let's throw 'em a live frog," said John, "and see who gets it."

He took one from the frog box and threw it on the lilypads.

Immediately the water began to "bile" wickedly enough to cook the amphibian while they waited. Stumpy's curved bronze shot out of the lake, and he jumped clear over the frog, to take it head first, but missed it. Redeye came up beneath his rival, in the twinkling of an eye, sucked in deftly, rather than pounced on, the frightened victim, and made a run out to deeper water with his prey, while the old man sulked in the pads, poising his bulk between two roots. When Redeye had pouched the frog, he returned warily, feeling his way. He knew he had committed the unpardonable sin.

"Yum, yum, Stumpy!" said he, playing with fire, "that frog goes good, an' there ain't no string tied to him neither."

"I knowed I'd miss him," said Stumpy, keeping his eye on the victor. "I'm all upsot sence I lose thet snelled hook o' Jawhn's, I tell y'."

"Sour minners!" retorted Redeye. "You always was thick, ole greeny, but how did you miss him—with—that—big——"

Redeye had the last word, but it was lost in the mad race for life to the depths beyond, where, we are glad to say, "strikes" are sometimes arbitrated.

Split Bamboo.

Random Notes of an Angler.

The Tautog as a Sportsman's Fish.

Among my friends is a gentleman who devotes most of the time that can be spared from his business to hunting and fishing. He is an expert with rod and gun, and is an enthusiastic and thorough sportsman in every way, except that he prefers to catch tautog with a hand line rather than with rod and reel.

This trait in his character—I call it crankiness—I have never been able to change. In vain have I quoted from angling books and sporting papers and given him my own experience and that of others who enjoy fishing for this species with rod and rather light tackle; he simply shrugs his shoulders, or laughs good naturedly at my arguments, declares that the way he fishes is the only fit way to catch tautog, and goes out in his boat early in the morning, anchors over his favorite ledges, and pulls up his two or three pounders hand over hand, like so many cod or haddock. Well, I suppose "a willfu man mun gang his ain gait," and if my friend will not be convinced, it is nobody's business but his own, but it is a great pity that he loses such a lot of capital sport as he does every season.

Now I do not claim that the tautog is pre-eminently a game fish when compared with the salmon, bass and squeteague, but that it is capable of affording most excellent sport with rod and reel there are hosts of anglers who will testify.

On a rather stiffish bait rod a four or five pound tautog will, if hooked in rough water, give an angler all he wants to attend to before it is landed. While the tautog is as a rule a bottom fish, it does not always restrict itself thus, for I have repeatedly taken them in breakers in which even the striped bass would have to "hustle" to keep in safe water.

Time and again have I fished from ledges and rocky shores for these fish when breakers six or eight feet high were dashing all around me, and the tautog found no difficulty in "stemming the tide" and in seizing my baited hook as it moved about in the foaming water. And then what a battle ensued! The tautog does not make such wild runs as does the striped bass, but it is an immensely muscular fish—examine one and note how broad and thick it is—and when it starts to go it generally goes, and the angler needs to handle his captive with good judgment or it will break away.

Frequently have I had my line taken out twenty or more yards at a run, and have had this repeated before my fish was landed.

The gait was not a fierce one, but there was a dogged determined pull, such as no ordinary line, if not running from a reel, could withstand.

The worst trick that this fish has is to carry the hook (the second one) beneath shelving rocks or in holes between jagged points of ledges, in which it becomes fastened and the fish escapes.

As to Tackle.

For tautog fishing my favorite rod is a split bamboo ten feet in length and weighing about eight ounces; the tip is stiff enough to be available for bait-casting and pliable enough to afford a proper degree of sportsmanlike play in handling a good fish.

For reel I have found that a substantial click reel, such as I have described in a previous article as a salmon reel, but smaller, is better than a multiplier. I know very well that there are anglers who will not agree with me in this, men who believe that a multiplier is the reel for surf fishing, for the reason that it permits one to take up line more quickly than an ordinary reel does, but I have seen so many accidents from the use of the former, have seen tangled lines, and clogged reels and lost fish, and "language" that I will "hae none o' them."

For a line I have settled down to using one of linen rather than one of braided silk, such as is used by many other anglers.

For hooks, the kind sold in the tackle stores under the name of blackfish or tautog hooks are undoubtedly the best; care should be taken to have them well tied on strong, doubly twisted gut, and when two hooks are used one should be set at least six inches above the other. It is well to have a variety of sizes along and a supply of Nos. 3 to 10 will suffice to meet any and all emergencies. A swivel sinker is preferable to any other in surf or breakers, but if bottom still-fishing is followed the tracing sinker through which the line moves freely is the better one. I am inclined to believe that the tracing sinker is not valued as it should be by most bait-fishermen. With the ordinary sinker which often rests on the bottom the fisherman does not feel the bite unless the sinker is dragged along; but with the tracing sinker the weakest bite is felt, for the reason that the line moves in response without any check whatever from the sinker.

While the tautog usually prefers a rocky bottom and loves to lurk among reefs and ledges and about sunken wrecks, it does not limit itself to such surroundings, for it is taken on great stretches of sandy bottom in Long Island Sound.

In former days it grew to a considerably larger size than is taken now, fish weighing ten or twelve pounds then being common, while in recent years a five-pounder is a rarity.

Scott in his "Fishing in American Waters" says that "The blackfish, or tautog, is not to be disdained by the disciple of rod and reel. Though he is eminently a commercial fish, yet a tide-runner of his family which weighs from eight to twelve pounds makes such dips and runs as try both the angler and his tackle. A somewhat celebrated Senator of Rhode Island (Burlingame) used annually to spend several summer weeks in fishing for tautog with an artistically rigged hand line. He sculled his boat to the edge of the tide, on the bank between a rapid current and nearly slack water, and near an islet or reef of rocks in the Seconnet River, where the water is about fifteen feet deep, anchored his punt firmly, standing up in the stern, and cast some seventy-five feet of line, armed with two hooks about two feet from the sinker, and baited with clam. In this way I have known him to take one hundred pounds of tautog in one hour."

The tautog has not only diminished in size, but it has decreased in numbers very considerably also. In Prof. Baird's report of the Rhode Island hearing which I alluded to in my last article, I find quite voluminous evidence from fishermen relating to the diminishing supply of these fish.

One witness stated that compared with the fishing twenty years ago, under the same conditions, the number of tautog caught now (1871) would not be more than one-eighth as many. He said that he used to go outside for his fishing principally, his car holding from 100 to 150 pounds. In the ordinary condition of weather he could fill it and be home by 9 o'clock in the morning, but now twenty years later, fishing the same time, under the same conditions and on the same ground, if he got twenty-five pounds of fish, he considered he was doing well.

Another witness said that when he was a boy he used to see men who followed tautog fishing go off early in the morning, and come back with as many as they could sell by 7 or 8 o'clock in the forenoon; now one cannot get any to sell by going all day.

Among more recent data I find in the report of the Massachusetts Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game for 1900 that the total catch in that State of tautog in all pounds, weirs and seines in 1900, was only 12,473 while the average annual catch for the nineteen years 1882 to 1900, inclusive, was 63,802.

The catch for 1895 was entirely phenomenal, it being recorded as 436,090. If we omit this and strike an average for the other eighteen years, we find that it is 43,119 or considerably more than three times the entire catch for 1900.

The food of the tautog is varied and consequently the angler is not confined to only one or two kinds of bait; it is fond of small mussels, which it strips from the rocks and sea clams, crustaceans, such as fiddler crabs, hermit and sand crabs, and small lobsters are greedily eaten by it. To small lobsters it is very destructive, as the following example will show:

"A fisherman put a tautog which weighed half a pound in a lobster car in which there were three hundred pounds of living lobsters. It was kept in the car from the first of May to the end of October, six months, when it had destroyed all the lobsters and weighed three-quarters of a pound."*

The bait which I use in preference to all others is a small crab such as is found hiding in the shale or beneath the rocks on the shore, and which may readily be obtained by turning over the rocks when the tide has gone out. I have found them so abundant at times that one hundred or more could be obtained on a stretch of shore not over ten rods in length. Little fellows they are, about an inch in diameter, but they make a most capital lure. The hook is passed through them from belly to back, care being taken not to crush them more than is absolutely necessary. If a number of these are captured, they may be kept in damp sea weed, in which they will live a long time.

The tautog is pretty abundant in most of the water which surrounds Long Island, and is taken in many localities in Long Island Sound and Fisher's Island Sound. It is a favorite market fish in New England, and is found along the New Jersey shore as far south as Delaware Bay, and although it is generally a near-shore fish, it is often captured on the ocean banks off Sandy Hook.

It is not a free-swimming, wide-ranging fish like the bluefish, bass and squeteague, but makes its summer home in a given locality, from which it moves only on the approach of very cold weather, when it goes out into deeper water, where, like the striped bass, it hibernates in the mud or beneath shelving rocks until spring returns.

One of the interesting peculiarities of the tautog is its inability to endure very cold weather, there being many instances on record of its having frozen to death under the water, the inside of the fish becoming a lump of ice.

Although in New England the tautog is most abundant south of Cape Cod, it is found in many localities along the shore from Provincetown to Cape Ann.

I have had good tautog fishing from the rocky shore at Eastern Point, Gloucester; have taken quite a number at Nahant, and have known of many being caught at Cohasset and from the bridge that crosses the river between Quincy Point and East Weymouth. At the first-named locality the fishing is done from the rocks, a strong, heavy rod being used, and the bait cast out into the surf and allowed to sink near the bottom. But at Weymouth bridge, unless one fishes from a boat, a hand line is necessary, it being almost impossible to save one of the heavy fish by lifting it with a rod. On one occasion, at Eastern Point, while fishing with two baits, I hooked a heavy fish, which darted at once beneath a rock and fastened the other hook securely. For several minutes it remained firmly fixed, and the prospect seemed good for losing both fish and tackle, when it suddenly became released, and the discovery was then made that another large fish had taken the disengaged bait and was hooked.

For a quarter of an hour they gave me all I could attend to, but the steady strain of the rod proved too much for them, and they were finally led into a quiet cove where the landing net soon secured them.

They were very dark-colored fish, almost a deep blue black; they weighed four and one-half and five pounds respectively, and were as handsome a pair as one will now find in a season's fishing.

Edward A. Samuels.

[To be continued.]

* Report of U. S. Com. of Fisheries, 1871-1872.

"A" New Whitefish.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your last issue I notice that your able correspondent, Mr. E. T. D. Chambers, of Quebec, quotes the finding of a new whitefish in the waters of Lake Simcoe, and that it has been identified by Dr. Bensley as *Coregonus labradoricus,* or at least that its characteristics approach more closely to that form than to any other. As I had something to do with the identification of this little fish, I feel for the sake of science that we ought to place it where it belongs before the public, for already the best scientists in fishery matters have recorded its existence as *Coregonus richardsonii.*

These fish up to a year ago were classed as herrings by the local fishermen about Lake Simcoe, and nothing was thought of it until some Scotchman said that he knew they were Loch Fyne herrings such as he had so often seen in the old country. This opinion was given as an item of interest in the Toronto Globe, where it met my eye. Of course, I knew that such an opinion must be wrong, for probably Loch Fyne herrings would not live in fresh water, so I at once wrote to Mr. S. T. Bastedo to see if he could have a specimen sent to me. Apparently last season he could not get one for me, although he had Dr. Bensley to examine a specimen. This spring, however, he was good enough to have three of the little fish sent to me from Barrie. I saw at once that it belonged to the *Coregonus* family. However, I was not able to satisfy myself as to its particular identity, so I forwarded a specimen to Dr. H. M. Smith, of the U. S. Fish Commission at Washington, who has so ably written up some of the small whitefishes of Lake Erie. He very promptly acknowledged its receipt and stated that he and Dr. Evermann were surprised to find that it proved to be a specimen of *Coregonus richardsonii,* and said that as far as they knew it was the only recorded specimen beside the type fish, and that they were very anxious for more specimens.

I believe the type fish are dried specimens in the British Museum, and they were named after John Richardson, a noted author on subjects of natural history.

Gunther, Cat. VI., 185, 1866, says "its exact locality is unknown."

The fish is found associating with the common freshwater herrings in Lake Simcoe, and the fishermen say that it is not found at all in the adjacent waters. It seldom reaches more than a pound in weight, and is a most delicious fish for the table, being much finer and better flavored than its big relative, *Coregonus clupeiformis.* It is said that at certain seasons it will take the hook freely and many are caught in that way, but they are mostly taken in nets with the herring.

G. A. MacCallum.

London, July 28.

New England Fishing.

Boston, July 28.—Correspondents in Maine are in earnest about something being done to prevent too much fishing. The law permitting the sending out of ten pounds of fish is being assailed by the more thinking, and legislation will doubtless be asked to make a change. Box after box of fish goes out over the lines of railways tapping the fishing resorts. The express companies have not a word to say; it is money to them. If information is asked concerning the number of boxes they forward, they have none to give. The tone of the letters is that fishing in Maine is doomed; is slowly being reduced to the position of that of the Adirondacks. Severe restrictions of excessive fishing can only save the fish from being too soon exhausted.

Mr. E. C. Stevens, of Boston, fishing at Lake Dunmore, Salisbury, Vt., sends out one of his scores: Four pickerel, 6¼, 4, 3½ and 2 pounds; three bass, 3, 2 and 1 pound. The monster pickerel, for which that lake is famous, have not yet come to Mr. Stevens' net, but a more peculiar catch has. Mr. Austin L. Baker, of Boston, and Mr. Stevens' fishing companion, has caught a live mink in that net. Another big salmon was landed at Lake Auburn the other day. Mr. N. G. Manson, of Camp Leatherstocking, Richardson Lake, writes me of a day of experiences. On the carry between the two ponds, Big Richardson and Pepperpot, a bear that must have weighed four hundred pounds, was seen. At the pond Mr. Manson caught a trout weighing fully five pounds, the largest trout on record from that pond. Eight deer were sighted on the same afternoon. Mr. Manson writes that he is in a first-class fishing and shooting country; the only drawback is the fact of the great amount of poaching that is constantly carried on in that section, with no warden nearer than Rangeley village, nearly twenty miles away. Mill Brook, flowing from the Richardson ponds, was legally closed several years ago, but the Commissioners have neglected to post the brook, and nobody pays any attention to the law. The same conditions exist in regard to Metaluc Brook, flowing into the same lake, several miles below. Capt. Fred C. Barker looks out for Bemis Stream, flowing into Mooselucmaguntic Lake at Bemis. He employs out of his own pocket a man to watch "the spring" or natural hatchery up that stream, or the brook that joins it, every fall. In the bottom of the spring, about fifteen feet in diameter, hundreds of trout may be seen any day in the spawning season, the bottom full of spawn. It is easy to see that this care of that spring does more to keep up the supply of trout in that lake than any restocking that has ever been done by the Commission. The building of a fishway from Mooselucmaguntic Lake up into Rangeley Lake is being agitated, and late reports say that it is to be done. Nobody dares mention the building of a fishway at the Upper Dam, where the need is much greater. Two priests were apprehended by Game Warden Templeton at Jackman, Me., last week for fishing Parlin Stream, which is closed to all fishing. The Rev. Joseph Forest and the Rev. John Blair were caught fishing there by the warden. It cost the Rev. Forest $50, he paying all the bills.

Belgrade Lake, Me., has the reputation of being great for black bass. There is a story out that Monday over 2,500 bass were taken, and five trout, the largest weighing 4¼ pounds. While J. L. Ogden, of Newark, N. J., was playing a small bass there, it was seized and swallowed by a big pickerel. Mr. Ogden had considerable sharp work to land the pickerel on a six-ounce fly-rod. Charles Peeling, of New York, has two mounted trout hung in the office of the Belgrade, one weighing 8 pounds 14 ounces, the other 7 pounds 8 ounces. Continued cool and wet weather has caused the fly-fishing to hold out remarkably well at Moosehead; it is as good as it was three weeks ago, the height of the usual season. At Haines Landing Mr. Dexter C. Tiffany, of New York, has lately taken salmon of 4½, 4, 3¾ and 2½ pounds, and trout of 5½ and 2½ pounds. New Hampshire fishermen are having great sport with bass in Ashquam and other waters. W. H. Thompson, of Chelsea, and H. H. Howard, of Worcester, caught a string Tuesday weighing 17½ pounds. At Newfound Lake, a few catches of lake trout are still being made, the largest lately by Master Carl Bradden, weighing 10½ pounds. Congressman Frank D. Currier, of Canaan, recently took a string of thirty fine trout from the brooks near Dorchester. The Pemigewasset River is also yielding some good strings.

Boston, July 26.—Boston trout fishermen continue to make some good catches. C. A. Mentzer and W. J. Lamb recently made a trout fishing trip to Hancock, Vt., to a brook that Mr. Mentzer is acquainted with. They struck a good pitch of water for trout, and made a score of about ninety, some of good size for brook trout. As is almost ever the case nowadays, the camera went with them, and some pictures that they treasure were made. Another Boston trout fisherman—it is not best to give his full name for obvious reasons—went to a town in New Hampshire one day a couple of weeks ago, where he was to meet a fishing friend and try a trout brook that the friend knew about. Our Boston man did not know the country very well and had never been to the brook. He arrived at his friend's place at night. The friend could not go afishing the next day. Important business had come up and must be attended to. But the Boston fisherman could take his team and drive to the brook and fish that day, and both would go next day. The directions to find the brook were quite explicit: "Drive to the second turn in the road and turn to the left, then to the first turn and turn to the right, then to the forks of the road and go up a hill," etc. Our fisherman drove and drove, about as directed. Soon he came to a brook. He rigged his tackle and began to fish. The trout bit remarkably well and were of good size. Soon he caught a fish that did not look like a trout; one of a sort he had never seen. He caught another of the same sort, and then another. He filled his creel with handsome fish, and concluded that it was time to go back to his friend's house. He reached there much pleased with his luck. His friend looked the basket over, and began to look rather pale. "Keep those fish out of sight for heaven's sake. You've been on the wrong brook. Those are landlocked salmon. That brook is closed to all fishing, and if the wardens find out that you have caught them, they will cost you $10 apiece, beside the cost of prosecution!" The jaw of our fisherman dropped, and he felt like starting for Boston by next train. The brook was really posted, but he had waded right in the middle, and was so interested in fishing that he neither looked to the right or left, and did not see the signs.

Secretary L. Dana Chapman says that fishing continues good at the Megantic preserve. The cool, wet weather has prolonged the fishing remarkably. Restocking has also done much to help the sport there, beside the practice of fishing with the fly only, and that of returning all fish not needed to the water alive. L. O. Crane has made another record at Big Island Pond, a trout weighing 2 pounds 10 ounces.

Fishing has held out well at Lake Auburn, Me. Several good salmon were taken there on Tuesday last. One was caught by Frank Merrill, one by Mr. Thompson, and a third by Mrs. Curtis, of Boston, who has been a guest at Mr. Merrill's. I am not aware that these people used anything but the ordinary rigging, but I have it from good authority that local fishermen in that lake use a big spinner made at a tin shop, which the salmon take.

Special.

Capture of an Ocean Sunfish.

There was captured last Saturday near Seabright, N. J., a specimen of the ocean sunfish, an extremely curious but not very rare fish.

The sunfish is known to science as *Orthagoriscus mola;* it has a compressed disc-shaped body, no tail at all, but very long dorsal and anal fins. The sunfishes grow to be seven or eight feet long, and about the same breadth, and weigh from 600 to 800 pounds. They are found in the Mediterranean, on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean, and have been taken on the coasts of California and Japan. Their distribution is general throughout temperate and tropical seas.

The sunfish has no economic value. Its flesh is thin and tasteless, and when cooked separates into oil and bunches of tough fibers. However, the fishermen of Cape Cod sometimes make from the livers an oil which is highly prized as a remedy for sprains and bruises.

Nothing seems to be known of the time or place of the breeding of this species, but the young are occasionally taken.

The sunfish gains its name from its habit of floating on the surface of the water, with fins partly exposed. They are conspicuous objects when seen in this position, and are often captured and brought to cities, where they are exhibited as curiosities.

Fishing in the Delaware West Branch.

The fishing in the West Branch of the Delaware River near Deposit, N. Y., has been fair recently until July 17, when heavy rains roiled the water somewhat for a day. After that some fair catches were made just below this village. The river at this point has at different times been stocked with both black bass and wall-eyed pike fry, but I have heard of none of the latter fish being taken during my stay in this vicinity. Some fair-sized black bass were caught last week. Good catches have been made in Oquaga Lake, two and a half miles distant in the hills. Bass, wall-eyed pike and trout are found there. The river has been higher this month than usual at this season, and the fishing was spoiled for the time being by the heavy storms of July 18-20, when the stream rose several feet.

At Hale's Eddy the pool of that name is well known among anglers, and I am told good catches are made there every year. The village is five miles below Deposit. Boats can be hired, but I have seen few persons trolling on this part of the river. The local anglers stick to their barnyard hackle, and perhaps for this reason they catch more catfish than bass.

The best bass pool I have seen on the West Branch is less than two miles above Hancock. It is adjacent to the railway and may be approached from that side of the stream. One can fish from shore there by casting, as a series of ledges extend into the pool. Above these is a fall, in the tail of which, I am told, some famous catches of bass have been made. The water is deep and full of eddying currents. A nearer pool may be reached from Hancock by way of the road to Deposit, which passes nearby. This pool is also deep and dark, full of ledges where game fish can hide. It can be fished from the west bank by casting, and from a boat. Below it the river is swift, but deep for a long distance, even to Hancock.

One who wishes to fish the West Branch can find lodging at very reasonable rates in Hancock or Deposit, and the farmers along the river are accommodating and will no doubt find bed and board for the angler.

Perry D. Frazer.

Stockport, N. Y., July 21.

A Morehead City Shark.

Kinston, N. C., July 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Herewith is a clipping from the Raleigh News and Observer of to-day. Take it for what it is worth:

"Morehead City, N. C., July 25.—The largest shark that was ever caught in these waters was to-day landed by Mr. Russell J. Coles, of Danville, Va., with a rod and reel after a most desperate fight, and before the shark was finally killed he was shot twenty times with a heavy revolver. Mr. Coles used 600 feet of No. 36 Cuttyhunk line on a heavy tarpon reel with short trolling rod, and his boatman had to hold him in the boat when he was trying to check the fierce rushes of the shark.

"After the shark was killed six men were unable to lift him from the water, and he was finally hauled up by block and tackle after several failures, as his great weight broke the first chain that was used.

"The shark is twelve and one-half feet long and his weight estimated to be over 1,200 pounds.

"Dr. Milligan, of the Government Fish Commission boat, Fish Hawk, says that he has fished all over the world, and that he does not believe that as heavy a fish as this was ever caught on rod and reel in the world before.

"Mr. Coles is justly proud of his great catch and has had him photographed and will preserve his skin."

This will be of interest to tarpon and tuna fishers who are prepared to believe it. To those whose credulity is not in good working order, it will doubtless prove interesting from an entirely different point of view.

Having lost several costly lines fishing for sheepshead down there, I am prepared to take it all in and hope that it is the fish of my acquaintance.

T. H. Faulkner.

Adirondack Notes.

Louis Watso, the Wabannake Indian, who years ago was a successful guide, died recently at his home at North River, aged about eighty-one years. Very few of the old-time guides are left. Mr. Watso belonged to a generation of men mostly of lasting remembrance. All who knew any of them will wish that each may find his "eternal camp" in the "happy hunting grounds."

Fred Bird and Frank Fuller, two young men raised at Blue Mountain Lake, this week visited a pond some miles away and returned with thirty-five pounds of brook trout. Bird handled the raft while Fuller cast the flies. The trout were nearly all taken in one day, and Fuller was lame and sore from the exercise. One trout was twelve inches long and the average weight was about one-quarter pound. It was a fine catch, and the boys were heartily congratulated. They also reported seeing twelve deer on the trip.

The weather continues wet.

Juvenal.

The New Jersey Coast.

Newark, N. J., July 28.—Since my last letter but little of interest to the surf angler has been presented. While a few bass of large size have been taken at Deal Beach and at Avon, the catches have been so far between that interest has been on the wane at all times. The prize so far is to the credit of Niart Rogers, weight 26½ pounds. Last Sunday a school of weakfish broke in shore in pusuit of a school of butterfish. Those on the shore who were properly equipped had a gala day, as many specimens weighing from 5 to 8 pounds each were presented. I have made a personal review of the entire ocean front between Atlantic Highlands and Barnegat City, and the results are as above reported—but few bass, no bluefish and weakfish only of small size in the bays and rivers.

Leonard Hulit.

"The Earth is Our Own."

The earth is ours? Nay, tenants are we all,
Tenants at will of unrelenting fate;
Even now, before life's opening outer gate
They stand, to whom the earth full soon will fall.

Theirs are the streams ye drain for fancied needs,
The trees ye fell, and leave a place of death
Instead of forests with their healing breath,
The falls that vanish to exploit your deeds.

What will ye answer, when of you they ask,
"Where is the beauty which you held in trust?
What use to us these heaps of golden dust,
With earth a prison where we do our task?"

—Ninette M. Lowater in N. Y. Sun.

Rock Elm, Wis.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 8-11.—Toronto, Can.—Twelfth annual show of the Toronto Industrial Exposition. Fred Jacobi, Sec'y.
Oct. 7-9.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society's show. John W. Bacon, Treas.
Oct. 8-11.—Dallas, Tex.—Fifth annual show of the Texas Kennel Club. Geo. W. Clayton, Supt.
Oct. 21-24.—Frederick, Md.—Frederick County Agricultural Society's annual bench show. J. Roger McSherry, Supt.
Oct. 21-24.—New York.—Ladies' Kennel Association of America's show. Miss M. K. Bird, Westbury, L. I., Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 26-29.—Philadelphia.—Philadelphia Dog Show Association's show. M. A. Viti, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Aug. 19.—Emmetsburg, Ia.—Iowa Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fifth annual trials. Louis Stuehmer, Sec'y, Emmetsburg, Ia.
Aug. 26.—Salem, S. D.—South Dakota Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) third annual trials. E. H. Gregory, Sioux Falls, S. D.
Sept. 2.—Inaugural trials of the Minnesota-North Dakota Field Trial Association. Dr. W. A. Moore, Sec'y, St. Paul, Minn.
Sept. 4.—Carman, Man.—Sixteenth annual trials of the Manitoba Field Trials Club. Eric Hamber, Sec'y, Winnipeg.
Sept. 11.——, Man.—Fifth annual trials of the Brandon Kennel Club. Dr. H. James Elliott, Sec'y, Brandon, Man.
Sept. 11.—O'Neill, Neb.—Nebraska Field Trial Association's inaugural chicken trials. M. H. McCarthy, Sec'y.
Oct. 20.——, ——.—Western Field Trial Association's second annual trials. C. W. Buttles, Sec'y, Kansas City.
Oct. 27.—Paris, Mo.—Missouri Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club), sixth annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.
Oct. 27.—Washington C. O., Ohio.—Monongahela Field Trial Club's field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y.
Oct. 28.—Whitby Island, Wash.—Pacific Northwest Field Trials F. R. Atkins, Sec'y, Seattle, Wash.
Nov. 3.—Robinson, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. W. R. Green, Sec'y, Marshall, Ill.
Nov. 3.—Lake View, Mich.—Michigan Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fifth annual trials. C. D. Stuart, Sec'y, Benton Harbor, Mich.
Nov. 10.—Bicknell, Ind.—Independent Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Nov. 11.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trial Club's trials. F. W. Smith, Sec'y, New Haven.
Nov. 10.—Ruthven, Ont.—North American Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. Richard Bangham, Sec'y, Windsor, Ont.
Nov. 11.—St. Joachim, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's fourteenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 17.—Glascow, Ky.—Kentucky Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) third annual trials. F. W. Samuel, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.
Nov. 18.—Ruthven, Ont.—Fourth annual trials of the North American Field Trial Club. Alfred Wigle, Sec'y, Windsor, Ont.
Nov. 20.—Manor, L. I.—Pointer Club of America's (member of the American Championship Club) second annual trials. R. E. Westlake, Sec'y, Scranton, Pa.
Nov. 24.—Washington C. H., Ohio.—Ohio Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fifth annual trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.
Dec. 1.—Washington C. H., Ohio.—American Championship Field Trial Club's second annual trials. Chas. B. Cooke, Sec'y, Richmond, Va.
Dec. 1.——, —. —.—Interstate Championship Field Trial Association's second annual trials. C. D. Cooke, Sec'y.
Dec. 15.—Huntsville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) third annual trials. John F. Fletcher, Sec'y, Birmingham, Ala.

Canine Elegies and Epitaphs.

Readers are invited to send for this column any epitaph or elegy of departed dogs of which they may have knowledge. We continue the series from last week:

XI.—On the Death of a Lap-Dog Named Echo.

In wood and wild, ye warbling throng,
Your heavy loss deplore;
Now half-extinct your power of song,
Sweet Echo is no more.

Ye jarring, screeching things around,
Scream your discordant joys;
Now half your din of tuneless sound
With Echo silent lies.

—Robert Burns.

XII.—Lion.

[This may be neither epitaph nor elegy, but more of the nature of an obituary; but it belongs with these rehearsals of the qualities of deceased canines.]

Death of an Imported Dog.

To the Editor of the World:

A large Newfoundland dog departed this life at half-past three this morning. Lion was the name of the terrific animal who was the terror of the neighborhood, but, alas, is no more, as he hath "gone where the woodbine twineth." His voice, resembling muffled thunder, will sound no more along the silvery Potomac. Weeping men and children ask themselves in vain, "Where art he?" All of his many virtues may be expressed in the following words: "He was a noble dog." He used to wander mid the sylvan forests, and his clarion notes that echoed from crag to crag and were listened to by an admiring neighborhood, are heard no more. "The good die young," and so let it be with this noble, courageous brute. Peace to his *manes*.

Mr. Editor, will you please insert this in your paper, as the dog was known far and wide, and whose death we would like to have proclaimed by the leading papers of America and Europe. We are much pleased with your paper. Pax Vobiscum.

Joseph Reinhart.

Moler's, Jeff. County, W. Va.

XIII.—On Fop.

A dog belonging to Lady Throckmorton. August, 1792.

Though once a puppy, and though Fop by name,
Here moulders one whose bones some honor claim.
No sycophant, although of spaniel race,
And though no hound, a martyr to the chase;
Ye squirrels, rabbits, leverets, rejoice!
Your haunts no longer echo to his voice;
This record of his fate exulting view,
He died worn out with vain pursuit of you.
"Yes," the indignant shade of Fop replies,
"And worn with vain pursuit man also dies."

—William Cowper.

XIV.—On a Greyhound.

He who outbounded time and space,
The fleetest of the greyhound race,
Lies here! at length subdued by death,
His speed now stopped, and out of breath.

XV.—Old Charley.

A BRINDLE AND WHITE BULLDOG, BY HIS OWNER, THE REV. JAMES ADCOCK, SEPT. 1, 1859.

This lowly spot, inscribed with Charley's name,
Acquires fresh interest from his well-earned fame.
For while he lived no sturdy rogue or thief,
Approached the house to supplicate relief;
And many a time has laughter made me weep
To view his horror of an unwashed sweep.
Yet had he not the shadow of a fear,
Nor heeded odds when other dogs were near;
Venus and Mars held o'er him equal sway,
And either call he scorned to disobey.
His knotted shoulder and his vise-like jaw
Serv'd well to keep the mongrel curs in awe;
But when some worthier rival grac'd the stage,
Full of high mettle, void of needless rage,
He'd dare the onset, nor would seek retreat,
Till prostrate lay that rival at his feet.
His pluck and bottom were above all praise,
And scars the prowess told of bygone days;
Yet was he ever faithful, ever true—
Gentle and playful as a kitten, too.
Curious in food, how fond was he of cake!
And every sort of biscuit one could bake!
While with a nut to see him was a treat—
He'd crack the shell and then the kernel eat.
But now at length invidious disease,
In league with time, has wrought his health's decease,
And chemistry, in shape of prussic acid,
Hath stopped his breath, and rendered him quite placid.
Charley, farewell! and as thy looks no more
Shall scare the beggar from thy master's door,
So all who knew thee best shall fondly tell
How kind a heart did in thy bosom dwell.
Peace, then, to his remains! Here Charley lies,
And if his race can claim a Paradise,
May he the best of kennels there obtain
And live to bark and play and fight again.

Wolf Dog Hybrids in Canada.

From my friend Mr. Septimus Field, who is living at Asessippi, near the foot of the Riding Mountains, in a sportsman's paradise abounding with moose, wapiti, black-tail deer and jumpers, I have received a very interesting account of the habitual breeding of the cross-bred wolf dogs in that locality. The writer informs me that the cross between wolf and domestic dog is very common in his locality, as both are so plentiful. The Indians in the reserves have many of various colors. They tie up a bitch in the bush, and the pairing takes place the first night. An Indian named See Moose has one a cross between a dog wolf and collie bitch. It is a little darker on the back, but in all other points so much like a wolf that at a short distance no one could distinguish it from one. The Indians use them for their flat sleighs in winter, as they make good train dogs; and, what is of more importance, can get their own living when meat is scarce with their owners. The agent of the Pelly Reserve had them all shot, as they worried his sheep so that he could scarcely keep any. A settler near Asessippi has a light-colored one that he would not hesitate shooting anywhere if he were seen without his owner. Mr. Field does not like them. They are a lurcher-looking kind of dog. The production of these cross-bred animals from parents of both sexes of either breed is a sufficient proof, if, indeed, any were wanting, of the well-known close affinity between the dog and the wolf, which is now recognized by naturalists as one of the ancestors of the domestic dog. —W. B. Tegetmeier in London Field.

Ohio Field Trial Association.

Columbus, O., July 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a meeting of the Board of Governors of the Ohio Field Trial Association, held at Columbus, O., July 26, it was decided, owing to circumstances beyond control of the club, to hold the trials of the Association on the old dates, Nov. 4, beginning with the Members' Stake, to be followed with an open Derby and an open All-Aged Stake, with purse of $400 in each of the stakes.

At an inspection of the club grounds at Washington Court House, this week, the same were found in prosperous condition, abundance of stubble which contained more old birds with fine broods than was ever before known there.

Names of judges will be announced soon. Entry blanks and any other information will be forwarded by C. E. Baughn, secretary, Washington Court House, O.

C. E. Baughn, Secretary.

A Statue to a Monkey.

The municipal council of the French town of Grenoble has recently voted a large sum of money for a bronze statue of the famous chimpanzee named Charlemagne, who not long since died there. For nine years the chimpanzee, which was brought to Grenoble by an African explorer, had enjoyed the freedom of the town, being privileged to enter practically every house and to help himself to anything he fancied in fruit and vegetable shops. The chief reason of the town's great regard for the chimpanzee was that about five years ago he rescued a child from drowning in a well. Charlemagne had seen everything, and for him to swing himself over the top of the well was the work of a moment. Descending by the rope used for the buckets, he grasped the child and quickly carried her back to her friends, climbing up by the rope. Charlemagne increased his popularity by spending hours in the children's hospital of the town, playing in different wards and amusing the children, who were all very fond of him. In such respect was this chimpanzee held that when he died the inhabitants of the town followed his remains to the grave.—The Beacon.

Paris has an official pack of dogs trained to rescue people from drowning. The other day an unfortunate man threw himself into the Seine for the purpose of committing suicide. Diane, for such is the name of the quadruped heroine, happened to be close at hand, led by a police officer, who, pointing to the struggling man, bade the animal to enter the river. Diane swam vigorously, caught him and dragged him, *nolens volens*, to the shore, while the bystanders showed their delight by loud applause.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1902.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also changes which may be made in the future.

AUGUST.

1. Manhasset Bay, race for 18ft. one-design classes, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
1. Corinthian, Midsummer Invitation series, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
2. New Bedford, club, South Dartmouth.
2. Indian Harbor, club, Greenwich, L. I. Sound.
2. Royal Canadian, dinghy, 16ft. to 25ft. classes, Toronto.
2. Penataquit Corinthian, open regatta, Bay Shore.
2. Shelter Island, club race, Loehrke cup, Shelter Island Heights.
2. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Massachusetts Bay.
2. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
2. Corinthian, annual, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
2. Columbia, race to Macatawa Bay, Lake Michigan.
2. Manhassett, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
2. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
2 Brooklyn, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, N. Y. Bay.
4-5. Manchester, M. Y. R. A., open, West Manchester, Mass. Bay.
5. New York, cruise, rendezvous at New London.
6. New York, cruise, run to Newport.
5-6. Misery Island, open, Salem Bay, Massachusetts Bay.
7. New York, cruise, Astor cup races.
7. East Gloucester, M. Y. R. A., open, Gloucester, Mass. Bay.
7-9. Scawanhaka cup races, Dorval, Lake St. Louis, Canada, between representatives of Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. and Bridgeport Y. C.
7-9. Macatawa Bay, Lake Michigan, Y. A. open races.
8-9. Annisquam, M. Y. R. A., open, Annisquam, Mass. Bay.
9. Hempstead, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Glen Cove, L. I. Sound.
9. Northport, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Northport, L. I. Sound.
9. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club race for Centre Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
9. Knickerbocker, annual cruise, rendezvous College Point, L. I. Sound.
9. Kennebec, open, Bath, Maine.
9. New Bedford, club, South Dartmouth.
9. Quincy, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
9. Royal Canadian, first class, Toronto.
9. South Boston, sailing tender race, City Point, Boston Harbor.
9. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Massachusetts Bay.
9. Beverly-Van Rensselaer cup race, Marion, Buzzard's Bay.
9. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
9. Wollaston, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
11. American, M. Y. R. A., open, Newburyport, Massachusetts Bay.
15. Penataquit-Corinthian, annual cruise, Bay Shore.
16. Royal Canadian, 30ft. class, Toronto.
16. Shelter Island, open regatta, Shelter Island Heights.
16. Horseshoe Harbor, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
16. Huntington, Y.R.A. of L. I. S., open, Huntington, L. I. Sound.
16. Hartford, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Saybrook, L. I. Sound.
16. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
16. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, race for Centre Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
16. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Massachusetts Bay.
16. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
16. Beverly, fourth Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
16. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
21. Plymouth, M. Y. R. A., open, Plymouth, Massachusetts Bay.
22. Kingston, M. Y. R. A., open, Kingston, Mass. Bay.
23. Bridgeport, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Bridgeport, L. I. Sound.
23. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
23. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
23. Huguenot, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
23. Royal Canadian, 16ft. class, Toronto.
23. Penataquit-Corinthian, Lighthouse cup, Bay Shore.
23. Shelter Island, ladies' race, Shelter Island Heights.
23. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
23. Beverly, fifth Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
23. Wollaston, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
23. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
23. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
23. Duxbury, M. Y. R. A., open, Duxbury, Mass. Bay.
23. Marine and Field, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
24. Moshuito Fleet, club, City Point, Boston Harbor.
25-26. Wellfleet, M. Y. R. A., open, Wellfleet, Massachusetts Bay.
28-30. Cape Cod, M. Y. R. A., open, Provincetown, Mass. Bay.
30. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
30. Beverly, sixth Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
30. Columbia, race to Waukegan, Lake Michigan.
30. Manhasset Bay, club, Port Washington, Long Island Sound
30. Larchmont, club, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
30. Atlantic, club, Fire Island and return, New York Bay.
30. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
30. Indian Harbor, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
30. Royal Canadian, dinghy and 25ft. classes, Toronto.
30. Kennebec, club, Bath, Maine.
30. Hartford, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Saybrook, L. I. Sound.
30-31. Corinthian, annual cruise, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Indian Harbor, club, Greenwich, L. I. Sound.
1. Quincy, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
1. Corinthian, club, Essington, Delaware River.
1. Corinthian, annual cruise, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
1. Larchmont, fall regatta, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
1. Sachem's Head, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Guilford, L. I. Sound.
1. Norwalk, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, So. Norwalk, L. I. Sound.
1. Lynn, M. Y. R. A., open, Nahant, Massachusetts Bay.
1. Beverly, open, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
1. Royal Canadian, first class, Lorne cup cruising race, Toronto.
1 Shelter Island, club race, Loehrke cup, Shelter Island Heights.
2. Penataquit-Corinthian, fall regatta, Bay Shore.
4-6. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
5-6. Eastern, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
6. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
6. Boston, club, City Point, Boston Harbor.
6. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
6. Beverly, open, Mattapoisett, Buzzard's Bay.
6. Wollaston, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
6. Quincy, M. Y. R. A., open, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
6. South Boston, sailing tender race, City Point, Boston Harbor.
6. New York C. C., Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
6. Penataquit-Corinthian, Lighthouse cup, Bay shore.
8. Eastern, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
11. New York, autumn regatta, New York, Lower Bay.
13. Knickerbocker, ladies' day race, College Point, L. I. Sound.
13. Kennebec, club, Bath, Maine.
13. Beverly, seventh Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
13 Atlantic, fall regatta, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
13. Larchmont, club, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
20. Manhasset, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
20. Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
—. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
27. Riverside, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Riverside, L. I. Sound.
27. Manhasset Bay, club raceabouts, Port Washington, L. I. Sound.

For Cruising Yachtsmen.

With the purpose of stimulating the interest in cruising, and the keeping of a detailed log by cruising yachtsmen during the season of 1902, the publishers of Forest and Stream offer prizes for the best stories of cruises submitted to be published in Forest and Stream. It is believed that these will form not only entertaining records of pleasant summer days spent afloat along our coasts and waterways, but will furnish information of practical value to other yachtsmen making subsequent cruises on the same waters.

Prizes will be awarded to the three best stories as follows:

First prize, $50.00.
Second prize, $30.00.
Third prize, $20.00.

Contributions are invited under the following conditions:

1. The cruise must be made in waters of the United States or Canada in the season of 1902.

2. The cruise must be made in a sailing yacht, power to be used only as an auxiliary, if at all.

3. The story must be prefaced by a description of the boat. Cruises should be treated in as interesting and readable a way as possible, but should be practical and contain all possible information and data that would be of value to men going over the same route. A description of the handling of the ship in all weathers will be regarded very favorably in making awards, and it is suggested to writers that an accurate account be kept of all incidents happening while under way.

4. An outline chart suitable for reproduction, showing the course taken, must accompany each article. When possible, articles should be accompanied by amateur photographs taken on the cruise, including one of the boat. Good photographs will be considered in making the awards.

5. The story should contain about seven thousand words, written on one side of the paper only, and must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York city, on or before Nov. 15, 1902.

Mr. T. C. Zerega has very kindly consented to act as judge and to make the awards.

Larchmont Y. C. Race Week.

LARCHMONT, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Monday, July 21.

The time of starting Monday's race was postponed from 11:30 to 12:30 o'clock, owing to the weather conditions that prevailed in the morning. There was very little wind and a heavy fog hung over the Sound. The Regatta Committee decided to start the boats at 12:30, as at that hour the fog had lifted and there was some air stirring from the E.N.E. All the boats were to sail over triangular courses, the first leg of all being nearly due E. The schooners and 70-footers sailed twice around a thirty-mile triangle, the sloops of classes L, M and N twice around an eleven-mile triangle, and the small boats twice around a five-and-a-half-mile triangle.

It was an unsatisfactory day for racing, owing to the fluky conditions. At the start the wind was from the E.N.E., blowing about five miles. During the afternoon it increased in strength to about twelve miles, finally petering out until it was almost a flat calm. Late in the afternoon the wind veered to the N.W. and blew hard.

At 12:35 the 70-footers started. Mineola was sailed by Charles Barr, while Yankee was handled by Mr. Harry Maxwell and Mr. Herbert Jennings. Mineola was first over the line, Yankee being a little behind and to leeward. They crossed on the starboard tack, but went about soon after going over and stood out into the Sound on the port tack. Yankee worked out on Mineola's weather and at the first mark was almost two minutes in the lead. After rounding, spinnakers were set to port and balloon jibs were broken out. Yankee increased her lead on this leg, but on the three-mile reach across the Sound Mineola again drew up on Yankee. On the first leg of the second round Yankee gained and rounded the mark over two minutes in the lead of Mineola. The wind was dropping when they ran to the mark off Hempstead Harbor, and for a time the boats were almost becalmed. On the second leg Mineola picked up some, but on the reach to the finish line Yankee got the best of the fluky breezes and drew well into the lead and finished with minutes to spare.

Elmina, Muriel and Quisetta started at 12:40 in the order named. On the beat to the first mark Elmina beat Muriel about one minute, and Quisetta over two minutes. On the run to the next mark, Elmina had to gybe her spinnaker over, having set it on the wrong side in the first place. At the end of the first round Elmina led Muriel by 2m. 35s. Out on the second round Muriel did much better and was only beaten 1m. 20s.

In Saturday's race Dorwina broke down just before the start, but she had been fixed up for the day's race, and sailed against Effort. Effort won by 1m. 21s.

Spasm raced Possum and won by 46s. Leda did not start.

Mimosa had no competitor and did not finish.

In the raceabout class Mavis got the best of the start and led all through the race, beating Sis, the second boat, 2m. 8s.

Some good racing was seen in the one-design classes. Lambkin beat Firefly, of the Manhasset raceabouts 49s. In the New Rochelle class the finishes were close, Ace winning from Caper by 10s. Three boats started in the American Y. C. one-design class; Jolly Tar won, beating Howdy 5s. In the Ardsley one-design class Mary Baker No. 2 beat Ping Pong 2m. 43s.

A special race was made up between Chingachgook, Adelaide and Cricket. Adelaide won by 7m. 56s. The summary follows:

Sloops—Class H, 70 to 80ft. Racing Length—Start, 12.35.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mineola, August Belmont	5 22 34	4 47 31
Yankee, J. R. Maxwell	5 11 50	4 36 50

Schooners—Class D, 65 to 75ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:40.

Elmina, F. F. Brewster	5 51 05	5 11 05
Muriel, Charles Smithers	5 52 25	5 12 25
Quissetta, Samuel C. Davis	6 17 13	5 37 13

Sloops—Class L, 36 to 43ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:50.

Dorwina, Clifford Brokaw	5 07 04	4 17 04
Effort, F. M. Smith	5 05 43	4 15 43

Sloops—Class M, 30 to 36ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:50.

Spasm, E. D. King	5 08 05	4 18 05
Possum, E. S. Ballou	5 08 51	4 18 51

Sloops—Class N, 25 to 30ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:50.

Mimosa, Trenor E. Park	Did not finish.

Sloops—Raceabout Class, 21ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:55.

Mavis, G. L. Pirie	3 21 10	2 26 10
Rogue, A. B. Alley	3 27 52	2 32 52
Sis, F. T. Bedford, Jr.	3 23 18	2 28 18
Whistlewing, H. M. Crane	3 27 32	2 32 32

QUISSETTA.
Owned by Samuel C. Davis. Photo by James Burton, New York.

Scamp, A. Pirie	3 26 56	2 31 56
Hobo, Trenor L. Park	3 29 06	2 34 06
Manhasset Y. C. Raceabouts—start, 1:00.		
Firefly, Guy Standing	4 03 25	3 03 25
Arizona, G. A. Corry	Withdrew.	
Lambkin, S. W. Roach	4 02 36	3 02 36
New Rochelle One-Design Class—Start, 1:00.		
Knave, R. N. Bavier	3 55 45	2 55 45
Deuce, L. D. Huntington, Jr.	3 56 00	2 56 00
Ace, W. N. Bavier	3 55 15	2 55 15
Caper, P. L. Howard	3 55 25	2 55 25
American Y. C. Raceabouts—Start, 1:00.		
Jolly Tar, S. Howland	3 25 15	2 30 15
Rascal, J. C. Hopkins	3 22 01	2 27 01
Ardsley One-Design Class—Start, 1:00.		
Ping Pong, Deming & Campbell	4 03 13	3 03 13
Midget, Edwin Gould	4 07 07	3 07 07
Mary Baker No. 1	4 04 55	3 04 55
Mary Baker No. 2	4 00 30	3 00 50
Special Race—Start, 12:55.		
Adelaide, J. J. Dwyer	3 28 20	2 33 20
Chingachgook, E. A. Stevens	3 36 16	2 41 16
Cricket, H. C. Pryer	3 53 50	2 58 50

The winners were Yankee, Elmina, Effort, Spasm, Mavis, Lambkin, Ace, Jolly Tar, Mary Baker No. 2 and Adelaide.

Wednesday, July 23.

Tuesday was Ladies' Day, and during the afternoon the launch, gig and dinghy races were held.

Wednesday proved to be the most unsatisfactory day of the week, as the wind, which blew from the N. at the start, died away and for two hours some of the boats were becalmed, while others got a little air from the S.W. that seemed to hold in the middle of the Sound, and this enabled them to draw up on the leading boats. In several cases boats were not able to finish within the time limit, one-half hour after sundown.

The first leg of the course for the larger boats was E.N.E., three miles; the second, S. three and seven-eighths miles, and the last, N.W. There was really no windward work.

The first leg was a close reach on the port tack, the second a run with spinnakers to port and the third a close reach on the starboard tack.

The three 70-footers started at 11:35, and all got away on the port tack, with Mineola ahead. On the reach to the first mark in the puffy wind, first one boat would be favored, then another. Mineola rounded the mark first with Yankee next and Rainbow last. On the run to the next mark, off Red Springs, spinnakers were carried to port. Yankee got slightly in the lead and at the second mark was one second ahead of Mineola. It was a close reach across the Sound, and Mineola carried a reaching jib topsail while the other two boats carried baby jib topsails. In the light air Mineola did much better with this sail, and at the end of the first round was ahead by over half a minute. At the first mark on the second round the boats were all bunched, there being only ten seconds between the three. Spinnakers were set for the run to the next mark; ballooners were set on Mineola and Rainbow, and these seemed to do more harm than good, as Yankee passed both of them.

After being becalmed for some time, the boats got a little air that enabled them to round the mark. Spinnakers were set to port and Mineola finished first, with Yankee second, while Rainbow was far astern. These boats were to have sailed three times over the course, but were stopped at the end of the second round.

Elmina and Muriel started at 11:40 in the order named. Several times Muriel drew up on her competitor, but the fickle breeze favored Elmina, and she finally finished a winner by over three minutes.

Neola and Weetamoe again met. Neola had the best of the start. Neola got away from Weetamoe rapidly, and at the end of the first round was ahead by nearly fourteen minutes. On the second round Neola got becalmed when near the Red Springs buoy, and lay there for a long time. Weetamoe still carrying along a little breeze with her and nearly caught up with Neola. However, this boat finally got a slight breeze that enabled her to round the mark and work slowly over to the finish line, which she crossed a little while before the time limit expired. Weetamoe did not finish.

In the 65ft. schooner class Miladi beat Gevalia on every point of sailing. The latter was not able to finish within the time limit.

Mira lost the race in the 43ft. class through the fickleness of the wind. She got a beautiful start, being right on the line at gunfire with lots of headway on. At times Challenge was reasonably close to Mira, but never dangerously so. At the beginning of the second round Dorwina and Effort were nearly a leg behind Mira and Challenge was also well astern of her. On the second leg of the course Mira ran out of the breeze and lay becalmed, while Effort and Challenge still held some wind and passed her. Dorwina did not finish within the time limit. Challenge won handily.

None of the boats in the 36ft. class finished within the time limit. The same was true of the 30ft. class.

The yawls Term and Spindrift were in collision before the start, and Tern's bowsprit was carried away.

There was a close race in the raceabout class, Indian winning, beating Hobo 36s. Scamp finished third.

Snapper won in the 25ft. class by over fifteen minutes. Pixie was second.

Microbe and Marguerite were disqualified for fouling the mark boat at the start. Firefly also was disqualified for booming her jib out on the run home to the finish line. The summary follows:

Schooners—Class D.—65 to 75ft. Racing Length—Start, 11.40.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Elmina, F. F. Brewster	6 13 43	6 33 43
Muriel, Charles Smithers	6 16 58	6 46 58
Quisetta, Samuel C. Davis	Withdrew.	

Sloops—Class H.—70 to 80ft. Racing Length—Start, 11:35.

Mineola, August Belmont	3 48 30	4 13 30

Yankee, J. R. Maxwell.....3 52 58 4 17 58
Rainbow, C. Vanderbilt.....4 04 48 4 29 48

Schooners—Class F.—Under 65ft. Racing Length—Start, 11:40.
Gevalia, T. O'Connor Sloane.....Withdrew.
Miladi, S. H. Mason.....7 50 00 8 10 00

Sloops—Class I.—60 to 70ft. Racing Length—Start, 11:45.
Neola, George M. Pynchon.....7 30 00 7 45 00
Weetamoe, Henry F. Lippitt.....Withdrew.

Sloops—Class L—36 to 43ft. Racing Length—Start, 11:50.
Dorwina, Clifford V. Brokaw.....Withdrew.
Effort, F. M. Smith.....7 35 36 7 45 36
Mira, C. L. Poor.....7 42 52 7 52 52
Challenger, W. T. Foote, Jr.....7 36 26 7 31 26

Sloops—Class M—30 to 36ft. Racing Length—Start, 11:55.
Leda, Harry L. Maxwell.....Withdrew.
Possum, E. L. Ballon.....Withdrew.
Spasm, E. D. King.....Withdrew.

Sloops—Class N—25 to 30ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:00.
Alerion, A. H. Alker.....Withdrew.
Mimosa, Trenor L. Park.....Withdrew.
Gossip, D. B. Pratt.....Withdrew.

Sloops—Class P—21 to 25ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:05.
Rochelle, F. J. Gould.....6 22 55 6 17 55
Chingachgook, E. A. Stevens.....5 48 24 5 43 24
Pixie, E. L. Hopkin.....5 14 09 5 09 09
Snapper, A. B. Alley.....4 58 55 4 53 55
Ojibway, ——.....5 15 06 5 10 05

Raceabouts—25ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:05.
Rogue, A. B. Alley.....3 57 11 3 52 11
Mavis, G. L. Pirie.....4 29 10 4 24 10
Scamp, A. Pirie.....3 56 52 3 51 52
Indian, J. R. Maxwell, Jr.....3 52 34 3 47 34
Whistlewing, H. M. Crane.....3 58 48 3 53 48
Hobo, Trenor L. Park.....3 53 10 3 48 10

American Yacht Club—One-Design Class—21ft, Racing Length. Start, 12:05.
Jolly Tar, S. Howland.....4 22 26 4 17 26
Rascal, S. C. Hopkins.....4 20 49 4 15 49
Howdy, S. Wainwright.....4 11 00 4 06 00
Cricket, Howard Willetts.....5 42 19 5 32 19
Kid, O. Harriman, Jr.....4 21 15 4 16 15
The Ping-Pong, W. H. Browning.....Withdrew.

Larchmont 21ft. Class—Start, 12:05.
Adelaide, J. J. Dwyer.....5 07 09 5 02 09
Houri, J. H. Esser.....5 10 58 5 05 58

Sloops—Class Q—18 to 21ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:10.
Quoc, A. D. Tappan.....5 24 50 5 14 50
Gazabo, N. P. Vulte.....5 24 44 5 14 34
Eos, ——.....5 08 40 4 58 40
Montauk, J. S. Appleby.....4 43 44 4 24 44

Sloops—Class R—Under 18ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:10.
Cricket, H. C. Pryer.....5 42 19 5 32 19
Flim Flam, A. D. Prince..... .. ....
Nike, Guy Forbes.....5 43 55 5 33 55
Microbe, J. Mitchell.....Disqualified.

Manhasset Yacht Club Raceabouts—Start, 12:10.
Lambkin, S. W. Roach.....5 35 54 5 25 54
Firefly, Guy Standing.....5 50 11 5 40 11
Mist, J. Alker.....6 23 32 6 13 32
Arizona, G. A. Corry.....5 50 07 5 40 07

New Rochelle One-Design Class—Start, 12:10.
Caper, P. L. Howard.....5 18 40 5 08 40
Knave, W. N. Bavier.....5 00 10 4 59 10
Deuce, L. D. Huntington, Jr.....5 28 45 5 18 45
Ace, W. A. Bavier, Jr.....Withdrew.

Ardsley Club One-Design Class—Start, 12:10.
Scoot, Morgan Cowperthwait.....5 47 01 5 47 01
Ping-Pong, Denning & Campbell.....5 48 23 5 48 23
Midget, Edwin L. Gould.....6 00 00 5 50 00

Catboats—Class W.—Under 18ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:15.
Wif Waf, Howell Sayre.....4 00 30 3 45 30
Scud, Donald Abbott.....Withdrew.

The winners were Elmina, Mineola, Neola, Challenge, Snapper, Indian, Howdy, Adelaide, Gazaboo, Cricket, Lambkin, Knave, Scoot and Wif Waf.

Thursday, July 24.

The unsatisfactory racing of Wednesday was fully compensated for by some wonderfully exciting racing on Thursday.

There was a fresh breeze at the start from the S. Later it went to the S.E. and dropped a little.

The large boats sailed twice over a fifteen-mile triangle, the course being six miles east three-quarters north to the middle of the Sound; six miles southwest five-eighths west to a buoy off Prospect Point, Hempstead Bay, and three miles north-northwest to the stakeboat off Larchmont, twice sailed over, making the total distance thirty miles. That for the 43, 36 and 30ft. sloops was four miles east to the middle of the Sound, four miles southwest to the White Spar buoy in Hempstead Harbor, and three miles north-northwest to the home stakeboat, twice sailed over, making the distance twenty-one and a half miles. For the raceabouts and other small boats the distance was eleven miles, twice over a couse, two miles east to the middle of the Sound, two miles southwest, and one and a half miles north-northwest to the home mark. This made the first two legs reaches, and the third leg a run for all boats.

When the seventies started at 11:35 they crossed in the following order: Mineola,, Rainbow and Yankee. On the reach to the first mark all three boats got in a luffing match, but their position remained unchanged. They rounded the second mark very much in the same order as when they started. On the second leg Rainbow did better, and worked up on Mineola's weather. Running home on the first round, Rainbow and Yankee both closed up on Mineola a little. On the second round Mineola did much better than the other two boats. On the second leg of the course a baby jib topsail was set in place of a reaching one on Yankee, and she did much better, passing Rainbow and closing up on Mineola. However, Mineola managed to keep far enough in the lead to win by 1m. 23s.

Muriel and Elmina started at 11:40, the former crossing almost on gunfire. Elmina was forced across on the wrong side of the mark boat, and had to recross, so that when she finally went over she was handicapped nearly two minutes. On the reach to the first mark jib topsails and small main top staysails were carried, and Muriel slowly drew away from her competitor. Some minutes after rounding the first mark Muriel's fore topmast broke just below the topsail halliard block and the jib topsail and fore topsail dropped away to leeward. The wreckage was cleaned up smartly and a small main top staysail was set. The accident allowed Elmina to come up on Muriel a little, but at the second mark the latter was about one minute ahead of Elmina.

After rounding, sheets were eased off and spinnakers were set to port. Remarkably clever work was shown on Muriel for her fore topmast had been carried away and no spinnaker could be set forward. No time was lost before rounding in sending all blocks and spinnaker gear aloft on the main mast, so that sail could be set on the after spar. Elmina finally gybed over and set her ballooner. Both boats had been holding well to the westward, and Muriel held on for a time, when she, also, gybed over and reached down to the mark. Elmina had cut down some of her rival's lead on this leg.

On the first leg the second time around Muriel again set her small main topmast staysail and improved her lead. After tacking at the mark they had a close reach on the port tack to the second mark and on this leg Elmina came up on Muriel fast. At the second mark Muriel was only thirty seconds ahead. The run home to the finish line was a fitting wind up of a sensational race. Both boats gybed to port after rounding. A luffing match followed, but nothing was gained by this move by either boat. Elmina's spinnaker was broken out and then Muriel began luffing again. Then Elmina's spinnaker was doused and both boats gybed over. Muriel was in the weather position, and was gybed over, all standing, and by that move her spinnaker was torn and the pole broken. Muriel's foresail was swung out and she came down before it "wing and wing." Elmina was overhauling Muriel fast, but her spinnaker split and had to be taken in. Muriel crossed the finish line five second ahead of Elmina, but lost the race on time allowance. She gives Elmina seventeen seconds.

What bade fair to be a very close race between Weetamoe and Neola was spoiled by an accident. On the third leg of the first round, when setting up the throat halliards, a white bronze pin in the throat halliard block parted, letting the sail down on the run. There was a man standing on the gaff at the time, and he fell over backward to the deck. It was a long tumble, but the man was not very badly hurt. Neola withdrew and ran into Larchmont Harbor at once to get medical assistance for the injured sailor. Neola had just worked ahead of Weetamoe and was leaving her rapidly when the accident happened.

After an interesting race in the 43ft. class Mira won on time allowance. The summary:

Sloops—Class H—70 to 80ft. Racing Length—Start, 11:35.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mineola, August Belmont	2 29 23	2 54 23
Yankee, J. R. Maxwell	2 30 46	2 55 46
Rainbow, Cornelius Vanderbilt	2 32 18	2 57 18

Schooners—Class D—65 to 75ft. Racing Length—Start, 11:40.
Muriel, Charles Smithers.....2 45 45 3 05 45
Elmina, F. F. Brewster.....2 45 50 3 05 50

Sloops—Class I—60 to 70ft. Racing Length—Start, 11:45.
Neola, George M. Pynchon.....Withdrew.
Weetamoe, H. F. Lippitt.....2 49 45 3 04 45

Sloops—Class L—36 to 43ft. Racing Length—Start, 11:50.
Dorwina, Clifford V. Brokaw.....2 34 51 2 44 51
Effort, F. M. Smith.....2 35 40 2 45 40
Challenge, Wallace Foote, Jr.....2 40 30 2 50 30
Mira, C. L. Poor.....2 38 20 2 48 20

Sloops—Class M—30 to 36ft. Racing Length—Start, 11:55.
Possum, E. S. Ballou.....2 59 54 3 04 54
Spasm, E. D. King.....2 50 29 2 55 29

Sloops—Class N—25 to 30ft. Racing Length—Start, 11:55.
Marguerite, O. H. Jennings.....3 08 00 3 13 00
Mimosa, Trenor L. Park.....3 09 11 3 14 11

Sloops—Class P—21 to 25ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:00.
Chingachcook, E. A. Stevens.....2 10 11 2 10 11
Pixie, E. L. Hopkins.....2 03 40 2 03 40

Raceabouts—21ft. Class—Start, 12:00.
Rogue, A. Bryan Alley.....2 04 50 2 04 50
Mavis, G. L. Pirie.....2 03 42 2 03 42
Scamp, A. Pirie.....2 04 15 2 04 15
Indian, J. R. Maxwell.....2 02 50 2 02 50
Hobo, Trenor L. Park.....2 00 10 2 00 10

Larchmont 21ft. Class—Start, 12:00.
Adelaide, J. J. Dwyer.....2 03 30 2 03 30
Houri, J. H. Esser.....2 09 05 2 09 05

MURIEL.
Owned by Charles Smithers. Photo by James Burton, New York.

American Yacht Club One-Design Class—Start, 12:00.
Jolly Tar, S. Howland.....2 03 15 2 03 15
Rascal, S. C. Hopkins.....2 03 15 2 03 15
Howdy, S. Wainwright.....2 03 15 2 03 15
Cricket, Howard Willetts.....2 03 40 2 03 0
The Kid, O. Harriman, Jr.....2 02 22 2 02 22

Sloops—Class R—Under 18ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:05.
Cricket, H. C. Pryer.....2 09 05 2 04 05
No. 52.....2 08 04 2 03 01

Manhasset Bay Yacht Club One-Design Class—Start, 12:05.
Lambkin, S. W. Roach.....2 24 28 2 19 28
Firefly, Guy Standing.....2 25 18 2 2. 18
Mist, J. H. Alker.....Withdrew.
Arizona, G. A. Corry.....2 28 32 2 23 32

New Rochelle One-Design Class—Start, 12:05.
Caper, P. L. Howard.....2 22 53 2 17 53
Knave, R. N. Bavier.....2 20 04 2 15 04
Deuce, Z. D. Huntington, Jr.....2 20 41 2 15 41
Ace, W. N. Bavier, Jr.....2 21 35 2 16 35

Ardsley Yacht Club One-Design Class—Start, 12:05.
Scoot, Morgan Cowperthwait.....2 31 16 2 26 16
Ping-Pong, Denning & Campbell.....2 31 04 2 26 04

Sloops—Class Q—18 to 21ft Racing Length—Start, 12:05.
Gazabo, N. P. Vulte.....2 12 00 2 07 00
Neola, J. R. Johnson, Jr.....2 06 38 2 01 38

The winners were Mineola, Elmina, Weetamoe, Mira, Spasm, Marguerite, Pixie, Hobo, Adelaide, The Kid, No. 52, Lambkin, Knave, Ping Pong and Neola.

Friday, July 25.

A fair sailing breeze from the S.E. enabled the Regatta Committee to send the boats off on scheduled time. In the early morning it rained and all during the day the sky was overcast and it was rather chilly and unpleasant. The course chosen was a triangle of ten and three-quarter miles, to be sailed twice over by the small sloops, and three times by the schooners and big sloops. It was a beat to the first mark, a reach to the second and a close reach to the home mark off Larchmont.

The three 70-footers were just on the line when the starting signal for that class was given at 11:35. Rainbow was in the weather berth with Mineola next and Yankee to leeward. On the beat to Red Springs buoy Mineola worked into the lead and rounded the mark first. On the reach to the second mark off Parsonage's Point Yankee passed Mineola and Rainbow took second place. They rounded the mark in the order named, where they gybed over, then eased sheets for the reach to the mark off Larchmont. Rainbow and Mineola both closed up on Yankee on this leg. On the first leg of the second round Mineola worked up on Yankee, while Rainbow dropped astern. At the second mark Mineola was only a short distance away from Yankee, but Rainbow was several minutes behind. Yankee and Mineola had a luffing match on the third leg and got some distance off their course, which enabled Rainbow to pull up on them perceptibly. Mineola was first around the second time, and on the windward leg of the third round increased her lead. On the second leg Yankee again pulled up on her a little, but on the last leg Mineola got away from her competitors fast and won by three minutes and a half.

Muriel was on hand with her new fore topmast in place. Elmina led over the line at the start, which she held all over the course, finishing a winner by two minutes and thirty-three seconds. Muriel pushed Elmina hard for first honors, however, and the boats fought it out all over the course.

A special race had been arranged between the schooner Katrina and the cutter Isolde. Just before the latter boat

ELMINA.
Owned by F. F. Brewster. Photo by James Burton, New York.

left her mooring to go to the starting line it was found that the steward who had been ill for some time needed medical assistance, so there was considerable delay in getting him ashore. Isolde was handicapped over seven minutes, and even then cut down Katrina's lead on the windward work, but on the two reaching legs on each round the schooner with her big main topmast staysail would get away from the cutter in the light breeze.

Neola and Weetamoe had another good race. Weetamoe led over the starting line by a few seconds, but Neola with good headway on drove through Weetamoe's lee. She did not hold her lead very long, and at the first mark Weetamoe was some little distance ahead. This lead she improved on the two reaching legs, and at the end of the first round was over one minute ahead. Weetamoe continued to leave her competitor and won by 7m. 49s.

The 43-footers sailed twice over the same triangle that the big boats covered three times. Mira did not race, as her owner was away. This left Dorwina, Effort and Challenge to fight the race out. Dorwina was first to start, and after a close race won by the narrow margin of 12s.

In the 25ft. class Mimosa turned tables on Marguerite, beating her with the greatest ease.

Mavis won in the raceabout class, beating Hobo 2m. 32s. Four boats started.

Lambkin again won in the Manhasset raceabout class. She beat Mist 2m. 46s. In the New Rochelle raceabout class Knave beat Ace 1m. 42s.

Four boats started in the American Y. C. one-design class, and after a close race Rascal beat Jolly Tar 36s.

The summary:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sloops—Class H—70 to 80ft. Racing Length—Start, 11:35.		
Mineola, August Belmont	3 50 09	4 15 09
Yankee, J. R. Maxwell	3 53 40	4 18 40
Rainbow, Cornelius Vanderbilt	4 00 46	4 25 46
Schooners—Class D—65 to 75ft. Racing Length—Start, 11:40.		
Elmina, F. F. Brewster	4 52 37	4 32 37
Muriel, Charles Smithers	4 15 10	4 35 10
Mixed Class—Start, 11:40.		
Katrina (schooner), James B. Ford	4 35 15	4 55 15
Isolde (cutter), F. M. Hoyt	4 52 29	5 12 29
Sloops—Class I—60 to 70ft. Racing Length—Start, 11:45.		
Weetamoe, H. F. Lippitt	4 20 24	4 35 24
Neola, George M. Pynchon	4 28 13	4 43 13
Sloops—Class L—36 to 40ft. Racing Length—Start, 11:50.		
Dorwina, Clifford V. Brokaw	3 09 45	3 19 45
Effort, F. M. Smith	3 10 00	3 20 00
Challenge, Wallace T. Foote, Jr.	3 10 47	3 20 47
Sloops—Class N—25 to 30ft. Racing Length—Start, 11:55.		
Mimosa, Trenor L. Park	3 39 52	3 44 52
Marguerite, O. H. Jennings	3 50 53	3 55 53
Larchmont 21ft. Class—Start, 12:00.		
Adelaide, J. J. Dwyer	3 25 09	2 25 09
Houri, J. H. Esser	2 28 00	2 28 00
Raceabout Class—21ft.—Start, 12:00.		
Rogue, A. B. Alley	2 19 04	2 19 04
Mavis, G. L. Pirie	2 12 40	2 12 40
Scamp, A. Pirie	2 21 00	2 21 00
Hobo, T. L. Park	2 15 12	2 15 12
Manhasset Bay Y. C. One-Design Class—Start, 12:05.		
Lambkin, S. W. Roach	2 51 35	2 46 35
Firefly, Guy Standing	2 55 03	2 50 03
Arizona, G. A. Corry	2 57 15	2 52 15
Mist, J. H. Alker	2 54 21	2 49 21
New Rochelle One-Design Class—Start, 12:05.		
Caper P. L. Howard	3 01 02	2 56 02
Knave, R. W. Bavier	2 47 46	2 42 46
Deuce, L. D. Huntington, Jr.	2 52 30	2 47 30
Ace, W. N. Bavier, Jr.	2 49 28	2 44 28
American Yacht Club One-Design Class—Start, 12:00.		
Jolly Tar, S. Howland	2 18 50	2 18 50
Rascal, S. C. Hopkins	2 18 14	2 18 14
Howdy, S. Wainwright	2 18 55	2 18 55
Cricket, Howard Willetts	2 25 25	2 25 25
Sloops—Class Q—18 to 21ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:05.		
Gazabo, N. P. Vulte	2 42 59	2 37 59
Neola, J. R. Johnson, Jr.	2 46 40	2 41 40
Cricket, H. C. Pryer	2 45 30	2 40 30

The winners were Mineola, Elmina, Katrina, Weetamoe, Dorwina, Mimosa, Adelaide, Mavis, Lambkin, Knave, Rascal and Gazabo.

Saturday, July 26.

Saturday, the last day of race week, proved to be one filled with surprises and popular victories. The most prominent of these was Muriel's success. Mr. Charles Smithers, owner of Muriel, has for two seasons sailed his own boat against Elmina, while the latter has been handled by one of the cleverest professionals in An erica, Capt. Dennis. Heretofore Muriel has not been successful, but on Saturday it seemed as if Mr. Smithers had solved the problem and knew just what to do, for he won the race handily. When Muriel finished a winner, all the steam yachts in the vicinity blew prolonged blasts from their whistles, and cheers were given from the boats in the fleet. So enthusiastic was the greeting it reminded one of the finish of an America's Cup race.

When the preparatory signal was given at 11:30 the wind was E.N.E., and blowing a good sailing breeze, and it held true throughout the race. The course for all boats over 30ft. racing length, was E.N.E. 3 miles, then S. 3⅞ miles, then N.W. 3⅞ miles. The schooners and 60 and 70 footers sailed three times around this triangle, making 32¼ miles, while the others went around twice, making 21½ miles.

When the 70-footers were sent away at 11:35 they all came down to the line on the starboard tack. Rainbow worked around the mark boat, with Mineola under her lee, and as they crossed Yankee was swung on Rainbow's weather. All three boats stood in along the shore as long as possible, and then Mineola and Yankee made a long tack out into the Sound, while Rainbow made short hitches along the beach. At the first mark Rainbow was nearly a minute ahead of Mineola. On the reach to the next mark Rainbow increased her lead. All gybed at this mark, and on the next leg Mineola picked up on Rainbow a little. On the first leg of the second round Yankee worked the shore and caught Mineola. Rainbow was still ahead at the mark. At the end of the second round Rainbow was nearly two minutes ahead of Yankee. Mineola did not do well on windward work on the third round, but on the two reaching legs she picked Yankee up considerably and they had a hot fight up to the finish for second place.

When the schooners started at 11:40 Elmina was a shade in the lead. Both were on the starboard tack, but Muriel took a port tack immediately after crossing, in order to get clear of Elmina. When Muriel took the starboard tack again she crossed Elmina's bows, and from that time on Elmina never troubled her. At the weather mark Muriel was nearly two minutes in the lead. On the reaching legs Elmina came up a little, but was never dangerous. Muriel continued to make slight gains up to the time of the finish, when she was 2m. 36s. ahead. Taking off the 17s. that she allows Elmina, she won by 2m. 19s. corrected time.

The cutter Isolde and the schooner Katrina again went in a special class. Isolde beat her on every point of sailing, and after the first round the race was devoid of interest. The showing made by Isolde with the new bronze sixties was really remarkable. Isolde, with her very small rig, nearly held the new boats with their large rigs on almost every point of sailing.

The sixties, Weetamoe and Neola, again sailed another close race. Weetamoe had rather the better of the start, and after numerous short tacks under the shore, rounded the weather mark a minute ahead. Weetamoe increased her lead slightly as the race progressed, and won by a good margin.

The race in the 43ft. class could not have been closer without having it a tie, as Mira won by 1s. corrected time. Effort was sailed by Mr. Addison Hanan and Mira by Mr. A. H. W. Johnson. Effort finished first, but had to allow Mira 4m. 33s. Challenge finished third and Dorwina last.

In the 30ft. class Alerion finished ahead. Both Alerion and Mimosa protested each other for a foul that occurred on one of the marks on the second round.

In the raceabout class Sis won; Hobo finished in second place, and Mr. Bucham, who sailed the boat, protested Whistlewing and Pompillia for trying to force him when close hauled on the starboard tack. If the protest is upheld the race may be resailed.

The summary follows:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sloops—Class H—70 to 80ft. Racing Length—Start, 11:35.		
Rainbow, Cornelius Vanderbilt	3 32 08	3 57 08
Mineola, August Belmont	3 34 12	3 59 12
Yankee, J. Rogers Maxwell	3 33 50	3 58 50
Schooners—Class D—65 to 75ft. Racing Length—Start, 11:40.		
Elmina, F. F. Brewster	3 47 35	4 07 35
Muriel, Charles Smithers	3 44 59	4 04 59
Special Race—Mixed Class—Start, 11:43.		
Katrina (schooner), J. B. Ford	4 38 25	4 55 25
Isolde (cutter), F. M. Hoyt	4 12 44	4 29 44
Sloops—Class I—60 to 70ft. racing length—Start, 11:45.		
Neola, George M. Pynchon	4 08 31	4 23 31
Weetamoe, Henry F. Lippitt	4 06 21	4 21 21
Sloops—Class L—36 to 43ft. Racing Length—Start, 11:50.		
Dorwina, Clifford V. Brokaw	3 16 45	3 26 45
Effort, F. M. Smith	3 11 25	3 21 25
Mira, C. L. Poor	3 15 45	3 25 45
Challenge, W. T. Foote, Jr	3 16 01	3 26 01
Sloops—Class M—30 to 36ft. Racing Length—Start, 11:55.		
Leda, H. L. Maxwell	3 31 18	3 36 18
Possum, E. S. Ballou	3 49 34	3 54 34
Spasm, E. D. King	3 41 00	3 46 00
Sloops—Class N—25 to 30ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:00.		
Mimosa Trenor L. Park	3 54 00	3 54 00
Iroquois	4 31 51	4 31 51
Marguerite, O. H. Jennings	4 06 15	4 06 15
Alerion A. H. Alker	3 51 55	3 51 55
Gossip, D. B. Pratt	4 09 24	4 09 24
Zaza, G. P. Granberry	Withdrew.	
Yawls—Class M—30 to 36ft. Racing Length—Start, 11:55.		
Tern, John Hyslop	4 06 58	4 11 58
Spindrift	Withdrew.	
Sloops—Class P—21 to 25ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:05.		
Rochelle, F. J. Gould	2 35 43	Disqual.
Chingachgook, E. A. Stevens	2 24 45	2 19 45
Snapper, A. B. Alley	2 34 00	2 29 00
Pixie, E. L. Hopkins	....	....
Prestis, T. O'D. Iselin	2 30 03	2 25 03
Raceabouts—21ft.—Start, 12:05.		
Rogue, A. B. Alley	2 24 12	2 19 12
Mavis, G. L. Pirie	2 23 33	2 18 33
Scamp, A. Pirie	2 25 09	2 20 00
Sis, F. T. Bedford, Jr.	2 17 05	2 12 05
Whistlewing, H. M. Crane	2 23 28	2 18 28
Hobo, Trenor L. Park	2 22 31	2 17 31
Pompillia, J. R. Maxwell	2 21 03	2 16 03
Sloops—Class Q—18 to 21ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:10.		
Gazabo, N. P. Vulte	2 41 06	2 31 06
Neola, J. R. Johnson, Jr.	2 31 06	2 21 06
Montauk, J. S. Appleby	Withdrew.	
Quoc, A. D. Tappan	2 48 44	2 38 44
Larchmont 21ft. Class—Start, 12:10		
Adelaide, J. J. Dwyer	2 22 05	2 12 05
Houri, J. H. Esser	2 27 38	2 17 38
Dorothy, L. G. Spence	2 26 56	2 16 56
Celia, C. Gould	2 25 33	2 15 33
Sloops—Class R—Under 18ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:10.		
Cricket, H. C. Pryer	2 45 13	2 35 13
Chipmunk, T. J. Young, Jr.	2 58 01	2 48 01
New Rochelle One-Design Class—Start, 12:10.		
Caper, P. L. Howard	2 40 59	2 30 59
Knave, R. W. Bavier	2 46 54	2 36 54
Deuce, L. D. Huntington, Jr.	2 42 21	2 32 21
Ace, W. N. Bavier, Jr.	2 45 06	2 35 06
Manhasset Bay One-Design Class—Start, 12:10.		
Lambkin, S. W. Roach	2 53 59	2 43 59
Firefly, Guy Standing	2 54 09	2 44 09
Mist, J. H. Alker	2 58 28	2 48 28
Arizona, G. A. Corry	2 54 39	2 44 39

The winners were Muriel, Rainbow, Isolde, Weetamoe, Mira, Leda, Tern, Chingachgook, Sis, Neola, Adelaide, Cricket, Caper and Lambkin.

Newport Special Thirties.

NEWPORT, R. I.

Monday, July 21.

THE 30-footers sailed a race in a very light southerly breeze on Monday. The contest was most unsatisfactory, for it was hardly more than a drift all over the course. The course chosen was from Brenton's Cove to Coddington's Cove, five miles to leeward and return. Carolina won by 9m. The summary, start 3:40:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	5 53 37	2 13 37
Barbara, Winthrop Rutherford	6 02 26	2 22 26
Wa Wa, Reginald Brooks	6 06 03	2 26 03
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	6 12 04	2 32 04
Asahi, Lloyd Warren and W. Starr Miller	Withdrew.	

Tuesday, July 22.

Carolina won the sweepstake race sailed on Tuesday over a triangular course. The breeze was light from the south. Barbara led to the second mark, at which time Carolina worked ahead and finished a winner. The summary, start 3:27:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	4 43 02	1 16 02
Wa Wa, Reginald Brooks	4 44 03	1 17 03
Asahi, Lloyd Warren and W. Starr Miller	4 44 21	1 17 21
Esperanza, Harry O. Havemeyer	4 45 00	1 18 00
Barbara, Winthrop Rutherford	4 45 58	1 18 58
Breeze, William G. Roelker, Jr.	4 46 16	1 19 16

Wednesday, July 23.

In a fresh southwest wind Carolina took another race on Wednesday. The boats sailed over a triangular course.

Carolina got he best of the start, and was never headed. The summary, start 4:06:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	5 26 09	1 20 09
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	5 28 03	1 22 03
Asahi, Lloyd Warren and W. Starr Miller	5 28 49	1 22 49
Barbara, Winthrop Rutherfurd	5 31 11	1 24 11
Wa Wa, Reginald Brooks	5 33 09	1 27 09
Breeze, G. Roelker, Jr.	5 40 27	1 34 27

Friday, July 25.

Carolina seems to be the best light-weather boat among the 30-footers. The race sailed on Friday was the fourth she has won this week in light airs. The course chosen was from Brenton's Cove to Beaver Tail and Seal Rock and return. Asahi got the best of the start, but was passed early in the race by Carolina, which boat won by 11m. The summary, start 3:52:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	6 03 39	2 11 39
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	6 14 37	2 22 37
Barbara, Winthrop Rutherfurd	6 18 48	2 26 48
Asahi, Lloyd Warren and W. Starr Miller	6 21 09	2 29 09
Weda, Lanier Winslow	6 22 21	2 30 21

Hull-Massachusetts Y. C.

Midsummer Series.

HULL, MASS.

Never in the history of yacht racing in Massachusetts Bay has a more successful series of races been held than the midsummer series of Y. R. A. open races given by the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, July 24, 25 and 26. Although the cash prizes were liberal, the most inviting feature to the racing men was the set of cups offered by Mr. Thomas W. Lawson for the Y. R. A. restricted 25-footers, 21-footers and 18ft. knockabouts. These were beautiful trophies, two in each class, and the boys all worked hard to get them. It may have been that the natural desire on the part of the yachtsmen to "get together" would have brought about a good attendance anyway, but it is safe to say that the prospect of winning these cups kept some of them at it stronger than they otherwise might have.

Throughout the series the most perfect conditions of weather were obtained. The breeze that prevailed throughout was from E. by S. to E.S.E. On the first day it was moderate. It was a little stronger on the second day, a good whole-sail breeze for all classes, and on the last day it was for light-weather racing. Under these conditions it was inevitable that no one boat would capture all the honors, and in the dividing up of leading positions throughout the series, a greater interest was maintained at all times. When first and second places go shifting around among the boats it stimulates an interest among the individuals and helps to make the classes more strong.

A peculiar combination of figures was found in the number of entries. On each day the total number of entries was forty-four. On two days the number of restricted boats of the Y. R. A. classes was thirty-four, and, on one day, thirty-three. On each day there were eleven boats in the restricted 21ft. class and on two of the days there were four boats in the knockabout class. There may or may not be luck in the 4-11-44 combination, but there was certainly luck throughout the series. At the close all hands voted that it was a most successful meet.

The Lawson cups were awarded for the best averages on the three days' races, figured by the percentage table of the Y. R. A. Only one award was made. That was in the 25ft. class, where Calypso, last year's champion, beat out the newer keel boats. In the 21ft. class and in the 18ft. knockabouts it was impossible to award the cups, as there were several protests to be acted upon, which will have to be decided later. With eleven boats starting in the 21-footers and seventeen in the 18-footers, it was inevitable that they would get together and rub sides at the start, and as they are all very closely matched, they continued this performance at different points on the courses.

Thursday, July 24.

On the first day of the series a moderate breeze prevailed, E.S.E. The boats sailed a triangular course, giving a beat, a run and a reach. The 25-footers made a good start, going over the line in two divisions, one on the port tack and the other on the starboard. On the first leg Seboomook pulled out a lead, but on the run Sally VI. caught and passed her. On the reach, on the first time around the triangle, Calypso came up and took second place, but on the beat, Seboomook gained it again, Sally VI. holding the lead all the time. Seboomook took the lead again on the run, and then came a hot scrap to the finish. Sally VI. was given a rap full and she pulled through Seboomook's lee. Then both were driven. Sally managed to keep just ahead of Seboomook, and when the flag mark at the line was reached, she shot into the wind and across. Seboomook shot with her, just one second behind. There was a hot start in the 21ft. class, all coming to the line in a bunch. Opitsah IV. caused consternation by coming along on the starboard tack and sweeping the line. Chloris pulled out a lead to the first mark and held it until she was to have come to the finish line. There was a misunderstanding, in which the leading boats turned the wrong buoy, and Micmac came up and finished first. Up to that time it had all been Chloris' race. Spinster won in the knockabouts and Lurline II. in the dory class, after a hot race. The summary:

Class D—25-Footers.

	Ac. time.
Sally VI, L. F. Percival	1 38 50
Seboomook, B. A. Smith	1 38 51
Chewink II, F. G. Macomber, Jr.	1 39 10
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton	1 42 20
Early Dawn, J. F. Doherty	1 44 06
L'Aiglon, E. W. Hodgson	1 44 35
Little Peter, G. B. Doane	Withdrew

Class S—21-Footers.

Micmac, Richard Hutchinson	1 53 40
Mildred II, S. P. Moses	1 54 05
Rooster II, Adams Bros.	1 55 00
Little Haste, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	1 55 01
Perhaps II, J. E. Robinson	1 55 30
Pilot, Reginald Boardman	1 58 05
Opitsah IV, S. H. Foster	1 58 20
Thecla, G. W. Chapin	1 58 45
Tabasco III, H. H. Wiggin	2 00 03

Knockabouts.

Dabster, George Keith	1 17 35
Chloris, Cheney and Lanning	2 00 40
Porcupine, C. H. W. Foster	2 01 56
Tunipoo, C. A. Cooley	2 07 45

Class K—Raccabouts

Spinster III, L. M. Clark	1 16 10
Bonito, John Fallon	1 19 45
Jacobin, T. W. King	1 18 30

Class I—18-Foot Knockabouts.

Biza, Alfred Douglas	1 13 02
Kittiwake, H. M. Jones	1 15 52
Malillian, B. S. Permar	1 16 10
Dominio, C. C. Clapp	1 16 20
Question, J. H. Hunt	1 16 30
Miladi II, F. R. Adams	1 16 45
Savage, J. A. Lawrence	1 17 59
Snapper, Loring Bros.	1 18 50
Gertrude, ———	1 19 22
Ayaya, W. P. Keyes	1 20 20
Aspinquid, C. M. Foster	1 20 20
Nethla, C. W. Cole	1 20 45
Tokalon, R. J. Randolph, Jr.	1 21 22
Stroller, Goodspeed Bros.	1 26 58
Patrice, W. F. Scott	1 27 58
Alcedo, J. Linder	Withdrew

Dorchester Y. C. Dories.

Lurline II, J. P. Meade	1 34 42
Boomerang, H. Cleary	1 34 49
Hobo, T. K. King	1 38 10
San Toy, J. A. Hendrie	1 39 05
Amorita, H. Cutter	1 49 50

The judges were Foster Hooper, C. E. Lauriat, Jr., and S. N. Small. There were many protests in the 21-footers, mostly on account of the misunderstanding of the course. The protests were as follows: Micmac against Chloris, Pilot, Opitsah IV., Little Haste and Porcupine; Perhaps II. against Mildred II. and Little Haste; Opitsah IV. against Micmac and Perhaps II.

Friday, July 25.

In the second race the wind came from the same direction, but was a trifle stronger. In the 25-footers Chewink II. was over the line first at the start, but in a strengthening breeze Calypso went out to the front and remained there all through the race. In the 21-footers, Mildred II. led to the first mark, but Chloris pulled out a lead on the run which she held until they were on the same leg the second time around. Then Chloris forgot to set a spinnaker and ballooner until after Little Haste had got by her, and this cost her the race. In the 18ft. knockabouts Savage went into first place soon after the start, and she remained there to the finish. Darthea won in the raceabouts; Dabster took an easy win in the knockabouts, and there was the usual hot finish in the dory class, the race going to Lurline II. he summary:

Class D—25-Footers.

	Ac time.
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton	1 57 45
Seeboomook, B. A. Smith	1 58 56
Sally VI, L. F. Percival	2 00 16
L'Aiglon, E. W. Hodgson	2 04 53
Chewink II, F. G. Macomber, Jr.	2 05 25
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty	2 10 10

Class S—21-Footers.

Little Haste, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	2 04 09
Chloris, Cheney and Lanning	2 04 45
Mildred II, S. P. Moses	2 05 40
Opitsah IV, S. H. Foster	2 07 50
Pilot, Reginald Boardman	2 10 51
Micmac, Richard Hutchinson	2 11 55
Tabasco III, H. H. Wiggin	2 13 40
Perhaps II, J. E. Robinson	2 16 46
Katherine, H. B. Sears	2 19 09
Thecla, C. W. Chapin	2 22 10
Porcupine, C. H. W. Foster	Withdrew

Class K—Raceabouts.

Darthea, W. B. Lambert	1 08 30
Tunipoo, C. A. Cooley	1 22 05

Knockabouts.

Dabster, George Keith	1 09 55
Jacobin, T. W. King	1 12 10
Bonito, John Fallon	1 13 30
Spinster III, L. M. Clark	1 14 00

Class I—18-Foot Knockabouts.

Savage, J. A. Lawrence	1 10 00
Dominio, C. C. Clapp	1 10 15
Malillian, B. S. Permar	1 10 30
Miladi II, F. R. Adams	1 10 32
Question, J. H. Hunt	1 11 14
Kittiwake, H. M. Jones	1 12 28
Biza, Alfred Douglas	1 12 32
Aspinquid, C. M. Foster	1 12 55
Nethla, C. W. Cole	1 13 55
Gertrude, J. M. Lynch	1 14 10
Ayaya, W. P. Keyes	1 15 00
Patrice, ——— Finley	1 15 35
Stroller, Goodspeed Bros.	1 16 00
Topalon, R. J. Randolph, Jr.	1 16 02
Scrapper, Loring Bros.	1 17 10
Marion C, J. J. Moebs	1 24 05

Dorchester Y. C. Dories.

Lurline II, J. A. Meade	1 24 00
Vera, H. Lundburg	1 24 05
Boomerang, H. Cleary	1 24 35
Amorita, H. Cutter	1 25 25
Hobo, T. W. King	1 25 31

The judges were Foster Hooper and C. E. Lauriat, Jr. Micmac protested Opitsah IV.

Saturday, July 26.

For the last day of the series the breeze was lightest of all, E. by S. All classes were given the short course, the points of sailing being the same as on the previous days. In the 25-footers it was all Chewink II. Sally VI. was pushed over the line too soon at the start, a feature which did her no good. Chewink II., however, sailed her race of the year, in comparison with the other boats, and came home an easy winner, after leading all over the course. In the 21-footers, Rooster II. took the windward position at the start and pulled out a lead to the first mark. After this Little Haste went into the lead and she sailed a great race, making faster than any of the 25-footers, with the exception of the leader. In the 18-footers there was a general mix up at the start. Caprice came down the line on the starboard tack and mowed Malillian. Malillian went into the lead after the start and held it until the short beat from the last mark to the finish, when Savage came up and won out by seven seconds. Tunipoo won a good race in the raceabouts; Jacobin took an easy win in the knockabouts, and Hobo and Vera sailed a dead heat in the dory class. The summary:

Class D—25-Footers.

	Ac. time.
Chewink II, F. G. Macomber, Jr.	1 51 25
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton	1 56 30
Sally VI, L. F. Percival	1 57 14
Seboomook, B. A. Smith	1 57 16

L'Aiglon, E. W. Hodgson	1 58 30
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty	2 01 51
Little Peter, G. B. Doane	2 07 02

Class S—21-Footers.

Little Haste, T. K. Lothrop	1 55 00
Rooster II, Adams Bros.	1 57 50
Chloris, Cheney and Lanning	2 02 20
Opitsah IV, S. H. Foster	2 03 25
Tabasco III, H. H. Wiggin	2 03 47
Pilot, Reginald Boardman	2 04 39
Mildred II, S. P. Moses	2 06 20
Micmac, Richard Hutchinson	2 07 01
Thecla, C. W. Chapin	2 10 45
Perhaps II, J. E. Robinson	2 13 30
Katherine, H. C. Sears	2 15 28

Class K—Raceabouts.

Tunipoo, Cooley and Humphrey	2 09 03
Darthea, W. B. Lambert	2 09 15

Knockabouts.

Jacobin, T. W. King	2 19 00
Dabster, George Keith	2 21 03
Spinster III, L. M. Clark	2 21 50

Class I—18-Foot Knockabouts...

Savage, J. A. Lawrence	2 14 40
Malillian, B. S. Permar	2 14 47
Gertrude, H. E. Lynch	2 16 00
Biza, Alfred Douglas	2 16 24
Miladi II, F. R. Adams	2 18 20
Domino, C. C. Clapp	2 18 45
Scrapper, W. C. Loring	2 20 00
Kittiwake, H. M. Jones	2 20 11
Ayaya, W. P. Keyes	2 21 44
Question, J. H. Hunt	2 23 09
Stroller, Goodspeed Bros.	2 23 40
Aspinquid, C. M. Foster	2 29 10
Nethla, C. W. Cole	2 29 35
Tokalon, R. J. Randolph	2 30 34
Alcedo, J. F. Linder	Withdrew
Lollipop, H. B. Bailey	Withdrew

Dorchester Dories.

Hobo, T. W. King	1 19 40
Vera, H. Lundberg	1 19 40
Lurline II, H. J. P. Meade	1 20 50
San Toy, J. A. Hendrie	1 21 41
Boomerang, H. Cleary	1 23 10

The judges were Foster Hooper, Charles E. Lauriat, Jr., and John T. Humphrey. Caprice protested Malillian and Savage and Malillian entered a counter protest against Caprice.

John B. Killeen.

New York Y. C. Annual Cruise.

Rendezvous, New London.

The Cruise.—Aug. 4, meeting of captains on the flagship at 5 P. M.; Aug. 5, to Newport; Aug. 6, the Astor cups, off Newport; Aug. 7, to Vineyard Haven; Aug. 8, to Provincetown; Aug. 9, to Marblehead. (From the Commodore's General Orders, No. 2.)

Squadron Runs.—There will be the customary runs from port to port in cruising trim. A yacht alone in her class will sail in the class next above (R. R. IX., Sec. 5). Yachts alone in their respective classes, and with the classes next above not filled, will be bunched in a mixed class, difference in rig being allowed for as in R. R. IV. On application to the committee, special classes will be arranged for yachts in either racing or cruising trim, and for "auxiliaries." Final classification lists will be issued at the rendezvous.

Cruising Trim.—"Anchors at the bow and at least one cable bent; cruising complement of boats carried (launches optional); cruising deck, cabin and galley fittings and fixtures in place; topsails extending above the truck or beyond the end of the gaff barred. Water can be taken into the tanks up to 8 A. M."

Club Prizes.—In each class there will be a prize for first, if two or more start, and a prize for second, if four or more start.

Special Cups.—The Commodore's cups will be sailed for on Run No. 3. The Navy Challenge cups will be awarded, respectively, to the schooner and the single-masted vessel or yawl winning the greatest number of runs, schooners sailing in one class and the other rigs in another. Terms for the cups offered by the flag officers and captains, Royal Phelps Carroll and Cornelius Vanderbilt, and for those which may be offered by others, will be announced at New London.

Owl and Gamecock Colors will be rowed for at such port as the Commodore shall decide. Entries.—"Gamecock," $10; "Owl," $5. Dinghies, $2; launches, $10. The club will add $2 an oar and $5 for launches.

The Astor Cups.—Newport, Aug. 6. A $1,000 cup for schooners and a $500 cup for sloops, cutters and yawls. The start will be off Brenton Reef Light Vessel, at 10:30 A. M.

Club Steamboat.—For the Astor cups the Gay Head (New Bedford and Vineyard Haven Line) has been chartered for members and their guests. She will leave the foot of Old Colony Dock, Newport, at 10 A. M., and will touch there on her return. Tickets, at $2 each, including lunch, can be obtained from the committee. Members of the Eastern Y. C. can obtain tickets for themselves, and also extra tickets, on the same terms.

Sailing Directions.

Courses.—The start and finish lines will be between a white flag on the committee boat and the points mentioned below:

No. 1. New London to Newport. From a stake boat one-quarter mile east of Sarah's Ledge Buoy to Brenton Reef Light Vessel, the committee boat being to the westward of the light vessel. Forty miles.

No. 2. Newport to Vineyard Haven. From Brenton Reef Light Vessel to West Chop Buoy (Red Nun, No. 2), leaving Vineyard Sound Light Vessel to port and the Lucas Shoal and Middle Ground Buoys to starboard. Thirty-seven miles.

No. 3. Vineyard Haven to Provincetown. From a stake boat one-quarter mile north of East Chop Buoy to a stake boat one mile west by south three-quarters south of Wood End Light, Wood End and Long Point Lights being in range, and with the committee boat to the westward of the stake boat.

Course No. 1. Classes A, B, C, G, H and I, will leave Great Round Shoal Light Vessel and the Whistle Buoy nine and a half miles east of it, to port. Ninety-five miles.

Course No. 2. Classes D, F, J, K, L and M, will leave Handkerchief Light Vessel to port, Shovelfull Light Ves-

sel to starboard and Pollock Rip Light Vessel to port. Seventy-nine miles.

No. 4. Provincetown to Marblehead. From a stake boat placed as at the finish of No. 3, to a stake boat one cable's length west of Half Way Rock. Thirty-eight and one-half miles.

The marking point on light vessels will be the foremast, and on stake boats the mast. The stake boats will display the club signal by day, and after dark they will carry two red lights hung vertically.

When at the finish, the committee boat will hoist a red ball by day, and at night will show a white light, and also three red lights hung vertically, and will burn the club signal at ten-minute intervals. In fog—except at finish of Run No. 1—the committee boat will "at intervals of not more than one minute, ring the bell rapidly, for about five seconds," and at intervals of two minutes will sound three short whistle blasts.

Starting Signals.—Preparatory: A gun will be fired, the club signal lowered, and the blue peter set.

Ten minutes later a gun will be fired, the blue peter lowered, and a red ball hoisted for the start of classes J, K, L and M.

Five minutes later a gun will be fired and a second red ball hoisted for the start of classes G, H and I.

Five minutes later a gun will be fired and a third red ball hoisted for the start of classes D and F.

Five minutes later a gun will be fired and a fourth red ball hoisted for the start of classes A, B and C.

Five minutes later the balls will drop.

Handicap Time.—Each division will be allowed two minutes for crossing the line.

Five minutes after the balls have dropped a gun will be fired and a red ball hoisted for the start of "auxiliaries."

Ten minutes later a gun and the dropping of the ball will give their handicap time.

Should a signal gun miss fire, a prolonged blast of the whistle will be given.

Entries.—Crossing the line with private signal and racing number displayed, as directed in R. R. IX., Sec. 3, will be regarded as an entry.

S. Nicholson Kane,
Newbury D. Lawton,
Edward H. Wales,
Regatta Committee.

Tarratine Y. C.

ISLESBORO, ME.

The ladies' race for the 21-footers which had been postponed since Monday was sailed Thursday afternoon at 2:55 P. M. The prize was a cup offered by Mrs. Steele. The second race of the 25-footers' series was also sailed on the same afternoon, the start being made at 2:50. Flirt and Chewink were the only two entries in the 25ft. class, whereas Pirate, Opitsah, Loafer and Peterkin were entered in the 21ft. class.

The wind was light from the S.E. and gave little indication of holding for the afternoon. Signals for the large triangle reversed were sent up on the Vancluse, it being hoped that the second leg would be to windward; the wind shifted to the east during the race, however, and made the second leg a long fetch and a short one. The first mark had drifted considerably to the south'ard, so that the 25's had some difficulty in finding it. This caused Chewink a good deal of inconvenience, as she had her spinnaker set to starboard, whereas Flirt held hers to port and was not forced to gybe as was Chewink. Flirt crossed the line before the gun and had to swing back and recross it. Chewink was far behind, and Flirt got off with a big lead. Chewink headed too much to the north'ard and upon seeing the mark was forced to gybe and set her spinnaker to port. Flirt gained greatly by this and rounded the first mark at 3:06:15, followed by Chewink at 3:07:15, a minute behind. Both hauled close on the port tack and headed very nearly for the mark, Flirt, if anything, making the best of the conditions and running into a slightly heavier spot of wind. Chewink looked out of the race, as Flirt was weathering her and footing faster. Both had to make short hitches before rounding the mark, but Flirt rather overstood it, and lost a little time. The wind began to lighten considerably on the reach home and Chewink gained a lot on Flirt. She got her reaching jib set quicker and came along with the tail end of the breeze. It looked as if she might even pass Flirt before they reached the line, but Flirt managed to skin in at 3:47:30, 30s. ahead of Chewink. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Flirt, F. L. Bond	2 50	3 47 30	0 57 30
Chewink, W. E. Scull	2 50	3 48 00	0 58 00

The starting gun for the raceabouts was fired at 2:55, Opitsah crossing the line with it and well in the lead. Loafer and Pirate went over next without clear water between them, Loafer being in the lead. Peterkin followed three or four lengths astern. Opitsah increased her lead astonishingly on the run and left the other three boats far behind. Pirate, Loafer and Peterkin had an exciting time of it, all three being lapped. Pirate managed to pass Loafer, but Peterkin was unable to. Opitsah rounded the first mark at 3:08:25, followed by Pirate at 2:10:40, Loafer at 3:11:00 and Peterkin at 3:11:03.

All hauled close on the port tack, and Pirate began to gain on Opitsah. Peterkin lost, if anything, on Loafer. It was not an exciting beat, as the boats did not change their positions, and there was no tacking. All four had to hitch for the mark, as the 25's had done, Opitsah rounding at 3:30:30.

The wind dropped on the reach in and all the boats gained on Opitsah. Peterkin and Loafer had it close, but Peterkin was unable to get the lead. Pirate sailed second in little danger of winning or being overtaken. Opitsah crossed at 3:57:40, winning easily. Peterkin and Loafer had an exciting luffing match, and it looked as if Peterkin would establish a lead. She was unable to do it, however, and finished with her bow well lapping Loafer. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.
Opitsah, Miss Howe	2 55	3 57 40
Pirate, Miss Metcalf		4 01 00
Loafer, Miss Shattuck		4 03 15
Peterkin, Miss Kissel		4 03.17

Saturday, July 26.

The second race of the series for Dr. Derby's cup was sailed on Saturday, July 26, at 2:45 P. M. The wind started blowing from the south'ard early in the morning, but did not carry much strength until late in the afternoon, when it came in briskly. The course was three nautical miles to windward and return, to be sailed over twice, making an entire stretch of twelve knots.

The club steamer Vaneluse took up her position on the line at 2:30 P. M. and fired the preliminary gun at 2:40. Idol and Daydream had left their moorings late and were so far away from the line that they had no chance of getting there in time, thus reducing the starters to Persimmon, Opitsah, Raider, Peterkin and Pirate. Opitsah crossed the line in the middle with the gun and got clear of the fleet; Raider went over on the windward end on top of Persimmon, Peterkin and Pirate putting all these boats in a bad pocket. Persimmon took to the condition better than any of the other boats and gradually drew from under Raider's lee, until she was in a position to tack and cross her bows. Opitsah was to windward of Raider on the starboard tack when Persimmon crossed under her stern so she flung about and put Persimmon in a pocket. Persimmon forereached her and soon tacked about to starboard in a commanding lead.

Pirate flung over to the port tack soon after the start and headed way out into the bay in hopes of getting the benefit of the strong ebb tide. She appeared to be considerably slowed up by the heavy chop. Peterkin could not get out of Raider's pocket, so finally had to split tacks and stand out into the bay also. Raider tacked after her and met Opitsah coming in under the islands.

She swung about on Opitsah's weather quarter and followed her well in under the land. She was unable to gain, however, and soon split tacks and went off after Peterkin. Opitsah kept further in under the land until she could fetch the mark, when she flung about on the port tack, following Peterkin. Raider hitched under their lee and headed after them. Pirate came in from the bay where she had been doing splendid work, and tacked around the mark close behind Persimmon, who rounded at 3:26:00. Pirate followed at 3:27:51, Peterkin at 3:28:11, Opitsah at 3:28:40 and Raider at 3:29:05.

Peterkin soon passed Pirate on the run in and Raider gained a great deal on Opitsah, who was the only boat that set her spinnaker to port. Pirate also lost to Raider, who, just before the mark, passed both Pirate and Opitsah. Persimmon rounded in a comfortable lead at 3:56:50. Peterkin came next at 3:59:00, followed by Raider at 4:00:15, Opitsah at 4:00:18 and Pirate at 4:00:21, in a close bunch.

Raider stood in under the islands, closely followed by Pirate, whereas Persimmon, Peterkin and Opitsah stood well out into the bay. Raider easily beat Pirate, who in turn crossed Opitsah's bows. Persimmon increased her lead in a commanding weather berth and Peterkin lost to all the last three boats. The wind freshened considerably and the boats all began to pick along faster. Next to Persimmon, Raider did the best work. Persimmon rounded the windward mark at 4:32:10, followed by Peterkin at 4:36:40. Raider came next at 4:38:30, Pirate at 4:39:10 and Opitsah at 4:39:50.

For the last three boats the run home was most exciting. Both Pirate and Opitsah began to gain rapidly on Raider, who luffed out to windward of both of them. Pirate bore down under Raider's lee and was promptly blanketed by Opitsah. As Opitsah passed Pirate she shot under Raider's mainsail and was in turn blanketed herself. These three boats raced along together for a mile and a half, now one ahead now another, all on practically even terms. Just before the finish line was reached Pirate bore off with Opitsah on top of her, whereas Raider headed for the Vancluse, the windward end of the line. Opitsah shot ahead with Pirate, but bore off too much and fouled her. She crossed the line at 5:07:34, beating Pirate by 1s. and Raider by 5s. Persimmon won at 4:50:30, beating Peterkin, second boat, by 5m. and 40s. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Persimmon, E. Dodge	2 45	4 59 30	2 14 30
Peterkin, Y. E. Kissel		5 05 10	2 20 10
Opitsah, E. A. Daniels		5 07 34	2 22 34
Pirate, P. Metcalf		5 07 35	2 22 35
Raider, R. Derby		5 07 40	2 22 40

Pirate protested Opitsah after the race, but no decision has been yet given. The score for the cup now stands:

	1st Race.	2d Race.
Persimmon	11	10
Peterkin	3	7
Opitsah	5	4
Daydream	8	0
Pirate	2	2
Raider	1	1

Richard Derby.

English Letter.

During the past three weeks the most notable feature in our racing has been the slight but marked improvement in the form shown by the 52-footer Camellia. When she left the Thames she went to her builder's yard and some alterations, the nature of which is not known, were made. Her next appearance was on the Clyde, where she has proved quite a match for Lucida. The Fife boat is still a wee bit better on the wind—particularly in working short tacks—but it is very little, and Camellia is the faster with sheets checked. The racing between the two is now perfect, and Mr. Fife's triumphal march has at last been checked. In the 36ft. class on the Clyde, too, Barrabel is apparently a faster craft than either of the two Fife boats, except in very moderate and light weather. She was designed by Mylne. The measurements of the three boats is very much the same, and the success of Barrabel ought to bring a considerable amount of business to Mr. Mylne. This will mean better racing, for the sport cannot flourish for long when one designer has it all so much his own way as Mr. Fife has for the last year or so. I am very much mistaken, too, if it does not lead to the speedy development of our rule, which so far has not been rapid.

Mr. Fife's greatest achievement this year—perhaps his very greatest—is undoubtedly Mr. Cecil Quentin's schooner Cicely, which, as you know by now, has turned out a great success, and is more than a match for the Emperor's new vessel. It is stated in our papers that the German yachtsmen are rather disgusted at the ill success of Mr. Cary Smith's creation, but it is not very easy to see why. These huge vessels are not suitable for ordinary regatta racing, and the draft of Meteor III., while eminently suitable for an ocean-going cruiser, is all too light for a racing craft. Anyhow, it is pretty safe to think that Meteor is quite as good as any schooner that has made Cary Smith famous.

The King's illness, of course, necessitated the postponement of all the Coronation festivities, including the naval review at Spithead. An enormous number of yachts had arrived in the Solent and Southampton to witness it, but as the fleet remained for a week, the loss of the actual review was of less importance. Next week, it is stated, the King will join his new yacht, Victoria and Albert. Her moorings are to be shifted out of Cowes Roads into Osborne Bay. No doubt a certain number of private yachts will also find it convenient to take up moorings there too.

An unfortunate accident occured the week before the proposed review, in which the owner of a little ten-ton yacht was drowned. She belonged to Commander Griffen, R. N., and he was coming round from Dartmouth to see the review. At Portland there was not enough wind to help the yacht clear of the Race, and a motor dinghy was sent ahead to tow, with Commander Griffen and a boy on board. She could not keep the yacht clear of the Race, and both were drawn into it. The dinghy capsized and both the boy and the owner were swept away from it. However, they got hold of her again, but Commander Griffen was swept away a second time and drowned. There is always a race at Portland, and the only way to avoid it is to keep well out to sea, or hug the rocks. The flood tide sets out of West Bay and will soon sweep a vessel into the Race, unless her bowsprit is kept pointing close up to the rocks.

Kariad has been unfortunate on the Clyde, for up to the time of writing, Tutty (the ex-65-footer) and Bona have been too much for her with their time allowance. Tutty is sailing in exceptionally good form this year.

No doubt you have heard of the sinking of the German torpedo boat by the British tramp steamer, Firsby. The torpedo boat was bringing a party of Englishmen from Heligoland to Kiel, and Professor Busley was also on board. When the collision took place the German commander ordered that the Englishmen should be saved first. He himself and seven of the crew were drowned. Professor Busley is one of the most popular figures in German yachting, and has done enormous good in promoting good fellowship between the yachtsmen of the two countries.

The entries for the Heligoland-Dover match, for the handsome prize presented by Mr. Carl von Busch are Meteor, Navahoe, Lasca, Clara, Comet (the old Cup challenger Thistle), Wanderer and Lussane. If all these start, it will be returning good for evil, for the starters in the Emperor's race were shockingly few. By the way, Cicely was a very long way ahead of Vol-au-Vent in that match, but got becalmed. They had the wind aft all the way.

Of the many boats built for the Emperor's new 32ft. class, particulars of which I gave, Uncle Sam, a Crowninshield craft, appears to be the best.

Many yachtsmen on your side will be sorry to hear of the death of Mr. Richard T. A. Grant, formerly Secretary to the Royal Yacht Squadron. He died on June 30 very suddenly.

Although not officially announced, it is pretty well known that Mr. Fife has been commissioned by Sir Thomas Lipton to design a new Cup challenger. The vessel will be built by Denny Bros. at Dumbarton. Sir Thomas has received the honor of a Baronetcy from the King. I think you will lose the Cup this time if the vessel is as well sailed as Shamrock II. was. Certainly you will have to turn out a faster craft than Columbia. It would be rather amusing if that craft should prove to be Constitution—and it is quite on the cards, too!

E. H. Hamilton.

Beverly Y. C.

WING'S NECK, BUZZARD'S BAY, MASS.

Saturday, July 26.

A champion Corinthian race of the Beverly Y. C. was sailed off the club house, Wing's Neck, on Saturday, July 26, in a light easterly breeze. The 30-footers went over the starting line in a bunch, and off the wind Quakeress II. led the fleet. On the beat home Pontiac worked out into first place and won easily. In the 25-footers Thorana took an easy win from Kalama. In the 21-footers Edith led to leeward, but Terrapin won out on the windward work. Krieker won in the fourth class cats and Go Bye in the 15-footers. The summary:

30-Footers.

	Time.
Pontiac, J. H. Beebe	3 17 50
Praxilla, J. Parkinson	3 21 40
Quakeress II, W. F. Harrison	3 25 23
Mashnee, R. W. Emmons	3 26 37
Young Miss, D. L. Whittemore	3 27 36
Gamecock, Louis Bacon	3 27 38
Arabian, Robert Winsor	3 28 30
Zingara, E. N. Farnsworth	3 29 32
Evelyn, John Hitchcock	3 31 22
Notos, W. O. & C. H. Taylor, Jr	Withdrew

25-Footers.

Thorana, T. B. Wales	2 30 40
Kalama, David Rice	2 37 10

21-Footers.

Terrapin, L. S. Dabney	2 36 25
Sylvia, S. D. Warren	2 38 25
Arethusa, C. M. Baker	2 41 27
Wynona, Howard Miller	2 42 00
Barnacle, W. E. C. Eustis	2 43 40
Edith, Clark King	2 44 32
Radiant, C. M. Baker	2 48 35

Fourth Class—Cats.

Krieker, W. S. Jameson	1 56 50
Allison, Stewart McLeod	1 59 05
Hod, H. B. Holmes	2 15 25

15-Footers.

Go Bye, H. Stockton	1 54 20
Teazer, R. W. Emmons	1 56 15
Vim, F. Sargent	1 56 30
Spider, H. B. Stone	1 57 07
Ranzo, Maurice Richardson	1 57 50
Varda, Jack Perkinson	2 08 10
Peacock, Robert Winsor	2 12 20

Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay.

Saturday, July 26.

THE fifth regatta of the Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay was held on the afternoon of Saturday, July 26, under the auspices of the Atlantic Y. C. Twenty-eight craft started in the contest, three were disqualified for various reasons, and one did not finish.

It was one of the best races sailed thus far. The winners in the different classes were Bonito, Vivian, Caribou, Song and Dance, Opossum, Pickaninny, Kelpie and Martha M.

In general the struggles in the different classes were won by good margins. The race between the old rivals Song and Dance and Cockatoo was an exception, however, and the former won the contest only after the hardest kind of a fight, and by the small margin of 24s.

At no time were the two far apart. Song and Dance, being of centerboard construction, would gain a bit when sailing with a free wind, while the fin-keel Cockatoo picked up on windward work. They are now tied on the standing of the Association series with 42 points each.

In the race for class M boats in cruising trim, Bonito led Sunol at the finish by 1m. 40s. Kangaroo started in this class. She was minutes astern in getting away and was never able to overcome the handicap.

The neat little class N flyer, Vivian, and Gwendolen, another clean-cut boat of beautiful model, were opponents. The first named, from a poor start, won by 3m. 43s. It was the second meeting of the two craft in the Association races. At the end of the first they were separated by only a few seconds.

In special class N Caribou got a victory from Squaw. The latter d'd not finish the race. The Association boats were given warning before the contest to carry their racing numbers in the correct position—that is, above the last row of reef points and midway between the luff and leach. Squaw had not fulfilled these requirements and was disqualified. This gave Caribou a sailover.

In class P Song and Dance led Cockatoo by 24s. Opossum, now sailing in regular class Q, beat Trouble, her nearest adversary, by 1m. 11s. The light southeasterly breeze blowing was just suited to the lighter craft in which Herreshoff has succeeded in turning out a very speedy creation.

In class R, Pebble led Pickaninny, starting for the first time this year, by a good margin. Pebble, however, fouled one of the marking buoys and was disqualified. Pickaninny also got into trouble during the race. There were no protests lodged against her, but eventual disqualification will undoubtedly be the outcome. She was credited with a win until the case is decided.

In the Marine and Field special class, Kelpie, champion of last year, led Jig-a-Jig, the second boat, by 1m. 42s. The latter was unfortunate enough to be disqualified for not having her number in the proper position, and second place in the Association race went to Flying Fox, whom Kelpie defeated by 3m. 34s.

The disqualification of Jig-a-Jig is inoperative in the fourth struggle for points on the Snedeker trophy, in which the one-design boats were engaged. So Jig-a-Jig is credited with second place in the race on this series.

In the catboat class Martha M. led Rascal by 3m. 43s. Boozie, the Long Island creation, which carried off honors in the heavy wind of the race before, made a poor showing.

The protest by Rascal against Martha M. in the Marine and Field Club race of July 12, has been allowed. This disqualifies Martha M. and takes away the eight points put down to her credit for that race. Rascal gets second place and an additional two points.

The protest by the owner of Karma against Song and Dance for fouling Wraith in the same contest, was not allowed.

The usual Association courses were sailed. The smalle craft had a reach, a run, another reach, and long and short windward boards to the home mark. The larger craft going out to West Bank Light had a close fetch and a run home.

The sixth regatta of the Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay takes place on Saturday, Aug. 2, under the auspices of the Brooklyn Y. C. The summaries follow:

Class M—Special—Start 3:03.

	Actual.	Corrected.
Bonito, Haviland Bros.	3 20 49	2 17 49
Sunol, John Abbey	5 22 29	2 19 29
Kangaroo, C. H. Humphreys	5 33 41	2 30 41

Sloops—Class N—Start 3:06.

Vivian, S. E. Vernon	5 14 48	2 08 48
Gwendolen, H. G. S. Nobles	5 18 31	2 12 31

Class N—Special—Start 3:06.

Caribou, J. E. Nicholson	5 19 48	2 13 18
Squaw, H. J. Heath		Disqualified

Sloops—Class P—Start 3:09.

Song and Dance, E. F. Luckenbach	4 36 14	1 27 14
Cockatoo, Hendon Chubb	4 36 38	1 27 38
Carona, J. E. Beggs	4 38 14	1 29 14
Streak, Speidel Bros.	4 38 56	1 29 56

Sloops—Class Q—Start 3:12.

Opossum, R. P. Doremus	4 40 08	1 28 08
Trouble, W. H. Childs	4 41 19	1 29 19
Wraith, Calvin Tomkins	4 43 05	1 31 05
Bronco, F. C. Moore	4 43 49	1 31 49
Flying Fish, L. M. Dean	4 49 22	1 37 22
Wink, W. A. Barstow	4 50 53	1 38 53

Sloops—Class R—Start 3:15.

Pickaninny, L. R. Connett	5 02 11	1 47 11
Pebble, R. W. Speir		Disqualified

Marine and Field Class—Start 3:18.

Kelpie, W. K. Brown	4 53 42	1 35 42
Flying Fox, Cone and Buckman	4 57 16	1 39 16
Stinger, A. P. Clapp	4 57 29	1 39 29
Quinque, L. H. Smith	5 03 23	1 45 23
Jig-a-Jig, W. A. Hutcheson		Disqualified

Catboats—Class V—Start 3:24.

Martha M., Richard Moore	4 51 44	1 27 44
Rascal, D. G. Whitlock	4 55 34	1 31 34
Boozie, C. D. Durkee	4 58 58	1 34 58
Jean, F. Nickerson	Did not finish.	

Points to date in Y. R. A. G. B. series: Mariquita, 5; Sunol, 36; Bonito, 28; Kangaroo, 12; Vivian, 30; Gwendolen, 16; Caribou, 40; Squaw, 24; Indian, 6; Cockatoo, 42; Song and Dance, 42; Karma, 20; Streak, 16; Corona, 6; Trouble, 32; Opossum, 24; Bronco, 24; Wraith, 22; Wink, 11; Flying Fish, 4; Spots, 2; Pickaninny, 5; Kelpie, 48; Stinger, 40; Quinque, 14; Flying Fox, 10; Jig-a-Jig, 6; Vixen, 4; Rascal, 32; Martha M., 30; Boozie, 16.

Points to date on Snedeker trophy, Marine and Field class: Kelpie, 15; Stinger, 9; Vixen, 4; Jig-a-Jig, 3; Quinque, 3; Flying Fox, 1.

Western Yachts.

Lake Michigan Yachting Association.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 24.—The seventh annual regatta of the Lake Michigan Yachting Association will be held under the auspices of the Macatawa Bay Y. C., Aug. 7-9 This will be quite a sporty little event, with plenty of silver cups as class prizes. Measurements under the rules of the Association; the course a six-mile triangle, two miles to the leg, twice around.

The second annual Venetian night of the entertaining club will be held Thursday, Aug. 7, a general illumina tion, followed by dances, etc. On Saturday night there will be a yachtsmen's ball. The local club will hold a daily regatta on the inside course, open to boats of inland water types, with proper silver cups as prizes. Measurements under Inland Lake Y. A. rules.

The second annual cruising race of the Macatawa Bay Y. C. from Chicago to Macatawa will strrt from the Van Buren street gap Saturday, Aug. 2, at 5 o'clock P. M. There will be three prizes awarded, for classes A, B and C. Ample hotel accommodations and good steamer facilities across the lake add to the interest of this event, which will be patronized.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Riverton Y. C.

RIVERTON, DELAWARE RIVER.

Saturday, July 19.

A NUMBER of boats belonging to members of the Beverly Y. C., the newest organization on the Delaware, participated in the regatta given by the Riverton Y. C. on Saturday, July 19.

There was no wind in the morning, but in the afternoon sufficient breeze came up to allow the Regatta Committee to start the fleet.

On the run home Sea Gull drew away from the boats in her class and won by 26s.

Isit demonstrated her light-weather qualities by beating the boats in her class handily. The summary:

Catboats—Start, 3:05.

	Fin.	E. T.	C. T.
Carolyn, Ch. C. Rinahard	5 26 02	2 21 02	2 18 56
Titiania, John W. Hamer	Withdrew.		
Gertrude, G. W. Holoway	Withdrew		
Sea Gull, L. C. Cook	5 17 48	2 12 48	2 08 34
Butterfly, C. C. Fitler	Withdrew.		
Leila, Blair, Fergueson	Withdrew.		
Priscilla (no owner)	3 34 22	2 29 22	2 24 19
Vampin (no owner)	5 47 58	2 42 58	2 30 41

Sloops—Start, 3:10.

Kaloola, E. A. Waters	Withdrew.		
Fiona, J. H. Hillman	5 28 50	2 18 50	2 16 01
Dorothea (no owner)	5 26 50	5 29 25	2 25 50
Isit (no owner)	5 26 50	2 16 50	2 07 06
Pumpkin, J. C. W. Frishsmith	5 37 50	2 27 50	2 17 12
Tadpole (no owner)	5 42 03	2 32 03	2 17 03

Mosquito Boats—Start, 3:02.

No. 1, Somervell Solomon	Withdrew.		
No. 2, Biddle Brothers	5 39 10		2 27 10
No. 6, Dr. C. S. Mills	5 39 10		2 27 10
No. 7, R. M. Hollingshead	5 34 18		2 22 18
No. 10, Harry Cook	5 36 40		2 24 40
No. 11, A. G. Cook	5 28 52		2 16 52
No. 12, H. McI. Biddle	5 38 18		2 21 18
No. 14, T. Harry Walnut	5 32 43		2 20 43

Quincy Y. C.

QUINCY, MASS.

Saturday, July 26.

A REGULAR club race of the Quincy Y. C. was sailed off the club house at Hough's Neck on Saturday, July 26, in a light easterly breeze. In the first class Eclipse won easily. In the second class Mable won in a close race. Cleopatra won in the special class, and Marjorie in the Lark class. In the race for launches, Mildred won by 3m. and 36s. on corrected time. The summary:

First Class.

	Act time.	Cor. time.
Eclipse, Dr. Jones	1 39 15	1 14 59
Hustler, Whittemore and Robbins	1 45 01	1 17 11
Goblin, Elmer Rickey	1 49 55	1 20 47
Marvel, Reid and Lincoln	1 48 21	1 21 15
Ida J. C. C. Collins	1 46 21	1 21 41
Moondyne, Shaw Bros.	1 52 40	1 26 48
Stay King, Mr. Laird	1 51 04	not m'd

Second Class.

Mabel G. George Gardner	2 07 18	not m'd.
Kitty, John Evans	2 07 29	not m'd.

Special Class.

Cleopatra, F. F. Crane	1 46 27	0 00 00
Omeme, W. P. Parker	1 48 38	0 00 00

Larks.

Marjorie, Mr. Bennett	1 00 20	0 00 00
Ethel S, George Swift	1 02 31	0 00 00
Ella H, Herbert Holmes	1 09 51	0 00 00

Mosquito Fleet Y. C.

SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.

Saturday, July 26.

A CLUB race of the Mosquito Fleet Y. C. for handicap class and sailing tenders, was held off Marine Park on Saturday, July 26, in a light easterly breeze. Sentinel finished first in the handicap class, but lost to Venture on corrected time. F. O. French won a good first from E. Merrill in the tender class by 3s. The summary:

Handicap Class.

	Act time.	Cor time.
Venture, W. C. Cherrington	2 18 52	2 25 52
Sentinel, N. C. Robinson	2 13 47	2 26 47
Halen, W. Tracy	2 27 42	2 32 42
Egeria, R. S. Lauders	2 35 33	2 40 33
Myth, J. T. Powers	2 36 06	2 44 06
Alcyone, F. W. Coombs	2 42 00	2 42 00
Alder, C. P. Mooney	Withdrew.	
Ustane, C. J. Moriarty	Withdrew.	
Vand I, E. Leach	Withdrew.	

Open Tender Class.

	Time.
F. O. French	1 12 34
E. Merrill	1 12 37
W. L. Colson	1 12 50
H. Stickney	1 12 55
E. T. Landers	1 12 58

Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, July 26.

THE fifth series race sailed by the Seawanhaka knockabouts for the Centre Island cup was sailed over knockabout course No. 2 on the afternoon of Saturday, July 26. Seven boats started, and Vagrant won. The breeze was fresh from the E. The summary, start 3:40:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vagrant, Brown & Low	5 11 09	1 31 09
Marcia, Johnston de Forest	5 12 20	1 32 20
Bobs, W. A. W. Stewart	5 13 16	Disq.
Gowan, F. G. Stewart	5 14 56	1 34 56
Wyntje, Colgate Hoyt, Jr.	5 20 49	1 40 49
Lucille, H. H. Lander	5 21 01	1 41 01
Heron, F. R. Coudert, Jr.	5 25 37	1 45 37

In the race sailed on Saturday a week ago Lucille and Wyntje, which finished first and second, were protested and the Race Committee has disqualified these two boats, and Marcia, which finished third, wins.

On Saturday morning Gowan and Wyntje sailed a race for the Leland Corinthian Challenge cup, and Gowan won. The summary, start 10:45:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Gowan, F. G. Stewart	1 05 30	2 20 30
Wyntje, Colgate Hoyt, Jr.	Did not finish.	

Portland Y. C.

PORTLAND, ME.

Saturday, July 12.

THE Portland Y. C. held its first race on Saturday, July 12, in a strong S.W. breeze. Eight boats started in the three classes. Class C was made up of one-design boats from the board of Mr. W. Starling Burgess. Lobadoba won by one minute. The summary:

Class A.

	Start.	Finish.
Banshee	2 04 25	4 20 43
Clique	2 04 45	4 26 51

Class B.

Burgomaster	2 10 43	4 02 03
White Wings	2 11 50	4 24 15
Whist	2 10 40	4 37 37

Class C.

Lobadoba	2 20 15	4 00 09
Skid	2 20 20	4 01 09
Krisheim	2 20 03	4 04 37

The winners were Banshee, Burgomaster and Lobadoba.

American Y. C.

MILTON POINT, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, July 26.

THE 18 and 21ft. one-design boats of the American Y. C. raced over a ten-mile triangular course off Milton Point on Saturday, July 26. Zeleika II. lost her rudder and did not finish. The wind was fresh from the E. The Kid won in her class; Jolly Tar was second, but was protested for fouling one of the marks. Mr. Simon Ford's boat won in the 18ft. class. The summary:

21-Foot Raceabouts—Start, 2:30.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
The Kid, D. Harriman, Jr.	4 43 17	2 13 17
Jolly Tar, S. Howland	4 43 58	2 13 58
Cricket, Howard Willetts	4 44 14	2 14 14
Howdy, S. Wainwright	4 46 18	2 16 18
Rascal, S. C. Hopkins	4 48 18	2 18 28
Ping-Pong, W. H. Browning	5 13 08	2 43 08

18-Foot Raceabouts—Start, 2:30.

—— S. Ford	5 08 13	2 38 13
Hustler, J. T. Downing	5 18 42	2 48 42
Rattler, J. E. Bowles	5 17 37	2 47 37
Zeleika II, H. A. Sherman	Disabled.	

Winthrop Y. C.

WINTHROP, MASS.

Saturday, July 26.

THE regular handicap race of the Winthrop Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, July 26. The breeze was light and fluky from the eastward, making the race decidedly uninteresting. The summary:

25-Foot Class.

	Ac time.	Cor time.
Ariel, James R. Hodder	1 41 47	1 38 47
Thordis, C. A. Heney	1 49 02	1 46 00

21-Foot Class.

Greyling, Mr. Langland	2 12 38	2 12 38
Mineola, ——	2 45 40	2 36 40

18-Foot Class.

Zetes, J. A. McKie	1 52 16	1 52 16
Hector, A. W. Hubbard	1 53 59	1 51 59
Favorite, Fred Bird	2 06 59	2 02 59
Martha, Mr. Jenkins	2 16 59	2 07 59

15-Foot Class.

Elf, J. W. Kelly	1 05 30	1 05 30
Coper, J. W. Colson	Withdrew.	

15-Foot Juniors.

Flash, W. H. Myrick	1 14 37	1 14 37
Virginia, W. H. Traiser	1 17 45	1 15 45
Knox, ——	Withdrew.	

Columbia Y. C.

SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.

Saturday, July 26.

A CLUB race of the Columbia Y. C. was held off City Point on Saturday, July 26, in a light easterly breeze. The summary:

First Class.

	Act time.	Cor time.
Julia, M. Roach	2 12 30	2 12 30
Grandee, Albert Baker	2 30 53	2 30 53
Nelka, G. Coy	2 34 30	2 26 30
Wapita, E. Powers	2 42 25	2 32 25

Second Class.

Strideaway, C. Snow	2 10 30	2 05 20
Cathryn, J. R. Young	2 18 25	2 09 25
Acme, H. Patterson	2 14 40	2 09 40
Walrus, F. R. Granger	2 12 50	2 12 05

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Rifle at Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 14.—Yesterday was red-letter day at Shell Mound range. J. E. Gorman, our local revolver expert, badly smashed the 100-shot record at 50yds., Standard target. C. S. Richmond, of Savannah Ga., is now deposed from the pedestal. Gorman's score is 924, Richmond's being 918. Scores of the day:

Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club.—Pistol, handicap: M. T. White 86, 86, 87, 87; F. S. Washburn 91, 90; W. F. Blasse 89, 80; M. F. Blasse 80; B. A. Galloway 54, 40.

Revolver, gold medal: J. R. Trago 86, 82. Handicap, J. R. Trago 86; J. W. Tompkins 77, 72, 71, 68, 64; L. C. Hinkel 96, 94, 92, 90, 90; P. A. Becker 91, 89; J. E. Gorman 100, 96, 95, 93, 92, 92, 91, 91, 88, 86.

Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club, monthly medal shoot, rifle, handicap: W. F. Blasse 210, 209; Glindermann trophy, W. F. Blasse, 215; gold medal, G. Tammeyer, 321; W. Ehrenpfort, 199, 164; silver medal, O. H. Bremer, 223, 209; gold and silver bars, M. F. Blasse, 221, 213, 210, 207; H. Hinkel, 212, 211, 205, 200.

The Shell Mound Rifle Club bullseye shoot of July 6 resulted as follows: W. Siebe 33, R. Wixson 45, J. Ringen 45½, P. Ramm 46, Capt. Siebe 60½, A. Niehaus 78½, C. Heissenberg 85, G. Mitchell 90, L. Siebe 98, H. Huber 98½, C. Parson 99, A. Thompson 113½.

San Francisco Schuetzen Verein, monthly medal shoot.—Champion class: Best string, D. B. Faktor 434; champion class medal, Herman Huber, 436; first class, not won; second class, S. Heino, 383; third class, F. Hensel 362; fourth class, D. Dunker, 351; best first shot, F. P. Schuster, 24; best last shot, F. P. Schuster, 24.

Germania Schuetzen Club, monthly medal shoot: First champion class, F. E. Mason, 228, 223; second champion class, O. Bremer, 208, 202; first class, J. Gefken, 208, 202; second class, D. Salfield, 211, 208; third class, J. Beuttler, 172; best first shot, G. H. Bahrs, 23; best last shot, S. Heino, 25; competition for trophies: D. D. Faktor 226, F. E. Mason 225, O. Bremer 218, L. Bendel 217, J. Gefken 211, N. Ahrens, 211; competition for cash prizes: F. E. Mason 73, D. B. Faktor 73, H. Huber 71, N. Ahrens 71, L. Bendel 69, O. Bremer 69.

ROEEL.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 6.—At the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club's regular shoot there were fine weather and fine scores. Many visitors were present, among them Henry Kroeckel, secretary of Stockton Pistol and Rifle Club. He said they would extend a formal invitation for us to visit and have a friendly shoot with them at Stockton in August. Dr. Twist tied the .22 rifle club record, 16, to-day. Cady and Daiss pressed him closely, but were not quite equal to the occasion. Capt. Fred Kuhnle, our veteran rifle shot, put up an 8 on his first three-shot score and did wonderful work for a man over sixty-six years of age. We know of no man of his age who can beat him. Hinkel was high again with revolver. He was presented with a gold Columbia button for the Columbia target record, 30, of last shoot.

At our last regular meeting we voted to give E. E. Patridge, of Walnut Hill, Mass., a Columbia button for his 50-shot record on Columbia target, 165, it being found to be 2 points better than Anderton's 476, on Standard. We recognize it as the world's 50-shot pistol record.

Scores to-day, Columbia target:

Rifle, 200yds., 3-shot match: Capt. Fred Kuhnle 8, 11, 14, 14, 15, 16, 16, 16, 16, 20, 20, 22; F. O. Young, 16.

Ten-shot rifle match: F. O. Young 55, 58, 67, 72, 73, Dr. Twist (.22 rifle) 143.

Military match, Creedmoor count: H. Hinkel 46, 44, 44.

Pistol: Ed Hovey 37, 42, 47, 47; Young 57.

Revolver: L. C. Hinkel 41, 46, 54, 54, 56, 56, 58, 62; A. H. Pape 48, 50, 58, 61, 63, 63, 64; F. O. Young 48, 55, 57, 59, 60, 60 62; Dr. Hunsaker 70, 74, 78, 81; J. R. Trego 84, 85, 94.

.22 and .25 rifle match: Dr. J. F. Twist 16, 22, 24, 26, 28; A. H. Cady 17, 18, 26, 26, 26, 28; C. M. Daiss 18, 19, 20, 22, 24, 27; F. O. Young 20, 20, 26; E. A. Allen 30, 32, 34, 37; Mrs. Waltham 42, 43; Dr. Harvey 42, 63.

Mr. E. E. Patridge's target, certified to by the secretary of Walnut Hill, was received by us.

FRED. O. YOUNG, Sec'y.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, at Four-Mile House, Reading Road, July 20. Conditions, 200yds., off-hand, at the German ring target. Payne was declared champion for the day with the good score of 224. Weather cloudy in the morning, clearing in the afternoon. Thermometer, 86; wind, unsteady, from 4 to 6 o'clock:

Payne	224	217	215	212	210	22	17	21—60
Gindele	221	220	217	216	213	18	24	22—64
Hasenzahl	219	211	210	215	209	22	18	22—62
Nestler	219	214	213	210	195	21	19	22—62
Odell	219	209	207	200	199	20	20	22—62
Strickmeier	218	217	215	204	202	24	19	20—63
Speth	218	218	216	215	208	24	17	23—64
Drube	211	203	193	195	175	20	14	22—56
Roberts	211	200	198	198	196	19	17	19—55
Jonscher	202	198	196	191	182	24	21	14—59
Lux	199	196	195	189	187	20	21	23—64
Uckotter	198	197	195	191	189	21	21	10—52
Hofer	197	195	195	191	189	14	15	19—48
Hoffman	197	192	190	187	187	21	21	15—51
Freitag	191	175	171	167	165	..	..	..
Weinheimer	189	187	186	184	183	23	10	21—54
Topf	189	170	159	141	129	17	19	9—45
Bruns	204	198	195	171	...	22	21	23—66

Trapshooting.

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

Fixtures.

Aug. 1-2.—Excelsior Springs, Mo.—Target tournament of the Excelsior Springs Gun Club. W. E. Templeton, Pres.

Aug. 2.—East Orange, N. J.—E. C. Medal contest for championship of New Jersey, between Neaf Apgar, holder, and Dr. W. L. Gardiner, challenger.

Aug. 2.—East Orange, N. J.—Dr. W. L. Gardiner's target shoot and succotash party, given to the Wanderers.

Aug. 4-5.—Moberly, Mo.—Inanimate target tournament for amateurs.

Aug. 5-7.—Troy, Ala.—The Peters Cartridge Company tournament, under the auspices of the Troy Gun Club.

Aug. 5-8.—Asheville, N. C.—Tournament given by Col. J. T. Anthony and Maj. E. P. McKissick.

Aug. 6-7.—Lafayette, Ind.—Lafayette Gun Club's annual tournament.

Aug. 6-7.—Litchfield, Ill.—Amateur tournament of the Litchfield Pioneer Gun Club.

Aug. 6-7.—Marietta, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Columbian Gun Club. Chas. Bailey, Sec'y.

Aug. 7.—Leamington, Can.—Annual tournament of the Leamington Gun Club.

Aug. 12-13.—Olean, N. Y.—Two days' tournament of the Olean Gun Club; $30 added; open to all. B. D. Nobles, Sec'y.

Aug. 12-13.—Bowling Green, O.—Merchandise tournament of the Bowling Green Gun Club, for Wood county shooters.

Aug. 12-13.—Birmingham, Ala.—Third annual Alabama State target tournament, under the auspices of the Birmingham Gun Club. R. H. Baugh, Sec'y.

Aug. 12-14.—Americus, Ga.—The Peters Cartridge Company tournament, under the auspices of the Americus Gun Club.

Aug. 13-14.—Brunswick, Me.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Brunswick Gun Club. L. C. Whitmore, Sec'y.

Aug. 14-15.—Greenville, Pa.—Alexander's annual target tournament.

Aug. 14-16.—Hamilton, Can.—Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association's tournament.

Aug. 14-15.—Vicksburg, Miss.—Mississippi and Louisiana Trapshooters' League target tournament. C. W. Walton, Sec'y, Natchez, Miss.

Aug. 19.—Holyoke, Mass.—Holyoke Shooting Club's annual tournament. J. R. Blamy, Sec'y.

Aug. 20-21.—Kane, Pa.—Kane Sportsmen's Club's amateur target tournament.

Aug. 20-21.—Ossining, N. Y.—Two days' shoot of the Ossining Gun Club; first day handicap (100 targets, 14 to 21yds. rise, open to all) and R. I. clam bake; second day, regular programme.

Aug. 26-27.—Peru, Ind.—Peru Gun Club's sixth annual midsummer tournament, at Bass Lake. Frank Dunbar, Sec'y.

Aug. 26-29.—Okoboji, Ia.—Amateur shooting tournament, under management of Messrs. C. W. Budd and E. C. Hinshaw.

Aug. 27-28.—Haverhill, Mass.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Haverhill Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.

Aug. 27-28.—Ruffsdale, Pa.—Ruffsdale Rod and Gun Club's first annual two-day target tournament. Added money, $30. Rose system. Lloyd H. Ruff, Sec'y.

Aug. 29.—Watertown, Mass.—First all-day open tournament of the Watertown Gun Club. Chas. H. Philbrook, Acting Sec'y.

Aug. 29.—Pleasant Hill, Mo.—Sixth annual merchandise and sweepstake tourney. T. H. Cohron, Sec'y.

Aug. 30.—Watertown, Mass.—All-day tournament of the Watertown Gun Club.

Sept. 1.—Battle Creek, Mich.—Amateur tournament of the Battle Creek Gun Club. M. E. Hensler, Sec'y.

Sept. 1-2.—Meriden, Conn.—Parker Gun Club's annual Labor Day Shoot and Sheep Bake. C. S. Howard, Sec'y.

Sept. 2-3.—Tiffin, O.—Second annual tournament of the Tiffin Gun Club; $75 added. L. D. Arndt, Sec'y.

Sept. 3-4.—Nappanee, Ind.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Nappanee Gun Club. Ed. J. Bowers, Sec'y.

Sept. 3-5.—Richmond, Ind.—Handicap tournament of the Richmond, Ind., and College Corner, New Paris and Oxford, O., gun clubs.

Sept. 3-5.—Erie, Pa.—Erie City Rod and Gun Club's handicap tournament at targets. Open to all; $200 added. A. N. Aitken, Sec'y.

Sept. 4-5.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Open tournament of the Consolidated Sportsman's Association. Eber Rice, Sec'y.

Sept. 9-11.—Du Bois, Pa.—Three days' target tournament of the Du Bois Rod and Gun Club; added money, $200. L. S. Munch, Sec'y.

Sept. 9-12.—Battle Creek, Mich.—Tournament of the Indians; open to the world; $1,000 added. John Parker, Mgr.

Sept. 15-20.—Blue River Park, Kansas City, Mo.—Twenty-fifth tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. Targets and live birds. Paul Franke, Sec'y.

Sept. 16-17.—Nebraska City, Neb.—Tournament at Nebraska City.

Sept. 16-18.—Williamsport, Pa.—Tournament of the West Branch Rod and Gun Club.

Sept. 16-19.—Detroit, Mich.—John Parker's annual tournament.

Sept. 23-25.—Cincinnati, O.—Second annual handicap target tournament of the Cincinnati Gun Club. Charles F. Dreihs, Sec'y.

Sept. 29-30.—Lewistown, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Lewistown Gun Club. H. H. McComber, Sec'y.

Oct. 1-2.—Union City, Ind.—Parent Grove Gun Club's fall tournament. O. E. Fouts, Sec'y.

Oct. 1-2.—Allegheny, Pa.—Two-day target tournament of the Northside Gun Club; $100 added money. I. W. Morrow, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-8.—Greenville, O.—Handicap tournament of the Greenville Gun Club. H. A. McCaughey, Sec'y.

Oct. 15-16.—Springfield, O.—Springfield Gun Club's tournament. B. F. Downs, Capt.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's target shoot, every Saturday afternoon until October. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

First Saturday of each month for a year, Burnside.—Contest for the Troisdorf live-bird and target medals; 10 live birds; 25 targets; open to all. First contest, March 1.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

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

Mr. B. B. Hull, Schenectady, N. Y., writes us as follows, under date of July 26: "At the semi-annual meeting of the Schenectady Gun Club, held July 8, careful consideration was given to the subject of ways and means for successfully conducting the New York State Shoot, which is to be held at Schenectady next year. The matter was taken up energetically and discussed quite fully. A general committee was organized, from which subcommittees were appointed to handle the various lines of preliminary work which this tournament will demand. Already we are assured of grounds which approach perfection in the eyes of the trapshooter, and that within from five to ten minutes of the hotels, depot and business district of the city. The State Shoot is nearly a year away, but the Schenectady Gun Club realizes that it means a great deal of hard work, and it is the object of the club members to do as much of the work now as is possible, and spare no effort to make this tournament an unqualified success. At this meeting Captain Valentine Wallburg was presented with a solid silver loving cup as a token of esteem for the founder and president of the club."

Mr. C. F. Lambert, of Lynn, Mass., writes us interestingly as follows: "The Watertown (Mass.) Gun Club are arranging to entertain their friends by means of an all-day tournament on Aug. 30 next. Those who in the past have attended their shoots unanimously report the Watertown boys as royal entertainers, and they, without question, have the finest grounds and equipment to be found anywhere. Details of this shoot will be furnished later, or, in ample season to allow those who will be shooting in the State that particular week to make their arrangements for attending. Enough money will be added to the programme events to excite competition, at least."

The second of a series of three contests, between 5-man teams of the Towson Gun Club and the Maryland County Club, was shot last Saturday on the grounds of the latter club. The Towson Club won by a score of 201 to 199. Each man shot at 50 targets. This concludes the series. The Towson Gun Club won both shoots. Its team defeated the Maryland Country Club at Towson last Saturday by a score of 221 to 208, out of a possible 300.

The Virginia Trapshooters' Association anounces that its third annual shoot will take place on Sept. 1, 2 and 3, on the grounds of the Lynchburg (Va.) Gun Club in Riverton. Sweepstakes open to all amateurs. Targets, 2 cents. The Association team and Individual championship are the only events closed to the public. Programmes and badges will be ready by Aug. 20. J. A. Anderson, of Lynchburg, Va., is the secretary.

Mr. C. F. Lambert, of Lynn, Mass., announces an additional day's shooting the day following the Interstate tournament at Haverhill, Mass., Aug. 27 and 28. Elsewhere in our columns will be found his communication on this subject. It is an attractive additional programme, and contains much of interest to all trapshooters who wish to compete for fun or seriously.

To the peripatetic shooters known as the Wanderers, Dr. W. L. Gardiner, the distinguished treasurer of that organization, has issued invitations to a succotash party at his home, Elliott Place, East Orange, N. J., on Aug. 2. The afternoon will be devoted to food and targets. No handicaps. Take 12:10 train for Brick Church. Conveyance will be at the depot.

Mr. J. H. McKibben, secretary of the Peters Cartridge Company, Cincinnati, writes us as follows: "Aug. 5, 6 and 7, the Peters Cartridge Company tournament, under the auspices of the Troy Gun Club, Troy, Ala. Aug. 12, 13 and 14, the Peters Cartridge Company tournament, under the auspices of the Americus Gun Club, Americus, Ga."

Mr. Bert B. Adams, secretary of the Limited Gun Club, Indianapolis, Ind., writes us as follows: "The Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, Ind., will hold a two days' tournament on Aug. 20 and 21. The first day at targets, and the second at sparrows. This will be a handicap shoot. Programmes will follow in a few days."

The Parker Gun Club, of Meriden, Conn., announces a two-days' tournament, Sept. 1 and 2, which is known to fame as the Parker Gun Club's Annual Labor Day Shoot and Sheep Bake. Programmes will be forwarded to applicants on application to the secretary, Mr. C. S. Howard.

At the Providence Gun Club's tournament last week, in the Interstate team race of New England trapshooting clubs, the Massachusetts team won by a score of 441. There were four teams, the others being of Maine, New Hampshire and Rhode Island. The race was 5-man teams, 100 targets per man.

Mr. John J. Levy, of Annapolis, Md., won the Bay Ridge Handicap, a 20-bird event, at Mr. J. R. Malone's midsummer tournament last week. Three, Messrs. Levy, Eick and Bond, tied with straight scores. The tie was shot miss and out, and Levy won in the sixth round.

The Wanderers last Saturday met defeat at the hands of a team of the South Side Gun Club, of Newark. There were nine men on a side, 25 targets per man. The scores were: South Sides, 196; Wanderers, 189. The victors made an average of over 87 per cent.

Secretary Ed. J. Bowers, of Nappanee, Ind., informs us that the Nappanee Gun Club will add $100 to its Interstate shoot Sept. 3 and 4, of which $50 will be added to the events and $50 will be given in average moneys to professionals and amateurs.

Mr. C. M. Stark, of Dunbarton, N. H., has issued a challenge, published elsewhere in our trap columns this week, which is of special interest to Maine trapshooters. It is a straightforward challenge, meriting frank and straightforward consideration.

In a 7-man team match, 25 targets per man, the Rockland Military Academy team, of Nyack-on-the-Hudson, defeated the Spring Valley Gun Club by a score of 111 to 107. This was the third contest of a series.

At Mr. J. R. Malone's eighth annual midsummer tournament, held at Bay Ridge, Md., last week, Dr. H. E. Lupus, of Baltimore, won high average. He broke 359 out of 380 for the two days.

At Westchester, Pa., July 26, a team race, between the Clearview Gun Club, of Philadelphia, and the Westchester Gun Club, 15 men on a side, 25 targets per man, resulted in a tie on 287.

Secretary Frank Dunbar, of Peru, Ind., writes us as follows: "Please announce in your columns change of date of Bass Lake, Ind., tournament, from Aug. 27-28 to Aug. 26-27, 1902."

Secretary J. L. Barlow, of Ossining, N. Y., informs us that at Pleasantville, N. Y., the Westchester Trapshooting Association will hold a tournament on Labor Day.

The next meeting of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association, 1903, will be held at Jonesborough, Ark.

The Holyoke (Mass.) Shooting Club will hold its annual tournament on Aug. 19.

BERNARD WATERS.

IN NEW JERSEY.

South Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., July 26.—The shoot of the South Side Gun Club to-day was added to by the attendance of a delegation from the Wanderers. A two-man team race, Piercy and Welles against Gardiner and Skelly, resulted in a win by the latter. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	15	15	15	15	15	25
Welles	18	14	12	14	12	12	..
Gruman	18	14	14	12	13	9	..
Skelly	20	12	13	15	14	14	..
Goetter	18	11	13	13	14	12	..
Piercy	20	13	13	13	13	15	21
Keystone	20	12	13	14	14	15	..
Jacks	19	12	10	14	13	11	..
Morfey	23	11	12	11	11	9	..
Gardiner	18	14	12	13	12	14	..
Dukes	16	11	13	11	13	10	..
Guenther	..	8	10	12	8	12	21
Heinisch	..	13	12	12	12	9	..
Capt Money	..	..	10	12	12	11	16
Colquitt	..	..	13	14	14	15	..
Hassinger	..	..	..	13	11	11	..
Knevels	..	..	..	..	..	12	..
Griffith	..	..	..	..	..	14	22
Schwartskopf	..	..	..	..	..	10	..
Wilson	..	..	..	..	..	..	14

Team match, two men on a side, 25 targets per man:

Piercy	1110111111111011111111111	—23
Welles	1111111101111111111111101	—23—46
Gardiner	1111011011111111111101111	—22
Skelly	1111111111101100111110110	—20—42
Money, targets	1111111101111111111101111	—23

A team race resulted as follows:

South Side Gun Club team: Terrill 17, Guenther 23, Dukes 21, Coluquitt 24, Herrington 23, Griffith 20, Heinisch 20, Pierey 24, Knevels 24—196.

Wanderers' team: Skelly 23, Keystone 24, Morfey 18, Money 20, Goetter 19, Welles 22, Jacks 22, Gardiner 21, Gruman 20—189.

New Troisdorf medal, handicap:

Gardiner	1101111111111111111111100	—22+ 3—25
Morfey	1101111111110001110101110	18
Piercy	1001111111111101111111110	—21+ 3—24
Skelly	1111111110111111110111111	23
Welles	0111111101111110111111111	22
Guenther	1101111111111111111011011	—22+ 4—25
Keystone	1101111111011111111101111	22
Jacks	1111011010111111011111111	21
Money	1011101111111111110111111	22
Knevels	0111111111111111101111111	—23+ 3—25
Dukes	1111111011111111111110011	—22+ 4—25
Heinisch	1011111100101101100101110	16
Colquitt	1111111111111111111111111	—25+ 3—25
Hapsinger	1011100110100111111001111	—17+ 7—24
Terrill	0001111111111010111011100	—17+ 7—24

Ties for Troisdorf medal all scratch.

Gardiner	1011110101	— 7
Guenther	1101111001	— 7
Knevels	0111100111	— 7
Dukes	1111010111	— 8
Colquitt	1111111111	—10

Messrs. Piercy, Skelly, Keystone and Dr. Gardiner shot for targets only.

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., July 26.—The scores of the North River Gun Club's shoot of to-day are appended:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	5	5
Eickhoff	7	8	8	5	5	7	5	7	4	3
F Truax	7	7	5	8	8	3	6	..	..	..
Beach	5	6	8	5	9	6	5	..	..	..

Allison	8	6	4	9	7	6	5	..	..	..
Morrison	1	4	3	5	8	7	6	..	..	..
Merrill	5	6	6	5	7	7	3	..	..	..
Hainhorst	..	..	..	..	8	7	7	5	5	4
Keys	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	..	..	..

Glaser trophy, 50 targets; shoot for members only:

Eickhoff .....1111011111101001100100101010111111110101100110110—33+14—47

F Truax .....0010111111111111111100101111000011111011111111110111—38+ 8—46

J Morrison .....0010000101101011010101111011101011010111111010001101—28+ 8—36

Merrill .....0001111111100010010101101110101011111110101110110—32+20—50

Allison .....1100010101110001010111101011110000101011111111111—30+14—44

JAS. R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

Trap at Mansfield, La.

One of the most successful tournaments and one of the largest in point of numbers ever held in this section was the one at Mansfield, La., July 15 and 16, 1902.

Representative shooters from all parts of the State and adjoining regions were present, and all enjoyed one of the most pleasant outings possible.

The programme consisted of eight 15-target events each day, with $1.50 entries and 2-cent targets. Division by Roe system factors, 7, 5, 3, 2.

All told, thirty-seven shooters took part, most shooting through. The ladies of the interesting historic little city prepared and served a most excellent dinner. All this was done in the very best manner possible. In fact, this part of it was more nicely arranged than at any tournament I have lately attended. The people of the town all treated us with the greatest possible kindness.

The shooting was done according to the Sergeant system. The traps were set in a valley and targets thrown toward a hill on the front and a wood on the right. The background was very bad. Birds were thrown wide, acute, low and very fast. When not striking the hill, they dropped seventy-five yards away. Numbers of the shooters, who at home make high records, were constantly wondering at their poor shooting. The extra speed alone would explain it, leaving out entirely background and the very acute angles.

There was an interesting race for first during the opening day. Only one target separated the leaders when the last event was reached, then Picket dropped four, leaving Welch winner by four birds on the day. H. Marsten missed with 14, Mr. Elam a close fourth with 93, Woodrow was fifth with 91.

Again on the second day the race for first was between Picket and Welch, the former losing by 5 targets on the day and 9 on the entire shoot.

Bosley was third on the second day with 90, H. Marsten fourth with 87, Elam fifth with 86. Mr. Elam shot a strong regular gait. He will develop into a good one, as will Woodrow and the rest of his squad.

Hon. J. H. Caldwell, of Robeline, shot through the first day, but left for home at evening, feeling ill. The major is a good 90 per cent. shooter, but was out of practice. His geniality was sadly missed.

There were certainly some nervy shooters in attendance. Those worthy of mention in this respect being Avington, Darnell, Fleming, Wemple, Warren, Simmons and Booth. To this should be added Guy Winfree, Lyons and Sims, who entered the second day. Some of these men went the entire route without getting a prize, and yet hung on like grim death. Such perseverance must eventually conquer.

We had more "Nabors" in this shoot than ordinary, and they shot some, too. Mr. J. M. Nabors is never excited, shoots easily and gracefully; the writer is indebted to him for a number of courtesies, one being a kind invitation to his home, which unfortunate circumstances prevented me from accepting.

A number of rising young shots were present, who will be heard from in the future, among them are the Marstens, Picket, Bosley, Douglass, Jenkins and Judge Lee, the latter furnished much good humor for the crowd. He, like his boon companion, Major Caldwell, was not shooting up to his record. They will arrive later, however. Mr. Lindsey had lost the fine form in which he so conspicuously shone two years or so ago. If grit will win he will be again on top.

A. J. Manhein was also, as the writer well knows, shooting below the standard he usually sets. In fact, this shoot was a "record breaker." Atkins shot well; he is a comer. Dr. Nabors also is in the same class; Simmons, Wadley and Fraser steadily improved.

A. J. Manhein, of Florein, was also, as the writer well knows, shooting below his usual average.

In fact, this was a record breaker in this respect, at least. Mr. Atkins was in good form. His 14 was a nice exhibition of shooting, as was the same by Woodard.

Drs. Nabors and Parsons did some very good work for amateurs. The Booths, Simmons, Wadley and Fraser steadily improved. Simmons took sick the last day.

The shoot was remarkable for several things. One was the fact that only one straight was made and this right after a bet was taken that one could not be made. Welch made it in the second event of the second day and tried to duplicate it in the last, but fell on the final.

On the right of the traps, 96 yards distant, is a tall dead pine. A shooter at No. 4 trap at one shot broke a target and killed a woodpecker from this tree. I took the distance to the tree, guessed at its height, calculated the hypothenuse of the resultant triangle, and found it approximately 98 yards. Mr. Woodard testifies to the above.

Rain prevented a number of extras being shot the second day, so quite a number staid over. While the scores reached me too late for publication, I see there was some good shooting.

At the close of the second day a 25-bird extra was shot, Welch winning on a score of 21, Cowley second on 20.

This tournament will result in much good to trapshooting in this region, as all went away delighted.

A case of shells was offered to the squad making best score for the two days; this excited much interesting rivalry. It soon became evident that the prize lay between East Point and Mansfield. The former won on a small margin.

It would probably excite greater interest if individual prizes were offered to the four or five highest scores for the entire shoot. This, no doubt, in most cases, would have a tendency to induce a greater number to shoot through and more to remain in longer. Another mistake clubs make is in having squads composed entirely of home or nearby shooters. This always starts the cry of easier targets for some than for others. I have never known shooters to encourage or even tolerate such partiality, but no doubt the trap boys are frequently guilty. By the above plan it is very easily avoided.

This was certainly a meet of typical sportsmen—men all of whom shoot merely for the recreation without thought of gain. No manufacturer's agent was here, nor expert, nor professional shot of any kind. All were Simon pure amateur.

There is a bond of union between all true sportsmen that is hard to define or understand to the true lover of wood and field. Nature has a richer blending of her wondrous colors, as she strikes the myriad notes that thrill all who have a sense of finer harmony; to him there is a low subdued melody that others never hear. It is strangely sad, yet he loves to hear its soft vibrations as it pervades his whole being with a sweet gentle melancholy, to him the breaking of a twig or rustle of a leaf beneath the forest's canopy is music. The cry of our edcuators is now "On to Nature Study," and the mechanic grind has begun. No matter how low the brow or dull the eye or weak the brain, if this curtain that shrines the Holy of Holies cannot be lifted, it must be rent and the manufactured product thrust within. The multitude have mouthed the "Sighing of the breezes," "The whispering of the pines," "the merry music of rippling waters," until they have become meaningless phrases; those who utter them understand them not; those who understand them do not utter; the full essence may be treasured within the heart but cannot be circompassed with words. Standing in a primitive wood, deeply awed by the holy silence, there is a feeling more deeply religious than pervades a gigantic cathedral, thrilled by the organ's deep diapason or echoing with prayers voiced in song. His lips are silent. He utters no invocations. He bends not the knee in supplication, and yet, in one entrancing moment of holy joy and peaceful calm a happiness that seraphs might envy steals into his enraptured being and he truly "sees God in the storm and hears Him in the wind." "His mind to him a kingdom is," and his heart a throne upon which sits gloomy melancholy in solemn state, yet supremely happy, though in awful solitude. Only he who has breathed or drank this heavenly nectar in forest, dale or dell, or woodland bower; only he whose heart has been touched by the finger of God can feel what he cannot utter. Binding the hearts that swell with these emotions are cords to the mind tangible yet to the senses invisible, vibrant, mystic that makes us one and undivided, and shall never be sundered.

First Day, July 15.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke.
Elam	10	12	12	10	12	13	13	12	120	93
Jenkins	8	13	13	9	10	10	12	11	120	78
Woodard	9	13	14	9	12	13	11	10	120	91
Cowley	9	8	13	13	8	11	10	9	120	81
Lee	9	10	8	11	11	6	7	12	120	72
Bosley	11	10	13	11	8	12	12	11	120	88
Picket	13	13	11	12	13	13	12	10	120	97
H. Marsten	9	8	10	12	13	11	9	8	120	80
J. Marsten	12	10	11	13	11	11	12	14	120	94
Avington	6	8	5	6	7	9	8	2	120	52
Welch	13	13	14	14	11	11	12	13	120	101
Manhein	8	13	10	8	7	10	7	9	120	72
Caldwell	7	11	5	11	9	11	9	9	120	73
Darnell	5	6	4	6	7	3	8	3	120	42
J M Nabors	10	11	7	11	7	12	12	10	120	69
Atkins	10	11	8	11	14	11	11	12	120	88
J M Booth	10	9	11	11	9	11	10	9	120	80
Wadley	10	9	5	11	11	9	10	9	120	74
Simmons	7	11	9	8	10	11	8	9	120	72
Fleming	6	6	3	6	7	7	6	5	120	46
Wemple	4	8	8	6	7	4	..	5	105	42
Douglas	11	7	6	9	12	10	10	6	120	71
Warren	7	5	5	4	8	7	6	6	120	48
Dr Nabors	6	6	8	6	7	12	10	8	120	63
Fraser	10	10	9	11	10	8	..	11	105	61

Second Day, July 16.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke.
Elam	10	11	9	11	12	12	11	10	120	86
Jenkins	11	9	10	13	8	12	10	12	120	85
Woodard	7	11	9	7	10	8	11	14	120	77
Cowley	9	8	13	13	8	11	10	9	120	78
Lee	9	10	8	11	4	6	7	12	120	70
Bosley	9	10	12	12	13	12	11	11	120	90
Picket	13	10	10	11	13	12	11	12	120	92
H Marsten	11	12	12	11	0	8	12	11	120	87
J. Marsten	8	9	11	10	11	9	13	12	120	83
Avington	7	6	..	..	7	11	..	..	60	31
Welch	10	15	11	13	12	10	12	14	120	97
Manhein	9	10	9	11	10	11	11	8	120	79
Lindsey	9	8	11	8	10	12	12	12	120	82
Darnell	5	6	4	6	7	3	8	3	120	42
J M Nabors	10	11	12	13	12	9	8	9	120	84
Atkins	10	10	11	13	9	11	11	10	120	85
J M Booth	10	12	12	9	11	11	12	11	120	84
Simmons	8	8	11	9	..	..	..	..	60	36
Wadley	9	11	10	8	10	11	12	9	120	80
Wemple	5	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	11
Douglas	..	9	4	6	..	..	..	..	45	19
Farmer	12	11	8	..	12	7	11	..	75	49
Lyons	8	6	6	5	7	6	7	7	120	52
Winfree	4	9	11	8	8	8	8	11	120	67
Dr Parsons	8	7	12	7	12	7	11	..	105	54
Guy	6	8	8	8	7	7	..	..	90	44
Sims	10	9	6	6	8	7	8	3	120	56
W Pegues	10	13	7	10	10	11	8	..	105	68
Warren	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	7
Fraser	7	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	30	15
W Nabors	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	12
Herndon	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	15	2

J. F. WELCH.

J. R. Malone's Mid-Summer Tournament.

THE eighth annual midsummer tournament of Mr. J. R. Malone was held at Bay Ridge, A. A. Co., Md., July 23 to 25. The first two-days were devoted to target competition, the third to live-bird competition. Targets were thrown Sergeant system.

First Day, July 23.

The programme had eleven events, open to all, alternating at 15 and 20 targets, $1.30 and $1.75 entrance, $50 added money; and eight events open to amateurs only. Of these, four were at 15 targets, $1.00 entrance, three at 20 targets, $1.40 entrance, and one at 50 targets for a handsome silver cup, which was won by Millard Cantler, of Annapolis. In the county events the moneys were divided into four parts—40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., and there was a gold medal for the highest average of the day in the county events. This was won by Ridgley B. Bond, of Jessups, scoring 152 out of a possible 170. Edgar Basil, of Annapolis, was a close second with 151.

Master Jesse H. Poplar, Jr., of Havre de Grace, the boy wonder, killed 18 live pigeons out of 21. He is only seven years. He uses a gun constructed especially for him. It is a 28 bore and weighs only 5¼lbs. The shells used contain 1¾drs. of powder and ½oz. shot, and the trigger requires a pull of 9lbs. The youngster was the most cool and collected shooter on the grounds.

In the experts' open event, German and Storr tied with an average of 178 out of a possible 190 targets. Elliott, while not the highest average, did the cleanest shooting, breaking three perfect events of 20 targets. About the seventh event ne and Ben Eick were changed from a handicap of 18yds. to 20yds., which no doubt lost them to a great extent their chances for first prize. They were money events, and given as average money to the ten highest scores on the reverse system: First high average, $3; second, $3; third, $4; fourth, $4; fifth, $5; sixth, $5; seventh, $6; eighth, $6; ninth, $7; tenth, $7. The handicaps were from 14 to 20yds.

This division was made to help the weak shots. As those finishing high in average will of course win more money than those finishing lower, this division of the purse gave the weaker shot a better chance.

Scores, experts' open events, 190 targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Total
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	Broke.
Lupus	12	20	14	18	14	19	13	19	13	18	15	175
Storr	14	19	15	18	14	19	14	20	14	18	13	178
Hicks	12	19	13	17	13	14	14	18	13	19	14	166
German	14	17	14	18	14	18	15	19	15	19	15	178
Malone	15	11	13	18	13	19	14	19	14	19	14	169
Elliott	14	20	13	20	14	18	14	15	13	20	14	175
Fox	13	17	14	18	15	17	15	19	14	19	14	175
Ben Eick	14	20	15	19	14	19	13	18	10	19	13	174
Fleming	14	17	12	18	15	18	14	18	13	18	15	172
Kellar	10	15	12	18	14	16	13	20	13	18	15	164
Du Bray	15	19	13	19	14	17	11	15	15	17	12	167
Butler	11	12	11	13	10	15	11	13	12	13	12	133
Leland	12	20	11	18	13	18	12	13	14	17	13	161
Chew	13	18	15	16	13	19	11	18	14	17	13	168
Hart	13	19	14	17	13	20	14	17	15	20	12	174
Steubner	13	16	13	17	15	19	14	17	13	17	13	167
Edwards	8	15	12	16	13	16	12	17	10	16	11	146
Peters	10	13	13	13	14	17	9	18	13	16	14	158
Wilson	..	..	..	..	..	18	11	19	11	17	12	88
Coleman	..	..	..	..	..	16	12	..	12	16	12	68
Carr	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	20	13	16	9	70
Boyd	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	20	12	18	14	78
Hunter	..	..	..	..	..	19	8	..	..	..	..	18
Bond	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	20	13	48

County events:

Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	15	20	Broke.
C W Hart	14	14	17	12	18	13	17	...
C Kirk	12	11	16	14	18	14	15	100
Gefford	12	13	17	12	16	14	18	102
H P Jackson	14	13	18	13	19	12	18	107
R R Smith	9	11	..	..	..	9	..	...
Knackstedt	13	9	..	12	..	9	..	...
Basil	14	14	17	12	17	14	16	104
R L Chance	8	8	..	..	..	8	..	...
Tydings	15	13	15	13	..	12	14	...
H Barnes	10	12	16	11	19	12	14	94
J Owings	9	11	17	13	12	..	..	...
M Cantler	12	12	..	..	..	..	..	...
Bond	13	14	19	13	17	12	20	108
Levy	13	11	15	14	..	15	17	...
Wilmer	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	...

Cup race: Bond 44, Knackstedt 42, Chance 33, Smith 42, Gefford 47, Barnes 42, Kirk 44, Stubner 44, Basil 47, Levy 42, Cantler 48, Tydings 34, Wilmer 40, Coleman 45, Jackson 40.

Second Day, July 24.

The programme in the open events was of the same number and kind as on the first day. There were five events for county shooters—two at 15, $1, and two at 20, targets $1.40 entrance. The fifth was a team race, open to any four men of any county in Maryland; $35 to first, $15 to second. There was a gold medal for the high average of the two days' open events at targets, which was won by Dr. H. E. Lupus, of Baltimore, with the high average of 184 out of a possible 190. Yesterday his average was 175 out of 190. The third, fourth, fifth and seventh events he shot straight, and in the face of a strong wind shot the ninth, tenth and eleventh straight, making in all seven straight events.

A. H. Fox, of Philadelphia, broke 104 out of 105 to-day.

Possibly the event that caused the most interest was the county shoot, which was captured by Anne Arundel two teams, taking both first and second prizes.

The teams' membership were: Anne Arundel first team—Basil, Cantler, Tydings and J. A. Watts. Anne Arundel second team—Strange, Levy, Coffin, and Knackstedt. Prince George's County—Harrison, C. Watts, Baldwin and Cronmiller. Prospect Park Club, Baltimore County—Hart, Medinger, Brehm and Upton. Cecil County—Miller, Wilson, Jackson and Cole.

Basil was the only one in the county events who shot 25 straight. It was his shooting that gave the first Anne Arundel team the first prize of $35. Levy and Coffin did the best shooting for the second team of Anne Arundel county, which, until the last two events, were behind Baltimore county. The second prize was $15.

Master Jesse D. Poplar, the seven-old-shooter from Havre de Grace, eclipsed his record of yesterday.

The tournament was more largely attended to-day by spectators, among whom were many ladies. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Total
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	Broke.
*Elliott, 20	14	20	14	18	14	17	14	20	15	19	13	178
Eick, 20	14	18	9	19	14	19	14	20	14	18	13	172
*Fox, 20	14	18	14	18	14	19	14	20	15	20	15	181
*Lupus, 18	14	19	15	20	15	17	15	19	15	20	15	184
*Malone, 18	12	16	12	16	12	19	14	18	15	17	14	140
*Fleming, 18	14	19	15	20	13	19	14	19	15	19	15	182
*Storr, 18	15	18	14	19	14	19	15	19	14	20	12	179
*German, 18	14	19	15	19	14	17	15	19	14	17	11	174
*Hicks, 16	13	14	9	14	12	17	13	15	13	17	13	...
*Hart, 18	15	19	15	18	13	17	13	19	14	19	11	173
Keller, 16	12	17	14	16	10	14	14	19	12	18	12	...
Butler, 16	7	15	7	15	12	16	15	18	12	18	13	...
Du Bray, 16	14	16	14	19	15	17	13	20	14	20	15	177
Chew, 16	13	19	13	19	13	18	12	17	14	19	13	170
Edward, 16	11	14	11	17	14	17	12	17	11	15	10	...
Upton, 16	13	17	12	18	13	18	12	..	..	..	10	...
Wilson, 16	11	15	17	12	12	14	14	10	10	14	13	...
Coleman, 16	11	17	14	19	13	14	13	15	13	18	9	...
Levy, 16	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Strange, 16	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Miller, 16	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Wilmer, 16	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Watts, 16	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Frey, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	11	..	...
Benson, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	9	..	...
Boyd, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	20	14	..	...
Dr Smith, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	15	15	..	...
Murphy, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	8	..	...

Only those marked with a * shot for money prizes, while all shot for gold medal.

County events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Murphy	11	7	11	4	Levy	11	20	14	17
Baldwin	10	16	12	17	Dew	12	..	..	16
Fulton	5	14	..	..	Boone	11	16	..	..
Hunter	8	12	9	14	Harrison	10	15	12	17
Kemp	12	16	14	..	C Watts	13	19	14	..
Warren	11	11	..	15	Jackson	13	18	13	17
Wilmer	12	15	13	17	Hart	13	19	15	..
Watts	12	..	14	..	Cantler	..	20	15	..
Miller	12	20	15	..	Owings	..	..	13	17

Team race: Annapolis No. 1, 347, first; Annapolis No. 2, 330, second; Baltimore county, 312, third; Cecil county, 311; Prince George's, 262.

Third Day, July 25.

The competition of the third and last day was at live birds. There were six events on the programme, of which four were miss-and-outs. The birds were fast. The unsettled look of the weather prevented a large attendance.

In the Bay Ridge Handicap of 20 birds, John J. Levy, of Annapolis, won the sterling silver trophy, valued at $50. There was the keenest competition in this event. Great credit is due Mr. Levy, who is a beginner. His pointing was excellent. While he used his second barrel occasionally to make it more than sure, it was but a few times necessary. For the 20 birds he tied straight with Ben Eick, of Chicago, and Ridgely B. Bond, of Jessups, Md., and on the shoot-off his fifth bird was a most difficult one and fell dead just out of bounds. Ben Eick had failed on his fourth bird and Bond failed on his fifth, Levy and he each shooting 24 straight. Bond winged his sixth bird with one barrel and failed, leaving Levy the winner of the trophy, while the three divided the first money, $50, less cost of birds. The second money, $30, was tied and divided between J. C. Hicks, of Baltimore; Millard Cantler, of Annapolis, and Capt. Malone, each killing 19 out of the 20 birds.

Hicks had the largest straight score of the day, killing 27 straight birds, and he, with Levy, had the best average for the day, the former killing 50 out of 52 birds, and the latter 25 out of 26 birds. Capt. Malone far surpassed the rest in pointing, for he killed 18 birds with only one barrel each. Ben Eick's shooting could not be called his usual form, for he has been shooting a Winchester gun for three years, and to-day was his first trial with a Parker.

A. R. Middleton, of Baltimore, and A. W. du Bray, of Cincinnati, tied for third money, $20, which was divided, each killing 18 out of the 20 birds.

Jesse D. Poplar, the seven-year-old shooter from Havre de Grace, Md., was not up to his usual form to-day, killing 15 out of the 20 birds trapped, but his pointing on those killed was excellent, as he only used one barrel. He complained that his arm troubled him from soreness on account of his recent shooting. He certainly is a wonder, and bids fair to be the coming crack shot of the world, for his eye and nerve are perfect, and his judgment excellent.

The live-bird events were handicaps, high guns. The scores:

Miss-and-out No. 1: Hicks 13, Eick 2, Bond 10, Malone 4, Arm 1, Fox 13, Du Bray 13, Nutting 12.

Miss-and-out No. 2: Hicks 9, Eick 8, Du Bray 2, Dr. Funk 7, Malone 9.

Miss-and-out No. 3: Hicks 4, Eick 3, Malone 4, Du Bray 4, Nutting 3, Dr. Funk 3.

Miss-and-out No. 4: Hicks 1, Eick 7, Malone 7, Du Bray 7, Nutting 6, Bond 4.

Miss-and-out No. 5: Du Bray 2, Eick 4, Malone 4, Nutting 4, Dr. Funk 3, Hicks 4.

Bay Ridge Handicap, 20 birds, entrance $10, birds included; three moneys, 50, 30 and 20. Besides first money, the winner received a sterling silver trophy, value $50:

Hicks, 31 .....21222022222222222222—19
Arm, 28 .....21222221210122211220—18
Malone, 31 .....11111211111101111111—19
Cantler, 28 .....22222111112111012111—19
Nutting, 29 .....2*2222*2120w
Chew, 27 .....12012121110111011111*—16
Eick, 31 .....22112111111121112112—20
Levy, 25 .....21221222121121121212—20
Du Bray, 30 .....1*1112*2121111122211—18
Bond, 30 .....21112112121111211111—20
Wilson, 28 .....12200021000*2211001—10
Coleman, 28 .....12001011211*2102112—15
Franklin, 28 .....22112110110110*01110—14

Ties, miss-and-out:

Eick .....2120 Bond 112100
Levy 221101

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Arkansas State Shoot.

Again has Father Time made his circuit of the seasons, and the twelfth annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association dwells with the pleasant memories of the past. This is the fifth in succession that the writer has attended. The shooters number about the same each year. While never a record-breaker in this respect, those who come almost all shoot the entire programme through.

The weather, while warm, was all that could be asked at the season, being bright, clear and generally calm. As on last year, the air and roads were full of dust. It is no trouble to dust one's pants at Pine Bluff in July.

Mr. De Long represented an automobile manufacturer. He treated a number of the visiting sportsmen to the delightful sensation that only riding in an auto can create.

In the absence of Taylor, Messrs. Hawkins and Elliott tried not to let the calm of nature be too placid. They succeeded very well indeed, considering the gigantic task of filling Taylor's place.

Mr. W. B. Powell, of English, is a royal good fellow, of the old school. Always shoots an average of 13, no matter what targets, good bad, fast, slow, high or low. If he gets 14 once, he is sure to get 12 next time. If a straight is made on 15, then an 11 must intervene to average 13.

I heard some remark that Farmer resembled Elmer Shaner somewhat, neither having but few gray hairs on top of his head. Pemberton shot a great race up until the individual medal race the last day. He then went all to pieces. I was just pointing him out to a few friends as the pride of Little Rock. In fact, explaining that he was the Rock, the rest being the Little. As John swung his artillery into action and missed 7 out of 9, the parties turned away in disgust, thinking I had been "stringing them." After this event no one saw him the remainder of the shoot. I presume he went straight to the train and home, or possibly he has never reached home, which papers please copy.

Coles certainly shot in remarkable form. He told me it was his brother who shot at Shreveport. As he said it, it is so, but they look more alike than twins.

How those two Tennessecans, Brady and Joyner, did shoot! They kept it up continually. No one envied their good fortune, as both are gentlemen of the type it does one good to know. The meeting of such men is to me not only the best but the most enjoyable part of our tournaments. Both are amateurs, who have no thought of their winnings, yet strive hard to make a good score for the pleasure it gives. Abe Frank was sadly missed. Abe is no financial contributor, but his antics, tricks of ledgerdemain and general fund of good humor always preclude any stagnation of spirits. Messrs. Christian and Harris, scorer and referee, respectively, were quick, accurate, reliable, all the positions required. And the cashier, assisted by Hillman, left nothing to be desired in the box office.

In the individual medal contest the shooting was hard. De Long and Dr. Gallagher tied on 45 out of 50. As the tie was to be shot off, it was a foregone conclusion that De Long would win, as it was expert against amateur, experience against the lack of it. The Doctor shot a much better race than might have been expected. Twice he had the lead, but each time failed to hold it. His shooting was well timed and steady, and lacked nervousness. Once De Long took the lead, it was never relinquished. He shot a steady, winning gait, like the fine shot he undoubtedly is. Coles bitterly disappointed his admirers in the medal race. The fine form in which he had been shooting all day placed him as an odds-on favorite. He fell down badly, however, getting only 18. He at once resumed his regular work in the tournament by breaking 20 straight. I think Mr. Loyd is right when he says Coles is one of the very best tournament shots in the South, but a poor medal or individual match shooter. Sandy tried to give all kinds of excuses, such as wanting to cure his friends of betting on him, etc. The fact is, as Howells put it, "His sand run out." He is a good, big, whole-souled fellow, an enemy to himself, but a friend to everybody else. The same may be applied to Powell.

Lloyd was sadly out of form. Always one of the very first and a leader here. In this meet his shooting was a wreck of its former self. He is not "all in" yet by any means, and the future will yet record some of his achievements with the gun. Clements was not as great as formerly, but he did remarkably well, considering all he was engaged in. He was constantly fixing traps or pulling, selling shells or doing something for the shooters' welfare. Taking all in all, he stood well up in the race.

Speers shot his usual gait. He is a steady 85 per cent. shooter. He did one commendable thing in taking Farmer, Powell, Litzke and ye scribe out to the theater and giving them their first "pecan flappe." This is probably what Farmer thought of when he made his sudden exit.

Probably Howells and Arnold showed greatest improvement. Both did remarkably well. Howells is now a star and Arnold will be.

Conrey is a new man at the trap, as are Inman, Ambrose, Cook, Bunch and Mathews. They stood well up all the time, and are comers. Broadway, I mentioned last year; he did not shoot as well this, yet stood high in the average. He will show better speed next time at Jonesborough.

Mr. Litzke made the first straight of his life in this tournament. On the advice of John Pemberton, Paul cut off part of his "pull" and began at once to do better.

One peculiar feature was a squad from Little Rock, consisting of J. K. Thibeault, his two sons and nephew. They all could shoot, too, from senior to junior, all over 84 per cent. Three are beginners.

The grittiest shooters there were Lloyd, McKenzie, Cook, Sorrels and Inman. Though constantly shooting "out," they stayed in to the bitter end. This is the way to learn. Sorrels has only himself to blame, as he is now a good shot.

Vick was one time high man, another time low, and it was a penny's toss as to which it would be.

As to the visitors, I have already mentioned the very fine shooting of Joyner and Brady. Hawkins and Burke are two excellent fellows and good shots. In any shooting tournament they will be close to "shooter's row," while Avery will be "thar or tharabouts." This man well represents his company, as does Mr. D. Elliott. The latter did not shoot up to his record, but got going toward the last. He is a very graceful shot, and the ladies can't see any one else. In the Winchester trio, Franz, Hillman and Elliott, are a trinity that certainly coalesces well to the interests of the company. Elliott does the shooting and disturbance raising generally; Frenz, the quiet, suave, account keeping and mixing, while Hillman makes friends of every one he meets just because he can't help it. "There's not a better boy than that, sure," was often heard.

We like to see such men as Dr. Williams take part. He is as enthusiastically fond of it as a child of a new toy.

Association Meeting.

The Association met Tuesday night, with President J. B. Speers in the chair. Routine business was soon finished, and then the question of next tournament introduced. Three places were supported—Little Rock, Jonesborough, and Pine Bluff. The latter place wished it to be held in some other city if it could be properly handled. On a close vote of 6 to 5, Jonesborough was selected against Little Rock, time and manner to be decided by the home club.

The election of officers was then taken up. Mr. Gorden Mathews, of Jonesborough, was selected President. Mr. Mathews is quite a young man, and thought one older and more experienced would do better, but the Association ruled otherwise, so he will sustain the honors. Mr. W. B. Powell, of English, was unanimously elected Vice-President. Mr. Paul R. Litzke, of Little Rock, was elected Secretary. This is Mr. Litzke's seventh successive term in the same office, and this speaks more than words of his ability and labors for the interest he has in charge. In my report last year I remarked that it was like to becoming hereditary, Mr. Litzke seems now still nearer forming a dynasty.

A young man of sterling integrity, Mr. E. A. Howell, was re-elected Treasurer. One look into Ed's eyes of honest brown, would convince any one the funds are safe.

Pine Bluff Sportsmen.

The Pine Bluff boys are hard to excel as entertainers. They do all in their power to make the visitors feel at home. If an error is ever made, it is of the head, not of the heart. The sole aim was to do just what the shooters wished. Long may they live and prosper. If the writer may never again meet the boys of the City by the Bluff, here's to them and theirs in the toast of Rip Van Winkle, "May you live long un' been 'appy." May the sunshine and shadow of life so gently blend that when comes the final summons, may it be nature's low sweet whisper of love into the ears of a true sportsman, as she kindly draws the wanderer home.

First Day, July 8.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot		
Targets:	15	15	15	20	15	15	15	20	15	15	at.	Broke.	Av.
Lloyd	10	9	14	11	9	12	8	14	11	14	160	112	.700
Howell	15	13	12	20	14	11	14	19	14	14	160	146	.912
Coles	14	12	15	20	14	11	14	19	14	14	160	150	.937
Clements	14	13	12	19	12	13	13	18	14	15	160	143	.893
Speers	13	13	14	18	13	13	13	17	13	15	160	142	.887
Thibeault, Sr.	12	14	12	13	13	14	12	17	13	15	160	135	.843
Farmer	15	13	13	19	14	14	14	19	14	14	160	149	.931
Thibeault, Jr	11	19	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	32	....
G Thibeault	8	11	13	15	15	15	14	19	15	13	160	132	.825
Hobbs	10	9	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	28	....
De Long	13	14	14	18	14	14	14	18	15	14	160	148	.925
Broadway	13	13	13	17	14	14	14	17	13	11	160	139	.868
Matthews	15	12	13	18	13	14	13	16	14	10	160	138	.862
Ambrose	15	12	14	18	14	11	15	16	14	12	160	141	.881
Bunch	13	13	14	17	12	12	11	19	10	11	160	132	.825
Powell	14	13	13	18	13	12	15	12	11	9	160	130	.812
Welch	15	14	15	17	14	13	13	17	14	13	160	145	.906
McKenzie	9	9	11	16	8	..	..	..	..	..	80	53	....
Cook	14	7	12	16	2	11	14	13	12	13	160	114	.712
Arnold	13	12	13	18	11	14	10	17	15	14	160	137	.856
Joyner	14	15	13	18	15	15	13	19	15	12	160	149	.931
Brady	15	15	14	19	13	15	13	16	15	15	160	150	.937
Burk	13	15	15	19	11	14	14	20	12	14	160	147	.918
Hawkins	15	15	12	19	11	14	14	20	12	14	160	145	.906
Litzke	10	10	9	14	9	11	7	14	11	13	160	108	.675
Avery	11	13	15	17	14	14	15	18	14	14	160	145	.906
Conrey	10	13	14	18	14	13	12	14	..	..	130	108	....
Williams	10	11	12	17	13	9	9	..	..	..	95	69	....
Vick	10	11	12	17	13	13	18	12	13	10	160	129	.806
Inman	13	13	11	..	13	11	10	12	..	..	100	83	....
Henry	8	..	7	14	..	..	..	..	9	..	70	38	....
Sevier	10	..	11	13	11	..	8	..	15	13	95	66	....
Morgan	12	8	9	12	..	..	..	15	13	9	115	78	....
Patterson	12	8	11	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	95	62	....
Voss	9	12	..	..	5	8	..	..	..	..	60	34	....
Larkin	9	..	..	..	8	10	..	..	..	..	45	27	....
D Elliott	..	..	..	17	14	14	11	17	11	13	115	97	....
Gallagher	..	..	..	..	13	11	10	16	..	..	65	50	....
Cromwell	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	10	..	..	30	23	....
Wicgel	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	15	11	....

Second Day, July 9.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot		
Targets:	15	15	15	20	15	15	15	20	15	15	at.	Broke.	Av.
Lloyd	10	12	9	16	12	12	9	12	12	10	160	114	.712
Howell	14	12	15	18	15	15	15	18	14	15	160	151	.943
Coles	15	14	15	19	14	13	14	20	15	15	160	154	.962
Clements	15	14	14	14	13	12	14	19	13	10	160	138	.862
Speers	15	14	14	17	13	12	11	19	14	14	160	143	.893
Thibeault, Sr.	13	12	13	16	14	14	13	19	14	12	160	140	.875
Farmer	14	13	14	18	14	13	13	19	11	14	160	143	.893
G Thibeault	13	10	13	16	13	14	12	18	13	13	160	135	.843
D Elliott	11	12	13	17	11	15	13	19	15	14	160	140	.875
Vick	15	13	13	17	14	11	11	13	13	10	160	130	.812
De Long	13	12	14	20	15	14	15	18	15	15	160	151	.943
Broadway	12	13	13	19	14	13	11	17	14	13	160	139	.856
Matthews	12	11	11	18	13	14	14	17	14	12	160	137	.856
Ambrose	12	14	12	19	11	15	13	16	14	15	160	142	.887
Bunch	14	13	14	18	14	12	12	18	13	11	160	139	.868
Powell	11	12	13	15	13	15	14	17	10	12	160	132	.825
Welch	14	13	12	18	14	13	13	18	14	14	160	143	.893
McKenzie	10	14	10	12	11	13	10	15	13	11	160	119	.743
Cook	13	12	11	13	6	11	13	15	11	8	160	113	.706
Arnold	12	14	11	18	13	14	15	18	14	11	160	140	.875
Joyner	14	12	14	20	13	15	14	19	13	15	160	152	.950
Brady	13	15	14	19	13	15	15	20	15	13	160	149	.931
Burke	14	14	14	19	13	15	12	19	14	15	160	149	.937
Avery	14	13	13	19	15	14	15	19	13	15	160	150	.937
Hawkins	14	13	13	19	15	14	15	20	13	14	160	150	.937
Sorrels	13	13	13	14	14	14	12	16	14	13	160	136	....
Conrey	15	13	12	16	12	13	13	18	15	12	160	139	....
Litzke	15	12	10	10	9	..	..	..	7	10	110	73	....
Voss	10	..	..	..	..	10	10	10	10	10	15	10	....
Morgan	10	9	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	32	....
Henry	10	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	19	....
Gallagher	12	9	..	..	..	12	14	..	..	..	60	47	....
Patterson	..	..	8	14	12	..	7	12	..	13	100	66	....
Wyman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	9	35	23	....
Cromwell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	20	16	....
Byrd	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	9	30	21	....
Inman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	14	30	28	....

Third Day, July 10.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot		
Targets:	15	15	15	20	15	15	15	20	15	15	at.	Broke.	Av.
Lloyd	13	5	10	12	8	8	4	8	7	14	160	86	.531
Howell	13	14	13	18	12	13	12	16	14	12	160	137	.856
Coles	15	15	14	20	15	14	15	20	13	9	160	150	.937
Clements	12	12	11	17	13	12	8	18	14	14	160	130	.812
Speers	15	12	13	19	11	10	13	17	14	10	160	134	.837
J K Thibeault	14	13	14	19	13	14	12	..	..	..	110	99	....
Farmer	14	14	13	20	15	14	13	..	..	..	110	103	....
G Thibeault	14	12	12	17	13	13	10	..	..	..	110	91	....
D Elliott	14	14	13	17	14	14	12	18	11	12	160	139	.868
Vick	13	11	14	16	9	10	7	13	..	..	130	93	....
Broadway	15	12	14	18	10	14	9	..	..	..	110	92	....
De Long	14	15	13	20	13	12	15	18	12	..	145	132	.913
Matthews	14	14	15	17	14	14	10	15	..	..	130	113	....
Ambrose	14	13	14	18	13	13	12	16	12	..	145	125	.862
Bunch	14	14	15	19	13	13	12	17	..	..	130	117	....
Powell	13	14	13	17	13	13	12	16	14	..	145	125	.862
Welch	15	14	13	17	13	13	12	16	11	..	145	127	.875
Sorrels	9	9	12	16	11	14	10	11	6	..	145	98	.680
Joyner	15	14	14	20	15	13	15	18	13	13	160	150	.937
Brady	14	15	14	19	13	14	12	18	15	13	160	147	.918
Hawkins	14	14	15	20	14	14	14	20	13	11	160	149	.931
Avery	12	13	14	13	14	14	12	14	15	11	160	141	.881
Conrey	11	12	13	17	14	14	14	19	14	15	160	143	.893
Arnold	15	15	14	18	12	12	14	16	13	..	145	129	.888
Cook	8	12	12	16	8	9	8	9	..	..	130	82	....
Burk	14	14	13	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	65	60	....
McKenzie	11	12	14	13	14	..	..	..	..	..	80	64	....
Gallagher	14	13	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	40	....
Inman	10	12	..	20	9	11	..	..	..	..	95	62	....
Wells	7	12	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	26	....
Wyman	..	10	11	14	11	10	..	..	..	..	80	56	....
Patterson	..	6	10	14	10	9	9	12	11	..	130	81	....
Cromwell	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	15	14	....
Mann	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	15	9	....

Last event was thrown out, as it was too late. Those who entered the last event did so as a sweepstakes event.

Averages for three days:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Coles	480	454	.945	Arnold	450	406	.871
Howell	480	434	.941	J K Thibeault	430	374	.870
Joyner	480	451	.939	Matthews	450	388	.862
Brady	480	446	.929	Bunch	450	388	.862
Hawkins	480	444	.925	Broadway	430	370	.860
De Long	465	428	.920	Clements	480	411	.856
Farmer	450	393	.913	G Thibeault	430	358	.832
Avery	480	436	.908	D Elliott	435	370	.850
Welch	465	415	.893	Powell	465	387	.832
Conrey	435	390	.892	Vick	450	352	.782
Ambrose	465	408	.873	Lloyd	480	312	.605
Speers	480	419	.872	Cook	450	209	.464

The Hamilton Gun Club.

Hamilton, Can., July 21.—Appended please find Saturday's scores at Hamilton Gun Club traps. This was undoubtedly the worst day's shooting weather we have had for a long time, and the attendance was drowned out, only a few of the old ducks being web-footed.

Programmes for the D. T. and G. P. Association tournament will be ready in a week or ten days:

T Upton, 18	6	19	..	G Crawford, 15	7	8 ..
Dr Hunt, 18	5	17	..	Dr Wilson, 19	5	14 ..
W Work, 17	4	15	8	E A Clifford, 15	4	15 ..
J Hunter, 20	2	12	..	C Brigger, 22	8	15 ..
W Bowron, 15	6	17	..	Ben It, 18	..	15 ..

No self-respecting member put in an appearance, and the dead game sports shot it out alone.

Ben It.

Peters Cartridge Company Tournament.

Pensacola, Fla.—The two days' tournament of the Peters Cartridge Company, held here on July 17 and 18, was one of the most successful trapshooting events ever given here. Mr. Maurice Kaufman was the manager, energetic and genial always. Mr. John L. Saunders managed the office work.

Harold Money took first place among the professionals for the two days' average, breaking 316 bluerocks out of a possible 350. He was presented with a handsome gold locket. Bleeker Forbes won the gold medal offered by the Peters Cartridge Company for the highest average in the amateur class. He broke 312 out of a possible 350, falling only four behind Money, and leading all of the other professionals. Muldon was a close second to Forbes, and besides Money and Huff, he led the professionals as well as the amateurs.

First Day, July 17.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	25	Broke.
Avery	13	11	19	14	13	16	13	11	17	20	147
Collins	11	14	9	10	13	14	10	13	16	17	127
Huff	14	12	20	12	15	17	13	15	19	20	157
Lawrence	12	14	14	11	9	14	11	9	17	19	130
Kaufman	12	12	17	12	10	19	10	8	13	23	136
Vidal	10	14	16	13	14	16	12	12	17	19	143
Yates	15	13	18	11	13	19	12	11	19	17	148
Turton	9	12	13	10	10	17	11	11	11	..	109
Robinson	14	14	18	12	11	17	11	14	17	24	152
Kupfrian	11	12	16	11	13	16	11	14	19	21	144
Chamberlain	13	10	16	12	14	16	10	14	17	23	145
Sirmon	12	12	11	10	11	20	7	12	17	22	134
Zimmerman	9	13	10	12	7	13	8	12	16	21	121
Forbes	14	14	17	12	10	18	15	12	18	21	151
Muldon	14	11	19	13	12	17	13	13	19	23	154
Pinney	13	11	12	11	14	16	11	13	19	21	139
Morgan	13	11	16	11	11	16	12	12	14	15	131
Bullard	11	4	8	8	7	7	6	6	7	13	81
Beers	11	9	13	9	8	15	..	..	..	..	65
Money	13	14	19	14	14	17	12	14	18	24	159
Hamel	7	4	6	7	8	6	7	8	11	14	78
Marshall	10	10	15	11	11	10	9	12	15	17	120
Wilson	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	2	10	11	13	....
Clifford	..	..	..	..	..	5	11	..	..	6	..	....
Hooten	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	8	11	13	..	....
Pon	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	....
Wolf	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	7	..	....

Second Day, July 18.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	25	Broke.
Avery	13	13	14	14	11	16	13	14	15	21	141
Money	12	13	19	15	15	16	13	14	19	21	157
Huff	14	12	17	13	15	14	14	13	15	20	147
Lawrence	12	9	13	13	11	14	10	10	18	18	128
Kaufman	13	14	16	12	15	16	14	11	14	20	145
Yates	12	13	19	12	12	19	13	11	16	18	145
Forbes	14	14	19	13	13	19	12	13	15	23	161
Robinson	12	11	17	10	13	16	12	13	16	20	140
Kupfrian	12	14	18	14	12	17	13	10	17	19	146
Chamberlain	13	11	16	12	13	17	12	14	14	17	139
Vidal	14	15	18	11	13	18	8	13	17	18	145
Muldon	12	14	16	13	14	18	11	9	13	22	142
Zimmerman	9	14	16	11	13	15	11	10	15	16	130
De Briere	11	10	13	13	11	14	8	10	15	14	119
Sirmon	11	8	13	9	13	17	9	12	15	15	122
Wells	11	13	14	12	12	..	..	..	..	..	....
Turton	6	8	..	7	7	..	..	..	..	..	....
Wolf	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
Morgan	..	11	13	11	11	14	9	16	16	..	....

General averages:

	First day.	Second day.	Total.		First day.	Second day.	Total.
Avery	147	141	288	Robinson	152	140	292
Money	159	157	316	Kupfrian	144	146	290
Huff	157	147	304	Chamberlain	145	139	284
Lawrence	130	128	258	Vidal	143	145	288
Kaufman	136	145	281	Muldon	154	142	296
Yates	148	145	293	Zimmerman	121	130	251
Forbes	151	161	312	Sirmon	134	122	256

To the Maine Trapshooters.

Dunbarton, N. H., July 22.—When issuing a challenge for a match of any kind, the challenger usually has something to say as to conditions.

I will shoot the following match against any man in Maine who has been a legal resident of that State for six months prior to date, paid experts (if you have any) barred.

One hundred single bluerock targets per man at 16yds. rise, targets thrown from magautrap under American rules, both men up. This match to be for $100 a side, and to take place on grounds of Concord Gun Club, Concord, N. H.

Should I win, I will shoot a similar return match on the grounds of any gun club in Maine which my opponent may name, within two weeks' time after the first match. I have placed in the hands of F. W. Sanborn, secretary of Concord Gun Club, $25 forfeit to bind this match. Whosoever accepts must cover this amount. Balance of stakes to be put up on morning of match.

As soon as I am notified of the acceptance of my offer, I will name date and time of contest, and give my opponent not less than a week's notice.

Friend See E. See kicks at my calling him a stranger and says I can get better acquainted at the traps. Therefore, I would prefer See E. See as my opponent. Should he be inclined to squeal as to this manner of a better acquaintance, he can send some other representative of the Pine State.

Now, you Maine men, do not fall over each other in your rush as to who shall have the privilege of doing me up. The money is here, and all you have to do is come and win it. If the verbosity of my offer is beyond your comprehension, you must issue a challenge on your own account; make it broader if you will—open to all creation—and you may get such a flood of acceptances that you will all grow gray-headed before the end is reached.

If what I have said does not please the Maine men, and also my old-time Worcester friends, I give it up. There is no use trying to make them happy in this world. C. M. Stark.

Concord, N. H., July 21.—I hold check for $25 on Mechanics' National Bank of Concord, as forfeit on above challenge.

Frank W. Sanborn, Sec'y C. G. C.

Watertown Gun Club.

Watertown, Mass.—The Watertown Gun Club will hold an all-day tournament Friday, Aug. 29, the day following the Interstate Association tournament at Haverhill. The programme consists of twelve events—six at 15, four at 20, two at 10 targets, with a total entrance of $11.40. Rose system to govern division of moneys. There will also be five average moneys, aggregating $20. Targets 2 cents each.

Manufacturers' agents are invited to display their goods and shoot for price of birds only, excepting in specified events.

Shooting on regular programme to commence at 9:30 sharp. Traps ready for practice at 9 o'clock. Lunch and ammunition obtainable on the grounds. To reach grounds take B. & M. R. R., or Boston elevated to Watertown; thence by Waltham line of electrics to Hersom street. Programmes will be issued this week, and further information may be obtained by addressing

Chas. H. Philbrook, Acting Sec'y.

In his book, "With Rimington," Mr. March-Phillips tells a couple of good stores of Tommy Atkins. One of them was getting out of range of a hot Mauser fire at his best pace, when his officer angrily called, "Why the devil are you running?" "Because I ain't got no wings," was the perfectly sincere answer. At another time a soldier was telling his comrades round the camp-fire of a particular engagement, painting it luridly, as Tommy often will: "The Boers was a rippin' into us, and rippin' into us, with Mausers." "But why didn't ye get behind a ant 'ill?" some one interrupted. "Ant 'll, he blowed!" said the story teller, "there wasn't enough ant 'lls for the orfficers!"—Shooting Times.

Scene in the Law Courts: Stout carman giving evidence—"Well, my lord, I was drivin' down Old street, when I see this er feller a-pullin' of 'is dray across the road. 'Get out o' the road, yer silly ass,' I calls out to 'im, easy like, same as I might to yer lordship there." (Sensation.)—Shooting Times.

Winnipeg Exposition Tournament.

WINNIPEG, Man., July 25.—A three-day target tournament was given here this week as one of the features of the annual Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition. The meet was nominally under the management of the local gun club, on whose grounds it was held. It was more than a success, and satisfactory from every point of view. There were more American visitors, more home shooters and a better atendance all through than ever before. In fact, the awakening of interest in trapshooting in this vicinity within the past few years it little less than wonderful, and this bids fair to become the center of activity along that line on the American continent.

W. R. Holland, of the Winnipeg Gun Club, managed the shoot, and H. C. Hirschy, of St. Paul, handled the office work, both acquitting themselves with such marked ability that they were presented on the last day with testimonials of appreciation from the club.

Targets were thrown from two magautraps and three expert traps. Liberal purses were added, and the Rose system of division prevailed. The weather was fine throughout, but this brought out a local condition in the famous midsummer mirage of the northwestern plains which set all the boys guessing on the flight of targets, and resulted in some very low averages by men who otherwise rarely drop below the 90 per cent. mark. Gilbert, Hirschy and Sprague won the top places and shot far ahead of all competitors, Messrs. Gilbert, Hirschy and Riehl being barred from participation in purses or prizes. The so-called sliding scale handicap system was used, and proved, I believe, entirely satisfactory.

Of special honors and prizes, T. H. Sprague, of Grafton, N. D., on the first day won the Smith gun event with a score of 50 straight. It was a splendid win, upon which he is to be congratulated.

The contest for the international championship was won by Harry Morrison, of Minnesota. He tied with O'Connor and Gilbert on a score of 49. Gilbert being barred, the remaining two shot a tie on 23, and on the third string Morrison won. Score 23 to 22.

The Western Canada championship at 50 targets was captured by W. G. Simpson, of Winnipeg; score 46. Mr. Simpson has thrice won this distinguished honor, and he is a gentleman upon whom honors rest easily.

The international team race for the possession of the flags of the two greatest powers on earth were for the third consecutive time carried away by the American team.

On the first evening of the meet a banquet was tendered at the exhibition grounds to the visiting shooters. Toasts were responded to by Messrs. Whitla, Putnam, Simpson, Holland, Dr. Ings and others for the Canadian side, and by Messrs. Sprague, Gilbert, Hirschy, Riehl, Hale, Duis and Seymour for the Americans. The keynote of the meeting was the better, broader, feeling of fellowship and international courtesy steadily growing between the people of the Anglo-Saxon race, and it was an altogether happy occasion.

In the matter of customs inspection and duty, everything possible was done to facilitate matters for the visitors from the States.

Detailed scores of the week's events follow:

First Day, July 21.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Total
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	25	15	15	15	15	Broke.
Gilson	14	14	12	13	15	14	11	19	13	15	14	15	167
Riehl	13	10	15	15	13	13	14	20	12	14	14	15	167
Ager	12	13	13	13	12	10	12	19	11	9	11	12	147
Brown	7	11	11	11	13	7	10	17	10	12	6	10	127
Shaw	9	8	10	15	12	9	12	17	10	12	6	10	127
Burmister	14	12	13	9	9	10	11	17	10	11	12	12	137
Mansaur	13	15	14	12	15	11	12	24	14	15	13	15	173
Darr	12	13	13	14	15	15	15	24	7	14	14	15	172
Van	7	10	13	12	9	..	..	..	..	..	11	9	...
Parker	9	14	14	12	13	14	12	21	13	14	13	14	168
Gilbert	15	15	14	14	14	15	15	22	15	14	12	15	180
Seymour	15	12	13	14	13	13	14	22	13	13	13	15	170
Hirschy	13	14	14	14	14	14	15	25	15	15	13	15	181
Sprague	15	15	15	14	13	14	14	25	14	15	14	14	182
Wilkinson	11	14	15	12	11	14	12	22	15	15	13	12	166
Ferguson	14	11	12	13	14	14	14	22	12	15	12	14	167
Evander	14	13	14	14	12	11	10	22	12	12	11	15	160
Hale	14	17	13	11	11	12	12	18	10	14	15	13	154
Simpson	14	12	13	11	14	12	13	24	12	15	15	13	168
Robbins	15	13	14	14	12	11	14	23	14	15	13	14	172
Stair	13	15	13	11	12	13	13	25	14	14	14	13	172
O'Connor	13	14	14	13	13	10	14	22	13	15	12	15	168
McGahey	14	15	15	14	11	14	14	22	12	15	12	14	172
Duis	14	13	15	14	14	13	13	23	10	14	14	14	171
Terrell	14	12	12	14	12	12	12	20	12	15	14	14	163
Bain	14	12	13	12	14	13	11	22	12	15	14	15	152
Britton	12	14	12	14	12	10	10	19	11	11	10	12	147
Cavalier	13	13	13	13	15	14	11	19	12	14	12	15	164
Hostetter	12	12	12	13	13	15	14	22	14	12	13	15	168
Grover	12	11	13	13	13	11	11	21	13	13	14	13	160
McKay	12	14	13	12	14	11	12	23	11	15	13	14	164
Maybie	10	12	11	11	11	13	13	22	15	13	13	12	158
Carruthers	13	15	13	12	9	13	12	19	13	14	12	13	158
Johnson	11	15	14	12	12	9	14	23	13	12	..	..	...
Baldwin	12	14	11	12	7	13	12	17	10	12	12	14	146
Lemon	12	13	13	12	13	12	11	20	12	7	..	..	...
Andrew	12	12	10	13	11	11	13	17	11	12	11	14	147
Kirkby	11	13	10	15	11	13	12	23	14	13	14	13	158
Spence	10	13	13	15	10	12	13	19	13	14	14	14	161
Wellband	8	10	10	11	10	11	10	19	13	10	12	11	135
Rhoda	12	14	13	12	9	13	13	19	14	13	13	13	158
McTaggard	12	14	10	14	9	11	10	16	9	8	12	9	134
Main	10	14	11	12	10	11	12	16	9	12	10	11	137
Freeman	10	14	15	14	10	13	12	23	13	13	8	12	...
Sopp	12	14	12	12	13	15	14	12	8	10	..	..	...
Orchard	11	11	12	12	12	11	14	14	8	13	12	10	140
Lang	12	13	12	13	13	9	14	13	7	12	..	13	...
Cadham	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	..	14	..	..	...
Court	9	7	8	11	7	14	13	17	9	13	..	7	...
Crawford	14	10	14	13	11	11	12	19	..	14	..	..	...
Dr Ings	11	13	12	..	..	..	13	17	..	13	..	..	...
Whalen	11	11	8	9	9	..	..	15	11	15	..	12	...
Smith	6	9	8	11	12	12	..	18	..	13	..	11	...
Lane	11	10	12	14	9	12	12	15	..	..	..	11	...
McKay	12	..	..	12	..	..	..	24	..	..	..	..	...
Hopper	..	14	13	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Patterson	..	13	11	11	13	9	10	19	..	13	..	..	...
Miller	..	12	10	13	12	12	12	19	12	..	..	..	...
Bailey	..	13	9	11	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Lightcap	..	13	14	14	..	13	14	20	12	15	..	..	...
Elliott	..	..	11	11	..	..	..	21	..	..	..	..	...
Stanley	..	..	..	11	14	10	..	14	..	..	..	..	...
Atkinson	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	19	..	..	..	..	...
Robinson	..	..	..	..	12	..	15	22	..	15	..	..	...
Putman	..	..	..	..	11	12	14	19	11	12	..	..	...
Sutherland	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	...
Crawford	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	18	..	..	..	..	...
Campbell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	17	..	..	..	...
Dr Bell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	20	..	..	..	...
Scott	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	21	..	13	..	...
Armatage	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	20	..	..	..	...
F Scott	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	21	..	..	..	...
Whilla	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	21	..	..	..	...
Stratton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	12	..	..	..	...
Ballock	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	14	15	..	14	...
Boeing	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	12	14	..	12	...
Iverson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	13	12	..	12	...
Gowles	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	...

Shoot-off for Smith gun, 25 targets:

Stair .....1111111111111111101101011 11—22
Sprague .....1111111111111111111111111—25

Second Day, July 22.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	8	9	10	11	12	13	Total
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	24	15	50	15	15	15	15	Broke.
Gilson	15	14	13	13	13	16	12	45	14	15	15	11	180
Riehl	14	13	13	11	14	16	14	38	13	12	14	10	166
Agar	11	13	13	10	13	..	11	..	12	7	11	11	...
Parker	15	14	13	13	14	16	14	34	10	10	13	13	163
Iverson	9	10	12	8	9	17	11	39	14	10	14	10	146
Burmister	11	11	12	6	7	..	7	..	12	9	..	7	...
Stratton	14	12	10	11	7	12	9	..	..	..	..	..	...
Chapin	6	10	13	6	9	11	10	31	..	..	..	..	...
Fairburn	10	7	13	5	9	14	9	..	..	..	..	..	...
Robinson	14	15	11	12	14	18	15	39	12	15	13	12	172
Gilbert	15	14	15	11	14	21	14	49	15	14	15	15	191
Seymour	13	12	13	15	14	19	13	41	15	11	14	13	174
Hirschy	14	15	15	14	15	20	14	46	14	14	14	14	189
Sprague	14	15	13	14	15	18	12	47	14	15	14	14	187
Wilkinson	13	15	15	14	15	19	13	45	14	15	11	12	183
Ferguson	14	13	15	12	15	16	11	47	11	13	15	14	179
Evander	13	13	15	14	13	23	12	45	15	12	13	12	177
Hale	10	9	9	11	13	13	8	40	14	12	13	11	148
Simpson	14	15	14	15	13	15	13	45	12	14	12	14	181
Robbins	13	13	11	15	14	15	13	..	15	14	12	15	...
Bain	13	14	12	13	13	..	10	..	11	9	..	..	...
Cavalier	13	14	12	12	14	16	11	16	14	13	14	13	...
Hostetter	15	12	10	12	12	6	12	..	13	10	..	..	...
Grover	12	11	11	7	13	..	8	..	..	5	..	..	...
Maybie	13	14	13	7	13	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	...
Stair	15	12	13	11	15	21	13	44	14	11	14	..	...
O'Connor	12	14	15	10	12	19	13	49	12	10	12	..	...
McGahey	14	11	13	9	13	21	10	49	15	15	15	..	...
Darr	13	14	14	15	13	18	13	43	13	15	15	..	...
Morrison	13	15	13	14	12	20	14	49	15	13	15	..	...
Shaw	13	11	8	9	11	..	8	..	11	10	13	10	...
Andrew	13	13	11	10	14	20	12	..	12	11	13	12	...
Cadham	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	13	13	..	..	...
Britton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	11	..	..	...
Putnam	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	...
Freeman	11	14	15	12	14	..	14	..	14	12	15	..	...
Caruthers	8	13	13	9	12	..	12	..	..	..	12	..	...
Main	14	11	14	13	13	..	13	44	14	12	10	..	...
Duis	10	12	15	12	15	16	15	42	10	11	12	..	...
Ballock	15	14	13	13	14	..	14	..	15	12	13	..	...
Boeing	11	13	12	11	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Johnson	14	15	14	11	13	..	11	..	11	..	..	..	...
Spence	14	12	12	14	13	16	19	..	13	13	11	14	...
Sopp	9	13	12	11	13	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	...
Rhoda	12	14	13	10	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Lane	12	13	..	13	12	16	..	40	..	..	..	..	...
McKay	13	14	..	..	..	..	..	38	11	9	14	..	...
Orchard	..	12	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Whalen	..	11	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Smith	..	14	..	10	9	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	...
F Scott	..	..	..	15	11	..	..	45	..	..	..	..	...
Lang	..	..	..	11	13	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	...
Baldwin	..	..	..	9	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
D McKay	..	..	..	11	13	..	..	45	..	..	..	12	...
Ings	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...

No. 6 was the Ogilvie doubles—12 pairs. No. 9 was the international championship.

International Team Match.

American Team.		Canadian Team.	
Gilson	19	Cadham	18
Parker	18	Bell	11
Seymour	18	Spence	16
Sprague	19	Lemon	17
Wilkinson	16	Lightcap	15
Ferguson	18	Baldwin	13
Evander	15	Andrew	18
Hale	18	Johnson	18
Robbins	18	R McKay	15
Cavalier	14	Armitage	14
Hostetter	20	D McKay	15
Stair	17	J Cadham	14
O'Connor	16	Dr Ings	13
McGahey	18	Britton	16
Duer	20	Simpson	17
Morrison	18	Whitla	16
Freeman	16	Orchard	14
Main	14	Putnam	13
Ballock	18	Bain	17
Rhoda	13	Lane	15
Miller	14	Lang	13
Grover	16	Holland	8
Iverson	17	Manning	17
Maybie	14	C Scott	14
Ager	16	Robinson	15
Burmister	16—436	Caruthers	12—384

West Canadian Team Championship.

Lightcap	34	D McKay	39
McKay	36	Scott	42
Dr Ings	39	J H Cadham	38
Robinson	37	Dowling	37
Bain	40	Manning	40
Armitage	39	Baldwin	32
Johnson	38	Hopper	30
Britton	32	Lane	43
Caruthers	40	Elliott	27
Spence	45	Campbell	16
Lemon	43	Holiday	42
Dr Bell	39	Simpson	46
Whitla	36	Putnam	30

KILLMORE.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Hell Gate Gun Club.

The annual dinner and tournament of the Hell Gate Gun Club this year was held at Dexter Park, Brooklyn, L. I., on July 22. It was more restricted this year as to competition, none but club members being cligible. The main event was the merchandise prize handicap, the scores of which follow:

Roof .....11111111101111111111101110 11—22
.....1111111111111101111111100—22—44+ 5—49
Muench .....1100101011111011111111101—19
.....0001011111111111000110110—16—35+12—47
Voss .....0011110011110111110001111—17
.....1001101011100111111001111—17—34+ 9—43
Dannefelser .....1110110100010001111011000—13
.....0011111011110110011110001—16—29+13—42
Klenk .....0011101101001110010111100—14
.....1010110000100000000011110— 9—23+15—38
Steffens .....1010101110000011001010000—10
.....1000111111001111011111011—18—28+12—40
Weber .....0101110110101001110111011—16
.....0110101010011111001101010—14—30+13—43
Woelfel .....1101001110011001010110011—14
.....1101100010010001110111101—14—28+18—46
Wilson .....1011011010110011001111111—17
.....1011110011010101111111010—17—34+13—47
Kohla .....1100110000100111010010100—11
.....0010110010101110111011111—16—27+13—40
Lange .....0000110001010111101011011—13
.....0001101010000011101111011—13—26+20—46
Deady .....0111100000110011000010100—10
.....0101001001000100111000101—10—20+18—38
Dietzel .....1100011011110110110100111—16
.....1010001001011101111101111—16—32+12—44
Meckel .....0111011010101110001001000—12
.....1101101101111011011011001—17—29+13—42
Doeinck .....1100111110011101001110100—15
.....1110011111101100100110001—15—30+13—43
Baudendistel .....0101100110110011000111111—15
.....1001010000110011110001010—11—26+13—39
Albert .....1101110101110010001100011—14
.....0100010110001101000111110—12—26+14—40
Neumann .....1100001000000010110111000— 9
.....0100001110010100010000100— 8—17+18—35
Wellbrock .....0110111111100101010111001—15
.....1111111011110101010100110—17—32+12—44
Garms .....1100001110011000001010010—12
.....1101101100101000000010100—10—20+18—38
Breit .....0000100100001101001101101—10
.....0000001001100110000000000— 5—15+20—35
Trostel .....1110100101110010011011100—11
.....0111011100101101010111010—15—26+15—41
Forster .....1111011111101101101111101—20
.....1101011000111011101111011—17—37+12—49
Ficken .....0000000010000000101110001— 6
.....1110000001000000110101001—10—16+20—36

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets	15	15	15	15	15	20	20	20	20	20	20
Dr Roof	12	13	13	..	14	18	..	..	..	..	..
Voss	8	11	11	..	13	13	..	..	15	..	..
Muench	14	9	10	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..
Dannefelser	11	8	..	7	8	..	..	..	..	..	13
Klenk	7	7	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	10	..
Woelfel	6	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dr Wilson	..	..	9	..	10	..	..	11	..	..	..
Dr Haassber	..	..	6	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..
Kohla	..	..	9	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lange	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	13
Steffens	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	13	..
Webber	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Deady	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	11	..	9	..
Meckel	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	15	..	..
Wells	..	..	..	..	..	14	18	17	..	16	..
Wellbrock	..	..	..	..	..	16	18	..	..	..	..
Schneider	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	..	..	19	..
Trostel	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..
Breit	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..
Ficken	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..
Woeller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	13	..	..
Schollett	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..
Dietzel	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	15	..
Baudendistel	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..
Events:	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	..
Targets:	20	20	25	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	..
Dr Roof	..	..	23	..	18	..	16	19	..	..	..
Voss	..	..	17	..	..	16	..	..	..	11	..
Muench	..	..	15	..	17	..	..	18	..	..	..
Dannefelser	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	9	..	..	..
Klenk	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	8	..	..	..
Woelfel	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dr Wilson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..
Kohla	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8
Lange	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Steffens	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Deady	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	5
Meckel	17	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..
Wells	19	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wellbrock	..	13	..	..	..	19	..	..	..	..	10
Schneider	19	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Trostel	12	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	9	..	..
Breit	..	10	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	10	..
Ficken	..	..	..	..	9	..	9	..	6	..	..
Woeller	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..
Schollett	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..
Dietzel	14	..	..	15	..	..	11	..	..	..	..
Baudendistel	..	8	..	..	13	..	12	12	..	..	..
Albert	10	..	..	10	..	8	..	..	..	9	..
Garms	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..
Foster	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..
Manken	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..
Loch	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..

Birch Brook Gun Club.

Lynn, Mass., July 28.—There was a lively time at the grour of the Birch Brook Gun Club Saturday afternoon, July 26. was a fine day for shooting and the members got into a lit team shooting; three teams, three men each. In the first it w 25 singles and the second 15 singles and 5 pairs.

In the second team shoot there was a change of one man two of the teams.

Team Shoot No. 1, 25 singles—Lambert, 23; Horace, 22; Ev ett, 18. Total, 63. Hastings, 19; Hilliard, 22; Hibbard, 20. Tot 61. Straw, 18; Rand, 15; Bullard, 23. Total, 56.

Team Shoot No. 2, 15 singles and 5 pairs—Lambert, 12, 8— Hastings, 13, 8—21; Everett, 14, 6—20. Total, 61. Hebbard, 6—17; Hilliard, 12, 6—18; Horace, 13, 6—19. Total, 54. Bulla 14, 7—21; Rand, 10, 6—16; Straw, 10, 6—16. Total, 53.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	30	50	15	10	15
Lambert 20	21	34	14	..	14
Bullard 17	20	32	10	..	11
Horace 18	24	37	14	..	12
Rand 17	24	41	13	..	..
Hastings 17	19	27	13	..	..
Hebbard 18	23	35	11	7	10
Hilliard 20	24	43	13	9	11
Yelmah 16	13	20	..	7	8
Straw 16	24	37	13	..	..
Everett 19	..	12	8	..	12
Rowe 18	15	25	..	..	10
Dudley 16	22	34	..	..	..
Emery 16	..	..	11	..	..
Skinner 16	..	..	..	2	9
Southwick 16	..	..	9	..	8

No. 1 was merchandise; No. 2, middle event.

HENRY ROOT, Secretary

Winchester Gun Club.

DETROIT, Mich.—The hot weather and the races held down attendance and the former also held down the scores at the regu shoot, July 26. In the club event, Brodic with 24s in the t previous shoots, started missing on his first bird, and Shiell w the medal with 20. Hitchcock just managed to beat 17 in Class and McAdam can wear the Class C medal by breaking only However, all enjoyed the event. Following are the scores, the l being the club event:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	15	10	15	10	25
Brodie	6	8	14	7	9	9	..
Shiell	7	7	..	7	..	7	..
Guthard	7	9	8	8	12	8	19
Hitchcock	6	..	9	..	9	4	19
McAdam	..	5	..	2	8	5	..
Bachmann	..	4	2	4	..	1	..
Leggett	7	3	..	6	..	1	..
Catton	9	..	10	..	14	8	18

D. A. HITCHCOCK, Sec'y and Treas.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O., July 19.—The fifteenth contest of the C. C.'s cash price series resulted as follows: Roll (17) 45, Phil (44, Verges (17) 44, E. Trimble (17) 44, R. Trimble (20) 43, Ahl (18) 39, Van Ness (18) 39, Falk (16) 38, Gambell (18) 38, J. B. (38, Boyd (16) 37, Goodman (18) 36, Herman (17) 35, Coleman (35, Randall (18) 34, Butts (17) 34, Faran (19) 33, Corry (17) Colonel (15) 26.

Race No. 1 at 50 singles, two high runs, 18yds.: Ahlers Gambell 44, Van Ness 43, Coleman 42, Roll 39.

Race No. 2, 30 singles and 10 pairs; two high guns, 18yds.:

	S.	D.	Total.		S.	D.	Tot
Ahlers	27	16	43	Roll	26	9	3
Van Ness	28	14	42	Coleman	20	15	3
Gambell	23	16	39				

Dover Sportsmen's Association.

DOVER, N. H., July 25.—Only seven members of the Dov Sportsmen's Association showed up at the weekly shoot this aft noon. The scores were as follows:

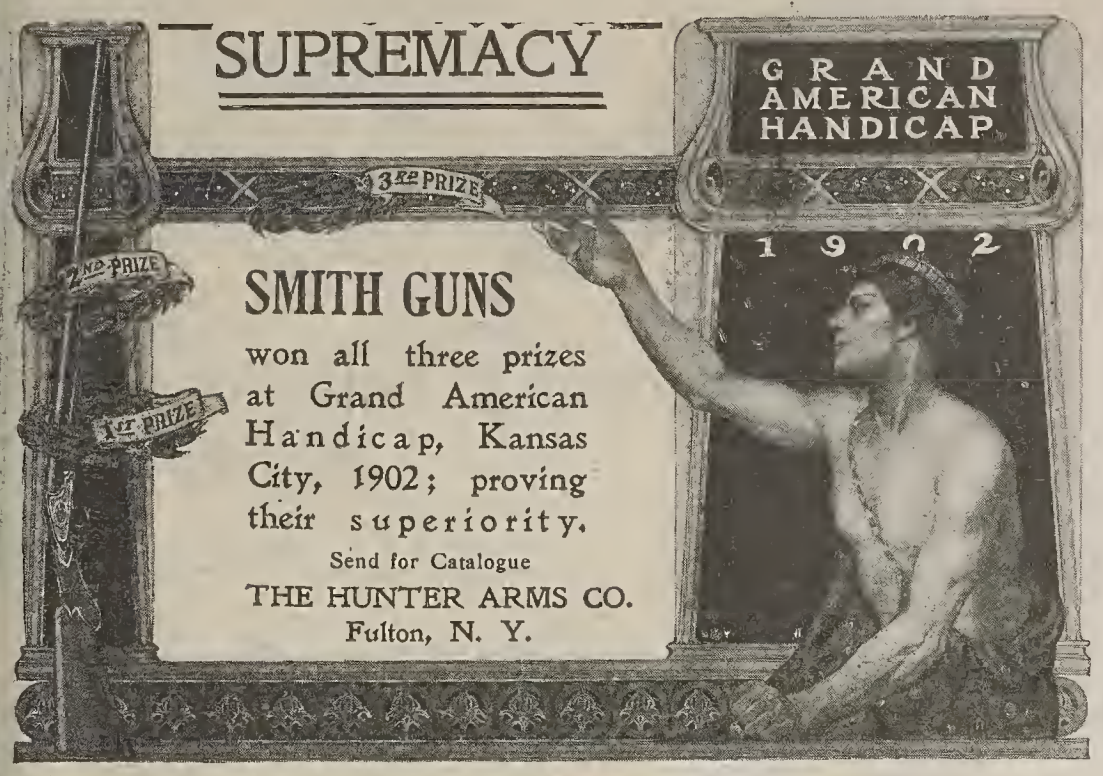
	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Bro
F F Wentworth	70	60	Smart	50	2
St Evenes	75	42	Henry	20	1
N C Wentworth	90	46	E Wentworth	10	
Hallam	80	34			

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The Savage Arms Co., of Utica, N. Y., are now ready to s ply orders for the Savage Micrometer Wind Gauge Hunting a Target sight. It is a rear sight, simple of construction, capa of the most precise nicety in exact adjustments, and adap to all makes or rifles which have a rear slot in the barrel. T elevation is changed as desired by turning an elevating scr and allowances for windage, right or left, are made by turni a wind gauge screw. It is the invention of Mr. Arthur W. S age, who invented the Savage rifle.

Dr. H. E. Lupus, of Baltimore, Md., at Mr. J. R. Malon midsummer tournament, held at Bay Ridge, A. A. County, M July 23 to 25, won high average in the target competition, wh occupied the first two days. The first day he scored 184 out 190; the second day, 175 out of 190. He used U. M. C. ammu tion.

Guns, Revolvers, Ammunition, etc.



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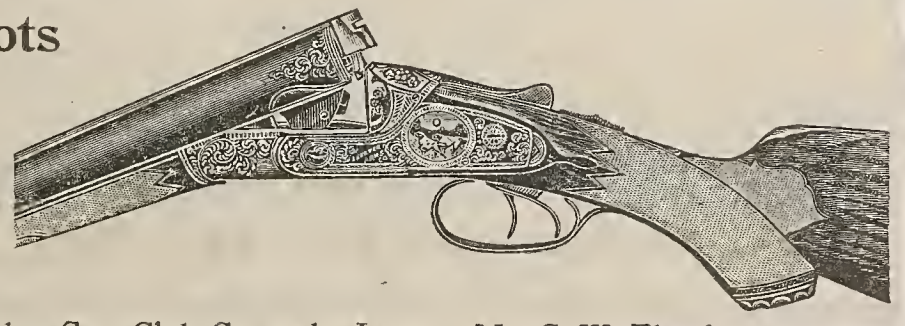

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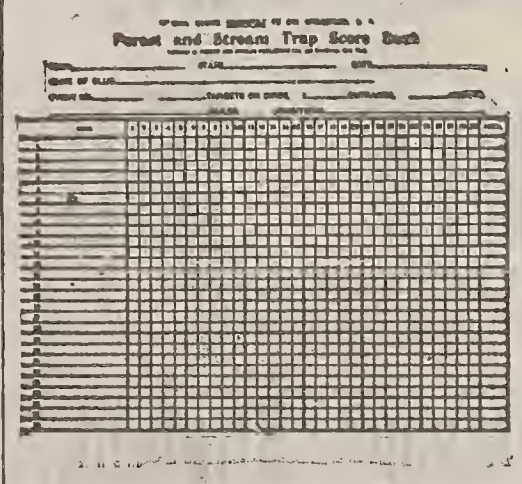

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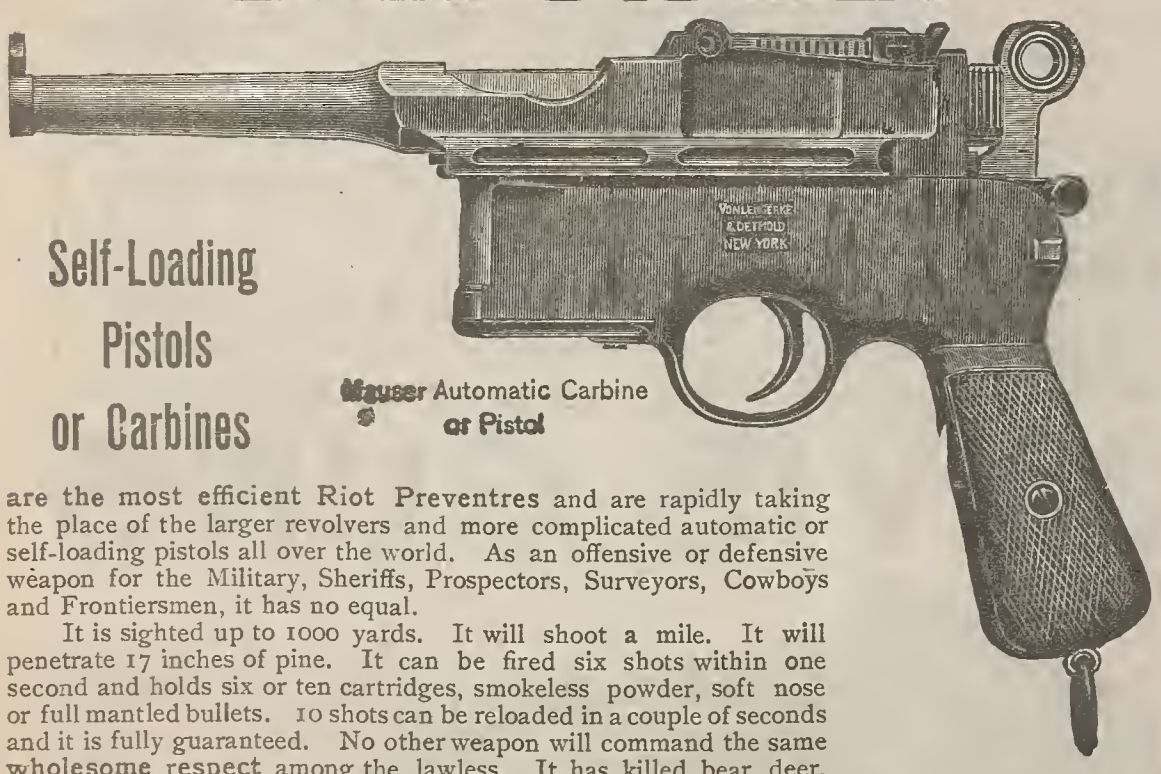

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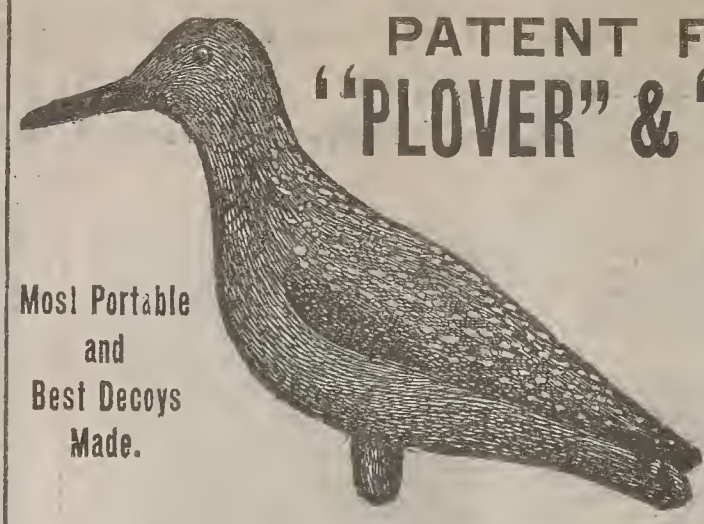

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VOL. LIX.—No. 6. SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1902.

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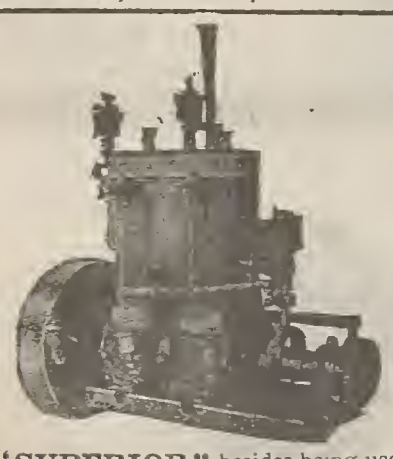

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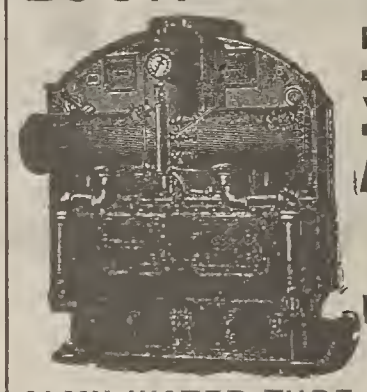

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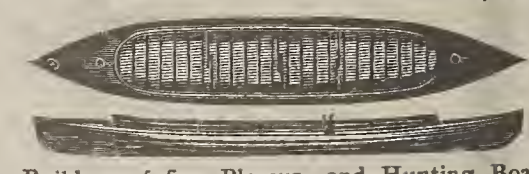

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1902.

VOL. LIX.—No. 6. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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Every believer in manliness, and therefore of manly sport, and every lover of nature, every man who appreciates the majesty and beauty of the wilderness and of wild life, should strike hands with the far-sighted men who wish to preserve our material resources, in the effort to keep our forests and our game beasts, game birds and game fish—indeed all the living creatures of prairie, and woodland, and seashore—from wanton destruction.—Theodore Roosevelt in "The Deer and Antelope of North America."

PLAY.

PLAY, amusing, exercising and recreative, is essential to the wellbeing and development of mankind, mentally and physically, from childhood to the years of senility. Indeed, of the phenomena of all animal life, none other is more conspicuously or more universally displayed. To the youth, in the formative stages of mind and body, it is a factor which is constant in activity and paramount in importance. It is a popular fiction that, with the advent of maturity, play should cease. It is not considered by the average man or woman that for every stage of life there is a befitting developmental diversion.

Adult men and women periodically need relaxation and recreation. In such manner do they best renew and repair their energies, dulled by workaday cares, or relieve the ennui of purposeless existence. To each stage of life there is some one or more forms of play best befitting it. Some of them are so well defined and established as to be considered as being conventionally standard. They may be obscured, in their play significance, by their nomenclature, though the golf and other games signify much the same to the adult that blind man's buff does to the child. One is recreative and diverting; the other is developmental and diverting. In each there is the dominant principle to excel one's fellows, to succeed better than one's opponents; to be distinguished as the conqueror among the conquered.

From the viewpoint of mature life, the play of children is commonly considered as being a frivolous and meaningless display of childish traits. That it is a wise and useful provision of nature for the development of the physical and mental powers of children is not commonly known. Yet by play, and play only, is the young of animals, man included, developed and educated by nature's most beneficent methods. A characteristic so universal cannot be meaningless.

Play, in most of its aspects, is mimetic of life's most serious activities. The play of puppies and kittens, while devoid of actual hostility, is a realistic counterpart of actual attack, defense and strategic maneuvering for advantage in destroying or capturing prey or enemy, such as is seriously applied in adult life. The play of the boy is similarly mimetic. The mass plays and individual plays of the football teams have all the elements of force and strategy, peacefully applied, that are used in actual combat.

Nearly every game that can be mentioned, if conceded to be a manly sport, has the dominating principle of competition, man against his fellows, which embodies the factors of greater physical force, greater mental resourcefulness, and a general manipulation of means to ends to insure success in life's struggle.

The playful competitions of childhood fit children for engaging in the actual competitions of youth. The playful competitions of youth in turn qualify for adult occupations. By engaging in competition with one's fellows, the limitations both of one's own powers and those of one's fellows, are learned; self-reliance and discipline are inculcated; the habit of initiative becomes characteristic; and respect is conceded and exacted when mingling with associates.

The best manhood is not attained where the powers and activities of youth are balked or entirely checked. In city streets, where boys are restricted in their natural inclination and opportunities to engage in wholesome play, their energies, so restricted, are sure to burst out in mischievous or lawless acts; or, if the restriction is passively accepted, the boy develops into a passive nonentity.

But the dormant, subserviently deferential boy, with no initiative or aggressiveness of his own, is not of the material of which the best men are made. The powers of mind and body are both developed by exercise. The best men and women are those who develop according to nature's own laws. No artificial system of mankind can improve on that of nature. Life is an endless competition. To engage in it at one's best, full capacity of mind and body should be secured. The play of the boy therefore is as importantly essential to him in his developmental life as the play of the man, be it termed golf, fishing, shooting, yachting, or what not, is to the recreative life of the adult.

THE TREE-PLANTING STATE.

THERE are not a few men who can remember the State of Nebraska when it was absolutely without timber, except in a few places along the streams. At that time, say thirty years ago, the wooded area of the State is estimated as having been only three per cent. of its area. The chief cause of this absence of timber is believed to have been the frequent prairie fires which swept over the land.

Not very long after the completion of the Union Pacific Railway settlements began to creep westward along the Platte Valley, and each farmer who made his home there planted a few trees, willows or cottonwoods. These trees acted as windbreaks, protecting from cold and snow in winter and from hot winds and consequent evaporation and injury to crops in summer. They were useful for shade, and after a few years began to yield more or less fuel to the land owner, a yield which in that treeless country was a matter of the very greatest interest to the settlers.

As settlements extended further and further, more and more trees were planted. Beside this, the prairie fires became constantly fewer; the tender seedlings were no longer destroyed in their first year, and from the stream valleys and the cañons which had long supported an ancient growth of trees and brush, this forest growth gradually began to extend itself up the sides of the ravines, and even to the prairie.

These conditions have been studied by Dr. Chas. E. Bessey, who, writing some years ago of the counties of eastern Nebraska, says: "In practically every case where one travels up the streams, passing out to the side branches, to the little temporary rills which water the upper basins, the trees are of smaller size and are much younger. It is a very rare occurrence to find large trees near the upper end of a forest belt. I have seen a few such cases, but their rarity is such that one is always surprised when they are found. The general rule is that near the upper limit of the tree area there are many shrubs, and mingled with them many young trees no larger than those which under cultivation are known to be not more than fifteen to twenty years old. * * * No one who has seen and studied the forest areas in eastern Nebraska will be able to doubt that they are spreading where they are given a fair opportunity, and are not prevented by man or his domestic animals."

At first practically all the planted timber of Nebraska was cottonwood, set out either for wind protection, shade or fuel, but in recent years many thousands of acres have been planted with orchards, and in not a few cases black walnut, black locust, red cedar, mulberry, and osage orange have been set out, to the great advantage of the land owner and the State.

In the northern and northwestern portions of Nebraska is the "sand hill" country, well known once as a hunting region, and later as a cattle country. Investigations made in the sand hills show that this barren region will support certain species of pine, which are doing well, and which will ultimately attain a size suitable for lumbering.

It is suggested that tree-planting reservations should be set apart in the sand hill region, and an extensive forest there would be likely to be of great value to the neighboring region, as modifying wind and temperature over a large part of western Nebraska. In the course of fifteen or twenty years such a forest would begin to yield a revenue from the sale of fuel and posts, and a little later it would furnish larger timber, and thereafter would be self-supporting.

LIVE QUAIL FOR STOCKING.

THE stocking of depleted covers with quail brought from other districts has been an important factor in restoring and maintaining the game supply in several States. Numerous individual owners of shooting grounds, game preserving clubs and State game commissions have in times past secured thousands of birds and put them out on private and public lands for private and public benefit. When the Lacey Act was adopted by Congress, it was hailed by many persons interested in this work of restocking as a measure which would enlist the co-operation of the Federal Government in the restoration of depleted game grounds. The text of the act declared: "The object and purpose of this act is to aid in the restoration of such birds in those parts of the United States adapted thereto, where the same have become scarce or extinct, and also to regulate the introduction of American or foreign birds or animals in localities where they have not heretofore existed."

But any notion that the restoration of the game supply would be advanced through the agency of the Department of Agriculture has by this time been dissipated. No game birds have been brought into the country from foreign lands by the Department, nor have any American game birds been transported from regions of abundance to those of scarcity. On the contrary, the Department has interfered in a manner which is claimed to be wholly arbitrary and without warrant of law in various private enterprises of live quail transportation for stocking purposes. By what those who feel themselves aggrieved characterize as a sheer assumption of an authorization which the Lacey law nowhere contains, it has interfered with a lawful traffic in live game, and by the seizure of such quail passing through the States has thwarted numerous attempts to restore shooting.

The business of transplanting quail has in past years been conducted on a large scale by a New York city dealer, who has acted as an agent for obtaining and forwarding live birds to a large number of clients, among them many well-known game associations and the New Jersey Commissioners. The birds have come from the Indian Territory, whence, under the existing United States statute relative to game, their export is not forbidden; but United States marshals, acting under the direction of the Department of Agriculture, have seized the birds en route, and practically broken up the business of quail transplanting. Now one of the dealers in live quail whose interests have been affected, has sent to the FOREST AND STREAM for publication an advertisement calling on the sportsmen of the country to secure an amendment to the Lacey Act, to permit the transportation of quail for stocking purposes. But if the Lacey Act now contains no provision respecting the transportation of live quail between the States, no amendment of it is required to permit such transportation. If the Department of Agriculture in its present interference with live quail transportation is acting without authority conferred by the Lacey Act, to amend the Act would not reach the Department, unless the amendment should be so worded as to prohibit interference by the Department.

On the other hand, if there is any provision of law under which the Department acts, this should be made patent to the understanding of the sportsmen who now feel aggrieved because they cannot obtain the birds they want for stocking.

The mosquito pest at a Long Island town bordering a salt marsh has been abated by a system of some five miles of shallow ditching, which by removing the standing water left from high tides has destroyed the breeding grounds. There are scores of places where some simple action like this would materially add to the comfort of living, to the value of real estate and to the prosperity of towns; and the public is gradually being educated to a point where mosquito-plagued places will work out their speedy salvation.

The Sportsman Tourist.

The Sea Ghost of the Catskills.

The sea ghost haunts the Catskills in the night
When to the surging pines the forests hark
And tides throb dimly in the pale moonlight
Up from the valley, fathoms deep in dark.
At morning on the hills the mists roll in—
White waves of gossamer, light crests flung free—
Deep as death is and as the air is thin,
Till all the world is in the phantom sea.

On rock-bound tablets is the record writ:
Once in the lowland was the ocean's bed,
Rose these sheer mountain steeps to limit it
With rugged shore lines in those æons dead;
And when the sea its mighty arm swept back
Down through the Palisades from these far hills,
Receding waters plowed the Hudson's track
And left a silver trail of lakes and kills.

In what dark kloofs the mermaids combed their locks
Who knows, who plucks the pale green maidenhair?
Their shells are fossils, bedded in the rocks,
And speckled trout leap in the brooklet there.
The laurel's rosy tips of light are born
Where branched the coral slowly in the dark;
In what far cavern Triton's wreathéd horn
Wound merrily, oh, ask the meadow lark!

Before there rose the Indian camp-fires' smoke,
Or Hendrick Hudson brought his Dutchman crew;
Before Pan played for fauns and forest folk,
Lo, Pagan Neptune and his nereids, too,
Danced in these spectre waves that billow white
Up to the mountains' topmost purple coast—
Oh, watch and you shall see, by day or night,
Shaped in the Catskill mists, the pale sea ghost!

Mary Worswick.

Yellowstone Park from a Car Window.

In Two Parts—Part II.

The animals in the Park show unmistakeably that they know you dare not shoot, and seem to have very little fear of tourists. The chipmunks do condescend to run away, but not until the stage is close upon them, and then with much vituperation and flirting of tails. There seem to be two kinds, one slightly larger than the other, and these likewise appear to be of several ages, for one specimen we saw madly carreering along the road did not seem much larger than a walnut plus a tail.

Passing the toe of an old moraine, I caught sight of an animal about the size of a rat, which ran toward us for some distance and then sat up like a prairie dog and said "E——e" at us, with a note like an old-fashioned penny trumpet. The driver said it was a young hare, but admitted that he had never seen the animal before. As I pointed out that its ears were hardly larger than those of a rat, he abandoned that idea.

After consulting the Kid's Natural History, I am of the opinion that it is a kind of marmot which frequents stony ground. That animal has a short tail, and this we saw seemed to have no more tail than a guinea pig, but distance may have caused us to miss the tail. The other parts of the description seemed to fit all right. We found none of them in the adjoining green spots, but when we came to another moraine, there were the "stone marmots" again. [No doubt a pika or little chief hare (*Lagomys*).]

We arrived in time for lunch at a station on the shore of the lake, where we were regaled not too sumptously in tents of various sizes and purposes. It was here after lunch that some of the party boarded a small steamer to make an excursion on the lake. This is a sort of side show, of which perhaps the less said the better.

The principal attractions here seem to be a beehive-shaped cone rising a couple of feet above the water of the lake, and full nearly to the brim of its orifice with boiling water. It is possible if you are a good fisherman, and the fish are blind, for you to stand on this cone and catch a fish from the lake, and without removing him from the hook or removing yourself from your stand, to cook him in the water at your feet. The other attraction is "paint pots," which are in great number hereabouts, and consist of pools of from five to twenty feet in diameter, filled to within one or two feet of the brim with what looks more like slowly boiling paint than anything else. Bubbles eight to ten inches in diameter grow on the surface, burst, emit a puff of steam and subside, while others immediately take their places. They are of course similar to the one we saw at the Fountain Hotel, but they are of different colors, some pots being pink, while others are more of a lead color, but all are hot and to two of them a melancholy interest attaches. They were, I should judge, about six or eight feet in diameter, and separated by a narrow path, rendered slippery by steam, and sloping on both sides to the pots. Two ladies, mother and daughter, attempted to pass along this division between the pots and the elder woman slipped and fell into the boiling mud. The younger clutched her clothing in an attempt to save her or drag her out, and the clothing giving way, she fell backward into the other pot. Both were got out as soon as possible, but not until the mother had been fatally injured and the daughter very seriously. I fear that greater precautious will have to be taken as the Park comes to be more generally visited, for it is full of dangers to the heedless and unwary. There was in this instance no necessity for going between the pots; the path has been blocked since the accident, yet as good a view can be obtained without any risk at all.

From this station the road lay for most of the distance either through the woods or along the shores of the lake, of which we had most gratifying views. It is incontestably a very beautiful lake, irregular in form and rimmed around with mountains. In fact it is so irregular in form that one cannot see more than half of it at once. It is almost as long and wide as Lake Tahoe, but with a much smaller area, and there are several islands breaking the surface, an advantage not possessed by Tahoe. In a short time it came on to rain with thunder and lightning, but we put off having the side curtains down, and very soon the shower passed away without doing us any damage. A doe and a young buck with antlers "in the velvet" crossed the road in front of the stage and stopped to gaze as we rode by. Misery and Mrs. *** wanted pictures of the buck, but he was too far off and too much in the shade to make that feasible, though not too far for us to see his big eyes with their expression of mild wonder.

On the other hand, when we left the wood and came out on the shore of the lake, we saw at close quarters several magnificent white pelicans. Pelicans and deer in such close proximity were something we had not expected to see; and there were seagulls also, almost two thousand miles from the nearest salt water.

Our driver had by this time become quite one of the family, and sang the most melancholy and moral songs in a "south-of-Market-street" voice—tenor, I believe. Then he spouted lurid passages from a "Morosco" drama in broken French-English, and informed us that he was an actor of some note, who when he was not driving the Yellowstone stage, trod the boards of that at Salt Lake and other centers of culture, in a number of dramas of which we had never heard even the names. He was an extremely patriotic American, because his father being English and his mother French, he naturally had to be something different from either. His songs were "gems," and I sometimes catch myself whistling the air of one of the longest and most lugubrious of them all.

He pointed out to us from a turn in the road, one of the best natural profiles I have ever seen. It was in the outline of the distant mountains, and was a most perfect and majestic profile of a sleeping giant.

Though this afternoon's drive was singularly devoid of discomfort or startling incident, the time passed very pleasantly away. In fact, it was something of a relief to have no wonders to be astonished at, and only beauties of nature to admire.

At dinner we all came together and had a jolly time comparing notes, though the others declined to believe that we had seen any deer with horns "in the velvet." After dinner we sat before a big fireplace, with a roaring fire of logs, smoking and talking until it was time for bed; and I was up betimes in the morning to get a view of the lake.

It was a beautiful morning, and had beside all the charm of novelty. I had not, of course, so far jeopardized my reputation as to see the sun rise, but it was still so early in the day, that I felt quite a virtuous glow as I gazed at him.

There was a boat house and it was full of boats, but they were not the boats of Bow River, and the oars were not "spoons" from Winnepeg; far from it, they were more like clubs from the wood pile. I think the man who kept the boat house built the boats and made the oars himself, and this and a lack of time determined me to forego a row on the lake. There were more fishing poles in racks around the room than I ever saw in one place in my life, for this is a great place for fish. Two of the members of the other party had a good deal to say at times about fishing, but the occasion never seemed exactly ripe and the fishing was for some reason always postponed for the morrow—always manyana. Leaving the Lake Hotel, the first "wonder" that we came to after a delightful drive through the woods over a smooth road was the "Mud Geyser." Now the Mud Geyser did really seem to satisfy the æsthetic longing. It was about the most infernal thing I ever saw. On the side of a steep mountain (a favorite location of geysers) was a hole about sixty feet in diameter and filled to within about ten feet of the lower side with water the color of lead. From it rose a cloud of steam so charged with earthy matter, for the very good reason I am going to state, that it too was colored like the water. The water itself was a seething mass of tumult, for from three openings in the side of the mountain three enormous jets of boiling spray were hurled at intervals of a few seconds each to the center of the pool, and as they gushed in rotation the water was never quiet for an instant, nor did the horrid grunting of these infernal pumps ever cease. The air was heavy with the clay-laden steam, and wherever it rested, on cameras, clothes or hat, it left its deposit of tiny specks. The Fountain was beautiful, and Old Faithful, both beautiful and grand, and the geysers big and little had each some claim to our attention and admiration; but the Mud Geyser was the most devilish nightmare of a thing I ever met in nature. What I can't understand is why somebody hasn't tumbled into it; I never saw a better chance. It actually seems as though it were expected that the Park would be visited only by people of sense; people with their eyes about them and accustomed to taking care of themselves. This is all very well, but it is possible to trust too much to the common sense even of the native, and beside the native there is the foreign contingent, which is accustomed to being taken care of. I say again I don't see why there are not more casualties.

Leaving the mud devil to its own devices, we followed a trail through some trees and came to another hole much smaller, where a single jet a couple of feet in diameter was thrown out into a similar pool at intervals of half a minute or so. I should judge that the water in this pool flowed back into the opening in the side, temporarily checking the escape of the steam, which presently gathering force, hurls the water out again into the pool in a never-ending succession of jets.

Regaining our "coach," we drove on, and after an interval of minutes, or hours, or something, came to the Sulphur Mountain, a hill of yellowish deposit on the mountain side, with a geyser boiling vigorously and throwing up clouds of the usual highly scented steam: The ground in the vicinity of the geyser is evidently hollow, and the team stopped some distance away, our footfalls sounding rather too sonorous for comfort as we approached it. The driver said somebody would go through the crust there some day, and we were very much inclined to agree with him; but it seemed to me that there were plenty more places of the same kind that he had not said anything about. For my part, I am afraid the bottom will drop out of the whole thing eventually, but I guess not in our time.

Our next stop was at the Cañon. This is one of the most curious freaks of nature in the world, and the road lies so near it that there are not only many fine views of it, but many opportunities to leave the coach and take one's stand on jutting points, like pulpits in a cathedral, where views such as no other section of the world can show are spread before and around one. One of the most striking features, the one which distinguishes it from almost everything else, is the wealth and variety of color. Nowhere in the world, save in the woods in autumn, can one see such gorgeous extravagance of color. Reds and yellows predominate, but most of the colors of the painter's palette are there. The Cañon lacks the massive and dignified grandeur of Yosemite, but its friable material on the other hand, has allowed the elements to sculpture at their will their most eccentric fancies. Pinnacle succeeds pinnacle in endless recession, all brilliant in the sunshine with the hues of the rainbow. Closer examination reveals a powdery waterworn surface which looks as though it would change its form with every shower—but why look closer? It is a picture which you need not approach too near.

The sides of the Cañon, which is something over a thousand feet deep, slope so rapidly as to make a descent to the stream at the bottom a matter of the greatest difficulty, probably an impossibility to the ordinary person. Slopes so smooth and unbroken hardly exist except in snow.

Our first real acquaintance with the Cañon was at a point where a series of steps and ladders led down to the Upper Yellowstone Fall. This is a fine fall of water, flowing in full volume over the edge of a cliff, and falling a hundred and nine feet. Not quite equal to Montmorencie in height, nor quite so wide, but a very beautiful fall. There are solid rocks and tall trees all about, for we are not yet really in the Cañon, and we stand and watch the rushing, tumbling waters until we are reminded that there are many other things to see, and that it will be a very good time to see them after lunch.

The Cañon as we take our seats in the coach shows by glimpses through the trees, and its varied coloring is heightened by the contrast with the dark green in the foreground, and we decide that it is not far from the greatest thing we have ever seen. Mrs. *** so far wavers in her allegience to Yosemite that she faintly admits that the Cañon is something finer than she has ever seen; but I in my obstinacy maintain that there is nothing on earth quite equal to Yosemite, though visions of Niagara and Banff both rise up to ask me if I am quite sure.

After lunch our wagon appeared again and took us for quite a drive along the brink of the Cañon, giving us ample opportunity to see it from every vantage point, and what is not always the case, time to photograph to our heart's content, with the result, I regret to say, that we got nothing that bore the faintest resemblance to the scene, the colors in the rocks being almost without exception non-actinic. The pictures hadn't even the merit of recalling anything we had seen.

As I am sometimes charged with an inclination to "kick," I would like at this point to record my satisfaction with the manner in which we were carried through the Park on this journey, and the efforts which were made by the stage company to give us a sight of everything possible under the circumstances.

The view up the Cañon was indescribable, for this gorge is most peculiar in its formation. The sides rising in steep slopes are cut into perpendicular ridges, and these again are worn by the elements into fantastic pinnacles which appear in series one behind the other, like the wing scenes in a theater, giving an amazing succession of varied forms, the effect being heightened to a marvelous degree by the lavish display of color. The scene is strikingly different from the ordinary, and excites the unbounded wonder and admiration of the average sightseer. While the Cañon as a whole appeared to me to lack something of perfection, there were points of view and special bits that called for nothing less than thorough admiration. One promontory in particular, which stood out from the side of the Cañon, like a gigantic pulpit of red stone, was large enough to hold a full convocation of preachers and gave a magnificent view of the Cañon both up and down, with the Lower Yellowstone Falls 308 feet high to hold the center of the stage.

At one point from the road was visible what one enthusiast christened the "Gate of Paradise." A sheer descent of ocherous yellow, too smooth for even a foothold, was terminated at the bottom by a transverse wall approximately a hundred feet high, broken by an opening opposite us which gave a view of the rushing river at the bottom of the Cañon, aqua marine and foamy white. The background of parti-colored cliffs rose towering to the skyline, terminating in a fringe of pines and cedars. This slope was bounded on either side by walls at right angles to the river, worn into varied outline and interspersed with occasional trees; and wherever the rock was visible it was of a brilliant reddish hue shaded with browns and darker red. Some of the rocks were even blue.

Perched on various pinnacles, but several hundred feet below where we stood, were the nests of eagles with the young ones clamoring for food as is their wont, and the old birds swinging in large circles far below us, few of them flying as high as our level. Looking down on eagles is a novel experience to most people.

We had spent a couple of hours very pleasantly driving along the brink of the Cañon, getting out at intervals to reach the various points from which the best views were to be obtained; when the driver drew up at the junction of two roads, telling us that we were close to the hotel and could either go back with him, or take a trail a little further down the road, and by its means reach the brink of the Lower, or Great Falls. We didn't find the right trail, of course, but all got safely at last to the railed platform at the edge of the fall.

The Great Fall pours over the brink in a solid sheet, filling the channel of the river completely, but just as it passes over the ledge it arranges itself in seven or eight flutings of different colors. One near the center, owing to a slight projection in the rock over which it passes, was

forced up into a sharp ridge, quite transparent, and the foaming edge of this ridge constantly fell over on itself in a lace-like fringe, ever changing, but never disappearing. This lace as the light passed through it looked like strung crystals, or the beautiful dew plant.

After dinner at the Cañon Hotel it was announced that numerous bears would be present in the gulch at the rear, and Mrs. *** and some other courageous amazons went out to beard them; but Mr. G., of the Chicagos, and I, held down a couple of chairs in the office, and left the more adventurous spirits to dally with danger in the immediate vicinity of wild bears. They returned after a short intervals with glowing accounts of numerous "silver-tips," which were "almost as dangerous as grizzlies, and nearly as big." Mr. G. and I congratulated ourselves on having escaped such dangerous acquaintances, but the ladies with great satisfaction announced that so far on the trip they had seen twenty-one bears. This idea of having the bears come to the second table at the hotel is all very well, but at a camp near the Lake Hotel a bear did not wait for the second table, but presented himself at the first, and, the campers having, as it were, absented themselves, ate up everything in sight, and broke most of what he couldn't eat. Therefore I maintain that a bear may become objectionable as a guest at a hotel, and unless something is done to dissuade him, may take possession of the establishment.

Our stop for lunch the next day was at the Norris Geyser Basin, and as soon as we arrived, or very shortly thereafter, the Chicagos were informed that owing to press of business and orders from headquarters, our coaches would have to turn back from that point, and all passengers proceed to Mammoth Hot Springs on regular stages. T. and G. kicked vigorously; they took a long walk in the blazing sun to interview the local agent, but he was too smart for anything of that sort, and knew nothing beyond his orders, which had reached him that morning. I think the telegraph was not available. At any rate, after some demur the Chicagos had to reconcile themselves. I was not particularly interested myself, as I had made no arrangement for a "private conveyance," and we had as it was fared much better than I expected. From incidental conversation and remarks overheard, I am of the opinion that this lunch station is the point of a general surrender of private rigs (so called), for unless I am mistaken, everybody who came had one, yet every one left on a regular stage. As it happened, it did not make the slightest difference to us, for the Chicagos, with whom we have to all intents and purposes been traveling since we entered the Park, and ourselves, just comfortably filled the stage alloted to us, and no stranger was added to the company.

The change to a new stage was not without its advantages. We had four horses and rolled along very pleasantly, the road perhaps not presenting any remarkable features, but shady and diversified and full of quiet interest. The first thing for which we stopped was to gather specimens from the foot of the Obsidian Cliff, a tall cliff of black volcanic glass towering at least 200 feet above the road. Fragments of all sizes have broken off and fallen from above, and a few of these we ventured to appropriate, there being no soldiers to prevent, and I think, by the way, though I am not sure, that this obsidian does not come under the prohibition. Anyhow, we got a piece, and this and a pebble from the lake shore, and a very small handful of "geyser eggs," are all we have to show as souvenirs of travel.

A mile or so further on we came to a turn in the road where it twists sharply past and around the base of a big boulder, which bears the appropriate title of the "Devil's Elbow." At this point the road is very narrow, and just clear of the narrowest places of all a wood team was stalled. We slipped through without difficulty, but the other stages some distance behind were not so fortunate. I think they were obliged to help the team out of its predicament before they could get by, and then, when all had passd but one belated one, the team started up, went a little way, and stalled again, this time effectually blocking the road. The passengers got through somehow, but only after a long delay. This, of course, we did not know at the time, but went gaily on our way unconscious of the misfortunes of our fellows.

Stopping for a few minutes at the Apollinaris Spring, we drove on to Rustic Fall, where Glen Creek crosses the road. Near this point the road has to be carried around a bluff on a series of concrete arches, making a view very much resembling scenes in the Tyrol. Soon after crossing these arches we passed between towering masses of rock sculptured by the elements in the prevailing "Yellowstone Order" through what is termed the Golden Gate, its brilliancy of color lending appropriateness to the name, and found ourselves in "Hoodoo Land."

I don't think I have ever seen nature in a comical mood before. I have seen her grand, weird, terrible, magnificent, gentle, smiling, beautiful or repelling; but never before did I experience as in Hoodoo Land, an irresistible impulse to smile, which grew and broadened into a hearty laugh.

Imagine a section of about half a mile square (it may be very much more or very much less) upon which a deposit of the "formation" has been laid to a depth of from ten to twenty feet. Imagine this crust blown up in its entire extent at one and the same moment, into fragments of every conceivable size and shape. These fragments have been thrown just far enough to disturb their continuity without breaking them into small pieces, and when they fell they simply placed themselves in the wildest, and at the same time most comical confusion. Fragments of every imaginable eccentricity of outline lay jumbled together, big rocks on top of little rocks, with apparently an utter disregard of the laws of gravitation. It is impossible to give in words a realization of the irresistibly comic aspect of the whole scene; there is nothing to describe, for everything was as nearly formless as possible, and nature in this square half-mile or so seemed to have bidden defiance to all her rules and committed every vagary her fancy had ever suggested. We left this "Witches' Playground" by what is called the Silver Gate, a portal similar to the one by which we had entered it.

A short distance from this point the driver stopped the stage, and suggested that we get out and walk across the "Terraces" and on down to the hotel. All got out except G. and myself, for having learned that sections in the Pullman could be secured at the Mammouth Springs Hotel, we thought it would be the part of wisdom to do it before the crowd on the stages behind arrived. We therefore stayed in and were driven to the hotel, passing on the way around the base of the finest of all the terraces, the Minerva, and getting a splendid view of it.

The formation of the Terraces is similar to that of the "quiet geysers" (which is a contradiction of terms, but will have to pass); a supply of hot water charged with silica, etc., finds a number of outlets in a small plain on the summit of a declicity. The water boiling up through these openings first forms a serics of very shallow basins of considerable extent, varying from six to a hundred feet in diameter, and the silica and other minerals are deposited in lacelike patterns all over the bottom of these basins, while the margins are fluted in varied designs. These basins have in the course of time and by reason of the materials held in solution by the hot water, been formed all over the plain and at various levels, and many of them have evidently died of old age, their outlets being choked and their waters obliged to find another channel. My theory of Hoodoo Land is that it was a somewhat similar tract where all the outlets became stopped, and in consequence the steam lifted the whole thing at once, the material giving way with comparative ease, so that the fragments were not pulverized nor hurled any distance. I have seen a skillfully graduated blast work in the same way. But to return to the Terraces. The water in most of the basins wells up just fast enough to keep a constant series of small streams flowing through the flutings of the rims, and these streams cooling the more rapidly for their diffusion, deposit their burden as they flow along, the result being a series of terraces something like pulpits or the boxes in some theaters, arranged one above the other and apparently supported by clusters of columns. The further the water has to travel the less material it retains, so in the latter part of its course it forms long, smooth slopes which grow but slowly in comparison with the terraces above.

I should judge Minerva Terrace to be about a hundred feet above the road, and to extend over an arc some thousand feet or more long. It probably extended some distance below the road, but a ditch has been cut here, and all the water which flows down the slopes is caught in this ditch and conveyed away through a channel instead of flooding the whole space as it otherwise would. It is still hot enough to steam, as it flows along in this ditch. On the upper level I found it too hot for comfort, but unfortunately I had no means of testing the temperature accurately.

I enjoyed this view of the Terraces immensely, and am only sorry that circumstances did not limit me to a sight of the slope and prevent my exploring the level above. We drove slowly along, G. vowing vigorously that he would come back from the hotel for a picture of it. I was less enthusiastic on that score, for I knew that the lovely pearl hues, and the pinks, yellows and blues which made it so fascinating would fail utterly in the photograph, and I determined to refrain from perpetrating a caricature. G. did also, for circumstances so arranged themselves that he didn't go back there either.

On arriving at the hotel we were met by a placard to the effect that the Pullman office opened at 4:30. The driver had told us 2:30, so we had our hurry for our pains, and hadn't got a bit ahead of the people in the other stages, but we had seen the Minerva Terraces from the best point and to the best advantage. Finding that we had several hours on our hands, G. and I hadn't sense enough to sit down and keep quiet, but set out on what proved to be an extremely hot and rather uninteresting walk to rejoin the others of the party. On the way we passed the Pulpit and the Cleopatra Terraces, but they were by no means equal to the Minerva in size or coloring, and beside we could get too close to them.

The hotel at Mammoth Hot Springs is a tremendous wooden barrack, where we were treated very well, getting a very good dinner, but to my great disappointment they took away our tickets, instead of punching some more holes and leaving them with us as souvenirs, as I had hoped they would.

A ride of an hour or so brought us to Cinnabar, where we got our Pullmans, and a ride of another hour in the train found us at Livingstone, where some of the cars went east and some others were cut in to the west-bound train; and after a journey which carried us across the greater part of Montana, a little piece of Idaho, the length of Washington (or most of it), the breadth of Oregon, and half the length of California, we found ourselves at home once more without mishap.

There were a great many interesting incidents of this part of the journey, but only such as befall nearly every traveler, and this chronicle is probably already too long.

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Two Glorious Fourths.—II.

THE stars begin to pale above the eastern hills. There is a gentle rustling up in the pine tops. A faint chirp, here and there down the cañon, indicates that the winged heralds of the day are awaking. Up here, at the boundary line between the highest ranch in the valley and the untamed forest, I watch the day break. Dawn may come early, but the sun comes late between these narrow, steep, verdant walls. In the great valley eight miles distant, the sun has been shining for a couple of hours, and the busy farmers have stacked their first load of fragrant alfalfa, before the first bright ray glints upon my cabin roof. There is scarcely enough light to see what I am doing as I kindle my fire, put on the skillet and breakfast bacon and prepare the coffee. My noise has startled the little western house-wren that is raising a querulous brood under the protection of my eaves. She scolds me roundly for disturbing her rest at such an unearthly hour, for this house-wren is a sluggard among birds, and then concludes that it is too early to get breakfast for the birdlings, and settles back for a morning nap. But if she sleeps, other birds do not. The western yellow warbler is sending up his song from the hedge-fence just below, and a thrush and mountain song sparrow are caroling a duet in the timber back of the cabin. There is other music, too, that blends with the drowsy hum of the tea kettle. It is the silvery tinkle of a stream, trickling between mossy logs and splashing over slippery rocks. It is the song of a stream that is born of the melting snows of the Wasatch, a stream where the trout hide. I wonder if they know to what perils they will be subjected to-day, for the sportsmen will all be in the cañon. On the barley fields and in the hay stubble they will murder the innocent mourning dove. In the thickets by the brook, where the white blossoms are just beginning to turn into choke-cherries and service berries, they will unscrupulously break the law and decimate the broods of half-grown grouse. By the water they will try to inveigle the wily spotted ones with flies of every size and description, with worms, grasshoppers and what not. And the wily ones will swim under some black arching bank, or amid the submerged branches of some fallen tree, and laugh a fishy laugh at the fishermen, and only a few, young and foolish ones, will challenge the responsive reel, and eventually find their way to basket and creel. There will be picnic parties, and sparking bees, lumbering farm wagons and rubber-tired buggies, cold ham, salads, cheese, beer and champagne in the cañon to-day.

Thank the Lord, the good road ends at the ranch below, fourteen miles from the nearest settlement! Very few will come above that spot. The majority will halt miles below. The few who will come up to the narrows, to the mountains, will be sportsmen to the manor born. But, practically, the stream above the cabin will be my private preserve, and for to-day I shall make the best of it. I don't want to be at home if any straggling picnickers should happen to call. They would want to borrow the cook stove and the teakettle, to try my gun and bend my rod. More than all, they would drive away the songsters that, after a month's petting and feeding, I have coaxed into awakening me every morning.

What shall be the impedimenta for the day's tramp? Lunch is out of the question. It takes both room and time. First will be the rod and fly-book, with the accompanying creel. Next, and fully as essential for enjoyment as the tackle, a camera. Last of all the field glasses. The cabin has not been fastened since June 1, but on this particular morning it is locked and padlocked. The visitors will not bring letters of introduction, nor will they leave cards. I start on the trail up creek. Already I can hear guns cracking in the valley. I want to get out of their sound, before commencing to fish. Where the cañon is wide the path is arched with oak and maple. There are partridge tracks in the dust and chipmunks frisk about me in absolute indifference to my presence. Even the bushy-tailed ground squirrels sit up and watch me with much more curiosity than fear. The brook is fringed with willows, and as the sunlight comes down into the cañon, green-tailed towhees hop amid the shimmering leaves, and scores of black-chinned hummingbirds dart from flower to flower. The trail reminds me of a New England woodroad. It was built a generation ago, before the advent of railroads, by the soldiers, as a military highway from Fort Douglas to Fort Duchesne and the posts of Colorado. Now sheep herds, bands of cattle or a logging outfit are the only ones that make use of it.

The mountain walls draw closer together. The creek bed becomes more rocky. Pines take the place of oaks, and the little side cañons shine with the brighter green of aspens. The water no longer wanders peacefully between the willows. It dashes in cascades through granite walls and rests in long, deep, dark pools, where the trout lurk. Down the road toward me comes a coyote. We each respect the other's rights. He turns around and retraces his steps with as much dignity as he can command. I turn aside to an inviting pool and bring out my fly-book. For an hour it is enjoyable work—this casting and retrieving, this trial of cunning against the inherited instinct of ages. Sometimes the first cast over a pool or upon a riffle will bring a rise. More often I see the little trout dash away before me. It may have been my shadow on the water, the violent motion of a bough, the reflection of the polished reel, something scares them, and as I am not fishing for numbers, but only for a little mess, I do not care how many get away. There is a time in fishing when it takes one particular trout or salmon to put a sportsman on his mettle. These brook trout are little fellows, at best. They average scarcely a fourth of a pound dressed.

Again the cañon opens out and the water flows more gently. Here is the spot where I am to make the effort of the day. The creek is dammed by a huge, moss-grown, pine log and in the artificial pool lives the monarch of the upland waters. But willows and underbrush press close upon the tranquil stream, making a constant, cooling shade, also making it impossible to cast a line. Only the length of a leader can be dropped carefully over the log, and the plan of campaign must be well defined before commencing active operations. Day after day the experienced old fellow has eluded me. I have heard his splash, and once I had him hooked, but he knew enough to wrap the leader about a root and break away. Another time I was attracted by a magnificent clump of moss and liverworts that grew on the further side. Incautiously I raised my head, only to see a dark outline scurrying through the water to the protection of the cascade. Only one fly can be handled. The first trial is made with a cow-dung. Off comes my hat. I crouch beneath the shelter of the log and drop the fly, then carefully push out the rod and let the lure float gently on the water. There is a splash, but the trout jumped short. It is some satisfaction to know that he is still here. There will be no trouble with the small fry as they respect the king's domain. The cow-dung is worked for all that it is worth for a few minutes, but there is no second rise. Hot day, water clear as crystal; black gnat on No. 12 hook may fetch him! So I made the change. I did not hear the splash nor see the leap, but I did feel the sharp, nervous tug as the fly struck the water, and it was reflex action and no skill of mine that gave the wrist the proper turn at the very instant of fate. Glory! He was fairly hooked. Now to land him! No need of further concealment. I peer over the log and see the quarry struggling, fighting for liberty. He splashes the water, darts this way and that, and for a mere brook trout seems a monster. I can play the rod horizontally, but it is only six inches from the tip to the overhanging willows and a foul at this juncture would mean irreparable loss. The only thing possible is to work him down, around the lower end of the log, into rapid water and net him among

the rocks before the strength of the current adds to his own fury. All this is easier to plan than to accomplish. Now he sulks at the bottom, again he makes a break for the upper water and then, as he begins to tire, I gain on him, inch by inch. It is no longer a question of endurance, but will the tiny hook hold fast until I get him ten more feet? Slowly he follows, as I lead, along the log. Does he know that he is leaving forever the black pool under the willows that he is so loath to wander from its icy solitude? At length the end of the log is reached. He feels the thrill of the swirling, boiling torrent. He is not too exhausted for one final, desperate contest for life. He lashes his tail. The reel sings for an instant, then hushes responsive to a finger touch. Up flies the tip and the landing net is under him, just as the frayed leader snaps. The battle royal is ended. A two-pounder, the largest fish that I have taken from the stream in four years!

I may have spent ten minutes with him or I might have worked an hour. One takes no heed to the lapse of time; but it was high noon when I dressed him and put him in the basket. No more fishing to-day. The rod and creel are cached. Only the camera is needed on the old mountain road, that now strikes sharply upward toward the snowbanks under which are forests dense of pine, groves of quaking asp, and upland meadows, where the starting grass is but a background for blue lupines, scarlet paint-brush, golden poppies. Even now the air is chilled by the midsummer drifts. Little streams furrow their channels down the steep side hills, and the road, erstwhile a trifle dusty, turns dark and damp, and has a certain loamy, springlike fragrance of its own. Here, in the mud, I see the clear cut autograph of deer. Yonder the mother grouse has led her brood, and yet again some lynx or bob-cat, coming down with cautious step to stalk his prey, has left his padded imprint in the mould of clay.

Film after film is exposed amid these ever-changing scenes. At length a well-worn boulder, an arm chair in granite, invites rest. This is the limit of the day's excursion. Square in front of me, into the afternoon blue, rises a peak with naked crest. I have seen it hundreds of times before, but to-day it looks strangely new, strangely old. Yes, I know! It is old Graylock, reincarnated among the rugged fastnesses of the Wasatch. Old Graylock! Just twenty-one years ago to-day I saw him for the last time, as I went down the peaceful Housatonic Valley from North Adams to Pittsfield. So I sit and dream of every trout stream on both sides of the mountains from Rutland to Great Barrington; of the Deerfield massacre and childhood tales of the Green Mountain boys, until the lengthening shadows warn me that I am a long way from the cabin, and that an old man is invariably weary at the end of the day. Down hill I wander, light-hearted as a school-boy, down toward the glorious sunset. The one large trout and the eight little ones are an easy burden, and the camera and field glasses are unnoticed. In the gloaming I reach the clearing. The visitors, if there have been any, have departed. The damage that they have done will not be visible until morning. Soon the trout are frying in the pan and the teakettle is simmering over the coals. The door is wide open and I draw up my bed, so that I can look out into the starlight. The pine branches soothe me with their lullaby, and the whippoorwill sings "taps." I lie down devoutly thankful that from this Fourth I do not have to awaken in a Central American jungle.

SHOSHONE.

Natural History.

Nature Books Worth Reading.

Among the Waterfowl. By Herbert K. Job. Cloth, 224 pp. Profusely illustrated. Price, $1.35 net.

We are becoming so accustomed to the wonderful work done by photographers that the marvellous results which they attain no longer astonish us. The birds especially have been subjects for the photographer's skill, and within the past few years we have had many examples of the beautiful bird pictures that lens and dry plate will give.

Mr. H. K. Job's book, "Among the Water Fowl," possesses a singular interest to the sportsman and naturalist from the great number of its illustrations, all of which are photographs from life, and most of them by the author. The book is divided into five parts, whose happily chosen titles are: "The Submerged Tenth," treating of the grebes and loons; "Modern Cliff Dwellers," telling about gannets, guillemots, auks, puffins, kittiwakes, etc.; "Ocean Wanderer," the shearwaters, jaegers, petrels and phalaropes; "The White-Winged Fleet," that is gulls and terns, and last, "Wild Fowl of Wild Fowl,," treating of the true wildfowl, or the ducks and geese.

The volume, which is written in very pleasing style, tells the story of such adventures as were had in taking the 100 pictures which make the book so beautiful. The style is pleasing and will attract, but after all the great beauty of the book is found in the splendid photographs which illustrate it. An astonishing amount of time and labor must have been required to take these pictures, which unquestionably represent the trips of many years. The author very truly says: "Far more skill and resource are required to photograph a wild creature than to shoot it, and the picture when secured is ordinarily of far greater value than a few mouthful's of flesh. * * * Would it not be a wise policy to interest our boys in nature study and the camera as applied to it."

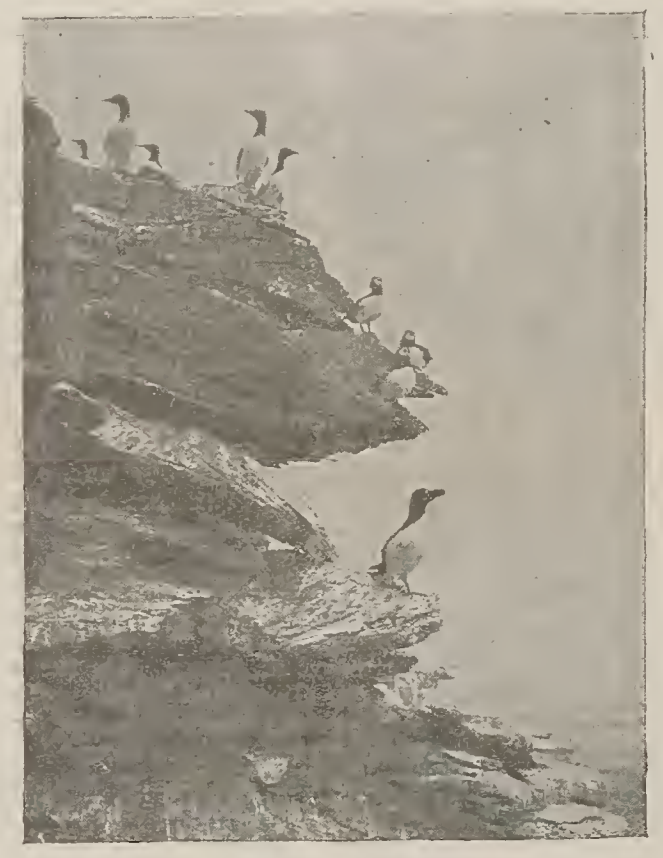
Mr. Job's bird studies cover a wide range of territory, extending from the great plains of the West to the bird rocks at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, and even still further out into the broad ocean. He tells his story entertainingly, and the volume ought to have a wide circulation, for it represents a side of bird life of which we know too little.

Nature Biographies. By Clarence Moores Weed. Cloth, 164 pp. Illustrated. Price, $1.50 net.

Another volume to which photography has contributed much to make plain many of the processes of nature is Mr. Clarence Moores Weed's "Nature Biographies," which tells us quite fully and very simply and plainly facts about the lives of some every-day butterflies, moths, grasshoppers and flies. Several of these brief chapters have appeared in current publications, and parts of two or three others in the Official Bulletin of the New Hampshire College Experiment Station. All deal with forms of life and objects which are familiar to persons who spend much of their time out of doors, and the information

WESTERN GULLS.
By Otto Von Bargen.
From "Among the Waterfowl."

given in text and illustration answers many questions that are constantly occurring to people who have made no study of entomology. Here are chapters on the making of a butterfly, the tent caterpillar, a rural imposter—the sweet fern caterpillar—the destructive forest tent caterpillar, the walking stick, the chokecherry tent maker, the



MURRES AND AUKS.
From "Among the Waterfowl."

work of photographing insects, studies of insect parasites and insects in winter. The volume is illustrated by 150 photographs by the author, and no single one of these photographs fails to have a distinct relation to the text or to illuminate it. Not one could have been omitted without lessening the book's usefulness. Thus in the

COMMON TERN ABOUT TO SETTLE UPON HER EGGS.
From "Among the Waterfowl."

chapter on the making of the butterfly there are just twelve admirable illustrations, which show the transformations gone through by the insect from the time the caterpillar begins to feed until the butterfly has been developed in all its perfection.

The volume abounds in information about the commonest things, yet things about which most outdoor people are quite ignorant. How many people, for example, know that many caterpillars only feed at night, remaining quiet during the day in order to avoid the attacks of birds. How many are aware that there is at least one caterpillar which so closely resembles a leaf of the plant on which it feeds that it is exceedingly difficult to find even by one who is carefully searching for the specimen.

It is not easy to appreciate the good that is done by books such as this, which aid us to comprehend the familiar objects seen in our daily walks through the country treating of them in so plain and simple a fashion that no effort is required to understand the fascinating story told of each object described.

The Brook Book. By Mary Rogers Miller. Cloth, 241 pp. Illustrated. Price, $1.35 net.

This is another attractive volume on the familiar things seen by the observant wanderer abroad. Taking for its title the brook, we are told of the different things seen along its course from spring through summer, autumn and winter. The book is illustrated by sixteen half-tone full-page engravings, beautifully printed in a soft brown ink, which gives a good effect, and by a multitude of line drawings of plants, insects, birds, fishes and many other things.

In a preface or foreword the author says: "Throughout the year the brook is captivating. It is as companionable as a child and as changeful. It hints at mysteries, but does it tell secrets other than its own? Does it tell where the wild things come down to drink? Does it tell where the birds take their baths, or where the choicest wild flowers lurk?" It was to learn all these things, we may imagine, that the author took her journeys at the different seasons of the year along the brook's course, and about these journeys and what she saw on them she tells us in most charming and discursive style. To some people the "Brook Book" will be more attractive than the "Nature Biographies," but it is written in an entirely different style, the information which it gives is far less directly presented, yet there is quite as much of it. Moreover, Miss Miller's book covers a far wider field than does Mr. Weed's. The two are not to be compared. Each in its own way is admirable, and each gives something that the other does not present. The two may well be read together. It is not only to the nature lover that Miss Miller's book appeals. Here the angler also may learn much of interest concerning those insects which dwell along the brook, many of which pass some stage of their existence under water, and either in the depths or above the surface become food for trout and other fish. A goodly measure of success is to be predicted for these three volumes, each most attractive and each covering a different field.

Tame Grouse.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Didymus says it's a mystery to him how Mrs. McKenna tamed the grouse. Others seem to think the grouse untameable, but this is not the fact.

When farming in Maine several times I placed grouse eggs under hens and the chicks were easily tamed.

I remember an even half-dozen that were brought up in a large hen house with a ground floor. The birds were not so wild as the hens confined with them, doubtless because they were petted and fed fruit and hemp seed. When about two-thirds grown, a weasel killed five before I succeeded in killing the "varmint." The remaining grouse wintered well, but developed a peculiarity. Whenever I, or my wife, entered the hen house the grouse would fly to the shoulder and utter the most heartrending lament that ever issued from the throat of a bird. It would not eat while we were present, but the little scamp the moment we were outside would eat with the hens, seemingly well content. In the spring I allowed the grouse the freedom of the dooryard with some black ducks. In June an Angora cat came into the kitchen one morning dragging the poor grouse, the life completely out of its little body.

Since I have lived in the woods of Cape Ann, I have tamed grouse that come to my dooryard, so that they will eat in my presence. One pair became very tame the second year, but in the fall a sportsman made a double on them, not over ten rods from my cabin. He was very sorry when I told him their history. HERMIT.

Mr. Harland in his novel "The Lady Paramount," says: "There are very few birds that can't be tamed. You've only got to familiarize them with your presence at a certain spot, at a certain hour, and keep very still, and be very, very gentle in your movements, and croon to them and bring them food. I have tamed wilder birds than greenfinches, in Italy. I have tamed goldfinches, blackcaps, and even an oriole. And if you have once tamed a bird, and made him your friend, he never forgets you. Season after season, when he returns from his migration, he recognizes you, and takes up the friendship where it was put down—until at last there comes a season when he returns no more."

Golgas.

IN tropical America there are many varieties of insects capable of inflicting painful and sometimes even dangerous wounds. Of scorpions, centipedes and tarantulas one frequently hears, but other insects are rarely mentioned.

Returning from one of my explorations in Honduras and expecting to be in New York after a reasonable time, I was particularly anxious to secure a collection of orchids, and at one place saw what I thought a desirable specimen near the top of a tall tree. I bargained with a bright little Spanish boy, who agreed to climb after the orchid and bring it to me for ten cents. He went up lightly enough, and as he cut the plant from the tree, it suddenly swarmed with black insects. The people who were looking on shouted "golgas! golgas!" and called to the boy to come down. He knocked the plant off first and then slid rapidly down the slender tree to the ground, blood dripping from one hand. As he reached the ground he said proudly, "I got it and only one bit me." He had a deep cut in the fleshy part of his hand below the thumb, which we bound up carefully, the men explaining to me that the golga is a big ant capable of inflicting such a deep wound that a per-

son could be killed by them in a short time if a number should get under the clothes. Later, when I began to look over the plants, one of these fellows ran up my sleeve and started vigorous work at once. I caught him on the third bite, and I think his jaws must have been red hot, and were developing rapidly to a white heat by the time I killed him. From my own experience I shall always feel pretty well satisfied that a number of these cuts could do serious damage if they all got at it at once. FRANCIS C. NICHOLAS.

The Bobolink's Song.

PASSAIC, N. J.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am not all pleased with my version of the bobolink's song, as printed in a recent issue. It was my own blunder. Kindly reprint it as follows:

John Gillet, John Gillet,
Scour the skillet,
Scour the skillet,
Scour it clean,
Scour it clean.

H. H. THOMPSON.

Birds that Sing in the Night.

PERTH AMBOY, N. J., Aug. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* About 12:30 last night a cuckoo in a maple tree near my bedroom window startled me with a loud tut, tut, tut, tut, cluck, cl-uck, cl-uck, cl-uck, cow, cow, cow, cow, cow, cow! Is it not unusual for this species to utter its notes at night? J. L. K.

A Turkey Buzzard Roost.

NEAR Brunswick, Md., on the B. & O. Railroad, is a famous buzzard "roost." On one of my trips west I saw several hundreds of the birds on trees or flying near. It would be hard to find a larger community of buzzards in the region. TARLETON H. BEAN.

100 Sportsmen's Finds.

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

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An Aug. 1 dispatch from Fresno, Cal., reports that what undoubtedly is the largest known tree in the world was recently discovered two and a half miles from the Sanger Lumber Co.'s mill, at Converse Basin, in the Sierras, in this county. The discovery was made by a party of hunters, but little credence was given to the report, as every one thought the description of this colossus of the forest was exaggerated, but it has since been visited by people who have verified the finders' statement.

The monster was measured six feet from the ground, and it took a line 154 feet and 8 inches long to encircle it, making it over 51 feet in diameter. The tree is a few rods from the company's boundary line and is on the Government reserve. It will therefore be of interest to sightseers and will escape the woodman's axe.

Game Bag and Gun.

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

Game and Fish Interests.

Papers read at the meeting of the National Association of Game and Fish Wardens and Commissioners at Mammoth Hot Springs, N. Y.

NON-RESIDENT HUNTING LICENSES.

BY D. C. NOWLIN, STATE GAME WARDEN OF WYOMING.

"TARIFF for revenue" with incidental protection is probably a fair definition of the non-resident hunter's license law. Like all questions, it has two sides. While the constitutionality of the statute imposing this tax upon non-residents is beyond the aim or scope of this paper, the mere fact that the U. S. Supreme Court has held, in effect, that the State has absolute ownership and control of all the wild game within its borders, ought to be sufficient warrant for such legislation. As a financial expedient it has been fairly satisfactory in Wyoming, while as a protection measure it has been far more effective than many casual observers would be willing to admit. The true sportsman from the East (always a gentleman), who spends his money freely for guides and equipment, is a pleasant and profitable acquisition; he needs no supervision, and the law as it stands may seem to him unnecessary and oppressive.

Were all men upon the same moral plane, no restrictive legislation would be necessary. But it is a fact, well known to every sportsman, that many men, who, in ordinary transactions are honest, honorable and scrupulously observant of statutory law, will, if turned loose in the hills with a gun, ignore all laws, and develop into the worst species of the "game hog." This may be due to an inherent taint of savagery, common to all men; but whatever the reason, this tendency to "kill everything in sight" must be checked and controlled by law. If the non-resident license law needed any special defense or apology—which the writer will not for a moment admit—then the State of Wyoming is in a peculiarly favorable position to enter a plea of necessity.

Two sides of the National Park abut against territory controlled by the State. The Park (and the country south and east) is the natural home and breeding ground of vast numbers of elk. (It may be safely said that nine-tenths of the elk in Wyoming range in the territory now embraced in the Teton and Yellowstone Forest Reserve.) When these elk are not actually within the Park limits—and most of them are never there—where they are protected by Federal authority, they are convenient to the meat, head and tusk hunters, not only of our own State, but of Montana and Idaho as well.

Actual observation and experience qualifies the writer to assert that had it not been for the $40 tax upon non-residents (coupled with the statute prohibiting traffic in game) there would be not more than one elk, where we can count four to-day in Wyoming. The license is sufficiently high to practically bar from our State that class of hunters who kill for speculative purposes; it serves to identify those who hunt for sport and trophies, and enables the officers to locate and supervise hunting parties in general. With some necessary amendments, and with a more careful administration of the law, it would enable us to make a very close estimate of the number of game animals killed each season by non-resident hunters. The non-resident license law has been thoroughly tried in Wyoming. Originally $20 per season, it was deemed wise to double the amount four years ago. The revenue derived from this source during the past three seasons aggregates in round numbers, $20,000, every cent of which has been expended for game protection.

The Wyoming game laws can, and the writer trusts will be, amended to advantage; but it is not believed that any proposition looking to the repeal of the non-resident license law would meet with approval.

ABOLISHMENT OF SPRING SHOOTING.

BY JOHN SHARP, STATE FISH AND GAME COMMISSIONER OF UTAH.

"SPRING shooting" in the general meaning of the term applies strictly to the shooting and killing of wild waterfowl in the spring of the year, and the practice has been so generally and wantonly indulged in all over the Union in the past to such an extent that these birds are almost exterminated in most places throughout the land where their numbers at one time seemed countless, and the supply inexhaustible. As a general thing, the other varieties of game and upland birds have had some protection under the laws of the various States at this season of the year, but not so the wild waterfowl, until very recently in a few States. The reason for this lack of legal protection at a time when most needed is perhaps due to the migratory nature of this class of game birds, and the seemingly inexhaustible supply as they used to appear in their habitual migrations from their winter feeding grounds in the south to their breeding grounds in the north, returning again in the late fall and early winter with their broods to escape the rigorous cold of the northern latitudes, which they know from instinct and experience freezes up their food supply and compels them to seek the milder climate of the south for their winter feeding home. The half-yearly flights from south to north and from north to south again of the vast numbers of wild waterfowl, have probably led to the erroneous belief in the past that, the supply could never be lessened, and that it was not necessary to give them protection; and I have heard it argued by some market-shooters and pot-hunters in Utah that, if there were two or three hundred thousand ducks killed each season at Bear River Bay, there would be just as many as there were before. Profound reasoning this, but I have had to contend with it before a legislative committee, and it goes to show the dense ignorance and mercenary instincts engendered by avarice that game protectionists have to contend with in their efforts to secure the much-needed protective laws for our game and birds. When such ideas and sentiments prevail so largely, it is little wonder that our wild animal and bird life is disappearing so rapidly.

The springtime of the year being the breeding and propagating season of nearly all wild birds, and wild animals as well, it is a shame and disgrace in a highly civilized nation that they should be killed or destroyed by man at this season for sport, pleasure or any other purpose. It is a barbarous crime against nature's laws that should be prohibited by the most stringent legal enactments, and is worthy only of the dark ages and savage nations, at a time when they depended upon the results of the chase for a subsistence. There is no way more sure or quicker to exterminate any class of wild birds or animals, however numerous they may be, than to harry and disturb them by shooting during the propagating season. It is not alone the destruction of the parents that may be killed, but the loss of the young that would in few months later be as large and valuable as the parents; and in the case of most game birds the numbers would be increased from two to ten fold, and more in some cases. Furthermore, the birds, with very few exceptions, are not in a fit condition to be used as food, at this season being poor and ill fed, and lacking in the healthy, fat and plump condition in which they are found in the late summer and fall of the year after the young are all hatched and strong on the wing. There does not appear to be any valid reason or excuse for the improvident waste or thoughtless destruction of our wild waterfowl from spring shooting. It is not only a crime against nature that should be suppressed from a moral standpoint, but it is also a barbarous waste of nature's bounteous gifts that have been so lavishly showered upon us in the past, that should be prohibited from motives of economy, in the conservation of a natural supply that costs nothing, beside being the source of much pleasure and recreation to all classes of citizens who may have the desire and inclination to take them at reasonable times and in resonable ways; and taking a retrospective view of the conditions that have existed, and that exist at the present time, it is a matter of wonder and regret, and a doubtful commentary on our boasted civilization that such a cruel, wasteful and unnatural practice should have been permitted so long without restriction. It is true that a few States have recently enacted laws abolishing spring shooting. New Hampshire, Vermont, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Utah and California have practically wiped spring shooting from their statute books by closing the season before Feb. 1. But just think of it, only seven out of forty-five great States of this Union have awakened to the shameful sense of abolishing a practice that should never have existed, and the other thirty-eight still in a lethargic slumber oblivious of their shame, while our wild animal and bird life continues to dwindle year by year, until there is hardly anything left for the true sportsman and lover of nature, but regretful memories and oft-told tales of the wonderful profuseness of the wild animal and bird life that once existed all over the continent of North America. We have glaring examples of the infamous treatment that has prevailed in the past regarding our wild animal and bird life, in the utter extinction of the great auk and the wild piegeon, together with the buffalo, excepting the pitiful remnant in this National Park; and but for the powerful arm of the United States Government, these would also have been completely annihilated. Two other grand game birds, the woodcock and wood duck, are reported as being so rare as to almost amount to extinction; and everything else in the shape of wild animal and bird life is following in the wake of these, and disappearing at a pace that is truly alarming, excepting perhaps a few species of carnivora like the universally despised coyote and cougar, that we out here in the West would be glad to be rid of, but which, like the English sparrow and the German carp, are with us, and likely to stay, in those places where they have been introduced.

The universal abolishment of spring shooting in all the States is an object greatly to be desired, and which would prolong the existence of our wild waterfowl very materially, but there is another feature bearing on their preservation of equal, if not greater, importance than this, and which in my opinion has been the chief cause and king pin in the depletion of our wild game animals and birds. We know from sad experience that it has been the chief factor in the extinction of the buffalo, the wild pigeon and the great auk. I refer now to the baneful results of the traffic in these commodities, with an unlimited market demand at all times, both in and out of season. The markets of our large cities all over the land keep on crying for more venison, more grouse, more ducks and geese, more trout and bass; and the conscienceless dealer and market man in their efforts to supply the demand and make a few dollars, will offer inducements to market-hunters and market-fishermen that would tempt them to kill the last nursing doe on the earth, and take the last pair of spawning trout off their spawning bed. The market has no conscience, and the dealer and market-hunter have still less, if possible, and until the blighting effects of the traffic in these commodities that nature has given to all alike, can be abolished by uniform laws in all of the States, I fear that our wild animal and bird life will continue to dwindle until it disappears from off the earth. Can it be done? Can the abolishment of the sale and traffic of all kinds of game and game birds in all the States and at all times be accomplished? Some of the States have already taken this commendable action, and all the others should speedily follow the example; it is the only salvation for our game, and all of those States that have not taken action in the matter, cannot move too quickly in the enactment of laws to prevent the extermination of our wild animal and bird life from the baneful effects of barter and sale. The complete and uncompromising abolishment of the sale and commercial traffic in all kinds of wild game at all times, seems to be the only solution to the question of how to perpetuate the existence of the game animals and birds in this country; and the stubborn question of how to achieve this most desirable result, is a fitting one to engage the most earnest consideration of this convention of the fish and game wardens and commissioners of the Northwestern States assembled for the first time—but to be hoped not the last—for the purpose of exchanging views and devising plans for the better protection and advancement of the fish and game interests of our several States. It is said that "a rolling stone gathers no moss," but let us indulge the hope that from this little meeting held up among the majestic peaks of these grand old Rocky Mountains, a stone may be started rolling down the mountainside and across the great plains to the sea, gathering as it rolls all the fish and game wardens and commissioners in the Union into one grand fish and game league; and joining hands with the grat league of American sportsmen that has done much good work since its organization, in securing both State and National legislation for the better protection of the game, birds and fish of the entire country, and in helping to enforce existing State laws—a combined effort may be made for the abolishment of the two main causes of the destruction of the game and birds of the country, spring shooting, and the sale of game at any time.

A uniform law abolishing spring shooting, and the sale of wild game and birds at all times, should be upon the statute books of every State, but how to get it there is the rub. I fear that a measure of this kind will result in a great deal of legislative wrangling, and meet with bitter opposition from the dealers, the market-hunters and market-fishermen, as well as hotel and restaurant keepers; and many people who think that they should not be curtailed in the privilege of buying game or game fish when they can get it, either in or out of the market. This has at least always been the case in Utah whenever any game or fish protective measure has come up before the Legislature. It has been a continuous struggle between the sportsmen on the one hand, and the market-hunters and vendors, with the restaurant keepers, on the other; and I presume that this condition prevails in many of the other States. But the struggle will have to be continued until the desired object can be attained; and if this object can be more speedily consummated through the deliberations of this meeting, our coming together will not have been in vain. It is gratifying to note that the parent Government by extending the powers of the Department of Agriculture, is taking a hand in certain directions for the preservation and propagation of our birds and game, and I offer the suggestion that, if a national law for the abolishment of the sale and traffic in all kinds of wild animals and birds in any form could be enacted by the Congress of the United States, it would solve the vexed problem, and end all cavil that would naturally arise from climatic and other local conditions in the various States, in the consideration of such a measure by the State legislatures that have not as yet passed upon the question.

Furthermore, there is one particular feature connected with the preservation and perpetuation of our game animals and birds which in my opinion is worthy the serious consideration of our national lawmakers, and especially of the War Department; and that is in the opportunities offered for the making of good soldiers. I hear

some one say, How in the world do you make that out? It is now conceded, I believe, among the nations, since our recent war with Spain, and in the Philippine Islands, that our soldiers, sailors and generals are the best upon the globe, and that our common soldiers, both regular and volunteer, have the instincts of generalship so strongly in them, that, it is said, if all the superior officers of a command were to be killed in action their places would be competently filled from the ranks. How is this? there must be some reason for it. It is true that we have good military training schools, but perhaps no better than some other nations have; then there must be some other reason for it; and who may say that these qualities of bravery and independence in such high degree have not been inherited from the fathers of our country who had to guard continually against the savage native inhabitants of the land, and be prepared at all times with rifle in hand to defend themselves against savage wild animals while establishing their frontier homes in the wilderness? This frontier wilderness life, as we all know, necessitated a continued familiarity with the rifle as a means of defense, and for killing the wild game—which was found in such profusion everywhere—and used as part of their daily subsistence. The rifle was their constant companion while in the woods, and hung with the powder horn and bullet pouch on a convenient antler rack perhaps over the fireplace, where it could be instantly reached in case of a surprise, when at home, and the constant handling of the weapon brought the wonderful perfection in shooting that we read of as being done by Davey Crockett and other worthies at shooting matches. And we have shooting matches yet, at which Davey's shooting would have to take a back seat, but this is due perhaps to the superiority of rifles and ammunition now in use. May we not then safely presume that the superiority of our soldiers and generals is due largely to the opportunities for field sports that have existed in the past in the hunting of wild game, and which develops a natural aptitude in the use of the rifle and gun? And if this be so, should not every possible effort be made to preserve our wild game for the purpose of giving our young men practical field opportunities to perfect themselves in the use of the rifle and gun and the exercise of considerable generalship necessary in the successful still-hunt and capture of all of our wild game animals, insted of permitting them to be killed by market-hunters. Taking this view of the matter, it would seem that the general Government would be justified in making a national law prohibiting the further destruction of our large game animals, at least for market and sale.

WHAT FISH AND GAME MEAN TO A STATE.

BY F. W. SCOTT, STATE GAME AND FISH WARDEN OF MONTANA.

FEW people realize that the fish and game of a State are one of its most attractive natural resources; they seem to think, and especially in the West where they have been in the habit of killing whenever they so desired, and at all times of the year, that the fish and game are of no material consequence other than to be killed whenever found. They have been so accustomed to paying no attention to the game laws, that as soon as these laws are passed and enforced, these people rise up and exclaim that these laws are for a lot of sports and dudes that live in the cities, and are enacted for no other purpose than to preserve the game for these people to come from the towns and cities each year to hunt and fish. They claim that the fish and game belong to everybody, and that it ought to be killed whenever they see fit to do so; that the laws for the protection of fish and game are oppressive, and that the expense attached to their enforcement is a needless and useless tax upon the State and the people. These arguments of course come from people who are either unfriendly to the protection of game or who have not studied the question.

As an advertising medium for the West, the game and fish cannot be over-estimated. Most people would consider one a fit subject for the insane asylum if he put forth this argument; but let us stop and consider the proposition for a few minutes. There is hardly a capitalist or rich man in the East who does not enjoy the sport of fishing and hunting, and who does not look forward each year to the pleasures of his hunting trip. He is constantly inquiring about the best localities for hunting, and is looking over the sporting papers at all times and noting the sections of the country where the most game is to be found. If he is looking for large game, and he almost always is, he finds that the West or Northwest affords the best opportunities in this line; he finds that almost all species of bear can be found in the Rockies, that the lion and cougar are also there, that the noble elk are found by the thousands, that the black and white tailed and mule deer are plentiful, that on the crags and peaks can be found the almost now extinct Rocky Mountain sheep; that the Rocky Mountain goat is also found in larger numbers than in any other locality in the country; that the stately moose, too, frequents these haunts; that most of the animals native of North America are there, such as the wolf, both timber and prairie, the coyote, lynx, bobcat, fox, swift, martin, otter, beaver, mink, and all the others; that the feathered game are more than plentiful, the grouse in the high mountains, pheasants along the streams, quail and prairie chickens in the valleys; that on the lakes and rivers ducks, geese, brant and swan are found by the thousands; aside from its grand game resources, the finest trout fishing is to be had, almost every little rivulet and mountain stream is abundantly stocked with the little speckled mountain trout, while in the larger streams and rivers, the three and four pounder is to be found with not a few of those larger ones which make the angler's heart so glad. After finding out these things he naturally considers the West for his next hunting trip in the fall, and at last decides to come to Montana (using my own State for example).

When he got to the Crows' Reservation in Montana and looked out of the car window, he was more than surprised to find that the country was a vast expanse of tilled fields, well fenced, with stack after stack of hay and grain; he noticed that those working the fields were peculiar-looking, and after making inquiry found that they were the Crow Indians tilling the soil on their reservation, and that all these fields and ranches, grain and stock, belonged to these Indians and they had some of the finest land in the United States; he also found out that instead of these Indians being blood-thirsty and wild, they were civilized and industrious, and that on their reservation they had good schools and churches, comfortable frame and log houses instead of teepees, as he had supposed; that they raised their own crops and tilled their own soil under the direction of the "boss farmer," who is a white man and employed by the Government; that they owned thousands of fine horses and cattle, and were in a very prosperous condition, if not to say rich. He was surprised, if not awed, at the revelation; he could not believe his eyes, and what he had heard; could it be possible that all that he had heard of this country in the East was false? But he journeyed along all eagerness and excitement; he saw from the train a most beautiful country; on each side of the track were farms with comfortable houses and fine barns, and stock in countless numbers on every hand. In the course of a few hours they ran into Billings, and there he saw the hustle and bustle everywhere of business and city life, so unlike the towns of its size in the East; he saw the large flour mill puffing and humming and the line of teams hauling away its product; he saw the magnificent brewery which would be a credit to a city five or six times its size; he saw the great wool depot where hundreds of men and teams were working, and out of which last year was shipped and handled 14,000,000 pounds of wool; he also saw the large department stores and mammoth warehouses, the beautiful business blocks, and residences, streets lined with trees, lawns even and green. This was his introduction into the wild and uncivilized West; and as he continues his journey to Bozeman, a hundred miles distant, he sees the same continued line of fine farms and the thousands of stock. As he passes the little town of Big Timber he finds that they have a woolen mill located there, and that this town of only a few hundred inhabitants has an electric light plant and other modern improvements and two large department stores whose stocks will amount to half a million of dollars; this is the outfitting and supply point for the vast stock country surrounding it. His next stop is at Livingston, where the first thing that meets his gaze is the beautiful depot of the Northern Pacific Railroad; it is indeed an elegant structure, one of the finest in the country, far surpassing like structures in most Eastern cities. This, too, is a bustling town, and surrounded by an immense amount of productive farming country. From here on to his destination he passes through the Gallatin Valley, one of the most fertile and productive spots in the whole world. As far as his eye can see, even to the foot of the majestic mountains in the distance, is one vast area of grain stubble, where here and there a threshing machine and its crew are hard at work. His eyes and mind are still fixed on the scene when the brakeman's call of "The next stop will be Bozeman," arouses him. He jumps and hurriedly gathers together his effects, at the same time wondering what other revelations and surprises are in store for him. The train stops and he alights, and the first object that meets his eye is the fine large brewery across from the depot; to his right and left are immense grain elevators, in the distance the flour mills, and before him stretches "Bozeman the beautiful." At this juncture he is asked if his name is Smith, and turning sees a somewhat peculiar individual, who wore a slouch white hat, brown overalls, blue flannel shirt, canvas coat, and a handkerchief around his neck. He was a man about fifty, and his hair and full beard were streaked with gray. He assured the man that his name was Smith, whereupon that individual informed him that his name was Pete Jenkins, better known as Alkali Pete. Pete helped him on the car with his baggage and together they rode up to the hotel. Old Pete was anything but what he had expected to find him. When they arrived at the hotel he found that affair a most up-to-date institution. In the evening Pete came to the hotel and together they walked around the town and talked, and he was very much impressed with the old guide; he did not have much education, it is true, but he was bright and interesting. He found that almost everybody knew Pete and respected him; they said "that he was an old-timer and was as honest as the day was long, and as true as steel." During the few days in which they were assembling the necessary articles preparatory to starting on the trip, he grew to like the old man better each day, and they would sit in the hotel office in the evening and talk of the country, and the old man would introduce him to the prominent men of the place as they would happen in, and in this way he learned of the many resources of the country; he found that instead of being a barren waste, it was the most productive in the world. He hears of the barley so famous that most of it is exported, of soil that produces 50 bushels of wheat, 90 bushels of oats, 400 bushels of potatoes to the acre on non-irrigated land. He is told of the wonderful fields of alfalfa that are cut three and four times a year. He has heard of the mines, and interested in what he has already heard, he inquires about them, he learns that the output of the minerals of the State for the last two years has been $128,000,000. He hears of opportunities of investment and development. He meets men of highest education, bright, restless, energetic, the most progressive on earth, and he decides that as soon as he returns from his hunting trip he will look over the State before he returns home, which he does, and surprise follows surprise; everywhere the same gigantic enterprises; on all sides the same great natural resources ready to reward the investor a hundred fold; these things appeal strongly to his trained sense of sagacity; it is not a fever of speculation as in his own part of the country; it is legitimate business enterprise. Before he has started on his return journey, some piece of land, a particularly nice bunch of cattle or sheep, some mining or milling proposition, an opportunity for a mercantile establishment in some growing town has interested him to such an extent that he has concluded to make an investment. He returns home the best possible advertisement that our great commonwealth could have. He knows how to interest others, and he tells his friends of what he has seen and done, and about their false impressions of the West. The following year his hunting party consists of five or six of his friends; they too become interested—perhaps a company is formed and some business enterprise of great value is the result.

It should not be forgotten that the social attitude of these men, brought into the State solely with a view of recreation, is entirely different from what it usually is at home; there is a comradeship known only to sportsmen, the humblest hunter or fisherman is "a hale fellow well met," they are friendly and approachable. In the boat or camp they are as different from what they are in their Eastern offices as day and night. They are in a receptive mood and they will listen with interest to the story of a prospect, that in their business hours at home would not command a single thought. During the quiet hours of rest after a successful day's sport, in company of men who have located valuable prospects, but are without means to develop them, occurs the opportunity of a life time to secure the assistance of the capitalist; under no other circumstances would or could the two men get so close together. We need capital to develop our resources. The Eastern man is looking for favorable opportunities for investment. The certainty of being rewarded for his long journey in quest of game will surely attract him to this part of the country, and a knowledge of the actual conditions will in many cases secure him as a permanent investor. In this way the protection of game plays its part in the upbuilding of our great Northwest. Millions of dollars of Eastern capital have been invested here whose owners were first attracted by the hunting and fishing, and nothing should be overlooked that will induce others to come and do likewise.

THE BENEFITS OF CO-OPERATION BETWEEN THE STATES.

Gentlemen and Brother Game Protectors:

I have been asked by Mr. Scott, the efficient State Game Warden of Montana, to prepare something for this meeting along the lines of "The Benefits of Co-operation Between the States," also on the "Need of Legislation, If Any."

"In union there is strength" is an old saying, but it is true as gospel when applied to co-operation between States in the matter of game protection. We live in a favored age, in a time when men—thoughtful men—are paying close attention to game protection. Our prominent men are not afraid now to be classed as in hearty accord with every move that is for the enforcement of good game laws. I am glad to say that at the head stands our honored President, Theodore Roosevelt. His very example has strengthened and will help the cause we are here to promote. In my own State the men who hold prominent positions are with us. Our Attorney-General, W. B. Douglas, knows the difference between a rifle and a shotgun, and as a legislator in our State house and now as Attorney-General, has always been found enthusiastically advocating strict game laws and their enforcement. He is the author of several of the laws we have now on our statute books in regard to game legislation. So with our Governor, Van Sant; in fact, very few of our public men of to-day are not in hearty sympathy with our work.

But to accomplish the best results we must get together. Let me call attention to a few examples of the benefits of co-operation that this paper has to deal with. Take a shipment of game for example. Say it leaves Bismarek, N. D., its destination Chicago. There is complete harmony between the States it will pass through. It reaches St. Paul, where it has to be transferred; there the warden is on the look out. It may be shipped as butter, household goods, dressed poultry, or a score of other devices known to the game dealer may be used; but an alert warden notes at once that it looks suspicious, and upon investigation finds that it contains game from North Dakota, a State that prohibits shipment outside her own borders. It is immediately seized and the game warden of North Dakota notified, a complete report made, a copy of the way bill or express receipt, with the man's name or number who shipped it, secured; and all the information that he could gather that would be of use to the North Dakota authorities is furnished.

This is a sample, but thousands of cases have actually happened under our supervision in Minnesota of a similar nature. You all understand the tricks resorted to by the game and fish dealers. We have seized shipments in milk cans, in egg cases, in butter tubs with a thin layer of butter on top, shipped in barrels as potatoes, in cars as wood, and they have even shipped it in coffins and had a fake certificate purporting to have been issued by the Board of Health. I could give a great many instances of the workings of co-operation that have come under my observation in connection with our work in Minnesota. I will simply notice a few.

In 1897 we had a man named Davis, of Detroit, Minn. He was a persistent game law violator, and one of the worst ever known in Minnesota, and our warden had instructions to watch him closely; but with all our vigilance he managed to smuggle out a lot of game, for he was a past master in the business and had been engaged in it for years. He was very successful in getting his game to the Eastern markets, where large prices awaited him. We were aware of the fact that he was preparing to ship at one time sixteen hundred birds to Boston and New York markets, and with our warden watching him he managed to get them out of the State and into Fargo, N. D. Our warden found it out immediately and wired me at St. Paul. I took the first train to Fargo and called to my assistance the then State Game Warden, the Hon. Geo. E. Bowers. He and I were working in harmony and had rendered each other some assistance before. The game was in a Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul car, and sealed ready to be shipped; on my arrival I made a demand on the agent, telling him that it was Minnesota game; he simply gave me the laugh, saying that I might have some authority in Minnesota, but in North Dakota I was a dead one. Then the practical workings of co-operation were put in play. Bowers got a search warrant, broke open the car, got the game and handed it back to me as a representative of Minnesota. We indicted Davis on four different counts before the Clay County Grand Jury, but through the hostility of the presiding judge toward all game laws, Davis was fined $40 and costs—a mere farce—but I am satisfied that you gentlemen have had similar experiences, and we have got to put up with them. We did get the game, however. I am glad to say that in Minnesota, occurrences of this kind are very rare, as our courts have invariably upheld the game laws and punished offenders to the full extent.

Another case: A shipment started from Staples, Minn., and was going to New York by way of West Superior, Wis.; I was notified that the shipment would take place and tried to make the seizure before it left the State, but was prevented by the train crew. I boarded the same train and when I told the express agent at West Superior who I was, and made a demand on him for the game, he was very agreeable, but declined to recognize my authority in Wisconsin. I hunted up the game warden, Mr. Blackadder, and told him my troubles, and in less than one hour had the game back in Minnesota; another example of practical co-operation. I could cite at least a hundred cases where I have received assistance from the authorities of other States, but these two show the practical workings of reciprocity between the States. In every case we have brought the guilty parties to justice with the additional loss of their game.

In my estimation, co-operation is the best system that can be devised to bring the lawless element, the game dealer and the people who want to make merchandise out of our game and fish, to time. For years the lawless element on the boundary of our State and the Dominion of Canada has had full sway, and when our officers got after them they simply went over to Canada, and when the Canadian authorities tried to apprehend them, they came back to us. To show you that men are thinking along the lines of co-operation, I had a letter from the Hon. F. Gourdeau, Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries for the Dominion Government, suggesting an alliance between the two departments for the better protction of the fishing interests along the boundary, and in a very short time we hope to have such a system in good working order that it will be impossible for the law breaker to be harbored in either country, when he attempts to violate the laws respecting game.

A very interesting case is now pending in the Wisconsin courts, which will bear materially on this question. That is, the right of the wardens of one State to make arrests and destroy property when being used illegally on waters that form a common boundary between the several States. You know that the State of Wisconsin lies east of Minnesota, and that the Mississippi River and Lake Pepin form the boundary between these two States for 150 miles. Lake Pepin is the great breeding ground of the upper Mississippi. We have endeavored to keep the net fishermen from destroying the fish and in our raids have got over on the Wisconsin side of the lake and more or less trouble has resulted, guns being trump more than once. But I am glad to say that the matter is before the courts now and we are going to have a settlement that will last for all time to come. Our contention is that the wardens of one State have the right to arrest and bring to justice all law breakers on any waters between their own State and that of a State bordering thereon, and that the arrest can be made at any time before the violator reaches land; and our Attorney-General Douglass has given us an opinion, with which Attorney-General Hicks of Wisconsin has coincided, that according to the Enabling Acts, admitting the States of Minnesota and Wisconsin to the Union, both States have concurrent jurisdiction on all waters which form a common boundary between the States. Of course, to bring this about we must have the most thorough co-operation between the different State game wardens and their deputies, and assistance must be rendered to each other if necessary to bring the offenders to justice. We know that there are cases on record where requisition papers have been asked by the Governor of one State from the Governor of another to bring back men who have violated the game laws of that State, and under proper conditions this is to be commended.

One of the best agencies ever put in force to help carry out this reciprocity is the Lacey Law. None of us yet realize how far reaching this law is, because it is only in its infancy, but in my humble opinion it will be the strongest agency we can employ in stopping the illegal marketing of game, and will make it so unprofitable that in ten years the market-hunter and game dealer will be a thing of the past. Mr. Lacey, member of Congress from Iowa, is entitled to the respect and gratitude of every lover of game protection. Mr. T. S. Palmer, Assistant Chief of the Biological Survey, stationed at Washington, is one of the best men who could be found to carry out the provisions of this law. He and his assistants are doing a great work by seizing every shipment coming from any State where the laws of that State prohibit the shipment of game out. They are not only doing this, but each congressional game warden is provided with blanks like the one I hold in my hand. This is filled out with the shipper's name or number, the station shipped from and the date; then a copy of the way bill or express receipt is secured and the tag on the shipment. These are all pinned together and forwarded to the State authorities, where the shipment is made from, and conviction usually follows when such evidence is furnished. Another example, only on a larger scale, of the benefits of co-operation.

Now, to carry out this system of co-operation more successfully between the States, we want the hearty co-operation of all common carriers, the railroads and express companies. The railroad and express agents have to be appealed to because without their aid the fight is an uphill one. I am very glad to-day that the different carriers in our State of Minnesota render the Game and Fish Commission great service, and none of the higher officials, if they know of it, will allow any game to be carried contrary to law. We have more to do with the two great transcontinental lines, the Great Northern and Northern Pacific, than with any others. The management of both roads, from the highest to the lowest, are in hearty accord with game protection. Then we want the co-operation of the public, especially the farmers and pioneers. I need not tell you that a strong and vigorous public sentiment is the best help we can secure, and will often deter a law breaker where wardens fail.

I want to see this meeting, that has beeen called on a spot for which nature has done so much, accomplish much. I don't want the different States' representatives simply to meet here, have a pleasure trip and go home; but hope that each of us will go back to our several States with additional enthusiasm and added knowledge, as well as with a firm determination to not only protect the game of his own State, but to render every assistance in his power to his neighbors. If we do that, this meeting will be a success and will be a lasting benefit to the States here represented.

Some Needed Legislation.

Now Mr. Scott has asked me to point out some needed legislation. I should have preferred that this be delegated to abler hands than mine, but Montana and St. Paul are quite a ways apart, and for that reason I obey.

In the first place, I think every State in the Union ought to declare and have it incorporated in its game laws, that the game and fish of the State belong to the State—i. e., to the people in their sovereign capacity, and that no one can acquire any right in it except as the Legislature gives them permission. Then we will have something uniform and a basis for all the States to work on. Then every State should have a non-export law, strictly forbidding the shipment of any game bird, animal, or game fish outside the limits of the State. Then when a shipment is found by the authorities of any State in the Union that has come from a neighboring State, every warden will know that it has to be seized because it has been shipped contrary to law. Then every State ought to incorporate in her laws a limit to the killing, say twenty-five birds, two or three deer, and one moose. The law ought to be clear and specific in regard to the hides and heads of animals, making it just as much of an offense to have the hides and horns in possession as it is to have the carcass. This will put out of the business the hide and head hunter, because we all know that he does a great deal of damage, perhaps more than the meat hunter. Then, above everything else, every State ought to have a clause prohibiting the sale at any time of all game birds, animals and game fish.

When Forest and Stream first proposed this measure years ago, they were laughed at from one end of the country to the other. Strong editorials were written on the subject by the leading newspapers of the country, accusing Forest and Stream of working in the interests of the "dude" sportsmen and trying to deprive a large majority of our citizens of the privilege of buying their game in the open market. But sentiment has changed since then, and I bring you a message from Minnesota vouching for the benefits we have received from that excellent section in our game laws stopping the sale of all game.

We ought to incorporate in our laws a section (we have it in Minnesota) declaring contraband all devices used or maintained for the purpose of violating the law; that if a man went fishing contrary to law, with a net, to make that net liable to seizure and destruction. The same with a man's dog and gun; declare both contraband when being used illegally. It is a splendid law and ought to be put in practical operation. Such laws have been held valid by the Supreme Court of the United States; see Lawton vs. Steele, 152 U. S., 133.

Then we ought to have embodied in our laws, and every State ought to have it to make it effective, a section giving the wardens the right of search, when, in their judgment, a package contains game illegally shipped. It ought also to be made an offense for any one to ship game without having the contents plainly marked on the package; this would do away with a great many of the sneaking methods employed by the game dealer and market-hunter.

As for spring shooting, no true sportsman will kill ducks or geese in the spring of the year and the other fellows ought to be prevented by a rigid law, backed by strong public sentiment.

Then every State ought to have a license law, which should be uniform, or as nearly so as possible. Personally, I have never been in favor of a license law, but in self-defense every State must adopt it; for if one State allows free shooting, it will be made the dumping ground of all the shooters from the East, and its game will soon disappear. As I said before, personally I am not in favor of it, but when we come to study it we find that it is not so bad as it at first appears. In the first place, it helps to raise revenue to protect the game of that State, and it is a check on the hunter who may come to that particular State and not be particular whether he obeys the law or not.

Now no one realizes better than I do how imperfect this paper is. I want this convention to take it for what it is worth, and if there is any good in it, to adopt it; the bad is easily gotten rid of.

Wig-Wagging for Pigeons.

Pigeons are necessary for the squab market, but that does not seem to be the reason why there are so many flocks of pigeons in the city. Small boys have them for pets—it just answers the small boy's idea of having fun: the doing with great pains of something which can have no possible value. As soon as a pigeon-keeping boy is out of his own bed, he hurries down into the backyard to let his pigeons loose. Then he bolts his breakfast, and rushes out to tole his flock back to their coop. It's nip and tuck whether he can succeed before school time, and up to the last moment he keeps up his endeavors, yielding only when the birds have come home or his mother calls out of the window that if he doesn't leave at once he'll be late. To tole a flock of pigeons needs unlimited patience, and a fishing pole with a rag at the end. When the boy begins operations, the pigeons are usually perched in a row on the eaves of some house far down the block. He begins by whistling monotonously through his teeth. That seems to have the effect of causing the birds to snuggle up together. Then he begins to wave his rag at the end of the fish pole in circles over head. At once the pigeons leave their perch, and begin to fly compactly in wide circles, which may be a block or more in radius. Without resting, they fly this way for a long time about the place where the boy is waving the rag like an army signalman. All of a sudden, and it may be after an hour of such circular flight, they swoop down into the coop and begin to pick up the grain as though they had never left confinement.

Llewella Pierce Churchill.

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Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in Forest and Stream.

Newfoundland Tuna.

Sydney, C. B., July 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I read with a great deal of interest an article in Forest and Stream by Mr. J. L. L. Waddell on tuna fishing in Nova Scotia. This gentleman evidently possesses the soul of a sportsman and is to be commended for his exhaustive description of the habits and haunts of this noble fish. He says: "Several times in the last two years I have heard the statement that the reason nobody fishes for tuna on the coast of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland is because of the stormy weather, great waves and consequent danger." I presume the gentleman's information is local, as in dealing with the comparative dangers to be met with in the two former places when engaged in tuna fishing, nothing is said about any dangers to be encountered while in pursuit of this ocean beauty in Newfoundland waters. I will be glad to fill in the gap about this latter place, and with your permission furnish your readers with some information about the opportunities for good and safe fishing there.

The waters all round the coast of Newfoundland is the resort of the horse mackerel, as it is locally called. It makes these waters its hunting ground and finds it can always appease its voracious appetite on the old, middle-aged and young silver herring, which are to be found at all seasons, and to be had for the catching; and as this is a case where the race is always to the swift, the tuna is invariably the winner. At all seasons some of the feeding grounds of the tuna are certainly too rough to make fishing for it anything but safety and pleasure. This would apply to the places unprotected from the rough waves of the Atlantic. But the great bay of Notre Dame and Bonavista, which may be said to be the choice habitats of the tuna, are certainly the places where, if anywhere, this aquatic sport can be indulged in with the least peril and the greatest immunity from rough or dangerous seas. Especially is this true of Bonavista Bay. Here within the great bay extending from Cape Bonavista to Cape Freels, are nine smaller bays and sounds whose waters are almost landlocked, and so completely fenced with islands as to form a natural barricade that marks the bounds of the angry Atlantic. Within these almost inclosed but extensive smaller bays, some of them running inland from twenty to forty miles, is to be found the tuna from May till October, sporting in their placid waters, feeding in spring and early summer on the herring which go into those bays and arms to spawn, and later in the season making its menu of choice young fry, which become its easy prey. In many of these places, which are the resort of the tuna, the fishermen who live there in the month of September and early part of October, catch them and salt them for food, and indeed, when fresh and properly cooked, it is a dish that would tickle the palate of an epicure.

I have never engaged in the pursuit and capture of one of those scaly beauties, but I have watched the fisherman from my boat when so engaged in what must be to them a most exhilarating sport and a grand contrast to their ordinary prosaic fishing for cod and herring. The mode of capture by our local fishermen is the harpoon, and this in many cases of a very primitive make. Great caution has to be exercised when a fish is struck not to allow too sudden a strain on the line, as there is the danger of both giving the fish its death blow and still losing it by jerking out the harpoon. But when a good "holt" is made then begins the real sport, and the shouting of the captors become as contagious as the enthusiasm of the race course, and sometimes bets are taken by the onlooking fishermen—small coin and tobacco plugs—on the size of the fish fastened, and some of the older gamblers make shrewd guesses as to the size of the fish from the rate of speed it can tow the boat. I have seen a skiff twelve feet keel with three men in it towed for thirty-five minutes by one of those fish before it became exhausted. This fish measured from tip of nose to tip of tail five feet nine inches (many have been taken much larger), and was the most beautiful denizen of the sea I ever beheld. The morning sun playing on its glittering scales, tinted the great fish in rainbow colors and displayed such a picture as could only be produced by the hands of nature's own artist.

For any of your readers wishing to engage in a few weeks' tuna fishing I can bespeak good sport and an ideal spot among the hundred islets, sounds and arms of Bonavista Bay, Newfoundland. There are good and safe sporting grounds to be found both in White Bay and Notre Dame, but at Bonavista I have seen the fish taken and know that nowhere can greater natural facilities be found to warrant the safety of the sport than here. Parties coming here to fish for this big game would require to bring along their tackle with them. I mean the rod, line and reel outfit. I would advise going prepared with camping equipment; this can be got at St. Johns. There are houses in nearly all the fishing villages where lodging could be had, but for a party taking an outing in August, I should think the camp preferable. Fresh meat, vegetables, milk, butter and eggs can be also had in these places. Men could be hired in the different places who are veterans in the chase, and boats also could be furnished by these men. I do not think a steam or naphtha launch can be obtained on the bay, but if notice were given with sufficient time, one could be got ready, and certainly to make the fishing a success, a pleasure without pain, a launch is indispensable.

It would be as well for any parties coming to bring along their shooting outfit. Sometimes there is rare sport in shooting seals. This is not the kind of seal, taking of which is one of our famous industries. This kind first referred to does not belong to the families of the harp and hood seal, which have its young on the ice floes in March, but this kind has its young on the shores in the month of June, and is not migratory. Being prepared with a shooting outfit would enable any who

wished to vary their sport to change off from tuna fishing to caribou hunting. The Reid Newfoundland Railway and Steamboat system can take intending visitors right to the waters where the fishing is to be had. In fact, at Port Blanford the railway taps the headwaters of the finest sound in Bonavista Bay for this big game fish. I will be glad to furnish information to any who propose coming, and will forward you later a colored chart showing the different fishing grounds and the absence there must be of any rough water on those grounds.

JON. NOSEWORTHY.

Eastern New York Trout Streams.

Fishing was unusually good in July, owing to the abundant rainfall.

It has been more like "old times" on the streams in Eastern New York and Pennsylvania, and some really good trout have been taken.

Many of these well-known rivers flow at considerable elevations, and years ago maintained a low temperature in July and August.

They do so always in the upper reaches, but the warm water line had crept upward just as the frost line has moved downward in Florida during the last decade.

This season we found the water cooler on July 6 than it was at one time during the month of May.

It is the best summer for fly-fishing we have had for many years and is full of promise for the future, if followed by a good spawning season.

If the earth is thoroughly saturated with moisture when Jack Frost appears, we may expect a long, cold winter. This should be favorable to fish life, in the absence of ice gorges and heavy floods.

The recuperative power of a good trout stream is really wonderful. Last year the Willowemoc suffered from a great disaster. One of those preventable mischances that are so exasperating. A tank at the Wood Alcohol Works, above Willowemoc, emptied its acid into the stream, killing great numbers of trout. Big and little suffered alike, and it was thought that several years would pass before the loss could be made good.

On the contrary, the fishing at De Bruce is now better than it has been for years at this season. With plenty of water the trout have run up from below, probably, and as the Willowemoc has been regularly stocked with fry and yearlings, there was, no doubt, a large surplus to draw upon.

In fact, the number of trout in many of our hard-fished streams is far and away beyond anything we can imagine. It is only when some great mortality among the fish reveals the secret that we can realize what the stock must be.

Summer fishing in our mountain streams is fascinating sport, and with the cool weather we are having, August should be a good month.

The fish are there, though you may not think so. Use fine tackle and have a good variety of flies, size and color may make all the difference between a fair creel and an almost empty one.

The white-winged coachman has always been a favorite, but his royal brother is preferred by many experts now. It may be taken for a glorified ant, or simply because it is so pretty that the trout must have it for a nose jewel, but that is of no importance if it takes the fish.

We usually prefer flies of more somber coloring. The Cahill is a good killer and all the tribe of duns. The Wickam's Fancy is an excellent fly at times, and the professor always of service. We usually tie the latter with a very pale yellow body.

It is an old saying that the best fly is the one that is always wet or in the water, but it pays to make changes occasionally.

Very large brown trout are now found in many of our streams, and they are dangerous antagonists. Just after a freshet, when there is till a shade of color in the water, is the best time for these big fish.

If you locate one of them, it may pay to devote some little time to his capture. While very timid in low water, they are sometimes extremely bold after a freshet. We have seen one of these large fish rise slowly in plain sight and take a fly within fifteen feet of the angler.

We think that they can fast for long periods, but when really on the feed are almost insatiable. They frequently take in the large case worms with their coverings.

Special's remarks on the use of small flies for salmon and large trout in Maine in F. & S. for July 26, were very interesting. Two years ago a friend wrote me that he had good sport at the Rangeleys when using the old Beaverkill fly on No. 8 hooks.

He also returned a plain little fly I had given him, saying that it had killed the largest salmon. Tail a few sprigs of ibis over gold tinsel, peacock herl body, with red-brown legs, red-brown over white under wings and jungle fowl sides.

The large fly has its place, however, and no hard and fast rules can be made. To take large fish with small flies and light tackle is most satisfactory to a sportsman. It is much less difficult we think in boat fishing than when wading a big rocky stream. A good man with the paddle or oars fights almost half the battle.

In 1885 the parmacheene-belle was queen of the Maine lakes and was sometimes dressed on very large hooks. We never offered the most costly salmon flies in exchange for our blonde belles, and they seemed fascinating in all states and conditions of weather and water.

A northwest wind is the breeze of breezes on a Maine lake, and we remember driving tandem with the parmacheene-belle and scarlet-ibis, when the fun was fast and furious. What a combination for the brook fisher who has been studying entomology.

The plain little flies had their day, however, when the lake was without a ripple and the trout rose under the long shadows cast by the late afternoon sun.

As one grows old, we care less for numbers and more for size and quality. We are satisfied with a few good fish, thinking more of the future of our sport and of those who will follow us.

THEODORE GORDON.

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Fish and Fishing.

The Salmon Season of 1902.

THE salmon season now drawing to a close has been one of the most peculiar on record. The early March thaws seemed to presage an early and long fishing season, and undeterred by the later lengthy lingering of winter in the lap of spring, a number of American salmon fishermen left for their rivers very early in June, only to find that the water was too high to be fishable. The result was that those anglers who had not unlimited time at their disposal left the best fishing of the season behind them when they had packed up their rods and gone home. As soon as the rivers fell to their normal level, which, in consequence of the long-continued and heavy rains, was not till late in the season, the fish rose freely, and being very abundant in all the best rivers, afforded better sport than has been experienced for some years past. I hear that the fishing on the waters controlled by the Ristigouche Salmon Club, though late, was excellent, and that no fewer than eighteen hundred fish were killed during the season in the Ristigouche and its tributaries.

Among the earliest anglers on the Canadian salmon streams this year were Mr. Ivers W. Adams and party, who went down to the Moisie on June 1, and Prof. Johnson, of New York, who left for the Jupitagan about the same time. The latter river being much smaller than the Moisie, fell very much more quickly, and Dr. Johnson enjoyed excellent sport fairly early in the season. The Moisie party were twenty-eight days on the river before they took a fish. Then the sport was fast and furious. The same experience fell to the lot of the fishermen on nearly all of the north shore rivers. Mr. E. C. Fitch, of Waltham, and his two friends only killed thirty fish on the Romaine during the whole month of June, while in July it was quite easy to take as many in one day. One of Mr. Fitch's salmon turned the scales at forty-one pounds. Mr. Morton Paton, of New York, who fished the Trinity with a couple of friends, reports that his party took only eleven salmon during their first three weeks on the river, and in the following four days killed twenty-four. Mr. J. J. Hill, who has some of the best waters on the north shore, was obliged to return home before the fishing was at its best. Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke remained long enough on the Riviere-des-Truites to kill some thirty salmon, and Mr. F. S. Hodges, of Boston, was the last to leave the Natashquan. Mr. R. E. Plumb, of Detroit, was one of the fortunate anglers who enjoyed the sport of kings on this most sporty of Canadian salmon rivers.

It was generally supposed by fishermen that the heavy floods in the spring of the year, after the arrival of the salmon in the estuaries of the rivers, had so befouled the water that the fish had for the most part remained out of the streams just so much longer than usual. But from the enormous number of fish found in the upper waters of the rivers as soon as the floods subsided, and from the fact that many of them were far from wearing the bright livery of freshly run salmon, I im inclined to think that instead of being kept out of the streams, most of the early arrived fish took advantage of the high water to quickly overcome the usual difficulties encountered by them on their way to their spawning beds.

Even on the Grand Cascapedia there were some blank days in the early part of the season, though as a whole the summer of 1902 was one of the most successful ever experienced on the river. Such of the members of the Cascapedia Salmon Club as desired to do so had no difficulty whatever in reaching their limit of seventy-five fish. The present membership of the club includes Mr. Calwallader, Mr. Vanderbilt, Mr. Harry Hollins, Mr. H. De Forrest, Mr. John Kennedy, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell and Mr. E. W. Davis, of Providence, but not all of them fished the river this year. Mr. Davis controls personally some of the best portions of the Grand Cascapedia, and a number of other fine pools, including the water formerly fished by H. R. H. the Princess Louise, are the property of Mr. C. B. Barnes, of Boston. Both of these gentlemen fished the river this summer, and among others who had good sport there were Messrs. Mershon, of Saginaw, Mich.; Mowen, of Philadelphia, and John G. Heckscher, of New York. Mr. Heckscher fished with Mr. Davis, and killed a splendid lot of fish. Mrs. Davis, than whom probably no lady angler has so many big fish to her credit, killed a 43-pound salmon in the third week of July, and several of her forty-four fish of the present season weighed forty pounds and upward.

Killing Salmon at Night.

An interesting peculiarity of the fishing in the Grand Cascapedia, toward the end of the season, when the water is clear, and the weather bright and warm, is the large proportion of fish killed after sundown. The great bulk of the fish taken in July are killed between 7:30 and 9:30 at night. It is almost impossible to cast the fly in the daytime in some of the pools of this and other south shore streams, without being observed by the salmon. Such fish as are successfully raised in the hours of sunlight, usually take a small black-dose. After 7:30 or 7:45 at night a large fly is cast. It is often two inches and over in length, the most killing patterns being found to be the silver-gray and dusty-miller. Sometimes half a dozen fish are taken after sundown by a single rod, and when, as frequently happens, the opalescent hues of the leaping salmon at the end of the line are seen by the silvery light of the moon, the effect is weirdly picturesque.

The Gift of a Fish Hatchery.

Mr. C. H. Simpson, whose place of business is at Chatham Square, New York, but whose summer residence is among the Laurentian Hills in northern Quebec, has just made a very generous offer to the Fishery Department of that Province. Fishing, pisciculture, and the stocking of barren waters with rare forms of game fish life, are the chief amusements of Mr. Simpson upon his beautiful Canadian estate. For some years past he has operated there a fish hatchery, in which he has artificially reared immense quantities of young fish for stocking the waters of his preserve. These have included, not only the common brook trout, but rainbow trout, ouananiche, and the beautiful Canadian red trout (*Marstonii*). Having satisfactorily stocked the whole of his own waters, Mr. Simpson has generously offered the hatchery as a gift to the Provincial Government, providing it will undertake to operate it. The Department now has the matter under consideration, and as there is much need for the work of an inland hatchery for assisting in the maintenance of the purely fresh-water game fishes of the Province, it is to be hoped that the offer will meet with ready acceptance.

Midsummer Flies.

I have had several letters of inquiry within the last few days from anglers who intend to fish some of the inland waters of this Province during the month of August, and who ask for information relative to the best flies for midsummer fishing in Canada. For ouananiche fishing in the Grand Discharge during the remainder of the season, which ends on Sept. 15, I can confidently recommend the B. A. Scott, which is tied to represent an insect of which these fish seem to be particularly fond, and which abounds throughout the heated term on the waters of Lake St. John. This insect is one of those familiarly known as shad flies. The artificial fly is intended to represent male specimens of *Brachycentrus fuliginosus* (Walker), which belong to the family *Sericostomidæ* in the order *Neuroptera*. The General Hooker, which is an effective imitation of one of the *Phryganidæ* or stone flies, differs very little from the B. A. Scott, and is almost as good a killer. Both flies, and in fact all varieties used for ouananiche in the month of August, should be tied on Nos. 6, 7 or 8 hooks. Larger flies will certainly at times attract the fish, even in the hottest weather, but the smaller flies are the safer, and less likely to frighten the fish. A good deal of nonsense has been written about the difficulty of saving large ouananiche upon small hooks, but I have seldom found any trouble in killing them upon the smallest sizes of queen-of-the-water, professor, hare's-ear, Reuben-Wood or Jock-Scott. There is no reason whatever why the ouananiche of Lake St. John should not be killed on as small flies as those described by Special in FOREST AND STREAM of July 26 as having been successfully employed with the same fish in Grand Lake Stream. In the hottest and clearest weather of the short, hot Canadian summer, it requires, indeed, all one's skill to entice the ouananiche, and then, too, as Mr. Creighton so well puts it, "If you understand the fine art of dry fly-fishing, and can maneuver a tiny dun on a 12 or 13 hook so as to look like the real article, and can also handle large fish on the fine tackle required, you will get good sport and the satisfaction which comes of catching fish as Reynolds mixed his colors—with brains."

Almost all that has been said of ouananiche is equally applicable to trout, which even in northern Canada grow more or less shy of large flies in the midsummer months.

For both ouananiche and trout, some of the most attractive tours that can be made in the months of August and September, are those up any of the great feeders of Lake St. John by birch bark canoe.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Delaware River Fishing.

THERE was another rise in the Delaware River the night of July 24, but it amounted to nothing and roiled the water not at all, so that it was still clearing next day. Our party was in camp midway of Crooked Rift, near Kellam, Pa., and in the little eddies alongshore we took some fine bass during our stay there. The farmers had told us there was nothing but eels in that part of the river, and it was with some surprise that within an hour we should land five nice bass, lose two and get three strikes that missed. A two-pound perch was also taken there. All of the bass were killed with No. 2 Skinner spoons while casting in the rift and along the willows.

There are two fine eddies near Hankins, in Sullivan County, both near the village, and good catches were reported from both of these. Then there is Hankins Creek nearby, where one can catch a creel of trout if he is lucky and the conditions are favorable.

Between Hankins and Callicoon Station there are some glorious places for bass and wall-eyed pike. Between these two towns the river is quite rapid, as it twists and turns a great deal in passing between narrow banks, and the rifts are strewn with large rocks on the Pennsylvania side, forming excellent hiding places for the game fish. One cannot safely wade these rifts, but casting from shore is possible, as a general thing. So far I have had the best luck with small spinners and a single hook, though a phantom minnow has proved a successful lure. Live minnows are successfully used, too, and these may be obtained in the numerous small streams that empty into the Delaware.

There is a bridge at Callicoon, and a walk of a mile from the town will bring one to an eddy on the Pennsylvania side, where I saw bass as I passed by. It is at the lower end of an island, and within a half mile one may choose between two rifts and a fine pool, all decidedly fishy in every aspect. At Callicoon this is known as good bass water. But there is a pool within ten minutes' walk of the station where good catches have recently been made. One was twenty-five bass to two rods in an afternoon. This pool may be reached by crossing the bridge and walking down the shore road a short distance. It is a short pool but a good one. It may be fished from shore or boat, and the rift below it during low water by wading.

Callicoon Creek enters the Delaware at this village, but trout will hardly be found short of three miles from there, and bait is generally used. This creek has been stocked at different times with rainbow, brown and brook trout. It is a pretty stream to visit.

One can go to Kenoza Lake from Callicoon by stage, the distance being nine miles. There is good fishing for pickerel and bass, they told me at Callicoon. Swago Lake is but five miles distant, in Pennsylvania, and the fish are bass, pike, pickerel, etc. So far I have heard no reports from there.

There were a few anglers on the river near Callicoon July 26 and 28, and the river was falling and growing clearer. On the 29th, however, heavy rains filled Callicoon Creek, which in turn, roiled the river for a long distance. Then the Delaware rose steadily, and is still

rising, as I write. The many boats at Callicoon are tied up and few anglers are to be seen.

Further down the river, say two miles below Callicoon, there are two fine eddies, and another one at Cochecton, N. Y., while at the latter town one can go to Laurel Lake, four miles distant, in Pennsylvania, for pickerel, perch and bass; to Huntington Lake, about six miles from the town, in New York State, for similar fish. Then Tyler's brook is near, and the trout fishing, I was told, is good in low water.

One of the deepest eddies on the Delaware is reached from Narrowsburg, N. Y., distant about 125 miles from New York city. Like Callicoon, Narrowsburg has an abundance of boats and guides for hire, and in some places the pool is easily fished from shore, especially a short distance above the town and on the Pennsylvania side. Some big wall-eyed pike are taken, and all varieties of bass. Parties go from Narrowsburg to Mast Hope, about six miles, in large flat-bottomed scows, fishing the rift and eddies en route, and return by train. While passing down I saw numerous camps and talked with anglers, but while each one praised the fishing in low water, they were taking no game fish at the time, so high and muddy was the river. But there are good pools all the way.

There is an eddy a mile above Mast Hope, and Ten Mile River enters the Delaware at its head. Inquiries as to this pool should be sent to Tusten Postoffice, N. Y., which is alongside the eddy and immediately below Ten Mile River. This stream has a good reputation for trout and is easy to follow, as a road is adjacent.

There are several lakes near Mast Hope and two creeks. Campfield and Simms ponds and Westcolang Lake are all within five miles of the village, which is prettily located in the pines, and they contain the usual varieties of game fish.

It seems unlikely that the fishing in the Delaware will be good before August 8, even if the storms blow over and the river falls and clears in its usual time. To-day there is little encouragement in the skies, which are still overcast, and rains have fallen all about, as well as here at Mast Hope. Better luck next time.

PERRY D. FRAZER.

MAST HOPE FALLS.

New England Waters.

BOSTON, Aug. 2.—Still there is good fishing at most of the Maine resorts, although the season is usually practically closed to trolling by the middle of July, and fly-fishing is generally poor the rest of that month and all of August. It is likely that the cold and wet summer has had much to do with prolonging the fishing. The water in most of the Maine lakes is almost up to full banks, which is very unusual so far into the summer. C. G. Brown writes friends here that he has good sport at the Birches, Mooselucmaguntic Lake. There was one great day last week, when almost everybody got fish. Mr. C. A. Robinson, of South Windham, Me., formerly a devotee of Sebago fishing, but who has built a fine camp this season on the Decker Purchase, Mooselucmaguntic Lake, is having great fishing. He writes a Boston friend a glowing account of what he did in one day last week. Mr. B. D. Stevens, a Lake Auburn angler, keeps on fishing as opportunity offers. He landed a salmon of five pounds the other day.

Bass fishermen are having some very good sport. Mr. W. C. Harding and Mr. Howard Brandenburg, both Boston printers, went up the Sudbury to Wayland Monday. Luck seemed to turn against Mr. Harding. He hooked four apparently good fish, but succeeded in landing neither. Mr. Brandenburg caught seven bass, from one and a half up to five pounds, though he too lost four or five fish. The big bass was a surprise to both fishermen. Plump five pounds of fighting bass give an experience that does not often fall to the lot of an angler within a few miles of Boston.

Aug. 4.—For one I rejoice in the position the Granite State will take on the hunter's license question, through her Fish and Game Commissioners, and such sensible writers as Mr. Stark, provided Maine is foolish enough to adopt such a system. I can assure him that in that event a great many hunters will turn New Hampshire-ward. In speaking of the proposition to license hunters who go to Maine, a gentleman who has hunted several seasons in Maine recently said that New Hampshire would be left to hunt in without paying toll, and he should go there. He also remarked that he admired the good sense of the New Hampshire Commissioners in that they have gone straight forward, and have not been disposed to dabble in all sorts of schemes for getting money. "They have not invented spoon hooks and spinners, nor have they made September license laws, and have not taken the moose law into their own hands, if the illegal shooting happened to have been done by the sons of rich men."

Mr. E. C. Stevens is back from his summer fishing at Lake Dunmore, Salisbury, Vermont. Mr. Stevens speaks in the highest terms of this lake and its fishing, as well as the surroundings. He was out every morning, before the sun was warm, and fished again in the evening. He caught bass up to three pounds, and his biggest pickerel weighed 6½ pounds. One morning he was out with a guide and a minister—the minister to fish, of course. Trolling across a place noted for its big pickerel, he had a strike that satisfied him that he had struck the fish that he "had been laying for for ten years." The splash was a great one, and the fish turned. With a single dart the bamboo rod—"nearly as big as my wrist," Mr. Stevens says, was in two pieces. "Even then I thought I could hold him, for the line was a good one, and I had him by the top of the rod, with fifteen or twenty feet of line out. But after half a minute the line came to me, minus hooks and leader. The vicious old shark had cut the line off with his sharp teeth. I did not swear, because I never do, and beside there was the minister in the boat. He mildly remarked that 'it is very provoking. That fish weighs ten pounds if he does an ounce.'"

At Kineo, Moosehead, the fishing is reported to be good. Lenox Smith, of New York city, has lately taken some good strings, trout of three and a half and three and three-quarter pounds—large ones for Moosehead. At Upper Richardson Iake the camp owners are assembling, including Mr. Emerson McMillan, of New York; the Messrs. Bayard, John E. and E. V. R. Thayer, of Boston, and their families. Mr. E. V. R. Thayer has built a beautiful camp on the Camp Stewart lot that he purchased last fall. At the Upper Dam some trout and salmon are still being taken. At the Birches Mr. John S. Hall, of Southbridge, Mass., got a trout of six and a half pounds last week. Mr. Isaac R. Thomas, of Boston, caught a four-pound and a five-pound salmon, and Master Arthur Thomas got a trout of four and three-quarter pounds. Mr. Fred E. Jones, of Brookline, Mass., at the Mooselucmaguntic House, landed three salmon on Friday, one of three and a half, four and a quarter and six and a half pounds. John Alberger, of Philadelphia, also got some good fish, including a salmon of three and a half pounds. At the Bangor salmon pool a great many fish are being seen, some jumping on to the apron of the dam. But few are taking the hook. Fishing parties are now in order for Aroostook county, particularly the northern part. The Oxbow region is good, and also the region further north. Many fishing and camping parties are making the great carry trip through from Norcross to the Allaguash waters and down that stream to Van Buren. Great numbers of deer and moose are being seen, with now and then a caribou. Fine strings of brook trout are being taken in the vicinity of Plymouth, N. H. The waters of the Pemigewasset River are well spoken of. A string of thirty trout was taken from Hancock Brook last week by a conductor on the Boston & Maine system. Last week Mr. Hull and Mr. Thornton got 100 trout from the streams in that valley. Guests at the Profile House, and other summer resorts, improve the time in fishing. The very cold and wet season has been favorable thus far.

Mr. J. H. Jones, of Boston, has lately had some rare sport bass fishing at Crystal Lake, Canaan, N. H. He fished with his little son, and the youngster enjoyed the sport as much as his father, if such a thing is possible. They took sixteen bass at one trip of only about an hour and a half, and twenty-one at another trip. Even the boy was not satisfied, and wanted to "catch one more," although it was nearly dark. A curious feature of Mr. Jones' fishing was that the inhabitants around were not aware that there were any such fish in the lake, till presented with a mess of bass, all nicely skinned and dressed by Mr. Jones.

SPECIAL.

Rotten Pond in Bloom.

ROTTEN POND is purging at present and has been undergoing that process for some time. Some people imagine that purging prevents fish from biting, but the trouble is that those people do not know where to look for the fish, for the latter are just as hungry whether the water is clear or clouded. Fish do not like the state of the water when the purging is going on, no more than the people here like the black smoke of the soft coal. Fish will get away from it just as people get away from the smoke. Purging in a pond is due to the ripening of vegetation under water; the little seed bulbs arise to the surface and remain there until they ripen, when the live seed is precipitated to the bottom in order to produce more vegetation next year. The hulls which contained the seeds remain on the water until they decompose or until the wind blows them to shore. Some ponds, like Green Pond and Hanks' Pond, never purge, because they do not contain that peculiar vegetation which causes the purging process. As said above, fish try to get out of the clouded water and betake themselves to parts of the pond where the bottom is composed of rocks, gravel and sand and where are consequently no ascending bulbs or descending seeds. Consequently, in such places the fishing is better than usual. But to pursue the simile of the black smoke further, there are places like Pittsburg and Cincinnati where nothing but soft coal is burned and where, consequently, there is always moke. Rotten Pond is one of the Pittsburgs among ponds; it produces the vegetation which causes purging, all over its entire area. In such cases the fish do as the people do in Pittsburg, get used to it. In such ponds purging does not interfere with fishing, although it forms a convenient excuse for want of luck or skill.

Purging is not a very remarkable feature of Rotten Pond, but the character of the bass there is. Rotten Pond was stocked from Oldham brook and the Passaic River, and in neither of these waters are the big-mouthed bass particularly gamy. But it is a question whether there is a pond in the country where the bass possess more gamy qualities than they do in Rottten Pond. The big-mouthed, excepting in swiftly flowing streams, is a sluggish fish compared to the small-mouthed, but in Rotten Pond, for some unexplained cause, the big-mouthed is about as gamy as nature ever made fish. Instead of going to the bottom when hooked, as the big-mouthed does in Greenwood and most other lakes, the fish in Rotten Pond come straight to the surface and frequently jump out of the water five or six times before they are landed. Captain Simonton, of the local fire department, who fished Rotten Pond on Monday last, took up the better half of half an hour in landing a big-mouthed bass which did not weigh more than two and a half pounds. In Greenwood Lake, Wawayanda Lake and other waters, where there are plenty of big-mouthed bass, the captain could have easily landed half a dozen fish of that size in the time it took him to land that one in Rotten Pond. This peculiar characteristic of the bass in Rotten Pond has never been explained and probably never will be.

The question has frequently been asked what makes fishing so good in nearly every newly constructed pond, and this question is easily answered. There was, perhaps, never better fishing than was afforded by the reservoirs of the East Jersey Water Co. above Newfoundland three or four years after the water was first let into these ponds. The cause of this good fishing is the large volume of food to be found there. Vegetation which grows under water spreads very quickly, and when lands have been submerged the soil is very rich. The result of this abundance of vegetation is the production of a great deal of food for the small fish and the latter multiply in proportion, thus affording an abundance of food for the larger fish. There is one principle true of all fishing waters; the amount of fish produced is in direct proportion to the quantity of food to be found there. When there is plenty of food there will be plenty of fish. Rotten Pond was stocked some eight or nine years ago; it has passed its prime as a fishing place and its future will depend more upon the food placed in it for the big fish than on the number of big fish put in there. Mr. Frothingham is well versed in such matters, and it is safe to say that as long as he controls Rotten Pond there will be good fishing there. It is not as good now as it has been; in fact, frequently it is very poor, but a year or two of intelligent stocking will soon bring back the fish.—Chas. A. Shriner, in Paterson, N. J., Chronicle.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Back from the Nepigon.

Mr. Oswald von Lengerke and Mr. Charles Lester are back from their trip to the Nepigon River. They were gone two and a half weeks. It takes four days to get to the fishing from Chicago, and four days to get back again. These gentlemen had excellent success on their trip, and are delighted with the country, which they describe as beautiful and interesting. They had fine success in fishing, taking about 75 pounds of trout daily. They brought back birch bark mountings of skins of several very handsome trout, their heaviest fish weighing 5¼ pounds. Mr. Von Lengerke took three which weighed 4¾, 4½ and 4½ pounds, these being his three first fish. They came near to tiring him out.

The record trout on the Nepigon is 8¼ pounds, there having been only three fish of that weight taken in twenty years. The numbers of trout seem unexhausted in this famous stream, and although the trip is one offering no special interest or news, the fishing itself is exciting and thoroughly satisfactory.

Mr. Von Lengerke says that the Canadian Government has this year set an Indian to destroying the great northern pike in the Nepigon River below the lake. This Indian is working with gill nets. In one night he caught 170 pike. Mr. Von Lengerke saw one pile of sixty pike which would average over twenty pounds each. These fish are all buried, no use being made of them at all.. The intention is to rid the stream of these fish and to keep the trout. The anglers complain that these great pike ruin their tackle and there is no stopping them.

These gentlemen report that there were seven parties beside their own on the Nepigon at the time they were in. Of these, one was from New York, two from Minneapolis, the rest unknown. Mr. Von Lengerke states that, so far from the supply of trout in the Nepigon being cut down, it is abundant to the limit of any angler's desire.

The Mississippi River Small-Mouths.

I used to think I was a good deal of a fisherman, and then I used to think I was at least something of a fisherman. I know better now. I have been mixed up with those Mississippi River small-mouth bass again, and they have convinced me that I don't know very much about bass fishing.

I wanted to go out to Lake Minnetonka to see the folks last week, and on the way out thought I would stop on the Mississippi river for a little bass fishing. Of course there was no one to go along. One's friends always fail at the last moment. Moreover, I knew that the Mississippi River was extraordinarily high, as it has been for a month. But such little matters as this ought not to discourage a man who really feels he ought to catch a mess of bass. Hence I did not change my intention of stopping for a try on the Father of Waters. I got off at Wabasha, Minn., below the mouth of Lake Pepin, and just below the mouth of the Chippewa River. I did not know any one here excepting Mr. H. B. Jewell, a sportsman of some thirty years' or more experience in Minnesota. On the way up from the depot I heard of Ira Weeks, a man who owned a good gasoline launch. I chased Ira all over town, and at last found him, big, quiet, good natured, and he in turn chased all over town until he caught Louis Longhway, a local boatman who says that is the way he spells his name, although I suspect him of being French and believe the way ought to be "Longuet." There was a circus in town that day at Wabasha, and Mr. Jewell and Ira Weeks and Louis and I all saw something of the circus, which made us feel young again. Hence it was after noon before Louis and I started down the river in his fishing skiff, with the understanding that Ira was to go down with his launch and take Louis up later in the evening ten miles below Wabasha.

Louis and I found the Father of Waters much excited, very high indeed, and getting higher. All the flat lands on both sides of the big river were filled with sloughs and cut-offs. The main stream itself looked so turbulent and uninviting that we determined to try the sloughs, thinking that the fish might have been driven in there by the freshets. We wandered off into one of these sloughs away from the main river, and traveled five or six miles in this way before we came back to the river again. Everything looked very bad for fly-fishing, and it was only fly-fishing which I cared for. And yet there were good signs of bass even under such unpromising conditions. I saw a big pool along the bank where the bass were feeding, and cast the fly over that place. As it sank, I felt a heavy tug and for a moment thought I had the fish fastened, but he ran deep and broke away. Accident No. 1. I made light of this and told Louis that it was not in the least important. Pretty soon something very similar happened again, and it happened five or six times in the same hour before we managed to get a bass into the boat. This was a fish weighing about a pound and a half.

We passed out into the old Beef River cut-off, where the Chippewa River logs used to be sent through, and where we now found plenty of good fishing country. A little stone pier looked likely to me, and I got Louis to row me over. I cast at the edge of the stones, and at once had a very heavy strike, raising this fish to the surface of the water. Once more I cast in, and again had a strike, the bass running very deep and feeling tremendously heavy. A third time I cast, and a third time had

a strike in this ittle place, not bigger than a table cloth. I lost him. This made half a dozen bass which I had lost in two or three hours. It was a little discouraging, but I told Louis that luck did run that way sometimes.

We now ran down the cut-off until we came to the mouth of the Beef River. This is not ordinarily a good bass ground; but Louis said he sometimes found one under the old bridge which runs across near the railroad track. As we stopped at the mouth of this river, meditating whether we should try to ascend it, we saw a big swirl close along the planked sides of the bridge pier. There was a mass of wreckage in the river which prevented the boat going up, so I told Louis to sit still, after putting me ashore, while I went on up to see if I could raise the bass. I made a dozen or twenty casts along the planking before I got a response. Then, all at once, there was a most terrifying tug at the line, and the rod tip went down sharply. This time the bass was hooked solidly, and then we had the biggest fight you ever did see. I was directly above the fish and the fighting room left me was only about thirty feet square. The old fellow evidently had a hole somewhere in the plank wall into which he wanted to go. Making a strong run for this hole, he bucked into the plank like a ton of brick. This stunned the fish a little bit, but presently he revived and began to run up and down the sheathing, very deep, and only once in a while jumping. The strain put upon him by the powerful rod, added to the injury which he had done himself, ended the fight in a few minutes, and we put him into the boat; a splendid red-eyed, small-mouth bass weighing 4¼ pounds.

This was something in the way of decisiveness, and I began to tell Louis what a devil of a fellow I was with black bass anyhow. We lost a couple more strikes and at last, just as the next town appeared in sight around the bend, we struck the last bass of the day, a little fellow of about two pounds. This bass when he struck came out from the logs, skipping along the water for about a dozen feet. Then he sounded and jumped alternatively, making as pretty a fight as any fish I ever felt on the rod. In this heavy current he felt as if he might weigh 5 or 6 pounds. It strained the rod to get him up to the landing net.

Total result for the day, more than a dozen strikes and only three bass landed, two of them small ones. When we went into shore and told Ira Weeks of our success, he looked a little bit incredulous and a little bit scornful at the same time. As for me, I did not say a word.

As to getting out to this bass fishing, I would suggest that one go in at Wabasha on the C., M. & St. P. R. R., or some point above Lake Pepin. If you go in at Wabasha, fish up toward the Chippewa River, and up into the Chippewa. La Crosse used to be a good point, but I don't believe the fishing there is as good as it used to be. At Wabasha get Ira Weeks and his steam launch, who will get for you Louis Longhway, or old Hiram Degneau, another local market-fisherman of considerable experience. I am sure Mr. H. B. Jewell, of Wabasha, Minn., would be glad to answer any questions as to the stage of the river and the like, and so I think would the gentlemen mentioned at any of the river points.

The fishing above Wabasha toward the mouth of the Chippewa River is grand at the proper stage of the water. In Lake Pepin the sport is not so good, but the bass are now beginning to work up above Lake Pepin. They tell me that even above St. Paul on the Mississippi River the fishing is good. Personally, I should prefer to go below Lake Pepin and above Winona. Mineaska, on the C., M. & St. P. R. R., or Winona, or La Crosse, are other points where one might go in. This trip is a very handy one from Chicago. One can take the evening train here, get on the river early in the morning, and after one or two days' fishing, take a night train on the river which will land him in Chicago in the morning. The scenery along the river is bold and picturesque. During the high waters one can get out into the sloughs and traverse what was once a magnificent duck and woodcock country, and which even now occasionally turns out good sport. Wabasha is a point very well worth remembering for quail or duck shooting, and I think, indeed, that one could get very fair woodcock shooting across the river from Wabasha even now, if he had a good dog. No one seems to hunt these birds very much, and the country looked to me ideal for them.

At Wabasha I met Henry Trudeau, a French half-breed, more than eighty years of age, who comes as near being a typical trapper as any one I have met in my life. Henry says that last fall he caught fourteen otter in the Mississippi bottoms across from Wabasha. He asked me to come up this winter and see how he trapped otter. The old man has a shack of his own hid over in the wilderness, and here he intends to spend his next winter, as he has for many winters before, trapping and living alone by himself. He does not leave the woods until the very cold weather of January comes, when the fur does not move very much.

Altogether, I find this upper Mississippi country very interesting and well worth investigation by the sportsman, either rod or gun. Especially as to these small-mouths, I most publicly register a vow to get even with them. I'll tell later what happened the next day.

How to Carry Fly Dope.

Dr. W. H. Snyder, of Toledo, O., offers the following tip on carrying fly dope:

"To repay my use for Fox fly dope formula, I will tell you an easy way to carry it. Have your chemist put the stuff in these collapsible tin tubes. One of the smaller ones just fits my whistle pocket and lasts nearly a week. No glass to break and it can be thrown away when empty. I have tried everything, and this is the best I have struck."

Bass.

Mr. Wm. Johnson, of this city, caught the small-mouth bass of Lake Geneva on the feed day before yesterday, and brought twenty-two beauties into camp with him. These bass were mostly taken by minnows in deep-water fishing.

Mr. Bert Waldo, of Fox Lake, Wis., caught twenty-one black bass weighing 40 pounds one day last week. The largest bass weighed 4½ pounds.

Mr. J. Bickford, of Excelsior, Minn., caught thirty-eight black bass deep fishing with frog in Lake Minnetonka one day this week.

There has been a much-touted fishing match on Crooked Lake, Wis., between two teams, two men each, of anglers who are not averse to fishing a side match. There was $100 up on the result, and the funny part of it is that the four anglers together caught less than a dozen fish in two days' fishing. The judges called the thing a tie and the gentlemen are to try it all over again to see if they can catch a mess of fish. I withhold names, because it is not nice to have one's name mentioned in connection with a side hunt or side fish in these enlightened days of the world.

Mr. F. G. Browning, at Eagle Lake, Wis., last week killed nine handsome bass, and at the same place Mr. A. Ahrend caught six bass, nice ones. Mr. F. Sandahl, at Cedar Lake, near Lake Villa, on the Wisconsin Central Road, caught thirty-two bass one day this week, his best fish weighing eight pounds.

Bass Biting.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 1.—The big-mouths are biting again in the upper Illinois waters, and most of the parties who went out last week had good luck. About the best reported was at the old and much over-fished water, Lake Beulah, in Waukesha County, Wis., where Messrs. Chas. Lawrence and H. Miner took 21 bass and 11 pickerel in one day's fishing, the bass running from 1½ to 4½ pounds each. Similar good fortune is reported from the Fox Lake and Lake Villa region along the Wisconsin Central line. Among others to start this afternoon for the latter locality were Messrs. Lawrence and Miner, F. Doremus, Lester Williams, Chas. Hanson, George Harrison, Carl Hurtle, Geo. Warren, Chas. Olk, H. Greenwood, Jas. Maloney, Dr. Beeler and others. The weather is warm but not glaring to-day, and granted a similar day to-morrow, these gentlemen should hit it about right on the big-mouth proposition. Few of our anglers are going to Indiana now, it being supposed that the best of the angling season there is over. The bass fishing in upper Wisconsin is better than in the lower part of the State, of course, and we hear more of the catches from that region than we formerly did, for the simple reason that the muscallunge are getting so scarce there that the anglers turn to bass fishing, which formerly was so common and so easy that no one cared for it. The season has not turned out very many good 'lunge thus far, though we have still the fall to hear from, during which season some of the largest fish are usually taken.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

The following are the records of the last three events of the Chicago Fly Casting Club. The records as originally reported for June 21 were incorrect, owing to error figuring percentages, wherefore the score is rescinded by the secretary, who offers the corrected sheets as follows:

	Long Distance Fly, Feet.	Obstacle Fly, Per Cent.	Accuracy & Delicacy, Per Cent.	Bait-Casting Per Cent.	Delicacy Bait Per Cent.
C. F. Brown		70	91 1-3	..	..
H. G. Hascall		95 2-3	92	..	..
F. N. Peet		95	92 1-3	..	..
H. W. Perce		95	91 2-3	..	..
A. C. Smith		92 1-3	93 2-3	..	..

The scores in distance and accuracy fly hereon are to correct record sheet dated June 21. All distance and accuracy scores on that sheet are wrong, owing to an error in figuring percentages, and are hereby rescinded.

Winner—Distance and accuracy, fly: H. G. Hascall.

I. H. Bellows		93 1-3	94 1-3	92 2-3	91 1-2
C. F. Brown		88 2-3	85 1-2	..	..
W. T. Church		..	..	93 5-6	94 1-6
*H. G. Hascall		89 1-3	91 1-3	98 1-2	97 1-2
N. C. Heston		87 1-6	91	97	97 5-6
J. Hohmann		..	..	94 1-3	89 1-6
*F. N. Peet		94 1-2	94 5-6	97 5-6	97 1-2
*H. W. Perce		80 1-6	81 5-6	..	84 2-3
C. B. Robinson		..	..	95 1-6	95
*A. C. Smith		93 1-3	92 5-6	98 2-3	97 5-6
*F. S. Smith		..	..	92 2-3	97 2-3
Re-entries:					
Hascall		..	..	97 1-2	98 1-6
Peet		..	..	94 1-6	97 2-3
Perce		..	..	94 2-3	96 2-3
F. S. Smith		..	..	96 2-3	97 1-6
A. C. Smith		...	..	89	98

Winners—Accuracy and delicacy, fly: F. N. Peet; delicacy, bait: A. C. Smith.

I. H. Bellows	91	97	87 1-12	..	96 2-3
C. F. Brown		94 5-6	..	..	94 5-6
*W. T. Church		..	..	96 5-10	..
*H. G. Hascall	87 1-6	..	86 7-12	98	..
N. C. Heston		98 2-3	..	97 7-10	99 1-6
G. A. Hinterleitner		91 1-3	..	89 8-10	96 5-6
E. L. Mason		89 1-2	..	..	91 2-3
*F. N. Peet		..	86 7-12	95	..
C. B. Robinson		96 1-3	..	94 1-10	90 1-3
Re-entries:					
Peet		..	..	97 2-10	..
Hascall		..	..	97 4-10	..
Church		..	..	97 2-10	..

Winners—Bait casting: H. G. Hascall; delicacy, bait: N. C. Heston.

Back from Minnesota.

Mr. W. P. Mussey returned to-day from a six weeks' trip in the forest country of Minnesota, where he has been fishing for bass and having a good time, much to his physical benefit. The heavy rains which have prevailed over the West have not extended to the headwaters of the Mississippi River.

Back from the Mississippi.

Mr. Byron D. Veatch, of this city, returned this week from a two days' trip among the small-mouth bass on the upper Mississippi River. Mr. Veatch went in at Prescott and floated down the river as far as Diamond Bluff. He met some rain, but had good fishing in spite of the high water. He took some bass on the fly, but also used some bait, which is "agin the statoots" of this Mississippi River small-mouth fishing. On one wing dam near Diamond Bluff he caught eleven grand bass at one station, and he was entirely satisfied with the sport he had. He found the most killing bait to be a California wabbling copper spoon, arranged with two hooks which carried two minnows side by side. With this contrivance he caught only the largest bass, and had better luck than his friends had with any other arrangement whatever. Mr. Veatch is infatuated with this Mississippi River fishing, as well he might be. His guide was Charles Stapf, of Prescott, who charges $2.50 a day. Mr. Veatch says the best fishing was above Red Wing, near Diamond Bluff. There is nothing in Lake Pepin of any consequence.

Where to Fish.

Mr. O. D. Wheeler, of the passenger department of the Northern Pacific Railway, has brought his yearly railway books to so great a point of excellence that they have come to be awaited with considerable interest by sportsmen. His latest hand book of the Northern Pacific Co. is called "Where to Hunt and Fish." It is about as thorough-going and as beautifully illustrated a railroad publication as one has ever seen. The horns of some of the mountain sheep are curled a little bit extensively, but we will let that pass. The best resources of the grand sporting country crossed by this railroad are placed before the reader in pleasant and effective form.

Called.

Mr. Calvin S. McChesney, of Troy, N. Y., my old Rocky Mountain hunting companion, passed through town yesterday, and I grieve very much that he passed so quickly that I was unable to see him during his brief sojourn here. Mr. McChesney, by card, reports himself well and happy.

Chickens and Ducks.

Mr. James K. Boyd, of Hempstead, N. Y., wants to know where he can find duck and chicken shooting Sept. 15. That date is a little late for the best of the chicken shooting in the lower latitudes, but not too late for a certain amount of sport. I would suggest that he try the country in the neighborhood of Detroit, Mich., where he could get a few ducks and possibly a few chickens. By the way, I believe that if any gentleman wanted to find out about the shooting points in Minnesota, he might do much worse than write Executive Agent S. F. Fullerton, St. Paul, Minn. Mr. Fullerton is, of course, in close touch with the game supply all over the State, and his advices would be more direct and authentic than anything I would be apt to have. Mr. Sherwood is busy but good natured, and I would like to make him a little trouble if I could.

For North Dakota, nearly all the little stations as far north as Larimore on the Great Northern, will be found good. Dawson has lost something of its earlier glories, but can undoubtedly furnish duck shooting and some small amount of chicken shooting in season. The Turtle Mountain country will be found good for ducks, and for geese later in the season.

As to prairie chickens, I dislike very much to give definite advice, because this bird is very uncertain. In general it is well to be on hand on opening day if possible. The State of Wisconsin will have about as good prairie chicken shooting as any State in the Northwest this fall. Sept. 1 in these latitudes is usually pretty hot, and the sport is pleasanter later on, but the difference of a week or two may mean the difference between birds and no birds.

Sells Frogs.

The train butcher on the Wisconsin Central fishing trains which run out of Chicago to the Lake Villa district, has worked up a fine trade in live frogs, which he sells in bags or baskets on the trains to the anglers who are going out for bass fishing. In the better part of the season this man has sold as much as 1,000 dozen bait frogs in the course of one week.

Mr. E. E. Bliss, formerly of Saginaw, Mich. (but later of Denver, Colo.), writes regarding the sporting resources of his newly adopted home: "The dove season opened on the 15th in Colorado. I went out on my wheel on the morning of opening day and got 19 nice birds. Fishing is, of course, the popular theme now. Early in the season it was good near here, but for two or three weeks now has been poor on most of our trout streams."

E. Hough.

Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill.

Guileless Lo!

A friend just down from a fishing trip in northern Minnesota, within the boundaries of the new Minnesota National Park and Forest Reserve, tells the following story:

"We had thirty miles to make by the team before we reached the lake we intended to fish. My friend and self occupied the rear seat, the half-breed driver sitting in front. A short distance down the forest road we espied a Chippewa buck, rifle in hand, and a gunny sack over his shoulder.

"Ride? Yes, he could ride, and he jumped into the front seat, carefully resting the gunny sack upon the bottom of the rig and between his feet. When he turned our way and replied to our queries regarding moose and deer, we became fully aware of the fact that he had run across John Barleycorn when in town.

"Presently he reached down into the depths of the gunny sack and brought out a full pint flask of whisky and at once proffered it to us. Having scruples against indulging in Lumber Jack's whisky, we declined. The half-breed driver threw back his head and allowed the amber liquid to guggle-guggle-guggle down his throat, and our Indian brave did the same thing, and when the two drinks had been scored and the cork replaced, but half the original contents remained in the bottle. The flask was carefully replaced in the gunny sack.

"Realizing that the Indian was inclined to talk, we plied him with questions and learned more or less regarding the Indian customs of his tribe. How much was truth and how much plain, unadulterated lie was left for us to determine. It was a long, rough drive and a correspondingly long time between drinks, for Lo reached into his sack and produced a second fresh bottle filled to the neck. Again was the cork drawn and a tender made to and refused by us, but due justice was done to the situation by the driver and the Indian, the half-emptied bottle being corked and again returned to its resting place.

"The Indian now began to talk on his own account, and was given to bragging as to his marksmanship, and volunteered to give us a demonstration. We let him, and, as we imagined would be the case, he did not come within a rod of his target, at which he was somewhat crestfallen.

"We continued to pound along in and out and around stumps. It was a long, tiresome ride, and appreciating

that fact, the Indian reached again into his gunny sack and pulled forth a third pint bottle full and untouched, and again was this bottle returned to its resting place minus half its contents.

"A turn in the road brought us to the trail where the Indian's way and ours parted, for only a little distance back in the woods was the Indian village. Before leaving the rig the Indian again reached into his storage warehouse and pulled out a fourth pint bottle of whisky unopened. Holding it out to our gaze that we could be assured that it was a full bottle, he slipped it into the recesses of his blouse. Then gathering up his gunny sack he left the wagon and walked straight to a small brook by the roadside. As the horses moved on we kept our gaze upon the Indian and saw him take the three half-emptied bottles and carefully replace the missing *aqua fortis* with *aqua pura* from the brook, and then jam the corks in good and hard, replacing the mixed drinks in his sack and moving along the trail to his village.

"And this is the way it appeared to us—viz., that three other bucks thirsty, but too lazy to go after it, placed in the hands of our late companion funds sufficient to secure four pints of whisky, one pint to be allowed the runner as commission for his trouble.

"So having helped himself liberally to the whisky of his principals, he covered up his shortage as above described, and if any criticism was made on the weakness of the fire water, he no doubt blamed it upon the rascally liquor seller.

"The Indian may be a child of nature and wholly unsophisticated, but when it comes to a question of manipulating whisky he certainly is an adept."

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

Fish Choke the Paddle Wheels of a Steamer.

YEARLY, as the ducks and geese hurry south, leaving freshly frozen rivers and lakes in their wake, we read of the farmer who goes early to the slough on his farm to break the ice that the cattle may drink. How that farmer notices the lake dotted with clumps of feathers, which on closer investigation turn out to be mallards and canvasbacks, frozen solid in the ice. And when he has chopped them all free his two-horse wagon load is all the team can haul.

But down near New Orleans emanates the following, with all the car marks of truth:

The high tides filled the sloughs with salt water and drove the buffalo fish into the fresh-water canal. Had there been a few of them only things would have gone well, but as it was, the canal was literally choked with them and the breathing room in the water giving out myriads of them turned belly up.

The pilot of the steamboat traversing the canal plowed his way through the dead and living fish alike, choking his paddle wheels and finally running aground upon a solid mass of dead and alive fish.

The suffocating fish died and then the odor appealed to heaven. Darkies were hired to pitchfork them out upon the bank as they would throw hay, and lime was sprinkled on them. But this was slow and unsatisfactory, because there were six solid miles of fish in that canal. Something had to be done, and it was proposed to cut 100 feet of levee and let in sufficient water to sweep the fish into the Gulf. Another proposition was to station a number of large tugs in the river near the locks and flush the canal by pumping. I understand this latter plan was followed.

The fact that these fish were buffaloes gives credence to the story; one might readily believe it of carp. In fact, if the carp of the country could be driven into the Erie Canal, suffocated and flushed into the Atlantic Ocean, the country would be the gainer. The German carp, like the little German band, has become considerable of a nuisance, and we can easily dispense with them.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

The Connecticut Worm Law.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having read the editorial in last issue of FOREST AND STREAM, in regard to digging sandworms in Greenwich, Conn., I thought perhaps I might be able to throw a little light on the subject. As I understand it, the law prohibiting the digging of sandworms was passed in order to protect the long clams. My informants are oystermen, and they claim that in digging the worms great havoc is wrought by disturbing the young clams—that all small clams thus disturbed die. Whether the law applies only to non-residents I have been unable to definitely ascertain, though I have carefully looked over the "Public Acts of the State of Connecticut" for the last four years.

There are some who claim that this law is simply a retaliatory measure. That New York discriminates against non-residents through a like law. Whether this is true or not, I cannot venture to say.

WILLIAM H. AVIS.

HIGHWOOD, Conn., July 21.

The Big Fish Eat the Little Ones.

JAMAICA PLAIN, Mass., July 26.—While fishing for pickerel in Charles River yesterday, I found a dead pickerel. Its death had been caused by a smaller pickerel which the larger one had attempted to swallow. The larger pickerel would weigh about a pound, and the smaller one fully half a pound.

Quail must have wintered well in this section, for we can hear them calling from any part of the woods near the river.

July 19 in going around a sharp bend we flushed four wild ducks, and yesterday about half a mile from this point we saw a wild duck with her brood of three little ones.

The weather was just right for pickerel yesterday, and we captured thirteen. The bass have not been biting very good for the past two weeks, and a little sunshine will make fishing better in that line. I caught one small-mouth black bass there last year that weighed four pounds two ounces.

E. C. D.

Fish-Scale Flowers.

DOMESTIC industries travel in a manner that often astonishes the careful student. The Indians of Venezuela and Northern Brazil have from time immemorial been skillful makers of fish-scale flowers and leaves. The denizens of the ocean in the tropics are notable for the color and brilliancy of their scales and fins, the range of chromatic tints, including pink, rose, scarlet, sky-blue, ultramarine, apple-green, emerald, and olive-gold, orange, gray, lilac, and purple. The scales are easily fastened together or to wires with strong fish glue, which is singularly durable and permanent. The industry passed to the West Indies, where it was adopted by the Spaniards, and during the Cuban War came over to the mainland and found a home in Florida. In the present year it has come northward, and now finds a habitation in New York city.

One of the shops is not far from the Waldorf-Astoria, and is presided over by a clever nimble-fingered woman whose work table looks almost as delicate as a jeweler's. Her tools are a pair of scissors, a needle and thread, cloth or thread-wrapped wire, wire cutters, glue pot and brush, and some compressors for changing the curvature of the scales. The scales themselves are usually flat when they reach the operator, and must be concaved or curled in order to simulate petals, sepals, and many forms of leaves. A finished flower possesses a fantastic beauty which is unique. The shape and color of the vegetable world are present, but there is a certain transparency to all the tissues, a firmness to the lines, and a resilience to the leaves and blossoms which are never found in the floral kingdom. The play of color is often startling, and sometimes so brilliant, and yet so subdued, as to seem a new variety of the best and richest mother-of-pearl.—Evening Post.

The Luck of a Pearl Hunter.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 24.—It might come under the classification of "Lucky Finds of Sportsmen," or then it might come under the general classification of hard luck stories. The facts are these: Tamis Haines is a clam fisher of the upper Mississippi River, and has been for some years. A week ago he took his net results of pearls, which he had been some months abstracting from clam shells, and went to Minneapolis to have a look at the city. He sold his pearls to a local dealer for $100, the latter not discovering in the lot anything of special value to his notion. Then along came the agent of Tiffany's, of New York, who examined the sweet water pearls which had been collected by this same local dealer in Minneapolis. Without much ado the Tiffany man sorted out a single pearl from the bunch which Tamis Haines had sold for $100, and paid the Minneapolis man $1,500 for the same, without batting an eye. Tamis, according to last accounts, is still fishing for clams on the upper Mississippi.

Good Fishing in Buffalo.

BUFFALO, July 30.—Although practically no perch have been caught in Niagara River this season owing to the numerous rains that roiled the water, residents on the east side of Buffalo are able to get the toothsome fish without any effort. They arrange with the water department to turn on a hydrant almost anywhere in the Broadway district and the fish will be thrown wriggling into the gutters by the stream. Nearly all the service pipes leading from the mains to the houses are clogged with perch, so much that it is impossible in some places to get any water. The fish average about six inches in length. The water department has not yet discovered how the fish got into the pipes.—N. Y. Sun.

Kawartha Lakes.

CLEVELAND, O., Aug. 3.—I am contemplating a trip to Canada about Sept. 1 in quest of good bass and maskanonge fishing, and at present have two places in view, viz., Bobcageon and Burleigh Falls, in the Kawartha Lakes district, but having no knowledge of which is the best point, except from railroad folders, I would be pleased indeed if some of the FOREST AND STREAM readers would enlighten me as to the merits of either or both places, stating whether good bass fishing may be had, also if guides are necessary.

A. N. WIRLS,
50 Bank street, Cleveland, O.

Staten Island Fishing

GREAT KILLS, S. I., N. Y., Aug. 1.—Weakfish are running very good at Great Kills, S. I. All boats got large catches to-day.

M. FITZGERALD.

The Lobster Hatchery.

From the London Chronicle.

NATURE grim, in remorseless mood,
Undoes the work that she has done,
And out of every lobster brood
Slays ninety-nine and keeps but one.

Art stretches o'er the horrid scene
Her skillful and remedial sway—
And when I speak of "Art" I mean
The Fish Commission, U. S. A.

It takes the tender lobsterlet,
And gives him food and kind advice,
Changes his boots if they are wet,
Brushes his hair and makes him nice.

And lo, this baby of the sea
In gratitude begins to thrive;
Where one per cent. it used to be,
Fifty, all fat, remain alive.

O noble work, heroic, grand,
That saves in scientific ways
Those little lisping lobsters, and
Keeps them for me and mayonnaise.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 8-11.—Toronto, Can.—Twelfth annual show of the Toronto Industrial Exposition. Fred Jacobi, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-9.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society's show. John W. Bacon, Treas.

Oct. 8-11.—Dallas, Tex.—Fifth annual show of the Texas Kennel Club. Geo. W. Clayton, Supt.

Oct. 21-24.—Frederick, Md.—Frederick County Agricultural Society's annual bench show. J. Roger McSherry, Supt.

Oct. 21-24.—New York.—Ladies' Kennel Association of America's show. Miss M. K. Bird, Westbury, L. I., Hon. Sec'y.

Nov. 26-29.—Philadelphia.—Philadelphia Dog Show Association's show. M. A. Viti, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Aug. 19.—Emmetsburg, Ia.—Iowa Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fifth annual trials. Louis Stuehmer, Sec'y, Emmetsburg, Ia.

Aug. 26.—Salem, S. D.—South Dakota Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) third annual trials. E. H. Gregory, Sioux Falls, S. D.

Sept. 2.—Inaugural trials of the Minnesota-North Dakota Field Trial Association. Dr. W. A. Moore, Sec'y, St. Paul, Minn.

Sept. 4.—Carman, Man.—Sixteenth annual trials of the Manitoba Field Trials Club. Eric Hamber, Sec'y, Winnipeg.

Sept. 11.——, Man.—Fifth annual trials of the Brandon Kennel Club. Dr. H. James Elliott, Sec'y, Brandon, Man.

Sept. 11.—O'Neill, Neb.—Nebraska Field Trial Association's inaugural chicken trials. M. H. McCarthy, Sec'y.

Oct. 20.——, ——.—Western Field Trial Association's second annual trials. C. W. Buttles, Sec'y, Kansas City.

Oct. 27.—Paris, Mo.—Missouri Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club), sixth annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.

Oct. 27.—Washington C. O., Ohio.—Monongahela Field Trial Club's field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y.

Oct. 28.—Whitby Island, Wash.—Pacific Northwest Field Trials F. R. Atkins, Sec'y, Seattle, Wash.

Nov. 3.—Robinson, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. W. R. Green, Sec'y, Marshall, Ill.

Nov. 3.—Lake View, Mich.—Michigan Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fifth annual trials. C. D. Stuart, Sec'y, Benton Harbor, Mich.

Nov. 10.—Bicknell, Ind.—Independent Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 11.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trial Club's trials. F. W. Smith, Sec'y, New Haven.

Nov. 10.—Ruthven, Ont.—North American Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. Richard Bangham, Sec'y, Windsor, Ont.

Nov. 11.—St. Joachim, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's fourteenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.

Nov. 17.—Glascow, Ky.—Kentucky Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) third annual trials. F. W. Samuel, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.

Nov. 18.—Ruthven, Ont.—Fourth annual trials of the North American Field Trial Club. Alfred Wigle, Sec'y, Windsor, Ont.

Nov. 20.—Manor, L. I.—Pointer Club of America's (member of the American Championship Club) second annual trials. R. E. Westlake, Sec'y, Scranton, Pa.

Nov. 24.—Washington C. H., Ohio.—Ohio Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fifth annual trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.

Dec. 1.—Washington C. H., Ohio.—American Championship Field Trial Club's second annual trials. Chas. B. Cooke, Sec'y, Richmond, Va.

Dec. 1.——, —. —.—Interstate Championship Field Trial Association's second annual trials. C. D. Cooke, Sec'y.

Dec. 15.—Huntsville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) third annual trials. John F. Fletcher, Sec'y, Birmingham, Ala.

Virginia Field Trials Association.

RICHMOND, Va., July 31.—I inclose clipping from to-day's Dispatch, showing the organization of the Virginia Field Trials Association, which starts off with very bright prospects.

The gentleman elected president, Mr. Wm. H. Colquitt, is an old-time sportsman, although a young man. He was the original owner of Count Gladstone IV., and is still posted in dog matters generally.

CHAS. B. COOKE.

The Virginia Field Trials Association was organized recently at an enthusiastic meeting of sportsmen. The Association starts out with encouraging prospects and the list of possible members includes all of the well-known sportsmen of the State.

Letters were read from gentlemen in various sections of the State, offering their co-operation and support, and it is quite likely that by the time the bird season opens the Association will be one of the largest in the country.

The meeting last night was called together by Mr. Cooke, and Mr. J. C. Tignor was elected temporary chairman and Mr. Todd temporary secretary. Upon motion of Mr. Vaughan, the Association was formed, and Mr. W. H. Colquitt was elected President, and Messrs. W. W. Collins, of Houston, and Clarence W. Robinson, of Newport News, Vice-Presidents. Mr. Charles B. Cooke was elected Secretary and Treasurer, and the Executive Committee, as elected, embraces the above, and Messrs. J. T. Tignor and John Jackson, of Richmond, and George C. Herring, of Harrisonburg.

The Richmond members of the Executive Committee and the Richmond officers were named as a Committee on By-Laws and Membership. They will meet in the next few days and formulate a report to be presented to a meeting of the Association at Tignor's on Friday night of next week.

Mr. Cooke read a letter from Mr. Edward Herbert Manle, manager for Mr. William C. Whitney, inviting the Association to hold its first trial at the Bellesville preserves.

Ohio Field Trials Association.

CIRCLEVILLE, O., July 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On account of my being absent in the Northwest for some weeks, please announce through your columns that Mr. T. D. Krinn, of Circleville, O., will act as secretary of the Ohio Field Trials Association during my absence. All inquiries for entry blanks and general information should be addressed to him.

C. E. BAUGHN,
Secretary Ohio Field Trials Association.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1902.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also changes which may be made in the future.

AUGUST.

15. Penataquit-Corinthian, annual cruise, Bay Shore.
16. Royal Canadian, 30ft. class, Toronto.
16. Shelter Island, open regatta, Shelter Island Heights.
16. Horseshoe Harbor, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
16. Huntington, Y.R.A. of L. I. S., open, Huntington, L. I. Sound.
16. Hartford, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Saybrook, L. I. Sound.
16. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
16. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, race for Centre Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
16. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Massachusetts Bay.
16. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
16. Beverly, fourth Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
16. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
21. Plymouth, M. Y. R. A., open, Plymouth, Massachusetts Bay.
22. Kingston, M. Y. R. A., open, Kingston, Mass. Bay.
23. Bridgeport, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Bridgeport, L. I. Sound.
23. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
23. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
23. Huguenot, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
23. Royal Canadian, 16ft. class, Toronto.
23. Penataquit-Corinthian, Lighthouse cup, Bay Shore.
23. Shelter Island, ladies' race, Shelter Island Heights.
23. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
23. Beverly, fifth Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
23. Wollaston, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
23. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
23. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
23. Duxbury, M. Y. R. A., open, Duxbury, Mass. Bay.
23. Marine and Field, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
24. Mosquito Fleet, club, City Point, Boston Harbor.
25-26. Wellfleet, M. Y. R. A., open, Wellfleet, Massachusetts Bay.
28-30. Cape Cod, M. Y. R. A., open, Provincetown, Mass. Bay.
30. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
30. Beverly, sixth Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
30. Columbia, race to Waukegan, Lake Michigan.
30. Manhasset Bay, club, Port Washington, Long Island Sound
30. Larchmont, club, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
30. Atlantic, club, Fire Island and return, New York Bay.
30. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor
30. Indian Harbor, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
30. Royal Canadian, dinghy and 25ft. classes, Toronto.
30. Kennebec, club, Bath, Maine.
30. Hartford, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Saybrook, L. I. Sound.
30-31. Corinthian, annual cruise, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Indian Harbor, club, Greenwich, L. I. Sound.
1. Quincy, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
1. Corinthian, club, Essington, Delaware River.
1. Corinthian, annual cruise, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
1. Larchmont, fall regatta, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
1. Sachem's Head, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Guilford, L. I. Sound.
1. Norwalk, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, So. Norwalk, L. I. Sound.
1. Lynn, M. Y. R. A., open, Nahant, Massachusetts Bay.
1. Beverly, open, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
1. Royal Canadian, first class, Lorne cup cruising race, Toronto.
1. Shelter Island, club race, Loehrke cup, Shelter Island Heights.
2. Penataquit-Corinthian, fall regatta, Bay Shore.
4-6. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
5-6. Eastern, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
6. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
6. Boston, club, City Point, Boston Harbor.
6. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
6. Beverly, open, Mattapoisett, Buzzard's Bay.
6. Wollaston, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
6. Quincy, M. Y. R. A., open, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
6. South Boston, sailing tender race, City Point, Boston Harbor.
6. New York C. C., Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
6. Penataquit-Corinthian, Lighthouse cup, Bay shore.
8. Eastern, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
11. New York, autumn regatta, New York, Lower Bay.
13. Knickerbocker, ladies' day race, College Point, L. I. Sound.
13. Kennebec, club, Bath, Maine.
13. Beverly, seventh Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
13 Atlantic, fall regatta, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
13. Larchmont, club, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
20. Manhasset, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
20. Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
—. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
27. Riverside, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Riverside, L. I. Sound.
27. Manhasset Bay, club raceabouts, Port Washington, L. I. Sound.

For Cruising Yachtsmen.

With the purpose of stimulating the interest in cruising, and the keeping of a detailed log by cruising yachtsmen during the season of 1902, the publishers of Forest and Stream offer prizes for the best stories of cruises submitted to be published in Forest and Stream. It is believed that these will form not only entertaining records of pleasant summer days spent afloat along our coasts and waterways, but will furnish information of practical value to other yachtsmen making subsequent cruises on the same waters.

Prizes will be awarded to the three best stories as follows:

First prize, $50.00.
Second prize, $30.00.
Third prize, $20.00.

Contributions are invited under the following conditions:

1. The cruise must be made in waters of the United States or Canada in the season of 1902.

2. The cruise must be made in a sailing yacht, power to be used only as an auxiliary, if at all.

3. The story must be prefaced by a description of the boat. Cruises should be treated in as interesting and readable a way as possible, but should be practical and contain all possible information and data that would be of value to men going over the same route. A description of the handling of the ship in all weathers will be regarded very favorably in making awards, and it is suggested to writers that an accurate account be kept of all incidents happening while under way.

4. An outline chart suitable for reproduction, showing the course taken, must accompany each article. When possible, articles should be accompanied by amateur photographs taken on the cruise, including one of the boat. Good photcgraphs will be considered in making the awards.

5. The story should contain about seven thousand words, written on one side of the paper only, and must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York city, on or before Nov. 15, 1902.

Mr. T. C. Zerega has very kindly consented to act as judge and to make the awards.

Quincy Y. C. Challenge Cup.

Trial Races to Select the Defender.

In 1898 the Quincy Y. C. offered a $500 silver trophy for yachts of 21ft. waterline. Wishing to develop boats in which speed was the primary requisite, the only restriction in the original deed of trust was the restriction of competitors to the 21ft. waterline, but later, after Dominion, designed by Mr. G. H. Duggan, had been built, the following clause was added in order to bar out double-hull boats.

"No point of any cross section of a yacht shall be lower than its center."

The intent of this clause is plain enough, and yet it has not accomplished its object, for this year a boat has been built which, although complying to this rule, is yet clearly not of the type intended to be allowed. But of this more later.

In 1898 the Lynn Y. C. challenged for the cup, and sent to Quincy as its representative Duchess, designed, owned and sailed by C. D. Mower. Ricnist, designed by S. R. Purdon, owned by Com. Fred B. Rice, and sailed by Henry M. Faxon, successfully defended the cup, although she lost two races of this series.

In 1899 four yacht clubs challenged, and as the conditions of the deed of trust allows a simultaneous acceptance of any number of challengers, four competitors came to the line to compete against the new defender Hostess, which was designed by Arthur Keith for his friend, H. M. Faxon, to uphold the honor of Quincy. Hostess was sailed in her races by Mr. Faxon, who has had the honor of sailing the representative of the Quincy Y. C. in the cup races since the beginning. The four challengers were Pompano, from the Beverly Y. C., owned and designed by W. E. C. Eustis; Thelma, from the East Gloucester Y. C., designed by Crowninshield, for W. B. Pigeon; Oogrook, designed by Purdon for Walter Abbott, of the Hull Y. C., and Heiress, designed, owned and sailed by C. D. Mower, of the Lynn Y. C. Suffice it to say that although some close races ensued, Hostess successfully defended the cup.

In 1900 three clubs sent in challenges, and the Beverly, Manchester and Harvard yacht clubs all had representatives at the starting line. Pompano, extensively altered, represented the Beverly Club; Tashmoo, owned, designed and sailed by John S. Lawrence, the Harvard, and Lookout, designed and built by David Fenton, for a syndicate headed by Reginald Boardman, and A. H. Higginson, the Manchester Y. C. The Quincy people pinned their faith again to Hostess, and they were badly disappointed, as except for the first day, when an accident to Lookout's canvas-covered hull compelled her withdrawal, she won three straight races, thus bringing the cup to the custody of the Manchester Y. C.

In 1901 no challenge was forthcoming, but early in April of this year the Quincy Y. C. sent in one, which was, of course, promptly accepted. At a meeting of the representatives of the two clubs, Mr. L. M. Clark was chosen to pass upon the eligibility of the boats, and the designs were submitted to him.

Two boats were built by members of the Manchester Y. C. to compete for the honor of defending the cup. The first of these, Hades, is designed by B. B. Crowninshield, and built by Timothy White, of Manchester, for a syndicate of Manchester men, headed by Richard D. Boardman. This boat is the one spoken of earlier, which, although complying with rules, is still really an evasion. Hades is 55ft. over all, 17ft. beam, and 18in. draft. She is built on two distinct hulls, each 5ft. wide, and connected by a deck, to which a great truss gives the required strength. These two hulls show a sharp reverse curve at the waterline in order to give the required displacement. They have very little flare to their bilges, which are round in section; they are built of ¼in. stock covered with canvas. Inside they are well trussed and braced, and the wire trusses set up with turnbuckles, and coming 3ft. above the deck, aid in keeping up the ends. In order to comply with rule that no point of any cross section should be lower than the center, a so-called middle hull of some 400lbs. displacement, has been constructed. It amounts practically to nothing more than a centerboard case having for its longitudinal section the section of the two side hulls. Through this hull is hung a dagger board of moderate dimensions, and the structure—she can hardly be called a boat—is steered by a wooden rudder of the balance type. The whole is surmounted by a jib and mainsail rig of stupendous proportions, amounting in all to 2,000 sq. ft.

This boat is sailed in her races by either E. A. or R. D. Boardman, with Geo. Lee, Mathew Bartlett and J. A. Burnham as crew.

The other boat which will compete with Hades for the honor of defending the cup, is a scow of the most extreme type. She was designed by W. Starling Burgess, and built by David Fenton, of Manchester, for a syndicate of some forty members of the Manchester Y. C., and she is managed by A. H. Higginson, and sailed in her races by Reginald Boardman, with James Jackson, Frank Burgess and Aleck Jansen, as additional crew. Outlook, as this boat is called, is 52ft. 7in. over all, and 16ft. beam. Her section shows one hull with a very flat floor, no dead rise, and a great deal of flare to her bilges, 18in. on each side. Her deck plane shows her ends a little drawn in, but only enough to give a fair sweep to the rail. Her longitudinal section shows a certain amount of reverse curve, but her shoal draft, 9in., reduces this to a minimum. In construction her designer has hit upon a very clever plan for strengthening her. A steel truss goes through her, fore and aft like a back bone, and from this truss are six cross trusses running into the bilges, two at the mast step, one forward of it, and three aft of it. This truss weighs only 1,400lbs., and it adds enormously to the strength of the boat. The mast is stepped in the truss, the shrouds, runners, backstays, deck blocks, cleats, rudder, bowsprit, centerboard, in fact everything on the boat that requires strength, leads to the truss. The ¼in. planking, covered with canvas, keeps the water out, that's all.

Outlook has an ordinary wooden centerboard, and is steered by a deep rudder of ordinary type, with no balance. She has 1,800ft. in her jib and mainsail.

Both boats have hollow spars, those of Hades coming from Geo. F. Lawley's, while Outlook's are from the works of the Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Co. at Ogdensburg, N. Y. Neither boat has any ballast.

First Trial Race, Monday, July 28.

Monday morning dawned hazy, and with little wind. At 8 A. M. Outlook came down the river from Fenton's yard in tow of her steam launch, and took a mooring near the starting line off West Manchester. At 8:40 Hades came out of the harbor in tow of her launch, So Long, and took a mooring near Outlook. The wind came in from the west and gave signs of increasing, and the judges, Messrs. H. B. Pearson, H. M. Mason, W. A. Tucker and E. S. Green, delayed the start fifteen minutes. Both Hades and Outlook had their mainsails up at 9:15, and at 9:30 both hoisted No. 1 jibs and stood out a bit to try the wind, which was freshening fast. Outlook was pot-leaded to her rail, while Hades had black lead on her bottom only, and her yellow hull glistened in the sunlight.

At 9:35 the course, No. 0, was hoisted on the steam yacht Velthra, which was acting as judges' boat, designating a dead beat to buoy No. 11 off Little Haste, a run back, and repeat; distance, twelve miles. At 9:40 the preparatory gun was fired, and at 9:45 the starting gun, the boats having two minutes in which to cross the line. Outlook crossed first with Hades on her weather quarter. Both boats stood half a mile on the starboard tack until over under Misery Island. Outlook tacked to port at 9:52, with Hades fifteen seconds later astern, and to leeward. Outlook had gone fast, both outfooting and outpointing her rival. The breeze had now freshened, and both boats had a good heel on. At times the weather hull on Hades was well out of water, but even when this was the case she could not seem to foot with the scow, which was footing fast and standing up well, although she is not so stiff as Hades. At 10:05 Outlook tacked again to starboard, followed a little later by Hades, which seemed to be falling slowly back. Both stood on this hitch some ten minutes, and then tacked inshore again. At 10:23 Outlook was sent out again on the starboard tack, her crew far out on the weather rail, as it was now blowing a good whole-sail breeze. At about 10:09 Hades tacked half a mile astern of Outlook, and had stood but two minutes on this tack when the turnbuckle on her bobstay parted, her bowsprit broke short off, and her mast buckled badly aft, leaving her a hopeless wreck and out of the race. She was towed in by her launch.

Outlook was kept at it, turned the windward mark and ran down under her mainsail, not needing to set her spinnaker. As she was about to start on her second round, the judges expressed themselves satisfied, and so she came up into the wind, lowered her sails and was taken in tow by her tender. All hands were much disappointed at the accident to Hades, although Outlook demonstrated clearly her ability to beat her to windward in a whole-sail breeze.

Second Race, Tuesday, July 29.

At 9 A. M., when the judges came on board the Velthra lying off West Manchester, there was a very faint northeast wind blowing, which later in the day came southeast and remained there. At 9:30 both Outlook and Hades came down the river in tow of their tenders. The wind outside was very light, but it seemed quite steady, and at 9:40 the signal for course 10 was displayed. This meant a beat out to red can buoy No. 2 on the outer breaker to the southeast of Baker's Island, a spinnaker run to Archer's Rock buoy, off Marblehead, and a reach home. As a matter of fact, the wind on the last leg hauled so much to the eastward that both boats had to make a short hitch on the way home, making practically a windward and leeward course.

The wind was so light, that the start was delayed some time in the hope of a better breeze, and it was 9:45 before the preparatory gun was fired. Both boats hung near the line, but they had such little way on, that the handicap gun at 9:52 was fired before either boat crossed. At 9:53 Hades crossed the line, followed 21s. later by Outlook, which was just to windward. At the time the wind was just strong enough to give the boats steerage way, and both crews were sitting to leeward to give the boats a list. Both boats crossed on the port tack, and before they had gone two hundred yards Outlook had passed Hades to windward. She footed much faster, pointed as high, and seemed to hold on to windward better. Hades slipped to leeward, owing, I think, to her small centerboard. When about a mile out, both boats tacked to starboard and stood to the eastward. The wind had increased, but was still very light. When half a mile had been covered on this tack, Hades tacked to port again, while Outlook stood on to the eastward. At first Hades seemed to gain by this, as the wind favored her a good deal. However, when the boats came together again it was seen that Outlook had just about held her own. Out to the eastward a little blue streak on the water showed that at last a little breeze was at hand. Both boats tacked to catch the first puff. Outlook, a little to windward, caught it first, and heeling to the fresh puff began to move very fast. Hades, when she felt it, heeled down too, but although her weather hull was well up, she did not seem to move fast. The wind hauled a bit to the eastward, and both boats were now reaching for the outer mark, with their sheets a little started, Outlook gaining fast. At 11:55:30 Outlook gybed around the red can buoy and quickly set her spinnaker to starboard. Hades followed at 11:38:02, and also set her spinnaker on the same side. The wind had dropped again until it was very light, and the two boats ran down toward the Marblehead shore slowly. When near Satan Ledge Outlook gybed to starboard and set her spinnaker to port. Three minutes later Hades followed suit, but did not set her spinnaker again. Up to this time Hades had gained a bit, but now Outlook, with her spinnaker drawing better, drew away again and at 11:51:41 gybed around Archer's Rock buoy and with flattened sheets and her crew all lying to leeward, the big scow started on the beat for the finish line. Hades followed at 11:53:31. She had gained 40s. on the run, and this was the only gain she made throughout the race.

Once on the wind again Outlook took on a surprising gait and dropped Hades very fast. Both boats tacked to port off Eagle Island, and after standing out about quarter

of a mile, were able to fetch across the finish line. The work of Outlook on this last leg was very fast, and she crossed the line at 12:32:00, with a lead of eight minutes over Hades, which crossed at 12:40:00. It was a very decisive victory for Outlook, and clearly demonstrated her ability to travel very fast in light airs. The crew of Hades were quite satisfied with the race, but said that they thought that Hades would go far better in a steady whole-sail breeze. The summary:

	Start.	1st Mark.	2d Mark.	Finish.
Outlook	9 52 00	10 55 00	11 51 41	12 32 00
Hades	9 52 00	11 58 02	11 53 31	12 40 00

This shows a gain of 2m. 32s. for Outlook on the first leg, a gain of 38s. for Hades on the second leg, and a gain of 6m. 10s. for Outlook on the last leg.

Third Race, Wednesday, July 30.

The third, and what proved to be the final race of the series, was sailed in a strong whole-sail breeze from the northeast. Both boats had full sail, and both had all they could stagger to from start to finish. At 8 o'clock there was a strong puffy north wind blowing, and when Outlook came down the river in tow of her tender, she had two reefs tucked in her mainsail and a No. 2 jib on her bowsprit. About 9 o'clock the breeze moderated and steadied down to a good whole-sail breeze, and when the crew on Hades hoisted whole mainsail and No. 1 jib at 9:05. Outlook followed suit, and at 9:10 both boats were sailing around under whole sail. At 9:15 the judges on the Velthra sent up the signal for course No. 5, a reach to starboard off Hospital Point, another broader reach to Gooseberry Ledge, and a dead beat back to the finish line, a distance of nine and one-half knots.

Promptly at 9:30 the preparatory gun was fired, and when the starting gun went at 9:35 both boats came for the line with booms to port and a good move on. Outlook was to leeward, but a little in the lead, and crossed the line at 9:35:14, with Hades on her weather quarter at 9:35:25. At once Outlook began to draw away, and although Hades had her weather hull well out, she could not seem to hold the scow, which was footing very fast and standing up well. Off Prides Rock the wind freshened a bit and the boats took on a little more heel, and moved very fast. Down for the Hospital Point mark they went, the breeze freshening and coming in stiff puffs off the shore, and the boats going at such a rate that the steam tenders following them were unable to keep up the pace. At 10:00:05, Outlook gybed around the mark, and with boom to starboard started for the windward mark. The way to Gooseberry Ledge had knockabouts, launches and sailboats all along, but none of them were able to keep pace with the racers. Outlook continued to gain steadily, and when she tacked around the windward mark for the beat home at 10:23:52, she had a lead of over seven minutes on Hades, which followed suit at 10:31:15. The beat home was made in the best breeze of the day, and Outlook not only beat Hades badly, but made a very fast performance. She stood up well, pointed high, and footed very fast, easily dropping raceabouts and 25-footers, which were watching the race. She continued to gain all the way to the mark, and crossed the finish line more than a mile ahead of her rival. Outlook crossed at 11:05:44, with Hades at 11:25:06. The victory was so decisive that the judges decided that there was no need of more trial races, and selected Outlook as defender. The summary:

	Start.	1st Mark.	2d Mark.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Outlook	9 35 14	10 00 05	10 23 52	11 05 44	1 30 30
Hades	9 35 25	10 03 32	10 31 15	11 25 06	1 49 41

Outlook's victory was a very popular one, as the oddity of the triple hull boat had caused much worriment and a little feeling on the part of many. The owners of Hades frankly admitted that the boat had been merely an experiment, and that she was a failure. The trouble with Hades, in the writer's opinion, is that in the first place her construction is such that even had her lines been good, the boat was unable to keep her shape. In the second place, the disturbance made between the three hulls by the water passing rapidly through, was so great that it must have retarded the boat greatly. Both boats had very good sails, those of Hades being made by Wilson & Silsby, while Outlook carried a mainsail made by the same firm and a jib made by Cousens & Pratt, of Boston. Outlook's steel truss has proved a great success—in fact, her construction is in every way good and fitted to stand the great strains put on a boat of this kind. On Thursday morning after the final race a new mainsail made by Cousens & Pratt was tried on Outlook. It is made of lighter material than the Wilson sail, and seems to be far better in light airs, and just as rigid in the stronger breezes. A new silk jib has been ordered from Cousens & Pratt to use in extremely light weather. Outlook will be tuned up the rest of the week and hauled out to pot lead for the cup races on Saturday.

A. Henry Higginson.

Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Aug. 2.

Five boats started in the race for the Robert Center Memorial cup, held on Saturday, Aug. 2. The boats sailed over one of the inside courses in a fair south breeze. Lucille won by over a minute. The summary, start 3:20:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Lucille, W. H. Landon	5 33 49	2 13 49
Bobs, W. A. W. Stewart	5 34 50	2 14 50
Wyntje, Colgate Hoyt	5 37 48	2 17 48
Gowan, F. G. Stewart	5 40 04	2 20 04
Heron, J. R. Coudert, Jr	Disabled.	

Newport Y. R. A.

The Regatta Committee of the Newport Yacht Racing Association announces they will hold a series of races off Newport on Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 1 and 2. Prizes will be given in each class where two or more boats start. Entries are to be made to George E. Plumer, secretary of the Regatta Committee, at the office of the Association, No. 152 Bellevue avenue, on or before Saturday, Aug. 30, at 6 o'clock in the evening.

Manhasset Bay Y. C.

PORT WASHINGTON, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Friday, Aug. 1.

The first of the two days' racing given by the Manhasset Bay Y. C. was devoted entirely to one-design boats. Twenty-six boats started in the seven different classes. Com. Stephen W. Roach's flagship Emeline was turned over to the newspaper men, and the Regatta Committee, which is made up of Edward MacLellan, Charles D. Mower, Robert Jacob and George Bowles.

There was a good sailing breeze from the south. The American Y. C. one-design boats and the Larchmont one-design boats sailed over a triangular course of eleven miles. All the other boats, with the exception of the dories, sailed over a triangular course of nine and one-half miles.

The preparatory signal was given at 2 o'clock, and the American and Larchmont one-design boats were sent away five minutes later at 2:05. The American Y. C. boats got away in a bunch, and at the first mark were still close together. On the windward work, however, The Kid took the lead and was never headed. In the Larchmont Y. C. class, Dorothy, well handled by her owner, Mr. H. T. Spence, made an excellent showing, and defeated Houri by nearly six minutes.

Three of the New Rochelle Y. C. boats turned up, Ace beating Knave out and Caper coming in last.

Some good racing was seen in the Manhasset Bay one-design class. Pup, the new boat in the class, owned by Mr. T. W. Ratsey, created quite a sensation with her red sails. She did not show up very well, but this was her first race. Lambkin, Com. Roach's boat, won by over four minutes.

Only one of the Ardsley one-design boats turned up, but she sailed over the course.

In the Huguenot Y. C. dory class, Prize won, beating Ketch II. by nearly half an hour.

After a close race in the Pelham Country Club class Echo won from Gloria by thirty-two seconds. The summary:

American Y. C. 21ft. Class—Start, 2:05.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Howdy, S. Wainwright	5 19 38	3 14 38
Jolly Tar, S. Howland	5 10 58	3 05 58
Rascal, S. C. Hopkins	5 12 32	3 07 32
Hobo, T. L. Park	5 11 29	3 06 29
Ping Pong, W. H. Browning	5 10 17	3 05 17
The Kid, O. Harriman, Jr	5 07 24	3 02 24

Larchmont 21ft. Class—Start, 2:05.

Adelaide, J. J. Dwyer	5 39 06	3 34 06
Houri, J. H. Esser	5 36 25	3 31 25
Dorothy, H. T. Spence	5 30 27	3 25 27

New Rochelle 18ft. Class—Start 2:10.

Caper, P. L. Howard	5 18 25	3 08 25
Knave, R. N. Bavier	4 56 12	2 46 12
Ace, W. N. Bavier, Jr	4 55 09	2 45 09

Manhasset Bay Raceabouts—Start, 2:10.

Lambkin, S. W. Roach	5 05 50	2 55 10
Arizona, G. A. Corry	5 12 04	3 02 04
Mist, J. W. Alker	5 12 28	3 02 28
Firefly, Guy Standing	5 09 58	2 59 58
Pup, T. W. Ratsey	Not timed.	

Ardsley Club Class—Start, 2:10.

Mary Baker, No. 3, F. M. Hoyt	5 18 30	3 08 30

Huguenot Y. C. Dories—Start, 2:15.

Ketch, S. C. Ketchum	4 58 40	2 43 40
Prize, H. H. Van Rensselaer	4 30 10	2 15 10
Marguerite, W. F. Johnson	5 24 00	3 09 00

Pelham Country Club Lark Class—Start, 2:15.

Gloria, G. B. Mott	3 56 22	1 41 22
Echo, T. A. Weatherly	3 55 50	1 40 50
Skidoo, M. S. G. Davies	3 56 26	1 41 26
Yellow Jacket, G. B. Robinson, Jr	3 57 55	1 42 35
Go To, G. G. Smith	4 07 20	1 52 20

The winners were The Kid, Dorothy, Ace, Lambkin, Mary Baker No. 3, Prize and Echo.

Saturday, Aug. 2.

Saturday was the day set aside for the annual regatta of the Manhasset Bay Y. C. Nearly eighty boats were entered for the race, but owing to the very light breeze in the morning many of them found it impossible to get to the line in time to start. The boats in the 36 and 30ft. classes sailed over a course nineteen miles long. All the rest of the boats, with the exception of the larks, dories and naval reserve cutters, sailed over a nine and a half mile course, while these latter boats covered a four-mile course. At the time of the start the wind was light from the southwest. Shortly after the start a squall broke out of the northwest, many of the boats carrying sail through it, however, although some of the smaller craft lowered away. After the squall the wind backed around to the southwest again, and during the last part of the race freshened up to a good sailing breeze.

Com. Roach's steam yacht Emeline was again used as the committee boat.

The two 43-footers Effort and Dorwina arrived late, but the Regatta Committee were ready to give them a race. Dorwina's owner was not satisfied with the arrangements made and would not start. This left Effort without a competitor, and this boat not wishing to take a sailover, did not cross the starting line. Mira was at Greenport preparing for the New York Y. C. cruise, and consequently could not get to Manhasset. Challenge, the other 43-footer, has been taken back to the lakes by her owner.

Leda was the only starter in the 36ft. class, and she sailed over the course alone.

In the 30ft. class Alerion, Marguerite and Mimosa started. Mimosa soon worked into first place and beat Marguerite by over two minutes.

Five boats started in the raceabout class. Rogue, well sailed by Mr. A. B. Alley, led Hobo, the second boat, over the finish line by over five minutes.

In the Larchmont 21ft. class only two boats started, Adelaide and Houri. The former won by over three minutes.

Montauk in class Q had matters pretty much her own way, and won with ease.

In the New Rochelle one-design class Ace again won. In the light air the New Rochelle boats made better time over the course than did the Manhasset boats. In the Manhasset one-design class Firefly won, although Lambkin pushed her hard for first place. Mary Baker No. 3 won in the Ardsley one-design class by over two minutes.

Mr. Robert Jacob's new sloop Eleanor, which is fitted with red sails like Mr. Ratsey's Pup, did not do very well in class R. Mr. Thomas Clapham's Jag won in this class.

A special class was made up for Scoot and Plover, the former winning by a small margin.

Gloria won in the Pelham Country Club lark class. Only one boat finished in the Huguenot dory class.

In the Naval Reserve cutter class five boats started, but only one finished. The summary:

Sloops—Class M—30 to 36ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:40—Course, 19 Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Leda, H. L. Maxwell	4 28 24	3 48 24

Sloops—Class N—25 to 30ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:45—Course, 19 Miles.

Alerion, A. H. Alker	4 36 52	4 51 52
Mimosa, T. L. Park	4 26 42	4 41 42
Marguerite, J. F. Dingee	4 29 12	4 44 12

Raceabout Class—Start, 12:50—Course, 11 Miles.

Pompilia, J. R. Maxwell, Jr	3 56 52	3 06 52
Hobo, T. L. Park	3 50 34	3 00 34
Rogue, A. B. Alley	3 45 18	2 55 18
Mavis, G. L. Pirie	3 51 50	3 01 50
Sis, F. T. Bedford	4 01 43	3 11 40

Larchmont 21ft. Class—Start, 12:55—Course, 11 Miles.

Adelaide, J. J. Dwyer	4 12 10	3 17 10
Houri, J. H. Esser	4 17 38	3 22 38

Sloops—Class Q—18 to 21ft. Racing Length—Start, 1:00—Course, 9½ Miles.

Montauk, J. S. Appleby	3 40 15	2 40 15
Gazabo, N. P. Vulte	4 02 13	3 02 13
Quoc, A. D. Tappan	4 31 32	3 31 32

New Rochelle 18ft. Class—Start, 1:05—Course, 9½ Miles.

Caper, P. L. Howard	4 13 50	3 08 50
Knave, R. N. Bavier	4 05 51	3 00 51
Ace, W. N. Bavier, Jr	4 06 05	3 01 05

Manhasset Bay Y. C. One-Design Class—Start, 1:05—Course, 9½ Miles.

Lambkin, S. W. Roach	4 14 50	3 09 50
Arizona, G. A. Corry	4 17 18	3 12 18
Mist, A. H. Alker	4 18 28	3 13 28
Firefly, Guy Standing	4 13 05	3 08 05
Pup, T. W. Ratsey	4 34 08	3 26 08

Ardsley One-Design Class—Start, 1:05—Course, 9½ Miles.

Mary Baker No. 1, H. M. Inman		
Mary Baker No. 2, Charles Smithers	4 20 35	3 15 35
Mary Baker No. 3, F. M. Hoyt	4 18 28	3 13 28

Pelham Country Club Lark Class—Start, 1:05—Course, 4 Miles.

Gloria, G. B. Mott	4 43 14	3 38 14
Echo, F. A. Weatherly	Withdrew.	
Skidoo, M. S. G. Davies	Withdrew.	
Yellow Jacket, G. B. Robinson, Jr	5 16 30	4 11 30
Go To, G. G. Smith	5 03 30	3 58 30
Flirt, D. Carll	4 36 24	3 31 24

Special Knockabout Class—Start, 1:10—Course, 9½ Miles.

Scoot, J. V. P. Wicks	4 20 45	3 10 45
Plover, H. Place	4 21 06	3 11 06

Sloops—Class R—18ft Racing Length and Under—Start, 1:10—Course, 9½ Miles.

Eleanor, R. Jacob	4 21 45	3 11 45
Jag, T. Clapham	4 13 03	3 03 03
Cricket, H. C. Pryer	4 15 27	3 05 27
Pagan, R. W. Jackson	4 11 41	3 11 41

Catboat Class—Start, 1:10—Course, 4 Miles.

Wif Waf, H. E. Sayre	4 15 52	3 15 52

Huguenot Y. C. Dories—Start, 1:15—Course, 4 Miles.

Ketch II., S. C. Ketchum		
Prize, H. H. Van Rensselaer	3 55 46	2 40 46
Marguerite, W. F. Johnson		
Rudder, Harold Stevenson		

Naval Reserve Cutters—Start, 3:05—Course, 4 Miles.

Second Division, First Battalion	5 10 45	2 05 45

The winners were Leda, Mimosa, Rogue, Adelaide, Montauk, Ace, Firefly, Mary Baker No. 3, Flirt, Scoot, Jag, Wif Waf and Prize.

Indian Harbor Y. C.

GREENWICH, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Aug. 2.

The second handicap race held by the Indian Harbor Y. C. this year was sailed on Saturday, Aug. 2. Twelve boats started in the handicap class. Four prizes were offered for boats in this class. The first was won by the scratch boat, Empronzi, the second by Mignon, the third by Robin Hood and the fourth by Neola.

Noggin won in the class for Indian Harbor sailabouts, with Queenie second.

The race for launches was won by Vivienne.

The boats in the handicap class sailed over a ten-mile triangle, and the sailabouts sailed over a six-mile triangle. The wind was light from the S.W., freshening a little toward the finish. The summary:

Handicap Race.

	Start.	Finish.
Eos, E. D. Mead	3 10 00	5 47 17
Osseo, H. C. Nash	2 40 00	5 54 34
Neola, J. R. Johnston, Jr	3 05 00	5 44 52
Penguin, G. H. Bartlett	3 00 00	5 58 22
Malillian, R. B. Thompson	3 10 00	5 48 30
Mignon, Joseph Fournier	3 20 00	5 40 05
Louie Bell, J. M. Williams	2 50 00	5 54 38
Viper, Newcombe & Elson	3 25 00	5 45 34
Robin Hood, G. E. Gartland	3 05 00	5 43 53
Empronzi, Alfred Peats	3 30 00	5 38 58
Crab, T. R. Pell	2 35 00	Not timed.
Bantam, H. H. Page	2 45 00	Not timed.

Indian Harbor Sailboats—Start, 2:55.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Stingy, E. E. Zittel	4 52 00	1 57 00
Cero, Charles Mallory	4 56 17	2 01 17
Queenie, Frank Tilford	4 51 07	1 56 07
Noggin, C. S. Somerville	4 42 47	1 47 47
Betty, Swords & Hyde	5 29 32	2 34 12

Launches.

	Racing Length.	Start.	Finish.
Vivienne, E. S. Wheeler	18.00	5 02 00	6 02 06
Thistle, R. E. Tod	45.00	5 20 42	Withdrew.
Kit, F. B. Jones	16.67	5 00 00	6 10 30
Kentucky, L. Crawford	19.81	5 04 24	6 06 52

Centre Island Cup for Knockabouts.

The fifth series race for the Centre Island cup for Seawanhaka knockabouts was sailed on July 26, over the knockabout No. 2 course, shortened. The weather was fair and a southeast wind was blowing. Bobs was disqualified for fouling boat. The summary:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vagrant, T. M. Brown & W. G. Low, Jr	5 11 09	1 31 09
Marcia, Johnston de Forest	5 12 20	1 32 20
Gowan, Francis G. Stewart	5 14 56	1 34 56
Wyntje, C. S. Hoyt	5 20 49	1 40 49
Lucille, H. H. Landon	5 21 01	1 41 01
Heron, F. R. Coudert, Jr	5 25 37	1 45 37
Bobs, W. A. W. Stewart	5 13 16	1 33 16

In a special race for the Leland Corinthian Challenge cup on same date, over same course, the result was:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Gowan, Francis G. Stewart	10 45 00	1 05 30	2 20 30
Wyntje, C. S. Hoyt	Withdrew.		

Lake Yacht Racing Association.

Following the practice of earlier years, a racing circuit was arranged for this summer, beginning at Hamilton with races for all classes, on Monday, July 21. The fleet assembled on Sunday, the weather being very miserable, a cold east wind prevailing, with continuous rain, which began on Saturday afternoon, lasting with only occasional breaks until Monday morning. The fleet was on the whole better than for several years, the various classes being well filled with material for lively racing, although as usual there were many boats entered that failed to start. The first, 45 and 40ft. classes, consist entirely of boats from two to ten years old, but as they are fairly well matched, there is always enough uncertainty about results to make interesting racing. The 35ft. class includes the Canada cup boats, particularly Genessee, winner in 1899, and Invader, winner in 1901. These two had never come together before, and, in fact, until Invader squarely outsailed her at Toronto on July 23 Genessee was an unbeaten boat, and is still very fast. The 30ft. class contained some old boats and a new Crowninshield craft, Naomi, built to fit the new restrictions which are to be in force next year. She is a comfortable, roomy boat, and quite as fast as her older unlimited competitors. In the 25ft. class are two new yachts, Whirl and Helen, designed by Geo. Owen, of Hamilton, to conform to the new rules, and although under some disadvantage this year, they easily outsailed all comers.

Monday, July 21.

The morning promised a fine day, the rain having ceased and given place to fog, a very unusual thing on Lake Ontario. At the time of starting it was thick about the piers and the vicinity of the line, but as the sun was shining, everybody expected it would rapidly dry up; and as the steamer was starting to lay the marks just ahead of the yachts, no difficulty was looked for. Heavy fog is so unusual on the lake that it scarcely enters into the calculations of racing men, but on this occasion it simply spoiled the race, swallowing up the fleet for an hour after the start, and sending them all mark hunting with varying success. It was said that the compass bearings of the triangle in the printed instructions were not closely followed, but anyway most of the boats found their way around eventually, while Aggie, Chinook, Invader and some smaller craft lost their way and withdrew. The weather cleared about noon, and then followed more heavy rain, which made everybody afloat and ashore uncomfortable. This was fortunately followed by a fine breeze, but owing to the fog there were no close finishes except in the 25ft. class.

The owner of Chinook addressed a letter to the Regatta Committee, complaining that the course was not well laid, and asking for a resail. At an informal meeting of the yacht owners, however, it was decided on a vote that there were no good reasons for asking a resail. The Regatta Committee met and considered the whole matter carefully, and decided to allow the results to stand and award the prizes. The times were:

First Class—Start, 10:30.

	Finish.	Corrected.
Vreda	4 01 00	5 30 04
Merry Thought	4 07 10	5 37 10

Aggie did not finish.

45ft. Class—Start, 10:40.

Canada	4 56 35	. . . .

Zelma did not finish.

40ft. Class—Start, 10:50.

Clytie	4 26 10	. . . .
Vivia	4 26 50	. . . .

Chinook did not finish.

35ft. Class—Start, 11 o'clock.

Genesee	4 17 50	. . . .
Beaver	4 52 40	. . . .

Invader did not finish.

30-foot Class—Start, 11:10.

Nox	2 08 15	2 57 11
Chitta	2 08 50	2 58 04
Naomi	2 09 00	2 58 14
Hiawatha	2 16 00	3 06 00

Knockabout Class—Start, 11:30.

Petral	2 18 50	. . . .
Enid	2 19 40	. . . .

25ft. Class—Start, 11:20.

Whirl	2 09 40	2 49 28
Helen	2 10 15	. . . .
Vesta	2 12 30	2 52 07
Pedro	2 14 08	2 53 42
Illaway	2 17 55	2 57 32
Ko Ko	2 18 15	2 58 15

On Tuesday the fleet sailed to Toronto, making a comfortable passage in light winds. Here two days' racing was offered by the Royal Canadian Y. C., the course being a triangle in the open lake, starting off the south shore of the island.

Wednesday, July 23.

The races for the 35, 30, 25ft. and knockabout classes were fixed for the first day in order to give the smaller craft two days in which to sail to Cobourg. The wind was light in the morning, particularly about half an hour before the start, and as a result several yachts were becalmed in the channel and failed to get to the starting line. As most of the boats were there and ready at the time appointed, it was impossible to wait indefinitely for others, and the races were started on time. This may seem rather drastic to yachtsmen accustomed to starting when everybody is ready, but it is really the only satisfactory way to do things on a racing circuit. The yacht owners know and understand the custom and usually object very vigorously to any postponement whatever. The interest of the day centered in the race between Genessee and Invader, and while the result was not unexpected, they made a thoroughly good match well worth watching. In the evening a concert was held at the town club house and prizes distributed. The times were:

35ft. Class—Start, 11:00.

	Finish.
Invader	3 47 00
Genesee	3 55 15

Beaver did not finish.

30ft. Class—Start, 11:10.

Naomi	2 23 30
Carlotta	2 23 42

25ft. Class—Start, 11:20.

Whirl	2 26 00
Ko Ko	2 52 20

Helen did not finish.

Knockabouts.

Petrel	3 40 00
Enid	3 41 40

Thursday, July 24.

The first and 45ft. classes were bunched, making a nice fleet of six starters, the forties sailed by themselves and the second and third prizes unearned on Wednesday were again offered for the small classes, but only one boat, Helen, turned up at the line. The wind all day was light and fluky, but otherwise the weather was delightful, and the uncertainties and streaks of good and bad luck kept up the interest until after 7 o'clock in the evening. Aggie and Merrythought had a great fight for first place, the former leading on the first round, but dropping into second place with a freshening breeze, and eventually winning on time allowance. The 40-footers failed to finish by 7 o'clock, and their prizes were awarded on the first completed round. Chinook was still leading, however, when taken in tow for home. The following are the results:

First and 45ft. Classes—Start, 11:00.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Aggie	6 23 42	7 23 42	7 18 57
Merry Thought	6 21 46	7 21 46	7 21 46
Canada	6 53 20	7 53 20	7 46 55
Vreda	7 07 45	8 07 45	8 06 19
Zelma	7 13 25	8 13 25	8 06 22

Clorita did not finish.

40ft. Class—Start, 11:10.

	Finish.
Chinook	3 49 50
Clytie	3 51 53
Vivia	4 14 15

Mr. John Wright very kindly placed his handsome steam yacht Electra at the disposal of the club, and she made an excellent judges' boat.

From Toronto to Cobourg is a passage of over seventy miles, and most of the small craft took advantage of a fair wind on Thursday to get as far as possible; while the boats which had to race on that day kept canvas up and crews together to get under way as soon after dinner as stores could be shipped. The next day, Friday, brought a light to moderate head wind, making a tedious but not unpleasant passage, and nearly all the boats got into port early in the evening. There is no yacht club at Cobourg, and the regatta was arranged entirely by the citizens and summer residents. The course was five miles to windward and return, the wind being light from the southeast. Most of the boats worked out into the lake on a long tack, but Zelma, of the first class, and Chinook, of the 40-footers, worked the shore on short tacks and gained a great advantage, Chinook, although starting five minutes after the big fellows, showing the way around the weather mark. The wind held true for the run back, and spinnakers were showing on either side. Merrythought tried hard to blanket Zelma, but the latter, very smartly handled, managed to keep clear and hold a lead on her longer competitor to the end of the first round. As for the rest, Invader had Genessee well astern, while the new Owen boat Whirl was leading in her class, with her sister boat Helen a close second. On the second round the wind shifted a bit to the eastward, making a long and short leg out. It also freshened and the final run home with balloon jib topsails was the finest sight of the day, and, in fact, of the whole circuit, the leaders being closely bunched, ten of them finishing in as many minutes. The times were as follows:

First and 45ft. Classes—Start, 11:00.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Zelma	3 52 25	4 52 25	4 46 32
Vreda	3 51 44	4 51 44	4 50 32
Merry Thought	3 50 40	4 50 40	4 50 40
Aggie	3 54 58	4 54 58	4 51 01
Canada	3 59 14	4 59 14	4 53 54

40ft. Class—Start, 11:05.

	Finish.
Chinook	3 59 20
Clytie	4 07 13
Neola	Withdrew

35ft. Class—Start, 11:10.

Invader	3 57 48
Genessee	4 05 36

30ft. Class—Start, 11:15.

Nox	2 41 45
Naomi	2 57 10
Chitta	2 59 15

25ft. Class—Start, 11:20.

Whirl	2 32 45
Helen	2 34 13
Pedro	2 56 08

Knockabouts—Start, 11:25.

Petrel	2 52 20
Enid	Withdrew.

The distribution of prizes took place early in the evening, several of the yachtsmen taking occasion to heartily thank the local committee who had so well managed the regatta, and the citizens and summer residents who generously subscribed the prize money. A dance at the Arlington followed, breaking up at midnight, of course, so that the yachtsmen were astir early on Sunday morning, and finding a fair wind, all hands made sail for Charlotte. A thunderstorm and sharp squall were encountered in the afternoon, no harm being done to the racing fleet, but a small yacht from Hamilton capsized off the north shore, one young man being drowned and the others rescued with difficulty. Many of the boats made Charlotte early Sunday evening, others arriving during the night, so that all hands had a day up town in Rochester on the Monday following.

Rochester Y. C., July 29.

The course was triangular, ten miles around, and the wind light throughout the day. Merrythought maintained first place in her class, with Vreda second, although Zelma crowded her closely. The celebrated cutter Yama came into port, but not in time to race. She has been purchased by W. H. Pearson, Jr., of the R. C. Y. C., Toronto, and will add much interest to the first class. All the boats, though old, have been famous in their day, and still give fine racing. The new restrictions will prevent their being rapidly outbuilt, and at the same time there will be more encouragement to build new craft. Nobody wants a freak or a racing machine in this class on Lake Ontario, and none have been built even when there was a chance to do so.

Some disappointment was caused by Invader not turning up at Charlotte, but the freak boat Canadian was in port, and made a race for Genessee, dropping out, however, before the finish. Some local craft added to the interest in the smaller classes. The times were:

First and 45ft. Classes.—Start, 11:00.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Merry Thought	5 30 10	6 30 10	6 30 10
Vreda	5 40 25	6 40 25	6 39 13
Zelma	5 55 03	6 55 03	6 49 10
Canada	6 03 00	7 03 00	6 57 40
Aggie	6 10 05	7 10 05	7 06 08

40ft. Class—Start, 11:10.

	Finish.
Chinook	6 28 45
Clytie	6 45 00
Neola	Withdrew

35ft. Class—Start, 11:20.

Genessee	6 33 15
Canadian	Withdrew

30ft. Class—Start, 11:30.

Nox	3 00 35
Teaser	3 15 30
Naomi	4 03 38
Iris	4 38 32

25ft. Class—Start, 11:40.

Whirl	4 07 20
Anatok	4 18 45
Pedro	4 24 15
Naomi II.	4 24 20

Knockabouts—Start, 11:50.

Petrel	4 09 30
Veritas	4 38 50

The Rochester Y. C. has just opened a fine new house on the lake shore, the old house up the river being retained for boats and storage. This club has evidently taken on a new lease of life, and under Com. Van Voorhis and other able officers is maintaining its reputation for hospitality and racing. Next year it sends a challenge for the Canada cup, while an Association meet will likely be arranged at Kingston, the best port on the lake in many ways for such an event.

This year's circuit was a great success, the attendance being good and the racing much more lively than usual.

Wm. Q. Phillips.

Boston Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

Monday, July 28.

The Boston Y. C. held a Y. R. A. open race off its station at Marblehead on Monday, July 28. The breeze was from the west, light at the start, but strong and puffy at the finish. In the 25-footers it was Chewink's race from the start. Chloris led the 21-footers over the course, and Question led the 18ft. knockabouts. Tunipoo won a good race from Opitsah II. in the raceabouts. Sally IV. won in the first handicap class, and Apache in the second. The summary:

Class D—25-footers.

	Elapsed.
Chewink II., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	1 28 44
Sally VI., L. F. Percival	1 30 19
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton	1 31 12
Seboomook, B. A. Smith	1 32 30
L'Aiglon, E. W. Hodgson	1 41 05

Class S—21-footers.

Chloris, Cheney & Lanning	1 32 33
Little Haste, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	1 37 39
Pilot, Reginald Boardman	1 37 41
Micmac, Richard Hutchinson	1 39 04
Rooster II., Adams Bros.	1 39 19
Tabasco III., H. H. Wiggin	1 41 26
Opitsah IV., S. H. Foster	1 42 46
Porcupine, C. H. W. Foster	1 43 10
Thelma, Livingstone Davis	1 43 54
Thecla, C. W. Chapin	1 46 55

Class I—18ft. Knockabouts.

Question, J. H. Hunt	1 48 25
Biza, Alfred Douglas	1 49 35
Savage, J. A. Lawrence	1 51 47
Miladi II., F. R. Adams	1 52 21
Malillian, B. S. Permar	1 54 12
Rattler, A. D. Irving	1 54 15
Aspinquid, C. M. Foster	1 58 55
Comforter, J. M. Whittemore	1 59 29
Scrapper, Caleb Loring	1 59 31
Tokalon, R. I. Randolph, Jr.	2 03 12

Class K—Runabouts.

Tunipoo, Cooley & Humphrey	1 48 12
Opitsah II., C. F. Tillinghast	1 49 15

Class A—Handicap.

Sally II., H. W. Mason	1 43 14
Kiuna, W. D. Learned	1 53 53

Class B—Handicap.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Apache, L. C. Wade	1 50 32	1 50 32
Aspenet, E. W. Remick	1 54 13	1 52 00
Scapegoat, C. H. W. Foster	2 01 50	1 59 47

Riverton Y. C.

RIVERTON, DELAWARE RIVER.

Saturday, July 26.

A special race was sailed on Saturday, July 26, between boats of the Riverton and Beverly yacht clubs. A good sailing breeze from the east held throughout the race. Peerless, one of the Beverly boats, won in her class with Sea Gull second. In the sloop class Isit again won, making her third victory in three weeks. T. Bonfield won in the Lark class by seven minutes. In the Mosquito class, A. Cook won by nearly two minutes. The catboats and the jib and mainsail class sailed twice over the course, No. 3, making a distance of twelve miles. The larks and mosquito boats covered course No. 2, twice around, a distance of ten miles. The summary:

Catboats—Start, 3:10.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Peerless	4 55 35	1 45 35	1 39 16
Sea Gull	4 56 25	1 46 25	1 42 01
Leila	4 57 43	1 47 43	1 42 35
Priscilla	5 01 58	1 51 58	1 45 39
Titania	4 56 15	1 46 05	1 46 05
Gertrude	Withdrew.		
Vampire	Withdrew.		

Jib and Mainsail—Start, 3:15.

Isit	4 57 30	1 42 30	1 32 56
Tadpole	5 12 53	1 57 53	1 43 19
Pumpkin	5 09 15	1 54 15	1 48 37
Fiona	5 03 00	1 48 00	1 45 11
Kaloola	5 02 00	1 47 00	1 47 00

Larks—Start, 3:17.

No. 3	5 14 32	1 57 32	. . . .
No. 4	5 21 33	2 04 33	. . . .
No. 1	5 22 21	2 05 21	. . . .
No. 2	5 27 03	2 10 03	. . . .
No. 5	5 28 01	2 11 01	. . . .

Mosquito Boats—Start, 3:19.

No. 11	5 09 40	1 50 40	. . . .
No. 14	5 11 39	1 51 39	. . . .
No. 6	5 14 01	1 55 01	. . . .
No. 2	5 15 32	1 56 32	. . . .
No. 7	5 19 40	2 00 40	. . . .
No. 10	5 25 15	2 06 15	. . . .

The winners were Peerless, Isit, No. 3 and No. 11.

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Corinthian Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

Midsummer Series.

THE Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, has held a most successful race week. First came the postponed Fourth of July race, which was sailed on Tuesday, July 29. The Boston Y. C. gave up one of its Marblehead open races so that this race might be sailed. Then came the annual midsummer series on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, and on Saturday was sailed the special invitation race. The weather was good every day, and there was not one on which there was not enough breeze to furnish good racing. This is certainly a rarity for Marblehead race week, and the committee has been congratulating itself. There was a good attendance every day, and there was, throughout the series, everything from light to strong breezes, and everybody was satisfied.

Tuesday, July 29.

On this day the Fourth of July special race, which was twice postponed previously on account of light air, was resailed. Before the start it looked like a Marblehead fluke day, but it breezed on from the southeast and a good race was sailed. In the 25-footers Chewink II. had things all her own way. She got the start and led at every mark. There was the usual hot finish between Sally VI. and Seboomook for second place. In the 21-footers Little Haste got the start and led all over the course, while Chloris and Porcupine had a tussle for second place. In the raceabouts, Tunipoo got the start and held Sintram under her lee to the first mark, but after this it was all Sintram. A close race was sailed between Rattler, Savage and Question in the 18ft. knockabouts, Rattler winning. In class A handicap, Yarico won on corrected time, and in the handicap knockabout class Opitsah II. won. The summary:

Class D—25-footers.

	Elapsed.
Chewink II., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	1 13 40
Sally VII., L. F. Percival	1 16 46
Seboomook, B. A. Smith	1 16 56
L'Aiglon, E. W. Hodgson	1 21 11

Class S—21-footers.

Little Haste, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	1 15 14
Chloris, Cheney & Lanning	1 17 47
Porcupine, C. H. W. Foster	1 17 56
Pilot, Reginald Boardman	1 18 20
Rooster II., Adams Bros.	1 18 46
Micmac, Richard Hutchinson	1 19 28
Opitsah IV., S. H. Foster	1 21 28
Tabasco III., H. H. Wiggin	1 21 32
Thelma, C. W. Chapin	1 21 43

Class K—Raceabouts.

Sintram, W. P. Fowle	1 18 20
Tunipoo, Cooley & Humphrey	1 20 09

Class I—18ft. Knockabouts.

Rattler, A. D. Irving	1 19 04
Savage, J. A. Lawrence	1 19 29
Question, J. H. Hunt	1 19 39
Malillian, B. S. Permar	1 20 49
Miladi II., F. R. Adams	1 21 05
Scrapper, W. C. Loring, Jr.	1 24 26
Comforter, J. M. Whittemore	1 29 00
Aspinquid, C. M. Foster	Withdrew.

Class A—Handicap.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Yarico, W. H. Rothwell	1 17 49	1 15 32
Chasca, D. H. Follett	1 16 14	1 16 14
Sally IV., H. W. Mason	1 17 38	1 17 38
Babs, E. B. Alvord	1 19 30	1 17 59

Class B—Handicap.

Opitsah II., C. F. Tillinghast	1 18 08	1 18 08
Aspenet, E. W. Remick	1 23 17	1 20 09
Scapegoat, C. H. W. Foster	1 22 38	1 20 17
Ruth, H. S. Wheelock	1 22 40	1 20 19
Dabster, G. W. Keith	1 21 17	1 21 17

The judges were George W. Mansfield, W. W. Keith and H. S. Goodwin.

Wednesday, July 30.

On this day the first of the midsummer series of invitation races was sailed in a light breeze, east northeast. In the 25-footers Chewink II. again carried away the honors. In the 21-footers Chloris led to the first mark, but on the second round Little Haste pulled out a lead just before the mark was reached, and she led to the finish. It was all Sintram in the raceabouts, and in the 18ft. knockabouts Savage won after a hot scrap with Question. In the handicap class Sally IV. was an easy first. In the handicap knockabouts Opitsah II. led the class. The summary:

Class A—Restricted 25-footers.

	Elapsed.
Chewink II., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	2 25 09
Sally VI., L. F. Percival	2 32 24
Seboomook, B. A. Smith	2 33 32
L'Aiglon, E. W. Hodgson	2 52 57
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton	2 54 05

Class B—Restricted 21-footers.

Little Haste, I. K. Lothrop, Jr.	2 35 24
Chloris, Cheney & Lanning	2 41 08
Porcupine, C. H. W. Foster	2 41 24
Rooster II., Adams Bros.	2 43 04
Pilot, Reginald Boardman	2 49 45
Opitsah IV., S. H. Foster	2 50 51
Thelma, L. C. Davis	2 51 09
Tabasco III., H. H. Wiggin	2 54 32
Micmac, Richard Hutchison	2 56 58

Class C—Raceabouts.

Sintram, W. P. Fowle	2 24 36
Tunipoo, Cooley & Humphrey	2 51 57

Class E—18ft. Knockabouts.

Savage, J. A. Lawrence	1 38 08
Question, J. H. Hunt	1 39 45
Miladi II., F. R. Adams	1 42 04
Rattler, A. D. Irving	1 42 10
Scrapper, W. C. Loring, Jr.	1 42 57
Aspinquid, C. M. Foster	1 49 55
Comforter, J. M. Whittemore	Not timed.

Class D—Handicap.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sally IV., H. W. Mason	2 39 04	2 39 04
Chasca, D. H. Follett	2 56 46	2 53 36
Virginia, R. L. Sewell	2 59 36	2 58 01
Yarico, W. H. Rothwell	3 04 10	2 59 35
Babs, E. R. Alvord	3 10 06	3 05 21
Louise, E. McWilliams	3 14 36	3 08 16
Nokolo, B. K. Safford	Withdrew.	

Class F—Handicap.

Opitsah II., C. F. Tillinghast	1 33 30	1 33 30
Ruth, H. S. Wheelock	1 39 00	1 35 16
Aspenet, E. W. Remick	1 43 00	1 39 16
Dabster, G. W. Keith	1 43 04	1 42 08
Retriever, H. P. Brown	Not timed.	
Spinster III., L. M. Clark	Not timed.	
Suzanne, Frank Brewster	Not timed.	

Thursday, July 31.

The second of the midsummer races was sailed in a whole-sail breeze, south southeast. Seboomook won in the 25-footers. She and Sally VI. got in a mix up, in which Sally's boom was broken. In the 21-footers Opitsah IV. sailed a great race, leading for the greater part of the course and losing at the last through the greater size of Little Haste. In the raceabouts it was again Sintram. In the 18ft. knockabouts Miladi II., Question and Savage headed the class, Miladi winning. In the handicap class Babs won, and in the handicap knockabouts Suzanne won, both on corrected time. The summary:

Class A—Restricted 25-footers.

	Elapsed.
Seboomook, B. A. Smith	1 31 38
Chewink II., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	1 33 08
Sally VI., L. F. Percival	Disabled.

Class B—Restricted 21-footers.

Little Haste, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	1 37 58
Opitsah IV., S. H. Foster	1 39 04
Pilot, Reginald Boardman	1 10 09
Porcupine, C. H. W. Foster	1 43 38
Tabasco III., H. H. Wiggin	1 44 23
Katherine, H. C. Sears	1 45 50
Rooster II., Adams Bros.	Disabled.
Thelma, C. W. Chapin	Disabled.
Perhaps II., J. E. Robinson	Disabled.
Chloris, Cheney & Lanning	Withdrew.

Class C—Raceabouts.

Sintram, W. P. Fowle	1 45 57
Tunipoo, Cooley & Humphrey	1 48 18

Class E—18ft. Knockabouts.

Miladi II., J. H. Hunt	1 24 18
Question, F. R. Adams	1 24 48
Savage, J. A. Lawrence	1 25 35
Scrapper, W. C. Loring, Jr.	1 27 00
Rattler, A. D. Irving	1 27 57
Comforter, J. M. Whittemore	1 33 26

Class D—Handicap.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Babs, A. W. Alvord	1 44 11	1 38 05
Chasca, D. H. Follett	1 42 04	1 39 01
Yarico, W. H. Rothwell	1 46 56	1 40 50
Louise, E. McWilliams	1 48 47	1 42 41
Sally IV., H. W. Mason	1 42 56	1 42 56
Nohoko, R. K. Safford	1 57 35	1 47 25

Class F—Handicap Knockabouts.

Suzanne, Frank Brewster	1 23 04	1 20 34
Opitsah II., C. F. Tillinghast	1 20 40	1 20 40
Ruth, H. S. Wheelock	1 26 55	1 22 45
Dabster, G. W. Keith	1 26 53	1 23 35
Spinster III., L. M. Clark	1 26 44	1 24 14
Jacobin, T. W. King	1 28 04	1 25 34
Aspenet, E. W. Remick	1 31 02	1 27 42
Scapegoat, C. H. W. Foster	1 35 12	1 31 02

Pilot protested Little Haste on two counts, and on one of these Little Haste entered a counter protest against Pilot.

Friday, Aug. 1.

The last of the midsummer series of invitation races was sailed in a whole-sail breeze, south by east. Calypso got the start and led over the course, while there was the usual hot scrap for second place between Sally VI. and Seboomook. It was all Little Haste again in the 21-footers, and in the 18ft. knockabouts Miladi II. won a good race. Chasca won all around in the handicap class, and in the handicap knockabouts Scapegoat won on corrected time. The summary:

Class A—Restricted 25-footers.

	Elapsed.
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton	1 29 08
Sally VI., L. F. Percival	1 31 19
Seboomook, B. A. Smith	1 31 27
Chewink II., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	1 33 36

Class B—Restricted 21-footers.

Little Haste, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	1 34 05
Pilot, Reginald Boardman	1 38 20
Rooster, Adams Bros.	1 39 15
Opitsah IV., S. H. Foster	1 40 12
Chloris, Cheney & Lanning	1 40 16
Tabasco III., H. H. Wiggin	1 40 35
Porcupine, C. H. W. Foster	1 41 04
Micmac, Richard Hutchinson	1 41 18

Class E—18ft. Knockabouts.

Miladi II., J. H. Hunt	1 12 58
Question, F. R. Adams	1 13 12
Rattler, A. D. Irving	1 13 55
Malillian, B. S. Permar	1 15 26
Savage, J. A. Lawrence	1 15 56

Class D—Handicap.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Chasca, D. H. Follett	1 35 20	1 35 20
Louise, E. McWilliams	1 41 35	1 35 52
Yarico, W. H. Rothwell	1 44 40	1 39 54
Babs, A. W. Alvord	1 44 46	1 41 54
Sally IV., H. W. Mason	1 43 30	1 43 30
Nohoko, R. K. Safford	1 57 42	1 46 16

Class F—Handicap Knockabouts.

Scapegoat, C. H. W. Foster	1 48 45	1 41 34
Opitsah II., C. F. Tillinghast	1 42 44	1 42 44
Dabster, G. W. Keith	1 49 10	1 43 00
Aspenet, E. W. Remick	1 50 52	1 43 41
Spinster III., L. M. Clark	1 49 41	1 44 02
Ruth, H. S. Wheelock	1 52 52	1 47 44
Jacobin, T. W. King	Disabled.	
Suzanne, Frank Brewster	Disabled.	

Saturday, Aug. 2.

In each of the classes a cup was offered to the winner of the series, and on Saturday morning the tied classes sailed off, in a southeast breeze, light at the start and constantly strengthening to the finish. In the 25-footers Seboomook finished first, but was disqualified on protest and Chewink II. won. In the handicap class Sally IV. won, and in the handicap knockabouts Opitsah II. won. Both of these wins were without question. With the ties settled, the winners of the cups were Chewink II., Little Haste, Sintram, Miladi II., Sally IV. and Opitsah II.

The special race was sailed in the afternoon in a whole-sail breeze, south southeast. Calypso led the 25-footers all over the course. In the 21-footers Tabasco and Porcupine led to the first mark, Thelma led on the beat and then Little Haste won. Miladi II. won in the 18ft. knockabouts after a hot finish. Louise won in the handicap class, and Suzanne in the handicap knockabouts, both on corrected time. The summary:

Class A—Restricted 25-footers.

	Elapsed.
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton	1 22 02
Sally VI., L. F. Percival	1 23 52
Seboomook, B. A. Smith	1 24 46
Chewink II., F. S. Macomber, Jr.	1 25 57
L'Aiglon, E. W. Hodgson	1 30 17

Class B—Restricted 21-footers.

Little Haste, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	1 30 35
Chloris, Cheney & Lanning	1 32 48
Micmac, Richard Hutchison	1 32 56
Thelma, Livingstone Davis	1 33 18
Tabasco III., H. H. Wiggin	1 33 26
Pilot, Reginald Boardman	1 33 42
Opitsah IV., S. N. Foster	1 35 25
Rooster II., Adams Bros.	Disabled.
Porcupine, C. H. W. Foster	Withdrew.

Class E—18ft. Knockabouts.

Miladi II., J. H. Hunt	1 11 45
Rattler, A. D. Irving	1 11 54
Question, F. R. Adams	1 12 35
Savage, J. A. Lawrence	1 12 56
Malillian, B. S. Permar	1 13 32
Tokalon, R. J. Randolph, Jr.	1 14 58
Scrapper, W. C. Loring, Jr.	1 16 32
Comforter, J. M. Whittemore	1 17 26

Class D—Handicap.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Louise, E. McWilliams	1 33 54	1 30 14
Chasca, D. K. Follett	1 31 41	1 31 41
Yarico, W. H. Rothwell	1 37 24	1 32 49
Sally IV., H. W. Mason	1 34 53	1 34 53

Class F—Handicap Knockabouts.

Suzanne, Frank Brewster	1 38 25	1 35 00
Jacobin, T. W. King	1 42 23	1 36 01
Spinster, L. M. Clark	1 42 35	1 36 13
Ruth, H. S. Wheelock	1 44 20	1 37 29
Scapegoat, C. H. W. Foster	1 43 23	1 37 31
Aspenet, E. W. Remick	1 43 28	1 37 36
Opitsah II., S. H. Foster	1 37 50	1 37 50

Seboomook protested Calypso, but the judges decided in favor of Calypso.

Newport Special Thirties.

NEWPORT, R. I.

Monday, July 28.

THE 30-footers sailed a race on Monday, July 28, for a cup offered by Mrs. Herman B. Duryea. The breeze was fresh from the southwest. The boats sailed from Brenton's Cove up to Dyer's Island and return. Wawa was first away, but she did not retain her lead very long, for Carolina soon worked into first place. Carolina was first around the leeward mark, and on the beat home she did still better. The summary, start 3:23:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	5 53 14	2 30 14
Wawa, Reginald Brooks	5 54 16	2 31 16
Asahai, Lloyd Warren & W. S. Miller	5 55 49	2 32 49
Breeze, William G. Roelker, Jr.	5 57 32	2 34 32
Veda, William L. Stow	6 00 08	2 37 08
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	6 02 04	2 39 04
Barbara, Winthrop Rutherfurd	6 05 57	2 42 57

Tuesday, July 29.

On Tuesday the thirties sailed a sweepstake race over a triangular course. The wind was light from the south. Asahi got the best start and held her lead on the first leg, which was a reach, and on the second leg, which was to windward, Esperanza got by Asahi and finished a winner. The summary, start 3:30:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	5 09 21	1 39 21
Wawa, Reginald Brooks	5 11 06	1 41 06
Barbara, Winthrop Rutherfurd	5 11 10	1 41 10
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	5 17 24	1 47 24
Breeze, William G. Roelker, Jr.	5 19 06	1 49 06
Veda, William M. Stow	5 32 04	2 02 04
Asahi, W. S. Miller & Lloyd Warren	Withdrew.	

Wednesday, July 30.

All of the 30-footers now at Newport started on Wednesday in one of the closest and most interesting races sailed this season. The wind was fresh from the north, and the course was six miles to windward and return. Breeze and Barbara were just on the line at gun fire, but before half the windward leg was covered Esperanza had taken the lead and from that time on it was a most exciting race between Esperanza and Barbara, the former winning by eleven seconds. Three seconds only separated Asahi and Wawa, the third and fourth boats, and Veda came in last, only eight seconds behind Breeze. The summary follows, start 3:22:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	5 02 47	1 40 47
Barbara, Winthrop Rutherfurd	5 02 58	1 40 58
Asahi, W. S. Miller & Lloyd Warren	5 04 27	1 42 27
Wawa, Reginald Brooks	5 04 30	1 42 30
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	5 05 26	1 43 26
Breeze, William G. Roelker, Jr.	5 05 58	1 43 58
Veda, William L. Stow	5 06 06	1 44 06

Thursday, July 31.

Esperanza again won in the sweepstake race for the thirties sailed on Thursday, July 31. At the start there was a moderate southwest breeze, which died out considerably when the boats turned the leeward mark, and it was slow work beating back to the finish. The course was from Brenton's Cove to Dyer's Island and return. Esperanza took the lead early on the run to the first mark, and was two minutes ahead in rounding. On the beat home she increased her lead and won by three minutes and thirty-five seconds. The summary, start 3:20:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	6 17 01	2 57 01
Breeze, William G. Roelker, Jr.	6 20 36	3 00 36
Barbara, Winthrop Rutherfurd	6 22 00	3 02 00
Veda, William L. Stow	6 23 42	3 03 42
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	6 24 09	3 04 09
Wawa, Reginald Brooks	6 27 26	3 07 26
Asahi, Lloyd Warren & W. S. Miller	6 32 00	3 12 00

Friday, Aug. 1.

Owing to the light wind the race sailed by the 30-footers on Friday was a most unsatisfactory one. The wind was from the south and the boats sailed over a five-mile to leeward and return course. Barbara led to the leeward mark, but after the boats hauled on the wind Carolina took first place and won by over four minutes. The summary, start 3:24:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	6 43 39	3 19 39
Wawa, Reginald Brooks	6 46 37	3 23 37
Barbara, Winthrop Rutherfurd	6 48 07	3 25 07
Breeze, William G. Roelker, Jr.	6 48 29	3 25 49
Asahi, L. Warren & W. S. Miller	Withdrew.	
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	Withdrew.	
Veda, William L. Stow	Withdrew.	

Saturday, Aug. 2.

The cup offered by Mr. George D. Widener, of Philadelphia, was raced for by the 30-footers on Saturday, Aug. 2. The course was to Dyer's Island and return. The wind was fresh from the S.W. Veda was first around the outer mark, but on the beat home Carolina and Esperanza both passed her. The race lay between Esperanza and Carolina, and the latter won by eleven seconds. The summary, start 3:35:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	5 55 28	2 20 28
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	5 55 39	2 20 39
Wawa, Reginald Brooks	5 55 58	2 20 59
Veda, W. L. Stow	5 57 57	2 21 57
Barbara, Winthrop Rutherfurd	5 58 09	2 23 09
Asahi, Warren H. Miller	Withdrew.	

Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay.

Saturday, Aug. 2.

THE sixth regatta of the Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay was sailed on the afternoon of Saturday, Aug. 2, under the auspices of the Brooklyn Y. C. Twenty-seven craft started in the contest, and all but five finished. The winners in the different classes were Bonito, Caribou, Cockatoo, Bronco, Quinque and Martha M.

The day was one of surprises and minor accidents, which upset calculations. What promised to be the keenest struggle of the regatta, that between the class P boats, Cockatoo and Song and Dance, was marred early in the contest by an accident to the last-named craft, in which she lost her bobstay.

This deprived Song and Dance of her jib, until a temporary stay could be arranged, on which was bent a smaller head sail. At the time of the accident the boats were having it nip and tuck, with Cockatoo slightly in the lead. The mishap to her rival greatly increased the advantage.

The best Song and Dance could do under the circumstances was to finish fourth in the class. Before the race the two were tied on points for the Association series, with 42 each. The standing is now 52 to 46, in favor of Cockatoo.

The star feature of the regatta was the excellent work of the class Q boats, Bronco and Wraith, hailing from the New York C. C. These 21-footers have been working nobly all the season, and in this contest led the whole fleet of smaller boats at the finish. Bronco was first over the line, only thirteen seconds ahead af Wraith.

During the middle of the contest Cockatoo carried away one of her backstays. This accident necessitated reefing for the time being, until the southerly breeze had lightened somewhat. She did not finish until one minute and fifty-three seconds after the class Q boats, which led the fleet, and her elapsed time was four minutes and fifty-three seconds more than that of Bronco.

The Regatta Committee of the Brooklyn Y. C. placed the little Herreshoff boat, Opossum, in special class Q for open boats. She had no competitor, and did not finish. The result of the race evened matters quite a bit in the way of points in class Q on the Association series. Trouble now leads, with 36; Bronco has 34, and Wraith 30.

The whole of the Marine and Field Club one-design class was out, and made most interesting racing. The struggle was characterized by two of the tail-enders coming to the fore and winning first and second positions, while the craft which have been monopolizing the honors had to be content with less glorious results.

Quinque won the race, heading Flying Fox at the finish by one minute and forty-five seconds. Kelpie and Stinger, leaders in the series, finished fourth and fifth respectively.

These little Wyckoff creations were also sailing the fifth race for points on the Snedeker trophy. There is but one more struggle for this prize, which occurs on Aug. 16 in a special race held by the club. The winner of a contest in this series scores four points. The second boat gets three, while the others secure one each. Kelpie now leads the series with 16 points, while Stinger is second boat with 10. Barring accident, Kelpie should win the trophy.

Martha M. made a show of the other starters in class V for catboats. She carried full sail throughout, while the other boats were reefed.

The entry in classes M and N which journey twice out to West Bank Light and return, was not gratifying. In special class M the old rivals Sunol and Bonito contested, and victory this time went to the latter. Kangaroo started in the race, but when half way home on the first round broke her main sheet, and eventually withdrew.

Neither Vivian nor Gwendolen, the regular class N boats, started. This was disappointing, as the two are evenly matched and always sail a fine race.

In special class N Squaw did not come to the line. This left but Caribou and Indian as starters. The former did well on time, and won easily. Indian did not finish the race.

Class R boat, Pickaninny, went over the line at the starting signal, but as she had no opponent withdrew.

The southerly wind blowing gave the smaller boats which sail the inside courses a run to the Marine and Field Club buoy, a reach to the mark off Fort Hamilton, windward work to the Atlantic Y. C. stage boat, and a run home. Classes M and N, which journeyed out to West Bank Light, had a beat out and a run home.

For the next two weeks there will be a lull in Association regattas. The next does not occur until Aug. 23, under the auspices of the Marine and Field Club. The summaries of the race and the points to date follow:

Class M—Special—Start, 3:33.

Bonito, Havilland Bros.	7 01 00	3 28 00
Sunol, John Abbey	7 26 45	3 53 45
Kangaroo, C. H. Humphreys	Withdrew.	

Class N—Special—Start, 3:36.

Caribou, J. E. Nicholson	7 19 40	3 43 40
Indian, Menton Brothers	Withdrew.	

Sloops—Class P—Start, 3:39.

Cockatoo, Hendon Chubb	5 09 50	1 30 50
Corona, J. E. Beggs	5 12 15	1 33 15
Streak, Speidel Brothers	5 15 25	1 36 25
Song and Dance, E. F. Luckenbach	5 17 52	1 38 52

Class Q—Cabin—Start, 3:42.

Bronco, F. C. Moore	5 07 57	1 25 57
Wraith, Calvin Tomkins	5 08 10	1 26 10
Flying Fish, I. M. Dean	5 12 50	1 30 50
Trouble, W. H. Childs	5 14 00	1 32 00
Wink, W. A. Barstow	5 15 38	1 33 58
Elsie, C. P. Rosemon	5 22 26	1 40 26

Class Q—Open—Start, 3:42.

Opossum, R. P. Doremus	Withdrew.

Sloops—Class R—Start, 3:45.

Pickaninny, L. R. Connett	Withdrew.

Marine and Field Class—Start, 3:48.

Quinque, L. H. Smith	5 24 30	1 36 30
Flying Fox, Cone & Buckman	5 26 15	1 38 15
Vixen, Mahoney & Chandler	5 27 50	1 39 50
Kelpie, W. K. Brown	5 27 54	1 39 54
Stinger, A. P. Clapp	5 30 50	1 42 50
Jig-a-Jig, W. A. Hutcheson	5 31 30	1 43 30

Catboats—Class V—Start, 3:48.

Martha M., Richard Moore	5 21 45	1 27 45
Boozie, C. D. Durkee	5 29 50	1 35 50
Rascal, D. G. Whitlock	5 35 20	1 41 20
Jean, F. Nickerson	Withdrew.	

Points to date on Y. R. A. G. B. series—Mariquita, 5; Sunol, 44; Bonito, 38; Kangaroo, 12; Vivian, 30; Gwendolen, 16; Caribou, 50; Squaw, 24; Indian, 6; Cockatoo, 52; Song and Dance, 46; Streak, 22; Karma, 20; Carona, 14; Trouble, 36 Bronco, 34; Wraith, 30; Opossum, 24; Wink, 13; Flying Fish, 10; Spots, 2; Elsie, 1; Pickaninny, 5; Kelpie, 52; Stinger, 42; Quinque, 24; Flying Fox, 18; Vixen, 10; Jig-a-Jig, 7; Martha M., 40; Rascal, 38; Boozie, 24.

Points to date on Snedeker trophy—Kelpie, 16; Stinger, 10; Quinque, 7; Vixen, 5; Jig-a-Jig, 4; Flying Fox, 4.

English Letter.

THE International races for the French 1-ton cup have been won by Scotia II. She was designed by Linton Hope for Mr. Lorne C. Currie, and is a very fine example of good construction and building. L'August was the French challenger—not nearly so taking a craft—and she is fast in light winds. The first race was sailed in a fresh breeze, and while it served both equally, Scotia romped away, particularly on the wind. She led the other by eleven minutes on the first round. The other two races were close, but Scotia had the wininng cards all the time. The course was off Seaview in the Isle of Wight.

The Clyde regattas had rather dismal weather, though on the south coast we were favored with brilliant summer at the time. They produced nothing very startling, the chief items of interest being the improved sailing of Camellia in the 52ft. class and the marked success of Barabel against the Fife 36-footers. She is the crack boat of the class now. This will, in all probability, lead to a strong class next season, and it seems possible that the Clyde will produce more boats of this size than the Solent. If so, we shall soon see whether a long lean type will be of use. It would be possible to build a 36-footer of good sail area, with a loadline of 38ft. and 8ft. beam with fair draught, too. I cannot see how such a boat could fail to pick up many prizes against the present boats of about 9ft. beam and 34ft. L. W. L. Certainly it would be worth the trial.

Kariad has been deserted again by Sybarita, which made a brief appearance on the Clyde, with no success, however. Sybarita may not be going as well as she ought to, but I have never seen any reason to consider her even a moderately good boat. She was able to beat Meteor II. (as a yawl) in very light airs, but the older boat was by far the faster in anything like a breeze. Kariad, on the other hand, is obviously a very speedy craft and should shape well for many years to come. These big boats are not easily outbuilt, and a good sailing master means a long lease of life to them—Charlie Barr and Columbia supply an excellent instance of this. Camellia has also deserted Lucida, leaving her to sail over the Irish courses alone. It is possible that she is having some trifles attended to before the Cowes week, where last year's crack Magdalen will meet the two new boats for the first time. I am not sure that I was right in guessing that Camellia had a slight alteration before the Clyde races, though her form seems to indicate it, and her garboards were certainly removed. Harley Mead has just launched a 30ft. L. R. boat designed and built by him last winter at his yard in Cowes. She is an extremely pretty boat, and he deserves all success for his pluck. He built the boat on the chance of getting a purchaser, and, unfortunately, such persons have been peculiarly scarce for the last year or two. I believe he means to race the boat himself now. He has done this once or twice before and his boats have been very successful, but it seems rather hard lines that in the profession of yacht designing one should have to supply one's own patronage. It would be different in the case of a duffer, of course, but Mead has show real talent.

We are all now trembling with excitement over the anticipated delights of the Cowes week. Many of your readers who have never been to Cowes must think it is quite a magnificent place. These may be surprised to hear that in the High Street (the only important thoroughfare) there is not room enough for two vehicles to pass! When two have the bad luck to meet, one must back down to some distant widening before the other gets a fair wind. And the anchorage is awful. The tides run very hard through it, so that getting under way when it is crowded is extremely difficult. But it is a pretty little place, and having been pitched upon as the original yachting center of England, it can very well hold its own. The open classes will have a fair share of races in the Weehi, but the chief racing will be handicaps, including those of the Squadron's, King's Cup and German Emperor's Cup. The conditions of the latter, by the way, exclude Navahoe, for it is open only to yachts built in Europe.

The King has been at Cowes on board his new yacht, Victoria and Albert, during the last ten days. The sea air has hastened his recovery in a remarkable way. This may be said to be the first appearance of the yacht in public, and after all has been said, she is a grand vessel. I was told by one of the men who was in her when she was sent purposely to look for bad weather in the Bay of Biscay that a finer seaboat never floated. Her speed is over 22 knots, and she is a handsome ship. She cannot be compared to private yachts in appearance, for she is quite unlike any, and that is as it ought to be. The only fault I can fancy to exist is that her masts are just a little short, and the mainmast is a little too far aft.

Navahoe appears to be little injured by her change to yawl rig. Her skipper managed a very complete smash-up of the old Irex at the start of the channel match from Dover to Ostend last week, by trying to force a passage in complete defiance of rules. The old cutter had her bulwarks smashed and her mainsail split, and Creole was within an ace of being rammed. There was a fresh breeze during the day, giving a reach to Ostend (70 miles), and Cicely scored a remarkable win. She finished ten minutes ahead of Navahoe, over 23 minutes ahead of Clara, over 45 minutes ahead of Brynhild, covering the course at an average of over twelve knots.

Cicely continues to do well, but in light winds, with a fair amount of beating, she cannot quite hold Navahoe and does not show up so well with Bona and Brynhild. This is only natural, and in a schooner class it would take a very slippery vessel to beat her in any weather.

One would expect that at this season of the year the motor makers would be dull, but over here the reverse is the case. There is a decided boom in motors, and evidently the yachts and launches fitted last winter have proved satisfactory object lessons. Next winter will see many auxiliary yachts on the stocks—of that there is no doubt. Our makers stick to the 4-cycle engine, and for what photographers call "serious work." I am strongly inclined to think them right. I have seen some pathetic efforts being made to coax 2-cycle engines out of the sulks. These incidents only seem to endear them to the owners, however. Our deep type of small cruising yachts permit the motors to be installed in a very compact way, interfering little or not at all with the accommodation.

E. H. HAMILTON.

Shelter Island Y. C.

SHELTER ISLAND HEIGHTS, L. I.

Saturday, Aug. 2.

ONE of the best regattas seen off Shelter Island in many a day was sailed on the afternoon of Saturday, Aug. 2. There was a stiff breeze blowing from the southwest at about a twelve-knot velocity.

The best racing of the day was in the competition for class R sloops. After a close race, Harp, belonging to J. W. Lunning, crossed the line about 100ft. ahead of M. Edson's San Toy. Psi, Andrew Bancker, was third, while John Webster's Snook and Howard Keim's Arrow brought up the rear in the order named.

Four of the star boats competed in class N. Flosshilde, belonging to Oscar Webber, won the contest. George Trowbridge Hollister's new Gardner & Cox boat, Kalmia, was second, and Helen, belonging to Mortimer Fuller, was third.

Senta, another Gardner & Cox creation, belonging to Otto E. Lorke, met with an accident, which put her out of the running. One of her spreaders gave way, which allowed the mast to go by the board about 15ft. from the deck. Quick work saved the yacht from further damage and she was towed into anchorage by the steam yacht Magnet, belonging to Hamilton Fish.

Eelskin, Guy Hutchison, owner, carried off the honors in the class for small sloops. Second place was taken by Winnewish, belonging to H. N. Shickel, which beat out Kard Pickard's Duchess by a slight margin.

It was the first victory of the season for Flosshilde and for Harp.

Penataquit-Corinthian Y. C.

BAY SHORE, L. I.

Saturday, Aug. 2.

THE annual regatta of the Penataquit-Corinthian Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 2. Ten classes filled, and the races were the equal of any in South Bay yachting history.

Honors of the day went to Com. Regis H. Post's sloop Constance, which won the Queen of the Bay cup from Charles De Hart Brower's Winnabust. This trophy goes to the yacht making the best elapsed time over the longer courses. The Post boat covered the distance in 1:19:58, while Winnabust did it in 1:30:21.

The class N sloops which are competing this season for the Lighthouse cup presented by J. Campbell Smith, had a lively contest, although the race did not count on the series.

John R. Suydam's new Crane boat, Arrow, won, finishing nearly two minutes ahead of H. O. Havemeyer's Herreshoff production, Electra. T. R. Macy's Don was third. Gayety, Richard Hyde, owner; Pinkie, belonging to Allan Pinkerton, and Amy Foster, the property of J. Campbell Smith, winner of the Lighthouse cup series of 1901, also started. Amy Foster did not finish.

The winners in the other classes were: Class H, 25ft. sloops, Frontenac; Westhampton Country Club one-design class, Charon; Moriches Bay catboats, Merry Jest; class W W, Scud; catboats, class W, Grace; catboats, class 4, Toddie; class M, special, Wildojna; catboats, class P, Jupiter, sailover.

American Y. C.

MILTON POINT, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Aug. 2.

THE American Y. C.'s 21 and 18ft. one-design classes sailed a race off Milton Point on Saturday, Aug. 2. The boats sailed over a small triangular course in a very light southwest breeze. In the 21ft. class Jolly Tar and Rascal tied for second place. Cricket won in the 21ft. class, while Rattler won in the 18ft. class. The summary:

21ft. Class—Start, 3:10.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Cricket, H. Willetts	4 17 14	1 07 14
Jolly Tar, S. Howland	4 17 26	1 07 26
Rascal, S. C. Hopkins	4 17 26	1 07 26
Howdy, S. Wainwright	4 18 30	1 08 30
Ping Pong, W. H. Browning	4 19 14	1 09 14
The Kid, O. Harriman, Jr.	4 20 09	1 10 09

18ft. Class—Start, 3:10.

Rattler, J. D. Bowles	4 46 03	1 36 03
Hustler, John R. Downing	4 43 22	1 33 22
Mongoose II., Simeon Ford	4 46 34	1 36 34
Zuleika III., H. H. Sherman	4 49 51	1 39 51

Seawanhaka Cup Defender.

AT a meeting of the Regatta Committee of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., held on Saturday, Aug. 2, it was decided that Trident was the boat best suited to defend the Seawanhaka cup against Tecumseh, the Bridgeport Y. C.'s challenger.

Challenger for Fisher Cup.

THE Regatta Committee of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. has been authorized by ex-Com. George H. Gooderham to send a challenge to the Rochester Y. C. for the Fisher cup. Invader is named as the challenging boat.

Western Canoes.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 2.—Mr. A. W. Friese, of Milwaukee, just back from Ballast Island, reports that he believes there is at least some chance for a general A. C. A. meet at Ballast Island in the near future. E. H.

Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. One-Design Class.

A SHORT time ago the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. opened a designing competition through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM with the idea that some of the designs sent in might prove good enough for general adoption. One of the conditions governing the competition was that the boats should be designed under the new measurement rule. It was found afterward that the rule could not be applied with any satisfactory results to such small boats, and although the prizes were awarded, none of the designs were actually used. Some of the club members who wished to build in this class got Mr. Clinton H. Crane to make a design for them, and the one submitted by him proved satisfactory. The boats which are to be built will be known as the Seawanhaka 15-footers, will measure as follows; 15ft. waterline, 24ft. 6in. over all, 6ft. breadth and 3ft. 9in. draft. The boats will have a regular knockabout rig, and will carry 325 sq. ft. of sail. They will be keel boats with outside lead ballast, and will have bronze watertight bulkheads. The boats will be double planked with mahogany, and will cost not over $650.

Those who are certain to build are ex-Com. Henry C. Rouse, Frank J. Gould, Com. Alexander Van Rensselaer of the Philadelphia Corinthian Club, James A. Burnet, Frank D. Pavey, Daniel Bacon, Emlen Roosevelt, C. W. Wetmore, T. S. Young, Walter James, Franklin A. Plummer, Johnston de Forest, William J. Mattheson, Colgate Hoyt and Percy K. Hudson. The four who will probably build are L. L. Lorillard, Jr., E. S. Willard, H. M. Crane and C. A. Sherman.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

We are indebted to Mr. A. F. Bancroft, Secretary of the Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia for a copy of its club book.

Mr. Stanley M. Seaman has made the following sales through his agency: Auxiliary ketch Cero, 52ft. l.w.l., for Messrs. W. K. Mathews and A. B. Claflin, of New York City. Yawl Yram, for Mr. J. P. Bartram, Jr., of New York city. The 51ft. sloop Whitby for Mr. N. L Tuck, of Brooklyn, N. Y., to Mr. W. E. Haskell, of New York city. The 30ft. sloop Kathleen to Mr. Daniel Bacon, Seawanhaka Y. C., for Mr. E. L. Hopkins, of the same club. The launch Spray for Mr. Henry Bullard, of Middletown, Conn., to Mr. L. B. Huntington, of New Rochelle, N. Y.; she is a cruising launch 40ft. over all, designed and built by Henry Burdeau this spring; Mr. Huntington contemplates an extended trip to Florida this coming winter. The 25ft. sloop Quivette for Mr. Walter Burgess, of Boston, Mass., to Mr. Henry A. Robinson, of New York city.

Mr. Frank N. Tandy has sold for Mr. Guy Norman his steam yacht Hope to Mr. E. Pierson Beebe.

The Geo. Lawley & Son. Corp., South Boston, Mass., is building for Mr. Charles Fletcher, of Providence R. I., a steel steam yacht. Mr. Fletcher recently sold his steam yacht Alvina to Mr. Chester Griscom. The new boat was designed by Mr. A. S. Cheseborough, who also designed Alvina. The new vessel is 171ft. over all, 139ft. waterline, 21ft. 6in. breadth and 10ft. draft. She will be completed May 1, 1903.

The 40-footer Nymph, recently purchased by Mr. John Reilly, of New York, was beached at New Rochelle on Tuesday, July 30, to have her bottom painted. To keep her on an even keel guy ropes were run out from the masthead. One of these parted and let the yacht fall over on some rocks, making a bad hole in her port side. The captain of the yacht, who was working on the keel, had a narrow escape from being crushed.

The Northport Y. C., of Northport Harbor, will hold their fourth annual regatta on Saturday, Aug. 9. It is open to all yachts of the 75ft., 55ft. schooners, the 80ft., 70ft., 60ft., 51ft., 43ft., 36ft., 30ft., 25ft., 21ft., 18ft. sloops and cutter classes; 43ft. and 36ft. yawls; raceabouts regular class, 30ft., 25ft., 21ft. and 18ft. classes; Manhasset Bay Y. C. one-design class, Northport Y. C. one-design dory class (Greenwich type). The races will be started at 12 o'clock. It will be high water at Northport Harbor at 3:21 P. M. on the day of the race.

Mr. Hollis Burgess, who attends to the brokerage department of the business of Mr. W. Starling Burgess, has recently made the following sales: 21ft. knockabout Geisha, owned by W. T. Whitman, of Paris, Texas, to A. B. Shepley, of St. Louis; Herreshoff, one-design, Buzzard's Bay 15-footer Twinkle, owned by Augustus Hemenway, of Boston, to C. E. Hodges; 30ft. yawl Katharine, owned by Walter Burgess, of Boston, to the Hon. F. W. Rollins, ex-Governor of New Hampshire; 31ft. steam launch Freebooter, owned by Walter Parsons, of Boston, to E. B. Phillips, of Pepperell, Mass; 28ft. sloop Norseman (in conjunction with McConnell Bros.), owned by F. W. Bridge, of Boston, to Rev. G. A. Strong, of Quincy; 41ft. steam launch Hermes, owned by C. W. Downer, of Boston to W. H. Elliot, Commissioner of the Interior at Porto Rico, to be used as a Government launch; 30ft. sloop Elmer, owned by Thomas Harrington, of Boston, to Capt. Johnson, of Melrose; 21ft. raceabout Margaret, owned by James E. Graves, of Marblehead, to William Cothroll, of Chicago; 18ft. knockabout Tern, owned by Mrs. L. B. Gibson, of Roxbury, to William Cothroll, of Chicago; 18ft. sloop Osprey, owned by W. H. Child, of Hingham, Mass., to R. L. Scaife, of Boston; 21ft. knockabout Meander, owned by E. B. Merriman, of Boston, to Henry W. Peabody, of Boston; 25ft. sloop Querita, owned by C. C. Williams, of Boston, to B. D. Amsden, of Boston; 21ft. knockabout Polly, owned by Ray Taft, of Boston, to Frank Damrosch, of New York; 21ft. Massachusetts Y. R. A. cabin sloop Quakeress, owned by Quincy Bent, son of Major Bent, Commodore of the Annisquam Y. C., to Mr. Joyce, of Philadelphia; 21ft. keel sloop Frolic, owned by Albert F. Bigelow, of Boston, son of Albert S. Bigelow, Commodore of the Eastern Y. C., and owner of the fine new steam yacht Pantooset, to Dr. W. H. Litchfield, of Hull, representative of Boston; 16ft. keel sloop Polly II., owned by Eliot Wadsworth, of Boston (sold in connection with F. S. Nock, of West Mystic, Conn.), to Mr. Dodge, of New York; 25ft. Bar Harbor knockabout Oeewah, owned by Alfred Douglas, of New York, to Walter T. Wallace, of New York.

This firm has chartered the 100ft. steamer Genevieve, owned by Capt. Burgess, of Onset, to C. N. Shaw, of Dedham, with option of purchase; 105ft. steam yacht Josephine, owned by William H. Gwynne, of Cambridge, to the Quincy Y. C., for the Quincy cup races held off Manchester Aug. 4, 5 and 6, with option of more.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 20.—H. Kroeckel, secretary of the Stockton Pistol and Rifle Club, joined our club, the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club, and was high man in the .22 rifle contest. His shooting will stimulate our boys. Capt. Fred Kuhnle, who comes all the way from Petoluma, found his .38 black powder cartridges would not work, so Young prevailed upon him to shoot his loaded with smokeless. Fred proceeded to roll up 44 in 10 straight shots with it, beating Young on the 3-shot match with his own gun. "Well," said Fred, "you can't keep them out of the center, can't you load mine that way?" Ed Hovey led in the pistol match and Pape in the Creedmoor.

By the way, why has New York or the National Rifle Association found Creedmoor unsuitable for team-match shooting? We notice the team match is to be on the Standard with military guns. There has been some good military shooting done in the West on Creedmoor, and the vandalism in this instance remains with New York.

Scores on Columbia target, off-hand shooting:

Rifle, 200 yards; three-shot match: Capt. Fred Kuhnle, 11, 12, 15, 17, 18, 19, 19, 20, 20, 22. F. O. Young, 11, 13, 14, 16, 18, 18, 18, 20. H. Kroeckel, 19, 26. Ten-shot match: F. O. Young, 53; A. H. Cady, 67. Military and repeating rifle match, Creedmoor count: A. H. Pape, 47; P. Becker, 46, 45, 43; F. Knostman, 42, 39, 38, 37.

Fifty-yard range, pistol: Ed Hovey, 39, 43; F. O. Young, 53, 53; R. Schneider, 55, 61, 65, 67, 79; G. Barley, 57; P. Becker, 59; Dr. H. W. Hunsaker, 64, 66, 69, 78; J. R. Trego (revolver), 67, 68, 70, 74, 76; Miss Magnin, 129; Mr. Magnin, 133. Revolver, L. Hinkel, 57; F. O. Young, 62, 67; .22 and .25 rifle, H. Kroeckel, 18, 21, 21, 22, 22, 22, 24, 25, 26; Dr. Twist, 21, 22, 23, 23, 24, 25, 28, 28; Dr. Hunsaker 35, 35.

FRED O. YOUNG, Sec'y.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Aug. 13-14.—Brunswick, Me.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Brunswick Gun Club. L. C. Whitmore, Sec'y.

Aug. 14-15.—Greenville, Pa.—Alexander's second annual trapshooting tournament; $50 average money. John A. McNary, Mgr.

Aug. 14-15.—Greenville, Pa.—Alexander's annual target tournament.

Aug. 14-16.—Hamilton, Can.—Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association's tournament.

Aug. 14-15.—Vicksburg, Miss.—Mississippi and Louisiana Trapshooters' League target tournament. C. W. Walton, Sec'y, Natchez, Miss.

Aug. 19.—Holyoke, Mass.—Holyoke Shooting Club's annual tournament. J. R. Blamy, Sec'y.

Aug. 20-21.—Kane, Pa.—Kane Sportsmen's Club's amateur target tournament.

Aug. 20-21.—Ossining, N. Y.—Two days' shoot of the Ossining Gun Club; first day handicap (100 targets, 14 to 21yds. rise, open to all) and R. I. clam bake; second day, regular programme.

Aug. 21-22.—Milton, Pa.—Two days' tournament of the Milton Rod and Gun Club. G. Dal Fox, Pres.

Aug. 23.—Westwood, N. J.—Tournament and clam bake of the Westwood Gun Club. E. L. Greenin, Sec'y.

Aug. 26-27.—Peru, Ind.—Peru Gun Club's sixth annual midsummer tournament, at Bass Lake. Frank Dunbar, Sec'y.

Aug. 26-29.—Okoboji, Ia.—Amateur shooting tournament, under management of Messrs. C. W. Budd and E. C. Hinshaw.

Aug. 27-28.—Haverhill, Mass.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Haverhill Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.

Aug. 27-28.—Ruffsdale, Pa.—Ruffsdale Rod and Gun Club's first annual two-day target tournament. Added money, $30. Rose system. Lloyd H. Ruff, Sec'y.

Aug. 30.—Watertown, Mass.—First all-day open tournament of the Watertown Gun Club. Chas. H. Philbrook, Acting Sec'y.

Aug. 29.—Pleasant Hill, Mo.—Sixth annual merchandise and sweepstake tourney. T. H. Cohron, Sec'y.

Aug. 30.—Watertown, Mass.—All-day tournament of the Watertown Gun Club.

Sept. 1.—Battle Creek, Mich.—Amateur tournament of the Battle Creek Gun Club. M. E. Hensler, Sec'y.

Sept. 1-2.—Meriden, Conn.—Parker Gun Club's annual Labor Day Shoot and Sheep Bake. C. S. Howard, Sec'y.

Sept. 2-3.—Tiffin, O.—Second annual tournament of the Tiffin Gun Club; $75 added. L. D. Arndt, Sec'y.

Sept. 3-4.—Nappanee, Ind.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Nappanee Gun Club. Ed. J. Bowers, Sec'y.

Sept. 3-5.—Richmond, Ind.—Handicap tournament of the Richmond, Ind., and College Corner, New Paris and Oxford, O., gun clubs.

Sept. 3-5.—Erie, Pa.—Erie City Rod and Gun Club's handicap tournament at targets. Open to all; $200 added. A. N. Aitken, Sec'y.

Sept. 4-5.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Open tournament of the Consolidated Sportsman's Association. Eber Rice, Sec'y.

Sept. 9-11.—Du Bois, Pa.—Three days' target tournament of the Du Bois Rod and Gun Club; added money, $200. L. S. Munch, Sec'y.

Sept. 9-12.—Battle Creek, Mich.—Tournament of the Indians; open to the world; $1,000 added. John Parker, Mgr.

Sept. 10.—East Liverpool, O.—East Liverpool Gun Club's tournament. R. W. Sample, Sec'y.

Sept. 15-20.—Blue River Park, Kansas City, Mo.—Twenty-fifth tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. Targets and live birds. Paul Franke, Sec'y.

Sept. 16-17.—Nebraska City, Neb.—Tournament at Nebraska City.

Sept. 16-18.—Williamsport, Pa.—Tournament of the West Branch Rod and Gun Club.

Sept. 16-19.—Detroit, Mich.—John Parker's annual tournament.

Sept. 23-25.—Cincinnati, O.—Second annual handicap target tournament of the Cincinnati Gun Club. Charles F. Dreihs, Sec'y.

Sept. 29-30.—Lewistown, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Lewistown Gun Club. H. H. McComber, Sec'y.

Oct. 1-2.—Union City, Ind.—Parent Grove Gun Club's fall tournament. O. E. Fouts, Sec'y.

Oct. 1-2.—Allegheny, Pa.—Two-day target tournament of the Northside Gun Club; $100 added money. I. W. Morrow, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-8.—Greenville, O.—Handicap tournament of the Greenville Gun Club. H. A. McCaughey, Sec'y.

Oct. 15-16.—Springfield, O.—Springfield Gun Club's tournament. B. F. Downs, Capt.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's target shoot, every Saturday afternoon until October. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

First Saturday of each month for a year, Burnside.—Contest for the Troisdorf live-bird and target medals; 10 live birds; 25 targets; open to all. First contest, March 1.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

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

The programme of the Interstate Association tournament, given for the Haverhill (Mass.) Gun Club, August 27 and 28, has ten events each day, alternately 15 and 20 targets, known and unknown angles, $1.50 and $2.00 entrance. Lunch will be served on the grounds each day. Rose system ratios 5, 3, 2 and 1 will govern the division of the moneys; targets 2 cents; sweepstakes optional. First class shells for sale on the grounds. The Haverhill Gun Club will give $50 in gold to the four high guns of entire programme, as follows: First, $20; second, $15; third, $10; fourth, $5. To reach the shooting grounds, take Main-Rosemont electric cars to Dustin Square, from which it is a short walk to the grounds. On August 29, the third day, the Haverhill Gun Club will give an extra programme of ten events, 25 targets each, $2.50 entrance, 250 targets in all, with a total of $25 entrance. These are alternately regular and Sergeant systems. The first four are grouped into a 100 target event.

The Interstate (five men) team match, entrance $15 per team, the total amount of this entrance, with $10 added by the club, goes to the winning team; should less than three teams enter for this event, the committee reserves the privilege of transferring added money to either the interclub or individual matches. Nos. 5 and 6 and the interclub (five men) team match, open to all regularly organized gun clubs, any of which may enter one or more teams. To the winning team of this event the club presents $15. Nos. 7 to 10, inclusive, are the individual handicap, 16 to 23yds. Handicapping will be done by three competent men. The club adds $30 to this event, $15 to first, $10 to second, $5 to third, high guns.

For further information address the Secretary, Mr. S. G. Miller, 25 Washington Square. Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, the Association manager, will manage the tournament.

The programme of the Olean, N. Y., Gun Club's tournament, the dates of which are Aug. 12 and 13, provides twelve events each day, 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets, $1, $1.50, $2 and $2.50 entrance. The programme contains further information as follows: "$20 in gold will be given for first; $10 to second; $5 to third, and $5 to lowest average. Moneys will be divided Rose system, 8, 5, 3, 2. Shoot will commence promptly at 9 A. M. Loaded shells for sale on the grounds. Shoot rain or shine. Shells shipped to Mr. B. D. Nobles, 111 North street, will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. Mr. H. D. Kirkover, Jr., of Fredonia, has donated an elegant trophy to be given to any shooter residing in Cattaraugus county who makes the highest average during the two days' tournament. There will be a 100-target race between B. D. Nobles, of Olean, and H. D. Kirkover, of Fredonia, for the Olean challenge trophy, which Mr. Kirkover now holds, having won it at the last Olean tournament. Handicapping Committee: F. D. Kelsey, of East Aurora; L. V. Byer, of Rochester; Otto Miller, of Olean; E. H. Vaughan, of Olean, and one other selected by the committee." B. D. Nobles is the secretary.

The programme of the Parker Gun Club tournament, to be held at Meriden, Conn., on September 1 and 2, provides like events each day, ten at 15 and 20 targets alternately, $1.30 and $2.40 entrance, or a total of 175 targets, $18.50 entrance. The tournament is open to all. Grounds open at 8:30. Programme begins at 9:30. Rose system, 5, 4, 3, and 2. Targets 2 cents, sweepstakes optional. Shells for sale on grounds. Take electric cars to Hanover Park. Guns and shells prepaid and shipped to Mr. C. S. Howard, will be delivered on grounds free.

A Bristol Sheep Bake—Dinner will be served on the grounds, consisting of baked lamb, sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes, fried sweet corn, etc. Tickets, 50 cents. Served first day only. Second day a substantial lunch will be supplied.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner has been enjoying a much-needed outing at Rainmakers' Camp, indulging betimes in the gentle art of fishing, in which art he was gratifyingly successful. The Marietta and Brunswick tournaments are next to engage his attention.

The Middletown (N. Y.) Gun Club has issued the programme of its tournament, to be held on August 12. There are eight events, with extra events to be arranged later. The events are at 10, 15 and 20 targets, except No. 8, which is the Wallkill Challenge Trophy. This trophy was first offered by the Wallkill Gun Club, and they were the first winners, by a score of 101, on their own grounds. It was then won on the Deckertown Gun Club grounds by the Middletown Gun Club by a score of 80 tie —30 tie and 30. The Wallkill Gun Club won the next contest on the grounds of the Warwick Gun Club by a score of 89. The fourth contest for this trophy will take place on the grounds of the Middletown Gun Club, on Tuesday, August 12, 1902, at 2:30 o'clock P. M. Contestants: Wallkill Gun Club, Deckertown Gun Club, Warwick Gun Club and Middletown Gun Club. Shooting will commence at one o'clock. Purses divided, Rose system, one money for each three entries. Events open to all shooters. Lunch served on grounds. Take State Hospital car.

The Vicksburg, Miss., Gun Club has issued the programme of its eighth annual tournament, which is to be held Aug. 13 to 15. Cash to the amount of $400 will be added, and $100 will go to the six high averages. The first day is for practice. The regular programme begins on the second day. On the second and third days there will be ten events each day, with a total of 200 targets each day. Entrance each day, $20. Targets 2 cents. Rose system will govern. Railroads will give reduced rates from all points on certificate plan. All visitors should secure certificate when buying ticket, as fifty certificates are required. Shooters attending the Birmingham, Ala., shoot, Aug. 12 and 13, can leave Birmingham at 10:10 P. M. over Queen & Crescent route, Aug. 13, and arrive in Vicksburg 6:50 A. M. next morning, Aug. 14, in time for regular programme of the Vicksburg Gun Club shoot.

The programme of Alexander's second annual tournament, to be held at Greenville, Pa., Aug. 14 and 15, provides eleven similar events each day, five at 15, five at 20 and one at 25 targets, entrance $1.50, $2 and $2.50. The shoot will be held at Packard Park, which is only a few minutes' walk from the hotels. Average money $50, divided in four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Prizes for two low guns. On Thursday evening, Aug. 14, the participants in the tournament will have a Sea Food Dinner, given by Mr. Chas. G. Grubb, of Pittsburg, and Alexander, at the Elks Club. A magautrap will be used for target throwing. The Rose system will govern. Lunch served on the grounds. Manufacturers' agents and for-targets-only go together. Guns and ammunition sent to the manager, Mr. John A. McNary, will be delivered on the grounds free of charge.

The programme of Messrs. Budd and Henshaw's amateur tournament, to be held at Arnold's Park, Iowa, Aug. 26 to 29, announces that $300 will be added, and that the programme for each day is alike; that is, twelve events, eight at 15 and four at 20 targets, $1.50 and $2 entrance. Further information is presented as follows: "Shooting will commence at 9 A. M. sharp. Interstate Association rules to govern. Price of targets, 2 cents. All ties divided. Purses will be divided as follows: 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. in 15-target events, and 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. in 20-target events. For information or programmes write E. C. Henshaw, Okoboji, Ia. Ship shells and guns care C. W. Budd, Arnold's Park, Iowa. A handsome trophy will be given to manufacturer's agent making high average in all programme events."

Mr. Chas. H. Philbrook, acting secretary, writes us as follows: "At the request of Mr. C. F. Lambert, in behalf of the Haverhill Gun Club, who wish to extend the Interstate Association shoot through Aug. 29, the Watertown, Mass., Gun Club have changed the date of their all-day open tournament to Saturday, Aug. 30. Otherwise our plans are unchanged, and we will endeavor to make the day an enjoyable one for all in attendance."

In the shoot of the Baltimore Shooting Association last Saturday, Mr. E. H. Storr made a score of 97 out of 100 targets, a performance of the first class.

President G. Dal Fox writes us that "The Milton (Pa.) Rod and Gun Club will hold a two days' shooting tournament, August 21 and 22, at Ranyler's Park, one mile east of this borough limits. The club already has the assurance that some of the best shots in the county will be present."

There are some rumors floating about, the purport of which is that the Grand American Handicap at Live Birds completed its end with the recent tournament at Kansas City. It is to be regretted that one, a final one if need be, is not positively arranged to be held at San Antonio.

The succotash party and tournament given to the Wanderers by Dr. W. L. Gardiner, at his charming home in East Orange, N. J., on Saturday of last week, was well attended, twenty-five shooters participating in the competition. Every one seemed to have enjoyment unalloyed.

The Haverhill, Mass., Gun Club is most energetically endeavoring to make a success of the forthcoming tournament given for it by the Interstate Association. The Haverhill tournaments are noted for good competition, good fellowship and skillful management in all particulars.

The Wanderers will visit the Jackson Park Gun Club, of Paterson, N. J., on Saturday of this week, and the Saturday following they will visit the North River Gun Club, at Edgewater, N. J. Aug. 23, they will visit the Westwood, N. J., Gun Club's clam bake. They will shoot actively at each place, in a modest way.

At the tournament of the Southeastern Iowa Amateur Association, Newton, Ia., July 29 and 30, Mr. Fred Gilbert was high average with the extraordinarily high percentage of .989. Eight others shot 90 per cent. or better.

The Wanderers are rapidly fattening their treasury, though why they need a treasury at all, there being no expenses of any importance, is not at all apparent. The question then is: Why is it?

On Sunday last, Mr. Theodore R. Hostetter, of Pittsburg, Pa., died. He was a member of the Herron Hill Gun Club, and quite famous locally as a trap shot of skill.

The secretary, Mr. R. W. Sample, informs us that the East Liverpool (Ohio) Gun Club will hold a tournament on September 10.

There is open target shooting at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill., every Saturday.

BERNARD WATERS.

Southeastern Iowa Amateur Association.

NEWTON, Ia., July 30.—The second tournament of the Southeastern Iowa Amateur Association, held in this city, closed tonight on account of small attendance. The programme was not completed, some Association events being left out on account of small entries. The shooting was from one set of traps, Sergeant system. One hundred dollars was to have been paid for averages, but owing to light attendance but $50 was paid. Hughes won first; Burnside, second; Selbhers, third; Klein, fourth; Cool, fifth; McKelvey and Ellett, sixth.

Budd and Gilbert shot for targets and birds. Gilbert was high with .989, while Budd made .948. On the first day Gilbert made a run of 112 straight. No meeting of the Association was held, and no location decided on for next meeting. Geo. Selbhers won the Schmelzer Arms Company's cup; Russel Klein won the championship medal given by the St. Louis sportsmen; Hoon won a diamond model pistol; Ellett a shell box, given by Von Lengerke & Antoine; Klein a metal cigar case, donated by Parker Bros., and Dove a gun.

Quite a number of the boys will go from here to Spirit Lake, Ia., to attend Burmeister and Klein's tournament, Aug. 6 and 7.

First Day, July 29.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Total.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	Broke.
Gilbert	15	15	20	14	15	20	15	15	20	..	15	19	183
Budd	14	13	20	15	14	20	14	15	18	..	14	20	177
Burnside	13	15	20	15	15	18	14	15	20	..	13	19	177
Hughes	15	15	20	13	15	19	12	14	19	..	14	18	174
Selbhers	11	14	19	12	15	18	14	15	20	15	14	20	172
McKelvey	14	13	20	15	13	20	15	13	15	..	15	19	172
Lane	14	13	18	14	15	20	12	13	17	..	14	19	169
Klein	14	12	19	10	15	18	13	13	20	14	15	20	169
Ellett	13	14	19	10	12	20	14	14	20	..	14	18	168
Cool	14	14	20	12	13	18	12	13	18	..	15	19	168
Hoon	11	12	18	12	11	19	14	15	20	..	15	17	164
Campbell	12	15	19	15	13	19	13	13	17	..	11	16	163
Geo Marshall	12	12	16	15	14	17	12	13	19	13	14	18	162
McFarland	14	14	17	14	13	17	13	14	18	13	14	15	163
Dove	14	13	16	14	12	18	11	11	19	14	14	18	160
Marvin	13	11	19	14	14	16	7	..	..	..	10	..	...
Forney	13	15	17	11	11	18	11	..	20	..	14	17	...
Anderson	12	9	16	12	8	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	...
Conger	..	..	..	12	10	5	5	7	..	..	11	..	...

No. 10 was the cup event, for members of the Association only.

Second Day, July 30.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	10	11	12	Broke.
McKelvey	15	12	19	14	15	19	13	13	11	12	17	145
McFarland	15	13	17	12	..	16	14	14	..	..	..	...
Hughes	12	15	20	15	..	20	15	14	15	15	20	161
Klein	13	14	20	13	15	19	13	11	14	15	18	150
Dove	12	14	19	14	13	18	15	15	..	..	..	...
Budd	14	15	17	14	..	18	15	14	14	13	20	154
Gilbert	15	14	20	15	..	20	15	14	15	15	20	163
Burnside	12	14	17	15	..	19	14	15	15	14	20	155
Ellett	15	12	20	13	..	17	11	14	13	14	18	147
Campbell	13	13	20	14	15	20	12	15	10	14	18	149
Hannawalt	13	10	17	13	..	18	14	8	..	..	..	...
Cool	14	18	15	..	17	15	13	..	12	13	19	150
Selbhers	15	15	17	15	..	20	14	15	14	15	20	160
Marshall	14	13	19	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Tool	11	10	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Whitney	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	...

Fifteen live birds, handicap, $10 entrance, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.; 26 to 32yds.:

Hughes, 31	210221122222202—13
Budd, 32	121211121211122—15
Gilbert, 32	112112112112212—15
Guy B, 32	212121222022211—14
Klein, 32	222220221121222—14
Cool, 30	212011121212112—14
McKelvey, 31	201022202221222—12
Ellett, 30	212222121120121—14
Selbhers, 31	002202222222222—12
Hannawalt, 28	212102012112111—13

General averages July 29 and 30:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Gilbert	365	361	.989	Klein	365	333	.912
Hughes	365	348	.953	Cool	365	332	.909
Budd	365	346	.948	McKelvey	365	329	.901
Burnside	365	346	.948	Ellett	365	329	.901
Selbhers	365	344	.942				

HAWKEYE.

A certain wealthy English gentlemen, being in doubt as to whether he would become the tenant of a sporting property advertised in County Clare, entered into conversation with the gamekeeper. "And you say that there are plenty of birds about?" "Birds, yer honour, it's bewildered ye'd be wid them." Finding the shooting report so satisfactory, the "foreigner" turned to the lake. "Are there fish here?" said he. "Fish, yer honour, why, it's jostling each other they are, and if they wants to turn round they has to lep out of the water to do it."—Shooting Times.

IN NEW JERSEY.

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., Aug. 2.—The handicap prize shoot was won by Mr. Allison. The day was exceedingly hot.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Annett	9	6	6	7	5	6	6	7	7
Truax	4	7	7	8	..	..	..	..	..
Richter	7	8	6	7	7	5	7	6	7
Morrison	7	8	8	7	6	5	6	5	..
Eickhoff	4	7	6	8	8	8	8	9	7
Mercer	1	5	3	5	..	..	..	..	..
Merrill	5	6	8	5	4	4	4	7	7
Barsotti	1	4	1	2	1	..	..	..	..
Hexamer	..	..	..	..	3	4	5	5	7
Allison	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..

Handicap shoot, 25 targets, for prize donated by Miss Annie Oakley:

Eickhoff	1111001110111101111110110—19	+ 6—25
Annett	0101000111110111011100111—16	+ 5—21
Merrill	0111100001101001000110111—14	+ 7—21
Richter	1010110101100110011101011—15	+ 5—20
F Truax	0110110011111111111111111—21	+ 5—25
Morrison	0111101011110110011111111—19	+ 5—24
Banardi	1000000100000000011110000— 6	+15—21
Cathcart	0011111110000001011001011—13	+ 8—21
Allison	1010101111110111110010111—18	+ 7—25
Meiser	0000011111011101001000000—10	+10—20

Shoot-off:

Eickhoff	1001100011	Allison	0111100111
Truax	1011111001		

Second shoot-off:

Truax	1010101101	Allison	1101111111

JAS. R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

The Westwood Gun Club.

Westwood, N. J., Aug. 3.—The regular annual clam bake to be given by the Westwood Gun Club will occur on Saturday, Aug. 23, at Westwood, N. J. Shooting will begin promptly at 9 o'clock A. M., on the grounds, which are light and appropriately situated, thus affording a grand opportunity for making some excellent scores.

Some of the most noted shots of the country have volunteered to be present to enliven the occasion, including the Wanderers' Gun Club, those jolly fellows of the North River Gun Club, and representatives of many other clubs will participate in the numerous events of the day.

The bake will be under the immediate direction of Mr. Geo. C. Bennett, whose long experience as a caterer on occasions of this kind, makes him master of his profession.

Westwood is situated along the line of the New Jersey & New York Railroad, about twenty-one miles from New York, among the hills of northern New Jersey, making it a most delightful spot for all out-door sports. Trains leave the foot of Chambers street (Erie depot) every hour. Excursion tickets for round trip, 90 cents. Ammunition can be obtained on the grounds at New York prices. Parties wishing to forward their guns, ammunition, etc., can do so by expressing, prepaid, consigning same to themselves, in care of B. L. Gruman, Captain, Westwood Gun Club. Goods forwarded in this way will be delivered on the grounds free of charge.

The management will spare no means to make this a most delightful day's outing for all those who wish to enjoy themselves. Good music will lead the march from the shooting grounds to the bake, which will open at about 5 P. M., and will be present to enliven the occasion while the diners are participating in all the good things pertaining to a genuine clam bake.

E. L. GREENIN, Sec'y.

Rahway Gun Club.

RAHWAY, N. J.—Regular weekly shoot Saturday afternoon, July 26, 1902.

Targets:	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25
Dunn	13	18	15	Acken	14	14	..
Browne	14	12	17	Wyckoff	15	16	..
Gaskill	16	14	20	Housman	6	..	..
Gibson	21	21	..	Mayberry	8	..	..

Haverhill Gun Club Tournament.

HAVERHILL, Mass., July 31.—The committee of the Haverhill Gun Club are busy these days arranging matters that should prove both interesting and profitable to those who will participate, and who are capable of such co-ordination of brain and trigger fingers that shot and target will meet at a given point during the Interstate Association tournament, Aug. 27-28.

The club is the fortunate possessor on its membership roll of those who, while they rarely take an active part in shooting, are ready at all times to further any project that will cause visiting shooters to retain pleasant recollections of Haverhill.

These members, together with the merchants and business men, have made it possible for the club to offer, in addition to the regular Interstate Association programme, a special event, which carries with it both cash and merchandise prizes.

The committee are not at this writing in a position to state accurately what these prizes will be, although they are willing to go on record as saying that a few halves and quarters of our "glorious bird of freedom," as represented by what the "gold bugs" term sound currency, will head the list of these special prizes. This event will be run on an extra trap throughout the two days, under conditions that should be unique and interesting, as well as sportsmanlike and fair.

The programmes for the extra day's tournament are out, and the committee are of one mind that all who figure in the ten events will realize they have recently attended a shooting match.

Would again advise those who will attend this tournament to either bring or send an extra supply of ammunition.

The committee have arranged to have an abundance of the standard loads on sale. Those who anticipate attending, and who prefer a different load than those standard loads before mentioned, should notify the secretary at once, and they will be ready.

C. F. LAMBERT.

Baltimore Shooting Association.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 2.—The new average handicap system introduced by J. C. Hicks was used to-day for the first time on the Baltimore Shooting Association grounds and gave perfect satisfaction. This is the only system ever used whereby every shooter handicaps himself, and every shooter is placed on equal footing.

In the club event J. R. Malone, J. W. Chew, W. R. Biddle and C. C. Peters made clean scores of 50 each with their bird allowance.

Capt. E. H. Storr, who was using a new gun which he had never shot before, made the remarkable score of 97 out of 100. He was high gun in the open events, giving a beautiful exhibition of trapshooting.

The handicaps used yesterday will be continued during the month. Every one will be allowed to shoot up one back score, giving those who did not attend a chance to shoot up next week.

Capt. J. R. Malone and Dr. H. E. Lupus will leave to attend a four days' shoot at Asheville, N. C. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	15	10	10	..	50	Targets:	10	15	15	10	10	..	50
Malone	9	12	..	..	..	6	50	Menah	7	10	13	8	9	..	..
Chew	7	10	14	9	..	7	50	Roberts	5	9	..	8	..	17	45
Peters	8	13	10	8	6	14	50	Storr	10	15	15	9	10	..	49
Richards	6	12	11	8	..	..	..	Jones	5	12	10	..	..	16	48
Biddle	..	9	..	8	8	15	50	Hanna	6	..	..	6	..	..	..
Lupus	9	..	..	8	..	3	47	Jack	8	10	9	7	..	..	..

No. 6 is handicap allowance.

Leach—Richardson.

SWANTON, Vt., Aug. 2.—There was an interesting 100 bird race on the Robin Hood Powder Company's grounds, Swanton, Vt., this afternoon, between the veteran trap shot, who is sixty-three years of age, Mr. N. P. Leach, and E. H. Richardson, secretary of the Robin Hood Powder Company.

A strong wind made the shooting difficult. The shooting was from five different positions and over the magautrap. The scores:

N P Leach	23	23	25	24—95
E H Richardson	21	24	22	24—91

NOAH.

Clearview—West Chester.

WEST CHESTER, Pa., July 26.—The scores of the shoot between the Clearview Gun Club of Philadelphia and the West Chester Club was at 25 targets per man, from Magautrap:

Clearview.	Broke.	West Chester.	Broke.
Miller	22	Peters	19
Downs	20	Haines	19
Bevins	16	Mack	21
Smith	18	Lumis	20
Sanford	22	Sellers	18
Bye	17	Comfort	12
Urion	23	Howard	18
Jones	23	P Bunton	13
Leicht	20	H Howard	20
R Bevins	17	Mowere	15
F Fisher	19	Lee	18
Edwards	12	Eachus	23
Elwell	20	Rogers	22
Davison	17	Ferguson	22
Reid	21—287	Gill	17—287

F. H. E.

Trap at Watson's Park.

Burnside Crossing, Ill., Aug. 3.—The Troisdorf medal contest, shot to-day, resulted in a victory for Mr. Young by a score of 23. Two sweeps were shot also, one at 10, the other at 15 targets. The scores:

Rupel, 19	1111110101111111111111101—22	
Barto, 16	1111100011111111110111111—21	
Gillis, 16	1010011111111111111111011—21	
Young, 16	1111011111111101111111111—23	
Day, 16	0111100001000110000110000— 9	
Smitten, 16	0010101100001001111111001—13	
Sands, 16	0010110111001111010111111—19	
C Bellman, 16	1100011100110111001001111— 15	

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	Events:	1	2
Barto	9	12	Sands	8	..
Young	2	11	Gillis	8	11
Day	6	..	Rupel	..	14
Smitten	6	6			

RAVELRIGG.

Sistersville Gun Club.

SISTERSVILLE, W. Va., Aug. 3.—Because of a red hot baseball game that the local team had on for Saturday afternoon, Aug. 2, the attendance at our regular weekly club shoot was very light, several of our shooters taking in the game. McNaught and Bower, two of the regulars were on hand as usual, and had as visitors F. C. Percival, Esq. (Cole), president of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, of St. Marys, and A. Bruce Hunt, Esq., a prominent local attorney. While Mr. Hunt is one of the finest field shots in West Virginia, he has, until just recently, done no shooting at the trap, but with a little practice he will no doubt rank among the best. The following are the scores made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25	25	25
Ed O. Bower	19	21	22	24	23	J Y McNaught	17	22	21	20	..
Cole	21	23	25	20	17	A B Hunt	21	19	21	18	22

LERANZO.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y.—Herewith please find scores made at the regular Saturday afternoon shoot of the Ossining Gun Club July 26. Many favorable answers have been received from manufacturers' agents and other shooters regarding the two days' shoot of this club, Aug. 20-21. This promises to be a record shoot for the Ossining:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	5p	10	15	15
Hans	8	6	8	7	10	5	6	7	12	10
W Clark	5	8	8	9	6	9	9	5	11	13
C Blandford	10	10	9	10	10	..	9	..	..	..
J C Barlow	..	..	8	9	7	9	7	7	8	9
W Coleman	7	8	7	9	10	6	4	6	11	12
W Fisher	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

C. G. B.

Raleigh Gun Club.

RALEIGH, N. C., July 24.—Rain, just at the hour of the time for the Raleigh Gun Club shoot, prevented several from attending. But the ones participating enjoyed it and tried but failed to reach the percentage of our president, Jas. I. Johnson. They must content themselves to do better next time. Mr. Johnson holds his record, 90 per cent. and above, and the conditions must be very bad to lower it. We expect to have a four-days' shoot the last week in October with about $400 added money.

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Johnson	75	67	Parker	50	38
Whitaker	75	48	Gowan	50	35
Pearce	50	35			

R. T. GOWAN, Sec'y.

Dover Sportsmen's Association.

DOVER, N. H., July 30.—The weekly shoot of the Dover Sportsmen's Association was brought off to-day in order to attend the Exeter tournament to-morrow and day following. J. Edmond Doremus and Jack Fanning contributed largely to the interest of the day. The former is an old-time acquaintance, and the latter will never be a stranger again in Dover. The scores were as follows:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Fanning	100	92	Smart	40	20
Doremus	100	70	Hodsdon	40	17
St. Evenes	90	59	Meserve	20	11
Nosroc	60	39	N C Wentworth	50	25
F F Wentworth	60	32	Hallam	20	7

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, July 26.—The first contest for the Troisdorf medals took place to-day, and as there are two medals, it was decided to have two classes. The "A" class is composed of those who are placed at from 18 to 22 yards. The "B" class from 14 to 17 yards. Scores:

"A" Class: Coleman (19) 43, Peters (19) 42, J. B. (18) 41, Ahlers (21) 41, Heyl (20) 39, Van Ness (20) 38, Verges (20) 37, Gambell (20) 36, Roll (19) 31.

"B" Class: Harris (17) 41, Ward (15) 41, Falk (17) 32. Anderson (16) 29, Colonel (14) 26, Herman (17) w.

Harris won shoot off.

Team Race—50 targets; 2 high teams out: Gambell 43, Verges 45; total 88. Coleman 43, Peters 45; total 88. Ahlers 41, Van Ness 44; total 85. J. B. 39, Heyl 37; total 76. Roll 34, Herman 34; total 68.

Birch Brook Gun Club.

LYNN, Mass.—Mr. Jack Fanning and Mr. Doremus were present on Saturday, Aug. 2, and Mr. Fanning had a little fun with the shooters, throwing targets from a hand trap. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	30	50	15	15	20	5p	15	Targets:	30	50	15	15	20	5p	15
Lambert	23	37	11	12	..	6	13	Dudley	21	35	8	11	11	..	..
Fanning	24	42	14	13	..	8	13	Straw	21	37	11	13	15	5	11
Yelmah	9	..	9	7	..	..	..	Rowe	21	35	10	..	13	4	..
Doremus	22	36	7	12	..	..	10	Hebbard	25	..	..	13	..	5	..
Hastings	22	35	12	9	..	4	..	Emery	..	..	..	12	..	..	..
Rand	22	37	11	..	..	..	..								

No. 1 was the merchandise, No. 2 the medal event.

HENRY ROOD, Sec'y.

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., July 21.—The Independent Gun Club of this city to-day defeated the Keystone Gun Club of Lebanon in the third of a series of team shoots on the Independent's grounds in Spring township.

The visitors scored 475 out of a possible 700, while the Independents scored 489 out of the same number. The contest throughout was very exciting, and was enjoyed by a large crowd of sportsmen, many of whom were from Lebanon. The scores follow:

Team shoot—Teams of 14 men, 50 targets per man:

Independent.	Broke.	Keystone.	Broke.
Weidner	34	Brubaker	47
Larkin	38	Haddon	37
Trout	40	Zellers	42
Hoffert	36	Kleinfelter	28
George Lutz	42	Bollman	28
D Lutz	36	Beamsderfer	35
Doerrman	31	Blucher	35
Charles Henry	41	Duffenbaugh	36
H. Ball	33	White	31
George Weber	38	Ehrhorn	24
Harner	29	Shanaman	34
Kunkelman	26	Dissinger	39
Bucks	38	Trafford	40
Smith	27—489	Reinoehl	19—475

July 26.—The Midsummer tournament of the Reading Shooting Association will be held at Carsonia Park, Aug. 27 and 28. The committee is composed of John Shaaber, Charles H. Dietrich and George W. Ritter. Following is the programme for each day:

	Targets.	Entrance.	Added Money.		Targets.	Entrance.	Added Money.
1.	10	$1.00	$2.00	5.	15	1.50	2.00
2.	15	1.50	2.00	6.	25	2.50	2.50
3.	20	2.00	2.50	7.	15	1.50	2.00
4.	15	1.50	2.00	8.	20	2.00	2.00

Purses will be divided as follows: Of 20 shooters, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent.; if less, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.; if less than ten shooters, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. All ties divided.

There will be extra events to suit shooters. Loaded shells will be for sale on the grounds.

Carsonia Park is easily reached from Reading, Penn street, by trolley car every 5 minutes, and the new grounds are considered by sportsmen to be the finest in the State.

Lee Wertz, the champion target shot of Berks County, to-day defeated Geo. H. Ritter, the champion of Reading, in a 100-target match, $25 a side and county championship, by the score of 81 to 74. The scores made were low, owing to the cloudy weather, which made the targets hard to see. Several hundred dollars changed hands on the result. Another match will likely be made. Fred Wertz and Luther Showalter officiated as judges, while Albert Fink, of Reading, was scorer. The match was witnessed by over two hundred sportsmen. The contest took place on the new Friedensberg shooting grounds, Friedensberg, Pa., about seven miles from this city, on the Oley Valley trolley line. Sweepstake events followed, the scores being as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	15	10	10	15	10	15	10	15	15
Ritter	10	9	9	12	9	15	9	12	13
Murphy	13	10	5	12	5	12	9	10	10
Lee Wertz	9	10	8	14	9	15	9	14	10
Erwin	11	7	7	11	8	10	..	..	11
Dietrich	9	8	9	11	8	12	8	14	13
Ball	12	9	9	11	10	12	..	..	13
Bortz	10	6	5	..	..	..	4	7	9
Showalter	14	9	7	12	9	13	8	13	11
Fred Wertz	13	7	8	15	10	11	10	12	14
Monzkos	12	6	8	10	8	14	9	13	9
Schaeffer	7	6	9	10	8	14	7	12	10
Jack	11	9	8	13	6	14	6	14	12
Swoyer	..	6	9	11	7	..	9	7	..
Jas. Wertz	..	6	8	..	..	..	..	..	..

Dr. Gardiner's Succotash Tournament.

ON Aug. 2 the Wanderers had a day of superlative enjoyment. For it they were indebted to their worthy and alert treasurer, Dr. W. L. Gardiner, who on that day extended to them the hospitality of his home at East Orange, N. J., a section famed for its natural beauties, and domiciles of modern art.

Dr. Gardiner some time since conceived the idea of a succotash party and target tournament, all arranged and liquidated by himself, with the Wanderers as his guests. In accordance with this hospitable purpose, he issued an invitation to each member of the Wanderers, and to some of his friends, as follows:

"Elliott Place, East Orange, N. J., July 23.—You are invited to attend a succotash party, Saturday, Aug. 2. Lunch at 1 o'clock. Take 12:10 D., L. & W. train for Brick Church. Conveyance at depot. The afternoon will be devoted to trapshooting."

This invitation came neither to the blind nor the halt, neither to the heedless nor the dormant. The members responded affirmatively, and attended in full force, with the exception of a few who could not participate owing to other cares, and who accordingly sent excuses and regrets to the host.

Never was invitation sent to a body of men more capable of living up to its possibilities, more promptly cheerful in so living or more gratefully appreciative of the honor. The members are eminently qualified to enjoy life's highest form of enjoyment in a wholesome way, when time, place and opportunity properly combine for it. In this respect, they probably are excelled by none, or, if it be conceded that they are excelled, slightly, at all, then only by the Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Boston, the Putnam Phalanx of Hartford, and a limited few other bodies of tried and true trenchermen, who have been much longer in existence as organizations, and who have been favored by far greater numbers of opportunities. Nevertheless, though the older organizations may be surpassingly clever, touchin' on an' appertainin' to the art of dinner knife and fork, they yet are lacking in the all-round proficiency of dining well and shooting better. The Wanderers shoot exceedingly well at a maximum of expense—that is, some of them do—and if any of them are deficient as epicures and shootists, time and opportunity will cure it, so that it is not an unwarranted prediction that the Ancient and Honorable Artillery, et al., may be forced to a subordinate position as funetionists by this new, merry, peripatetic organization of trapshooters.

The invitation in itself contained nothing of information as to the full length and breadth of the good Doctor's generous purposes. Nevertheless there were rumors, vague, yet of fair reliability as coming from knowing sources, that the succotash party and tournament, bountiful and pleasing, would add a new red-letter day to the annals of trapshooting. The rumors treated of valuable merchandise prizes gratis, handicaps of invincible potency, fragrant waters from the springs of old Kentucky, and amber aqua vitæ of a kind to tickle the palate of jolly old King Gambrinus; succotash galore, and all crowned by the gracious hospitality of the amiable host.

Aug. 2 was swelteringly hot and humid, nevertheless guests arrived promptly on time and were received at the station by Dr. Gardiner, who had provided for their carriage an omnibus in size something less than that of a ferry boat. It had a capacity for about twenty-four first cabin passengers, with a few stowaways, and it was packed to its full limit. In numbers they appeared something like an army without banners—all healthy, able-bodied men, some of ample girth, all sharp of eye—whom to fill with succotash was a feat not lightly to be considered. The Doctor with warm cordiality welcomed his guests to his home, assuring them that they were at Liberty Hall, where each was at liberty to do as he pleased to promote his best comfort and happiness, and every one thereupon was instantly at his ease. Tables were ready, set on the broad veranda, the guests fell to and forthwith displayed a speed and execution of admirable degree. Succotash and many other dishes were in abundance, and a popular dark ruby liquid in which sliced lemon floated, was passed around, the name of which I did not learn. After lunch the Doctor showed the prizes for which the shooters were to compete. They were much admired. He explained that a contestant could win but one prize; that ties of one event would be shot off in the following event or events; that there was a prize for high average and one for low average; that all the prizes were donated by himself; that there was no entrance fee other than the price of targets at 2 cents; that, after deducting the expenses of targets, trappers, etc., any surplus would be turned into the Wanderers' treasury, and that he, while participating in the competition would shoot for targets only, all of which was received with much commendation by word and look. The grounds are beautiful and spacious. Although the shooting was toward the house, which was large, modern, and in an admirable setting of smoothly shaven green lawn and thrifty trees, the distance was too great for the shot to reach it. A tent afforded shelter, camp chairs afforded seats, and large noble trees furnished shade.

The traps were obtained from the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, and were famous for their perfect work. They were set Sergeant system. The screen was high, and therefore the targets flew high. The shooters faced the sun, so that the conditions were not favorable to the making of good scores, and yet some of the shooting was excellent. Mr. Neaf Apgar made the excellent percentage of .956, missing but seven targets out of 160. He won high average. Mr. L. Colquitt won the prize in event 1, a silver watch charm and fob, which disqualified him from further winning. Mr. E. A. W. Everett, of Pompton Lake, N. J., won the prize, a silk umbrella, in event 2. Mr. B. Waters won the prize in event 3. Mr. O. L. Yeamans won the rocking chair, the prize of event 4. Event 5 had a carving set for a prize, which was won by Mr. T. Dukes. Event 6 was a two-man team event, in which there were several ties which were reduced to four, and it being too late to shoot them off, they were decided by lot; Messrs. Dukes and Colquitt won the prizes, a scarf pin for each. Mr. F. V. Carlough won the prize, a fishing rod in event 7, and Mr. F. E. Butler won a box of cigars, the prize in event 8. The programme was not finished. A number withdrew from event 8 to give opportunity to shoot off the ties, and No. 9 was not shot at all. About 4,000 targets, more or less, were thrown in the afternoon. Mr. M. Herrington acted as referee; Mr. D. F. Pride as scorer; Mr. W. R. Hobart as cashier.

After the shoot ended all repaired to the Doctor's home, where the prizes were distributed. Mr. Colin S. Wise, the president of the Wanderers, and Capt. A. W. Money addressed the host, felicitously expressing thanks and appreciation of the entertainment so bountifully bestowed on the Wanderers by their host, who modestly replied in a few well-chosen words. The party then took seats in the elongated bus, and as the ponderous craft started for the depot the melodious voices of the Wanderers burst forth in the time-honored song, "For he's a jolly good fellow," which punctuated a day of which every moment was enjoyable. The list of shooters, handicaps and scores, with allowances added to events, follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Total Broke.	Av.
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20			
Morfey, 2	17	20	17	16	20	17	20	19	160	130	.811
Money, 2	20	19	20	20	16	19	18	19	160	140	.880
Apgar, 1	20	20	19	20	20	20	20	19	160	153	.956
Jacks, 4	20	20	20	17	19	13	18	..	140	103	.735
Banks, 1	20	20	17	17	18	20	19	..	140	126	.900
Everett, 5	17	20	20	20	20	20	20	..	140	110	.785
Skelly, 3	20	20	20	20	17	20	20	20	160	138	.862
Brigham, 1	19	15	19	17	15	17	18	..	140	113	.807
Keystone, 2	20	17	19	20	19	20	20	20	160	143	.894
Welles, 2	20	20	20	20	18	20	20	18	160	144	.900
Schneider, 4	20	16	17	14	20	19	19	..	140	99	.707
Yeomans, 3	20	20	19	20	20	20	20	20	160	146	.913
Von Lengerke, 3	20	20	15	17	20	20	20	18	160	127	.793
Terrill, 5	20	20	20	17	20	20	19	..	140	103	.735
Goetter, 5	19	20	20	17	20	18	19	..	140	103	.735
Dukes, 4	..	..	18	17	20	20	20	20	120	100	.769
Butler, 5	20	20	20	20	20	17	20	20	160	127	.793
Dudley, 1	18	20	20	20	19	20	18	..	140	129	.922
Sinnock, 2	20	20	20	18	20	20	20	..	140	130	.929
Colquitt, 3	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	160	145	.906
Seeley, 5	20	19	19	20	18	20	20	20	160	131	.819
Guenther, 4	20	19	19	19	20	18	20	16	160	121	.756
Waters, 5	19	20	20	20	20	19	20	..	140	112	.800
Schoftel, 5	12	17	14	..	..	..	..	..	60	28	.622
Gardiner, 0	14	16	16	13	17	16	17	..	140	109	.778

The averages are based on what the contestants actually broke.

No. 6 was the two-man team race, the same handicap allowances of the other events holding good. Following are the scores:

Welles 20, Seeley 20; total 40.
Sinnock 20, Von Lengerke 20; total 40.
Guenther 18, Butler 19; total 37.
Yeomans, 20, Keystone (F. V. Carlough) 20; total 40.
Dudley 20, Waters 19; total 39.
Dukes 20, Colquitt 20; total 40.
Terrill 20, Morfey 17; total 37.
Gardiner 16, Goetter 18; total 34.
Apgar 20, Brigham 17; total 37.
Schneider 19, Skelly 20; total 39.
Jacks (C. S. Wise) 13, Banks 20; total 33.
Everett 20, Money 19; total 39.

Mississippi—Louisiana Trapshooters' Association.

THE Mississippi-Louisiana Trapshooters' Association have just completed in three days' shoot, one of the most successful held in the annals of the Association. The shoot was attended by a great number of distinguished trapshooters from all over the country.

High average was won by Ward Erwin, of Greenville, 364 out of 400, a gold medal. He also won the individual championship of the Association, after shooting off the tie with Percy Benedict, of New Orleans, breaking 24 out of 25. Walter Blake, of Greenville, and Harold Money, of St. Louis, tied for second place with 354 out of 400. As Mr. Money was a professional, Mr. Blake was awarded the medal for second high average. The cup donated by the Peters Cartridge Company, emblematic of championship for three-man teams of the Association, was won by Greenville team, composed of Erwin, Blake and Sharkey, scoring 65 out of 75.

After the programme was finished on the second day a 100-bird race was shot by Ward Erwin and Harold Money. Money won by 2 birds. Both were strongly backed by friends, and the race was a pretty one throughout.

They shot four strings of 25 birds as follows: Money 25, 24, 23, 22; Erwin 21, 24, 22, 25.

	——July 22.—— Shot at.	Broke.	——July 23.—— Shot at.	Broke.	Total Shot at.	Total Broke.
Money	200	182	200	172	400	354
Avery	200	151	200	154	400	309
Burke	200	146	200	179	400	325
Lawrence	200	169	200	157	400	326
Wade	200	170	200	166	400	336
Frank	200	160	200	159	400	319
Brady	200	162	200	173	400	335
Paston	200	152	200	146	400	278
49	200	148	200	146	400	294
Joyner	200	157	200	169	400	326
Foote	200	155	200	163	400	318
Erwin	200	180	200	184	400	364
Blake	200	178	200	176	400	354
Sharkey	200	166	200	168	400	334
McCutchen	200	153	200	169	400	322
Duncan	200	159	200	168	400	327
Adams	200	163	200	150	400	313
Shanahan	200	157	200	175	400	332
Cameron	200	106	200	...	200	106
Benedict	200	168	200	167	400	335
Wheeless	90	68	75	55	165	123
Walton	200	124	200	147	400	271
Sessions	200	164	200	171	400	335
Wilson	200	142	200	152	400	294
Clinton	200	156	200	153	400	309
Hebron	50	30	95	65	145	95
Thomas	160	91	...	...	160	91
Saxon	50	32	170	145	220	177
Barnard	200	140	200	158	400	298
Baggett	50	31	...	...	50	31
Powell	200	151	200	162	400	313
Arnold	70	44	25	14	95	58
Taylor	130	89	170	144	300	233
Love	55	25	...	...	55	35
Baker	33	22	115	99	150	121
Crauch	40	24	...	...	40	24
Lee	150	97	65	34	215	131
Anderson	70	44	155	114	225	158
Kaufman	200	140	200	160	400	300
Fletcher	...	...	130	98	130	98
Bradfield	...	...	130	86	130	86
Hays	...	...	130	110	130	110
Miller	...	...	130	111	130	111

Gallatin Gun Club.

GALLATIN, Tenn., July 26.—Our club is very proud of a beautiful gold medal presented by the Peters Cartridge Co. This medal was put in competition for the first time to-day. It will be contested for weekly the balance of this season and all of next, and will then belong to the member who has won it most often. The medal was this time won by Bright.

Each event was at 25 targets.

Seay	15	9—24	Brown	14 19—33
Murphroo	20	17—37	Bright	20 23—43
Green	21	20—41	Hickman	16 17—33
W Anderson	21	16—37		

W. C. HARRIS, Sec'y.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Richmond Shoot.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 24.—The combination handicap at targets, Sept. 3-5, at Richmond, Ind., seems to be about as attractive a little card as looms up on the Western horizon at this moment. There will be $200 average money divided between 10 high guns and 10 low programme guns. In the last event there will be a guaranteed prize of $100, with $15 extra to high gun. The Richmond Gun Club openly announces that it proposes to give the biggest shoot ever held in Indiana. O. V. Porter, secretary, Richmond, Ind.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 26.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the sixth trophy shoot of second series. Hellman won class A trophy on 25 straight, A. McGowan won B on 20, and C. H. Kehl won C on 15.

The day was a fine one for target shooting in all respects, except being a little too hot for comfort, about 90 in the shade and a rather stiff breeze across the traps made the left quartering targets very fast and low. The attendance was fairly good, seventeen shooters showing up for trophy event.

Thirteenth trophy shoot: Dr. J. W. Meek 20, C. H. Kehl 15, R. S. Leete 17, G. W. Drinkwater 14, J. Monaghan 12, W. R. Johnson 18, J. D. Pollard 23, L. Thomas 24, A. McGowan 20, G. Barnard 17, C. P. Richards 23, J. E. Dofter 20, M. G. Eldred 10, Bowers 21, A. Hellman 25, S. E. Young 21, Dr. J. H. Huff 22.

Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Meek	10	8	8	9	10	7	9
Kehl	5	3	..	6	7	.2	5
Leete	7	..	..	8	9	3	7
Drinkwater	8	4	..	7	8	4	8
Monaghan	4	7	..	6	6	3	7
Johnson	9	..	..	8	9	5	6
Pollard	10	9	9	7	8	6	9
Thomas	6	8	10	9	10	4	9
A McGowan	7	..	..	7	6	5	6
Barnard	6	..	..	7	6	..	6
Richards	8	..	..	10	10	..	10
Dofter	6	5	4	8	7	..	9
Eldred	4	6	..	2	7	..	2
Bowers	7	7	9	8	7	..	6
Hellman	10	8	..	10	10	..	..
Young	8	7	10	5	7	..	..
Huff	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 2.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the seventh and last trophy shoot of the second series. A. Hellman and C. P. Richards tied for Class A trophy on 23, and Richards won on shoot-off. Leete won Class B trophy, on 22, and Eldred won Class C on 18.

The day was a good one for target shooting, and sixteen shooters lined up for the sport.

The next shoot begins a new series under a reclassification. The scores for the present series have not been figured up yet, but I will report winnings and standings of this series next week:

C P Richards.....10111111111111111101111111—23
C H Kehl.....10110111011000011110001111—15
J W Meek.....11111011101001111111111111—21
F G Barnard.....11101000110011010011001111—14
R S Leete.....11111011111111111110011111—22
J A Russi.....10100110111111111011111111—20
J Gerstner.....11111111101111111111111111—24
L Thomas.....11111110010101100011111111—18
A McGowan.....11011011101110111111110010—19
T Eaton.....11111111110011101101111111—21
T L Smedes.....10011111111111111101101111—21
N P Johnson.....11010111101101101011111—18
M G Eldred.....10110011111100001111111111—18
J A Huff.....10011111111100110011001111—17
A Hellman.....11011111111111111111110111—23
J E Dafter.....11101101111000111111101101—18

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Richards	10	9	9	..	..	..	9	10
Kehl	6	6	5	7	..	..	3	4
Dr Meek	9	9	10	10	9	9	10	8
Barnard	9	5	..	..	..	..	10	8
Leete	6	7	8	9	..	..	6	8
Russi	8	8	8	8	..	..	7	..
Gerstner	8	9	..	..	..	..	8	..
Thomas	9	5	6	7	..	..	8	8
A McGowan	6	8	6	8	7	..	7	7
Eaton	..	9	10	8	7	7	9	7
Smedes	..	7	9	..	10	..	8	8
Johnson	..	9	8	..	..	..	8	7
Eldred	..	9	6	6	10	..	9	7
Hellman	..	..	10	7	9	9	..	7
Dafter	..	..	9	8	..	..	..	10
J H Huff	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5

DR. J. W. MEEK.

Haverhill Gun Club.

LYNN, Mass., July 25.—The shooting committee of the Haverhill Gun Club have for some time been discussing the advisability of giving an extra day's shoot following the dates of the Interstate Association tournament, and having heard favorably from many prominent shooters, will arrange a programme that should cause the fraternity to polish up their specs. The club will add fifty cold "plunks" and on the following terms:

The programme will call for ten 25-target events, numbers 1 to 4, inclusive, will constitute an Interstate five-man team match, which calls for $15 entrance fee from each team, one money, and to which the club adds a medal and $10 in gold to first high team and $5 to second. Events 5 and 6 is the interclub team race; any regularly organized gun club may enter one or more five-man teams. Entrance $10 per team, one money. Those wishing to do so may enter for price of targets only. The club presents team scoring highest $10 in gold.

The remaining events—four in number—should cause the fur to fly, as the articles of agreement call for a distance handicap, 16 to 23 yards, known, Sergeant, reversed and unknown angles respectively for each of the four quarters of this 100-target event. The club will "sweeten" this particular argument to the extent of $25; $15 to first and $10 to second high guns.

They are also arranging to open a bank through which temporary loans may be negotiated by those shooters who would otherwise be obliged to "hit the gravel" to get home.

C. F. LAMBERT.

Baltimore Shooting Association.

BALTIMORE, Md., July 26.—The shoot on the Baltimore Shooting Association's grounds to-day resulted in good scores. Dr. H. E. Lupus led with 46 out of 50; W. R. Biddle was next with 43, and J. W. Chew third with 42. The prizes for July were awarded as follows: Lupus first, with 181 out of 200; Malone second, with 167; Peters third, with 151; Edwards and Biddle fourth, with 150 each. Capt. A. W. Du Bray, Capt. Ben Eick and Dr. Funk were visitors. For the month of August the new average system of handicapping will be used. There will be three prizes offered.

Targets:	10	10	15	10	10	Club Score.
Lupus, 18	9	..	13	..	..	46
Chew, 16	10	10	13	10	8	42
Peters, 16	8	8	12	7	9	34
Edwards, 14	5	5	..	8	9	39
Malone, 16	9	..	15	..	..	40
Mowell, 16	7	..	11	..	..	36
Funk, 16	7	6	..	..	..	40
Eick, 16	9	9	12	8	9	42
Biddle, 14	8	9	..	7	9	43
Evans	..	5	..	5	..	

Hopedale Gun Club.

HOPEDALE, Mass., July 28.—The Hopedale Gun Club hold a shoot at their grounds at Hopedale every Saturday afternoon. The best scores made this season so far are out of a possible 25, Sergeant system: F. Day 23, C. W. Arrand 22, A. Smith 21, D. Smith 21, L. Wright 20, William Hadley 20.

C. W. ARRAND, Pres.

Providence Gun Club.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—The tournament of the Providence Gun Club, July 25 and 26, was well attended. Secretary Robert C. Root, famous as an expert in trapshooting and tournament management, was active as a worker in everything tending to the success of the tournament.

Sim Glover, of New York, was high man, with 162 out of 175. For second place, "Jack" Fanning, of New York, "Gene" Griffith, of Pascoag, and Herbert, of Boston, were tied with a score of 159.

July 25, First Day.

Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	Shot at.	Broke.
Apgar	12	18	13	18	12	19	13	17	15	20	175	157
Van Allen	13	18	12	18	14	16	15	16	11	16	175	149
Fanning	12	18	14	18	14	20	14	19	12	18	175	159
Glover	14	19	13	17	14	20	14	17	14	20	175	162
Cate	12	15	12	17	10	14	12	15	11	15	175	133
Francotte	13	15	14	18	12	13	11	19	9	14	175	138
Coffin	13	19	9	18	7	19	12	14	14	13	175	138
Getchell	10	19	14	19	12	16	12	19	13	17	175	151
Griffith	13	19	13	20	14	19	15	14	15	17	175	159
Inman	12	17	10	15	14	16	15	19	12	16	175	146
Hepner	11	18	14	20	12	19	11	13	15	16	175	149
Dickey	12	15	15	18	15	19	12	16	13	17	175	152
Herbert	15	20	12	17	15	17	11	18	14	20	175	159
LeRoy	14	16	15	19	13	19	13	14	14	20	175	157
Wheeler	14	15	13	15	14	18	12	17	15	19	175	152
Doremus	12	15	11	16	12	14	14	13	12	16	175	135
Puck	9	19	13	14	12	13	12	16	11	15	175	134
Doten	8	13	9	14	8	14	7	12	13	15	175	113
Eggers	10	12	11	16	9	13	13	18	13	16	175	131
Bain	13	17	13	17	12	17	15	14	11	16	175	145
Lewis	13	15	11	12	11	16	13	13	12	13	175	129
Greene	12	19	13	16	13	18	13	17	13	18	175	152
Preble	14	20	14	19	11	17	14	20	13	16	175	158
Hunnewell	11	19	12	20	15	19	12	18	13	16	175	155
Climax	13	18	14	18	14	15	15	15	14	16	175	152
Rule	10	13	8	18	11	16	11	18	11	14	175	130
McArdle	15	19	9	16	11	17	11	18	12	16	175	134
Mack	9	18	11	13	6	15	6	13	10	14	175	115
Dring	10	12	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	32
Coggeshall	6	9	3	..	..	..	..	12	10	6	105	46
Gavitt	..	..	14	15	10	16	11	13	12	..	120	91
Mead	..	..	11	14	11	16	10	16	13	15	140	106
Power	..	..	4	8	9	10	4	10	7	15	140	67
Camp	..	..	12	16	11	17	11	15	12	18	140	112
Rose	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	10	35	20

July 26, Second Day.

The team race was of dominant interest. The teams as made up were: Maine—Capt. Hunnewell, Preble, Green, Randall, Dalton; New Hampshire—Capt. Stark, Langley, Morris, Nardini; Massachusetts—Capt. Herbert, Dickey, LeRoy, Climax, Wheeler; Rhode Island—Capt. Griffith, Getchell, Inman, Bain, Francotte.

The individual scores of the team members were as follows:

Massachusetts—Herbert (captain), 88; LeRoy, 88; Climax, 87; Wheeler, 86; Dickey, 92. Total, 441.

Maine—Hunnewell (captain), 86; Preble, 92; Randall, 85; Dalton, 85; Green, 90. Total, 438.

Rhode Island—Griffith (captain), 94; Inman, 91; Getchell, 90; Bain, 80; Francotte, 75. Total, 430.

New Hampshire—Stark (captain), 76; Langley, 76; Nardini, 79; Morris, 70.

The next shoot in the team contest for the New England championship will take place at Exeter, N. H., July 31 and Aug. 1.

Griffith was high for the day with 187 out of 200 targets. The full scores for yesterday were as a follows:

Targets:	15	20	25	25	25	25	15	20	15	15	Broke.
Apgar	12	16	21	21	24	22	14	19	15	15	179
Van Allen	12	20	23	21	21	22	15	16	15	13	178
Fanning	15	19	20	24	25	24	12	18	14	13	185
Glover	13	18	24	23	23	23	12	19	10	14	178
Cate	12	17	20	18	20	18	13	16	13	14	161
Coffin	11	17	22	17	19	19	10	14	13	8	149
F Arnold	12	13	18	20	14	21	12	15	12	13	152
Doremus	12	20	18	19	19	17	11	17	11	11	155
Puck	14	14	13	23	18	16	11	16	11	15	152
Campbell	11	15	21	23	19	18	12	15	12	11	157
Greene	9	17	22	21	24	23	15	18	..	..	140
Herbert	15	18	22	24	19	23	14	18	14	13	180
Langley	14	18	20	19	18	19	12	14	12	13	159
Griffith	14	18	24	22	23	25	12	20	15	14	187
Mack	9	15	17	20	15	15	7	14	11	10	143
Dalton	13	17	22	22	23	19	11	18	13	13	171
Inman	13	16	20	23	24	24	13	19	14	13	179
Stark	12	13	19	17	19	21	12	15	9	..	137
Le Roy	14	18	22	22	23	21	15	18	13	14	180
Norton	9	13	12	20	19	16	10	13	10	11	133
Preble	13	18	24	24	23	21	12	14	15	14	181
Climax	11	16	25	22	19	21	13	20	15	13	175
Haiden	13	15	19	20	17	23	..	..	..	..	102
Getchell	13	18	22	25	22	21	12	20	14	14	181
Rule	11	15	22	22	20	23	8	20	13	12	166
Hunnewell	13	20	21	23	21	21	14	19	12	13	177
Wheeler	9	14	20	23	20	23	15	17	15	12	168
Morris	13	16	19	15	17	19	..	..	..	..	99
Bain	13	16	20	20	17	23	13	..	..	..	122
Jackson	10	16	20	16	20	19	13	..	13	..	127
Randall	13	17	21	20	21	23	14	18	14	13	174
Dickey	12	19	25	23	21	23	12	17	10	14	176
Porter	..	..	21	13	13	19	13	13	..	..	92
Francotte	9	18	18	19	19	18	11	17	15	11	156
Barstow	13	19	17	21	18	22	11	17	11	14	162
Worthing	11	17	..	..	..	..	13	20	13	12	86
Buffington	7	8	..	..	7	11	..	..	..	..	33
Powers	4	12	..	..	12	9	5	8	7	8	66
Hall	8	12	..	..	13	15	..	..	..	..	48
Moore	9	16	..	..	15	..	10	16	..	..	66
Cook	..	..	..	..	14	17	7	10	6	8	62
Smith	..	..	..	..	12	17	8	11	7	9	64
Rose	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	14	13	12	48
Thorne	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	10	11	39
Nit	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	12
P Mandell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	21	21
Kennedy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	8
Dunne	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	9
Norton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	11
Phetteplace	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	13

Wabash Gun Club.

WABASH, Ind., July 21.—On July 16 and 17 the Wabash Gun Club gave its fourth annual tournament under their new organization. It proved to be the very best ever held here, and one of the most successful ever held in the state, both in respect to numbers and staying qualities.

The morning of the first day gave promise of a beautiful day, but about 10.30 it clouded up and began raining, and it looked to the management like indigo, but after a good scare the rain ceased. Old Sol showed his face, and from that time to the close of the tournament the weather was all that could be desired.

The arrangements were as near perfect as possible. A large tent had been generously provided by Col. Allen Powell, and with the club house, the cashier's tent and the large native trees that lined the banks of the Wabash river, the shooters were as comfortable as they could have been anywhere.

Our club member, Mr. Beck, had furnished a lunch that appealed to the most fastidious appetite. Sirloin steak, fried chicken, black bass rapidly disappeared. Here is where every one made a satisfactory score.

We had but two protests respecting our open programme, and from an entry list of nearly forty there were but six professional shooters, and a significant fact is that the second average and second winner of purse was a Simon pure amateur, the third winner was also an amateur. We think the amateurs need not be frightened by the shadows of professionals. We append score of the various contestants:

July 16, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	15	15	25	15	15	20	15	15	25	15	15	20
Houser	14	13	21	12	13	17	14	14	..	..	..	..
Ed. Foust	13	13	21	14	11	20	12	15	..	..	..	..
Willard Thomas	11	12	18	13	18	17	15	14	23	13	13	19
M W Thompson	13	12	19	13	9	20	15	15	25	15	14	18
Ed Vorhis	13	10	20	13	13	19	14	14	25	14	13	14
Thomas Long	13	14	23	12	15	18	14	15	24	15	15	19
C W Phellis	12	13	22	14	15	19	15	15	25	15	15	18
L H Reed	12	14	17	14	15	16	13	14	20	14	14	18
W R Crosby	10	14	25	14	13	20	15	15	20	15	15	20
R S Trimble	14	14	22	12	13	19	13	15	24	13	14	18
Ed Robinson	14	13	20	14	13	17	15	14	23	12	13	18
H M Clark	12	13	24	13	11	17	13	15	18	13	15	15
C Lamme	13	13	17	11	13	17	14	12	18	14	13	18
Keller	15	15	22	13	13	17	14	15	19	13	14	20
Head	11	12	17	11	14	18	15	12	21	14	14	17
Aukerman	10	10	12	11	..	..	12	..	20	..	11	..
Gill	12	12	..	..	..	..	15	13	..	..	..	..
Chas S Rose	12	13	18	..	12	18	11	11	..	13	..	16
Hart	10	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wolcott	10	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dr Renner	4	5	..	6	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Miss Renner	4	6	..	5	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Smiley	8	9	15	10	11	15	12	12	..	..	..	..
Aumanson	11	8	21	..	10	..	16	15	..	..	..	..
Hood Waters	14	12	21	13	15	18	15	15	23	14	10	18
Risser	12	7	17	10	12	15	12	9	21	10	14	14
Wiggins	10	12	23	13	14	19	15	15	24	14	14	18
E H Tripp	12	11	24	12	15	16	15	15	23	15	14	17
C Foutz	13	9	18	13	15	15	14	15	..	..	..	..
Foote	..	13	21	12	11	15	12	12	21	12	10	20
M Smith	..	..	..	..	14	18	13	..	..	..	..	..
Douglas	..	..	..	13	12	17	11	14	..	..	..	..
Kuthman	..	..	..	..	11	16	12	..	..	..	..	..
Leeson	..	..	..	..	13	15	13	13	..	..	..	..
Korm	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	12	..	..	..	..
Kirby	13	12	23	14	15	16	13	14	24	14	11	14

July 17, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	15	15	25	15	15	20	15	15	25	15	15	20
M W Thompson	13	14	23	15	10	17	14	12	22	14	15	14
Kirby	14	15	20	11	12	17	12	11	20	14	10	18
Hood Waters	14	14	25	15	15	19	14	13	23	14	11	18
C Lamme	13	13	20	13	11	16	11	10	23	14	13	16
C Wiggins	12	14	23	14	15	17	9	11	21	12	15	19
Lang	15	13	21	15	14	20	13	14	22	11	12	13
Phellis	14	13	22	12	12	17	12	11	21	14	15	20
Trimble	13	15	23	14	15	19	14	12	21	13	13	19
Reed	12	12	20	13	14	17	15	13	20	12	14	16
Crosby	15	15	24	15	15	20	15	13	25	15	14	18
Clark	13	11	21	12	11	16	12	14	22	13	13	17
Dunbar	15	14	19	12	13	12	12	11	23	10	12	15
Rose	13	14	18	14	13	12	8	9	..	..	..	..
Aukerman	11	10	13	10	9	15	..	7	20	13	11	15
Head	13	14	23	11	15	19	14	13	25	14	13	19
Tripp	14	15	21	12	14	18	11	12	23	14	11	15
Voris	13	11	23	13	15	18	13	13	22	13	12	20
Thomas	13	15	20	13	10	18	12	13	23	14	13	16
Robinson	12	10	20	12	10	15	15	11	18	13	12	17
Risser	10	10	15	13	8	11	8	12	19	11	9	17
Miss Renner	10	11	12	6	9	12	6	11	..	..	..	..
Dr Renner	11	10	18	11	16	7	13	..	..	..	..	..
C North	9	10	18	8	12	..	9	..	..	..	..	..
Radebaugh	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	4	12	..	..	..

Not a word of complaint speaks volumes for the tournament. C. O. Ferry made a very acceptable referee.

The trade was represented by J. L. Head, R. S. Trimble, C. W. Phellis, W. R. Crosby, Hood Waters, L. H. Reed, P. C. Smith and Chas. North, every one a gentleman and thorough sportsman.

The largest winner was Billy Crosby, who was certainly right, a total of 17 misses out of 420 hard targets is a record that should show well in the purses.

Thomas Lang, of Findley, Ohio, won the second average. He tied the only "Bill" the first day, but was somewhat stale the second, but landed next to "William" just the same. Tommy is every inch a gentleman, and will always receive the glad hand when attending a local tourney.

One of the interesting features was the shooting of Miss Edith Renner, a lass of sixteen summers, who shot in several of the different events, and considering the strangeness of the grounds, people and natural diffidence of a young lady of that age, she shot well. With proper coaching, Miss Edith will make a second Annie Oakley.

The Lobster Quartette. Did you ever hear it? We have, and once heard is never to be forgotten. This ac'phibious named aggregation of music killing singers are composed principally of J. L. Head, H. M. Clark, C. W. Phellis and L. H. Reed, and collaterally, of anybody on the side who think they are singers, but no one else does. These gentlemanly "singers" rendered a number of "choice" selections. They were not particularly diversified either as to tune or subjects, and the meter must have been long for they did hang on so. Yet, seriously, the gentlemen above named were the life of the tourney, and things had to move wherever they were. We admire the quartette very much, and cordially invite you to come again, and will be only too glad to listen to the familiar strains of that old "fashioned pump gun" rearranged by our only J. L. Head.

SPENCER.

Springfield Shooting Club.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., July 25.—You will notice we had three professional shooters with us. The exhibition shooting of Fanning, Le Roy and Doremus resulted as follows: Le Roy shot at 100 birds and broke 96. Fanning shot at 100 birds and broke 94. Doremus shot at 100 birds and broke 84. The following scores were made by members and out-of-town shooters from Worcester and Palmer:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	5p	10	10p	10
Fanning	10	10	10	10	9	10	8	10	..	..	17	..
Coffin	10	7	9	8	10	9	10	5	..	..	..	..
Le Roy	9	10	10	9	10	10	10	10	..	..	19	..
Doten	8	9	7	7	9	7	9	10	..	..	17	..
Worthens	5	9	10	10	10	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
H R Merritt	9	..	..	9	10	10	9	..	9	9	..	8
Doremus	9	..	8	8	10	..	9	8	..	9	14	..
Runledtt	9	..	7	8	6	6	..	..	..	5	12	..
Pinney	8	..	8	8	7	..	7	..	..	9	..	..
Dr Keith	8	..	9	8	7	8	..	..	6	..	..	8
Geisel	4	..	..	6	6	..	2	..	..	7	..	..
Coats	9	8	8	8	7	8	..	..	6	..	..	5
Downing	9	8	7	..	..	10	10	..	6	..	..	8
Douglass	9	10	8	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	9
Kites	8	2	9	5	8	8	9	..	7	6	..	..
Le Noir	8	10	7	10	1	10	..	..	..	..	..	7
Bagg	..	..	9	..	8	10	..	..	7	..	..	..
A C Merritt	..	..	..	8	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rollins	..	..	..	7	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ahler	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Coffin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..

C. L. KITES.

Highland Gun Club.

GORGAS STATION, Pa., July 26.—At the regular monthly shoot of the Highland Gun Club, the Meehan cup was the main event, a sweepstake contest at 25 targets. The scores were: W. Dalton 22, McMichael 22, Dedier 21, M. Wentz 20, Wayne 19, E. Wentz 19, Aiman 19, Dunlevy 15, Pinkerton 14, Green 13, Hammil 12.

Second event, for the Laurent trophy, 25 targets, 16 yards rise, unknown angles—M. Wentz 23, Aiman 22, Dedier 21, Laurent 21, Dunlevy 21, Pinkerton 20, Green 18, Hammil 18.

Third event, open sweepstake, 20 targets, 16 yards rise, unknown angles—M. Wentz 18, McMichael 18, Laurent 18, Aiman 18, Pinkerton 18.

Match event, 25 targets, 16 yards rise, unknown angles—M. Wentz 23, P. Laurent 20.

Rockland Military Club—Spring Valley Club.

NYACK-ON-HUDSON, N. Y., July 26.—The tie match in the series of three was shot at Spring Valley Saturday and was won by Rockland by score of 111 to 107. With the exception of French and Lauder, the best shots of both teams did not come up to their usual high standard. The day was cloudy, but there was no wind. The Spring Valley Club have a very excellent place for trapshooting and are splendid entertainers. The scores:

Rockland Military Academy Gun Club—Casse 17, French 21, Potter 17, Gilson 17, Lauder 20, Moeller 16, Casse, Jr., 6. Total 111.

Spring Valley Gun Club—Smith 19, Singer 15, Addis 18, Cruikshank 14, Fessenden 16, Fisher 16, Mapes 8. Total 107.

The contest fixed to take place between Mr. Neaf Apgar, holder, and Dr. W. L. Gardiner, challenger, at East Orange, N. J., on Aug. 2, for the championship of New Jersey was postponed indefinitely.

Bonesteel Gun Club.

BONESTEEL, S. Dak.—The first annual tournament of the Bonesteel Gun Club was run off on schedule time on the afternoon of July 22. The attendance was good and the local boys staid with the game as long as it lasted.

Peters cartridges were very much in evidence, winning first, second and third high averages, and the longest consecutive run and the championship of Gregory County.

The championship trophy, given by the Peters Cartridge Co., was won by Mr. Carl Porter after shooting off a tie with his brother and Spatz and a second tie with his brother.

There were in attendance Messrs. Carl and Orion Porter of Fairfax, and among the locals were W. W. Law, Cliff Law, J. A. Kenaston, E. E. Jones, A. G. Blanchard, E. L. Cantrell, J. F. Spatz, T. J. Thompson, S. F. Lucas, Earl McHenry, H. O. Noble, Avery Graham and W. A. Leach.

Judge J. A. Kenaston, who is named among the locals, is the father of Dr. H. R. Kenaston of our city, and is visiting the Dr. and incidentally waiting for the young chickens to get ripe. He is 76 years and shoots without glasses, and is as enthusiastic over the sport as a boy. Verily, the average trapshooter is long lived and always young.

The thanks of the Bonesteel Gun Club are due and are hereby tendered to all those gentlemen who assisted the management in making the shoot a success, and to the merchants who so generously donated the substantial merchandise prizes. Bonesteel has demonstrated on more than one occasion that she does nothing by halves.

The race for high average as well as the championship event were keenly contested, and at the end of the day five birds covered the extreme difference between the four high men, C. Porter, Leach, Spatz and Thompson.

Carl Porter won the championship of Gregory County, and the Peters Cartridge Co.'s trophy representing same and also high average for the day.

Leach won second high average and made the longest consecutive run, 172, while third and fourth high average went to Spatz and Thompson, in the order named.

There were three uncontested events on account of darkness, and the merchandise left over will be contested for at some date in the near future.

Following are the scores in the regular events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Birds:	15	15	15	15	15	50	15
C Porter	14	10	12	13	14	39	11
Leach	12	11	10	14	10	38	15
Spatz	10	14	13	14	10	39	9
Thompson	10	12	12	10	11	34	14
O Porter	7	11	10	10	12	39	12
Jones	5	7	6	11	9	34	13
Lucas	5	10	8	7	10	23	6
C Law	4	10	6	9	8	30	6
Blanchard	6	5	5	7	5	..	..
Cantrell	10	9	8	9	..	..	6
W W Law	3	7	8	9	9	21	..
McHenry	5	6	12	7	..	..	..
Kenaston	..	4	4	..	..	..	..
Noble	..	..	..	9	8	..	8
Graham	..	..	..	4	4	..	9

The winners of merchandise prizes were as follows:

Event 1: First, Blanchard; second, O'Connor and Stanton; third, Jones, Lucas, McHenry.

Event 2: First, Jones; second, W. W. Law.

Event 3: First, Cantrell, Lucas, W. W. Law; second, G. Jones and C. Law.

Event 4: First, Cantrell, W. W. Law, C. Law and Noble; second, Blanchard, Lucas, McHenry.

Event 5: First, C. Law and Noble; second, Blanchard.

Event 6: First Orion Porter; second, Spatz.

Event 7: First, Carl Porter; second, Spatz and Graham.

Winners of special prizes were as follows: First high average, Carl Porter; second high average, W. A. Leach; third high average, J. F. Spatz; fourth high average, T. J. Thompson; first low average, Cliff Law; second low average, S. F. Lucas; third low average, E. E. Jones; longest consecutive run, W. A. Leach.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

MERCU... Pittsburgh, Pa., July 31, 1902.—(1)—Will silk worm gut deteri... for a year, and if so, is there any preparation tha... to prevent it from so doing? (2)—Will you kindly give r... pe for making same mist color? (3)—Is 5½ ounces heavy enough for 9-foot fly rod for brook fishing for trout? Kindly reply through FOREST AND STREAM. Ans.—(1)—Good silk worm gut will not deteriorate by keeping. A recent writer in the London Field tells of gut nearly fifty years old that was as strong as ever. Of course, the gut should be soaked before using. (2)—A simple dye may be made of Arnold's fluid ink and water in equal parts. Soak the gut in mixture for some hours. (3)—Yes.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Proctor's Theaters.

THREE of Manager Proctor's Metropolitan play houses have remained open all summer, playing to enormous crowds and delighting all who have been in attendance. On Aug. 25 his fourth New York theater—Fifty-eighth street—will open for the regular season. Meanwhile the Fifth Avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street are open and prosperous. The Proctor Stock Co. is presenting a series of clever comedies, and excellent vaudeville is shown as an additional feature of the entertainments. The Twenty-third Street is wholly given over to the best vaudeville, and the performances are continuous from noon until midnight. Proctor's Newark is enjoying a very prosperous summer season of vaudeville at special prices for the heated term. Artificial aids are employed to keep the Proctor theaters cool and comfortable, and a more agreeable place to spend an afternoon or evening is not to be found anywhere. Proctor's theaters in Montreal and Albany are presenting the Proctor Stock Co. in comedy revivals, and the summer is and has been altogether a period of gratifying prosperity for this enterprising theatrical manager.

W. R. Crosby, writing from Atlanta, Ga., to the company which he represents, the American E. C. & Schultze Gunpowder Co., says: "I did quite well here, winning the general average by a good big lead, and two daily averages out of the three, tieing for the third. I made 96 per cent. from 20yds. on the first day out of 175 targets shot at—not so bum for an old 'has been'." Mr. Crosby's favorite load is 44grs. of E. C. No. 1, with 1¼oz. of No. 7½ chilled.

At the Mississippi-Louisiana Trapshooters' Association tournament the trade was represented by the following shooters: Maurice Kauffman, of the Peters Cartridge Co.; Herbert Taylor, of the Dupont Powder Co.; L. C. Lawrence and Louis Williams, of the Laflin & Rand Powder Co.; Luther Wade, of the Peters Cartridge Co.; John E. Avery, of the U. M. C. Co.; Harold Money, T. A. Divine and G. H. Hillman, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.

"The Handy Book for Trapshooters and Sportsmen" is the title of a work replete with information to sportsmen, the 1902 edition of which has recently been issued by the Peters Cartridge Company, of Cincinnati, O. It can be obtained of dealers in Peters ammunition, or of the company.

Mr. V. C. Dargan, of Dallas, Tex., scored 159 out of 160 at Ardmore, I. T., shoot. He used the Ideal factory-loaded shells on this occasion. A. W. Kirby, of Greenville, O., shooting Ideal factory loads, won the amateur average at the Troy shoot.

The Marlin Fire Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., has issued a new catalogue for 1902 which is excellent in artistic design and complete in the information presented. It will be sent to all applicants. Three stamps are required to pay for postage.

At a recent shoot of the Sioux Falls, S. D., Gun Club, Mr. F. C. Riehl, who represents the U. M. C. in that region, broke 49 out of 50 targets.

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5532 out of 5765
TARGETS WITH
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Since Jan. 1st Fred Gilbert has broken 5532 OUT OF 5765 TARGETS—nearly 96 per cent.

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At the Brooklyn Gun Club Grounds, June 7, Mr. C. W. Floyd, an amateur of New York City, shooting his

Lefever Arms Co. Ejector Gun,

Broke 230 out of 240, making a run of 105 straight.

No gun, Foreign or American, will outshoot THE LEFEVER. It will please you. Send for Catalogue.

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At	Shot at	Broke.	
Natchez, Miss,	400	396	99 %
Fort Dodge, Ia,	290	286	98.6%
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Sioux City, Ia,	360	351	97 %
Dubuque, Ia.,	360	351	97.5%

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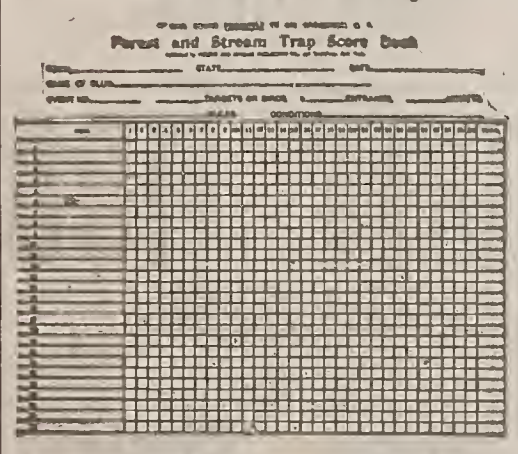

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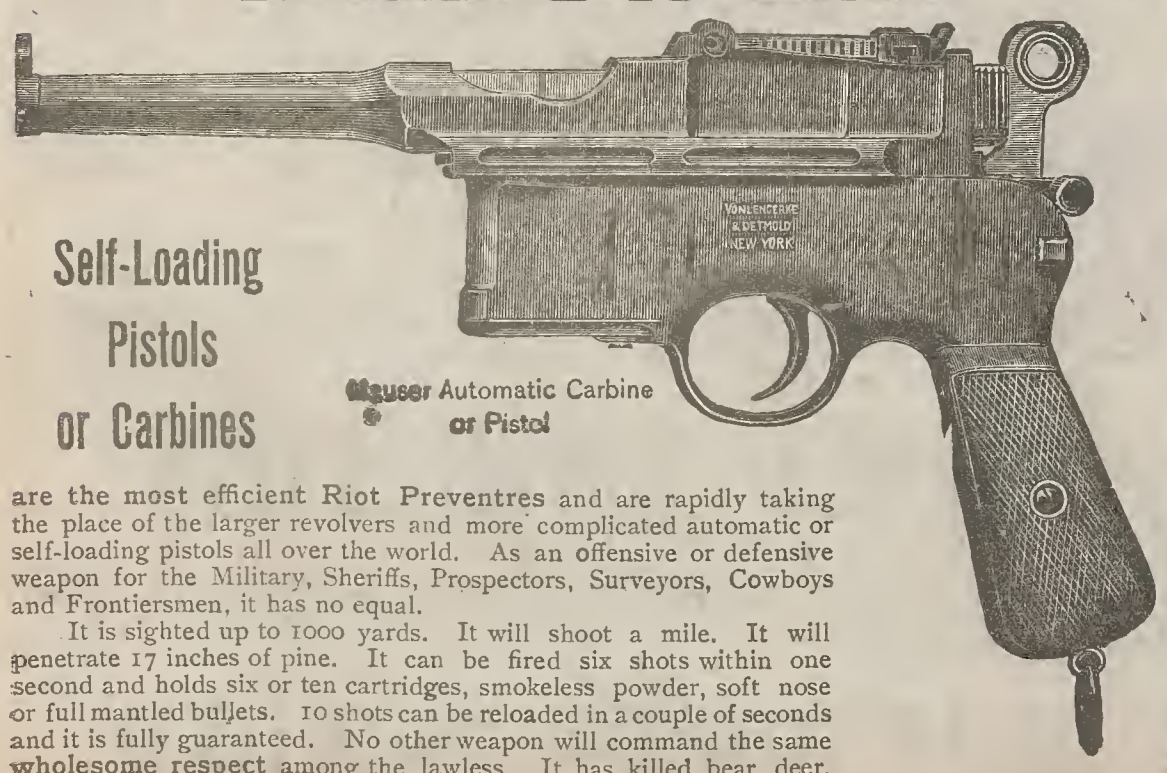

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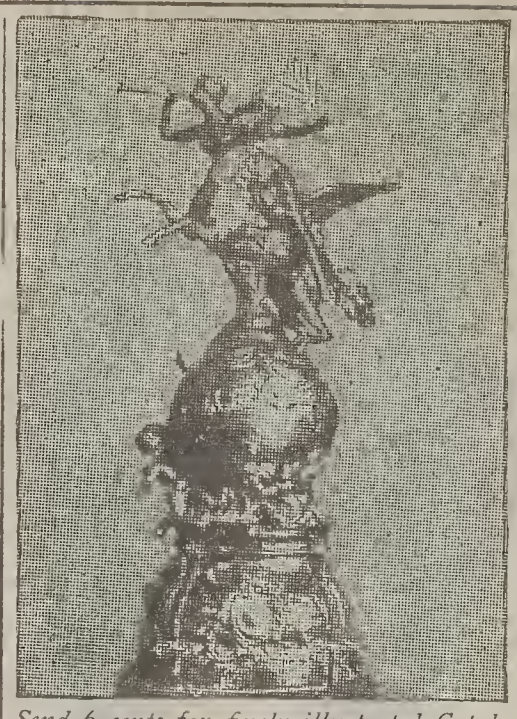

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VOL. LIX.—No. 7. SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1902.

FOREST AND STREAM

ROD AND GUN

Robt Ridgway Smithsonian Inst

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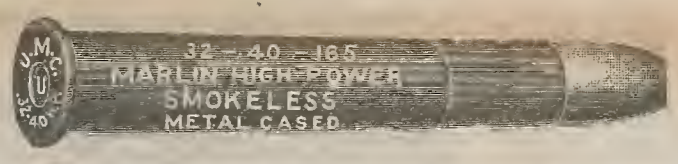

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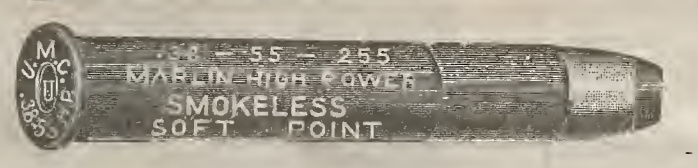

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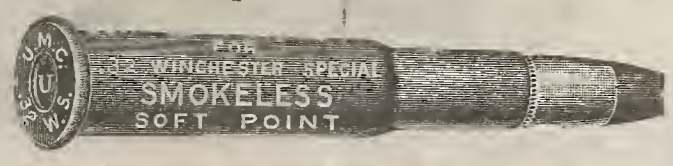

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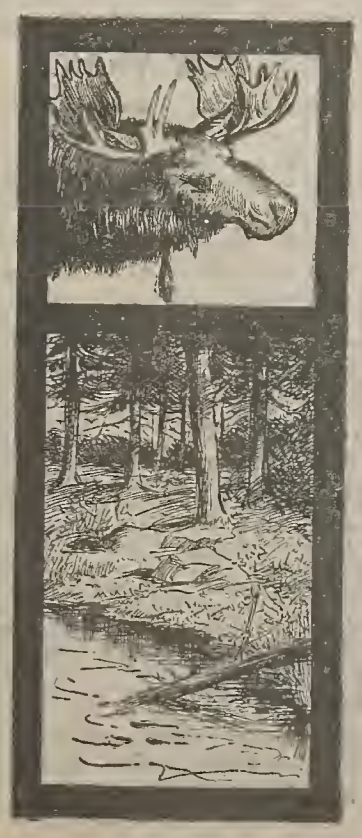

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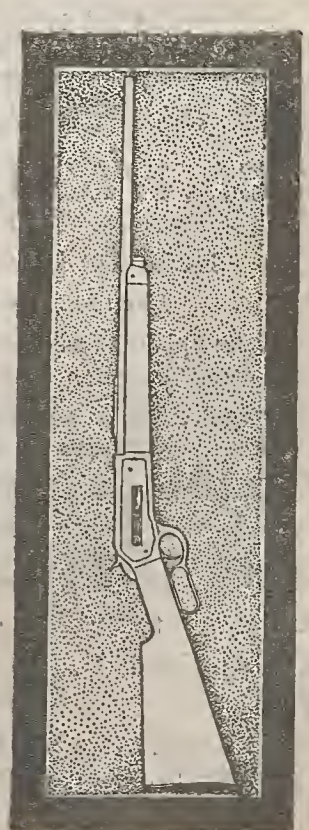

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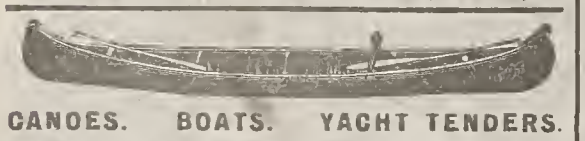

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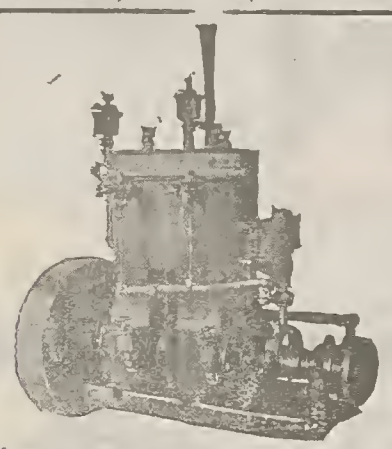

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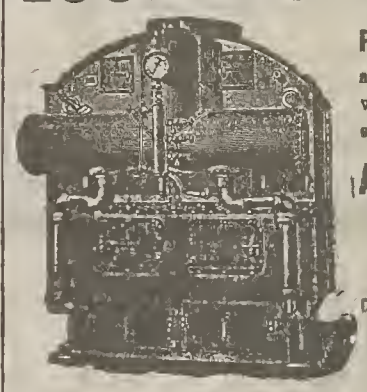

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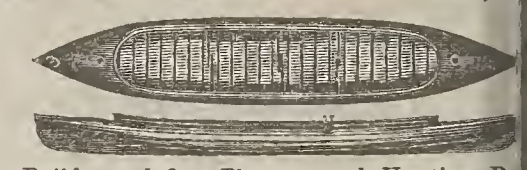

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1902.

VOL. LIX.—No. 7. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

SHEEPMEN AND CATTLEMEN.

THE battles in the West between the sheepmen and the cattlemen, of which we frequently read in the newspapers, are not without their interest. Yet it may well enough be that few except those who have spent more or less time in the West have any very clear understanding as to what these battles are about.

From the time of the early Spanish settlements there have always been sheep in the extreme Southwest, but for many, many years they were confined to Mexico, New Mexico and California. So long as hostile Indians were found in the West and Southwest, there was little spread of the sheep, and, as of course is well known, there were practically no cattle in the West and Northwest until about forty years ago. Between 1860 and 1880 the cattle business in the Northwest grew and flourished enormously, following closely the extermination of the buffalo and the driving out of the Indian.

As the flocks of sheep in the Southwest gradually increased and proved more and more profitable, the industry naturally expanded. The sheepmen needed more range, and drove their flocks further and further from home; while along the lines of travel which were gradually being extended out into the Western country, new sheep ranches were started in regions that had never before known sheep.

Now, it is well known that sheep, in large bunches, eat off the grass from the ranges over which they are driven down to the very roots, and sometimes eat off the roots themselves. The soil, cut up by a multitude of hoofs into fine dust, is often blown away, leaving bare the subjacent gravel or sand, from which nothing will grow. Also the odor left by the sheep is disagreeable to horses and cattle, which will not pasture on a range which has been run over by sheep.

From these facts it results that sheep are very unpopular with men who have horses and cattle on the range, for they believe that if sheep are introduced to the country which they have been occupying they will be obliged to move, partly because the grass will soon all be destroyed, or if not that because their cattle will not remain on the range polluted by the sheep, but will desert it for some other place. Now the cattlemen and horsemen have no more right to the range than the sheepmen have, but because they have occupied it for a long time, and perhaps have made improvements on certain small areas to which they possess title, they feel that they do have rights there, and that they are injured when sheep are driven in. On the other hand, the sheepmen say that they have as much right there as the cattlemen, which is true. Since, however, there seems to be no lawful method of getting rid of the sheepmen, force has frequently been resorted to, and for years we have heard of large bunches of sheep being destroyed and their herders being frightened out of the country or sometimes even killed. It is but a year or two since we were told that the residents of Jackson's Hole, in Wyoming, and the neighboring country, had determined to resist the advance of the sheepmen by force of arms, and such conflicts are now taking place in Wyoming.

To some extent one's sympathies are enlisted in behalf of the cattlemen, because they are permanent dwellers in the country. They have taken up land, built houses, taken out irrigation ditches and made hay meadows, built fences and corrals, and generally acted as if they had come to stay and to help build up the country. The sheepherder on the other hand is a real nomad. He has his sheep, his dogs, his tent, and his wagon. He moves from place to place, eats up the grass here, and to-morrow goes on somewhere else, and where he has passed too often it is as if a blight had fallen on the country.

The interest of the sportsman in advance of the sheep must be a keen one, and is two fold. Sheep destroy the food in a country as other domestic animals do not, and game will not graze where large bodies of sheep have been, any more than will horses and cattle. Beside this, in many sections of the West the sheep are driven into or through the forests, and destroy the young and growing vegetation. We are told of a section of Oregon where a tribe of Indians, who from time immemorial had subsisted largely on the huckleberries that grew there, were recently in a starving condition, because the sheep driven in there had exterminated over a territory about forty miles square the huckleberry bushes, the fruit of which these Indians used to gather.

It is unnecessary to write of the harm the sheep have done in California, not only by their browsing, but by the forest fires set by the herders. We may all watch with interest the progress of this conflict between the sheepmen and the cattlemen. It is a quarter of a century old in this country, and is still going on, and it may last much longer. The damage done to forests and range by the sheep is quite comparable to that done in France three-quarters of a century ago, and which France endured until about the year 1860, when it began its fight for reforesting the country of the Rhone.

INDIAN TERRITORY QUAIL.

WE print elsewhere two communications in comment upon our remarks last week on the exportation of live quail from the Indian Territory for stocking purposes. One correspondent avers that the intercepted quail had been exported in violation of law, and he says, "If it is unlawful, under the State law, to net or trap quail in Illinois, it is consequently unlawful under the Lacey Act to ship them from one State to another." We will all endorse the proposition that quail should not be exported in violation of a State law; but the "consequently" in our correspondent's quoted assertion does not follow. The Lacey Act has nothing to do with the transportation of live birds; it has to do only with "the dead bodies or parts thereof of any wild birds or animals, where such animals or birds have been killed in violation of the laws of the State, Territory or District in which the same were killed." The "consequently" that does follow is that the seizure of live birds in transit under an assumption of authority conferred by the Lacey Act is arbitrary and outside of the law. This is all that was suggested in the comment alluded to; but it is not to say that the unlawful exportation of game should not be suppressed and punished. It should be—by the proper authorities and in the proper way.

The statement is made by our other correspondent that the Federal courts of the Indian Territory hold that the export of quail is forbidden under Sec. 2137 of the Revised Statutes of the United States.

If this interpretation of the court is correct the authorities of the Territory should take all proper measures to prevent the exportation of live birds for stocking purposes.

This Sec. 2137 is an interesting bit of game legislation. The law of 1873 is a re-enactment of a law adopted in the thirties just after the setting apart of the Indian Territory as a district for exclusive occupancy by certain Indian tribes. It reads:

> Revised Statutes of the United States, 1878.—Sec. 2137. Every person, other than an Indian, who, within the limits of any tribe with whom the United States has existing treaties, hunts or traps, or takes and destroys any peltries or game, except for subsistence in the Indian country, shall forfeit all the traps, guns and ammunition in his possession, used or procured to be used for that purpose, and all peltries so taken, and shall be liable in addition to a penalty of $500.

The intent of this provision was to prevent hunting by white men in the Indian country, for the two-fold purpose of protecting the Indians in their sole hunting rights and of preventing friction between red man and white caused by hunters in Indian territory. A few years ago when the question came up in the courts whether quail were included in the prohibition of Sec. 2137, the claim was advanced that the birds had not been present in the Territory, as a recognized factor of the game supply at the time when, seventy years ago, the statute was framed. There were two aspects in which the question might be considered—one of the letter of the law, the other of its spirit. By the letter there could be no question that the quail were game within the statute. Considered in the spirit of the law, there was room for debate. If applied to quail the statute would mean that white residents in the Territory might not take any quail. Would such a prohibition assure to the Indian any existing right he sought to maintain, and would it prevent friction between Indians and white killers of quail? These questions probably would have been answered negatively; and the statute being construed in the light of its intent, the quail would not have been included as coming under the designation of game. The point was, however, construed according to the letter of the law, and as a consequence it follows that no white man in the Indian Territory, whether resident or visitor, has any right to take any quail either by shooting or trapping, except "for subsistence." This exception was made in favor of those white men who were obliged to depend on the game of the country through which they were traveling or in which they were stationed; it was a provision which was essential at the time, but could hardly be considered as pertinent now, except in very rare instances, for in a settled country men do not kill game for subsistence. The defense of an Indian Territory quail shooter that he killed the game for subsistence would be specious in the extreme.

In considering the question of the exportation of quail from the Indian Territory, then, it must be remembered that the white people of the Territory, since they are absolutely forbidden to take quail in any way, have no shadow of right or privilege which requires protection. The only interest to be considered is that of the Indians; and those who are familiar with the attitude of the Indian toward quail, know of course that the only use the Indian has for quail is to market them dead or alive.

Under these conditions, the white people being denied them by law, and the Indians not desiring them by reason of Indian nature, the best possible disposition to make of the birds would be to send them to States where citizens have both the right and disposition to work their dogs on them.

The exportation of quail from the Indian Territory is perfectly lawful, if the birds are captured by Indians in districts which are outside of the Chickasaw Nation; for having lawfully been reduced to possession by the Indians, the birds become lawful subjects of commerce, and may be sent out of the Territory by and to the agents of game clubs, State commissioners and others. In the cases of seizure alluded to by us in our issue of last week, the information given respecting them was that the birds had been taken under lawful conditions—that is to say, by Indians; and that they were therefore legitimate subjects of commerce. If this was the case, the seizure of them by United States marshals under the assumption of authority conferred by the Lacey Act was not erroneously characterized as arbitrary.

If it was arbitrary it was indefensible. The protection of game is an important interest, but it is not an interest of such moment as to justify resort to measures not clearly within the sanction of law. There is to be noted in certain quarters—and to note it is to deplore it—a tendency on the part of zealous game protectors to accomplish their purpose at all costs; and the rulings of the courts in game cases are not always conclusive as to their wisdom and justice. In Illinois, for example, where a bungling Legislature failed to prescribe any close time for quail, shooters have been arrested for killing quail at times which the Commissioner considered improper; and have been mulcted in fines by justices, who in taking their money were as truly robbing them as if they had robbed them on the highway. Indeed, it was worse than highway robbery, because done under guise of law by those whose high duty it is to uphold the law and to do justice.

Our correspondent's suggestion that State laws should be modified to permit the interchange of game birds for stocking is an excellent one. There are a few States in which, under supervision of proper authorities, certain birds might be taken for export in restricted number. Until we have such a system, the Indian Territory appears to afford the best available supply of game for stocking purposes. It is a region fertile in quail. The white people there have no right to take any quail; the Indians use them only for market purposes, and the best market use to put them to is to sell them alive for stocking purposes. If the Department of Agriculture can do nothing in the work of game stocking because of lack of appropriations, it can at least promote the work of replenishing Eastern game fields by encouraging the Indian Territory red men to export their birds.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Just Fishing.

THERE were three of us, to say nothing of the boy. Three of a kind, all disciples of Blackstone. We determined to have a good old-fashioned day's fishing, if the wheels of justice ceased revolving. The Blind Goddess laid aside her blinders and took up her knitting for a day's solid enjoyment on that fair July morning after seeing so many of her wards safely disposed of.

We were in the mountains of southwestern Virginia, on the summit of the divide, in the quaint and interesting little village of Wytheville. A delightful summer resort combining the essentials to health and pleasure, good climate, good water and good society.

Situated on the crest of the water shed, 2,500 feet above sea level, on a calm clear day (as the guide books say), from the top of the loftiest building in the town, you can gaze upon the yellow waters of the Mississippi, on the one side, and the billowing Atlantic upon the other—provided your eyes are focused for the necessary distance—they are both there.

Way back in the mountains there were said to be trout streams filled with the dappled darlings (speckled beauties revised); and fifteen miles away was New River, reported to be teeming with bass, but these distant possibilities quickly lost their charm, and were relegated to the "some other times," when the boy assured us without reservation or qualification that: "The creek was full of bass, red-eye perch, chub and sunfish, beside slashin' big old hog suckers."

We went to the creek with some misgivings and a promise to the boy of a swim in his clothes if the conditions as set forth did not materialize—but he made good, and the day was a success every way.

The boy promised to provide the bait-worms, but as the ground was dry, he failed in his quest, so the start was delayed half an hour while all hands dug bait.

The four-mile drive through the beautiful blue grass country in the early morning was a bit of unalloyed pleasure. The homes, meadows and stock were strikingly like what one sees in the blue grass region of Kentucky, save that the land is more rolling.

My two companions were natives and Virginian gentlemen.

As dignity never goes beyond the city limits with a fishing party, ours was no exception, and so our town names had to be relegated for the time being.

The most dignified member was christened Talk Easy, the other native Walk Easy and the writer Take it Easy; the latter being irony of a pronounced type.

We all had things; Talk Easy a throat, Walk Easy and I stomachs, but all convalescent. Arrived at our destination, an old mill site with the dam partly broken away, we put the horse in a shady place and prepared to enjoy ourselves.

It was but a few moments thereafter until we had another illustration of how unreasonable a boy is.

"Get the net and bucket and come back with me up the road to the branch and let's try to catch some minnows," said I.

As he laid down his pole and started to obey, traveling with that broken back snake gait that a boy always affects when he has plans of his own that are interfered with, he was accosted by Talk Easy, who requested him to search among the rain coats, lunch baskets and other duffle in the conveyance for his fish line.

As the boy swelled up with injured indignation, but before he could voice it, the third member of the party called to him, and in a most polite tone of voice requested that he "look up the bait and carry all the cushions over to the place selected to fish."

Speechless for a moment, the unreasonable little heathen then howled: "How in thunder-m I goin' to do half a dozen things at once? I ain't no triplets. Somebody else ought to do something, too."

Then somebody promptly offered to do something, and as the somebody was the boy's avuncular relation, the small boy did a sprint across a bit of clover and hurdled over a high rail fence, and then retired to a thicket to meditate until time, the great healer, worked out a condition favorable to his return to our society.

My minnow fishing was not a success, and I soon concluded to return and take chances with the others, using the plebian angle worm. They were hard at it, and Talk Easy had hooked, played and safely landed a fine fish of the genus chub that weighed all of 2½ ounces and was nearly as long as the longest finger on his hand.

After modestly acknowledging our hearty congratulations and recovering from the fatigue incident to such exertion, the gentleman calmly resumed his fishing.

Determined that there should be a show of scientific fishing, I rigged up a fly outfit and proceeded to industriously whip the water that looked favorable, hoping to take a bass.

The conversation that immediately ensued between my companions was not calculated to encourage me. "What is he doing?" said the fisherman who had scored.

"Practicing to drive a dog tram on the Klondyke," was the reply.

"Does he think it possible that fish eat feathers?"

"No; his idea is to scare them to death with a near view of the fearful and wonderful insects."

I cut short this brilliant show of pleasantry by dropping a large stone in the water's edge between them, splashing some muddy water on each.

My further efforts to educate creek fish up to a feather diet proceeded without criticism or comment.

When thoroughly discouraged, I put away my fly outfit and got down to business with a worm. Talk Easy, who seemed to be the real fisherman of the crowd, had caught another fine chub, almost as large as the first, and several red-eye perch that were clearly visible to the naked eye, and was in a fair way to become very unpopular with the less successful members of the party.

He and Walk Easy had fished on down the stream together, and when I followed them and came near enough to hear their conversation, I saw again that oft recurring, but ever deplorable sight, "man's inhumanity to man," in confidence betrayed. Talk Easy would find a likely hole, cast in and take a fish or two; then, if no further success rewarded his efforts, he would call to Walk Easy to come there where he had found a good place, and with the arrogance born of success and a belief in his superior skill, direct him as to the proper bait to use and spot to cast in, and then leaving his grateful, but deluded friend to fish exhausted waters, hurry on to the next good hole.

It was a case calling aloud for foreign intervention, but added to the fact that I had no gun, was the further fact that it behooved me to get ahead of the trouble in question and find some unfished water so as to save my own reputation.

Returning about noon to where the unequal partners were operating, I found the head of the firm laden with conceit and fish, while the junior was struggling with physical exhaustion and the problem of why it was that he had found the only worms in the can that the fish would not eat.

We now proceeded to enjoy one of the most pleasant events of even the most eventful outing, the lunch hour. The boy was called, and came in with two fish, and voluminous explanations of how it was that his string was not full, and after making proper apologies for the shortcomings of early morn, was restored to limited fellowship on probation. The lunch basket assayed well and proved entirely satisfactory, until Walk Easy produced from its profoundest depths a small brown bottle about half full of fluid and other things, which he said had been placed there by order of the supreme dictation of his household, with express instructions that he proceed to take a little as antidote for lunch in excess.

Merely out of curiosity, we agreed to join him in partaking of the contents of the bottle, as it had some queer objects that we had never seen used as ingredients in any beverage.

Cork cocktail we found it to be, and give the formula, as it will probably become more popular than the famous drink of the commonwealth—mint julep.

Fill up a bottle with corks and stuff the interstices with spirits fermenti. Let stand until all the flavor of the cork is extracted. Two teaspoonfuls of this—which was our share after Walk Easy had worried down his prescribed dose—made us think we were two bits of thistledown; and our poor friend, with a full dose to contend with, had to sit holding a large stone in his lap for some time.

It is a great discovery, this cork cocktail, but the man who fully exploits it had best provide himself with the footwear of a deep sea diver if he wants to retain his grip on terra firma.

We resumed operations after dinner and the luck held. The man who knew the game continued to catch fish, while his partner industriously fished exhausted waters.

The boy joined them for a season, but when Talk Easy, under the impression that he had a large fish, tore a minnow out of the water with such force as to jerk its head half off, his frankly expressed opinions and hilarious shouts of laughter revived his unpopularity of the morning, and he concluded to join me for a while. There is always something original about a boy's fishing outfit, and our boy was no exception.

His pole was so long that he either had to fish across to the opposite side of the stream all the time, or else sit well back from the water's edge.

His line was long and strong and carried two hooks of generous size.

But the artistic finishing touch of the outfit was the float. This consisted of a cork disk about as large as a batter cake of generous thickness, and of such buoyancy that no ordinary fish could have pulled it under the water.

The effect produced by the casting of the boy's line was to be compared only with the explosion of a subterranean mine.

We got on fairly well together—the boy and I—but his method of fishing was too strenuous for results. Every few moments he would pull in and cast out, the first half of the process sounding like pulling a stump, and the return being a s-wish-s-sh, ker-plunk, su-wash! The climax being the settling of the float.

At my earnest insistance, he finally removed the float, and shortly thereafter fished for several minutes with his hook hanging from a bush on the opposite bank, where it had lodged when cast, without his noticing that fact. His disgust was great, and no amount of argument could convince him to the contrary of a great opportunity lost in the few moments that he had fished up a tree.

This was much more amusing than the next incident, as any one but a boy would know, but he thought the contrary. I had caught a minnow and was fishing a long stretch of water for a bass. A fine strike showed, and when I pulled I was fast to something big and strong. The boy observed it, and greatly excited, abandoned his own business to rush over to offer me advice and assistance.

"Pull him in! Snake him out! Don't let him get away," he shouted; "What you reckon it is?"

"A bass," I coolly replied, "and a good one. Stand back and I will show you how to properly land a large fish."

Having no clear water to play it in, I was steadily reeling and pulling in my catch, which was fighting in a jerky, stubborn way rather unusual in a game fish, but I believed it to be such, and a good heavy one, too.

Setting well back, pulling hard and reeling fast, with the boy jumping and shouting with excitement, I brought my catch to the surface, and with a lunge and splash, it came into full view, proving to be a long, slender, green switch that my line had become fast to in the center, so that in pulling it through the water it offered the jerky resistance described.

I was both disappointed and chagrined, and for one brief instant thought that even my companion was going to be considerate and sympathetic, as he seemed to share my disappointment, but this was a violent presumption—he was only a boy.

After one look at my prize, the boy proceeded to roll over and over on the ground with whoops and yells, occasionally choking and smothering with his efforts to be sarcastic: "Oh! what a bass." "Ain't he a big one, though," and other remarks of like nature, until I was minded to wonder how a boy could be such a brute, naturally.

I do not believe in punishing other people's children—having small troubles of my own—but after the insufferable row kicked up by that young hopeful had continued to a point beyond human endurance, we separated.

He never knew that the vicious slashes made at him with that stick, as he sought safety in flight, were only intended to frighten him; nor the further fact that they might have done so to the extent of shortening his earthly career without causing regret. The cool of the evening found us all back at the starting point at the dam, and a canvass of the returns showed Talk Easy high hook, with his deluded and confiding companion, yet like the small boy who said: "When I catch the one I am after, and two more, I will have three."

But the law of compensation now intervened, and the weary, unsuccessful fisherman came to his reward. With all of us fishing as near him as we could crowd, he caught the four largest fish of the day, and was once more happy.

The ride home was uneventful with one exception. In fording the creek we drove in the deepest water and succeeded in entirely submerging the floor of the buckboard, where sat the boy.

We have heard Nilsson, Patti and Campanini—none of whom discoursed music as sweet as the sound of the yells of rage and anguish that proceeded from the throat of the boy as he slashed around in the cold water of that spring-fed stream.

The glory of a mountain sunset was full in our faces as we drove home. A grand sea of molten gold dotted with crimson islands.

The miracle that we call the sun going down, that was old when these lofty mountains were the levels of the great deep, that is as old as the first day of the creation and yet is ever new.

But this is not fishing, and the inevitable must be met. "How many feeshes, Daddie?" is the question in sweet chorus that meets us at the gate.

Then to the house we go with deep longing for the welcoming caress that each has looked forward to all through the long ride home; and the hearty words of praise that sound so sweet from loved ones to the weary, yet successful fisherman, only to be met with that query—replete with subtle wit, and old, oh! how old—not dating back, perhaps, to the first sunset, but antedating many, many sunsets: "Why, how nice. What did you say they cost you?"

LEWIS HOPKINS.

On a South American River.

THE revolutionary movement now going on in the United States of Colombia began in November, 1899. In February of that year, with a companion, Col. Dunstan, I visited Colombia and spent more than two months in the interior, returning in May. It is a ten days' voyage from New York to Savanilla. Just after starting, we were caught by the great blizzard of that year, as we ran southward along the coast, and had to lie to for many hours; after that we had fine weather for the rest of the trip. We stopped at Fortune Island for perhaps half an hour, to take on some cargo handlers, who would be dropped off again on the return voyage, and then made for Kingston, Jamaica, where we lay twenty-four hours. After rounding the east end of Jamaica, the run along the southern coast to Kingston is famous for its magnificent mountain views.

From Kingston we ran a straight course for Savanilla, which, being right across the Caribbean Sea, was out of the track of ordinary travel, and we saw no sail on the way, but as the weather was fine, contented ourselves with the sight of flying fish and dolphins and grand sunsets. The Magdalena River is to Colombia what the Mississippi is to this country, a great commercial highway. Unfortunately, its mouth is too shallow for steamers or any large craft to enter, so that, while the custom house is at Barranquilla, not far above the mouth, vessels discharge and take on cargo at Savanilla on the coast, eighteen miles west of the town and connected with it by railroad. Savanilla is merely a railroad station and a collection of a dozen or so thatch-roofed houses, but there is a fine steel pier 4,000 feet long at the outer end of which vessels tie up and discharge their cargo into cars, which are then sealed and run to the custom house at Barranquilla. Travelers get their baggage after it is inspected at the latter place. We reached Barranquilla at 11:15 A. M., when of course everyone had gone to breakfast and its following siesta, so we had to wait a couple of hours for the officials to return, which time we utilized by driving to the English hotel ahead of our fellow travelers and engaging the only vacant room, a corner one looking out on the plaza and flanked by a church. It being against the law to take rifles into the country, I was doubtful as to what would be done with my little .44-40 Winchester, but after I had been introduced by a friend, Don Luis Pochet—an American citizen, by the way, who served in our Navy in the Spanish war—and had shown how a one-armed man handled the gun, and had, in pantomime, disposed of a half dozen imaginary assailants, leaving them dead upon the custom house floor, a proceeding which brought a chorus of "Bueno!" from the crowd of officials and spectators, I had no trouble, and carried my gun off in peace. Late in the afternoon we found that a boat for our river was to leave next morning at 7 o'clock, and decided at once to go by it, as another might not leave for weeks. This left little time in which to see the town, but Dunstan had been there often and knew where to go, so I saw enough then and on my return to give me an idea of it. It is a town of say 20,000 people, built on sandy soil, sloping gently to the Magdalena, on the west bank of which it lies. As a rule, the streets are narrow and the buildings low, one or two stories high, but with high ceilings and all brick, stuccoed and whatnot, either brilliant white or pale yellow. There are the usual courts, balconies and barred windows. A well planted, well-kept plaza is faced on opposite sides by a church and club house, business houses occupying the rest of the space. There are electric lights, street cars drawn by mules and an ice plant. There is a garrison with the cuartel near enough to the hotel for the guests to hear the calls

the buglers seem to be fond of blowing. There are sawmills, boat yards, printing offices—one run by ex-U. S. Consul Pellet—and other industries, but the place is essentially a shipping point. Perhaps the principal port of entry in the country, it distributes its imports by the Magdalena River and its tributaries over an extensive territory, and receives by the same streams large amounts of articles for export—hides and coffee the principal ones. The Magdalena is navigable for steamboats from Barranquilla to Honda, where one leaves the river for Bogota, the capital.

Its principal affluent, the Cauca, is perhaps longer than it is, but with more current and shallower. It joins the main stream 200 miles above Barranquilla, and is navigable to Caceres when the water is high; otherwise to Boca del Nechi, 70 miles from the mouth. When there is good water, boats run up the Nechi 60 miles to Zaragoza, a town of some 2,000 people.

Our destination being a landing called Matanzas, 24 miles below this place, we had to take passage when we did, as boats left Barranquilla for the Cauca and Nechi only when the water was right and cargo offered. Barranquilla is a healthy place; the sandy soil it is built on allows no stagnant water, and there is always a fine, strong breeze. We rose at 5:30 A. M., with the air as bright and clear as on a northern October morning, so that I could see the huge peaks of the Sierra Nevada of Santa Marta away to the east.

Several of the large shipping and importing houses in Barranquilla run lines of steamboats on the Magdalena. These are metal-hulled, shallow draft boats, with stern wheel, an upper deck with four to six staterooms on either side amidship, the space between used as a dining room; the forward part covered and fitted with side curtains for use against sun and rain. Some were built in Pittsburg, and put together and finished in Barranquilla.

We set forth on the Antioquia, an hour or two after the appointed hour, of course, time being little thought of where we were. The hold was filled with cargo. The after part of the main deck showed the boiler and horizontal engine, while its sides and available space amid-

HOUSE OF THE NEWLY WEDDED COUPLE.
Photo by Cecil Clay.

ships were piled high with firewood. Forward there were some deck load for nearby points and a few cattle.

We secured adjoining staterooms next the captain's, put all our belongings inside, and opening our steamer chairs, had time to sit and look about us. There is a long island opposite the whole front of Barranquilla, so that the town faces a rather narrow back channel, with the main stream beyond. The upper end of this channel is closed; why, I could not understand, unless because the large firms located at the lower end of town did not wish trade to draw away to the other end, so all the boats have to go down stream, round the lower end of the island, then turn back up the main river. As we went down this channel we passed a washing and watering place, where a crowd of washerwomen occupied the bank and the water, too, among whom the water carriers drove their barrel carts into the stream to be filled. As we swung out into the main stream we saw a caiman, and soon after, another on the bank. The law forbids shooting at these from the steamers under a penalty of $200. This is not to protect the caimanes, but persons on shore and their property, for the ordinary people are such poor shots that they are more likely to hit a horse, cow or fellow citizen on top of the bank than the caiman at the water's edge. We had quite a number of passengers, among them two young girls, who had been at school near Barranquilla, and were going home in care of a priest. There was also an American, then in charge of the Magdalena end of the Carthagena and Magdalena Railway at Calamar. He was a Grand Army man who had been in the Second Massachusetts Cavalry. We enjoyed his company until he went ashore at his station, and he seemed as much or more pleased to have a couple of fellow countrymen to talk to.

A band of twelve pieces was on board, going home after having been to Barranquilla for the carnival. Some of its members were mere boys, swarthy-faced Indian-looking fellows, with long, black hair. All had excellent ears for harmony, and their time was capital. Whenever we approached a village or came to a town the band played, and we found the inhabitants, already warned of our coming by the steamer's whistle, lining the top of the bank from one end of the place to the other, sometimes a half or three-quarters of a mile—men and women variously clothed or partially so; little children unclothed, Caballeros on prancing horses, fishermen with brown and white hats, all sorts of odd-looking people came to hear the music and followed up stream as far as the water street or roadway permitted. Not far from Barranquilla we passed a field of huge cacti, of which I was sorry not to get a photograph. Soon after, we stopped at a house on the bank to let a newly married couple get on board. At 11:30 we breakfasted, the captain of the boat at the head of the table. It seemed to be etiquette for no one to leave the table until the captain rose, and for him to keep his seat as long as any guest was still eating. This was annoying to us, for the other passengers bolted their food so fast that we were away behind, and had to let part of the meal go untouched or keep the rest of the guests in their seats watching us. In the evening there was dancing on the passenger deck—waltzes, Spanish and Colombian dances. Our part was confined to helping the fun for the band and applauding the dancers from our coign of vantage next the forward rail, where we smoked our cigars, fashioned of the fragrant Ambalema tobacco. About 8 o'clock we reached Calamar, a busy-looking place, with a crowd at the landing, white and yellow stuccoed buildings glaring in the moonlight, lights streaming from their windows, in one a party of young people in gay attire. A couple of leagues beyond this the band left us. The boat simply sidled up to the bank, which, although in shadow, the moonlight showed to be covered with thick brush; a gangplank was pushed out a few feet, some one held a lantern aloft, possibly to disconcert those who could see a little by the unmeddled-with moonlight, and the musicians, one by one, sprang into the darkness of the brush and disappeared like the point of a pen stuck into an ink blot. As we steamed away after a chorus of "Adios," we could hear their calls to each other as they scrambled their various ways to the upper ground. We ran all night. About an hour and a half after midnight, we stopped at a wood yard for fuel. The little settlement in the mystery of the moonlight, the flaring lights and moving figures made a delightfully picturesque combination. We did not like to go to sleep, but rest was necessary; however, we rose at 6 o'clock. Presently the boat stopped at Savannah, a small, neat-looking village, where the captain bought fowls and other supplies for the table fare. The air continued to be most delightful; like one of our spring mornings, so that as I sat clothed in a linen duck coat and waistcoat, with corduroy trousers, I wondered when and where the "tropical heat" was to come in. The river teemed with fish, as did all the streams I saw, big and little; lots of them were leaping near shore, and large white cranes were numerous. We saw many canoes, some of them large cargo canoes, as they are called. At Savannah was a very large one, brilliantly painted, loaded with crockeryware made in the interior, and on its way, probably, to Barranquilla. Later in the day we saw some caimanes, fifteen or twenty. On one point lay a large one, 15 or 16 feet long. On another lay eight or nine, one of them larger than the solitary one. They seemed to know we were not allowed to molest them. At intervals, flocks of parrots flew chattering across the stream, and I saw one small bunch of ducks.

Early in the afternoon we stopped for wood, and an hour later reached Magongue, 160 miles from Barranquilla. It is quite a place, the business street, as usual, running along the river front, with a long string of white and yellow stuccoed buildings. Part of the front was disfigured by Syrian or Turkish peddler booths, placed on the edge of the bank, some hanging over it and all with their backs turned to the river. Along the bank were remains of the old Spanish brick work to protect it. Queer cargo canoes with thick thatched tops lay along the shore and a pack train for the interior was loaded just before we started away.

After some delay we got off again and crossed the river to a brickyard, where the crew went ashore with their machetes to cut grass for the cattle we carried. At midnight we tied up at a woodyard at the mouth of the Cauca, forty miles from Magongue, the law allowing steamers to run that river by daylight only, because of its swift current, changing channel and many snags. We went on again at half past 5. As we went up the Cauca, mountains began to appear in the distance, and later in the day hills came to the stream. One peak, the Cerro Corcovado (Hunchback) loomed up splendidly at a distance of thirty miles. We saw a number of caimanes, big and little. One village, La Raya, at the mouth of a small river of that name, on a litle flat at the foot of a fine wooded hill, was pointed out as a bad town, where one should not stop over night. The people go up the Rio La Raya after ivory nuts. We tied up for the night at a woodyard two leagues below Boca del Nechi, which place we reached about 7 o'clock next morning. This is seventy miles up the Cauca, or 270 from Barranquilla. Our steamer was to go from here up the Cauca to Caceres, return and then go up the Nechi. We preferred to go on by canoe rather than to wait for it, so engaged two men to take us to Matanzas in a dugout and started up the Nechi the next morning, the captain with a huge broad-bladed paddle in the stern, we with our effects amidships, and the crew with the forward third to himself and his push pole. When we set out the crew was clothed, but when we left the village out of sight behind a point he kicked off his sandals and removed his attire piece by piece, as his work warmed him; blouse, shirt, trousers, everything, came off until there was left only a short skirt reaching from the waist to near the knees. When uncomfortably warm, he jumped into the river for a minute, then climbed to his place again. At 10 o'clock the crew ate a few bites of fish and bread, and at noon we lunched. There are no villages on the Nechi from the mouth to Zaragoza. We passed a few houses during this day, and occasionally cattle or a canoe, to remind us that the country was inhabited. The usual flocks of parrots flew back and forth across stream, and gangs of monkeys made racket enough for a menagerie in uproar, but we did not see them. We found mosquitoes plentiful where we spent the night, but put up our toldos (nets) and defied them. A traveler leaving Barranquilla supplies himself with a bright-colored matting rug, pillow, sheet, striped cotton blanket or other coverlet, and a mosquito net, made up in oblong box shape with a stick across each end at the top, and cords to hang it up. On the steamboats cots are placed all over the passenger deck, and each traveler puts his sleeping outfit on one of them to secure it. If not sleepy, he lies under his net and smokes.

The people in this region are descendants of the Indians and negroes. When the Spaniards occupied the district of Guomoco, they found a population of 90,000 Indians. These, after some years of toil and working in the mines, were reduced to 15,000, mostly women. Then slaves were brought from Africa and a mixed race replaced the original. The people are strong, well built

A FAMILY GROUP.
Photo by Cecil Clay.

A TYPICAL TOWN.
Photo by Cecil Clay.

and good workers. On the Nechi and around Zaragoza and Remedios they are nearly all miners.

The next day we traveled better, as the water had fallen some 2 feet. We saw but two or three caimanes and not more people except the family at a house near which we stopped for lunch at noon. At 7 o'clock in the evening we reached Matanzas, where a trail leaves the river for a mine forty-five miles back through the forest. There is a house for shelter of men or goods, and a pasture field for pack animals. In Colombia every locality is given a name, whether there be anything there or not, a method which has the merit of avoiding long descriptions when arranging a meeting point or stating a destination. When I left Matanzas six weeks later, I had a larger canoe, with a crew of three and two other passengers, Harry Dunstan and a storekeeper from Llana, a hamlet four miles from the river by the trail. After two hours' travel, one of the men broke a prong off his push pole, so we stopped while he went ashore to cut a hardwood crotch with which to mend it. A gang of red monkeys was making a great row not far off, and from where I sat I caught an occasional glimpse of one moving in the treetops a hundred yards back. Presently I saw one clearly squatting on a limb away up in an enormous tree, so far off that it looked like a little chipmunk. I put up my Winchester, but found when I sighted that a slender horizontal branch of a sapling on the bank completely shut out the monkey. I explained this to my companion by word and pantomime, then sighted again, when just as I said, "Now, as I sight, that little branch completely covers," my finger touched the trigger and the branch fell. I threw in another cartridge, fired again, and down came the monkey. The crotch and the monkey both in the boat, everybody had to smoke while we awaited the mending of the push pole. Gathering from chance words and gestures of the crew that the death of the monkey was being discussed, I asked what they were talking about. "Oh," said Dunstan, "they are saying, 'Wonderful! wonderful! The general says there is a limb, I cannot see the monkey. He fires and cuts away the limb. He fires again, the monkey is dead. Santa Maria, what shooting!' Your having but one arm makes it more extraordinary to them. I doubt whether one of them could hit it at 20 yards." The monkey measured, body, 21 inches; tail, 23 inches, standing, 30 inches. We saw no caimanes until afternoon. Just after lunch I killed one 16 feet long, a difficult shot at 150 yards, and toward the sun. I missed another huge one by underestimating the distance and the motion of the canoe. An American trader in caiman skins who buys them from the natives and ships them to the States said recently, in answer to a question, that the largest skin he had shipped was 21 feet long by 5½ feet wide. This of course was the belly skin only; that of the back would be one-fifth wider, so that the creature was 22 feet long and 12 feet around the body.

Several miles below Zaragoza the river cuts through a range of hills, where for several miles the stream is narrow, deep and swift. The densely wooded hills come to the water's edge, sometimes with cliffs and everywhere rocky. We went through these narrows by moonlight, a delightful experience. Just above, the river is spread out over constantly shifting sandbars and is very shallow. We made a number of attempts before we succeeded in rounding a rocky point, where we emerged from the narrows and struck the converging currents. About 9 o'clock we reached Zaragoza, our journey's end.

When the insurrection began in Colombia the Government seized all the steamboats on the river, so that for two years there has been no internal commerce. Only a few dozen people are left in Zaragoza, and a good part of the place was burned as being a nest of the Liberals. The country round about and up and down the Nechi is denuded of men who are in one army or the other or hiding in the woods to avoid service. Supplies are exhausted, no crops are being raised, and that section of country is in bad condition. All the mines, English, French and American, are idle. Officials of some of them have been in Barranquilla more than a year, unable to get permission to go to them, either by Government boat or canoe. In whatever way the civil war may end, it will take the country a good while to recover from its effects.

CECIL CLAY.

Wild Animals of the North.

From Richardson's "Fauna Boreali-Americana; or the Zoology of the Northern Parts of British America."

The Beaver.

No animal has been the subject of more essays and of more imaginative writing than the beaver; and Richardson, who, of course, passed through the region of the beaver's greatest abundance in North America, has much to say about it, and quotes, plentifully from Hearne, for reasons given in his own words:

"The beaver attains its full size in about three years; but breeds before that time. According to Indian report, it pairs in February, and after carrying its young about ten weeks brings forth from four to eight or nine cubs, toward the middle or end of May. Hearne states the usual number of young produced by the beaver at a time to be from two to five, and that he saw six only in two instances, although he had witnessed the capture of some hundreds in a gravid state. The female has eight teats. In the pairing season the call of the beaver is a kind of groan; but the voice of the cubs, which are very playful, resembles the cry of an infant. When the beaver cuts down a tree it gnaws it all round, cutting it, however, somewhat higher on the one side than the other, by which the direction of its fall is determined. The stump is conical, and of such a height as a beaver, sitting on his hind quarters, could make. The largest tree I observed cut down by them was about the thickness of a man's thigh (that is, six or seven inches in diameter); but Mr. Graham says that he has seen them cut a tree which was ten inches in diameter.

"Pennant fixes the southern range of the American beaver in latitude 30 degrees, in Louisiana, not far from the Gulf of Mexico; while Say mentions the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi as their limit, which is about seven degrees further to the northward. In high latitudes they are confined to the wooded districts, there not being even willows enough for their subsistence on the banks of the small lakes and rivulets of the Barren Grounds. Their most northern range is, perhaps, on the banks of the Mackenzie, which is the largest American river that discharges itself into the Polar Sea, and is also the best wooded, owing to the quantity of alluvial soil deposited on its banks. Beavers occur in that quarter as high as 67½ degrees or 68 degrees of latitude, and their range from east to west extends from one side of the continent to the other, with the exception of the Barren districts. They are pretty numerous in the country lying immediately to the northward of Fort Franklin; and from the swampy and impracticable nature of the country, they are not likely to be soon eradicated from thence. The Iroquois are the greatest beaver takers in Canada, and their hunters now allot the beaver districts among themselves and endeavor to preserve these animals from extinction by trenching the beaver dams of any one quarter only once in four or five years, and taking care to leave always a pair at least in a dam to breed. Further north the Indians, when they break up a beaver lodge, destroy, as far as they are able, both young and old, and the numbers of beaver are consequently now very much reduced. Gangs of Iroquois were also introduced into the fur countries to the north some years ago; and by setting traps, which destroyed indiscriminately beaver of all sizes, they almost extirpated the species from their hunting grounds. The Hudson's Bay Co. are, however, endeavoring to remedy this evil, by laying plans to insure an adequate supply of the very useful beaver fur, although it is not likely that it can ever be so plentiful as it was formerly. In the year 1743 the imports of beaver skins into the ports of London and Rochelle amounted to upward of 150,000; and there is reason to suppose that a considerable additional quantity was at that period introduced, illicitly, into Great Britain. In 1827 the importation of beaver skins into London, from more than four times the extent of fur country than that which was occupied in 1743, did not much exceed 50,000.

"In some seasons a great mortality occurs among the beavers from some unknown cause, many being found dead in their lodges. Toward the north the fur of the beaver is better, and continues in prime order through a greater portion of the year. At Great Slave Lake, in latitude 61, July, August and September are the only months in which the beaver fur of inferior quality is procured. In commerce, beaver skins cut open, stretched to a hoop and dried in the ordinary manner, are named beaver parchment, and form by far the greatest part of the importation. When the beaver skins have been made into dresses and worn by the Indians, it is termed beaver coat; and, though it may have been in use a whole season, it still brings a good price. Inferior-sized skins are named beaver-cub. An incisor tooth of a beaver is fixed in a wooden handle by the northern Indians and used with great dexterity to cut bone. This was the instrument with which the people fashioned the horns of the reindeer into spear-heads and fish-gigs; but these bone weapons are now generally replaced by iron, and the beaver tooth has been supplanted by an English file.

"The best account of the manners of the beaver, and the most free of extravagancies, is that given by Hearne; and it agrees so exactly with the information I received from the Indian hunters that were I to record the latter it would appear to be borrowed almost entirely from that traveler. I therefore prefer giving it in Hearne's own words:

"'The beaver being so plentiful, the attention of my companions was chiefly engaged on them, as they not only furnished delicious food, but their skins proved a valuable acquisition, being a principal article of trade, as well as a serviceable one for clothing. The situation of the beaver-houses is various. Where the beavers are numerous they are found to inhabit lakes, ponds and rivers, as well as those narrow creeks which connect the numerous lakes with which this country abounds; but the two latter are generally chosen by them when the depth of water and other circumstances are suitable, as they have then the advantage of a current to convey wood and other necessaries to their habitations, and because in general they are more difficult to be taken than those that are built in standing water. They always choose those parts that have such a depth of water as will resist the frost in winter and prevent it from freezing at the bottom. The beavers that build their houses in small rivers or creeks in which water is liable to be drained off when the back supplies are dried up by the frost, are wonderfully taught by instinct to provide against that evil, by making a dam quite across the river at a convenient distance from their houses. The beaver dams differ in shape according to the nature of the place in which they are built. If the water in the river or creek have but little motion, the dam is almost straight; but when the current is more rapid, it is always made with a considerable curve, convex toward the stream. The materials made use of are drift-wood, green willows, birch and poplars, if they can be got; also mud and stones intermixed in such a manner as must evidently contribute to the strength of the dam; but there is no other order or method observed in the dams except that of the work being carried on with a regular sweep, and all the parts being made of equal strength. In places which have been long frequented by beavers undisturbed, their dams, by frequent repairing, become a solid bank, capable of resisting a great force, both of water and ice; and as the willow, poplar and birch generally take root and shoot up, they by degrees form a kind of regular planted hedge, which I have seen in some places so tall that birds have built their nests among the branches.

"'The beaver houses are built of the same materials as their dams, and are always proportioned in size to the number of inhabitants, which seldom exceeds four old and six or eight young ones; though, by chance, I have seen above double that number. Instead of order or regulation being observed in rearing their houses, they are of much ruder structure than their dams; for, notwithstanding the sagacity of these animals, it has never been observed that they aim at any other convenience in their houses than to have a dry place to lie on; and there they usually eat their victuals, which they occasionally take out of the water. It frequently happens that some of the large houses are found to have one or more partitions, if they deserve that appellation, but it is no more than a part of the main building, left by the sagacity of the beaver to support the roof. On such occasions it is common for those different apartments, as some are pleased to call them, to have no communication with each other but by water; so that, in fact, they may be called double or treble houses rather than different apartments of the same house. I have seen a large beaver house built in a small island that had near a dozen apartments under one roof, all two or three of these only excepted, none of them had any communication with each other but by water. As there were beavers enough to inhabit each apartment, it is more than probable that each family knew their own and always entered at their own doors, without any further connection with their neighbors than friendly intercourse, and to join their united labors in erecting their separate habitations and building the dams where required. Travelers who assert that the beavers have two doors to their houses, one on the land side and the other next the water, seem to be less acquainted with these animals than others who assign them an elegant suite of apartments. Such a construction would render their houses of no use, either to protect them from their enemies or guard them against the extreme cold of winter.

"'So far are the beavers from driving stakes into the ground when building their houses, that they lay most of the wood crosswise, and nearly horizontal, and without any other order than that of leaving a hollow or cavity in the middle; when any unnecessary branches project inward they cut them off with their teeth and throw them in among the rest to prevent the mud from falling through the roof. It is a mistaken notion that the woodwork is first completed then plastered for the whole of their houses as well as their dams are, from the foundation, one mass of mud and wood, mixed with stones, if they can be procured. The mud is always taken from the edge of the bank or the bottom of the creek or pond, near the door of the house, and though their forepaws are so small, yet it is held close up between them under their throat, that they carry both mud and stones, while they always drag the wood with their teeth. All their work is executed in the night, and they are so expeditious that in the course of one night I have known them to have collected as much mud as amounted to some thousands of their little handfuls. It is a great piece of policy in those animals to cover the outside of their houses every fall with fresh mud, and as late as possible in the autumn, even when the frost becomes pretty severe, as by this means it soon freezes as hard as a stone, and prevents their common enemy, the wolverine, from disturbing them during the winter. And as they are frequently seen to walk over their work, and sometimes to give a flap with their tail, particularly when plunging into the water, this has, without doubt, given rise to the vulgar opinion that they used their tails as a trowel with which they plaster their houses, whereas that flapping of the tail is no more than a custom which they always preserve, even when they become tame and domestic, and more particularly so when they are startled.

"'Their food consists of a large root, something resembling a cabbage-stalk, which grows at the bottom of the lakes and rivers. They also eat the bark of trees, particularly those of the poplar, birch and willow; but the ice preventing them from getting to the land in the winter, they have not any barks to feed on in that season except that of such sticks as they cut down in summer and throw into the water opposite the door of their houses; and as they generally eat a great deal the roots above mentioned constitute a principal part of their food during the winter. In summer they vary their diet by eating various kinds of herbage and such berries as grow near their haunts during that season. When the ice breaks up in the spring the beavers always leave their houses and rove about until a little before the fall of the leaf, when they return again to their old habitations and lay in their winter stock of wood. They seldom begin to repair their houses till the frost commences and never finish the outer coat till the cold is pretty severe, as hath been already mentioned. When they erect a new habitation they begin felling the wood early in summer, but seldom begin to build until the middle or latter end of August, and never complete it till the cold weather be set in.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Eugene Blackford, the ex-Fish Commissioner, was standing in the door of his office in Fulton Market one day last week, when a literary woman came up to him and said: "Mr. Blackford, I am gathering material for an article on crabs. Do you think those little crustaceans have the faculty of reasoning?"

"Well, madam," replied Mr. Blackford, "I have never given the subject a thought, but I have known crabs to do some remarkable things. Last summer I was fishing for flounders in Jamaica Bay. The water was shallow, and I could easily see the bottom. A crab sidled up to my bait, picked up the hook with one claw, took off the bait with the other, ate it, and then climbed up the line hand over hand, tumbled into the boat, and went nosing around looking for the bait box. If that isn't reason, it certainly is a very high degree of instinct."—New York Times.

A negro named Floyd Conyer and his men of Cedar Key, Fla., met with a peculiar adventure with a tarpon a few nights ago. While sailing along there was a sudden splash in the water and a heavy object fell on the deck, which proved to be a tarpon, between five and six feet long. After striking the deck it gave another leap and struck the sail, which knocked it back upon the deck, and into the hatchway, where they succeeded in capturing it. The negroes were frightened nearly out of their wits. They thought it was a mermaid or some horrible sea serpent, and were almost ready to desert the ship.—Jacksonville (Fla.) Times-Union.

Items from the Pacific Coast.

Because of the long drought last winter, and lack of rain during the late spring, nearly all precipitattion occuring during the month of March, many of the mountain brooks are nearly dry and the mountains are bare of pasturage. Though plentiful at the begininng of the season, trout have been difficult to take on account of shallow water. Mountaineers report deer sign scarce throughout the best country. A reduction in the reservation force and the unusual number of campers this year make it necessary for the rangers to be exceedingly watchful. Fires have been burning for a fortnight among the Big Trees near Yosemite and are now reported as having entered the park. Under a recent order from the Interior Department, allowing guns to be taken into the forest reserve only by those who have a permit from the supervisor, attention is directed especially to shotguns, as the ammunition used for these is deemed more likely to result in conflagration.

The recent tour through the south of President H. T. Payne, of the State Game and Fish Protective Association, appears to have awakened some enthusiasm in interests of this character, as nearly every week one hears of cases in which the law has been enforced or other beneficial work has been accomplished. A notable instance occurred in one of the parks in Los Angeles. The nearest residents found during the spring that the waters of Echo Lake were full of black bass and carp, and though it was out of season, everybody had a good time fishing. All would have gone well perhaps had not W. M. Meece, who had boating privileges for the lake, discovered he could catch bass by rocking a skiff near shore, and thereupon supplied the anglers with these fish. Deputy Pritchard heard of this performance, arrested the offender, and later in the Police Court had Meece fined for catching bass out of season.

Those of your readers who visit this State for the excellent salt-water fishing may be pleased to learn that a compromise has at last been effected with the canning companies in regard to Avalon Bay, near the island of Santa Catalina, where the purse netters have been so destructive to sport the past winter, though supposed to be prohibited by a county ordinance from entering such waters. Secretary Ryder and President Holder, assisted by other members of the Tuna Club, had obtained sufficient evidence to convict the crew aboard one of the most persistent launches, but consented not to prosecute if the sardine company withdrew from the island all of the offending boats. Undisturbed by nets the fish have come into the bay as never previously and sport is excellent.

Hunting and fishing are well looked after in Santa Barbara County, where a strong club upholds the efforts of Game Warden Abels to enforce the law, and during the close season beast, bird or fish may consider itself comparatively safe, or the pot-shot who would kill illegally may know that his act immediately puts him in jeopardy. The manner in which the Game Warden appears where least expected has aroused no end of consternation; though a very large county, rough, too, he may pervade all of its extremities upon the same day, almost as if doubles or worse had assumed the protective office. Zeal of this order seems worthy of imitation elsewhere. The above official is now employed in stocking the streams with rainbow trout. Untiring service of this kind is rendered only in communities that give wardens assurance of moral support from the residents.

A decision rendered lately by the Supreme Court of this State, though seemingly in direct opposition to the opinion delivered several years ago, really conforms with the latter in every point, indeed throws further light upon the view then assumed. To state the case in the former action briefly, James Knapp, of Stanilaus County, California, in December of 1899, upon being convicted of shipping ducks out of the county in direct violation of an ordinance passed by the supervisors, brought his cause before the Supreme Court, which ordered his release and wrote the following opinion: "The State regulations upon this particular subject seem complete, and restrict the rights of citizens so far as is necessary to prevent the unlawful killing of game. Serious question has been made as to the power of any board of supervisors to add either restraints or regulations to the right to take and kill game to those made by the legislature. We do not find it necessary for the purposes of this case to decide that question. If such further restrictions upon the right to kill game may be made by the county boards, such regulations must be reasonable, not oppressive to any class, and must not contravene any established policy of the State. Having taken the game lawfully and at a time when it is lawful for anyone to shoot ducks, the ordinance prohibiting its shipment is an unreasonable interference with the right of private property, and an unnecessary restraint of trade. It was stated in the argument, substantially, that the ordinance was aimed at pot-hunters. Relatively, a small part of the community only are sportsmen. A law or ordinance which would discriminate in their favor would not be a proper exercise of the so-called police power. If that be the manifest or admitted purpose of the ordinance, it is void for that reason also."

The test case recently decided was brought at the instance of the commission merchants of San Francisco, who wished to ascertain the validity of the State law in regard to the sale of game. One of their clerks sold a quail, was arrested, pleaded guilty, was fined $25, and at once appealed the case. He asked for a writ of habeas corpus, on the ground that the law was class legislation and that when a man killed any game it became his property, with which he could do as he pleased. But the Supreme Court held that all game is really the property of the State, that sportsmen kill animals only through sufferance, and that the Legislature in granting favors can make whatever qualifications may seem proper, nor does the prohibition in reference to the sale of game destroy a property right. Two of the seven justices, however, dissented on the ground that the law discriminates in favor of sportsmen and hence is class legislation. The opinion upholding the State measure, following as it does that overthrowing the county ordinance, defines clearly the right of legislature and board of supervisors to enact game regulations.

A young bird, said to be a California condor, was caught the other day by a ranchman in the mountains near Santa Maria. Your correspondent, however, is somewhat incredulous as to the variety. He heard in the spring that a condor's egg had been found by two boys in the mountain near Santa Barbara; but investigation proved that the egg was only one of "another kind" of condor. The great California variety still exists, though, for specimens infrequently cross this valley, one large individual only several months since, and are easily identified by the observer. The egg of these creatures sells readily for $1,500, or about at the market price of great auk eggs, nor has one been forthcoming at even these figures for years.

Golden eagles, the eggs of which are now deemed so rare that oologists will give $35 for a good specimen, may still be seen frequently about the Ojai Valley, especially during winter or spring, and up to a few seasons ago one pair built annually upon a hillside scarcely a mile from our postoffice. The collector, who secured their egg, informed me that the old birds did not conduct themselves at all with the conventional ferocity reputed to these creatures by the writers for certain juvenile papers, but when the nest was approached, sailed away never to return. The spot chosen for building was easily accessible and did not have to be attained by him through the aid of a rope secured to one foot. Conduct so unheard of in the parent birds, with such commonplace choice for their home, if persisted in generally, would make the writer of adventuresome stories weary, even as he often makes his readers weary.

An eagles' nest on a high peak thirty miles from town, from its being near the point at which Supervisor Slosson has located one of his reservation guard, has acquired no little fame among the forest rangers, even a degree of veneration, as the lonely individual whose misfortune has isolated him up there has no other comrades than the restive occupants, and nearly every member of the force has had his opportunity to become intimately acquainted with the pair. Though all the world lies within view, to the ranger in distress it appears quite remote. For this Jove there can exist for immediate entertainment no Venus, no freaky Juno, no ambrosia, but only wide prospect for his delectation. His lightning defies and scares him. Assuredly ownership in the royal birds must be a solace. Should they steal young lambs, the herds are a pest to the range.

Camping for Women.

It is well to make up one's mind in the beginning of a camping season to abandon starched garments, both outer and inner. The woven gauze union suits are the simplest and in every way the best things that may be had in underwear. These require no ironing, and are warmer in cold, damp weather, and safer, because absorbent, in hot weather than are muslin. An extra pair of tights for unusual cold should also be taken. A divided underskirt of pongee for hot weather should serve instead of petticoats. Corset covers should be of the gauze sort.

In a hot camp a short denim skirt of dark color is admirable; in cooler places, corduroy is better. But in either place the woman who really expects to accompany the men of her party on expeditions will have to be provided with a divided skirt. In mountain regions, where the horse is the favorite means of locomotion, any other sort of a riding skirt is an absurdity, and in any unbeaten forest hunting knickerbockers are a necessity. For these, again, either denim or corduroy, according to the climate, should be selected.

Thin flannel shirt waists should be substituted for any starchable varieties; and a sweater to slip on over them when sunset or showers chill the atmosphere is also desirable. Soft, starchless stocks may be worn if the camper insists upon being conventionally dressed through everything, but a more comfortable and picturesque fashion is to knot a soft silk handkerchief about the throat above a collar cut sailor-wise, or even turned back.

A waterproof bag for one's extra clothes is a prudent purchase, and a set of waterproof pockets, to be attached to a short pole set in two crotched sticks in the tent, is a necessity. In it, if it is of at all generous proportions, everything, from hairpins—of which no supply can be extravagant—handkerchiefs, cosmetics, medicines, to needles and literature, may be kept.

If you are going into a region of mosquitoes or flies, take a head net. It is a sort of bag of bobbinette, which is fastened around the rim of the hat and in yoke fashion about the shoulders. It is unlovely, but not so unlovely as the face which has needed its protection and failed to find it.

High canvas leggings, double-bottomed shoes, a rubber or waterproof coat—these should complete the outfit of the amateur camper, so far as mere material appendages are concerned. The immaterial necessities will be at once perceived by every woman of common sense. Having invaded the masculine realm of pastimes, she must adopt the masculine virtues. She must learn to regard discomforts with gayety, to reserve all her tears until she is home again, and in the seclusion of her own room, to divorce her "moods"—a woman of moods is a scourge and an abomination in a camp—to subdue all whims of appetite and to be indifferent to all vagaries of weather. Unless she can make up her mind to all these things, let her at the beginning of the summer seek her well-piazzaed hotel, and decide to busy herself with her Renaissance lace-work or five-hole golf, as in years gone by.—Anne O'Hagan, in Collier's Weekly.

While Amos Cartright was fishing in the Big Bushkill Creek, Sullivan County, he hooked a large trout, and while playing it in the pool a large fishhawk pounced upon the trout and rose with it from the water. Cartright was so excited he did not stop his reel, and the hook holding fast in the fish's jaw the line parted at the tip of the rod. The hawk disappeared from view with not only the trout, but the fly, leader and 50 feet of the fisherman's line.—Oswego Times.

Natural History.

A Theory of Animal Instinct.

Paper read before the Fairhaven Men's Club by Joseph K. Nye, Fairhaven, Mass.

For ages men have been observing some apparent method of communication which one animal holds with another. To be sure, the order of intelligence in such communications is very low, nevertheless we have all of us noticed the ability with which some familiar animal, family cat, house dog, horses and other animals share with each other the sentiment of joy or fright. How often have we seen a dog sensible to the approach of danger of which a human being is totally unconscious? How often have we seen a flock of half a hundred birds, so bunched up that it is impossible to observe the leader, turn instantly in their whirling flight, as one bird? No known method of human thought could be devised by which a command and its execution could be compassed within the space of a hundredth part of a second; and yet the phenomenon is familiar to us all; and the scientific question comes to us, what method of intelligence is employed by the leader of that whirling flock by which he maneuvers his little army?

I have questioned closely a large number of whalemen, and it seems to be an established fact that, when one whale of a school is struck, all others in the immediate vicinity are aware of danger. Certainly some means of communication exists among these animals beyond that which can be attributed to sight and hearing.

Ernest Seton Thompson, in a recent articles, describes very vividly the actions of two herds of antelope, who, although two or three miles apart, were made aware of danger one to the other; and although his explanation goes so far as to say that certain physical changes in the patch of white hair would make it possible for these animals to communicate by sight, I want, later on, to suggest another means which may be possible, and which it remains for science to develop. Go further than this, what is it that guides the wildfowl high in the air, through days of fog and nights of darkness, unerringly in its flight north or south? Surely some power other than the sight of familiar landmarks, and as an indication of my train of thought, I will say, why not the same power that points the delicate little magnetic needle in the same direction.

Now, I cannot state facts, that is, so far as asserting that this is so, but let us hold up to the light of this suggestion some of the recent discoveries in science, which, I think, can be truly claimed to have some bearing on this phenomenon.

In 1888 Prof. Hertz, by a series of experiments, which have been widely discussed and studied, discovered that throughout all nature in all matter, solid, liquid or gaseous, there exists an attenuated, intangible substance, which, for want of a better name, he called ether. He found that by means of certain electrical instruments which would produce what we call an eletric spark, this ether would be set in motion, and start out in all directions a series of waves or vibrations, which certain other electrical contrivances would be sensible to; and out of this sprung the prescnt method of what is known as wireless telegraphy.

No human eye is delicate enough to feel or in any way receive an impression from these ethereal waves, that is, stating it specifically, but in a general way there is no doubt in the scientific mind that all human sensations of heat and light are truly produced by these vibrations of ether; and does it follow that because our eye is not sensible to certain ether vibrations, that the eye of some animals may not be?

The theory of light is nothing new. We know that a beam of light can be decomposed into its seven primary colors; ranging from the highest, violet, down through the blue, green, yellow, orange, to red, the lowest color in the spectrum, or, at least, the lowest which any human eye can see; and we know that these color effects upon the human eye are produced by vibrations of the aforesaid ether, and even the rapidity and length of these vibrations has been proved, until to-day science says the highest color, violet, is produced by a vibration of ether equaling 700 billions per second. And now comes Prof. Hertz to prove that his little electric spark, in itself scarcely visible to the naked eye, can start out a series of these vibrations so much longer and so much lower down in the scale of color that no human eye can detect it. But the scientific mind has not been content with the mere theory that these low vibrations do exist, and after months and years of research, the discovery has been made by young Marconi, that a small pinch of nickel filings become violently sensitive when placed within a radius of these lower frequency waves.

It is wonderful to think of, that this little pinch of nickel filings should so far surpass the human eye in delicacy, and see colors which we know nothing of, but such is the case. To be sure, our filings have no nerves or gray matter to translate their sensation into human intelligence; but for an instant suppose they had. Away off yonder on a distant coast, through houses, trees and hills, a minute spark flashed between two electrical points would be gathered in by the filings, the sensation transmitted to the brain, and we could count them one, two, three and so on with a prearranged sequence, which would carry intelligence around the world. In fact, the sensation would be —sight.

Is it not possible that our dumb animals, deprived as they are of the power of speech and reason, should have within them some physical organ through which they may be sensible to this ethereal vibration which is known to exist far below the range of human sight? Does not some power within the leader of that whirling flock of birds understandingly transmit its order to turn? Does not the wonderful phenomenon of life admit of some power by which the frightened antelope sends forth its ethereal warning to its fellows, miles away? Why not the same thing, far more comprehensive than what we call instinct, transmit the agony of the wounded whale to its kind within the danger radius?

What are the electric currents which surround the earth but a stream of ethereal vibrations, which for the

sake of distinguishing we call electricity. Electricity surrounding a bar of iron will produce a magnet, with all the phenomena of north and south poles. The earth itself has long since been regarded as a great magnet, with the same phenomena of polarity. Currents of ethereal vibrations moving either from its rotation, or some other means of transmission, produce this great magnet; and if our little pinch of filings are sensitive to it, and they are, is it beyond the bounds of science, or rather nature, that the lonely wildfowl far up in the depths of darkness should be possessed of the same sensitiveness, and perhaps a far keener one? Is it not possible that they may be sensible to this north and south producing vibration which guides him forward unerringly to the pole?

Why is not this an explanation of the powers of a carrier pigeon? The little receiver within his brain sensible to the ethereal waves which are producing the polarity of the earth, instantly teaches him in what direction he is crossing, and upon being liberated from a distant point, his mind teaches him to follow the reverse.

There is nothing supernatural or beyond the bounds of reason in believing that the brains of some animals should contain elements as delicate as the common glass tube filled with filings, and when is added to this nerve sensitiveness to feel the changed conditions of this little brain receiver, and the mental intelligence to translate it into actual knowledge, it seems almost simple that these birds who actually do from practice know north from south, should be possessed of the same function which can be as readily acted upon by the Hertzian wave, as the little tube of filings which is visible to our eye.

The little metal particles which in the trembling magnetic needle feel the force of these Hertzian waves, and as a result point unerringly north and south, has no brain to translate its sensitiveness or feeling into intelligence, and is made up of an arrangement of chemical elements far less wonderful than animal brain matter; but it proves that there is a mechanical power which a certain arrangement of chemical atoms is sensible to, and why not this same mechanical power acting upon the brain of a bird.

Take the case of the turkey buzzard. The sky may be clear and cloudless, giving a range of human vision for many miles around, with none of these animals showing above the horizon, but throw upon the ground, even in a remote spot, a piece of decaying fish or other animal matter, and the quickness with which these birds will arrive upon it from all directions is startling; a common explanation for which is that they smell the food from afar, but I do not think this explanation was ever made without an unspoken feeling of doubt; it serves for a popular explanation, but not a scientific one.

It is well known that putrifying animal matter will give off a phosphorescent glow. If all light is the result of ethereal vibrations, why not this phosphorescent glow? And simply because it produces no effect upon the retina of our eye, except feebly in the night time, is hardly a reason that some physical formation of the eye or other function of the buzzard, should not receive a definite impression from the ether vibrations given off by the mass of decaying material.

We all know the wonderful provisions nature has made in plant life, carrying the pollen from flower to flower, sometimes by the passing breeze, sometimes on the leg of a bee or other insect, and doubtless in other ways which we know nothing of; and given the fact which is now established beyond a doubt, that various phenomena, which do truly occur in nature, are constantly throwing off copiously these imperceptible ether waves, why is it impossible, that in the great design of nature some animal life should be sensible to them? Human beings were given a mind to investigate and make use of these phenomena of nature, but the dumb animal must do it through his inherent instinct, and I believe he does.

Mosquitos and Music.

Letter to the Editor of The London Times.

Sir: I find the folowing in a recent scientific publication:

"Mr. Brennan, of the Public Works Department, Jamaica, is responsible for the following interesting communication: 'You will pardon me for drawing your attention to the fact, if you have not already noticed it, that the mosquitoes (I do not know if every variety) will respond to such sounds as a continuous whoop or hum. I have tried the experience lately and find swarms gather around my head when I make a continuous whoop. There may be, however, some particular note or pitch that would be more attractive to them.' This observation would afford an interesting subject for experiment."

In 1878 I made and erected an apparatus for lighting the grounds of the Grand Union Hotel at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., by electricity. The lamps employed were rather large and each was provided with its own dynamo machine. One of the lamps worked something like a telephone and gave out a note, the pitch of which corresponded exactly with the strips on the commutator passing under the brushes of the dynamo machine. Some of the other lamps would occasionally give off a musical note, but only for a few minutes at a time. With this one, however, the note was practically constant, and no adjustment of the carbons had the least effect upon it. One evening, while examining this lamp, I found that everything in the immediate vicinity was covered with small insects. They did not appear to be attempting to get into the globe, but rather into the box that was giving off the musical note. Upon a close examination of these insects I found that they were all the same kind—viz., mosquitoes, and, what is more, all male mosquitoes. Although there were certainly 200 times as many female mosquitoes on the grounds as males, I was unable to find a single female mosquito that was attracted in the least by the sound.

When the lamps were started in the beginning of the evening, every male mosquito would at once turn in the direction of the lamp, and as it were face the music, and then fly off in the direction from which the sound proceeded. It then occurred to me that the two little feathers on the head of the male mosquito acted as ears, that they vibrated in unison with the music of the lamp, and as the pitch of the note was almost identical with the buzzing of the female mosquito, the male took the music to be the buzzing of the female. I am neither a naturalist nor an entomologist, still I was much interested in this peculiar and interesting phenomenon. I wrote down a full account of it at the time and sent it to a scientific paper, but it appeared to be too stupid to find a place in that particular publication. However, it now appears that others have stumbled across the same thing. I would advise Mr. Brennan to continue his experiments, especially as regards the sex of the mosquitoes which are attracted by a musical note. The male mosquito is much smaller than the female of the same species, never bites, but feeds upon vegetation, and is easily distinguished on account of two little feathers on the head, which resemble to some extent the antlers of a stag.

A very interesting experiment may be easily made in the following manner: Obtain a tuning fork which gives a musical note as much like the hum of the female mosquito as possible. If you strike this fork within twenty feet of a male mosquito he will at once turn about, face the music, and erect the two little feathers on his head, something after the manner of a cockatoo.

Yours faithfully,

HIRAM S. MAXIM.

Potholes and Glacial Action.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am at a loss to understand how your correspondent, Von W. (FOREST AND STREAM Aug. 2) got the impression that I had connected pot holes and glacial action together. As I think I referred to both in the same communication, it may be that I confused the two so as to cause this mistake. But my impression is that I mentioned the pot holes as occurring in North Carolina, and the glacial action as being shown in northern Wisconsin and Michigan. There has never been any glacial action below the old Mason and Dixon line, and we have none of the grooved rocky surfaces, such as I mentioned as occurring in northern Michigan, nor have I ever seen any pot holes elsewhere so well developed as I have found them in the rapid mountain streams. Pot holes cannot be a result of glacial action, only of water rapidly flowing and whirling. Since my communication I have discovered an immense number of these holes, in embryo, as may be said, on the surface of the bare granite rocks, down the slight slopes of which on the rounded surfaces the rain has flowed, following the slight depressions, and making miniature cascades as the stream runs from one to another of these, has hollowed out small bowls two, three, or more inches in diameter, and half an inch or more deep, all along the course of the little streams. In some places these bowls are two or more inches in diameter, and an inch or less in depth; but some are six or eight inches in diameter and three deep, showing what a long time has passed since the beginning of them. Necessarily in the course of swift mountain streams, the wear of the rock in this same way must have been much more rapid, and thus in the beds of the streams, but mostly in the swift rapids and the courses of the waterfalls, these holes are much larger and deeper. But it seems very clear that the grinding out of these holes has been done by the action of the water whirling in eddies, for the power, and the gravel or larger stones as the implements, by which the work has been done.

H. STEWART.

MACON COUNTY, N. C.

The Opossum as a Chicken Thief.

LLANO, Texas.—To add to your notes on this subject, I send clipping from our town paper: "B. Lange is a champion opossum killer, but he don't always kill. He overtook one raiding his chicken roost Monday night, beat it to jelly, and left it on the wayside for dead. Understanding the traits of the animal, that he does not always appear to be what he really is, he concluded to shoot it, so took his lantern, and while one of his folks held it by the tail, he placed the muzzle of the gun close to its 'possumly breast and pulled the trigger. But presto! change! The 'possum had vanished away like the prismatic tints of the rainbow. In common parlance, he had vamoosed. How it was done he is unable to say; but it is certain that Lange and the 'possum in a one-act tragedy before the footlights, would make a hit, for their magic would surpass Hermann himself."

I have captured many 'possums in hen houses, trees, under rocks and other places, but can any of your many readers explain what went with this 'possum? Mr. Lange is a straight man and what he says is sure to be correct. He is much woried over the incident, because he thinks he tried to capture a spirit.

J. H. CARTER.

An Elephant's Memory.

MEMORY is usually the strongest point with an elephant, and an amusing instance of this quality was recently told us by an indigo planter, whose veracity we have no reason to doubt. Some twenty-five years ago our friend bought a fine female elephant. Shortly after, his purchase produced a fine calf of her own sex, and both mother and daughter throve exceedingly; the latter as she grew up becoming a regular domestic pet, and being allowed into the dining room at dessert and fed on fruit and biscuits. Both the young one and her mother were then sent off to another factory belonging to the same concern, a good many miles away, and remained there for twenty years or more. After that the youngster, now a fine and well-grown animal, was brought back to her birthplace. Immediately, remembering the dainties of her babyhood, she made a valiant attempt to get into the dining room. Unfortunately, the verandah round the house was rather a low one, and the elephant had not allowed for her increase in stature in the meantime. The result was a shower of about half a ton of masonry, and very frightened dusty miller of an elephant, who bolted tail on end down the nearest road for two or three miles.—The Asian.

"Quicker than Lightning."

PLAINFIELD, Mass.—There is a red squirel living on the Mill Brook in this town, which beats all records for speed. Old Joe Beasley says he saw the critter running down the big maple when lighting struck the tree, and he kept ahead all the way to the ground!

C. H.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Game Bag and Gun.

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

The Deer of America.

OF the three volumes for the American Sportsman's Library, edited by Caspar Whitney, which have appeared during 1902, that on the "Deer Family" will, of course, seem to big-game hunters by far the most important. There is cause enough for this feeling in its title, but when in addition the papers which it contains are by such men as Theodore Roosevelt, T. S. Van Dyke, D. G. Elliot and A. J. Stone, there is a special reason for this interest. The four writers for the volume of about 330 pages contribute to it in unequal sections. Mr. Roosevelt's portion furnishes about one-half the book, Mr. Van Dyke about 100 pages, Mr. Elliot 30 and Mr. Stone about the same amount. Each of the contributors has done his work well and interestingly, and no big-game hunter can afford to be without this volume in his library.

Perhaps the most important portion of the whole volume is Mr. Roosevelt's introductory chapter of twenty-seven pages, in which he sets forth with great force and earnestness the value of big game to our people at large and the advantages to be gained from following it, and hence the importance of preserving this big game, not necessarily so that it may be killed, but in order that it may serve as an incentive to men to lead wholesome outdoor lives. Incidentally, he points out, as he has done before in written and spoken word, that proper game laws are essentially democratic, that is, are in the interests of the people as a whole, because it is only through their enactment and enforcement that the people as a whole can preserve the game and can prevent its becoming purely the property of the rich, who are able to create and maintain extensive private preserves. The very wealthy man can be certain to have hunting, but the man of small means is dependent solely upon wise and well-executed game laws for his enjoyment of the sturdy pleasure of the chase. Surely this is good doctrine, and doctrine to which every intelligent man can subscribe. It would be hard to find a stronger and more effective sermon in favor of intelligent game legislation than is offered in these ringing words of the President.

The same thought—and it is well that it should be often repeated—occurs elsewhere, when he says: "If we are really alive to our opportunities under our democratic, social, and political system, we can keep for ourselves—and by 'ourselves' I mean the enormous bulk of men whose means range from the moderate to very small—ample opportunity for the enjoyment of hunting and shooting, of vigorous and blood-stirring out-of-doors sport. If we fail to take advantage of our possibilities, if we fail to pass, in the interest of all, wise game laws, and to see that these game laws are properly enforced, we will then have to thank ourselves if in the future the game is only found in the game preserves of the wealthy; and under such circumstances only these same wealthy people will have the chance to hunt it."

Beside this introductory chapter, those of the first section of the book treat of the "Mule Deer or Rocky Mountain Blacktail," the "Whitetail Deer," the "Prong-Horned Antelope" and the "Wapiti," or round-horned elk. Mr. Roosevelt very wisely does not attempt to deal with the various species and races of the different groups of deer found in America. That is something for the systematists to do; and as yet the systematists are hardly agreed among themselves as to the species or sub-species in the different groups, or the names of each. What he does is to give clear ideas of the ways and habits of the different forms of deer and the different modes of hunting them, and this is done very largely by the relation of his own experiences in the West and elsewhere.

Few things are more interesting than to observe the very different conclusions concerning an animal or its habits which will be drawn by two different observers, whose experience, powers of observation and honesty are perhaps the same. It is interesting to note that Mr. Roosevelt considers that the chase of the wapiti and the mule deer calls for more hardihood, power of endurance and moral and physical soundness than that of the whitetail deer. There are many old hunters who would scarcely assent to this, but admitting its truth, there comes in, of course, the question of skill—here "stealth and noiselessness" among other qualities—which, practiced successfully, is in many instances the chief pleasure of the chase. The man who accomplishes something which requires real skill in the performance is likely to be better satisfied with himself, and to take more pleasure in his feat, than he who performs an act requiring only strength and endurance. There are many hunters we fancy who will contend that still-hunting—i. e., tracking or stalking—the whitetail is the most difficult big-game hunting of America, except possibly stalking the moose. We should be inclined to consider the whitetail deer the hardest of the North American deer to hunt.

Of course these are only matters of taste. One man may think that the pear is the best of fruits, while another may prefer the peach.

We read with special interest the chapter on "The Prong Horned Antelope," that extraordinary species concerning whose habits too much cannot be known. We are glad to see that Mr. Roosevelt refers to the extraordinary abundance of the antelope in old times, when in traveling across the prairies, or over the great tablelands of the central plateau, antelope seemed almost as abundant as buffalo used to be, herd after herd appearing as each succeeding rise of the prairie was crossed; and in winter when the animals were bunched up on the winter range they commonly appeared in close herds, reminding one of the flocks of domestic sheep of to-day. This is a matter that has been overlooked by most writers.

Beside the active pleasure to be felt by each big-game hunter in the matter contained in Mr. Roosevelt's contributions to this volume, is the charm of his literary style. This means only that he writes with strong feeling about the sport that he is describing, and that he thus

communicates to the reader a part of the enthusiasm that he himself feels.

Mr. Van Dyke's contribution to this volume covers three species—"The Elk of the Pacific Coast," "The Mule Deer" and "The Columbia Blacktail." He describes the range of the elk in California, Oregon, Washington and British Columbia, and their practical extermination in California, except for the small band near Bakersfield and in the extreme northern part of the State, and tells of hunting amid the giant forests of Oregon, concluding that the elk of the Pacific coast is probably the hardest game animal to secure by any means of hunting. His paper on the mule deer contains much that is new to us, especially the common practice of the deer feeding on cactus and the damage which they do to the crops in California. His description of the mule deer calls attention to certain differences among deer of different sections, many of which have often been noticed. Mr. Van Dyke's account of the Columbia blacktail is very full and is interesting reading.

Mr. Elliot's account of the caribou is notable not only for its interest, but for the wealth of its illustration of heads and of antlers. There is extraordinary diversity among these, and one can easily understand the position of the writer when he hints that conclusions drawn from the antlers are valueless in determining specific characters.

One of the most interesting chapters in this interesting book is Mr. A. J. Stone's paper on the moose. It contains much material that is new, and much which if not new is put in a fresh way. Mr. Stone declares—and the editor disagrees with him—that the bull moose is not attracted by the call of the horn, because he believes it to be the cry of the female. Probably we never shall know the precise motive which attracts the moose, but it is certain that during the rutting time males of the deer family do many strange things. While watching a bull elk which was herding his cows during the rutting time, we have called him up alarmingly close to us by the simple expedient of breaking a stick. No doubt in this case the bull believed that another bull was hidden in the brush, and wanted to fight the intruder. In the same way we have known the whitetail deer in rutting time to make an unprovoked attack on a man.

Extremely interesting and valuable are five maps prepared by Dr. C. Hart Merriam, of the Biological Survey, which show the range of the mule deer and of Caton's California mule deer, of the whitetail deer and the Arizona dwarf whitetail, of the antelope, elk and blacktail deer all in 1900. In the map showing the range of the elk, should not an area of Vancouver Island have been shaded? Certainly within a year or two there have been elk there in considerable abundance, according to our information.

The illustrations in the volume are chiefly by Mr. Rungius, whose skill as an animal painter is well known. The frontispiece, an artotype, is a very striking and beautiful thing, and all the illustrations are admirable, but there are two unhappy cases of the misnaming of plates, which should not have occurred. The deer shown facing page 50 is certainly not "The Blacktail of Colorado," nor are the animals shown facing page 76 "Whitetail in Flight." It is difficult to understand how these blunders should have occurred, since, of course, both the artist and the editor know the mule deer and the whitetail, but their occurrence is unfortunate.

Coons.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Our survey was in an unsettled region on Coldwater River. From the railroad station we went by wagon over a "blind road" to Edwards' Ferry, where Lee and I found room to spread our pallet on Mr. Edwards' floor and a welcome at his table. The four negro axmen pitched their tent in the woods near by, and sang into the late hours, ostensibly because they were happy, but in reality to scare off the supposed "varmints." In the morning the men, who were new to the work, were cautioned to use sparingly the water that each carried in his half-gallon jug, but by early afternoon the supply was exhausted, and by mid-afternoon they had begun to suffer from thirst.

With a detachment to carry jugs, a search was made, which was rewarded by the discovery of a small "puddle" in a large cypress brake nearly gone dry, about half a mile from the line, and through undergrowth that made traveling difficult. The water covered a small surface and was very shallow. Four large moccasins were peacefully reposing therein, beside tadpoles, spiders and bacilli. After these had been frightened away the jugs were filled and were soon delivered to the thirsty workmen, who asked no questions. The initiated can quench his thirst with the bugs and reptiles in sight, but the novice must have his medicine sugar-coated. Blissful ignorance was the sugar coat.

One day the men discovered a 'coon on a limb, and surveying operation were suspended. Henry, the "lead axman," is not a brave man about some things. He will walk far around a toad or a snake. But Henry has plenty of 'coon bravery. With a cane knife, he climbed that tree till he came to the coon, about forty feet above ground, and chopped its head open before it could get into a hollow already congested with 'coon. This sounds akin to Antoine's 'coon story, but it is not.

Under the stimulus of a sharp-pointed stick, another young 'coon was induced to seek fresh air, and he, too, was dispatched with the cane knife when his head was well out.

The dead 'coons were half-grown and looked sweet and tender. By the growls now coming from the hollow limb when the stick was punched in, we knew that the third one would need parboiling to make her tender.

The old one wouldn't come out, so the tree was cut, a notch taken out of the side at the hollow, and Mrs. 'Coon killed "in situ."

Some field notes were needed from the county site at Belen, which was said to be twenty miles by road, following some of the windings of the river. The map showed Belen only twelve miles away, and on the theory than one can come back if he can't go on, I started.

The woods and cane were thick in places, but the river was struck again after some hard walking, and a settler ferried me over in his dugout. The trip to Belen occupied five hours, and it was late afternoon when the start back was made, with little hope of getting through, but a chance to get so far on the way back as to finish the journey in the first daylight next morning, and get the party started to work on time. A pocketful of matches had been provided in anticipation, and when at late dusk the river was left, I drank enough for all night. Half an hour later I was in a tangle of cane and vines, where further progress was impossible in pitchy darkness, and I decided to camp.

Over my leafy bed the dark, heavy foliage had spaces through which the sky was seen, with the stars shining very brightly against the blue, and the fireflies tried to shine as brightly against the dark tree leaves; then my little fire would flare up and bring out strongly the mainy strange shapes of the leaves and boughs, lighting them till the sky beyond was black, and the fireflies made dimmer sparks.

It is good sometimes to be alone in the broad woods. Unmistakably something alive crawled in the dead leaves around me, almost against me, and on several sides. It proved to be katydids, attracted by the firelight.

With the first light of day I awoke and resumed the march. A cow bell is very sweet music at times; then as one comes nearer, there is the lighter tinkling of the sheep bells mingling in, and after a while the numerous untraceable cow paths in the cane merge into one that is plainer, and this with others more defined, then the bells sound louder and a rooster crows in the distance.

At Mr. Crutcher's house, where we are now boarding, there is plenty of fresh water and a good breakfast waiting.

The "town man" has no realization of the interest which such surroundings lend to a comfortable meal at a table, and especially to having enough drinking water.

Cutting a line through a continuous tangle of cane and briers where the tree growth is too scant for much shade—in an old "deadening" or "hurricane"—five miles from the nearest palatable water, and with a July sun pouring down, one guards zealously the few warm drops in the jug, that must last till night, and takes a minute's breathing spell under a shading bush to indulge in wistful reveries of and longings for the "old oaken bucket" and broken gourd dippers and cool, decaying well curbings under big elm trees. At night when you have come out of the woods, you linger round the cool pump, reluctant to leave while there is a possibility of drinking a few drops more.

In one such brier patch, six miles from Mr. Crutcher's, the big rattler was met. He was carried out, over very rough ground and through several cypress brakes, bound full length to a hickory pole. Joe himself weighs eight pounds by the scales, and the pole weighed about thirty.

Joe is now in the box with Jonah, whom Coahoma told about.

After the survey the party was on a march back to the railroad. Near the trail four 'coons were climbing a tree that looked impossible for any one but Henry. It was not for him, and he didn't hesitate. Fifty feet from the ground he had them cornered on a small limb. With a pole cut with his ready cane knife he punched them off, one at a time, and each 'coon, in turn, found himself surrounded by a "cordon" with clubs. The four 'coons were triumphantly swung at the backs of the four darkeys.

TRIPOD.

MISSISSIPPI.

More About Sport.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The subject, "What constitutes true sport?" has been discussed at large by a number of your contributors of late, very entertainingly, and doubtless with profit to your readers, as throwing many lights on the subject from different view points.

While not a partisan myself for either the big-game or the small-game side of the controversy, the issue being merely a question of taste, based upon habit as the result of environment, I may be permitted to offer some reflections upon the fundamental principles involved in the question, What is sport? I may, however, remark by the way, that as between the desirableness of small-game and large-game hunting, there is one feature about the latter, in its present-day pursuit, that invariably arouses my deep aversion when reading of the exploits of big-game hunters. It is the fact, which appears conspicuously in all these narratives, that the "sport" of big-game hunting has degenerated from the pursuit of the game for itself to the pursuit of the horns carried by the game—the trophy, instead of the good meat of which little account is taken. And in this I believe a fundamental principle of "true sport" is violated; which brings us again back to the "previous question." In order to consider the question intelligently, and get at its fundamental principles, it seems proper to inquire into the origin and genesis of field sports.

Your latest contributor to this discussion, Mr. Jos. W. Shurter, embraces in the general category of "sport" all the athletic games that are practiced, which would appear to be wholly unwarranted from the viewpoint of the FOREST AND STREAM confraternity. These games, it is true, are conventionally denominated "sports," but as between such form of diversion and true field sports, the pursuit of nature's children in nature's haunts, there is no kinship either in character or genesis. The athletic games are contests between men and men, a kind of mimic war, having for their basis the struggles for supremacy between men and tribes in the primitive history of the race, causes that still persist in more or less modified form and keep alive the spirit of conflict between man and his fellow, a spirit that it is the mission of the higher moral culture to eliminate from man's nature. Field sports on the other hand had their origin in man's necessities, during the whole period of his racial infancy, and to a large degree to a much later period in the race history, when his subsistence depended absolutely upon his proficiency in the capture of the wild creatures around him for the food and clothing which they yielded for his use, and which were necessary to his survival.

This trait in man's nature, like other deeply implanted instincts in men and animals, still persists after the conditions that gave it birth have ceased. Hence it may be concluded that the procurement of something useful to man as the result of the chase, is an essential element of true sport. By way of illustration, it is suggested that my good friend Didymus, who experiences such ecstatic delight in a day behind the pointer on the stubble, not a small part of which is derived from exhibiting a plump game bag at the end of the day, to those who will share with him in the gustatory sequel to his performance, I say that neither friend Didymus nor any other true sportsman, would enjoy the killing of a big bag of swallows, for instance, though more skill in handling the gun might be required.

It may be concluded, therefore, that the destruction and absolute waste of half a ton of good meat for the sake of a head and pair of horns to be exhibited as trophies of the chase, is in violation of the basic principle of true sport, and is contrary to the ethics of nature, so to speak, by which man finds justification for slaying his fellow creatures.

The terms "head hunter," "skin hunter," are mentioned with much obloquy by your "true sportsman" when applied to some one else; but when I read in FOREST AND STREAM some months ago—and I mention this merely as a sample—that a party of two sportsmen with two guides, spent two or three weeks in the Rockies, and very conscientiously limited their slaughter to the strict permission of the law, yet triumphantly paraded a record of four elk, four bear, eight deer, with an assortment of mountain sheep, goats, antelope and what not (I write from memory; and perhaps exaggerate some, but the wasted meat must have run up into the thousands of pounds), and all for the sake of heads and horns, I turn from such a recital with feelings of deep aversion, and think of the aphorism of whose ox is gored.

There are many big-game hunters who refrain from killing more meat than can be utilized; and it is common for fishermen to restore to their native element, none the worse for their novel experience, the superfluity of fish caught; but the insensate greed for "trophies," that carries so many into the woods for the sole purpose of securing heads and horns with an enormous sacrifice of meat in the process, must greatly hasten the final extinction of those animals of the chase that have afforded sport, and food and raiment, to man, from the earliest infancy of his race down to the present time.

COAHOMA.

Taking in a Buck.

BELLEVUE, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As the time for our annual vacation is approaching, and as the Georgian Bay district is the objective point this year, I am reminded of a story my father once told me of how he captured a big buck, back in the forties, in the same region. The interest in the story was revived a few years ago from a somewhat like experience, when with a party of friends from Pittsburg we were hunting deer near Romney, W. Va. Our deer ran near to the last crossing, having passed two of our party unhurt, when the third man started in the direction of the deer, and coming to a large hound chained near by, unloosed him and started him on the trail of the deer, which he soon overtook and threw in front of an old lady's house on the mountain. Seeing so rich a prize at hand, she quickly ran to the house, and returning with her wood ax, killed, skinned and had nearly all of the deer stowed away when our party arrived to demand the share due us, which she reluctantly surrendered.

Father had spent the fall months with his brother, helping at clearing and getting out timbers for his house, and as he was somewhat skillful with the ax, they persuaded him to stay over the winter until they had the house finished.

One clear moonlight night he lay awake listening for some time to the barking of the dogs some distance off in the bush, and prompted by curiosity, got up, pulled on a pair of trousers without suspenders and quietly set out on the lumber road to investigate. After a brisk walk, he came upon the scene of the two dogs with a large buck at bay, in front of a big rock. He got down in the grass and crawled up as close as he could to watch them a while.

Finally to set things going, he spoke to one of the dogs to "Get him, Doc." At the sound of his voice the deer cleared the road, landing with both dogs having good holds, and thus the buck could not get up and away. As the deer lay there for an instant, the now enthused spectator also pounced upon the deer and took hold of him by the horns. He now had him sure, but what was he going to do with him. Father had no knife with him, and after a while he had to encourage the dogs to hold on. Then he began calling to the house, from which for some time there came no answer, but his brother's wife heard the voice and wakened her husband, when he started in a hurry. Upon arriving, he took in the situation, and after a good laugh and some queries as to what father was going to do, he, too, was soon at his wits' end; but having a pair of suspenders loosely tucked round his waist, father suggested that they could tie him with the suspenders and take him home, which they accordingly proceeded to do. With the one suspender they tied his forefeet and with the other his hind ones. As soon as the buck found himself in that condition, he became as submissive and gentle as a Mount Washington goat. Finding a stick near by, they strung him on it, and with the end of the pole resting on their shoulders, the deer swinging between them, took up their march for the house, the two dogs bringing up the rear.

When they got to the house they placed their burden at the door to look him over and decide what to do with him. Opening the door, they placed him on the kitchen floor, and after lighting a lamp, proceeded to take off his suspenders. As soon as the buck felt himself free again his spirit returned, and he sprang across the room, upsetting a small table at the same time, then faced about. The two men were standing at the door watching the deer, which with a toss of his high head made a dive for them. The glare of the lamplight gave additional gleam to his now wicked eye, and prompted the spectators to be doing something. Father sprang behind a large table and uncle out of the door and he closed it to keep the deer in. Running to the woodpile, he returned with an ax and slid into the room again. A short discussion decided the fate of the deer. Using the table for a guard, they rolled it toward the deer, and having him sufficiently cornered, the experienced hand soon dealt the blow that turned him into venison for future use.

JAS. H. TAYLOR.

Ducks at Cape Hatteras.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Every fall finds me suffering from an attack of duck fever, and last season it seemed more severe than usual, knowing that I could not make my accustomed trip to Dawson, N. D., so when I received an invitation to make one of a party of four bound for Cape Hatteras, N. C., I at once accepted. The party was made up as follows: Dr. L. S. Blades and O. F. Gilbert, of Elizabeth City, N. C.; N. W. Green and C. E. Wilson, of Troy, N. Y. Mr. Green and myself arrived at Elizabeth City, N. C., on Dec. 28, where we found the Doctor and President waiting for us, with all stores aboard, and the Captain ready to sail. As we had a little over 100 miles to run, we were anxious to be off. Our vessel was a three-masted schooner, 125 feet by 23½ feet, owned by Blades Lumber Company, and engaged in carrying lumber from one of their numerous mills to their distributing point at Elizabeth City.

We left the wharf at 4:15 P. M., and, owing to head winds, made but ten miles, anchoring in the Pasquotank River. The next morning we got under way in good season, and when the steward announced "Breakfast ready, sah," we all responded promptly and enjoyed it as one only can after taking a constitutional on deck, and inhaling the fresh morning air.

Crossing Albemarle Sound the wind increased as the day advanced, and when off Roanoke Island a heavy squall carried away the gaff on the mainsail. This was somewhat exciting to us land lubbers, but the Captain and crew seemed to act as if it was an every-day occurrence, and at once lowered sail and lay to for repairs, which used up the rest of the day.

Monday morning found us trying to make time against a stiff head wind, with poor success, and after beating about all day we were again compelled to anchor about ten miles south of the island.

Tuesday morning we arose early and found that the Captain was an early bird and had been under way for some time, and we were going at a glorious rate, and our spirits rose accordingly, until we arrived at the Cape Channel, when the Captain made an error in the buoys and put the vessel on a reef with all sails set. After considerable effort on the part of the crew in carrying off the anchors from bow and stern, owing to the heavy seas, we commenced our tug on the lines and found we were in a dangerous position; we had but three feet of water forward and were on a hard bottom. The Captain fearing she would pound badly, set his signal of distress for the life saving crew, who reached us shortly after we got her afloat. I never fully appreciated the necessity of the life saving service before, but when Captain Gray and his crew came alongside, we gave them three hearty cheers, and were fully convinced that in the establishing of life saving stations along our coasts Uncle Sam is doing a glorious work. Captain Gray and crew assisted our Captain in getting the schooner back into the channel and stayed by him until out of danger. Our boatmen expecting us, and seeing us go on the shoal, came off and transferred our baggage and party to shore, where we found Dr. J. J. Davis waiting.

We had been in our room but a few moments when we thought we could smell smoke, and after one of the party made some uncomplimentary remark about the cigar I was smoking, we commenced to look around, and thought we saw smoke coming through the floor. We rushed downstairs and found the sitting room on fire. After forming a bucket brigade we went to work, and soon had it out. Dr. Davis had secured for us as guides N. T. Jennett, R. W. Midget and several others whose names I do not recall. We found them to be good men and always looking after our comfort, and were more anxious for us to get game than we were.

The second day after our arrival being very still, and the prospects poor for birds, we decided to go in the timber for deer. The timber extends from the sound to the ocean, being ten miles long and four wide, and a most beautiful spot. The principal timber is the North Carolina pine, growing, as it does, tall and straight out of the white sand, with here and there a holly tree with their red berries and green leaves, palms and bay trees in abundance, which all gives it a very tropical appearance, and one imagines he is in a foreign country. The deer are like our Adirondack variety, but much smaller, and in hunting them we took stands on the runways, using shotguns, as at times our watches were close together and rifles would have been dangerous. The guides had a small mongrel dog which was used to run the deer out of the swamps, and after running a short time they would return to us for another run, and in this manner we would sometimes make six runs in a day. I was much surprised to see how easily the deer were killed. They cannot carry off the loads our Northern deer do, and one of the party killed one with No. 4 shot, and the three killed were dropped in their tracks.

We saw some gray squirrels in the timber, and were told they lived on buds, as there are no nut trees in that section.

The yeopon tree, which I forgot to mention, grows in abundance, and has a bright red berry similar to the holly. The leaves are gathered by the natives, who make a tea of them, which is used in place of Sir Thomas Lipton's, but, upon the advice of Dr. Davis, we did not try it.

On the sound we found ducks, geese and brant in countless numbers, but also found them well educated, as I never saw birds that understood blinds better; and we were told that in many sections of the sound they were decoying poorly. We shot from pier blinds six days and got about 150 birds, so I don't think we can be classed with the game hogs, as this was but an average of six birds per day per man; but of course this record is generally beaten. We had planned a 'possum hunt, but our president entertained us so pleasantly evenings with his guitar and plantation songs, we did not have the necessary enthusiasm, and his playing and singing were a delight to us all.

Our trip returning was made on a tug, which arrived off Cape Channel Saturday, Jan. 11, at 10 A. M., and, after getting aboard with our game and baggage, we all took a hand in decorating the tug, and by evening had her well covered with holly, palms and game. We had been running all day in quite a heavy sea, and by 9 P. M. it got so bad that we decided to run for harbor, which we found west of Roanoke Island, where we lay until 2 A. M., when we got under way, only to get caught in another heavy blow in crossing Albemarle Sound. The boiler leaked, and we could only keep eighty pounds, and were making about three miles per hour. The engineer and fireman worked for seven hours trying to keep the water below the fires. Sea after sea boarded us, freezing as it struck, so that moving about was dangerous; in fact, we rolled so that it was impossible to walk, and we were very thankful when we tied up to the wharf at Elizabeth City, where we left the boat. With all of our unpleasant experiences, our trip was a delightful one, and will be long remembered. We are under many obligations to our goods friends in Elizabeth City, who made our trip possible, and our stay in their prosperous city so pleasant. If any of your readers care to try the shooting at the Cape, I would advise them to stop, if possible, with Dr. J. J. Davis and his good wife, to whom we are greatly indebted for their kind attentions.

C. E. Wilson.

Adirondack Notes.

A Bear Mortality Theory.

The crop of Adirondack bears has been larger than usual this season, and the reason is not particularly obvious. Harvey Alford, of Lake Placid, accounts for the abundance by stating that the past winter was particularly favorable for bears in that there were no hard thaws and freezes. Alford believes that hibernating bears are often frozen in their dens, and either frozen to death or starved as a result.

"In Canada," says Alford, "when the bears den up they make a big nest for themselves of cedar bark and one thing or another under the roots of a tree or on the surface of the ground, where they can have some protection from the weather. I have seen dozens of such places where they secured the bark and made their dens, but I never saw where they denned in ledges.

"Here in the Adirondacks our country is very rough naturally, and the bears almost always go in the ledges. They crawl into some crevice in the rocks, and if by chance a heavy thaw sets in and the water runs down and freezes, they are caught in a trap. The ice does not thaw out in such places till late in the spring, and if they are not killed outright they have lots of chance to starve before they can get out.

"Bears are naturally prolific. They are apt to have two cubs at a birth, and they are long-lived animals. If the supply did not suffer from natural causes, there would be more bears than there are at present in the Adirondacks.

"The number of bears trapped is not very great, and practically none are killed still-hunting. Most of the bears killed are small bears, large bears being very exceptional. This, I think, indicates that the big ones die from natural causes. They have just so many chances to escape being frozen in, and the number that survive to maturity is limited."

Theft of a Bear.

Walter Derby, a farmer, collector of geological specimens, and trapper who lives in the town of Lewis, in the eastern Adirondacks, has had bad luck in his bear-trapping operations recently. Several bears have pulled out of his traps, leaving portions of their feet, and the other day a bear, trap and all was stolen by some tough characters living on a mountain farm in a neighboring valley.

Derby, following the trail left by the trapped bear, came to a point on a wood road where the trail suddenly ended. There was evidence to show that the bear had been killed and afterward loaded on a wagon. The wagon had been drawn by mules, and Derby, noting this fact, was able a few hours later to locate the mules and the men who had taken the bear.

At first the thieves denied their guilt, but eventually they gave up the trap, and now Derby proposes to sue them for the value of the bear. Had they left the trap and taken only the bear, it would probably have been impossible to convict them, as Derby would have had hard work to prove that the bear was his while it yet had a chance of liberty.

An Adirondack Cave.

In company with Derby, Mr. H .B. Walmsley and myself visited a cave which Derby discovered not long ago near Black Mountain. Derby, while looking for graphite in a limestone ledge above a tributary of Roaring Brook, accidentally stumbled on the entrance, which is a narrow cleft half-way up the face of a forty-foot cliff. The entrance is so well concealed that the chance trout fishermen who pass down the brook have never seen it, and as far as we could ascertain, the cave is absolutely virgin soil.

A small brook runs through the cave, which is in all probability the subterranean outlet of Jack McCann's Pond, half a mile away, as it is said the water from this pond runs into the ground and disappears.

Derby, Walmsley and I entered the cave in the order given. We wore rubber boots and were provided with enough candles to have supplied us with food for a week had an accident imprisoned us in the cave.

A hundred feet beyond the entrance was a side channel opening on an off-shoot of the cave which proved upon investigation to be only about fifty feet in length. Just beyond this a slab of rock which had fallen from above almost barred the passage, but by stooping so that the water almost ran in our boots, we managed to get under the obstruction.

Two hundred feet from the entrance rocks again barred the way, but by crawling over them and worming our way upward at an angle of forty-five degrees, we soon came into a chamber twenty or thirty feet in diameter and twenty feet high. Beyond, one of the channels extended fifty feet, but fallen rocks blocked the way, and this proved the limit of the cave as far as we were concerned. As there was a strong rush of air at this point, sufficient to blow out a candle, it is probable the cave has a much greater extent, and by removing some of the boulders it is not unlikely a way would be disclosed to go in much further.

We were content, however, to sit in the chamber and smoke and speculate as to what would happen if some of the loose rocks nearer the entrance should fall and make us prisoners in the cave. As we had the discoverer of the cave with us, our chances of receiving external aid in such a predicament were, to say the least, not very encouraging.

The sides, floor and roof of the cave were covered with corruscations, which appeared to be miniature stalagmites and stalactites. Breaking off some of the precipitated limestone surface covering, we discovered graphite particles in the crystalline native limestone rock beneath. Below our feet we could hear the noise of the water where it had found a lower channel under the fallen rock. There was absolutely no evidence to indicate that this chamber had ever before been visited by man, and no charred birch bark or candle grease on the rocks or torch remnants such as would have been left if white men or Indians had entered the cave. There was also nothing to indicate the presence of animals. The place would have made a good bear den, but the running water had no doubt served as a barrier to animal ingress.

This cave is, I believe, the largest found so far in the Adirondacks, where limestone is not common, and the geological conditions generally unfavorable for cave formation.

J. B. Burnham.

Indian Territory Quail.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Woodward's advertisement in the Forest and Stream is based on a misapprehension of the law.

The Laccy Act does not prevent the transportation of any dead or live birds or other game, except such as are *caught or killed in violation of the local laws.* If it is unlawful, under the State law, to net or trap quail in Illinois, it is consequently unlawful under the Lacey Act to ship them from one State to another. The amendment Mr. Woodward really needs is to the *local laws,* so that quail may be lawfully *caught for propagation.* There are at present no States that are willing to have their quail netted for shipment, and if there had been no Federal law to prohibit the transportation, the parties engaged in netting or trapping the quail would be liable under probably all of the various State laws.

The laws of the Indian Territory were not changed by the Lacey Act, and remain just as they were in the Revised Statutes of 1873, as follows:

"Section 2137.—Every person, other than an Indian, who, within the limits of any tribe, with whom the United States has existing treaties, hunts or traps, or takes and destroys any peltries or game, except for subsistence in the Indian country, shall forfeit all the traps, guns and ammunition in his possession, used or procured to be used for that purpose, and all peltries so taken, and shall be liable in addition to a penalty of $500."

All of the live quail shipped by any one out of the Indian Territory have been caught in violation of this section of the Revised Statutes of the United States of 1873.

The people in the Indian Territory could have enforced this law at any time since 1873 by penalty of $500 for each capture for shipment. The trapping and netting of the quail there has been a Federal crime for thirty years.

J. F. L.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Permit me to call your attention to several inaccuracies in the editorial on "Live Quail for Stocking" which appears in the Forest and Stream for Aug. 9. Not only in what is said, but in what is implied, the article is very wide of the mark, and is calculated to convey an entirely erroneous impression to readers who are not familiar with the facts in the case.

(1.) The editorial states "any notion that the restoration of the game supply would be advanced through the agency of the Department of Agriculture has by this time been dissipated." It is true that no game birds have been imported from foreign countries, or native game birds distributed, but this is simply because there has been no appropriation for such work. With an adequate appropriation and the legislation necessary to establish game preserves in the forest reserves, there will probably be no ground for complaint of inaction. As a matter of fact, persons desiring to secure game birds have been aided whenever possible and no opportunity has been lost to urge amendment of local laws so as to provide for export of game for propagation. Every facility has been extended to importers of foreign game and assistance has been rendered in securing the removal of the prohibition against importation of eggs of game birds. This long-desired object has now been accomplished, and eggs have already begun to come in, although the law only went into effect in June.

(2.) "The Department has interfered in a manner which is claimed to be wholly arbitrary and without warrant of law in various private enterprises in live-quail transportation for stocking purposes." If any private enterprises have been interfered with, it is because their operations were conducted in an illegal maner.

(3.) "It has interfered with a lawful traffic in live game, and by the seizure of such quail passing through the States has thwarted numerous attempts to restore shooting." This broad statement rests on a very slight foundation. So far as I am aware, the only live quail "passing through the States" which have been interfered with en route were two consignments intercepted by deputy marshals because illegally forwarded from the Indian Territory by a shipper already under indictment on a similar charge of shipping game, and who has since been convicted in the United States Court.

(4.) "The birds have come from the Indian Territory, whence under the existing United States statute relative to game their export is not forbidden." This statement is purely a matter of opinion, which is not supported by records of the courts. The inclosed copy of a notice signed by the United States Attorney for the Southern District of Indian Territory, warning all persons against shipment of game, was published in the local papers in the spring of 1901, and shows how the law is interpreted in the Territory. During the past year there have been at least four convictions for shipping quail from two different districts of the Indian Territory, which shows

that in the opinion of two Federal courts the present law prohibits export of quail.

WARNING TO THE PEOPLE.

Ardmore, I. T., March 27, 1901.

To the Commissioners:

The department of justice is very anxious that every effort be exercised to suppress the shipping of quail and other game out of the Indian Territory, and your attention is respectfully called to Section 2137 Revised Statutes, and also to an Act of Congress approved May 25, 1900, which provides the penalty.

Judge Townsend last week at Purcell, passing upon this question, explicitly held that quail was included in the term game.

The deputy marshals will seize all nets, guns, traps and ammunition and write me a complete description of same, giving the full name of the defendants and their residence, also stating where and to whom the game was consigned.

If the employes of the railroad or express company persist in receiving same for shipment, have them arrested also.

You are at liberty to give this publicity, that all people may be duly warned.

Wm. B. Johnson,
United States Attorney.

The article is entirely correct in stating that existing difficulties will not be met by amendment of the Lacey Act, but it fails to point out that the way, and the only way, to overcome them is by amendment of the State and Territorial laws, so as to permit export of live game for propagation.

WASHINGTON.

Taking Sport Too Seriously.

One of the evils of the day is thoroughness as applied to sports and recreations. There is no game, however difficult or however simple, but it is hedged about by difficulties which actually turn pleasure into pain. Time was when a game at whist, for example, was a genuine diversion; now it has become so scientific that it is distinctly hard work to play a good game. So as to bicycling, golf, ping-pong—everything, in a word. We have got so into the habit of taking our pleasure seriously that those pleasures are no longer recreations, or at least not the recreations they might be were perfection not so persistently insisted upon. In these days no sooner is a game invented or imported from other lands than somebody has to go to work to make its playing a science, and in order to this end a newspaper or magazine devoted to that particular game is indispensable and inevitable. So that the drain upon the mental faculties produced by the playing of the game is rendered more drastic by the reading one has to do to keep up with the times. Oh, for a game that cannot be made scientific, that will for ever escape a literary organ, and which will always and for ever be just good fun and nothing more!—Boston Transcript.

July Woodcock in Pennsylvania.

SAYRE, Pa., Aug. 9.—A particularly unfortunate feature of the game laws of this State makes legal the shooting of woodcock during the month of July. No swifter method of exterminating the supply of long-bills can well be devised than this July provision, and the next session of the Legislature should witness the prompt repeal of this clause of the game code.

The July woodcock, as a rule, is only a partially grown, immature bird, with but little substance and greatly deficient in the delicious flavor that makes the October cock a sovereign prince among table delicacies.

Moreover, there is an incomparably finer measure of sport in bagging one of these great, athletic October birds than in blanketing a July weakling that pitches from a steaming marsh on listless wing.

For the sake of the sportsmanship that hath its happiest and most beneficent compensations, we say: Abolish July woodcock shooting.

M. CHILL.

Not a Bird.

The only time Justice Gray, of the United States Supreme Court, was ever known to make a joke while seated on the bench, was one day when Judson Harmon, then Attorney-General, was arguing a case before him. Mr. Harmon had occasion to display a map, quite a small one, and he referred to it as a "bird's-eye view." The Justice could barely see it from the bench, and after peering at it for a moment he said: "Mr. Attorney-General, I regret to tell you that I am not a bird."—Chicago Daily News.

Mongolian Pheasants in Massachusetts.

GLOUCESTER, Mass.—The Mongolian pheasants are doing well in this locality. I hear the cocks crowing every morning. The male has a peculiar way of crowing. When I chance to come upon one in the brush he crows, then claps his wings and runs like the deuce through the underbrush.

HERMIT.

Called for his Gun.

A RECENT visitor to Chadwick (formerly "Bill" Chadwick's) was a gentleman who called there to get a gun and some fishhooks that he had left at his last visit, thirty-five years ago. He got the gun and thinks that the people about the place are the most honest in the world.

W. H. EDDY.

"Benefits of Co-operation Between the States."

THE admirable paper on this subject printed in our issue of last week should have been credited to Executive Agent Sam. F. Fullerton, of the Minnesota Commission.

100 Sportsmen's Finds.

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

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A sensation was caused in New Westminster, near Vancouver, the other day, by the discovery of $12 worth of fine and coarse grain gold in the crop of a wild goose. The goose was shot at Pitt Lake, which is fed by numerous mountain streams. The sand bars along the shore were known to contain gold, but had never been prospected.

Sea and River Fishing.

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

Anglers of the St. Lawrence.

THE Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River held its nineteenth annual meeting in the parlors of the Thousand Island House at Alexandria Bay on Aug. 6 last. There was a large attendance and a great deal of interest was taken in the proceedings. This organization, which is made up in the main of wealthy men from various parts of the country, who own summer residences among the Thousand Islands, and prominent citizens of river towns on both the American and Canadian sides, has during its existence accomplished a grand work, and is constantly supplying fresh evidence to prove the desirability and necessity for its existence. Through its energetic efforts the St. Lawrence River has been freed from the thraldom of the net fishermen who formerly held unrestricted sway in those waters, and violations of the game laws are now rare. As an immediate result of this work and the important and wise laws regulating the fishing which have been enacted through the influence of the Association individually and collectively, game fish have increased rapidly in numbers and anglers no longer have reason to complain of their scarcity. The Association is also entitled to credit for the splendid work it did in securing the establishment of the international park known as the St. Lawrence Reservation, and the many other benefits it has secured for the island region.

Among those present were Henry R. Heath, Brooklyn; Hon. Charles R. Skinner, Major J. W. Pond, Albany; Gen. I. B. Van Petten, Claverack; Major C. E. Britton, Gananoque, Ont.; D. C. McEwan, Brooklyn; G. De Witt, Col. O. G. Staples, Washington, D. C.; Frank H. Taylor, Philadelphia, Pa.; Thomas B. Kerr and Hudson P. Rose, New York city; Wm. H. Thompson, A. C. Cornwall, Joseph Northrup, Walter Fox, G. L. Olds, Dr. J. D. Cole, Alexandria Bay; R. P. Grant, Clayton; Alexander Robb, Brooklyn; N. L. Tunis, New York; W. E. Wolcott, Utica.

The meeting was called to order at 11 A. M. by First Vice-President Henry R. Heath, of Brooklyn, upon whom the duties of presiding devolved in the absence of President William C. Browning, who was unable to be present. W. E. Wolcott, of Utica, was elected secretary of the meeting. Mr. Heath congratulated the members of the Association on the fact of this being its nineteenth annual meeting, and he expressed the pleasure it afforded him to see so many in attendance.

Alexander Robb, of Brooklyn, and Hudson P. Rose, of New York, were appointed as an auditing committee. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. Mr. Heath announced that there was no formal report from the President to present. He said, however, that there had been a good deal of correspondence during the year in regard to legislation and the prevention of objectionable legislation. It seemed to him that no other class of people took such an interest in benefitting this region as a resort. See the parks which have been established through the efforts of the Association, and what has been done to prevent netting and improve the fishing. The Anglers' Association has accomplished a great deal and there is more for it to do. It is the only thing you can depend on to protect the river and build it up as a popular resort. The Thousand Islands are known the world over and there is no reason why they should not have the necessary protection. I think that if you take away the fishing you take away half of the life at least.

Treasurer R. P. Grant, of Clayton, presented his annual report, which made this showing: Balance on hand last year, $307.17; receipts, $154.57; disbursements, $104.05; balance on hand, $357.69.

Secretary W. H. Thompson, of Alexandria Bay, said that letters had been received from many members who were unable to attend the meeting, containing assurances that they were with the Association heart and soul in its work.

The Auditing Committee reported that it had examined the Treasurer's accounts and found them correct.

The following new members were elected: Alfred Costello, N. L. Tunis, Charles A. Terry, New York city; Alex. Robb, Brooklyn; R. C. Vilas, Chicago; Dr. J. D. Cole, Henry Folger, Howard S. Folger, Alexandria Bay; Thomas W. Bakewell, Pittsburg, Pa.; Hugh Mellon, Clayton; P. Bailey, Redwood; Chester Inglehart, Watertown.

The Secretary reported that the following members died during the year: John G. Baker, Rev. Charles Eaton, H. F. Inglehart, Judge I. C. Spencer. The following committee was appointed to draft appropriate resolutions: Hon. Charles R. Skinner, D. C. McEwan.

Secretary Thompson in his annual report stated that Assemblyman Day of Jefferson county had assured the Association that he would do what he could in regard to protecting bass in the vicinity of Sacket Harbor. The old law only protected the bass a mile from the shore, and beyond that they were netted by the ton. Mr. Day said he would do what he could to obtain the legislation desired by the Association, and he did. We got the co-operation of Senator Brown and Commissioner Middleton and secured the law which we have to-day, which protects bears in the St. Lawrence Reservation and the county of Jefferson. We got the law without expending much money. I think we owe Mr. Day a vote of thanks for what he did for us. Secretary Thompson then read the present bass law, and said he thought it would work very great good to the bass. He understood the law protected bass up to Oswego, and to the State line in Lake Ontario. Fishermen say that bass are already more plentiful in the lake. We can not propagate bass as other fish are propagated, and have to depend on their natural breeding. Mr. Thompson then alluded to the migration of black bass. He said that Judge Van Cleef, who had looked up the matter thoroughly, concluded that bass do migrate. They have their natural breeding grounds, and go down the river from there. There is a time when the bass are quite plentiful in the river, then they become more scarce, and in September when they go back again they are more plentiful. This establishes the fact that they migrate and the new law will be a benefit to them. The netting of bait in front of residences along the river in places where property owners had baited the minnows became such a nuisance that an attempt was made last year to secure legislation regulating it, but it was finally thought best to devote our entire attention to the bass bill, or we might lose both. Every effort has been made along the river, and especially in this vicinity, to interest people in the protection of fish, but I am sorry to see that the interest is not as great as it was at one time. Perhaps some had rather fish than attend our meetings.

Secretary Thompson then broached a subject concerning which there seems to be quite a difference of opinion among those who are interested in the protection of black bass. He said: There is a petition to be presented to the next Legislature to allow the netting of certain coarse fish in the St. Lawrence Reservation, which is being circulated and signed by quite a few at Cape Vincent and Clayton. I am told it is signed by the Treasurer, but he can speak for himself. I once heard a member of the Legislature arguing on the subject of netting, and he said that if he were drawing a net for coarse fish and should catch a muskallonge he would throw out the others and keep the muskallonge. [Laughter.] Unless something is done that petition will go before the Legislature. If such a petition should go to the Legislature, backed up by one of the Forest, Fish and Game Commissioners, it will have a powerful influence. I have worked in the interests of protection until I have grown gray, and do not feel like having the laws revamped. We had a change in the netting law once and it injured the fishing and prevented people from coming to the river. Then our Association put up a brilliant fight, and we got the St. Lawrence Reservation and had it protected. We have good fishing now, but even with the present law the protectors have to work to save the bass. It seems to be an immutable law that some men will go further to violate the law than they will to observe it. Fortunately we have a good protector who does his work well and makes offenders settle. In order to have the laws enforced, we must have protectors who will do the work. Last year we got an increase of protectors, and the number in the State is now fifty. On the river we have one at Chippewa and one at Alexandria Bay. Every business man along the river should be interested in preventing the passage of the bill to allow netting. We know what such a law would do. When we had the law before nets came here by the hundred and one man alone had forty of them. I once went out with the protectors, and we pulled up some nets, and the owner was arrested. The man when questioned as to what fish he took, replied, "When I fish I take all I can get," and his boy told us that they took their coarse fish to Clayton and the scale fish to Cape Vincent. When you allow a man to go in and net he will not discriminate in the kind he takes, and if he does he will keep the best and let the rest go. The laws are in good shape as they are now, and I believe that every man interested in the river should try to prevent the passage of a law calculated to permit netting in the St. Lawrence Reservation.

Treasurer Grant—I fully agree with what the Secretary has said in regard to the fight which we put up to prevent netting in the St. Lawrence, but there are two sides to the question of which he speaks. If I have signed the petition to which he referred I have no recollection of it. The object of preventing netting in the river was so that summer visitors could have fishing. We learned, as Mr. Thompson said, if netting was allowed the fishermen would take the best fish. A man who netted fish once told me that when he found game fish in his net he took them out and threw them back—"back under the seat," he added. [Laughter.] We can not propagate black bass in the river as we do other fish. The Anglers' Association has stocked the river with two millions of wall-eyed pike fry and millions of muskallonge fry. In order to have black bass, it seems to me we ought to have some kind of restrictive netting in the river. The bass lay their eggs on the shoals, and suckers, bullheads and eels are gormandizers of their spawn. When no restrictive netting is allowed these fish come in great numbers and subsist on the bass spawn. I claim if the restrictive netting of coarse fish could be allowed, under the inspection of State authorities, it would improve the bass fishing.

Hon. Charles R. Skinner—Is it a new thing for coarse fish to eat the bass spawn?

Mr. Grant—No, but netting has taken away many of the coarse fish.

A. C. Cornwall—Do not bullheads and eels frequent muddy places?

Mr. Grant—Yes, they like muddy bottom.

Mr. Cornwall—They and the bass are not apt to get together then, are they?

Mr. Grant—The suckers, bullheads and eels go on to the bass spawning beds. The lives of these coarse fish are protected by the prohibition of netting, and I think if restrictive netting were allowed under the supervision of a State official it would be a good thing for the bass. I am not in favor of general netting in the river as it was allowed once, but there is quite a sentiment in favor of netting coarse fish.

Thomas B. Kerr, of New York—It seems to me the situation is peculiar. Many of the members of this Association who do not permanently reside here are interested in the fishing, but if the people who live here and have votes want to pass a law to allow netting, I do not see what we could do. If the prohibition of netting is to result in the destruction of the bass, we seem to be between Scylla and Charybdis. I think the danger is with the side Mr. Thompson presents—from the greed of men and not the greed of fish. It is possible we could get up a petition against a bill to permit netting. I think that those who live on the river can get more money out of the people who come here in the summer than they could from winter fishing.

Vice-President Heath—The question seems to be "Is restrictive netting detrimental to black bass?" My experience during the past thirty-two years has been that netting destroys the fishing in the river. The fishing was poor when netting was allowed, whereas now that it is prohibited good catches of bass are reported.

Chief Game Protector Pond being asked for an opinion, said he was not there to advocate the passage of any bill. His duty was to see that the laws are enforced. He said, though, that there was quite an argument that coarse

fish which live on bass spawn are increasing. He told about a New Yorker who was in the habit of spending the summer at Point Salubrious, Lake Ontario, who a few years ago objected to the use of nets, but had since changed his mind, as he had been convinced that the netting of suckers, bullheads and other coarse fish which was conducted under the supervision of a State official in Mud Creek and Mud Bay had improved the bass fishing in that vicinity.

Mr. Grant—These coarse fish also eat the muskallonge fry which we put in the river. I believe that the whitefish is the only fish in Lake Ontario which is a vegetarian. All the others are cannibals. I am not in favor of general netting.

Mr. Skinner—Are not the black bass brave defenders of their spawn?

Mr. Grant—They are, but the coarse fish go on the shoals in a great army and devour the spawn.

Mr. Thompson—My remarks applied to the time when there was a law permitting the netting of coarse fish, but providing that the game fish must be separated, not to the time when promiscuous netting was allowed. Things have changed within fifty years. People who come here now want to catch fish. You cannot have bass fishing and have netting.

Major C. E. Britton, of Gananoque, Ont.—In regard to discretion in netting, I am opposed to opening the door to netting. I have no faith in the honesty of the man who fishes for a living. He will do just as Mr. Grant's man said, throw the game fish back under the seat. There were just as many rough fish in the river years ago as there are now. Much of the talk you hear comes from those who want the privilege of selling fish in open market. If you allow netting you are bound to lose your game fish, for they will then have both enemies, their natural enemy, the coarse fish, and man as well. I saw in a newspaper recently the report that some party in Alexandria Bay had caught 125 bass in one day. I never fish or eat fish, but am always glad to help the fishing interests. Major Britton suggested that a special committee be appointed to confer with S. T. Bastedo, Deputy Minister of Fisheries for Ontario, in regard to certain fishing matters.

Protector Joseph Northrup, of Alexandria Bay, said he had investigated the case referred to by Major Britton, where 125 bass were caught in one day. It frequently happens that some man takes out a party in a yacht with several skiffs for a day's fishing. When the party comes in the man is credited with the entire catch made by five or ten men.

Hon. C. R. Skinner—I am a good deal like Mr. Britton. I would not care about catching all the fish in the river. I live principally upon scenery while on the river [laughter], but there are others who delight to fish and there is no mistaking the fact that fishing makes the river more popular as a resort. That we now have good fishing is due to the efforts of this Association. We ought to do all we can to preserve the attractions. If we let up one iota we are gone. I have no more faith in those who fish for a living than Mr. Britton has, and that is nothing at all. They take everything they catch. If any netting is done the nets should be drawn under the supervision of a State officer. The only other way would be to have a provision in the law that all men shall be honest. [Laughter.]

Mr. Skinner offered the following:

Resolved, That the Anglers' Association is unalterably opposed to any legislation licensing the netting of cull fish in the waters, bays and creeks of the St. Lawrence River, and we call upon all representatives in the Senate and Assembly representing districts bordering upon the St. Lawrence River to oppose any and all measures permitting such netting.

Resolved, That the secretary of this Association be directed to procure a supply of petitions for circulars against any modification of the present law in this respect.

Resolved, That the executive committee be instructed to use all honorable means to carry out the wishes of this Association.

H. P. Rose, of New York—I do not think there are very good grounds for the belief that suckers and other coarse fish should be netted.

D. C. McEwan, of Brooklyn—I regard all these stories of catching bass here as fish stories, for I have not fished. I think the only practical way to preserve bass is to prohibit netting.

Mr. Cornwall—I agree with what Secretary Thompson has said. I am totally opposed to any legislation allowing netting in the river excepting with minnow nets.

Gen. I. B. Van Petten, of Claverack—My sentiments in regard to the matter are well expressed by Mr. Skinner. I am rather of the opinion we had better keep all the legislation we have against netting.

Col. O. G. Staples—When I go out fishing I take four or five oarsmen and never take as many bass as the law allows. Unless there is good fishing on the river the great mass of people will not come here. When I first built this hotel, nearly every person who came here was a fisherman. I indorse Mr. Skinner's resolutions and suggest that the Secretary send out petition blanks and see if we cannot counteract this action regarding netting legislation.

Mr. Robb—I am in favor of the resolutions and feel that I can aid proper legislation in some way. There is no doubt fishing is what brings people to the river.

Major Britton—One of our fishermen says he has seen more black bass this year than ever before, but they would not bite. I think the bass can take care of their spawn themselves.

Mr. Skinner—Perhaps the reason the bass would not bite was that they were living on the spawn of the bullheads.

Walter Fox—I think we should hold on to all the laws we have and get as many more as we can to improve the fishing.

Dr. Cole—I have lived on the river twenty years and have been fishing three times. I indorse the resolutions of Mr. Skinner and think they should be adopted.

Vice-President Heath—I am delighted that the newspapers are able to report big catches of fish. I think it would be a sad day for the river if we opened up to netting in any form. If we indorsed anything in the way of netting they would have everything inside of two years. I think the thing is wrong all through.

The resolutions offered by Mr. Skinner were then unanimously adopted by a rising vote.

Messrs. Cornwall, McEwan and Robb were appointed as a Nominating Committee.

A letter from S. T. Bastedo, Deputy Minister of Fisheries for Ontario, in regard to angling matters, was read by the Secretary.

The Nominating Committee reported in favor of the following officers, and they were duly elected: President, W. C. Browning, New York city; First Vice-President, Henry R. Heath, Brooklyn; Second Vice-President, Hon. Charles R. Skinner, Albany; Secretary, W. H. Thompson, Alexandria Bay; Treasurer, R. P. Grant, Clayton. Executive Committee—A. C. Cornwall, Alexandria Bay; Frank H. Taylor, Philadelphia, Pa.; A. E. Clark, Chicago; C. W. Crossmon, Walter Fox, G. T. Rafferty, Alexandria Bay; George C. Boldt, New York; Col. O. G. Staples, Washington, D. C.; T. A. Gillespie, Pittsburg, Pa.; C. E. Britton, Gananoque, Ont.; Charles G. Emery, New York; W. H. Nichols, New York; T. B. Kerr, New York.

Mr. Grant—But for the action of Major Britton American anglers would have to pay $10 for going into Canadian waters to fish. I move that we extend him a vote of thanks. Carried.

Mr. Grant then moved that the Executive Committee be empowered to appoint the necessary sub-committees to meet Mr. Bastedo or other officials in regard to fishing in the International Park. Carried.

Mr. Kerr offered the following, which was adopted:

Resolved, That the executive committee take measures to secure legislation at the next session of the Legislature prohibiting the netting of minnows for bait within 100 feet of any private dock, without the consent of the owners of the dock.

The Association extended a vote of thanks to Vice-President Heath for the efficient manner in which he performed the duties of presiding officer; to Major J. W. Pond for what he has done to regulate the catching of minnows, and to Col. O. G. Staples for his courtesy and hospitality.

Hon. Charles R. Skinner invited the Association to hold its next annual meeting at Central Park, and the invitation was accepted.

At the conclusion of the meeting the members of the Association enjoyed a sumptuous dinner at the Thousand Island House, tendered to them by the proprietor, Col. O. G. Staples, and subsequently they were taken on a tour among the islands on the latter's pretty steam yacht Nereid.

The petition which occasioned so much discussion at the meeting of the Anglers' Association has the following preamble:

"Owing to the elimination of the net fishing in the American waters of the River St. Lawrence for the past fifteen years, it has increased the numbers and qualities of cull fish to such an extent that further efforts of the Commission to propagate the said waters by introducing fry of the different game fish amount to simply the furnishing of food for the cull fish named below, viz.: bullheads, catfish, dogfish, suckers, eels, rock bass, sunfish, perch, billfish, chub and menhaden. We recommend a law to license the netting of cull fish in the waters, bays and creeks of the River St. Lawrence bounding on the county of Jefferson, State of New York."

Several rules and regulations in regard to the matter are also recommended in the petition.

W. E. Wolcott.

Utica, N. Y., Aug. 7.

Fishing on the Delaware River.

It was impossible to learn much of the fishing in the Delaware between Mast Hope Falls and Pond Eddy, for the reason that the river was in flood and rain fell every day; but there are many rifts and small fishy-looking eddies all the way, while the mountain scenery and the surroundings are pleasing to any angler. Lackawaxen is one of the best towns at which to stop, as at that point the old dam forms a long pool into which the Lackawaxen River debouches, and this is a noted place for trolling for bass, while they told me the Lackawaxen contains pickerel and perch as well. Then York Lake is within a mile. It is deep and clear and good catches are made there. It is a good place to go if the river is muddy.

Shohola is on the river, and it has its eddies and rifts, the latter being more rocky than those further up. Washington, Highland and Montgomery lakes, in New York, and Walker Lake in Pennsylvania, are all within six miles, while Panther and Shohola brooks in Pennsylvania and Little Mill, Half-way, Beaver and Stony brooks on the other side are still nearer, and all contain trout in season.

At Parker's Glen, four miles from Shohola, one has a choice of the Delaware, Walker and Twin lakes, Samentine and Parkers Glen brooks in Pennsylvania, all within a few miles and easily accessible, as at all of these little towns one can find some one who will take him in a conveyance at a moderate charge.

Pond Eddy is the nearest point to New York city that is on the river, although Mongaup—at the mouth of the stream of that name—Mill Rift, Sparrow Bush and Port Jervis each boasts good fishing. The eddy at the twin towns of Pond Eddy is long, wide, deep, and some big bass, pickerel and wall-eyed pike have been taken there this season. The water clears quickly after a freshet, and it is beautifully situated for trolling or casting. Small catfish are the best bait, and if one uses these the bass cannot resist them. Grasshoppers, crickets and live frogs are also much used. There are boats and boatmen to be had for a small fee, and there is a bridge across the river within a half mile of the villages. The rifts, both above and below the eddy, can be fished from shore, where ledges of stone jut out into the water. The old towpath follows the New York side of the eddy, and when the river is low and clear the boulders along that side form clean spots from which one may cast into the deep water that is but a few feet off shore. Unfortunately there are not very good accommodations at either village for anglers, but the fishing will make up for this deficiency. One may camp on the shores of the eddy in shady places near the bridge, where there is good spring water. One spot is within five hundred yards of the station, and another is at the mouth of Carpenter's Brook and just above the suspension bridge. We have been at this eddy five days, during which time the river rose, fell and cleared, so that today trolling in the eddy has been accompanied by results in the shape of big small-mouths. One of the anglers took a bass of which we had a momentary glimpse, and it was a very large one, indeed.

One who visits this village should by no means fail to visit Fish Cabin Brook, on the New York side and distant something over a mile from the station. Take the camera along. The brook flows through a deep gorge and reaches the river after a descent of 1,500 feet or thereabout, in beautiful cascades. Station Creek is at the village and Bushkill is two miles distant, both on the Pike County side, while Middoux and Strassers ponds are in New York, distant six and two miles, respectively. But Carpenter's Brook is of goodly size, and it is within a mile, in Sullivan County. It was once a well-known trout stream, but the floods of last winter were disastrous to these fish, and while some good catches have been made this season, better ones will no doubt be waiting the angler when open time comes next year.

Any angler who contemplates a visit to the Delaware this month will do well to write to the postmaster or the station agent at the village he intends to visit and inclose a card for the reply he will receive promptly. We found every person we met willing and ready to tell us all they knew concerning the fishing, and they are courteous and thoughtful of the welfare of others who come to their vicinity. They do not all fish as anglers do, and, as a consequence, they sometimes believe the fishing is not so good as it really is, because they will not go to the trouble or expense of procuring the proper bait and lure. But they are familiar with all the best places for fishing, and in this respect we found them reliable. As the Delaware rises and falls rapidly and is affected by countless smaller streams that find an outlet in it, it is well to ask for information as to the condition of the river as late as possible before starting from home. There are so many lakes, however, near all the stations, and streams as well, that one can go to one of these for a day or two if the river is high or colored from freshets. It should be low all of this month, but there has been a great deal of rain this season in the region it drains, and may be more, so the lakes are well to remember.

Perry D. Frazer.

Pond Eddy, Pa., Aug. 6.

Random Notes of an Angler.

Trolling for Bluefish.

Yes, one may obtain capital sport in trolling for bluefish, provided the essential conditions obtain, such as a good yacht or sail boat, an experienced skipper and a-plenty of free-biting fish. The invigorating sea breeze, the swiftly gliding boat upon the bright and rippling waves, the unclouded sky and a number of jolly comrades along all make an environment that is truly exhilarating, and added to this the sport of capturing one of the most gamy of fish affords a recreation that is almost unsurpassed.

My reminiscences of this sport are many and varied and they are always pleasant in their recalling. While it may not be a strictly sportsmanlike method, it has a special fascination, and there are many who make it their chief salt-water fishing, provided the fish are to be found, but this is not always the case, for the bluefish is a wanderer and one so capricious in its migrations that it has been known to visit a given locality by myriads in one year and perhaps will not return to it for several succeeding seasons.

It is a well known species on the Atlantic coast from New England to Georgia, and is known by a multiplicity of names, such as horse mackerel, skip-jack, green fish, etc. So wide are its wanderings, it has been found on the coast of Brazil and British Guiana, at the Canary Islands, in the Mediterranean Sea, and is a common market fish in Australia and even at the Cape of Good Hope.

In its spring migration it appears on the South Carolina coast in March or early in April, and moves steadily northward, its arrival in Vineyard Sound being about the last of May. Until the middle of June it is chiefly a bottom feeding fish, but after that period and until it leaves for the South late in the autumn, it is a higher-moving species and takes the troll or other bait near or at the surface. My bluefishing has been done entirely in New England waters, and consequently, I cannot speak of my own knowledge regarding the best localities near New York.

Scott, in his "Fishing in American Waters," says: "The best grounds for large bluefish are outside and near the inlets of Fire Island. These inlets are formed by the tides of the Atlantic passing through Fire Island into the south bay; the principal ones are opposite Islip and South Oyster Bay, but late in the fall the best trolling is off Rockaway and Jamaica Bay, the grounds extending from the Highlands, off the Jersey shore, to some ten miles below the light-ship."

In New England it is now rarely found north of Cape Cod, and it is most abundant in the waters around Nantucket and as far east as Provincetown.

The bluefish is undoubtedly the most destructive species that we have; it kills, absolutely for the sake of killing. Rushing into a school of mackered, or menhaden, it cuts a swath as wide as it can reach, its path being marked by a trail of blood and by the pieces of fish that it mangles and scatters around. The statement has been frequently made that it destroys more than twice its own weight, daily, of other fish, and it is so gluttonous that it eats to repletion, and then disgorges in order that it may again be filled.

A hand-line fisherman states in the 1871-1872 Report of the U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries that he has taken forty-two scup about two inches long out of the stomach of one bluefish. The scup referred to is the scuppaug of Connecticut, Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and is identical with the porgie of New York, New Jersey and localities further south.

Another fisherman states that he has seen hundreds of little scup in them, and when no other food is to be obtained crabs and small shellfish are eaten by them.

Lieut.-Gov. Stevens said: "I have found bluefish with young scup in them; when taken in gill nets we almost always find scup in them. Bluefish caught with a drail often vomit up the food in them. Sometimes three-

fourths of the food would be young scup. To-day I picked up one and pressed on the belly of the fish and found that he was full of them. I have seen the little striped smelt (capelin) packed in them and looking like a row of pencils." Another witness stated that a bluefish will destroy a thousand fish in a day. When they get into a school of menhaden there is a stream of blood as far as one can see. They go into them and they will destroy the whole school before they hold up.

All the evidence that was given at the hearing reported by Prof. Baird, seemed to show that the bluefish had decreased very considerably both in size and numbers, and the diminution was attributed to the traps, pounds and weirs.

I have before me the Report of the Massachusetts Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game for 1900, and the statistics printed therein are valuable and interesting, particularly so for the reason that that State seems to be at the present time the northern limit of the migrations of the bluefish.

I find that in all the pounds and weirs, traps, fykes and seines there were taken in the nineteen years, 1882-1900, inclusive, an annual average of 116,000. Approximately, the greatest catch, 325,473, having been made in 1882 and the smallest, 20,325, in 1899, that for 1900 being 9,650 more than the catch for the preceding year, the 1900 catch thus being only about one-fourth of the average for 19 years.

A rather curious fact appears in the tabulated returns and that is that fully one-half were taken in the waters around Nantucket, and in 1899 of a total catch of 20,325, 14,170 were also taken at Nantucket.

Now, the diminution that I have noted may possibly have been caused to some extent by the erratic migrations of the fish, as some pound owners declare, but as the fish was pretty regular in its visits during the years I have named, it would seem that the traps and pounds have been largely to blame, and no doubt we may look for a further decrease in the ranks of this species, which, despite its destructiveness, have proved to be not only one of the most delicate and valuable of our food fishes, but a game fish also of no little importance. Genio C. Scott well says of this fact: "Were it not that the electrical jerk of the bite of a large bluefish has such great power in it as to make the angler sometimes feel that he, too, is being fished for, and that its teeth are so sharp as to make strong and heavy tackle necessary, it would be considered incomparably the highest game fish of the American coast.

"When estimating the value of angler's fishes by the play they give, and the scenes into which the angler is led in search of each kind, the bluefish must occupy a foremost rank; and the man who has neither trolled nor still-baited for this peculiar fish—the best breakfast fish on our coast, except the Spanish mackerel—has two treats in store, which, the sooner he improves the earlier he will regret that he had not tasted before."

In trolling for bluefish, an imitation squid made of metal, bone, ivory or mother-of-pearl, which is attached to a very strong line, fifty or more yards in length, is used; an eel skin drawn inside out over the heavily leaded hook makes also a capital bait; in fact, my best fishing had been done with one of these homely lures.

A bluefish will seize anything that is in motion in the water, and almost any bait, therefore, will answer provided it is tough enough to withstand the sharp teeth of the fish and remain intact on the hook. The eel skin meets all requirements, and as it has a peculiar glisten when being dragged through the water, it makes as good a bait as one can have.

The lure is trailed astern the swiftly moving yacht, which is sailed in different directions over the shoals, quartering the water as the trained pointer covers the ground until the presence of bluefish is discovered by the practiced eye of the skipper, the fact being established by a "slick" of oil, which escapes from the feeding fish and makes a greasy scum on the water.

The oil slick, however, is not always to be seen; in fact, if menhaden or mackerel are not being eaten there is little show of oil.

In former days we used to get a good many bluefish in Dorchester Bay, Mass., and even further in shore in the small bay at Quincy. There were no menhaden or other oily fish there, and in trolling we had no "signs" to depend on. We used the eel skin bait and got a good many fish. They were not large, a ten-pounder being the heaviest that I ever knew of being captured there, but they gave most capital sport. I have no doubt that they visited that particular piece of water in pursuit of smelts, which are very abundant there; an adjacent river, the Fore River, being probably the greatest breeding ground for those dainty little fish on the Atlantic coast.

In more recent years the bluefish became more scarce there, and now I doubt if there is one to be found in that neighborhood; in fact, there has been taken in all the pounds, weirs, etc., of Eastern Massachusetts only a few scattering fish in the last six or seven years, for example, 1895: Swampscott, 3; Gloucester, 81; Magnolia, 18. In 1897, Gloucester, 8. In 1900, Nahant, 7.

So beggarly a showing as this is hardly worth mentioning, and it shows pretty conclusively that no matter how abundant the bluefish was in earlier times above Cape Cod, Provincetown now seems to mark its northern limit.

As before stated, the course of the yacht is changed in various directions in search of a school until finally the bait is seized by a voracious fish and the sport begins.

The fisherman feeling a sharp tug and heavy pull at his line, excitedly begins to "haul in," but he soon finds that he has no puny antagonist to deal with, for the bluefish is one of the strongest and quickest moving fish that swims. It darts about in every direction, now diving down deep in the water and anon leaping clear of it, and while refusing to yield an inch, attempts in every way to shake the hook from its mouth; and the fisherman, to secure his prize, must be strong of hand and arm and ready to meet all the feints and artifices of his antagonist with coolness and dexterity. A pair of thick woolen gloves is a necessity, for the strain is so severe, when a large fish is hooked, that unless the hands are thus protected, the line is sure to cut them severely. The battle continues sometimes for a number of minutes, but the fish is at length conquered, and finally, with a quick pull, the glistening prize is lifted out of the water and swung into the boat.

And what a beauty it is with its silvery sides and blue and green and leaden-colored back! A different fish it seems, indeed, from the specimens which are seen in the markets; fish that have been out of their native element for days and weeks and perhaps for months.

When the bluefish is swung into the boat it jumps around in the most energetic manner, apparently anxious to continue the fight, and the fisherman does well who quickly gives the jumping captive its quietus; for its sharp teeth and vice-like jaws are capable of inflicting dangerous wounds, as many a man will testify. Many a time have I seen a boot bitten through as cleanly as if it had been cut with an axe, and more than once have seen feet cut and toes severely injured when they were incautiously exposed to the jaws of the bluefish.

Still-fishing for bluefish is really the most sportsmanlike method, and when the fish are abundant is an intensely exciting sport. I was initiated into this mode of taking these very gamy fish by my old friend, Charles Lovett, Esq., who was for many years connected with the Massachusetts State Government. He was a keen sportsman and angler, and a most estimable gentleman. He was, I would say, en passant, the only angler with whom I ever was acquainted who succeeded in capturing the shad with the fly and light tackle. He used to get considerable sport out of this novel and apparently impossible angling, for the shad is a heavy fish with a very tender mouth, one that would seem to "break out" at the least pull of the hook.

Mr. Lovett asked me on one occasion if I would like to enjoy a day's bluefishing with rod and reel. Of course I answered in the affirmative; and with the proper tackle a short time subsequently we found ourselves in a boat anchored on the edge of a shoal; the water was hardly six feet in depth on one side of us, but on the other there was a quick drop of twenty or thirty feet.

For rods, lines and hooks we had tautog tackle, such as was described in my last article, but the hooks were attached to a fine piano wire for leader, any other leader being easily cut through by the sharp teeth of the fish.

We used a variety of bait, clams, sand worm and capelins all being greedily taken, and for a quarter of the flood and three-quarters of the ebb tide we had most capital sport. The fish did not run large, the average being not over three pounds, but they were gamy in the highest degree. Long runs were frequently made, our reels singing right merrily as the lines ran out, and the fish often jumped two feet clear of the water. We captured eighteen fish in all, and no fish of equal size and numbers ever excelled them in out and out gaminess.

Since that time still bait-fishing for bluefish, with rod and reel, has become a common recreation, but prior to it, it was, I think, never practiced. If one likes an abundance of labor in fishing, he can get it by bait-casting from the shore. A heavy sinker with hook attached is fastened to the end of a strong linen line which lies coiled up by the side of the fisherman on the beach. The hook is baited with a reversed eel skin, and after being whirled around the fisherman's head several times, in order that sufficient impetus may be obtained, is cast out into the ocean as far as possible and then is drawn back hand over hand. If a bluefish seizes it he is drawn ashore, but if one fails to take it the operation is repeated.

It is hard work. I have tried it and can speak understandingly. I have pulled in several September fifteen-pounders, and they gave me all the work I wanted, but I am not yearning to pull in any more in that way.

EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

New England Waters in August.

BOSTON, Aug. 11.—Mr. George Loud and Mr. A. I. McLauthlin, of Boston, with wives and children, have gone on a fishing and vacation trip to Clearwater Lake, near Farmington. The fishing is said to be moderately good there, even in hot weather. They will occupy Camp Runaway, the property of the F. E. Whiting party, of which Mr. Loud is a member. This camp was built last year, and is said to be a model of convenience and comfort. Mr. Walter L. Hill, of Arlington, will start this week for a fishing trip to Pond-in-the-River, below the Middle Dam, Richardson Lake. Later he will take his two boys, aged 10 and 12 years, to the Richardson Ponds region, at the head of the same lake. They will camp there; a great treat for the boys. Mr. Prentis Cummings, of Boston, is at Bemis, for his usual summer fishing trip. Mr. John S. Doane, of Boston, has made another trip to the Upper Dam. This time he has caught a salmon of 5 pounds and 7 ounces, one of 3 pounds and 7 ounces, and a trout of 3 pounds. Mr. L. H. Witherell, of Boston, stopping at Pleasant Island camps, spent one day at the Upper Dam last week and landed a salmon of 7 pounds. S. G. Hamilton, of Boston, also got a salmon of 3 pounds 14 ounces. These record fish were all caught on the fly. At Haines Landing considerable fishing is yet being done, with the women making the best catches. Miss Alice M. Nelson, of Malden, Mass., has lately made a catch of three salmon, weighing 2, 2, and 3½ pounds. Mrs. R. H. Chandler, of Thompsonville, Conn., has landed a salmon of 5½ pounds. It took 30 minutes of close work to conquer this fish. Miss Robinson, of Malden, has taken a salmon of 4½ pounds. Hon. Millard Voorhees, of New Brunswick, N. J., has made a catch of three salmon in one day, weighing 3, 4 and 5 pounds. At the Birches all is summer gayety, with little fishing being done, though a number of Boston anglers are there. At Kineo, Moosehead Lake, the summer vacationist is in the ascendency, but side trips for fishing and camping continue to be in order. In the neighborhood of Rangeley Lake, Kennebago Lake, Loon Lake, Quimby Pond, Seven Ponds and Reddington, the fly-fishing is reported to be excellent by a number of Boston sportsmen, who are there or have recently returned. At Belgrade Lake trout fishing has not been very good of late, though Otto von Kimbusch, of New York, has lately taken one of 4¾ pounds. Fly-fishing for bass is said to be remarkably good there. Dr. I. H. Hartman, of Baltimore, caught a bass there last week that weighed 3 pounds and 13 ounces. The law does make close time on trout in the northern New Hampshire waters on Aug. 1, though it does on the waters of the southern counties of that State. Grafton, Carroll and Coos counties are still legally open, and a good deal of trout fishing is being done. Col. H. C. Fisher, of Boston, is at his estate, Woodstock Road, and is taking some fine strings of trout. In the towns of Holderness and Campton the brooks are being fished with good success. The wet summer and high water have been particularly favorable to trout fishing. A salmon weighing 5 pounds has been taken at Tufts Pond, Kingfield, Me.; another instance of the rapid growth of landlocked salmon, that pond having first been stocked only five years ago. Row Ponds, Bingham, Me., are famous for the late fly-fishing, and this year is no exception. Brook trout of two and three pounds are on the late record.

Secretary L. Dana Chapman continues to receive word of remarkable fishing on the Megantic preserve, especially near the Megantic club house. D. D. Clapp, of Boston, recently caught 114 trout of good size, in one afternoon, from Spider River, not far from the club house. P. W. Leavitt, of Cambridge, has also made a catch of seventy-five in a few hours. The steward writes that other fishermen are also doing about as well, but are too modest to say much about it. Fishing has continued to be the best ever known at the preserve, and it is a matter of great satisfaction, both to members and officers, since the rule is to kill no fish not needed for food at the camps. Hence the good fishing is being conserved, and will continue to be good. A new fly is the latest invention in tackle that has been brought out. This fly is called the William F. Beal, the name of the inventor, a man prominent in real estate circles and a fisherman, who has invented the fly for his own amusement. The fly is made on a body wound with tinsel, and the wings are all tinsel, curled in such a manner as to give a good deal of realistic motion in the water. They are made in both silver and gold tinsel, with no feathers whatever.

Boston gunners are not doing much at shore bird shooting, although the open season begun immediately after July 15. The season has been unusually cold and wet, and very few flights of what are termed "big birds" have been seen. C. H. Tarbox and Senator Bailey, of Byfield, went down to their blinds on the beach the last day of July. They spent a part of the day in the blinds and shot about eighty peep, but saw no yellowlegs or plover. They account for the lack of "big" birds, under the theory that the birds are late in rearing their broods north, and hence the flights southward have not begun. Gentlemen interested in gunning, and summering down on the Cape, say that there have been no flights yet of summer yellowlegs, though these birds are due. One gentleman spent part of the day Thursday off shore in the neighborhood of Brant Rock, but saw no "big birds." Peep are unusually plenty.

SPECIAL.

American Fisheries Society.

THE thirty-first annual meeting of this national association of fishculturists and other persons interested in fish, fishery and allied subjects, was held at Put-in-Bay, O., Aug. 5-7, and the sessions were notable on account of the attendance and the practical value of the papers read and discussed.

Put-in-Bay is not readily accessible on account of its isolated situation, and yet the attendance represented the fish commissions of the United States, of Connecticut, Rhode Island, Ohio, Michigan and Wisconsin. The members present during the sessions were from fifteen States and the District of Columbia. Among the new members elected at Put-in-Bay were persons from five additional States. This will serve to show the wide distribution of the membership of the Fisheries Society and its capacity for influencing public opinion.

A portion of the first day was devoted to routine business—reports of officers and committees—and to the election of officers for the ensuing year. The officers elected are as follows:

President—Hon. Geo. M. Bowers, U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries.

Vice-President—Prof. H. B. Ward, University of Nebraska, Lincoln.

Recording Secretary—Geo. F. Peabody, Appleton, Wis.

Corresponding Secretary—J. E. Gunckel, Toledo, O.

Treasurer—C. W. Willard, Westerly, R. I.

Executive Committee—G. T. Mathewson, Enfield, Conn.; W. H. Boardman, Central Falls, R. I.; Prof. E. A. Birge, Madison, Wis.; J. J. Stranahan, Bullochville, Ga.; Dwight Lydell, Mill Creek, Mich.; Tarleton H. Bean, New York city.

A committee was appointed to urge upon Congress the desirability of establishing a biological station at Put-in-Bay for the study of natural history problems related to fishculture and the fisheries.

The report of the Treasurer showed the prosperous condition of the finances of the Society, and the character of the papers read and discussed indicated its ability to contribute materially to the discovery of important facts and to make them known.

The following is a complete list of the articles presented:

"The Rôle of the Larger Aquatic Plants in the Biology of Fresh Water," R. H. Pond.

"A Successful Year in the Propagation of the Whitefish," Frank N. Clark.

"The Brook Trout Disease and Cement Ponds," M. C. Marsh.

"Some Remarks on the Time of Planting and Habits of the Rainbow Trout." Geo. A. Seagle.

"Fishculture on the Farm," J. J. Stranahan.

"The Habits and Culture of the Black Bass," Dwight Lydell.

"Discouragements in the Culture of Black Bass," H. D. Dean.

"A Few Points on the Black Bass," J. B. Lamkin.

"Food and Game Fishes of the Rocky Mountain Region," J. A. Henshall.

"Feeding: Its Effects on Growth and Egg Production," W. T. Thompson.

"Inbreeding Pond-Reared Trout," Arthur Sykes.

Two very important papers on the surface life of the lakes were unfortunately omitted, because of the lack of facilities for lighting the lantern slides necessary for their illustration. The discussion of the articles was animated and highly interesting, especially of the paper on black bass by Mr. Lydell, which is a very valuable contribution to our knowledge of an important game fish.

During the course of the meetings the Society was addressed by Dr. Bean, on behalf of the World's Fair at St. Louis, regarding the advantages of St. Louis in 1904 as a place of meeting. Woods Hole, Mass., was selected for the sessions of 1903.

Through the courtesy of Commissioner Geo. M. Bowers the Fish Commission steamer Shearwater was placed at the disposal of the Society for visits to the great hatchery on the island and to the adjacent fishing grounds. This meeting was unquestionably the most interesting and enjoyable ever held in the West, and it will be remembered for its effective handling of a remarkably good programme.

T. H. B.

Fish and Fishing.

Newfoundland Angling.

Mr. W. F. J. McCormick, of Biscayne Bay, Florida, who has made his headquarters, as usual, for the greater part of the summer, at Lake Edward, left a few weeks ago for Newfoundland, after salmon and sea trout. He is now on the coast of Northern Labrador, and will probably go as far as Nain. Writing me from St. John's on July 24, Mr. McCormick reports having found the ouananiche in Sou'west Brook and the Gander River, and has sent to Lake St. John for skins of the fish taken there, in order to be in a position to make careful comparisons. There is no doubt whatever that the fish to which Mr. McCormick has reference is identical with that of Lake St. John, for specimens which could not be mistaken, were identified in 1899, in Newfoundland, as true ouananiche, by both Colonel Haggard and myself. The distribution of the fish is very much more extended than was supposed up to a few years ago, and as exploration and industrial enterprise continue their northward march, we are likely to learn much more than we at present know of other sub-Arctic varieties of the Salmonidæ.

It is gratifying to learn that no more netting of salmon is now allowed in the estuaries of the Newfoundland rivers, and as a result, Mr. McCormick reports that a number of splendid fish have been taken this year out of the Humber in the vicinity of the Bay of Islands. When I visited the island with Colonel Haggard, we found the Humber perfectly honeycombed with nets, and promptly reported the matter to the Hon. Mr. Morine, of St. John's, who was at that time Minister of Fisheries. It is only justice to Mr. Morine to say that he took prompt measures to remedy the evil, dispatching his deputy, Mr. Watson, to the scene of the poaching by the same train with us.

Mr. McCormick reports splendid sport with the ouananiche and also with the sea trout at Main River Bridge, Bay St. George. His only complaint of the latter locality is that the fish are too plentiful, and that he had as much of the sport as he could stand in two tides.

Effects of Fish Planting.

Specimens of the steelhead salmon have been lately taken in pound nets on the north shore of Lake Superior, which indicates that some of the fish deposited by the Fish Commissioners of Minnesota had found their way into Canadian waters. In consideration of the fine game qualities possessed by these fish, arrangements have been made with the fishermen for the preservation of any caught, and their transfer to a small spring water lake in the vicinity for distribution therefrom, as may be required. It would seem to be only right that these fish, having been planted by a friendly neighboring State, should be returned to the waters whence they were taken, and not transferred to other and inland lakes. However, it appears that only a few specimens have been so far taken in Canadian waters.

The wholesale planting of black bass is still continued in Ontario waters, but it is understood that they are not being introduced into natural trout waters, except in cases in which the trout have wholly or almost wholly disappeared, for it is a pretty well recognized fact that where bass have been introduced and have largely increased, the trout have all disappeared. The provincial authorities are understood to favor the introduction of landlocked salmon in preference to black bass in some of their waters, but find it impossible to obtain either the fish or their spawn. The Quebec authorities might assist their neighbors of the sister province if they cared to, but apparently prefer to keep to themselves whatever good things they have. This policy may succeed for a time, but it cannot endure in the long run, in our present advanced state of civilization. A good many anglers and students of fish life are of the opinion that it would pay the Ontario people better to plant steelhead salmon and lake trout, or better still, to replenish worn-out brook trout waters with he young of this latter variety, artificially hatched, than to continue the planting of black bass in so many of the inland waters of the province.

Undesirable Fish.

It would be difficult to overestimate the evil that may be caused by the planting of undesirable fish. It is said that much injury is likely to be caused to the many splendid species of Salmonidæ in Lake Sunapee by the introduction there of black bass. From the beautiful Nepigon come loud complaints of the rapid increase of pike. Fishermen on the great lakes are very much concerned at the vast increase of suckers, and suggest that those taking them in nets should be required to bring them all ashore and to burn or bury what they cannot market of them. One correspondent says: "On the grounds here where our fishermen used to take their large catches of whitefish, they get as much as from five to ten tons of suckers. These are all thrown back into the water. If the fishermen could get about 25 cents per cwt. for bringing them ashore and burying them, or selling them for manure, there is no doubt that hundreds of tons of them would be destroyed, and the fisheries tremendously benefitted." The Ontario Department of Fisheries reports that carp are making great headway and becoming established almost everywhere, being no longer confined to international waters. They are increasing to an alarming extent in Lake Simcoe, and already hundreds of acres of rice fields in the vicinity of Holland River have been destroyed. All legitimate means of caputure have been approved and encouraged by the department, but there seems to be no feasible means of exterminating them or even of checking their inroads.

North American Association.

Hon. F. R. Latchford, president of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association, has fixed the third Wednesday in January, 1903, for the annual meeting at Ottawa, of the association, and notices to this effect will be received by the members in due time. It will now be in order for members to set about preparing papers and addresses for the coming meeting. The city of Ottawa is the center of a grand sporting country, and the home of many rod and gun enthusiasts, from whom the association may expect a warm welcome to the capital of the Dominion.

An Interesting Report.

I am indebted to Mr. S. T. Bastedo, of Toronto, Deputy Commissioner of Fisheries for Ontario, for a copy of the third annual report of his department. Not only is it full of valuable information from cover to cover, but it is very fully illustrated, containing not only figures of all the principal fish found in the province, but several very interesting views of the different pools of the Nepigon River, as well as of Lake Nepigon and of the Virgin Falls. It is gratifying to note the beneficial results attributed to the prohibition of the sale as well as of the export game fish in Ontario. The report correctly states that there is no agency for protection so potent as prohibiting sale.

E. T. D. Chambers.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

More Fun with the Mississippi Small-Mouths.

Chicago, Ill., July 28.—In an earlier letter I spoke of the fun I had with the small-mouths on the Mississippi River below Wabasha, Minn. On my first day out I fished but a few hours and sundown came all too soon. We landed at the little town of Alma, which is on the C., B. & Q. Railroad, or the side opposite from Wabasha, the Burlington Road and the St. Paul Road paralleling each other for some distance on opposite sides of the river. I had telegraphed a friend to meet me at Alma, but of course the friend did not materialize. Hence I let Ira Weeks take my boatman Louis back to Wabasha on his launch, and I cast about for a local guide. I found Henry Henning, who was recommended to me by Mr. Emmet, of Chicago, as a good man, the latter having employed him several times with great success. Henning is a market-fisherman, and he and his partner Louis Le Bras, rely upon the rod and line altogether for a living. They fish exclusively for black bass and wall-eyed pike, and if they do not make $3 or $4 a day each they are disappointed. One hundred pounds of small-mouth black bass a day is not an unusual amount for them. Henning charges $3.50 a day for his services, with boat.

At least this gave promise of one thoroughly acquainted with the lurking places of the bass, and I must say that the promise was more than fulfilled. Henry told me that he did not intend to go out fishing that next day himself, because the river was too high to offer any chance of success. However, he agreed to take me, and hence early on the following morning we started, I having spent the night at Alma. Henry had a good boat, and I quickly saw that he was a good river man. He began to tell me all kinds of bass stories, including some of the experiences of his friend, Mr. Emmet, of Chicago. He told me that the latter gentleman at one time had fifty-seven bass on in the course of one day's fishing with the fly. Only a few of these bass were landed, as the tackle which Mr. Emmet had along was not strong enough. As for myself, I had a powerful 6½-ounce rod with plenty of backbone. My leaders were especially strong and my flies of the special McHarg pattern, tied on hand-forged hooks, and in the Onondago pattern, which I have always fancied for this Mississippi River fishing. With this tackle anything like delicate casting is impossible. The fly is so heavy that it sinks down as soon as it lights. I pointed out to Henry that with this rig of mine the black bass of the Mississippi River were entirely at my mercy, that they could not get away if I once socked the hook into them, etc. Henry had seen other people come there fly-fishing. Hence he maintained a respectful silence.

We worked on down the river that morning under a glaring sun, which would have made fly-fishing almost an impossibility even had the river been in decent condition, which it certainly was not. It was a tremendously powerful flood which poured down the ancient Mississippi. That any one should go out on that waste of waters and expect to catch bass on the fly seemed the height of folly. I don't think any one less foolish than myself would have undertaken it. Indeed, perhaps there was not a fly-rod out on that part of the Mississippi excepting mine.

Henry showed me different favorite spots of his as we worked on down the river four or five miles. These proved fruitless. The wing dams were buried under two or three feet of water. Here we saw great schools of fish chasing minnows, but though we cast repeatedly and changed our flies through our whole repertoire, we were unable to inveigle those small-mouths in any way whatever. By noon I had taken only one small-mouth, a fish of 1½ pounds weight, which made a good fight, but which was snubbed into subjection early in the game. We made coffee near the end of a wing dam, where Henry told me we ought to get four or five bass. I had two strikes here, one of a white bass and one of a black bass, both of them breaking away. Henry looked rather mournful at my endeavor, but did not make any criticism.

I now suggested that we take to the sloughs, as the bass did not seem to be working in the big river, and after lunch we made for the mouth of the Belvidere Slough, or rather one of the mouths. Here there was a swift current of water flowing between high banks. At the mouth of the slough, buried now well beneath the surface of the waters, there was one of the Government wing dams. Just below this wing dam as we pulled into the slough we could see fish dashing about and playing among the schools of minnows. Henry thought some of these might be black bass, but we saw that most of them were the worthless fish known as the hickory shad.

"I'll see if I can't hook one of those fellows," said I, and casting, I had what I thought to be a strike. To make a very long story short, we played this fish for twenty-three minutes, not having any idea of what kind of a fish it was. I thought it was a 12-pound catfish, and so did Henry. I could not feel any head motion or jerking on the line. Never were two anglers more deceived. When at last, at the risk of breaking the rod, we lifted the fish to the surface, we found it to be a hickory shad, hooked deep in the side! When this fish got deep down and square across the current of the Mississippi, it gave my fly-rod all it wanted to do.

Meantime Henry's eyes had discovered bass playing around a certain cut bank, where he and his partner very often made heavy catches. "They are always in there," said he. We gradually pushed over and ran along this bank, which ran in a semi-circle out to the mouth of the slough. I cast a few times and then all at once got a smashing strike. At once Henry reversed the boat and we shot out into the current of the slough. It was fifteen minutes now of rough and tumble with this red-eyed fighting bass. I must say that the hook held, and so did everything else, and at last we got him into the net.

"Now we'll get another," said Henry. And we did get another strike, and still another, and still another. Every one of these fish seemed to be hooked, but every one of them broke away. All the time we were never more than twenty-five feet from the bank, and could see these big bass smashing among these schools of minnows and sometimes jumping into the air. On further under the bushes, and also to our right out into the main current of the slough, there were dozens and scores of hickory shad leaping out of the water in their assaults upon the minnows. It was certainly as exciting a little corner as I have got into in all my angling experience.

We saw an occasional heavy swirl under a bunch of grass which hung out from the bank, and casting in here at a distance of twenty feet, I felt a heavy strike. We pulled this fellow out into the water and fought him for a few minutes.

"Only a pickerel," said Henry. He weighed about five pounds, and the fly-rod killed him much quicker than it did a bass of half that weight. I struck four of these pickerel in the course of my fishing, and of the four we landed two, and purposely broke away from a third, which latter nearly cut through the sextuple gut strands of my favorite McHarg fly.

I went back once more under the bank and again I got a heavy strike. This fish I think was the quickest I ever saw in all my life. It struck, went under, and came out again high in the air, almost in the winking of an eye. Then it made a run straight out, struck a sand bar, doubled, came back, and went up into the air higher than I ever saw a bass jump. It was a beauty, weighing, I should judge, something over three pounds. The hook held for three jumps, but I got nervous and excited at this bass, it was such an exciting sort of business, and I imagine I put a little too much strain on my rod and finally wore a hole in his jaw. After playing him five or six minutes he went into the air once more, shook himself until he looked like a sort of blurred buzz saw, threw the fly back into the boat and kissed us good-by. Henry was very gloomy over this, but I was rather thankful. I don't know what that bass would have done to us if he had ever gotten into the boat. He might have chased us overboard. He was the savagest thing I ever did see!

Henry was beginning to think I couldn't fish a little bit. We crossed the river to change the luck, and Henry pointed out several places where he had seen bass at different times. We saw them now feeding along the banks. I lost six bass one after another, caught a pickerel, then caught two more bass, and then lost a whole lot more. As nearly as I could figure out, during the day's fishing I had something like twenty or twenty-five strikes, had hooked ten or a dozen bass, and had saved just four, only one of these of any great size.

I don't know what it was about this fishing which made it so difficult. I only lost one fly, which broke at the head of the hook through a fault of my own in putting it on the leader. The bass would take hold and go down deep, but the hook would be released as though they were simply holding on to the feathers. I know that a bass will sometimes hold on to a frog in this way, but I should be slow to think that they would hold on to the feathers of a fly. I can only say that I fished my best and prettiest, and in a day and a half of exciting fishing I landed just seven bass all told. This experience persuaded me that I was not so much of a fisherman after all, for I went there knowing something about this game, and had an equipment with which I can find no fault whatever. I came away convinced that this Mississippi small-mouth bass fishing is absolutely the best to be found in the United States.

Henry told me my hooks were not big enough, that the bend in my hooks was not right, that the flies had too much feathers on them, etc. Of course one is used to that sort of talk, but there was considerable ground for dissatisfaction on his part.

"That's the poorest day's fishing I ever had in all my life," said he. "I wouldn't go out with any one to catch a half-dozen bass."

Yet he admitted that very frequently he had fishermen out who had similar experiences with the bass. The fish find some way of breaking away, and I would consider the man who landed half the bass he raised at his fly very lucky in the ordinary fishing of that locality. Henry told me, and so did Louis, my other guide, that as quick as the river begins to fall the bass fishing will be prime. He told me that Mr. Emmet and Mr. Comstock, of this city, were to meet him at Alma on July 25 for a few days' fish-

ing. Mr. Emmet has a new lot of flies and he expects to do serious business with the bass this time. He has had very good success at different times with Henning at this part of the river above and below Alma, on the Q., and has taken more than twenty bass in one day's fishing. I shall be interested to hear of his luck this time. It ought to be very good luck, for as I came across the Mississippi River later, I saw that the wing dams were beginning to show, and that the river was falling and becoming clear. As quick as the water turns and begins to recede, the fish go on the feed.

Contrary to some reports, this fly-fishing does not end with June nor yet with July. Henry Henning told me that the fly-fishing lasted as late as November. He said that in the month of August or September, very frequently in October, one could have sport on the wing dams which is simply indescribably good. Old market-fisherman as he is, and contemptuous of frills and furbelows, Henry Henning still expresses admiration for these fighting bass. He and his partner catch them on long poles and stout lines, but they like to see the fly-rods and flies used for a change.

If any one wishes to go to that country, I would say don't risk your pet trout rod in these waters. You want a powerful fly-rod, weighing at the least six ounces. The strain is too heavy for a light stream rod of 3½ to 4½ ounces. Use double gut leaders, heavy and perhaps not more than three feet in length. One fly is enough. I did not try the bucktails, as my hooks were all very small, No. 1. You want big hooks. Your flies ought to be tied so that they will spread when in the water, but not tied with too heavy a feather. The extremely large flies, according to Henning, are not the ones which raise the biggest bass, but the best killing flies in that country are still very large bass flies. There is always a chance of running across a pickerel in that fishing, and of course a pickerel may take off a fly in a short time. Hence the necessity for reinforced gut at the heading of the hook.

One of these days I am going back to that country to see if I can get revenge on those black bass. At this stage of the game they have got away the best of me. I thought that a fellow who had knocked around a good deal could certainly circumvent almost any kind of a fish after he had tried it for a little while. I have fished for these bass several days now, and I have more respect for them than when I started in.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Buffalo Fish in Harvey's Canal

NEW ORLEANS, La., Aug. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your Aug. 9 issue Charles Cristadoro seems to think the story of the buffalo fish in Harvey's Canal somewhat exaggerated. It is absolutely true. The steamboat stopped by the fish was a tug towing a raft of logs to a sawmill behind the levee on the right bank of the Mississippi River, opposite New Orleans, at Napoleon Avenue. The canal is eight miles long to Lake Salvador, through which and connecting bayous light-draft vessels reach the Gulf. It extends to within a block of the river, with which it was to connect. An expensive lock was built but was never used, as the permit was revoked when it was completed on account of the clamor of the people through fear of a crevasse. This tug, for a long distance, had to back up like an engine with a snow plow and then take a run for it, and finally had to give it up. This large sawmill, said to employ 150 negroes, turned them all to work for three days and nights when the stench became unbearable. Lime and also burning were freely employed. The river is more than half a mile wide at this point, and St. Charles Avenue more than half a mile further, where it was decidedly unpleasant, especially when the wind favored. Our efficient, conscientious and determined president of the City Board of Health, Dr. Quitman Kohnke, after several personal inspections, decided that something must be done. The canal is in Jefferson Parish, the city in Orleans Parish. He had no right to interfere, but they gladly gave him free rein. You might as well attempt to fence in a cyclone as to wash those thousands of tons—miles of decaying fish to Lake Salvador. "Cut the levee," says the doctor. But riding a horse or allowing cattle to run on the levee is a very severely punished offense. Putting an iron pipe through to flood the rice fields with Mississippi's water—jamais.

From highest to lowest he chased the officials; all said, "I have no authority to allow cutting of the levee."

Dr. Kohnke said, "I shall cut that levee, and you can prosecute me afterward if you choose." With a thousand or more dollars of the money of the Parish of Orleans which he found was hard to get, he did the work in another parish in which he had no jurisdiction. It took the Mississippi a week or more to wash the canal of those putrid fish. The levee was restored as good as new, and people there returned to their homes. Dr. Kohnke, although guilty of a very grave offense, has heard no intimation of prosecution; on the contrary, the gratitude of every one. The end justified the means, but it took nerve.

J. A. SAMPSELL, M.D.

West Virginia Fish and Game.

ROMNEY, W. Va., Aug. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I will endeavor to write you a few notes on our fishing this summer and prospects for hunting this fall. The South Branch has more young bass in it than for the past few years, and some good catches have been made. I have seen four bass that weighed four pounds or over taken in the vicinity of Romney. The bass here have all been so fat from eating locusts, and so many minnows in the river, that they have not been biting very well. There are any number of people camping on the river, and they catch more or less fish, so that as there is practically no protection on our fish, it keeps them pretty well thinned out. With some of our so-called sportsmen who dig and snare them under the ice in the depeer water in winter, the floating of cross ties and pulp wood down the river, and the river being full of large carp, which eat the bass spawn, it is no wonder that this stream is not as good fishing as it was once upon a time.

We now have a club house built on a trout stream four miles and a half above this town. It is an extremely pretty situation, being only a quarter-mile from the river, and has two fine springs a few hundred yards from the club house. They have a natural trout stream for about eight miles, and will only have to build two or three dams to keep it stocked. The stockholders are principally from Wheeling and Pittsburg. In a short distance from the club house they have fine hunting grounds for deer, turkey, pheasants and, in fact, there are some black bear within five miles of the club house.

Our hunting this fall promises to be above the average. Quail are more numerous than for a long time. The winter here being as a rule milder and the snows not staying on the ground as long as usual, the birds did not starve last winter. It will be good shooting here this fall for turkeys, pheasants and quail.

I noticed on our streets the other day one of your contributors, George Beall, who, with his friend favored us with an article in FOREST AND STREAM some time ago entitled "Midst Reef and Rapids." He was on his way with two canoes to the headwaters of this river, to make a trip down it. Am sorry, but the river is now as muddy as it could possibly be, and their trip, as far as fishing goes, will be spoiled. Suppose they will favor us with an account of this canoe cruise.

J. B. BRADY.

To Tell the Weight of a Fish.

CAN you give in the FOREST AND STREAM any table of the weights of fish according to lengths that is reasonably accurate? The reason for this question now is, I slipped down to the river last Sunday morning at 5:30, kindled a fire, boiled coffee and ate a breakfast by moonlight, and just at the break of day I caught a large bass, for this stream. On account of the day I had no chance to weigh the fish, but one of the leading merchants here measured him with a yard stick, and he was just 17½ inches from point of under jaw to end of tail, and no one here can estimate the weight satisfactorily.

FISHERMAN.

The formula given by Mr. J. A. L. Waddell, for determining the weight of fish is this: Weight in pounds is equal to square of girth in inches, multiplied by length in inches and divided by 800. This formula was repeated by Mr. Waddell in our issue of July 26, where it was applied to estimate the weight of a tarpon 6 feet 2 inches in length by 36 inches girth. The square of 36 is 1,296. The length in inches is 74, $1,296 \times 74 = 95,904 \div 800 =$ nearly 120 pounds.

Bass in Lake Nipmuck.

HOPEDALE, Mass.—I have been having some good sport with rod and reel at Nipmuck Lake in the town of Mendon, Mass. In three afternoons' fishing I have taken fifteen bass, the largest weighing two pounds. There are three kinds of bass in the lake—"Oswego," small-mouth black bass and rock bass; also yellow perch and pickerel. It is a very pretty little lake, and the electric car company have fitted up a theater, dancing pavilion and restaurant, and have made it quite attractive.

I write this, hoping that some of our brother sportsmen in Boston and Worcester who want a day's outing will try their luck in Lake Nipmuck, as there are some large bass in it.

C. W. ARRAND.

Pennsylvania High Waters.

SAYRE, Pa.—A succession of heavy rains during the past month has reduced the angling situation in the Susquehanna and Chemung rivers to a condition anything but satisfactory. In fact, it is scarcely worth one's while to fish either river at present. Occasionally some unusual turn of luck rewards the angler with a catch of bass or pike which under the most favorable circumstances might be esteemed good, but on the whole the fishing may be declared nil.

M. CHILL.

Canada Fshing Club.

A valued friend and correspondent wishes to join a good Canadian fishing club. A moderate entrance fee and annual dues are essential. Trout or bass fishing, with camping-out opportunities are desired in connection with the advantages of a club, as compared with the average free-for-all fishing resort.

Any friend who can recommend such a club, with particulars, is requested to address M. J., care of the Editor.

To a Trout.

J. J. Montague in Portland Oregonian.

Thou solitary tenant of my creel,
Thou only victim of my feathered hook,
Though "skunked" I scarce could more disgusted feel
Wert thou still swimming in thy native brook.
For thee alone I've walked ten weary miles,
And, what is worse, must walk them back again;
For thee alone I've crawled through stinging brush
And clambered over harsh barb-wire stiles,
Slept troubled slumber in the ice-cold rain,
And soaked myself in grasses all too lush.

And what art thou, thou slim and speckled mite?
Scarce large enough to save thee from the act
That makes it crime for five-inch trout to bite,
A worthy "speckled beauty," for a fact!
Where, tell me where, were all thy sluggard kind,
That I could not inveigle them to rise?
In all the summer season they will find
No more persistent fisherman than I,
No bait more tempting than my high-priced flies,
Yet thou alone art here. Dost thou know why?

And now my tired footsteps must I turn
Along that hilly road that homeward trends,
And spent and footsore, bear with unconcern
The jibes and jeers of all my loving friends.
For once they cast their scornful eyes on thee,
Thou smallest of thy kindergarten school,
They'll take a keen delight to point me out,
For all the mocking, scoffing world to see
As that weak-minded, idiotic fool,
Who fished two days, and only caught one trout.

The Kennel.

Canine Elegies and Epitaphs.

READERS are invited to send for this column any epitaph or elegy of departed dogs of which they may have knowledge. We continue the series from last week:

XVI —Byron's Boatswain.

The inscription on the monument in Newstead Park reads:

Near this Spot
Are Deposited the Remains of One
Who possessed Beauty without Vanity,
Strength without Insolence,
Courage without Ferocity,
And all the Virtues of Man without his Vices.
This Praise, which would be unmeaning Flattery
If inscribed over Human Ashes,
Is but a just Tribute to the Memory of
BOATSWAIN, A DOG,
Who was born at Newfoundland, May, 1803,
And died at Newstead Abbey, Nov. 18, 1808.

EPITAPH.

When some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The Sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And studied urns record who rests below;
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
Not what he was, but what he should have been;
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
Unhonor'd falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth;
Vain man, vain insect! hopes to be forgiven,
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.
Oh, man! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power,
Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,
Degraded mass of animated dust!
Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit!
By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.
Ye! who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on—it honors none you wish to mourn;
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise;
I never knew but one—and here he lies.

XVII —On a Tombstone in Stamford, Eng.

Pause, stranger, here; beneath these stones there lay
The dumb companions of a bygone day;
As we life's onward journey still pursue
May we find human friends as staunch, as true!

National Beagle Club of America.

Aug. 11.—At the last meeting of the executive committee of the National Beagle Club of America, the thirteenth annual field trials were ordered to be held in the week commencing Nov. 3, 1902. The place of holding the trials, the judges who will act and the headquarters of the club will be named later after the committee have taken action and reported.

The following are the committees appointed who will have charge of the thirteenth annual trials: Field trial committee—James W. Appleton, New York city; H. D. Bruns, M. D., New Orleans, La.; G. Cadwallader, Philadelphia; John Caswell, Prides Crossing, Mass.; A. H. Higginson, Boston, Mass.; H. S. Joslin, Boston, Mass.; H. T. Peters, Islip, Long Island; George B. Post, Jr., New York city; George F. Reed, Barton, Vt.; W. G. Rockefeller, New York city; William Saxby, Ilion, N. Y.; Charles R. Stevenson, Haddonfield, N. J.; D. F. Summers, Downingtown, Pa.; B. F. Turpin, Roxbury, Mass.; Harry Payne Whitney, Westbury, Long Island; A. J. Purinton, Palmer, Mass.; S. E. Thurston, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.; and Ernest Gill, Baltimore, Md. Committee on grounds—James W. Appleton, William G. Rockefeller and Chas. R. Stevenson. Committee on judges—George F. Reed, A. J. Purinton and William Saxby. Committee on arrangements—Geo. F. Reed, John Caswell and Charles R. Stevenson. Committee on premium list—Jas. W. Appleton, A. J. Purinton and W. G. Rockefeller.

Mr. J. Otho Paget, who will judge beagles at the coming show of the Ladies' Kennel Club, was elected an honorary member of the club.

CHAS. R. STEVENSON, Sec'y,
106 Market St., Camden, N. J.

Massachusetts Kennel Club.

WORCESTER, Mass., Aug. 7.—The Massachusetts Kennel Club is to have its inaugural show in conjunction with the Worcester Agricultural Society Fair, Sept. 1 and 2.

It being the first bench show of the season, large entries are expected, and we have the assurance of many of the best dogs in this part of the country.

The first day is Labor Day, and on the second day President Roosevelt will be present, which assures the club of a large attendance.

The show is held under the American Kennel Club rules.

The list of the judges and the dogs which they are to judge: Foxhounds—Robert M. Perry, Phillipston, Mass. Fox-terriers, wire and smooth—C. W. Keyes, East Pepperell, Mass. St. Bernards, Great Danes, mastiffs, pugs, King Charles, Prince Charles, Blenheims and ruby spaniels—Miss A. H. Whitney, Lancaster, Mass. Greyhounds, pointers, English, Irish and Gordon setters, field spaniels, cocker spaniels, rough-coated collies, English bulldogs, English bull-terriers, French bulldogs, Boston terriers, Airedale terriers, Irish terriers, Scottish terriers, dachshunde, poodles, miscellaneous, and any other kinds—Mr. G. Muss-Arnolt, Tuckahoe, N. Y. Beagles—Arthur D. Fiske, Worcester, Mass.

HERMAN S. HASTINGS, Secretary.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1902.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also changes which may be made in the future.

AUGUST.

15. Penataquit-Corinthian, annual cruise, Bay Shore.
16. Royal Canadian, 30ft. class, Toronto.
16. Shelter Island, open regatta, Shelter Island Heights.
16. Horseshoe Harbor, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
16. Huntington, Y.R.A. of L. I. S., open, Huntington, L. I. Sound.
16. Hartford, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Saybrook, L. I. Sound.
16. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
16. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, race for Centre Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
16. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Massachusetts Bay.
16. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
16. Beverly, fourth Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
16. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
21. Plymouth, M. Y. R. A., open, Plymouth, Massachusetts Bay.
22. Kingston, M. Y. R. A., open, Kingston, Mass. Bay.
23. Bridgeport, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Bridgeport, L. I. Sound.
23. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
23. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
23. Huguenot, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
23. Royal Canadian, 16ft. class, Toronto.
23. Penataquit-Corinthian, Lighthouse cup, Bay Shore.
23. Shelter Island, ladies' race, Shelter Island Heights.
23. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
23. Beverly, fifth Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
23. Wollaston, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
23. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
23. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
23. Duxbury, M. Y. R. A., open, Duxbury, Mass. Bay.
23. Marine and Field, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
24. Mosquito Fleet, club, City Point, Boston Harbor.
25-26. Wellfleet, M. Y. R. A., open, Wellfleet, Massachusetts Bay.
28-30. Cape Cod, M. Y. R. A., open, Provincetown, Mass. Bay.
30. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
30. Beverly, sixth Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
30. Columbia, race to Waukegan, Lake Michigan.
30. Manhasset Bay, club, Port Washington, Long Island Sound
30. Larchmont, club, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
30. Atlantic, club, Fire Island and return, New York Bay.
30. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
30. Indian Harbor, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
30. Royal Canadian, dinghy and 25ft. classes, Toronto.
30. Kennebec, club, Bath, Maine.
30. Hartford, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Saybrook, L. I. Sound.
30-31. Corinthian, annual cruise, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.

For Cruising Yachtsmen.

With the purpose of stimulating the interest in cruising, and the keeping of a detailed log by cruising yachtsmen during the season of 1902, the publishers of Forest and Stream offer prizes for the best stories of cruises submitted to be published in Forest and Stream. It is believed that these will form not only entertaining records of pleasant summer days spent afloat along our coasts and waterways, but will furnish information of practical value to other yachtsmen making subsequent cruises on the same waters.

Prizes will be awarded to the three best stories as follows:

First prize, $50.00.
Second prize, $30.00.
Third prize, $20.00.

Contributions are invited under the following conditions:

1. The cruise must be made in waters of the United States or Canada in the season of 1902.

2. The cruise must be made in a sailing yacht, power to be used only as an auxiliary, if at all.

3. The story must be prefaced by a description of the boat. Cruises should be treated in as interesting and readable a way as possible, but should be practical and contain all possible information and data that would be of value to men going over the same route. A description of the handling of the ship in all weathers will be regarded very favorably in making awards, and it is suggested to writers that an accurate account be kept of all incidents happening while under way.

4. An outline chart suitable for reproduction, showing the course taken, must accompany each article. When possible, articles should be accompanied by amateur photographs taken on the cruise, including one of the boat. Good photographs will be considered in making the awards.

5. The story should contain about seven thousand words, written on one side of the paper only, and must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York city, on or before Nov. 15, 1902.

Mr. T. C. Zerega has very kindly consented to act as judge and to make the awards.

New York Y. C. Cruise.

RENDEZVOUS, NEW LONDON.

Monday, Aug. 4.

No finer fleet of sailing and steam yachts ever assembled than that which gathered in New London Harbor on Monday, Aug. 4, to journey eastward on the fifty-seventh annual cruise of the New York Y. C.

In an extremely light wind the white-winged pleasure craft drifted into the anchorage at the old Connecticut town until long into the night. At colors upward of 100 craft were moored off the club station No. 4 by the popular Pequot House. Among the best known were the following:

Schooners—Corona, Com. Ledyard; Emerald, W. E. Iselin; Constellation, Francis Skinner, Jr.; Shenandoah, Gibson Fahnestock; Marguerite, Thomas E. Stillman; Quickstep, Edward Shearson; Iroquois, Price Collier; Endymion, E. R. Thomas; Ingomar, Morton F. Plant; Elmina, F. F. Brewster; Muriel, Charles Smithers; Sylph, C. Fabyan Monroe; Katrina, J. B. Ford; Gavalia, T. O'Connor Sloane; Hildegarde, Edward D. Coleman; Chanticleer, George W. Weld; Water Witch, David Banks.

Sloops—Mineola, August Belmont; Rainbow, Cornelius Vanderbilt; Yankee, J. Rogers Maxwell; Neola, George M. Pynchon; Weetamoe H. F. Lippitt; Hester, Cleveland H. Dodge; Eelin, F. L. Rodewald; Cymbra, F. C. Henderson; Eclipse, L. J. Callanan; Queen Mab, L. H. Smith; Ailsa, H. S. Redmond.

Steamers—Colonia, Vice-Com. Frederick G. Bourne; May, Col. Alexander Van Rensselaer; Waturus, Randal Morgan; Intrepid, Lloyd Phœnix; Narada, Harry Walters; Lady Torfrida, Col. R. M. Thompson; Rheclair, Daniel J. Reid; Ariadne, H. W. Putnam, Jr.; Idler, Henry T. Sloane; Tuscarora, Walter Jennings; Roamer, N. G. Herreshoff; Celt, J. Rogers Maxwell; Columbia, James Stillman; Pantoosct, Albert S. Bigelow; Anemone, J. Murray Mitchell.

At 5 o'clock P. M., in answer to signals previously displayed, a meeting of the captains was held aboard the flagship Corona, Com. Lewis Cass Ledyard presiding. Enthusiasm ran high and never before in the history of the premier organization were Corinthians more eager for the fray.

Representative captains of the world were there, including such well-known names as Cornelius Vanderbilt, William E. Iselin, S. Nicholson Kane, J. Rogers Maxwell, August Belmont, Jr., Newbury D. Lawton, Edward H. Wales, Vice-Com. Frederick G. Bourne, F. D. Rodewald, Henry W. Putnam, Jr., H. F. Lippitt, Charles Smithers, F. V. Brewster, Gibson Fahnestock, Francis C. Skinner, Jr., Edward R. Coleman, Morton G. Plant, James B. Ford, G. Shearson, E. A. Thomas, Willard P. Ward, George A. Cormack, C. Fabyan Monroe, Anson Phelps Stokes, William M. Ivins, H. B. Duryea, F. C. Henderson, Cleveland H. Dodge and many others.

Several important questions regarding the conduct of the cruise were decided. The owners of the 70-footers, Mincola, Yankee and Rainbow came forth with the plan of carrying club topsails during the squadron runs. The proposition was referred to the Regatta Committee, which decided that the boats should contest in strictly cruising trim. This barred the big sails from all but the race for the Astor cups off Newport on Wednesday, Aug. 6.

It was decided to make the course from Vineyard Haven to Provincetown the same for all classes. This made a run of seventy-nine miles through Pollock Rip, leaving Handkerchief Lightship to port, Shovel Full Lightship to starboard and Pollock Rip Lightship to port. There was some talk of classes A, B, C, G, H and I going out to the whistling buoy nine and a half miles east of Great Round Shoal Lightship, which would make a journey of ninety-five miles to the picturesque town on the tip end of Cape Cod. This plan was abandoned.

On considering the question of time limit to the different runs it was agreed that for those from New London to Newport, Newport to Vineyard Haven, and Provincetown to Marblehead, the time limit should be 10 o'clock P. M., and that no yacht would be timed after that hour. On the run from Vineyard Haven to Provincetown no time limit was set.

A number of special classes were arranged by the Regatta Committee and given out late on the evening of the rendezvous as follows:

Keel Schooners (Class I)—Thistle, Endymion, Shenandoah and Hildegarde.

Special Schooner Class—Shamrock, Katrina, Quickstep and Seneca.

Special Sloop Class—Hester, Eelin, Senta and Queen Mab.

Isolt and Eclipse also decided to run in a special class, as did Cleona and Mermaid. Mira and Hebe were put together, as were the auxiliaries Lady Torfrida, Mohican, Ariadne and Idler.

Special classes were also arranged for keel schooners betwejen 70 and 100ft. waterline, and all under 70ft., and for sloops and schooners in the motor auxiliary classes.

Among the Eastern craft noted in the harbor was the steam yacht Pantooset, belonging to Com. A. S. Bigelow of the Eastern Y. C., which had journeyed around the Cape to do honor to the organization soon to be entertained at Marblehead.

First Squadron Run.

NEW LONDON TO NEWPORT.

Tuesday, Aug. 5.

The first run of the magnificent squadron from New London to Newport, a distance of some forty miles, was characterized by the excellent work of the amateur skippers on board the class D schooner Muriel, and the 70-footer Yankee.

Muriel led the fleet to anchorage and incidentally gave her old rival Elmina a good beating, heading her at the finish by 17m. and 3s. Charles Smithers, the owner of Muriel, was at the tiller of that craft, and the victory came as a fitting tribute to the dogged, sportsmanlike persistence which has characterized his conduct throughout the season.

Yankee, resplendent in a new well-fitting suit of Ratsey sails, was the third boat to end the journey from the rendezvous. J. Rogers Maxwell, Jr., handled the 70-footer, and brought her over the finish line 23m. and 33s. ahead of Mineola, and 26m. and 30s. in front of Rainbow. This victory, too, came as a reward of the "never-say-die" spirit which dominates the owner of the Herreshoff creation.

Rainbow and Mineola had a stubborn luffing match to the southward of Watch Hill, which cost them many minutes.

Com. Lewis Cass Ledyard's schooner Corona was the second craft to finish the run. During the latter part of the contest, when the wind had freshened a bit and was blowing from the southwest, the flagship began to overhaul Muriel, the leading boat. A stern chase is always a long one, and the best Corona could do was to wrest second position from Yankee and get within less than 3m. distance of Muriel.

Corona made the best elapsed time over the course and won in her class, beating the new schooner Chanticleer, belonging to George W. Weld, of Boston, and William E. Iselin's Emerald.

In sloop class I Queen Mab was an easy victor. She had no trouble in defeating the new 60-raters Weetamoe and Neola. The latter, after a poor showing, did not cross the finish line.

Effort, sailed by Addison Hanan, did remarkably well on the run, and gave the other boats in class L a bad drubbing.

There was hardly enough wind for the big schooners Shenandoah and the ocean record-holder Endymion. The former did not finish.

Fifty-two yachts made the journey from New London to Newport. The first signal of the morning from the flagship ordered the yachts to get under way by 9 o'clock A. M.

When the committee boat Navigator reached the starting line, off Sarah's Ledge Buoy, there was hardly a breath of wind blowing. The start was consequently postponed, and not until 10:40 A. M. was the preparatory signal sounded.

Ten minutes later the small sloops were sent away. Saunterer led, followed by Eclipse, Alcatorda, Hebe, Humma, Bonnie Kate, Cleona, Effort, Altair, Yvette, Lotowana, Challenge, Mira and Ondawa in the order named.

At 10:55 the 70-footers and class I craft were sent away. In the former class Yankee got away first, Mineola was second and Rainbow third.

The smaller schooners got the gun at 11 o'clock. Muriel timed the signal well and was first over the line, followed by Gevalia, Elmina, Indra, Quisetta, Amorita, Agatha, Seneca, Shamrock, Quickstep, Ingomar and Katrina.

In going over the line the auxiliary Ariadne came very near hitting the committee boat. The latter was started ahead to avoid a collision. The other classes got away without mishap, the last going over shortly after 11 o'clock.

At the start the yachts had a beat to windward. After a while the breeze freshened and hauled a bit to the southward, allowing sheets to be eased somewhat. The last part of the contest was a close reach to the finish line.

Charles Lane Poor, owner of Mira, protested Hebe and Eidolon for passing inside the whistling buoy off Point class for single-masted vessels and yawls. The summaries follow:

	Start.	Finish	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Schooners.				
Elmina	11 13 36	3 26 04	4 12 28	4 10 44
Muriel	11 10 44	3 24 42	4 13 56	4 12 20
Amorita	11 15 00	3 20 16	4 15 16	4 15 16
Single-masted Vessels and Yawls.				
Ailsa	11 06 03	2 41 38	3 35 35	3 35 35
Mincola	11 14 23	3 03 03	3 48 40	3 39 59
Yankee	11 07 55	2 56 42	3 48 47	3 40 06
Rainbow	11 06 52	2 55 56	3 49 04	3 40 23
Hester	11 09 02	3 28 00	4 18 58	4 02 22
Senta	11 07 57	3 39 54	4 31 57	4 05 35

Second Squadron Run.

NEWPORT TO VINEYARD HAVEN.

Thursday, Aug. 7.

The second squadron run of the cruise, a thirty-seven-mile journey into picturesque Vineyard Sound, was held on Thursday, Aug. 7. The yachts had a fair wind for the greater part of the distance, and fast time was made.

J. Rogers Maxwell's 70-footer Yankee led the fleet of fifty-three boats to the anchorage between East and West Chop. She beat August Belmont's Mineola 2m. and 8s. and Cornelius Vanderbilt's Rainbow 6m. and 55s.

The big schooner Constellation, belonging to Francis Skinner, Jr., of Boston, made the best elapsed time for the thirty-seven miles, doing the distance in 3h. 32m. and 15s., close to the record. She was also a winner in the larger class for schooners.

Elmina defeated Muriel, but by only 8s. The flagship Corona headed class B schooners. Queen Mab was a winner in class I for sloops, Humma in class K and Ondawa in class L. Yawl Ailsa scored a sailover.

The breeze was rather fresh coming up the sound and a number of mishaps resulted. Sloops Ondawa and Isolt carried away their topmasts. Weetamoe again experienced trouble with her steering gear; Endymion had her big main topmast staysail in trouble for a while, and a host of other minor accidents were recorded. C. W. Nason's Isolt ran aground on the shoal running off from West Chop. The boat got off, however, without damage.

The day was one to stir the most sluggish yachting blood to action. The preparatory signal was fired at 9:55. At that time a fine ten-knot breeze was blowing out of the northwest. The air was clear and sparkling and the boats, as they maneuvered for the line, made a picture of unusual animation.

At 10:05 the first of the fleet got away on the seventeen and one-quarter mile leg to Vineyard Sound Lightship. The wind was almost astern and the yachts broke out spinnakers to starboard.

Wahtawah, one of the Buzzard's Bay thirties, sailed by Archibald Rogers, was first over the line. The remainder of the smaller sloops started on this gun.

At 10:10 the signal for the larger sloops was sounded. Ailsa, winner of the Astor cup on the day before, led. She appeared no worse for the bumping received from a poorly managed steam yacht which ran into her while at anchor in Brenton's Cove the night before.

Yankee, Mineola and Rainbow followed the yawl closely, the former going over the line with a huge balloon jib topsail drawing to perfection.

The other yachts were sent away at 5m. intervals, the smaller schooners going first, and the auxiliaries last. All of the fleet were away by 10:40.

After the craft had traveled about five miles the breeze began to back toward the west. Spinnakers were taken in for the time being and, under balloon jib topsails, the racers bowled along at great speed.

The 70-footer Yankee showed a determination to lead from the start and before the lightship was reached had passed Ailsa. On rounding the mark the leading boats were timed as follows: Sloops—Yankee, 11:59:40; Ailsa, 12:01:45; Mineola, 12:03:45; Rainbow, 12:05:15; Neola, 12:09:10; Queen Mab, 12:11:30; Weetamoe, 12:11:30; Humma, 12:12:30. Schooners—Elmina, 12:06:05; Constellation, 12:06:20; Corona, 12:06:45; Muriel, 12:08:45.

On rounding Vineyard Sound Lightship spinnakers were broken out to port for the run to the finish off West Chop, a distance of some twenty-six miles. The wind went into the southwest for good now and the run was dead before it.

The craft presented a scene of indescribable beauty as with booms broad off they proceeded up the sound between Martha's Vineyard on the starboard and the little chain of Elizabeth Islands to port.

About a mile from the finish spinnakers were taken in and the fleet started to reach for the finish line. The wind had by this time increased to about eighteen knots and some of the smaller boats had all they could do to carry sail into the harbor.

The tide was running to the eastward and favorable to the yachts until about 3 o'clock, and this undoubtedly helped the boats materially in making fast time.

Yankee was first to finish. Then came Mineola, Ailsa, Corona, Rainbow, Constellation, Elmina, Muriel, Chanticleer, Hester, Queen Mab, Quisetta, Amorita, Neola and Endymion.

In the following summaries given out by the Regatta Committee, corrected times are not figured

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Schooners—Class A.			
Constellation	10 22 00	1 54 01	3 32 01
Hildegarde	10 22 00	2 02 11	3 40 11
Endymion	10 22 00	2 13 02	3 51 02
Shenandoah	10 22 00	2 38 28	4 16 28
Class B.			
Corona	10 20 42	1 53 11	3 32 29
Chanticleer	10 21 50	2 05 08	3 43 18
Emerald	10 21 20	2 11 41	3 50 21
Class C.			
Iroquois	10 22 00	2 16 42	3 54 48
Class D.			
Elmina	10 16 31	2 01 34	3 45 03
Muriel	10 16 51	2 02 02	3 45 11
Katrina	10 17 00	2 09 14	3 52 14
Quisetta	10 16 55	2 10 57	3 54 02
Amorita	10 16 41	2 10 56	3 54 15
Seneca	10 17 00	2 17 14	4 00 14
Shamrock	10 17 00	2 21 57	4 04 57
Quickstep	10 17 00	2 26 04	4 09 04
Ingomar	10 17 00	2 26 54	4 09 54
Class F.			
Agatha	10 16 15	2 31 11	4 14 56
Mavis	10 17 00	2 33 06	4 16 06
Gevalia	10 17 00	2 37 07	4 20 07
Indra	10 17 00	2 49 34	4 32 34
Yawls—Class G.			
Ailsa	10 10 11	1 50 23	3 40 12
Sloops—Class H.			
Yankee	10 10 40	1 46 23	3 35 43
Mineola	10 11 46	1 49 37	3 37 51
Rainbow	10 11 21	1 53 59	3 42 38
Class I.			
Hester	10 11 24	2 06 50	3 55 26
Neola	10 12 00	2 09 13	3 57 33
Queen Mab	10 12 00	2 10 47	3 58 47
Caress	10 12 00	2 15 16	4 03 16
Senta	10 12 00	2 15 26	4 03 26
Weetamoe	10 12 00	2 43 02	4 36 02
Class J.			
Humma	10 07 00	2 15 58	4 08 58
Eclipse	10 06 25	2 31 49	4 25 24
Isolt	10 07 00	Withdrew.	
Altair	10 07 00	Disabled.	
Class K.			
Ondawa	10 07 00	2 39 09	4 32 09
Gossoon	10 07 00	3 30 44	5 22 59
Class L.			
Effort	10 07 00	2 25 34	4 18 08
Hebe	10 07 00	2 35 53	4 28 53
Mira	10 07 00	2 37 12	4 30 12
Eidolon	10 07 00	2 51 00	4 44 00
Alcatorda	10 05 27	3 33 19	5 29 52
Buzzard's Bay Class.			
A., 6	10 07 00	2 56 50	4 49 50
A., 3	10 06 08	2 56 45	4 50 37
A., 0	10 07 00	2 59 30	4 52 30
A., 7	10 06 31	3 00 47	4 54 16
Wahtawah	10 05 18	3 04 13	4 48 55

The winners were Constellation, Corona, Elmina Agatha, Ailsa, Yankee, Hester, Humma, Ondawa, Effort and A., 6. Special classes—Chanticleer beat Hildegarde, Endymion and Shenandoah; Katrina beat Seneca, Shamrock, Quickstep and Ingomar; Hester beat Queen Mab, Caressa and Senta; Eclipse beat Isolt; Hebe beat Mira; auxiliary Ariadne beat Idler, Intrepid and Lady Torfrida.

Third Squadron Run.

VINEYARD HAVEN TO PROVINCETOWN.

Friday, Aug. 8.

The seventy-nine-mile run from Vineyard Haven to Provincetown, on the tip end of Cape Cod, was made on Friday, Aug. 8. With a fair wind and tide the yachts fairly tore through the water in record-breaking time.

Forty craft started in the race, including sixteen sloops, twenty-one schooners and three auxiliaries. The 70-footer Rainbow, owned by Cornelius Vanderbilt, was the first of the fleet to finish. She made the seventy-nine miles in 7h. 2m. and 7s. August Belmont's Mineola was beaten by 2m. and 6s., and J. Rogers Maxwell's Yankee by 3m. and 40s.

Of the schooners, Constellation, belonging to Francis Skinner, Jr., of Boston, covered the distance in 7h. 1m. and 5s., and the flagship Corona, owned by Com. Lewis Cass Ledyard. in 7h. 2m. and 35s.

Once more the two sister schooners, Elmina and Muriel, were at it. The former was victorious by only 2m. and 35s., actual time.

The wind was whistling in a merry way throughout the run. A number of accidents to spars and rigging were recorded, although none of them resulted seriously. Among the mishaps noted were the loss of topmasts on the schooners Shamrock and Mavis.

The Regatta Committee was aboard Col. R. M. Thompson's steam yacht Lady Torfrida. Early in the morning Judith. The schooner Hildegarde also flew a protest flag as she crossed the finish line. The summaries follow:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Schooners—Class A.			
Constellation	11 07 00	6 02 09	6 55 09
Endymion	11 07 00	6 20 52	7 13 52
Hildegarde	11 07 00	6 40 18	7 33 18
Shenandoah	11 07 00	Withdrew.	
Class B.			
Corona	11 05 53	4 48 08	5 42 15
Chanticleer	11 07 00	5 34 33	6 27 33
Emerald	11 07 00	5 55 36	6 48 36
Class C.			
Iroquois (sails in Class B)	11 07 00	6 23 36	7 16 36
Class D.			
Muriel	11 01 26	4 45 35	5 44 09
Elmina	11 02 00	5 03 12	6 01 12
Quisetta	11 02 00	5 16 24	6 14 24
Amorita	11 02 00	5 33 20	6 31 20
Seneca	11 02 00	6 12 55	7 10 55
Katrina	11 02 00	6 14 09	7 12 09
Ingomar	11 02 00	6 31 29	7 29 29
Shamrock	11 02 00	6 46 04	7 44 04
Quickstep	11 02 00	7 07 39	8 05 39
Class F.			
Indra	11 02 00	6 50 11	7 48 11
Gevalia	11 01 42	6 53 26	7 51 44
Agatha	11 02 00	6 56 02	7 54 02
Sloops and Yawls—Class H.			
Yankee	10 56 49	4 49 28	5 52 39
Mineola	10 57 00	5 13 12	6 16 12
Rainbow	10 57 00	5 16 53	6 19 53
Class I.			
Queen Mab	10 56 54	5 14 51	6 17 57
Weetamoe	10 55 26	5 23 30	6 28 04
Hester	10 57 00	5 42 11	6 45 11
Caress	10 55 36	5 52 52	6 57 16
Eelin	10 56 22	6 19 32	7 23 10
Senta	10 57 00	6 27 07	7 30 07
Neola	10 55 36	Withdrew.	
Class J.			
Altair	10 52 00	5 23 03	6 31 03
Humma	10 50 56	5 40 59	6 50 03
Isolt	10 52 00	6 08 20	7 16 20
Milicete	10 52 00	6 55 08	8 03 08
Eclipse	10 50 25	6 58 26	8 08 01
Class K.			
Ondawa	10 52 00	6 58 07	8 06 07
Lotowana	10 52 00	7 09 58	8 17 58
Gossoon	10 52 00	7 23 45	8 31 45
Cleona	10 51 39	7 23 40	8 32 01
Class L.			
Effort	10 51 29	5 29 33	6 38 04
Hebe	10 50 52	6 28 18	7 37 26
Mira	10 52 00	6 38 26	7 46 26
Eidolon	10 50 44	6 42 51	7 52 07
Challenge	10 52 00	7 03 04	8 11 04
Alcatorda	10 50 38	7 18 39	8 28 01
Bonnie Kate	10 50 38	Withdrew.	
Class M.			
Saunterer	10 50 13	7 09 18	8 19 05
Yvette	10 51 51	7 37 32	8 45 41
Keel Schooners—Class I—Special.			
Chantieleer	11 07 00	5 34 33	6 27 33
Hildegarde	11 07 00	6 40 18	7 33 18
Shenandoah	11 07 00	Withdrew.	
Schooners—Special.			
*Seneca	11 02 00	6 12 55	7 10 55
*Katrina	11 02 00	6 14 09	7 12 09
Shamrock	11 02 00	6 46 04	7 44 04
Quickstep	11 02 00	7 07 39	8 05 39

*The corrected time of Seneca is 6.13.53; that of Katrina is 6.15.07.

Sloops—Special.			
Queen Mab	10 56 54	5 14 51	6 17 57
Hester	10 57 00	5 42 11	6 45 11
Eelin	10 56 22	6 19 32	7 23 10
Senta	10 57 00	6 27 07	7 30 07
Hebe	10 50 52	6 28 18	7 37 26
Mira	10 52 00	6 38 26	7 46 26
Sloops—Special.			
Isolt	10 52 00	6 08 20	7 16 20
Eclipse	10 50 25	6 58 26	8 08 01
Steam Auxiliaries—Special.			
Ariadne	11 07 00	6 48 37	7 41 37
Anemone IV.	11 07 00	Withdrew.	
Motor Auxiliaries—Special.			
Alcatorda	10 50 38	7 18 39	8 28 01

The winners were Constellation, Corona, Muriel, Indra, Yankee, Queen Mab, Altair, Ondawa, Effort, Sannterer. Special classes—Chanticleer, Seneca, Queen-Mab, Isolt and Ariadne.

Race for Astor Cups.

NEWPORT, R. I.

Wednesday, Aug. 6.

In a heavy wind and rough sea the annual struggle for the beautiful cups given by Col. John Jacob Astor took place on Wednesday, Aug. 6. Frederick F. Brewster's Elmina won the trophy for schooners, valued at $1,000, while Henry S. Redmond's 90ft. yawl Ailsa captured the $500 cup for single-masted vessels and yawls.

Three schooners, one yawl and five sloops started the contest. Ailsa being a yawl and racing against sloops, was rated at 93 per cent. of her regular measurement. She had to concede each of the 70-footers, Yankee, Mineola and Rainbow, 8m. and 41s. for the thirty-eight-mile course.

At the finish Ailsa on corrected time was 4m. and 24s. ahead of Mineola, 7s. more in the lead of Yankee, and 4m. and 48s. ahead of Rainbow.

Mineola sailed a good race. She started 7m. and 31s. after Rainbow and 6m. and 28s. after Yankee, yet she outsailed the former 24s. and the latter 7s. actual time.

Elmina's victory in the schooner class was wrested from her old rival Muriel, after the hardest kind of a fight. On corrected time she won by 1m. and 36s. Amorita was defeated by 4m. and 32s.

Astor Cup Day is always a gala one at Newport. Society is afloat for the time being, weather permitting. In spite of the rough conditions encountered in the contests of 1902 a large number of cottagers witnessed the struggle from numerous steam yachts.

The day was replete with accidents, one of which resulted fatally. Schooner Quisetta, Samuel C. Davis, owner, came to the line off Brenton's Reef Lightship for the start. While maneuvering a seaman was swept overboard, and although a life buoy was thrown, the unfortunate sunk before the eyes of his shipmates. After cruising around some time in hopes of finding the body, Quisetta returned to harbor.

A steward aboard Mineola was also washed overboard. At the time the mishap occurred the man fortunately held a capstan bar in his hands. He could not swim, but the wood kept him afloat until a dinghy could be lowered.

The 60-raters Weetamoe and Neola were slated for the event, but did not start. The former deranged her steering gear and during the trouble lost a man overboard. He was, however, quickly recovered. Neola went out to the lightship, but a taste of the weather there sent her to harbor. Her owner, George M. Pynchon, did not considered his chances of the best in the heavy sea running.

At the start of the race the wind was blowing about southeast by south. As the contest progressed it hauled toward the southward, until at the finish it was almost due southwest.

Col. Astor's steam yacht Nourmahal acted as judges' boat, having among others on board, beside her owner, the Regatta Committee, consisting of S. Nicholson Kane, Newbury D. Lawton and Edward H. Wales.

Many of the yachts before leaving the harbor had set club topsails. When the heavy winds of the outside were met, however, these sails were lowerd on all but Yankee.

The preparatory signal was sounded at 11 o'clock A. M. Five minutes later the signal for single-masted vessels and yawls was given.

The course was seventeen and a quarter miles east southeast to the Vineyard Sound Lightship, then four and a half miles north to the Hen and Chickens Lightship, then sixteen and three-quarter miles west, three-quarters north, to the finish off Brenton's Reef Lightship.

Ailsa crossed the line first. Mineola was way to the northeast of the start and did not cross until long after the others. The times and order of the start were: Ailsa, 11:06:03; Rainbow, 11:06:52; Yankee, 11:07:55; Senta, 11:07:57; Hester, 11:09:52; Mineola, 11:14:23.

The schooners were started at 11:10. Muriel crossed the line at 11:10:44; Elmina at 11:13:36, and Amorita at 11:15:00. Soon after they got away the wind started on its journey toward the south. This aided the boats, who were all close hauled, in fetching the first mark of the course, the lightship at the entrance to Vineyard Sound.

Ailsa had established a fine lead on the first leg. The boats gybed around the lightship and set spinnakers to port for the four and a half mile journey to the next mark, which the shifting wind had turned into a run. Times taken at this stage of the contest showed Ailsa had beaten Mineola 4m. and 20s.; Rainbow, 7m. and 11s.; Yankee, 7m. and 33s.; Hester, 13m. and 1s.; Senta, 19m. and 31s. Elmina beat Amorita 1m. and 13s. and Muriel 3m. and 21s.

On the run to the next mark Yankee beat Ailsa 35s., Rainbow 1m., Mineola 1m. and 50s., Senta 6m. and 5s., Hester 7m. and 10s. Amorita did well and gained 5s. on Muriel and 33s. on Elmina.

The next leg was a reach to the finish. A number of the racers set club topsails. Ailsa gained on the others and crossed the line amid a loud cannonading from the assembled fleet of pleasure craft out to see the finish of the race.

On this stretch Ailsa beat Rainbow 5m. and 51s.; Yankee, 6m. and 12s.; Mineola, 7m. and 28s.; Hester, 14m. and 45s.; Senta, 21m. and 29s. In the schooner class Muriel beat Elmina 1m. and 14s., and Amorita 3m. and 4s.

After the race was over August Belmont, owner of Mineola, visited the Regatta Committee and said that no one aboard his craft had heard the preparatory gun or had seen the blue peter set. The committee decided that although Mineola was handicapped at the start, her actual time should be taken. On actual elapsed time Mineola beat the other 70-footers.

Muriel was the first schooner to finish, but Elmina won on time allowance. Ailsa scored the victory in the the flagship Corona signaled the harbor start for 5:30 o'clock. An hour later the race was begun off East Chop Light.

It was an early start, but the yachtsmen were on hand. The signal for small sloops was sounded at 6:30. Eidolon was first over, followed by Humma, Effort, Notos, Mira, Hebe and Altair in the order named. They all went over on the starboard tack with sheets started slightly.

The 60-footer Weetamoe was the first craft to cross on the next signal. Yankee came next, followed by the yawl Caress, Neola, Mineola, Senta, Hester and Rainbow. The Vanderbilt boat crossed 1m. and 25s. astern of Yankee, and 51s. after Mineola.

The small schooners were sent away at 6:40. Agatha was first over, followed by Katrina, Shamrock, Quickstep, Seneca, Quisetta, Amorita, Elmina, Muriel, Gevalia and Indra. Elmina led Muriel by 10s.

The class for larger schooners was the last to leave the Haven. Chanticleer was away first, followed by Corona, Constellation, Emerald, Endymion, Iroquois, Mayflower and Hildegarde, in the order named. The last craft crossed the line just before 7 o'clock.

The course was a close reach to Cross Rip Lightship, twelve and a quarter miles away. Then keeping off a bit, the yachts had another reach of nine and a half miles to Handkerchief Lightship. From here sheets were eased for a freer wind to Shovelful Lightship. A close fetch brought the craft to Pollock Rip Lightship, the next mark on the course. Here booms were eased broad off and spinnakers set for the run toward Highland Light.

All along the course the yachts had been sailing fast. Lee rails were awash nearly all of the time, and, sailing with eased sheets, the white-winged pleasure craft sent clouds of spray into the air as they bowled along to the eastward. It was a real test of seamanship and sea-going qualities, and pleased the Corinthians immensely.

From the first the 70-footer Rainbow did well. She gradually worked by Yankee and Mineola, and was the first of the class to round Cross Rip Lightship. At this mark Corona headed the schooners of the larger class, while Elmina was slightly ahead of Muriel. Here the breeze flattened a bit and working topsails were sent aloft on the sloops, while some of the schooners put up main topmast staysails.

The 70-footers Mineola and Yankee had a luffing match half way between Cross Rip and Handerkerchief Lightships, which put hem quite a little off the course, and allowed Rainbow to increase her lead. Mineola was still ahead of Yankee when they squared away for the lightship.

Schooner Constellation was first to pass the mark. The 70-footer Rainbow was second and the flagship, Corona, third. Elmina headed Muriel by 30s. at this mark.

At Shovelful Lightship the order was nearly the same. Mineola and Yankee were sticking to each other, separated by less than a minute. Elmina gained slightly on Muriel. At Pollock Rip Lightship the boats were still in almost the same order.

Off Nauset the fleet ran into a series of rain and wind squalls which made things decidedly lively while they lasted. As the 70-footers caught it they heeled over to an unusual degree. Mineola and Yankee were sent up into the wind and with difficulty topsails were housed.

The wind was blowing hard as the yachts sped along toward the finish, and the big schooners were down to lower sails only. The whole sweep of the sea as it rolled in from Massachusetts Bay was encountered.

The finish would have been a superb subject for some marine artist. Vice-Com. Frederick G. Bourne's steam yacht, Colonia, acted as judges' boat. At 1:38:53 Rainbow, heeling at a great angle, came tearing across the line. Mineola was but 15s. astern and Yankee 1m. behind Mineola.

The other leading craft ended the long journey in the following order, the seventies on the last part of the race having passed the big schooners: Constellation, Corona, Hildegarde, Chanticleer, Endymion, Emerald, Elmina, Muriel, Hester and Mayflower.

Unless time allowances materially change the order of finishing, Rainbow won the Commodore's cup for single-masted vessels and yawls, and also a trophy offered by Royal Phelps Carroll for the winner in class H. Corona won the Commodore's cup for schooners, and Elmina captured the trophy offered by Cornelius Vanderbilt for the winner in schooner class D. The official summaries follow:

Schooners—Class A.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Constellation	6 46 46	1 46 33	6 59 47
Endymion	6 47 00	1 59 30	7 12 30
Shenandoah	6 47 00	3 05 49	8 18 49
Hildegarde	6 47 00	1 51 57	7 04 57
Class B.			
Corona	6 46 44	1 49 02	7 02 18
Emerald	6 46 00	2 03 05	7 16 05
Chanticleer	6 46 13	1 55 34	7 09 21
Class C.			
Iroquois	6 47 00	2 22 43	7 35 43
Class D.			
Amorita	6 42 00	2 03 53	7 21 53
Quissetta	6 41 44	2 33 36	7 51 52
Katrina	6 40 38	2 27 32	7 46 54
Muriel	6 42 00	2 06 54	7 24 54
Elmina	6 42 00	2 04 08	7 22 08
Seneca	6 41 13	2 27 59	7 46 46
Quickstep	6 40 58	Withdrew.	
Shamrock	6 40 33	2 34 51	7 54 18
Charmer	6 42 00	5 11 38	10 29 38
Class F.			
Gevalia	6 42 00	5 01 57	10 19 57
Mavis	6 40 30	3 39 24	8 58 54
Indra	6 42 00	5 03 31	10 21 31
Agatha	6 40 27	3 28 26	8 47 59
Sloops—Class H.			
Rainbow	6 37 00	1 38 53	7 01 53
Yankee	6 35 41	1 41 09	7 05 28
Mineola	6 36 19	1 40 09	7 03 50
Class I.			
Hester	6 37 00	2 07 09	7 30 09
Senta	6 36 34	2 35 27	7 58 53
Neola	6 36 00	3 32 00	8 56 00
Eelin	6 36 31	3 01 46	8 25 15
Weetamoe	6 35 25	2 30 32	7 55 07
Caress	6 35 55	2 52 32	8 16 37
Class J.			
Altair	6 32 00	3 06 59	8 34 59
Humma	6 31 52	2 58 45	8 26 53
Class L.			
Effort	6 31 52	4 35 58	10 04 06
Hebe	6 32 00	Withdrew.	
Mira	6 32 00	4 48 55	10 26 55
Eidolon	6 31 31	Withdrew.	
Class M.			
Notos	6 32 00	Not timed.	

Last Squadron Run.

PROVINCETOWN TO MARBLEHEAD.

Saturday, Aug. 9.

The last squadron run of thirty-eight and one-half miles from Provincetown to Marblehead was sailed on Saturday, Aug. 9. It was a tedious journey across Massachusetts Bay, many of the fleet not anchoring in Marblehead Harbor until well into the night.

The breeze, when it blew at all, was light. More than half of the time the yachts drifted about with hardly steerage way on. The 70-footer Yankee, sailed by her owner, J. Rogers Maxwell, led the fleet at the finish. She beat Mineola 4m. and 53s. and Rainbow 11m. and 24s.

Elmina was the first of the schooners to end the journey. She beat Muriel 1m. and 21s. and also captured the cup offered by Vice-Com. Frederick G. Bourne, for the schooner making the best time on the run, all sailing in one class with full allowance.

Frederick F. Brewster, owner of Elmina, may justly feel proud of the record made by his craft on the cruise of 1902. Elmina won the $1,000 Astor cup, the Commodore's cup for schooners sailing in one class from Vineyard Haven to Provincetown, the Vice-Commodore's cup, the Navy Challenge cup for the schooner winning the greatest number of runs and the trophy given by Cornelius Vanderbilt to the schooner in class D winning the run from Vineyard Haven to Provincetown. Beside these trophies, Elmina won two first and two second prizes given by the New York Y. C. for the daily runs.

Among the smaller sloops, Effort ended her brilliant record of the week by again crossing the line victorious. All through the cruise this boat has done excellent work under the management of Addison and Wilmer Hanan. In the last race she beat out Mira, her nearest class competitor, by 15m. and 32s.

Effort, with a big time allowance from Yankee, won the Vice-Commodore's cup for the race. She also captured the Navy Challenge cup, going to the sloop winning the greatest number of runs, all sailing in one class. Beside these trophies, Effort got four first prizes for squadron runs.

The 70-footer Rainbow won the cup offered by Royal Phelps Carroll to the winner in class H in the run from Vineyard Haven to Provincetown. Yankee was first in three squadron runs.

The winners in the other classes in the last race were: Constellation, Corona, Agatha, Weetamoe, Humma, Meemer and Ariadne. In the special classes, Chanticleer, Katrina, Hester and Mira. A list of prizes won during the cruise as given out by the Regatta Committee follows:

Schooners, Class A—Constellation, 4 first; Hildegarde, 1 second; Endymion, 2 seconds.

Schooners, Class B—Corona, 4 firsts; Chanticleer, 2 seconds.

Schooners, Class D—Elmina, 2 firsts, 2 seconds; Muriel, 1 first, 2 seconds; Amorita, 1 first.

Schooners, Class F—Agatha, 3 firsts; Indra, 1 first; Mavis, 2 seconds; Gevalia, 1 second.

Sloops, Class H—Yankee, 3 firsts; Rainbow, 1 first.

Sloops, Class I—Hester, 2 firsts; Weetamoe, 1 first, 2 seconds; Queen Mab, 1 first; Neola, 2 seconds.

Sloops, Class J—Humma, 3 firsts, 1 second; Altair, 1 first; Eclipse, 1 second.

Sloops, Class K—Ondawa, 2 firsts; Lotowana, 1 second.

Sloops, Class L—Effort, 4 firsts; Hebe, 3 seconds.

Sloops, Class M—Saunterer, 3 firsts; Cherokee, 3 firsts.

Special classes:

Keel Schooners—Chanticleer, 3 firsts, 1 second; Hildegarde, 1 first, 1 second.

Special Class for Class D—Katrina, 2 firsts, 2 seconds; Seneca, 2 firsts, 1 second.

Sloops, Class I—Hester, 3 firsts, 1 second; Queen Mab, 1 first, 1 second; Seneca, 2 seconds.

Sloops, Class L—Special—Hebe, 2 firsts; Mira, 2 firsts.

Sloops, Class J—Special—Isolt, 1 first; Eclipse, 1 first.

Auxiliaries—Ariadne, 4 firsts; Idler, 2 seconds.

Signals from the flagship Corona early Saturday morning announced that the yachts were to leave harbor at 8:15. The wind was then light but steady, with every indication of holding. The start was made about a mile to the southwest of Wood End Light.

The preparatory signal was sounded at 9:15 o'clock. Ten minutes later the start of the smaller sloops was in order. Effort was first over the line, followed by Meemer, Mira, Altair, Cherokee, Humma and Hebe in the order named.

On the next gun the larger sloops started. Rainbow got away first. Then followed Neola, Hester, Mineola, Yankee, Weetamoe and Caress, the latter two crossing after the handicap gun.

The smaller schooners were sent off at 9:35. Elmina was to the windward and led Muriel by 3s. Quisetta came next, then Katrina and Amorita. Seneca, Agatha, Gevalia, Indra, Mavis and Charmer all went over after the handicap signal.

At 9:40 the big schooners were sent off. Emerald led, followed by Constellation, Corona, Chanticleer, Hildegarde and Endymion.

The wind, which was at first in the westward, began to back after they had been on the journey a bit over an hour and grew much lighter. Around 11 o'clock it died out altogether.

At that time the boats were in the following order: Effort, Mineola, Rainbow, Hebe, Mira, Hester and Yankee. Elmina was leading the schooners. During the calm the 70-footers drifted close together. A light wind sprang up just before 1 o'clock. Yankee gradually forged ahead and was soon leading boat.

The finish was off Half Way Rock, and the yachts passed the judges' boat in the following order: Yankee, Mineola, Rainbow, Weetamoe, Neola, Elmina, Muriel, Corona, Effort, Hester, Quisetta, Amorita, Mira, Chanticleer, Constellation, Katrina and Emerald.

Com. Ledyard was seen after the squadron had been at anchor some time. He expressed himself as highly pleased with the success of the cruise, and thought it would be one long remembered. In the following summaries, the times of the boats finishing before 9:30 o'clock are given:

Schooners—Class A.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Constellation	9 42 00	6 52 48	9 10 28
Hildegarde	9 42 00	7 23 23	9 41 23
Endymion	9 42 00	. . . .	. . . .
Class B.			
Corona	9 42 00	6 23 43	8 41 43
Emerald	9 41 42	6 59 24	9 17 42
Chanticleer	9 42 00	6 42 02	9 00 02
Class D.			
Amorita	9 36 16	6 32 19	8 56 03
Quissetta	9 35 50	6 32 13	8 56 23
Katrina	9 36 04	6 53 30	9 17 26
Muriel	9 35 13	6 20 14	8 45 01
Elmina	9 35 10	6 18 49	8 43 30
Seneca	9 37 00	7 14 02	9 37 02
Class F.			
Agatha	9 37 00	. . . .	. . . .
Gevalia	9 37 00	. . . .	. . . .
Mavis	9 37 00	. . . .	. . . .
Rondina	9 37 00	. . . .	. . . .
Class H.			
Rainbow	9 30 19	5 49 34	8 19 15
Yankee	9 31 53	5 39 43	8 07 50
Mineola	9 31 16	5 43 59	8 12 43
Class I.			
Hester	9 30 45	6 31 12	9 00 27
Senta	9 31 28	7 28 39	9 57 11
Neola	9 30 20	6 17 00	8 46 40
Weetamoe	9 32 00	6 07 35	8 35 35
Caress	9 32 00	7 13 44	9 41 44
Class J.			
Humma	9 26 25	6 16 02	8 49 37
Altair	9 25 58	. . . .	. . . .
Class L.			
Effort	9 25 14	6 26 08	9 00 52
Hebe	9 26 30	. . . .	. . . .
Mira	9 25 31	6 41 55	9 16 24
Class M.			
Cherokee	9 25 29	. . . .	. . . .
Meemer	9 26 59	7 14 26	9 47 36
Auxiliaries.			
Intrepid	9 25 45	Withdrew.	
Ariadne	9 54 29	. . . .	. . . .

The winners were Constellation, Corona, Elmina, Agatha, Yankee, Weetamoe, Humma, Effort, Meemer, Ariadne. Special classes: Chanticleer, Katrina, Hester and Mira.

Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY, L. I.

Saturday, Aug. 9.

The sixth race of the series for the Center Island cup for Seawanhaka knockabouts was not sailed on Aug. 9 as scheduled, because the absence of a number of the Corinthians, who had not returned from the recent races with the Beverly Y. C. at Newport.

In its place a special contest was provided, in which Francis G. Stewart's Gowan was victorious. The race was for Seawanhaka knockabouts, over a twelve and three-quarters mile course. The wind was light and hovered between south and west. H. H. Landon's Lucile was the second boat to finish, crossing the line 1m. and 4s. after Gowan. The summaries follow:

Seawanhaka Knockabouts—Start, 3:20.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Gowan, F. G. Stewart	5 46 05	2 26 05
Lucille, H. H. Landon	5 47 09	2 27 09
Heron, F. R. Coudert, Jr.	5 58 10	2 38 10
Wyntje, Colgate Hoyt	6 04 23	2 44 23

Hempstead Harbor Y. C.

SEA CLIFF, L. I.

The annual regatta of the Hempstead Harbor Y. C., which was scheduled to take place on Saturday, Aug. 9, was called off because of a lack of wind.

It was a contest on the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound series. A good entry was on hand, upward of forty boats being at line for the gun. They waited until 4 o'clock P. M., when the regatta committee signaled "no race." No attempt will be made to hold the regatta this season.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The final regatta and dance of the racing circuit of the Southern Golf Coast Yachting Association, West End, New Orleans, La., was held Saturday, Aug. 9, under the auspices of the Southern Y. C.

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Seawanhaka-Corinthian—Beverly Y. C. Races.

Aug. 4, 5 and 6.

The first of a series of three races between boats of the 21ft. restricted class of the Beverly Y. C. of Massachusetts, and the 21ft. raceabouts of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. of Oyster Bay, L. I., was sailed in Narragansett Bay, off Newport, on Monday, Aug. 4. The contest was won by W. F. Harrison's Quakeress, class champion of the Beverly Y. C. for the past two seasons.

Jolly Roger, owned by T. B. Bleecker, of the Oyster Bay organization, was second; Terrapin, a new Herreshoff creation belonging to L. S. Dabney, of the Beverly Y. C., was third; H. M. Crane's Whistle Wing finished fourth; Indian, owned by J. Rogers Maxwell, Jr., and sailed by Sherman Hoyt, of the Long Island Club, was fifth, and Sylvia, a new Herreshoff boat, owned by S. D. Warren, of the Beverly Y. C., was sixth.

Sylvia took the lead early and was 2m. ahead of her nearest rival, Quakeress, when she lost her bowsprit. This was on the second round of the course. As the series was on points, Sylvia finished the contest.

The course was a leeward and windward one from Bishop's Rock to Dyer's Island and back, twice over, aggregating about twelve miles. The wind was light throughout, hovering between south and west.

Steam yacht Lavrock acted as judges' boat. Messrs. Walter C. Kerr and Daniel Bacon were the officials.

The contest of 1902 between the Seawanhaka-Corinthian and Beverly Y. C., is but the first of three to be sailed in succeeding years for a cup valued at $200, which goes to the organization winning the greatest number of points. On the record of the first day the Beverly Y. C. took first, third and sixth positions, while the Seawanhaka-Corinthians scored second, fourth and fifth places. On points the Buzzards Bay Club was one ahead. The record of the first day follows:

Beverly Y. C.—Quakeress, 6; Terrapin, 4; Sylvia, 1. Total, 11.

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.—Jolly Roger, 5; Whistle Wing, 3; Indian, 2. Total, 10.

The second contest was sailed over a triangular course on Tuesday, Aug. 5. In this the Crowninshield creation, Jolly Roger, was victorious. Quakeress, winner of the first race, held the Seawanhaka boat throughout, and only by clever handling was the raceabout able to win. Indian finished third, Terrapin fourth, and Whistle Wing fifth. Again the Beverly Y. C. boat Sylvia, which started out so well at the beginning of the initial contest, met with a mishap which threw her out of the running. While rounding a mark boat off Conanicut Point she fouled the same, being in fifth position at the time.

Steam yacht Lavrock acted as judges' boat. The start was made off Bishop's Rock in the bay. The course was a beat to Dyer's Island, then a spinnaker run to a stake boat moored off Conanicut Point and a broad reach home. The standing on points at the end of the second contest show the Long Island Club slightly in the lead. The records follow:

Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.—Jolly Roger, 11; Indian, 6; Whistle Wing, 5. Total, 22.

Beverly Y. C.—Quakeress, 11; Terrapin, 7; Sylvia, 1. Total, 19.

The third and last contest was sailed on Wednesday, Aug. 6. The course was a dead beat to windward and return, a distance of six miles, covered twice. There was a good breeze blowing. Quakeress, winner of the initial race, was again victorious. Jolly Roger was second, Indian third, Terrapin fourth, Sylvia fifth and Whistle Wing sixth.

Quakeress got off in the lead and remained in that position until the finish. Although the Beverly boats scored the greatest number of points for the race, the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. won the series with a total of 32 points against one of 30 for the Beverly Y. C. A record of the three days of racing follows:

Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C.				Beverly Y. C.			
Races:	1	2	3	Races:	1	2	3
Jolly Roger	5	6	5—16	Quakeress	6	5	6—17
Indian	2	4	4—10	Terrapin	4	3	3—10
Whistle Wing	3	2	1— 6—32	Sylvia	1	0	2— 3—30

Sachem's Head Y. C.

SACHEM'S HEAD, N. Y.

Tuesday, Aug. 5.

The third race for points in the series of the Sachem's Head Y. C. was sailed on Tuesday, Aug. 5. The contest of the day was among the Seawanhaka knockabouts. Frances eventually won out only 2s. ahead of Kattywynk. The same time separated Senta and Midge, third and fourth boats respectively. Senta leads in the series with seventeen points. Midge and Gloria are tied for second place with fifteen each. The summaries follow:

Seawanhaka Knockabouts—Start, 10:13.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Frances, C. G. Lincoln	11 59 18	1 40 18
Kattywynk, J. J. Phelps	11 59 20	1 46 20
Senta, R. C. Mitchell	12 00 23	1 47 23
Midge, W. E. Peck	12 00 25	1 47 25
Gloria, E. C. & R. B. Seward	12 02 06	1 49 06
Ariel, Forbes Hawkes	12 02 59	1 49 59
Thelga, C. B. Clark	12 03 36	1 52 36
Sachem's Head One-Design Class—Start, 10:18.		
Kydart, Elliot	12 23 39	2 05 39
Possum, S. W. Sharp	12 30 03	2 12 03
Chipmunk, J. E. Wayland	12 58 08	2 40 08
Goorhka, J. P. Elton	1 18 00	3 00 00
Dories—Start, 10:23.		
Gretchen, W. H. Deming	11 29 05	1 06 05
Hunky Dory, Thomas Prentice	11 50 25	1 27 25

The winners were Frances, Kydart and Gretchen.

Seawanhaka Fifteen Footers.

The race committee of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. report that at the meeting of those interested in the proposed class of "Seawanhaka fifteen-footers," held at the clubhouse July 26, the following members agreed to build in the class: Henry C. Rouse, Daniel Bacon, Henry H. Landon, Emlen Roosevelt, C. W. Wetmore, Franklin A. Plummer, Frank J. Gould, Johnston de Forest, William J. Matheson, Colgate Hoyt, James R. Burnett, Frank D. Pavey, Percy K. Hudson, Walter

James, Commodore Alexander Van Rensselaer.

Others, among whom are the Messrs. L. L. Lorillard, Jr., and E. S. Willard, have intimated that they will probably build.

In addition to the above, many members of the Philadelphia Corinthian Y. C. have signified their interest in the class, and it is confidently expected that Commodore Van Rensselaer's order for one of the boats will be only the first of a number to be built for members of that club.

Commodore Robert E. Tod, of the Atlantic Y. C., has signified his interest, and intimated that perhaps the class may become popular in the Atlantic Y. C.

The interest aroused seems to justify proceeding at once with the construction of the boats. Contracts will be signed at once for the construction of these boats already ordered.

Seawanhaka Cup.

Challenger—The Bridgeport Y. C., Bridgeport, Conn. Defender—The Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., Montreal and Dorval, Canada. Conditions of match: Boats not to exceed the 25ft. class under Seawanhaka rule and not to carry more than 500 square feet of sail. General conditions, including scantling restrictions, same as last year. Five races to be sailed if necessary, one alternate triangular and windward and return courses, three races to be won to secure the cup. Crew limit four men, total weight not exceeding 650 pounds.

The Tecumseh selected by the Bridgeport Club as its representative boat, has already been described in FOREST AND STREAM, her superiority over all competitors in the trial races making her selection a foregone conclusion. Built by Jones on Lake Oshkosh, she is a typical scow of the type so successful on the small western lakes. She is not pretty, she is out of place in a fresh breeze and sea, but in light to moderate weather, when it is possible to keep her under delicate control, and sailing at her best angle of heel, she is fast and at times capable of great bursts of speed. The inspection by the judges showed that the builder had honestly lived up to the construction requirements, and she stood the hard pounding in the first and third races without apparent straining.

The defender Trident, the second of two boats built this year, is not a wide departure in general model from the Duggan boats of the last two seasons. Compared with Tecumseh, she is deeper and with flaring sides, giving much more power to carry sail. Trident has a handsome spoon bow. Tecumseh a shovel nose. Trident was originally fitted with three boards—a main center board and one in each bilge set at an angle which made the lee one perpendicular in ordinary sailing. After some trials the main centerboard was discarded and entire reliance placed on the bilge boards. This and nothing more apparently led to a lot of gossip to the effect that the Bridgeport Club would protest against the selection of Trident. No protest was made, however, and it would be difficult to discover grounds for any.

The division of the board is an old expedient, and while the application in Trident was novel for a racer, there is no rule against it, and no practical objection to it.

As usual, the races were managed by three judges, all selected outside the membership of both clubs. The representative of the Bridgeport Y. C. was Mr. Chas. P. Tower, secretary of the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound; for the Royal St. Lawrence Club, Mr. W. Q. Phillips, of the Royal Canadian Y. C., Toronto. The two judges selected Mr. Owain Martin, of the Queen City Y. C., Toronto, who kindly consented to act as the third. The club steamer St. Louis, was used for starting and timing, and Mr. Post, of Ogdensburg, placed his steam yacht Karma at the disposal of the judges for logging the windward courses.

Thursday, Aug. 7.

Both boats being ready, sails were measured in the morning by the judges, the figures being as follows:

Official Measurements.

	Tecumseh.	Trident.
Gaff	15ft. 4½in.	13ft. 3in.
Boom	22ft. 5 in.	24ft. 0in.
Hoist	16ft. 8½in.	16ft. 9in.
Leach	35ft. 0 in.	32ft. 7in.
Throat to clew	26ft. 0½in.	27ft. 2in.
Area mainsail	369 sq. ft.	375 sq. ft.
Area fore triangle	99 sq. ft.	106 sq. ft.
Area spinnaker triangle	202 sq. ft.	202 sq. ft.

Tecumseh being under the limit of working sail allowed, raised her jib and spinnaker halliard blocks and was remeasured, not that it was intended to carry more sail, but it permitted the headsails to be set high if required in light winds.

A toss decided that the first one should be to windward and return. Fortunately, the wind was blowing fairly down the lake, making it easily possible to log two miles clear of all shoals and obstructions. The boats were started at 1.35 with the wind fresh and a choppy sea. Tecumseh had the advantage over the line of both a lead and a weather bearth, but to the astonishment of everyone, Trident simply romped through her lee and in a very few minutes established such a lead as to leave no doubt as to the result except in case of a breakdown. Trident traveled fast, cutting her way cleanly and holding on well with her bilge boards. Tecumseh jumped and pounded, her heel was at times excessive, showing her centerboard, and naturally she neither footed, pointed nor held on with her competitor. She lost four minutes on the windward work, but did far better on the run back, the first round being timed:

Trident .....2 17 35 Tecumseh 2 22 02

The second round was but a repetition of the first. Trident gaining steadily on the wind, some little of it being due to a favorable slant, for, although the wind was brisk, it was not perfectly steady, and the boats were so far apart that slants and shifts counted—always against the Tecumseh, so it seemed. The second round was timed:

Trident .....3 00 45 Tecumseh 3 11 05

When Trident had completed the third and final heat to windward and had set spinnaker for the home stretch, Tecumseh was over a mile to leeward and had not made the weather mark by the time Trident finished the race. There was, in fact, more than the length of the course between them, and as a spectacle the race had long ceased to be interesting. The finish was timed:

Trident .....3 33 21 Tecumseh 3 48 13

[The report of the subsequent races, owing to delay in the mails, had not been received at the time of going to press. Tecumseh won the second race Friday by 1m. 22s. Trident won in Saturday's race; and again on Monday, winning decisively by 5m. 27s. The Oshkosh Y. C. has challenged for next year.]

Tarratine Y. C.

ISLESBORO, ME.

On Thursday, Aug. 7, the first of a series of two races for the 15-footers was sailed. A first and second prizt has been offered by the club, the scoring to be done by a system of points. The course laid out was windward and leeward, to be sailed over twice, and logged seven and one-half knots. The start was made in the middle of the windward leg and was a windward start.

Mr. Forbes' launch Firefly took up her position on the line at 2:30 P. M. and blew the preliminary whistle at 2:35. Five minutes later came the final whistle, and the boats crossed well bunched, Water Rat ahead and Lapwing and Breeze following closely. The wind was light to the south'ard and gave little indications of holding for the afternoon, but had strength enough to keep the boats sailing along fairly well. Water Rat tacked to starboard soon after the start and lost all her wind, Breeze and Lapwing held along well together on the port tack, Lapwing seeming to point higher than Breeze, but not foot as fast. Breeze soon fore-reached her and established a considerable lead. Water Rat was far astern and seemed to be losing. Breeze rounded the outer mark at 3:07:07, followed by Lapwing at 3:11, and Water Rat at 3:14:30; all boats held their booms to port on the run. Breeze gained, if anything, as did Water Rat.

The leeward mark was rounded by Breeze at 3:54; Lapwing at 3:58, and Water Rat at 3:59. Just as Breeze hauled in her sheets for the second beat the wind freshened into a very brisk blow and started the boats along at a good gait. Breeze made long tacks across the harbor, followed by the other boats. She continued to gain, whereas Water Rat lost to Lapwing. Breeze rounded the windward mark for the second time at 4:28:30; Lapwing at 4:36:20, and Water Rat 4:39.

The run was uneventful, except that the wind died down at the end of it, and Water Rat again gained on Lapwing. Breeze hauled around the leeward mark well in the lead, Water Rat and Lapwing being close together. The beat home was slow and fluky work, but fortunately the boats did not alter their positions.

Breeze finished at 5:21:00; Lapwing at 5:30:15 and Water Rat at 5:32:30.

The summary of times follows:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Breeze, T. Lewis	5 21 00	2 41 00
Lapwing, Kissel	5 30 15	2 50 15
Water Rat, W. Markoe	5 32 30	2 52 30

Saturday, Aug. 9.

The third race in the series for Dr. Derby's cup that has been postponed since last Saturday, was sailed on Aug. 9, at 2:50 P. M. The course was a large triangle three miles to a leg, the first being to windward and the wind at the start light to the south'ard. Shortly after the start, however, it increased to a heavy blow that ran into an ebb tide and kicked up a nasty sea. The starters, Opitsah, Pirate, Raider, Persimmon, Daydream and Peterkin crossed the line in the order named. Pirate was slightly to weather of Opitsah, but did not stay there long and lost what little advantage she had. All were on the starboard tack, but soon flung around to the port. The boats were all getting different puffs and none sailing on equal terms. Peterkin and Daydream tacked to starboard again and headed under the islands, whereas Raider went out into the bay on the port tack, Opitsah, Persimmon and Pirate kept making short tacks dead to windward. The wind suddenly increased to a heavy blow, and Opitsah, Persimmon and Pirate took it first, thus gaining a big lead. Daydream and Peterkin took it next and Raider last. All the fleet but Raider stood out into the bay in hopes of getting the benefit of the strong ebb tide, whereas Raider sought smooth water under the islands. It was an ideal breeze for a race and the conditions made it a splendid thrash to windward. Persimmon passed Pirate and was in hot pursuit of Opitsah, who was, however, too fleet for her in the heavy sea.

Opitsah rounded the windward mark at 3:45:25, followed by Persimmon at 3:45:28, Pirate at 3:46:00; Daydream at 3:48:00; Peterkin at 3:57:32, and Raider at 4:00:57.

The reach to the second leg was one of the fastest ever sailed up here. The wind was quartering, and all the boats had about all they could carry. Pirate gained fast on Persimmon, and it looked as though she would beat her. Peterkin and Raider were far behind. Opitsah rounded the second mark at 4:15:55, Persimmon at 4:14:27; Pirate at 4:14:32, Daydream at 4:16:08. The times of Peterkin and Raider were not taken.

The reach home was also fast, and again Pirate threatened Persimmon. Both gained on Opitsah. Pirate was sailing beautifully and had the leg been a bit longer would have beaten Persimmon.

Opitsah crossed at 4:37:10, Persimmon at 4:38:16; Pirate at 4:38:25; Daydream at 4:40:30. Peterkin did not finish and Raider's time was not taken. The summary, start at 2:50:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Opitsah, R. H. Daniels	4 37 10	1 47 10
Persimmon, E. Dodge	4 38 16	1 48 16
Pirate, P. Metcalf	4 38 25	1 48 25
Daydream, J. W. Minturn	4 40 30	1 50 30
Peterkin, T. Kissel	Did not finish.	
Raider, R. Derby	Did not finish.	

Great credit is due Opitsah and Pirate for the splendid performances they made in the heavy wind and seaway. Opitsah scored 10 points on the series, Persimmon 7, Pirate 4, Daydream2 and Raider 1.

The score now stands: Persimmon, 28; Opitsah, 19; Peterkin, 10; Daydream, 10; Pirate, 8; Raider, 3.

RICHARD DERBY.

Western Yachts.

Macatawa Meet.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 9.—Misfortune seems to have attended the seventh annual regatta of the Lake Michigan Yachting Association. On day before yesterday something more than half a gale postponed the sailing of the first race of the regatta. The Macatawa Bay Y. C. having a course much more sheltered, on the inner bay, pulled off the first of its events with five starters, among these Macatawa, Raven, Defiance and Problem. The wind was stiff and puffy at the start, 11:21 A. M., and the boats had bad heather of it. Defiance lost her jib on the second leg and withdrew. The fight narrowed down between Raven and Macatawa. Raven had the race at her mercy, when, on the starboard tack close in shore, Macatawa crowded Raven and forced her to leave her course and come about, thereby losing the lead. Macatawa won by 21 seconds. Raven filed a protest, which will probably be sustained.

In the second day's races at Macatawa yesterday, Aug. 8, the bad luck seemed to continue, and the contests practically broke up in a misunderstanding, which amounts to complete confusion. The yacht Klondike was sent to mark out the end of the second leg of the triangular course, the buoy having drifted a mile or more away by reason of the high seas of the night and day before. Klondike held her place as stake boat for a time, her her crew found the sea too rough, and were glad to abandon the spot and get home. As a consequence, all sorts of confusion existed as to the turning point. Some of the boats even turned the old buoy, which had drifted entirely out of its proper position. It could not be said that any race was sailed. The heavy sea caused several accidents, Snipe, Mildred, Red Devil and others getting into trouble. The latter boat sprung a leak and had to be beached.

Among the big ones, Vencedor finished first, La Rita second, Illinois third, Columbia fourth. The race scheduled for to-day is to be sailed, barring accidents, over the triangular course, six miles to the round and twice over.

Among the Macatawas yesterday, Problem was first, Macatawa second, Raven third. Accidents caused others to withdraw from the race.

Third Day at Macatawa.

Aug. 10.—The last day of the regatta of the Lake Michigan Yachting Association was also unsatisfactory, though from causes different from those which worked disaster to the regatta on the first two days. A calm came off and in the regatta only two boats were able to finish within the time limit, 4½ hours. These were Illinois and La Rita, which established superiority enough early in the game to enable them to finish. Illinois had 50m. to spare, but La Rita had a close thing to get in under the time limit, having but 24s. margin.

Macatawa Bay Y. C. had trouble in pulling off its sidewalk races for similar reasons. It was a drifting match throughout. Macatawa won with Raven second. The former boat now has two winnings to its credit on the local cup.

The disputed race of the previous day was allowed by the judges to stand in its earlier unsatisfactory form. There would seem to be little merit in a win where nobody knew where the turning point was stationed. Under the ruling of the judges, Sallie won in the schooner class, Vencedor in class 1 A, Illinois in class 2 A, La Rita in class 3 A, Beatrice in class 2 B, Elinor II. in class 4 A, Snipe in class 4 B.

The following summaries will cover the racing of the meet for the different classes, all the events having been unsatisfactory for reasons above cited.

Class 1A—Start, 10:15.

	Finish.	Allowance.	Corrected.
Vencedor	Did not finish.		
*Sallie	Did not finish.		

Class 2A—Start, 10:10.

Illinois	2 00 00	0 00 35	3 15 00
Kaybosh	Did not finish.		

Class 3A—Start, 10:05.

La Rita	2 34 36	0 05 22	4 24 14
Columbia	Did not finish.		
Nymph	Did not finish.		

Class 2B—Start, 10:10.

Beatrice	Did not finish.
America	Did not finish.

Class 3B—Start, 10:10.

Vixen	Did not finish.

Class 4A—Start, 10:00.

Eleanor II.	Did not finish.
Mildred	Did not finish.
Alpha	Did not finish.
Snipe	Did not finish.
Imp	Did not finish.
Blackbird	Did not finish.
Bacchante	Did not finish.
Zeta	Did not finish.
Vision	Did not finish.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Brooklyn Y. C.

BENSONHURST, L. I.

Saturday, Aug. 9.

Open launch races were held on Saturday, Aug. 9, under the auspices of the Brooklyn Y. C. over courses on Gravesend Bay. The winners in the different classes were Gaviota, Americus, Isabel and Columbia.

It was rather a poor time of year for a large entry and only thirteen starters came to the line. The races were exceedingly well handled, however, and ably illustrated the possibilities of such contests under proper management. The following craft competed:

Launches 15ft. and under—Gaviota, C. P. Rosemon; Zingara, Coburn Brothers; Rain-in-the-Face, T. Hatch.

Launches over 15ft. and not over 20ft.—Americus, A. P. Dunlap; Coyotte, Wells Brothers; Elsie, A. F. Knox; Nemesis, F. D. Maltby.

Launches over 20ft. and not over 25ft.—Isabel, R. M. Haddock; Jean, W. F. P. Feeley; Anna M., F. A. Meyer.

Launches over 30ft.—Columbia, C. H. Pope; Cora, G. Ashton Kay; Mystic, R. P. Leavitt.

The Graef system of handicapping proved satisfactory, the elapsed time in nearly all cases showing about the relative merits of the contestants.

In the arrangement the boats are put in classes according to length, and later beam and horse power are taken into consideration in figuring allowances. The contention is, that beside the evident handicap caused by the difference in horse power, a narrow craft has a distinct advantage over one of greater beam.

The speediest boat in the race was A. P. Dunlap's Americus, winner in the class for launches over 15 and not over 20ft. She was built for speed purposes and is 4ft. 4in. beam, 17ft over all, draws 4in. water and carries a 4 H.P. Palmer engine.

The two smaller classes sailed once over a triangular course, between 4 and 5 miles in extent. The third class covered the distance twice, and the larger boats three times. Actual starting time was taken. The summaries follow:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed	Corrected.
Launches—15ft. and Under.				
Gaviota	3 35 20	4 08 53	0 33 23	0 30 38
Zingara	3 35 43	4 15 12	0 38 29	0 32 59
Rain-in-the-Face	3 35 45	4 10 30	0 34 45	0 34 45
Launches—Over 15ft. and Not Over 20ft.				
Americus	3 40 54	4 08 15	0 27 21	0 24 00
Elsie	3 40 28	4 12 34	0 32 06	0 27 25
Coyotte	3 41 11	4 08 38	0 27 27	0 27 27
Nemesis	3 41 00	4 13 49	0 32 49	0 28 34
Launches—Over 20ft. and Not Over 25ft.				
Isabel	3 46 04	4 35 43	0 49 39	0 49 39
Jean	3 45 40	4 44 51	0 59 01	0 50 34
Anna M.	3 46 41	4 46 14	0 59 33	0 53 27
Launches—Over 30ft.				
Columbia	3 56 46	4 59 56	1 03 10	1 01 36
Mystic	3 56 42	5 18 10	1 21 28	1 08 45
Cora	3 55 14	5 13 00	1 17 46	1 10 19

Shelter Island Y. C.

SHELTER ISLAND HEIGHTS.

Saturday, Aug. 9.

The regular club races of the Shelter Island Y. C. on Saturday, Aug. 9, were gratly marred because of an absence of wind. On this account the course for small boats was considerably reduced, one leg of the regular journey being sailed.

Howard Keim's Arrow won in the contest for class R boats, crossing the line nearly a half mile in front of J. N. Lunning's Harp. The latter was disqualified for not rounding one of the marks in the proper manner, and second honors went to San Toy, belonging to Marmon Edson. Psi, Andrew Bancker, owner, was third. Snook, John Weber and Awa, A. W. Cochrane, did not finish.

The disqualification of Harp puts Psi in the lead for the trophies presented by Messrs. Weir, Edson and Brigham for competition in this class.

In sub-class R, Guy Hutchinson's Eelskin won out from much larger rivals, having nearly two minutes the best of the other contestants at the finish. Winniwish, H. N. Schickel, was second, and Duchess, Carl Dickhardt, third. Eelskin now leads in the point contest for the season cup in sub-class R.

The annual regatta of the Shelter Island Y. C., for all classes, occurs on Saturday, Aug. 16. A good entry is expected.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Willow Rifle and Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 9.—The Willow Rifle and Gun Club held its annual picnic and prize shoot on Aug. 3, at Schelle's Grove, Lincoln and Lawrence avenues. The shoot as well as the picnic was the most successful one ever held by any short-range rifle club in the West. The weather was fine, and consequently the picnic was well attended by shooters from all over the city, accompanied by their families and friends. Shooting commenced at 9 A. M. and closed on account of darkness at 7 P. M. Four hundred scores were shot by about fifty shooters for the twenty-two prizes, which consisted of two solid gold medals and twenty merchandise prizes, some of which were a Stevens target pistol, parlor lamp, 100 Peters Ideal shells, hunting knife and sheath, cut-glass ice-water decanter, photo album, etc. The booby prize was a comical doll made of sea weed, which was won by one of the five lady contestants, Miss Roushe.

The first prize, gold medal, was won by Geo. Springsguth with the extraordinarily good score of 74, 73, 73—220.

The second gold medal went to Alf. Rieckhoff with 72, 71, 70—213.

J. W. Grace won third with 72, 68, 67—207. The seven others of the first ten prizes were awarded as follows:

Fourth, W. Wittmeyer, 206; fifth, F. M. Garden, 202; sixth, Chas. Oestreich, 201; seventh, Phil Wagner, 199; eirghth, Nitche, 197; ninth, Von Tesmar, 196; tenth, Klinkert, 193.

The shooting was at 75ft., any .22cal. rifle; lens sights and palm rest not allowed. Target was the target of honor, with a 2in. black and ¼in. bullseye center, ⅛in. rings. Bullseye possible single shot counts 25. Three shots at each target; the best three-shot scores of each shooter to count for prize.

Shooting Committee: Alf. Rieckhoff and S. Fischer.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Aug. 14-15.—Greenville, Pa.—Alexander's second annual trapshooting tournament; $50 average money. John A. McNary, Mgr.

Aug. 14-15.—Greenville, Pa.—Alexander's annual target tournament.

Aug. 14-16.—Hamilton, Can.—Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association's tournament.

Aug. 14-15.—Vicksburg, Miss.—Mississippi and Louisiana Trapshooters' League target tournament. C. W. Walton, Sec'y, Natchez, Miss.

Aug. 16.—Cape May, N. J.—Cape May nine-man team against Philadelphia nine-man team.

Aug. 19.—Holyoke, Mass.—Holyoke Shooting Club's annual tournament. J. R. Blamy, Sec'y.

Aug. 20-21.—Kane, Pa.—Kane Sportsmen's Club's amateur target tournament.

Aug. 20-21.—Ossining, N. Y.—Two days' shoot of the Ossining Gun Club; first day handicap (100 targets, 14 to 21yds. rise, open to all) and R. I. clam bake; second day, regular programme.

Aug. 20-21.—Rensselaer, Ind.—Rensselaer Gun Club's tournament. C. E. Hershman, Sec'y.

Aug. 21-22.—Milton, Pa.—Two days' tournament of the Milton Rod and Gun Club. G. Dal Fox, Pres.

Aug. 23.—Chicago, Ill.—First annual tournament of the Chicago Gun Club. G. V. Weart, Sec'y.

Aug. 23.—Westwood, N. J.—Tournament and clam bake of the Westwood Gun Club. E. L. Greenin, Sec'y.

Aug. 26-27.—Peru, Ind.—Peru Gun Club's sixth annual midsummer tournament, at Bass Lake. Frank Dunbar, Sec'y.

Aug. 26-29.—Okoboji, Ia.—Amateur shooting tournament, under management of Messrs. C. W. Budd and E. C. Hinshaw.

Aug. 27-28.—Haverhill, Mass.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Haverhill Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.

Aug. 27-28.—Ruffsdale, Pa.—Ruffsdale Rod and Gun Club's first annual two-day target tournament. Added money, $30. Rose system. Lloyd H. Ruff, Sec'y.

Aug. 30.—Watertown, Mass.—First all-day open tournament of the Watertown Gun Club. Chas. H. Philbrook, Acting Sec'y.

Aug. 29.—Pleasant Hill, Mo.—Sixth annual merchandise and sweepstake tourney. T. H. Cohron, Sec'y.

Aug. 30.—Watertown, Mass.—All-day tournament of the Watertown Gun Club.

Sept. 1.—Edgewater, N. J.—North River Gun Club's handicap at 100 targets, $6 entrance, for new piano.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The programme of the Milton, Pa., Rod and Gun Club's grand tournament at targets and live birds, Aug. 21 and 22, has ten target events, 10, 15 and 20 targets, on the first day, of which No. 7 is a merchandise event, with thirty-two prizes; 15 targets, entrance $1; No. 8 is at 15 targets, $2 entrance, unknown prizes, exceeding entrance fee in amount. On the second day three of the eight events are at live birds, each of which is at 7 birds, respectively $2.50, $3 and $5 entrance. The programme presents other information as follows: "Each day shoot to begin at 9 A. M. Shooting to be done over a new magautrap, Sergeant rapid-fire system. All ties in sweepstakes will be divided. Expert and paid shooters can shoot for price of targets only. All moneys divided in three purses—50, 30 and 20. One and one-half cents will be charged for targets on all sweepstake events, included in entrance fee. Dead birds will belong to the shooter. Grounds situated east of city, at Rangler's Park. Club house and covered stands. Hacks will be run from the Riverside Hotel, and will meet all trains. Refreshments and loaded shells for sale on grounds. Guns and ammunition sent by express to G. Dal Fox & Bro., will be delivered on the grounds free. The shoot will take place rain or shine."

The programme of the Interstate Association's trapshooting tournament, given for the Nappanee, Ind., Gun Club, Sept. 3 and 4, has ten events each day, alternately 15 and 20 targets, $1.50 and $2 entrance, $5 added to the 20-target events. Lunch will be served on the grounds. Targets, 2 cents. Rose system, ratios 5, 4, 3, 2. Guns and ammunition marked with owner's name, forwarded to Carpenter & Hamblin, Nappanee, Ind., will be delivered on the grounds free. The Nappanee Gun Club will give $50 average money, divided as follows: $10 to the manufacturers' agent making highest average, and $5 to the manufacturer's agent making second highest average; $10 to the amateur making highest average, and $10 to the amateur making second highest average; $5 to each of the three lowest averages. To participate in division of average money the entire programme must be shot both days. Free 'bus leaves the hotel for the grounds in time for the shooting, which commences at 9 o'clock. Mr. Ed. J. Bowers is the secretary.

Mr. L. B. Fleming, secretary, writes us as follows: "The weekly prize shoot of the Cape May, N. J., Gun Club, held to-day, Aug. 9, was won by L. B. Fleming with a total of 45 out of 50 bluerocks. J. W. Harvey was second with 44 and Barr third with 43. On Saturday, Aug. 16, beginning at 10 A. M., the Cape May Gun Club will contest against Philadelphia shooters in a team race of eight men on a side. Invitations have been sent to the shooters of Baltimore, Trenton and New York, and a large crowd is expected. During the day sweepstakes will be shot, which are open to all. The Cape May Gun Club will offer several fine prizes, to be given the shooters making the highest average for the day. All shooters are cordially invited to attend. First class loaded shells for sale on the grounds. Ship shells care of the Cape May Gun Club."

The Wanderers, an informal body of New York city shooters which recently banded together on lines first suggested by Capt. A. W. Money, has great opportunities and possibilities for the good of trapshooting if it follows the principle it first declared prospectively. This was simply to promote trapshooting and good fellowship by going in a body to one club ground after another in successive weeks, thus insuring a good shoot at one club or another each week. To this, however, from their active beginning was added a policy of financial profit to the body. The prospectus and practice were widely different. As there is a possibility that the Wanderers in the near future may adopt a policy of sport instead of a policy of bargaining and profit, we suspend judgment for the time being.

The sixth annual merchandise and swecpstake tournament of the Pleasant Hill, Mo., Colored Gun Club, to be held on Aug. 29, has ten sweepstake events on its programme, alternately 10 and 15 targets, 75 cents and $1 entrance respectively. High average prizes; first, $5; second, $3.50; third, $2.50; fourth, $1, and a merchandise prize to low gun competing in all the events. Percentage system of moneys in 15-targets events; Rose system in 10-target events. The merchandise events are six in number, all useful in the matter of prizes. The management extends an invitation to white shooters, for whom an extra set of traps will be provided. Much credit is due the management for its earnest work and broad purpose to advance and uplift its people.

The programme of the Indians' fourth annual tournament and pow wow, Sept. 9 to 12, Battle Creek, Mich., provides twelve events each day—eight at 15 and four at 20 targets, $1.50 and $2 entrance. Cash, $900 added. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. The Sergeant system will be used. Purses divided, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. in 15-target events; 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. in the 20-target events. Ship shells to Mr. John Parker, Battle Creek. For programmes and information concerning this tournament, address Mr. C. W. Budd, Des Moines, Ia. There are ten cash prizes for the ten high guns for the four days, as follows: $20, $15, $12.50, $10, $10, $8, $7.50, $7, $5, $5. All sportsmen are invited.

The Pawtuxet, R. I., Gun Club, recently finished the series of twelve contests for silver spoons. The best six scores were to count. There were eigbt prizes, won as follows: First, W. H. Sheldon, 123 out of 150; second and third, J. Armstrong, Jr., and Dr. Inman, 120; fourth, F. Sherman, 118; fifth, W. Stainton, 116; sixth, J. Willis, 113; seventh, Ray Sheldon, twelve years old, 95; eighth, W. Monteith, 78. The Kent County Championship trophy was won by Dr. Hammond, one of the best shots of Rhode Islaud. Mr. Barstow, who tied him, was incligible.

The list of merchandise prizes to be awarded at the Interstate Association's trapshooting tournament, given for the Brunswick Gun Club, Aug. 13 and 14, is varied and valuable. There also are high average prizes for each day. Competitors will be divided in Classes A, B and C, respectively 90 per cent. or better, 80 to 90 per cent., and Class C will include all others. Distances, 22, 19 and 16 yards. Entrance fee $1, re-entries unlimited, high guns. The committee on prizes is Messrs. Geo. B. Webber, Oscar B. Nason and Samuel Whitmore.

The programme of the Rensselaer, Ind., Gun Club's first annual tournament, Aug. 20 and 21, provides fifteen events the first day, fourteen on the second day, a total of 200 targets, $20 entrance each day. Three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. The gold medal contest is open to residents of Jasper, Pulaski and White counties. Targets 2 cents. All shoot from the 16yd. mark. All known 90 per cent. men barred. Loaded shells can be obtained on the grounds.

Mr. L. W. Graves, secretary, North Adams, Mass., under date of Aug. 11, writes us as follows: "We have started a club here under the name of North Adams Gun Club. The officers are: President, Mr. E. H. Pratt; Vice-President, Mr. Albert Hawkins; Secretary, Mr. L. W. Graves; Treasurer, Mr. F. J. McHale; Captain Trap Team, Mr. A. J. Adams; Captain Rifle Team, Mr. Chas. Hamel. We have secured good grounds, and have three traps set and a 200yd. rifle range."

Mr. John M. Lilly, of Indianapolis, Ind., writes us as follows: "After an extensive correspondence with the prominent shooters throughout the country, we have decided to make the fees for admission to the National Gun Club, for charter members, as follows: Membership, initiation and dues to and including Dec. 31, 1903, $2; annual dues after that date, $1."

Mr. Everett Brown, of Pleasant Grove, Ind., writes us as follows: "I wish to notify the trapshooters that we have organized a gun club at Rensselaer, Ind., with twenty-nine members. The club is doing well, and I think we will have forty members in a short time. I send you programme of shoot, to be held on Aug. 20 and 21."

The Hell Gate Gun Club Annex, the target shooting contingent of the Hell Gate Gun Club, held its first shoot at Dexter Park, Brooklyn, L. I., on Friday of last week. Nearly all the events were team races. The regular shooting days of the Annex are the second Friday of each month, excepting July and December.

Mr. J. T. Atkinson was high average on each day of the Interstate Association's two-day tournament, given for the Columbian Gun Club, of Marietta, O. He scored 181 out of a possible 190 on the first day, and 177 out of a possible 190 on the second day, a fraction over 94 per cent. for the total of the two days.

The Baltimore, Md., Shooting Association contemplates giving an open shoot in September next, the date of which will be announced later. The main contest will be for a cup, open to all. The average system of handicapping will be used.

On the first day of the Burmister and Klein tournament, Mr. Fred Gilbert broke 200 straight, the total of the entire programme. On the second day he lost 9 out of 200; thus he scored 391 out of 400 for the two days, a total of .977 per cent.

Mr. C. F. Lambert, of Lynn, Mass., contemplates a change of domicile to Syracuse, N. Y., some time the latter part of this year. No doubt he will imbue that section with the trapshooting enthusiasm for which he is noted.

On Sept. 1, Labor Day, the North River Gun Club, of Edgewater, N. J., will hold a handicap at 100 targets, $6 entrance, targets included, for a new piano.

BERNARD WATERS.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O., Aug. 2.—Two matches were shot on Friday, Aug. 1. Herman and Geo. Osterfeld shot a race at 60 targets for a private stake; George managed to win out with his handicap of 20 added targets. George's in-and-out scores are the result of using three different guns.

The race between Herman Osterfeld and Van Ness was interesting all the way through. It was a tie at the 87th round, when Van came to grief on his favorite target, a straightaway, and missed two more of the same kind before his string was finished. Van says 83 is no good, but if he shoots on these grounds he will find out it will win more than lose at 18yds., barring experts, and some of those have their troubles.

Hood Waters paid us a visit Saturday, and though he did not break 'em all, he landed on top in the medal race, but stood at 16yds. Cincy is always glad to see the experts, and no one more than the Superintendent. Come, see us again, Hood.

The sixteenth contest for the C. G. C. cash prize. The scores: Waters (16) 44, Roll (17) 43, Harris (17) 42, Coleman (18) 39, E. Trimble (18) 39, R. Trimble (20) 39, Van Ness (18) 39, Peters (18) 39, Gambell (18) 38, Hoosier (18) 37, Smith (18) 36, Butts (17) 36, Du Bray (17) 36, Falk (17) 35, Heyl (17) 35, Herman (17) 33, J. B. (17) 30, Boyd (16) 29, Ahlers (18) 28, Braig (16) 27, Jack (16) 26, Corry (17) 26, Brown (16) 25, Anderson (16) 24.

Fifty targets, two high guns, 18yds.: Gambell 43, Peters 41, Coleman 39, Roll 39, Van Ness 35.

Aug. 1.—Match race, 100 targets, $10 a side, 18yds.: H. Osterfeld 83, Van Ness 80.

Match race, 60 targets, 18yds., handicap added targets: H. Osterfeld 50, Geo. Osterfeld (20) 53.

Birch Brook Gun Club.

LYNN, Mass.—There are only three more shoots in the Birch Brook Gun Club series, and in just what order the five highest will finish is not easy to guess. At the shoot Aug. 9 some bettered the totals of their eight shoots, and some did not. Hebbard was high man in merchandise, with Straw a close second.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	30	50	10	10	10	5p	10	10	10	15	10
Straw, 17	23	39	9	8	7	7	9	7	..	12	..
Rand, 17	21	36	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hebbard, 18	24	42	8	..	6	..	7	7	9	..	..
Dudley, 16	20	35	4	..	4	7	8	..	4	..	..
Yelmah, 16	12	..	5	6	5	..	2	..	..	..	..
Hastings, 17	21	35	10	..	7	..	9	4	6	..	7
Rowe, 18	18	32	8	..	5	2	5	..	6	..	4
Mose, 16	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Stevens, 16	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Riley, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	12

No. 1 is handicap distance; No. 2, merchandise; No. 3, medal.

HENRY ROOD, Sec'y.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y.—Herewith please find scores of the Ossining Gun Club, made at the regular weekly shoot, Saturday, Aug. 9. That the time for the bake and big handicap of this club, Aug. 20-21, is drawing near has been brought to our mind by the arrival of several boxes of ammunition. The merchandise shoot on the second day is taking on big proportions, about twenty prizes having been received to date, with more to come:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	10	5p	10	10	10	10	5p
W Henry	3	7	4	7	10	8	8	6	8
J C Barlow	9	7	8	6	8	7	6	6	8
C G Blandford	10	..	10	8	9	9	9	10	..
A Bedell	..	..	..	..	10	8	10	6	..
E Becker	..	..	..	..	9	10	6	9	..

The striped bass fishing here is fine, plenty of large messes have been caught. Thursday of last week the best catches were by B. F. Kipp 29, J. Terwilliger 31, Chas. Washburn 23, ranging in size from ½ to 4½lbs.

C. C. B.

Baltimore Shooting Association.

BALTIMORE, Md., Aug. 9.—The attendance at the Baltimore Shooting Association to-day was slim. The scores were not up to the usual standard.

In the club race, under the new handicap system, Edwards and Biddle made clean scores of 50 with their extra target allowance. E. H. Storr made high score in the open events, breaking 93 out of a possible 100. Scores:

Targets:	10	15	10	15	*	50
Edwards	8	12	6	12	16	50
Chew	8	14	8	14	7	46
Jones	5	13	..	..	16	46
Roberts	5	10	..	12	17	44

Targets:	10	15	10	15	*	50
Biddle	10	8	7	12	15	50
Storr	9	13	9	15	..	47
Street	8	11	10	12	..	..

* Allowance.

Cheapeake Gun Club.

NEWPORT NEWS, Va., Aug. 6.—Mr. G. B. James won the gold watch fob which was given by Mr. Harry Westacott as a trophy to be shot for by the members of the Chesapeake Gun Club. He won the trophy with the excellent score of 90 out of 100. Mr. Thomas F. Stearnes was second with 86.

Each contestant was allowed 100 targets, the largest number in any shoot ever held here. Some remarkably good scores were made. A large number was on hand to witness the shooting.

Mr. E. S. Robinson, one of the best shots in the club, who was expected to shoot, was unable to attend.

Following are the records of the seven trapshooters who competed for the prize: G. B. James 90, T. F. Stearnes 86, Dr. Charles 80, W. K. Stow 80, B. B. Semmes 79, H. Westacott 70, F. Palmer 68.

T. F. S.

Shooting on the Water.

THE Beardstown, Ill., Gun Club gave another of its unique floating tournaments on the Illinois River, Aug. 7. The fact that a good crowd can always be depended on shows how popular this plan of tournament is with those who have once tried it. To-day there were in all forty participants. The day was clear and cool, but a gale blew steadily so hard as to make accurate shooting impossible. Scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	12	13	12	13	12	13	12	13	12	13	12
W Gilbert	9	6	9	9	11	9	6	11	9	8	11
Groves	10	10	11	8	11	10	11	11	10	11	9
Masters	11	13	10	10	10	11	12	10	11	11	10
Brennan	9	11	9	9	7	8	8	8	8	10	10
Riehl	10	12	10	9	10	10	12	10	12	10	10
Coleman	11	8	9	10	6	10	11	11	8	11	10
Grove	7	6	9	7	10	6	11	11	9	9	8
Davis	10	11	10	11	10	8	7	9	..	5	..
James	9	9	10	6	7	8	..	..	..	..	9
Workman	8	11	2	..	11	11	7	11	..	..	8
McCumber	6	7	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	7	10
Ramsey	6	10	10	8	10	8	..	..	..	..	9
Wilson	6	5	3	6	6	8	1	..	..	7	6
H Coleman	12	10	9	10	11	10	8	..	..	10	11
Cummings	9	..	9	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	11
Grant	..	9	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6
Stucke	..	10	8	..	11	11	..	..	..	7	..
Hager	..	8	10	10	8	..	..	..	..	12	7
Mohlman	..	10	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	11
Pleger	..	8	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	11
Hershburger	..	7	4	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Henry	..	..	11	9	9	10	10	8	4	12	9
Scott	..	..	..	..	..	11	10	11	8	11	12
Todd	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	..	11	10	7
Rubley	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	11	9	10	11
Nye	..	..	..	..	..	9	10	12	10	11	11
Thompson	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	11	..	10	8
Estes	..	..	..	..	..	10	11	11	11	10	10
Lippert	..	..	..	..	..	9	11	10	7	..	12
Vandeventer	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	9	..	10	10
Lightfoot	..	..	..	..	..	4	7	..	..	..	10
Kraft	..	..	..	..	..	10	7	10	..	12	11
Grammer	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	7	..	..	9
Bauman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	6	..
Fish	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	..	..	..	..
Peacock	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..
W Grammer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	9

Events:	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
Targets:	13	12	13	12	13	12	13	12	13	12
W Gilbert	13	9	11	12	12	12	13	12	11	12
Groves	10	10	11	11	12	12	12	12	13	12
Masters	13	12	12	10	13	11	13	11	..	..
Brennan	8	10	10	10	11	10	10	12	10	12
Riehl	11	9	12	11	12	10	13	12	12	11
Coleman	4	11	13	11	13	12	13	11	12	11
Grove	10	9	10	11	11	8	11	12	11	9
Davis	..	11	12	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
James	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..
Workman	12	12	12	11	11	11	..	..	..	..
McCumber	12	10	10	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wilson	7	8	10	5	10	..	..	..	..	..
H Coleman	12	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cummings	11	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Grant	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hager	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Mohlman	9	11	12	13	12	10	11	..	7	..
Pleger	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Henry	9	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Scott	11	12	13	12	13	10	12	12	13	11
Todd	12	10	10	11	10	11	..	9	11	6
Rubley	12	10	10	11	10	11	..	9	11	6
Nye	13	9	11	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Thompson	12	11	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Estes	10	10	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lippert	11	10	8	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Vandeventer	9	11	10	11	10	..	..	..	..	..
Lightfoot	9	8	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..
Kraft	10	10	11	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Grammer	8	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bauman	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fish	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Peacock	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Peters	..	6	5	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Elliott	..	..	..	10	8	..	..	..	..	..
McClane	..	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J Estes	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

WESTERN TRAPS.

Chicago Gun Club Tournament.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 9.—The Chicago Gun Club, of this city, will give its first annual tournament on Aug. 23, and the event ought to be one of general reunion to all the local shooters and many who do not live in this city. We have, for obvious reasons, had a very dull season in trapshooting, and it is pleasing to believe that this little event will liven things up a bit for a time. There will be two sets of traps, targets 2 cents. The tournament is open to all, except that professionals and manufacturers' agents shoot for birds only. The purses will be Rose system; $5 goes for high average, $3 for second, and $2 for lowest average to all programme shooters. To reach the club grounds of Chicago Gun Club, take Wentworth avenue cars to Seventy-ninth street and Wentworth avenue. This event will be targets only, twelve events of 10, 15 and 20 birds each. G. V. Weart, secretary, 115 Dearborn street, Chicago.

Tom Marshall for Congress.

Advices are received from Monmouth, Ill., bearing date of Aug. 8, that Thomas A. Marshall, the well-known trapshooter and immemorial mayor of Keithsburg, Ill., has been nominated by the democrats of the 14th Congressional district as candidate for Congress. Mr. Marshall's great popularity in lower Illinois ought to be of great service to him if he really cares to go to Congress. Hitherto Tom has borne a very good reputation. If live-bird shooting were not forbidden in this neck of woods I doubt if he would have time left to run for Congress.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Aug. 9.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the first trophy shoot of third series. In the trophy event Dr. Meek and T. W. Eaton tied on 24 each. Eaton won on shoot-off only by breaking 20 straight, Dr. Meek 19. McDonald won Class B trophy on 23, and Eldred Class C on 21.

The trophy shoot was immediately followed by a shoot at 15 singles and 5 pairs for the club cup, an elegant silver cup, gold lined, valued at $75. This was shot on a distance handicap, from 14 to 18yds., and was won by Dr. Meek from 18yd. mark on a score of 21. Rupel, a visitor, tied the score. The club cup shoot will be a regular feature of our shoots hereafter. A small entrance fee will be charged each contestant:

First trophy shoot, 25 targets:

L D Price	0011111101110111111011111	—20
C H Kehl	0111001110001101101100010	—13
M F Wilson	0001101011001110011011111	—15
Dr J W Meek	1111111111101111111111111	—24
R S Leek	1111111111111110111101101	—22
Rupell	1111111011111111111111111	—24
F Barnard	1111001110111011110111110	—19
A D Dorman	1111111111111011101111111	—23
A McGowan	1111100110101110111111000	—17
Johnson	1111111011111111111111101	—23
Tichenor	1000111110011010001101111	—15
Mrs L D Price	0010100000000000010000000	— 3
T L Smedes	0111110111111101111111101	—21
T Eaton	1111111111110111111111111	—24
M G Eldred	1111110111101111111101110	—21
L Thomas	1101110101111110101110111	—19
A Hellman	1111111101111111101111111	—23
W A Jones	1000100110100110111110111	—15
J McDonald	1111101111110111111111111	—23

Shoot-off of tie:

Mcek	1111111111111111111	—20
Eaton	1111111111111110111	—19

Cup shoot, 15 singles and 5 pairs:

Price	010000001011110	11 11 10 11 01—13
Kehl	111111100110110	11 11 10 10 00—17
Wilson	100011000111111	10 10 01 11 00—14
Meek	111111111111110	10 10 11 11 01—21
Leek	011011111010011	11 11 01 11 01—18
Rupel	011101111111111	11 11 11 01 10—21
Dorman	001000101011001	11 10 01 01 10—12
A McGowan	110101000001100	01 11 00 10 10—11
Johnson	101111111011111	01 01 11 10 01—19
Tichenor	001111010101101	11 00 00 01 10—13
Smedes	110011011101110	11 10 11 01 10—17
Eaton	111001111111111	11 11 11 00 10—19
Eldred	110101101001110	01 00 00 01 00—11
Thomas	111111011111111	10 00 01 10 10—18
Hellman	110111111111111	00 00 11 11 10—19
Jones	101101011100011	00 01 11 11 11—17
McDonald	111110111010111	00 10 11 10 10—17

DR. J. W. MEEK.

Nonpareil Gun Club.

Watson's Park, Ill., Aug. 9.—This is a new club. It shoots every other Saturday for trophies and a $2 sweep additional. The sweep is shot from scratch; high guns and ties shoot off for place:

Shoot No. 1: Mack 41, Kuss 45 Roll 45, Willard 47, Dr. Carson 41, Shafter 43, Adams 47, Young 31, Barto 41, Simonetti 35, Lockie 35, Antoine 44, C. Von Lengerke (visitor) 36.

Ties, four high guns: Willard 13, Adams 12, Kuss 15, Roll 14.

Sweeps:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Shafter	9	6	9	17	..	..	..
Kuss	10	10	9	20	20	23	14
Roll	9	10	10	18	18	20	14
Richards	7	8	9	20	..	..	..
Adams	10	10	..	20	..	..	..
Willard	..	10	10	17	16	21	11
Mack	..	..	8	..	..	..	..
Dr Carson	..	..	9	..	..	..	..
Lockie	..	..	7	..	..	..	..
Simonetti	..	..	6	..	..	..	..
Barto	..	..	7	17	..	..	..
Young	..	..	8	14	15	..	..
Antoine	..	..	..	13	15	..	..
C Von Lengerke	..	..	..	18	12	..	..

Nos. 1, 2 and 3 were at 10 targets each, 50 cents entrance; Nos. 4 and 5 were at 20 targets each, entrance $1; No. 6 was at 25 targets, entrance $1.50; No. 7 was at 15 targets, $1.

RAVELRIGG.

Interstate Tournament at Marietta.

MARIETTA, O., Aug. 9.—The Interstate Association tournament given at Marietta, O., Aug. 6 and 7, under the auspices of the Columbian Gun Club, was a most successful affair. Something over thirty shooters, but three of whom were manufacturers' agents, took part in the tournament. There was not a hitch of any sort, and everything went like clock-work from beginning to end. The cashier's office was in charge of Mr. W. M. Bryant, of Elwood City, Pa., and ten minutes after the close of the last event he was ready to pay off the different winners.

The Columbian Gun Club is one of the oldest organizations of the kind in the State of Ohio, is composed of first-class, genial sportsmen, and is represented by the following officers: Peter Schlicher, Jr., President; J. M. Loffland, Vice-President; Charles Bailey, Secretary-Treasurer, and George L. Alford, Captain.

The club house and shooting grounds are situated on the Fair grounds, overlooking the Muskingum River, and surrounded by beautiful trees, affording, as they do, shade for all who attend the tournaments. The grounds being but ten minutes' ride from the heart of the city, are easily accessible by trolley lines.

Shooters were present from different sections of the country. All expressed themselves as highly satisfied with the treatment which the local boys accorded them.

The opening day was an ideal one for shooting, with the exception of two showers of rain, which delayed the competition for a short time. J. T. Atkinson made high average for the day, with E. M. Stout second, and T. H. Bibbee third.

The second day, like the preceding one, was a fine one for making good scores, yet for some reason the scores did not rank high; this was especially the case with the manufacturers' agents, and caused them to receive some good-natured "joshing." Atkinson was again high man for the day, with Schlicher and Bower tied for second place, and Stout and Lang tied for third place. The scores of both days follow:

Aug. 6, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	20	20	15	25	15	20	20	15	25		
Bibbee	15	20	18	14	23	15	19	16	13	21	190	174
Sperry	12	18	18	7	19	15	19	18	13	23	190	162
Nelson	11	17	15	13	22	12	17	16	14	21	190	158
Schlicher	11	18	18	13	21	10	20	19	11	22	190	163
Bailey	11	17	15	14	21	11	18	17	12	18	190	154
Cole	13	18	17	10	20	11	16	16	11	18	190	150
Hobbs	13	15	17	11	20	..	..	..	..	..	95	76
Smith	9	12	9	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	70	41
Du Bray	13	17	12	11	20	12	14	18	12	23	190	152
Alkire	9	12	16	10	17	6	12	12	7	15	190	116
Bower	12	17	15	14	23	14	19	17	12	20	190	163
Watson	12	17	18	13	25	13	19	18	13	23	190	171
Atkinson	14	20	20	15	23	15	20	18	15	21	190	181
Cochran	13	18	18	13	21	14	17	16	12	21	190	163
Stout	15	18	20	12	22	15	18	20	15	23	190	178
Gambell	13	16	10	12	20	9	17	18	13	20	190	148
Squier	14	15	15	12	18	12	13	14	12	18	190	143
Don Minto	12	16	14	12	22	11	18	14	14	18	190	151
Trimble	12	19	16	11	16	13	17	19	10	21	190	154
Lang	14	17	16	12	24	13	17	20	15	25	190	173
Shafer	13	14	12	10	17	13	16	15	9	..	165	119
Deecker	11	13	10	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	70	41
Deedrick	11	9	13	10	12	..	..	8	4	19	155	86
Mellor	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	15	40	26
Slayton	11	17	12	12	20	11	13	15	10	15	190	136
Toffland	..	..	..	..	..	10	11	16	10	25	95	72
Funk	..	..	..	8	..	10	13	..	..	..	50	23

Aug. 7, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	20	20	15	25	15	20	20	15	25		
Bibbee	12	18	18	13	23	14	16	14	11	21	190	160
Sperry	13	13	16	15	19	10	15	14	15	18	190	148
Nelson	13	18	20	17	18	10	14	17	15	22	190	159
Schlicher	13	19	17	15	21	14	18	18	10	25	190	170
Bailey	11	18	17	11	18	11	17	16	13	22	190	154
Cole	9	16	15	14	20	8	16	17	11	18	190	154
Harris	14	18	19	12	22	11	15	18	13	21	190	163
Beechwood	8	18	13	10	18	8	13	12	14	18	190	132
Du Bray	12	15	14	11	19	10	17	14	9	19	190	140
Alkire	11	14	13	9	23	9	17	12	17	20	190	145
Bower	14	15	18	15	23	13	17	19	15	21	190	170
Watson	14	18	17	11	21	14	17	19	8	22	190	161
Atkinson	15	19	15	15	24	15	19	20	15	21	190	177
Cochran	13	19	17	8	22	12	19	17	14	20	190	161
Stout	14	19	19	11	24	13	17	15	13	23	190	168
Gamble	11	17	16	11	17	10	17	15	14	12	190	140
Squier	12	16	16	13	20	11	17	15	13	16	190	149
Don Minto	12	15	19	12	21	13	19	19	12	20	190	162
Trimble	14	13	16	12	20	13	15	18	15	19	190	155
Lang	8	18	20	12	25	12	20	16	14	23	190	168
Farmer Jones	10	12	15	12	18	11	14	12	10	16	190	130
Trapp	7	11	14	13	15	8	12	10	10	17	190	117
Deedrick	..	9	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	22
Toffland	..	..	17	11	18	12	..	..	..	..	75	58
Riddle	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	9	16	60	41
Ritchie	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	25	20
Senator	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	21	25	21

Chesapeake Gun Club.

NEWPORT NEWS, Va.—Although it poured down rain all yesterday afternoon, the Chesapeake Gun Club held its weekly shoot July 30. Some good shooting was done, although only a small number of shooters were present. The scores were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
T F Stearnes	24	21	24	22	H D Turner	11	15	..	..
B B Semmes	20	21	20	21	J De Pass	17	12	..	..
G B James	22	20	23	19					

F. F. S.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Jackson Gun Club.

Paterson, N. J., Aug. 9.—In event 9 each contestant shot a strange gun. Several members of the Wanderers were visitors. The latter held an informal meeting, and elected a board of Governors. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Van Houten	5	3	..	7	9	7	4	..	..	..
Lenone	9	7	11	12	11	11	11	9	11	13
Bowker	8	6	8	10	9	8	12	10	5	..
Wright	9	8	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Stalter	4	8	..	..	11	11	11	13	..	..
Heritage	2	8	..	7	9	..	..	..	..	..
G A Hopper	..	4	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Morgan	..	7	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
G W Hopper	..	6	9	..	..	..	7	12	11	..
Doty	..	5	12	11	13	9	14	10	12	..
Gerow	..	4	..	..	9	6	14	..	8	..
Lyon	..	3	..	6	5	7	8	11	9	20
Keystone	..	8	13	14	14	12	14	12	14	..
Reeves	..	8	13	11	14	15	11	13	12	21
Welles	..	10	14	12	10	14	12	14	14	19
Skelly	..	..	13	13	11	14	11	14	14	23
Everett	..	..	9	11	10	10	14	12	..	..
Banks	..	..	14	14	15	13	13	15	9	20
Powers	..	..	9	9	..	..	..	13	..	..
Brigham	..	..	14	13	15	13	11	12	14	20
Wise	..	..	..	14	12	13	14	12	6	22
Englc	..	..	..	9	12	14	14	12	14	..
Gruman	..	..	..	12	10	13	13	12	..	22
Gardiner	..	..	..	11	11	9	12	11	10	22
Van Vlect	..	..	..	4	4	..	..	..	..	..
Gillett	..	..	..	..	..	9	6	7	4	..
George	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	3	..

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J.—Two matches beside the regular sweepstakes were shot. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	15	15	15
Richter	8	5	8	8	8	9	11	10
Eickhoff	5	1	6	4	4	10	7	11
Newkirk	6	3	3	5	2	..	..	..
Merrill	6	6	7	7	8	9	9	6
Truax	8	6	9	7	8	14	10	12
Morrison	6	8	7	8	6	12	9	8
Annett	8	8	6	3	3	4	..	..
Staples	4	9	9	8	7	8	13	..

Match between Fred Truax and Wash. Annett, 20 targets:

Truax	11101111111110101111—17
Annett	11011110010111111111—16

Match between Fred Truax and C. E. Eickhoff, 21 targets:

Eickhoff	11110000111111000010 1—12
Truax	11111111111111100111—19

Clearview Gun Club.

Fairview, N. J., Aug. 9.—The club grounds are pleasantly situated on the boundaries of Hudson and Bergen counties, one minute's walk from the railroad station.

The scores made at the shoot to-day follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	25	25	10	10	25	10
Con Sedore	15	18	14	7	..	12	9
F Buttler	19	21	19	..	9	23	5
E B Smith	14	16	14	6	..	12	4
H Krug	16	17	17	..	..	..	..
L Lambrix	19	..	..	5	..	..	7
G Dodds	..	19	..	10	8	..	..
H Brinkerhoff	..	..	..	4	7	..	6
E Schomp	..	..	..	..	3	..	..

Twenty-five target handicap for a Powers brass cleaning rod, presented to the club by Henry Krug; entrance 25 cents. All money went to club: E. B. Smith (8) 17, F. Buttler 21, Chas. Sedore (6) 25, G. Dodds (4) 21, H. Brinkerhoff (9) 22, Con. Sedore (6) 25, H. Krug (5) 25, L. Lambrix (5) 19, C. D. Williamson (9) 18, R. McLees (4) 21.

Shoot-off, miss-and-out: Chas. Sedore 1, Con Sedore 0, H. Krug 0.

Winchester Gun Club.

DETROIT, Mich.—The regular shoot, Aug. 9, was much enjoyed by the members present, and the goodly number of visitors, among the latter being old Mr. Osmun, of Pontiac, who did his first event of 15 straight. Maybe his forty years of shooting has helped to keep him strong and affable as he is and pleasant to meet.

In the club event of 25 targets, in spite of that killer of good scores losing the first, Henry Guthard, Class B, ran 23 straight and missed his last. If he hadn't dropped the first he surely would have got the last, and no one would be more welcome to the silver cup. Shiell won in Class A with 22, and Ford in Class C with 18. Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	10	10	15	10	15	15	15	25	25	25
Brodie	6	8	8	9	8	..	13	..	15	22	19
Shiell	..	6	6	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	22
Guthard	3	9	7	12	8	13	10	13	..	..	23
Hitchcock	8	5	7	12	10	..	10	..	..	..	19
Bachmann	..	5	..	4	4	..	..	..	..	..	9
Barthel	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	14
Ford	..	9	7	..	5	11	..	..	..	..	18
Leggett	4	..	8	..	2	..	4	..	..	6	9
Scane	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Shafer	..	..	8	11	8	..	10	..	..	..	..
Bent	..	7	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Buxton	..	..	..	10	..	..	13	..	..	..	..
Chapman	..	..	..	14	8	..	11	..	..	..	..
Osmun	..	..	..	15	9	..	..	..	16	15	..
Calow	..	..	..	11	9	..	..	..	12	9	..

Dover Sportsmen's Association.

DOVER, N. H.—The soft west wind that blew over Gage's Hill, the white clouds in the eastern sky, interspersed with great splashes of blue, made an ideal day for shooting at targets at the grounds of the Dover Sportsmen's Association, Aug. 9.

That the contestants enjoyed the meeting and were satisfied with the results of their efforts, go without the saying.

To the surprise of all, little Dixey alighted from somewhere with her flying machine, dismounted and advanced to the firing line, smashed the first two objects of art into the dust whence they came, although she modestly said that she could not hit "a flight of barns." Then her good man Charlie, not to be outdone by his spouse, advanced alone with sangfroid, drove the broken pottery in minute fragments to settle amid the luxuriant grasses that grow at the foot of Gage's Hill.

Frank blew his horn, challenged the best among us. Captain Nat advanced to the contest, and although he did not win, he had a good run for his money. One cannot win when the other fellow is selfish enough to break them all—15 straight.

The summary—well, that is immaterial—we found what we sought—social converse, health and pastime.

D. W. H.

Bristol Gun Club.

BRISTOL, Conn., Aug. 6.—At the weekly shoot of this club held on Saturday, Aug. 2, the following from the Colt Gun Club, of Hartford, were present and participated: R. Hollister, L. Hubbell, R. McFetridge, S. Colt and J. Alger.

Scores, 50 targets per man: A. F. Rockwell 47, H. J. Mills 45, R. McFetridge 44, J. Alger 41, W. Moran 41, R. Hollister 40, F. L. Fairbanks 36, S. Colt 34, E. R. Simons 34, L. Hubbell 33, S. J. Large 33, H. J. Hart 29, A. H. Porter 28, W. Casey 27, E. R. Burwell 23, W. H. Merritt 19.

R. McFetridge broke his last 25 birds straight. There will be no club shoot this week, as all members are invited to attend the Colt Gun Club shoot in Hartford. There is quite a friendly rivalry existing between these two clubs, and no doubt some interesting matches may result before the season closes.

DUKE.

Lafayette Tournament.

Lafayette, Ind., has been noted for many years for its large well-conducted tournaments. They are ever popular with the State shooters and also draw from all the adjoining States.

This year is memorable as being that in which was held the sixteenth annual tournament. It drew shooters from Illinois, Kentucky and Ohio. There has been a great deal of shooting in Indiana this year, yet the shooters do not seem to tire. They were here from almost all the towns in the State. In all, there were over sixty shooters present, yet I am sorry to mention that a number of those who came on the first day shot in a few events only and then sought early trains for home. This can be accounted for in this way: there was a strong wind facing the shooters, and the targets were quite uncertain in their flights. Then the traps were screwed up so that the targets were alighting in the next township, and as the boys could not get in the money, they declined to shoot.

The dates were Aug. 6 and 7.

The rules provided for the Sergeant system, American Association rules, revised. What the revised rules were was hard to find out. Part of the time the Interstate rules were used, and a part of the time the old American rules governed.

The grounds are first class. They face to the northeast and are situated quite near the street car line. There is nothing elaborate in the way of club house and amphitheater such as the old grounds were provided with, yet the small club house was ample for office work. There was a large tent provided for the shooters, with tables and benches.

The club has not a large actual membership such as it once had, but the same men are at the head, as they have been for about ten years, viz.: M. W. Thompson, President; Dr. J. W. Mullen, Vice-President; Jas. Blistain, Secretary; Louis Krauss, Treasurer; Alva Livinguth, Captain. Of these, Krauss and Mullen have given up shooting, owing to imperfect vision, but Thompson, Blistain and Livinguth are the same old target smashers of yore. They shot in every event. Blistain also kept the books, yet he made a few straight scores just to keep the boys thinking of him..

"Slow's" system of bookkeeping was well worth copying, and if adopted would save much work and delay in figuring and paying out the money.

Using but one set of traps, the programme was not finished at sundown, and three events were carried over to the second day. Considering the wind and flight, Thompson, who was high man with but 14 goose eggs, while Phellis was second and Kirby third, some of the regular old-timers like Partington fell away below their average.

Following is a list of those present: M. S. Wills, N. Judson, Ind.; W. W. Washburn, New Richmond, Ind.; J. G. Miller, Oxford, Ind.; John A. Sutton, Otterbein, Ind.; Jas. T. Crane, Joe Bourell, J. C. Axtel, and A. T. Jacobs, Earl Park; C. E. Hershman, Ransaleer; T. J. Blessing, Oxford; Dr. J. A. Martain, Lafayette; J. W. Murphy, Morocco; A. G. Sheets, and G. W. Dewey, Wingate; C. E. Adamson, Muncie; C. B. Lamb, Attica; Joe Blistaine, Lafayette; Mr. Flynn, N. Manchester; J. M. Lilly, Indianapolis; Frank Snyder, Crawfordsville; C. B. Hind, Lafayette; C. W. Phellis, Cincinnati, O.; H. M. Clark, Wabash, Ind.; E. H. Tripp, Indianapolis; J. R. Johnson, Greenhill, Ind.; Sam Gay, Shodeland; W. T. Knowles, Mount Morenci; W. F. Baker, Greenville, O.; John W. Cooper, Indianapolis; Ed Vories, Crawfordsville; Dr. O. F. Britton, Indianapolis; John Deitrich, Crawfordsville; M. F. O'Brein, Lafayette; C. M. Gay, Shodeland; Max Stillwell, Crawfordsville; Gus Mohler, Indianapolis; H. C. Meyers, Lafayette; A. W. Kirby, Greenville, O.; Milton Forbs, Muncie, Ind.; W. A. Wildhack, Indianapolis; Frank Dunbar, Peru; J. W. Farrel, Muncie; F. B. Nichols, Meadowville; H. Schumach, Muncie; T. Sherwood, Bedford; J. L. Head, Peru; H. Dando, Springfield, Ill.; W. M. Glover, Bedford; C. O. Le Compte, Eminence, Ky.; M. W. Thompson, Lafayette; H. W. Veitmeyer, Chicago, Ill.; A. D. McDonald, Montpelier; A. Livenguth, Lafayette; J. T. Kinney, Chicago; W. B. Sayles, Indianapolis; W. B. Anderson, Mount Morenci; W. W. Bell, Hoopston, Ill. The scores:

First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	Total
Targets:	10	15	15	20	10	15	15	20	10	15	15	15	10	15	Broke.
Head	9	14	11	15	8	15	13	17	9	12	12	11	9	13	168
Kirby	8	13	14	18	10	14	13	17	9	14	13	14	9	15	181
Le Compte	10	12	15	19	9	8	12	19	8	13	11	13	8	12	169
Dando	9	14	8	17	10	12	12	18	9	9	11	14	7	10	160
Thompson	10	15	14	18	9	13	14	19	10	13	11	14	8	14	182
Veitmeyer	6	13	12	16	10	12	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	141
McDonald	7	9	12	13	6	9	12	16	7	14	13	..	11	..	129
7½	8	11	14	18	8	12	13	16	8	11	14	13	7	12	165
Pard	9	11	12	20	10	12	13	13	6	12	13	13	8	14	166
Kinney	9	11	10	14	7	8	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	70
Sayles	9	8	6	9	5	10	10	18	7	..	..	..	..	..	79
Sheets	7	4	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17
Glover	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	8	12	32
Bell	8	10	11	18	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	54
Murphy	9	8	11	13	4	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	54
Adamson	8	10	11	..	..	12	9	18	5	13	9	..	9	12	116
Flynn	9	13	14	16	7	10	12	15	8	12	10	..	10	9	185
Butler	7	10	..	15	7	7	12	16	9	10	11	..	..	..	104
Slow	9	10	13	17	7	9	15	19	8	11	12	15	9	11	165
Anderson	8	11	15	14	8	10	..	..	9	14	..	..	8	9	106
Wilson	8	12	7	16	6	13	11	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	86
Johnson	8	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13
Tripp	9	10	14	19	9	15	12	17	8	12	15	11	10	11	172
Clark	7	12	14	18	9	12	12	17	8	11	11	12	8	11	162
Phellis	6	13	14	19	10	14	14	17	10	12	15	13	8	13	178

Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	Total
Targets:	10	15	15	20	10	15	15	20	10	15	15	15	10	15	Broke.
Cooper	5	11	13	14	9	10	13	13	9	13	12	9	7	14	152
Voris	10	12	14	18	7	9	14	16	9	13	8	13	10	13	166
Helm	7	8	6	..	7	6	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	139
Partington	8	11	10	16	7	7	10	15	7	13	13	..	..	..	117
Deitrich	9	13	13	14	6	14	15	17	7	12	..	..	..	..	120
Moller	7	12	8	17	7	10	13	15	5	11	12	..	8	13	138
Stillwell	6	11	13	12	5	10	13	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	84
Forbes	8	10	12	18	7	9	14	17	8	9	..	10	..	11	133
Farrell	9	10	..	17	8	7	..	13	5	..	..	..	6	11	86
Shumack	7	10	11	..	6	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	42
Farrell	..	..	10	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	36
Knowles	..	7	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13
B Gay	..	..	8	..	3	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18
Johnson	..	..	9	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14
Tack	..	..	12	18	..	12	13	18	..	12	..	12	8	12	117
Williamson	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	8	11	40
Blessing	..	..	..	..	7	8	..	..	5	..	..	..	9	11	40
Heishman	..	..	..	..	7	13	12	16	8	9	..	..	..	..	65
Bonsell	..	..	..	..	11	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	25
Dunbar	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	7		32
O'Brein	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12
Crain	..	..	..	..	10	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19
Nichols	..	..	..	..	10	8	11	5	9	..	..	10	12		65
Jacobs	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11
B Sayles	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	3	..	..	..	..	15
Lilly	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	7	11		32
Sherwood	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	8	13		33

The morning sun was bright, and the day promised fair, but before noon the clouds gathered and there was a slight rainfall, which, however, delayed the shoot but a short time; but this was sufficient to cause the wind to blow for the remainder of the day and in a different direction from yesterday, and coming mostly from behind, caused many a target to jump down and out of the load of 7½ shot. Especially was the wind heavy during the badge shoot; hence no phenomenal scores were made, and yet that of Phellis with 47 and Thompson and Glover with 46 were above the average, if the conditions are considered. Several new faces were seen on the grounds to-day, and many present yesterday were absent. After the medal shoot was over the delegations from Indianapolis and Crawfordsville took their leave.

The center of attraction was in favor of Thompson to win the diamond badge. He did win out, but with a struggle, as he was tied by Glover, and had but one to spare in the shoot-off. This is the first time during the ten years that the badge has been shot for that it has been won by a member of the Lafayette Gun Club. Thompson is now the most prominent man in the shooting line in the State, being president of the Lafayette Gun Club, president of the Indiana State League, and winner here of high average for first day, and the wearer of the diamond badge—good many honors for one man, but he is modest and bears them all without undue emotion. The scores:

Glover 46, Farrell 43, Williamson 44, Dunbar 39, Pard 44, Phellis 47, Clark 42, Mark 32, Slow 42, Washburn 40, Tack 40, Wildy 36, Dando 45, Partington 42, Sherwood 39, Head 42, Kirby 41, Voris 45, Le Compte 43, Thompson 46, Forbes 37, Murray 38.

B. and K. Tournament.

Spirit Lake, Ia., Aug. 7.—Burmister and Klein's two-day tournament, Aug. 6 and 7, had about thirty shooters each day. The programme called for eight 15 and four 20 target events each day; $7 was added to each of the 20-target events.

The tournament was open to amateurs only. Manufacturers' agents were welcome to shoot for targets. Budd and Gilbert were the only two agents in attendance. The shooting was from one set of traps, Sergeant system. A high wind each day made the shooting quite difficult.

Gilbert was in fine form, and made a remarkable score, shooting the entire programme of 200 the first day without a miss and losing but 9 out of the 200 on the second day. On the last day a 15-live-bird handicap was shot. A high wind prevailed. Some of the birds were quite fast, but the majority were slow and hard to make fly.

Aug. 8.—Klein will take a party of his shooting friends fishing, and promises them some fine sport.

Aug. 6, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Total
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	Broke.
Baldwin	12	11	11	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Linell	14	14	18	14	15	20	14	14	17	13	14	17	184
Morrison	14	13	18	13	13	18	13	15	19	15	14	20	185
Kerr	10	9	15	9	13	16	9	14	13	..	..	..	...
Bird	12	11	17	11	14	16	13	14	17	13	14	17	169
Klein	15	12	19	12	14	19	12	14	19	15	13	18	182
J M Hughes	15	13	19	14	14	18	15	15	19	14	14	19	189
Mortensen	13	12	16	12	12	17	13	13	16	14	13	19	170
Barber	13	13	15	13	12	17	14	14	18	15	15	17	176
Maytum	12	13	15	12	14	16	12	14	18	14	15	18	173
Selbhers	13	15	17	11	13	19	15	14	18	11	12	18	176
Rhoades	13	12	15	12	10	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Culver	12	11	17	8	14	15	11	13	12	11	12	15	151
Campbell	12	13	17	12	12	17	12	7	20	13	14	15	163
Hartman	6	9	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
H H Van	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	14	14	..	..	...
Budd	13	10	16	14	13	18	14	14	19	14	15	16	176
Mrs Cop	10	12	13	6	4	4	4	7	9	5	..	..	...
Gilbert	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	200
B B Van	12	10	14	10	12	15	14	11	14	8	..	..	...
Burmister	13	10	15	13	15	17	12	10	17	15	10	15	162
Hinshaw	12	11	20	12	13	15	11	15	17	12	15	16	162
Shear	12	13	15	12	11	20	15	15	14	9	12	19	172
Dubb	15	13	12	13	10	13	14	13	19	12	14	17	165
Zinsburger	8	8	..	..	..	9	9	7	..	..	..	..	...
Berger	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	11	...
Johnson	..	..	6	8	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Harker	..	..	..	14	13	19	10	15	19	12	11	18	...
Barron	..	..	..	8	9	14	11	12	..	..	..	..	...
Schuck	..	..	..	13	13	13	8	9	16	12	13	9	...
Blasdell	..	..	..	11	7	12	9	12	15	10	10	14	...
Snook	..	..	..	9	..	14	12	14	18	11	..	..	...
Swartz	..	..	..	13	14	19	14	15	18	12	18	14	...

Aug. 7, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Total
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	Broke.
Bird	12	10	14	12	14	14	12	12	15	13	13	14	155
Selbhers	14	15	18	14	12	14	12	13	15	12	14	15	168
Dubb	13	12	17	13	13	20	11	9	17	12	12	16	165
Culver	10	14	18	11	10	12	12	..	..	..	..	..	...
Campbell	11	12	14	8	9	19	8	..	..	..	..	..	...
McKelvey	15	15	19	12	13	19	14	15	16	13	13	17	181
Spear	10	11	14	11	14	16	11	11	18	12	12	16	156
Barber	13	14	18	10	13	16	10	..	..	..	..	..	...
Maytum	9	11	13	14	10	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Snook	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Klein	15	13	16	12	12	17	12	13	18	11	15	19	173
H Morrison	15	13	15	15	12	16	12	13	13	11	12	19	166
Schwartz	14	12	19	12	12	19	13	13	17	14	11	16	172
J M Hughes	15	14	20	15	13	19	14	13	16	12	14	19	184
Mortensen	12	14	16	14	12	18	11	13	15	14	13	17	169
Budd	13	11	17	14	10	18	14	11	12	12	13	19	164
Mrs Cop	8	9	4	6	9	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Gilbert	14	15	19	15	15	19	14	14	19	15	13	19	191
B B Van	10	11	16	10	14	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Burmister	11	10	15	11	11	11	13	12	14	10	9	14	141
Harker	15	13	19	13	13	19	..	13	18	..	..	..	...
Linell	15	13	18	15	12	17	13	12	18	14	14	17	178
Schuck	9	10	16	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Henshaw	13	12	15	14	13	15	12	12	18	14	9	18	165
Pillsbury	11	12	15	11	9	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Blasdell	..	12	..	7	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
H Van	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	12	16	...
J McClelland	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	10	18	...
Nefzger	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	12	14	...

Fifteen live birds, handicaps 27 to 32yds.; $10 entrance, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.:

Selbhers, 30	222222222222222—15
Swartz, 28	222211212222112—15
Budd, 32	222111121211211—15
Henshaw, 30	121121121112112—15
Gilbert, 32	221121121112112—15
McKelvey, 29	222210221121002—12
H Morrison, 29	112111112222*12—14
Shear, 28	112112111222120—14
Klein, 31	222112221211122—15
Linell, 29	222221111112222—15
Mortensen, 29	111212222222222—15
Mrs. Cop, 25	111100112020222—11
Burmister, 28	122212111121222—15
Dubb, 29	0211221*1112110—12

General averages of the two days:

	1st day.	2d day.	Total.	Av.
Gilbert	200	191	391	.977
Linell	184	178	362	.905
H Morrison	185	166	351	.871
Bird	169	155	324	.810
Klein	182	173	355	.887
J M Hughes	189	184	373	.932
Mortensen	170	169	339	.847
Budd	176	164	340	.850
Selbhers	176	168	344	.860
Burmister	162	141	303	.757
Henshaw	162	165	327	.817
Shear	172	156	328	.820
Dubb	165	165	330	.825

Hawkeye.

Greenville Tournament.

Aug. 9.—Situated not far from the center of the State, which is almost surrounded by the Great Lakes, may be found the lively city of Greenville, Mich. There are enough shooting men here to organize and maintain a good shooting club, and to get in touch with the shooters they advertised a tournament to be held during the Good Roads Convention, which carried with it half fare rates on all the railroads. The club is fortunate in having enterprising officers, as Mr. C. H. Rich as president, and Mr. J. M. Fisher as secretary are a team hard to beat, both at shooting and hustling shooters. These gentlemen were a little disappointed in not having more shooters present, yet most of those who were here kept the trap going all day, though some of the visitors found attractions in the base ball and other amusements that were "on tap."

As to Mr. Fisher, to whom had been intrusted almost the sole management of the shoot, and whose name will not appear in the scores, I am sorry to mention that, while wrestling with a load of targets he was thrown from the wagon by a sudden start of the team, and falling on his shoulder, was so much shaken up that he could not even be present on the grounds. However, as the trap worked well—yes, too well, as its throwing capacity was beyond the limits of "fair targets"—and there was a good man in the office to handle the cash—and Mr. Rich was busy all the time when not shooting—there was only one complaint, that of poor scores, and that was caused by too much speed on the targets. Many of the shooters put up their guns on this account and sought other sources of amusement. Here the scribe feels constrained to remind all clubs deserving to hold tournaments to avoid dates which are holidays or when there is some other attraction in town. Even the club members cannot attend the shoot on such days.

The club has good grounds, facing north, situated west of town, easily reached by foot or wagon. While there are no buildings, ample shelter in the way of tents was provided.

Among those present were A. D. Caldwell, of Flint, Mich.; Max Hensler, Battle Creek, Mich.; J. S. Cole, Hinsdale, Mass.; Dr. S. M. Gleason, Jr., M. Debree, E. A. Kemp, C. H. Rich and J. M. Fisher, of Greenville; J. A. Skinner, John Beuchas, J. W. B. Turk, R. C. Blaekburn, of Cedar Springs, Mich.; W. W. McQueen, Bay City, Mich.; M. H. Spanogle, Orleans, Mich., and Geo. E. Flint, F. A. Wright, S. J. Case, and Luther Bishop, of Carson City, Mich.

Mr. McQueen was easily high man and few straight scores were made. The scores:

First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	15	15	20	10	15	15	15	25
Hensler	9	9	11	14	17	9	11	13	14	21
McQueen	10	13	13	13	18	10	13	14	14	19
Rich	8	12	13	11	11	9	12	12	12	21
Skinner	6	4	7	12	..	7	14	13	13	24
Beuchas	8	10	11	13	20	8	12	13	13	22
Debree	7	8	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..
Blackburn	5	..	8	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kemp	2	10	12	12	16	..	12	..	8	18
Spanogle	4	12	11	10	15	..	..	..	14	19
Gleason	..	9	10	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Turk	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	3	..	..
Flint	..	..	..	..	17	9	10	..	11	17
Wright	..	..	..	..	15	6	..	..	..	..
Case	..	..	..	..	13	8	11	..	..	..
Wallace	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..
Middleton	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..
Wolf	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..
Anderson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..
Remer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..
Bishop	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..

Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	15	15	20	10	15	15	15	25
Hensler	9	9	11	14	17	9	11	13	14	21
McQueen	10	13	13	13	18	10	13	14	14	19
Rich	8	12	13	11	11	9	12	12	12	21
Skinner	6	4	7	12	..	7	14	13	13	24
Beuchas	8	10	11	13	20	8	12	13	13	22
Debree	7	8	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..
Blackburn	5	..	8	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kemp	2	10	12	12	16	..	12	..	8	18
Spanogle	4	12	11	10	15	..	..	..	14	19
Gleason	..	9	10	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Turk	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	3	..	..
Flint	..	..	..	..	17	9	10	..	11	17
Case	..	..	..	..	13	8	11	..	..	..
Wright	..	..	..	..	15	6	..	..	..	..
Wallace	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..
Middleton	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..
Wolf	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..
Anderson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..
Remer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..
Bishop	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..

Interstate at Haverhill.

Haverhill, Mass., Aug. 9.—Those readers of your entertaining paper who have no speaking acquaintance with trapshooting could with reason be excused for thinking that instead of an Interstate Association tournament, together with Manager Shaner and all the "fixings," there was to be just an ordinary three-ring circus showing in Haverhill, Aug. 27 and 28.

The committee who are doing the hard work are of one opinion, that some features of this tournament will cause the prospect of a circus to look small in comparison.

Should the dreams of the said committee materialize, a certain little lady shooter will grace the occasion, Miss Annie Oakley; and should nothing serious occur to prevent his attendance, such, for instance, as a radical advance in price of U. M. C. goods, the President will be one of our number. President Roosevelt? Oh, no! President of the Interstate Association, Dressel. During the progress of the Association programme the committee will respectfully suggest to those who find the time between events hanging heavily on their hands, that they step due northeast from the club house about ten paces, where the uneasy ones who possess a close-shooting gun and who have the capability of pointing it right may secure some one useful article, ranging from a gold coin to a tooth brush. Judging from present indications, Manager Shaner will have on his hands a large, healthy and boistcrous crowd.

The outlook for a good number of teams in the Interstate event is excellent. New York and possibly New Jersey will be represented, while at least four of the New England States are a foregone conclusion.

It should be well to remember this point. Express trains for Haverhill leave Boston at 8 and 8:30 A. M.

C. F. Lambert.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

$100.00 Cash Prize for a Name.

For the new Daily Limited train to California to be placed in service Nov. 1, 1902, by the Rock Island System and Southern Pacific Company, via the El Paso Short Line. The competition is open to the public, and conditions involve no fees of any kind. For circular of instructions, address at once John Sebastian, Passenger Traffic Manager, Rock Island System, Chicago.

Mr. A. H. Funke, 98 Duane street, New York, has introduced a new model Mannlicher rifle, 8 mm. (.315cal.), known as No. 3. It is made in 24, 26 and 28in. barrels, in general appearance like the high-priced models, but the finish will be American style, round barrel and plain stock, pistol grip and shotgun butt. The new catalogue is now ready, and can be obtained on application to Mr. Funke as per address herein given.—*Adv.*

To get up in the dark, hunt for a match, find the lantern or candle and light it, is to most of us an old story, and we know what a nuisance it is. Such inconvenience is abolished by the Evening Star Flash Light, which, by a mere pressure of the thumb, gives a brilliant light. Every camper should at least see the catalogue of the Electric Contract Co.—*Adv.*

The still-hunting shoes made by E. A. Buck & Co., of Bangor, Maine, are especially well thought of in the New England and Adirondack woods, and will no doubt continue to be popular. They are very easy on the foot and at the same time it is claimed for them that they are noiseless. They are said to be very useful in light skiffs and canoes, which they never injure.—*Adv.*

There are few gunners or anglers who do not possess among their household ornaments, mammals, birds or fishes, which are to them the visible representation of some especially happy day afield. The glass eyes in most of these come from the manufactory of J. Kanoffsky, who has been for so many years an advertiser in the Forest and Stream.—*Adv.*

Mitchell rods have had a goodly fame among American anglers for, lo, these many years, and it is satisfactory to know that the business so long and so successfully conducted by the father is still carried on by the son, whose advertisement appears in another column.—*Adv.*

Most of us like to announce our membership in gun or yacht club by wearing the pin or badge adopted by the club. Van Sise & Chapter, manufacturers of fine jewelry of this city, make a specialty of designing and making such emblems.—*Adv.*

It is a good deal more than twenty years since the Thompson hunting boots were first talked of. Their usefulness has stood the test of time, and they are still popular and are now being advertised by Mr. T. H. Guthrie, of Newark, N. J.—*Adv.*

Mr. W. Starling Burgess, the naval architect, of Boston, Mass., continues to furnish designs and plans for yachts. At the conclusion of the present racing season it may be imagined that a great building season will set in.—*Adv.*

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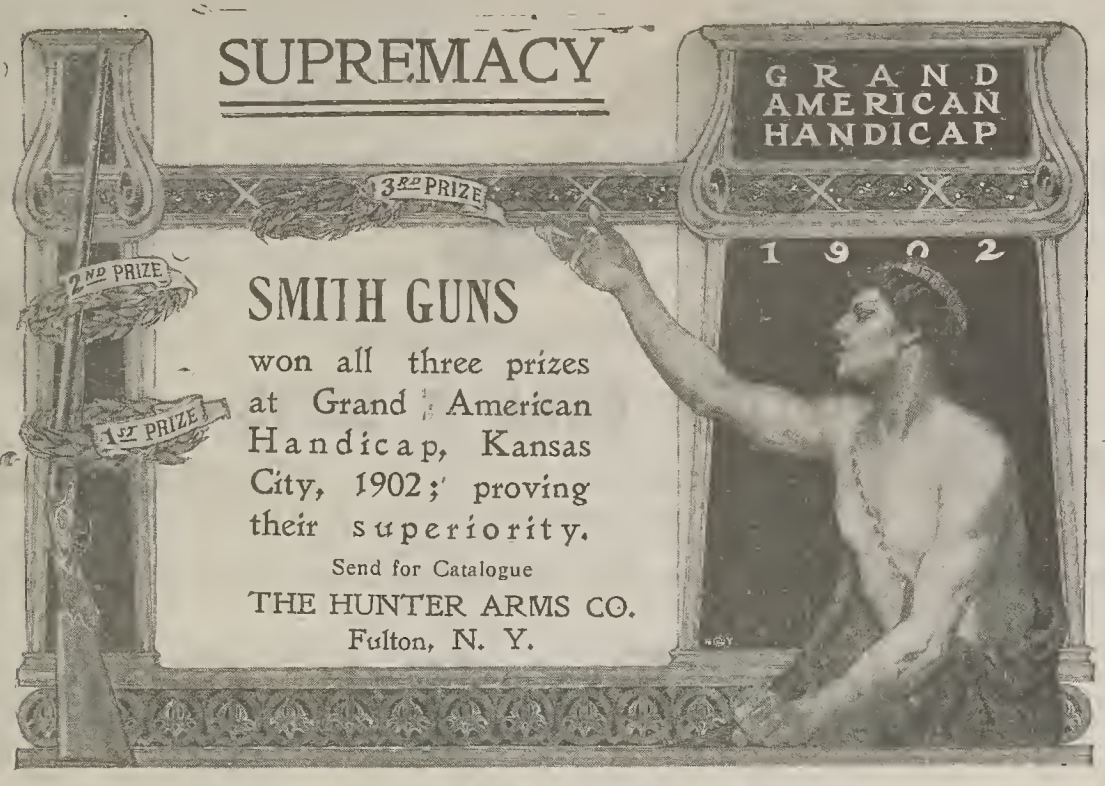

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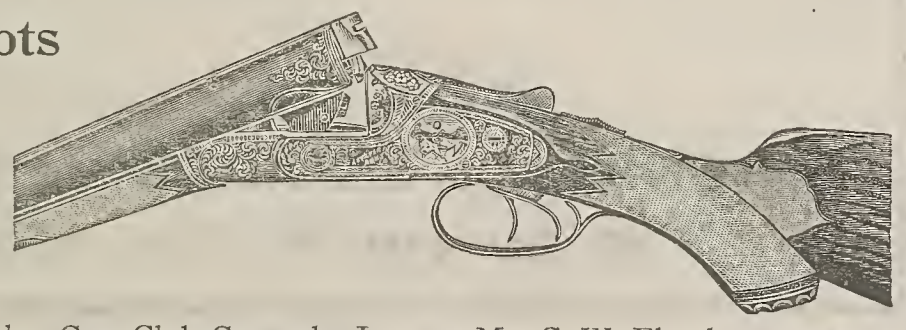

At the Brooklyn Gun Club Grounds, June 7, Mr. C. W. Floyd, an amateur of New York City, shooting his

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No gun, Foreign or American, will outshoot THE LEFEVER. It will please you. Send for Catalogue.

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Lakefield, Minn.,	205	203	99 %
Sioux City, Ia ,	360	351	97 %
Dubuque, Ia.,	360	351	97.5%

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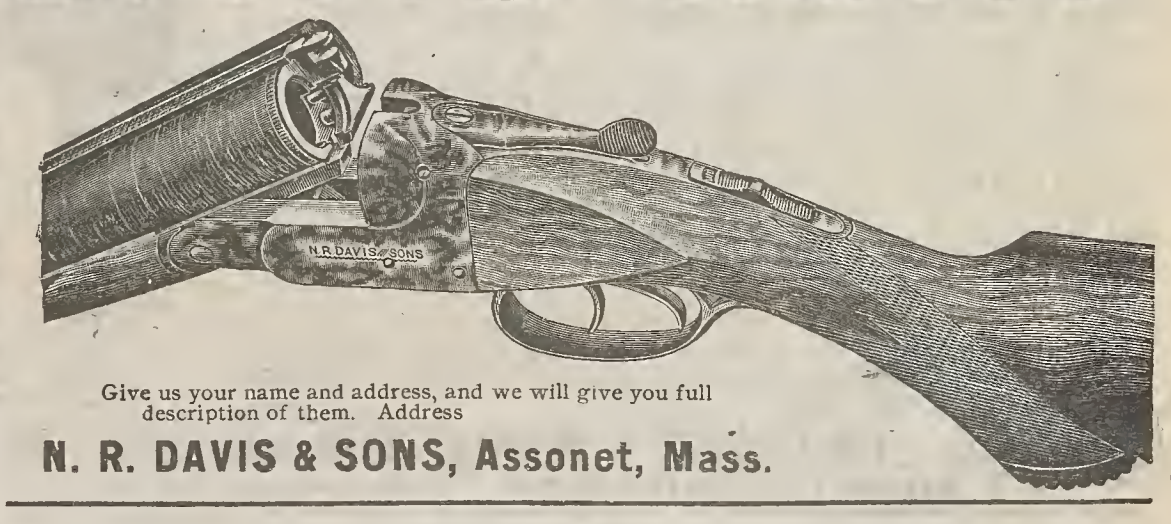

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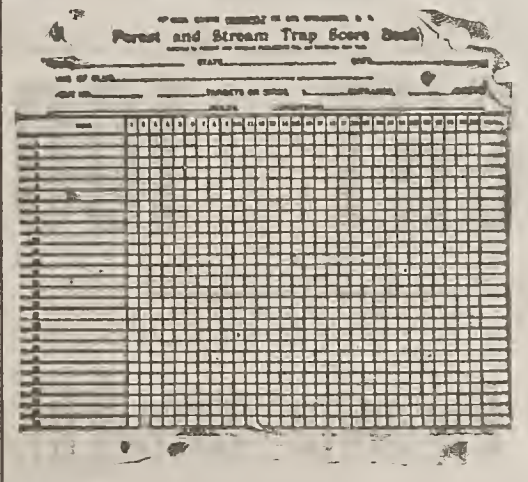
FOREST AND STREAM

Trap Score Book.

The only one containing the new (1902 revision) Shooting Rules of the Interstate Association, for targets and live birds; The American Shooting Association Rules; and the revised Hurlingham Rules. And a detailed description of all the shooting systems in practice for the divisions of money.



FOREST AND STREAM'S new Trap Score Book will admirably fill the needs of clubs and contestants in affording a means of keeping a faithful record of contests. Each book contains a generous number of sheets, so ruled as to make all the chief divisions of the shoot plain at a glance. For instance, the horizontal spaces are numbered from 1 to 25, every sixth line being distinctly heavier than its fellows; hence the squads are distinguishable at a glance. The perpendicular spaces are numbered from 1 to 30, ample space first being left for the contestants' names and their handicap allowance. Heavy dark lines are between each five spaces, and the numerals 5, 10, 15, 20, 25 and 30 are in heavy-faced type. The birds to be shot at are apparent at a glance. The heavy ruling also lights. However dark a nook the scorer may be in, no straining of the eyes of scores is possible on account of inability to distinguish the lines of the score. The head are the usual spaces for current data. Each sheet is perforated, so that it may be readily torn out when manifold copies are made, and yet each sheet is strong enough to hold firmly in place if the book is desired for permanent club records. A neat pocket on the inside of the back cover holds carbon sheets for manifolding. The book is neatly and substantially bound in cloth, and contains 150 score sheets. The price is $1

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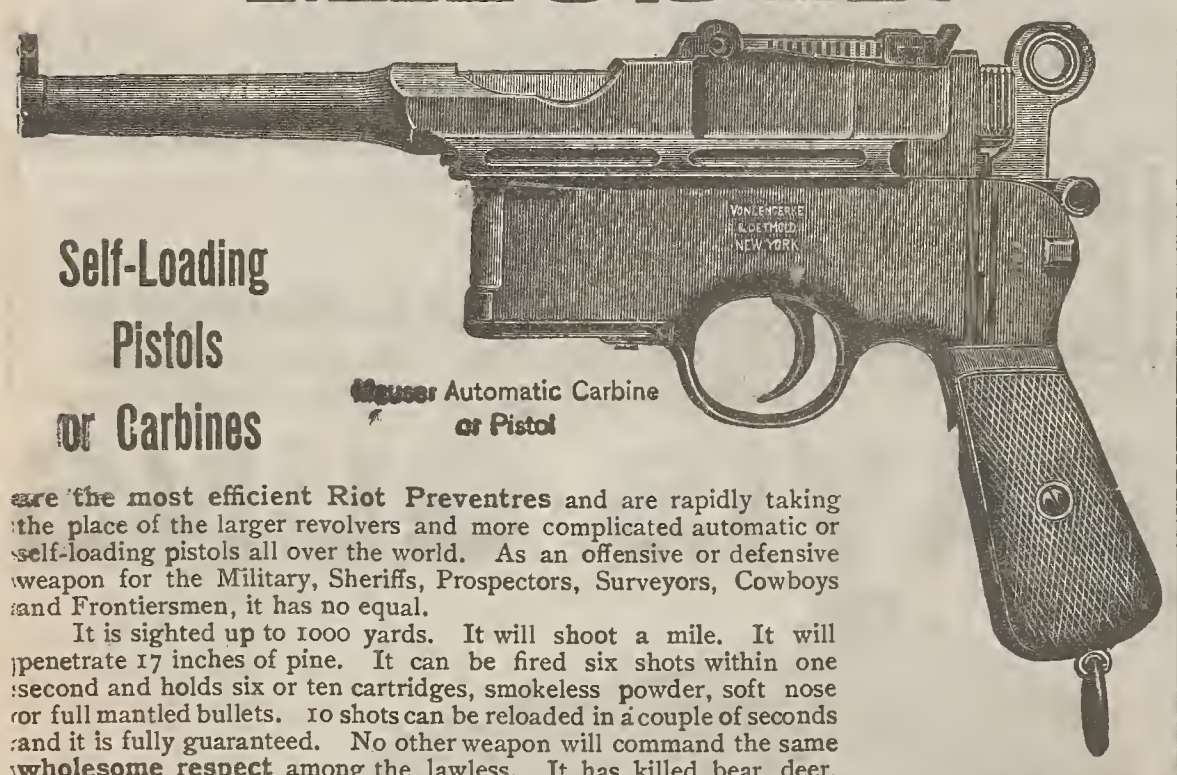

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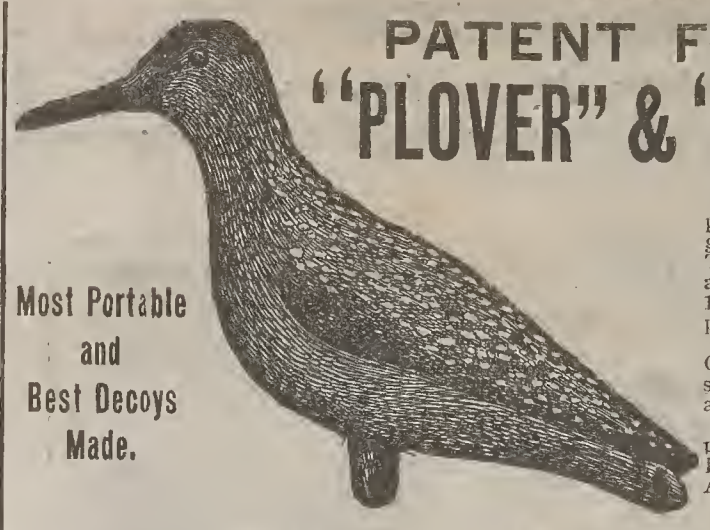

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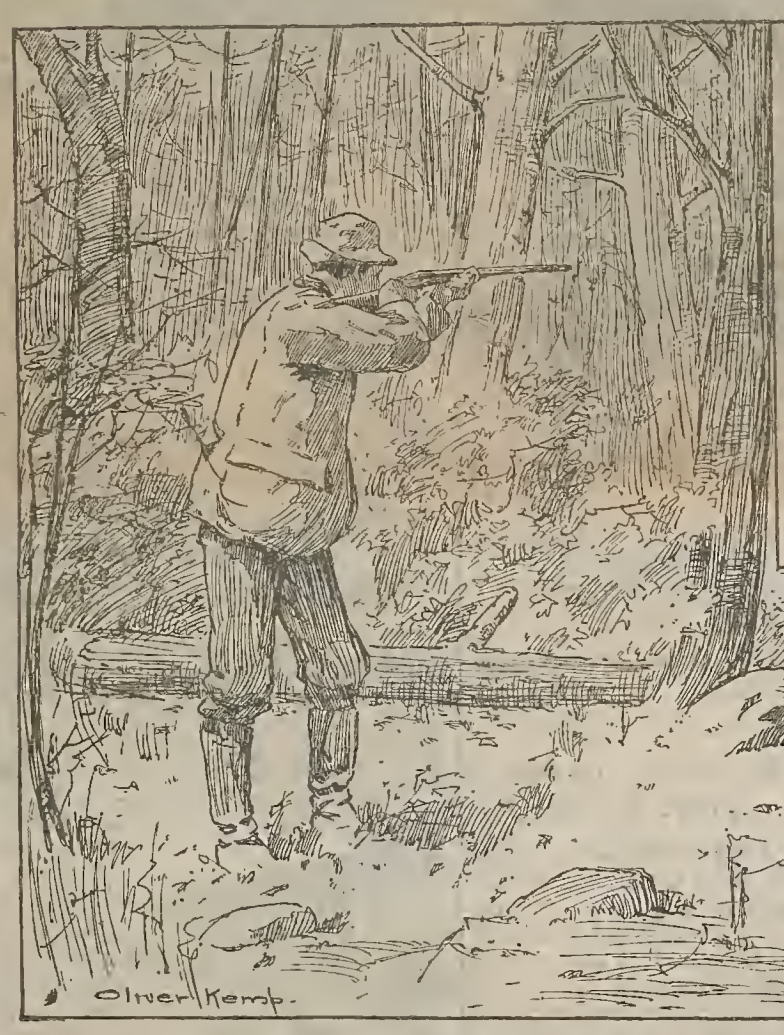

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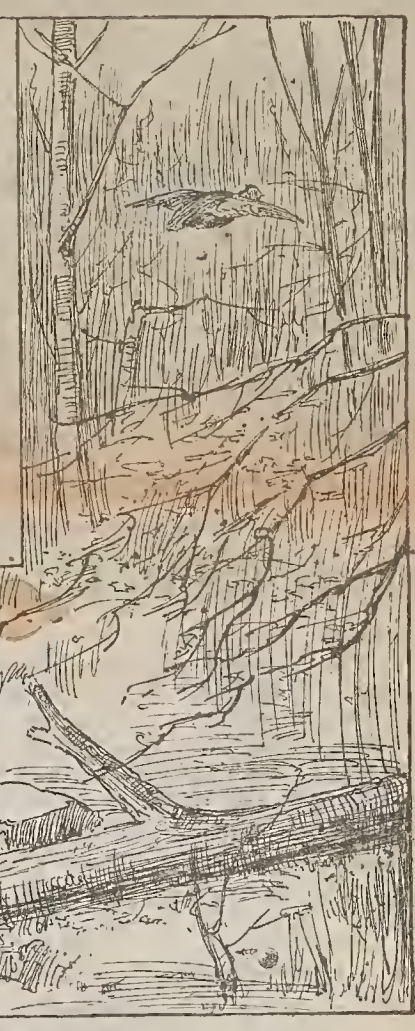

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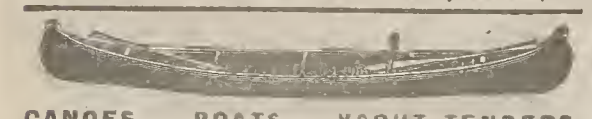

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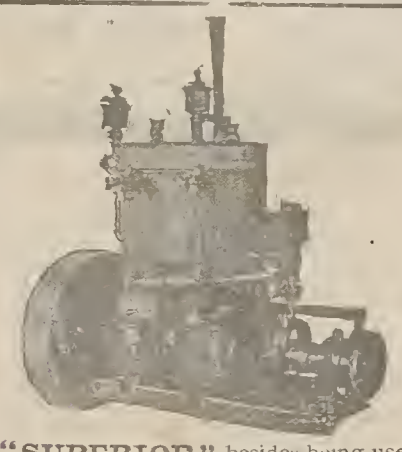

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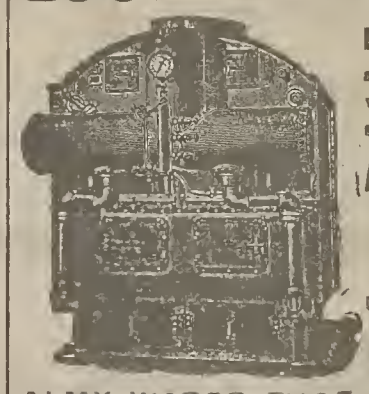

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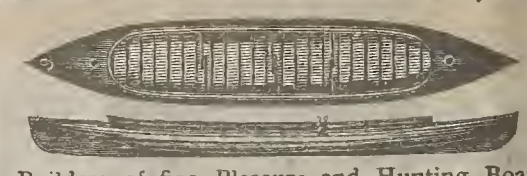

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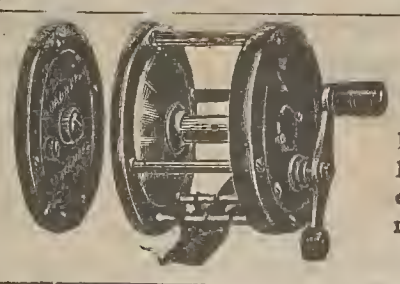

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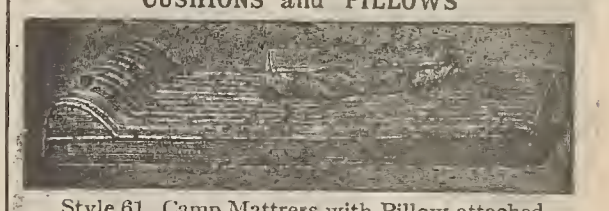

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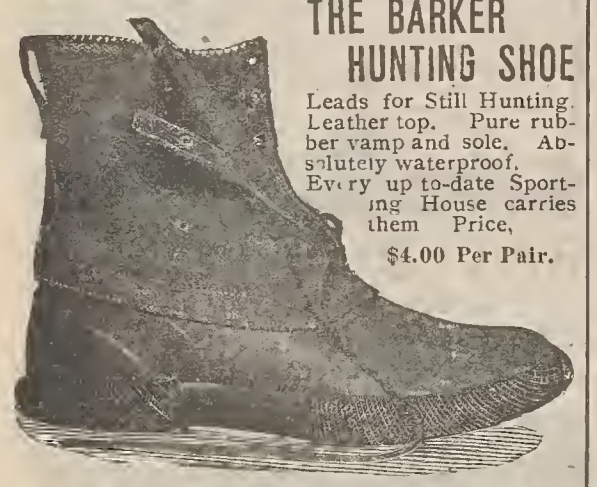

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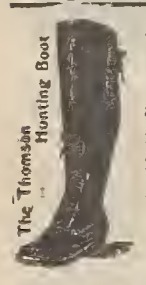

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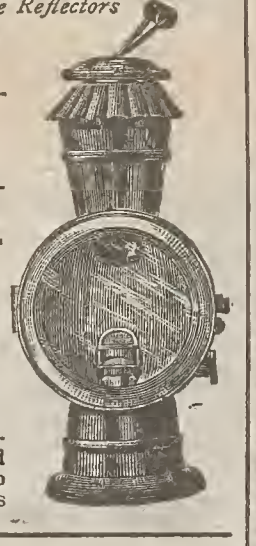

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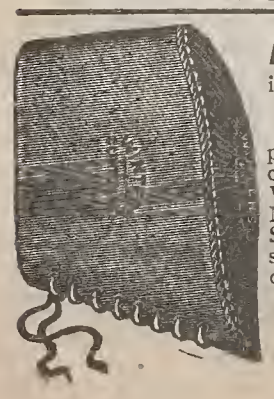

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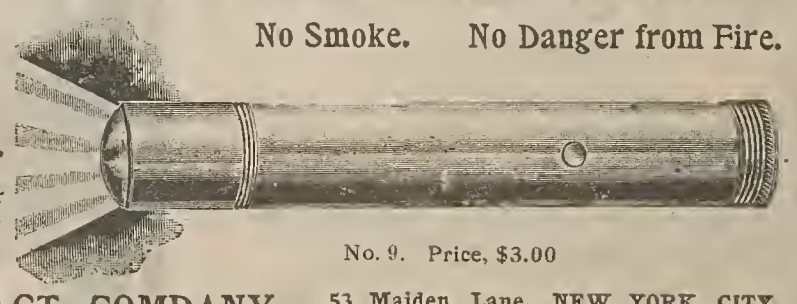

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1902.

VOL. LIX.—No. 8. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

AMONG WILD CHERRY BOUGHS.

ABOVE the growth of thick weeds and bushes that stand like a fringe along the old stone wall, the wild cherry tree towers high. Yet it is high only by comparison with its nearer neighbors, for a little further along the fence stands a sturdy hickory, which is much taller, and again beyond, a superbly symmetrical sugar tree. Later these greater trees may claim more attention, the one for its rich fruitage of sweet nuts, dear to the small boy and the squirrel; the other for the glorious and changing colors which it will assume when sharp nights and full maturity shall paint its frondage with a hundred different hues. But the wild cherries are ripe now, and to its branches come many birds to feast on the luscious berries, and so just now the cherry tree is the one that shows most life and most interest.

Though taller than its nearest neighbors, the outlook that the wild cherry tree commands is not a very wide one. To the west is the weed-grown pasture in which, day after day, the same horses feed, standing during the midday hours under the shade of a gnarled and ancient apple tree, where the grass has been worn away by their stamping to drive away the persistent flies. They are old friends now after all these years—the horses and the tree. Off to the east is the yellow stubble of a shorn wheatfield, where pale green tips of the new springing ragweed are just beginning to show above the polished straw left standing. Along the wall are the blooms of the goldenrod and the fruit of the blackberries now changing from red to black. Over the stubble, back and forth in wide and ceaseless circles, now high, now low, swallows are swinging on tireless wing. There are white-bellies and cliff swallows, and the forked-tailed beauties that have been reared within the barns and—higher in air—the sooty and less graceful familiar friends which we call chimney swallows—but which are not swallows at all.

Each bird coming here for cherries shows something of its character by the method of its approach. Only a few fly boldly into the tree from a distance, but one of the confident ones is the robin, who comes from across the field, alights with a great plunge and spreading of wings and tail, and almost at once begins to feed hungrily. The kingbirds are beginning to gather for their autumnal flight southward, and now and then one comes into the tree openly, alighting in the very topmost branches, snatching a cherry or two and then darting away, as if he regretted the time lost for the meal. The little chipping sparrow seems to have no thought that he must conceal his movements. He comes straight as an arrow's flight, from a blackberry bush twenty yards away along the wall, alights in one of the lower branches, picks a cherry, which is far too large for him to swallow, tries to break it to pieces, drops it in the most stupid fashion and then plucks another, which he also drops. Then seemingly discouraged, he flies back to his thorny resting place, to return a little later for another trial.

Flying by easy stages along the wall and at last stopping in the very top of a butternut tree, not far from the cherry, comes a silent, sleek recluse, named from the fruit it is approaching, the cedar bird, waxwing or cherry bird. He is an interesting fellow, the more so no doubt because we know so little of him. He is cautious and prudent, but not a bit timid, very quiet in his habits, a thorough gentleman in deportment, reserve and dress. Perhaps it is the mystery that surrounds him that leads us to credit him with all sorts of qualities that some humans have. He sits for a long time in the butternut, sometimes crouched low on the branch or again standing absolutely erect with pointed crest raised to its fullest height. At last, moved by hunger, he flies to the cherry, but when he has reached there he is in no hurry to begin, but stands for a long time considering the meal. Then, moving sideways along the branch like a parrot, he reaches up and takes a berry, which he swallows deliberately. The fruit is thicker than his neck, and its passage down his gullet can be traced. After a pause, another cherry is eaten, and then another, and then presently the waxwing melts away and is no longer seen.

Suddenly, without warning, a long, smooth bird appears, crouched low along a branch close to a tent caterpillar's nest. We cannot tell where he came from, nor how he reached his perch, but he is there, looking keenly about him, but without moving his head. It is a black-billed cuckoo, another avian recluse, who yet on occasion may be evident enough to ear if not to eye. We might call him the detective among birds from the quiet way in which he slips about. Rain crow he is named, and his loud calls are familiar enough to country dweller, even though their source be not always known. One of the most useful of insectivorous birds, who can tell whether he has come here to have a taste of cherries or to destroy some of the tent caterpillars whose webbed nests, inclosing brown dead leaves, ornament the ends of several branches of our tree. Whatever the cuckoo's motive, he keeps it to himself, as befits the most shy and secretive of our birds. He moves a little nearer to the caterpillar's nest, seems to pick something from the branch, and then suddenly disappears.

A little later the peevish notes of a catbird sounding from the midst of the branches tell of a new arrival. But is not injustice done the catbird when we call his note peevish and imagine that it denotes ill temper or distress? He is graceful, active and talkative, and—because of his note, perhaps—unpopular, but, of all the Northern birds what one has sweeter and more varied strains?

A long chapter on bird habits might be written concerning what one sees among the boughs of the wild cherry even at this season of the year, when the birds are least obtrusive. Spend an hour near one and see for yourself what goes on there.

MINNESOTA FOREST.

WE print to-day a review from the pen of Mr. Charles Cristadoro of the work and the workers in the cause to preserve some of the primeval pine forests of Minnesota. It was a noble object, and as Mr. Cristadoro's review shows, enlisted the active co-operation of a host of individuals, societies and associations, representing the men and the women of Minnesota and the Northwest. If in the final outcome all was not accomplished that had been hoped for and striven for, that which was won was nevertheless a rich reward and an achievement of public good which entitles those who labored for it to gratitude now.

Where so many gave unsparingly of time and effort it would be ungracious in a public review to overlook the part which each one had in the common cause; and it is a pleasure then to put on record the names of those who thus contributed to the reforestation of Minnesota. In one respect only is Mr. Cristadoro's review incomplete. It will be recalled by those who followed the struggle that Mr. Cristadoro was himself one of the most intelligent, active, devoted and effective of all who talked and wrote and labored in season and out of season; and no record of the Minnesota forest preservation movement can be a true one which does not write large the name of Charles Cristadoro.

THE COMMON INTEREST.

THE Los Angeles County Game and Fish Protective Association, of California, is one of the successful protective organizations of the day, and one important factor in its success is its adopted principle that game protection is to be desired as a benefit, not by the sportsmen only, but by all the citizens of the community. In other words, the Association acts upon an assumption directly the opposite of that recently advanced by Judge Van Dyke in a California case, when he declared that the game laws were for the benefit of a favored class. The game laws, says the Los Angeles Association, are for the common good; and the membership is drawn from the community, irrespective of the shooting or fishing proclivities of those who are invited to join. The annual dues are $1.00; the funds go to enforcing the game and fish laws, and the Association does not limit its concern to game species, but aims to prevent the wanton destruction of harmless birds and animals. All the wild animate things that minister to the pleasure of man are under its care.

The success of the Los Angeles Association should encourage similar movements elsewhere. It is a common mistake of the promotors of game and fish protection movements to confine themselves too narrowly to the ranks of those who are active with rod and gun. Such organizations are made distinctively sportsmen bodies; and this naturally tends to set the sportsman's interests apart as something distinct from those of the public at large. This, of course, is unfortunate. The interests of the entire community, both of those who go afield and those who do not, lie in the preservation of the game; and a recognition of this principle by the sportsman will inevitably be followed by its recognition on the part of others. The sooner and the more completely we get away from the notion that the sportsmen of a district are in any sense a class apart by themselves, whose good is not the good of the people at large, the more quickly shall we come to the time when the community as a whole will sustain effective game and fish protection.

CONCERNING CLASSES.

THE courts of California in rendering decisions on the game statutes speak of the "class of sportsmen" or "the sportsman class." Is this a correct use of terms? Do sportsmen constitute a class?

Used in this sense, a class may be defined as a body of individuals grouped together as possessing certain common characteristics. What are the characteristics common to all sportsmen? We fancy they are very few. Sportsmen are drawn from the ranks of the rich and the poor. They may be educated or illiterate; rough diamond or highly polished; they may be pious or irreligious; Roman Catholics or Methodists; Episcopalians or Dutch Reformed. They are long and short, fat and thin, with blue eyes or green.

In what are they all alike? The sportsman delights in recreation, but in this he does not differ from all other members of the human family. He takes his pleasure by preference out of doors, but so do all sorts and conditions of men, women and children, whether they attend *fetes champetres* or lawn parties, or simple picnics and May parties. The sportsman kills game and fish, or sails his boat over the waters, but these are recognized avocations the world over, and have nothing to do with sportsmanship. Even the judges of the California courts do not call the Chinamen and Italians, who comb the beach of San Francisco Harbor, sportsmen.

Sportsmen appear to possess one characteristic; that they—usually, but not always—pursue game or fish or toil over their yachts or canoes for pleasure, rather than for gain; but does an eccentricity like this entitle them to be put in a class by themselves?

Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., has bought all of the land which was held by private owners surrounding Lake Success, in Roslyn, Long Island, and all the interest in the lake itself which was in private ownership. A part title to the lake is vested in the town of North Hempstead; and the town also owns three rights of way to the lake. To make his control of Lake Success complete and absolute, Mr. Vanderbilt has offered the town authorities $50,000 for its title. The town can do nothing without legislative action, and it is probable that a bill will be introduced at Albany next winter to empower the town to alienate its interests in the lake and approaches. The price offered is an alluring one, and the people of North Hempstead may perhaps not be blamed for adding such a substantial sum to their treasury. Nevertheless the policy of surrendering public waters—or waters open to the public—into private control is a wrong one. The number of lakes in the vicinity of New York to which there is access for fishing, boating and other recreations is extremely small, and is constantly diminishing, because, one after another, they are passing into the control of clubs and individuals. Those that are left should be kept for the people. Their value as public pleasure resorts will be all the greater as the years go by. Legislatures should be very slow to remove the obstacles to alienation of such waters now contained in town charters.

The humors of the political campaign have already begun in New York, where a letter has been written to Senator Platt (and of course given out to the press for advertising purposes before Mr. Platt himself could receive it), averring that in the event of the renomination of Governor Odell the writer of the letter would cause 25,000 sportsmen to vote against him. The reason assigned for the opposition to the Governor is that his acts have been inimical to the interests of the sportsmen of the State. The humor of this lies in the assumption that, whatever may have been Governor Odell's record with reference to game legislation, there are 25,000 men in the State who would be controlled by a consideration of it and would be influenced by it to vote the Republican or the Democratic ticket. As a matter of actual fact and the cold arithmetic of election returns, there are not in the whole length and breadth of New York twenty-five who would be so controlled; probably there is not one.

The Sportsman Tourist.

The Organ Grinder.

A Day in His Life.

Nicolo Brignati was tired. He had traveled miles over a dusty road beneath the blazing sun. Beads of perspiration stood on his swarthy lean face, and he limped along laboriously with his organ strapped to his back and his monkey perched above.

Suddenly he stopped and looked about him. The place was inviting. A great cool umbrageous tree stood by the roadside, while underneath was a carpet of rich green grass, bedecked with daisies. And hark! What was that? Yes, it was a gurgling stream, which presently revealed itself along the fence as it reflected a sunbeam.

Nicolo's eyes brightened and he heaved a sigh of satisfaction. Uttering a word of command, he glanced up at the monkey, which instantly jumped to the ground. Then Nicolo unwound his organ and proceeded toward the stream. Taking a little tin cup from his pocket, he filled it three times with the pellucid water and drank. It refreshed his weary soul and he muttered his thanks to "Sancta Maria." Before putting the cup away he filled it once more and held it to the monkey's lips, with a "Chico, amico!" Chico took a little sip and turned away his head. Nicolo then put up the cup and seated himself on the grass with his back to the tree. Diving once more into his capacious pocket, he took out some nuts, which he gave to Chico, who expressed his feelings with a great chirruping and began to crack the nuts in such a comical way as would have made any one smile but his sombre master. Having furbished in his pocket for the third time, Nicolo produced some stale bread and an onion, with which he began to regale himself, with eyes fixed far away, as one in a dream. His frugal repast ended, he stretched himself on the grass and was soon wrapped in slumber. As he lay there he presented a spectacle at once odd and pathetic. His hair was matted and covered with dust, and his careworn face was covered with several days' growth of beard. As for his clothes, they were not much more than an assortment of rags patched together, while his stockingless feet were encased in a pair of heavy rawhide shoes, studded with nails.

The birds came to look at him. First a robin cried from the tree: "Who are you? Who are you? Wake up!" Then a vireo cried: "What is it? Great Scott! Hi, there! Do you hear me?" Then an oriole (that exquisite among the birds) cried: "Oh my, oh my! How really very shocking, don't you know!" Then a yellow warbler cried: "Tut! Tut! Asleep on such a day as this!" Then a song sparrow chipped in: "Wake—wake—wake! Get a move on you!" And then a crow flew past and laughed a hoarse "Haw—haw—haw!" as it espied the queer, unkempt figure on the grass.

The insects, too, were filled with curiosity. First came the flies and mosquitoes and lit on the face and hands of the sleeper. Then came the ants, and wandered all over him. Then came a darning needle and lit on his nose. Then came a bee and buzzed in his ear. And then came a butterfly and lit on the collar of his red flannel shirt.

But through it all Nicolo slumbered undisturbed, for he was tired, as we have said. At length as the sun began to decline and was gilding the trunks of the trees, the sleeper started up and rubbed his eyes. One glance toward the west sufficed to tell him that evening was nigh, so he hastily arose and strapping his organ about him and bidding the monkey mount, set off at a brisk gait, or at least at a gait that was brisk for him.

In half an hour he came to a little village. As he entered the slumberous street children seemed to spring out of the ground and set up a great shout as they observed the monkey. Crowding about it, their eyes shone with mingled fascination and fear, and though some were bolder than others, the majority hung back as if ready to flee at a moment's notice. Nicolo, blasé with many a similar scene, paid no attention to all this, but selecting a likely looking cottage, unslung his organ and began to grind away, while Chico, who was held by a string, jumped up on the veranda. A woman with a babe in her arms was the only occupant of this. The babe at sight of the monkey gave vent to a cry of terror and clung to its mother. It was in vain that the latter used reassuring words, so Nicolo was ordered away. He had better luck at the next cottage, where Chico, cap in hand, collected three cents from as many young ladies, who were not so much taken with the attentions of the Simian gallant as melted at the strains of Nicolo's organ, wheezy and dismal though they were. At the third cottage a maiden lady, apparently, of severe aspect, put her head out of the window and declared shrilly that if "that hideous beast," referring to the monkey, was not taken away instantly she would send for the village constable.

With varying luck like this Nicolo, without any display of emotion, made his tour of the village, until he came to the poorer quarter. The crowd of children here was much greater than at the upper end, but the pennies were few and far between. At length Nicolo, apparently discouraged, ceased grinding and slung his organ over his shoulders. Then he looked about him inquiringly for a few minutes, and finally approached a man who sat on his doorstep.

"Italiano mans liva here?" asked Nicolo, evidently with the object of finding a lodging for the night.

"Eh? Haow's that?" drawled the man, condescendingly.

"Italiano mans liva here?" repeated Nicolo.

"Oh!" exclaimed the man. "You want to know if there be any Eytalians here?"

"Si, signor."

"No. No dagoes, no monkeys, here," adding in a lower tone, "Thank God!"

Nicolo received this rude rebuff without any open show of resentment, though a keen observer would have seen a lightning flash in his dark eyes as he turned away. There was a little provision store across the street, and to this he made his way and purchased five cents' worth of bologna sausage. Then he plodded down the street, the children continuing to follow him to a little stream spanned by a rustic bridge, which marked the limits of the village. Here the youngsters gave the stooped, retreating figure, or rather we should say the monkey, a parting cheer and returned to their play.

Onward Nicolo plodded through the dust, while the shades of evening began to fall around him. The village was left behind, the shouts of the children died away and he once more found himself alone with nature. His mind, singularly enough, ran on the rebuff he had just received, and to his customary mood of vague melancholy was added the bitterness of wounded feelings. It is true he had not been used to much consideration in his own country, but in even the contempt of an aristocrat, or rich man, of his own race, there was a certain sympathy. Here his portion was scorn unmixed. Once he had rebelled against it, in his fierce fiery way, with the only result that he got felled to the ground. As he thought of it all, his heart swelled with bitterness and a sob rose to his lips.

Suddenly a woodthrush began to pour forth its vesper hymn from a grove by the wayside. The rich, measured cadence of the notes, instinct with serene joy and happiness, floated on the evening air like a divine summons to troubled mortals to be at peace. Nicolo halted and listened. His eyes were fixed on the western sky, where the after glow of the sun, full of a gracious sentiment, yet lingered. For some time Nicolo continued to gaze and to listen, and then with a sudden impulse he raised his eyes, welling with tears, and crossed himself reverently. It was the tribute of this poor, unlettered soul to the beautiful, beneficent Mother Nature.

The thrush ceased its song, and Nicolo, calmer in mind, resumed his plodding march through the dust. But night was glooming apace across the country, so the wayfarer began to look about him for a lodging. He had not gone far before he espied a little rivulet which ran by a wood. His eyes lit up with pleasure: this was the very spot he had been looking for. Unloading his organ at once he proceeded to quench his thirst, as well as that of the monkey, and then lifting himself and his belongings across a rail fence, entered the wood. The fireflies flashed in the gloom and lit his way to an open space, which was covered with moss. Here the weary wanderer threw himself down with a sigh. How sweet and cool it was here after the hot dusty highway! And how solemn and still and suited to repose. When he was a little rested he sat up and made a sop of bread and milk (the latter he carried in a small medicine bottle) for the monkey. The animal appeared not to be hungry, but Nicolo coaxed it as a mother might her babe, and finally succeeded in having the sop eaten up. Pleased with his success, he took out his bologna sausage, with some remnants of bread, and fell to himself in a manner very different from that of the monkey. The world might be hard on Nicolo, but his appetite seldom failed him. The sausage and bread disposed of, he filled an old black pipe and lit it. With his back to a tree he smoked on pensively and gradually there stole over him a sense of comfort and contentment even which only the old black pipe ever brought him. The weed is a blessing to the rich, but what an infinitely greater blessing it is to the poor and miserable!

The last faint glimmerings of day at the edges of the wood died out and all was cimmerian gloom, set off, as it were, by the flashings of the fireflies. But soon a soft mysterious light began to steal through the trees and fret the mossy ground beneath. As Nicolo observed it his heart leaped with a sympathetic joy. Ah! here was something that reminded him of his dear Italia, if nothing else did. "Bella luna!" he muttered fondly, gazing up through the trees. At the words memory awoke in him, and his youth, with its wild romantic glamor, came back to him. Unconsciously he fell into an old love song of Lombardy. This he sang in a subdued droning key with occasional mournful pitches, the effect of which as it echoed through the wood was at once weird and pathetic in the extreme.

When the song came to an end the singer's head fell on his breast, and he remained thus for awhile; then he rolled over on the ground. And there, beneath the whispering trees, with a quiet moonbeam on his face, Nicolo Brignati slept.

Francis Moonan.

New York, June.

Maudellon.

"Come into the garden, Maude,
I'm weary here alone."

So I was. There had been no garden, however, just to walk into for months. Only gray walls and stone pavements and streets sometimes dusty, sometimes muddy. There was a library to go to where illustrations in magazines simulated country life quite truly and where I have looked into many pretty garden paths in this country, and, on hot afternoons, I have even made sea trips across to France, and there in his voluptuous Midi helped Monsieur Alphonse pick his beloved Jacqueminots. But this did not satisfy to-day, for the full tide of summer is in in Tennessee, so I looked up impatiently from my book several times before Maudellon's eyes from the phaeton at the curb said. "Come." My smile in return was as loud as the rules of the library allow, and I left Miss Wharton and her "Hour in Italy" quite unceremoniously and bounded to Maudellon's side. As we turn out the Boulevard I will add that when her eyes have just this look it means we are to seek this day country lanes and lonely hilltops and glades with only a stream's noise in them, so I was more than content to give her the lines.

The city's borders had scarcely been passed when we delved into a place so like the one I had seen in Maudellon's yes that I had to rub my own to be sure that her wand was not still waving over the lovely creation before us. It was Melrose, reached through a lodge gate half-hidden in trees, and then on by a circuitous drive over a stream which twists itself as if by contract, and is lost in wild hydrangea bushes and woodbine. This drive being circular, is always a surprise, and I know of no English park which is more effective and pleasing. Blue grass is lush and riotous everywhere under great trees, and when at last the house is reached one drives through the porte-cochere and forgets it in the wide view of undulating corn and pasture lands to the south, relieved by the fine soft outline of the Knobs. Here we stopped to chatter with children, eager to blend with our adventure, as they always do in such things, and bringing always an imagination which is beautiful and encouraging to see. How admirable is the man who sprinkles this youthful faith in the unseen things (but in the things possible) all through the days of his life! So we would live in a new world for three hours, we said, and drove on down into the wood again, accompanied by a gay troupe of bluebirds, ever leading us on, and from the glen the wood pewee called with a mournful September sound and the wood thrush tinkled his sad chimes to the closing day.

Outside the gates again me turned into a new road which neither knew, but this was better, it would lead to that delightful somewhere where our gypsy supper would be spread. After the promises of several turnings, the next always hidden from the last by plumed corn rows, we debouched finally into the Franklin road only. But this was not bad, the hills being topped by old colonial houses, the white columns shining through the lawn trees, and the rich meadows of the opposite side covered with short-horn and Durham cattle, their deep bay sides outlining against the green with an effect as soft and placid as a picture.

Later came into view the turrets of the famous Oak Hill country place. The lawn and drive is better kept, but less alluring than that of Melrose, and the house in plain view from the road, has lost somewhat of its exclusiveness by this. The crenelated rock fence also is too low and gives every passer, like ourselves, too complete an idea of the garden seats, summer arbors and the vivid patches of flower color, relieving the walks. But we will learn some day that four feet more of limestone wall makes us entirely English, so let us hope. We should have been sorry, however, not to have seen the paddocks, with the brood mares grazing and the colts gamboling under the trees. We had turned into a lane which seemed interminable, and at the sound of sheep bells clinking in the distance we stopped. A cardinal began his whistling in a hedge near by and from a fence post a vesper sparrow took up his long-drawn and mellow note. An indigo bunting, tireless as he is always, and bubbling over all day long with happiness, still sits gayly on his tiptop bough and warbles away the hours. Maudellon alone of all this group of fragile and errant beauty is not quite happy, but says "Let us drive on. What we seek is just there, where that shower of golden arrows is falling through the vines." The bright pink of her dress blunted every arrow, however, and I was then content to drive on. Further on in this enchanted lane we saw rabbits playing by the roadside, as is their custom late in the afternoon. She clapped her hands joyfully and the rabbits ran, and, friend of the rabbits as I am, how could I stop those hands from clapping?

We spread our lunch in the rabbits' tracks for luck and I learned Maudellon how to drink from a bottle, making it gurgle, and she learned me how to eat cherry syrup from a knife blade, and so we made a feast as simple but as royal as any of Marie Antoinette's on the green around her thatched cottages in the Little Trianon.

Great masses of gold and purple clouds hung in the sky as the sun of our day set. The pink in her dress began to soften and her gray eyes grew dark as though grieving at a passing happiness. Here the thin crescent of the new moon came out. Her hands were raised ecstatically again—but she looked at me reproachfully as they fell back in her lap and we drove on homeward. E. M.

Nashville, Tenn., Aug 7.

Sport.

Webster defines sport as "That which diverts and makes mirth: game; diversion; mirth."

Coahoma tells us in Forest and Stream, page 127, that field sports had their origin in man's necessities during the period of his racial infancy, when he captured wild things for food and clothing; that this trait still persists, and "That the porcurement of something useful to man as a result of the chase is an essential element of true sport." In elaborating this definition of sport he makes it very plain that the "something" which is "essential" is in his judgment "goot meat."

Now it is plain that either Webster or Coahoma is wrong, because these definitions of sport antagonize each other. As a rule there is very little diversion or mirth in what we do to maintain our existence. I think a little investigation will show that Webster's definition is the commonly accepted one, and that Coahoma's conclusions are fallacious, and his position untenable.

I regard his teaching as pernicious, because if generally inculcated it would degrade our fields and forests to the level of abattoirs, our game to the level of swine and our sportsmen to the level of gluttons.

Words are used to convey ideas. What idea does the word sport convey? An effort to secure food? No. It does not convey that idea now; it did not convey that idea in Webster's day, and I dare say if the word was used during the period of the racial infancy of man it did not convey that idea then.

To illustrate: I have a great admiration for our illustrious President, as a man, as a warrior, as a statesman, but most of all as a true sportsman. He exemplifies all that is best in field sports, yet we have no reason to believe that he ever ate any of the California lions which he has killed.

Fox hunting is undoubtedly a true sport, and is practiced by a large number of genuine sportsmen and sportswomen, yet what is procured by it that is useful to man? Certainly Reynard has never been regarded as a choice titbit by the devotees of the sport. Then we have coyotes, wolves, and many other unsavory "varmints" which figure largely in true sport. Again there are anglers who turn away from the toothsome trout and salmon to catch tarpon that is comparatively worthless as a food fish.

It cannot be successfully denied that men, of whom J. A. L. Waddell is a type, have a clear conception of what constitutes true sport.

Field sports may, or may not, have had their origin during the racial infancy of man, but the contention that they had their origin in man's necessities is a square contradiction of facts as we find them at the present time. How long would the pursuit of any sort of game continue to be sport to the sportsman who should be compelled to pursue it continually to maintain his existence? Agricul-

ture was also found necessary to maintain man's existence, and was co-existent with the killing of game for man's support. Why is it then that the labor of agriculture has not become a trait in man's nature, and have been raised thereby to the realm of sport along with the pursuit of game? Is it not because the labor of agriculture is performed almost solely to procure something useful to man while the pursuit of game has become largely a diversion? Exceptions prove the rule. I know of a few cases where wealthy persons have turned to agriculture as a diversion from other business, and who regard it as sport. But how is it in the case of the laborers they employ, who dig their potatoes and ditches at $1 per day?

On the other hand, I have seen market-shooters and fishermen who got about the same amount of sport out of their avocation that they would out of digging potatoes or ditches.

Coahoma tells us the including of athletic games in the category of sport is unwarranted. To maintain this contention he must show that there is no diversion in these games.

I must take issue with Coahoma in another matter. He tells us the sport of big-game hunting has degenerated from the pursuit of the "good meat" to the pursuit of the trophy.

It is true that sportsmen are pusuing big game more for the sake of the sport and less for the commercial value of the game than formerly, but if this be degeneration let us have more of it.

I can see why a sportsman spends valuable time, and say $200 in money, and endures privations and hardships to secure a fine head of moose, elk or other coveted trophy, for mounted in the semblance of life it becomes "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." It is not only a handsome embellishment of his home, but is also a constant and pleasant reminder of his sport.

I cannot see why a sportsman should spend valuable time and $200 in money and endure privations and hardships to secure say $25 worth of meat.

No one can deplore the unnecessary waste of game more than myself. However, when a person kills game lawfully and allows all of it but the trophy to lie and rot where it fell, the loss is solely his, and no one else suffers greater loss than they would had he eat the good meat. It does not follow necessarily that the person who kills big game for the trophy wastes the meat. There are usually lumbermen, trappers, or residents near by who are only too glad to get it and make good use of it when notified by the person who killed the animal. This I think is done in a majority of cases, and I sincerely hope it will always be done in all cases where otherwise the meat would be left to rot.

Jos. W. Shurter.

Gansevoort, Aug. 16.

The Reforestation of Minnesota.

The Chippewa Reservation, situated in northern Minnesota, with its thousands of acres of primeval pine forest interlaced and interwoven with placid lakes and running streams, was to be thrown open to the lumberman, and what existed as a sylvan paradise was to be speedily turned into a desert waste of stump-covered, cut-over lands.

Early in the winter of 1897 the Minnesota State Medical Society, the State Educational Society and the Minnesota Federation of Women's Clubs, started the movement toward saving the pines upon this reservation.

The Forestry Committee of the Federation of Women's Clubs, headed by Mrs. Bramhall, visited the Governor of Minnesota and urged the appropriation by the Legislature of a sum sufficient to enable the State to purchase some wooded islands and promontories in this reservation. This being impracticable because of the many other appropriations then being asked of the Legislature, the committee appealed to the Secretary of the Interior to withhold the entire reservation from public sale, and at the same time requested of the Minnesota Legislature that a memorial to that effect be passed, which was done, and the Chippewa Reservation was withdrawn from the market.

This was unquestionably the most vital step taken in the whole history of the struggle to save this reservation, and to the club women and doctors of the State belongs this credit. Had this effort not been made, long ere this would the land and pines have passed into the hands of private owners.

And now comes Col. John S. Cooper, of Chicago, an enthusiastic lover of the piney woods, who, after a visit to the reservation, learning of the efforts being made to save these pine forests, enthusiastically entered into the project. With a view of enlarging the scope of the work and bringing influence to bear beyond the State of Minnesota, a meeting was called at Chicago. This was attended from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and other parts of Minnesota and from Chicago.

A map was shown at this meeting, of the proposed national park and forest reserve. It embraced an area of territory far in excess of the Chippewa Reservation, so much so as to include a number of villages and settled tracts many miles in extent, in the aggregate about 7,000,000 acres. It was such an enlargement of the original plan that it at once aroused the ire of the Duluth delegation and war was declared then and there through its spokesman, Judge Morris, who pledged himself to fight it to the death.

The mistake of expanding the Chippewa Reservation over scores of miles of more or less thickly populated territory already in the hands of settlers and private owners, was manifest, and it was immediately corrected, and the Chippewa Reservation was held to only, which mollified the opposition somewhat.

Printed matter issued subsequent to the meeting contained what was known as a compromise site, which was simply the area of the reservation originally asked for.

The women's clubs throughout the State of Minnesota and the medical associations were daily discussing and exploiting the subject of forest preservation. Petitions and private letters poured in upon Minnesota's representatives in Washington, making life a burden to them.

The village of Cass Lake and the greater part of Duluth were violently opposing the permanent closing of the reservation.

A Congressional visit was planned and made to the reservation, but unfortunately some of those selected as moving spirits on this trip were so notoriously against timber preservation that this Congressional excursion was looked upon with more or less suspicion, and the advocates of the National Minnesota Forest Reserve were accordingly regarded by many as tools of the lumbermen, helping them to keep a large body of timber out of the market temporarily, until they were ready to purchase.

The papers publishing the enlarged area of the proposed park were circulated among the villages and settlers interested and much hostility to the measure resulted therefrom.

Trips to Washington and other points were made at various times by Mrs. L. P. Williams, Miss Sanford and Mrs. C. S. Cairns, representing the Federation of Women's Clubs of Minnesota. President McKinley was visited, as well as the members of the Minnesota delegation. Col. Cooper likewise visited Washington on this same mission. There were others not herein mentioned who were, in their own way, persistently spreading the gospel of forestry.

The Federation of Women's Clubs met at Duluth, the hotbed of the opposition, and Dr. Schenck was brought from Biltmore, N. C., to explain the meaning of practical forestry. The meeting, if inharmonious, was nevertheless instructive and interesting.

Meetings were being held throughout the State, and people were gradually being educated as to the necessity of saving some of the remaining pine trees.

Mr. Tawny was prepared to bring the matter before Congress, but Mr. Morris prevailing upon the Speaker, Mr. Tawney failed to get recognition and Congress adjourned.

The Federation of Women's Clubs once more, through their representative, Mrs. Bramhall, approached our State Legislature for endorsement of the measure to save the reservation, and succeeded in securing it. Failure to secure favorable action from Congress had well nigh discouraged every worker in the cause, even the most enthusiastic. The endorsement at this time of the Minnesota Legislature was not only opportune, but of the highest importance. It was a notice to our representatives that the struggle to save some of the forests had not been abandoned.

Cass Lake village, anxious for more lumber-jack prosperity, sent a delegation to St. Paul and Minneapolis urging the opening of the reservation, but received no encouragement. In the meantime the cutting of the "dead and down" timber on the reservation was again allowed under the Nelson Bill, and the usual infamous thievery and scandals followed. Then in due course the Morris Bill was framed, and after much negotiation and compromise, was whipped into the present form.

Mr. Tawney, of all the Minnesota delegation, was the one and steadfast friend of this forest reserve movement from start to finish.

Final conferences having been held, at which at various times were present the Minnesota Congressional delegation, Prof. Pinchot, Prof. Schenck, Col. Cooper and Cass Lake representatives, the clauses relative to reforestation in the Morris Bill were agreed upon, and it was duly presented, passed and finally signed by the President and became law.

The bill was not what the forest reserve advocates hoped for, as the timber cutting was reversed, instead of cutting approximately ten per cent. annually and thus perpetuating the forests under forestry rules, it is proposed, under the Morris Bill, to cut at once ninety-five per cent. and depend on reforestation for the future.

The sum of results is that about 20,000 acres of primeval forest are saved intact for the people, and the forest lands, outside of the allotments to the Indians, are to be turned over to the Bureau of Forestry for reforestration after ninety-five per cent. of the pine timber has been cut.

The Morris Bill gives the first great impetus to reforestration in Minnesota, and although Judge Morris has consistently and persistently fought every attempt to save the timber on the Chippewa Reservation, and although he no doubt would much prefer that his bill contained no forestry clauses whatsoever, yet in spite of all this, Judge Morris is doomed to have his name go down to posterity inseparably conected with forest preservation in Minnesota. One hundred years from now, when new piney giants will have grown and matured from between the stumps of those now about to be cut, and when the reservation will have once more taken on its primeval appearance, then will a grateful public come forward and, amid the pines he loved so well, will it erect a statue to Judge Morris and will his name go down upon the receding waves of the ocean of time as the father of forestry in the great Northwest.

It certainly has been difficult to educate the average citizen of Minnesota up to the necessity of saving the remnants of the pine forests, but during the educational campaign of the past five years much sentiment toward forest preservation has been created.

To the initiators of the movement, our medical men and our club women, is due all credit. Drs. Bell, Craft and Dunning, and Profs. Northrup and Green were ever on the alert in the interests of the movement. Mrs. L. P. Williams, Miss Sanford, Mrs. Bramhall, Miss Margaret J. Evans and Mrs. Cairns, representing the Women's Clubs of our State, and Miss Obenauer, editor of the Courant, were more than enthusiastic and absolutely tireless and indefatigable.

Then there was Gen. Andrews, who loved the forest, and who from the first gave valuable aid and advice, and who stood always ready to serve the cause. His lectures on forestry throughout the State and his annual forestry reports as Chief Fire Warden, giving much space to forest preservation, did much to create sentiment in favor of forestry.

And immediately upon the passage of the Morris Bill, at the solicitation of Gen. Andrews, are 400,000 additional acres of pine forests along the shores of Lake Superior set aside for future generations as a forest reserve.

Our commercial bodies, the Chamber of Commerce, the Jobbers' Union and the Commercial Club, were eventually strongly committed to the scheme of forest preservation.

Our chief paper, the Pioneer Press, has pictorially and editorially stood by the forestry cause from the inception of the work and done immeasurable good throughout the State.

Outside of our own State, there is Col. Cooper, of Chicago, a man whose enthusiasm for the cause of forest preservation has known no bounds, whose time, energy and pocket book have been ever at the disposal of the good cause, and who has made at times the cause of forestry his daily work, leaving his law business to Sundays and such other moments as he had to spare.

To his enthusiasm and tireless energy and persistence are the people of Minnesota largely indebted.

It was on the part of all a labor of love and philanthropy throughout. Not a single forestry advocate had an ax to grind. The ladies, God bless them, went into the work with no reward awaiting them other than success. The doctors were selfish, for did they not want to save to the people a healing, balm-producing breathing spot among the pines where their racked and fever-consumed patients could be nursed back to health and strength?

Gen. Andrews had no ax to grind other than to save the pines we had left, and, if possible, to make two trees grow where one grew before.

As to Col. Cooper, he is not even a citizen of our State, so that no imputation of hoped-for political preferment can be lodged at his door.

Those forwarding this movement on the face of it have not gotten what they wanted, but as a practical fact it is a question as to whether they have not builded better than they knew. Heretofore "reforestation" has been a missing word in the dictionary of Minnesota. It is there now, and to "stay put." Yes, more, to spread and enlarge until thousands of cut-over acres of barren, rocky, sandy, stump-covered soil will in time begin to grow, under reforestation, their crops of pine. In other words, we will now begin to do what Germany and Austria began to do over a hundred years ago, conserve and reforest our pine lands.

Generations may come and go, but the Federal Government will go on, and under its protection the Minnesota pine forests will grow and thrive, until once more the white pine of Minnesota will take its place, although to a comparatively limited extent, among the merchantable lumber of commerce.

Charles Cristadoro.

St. Paul, Aug. 2.

Natural History.

A Binary Mother.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A freak of nature has recently come under my observation, which has interested me not a little. It is a case of divided allegiance or duplex devotion to two mothers; and a refutation, therefore, of the postulate that one cannot serve two masters; and a signal proof that the difficult problem which the all-wise Solomon was called to solve might have otherwise worked out its own solution in a manner quite agreeable to all concerned, the judge included.

It is a case of two well-favored fowls, a white Leghorn and a Plymouth Rock, who "stole a nest" together one day last July, and after the customary period of patient incubation came off with a lone, diminutive, white chick as the sole product of nine fresh-laid eggs duly set on. Whereupon an *entente cordiale* was established all around which three continuous weeks have failed to break, but rather seemed to strengthen. The brace of "biddies" cluck and scratch together like a working team, and brood together as far as they can, for whichever hen gathers in the chick, the other nestles alongside quite contented, and the buntling slips from under the one to the other just as if it were one common canopy of feathers. The mutual solicitude is marvelous to behold. The Siamese twins were not in closer accord, for what attracts or frightens one affects the other, and the chick conforms to both, running two ways at once as far as it can, and when both hens happen to scratch a bug or worm coincidently, the chick is heroic in its attempts to do double duty.

Notwithstanding this dual maternity, and this joint commissariat, and conserving care, the runt is hardly larger now at the end of three weeks than it was when it bursted the natal shell. But the mothers are still assiduous. Neither seems to be jealous of maternal prerogatives, though each claims preemption rights, and persistently hold down the same claim, as they say in squatter's parlance. Great expectations are manifestly banked on the future growth and development. The strongest part of the composite paradox is that neither fowl has shown the slightest interest to discover why a full clutch was not hatched out in the first place, according to the laws of incubation. Were this a case of natural selection or survival of the fittest, or an operation of the Malthusian process, the fact would remain and is sadly in evidence that the chick does not thrive well under the binary tutelage. It is obliged to "rustle" more than is good for its constitution. Too much effort at its callow age is exhausting; makes it thin and puny, bantling the antithesis of Banting, as it were.

Charles Hallock.

Plainfield, Mass.

Wild Animals of the North.

From Richardson's "Fauna Boreali-Americana; or the Zoology of the Northern Parts of British America."

"'Persons who attempt to take beaver in winter should be thoroughly acquainted with their manner of life, otherwise they will have endless trouble to effect their purpose, because they have always a number of holes in the banks which serve them as places of retreat when any injury is offered to their houses; and in general it is in those holes that they are taken. When the beaver which are situated in a small river or creek are to be taken, the Indians sometimes find it necessary to stake the river across, to prevent them from passing, after which they endeavor to find out all their holes or places of retreat in the banks. This requires much practice and experience to

accomplish, and is performed in the following manner: Every man being furnished with an ice chisel, lashes it to the end of a small staff, about four or five feet long; he then walks along the edge of the banks, and keeps knocking his chisel against the ice. Those who are acquainted with that kind of work, well know by the sound of the ice when they are opposite to any of the beavers' holes or vaults. As soon as they suspect any, they cut a hole through the ice big enough to admit an old beaver, and in this manner proceed till they have found out all their places of retreat, or at least as many of them as possible. While the principal men are thus employed, some of the understrappers, and the women, are busy in breaking open the house, which at times is no easy task, for I have frequently known these houses to be five or six feet thick, and one, in particular, was more than eight feet thick in the crown. When the beaver finds that their habitations are invaded, they fly to their holes in the banks for shelter, and on being perceived by the Indians, which is easily done by attending to the motion of the water, they block up the entrance with stakes of wood, and then haul the beaver out of its hole, either by hand if they can reach it, or with a large hook made for that purpose, which is fastened to the end of a long stick. In this kind of hunting, every man has the sole right to all the beaver caught by him in the holes or vaults, and as this is a constant rule, each person takes care to mark such as he discovers by sticking up a branch of a tree by which he may know them. All that are caught in the house are the property of the person who finds it. The beaver is an animal which cannot keep under water long at a time, so that when their houses are broke open, and all their places of retreat discovered, they have but one choice left, as it may be called, either to be taken in their house or their vaults; in general, they prefer the latter, for where there is one beaver caught in the house, many thousands are taken in the vaults in the banks. Sometimes they are caught in nets, and in summer very frequently in traps.'"

"* * * Hearne goes on to say he had 'kept several of them till they became so domesticated as to answer to their name, and follow those to whom they were accustomed, in the same manner as a dog would do; and they were as much pleased at being fondled as any animal I ever saw. In cold weather they were kept in my own sitting room, where they were the constant companions of the Indian women and children, and were so fond of their company, that when the Indians were absent for any considerable time, the beaver discovered great signs of uneasiness; and on their return, showed equal marks of pleasure by fondling on them, crawling into their laps, lying on their backs, sitting erect like a squirrel, and behaving like children who see their parent but seldom. In general, during the winter, they lived on the same food as the women did, and were remarkably fond of rice and plum pudding; they would eat partridges and fresh venison very freely, but I never tried them with fish, though I have heard they will at times prey on them. In fact, there are few graminivorous animals that may not be brought to be carnivorous.'"

Richardson speaks of the occasional occurrence of beaver which are entirely black, but do not differ in any other respect from those of the ordinary dark brown color. He quotes Hearne as saying that it was rare to get more than twelve or fifteen of their skins in the course of one year's trade.

A Pair of Rain Crows.

All winter I observed, especially on my linden trees in front of my house, a number of dried leaves which persisted in sticking to the branches in spite of wind and rain and snow. In early spring I discovered that each of these leaves was doubled over and pasted fast, and inside were hundreds of small, white, hard-shelled eggs, about the size of a pin's head. They were, as I believe, the eggs of the white tussock moth (*Orgyia leucostigma*). All fall I had been making war upon the caterpillars of these moths. They had been exceedingly numerous, and for them I had a great dislike, as I have for everything that crawls. I immediately cleared the trees of these leaves as far as I could; but many of them were away beyond my reach, and I had to let them go. I anticipated a host of caterpillars, and I was not mistaken. When the summer opened up they were traveling everywhere, and it was impossible to walk under my trees even for a few minutes without coming away with one or more of the loathsome creatures crawling over me. I thought of Killingworth after the slaughter of the birds:

"In the orchards fed
Myriads of caterpillars, and around
The cultivated fields and garden beds
Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found
No foe to check their march, till they had made
The land a desert without leaf or shade."

I was getting really nervous over it, when a couple of birds put in an appearance. They came mostly in the early evenings. I did not know what hey were at first, but I saw them hopping briskly among the branches of the lindens, and to my joy I perceived they were feasting on the dreaded white caterpillars. They manifested their satisfaction occasionally by calling out Ick-ick-ick-ick; ko, ko, ko. They were rain crows (*Coccyzus erythrophthalmus*). They come every evening for a couple of weeks or so, and still come occasionally; but I have not seen a caterpillar of that description for a month. Bless the rain crow! What a power of good one pair of birds did, not only on my own small place, but I suppose in other gardens over a large region. Shame befall the man, and severe punishment, who would harm an insectivorous bird. T. J. Chapman.

The Drumming Grouse.

Fox Lake, Wis.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Several years ago there was quite a warm discussion in Forest and Stream as to what caused the noise made by a drumming grouse. I have forgotten how the matter was finally decided, but in talking with a hunting companion the other evening who is not only a keen hunter and a crack shot, but a close observer, I asked him what he thought about it. He said the noise was caused by the grouse striking the buts of his wings on the distended skin of his neck, that being filled with air, acted like a drum. Speaking of bitterns, he said he had often watched them in the early morning at a distance of a few yards, and the clacking noise was caused by striking the bill together; then they would distend the skin of their necks and shooting their heads out straight would make the booming sound. He gave us a perfect imitation of these noises, and it took us back very forcibly to a morning on the marsh. We still have a little game here, and if the laws could be enforced it would last, but as fast as laws are made some way is invented to get around them. There's only one thing to do, and that's stop the sale of game.

W. E. Warren.

Reclamation of Shifting Sand Dunes.

The protection of valuable property from the encroachment of shifting sand dunes is becoming an important problem in some portions of the country. The regions most severely affected are the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, the lake district of Michigan, and the Columbia River district of Washington and Oregon.

Two field parties from the Bureau of Forestry are at work on this problem. One will investigate the worst dune districts along the Atlantic coast, and will study carefully the grasses, shrubs, and trees that can be used either for temporary or permanent retention of the sand dunes, and will also inquire into other methods of holding the active dunes, or changing their direction. Very successful work in holding the sand by grass and shrub planting has already been done by the State of Massachusetts on a portion of Cape Cod known as the "Province Lands."

The problem along the Columbia River is somewhat different from that along the Atlantic Coast, owing to the different origin and character of the sand. It is expected, however, that the control of the sand there, like that of the coast sand, can be effected by means of grass or shrub planting, and afterward by forestation. Primarily the object of controlling the sand is to protect valuable property which is endangered by the dunes. The bureau has undertaken this work in order to give practical assistance to persons who have requested its aid in the protection of their property.

She Bear and Mother Moose.

Wellesley Farms, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* When in Maine last May at my camp, I visited a bear hunter who had quite a collection of bearskins. In our talk he described the various methods used in trapping which are well known, but one of his experiences was very interesting.

With another woodsman, they saw a cow moose and her two calves in a shoal water bay. The cow was evidently disturbed by something, and they quietly watched her. She faced the woods, but gradually worked her young into the water. Shortly a bear was seen coming in for the calves. The cow waited until the bear was close and deep in the water, when she rose on her hind feet and with her forefeet struck the bear as hard as she could, knocking her down and then pounding her with her feet until the hunters found the skin unfit to preserve. The men did not dare to meddle, because they could not shoot.

Another interesting experience of another hunter was as follows: Setting his bear trap, he used as a clog an old sled shoe of oak. Coming up the old logging road he saw what at first he thought was a man with a big stick in his arms, but coming closer he saw that it was a bear carrying his clog. He got the bear, but one must feel sympathy for such an animal. Evidently the black bear of Maine is no fool, and no fool can trap him.

C. A. D.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in Forest and Stream.

Big Game and Little.

Boston, Aug. 16.—Megantic Club sportsmen have the advantage of sportsmen who propose to spend the month of September in Maine. In Canada the open season on moose, deer, caribou and partridges, begins Sept. 1, while in Maine the law is off on partridges Sept. 15; on deer, Oct. 1; on moose, Oct. 15, while caribou are under a close season from Oct. 1, 1899, for six years. Now the Megantic Preserve is partly in Canada and partly in Maine, with its fishing waters largely in Maine, and since the close season on trout and landlocked salmon in Maine does not begin till Oct. 1, the Megantic Club hunter has the month of September for both hunting and fishing. Club members and their guests will take advantage of this situation. The Megantic Club register is already about full for September, and the guides are about all engaged. Secretary L. Dana Chapman has most satisfactory reports concerning the fishing so far this year. Returning members and guests express themselves as greatly pleased, not only with the fishing they have enjoyed, but also with the management, and the care that is being taken to conserve the fish by requiring that all the fish not actually required for the club tables be returned alive to the water. Among the members and guests lately returned from the preserve may be mentioned Henry W. Butterworth, wife and family, of Philadelphia; George Hayward, of Gardner, Mass.; G. N. Proctor, Fitchburg, Mass.; Harry T. Brown, of Winchester, Mass.; William L. Quimby, and party of friends, of Boston; George A. Gibson and son, of Boston.

Several Boston gunners went down to Chatham to-day to be gone till Monday. They hear of some good flights of birds, and want to be among them. A Boston gunner, A. T. Brown, returned yesterday with the report that he had seen a flock of eight curlew, an unusually large number for this coast. He got a long shot at them, getting three. But the Sunday law is troubling again, and the officers were out last Sunday, as well as the gunners. One of them, a Boston broker, saw a man coming down the beach of whom he was suspicious. He secreted his gun behind a blind and walked off the other way. The suspicious personage passed along, and our Boston gunner went for his gun, and also turned off in another direction along the beach. Soon he saw a man coming, and really it looked like the first man he had seen. There was no opportunity to turn aside, and he came boldly up and met the stranger. The stranger asked the man with the gun if he was out shooting, and he allowed that he was out walking. The stranger asked the gunner his name, and was answered, "Brown." The stranger suggested that "It's a very common name," with a twinkle in his eye, as much as to say, "I don't believe it." The gunner then asked for the stranger's name, and he turned back the lapel of his coat and showed a badge. It cost the gunner about $15 to settle the matter quietly. The gunners tell me that they dread the jobs that are constantly being put up on them by other gunners—sometimes friends having practical jokes—even more than they dread the officers. Other gunners who are strangers will get tin imitations of badges and play officer to anybody they happen to see near the blinds on Sunday, even though they may have their own guns secreted not far away. In this way they can easily dislodge hunters from blinds or desirable positions, and the dislodged gunners dare not return. One Boston gunner tells me of a job he had put up on him last year by other gunners, and he was a good deal annoyed, and is watching his opportunity to get even with the same party. Special.

Jefferson County Fish and Game.

Watertown, N. Y., Aug. 10.—On Lake Ontario from Cape Vincent to the county line we have the finest smallmouth black bass fishing in the world, and along its shores and the St. Lawrence River vast flocks of wildfowl congregate and feed, affording fine sport during the fall and winter months. Since the spring shooting has ceased large numbers remain here and nest along our creeks and inland lakes. Even the young of the wild goose, that most wary of birds, has been seen on Black River Bay this month. Within the borders of this county we have hundreds of acres of grouse and woodcock cover, where but a few years ago these birds bred in countless numbers, where they are still to be found, but in rapidly diminishing numbers each year.

Trout streams are abundant, and would if the law was properly observed afford fair fishing for years to come. With the big-game hunting and the trout fishing of the Adirondacks and Canada just across our border, we are offered opportunities which no other county can give. Wise laws are enacted by the State for the preservation of our fish and game, and thousands of dollars are appropriated each year to secure their enforcement.

Why is it that the violators of these laws go unpunished year after year? Is it because there has been no expression of public sentiment in favor of these laws? I believe that a large majority of the citizens of this county are in favor of their rigid enforcement, and if we have any laws that are not right and just they should be repealed. I believe that a large majority of the residents who fish and hunt respect these laws, but there are a few persons in this city and in each town in the county who violate these laws without fear of punishment. The law protecting song birds is a dead letter, and even within the city limits they are slaughtered without mercy. Every day parties are seen leaving this city with guns to hunt in the surrounding country. Already complaints have come to me of the killing of young partridge and ducks. The law limiting the length of black bass that may be legally taken to ten inches has been openly disregarded, and thousands of bass are killed each year that should have been returned to the waters alive. Black bass were peddled from house to house in this city last spring two weeks before the season legally opened.

Last winter the law permitting licensed netting in Chaumont Bay was extended to permit fishing during the month of May, at a time when the bass return in large numbers to spawn. Not satisfied with this extension some of the fishermen permitted their nets to remain in the waters a week or ten days in June in direct violation of the law.

The annual killing of our game birds before they are able to fly has begun and unless the law abiding sportsmen of this county act promptly, we can expect the usual result, plenty of empty shotgun shells and few birds in our covers.

I would suggest that a petition from each town and a personal letter from each sportsman be addressed to Governor B. B. Odell, Albany, N. Y., asking for his aid and influence in securing a proper enforcement of the fish and game laws in this county. It would show that public opinion was in favor of their enforcement and would secure active support from the Governor.

W. H. Tallett,
President Jefferson County Sportsmen's Association.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Where to Go for Prairie Chickens.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 9.—A letter just at hand from one of the best-posted gentlemen in the Northwest contains the following cheering news regarding the game prospects in the State of Minnesota for the coming season:

"In regard to the good points for chicken shooting, I think I am safe in saying that Minnesota this year will furnish the finest chicken, grouse, quail and duck shooting that the State has furnished for years. This is not an idle boast, but comes from every quarter of the State where game abounds. I think the foremost places in the State this year are on the line of the Northern Pacific Railway, beginning at Ulen—in fact, we might begin at Detroit—and then say Lake Park, Winnipeg Junction, Ulen and clean up to Fertile—and Fertile is a good place, too. Red Lake Falls, on the same line, and Thief River Falls, still further up, are also good. Then if you want to go far enough the Great Northern line, beginning at St. Vincent, which is the boundary between Canada and our State, then coming toward St. Paul, through Hallock, Kennedy, Stephen and Argyle, and Warren; then Crookston; then coming down the Great Northern to Ada, and Felton, then down to your old hunting grounds, Campbell and Tintah. And, of course, anywhere around Fergus Falls is good hunting. Then com-

g down still further toward St. Paul, we have Morris n the Great Northern line, Benson and Hancock. Then king the Wilmar Division of the Great Northern line rom St. Paul, there will be elegant shooting along that ne from Montevideo, Granite Falls, Marshall and Han- y Falls.

"Of course there are lots of other places in the State; hese are the principal points where a man cannot go tray. My own shooting will be done with our war- en, Jimmie Jones, and his "meat dogs" are in splendid hape, so he writes me.

"You know that last winter and the winter before were reat winters for the feathered game. I have lived in linnesota since '79, but I have never seen anything like he amount of birds that wintered in the State, and my bservations are borne out by every one of our wardens. here is no need of leaving our State to go south to unt quail if we have winters such as we have had in 00 and 1901. They have multiplied rapidly, and then opping the sale of course has been a great factor, as ell as the winters. The market-hunter had pretty near tinguished our ruffed grouse, but they are now getting entiful again, and a man can make a good bag in almost y direction.

"Sorry that I did not see you when I was in Chicago, t expect to be down there in the near future, and hope have better success. Whenever you feel like coming Minnesota to have a quail hunt, let me know and I ill see that the dogs are furnished, with some ice in e back of the wagon."

Illinois Sooners.

There has been considerable shooting on local plover d ducks in the upper part of this State, and in lower isconsin, even in this mid-summer month of August. general complaint has been issued to the Governor of e State of Wisconsin by the residents of that State who ell near some of the summer resorts. The local men y that the Chicago visitors to the summer hotels do not sitate to bring in guns with them and shoot every ing thing that flies. A report comes from Kenosha at many hundred snipe and ducks are being shot each y. This is more than can be killed in the open season, d it looks as though the sooners were, as usual, getting best of it.

A Drama of Sooners.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Aug. 12.—Here is a little comedy, a ama this week enacted out in Minnesota, a drama of ners. In it the villain is foiled, and virtue is tri- phant. It also has a moral, which, however, belongs the other end of the drama.

The principal figures in the comedy are D. C. Shepard, millionaire of St. Paul, with a tendency toward sport on occasion, sport of the private-car sort. His per- nal and private car figures in the play. Also comes one ed Noble, a dog trainer and dog accumulator. His other, Arthur Noble, runs a creamery. The place of e action is Twin Valley, Minn., and the Noble boys live re. Non-resident parties to the action, in addition to aforesaid millionaire, Mr. Shepard, are one Mr. Nes- , ostensibly of Fergus Falls, and one Jno. T. Swan- n, who has blue eyes and talks Swedish as though born der the flag of King Oscar, which he wasn't by any ans. A bird dog known as Trump, lost last year in Paul, is a sort of incidental and side-line actor.

Mr. "Nesbit" doesn't live in Fergus Falls, but in St. ul, and has offices in the State Building. He was out the State fish hatchery one night last week, when a one message came for him. He was in bed, and the tral operator had forgotten who rang up, by the time got to the 'phone. The next day he got a message ich said a good many chicken feathers had been seen Mr. Shepard's buggy at Twin Valley. The caller nted Mr. Nesbit to meet Mr. Shepard's private car en it pulled into St. Paul. There might be feathers in car. This was Tuesday, Aug. 5, a little early for cken feathers.

t was too late to meet the car, so Mr. Nesbit tele- phed to Detroit for Mr. Swanson, and they both went to Twin Valley. Mr. Nesbit went out and found Mr. ble, the dog trainer, who was reported to have been the mpanion of Mr. Shepard. Mr. Nesbit didn't want to a dog without seeing him tried in the field. "That's y," said Mr. Noble. "We always show the dog on ds and prove he's a shooting dog."

Is that so?" said Mr. Nesbit. "Well, let's try this , then." So presently they started out. Mr. Noble n unbosomed himself fully. He said Mr. Shepard nted to get a dog, and he was anxious to get some birds Mr. Shepard, so he shot eleven chickens and had n waiting for him when he came. He also shot some re after Mr. Shepard came.

Mr. Nesbit made a deposit on a certain dog, and said would come up later and get him. Then he and Mr. anson went home. It was night when Mr. Nesbit got St. Paul, but he called up Mr. Shepard at his resi- ce.

Who's there?" asked a voice.

Why, I'm Noble, of Twin Valley," was the answer, d I want to see Mr. Shepard."

Well, Mr. Shepard is lying down," said the other of the 'phone, but I'll see about it."

Mr. Shepard was apparently interested in this word m Mr. Noble, for in a moment he was at the wire asked, "What is it? What's the matter?"

Why, the devil is to pay," said the false Mr. Noble o was the alias Mr. Nesbit). "Those fellows we ed in the buggy have informed on us, and I'm pinched. re all up against it."

The ——— you say!" ejaculated Mr. Shepard. "Lord, you don't say so?"

What are we going to do about it?" asked Mr. Noble, iously.

I don't know," came the reply. "I'll see you in the ning about it."

Mr. "Swanson" took care of the rest. In a couple of Mr. Shepard's lawyer came around to intercede for wealthy client. For need we explain, gentle reader, "Mr. Nesbit" was State Game Warden for Minne- , and "Mr. Swanson" his able deputy, Stephens, of roit? Need we add that the "fellows we passed in buggy" were simply a guess—a bluff, a subterfuge that luckily correct and practical?

Mr. Shepard's lawyer saw Mr. Fullerton and besought him to keep the case out of court and to say nothing about it. "Mr. Shepard is sick in bed," said he, "and can't be disturbed just now (!). He admits that he brought those chickens home with him." (Which Mr. Fullerton couldn't have proved before that.) "He'll pay any fine you like. He didn't do any shooting himself, and he told Noble not to shoot, but Noble kept on shooting. Don't arrest Mr. Shepard. He is innocent. It's just a case of Dog Tray, you see." This last in a burst of affability.

Mr. Fullerton is going to fine both Noble and Shepard. In the matter of breaking game laws it isn't always safe to be even a Dog Tray.

Mr. Joe Henry, of the Hackett Hardware Co., of St. Paul, says that Noble ordered a case of shells Aug. 1, and he refused to ship him the shells.

Mr. Fullerton, or Mr. Nesbit, thinks this is one of the funniest game cases he ever had to do with. A special cause for content on his personal account is to be noted in connection with the dog Trump, earlier mentioned. In brief, Mr. Fullerton found his own bird dog in Mr. Noble's string. He took an "option" on his own dog, paying down a sum on the purchase. "Here's where it was hard," said Mr. Fullerton, or Nesbit. "I wanted to kick the tar out of something, but I knew the best way to do was to leave the dog there as a sort of bond of sympathy between Noble and myself."

No one knows how Noble got Trump. The dog is valuable. It probably drifted to Noble's well-stocked kennels in the course of trade. At any rate, if this isn't a nice little comedy in game matters, I don't know where you'd find one.

Other Sooners.

"I appointed one warden up north," said the State Executive Agent to me some time ago, "and they said he'd never do. I said if he'd catch the secretary of the Fergus Falls Gun Club he'd do for me. Since then he's caught that secretary twice, and a leading banker there three times. They've both promised to be good now. The deputy still holds his job."

Asked as to sooner shooting up at Thief River Falls, where a great many birds have been killed already, the hustling agent told the complainer that there is a warden in there now, that he had lost a jury case there last week, and that local sentiment was so lawless it is almost impossible to make a case stick. About half the population turned out with guns last year and tried to rescue some prisoners who were arrested for illegal shooting. The officers had to draw their own guns, and it looked like a fight for a time. The prisoners were held.

The Birds.

The game laws may be seen to be anything but a dead letter in Minnesota, and for that reason there are birds in Minnesota; lots of them. Some sooners shoot ahead of season, but they don't always lay up enough money at it to make them keep at it forever. At the gun stores and among sportsmen the feeling now in regard to the game supply is one of cheerfulness and confidence. A list of good Minnesota localities has already been given.

The summer in this part of the Northwest has been cool and damp. If this prevails for thirty days ,a good shooting season is assured. Hot, dry weather on Sept. 1 is the cause of many a poor chicken hunt. No chicken hunt is better than one's dog, and no dog can do much in very hot, dry weather.

In the Minnesota National Park.

There is good duck shooting in the region included in the Minnesota National Park. At the foot of Itasca Lake there is abundance of wild rice, and good duck shooting is often possible there. Park Rapids is a good place to remember. One can there get muscallunge fishing and duck shooting on the same fall trip. There is a good hotel at Park Rapids. One can get boats or canoes, as he likes. In the big waters of Cass Lake there are fish, big fish, giant muscallunge sometimes, but it is slow and uncertain getting them. Sometimes they strike old whales which break up everything and go off as they like.

Big Pike.

Mr. L. M. Ritten, of Minneapolis, fishing at Lake Carlos, one of the Alexandria lakes, recently caught a great northern pike that weighed 22½ pounds, and was 43½ inches long. A fine, symmetrical fish, and one of the largest recorded in Minnesota for some time.

Victim of Confidence.

At our cottage on Lake Minnetonka we had a pet crow, the property of Louis Gates, a neighbor boy, but which had adopted our place for its own use. This crow, which was named Jimmy, was entirely tame, and a most curious and interesting pet. It was fond of frogs, and would throw back its head and open its mouth, begging for frogs. If one were writing, Jimmy would perch himself on the table, carry off pen or pencil, and peck at the paper, all in the most charming familiarity. He would come up to one and allow himself to be taken into the hand, something which a crow rarely will do, no matter how tame. He had a hundred odd tricks of act and voice which made acquaintance with him a continued surprise and delight. What with our pet squirrels and this pet crow, we were very happy. That was until this week. One day Jimmy followed the boat down to Spring Park dock, something like half a mile, alighted on the boathouse porch, where he proceeded to make friends with the boathouse hand. The latter, seeing a bird so close at hand and so defenseless, picked up a paddle and killed Jimmy with very little difficulty before any one could prevent it. Comment is not necessary.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Death of the Musk-Ox.

THE little musk-ox, which was so fully described in FOREST AND STREAM last winter, and which, through the generosity of Hon. W. C. Whitney, became one of the chief attractions of the New York Zoological Park, is dead.

A few weeks ago it seemed in fine health and spirits, but last week it was attacked by pneumonia, and after a short illness succumbed. There are very few musk-oxen in captivity, and the death of this one deprives the Zoological Society of its chiefest treasure.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

Mephitis Mephitica and the Deacon.

READING Mr. Hough's interesting letters from Minnetonka, reminded me of skunks, because, for certain reasons, I always associate skunks with Minnetonka, and when I am reminded of skunks I revert to old man Bassford's yarn about the deacon and the skunk.

Bassford was born down in old Calais in the State of Maine, and he can tell more stories of happenings in Calais than Chauncey Depew ever conjured out of the classic precincts of Peekskill-on-Hudson. And when he makes one of a fishing or hunting party there is no lack of merriment over the exhaustless fund of stories he spins out. His fishing and hunting experiences fifty years ago in the wilds of Maine have charmed many an interested listener around the campfire. He tells the following story on himself, and partly on the deacon, as well:

"When I was a boy down in Calais I was apprenticed to a machine shop proprietor, whose place of business was on the banks of the St. Croix River. The boss was a deacon in the church, and if there was one thing abhorred by him above all other things, it was profanity. Let a slip be made by any of the hands in the shop within the hearing of the boss, and he at once felt either the deacon's good right hand or the toe of his number 9 boot.

"There never was a heavy job of lugging or lifting but what the boss would sail in and help the rest. Many were the tight places they crowded him into, at such times pinching his fingers and bruising his shins, only for one purpose, just to hear the deacon swear—just once. But all to no avail, the deacon was proof against temptation.

"A new well was needed for the shop. A windlass was rigged up and with rope and bucket we boys took turns at digging and lifting. Before work commenced each morning the boss would have himself lowered in the bucket to look over and inspect the work.

"One morning I was early at the shop, and as I passed the well I looked down for signs of water, and instead saw the finest, prettiest and liveliest skunk I ever laid my eyes on walking around the clayey bottom of that well, making fruitless attempts to climb up the smooth clay walls.

"I said nothing to my mate, who came up in a few moments, but having hitched on the bucket, I kept it suspended over the opening of the well and waited for the boss, who came bustling along before the seven o'clock whistle ceased blowing.

"Getting into the bucket, he ordered us to lower away, and we slowly allowed the crank handles to reverse. All went well until the bucket reached within six feet of bottom, when the deacon let out an unearthly yell and ordered us to hoist. At this I let go my crank handle, the increased draft on the windlass pulling the other crank handle loose from the other boy's grasp, sending him sprawling on the ground and letting the bucket, deacon and all drop kerchunk to the bottom of the well.

"And then I ran to the shop and gave the alarm, and the men flew out like a swarm of bees and ran for the opening.

"One by one they hurriedly looked down, only to draw back their heads and snort with suffocation, because of the ascending effluvium. Every fresh face that appeared above the opening was hailed by the deacon and ordered to hoist up, but after a dozen idiots had looked down, snorted and done nothing, then the deacon broke loose and began to swear, and he swore only as a down-east Yankee deacon can swear, when he is drove to it.

"But the more he swore the more the men fumbled the rope and windlass, but finally the good old man was reeled up spluttering and swearing and smelling worse than a tanyard. The moment he reached the surface he ran for the river and waded out up to his neck.

"As soon as a change of clothes could be gotten for him from miscellaneous sources in the neighborhood, he emerged from the river and set to hunting me.

"But I had flown and remained away for a couple of days, and when I returned the explanation that the windlass crank slipped from my hands alone saved me from the worst hiding ever given a sixteen-year-old boy. But the deacon never swore again after that, although he certainly knew how."

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

Lord Justice Mathew is possessed of a mild and kindly exterior, which at first sight gives the impression that its owner is a simple country gentleman rather than an expert lawyer. At any rate, this was evidently the view of a professional seller of painted birds, who one day met Sir James in the neighborhood of the Strand Law Courts, and, showing him one of his birds, asked that eminent dispensator of justice to what species he would take it to belong. The Judge stopped, carefully examined the gaudy little creature, and then replied that he had not seen a bird exactly like that one before, but, judging from the old proverb that birds of a feather flock together, he should say that it was a jail bird. The intending vendor did not wait for more!—Liverpool Post.

Mr. Jasper Reynolds, a prominent citizen of Fordsville, O., is sitting in the shade trees these days entertaining himself with visions of wealth from a fish pond. Two years ago he built a dam across a ravine near his house, and put in a few catfish and thirty-six game fish. They have increased to such an extent that the water is alive with them, although the pond covers a quarter of an acre, and is eight feet deep. The people of the town and visitors feed them to see them eat, and Mr. Reynolds only has to watch them grow. The largest of the game fish now weigh over a pound, and the cats weigh twice as much. Nobody thinks of catching them, and no fish has ever been taken from the pond.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Sea and River Fishing.

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

Random Notes of an Angler.

The Pickerel is the Poor Man's Game Fish.

I WONDER how many there are to whom it had occurred that the pickerel or pike is the chief game fish for the poor man of the rural districts. The game fish for farmers and farmers' boys, small traders, mechanics, factory operatives and others to whom the higher game fish are by reason of pecuniary and other conditions forbidden fruit; and although many of us who have for many years handled the rod and reel do not consider the fish to be of much value either for game or food, yet what a lot of sport there is derived from its pursuit by those who are accustomed to follow it.

A Fish that is Widely Distributed.

You see it is more generally diffused throughout a great portion of the country than is any other species. I think I am perfectly safe in stating that there are at least twenty acres of water in which these fish are found to one acre containing black bass or trout. I am speaking now collectively of the pickerel and pike portions of Canada, of the Eastern States and the Middle and most of the Western States, and the pike or jackfish of Virginia and further south, almost every river, pond and lake having its "long-snouted" denizens, which in some localities are very numerous.

It is sufficiently gamy in the opinion of many to be well worth following, and its pursuit is one of the few recreations that a large number of persons indulge in.

I know that the general impression is that the brook trout is the farmers' boys' game fish, but that honor, if it may be so called, belongs to the pickerel. To all who are familiar with rural affairs it is a common thing to see these boys at the end of the haying season rig up their tapering maple, ash or alder poles, to which is attached a strong line with a stout hook at the end on which is impaled a frog's hind leg or a strip of the skin of salt pork cut somewhat in the shape of a minnow, and sally forth of a cloudy day when the wind is in the "south'ard" or "so'westward" and "skitter" their bait on the surface of the water among the lilypads and aquatic weeds for the fish which "always are hungry." They really get a lot of sport out of it, and if success favors them and they return at night with a "good string," they exhibit their catch with as much pride and complacency as does the fly-fisherman offer for your admiring inspection the elegant creel of spotted beauties he has succeeded in taking.

Various Phases of Sportsmanship.

The older I grow the more I am becoming convinced that "sportsmanlike" is after all not a positive but a comparative term; that there is and can be no unwavering line drawn which shall decide arbitrarily that the capturing of certain species in certain ways is en regle only, while the taking of other species in other ways, more commonplace, if you will, is poaching, or rather "potting," because there are hosts of anglers who have never handled a fly-rod, yet who have all the true sportsman's instincts and really get "sportsmanlike" enjoyment out of the methods that are familiar to them. Of course I do not wish for a moment to imply that fly-fishing with light tackle is not the acme of the angler's art, for it is, but there are many who claim that in other methods there is as sportsmanlike enjoyment to be obtained.

For example, I have a friend who contends that fishing a trout stream with a live minnow for bait is the highest sport with the rod that can be named. He insists that it requires vastly more skill to quietly follow all the meanderings of the stream by wading and drop his minnow into every little eddy and deep hole down among submerged tree trunks and rocks or overhanging banks and to hook and save his fish in such places than it does to fish in the open with the fly.

I have another friend who is the veriest crank you ever saw in relation to fly-fishing. If he cannot take his trout with the fly and on a four-ounce rod at that, he will go without until doomsday. He would scorn to take one with bait, yet he just simply delights in fishing with a hand line for scup (porgies), black sea bass and blackfish or tautog.

Another gentleman who is quite celebrated as a sportsman, and whose views are as rigid as steel regarding the killing of game, both large and small, actually approves of and delights in trolling with a minnow or a spinning spoon for trout and landlocked salmon in the great lakes of Maine. He would rightly regard with disgust a man who would fire into a covey of running quail or at a partridge in a tree, yet he is oblivious of the fact that trolling for trout and salmon is, in localities where they may be taken with the fly, in the opinion of most anglers, simply potting, and is not a "sportsmanlike" method in any degree.

Value of the Pickerel as Food.

I have said that the pickerel or pike in the domestic economy of a large number of persons occupies an important position; in fact, it is almost the only food fish that is available to them, and it furnishes not only food, but sport also. I know something of farmers' boys and the slim opportunities they have for recreation with rod and line, for I was one myself. It was not very often that I had a chance to get away from the hayfield or cornfield to go a-fishing, but now and then the opening presented itself and it is not necessary to state that I availed myself of it.

The first large fresh-water fish that I ever caught was a five-pound pickerel, and though it occurred over a half-century ago, it is as fresh in my memory as if it had happened yesterday. It was in the brook known as the Pine Tree Brook, in Milton, Mass. It had formerly been a famous trout brook, and it is to this day, away up under the shadows of the Blue Hills toward its sources a home for the spotted beauties.

But below the dam at the Old Mill—so called on the crossroad running between the main road in Milton and the old Scotch woods road—and down through the long stretches of swamps and meadows the pickerel have exterminated all other species.

At the period I refer to a few fair-sized fish had from time to time been taken from it, but a two-pound fish was the largest that had been seen, and that was considered a good size, considering that the brook was not a large one.

On the occasion to which I refer, I started down the brook from the bridge on the crossroad, and working my way through alders and swale and thickets of brier bushes, I cast my bait over every foot of the brook.

I doubt if many anglers had ever preceded me through a portion of that jungle, but I was full of enthusiasm and determined to see just what there was to be obtained in the line of pickerel that day. It was not exactly a case of woodchuck and preacher, but I was simply determined to get fish.

As I moved along I found that there often were stretches of four or five rods in length in which the brook widened considerably, and among the masses of yellow lily plants and weeds that abounded there, were many quite deep holes. From these I succeeded in taking three or four good fish, and I felt mighty elated at my success.

At length I came to a wide stretch of the brook in which there was a large area of deep black water, and as I wormed my way out of the jungle and prepared a fresh bait of a frog's hind leg, I felt certain that here I was to get a good fish.

I cast my lure as far out into the pool as I could and then began to play it about on the surface of the water. I had not moved it more than a yard or two, in fact, I had hardly begun to give it the peculiar motion that successful pickerel anglers practice, when a great circle of water moved toward the bait an enormous pair of jaws opened and with a heavy splash the pickerel seized my bait and turned back to its lurking place, where it cou'd swallow it at leisure.

I had, I remember, an old-fashioned bamboo pole, which had been a present to me, and which I prized most highly. In my excitement I raised it pretty sharply, and as I saw it bend into a half-circle, I expected it would go to pieces, but it proved sound and strong, and with a "long pull and a strong pull" I drew the fish to the bank where I was standing.

It was a bad place to land a fish on account of its steepness and the abundance of rushes that grew on it, but there was a little patch of aquatic grass a yard or two down the stream, and to this I led my prize; it came along rather passively, and I had fairly drawn the fish its length across the grass when the hook sprang out of its mouth.

The fish on finding that it was free began to flap around most vigorously, and it was just on the point of slipping back into the deep water, when I threw myself upon it bodily, and clasping it tightly in my arms, struggled back away from the water. I lost no time in giving it its coup de grace, and then, panting with excitement, I paused to admire my prize. And what a beauty it was, and such a monster, too. I thought I had never seen a pickerel half so large.

It did not take me long to string my fish, my big one on top, of course, and work my way out of the swamp and start for home. I am inclined to think I ran most of the distance, for when I entered the house I was quite breathless. Well, the fame of that pickerel spread far and wide, and I was for a time "high line" among the boys of the neighborhood.

That it was a highly colored, beautifully reticulated fish, I remember quite distinctly, but further than that I can say nothing regarding its identity. It may have been a pike, for it is said that five-pound pickerel are few and far between, but as we did not pay any attention to the scales on the cheeks of the fish in those days, we called it a rousing big pickerel, and so let it rest. How many years it had made that pool its home, lurking there like a Giant Despair for victims to whom no mercy was ever shown, who can tell? But that it had destroyed a large number of trout which had tried to pass up and down the brook there is no question.

The voracity of pike and pickerel is a matter of common observation, almost every angler being able to give his testimony in relation to it. The most striking example of it that ever came to my knowledge occurred in Lake Umbagog, the lower and second largest of the great Rangeley chain of lakes in Maine.

Until pickerel were introduced into its water it was one of the finest trout lakes in the entire system. Now scarcely a trout is to be found in it. The planting of pickerel in the lake was, according to one account, accidental, but another story which seems to obtain the greatest credence is that they were placed there out of revenge by a party who had been arrested for taking trout out of season, and who vowed that if settlers near the lake could not have the privilege of taking trout for their own use (some versions are that he caught the fish for market purposes) when they pleased, he would prevent all others from obtaining any forever after.

No matter how the pickerel found their way there, they are now so abundant that parties in fishing through the ice for them catch "cords of them," as one of the settlers told me, "they bring tenting outfits and remain by the lake a day or two, and when they go home they have a two-horse sled packed full."

These fish have multiplied and increased and diffused themselves so thoroughly that they have found their way down the Androscoggin River to and beyond the Erroll Dam, have been seen two miles or more up the Rapid River or Five-Mile Falls, and have ascended the Magalloway River as far as the Aziscohos Falls, a distance of fifteen or twenty miles from the lake, in most of which the water is shoal and sometimes quite rapid. The popular notion is that pickerel will not traverse quick water, but this example proves to the contrary.

They cannot ascend the falls, for they are too high and steep, they proving an effectual barrier to the ascent of trout, but in the pool below they are abundant, but all other fish have been exterminated.

It is a great pity, for I always regarded that pool as one of the finest in New England, and it used to be famous for its trout; bright colored gamy fish they were, the delight of anglers who were so fortunate as to reach them.

When I state that on June 17, 1860, I stood on a rock on the edge of this pool, and though it was snowing and hailing most of the time, and my fingers were so cold I could hardly take the fish off my hook, I landed upward of fifty elegant trout with the fly (red-hackle) in less than three hours, and I could have taken hundreds if I had wished, while ten years later not a trout was to be found there, one can form some idea of the destructiveness of the pickerel. At the southern end of Lake Umbagog, where the Cambridge River empties into the lake, the pickerel are especially numerous all through the stretch of river for a half mile or so below the dam, and one may catch all he desires, and with the fly, too. I have often taken a boat into the river—it is really almost dead water—and with an eight-ounce rod, strong trout line and big bass flies, particularly the red-ibis and the red-and-white-ibis, have had all the success I could have wished for. They were not gamy in the slightest degree, for the pickerel comes right into the boat without even a protest, reserving its energies for a tremendous "knockabout" after it is landed, and which it continues to indulge in until it is knocked on the head. Now those fish, coming as they did out of clear, cold water, were very good on the table, their meat being firm and sweet, quite different from that of ordinary summer pickerel, and, really, I used to enjoy taking them. To be sure, I did not need to have used flies, for the fish would have come to any moving lure I might have cast to them, but it seemed a little more like sport to use a sportsman's tackle. In speaking of bait for pickerel, one of my friends says that "any old thing will answer; a frog's leg, a minnow, a strip of pork rind, a mouse or small snake, a flannel rag, a strip of lemon peel or an old tin can will fetch 'em." While I may not agree with him as to the value of all these items, I am certain that there are but very few lures which will be refused. Although the pickerel have diffused themselves throughout Umbagog, they do not as a rule like cold water as an abiding place, preferring quiet bodies of more shallow water, which have an abundance of aquatic vegetation growing in it, and which have muddy bottoms. This is well shown by the following example:

It was during an outing on the Schoodic Lake (St. Croix system), in Maine, where I was enjoying myself among the landlocks. In passing up Grand Lake my Indian guide asked me if I would like to catch a few pickerel. I replied that although I was not craving for such sport, a little change in our work would be acceptable, upon which he headed the canoe for a stretch of low marshy shore, and we soon entered, not a stream, but a stretch of dark-colored dead water, which after many windings tapped a small body of water which the Indian called Muddy Lake. It was of perhaps twenty-five or thirty acres, and lilypads and other aquatic vegetation was abundant.

I rigged up a strong bait-rod, and with a spinning spoon for lure commenced operations. At the first cast I hooked a black-backed monster, which weighed at least ten pounds when it was landed in the canoe. The guide, after knocking the fish on the head, held it up for my inspection, and opening its jaws to their full width, which was at least eight inches, exclaimed, "What a mouth! These devils kill more young ducks than a few in the summer! How big would one look in that?" said he, again opening wide its mouth. "They eat everything and anything, even their own young ones."*

We remained among the pickerel an hour or so, during which I caught a dozen or so very large fish—they must have been pike—and then we returned through the outlet into Grand Lake, trolling the spoon behind the canoe all the way out, but not obtaining a single strike.

I mention this incident to show that if these fish can find such water as that of the small lake, they will not leave it for colder and clearer water. I doubt if any ever get out into Grand Lake, for its bottom is rocky and its shores are free from reeds, etc., among which they love to lurk. It is fortunate that this is the case, for if they were to diffuse themselves through that lake, the landlocks would soon begin to diminish in numbers, and it would not take many years to extirpate them.

EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* With Fly Rod and Camera. Page 178.

New England Waters.

BOSTON, Aug. 18.—In New Hampshire the mountain streams are yielding some good baskets of trout. A party of five went to Elbow Lake last week, where they occupied the new Knights of Pythias camp for several days. They caught twenty-three trout, the largest weighing two pounds, and fifty-two pickerel. In the streams above Plymouth some good fishing has been enjoyed lately, though the season is late. John Webber, of Boston, and Harry Batchelder, of Exeter, caught a good string of trout from the upper waters of the Pemegewasset Wednesday. Other good strings have lately been taken. At the Rangeleys all is summer gaiety, with little attention being paid to fishing. True anglers are waiting to try these waters for the September fly-fishing. At the Pool at the Upper Dam an occasional trout or salmon is taken. At Reddington some fly-fishing is being done. E. P. Bliss, of Lexington; A. M. Aldrich, of Pepperell; B. E. Wood, E. A. Sprague, and A. J. Roberts, of Boston, have been taking some good trout the past week. Mrs. Arthur Hammond, and Miss Helen B. Withee, of Danvers, have taken some good strings of trout lately, at Reddington, though both have had little experience till this season. At Kineo, Moosehead, parties are going daily to the back ponds and lakes and returning as often with good strings of trout. On these trips camping out is in order, and is greatly enjoyed by boys and younger men. Big game is seen constantly, with the report that it is more plentiful than a year ago. Parties are in order making the long trip by canoe and carry to the Alleguash waters, and home via the Provinces; or the reverse, starting in at Van Buren, or further down, and out via Norcross or Moosehead. Multitudes of big game are reported. From the several stations and hunting and fishing resorts on the Aroostook Railroad come reports of excellent fishing, and big game in wonderful abundance. A Boston gentleman, interested in hunting, is just in from a business trip up the line of the Bangor & Aroostook. He says that he has seen more deer than he ever dreamed of seeing, and a great many moose. But he concludes that it is easier to run on to a dozen deer in midsummer than it is to find one in legal open season. SPECIAL.

Fish and Fishing.

Saw Mills vs. Fish Protection.

THE recent action of the Maine judge who granted a perpetual injunction against no fewer than forty-six saw mills and three pulp mills, forbidding the proprictors to throw the refuse of the mills into the Kennebec or any of its tributaries, might be repeated with good effect in many parts of Canada, where the laws forbidding the contamination of streams by sawdust or other mill refuse have been set at open defiance by numbers of mill men. Many of those operating establishments on the Ottawa River have been great transgressors in this respect, and at last, when their continued violation of the law began to produce its deadly result, the nuisance has been to a certain extent modified. I know rivers within a few miles of the city of Quebec which contained salmon up to a few years ago, but which not a single fish now enters because of the pollution of the water. They order these things better in New Brunswick, where the law requiring the burning of sawdust is strictly enforced.

Increased Supply of Whitefish.

Reports from the Great Lakes are to the effect that the catch of whitefish in the Georgian Bay has been better than for the last fifteen years, and the fishermen are rejoicing at present indications of a permanent increase in the supply of this important commercial fish. Two reasons are advanced for this increased catch. One is the provision introduced into the Provincial law and licenses some three years ago, making it illegal to capture whitefish and lake trout under two pounds in weight, which has enabled a greater number of whitefish to come to maturity and to reproduce their kind. The other is the prohibition of the export of Canadian logs to the United States, which has been enforced for the last two or three years. At first sight there would seem to be no connection between the trade in logs and the supply of whitefish. Under the old condition of affairs, however, the large number of logs towed from Canada to American ports, especially by way of Georgian Bay, resulted in a large accumulation of bark in the waters of the bay, and especially upon the feeding grounds of the fish. Marked improvements have also followed the planting of fry in various parts of the Great Lakes, and large catches of whitefish off Inverhuron, in Lake Huron, where only solitary specimens of the fish have been seen for many years past, is attributed to the deposit of fry at Kincardine some years ago.

To Dye Casting Lines.

A short time ago I was comparing salmon fishing tackle with a gentleman from Galway, who has fished most of the Irish salmon rivers, and many on this side as well. The various shadings of his casting lines attracted my attention, and he was kind enough to give me his simple recipe for staining the gut. Instead of using ink he boils the outside skins of onions for his dye, or pours hot water on the peel, and when it cools, bathes the gut in the solution. If the casting line should not be dark enough after one bath, it is given another. It is useful to have castings of different shades when setting out for a salmon river, for it is almost always impossible to know what color the water may be found in, or how much it may vary during one's stay on its banks by the influences of freshets or continued hot weather.

Where Salmon Take Bait.

As almost always happens when the relative merits of salmon fishing in Europe and America are discussed, the gentleman from Galway and the writer soon fell to talking of the apparent difference in the feeding habits of the salmon of European and of eastern American coastal streams. An American angler would as soon think of fishing for sturgeon with a fly as to endeavor to take salmon in the fresh water of a Canadian river with bait. Yet I have met and talked with numbers of English anglers who appear quite puzzled at the fact that there is no bait-fishing in America for *Salmo salar*, as there certainly is in the fresh-water habitat of the same fish in Great Britain. In the Irish waters fished by Mr. Mulholland—the gentleman already referred to—he tells me that the most successful baits for salmon are worms, shrimps and small spoons, the fresh shrimps being a particularly killing bait. Mr. Mulholland was very careful, too, to have me understand that European salmon take the baits above mentioned, far above tidal or salt water, or even brackish water. It is not very strange that this experience of British anglers, in taking salmon freely with bait, should strengthen the belief, which so many of them now hold, that *Salmo salar* fares sumptuously every day, whether in fresh water or in salt. When worms or shrimps are carefully thrown into a European salmon pool in which the movements of the fish can be observed, they may at once be seen nosing and often swallowing the food. It is a part of the theory of Mr. Mulholland and of other British anglers who share his views as to the feeding of salmon in fresh water, that these fish expel the contents of their stomachs upon being hooked or otherwise interfered with, exactly as black bass have been observed to do when hooked in clear water.

More About Whitefish.

From information which has lately come into my possession, it would seem that the taking of whitefish upon a fly-hook in northern waters is not quite so novel a performance as some people have imagined. Trolling for them in the early spring near the surface of the water, as mentioned to me some time ago by Mr. J. W. Titcomb, is by no means uncommon in some of the Northern States, and now my very good friend, Dr. John Duncan Quackenbos, the well-known authority on the fishes of North and Eastern America, writes me that thirty years ago he took whitefish on a fly in the Mettomee River below the falls; the fly used being a small black one. The Mettomee flows through Granville, N. Y., and discharges into Lake Champlain. That the success of this and similar experiments was not very generally known until comparatively recent times, is proved, I think, by the fact that the late Mr. Cheney, in his work on the fishing in and about Lake Champlain, makes no mention of the taking of these fish on the fly, though he does report on page 253 of "Lake Champlain and Its Shores," by Murray and Cheney, that "it is not so unusual for whitefish to take a baited hook as it might be supposed."

I have to thank Dr. MacCallum, of London, Ontario, for correcting the report of Dr. Bensley, recently quoted by me from the report of the Ontario Department of Fisheries, upon the identity of the so-called new whitefish of Lake Simcoe. Of course there can be no better authorities than Dr. H. M. Smith, of the United States Fish Commission, and Dr. Evermann, as to the correct classification of the whitefishes, and it is interesting to note in this connection that *Coregonus richardsonii*, which, accordng to Dr. MacCallum, they declare the specimen sent to them to be, is described by Dr. Evermann himself, in his monumental catalogue of the fishes of North and Middle America, prepared in collaboration with Dr. Jordan, to be "a doubtful species, perhaps identical with *Coregonus kennicotti*, or possibly with *Coregonus nelsonii*."

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Successful Grayling Trip in Michigan.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 2.—In time past I believe I have chronicled my ambition to one day take a grayling. My angling experiences in this part of the world came long after the grayling had ceased to exist in the sporting equation. For many years we have heard that the grayling is extinct in the waters of Michigan, where in the recent memories of man it fairly swarmned. The best of anglers for a dozen years last past can scarcely report a grayling a year, no matter how extensive their fishing in the State of Michigan. Scientists have admitted that the specics was extinct or doomed to early extinction, and sportsmen have ceased to hope any further experiences with the fish which once so delighted them.

Within the past year or so, I havc been able to report some instances which would lead one to believe that the grayling is not altogether extinct in Michigan, and that with proper care it could be retained indefinitely as one of the sporting fishes of that State. In an issue of FOREST AND STREAM of last May I reported the catch of forty grayling made by a gentleman on some unknown stream in northern Michigan. The name of this angler I could not learn, but there was no doubt of the authenticity and extent of his catch. Later, I heard of a catch of grayling made by Mr. C. H. Davis and Maj. Farnham Lyon of Saginaw, in July of last year. These same gentlemen made another trip this spring to some unknown water, and again they came out with grayling. I heard of a few grayling being taken in the Little Manistee, and of still fewer in the Au Sable tributaries. I heard of the ineffective attempt of Mr. W. B. Mershon of Saginaw, to induce the Legislature of the State of Michigan to close the upper twenty miles of the Manistee River, making of it a grayling preserve. It was stated by many anglers that a few grayling, among those many smaller ones, had been seen in the Manistee. (This stream is not so good a grayling stream as it is a trout stream. It is hoped by many Michigan anglers that the Legislature will yet establish a preserve of this nature.)

So much for all the grayling data available up to the past week. My Saginaw friends had made mysterious threats about a grayling in my behalf. All at once came the invitation to get ready to start. Mr. C. H. Davis was this time the engineer of the party, and the latter was to consist of his friends, Mr. W. B. Mershon, Maj. Lyon and myself. Destination unknown. "Come! Come quick! Keep quiet and you will get your grayling." This was the bill of advice.

It is only fair to say that the predictions of my Saginaw sponsors were more than fulfilled. I got my first grayling, and got several others. The party of four rods in all killed numerous grayling. I am here to say now that the fish is not extinct in at least one stream in the State of Michigan, that this is perhaps the only stream where it has any chance whatever, and that in all likelihood another two years will see its finish even in those remote waters. It would be obviously unfair to hasten his finish by publishing the location of this stream, especially as I went under pledge of secrecy; and as a guest has no more privileges than those accorded by his host, I can only refer inquiries to Mr. Davis and Mr. Mershon, much as I would like to give all the readers of FOREST AND STREAM the benefit of my own investigations.

Far in the Woods.

We left Saginaw on Friday evening, July 25, and reached our destination far up in the south peninsula of Michigan on the morning of the 26th. That is to say, we reached our railroad town. Thence we drove something like thirty miles overland, across a sandy wilderness, where for twenty-five miles we did not see a house nor a settlement. I presume this is about as far as any one can get from a railroad in the State of Michigan. We were between the railroads and in the heart of whatever wilderness may be said to exist now in that region. It is a wilderness of sandy barrens and slashed off pine lands and scattered clumps of Norways still untouched. In the middle of it we found a mile or so of untouched forest, mostly hemlocks and Norways, a magnificent and beautiful vision of the primeval forest. I cannot picture its grandeur and beauty. Our road took us through what is without doubt the grandest hardwood forest in the West. Such maples and elms are not to be found anywhere else in this part of the world.

The Stream.

So at last, well on in the evening, we reached our destination. A beautiful vision of a winding, rippling stream came upon our view. We paused in front of a deep, bright pool, and decided here to pitch our camp. It was a beautiful spot, and here we passed four as pleasant days as ever have fallen to my own experience.

The Saginaw crowd go well equipped, and practically equipped, when they are on one of their sporting expeditions. We had in all four tents, one for the men, one big fly tent for a dining room, and two sleeping tents. The latter tents were made of water-proofed silk, and one of them, a gift by Mr. Davis to the Saginaw crowd, was about 14 feet square by 9 feet high, forming a wide room, the sweet interior of which was very comfortable indeed. The whole tent rolled into very small compass. Then there were sleeping bags and air mattresses, folding cook stoves, aluminum dishes, and all sorts of things delightful to the camper out. Harry, the helper of the Saginaw crowd, was on hand of course, and we had with us two splendid woodsmen, George King and George Higgins, both of whom are old pines woodsmen and well posted in this region, as we were later to discover. With this force we soon had things in comfortable shape. We did not find the mosquitoes and black flies very bad, the days were not too warm, the nights were not too cold, and everything was delightful in the extreme.

The First Grayling.

But I run slightly in advance of my story. Pray you, believe me, brothers, that if you want anything in all this world it shall be yours, provided that you want it badly enough and follow it sternly enough. For years I have been wanting a buffalo, a grizzly, a moose and a grayling. I got my buffalo when they were nearly all gone. I will get my grizzly some time, and my moose—that is to say, the rest of my moose. Also I got my grayling! I caught him on the second cast I made in the little river.

In the pool in front of our camp we saw fish rising. "Get your rod together," said Major Lyon. "You are just as like to get a grayling here as any other place." We all four of us put together our rods, and Mr. Davis, standing on the corner of the pool furthest from me, took out two or three trout. "Now cast across that pool under that tree," said Major Lyon, "and see what you can do." I had on two flies, a No. 10 Beaverkill and a No. 10 Wickham's-fancy. I made one cast over the pool to straighten the line, and with the next dropped the flies in the place indicated by Major Lyon. Instantly there was a double flash of white. The lower fish missed, but the upper one struck the Wickham's-fancy, and in a moment I knew that my ambition was on the point of realization, provided only that I was careful. I had been warned many times of the tenderness of the grayling's mouth. Be sure I did not need Major Lyon's advice. I took no chances. Very gently I kept the line tight as the fish started across the pool. I did not crowd him when he jumped once, twice and three times, nor force him when he ran. At last I quietly led him into shallow water, and there we had him, a beautiful picture, plainly visible above the sands. We called for a landing net, but none was forthcoming. At last, fearing something might happen, I gently lifted the captive out on the grass. Then there were whoops of exultation. I am sure that every one of those gentlemen was gladder than myself that I had caught my grayling, and done it so soon and so easily. This indeed was one of the purposes of the trip.

My fish was a beautiful, splendid, iridescent creature, bearing upon his back the banner of the Stars and Stripes, the sweetest flag that ever floated over land or sea. The sunlight played strange pranks on his shining sides as I held him in my hands. It was a fish 8 or 9 inches long, not a mammoth grayling to be sure, but yet a grayling.

This taking of half a dozen fish in one bend of the river even before we had camp finished set everybody in good humor. "If this keeps up," said Mr. Mershon, "we'll do a lot of business with these fish before we quit." It did keep up to greater or less extent, and we had a delightful trip all the way through.

The Fishing.

After lunch on the first day Major Lyon and Mr. Davis went up stream a little way, while Mr. Mershon and I worked down stream. In this wild country of course one has to be careful where he goes, for the river runs through a great deal of swamp, and a Michigan fishing stream is by no means an easily accessible proposition for the most part. Mr. Mershon and I cut off our experiences a bit earlier than we might otherwise have done, and left the stream in the early dusk, hopeful of finding a possible pathway back to camp. We found the fish suddenly gone off their feed after the fashion of trout and grayling in general. I turned over a couple of grayling which I did not fasten. I think Mr. Mershon did not have any grayling that first evening, though, if I recollect correctly, both Mr. Lyon and Mr. Davis brought one each into camp. Mr. Mershon and I could not do much with the trout. They were jumping along the edges of the pools, but would not take any fly we could offer them. At last my companion produced from his plethoric fly-book an English May-fly, of the cork-bodied, floating pattern. Casting this lightly closely against the opposite bank and nearly directly across stream, he let the current carry this floating fly down and outward from the bank. This scheme worked, and he caught half a dozen trout on this fly.

The totals that evening were: Mr. Mershon nine fish, Mr. Davis, five, Major Lyon and myself three each. If memory serves, we had three grayling in camp that night.

The next day Mr. Davis and Major Lyon took a longer strip of water above camp, Mr. Mershon and I going down stream once more. I presume that each party fished about three to five miles of water that day. Mr. Davis had excellent sport, and left fifty-two trout and grayling in his live box up the stream, where he stopped his fishing to come to camp. Mr. Davis had three grayling in his catch, two of them nice ones. Major Lyon was also fortunate in getting a grayling and had seventeen fish in his basket when he struck camp. Mr. Mershon and I also brought in five grayling, he taking twenty-three fish in all, and myself twenty. It may be seen that the grayling was a frequent visitor of our fly-hooks, and we were elated to find that the fish constituted a considerable factor in the fishing. We of course did not keep nearly all of our grayling, but turned back the small ones to the stream.

Schemes.

Mr. Mershon and I again found that we were against a hard July trout fishing game in our part of the stream. There were a great many berry pickers in the huckleberry plains below us, and a great many of these had fishing rods. We learned that five parties went down the stream before us. At any rate, when we went down the trout were even more capricious than before.

"I'll fix them yet," said Mr. Mershon. Again he dived into the fly-book. This time he brought out a lot of tiny English midges or sedge flies tied on the most flimsy of leaders. With this we began to cast as delicately as we knew how, dropping the fly as before, straight across stream from us, and allowing it to float downward. The scheme worked, and on these small flies we had considerable sport. We did not raise any very big fish, but made nice baskets of trout, running into the 8 and 9 inch class. We were all of us very happy when we rounded up at camp that night.

Hard Waters.

On the morning of the third day we inaugurated a change of campaign. Our guide, George King, insisted that Mr. Mershon and myself should go with him and fish a strip of almost inaccessible water some eight miles above our camp. Here he said were several miles of the deepest water on the stream, and here he promised us that we would find big trout and big grayling. To fish this water meant that we would need to drive six or eight miles through the plains and woods, get into the river at the upper end of a heavy alder swamp and then fish down until we got out at the foot of this swamp. Once in the river, there was no getting out at either side, for the stream passed through an impenetrable jungle of alders, cedars and the like, through which not even a black bear could penetrate. King promised to drive down and meet us at the foot of the stream, and he counseled us to fish fast, for we would find the trip a long one. The stream was very crooked, he said, and he could not tell how many miles it was. No one went into it, because everybody was afraid of getting stuck in the swamp. But King knew how to get out. He had gone through there once or twice, and he assured us it was worth the effort.

This sort of thing directly appealed to Mr. Mershon and myself. Before noon we were into this stream at the head of the swamp. We found the water here entirely different from what it had been at our camp. Before the river had been broken up by bright shallow places, with now and then deep holes or wide pools. The bottom was in some cases rocky in the lower waters. Up here in this swamp the stream had an entirely different aspect. The water was much colder. The river was much more crooked. The bottom was entirely of sand. At one side or the other of nearly every bend there would be a deep black hole, cut out under the bank, overlapped by a wide mat of alders. In places the alders nearly met over the stream, but for the most part it was possible to cast the fly, although one needed to be careful with his back cast.

It was a hard water to fish, yet as quick as we put foot into it we saw its possibilities in the way of big fish. Although we had breast-high waders, there were holes through which we could not pass with impunity. As in late July all the fish have taken to the deep water, we knew in advance that we had gotten into the hiding place of the big fish. Mr. Mershon went on below for a ways with a last injunction to King not to forget to call us when he reached the bank at the foot of the alders in the late evening. The sun was very bright and warm, and I must confess as I started fishing I had very little hope of doing anything. The water was entirely bright and clear, and it seemed impossible under the circumstances to lay out a fly to a distance which would be effective. I tried the plan which Mr. Mershon had found effective previously, allowing the fly to float down stream, trying meanwhile to work it in under the alders in the deep black water where I was satisfied the trout were lying. I did no good at it, nor did I expect to do anything, but moved down stream, hoping for a change of conditions. At last I found Mr. Mershon sitting on a sand bank at a bend of the stream looking intently into his fly-book,

"There's a half dozen awful big grayling in that hole," said he, pointing at the water in front of him, "and I can't get them to rise to anything I have got." Indeed we could see the fish there, one grayling more than a foot long, possibly 15 inches long. Mr. Mershon had one nice trout in his basket, but when I left him at this pool he had not succeeded in inveigling any grayling. I went on down stream, still sticking to the long line and the floating fly, and still meeting with no success whatever. I changed flies as best I might and cast my prettiest. At last I put on a fly which I suppose is called the "bee," which is a brown hackle, a body of black, with yellow bands, like the body of a bee. Noticing the trout rising at a little patch of grass where the current swung around, I made a long cast, and at the second try I hooked a beauty and quickly put him in my basket, a nice 10-inch fish. This roused my flagging spirits, and I concluded to try a little harder. In less than five minutes I noticed another trout rise under some heavy cedar boughs. I floated my bee here also, and just as it was in the right place, began to take it back for fear of getting snagged. The fish struck as I lifted. Away went my leader and three flies. This fish was so heavy that I did not start him up at all, nor did I again see any signs of him. I had one more bee left, and on this I got another strike or so, but in adjusting my leader I unfortunately lost my fly, which got into the water and so floated down stream. Then I tried a brown hackle and began to get some signs of life.

At this time, Mr. Mershon waded down on me.

"Put on a bee, if you have one," said I.

"I haven't any bees," said he, "but I'll try a McGinty."

He showed it to me. It had the same body and hackle as the fly I had been using, with a red tag and a black wing with white tips. Altogether it was a big and clumsy looking fly, and not what one would fancy for a bright day and a clear stream. Mr. Mershon passed me, stating that he intended to use this fly for a while.

The Other Fellow's Luck.

Perhaps an hour now elapsed before I again came up to him on the stream, we having both by this time worked far down into the swamp. When I did find him he was standing up to his waist at the head of a deep pool and was playing a fish. I had had no more success myself, although using the McGinty fly which he had given me. I could hardly believe him when he told me he had his basket nearly full of nice trout. "Why," said he, "I've bee ncatching them right along. What's the matter with you?"

I think the matter was that I had been using a tapered line and a long leader, and hence did not have as good control over the fly as I needed. Mr. Mershon was casting close into the bushes in the deep holes and giving the fly a twitching motion. Once more he had solved the problem of the day! Telling me to go in advance, I picked up three or four fish, but he picked up as many below me. He simply was a better fly-fisherman than myself, and that was all there was to it.

Dark in the Swamp.

Now it began to get dark and we had not the slightest idea in the world where we were or how far it was to any place of rest or comfort. The river was dark, deep and a bit uninviting in the twilight. We supposed we had perhaps half a mile or more of it to go, but in this supposition we were wrong. Mr. Mershon obliged me to stop fishing, and rolling up our lines, we started down as fast as we could go. We had traveled perhaps a mile when at last we heard a shout below us. We answered, and in the course of ten or fifteen minutes we came upon George King, our guide, who had waded up stream. He had been fishing a bit on his own account and had 20 fish in his basket.

"Do you know how far it is out of this swamp?" said he. He told us that it was over two miles. You may be sure that we were tired when at last we plunged out of the last reach of this difficult water and got up on the bank. We were then in the darkness and in an unknown country, but King, a very good woodsman, found a trail back to an abandoned logging camp, where he had cached his horses. We only lost our way once on the way back to camp, which we reached at 10 o'clock in the night, to find our friends somewhat stirred up over our absence. Mr. Mershon's basket of fish included three beautiful big grayling, like the old-time sort, every one of them a foot long and one I think over 14 inches. Naturally everybody was much elated over these grand fish.

Still More Grayling.

As to Major Lyon and Mr. Davis, they had gone down stream below the pools where Mr. Mershon and I had left off the previous day. They caught five grayling but had no very heavy fish. The records for the day were: Mr. Mershon 15, Mr. Davis 17, Mr. Lyon and myself 6 each.

Now came still another day of sport, and by this time we all had our blood up. Mr. Davis wanted to have a go at this alder swamp fishing, and Mr. King agreed to take him in at the lower end of the stretch over the old river drivers' trail, which would enable them to fish perhaps half of this water. Mr. Mershon said he would wade up the stream and fish below Mr. Davis in the alder swamp. Mr. Lyon and myself took the stream where Mr. Davis had made his big catch on the second day. As for the Major and myself, I found him to be a most lovable companion, quiet, steady and skillful. I must say that Major Lyon is a gentleman 73 years of age, or rather 73 years of youth. One would not take him to be over 55. He shoots and fishes right along with all the members of the Saginaw crowd, and holds up his end of the log in every particular. One may imagine that the water of a trout stream is none too warm in the misty morning. It was a novel sight to see so old a gentleman as Major Lyon go out in the morning and take his plunge in the pool along with the younger members of the party. I must say that he beat me on the stream fishing that day, for his fish were more numerous and better in size than my own. This he did in spite of the fact that he met the misfortune of breaking the tip of his fly-rod. This latter we mended as best we might, but it left him only a stiff stick about suitable for bait-casting. The Major never whimpered, but cast on with the short rod, and beat me fishing even with that sort of rig. Once we stood together at a deep water where a heavy spring broke in. Casting with the short line the Major yanked out four beautiful trout under my nose. Again he turned over or half turned over a very heavy trout, which he could not stop or do anything with. Again, as we stood side by side at the edge of a deep run over white sand, he cast in and at once was directly into a 12-inch grayling, which he promptly brought into his basket. He took three or four grayling that day, and I had as many to my own rod, although I kept but two. We came into camp that night, had supper a little after sundown, and then waited an hour or two for our friends who had gone on the upper stream.

During the afternoon, as I was wading down the stream in advance of Major Lyon, I saw at a distance of 200 or 300 yards ahead a glimpse of some red-colored object moving among the bushes at the edge of the stream. Of course, I knew at once that this was a deer, and as the presence of a long and noisy bit of fast water made the matter more practicable, I concluded to see what I could do in stalking it. I could see that it was a small deer and one much persecuted by flies. Its head was directly away from me and with its ears turned sideways and its tail upright, all three switching in discord or union, as the cast might be, the animal resolved itself into three moving points of white and gray. Whenever it put down its head, I moved down stream through the rapid water, and whenever its switched its tail with the peculiar signal a deer gives when about to raise its head, I paused motionless in mid stream, the gray color of my clothing rendering me inconspicuous in the surroundings. In this way I worked on down within 50 feet, 40 feet, even within 30 feet of the deer. It was a fawn, well-grown, but still in the spotted coat, and very beautiful, indeed, it seemed. It would stand and look at me curiously and half apprehensively, then, with a peculiar sidelong turn of the head, would go to feeding again at the edge of the water, with one eye on me the while. At this close range I dared not attempt to go nearer, and finally the little creature accepted me as part of its surroundings, and went on feeding undisturbed. I examined it very closely, the beauty and strangeness of the situation appealing to me very keenly. No doubt the fawn's mother was near by in the thicket, but if so she did not get any hint of danger, for there was no signal to the little one on the narrow beach. We stood thus, not a biscuit toss apart, for several minutes. Our little session was brought to an end in a manner somewhat singular. My quiet advance had brought me to the end of the rapids, and to the head of a bit of still water near whose edge the deer was feeding. I dared not go into this still water, for I knew that the ripples would give the alarm. Meantime, just at my left, at the foot of the rapids and in the still water, a good-sized trout broke water two or three times. The ruling passion was too strong, and at last, while the deer had its head down feeding, I gave a switch of the rod and tossed my fly over the rising trout. In an instant he had it, and in another instant he was out in mid pool, splashing on the surface as a hooked trout will do. This disturbance in the water sent up the deer's head as though by an electric shock. Now the whole expression of its face changed. There was fear and apprehension written all over it. It looked at me steadily, curiously, with ears uplifted and tail interrogative. I stood entirely quiet with my wrist firmly at my side, holding the butt of the rod. I doubt if the splashing of the trout in the pool would of itself have alarmed my little companion. Probably it saw the twitching of the tip of the rod, which the trout was jerking somewhat violently. At any rate after about half a minute of this intense staring, my little friend turned slowly aside and went off into the thicket with the most dignified, high-stepping, stiff-legged gait one could imagine. Its ears were rigid and its tail as straight and stiff as a spike above its back. It did not snort nor bound nor run, but with the utmost perfection of inimitable nonchalance, dignity and scorn, edged its way into the thicket, and I neither saw nor heard of it more. I fancy but few sportsmen have ever been thus close to a wild deer and a wild trout at the same time, nor have many anglers ever scared a deer in the playing of a trout. The picture was one to remain long in memory.

A Great Day.

It was a great day that Mr. Davis and Mr. Mershon had had. King had taken in the live box of Mr. Davis, and they reported just fifty splendid trout and grayling safely floating in the water where they left the river. Mr. Mershon brought home the biggest catch made on the trip, 44 trout, nearly a big bass basket full, even when they were cleaned. In this catch he had three whaling big grayling. "McGinty did it," said Mr. Mershon. He later told us that he had fished with a single fly of the McGinty pattern much as he had the day previous with myself. In a water which King had told him was good he took 12 trout out of one pool, 6 from another. After that it was easy. He had the trout beaten, and it was simply a question to fish still, go quietly, wait until the water cleared and then cast directly over the deep holes.

"I waited sometimes 20 minutes at the head of a deep pool," said he, "before I would begin fishing. The grayling think then you are a stump, and if you keep your feet still, so that no sand or mud will run down stream before you, and if you cast with as little motion of the arm as possible, you will catch fish. But it takes fishing to catch fish in there."

Thus two rods had that day taken nearly 100 fish, among them some splendid specimens of this "extinct" fish, the grayling. You may be sure that we had another grand reunion in camp that night, and congratulated ourselves upon the success of our trip. All the rods reported grayling, though all returned most of the grayling which were taken. In the day I probably took something like 30 trout and grayling fish, but put back all the small ones.

The Grayling's Habits.

The grayling in habits is different from the trout. It does not lie under the banks but sticks to the open waters. Instead of biting best in the morning, it bites best in the middle of the day. Instead of preferring a cloudy day, it likes best bright days for its feeding operations. Instead of jerking and yanking at the line like a trout when hooked, it makes a long swift run, going across the pool with its back fin up against the current. It jumps oftener than the trout, fights more rapidly, rises cleaner, and is a quicker fish. It does not fight as long as the trout and its mouth is more delicate. It is a quicker riser, and is, on the whole, a sportier fish than the trout.

"I call the grayling a gentleman fish," said Mr. Mershon. "It is the prince of all the American fishes except the salmon."

That night we put up all our grayling in a compartment basket filled with ice. We now had enough of them to make a beautiful display, and we simply gloated over our beautiful trophies.

The Last Day.

The next day was to be our last in camp, and we had to get back over the long drive to the railroad. The breaking of camp necessarily took us several hours, but by noon we found ourselves packed and en route. We made a pause at the part of the road close to our celebrated alder swamp. Major Lyon said he would fish below this point for a little way, while Mr. Davis and Mr. Mershon offered me my choice of the water above. We three started up stream wading, and I must record my honest admiration for the length and toughness of Mr. Davis' legs. He is built for high stepping and far going. The latter gentleman contented himself with a half mile or so of water at the lower end of the swamp. Mr. Mershon and I went up a half mile further until we found the trail which King had taken the previous day. Mr. Mershon gave me my option of staying back or taking the up trail. I choose the latter course and decided to fish the water deeper into the recesses of the swamp.

"You had better walk for half an hour before you stop," said Mr. Mershon. "You'll then be somewhere not very far from the stream, and maybe you can break through the alders, as the others did yesterday."

The cedar swamp through which the old river drivers' trail led, was like all other cedar swamps, hot, thick and decidedly nasty in every respect. Two or three times I had to pause, since the heat of my big waders, intensified by the glare of the mid day sun and unrelieved by any breath of air, made the going at times almost insupportably hard. None the less, I walked for 25 minutes

and then saw a glimpse of water on my right, over the heads of the heavy bushes. Into this I broke, and for 20 minutes I sat on a log waiting for the stream to clear from the stirring up I had given it.

The Day of Revenge.

This was the day on which I was to have my revenge on these trout of the alder swamps. The sky now rapidly became overcast. I saw an occasional splash under the bushes, the stream presenting more life than it had on the day when I first saw it. The air was cooler. All at once—every angler knows how it is—the trout went on the feed. From where I stood, hip deep in the water, with my feet carefully imbedded in the sand and turning neither to the right nor to the left, I saw a great, gleaming flash of silver greet the dropping of my first fly. I saw that old Col. McGinty was going to be the thing that day, also. I fished McGinty and royal-coachman, and they did the business, especially McGinty, which for some reason or other, proved to be a hot favorite in that particular alder thicket.

I remembered Mr. Mershon's injunctions about careful going and motionless casting. I was an hour in fishing two bends. I did not know how far I was above the rendezvous where I was instructed to report at half-past three in the afternoon. I did not mind the thunder storm which I could now hear approaching across the forest. I was alike the happiest and the most unhappy man in the world—happy because I knew I had trout coming, and unhappy because I knew I ought to hurry home. It was two o'clock before I had time to turn around, and I had four beauties in my basket. I had, even though by counsel of a superior officer, learned how to play the game. The loose bottom of this stream gives wide herald of one's approach, and the water is so smooth that one cannot wade without starting up a series of ripples which would be the best possible announcement of his coming. Therefore I adopted Mr. Mershon's plan, picking out my pool—and there were scores of them from which to select—and getting into a position which gave me the best chance for front and back cast. Then I would stand until the water cleared, not daring to move my foot one inch for fear it would start floating sand. I cast with the wrist altogether, showing as little motion as possible, and always standing as deep in the water as possible. I laid out my line with more eagerness than I ever did in all my life before, and used what little art there was in my repertoire to the very last degree. It would never do to go out of that swamp on this morning without some fish to show!

I must say that the fish did their part. Finally, I begun to see the great flaming flashes of brilliant colored trout as they rose from the black holes under the bank and struck the alluring McGinty. Time after time I felt the sharp tug of a well-hooked trout at the end of my line. I had not time for ceremony. I fought them fierce and hard and sharp, for I wanted to get as many in the basket as I could before my time was up, and the storm was coming on fast. One big fellow, which weighed an even pound, a trout 13¾ inches long, did give me a beautiful time of it. He wanted to go under the alders and I didn't want him to go there. I crowded him so hard that at last he came to the surface and simply quit, several minutes sooner than other smaller fish did. Then I lost a fish which broke through my landing net; lost still another in basketing, and still another, which corkscrewed off at my feet. They came and kept on coming, in spite of the thunderstorm, and my basket grew heavy at my side. I had 8, 10, a dozen fish! I dared not look at my watch. When I did I found that I was an hour past the meeting time, and with no one knew how much space between the river and the appointed place.

I may have been a very wicked man in my life, but if so, I think I suffered for it all then. There is no penalty worse than passing hole after hole filled with big trout which are eager to be caught, wading as for dear life, your line rolled up, your face bathed with perspiration and your heart sinking in your bosom with regret. I passed a mile or a mile and a half of beautiful trout waters, indeed, passed the best chance I had on the trip to make a fine basket of trout.

At length I came to two bushes stuck up in the water which marked the place where Mr. Mershon had started in to fish. This was a mile from the bivouac. Presently I heard a shout and hurried on as fast as I might. There was one special hole which Mr. Mershon had showed me where he had seen some good fish. I recognized it as I passed by some logs which lay at the bottom of it. "I'll fish this hole," said I to myself, "if I never get out." I allowed myself two casts, and at the first one I hooked a grand trout, which I bustled into my basket as quickly as most trouts ever travel over that road. Then, half choked with the misery of it, I rolled up my line for the trip, cut off my leader, and ended it by 15 minutes of as hard walking through the water as I ever had in all my life. I was wringing wet when I struck the team. I had 13 trout at that time. In an hour more I could have made it 26. Had the day held with the fish rising as they were when I was in the stream, there is no telling how many beautiful trout one might have taken. My only regret was that I did not secure a big grayling. Indeed, of my grayling, of which I caught ten or a dozen during the trip, none of them went over 10 inches or perhaps 11 inches. The record of that day showed other grayling, however, Mr. Davis having a nice one and Mr. Mershon bringing a couple more grand ones out of the alder swamp with him. The latter gentleman took 8 fish, Major Lyon 8 and Mr. Davis 9 that afternoon, there being only about 2 or 3 hours' fishing in all. Much of my own time had unfortunately been lost in the walk up the stream and the necessarily hurried walk down stream. This came of not thoroughly knowing the waters to be fished. As a matter of fact, I had gone into the river nearly where Mr. Davis and Mr. King had the day before. I do not think I fished more than half a mile of water in all, and must have gone over more than three miles of it that day.

Homeward.

Our storm blew over after giving us just enough rain to cool things nicely. We had a hurried cup of tea and then proceeded to hit the trail for the railroad. We drove again across that wilderness of the slashes, across the jack pine plains and over the huckleberry flats, among the Norway clumps and across the magnificent maple forests. We saw the storm clouds gather on the horizon like the peaks of some titanic mountain range. We plunged into the black pockets of the overlapping forest trees, and here and there crossed a rushing little trout river, some of these streams once historical as trout and grayling streams. And so in time we ended our trip, a grayling trip in the year 1902, one which was not only pleasant but successful. I shall very long remember it in the bright pages of my lengthening sporting calendar.

Totals.

Mr. Davis kept a record of our fish, and we find that the totals for the first day were 20 trout and grayling, for the second day 107 trout and grayling, for the third day 44 trout and grayling, for the fourth day 125 trout and grayling, for the last day 38 trout and grayling. On the first and last day we fished about 3 hours each. We found that the total taken on the different rods on these five days were: Mr. Davis 118 fish, Mr. Mershon 99 fish, Major Lyon 50 fish, and myself 57 fish. Geo. King, our guide, took 15 fish one day and 20 the day previous. We had a total of 339 trout and grayling. Of these 295 were trout and 44 were grayling. Of the grayling, we brought home but 30, returning the others. At the railroad we counted up our baskets of trout, wiped them all dry, put them back in the refrigerator baskets and admired them once more. We found that we had 221 trout. This I consider to be a remarkable catch for the last week in July. I do not need to state that this was strictly fly-fishing. There is no member of the Saginaw crowd who would any more think of using bait than he would think of shooting a bird on the ground. As to our take of grayling, if Mr. Mershon's photographs come out nicely, methinks we can show a basket of grayling which will offer more interest as a sporting picture to-day than almost any other which could be devised, unless it were one of a flock of wild pigeons or a bunch of wild buffalo. For myself, I was entirely gratified. I took no very large grayling, and I kept only 3 or 4 of those which I landed. The main thing was that I saw this beautiful fish in almost its last fastnesses, just as once I saw the remnant of the buffalo far down in the Pan Handle of Texas. Two years after that the buffalo were gone. Two years after this, I imagine, and in spite of all the care which can be exercised, in spite of the fact that this last Michigan stream has a good stock of grayling in it at this date, the grayling will have disappeared and have disappeared forever. The State of Michigan has grayling enough now in this stream to keep them forever, but it will not do it.

E. Hough.

Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill.

The First Pike Egg Hatching.

Franklin, Vt., Aug. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In Fred Mather's book, entitled "Modern Fish Culture," Mr. James Nevin states that he (Mr. Nevin) hatched pike-perch in 1877, and that these were the first pike-perch ever hatched artificially. Without wishing to detract from the credit of Mr. Nevin's early labors with pike-perch, it is only fair to Mr. Livingstone Stone to say that Mr. Stone preceded him several years in hatching the eggs of this fish. Mr. Stone began experimenting with these eggs, I think, in 1869, but at first without success, of course, the eggs being treated like trout eggs. Mr. Stone at last succeeded, however, in hatching pike-perch eggs by taking one layer only on panes of common window glass, and placing them edge down in a current of water. In 1872 I saw these eggs on glass myself, as I was there on the Missisquoi River, assisting Mr. Stone in making preparations for taking living fish to the Pacific coast in the first California aquarium car.

I do not know how much earlier Mr. Stone may have hatched pike-perch, but I am certain that he succeeded in doing it in 1872, which is five years earlier than Mr. Nevin claims that he hatched them.

Myron Green.

Fisherman's Rare Luck.

A remarkable affair is reported from Morehead City, which is vouched for by reliable parties here. A fisherman living near Bogue Sound in a small shanty, saw a large school of fish go up one of the creeks or blind guts that enter the marshes in that vicinity. He had a quantity of nets on hand and a numerous family, and they all turned out and closed up the mouth of the short creek, capturing the entire school of fish, which were mainly large trout. The lucky fisherman has kept the fish inclosed in the place, taking them out as fast as he could handle them, selling large quantities to the fish dealers at Morehead City. His sales have amounted to $4.000 worth of fish, and several thousand dollars' worth still remain in the pond. The facts were learned from a dealer who came here for additional funds with which to handle the fish for shipment. It is considered one of the most remarkable incidents on record on this part of the coast.—Raleigh (N. C.) Post.

Florida Lobsters.

Below Miami we have a substitute for the lobster that lives in the crevices of the coral rock till his season comes, and then he sprawls over acres of sand, fat and fine. This Florida sea crawfish is of excellent flavor, grows to four pounds in weight, is abundant and easily taken. He is not only the equal of the lobster, but better. It only remains that he be introduced to the gourmand with proper preparation, and he will immediately become a favorite. We would much prefer to see some Floridian grow rich on this Florida dainty, but if none of us will do so, let the fishers of the North Atlantic come down and take possession; it is not well that such good eating be left to the watery world alone.—Jacksonville (Fla.) Times-Union and Citizen.

All communications intended for Forest and Stream should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

The Weights of Fishes.

Wellesley Farms, Mass., Aug. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Aug. 16, referring to the "weight of a fish," you say Mr. J. A. L. Waddell gives the formula for arriving at the weight of a fish by measurement. I do not think that Mr. Waddell would wish to be held responsible for this rule. In 1892 I was given this method by Dr. Cornell, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and gave this to others, and no doubt to Mr. Waddell. This rule will not hold good on all fish, but does on most varieties I have tried it on. Even Dr. Cornell did not claim to be the first, as he gained his information from some formula for weighing beef cattle.

C. A. Dean.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 8-11.—Toronto, Can.—Twelfth annual show of the Toronto Industrial Exposition. Fred Jacobi, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-9.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society's show. John W. Bacon, Treas.

Oct. 21-24.—Frederick, Md.—Frederick County Agricultural Society's annual bench show. J. Roger McSherry, Supt.

Oct. 21-24.—New York.—Ladies' Kennel Association of America's show. Miss M. K. Bird, Westbury, L. I., Hon. Sec'y.

Nov. 26-29.—Philadelphia.—Philadelphia Dog Show Association's show. M. A. Viti, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Aug. 26.—Salem, S. D.—South Dakota Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) third annual trials. E. H. Gregory, Sioux Falls, S. D.

Sept. 2.—Inaugural trials of the Minnesota-North Dakota Field Trial Association. Dr. W. A. Moore, Sec'y, St. Paul, Minn.

Sept. 4.—Carman, Man.—Sixteenth annual trials of the Manitoba Field Trials Club. Eric Hamber, Sec'y, Winnipeg.

Sept. 11.——, Man.—Fifth annual trials of the Brandon Kennel Club. Dr. H. James Elliott, Sec'y, Brandon, Man.

Sept. 11.—O'Neill, Neb.—Nebraska Field Trial Association's inaugural chicken trials. M. H. McCarthy, Sec'y.

Oct. —.—Drakes Branch, Va.—Inaugural trials of the Virginia Field Trial Association. C. B. Cooke, Sec'y.

Oct. —.—Independence, Ia.—Eastern Iowa Field Trial Association's inaugural trials. J. G. Burk, Sec'y.

Oct. 20.——, ——.—Western Field Trial Association's second annual trials. C. W. Buttles, Sec'y, Kansas City.

Oct. 27.—Paris, Mo.—Missouri Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club), sixth annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.

Oct. 27.—Washington C. O., Ohio.—Monongahela Field Trial Club's field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y.

Oct. 28.—Whitby Island, Wash.—Pacific Northwest Field Trials F. R. Atkins, Sec'y, Seattle, Wash.

Nov. 3.—Robinson, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. W. R. Green, Sec'y, Marshall, Ill.

Nov. 3.—Thirteenth annual field trials of the National Beagle Club of America. Charles R. Stevenson, Sec'y, 106 Market street, Camden, N. J.

Nov. 3.—Lake View, Mich.—Michigan Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fifth annual trials. C. D. Stuart, Sec'y, Benton Harbor, Mich.

Nov. 4.—Washington C. H., Ohio.—Ohio Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club), fifth annual trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.

Nov. 7-8.—Robinson, Ill.—Western Irish Setter Club's inaugural trials. T. L. Fenn, Secy.

Nov. 17.—Glasgow, Ky.—Third annual trials of the Kentucky Field Trial Club. S. B. Hays, Sec'y.

Nov. 10.—Bicknell, Ind.—Independent Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 11.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trial Club's trials. F. W. Smith, Sec'y, New Haven.

Nov. 10.—Ruthven, Ont.—North American Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. Richard Bangham, Sec'y, Windsor, Ont.

Nov. 11.—St. Joachim, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's fourteenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.

Nov. 17.—Glascow, Ky.—Kentucky Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) third annual trials. F. W. Samuel, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.

Nov. 18.—Ruthven, Ont.—Fourth annual trials of the North American Field Trial Club. Alfred Wigle, Sec'y, Windsor, Ont.

Nov. 20.—Manor, L. I.—Pointer Club of America's (member of the American Championship Club) second annual trials. R. E. Westlake, Sec'y, Scranton, Pa.

Canine Elegies and Epitaphs.

Readers are invited to send for this column any epitaph or elegy of departed dogs of which they may have knowledge. We continue the series from last week:

Byron's Boatswain.

A Rochester correspondent sends us these comments on Byron's epitaph on Boatswain, which was printed in our issue of last week, and to which we hope the reader of Wm. Redmond's letter will turn again:

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the opinion of at least one reader you have added new interest to the ever-interesting pages of Forest and Stream through the establishment of the "Canine Elegies and Epitaphs" department, and I should have presumed, long ago, to offer my contribution, had I not supposed momentarily that I would be anticipated by some one, and I see now that you have published it—Byron's epitaph on his Newfoundland, Boatswain. It is probably the most famous epitaph and eulogy ever written upon a dog. It is needless to remark that, as the subject of such lines, the noble canine has been for more than ninety years, one of the immortals. It will be noted that the great poet, who was born in 1788, was only twenty years old when the epitaph was written. Let those who will carp at the misanthropic tone of the verse; but who with any knowledge of dog nature, will presume to question the absolute justice and truth of the prose part of the eulogium?

E. M. Redmond.

XVIII.—Neptune. On an Urn near Olney, Eng.

Here lies one who never drew
Blood himself, yet many slew;
Gave the gun its aim, and figure
Made in field, yet ne'er pulled trigger.
Armed men have gladly made
Him their guide, and him obeyed;
At his signified desire
Would advanve, present and fire.
Stout he was, and large of limb,
Scores have died at sight of him;
And to all this fame he rose
By only following his nose.
Neptune was he called; not he
Who controls the boist'rous sea,
But of happier command.
Neptune of the furrowed land;

And your wonder, vain to shorten,
Pointer to Sir John Throckmorton.
—William Cowper.

XIX.—Kaiser Dead.

What, Kaiser dead? The heavy news
Post-haste to Cobden calls the Muse,
From where in Farringford she brews
The ode sublime,
Or with Pen-bryn's bold bard pursues
A rival rhyme.

Kai's bracelet tail, Kai's busy feet,
Were known to all the village street.
"What, poor Kai dead?" say all I meet;
"A loss indeed!"
O for the croon pathetic, sweet,
Of Robin's reed!*

Six years ago I brought him down,
A baby dog from London town;
Round his small throat of black and brown
A ribbon blue,
And vouch'd by glorious renown
A dachshound true.

His mother, most majestic dame,
Of blood unmix'd, from Potsdam came;
And Kaiser's race we deem'd the same—
No lineage higher.
And so he bore the imperial name,
But, ah, his sire!

Soon, soon the days conviction bring.
The collie hair, the collie swing,
The tail's indomitable ring,
The eye's unrest—
The case was clear: a mongrel thing
Kai stood confest.

But all those virtues, which commend
The humbler sort who serve and tend,
Were thine in store, thou faithful friend.
What sense, what cheer!
To us, declining tow'rds our end,
A mate how dear!

For Max, thy brother-dog, began
To flag, and feel his narrowing span.
And cold, besides, his blue blood ran,
Since, 'gainst the classes,
He heard of late the Grand Old Man
Incite the masses.

Yes, Max and we grew slow and sad;
But Kai, a tireless shepherd-lad,
Teeming with plans, alert and glad
In work or play,
Like sunshine went and came, and bade
Live out the day!

Still, still I see the figure smart—
Trophy in mouth, agog to start.
Then, home return'd, once more depart;
Or prest together
Against thy mistress, loving heart,
In winter weather.

I see the tail, like bracelet twirl'd,
In moments of disgrace uncurl'd,
Then at a pardoning word refurl'd,
A conquering sign;
Crying, "Come on, and range the world,
And never pine."

Thine eye was bright, thy coat it shone;
Thou hadst thine errands, off and on;
In joy thy last morn flew; anon,
A fit! All's over;
And thou art gone where Geist hath gone,
And Toss, and Rover.

Poor Max, with downcast, reverent head,
Regards his brother's form outspread;
Full well Max knows the friend is dead
Whose cordial talk,
And jokes in doggish language said,
Beguiled his walk.

And Glory, stretch'd at Burwood gate,
Thy passing by doth vainly wait;
And jealous Jock, thy only hate,
The chiel from Skye,
Lets from his shaggy Highland pate
Thy memory die.

Well, fetch his graven collar fine,
And rub the steel, and make it shine,
And leave it round thy neck to twine,
Kai, in thy grave.
There of thy master keep that sign,
And this plain stave.
—Matthew Arnold.

* Come, join the melancholious croon
O' Robin's reed.
(Burns' Poor Mailie's Elegy).

XX.—On an Ingoldsby Legend Dog.

Simple and few, tender and true,
The lines o'er his grave. They have, some of them, too,
The advantage of being remarkably new.
Affliction sore long time he bore,
Physicians were in vain
Grew blind, alas! he'd some Prussic Acid,
And that put him out of his pain.

Foot Soreness in Sporting Dogs.

At this period of the year, which comprehends the time immediately preceding and following the opening of the shooting season, sporting dogs, whether at full exercise as in the first instance, or in full work as in the latter, are more than likely to suffer from foot soreness. Dogs, both young and old, which have been regularly and fully exercised over some length of time, are far less likely to suffer from foot soreness than those suddenly put to exercise or work, and its occurrence is best guarded against by gradually bringing the dogs into full exercise. Old dogs suffer, as a rule, more frequently than do the young ones, and with the former the trouble lasts longer and is less amenable to treatment than with the latter. Foot soreness proper is due, in the first instance, to the quick wearing away of the thick cuticle of the pad of the foot. Under circumstances of regular wear, when daily exercise or work is in full swing, this cuticle grows as quickly as it is worn away, but when put to sudden stress it not only wears away more quickly, but is very slowly replaced, the sensitive portion of the pad of the hoof being exposed, and, beside becoming inflamed itself, sets up sympathetic inflammation and fever in the other portions of the dog's feet. This, however, will pass away when the chief cause is dealt with.

Footsore dogs should have their feet carefully bathed with tepid water, all grit, sand, and the like being carefully washed away, and the feet carefully dried. A lotion of chloride of zinc and water (two grains of the chloride to each ounce of water), with a little essential oil of aniseed, should be applied to the injured and inflamed portions of the feet, and then they may be bandaged with linen bandages, well soaked with the lotion. A dog's boot or similar means must be employed to keep the bandages in place. This must be repeated daily, until the soreness goes off, and the dog be slowly brought back to work again. As a rule, a week or ten days should cover a complete cure if the dog be taken in hand at once.

Pointers are much more susceptible to foot soreness when working over hard, dry ground, especially where the cover is low and lying close to the ground, but all dogs that have not been regularly worked and examined over a period of time are liable to be affected, and frequently the redness showing between the toes and betwen the pad of the foot and the toes is taken to be the cause of the foot soreness, or leg weariness, as it is frequently miscalled, whereas this is only a symptom of the actual cause.

The lotion recommended is always beneficial to dogs showing slight signs of foot soreness, and should be kept on hand for use overnight upon the feet of dogs which may be liable to develop this simple but distressing ailment.—Shooting Times.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1902.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also changes which may be made in the future.

AUGUST.

21. Plymouth, M. Y. R. A., open, Plymouth, Massachusetts Bay.
22. Kingston, M. Y. R. A., open, Kingston, Mass. Bay.
23. Bridgeport, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Bridgeport, L. I. Sound.
23. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
23. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
23. Huguenot, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
23. Royal Canadian, 16ft. class, Toronto.
23. Penataquit-Corinthian, Lighthouse cup, Bay Shore.
23. Shelter Island, ladies' race, Shelter Island Heights.
23. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
23. Beverly, fifth Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
23. Wollaston, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
23. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
23. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
23. Duxbury, M. Y. R. A., open, Duxbury, Mass. Bay.
23. Marine and Field, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
24. Mosquito Fleet, club, City Point, Boston Harbor.
25-26. Wellfleet, M. Y. R. A., open, Wellfleet, Massachusetts Bay.
28-30. Cape Cod, M. Y. R. A., open, Provincetown, Mass. Bay.
30. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
30. Beverly, sixth Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
30. Columbia, race to Waukegan, Lake Michigan.
30. Manhasset Bay, club, Port Washington, Long Island Sound
30. Larchmont, club, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
30. Atlantic, club, Fire Island and return, New York Bay.
30. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
30. Indian Harbor, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
30. Royal Canadian, dinghy and 25ft. classes, Toronto.
30. Kennebec, club, Bath, Maine.
30. Hartford, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Saybrook, L. I. Sound.
30-31. Corinthian, annual cruise, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.

For Cruising Yachtsmen.

With the purpose of stimulating the interest in cruising, and the keeping of a detailed log by cruising yachtsmen during the season of 1902, the publishers of Forest and Stream offer prizes for the best stories of cruises submitted to be published in Forest and Stream. It is believed that these will form not only entertaining records of pleasant summer days spent afloat along our coasts and waterways, but will furnish information of practical value to other yachtsmen making subsequent cruises on the same waters.

Prizes will be awarded to the three best stories as follows:

First prize, $50.00.
Second prize, $30.00.
Third prize, $20.00.

Contributions are invited under the following conditions:

1. The cruise must be made in waters of the United States or Canada in the season of 1902.

2. The cruise must be made in a sailing yacht, power to be used only as an auxiliary, if at all.

3. The story must be prefaced by a description of the boat. Cruises should be treated in as interesting and readable a way as possible, but should be practical and contain all possible information and data that would be of value to men going over the same route. A description of the handling of the ship in all weathers will be regarded very favorably in making awards, and it is suggested to writers that an accurate account be kept of all incidents happening while under way.

4. An outline chart suitable for reproduction, showing the course taken, must accompany each article. When possible, articles should be accompanied by amateur photographs taken on the cruise, including one of the boat. Good photographs will be considered in making the awards.

5. The story should contain about seven thousand words, written on one side of the paper only, and must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York city, on or before Nov. 15, 1902.

Mr. T. C. Zerega has very kindly consented to act as **judge and to make the awards.**

Seawanhaka Cup.

Friday, Aug. 8.

A triangular course with light to moderate wind and no sea gave Tecumseh what every one said she wanted, and the result was a fine race, close and exciting throughout. The start was made at 1:55, the boats being instructed to keep all marks to port, giving windward work, a reach, and a run home. Tecumseh again led at the start, having an advantage of some fifteen seconds, and with conditions to her liking made a pretty race to the weather mark, both boats working out in short tacks. Trident led around by half a minute, but Tecumseh showed her quality on the reaching and running, and the first round was completed:

Trident .....2 47 45 Tecumseh 2 47 53

Then followed the finest work of the day, a series of short tacks and sharp work in stays. The boats were always on opposite tacks, diverging for a couple of minutes and then spinning around to try conclusions, only to stand off again just before questions of right of way were involved. Neither of the skippers cared to risk the chance of the other finding a better wind, and both avoided close quarters until they came together at the mark. Tecumseh should have made it first, but she failed to stand on far enough, and had to make a short hitch to fetch it. Trident turned with a lead of two seconds only, and on the reach to the second mark Tecumseh fairly established a lead, the leg being timed:

Tecumseh .....3 22 52 Trident 3 22 20

On the run home Trident gained a trifle, but Tecumseh was still leading when she tackled the windward work of the third and last round, and it was evident that if she could even hold her own Trident would never catch her when once around the first mark. As a matter of fact, she gained steadily all around, leading by a fair margin at the finish as follows:

Tecumseh .....4 22 25 Trident 4 23 47

Saturday, Aug. 9.

This race was in many ways a repetition of Thursday's—a windward and return course, with a fresh breeze blowing down the lake. There was enough sea to make things lively and both boats showed single reefs at the start, which was made at 1:15, with the usual preliminary signals. For some unexplained reason the crew of Trident failed to notice the signals, and only realized that the race had started when Tecumseh was seen crossing the line. This cost something like two minutes, and it would have spoiled any ordinary race. As it was, Trident weathered her opponent before turning the first mark, and continued to gain steadily to the finish. Tecumseh certainly did better than on Thursday, but the race was uninteresting, and the following times pretty well tell the whole story:

	1st Round.	2d Round.	3d Round.
Trident	2 00 57	2 41 16	3 21 31
Tecumseh	2 02 47	2 44 22	3 25 42

Monday, Aug. 11.

The race on this day being over a triangular course, a moderate wind was earnestly hoped for to give Tecumseh a fair chance to get on even terms. The morning was fine, the wind about the right strength, but variable, with smooth water. Shortly after noon, when the boats were ready to start for the course, there was a nice breeze up the lake, with a very obvious thunderstorm working down against it. Trident kept all canvas under cover and towed to the line, but Tecumseh's skipper insisted on sailing. On the way the storm broke, more rain than wind, clearing at 1 o'clock and leaving a light breeze from the southwest. This dropped entirely in a few minutes. Then Skipper Jones of the Tecumseh hailed the judges, asking for time to send for a dry mainsail, a request which provoked some amusement. He was informed that no start would be ordered until sufficient wind came, and that he might do as he pleased in the meantime. Com. Macdonald hailed the Karma and Mr. Post at once consented to run back to the club house for another mainsail, returning with it in about forty minutes. By this time there was a nice sailing breeze, and no reason for further delaying the start. The sun had come out, Tecumseh's sails were drying rapidly, and to attempt a hasty change looked foolish. However, Mr. Jones still seemed anxious to do it, saying it would take only fifteen minutes. After consultation the judges announced a start at 2:40, the time being 2:18, giving twenty-two minutes, so the crew of Tecumseh at once got to work. The sail-bending was completed at 2:35, by which time the wind had freshened to a squall. Trident's crew turned in two reefs, and Tecumseh's followed suit, anchoring to leeward of the line to do so. Just as they got under way the starting whistle blew. Trident crossed thirty seconds late, while Tecumseh lost four minutes working up to the line. It was a bad start, and evidently unnerved both skipper and crew. The triangle was sailed with marks to starboard, giving a hard beat to windward to the first mark, with the wind squally and freshening, and a short sea rapidly working up. Everything seemed to go against Tecumseh, and there was not a man or woman in the fleet but sympathized with the Bridgeport men. To make matters still more uncomfortable, it began to rain hard, and the sight of Tecumseh hopelessly astern of her competitor, pounding away to windward, but losing at every jump, was almost pathetic. Once round the weather mark she did better, and the first mark was timed:

Trident .....3 16 00 Tecumseh 3 22 28

The second round was but a repetition of the first, both boats carrying whole mainsails down the wind. Trident's lead was so great, over a mile in fact, that before the end of the round she sagged down again to guard against mishaps, and completed the race under easy canvas. The round was timed:

Trident .....3 52 36 Tecumseh 3 59 00

As a last resource Mr. Jones turned over the tiller to Mr. Jennings, who very pluckily took Tecumseh to windward for the last time under full mainsail, and by clever handling and keeping the crew aft, gained a minute or so on the round, the finish being:

Trident .....4 29 55 Tecumseh 4 35 22

This made three races for the representative of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., and there being no protests or

objections, the Seawanhaka cup remains with them for another year.

So far as the challenging club is concerned, the bulk of the work and responsibility fell on Com. MacDonald, who certainly deserves credit for pulling things through in the face of unexpected and somewhat embarrassing difficulties. He first of all headed a syndicate which built Massasoit, Mr. Jennings being retained as helmsman, with a thoroughly representative Bridgeport crew. Then when it appeared to be desirable to get a boat from Jones & La Borde, Com. Macdonald again came to the front, and Tecumseh was built. Her superiority in the trial races made her selection a foregone conclusion, and Mr. Jennings was then asked to take charge of her, but declined to do so, suggesting that it would be better to get some man who was more familiar with the type of craft. Under the circumstances the builders were appealed to for advice, and Mr. Jones offered to sail the boat himself, and to bring with him the Messrs. Gates, two Western men who had sailed on the boat at the trial races. This offer was somewhat embarrassing, as it was desired on the one hand to have a Bridgeport crew, even with a Western skipper, and on the other hand, there was some doubt as to whether Mr. Jones was really eligible to sail the boat. The conditions under which the matches for the Seawanhaka cup are sailed call for Corinthian crews and skippers, who must be members of the clubs represented. The accepted definition of Corinthian does not directly bar Mr. Jones, but he is certainly a professional boat builder. The Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. was asked to consent to his appointment, but declined to express an opinion on the subject, preferring to leave the matter entirely to the Bridgeport Club. Under the circumstances Com. Macdonald decided to accept the services of Mr. Jones and the Western men, together with that of Mr. Sherwood; Mr. Jennings, however, sailed in the boat in the last three races. It certainly was not very gratifying to the Bridgeport Club to have to depend upon a Western boat and Western men, but once Tecumseh had been selected Com. Macdonald could hardly be blamed for using every means to give the boat a fair chance. There was a good deal of comment on the matter, and some American yachtsmen who were present expressed themselves as anything but satisfied with the arrangement. It is certainly to be hoped that the next challenge will be accepted from a club which will at least provide a thoroughly first-class crew from among its own members.

With regard to the defenders, it is of interest to note that this is the first year that the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. has sailed a match for the cup without the personal superintendence of Mr. Duggan. He designed both Osma and Trident, but owing to his removal to Sydney, C. B., all the details had to be worked out and the construction superintended by his trusty lieutenant, Mr. F. P. Shearwood, who completed with the present series his twenty-fifth race for the Seawanhaka cup. Trident was handled in the races by Mr. Charles Routh, a worthy successor to Mr. Duggan, and both in the building and sailing of the boat the traditions of the club have been ably upheld. The crew consisted of Mr. Macdonald, Mr. McNaughton and Mr. Shearwood, although a temporary change was made on the second day.

Aside from the fact that certain advantages usually accrue to the defenders, and that Duggan boats are hard to beat anywhere, especially on Lake St. Louis, it may as well be said at once that much of the success of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. in the present instance was due to superior racing organization. The class to which the boat belongs is well established, and in constant use and they began the season with several good boats, which were regularly raced, well tuned up, and constantly improved. The two boats built this year were not available until quite recently, but once they were ready the trained crews were put on board and a few races with the existing boats very soon showed how matters stood. The club, in fact, enjoyed the great advantage of a high standard with which to compare the new boats, and although Trident was not remarkably superior to the bunch, and had scarcely been tested in strong breezes, there was the satisfaction of knowing that she had proved herself a good boat in competition with other boats whose qualities had been well tested in all weathers.

Now on the other hand the challenging club began the season with no fixed standards whatever, and while commanding a much greater range of talent in every way, the boats came to the trial races so many unknown quantities, necessarily imperfect for lack of racing and requiring a great deal of tuning up. Once the trials began there was little time for work of this sort, and perhaps little inducement owing to the decided superiority of Tecumseh, but after all, it could only be said that she was the best of an untried lot, almost every one of which no doubt have been greatly benefitted by a season's hard racing and careful attention to details. For the good of the sport it is to be hoped that the most promising of these boats will be brought together again, and made to serve some useful purpose for the next challenger, which apparently will be some United States club. It can only be regarded as a profligate waste of means, to employ so many good designers and builders in turning out boats which are allowed to relapse into obscurity after a single short and unsatisfactory trial. The Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. fully realizes this, and in less than twelve hours after the final race declined an offer for Trident from a wealthy Chicago yachtsman, on the ground that a proved boat should not be carelessly lost to the club.

A challenge for next year from the Oshkosh Y. C. was received immediately after the final races, and the next day challenges by wire came from the White Bear Y. C. and the Manchester Y. C., so that a race next year is well assured.

WM. Q. PHILLIPS.

Mr. Frank Bowne Jones has recently made the following sales through his agency: Yawl Sultan, sold by Mr. C. S. Somerville to Mr. Charles A. Van Iderstein; sloop yacht Matahka, sold by Mr. R. T. Wainwright to Mr. W. C. Buckley; raccabout Viper, sold by Mr. D. H. Warner to Mr. A. B. Newcombe; raceabout Spindrift, sold by Mr. Samuel Comly to Mr. J. A. Dinning; steam yacht Chetolah, chartered by Mr. A. J. Wise to another member of the N. Y. Y. C.; cutter Infanta, sold by Mr. H. S. Wood to Dr. A. C. Knudson; schooner yacht Romono, chartered by Gen. B. F. Whitlock to Mr. Frederick W. Crosby.

Eastern Y. C.

A most fitting windup of the racing events on the New York Club cruise was the annual race of the Eastern Y. C., sailed off Marblehead on Monday, Aug. 11, which was open to yachts of the Eastern and New York yacht clubs. The Regatta Committee of the New York Y. C. was the guest of the Regatta Committee of the Eastern Y. C. on board the committee boat, and both committees took part in the management of the race. There was all kinds of weather for the racing, and at times there was promise of a regular Marblehead fluke day, but the luck which attended the yachts during the previous week stuck by them, and the race ended up in a strong southeast breeze. While the course was being covered a few fair squalls added to the uncertainty of the outcome, but these were generally welcomed. One of the yachts, Wahtawah, a Buzzard's Bay 30-footer, was dismasted.

The larger classes were sent over a course of thirty-four and a quarter miles, and the smaller classes were sent twenty-two and three-quarter miles, and both were found plenty long enough. The breeze was very light at the start and about southeast. It later shifted to the southward and, when about half of the first leg had been sailed, it strengthened with a rain squall. Later it fell again, and when the yachts were coming to the finish line it breezed on. This feature made the finishes much more interesting than they might otherwise have been.

There were the same close contests between the 70-footers Rainbow, Yankee and Mineola, and between the schooners Elmina and Muriel that had characterized all of the squadron runs. Rainbow and Mineola went over the starting line on split tacks, Rainbow first. As she crossed the line Mineola went to the port tack with Rainbow. Yankee crossed the line on the port tack. After all had crossed Mineola and Yankee took a short hitch to the southward to get nearer the wind, while Rainbow stood on well under Pig Rocks. This proved a good thing for her. She took a freshening breeze in there and when she went out on the starboard tack she soon opened up a big lead. Mineola was second and Yankee was third. This order was kept up to the first mark. There was much rain and wind as they approached this mark, and all hands traveled lively. After turning the mark Mineola picked up Rainbow in a lightening breeze, and the two had a luffing match, which brought them into close quarters, so close that they rubbed. Mineola went by Rainbow after they had both stood so high that they had to gybe and run for the second mark with spinnakers set. This was also favorable to Yankee. The breeze had hauled at this time to southwest, and it was a beat back to the first mark. Mineola and Yankee took short tacks, while Rainbow again took a long board to the westward. Again the judgment used was good, and she turned the mark in the lead, with Mineola second and Yankee third. This order was maintained to the finish, but it does not tell what a sight these three made as they came to the finish with spinnakers and ballooners set, only a few seconds apart.

In the fighting schooner class Muriel got the best of the start, and she sailed a great race all through against such a combination of schooner talent on board Elmina as Capt. Dennis and Capt. Nate Watson. The two were close all over the course, Muriel hanging to just a little lead. Muriel finished a little over half a minute ahead, but as Elmina started later, her elapsed and corrected times were both faster. Amorita sailed a good race and finished well up. Weetamoe and Neola were having one of the hottest races they have yet sailed, until Weetamoe was obliged to withdraw. They were working short tacks all the way out to the first mark, with Weetamoe in the weather berth. Another close race was between Shark and Humma. Humma was first to start and she led all over the course, but Shark pulled up on her when the breeze freshened and they finished close. This gave the race to Shark, which was handicapped at the start. Effort had a cruising sloop, Cossack, for a competitor, and she had no difficulty. In class A of handicap schooners Katrina won easily. In class B Mavis led the bunch, but lost to Colleen Bawn on corrected time. In the seventh class sloops Meemer, an old Y. R. A. 30-footer, sailed a good race and won. In this class a special prize was offered for Buzzard's Bay 30-footers. This was won by Notos, which had sailed a very fine race. In class A, handicap sloops and yawls, Ondawa finished alone, and this was the case with Intrepid in the special auxiliary class. The summary:

Second Class—Schooners.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed	Corrected.
Elmina	12 17 00	4 56 10	4 39 10	4 37 48
Muriel	12 16 09	4 55 32	4 39 23	4 38 06
Amorita	12 16 54	4 58 05	4 41 11	4 41 11
Quissetta	12 16 20	Withdrew.		

Second Class—Sloops.

Rainbow	12 15 27	4 52 34	4 37 07	4 37 07
Mineola	12 15 43	4 53 11	4 37 28	4 37 28
Yankee	12 16 55	4 54 42	4 37 47	4 37 47

Fourth Class—Sloops.

Neola	12 15 55	5 05 19	4 49 24	4 49 24
Weetamoe	12 17 00	Withdrew.		

Fifth Class—Sloops.

Shark	12 22 00	5 38 32	5 36 32	5 35 45
Humma	12 20 18	5 58 09	5 37 51	5 37 51

Sixth Class—Sloops.

Effort	12 20 56	4 34 16	4 13 20	4 13 20
Cossack	12 22 00	4 50 45	4 28 45	4 26 09

Seventh Class—Sloops.

Meemer	12 20 38	4 46 43	4 26 05	4 20 01
Notos	12 22 00	4 54 46	4 32 46	4 24 27
Zingara	12 21 20	4 57 30	4 36 10	4 27 51
Syren	12 21 00	4 53 45	4 32 45	4 32 45
Gamecock	12 22 00	5 15 53	4 53 53	4 45 34
Wahtawah	12 21 10	Disabled.		
Halaia	12 22 00	Withdrew.		

Class A—Handicap Schooners.

Katrina	12 31 20	5 13 00	4 41 40	4 41 40
Adrienne	12 31 12	5 48 54	5 17 42	5 06 26
Seneca	12 30 38	5 42 12	5 11 34	5 11 34
Hope Leslie	12 32 00	Withdrew.		

Class B—Handicap Schooners.

Colleen Bawn	12 37 00	5 00 50	4 23 50	4 11 02
Mavis	12 37 00	4 53 06	4 16 06	4 16 06
Rondina	12 36 12	Withdrew.		
Magnolia	12 37 00	Withdrew.		
Gerfalcon	12 34 48	Withdrew.		

Class A—Handicap Sloops and Yawls.

Ondawa	12 32 00	6 38 00	6 06 00	6 06 00
Virginia	12 31 48	Withdrew.		

Special Auxiliaries.

Intrepid	12 42 00	4 55 06	4 13 06	4 13 06
Amoureuse	12 45 00	Withdrew.		

Newport Special Thirties.

NEWPORT, R. I.

Tuesday, Aug. 5.

In a sweepstake race sailed over a triangular course on Tuesday, Aug. 5, Carolina won. The wind was light from the E. Wawa was first away, but at the first mark Carolina and Esperanza were both ahead of her. Carolina held her lead until the finish. The summary, start 3:49:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	5 09 02	1 20 22
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	5 13 00	1 24 00
Barbara, W. Rutherfurd	5 17 47	1 28 47
Wawa, R. Brooks	5 20 01	1 31 01
Veda, W. L. Stow	5 30 50	1 41 50

Friday, Aug. 8.

The 30-footers sailed a sweepstake race on Friday, Aug. 8, in half a gale of wind. The first leg was a run, and at the start the wind was S.W. When about at the mark the wind hauled to N.W., making it a reach to the finish line. Esperanza led from the start and won by over 3m. The summary, start 3:50:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	5 47 57	1 58 57
Veda, W. L. Stow	5 52 04	2 02 04
Wawa, R. Brooks	5 52 36	2 02 36
Barbara, W. Rutherfurd	5 52 47	2 02 47
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	5 53 58	2 03 58
Asahi, L. Warren and W. S. Miller	5 56 29	2 06 29
Hera, R. Guinness	5 56 52	2 06 52

Saturday, Aug. 9.

The sweepstake race that was sailed by the 30-footers on Saturday, Aug. 9, was won handily by Esperanza. There was a good sailing breeze from the S.W., and soon after the start Esperanza took the lead, which she held up to the finish. The summary, start 3:20:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	5 58 44	2 28 44
Wawa, R. Brooks	5 59 14	2 29 14
Veda, W. L. Stow	6 00 13	2 30 13
Barbara, W. Rutherfurd	6 00 47	2 30 47
Asahi, L. Warren and W. S. Miller	6 01 01	2 31 01
Hera, R. Guinness	6 01 57	2 31 57

Monday, Aug. 11.

The 30-footers sailed a sweepstake race over the Dyers' Island course on Monday, Aug. 11, in a strong S.W. breeze. Esperanza while gybing around the outer mark carried away her mast. At this time she was 2m. ahead of Wawa, which took the lead after Esperanza's accident and won with ease. The summary, start 3:24:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wawa, R. Brooks	5 37 31	2 13 31
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	5 38 04	2 14 04
Asahi, L. Warren and W. S. Miller	5 40 38	2 16 38
Veda, W. L. Stow	5 41 09	2 17 09
Barbara, W. Rutherfurd	5 41 46	2 17 46
Breeze, W. G. Roelker, Jr.	5 42 16	2 18 16
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	Withdrew.	

Tuesday, Aug. 12.

The race for the 30-footers sailed on Tuesday, Aug. 12, was won by Carolina by the small margin of 14s. The boats sailed twice over a triangular course. The wind was strong from the N.W. The summary, start 3:20:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	5 06 32	1 38 32
Barbara, W. Rutherfurd	5 06 46	1 38 46
Wawa, R. Brooks	5 07 02	1 39 02
Breeze, W. G. Roelker, Jr.	5 07 17	1 39 17
Veda, W. L. Stow	5 08 19	1 40 19
Asahi, L. Warren and W. S. Miller	Withdrew.	

Wednesday, Aug. 13.

Esperanza was well in the lead of the fleet in the race for the 30-footers sailed on Wednesday, Aug. 13, when she got afoul of a lobster pot. Before she could clear herself all the rest of the boats had passed. When Esperanza got hung up Wawa was in second place, and she won easily. The wind was from the N.W., and blew with considerable strength. The boats sailed twice over a triangular course. The summary, start 3:23:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wawa, R. Brooks	5 08 44	1 45 44
Barbara, W. Rutherfurd	5 09 26	1 46 26
Asahi, L. Warren and W. S. Miller	5 11 21	1 48 21
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	5 11 49	1 48 49
Breeze, W. G. Roelker, Jr.	5 11 54	1 48 54
Veda, W. L. Stow	5 15 56	1 52 56
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	Withdrew.	

Thursday, Aug. 14.

The first race for the cup offered by Mr. William L. Stow was sailed on Thursday, Aug. 14. The wind was fresh from the S.W., and the boats sailed over the Dyer's Island course. Wawa got the best of the start and led all over the course, winning by 16s. The summary, start, 3:18:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wawa, R. Brooks	5 32 48	2 14 48
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	5 33 04	2 15 04
Asahi, L. Warren and W. S. Miller	5 33 19	2 15 19
Barbara, W. Rutherfurd	5 33 31	2 15 31
Breeze, W. G. Roelker, Jr.	5 33 49	2 15 49
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	5 34 06	2 16 06
Veda, W. L. Stow	Withdrew.	

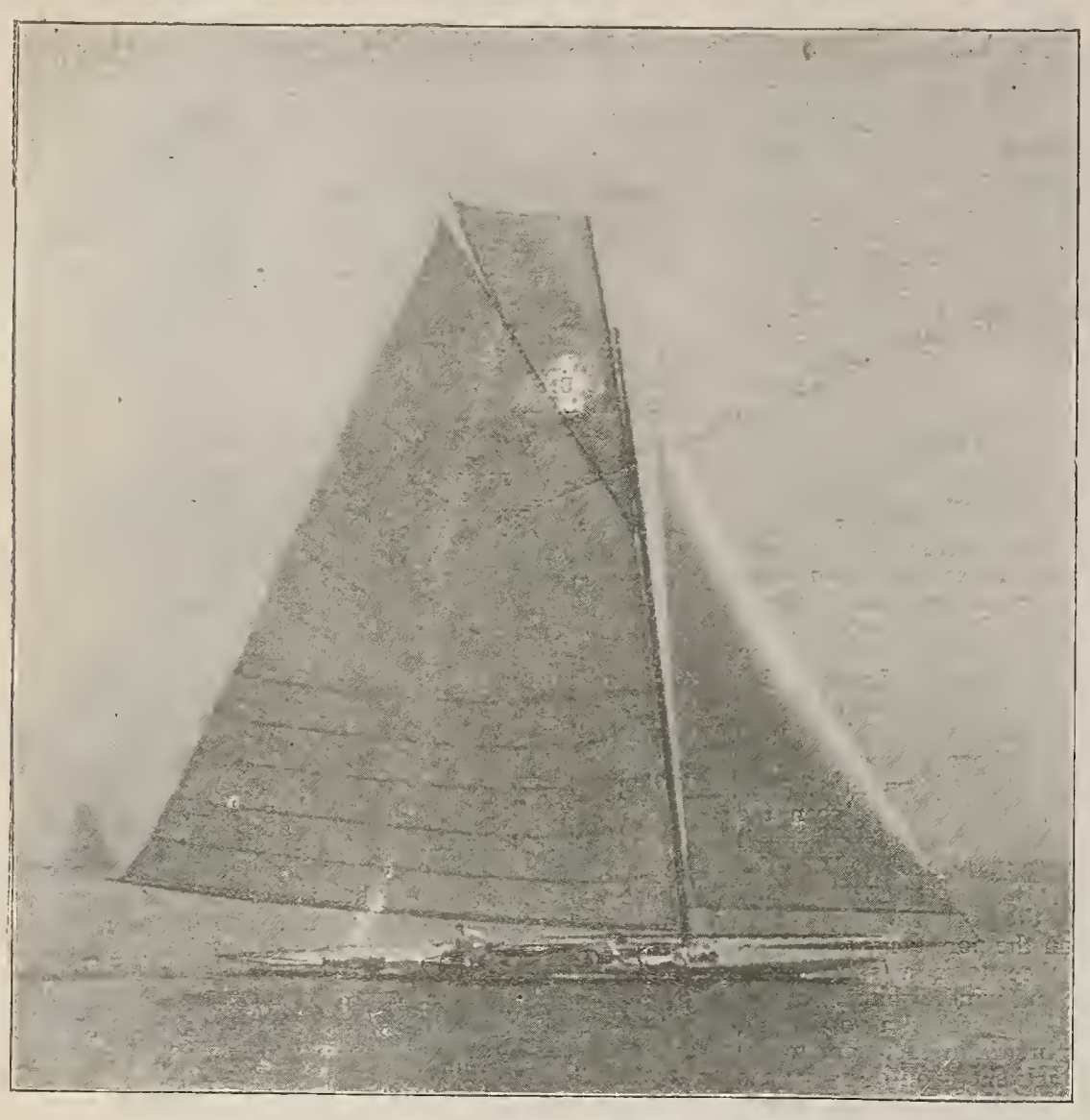
Friday, Aug. 15.

The second race for the cup offered by Mr. William L. Stow was held on Friday, Aug. 16. The wind blew strong from the S.W., and Veda and Wawa were forced to withdraw, owing to broken rigging. Asahi was first around the outer mark, but on the home leg Esperanza did better, and got ahead. When near the finish Barbara passed Esperanza and won by 5s. The summary, start 3:22:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Barbara, W. Rutherfurd	5 38 46	2 16 46
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	5 38 51	2 16 51
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	5 39 38	2 17 38
Asahi, L. Warren and W. S. Miller	5 40 29	2 18 29
Wawa, R. Brooks	Disabled.	
Veda, W. L. Stow	Disabled.	

Mr. Stanley M. Seaman has made the following transfers through his agency: 35ft. sloop Saona, owned by Mr. J. Hunt Smith, to Mr. J. Langdon Ward. Chartered the 40-footer Choctaw to Mr. Harold W. Buck.

At the annual meeting of the Sea Cliff Y. C., held on Thursday evening, Aug. 12, the following officers were elected: Com., Theodore W. Sheridan; Vice-Com., C. E. Silkworth; Sec'y, C. Sackett Chellborg; Treas., Clarence S. Dunning; Trustees, Garrett Smith and Paul Grimm.



FLASHLIGHT—QUINCY CUP CHALLENGER.

Photos by N. L. Stebbins, Boston.

OUTLOOK—QUINCY CUP DEFENDER.

Quincy Y.C. Challenge Cup Races.

In the issue of Aug. 9 Forest and Stream had an account of the two boats built by the members of the Manchester Y. C. to defend the Quincy cup and of the series of races between the two before the Burgess designed Outlook was chosen to meet Flashlight, the challenger from Quincy. It is now meet that they should take a glance at the two latter boats, and to go into a detailed comparison of them.

Outlook has been already pretty well described in these columns, and I shall not describe her more fully than to say that beside her rival she seems a ship. And yet nothing is unnecessarily heavy, for the strains on a boat carrying nearly 2,000ft. of sail are very great, and when one stops to consider that Outlook carries nearly as much sail as a 46-footer, and that her spars are as large, it is not odd that much gear is needed to handle them.

Flashlight is also of the scow type, but very different in many ways from her rival. She was designed by Arthur Keith and built by Smith, of Quincy. Unlike Outlook, she is not covered with canvas, but is double planked with two layers of wood, laid at right angles. The inner planking is run across the boat, while the outer layer is run fore and aft. This construction makes a very strong bit of work, and one that holds its shape very well. Her rig is very light as compared to that of Outlook, and yet it seems to hold, and her crew seems to be able to handle her sails. She has a sail area of 1,500 sq. ft., or 300 sq. ft. less than the Manchester scow. She is 45ft. over all, has 11in. draft, with 5in. of dead rise, and a beam of 15ft. Her bilges are absolutely square, and show no flare at all, so that her extreme beam is the same as her beam at the waterline. Except for her bow she looks more like a square-sided punt than anything, as her sides have almost no sweep. But the bow is very odd, and it is hard to describe; she has three bows in reality, for on each side there is a hollow between the bilge and the center of the section. This queer conformation runs back about 20ft., gradually growing less and less evident, till at the waterline, or just aft of it, the hollow disappears entirely, and the section again becomes square. The idea of this hollow on each side I do not quite understand, unless it is to give her an easy entrance. Of course the lack of sweep on Flashlight gives her a very long side to reach on, and her square bilges make it easy to heel her over, so that in light airs she is very fast. Outlook is a very powerful boat, much more so than Flashlight, and she has a good deal less sail for her power. Her form is not quite so easy to drive and her wetted surface when heeled over is much greater, but to counteract all this she has a good deal more sail to drive her.

Not content with an ordinary board and rudder, Flashlight has two of each. Her two boards are of the dagger style, and are placed one in each bilge. Her two rudders, placed directly in line with the boards, are connected with a long cross rod, which runs on deck from two short tillers, which are arranged in the usual way.

Her support is wholly of wood, and no truss is evident above deck as in Outlook. Flashlight is comparatively speaking an open boat—that is to say, she has two large cockpits, while Outlook is completely decked over, having only two small hatches used to get into her to bail out whatever small amount of water she may make.

Flashlight was sailed in her races by Henry M. Faxon, with Arthur Keith, Frank Crane, H. B. Faxon and H. Morrison as crew. Outlook was sailed by Reginald Boardman, with A. H. Higginson, Frank Burgess, James Jackson and Alec Jansen as crew. Both skippers and crews are old hands at the game, and used to each other, they being almost the same crews that handled Hostess and Lookout in the Quincy cup races of 1900, when the cup was first won by the Manchester boat Lookout. With such skippers and crews both boats were done full justice to, and there was very little to choose between their handling.

On Thursday July 31, Flashlight came down from Quincy to Marblehead, where she remained till the morning of the first race. The judges for these races were three in number—ex-Com. Fred B. Rice, of the Quincy Y. C.; Richard De B. Boardman, of the Manchester Y. C., and Geo. W. Mansfield, of the Corinthian Y. C. These gentlemen had as judges' boat the steam yacht Velthra. The Quincy Cup Committee, composed of Edward S. Grew, H. M. Mason, Horace B. Pearson, Reginald Boardman and A. Henry Higginson, had as a committee boat a steam yacht, Messrs. Boardman and Higginson being, of course, on Outlook.

A small fleet of Quincy boats were in Manchester Harbor, and members of the club followed the races in the steam yacht Josephine, while the Eleanor, another steamer, was packed with the backers of the Manchester boat. A large fleet of yachts propelled by sail and steam followed the races, and altogether the event assumed almost the importance of an international race.

First Race, Monday, Aug. 4.

Monday morning dawned fair, with a light southerly breeze coming in. At 8:15 A. M. Outlook came down from Fenton's yard, up the Manchester River, in tow of her tender, which was managed by her designer W. Starling Burgess. In the tender was also Mr. C. H. Cousens, senior partner of the firm of Cousens & Pratt, whose suit of sails Outlook used. Outlook was pot-leaded to her rail only, her stem transom showing the priming coat of dark green, with a strip of faded canvas bearing her name Outlook, it having been cut from the

OUTLOOK—QUINCY CUP DEFENDER.
Photo by W. B. Jackson, Marblehead.

FLASHLIGHT—QUINCY CUP CHALLENGER.
Photo by W. B. Jackson, Marblehead.

stern of the old successful Lookout, and the letters changed so as to spell the name of the new defender. On board beside her regular crew, were David Fenton, her builder, who, with his head rigger, John Brown, was busy putting final touches to his creation.

At 9:15 Flashlight came over from Marblehead under her own sail, slipping along easily in the light air. She was also attended by a steam tender. At 9:40 Outlook hoisted her jib and mainsail, but did not cast off from her tender. At 10 o'clock the judges hoisted the signal for course X, which meant a start off the western end of Misery Island and a beat to a mark boat two and a quarter miles to the south'ard and return. This course was repeated, making in all a race of four and a half miles to windward and return. Outlook immediately started off in tow of her tender, while Flashlight proceeded under her own sail. At 10:15 the preparatory gun was fired, and both boats began to manœuver for the start. Both seemed to move fast, but Outlook was faster in stays.

At 10:20 the gun went, and Outlook crossed the line four seconds behind the gun on the port tack. She had Flashlight under her lee and astern, which followed on the same tack at 10:20:47, forty-three seconds behind. Just after crossing Flashlight tacked to starboard, and was instantly followed by Outlook, which kept her under her lee. Accordingly Flashlight tacked again, and again. Outlook followed. Anxious to get out from the lee, Mr. Faxon tacked once more, and was instantly followed by the Manchester boat. In these short tacks Outlook gained a good deal, and seeing he could not shake his adversary, Mr. Faxon settled his beat for the outer mark, with Outlook on his weather bow. Then for the first time the difference became apparent, for Outlook outwinded and outfooted the Quincy punt, which could not hold what she made, but slid off to leeward. The wind hauled a bit to the eastward, so that Outlook fetched the mark, and at 10:46:55 tacked around it and with started sheets reached for shore again. Not so with Flashlight; she had to make two short tacks before she was able to follow suit, which she did at 10:52:35. I did not mention that Flashlight carried a small club topsail, which in my opinion did her more harm than good. Once off the wind, in addition to this sail, she sent her working jibs out on a pole beyond her bowsprit, and set a balloon jib inside of it, but Outlook reaching along with her working jib and mainsail drew steadily away from her. Half way in, off Baker's Island, she broke out her spinnaker to starboard, and with the pole eased way off it drew well. Flashlight followed her example. At 11:13:20 Outlook gybed around the mark and set out for her beat on the second round. Flashlight followed at 11:23:02, nearly ten minutes astern. The race had become a procession, Outlook in the lead doubtless profited by her lighter sails, which were better than those of her rival, and by perhaps a little better air, but she pointed higher and footed faster, and made the outer mark at 11:41:03. Flashlight tacked twice to weather the mark, and by the time she rounded it for the second time Outlook was two miles ahead, her spinnaker to starboard and drawing finely. She crossed at 12:10:40, amid the screeching of whistles, the banging of cannon and the cheers of the assembled fleet. She was at once taken in tow by her tender, and went to Manchester. Flashlight crossed at 12:50:40, the lightness of the breeze at the finish unquestionably accounting for her crushing defeat. The summary:

	Start, 10:20.	1st Mark.	2d Mark.	3d Mark.	Finish.
Outlook		10 46 55	11 13 20	11 41 03	12 10 40
Flashlight		10 52 35	11 23 02	12 03 50	12 50 04

Second Race, Tuesday, Aug. 5.

The race on Monday was so one-sided that every one interested hoped for other condition than those which had existed at the time of the first race. Even in their wildest dreams the supporters of Outlook had not looked for such a victory, and it was admitted by every one that for the best interests of sport the racing should be closed. The elements of design in Flashlight and Outlook were pretty well tested for light weather, and the first race demonstrated two things pretty clearly: First, the hard square bilges on the Quincy boat were a failure. She was very hard to heel, and when once heeled had no supporting bilge on which to sail as had Outlook. Second, that the more powerful boat had by far the best of it, and that the limit of beam and power had not been reached on the Quincy boat, if even on Outlook. What the result was in a breeze no one knew. Mr. Faxon held that his boat would go much faster in a breeze, and so when the wind gave indications of being strong on Tuesday morning, every one was glad. At 10 A. M. the judges displayed the signal for course 9—a reach to Archer's Rock Buoy off Marblehead, a beat to the red can on the outer breakers east of Baker's Island, and a reach home. Flashlight came over from Marblehead under whole sail and Outlook came out in tow of her launch as usual, and hoisted whole sail. At 10:10 the preparatory gun was fired, and at 10:11 the gooseneck on Outlook broke. She at once lowered her sails and was taken by her tender to Fenton's yard. Flashlight sailed a solitary race. One hour before she finished Outlook was out again with a new gooseneck kindly loaned by Mr. Boardman, manager of Hades. As Flashlight approached the finish line the wind backed to the northeast, making a beat in. Half a mile from the line Outlook was tacked under Flashlight's stern, and in the half-mile beat to the line she beat her over a minute. Later in the day Mr. Faxon came forward in a most sportsmanlike spirit and refused to take the race, he saying that Outlook had not started and that if Flashlight couldn't beat her, he didn't want the cup. Therefore the second race was sailed on Wednesday at 10 o'clock.

In the afternoon Outlook defeated a fleet of thirty boats, including four 25-footers, for the Crowhurst cup. Flashlight started, but parted her jib halliards on the last leg, two miles from the finish. At the time Outlook was five minutes ahead of her. Outlook had two reefs in her mainsail, carried a No. 2 jib, and set No. 8 sails.

Postponed Second Race, Wednesday, Aug 6.

Early Wednesday morning it was quite discouraging. A thick fog enveloped most of the course and a light southerly breeze only made the weather more damp and

HAMS—BUILT FOR THE DEFENSE OF THE QUINCY CUP. Photo by W. B. Jackson, Marblehead.

raw. However, as the day wore on and the time for the start drew near the wind increased in strength, till at 9:30 o'clock, when Outlook came out of the harbor in tow of the club's launch, it was blowing a strong whole-sail breeze. Flashlight came over from Marblehead under whole sail, while Outlook lying at her moorings hoisted a two-reef mainsail. At 9:55, however, the breeze became less strong, and the whole mainsail and No. 4 jib was hoisted on Outlook, while Flashlight set her club topsail. At 10 o'clock the signal for course 7 was hoisted on the judges' boat, which meant a reach to a mark off Hospital Point, a beat to Gooseberry Ledge and a reach back inshore to the finish line, a distance of nine and a half miles. At 10:10 the preparatory gun was fired, and the boats began maneuvering for the start. Flashlight took up a position east and to windward of the line, while Outlook reached up from the leeward end. The two boats approached the judges' boat, Flashlight running almost dead before it and Outlook close hauled. Mr. Higginson on Outlook called for room, and Mr. Faxon luffed Flashlight a bit, but not enough. Had Outlook chosen she could have forced Flashlight to windward of the judges' boat and the line, but not wishing to make the trouble, Mr. Boardman swung Outlook off sharply and allowed Flashlight to go between him and the judges' boat. She thus crossed on Outlook's quarter, a position which she had no right to hold. Outlook, however, had a clear wind, and inside of a minute she had two lengths to the good. The two boats reached off at a fair pace, and Flashlight sent two men forward of the mast to set her balloon jib. Outlook was satisfied with her working jib, and it seemed to do the work as well or better than Flashlight's sails, as she drew away steadily from the Quincy boat. When off the northern end of Misery Island Mr. Faxon took in his balloon jib, and used his working jib the rest of the way to the first mark. Off Pride's Rock Outlook set her spinnaker to port, and with it eased away forward she went very fast. Flashlight did not follow her example. At 10:45 Outlook took in her spinnaker and luffed around the mark at 10:49:50. Flashlight followed at 10:52:00. This showed a gain of two minutes and ten seconds on the first leg for Outlook. Once around the mark Outlook was held inshore on the port tack for a few minutes, and then sent about on the starboard hitch for a long tack to the eastward. Flashlight followed suit, and taking in her topsail went far better than in any of the earlier races; she stood up to her sail and footed very fast, although she did not point as high as her Manchester rival, she dropped behind very slowly. As the boats got further out, the wind increased very much and the sea slapped the flat bilges with great force, sending the water in showers. Both boats staggered under their great sail spread, but both were kept steadily at it, and made great speed. After standing on the starboard tack for about half an hour, Flashlight was stayed to port again and was held far over under the Cat Island shore to get smoother water. Outlook followed. Both boats received an awful pounding on the way out, and the way the lee bow of Outlook came up with each sea that she struck was appalling. Had it not been for the fact that Outlook has a steel truss running from bow to stern, she would never have reached the windward mark, and how Flashlight did it is beyond the writer's comprehension. It speaks volumes for the work of W. B. Smith, who built her. From Cat Island both boats were sent out to sea on the starboard tack again, and held there till they could nearly fetch the weather mark, when both were tacked to port again. The sea on this tack was the worst that the boats encountered during the day, and while on this reach Outlook broke two hard pine stringers in her starboard bilge forward of the mast, allowing it to give badly. She was accordingly eased off a little and this cost her some of her lead over Flashlight. At 11:34:00 she tacked to starboard, and at 11:38:30 she was eased off around the mark for the reach home. Flashlight followed at 11:42:00, showing a gain of one minute and ten seconds for Outlook on the windward work. With booms to port, and with preventer backstays far aft, the two boats raced off at a most terrific rate. Flashlight came a shade the faster of the two, but Outlook had a long lead, and it was too much to cut down. At Pope's Head Buoy the two boats were hauled a little more on the wind and the speed became terrific. The fast speed launch Helma, acting as patrol boat, was unable to catch the boats, although she was running at over twelve knots an hour. Both crews were sitting to leeward to give the boats the desired list, and both reached along with a smother of foam under their lee bows. At this rate Outlook raced over the line at 11:57:30, with Flashlight at 12:00:11, two minutes and forty-one seconds astern. This showed a gain of forty-nine seconds for Flashlight on the last leg of the course. Outlook was greeted by cannon, whistles and cheers as she crossed the line, and Flashlight received as warm a reception when she flew across, beaten, but having sailed a very game race, by far the best of the series. A look at the figures shows that Outlook is faster to windward than her rival in any breeze, but that on a reach in strong breezes it is a very even thing, with the odds rather in favor of Flashlight. After the race Outlook was towed up the harbor to be overhauled for the next race, while Flashlight was reefed and sent for Marblehead.

That the rigging and gear on both boats held through the race speaks well for the judgment of those in charge, but the pounding and straining that the boats received from the sea while beating to windward inclines one to the view that they are by far too lightly constructed. What those on Flashlight felt I cannot say, but I know that Outlook's crew breathed a sigh of relief when the weather mark was reached. The summary:

Start, 10:15.	1st. Mark.	2d Mark.	Finish.
Outlook	10 49 50	11 38 30	11 57 30
Flashlight	10 52 00	11 42 00	12 00 11

Third Race, Thursday, Aug. 7.

The first Quincy cup race was sailed in a light wind; the second in a strong whole-sail breeze, and the third in a wind that came in heavy puffs off the shore and forced both boats to tie in several reefs. Luckily it was an offshore northwest breeze that did not kick up a heavy sea as on the preceding day, when both boats received such hard punishment in the southeast slop. At 8:30 it was already coming in fresh from the northwest, and the little white wind clouds, rising fast on the northern horizon, gave evidence of more breeze. Outlook was towed out of the harbor at 9:15 with her No. 2 jib on the bowsprit and two reefs tied in her mainsail. After looking at the weather, however, her manager put two more reefs in, making four in all, and when Mr. Boardman, who sailed her, came aboard at 9:25, he quite agreed in the matter. Flashlight had come over under whole sail, but seeing the tactics of her rival, Mr. Faxon promptly lowered his sail and tied in three reefs. Even then Outlook carried the larger sail of the two. At 10 o'clock the judges displayed the signal for course O, a beat to buoy 11 on Little Haste, a run back, and repeat, a distance of eleven miles. The preparatory gun went at 10:05, and both boats began maneuvering for position at the start. As in the previous races Mr. Boardman proved himself the best at this game, and Outlook crossed the line on the starboard tack eight seconds behind the gun, with Flashlight thirty-two seconds astern. Shortly after crossing Flashlight was tacked to port, and Outlook quickly followed the move, both boats working up close under the Manchester shore. Hard puffs came off the shore, and at times both took on a very great angle of heel. The No. 3 jib on Outlook did not draw well, and must have made quite a difference in her windward work during the race. She did not go to windward as well as usual, and seemed not as fast in stays. Flashlight, on the other hand, carried her sail well and went to windward far better than in any previous race. The race to the first windward mark was as close as could be imagined, and it was nip and tuck as to which boat would first round it. Just off Misery Island both boats came together, Flashlight on the starboard tack; Mr. Boardman was not quite quick enough in coming about, and had Mr. Faxon chosen he could have fouled Outlook and had her ruled out, as it was clearly her fault. Mindful, however, of the courtesy shown him at the start on the previous day, Mr. Faxon luffed his boat and avoided an accident. His action was appreciated by those on Outlook, and when some minutes later Flashlight was in a similar position, Outlook was kept off under her stern.

The two boats were not five seconds apart at any time during the beat to the buoy, and it was with a lead of only five seconds that Outlook was kept off round the mark at 10:54:45. With booms to starboard both boats were headed for the mark boat off West Manchester. On rounding Outlook's spinnaker boom was dropped to port and the No. 1 spinnaker was run up in stops. The stops seemed to be too strong, and it was some minutes before it drew well. During this time Flashlight, which had set a balloon jib, had luffed out on the weather quarter of Outlook, and it looked for a few minutes as if she might get by. But as soon as Outlook's spinnaker began to pull she drew out from under her rival's lee and began to pull slowly but steadily ahead. Flashlight's crew did not set a spinnaker, but merely poled out her balloon jib. Outlook took in her spinnaker at 11:15:02, and at 11:16:26 she was gybed around the mark and with flattened sheets sent to windward on the starboard tack. Flashlight gybed at 11:17:32, one minute and six seconds behind the leader. Outlook had gained sixty-one seconds in the run down from Haste. Once down to windward work again, Outlook seemed to travel better than before. The wind had become much steadier, though it had increased somewhat in force, and both boats made better time. Outlook gained but little, and the boats were timed as follows at the mark:

Outlook .....11 52 12 Flashlight 11 53 55

As Outlook rounded the mark her spinnaker pole went out to port, and her spinnaker was broken out. So hard was it blowing that the sail and boom went high in the air, and for a minute it looked as if there was going to be trouble. It was finally steadied, however, and one of the crew sent out on the main boom, which was far off to starboard, to cut out the reefs in the mainsail. When he came in all hands went forward of the mast to sway up the great 1,400ft. mainsail. When this was up and drawing Outlook fairly flew through the water. Every one except Mr. Boardman was forward of the mast to keep the boat down, and she went through a long lane of steam yachts and launches, which she passed with seeming ease. Half a mile from the finish a new broom was sent up to her masthead, and a club burgee hoisted at each of her spreaders. Thus attired she crossed the line, and was greeted by guns, whistles, and cheers from the assembled fleet. Astern, but sailing gamely, came Flashlight. She had set no spinnaker for some reason which I cannot understand, but she came fast under her whole mainsail and balloon jib. She, too, was given a warm reception when she crossed the line. The summary:

Start, 10:10.	1st Mark.	2d Mark.	3d Mark.	Finish.
Outlook	10 54 45	11 16 26	11 52 12	12 11 34
Flashlight	10 54 50	11 17 32	11 53 53	12 15 58

So the Quincy cup will stay in Manchester till such time as some boat can lower the colors of victorious Outlook. The Quincy men went away badly disappointed, but fully satisfied that the best boat had won. All credit to Mr. W. Starling Burgess for his design and construction which stood the strains so well. Credit, too, to Mr. Boardman who sailed her in her races, and who proved himself without equal in the steering of big scows. The crew should not be omitted, nor yet the builder, David Fenton, who, with his head rigger, John Brown, were in constant attendance, and worked night and day to make Outlook a success. And yet perfection in all this without the sails to drive it is useless, and Messrs. Cousens & Pratt, of Boston, produced a most perfect jib and mainsail. The light sails were made by Messrs. Wilson & Silsby, and were all that could be desired. All these little things went to make up the perfect whole, and without them Outlook would not have been such a perfect tool with which to weld another link in the chain which holds the Quincy cup in Manchester.

A. Henry Higginson.

Capt. Newman and his son Edward, who left New York on July 9 on the kerosene launch Abiel Abbot Low, arrived at Falmouth, England, on Thursday, Aug. 14. In the voyage of 3,103 miles, they were only spoken twice. The launch made most of the trip under power, sail being only occasionally used. Bad weather and heavy gales were experienced, and Capt. Newman and his son suffered considerably from exposure.

* * *

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Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. vs. Beverly Y. C.

A match was recently made between the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. and the Beverly Y. C. for a cup subscribed for by both clubs and to be sailed for by yachts of the 21ft. restricted class or raceabouts. The terms of the match are briefly: Each club is to be represented by three yachts. There shall be three races in each of three successive years, the club winning two out of three races of any year to be the winner of that series and hold the cup till the next year, and the club winning two out of the three series of races to hold the cup permanently. The winner of each race is to be determined by the system of scoring and tables in use by the Beverly Y. C. in its championship races, the races to be sailed under the rules of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C., the first and third races of each year or series to be to windward and leeward, the second triangular, and with one gun starts.

The first series was sailed at Newport Aug. 4, 5 and 6, and won by the Beverly Y. C., and the subsequent series are to be sailed in the home waters of the club winning the next preceding series.

First Series, 1902.

The Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. was represented by the Jolly Roger, Indian and Whistle Wing, all open keel yachts, and the Beverly Y. C. by the Quakeress, Terrapin and Sylvia, the last a keel, the other two centerboards and all three having cabins and houses, as required by the rules of the club. Jolly Roger and Indian were designed by Crowninshield, Whistle Wing by Crane, Quakeress and Terrapin by Herreshoff, and Sylvia by Purdon.

First Race, Monday, Aug. 4.

The weather was fine with a moderate southwesterly breeze. The course was from the compass buoys to the buoy off Dyer's Island and return, twice round, about 11 miles. A good start was made before the wind. The run was very even and all rounded the first mark within thirty-two seconds of each other. In the windward work Sylvia secured a good lead, which she held till halfway home on the second round, when her bobstay parted and she lost her bowsprit. After clearing away the wreckage she lashed a storm jib to her stem and worked her way to the finish line. The summary, start 2:10 P. M:

	1st Mark.	2d Mark.	3d Mark.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Whistlewing	2 38 38	3 26 17	3 53 56	4 39 09	2 29 09
Quakeress	2 38 46	3 27 09	3 53 58	4 36 50	2 26 50
Terrapin	2 39 10	3 27 00	3 54 02	4 40 13	2 30 13
Indian	2 39 02	3 29 49	3 56 26	4 40 58	2 30 58
Jolly Roger	2 38 42	3 26 29	3 53 33	4 41 00	2 31 00
Sylvia	2 38 50	3 24 50	3 52 55	4 58-48	2 48 48

Points.—Seawanhaka C. Y. C.—Whistlewing .833, Indian .500, Jolly Roger .333; total 1.666. Beverly Y. C.—Quakeress 1.000, Terrapin .667, Sylvia .167; total 1.834. Won by the Beverly Y. C.

Second Race, Tuesday, Aug. 5.

The wind was light from the north northeast. Course triangular, from the compass buoys to the buoy off Dyer's Island, thence to a mark boat half a mile east of North Point Light, thence to the compass buoys, once round, a little over 8 miles. It was windwork to the first mark, a run with spinnakers to the second and a reach home. In taking it in at the second mark, Sylvia's spinnaker caught in one of the snaphooks of the jib, and in the confusion resulting she fouled the mark boat. No protest was made, and as it made no difference in the result of the race, the judges took no notice of it. The Seawanhaka yachts showed their superiority in light airs. The summary, start 2:30 P. M:

	1st Mark.	2d Mark.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Jolly Roger	3 11 36	3 42 09	4 13 43	1 43 43
Quakeress	3 12 11	3 43 03	4 14 31	1 44 31
Indian	3 14 31	3 44 26	4 15 58	1 45 58
Terrapin	3 13 28	3 44 52	4 16 07	1 46 07
Whistlewing	3 16 29	3 45 28	4 16 28	1 46 28
Sylvia	3 15 02	3 45 03	4 24 34	1 54 34

Points.—Seawanhaka C. Y. C.—Jolly Roger 1.000, Indian .667, Whistlewing .333; total 2.000. Beverly Y. C.—Quakeress .833, Terrapin .500, Sylvia .167; total 1.500. Won by the Seawanhaka C. Y. C.

Third Race, Wednesday, Aug. 6.

There was rain in the morning and a fierce southeast wind, but before the time for the race the weather cleared and a strong southwesterly wind gave assurance of a good race. The course was from the buoy off Dyer's Island to the compass buoys and return, twice around. Most of the yachts had tied in reefs, but nearly all shook them out before the start. As in the other races, all crossed the starting line within a very few seconds of each other. Sylvia was again unfortunate and parted her jib sheets four times in the race. Quakeress obtained a long lead in the windward work and fairly outclassed all the others. Her performance throughout the series proved her easily the best of the competing yachts. The summary, start 3:10 P. M:

	1st Mark.	2d Mark.	3d Mark.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Quakeress	3 48 36	4 12 03	4 52 46	5 17 34	2 07 34
Jolly Roger	3 52 20	4 16 42	4 55 44	5 20 51	2 10 51
Indian	3 53 30	4 17 22	4 56 15	5 21 02	2 11 02
Terrapin	3 52 27	4 17 08	4 55 51	5 21 10	2 11 10
Sylvia	3 50 50	4 15 00	4 57 38	5 22 51	2 12 51
Whistlewing	3 52 00	4 15 41	4 59 03	5 24 06	2 14 06

Points.—Seawanhaka C. Y. C.—Jolly Roger .833, Indian .667, Whistlewing .167; total 1.667. Beverly Y. C.—Quakeress 1.000, Terrapin .500, Sylvia, .333; total 1.833. Won by the Beverly Y. C.

G. H. Richards.

Moriches Y. C.

MORICHES, LONG ISLAND.

Saturday, Aug. 16.

Melody continued her successful season and won handily in the one-class cat regatta of the Moriches Y. C., Aug. 16. Wind was northeast and northwest, shifting continually during the race. Melody took the lead soon after the start and finished one minute and fifty-three seconds ahead of Dodo. The summary:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Renelche, Dr. Carr	2 07 50	2 07 50
Esther, C. J. Keily	2 00 50	1 52 43
Dodo, John McAleenem	2 00 32	1 52 15
Melody, Harry Growtage	1 59 10	1 50 22
Julia, T. B. Sayre	Withdrew.	
Lady Margaret, C. M. Marvin, Jr.	Withdrew.	
Starboard Light, F. N. Evanhoe	2 05 30	1 54 53

Huntington Y. C. Annual Regatta.

HUNTINGTON, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Aug. 16.

TWENTY boats started in the annual race of the Huntington Y. C., held on Saturday, Aug. 16. The boats sailed over two courses. The one for the 36 and 30 foot sloops was from West Beach in Huntington Bay to a stakeboat off Eaton's Neck to a stakeboat off Lloyd's Neck, to the starting line, to the red and black striped buoy off Eaton's Neck, to the bell buoy off Lloyd's Point, to the starting line, a double triangle, distance of sixteen miles. The course for all other classes was from the starting line to the stakeboat off Eaton's Point, to the stakeboat off Lloyd's Point, to the starting line, a distance of five miles. All the boats but the dories sailed twice over the course.

In the 36ft. class three boats started, but Cymbra and Windora broke down and Empress finished alone.

In the 30ft. class Mimosa won. She had only one competitor, Marguerite, which boat she outsailed on every leg of the course, and won by over 2m.

The race in the raceabout class lay between three boats, Whistlewing, Jolly Roger and Hobo. After a well-contested race, Whistlewing won by over a minute.

Trouble and Ojibway had a close race in their class, and the former won by 23s.

In the 25ft. catboat class Vagabond had no competitor and she sailed over the course alone.

There were three starters in the 18ft. sloop class. Viper II. did not finish, and Chipmunk beat Vim by over 2m.

Six of the Northport dories started, and the boat sailed by Mr. W. Donohue won.

The wind throughout the race was strong from the N.W., and the smaller craft had rather more breeze than they wanted.

The Regatta Committee was made up of H. H. Gordon, chairman; O. W. Ingersoll and F. K. Lord. The summary follows:

Sloops—36ft. Class—Start, 1:35.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Empress, G. M. Hecksher	4 27 13	2 52 13
Cymbra, F. C. Henderson	Withdrew.	
Windover, John Green	Withdrew.	

Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 1:40.

Marguerite, J. F. Dingee	4 25 08	2 45 08
Mimosa, T. L. Park	4 23 36	2 46 36

Raceabouts—Start, 1:45.

Jolly Roger, T. B. Bleecker	3 31 25	1 46 25
Hobo, T. L. Park	3 32 46	1 47 46
Whistlewing, H. M. Crane	3 30 21	1 45 21

Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 1:50.

Ojibway, D. P. Morse	3 39 47	1 49 47
Trouble, W. H. Childs	3 40 10	1 50 10

Catboats—25ft. Class—Start, 1:50.

Vagabond, C. H. Fancher	3 49 00	1 59 00

Sloops—18ft. Class—Start, 2:00.

Chipmunk, J. S. Young, Jr.	4 10 06	2 10 06
Viper II., W. D. Henmen	Withdrew.	
Vim	4 31 10	2 31 10

Northport Dories—Start, 2:05.

No. 3, F. L. Acherly	3 42 45	1 37 45
No. 4, H. D. Acherly	3 30 13	1 25 13
No. 5, W. Donohue	3 28 25	1 23 25
No. 6, Morse Brothers	3 36 17	1 31 17
No. 8, A. Quackinbush	3 34 40	1 29 40
No. 9, C. A. Van Iderstine	3 34 04	1 29 04

The winners were Empress, Marguerite, Ojibway, Whistlewing, Chipmunk, No. 5 dory and Vagabond (sailover).

Horseshoe Harbor Y. C. Annual Regatta.

LARCHMONT, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Aug. 16.

THE annual regatta of the Horseshoe Harbor Y. C. was held on Saturday, Aug. 16, and forty-five boats started. The day was an ideal one for small-boat racing, as the weather was clear, the sea smooth and the breeze fresh from the N. by E. The course was a five-mile triangle, the turning points of which were the home mark off the Horseshoe Harbor club house, the easterly buoy on Execution Reef, and the striped channel buoy north of Whortleberry Island. The 36 and 30 footers sailed three times around the triangle, fifteen miles in all. The 25. 21 and 18ft. classes and the New Rochelle and Manhasset Bay raceabouts sailed twice around, ten miles in all, and the smaller boats went once around. The first leg was a run, the second a reach and the last a beat to windward.

In the 36ft. class Possum was the only starter, and her owner went over the course and took a sailover.

Two boats started in the 30ft. class, Zaza and Leavita, the former broke the jaws of her gaff just after the start. Her owner kept the boat going and covered the fifteen-mile course and won by the narrow margin of 6s.

In the 30ft. catboat class Nymph and Oconee started. The former proved to be superior on windward work and won by nearly 3m.

Only two raceabouts started, Mavis and Scamp. Mavis won by over 2m.

In the Larchmont Y. C. 21ft. class Celia fouled a stakeboat and was disqualified. Dorothy won in this class by a small margin.

Four of the New Rochelle one-design boats started. Deuce was disqualified for an accidental foul and Knave won.

In the Manhasset Bay one-design class there were also four starters. Bab won by a small margin from Lambkin.

Messrs. Thomas J. McCahill and G. C. Allen were the Regatta Committee. The summary follows:

Sloops—Class M—36ft. Racing Length—Start, 1:05.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Possum, E. S. Ballou	3 43 39	2 38 39

Sloops—Class N—30ft. Racing Length—Start, 1:00

Zaza, H. P. Granbery	3 17 26	2 07 26
Leanita, H. Leroy	3 17 32	2 07 32

Catboats—Class S—30ft. Racing Length—Start, 1:10.

Nymph, W. A. Marble	4 07 22	2 57 22
Oconee, C. G. Gaubert	4 10 16	3 00 16

Raceabouts—Class P—25ft. Racing Length—Start, 1:15.

Mavis, H. L. Pirie	3 03 24	1 48 24
Scamp, J. T. Pirie	3 05 37	1 50 37

Sloops—Class P—25ft. Racing Length—Start, 1:20.

Pristis, Iselin & Law	3 13 24	1 53 24
Chicken Coop, O. Adams	3 17 21	1 57 21

Catboats—Class T—25ft. Racing Length—Start, 1:20.

Adeline, C. W. Trippe	3 43 57	2 23 57
Ripple, Bloom-Downey	3 43 39	2 23 39
Arrow, A. C. Miller	3 43 31	2 23 31

Sloops—Class J—21ft. Racing Length—Start, 1:25.

Montauk, J. S. Appleby	3 11 17	1 46 17
Gazabo, N. P. Vulte	3 14 37	1 49 37
Eos, E. B. Mead	Withdrew.	
Neola, J. Johnson, Jr.	3 12 10	1 47 10

Larchmont Y. C. 21ft. Class—Start, 1:25.

Adelaide, J. J. Dwyer	3 12 38	1 47 38
Houri, J. H. Esser	3 14 04	1 49 04
Dorothy, L. G. Spence	3 12 23	1 47 23
Celia, W. S. Gould	Disqualified.	

Sloops—Class R—18ft. Racing Length—Start, 1:30.

Cricket, H. C. Pryer	3 26 07	1 56 07
Flim Flam, A. Prince	3 23 28	1 55 28
Pandora, H. B. Towle	3 25 37	1 55 37

Catboats—Class W—18ft. Racing Length—Start, 1:30.

Erma, G. Wigman	3 57 28	2 27 28

Sloops—Special—New Rochelle Class—Start, 1:35.

Knave, R. N. Bavier	3 42 18	2 07 18
Ace, W. N. Bavier	3 44 43	2 09 43
Caper, P. L. Howard	3 44 31	2 09 41
Deuce, L. D. Huntington	Disqualified.	

Sloops—Special—Manhasset Bay Y. C. Class—Start, 1:35.

Bab, J. R. Hoyt	3 45 36	2 10 36
Firefly, G. Standing	3 49 16	2 14 16
Lambkin, S. W. Roach	3 46 04	2 11 04
Arizona, G. A. Corry	3 51 40	2 16 40

Sloops—Special—Horseshoe Harbor Y. C. Class—Start, 1:40.

Indra, W. S. Allen	2 48 21	1 08 21
Catherine, R. E. Robinson	2 49 21	1 09 21
Joan, W. Hammett	2 51 22	1 11 22
Jessie, F. Blauvelt	2 54 32	1 04 32

Catboats—Special Class—15ft. and Under—Start, 1:40.

Bouncer, A. S. Tappan	2 50 27	1 10 27
Sneaker, F. W. Vulte	3 19 48	1 39 48
Kid, R. Kitching	3 17 05	1 37 05
Champion, T. Dee	3 35 22	1 55 22
Scout, A. Zerega	Withdrew.	
Scud, D. Abbott	2 48 58	1 08 58

Indian Harbor Sail Boats—15ft. and Under—Start, 1:40.

Cero, R. D. Mallory	2 57 23	2 17 23

Dories—Special Class—Start, 1:40.

Prize, R. N. Kitching, Jr.	3 37 04	1 57 04
Marguerite, W. F. Johnson	3 31 57	1 51 57

The winners were Possum, Zaza, Nymph, Mavis, Pristis, Arrow, Montauk, Dorothy, Flim Flam, Erma, Knave, Bab, India, Scud, Marguerite. Possum, Erma and Cero won sailover prizes.

Corinthian Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

Friday, Aug. 15.

A POSTPONED race of the Corinthian Y. C. was sailed off Marblehead on Friday, Aug. 15, in a strong westerly breeze. Calypso and Seboomook had a hot scrap, in which Seboomook was victorious. Little Haste took an easy win in the 21-footers, and in the 18ft. knockabouts Rattler, Scrapper and Savage sailed a great race, Rattler winning. Tunipoo and Yarico took sailovers, while Ruth took a clean win from Scapegoat. The summary:

25ft. Cabin Class.

	Elapsed.
Seboomook, B. A. Smith	1 45 30
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton	1 46 26

21ft. Cabin Class.

Little Haste, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	1 44 20
Micmac, R. A. Hutchinson	1 50 13
Pilot, R. Boardman	1 51 10
Porcupine, C. H. W. Foster	1 51 26
Tabasco III., H. H. Wiggin	1 52 08
Thelma, L. Davis	1 53 43

Raceabout Class.

Tunipoo, J. T. Humphrys	1 54 58

Class A—Handicap.

Yerico, W. H. Rothwell	Withdrew.

Class B.

Ruth, H. S. Wheelock	1 31 56
Scapegoat, C. Foster	1 36 11

18ft. Knockabouts.

Rattler, A. D. Irving	1 21 07
Scrapper, A. C. Loring	1 22 05
Savage, John Lawrence	1 22 31

Saturday, Aug. 16.

Another postponed race was sailed Saturday morning, Aug. 16, in a strong breeze from the north. Chewink II. was the first 25-footer to cross the line, but Calypso went ahead at the first mark and led all through. She lost on protest of Seboomook for forcing at the first mark. In the 21-footers Little Haste was the first boat to cross the line, and she had things all her own way all over the course. Tunipoo sailed a walkover. Ruth won in the handicap class and Savage in the 18ft. knockabouts, Savage being disabled. The summary:

25ft. Cabin Class.

	Elapsed.
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton	1 19 21
*Seeboomook, B. A. Smith	1 22 50
Sally VI., L. F. Percival	1 22 54
†Chewink II., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	1 23 06

* Awarded the race on a protest against the Calypso.
† Disqualified.

21ft. Cabin Class.

Little Haste, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	1 27 57
Tabasco III., H. H. Wiggin	1 32 21
Pilot, R. Boardman	1 34 00
Porcupine, C. H. W. Foster	1 35 06
Micmac, R. A. Hutchinson	1 38 36

Raceabout Class.

Tunipoo, J. T. Humphreys	1 39 37

Class B—Handicap.

Ruth, H. S. Wheelock	1 54 29
Scapegoat, C. Foster	1 57 50

18ft. Restricted Class.

Savage, John Lawrence	1 47 22
Rattler, A. D. Irving	Disabled.

In the afternoon the fourth regular championship race was sailed. The wind at this time had shifted to southwest and was still strong. Chewink II. was the first 25-footer to cross the starting line, and she was never headed. Little Haste again had things all her own way in the 21-footers. Darthea beat Tunipoo in the raceabout class. In the first handicap class Chasca won easily. In the second handicap class Ruth scored another win, and in the 18ft. knockabout class Rattler won a good race. The summary:

25ft. Cabin Class.

	Elapsed.
Chewink II., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	1 41 06
Sally VI., L. F. Percival	1 43 23
Seeboomook, B. A. Smith	1 47 27
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton	1 47 48

21ft. Cabin Class.

Little Haste, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	1 43 14
Tabasco III., H. H. Wiggin	1 49 50
Porcupine, C. H. W. Foster	1 50 43
Pilot, R. Boardman	1 50 55
Thelma, L. Davis	1 51 37
Opitsah IV., S. H. Foster	1 55 19
Micmac, R. A. Hutchinson	1 55 46

Raceabout Class.

Dorthea, E. B. Lambert	1 56 12
Tunipoo, J. T. Humphrey	1 57 46

Class A—Handicap.

Chasca, D. H. Follett	1 55 56
Yarico, W. H. Rothwell	2 03 30

Class B—Handicap.

Ruth, H. F. Wheelock	1 26 05
Retriever, H. B. Benson	1 29 03
Scapegoat, C. Foster	1 34 38

18ft. Knockabouts.

Rattler, A. D. Irving	1 24 07
Scrapper, A. P. Loring	1 25 37
Savage, J. Lawrence	1 25 52

American Y. C.

MILTON POINT, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Aug. 9.

THE 21 and 18ft. one-design classes of the American Y. C. sailed a regular race over one of the club courses on Saturday, Aug. 9. The wind was very light from the S.S.W. and the times were taken at the end of the first round, as the race was called off before the second round was completed. The summary:

21ft. Class—Start, 3:05.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Howdy, S. Wainwright	5 46 26	2 41 26
Jolly Tar, S. Howland	5 54 18	2 49 18
Cricket, H. Willetts	5 55 06	2 50 06
Kid, O. Harriman, Jr.	5 59 41	2 54 41
Rascal, S. C. Hopkins	6 07 02	3 02 02
Ping Pong, W. H. Browning	6 11 49	3 06 49

18ft. Class—Start, 3:10.

Mongoose III., S. Ford	6 14 53	3 04 13
Hustler, J. T. Downing	6 17 55	3 07 55
Rattler, J. E. Bowles	6 21 20	3 11 20
Zuleika III., H. S. Sherman	Withdrew.	

The winners were Howdy and Mongoose III.

Saturday, Aug. 16.

Ten of the American Y. C. 21 and 18 footers sailed a regular Saturday race on Aug. 16. There was a fresh northerly wind blowing all through the race, and the boats sailed over a ten-mile triangular course. In the 21ft. class Rascal won by 12s. The summary:

21ft. Class—Start, 2:50.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Rascal, S. C. Hopkins	2 54 14	2 04 14
Cricket, H. Willetts	2 54 26	2 04 26
Jolly Tar, S. Howland	2 54 46	2 04 46
Howdy, S. Wainwright	2 55 40	2 05 40
Kid, D. Harriman, Jr.	2 55 56	2 05 53
Ping Pong, W. H. Browning	3 07 21	2 17 21

18ft. Class—Start, 2:55.

Mongoose III., S. Ford	5 19 03	2 24 03
Zuleika III., H. S. Sherman	5 25 11	2 30 11
Rattler, J. E. Bowles	5 27 04	2 32 04
Hustler, J. T. Downing	Not timed.	

The winners were Rascal and Mongoose III.

Beverly Y. C.

WING'S NECK, BUZZARD'S BAY, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 16.

A CORINTHIAN race of the Beverly Y. C. was sailed off the club house at Wing's Neck, Saturday, Aug. 16, in a light northeast breeze. The one-design 30-footers went over the starting line in a bunch, and they kept well bunched all over the course. Praxilla kept a little ahead on the run, and she bettered her lead slightly on the windward work. In the 21-footers Terrapin and Arethusa sailed almost side by side all over the course, Terrapin winning. Krieker had an easy win in the fourth class, and Spider won a good race in the 15-footers. The summary:

30-footers.

	Elapsed.
Praxilla, J. Parkinson, Jr.	3 09 15
Pontiac, J. A. Beebe	3 11 05
Quakeress II., W. F. Harrison	3 11 48
Arabian, R. Winson	3 12 53
Zingara, E. M. Farnsworth	3 13 45
Young Miss, D. L. Whittemore	3 13 50
Evelyn, John Hitchcock	3 16 13
Notos, C. H. & W. O. Taylor	3 17 10
Gamecock, L. Bacon	3 17 33
Mashnee, R. W. Emmons 2d	3 18 23

21-footers.

Terrapin, L. S. Dabney	2 29 50
Arethusa, C. M. Baker	2 31 38
Amanita, Joshua Crane, Jr.	2 39 20
Barnacle, W. E. C. Eustis	2 45 25
Wynona, Howard Miller	Withdrew.

Fourth Class Cats.

Krieker, W. S. Jameson	2 48 35
Allison, Stewart McLeod	3 00 35
Hod, H. B. Holmes	3 04 23

15-footers.

Spider, H. B. Stone	1 37 32
Vim, F. W. Sergent, Jr.	1 38 02
Catspaw, S. D. Warren	1 38 03
Go Bye, H. Stockton	1 40 40
Varda, J. Parkinson, Jr.	1 43 01
Eaglet, R. L. Bacon	1 44 40
Ranzo, M. H. Richardson, Jr.	1 44 45

Winthrop Y. C.

WINTHROP, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 16.

FOUR classes sailed in the regular handicap race of the Winthrop Y. C. on Saturday, Aug. 16. L'Aiglon came in first in the 25-footers, but lost to Thordis on corrected time. Favorite was first in the 15-footers, but Martha won on corrected time. Elf won in the 15-footers and Virginia won on corrected time in the 15ft. juniors. The summary:

25ft. Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Thordis, C. A. Heney	1 29 03	1 26 00
L'Aiglon, E. W. Hodgdon	1 28 00	1 28 00
Ariel, J. H. Hodder	1 32 57	1 29 57
Ideal	Withdrew.	

18ft. Class.

Martha, W. H. Jenkins	1 05 12	0 50 12
Henrietta, J. S. MacCloskey	1 06 08	0 52 08
Favorite, F. W. Bird	1 04 00	0 53 04
Hector, A. W. Hubbard	0 57 05	0 54 05
Zetes, J. A. Wekie	0 56 17	0 54 17
Grayling, W. A. Layland	0 54 50	0 54 50
Louise, W. H. Allen	0 59 48	0 56 48

16ft. Class.

Elf, C. A. Kelly	0 57 52	0 57 52
Coper, W. W. Colson	1 02 10	0 59 10

15ft. Juniors.

Virginia, W. E. Traiser	0 54 45	0 51 45
Era, H. A. Flinn	0 52 20	0 52 20
Bubble, W. A. Learned	0 55 23	0 54 23
Flash, W. H. Mirick	0 56 28	0 56 28
Buzzy Bee	Withdrew.	
Nautilus	Withdrew.	

Shelter Island Y. C.

SHELTER ISLAND HEIGHTS.

Saturday, Aug. 16.

THE annual open regatta of the Shelter Island Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, Aug. 16, over courses in Gardiner's Bay. Twenty-four craft entered the contest. The winners were Scapha, Leda, Flosshilde, Indian, Psi, Eelskin and Bother Effort and Syce scored sailovers.

Flosshilde won the cup presented by Mortimer Fuller, of Scranton, Pa., for the sloop making the best corrected time, all sailing together in one class. The yawl Scapha won the Weber cup, offered for yawls under like conditions.

The races for class R boats were sailed in the morning to avoid confusion. Psi, owned by Andrew Bancker, was fifty-two seconds ahead of J. N. Lunning's Harp. The other boats finished in the following order: San Toy, Snook, Arrow. Arva did not finish. In sub-class R, J. L. Hutcheson's Eelskin carried off the honors.

When the first of the larger boats were sent away at 2:10 in the afternoon, there was hardly a breath of air stirring. These conditions lasted until the craft reached Crow Shoal Buoy, marking the end of the first leg of the course. At this stage of the contest a breeze from the north sprang up. The boats astern were the first to get the new wind, which aided them materially in picking up the leaders.

Effort was the first to gybe around the buoy. She immediately squared away for the mark off Cedar Island Point, at the end of the second leg. Syce was the second craft to round the first mark, followed by Indian, Pompilia and Scapha well bunched. At the second mark Effort led Syce by a good margin, while Scapha, Indian and Pompilia were over a minute astern. Effort was the first of the fleet to finish.

Flosshilde, winner of the sloop class N competition, sailed a fine race. Beside capturing the Fuller cup for the best corrected time, she defeated her nearest class competitor, Helen, by over three minutes. Alerion was third boat of this class to finish. She crossed the line about 200ft. astern of Helen. Kalmia, George Trowbridge Hollister's new Gardner & Cox boat, was about the same distance away.

Frank C. Swan's sloop Heron and William Fallert's yawl Scapha sailed in one class on special time allowance. The yawl won.

The family of the noted yachtsman, J. Rogers Maxwell, was well represented in the contest, no less than three craft sailed by boys of the family entering. In sloop class P, Indian, with J. Rogers Maxwell, Jr., at the tiller, beat his brother, Howard L., in Pompilia. In class M Leda, another of the Maxwell fleet, defeated E. D. King's Spasm by two minutes and seven seconds.

In the class for catboats, Bother, belonging to W. M. Simmons, carried off first honors. The summaries follow:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sloops—Class K—Start, 2:10.			
Syce, C. F. Judson	5 44 08	3 34 08	3 34 08
Sloops—Class L—Start, 2:10.			
Effort, F. M. Smith	5 43 00	3 33 00	3 26 37
Class L—Special—Start, 2:10.			
Scapha, yawl, Wm. Fallert	5 54 30	3 44 30	. . ..
Heron, F. C. Swan	5 57 46	3 47 46	. . ..
Sloops—Class M—Start, 2:15.			
Leda, H. L. Maxwell	5 49 19	3 34 19	3 20 51
Spasm, E. D. King	5 51 26	3 36 26	3 22 58
Sloops—Class N—Start, 2:15.			
Flosshilde, O. B. Webber	5 55 48	3 40 48	3 19 08
Helen, Mortimer Fuller	5 59 05	3 44 05	3 22 15
Alerion, A. H. Alker	5 59 41	3 44 41	3 22 51
Kalmia, G. T. Hollister	6 00 37	3 45 37	3 23 10
Sloops—Class P—Start, 2:20.			
Indian, J. R. Maxwell, Jr	6 07 00	3 47 08	. . ..
Pompilia, H. L. Maxwell	6 08 50	3 48 50	. . ..
Sloops—Class R—Start, 10:05.			
Psi, A. O. Bancker	12 02 57	1 57 57	. . ..
Harp, J. N. Lunning	12 03 49	1 58 49	. . ..
San Toy, J. B. Edson	12 06 48	2 01 48	. . ..
Snook, J. W. Webber	12 07 37	2 02 37	. . ..
Arrow, G. H. Keim	12 07 53	2 02 53	. . ..
Arva, A. De W. Cochran	Withdrew.		
Subclass R—Start, 10:27.			
Eelskin, J. L. Hutcheson	12 47 02	2 20 02	. . ..
Winniwish, H. N. Schickel	12 49 08	2 22 08	. . ..
Duchess, Carl Pickhardt	12 54 11	2 27 11	. . ..
Catboats—Start, 2:20.			
Bother, W. M. Simmons	6 17 00	3 57 00	. . ..
Altair, Geo. Little	6 21 17	4 01 17	. . ..
Wenoa, A. Kuthoff	Withdrew.		

Kennebec Y. C.

BATH, ME.

COM. EDWARD W. HYDE presented a $100 cup to the Kennebec Y. C. to be sailed for by the club boats of 20 to 25ft. waterline length. The cup is to be sailed for in a series of three races each season, and the boat winning the cup three years in succession becomes the owner.

First Race, Thursday, July 31.

The first series race for the Commodore's cup was sailed on Thursday, July 31. The day was bright and clear, and the wind was strong from the south. The boats sailed over a seven-mile triangular course. It was a run to the upper stake at Winslow's Ledge, the boats turning in the order they started, Aspenet, Dewey, Swift, Dewey being reefed, as it was too strong for her. After turning to windward Swift crossed Dewey's bow, going into second position, which she held to the lower stake, Aspenet turning first, folowed by Swift and Dewey, for the run to the finish, all setting spinnakers. Shortly after setting them Swift caried away her spinnaker boom near the inner end, which lost her the race. As Dewey passed her she got it reset, but Swift took second on corrected time. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed	Corrected.
Aspenet, ex-Com. F. Cook	2 36 34	3 50 08	1 13 34	1 13 34
Dewey, Bonney & Farrar	2 36 58	3 51 44	1 14 46	1 13 57
Swift, O. J. Ledyard	2 37 08	3 52 31	1 15 23	1 13 41

Second Race, Saturday, Aug. 2.

The second series race for the Commodore's cup was sailed on Saturday, Aug. 2. The wind was light from the east, and the weather was cloudy. The boats covered a seven-mile triangular course. It was a reaching race all over the course, with the light breeze just Dewey's day. Dewey and Aspenet sailed a close race, leaving the smaller boat Swift, far behind, Dewey winning by one second elapsed and fifty seconds corrected time. Dewey is a jib-and mainsail, Aspenet a cat with a jib, and Swift a cat without jib. On the reach on the last leg Aspenet carried her spinnaker as a balloon jib, and Dewey carried her balloon jib, thus leaving Swift still further behind. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dewey, Bonney & Farrar	9 41 16	11 07 13	1 25 57	1 25 08
Aspenet, ex-Com. F. Cook	9 40 38	11 06 36	1 25 58	1 25 58
Swift, O. J. Ledyard	9 40 54	11 34 15	1 53 21	1 52 39

Third Race, Saturday, Aug. 9.

The third race for the Commodore's cup was sailed on Saturday, Aug. 9. The day was clear and the breeze fresh from the south. The yachts sailed over the same course as in the two previous races. Dewey had just her breeze, full sail, while both Aspenet and Swift could have stood it decidedly stronger. Aspenet met with an accident at the upper turn, which delayed her somewhat. Dewey wins series for a leg for the cup with a total percentage of 225, average 75 per cent.; Aspenet, total percentage, 185, average 61 2-3 per cent., and Swift, total, 145, with average 48 1-3 per cent. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Aspenet, ex-Com. F. Cook	2 35 25	4 20 58	1 45 33	1 45 33
Dewey, Bonney & Farrar	2 35 12	4 09 27	1 34 15	1 33 26
Swift, O. J. Ledyard	2 35 22	4 15 51	1 40 29	1 38 47

The races were well managed by Messrs. S. Cuyler Greene, Owen J. Ledyard and Wm. F. Stevens, who made up the Regatta Committee.

Marine and Field Club.

BATH BEACH, L. I.

Saturday, Aug. 16.

A SPECIAL sweepstakes race was held on Saturday, Aug. 16, for the one-design class of the Marine and Field Club, in which Jig-a-Jig, belonging to W. A. Hutcheson, evolved victorious, beating Stinger, her nearest rival, by twelve seconds.

The event was arranged in place of the sixth contest for the Snedeker trophy, in which series Kelpie, owned by W. K. Brown, had a great enough lead to win first honors without sailing the last scheduled contest. The final standing in the struggle of five races for the trophy follows: Kelpie, 15; Stinger, 10; Quinque, 9; Vixen, 6; Flying Fox, 5; Jig-a-Jig, 4.

The tie between Stinger and Kelpie for the cup presented by President Theodore L. Cuyler, each having won a race, was recently decided. After leading for the first part of the struggle, the throat halyards on Kelpie broke, forcing her to withdraw, thus giving the race and trophy to Stinger.

Next Saturday, in the seventh regatta of the Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay, under the auspices of the Marine and Field Club, these one-design boats will sail the first race for a cup presented by F. L. Dauchy, to be won by the craft capturing the best two out of three races. The summaries of the sweepstakes race follows:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Marine and Field Class—Start, 3:05.		
Jig-a-Jig, W. A. Hutcheson	5 07 00	2 02 00
Stinger, A. P. Clapp	5 07 12	2 02 12
Quinque, L. H. Smith	5 07 22	2 02 22
Kelpie, W. K. Brown	5 07 33	2 02 33
Flying Fox, Cone & Buckman	5 07 53	2 02 53
Vixen, Mahoney & Chandler	5 09 06	2 04 06

Sachem's Head Y. C.

GUILFORD, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Tuesday, Aug. 12.

THE fourth club race of the Sachem's Head Y. C. was sailed on Tuesday, Aug. 12, in a heavy south wind and a lumpy sea. The Seawanhaka knockabouts sailed over a windward and leeward course of eight miles, while the Sachem's Head one-design class sailed over a triangular course of five miles. Senta beat Gloria by two minutes, and Possum beat Chipmunk two seconds. The summary follows:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Seawanhaka Knockabouts—Start, 11:02.		
Senta, R. C. Mitchell	12 24 24	1 22 24
Gloria, E. C. & R. B. Seward	12 26 24	1 24 24
Frances, R. C. Lincoln	12 30 21	1 28 21
Ariel, Dr. Forbes Hawkes	12 31 13	1 29 13
Kittywink, J. J. Phelps	12 31 58	1 29 58
Midge, W. E. Peck	12 32 04	1 30 04
Sachem's Head One-Design Class—Start, 10:46.		
Possum, S. W. Sharpe	11 47 58	1 01 58
Chipmunk, J. E. Wayland	11 48 00	1 02 00
Ghoorka, J. P. Elton	11 50 05	1 04 05
Mosquito, A. Goodfellow	11 53 33	1 07 33

The present standing of the yachts in the series in which they are competing is as follows:

Seawanhaka Knockabouts—Senta, 24 points; Gloria, 21; Frances, 19; Midge, 17; Kittywink, 16; Ariel, 10; Thelga, 4.

Sachem's Head One-Design Class—Chipmunk, 18; Possum, 16; Ghoorka, 13; Mosquito, 3; Minnie C., 3.

Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Aug. 16.

Two races were held by the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. on Saturday, Aug. 16. The one in the morning was for club knockabouts, which sailed a series race for the Leland Corinthian Challenge cup. Gowan won by 22s.

In the afternoon six of the club knockabouts sailed in the sixth series race for the Centre Island cup. The boats covered knockabout course No. 3. Wyntje was dismasted during the race. Lucille, Bobs and Vagrant were disqualified for fouling the outer mark. The race went to Heron. The summary:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Leland Corinthian Challenge Cup—Start, 10:45.		
Gowan, F. G. Stewart	1 33 26	2 48 26
Lucille, H. H. Landon	1 33 48	2 48 48
Center Island Cup—Sixth Race—Start, 3:20.		
Heron, T. R. Coudert, Jr.	5 44 26	2 24 26
Nakodo, J. T. Sherman	5 46 12	2 26 12
Wyntje, C. S. Hoyt	Disabled.	
Lucille, H. H. Landon	Disqualified.	
Vagrant, Brown & Low	Disqualified.	
Bobs, W. A. W. Stewart	Disqualified.	

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

We have received from Thomson & Co., publishers, a copy of the Yachting Record, a valuable little book compiled by Mr. A. F. Aldridge, which contains the summaries of all races sailed on New York Harbor, Long Island Sound and off Newport during the season of 1901.

* * *

We have received the following announcement from Mr. Bryce Metcalf, Secretary of the South Side Y. C., of Bayport, L. I.:

We beg to advise you that with a view of encouraging yachting and yacht racing in this locality, a club has been duly organized and incorporated under the name of the South Side Y. C. The annual dues of the club are $5, and it is intended to devote the major part thereof toward prizes. The club burgee adopted is a cross composed of twelve five-pointed stars in white on a red field, eight stars lengthwise and four crosswise at the third star from the luff.

All persons joining the club will be entitled to receive a number in accordance with the time of their acceptance, and before the first of September will be without initiation fee and will rank as original members.

Trapshooting.

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

Fixtures.

Aug. 20-21.—Kane, Pa.—Kane Sportsmen's Club's amateur target tournament.

Aug. 20-21.—Ossining, N. Y.—Two days' shoot of the Ossining Gun Club; first day handicap (100 targets, 14 to 21yds. rise, open to all) and R. I. clam bake; second day, regular programme.

Aug. 20-21.—Rensselaer, Ind.—Rensselaer Gun Club's tournament. C. E. Hershman, Sec'y.

Aug. 21-22.—Milton, Pa.—Two days' tournament of the Milton Rod and Gun Club. G. Dal Fox, Pres.

Aug. 21-23.—South Omaha, Neb.—Tournament of the South Omaha Gun Club.

Aug. 23.—Chicago, Ill.—First annual tournament of the Chicago Gun Club G. V. Weart, Sec'y.

Aug. 23.—Westwood, N. J.—Tournament and clam bake of the Westwood Gun Club. E. L. Greenin, Sec'y.

Aug. 25 27.—Greenview, Ill.—Amateur tournament of the Greenview Gun Club.

Aug. 26-27.—Peru, Ind.—Peru Gun Club's sixth annual midsummer tournament, at Bass Lake. Frank Dunbar, Sec'y.

Aug. 26-28.—Paducah, Ky.—Second annual tournament of the Paducah Gun Club.

Aug. 26-29.—Okoboji, Ia.—Amateur shooting tournament, under management of Messrs. C. W. Budd and E. C. Hinshaw.

Aug. 27-28.—Muscoda, Wis.—Target tournament of the Muscoda Gun Club.

Aug. 27-28.—Haverhill, Mass.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Haverhill Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.

Aug. 27-28.—Ruffsdale, Pa.—Ruffsdale Rod and Gun Club's first annual two-day target tournament. Added money, $30. Rose system. Lloyd H. Ruff, Sec'y.

Aug. 29.—Concord, N. H.—One-hundred target match between Messrs. H. B. Darton, of Portland, Me., and Mr. C. M. Stark, of Dunbarton, N. H., for $100 a side.

Aug. 30.—Watertown, Mass.—First all-day open tournament of the Watertown Gun Club. Chas. H. Philbrook, Acting Sec'y.

Aug. 29.—Pleasant Hill, Mo.—Sixth annual merchandise and sweepstake tourney. T. H. Cohron, Sec'y.

Aug. 29-30.—Menominee, Mich.—First annual tournament of the Menominee Gun Club. E. W. Nowack, Sec'y.

Aug. 30.—Watertown, Mass.—All-day tournament of the Watertown Gun Club.

Sept. 1.—Edgewater, N. J.—North River Gun Club's handicap at 100 targets, $6 entrance, for new piano.

Sept. 1.—Akron, O.—Shoot of the Akron Gun Club.

Sept. 1.—Lebanon, Ind.—Lebanon Gun Club Park Association's tournament.

Sept. 1.—Muncie, Ind.—Annual fall tournament of the Magic City Gun Club.

Sept. 1.—Dover, N. H.—Labor Day tournament of the Dover Sportsmen's Association. D. W. Hallam, Sec'y.

Sept. 1.—Battle Creek, Mich.—Amateur tournament of the Battle Creek Gun Club. M. E. Hensler, Sec'y.

Sept. 1-2.—Meriden, Conn.—Parker Gun Club's annual Labor Day Shoot and Sheep Bake. C. S. Howard, Sec'y.

Sept. 1-3.—Lynchburg, Va.—Third annual shoot of the Virginia Trapshooters' Association, on the grounds of the Lynchburg Gun Club in Rivermont; sparrow shoot on third day. J. A. Anderson, Sec'y.

Sept. 2-3.—Central City, Ia.—Wapsie Gun Club's handicap tournament.

Sept. 2-3.—Tiffin, O.—Second annual tournament of the Tiffin Gun Club; $75 added. L. D. Arndt, Sec'y.

Sept. 3-4.—Nappanec, Ind.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Nappanee Gun Club. Ed. J. Bowers, Sec'y.

Sept. 3-5.—Richmond, Ind.—Handicap tournament of the Richmond, Ind., and College Corner, New Paris and Oxford, O., gun clubs.

Sept. 3-5.—Erie, Pa.—Erie City Rod and Gun Club's handicap tournament at targets. Open to all; $200 added. A. N. Aitken, Sec'y.

Sept. 4-5.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Open tournament of the Consolidated Sportsman's Association. Eber Rice, Sec'y.

Sept. 9-11.—Du Bois, Pa.—Three days' target tournament of the Du Bois Rod and Gun Club; added money, $200. L. S. Munch, Sec'y.

Sept. 9-12.—Battle Creek, Mich.—Tournament of the Indians; open to the world; $1,000 added. John Parker, Mgr.

Sept. 10.—East Liverpool, O.—East Liverpool Gun Club's tournament. R. W. Sample, Sec'y.

Sept. 10.—Bristol, Conn.—All-day tournament and sheep bake of the Bristol Gun Club. E. M. Dailey, Sec'y.

Sept. 15-20.—Blue River Park, Kansas City, Mo.—Twenty-fifth tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. Targets and live birds. Paul Franke, Sec'y.

Sept. 16-17.—Nebraska City, Neb.—Tournament at Nebraska City.

Sept. 16-18.—Williamsport, Pa.—Tournament of the West Branch Rod and Gun Club.

Sept. 16-19.—Detroit, Mich.—John Parker's annual tournament.

Sept. 23-24.—Concordia, Kan.—Second annual tournament of the Concordia Blue Ribbon Gun Club.

Sept. 23-25.—Cincinnati, O.—Second annual handicap target tournament of the Cincinnati Gun Club. Charles F. Dreihs, Sec'y.

Sept. 26-27.—Matthews, Ind.—Second annual target and live-bird tournament.

Sept. 29-30.—Lewistown, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Lewistown Gun Club. H. H. McComber, Sec'y.

Oct. 1-2.—Union City, Ind.—Fall tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club. O. E. Fouts, Sec'y.

Oct. 1-2.—Austerlitz, Ky.—Hill Top Gun Club's live-bird tournament. Alfred Clay, Sec'y.

Oct. 1-2.—Union City, Ind.—Parent Grove Gun Club's fall tournament. O. E. Fouts, Sec'y.

Oct. 1-2.—Allegheny, Pa.—Two-day target tournament of the Northside Gun Club; $100 added money. I. W. Morrow, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-8.—Greenville, O.—Handicap tournament of the Greenville Gun Club. H. A. McCaughey, Sec'y.

Oct. 9-10.—Fort Wayne, Ind.—Annual target tournament of the East End Gun Club. F. W. Leidelf, Sec'y.

Oct. 15-16.—New London, Ia.—Sixth annual tournament of the New London Gun Club. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.

Oct. 15-16.—Springfield, O.—Springfield Gun Club's tournament. B. F. Downs, Capt.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's target shoot, every Saturday afternoon until October. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

First Saturday of each month for a year, Burnside.—Contest for e Troisdorf live-bird and target medals; 10 live birds; 25 targets; ›en to all. First contest, March 1.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed ooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private actice. Café and hotel accommodations.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for ublication in these columns, also any news notes they ay care to have published. Mail all such matter to orest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, ew York. FOREST AND STREAM *goes to press on* TUES-AY OF EACH WEEK.

Two days of target shooting and one of live-bird shooting are ovided by the programme of the West Branch Rod and Gun ub for its second annual fall tournament at Williamsport, Pa., pt. 16-18. The target programme each day has ten events, 10, 20 and 25 targets; handicaps 14 to 20yds. Shooting com-ences at 9 o'clock. Targets 2 cents. Magautrap will throw rgets. Rose system will govern moneys. Manufacturers' agents y shoot for targets only. From each target shot at one-arter cent will be deducted for high guns. Refreshments and ded shells can be obtained on the grounds. Guns and shells nt by express to Mr. B. S. Piatt will be delivered on the ounds free. Handicaps changed at the discretion of the man-ement. The live-bird programme has six events, 7 birds, $5 trance; 10 birds, $6; 15 birds, $10; 10 birds, $5, and two miss-d-outs, $2 entrance. Moneys governed by the Rose system, ios 7, 5, 3 and 2. Handicaps, 26 to 32yds. The secretary is r. H. A. Dimick, 344 Pine street.

There are eleven events on the programme of the Dover, N. H., ortsmen's Association's tournament, to be held on Sept. 1. ght are at 15 and three at 20 targets. Shooting commences at o'clock. Fifteen dollars subdivided in sums of $5, $4, $3, $2, to four highest scores; handicap, at 100 targets, to be the limit d shot for in actual contest in a squad of five shooters. This ntest to begin with event No. 1. Five dollars to him who makes highest score shooting the entire programme, namely, 180 targets. booby prize to the shooter making the lowest score. The club l furnish free to contestants a good lunch—coffee, lemonade, . Targets, 1½ cents each. Shells for sale on the grounds. A rdial invitation is extended to every one, here and elsewhere. e officers of the Association are: President, Mr. N. C. Went-rth; Vice-President, C. E. Mitchell; Treasurer, Eugene Smart; cretary, D. W. Hallam.

Elsewhere in our trap columns this week Mr. C. F. Lambert, ncerning the Haverhill Gun Club and the Interstate tournament Aug. 27-28, with an added third day, Aug. 29, gives some final ormation. The medal to be given to any one expressing dis-isfaction is sure to be won by some one or other, for, though erything be ever so perfect, there are always people who have certain misfortune of character which distorts externals and kes the good seem bad to themselves. The idea of such a medal good, and we further make bold to suggest that a standard dal be made for use at all tournaments. In our opinion, an cellent material for such standard medal would be a piece of skin of the Mephitis mephitica, with a cochon rampant roughly wn thereon. There are three or four men who would make lose contest for the ownership of a medal of this kind.

The Magic City Gun Club, of Muncie, Ind., has issued the pro-mme for its annual fall tournament, Sept. 1. It provides twelve nts at 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets, entrance based on 10 cents per get. There is a total of 190 targets for $19. The shoot is ctly for amateurs. All known 90 per cent. men will be barred m the purses. Manufacturers' agents will be permitted to dis-y their wares. Targets 2 cents. Shooting commences at 9 lock. Dinner served. Guns and shells shipped care of the otain, Mr. Claude Stevens, will be delivered on the grounds e. The programme, beside the information it contains, is asing to gaze upon, it being artistic both from a mechanical l pictorial point of view.

For its second annual amateur tournament, Sept. 2 and 3, Tiffin, O., Gun Club has twelve events on the programme h day, eight at 15 and four at 20 targets, $1.50 and $2 entrance. ere are five cash prizes to the first five high guns shooting ough the programme, to wit: First, $20; second, $15; third, ; fourth, $10; fifth, $8. To low gun, $5; and $5 to high gun of per cent. contestants and manufacturers' agents. Targets ents. Rose system, ratios 7, 5, 3, and 2, will govern. All 90 cent. shooters and manufacturers' agents are barred from the ses. Shoot rain or shine. Competition begins at 9 o'clock. unds open for practice on Sept. 1. Bluerocks and magautrap. nch served on grounds. The secretary, Mr. L. D. Arndt will nish all necessary information on application.

Mr. Paul Franke, of Kansas City, Mo., as secretary of the ssouri State Game and Fish Protective Association, has issued rd, on which is set forth the main features of the programme the twenty-fifth annual tournament, Sept. 17 to 20. There will $1,100 in guaranteed purses, and $700 added in cash and valu-prizes. Sept. 17 and 18, live birds only, the main events of ch will be the Missouri team shoot, Missouri State champion-shoot, Interstate championship shoot, and Hazard Powder mpany trophy event. Sept. 19 and 20, targets; ten 15 and five arget events each day. Distance handicap and Rose system. e birds from two sets of traps. Targets from two sets of traps. grammes will be ready for distribution on Sept. 1.

In Wednesday of last week the Cape May Gun Club team de-ed a team of Philadelphia shooters by a score of 73 to 67. The mbers and their scores were: Cape May—Bar 16, Dando 17, ning 22, Harvey 18; total 73. Philadelphia—Allison 14, Park Stevenson 19, Mrs. Park 18; total 67. The programme provided ral 10-bird sweepstakes and a 50-bird club handicap. R. J. ning, of Pittsburg, won the club handicap with a score of R. Wister Harvey, of Philadelphia, was second, and Mrs. Will-Park took the third prize.

sewhere in our trap columns this week Mr. W. B. Darton, of land, Me., has accepted Mr. C. M. Stark's challenge, as pub-d in FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 2, under the caption "To Maine Trapshooters." The conditions were 100 bluerock tar-per man, 16yds. rise, magautrap, American rules, both men up, a side; the match to take place on the grounds of the Con-, N. P., Gun Club. A further condition was that the acceptor t have been a legal resident of Maine during six months prior he match, and that paid experts were barred.

n events, alternately 15 and 20 targets, $1.30 and $2.40 entrance, on the programme of the Bristol, Conn., Gun Club for its nament, to be held on Sept. 10. To the two high guns, $3 $2 respectively. A Bristol sheepbake, served on the grounds. special event. Traps ready at 9:30. Rose system, 5, 4, 3 and Targets, 2 cents. Any one may enter for targets only. Guns shells shipped to Mr. H. J. Mills, Bristol, will be delivered he grounds free. Loaded shells will be obtainable on the nds. Mr. E. M. Dailey is the secretary.

the Interstate tournament, given for the Brunswick, Me., Club, last week, Messrs. E. C. Griffith and Mr. Neaf Apgar, men of mighty fame in shotgun annals, tied for high average an exceedingly close race. Mr. Griffith was one target ahead r. Apgar on the first day, Aug. 13, with a total of 180 to 179 of 200, while on the second day Mr. Apgar led Mr. Grif-y one target, 191 to 190. The totals for the two days there-were 370 out of 400, .925 per cent.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, was a visitor in New York on Friday and Saturday of last week. He was en route to Pittsburg from Brunswick, Me., where he had been managing an Interstate tournament. His outing at Slippery Rock, Pa., ended just before his departure for Brunswick, and the benefits derived from it were pleasingly in evidence in the way of elastic step, clear eyes and glorious tan. Mr. Shaner has recently taken up fishing as an art, over which he is enthusiastic.

The team races held at the shoot of the Auburn, Me., Gun Club were of more than usual interest. In the five-man race between teams from New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Maine, 100 targets per man, Massachusetts won with a score of 447. Maine was next with 436. In the ten-man race between Massachusetts and Maine, the latter team won with a score of 839 to 822. The two latter are thus leg and leg.

The shooters who have personally been within the immediate zone of influence of the Haverhill Gun Club management, are earnest in their praise of the good preliminary work done for the forthcoming Interstate tournament. Everything indicates perfect success. The energy, skill and methods are exemplars for others to copy.

The Sistersville, W. Va., Gun Club announces a fall amateur target tournament, to be held on Oct. 21 and 22. There will be added money and prizes. Mr. Jos. Y. McNaught is president. Mr. Ed. O. Bower is the secretary.

At the tournament of the Olean, N. Y., Gun Club, Aug. 12 and 13, Mr. B. D. Nobles, of Olean, won the Olean challenge trophy, with the excellent score of 94 out of 100 targets.

Mr. E. O. Bower, of Sistersville, W. Va., won the club medal at the shoot of the Sistersville Gun Club, Aug. 16, with a score of 22, from the 18yd. mark.

BERNARD WATERS.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Jackson Gun Club.

Paterson, N. J., Aug. 17.—At the shoot of the Jackson Gun Club, given in honor of those gentlemen calling themselves the Wanderers, they brought with them as their guest Mr. Peter P. Van Vleet, of Memphis, Tenn., who shot in two events with a strange gun, which seemed to handicap him, but otherwise he enjoyed himself during the afternoon conversing with the different members and watching the shooting, which was continuous all the afternoon, upward of 3,000 targets being shot at from about 2 o'clock until quitting time.

The Wanderers did not arrive until about 2:30 o'clock, and everything was in readiness for them except getting their names on the score pad.

Every one of the Paterson shooters constituted himself a committee of entertainment, and everything began to move along nicely. Mr. George Hopper took charge of the squad hustling, and he did his work in great shape, keeping one event ahead all the afternoon. Alderman Chris. Wright did the refereeing; ex-Game Warden Wm. Stalter did the scoring; Wm. Dutcher looked after the cash and paid off in record time. Mr. Arthur Crooks looked after the magautrap, which he always does, and he kept the machine at its best work all the afternoon. Mr. Crooks is our ground keeper, and he has a pride in keeping it in first-class shape. He is an expert in handling live birds.

There will be many good birds produced at our grounds this fall for those who wish to come this way for a day's shooting. We hope that we will have the pleasure of again entertaining those pleasant gentlemen, the Wanderers, who strive to see who can furnish the most pleasure for his fellow shooter. Our entertainment committee was headed by Garry Hopper, and he was backed up by Ed W. Morgan and Capt. John Powers—a committee hard to beat when it comes to look after the comfort of its visitors.

Everybody was well pleased at the reception he got here, and the way things were run, and thanked the Paterson boys for doing all the work. It was the first time since organization that some of them did not have to do something, and at this shoot all they had to do was keep shooting and enjoying themselves.

There were several straight scores and plenty close up during the afternoon. Banks, Reeves and Brigham had straight scores. The Paterson boys' scores suffered on account of other work which they undertook for the pleasure of their visitors. Event 9 each of the shooters shot a strange gun. Some of them dropped down quite some below their average.

The Jackson Park Club expect to make some improvements around the grounds by cutting down some small trees about 100yds. away and otherwise fix up everything around the grounds as soon as possible. Garry Hopper left last Tuesday for Bryant's Pond, in Maine for a three weeks' vacation.

DUTCHER.

Middletown Tournament.

Middletown, N. J., Aug. 12.—There was a good attendance of shooters at the tournament of the Middletown Gun Club, held here to-day. In the sweepstake event there was one money for every three entries.

In the five-man team contest for the Wallkill trophy, the Warwick Gun Club was victor, with a score of 91. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	20	10	15	10	Targets:	10	15	20	10	15	10
Welles	7	13	17	10	10	8	Whyte	6	9	14	6	6	..
C M Wood	9	10	16	8	..	..	O Edsall	5	8	10	..	..	..
McManus	3	10	..	..	..	..	Clearwater	5	8	12	6	..	..
Ogden	9	12	15	10	..	..	P Duff	7	9	13	5	11	..
Van Seekle	4	4	10	5	8	6	Predmore	..	9	..	..	..	..
Wilcox	6	10	11	..	..	..	Musbach	..	10	12	7	10	8
Cox	8	11	17	..	..	..	Godfrey	..	..	15	..	..	..
J D Wood	6	9	12	..	..	6	Thomas	..	..	..	5	8	4
Edsall	8	11	16	8	..	..	Ward	..	..	..	3	..	..
C B Smith	9	6	10	6	..	..	Van Sickle	..	..	..	2	..	..
Lines	7	11	14	7	..	..	M Wood	..	..	..	..	15	8
Davis	6	10	12	..	..	..	Hunt	7	..	..	..	..	..
W D Steele	6	8	11	3	..	..	Rogers	7	8	..	..	..	..
Blandford	8	11	..	..	..	..	Martin	6	..	11	..	..	..
Cohn	7	7	14	..	..	..	Lyon	6	9	14	..	..	..
Coleman	7	11	..	..	..	..	B S Smith	7	6	..	..	..	..
Barlow	3	10	..	..	..	..	Brown	8	12	14	7	12	9
J M Steele	7	9	16	10	9	7	Walling	8	11	15	8	..	..
Watts	4	7	14	6	6	8							

Cup, Wallkill challenge trophy, 25 targets, five-man teams:

Warwick Gun Club.

Rogers .....1101111011001111101111000—17
Ogden .....1101110110011101111110110—18
Walling .....0101010011001011111111111—17
Lines .....1111111101010111101111111—21
Edsall .....1111101111101011011101001—18—91

Middletown Gun Club.

J B Wood.....1111111000100010101001101—14
Davis .....1011001011011111111111100—18
C R Smith.....1110111001001001110101111—16
Pfaff .....1100111001100010111110101—15
Vernon .....1101111000111111111111111—21—84

Wallkill Gun Club, Middletown, N. Y.

C M Wood.....0111011011001011111111111—19
Musbach .....0001100000111110110110110—13
Brown .....0111110001101110111111110—18
Whyte .....1111001011011011111111001—18
W D Steele.....1010011010111101100010011—14—82

Deckertown Gun Club, Sussex, N. J.

Wilcox .....1010101101101010011101101—15
Cox .....1101111011011011111111111—21
Cahr .....1101100010001111001101111—15
McManus .....1110010011100001110001101—13
Hunt .....1010101101011111110011010—16—80

The Westwood Gun Club.

Westwood, N. J., Aug. 17.—Don't forget the clam bake and all-day shoot of the Westwood Gun Club, Aug. 23.

Don't forget that Westwood is on the line of the NewJersey & New York Railroad, only twenty miles from New York, and that you can get a train from the foot of Chamber street, Erie Depot, at 8 A. M., 9:50 A. M., 11 A. M., 12:30 P. M., 1:15 P. M., 1:30 P. M., 3:20 P. M.

Don't forget that it only takes fifty minutes to get there.

Don't forget that the fare is only 90 cents for the round trip—excursion ticket

Don't forget that every day adds new attractions to the occasion.

And above all, don't forget to set aside this date for your own personal enjoyment.

E. L. GREENIN, Sec'y.

Erie Gun Club.

Carlstadt, N. J., Aug. 13.—Members of the Erie Gun Club met at Outwater's place to-day. In the club event, Plate killed straight. Following are the scores:

C Plate, 28.....1002122—5 R Mohrman, 28.....2110100—4
F Greff, 28.....1202020—4 W Meader, 27.....0201210—4
H Dohrman, 28.....022*220—4 C W Luhissen, 27.....2020100—3

Three sweeps, 3 birds each, three moneys, club handicap:

Plate	111—3	122—3	121—3
Greff	210—2	201—2	102—2
Dohrman	001—1	101—2	222—3
Mohrmann	121—3	*11—2	121—3
Meader	200—1	211—3	*00—0
Luhissen	*00—0	200—1	00*—0

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., Aug. 16.—There was a rallying of shooters to the grounds of the North River Gun Club, the like of which is not a common occurrence about New York. About 40 shooters participated. Shooting continued till dark. A feature of the event was a visit from the Wanderers, which evolved into a friendly visit, the monetary features having been abandoned. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15
Engle	11	11	..	13	13	11	Voss	11	10	13	8	11	..
Keystone	9	14	14	10	14	14	Schneider	5	12	12	14	12	12
Fred	6	9	8	..	..	..	Dannefelser	10	8	7	8	4	..
Reeves	13	14	9	13	12	12	Merten	11	11	..	11	10	7
Cathcart	9	8	..	8	..	..	Pope	10	9	..	14	13	10
Gardiner	12	13	13	11	13	13	Hyland	11	13	..	10	12	8
Skelly	14	13	..	10	15	14	Staples	11	11	..	11	13	14
Money	12	8	10	10	12	13	Meckel	..	9	8	10	8	6
Dudley	13	13	13	11	14	14	Heritage	..	10	..	8	8	..
Goetter	8	8	..	7	13	15	Eickhoff	..	13	..	9	6	11
Glover	13	11	..	11	15	12	Monahan	..	11	..	10	11	10
King	9	11	13	12	12	..	Beach	..	9	6	9	12	..
F Truax	11	12	12	10	11	13	Hexamer	..	8	12	7	9	..
Hawes	7	7	9	8	4	6	Wagner	..	6	2	..	..	..
Morrison	7	12	..	12	7	11	C Truax	..	..	11	..	..	..
Stevens	9	14	..	12	15	12	Morris	..	..	4	..	5	..
Allison	5	..	..	8	10	7	Radel	..	..	..	12	13	..
Van Buskirk	11	9	..	5	..	8	Ackerman	..	..	..	5	9	..
Merrill	8	11	7	12	13	13	Pape, Jr.	..	..	..	4	..	..
Welles	11	11	12	13	13	13							

Team match, nine men on a side, 25 targets per man:

Team No. 1—Gardiner 22, Skelly 23, Keystone 24, Dudley 25, Welles 20, Reeves 19, Hyland 19, Eickhoff 10, Merrill 17—total 179.

Team No. 2—Morrison 21, Stevens 22, Money 23, Glover 21, F. Truax 19, Engle 22, Schneider 17, Harrington 17, C. Truax 13; total 175.

Baltimore Shooting Association.

BALTIMORE, Md., Aug. 16.—To-day at the third weekly August shoot of the Baltimore Shooting Association G. E. Edwards, Edward Jones, J. H. Roberts and Dr. H. E. Lupus, with their allowances in handicap, made clean scores. The race has now become a very pretty one, as the leaders are all bunched so closely that the winners will be uncertain until the very last.

Out of the 150 targets shot at this month Lupus, Malone, Bibble and Edwards have each made 146, Chew and Jones each have 144, and Roberts has 139. This showing speaks well for the average system of handicapping which is now being used.

The directors of the Association have decided to give an open shoot on Thursday, Aug. 28, in which a number of prizes will be donated by the club in a 100-bird race, handicapping to be the average system. The scores:

Targets:	10	15	10	15	25	*	50
Chew	8	14	9	11	..	7	48
Edwards	8	10	8	11	..	19	50
Roberts	6	13	6	..	..	19	50
Thomas	6	9	5	8	18	..	..
Jones	6	9	6	..	..	17	50
Dix	7	8	6	10	15	..	..
Henry	5	8	5	..	..	..	..
Schultz	8	9	7	10	20	..	..
Biddle	5	11	..	..	18	9	46
Lupus	9	..	..	..	..	4	50
Malone	..	..	..	..	..	5	49

By the new average handicap system every shooter handicaps himself, and all are placed on an equal footing. The committee takes the scores of each member who has shot in at least three club events during the season. If A has an average of 93 per cent., which is high, he will be scratch, and the basis of the others' handicap.

Now, B has an average of 84, C, 78, and D, 70. The object is to place B, C and D in a position by extra bird allowance so that if they break their average per cent. of their allowance they will all score 93 per cent., so as to tie the scratch man.

In other words B's average is 84; by allowing his 11 extra birds he will maintain his club average (84 out of his 100), and with 84 per cent. of the 11 extra birds he will score 93 per cent. C, with 78 per cent., would get an allowance of 20, so if he will break 78 per cent. of his 120 targets he will score 93 per cent. D, with 70 per cent., will get 33 extra birds, and by breaking 70 per cent. of his 133 he will score 93 per cent.

Every shooter can score a possible 100 and no more in a 100-bird race, or 50 in a 50-bird race, and if there are any ties they will be shot off at 25 targets with a proportionate handicap allowance. It will thus be seen that every shooter, by simply holding his average, can tie the scratch man.

Birch Brook Gun Club.

THE regular shoot of the Birch Brook Gun Club was held Aug. 16, with but nine shooters present. The day seemed a good one for shooting, but the scores were low. Dudley led in merchandise and medal events. There was quite a little amusement created in a race between Emery and Riley. Emery was the challenger. Riley is just getting over a spell of sickness, and during the shooting his left barrel became useless, and he thought that a good reason for his defeat. Emery used a pump gun, and as that kind does not give out, especially a Winchester, he was only handicapped by having to run occasionally for a rod to push out an empty shell, as his shells were reloaded. New ones do not act that way.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	30	50	10	10	25	10	10	10	10	20	10	10	10
Hebbard	21	33	8	8	..	8	6	8	6	12	10	9	8
Riley	16	..	..	..	10	7	6	8	6	..	..	..	..
Emery	..	..	7	9	15	5	7	8	7	12	5	9	7
Rowe	18	33	7	8	..	8	8	4	5	17	..	..	..
Rand	17	28	6	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dudley	23	37	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Straw	22	32	7	6	..	8	..	..	8	10	8	..	..
Barry	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	9	8	6	6	
Derry	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	4	5	..	6	6	6

No. 1 was merchandise event; No. 2, medal; No. 5 was a match.

HENRY ROOD, Sec'y.

Sistersville Gun Club.

SISTERSVILLE, W. Va., Aug. 16.—The following scores were made on the grounds of the Sistersville Gun Club this afternoon, event No. 2, at 25 targets, being for the club medal, handicap by distance. Mr. Ed. O. Bower, at 18yds., carried off the honors by breaking 22. Other scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Total
Targets:	25	25	25	25	Broke.
Ed O Bower	20	22	22	22	87
J G Wolfe	13	18	..	..	...
A B Hunt	21	19	17	17	74
C I Hull	19	18	21	22	80
Reynolds	8	13	16	..	...

LERANZO.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

"Disappearing Bird" Try-Gun Target.

At the invitation of Messrs. Manton & Co., the eminent and pioneer gun-makers of India, we journeyed down a few mornings ago to their private rifle and shotgun range, to inspect their new "Disappearing Bird Target," which has reeently been erected. We were agreeably surprised on arrival to see this large structure and our surprise gave place to admiration when we were shown the ingenious method of working it. There are many devices of this sort, such as running rabbits, composite birds thrown from traps, etc., which appear useless, except for the purpose of seeing whether the object is hit or not, for they do not afford the means in a case of a miss of telling exactly where the charge has gone; and this, from the view of a gun-fitter, is the chief consideration. These defects do not exist in this thoroughly practical target, which shows exactly after each shot where the charge was placed.

With this number of The Indian Field we issue as a supplement a photograph of the target under review. We will now endeavor to describe it.

The target is constructed of sheet steel, 18 feet long by 9 feet high, and in several places on its face are punched out representations of snipe. Behind each of these openings a white-washed plate is suspended, the lower half of which (not visible) is painted black. The entire surface of the target is white-washed so, when the plate is at rest, the birds are very faintly indicated, but when the plate is drawn up the birds show up black and in bold relief. Any of these plates, by an ingenious arrangement of wires and pulleys behind the target, can be pulled up by the operator behind the target, singly or two or three at a time.

The shooter now takes his stand at a suitable distance (about 20 yards in front of the target) and on the word being given the operator exposes one of the five birds. The shooter must fire at once as the plate is dropped again almost immediately, and having fired the pattern will be registered on the white-washed surface of the target, covering the bird or wide of it. The advantage of this idea is that the shooter does not know at which of the five birds he will be called upon to shoot. Another great advantage to our minds is that two birds can be exposed at the same time; this calls for quick sighting, as the birds at top and bottom corners are about 15 feet apart. Consequently, a larger area has to be covered, corresponding or we may say indentical with shots which occur constantly when out after the wily long-bill. While we were shooting an exposure of two seconds was given, and we found that we had no time to dawdle.

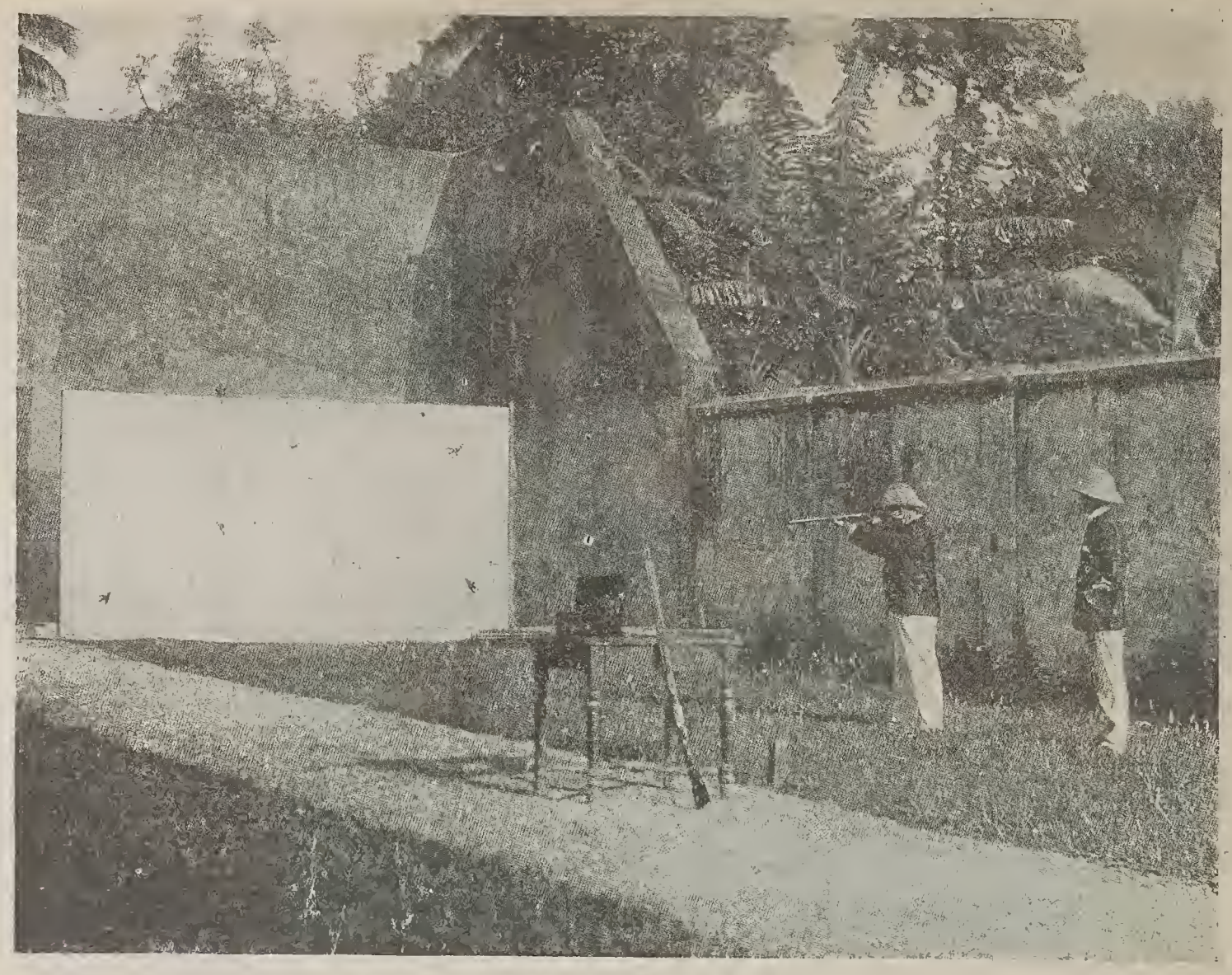
Having to shoot immediately on a bird being exposed greatly enhances the value of the system. With every shot it is possible to see exactly where the shooter has placed the charge, and after firing a score or so of shots it is easy enough to see whether the shooter's general tendency is to shoot high or low, or to the right or left.

Besides the disappearing birds on the screen a vertical moving bird, shown on the middle half of the target, has been added, which works rapidly upwards; this greatly assists the "fitter" to arrive at the amount of "cast off" necessary.

We are informed that Messrs. Manton & Co. have already been very successful in finding out and correcting faulty shooting on the part of those who have placed themselves in their hands. It must be obvious to all who shoot that of late years the number of sportsmen in Calcutta and the Bengal Presidency has largely increased. To these—old hands and recruits—the Try-Gun Target must be of special interest, for though it cannot be claimed for it that it is of much use in teaching the shooting of live game, it is invaluable to the gunmaker in testing for bend, cast-off, and length of stock. While the shooter, by snap-shooting, is "killing" his birds (or failing to do so), on the target, the gunmaker or gunfitter is all the while taking notes as to the former's manner of throwing up the gun, where the shot has gone, and the other points necessary for stock-fitting, with the try-gun. When he has observed the peculiarities of the shooter—and every shooter, young or old, has his own particular peculiarities—he adjusts the try-gun as he thinks it likely to suit him. The stock is lengthened or shortened, as the case may be; the bend is increased or diminished, as is the cast-off; while some gunmakers are very particular in adjusting the heel or the toe of the stock to meet the physical shape of the shooter's figure, with as much precision as a first-class tailor observes in the fitting of a coat.

Besides the shot gun target under notice, Manton & Co.'s range has a revolving screen target for placing shot guns, a six-foot square target for testing duck guns, and a mound at which all rifles are tested. The firm makes a specialty of gun-fitting and rifle-sighting.

We congratulate our old friends on the complete success of this costly experiment; they have undoubtedly placed local sportsmen and their own clientele under obligations. It is evident that progress in the gun trade need not be confined to houses in the Western hemisphere. We strongly recommend sportsmen in doubt as to the fit of their guns to pay a visit to the range, where they will soon ascertain if their weapons fit them correctly or not. We wish our "Pioneer" gunmakers success in this new departure, and feel confident that sportsmen will be well served should they place themselves in their hands.——The Indian Field.



MANTON'S "DISAPPEARING BIRD" TRY-GUN TARGET.

Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club.

Fitchburg, Mass., Aug. 16.—The Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club held a very successful invitation prize shoot on their grounds Friday, Aug. 15. The programme consisted of twelve events, all unknown angles, alternating between magautrap and expert traps Sergeant system.

The shoot was largely attended, shooters being present from Boston, Bellows Falls, Winchester, Winchendon, Greenfield, Leominster, Worcester and West Fitchburg. The trade was represented by Neaf Apgar and B. Leroy Woodard, whose presence gave tone to the occasion. The weather conditions were perfect, as well as the excellent system of traps, which made a good combination for high scores.

Event No. 9, 25 targets, was a five-man team race, for which the club offered a $25 silver cup. Five teams entered for this event, and it proved to be a very close and exciting race, the Fitchburg team winning by 2 birds.

Event No. 12, 25 targets, was a two-man team race, for which a pair of $15 silver loving cups were offered. Thirteen teams entered for this event, which proved as close and exciting as the other. It was won by Herbert and Leroy, of the Boston Shooting Association with a straight score.

A $10 folding pocket kodak was offered for the high gun shooting the entire programme, which was won by M. A. Cutler, of the home club, who gained a lead of one bird at the end of the fourth event and maintained it during the entire twelve events, winning out over Leroy by 2 birds.

A $5 gun case was offered for the second high gun, and this was won by Leroy, who donated the same to the Winchester, N. H., Gun Club, to be shot for as an individual prize. Leroy also donated the silver cup won by him in event No. 12 to the Bellows Falls, Vt., Gun Club, under the same conditions.

Wilder tied Apgar for third place. It was anybody's race up to the last, as both of these shooters were bunched with Cutler and Leroy from the start.

Straight scores were made by seventeen different shooters during the day. The following completed the entire programme of 175 birds: Apgar 159, Leroy 160, Wilder 159, Converse 134, Cutler 162, Ray 150, Norwood 150, Gibson 151, Knight 137, Capron 134, Russell 142, Morrison 136, Newton 83.

Between 6,000 and 7,000 targets were thrown during the day. Below are the complete scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	15	15	10	15	15	10	25	15	10	25
Apgar	8	10	15	13	6	15	14	10	20	14	9	25
Leroy	9	9	13	13	7	14	15	10	23	14	8	25
Wilder	9	8	14	14	7	15	14	10	22	15	8	23
Converse	10	9	10	12	6	13	12	7	20	10	6	19
Cutler	9	9	14	15	10	14	12	10	23	12	9	25
Ray	9	8	13	11	8	14	13	9	21	15	4	25
Norwood	8	10	10	13	8	13	10	10	21	14	10	23
Gibson	9	12	10	14	9	13	11	10	22	14	4	23
Knight	8	8	8	13	6	14	11	6	19	13	8	23
Capron	7	8	8	14	9	10	14	8	17	10	9	18
Russell	8	9	9	12	9	12	12	10	20	13	9	19
Newton	3	6	7	7	4	8	8	8	17	6	1	8
Morrison	6	8	10	12	7	14	9	9	18	13	6	24
Donovan	3	4	7	8	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..
Strecker	4	4	6	5	5	5	..	..	15	..	..	21
Dix	6	7	14	13	10	14	8	9	14	..	..	18
Lesure	5	9	7	11	5	12	7	8	..	11	..	22
Lincoln	6	9	10	10	6	13	9	9	..	12	..	..
Lamb	5	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Roby	3	7	7	7	8	13	8	8	..	10	..	..
Dickenson	..	6	7	13	5	13	8	8	..	10	5	22
Estey	..	..	..	..	5	12	6	9	..	..	..	..
Hebbard	..	..	..	..	6	11	11	8	..	..	..	..
Grant	..	..	..	..	8	9	7	..	13	..	..	..
Andrews	..	..	..	..	4	13	7	10	19	..	..	23
Rob	..	..	..	..	7	15	14	8	17	..	..	25
Landers	..	..	..	..	10	10	11	10	19	15	..	24
Ball	..	..	..	..	2	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Slade	..	..	..	..	7	11	..	..	..	..	7	..
G Beer	..	..	..	..	4	6	..	..	..	12	..	18
J Coulter	..	..	..	..	4	10	..	..	14	6	6	..
Meehan	..	..	..	..	3	9	..	..	13	..	10	19
M Beer	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	9	18	..	12	21
Stickney	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	10	17	..	..	..
Farrar	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	7	21	15	..	23
P H	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	10	19	..	..	21
Herbert	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	9	22	..	..	25
E Coulter	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	5	8	..	..	21
Buck	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	11	..

Event No. 9, five-man teams, 25 birds: Fitchburg 102, Leominster 100, Bellows Falls 99, Scrub 89, Crockerville 67.

Event No. 12, two-man teams, 25 birds:

Boston Shooting Association—Herbert 25, Leroy 25; total 50.

Bellows Falls Gun Club No. 1—Ray 25, Norwood 23; total 48.

Bellows Falls Gun Club No. 2—Morrison 24, Knight 23; total 47.

Bellows Falls Gun Club No. 3—Capron 18, Gibson 23; total 41.

Leominster Sportsmen's Association No. 1—P. H. 21, Andrews 23; total 44.

Leominster Sportsmen's Association No. 2—Landers 24, Farrar 23; total 47.

Greenfield Sportsmen's Club—Newton 8, Strecker 21; total 29.

Winchester Gun Club—Lesure 22, Dickinson 22; total 44.

Crockerville Gun Club—B. Beer 18, G. Beer 21; total 39.

West Fitchburg—Coulter 21, Meehan 19; total 40.

Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club No. 1—Converse 19, Dix 18; total 37.

Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club No. 2—Rob 25, Russell 19; total 44.

Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club No. 3—Cutler 25, Wilder 23; total 48.

E. W. Gilson, Sec'y.

Lewistown, Mo., Gun Club.

Lewistown, Mo.—The gun club of Lewistown, Mo., held a pleasant meet on Aug. 12, with a total attendance of thirty guns. Expert traps, blackbird targets and Rose system were the order of the day. Scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	10	15	10	10	15	10	10	15	10	10	15	10	10	10
Grimmer	8	8	13	9	10	15	10	9	14	8	8	13	8	10	10
Lemon	9	9	14	10	8	13	8	8	15	10	10	14	9	9	7
Riehl	7	9	13	9	9	14	9	10	14	8	9	14	8	10	10
Millbank	9	8	13	8	8	13	7	9	13	7	10	15	8	9	10
Sagwa	9	7	13	7	10	14	7	9	11	8	9	14	8	9	8
Roberts	8	9	12	9	6	14	9	8	12	8	8	12	8	10	9
Bates	7	7	14	9	8	10	7	6	12	7	9	10	8	9	8
Galigan	8	7	8	6	8	9	7	7	10	7	8	10	7	9	9
Mexico	10	10	11	10	10	11	9	9	13	10	7	13	7	6	..
Knapp	7	9	13	8	5	13	8	7	11	6	8	13	5	..	..
Whit	5	6	13	7	6	11	9	7	10	8	9	13	8	..	..
Gloyes	9	10	12	8	10	13	9	8	13	10	9	12	7	..	..
Rust	8	6	12	8	10	10	8	9	13	9	10	12	6	..	..
Wade	7	8	10	8	8	12	8	10	11	8	9	12	9	6	..
Dinner	6	9	13	8	9	13	9	6	13	8	8	..	..	..	..
Graves	5	10	10	8	8	11	9	8	9	7	..	..	..	..	..
Bronson	4	..	9	8	6	8	7	7	8	8	..	..	..	..	..
Hampton	..	..	..	..	10	12	9	7	15	9	10	..	..	..	..
Goetz	..	..	..	..	6	14	9	7	14	8	9	..	..	..	..
Condit	..	..	..	..	9	12	7	7	12	10	10	13	10	..	..
Upinghouse	..	..	..	..	6	14	9	8	15	10	8	13	..	..	..
F Graves	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	7	7	4	..	..	..	..	..
Green	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	6	3	5	4	4	..	..
Day	..	..	4	..	..	..	8	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..
Burford	..	..	..	..	7	..	6	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..
Nerman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..
Leggett	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..
Dance	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..
Richardson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..
R Graves	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..

Mr. C. M. Stark's Challenge Accepted.

Portland, Aug. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have this day accepted the challenge of C. M. Stark, Dunbarton, N. H., issued in Forest and Stream Aug. 2, 1902 (page 99), and have notified him of my acceptance. I have to-day forwarded to Frank W. Sanborn, secretary of Concord Gun Club, Concord, N. H., check for $25 to cover amount deposited by Mr. Stark.

All communications should be addressed to me at Portland, Me.

W. B. Darton.

Concord, N. H., Aug. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. W. B. Darton, of Portland, Me., has accepted Mr. Stark's challenge, published in your paper Aug. 2. Match to take place Aug. 29.

F. W. Sanborn, Sec'y Concord G. C.

Raleigh Gun Club.

Raleigh, N. C., Aug. 14.—We did not hold our weekly shoot last Thursday, so many of our members being away, and the attendance remains small yet. We will have to get up some amusement to get a better attendance. The following scores were made to-day: Gowan shot at 50, broke 37; Johnson shot at 50, broke 35; Pearce shot at 50, broke 32; Gray shot at 50, broke 28; Parker shot at 35, broke 26; Whitaker shot at 25, broke 14; Fellows shot at 15, broke 5.

R. T. Gowan, Sec'y.

WESTERN TRAPS.

National Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 10.—Mr. John M. Lilly, the originator of the National Gun Club, with headquarters at Indianapolis, Ind., writes that after consultation with the leading sportsmen of the country it has been decided to make the price for admission to charter membership, including initiation and dues up to Dec. 31, 1903, $2, with annual dues thereafter of $1. This surely is a very low charge upon any shooter, and in view of the representative character of the organization, it is fair to suppose that the shooters of the United States will respond very generally to the invitation. Come forward.

E. Hough.

Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Aug. 16.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the second trophy and second cup shoots of the third series. Pollard won Class A trophy on 24. Tom Jones won Class B on 21. Wilson won Class C on 15.

The trophy shoot was immediately followed by the cup shoot at 15 singles and 5 pairs. It was won by Al. Hellman on a score of 19.

The day was a fine one for target shooting, and the attendance was good, twenty-four shooters taking part in the various events of the day.

Owing to our trap house being broken into and the magautrap badly damaged by some contemptible, destructive curs, we were compelled to resurrect our old set of ground traps for the day, and as they did not work very well, our scores were not quite as good as usual.

M F Wilson	01111010110101101101101 00—15
C H Kehl	11110000011101000011010010—12
R S Leete	11100001000001101000010 01— 9
Dr J W Meek	11111111111010111111111011—22
L Thomas	11011011101111010110110 01—17
T Eaton	11100111101110111011111—20
J McDonald	01010111001011001110110—15
A McGowan	00101011001111111100001 01—14
C P Richards	10011111111100110111111—20
F I Cooper	11011011101101101101111—18
J D Pollard	11111111111111111111011—24
S E Young	11110101100000010101101 00—12
T Smith	01000111011101001110001 10—13
Tichenor	10111001101101111100001 10—15
J E Dafter	01110101111011111111010 01—19
Drinkwater	00000110111111100111111—17
T Jones	11101001101111111111111—21
A D Dorman	10110111111110101111111 11—21
A Hellman	01111111111011011101111—21
W A Jones	11100011101111111111111—21
A Mathews	11101101110100100011010 01—14

Sixteenth trophy shoot, 25 targets:

Event No. 3, second cup shoot:

Young	10111110011111	10 10 11 10 00—17
Hellman	11101111111111	10 10 10 10 10—19
Pollard	01110011111110	00 10 11 10 10—15
Dorman	01111010101100	00 01 10 10 10—13
Meek	11101111011011	10 10 11 10 01—18
Eaton	11010110110111	00 00 01 10 00—13
Thomas	00110110111011	00 10 00 00 00—11
Dafter	11010111110111	11 00 10 10 01—17
Richards	11111101111000	00 11 11 10 10—17
Drinkwater	11110111111101	00 10 00 10 10—16
Leete	10011110011000	11 10 00 00 11—12
T Smith	10011010110011	10 01 01 01 00—12
McDonald	11110111010101	00 01 01 10 10—14
A McGowan	11111001111011	00 01 00 10 11—16
W A Jones	11011011111011	10 11 01 00 10—18
Mathews	11110011111001	10 10 11 11 11—19
T Jones	11110110111111	10 01 11 10 00—17
Tichenor	00110011001011	00 10 10 00 00— 9
Kehl	10110010000000	00 00 01 00 00— 5
Wilson	11111010010101	00 00 10 10 10—13

Dr. J. W. Meek.

Cheapeake Gun Club.

Newport News, Va.—The most remarkable shooting ever seen on the Chesapeake Gun Club's grounds was done Aug. 14 by Mr. Thomas F. Stearnes. Out of 100 targets Mr. Stearnes broke 98, breaking 25 straight in two events. It was certainly the best ever made by amateur or professional on the local grounds. Mr. E. S. Robinson, who shot second, broke 88 targets out of 100, and as this is a good score, it will be seen that Mr. Stearnes went far ahead of the average.

Several years ago, Mr. G. B. James broke 96 targets out of 100, and until yesterday this record has never been broken.

Mr. Stearnes' shooting was really better than the records show it to be, as the 2 birds which did not break were "dusted."

The shoot yesterday was the regular weekly meeting of the club. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	25	25	25	25
T F Stearnes	25	24	25	24
E S Robinson	21	22	23	22
Dr Jos Charles	19	17	20	..
F Palmer	14	14	12	17

Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	25	25	25	25
J De Pass	13	15	17	13
Saunders	17	13	..	..
G B James	21	..	..	..

G. B. J.

Auburn Gun Club.

Auburn, Me., Aug. 14.—I send you herewith programme of a tournament held on grounds of the Auburn Gun Club on Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 11 and 12; I also inclose the detail of scores made at this tournament, and newspaper clipping, giving some data relative to the contest between the New England trapshooters.

The first day of our tournament was extremely unfavorable, rain descending in torrents all day. But by having a covered blind, we were able to pull off part of the programme. The second day was all that could be desired, and we had a very successful shoot. Had both days been pleasant, we have no doubt we should have thrown as many as 20,000 targets.

The New England team race summary of the four shoots, possible 400; team possible 2,000:

Massachusetts.		Maine.	
Le Roy	358	Green	363
Wheeler	362	Darton	345
Herbert	359	Hunnewell	367
Climax	359	Preble	354
Dickey	344—1782	Randall	353—1782

Summary of Tuesday's New England team race, fourth of the series:

Massachusetts.		Rhode Island.	
Le Roy	89	Griffith	93
Climax	91	Inman	86
Wheeler	92	Coffin	72
Herbert	92	Cate	71
Dickey	83—447	Bain	80—402
Maine.		**New Hampshire.**	
Green	83	Gerrish	73
Preble	83	Langley	87
Hunnewell	96	Frizzell	80
Foster	80	Carlisle	80
Randall	84—436	Robinson	81—401

Massachusetts thus beat Maine 11 targets and tied the score on the four shoots.

Summary of ten-mean shoot, Maine vs. Massachusetts:

Massachusetts.

Events:	1	2	3	4	Shot at.	Broke.
Le Roy	21	23	24	24	100	92
Climax	23	20	23	23	100	89
Wheeler	22	20	23	22	100	87
Herbert	23	21	16	20	100	80
Dickey	22	21	22	20	100	85
Coffin	17	17	20	20	100	74
Rule	20	19	20	23	100	82
Chapin	20	23	24	20	100	87
Puck	17	15	18	18	100	68
Bullard	22	18	19	19	100	78
					1000	822

Maine.

	1	2	3	4	Shot at.	Broke.
Green	22	21	21	24	100	88
Randall	20	21	23	23	100	87
G Darton	25	24	20	24	100	93
Davison	21	23	18	17	100	79
Preble	22	23	22	19	100	86
Reid	17	20	17	20	100	74
Foster	15	21	25	22	100	83
Stobie	20	22	23	19	100	84
Hunnewell	22	21	22	21	100	86
Ashley	22	17	21	19	100	79
					1000	839

Maine thus won this event by 17 targets. The previous shoot at Boston, the Massachusetts team won by 4 targets, but as this contest was to be decided by best two out of three contests instead of by total targets shot at, the race is thus tied on this event.

Aug. 11, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	Broke.	Per
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	at.		Cent.
Apgar	20	20	19	19	18	19	20	19	18	19	200	191	.955
Van Allen	19	16	17	15	20	16	19	18	20	19	200	179	.895
Fanning	20	19	18	20	20	20	20	20	19	19	200	195	.975
Le Roy	20	15	20	19	18	20	18	19	20	19	200	188	.940
Griffith	17	19	19	17	19	18	20	18	18	18	200	183	.915
Wheeler	19	16	19	18	19	19	18	20	18	19	200	185	.925
W Darton	20	18	18	19	17	18	17	18	18	17	200	180	.900
Doremus	13	14	14	15	16	14	13	17	16	17	200	149	.745
Coffin	18	17	12	16	17	14	14	17	14	20	200	159	.795
Climax	18	18	18	20	15	18	20	17	19	19	200	182	.910
Hunnewell	19	19	18	16	18	19	19	19	19	19	200	185	.925
Conner	16	15	18	16	19	17	19	18	18	19	200	175	.875
Snow	18	15	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	52	.866
Ashley	..	..	16	18	20	17	18	18	16	17	160	140	.875
Emerton	16	13	13	12	14	11	14	13	14	17	200	137	.685
Jordan	17	17	18	19	19	17	17	17	20	18	200	180	.900
Dickey	15	18	18	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	80	69	.862
Conner	..	..	..	..	..	19	..	..	..	..	20	19	.950
Cushman	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	16	18	19	80	71	.887
Prebble	18	17	18	14	18	15	18	18	18	18	200	172	.860
Parsons	16	18	17	15	13	17	16	16	19	16	200	163	.815
Green	18	19	19	15	16	17	19	18	20	17	200	178	.890
Foster	20	17	18	18	18	20	16	19	19	19	200	184	.920
Ray	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	17	.425
Clark	10	12	13	13	..	10	..	..	..	..	100	58	.580
Norris	14	10	16	12	..	12	..	..	..	..	100	64	.640
W P Robinson	12	9	17	16	..	15	..	..	..	..	100	69	.690

Fanning, first high gun; Apgar, second; Le Roy, third; Wheeler and Hunnewell, fourth.

Aug. 12, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	Broke.	Per
Targets:	15	15	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	at.		Cent.
Le Roy	14	15	22	23	21	23	21	23	24	24	230	210	.913
Green	14	13	23	23	24	23	24	21	21	22	230	208	.904
Griffith	13	13	23	25	21	24	22	20	24	23	230	208	.904
Frizzell	12	14	18	22	19	21	16	16	18	18	230	174	.756
Reid	14	11	19	20	17	24	20	17	20	17	230	179	.778
Gerrish	9	14	17	18	18	20	..	..	..	..	130	96	.738
Climax	14	14	21	23	23	24	23	20	23	23	230	208	.904
G Darton	12	12	21	23	24	24	24	20	24	25	230	209	.908
Prebble	13	13	20	20	20	23	19	22	23	22	230	195	.847
Inman	10	13	23	23	19	21	..	..	..	..	130	109	.838
Carlisle	11	13	19	21	18	22	..	..	..	..	130	104	.800
Davison	..	..	..	20	22	21	17	18	23	21	175	142	.811
Wheeler	13	14	22	24	23	23	22	20	23	22	230	206	.895
Hunnewell	14	13	24	24	24	24	21	22	21	22	230	209	.908
Coffin	9	10	17	17	17	21	17	17	20	20	230	165	.717
Langley	14	13	21	24	20	22	22	23	23	22	230	204	.871
Conner	12	11	22	21	17	18	23	19	21	24	230	188	.817
Herbert	13	13	23	23	23	23	23	21	16	20	230	198	.860
Foster	12	14	20	20	19	21	22	25	21	15	230	189	.821
Cate	12	12	20	17	21	14	17	..	..	..	155	113	.729
C E Robinson	7	8	21	19	23	18	17	21	..	..	180	134	.744
W Darton	11	13	20	21	20	24	20	21	21	21	230	192	.834
Bain	12	12	19	21	20	20	..	..	..	..	130	104	.800
Dickey	10	14	19	22	20	22	22	21	22	20	230	192	.834
Randall	..	..	20	21	22	21	23	23	21	20	200	171	.855
Noble	9	14	21	20	19	20	..	..	..	..	130	103	.792
Stobie	14	13	23	23	17	23	19	23	22	20	230	197	.856
Jordan	11	9	21	23	20	22	..	..	..	..	130	106	.815
Apgar	14	14	23	23	22	24	23	25	22	23	230	213	.926
Fanning	14	15	22	24	25	24	19	24	22	23	230	212	.921
Van Allen	14	14	21	24	22	24	17	23	18	21	230	198	.860
Doremus	13	11	18	17	16	20	14	20	16	19	230	164	.700
Parsons	12	14	19	18	20	18	19	19	19	22	230	180	.782
Merrill	14	15	18	22	21	21	..	..	..	..	130	111	.853
W Wyman	12	13	18	22	19	24	..	..	..	..	130	108	.830
Cushman	11	12	21	20	16	22	15	20	24	..	205	161	.782
Snow	12	15	21	21	19	19	22	20	..	..	180	150	.833
Ashley	12	12	21	23	24	22	19	21	17	22	230	193	.839
Rule	11	12	21	23	18	23	20	19	20	23	230	190	.826
Chapin	12	14	21	23	22	23	20	23	24	20	230	202	.877
Puck	10	13	21	23	21	19	17	15	18	18	230	175	.760
Adams	10	13	21	23	19	24	23	..	..	..	155	133	.858
Gray	12	7	11	19	17	19	..	..	..	..	130	85	.653
Horton	10	8	17	16	18	22	20	..	..	..	155	111	.716
Bullard	10	15	16	18	15	21	22	18	19	19	230	173	.752
Day	9	11	20	17	20	15	..	..	17	..	155	109	.703
Droincll	..	..	15	16	18	19	19	18	..	..	150	105	.700
E T Wyman	13	12	19	22	22	19	..	..	..	..	130	107	.821
W P Robinson	8	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	17	.566
Norris	6	10	20	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	80	55	.687
Hunt	..	..	20	19	16	17	..	..	..	..	100	72	.720
Moody	13	11	18	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	80	62	.775
Littlefield	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	..	25	19	.760
Conner	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	12	.800
McCann	10	10	..	..	..	..	19	..	..	..	55	39	.709
Jordan	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	12	.800

Apgar, first high gun; Fanning, second; Le Roy, third; Darton and Hunnewell, fourth.

Interstate Tournament at Brunswick.

Brunswick, Me., Aug. 16.—For a number of years past the Interstate Association when arranging its circuit has invariably included the State of Maine in its list of States for holding tournaments. This year was no exception. Brunswick was the point selected, the dates being Aug. 13 and 14.

Brunswick is a progressive little plaee of about 6,000 inhabitants. It is made very attractive by the stately elms which adorn the roadsides and private estates. It is also the home of Bowdoin College, one of the oldest colleges in the country, having just celebrated its centennial. On Federal street may still be seen the house where Mrs. Stowe wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and where Longfellow began his career as poet and professor.

The Brunswick Gun Club, under whose auspices the tournament was given, was organized on April 19, 1901, largely through the efforts of Mr. G. M. Wheeler, who was the first president of the club, and Mr. G. B. Webber, the present president. The club has steadily gained in membership since being formed, until today it has about one hundred members, making it one of the largest gun clubs in the State. Several towns are represented in the club, members belonging in Brunswick, Bath, and Topsham. Every pleasant afternoon a shoot is held by the club at its grounds at Merrymeeting Park, and at these shoots some very good scores are made.

The officers of the club at present are as follows: G. B. Webber, President; D. W. Scribner, Vice-President; L. Cecil Whitmore, Secretary-Treasurer; G. B. Webber, O. B. Nason, J. D. Foster, Samuel Whitmore and G. M. Wheeler, Executive Committee.

Through the courtesy of the street railway, the club has been allowed the use of a part of Merrymeeting Park as its shooting grounds. The club erected a splendid trap house, with buildings for the scorers, cashier, etc., making a cozy home.

Thirty-three shooters were present the first day, quite a number of them being visitors, and fine sport was enjoyed. The scores did not rank high, but one contestant, Mr. E. C. Griffith, making 90 per cent. The shooting could not be classed as hard, and numerous straight scores were recorded. However, a nasty wind blowing across the traps made the targets take some queer flights and wrecked the aspirations of several of the contestants.

Griffith was high man with a score of 180 out of 200 shot at; Apgar was second with 179; Wheeler, third with 178, and Dickey fourth with 177.

The second day of the tournament there were thirty-eight shooters present, and the tournament was brought to a very successful conclusion early in the afternoon. The weather conditions were nearly perfect, a slight wind being the only drawback.

In addition to the regular programme, a merchandise shoot for some thirty prizes kept the boys busy during their spare moments. It was a side issue, and but one trap was used; yet it afforded an immense amount of enjoyment to all. Out of several hundred trials but two straight scores of 15 were recorded.

Some of the local club members claim that there would have been ten or a dozen more shooters present at this tournament were it not for the concluding tournament between Maine and Massachusetts being held at Auburn, Me., on Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 11 and 12, of this week. They stated that it was too much to ask a man to put in four consecutive days at a tournament, to say nothing of his neglecting business for that length of time. As Auburn is only nineteen miles from Brunswick, and both places would naturally draw from about the same shooters, it would seem that Brunswick's claim is well founded.

Apgar was high man on the second day with a score of 191 out of 200 shot at. Griffith was second with 190, and Darton was third with 185.

Griffith and Apgar were a tie for general average, and they divided first and second moneys, and Wheeler finished in third place.

The trade was represented by the following: Messrs. T. H. Keller, Neaf Apgar, S. M. Van Allen, T. W. Morfey, E. B. Thompson, B. Leroy Woodard, B. H. Norton, O. R. Dickey and T. F. Doremus.

Aug. 13, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	Broke.
Apgar	19	18	20	17	17	20	17	18	18	15	179
Van Allen	17	15	16	17	15	12	16	17	18	18	161
H G Wheeler	20	16	19	18	18	19	16	18	19	15	178
Le Roy	19	18	18	19	15	17	16	16	16	18	172
Griffith	16	19	20	20	19	19	19	18	16	14	180
Morfey	15	16	15	15	15	17	15	17	16	16	157
Dickey	17	18	16	17	20	20	17	16	20	16	177
Puck	14	15	17	17	14	15	16	15	11	18	152
Merrill	18	17	18	16	18	14	18	12	15	12	158
Cate	15	17	12	16	14	17	15	9	12	15	142
Doremus	14	16	18	14	13	14	11	14	15	16	145
Coffin	16	17	14	16	11	16	14	9	15	17	145
Norton	14	14	14	14	7	13	16	8	15	11	126
Bullard	16	16	16	15	17	15	18	15	13	14	155
Darton	18	13	15	15	20	15	17	14	17	12	156
S Whitmore	16	16	14	15	17	15	17	12	17	17	156
Fisher	16	16	18	11	16	12	13	14	17	16	149
Webber	10	11	18	17	13	13	10	16	11	15	134
Maxwell	17	15	12	16	18	13	19	15	14	16	155
Gunning	15	15	17	15	16	12	10	13	16	10	139
Hunnewell	15	19	18	14	16	18	18	17	18	13	166
Preble	17	15	17	17	19	15	13	15	17	16	161
Foster	20	15	19	18	16	16	14	17	17	17	169
Stobie	16	18	18	20	18	17	18	18	15	16	174
Wyman	20	17	14	17	15	17	17	15	16	12	160
Dwinell	18	11	8	14	14	9	12	12	12	8	118
Warren	15	12	11	10	9	..	..	..	..	..	57
Keller	16	13	15	14	18	9	18	14	17	13	147
Langley	17	16	15	16	17	17	17	16	13	14	158
Goud	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	8	22
Varney	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	13	26
McLean	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	14	25

Aug. 14, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	Broke.
Apgar	20	16	20	18	18	20	20	20	20	19	191
Van Allen	15	17	13	15	14	16	20	19	17	17	163
Wheeler	16	20	20	15	19	19	19	17	18	17	180
Le Roy	18	18	18	19	17	18	19	20	17	18	182
Griffith	20	15	19	19	18	19	20	20	20	20	190
Morfey	14	12	17	18	13	17	17	18	18	17	161
Dickey	17	17	18	17	18	18	20	19	15	19	178
Puck	18	17	18	17	19	15	16	15	14	15	164
Keller	14	18	17	15	15	16	17	11	17	15	155
Cate	16	17	16	18	18	15	16	..	..	..	116
Doremus	13	17	18	19	17	16	15	16	16	18	165
Coffin	17	15	13	16	19	..	..	..	..	..	80
McLean	9	13	14	11	14	12	15	17	15	8	128
Bullard	16	14	18	17	18	15	17	18	20	20	173
C Whitmore	15	13	19	18	17	16	16	11	16	17	158
S Whitmore	14	17	18	14	16	16	18	12	15	19	159
Fisher	18	14	16	13	13	13	18	10	14	9	138
Webber	17	10	13	12	15	12	13	13	13	12	130
Maxwell	15	14	16	16	17	16	17	17	16	15	159
Merrill	13	15	15	15	18	13	18	13	16	15	151
Hunnewell	18	16	20	16	18	15	18	17	17	15	170
Darton	20	19	16	17	20	18	18	19	19	19	185
Foster	15	12	18	17	18	12	13	17	14	13	149
Miller	16	12	15	16	17	16	17	18	17	17	161
Reid	18	17	18	16	19	16	18	18	18	18	176
Scribner	12	13	16	13	17	12	17	11	14	10	135
Rogers	14	16	16	12	17	18	14	..	..	..	107
Hall	14	15	14	14	15	..	..	..	..	..	72
Dunning	20	11	17	19	16	16	16	14	18	17	164
Vannah	11	14	13	9	14	..	..	..	..	..	61
Underhill	16	10	14	15	7	..	..	..	..	..	62
Fuller	16	15	10	12	12	..	..	..	..	..	65
Norton	..	11	13	13	13	12	..	..	..	..	62
Randall	..	10	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	18
Nason	..	10	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	23
Tibbets	..	..	13	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	21
Toothaker	..	..	..	..	..	13	10	6	15	11	55
Aris	..	..	..	..	..	13	18	..	..	..	31

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Monticello Tournament.

Monticello, Ill.—Something out of the usual order of shooting tournaments was pulled off here during the progress of the Emery tournament, Aug. 11 and 12, a regular scheduled 50-target race, $5 entrance. Though the entries were not large, the scores were good. Rupert lined out 47, Keister 45 and Kinney 43.

For some time past the sporting fraternity has heralded the information abroad that Monticello would give a tournament, as a large attendance was expected, but the all-day shooters were not so plentiful as had been anticipated. During the summer and harvest time—especially when it rains a large part of the season—is not the best time to hold a tournament in this, the center, of the best part of the great agricultural State of Illinois; yet there were twenty-five shooters on the ground during the day.

The day was very favorable, slight wind and clear sky. The grounds are ample and well situated. The traps were not in the best working order. There was a variety that kept the boys guessing; targets went high and low, fast and slow, and many a low score may be attributed to this variation. The score of Mr. Rupert was very creditable, while McKinney was second and Farmer Jones third.

Those present were Lewis Meyers, DeLand, Ill.; L. J. Standish, Bridgeport, Conn.; B. F. Garver, Farmer City, Ill.; S. T. Kinney, Rodgers Park, Ill.; T. L. Perry, Toulon, Ill.; Dr. H. B. Maxfield, Fairmont, Ill.; H. B. Harris, Monticello, Ill.; Geo. Rupert, Decatur, Ill.; Farmer Jones, Farmer City, Ill.; Robert Emery, Solomon, Ill.; W. J. Bryden, Monticello, Ill.; W. N. Gray, Lane, Ill.; Ezra Smith, Cerrogordo, Ill.; Ed. Miller, Lane, Ill.

Then Monticello was represented by Chas. Doss, T. M. Plum, E. A. Thorp, O. Lubbers, Philip Widderheim, Ed. Williams and C. E. Emery.

Mr. Emery was the manager and general hustler, and had a good bookkeeper in the cashier in the office. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	Total
Targets:	10	15	15	10	20	15	25	10	15	50	10	10	10	Broke.
Kinney	9	14	11	6	19	8	20	8	13	43	10	7	9	177
Bryden	3	6	11	8	..	5	..	5	..	..	3	..	..	41
Garver	7	8	7	8	13	12	18	8	6	41	9	7	8	152
Jones	9	14	11	8	15	12	21	7	12	42	8	8	7	174
Perry	8	10	11	7	11	10	..	6	9	..	..	..	..	72
Rupert	6	13	13	9	14	11	22	9	13	47	9	10	8	184
Tubbers	..	5	8	7	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	27
Miller	..	..	8	9	..	10	..	7	..	..	..	..	5	39
Gray	..	..	8	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	7	6	..	32
Kiester	..	..	..	7	18	12	14	9	14	45	..	9	..	128
Haspstripe	..	..	..	8	13	13	20	10	13	..	..	..	..	77
Smith	..	..	..	10	16	13	22	10	10	..	..	..	10	91
Maxfield	..	..	..	10	18	13	21	10	14	37	9	10	8	150
Emery	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	10	37
Meyers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	6	5	..	20
Williams	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	2	7	12
Bartley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	6	5	15
Thorp	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	5	8	6	25
Plunk	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	7	8	21
Harris	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	7	6	4	23
Yazel	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	7	8	..	19
Covet	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	4	3	7	21
Tabetz	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	5	11

Interstate at Haverhill.

Haverhill, Mass., Aug. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This being the last opportunity of reaching the shooters through the medium of your entertaining journal ere the Interstate Association tournament at Haverhill becomes a matter of history, would say that the committee have, so far as their facilities would allow, spared no effort looking to a successful tournament. They are most anxious that all who participate shall have a pleasant visit, and also carry away something substantial.

The hotels of Haverhill are fully up to the standard in comparison with cities of corresponding size when the location of such is near a large city, and they will be found to prove very satisfactory.

With two sets of traps, an adequate supply of the standard loads, barrels of targets, money and prizes to struggle for, an abundance of good food at very reasonable prices, conditions of competition that are as nearly equitable as can be devised, and with energetic Manager Shaner to make the wheels go round, don't the prospect look good?

The committee are designing a medal, the composition of which is peculiar, to say the least; same to be presented the first one expressing dissatisfaction as to conditions of this tournament.

A word regarding the committee who have done the hard work preparing for this shoot—Messrs. Miller, Tozier, and George. To any who have not the pleasure of a close acquaintance with these three, they are true sportsmen, good fellows, and all colors of a darker shade than pure white was left out of their composition. Should casual readers of the above imagine it to be an obituary notice, by making Haverhill, Mass., their headquarters Aug. 27, 28 and 29 the mistake will become apparent. C. F. Lambert.

Bristol Gun Club.

Bristol, Conn., Aug. 14.—The Bristol Gun Club went to Hartford Saturday and participated in a match shoot with the Colt Gun Club, of that city. The previous Saturday members of the Colt Club visited Bristol and won the match by 5 birds. Bristol won in Hartford by a score of 104 to 103.

The following are the best individual scores made at 25 birds, unknown angles: Mills 25, Hermann 25, Hubbell 23, Hollister 23, Bassett 23, Bolton 22, Colt 21, McFetridge 21, Fairbanks 20, Simmons 19, Porter 19, Casey 19, Large 19, Stone 18, Burwell 18, Jones 18, Hyde 17, Hart 16, Bullock 16, F. Stone 16, Pelmas 15, Wilcox 15, Cleveland 15, Barbour 13, Jones 12, Daniels 11, Wilson 11, Thompson 10, Edgerton 10, T. McFetridge 10, Adams 10, Watson 8.

The Bristol Club will conduct the State shoot here Sept. 10, and preparations are under way by the members to make it an event that will leave pleasant impressions of Bristol in the minds of visitors. Improvements will be inaugurated at the grounds. Two new traps will be added to the present equipment and everything placed in first-class condition. One of Bristol's famous old-fashioned sheep bakes will be a feature. It is expected that seventy-five men will participate in the shooting that day, including several cracks. Duke.

Fisher—Miller.

Philadelphia, Aug. 13.—To-day on the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League two interesting and close matches were shot between Messrs. H. B. Fisher and F. W. Miller. The conditions of the first match were 100 targets per man, 50 Sergeant system and a like number over the magautrap. Each man duplicated each of his scores on both styles of shooting.

The second match was at 50 targets, Sergeant system. Miller gained 2 targets in the first string, each man breaking 22 in the second string. The scores:

Harry B Fisher.....1111101011011111110111111—21
1111111011111101111111111—23
1011110111111011111110111—21
1111111101111111110111111—23—88

Fred W Miller.....1011111111011111110111010—20
1111011111111111111111101—23
1010011111011111101111111—20
1111111110111111111011111—23—86

Second match, 50 targets:

Fred W Miller.....1111111111111010111111111—22
1111101111111111111111100—22—44

Harry B Fisher.....0010111110111111011111111—20
1111011110111111111110111—22—42

Ossining Gun Club.

Ossining, N. Y.—The scores herewith were made at the regular Saturday afternoon shoot of the Ossining Gun Club, Aug. 16. The turnout was not very large, as the boys are holding off for Wednesday and Thursday of this week.

Event No. 4 was for a Winchester rifle, presented by H. W. Bissing, to be shot for by members who have never won prizes. Some of those who entered were in for the sweep only. The conditions were 25 bluerocks; to be won twice. R. Kromer, Jr., and H. W. Bissing made 23, which at the last moment was topped by M. H. Dykman with the excellent score of 24, which included a run of 22 straight:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	10	25	10	15
Hans	6	7	8	23	7	12
E D Garnsey	5	8	6	17	7	..
C Blandford	10	9	8	22	..	14
A Bedell	8	10	9	18	..	..
R Kromer, Jr.	8	5	8	23	..	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	10	25	10	15
W Coleman	..	9	9	20	7	13
A Rohr	..	4	6	13	..	..
Ballistite	..	..	..	19	..	..
J C Barlow	..	..	..	13	7	12
M H Dykman	..	..	..	24	..	..

C. G. B.

Tecumseh Tournament.

Despite the fact that "shoots" in this section have been as thick as flies on tanglefoot fly-paper for the past sixty days, the "biggest little shoot on earth," which is the annual fixture, and which was pulled off by the Tecumseh Gun Club on their grounds at Tecumseh, Mich., Aug. 8, was more largely attended than any previous event in Michigan.

Cleveland, Toledo and Detroit, as well as all the minor towns for an hundred miles about were well represented by expert marksmen.

Fifty-five men faced the traps, and including the scores of those who shot only for birds, and the extra events, 12,000 targets were thrown. The large attendance was handled with nicety, and there was practically no delay at the traps.

The brethren Stanley, of Northville, carried off the honors of the day for high averages, G. Stanley averaging 87, while M. Stanley averaged 85 per cent. Some one suggested that "G" stands for Goodshot and "M" for Marksman.

Ad. Collum, of Ann Arbor, won low average for the day with 72 per cent., and was presented with a handsomely engrossed order on a local dentist to have two teeth extracted.

Scotty, of Grass Lake, was third high man, and had to content himself with a silver cake dish, an article which pleased him more than the $90 medal which he won at Kansas City.

Perhaps the most interest centered in the Finletter cup event. Pontius Pilate Wood, of Detroit, won the cup originally at Adrian with a straight score of 25, but here he tied with seven others on 22. It looked as if there might be an exciting shoot-off, but Sayers, of Leslie, quenched the ardor of the other aspirants by breaking 23. The decisive score will be made by Mr. Wood and Mr. Sayers, at Battle Creek.

Appended is a tabulated list of scores and percentages. It is unfortunate that the train schedule compelled Mr. Wood and the balance of the Detroit contingent to leave before the last event; otherwise Wood might have made it interesting for high average.

Nos. 1, 2, 4, 5, 9, 10 12, 13 and 14 were sweeps. Nos. 3, 6, 8 and 11, merchandise events. No. 7 was the trophy.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	Total	Per
Targets:	10	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	25	Broke.	Cent.
G Stanley	10	15	14	19	12	14	21	13	14	17	10	15	18	16	208	87
M Stanley	8	14	13	15	14	11	18	15	13	18	12	15	16	21	203	85
Scott	9	12	14	18	14	13	22	14	12	15	10	15	17	16	201	84
Mills	8	12	12	18	12	14	21	13	12	18	11	14	11	20	196	82
Thompson	6	12	12	15	12	13	19	14	14	16	8	15	17	17	190	80
Hensler	5	12	14	18	12	13	22	15	13	18	8	13	12	15	190	80
Rich	8	9	15	18	13	12	16	11	11	19	10	14	13	21	190	80
Fitz	8	13	12	20	13	12	22	7	13	16	13	14	11	16	190	80
White	9	9	13	14	11	12	18	13	12	17	10	14	13	16	180	75
McQueen	9	12	11	15	10	12	22	11	9	17	6	13	13	20	180	75
Wilson	9	11	7	14	13	14	17	13	11	17	7	11	15	21	180	75
Collum	8	15	10	17	10	13	21	12	9	15	4	10	9	19	172	72
Wood	8	15	13	19	12	14	22	14	11	19	11	15	17	..	190	88
Snow	8	13	13	19	15	13	20	14	10	18	10	12	15	..	180	84
Alben	9	13	14	19	13	13	..	14	13	16	8	13	15	19	178	83
Parker	9	12	13	17	14	11	17	13	13	12	6	11	16	..	164	76
Sayers	6	11	13	18	13	13	23	12	11	17	3	1	0	..	141	66
Marks	7	8	9	15	12	11	16	14	3	16	4	10	9	..	134	62
Kells	2	8	7	11	4	10	11	11	4	10	12	..	5	..	95	48
Guthard	10	11	11	20	13	15	22	13	11	14	12	..	..	..	162	90
Corson	8	13	12	17	9	12	..	9	7	16	12	15	..	..	130	76
Howes	8	13	12	16	12	11	22	12	10	15	3	..	..	..	134	74
Wolcott	6	11	14	19	10	9	..	12	11	16	11	..	..	..	119	77
Hubbard	8	13	11	15	11	14	..	14	..	14	..	12	9	..	121	76
Remley	5	8	9	18	11	14	12	12	11	10	..	..	..	..	110	66
Scotten	3	6	6	13	8	9	14	11	8	9	..	..	..	..	87	53
Jackson	7	14	12	13	12	14	..	14	11	18	..	..	..	..	115	82
Schumacher	7	12	8	17	9	13	..	10	5	11	..	..	..	..	92	66
Scudder	6	..	13	..	9	13	22	13	4	12	3	..	..	..	95	66
Smith	7	9	13	14	8	9	11	12	..	15	..	..	..	..	98	65
Taylor	6	11	13	14	11	..	..	..	11	14	6	..	..	..	86	68
Allen	6	10	10	16	6	9	14	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	76	58
Coverdale	..	..	10	15	..	..	16	13	8	12	..	..	..	..	74	67
Blackstone	5	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	7	4	..	27	36
Heck	..	..	5	..	..	5	..	..	2	..	..	8	..	..	35	60
Wallinger	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	3	13	..	9	..	35	54
Church	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	12	..	5	..	24	37
Williamson	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	4	..	9	..	20	31
Britton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	12	..	..	21	48	87
E Harris	9	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	27	67
Meade	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	8	..	12	..	..	32	64
Wright	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	6	..	..	..	27	60
Bradd	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	8	..	7	..	..	25	50
Burtless	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	6	..	5	..	..	..	15	33
J Harris	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	73
Aldrich	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	73
C A Wright	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	72
Parker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	13	65
De May	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	45
Gilkenson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	6	40
Adamson	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	40
C Wallinger	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	4	27
Osterhouse	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	2	14
Cotton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	2	14
Hatch	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	1	7
																F.

New Haven Gun Club.

New Haven, Conn., Aug. 14.—I inclose you the conditions governing a shoot held here yesterday, as follows:

"The New Haven Gun Club will donate $8 per month, to be shot for the second Wednesday afternoon of the following months: Aug. 13, Sept. 10, Oct. 8, Nov. 12, Dec. 10, and Jan. 14, in a 50-target handicap race. Handicap will be changed each month; $5 cash for first prize; $3 cash for second prize. All ties shot off. Entries close 3 P. M."

I append the scores made at this shoot, and respectfully ask you who should have received first and second moneys? The scores and handicaps were as follows:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Handicap.	Total.
Clark	50	40	7	47
Claridge	50	46	5	51
Whitney	50	47	5	52
Merwin	50	29	12	41
F Bassett	50	45	10	55
Bristol	50	40	10	50
Orty	50	41	6	47
Brown	50	18	14	32
Bates	50	46	8	54
Potter	50	47	6	53
Treat	50	28	12	40
Savage	50	43	5	48
J Bassett	50	39	10	49
Dr Ross	50	16	15	31
Robertson	50	35	10	45

Frank A. Bassett.

[The competition is unfinished. Messrs. Claridge, Whitney, F. Bassett, Bristol, Bates and Potter tied on the possible, 50, and as one condition enjoins "all ties shot off," the competition is not finished till that condition is fulfilled. Handicap allowances do not permit of a score greater than the possible, which is the number of targets in the event.]

Woonsocket Gun Club.

Woonsocket, R. I., Aug. 11.—Appended are the scores made at the tournament of the Woonsocket Gun Club, Aug. 9. Events 4, 5, 6 and 7 were for the State cup:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Total.
Targets:	15	20	15	25	25	25	25	Broke.
Griffith	15	19	15	22	21	22	20	85 134
Cate	12	16	11	19	20	19	20	78 117
Coffin	10	11	10	17	19	20	14	70 101
Mead	7	15	7	17	17	20	..	.. 83
Getchell	14	16	13	23	24	24	24	95 138
Campbell	12	17	13	17	19	19	19	74 116
Inman	15	19	13	21	23	19	19	82 129
Le Roy	13	17	14	21	24	23	24	92 136
Mills	12	14	13	17	20	20	17	74 101

At the tournament of the Alabama State Association at Birmingham, last week, there was a protracted struggle for high average between the two renowned shotgun artists, Messrs. R. O. Heikes and W. R. Crosby. Heikes was in the lead on the first day, but on the second day Crosby caught up, and the tie continued to the last event, which was at 25 targets. Near the finish, Crosby lost 2, leaving Heikes in the lead. The percentages were: Heikes .968, Crosby .962.

Olean Tournament.

Olean, N. Y., Aug. 14.—The two days' tournament held in this city under the auspices of the Olean Gun Club, Aug. 12 and 13, was a decided sucecss in every particular. Shooters were present from Fredonia, Dunkirk, Rochester, Randolph, Conewango, East Aurora, Bolivar, Allegany, Indian Creek, and other places. The weather was fine, but a strong wind made the shooting difficult.

Sen Sen won high average for the entire programme, and $20 in gold, breaking 313 out of 370 targets. Nobles won second avcrage, $10 in gold, breaking 311 out of 370. Mason won third average, $5 in gold, breaking 306 out of 370. Wayne won low average, $5 in gold, breaking 255 out of 370.

The trophy donated by H. D. Kirkover, Jr., for the championship of Cattaraugus county was won by B. D. Nobles, of Olean, N. Y.

The great feature of the shoot was the contest for the Olean challenge trophy, held by H. D. Kirkover, Jr., of Fredonia, N. Y., representing the championship of western New York and northwestern Pennsylvania. The contestants were H. D. Kirkover, Jr., J. R. Hull, F. F. Mason and B. D. Nobles. Frank E. Butler acted as master of ceremonies, and George R. Ginn as referee. There was a large crowd present, and every one took a great amount of interest in the match. The conditions were 100 targets per man at 16yds., and Mr. Nobles proved to be an easy winner, being always in the lead from the first crack of the gun.

The crowd present went wild with enthusiasm, and it was with difficulty that Mr. Nobles succeeded in getting into the club house without being carried on the shoulders of his club mates. This decisive victory of Mr. Nobles over such a renowned shooter as Mr. Kirkover puts him in the front ranks, and we hope he will be present at the big handicap shoots, and there is no doubt he will make all the top-notchers hustle. Following are the scores:

Targets:	25	25	25	25	Total.
Kirkover	22	23	22	24	91
Nobles	25	21	24	24	94
Hull	24	23	22	23	92
Mason	22	23	22	22	89

We herewith append you scores made each day, the programme of which called for 185 targets:

Aug. 12, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	15	15	15	20	15	10	15	15	25	15	15
Sen Sen	10	13	13	12	18	10	9	12	13	21	15	12
Kelsey	9	13	13	9	15	10	8	13	7	23	12	11
Byer	8	13	11	13	15	11	9	12	15	17	14	13
Kirkover	17	15	13	11	17	12	8	11	14	20	12	10
Hull	10	13	10	11	19	13	9	12	11	21	12	12
Nobles	10	15	10	14	17	14	7	13	15	20	12	10
Daniels	7	14	13	13	15	13	10	9	11	19	12	12
Wayne	9	10	11	12	14	6	4	13	11	18	8	11
Mason	8	11	14	12	17	12	9	13	10	23	11	14
Butler	9	8	8	6	10	9	5	9	8	19	11	12
Crandall	8	12	11	11	16	13	8	12	12	20	10	13
Seager	9	12	11	10	15	10	7	12	10	16	12	11
Zimmerman	7	6	7	10	12	7	7	10	7	16	10	11
Rounds	10	11	9	12	17	10	7	..	..	..	..	..
Miller	8	8	9	9	14	..	..	13	14	17	10	..
Studd	6	10	8	13	14	10	8	12	..	19	..	12
Wertman	4	9	11	7	7	8	6	9	..	..	..	9
Patton	6	8	9	6	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cooper	..	..	..	5	..	..	4	9	8	11	12	..
Day	..	..	..	..	18	10	8	9	10	16	13	11
Root	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	10	12	23	11	13
Owens	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	4	..	14	..	6
Bozard	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	4	13	14	6	10
Miles	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	8	9	17	9	9
Oakleaf	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	14	14	..	..
Fields	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	13	..	11	6
Neff	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	7	..
Eaton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	11	9	..
Ross	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	10	7
Rivenburg	..	..	..	..	13	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Limbocker	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Stohr	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..

Aug. 13, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	15	15	15	20	15	10	15	15	25	15	15
Sen Sen	7	11	12	13	18	13	7	14	12	23	12	13
Kelsey	8	12	13	15	17	11	9	14	13	21	13	14
Byers	9	14	11	13	17	13	9	13	11	21	10	13
Kirkover	9	12	11	15	16	14	10	13	11	21	11	12
Hull	9	12	14	12	17	11	8	15	15	22	9	13
Nobles	9	12	8	13	16	13	9	14	13	22	14	11
Wayne	6	9	11	12	13	10	6	11	12	18	12	8
Crandall	9	14	12	8	17	12	6	12	11	22	13	10
Mason	9	10	14	11	15	11	9	11	14	20	15	12
Daniels	9	11	11	13	17	12	8	12	13	17	13	11
Seager	5	10	11	14	17	15	8	12	15	23	13	13
Day	7	12	13	12	17	14	9	12	14	21	12	12
Butler	8	9	12	13	18	12	9	11	12	21	10	11
Studd	10	12	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Moore	..	..	10	11	13	9	7	11	10	21	12	9
Doster	..	..	..	..	5	7	5	5	10	7	..	..
Ross	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	12	16	12	8
Fields	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	11

Peters Gun Club of New Paris, O.

New Paris, O., Aug. 9.—The Peters Gun Club, of New Paris, was organized here to-day with sixteen members, and the Peters trophy was contested for in a 25-target event. The day was dark and rainy, and many shooters who had intended to come were on that account not here. However, the onlookers were numerous, and a lot of enthusiasm was stirred up during the medal event. L. H. Reid, the Peters Cartridge Company's agent, and Snakes Clark, a local crack shot with a very enviable record, undoubtedly started in with the intention of one or the other of them winning the trophy easily, but the expression on their faces bore evidence of undeniable sadness and disgust, when it was discovered that Reid's little brother Jim had slipped up on them and won the coveted trophy with a score of 25. And the way Jim "swelled up" over his success was wonderful. In fact, the town would hardly hold him, and his wife says that she is very proud of him now.

Jim says that the targets looked as big as barrels to him, and he couldn't miss them.

The trophy event scores, with allowances added, are as follows: L. H. Reid (0) 22, H. Brown (5) 17, Snakes Clark (0) 19, S. J. Dunlap (0) 16, E. O'Neill (3) 14, C. C. Hawley (9) 15, Geo. Arnold (5) 23, G. L. Lyne (3) 24, Harry Smith (7) 23, J. S. Cole (2) 17, C. Kirkpatrick (11) 23, E. Clements (5) 19, Jim Reid (5) 25, E. Sherer (9) 23, E. French (0) 19, J. Tillman (5) 15, J. Addleman (10) 20.

The Richmond (Ind.) Gun Club has challenged New Paris for a five-man team shoot, to take place at the Richmond Shooting Park, Friday, Aug. 15, and the event bids fair to be of a very interesting nature. There are some good shots at both places, and each team will put forth special efforts to win the contest.

G. L. Lyne, Sec'y.

Mt. Kisco Rod and Gun Club.

Mt. Kisco, N. Y., Aug. 14.—The scores herewith appended were made at the regular Thursday afternoon shoot of the Mt. Kisco Rod and Gun Club, Aug. 7 and 14. Handicap sweepstakes were shot to-day for a little preliminary practice for the Ossining shoot, Aug. 20 and 21, which equalized matters to a certain extent. The scores made Aug. 7 follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	15	15	15	15	15	10
G E Sutton	8	9	11	11	12	11	12	10
H Dielh	7	7	9	10	9	9	10	7
F Baley	6	7	9	10	8	9	11	6
R Gorham	9	9	11	10	11	12	10	9
G Blandford	..	..	13	12	12	13	13	9
A Betti	9	10	12	11	13	14	13	9

Scores made on Aug. 14 follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	15	15	10	15	15	10	15	10
R Gorham	9	9	12	10	7	13	12	9	14	10
F Baley	7	8	10	9	..	9	..	7	10	6
A Rae	10	6	10	11	6	10	..	7	10	5
Van Deuser	5	7	6	6	3	7	..	4	7	5
G Sutton	9	10	12	13	10	14	12	9	13	9
H Dielh	7	8	10	10	7	11	..	8	9	6
E Martin	6	7	11	9	6	9	..	6	9	5
A Betti	..	..	12	13	9	14	13	10	14	9
A Barnum	..	..	..	..	4	7	..	2	4	4

A. Betti, Manager.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

Cincinnati, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, at Four-Mile House, Reading Road, Aug. 3. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the German ring target. Hasenzahl was declared champion for the day with the fine score of 230. Weather clear and very warm. Thermometer 100. Wind from 3 to 7 o'clock:

Hasenzahl	230	215	214	213	209	25	24	24—73
Payne	227	220	220	218	218	24	23	21—68
Gindele	223	210	210	208	207	21	19	20—60
Striekmeier	222	210	206	206	205	22	20	13—55
Speth	220	201	199	196	...	21	24	20—65
Bruns	215	212	194	177	...	15	20	21—56
Nestler	213	213	211	208	204	24	24	25—71
Roberts	212	209	206	206	199	24	19	21—64
Odell	212	205	196	186	183	15	8	20—43
Lux	208	199	195	195	194	24	20	17—61
Drube	203	185	183	182	158	13	21	20—54
Trounstine	199	175	174	130	...	18	7	16—41
Hoffman	197	195	195	192	191	16	22	16—54
Hofer	195	191	184	179	177	19	4	21—44
Uckotter	190	188	187	182	181	16	21	20—57
Jonscher	189	185	182	181	174	19	24	22—65
Freitag	185	168	168	160	160	..	..	..
Weinheimer	184	179	172	168	167	21	23	21—65
Topf	164	160	154	151	150	21	6	12—39

Mr. V. K. Dodge, of Lexington, Ky., was present and fired 100 shots, making an average of 202. He being a young shooter, this can be considered a fair average. He used his new Stevens-Pope-Ballard.

In the Interclub team shoot the Cincinnati teams made the following scores, 20 shots per man:

First team—Payne 438, Gindele 433, Strickmeier 418, Hasenzahl 416, Nestler 414, Speth 397; total 2516.

Second team—Odell 398, Roberts 394, Bruns 392, Drube 368, Lux 366, Jonscher 353; total 2271.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

San Francisco, Aug. 3.—The Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club scores, made to-day on the Columbia target, off-hand shooting, follow:

Rifle, 200yd. range: Ed Hovey, .32-20 Winchester repeater, 73, 76, 80, 87, 90; Capt. Fred Kuhnle, 77, 83, 89; Dr. Twist, .22 rifle, 142.

Three-shot match: F. O. Young, 12, 25.

Military and repeating rifle match, Creedmoor count: Ed Hovey, consecutive shooting, 46, 47, 47, 47, 46; Dr. Hunsaker, 40.

Pistol match, 50yd. range: F. O. Young, 37, 41, 45, 46, 54; G. M. Barley, 40, 45, 45, 45, 51, 55; A. H. Pape, 41, 51, 55, 57, 63; A. J. Brannagan, 42, 43, 51, 52, 52; H. Baker 51, 54, 62; Dr. Hunsaker 52, 53, 65, 67, 68, 70; H. Hinkel, 78; J. R. Trego, 85, 97; H. Kroeckel 86.

Revolver match: L. C. Hinkel 43, 45, 46, 50, 65, 68.

.22 and 25cal. rifle match: A. H. Pape 16, 20, 21, 21, 22; H. Kroeckel 18, 19, 21, 21, 22, 24, 23; Capt. Kuhnle 22, 22; Dr. Twist 22, 24, 23; Mrs. C. F. Waltham, 25, 33, 43; C. F. Merrill, 25, 27, 34; A. H. Cady 28, 31, 32.

Mr. C. F. Merrill, of the Stockton Pistol and Rifle Club, was present, with Mr. Kroeckel, and participated in the sport.

The light and wind were unfavorable for finest scores.

Fred. O. Young, Sec'y.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

D. P. M., Olney, Ill.—A farmer brought to town this morning (Aug. 9) a bird that is a stranger here. Its description is as follows: Weight 5¼lbs., legs 22in., bill 8½in., neck 10in., wings 5ft. from tip to tip. Color.—Head gray, body white, primary and secondary feathers black, legs black, tail feathers black. The farmer that shot it says it was in a tree and was accompanied by nearly a hundred others like it. Can you tell us what it is? Ans. The description in many respects fits the wood ibis, so-called *(Tantalus loculator)*, which is really a stork and not an ibis. In some respects your description does not agree with the wood ibis. It is hard to identify birds from these general descriptions. If a wood ibis, the bird was a young one.

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There are few things about a boat more important than the covering which protects it from the ravages of the water, and the yacht or boat builder needs the very best paint that is made. Needing this excellence, he will do well to write for information to the Chilton Paint Company, whose advertisement is found in another column.

The name of Park & Tilford has been famous to those who buy fine groceries in New York for more than a generation, and there are now plenty of middle-aged men who can remember, as small boys, how their fathers used to depend on Park & Tilford. The camper needs goods of the best quality, and these he can obtain from this firm.

1278 Broadway, New York City.—Inclosed find my check for bill rendered. I now have an extensive trade with Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Hawaii, Morocco, and have distributed over 600,000 of my pamphlets "Diseases of the Dog" as advertised in the Forest and Stream.—H. K. Glover.

Those of us who have been handling the gun for a long time find that we do not see as well as we used to, and at last we have to come to glasses. There are various sorts of glasses, but those made by the Spencer Optical Company are worth investigating. They seem to be just about right.

At the tournament of the Olean, N. Y., Gun Club, Aug. 12 and 13, the following trade representatives were present: Mr. George R. Ginn, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; Mr. Frank E. Butler, of the U. M. C. Co., and Mr. J. R. Hull, of Parker Bros.

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At the shoot of the Chesapeake Bay Gun Club, Newport News, Va., Mr. Thos. F. Stearnes broke 98 out of 100 targets. He used 24grs. of Ballistite, 1⅛oz. of shot and Leader shells.

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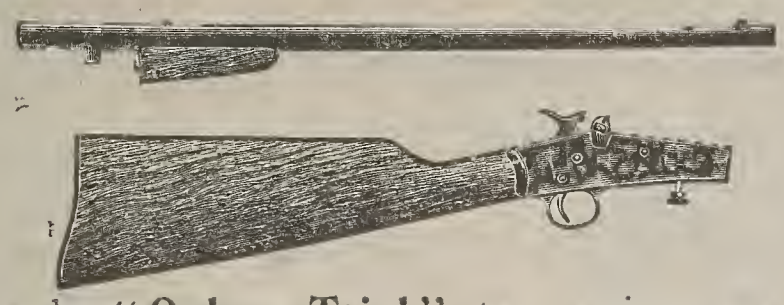

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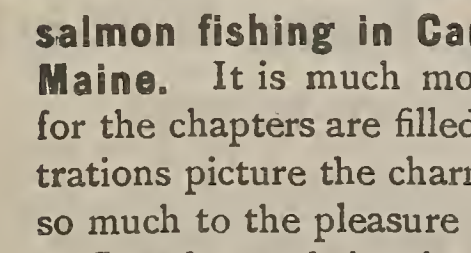

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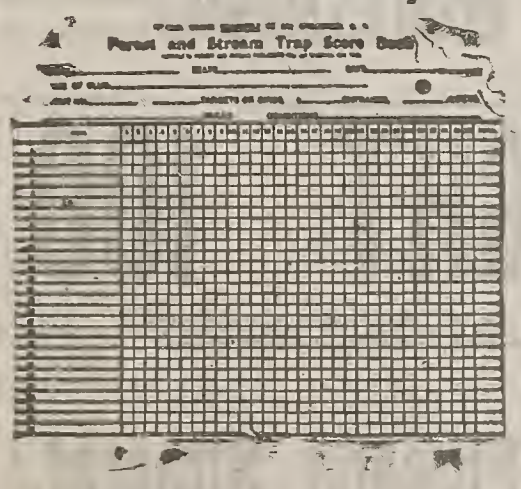

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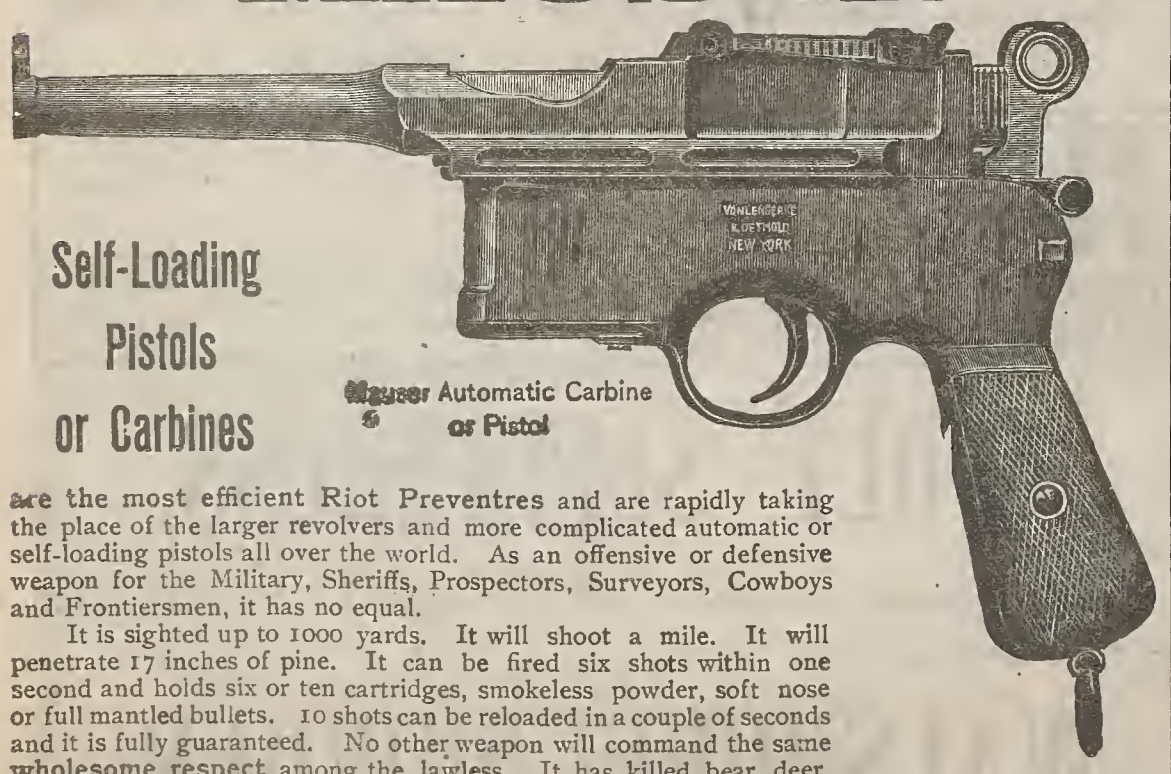

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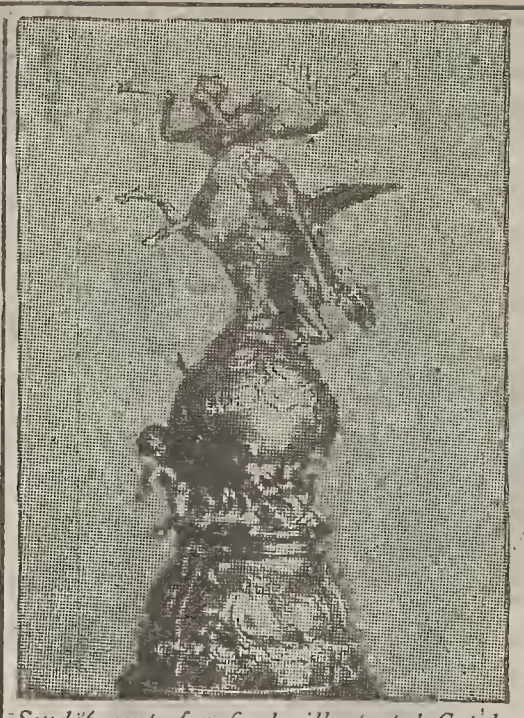

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VOL. LIX.—No. 9. SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1902.

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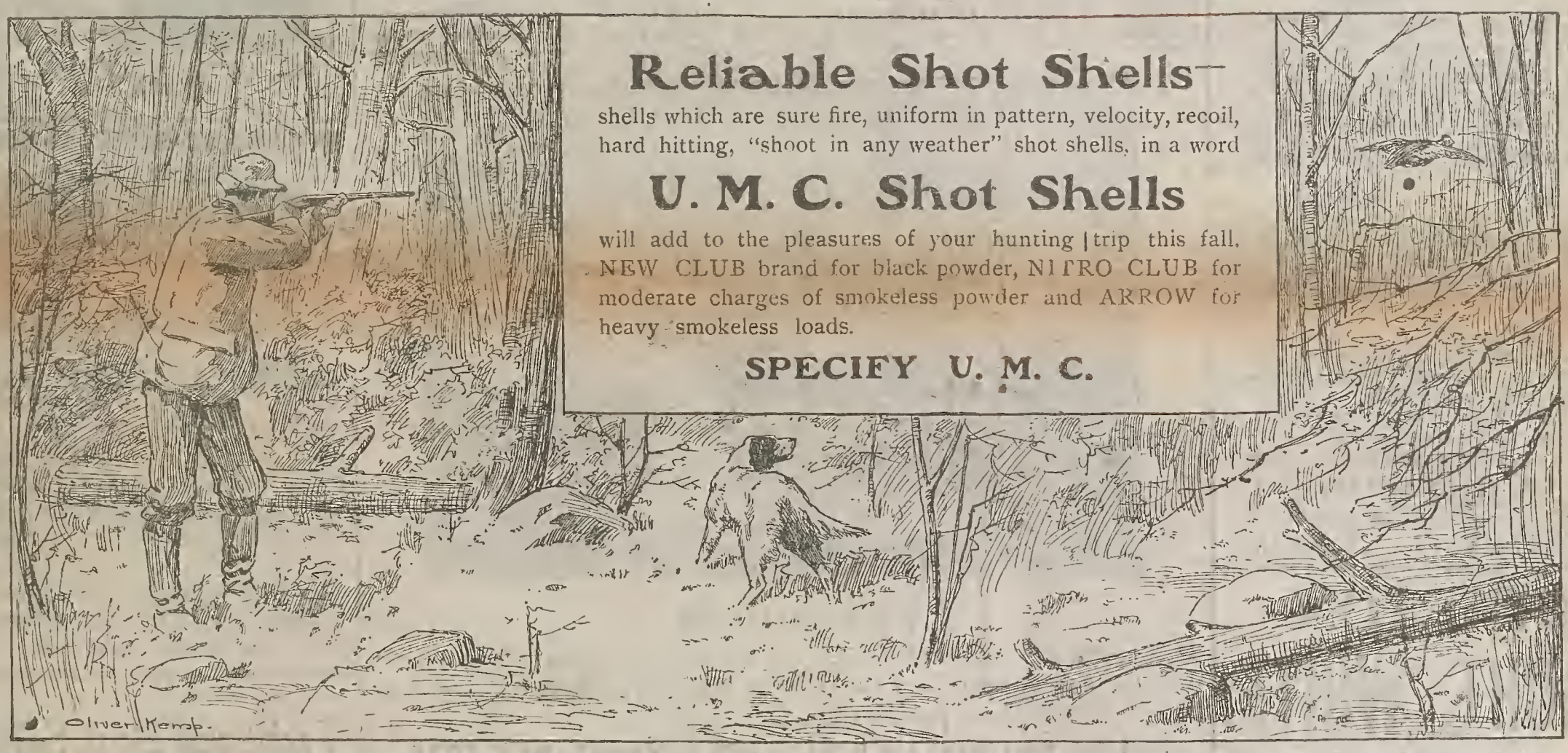

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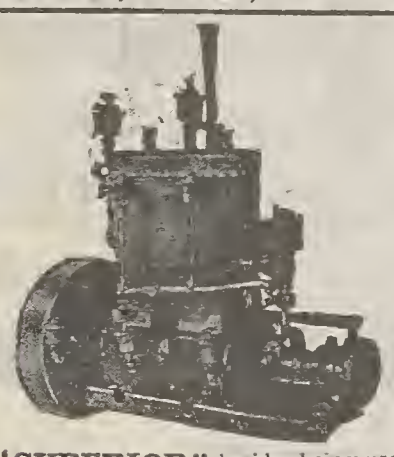

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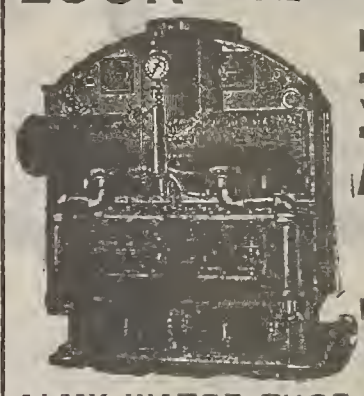

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1902.

VOL. LIX.—No. 9. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

A SUMMER SHOWER.

THE hot August sun shines brilliantly on shorn meadow, weed-grown pasture, and dusty yellow road, but the fleecy clouds which drift across the sky make cool shadows, and a fresh breeze tosses the branches of the trees in the wood lot. It is hot in the sun, not with the moist heat commonly felt at the end of the summer; rather with the dry warmth of the arid country, such as one feels among the mountains in Wyoming or New Mexico. Since it is August, and the hottest part of the day, the birds are quiet. Yet the pair of wood ducks hidden beneath the shade of the alders at the head of the pond have energy enough to feed among the weeds and to sift the mud of the bottom through their bills. Not far from them in the shoal water of the margin stalks a little green heron, intent on the insects playing on the water's surface, or clinging to the stems of the grass.

In the field above the pond, fall plowing is being done, and the bright share turns over a sod as dry and dusty below as it is parched on top. With loud monotonous shouts the farmer calls to the patient oxen, which toil along with slow sidewise motions, their tongues hanging from their mouths.

Up from the western horizon drifts slowly a thin veil of cloud, which at last overshadows the whole heavens. The sun obscured, the breeze takes on an added coolness. Birds which have been hiding in the shade, emerge from their concealment and begin to move hither and thither. Robins and kingbirds fly to the wild cherry tree and pluck its fruit, their efforts shaking other berries from their stems, which other robins gather from the ground. Little yellow birds, brilliant still in spring plumage, show themselves on the trees, hunt for food along the branches or fly to the crowns of the thistles, from which the bird takes one of its names. The loud croaking call of the rain crow sounds from a great elm, chimney swifts and swallows begin to fly lower as the insect hordes they have been pursuing lower their flight, and long-winged nighthawks, which in loose companies have begun their migration, fly nearer to earth, so that the white spots on their wings are plainly seen.

The little wood ducks in the pond feel the coming change. They dive and bathe, and go over their feathers, straightening and oiling each one; the heron stops feeding, stands erect, ruffles up his plumage and then smooths it out again, and stands motionless, looking like a stick projecting a foot above the water's surface. The farmer stops his oxen and gazes shrewdly at the sky, wondering whether this is to be a mere thunder shower which will pass, or a hard, continuous rain that will drive him from his work.

Now the surface of the pond is dotted with a few circles where the rain drops are falling, and soon they come thickly. Immediately the whole aspect of the landscape changes. When wet, the leaves of trees and brush change color, and so does the grass, whether it be the closely shaven lawn by the house, or the meadow beyond from which the harvest has been taken, or one still further away, where grass and clover stand eight or ten inches high in a crop of rowen.

By this time the farmer has driven his team under a spreading oak which shelters him from the rain. The birds delight in the shower, and hop about in tree and over grass as though they imagined that the moisture would instantly bring food to the surface. The rain patters noisily on the broad leaves of the trees or on the shingles of the house, and tiny rivulets run down from the roof, and gather in little pools about the house corners.

Suddenly, without warning, the rain ceases, and a moment later the sun comes out, flooding the landscape with yellow light, and casting long shadows over a world gleaming and glistening with moisture. The brilliancy lasts but for a few moments. Then again the clouds roll up, obscuring the sun and the rain begins to fall from a sky now darker than before. Slowly clambering up from the west are thunder heads, dull white and gray on their upper edges, but blacker below, and as these rise higher and higher and overspread the sky, mutterings of thunder are heard, at first low and distant, but gradually coming near and nearer, and flashes of lightning, too distant to be seen distinctly, are visible from time to time. As the moments pass, the blackness grows deeper, the rain falls more heavily, the thunder grows louder, the lightning more vivid. Soon the storm is immediately above us, and all around sounds the deep crashing of the heavenly artillery, while vivid flashes of lightning play in every direction. A few moments more and the storm has passed; the lightning grows fainter, the thunder more distant. Toward the west the clouds break away, and once more the sun shines through and lightens up the refreshed earth. The farmer drives back his team to the furrow and recommences his plowing, while the birds and the animals resume their search for food.

FROM FINGERLING TO GIANT.

THE direct and practical participation in sport afield and afloat is not necessarily the beginning and the end of its enjoyment. Indeed, there are many self-conscious philosophers, of marvelous acuteness of mind, who have learnedly and plausibly debated whether there is not more pleasure in the anticipation than in the realization of pleasure, with, however, the usual result in matters of speculative discursiveness; namely, that each disagreed entirely, or presented some nice distinctions opposed to his fellows, and that each one considered his own arguments and conclusions as sound and final.

Anticipation and realization are interdependent. They cannot be sharply differentiated, but in any case they do not constitute all the pleasures of the mind. There is another important phase of it in this connection, the pleasures of remembrance. Anticipation, realization and remembrance may be considered as making in sport the sum total of a complete whole.

Anticipation has its place in the fairy land of the imagination, but remembrance is based on the actual experiences of the objective world.

Nevertheless, in the exercise of their memories, men have an exceedingly variable capacity. Some have past events set in fields of flowers and song birds, while others have all events set in a bald desert of facts.

In the pleasures of memory, he who has the most nimble imagination will have the greatest groupings of detail stretching away from the clear present into the hazy past. Descending from the general to the particular, let us consider, for instance, the vivacious angler, whose mind is so accommodatingly elastic that it can compass both what will happen and what should have happened. Let us further consider that, about ten years ago, our angler friend, after an all-day whipping of a stream whose rugged banks were a teasing tangle of brush, boulder and forest, humbly plodded homeward in the evening shadows with a fingerling trout in his creel, the net result of fishy anticipation and reality. As he nears home, his heart grows heavier, his visage more somber, his feet more weary. He skulks betimes, as he shamefacedly anticipates an empty-handed meeting of friends from whom he had so cheerily and boastfully parted in the glories of the morning. Note now the compensations of remembrance. Failure was only of the moment; for as time passed, failure was mellowed and transformed into success. The fingerling grew progressively apace. At the end of the first year it as a large fish justly bore first position in a fish story worthy of the telling and the hearing. At the end of five years, by a thousand recountals, the fingerling had grown to be a veritable demon of a fish in pugnacity, resourcefulness and endurance as a fighter; a veritable leviathan among great fellows; a veritable event in the realism of memory, overtopping and overshadowing all others. How the water swirled! How fiercely the fish jumped, circled, plunged, sulked, ran, glared! The fight was long, uncertain, exhausting. At last victory! The fish was caught. Anticipation was ended. Memory began.

In the thousand tellings, the fingerling that was, is caught and caught again, progressively growing larger and larger, so that the one catching in fact gave birth to a thousand catchings in memory, each successively better and more exciting than its predecessors. The angler, if his imagination be of the proper order, does not merely tell his story, he lives it. The fingerling of the past is a really great fish of the present, as it would have been had it actually lived and grown with the passage of the years. But all anglers are not blessed with such memories.

If we concede the pleasures of anticipation, an imaginary phase of the mind, why shall we not also concede the pleasures of retrospection which refers to actual fish as a beginning, with the same fish grown larger and larger as an ending?

May not the long shots at game, the hair-breadth escapes from death in a thousand fierce forms, the enormous bags of game, etc., all have a useful place in memory for the recurrent happiness they bring in the realism of telling and acting the part; or by making success of a failure; or by exalting one's self innocently among one's fellows, and thus have a life-long pleasure for a few moments' disappointment?

Nevertheless there are men who derive much pleasure from the actual occurrences of life, leaving anticipation and imagination to those who derive most pleasure from them, choosing the world of fact in preference to the world of fancy.

THE CARP.

THE carp has been widely introduced into American waters, and for good or for evil it is here to stay. There is no necessity of saying that in numerous localities the complaints have been made that the fish is for one reason or another an unwelcomed factor in the fish supply. That it destroys the eggs of other fish, that it roots up the bottom and keeps the water muddy, destroys the vegetation and ruins ducking grounds, that it has no qualities as a game fish, nor any merits as a food fish; that it is a spoil-sport, and a nuisance—these are some of the counts in the indictment. A typical complaint is that contained in the last report of the Ontario Department of Fisheries, in which it is said:

> Carp is making great headway, and is becoming established almost everywhere, being no longer confined to international waters. It is increasing to an alarming extent in Lake Simcoe, and already hundreds of acres of rice fields in the vicinity of Holland River have been destroyed. All legitimate means of capture have been approved and encouraged by the department, but there seems to be no feasible means of exterminating it, or even checking its inroads.

That there is another side of the question has been maintained strenuously, and it must be conceded convincingly by those who have made the economic value of the carp a study. We print as pertinent, because of renewed recent interest in the subject, a debate on the carp, which formed part of the proceedings of the American Fisheries Society meeting of 1901; and a reading of the facts and figures there contained is urged upon those who have believed nothing but ill of the carp.

The suggestive report comes from the Adirondacks that Mr. William G. Rockefeller has purchased for $85,000 6,000 acres of land comprising Meacham Lake, with the intention of adding the territory to his other holdings, to be converted into a private park. The transaction is quite in line with the Vanderbilt buying of Lake Success on Long Island, to which we made allusion last week. The two incidents illustrate the growing tendency toward the acquirement for individual holdings of mountain and water resorts which formerly have been accessible to the public. In the Long Island case the project involves the surrender of a public right of way which gives access to the lake for fishing and boating; in the Adirondack transfer the transaction was wholly between private owners, but nevertheless it means that a portion of the Adirondacks which has hitherto been open to visitors will now be closed. Fortunately there is a legal prohibition of the transfer of the Lake Success public right of way, and if the people of North Hempstead are wise in their day and generation they will not consent to any removal of the condition which assures to them their present rights. There is on the other hand nothing in the law to prevent the acquirement of private territory like the Meacham Lake tract; but in this case as in the other, the principle involved is contrary to public policy. The lakes and the woodlands should not all be closed to the people. Some way should be found for securing to the public the freedom of what now are free, both for the present time and much more for the future.

The note which Kelpie sends of the cloud which has come over the 1902 Camp of the Kingfishers, will be read with extreme regret by all who have in years past followed the ever-entertaining chronicles which Mr. Hickman has contributed to our columns. And all of course must cherish the trust that there may yet be other camps in store for Kingfisher, or Old Hickory, as his comrades affectionately call him, and Kelpie and the others of the band.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Tales of the Frontier.

I.—The Stolen Horse.

In the settlement of any portion of the American continent many occurrences entirely out of the line of everyday experience served to break the monotony of pioneer life; and now, after most of the actors in the drama of olden times have passed away, some of the happenings of long ago may prove of passing interest to the readers of Forest and Stream, whose lives are passed in more quiet times.

In these days of bench shows of hunting dogs, and tournaments of the shotgun men for the breaking of "mud saucers"; when the people who eat the flesh of thousands of cattle, sheep and hogs, daily slaughtered for their food, are grown so tender-hearted that pigeon shooting for sport is becoming a dangerous pastime; and when the wave of immigration from the East is fast filling every nook and cranny of our mountains, and a fresh deer track has become something to cause one to stop and look twice at; my thoughts wander back to the old days when the keeping of one's scalp in proper place was often a matter of serious question. Among the trappers of my acquaintance on the old Minnesota frontier were Bill Humphrey and Jude Phillips, who, in the year 1859—if I recollect aright—undertook a somewhat risky trip to the head of the Des Moines River to trap the country around Lake Shetek and the Great Oasis, a few miles to the westward.

The Sioux were known to be already inclined to hostility, and not at all disposed to welcome any intrusion upon their hunting and trapping grounds, and constant vigilance and carefulness on their part became imperative with the white trappers from the time they left the outer line of the settlements.

With a two-horse wagon and driver to convey their traps and supplies, they journeyed up the left bank of the river until near Lake Shetek, when a camp was made upon the bank of the river near the mouth of a small creek.

On their journeying up the river a small party of Sioux was met upon the prairie, and Bill Humphrey—from whom, by the way, I obtained this tale—walking at some little distance from the others, was met by the largest Indian in the party, who, stalking up squarely in front of him, and looking, as Bill said, "savage as a meat ax," stared for an instant straight into Bill's eyes and muttered an imprecation—evidently the only English he knew.

Bill said he wanted to knock him flat, just where he stood, but their numbers were too great for any foolishness, and just then discretion was manifestly at a big premium.

After the driver had returned to the settlements the trappers were annoyed to find that quite a party of Sioux was camped on the shore of Shetek, but a short distance above their camp. However, as they did not then appear disposed to make trouble, the boys proceeded to string out a long line of traps, and as furred animals were very plentiful, they were kept busily employed.

A very few days passed before the white men began missing their traps. No matter how carefully set and concealed, on their next visit to the place the trap was missing. Not only the trap, but the furred animal evidently caught in it was nowhere to be found.

And now the Indians began taking great pains to make a show of innocence. Time after time an Indian riding past their camp would stop near by and readjust his saddle or its blanket—often unsaddling and shaking out and refolding the blanket—to show that he carried nothing contraband; and yet in spite of all the watchfulness of the trappers their traps kept vanishing.

Finally when it became manifest that the thieves would soon leave them empty-handed, and no chance for righting their wrongs appearing, one of them returned to the settlements and again brought out the wagon to move them back to safer ground.

The return journey to the settlements was begun at early morning in the hope to cover over half the distance before night.

During all the forenoon's march the trappers brooded over the loss of more than half their traps; and as the noon halt for dinner was made they agreed to send the driver forward as rapidly as possible, while they turned back upon their trail in pursuit of revenge.

It was at the time of the full moon, and they planned to reach the Indian camp soon after dark, when by the help of the moonlight they hoped to find some of the ponies of the savages.

Halting on the prairie until nightfall at a distance from the Indian camp, they then hurried on, and after some careful maneuvering succeeded in securing a good pony.

But they wanted another; and having led the captured horse down to the creek and fastened him to a small tree, they again approached the camp, and finding a teepee pitched at quite a long distance from the others, they crept near it and there found what Bill declared was the prettiest pony he had ever seen—and which they had noticed among the Indians before they had thought of going horse stealing. It was a coal black stallion, fat and sleek; but, as they now discovered, as savage as a wolf! It was picketed a few hundred yards from the teepee, and as they crept near it the horse, with open mouth and ears laid flat, charged furiously to the extreme length of his picket line, and it appeared impossible to capture the savage brute.

"What we ought to have done," said Bill, "was to have gone down to the creek and cut a couple of long willow poles, leaving a fork at the end, and when he charged us twist these into his mane, and one of us could then have held him while the other bridled him with his picket line. But we didn't think of it in time; and finally we had to give him up."

For now the disturbance had roused the dog of the Indian, and he began barking furiously. Soon the tent door opened, and as the boys sank into the grass, and the pony again stood quiet, an Indian stepped forth into the moonlight, and took a long careful look around; and as peace evidently reigned over the now silent prairie, went back again into the teepee.

After waiting for nearly an hour the trappers concluded to make a final effort to capture the coveted pony.

Again the savage stallion raved and charged; again the dog barked and tore around the teepee; and again the Indian stepped forth into the moonlight.

After another long and critical survey of the scene the Sioux turned and kicked his dog, and muttering an imprecation at this disturbal of his rest, again disappeared within the teepee. But the moon was climbing rapidly toward the zenith, the night was swiftly passing, and reluctantly turning their backs upon the wished-for pony the two men started for home.

While one rode the captured pony the other ran alongside holding on to his mane, and taking turns in the riding as the footman grew fatigued, the rapid march continued steadily during the remainder of the night, and morning found them so far on their journey that all fear of successful pursuit vanished.

Reaching the settlements about the same time as did the driver of their wagon, they promptly sold the pony for just about sufficient to pay for the stolen traps—but without stating how they had obtained it—and the next day two Indians appeared at the upper end of the settlement in search of the missing horse.

Here the Indians were promptly discouraged from further prosecution of their search, and they turned back again.

Soon the rumor reached the new owner of the pony that the Indians were in search of his horse, and the tired brute was hurried on to Estherville, Ia., and sold; and again the rumor reached him, frightening the man who had purchased him, so that he immediately took him down to Ft. Dodge and disposed of him.

Again the proceeding was repeated, the pony taken to Ft. Des Moines and sold; and still once again was the Scripture verified which declares that "The wicked flee when no man pursueth," and the last word that reached the frontier starting point of this famous race was that this much-traveled animal was being hurried on toward the Missouri River in the vain hope of outrunning a flying rumor. "And," added Bill, at the end of the story, "fer all I know, that durned hoss is a-runnin' yit!"

Orin Belknap.

Old Gabe Acquin, the Milicete Guide.

Did you ever meet, in your tramps through New Brunswick, the Indian Sagamore, Gabriel Acquin? He was the best hunter, trapper and guide in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia in his time. He died last year at the age of ninety, and a good Indian has gone to the happy hunting grounds, if there is any such place in God's universe for a dead Indian.

In the '40's, '50's and '60's Gabe was in his prime. He was the "guide, philosopher and friend" of all the officers attached to the various regiments which, in those days, were stationed in Halifax, St. John and Fredericton. He was so interesting a character, his sayings so quaint and pithy, his manners so self-respecting and dignified, that the officers treated him as an equal and had him to mess whenever he would condescend to accept their invitations.

When I first met him he was nearing his sixtieth year, but was as lithe and sinewy as in his younger years, and could handle a birch canoe better than any white canoe man I ever saw, and this is saying a great deal. With my Fredericton Overseer of Fisheries for the County of York, I took rail from that town to the mouth of the Shiktahawk, crossed a portage of fourteen miles and came out on the extreme headwaters of the Southwest Branch of the Miramichi (where it was a mere brook), once the most wonderful river in the Province for salmon and trout. There we were met by Sachem Gabe in a fine birch canoe, and proceeded at once on our voyage of inspection down stream to Boiestown. I need not dwell on that delightful trip. You have been on the river and know its charms.

In 1883, when the Department of Fisheries was getting up its exhibit to send to the great Fisheries Exhibition held in London that year, it occurred to me that if a live Indian in his wigwam, surrounded by the various things common to nomadic life, his squaw making moccasins, baskets, etc., the Indian himself making fish spears, paddles, miniature toy canoes, etc., while he paddled a real canoe on the ponds of South Kensington, where the Canadian Court was to be erected, the Canadian exhibit would "take the cake." So, having in due course obtained the assent of the Department of Marine and Fisheries, I secured Gabe's services for $2 per day and expenses paid, and he agreed to be ready within two weeks' time to meet the steamer at Halifax, which was to take the various exhibits across the Atlantic. * * * As I foresaw would be the case, Gabe's camp in the Canadian Court was really the greatest attraction of the whole show, for perhaps no one of that generation had ever seen a real live Indian before. Young officers who, thirty years previous, had hunted and fished with Gabe as guide, now grown into old men, were simply wild to see Gabe again. Not a single living man who had known him in Canada failed to call on him; and many took him to their clubs and to their homes, as the greatest lion in London. After the show was over several of these officers, now majors and colonels, and generals, took him to their country homes, and did all they could to show their real pleasure in again meeting their companion and guide in the best sport they had ever enjoyed. The presents Gabe got in England were far more valuable than his salary, and as these were chiefly in British sovereigns, except for watches and valuable gems, they and his salary made Gabe comfortable for the rest of his life.

Gabe knew every caribou barren in New Brunswick—north, south, east and west. No white man or Indian could equal him in calling moose, and he could perfectly imitate the voice and call of both beasts and birds. I myself saw him calling a mink. He imitated the squeak so perfectly that the mink actually crossed the stream and approached Gabe's hiding place behind a rock on the shore. He was an admirable cook, and had always some appetizing comestible when in the woods.

Perhaps I am the only one now living, except Bob Or (whom you knew as my host of the Barker House i Fredericton), who could tell of the man as he was in hi prime.

All the fisheries officials connected with that show o 1883 are now dead—the Minister, the Deputy Minister, th Commissioner of Fisheries, the Superintendent, Wilmot the Overseer, John Mowat—all except myself, my son i Ottawa, and some others, who, like him, were junio clerks in 1883. Huxley, Tyndall, Cunliffe Owen, Fathe Francis, Frank Buckland, Lord Dufferin, James Russel Lowell, and, indeed, most of the men who took part in th speaking at the several meetings and discussions, hav gone the way of all flesh, and I feel that in my own case "superfluous lags the veteran on the stage."

My memory of past events is vivid. Of John Mowa (whom you knew), of Sammy Wilmot, of Walte Brackett, with whom I have several times fished; of Tha Norris, with whom I have fished the Ristigouche and th Nepissiquit; of Ned Sothern, Johnny Raymond an Charles Couldock, with whom I have fished, my memor is very clear, and as you knew all these good fellows, n doubt my recollections of them would interest you. I you care to have me do so, I will put my recollections i writing, and thus while away an idle hour or two whe in the mood.

Wm. H. Venning.

Sussex, N. B.

Note.—Mr. Venning, who has so happily favored ou readers, is now in his 81st year. For forty years he wa Inspector of Fisheries for New Brunswick and Nov Scotia. We shall certainly be glad to have more of hi reminiscences, as he suggests.

Through the Parsonage Window

Retrospect.

Again at the window looking out. It is idle time monotonous time that hangs and drags. In other year when time was long one might have taken a rifle an wandered off into the hills there after antelope. What great treat it would be to take a far-shooting Spence far-shooting for those days, but wonderful with its arch ing trajectory, and chase antelope over those sun-crowne slopes again. Real live antelope on their native heath, fre and untrammeled! What illusive things they were i those days, too, more especially when hunted for pastime

Pastime hunting usually resulted in no bloodshed. In difference to the game led to taking long chances, an long chances, with the guns of half-moon trajectory, onl netted a splendid jet of dust, thrown up from the sun baked sod, ten feet beyond or ten feet below. It wa only when the demand for meat was imperative that w got down on our marrow bones and wormed along, or la for an hour watching for a chance to make another move that any blood was likely to be shed. Then we worke until we got within such range that trajectory cut bu little figure and brought back our saddle of venison, o more often the whole antelope.

No, we did not do any wonderful shooting in the ol times. That was done by word of mouth or with pen an ink in after years. More phenomenal shooting can be see any day at a circus or even among a lot of boys with .22 caliber rifles than could be seen in ten years of plain life of ye olden time. The guns used were not sighted no intended for fine shooting. Few plainsmen fired mor than a hundred shots in a year, hence might be said t be always out of practice. How could you expect them t compete with the small boy who, with a finely sighted, ac curate target rifle, often shoots two or three hundre shots in a day. Leaving out accidents, all stories of ex traordinary long-range shooting are pure fabrications. O course there are greater or less degrees of skill, but th real wonder is why we cannot do better than we do.

The real feat was in getting an easy shot at an ante lope in the middle of a flat stretch of table land with n cover even for a rabbit, and the antelope shifting the searchlight of his keen eye in all directions. One ex pedient by which I got a needed antelope was using a bleached buffalo skull as a flag, and tolling the antelop within reach through its own curiosity. The antelop were on a wide stretch of table, and I followed up a shallow ravine until it ran out and afforded no further cover. For some time I lay speculating and had abou given up, for there seemed no possible way to reach them, when I thought of the bleaching skull that lay near. It was very large and snow white. Picking it up and stooping low, I carried it in front of me until i was discovered, and then lay down. There was a ram rod with the gun I was carrying—though it was a breech loader—and thrusting that into the ground I hung the skull upon it, and while the antelope were engaged with the skull I crept away unobserved. The antelope charged on the skull and retreated a number of times, and at last started on a circle round it. When they got round on my side they came within easy range and I got one.

It was seldom though that flagging antelope was a success.

How different is the big-game hunting of to-day to what it was then! Think of the man in New York or Chicago receiving a telegram in the morning from his guide in the Rocky Mountains, saying he had the bear or elk, as the case might be, located. The sportsman in palace sleeping car thunders away to the scene of action. Arrived there he is led up to the game and gives it the fatal shot with the demeanor of a Leatherstocking; then the photographer is summoned and takes views from various points of vantage, which are hurried to the magazine office, together with an article by the press agent, giving all the harrowing details. What would Boone or Crockett have thought of such hunting? It cannot be claimed that a love of nature incited it. It may be the *fin de siecle* sportsmanship, but for my part I would prefer to be a genuine hunter, and kill one head of game that I needed for food, or could trade for needed gear, rather than to spatter the whole range of the Rocky Mountains with such gore.

It has been claimed, and diligently urged, that game should be protected by law in the interests of sports afield. Let us put it in less offensive words. Protect the game and fish as an incentive to more general exercise and recreation in the open air to the betterment of the

general health. Nature made man to live and exercise in the open air during a greater part of his time. To enforce attention to this provision of law she made it necessary for him to gather most of the gear required for his well-being by means of the chase. The arts of man have largely done away with the necessity of the chase as a means of livelihood, but the needs of a healthy body are unchanged. Then if game is preserved by statute law to the end that man may observe nature's law and continue the chase, let whoever goes in pursuit of such game not evade the exercise and recreation by shifting it upon a guide. The guide should not carry the pack. Neither should he paddle the canoe or pitch the camp. The guide should be the professor who should teach the beginner how to do these things for himself. When he is competent to take care of himself alone in the woods, then he may be instructed in the art of stalking game and so forth. When such a course is pursued and the sportsman brings in his moose, then we may know that the claim of the sportsman has been lived up to. So long, however, as the angler in search of healthy outdoor exercise requires an attendant to row his boat, bait his hook and take off the fish, so long will the falsehood of his claim be made apparent and he, with many deserving a better fate, together with the laws they advocate, be held in more or less contempt.

All mankind and most animals have the hunting instinct. Exercised, it is a safe element. Dormant, it is dangerous, and accounts for much of the wantonness in war, riot and revolution. Only a few days ago on the outskirts of a small town I saw this. A butcher was preparing to kill a beef. He had the animal tied by means of a rather long rope, giving it considerable play. A rifle was to be used to kill it. The village schoolmaster was present, and asked the privilege of doing the shooting. He had no use for hunting or hunters, and was unskilled in the use of a rifle. The consequence was that it took four shots before the poor brute was finally murdered, and for five minutes it was bellowing, straining at the rope and charging its tormentor in helpless agony. No such brutal scene could have been enacted had the man been in the habit of exercising his hunting instinct.

There is no reason why the man who does not need game should be debarred from shooting it, provided he sees that none of the game he shoots goes to waste, and provided, of course, the shooting is done by rule as laid down by law. The rich man is as apt to have a relic of the barbarism (?) of his ancestors, who got their living by the chase, in his nature as is the poor man. Neither should the poor man be debarred from shooting the game he needs in the interest of any one except in the interest of the game supply which should not be allowed to become extinct or dangerously near it. But one thing is certain, whoever kills any game for heads or skins and leaves the meat to waste is guilty of a crime against nature and of wanton destruction, and is a disgrace to the very name of hunter.

Where one shoots for sport he should make it the occasion of a grand outing, as prolonged as possible, and limit his kill to the circumstances. As wild game and fish is the connecting link that leads men back to nature, they should let it lead them to its very heart and make them better thereby. If a man is unfortunate in not having a long time to spare, he should not be debarred from his share of field sports, however.

It is the strenuous life of the cities that drives men insane, and, no matter how long that strenuous life may be continued, when release from it does come the healthy mind turns back to green fields, woods and waters, and all things that are fresh from the hand of their Creator.

Primeval man was a hunter; he was nearer to his Creator than man is to-day. The last man will be a hunter, for no matter how far removed from it we may be, at some period we always turn back to nature. Then let us not weigh too seriously the claim of the ultra good that all hunting is cruel and vicious. Let us not be wiser than our Creator; and above all, let us not hunt too assiduously our fellow man while crying aloud against the hunter of beasts.

Of course there are low degrees among hunters. Under the guise of sportsmen, men wantonly destroy that which should be held in trust, but there are those who violate manhood in every other line that is followed by men. I once knew a man who had a supreme contempt for "gun loafers," as he called them. He was perfectly vicious at the mere mention of hunting. Said he could not understand how man could be so cruel as to kill the birds. He was, however, a great consumer of yellow-legged chickens, which had to be killed before they could be eaten. One day riding along a road far from timber, he noticed a large fox squirrel running in the road; as there were no trees near for it to climb, he thought he might catch it, and after it he went, whip in hand. Well, he ran till he was completely exhausted, and finally, by accident, he struck it with the whip and stunned it, and then and there whipped it to death with the carriage whip. The hunting instinct of his nature had been pent up and when it broke out it was a fury that would disgust any one who hunted squirrels for sport and incidentally for the pot. I have noticed, too, that those who have a general contempt for habitual sportsman, but who occasionally go out with a gun themselves, are the ones that shoot into every flock of harmless birds that comes along. Too lazy or indifferent to find game, they take it out in shooting song birds.

If societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals will turn their attention to the cruelties that are practiced on men, women and children in every community, and especially in large cities, until they have done away with that I will think more of their efforts; but so long as they go round neglecting people to prevent cruelty to wild beasts or even preventing the shooting of pigeons at the trap, which seems a far less abhorrent way of killing them than that practiced in poultry houses, where they are hung up by the feet and bled to death, I shall think they are only playing to the grand stand and are frivolous in their motives.

But let us turn to the green fields again. We of the old times have lived too long to understand the rules laid down for our guidance in the new. We only grope blindly on hoping we may not stray too far to one side or the other. Running to extremes is bad. Zigzagging back and forth has kept the old world crossing and recrossing the right path of equal and exact justice to all, but never following it long. I would dispossess the farmer I see plowing in the field over there and have the antelope back on the hills beyond. Then I would go out there and hurl vengeful lead at them, ripping great trails in the sod and hurling handfuls of loosened earth into the air, and the poor frightened beasts would bound away and disappear over the hills as of old. But what a thrill it would give to do it all once more and even follow on to the top of the next rise and hurl other vengeful lead at them as they pause to look back a thousand yards away.

Perhaps I should have the satisfaction of seeing the dust fly fifty, sixty or even a hundred yards to the rear as they sped away again. But more often, at such extreme range, I should only have the satisfaction of knowing I had sent a bullet over that way somewhere. But it is no use, I can see from where I sit that my progress would be barred by at least two tall hedges before I got half a mile, and if I succeeded in breaking through them I would be stopped by the farmer on the other side, who would tell me he did not allow hunting on his farm. And that too in the face of the fact that I trod those hills when he was still a subject of Germany. Well, well! Have things come to such a pass? We must give way our dearest rights to ameliorate the condition of crowded humanity. I doubt if we would, though, if we could help ourselves. With the human societies who devote their efforts to bettering the conditions of beasts, we would say "Never mind humanity, we must protect the antelope"—in the interest of the antelope, of course.

After the antelope come the wild geese to feed on the first few scattered fields. How many there were, and how they swarmed upon the green wheat fields and around the scattered corn shacks. What a fine thing it was, too, to go out in the early morning and watch for the first gray line against the breaking day. The pinnated grouse came, too, and boomed out a thunderous welcome to the spring. What a soothing sound it was, muffled by distance, through which it penetrated for miles, it was one of the most impressive sounds that ever swept a western landscape. But that made no difference when they thundered from the sedge at our feet, we bowled them down right and left—and fried grouse was a common thing. Too many people came, though, and there was no room for geese or grouse, and they followed the antelope. Could we have stayed the march of progress at that point I could have been content.

I remember the first mockingbird I ever saw in Kansas, or anywhere else for that matter. There had been a lot of peach trees planted close together, so that when they got eight or ten feet tall they made quite a thicket. One night a bird commenced to sing there, which I took to be a brown thrush, but the song continued incessantly all night long. The next night it was the same. On the third morning I was out before daybreak trying to get close to the singer, so that I might see it when light came. But wherever I went the song came from some other part of the grove. I would creep cautiously upon the sound, but before I could get very close it would break out again in some more distance place. At last, just at daylight, I saw the bird leave a tree I was approaching, but one glimpse was the best I could do. The same year they became quite numerous and sang all day and night, and might also be seen anywhere, on top of chimneys, imitating the song and dance of a bluejay, and later, after the quail came, on fence posts imitating the whistle of a quail. Their song was the song of any bird that chanced to be neighbors with themselves. I suppose mockingbirds were in the wooded districts of Kansas from earliest times, but only moved out on the prairies when timber culture made it possible.

After the grouse and geese came the quail and the rabbits; poor substitutes. These remain with us still, being plenty where in early days there were none. One cannot hunt them, though, without trespassing, and that kills sport, and so as the evening is far spent and it is too late to wander into far fields, we will obey the admonition in the old song, and "pull down the blinds."

THE PARSON.

The Adirondack Forests.

THE Association for the Protection of the Adirondacks has issued a statement in which it says:

In November, 1896, 702,802 votes were cast in this State against a proposed amendment designed to lessen the protection thrown around the State forests by the present constitution which guarantees the inviolability of the State Forest Preserve.

That overwhelming expression of public opinion, taken together with other abundant evidence, goes to show that any measure which tends to protect this great park, so vital to the material interests of the State and so valuable as a pleasure resort to thousands of its citizens, will be most heartily approved by a large majority of the people.

Convinced of this fact, the Association for the Protection of the Adirondacks has requested George W. Dunn, Esq., of Binghamton, N. Y., chairman of the Republican State Committee, and Frank Campbell, Esq., of Bath, N. Y., chairman of the Democratic State Committee, to have inserted in their respective party platforms this fall, a plank substantially as follows:

"We regard the Adirondack Park, with its forests, waters and fauna, as one of nature's priceless legacies to our imperial State, which the dictates of prudence, wise public policy and foresight require should be carefully safeguarded and protected, not only as a pleasure ground for the people, but as a conservator of the water supply for our rivers and canals which are so necessary for the continued commercial supremacy of the State. We therefore favor the resumption by the State of the purchase of lands within the limits of the Adirondack Park."

The policy of the State in relation to its forests, from the time of Governor Hill's administration and through the successive adiministrations of Governors Flower, Morton, Black and Roosevelt, looked to their protection and conservation, and the effort made in the last Legislature to change that policy, has occasioned widespread surprise and alarm.

The State of New York was the first to create a forestry commission, the first to grant money for the management of its forests, and the first by legislative action to appropriate money for purchasing and enlarging its holdings of forest land. The wisdom of thus making provision for protecting its water-sheds has been so manifest, that its example has been followed by almost every State of the Union. What is more, the general government some time ago set the stamp of its approval upon the policy of forest conservation by the passage of laws creating those great preserves or parks, the safeguarding of which has now become one of the marked features of our national economy. Any hesitation, therefore, on the part of New York Legislatures in regard to preserving the State's forests cannot fail to be a matter for deep concern and apprehension throughout the commonwealth.

Woods-Loafing Near Manhattan.

THE average New Yorker knows little of the grand sport of canoeing as it is followed by a large number of enthusiastic lovers of healthful outdoor recreation, and sees less of it than of other sports, for the reasons that canoes are small craft, and their owners are not given to parading for the benefit of the public. All they ask is a fair wind or favorable tide, for Saturday afternoons and Sundays are their own; and a quiet spot where they can rest until the lengthening shadows of Sunday evening warn them, it is time to start homeward and again take up the cares of business on Monday.

Passengers on the Albany boats on Saturday afternoons no doubt wonder what becomes at nightfall of all the canoes they see sailing or being paddled along the river between the city and the Tappan Zee; but the main channel is near the New York shore of the Hudson, and only the canoeists themselves and persons who cruise along the New Jersey shore in small yachts and launches know how these Nomads pass their day of rest.

Canoeing on the Hudson is somewhat different in many respects from that in other parts of the country, as one must be prepared for storms and boisterous seas, for cold north winds following a sultry day, and for sudden squalls or rain when least expected. Strong tents that will stand up against a blow; heavy woolen blankets when there is every indication of 90 degrees of weather, and seaworthy canoes that will float with all on board though swamped or capsized—in fact, one must be prepared for anything that may come along. It is not like the inland cruising, where open canoes and summer outfits are efficient.

The feature of this sport so many New Yorkers now follow from choice is the short distance from town it is necessary to go to find pleasant camp sites and peace. Of course there are no spots this side of Croton Point on the New York side of the river where one may camp, for the railway follows the river's shore too closely for that; but on Croton Point, in the Croton River, and all along the western shore below Piermont, there are many beautiful little spots where there is shade near some cold spring, and which places are not near houses and are seldom visited save by canoeists and small boaters. Some of these spots are near quaint old relics of the one-time shipbuilding villages of the '20s and '30s, with their equally quaint folk, who fish a little when a run of shad is on, work a little at odd jobs, and gossip with every stranger they can hold up for that purpose. But they are honest and feel kindly disposed toward canoeists, whom they have learned are quiet persons, who merely wish to be let alone that they may get a bit of rest after their week of toil in the hot offices of Broadway. Other camp sites are far from any houses, and have come to be regarded as the property, for two days each week, of the canoeists. It is not difficult, while sitting there by the camp fire, for one to fancy himself in the depths of the wildwood, so quiet and peaceful are the surroundings, while there is only the faint roar of the trains on the New York side, and a glimpse of some steamboat or yacht passing far out in the channel, to remind one that he is in a camp within three or four miles of Grant's Tomb.

Nearly all of these canoeists are young men who are hard workers during five days and one-half of the seven in the various lines of business and professional life, and who have come to a realization of the benefits they may derive from these short but healthful cruises near home. One need but look at them to understand that they enjoy good health. They are manly men in these days of gilded youths and effeminate persons of the male persuasion. While any young fellow in possession of a fair salary can canoe in the most approved style, still there are many wealthy men who prefer it to other pastimes they can as well afford, for they like the independence and the self-reliance that are part and parcel of it. And although some deny it, human beings must have recreation, some change, to act as a safety valve for the precious health that will otherwise be undermined and ruined. There are business men who prefer to die "in the harness," as they call it, otherwise at their desks, of some disease that healthful recration might prevent or cure. But the day of the men who prefer to work seven days and some nights every week is passing, and Americans are better for the change.

The canoes that are seen along this great river are modern in every way. Of course some open canoes are used, but they are not in the majority. The average canoe is 16ft. in length, and has a beam of 30in. It is decked completely, save for a cockpit 5 to 6ft. in length. There are two water-tight bulkheads, which separate the compartments from the midship section, and these compartments are provided with round hatches carrying pneumatic rings, which, when the thumbscrews are turned down, fill the space between deck and hatch completely, keeping out all water. Even when the decks are under water—as they sometimes are in heavy seas—only a drop now and then finds its way into these large dry compartments, and being water-tight they must be almost air-tight, too. To be sure, some of the skippers carry their duffle in water-proof bags, but these are for use in camp as well as while afloat, and are provided against all emergencies. A majority of the canoeists sail to and from camp, but others paddle. Again, it is a general thing to see one man in each canoe, although several go and come in company, but experience has taught that each man should carry his own complete outfit. A number of men now cruise and camp every week with their wives, to whom the little vacation is a source of much pleasure, so agreeable are the natural surroundings along the Palisades.

It is worthy of mention that all of the men who sail

cling to the sliding seat, and nearly all of them to the small cockpit, with its canvas bag. Those canoes which have long cockpits are provided with cockpit hatches, the open space holding the bag being merely large enough for the skipper's feet. The average sail area carried on these cruises is about 65sq.ft. The favorite sails are the old and new Bailey, rigged to be reefed from the cockpit. These canoes are cruising canoes in one sense, but strictly speaking, they are either converted racing machines or converted cruisers, the result being alike in all cases, for they are serviceable and safe. When a canoe of this class is ballasted with 100lbs. or more of duffle, it is a steady craft, and capsizes under these conditions are rare. One of these canoes and its skipper then represent Independence with a big I. The skipper cruises leisurely along, safe in the knowledge that he can handle his craft under all conditions without assistance. His blankets, spare clothing, provisions, shelter, cooking outfit, and perhaps a camera or rifle, are safe and dry in the compartments. If the wind is at all favorable, he sails; if it and the tide are against him he paddles; if the opportunity presents itself he takes a line from some good-natured schooner captain and gets a tow to his destination; if rain comes on, he pulls out a waterproof jacket, cap and blanket, dons these, turns his pipe bottom up and smiles in a "let-'er-rain" fashion. It is great fun, and it is a pity more young men do not go into it. The first cost of the outfit is the only item that need be considered, for the cost of maintaining it and providing supplies is a very small item indeed.

In other days these Hudsonian canoeists slept in cockpit tents or on the ground, and passed half their time in camp in searching for driftwood with which to build their fires. Much of the remaining time was devoted to attempting to clean the soot off their cooking utensils and persons, for with this watersoaked wood the smoke and soot were truly awful. But they now use kerosene vapor stoves, which make no soot or dirt; and they sleep on comfortable folding cots or on pneumatic mattresses, saving time, space and their peace of mind as well.

The active season begins in April and camping in May. Its end is decided by the weather, but generally camping is kept up until late October or early November by the enthusiasts, and late November sees a few of them out for the day if the Sundays are mild. At one of the clubs there are a few members who boast having camped over night Christmas, New Years, Washington's Birthday, and on other wintry occasions. But, while they certainly did not enjoy the cold nights, it is a fact that they suffered no ill effects, and they enjoyed the novelty of the thing.

Two o'clock on Saturday afternoon at one of the large canoe clubs finds confusion where order is the rule. Canoes are on the floor instead of in their proper berths; duffle, tent poles, paddles, sails and groceries litter the floor, the gangway and the float; members are constantly arriving from their homes or places of business down town, laden with supplies or new wrinkles picked up during the week. They disappear in the locker room and soon return, dressed in old comfortable knickerbockers and flannel shirts, or in bathing suits. Then they hustle, turn out the contents of their lockers and add to the accumulating stacks of odds and ends. But in a surprisingly short time the racks are cleared of canoes, the floor of duffle, and the float becomes the scene of confusion for a time, until each craft is loaded and gets away to give room to newer arrivals. It seems impossible that the ten to thirty canoes which are involved can carry away such a raft of bags and packages and boxes, but they do, and in two hours only the members who remain over Sunday at the club are left behind.

The favorite camping places are from three to seven miles distant, and the time required to reach them is from one to three hours, depending on the wind and tide. For a while, then, the river is dotted with white buterfly-like sails and paddle blades that flash in the sunlight, all making for some favorite spot at the foot of the Palisades. One by one the canoes disappear on shore and tents appear to mark the place. Often the members of one club camp together, but generally they scatter somewhat, while on days life the Fourth of July and Labor Day some of the camps assume large proportions and are composed of members of a number of clubs. Fifteen, twenty and even forty tents are not uncommonly seen on these occasions, with perhaps five persons to every three tents. Last Fourth there were at one place sixteen palmetto tents of similar design and a number of others.

After one reaches the place where he intends to camp, a few minutes suffice to pitch the tent, blow up the air mattresses or rig up the cots and make everything snug. Then, if the tide is well up, a swim is in order, and a long rest in the shade while other friends are arriving or passing by to other places. Some sail along wing-and-wing before the prevailing southerly breeze; others paddle indolently, as though they had no destination nor a care, while some of the truly lazy ones get a tow behind some creeping schooner or wheezing naphtha launch, often called a headache machine. All as they pass hail those in camp cheerily with their club war cries or some outlandish yawp of their own invention, and by which they are identified at a distance. Sometimes one or two swing in and stop at the beach before the tents for a chat; others conclude that they will not go any further anyway, and come ashore; but all are happy, for have they not a night and a day in which to breathe pure air, drink crystal spring water and rest their weary bodies and brains?

Dinner time comes and the vapor stoves are put into commission, while the legs are attached to the grub box, its hinged lid is braced back, and there is the table. A piping hot meal puts all hands in rare good humor, and with the pipes comes the daily procession of night boats en route to Albany. Some of these boats are seen to the best advantage after their lights have been lighted, for they are ricketty old hulks that creep along like huge beetles. One wonders how they manage to keep afloat. A few are trim enough, however, but after their searchlights are turned on they all present a magnificent sight until the haze of the Tappan Zee swallows them up.

Sometimes there are camp-fires, and all hands sit around and spin yarns of other days. Often friends camping at other places come along for a visit, and now and then one of them brings a mandolin or guitar, with which to enliven the gathering. Generally, however, all hands turn in early for a long and refreshing sleep. Any person who wakes the camp before 7 o'clock finds himself in trouble, and often it is 8 before all hands turn out for the morning swim and a substantial breakfast. There are many paths along the hills and cliffs, and often a number of persons make up a party for a climb and a walk in the woods on the summit of the Palisades. In season there are wild flowers, raspberries, blackberries, apples, grapes and other wild and tame fruit to be found here and there. The cherries, apples and other fruits are all that is left to mark the one-time homes of persons who lived there when villages were numerous all along the Palisades.

Luncheon is a serious meal in these camps, for it is not difficult, after swiming or climbing, to feel hungry as a bear. And afterward, if the sun is out, the shade is sought while one watches the fleets of river craft which enliven the view. They are of all sorts, from the great sound steamers to the trim bay boats, with here and there a catboat, a sloop, a working schooner carrying brick and the numerous steam yachts en route to and from the homes of their owners in the Highlands and on the New York shore near Sleepy Hollow.

The day wanes and breaking up time comes all too soon. Down comes the tent, duffle is stowed in the canoe, and all hands push off together and loaf along the shady shore, where the air is laden with the perfume of flowers and trees. But one must cross at last and return to the club, where members are constantly arriving and packing their duffle away in the lockers until the next Saturday, and get into the stiff armor-plate of civilization before returning home.

PERRY D. FRAZER.

Lake Manawa.

BEHOLD a tiny inland sea!
Pale beryl set in paler gold:
King's ransom does this jewel hold,
The price to set the spirit free.

With zest the trackless path we seek,
To speed us on the waters sing,
The sail sighs like a living thing
And to the north wind leans her cheek.

'Neath screening fingers soon we spy
A feathered fleet that lures each gun,
Little live boats a-bob in the sun,
Rocking at anchor under gray sky.

The rustling silks of ladies fair
Who trail in grace o'er ballroom floor,
Charm less than when the wild ducks soar
And music tingles all the air.

In spite of weeds that would restrain
We near the beckoning bevied teal,
The sting of sport our pulses feel,
Our guns are mad and mercy vain.

At length, deep-laden with our spoil,
We seek the boat house on the shore,
Exultant count our treasures o'er
And are well paid for pleasant toil.

"Belle" greets us with her melting eyes
And "Dan" gives praise with eager tail—
Reflects his aid was no avail
And sniffs disdainfully each prize.

Sleek teal with wings barred green or blue,
And lordly mallard emerald-trimmed
Who erst the lake's thick fringes skinned
Or shrilled the air with wild haloo!

Soon cosy in the upper room
We bar the weather from the door,
And from the stove rich odors pour,
Announcing rice-hen's juicy doom.

We little heed the knocking blast,
We care naught for the world outside,
To frolic feast our hearts are wide
We only pray this joy may last!

Potatoes shaking in their skins
Shall lend fresh mirth to every jest,
And canvasback on buttered nest
Will set a-quiver all our chins.

And what rare wine to ruby nose
That sniffs ere sated mouth sips up,
Like fragrance that a huge tin cup
Brimful of steaming coffee shows?

We seek the stove and slight the storm
And sing old songs and tell old tales,
And lapped in blankets mock the gales,
When all within is snug and warm.

Until in dreams strange fish we take
And shoot a curious monster duck—
We wake to bid the world "Good luck!"
With hope fresh-gathered from the lake!

M. R. NIXON.

Natural History.

Wild Animals of the North.

From Richardson's "Fauna Boreali-Americana; or the Zoology of the Northern Parts of British America."

Some Smaller Mammals.

THE white-footed mouse is one of the commonest and most widely distributed of our Eastern mammals; and it is quick to take advantage of the comforts which civilization offers it. Indeed, Dr. Richardson says that, no sooner is a fur post established than this little animal becomes an inmate of the dwelling houses. In the same way, as soon as a cabin is built on plain or mountain, by ranchman or miner, the white-footed mice move in and—especially at night—make themselves very much at home. Dr. Richardson says: "We observed it as far north as Great Bear Lake; and if the synonyms prefixed to this article are correctly applied, it is not uncommon in the United States. It also extends from Hudson's Bay across the continent to the mouth of the Columbia River. The gait and prying actions of this little creature, when it ventures from its hole in the dusk of the evening, are so much like those of the English domestic mouse, that most of the European residents at Hudson's Bay have considered it to be the same animal, altogether overlooking the obvious differences of their tails and other peculiarities. The American field mouse, however, has a habit of making hoards of grain or little pieces of fat, which, I believe, is unknown of the European domestic mouse; and what is more singular, these hoards are not formed in the animal's retreats, but generally in a shoe left at the bedside, the pocket of a coat, a nightcap, a bag hung against the wall, or some similar place. It not unfrequently happened that we found barley, which had been brought from a distant apartment, and introduced into a drawer, through so small a chink, that it was impossible for the mouse to gain access to its store. The quantity laid up in a single night nearly equalling the bulk of a mouse, renders it probable that several individuals unite their efforts to form it. This mouse does considerable mischief in the gardens, and in a very few nights will almost destroy a plantation of maize, by tracing the rows for the purpose of collecting the seeds, and depositing them in small heaps under the loose mould, generally by the side of a stone, or piece of wood. From the facility with which it seems to transport the substances it preys upon, I suspected that it had cheek pouches, but none were found on examination. The ermine is a most inveterate enemy of this species, and pursues it into the sleeping apartments."

The curious animal known as the sewellel, or mountain beaver, after having been two or three times described with more or less vagueness, was at last fully characterized by Richardson under the name *Aplodontia leporina*. Although quite a large animal—fourteen or fifteen inches long—it is very seldom seen, as it spends all the daylight in its burrow. It bears a fine fur, and robes made of the skins of a number of the animals sewed together were formerly used by the Indians of Washington and British Columbia. Of its habits, Richardson knew little or nothing, and not very much more is known today, although some notes on this species have been furnished by members of the United States Biological Survey. It is now known that there are two or more species of *Aplodontia*, described in recent years by Dr. C. Hart Merriam.

Richardson tells us that the Canada porcupine "is found on the banks of the Mackenzie, as high as latitude 67 degrees, and, according to American writers, it ranges as far south as latitude 37 degrees. It is said to be very rare in Virginia, but to be numerous in some parts of Kentucky. * * * In the fur countries, it is most numerous in sandy districts covered with the *Pinus banksiana*, on the bark of which it delights to feed. It also eats the bark of the larch and spruce firs, and the buds of various kinds of willow. In the more southern districts it is said to feed chiefly on the bark and leaves of the *Pinus canadensis* and *Tilia glabra*, and to be fond of sweet apples and young maize, which it eats in a sitting posture, holding them to its mouth with the forepaws. It travels slowly, and Hearne remarks, that 'the Indians, going with packets from fort to fort, often see them in the trees, but not having occasion for them at the time, leave them until their return, and should their absence be a week or ten days, they are sure to find them within a mile of the place where they had seen them before.' Mr. Hutchins observes that 'in walking, the tail is drawn along the snow, making a deep track, which is often the means of betraying the animal; but its haunts are most readily discovered by the barked trees on which it has fed; which, if done the same winter, is a sure sign that the porcupine is near the spot. They are usually found on the branches, and on approaching them, they make a crying noise, like a child. The tree, being cut down, the animal is dispatched by only striking it on the nose.' It is readily attacked by the Indian dogs, and soon killed, but not without injury to its assailants, for its quills, which it erects when attacked, are rough, with minute teeth directed backward, that have the effect of rendering this seemingly weak and flexible weapon a very dangerous one. Their points, which are pretty sharp, have no sooner insinuated themselves into the skin of an assailant than they gradually bury themselves, and travel onward, until they cause death, by wounding some vital organ. These spines, which are detached from the porcupine by the slightest touch, and probably by the will of the animal, soon fill the mouths of the dogs, which worry it, and unless the Indian women carefully pick them out, seldom fail to kill them. Wolves occasionally die from the same cause. The Canada porcupine makes its retreat among the roots of an old tree, and is said to pass much of its time in sleeping. When disturbed, it makes a whining or mewing noise. It pairs in the latter end of September, and brings forth two young ones in April or May. Its flesh, which tastes like flabby pork, is relished by the Indians, but is soon nauseated by Europeans. The bones are often deeply tinged with a greenish yellow color. Like other animals which feed on coarse vegetable substances, it is much infested by intestinal worms. The quills or spines are dyed

of various bright colors by the native women, and worked into shot pouches, belts, shoes and other ornamental articles of dress."

The Detroit Aquarium.

THE new aquarium of the city of Detroit, now under construction by the Commissioner of Parks and Boulevards, is rapidly nearing completion. The building is a very substantial and attractive one, and the work thus far has been carefully done. When I visited the park, Aug. 8, the workmen were placing the angle-iron fronts of the tanks in position.

The tanks will be a new departure in aquarium construction, composed as they are of enameled steel, with a slightly roughened surface, for attachment of spores of aquatic plants. In a general way the plan of the aquarium includes two grotto-like halls, interrupted at the center by a great pool. The lighting of the halls is slight and can be reduced to nothing. The tanks are well lighted from above, and the light will pass into the water, and thus illuminate the contents of the tanks. The arrangements for heating the building, and for the heating, refrigeration and aeration of the water are of the best modern type.

One section of the aquarium will be devoted to salt-water animals and plants, and the remainder to fresh water. It will be practicable to flow either fresh water or salt water, or both, into each of the tanks. The storage reservoir for salt water is a brick and cement cistern outside of the building. This will be so arranged that a portion of the supply of salt water can be resting while the other portion is in circulation.

The aquarium is a distinct building, but it is connected by a corridor with the horticultural building, which is somewhat larger in size.

Belle Isle Park contains 700 acres, and is an ideal pleasure ground for the citizens of Detroit. It is well timbered, and the presence of many species of birds, adds great interest to the resort. Jus at this time the hickory trees are suffering grievously from the attacks of the black hickory borer, a small beetle which penetrates at the base of the foot stalk of the leaf to deposit its eggs, the process causing a wound so severe that the cluster of leaves soon falls to the ground, carrying with it the burden of useless eggs.

The Detroit Boat Club has just finished a new club house on this island, a beautiful structure, principally of steel and cement, richly finished inside, the whole establishment having been completed during the last nine months, to replace a total loss by fire of the former club house. This is one of the most astonishing feats of construction that has recently come within my knowledge.

Detroit is exceedingly rich in public parks, having about twenty-eight of these pleasure resorts. The old city is a charming one, but it is doubtful if many of its residents appreciate the wonderful advantages conferred upon it by the noble river which sweeps along its front, carrying freights of almost unequalled value.

TARLETON H. BEAN.

Why Do Crows Shun This County?

LLANO, Texas, Aug. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As every one knows who has hunted in Texas, crows are plentiful. When I came to the town of Llano everybody told me that a crow had never been seen in the county. This I did not believe, so set about to investigate. I have been here now five years, and I have hunted crows as hard as any man could hunt game of any sort. Not that I counted crows game, but I was trying to find out why the crows shunned this county. Not a one have been seen in the county. The Colorado River is the dividing line between Llano and Burnet county, and one of the natives told me the following story, and I have every reason to believe it true. He stated that he had a large melon crop on the west bank of the Colorado River, and the crows would fly as if they intended to cross, but as soon as they reached the middle of the river they would turn and go back.

I would like the man who talks "crow" to explain this. No doubt he has heard some of his Northern crow friends talking of this forbidden land and may also have heard why they shunned it.

I am not writing this as a yarn, but it is a true story, and any one can write to any responsible man in Llano county and he will tell you the same as I have.

You will find crows on the north, east, west and south of us, but not a crow feather in the county.

The deer season will begin on Sept. 1, and all of the boys are cleaning their guns. The dove season is now at its height, and such bombarding as you never heard takes place along the river each afternoon.

J. H. CARTER.

He Had to Take Time at Last.

From the Chicago News.

He was "chilly old business," he used to say,
And early and late he worked;
Each day in the week was his busy day;
He hated a man who shirked.
Dollar to dollar and dime to dime,
But for anything else he had never the time.

He hardly could spare enough time to sleep,
Nor time for his meals by half.
He boasted he never had time to weep,
We knew he'd no time to laugh.
Golf, he maintained, was a cardinal crime—
The very worst method of murdering time.

He wouldn't take time for a friendly chat;
He wouldn't take time to read,
Excepting, of course, in his ledger—that
Was enough to supply his need.
His family knew him but slightly, for he
Had no time at all for society.

A time came at last when he rushed no more
To his office with breathless haste;
He took time at last, though he must have felt sore,
At having the time to waste.
This necessity may make some other men sigh;
He's had to take time to fall sick and die!

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Game Bag and Gun.

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

Elk Tooth Charms.

THE Elks are now in conclave at Salt Lake City. Nothing further would be needed to indicate the lusty and prosperous growth of the order than the successful meeting now being held.

And yet one who stops to think must readily conclude that in the ratio to the prosperity and increase of the Elks must the furred and hoofed inhabitant of the hills decrease, until the time comes when the elk will stand alongside the buffalo in our museums.

That this prophecy will come true no one can doubt, unless something is done to make the wearing of the elk's tooth by the members of the fraternity unpopular.

The hunting of the elk for his tooth's sake becomes an industry per se of a unique nature. The very nature of the quest makes it a comparatively safe one for the law breaker to follow.

To hunt a moose or deer one does so for a purpose, for meat and the trophy of the head and antlers. Following these animals during the closed season becomes, even in a thinly game warden-covered country, a hazardous occupation, the disposition of the bag being somewhat difficult. It may be a matter of safety to the poacher to kill a moose in the depths of the forest, but to get the head out and realize upon it and escape arrest is entirely another proposition. It is the hazard of disposing of one's plunder that keeps the head hunter in check in both closed and open season.

This same fear of detection extends down even to the quail hunter, the vigilance of the game wardens making the industry of market-hunting in some States more than precarious.

But against such barriers the elk tooth hunter is immune. He carries away neither hide, meat nor horns. He does not even go to the trouble of bleeding the freshly slain animal. Meat, hide and horns cut no figure with him, what he is after is teeth, just two eye teeth in the upper jaw, that's all. A blow from a hammer or a pry or two and the coveted tooth is secured, and this done, the noble animal is left to feed the wolves and bears.

An elk's tooth is a small object, much smaller than a set of spreading antlers or a massive head. A pocket in a hunting shirt might carry a score or two, yes a hundred dental trophies, and yet give out no warning sign to the vigilant warden.

And this being so, the tooth hunter can work with comparative immunity. Unless caught red-handed in the act of running down the wounded beast, there is no practical way of detecting him. As a market-hunter he becomes, perhaps, the most dangerous one of the tribe. He can have the "goods on him" and yet escape detection. There really is no way to prevent his working at his nefarious calling except to people the hills and valleys with scores of wardens; of course, impracticable.

A perusal of the hunting publications frequently discloses letters upon the subject of elk slaughter by the tooth hunters, but to what good if the members of the Order of the Elks will continue to demand the elk tooth for a watch charm. Make a demand for an article and the supply will be forthcoming, if the article can be had. There is a demand for elks' teeth. The jeweler who mounts them must fill his orders, and whence comes his supply matters not to him—so long as he gets it.

It is stated that the demand for elks' teeth incites the slaughter of more animals than are secured for their meat and heads. It is agreed that there is no practical way of killing the industry of tooth hunting because of the comparative secrecy with which it can be carried on in the matter of handling the spoils. Yet the principle stands that man will not exert himself and assume risks without the hope of returns for his industry. Remove the market for elks' teeth and the elk-tooth hunters' occupation will be gone. The tooth of the elk will be no more sought after than that of the butchered cow—if no one stands ready to buy it.

That this tooth hunting in and out of season is going on industriously can be readily proven. That it can mean but the speedy extermination of the elk no one will question. That the fashion of wearing an elk's tooth for a watch charm is the impetus behind the hunter cannot be doubted. It is, therefore, up to the Order of the Elks. Our elk will remain or disappear dependent upon the abolition or retention of the fashion of members of the order wearing the elk's tooth as an emblem of membership.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Western Game Points.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 22.—I am just in from Minnesota, and they tell me out there that this is going to be a rattling good year for prairie chickens, and that there will be more birds than have been known for fifteen years. The impression is that Minnesota has been better protected than the Dakotas, and that this will be a good place to keep in mind during this season. I would suggest points north of Fergus Falls, and indeed along the railroads north up to Thief River Falls country one is not apt to go very much astray. Mr. L. F. Kennedy, of Minneapolis, tells me that last fall he and his friends shot at Elbow Lake, and had all the sport they cared for at chickens and ducks. The shooting at ducks was on perfectly dry ground, and there was enough of it to satisfy the most exacting of the party. Although I have never shot at Elbow Lake myself, I infer that this would be a good place to remember. All this Minnesota country from Fergus Falls up to Ottertail county, what is known as the park region of Minnesota, was once well known by Chicago shooters. Now again it seems to be flourishing, and as it is naturally a beautiful region, it is sure to commend itself to those who want a Western trip the first of September. I consider upper Minnesota one of the best of our sporting regions at this time. It is also especially to be borne in mind that the quail shooting of lower Minnesota is now as good as it is in almost any of the Western States. A trip to these high and breezy uplands in the early fall is something which would not be regretted by any Eastern sportsman who found opportunity to make it.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Connecticut Rail.

ESSEX, Conn., Aug. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A friend of mine, who being a farmer, spends much of his time at this season of the year on the meadows "haying it," informs me that rail are unusually plentiful. I do not doubt that his statement is correct, for never, to my knowledge, were the wild oats thicker in the coves, and we sportsmen have always averred that a big crop of oats likewise meant a big crop of rail, and plump ones, too.

Of course, one cannot state positively that there will be more rail than usual this fall simply because the birds reared in this locality are plentiful, for we have to wait till the flight birds arrive before we get the cream of the shooting. Still, with all conditions favorable, it is safe to assume that the sport will be as good if not above the average.

When one considers the number of rail killed here annually, it seems a wonder that there are any left at all, and yet I do not see that they are any less scarce now than they were eight years ago when I did my first shooting. Last year several large bags were made, many of the shooters getting more than once the legal number, fifty birds.

GEORGE W. COMSTOCK.

Calling Moose.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As the smoke of the big-game battle has cleared away, and as one of your correspondents like Oliver, calls for more, your humble servant will put up another question for the other fellows to settle while he sits a-straddle of the fence. These little friendly fights give even greater zest to FOREST AND STREAM for a majority of its readers than a page of trapshooting reports.

There are questions of honor still unsettled; though the world would probably jog on in its old accustomed way if they were never settled by debate—such as luring ducks to their destruction by dishonorable decoys, etc., and although I know what dangerous ground I am treading on, I may mention the luring of a moose to his death while intent on answering the love call of his mate; which any honorable man (I don't mean myself) might look upon as a "low down" trick.

But setting aside all other points, I submit this question—Is it fair and honorable to lure the noble moose to his death by "tricks that are vain?"

I pause for replies.

DIDYMUS.

A Chance to Cut the Chain.

SOME of the most pleasant memories I can recall in my hunting life was when the other fellow did the killing. The work of the dog in trailing over difficult ground in pursuit of either coon or fox, or a piece of good headwork by pointer or setter has many times been sufficient reward for the day's outing. I own four hunting dogs, a pointer, coon dog and fox hound, all broken by myself. The pointer dog will be started Sept. 1. To any sportsman who is a subscriber of FOREST AND STREAM who feels that his duties have too closely drawn him to business, and thinks that a few days among the green hills of Vermont in pursuit of ruffed grouse would do him good, I extend the following invitation: I will furnish gratis, board, lodging, team, dog, and will act as guide for one week commencing Sept. 8. The following conditions must be agreed to: No protest shall be made as to crankiness of guide or dog, and the one rule of field etiquette shall strictly be adhered to, viz.: The gun shall not at any time be pointed at the guide; he is already carrying around a load of No. 6s. It shall be further agreed that at the expiration of his outing he shall put in readable form the result of his trip and forward to FOREST AND STREAM for publication for the benefit of his brother who is "chained" at home.

Write, stating occupation.

B. A. EASTMAN.

BARRE, Vt.

Elk for the Adirondacks.

WILLIAM C. WHITNEY has shipped from Lenox, Mass., twenty elk to the Adirondacks, to be released in the State Reservation. This makes a total of fifty elk shipped from Lenox to the Adirondacks by Mr. Whitney. He has ninety more full-grown elk in the October Mountain preserve, near Lenox.

Interstate Commerce in Birds and Game.

Biological Survey Circular No. 38, United States Department of Agriculture.

U. S. Department of Agriculture, Office of the Secretary, Washington, D. C., Aug. 23, 1902.—In order to secure a more general observance of the Act of May 25, 1900, entitled "An Act to enlarge the powers of the Department of Agriculture, prohibit the transportation by interstate commerce of game killed in violation of local laws, and for other purposes," the Department invites attention to the provisions of the Federal and State laws relating to shipment of birds and game. These laws are intended to preserve for the common good certain animals and birds that are valuable as food, for sport, or as destroyers of pests. They are generally supported by public sentiment, but are frequently violated through ignorance, as comparatively few persons realize the rapid increase in protective legislation or the numerous restrictions which have been imposed on the trade in game. Sportsmen, market hunters, game dealers, commission merchants, railroad and express agents, and all other persons concerned, should familiarize themselves, so far as possible, with the regulations now in force. Copies of State laws may be obtained from fish and game wardens or Secretaries of State and a summary of the Federal, State, and County laws (published as Farmers' Bulletin No. 160) may be had on application to this Department. The most important provisions of the various laws may be briefly stated as follows:

1. Shipment.—It is unlawful for any person to deliver to any common carrier for transportation from one State or Territory to another, or for any common carrier or consignee knowingly to re-

ceive any wild animals or birds killed in violation of local laws. This prohibition applies not only to game killed out of season, but to that captured in an illegal manner (by traps, nets, etc.), or for illegal purposes, as, in some States, for sale or shipment.

2. Packages Must be Marked.—Every package containing game or birds, or any parts thereof, when shipped by interstate commerce, must bear a statement of the contents and the shipper's name plainly marked on the outside. Inattention to these details renders the shipper liable not only to loss of his game, but also to heavy penalties for evasions of the law.

3. Evasions.—Shipping game in trunks, butter boxes, or egg cases; concealing it among other goods; marking it "butter," "dressed poultry," or "household goods"; addressing it with a tag made specially to hide the shipper's name and statement of contents; or resorting to any other device to conceal the nature of the shipment—are all evasions of the law and subject the shipper to the same penalties as for its direct violation. False marking of packages is treated as a serious offense under some State laws, and is punishable by special penalties.

4. Special Restrictions.—Four-fifths of all the States and Territories prohibit export of deer at any season; all those in which quail occur, except three in the South, prohibit export of these birds at all seasons; and practically every State where prairie chickens are found prohibits their export. As a result of these restrictions, it is almost impossible in the West to ship quail or prairie chickens to market outside of the State without violating some law.

5. Western Game.—All the States and Territories west of the Mississippi River except seven prohibit export of game protected by local laws. Of the seven exceptions, Louisiana and Texas prohibit export of all game except a few birds; Minnesota prohibits export of all birds, while Arkansas, Missouri, Montana and Wyoming either prohibit export of certain species or practically cut off export trade in game by means of other restrictions. Eastern dealers in ordering or receiving such game from these States encourage direct violations of local laws and may render themselves liable to the penalties provided for violating the Federal law.

6. Alaska Game.—Under the Act of June 7, 1902, the shipment from Alaska of any hides or carcasses of deer, moose, mountain sheep, mountain goats, or parts thereof, or any wild birds, or parts thereof, is prohibited at all times. Trophies, specimens for scientific purposes, and live game may, however, be shipped under permit from the Secretary of Agriculture.

7. Game for Propagation.—States which prohibit export of dead game frequently allow shipment of live birds intended solely for propagation, in some cases under permit from State authorities. Persons contemplating shipment of live birds should inform themselves fully as to all local regulations. No permits for the shipment of game from one State to another are issued by this Department.

8. Game for Private Use.—Some States, especially those which issue non-resident hunting licenses, permit sportsmen to carry a limited amount of game out of the State for private use. In some cases this game must be tagged, carried openly, and accompanied by the owner. To insure safe transit of game, careful attention should be paid to such local regulations.

9. Insectivorous Birds.—Robins, swallows, cedar birds, meadow larks, flickers, night hawks or bull bats, and a few other insectivorous species, as well as such birds as longspurs, snow buntings, and shore larks, which are useful in destroying seeds of weeds, are occasionally killed as game. They are, however, generally protected, and under no circumstances should they be sent to market or shipped out of the State.

10. Birds for Millinery Purposes.—Statutes even more stringent than those protecting game birds have recently been enacted by many States for the preservation of birds which are not included in the game list. Under these statutes birds which are in demand for millinery purposes are protected throughout the year, and sale and possession, as well as killing, are prohibited. It should be remembered that the principal centers for millinery supplies are nearly all located in States which have such laws, and the purchase of native song birds, as well as of herons, pelicans, gulls, terns or sea swallows, grebes, or other plume birds, should be avoided. The shipment of these birds or any part of their plumage is prohibited by the provisions of the Federal law. Ostrich feathers are not subject to these restrictions and their use should be encouraged.

JAMES WILSON, Secretary.

Sea and River Fishing.

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

Random Notes of an Angler.

Concerning the Black Sea Bass.

THERE are not many anglers, comparatively, who have had much experience in fishing with rod and reel for the black sea bass. If by chance you happen to mention the fish you are shut off with the hasty reply, "Oh, yes, that's a great fish. I've caught hundreds of them with the hand line off at the Banks, and it is the best chowder fish that swims, far and away ahead of the cod; in fact, it is also an elegant fish to boil—one of the best." And that seems about the extent of information that you can obtain from the ordinary run of fishermen.

Now, although it is a bottom-feeding species and is not generally classed among game fish, it affords a degree of sport that is by no means despicable if you use rod and proper tackle with it. Of course you must use bait, and you will be obliged to sink it down to near the bottom, but there are hundreds of reefs and ledges all along the coast over which there is not too great depth of water to prohibit the use of the rod, and when a school of these fish are found in such desirable locations one can have as exciting sport as he wishes.

The sea bass is a prodigiously strong fish; examine one and note the depth and thickness of the body and you will see that its lines are exceedingly robust; in fact, it is one of the most powerful fish for its size that we have, and when you find that you have hooked a ten-pounder you will acknowledge when you get him in your boat that you conquered him only after a good fight. It is true he does not dart away like a bluefish or squeteague, but he makes fairly good runs, and his strength is such that you will be obliged to humor him somewhat before you attempt to "give him the butt."

His resistance is of a most dogged character, and, hugging the bottom, nose down, he holds out until thoroughly exhausted.

It is a most ravenous biter, and its mouth is so tough and leathery that if the hook is once imbedded in it there is no chance for its springing out, as it often does from the mouth of the tautog.

Meagre Literature on the Sea Bass.

I have examined quite a number of books on fishing and find that the literature relating to this species is rather meager—much more so than the value of the fish ought to call for.

Genio C. Scott, in his "Fishing in American Waters," gives more prominence to the sea bass than others have given. He says in part:

"It is eminently a coast fish, and seldom ventures far above the estuaries, bays and back waters or bayous. The sea bass, porgie and tautog banks along the coast of New Jersey form one of the attractions of Long Branch, and they are a real blessing to the members of the hand-line committee, who realize in them a cheap relaxation from business and the lassitude caused by too constant work in a city during the heat of summer.

"In a commercial point of view the sea bass ranks with the tautog, and next to the cod, being consumed annually to the number of millions. For capture with rod and reel, the common striped bass tackle is used. I have taken hundreds of small ones in a day while angling for sheepshead. They take with equal voracity shrimp, clam and shedder crab. A shoal of a single pair of fish number probably five thousand which attain to the weight of half a pound and over; not more, because ground sharks and other marine carnivora thin their ranks when fingerlings. Their feeding time is during the lull of the waters, between the turn of the tides, when they yield themselves willing victims to the angler's captivating art. They weigh from half a pound to five pounds, and some shoals run from eight to fifteen pounds."

The geographical range of this fish is very wide, it being found more or less abundantly along the entire coast from Cape Cod, Mass., to Florida. It is now rarely found above the Cape, the entire number taken in all the nets, pounds and weirs north of Provincetown having been for the six years, 1895-1900, only 355, while along the shore south of the Cape and in Vineyard Sound and Buzzard's Bay, etc., there were taken in the same years about 252,500, the principal portion being annually captured at Gosnold and Cuttyhunk. What the cause of their stopping in their northern movement is I am unable to say, but Cape Cod, stretching away as it does for many miles, seems to be to them an effectual barrier, Provincetown at the extreme end of the Cape being the point at which they pause; in fact, the proportion which reach even that locality is quite small, the entire catch in the six years I have named having been only 356 fish, and this notwithstanding that the number and extent of the pounds, etc., were as large as were those at almost any other point on the coast.

Tackle.

For sea bass I have found that a rod, line and reel such as I have mentioned in a previous article as being suitable for tautog fishing are heavy enough for these fish. The tautog hook is also the better one for this fishing.

The favorite haunts of the sea bass are reefs which are covered with marine plants and upon which there are beds of mussels and numbers of crustaceans. I have found these reefs scattered about in Buzzard's Bay and in the neighborhood of Martha's Vineyard, to which I readily rowed my boat, where, dropping anchor, I have often obtained very fine sport.

Of course it was just simply bait-fishing, and the bass were not very gamy, but in the absence of a more satisfactory recreation it answered my purpose very well.

Sharks a Great Nuisance.

The monotony of my fishing was occasionally broken by a heavy tug of a large fish at my line, which on my reeling up refused to come. I could feel by the dragging motion that a fish was hooked, but it was too strong for my tackle, and finally I was obliged to pull up the line hand over hand, breaking off the hook, of course, in order to release the line. Sometimes the head and shoulders of a bass came up with my hook, the body having been bitten off by sharks or dogfish; and, more than once, have had these vermin follow my mutilated fish to the surface of the water, and even seize it and carry it down to the bottom again.

It is rather startling to have a big blue maneater come up alongside one's boat and seize his fish, throwing the water around him in its splashing descent. I cannot recall anything more wicked looking than these marauders are; their eyes are perfectly typical of a horrible malevolence, and their mouths with their serried rows of sharp, pointed teeth are as savage looking as any object that I know of.

The brown shark, which also abides in the same localities, is as predatory as are others, but it does not come to the surface in pursuit of prey; at any rate, I have never seen one do so.

Where sharks abound, bottom-feeding fish are preyed upon very heavily, and it is probably owing to their onslaughts that scup (porgies), tautog and sea bass have in many localities become almost extinct. These rapacious fish are much more numerous than is generally known. I have often been out "sharking" in the neighborhood of Nantucket, and our party has taken as high as eight or ten in a few hours' fishing; the brown sand sharks were perhaps more numerous than the blue maneaters, but there was not much difference. I have seen the deck of a good-sized yacht covered with these brutes which we had captured, and among them were specimens eight or ten feet in length.

The black sea bass is not a free swimming species like the striped bass and squeteague, and therefore, like the tautog, it makes its winter home in the deep water not far from its summer haunts. It is, therefore, not migratory in the way that some writers describe, but is rather of a "home body," and does not wander. Like the tautog, it is very susceptible to the cold, and instances are on record of its having been frozen, even in deep water, in very severe weather, and the fish have come ashore in great numbers. The sea bass deposits its spawn in the sea weeds which cover the reefs and banks, and fishermen have accused the parent fish of cannibalism, they devouring their young as soon as they are hatched and until they are large enough to take care of themselves.

This is not impossible, although I have never of my own knowledge proved that they pouch their progeny, and I have examined the stomachs of a great many specimens.

But even if it is true they are no worse in this respect than are many other species. The salmon does not devour its young, simply because it is not feeding while it is in fresh water, in which the young are reared; but I have no doubt that if by any chance a number of parr or smolts were to find their way to the ocean in which the salmon naturally feed, they would be seized and swallowed as quickly as so many smelts would be; they would not be spared on account of relationship.

The trout is one of the worst cannibals among fishes. It will devour its own offspring with as much avidity as it will eat anything else that swims; in fact, it seems to prefer small ones of its own race to any others, and they need not be so very small, either, for we have all seen them with others nearly as large as themselves protruding from their mouths. If they get their prey ended around head foremost they will continue gorging and digesting until the tail of the unfortunate victim disappears from sight.

Many a trout culturist has had cause for loud lamentations when by chance a two-year-old trout found its way into a preserve or rearing pond in which fry or fingerlings were confined.

As for the pickerel, no one doubts its cannibalism, and instances are on record of these gluttonous fish having been found choked in endeavoring to swallow members of their own family which were as large as themselves.

The fresh-water black bass protects its young, and so does the perch and bullhead and sunfish (*Pomotis*), and a number of other species; but the bluefish will eat its own offspring, and so will the striped bass and squeteague.

As for out and out cannibals, I think the common frog is entitled to the medal. I dare say that almost every one who has fished in fresh water has noticed a couple of frogs jumping about, one in pursuit of the other, and uttering now and then a playful yelp, and apparently having a jolly game of "tag" or some other innocent recreation.

Such, however, is not the case, for instead of indulging in sport they are attending strictly to business; the leader in the game does his best to escape from the other, for if he is overtaken he is swallowed at a gulp.

An acquaintance of mine had been out collecting frogs for the purpose of using them in a college lecture in the way of illustrating the circulation of blood, etc. He had caught fourteen, three of which were large bullfrogs, and the others were smaller, some being but wee things.

He had a covered basket in which he brought them from the country where he had caught them to the city, and when he arrived home and put his captives in a wire cage, he found that three were missing. Supposing that they had in some way escaped, he did not pay much attention to the others, but during the evening he missed three more, and when he went to the cage on the following morning to show me his captives, he exclaimed: "They're all gone but five! The big ones have eaten all the others."

So that if the sea bass does devour its progeny it is not the only transgressor that swims. Now, I agree with you perfectly that this fish is not a game fish par excellence, but that it is a bottom feeder only, and it must be taken with bait at still-fishing; but, and this is often an important word, you can obtain a lot of sport in fishing for it which you may at some time be very glad to get.

I can fancy you domiciled at the shore for a few weeks in summer, say at Martha's Vineyard or some other place near which there are reefs and seaweed-covered banks upon which the wild mussels grow, and ennui has marked you for its own. You are in desperate straits for some recreation which will prove more exciting than the "lawn sports" in which you have perchance been participating, and when a friend proposes that you rig up your bait-rod and tackle and go out with him upon the briny deep and fish for sea bass, something you have probably never done before, you embrace him, not exactly à la Gaston and Alphonse, but metaphorically speaking, and away you go as "chipper as a two-year-old."

You discover when you have hooked an eight-pound fish that you have something worth living for, and after a good fight with it, deep in the water—for the sea bass never breaks water until it is ready for the landing net—and it comes into the boat, you will feel like kicking yourself that you have not before had an opportunity for making the acquaintance of such a sturdy and persistent fighter.

The sea bass makes its first appearance at Martha's Vineyard early in May and remains among its favorite haunts until late in the autumn.

All along the New Jersey shore it is quite a favorite species, both with rod and hand line fishermen, and all sorts of crafts are utilized to carry the fishermen out to the "banks," where the bass abound. In the height of the season it is not an uncommon occurrence to see fifty or more yachts or other boats lying at anchor at some favorite locality, and even steamers are run from New York and Philadelphia for the accommodation of those who wish to participate in the recreation of "bassing."

This is a standard market fish in New York and Philadelphia, but is not so commonly sold in Boston, although if its good qualities were better known it would undoubtedly become as great a favorite as it is in other localities.

EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

Rangeley Trout and the Smelts.

BOSTON, Aug. 23.—Mr. Henry W. Clarke, of Boston, a veteran angler in the Rangeley waters, has just returned from a stay of seven weeks at the Mountain View, foot of Rangeley Lake. This was Mr. Clarke's twenty-eighth successive annual trip to those waters, and his opinions naturally carry a good deal of weight on angling subjects. He says that of all the seasons he has ever spent there the past has shown the poorest fishing. His idea is that the poor fishing is largely due to the putting of smelts into the Rangeleys. He says that the smelts are in deep water the most of the season; only going up into the streams to spawn in spring. The trout have found them better eating than the old-time minnows, for which the Rangeleys have always been noted, and like the salmon, they follow the smelts into deep water. Mr. Clarke says that he caught one trout, hardly three pounds' weight, which had in its throat and maw 53 smelt. He adds: "It must have taken my hook out of idle curiosity. There could have been no other reason for its biting." Mr. Clarke regards the stocking of the Rangeleys with smelt as a dangerous experiment at the best. He believes that the trout fishing has been greatly injured thereby. Mr. C. P. Stevens, another veteran angler at the Rangeleys, has the same idea. He says that never has the trout fishing been so poor in the vicinity of his cottage, in the Narrows, Richardson Lake. It is the opinion of other "old timers" at the Rangeleys that the big trout of that region are done for, and it is certain that not half the usual number have been caught the past season, while the catch of salmon has been greater.

Mr. G. S. Wright, of Boston, has returned from a trip
the home of the Inglewood Club. He is pleased with
ie loeation and the fishing. Ex-Mayor Cobb, of New-
n, family and guests, have been at the clubhouse since
ly 1. W. J. Follett, one of Boston's most devoted
vers of the angle and the woods, started yesterday for
ie Inglewood, with Mrs. Follett. His two sons have
en there for a month and report much fishing and a
od time.

Aug. 25.—The correspondent of the daily press is still
nxious to make it appear that fishing is good at the
rious New England resorts, but he well understands
at but little fishing is being done, with summer gaieties
ie rule. He carefully chronieles all the successes, but
ever mentions the thousand failures. The season on
out fishing closes in the streams of Grafton, Carrol
id Coos counties, N. H., Sept. 1, and the fishermen
e improving the last opportunity. But the season
mains open on the lakes in that State till Sept. 15.
ood bass fishing is being had at Asquam lakes, with
me large catehes made last week. Dr. Fernald, of
oston, caught a good string of trout last week from the
emigewasset River, near the famous Starr King View.
Vard O. Perkins, of the same city, also caught a rain-
w trout from about the same location, that weighed
/2 pounds. Dr. Fernald's largest trout weighed 2
unds. Herbert M. Worcester, of Dorchester, Mass.,
aught a fine basket of pickerel Thursday from Ells-
orth ponds. Conductor E. B. Lane, of Boston, took a
ndsome string of trout from the streams of Randolph
st week, one weighing 1¾ pounds. Fishing has con-
ued good in all Coos County, the cool, wet weather
ing favorable. At Haines Landing, Mooselucmagun-
Lake, Maine, they are still taking trout and salmon.
ne little fellow, Master Randolph Bartlett, son of
. J. Bartlett, of Boston, only a little over eight years
age, has taken several good strings of fish lately. He
s sueceeded in landing, unaided, a salmon of 3¼
unds. Miss Anna Noreross, the little daughter of
. J. Norcross, of Brookline, Mass., has landed reeently
e trout and a salmon, her largest fish weighing 4½
unds. The big fish fought an hour and a half before
ccessfully landed, one landing net being broken in the
tempt. Mrs. A. M. Williams, of Boston, has made a
od record there recently, getting a string of 25 fish
at weighed from 2 to 4 pounds. Good strings of bass
e being taken from the Belgrad lakes and Maranacook
d the other Winthrop and Monmouth, Me., ponds.
r. G. S. Wright, of Boston, speaks in high terms of
e pleasures of camp life at the Inglewood Club, New
runswick. He occupied a log cabin with his wife, son
d daughter. They think such a vacation is worth
ving. They had one or two days of good fishing, al-
ough midsummer, with the weather delightfully cool
the time. Inglewood people do not desire all the
olf, tennis, ping pong and dress suits that are being
ought to other fishing resorts, and hope that such
novations will stay away. SPECIAL.

Fish and Fishing.

Salmo salar in Ontario Waters.

Some days ago my attention was directed to a news-
per paragraph alleging that a specimen of the true
tlantic salmon had been captured in the St. Lawrence
iver at Brockville. The matter seemed to me to war-
nt investigation and I forwarded the paragraph to my
iend, Mr. S. T. Bastedo, Deputy Commissioner of
isheries for the Province of Ontario, who has under-
ken to inquire into the facts of the case. Though the
leged capture has not been reported to the Department
Fisheries by its overseers at Brockville, Mr. Bastedo
ys that he has no doubt that the present paragraph is
rrect, and that a real salmon was taken last year at
ornwall. It will probably be a surprise to many anglers
learn that any salmon at all remain in Ontario waters,
ough it is a well-known fact that almost every tribu-
ry of the St. Lawrence as far as the head of Lake On-
rio contained large quantities of this fish in the early
rt of the last century. A writer in one of the Ontario
ports quoted a well-known authority as stating that its
nal disappearance from Lake Ontario had occurred
bsequent to 1875. He mentioned the fact that the
reams and creeks flowing into this lake used to be
owded at spawning time with salmon, and added that
heir disappearance is unquestionably due to the dry-
g up of these streams consequent on the altered con-
tions of the land drained by them, to obstacles like
ill-dams preventing the ascent of the fish toward the
eadwaters, and to the pollution of the streams by saw-
st and other refuse." It would seem, from the fact
at solitary specimens of the fish still ascend to On-
rio waters, that there is no reason why the planting of
lmon in suitable Ontario tributaries of the St. Law-
nce, with a proper system of protection should not
rove successful in restocking western streams in which
ey were formerly so plentiful. At all events, there
e many westerly Quebec rivers flowing into the St.
awrence, such as the St. Charles, the St. Francis, the
te. Anne, the Portneuf and the St. Maurice, in which
e experiment could certainly be made to succeed. It
only because of the careful protection accorded to the
sh which frequent its waters, that there are salmon
ill to be had in the Jacques Cartier River, which is
early thirty miles west of Quebec.

"The Compleat Angler."

Can anybody tell me how many copies of the first
lition of Izaak Walton's "Compleat Angler" are now
nown to be in existence, and how many of them are in
merica? I am under the impression that not more
an twenty copies, and perhaps not more than fifteen
pies of this much prized little volume are known to
ave been preserved. I have been already told of eight
pies which are owned in America, and it is not unlikely
at this is even more than are now owned in the land
its origin, for it has long been a cause for regret on
ie part of English collectors of angling literature that
ie rarest books upon the sport which they love, find
eir way to America.

Rapid Growth of Anadromous Fish.

The recent results of certain fish-marking experiments which have been carried on in English waters, furnish interesting illustrations of the rapid growth of those species of the salmonidæ which run down to salt water. A sea trout, which weighed three pounds when it was captured and marked on July 8, 1901, was re-caught in the Deveron in July, 1902, and then weighed six pounds, having thus doubled its avoirdupois in one year. A kelt of 13 pounds, which was labeled in January, 1901, weighed 21 pounds when recaptured in July, 1902, and a salmon of 16 pounds weighed in August, 1901, had attained to 22 pounds when again taken and weighed in July, 1902.

Fish Breeding at Lake St. John.

Within the last few days salmon have been caught in the Lake St. John waters weighing over a pound and a half, and showing that so far the young fish planted there three years ago are doing well. Mr. Marcoux, who has charge of the fish hatchery at Roberval, writes me that he has over five hundred parent ouananiche inclosed in a pond for stripping as soon as their eggs are ripe. He expcets to have over a million eggs for hatching this autumn.

Anglers may be interested in learning that the ouananiche in the Grand Discharge are now moving up the stream, and are at present plentiful in the vicinity.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Retriever and Dynamite Stick.

From the New York Times Saturday Review.

Since the days when Mark Twain proved to the satisfaction of his friends, if not to his enemies, that he did not steal his story of "The Jumping Frog" from a Hellenic source, there has been nothing more remarkable than the varied interpretations given by Frank Norris, Jack London, and Charles Forrest McLean to what was once, in all probability, an actual occurrence. Somewhere in the mining section of the great West a dog, which had been trained to retrieve, chased a stick of dynamite to which a lighted fuse had been attached and brought it unwelcomed to his master. The expected happened and both master and dog suddenly disappeared.

S. T. Clover, the editor of The Los Angeles Express, with considerable patienee and without malice, shows how this episode figures as the prineipal incident in Frank Norris's "The Passing of Cock-eye Blacklock," published in the July Century; in Jack London's "Moon Face; a Story of a Mortal Antipathy," which appeared in the San Farneisco Argonaut of July 21, and in Charles Forrest McLean's "An Exploded Theory," which appeared in The Black Cat of November, 1901. In spite of the fact that names and localities are changed, as well as the motive improving the thrower of the stick of dynamite, and the extent of mortality following its explosion—still the circumstances attending the tragic death of the three dogs remain conspicuous in eaeh.

As a literary study it seems worth while giving the synopses of the stories as they emanated from the pen of the editor of The Los Angeles Express:

He (Cock-eye Blacklock) was a "short-card" artist, whose business had been shamefully curtailed by the Marshal of Ophir Camp, Placer County, Cal. This puts Cock-eye out of touch with his fellows and he retires to a dilapidated cabin to become a terror of the settlement. But with all his killings and maraudings he is cunning enough to evade the law. One of his devilish delights is to dynamite a favorite trout stream, gather in the dead fish, and sell them "down Sacramento way" to the market. It is determined to catch Cock-eye redhanded; many attempts are made by the Marshal and his posse, but they prove fruitless.

It is a yellow, worthless fool pup named Sloppy Weather that finally brings Cock-eye to grief. Sloppy has been trained to retrieve in the water, and thereby hangs the tale. He goes out chasing jack-rabbits one day and doesn't return to camp, for, as is afterward discovered, he "meets up" with Cock-eye and visits with that outlaw to his everlasting undoing.

It is the day following that the Marshal and his assistants again lay for Cocke-eye. They hear him dynamiting up creek, but cannot catch him in the act. After a while they hear a dog yarp, and soon Sloppy comes in sight of the men lying concealed, followed by Blacklock. The latter looks cautiously around; all is quiet. Taking a stick of dynamite out of his hip pocket, he ties two stones to the stick and "heaves it into the drink." But the rocks slip off and the dynamite floats with the lighted fuse still burning.

Meanwhile the fool pup, unnoticed by Cock-eye, has plunged into the stream at the moment the stick leaves Blacklock's hand. The man sees the dog's head almost within touch of the burning fuse and tries to call him back. Useless, the pup is too well trained. He gets the stick of dynamite in his jaws and turns for shore with the fuse sputtering like hot grease. Blacklock heaves a rock at the brute, yells, capers, dances. Sloppy comes right on. Then Cock-eye lights out, but the dog is after him; he thinks that is part of the game.

No use, Cock-eye cannot evade his fate! The dog catches up, cavorts around, jumps up and down on Cock-eye, having lots of fun. Then all at once "something big happens," and when the watchers look again there is a hole in the side of the cañon. When the smoke clears away they find many fragments of Blacklock, but nor hide nor hair of Sloppy Weather.

Well, that is the story told by Frank Norris, author of "The Octopus" and other stories. Now for the second. In The San Francisco Argonaut of the current week (dated July 21) is a weird yarn by Jack London called "Moon Face; a Story of a Mortal Antipathy." It purports to have been written in San Francisco, July, 1902, and it is so much worse than anything that Jack London has written heretofore that, but for the denouement, one might fancy it was one of his earliest juvenile efforts in the literary line.

There is a morbid person in this story of Mr. London's, who entertains an intense aversion to the irrepressibly good-natured John Claverhouse. The reader cannot doubt this, for John is harassed and plagued by his bête noir until anybody but a glutton would have been satisfied. Not so this revengeful chap; only John's life will appease him, and he proceeds to plan for it.

How? That is the question. Ah, he buys a water spaniel, a young one, teaches it retrieving, and when Bellona is well trained, with devilish intent he presents the dog to John Claverhouse. He knows John is fond of trout fishing, and is eognizant of his private and civic sinful methods of catehing fish. A week later John takes his dog, his dip net, and gunnysack and starts off. His Nemesis follows swiftly and stealthily after. From the top of a bluff he sees John arrive at his favorite pool, throw down his dip net and sack and draw from his hip pocket what appears to be a large, fat candle.

Reader, you have guessed it. Yes, it was a stick of dynamite. He attaehed the fuse by wrapping the "giant" tightly in a picee of cotton. Then he ignited the fuse and tossed the explosive into the pool.

But why continue? Mr. Norris already has told the sequel. Of course Bellona plunges in after it, retrieves the "stick," pays no attention to the yells of Claverhouse, nor the rocks he pelts at the well-trained spaniel. When John realizes his danger and runs, the dog takes after him hot-footed.

"And then, just as she caught up, he in full stride, and she leaping with nose at his knee, there was a sudden flash, a burst of smoke and terrific detonation, and where man and dog had been the instant before there was naught to be seen but a big hole in the ground."

But the queerest phase of these literary coincidences remains to be told. In The Black Cat of November, 1901, appeared a story by Charles Forrest McLean, entitled "An Exploded Theory." This also is credited to the Pacific Coast, Howe's Pool, half a day's ride from Seattle, being the locale of the story.

Same idea as before, or, perhaps, as this one saw light six months in advance of either the Norris or London effort, it is only fair to say—after. "Fishing" party, illegal dynamiting of stream, retriever dog, denouement! But in this instance the water spaniel is the only victim.

Really, this begins to be funny. Listen to the finale: The cartridge has been tossed into the pool and the "fishermen" are awaiting the result. But they suddenly hear another and a louder splash. Of course, it is the dog, faithful to his instincts, intent on retrieving the "stick." As with the others, his master alternately calls, raves, and swears. No use! The dog makes for the shore with the "long-timed" eartridge between his teeth. All the men take to the woods. The spaniel follows his owner, a fat man, who is in a panic of fear. He stumbles over a log just as the loaded spaniel is upon him. He shouts and drops behind the prostrate tree trunk. The next instant the cartridge explodes; the man is safe, but Tips, oh, where is he?

Of course, the only fair explanation of this extraordinary literary verisimilitude is that the fishing incident was told to Frank Norris, Jack London and Charles Forrest McLean about the same time. Eaeh saw in it possible "eopy," and clothed it in his own form. It must be confessed that The Century story is by far the most pretentious of the three versions. One can understand that it may have been written by Mr. Norris long before The Black Cat yarn was in manuscript even, for every one knows the length of time it takes for an accepted story to see daylight in the big magazines.

But how about The Argonaut infliction? Granting that Mr. London had overlooked The Black Cat production of last November and had let the July Century pass his eye unnotieed, what has the publisher of this usually carefully edited literary weekly to say of his remissness? He owed a double duty; first to his readers, next to his contributor, for Mr. London has achieved deserved fame as an original, virile writer, and he should have been spared this.

Curious, isn't it?—New York Saturday.

Orange County Bass Waters.

Orange County, N. Y., August.—I am spending the summer up in Orange County and I thought perhaps some information about the fishing in this locality might be of use to you. I have fished in several of the lakes here and with very good success.

One week ago last Sunday with two friends I fished Watton Lake, near Monroe (on the main line of the Erie) and we took six large-mouth bass averaging two pounds each. This lake contains small-mouths, too, but of recent years few of them have been taken. However, you sometimes get a good one. John Proctor, of Greycourt, took one there last week which weighed 5 pounds.

Mon Basha Lake is another lake which is reached from Monroe and it is a famous one for large-mouth bass. Last week two friends of mine from Warwiek fished there and took eight bass and two of them weighed 4 pounds each. I can recommend a good guide in the person of Peter Fitzgerald, of Monroe. He is a good, faithful fisherman, will meet one at the station with bait at any time, can keep a party over night, is very reasonable in his charges, and the fellow that employs Pete will come pretty close to getting some fish.

A very humorous and interesting event occurred at Warwick last week. The town reservoir lies on the mountain side and has been stocked with brown trout.

The recent rains so filled this reservoir that some fear was felt that the dam would not stand the strain, and so last Thursday the gate was raised to relieve the pressure, and one Pete Eager surmised that some trout had escaped to the stream below and investigated the matter on Friday with the result that he took twelve trout, three of which weighed 2 pounds each and the others were by no means small. On his return to the village and while exhibiting his catch to an admiring audience, he remarked to one "Gore" Smith, also a follower of old Izaak, that one fish that he hooked but had lost, would put anything in the present collection in the shade. Smith suggested to Eager that they go out together the next morning and try for the big fellow, but Eager, realizing the mistake of his hasty remark and considering that fish his own private property, said he couldn't go, and they decided to postpone the trip until the following Monday. Daylight Saturday morning, however, found Smith on the stream, and he hooked

and after a time landed the famous trout just as Eager appeared on the scene, rod in hand. Mr. Eager's remarks were forcible but scarcely edifying. This fish was a brown trout 24 inches long and weighed 4½ pounds, which I can vouch for, as I saw it that morning before leaving for New York. Another lake is Wickham's or Clark's. It is situated on the Lehigh & Hudson R. R., four miles this side of Warwick. Last Monday afternoon my brother-in-law, F. H. Sheppard, took two large-mouth bass, three of which weighed 4 pounds each. Frog easting is the most successful method of fishing in this lake.

This season so far has been the best one for bass in some years, and as September is my favorite month for this sport, I am anticipating some great fun.

H. C. KELSEY MORFORD.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Work of Iowa Fish Commission.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 22.—The U. S. Fish Commission, Department of Iowa, has finished the building of a boat known as the Curlew, which will be devoted to the work of fish propagation and preservation in the State of Iowa. Superintendent R. S. Johnson, of the U. S. hatchery at Manchester, Ia., is much delighted over this addition to his resources. The work of the Iowa Commission is practically on the line struck out years ago by Superintendent Bartlett of the Illinois State Fish Commission, and includes the seining out of the cut-off sloughs and bayous of the thousands of young fish which would otherwise be left to perish from the drying up of the waters. Superintendent Johnson has been practicing this in a somewhat restricted fashion since 1899, the base of his operations being at Bellevue Station. Last year the State Commission took out 100,000 bass, 50,000 croppies and 150,000 mixed fishes, beside about 1,500,000 fish seined out of bayous and restored to the main river (the Mississippi), and not taken to Bellevue Station. The U. S. Commission appropriated $5,000 for the building of the Curlew, which is a stern wheeler 80 feet long, provided with eight tanks, which are capable of carrying about 1,000 fish each.

As to the extent of this reclamation industry, it may be stated that last year Mr. Johnson's crews seined out about one-half million of young sunfish which would have been left to die, and which were restored to the Mississippi. This work of reclamation is particularly useful along the bayous lining the Mississippi, and it can be followed to advantage along the valley of the Father of Waters clear up to the neighborhood of St. Paul and Minneapolis. There is no more valuable form of fish propagation than this, and it is surely of much greater value than the importation and attempted acclimatization of fancy and foreign species of fish. These latter experiments have been most disastrous in the West.

Drowned on the Nepigon.

Erskine Andrews, aged seventeen yars, and son of Marvin A. Andrews, of Chicago, was drowned on a river emptying into Lake Nepigon, near Fort Williams, Canada, this week. His father was in the boat with him at the time of the accident, as were also two guides. The boat was caught in a bit of fast water and overturned. The young man had been on similar trips with his father in previous years, and in this same locality.

Sad News for Chicago Angler.

I was called up by 'phone to-day by Mr. H. C. Hascall, one of the members of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, who attended the tournament at San Francisco early in this month. Mr. Hascall said that he had news of the death of a brother-in-law of Mr. F. N. Peet, another of the Chicago party. Mr. Peet asked me some time ago about fishing in the Puget Sound country, and I gave him the address of Mr. W. S. Phillips, of Seattle, as a man who would be able to give him some instructions about that country. At last accounts Mr. Peet had left San Francisco for Puget Sound, intending to have a little trout fishing. Numerous telegrams have failed to reach him, and it is to be hoped that he can be found in care of Mr. Phillips at Seattle. Reports of the tournament at San Francisco are given elsewhere.

Fly Dope.

Mr. J. W. Barney, of Southboro, Mass., writes as follows in regard to fly-dope:

"I have been so much interested in your queries about fly-dope that I take the liberty to forward to you by this mail a medicine I have used for years. It is dear old Nessmuk's formula, only I have substituted white vaseline for his castor oil, because I could fill the tubes with the mixture warmed and when it solidified I could close the end better than with a liquid. It is a simple mixture, and I have always found it effective. The base is vaseline, add tar and pennyroyal to suit. I believe in a very pungent odor. I have put it up this way for years because you avoid breakage, and it is handier than a box. I never put it upon the market, but have always labeled it as you see. I wish you would try it."

The tube of mixture sent by Mr. Barney seems to be admirable for the purpose intended. I have found it desirable in the winter time, when the thermometer is about 20 degrees below zero, to occasionally get out my bottle of fly-dope and have a smell at it. This is just as good as going fishing and much cheaper, and I think this last addition to my fly-dope repertoire will prove itself good either in winter or summer. It is a very fetching smell—for humans. I shall try it on the streams later.

Terrapins.

Mr. P. B. Plummer, of Chattanooga, Tenn., wants some information about a certain brand of live stock which he owns and does not fully understand. He writes:

"I have a species of terrapin in my lake that I will try to describe. Its under shell is a bright yellow, top shell black with a slight yellow streak and both look like they were 'blocked out,' as it were. Its claws are about one-quarter inch in length, and the skin on tail, legs and neck a very decided black and yellow stripe. Tail very short and head small. The average weight about four to five pounds. Occasionally I get one red in place of yellow. Can you tell me what it is by this description? The restaurants here claim it is the best to be had in this market, and I can dispose of them very readily when I desire. I will appreciate very much any information you can give me, and would not think of taking up your valuable time did I not know how you feel toward a brother lover of the rod and gun and FOREST AND STREAM.

It would seem that the only things needed by Mr. Plummer in order to enjoy life are a lake full of canvasback ducks and another lake of good Burgundy. These terrapins, as nearly as I can tell from the description, closely resemble those which are, or were, found along the sea marsh of Texas, and market-hunters of that country told me that these Texas terrapins were considered as good as those of the Chesapeake Bay, and brought fine prices. What a real terrapin is doing in this fresh-water country, however, is something which I myself leave to those better posted, and I hope that some reader of FOREST AND STREAM will come forward with the desired information.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Tournament

Mr. H. C. Hascall, of this city, furnishes an interesting story of the memorable meet of the San Francisco Fly-Casting Club, Aug. 8 and 9. The occasion was one of record smashing, in all particulars, and the Chicago attendants are literally delighted with the treatment they received from the big-hearted coast men. Mr. Hascall writes as below:

I have just returned from San Francisco, Cal., where I attended the fly-casting tournament given by the San Francisco Fly-Casting Club at Golden Gate Park on Aug. 8 and 9, sharing the honor with Mr. F. N. Peet in representing the Chicago Fly-Casting Club in that affair. The Grand Rapids Consolidated Sportsmen's Club was also represented by Mr. John Waddell and Col. E. Crofton Fox, who unfortunately was called away on business the next day after his arrival. Consequently there were only two clubs represented in the team events.

This undoubtedly was the finest and most extensive fly-casting tournament ever held in the history of the world.

The San Francisco Club is most fortunate in having an ideal spot for this sport. Golden Gate Park as a whole is the most beautiful park I have ever set my eyes on, and Stow Lake, situated in the western edge of this park, could not be exceeded in location for fly-casting.

On the western shore of this lake are two platforms facing east. Looking to the west from these platforms and over a deep valley can be seen, one-quarter of a mile away, the mighty Pacific, from which a steady breeze is ever blowing.

The distance and accuracy fly and the accuracy and delicacy fly are cast from the north platform, the buoys being placed along the shore so that the easting is done across the wind and parallel to the shore. They have, however, a wind break in the shape of a twenty-foot fence, which does its duty as a rule, but which we found at times, and much to our sorrow, slips a cog and allows enough wind to sweep through and around to swing your fly, accurately started, six, eight or ten feet away from its mark. Nevertheless this is a most pleasing arrangement, as the tiers of benches provided along the shore enable the spectators to see the event distinctly at all times.

The south platform from which the long-distance fly and the bait contests are cast, is unprotected from the wind, and right here is where the Eastern contingent had most of their troubles.

We have always maintained that the back cast in the East should be at an angle of 45 degrees, but such a cast there is almost an impossibility, owing to the strength of the wind. We Easteners therefore had to begin anew and learn to make a back cast just as low as possible and yet clear the ground behind, and owing to the limited time we had for practice we did not succeed very well.

The tournament started Friday morning at 10 o'clock with the distanee and accuracy fly, followed in the afternoon with the bait contest at 1:30 and the long-distance fly with five-ounce rod about 4 o'clock. Taking everything into consideration the work done in these contests was most remarkable. The bait contest was a very warm affair, and we found at least one Westerner who could take our measure, although the margin was rather small. Mr. Mansfield's cast of 129½ feet with the five-ounce rod, breaking the record of 95 feet made by Mr. R. C. Leonard, of New York, in 1888, was a wonderful exhibition of skill. There were also eleven other contestants who cast over 100 feet in this event.

On Saturday morning the accuracy and delicacy fly was pulled off, and in the afternoon the long-distance fly with heavy rod was started at 1:30, and was not finished until 7 o'clock, and in a heavy fog and drizzle. Here again Mr. Mansfield did himself great credit, breaking his own record of 133 feet with a cast of 134 feet. This cast was made in the team contest, and as their rules provide that feet shall score as points against percentage in the other events, we thought we had little chance to win the team contest, as the Chicago team had only about 4 per cent. the best of it up to this event. However, we made a lucky fluke and pulled the cup out of the fire, and were contented to return home with this trophy alone had we won no other.

I inclose you a memo of the scores and trust you may find space in your paper to publish same.

I found the gentlemen of the San Francisco Fly-Casting Club a most loyal and sportsmanlike body of men with hearts and pocketbooks open to their visitors. The one aim of each and all seemed to be the entertainment of their guests. Nothing was left undone to make our visit an enjoyable one, and none could have done it as well as they. It was with regret that I had to take myself away from these fine fellows at Truckee, Cal., after spending three or four most delightful days fishing that beautiful stream bearing the same name, and I assure you this visit to the Golden Gate will be forever the brightest spot in my memory. The scores:

Totals.

	Light Rod, Feet.	Distance, Feet.	Accuracy, Per Cent.	Delicacy—Accuracy, Per Cent.	Delicacy—Delicacy, Per Cent.	Delicacy—Net, Per Cent.	Lure Casting.	General Average.
H. Battu	94	104	91 24-36	92 10-12	80 10-12	86 10-12	82 3-15	454 126-180
Dr. W. E. Brooks	90	113½	91 28-36	87 6-12	76 8-12	82 1-12	.....	.....
T. W. Brotherton	116	120	94	90 8-12	80 10-12	85 9-12	93 12-15	509 99-180
W. T. Church	...	...	.....	.....	.....	.....	96 2-15	.....
F. E. Daverkosen	...	111	81 32-36	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
G. C. Edwards	...	109	87 20-36	94 8-12	82 6-12	82 7-12	91 8-15	.....
Ed Everett	113	115	92 12-36	90 2-12	77 6-12	83 10-12	.....	.....
H. C. Golcher	127	130	92	90	77 6-12	83 9-12	85 8-15	518 51-180
F. M. Haight	...	...	89 12-36	90 6-12	70	80 3-12	.....	.....
C. Huyck	...	94	93 24-36	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
C. R. Kenniff	98	118	91 8-36	90 4-12	79 2-12	84 9-12	97 9-15	489 10-180
J. B. Kenniff	97	131	96 4-36	91 4-12	80 10-12	86 1-12	94 4-15	504 83-180
W. D. Mansfield	129½	132	92 32-36	93 10-12	90 10-12	92 4-12	94 8-15	541 46-180
E. A. Mocker	...	106	92 12-36	92 10-12	76 8-12	84 9-12	.....	.....
H. F. Muller	...	110	.....	91 2-12	77 6-12	84 4-12	.....	.....
F. N. Peet	111	123	94 8-36	92	86 8-12	89 4-12	95 5-15	512 160-180
F. H. Reed	...	...	89 32-36	93	85 10-12	89 5-12	.....	.....
H. E. Skinner	95	...	88 16-36	82 10-12	70	76 5-12	.....	.....
P. J. Tormey	...	...	86 28-36	.....	.....	.....	94 11-15	.....
J. S. Turner	...	...	89 16-36	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
J. Waddell	101	112	92	92	77 6-12	84 9-12	82 13-15	472 111-180
H. G. Hascall	112	118½	93 32-36	89 6-12	85	87 3-12	97 5-15	508 175-180
C. G. Young	...	...	91 20-36	89 2-12	80	84 7-12	.....	.....
Vogelsang	...	113	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....

East and West Team Contest.

	Distance.	Accuracy, Per Cent.	Delicacy—Accuracy, Per Cent.	Delicacy—Delicacy, Per Cent.	Delicacy—Net, Per Cent.	Lure Casting, Per Cent.	Total.
Chicago Club.							
F. N. Peet	118	92 12-36	92 6-12	82 6-12	87 6-12	97 7-15	
H. G. Hascall	127	95 8-36	92 2-12	75 10-12	84	97 8-15	
Team Percentage	245	93 28-36	.....	.....	85 18-24	97 15-30	399 5-10
San Francisco Club.							
W. D. Mansfield	134	93 20-36	92 2-12	85 10-12	89	95 1-15	
T. W. Brotherton	116	93 16-36	87 4-12	77 6-12	82 5-12	93 6-15	
Team Percentage	250	93 18-36	.....	.....	85 17-24	94 7-30	398 24-60

List of Winners.

Accuracy Fly—J. B. Kenniff; second, F. N. Peet; third, T. W. Brotherton; fourth, H. G. Hascall; fifth, C. Huyck; sixth, W. D. Mansfield; seventh, E. Everett; eighth, E. A. Mocker; ninth, J. Waddell; tenth, H. C. Golcher.

Lure-Casting—C. R. Keniff; second, H. G. Hascall; third, W. T. Church; fourth, F. N. Peet; fifth, P. J. Tormey; sixth, W. D. Mansfield; seventh, J. B. Kenniff; eighth, T. W. Brotherton; ninth, G. C. Edwards; tenth, H. C. Golcher.

Distance Fly (With Light Rod)—W. D. Mansfield; second, H. C. Golcher; third, T. W. Brotherton; fourth, E. Everett; fifth, H. G. Hascall; sixth, F. N. Peet; seventh, J. Waddell; eighth, C. R. Kenniff.

Fly-Casting, Delicacy and Accuracy—W. D. Mansfield; second, F. H. Reed; third, F. N. Peet; fourth, G. C. Edwards; fifth, H. G. Hascall; sixth, H. Battu; seventh, J. B. Kenniff; eighth, T. W. Brotherton; ninth, E. A. Mocker, tied by J. Waddell; tenth, C. G. Young; eleventh, H. F. Muller.

Long-Distance Fly—W. D. Mansfield; second, J. B. Kenniff; third, H. C. Golcher; fourth, F. N. Peet; fifth, T. W. Brotherton; sixth, H. G. Hascall; seventh, C. R. Kenniff; eighth, E. Everett; ninth, W. E. Brooks; tenth, Alex T. Vogelsang.

Bass Biting.

We are having cold weather for August in this part of the country, and the drop in the thermometer seems to have improved the fishing all over lower Minnesota and Wisconsin and Upper Illinois. Mr. Jesse Sherwood of this city starts to-day for Pistakee Bay in the Fox Lake chain, and says that he has reports that the bass are biting there in fine shape. About 100 Chicago anglers left to-day for points in Illinois and Wisconsin, mostly along the Wisconsin Central R. R. The Fox Lake chain, hard hammered as it is, nevertheless appears to be the favorite sporting ground of the Chicago angling contingent.

Going West.

Mr. W. H. Mullins, of Salem, Ohio, maker of the famous, and justly famous, Mullins metal boats, will tomorrow pass through the city on his way to Black Lake, Colorado, where he goes with his family to hunt and fish for a while.

Correction.

Mr. W. B. Mershon writes me as below: "I have just sent a correction to FOREST AND STREAM in regard to a statement in your grayling article of this week. When you said the Manistee is not as good a grayling stream as it is a trout stream, I know you meant just the reverse, and I have so written." Mr. Mershon is quite

right, of course, and I do not understand how the inversion occurred. The Manistee offers the sandy reaches which the grayling specially loves. It certainly ought to be made a grayling preserve by the State of Michigan.

E. Hough.

Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill.

The Carp.

From the Proceedings of the American Fisheries Society for 1901.

Dr. Bartlett: From a practical standpoint I want to say to you that the United States Fish Commission builded a great deal wiser than it knew when it introduced carp in the waters of Illinois. I am here as representative of the United States Fish Commission, and I want to say to you that the waters of Illinois have proven more acceptable to carp than many of the other waters. I want to speak of that of which I know. The work of the Fish Commission depends entirely of course upon the money they have to run their business. It is getting to be practically a matter of dollars and cents, this Fish Commission business, and ought to be in the various States, but that is particularly true in Illinois. There is, perhaps, no one here that has been a stronger advocate in years gone by of protection than myself. I early made up my mind that any law the enforcement of which would kill a fisherman was next to gospel. I have changed my mind as to that considerably and believe now in propagation rather than protection. The last Legislature of Illinois enacted laws which prohibit the taking of black bass, wall-eyed pike, etc., except with hook and line during the whole season. The carp on the other hand have been subject to a little more of the open season and are permitted to be caught more months in the year. I want to say to you briefly, however, and without giving you any reasons for it, because you all know what my reasons are, that the carp have produced in the State of Illinois more money than all other fish put together. That seems like a pretty hard statement to make, but it can be verified, and I want to say to you that there are more carp eaten on the hotel tables in the State of Illinois than any other fish. I have been served with "red snapper" which turned out to be carp. This cry against the carp is a great big humbug—it is an outrage—they are a good fish if you know how to cook them, but not so good if you don't know how. Most of you are men of leisure and like your black bass and whitefish, but what about the one dollar and ten cent a day man? He has got to take carp. Illinois produced three-quarters of a million of dollars in coarse fish last year. It would be as much as your life is worth to take a trip down to the Illinois River and tell the men there that carp is not a good thing. They would take you out and duck you gracefully into the river. More than one-half the towns on the Illinois River depend mostly for their existence on the fish industry, and considerably over two-thirds of the fish taken are carp. They grow anywhere and everywhere; they grow with the black bass, and the black bass are as plentiful as ever. Illinois can furnish one-half the black bass for stock in the United States, and yet there will be no diminution in quantity. We take just as many black bass with the hook and line this year as ever, while the carp are steadily on the increase. I have no patience with the newspaper talk that says that the carp are an enemy of the game fish. I do not believe anybody can prove it. I would like to hear it if it is so.

The carp in this State are accused of eating up all of the water plants—in fact, they have been accused of destroying the duck hunting in the State of Illinois and Indiana; they have been accused of almost every crime that fish can be accused of, but I do not believe any one can prove that the carp has ever been an enemy of the game fish or destroys its young or spawn. That is a pretty bold statement to make, but we have representatives here from all over the country, and I would like to hear what they have got to say on the subject. I hold the position that the United States Government made the most practical plant of any of its plants when it planted carp in the muddy waters of such States as Illinois and Indiana. Twenty-five years of experience with people in the State of Illinois in the fish business has been up-hill work. I took the Commission there when there was not a line on the statute books for the protection of fish, and I have followed it up until now, and previous to the introduction of the carp the muddy waters of Illinois were almost depleted of coarse fish, and to-day it is shipping to the East more and better fish than any other Western State.

Mr. Peabody: I am very glad that Dr. Bartlett, the friend of the carp, has introduced the subject, because we want to get some information in that line. I have run up against a number of very strong statements regarding the injury that carp do the fishing and shooting interests of Wisconsin. Only a day before this meeting began I attended a meeting of the directors of the Diana Shooting Club, and some of the directors stated emphatically that the carp were ruining our shooting, that they were eating up the wild rice and wild celery. One of the gentlemen said that the introduction of carp in Lake Koshkonong had destroyed the fishing of black bass and pike; that they roiled the waters and kept them in that state all the time, and that therefore the black bass and pike were driven out and did not propagate. I was in hopes that Mr. Ravenel would be here, because he has been the one defender of the carp at all these meetings, and I have always relied on him as to the value of the carp. He stated last year that the highest priced fish sold in New York during November and December was carp; that they came in with the turkey and were considered edible and valuable. Now some of the fishculturists here undoubtedly can give information that will be of value to us in this State especially as to just how much injury carp are and do, and if there are any gentlemen here who can answer the question, do they destroy the wild celery and the wild rice on such marshy ponds as are frequented by ducks, to the injury of the duck shooting, and do they roil the water so as to prevent the propagation of such game fish as bass and pike, and do they destroy the spawn, and do they go on the spawning beds of the black bass and destroy them, the information they give us will be very acceptable. Those are questions that I wish might be opened up here and discussed freely, so that those of us who are not thoroughly posted on the subject may become so.

Mr. Townsend: It may be that the carp has been introduced in some places where it was not needed, where other kinds of fish were more important; it might not be advantageous to introduce the carp into the beautiful little lakes of Mr. Peabody's State; but there are many waters in this country teeming with carp, and people are finding out in many places that carp is a food fish. There is a market for carp in the big Eastern cities and carp will sell there. They sometimes sell even for a higher price; generally they sell for a low price and are bought by poor people. There are many foreigners in our Eastern cities that are steady consumers of carp, and take all that come to market. Carp go to market generally in good shape; they can be packed in ice in Illinois and will reach New York alive. If they are properly cooked they are very good fish. Now we have in our waters a pretty good supply of coarse fishes. There is a tendency on the part of Legislatures to cut off the commercial fisheries, to reserve more and more waters for hook and line fishing. This harvest of coarse fishes still remains. If the crop is not harvested it is lost. In the Illinois River they catch over 14,000,000 pounds of fish a year, chiefly carp and buffalo. That affords employment to 1,000 fishermen, who incidentally catch other fishes. It can be shown by statistics in the Fish Commission office that the yield of black bass in this great carp river, the Illinois River, has increased along with the carp. They now catch more bass than ever, and the chances are that the young carp are food for the bass and the more predatory fishes.

The work of the net and seine fishermen in the Illinois River results in the capture of these coarse fishes, carp, buffalo, catfish and dogfish, and the other fishes taken do not count for much. At the same time there are plenty of game fishes for those who want them for sport—such fishing is better than ever. So there are undoubtedly many waters in this country that will support the coarse food fishes and the fine game fishes without the one being an injury to the other. That may also be the case in Lake Erie, where the carp catch is already important and marketable.

The dealers of Sandusky and Port Clinton are shipping all the carp they can get, not only to the Eastern markets, but to St. Louis, Cincinnati and Louisville.

On the Pacific coast the carp is abused just as much as it is elsewhere, and yet the Chinese of California are consuming carp and catfish more than any other kind of fishes.

In New Jersey the carp have taken to living in the slightly brackish water, and most of the catch comes from those waters which lie between the more salty bay waters and the fresh waters. The carp there are in places where they appear to hurt nothing, and they are beginning to find their way to market. If I had a big lake I should not hesitate to stock it with carp, and I should expect it to pay before very long.

Mr. Clark: Mr. Townsend said that he did not think that the fishermen were yet catching many carp in Lake Erie, but last year in Maumee Bay, according to reports, carp were being caught by the ton, and I understand from Mr. J. N. Dewey that they are establishing there a system of keeping the carp when the market is low and putting them on the New York and Philadelphia markets when prices are high, also that they are making ponds along Maumee Bay and they catch the carp and hold them in the ponds until they wish to send them to market.

Mr. Townsend: It should be 3,000,000 pounds for Lake Erie—the figures were put too low.

Mr. Clark: I understand they do not catch so very many carp down in the lake along the islands, but the carp are there. In Detroit River during the last two years but few carp were caught; but it is possible that the carp will remain in great numbers in Lake Erie and will stay in such places as Maumee and Sandusky bays. They have some up about the flats. There is some kicking about the carp.

The President: I can tell you about the Flats. I go up on the boat to the Flats twice a week, and every time I come down on the boat I get a damning from some bass fisher that claims the carp are destroying the bass fishing. But notwithstanding their claims the bass fishing on St. Clair Flats has been better during the last three years than at any time during fifteen years previous, and we have not planted any bass either. I cannot account for it in any other way except that the environments of the carp and black bass are absolutely different. Black bass likes a clean, pure, sandy bottom, and the carp lives on a muddy, weedy bottom. I believe that the carp is a good thing in many waters where black bass thrive. I believe that the bass fishing at the Flats has increased by reason of the food that young carp make for the bass, though he was not planted there. Millions of them are up there and you will see their backs sticking up out of the bullrushes. The only injurious thing that I believe they do is to destroy the food for the perch. Our perch fishing is not what it used to be, and the carp living up among the weeds and rushes cleans out the weeds at the bottom so that there is not as much vegetation there for food for the perch as there otherwise would be; so it is my judgment that the carp has injured our perch fishing but improved our bass fishing.

Mr. Titcomb: We all know that Mr. Bartlett is an authority on the carp; we also have here an authority on the bass. The question which I was going to ask and which Mr. Peabody did ask, was whether carp destroyed the spawn of bass. I say no, but I am not an authority. Now in Buffalo there is a strong fish and game association which obtained permission of the New York Fish Commission to seine the carp out of the river for the alleged reason that they destroyed the spawn of the bass, and when I passed through there they asked me to bring that question up at this meeting. Now, I should like to hear from Mr. Bartlett in answer to those questions which Mr. Peabody fired out so rapidly, he answering them as direct questions and as an authority, and I should like the views of others who have had experience with either the carp or bass, on that question, so that we can have a direct record on our minutes of these questions which have been asked directly and answered directly, in addition to the valuable information which we have been getting through the remarks of Mr. Townsend and yourself.

The President: Do the carp destroy the spawn of black bass?

Dr. Bartlett: You are placing upon my shoulders rather more honor than belongs to me. I am not an authority on the carp further than an intimate association with them during a number of years has given me the privilege of a good deal of observation.

Our Illinois River is really a series of lakes from one end to the other. The river itself is anywhere from seven to fifteen miles wide, and there is a considerable chain of lakes, or low places, on either side of the river, extending the whole length of the river; and making an immense body of sluggish water. Interspersed are a large number of spring lakes. In order that I might know positively what amount of injury had been done by the introduction of the carp in the waters of the Illinois, I took occasion when carp were first brought upon the market and the hue and cry raised as to their destructive qualities, to open and be present while hundreds of carps were opened, to see if I could find in their stomachs anything that would indicate that they took the fry of other fish or spawn of other fish. I can not say that I have never found the spawn of other fish in their stomachs, but when I have found such spawn it has been of such a nature as led me to believe that it was such spawn as floated on the surface of the water, and that the carp took them in, in that sucking motion that he has, going around on the surface of the water.

So far as their eating up the growth in the water and destroying that is concerned, that is to some extent true, but I do not think that it is extensive enough to drive away the black bass from their breeding grounds or in any way interfere with them; and I think, Mr. President, you struck the key note exactly when you spoke of the increase of bass being due very largely to the immense supply of young fish for food. My work on the Illinois River is of a very peculiar nature, and I say this to show you why I gave you the figures that I did. Our work is simply saving these fish out of the overflow. There are thousands of acres of land planted to corn to-day where the land was water a few months ago, and thousands and thousands of acres more will dry up before the season is over. Into those places we go and take out the young fish, and a very careful estimate made after years of investigation, shows that not over fifteen per cent. of fine fish are taken out of those places under natural conditions. That is, go into a place that is not disturbed and eighty-five per cent. of the fish will be the coarser varieties and fifteen per cent. perhaps of the gamey varieties of fish, and not over one per cent. of black bass. When we take into consideration the fact that is so well known of the voracious habits of the black bass, it shows an all-wise provision of nature to supply a very large quantity of coarse fish to feed the other fishes, and I believe as firmly as I am standing here that if the carp had not been introduced in the State of Illinois, the buffalo having become almost extinct in our waters, although it was once the great commercial fish that the bass would have been gradually taken out entirely from the list. As it is now, I want to repeat the statement that we have more black bass than ever, and our carp certainly have increased in a greater ratio than ever before.

Mr. Townsend: The figures prove that you have more black bass than you ever had.

Dr. Bartlett: Yes, sir. In our work for the United States Fish Commission we took this year from Barlow Lake, which would cover perhaps a mile in length and five hundred feet to a quarter of a mile in width, low and shallow, 51,000 black bass for distribution. Now that is in a mud hole, and there is no estimate as to the amount of carp that were removed at the same time and put into the rivers—they have been simply beyond computation.

As I said before, I have worked faithfully for carp all these years. For the first few years, fishermen would take the carp, open them up and dress them for sale the same as buffalo, and I had free access to the stomachs of the carp and failed to find to any considerable extent evidences that the carp has interfered with the spawn of other fishes. That is true at least for the muddy waters of Illinois that abound with plenty of other food for the carp. What might be the result in some of your cold water lakes in Wisconsin I can not say. The carp have a very peculiar value in that it is not necessary to dress them for shipment. The buffalo fish you might ice down as carefully as possible and within a very few hours he becomes soft, and therefore you have to dress the fish before shipment, and I believe about two-fifths is allowed for dressing. But the carp is shipped so to speak, with guts, feathers and all; he is taken right out of the water, covered with ice and frequently shows signs of life after being in a refrigerator car forty-eight to sixty hours, and every pound that is taken from the water by the fisherman is utilized to bring back so much per pound from the market.

It is only justice, however, to state that these carp are used in the East by a class of people who will not eat anything unless it is pretty nearly alive—Russian Jews, Poles, etc.

If there is any direct question that I can answer from personal observation I shall be very glad to do it.

Mr. Peabody: What do you know about the roiling of the water?

Dr. Bartlett: At certain seasons of the year they do make the water very roily. But we are to consider that our black bass are taken from waters that frequently have six or seven inches of mud at the bottom, and so it makes no difference.

Mr. Peabody: You do not think that that is important?

Dr. Bartlett: Yes, sir. There are a great many places in Illinois where the introduction of carp has proved a disadvantage. I know that to be a fact, in small spring lakes, take a lake of four or five acres, something of that kind.

Mr. Peabody: You would not think that a lake of one to three miles in size would be affected at all?

Dr. Bartlett: No, sir. My observation has been that the very best fly-fishing in the United States can be had upon the Illinois River to-day.

Mr. Titcomb: Is it not a base slander upon the bass to intimate that it would allow a carp to touch its spawn?

Dr. Bartlett: I should think so.

Mr. Bower: I think that where bass and carp inhabit

the same water it is natural that the bass should increase. We have been hatching black bass for a number of seasons in ponds where we have an opportunity to observe their spawning operations from the time the male fish begins to prepare the bed until a good many days after the hatching is completed, and we know that the male bass guards the bed against all intruders. He will put up the stiffest kind of a fight against any animal that approaches the bed with a view of preying upon the spawn. There is no danger of a carp ever looting the spawn from a black bass bed. On the other hand I do not think the carp can retaliate against the bass in any way, shape or form. While the bass is preying on the carp, the carp can not come back at them in any way. In other words, in the interchange of hostilities between the two species, the bass gets the better of it at every stage of the proceedings, and I think it is a perfectly natural result that the bass should increase in waters where there is an abundance of carp.

MR. PEABODY: I would like to have Mr. Lydell's opinion on this subject.

MR. LYDELL: I never have known but a single instance where the carp has destroyed the spawn of the black bass, and I never knew of their destroying any other spawn. I have handled and opened what few carp were caught at the Detroit River, Belle Isle, Fisheries, during the last ten years, but never found any spawn in them.

Every one here seems to be friendly toward the carp, but a gentleman a while ago said he did not know how to cook them. I think it would be a good idea for this Society to educate the people how to cook these carp. The only experience I have ever had in cooking carp I got from a German friend of mine at Mill Creek. He was a saloon keeper and had been at me for a number of years to get him some carp. Last spring I procured him two that weighed about four pounds apiece. They were cooked by his wife and I was invited down to dinner. I enjoyed the carp very much and I asked him how he cooked them. He said they were stuffed with sauerkraut and boiled in beer. (Great laughter.)

MR. TOWNSEND: Just another point in this connection that may save discussion: We hear a great deal from sportsmen's clubs and from other sources as to how the carp can be exterminated. It can not be exterminated. It is like the English sparrow, it is here to stay. At a meeting of the American Ornithologists' Union a while ago, one of our foremost ornithologists stated that the European sparrow could not be exterminated in this country. I think it is the same with the carp. It is here to stay, and we can not exterminate it any more than we can exterminate the green grass of the fields. I do not wish to pose as an advocate of the carp—I prefer other fish for myself—but I maintain that the carp has a place in good and regular standing in our big Eastern markets, and I do not think that our great republic with its rapidly increasing population can afford to sneer at even so cheap a source of food.

DR. PARKER: I wish to say just a little bit in regard to this matter. The carp is the most omnivorous of all fishes. He is a hog and will eat everything. He will eat spawn if he gets it, but I do not think he will search it out. I believe, as the President here has said, that the black bass will increase as a result of the presence of the carp, but we will see a depletion of the perch. As I said in my paper, you must go back to the vegetable for the rehabilitation of waters. If you destroy vegetation and the larvæ, you destroy the minnows, and the perch have no minnows to feed on, unless they can eat the young of the carp, which they do not appear to do, but the black bass will eat the young of the carp and will thrive. Therefore you may look for an increase of the black bass, a decrease of the minnows, and also of those fish that feed upon the smaller minnows. I shall look for that in the balance of life that would naturally occur in a stream like the one described. That the carp do make the water roily goes without question. The old German (Hessel) who brought the first carp to this country told me in Washington that a clear carp pond would be an anomaly. They stir up the mud at the bottom of the stream, and live on the larval and vegetable life they find there. I believe then that the black bass will certainly increase with the carp unless the carp gets so numerous as to feed on the bass beds. Of course with a carp weighing twelve or fifteen pounds, an ordinary black bass weighing four or five pounds will not have much show.

MR. CLARK: Yes, he would.

DR. PARKER: He might whack away at him—they are not a very scary fish. I think that the carp has got more brains in his head than any other fish that swims. When I was on the commission over at Glenwood where they had the beds I tried time and again watching the carp that would be feeding on the edge of the pond there, by starting the slash-board, and every one of them would put right for the center of the stream, knowing at once where they were safe. I experimented a good deal with them and they are certainly the most wily fish I ever met.

MR. TITCOMB: I just want to make a statement about the bass, because this talk will be read not only with interest by absent members, but by sportsmen everywhere. The Doctor intimated that a bass would not keep a twelve or fifteen pound carp off from the spawning bed. I want to make the statement, and if I am not correct, I want to be corrected here, that the bass uses his dorsal fin as a weapon of attack and defense, and when a two or three pound bass runs his dorsal fin against a fifteen or twenty pound carp, Mr. Carp will move off, if he is not dead.

GENERAL BRYANT: I wish to make a friend of some of these friends of the carp, and get them to tell me their methods of catching, shipping and cooking him, and I would suggest that a paper be prepared next year upon that subject. The greatest trouble we have in some of our lakes in Wisconsin is that the carp have got in there. I do not know of a fisherman in Wisconsin that would catch one if he could, and I never heard of one being eaten either by anybody in the circle of my acquaintance. They were originally put into the muddy ponds, but in the high water they washed into the streams and have found their way into our lakes and are there by millions. They occupy the shallow sedge and muddy bottomed portions of the lakes, and I have often wished that somebody that knew how would start a method of catching them and shipping them, because I have heard so much said about it, and I always believe what the Illinois people say about the carp, and I do not question their veracity or their judgment at all, but the people in our section of the country are not educated up to the idea of appreciating the gospel according to St. Bartlett (applause and laughter) and other disciples and brethren of that faith. I am not questioning the truth of the gospel, but I am lamenting that it is not spread in our section. Within a radius of five miles of Madison there are billions of carp. Every fisherman sees them, curses them, and refuses to catch them. They seem to thrive there in the clear Wisconsin lake waters. There are many springs in part of these lakes, there are bars where the bass hatch and propagate and little sedgy inlets, indentations, bays, and sloughs, or whatever you may call them, where the sedge grows and vegetation springs up through the water, and there the carp are to be found in vast multitudes. Of course they can not be seined out from that kind of water. Now, what is the best way to catch them under such conditions in large enough quantities to ship? When you get them, what is the best way of cooking them? You tell us they are served in the restaurants in New York as a luxury, how can they be made so? If you can convince our brewers that to boil them in beer is the true way to prepare them, we will certainly have a strong auxiliary right hand to help us. (Applause.)

DR. BARTLETT: While I am a strong advocate of the carp and their increase and value and all of that, yet a note of warning ought to be sounded in every State of the Union as to legislation on the subject of carp, and it should be of such a nature as to keep them down. If the people of the State of Illinois had had their way two years ago, the Illinois River and all the waters of the State would have been so full of carp as to have crowded out all of the other gamier varieties of fish. Carp increase so rapidly that legislation in all States ought to be had to allow them to take these coarse fish. We have thrown open the State of Illinois to the seining of these coarser fish.

To answer my friend's query as to cooking them, permit me to say that a carp taken out of the very muddiest of water, killed and bled as soon as taken out, laid in salt water over night, parboiled and baked with proper sauce, can not be distinguished from the finest red snapper.

DR. PARKER: Another mode of preparation of carp is by smoking and curing them, as is done with halibut and sturgeon. A gentleman who had eaten them said to me he liked them better than halibut, though not quite so well as sturgeon, which he considered the finest smoked fish in the world.

MR. DUNLAP: In the line of General Bryant's suggestion, I would like to move that Dr. Bartlett be requested to prepare a paper on the subject of carp, covering the subject as fully as possible, to be read at the meeting of the Society a year from now, and I would say that the Fish Commission would be very glad to publish that paper in the Bulletin, as we all know there is very little literature on that subject; and I think from what we have heard that Dr. Bartlett is prepared to discuss the subject in all its phases.

(An inquiry was made as to the value of the carp as a game fish, that is as to there being any sport in getting him with hook and line.)

THE PRESIDENT: Yes. If you can get him, it is great sport. But the only way to do it is to take a piece of potato or dough and sink it to the bottom, and when you have got him on your hook there is no fish in the world equal to him for sport.

DR. PARKER: A kernel of corn will do very well for bait.

DR. BARTLETT: A man who has been many years in my employ tells me that the best bait for a carp is a dough ball incorporated with cotton to make it firm, and that a potato fried, but not too crisply, is the next best bait. I have seen three hundred and fifty people fishing at one time for carp with hook and line. These fish make a big fight because you cannot drown them.

MR. TOWNSEND: I brought with me a bundle of statistical sheets of the Mississippi region and the Great Lakes region, and if any members want them, they can have them.

MR. TITCOMB: I wish to suggest some topics for consideration at our next meeting. We get our calls for these meetings a short time beforehand and are busy and do not think just what we want to talk about. Now, on a recent trip I met a friend who joined the Society at this meeting, Mr. Parker, of the Province of Quebec, and we traveled over thirty lakes in a canoe and caught trout in every one of them. One of those lakes was eight miles long and just teeming with trout. There seemed to be an abundance of food and the conditions were just the same as in the other lakes, and yet none of those trout that we caught there would weigh over one-third of a pound, and the average would be about a fourth of a pound. The next lake might give you trout which would average a pound, some of them going as high as four pounds. Passing on to another lake you would get trout the average of which as taken with the fly would be half a pound, and another lake three-quarters. You could pass on to the last lake and pick up trout at every cast in six to ten inches of water with the waves a foot high, so that the fish would jump right out of the water and land on the sand if they did not happen to catch your fly, and the fish would run about three to a pound. Now the question which I have raised and put in the form of a topic is given here this way:

"Given the same kind of water, food, etc., the same environment so far as appears from a superficial examination, why such a great variation in the growth and average size of adult trout in various lakes?"

There is one other question which comes up very often and which I think has never been answered, and I would like to see a paper on it if any one has an opportunity to study into the subject, namely:

"The cause of variation in color of flesh of speckled trout from any given body of water."

Of course the general variation relates to different bodies of water, but frequently you can take fish right out of the same pool, or without moving your boat from a certain spot, which have a distinctly white meat, a light pink meat, and a rich salmon colored flesh. The general answer ordinarily given to that question is "food and environment," but it does not answer the question when you can take these fish with three colors of flesh out of a space ten feet in diameter.

MR. PEABODY: Mr. Lydell is a specialist in bass culture and I have had the question asked me and the statement made boldly that the large-mouthed bass cast their spawn in the weeds and against the weeds, and do not make a bed like the small-mouthed bass; and if that question can be answered authoritatively, I think it would be a source of satisfaction to a great many who are interested in bass culture and in bass fishing.

MR. LYDELL: This last season our big-mouth bass spawned on several different kinds of beds, but in no instance have I known them to spawn without first cleaning away the vegetation and getting to the roots of the weeds. Some of their eggs were found on the weeds adjoining the beds cleaned off. This year they also spawned on prepared gravel beds, and on other artificial beds having various materials on the surface and imbedded in the cement mixture of which the beds were made, such as Spanish moss, cocoanut shreds, sea grass and excelsior.

THE PRESIDENT: But where is the natural spawning bed of the wild big-mouthed bass?

MR. LYDELL: It seems to be on roots of the different weeds that grow in the lakes around the shores. The bass there also spawned on roots and bark that were in the bottom of the pond, and also on lily roots in the pond that is prepared at that station for large-mouthed bass. This pond had been set out to pond lilies, and they cleaned the roots off under the lilies and spawned on them. So I say I think the large-mouthed bass will spawn on most anything, but they prefer the grass roots.

Whitefish on the Fly.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Chambers' comments on the subject of catching whitefish (*Coregonus albus*) on the fly in FOREST AND STREAM for Aug. 23 indicate that those of us who are fond of the sport have not written enough about it. I never think of going into a whitefish country without having a lot of flies for this particular sort of fishing, and it is no trouble at all to teach a tractable man how the thing is done. The only difficulty is in finding the tractable man. The way to get whitefish is to go out in the morning or evening when the school of back fins is rippling the water in quiet bays, and the fish are "on the feed." Put about six No. 14 flies on the leader; no matter what color or form of fly, so long as the number is 14. Cast the collection among the circling fins, and do not move the cast. Let it sink for a little below the surface if necessary, but keep it still. When the cast is really near the bottom, draw it back gently and make another cast.

I have often had two or three whitefish on at one time, and of an aggregate weight that no trout rod would stand, excepting for the fact that all two or three of the fish usually get off promptly. It is almost impossible for the average angler to resist the temptation to move his cast, and to evolve out of his inner consciousness a kind of whitefish that likes to chase after a fly. I have even found it difficult to persuade a fisherman in my own canoe to do the thing right, even when the fish were after my flies like ducks after a panful of corn. I bought a lot of No. 14 flies yesterday, and at about the time that this is being read there will be some fat whitefish sizzling over the camp fire.

Mr. Hough kindly gave me the names of some guides in the muskellunge country in Wisconsin, and when I wrote to them they asked me to come right on, and said that they had comfortable houses, good roads, and telephones. I shied at that worse than a colt at sight of an automobile, and planned a trip from northern Minnesota into Manitoba, and out at Rat Portage, where I can get wet and cold and hungry, and not hear anything like a telephone nearer than the howl of a wolf at night

ROBERT T. MORRIS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 21.

The Grayling of the Manistee.

SAGINAW, Mich., Aug. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In Mr. Hough's article in your issue of Aug. 23, headed "Successful Grayling Trip in Michigan," he is made to say as follows in speaking of the Manistee River: "This stream is not so much a grayling stream as a trout stream." I am sure my friend Hough did not mean to say this, and what he did intend to say, and what he knows as well as I do, is that the upper portion of the Manistee is not a natural trout stream, but is good grayling water. It never will be a good trout stream, but grayling can be kept in it indefinitely, with proper protection. Nearly all of the Southern Peninsula streams were originally grayling streams, and the trout are artificial. Many of the streams, however, were just as good for trout as for grayling as far as the nature has gone in building the stream. But it is different with the Manistee River, the upper portion of it, at least. It lacks those deep, dark holes that trout love so well, and abounds in sunny shallows with a shifting sand bottom that old-time grayling anglers know so well.

It is to be hoped that public sentiment will be sufficiently strong to get the Michigan Legislature to get out of its narrow rut of indifference and really improve the opportunity to do a decent thing for once; that is, protect Michigan grayling in the Manistee River in a practical, scientific and thorough manner.

W. B. MERSHON.

Camps of the Kingfishers.

CAMP HICKMAN, Glen Lake, Leelanau County, Mich., Aug. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We had a very pleasant camp at this place last summer, and hoped to repeat it this season, but a shadow, deep and dreary, has settled over us, for Old Hickory, my long-time companion in many delightful outings, was taken seriously ill last Saturday, and left us this morning with Dr. Wiseman in charge, for his home in Cincinnati. We all hope for the best, but the head of the old Kingfisher is whitened with the snows of many winters, and it may well be that this shall prove the last "camp of the Kingfishers." Sorrowfully,

KELPIE.

The Trouser-Leg System.

ORIENT, La., August.—I have been reading FOREST AND STREAM for some time, and reading it with pleasure as well as profit in a great many ways.

I have a little incident to relate that differs from anything that I have noticed in your columns.

The fishing in this neighborhood is not very good, the streams being all small, and there are no lakes at all. However, as in most places, there are a few that will angle if they have to use the proverbial "mother's pail." Such an one is Santford Haxton, a veteran of the Civil War and a veteran angler as well. A short time ago he invited me to accompany him to Grand River. We got an early start, and were soon enjoying ourselves along the river banks. As the water was very muddy we had no success fishing in the stream, so as a last resort tried a bayou that looked invitingly full of fish. The water was shallow at the edge, and we could not reach the deep water from the bank, so Santford removed his shoes and waded out. It was not long until he was "slinging" catfish out on to the bank as fast as he could manipulate the "pole." On entering the water he had rolled up his trousers' leg, but in the excitement that followed they had rolled down to their regulation position. Soon after he shouted excitedly to me that he "had a catfish up his pants' leg." He grasped the trousers at the ankle to retain the fish and hobbled out on the bank and deposited the fish in the pail. This was repeated during the afternoon until he had added nine fish to his count, two being taken at one haul.

We think this scheme well worthy of the attention of readers of FOREST AND STREAM, and hope that they will all profit hereby.

Have you been fortunate enough to have experienced this system of trapping fish? If so, we would like to hear from you. WALT. W. SLOCUM.

Delaware River Fishing.

"You should have postponed your trip three weeks," said a friend of mine a few days ago in telling me what the anglers had been doing along the Delaware last week. It seems that at last clear skies have taken the place of the sodden clouds of July and early August, the river has been clear, and the bass have grown hungry again. And when this occurs they will take almost any sort of bait, especially grasshoppers. Otherwise they are somewhat particular in their feeding hours, and prefer lampreys and small bullheads, the latter three to four inches in length.

There may be better lures at other times and places on this stream, but during our party's recent three weeks' trip down the Delaware, No. 2 Skinner spinners and either live minnows or grasshoppers of goodly size seemed the best lures, although live frogs were at times taken in the rifts, and crickets sometimes on the few bright days we enjoyed. The advice of the natives was misleading in nearly every instance, and we caught nice bass in pools said to be good for eels and catfish only. I learned as late as Aug. 22 that the river was quite low again and clear. The fishing is good. PERRY D. FRAZER.

Fish Flour in Norway.

UNDER date of July 25, 1902, Consul V. E. Nelson writes from Bergen: "A great deal is done in Norway to improve and preserve the provisions produced in the country and to procure a market for them abroad. The fisheries represent one of Norway's chief industries, and quantities of fish are sold at very low rates, particularly during summer. One way in which these are utilized is by means of an invention which quickly dries and pulverizes the flesh of fresh fish. The resulting product called fish flour, is easy to transport from one place to another and has great nutritive value. A new and profitable branch of industry might be established in America by utilizing fish in this way."

Bass at Belgrade Lakes.

BELGRADE LAKES, Me., Aug. 24.—Bass fishing is at its zenith at Belgrade Lakes, and the big beauties, for which these waters are famed, are brought in every day and duly displayed on enormous platters on the office desk. Everybody fishes here, man, woman and child, and strange to say, the women are not a whit behind hand in landing big fish. Most skillful and fortunate among the ladies this year has been Mrs. Liskà Bürger, of New York, whose four-pounders have again and again ornamented the stand—for great is the sportsman's spirit at this place, that one and two pounders are simply thrown back again into the waters.

A Cathance Lake Salmon.

SPORTSMAN'S HOME, Cathance Lake, Cooper, Me., Aug. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Aug. 8 in Cathance Lake we landed a landlocked salmon weighing 5¾ pounds. It took fifty minutes to land him. Our catch beside consisted of one trout, 3½ pounds; one, 2¾ pounds, and one 4 pounds. The woods are full of deer and moose, and you can see them any morning or evening feeding near the lake.

R. A. ROACH,
WM. LEYBURN.

Adirondack Lake Trout.

BLUE MOUNTAIN LAKE, N. Y., Aug. 23.—Mr. C. H. Downs, with his assistant, Byron Delano, captured a lake trout weighing 8½ pounds on the 21st. They were trolling in deep water.

Good catches of bass and of brook trout are still made. The hotels are full and obliged to refuse more guests. Rifle practice for the hunting season has begun.

JUVENAL.

Great Luck.—First Guide—"I was out with a dude sportsman from the city to-day." Second Guide—"So? Did you have any luck?" First Giude—"Sure. Ain't I come again safe and sound?"—Philadelphia Press.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 8-11.—Toronto, Can.—Twelfth annual show of the Toronto Industrial Exposition. Fred Jacobi, Sec'y.
Oct. 7-9.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society's show. John W. Bacon, Treas.
Oct. 21-24.—Frederick, Md.—Frederick County Agricultural Society's annual bench show. J. Roger McSherry, Supt.
Oct. 21-24.—New York.—Ladies' Kennel Association of America's show. Miss M. K. Bird, Westbury, L. I., Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 26-29.—Philadelphia.—Philadelphia Dog Show Association's show. M. A. Viti, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Inaugural trials of the Minnesota-North Dakota Field Trial Association. Dr. W. A. Moore, Sec'y, St. Paul, Minn.
Sept. 4.—Carman, Man.—Sixteenth annual trials of the Manitoba Field Trials Club. Eric Hamber, Sec'y, Winnipeg.
Sept. 11.——, Man.—Fifth annual trials of the Brandon Kennel Club. Dr. H. James Elliott, Sec'y, Brandon, Man.
Sept. 11.—O'Neill, Neb.—Nebraska Field Trial Association's inaugural chicken trials. M. H. McCarthy, Sec'y.
Oct. —.—Drakes Branch, Va.—Inaugural trials of the Virginia Field Trial Association. C. B. Cooke, Sec'y.
Oct. —.—Independence, Ia.—Eastern Iowa Field Trial Association's inaugural trials. J. G. Burk, Sec'y.
Oct. 20.——, ——.—Western Field Trial Association's second annual trials. C. W. Buttles, Sec'y, Kansas City.
Oct. 27.—Paris, Mo.—Missouri Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club), sixth annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.
Oct. 27.—Washington C. O., Ohio.—Monongahela Field Trial Club's field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y.
Oct. 28.—Whitby Island, Wash.—Pacific Northwest Field Trials F. R. Atkins, Sec'y, Seattle, Wash.
Nov. 3.—Robinson, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. W. R. Green, Sec'y, Marshall, Ill.
Nov. 3.—Thirteenth annual field trials of the National Beagle Club of America. Charles R. Stevenson, Sec'y, 106 Market street, Camden, N. J.
Nov. 3.—Lake View, Mich.—Michigan Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fifth annual trials. C. D. Stuart, Sec'y, Benton Harbor, Mich.
Nov. 4.—Washington C. H., Ohio.—Ohio Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fifth annual trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.
Nov. 7-8.—Robinson, Ill.—Western Irish Setter Club's inaugural trials. T. L. Fenn, Secy.
Nov. 17.—Glasgow, Ky.—Third annual trials of the Kentucky Field Trial Club. S. B. Hays, Sec'y.
Nov. 10.—Bicknell, Ind.—Independent Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Nov. 11.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trial Club's trials. F. W. Smith, Sec'y, New Haven.
Nov. 10.—Ruthven, Ont.—North American Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. Richard Bangham, Sec'y, Windsor, Ont.
Nov. 11.—St. Joachim, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's fourteenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 17.—Glascow, Ky.—Kentucky Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) third annual trials. F. W. Samuel, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky
Nov. 18.—Ruthven, Ont.—Fourth annual trials of the North American Field Trial Club. Alfred Wigle, Sec'y, Windsor, Ont.
Nov. 20.—Manor, L. I.—Pointer Club of America's (member of the American Championship Club) second annual trials. R. E. Westlake, Sec'y, Scranton, Pa.
Dec. 1.—Washington C. H., Ohio.—American Championship Field Trial Club's second annual trials. Chas. B. Cooke, Sec'y, Richmond, Va.
Dec. 1.——, ——.—Interstate Championship Field Trial Association's second annual trials. C. D. Cooke, Sec'y.
Dec. 15.—Huntsville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) third annual trials. John F. Fletcher, Sec'y, Birmingham, Ala.

National Beagle Club.

CAMDEN, N. J., Aug. 21.—The National Beagle Club of America desires to state for the benefit of those who may own beagles and who may not be familiar with beagle field trials, that the thirteenth annual trials of the club, which will commence on November 3, 1902, will be open to all owners of beagles, which are registered in the American Kennel Club Stud Book, whether they are members of the club or not.

Also, if any person will send his name and address to James W. Appleton, chairman of the field trial committee, 21 Maiden Lane, New York city, entry blanks and a premium list will be forwarded by mail as soon as prepared.

And also, if any person desires any information relative to the trials, and will communicate with the secretary, such information will be gladly furnished.

CHAS. R. STEVENSON, Secretary.

Philadelphia Dog Show.

PHILADELPHIA.—I take pleasure in announcing that the fourth annual International Show of the Philadelphia Dog Show Association will be held upon Nov 26, 27, 28, 29, 1902, at Horticultural Hall, as heretofore.

Specialist clubs and individuals who intend offering special prizes will confer a favor by communicating with the undersigned at an early date, so that they all may be properly announced in the schedule of prizes.

MARCEL A. VITI,
Honorary Secretary,
Philadelphia Dog Show Association.

National Foxhunters' Association.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Aug. 20.—At a meeting of the directors of the National Foxhunter's Association held in this city Aug. 17, it was decided to hold the next meeting at Bedford City, Va., Nov. 17.

All conditions are favorable and it promises to be the most successful meeting in our history.

ROGER D. WILLIAMS,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Spratts Patent (America), Limited, 450-456 Market street, Newark, have been officially notified that they have been chosen to feed the Wakefield-Reading Dog Show, to be held Sept. 23-26. Mrs. E. H. Seagrave is the secretary, and from her premium lists and all information concerning the show may be obtained.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1902.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also changes which may be made in the future.

AUGUST.

28-30. Cape Cod, M. Y. R. A., open, Provincetown, Mass. Bay.
30. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
30. Beverly, sixth Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
30. Columbia, race to Waukegan, Lake Michigan.
30. Manhasset Bay, club, Port Washington, Long Island Sound
30. Larchmont, club, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
30. Atlantic, club, Fire Island and return, New York Bay.
30. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor
30. Indian Harbor, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
30. Royal Canadian, dinghy and 25ft. classes, Toronto.
30. Kennebec, club, Bath, Maine.
30. Hartford, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Saybrook, L. I. Sound.
30-31. Corinthian, annual cruise, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Indian Harbor, club, Greenwich, L. I. Sound.
1. Quincy, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
1. Corinthian, club, Essington, Delaware River.
1. Corinthian, annual cruise, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
1. Larchmont, fall regatta, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
1. Sachem's Head, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Guilford, L. I. Sound.
1. Norwalk, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, So. Norwalk, L. I. Sound.
1. Lynn, M. Y. R. A., open, Nahant, Massachusetts Bay.
1. Beverly, open, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
1. Royal Canadian, first class, Lorne cup cruising race, Toronto.
1 Shelter Island, club race, Loehrke cup, Shelter Island Heights.
2. Penataquit-Corinthian, fall regatta, Bay Shore.
4-6. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
5-6. Eastern, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
6. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
6. Boston, club, City Point, Boston Harbor.
6. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
6. Beverly, open, Mattapoisett, Buzzard's Bay.
6. Wollaston, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
6. Quincy, M. Y. R. A., open, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
6. South Boston, sailing tender race, City Point, Boston Harbor.
6. New York C. C., Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
6. Penataquit-Corinthian, Lighthouse cup, Bay shore.
8. Eastern, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
11. New York, autumn regatta, New York, Lower Bay.
13. Knickerbocker, ladies' day race, College Point, L. I. Sound.
13. Kennebec, club, Bath, Maine.
13. Beverly, seventh Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
13 Atlantic, fall regatta, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
13. Larchmont, club, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
20. Manhasset, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
20. Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
—. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
27. Riverside, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Riverside, L. I. Sound.
27. Manhasset Bay, club raceabouts, Port Washington, L. I. Sound.

For Cruising Yachtsmen.

WITH the purpose of stimulating the interest in cruising, and the keeping of a detailed log by cruising yachtsmen during the season of 1902, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer prizes for the best stories of cruises submitted to be published in FOREST AND STREAM. It is believed that these will form not only entertaining records of pleasant summer days spent afloat along our coasts and waterways, but will furnish information of practical value to other yachtsmen making subsequent cruises on the same waters.

Prizes will be awarded to the three best stories as follows:

First prize, $50.00.
Second prize, $30.00.
Third prize, $20.00.

Contributions are invited under the following conditions:

1. The cruise must be made in waters of the United States or Canada in the season of 1902.

2. The cruise must be made in a sailing yacht, power to be used only as an auxiliary, if at all.

3. The story must be prefaced by a description of the boat. Cruises should be treated in as interesting and readable a way as possible, but should be practical and contain all possible information and data that would be of value to men going over the same route. A description of the handling of the ship in all weathers will be regarded very favorably in making awards, and it is suggested to writers that an accurate account be kept of all incidents happening while under way.

4. An outline chart suitable for reproduction, showing the course taken, must accompany each article. When possible, articles should be accompanied by amateur photographs taken on the cruise, including one of the boat. Good photographs will be considered in making the awards.

5. The story should contain about seven thousand words, written on one side of the paper only, and must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York city, on or before Nov. 15, 1902.

Mr. T. C. Zerega has very kindly consented to act as judge and to make the awards.

Winthrop Y. C.

WINTHROP, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 23.

A club handicap race of the Winthrop Y. C. was sailed Saturday, Aug. 23, in a fresh northeast breeze. Five classes filled and the racing was good. The summary:

25ft. Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
L'Aiglon, E. H. Hodgdon	1 32 30	1 32 30
Ariel, J. R. Hodder	1 35 50	1 32 50

18ft. Class.

Hector, A. W. Hubbard	1 03 24	1 00 24
Mentor, Cobb & Brainard	1 13 04	1 05 01
Favorite, F. W. Bird	1 12 15	1 05 15
Zetes, L. B. Mekie	1 06 00	1 06 00
Mineola, F. C. L. Haskell	1 23 20	1 08 20
Henrietta, J. S. MacCloskey	1 23 00	1 09 00
Louise, W. D. Allen	1 12 49	1 09 49
Greyling, Langland & Tripp	1 11 28	1 11 28

15ft. Class.

Elf, C. H. & W. I. Kelly	1 09 50	1 09 50
Caper, W. W. Colson	1 13 30	1 10 30

15ft. Juniors.

Flash, W. H. Mirick	1 02 04	1 02 04
Bubble, J. N. Leonard	1 18 25	1 17 25

Tarratine Y. C.

ISLESBORO, ME.

THE preliminary round of a tournament race for Dr. Daniel's cup was sailed in a heavy northwest gale on Wednesday, Aug. 13. Daydream II. drew Opitsah; Peterkin drew Persimmon; Pirate drew Idol, and Raider drew a bye. The course was two and one-half miles to windward and return, to be sailed over twice, but owing to the severe conditions, the course was only sailed once.

Opitsah—Daydream Match.

Daydream and Opitsah crossed the line at 3 P. M., Opitsah being slightly in the lead and to windward. Both boats had single reefs in their mainsails, but Opitsah carried her large jib, whereas Daydream carried her stormer. At first Opitsah appeared to be doing the better work. She pocketed Daydream and broke her wind badly. Daydream held too high, and did not foot with her rival. Later she was allowed to take a good full, and she showed a noticeable improvement, eating to weather of Opitsah and footing fully as fast. The wind was heavy and treacherous, coming down in vicious puffs from the Camden Mountains and knocking the boats over dangerously.

Just as Daydream was beginning to horse up on Opitsah a squall struck her and carried away her mast. This, of course, put her out of the race. Opitsah immediately hove to and put another reef in her mainsail. She rounded the windward mark at 4:09:55 and ran over the finish line at 4:28:15. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Opitsah, R. H. Daniels	3 00 00	4 28 15	1 28 15
Daydream II., J. W. Minturn	3 00 00	Withdrew.	

Persimmon—Peterkin Match

Peterkin and Persimmon took their preliminary gun from the first pair's starter, and crossed the line, with Peterkin slightly to windward. She did not have the headway of Persimmon, and soon was forereached and passed. Persimmon was eating to windward fast and footing with Peterkin, who seemed to be slowed by the heavy chop. Persimmon gave her a bad beating to the windward mark, which she rounded at 3:56:35, followed by Peterkin at 4:00:10. Persimmon set her spinnaker to starboard and set a pace on the run which was hard to beat. Peterkin set her spinnaker on the wrong side and lost considerably. Persimmon crossed the line at 4:19:38, Peterkin at 4:24:39. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Persimmon, E. Dodge	3 05 00	4 19 38	1 14 38
Peterkin, T. Kissel	3 05 00	4 24 39	1 19 39

Idol—Pirate Match.

Pirate got the start of Idol in the last pair, and was slightly to windward. Idol forereached her, however, and soon established a lead. Both boats were reefed down to the least amount of sail they could carry, and both were making poor weather of it. Idol forced Pirate twice and got her into a bad pocket. The wind freshened, however, and Pirate commenced to pick up considerably. She pointed higher than Idol, and soon put her in a pocket. Pirate rounded the windward mark at 4:01:15, Idol at 4:02:20.

On the run in Pirate unfortunately lost her spinnaker aloft and had difficulty in regaining it. Idol passed her about half way down, but not until then did Pirate regain her spinnaker. Idol crossed the finish line at 4:28:25, followed by Pirate at 4:28:40. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Idol, F. Lyman	3 10 00	4 28 25	1 18 25
Pirate, P. Metcalf	3 10 00	4 28 40	1 18 40

Thursday, Aug. 14.

The semi-finals of the tournament race were sailed on Thursday, Aug. 14, at 2:35 P. M. The course was triangular, three miles to a leg, the first leg being to windward, the next a quartering run, and the third a broad reach. A fresh breeze blew from the northwest that gave promise of a fast race.

Opitsah—Persimmon Match.

Opitsah and Persimmon crossed the line at 2:35 in the order named. Persimmon soon began to work to windward, and about half way through the beat got the lead. Opitsah pushed her hard, and as they got into smooth water gained perceptibly. Persimmon, however, rounded the windward mark at 3:23:00, twenty seconds ahead of Opitsah, who rounded at 3:23:20.

Opitsah blanketed Persimmon on the run and managed to pass her. Both boats were sailing remarkably even, an dit was a toss up to tell who would win. Opitsah sailed well and rounded the second mark at 3:59:00, followed by Persimmon at 3:59:30. The reach home was a long luffing match. Persimmon gained, but could not pass her rival, who crossed the finish line at 4:29:00, thirty-five seconds in the lead. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Opitsah, R. H. Daniels	2 35 00	4 29 00	1 54 00
Persimmon, E. Dodge	2 35 00	4 29 35	1 54 35

Idol—Raider Match.

At 2:40 Raider crossed the line to windward, but a little bit behind Idol. Seeing she was being backwinded, she tacked to port with Idol on top of her. Raider did good windward work, and not only forereached Idol, but worked to windward of her. Idol's wind was badly broken, and she lost steadily to Raider, who rounded the windward mark at 3:32:35, followed by Idol at 3:34:45.

Idol gained much on Raider on the run, partly owing to the fact that she luffed far to windward and came along with a better wind. Raider rounded the second mark at 4:06:00, Idol at 4:07:00.

The reach home was a Waterloo for Raider. Idol came along like a race horse and half way through the leg passed Raider and won in a walk. She crossed the line at 4:31:20, two minutes and ten seconds ahead. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Idol, F. Lyman	2 40 00	4 31 20	1 51 20
Raider, R. Derby	2 40 00	4 33 30	1 53 30

Friday, Aug. 15.

The final heat of the tournament race was sailed between Idol and Opitsah on Aug. 15, at 2:50 P. M. A five-mile to windward and return course was logged out, and a strong southerly breeze was blowing up the bay. Idol thought it wise to put in a small reef, but Opitsah carried whole sail.

Opitsah crossed the line in the lead on the starboard tack, closely followed by Idol, who did not point as high, but certainly footed faster. Both held along very evenly, though it was hard to tell which was getting to windward fastest. When they tacked to port, Opitsah seemed to have gained, but both boats were close together. At 3:21:30 Opitsah tacked back to starboard, followed by Idol. Idol had gained considerably, as she shook out her reef, but Opitsah took to the conditions better. She rounded the windward mark at 4:01:12, Idol at 4:02:30.

A heavy squall that had been threatening for some time from the nor'ard broke out just as both boats squared away for the run. There was not much wind in it, but it meant another beat back. Opitsah got the wind first and began gaining fast on Idol. She crossed the finish line at 4:36:50, winning by two minutes and fifty-nine seconds, thereby getting the cup. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Opitsah, R. H. Daniels	2 50 00	4 36 50	1 46 50
Idol, F. Lyman	2 50 00	4 39 49	1 49 49

Saturday, Aug. 16.

The last of the Saturday series races for Dr. Derby's cup was sailed on Aug. 16, at 2:35 P. M. A four-mile to windward and return course, to be sailed over twice, was logged out, the first leg being to windward in the teeth of a fresh northwesterly breeze.

The entries were Idol, Persimmon, Peterkin, Raider, Opitsah and Pirate. Raider crossed the line first, followed by Persimmon, Idol, Peterkin, Opitsah and Pirate in the order named. Raider stood off on the port tack, with Persimmon, Idol and Peterkin, whereas Opitsah and Pirate went off on the starboard tack. Raider did good work and walked out a considerable lead on the fleet. Persimmon tacked soon to starboard, and went over after Pirate and Opitsah. She soon ran out of the wind, that was light in the middle of the bay, but strong on the sides.

The boats were separated and, except in the case of Raider, it was hard to tell who was doing the best work. Raider rounded the windward mark at 3:49:20, followed by Pirate at 3:50:01, Idol at 3:51:02, Persimmon at 3:52:56, Opitsah at 3:54:01 and Peterkin at 3:55:14.

The wind canted much on the run, and the boats had to gybe their spinnakers considerably. Pirate blanketed Raider and passed her. Raider in turn blanketed Pirate, and making a long luff to windward ran well ahead. None of the other boats altered their positions, though Persimmon gained considerably. Raider rounded the leeward mark again in the lead at 4:35:06. Pirate came next, only fifty seconds behind her at 4:35:56. The other boats rounded in the same order as befor, Idol at 4:36:47, Persimmon at 4:37:00, Opitsah at 4:39:50, Peterkin at 4:42:00.

Raider hauled around on the port tack and held a good breeze. Pirate tacked immediately across the bay on the starboard tack, followed by Persimmon. Idol, Opitsah and Peterkin followed Raider. Raider soon also stood across the bay and forced Pirate crossing Persimmon's bows by a good margin. Pirate was sailing fast and forereached Raider, thus establishing a lead for the second time. Raider, however, began to improve her sailing, and again wrested the lead from Pirate. She rounded the windward mark at 5:36:35, Pirate at 5:37:53 and Persimmon at 5:39:01. Opitsah beat Idol around, passing the mark at 5:43:32, Idol at 5:46:09, and Peterkin at 5:48:17.

The run home was without doubt the most exciting ever sailed at Islesboro. Persimmon and Pirate both gained on Raider, and about the middle of the run drew up to even terms. Pirate and Persimmon were considerably out to windward, and both were blanketing each other. Raider had a clear wind, but even then could only hold her own. Just before the finish line all three were on exactly a dead line. First Persimmon gained a bit, but was blanketed by Pirate, who forged ahead too late, however, to catch Raider, who crossed the line at 6:33:16, one-half second in the lead. Pirate beat Persimmon also by half a second, thus making the first three boats' finish within a second of each other. Peterkin also gained fast on Idol, and beat her by one second. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Raider, R. Derby	2 35 00	6 33 16	3 58 16
Pirate, P. Metcalf	2 35 00	6 33 16½	3 58 16½
Persimmon, E. Dodge	2 35 00	6 33 17	3 58 17
Opitsah, R. H. Daniels	2 35 00	6 37 08	4 02 08
Peterkin, T. Kissel	2 35 00	6 38 56	4 03 56
Idol, F. Lyman	2 35 00	6 38 57	4 03 57

Persimmon won the cup, securing in all 33 points; Opitsah came second, with 22; Pirate third, with 16; Raider fourth, with 14; Peterkin fifth, with 12; Daydream sixth, with 10, and Idol seventh, with 1.

RICHARD DERBY.

TRIDENT—SEAWANHAKA CUP DEFENDER.
Photo by Wm. Notman & Son, Montreal.

Mr. Charles G. Davis, who for some time past has been superintendent of construction for the Electric Launch Works, Bayonne, N. J., is now manager of the Metropolitan Boat and Launch Co., Astoria, L. I.

TRIDENT—SEAWANHAKA CUP DEFENDER.
Photo by Wm. Notman & Son, Montreal.

Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay.

Saturday, Aug. 23.

THE seventh regatta of the Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay was sailed on the afternoon of Saturday, Aug. 23, under the auspices of the Marine and Field Club. Twenty-three craft started and all but one finished the contest. The winners in the different classes were Sunol, Song and Dance, Trouble, Kelpie and Martha M. Vivian and Caribou scored sailovers.

The season is drawing to a close. There remain but two more regattas, one at the New York C. C. on Sept. 6, and the other given by the Association itself, for special prizes, on Sept. 20, off the Atlantic Y. C. In the Association race of last year points for the series prize still continued. There is a question, however, whether this precedent will be followed in the schedule of 1902.

Opinion in the matter is divided according to the standing of the different contestants. Leaders naturally care for but one more race in which points for the series prize will count. In cases where the margin is a small one, two contests might make a material difference in the final standing.

The uncertainty of the point system is well illustrated by the race on Saturday among class P boats. Before the contest, Cockatoo appeared to have a safe lead over her worthy rival, Song and Dance. Points stood 52 to 42 in favor of the former. Yet when the race ended, Song and Dance had romped in a winner and Cockatoo finished no better than fourth. This unexpected outcome evened matters quite a bit in the standing for the series prize. Cockatoo still leads with 56 points, but Song and Dance, with 52, is only four behind.

The upset in calculations was caused by the terrific ebb tide running off the stake boat at Atlantic Y. C., the second mark of the quadrangular course.

The breeze was blowing northwesterly. This gave the boats a fine spinnaker run from the start at the Marine and Field Club to the first buoy off the Brooklyn Y. C. It was a reach from there to the troublesome turning point off the Sea Gate organization. The next long leg to the Government buoy off Fort Hamilton afforded the finest kind of windward hitches. From the Fort it was a reach home, and the whole journey covered twice constituted the usual Association course.

Promptly at 3 o'clock the preparatory signal was hoisted, and three minutes later class M was sent aawy for the journey to West Bank Light and return. Class N followed in three minutes more, and the same interval separated signals for the other classes. Sloop class R and the larger catboat class did not fill.

Vagabond, owned by T. Edward Vernon, of the Atlantic Y. C., was a newcomer in class P, and with Cockatoo soon after the start led the fleet. Song and Dance was minutes astern when the three boats had rounded the mark off the Atlantic Y. C., and stood in shore to avoid the tide. The first two, resembling each other closely, were sailing a fine race with Cockatoo leading and a bit to windward. In this order they passed the starting line at the end of the first round.

When Cockatoo and Vagabond again turned the mark off Atlantic Y. C., with a good lead on Song and Dance, they took a tack out into the full force of the tide and thereby lost all chances of winning. Song and Dance repeated her tactics of the first round and won out by two minutes and 5 seconds over Elsie, and was six minutes and thirteen seconds ahead of Cockatoo. On a long leg in shore some time after rounding the Atlantic Y. C. mark, Vagabond had an accident to her head stay and withdrew.

In class Q the Boston-built boat, Trouble, well handled by Mr. C. D. Mower, covered herself with honor. Beside winning in the class, she made the best elapsed time of any boat sailing the inside courses. The former class R craft, Opossum, finished second in excellent time. She was protested by Bronco, the third boat, on the starboard tack ground. In figuring points, however, this protest until settled, is disregarded.

Trouble now leads for the series prize with 46 points. Bronco has 40. Should the protest against Opossum be allowed, Bronco would be given second position for the race, with an additional 2 points. Trouble beat Opossum two minutes and headed Bronco by thirty-two seconds more.

Before the race, in the struggle for the series prize among the Marine and Field one-design class, Kelpie and Stinger were separated by only 4 points, the former in the lead. Stinger was another victim of the never-stopping tide of Sea Gate. Kelpie won, beating Quinque four minutes and thirty-six seconds. She also scored a leg on the Dauchy cup, for which the one-design boats were contesting. Stinger finished a bad last. The points now stand, Kelpie, 58; Stinger, 46.

Martha M. led the open catboats at the finish. She was forty-two seconds ahead of the East Bay creation, Boozie, sailed by her builder, Gill Smith, of Patchogue, Long Island.

The wind grew so light toward the latter part of the contest that the Regatta Committee decided to call off the race in classes M and N, after the end of the first round. The Herreshoff boat, Vivian, led the fleet in from West Bank Light, and with Caribou scored a sailover. Sunol beat Bonito by thirty-one seconds. The boats had a reach out and some windward work home.

A yacht in order to be eligible for an Association series prize must have entered a majority of the races given for her class, and have defeated a competitor. Barring unusual accidents and judging from the work thus far, it looks as if the winners of the series prizes of the year in the different classes would be: Sunol, Vivian, Caribou, Cockatoo, Trouble, Kelpie and Martha M. The summaries of the race of Aug. 23 follow:

Class M—Special—Start, 3:03.

	Finished.	Elapsed.
Sunol, John Abbey	4 54 33	1 51 33
Bonito, Haviland Bros.	4 55 04	1 52 04
Sloops—Class N—Start, 3:06.		
Vivian, S. E. Vernon	4 48 45	1 42 45
Class N—Special—Start, 3:06.		
Caribou, J. E. Nicholson	5 00 20	1 54 20
Sloops—Class P—Start, 3:09.		
Song and Dance, E. F. Luckenbach	4 35 10	1 26 10
Elsie, C. P. Rosemon	4 37 15	1 28 15
Corona, J. E. Beggs	4 38 20	1 29 20
Cockatoo, Hendon Chubb	4 41 23	1 32 23
Streak, Speidel Bros.	4 56 50	1 47 50
Vagabond, T. Edward Vernon	Did not finish.	
Sloops—Class Q—Start, 3:12.		
Trouble, W. H. Childs	4 37 25	1 25 25
Opossum, R. P. Doremus	4 39 25	1 27 25
Bronco, F. C. Moore	4 39 57	1 27 57
Wraith, Calvin Tomkins	4 42 04	1 30 04
Flying Fish, I. M. Dean	4 50 30	1 38 30
Marine and Field Class—Start, 3:18.		
Kelpie, W. K. Brown	4 55 17	1 37 17
Quinque, L. H. Smith	4 59 55	1 41 55
Flying Fox, F. D. Anderson	5 02 20	1 44 20
Jig-a-Jig, W. A. Hutcheson	5 05 25	1 47 25
Stinger, A. P. Clapp	5 22 39	2 04 39
Catboats—Class V—Start, 3:24.		
Martha M., Richard Moore	4 54 48	1 30 48
Boozie, C. D. Durkee	4 55 30	1 31 30
Rascal, D. G. Whitlock	5 01 25	1 37 25

Points to date on N. Y. R. A. G. B. series: Mariquita, 5; Sunol, 54; Bonito, 46; Kangaroo, 12; Vivian, 35; Gwendolen, 16; Caribou, 55; Squaw, 24; Indian, 6; Cockatoo, 56; Song and Dance, 52; Streak, 24; Karma, 20; Corona, 20; Trouble, 46; Bronco, 40; Wraith, 34; Opossum, 32; Wink, 13; Flying Fish, 12; Spots, 2; Elsie, 9; Pickaninny, 5; Kelpie, 58; Stinger, 46; Quinque, 32; Flying Fox, 24; Jig-a-Jig, 12; Vixen, 10; Martha M., 50; Rascal, 44; Boozie, 32.

Huguenot Y. C.

NEW ROCHELLE, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Aug. 23.

THE eighth annual regatta of the Huguenot Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, Aug. 23. The event was marked by splendid weather and a good list of starters, some forty-seven boats entering.

The 30ft. class of sloops sailed twice over a triangular course, making a total distance of fifteen miles. The 25ft. and 21ft. sloops and raceabouts sailed three times over a triangular course, in all a distance of eleven and one-quarter miles. The first leg of the course was a spinnaker run, the second leg a beat and the third leg a close reach. The preparatory signal was given at 12:30, and five minutes later boats in the 30ft. class were sent away. There were four starters in this class, the old champion Alerion, Zaza, Mab III. and the Newport 30-footer Hera. Zaza withdrew and Alerion, well sailed by Mr. Edward M. MacLellan, won out, beating Hera, the second boat, by nearly two minutes. Five of the raceabouts started. All were on the line just at gunfire, except Snapper, which boat crossed too soon and had to return and recross. Whistlewing was pushed hard for first place during the early part of the race, but after a time she drew away from her competitors and established a comfortable lead and won by nearly three minutes. Adelaide and Houri had a close race in the Larchmont 21ft. class, the latter winning by thirty seconds.

Three boats started in the 25ft. sloop class. Ojibway sailed a good race and finished first, but Pristis gets the race on corrected time. In the Manhasset Bay one-design class there were five boats to start. The race was won by Bab, which boat is showing up to very much better advantage than she did in the early part of the season. Three of the New Rochelle one-design boats started, and Phil Howard's Caper won by forty-five seconds.

Cero and Microbe had no competitors in their respective classes, and they went over the course, taking sailover prizes.

Nine of the Pelham Country Club larks started. Echo, one of the boats in this class, capsized on the second leg of the course, and was towed into the harbor. In the dory class Ketch II. capsized just before reaching the starting line.

The day was an ideal one for small boat racing. The weather was bright and clear, and a fresh wind from the N. by W. blew throughout the race. This is an offshore breeze, and in consequence the water was quite smooth and the boats made good time over the courses.

Messrs. H. C. Ward, L. C. Ketchum and G. C. Allen made up the Regatta Committee. The summary follows:

Sloops—Class N—25 to 30ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:35—Course, 15 Miles.

	Finished.	Elapsed.
Alerion, A. H. Alker	3 06 42	2 31 42
Zaza, G. P. Granberry	Did not finish.	
Mab III., Bayard & Littlefield	3 11 46	2 36 46
Hera, R. N. Guinness	3 08 09	2 33 09
Raceabout Class—21ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:40.		
Jolly Roger, T. B. Bleecker	2 36 18	1 56 18
Scamp, J. L. Pirie	2 38 58	1 58 58
Mavis, G. L. Pirie	2 35 01	1 55 01
Snapper, A. B. Alley	2 38 37	1 58 37
Whistlewing, H. M. Crane	2 33 20	1 53 20
Sloops—Larchmont 21ft. Class—Start, 12:45.		
Dorothy, J. G. Spence	2 12 51	1 27 51
Adelaide, J. J. Dwyer	2 10 24	1 25 24
Houri, J. H. Esser	2 09 54	1 24 54
Sloops—Class P—25ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:50.		
Pristis, Iselin & Lane	3 04 38	2 14 38
Ojibway, D. P. Moore	3 03 40	2 13 40
Sloops—Class Q—18 to 21ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:50.		
Gazabo, N. P. Vulte	3 07 18	2 17 18
Montauk, J. S. Appleby	2 56 10	2 06 10
Sloops—Class R—under 18ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:50.		
Flim Flam, A. D. Prince	Did not finish.	
Neola, J. R. Johnson, Jr.	3 05 08	2 15 08
Pandora, H. B. Towle	3 09 56	2 19 56
Manhasset Bay One-design Class—Start, 12:55.		
Lambkin, S. W. Roach	2 31 32	1 36 32
Firefly, Guy Standing	Did not finish.	
Mist, J. W. Alker	2 30 38	1 35 38
Bab, J. R. Hoyt	2 25 12	1 30 12
Arizona, G. A. Corry	2 34 13	1 39 13
New Rochelle Yacht Club One-design Class—Start, 12:55.		
Caper, P. L. Howard	2 32 02	1 37 02
Knave, W. N. Bavier	2 24 32	1 29 32
Ace, L. D. Huntington	2 32 47	1 37 47
Indian Harbor Sailabouts—Start, 12:55.		
Cero, R. Mallory, Jr.	2 49 07	1 54 07
Sloops—18ft. Class—Start, 1 P. M.		
Microbe, M. Mitchell	3 15 15	2 11 15
Catboats—21ft. Class—Start, 1 P. M.		
Arrow, Thomas Miller, Jr.	2 37 20	1 37 29
Ripple, Bloom and Downing	2 40 19	1 40 19
Catboats—18ft. Class—Start, 1 P. M.		
Bantam, Francis Page	2 49 11	1 49 11
Scud, Donald Abbott	2 41 13	1 41 13
Pelham Lark Class—Start, 1:05—Course 3¾ Miles.		
Streak, E. Cunningham	1 59 14	0 54 14
Tom Boy, Frank Halpin	1 59 56	0 54 56
Skidoo, M. S. G. Davis	1 58 26	0 53 26
Halo, W. B. Short	1 57 36	0 52 36
Echo, T. A. Weatherby	Capsized.	
Gloria, G. B. Mott	Not timed.	
Flirt, David Carri	1 58 14	0 53 14
Distant Margue, T. K. Sturgis	Did not finish.	
Yellow Jacket, G. B. Robinson, Jr.	Did not finish.	
Catboats—15ft. Class—Start, 1:05—Course 3¾ Miles.		
Sneaker, T. V. Vulte	2 06 07	1 01 07
Kid, W. Kitching	2 14 08	1 09 08
Champion, T. J. Dee	2 16 50	1 11 50
Dories—Special Class—Start, 1:05—Course 3¾ Miles.		
Prize, H. H. Van Rensselaer	2 12 58	1 07 58
Ketch II., Edmond Devine	Capsized.	
Marguerite, W. T. Johnson	2 19 33	1 14 33

The winners were Alerion, Whistlewing, Houri, Pristis, Montauk, Bab, Knave, Cero (sailover), Microbe (sailover), Arrow, Scud, Sneaker, Halo and Prize.

The White Bear Y. C.

A Western Club with a Record.

BY L. P. ORDWAY.

THE White Bear Y. C. was organized eleven years ago by a few young men, enthusiastic sailors, whose ambition was to develop an interest in races in the West. From this small beginning the growth has been steady and strong, until to-day the organization has a membership of 250, a substantial and well equipped club-house, with no financial obligations, and is a recognized factor in Western yachting.

The early boats of the club were of the skimming dish type, the successor of sand bagger, over-canvassed, slow and cumbersome; but the spirit of advancement was keen among the members, and very early in its history the club showed a positive desire for something better. It was fortunate in having among its members a few men of enthusiasm and persistence, who enjoyed the study of every possible improvement in design and rigging; winter evenings were given to working over "Linton Hope" and any other yachting authority obtainable, and this persistent effort resulted in a steady development of the better type. As was to be expected, most of the desirable ideas and many of the boats have come from the East, Herreshoff having built a number. But it was soon demonstrated that the boats designed and built on the local waters proved the faster under the prevailing conditions. In the desire to obtain faster and better boats, there has been an interchange of ideas, and no attempt at secrecy in the new work.

The club has been fortunate in having a number of progressive builders of Scandinavian origin, who were quick to grasp new ideas in design and construction, and when started in the right direction have shown great skill and originality. The spirit of rivalry and a desire to build boats that would win, combined with the interchange of ideas between the different designers, builders and sailors, has resulted in the rapid advancement of the club. The White Bear men were the first to develop the pronounced scow. In 1895 and 1896 several fast boats of the modified scow type, were built, which easily defeated Eastern boats in the Inter-lake contest at Minnetonka and at Milwaukee on Lake Michigan. In 1897 five pronounced scows were built which proved to be faster than the old type of boat. About a year later experiments were made with the scow in the East, but it was at least two years before the superiority of the pronounced scow as a racing machine came to be appreciated on the coast. No radical improvement in the scow design has been made within the last few years, as Yankee, built and designed in '97, is much on the same lines as Tecumseh, the improvement having been largely in construction, rigging and a better understanding of handling and sailing.

The White Bear Y. C. has always appreciated that advancement required the construction of new boats each year. The old ones have been sold to other lakes, thus stimulating the sport in new localities, and as a consequence over one hundred and forty boats have been built for members of this club during the past ten years, and thus far with some improvement each year. Desiring to stimulate yachting interest throughout the country, this club has always been ready to take part in foreign regattas, and during the past eight years has sent sixteen boats to various parts of the West, to Montreal and to Long Island Sound, covering a distance of over 12,000 miles by rail.

The Inland Lake Yachting Association, the largest and most enthusiastic small boat organization in the country, composed of over twenty clubs from as many different lakes, hailing from five States, was organized and carried to completion by the White Bear Y. C.

The boats of this club are of two classes: Class A carrying 500 feet of sail, and similar to Seawanahaka, the International Class introduced to the West at the time of the adoption of the present rules by the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. and the White Bear Y. C. for their races in 1899; and a smaller class called B, carrying 350 feet of sail, but similar in other ways. The rules under which the boats are built and sailed are eminently fitted for the Western lakes and have given general satisfaction. The White Bear Y. C. has won four out of eight events in the races of the Inland Lake Yachting Association—besides taking part during the same years in two races at Montreal with the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. In addition to the outside races, the White Bear Y. C. holds a local regatta every Saturday in June, July and August and sails about twenty races from eight to ten knots each season; from fifteen to twenty boats taking part in each regatta. The club racing fleet at the present time is composed of seven A class boats, limited to 500 feet of standing sail, 38 feet over all; eight B class boats with 350 feet standing sail, 32 feet over all; seven C class boats built from a design of G. Herrick Duggan, with 200 feet of sail, 20 feet over all; eight open class boats, the same as the A class, composed of older boats too slow to race in the A class. All races are without time allowance. Courses are sailed triangular as well as windward and return, and are arranged to give as much windward work as possible. Although the lake is small the depth of water is good, and as a rule the winds are strong and true. The type of boat which has been developed in the West may not be thoroughly suited to Eastern waters, but it is eminently fitted for the Western lakes, where the winds are strong and there is never much sea. They are fast, safe and dry, beyond question faster than any other type of boat, and will live and make the best time where the old type will make no showing, notwithstanding the fear of the Bridgeport judges in the recent trial races—"That someone would get wet or drowned if allowed to sail in what the Western yachtsmen considered fine sailing winds." Many races have been sailed on the Western lakes in winds having a speed from thirty to thirty-five miles, and the Westerner feels that the stronger the wind the greater the sport and the faster the time.

The White Bear Y. C. allows no one to take part in its races whose livelihood depends upon designing, building or sailing of boats, and as a result each Saturday from sixty-five to seventy men and boys, strictly amateurs, take part in the weekly regattas.

HUMMA—51-FOOTER.
Owned by Herman B. Duryea. Photo by James Burton, New York.

English Letter.

THE Cowes Week this year was mainly remarkable for its very disagreeable weather. It opened on Aug. 4 with the regatta of the Royal London Y. C., which has a house at Cowes. The day was fine, with a nice westerly breeze, but unfortunately Sybarita was the only starter in the first class match. Both Navahoe and Meteor III. were entered, but did not start, because by so doing they would have been rendered ineligible for racing in subsequent handicaps, a condition of which usually is that entrants must not have raced in an open match for a certain number of years. On the same day there were three handicaps, which were all productive of large entries. Indeed, to judge from the number and quality of the yachts under way, the regatta was quite up to the highest standard. And the same may be said of the Royal Yacht Squadron's regatta, which followed each day until Friday. The Squadron's first day was on Tuesday, when a big entry honored the match for the King's cup. This is only open to yachts belonging to the club, and is a handicap. Therefore Cicely was unable to enter. The wind was light and southeasterly, which gave a lot of turning to windward. This did not suit Meteor, and she was quite out of it, the cup falling to Sir James Pender's fine yawl Brynhild. This is her first King's cup, but, with the Squadron's conditions being such as they are, it ought not to be her last.

The next day, Wednesday, was very wet, with a good southerly breeze that held all day. This gave a reach all over the long course, and Meteor III beat Sybarita by over twelve minutes in fifty miles. I see that Sybarita is handsomely slated by one of our journals for getting beaten by so much, but to me it seemed quite natural. I wonder what other result could be looked for from Meteor's great length. It seems that a very large number of people have made up their minds that the Emperor's vessel is a mere slug. On what the opinion is based it is not easy to see. To my mind, she is a particularly fine vessel, but I never expect to see her at her best inside the Isle of Wight. I should like to look at her log after an hour of a 30-knot quarterly wind!

On Wednesday, when she was doing over twelve knots, there was a noticeable absence of fuss at her bows and her delivery was beautifully clean. She stood up to her canvas like a house. On the same day in a race between fifteen vessels for the German Emperor's cup, the famous old Irex carried off the prize. Cicely came home first, leading Navahoe by about a minute. As Navahoe must have traveled quite as fast as when she was a cutter, if not faster, you may be able to get a line through this for comparing her with your schooners. The course was the same as that sailed by Meteor—a strong reaching wind all the way. I think this was a very creditable win for the old Irex. She is one of our old plank-on-edge boats of about 80ft. waterline and hardly 15ft. beam. Her draft is about 14ft., and she has, I believe, just over 70 tons of lead on the keel. In fact, she is very much like Genesta, and most people think she would have won the America's cup had she gone out instead of that vessel. It is astonishing that Brynhild should have headed her home by some five minutes only, and that she should actually have beaten such boats as Leander, Namara and Cetonia.

On the next day Sybarita had her revenge on Meteor, giving her a sound beating in a smart breeze over a course that gave some windward work. But this race supplied the most notable feature of the whole week in the smart sailing of the 65-rater Tutty, which came within a minute and a half of saving her time from Sybarita This was a very remarkable performance in so strong a wind, for the race was sailed, not as a handicap, but under the ordinary Y. R. A. time scale. In order to prevent the possibility of a yacht of this size carrying off prizes in the large class, the Y. R. A. limit the class to yachts over 79 linear rating. But the Squadron refuses to be fettered by the Association, and an excellent result was achieved in this case at all events.

During the week Lucida was uniformly successful against Camellia, except on Thursday, when she split her hollow mast when leading. The fault of these spars seems to be that they split easily with a twisting strain. To obviate this there are now three distinct makes of hollow spars in this country, and so far as I can hear, they have answered well in all cases where they have been tried.

An unfortunate accident happened in a small cruiser's handicap at Southampton last week, when one of the hands of a 16-ton yawl was washed overboard and drowned. He could swim well, but the yacht—a new craft of modern type—would not bear up, and had to stay instead of gybing. This, too, although she was carrying a jibtopsail. I fancy very many people would be chary of racing in such a hard-mouthed boat. Everything was done to save the man, but in vain.

The postponed review of the fleet by the King is bringing a large number of vessels together again in the Solent. Lord Crawford's race for auxiliary yachts will be started immediately after. His full-rigged ship, Valhalla, will sail in the race—with very little hope of success unless it blows very hard indeed. This vessel used to be manned with a crew of 130 men, and everything was done in navy fashion aboard. She makes about eleven knots under steam, but under sail she is said to have made over seventeen knots. She is now painted white, and the change from black is not an improvement.

E. H. HAMILTON.

American Y. C.

MILTON POINT, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Aug. 23.

THE 21 and 18ft. one-design classes of the American Y. C. sailed a race on Saturday, Aug. 23. The boats sailed over a ten-mile triangular course in a fresh N. wind. The summary:

21-footers.

	Time.
Howdy, S. Wainwright	2 20 28
Cricket, Howard Willet	2 21 37
Ping Pong, W. F. Browning	2 22 12
Rascal, S. Hopkins	2 24 49
Kid, Oliver Harriman	Disabled

18-footers.

Driftwood, Oliver Townsend	2 33 33
Mongoose III., Simeon Ford	2 35 14
Rattler, J. E. Bowles	2 38 37
Zelita III., H. A. Sherman	2 42 30
The Hustler, J. J. Downey	Disqualified

The winners were Howdy and Driftwood.

The 51-footers Humma, Altair and Shark will meet at Newport on September 1 and will sail a series of six races.

Newport Special Thirties.

NEWPORT, R. I.

Monday, Aug. 18.

THE third series race for the cup offered by Mr. William L. Stow was sailed on Monday, Aug. 18. The wind was light from the W., and the boats sailed twice over a triangular course. Esperanza was first to start, and held her lead on the beat to the first mark. On rounding the mark she fouled it and withdrew. Barbara, which was then in second place, took the lead and finished a winner. The summary, start 3:20:

	Finished.	Elapsed.
Barbara, Winthrop Rutherford	5 40 37	2 20 27
Wa Wa, Reginald Brooks	5 45 04	2 25 04
Veda, William L. Stow	5 57 52	2 37 52
Asahi, W. Starr Miller and Lloyd Warren	Withdrew.	
Esperanza, Harry O. Havemeyer, Jr.	Withdrew.	

Tuesday, Aug. 19.

The 30-footers sailed a race to Dyer's Island and return on Tuesday, Aug. 19, a distance of eighteen miles. At the outer mark Esperanza fouled Barbara. The race was won by Wawa. This gives Wawa two points for the William L. Stow cup, and Barbara has the same number.

Wednesday, Aug. 20.

In a light S. breeze the 30-footers sailed twice over a triangular course on Wednesday, Aug. 20. At the end of the first round Esperanza was ahead, but on the second round Breeze worked into first place and won by nearly two minutes. This race gives Breeze one point in the William L. Stow cup. The summary, start 3:19:

	Finished.	Elapsed.
Breeze, William G. Roelker, Jr.	6 01 26	2 42 26
Asahi, L. Warren and W. S. Miller	6 03 19	2 44 19
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	6 04 31	2 45 31
Barbara, Winthrop Rutherford	6 04 40	2 45 40
Wa Wa, Reginald Brooks	6 05 39	2 46 39
Veda, William L. Stow	6 06 57	2 47 57

Thursday, Aug. 21.

The race for the William L. Stow cup, sailed on Thursday, Aug. 21, was won by Asahi. The course was six miles to leeward and return. The wind was very light from the S. Barbara got the best of the start, but was soon passed by Asahi, which held her lead up to the finish. Carolina fouled Esperanza and withdrew. The summaries, start 3:51:

	Finished.	Elapsed.
Asahi, Lloyd Warren and W. Starr Miller	5 16 01	1 28 01
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	5 21 04	1 30 04
Barbara, Winthrop Rutherford	5 21 08	1 30 08
Breeze, Willim G. Roelker, Jr.	5 21 51	1 30 51
Veda, William L. Stow	5 22 26	1 31 26
Wa Wa, Reginald Brooks	Withdrew.	
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	Withdrew.	

Friday, Aug. 22.

On Friday, Aug. 22, the 30-footers sailed a six-mile to windward and return race for the William L. Stow cup. The wind was light from the S., very much the same as it was on the two previous days. The race proved to be the deciding one, for it was won by Barbara, making the third race necessary to win the cup. Wawa had two points and Asahi and Breeze each had one. The summary, start 3:27:

	Finished.	Elapsed.
Barbara, Winthrop Rutherford	4 48 44	1 21 44
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	4 49 21	1 22 21
Breeze, William D. Roelker, Jr.	4 51 04	1 24 04
Asahi, Lloyd Warren and W. Starr Miller	4 51 38	1 24 38
Veda, William L. Stow	4 52 19	1 25 19
Esperanza, Harry O. Havemeyer, Jr.	4 52 48	1 25 48
Wa Wa, Reginald Brooks	4 55 17	1 28 17

Saturday, Aug. 23.

In the sweepstake race sailed by the 30-footers on Saturday, Aug. 23, Carolina beat Barbara, the second boat, by nearly four minutes. The wind was fresh from the N., and the boats sailed twice over a triangular course. The summary, start 3:33:

	Finished.	Elapsed.
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	5 31 58	1 53 58
Barbara, Winthrop Rutherford	5 35 49	1 57 49
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	5 36 26	1 58 26
Wa Wa, Reginald Brooks	5 37 03	1 59 03
Breeze, W. G. Roelker, Jr.	5 37 21	1 59 21
Asahi, Lloyd Warren and W. Starr Miller	Withdrew.	

Duxbury Y. C.

DUXBURY, MASS.

Friday, Aug. 22.

THE second Y. R. A. open race in the South Shore circuit was given by the Duxbury Y. C. on Friday, Aug. 22. The wind was light, E. to S.E. In the 25-footers Chewink II. came down from Marblehead to keep up the sport. Calypso led for the greater part of the course, with Areyto second. Chewink gained on the two on the last round, and when she and Calypso got into a luffing match, Areyto pulled out ahead and finished first. In the 21-footers Chloris led for about two-thirds of the course, when she was overhauled by Little Haste, which finished with a lead of three minutes. There was a good race among the 18ft. knockabouts, although they did not finish as closely as usual. Question won by more than a minute and a half. In the first handicap class Thordis made the fastest time, but lost to Rambler on handicap. In the second handicap class Rooster won on actual and corrected times. The summary:

Class D—25ft. Cabin Yachts.

	Time.
Areyto, L. D. Baker	2 06 35
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton	2 07 35
Chewink II., F. A. Macomber, Jr.	2 08 02

Class S—21ft. Cabin Yachts.

Little Haste, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	2 08 40
Chloris, B. P. Cheney	2 11 40
Thecla, C. W. Chapin	2 13 28
Mildred II., S. P. Moses	2 13 29
Miemac, H. Hutchinson	2 26 19

Class I—18ft. Knockabouts.

Question, J. H. Hunt	2 27 52
Gertrude, H. E. Lynch	2 29 18
Domino, C. C. Clapp	2 33 50
Kittawake, H. M. Jones	2 37 03
Stroller, L. B. Goodspeed	2 38 10
Miladi II., F. R. Adams	2 38 26
Osprey, A. R. Train	2 38 27
Biza, A. Douglas	2 40 09
Tokalon, R. J. Randall, Jr.	2 42 12
Aspenquid, C. M. Fostcter	2 47 18
Patrice, A. W. Finlay	2 49 12
Bohemian, A. B. Holmes	2 50 23
Alcedo, J. F. Lynder	2 53 38

First Handicap Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Rambler, W. A. Leonard	2 27 34	2 17 34
Thordis, Charles A. Henry	2 17 40	2 17 40
Alma, S. Hendredge	2 52 04	2 37 04
As You Like It, W. T. Whitman	2 44 24	2 39 24
Maude, Lanc	Withdrawn.	

Second Handicap Class.

Rooster, S. G. Etherington	1 15 50	1 15 50
Quivet, L. A. Crowell	1 29 30	1 16 30
Dolphin, C. Morton	1 24 35	1 16 35
Challenge, E. B. Atwood	1 19 45	1 16 45
Aureolus, H. F. Kellogg	1 29 30	1 17 30
Biddy, Warren & Atkins	1 29 09	1 18 09
Emerell, W. Low	1 24 46	1 19 46
In It, A. Watson	1 22 08	1 20 08
Adele, Fred Wadsworth	1 38 38	1 20 38
Sigrid, E. Watson	1 28 56	1 20 56
Scamper, E. G. Reed	1 32 00	1 22 00
Nautilus, J. Devere Simmons	1 34 34	1 26 34

Saturday, Aug. 23.

The second Y. R. A. open race of the Duxbury Y. C. was sailed Saturday, Aug. 23, in a fresh breeze from the N.E. In the 25-footers Areyto got the start, but was soon overhauled by Calypso, which led to the finish. Areyto left the judges' boat on the wrong side and was disqualified. In the 21-footers, Mildred II. led all over the course. Chloris, which was well up, made the same mistake as Areyto and was disqualified. In the 18ft. knockabouts the contest was again between Domino, Miladi II. and Kittawake. They finished in a bunch, with Domino in the lead. This gave Domino the Adams cup, offered for the season's races in the Duxbury Y. C. In the first handicap class Thordis led over the course, but lost on corrected time. Rambler, which would have won on corrected time, fouled Seconset and was disqualified. In the second handicap class Challenge won on both actual and corrected times. The summary:

Class D—25ft. Cabin.

	Time.
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton	1 29 48
Arcyto, L. D. Baker	Disqualified

Class S—21ft. Cabin.

Mildred II., S. P. Moses	1 35 34
Theckla, C. W. Chapin	1 36 19
Micmac, R. H. Hutchinson	1 42 00
Chloris, Cheney and Lanning	Disqualified.

Class D—18ft. Knockabouts.

Domino, C. C. Clapp	1 43 55
Miladi, F. R. Adams	1 44 10
Kittawake, H. M. Jones	1 44 25
Osprey, A. R. Train	1 46 48
Biza, A. Douglass	1 47 47
Gertrude, H. E. Lynch	1 48 15
Aspinquid, C. M. Foster	1 49 23
Tokalon, R. J. Randall	1 49 24
Question, J. H. Hunt	1 49 50
Stroller, L. B. Goodspeed	1 51 00
Patrice, A. W. Finley	1 55 10
Alcedo, J. F. Linder, 2d	2 05 14

First Handicap Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Alma, S. H. Eldridge	1 54 25	1 39 25
Seconset, C. Stranger	1 49 40	1 34 40
Thordis, C. Heney	1 40 50	1 40 50
As You Like It, N. W. Whitman	1 46 17	1 41 17
Rambler, W. L. Leonard	Disqualified.	

Second Handicap Class.

Challenge, E. B. Atwood	1 48 37	1 46 37
Sheila, L. F. Hewitson	1 48 40	1 46 40
In It, A. Watson	1 50 00	1 48 00
Sigrid, E. Watson	1 58 08	1 50 08
Nautilus, J. Simmons	1 58 40	1 50 40
Quivet, L. A. Crowell	2 03 47	1 50 45
Rooster, S. S. Etherington	1 53 43	1 53 43
Emerell, W. Lowe	2 00 45	1 55 45
Dolphin, C. Morton	2 05 52	1 57 52
Aureolus, H. Kellogg	Withdrew.	
Biddy, Warren and Atkinson	Broke down.	

Beverly Y. C.

WING'S NECK, BUZZARD'S BAY.

Saturday, July 12.

THE 324th Corinthian regatta of the Beverly Y. C. was held on July 12. The weather was clear and a strong S.W. breeze blew throughout the race. Three classes filled; the 30ft. one-design boats were racing at Newport. The summary:

Raceabouts—Start, 1:19.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Barnacle, W. E. C. Eustis	4 02 02	2 43 02
Amanita, Joshua Crane, Jr.	4 14 25	2 55 25
Terrapin, L. S. Dabney	Disabled.	
Radiant, C. M. Baker	Distabled.	
Sylvia, S. D. Warren	Sailed wrong course.	

Fourth Class Cats—Start, 1:22.

Hod, H. B. Holmes	3 15 13	1 53 13
Allison, S. McLeod	3 18 14	1 56 14
Howard, H. O. Miller	Disabled.	

15ft. One Design—Start, 1:25.

Vim, F. W. Sargent	3 02 09	1 37 09
Warda, J. Parkinson, Jr.	3 04 13	1 39 13
Spider, H. M. Stone	3 04 29	1 39 29
Go Bye, H. Stockton	3 11 09	1 46 09
Ranzo, M. H. Richardson, Jr.	3 11 24	1 46 24

The winners were Barnacle, Hod and Vim. J. S. Palfrey acted as judge.

BUZZARD'S BAY, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 23.

A Corinthian race of the Beverly Y. C. was sailed off the clubhouse at Wing's Neck on Saturday, Aug. 23, in a whole-sail northeast breeze. In the one-design class Quakeress II. got the start and led all over the course, closely followed by Pontiac and Pravilla. In the 25-footers Kalama got the start and led Thorana all over the course. It was just the weather for the 21-footer Barnacle and she won easily in her class. Allison II. won in the fourth class cats and Vim in the 15-footers. The summary:

30-Footers.

	Actual.
Quakeress II., W. F. Harrison	2 33 40
Pontiac, J. A. Beebe	2 35 45
Praxilla, J. Parkinson, Jr.	2 35 56
Mashnee, R. W. Emmons, 2d	2 36 59
Young Miss, D. L.Whittemore	2 37 22
Zingara, E. M. Farnsworth	2 37 45
Arabian, R. Winsor	2 38 20
Gamecock, L. Bacon	2 39 42
Evelyn, John Hitchcock	2 42 45

25-Footers.

Kalama III., David Rice	2 47 59
Thorana, T. B. Wales	2 49 03

21-Footers.

Barnacle, W. E. C. Eustis	1 50 14
Terrapin, L. S. Dabney	1 57 03
Arethusa, C. M. Baker	2 05 37
Sylvia, S. D. Warren	Withdrew

Fourth Class—Cats.

Allison II., Stewart McLeod	2 13 01
Kricker, W. S. Jameson	2 15 40
Howard, H. O. Miller	2 18 35
Hod, H. B. Holmes	2 19 55

15-Footers.

Vim, F. W. Sargent, Jr.	1 45 38
Spider, H. M. Stone	1 46 50
Go-Bye, H. Stockton	1 47 41
Teazer, Mrs. R. W. Emerson, 2d	1 48 49
Ranzo, M. H. Richardson	1 50 32
Uarda, John Parkinson, Jr.	1 51 30

Riverton Y. C.

RIVERTON, DELAWARE RIVER.

Saturday, Aug. 16.

FOURTEEN boats started in the Riverton Y. C. race sailed on Saturday, Aug. 16. The race was to have been a handicap, but was changed and the boats sailed on regular time allowance as usual. The wind was strong and puffy from the N. The course was from the starting line to and around Hen and Chickens Buoy and return. In the catboat class Sea Gull had things her own way and gave the other boats a good trimming. Katherine held second place for a time, but was passed by Priscilla. Isit gave the rest of the boats in her class a good beating, and among the mosquito fleet boats Albert G. Cook finished a winner for the fourth time this season. The summary:

Catboats—Start, 3:18.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sea Gull	5 24 22	2 06 22	2 02 06
Priscilla	5 26 28	2 10 28	2 06 02
Katherine	5 37 22	2 19 22	2 18 20
Titania	5 40 15	2 22 15	2 22 15
Leila	Withdrew.		
Gertrude	Withdrew.		

Sloops—Start, 3:23.

Isit	5 40 40	2 17 40	2 07 56
Fiona	5 47 03	2 24 03	2 21 14
Pumpkin	6 07 26	2 42 25	2 41 37
Kaloola	Withdrew.		

Mosquito Boats—Start, 3:25.

	Finished.	Elapsed.
11—Albert G. Cook	5 16 00	1 51 00
14—T. Harry Walnut	5 29 03	2 04 03
6—Dr. C. S. Mills	5 29 20	2 04 20
10—H. Cook	Withdrew.	

Corinthian Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 23.

The fifth championship race of the Corinthian Y. C. was sailed off Marblehead on Saturday, Aug. 23, in a strong breeze from the northeast. In the 25-footers Sally VI. took a sailover. Little Haste came over from Duxbury and won in her class. Savage won handily in the 18ft. knockabouts. Chasca finished first in class A, handicap, but lost to Yarico on allowance. Suzanne led in class B, handicap, but lost to Scapegoat on allowance. The summary:

25ft. Cabin Class.

	Time.
Sally VI., L. F. Percival	1 53 42

21ft. Cabin Class.

Little Haste, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	1 34 47
Pilot, R. Boardman	1 37 45
Porcupine, C. H. W. Foster	1 37 52
Tabasco III., H. H. Wiggin	1 39 07

Raceabout Class.

Tunipoo, J. T. Humphrey	1 42 57

18ft. Knockabouts.

Savage, John Lawrence	1 43 43
Rattler, A. D. Irving	1 45 30
Scrapper, A. P. Loring	1 49 50

Class A—Handicap.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Yarico, W. H. Rothwell	1 42 20	1 36 21
Chasca, D. H. Follett	1 39 50	1 39 50

Class B—Handicap.

Scapegoat, Carl Foster	1 45 54	1 40 45
Susanne, F. Brewster	1 42 54	1 42 54
Ruth, H. F. Wheelock	1 48 52	1 43 43

Quincy Y. C.

QUINCY, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 23.

A regular club race of the Quincy Y. C. was sailed Saturday, Aug. 23, in a fresh northeast breeze. There was a good fleet of starters and the racing was close, especially between the special 21-footers, Omeme and Cleopatra. The summary:

First Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Eclipse, Dr. H. A. Jones	1 30 42	1 09 28
Hustler, Whittemore & Robbins	1 34 56	1 10 34
Marvel, Reid & Lincoln	1 35 22	1 11 39
Ida J., C. C. Collins	1 34 44	1 13 09
Moondyne, Shaw Bros.	Withdrew.	

Second Class.

Dabchick, H. B. Brazer	0 58 41	0 42 44
Clover, John Wood	1 00 30	0 44 19
Kitty, John Evans	1 01 55	0 48 55
Mabel G., Mr. Gardner	1 04 54	0 49 48

Special 21-Footers.

Omeme, W. P. Barker	1 37 30
Cleopatra, F. F. Crane	1 38 19

Special One Design Class.

Ethel S., George F. Swift	0 53 30
Marjorita, Adams & Bennett	0 56 17
Ella H., Herbert Holmes	1 01 14
Betty B., R. Bolles	Did not finish

Motor Launches.

Marjorie, A. H. Tabor	0 48 17
Alepo, W. J. Tilley	0 48 59

Cottage City Y. C.

COTTAGE CITY, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 23.

The annual regatta of the Cottage City Y. C. was sailed Saturday, Aug. 23, in a fresh northeast breeze. There were three classes and the races were close in all. The summary:

Special Class—Knockabouts.

	Time.
Onward, P. Case	2 11 12
Gadfly, E. E. Silvey	2 13 07

Second Class—Cats.

Wasis, R. Clapp	2 09 14
Gem, A. Mills	2 11 08
Just Right, F. Prada	2 11 37

Third Class—Cats.

Totem, John Luce	2 12 37
Viola, Miss Clapp	2 16 11
Quaker, H. Montgomery	2 21 09

Major J. Fred Ackerman has sold his schooner Vesta to Mr. Howard Slade.

Plymouth Y. C.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.

Thursday, Aug. 21.

The South Shore circuit of Y. R. A. open races was opened on Thursday, Aug. 21, by the Plymouth Y. C. The race was sailed in a light to moderate breeze, from east to southeast. Only two of the 25-footers were on hand to start, Calypso and Areyto, both centerboard boats. Calypso got the start and held a lead over the course, although Areyto made a good showing and held her well. In the 21-footers Micmac got the start and then went into a luffing match with Little Haste. When this was finished Little Haste went after Mildred II, and Chloris, and won out by over 8 minutes. There was the usual good start and good race among the 18ft. knockabouts; Miladi, Kittawake and Domino made a close race throughout, Miladi finishing 15s. ahead of Kittawake and 25s. ahead of Domino. On protest Miladi was thrown out and the race went to Kittawake. A bronze cup is offered in this class by ex-Com. C. C. Clapp, of the Duxbury Y. C., for the whole circuit. The cup is made from one of the plates of Independence. In the handicap class Rooster got the start, and As You Like It led for the greater part of the course. She finished first, but on corrected time the race went to Challenge. The summary:

Class D—25ft. Cabin Yachts.

	Time.
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton	1 49 45
Aveyto, L. D. Baker	1 52 15

Class S—21ft. Cabin Yachts.

Little Haste, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	1 50 45
Mildred II., S. P. Moses	1 59 00
Chloris, B. P. Cheney	1 59 35
Miemac, R. Hutchinson	2 01 28
Rambler, W. L. Learned	2 04 10

Class I—18ft. Knockabouts.

*Miladi, F. R. Adams	1 42 00
Kittawake, H. M. Jones	1 42 15
Domino, C. C. Clapp	1 42 25
*Question, J. H. Hunt	1 43 15
Biza, A. Douglass	1 44 50
Stroller, L. B. Goodspeed	1 45 15
Tokalon, R. J. Randall, Jr.	1 46 35
Gertrude, H. E. Lynch	1 46 50
Aspenquid, C. M. Foster	1 47 20
Osprey, A. R. Train	1 49 25
Patrice, A. W. Finlay	1 51 45
Alcedo, J. H. Linder	1 46 35

*Protest against Miladi and Question allowed and race awarded to Kittawake.

Handicaps.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Challenge, E. B. Atwood	1 43 49	1 39 49
Rooster, S. G. Etherington	1 42 50	1 40 50
Biddy, Warren & Atkins	1 55 10	1 41 10
As You Like It, W. T. Whitman	1 41 15	1 41 15
Dolphin, C. Morton	1 54 25	1 44 25
Maude, Lane	1 45 40	1 45 40
Scamper, Edgar G. Reed	1 52 38	1 46 38
Sigrid, E. Watson	1 54 57	1 46 57
In It, A. Watson	1 52 00	1 48 00
Quivet, L. A. Crowell	1 58 00	1 48 00
Aureolus, H. F. Kellogg	1 52 00	1 48 42
Adele, Wadsworth	Withdrawn.	

Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Aug. 23.

THE annual Corinthian race of the Seawanhaka Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, Aug. 23. The boats were manned entirely by Corinthian crews, and they sailed over knockabout course No. 3. The breeze was light from the W. Gowan and Bobs had a fight for first place, but the former finally drew into the lead and won by over three minutes. The summary:

Start, 3:30.

	Finished.	Elapsed.
Gowan, F. G. Stewart	6 07 35	2 37 35
Bobs, W. A. W. Stewart	6 11 50	2 41 50
Vagrant, V. W. Brown	6 12 51	2 42 51
Heron, F. R. Coudert, Jr.	6 15 50	2 45 50
Lucille, H. H. Landon	6 18 10	2 48 10

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

On Aug. 16 there was launched from the yard of the builders, the Gas Engine & Power Co. and Charles L. Seabury & Co., Consolidated, the steam yacht built from Gardner & Cox's designs for Mr. A. E. Austin, of Providence, R. I. The yacht is 155ft. long over all, 120ft. waterline, 20ft. breadth and 8ft. 6in. draft. She has a teak deck house seventy feet long and is schooner rigged and has a single funnel. In the after end of the deck house is a large lounging room, while in the forward end is the dining saloon and pantry. The owner's quarters are below aft of the boiler and machinery space and consist of four single and two double staterooms and two bathrooms. Forward of the machinery space is the galley, officers' staterooms and forecastle with accommodations for sixteen men. On the davits are carried four boats, one launch, one cutter, one dinghy and a sailboat for the owner. The yacht is lighted throughout by electricity. She is fitted with a triple expansion engine, with cylinders 11, 16 and 26 inches in diameter and with 15 inches stroke of piston, and a Seabury water tube boiler. The speed contract calls for fourteen knots, but she will undoubtedly exceed this requirement. The yacht will be finished about the middle of September.

Mr. August Belmont's 70-footer Mineola is now at the Jacob yard, City Island, where she is being dismantled preparatory to laying up. The sails and spars have been stored in the lofts and the yacht will be hauled out in a few days.

A new yacht club has recently been organized. It is to be known as the American Catboat Club, and a few days ago the organizers of the institution met and elected the following officers: Commodore, Arthur E. Rendle; Vice Commodore, Thornton Smith; Rear Commodore, James C. Summers; Secretary-Treasurer, A. P. Rascher. The headquarters of the club is to be at Port Washington, L. I. Races for the championship of Cow Bay will be sailed on Labor Day. The yachts will be divided into three classes. The first class will be open to cabin or or open catboats belonging to Cow Bay, Class 2 will include Cow Bay skiffs of the 16ft. class of the half-round type, and Class 3 will be open to Cow Bay skiffs of the 16ft. class of the flat bottom type. The winner of each race will be awarded a championship pennant and a cup emblematic of the championship. The latter he must defend for one year, but he need only sail against the challenging boat. If he loses the championship of his class he is to return the cup to the American Catboat Club, which will deliver it to the winner.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Long Range Rifles.

EXPERIMENTS at rifle practice on the ranges at Creedmoor and Sea Girt have just shown to the satisfaction of many leading shooters of the country why the American riflemen were defeated last year by the Irish and Canadian teams. In their search for a reason for the triumph of the Irish and Canadian teams, those who have been pushing forward their experiments to this end seem to have come to the conclusion that the American army rifle and ammunition are all right up to 800yds., but beyond this distance the service bullet wabbles. This wabbling at 900 and 1,000yds. is due to the fact that the twist in the rifling is not quick enough to keep a bullet of the American standard length rotating with sufficient velocity.

Gen. Bird W. Spencer, Dr. W. G. Hudson, William Hayes, Col. Leslie C. Bruce and others have been unremitting in their efforts to find why the Americans suddenly began doing poor marksmanship after the 800yd. mark was passed. It was evident to many riflement that something was radically wrong when one contestant would make two or three good shots in succession, with the next one going not within 30 or 40ft. of the target. Some, however, ascribed it to a poor eye and lack of practice.

The result of the experiments is that the National Rifle Association and the New Jersey State Rifle Association, for the purpose of assisting if possible in perfecting the national arm and of giving an opportunity for a test as to the present rifling of the United States .30cal. rifle compared with the best obtainable, have just issued conditions which will admit to the individual matches, except the president's match, at Sea Girt, in September, service rifles that have been fitted with barrels by private makers. These conditions are as follows: (a) The barrel must be capable of using the standard Government ammunition; (b) the competitor must accurately describe, in writing, the details wherein his barrel differs from the Government barrel (c) no changes other than those in character and pitch of rifling will be permitted, and all outside dimensions, sights and prevailing weights must be retained.

Perhaps no member of the National Rifle Association has been more earnest or accomplished better results than Dr. Hudson, who last year was a member of one of the American teams. He is convinced by his experiments that if the bullet is reduced in length, even though some weight has to be sacrificed, its accuracy will be greatly improved at 900 and 1,000yds. The fact that the army rifle and ammunition are all right up to 800yds, and inaccurate beyond that distance, has led many riflemen to believe that representatives of the Ordnance Department who tested the rifles and cartridges evidently did not consider any range beyond 800yds.

"From the experiments I have made," said Dr. Hudson yesterday, "I think the following deduction may be drawn: (a) That a .30cal. barrel, with a 10in. twist, will shoot a 200-grain bullet far more accurately at 1,000yds., than a 220-grain bullet, unless the latter, as it issues from the muzzle, has become larger than the .307in. diameter heretofore in vogue, and therefore shorter; (b) the difference in accuracy is due to the greater gyrostatic stability of the shorter bullet at the same rate of rotation; (c) the shorter and lighter bullet must of necessity be more sensitive to wind than the 220-grain, therefore the proper way to rectify the trouble is rather to make a barrel with a quicker twist, unless other objections arise, which can only be developed by experiment; (d) but if barrels of quicker twist are not available, it is far better to shorten the bullet, whether by decreasing its weight or increasing its diameter, than to go on shooting a combination which is liable at the most inopportune time to throw a wind shot. I do not believe that the best way to attain this result is by shooting undersized bullets in oversized guns, and depending on the uncertain upsettage of a jacketed bullet."

Attention was first directed to this as the possible source of the trouble by measuring the barrels of those .30cal. rifles used by the United States Government, which appeared to be doing the best work at the long range with the service ammunition. Dr. Hudson found that they were not those approaching most nearly the standard diameter, .308in. to the bottom of the grooves. Instead, they were of a larger diameter, up to .3095in. The question then arose, Why should a .309in. barrel shoot a .307in. bullet better than a barrel of the correct size?

Repeated experiments, with frequent changes of ammunition, barrels and bullets, finally proved the whole matter, and gave Dr. Hudson at Creedmoor a few days ago the best shooting he had ever done with a high-power outfit of American production. He feels that the score would have been several points better had the rifle been shot by an experienced long-range rifleman, as his experience has been confined chiefly to short and middle range.

A standard United States rifle was used, which had previously in the experiments given very poor results, even at 800yds., when ammunition and gun appeared to be all right. This gun was selected because it accurately fitted the bullets which had caused so much trouble. The barrel used was fitted with large sights.

A few rounds at 800yds., with service load, gave, as usual, a miss every few shots in what appeared to Dr. Hudson a perfect hold. It was not due to irregularity of ammunition, for every charge of powder (34½ grains) had been weighed and perfect bullets (220 grains) selected. He then tried a charge of 36 grains of .30cal. powder and a 210-grain bullet. Immediately great improvement was noted, so great inded that he at once abandoned the 800yd. range and moved back to the 1,000yd. firing point. The good work continued, except that he got two misses in 15 shots, the score being 5, 5, 3, 5, 5, 5, 5, 5, 4, 0, 4, 5, 0, 5, 2, a total of 58.

Next he tried the 200-grain bullet, which seemed to remedy the trouble entirely. A few shots were fired with shells containing 36 grains of .30cal. powder, and others containing 28 grains of 7 mm. powder. The 28 grains gave almost equal accuracy, but unmistakably less velocity, and shot 7ft. lower than the 36 grains of .30cal. powder. At the lower velocity the wind seemed to affect the bullets much more, but with the 36-grain load he could not see that the bullet was any more affected than when the 220-grain bullet is used, although such, he thinks, must be the case.

The experiment was finished with a score of 70 at 15 shots with 36 grains of .30cal. powder and with a 200-grain bullet, and with a score of 67 at 15 shots with 28 grains of 7 mm. powder and a 200-grain bullet. The 30 shots were fired consecutively.

Since then even better work has been done with the 200-grain bullet, Lieut. Leizear making a score of 72 in 15 shots at 1,000yds. This is the highest score ever recorded with an American high power rifle, and it is all the more creditable because it was made with plain military sights.

The highest score at 1,000yds. made by the Canadians last year in the match against us was 64, by Capt. Davidson. In the other match one of the Irish team, Major Richardson, made 72 at 1,000yds., but that was with a fine match rifle, fitted with target sights. One other Irishman had 70, but aside from these two scores, none of our competitors on either team made over 68.

Gen. George W. Wingate, vice-president of the National Rifle Association, and one of the best rifle experts in the country, says in regard to this matter: "The Boer war has shown that battles are to be decided by sharpshooting at small marks on long distances. If the gun can be made accurate by changing the bullet the conditions would not be so difficult as if new barrels of a different twist should be supplied. With the object of doing all they can to advance the accuracy of the shooting of rifle experts, the National Rifle Association and the New Jersey State Rifle Association will this year admit to the majority of individual matches at Sea Girt service rifles that have been fitted with barrels by private makers under special conditions.

"In its action in this matter the National Rifle Association is assuming its proper place in assisting the Government to perfect the national arm. The members of the Association bring to their task much skill and knowledge. Being men of independent means, they are in a position not bound by precedent or swayed by prejudice, and in their search for the most accurate rifle they are able to disregard the question of cost.

"We believe that when once this matter of accurate rifle shooting is earnestly taken up by Americans they must go to the front and stay there. The great difference between Americans and foreigners is that the latter will accept what has been absolutely tested and proven, while the former are willing at all times to give new things a fair trial."—New York Tribune.

Western Rifles.

Chicago Inter-Club Shoot.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 22.—Mr. Alfred Rieckhoff, shooting-master of the Willow Rifle and Gun Club, of Chicago, furnishes the following facts regarding the forthcoming inter-club shoot, small bore rifles, which will be held in this city on the last day of the month:

"On Aug. 31 the combined short range rifle clubs of Chicago will hold their third annual team and prize shoot at Schelle's Grove, Lawrence and Lincoln Avenues. The following clubs will participate for team prizes: The Willow Rifle and Gun Club, the Schuetzen Section of the Lincoln Turn Verein, the Wilhelm Tell Schuetzen Club, the Schuetzen Section of the Chicago Turngemeinde, the Brazilian Rifle Club.

The Peters Challenge Cup, presented by the Peters Cartridge Co., of Cincinnati, Ohio, for annual competition, with $18 cash added money, will be the prize for the winning team.

The rules to govern the team shoot are as follows: Each club to put up a team of five men, who are to fire 20 shots per man on the Standard ¼-inch ring German target with a 2-inch black at 75 feet. The highest team score to win. The name of the winning club and the names and scores of its team to be engraved upon the cup. The team shoot to commence at 9 A. M., after which the prize shooting—open to all—will start and continue until 11 P. M.

Three beautiful gold medals and fifteen valuable merchandise prizes will be put up for the open-to-all prize shooting.

All shooting to be off-hand at 75 feet, with .22 caiber rim-fire rifles. Palm rests and magnifying sights barred.

To reach the grove from downtown, take Lincoln Avenue cable cars or Northwestern Elevated Railroad to Wrightwood Avenue, then Bowmenville cars north to Lawrence Avenue, and you're there."

Willow Rifle and Gun Club.

The following scores were made Friday afternoon, Aug. 15, at the range of Willow Rifle and Gun Club, 760 North Halsted Street, Chicago, Ill:

All shooting offhand at 75 feet with .22 caliber rim-fire rifles, no palm rests or magnifying sights allowed. Two strings of 10 shots each on ¼-inch ring target. Possible in ten shots 250 points and 3 shots on ⅛-inch ring target, possible 75 points:

Class A.

Geo. Springsguth	234	220	52
Alf. Rieckhoff	226	210	65
S. Fischer	222	221	64
F. M. Garden	241	225	64
P. Hollstein	221	216	59
J. W. Grace	227	211	60

Class B.

E. Otto	218	201	57
H. Wehnert	190	188	47
A. Fleig	194	179	18
W. Schwabe	214	202	38
R. Theilenhaus	165	199	22
F. E. Halbert	218	211	55
Bergmann (Visitor)	218	222	47

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Aug. 17.—Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club scores to-day on Columbia target, off-hand shooting:

Two hundred-yard range, rifle: Ed. Hovey, 50, 60, 66, 69, 73, 82, 83; F. O. Young, 59; Capt. Fred Kuhnle, 60, 67, 73, 79.

Three-shot match: Young, 13, 13, 16, 17, 22; Kuhnle, 20, 27.

Military and repeating rifle match, Creedmor count: Ed. Hovey, 49, 49, 48, 47, 46, 46; Miss C. Kreudner, 42.

Fifty-yard range, pistol: F. O. Young, 36, 44, 45, 51; A. H. Pape, 40, 41, 45, 45, 43, 48, 48, 50, 50; A. J. Brannagan, 41, 42, 42, 49, 50; G. M. Borley, 41, 41, 52; Otto Feudner, 49, 66; L. C. Hinkel, 59; R. Schneider, 56; H. Baker, 67, 70, 74; Dr. Twist, 61, 61, 67.

Revolver: L. C. Hinkel, 42, 52, 59.

Twenty-two and .25 caliber rifle match: A. H. Cady, 18, 24, 24, 26, 30, 25; E. A. Allen, 50; Mrs. Leach, 53; Mr. Leach, 79.

Ed. Hovey did splendid work with his .32-20 Winchester repeating rifle. He beat the fine rifle on ring count and his fine Creedmoor scores put him one point ahead of Young for 10 best scores of the season with a Creedmoor total of 472. Hinkel is within 10 points of the highest bar in the revolver expert class and expects to make it, and he is only a beginner. Many of our members have been on vacations and hunting the deer, venison being plenty in camp.

FRED O. YOUNG.

National Rifle Association.

THE tournament of the National Rifle Association of America, New Jersey State Rifle Association; and United States Revolver Association, at Sea Girt, N. J., commencing on Tuesday of this week, and ending on Sept. 6, will probably be one of the most interesting rifle competitions ever held in this country. Not only will this great event be interesting in itself, but it further will be interesting as foreshadowing more or less accurately the victors in the International Palma trophy match, between teams representing the United States, Great Britain and Ireland and Canada, fixed to take place on Sept. 13. The American team has made more earnest effort both in the way of theoretical study, experiment and practice than has obtained among the devotees of long-range rifle shooting in many years past.

The revolver competitions are also exciting much interest, and with the greater expertness in the use of this weapon, there is every likelihood that old records will be broken. The new revolver range, ten targets at each range, 25, 50 and 75yds., will afford every facility for active competition.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Aug. 27-28.—Muscoda, Wis.—Target tournament of the Muscoda Gun Club.

Aug. 27-28.—Haverhill, Mass.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Haverhill Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.

Aug. 27-28.—Ruffsdale, Pa.—Ruffsdale Rod and Gun Club's first annual two-day target tournament. Added money, $30. Rose system. Lloyd H. Ruff, Sec'y.

Aug. 29.—Concord, N. H.—One-hundred target match between Messrs. H. B. Darton, of Portland, Me., and Mr. C. M. Stark, of Dunbarton, N. H., for $100 a side.

Aug. 30.—Watertown, Mass.—First all-day open tournament of the Watertown Gun Club. Chas. H. Philbrook, Acting Sec'y.

Aug. 29.—Pleasant Hill, Mo.—Sixth annual merchandise and sweepstake tourney. T. H. Cohron, Sec'y.

Aug. 29-30.—Menominee, Mich.—First annual tournament of the Menominee Gun Club. E. W. Nowack, Sec'y.

Aug. 30.—Watertown, Mass.—All-day tournament of the Watertown Gun Club.

Sept. 1.—Edgewater, N. J.—North River Gun Club's handicap at 100 targets, $6 entrance, for new piano.

Sept. 1.—Pleasantville, N. Y.—Shoot of the Westchester County Trapshooters' League.

Sept. 1.—Akron, O.—Shoot of the Akron Gun Club.

Sept. 1.—Lebanon, Ind.—Lebanon Gun Club Park Association's tournament.

Sept. 1.—Muncie, Ind.—Annual fall tournament of the Magic City Gun Club.

Sept. 1.—Dover, N. H.—Labor Day tournament of the Dover Sportsmen's Association. D. W. Hallam, Sec'y.

Sept. 1.—Battle Creek, Mich.—Amateur tournament of the Battle Creek Gun Club. M. E. Hensler, Sec'y.

Sept. 1-2.—Meriden, Conn.—Parker Gun Club's annual Labor Day Shoot and Sheep Bake. C. S. Howard, Sec'y.

Sept. 1-3.—Lynchburg, Va.—Third annual shoot of the Virginia Trapshooters' Association, on the grounds of the Lynchburg Gun Club in Rivermont; sparrow shoot on third day. J. A. Anderson, Sec'y.

Sept. 2-3.—Central City, Ia.—Wapsie Gun Club's handicap tournament.

Sept. 2-3.—Tiffin, O.—Second annual tournament of the Tiffin Gun Club; $75 added. L. D. Arndt, Sec'y.

Sept. 3-4.—Nappanee, Ind.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Nappanee Gun Club. Ed. J. Bowers, Sec'y.

Sept. 3-5.—Richmond, Ind.—Handicap tournament of the Richmond, Ind., and College Corner, New Paris and Oxford, O., gun clubs.

Sept. 3-5.—Erie, Pa.—Erie City Rod and Gun Club's handicap tournament at targets. Open to all; $200 added. A. N. Aitken, Sec'y.

Sept. 4-5.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Open tournament of the Consolidated Sportsman's Association. Eber Rice, Sec'y.

Sept. 9-11.—Du Bois, Pa.—Three days' target tournament of the Du Bois Rod and Gun Club; added money, $200. L. S. Munch, Sec'y.

Sept. 9-12.—Battle Creek, Mich.—Tournament of the Indians; open to the world; $1,000 added. John Parker, Mgr.

Sept. 10.—East Liverpool, O.—East Liverpool Gun Club's tournament. R. W. Sample, Sec'y.

Sept. 10.—Bristol, Conn.—All-day tournament and sheep bake of the Bristol Gun Club. E. M. Dailey, Sec'y.

Sept. 11-12.—Annual fall target and live-bird amateur shoot of the Harrisburg Shooting Association.

Sept. 15-20.—Blue River Park, Kansas City, Mo.—Twenty-fifth tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. Targets and live birds. Paul Franke, Sec'y.

Sept. 16-17.—Nebraska City, Neb.—Tournament at Nebraska City.

Sept. 16-18.—Williamsport, Pa.—Tournament of the West Branch Rod and Gun Club.

Sept. 16-19.—Detroit, Mich.—John Parker's annual tournament.

Sept. 23-24.—Concordia, Kan.—Second annual tournament of the Concordia Blue Ribbon Gun Club.

Sept. 23-25.—Cincinnati, O.—Second annual handicap target tournament of the Cincinnati Gun Club. Charles F. Dreihs, Sec'y.

Sept. 26-27.—Matthews, Ind.—Second annual target and live-bird tournament.

Sept. 29-30.—Lewistown, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Lewistown Gun Club. H. H. McComber, Sec'y.

Oct. 1-2.—Union City, Ind.—Fall tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club. O. E. Fouts, Sec'y.

Oct. 1-2.—Austerlitz, Ky.—Hill Top Gun Club's live-bird tournament. Alfred Clay, Sec'y.

Oct. 1-2.—Union City, Ind.—Parent Grove Gun Club's fall tournament. O. E. Fouts, Sec'y.

Oct. 1-2.—Allegheny, Pa.—Two-day target tournament of the Northside Gun Club; $100 added money. I. W. Morrow, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-8.—Greenville, O.—Handicap tournament of the Greenville Gun Club. H. A. McCaughey, Sec'y.

Oct. 9-10.—Fort Wayne, Ind.—Annual target tournament of the East End Gun Club. F. W. Leidelf, Sec'y.

Oct. 15-16.—New London, Ia.—Sixth annual tournament of the New London Gun Club. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.

Oct. 15-16.—Springfield, O.—Springfield Gun Club's tournament. B. F. Downs, Capt.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's target shoot, every Saturday afternoon until October. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

First Saturday of each month for a year, Burnside.—Contest for the Troisdorf live-bird and target medals; 10 live birds; 25 targets; open to all. First contest, March 1.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The programme of the Dubois (Pa.) Rod and Gun Club, arranged for its tournament of Sept. 9, 10 and 11, has twelve events each day, of which nine are at 15, two at 20 and one at 25 targets; entrance, $1.50, $2 and $2.50; added moneys, $3.50 $4.50 and $6. Totals of each day, as follows: Targets, 200; entrance, $20; added moneys, $46.50 There also is a merchandise events each day, of which there are eleven or twelve prizes, with more to be added. Besides the regular events mentioned, there are special events as follows: Second day, Iroquois Cup, value $50, open to a squad of five members (bonafide) of any club in DuBois or vicinity, which the DuBois team can conveniently visit, hold shoot and return home on same day; emblematic of local championship; 25 targets, 25 cents entrance. On the third day there is a special event for members of the DuBois Gun Club for silver medal emblematic of club championship, 10 targets, 25 cents entrance; to be contested by members only at each weekly club shoot. Also four-man team contest for the Hibner Cup, valued at $100 and $20 in gold, open to any recognized gun club in Pennsylvania. For conditions in full apply to Mr. L. S. Munch, secretary. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Magautrap; blue rocks, 2 cents. High averages, first and second days, 1st $5; 2d, $3; 3d, $2.25. High averages, three days, 1st, $10; 2d, $6; 3d, $4. Guns and ammunition shipped to Mr. F. Guinzburg, DuBois, Pa., will be delivered on the grounds free. Rose system. Manufacturers' agents and paid shooters (other than for averages) for targets only.

The annual fall target and live-bird shoot of the Harrisburg (Pa.) Shooting Association, Sept. 11 and 12, is for amateurs only. There are on the first day twelve target events on its programme, at 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets, a total of 205 with a total entrance fee of $11. Three events are handicaps and one is merchandise. On the second day, beside the target programme of the first day, there are two events at live birds. No. 1 is at five birds, $2 entrance, birds extra, handicaps 28 and 30 yards. No. 2 is at 20 birds, $10 entrance, birds included, 28 yards. For both days at targets there are $3 for high average. Shooting commences at 8:30 o'clock. Shells and refreshments may be obtained on the grounds. Shooters may enter for targets only. Moneys divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent; over twelve entries, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Targets, two cents. The members of the committee are Messrs. Geo. L. Doehne, I. Ross Conway and H. B. Shoop.

The Erie City Rod and Gun Club has arranged a like programme for each day of its forthcoming handicap shooting tournament Sept. 3 to 5. Competition is open to all. There are ten events, five at 15, three at 20, one at 5 pairs and ten singles, $1.50, $2 and $3 entrance, $5, $10 and $15 added. Total entrance for each day, $18.50. Handicaps, 15 to 21 yards. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Magautrap will be used. Nos. 4 and 10 each day will be class shooting, 40, 30, 20 and 10. In other events the Rose system will govern in ratios, 8, 6, 4, and 2. Ship shells, etc., to Mr. Seth Clover, Erie, Pa., and they will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. Mr. A. N. Aitken is the secretary.

The Grand Hotel Cup, contested for at the tournament of the Limited Gun Club, Indianapolis, Ind., on Aug. 21, was won this year by Mr. H. M. Clark, of Wabash, Ind., by a score of 49 out of 50 targets. His oppenent was Mr. H. J. Sconce, of Sidell, who was the holder and who scored 47. Mr. Sconce and Mr. C. W. Phellis respectively killed 99 sparrows out of 100 in the sweepstake sparrow events.

Mr. F. M. Berkey, of Kansas City, Mo., lost his life by a shooting accident a few days ago while returning from a hunting trip. Riding in a wagon, he was leaning on his loaded gun, which from some unknown cause was discharged. Death was instantaneous. He shot in the G. A. H. at Kansas City this year and had charge of the check room at that tournament. His untimely death was a grievous shock to his many friends.

In the club event of the Baltimore Shooting Association. Messrs. Edwards and Lupus lead with a score of 196 each out of 200, their handicap allowance being added. Mr. Malone is one less. The allowances are based on the averages of the contestants. The average of the best shot is taken as scratch and standard, and the other contestnts are allowed enough extra to equal the average of scratch, if all shoot equal to their averages.

At Abbottsford Inn, Stone Harbor, N. J., commencing on Sept. 1 and continuing to Sept. 6, there will be a contest at 100 targets, with a handicap allowance. The prize will be a fine cup, and the only entrance fee will be the price of targets. Reentries will be allowed. The marshes thereabout abound in shore birds and mudhens. Mr. W. H. Wolstencroft is the manager.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner passed through New York on Monday of this week en route to Haverhill, Mass., to manage the Interstate tournament, Aug. 27 and 28. After that he will have some busy moments hurrying to Nappanee, Ind., to manage the next Interstate, Sept. 3 and 4.

The Morris (Minn.) Tribune reports a trap shoot as follows: "A gun shoot at Cottonwood Lake attracted a large number from Morris last Sunday, and we understand they had a jolly time. Jim Pearce carried away the honors with two birds out of a possible ——ty."

On Sept. 1, Labor Day, the Westchester County Trapshooters' League will hold a shoot at Pleasantville, N. Y., under the auspices of the Pleasantville Rod and Gun Club. Mr. A. C. Hoyt is the secretary.

The Winchester Gun Cub, of Detroit, Mich., have installed a new magautrap and added other improvements to their grounds. They are now pleasingly and fully equipped for trap competition.

The enterprising captain of the Ossining Gun Club, C. G. Blandford, was high gun for the first day of the Ossining tournament, Aug. 20, with 147 out of a possible 160.

The Bristol (Conn.) Gun Club is actively preparing for a good attendance at its tournament and sheep bake, Sept. 10. Mr. E. M. Dailey is the secretary.

The official signs of the times seem to indicate quite reliably that there will not be another Grand American Live Bird Handicap.

The shoot of the North River Gun Club, of Edgewater, N. J., fixed to take place on Sept. 1, has been cancelled.

BERNARD WATERS.

TROPHIES AND PRIZES SHOT FOR AT THE DOMINION OF CANADA TRAP SHOOTING AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION SECOND ANNUAL TOURNAMENT HELD AT HAMILTON, ONT., AUG. 14, 15, 16, 1902.

Birch Brook Gun Club

LYNN, Mass.—The last but one of the series was shot by the Birch Brook Gun Club on Aug. 23. Straw was high man, and if he can do that again he will be high man in the series. There are now two men tied for first place, Hilliard and Hebbard, with 199 each out of a possible 240, and it now looks as though there might be some ties to be shot off Labor Day, as there are two other men tied.

In the 25-bird race between Riley and Emery, Emery again was victor, 17 to 16; but Riley thinks that is not conclusive that Emery is the best shot.

The following scores were made on the above date:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	30	50	25	10	10	10	10	10	10	5p
Straw	28	43	..	..	3	6	..	..	..	..
Hebbard	24	42	..	4	9	8	5	9	6	..
Rand	18	28	..	7	7	..	..	..	..	..
Hastings	18	29	..	7	6	6	6	5	5	..
Riley	19	33	16	..	6	4	6	..	..	..
Emery	..	..	17	..	..	..	6	..	..	..
Rowell	14	26	..	..	3	7	7	..	..	..
Rowe	20	32	..	6	9	7	..	5	..	6
Dudley	20	29	..	7	..	3	7	6	..	5
Mason	..	..	..	8	7	10	5	6	8	..

No. 1 was the merchandise event. No. 2 the medal. No. 3 the match.

HENRY ROOD, Sec'y.

Cheapeake Gun Club.

NEWPORT NEWS, Va., Aug. 20.—The Chesapeake Gun Club held one of the most successful shoots of the season at its park yesterday afternoon. Twelve shooters were on hand and some excellent scores were made.

Mr. G. B. James was high gun, breaking 90 out of 100 targets. Messrs. Stearnes and Butt each broke 88 targets and were second. The best score, however, was below that established by Mr. Stearnes last week by 8 targets. The results follow:

Thos F Stearnes	19 22 24 23—88	B B Semmes	16 21 24 21—82
J W S Butt	23 22 22 21—88	E S Robinson	21 19 20 21—81
Dr O F Bird	17 24 17 20—78	Fred Palmer	22 18 20 18—78
P J Gallagher	21 20 23 22—86	H Westacott	17 16 22 21—76
P A Agelasto	20 23 18 20—81	Dr Jos Charles	21 23 .. ..
G B James	22 24 22 22—90	F Saunders	17 13 .. ..

T. F. S.

Westchester County Trapshooters' Association.

PLEASANTVILLE, N. Y.—The fourth tournament of the Westchester County Trapshooters' Association will be held at this place Labor Day, Sept. 1, 1902, under the auspices of the Pleasantville Rod and Gun Club.

The programme calls for twelve events, and it is expected that about two hundred shooters will be in attendance. The members of this club are working hard to make this the banner shoot of the association, and neither time or expense will be spared to attain that end.

The magautrap will be used on that day. Loaded shells can be had on the grounds, and the local club will serve an enticing lunch to their guests. Any sportsman attending can be assured of a good day's sport and will be well satisfied that the Pleasantville Rod and Gun Club is a live, flourishing organization.

Shooting will commence at 10 A. M. There will be cash prizes offered for the two best general averages. For further information write to A. C. Hoyt, Secretary, Pleasantville, N. Y.

Dominion of Canada Tournament.

Aug. 14, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	15	20	25	20	20	20	20	20	20	20			
F A Henry	9	16	16	21	7	13	14	..	..	..	120	80	.666
A Reid	10	15	24	17	16	17	17	18	17	15	200	166	.830
W A Smith	10	17	22	15	15	18	18	19	13	11	200	158	.790
R Hutchinson	10	15	23	6	14	15	15	17	14	16	200	145	.725
T M Craig	12	20	15	16	19	15	15	20	18	15	200	165	.825
Conover	9	18	19	14	18	..	14	18	19	18	180	147	.816
F Westbrook	12	18	20	16	17	20	17	18	18	17	200	173	.865
J Wayper	13	16	24	17	17	..	16	16	18	17	180	154	.855
G Bent	9	15	18	16	18	16	16	16	16	18	200	148	.725
G Thompson	10	19	18	13	19	..	12	18	16	16	180	141	.763
Dr Wilson	4	15	22	13	17	14	15	17	13	15	200	145	.720
A W Throop	12	13	18	13	18	16	17	16	12	15	200	150	.750
Ben It	7	14	11	10	..	..	..	..	..	14	100	56	.560
T A Duff	13	17	22	15	20	13	15	18	15	12	200	154	.770
T Upton	9	15	24	10	15	14	16	18	15	16	200	152	.760
C H Whettleton	6	14	14	10	17	..	9	17	..	14	150	101	.561
Slaney	7	15	13	11	..	14	..	..	..	..	100	60	.600
J H Thompson	8	16	18	13	..	11	..	..	..	..	100	66	.660
Ketchum	8	12	15	13	..	13	..	..	..	..	100	61	.610
Towhey	13	18	18	19	17	..	16	18	16	13	180	148	.822
H Stockwell	11	18	19	18	16	..	16	18	17	16	180	141	.827
W Stover	12	18	14	17	20	..	13	18	14	14	180	140	.771
Reynolds	12	13	21	15	15	..	15	16	12	18	180	137	.761
H Swinlin	9	18	16	14	17	..	18	16	18	19	180	145	.600
Dr White	6	13	18	..	16	15	..	..	15	..	120	83	.691
Higginson	12	17	23	13	17	18	15	19	19	14	200	160	.800
A Bates	8	16	..	..	..	16	..	..	16	..	75	56	.746
J H McLaren	10	..	13	..	15	..	10	..	..	..	80	48	.600
Scane	11	19	15	15	20	..	12	18	9	..	160	119	.743
Philips	7	14	16	12	14	..	14	18	11	18	180	124	.698
H T Westbrook	10	16	14	13	16	14	15	13	10	13	200	134	.670
E W McGill	7	15	15	16	15	14	11	13	15	14	200	135	.675
Armstrong	..	15	22	12	17	..	13	..	..	..	105	79	.752
Summerhays	12	16	16	15	17	15	13	19	17	..	180	140	.777
Mallory	9	15	16	14	17	..	13	15	..	..	140	102	.728
Cull	9	14	14	12	..	..	16	16	..	..	120	81	.675
Singular	6	..	13	10	15	..	12	..	..	..	100	56	.560
M Mackon	12	15	17	17	18	..	15	17	14	18	180	139	.772
C Hacker	12	18	23	17	18	13	11	19	14	16	200	161	.605
C J Mitchell	12	18	21	17	15	16	18	17	19	14	200	167	.835
Montgomery	12	17	20	13	17	18	16	18	18	..	186	139	.772
Jack	11	16	..	18	..	..	..	14	14	..	75	59	.786
W L Cameron	12	18	17	16	17	17	16	17	..		200	158	.790
H D Bates	15	17	17	14	19	19	17	..	16	18	180	156	.866
Cuttcliffe	11	..	20	10	..	10	..	15	..	..	100	66	.660
A B Hood	10	15	19	12	14	..	13	16	13	..	140	112	.800
M D Bray	5	17	16	11	14	..	16	13	14	19	180	125	.694
Daniels	7	16	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	155	34	.618
Fanning	13	20	23	18	20	..	19	15	20	19	180	167	.922
Fox	12	19	21	16	17	..	17	19	17	18	180	158	.877
Stone	11	13	21	11	13	..	14	16	15	14	180	128	.711
Des Lauries	8	12	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	55	27	.490
W J Henry	6	12	14	12	..	..	13	..	..	..	100	57	.570
Merritt	11	11	..	9	..	11	..	..	8	..	95	50	.526
Fletcher	12	17	17	15	17	13	..	..	..	..	120	89	.741
Trudean	7	..	..	12	..	18	..	..	..	..	55	37	.672
Burgess	11	16	20	14	15	14	13	13	..	..	160	116	.725
W H Stephens	8	14	14	..	18	13	..	18	10	14	160	117	.731
Dunk	8	11	17	12	..	12	..	13	..	..	120	73	.608
Turp	8	16	..	..	..	13	..	12	..	..	75	49	.653
Marlott	12	16	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	42	.700
Hayes	..	9	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	22	.550
Miller	13	14	14	10	..	17	..	16	..	..	120	84	.700
J Bowron	..	15	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	40	29	.725
Reardon	..	16	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	40	29	.725
Dr Hunt	..	17	..	16	17	8	10	15	..	..	120	83	.691
McLaren	..	14	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	28	.522
J Crooks	..	20	20	..	17	14	..	..	..	..	85	71	.835
Singer	8	17	..	..	11	..	..	16	..	..	75	52	.593
Langhorn	..	13	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	26	.577
Thomas	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	13	.650
Short	..	..	15	15	..	..	14	19	12	13	125	80	.640
Dr Dollie	..	..	17	..	16	..	9	..	..	..	65	42	.610
C Brigger	..	..	..	15	..	16	..	..	..	..	40	31	.775
Aitkin	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	10	.500
Wakefield	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	20	17	.850
Stewart	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	15	40	30	.750
R Glue	..	..	..	15	..	..	10	..	..	..	40	25	.625
J D Lewis	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	20	12	.600
Henry	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	13	..	40	29	.725
E Clifford	..	..	..	..	12	..	9	..	9	10	60	31	.516
W Clifford	..	..	..	..	13	..	15	..	..	..	20	28	.700
J Hunter	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	20	17	.850
McDowell	..	..	..	9	..	13	..	17	..	..	60	39	.650
Johnson	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	20	9	.450
Sawdon	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	16	..	..	40	23	.575
Mitchell	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	20	11	.555
J Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	20	12	.600
J Laing	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	20	15	.750
Wallace	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	20	15	.750

Trap at Omaha.

The South Omaha Gun Club, D. Morrill and F. Dworak, managers, gave a three days' tournament this week. The first two days had a uniform attendance of over thirty. On the last day interest lagged, and the programme was abbreviated. Targets were thrown from expert traps, and the shooting was difficult. W. H. Heer, D. D. Bray, F. C. Riehl and Wm. Veach finished with the three days' honors in the order named. Scores are appended:

First Day, Aug. 21.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Total Broke.
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20		
Dominie	14	17	14	20	13	20	13	15	12	17	175	155
Schroeder	11	18	10	15	11	17	14	19	13	15	175	143
Veach	13	15	13	20	14	18	13	19	12	17	175	154
Dworak	10	16	12	18	13	15	13	19	12	19	175	147
White	15	19	14	20	12	20	14	18	12	18	175	162
Hatfield	11	15	11	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Nicholson	13	15	13	14	10	18	10	17	12	16	175	138
Bray	15	19	15	18	14	17	14	18	12	19	175	162
Townsend	13	17	10	16	14	19	12	18	12	15	175	146
Copsey	14	18	13	15	14	17	13	19	12	15	175	150
Riehl	14	18	14	17	14	18	13	18	12	18	175	156
Stoffard	12	17	18	13	12	18	11	15	12	18	175	146
Heer	14	19	15	18	15	19	15	18	15	19	175	167
Brooks	13	15	11	15	14	16	13	18	13	18	175	146
Damro	13	17	9	18	13	19	14	18	13	17	175	151
Hofer	8	13	9	11	10	14	9	..	..	..	...	...
Lord	12	15	9	14	9	14	13	10	17	16	175	129
Tamm	13	16	14	13	11	15	10	20	13	19	175	146
Hardan	11	19	14	17	13	19	..	..	..	..	...	...
Eck	11	15	13	15	8	16	13	15	13	16	175	145
Voorhees	11	15	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
B-27	11	17	15	17	15	16	13	17	11	18	175	150
Sandy	14	19	15	15	13	18	15	20	13	18	175	168
Scoville	6	18	13	18	12	..	14	17	12	..	...	...
Burke	11	17	12	19	12	17	13	12	13	17	175	143
Saunders	13	19	13	16	14	18	12	14	10	18	175	147
Roberts	12	14	12	18	11	16	12	18	13	18	175	144
Toozer	12	14	11	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Linderman	11	..	14	17	15	17	14	19	15	17	...	...
Loomis	..	..	..	16	14	17	13	16	14	16	...	...
Varaseck	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	8	..	..	...	...
J Harlan	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	...	...
Root	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	...	...

Second Day, Aug. 22.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Total Broke.
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20		
Bray	14	19	13	20	15	18	14	17	13	17	175	160
Saunders	13	20	12	16	9	17	14	18	14	17	175	150
Linderman	15	18	14	17	15	20	14	18	14	17	175	162
Burk	14	19	12	18	11	19	13	19	12	19	175	156
Roberts	13	16	13	15	10	18	12	17	10	18	175	142
Copsey	13	18	10	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Dworak	12	16	12	17	12	16	15	17	14	19	175	150
Heer	14	19	12	18	14	18	13	18	14	20	175	160
Harlan	13	17	13	16	15	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Carter	15	17	15	16	14	19	13	19	7	18	175	155
Dominie	14	18	13	18	15	17	14	15	13	19	175	156
Tamm	13	14	12	19	12	16	9	15	10	16	175	136
Lord	13	15	11	19	14	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
White	13	20	14	19	13	17	15	19	14	19	175	163
Riehl	13	17	14	20	13	19	15	19	15	18	175	163
Brook	13	19	13	14	11	17	14	16	14	16	175	147
B-27	13	15	14	16	13	16	12	16	..	..	...	...
Damro	13	17	12	17	10	17	13	19	13	16	175	147
Nicholson	14	15	14	16	12	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Stoffard	12	15	9	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Veach	14	19	15	18	16	20	14	14	12	18	175	158
Hatfield	13	12	9	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Hofer	14	16	13	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Townsend	12	19	13	16	15	19	11	20	11	17	...	...
Sandy	12	19	14	18	13	17	13	18	12	19	175	158
Hanks	14	17	13	18	14	17	15	18	13	19	175	155
Stuhl	13	20	13	18	12	19	12	18	12	18	...	...
Loomis	..	17	13	18	12	18	12	17	13	17	...	...
Root	..	11	11	15	..	12	8	16	..	..	...	...
Terberry	..	..	11	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Waddington	..	..	..	..	..	13	19	14	20	13	18	...	...
Lewis	..	..	..	..	..	11	8	..	..	..	...	...
Vareck	..	..	..	..	..	6	14	..	9	..	...	...
Briggs	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	...	...

Third Day, Aug. 23.

Events:	1	2	3	4
Heer	14	20	14	20
Veach	15	19	14	20
Harlan	13	19	14	15
Linderman	12	19	15	17
Brook	14	18	13	17
Damro	14	18	12	19
Burke	14	16	..	..
Terberry	9	..	..	..

Events:	1	2	3	4
Dworak	11	17	..	..
Sandy	..	18	12	19
Bray	14	19	15	20
Carter	13	18	15	19
Townsend	12	20	15	16
Riehl	14	17	14	19
Morrill	..	..	14	19

Averages:

	1st day.	2d day.	3d day.	Total.
Heer	167	160	68	395
Bray	162	160	68	390
Riehl	156	163	64	383
Veach	154	158	68	380

KILLMORE.

Weeping Water Tournament.

Weeping Water, Neb.—A two days' amateur tournament incidental to the annual Soldiers' Reunion was given at Weeping Water, Neb., Aug. 19-20. Rain the second day cut short the programme, but on the number shot Bray, Heer, Linderman and Riehl, all shooting from 18yds., won the first places. The shooting was very difficult, and scores averaged very low. Figures follow:

Aug. 19, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Broke.
Heer, 18	14	15	15	15	14	12	13	12	14	18	18	160
Bray, 18	15	15	13	14	14	14	12	15	15	19	19	165
Nicholson, 16	10	12	15	14	13	13	11	12	14	17	16	147
Linderman, 18	13	13	12	13	15	15	14	10	13	17	15	150
Copsey, 16	8	12	13	13	15	15	15	14	13	16	11	145
Hatfield, 16	11	11	12	10	11	11	11	14	11	18	17	137
Terberry, 16	12	9	11	12	9	11	10	8	13	19	13	128
Stoffard, 16	13	10	10	13	11	11	12	11	11	19	17	138
Harland, 16	12	12	13	14	13	12	12	11	15	17	19	150
Phelps, 16	11	10	13	13	14	15	14	13	13	19	16	148
Carson, 16	9	11	9	10	12	15	12	11	13	17	11	136
Hungate, 16	11	11	11	9	11	10	11	12	10	14	17	127
Voorhees	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	13	10	15	11	...

Aug. 20, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Broke.
Heer, 18	15	14	14	14	13	13	83
Bray, 18	12	14	15	12	13	14	80
Riehl, 18	11	19	12	14	14	13	75
Linderman, 18	14	14	14	10	12	13	77
Copsey, 16	13	14	10	12	13	12	74
Hatfield, 16	11	13	13	14	12	12	75
Stoffard, 16	13	13	11	14	12	13	76
Nicholson, 16	11	10	14	12	14	11	72
Hungate, 16	11	8	11	10	10	7	57
Walker, 16	8	14	11	9	..	..	...
Mark, 16	9	12	9	..	..	..	...
Clarence, 16	11	11	12	14	..	..	...
Terberry	..	9	10	12	..	..	...

KILLMORE.

Raleigh Gun Club.

Raleigh, N. C., Aug. 22.—We are still carrying a very poor attendance at our weekly shoots, but we expect better results from now on. Several regular shooters were absent to-day on account of pressing business engagements. A few good scores were made at 50 targets, as follows: Johnson 48, Parker 44, Dickson 43, Gray 41, Galloway 35, Whitaker 33, Crawford 30, Walters 19.

R. T. Gowan, Sec'y.

Kane Gun Club.

Kane, Pa., Aug. 23.—Herewith find scores made at second annual tournament of Kane Gun Club, Kane, Pa. Weather conditions were good, and some fine scores were made. Trade was represented by Jack Fanning, Frank Lawrence, J. R. Hull, L. Squires and Charles Grubb. Charley Grubb could not talk fast enough, so he got a phonograph to do some talking for him, winding up the record with a little ragtime musie.

Eight members of the Dubois Rod and Gun Club came up for the first day, some of them staying over the two days. They expressed themselves as being well pleased with the two days' sport. Although we did not have a large crowd, we had a pleasant time, and lots of fun.

Sizer won high average for both days, getting 190 the first day and 182 the second. Atkinson got second place at 20yds., for the two days, Squires third and Williams fourth place. Scores for the two days follow:

Aug. 2, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Total Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	25	15	15	20	15	15	15	
J R Hull, 19	13	12	18	14	15	23	14	12	17	10	13	13	173
J Fanning, 20	13	13	13	13	14	23	12	13	18	14	14	14	173
J T Atkinson, 20	12	14	17	15	14	22	15	14	19	14	13	15	184
L Squires, 19	11	12	17	14	15	22	13	14	18	11	13	13	173
Kelley, 16	9	11	16	14	11	20	14	10	15	13	12	14	159
C Barido, 16	10	13	17	13	14	23	14	12	15	15	14	13	173
Nittrow, 16	11	12	17	14	8	15	12	10	17	14	11	11	152
Cotter, 16	11	10	13	13	12	22	12	13	11	..	..	..	117
Quinn, 16	8	13	16	10	12	18	14	8	17	..	..	..	116
H Brown, 16	11	10	14	9	15	19	13	13	18	15	13	14	164
H Millen, 16	9	11	14	14	9	21	12	12	16	11	13	13	155
A Sizer, 16	15	14	18	15	14	24	15	15	17	15	14	14	160
Williams, 16	12	12	17	12	14	23	14	13	20	13	14	13	177
T Sheldon, 16	9	10	14	8	14	8	10	10	16	10	9	13	142
O C Bell, 16	11	14	17	12	9	18	13	14	18	10	13	10	162
F Ginzberg, 16	10	13	15	12	13	21	6	11	19	9	11	12	152
A Gillis, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	16	12	7	11	56
Davis, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	13	8	12	12	54
Flick, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	9	12	33
Larson, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	9
Arbuckle, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	12

Aug. 3, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Total Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	25	15	15	20	15	15	15	
Atkinson, 20	14	14	18	11	11	19	14	14	19	14	14	11	173
Squires, 19	13	12	19	12	13	23	15	15	18	13	13	12	180
Sizer, 18	15	15	18	14	13	24	12	14	19	13	14	11	182
Williams, 18	11	11	18	14	12	23	13	13	18	12	14	10	169
Bell, 16	10	10	19	11	14	19	13	11	14	..	..	..	121
Kelley, 16	11	11	13	12	13	14	10	10	16	12	8	12	142
Brown, 16	13	13	17	14	14	18	15	13	17	12	11	15	172
Nittrow, 16	11	12	7	13	13	20	11	10	16	11	14	12	150
Millen, 16	11	12	15	12	11	21	13	14	20	12	12	14	167
Barido, 16	13	13	15	14	13	23	12	15	19	12	9	10	168

Winnebago Tournament.

Forest City, Ia., Aug. 21.—There has been so much rain of late that farmers are getting discouraged at the prospects of the small grain being mostly ruined. The very heavy rain that fell Tuesday caused the County Fair Association to postpone the fair, and with it went the added money for the tournament that was to be held during the fair, and to be managed by the gun club.

There were a few shooters who came in on Wednesday, and to the end that they be not disappointed, the club arranged a shoot and carried out the programme, adding the same amount to the programme that the fair had agreed to give.

As there were only about eleven shooters present, the club will be a big loser; but as this club is alive and up-and-doing, it will not let this discourage the members, who will next time give a tournament without the aid of any other parties.

The 100-target race between Budd, Gilbert and Klein was postponed, as Budd could not be present on account of illness.

The day was fine, but the traps were set where the background was dark and poor as to light.

Those present from a distance were Messrs. H. C. Mortensen and E. H. Castle, of Britti; Russel Klein and Dude Gilbert, of Spirit Lake; J. M. Hughes, of Palmyra, Wis. The home boys were C. F. Bastian, E. O. Lockore, M. G. Green, T. H. Cole, I. H. Sharp, J. H. McKay, and C. H. Macomber.

Forest City is quite an enterprising city. Some of the business blocks would be a credit to a city of 50,000 inhabitants, while the hotels are the best in the State.

The club here holds weekly meetings, and being composed of business men mostly, be sure to keep to the front for many years to come. J. H. McKay is president and C. H. Macomber is secretary.

When they give a shoot next time, the writer hopes that a large crowd of enthusiastic shooters may find it convenient to be present.

Hughes was about right, and all targets looked like balloons, as he made the great score of 147 out of 150. Klein was second with 143, and Gilbert third with 140. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15		
Gilbert	10	14	14	14	15	14	14	14	14	12	150	140
Klein	14	15	15	12	15	15	13	15	14	15	150	143
Hughes	14	14	15	14	15	15	15	15	15	15	150	147
Mortensen	12	13	10	13	11	13	14	14	13	13	150	126
Castle	12	13	10	12	11	11	14	13	11	12	150	120
Call	12	12	15	11	11	13	14	13	14	12	150	129
Lockore	12	12	12	12	11	11	14	12	13	13	150	123
Dubb	13	14	14	13	14	12	12	12	12	12	150	128
Sharp	..	6	7	..	9	11	10	9	12	5	120	68
Bastian	11	9	12	10	11	11	7	6	12	11	150	98
Green	14	14	9	14	9	14	12	12	13	10	150	121

SCRIBE.

Baltimore Shooting Association.

Baltimore, Md., Aug. 23.—At the shoot of the Baltimore Shooting Association to-day five men succeeded, with the extra bird allowance, in making clean scores, namely, H. E. Lupus, J. W. Chew, C. E. Peters, G. E. Edwards and Paul Jones. J. R. Malone scored 49 and J. H. Roberts 43.

This has now become a most interesting event. The leaders are all so close together that it looks as though there will be a number of ties to be shot off at the end of the month. At this time Edwards and Lupus lead with 196 out of 200, Malone has 195, Chew and Jones 194 and Roberts 182.

There will be an open shoot at the Baltimore Shooting Association on Thursday next, Aug. 28, at 1 P. M. The main event will be a 100-target race, handicap to be the average system; open to all. To-day's events resulted as follows:

Targets:	10	15	10	10			Targets:	10	15	10	10		
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Lupus	9	..	8	..	4	50	Edwards	7	11	6	7	19	50
Chew	10	14	..	..	7	50	Roberts	7	8	..	..	19	43
Malone	..	..	9	..	5	49	Jones	6	8	6	6	17	50
Cox	9	..	9	..	..	..	Biddle	9	9	6	8	..	..
Peters	9	12	8	8	12	50							

No. 6 gives extra bird allowance in No. 7, the club event.

Bristol Gun Club.

Bristol, Conn., Aug. 23.—At the weekly shoot, Aug. 23, of the Bristol Gun Club the best individual scores above 10 were:

H J Mills	111111101110111011011111—21
G Richtmeyer	100111011111011111111111—21
S J Large	111011101001111111111110—20
H J Hart	101101001111111111101011—19
E Simmons	010111111101111101101101—19
G W Mitchell	010111110110111011011110—18
D Page	111111011010011100101111—18
R A Bolton	111111011111001101100100—17
C Edgerton	111111101001111010000101—16
W Neubauer	011011010001111101101011—16
F L Fairbanks	111001100011111001111010—16
A H Porter	001101110100011110011011—15
W Moran	001111111111001101000010 0—14
N Judd	110111101001000011001 1000—12

The club has added two new expert traps, making a five-trap system, and are equipping the same with the latest electric pull. Everything will be complete for their weekly shoot, Saturday afternoon, Aug. 30.

F. L. Fairbanks.

Championship of Gregory County, South Dakota.

Bonesteel, S. D., Aug. 15.—On the grounds of the Fairfax Gun Club, at Fairfax, S. D., Carl Porter, holder, defeated T. J. Thompson, challenger, for the Peters Cartridge Co.'s trophy, emblematic of the target Individual Championship of Gregory County, by a score of 46 to 42.

The emblem is a challenge trophy, and was put up in open competition at the recent tournament of the Bonesteel Gun Club, on which occasion it was won by Mr. Porter, and was to-day ably defended by him. Both gentlemen are Fairfax men, who both had a large following of well-wishers who hoped their man would win. The winner was warmly congratulated by all the sportsmen present at the conclusion of the race, and was immediately challenged for the trophy by Mr. J. F. Spatz, of the Bonesteel Gun Club, and the match will be shot, weather permitting, on the Fairfax grounds on the 26th inst.

Porter started off at a heart-breaking clip and ran out the first string of 25 straight, while Thompson lost his 6th, 18th and 20th birds, going out with 22. A short rest was taken, during which a $1 sweep was run off, and then the principals took their positions for the second string of 25. Porter went on grinding them out until his 31st bird, which he lost, and then went on until his 41st, which escaped, as did his 42d and 47th, making the very pretty total of 46.

A half dozen 15-bird $1 sweeps were run off in connection with the trophy race, and Thompson easily did the best shooting, and was consequently the largest winner. The Fairfax boys are to be congratulated on the manner in which the shoot was pulled off, as everything worked as smoothly as if it was greased for the occasion. There was not a single incident to mar the sport. A neat tent was provided for the shooters and wire stretched around the shooters' score, and good wire pulls to the three expert traps made the birds quick and altogether satisfactory.

Much interest is being manifested in these contests, and the Bonesteel and Fairfax Gun Clubs boast an active membership of 30 shooters. Among those present we noticed Mr. C. A. Johnson, president of the Fairfax State Bank, and Mr. Porter, the gray-haired father of the winner, who watched with all a father's pride the victory of the son. Messrs. Lucas, Spatz, Jones and Leach were down from the Bonesteel Club, and among the locals were Carl Porter, Orion Porter, Beagle, Cantrell, Antles, Newsbaum and a large number of the Fairfax business men and merchants who came out to see their undefeated champion add another victory to his long list.

I must not forget to mention the shooting of Fred Lucas, who is president of the Bonesteel Gun Club, and a new hand at the target game. His shooting was an agreeable surprise to his friends as well as himself, and proves that what Fred needed was a little money put up to urge him to do his best. Twenty-five out of the first 30 and a good, consistent gait maintained thereafter through the entire shoot is not so bad for a right new hand. Fred is a comer and it will be well to make a note of it. Following are the scores of the trophy race:

Porter	1111111111111111111111111—25
	1111110111111110011111011—21—46
Thompson	1111101111111111101011111—22
	1101101111111111111001101—20—42

W. A. Leach, Sec'y.,
Bonesteel Gun Club.

Sistersville Gun Club.

Sistersville, W. Va., Aug. 24.—At the regular weekly shoot of the Sistersville Gun Club yesterday afternoon, some very good scores were made. A. Bruce Hunt, Esq., walked off with the championship trophy, after a very exciting shoot-off with Curt I. and Willis Hall. Mr. Ed. O. Bower, the present holder of the State championship trophy, and who had just returned from a very pleasant two days' tournament at Maysville, Ky., did not enter the trophy event, but went in for the price of targets and broke 25 straight.

Event No. 1, 25 targets for practice, resulted as follows:

A. B. Hunt 21, Willis Hall 21, Ed. O. Bower 23, and Curt I. Hall 25.

Event No. 2, for trophy; handicap allowance:

Bower (scratch) 25, Hunt (5) 20-25, C. I. Hall (2) 23-25, Willis Hall (3) 22-25, and Frank Dunlap (8) 16-24.

Event No. 3, 25 targets, shoot-off, same conditions:

Hunt 20-25, C. I. Hall 22-24, Willis Hall 22-25. C. I. Hall and F. Dunlap, shooting for practice, broke 23 and 20 respectively.

As Mr. Hunt and Willis Hall were still tied for the trophy, they decided to shoot at another 25 targets without handicap allowance, and again tied on 21 each. Mr. C. I. Hall again broke 22, and Frank Dunlap 19. As the two trophy contestants were about out of shells, they agreed to settle their little difference, miss-and-out, which resulted in a victory for Mr. Hunt, Mr. Hall missing his first target. Mr. Hunt, who is one of our new shooters and had never held the trophy before, was warmly congratulated for his good work.

Leranzo.

Individual Provincial Championship.

Sherbrooke, Que., Aug. 18.—I append clipping taken from the Montreal Gazette. It gives the result of the final match for the Individual Provincial Championship, as follows:

The last match for the championship of the Province of Quebec at clay birds took place at Sherbrooke, between Mr. T. M. Craig, of that place, and Mr. R. B. Hutcheson, of Montreal. The result was a win for Mr. Craig, with 47 out of a possible 50. There was a gusty wind blowing straight on the traps. Mr. Craig's score, which would be a good one at any time, was remarkable under existing circumstances. The scores follow:

	Known.	Unknown.	Doubles.	Totals.
Craig	20	18	9	47
Hutcheson	17	18	7	42

Before this match Hutcheson and Craig were equal, and this gives Mr. Craig the indivdual championship of the province and the trophy.

The competition was commenced on July 1, 1897, and has resulted as follows:

	Defences.
T. M. Craig, Sherbrooke G.C.	5
R. B. Hutcheson, Westmount G. C.	4
W. L. Cameron, Montreal G. C.	3
A. W. Westover, Sutton G. C.	3
J. B. Goodhue, Rock Island G. C.	2
W. G. Bray, Sherbrooke G. C.	1

There have been altogether thirty matches.

Winchester Gun Club.

Detroit, Mich.—The club has just completed a new installation of their magautrap, new score and other improvements with so perfect a pulling arrangement that it is a pleasure to see it work.

The many absent members missed a fine afternoon's sport at the regular shoot, Aug. 23. Henry Guthard, Class B, shot in fine form, but he had to make 24 to win the medal. Shiell hardly felt entitled to the A medal on 18, but had to take it.

Ford had it easy in Class C and won with 20. Following are the scores, the last being the club event:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	10	15	15	10	25	25
Brodie	6	12	9	13	..	..	..	17
Shiell	6	..	9	12	..	4	..	18
Guthard	9	11	10	14	..	..	21	24
Hitchcock	9	13	8	11	..	..	..	23
Ford	..	11	..	13	12	..	..	20
Barthel	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	.. 6
Reid	7	13	9	13	..	9	22	..
Buxton	6	10	7	9	..	8	17	..
Brown	..	..	7	7	..	4	11	..

Olney Gun Club.

Olney, Ill., Aug. 21.—A new gun club has been organized here with fifty members. A magautrap has been leased, and one of the finest shooting grounds in the State equipped.

Officers were elected as follows: D. P. Moore, President; J. E. Phillips, Vice-President; R. R. Byers, Secretary and Treasurer; D. Z. Vernor, Referee and Manager.

The club is known as the Olney Gun Club. They will give their first annual tournament about the last week in September, when a number of good prizes will be contested for. The club meets every Tuesday afternoon at their shooting grounds. The scores at the last shoot follow, each man shooting at 25 targets:

H. C. Ferriman 12, D. P. Moore 20, Jim Kaley 18, John Marks 17, H. L. Mitchell 18, R. R. Byers 15, S. Butler 13, J. E. Phillips 19, W. Horrall 19, Harve Elliott 18, W. J. Cummings 18, William Mather 15.

D. P. Moore.

The Wanderers.

The Wanderers is a body of shooters of New York and vicinity informally and theoretically organized for certain contingent advantages, as set forth in its prospectus, a copy of which is published herein. As Wanderers, they have been in existence but a few short weeks. In that brief time they have attained a conspicuous place in the shooting interests and also in the shooting gossip of New York and vicinity. Starting on a theory of insuring successful shoots each week by virtue of concerted action, the theory in practice was quickly eclipsed by a policy of profit.

Some of their doings have excited much public interest, and some have excited adverse criticism. Concerning them, the following is published chiefly for the information of the public. Thus clubs and others who are concerned may pass judgment intelligently on a new shooting policy which has within it all the inherent elements for universal adoption, if, as applied by the Wanderers, it wins public indorsement. It is a policy which any other body of men may adopt.

Stated in general terms, the purpose of insuring a successful shoot by going in numbers was, by the Wanderers, quickly subordinated to a purpose of stuffing the treasury. There were many directly and indirectly interested who disapproved of this organization being conducted for revenue under the peculiar circumstances of the case. A large percentage of the membership is professional. They are gentlemen who are employed professionally and who draw salaries and have expense accounts as professionals. Thus they gain a livelihood from the sales of their goods, and are hardly supposed to gain a further direct profit from the consumption of said goods. We are sure that this feature of the case escaped the Wanderers' attention.

We mentioned that there was some disapproval of the Wanderers' financial policy. As a case in point, some newspaper men interviewed Capt. J. A. H. Dressel on Friday of last week, and he authorized the following statement concerning the Wanderers:

"I am interested in the Wanderers to the extent that, so long as they continue their organization on the lines as first published in their prospectus, I will support them. I will allow U. M. C. representatives to attend their tournaments on the understanding that the Wanderers have adopted a change of base, getting away from the objectionable features heretofore exploited in different sportsmen's publications."

The foregoing refers to the extraction of a portion of club receipts as a rake-off by the Wanderers for purposes of revenue.

The prospectus adverted to by Capt. Dressel was sent to a number of shooters. It bore date of June 19, and was signed by Mr. Edward Banks, 318 Broadway, New York. It was as follows:

"Several years ago we formed a roving organization of local trapshooters, which was called the Wanderers' Club. The idea was to have the members of the club attend every Saturday in a body at a certain club's grounds, in order that there might always be a good shoot which we could attend every Saturday if we wished. The scheme was very successful, and was apparently dropped for no other reason than that nobody could be found who would 'do the work.' We arranged our shoots in the following manner:

"The first shoot would be decided upon by a vote of the members, or a name of a club would be suggested and the members asked as to whether it met with their approval. While attending the Saturday shoot at the club's grounds the members of the Wanderers' Club decided which club they should visit the following Saturday, etc. There were no dues, only a nominal fee being collected for the purpose of purchasing postals for sending out notices on. This year, however, we propose to fine every member who does not attend a shoot 25 cents, the 25 cents to go to a fund, which will be shot for the first Saturday in every month on the handicap basis, members of the club only be entitled to take part, the number of moneys being decided in accordance with the number of entries.

"The scheme promises well, and I have the assurance of the cooperation of several trapshooters in this section who will become members. May I ask you, therefore, to notify me by return mail if possible as to whether you will join? The first shoot of the club will be held on Saturday, July 12, and I offer as a suggestion that we decide whether the shoot on that date shall be held on the grounds of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, Rutherford, N. J., or the Jackson Gun Club, Paterson, N. J."

As above set forth in the prospectus, it will be noted that the sole purpose of the organization was "to have the members of the club attend every Saturday in a body at a certain club's grounds," etc. It, however, naively indicated that there were those already in power, as shown by the clause, "This year, however, we propose to fine every member who does not attend a shoot 25 cents," etc. As a matter of trifling incidental interest concerning the curious ante-feature of an organization which then existed only in idea, one might be pardoned for having a desire to know who was the autocratic "we" which had the assurance to arrange a financial policy, the date of the shoot, and what clubs were to be considered, all before the club was organized.

The movement in a general way was suggested and advocated by Capt. A. W. Money. Within certain necessary limitations, which will be touched upon in detail hereinafter, it was commendably sound and practical. If conducted on the lines of his original idea, it would have greatly and beneficially stimulated trapshooting activity in New York and vicinity.

The first membership of the Wanderers was largely professional, and indeed as to membership, the mainstay of the club is now professional. On the lines of the original idea, it is proper that it should be so. By going to a club's shoot in a body, shooting under the conditions imposed by the club and giving a general impetus to trapshooting thereby, they were following their professional occupation while coincidentally having a pleasant day. But, being so professional, there was every reason why as an organized body it should avoid the policy and practice of a rake off.

The Wanderers' purposes, as set forth in their prospectus, contemplated neither a treasury nor a treasurer. They had no grounds to maintain, no help to hire, no merchandise to purchase, no taxes to pay; in short, they had neither assets nor liabilities.

The purpose of the club, namely, "that there might always be a good shoot which we might attend every Saturday if we wished," worked as follows at its first attempt. On Saturday, July 12, at Rutherford, N. J., the Wanderers attended a shoot which the Boiling Springs Gun Club believed to be its own. On account of a simple misunderstanding concerning the shoot, no members of the Boiling Springs Gun Club were present. The Wanderers ran the shoot, and on that account at its close they appropriated one-half the receipts. Targets were two cents, the rate fixed by the home club.

In the absence of any specific agreement for a rake-off, the Wanderers had quite as good a right to take all the receipts as a part, for they had no right to either. As an organization, they had no need of the money, nor had they any use for it when in hand. But, aside from all that, by what right did they take it? Why did they take it? If they had no right to the money appropriated, why do they still hold it? The theory as set forth in the prospectus on the one hand, and on the other hand the immediate grasping for money on opportunity, are in violent contrast. An election of officers also was held on this day, though no notice was given in the prospectus that such act would be taken.

However, the Boiling Springs episode would have been comparatively insignificant had it been the beginning and the end of a mistaken zeal and act for a treasury, but instead, it seemed to open up new vistas of finance on lines of original novelty for the future.

The third financial essay of the Wanderers occurred on July 26. The idea to have the members of the club attend in a body worked very well, but certain other thrifty ideas were added to it. The organization which was specially honored by their atendance was the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J. It regularly charges one cent for targets. The Wanderers, or some of them, on that day took charge more or less of the financial interests of the South Side Gun Club's shoot and from the purses deducted two cents for targets, one cent of which was appropriated and put in the Wanderers' treasury. According to our information, these two shoots netted the Wanderers $40. The management of the South Side Gun Club, so we were informed by good authority, were not highly pleased with the Wanderers' methods. That sum, $40, was an important one to take from the shooters so quickly and so shortly. We may infer that some one in consequence shot less than he otherwise would have done, either there or elsewhere.

For no useful purpose whatever $40 was thereby taken out of circulation.

In honor of the Wanderers, their treasurer, Dr. W. L. Gardiner, on Aug. 2 gave an entertainment, a succotash party, at his manorial home in the beautiful town of East Orange, N. J. Every one present enjoyed it most happily. As a host, he deserved and received much earnest praise.

However, in connection with that memorable function, he also acted in another capacity, that of treasurer of the Wanderers, and it is in that capacity alone that we now refer to him. He announced that targets would be two cents each, and that, after paying the expenses of the shoot, the balance would be placed in the Wanderers' treasury. That was all right.

On that day he publicly stated that there were already $40 in the treasury.

However, there were nine events on the programme, of which a part of No. 8 and all of No. 9 were not shot, on account of insufficient time. Every one had paid in $3.60, the full programme entrance fee for the nine 20-target events. There thus was about $14 or $15 over pay for targets which should have been refunded then and there, but no attempt was made to refund then, nor has any attempt been made since so far as we know. The refund could easily have been paid in ten minutes. It was known for about an hour before competition ended that the programme would not be finished. That money, so overpaid, either belongs to the Wanderers or it does not. If it does, how did it happen so? If it does not, why is it held so tightly in their treasury?

The next financial interest of the Wanderers to attract attention was in connection with the shoot of the North River Gun Club, held Aug. 16, at Edgewater, N. J. It was said by some of the members of the latter club that the treasurer of the Wanderers demanded a rake-off as a condition of the Wanderers' attendance at the shoot, and that the demand was refused. It thus seemingly was much less successful to ask for a rake-off than it was to take it without asking. At all events, when the matter came to question, there was much accusation and denial; much repudiation of responsibility; much attempt at justification; much modification of novel ideas of finance; much explanation which did not explain, nor in the least disturb known facts.

Public adverse criticism brought forth for the time being the declaration from those who were supposed to do the Wanderers' thinking for them that the Wanderer did not want any rake-off. For a while it was then difficult to find a Wanderers who approved of the policy of rake-off, or who had done so. It is strange indeed that, with such sentiments against the policy of a rake-off, so much of the latter got into the Wanderers' treasury in so short a time, and stays so firmly therein.

Evidently the Wanderers did not feel quite at ease about the matter, else they would not have issued the following for the benefit of the "whom." It was published in Field and Fancy of Aug. 16:

"A meeting was held at Paterson, N. J., on Aug. 9 for the purpose of taking action on certain matters and to elect a governing committee and new members. The following is the committee, all but the last three being officers: Colin R. Wise, Edward Banks, Dr. W. L. Gardiner, James T. Skelly, Capt. A. W. Money, F. V. Carlough and H. S. Welles. The new members are: J. Warren Smith, of Orange; B. L. Gruman, of Westwood, and D. D. Engle, of Newark. The following is published for the benefit and information of whom it may concern: 'There seems to be some misunderstanding as to the real objects of the organization of the Wanderers. That club wishes it to be thoroughly understood that, no matter what Dame Rumor may bruit around, the Wanderers are out for a sociable time and for the best interests of the sport of trapshooting in the vicinity of New York, and not for any financial benefit whatever.'"

In the foregoing, the official declaration that, in spite of Dame Rumor, the Wanderers were "out for a sociable time," which by the way is mentioned first, was hardly a feature of public interest. Whether they were out for the best interests of trapshooting around New York or not was hardly to be accurately determined at that exceedingly early period of their official existence. Moreover, their policy was under discussion. The "information" and "benefit" contained in the foregoing excerpt are exceedingly intangible. However, matter therein attributed to Dame Rumor should be properly credited to Dame Fact. The best interests of the sport may be an abstraction entirely independent of the Wanderers' moneyed treasury, or their treasury may be an abstraction entirely independent of the best interests of sport; but in either case, the query arises as to how, being out "not for any financial benefit whatever," they have so much money in their treasury, or indeed have a treasury at all? But may not others have at heart the best interests of sport also?

We understand that there still are members of the Wanderers who justify the policy of a rake-off on the ground that, insuring a good shoot by their attendance, they therefore are entitled to a reward. If this plea is sound for the Wanderers, it is equally sound for all others.

As this policy is of general public interest, we, for the benefit of trapshooting in general, desire to particularize some of its main pernicious tendencies.

First, if, as adopted by the Wanderers, the principles of the rake-off is sound, it can be adopted freely by other similar bodies of men here and in all other places where there is trapshooting to any important degree. There thus is no reason why New York should not also have others so that all clubs, owners of grounds, would every Saturday have the honor of entertaining and dividing their just profits with so many whatnot august flitting clubs during the season, that, as a consequence of such outside solicitude for the best interests of the sport, bankruptcy and weariness would supervene.

Second, the Wanderers into their membership have drawn shooters who are members also of other clubs, so that in adding such members to a Wanderers' shoot to make a good shoot, they are thereby coincidentally subtracting from such other club shoots. Thus, in promoting the best interests of trapshooting on one spot, they may be decreasing such best interests on several other spots. If the membership of the Wanderers had been confined to the unattached shooters, of whom there are enough in New York to carry out the original Wandering idea, then shooting about New York would have been greatly benefited by them. But to take members from one club to attend the ordinary Saturday shoot of some other club, and then to parade the act as "for the best interests of the sport of trapshooting in the vicinity of New York" is to assume as a fact that which is debatable and unreasonable as an assumption.

The same principles of fair dealing between man and man as individuals should govern when men are organized as a body. Because official responsibility may be vague and indeterminate in club matters, the principles of fair dealing need not thereby be clouded or lost. The business integrity of an organization should always be a matter of personal solicitude to its members.

A policy which needs so many excuses, so many fine-drawn distinctions, so many bolstering fallacies to sustain it, and which evokes so much opposition, would better be well considered first before adopting it than to adopt it first and then do all the considering and excusing afterward. And it is not amiss for the members of a club to have some voice in the management of its affairs.

If the principle of a rake-off was one which could be exercised by only one club, it would be a matter of trifling and passing importance; but as, if tolerated, it is a principle which has a universal application, it behooves all clubs to take a hostile stand against it.

Ossining Gun Club.

Ossining, N. Y.—The two days' shoot and clam bake of the Ossining Gun Club last week, Aug. 20 and 21, were well attended, and successful in every way. George Hunt made the bake, assisted by his veteran corps of helpers, Will See, Will Lawrence, Jr., Jake Beberich and Thanny Tuttle. Capt. George Washburn was on hand to see that everything was put in right. There were to have been three bakes—one at 1 o'clock, one at 4 and the last one at 6. One of the kettles sprung a leak, so the 4 o'clock issue was abandoned. The stuff was cooked right, and George Hunt has yet to make his first failure with the kettle bake.

The usual chronic kickers were on hand—some didn't get enough lobster, some didn't get enough clams, the clams weren't cooked enough, etc. Every one can't be suited, but the majority was, to the tune of ninety strong.

The place for the chronic kicker is "home, sweet, home," where usually the kick doesn't register over 0 by the Sergeant system. If at a clam bake you happen to get a clam which has not opened, don't "knock" the whole bake. Just throw down the clam and pick up another. If you think the targets are thrown a little hard, don't think the management is in collusion with the magautrap operator to "do" you because you are a back-liner.

The preliminary events on the programme started promptly at 11 A. M. Sim Glover, the crack amateur of New York city, was high, breaking all 60 targets straight. Then came the clam bake handicap, in which twenty-three shooters shot at 100 targets each. A. Betti, of Mt. Kisco, at 16yds., was high with 91 per cent.; Keystone, 19yds., and C. G. Blandford, at 18yds., were second, with 90 per cent. Blandford was high for the day with 147 breaks out of 160.

The paid experts and trade representatives in attendance were Ed Banks, Leroy, Neaf Apgar, Tom Morfey, J. G. Ewing, S. M. Van Allen and Bob Schneider.

Those who were fortunate enough to be present as spectators had a chance to see some high class work. The second day's shoot, Thursday, while not so well attended, was nevertheless interesting owing to the merchandise event.

Aug. 20, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	6	7	8	9
Targets:	15	15	15	15	25	25	25	25
N Apgar, 21	14	14	14	14	22	22	21	21
S M Van Allen, 23	14	12	15	14	24	23	25	17
S Glover, 21	15	15	15	15	23	22	18	15
Leroy, 21	15	15	14	13	23	24	22	19
E Banks, 21	15	15	14	14	22	23	21	21
C G Blandford, 18	13	14	15	15	21	22	23	24
Keystone, 19	13	15	14	13	21	21	24	24
Condit, 16	14	14	13	14	21	22	19	24
Rock, 16	10	14	15	15	22	21	20	20
T W Morfey, 19	12	12	12	12	22	21	17	17
Clark, 16	13	14	9	9	18	22	16	18
J C Barlow, 16	11	..	..	11	18	20	18	21
A Betti, 16	14	12	12	15	22	22	25	22
G. Sutton, 16	11	12	14	14	22	22	20	22
J G Ewing, 16	..	9	10	13	22	20	16	17
J T Skelly, 20	..	..	15	15	21	22	21	19
G R Schneider, 18	..	..	11	13	19	21	19	19
W Hassinger, 18	..	..	12	10	23	19	20	19
H W Bissing, 16	..	..	..	12	23	18	17	16
Mayser, 16	..	..	..	9	19	16	15	6
W H Coleman, 16	..	..	..	..	22	20	22	20
R Kromer, Jr.	..	..	..	..	20	20	22	24

Connor shot at 15 birds, broke 12.

Aug. 21, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	25
Apgar, 20	14	18	15	17	13	20	15	19	14	20
Van Allen, 20	14	17	14	19	12	19	14	17	14	24
Glover, 20	11	16	11	18	14	20	14	19	15	21
Leroy, 20	13	19	14	18	14	20	13	19	14	21
Morfey, 20	12	14	13	17	12	17	13	19	14	22
G Sutton, 16	12	14	14	16	9	19	13	16	12	21
Bedell, 19	13	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19
Betti, 18	11	17	12	17	13	18	13	17	14	17
Rock, 18	14	19	13	18	13	16	13	15	13	17
Keystone	13	18	15	19	15	19	14	16	12	20
Potter, 16	11	16	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	16
Brandreth, 16	12	19	11	..	..	..	12	..	..	18
Blandford, 19	14	16	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	21
Ewing	8	12	11	13	..	11	..	..	..	..
Bissing, 16	..	15	11	15	10	17	10	..	..	15
Williams, 16	..	..	..	10	8	15	8	..	..	18
R Kromer, Jr, 16	..	..	..	..	..	16	9	..	..	12
R Gorham, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	20
Coleman, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	19
J C Barlow, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16

Event No. 10, merchandise, handicaps apply in event 10 only: The winners in this event in their order were: Van Allen, Morfey, Sutton, Glover, Blandford, Leroy, Keystone, Gorham, Apgar, Bedell, Coleman, Williams, Brandreth, Rock, Betti, Potter, Barlow, Kromer, Jr.

C. G. B.

Mississippi and Louisiana Trapshooters' League.

Natchez, Miss., Aug. 19.—Herewith please find notice of a business meeting which I believe will interest your readers.

C. W. Walton, Sec'y.

The Mississippi and Louisiana Trapshooters' League held a business meeting at Vicksburg, Miss., Aug. 14, 1902.

This league has been organized two years and has held eight very successful tournaments, the attendance at two of them averaging over one hundred shooters.

Representatives of several gun clubs from outside the two States were in attendance and desirous of joining the league. It was decided to enlarge the field and increase the number of tournaments.

The name of the league was changed to "The Mississippi Valley Trapshooters' and Game Protective Association."

The membership now numbers nineteen gun clubs.

The first tournament next season will be given at New Orleans, about Mardi Gras time, to be followed by tournaments at other league cities.

The league offiers are: H. T. Baker, President, and C. W. Walton, Secretary; office at Natchez, Miss.

All communications intended for Forest and Stream should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Fairview Gun Club vs. Oradell Gun Club.

Fairview, N. J., Aug. 16.—The accompanying scores show results of a very spirited contest between the above clubs on Saturday afternoon, the 16th inst. The match was shot on the grounds of the Fairview Gun Club. The weather conditions were excellent, and there was a good attendance of interested spectators.

The event was most pleasant in every respect. The Oradell boys again fully sustained their reputation both for good shooting and extreme cordiality.

Their opponents in this match are looking forward with pleasure to another test of skill at an early date.

The Fairview club is young, but progressive, and its members are taking pains to gain efficiency in shooting, and will be heard from later as winners.

The scores of the team shoot were:

Fairview Gun Club—G. E. Dods 17, Con Sedore 17, L Lambrix 17, E. Collins 20, H. F. Brinkerhoff 18, Chas. Sedore 14, C. Townsend 14, W. Annet 18; total 135.

Oradell Gun Club—M. J. Vreeland 16, F. Ackerman 17, J. W. Winters 14, Herring 14, A. Ackerman 16, E. W. Lundy 20, C. P. Post 20, B. L. Gruman 19; total 136.

The scores in the other events were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	15	15	15	15
McCartry	4	2	2	..	..	..	..
G Shomp	3	3	..	..	..	..	5
E Collins	7	10	7	..	15	12	..
Con Sedore	8	4	..	8	12	11	..
Van Valen	3	0	3	..	..	..	..
H G Brinkerhoff	..	5	..	9	9	5	8
C Gruman	..	..	0	14	11	13	14
W Winters	..	..	5	..	7	5	..
W Annett	..	..	7	11	12	12	..
L Lambrix	..	..	4	..	..	..	9
C Townsend	..	..	9	..	..	..	..
C P Post	..	..	..	14	..	12	11
T Hurley	..	..	..	11	3	..	6
E W Lundy	..	..	..	11	..	10	10
A Ackerman	..	..	..	15	..	10	..
Chas Sedore	..	..	..	..	7	8	..
M J Vreeland	..	..	..	..	..	11	11
S Drake	..	..	..	..	..	10	..
McDonald	..	..	..	..	..	11	10
G Dods	..	..	..	..	..	..	12
Herring	..	..	..	..	..	..	9

H. G. Brinkerhoff, Capt.

North Branch Gun Club.

North Branch, N. J., Aug. 20.—The North Branch Gun Club prepared for a shoot of unusual size to-day, on the assurance from a number of shooters that they would attend. A small percentage only made their pledge good. The club expended some $50 or $60 for the entertainment of the visitors, much of which, in view of the light attendance, was unnecessary, and could have been avoided if no promises had been made. On the first day five extra events were shot.

Aug. 20, First Day.

The programme events had a total of 190 targets. No. 4 was at 5 pairs; No. 8 was at 10 pairs. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Total
Targets:	10	10	15	10	15	15	20	20	20	15	25	15	Broke.
J W Hoffman	8	9	11	6	13	13	19	10	17	13	21	15	155
F E Butler	5	10	11	6	14	13	16	15	17	14	20	10	151
M H R	5	6	12	9	13	12	15	13	15	12	19	14	151
G Cramer	7	9	15	6	12	11	18	8	17	12	19	12	146
W M Hovey	8	8	9	4	10	11	17	6	16	10	19	12	130
W Simes	8	9	10	6	15	15	19	11	..	..	..	..	...
D Gavin	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	10	7	..	..	..	...
H Bishop	..	..	..	..	..	10	15	..	..	15	13	..	...
G Field	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	8	..	11	19	10	...
E Daniel	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	10	..	..	...

Extra events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
W Disbrow	7	3	5	..	..	W Sime	7	10	7	7	8
F E Butler	9	8	7	8	9	H H Ten Eyck	5	..	4	..	..
W M Hovey	8	9	6	..	7	C Huff	..	6	5	..	..
E Daniel	8	..	..	5	5	J W Hoffman	..	..	..	4	5
H Bishop	9	..	..	..	..	M H Rupell	..	..	..	9	10

Aug. 21, Second Day.

No. 4 was at 5 pairs; No. 8 at 10 pairs. There were 190 targets in the programme:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Total
Targets:	10	10	15	10	15	15	20	20	20	15	25	15	Broke.
J W Hoffman	9	8	11	6	13	14	18	7	18	10	20	12	146
U G Tingley	9	5	12	8	9	10	13	12	16	14	19	12	139
M H R	8	9	12	6	12	12	16	13	19	13	22	12	154
F E Butler	8	9	12	4	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
G Fields	5	6	13	6	8	13	12	12	17	9	21	12	134
C Huff	6	..	8	1	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
H B Ten Eyck	..	8	..	..	7	..	..	..	13	6	..	..	...
W M Hovey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	12	21	13	...

The Westwood Gun Club.

Westwood, N. J., Aug. 23.—There was a large attendance. The Wanderers were visitors. Events 11, 13 and 15 were shot at No. 2 set of traps. Seventeen events were shot. The day was pleasant and of the kind to make an outing delightful. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Capt Money	13	10	13	14	11	14	14	14	13	12	13	10	14	..	13	13	11
Richter	9	10	..	11	.....	9	14	6	8	12	12	13	11	14	..	..	
Butler	10	9	7	11	10	11	12	9	11	..	15	..	15	..	..	..	..
Gruman	13	13	12	10	9	12	11	11	10	..	14	..	12	..	9	..	..
Jas Blauvelt	4	7	7	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Monahan	12	12	13	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..
G Van Emburgh	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J B Speth	..	..	7	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Everett	..	..	..	8	10	14	11	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Count	..	..	..	9	9	14	9	8	7	6	..	7	..	6	..	7	..
F Truax	..	..	..	10	13	8	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..
Apgar	..	..	..	14	13	11	15	14	13	..	13	..	14	..	13	..	15
Glover	..	..	..	14	14	11	12	12	15	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..
Storr	..	..	..	15	11	11	11	11	13	..	15	..	12	..	13	..	11
Fanning	..	..	..	15	13	11	14	15	13	..	15	..	15	..	15	..	12
Seeley	..	..	..	7	..	14	11	9	..	10	12	10	13	..	12	..	9
Gardiner	..	..	..	11	12	7	12	9	14	..	13	..	13	..	..	..	..
Welles	..	..	..	8	12	11	8	9	15	..	12	..	14	..	..	..	..
Morfey	..	..	..	10	14	14	12	14	12	..	14	..	13	..	11	..	..
Heritage	..	..	..	..	4	..	9	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..
Van Buskirk	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	11	..	..	..	10	..	..	12	12	..
Winters	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	8	7	..	11	..	8	..	7	3	..
Fisher	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	14	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	10
Skelly	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	..	13	14	..	14	..	15	..	13
Goetter	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	9	9	11	..	11	..	9	13	8	14
Axford	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	8	..	15	..	12	..	13	10	10
Collins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	13	..	11	..	..	14	..	12
Schiftel	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	8	6	..	8	..	10	..	..	..
Morrison	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	10	..	10	12	13	..	10	7	13	
Hexamer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	12	8	..	..	..	9	..	10	9	
Merrill	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	13	10	15	7	12	10	13	10	9	
Rowe	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	
Eickhoff	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	11	..	12	9	13	12	10		
Wick	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	11	..	11	..	8	..	11	10		
Hylands	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	7	..	13	14	14	14	8	..		
Allison	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	12	..	8	..	8	..		
Hopper	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	11	..	11	..	10	..		
Addis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	8	..	..	..		
Hasbrouck	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..		
C Truax	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	14	13	9	11	..	..		
Mott	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	9	..	..		
Van Riper	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	7	..		
Jersey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..		

New York German Club.

Carlstadt, N. J., Aug. 20.—The New York German Gun Club met at Outwater's place to-day. In the club event, 10 birds, Messrs. E. Kattengell and J. Schlicht killed straight. The handicap was both distance and points. The scores:

H Mesloh, 5½, 28 ..... 2021220000— 5
*H Tunforde, 28 ..... 2000220221— 6
J Schlicht, 7, 28 ..... 2121112212—10
A Schumacher, 5, 25 ..... 20110221*0— 6
*A Dietzel, 30 ..... 0201221012— 7
*A Nelson, 28 ..... 0201220011— 6
T Markhoff, 6, 28 ..... 0111100011— 6
J Wilkens, 7, 28 ..... 2110100220— 6
P Albert, 6½, 28 ..... 1211111210— 9
*Col. J. H. Voss, 30 ..... 0122111011— 8
J P Danncfelser, 7, 28 ..... 21*220102*— 6
A Hagenal, 4½, 25 ..... 2002202200— 6
E Radel, 7, 28 ..... 0011111100— 6
*Guests.

Five birds, $2, Rose system, 4 and 2:

Kattengell, 28 ..... 22222—5
Schumacher, 25 ..... 22120—4
Dietzel, 28 ..... 00010—1
Albert, 28 ..... 01011—3
Schlicht, 28 ..... 22101—4
Radel, 28 ..... 00121—3
Steffens, 28 ..... 22222—5
Voss, 28 ..... 12112—5

Emerald Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., Aug. 19.—The Emerald Gun Club held a live-bird shoot on Smith Brothers' grounds to-day with a good attendance. Mr. A. A. Schoverling was the only contestant who killed straight in the club event. The birds were a fairly good lot. The scores:

A A Schoverling, 30, 7 ..... 2222222222—10
F Kall, 25, 6 ..... 101021211*— 7
J C Henry, 28, 6 ..... 1201020000— 4
Dr O'Connell, 32, 7 ..... 2210222222— 9
Dr Hudson, 28, 7 ..... 211121*121— 9
W. Corbett, 25, 5 ..... 2000221200— 5
R Regan, 25, 6 ..... 1201021111— 6
W Hassenger, 30, 7 ..... 1201110111— 8
J H Moore, 28, 6½ ..... 1*11112221— 9
J Fischer, 28, 6 ..... 1212012211— 9
T Short, 28, 7 ..... 0222122012— 8
H O Koegle, 30, 7 ..... 2121120110— 8
P May, 28, 6 ..... 1220111001— 7
E J Roberts, 28, 6½ ..... 1202020021— 6
F Hansmann, 26, 6 ..... 0*01121*12— 6
W Catton, 28, 7 ..... 0011110110— 6

H. W. Gray.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Waterloo 100-Bird Shoot.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 22.—There was a gala target event on the grounds of Waterloo Gun Club, Aug. 15, at which time a much mooted 100-target event was shot to a finish. There were sixteen entries, and the competition was spirited. Following this event quite a number of sweeps were shot, and over 3,000 targets were broken during the day. Farmer, of Waterloo, sends the following report of the event:

"Out of town shooters were C. H. Wisc, of Cedar Falls; Gillin, of Oelwein; S. E. Cain and Al. Joder, of Hudson, and Burkhart and Fries, of Boies. City shooters who participated were E. M. Storm, J. C. Hartman, E. E. Hageman, E. W. Jones, L. Van Vleck, Will White, Carl White, Ralph Storm, Rob Jackson and Henry Steege. The targets were thrown from three expert traps, unknown angles. The traps were in first-class order, and the targets were thrown low and swift. The left angle was especially hard on account of the day being dark and a clump of trees in the background. The men shot in squads, retiring after every round of 20 targets. The entrance fee was $5, divided into four moneys of 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. First money, $22.40, was divided between C. H. Wise and Ralph Storm, who each broke 84. Second money, $16.80, was won by J. C. Hartman with a score of 82. Third money, $11.20, was won by Henry Steege, on a score of 79. ourth money, $5.60, went to Jackson, who broke 76. The scores:

Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	Total.
E Storm	15	16	11	12	14	68
J C Hartman	17	15	17	17	16	82
E E Hageman	12	16	16	15	14	73
C H Wise	17	15	14	19	19	84
E W Coburn	9	5	14	13	10	51
Gillian	17	15	14	16	13	75
D Van Vleck	14	16	13	15	15	73
W White	13	13	10	14	12	61
C White	14	15	14	12	12	67
R Storm	15	15	18	19	18	84
R Jackson	15	15	12	17	17	76
Burkhart	15	16	17	12	15	75
Frees	11	13	10	10	16	60
S R Cain	10	9	10	9	10	48
Al. Joder	12	12	12	11	9	56
H Steege	15	14	16	17	17	79

E. Hough.

Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Aug. 23.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the third trophy shoot of the third series. Dr. J. W. Meek won Class A trophy on 24. R. S. Leete won Class B trophy on 17. Kissack won Class C trophy on 20.

The trophy shoot was followed by the cup shoot at 15 singles and 5 pairs, in which event Dr. Meek, W. A. Jones and J. C. Kissack tied on 19, and Jones won on the shoot-off at 15 singles, scoring 14 to Meek and Kissack's 12 each.

The ground traps were used again to-day, and while not so satisfactory as the magautrap, were fairly successful. The day was an ideal one for target shooting:

Seventeenth trophy shoot:

M F Wilson ..... 10111111101101011100100000—14
J D Pollard ..... 11111011111001111111111111—22
C H Kehl ..... 00010100011100010100010111—10
Dr J W Meek ..... 11111111111111011111111111—24
T Smith ..... 00010000111001010000111000— 8
T Eaton ..... 01011111111111111111101111—22
R S Lecte ..... 10111010111100111111101010—17
W Drinkwater ..... 11001111110100100111111001—16
L Thomas ..... 00010110101110100010111101—13
A McGowan ..... 11110110001011110000001111—14
F G Barnard ..... 10111101101111100001010111—16
J A Huff ..... 10110110001111011111111111—18
Shogren ..... 11110111101111101110111111—21
J C Kissack ..... 10111111001111111011011111—20
T B Smith ..... 01110101011111010001001010—14
J E Dofler ..... 11010111111111111111101111—22
L D Pierce ..... 01111111001100101100011111—16
J Monoghan ..... 00000010000101001110101000— 8
W A Jones ..... 11111111101111001010111101—19
Frank ..... 01111010111111010000110000—14

Cup shoot, 15 singles and 5 pairs:

Wilson	001011111111110	01 01 10 00 11—16
Pollard	111111111111111	11 11 00 11 01—22
Kehl	011100010010111	01 00 01 00 00—10
Meek	111111011011111	10 10 11 10 10—19
T Smith	100011111111111	00 10 10 00 00—14
Eaton	100111001011110	00 00 00 11 00—11
Leete	110100110010110	10 00 10 00 10—11
Drinkwater	111111111101101	00 00 01 10 00—15
Thomas	111110111000110	01 00 01 11 01—15
McGowan	111001100111111	01 10 00 11 10—16
Barnard	111100000010111	11 00 01 01 11—14
Huff	111111111011011	11 01 00 11 00—18
Shogren	111111111111101	10 00 00 10 00—16
Kissack	111111111011111	01 00 11 10 01—19
T B Smith	110101111001110	00 11 11 10 11—17
Dofler	111010111111111	10 01 01 10 01—18
Price	011111110101110	00 00 10 10 10—14
Monoghan	010000101010101	01 00 10 00 00— 8
Jones	010111111111111	00 01 11 11 10—19
Polly	101111111011111	00 10 01 10 11—18

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	10	10	15	10	Targets:	10	10	15	10
Wilson	5	5	..	..	A McGowan	5	6	..	..
Pollard	10	8	10	..	Barnard	9	6	..	..
Kehl	4	3	..	..	Huff	8	6	..	..
Meek	9	8	14	..	Shogren	6	8	..	..
Smith	7	4	13	6	Kissack	8	8	12	5
T Eaton	7	7	..	..	T B Smith	6	3	..	..
Leete	5	10	..	..	Pierce	8	6	..	..
Drinkwater	8	7	10	..	Dofler	9	6	..	..
Thomas	5	5	..	..	Jones	..	..	14	7

The Limited Gun Club.

Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 23.—Appended find scores of the Limited Gun Club shoot on Aug. 20 and 21:

Aug. 20, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Trimble, 19	8	14	18	21	15	15	9	9	13	19	22	11
Kirby, 19	8	11	18	20	17	14	8	9	12	19	21	14
Lang, 19	8	12	19	23	18	15	7	9	11	17	22	14
Fort, 19	9	14	19	20	13	11	9	8	14	17	22	15
Tripp, 19	8	12	20	20	20	13	10	8	12	19	24	16
Head, 19	8	13	18	24	14	12	6	9	12	16	24	14
Phellis, 19	8	14	18	23	17	14	8	8	12	17	24	13
Clark, 19	7	11	18	24	20	12	9	8	12	16	24	12
Sconce, 19	8	13	19	22	18	13	4	8	12	18	23	14
Lerue, 18	9	14	12	21	11	14	2	8	9	..	..	11
Dennis, 18	9	14	18	22	15	12	7	9	13	18	..	9
Beck, 17	8	13	16	22	17	14	7	5	12	15	20	11
Parry, 17	7	11	16	18	16	12	4	7	12	15	18	15
Wilson, 17	8	14	19	19	18	9	5	8	11	18	23	15
Hill, 17	7	12	17	23	19	12	..	6	..	..	..	7
Fisher, 17	10	12	16	23	17	12	6	6	11	18	..	11
Gus, 17	8	12	17	21	18	13	4	7	13	19	23	14
Fouts, 16	7	13	13	20	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Farrell, 16	8	14	17	22	19	14	7	7	12	20	20	11
Jeffers, 16	8	10	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bussell, 16	9	10	17	23	14	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ousler, 16	4	14	16	18	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Harcourt, 16	8	7	14	19	14	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Short, 16	7	13	19	21	16	12	..	7	15	15	..	..
Smoke, 16	8	11	17	22	18	13	..	8	10	..	..	10
Forbis, 16	9	12	16	19	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	10
Michaelis, 16	9	13	16	24	15	12	6	7	12	17	18	11
Anson, 16	7	10	15	..	..	9	5	7	..	..	..	..
Raiser, 16	7	11	17	22	16	13	5	10	11	13	..	11
Slow, 17	..	13	17	22	15	10	..	4	..	..	..	..
Sayles, 16	..	..	15	..	..	12	6	3	8	..	..	..
Voris, 18	..	..	17	18	17	14	5	9	12	17	..	..
Dock, 18	..	..	16	21	17	15	7	9	..	..	..	..
Linder	..	..	..	..	..	14	9	..	..	..	..	..
Adamson	..	..	..	..	..	18	11	5	8	13	17	18	13
Sutton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..

Aug. 21, Second Day.

Only a few spectators were present to-day. A large field of shooters participated in the various events. Harvey Sconce, of Sidell, Ill., and Mr. Phellis, of Cincinnati, each made the remarkable record of 99 out of a possible 100 in the live sparrow events. They shot with great accuracy, and were applauded by the other crack shooters present. Mr. Sconce failed to kill one bird in the second event of 15, and Mr. Phellis missed one bird in the fourth event at 20 targets. In the other events they killed straight.

Sconce, Phellis, Clark, Tripp and Snyder formed a squad of five that killed straight in the sixth and seventh events. They made a record of 150 straight, which was one of the best ever made on the Limited Gun Club grounds or any place in the country at live sparrows.

The match at 50 targets for the Grand Hotel cup was won by H. M. Clark, of Wabash, Ind., one of the best amateur shooters of Indiana. He defeated H. J. Sconce, of Sidell, who was the holder of the cup. Mr. Clark scored 49 and Mr. Sconce 47. Mr. Clark made the best record ever recorded in the shoot for the Grand Hotel cup. He missed one in the first 25 and Mr. Sconce missed three. In the second round of 25 both men killed straight.

Ernest Tripp was the high gun in the target events during the tournament, scoring 181 out of a possible 200. The scores in the sparrow events follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	15	15	20	15	15	10	10	25
Moller	9	14	13	19	14	15	10	10	23
Washburn	8	14	13	17	15	14	10	..	..
Michaelis	10	15	13	18	14	15	9	9	23
Perry	8	13	14	19	13	14	10	..	..
Voris	9	14	12	20	13	14	10	10	25
Sconce	10	14	15	20	15	15	10	..	..
Phellis	10	15	15	19	15	15	10	..	..
Clark	9	15	15	20	13	15	10	..	..
Tripp	8	15	15	20	14	15	10	10	25
Snyder	6	12	14	18	13	15	10	9	20
Wilson	10	15	14	19	15	..	..	..	..
Du Bray	9	15	14	19	15	..	..	10	25
Porter	10	12	13	15	12	11	9	8	..
Sayles	10	14	14	18	15	14	8	..	..
Smoke	6	13	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
Tony	10	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
McGibben	9	13	14	18	14	11	8	..	..
Merideth	9	13	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kirby	8	15	15	20	13	..	..	..	..
Helm	8	15	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fort	7	14	15	20	..	..	..	10	25
Sutton	10	14	..	..	12	..	..	..	..
Harry	7	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Mark	10	15	13	16	..	15	10	..	..
Stillwell	..	..	15	20	15	15	9	..	..
Jack Snipe	..	..	..	..	13	13	..	..	..
Trotter	..	..	..	..	13	12	8	8	..
Deschler	..	..	..	..	..	14	9	8	..
Lilly	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	25

The last two events were extras.

Dover Sportsmen's Association.

Dover, N. H., Aug. 21.—The following are the scores of the Dover Sportsmen's Association for the current week:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Nosroc	90	67	Gordon	113	52
F F Wentworth	90	66	Hallam	110	55
Mitchell	30	22	Meserve	30	7
St Evenes	130	89			

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

It Sells Boats Everywhere.

Salem, O., Aug. 15.—Forest and Stream Pub. Co.: The demand for our boats has been so very great within the last few months that we are compelled to run overtime in order to keep a supply on hand. So far this year we have sold twice as many of these boats as we did during the entire year of 1901, and we feel that the ad. which we have in your excellent paper has been to a great extent instrumental in bringing us many orders, and we would not hesitate to recommend it to the use of any one who wishes to place this class of goods before the sportsmen of the country. The demand for them does not seem to be confined to any particular part of the country, but seems to be from all parts of this country and Europe. We recently shipped a large order to Germany, and last week forwarded a carload of these boats to the Simmons Hardware Company, of St. Louis, Mo., and one to the Marshall-Wells Hardware Company, of Duluth, Minn.

W. H. Mullins.

Good Keeping Qualities.

Alden Bridge, La., Aug. 11, 1902..—A. L. Burns: Sir—You may send me by express C. O. D., with privilege of examination the Wilkes Barre $125 for $30 gun. J. H. Simmons.

Aug. 14, 1902.—Forest and Stream Pub. Co.: The above was received to-day in reply to an advertisement in Forest and Stream, March, 1900. Forest and Stream evidently has good keeping qualities, or this man just woke up. I am sending this to you as a curiosity. A. L. Burns.

A few weeks ago Mr. Thomas, of the U. M. C. Co. visited Sea Girt with an improved bullet, which was made without the three rings of the Government model, and had certain other technical changes. With this bullet, Lieut. Leizear, of the Eighth Pennsylvania, made 72 out of 75 at 1,000 yards, which is the best score made up to that time with the service Krag.—*Adv.*

At Auburn, Me., Aug. 11 and 12, and Brunswick, Me., Peters factory-loaded ammunition forged its way to the front. Mr. Neaf Apgar made the remarkable run of 106 straight. He won first average, while H. G. Wheeler was second. At the Greenville, Pa., shoot James Atkinson, of New Castle, Pa., won high average, shooting a 95 per cent. gait. He used Peters Ideal factory load.—*Adv.*

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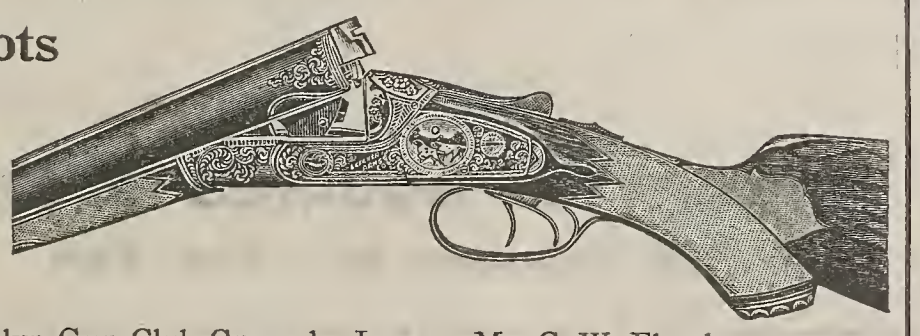

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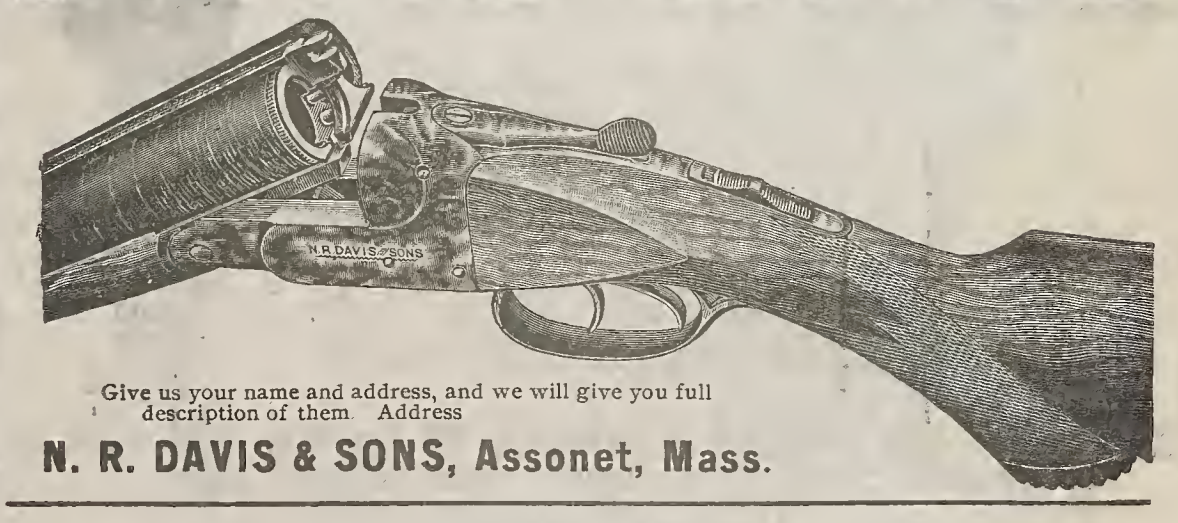

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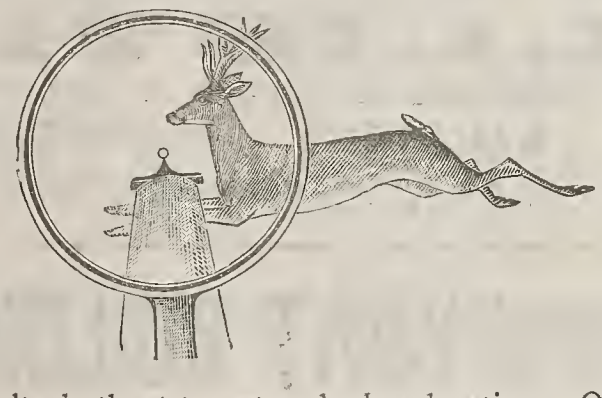

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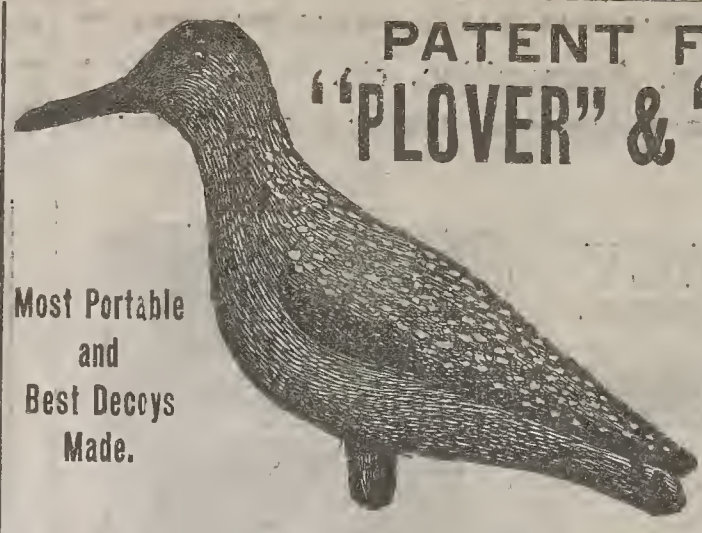

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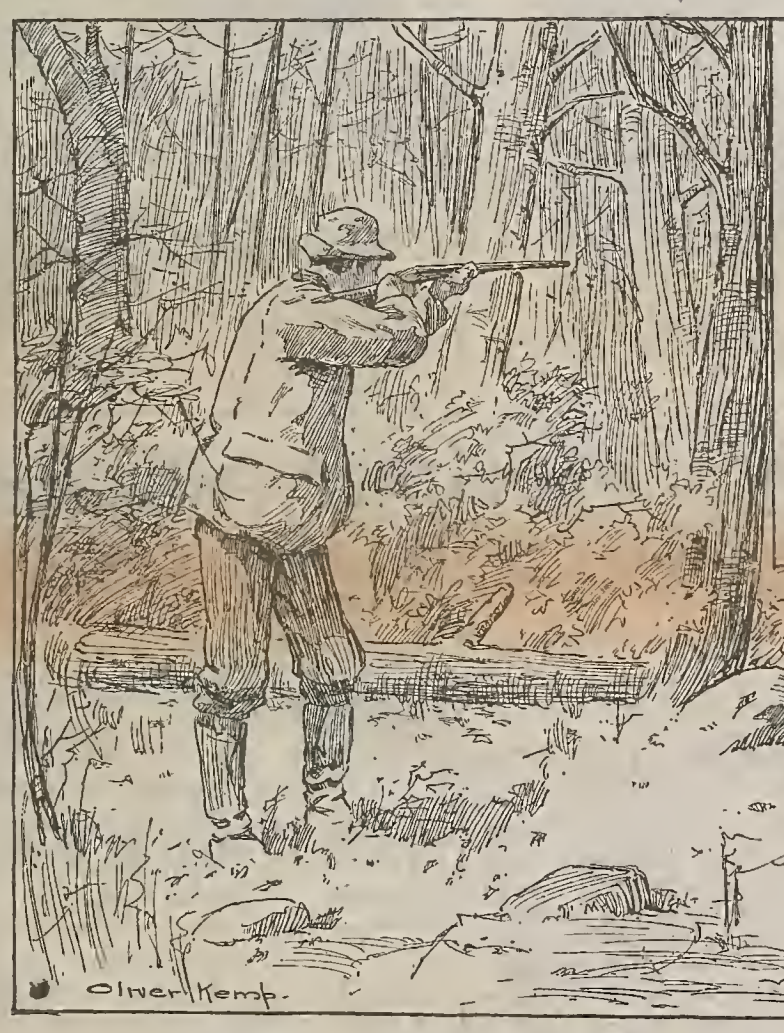

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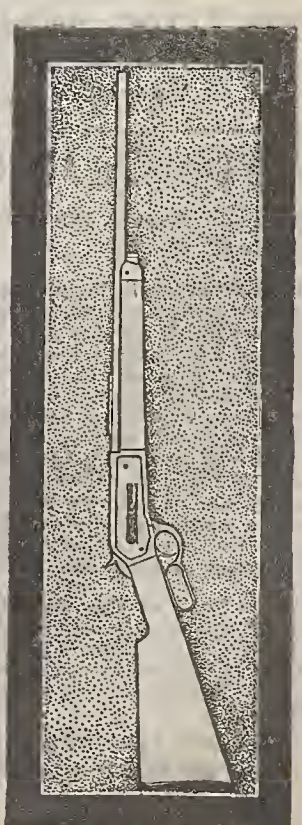

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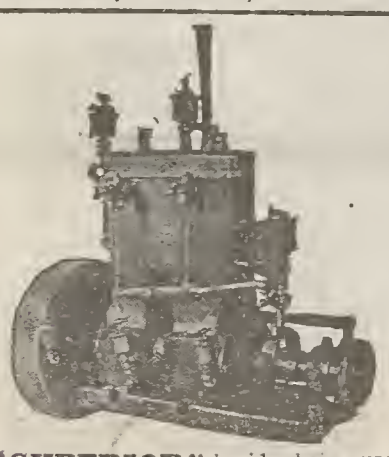

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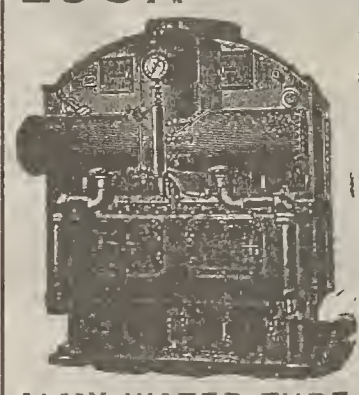

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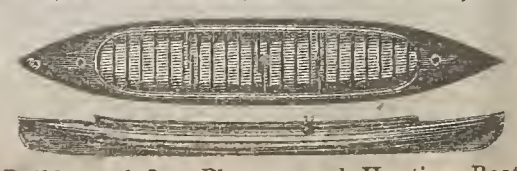

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1902.

VOL. LIX.—No. 10. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

THE OLD OAK.

IN many a quarter of our land there still remain living monuments of a past so distant that it is hard fully to realize its antiquity. Botanists have estimated that the giant trees of California are over two thousand years old, but within easy reach of the homes of many of us grow trees, whose ages—if much less than this—still stretch back a long way. Standing before such an ancient tree, one often muses upon its past, and the changes that have taken place since as a tiny seedling it first struggled upward toward the light.

In those old days, long before they hanged witches in Salem, and even before the feet of the Pilgrims had become firmly established in New England, the oak was a sturdy young tree. Already it had reared its head alike above the alders that grew in the swamp just to the east, and the sumachs and little birches to the west, but during much of the day the tall white pines and hemlocks still shaded it, and it was in no respect unlike a thousand of its fellows of the forest.

Yet in the economy of the forest, the young tree played its part. In the spring when buds were swelling, and multitudes of insects gathered about the sweet sap exuding from them, hundreds of tiny birds—warblers, vested in blue and black and white, and gold and orange and green—ran over its branches and fluttered about the ends of its twigs as they fed. After the warblers had passed on to their northern home, a pair of sweet-voiced wood thrushes chose a horizontal branch for their nest, and while the mother bird tenderly brooded her blue eggs, the male, on the branch of a giant pine far above her, poured out sweetest music at morning and evening, or when the sun peeped through the clouds at the close of some summer storm. When frost had stripped other trees of their leaves, but its deep red foliage still clung rattling to the branches, the rusty grackles, rising from the swamp in a thick cloud, sometimes settled on it, and covered it as with a dark pall; and later it was often whitened by the quiet snows of winter.

In the swamps and forests among which the tree stood, the black bear, the deer, the turkey and the fox used to wander.

Down from the higher land to the northward runs a broad and almost level plain, the valley of an ancient stream which once flowed from the front of a retreating glacier. Along a ridge of high ground, well hidden by bushes, and passing close to the oak, ran a trail followed by the Indians, who journeyed from the interior down to the shore, where were to be had fish and clams and oysters, and many other things inaccessible to the far inland dwellers, though forming the chief sustenance of the gentler tribes that lived along the coast. But chiefly the trail was used by the fierce people of the interior on their war journeys; for the broad river a little further to the westward furnished an easier path to the shellfish gatherers who paddled down its course, and later, with full canoes, pushed their way up the stream toward their northern homes.

The years passed on, and as the oak waxed and grew stronger, there came into the land new and strange beings, different in a thousand ways from any that had been there before. At first few in numbers, these newcomers clustered close to the shore, but almost at once some of the hardier spirits began to push inland in all directions. They seemed to hold all nature in enmity. They slew the dwellers in the forest; they felled the trees and bushes, and burned them, and tore up the very ground where they had stood, and then a little later, strange new plants grew up thickly from these open spaces in an even regular crop, which these people cut down again and carried away.

The oak grew and thickened and sent out fresh branches, which in turn became stout and heavy as trees. The newcomers increased. Their houses of wood or stone or brick dotted all the landscape. On either side of broad roads lay fair fields of grain or grass and in many of them pastured slow-moving cattle or sleek-sided horses.

A new empire was born and grew—feebly at first, yet steadily—till it had reached a hundred years and had passed through struggles and agonies that shook it to its very foundations. Yet it survived and became stronger than ever. Most of the wild creatures have now gone, but the fox remains, and in the hollow which time and the weather have worn in the old oak's heart, the raccoon makes his winter home. These are the only ones left. The old forest has disappeared. The mighty trees which were tall when the oak was young, have long since fallen. For generations the oak has been the greatest tree in all the countryside, and people come long distances to wonder at its vast size and its beauty.

Yearly, as the weather grows cooler and leaves fall from the deciduous trees, the sportsman, pursuing the few birds that still inhabit the country, pauses beneath the great oak to rest or to eat lunch, or to smoke a pipe, while the thirsty dogs push through the fringe of alders to the brook, and greedily lap the cool water, and wallow in the stream that they have roiled.

One day, not many years ago, the dogs from the nearby farm chased a raccoon into the tree, and following the dogs came men to kill the beast. A fire was kindled at the lower opening of the hollow to smoke the animal out, and when it emerged at the top it was killed. A little later, the men found that a spark had ignited the dry, rotten wood within the hollow, and in the chimney formed by the trunk a hidden fire was raging. Flames spouted high from the opening above, and it was feared that the old tree must be destroyed, but the brook was near, and hands were many and willing, and the fire was put out.

So the oak stands to-day, ancient, but green and flourishing. At intervals some wind or ice storm tears away a venerable branch, but the tree remains, singular for its beauty, its size and its symmetry.

THE COLLECT POND.

THE work of the New York underground railway is in progress in Elm street, which is the first street east of Broadway and parallel with it; and where the digging is now being done, a quarter of a mile north of the City Hall, the operations are overlooked from the windows of the FOREST AND STREAM office. At this point the excavation is from the surface, and the method is to hoist the earth in great metal buckets, which are swung through the air and their contents dumped into carts. Interest was aroused the other day when from far down below the surface of the street the buckets came up filled with mud which was almost of liquid consistency, and instead of being deposited in the carts, was dumped out on the surface that the water might drain off. It developed that down below the gas pipes and the Croton water mains and the sewer, the workmen had come to a flowing stream. This is not the first of the Manhattan's forgotten waterways which the contractors have encountered still flowing far below the surface, for there are numerous such subterranean streams on the island, and they often present very difficult problems to the engineers who are laying foundations for buildings.

This Elm street water was struck just north of the Criminal Courts building and within 150 yards of the Tombs, and the stream must flow from one of the springs which in the old days fed the Collect Pond. For the site where the Tombs now stands, with the streets and blocks surrounding it, was once a body of water, which was called the Fresh Water or Collect Pond. This had no small part in the New York of an earlier day; but by later generations has been almost entirely forgotten, save when, as now, some deep street excavation or the digging for a building foundation brings to light some reminder of the old conditions.

The pond covered the site of the blocks bounded by Baxter, White, Elm, Duane and Park streets. In aboriginal times the Manhatoes lived on its banks; and from their excursions to the oyster beds in the adjacent waters the Indians brought vast quantities of oysters—coming in through the stream which connected the pond with the East River, or through the larger stream from the North River. The women, we are told, dried the oysters for future use and cast the shells on the shore, so that in time there came to be great heaps of oyster shells on the west bank, and when the Dutch gave the place a name they called it Kalch Hoek, which meant Shell Point. When the English succeeded the Dutch, the name Kalch Hoek was easily corrupted into Collect, and thenceforth the water was known as the Collect Pond, or the Fresh Water.

The lake was very deep—the old records range from fifty to seventy feet—and the water was very clear, for it was supplied from numerous living springs sending out their generous floods and overflowing, as has been said, through the two streams which went, one to the east and the other to the west. These streams, too, had a place in the topography of old New York. The one which went to the East River, following the line of the present Roosevelt street, was in British times called the Old Kill, and formed the northern boundary of the city down to the close of the Revolution. The old Post Road crossed it over a bridge, the famous Kissing Bridge, of which the Rev. Mr. Burnaby, an English visitor, wrote, "Just before you enter the town there is a little bridge commonly called the Kissing Bridge, where it is customary before passing beyond to salute the lady who is your companion"—which goes to show that in the earlier days on Manhattan Island some things at least were ordered better than now.

The stream which flowed west to the Hudson in turn formed the northern boundary of the city until 1808. Beyond it lay the stretches of marsh and swamp known as Lispenard Meadows, much resorted to by the sportsmen and the pot-hunter of that day, before whose flintlock fell abundant snipe and woodcock. The territory as now seen from the windows of FOREST AND STREAM is a broken and jagged expanse of walls and roofs. There was at one time a project to utilize the two Collect Pond streams for a canal across the island from the Hudson to the East River; and there actually was a canal from the Hudson to Broadway, following the line of the present Canal street. From the north there flowed into the stream a brook from the famous spring which gave its name to Spring street.

But in the earlier days the Manhattan gunners and anglers had no need to go so far north as Canal street to find their sport. The low marshes about the Collect gave good shooting; and if one knew how to shoot, he was in season assured of "a large quantity of fly-abouts." And as for the fishing, the Collect was famous for that; and there must have been trout in it, for it was a spring-fed water, and the fish could run down to the sea and back into the fresh water again, as do their Long Island successors to-day. It is of record that in 1734 a law was enacted to prevent the taking of fish from the Collect Pond by any other means than angling. But things went then as they do now, and we may be certain that the Collect was altogether too near town, and too convenient for the picnickers long to maintain its fishing and shooting attractions.

There was skating on the pond in the winters, and it was here that Prince William Henry, then a junior officer in the navy, and afterward King William IV. of England, learned to skate.

By far the most important and memorable event connected with the history of the Collect Pond occurred in the year 1796, when John Fitch, the early American steam inventor, in the presence of a distinguished company, sailed his experimental steamboat on the water. This was a ship's yawl, eighteen feet long, fitted with a propeller and a steam engine of which the boiler was a ten-gallon iron pot. The little craft successfully made several circuits of the pond, and got up a speed of six miles an hour. This was eleven years before Robert Fulton's Clermont made its trip on the Hudson; and it is here to the site of the obliterated Collect Pond that history points for the first American steamboat.

These steamboat experiments by Fitch are about the last things of interest the records have to tell us of the Collect Pond as a pond. For already the city was creeping northward, the shores of the pond were used for the dumping of refuse, and about the year 1800 the place had become such a nuisance that the authorities set about the task of draining it and filling it in. Streets were laid out and blocks of houses followed, and in 1835, on the site of the Collect Pond was built the Halls of Justice, the city prison, which, because of its gloomy architecture, borrowed from that of Egyptian tombs, was nicknamed the Tombs.

The meting out of justice to malefactors on this spot began very early in the history of the Collect Pond, for we are told that a Weekquaesgock Indian, who had come to town to sell beaver skins, was set upon and killed by three negro servants of the Dutch Governor on the sores of the pond. An Indian boy who had witnessed the deed inflicted justice by the murder of an inoffensive trader whom he killed on the same spot. In later years the gallows was erected here, and criminals were hanged after the fashion of the day in public, while the people flocked from town to witness the spectacle.

In the days when the murderers were hanged in the

Tombs inclosure, only the favored few were admitted to the function, and such a coign of vantage as the eighth story of a building overlooking the execution would have commanded a high premium. Not far from the Tombs is a tall shot-tower, which used to be resorted to by the newspaper reporters for getting view of the Tombs hangings.

The photograph on another page is of a view from the FOREST AND STREAM office in 1897; and it is already of antiquarian interest, for it pictures a scene which no longer exists. A new City Prison has risen in place of a large part of the old Tombs. The low houses in the foreground have been followed by a handsome twelve-story building, from beneath which, when the foundations were laid, forty feet below the surface, there was excavated a gnarled piece of cedar, which is now treasured in the FOREST AND STREAM'S cabinet, as a reminder of the green trees that long ago clothed the banks of Collect Pond.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Two English Gentlemen.

I WOKE up one morning just a little after day at my ranch on Rita Azul, Colorado, 300 miles east of Trinidad, just about nowhere. New York was frying meat and potatoes and making coffee for breakfast and seemed quite cheerful. "The flour is out, Dick."

"Haven't you any bread for breakfast? Go to one of the jacals and get some tortillas for breakfast"—I had two Mexican families living on the ranch in jacals. (Pronounced hackells, Anglice, pole houses.)

"Neither one has flour, either. They are eating meat, same as we are."

"I had about 500 pounds of flour in the storeroom two weeks ago when I left. What has become of it?"

"Perley came in from the outside camp and took 200. All the Rough and Ready flour we had. I hollered and told him to leave us one sack of good flour, and he said he wasn't coming in again for two months and that he wanted the best, as he didn't have much time to cook. That we could go to Trinidad any time and get more. [Perley was the man that herded the east side of the range, twenty-five miles away.] Each of the home Mexicans got fifty pounds of XX last week, but got away with the last of that somehow, and don't seem to care, so long as they have meat and coffee. Miguel came down day before yesterday and got a sack for himself and a sack for his mother-in-law. He said that Inez wouldn't live with him and his wife any longer. It seems that Inez was performing a little religious ceremony, part of which was calling up an evil spirit and asking him a few questions. Inez is a Navajo Indian squaw sure, and a witch perhaps. While she was having a nice time all by herself, her daughter had fled to the other Mexican house, not particularly because she was afraid, but Inez always makes a fearful noise when she has one of these fits. Well, Miguel came home and told Inez to stop and not monkey with the spirits any more in his house. She said she would do as she pleased, so he took the hickory cleaning rod out of his rifle and licked her till she said she would quit. The next day Inez cleaned out her stone hen house and moved into it to live alone. Miguel says that the weather is not very cold and that the old woman will be glad to move back when snow comes. So the flour is all gone."

"I'll fix that after breakfast."

So after a meal of beef and potatoes I saddled up and went to call on my neighbors. I told Miguel that I wanted to take Inez home with me, if he would not be offended, for she was old and I didn't care if she kept the devil under her bed. He said that it was satisfactory to him; he hoped the old witch would never come back; and so far as I was concerned I was a heretic and would go to the bad place anyhow, but he had to be careful of his morals. His wife who, though there were several chairs in the house, was sitting cross-legged like a tailor on the floor on a sheepskin smoking a cigarro, told him that the first time he had the stomach ache he would send her down to beg Inez to come back. He considered a moment and said that perhaps he would; but that he intended to be very careful of his stomach.

So I went out and saw Inez in the hen house. I told her to pack everything she had on Miguel's jackass (which rejoiced in the euphonious name of Diabolo, which it richly merited), and come down home with me, and to be sure to fetch the flour.

Within twenty minutes we were going home, with a terrible load on the burro and Inez on top of that, looking very triumphant. As we went past Miguel's house he said, "Good bye, mamma," and she snapped her fingers at him, which being interpreted in Navajo, means go to the infernal regions; and the procession moved on. Inez was shortly installed in a room next to the kitchen and I told her that I wanted her to cook, explained my fix about flour and told her that I'd have lots in two weeks, and that meanwhile we would use hers.

Then York and I held a council of war and decided to get a load of flour out of the face of the country, so we left Inez at the ranch and went off on a little hunt with the wagon. About thirty miles landed us in a veritable game pocket; and four or five days' hard hunting loaded us up with something like fourteen or more deer and antelope. We tried to hunt up a turkey roost, but could not find a fresh one that was being used, though I found three or four old ones, where the droppings were about two weeks old. When we got home to the ranch York shot a half-dozen of my black tame turkeys in the head with the shotgun, and we killed a two-year-old steer and put the hindquarters into the load. Wild turkeys are worth $1.50 to $2.50, when a tame turkey of the same weight is worth 50 cents to $1. Wat Rifenberg, of the United States Hotel, generally took my turkeys, but as he charged me $2 a day for board he never got the worst of it very much. I never paid him a cent in my life, and he never did me. He was a pretty good fellow and knew how to keep a hotel.

We went to Trinidad the next day and got in about dark. I gave Rif the first crack at the load. A deer and an antelope, a hindquarter of beef and all the turkeys but two—one for Dr. Beshoar, who was, and I hope is still, a friend of mine; the other for Web Brown, the loony man that I always stopped with. We got about $50 out of the rest of the load.

That evening when I went into supper I could smell my old pipe in my coat pocket, so I left it behind the bar in the saloon room attached to the hotel. The pipe had a little history. The winter before I had been living alone in a little cabin herding the east side of the Trinchara range for a few weeks, while Perley was taking a kind of a vacation in town. I lost my pipe and made a pipe bowl out of clay and shaped it up and ornamented it a little with a knife before I burned it. It was as big as your fist, but I got quite a successful bake on it. I made a stem out of elder wood and a mouthpiece from a calling bone from a turkey's wing. A few brass tacks in the stem and a red rag twisted round it made it look sweet, and I used to smoke it with great satisfaction, though it was very heavy. When I came out from supper I went to the bar to get a cigar and noticed a big red-faced man in checked clothes which didn't fit him, and a kind of an English expression, handling my pipe and looking at it with great interest.

"When you are through looking at that pipe, let me have it; it's mine."

"Hi declare, hit's rawther curious. Is it yours? Where did you get it?"

Here the evil spirit entered into me, and I lied basely. "It is a Comanche Indian pipe."

"How did you get it?"

"Killed the Injun."

"Ah, hindeed. Will you sell it?"

Yes, I would sell it for $2. He gave me the money quickly and put the pipe in his pocket. I asked him to take a drink, and was thinking how I could spend the rest of the money on him, for I couldn't tell him I had lied, and I didn't want to keep the two dollars. We drank, and he asked me if I had any other trophies. Then I remembered something. "I have a man here with me named New York, who has something you might like. He has a buckskin shirt trimmed with an Indian scalp. He killed the Indian, took the scalp and made the shirt and cut the scalp in two parts and sewed them on the shoulders. A Mexican woman that likes him embroidered the shirt with silk, put on flowers and a horse with a man on him. He has the shirt here in town in his trunk. He never wore it but once in town, and then he had a crowd around him in no time, and had to take it off and put it away."

"I would like to see it," said the Englishman.

So I went out and found York, and got him to put the shirt on. When the stranger saw it he fell violently in love with it, and asked York how much he asked for it. York told him that he had no use for money, but that he would like a certain pony that a Texas man was holding for sale at Webb Brown's stable.

"How much does he want for the horse?"

"Don't know," said York. "If you want to trade we will see in the morning."

The Englishman paid $55 for the pony the next morning; and I went to him and after making him promise to keep the peace, I confessed about the pipe, and he laughed and said that it had fooled him, and that he would give it to his brother-in-law to put in his collection, and would enjoy hearing him talk about it.

So York and I went back to the ranch, and I never saw that Anglo Saxon any more.

I intended to tell of two gentlemen, but it is very hot and I will keep the other 'man' till it is cool. *Hasta manana.*

W. J. DIXON.

Sai-pi and Pe-tah-ky.

BY J. W. SCHULTZ.

YOU ask how the polygamous Indian family got along? said the Old Timer. Whether the women quarreled or lived together in harmony? Well, their lord and master ruled them with an iron hand, and outwardly they seemed to be happy and contented. But under the surface there was generally heart burning, and jealousy, and hate, which often cropped out in the absence of the head of the household, and then bitter things were said, and sometimes the row would end in a general fight. There was, after all, a god reason for the practice of polygamy among the Indians. The different tribes were always at war with each other, and the annual loss of men in battle, and also by the accidents of the chase, was very great; so there were always more than twice as many women as there were men. The surplus women had to be cared for, the very existence of the tribe depended on their fulfilling the obligation of their sex, and, of course, plural wives was the result, the families ranging from two to three, up to as many as twenty women.

In the tribe with which I am most familiar, the Blackfeet, if a man married a woman who had sisters younger than she, those sisters became his potential wives. If he did not choose to marry them he had the disposal of them. But usually the man married them all as fast as they grew to maturity. It was thought that a group of sister wives got along more amicably together than did a family of unrelated women.

In the polygamous lodge each woman had her particular place; the first wife sat at her husband's left and owned that couch in common with him. It was always at the back of the lodge, directly opposite the doorway. From it, on either hand, the couches of the other wives, in the order in which they were married, ranged around the sides toward the door, so that the most recently married had their places near the entrance. Each woman had her own little property, such as clothing, finery, robes, tanning tools and so on. Not even the food, the meat killed by the head of the family, was held in common; each woman was given her share, and dried it, or made it into pemmican, as she chose. Each one, however, furnished her share for the husband's sustenance, and they all vied with each other to furnish him the choicest portions. The husband, of course, claimed the buffalo robes and other skins they tanned and prepared for him, giving each wife what he chose from the sale of those she had tanned.

Years ago when I was in the employ of the American Fur Company, I was sent one winter to live with the Blackfeet, who were camping and hunting around the Sweet Grass Hills, and trade them the ammunition they needed. The company realized that the more powder and ball they had the greater would be their output of robes and furs. I made my headquarters in the lodge of Lone Bull, an old and tried friend, a fine looking, good-natured fellow and very wealthy; that is, rich as riches are reckoned by Indians; he had more than two hundred horses, mostly of the highly prized pinto color. Strangely enough, he had but one wife, whereas, had he cared to he could have had a dozen or more. Not a father or mother in the whole tribe with marriageable daughters on hand but wanted him for a son-in-law, and many a widow would have been glad of a place in his lodge. But Lone Bull did not seem to care for any of them. He was very reserved and proud, yet anyone could see that Pé-tah-ky, his wife, was all in all to him, his dearest and most cherished possession. Pé-tah-ky was a fine looking woman, comely featured, well built, with small hands and feet, and her luxuriant hair, gathered into two massive braids, hung down to the lower edge of her dress. She was always neatly and cleanly clothed, and everything about her lodge was kept spick and span and in order. She made no secret of her affection for her husband. Evenings, when work was done and we sat gossiping around the cheerful fire in the lodge, I have seen her gaze at him for hours with such an adoring, loving expression in her eyes as few husbands, I imagine, are ever permitted to see in the eyes of their wives. Beside them and myself, there were two other occupants of the lodge; Lone Bull's mother, a quiet, hard-working old woman, and New Shield, his brother, just growing into manhood, and a noted buffalo hunter. He kept the lodge supplied with more robes that the women could tan; with more choice meats than we could use.

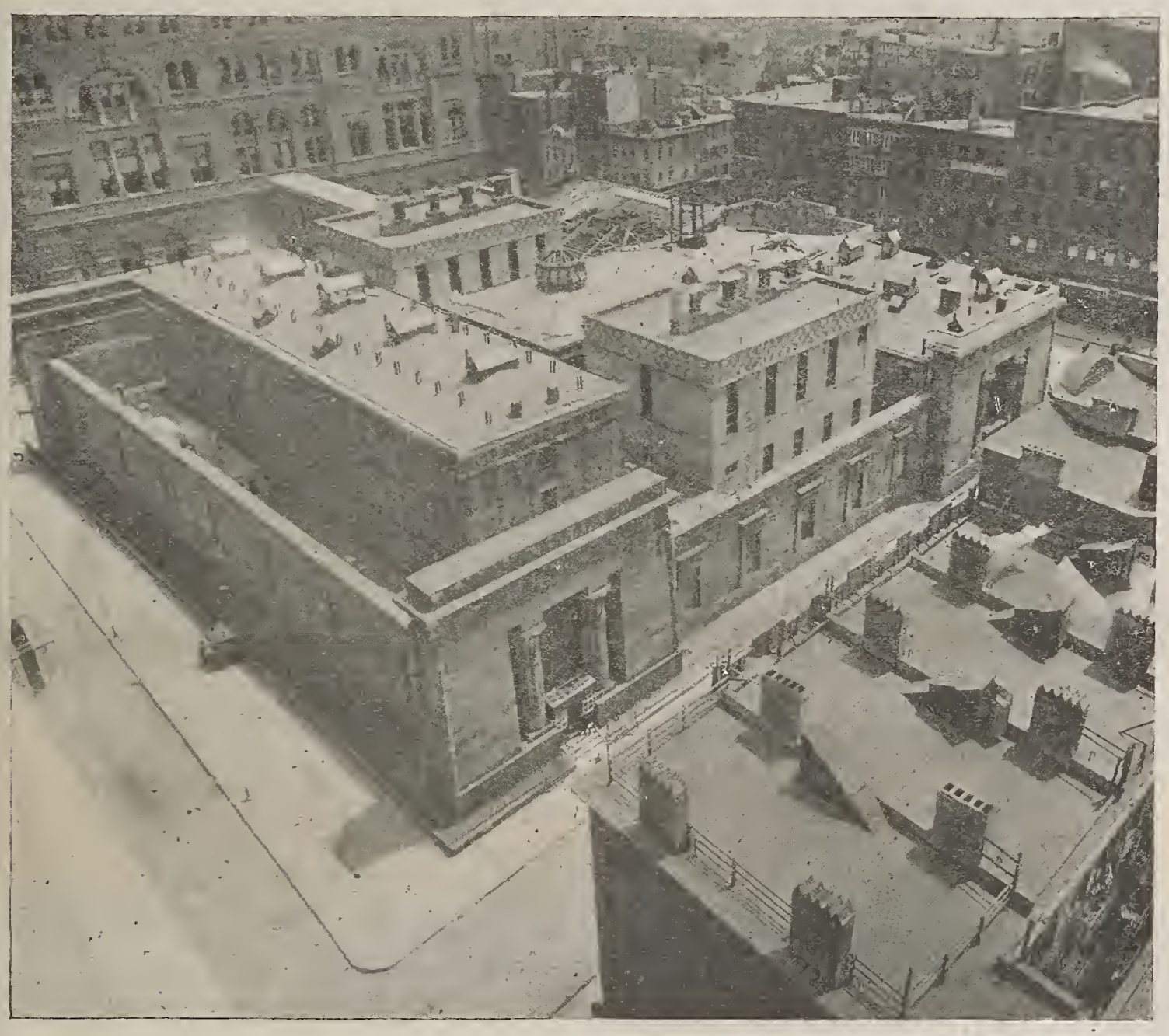
At an early age every Blackfoot youth forms a sort of partnership with some other youth whom he calls his tuk-ka, or friend. The word really means more than that, but it has no English equivalent. This friendship is like that of David and Jonathan, as will be seen. Lone Bull's tuk-ka was Heavy Gun, also a well-to-do, fearless, proud warrior. The two always hunted together, went to war together, and even when in camp passed the greater part of the time in one or the other of their lodges. They were almost inseparable. Like his friend, Heavy Gun had but one wife.

One morning when we arose we found that a Chinook wind had vanquished the bitter cold of the previous day. The lately fallen snow had disappeared, leaving the plains brown and bare once more, and although 'twas in January, it seemed like a spring day, the air was so soft and warm. An immense herd of buffalo had been sighted the evening before not far to the southward, and the weather was so fine that I determined to join in the grand chase about to take place. We started, Lone Bull, Heavy Gun and myself riding apart from and on the left of the great crowd of hunters hurrying out from the camp. Everyone rode bare back and was stripped down to the least possible weight. Some carried guns—this was in the days of the muzzleloader—but the majority were armed simply with bow and arrows. The latter weapon was the most effective at close range, for a half dozen arrows could be shot into the vital parts of as many buffalo while a fuke was being reloaded and primed. Everyone, of course, was in high spirts, anticipating the excitement of the chase and the success sure to follow; the Indian is never so happy as when his camp is red with great sheets of fat, drying meat.

After half an hour's ride we sighted the buffalo. There might have been five thousand of them, perhaps twice that number. They were not, of course, bunched up in one solid herd, as many persons believe was their habit, but were scattered out singly, in little groups, and bands of two or three hundred, to the southeast and west as far as the great sere grass plain was visible. The scouts who had gone on ahead had halted us near the crest of a low ridge, from which, cautiously peering over, we had witnessed this grand sight. From the foot of the ridge there was a perfectly level flat a mile or more in width, to where the nearest of the buffalo were feeding, and it was evident that the minute we showed ourselves and began descending the ridge the animals would see us and run, and have such a start that our horses would be well blown before we could overtake them. I was wondering if my horse could stand the strain, when the great body of hunters on our right began to dismount. "Some one is going to decoy the herd," said Lone Bull, "let us also get down and give our horses all the rest we can."

We did so, and there ensued one of the most interesting sights I ever witnessed on these plains. Riding a small brown horse, lying flat on its back and covered with a buffalo robe, an Indian slowly descended the ridge and started out over the flat, not directly toward the buffalo, but zigzagging now to the right, now to the left, and in this way going ever nearer and nearer to them. The feeding animals paid no attention to him until, having arrived within a few hundred yards of them he began to bawl like one of their calves in distress. Then those nearest him stopped feeding, and after gazing curiously for a few seconds, began to walk toward him. He slowly retreated, bawling more plaintively than ever, and the buffalo soon broke into a trot, and then into a run in their haste to overtake what they thought was one of their calves in distress. More and more of them now began to join in the chase, until hundreds and hundreds were hurrying from all quarters to the scene. In a short time the decoy was riding for his life in front of the great and now compact herd, on and on, ever faster across the flat. There his work ended, for we had all mounted, and with one accord charged down the ridge into the dark brown mass of gleaming-eyed, shaggy-haired, sharp-horned animals. How they did scatter, and turn, and switch their short tails as the guns began to boom and the arrows to pierce their sides. We three swung into the rear of a couple of hundred head which had branched off from the main herd, and we had just got in among them and

began to drop some fat cows, when a much larger bunch close in behind us, pursued by other hunters, and there we were surrounded by a vast number of the frenzied animals. It was a dangerous situation; a fall then meant instant death, and then, so great was the press that one ran the risk of having his horse gored at every jump. Of course the frightened animals did their best to crowd away from us, and at times there would be an open space of a few yards about us, and then the jam would be so great that I could reach out and touch a buffalo on either side of me. Yes, I was surely pretty badly frightened, and feared my time had come. I got out of the crush first, and then Lone Bull. But Heavy Gun, just as he was nearing the edge of the herd, was charged by a wounded bull. The huge beast stuck its head under the horse and tossed it and its rider clear off to one side. Heavy Gun struck the frozen ground with a dull thud and lay motionless. His horse staggered to its feet just behind him and stood still, its intestines pouring out on to the plain from the gaping rent in its side, and that was all that saved the poor fellow from being trampled into an unrecognizable mass; the onrushing buffalo kept parting to the right and left when they came to the horse. In a moment or two the last of the herd swept by, and we hurried to the fallen man's assistance; he still breathed, but was unconscious. Some women soon came along with their travois, and lashing him on one of these



THE OLD NEW YORK TOMBS, BUILT ON THE SITE OF THE COLLECT POND.
Photograph from the Forest and Stream office in 1897.

we got him back to camp and into his lodge as soon as possible. Toward evening he revived a little, but he was mortally injured inside and the stamp of death was on his face. We could see that there was no hope for him. Shortly before died he called Lone Bull to his side: "Friend," he said, "I am going. Before morning my shadow will join those of our fathers in the Sand Hills. I give you my horses, my lodge, everything that is mine. And also I give you my wife to be your wife. Be good to her; even as you love and care for Pé-tah-ky, so care for her."

Lone Bull hung his head and did not reply, and presently Heavy Gun continued: "We have been boys, youths and men together. Always together we have fought the enemy, gone on the hunt, and have had our feasts and fun. And always, at any time, we would have died for each other. And now? What? Can you refuse your tak-ka's last request?"

"Say no more," Lone Bull replied. "I will take her and be kind to her." But his heart was heavy. He did not love her. What would Pé-tah-ky say?

After Heavy Gun died our lodge was not so cheerful as it had been. There were no more feasts, no more tales and jokes told around the evening fire. Lone Bull sat silent day after day grieving over the loss of his friend. Pé-tah-ky worked outside from daylight until dark tanning buffalo robes with fierce and tireless energy, saying nothing but thinking a whole lot, I was sure. In the evenings, instead of embroidering fancy moccasins for her husband, as was her custom, she sat with folded hands gazing moodily at the fire. She cooked and waited on him as usual, of course, but not with the affectionate solicitude and cheerfulness of yore. As for Saí-pi, the widow, or rather, the new wife, she sat huddled up in her robe near the doorway most of the time, dejected and forlorn. New Shield, his mother and I did our best to liven things up a bit, but our efforts were a dismal failure, and evenings the youth and the old woman would go visiting where they could find more lively and congenial company. But, of course, this state of affairs could not last forever. After a month or so Lone Bull began to recover his spirits; he joined in the hunt, visited his friends and gave them an occasional feast. The new wife also ceased mourning, outwardly, at least, doing her best to tan her share of the robes and furs, and perform the necessary household duties. Pé-tah-ky, however, could not become reconciled to the new order of things. In times gone by she had been very intimate with Saí-pi, but now she treated her as one beneath her notice, and repelled her little conciliatory advances with haughty scorn.

One afternoon I was dozing on my couch and heard Pé-tah-ky begin to scold the new wife bitterly for some fancied fault in her work; for the first time the other answered back, and a fine war of words ensued. "I'll give you to understand," cried Pé-tah-ky, "that I am the chief; you have got to do just as I say about the work."

"Here, here!" said Lone Bull, unexpectedly entering the lodge, grasping each woman by the hair and gently tunking their heads together, "There is no chief in this lodge but me. Stop quarreling now and behave yourselves."

When he let go of them they both began to explain in a torrent of words that the other was to blame. He stopped them with a wave of the hand. "No more of this," he said. "I love you both and treat you well, but if you persist in quarreling I shall have to punish you. Kiss and be friends."

Saí-pi advanced willingly enough, but the other—you should have seen her eyes flash as she hung back. "Kiss her," Lone Bull commanded sternly, and with a gasp Pé-tah-ky brushed the other's cheek as lightly as a breath of air, and rushed sobbing out of the lodge.

"Hai, Hai!" Lone Bull exclaimed, throwing himself wearily down on his couch. "I have got myself into a fine fix. I fear there will be no more peace in this lodge for me. But what could I do? How could I help it? It was impossible to refuse my old friend's last request."

I had no suggestions to offer. I remained in the lodge nearly all the time in order to trade with the Indians, and I knew the situation better than Lone Bull, for he was out hunting or looking after his horses the greater part of the time. I was sure that Pé-tah-ky would never become reconciled to sharing her husband's affections with another woman. I rather pitied her, too. She had been a most faithful and loving wife, and it was but natural for her to resent the new order of things. Also, I felt sorry for the other woman; she had had no choice but to obey Heavy Gun's dying request. Then, too, Lone Bull was deserving of sympathy; he had not taken the woman because he wanted her, but simply to please his friend.

In the latter part of February we moved south to the Marias River, where Fort Conrad now stands. The domestic affairs of our lodge had not improved. Saí-pi was quiet enough, but Pé-tah-ky was eternally scolding and nagging her, and ridiculing her skill as a worker.

One day when nearly the whole camp was out after buffalo, I went to the brush bordering the river to gather some red willow or "kinni-kin-ik," as some people call it, to mix with the strong tobacco I was smoking. I had cut about all I wanted and was preparing to take it to the lodge, when I saw Pé-tah-ky and Saí-pi, each with a bucket, going for water. The ice was very thick on the river, but out in the center, at the head of some rapids, there was an open place about ten feet long and eighteen inches wide where our part of the camp got its necessary supply of water for household use. I tied up my bundle of sticks and had just got out on the path leading to the water hole when Pé-tah-ky came running up, crying that Saí-pi was drowned. "She was filling her bucket," she said excitedly, "when she slipped in and the current drew her under the ice before I could reach out to save her."

We hurried down the path through the brush to the water hole. Sure enough no Saí-pi was to be seen, and below the narrow open place where the water flowed sluggishly, the river was frozen solidly as far as I could see. But there were both water buckets and both were filled! I looked at Pé-tah-ky and saw that her sleeves were wet; and then I noticed a short, heavy club lying near. All was made plain to me: Pé-tah-ky had stunned her hated rival and shoved her under the ice.

"Woman," I said sternly, looking her in the eyes, "you said she was filling her bucket when she slipped and was drawn under. There stands her bucket full of water; also, your sleeves are wet to the shoulder, and here is a club upon which I see a few hairs and some blood."

"I didn't strike her," Pé-tah-ky broke in, "I-I-Oh, go away—leave me."

I went back to the lodge with my willows and began to scrape them, and presently she came in. We did not speak, and she would not look at me. When Lone Bull returned she told him with many a hesitating stop and furtive glance at me, about the accident. I had made up my mind what to do and kept still. But I'll say this: No real woman wants to share her husband's affections with another one of her sex, be she savage or civilized, and I've no doubt that this was not the only murder that has been committed to prevent it.

Hunting Companions.

There is no better opportunity for testing the fiber of a man than when on a hunting trip. While it is true that such an expedition is merely an exploration in quest of health or recreative amusement, and seemingly an unimportant event in a biography, nevertheless, there is an intensity of purpose and a natural competition among ardent sportsmen on these occasions, regulated by no laws of comity whatever, excepting those self-established or interested, which go to make up an individual code.

Professional "courtesy," business "customs," social "laws" and athletic "rules" may be appealed to for arbitrating a difference of opinion in every-day life; but in the woods a man is free and the height of his enjoyment proceeds from this realization, together with the exercise of his freedom from all the restraints and limitations ordinarily imposed by the checks and balances, weights and measures of a delicately poised community; therefore, the camp-fire becomes a veritable X-ray which penetrates the outer covering—the veneer—illuminates the "inwards" and reveals any incongruities in the general make-up of the individual.

Preparations for the hunters' outing involves the search for a likely bit of territory, and with the decision as to which little out-of-the-way corner of the globe shall be visited, the matter of personal responsibility first appears above the horizon, and thenceforth, if allowed, will expand with each successive step of progress till burdensome proportions are assumed.

As regards this question of responsibility, it may be said to be scarcely probable that any two men have the same opinion of the same section of country; consequently, we may take it for granted that one of them persuaded the other to visit a particular hunting ground, and, since their interests are identical, he did so, of course, from the best of motives. Now, hunting is a game of chance—indeed, all the thrills and interest desert a sport when success is not in doubt—and while the coveted quadrupeds may have been very numerous in a certain territory during one hunting season, and thus earned for it a good reputation, they may be on a far distant tract the next. For instance, the writer visited a remote locality last autumn, where, during the previous season, a professional trapper had repeatedly met moose and caribou face to face on the woodland trails, and still, although the carcases of the slain (too many, we are sorry to say) supplied indisputable evidence of the truth of his assertion, the hardest kind of hunting was necessary in order to acquire the lawful quota of caribou, and not a moose was seen. So, a disappointment may be the first test of a comrade's disposition; and have you ever had the misfortune to have advocated a particular place for hunting, and thus assumed a certain amount of responsibility, to a man who was absolutely minus the resources which would enable him to find some kind of compensation in a hunting journey, notwithstanding a mischance?—a morbid individual who brooded over his troubles (?) morning, noon and night, shutting his eyes to the surrounding diversified beauty and interests, his ears to the soothing cadences or awe-compelling stillness of the forest, accepting no alternative than blood? Such as he, we need not add, are undisciplined and not true sportsmen; they are of the type of those so-called hunters who sit in camp until a guide "hoofs" an animal and then go forth to do the killing; but you cannot detect them at home. Think of the mental discomfort such a person causes an imputative responsible companion, and of the irritating influence of the oft-repeated query, "Who proposed this?" and you will comprehend that suggestiveness is undesirable and also that the relationship between erstwhile friends can become severely strained while away off in the woods, out of the reach of a referee.

Then again the plain, unvarnished, vulgar word money, may develop a discordant note in a member of a hunting party, although surely sordidness is conspicuously out of place in the midst of nature's lavishness. Estimates of the attending expenses may have been excceded, and since "wherewithal" is the lubricant necessary to the mechanical department of a hunting journey, the subject must, unfortunately, now and then recur. Efforts to economize and retrench are, of course, entirely legitimate; but to mope because the other member of the expedition declines to deprive himself of any part of the pleasure of the outing, in order to abide by a guess as to the cost, is as unfair and as destructive of all mutual enjoyment as is the twitting of the projector of the trip with his error in financial judgment. The better able the man to bear his share of expenses, the more reprehensible is any display of littleness. To have every contract and

expenditure questioned, analyzed, probed and frequently resurrected is exceedingly irritating to any one who is weary of counting-house methods, and whose anticipated enjoyment is not associated with and cannot be estimated by dollars and cents.

As to laws for governing the relationship of hunters in a wilderness, the proposition seems an absurdity and entirely uncalled for, because the word hunting as applied to big game implies that an individual, independent and untrammeled, is busily engaged and much preoccupied in summing up all his inherited or acquired cunning, and measuring it with the keen sensibilities and instincts of the wary animals. Nowadays this mortal picture of a hunter must, usually, include a guide for the reason that few men can devote enough time to pleasure to learn the ramifications of the wildernesses. Still-hunting in groups (two hunters with guides) is apt to be as unsuccessful as unusual, but, nevertheless, because many would-be hunters are so devoid of resources and so afraid of the initiative, it becomes necessary to frame a law or an agreement in order to protect the ingenuity or methods of procedure and the pleasure of one from incursions of the other. Possibly a pertinent rule would be, after a fair shuffle and deal of the nearby hunting grounds and guides, each member of the party must play his own hand in accordance with his understanding of the requirements of the sport.

While sitting in camp in the Canadian woods one autumnal evening, after a hard day's hunt and a commensurate and rehabilitating meal, watching the shadows of the fir trees slowly efface the light from the surface of the adjacent lake, a canoe emerged from the twilight, traversed the remaining little circle of reflected sky and soon beached at my feet, a lithe, clear-eyed, resourceful-looking young man, appropriately clad and altogether prepossessing, stepped out and giving an order to his guide approached and introduced himself. After a request for my latest news from "the States," he having been absent for some time, the following remarks prefaced our evening's conversation: "Are you alone?" he asked. "Yes." "By the aid of wisdom or good fortune?" "I haven't analyzed the matter beyond the fact that it was my choice." "Then surely you chose wisely, for I came into the woods with a friend—a friend of long standing—but we have separated, and are now traveling our diverse ways with our respective grievances and considerable regrettable hard feeling toward one another. My friend relied so entirely and constantly upon me as to recall my experience with ill-trained hunting dogs, which would not be sent home and would persist in flushing the birds. He had the whole of this broad country in which either to hunt or fish, and still, he would remain quiescent with absolutely no preference, until my plans were perfected and would then elect to do the same thing at the same time. I tried to be patient and self-contained, but the pressure per square inch finally exceeded my resistance and I exploded."

When two or more men resolve to go hunting together, they should invariably be prepared with guides and equipment to, at any time, go it alone, and should not hesitate to thus exercise their pent-up individualism. The very fact that they agreed, as herein suggested, to be independent of each other, sought to prevent too much compression and prove a cushion for relieving possible disagreeable jars.

In the majoirty of cases of extended partnership hunting trips, more or less friction is the natural concomitant of individual strenuousness, ambition and, maybe, bitter disappointment.

Some of the causes of disagreement would at home seem trifling and at times even laughable, but when much is to be accomplished in a brief period, any seeming interference with what would appear to each to be the logical and most promising plan of procedure is apt to cause restiveness and irritation.

There are, however, at times, happy unions of congenial temperaments which dovetail in a complete and desirable manner, making the camp a delightful recollection for years to come and a subject of conversation as inexhaustible as are the reminiscences of a campaign by members of the same regiment; but the "fishermanic" disposition, placid, deliberate, good-natured and contented-with-any-outcome, is not incidental to hunters whose prototype would seem to be an earnest, energetic, probably taciturn, determined specimen of humanity, and therefore composed of a more inflammable material; hence, the chances for happiness are against a combination, and however highly the companionship of a friend may be rated in the abstract, far preferable to the danger of spoiling one's friends, or one's own outing—which is intended to be the salve for a whole year's wear and tear—is the vanishing into the wilderness in company with an inhabitant thereof as a companion and guide. Thus the entire environment becomes a consistent and responsive whole—an entity—which engulfs one and dissipates the perplexities and anxieties, incident to the every-day existence, by the aid of an irresistible and overwhelming calm.

Lonely? The time is too crowded with engrossing occupations to permit the wedging in of such a feeling. From the break of day, or, rather, from the very promise of it, until nightfall, a hunter is busy with his many interests. Each morning he is impatient to be up and away to read the new story to be found on the trails of his woodland neighbors—of their kind, number, sex, age, the directions of their travel, etc. Then, since he lives upon the country, in so far as fresh meat is concerned, he is apt to find the days too short not only for the satisfying of his greatest ambition, but also his necessities, and a resort to fishing or fowling is by no means an uncommon requisite. There is no evening to dispose of, because craving for his evening meal is not more marked than impatience for his bed of boughs, and long before he can exhaust his interest in the whispered confidences of the trees in their varied moods, or tire of his attempts to analyze the blended woodland odors which pervade his tent, or cease to glory in the wondrous beauty of a moonlit forest, he will have lapsed into insensibility.

Reserved for languorous days is the fund of desirable information in the close keeping of his associate, whose familiar knowledge of the denizens of the woods, and close observation of nature's laws make of him not only an instructor in the interesting department of natural history, but also in a homely philosophy which prompts much wholesome introspection.

LIPPINCOTT.

Old and New.

An old block house stands in Pittsburg, Pa., which is almost the only monument of ante-Revolutionary days in and about Pittsburg. It marks the site of fortifications which were built and held by the French as Fort Duquesne from April, 1754, to Nov. 25, 1758, when they fell into the hands of the English, who remodeled and strengthened them at a cost of £60,000, and ocupied them as a military post under the name of Fort Pitt till October, 1772, when they were abandoned.

Of these fortifications nothing remains except the block-house. It is now owned by the Daughters of the Revolution, who have undertaken to maintain it as a relic of the city's earliest history.

As time moves on, relics of the early history of the country become more and more prized and sought after; even persons who are yet living can see where they could have secured something in the past which, at the time when it could have been secured easily, appeared to be of no consequence, but which, if it could be had at this day, would be of almost inestimable value.

To one who is fascinated with every thing pertaining to pioneer days, the sight of any of the relics of the long ago starts a train of thought and produces a reverie from which the victim is aroused only by the necessary activities of the present.

Through the campus of the State University of this city extends a deep ravine, along the sides of which are a few giant oak and beech trees, which have been wisely and thoughtfully allowed to stand. Of the throngs of people who pass them daily, perhaps ninety-nine per cent, of them, if they see them at all, merely see old, gnarled, ill-shaped trees, to them les sattractive than the beautiful well-pruned shade trees of the lawns, and, indeed, some whose natures must be dwarfed to an alarming degree, have remarked about the folly of leaving the old "eye-sores" remain standing.

Noble old patriarchs which have stood the storms of perhaps two centuries or more; which have looked down upon the bear and deer gathering the nuts which they dropped, have witnessed tragedies of the woods which no human eye has seen; and have seen the silent Indian as he stole noiselessly through the woods in search of game, long before the white man trod the banks of the old Monongahela River.

Never do I see these silent monuments without thinking of their significance, and reading as plainly as if chiseled on monuments of granite, what they stand for Having stood silently through all these ages, and seen every change, from the solitude of the unbroken wilderness to the present active, industrial city, it would be easy to imagine their sighing for the good old times of long ago, like some old pioneer pining amid the activities and din of civilization, for his old wilderness home where quiet reigned, and where only the voices of nature broke the solitude. Unlike Daniel Boone and other like characters who could not and would not live in society but continued to move back as civilization advanced, the old trees must bear the din and turmoil of civilization and dense population and fall where they stand. Some years ago, while wandering through the open parks in the then unfrequented parts of the Rocky Mountains, old bleached buffalo skulls could be found scattered here and there all over the country, where the remnants of the once vast multitudes of these animals had sought refuge from their destroyers on the plains, and had finally been found and killed in their mountain fastnesses.

Not merely bleached and decaying skulls did they appear to me as I used to come upon them in my travels, but monuments, to which were attached a history not only interesting but sad. Often have I sat for long periods looking at these relics of the past, picturing in imagination the noble beasts roaming in wild freedom with none to molest them; then the slow but sure destruction, starting from the far east and working its way westward, steadily and surely, like a great canker worm, until it reached and devastated the uttermost parts of the West, leaving only these monuments to show where they were, but are not. I say it is not interesting but sad, and often have I continued my way after some of these reflections feeling that of all animals, man was the most abnormal and cruel.

Traveling along streams where for miles the bottom lands have been flooded by the damming of the waters by beaver, and where old stumps of trees which they have cut, can be found in great numbers, the reflective person can see in all the vast amount of work that has been done, monuments which recall the days when these industrious animals owned the waters, wisely directing and executing a most wonderful work, which, when examined in detail, shows a knowledge of engineering which would seem impossible of execution merely by instinct, but would suggest thought and reason, which, of course, we are not allowed to credit to these wise little workers. An eastern sportsman whom I knew was so interested in what he saw of their work that he had a stump of their cutting, which was 14 inches in diameter, taken up and shipped to his home as a relic of the past. Of all the resources of the once great unsettled and undeveloped West, the beaver was the first to be sought after. Long before any other inducements lured men into the great unknown territories of the West, the abundance and value of these animals caused men to undergo all manner of exposure and peril to secure their fur.

Recently, while hurrying along the street on business, I saw across the way an old man with white hair and beard, carrying on his shoulder a long, old-fashioned, full stock muzzleloading rifle. I know not who he was, from whence he came, or whither he went, but recognized in him a relic of the past, a pioneer; a living, moving monument so interesting that I forgot, for the time, the demands made up my time, and watched him as long as he could be seen; thinking, as I did so, how like the buffalo his kind once figured so prominently in the life of young America, and how, also, they have been crowded out and have vanished until only a few stragglers are left. No modern sportsman with modern hunting suit and modern firearm can ever be the ideal type of an American hunter, as is the old pioneer with his long muzzleloading rifle, who has played so important a role in the drama of American life.

After all has been said and written about the merits of the different hunting rifles, which merits, of course, have all been based on their powers of destroying life, the use of none of them will be as lasting in history as that of the old muzzleloading rifle; and it is with a feeling akin to reverence that I handle one of these ancient arms, and think how much more interesting is the history connected with their use than that of any of the more modern rifles. After all that has been said and written, and laws that have been enacted for game preservation, if there had been a law passed one hundred years ago that no firearms should be used for hunting purposes other than the ones then in use, and such a law had been enforced up to the present time, the people of to-day could kill more game with such guns and have more pleasure and less expense in doing so than is now possible with the best guns made.

In thinking of the long ago, with the natural, regretful feelings at the passing away of so many of the interesting conditions, we associate with those days that which most vividly recalls them, and in so doing it would seem that the three most distinctive representatives of that time would be the Indian, the buffalo and the pioneer. Around these three center the most interesting of early American history, and if a monument were to be erected to represent "Young America," it could not be complete without all three of these being represented. Never has a fuller and more completely representative picture of the wild American buffalo been shown than that of the July 5 supplement to FOREST AND STREAM. Could a picture of like dimensions be had illustrating so perfectly the Indian as he was in his natural and undisturbed home, and one also showing the pioneer in his day, the three grouped together and framed would make a combination upon which to feast the eyes, and which would become more and more prized as time passes, which carries us further and further from the scenes therein represented.

We now deem it a privilege to meet and talk with men who have taken, to any extent, an active part in Indian warfare and buffalo hunting. Within the lifetime of many who now live it will be a matter of interest to see men who have seen the bleached skulls of the buffalo scattered over their range where they fell by the hand of the hunter.

Sometimes in the everlasting hurry and bustle of this advanced and progressive age we become fairly sick of the turmoil and wish we might stop and go back; but it can not be done. We must keep up with the procession, or, like the weaklings and stragglers of a great herd of stampeded buffalo in the past, we will be trampled under and perish in the mad race, while the great mass moves on.

It may be wicked to wish for that which is impossible, but from boyhood I have wished that I might have lived one hundred years earlier, and have often wondered whether or not any who live a century hence, when even all traces of a once wild and unsettled country will be practically gone, will continue to inherit and retain these tendencies to a wild-woods life.

It would be natural to believe that man, as he sees and knows less and less of these conditions as time goes on, will naturally and gradually drift away from such tendencies, adapting himself more naturally to his environments until little will be left of the spirit which stirred the old pioneers of long ago and moved them to perilous journeyings into the unknown, and caused them to keep moving back as settlements sprang up around them, depriving them of that wild freedom which their natures craved.

EMERSON CARNEY.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va.

Sportsmen Are not a Class.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The position concerning classes, in the editorial in FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 23, was sound and well taken. The periodical cry of "class legislation," whenever laws are proposed or passed in favor of game protection, or restriction in killing, or the methods of killing, would have no harmful effect whatever, once the public is educated up to discern the fallacy of it. However, it is a plausible assumption, is this cry of class, which is conceded as true by the general unthinking public.

If a man does not shoot, he is prone to consider that all other men who do shoot belong in a class by themselves. He ignores the fact that the shooting privileges, under the law, are just as free to himself as they are to all others: that the "class" is not a class at all, but is a number of men, from every grade of business activity, rich and poor, aristocratic and humble, which drops business cares for the time being to engage in needed recreation or pleasant diversion for a few hours or days.

If the lawyer, the doctor, the clergyman, the tradesman, the mechanic, the man of leisure, take their guns and sally forth for sport, they do not by such act establish a class, for the whole nation has the same privilege. Because some men shoot and others do not, the ones who do not shoot are no more in a class by themselves than are the ones who do shoot.

While the legal enactments apply to all alike, there is a class distinction between a body of men, on the one hand, who are all agreed that the good of the public is best conserved by moderation in taking game, by restricting the methods with a view to game preservation, and on the other hand, a body of men who are agreed that to kill in any manner and in any quantity best agrees with their purposes and their desires.

The man who desires legislation for the public good is in a class, then the man who desires that his own appetite and ability to slay shall be the standard, is in a class also; yet which of the two classes is the better for the public good?

There is no class qualification whatever which obstructs any man's purpose or effort to become a sportsman, or to engage in sportsmanship. Personal actuation is the only requisite. Any man can take his gun, sally forth afield, return as he lists, without in any way becoming a member of a class. In season, thousands do so. The next day, other thousands are afield, with no

other idea than that of sport, yet while they are as one in the momentary pursuit, they are as diverse and unaffiliated on all other matters as are the people who hurry to and fro in the busy streets of a great city. The men who cannot go afield have the sporting instinct quite as much as those who do go.

And yet, in the legal phases and interests of sport, the term "class" is constantly and malevolently encountered. Not long since, a California judge, in delivering a decision, inimically used the term "classes" as applied to sportsmen, in passing on a subject which was of interest to the people.

What is free to all and for the benefit of all, cannot be properly termed "class" interest. People of every degree of life, who take a few hours or days to engage in diversion, cannot be properly termed a "class," for they are the people themselves.

MOHIGAN.

Manliness and Sport.

Editor Forest and Stream:

To be honest, I believe in killing game for sport. I also believe it is more or less brutal to kill any animal, whether for sport or for food. And I do not believe that the mere killing of an animal is a manly act, nor yet an unmanly act. It is something that for certain reasons, which I cannot explain, affords satisfaction under certain conditions.

To meet and overcome difficulties in the primeval wilderness, to be able to provide the necessaries of existence unassisted, while on exploring, fishing or hunting expeditions, are qualities conducive to sturdy and independent manliness. But the mere killing of animals "which lack the weapons and intelligence of man," is simply a matter of the strong overcoming the weak. Yet it is my firm belief that nature has planned things in this way to work out her own wise end. And she is not governed by what we consider as manly.

Webster's definition of manliness is, "The qualities of a man; dignity; bravery; boldness." The argument has been extensively advanced in FOREST AND STREAM, and proved, to my satisfaction at least, that there are no wild animals in the United States which will voluntarily attack man. Then there can be nothing of "dignity, bravery," or "boldness" in killing harmless creatures, whether bird, fish, insect or quadruped. Should not the element of personal danger, self-sacrifice or mercy be present in any act which develops qualities of "bravery, boldness" or "dignity"? The killing of an animal of the chase is but an incident of the chase—the climax of a series of preceding incidents, some of which impart manliness to a greater or less degree. It is like the period at the end of a sentence.

It somehow appeals to my reason that the elements of primitive savagery exist to as great a degree in the heart of the man who kills a deer, moose, bear or bird as in the breast of the man who sets bloody-jawed bulldogs rending each other in pieces, though the latter be of a coarser variety of savagery.

I confess to a desire to kill a moose before I die; yet, if I succeed in my object, I cannot consider the act a manly one. To overcome the hardship connected with the trip will strengthen nerve and brain, and I trust impart some of the elements of "bravery" and "boldness," and the satisfying of a passionate love of nature, by getting close to her great, throbbing heart, may disclose some of the wise "dignity" of her ways. Should I kill the moose, however, I shall simply consider it the securing of a relic which will recall more vividly to memory the incidents of a hunt than memory retains of other hunts in which no relic was secured, but in which the elements of manliness were present in as marked a degree as where the relic was secured.

While I believe in killing game, that does not necessarily indicate that it affords me pleasure to look upon the dying agonies of an animal, done to death by my hand. And here the thought comes that personally I don't know one single sportsman that does not express some word of regret as he looks upon a dying animal, brought low by his aim. And who knows that like feelings are not experienced many times by the butcher as he slaughters for the meat trade? The animal brutality that exists, in some manner, to a greater or less degree in all of us, reinforced by the desire to outwit animals of other species to ourselves, causes us to fire the fatal shot; then sympathy, the extreme opposite to brutality, manifests itself—like fever following a chill. Even in athletics, one experiences a feeling of sympathy for a loser, while rejoicing in the victory of a favorite.

But if the elements of manliness do not exist in the mere act of killing an animal, but are associated with the obstacles attendant with that end, then it must appear that good has been accomplished, and that the killer has unconsciously absorbed manliness in the chase.

Personally, I know men whose morality has been of the loosest. They have "reformed." These voluntarily pose as shining examples for their fellow men to follow. They disgustingly presume to advise their natural superiors—those naturally endowed with good morals. They lie, believe they are telling the truth; steal, and do not know it. Their natural bestiality at one time caused them to drink to excess. To keep from filling a drunkard's grave they "signed the pledge." They question the chastity of all women who drink a glass of wine, and had they the power, so deep is their bigotry, they would sweep all wine from the tables of the cultured, refined and noble of our land. I firmly believe their ravings to be the reflections of minds weakened by former excesses. In this class of moral degenerates I would place the worst of the sentimentalists, who would stop the killing of all game simply because they have scruples. Perhaps in their time they may have killed to excess, and in mere wantonness.

One kills a chicken to satisfy his hunger, or smokes pipe or cigar, because it affords a certain satisfaction. Another collects relics, postage stamps, etc., etc. Another wears the most outlandish toggery, the highest of collars, the loudest of breeches, neckties, etc. In fact, persons of different temperaments follow different fashions, fads and whatnots. And none of these eccentricities conduce to make one manly or unmanly. They are simply a means of affording satisfaction to different tastes. Thus, while the legitimate act of killing an animal in the field may not be a strictly manly proceeding, yet, neither is it unmanly. It is simply a lawful way of gaining food, or of satisfying one's taste or vanity. Or it is the securing of the trophy emblematical of a successful day's hunt.

He of "dignity, bravery and boldness" exists in many walks of life, other than sport. He is found in his highest perfection where he struggles and suffers in self-sacrifice for the sake of others—whether in the slums or palaces of cities, in the cot on the mountain side, the fisherman's hut, or on the mighty deep. And his priceless worth and noble manliness are all too often not recognized or appreciated until the end of his weary trial is run, and his earthly task is ended.

WILLIAM H. AVIS.

HIGHWOOD, Conn.

The Nature of Sport.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am much beholden to your able correspondent, Mr. Jos. W. Shurter, for his clean-cut and vigorous argument in FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 23, in opposition to the views recently expressed by myself on the subject of "sport." With your permission I will endeavor to mollify Mr. Shurter's indignation by throwing out a few additional remarks on the same subject. Mr. Shurter combats my theory of the origin of the hunting instinct in man's nature by pointing to the fact that the hunting propensity still subsists though the conditions which implanted the instinct no longer obtain. From my point of view this is clearly a non sequitor, as it would also be if applied to the domestic dog, in which the same instinct, derived from the same source, is so strongly manifested that he continues to pursue game with a keen relish for the sole benefit of his master, long after the conditions have ceased that gave it birth.

I think Mr. Shurter is unfortunate in appealing to Webster's dictionary for a definition of "true sport" in an argument before the FOREST AND STREAM tribunal, in the face of my distinct announcement that my own plea was offered within the jurisdiction of this court alone. It shall hardly be contended that this journal is a proper arena for discussing the comparative merits of "draw poker," "old sledge," horse racing, or baseball, etc., as a means of diversion; for the members of the FOREST AND STREAM brotherhood, as such, are supposed to know nothing about these things. Neither is it likely that it should occur to the average member of this same brotherhood to associate Webster's dictionary in any way with his conception of what constitutes "true sport," as he could probably have given Uncle Daniel pointers on the subject when his dictionary was being compiled.

It has heretofore been a matter of discussion in FOREST AND STREAM, with deprecation of the unfair or unfortunate terminology that confounds "sport" as contemplated in the official organ of the brotherhood, with those games mentioned above, and other athletic exercises that belong to the same general category, and come under the classification of games. The term games in this connection, may be held as antithetical to game, as by common agreement the word "sport" is antithetical to "sportsman," the latter being applied to the man with gun and dog, or rod; while the former is appropriated by the "gent" who is typified by a velvet coat, red necktie, large gold chain, and nether garments of loud pattern.

While Mr. Shurter perhaps intended to comprehend only the manly, athletic games, in his definition of "true sport," I think the brotherhood will join me in the desire to exclude all manner of games from kinship with the sport of pursuing game, or fish, as a means of diversion.

Mr. Shurter argues that the chasing of mountain lions and foxes is true sport, notwithstanding the fact that these animals are not eaten when taken; also that tarpon fishing is true sport under the same restriction. I did not think it necessary in my former article to specifically justify the pursuit of predatory animals that prey upon man's domestic creatures, the benefit to man from their destruction being too obvious.

As to tarpon fishing, that pursuit has always in my own estimation, fallen short of true sport for the very reason assigned to sustain Mr. Shurter's argument, that the fish is useless after capture; and I cannot but believe that the sport of tarpon fishing would be immensely enhanced if the tarpon were as great a table delicacy as the salmon for instance.

It appears to me that the destruction of any living creature, for the mere pleasure of its destruction, if pleasure can be so derived, is ethically wrong, and unjustifiable; and "I am apt to believe," as Samuel Peppys would say, that the majority of "true sportsmen" will agree with me in this proposition.

I quote Mr. Shurter as follows: "I regard his (my) teaching as pernicious, because if generally inculcated it would degrade our fields and forests to the level of abattoirs, our game to the level of swine and our sportsmen to the level of gluttons."

Shades of Christopher North! what degraded creatures have sportsmen been during all these past centuries, before this new era of sublimated head hunters and tarpon fishers was ushered in but yesterday! In ye olden time the trophies of the chase that decorate baronial halls had their value not alone as mementoes of the pursuit and capture of the lordly stag and ferocious wild boar, but also from their association with feast and revelry, when the lord and his retainers gathered around the festal board nobly laden with the savory haunch of venison or smoking boar's head. Certainly these trophies did not bear evidence that the sportsman had paid an expert ten times as much as the game was worth to procure him a shot at close range, at the animal that bore the horns exhibited. If there is mercenary implication anywhere, it seems to me that here it lies.

In conclusion, this issue between Mr. Shurter and myself is fairly presented before the court, and I am content to leave it to the "consensus of opinion" of the FOREST AND STREAM brotherhood to decide between us.

COAHOMA.

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The Forest Reserves.

BY FILIBERT ROTH, CHIEF OF THE FORESTRY DIVISION OF THE GENERAL LAND OFFICE, DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.

From the Year Book of the Department of Agriculture.

IN a consideration of the grazing problem in the forest reserves of the United States, it is necessary at every step to keep in mind the objects for which the reserves were set aside and the character, as well as the behavior, of the woods which exist on these several reserves. Since there appears to be still a great deal of confusion concerning the motives and objects which led to the formation of reserves, and also as to the character and behavior of forests in general, and the woods of the several reserves in particular, it may be helpful to review some of these points more in detail.

General Discussion of the Functions of Forests.

When a farmer in Ohio or Indiana has a piece of woods on fairly level ground he has no good reason for keeping it as woods unless he considers the wood growing on the land to be as valuable as any other crop he might raise—a matter often difficult to decide. A farmer in Mississippi, on the other hand, may be induced to leave a patch of forest on a hillside, not because he cares much for the wood, but because, if the forest is cut away, the land will wash into a labyrinth of deep gullies and soon become utterly worthless for any purpose. In the former case the forest is merely for the crop it yields; in the latter it is for both crop and protection, and this case is far more common than is usually supposed. But while the farmer in Mississippi may use the forest to keep a piece of land from gullying, and thus use it as a protection against erosion, he cares little as to how this forest affects the flow of water or the climate, for he has ample rain and does not utilize the creek or stream. With the farmer in Gallatin Valley, Montana, this is quite different. He takes what seems to be a desert gravel bar and by the use of 1 inch of water per acre* he converts this arid ground into a farm and raises as high as 90 bushels of a superior quality of oats per acre. To him the little mountain stream is everything. Here the forest takes on another function; it holds the soil of the neighboring mountains and keeps it more pervious, and thus it regulates the flow in these important streams. The manner in which it does this will be clearer from the following: Suppose we take a table and tilt it several inches, so that its top represents a slanting surface. If we sprinkle water on this surface, it is clear that the water runs off about as fast as it strikes the table. If the table is now covered with a layer of soil about 3 inches thick, and the sprinkling is renewed, some of the water runs off from the surface and some soaks into the layer of soil, so that if, after a time, we quit sprinkling there will still be water running off from the table for hours. We have here then a "surface run-off" and an "underground run-off," and it is clear that the thicker the layer of earth, and the more pervious, the more water it would take up and the longer and steadier it would be giving off this underground water.

The above statement shows exactly what happens all over the land, and is especially noticeable in the mountains. On the soilless, rocky slopes the water runs off as fast as it falls or the snow melts, but on slopes with deep, pervious soils part of the water is stored and continues to flow for months after the rain or the melting of snow has ceased.

Returning to the experiment with the layer of earth on the table, we notice that if we sprinkle more briskly, part of the earth is carried away, the layer is eroded, and the storage ground is diminished. If covered by a layer of cotton batting this erosion stops, and in addition we gain another very important point—the soil is kept softer, and allows water to soak in more easily than when the cotton is wanting, for then the water "pats" down; it hardens the surface where it does not wash it away. Much the same result might be obtained by sowing grass on the layer of earth, for then the tops of the grass would keep the drops from pounding the earth, form a mechanical obstacle to the surface run-off, and the roots would be an additional help in holding the earth and keeping it from washing away. But the grass is small, its tops are short, open, and close to the ground; its roots are short; it rarely forms a dense sod, and, especially in dry countries, it leaves a large part of the ground without protection. Here, then, the larger, long-lived, deep-rooted trees, with dense, shading crowns high above the ground, give far better and more constant protection against erosion, and are far better able to keep the ground in a pervious condition, since they strew it annually with large quantities of leaves and twigs and provide a network of slowly decaying roots which keep the forest soil mellowed for a foot and more in depth. An upturned hemlock, spruce, etc., will readily illustrate how much of the ground is occupied by the roots of these forest trees.

The trees, then, are in nature what the cotton is in the experiment; they help to keep the soil from being carried away, they keep it soft, and they break the force of the downpouring rain.

How much additional service trees perform by keeping sun and wind from the ground is well illustrated by the forests of the Lake States and Canada, where thousands of swamps have dried up and hundreds of miles of corduroy road have become useless, not by ditching and draining, but by removing the woods and giving sun and wind access to the soil.

In this connection, it may be well to mention a theory, sometimes advocated, which teaches that it would be better for water-storage purposes to have the forests removed in order that the snow may gather in large drifts, since, as it is claimed, it is these snowdrifts which supply the water of the streams throughout the dry summer season. This is not borne out by facts, for a study of the Big Horn Mountains and the Rockies of Wyoming, Montana, or Idaho will convince anyone that the few lingering snowdrifts of August have very little to do with the streams, and that it is the wooded and not the bald districts of each basin which serve as feeders and maintain the steady flow of water. The allied claim

*The inch of water here referred to is a miners' inch. Fifty miners' inches require a stream furnishing 1 cubic foot per second.

that snow melts more quickly in the forest than in the open is so palpably inconsistent with actual experience and simple physics that one might as well claim that the construction of an ice house to cover the season's supply was unnecessary, since ice would last longer in the sun than under cover.

Though there exist numerous forests in this country where the protective function of the woods is not apparent, in the majority of cases, and in all mountain districts without exception, the forest serves both to supply useful material and to protect and improve the ground, and thereby regulate the surface and underground drainage.

The Object of the Reserves and the Character of Their Forests.

For the forests of the present reserves it may be said that the protective function has been regarded as the more important. It is evident, therefore, that efforts will be made to maintain and improve these woods in order to continue to increase their usefulness in furnishing material, and still more in performing their protective function. This is the object of the forest reserves. The main purpose of the reserves is not exclusion, as is still so often claimed. They merely provide the means and men to give the much-needed care and protection which private enterprise at present could not afford and probably would be unwilling to furnish for a long time to come.

Scattered over a wide range of country, from the British line to Mexico, with climates varying from cold to hot, from excessively wet to arid, in altitudes of from 1,500 to 11,000 feet, the forests of the several reserves differ widely. In the Black Hills a fine forest of yellow pine covers a broad expanse of high, rolling ground and hills, and serves chiefly as a valuable source of timber. In the Western Rainier a dense forest of fine conifers on steep alpine ridges keeps the waters from carving the mountains into a waste. In the Big Horn a growth of pole-size lodgepole pine occupies a rough platcau, ranging from 8,000 to 9,000 feet in altitude, and helps to keep the useful streams from going dry.

Similarly, these woods differ in their present condition. The valley of the Skagit in the Washington Reserve, is almost an unbroken burn, and large burned-over areas, known as "burns," are scattered over the majority of the ridges of the east side of this same reserve. Similar conditions are met in the Mount Rainier, the Big Horn, the Priest River, and other reserves. In some cases these old burns have become reclothed with young forest trees, in others they are thickets of brush (species not trees), and in others they have changed to grassy pastures, often with little prospect of restocking under the conditions now prevailing. In some cases, as in the Big Horn Reserve, part of the extensive old burns are now so unmistakably prairie that it is difficult to prove that they were ever woods. Generally, however, a search reveals some fragments of stumps, bits of charcoal, etc., which show that at some time, at least, these places were not altogther prairie, and that a return to a wooded condition may be looked for. Besides these parks or grassy openings and small prairies (probably all due to fire), which in the aggregate cover many thousands of acres, there are large tracts of forest, such as the yellow pine woods of the Black Hills, where the mature timber, in keeping with the habits of this kind of pine, no longer forms dense stands. Here the ground is but little shaded, and a vigorous growth of grass and weeds eagerly seizes upon every yard of available soil, and thereby often prevents the starting of tree growth.

In other districts, where high altitudes tend to give an alpine character to the land, tree growth naturally becomes more scrubby and broken, and, in regions like the Cascades, at the tops of the high ridges are grassy parks, covering many thousands of acres more or less interrupted by patches of scrub woods. Whether these grassy areas were ever entirely clothed with woods, and whether, with any reasonable amount of care or protection, they can be made to reclothe themselves, is still in some cases uncertain.

In general, then, the forests of the reserves are primarily protective forests, they differ from reserve to reserve, they are all more or less damaged by fires, and in all dry localities and at high altitudes they are interrupted by grassy areas, the majority of which have long been in their present condition, and will probably require a long period of time before they are restocked with woods.

Natural History.

A Tiny Winged Performer.

Editor Forest and Stream:

One cold afternoon I was attracted by a crowd of boys and girls witnessing the strange antics of the oddest little feathered creature in creation. He was like a tiny wren in size and had a remarkably full breast covered with thick whitish down, the wings and back smooth and rather dark, and the feathers were tipped with white. The tail was square shaped. This tiny chit was apparently totally oblivious of the fact that he was the center of attraction of a throng, numbering more than 100, including many staid married people. The little joker would begin his search for food in the crevices of the trunk of a large tree, going around and upward at a tremendous pace for one of his ounces, or rather pennyweights, for he was a rare jewel. He seemed powerless to descend except in one way. After ascending to the small limbs he would flit downward like a ball to his old place on the trunk about two feet from the ground. It made no difference to him that little lads and lassies were forming in interested groups about that tree, and he would even select his position right within grasping distance of several young and nervous hands. My companion and I spent fully fifteen minutes watching the antics of that "dear little ball of down and feathers,' as she called it. I counted no fewer than six ascents and return flights to the bottom of the same tree. The bird had a short needle-like bill and often seemed to find food as he hopped up the tree. It was nearly dark when we left, but the amusing pigmy actor was still holding forth to a full house.

Our thought was: "Will any of the boys hurt that little atom of bird life, and where will he go this cold night?" We trusted the boys. Often since that day have we passed that tree on the edge of the walk east of the lower meadow and looked anxiously around for our comical mite. May he and the partner of his joys be now safe in some congenial haven! Ignorance has its disadvantages, and will some kind ornithologist or you, Mr. Editor, now tell us the name of that bird?

PETER FLINT.

NEW YORK CITY.

[A pretty sight and a good lesson in ornithology to the onlookers. Though the description of the bird tells little, we imagine from its actions that the bird was a nuthatch, or possibly a brown creeper.]

Dick and Gil

Two Florida Pets.

ABOUT two years ago FOREST AND STREAM published a paper entitled "Florida Pet Cranes." The history of these same birds in the interim may interest present readers.

The press copied so largely from FOREST AND STREAM at this time as to give the birds a real debut into the printed world. Many Florida tourists, on seeing the birds, would say, "Yes, we read of these cranes in so and so—our home paper."

Into every life some shadow must fall, and even the happy and much loved and innocent Dick met life's changes in an accident, that in its pathetic following touched the human heart—bringing tears many times.

The accident resulted in a broken leg. The bird, most imposing and picturesque, was a favorite with everybody, his intelligence and affectionate nature appealed to all, and when a fluttering was heard in the yard and we found the pet floundering, our sorrow could better be imagined than written.

The bird was carried in his master's arms to the doctor, where he had to wait an hour for the physician's return, the bird resting in the arms like a sick child the while. The leg was set—the bird turning his head to watch proceedings and seeming fully to understand what was being done for him, giving a "chirp, chirp" as the work proceeded and as his name was called with caressing tone.

For a day or two the leg seemed to do well and great hope was ours, when the setting gave way and Dick commenced to suffer. How his intelligence shone forth during all the long days of suffering that followed, for we felt every effort must be made to save the leg, and daily Dick was tortured with doctoring through mistaken kindness. Next he was swung, with the hope that the bone would knit. His eyes, so clear and brilliant in health, grew dull, and he would look at us with such a wistful longing as if asking to be helped.

It was touchingly pathetic to note his devotion. Showing pain and sick with the fever in his leg, which was reduced to little more than bones, he would raise his head on hearing his master come home, and in his weak voice greet him with his old-time welcome, a long, gurgling note of greeting.

Then came the day when the doctor announced that nothing could save the bird but cutting the leg off a few inches above the foot. Dick had grown so in our affections, his love for human society had endeared him so and his utter trustfulness during the long weary days we had nursed him made this ordeal hard and touching as if the bird were human. Dick bore the ordeal as though he understood. Then came days of nursing till the healing was over. Then he commenced to improve and his appetite became a prodigious thing. All day long and the last thing at night he was fed dainty bits, and he was always hungry. When we would approach he would seem almost to talk, and begin to peck at the ground as if saying, "put my dinner here."

All these weeks Dick stood on one foot, night and day. How his strength held out was then and is yet a question. Gradually the limb healed, and he was able to place it on the ground and thus get some rest.

During all his sickness he held his sovereignty over the yard. Neither dog, chickens nor Gill, the other crane, learned that Dick was helpless. While he ate his eye was intent on the invader, and his long bill would give them a punch, when they would retire to other parts. But Dick is well—his new feathers came last fall, his crest is brilliant crimson, and his eye clear and bright. He gets over the yard, showing little lameness as he walks on the short leg; takes his bath, plumes himself, and is happy. On approach of his owner, though it be ten times a day, he takes his old corner in the yard and carols a loud welcome.

One peculiar feature with reference to the greeting of the birds to their master, is that when he is certainly a quarter of a mile from home and in no possible view, they both grow interested, move about, station themselves at the corner where they meet him and commence a series of short gurgling calls. When the carriage is in view the calls grow louder, until when once in the yard they throw back their heads, and the greeting culminates in one long, clangorous, trumpeting call.

One thing in which Dick fails, and it is touching to witness his feeble attempt, is in his old-time glory of dancing. Alas! like an old race horse vanquished by old age or lameness, he must give it up. Gill dances for two, now. At the command of his owner, "Dance Gill, dance Gill," he begins with head erect and haughty step—then he bows, circles and jumps up and down with as much ease and lightness as if he were all feathers, then with curtsies and wings outspread he approaches his owner, bows and circles, and with a "hip, hip hurrah" from his master, swirls with open wings around the yard and back to bow and circle and dance again. Frequently, if he is not noticed, he invites attention by rushing up, bowing and prodding, picking up sticks, throwng them in the air and hopping up and down as if on a spiral wire.

The crane in its wild state is a most shy and wary bird, but under domestication is as gentle and trusting as a dog. Gill, for some cause, is very much afraid of a cow, but loves the pony, following her step by step as she grazes in the lot. Often in the evening Gill follows his owner as he takes the horse to the pasture, a block away, but if a neighbor's cow by chance is returning home, Gill seeks the protection of his owner and stays close by till the cow is out of range.

During the tourist season Dick and Gill adorn many a kodak series. Visitors come by and stately Gill walks majestically up to the fence and begins a series of investigations, picking at umbrella, cane or finger ring on my lady's hand. His picture is taken and the visitor goes off correspondingly happy.

It is great sport to watch the setter dog and Gill as they chase the buzzards that often alight in the chicken yard for scraps thrown to the hens. It might be likened to a game of tennis if we were to allow the buzzards to represent the balls. Gill with open wings rushes at the buzzards on his side of the fence, when the hungry vulture rises and alights on the other side of the division fence. Then the dog attacks him and he goes back with the hope of getting another morsel, when Gill rushes at him again. If the buzzard alights on the fence both dog and bird rush at him. When, occasionally, a whole flock of these buzzards drop down among the chickens and the effort is too much for Gill to keep them moving, Chipco, the dog, leaps the fence and assists in putting to flight the intruders.

The jay birds fly down to pick up corn, but Gill allowing nothing to come into the yard, drives them away, when in their pique they will sit on a limb above and call down in jaybird language all sorts of vilifications on Gill, who, evidently understanding bird language, clatters back in his strong crane notes, sometimes threatening to distract those who have to listen. When this controversy gets at its height the chickens feel something is wrong and commence to cackle, the dog then wakes from his doze and goes to investigate; the pony pricks her ears and whinnies in half alarm, till at last the mistress, disgusted with the clatter, proceeds to rebuke Gill and thus stop the quarrel.

MINNIE MOORE-WILLSON.

KISSIMMEE, Fla.

Wild Animals of the North.

From Richardson's "Fauna Boreali-Americana; or the Zoology of the Northern Parts of British America."

Some Smaller Mammals.

THE American hare, or white rabbit, as is well known, is the winter food of many of the Northern Indians. They are not killed in the fur countries in great numbers in the summer, because at that time the natives can procure abundance of water fowl and game of other kinds.

"In winter, however," says Dr. Richardson, "they are more sought after, and in the Hare Indian country, on the banks of the Mackenzie, where larger animals are scarce during that season, they constitute the chief food of the natives. They are principally taken in snares set in the paths that they make through the snow, and fixed to a pole which springs up when the noose is drawn, care being taken to obstruct their passage on one side of the noose by a small hedge of branches. To prevent them from cutting the snare instead of endeavoring to pass through it, it is occasionally rubbed with a little of their own dung. The Hare Indians, when they come to a place where the hare tracks are numerous, begin their operations by beating a circular path in the snow, so as to inclose a pretty large clump of wood, knowing that the hares will not readily cross such a path. They next bar the ways by little hedges, in the gaps of which they set snares, and then they enter the circle and beat among the bushes with their dogs to drive the hares into the nooses. On the success of this operation the supper of a whole horde often depends, as, with the usual improvidence attendant on a hunter's life, these Indians seldom keep any stock of provision by them. Unless when disturbed, the American hare rarely runs about during the day. It has numerous enemies, such as wolves, foxes, wolverines, martins, ermines, snowy owls and various hawks; but the Canada lynx is the animal which perhaps most exclusively feeds upon it. It has been remarked that lynxes are numerous only when there are plenty of hares in the neighborhood. * * * In some parts of the fur countries the natives line their dresses with hare skins, and the Hare Indians sometimes tear the skins with the fur into strips, and plait them into a kind of cloth. They resort to this expedient, however, only from the scarcity of deerskins and moose leather, which form closer and better dresses."

Larger than the varying hare is the polar hare, whose range is still further to the northward. It is common on the Barren Grounds at the northern extremity of the American continent. Dr. Richardson says that: "The polar hare is not a very shy animal, and on the approach of a hunter it merely runs to a little distance and sits down, repeating this maneuver as often as its pursuer comes nearly within gunshot, until it is thoroughly scared by his perseverance, when it makes off. It is not difficult to get within bowshot of it by walking round it, and gradually contracting the circle—a method much practiced by the Indians. In the late boat voyage along the northern coast, we landed in a rocky islet, off Cape Parry, which, though not above three hundred yards in diameter, was tenanted by a solitary Alpine hare. The whole party went in pursuit of this poor animal; but it availed itself so skillfully of the shelter of the rocks, and retreated with so much cunning and activity from stone to stone, that none of us could obtain a shot at it, although it never was able to conceal itself from our search for more than a minute or two at a time.

"The winter fur of the polar hare is of a snow-white color to the roots, and is more dense, and of a finer quality than that of the American hare. It bears a close resemblance to swandown."

Few hunters among the higher peaks of the mountains of the West have failed to hear the squeaking cry of the little chief hare, although many who have heard that cry have failed to see the animal that produced it. They sit at the mouth of the burrow, and call; but it is almost impossible to distinguish them from the rocks about them. Nevertheless, if one sits quiet for a long enough time he may sometimes see the little fellows run from hole to hole among the rocks, and may get a good notion of its appearance. The little chief hare is closely related to the true hares, but is at once distinguished from them by its small ears, which present no resemblance to those of what we commonly call the rabbits.

Mr. Drummond, of Dr. Richardson's party, who traveled west over the Rocky Mountains, killed several of these animals near the head of the Elk or Red Deer River. Of them Dr. Richardson says:

"Mr. Drummond informs me that the little chief hare frequents heaps of loose stones, through the interstices of which it makes its way with great facility. It is often seen at sunset, mounted on a stone, and calling to its mates by a peculiar shrill whistle. On the approach of a man, it utters a feeble cry, like the squeak of a rabbit when hurt, and instantly disappears, to reappear in a minute or two, at the distance of twenty or thirty yards, if the object of its apprehension remains stationary. On the least movement of the intruder, it instantly conceals itself again, repeating its cry of fear, which, when there are several of the animals in the same neighborhood, is passed from one to the other. Mr. Drummond describes their cry as very deceptive, and as appearing to come from an animal at a great distance, while, in fact, the little creature is close at hand; and, if seated on a gray limestone rock, its color is so similar, that it can scarcely be discerned. These animals feed on vegetables. Mr. Drummond never found their burrows, and he thinks that they do not make any, but that they construct their nests among the stones. He does not know whether they store up hay for the winter or not, but is certain that they do not come abroad during that season." A near relative of the little chief hare is found in Europe, and others in Asia.

Possible Origin of Animal Folk-Lore

ONE of the great functions of modern biology is to reveal the truth and by so doing to clear away the dense clouds of ignorance, superstition and needless fear that for centuries have befogged the human mind. It is a fact that the most superstitious persons are those who are the most ignorant. This may be in part because they are the most ready victims of intriguers, sorcerers and "healers" who would accomplish their ends by taking advantage of the mental condition of their victims; but it is also due in part to the tendency of the human mind to perceive a "sign" in whatever is mysterious. Whatever is not at once understood is mystifying and liable to be considered as supernatural. Uneducated persons understand but few of the observed phenomena of nature, and they but imperfectly observe that which they think they see. Hence nature is a fertile field for the origin of "signs and wonders," such as form the basis of folk lore and superstitions.

Omens must be for either good or evil, and as money and marriage are generally associated as blessings, and death is regarded as the greatest calamity that may befall man, we see why so many signs are associated with money, marriage and death. The more radically any occurrence departs from apparently normal conditions, the more remarkable is the event supposed to be indicated thereby. For example, there is a common saying, "When a cat refuses to kill a mouse there will be a death in the family." This may arise from the fact that shrews are sometimes caught in mouse traps, and although a shrew closely resembles a mouse, it has a strong odor which gives it effective protection, and cats and dogs rarely attack it. An uneducated person may catch a shrew, and when the trusted family cat refuses to kill the supposed mouse there appears a basis for the popular belief.

We must relegate to the field of folk-lore many of the common erroneous suppositions that are based only upon ignorance. We have been much interested in the possible origin of these common fallacies which are really considered true by most persons. Let us examine several specific examples; applying only to the higher or vertebrated animals:

It is commonly believed that lampreys attack man, probably from the mere fact that they are at times so very destructive to fishes. The idea that they produce a new gill opening each year may have arisen by analogy with the wrinkles on a cow's horn, the rattles upon a snake's tail, etc. The idea that sharks turn upon their backs to seize their prey may have originated from the ventral or inferior position of their mouths. The common sale of eel skins in most of our drug stores as cures for rheumatism is doubtless connected with the agility of these fishes, which is the opposite of rheumatic stiffness.

It is commonly believed that toads cause warts. This is based upon the following combination of facts: Toads are the only common animals that are naturally covered with wart-like lumps. They eject a clear liquid. This is supposed to do something. Warts appear mysteriously, and no one is able to explain the causes of their coming and going. It is erroneously inferred that they are produced by this wart-bearing nocturnal creature with peculiar habits, upon the basis of the doctrine, as with the eel skin, that, "like produces like." The common belief that tadpoles shed their tails has for its origin the facts that while living in water each possesses a swimming tail, but when it metamorphoses into a frog or a toad it becomes tailless. In fact, the tail does not drop off, but it is absorbed and disappears in the body, just as a swelling from a bump on the head disappears. How often do we hear that frogs and toads have fallen with rain, and almost every July we may read accounts of such phenomena. These may have for their basis the fact that during the month of July toads change from the tadpole stage and aquatic habitat to the adult form and terrestrial habitat and then migrate landward in great numbers. They are active only at night or during wet weather, effectually concealing themselves in the most common places during the day time. However, when a rain falls at such a time they appear by thousands, as if by magic, and give the impression of having fallen with rain. The assertion that to kill a toad makes cows give bloody milk may have originated in a laudable effort to protect these beneficial animals.

There are doubtless more superstitions concerning snakes than any other creatures. This arises in part from the traditions of the form of the original tempter, and in the part that but very few persons are willing to calmly observe serpents for themselves and learn the truth directly. We have met persons who believe that all snakes are venomous. This doubtless comes from the old Roman rule, *"Ab uno disce omnes."* How prevalent is the belief that horse hairs turn to snakes. There is no other foundation for this error than the resemblance of the so-called hair snake (*Gordius*) to a common horse hair. Snakes are often supposed to charm birds, but the facts are that the feathered songsters are paralyzed by fright when they suddenly see the reptiles at close proximity.

The common erroneous belief that snakes sting or bite by means of their tongues may come from the scriptural quotation, "It stingeth like an adder." The supposition that snakes bite themselves and die is doubtless based upon the actions of certain species, like the hog-nosed adder, which, when teased, will act as though dead and thus sometimes find protection. It is very commonly thought that snakes' tails "live" or are active until sundown. This arises from the prolonged activity of the tail, due to the reflex action of the caudal nerve centers, which may continue for a longer or shorter period, owing to temperature and other conditions. Many persons believe that there is a glass snake or joint snake which may be broken to fragments when struck, but can rejoint itself and live. This may come from the fact that a certain lizard (*Ophiosaurus ventralis*) readily loses its tail, and while the body escapes the caudal member wriggles and attracts the attention of the pursuer.

It is generally thought that all lizards are venomous, yet the only one that is so is the Gila monster (two species of *Heloderma*) found only in the extreme southwestern United States and Mexico. This error may arise from the fact that lizards and serpents are closely related in appearance, structures and habits; and because some serpents are known to be venomous it is inferred that all snake-like creatures are so.

The erroneous idea that turtles breathe under water, as do fishes, is derived from the observations of their having remained submerged for some hours. But this is made possible by their large lung capacity, the repeated use of the air therein, their limited need of oxygen compared with that of warm-blooded animals, and their ability to store oxygen in their tissues and use it as needed.

Both species of American cuckoos (genus *Coccyzus*) build nests, contrary to the popular belief. The error comes from the fact that the European cuckoo (*Cuculus*) builds no nest, but is parasitic, laying its eggs in the nests of other birds, as does our cowbird (*Molothrus*). The old idea that "A sight of the oriole cures jaundice," doubtless is connected with the yellow color of the bird and the homeopathic doctrine, *"Similia similibus curantur"*—Like cures like. Nuthatches are wrongly accused of sucking sap merely because they slightly resemble the so-called sapsucker (*Dryobates*), and the latter is thought to be a sucker of sap because it makes holes in the bark of some fruit trees. This is nearly always done to obtain insects. Swallows are thought to hibernate in mud, because in damp places is where they are seen last in fall and first in spring. They of course migrate, as do most other birds.

Many persons believe that owls, cats, and other nocturnal animals can see in absolute darkness. This error arises from the fact that in these animals the pupil of the eye is very large or dilatable, and in subdued or very feeble light they can see much better than can man. One can readily demonstrate the fallacy of the supposition by taking an owl or other nocturnal animal into a perfectly dark room, as we have done, and touching it with the hand. It does not move, even though it be an untamed animal.

Cats and other nocturnal animals are erroneously thought to emit light from their eyes, because when looking toward the light the crystalline lens of the eye produces a glaring reflection. The ideas that swans sing when dying and moles open their eyes at the time of death, are handed down from the writings of Pliny, and represent ignorance of the facts of zoology. Skunks afford the basis of many odd superstitions, because they, like serpents, are not studied deliberately, and therefore the truth about them is generally not known. There is sometimes justification in haste when near such animals, but generally the danger is more assumed than real.

do the little lambs' tails drop off?" He had accurately

We were once seriously asked by a teacher, "At what age observed that the tails of the lambs are long, while those of the old sheep are short, and he had obtained a false idea, which is, however, prevalent. Of course, he was shocked to learn that sheep raisers amputate the tails to prevent the soiling of the wool.

H. A. SURFACE, Professor of Zoology.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE, Department of Zoology, Pa., Sept. 1.

Bay Birds at Sea.

NEWARK, N. J., Aug. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While on the steamship Philadelphia from Southampton to New York, in longitude 67 degrees north, latitude 42 degrees west, about 10 A. M., Aug. 22, I noticed several flocks of small sandpipers flying close to the water, going in a southwesterly direction at the rate of about twenty-five miles an hour. I could gauge their speed by that of the ship. The course they were taking would approximately correspond to a line drawn from the southern part of Nova Scotia to Cape Hatteras, and at the time they were about 200 miles from Nova Scotia and 600 miles from Cape Hatteras. They were at least 200 miles distant from Nantucket, the nearest point on the Atlantic coast. I write you this as I do not remember hearing that bay birds have been seen that far from land.

HOWARD W. HAYES.

[The occurrence is interesting and well worth noting. In this connection should be read Mr. W. Hapgood's interesting chapter on "Range and Migration of Bay Birds," published in the little pamphlet "Shore Birds" (Forest and Stream Pub. Co.).]

Vipers and their Young.

THE London Field, having offered a reward for the production of a viper which had swallowed its young, makes this interesting report of a snake which had been sent in for the prize:

A viper has been forwarded to us by Mr. H. Winchester, of Backsteep Manor, Dallington, as entitled to the reward offered for a viper that had swallowed its young. In order to insure an examination by an impartial and competent observer, the reptile, without being removed from its box, was conveyed by Mr. Tegetmeier to the College of Surgeons, and carefully dissected in his presence by the conservator in charge. After cutting the string round the neck, the skin of the under side was carefully slit down the whole length of the body, and then the ribs were divided, disclosing the whole of the viscera. The gullet and stomach were perfectly empty, nor was there any trace of food even in the intestines. No young viper had been swallowed. There was in the lower part of the abdomen four unhatched eggs or embryos, which, when opened, disclosed four immature young that in the course of nature would not have been hatched for several days. The young vipers that Mr. Winchester saw had probably been recently expelled from the mother, and, escaping, as they do, in the herbage, had given rise to the impression that they had gone down her throat. Under these circumstances we are unable to pay the promised reward for the body of a viper that had been secured after having swallowed its young, but the offer still holds good, and will immediately be paid on the production of such a specimen.

The Spreading Adder.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Last June while putting in my vacation at the "Little Bresh Cabin" on Oakledge Tract, up in Woodstock, Conn., I was surprised to see the number of broods of partridges there. Of the scores of broods that I came across I think that not one was seen with less than a dozen chicks and many of them had at least fifteen. I was also amused at the antics displayed on different occasions by the mother birds in protecting their broods.

Quail were very plenty on the Tract and also on the neighboring farms. Gray squirrels, both old and young, were often seen in the woodlands; all pointing to a first-class game season this fall up there.

While there I solved the problem about rattlesnakes being found in that part of the State, as several of the neighboring people claimed.

Instead, one day I came across a goodly-sized spreading adder—a species of the hog-nosed snake—which I showed to a farmer, who declared it to be a young rattler, as it was just like other rattlers occasionally found there, and he would not be convinced to the contrary.

Although the spreading adder is perfectly harmless, its fierce look while distending and flattening its body and hissing would make one not versed in ophiology think it was a venomous serpent; and it being mottled or blotched something like a rattler, would also tend to make one think it was a half-grown rattler.

The spreading adder is the only snake that I have seen that will "play 'possum." At several different times I have seen it after having been struck or slightly wounded, turn upon its side or back and feign dead, and the simulation would be so perfect that one would think the reptile's life was surely gone.

Although I have come across many snakes of the hog-nose species in South Jersey, Delaware and Maryland, I was surprised to know that they are also to be found up in northeastern Connecticut.

A. L. L.

Game Bag and Gun.

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

A Reminiscence with a 'Coon in It.

I BELIEVE I have hunted most kinds of game from a reed bird to a wild turkey that has feathers, and everything from chipmunk to black bear that has hair on it. But never did I find my experience thoroughly ripe until I went 'coon hunting.

'Coon hunting is like some people, very much in a class of its own; be they liars or be they saints, they are so pre-eminently below or above others of the human race that they just hold a little position all by themselves, and to my mind 'coon hunting is in a class all by itself, and deservedly so, too. Yet some people are fond of it. I don't know why, but just because they are; and they never miss a chance of going. Perhaps they see something weird in it that appeals to their weird natures. I did once, and I would not have missed it for a farm, but I would not go again for two farms with a hayrake thrown in.

A party going 'coon hunting should consist of six beings—i. e., two good woodchoppers, one pig-sticker, one telegraph lineman and two 'coon dogs that are "onto" their job. Experience in other lines of hunting is not necessary. One need not know anything about a shotgun or rifle in 'coon hunting. A good stout club and butcher's knife are about the requisite weapons. Sometimes the ax may be handy, or the lineman's climbers can be used to beat a 'coon to death. Then, too, this sport should be indulged in at night, when most honest folks are in bed or ought to be, which means that one should wear armor as a protection against bull-briers, rhododendrons, old stumps, broken rocks and various other inconveniences of the swale and mountain-side, that knock the breath out of you and bark your shins. The 'coon hunter should be a "soft mark" for an accident insurance agent. He needs it worse than a full-fledged burglar, and my experience dictates that one should have a "pull," a real political inside well-greased pull, too, with the land owners in the county in which you find yourself; and if near the line, the adjoining county, too. Then 'tis wise to send out notices over the country-side of the impending foray. It prevents at least one little danger, that of having your well-groomed 'coon dogs ambushed, or chewed up by some badly behaved dogs that are jealous because they don't know enough to run even a 'coon—dogs whose specialty seems to be passing dogs of good manners, and human hams and shoulders and tender calves—and who regard night as the proper time for chewing.

However, my experience was so long ago that it occurs to me now as a reminiscence only, though there are some things in this life that have long since agone that have their mark. It may be a tender heart throb or it may be a broken nose. And that's the way with me; it marked me for life, not seriously, only just enough to remind

me when I am laid up for repairs, that one time I went 'coon hunting.

It happened in Michigan, as I have intimated, many years ago, that business and a pretty pair of brown eyes called me quite often to a small but interesting business center, and I should say, in explanation of my impoliteness in mentioning business before eyes, that I got the business, but the brown eyes got away, and I'm not sure that that 'coon hunt, or the subsequent consequences had not something to do with it. A 'coon cuts some queer pranks, yet in this case I at least respect him.

In the course of my visits I naturally met some of the local sporting fraternity, among others her brother, and it was proposed to take the "Quaker tenderfoot" 'coon hunting. The party consisted of her brother, an aquatic athlete; a journeyman lawyer, the hotel proprietor's son Dick, and myself. Accompanying us were two dogs, one gun, two axes, a baseball bat and one lantern. About two miles from town on a lovely highway we had a dog fight nearly to a finish (and I have always regretted I didn't finish it and then call the owner of that dog up out of bed and lick him for owning such a brute), in consequence of which we only had seven good legs under our two dogs for some days to come.

About two miles further on we took to cover, and in a little while our four-legged dog was "opening up" beautifully, and we after him and the three-legged one after us. I was carrying the gun (I felt safer that way) when I took a header over an old log that marked me and that gun both for life. The gun was broken; I was only bent and barked, both badly; however, I waded on into that gloom and dense atmosphere in the wake of a skunk that our sound dog was just hazing.

Soon, however, our athletic friend had the dog in hand (being impervious to small things), and got him headed the other way, and in a short while he struck the real thing and treed a 'coon. Here consider the sagacity of a 'coon. That fellow had as pretty a collection of trees to select from as ever made a forest, and he just took to the meanest one in that county. I have forgotten what breed of a tree it was, but I do remember how high it was, and I shall never forget how thick it was, and I'll never forget how tough it was. It would have taken a "Steeple Jack" to climb it. So that just left us the alternative of going through it, and the ax began to swing. It was glorious, invigorating, perspiring, blistering sport. How the echoes of those manly strokes went reverberating from tree to tree, clack clacking, calling back as they passed on into nothingness.

Now that aged monument of time stood near a worm fence; and on a rise of ground a quarter of a mile away stood a farmhouse, in its peaked, puckered-up outlines looking deserted and haunted in the moonbeams; and to prevent surprises we posted Dick on the fence as a sentry, not to challenge, only to warn (us). Well, about the time that tree was ready to fall, her brother collared the dogs, gathered in the pieces of gun, and collected the lantern, while the oarsman and I put in our last strokes with our last breath on the tree. It must have been the fall of the tree that woke Dick up, and revealed to his senses (what he had) a six-foot, raw-boned Michigan farmer with anger up, within ten feet of him, coming head on. I have heard the whoop of an Indian and of a ferry boat in distress; but I have never heard anything quite so nerve-rattling as Dick's screech. It all came in a heap, the tree, Dick and the howling dogs. Pandemonium reigned; the 'coon struck for a stream and the dogs after him, and we after the dogs, through briers, over stumps and fallen trees galore. The dogs caught the 'coon in a run in about nine inches of water and were doing fine battle when the oarsman got in with his bat and closed business. Swinging the 'coon over his shoulder we pulled out for a pasture field, in the center of which we sat down to await developments, among them Dick. Hearing nothing and seeing nothing, we commenced halloing, and instead of quietly making his way to us, poor Dick would hello every time in return; and, of course, it did not take the sleuth long to locate Dick and grab him, and in that moment Dick's heart could not have nearer gone out of him had he committed murder. We heard the collision and knew its consequences. The farmer took Dick home with him to hold as a ransom for his timber. We couldn't go home without him, so we followed and reconnoitered. It revealed Dick and his captor sitting in the kitchen with a candle between them eating apples. So we knocked and "gave ourselves up," told the "granger to come to town in the morning and we would pay for the tree. He set up the cider and some good apples, and we pushed for town, some four miles away.

Next day, according to agreement, we all met our friend of the timber at the hotel and proceeded to dispense our hospitality in earnest; entertained him for dinner, learned something about farming we didn't know, and unraveled our several repertoires of stories, and had "just one more," until about 4 P. M. we loaded our friend in his wagon, and he assured us that we could have all the derned timber on his place, and his neighbor's place, too; "and they's allus a jug o' cider and a barrel of apples open to you." And, strange as it may seem, after he had gone, some of us felt as though we owned most of that country, including its trees, her brother being the biggest shareholder—and I was blamed for his enriched condition.

Of all the words on tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, it might have been.

THOS. ELMER.

Well Qualified for the Position.

From the Duluth News-Tribune.

An aristocratic woman, who has had the usual number of failures in the way of domestics, having tried nearly every nationality, heard the other day that a number of girls had come here from Finland to seek employment as servants, and that they were highly recommended as strong, intelligent, capable and generally excellent help. With high hope, the housekeeper hied her to the office where these paragons were on exhibition, and was soon brought face to face with a brawny specimen, who could not speak a word of English. With the aid of an interpreter, the following conversation took place:

"Can you cook?"

"Oh, no."

"Can you wash and iron?"

"No."

"Can you sweep and dust, or clean the house?"

"I have never done anything like that."

"For goodness' sake!" exclaimed the astonished matron to the interpreter, "ask her what she can do."

With calmness and complacency, the reply came back, "I can milk reindeer!"

The Old Flint-Lock Musket.

RUMMAGING the other day in the back attic of my memory, among the dust and cobwebs of early recollections, some of which I had thought, hoped at least, were obliterated, I stumbled across a long-forgotten remembrance which, on brushing up a bit, became almost as fresh and bright as when it was first relegated to the limbo of temporary obscurity; it was that of an old flint-lock musket, designated in the olden time as a "Queen's Arm."

There was a tradition in the days when the old gun was a palpable entity, that a certain Uncle Chet. had carried that self-same weapon when he "fit the Britishers" in the days of '76. In the minds of us youngsters there was a more or less firmly rooted conviction that our enjoyment of the "certain unalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" was largely due to that weapon and the "man behind the gun." A sort of halo of liberty seemed to hover over that homely aggregation of wood, iron and flint. A more impressive sentiment, however, was one engendered by the terrific racket which it made when some older, and hence more favored member of the household, fired it off.

Equal in degree, and greater in effect, were the sentiments with which mother regarded the gun. Fear tinctured the views that she entertained, impelling the issuance of an ukase, absolute and prohibitive, touching the attitude of "us boys" thereto. This deterrent pronunciamento invested the situation with a charm that we longed but never dared to break. When, on all too rare occasions, a warning clatter from the henhouse betokened the invasion of a predatory hawk into the normal peacefulness of the feathered preserves, father or an elder brother would proceed to load the gun, then stalk stealthily to behind the barn, in an ever vain anticipation of "getting a shot," with what sentiments of almost awe and reverence did we regard the weapon's custodian; and we would wax impatient at the more than snail-like pace of time which debarred us from the privilege.

The hens reassured and quiet restored, the old gun would be returned to its resting place in the woodhouse corner. At rare intervals, against the almost tearful maternal protest, the gun would be permitted to retain its load. Upon such occasions mother would reiterate her standing injunction, impressing it upon us with the added force of contingent penalties. With what wonderful interest did this element of danger and its proscriptions invest that old firearm! From a simply interesting bit of mechanism it now became transformed into a potent, death-dealing embodiment of concrete power, about which we hovered and feasted our eyes, speculating as to what probable results would attend possible misadventures, such as the cat jumping on it and knocking it over. Deliberative sessions of this character would be usually dissolved by maternal motion, and its members ignominiously scattered.

Unwritten history maintains that the musket originally came from Holland, in the company of a goodly body of adventurers, on the staunch ship William and Mary; also that it played a not inconsiderable part in the civilization of the New England Indians in the early days of that colony. Certain suggestive nicks engraved upon the curly maple stock were construed as a tally sheet of the Indians it had "civilized." According to this record, the number of aborigines thus "made good" lacked but one of three-fourths of a score, and it was by no means the least interesting feature of the weapon. As an imaginative youngster, I was wont to weave a separate and individual romance round about each specific nick, investing it with such gruesome details as, to my original intelligence, best appertained to mortal strife.

However much credence these traditions were, in justice, worthy of, they served to invest the old gun with an associate value that was keenly appreciated by those to whom they were familiar. In one of these individuals the knowledge aroused such an intense longing to possess himself of the war-like relic that he approached an elder brother of mine with a fine, new fowling-piece, of the most approved pattern, offering the same for the old flint-lock for the consideration of a bushel of potatoes "to boot." My brother accepted the proposition with alacrity and, without the formality of consulting higher authority, made the trade. Father no sooner heard of the transaction, however, than the esteem in which he held the old flint-lock was made forcibly apparent and negotiations were nullified in short order.

And so the old gun resumed its wonted corner, with the added security of a revised paternal prohibition, addressed to all the boys of the household, hedging it round about. The flight of the years eventually brought a period of my existence in which I felt old enough and venturous enough to encroach upon forbidden ground, and to shoot the proscribed old flint-lock. Of course the anticipation of an act of such stupendous import involved many hours of grave cogitation and no little preparation as to ways and means. I fixed upon a certain July 4 as the date of my projected infringement of the parental gun law. I managed to acquire a quantity of powder (that proved to be blasting powder) without the knowledge of any in the household; even my brothers were excluded from the secret. Fortune favored me, in that I was permitted to have a bed all to myself on the night of July 3, the excessive heat affording an unsuspected pretext for advancing my claim thereto. Barely had the final stroke of 12 o'clock died away when I stole softly down the stairs, realizing for the first time in life what was meant by one's "heart getting in his throat." Not a loose board protested nor a door squeaked, in the stereotyped manner of the story books, and I reached the woodhouse, secured the gun and escaped without disturbing a member of the sleeping household. A glorious full moon made the night almost as bright as midday, and I lost no time in getting to the secluded spot of prior selection. My hand trembled so that I could hardly measure out what I esteemed as the proper amount of powder, while all the fates of disobedient boys in all of the story books I ever had read, crowded in upon my mind most embarrassingly. Nevertheless, I finally succeeded in getting the gun loaded, primed it with a bit of fine powder that I had purloined from the home horn, took a firm "rest" across a convenient fence rail, shut my eyes and pulled the trigger. True to tradition and an established habit of that particular gun, the flint clicked upon the pan steel with no further result. Again and again I repeated this preliminary function, gaining courage as each successive trial produced no more alarming consequences than the sharp click of flint upon steel. At last, however, there was a spark, a flash, and, instead of the anticipated explosion, a terribly smoky and hissing demonstration of fireworks. This was something new on my expected programme and I dropped the gun and ran behind a tree, whence I ventured to cast furtive glances at the fiery fountain, wondering what had bewitched the old flint-lock, and half-fearing it was a retributive judgment on my disobedience. With a final splutter, the vesuvian demonstration ceased and I was enabled to ascertain that the charge (because of the powder being damp) had blown out through the vent, after the manner of a fire rocket. Then I was compelled to take one of my elder brothers into my confidence to get assistance to dig out the wadding, which I had rammed most vigorously into the long gun. I was forced to undergo a most unmerciful "rigging" for some time thereafter, the others of the family wondering what significance attached to my brother's allusions to "fireworks" and kindred themes when I was present.

But "the ice was broken," so to speak, and it was not long until I felt sufficiently courageous to break the parental prohibition and take out the old gun with the coveted freedom I had so long envied in my elder brothers. With what admiration I regarded that old weapon as I reflected upon the marvelous, yea, almost inconceivable, strides taken by man's inventive faculties which had resulted in its evolution from the sling and cross-bow of historic days. True, I had heard of the "percussion lock" that was said to eclipse the flint and steel mechanism; but I failed to conceive how it was possible to construct anything more perfect in its operation than the firing machinery of that self-same warlike institution that I clung to so loyally. To be sure the old flint and steel lock sometimes, oftener than otherwise, in fact, failed to meet the anticipations of the would-be shooter, remaining quiet when a noisy demonstration had been planned and looked for; but this, I argued, gladly condoning the seeming dereliction, was due rather to the setting of the flint than to any mechanical flaws.

But the time soon came, however, when I was compelled to concede to the percussion lock its due superiority over the flint-lock. With something of the sentiment, I imagine, that leads wolves to slaughter and consume a wounded comrade, I no sooner detected a loss of prestige in the old flint-lock than I underwent a radical change of heart and rated it as a clumsy imposition. In fact, I experienced such an antipathy toward it that I wrenched the barrel from the stock and determined to blow it out of its similitude to a gun barrel. I took a chum into my confidence and we fixed upon the coming Fourth of July, but a few days distant, to execute the intention. Very early in the morning, while all the country-side was yet wrapped in slumber, we went to a lofty, rocky eminence, taking the gun barrel, a half-pound canister of finest rifle powder, a quantity of plaster of paris, paper and matches. Emptying the contents of the canister into the barrel, followed by a paper wad, we moistened the plaster and rammed it down in small installments, until it came within about a foot of the muzzle, a solid obstruction. Near the summit of the ledge was a huge rock which rested upon a solid rock base and which some big convulsion had split vertically. The two sections were separated several inches, and into this crevice we inserted the gun barrel, the muzzle down and resting firmly upon the base rock. Over the breech pan we placed a strip of paper, putting a little heap of powder on it, directly over that in the pan. Applying a match to one end of the paper we ran to the shelter of an overhanging rock and awaited developments. Nor did we wait long; soon there came a detonation that echoed among the hills and re-echoed through the silent woodland, followed by the cackling of fowls and the lowing of kine roused by this untoward demonstration. The morning air was heavy with smoke and stifling with the fumes of nitre as we emerged from our shelter and proceeded to look for souvenirs of the event. Of a sudden, with a mighty swish and a blood-curdling shriek, something came down from the o'er-canopying blackness and half buried itself in the rocky hillside. It was the old gun barrel, and, when we pulled it out, we found that, aside from scratches superficially received, it was perfectly uninjured. The force of that tremendous charge of powder, expended upon the unyielding surface of solid rock, had, by its recoil, sent the barrel, like a mighty arrow, some thousands of feet up into the circumambient ether. Where, among latter day stub and twist or chokebores, can a barrel be found that would survive such a test?

SAMUEL MANSFIELD STONE.

Kansas Prairie Chickens.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., Aug. 27.—A hunting party, of which A. Maduska, D. R. Anthony, Jr., Albert Schilling and Carl Schilling were members, returned yesterday from western Kansas with a bag of 51 prairie chickens. The chicken shooting has not been satisfactory this year, many other hunters returning with empty bags. While on this trip Mr. Maduska had a narrow escape from serious injury or possible death by the bursting of his gun. Maduska's dog had just pointed a covey of chickens. As the birds raised Maduska downed one bird with the right barrel and covering a second bird pulled the trigger. At the discharge of the gun the shooter reeled back, badly stunned. Upon investigation it was found that the gun had burst at the breech. A large piece of the metal flew off and went whistling through the air with the noise of a piece of shrapnel, so says Charles Kulp, who was standing by Maduska when the explosion occurred.

That Mr. Maduska escaped serious injury was a piece of great good fortune. He has been an ardent sportsman for the past 40 years and never before had such an accident. Curiously enough, the shot which caused the gun to burst also killed a prairie chicken.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Shooting Season.

CHICAGO, Aug. 29.—A sudden drop has taken place in the angling ardor of this community, and instead of going fishing everybody now is getting ready to go shooting. I do not know where all the bird dogs come from, but I have seen more in the last two days than for the last six months put together before that time. As nearly as can be told there is going to be an unusually large exodus of chicken and duck shooters Sept. 1. It seems to be the general belief that we are not going to have much chicken shooting in Illinois this year, and our duck shooters practically agree that we cannot count on much shooting at ducks in this part of the world any more.

I presume that there are some localities in Illinois where very decent chicken shooting will be had, but of those who are making preparations now for a chicken shoot, a very large proportion are figuring on going outside of this State. One party of more than twenty shooters from different portions of the State of Michigan stopped off here in Chicago yesterday and are going on west to-morrow. Nearly all of these gentlemen will shoot in South Dakota at different points, a good many of them going out along the line of the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway. There will also be a good many shooters who will go to Minnesota for their opening hunt. Wisconsin will get its usual proportion, and it is to be said that there is much better chicken hunting in Wisconsin than is generally known or advertised. I have not heard from my old chicken shooting companion, Mr. Neal Brown, of Wausau, Wis., this fall, but suppose that he has no chickens this year, or that he has no chicken dog. I am afraid the old meat dog of my old friend, Jim Varney, at Babcock, has passed in his checks before now.

The Crop.

It is too early as yet to make any confident predictions in regard to the chicken crop. The impression is that it is as good as it has been for the last two or three years over most of the West. It is perhaps better in Minnesota than it has been for many years. There will be a few birds left in Iowa, but Iowa is not a model of excellence in the enforcement of game laws. South Dakota will have as many birds as it had last year. The law in North Dakota is not stringently enforced, but there will be birds in most of the old places in that State. I do not hear much from Nebraska or Kansas, and think that the prairie chicken is not so prominent there as it was a few years ago. Mr. Jason C. Clark, of Oklahoma City, O. T., tells me that he used to live in Kansas until a year or so ago, and was instrumental in the framing of the Kansas game law, subject, of course, to the amendments of the Legislature, as is always inevitable. Mr. Clark says that there are no prairie chickens now left in lower Kansas, but states that in his newly adopted home of Oklahoma they have rattling good chicken shooting. He asks me to come down and prove the truth of this assertion, and naturally I wish I might have one more hunt in the beautiful Indian Nations country, where I used to shoot chickens years ago.

Dog Trainers in Oklahoma.

Mr. Clark adds that, although they have a great many prairie chickens left in Oklahoma, he can see the early finish of the birds in that region also, in spite of the efforts of a great many citizens to break up the illegal shooting of game in that territory. He states that much of the destruction of the game there is done by "sooners," whose numbers are largely made up of dog trainers from the Southern States. He says that last week a party of 12 dog trainers from Mississippi with more than 30 dogs, passed through Oklahoma City in search of chicken country. It hardly need be stated that these men killed very large numbers of birds before the season opened. Not all of them did work of that kind, but some of them did. We had a very good instance of that kind reported in FOREST AND STREAM of last week from the State of Minnesota. Nothing but good work at game law enforcement by the local men can break up this "sooner" shooting, and it is much to be hoped that the men of Oklahoma will lock the door of their game stable before and not after the horse is stolen.

Testing Michigan Export Law.

Early last spring William Van Pelt, of Wayne County, Mich., was convicted of having wild ducks in his possession for the purpose of shipping the same out of the State. The case was appealed to the Michigan Supreme Court, which took the ground, now well supported by many precedents in other States, that the State owns the game and has a right to restrict its taking and use. Van Pelt appealed from the Supreme Court of Michigan to the Supreme Court of the United States, the case going up on Aug. 25. This case is one of very great interest to all sportsmen and to all legally or personally concerned with matters of game protection. It has been stated in my hearing in dozens of instances that the State of Michigan dared not undertake to enforce the law prohibiting the export of fish and game. The result of this case will, it is to be hoped, put an end to this sort of talk. This case, unfortunately, does not cover the question of carrying game out of the State, as it is understood that Van Pelt intended to ship his game and not carry it with him. None the less, the decision of the U. S. Supreme Court will be awaited with much interest. Gradually the game laws of the United States are gaining definiteness and acquiring respect.

Where Shall They Go?

Mr. Sam J. Ryan, of Appleton, Wis., wants some good readers of FOREST AND STREAM to help him frame up a trip for next year. The readers of FOREST AND STREAM know everything in the world that is worth knowing, and I feel sure that Mr. Ryan will get the information he desires. His letter follows:

"Mr. P. M. Conkey and self are planning a long canoe trip for next year and want some pointers. We want to hear from parties who have made trips on the Albany, Rainy and English rivers northwest of Lake Superior; also, would like to hear from those who have made trips on waters in northern Minnesota and on the Ottawa and Gatineau rivers."

In the Dry Southwest.

Mr. M. S. Taliaferro, now of Watseka, Ill., came into my office one day this week and stirred me all up. Mr. Taliaferro and I used to be mixed up in newspaper work and other things down in White Oaks, New Mexico, something like a quarter of a century ago. He is now just on his way for a visit to White Oaks, which point he left some years ago, when all of us had to walk out of town. He has a brother living down in that country, and thus knows considerable of what has been going on in that far off corner of the world as the years have been rolling by. I want to go down there some time and revisit the old places which I knew, but I am afraid I shall find a country much changed and hardly so interesting to-day. Mr. Taliaferro tells me that some of my old friends are dead, and a good many of them are in the penitentiary. One of them is postmaster at Las Vegas; one has made a fortune in cattle ranching; another has got rich out of a mine which we all thought was worthless; another one has been to Congress a couple of time. One who was at one time rich is now clerking in a grocery store in Chicago; and so on, and so on. Most of the boys who stuck it out have made their pile long ago, and I reckon Taliaferro and I missed it when we walked out of White Oaks. We used to have to ride 90 miles by stage. Now the Rock Island road has built within six miles of the town and has a station on the Carizozo stock ranch, where Jimmie Alcock and I used to hunt antelope, before Jimmie went back to England. Another railroad runs from El Paso close to White Oaks. Lincoln County, which used to be about as big as the whole State of Pennsylvania, is now cut up into three counties. Old Whiteman, the Jew, is replaced by a number of modern merchandizers. The town has got plum quiet, and nobody down in that part of the world is now allowed to wear his six shooter! These surely must be changes, my countrymen, and they mark the changes which have gone on all over the West. This part of New Mexico twenty years or so ago was about as remote from civilization as any in the United States. You see what it is to-day. I am afraid I should be a very sad man if I went down to my old stamping grounds.

And yet there might be some trout and turkeys down in the far Southwest even to-day. My friend tells me that a party of hunters brought in a wagon load of antelope one day this year. The trout fishing over on the Riodoso, on the Mescallero Apache Reservation, is said still to be good. My old friend and roommate, McDonald, now manager of the Carizozo stock ranch, has plenty of horses and buck-boards these days, as well as a wife and some children, none of which he had when I last saw him 20 years ago. Another old friend, Jim Nabours, once foreman of the Carizozo, after a big experience in ranching for himself, now has a ranch over toward the Nogals. Others of the boys are scattered here, there and everywhere all over the territory. I believe if I should go down in there I could get a place to sleep once in a while, and someone to go fishing or antelope hunting with me. *Quien sabe?*

Quien sabe?—I think I will quit right here. That old Spanish phrase was one which one heard continually down at White Oaks, but I have not heard it up here for more than twenty years. This is a shore funny world, but on some occasions not altogether as good as it might be.

A Notable Camera Hunter.

Hon. Geo. Shiras, 3d, of Pittsburg, recently passed through this city on his way home after a sojourn at his camp in northern Michigan. Mr. Shiras has this season enlarged his famous collection of game photographs by many other beautiful specimens. He has now what is perhaps the most complete and beautiful collection of photographs of wild game animals ever made in this part of the country. There are many sportsmen of America who would be glad to see this series published in accessible form, and Mr. Shiras has made some rash promises looking in that direction.

Forestry Convention.

Aug. 29.—At the convention of the American Forestry Association at Lansing, Mich., yesterday, Gen. C. C. Andrews, chief fire warden of Minneapolis, read a paper on the Minnesota system of preventing and checking forest fires. Other addresses were made by Dr. Gifford, of the New York State College of Forestry; H. B. Ayres, of Carleton, Minn.; Frank G. Miller, of the Bureau of Forestry; W. C. Winchester, of Grand Rapids; H. H. Chapman, of the Minnesota experiment farm; Grand Master G. B. Horton, of the Michigan State Grange; Gov. A. T. Bliss, and State Land Commissioner Wildey.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Aug. 30.—The baggagemen of the Union Depot here say they never saw the like of the hunting travel. "There's more going out this year than all that had gone out of here in the last three years," said one baggage hustler to me.

I met here this morning Mr. Richard Merrill, of Milwaukee, who was just having an interview with State Warden Sam Fullerton about a shooting permit. Dick had a nice box full of dogs, some likely looking gun cases, etc. "I'd hate to have my men confiscate this outfit," said Mr. Fullerton, "but we've sworn in a big lot of men and they will enforce the license law. Dick had a permit. I think Sam was sorry. It does him good to annex a good $400 gun and a crate of dogs once in a while.

By the way, Mr. Fullerton and I are going up to Fergus Falls to see our old friend, Jimmie Jones, who has about 8,000 acres solid full of prairie chickens waiting for us. Five dogs—good, cool weather—oh, I don't know!

Mr. and Mrs. Shattuck of Minneapolis, are inaugurating a bad precedent in chicken hunting. They used to tour in a hunting wagon. This year it is an automobile. They have started for South Dakota and will follow closely the line of the Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad. If it is getting to be necessary to use an automobile in chicken hunting, the pace is getting some swift for the dogs. But I suppose a modern field trial winner won't mind it.

Among the Eastern sportsmen to make chicken hunting expeditions into the West for the season now opening, is Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., 14 years of age, but apparently full heir to his father's love for field sports. The young hunter arrived in Chicago yesterday, and will, on the hunt, be the guest of H. R. McCullough, vice-president of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway; Marvin Hughitt, Jr., general freight manager of the same railway, and Mr. E. W. Cox, all of Chicago. The start will be made to-day for South Dakota, where a few days will be spent on the grouse stubbles. After that the party will return to northern Wisconsin, fish for a time in waters along the northwestern line. The first sporting trip of an Eastern boy into the West is something he never forgets all the rest of his life, and, although it will be relatively a very tame part of the West which Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., visits, there is little doubt he will enjoy himself.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Bill Sewall and the President.

BOSTON, Aug. 30.—Bill Sewall, of Island Falls, Me., is the envied of all the Maine guides to-day. He has been especially honored by President Roosevelt; called to the President's side by the President himself. Twenty-three years ago, Theodore Roosevelt, "a raw young chap," as Bill described him, came down to the camps of Bill in Maine and spent a hunting season with him. The next year he came again, and then again, till the yearly visit came to be a regular annual event. Later Mr. Roosevelt decided to start a hunting ranch in North Dakota, and nobody would do like Bill Sewall, his Maine guide and hunting friend, to manage it. Arrangements were completed, and the camp was put in charge of Bill Sewall and his nephew, Wilmot Dow. Later Mrs. Sewall came, accompanied by Mrs. Dow, to do the cooking and look after the men. Sixteen years ago the ranch was abandoned, and the Sewalls and Dows came back to Maine. Naturally they thought a great deal of Mr. Roosevelt, and Bill now declares that he always knew that he would be President some day. They had not seen him since they came back to Maine. When the President made up his mind to come to Bangor he sent a telegram to Bill to meet him, and one of the first things he did on leaving the train was to ask the chief of police if Bill Sewall, of Island Falls, was in town. But nobody among the officials had seen such a man. At the conclusion of a short address from the steps of the Bangor House, the President said, by way of conclusion: "Now, I want to act the part of town crier for a moment. I have a friend lost in the crowd. If anybody sees Bill Sewall, of Island Falls, around this county, I wish they would say to him that I want him here to lunch with me."

Some one shouted: "He's here now. Governor Powers has got him." It seems that Sewall and his wife and Mrs. Dow—Dow having died some years ago—had come to Bangor, in response to the President's telegram. But Bill, naturally feeling bashful about coming into the presence of the President, had kept in the background, till Governor Powers had found him and dragged him forward, in response to the President's proclamation.

"Indeed, I am glad to see you," said the President, shaking the hand of his old guide.

"You're no gladder'n I be," replied Sewall.

And there was a suspicion of moisture in the eyes of both men which lent pathos to the spoken words.

"Are you glad you came?" some one asked Bill during the afternoon.

"I was glad before I came," he dryly answered.

"The last time I ate with Bill Sewall," explained the President to some of his friends at the luncheon, "we dined off a bit of boiled muskrat."

"Muskrat isn't such very bad eatin'," said Bill.

"You remember that we had to eat it for want of any other meat?"

It seems that on that particular day the hunters had traveled far, but had shot nothing but a muskrat.

Mrs. Sewall and Mrs. Dow were presented later, and a most pleasant meeting it was, with reminiscences and recollections of adventures almost forgotten by the President. Bill sat at the President's right hand at the luncheon where the big officials and their wives were assembled, and after all the old guide was glad that he came down to Bangor. "I wanted to see him," said Bill, and my wife she wanted to see him, and we're glad we came."

It seems that Mr. Roosevelt's appointment to the Civil Service Commission was the incident which led to the breaking up of the ranch.

"He did not really want the place," said Bill. "He liked ranch life and he could make more money from his books. I told him he ought to take it, and I remember I said at the time, 'Take it, it will lead up to other things. Some day you'll be President.'

"He thought I was joking him then, and he said:

"'You think more of me than I do of myself.' But what I said has come true, and he'll be our next President, sure as you're born." Bill is a sort of David Harum, for quaintness, in his own town; postmaster and general good fellow.

SPECIAL.

Shipment of Western Game.

WE printed last week the Department of Agriculture circular respecting interstate commerce on birds and game. Paragraph 5, relating to Western game, has been revised and now reads as follows:

(5) Western Game.—All the States and Territories west of the Mississippi River except six prohibit export of all game protected by local laws. Of the six exceptions, Louisiana and Texas prohibit export of all game except a few birds, while Arkansas, Missouri, Montana, and Wyoming either prohibit export of certain species or practically cut off export trade in game by means of other restrictions. Eastern dealers in ordering or receiving such game from these States encourage direct violations of local laws and may render themselves liable to the penalties provided for violating the Federal law.

Non-Residents.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having read articles in your columns on non-resident licenses and thinking that it is a question which deserves some investigating, not in regard to any one State, but to all, I wish to ask of the readers three things:

First—Is a non-resident State license law a law which would prove constitutional in the United States if it were tried or tested?

Second—Would a non-resident license law be one of the most effectual laws with which to protect the game?

Third—Does a non-resident law add to the welfare of a community in which it is enforced or not?

I wish to see all game protected by laws or licenses or whatever is best and fair to all persons concerned.

In regard to my first question, does any person know of a case where this law was tested or will some person who knows explain what is meant in the United States Constitution when it says in Article IV, Section 2, Clause 1, "The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States," and again in Article XIV, Section 1, "No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States." I have heard of cases where persons were fined for not taking out the license, but they, like many others I suppose, were more willing to pay the fine than risk sending the case to higher courts, especially so when in one case where the license if taken out would have cost $25, and the fine for not taking it was only $10. Laws are a puzzle to me, particularly in some States where county licenses exist, and you pay taxes to keep up the game, stock streams with fish and pay $10 to $20 every time you cross a line where all the laws have been changed and altered for the especial benefit of the game in that particular locality.

Virginia has a law which allows no persons from Maryland to shoot wild fowl in certain parts of the State of Virginia unless they first pay for a license, but, again, it allows all Marylanders who belong to a certain association to shoot without a license. Is this constitutional and can laws be made to deal differently with different persons simply because they belong to an association or not? A smaller matter than being a resident of the State or not, I think. Let us suppose two hunters, both from Maryland or any other State, are arrested in Virginia for hunting without a license, and both are found guilty of precisely the same violations, but the one states to the court that he is a member of a certain association and is acquitted, while the other, because he does not belong to it, is convicted.

Now, is a non-resident law the best to protect the game with? I know that ducks by the thousand are sent to the market from the State of Virginia. They have the law on ducks. Some species are hunted there the year around legally, and I do not believe any are near so well protected there as they are in some other States that have no non-resident license. In some States the game is protected to a certain extent, but in no case do I believe it is the non-resident law which does it, but some other law, such as one which does not allow game to be shipped from the States, only a certain amount to be killed by each hunter or no sale of game, and various other and better laws could be made, I believe.

In some instances the non-resident law never was passed for the protection of game, but wholly for the protection of the people, that they in their district could kill all they wished and do with it as they pleased without being afraid some other fellow would get in and get some for his own use and enjoy a vacation, for I don't believe very many persons who travel any distance to hunt could be classed as a game hog or market hunter.

In Maine I have thought the game better protected than in most any other States; yet they have never passed the non-resident license law, and I have always looked at Maine as saying to her neighbors, "Come with us to hunt or fish and we will treat you as if you were one of us, giving you all the show we can." Some other State laws read about the same as, "Raus mit em!" and I am much like the Irishman who once had an experience at a German picnic; always afterward he used to say, "If you ever go to a German picnic and they begin to yell 'Raus mit em,' get out!"

I hear that the game in Maine is decreasing, and if it requires a non-resident license to protect it, I say put it on, and if my coming with a gun and $20 will help the game increase more than coming with the gun alone would, I'll be willing to bring both. But I say try to show by your laws that you wish to be as fair with all as you can and that you wish them to come; if you do.

In regard to the third question, I know very little, but we may safely say that the men in general who travel to a distant State to hunt will leave from $25 to $75 in that State, and many of the same class will cease to visit a State if they think a law exists which is intended to give them a slight hint not to come or a good pull at the leg simply for the purpose of making money.

I think most persons go to the States which have no license and their money goes to the private citizens, making them better off, but it does not go toward the game. I also think a lesser number of persons go to States with the license, but the decrease favors the game. The money has also decreased especially with the private citizens, some of it has gone to the State, but whether it will ever help the game or not is in many States a question and in some, I am sure, it never does.

I may be mistaken in a number of ways, but will some person with more experience and knowledge please write.

WOODHAWK.

Iowa Prairie Chickens.

HUMBOLDT, Ia., Aug. 23.—About a week is left now before the season opens in Iowa on chickens and ducks, and sportsmen have been preparing for some time. From the best information the chicken shooting will not be above the average this year in Iowa. Storms have done much damage to the young birds in southern and central Iowa, and the shooting there will be poor. In the northern part and especially the extreme northern part the shooting will be quite good. Many Iowa sportsmen are looking toward Minnesota to give them their chicken shooting this fall. Reports are coming from all parts of that State telling of an unusual abundance of chickens, and as the non-resident license of $10 is somewhat reasonable, many will journey north.

The usual large amount of "sooner" shooting has been done this year in Iowa, and State Game Warden Lincoln has had little money to cope against it. Farmers and town sportsmen have been blazing away at the half-grown birds ever since the first of August, as though there was no law prohibiting it.

Every year which opens the chicken shooting in Iowa finds the poor man set back a notch further in the line of successful chicken shooting. The farmers are getting more and more strict about who hunts upon their lands, and a bird dog has become almost a necessity, although when one is lucky enough to know farmers who will pilot him to the birds it is a great help, but even then one needs a dog to find the birds which have been shot. A friend writing to me from southeastern Kansas has the following, among other things, to say about conditions there: "There are a few chickens around here, but about two weeks ago some parties were out killing them off. We have a few game laws in this State, but there is no State game warden and very few others. There is no effort being made to enforce the game laws, and quail are shot all winter and summer, too, for that matter."

Commencing September first turtle doves can be shot in this State, and I hope to have something to say about these birds later on.

G. J. BICKNELL.

No Young Ducks in Montana.

SHELBY JUNCTION, Mont., Aug. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This year there are no young ducks in this region. The high prairie in this part of northern Montana, close to the mountains, is dotted with a thousand little lakes, on each of which usually breed ducks of various kinds, and all through the summer two, three or half a dozen broods may be seen swimming in these lakes. This year, however, there are none.

The spring and summer, up to mid-July, were extraordinarily cold and rainy, and it is believed that the entire absence of young birds is due to this fact. Since this portion of Montana is commonly so great a breeding ground for ducks the failure of ducks to breed here is really a serious matter to Western duck shooters generally. Whether the same weather conditions and the same absence of breeding took place north of the boundary line along the mountains, in the Provinces of Assiniboia and Alberta is not known.

Ducks are already migrating in northern Montana and people are beginning to shoot them.

F. P.

Connecticut Rail Opening.

MILFORD, Conn., Sept. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The rail season in Connecticut opened Sept. 1, and what its early days will bring forth no man yet knows. The experience of two shovers on the Housatonic River the day before the season opened was not encouraging. One man passing through the grass of one of the best pieces of ground on the river, and covering territory that it takes an hour to pass over, started but a single bird. Another man covering another large strip of grass started only two birds.

This seems very discouraging as to the breeding of rail on this particular ground. If it is true that no birds were bred there this season, the reason is probably to be found in the wet weather of the early summer which may have destroyed the eggs or the young birds. It will be interesting to have reports from the shooting at various points and thus to learn whether similar conditions prevail elsewhere. We shall look with interest for reports from the marshes at North Haven and at Essex, Conn., as well as from other points.

F. P.

Tribble Remembered How.

Rifle, Colo., Aug. 18.—W. E. Tribble is the hero of a desperate hand-to-hand encounter with two bears, and that he escaped with his life was due in part to the visit of President Roosevelt to this part of the country two years ago. Mr. Roosevelt showed the old guide just how to give the coup de grace to a bear with the knife. Tribble, while in the mountains, was surprised by a grizzly, and succeeded in dispatching him à la Roosevelt. When confronted by another big bear, he dispatched it in a like manner. Tribble was covered with wounds, but managed to crawl to his horse, and ride to camp, where he lost consciousness.

At Moldanga, a village in the Bankura district, a poor old ryot was sitting one morning lately in the front of his hut. A tiger, which had been committing havoc among the sheep and cattle in the neighboring villages, suddenly made his appearance and coolly walked into the hut. A little child, a grandson of the ryot, was in the hut, and the old man at once rushed inside and was coming out with the child when the tiger fell upon them. There was a country-made axe close by, and with this weapon the man fought the tiger for a time, and then stepping out, shut and bolted the door of the hut from outside. So "Master Stripes" was made a close prisoner in the peasant's hut and was kept there for several hours until he could be shot. The old man and his grandchild, who were severely mauled by the brute, expired a few days after the occurrence.—Asian.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM. *Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?*

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Sea and River Fishing.

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

Fish and Fishing.

Some Monster Maskinonge.

THE present seems to be a record year for large maskinonge. From the vicinity of the Thousand Islands come reports of catches of very heavy fish. Having no means of authenticating the stories of these big fellows, I had determined to pass them by unnoticed until a possible opportunity should offer for verifying them. In the meantime, however, come two stories of even larger fish, about the verification of which these is no possibility of doubt. On Aug. 21 the Ontario Department of Fisheries at Toronto received a magnificent specimen of maskinonge, over five feet long and weighing fifty-two pounds. It was caught in the branch of the Rideau River which passes through Kemptville, by Sam. J. Martin, of Kemptville. Big as this specimen was, it has been cast altogether in the shade by a capture by a French-Canadian, Mr. Alphonse Allard, at Chateauguay, on the border of the St. Lawrence, a little west of Montreal. This monster, which was sixty pounds in weight, had a girth of twenty-seven inches. The length of the head from the tip of the snout to the back of the gill, was exactly a foot. It was sold to a Montreal dealer, and was exposed to view in the shop of T. Charbonneau & Co., of Bonsecours Market. There have undoubtedly been larger maskinonge caught than that just reported, but it is claimed that no larger one has been seen for many years past in the Montreal markets.

The Philology of the Maskinonge.

There are probably almost as many different ways of spelling the name of this fish as there were, up to a few years ago, of writing the name of the fresh-water salmon of Lake St. John. I was induced some time ago to prepare a paper for the Royal Society of Canada on the philology of the ouananiche, giving some twenty different spellings of the name, and contending for the general adoption and use of the form of the word which has priority in its favor. While upon this free American soil we have no academy, as they have in France, to arbitrarily spell for us all our difficult and scientific names, but can fearlessly employ as many different orthographical forms of the same word as may tickle our fancy, convenience would seem to dictate at least an attempt to arrive as nearly as possible at uniformity in the spelling of more or less familiar names.

In the case of *Esox nobilior,* or *Lucius masquinongy,* whose popular title in its original form, like that of the ouananiche, comes down to us, as correctly claimed by the late Fred Mather, from its Indian nomenclature, an apparent desire to get away from French orthography has produced a somewhat similar confusion of language to that which so long existed in the case of the ouananiche. The original spelling of the Indian name was undoubtedly "maskinonge," and such it is still officially called in the statutes of Canada, in which country the fish was first known and the name originated. According to Bishop Lafleche, who was a recognized authority upon Indian customs and dialects, and in his early life a devoted missionary to the Northwest, "maskinonge" is derived from *mashk* (deformed) and *kinonje* (a pike), and was applied to the *Esox nobilior* by the Indians, because it appeared to them a deformed or different kind of pike from that to which they had been accustomed. The river of the same name that flows into Lake St. Peter, which name has been extended to the town built at its mouth, and to the county of which it is the chief place, was doubtless so called from the number of these fish taken in or near its estuary, and after their Indian name. And it is a singular corroboration of the absolute correctness of the French orthography "maskinonge," that no less an authority than Dr. James A. Henshall, the author of the paper on this fish in "American Game Fishes," following the nomenclature of Dr. Mitchil, and of De Kay in his "Fishes of New York," substitutes for *nobilior,* as the name of this particular species, *masquinongy,* which is about as near as it is possible for English orthography to go in representing the correct pronunciation of "maskinonge." Yet Dr. Henshall claims that by common consent and custom the name is "mascalonge" among the majority of anglers, and that "mascalonge" it will be for generations to come. Nor does this mongrel name represent the full extent of the departure from the original name. Dr. Henshall mentions, among other forms, "muscalonge," "muskellunge," "muskallonge," etc., and a variety of other spellings has been adopted by other writers. "Muskellunge"—one of the forms already quoted—is the name employed to designate the species by Dr. Brown Goode, in his "American Fishes," and is as far removed from the original name as "winninish" is from "ouananiche." It may take some time to arrive at uniformity in the spelling of *Esox nobilior's* familiar name, but it is encouraging to note the general conformity, in recent years, to the name "ouananiche," which is the statutory designation in the country in which that fish is found, and it may be useful to point out that "maskinonge" is also the statutory form of the name of another Canadian fish, and, like "ouananiche," has in its favor the undoubted claim of priority of nomenclature. However, the Bard of Avon, whose frequent references to hook and line shows that he was quite as well up in angling as in botany, is authority for the statement that "a rose by any other name smells quite as sweet," and no matter how we spell the name of the great game fish of the St. Lawrence, the angler who takes it with becoming tackle, will find that he has a foeman worthy of his steel.

Tackle for Maskinonge.

Most maskinonge are taken with hand line and trolling spoon, and hauled in hand over hand, so that the fish have no opportunity of displaying their game qualities at all. I am sorry to say that I have seen the large brook trout of some of the finest of our Canadian lakes treated in the same unsportsmanlike manner. When, however, one fishes with an eight-ounce black bass rod and brings a

St. Lawrence maskinonge of thirty-two pounds fairly to gaff on it in twenty minutes, as Dr. Henshall once did, he has certainly enjoyed twenty minutes of exciting sport, and has reason to be proud of his achievement. On a taut line, the maskinonge often leaps clear of the water, and being a powerful fish, requires at this time very careful handling. The great difficulty, with light tackle, is to keep the maskinonge from running into and entangling himself in the weeds, rushes, or sunken tree tops in which he probably lay concealed when he rushed for the angler's bait. This cannot always be done, but there is sport in trying it, and good assistance can be rendered the fisherman by his guide, who should know enough to pull for deep water immediately a fish is hooked. The rod should not be more than nine feet in length, and eleven or twelve ounces in weight, but the hook should be fastened to the line on a gimp snell, for the teeth of the fish renders gut impossible of success.

Doctored Carp and Catfish.

Not very long ago I was dining in a New England hotel when the waiter brought me a portion of fish, which was described upon the menu card as bluefish. My companion, who was a resident of the place, asked me if I knew what I was eating, and surprised me by the remark that it was simply carp so prepared and served up as to imitate the better fish. To the credit of the hotel's culinary department I am compelled to say that the fish formed by no means an unsavory dish, and that it was a very fair imitation of bluefish. I am reminded of this misrepresentation on the part of the hotel people, by reading in a New Orleans newspaper of a new fishing traffic which has sprung up in California, and which is described as being rapidly developed into a large and paying business along the lower coast. It consists of the catching and selling of the river catfish to a company at three cents per pound. The fish are emptied and then packed in barrels, salted and shipped to some northern city, where they are chemically prepared as to color and flavor, packed in cans, and labeled and sold as salmon. It is claimed that when thus prepared for canning, the fish cannot be detected, either in flavor or color, from the genuine Pacific coast salmon. Some of these fish weigh as much as fifty pounds each, and those engaged in catching them have been known to earn as much as five dollars a day.

I was expatiating the other day upon the immorality of the frauds committed upon unsuspecting consumers, who in this age of shams are offered all kinds of foul imitations with their food, when I was tenderly invited, from the other side of the dining table, to say what I thought of the iniquity of men who impose upon the credulity of the lower orders of creation, by offering to hungry trout the tinsel imitation of their natural food, in order to lure them to their death. But that, as Kipling would say, is altogether another story! And fishes are not of those to whom we are expected to do as we would they should do unto us, are they? That is only one reason why I think the question posed to me and the laughter that followed it around the table were so very cruel and uncalled for. Don't you? E. T. D. Chambers.

Fishing in the Atbara.

Where is the Atbara? Take down your map of Africa, find the Nile, and follow it with your finger, past Cairo, Luxtor, Karnak, the Lower Cataract, Philæ, Korosko and Berber, till you come, about twenty-five miles above the latter, to what, in the dry season, from about Oct. 1 to June 1, is an arid bed of sand, lying white and blistering in the torrid heat, but during the other four months of the year is a rushing torrent of chocolate-colored mud, brought from the Abyssinian Alps, six hundred miles away. Thick as pea soup and dirtier even than the Missouri, it well deserves, at this time, the name given it by the Arabs, "Bahr el Aswat," or "Black River." Not entirely waterless is it, however, even in the dry season, for, all along its length, where the river bed has been hollowed out, are found pools, some of which are five miles long by two hundred yards wide and fifty feet deep. In these pools lurk crocodiles and hippopotami, and to them, from the neighboring desert and mimosa groves, come the thirsty elephant, the lion, wild ass, rhinoceros, buffalo, giraffe and antelope of various kinds. They are full too of huge turtles and strange fish, gamy and fierce, who will make the angler's nerve thrill in the wild fight for life and liberty.

Let us "go a-fishing" here—you and I and Sir Samuel Baker, that plucky Englishman, who, with his no less plucky wife, is known to, and loved by, all the wild Hamran Arabs, Tokroori negroes and Basé savages of the land. Let us stand and watch him, as, at one of these pools, two hundred miles from the mouth, he prepares himself for the sport. No four-ounce fly-rods and single gut will do here. His "pole" is a stout bamboo, twenty feet in length, cut from the banks of the stream. To the tip is firmly lashed a half-inch brass ring, taken from his game bag, and his huge reel holds two hundred yards of stout line, to which is fastened, by a yard of coarse gimp, his largest-sized salmon hook. But we will let him tell the tale in his own words, for it would be hard to say whether he handles the pen, the rod or the gun the best.

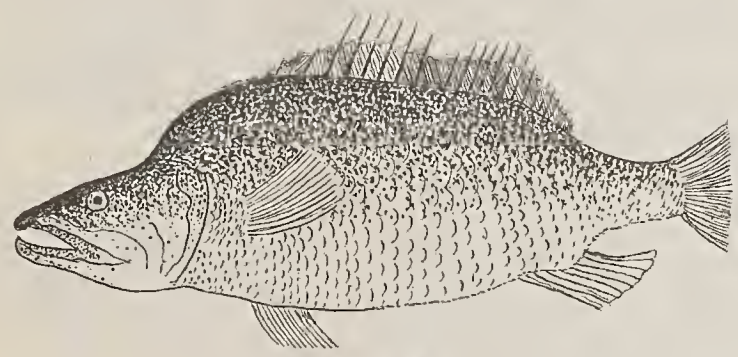
"In the afternoon I arranged my tackle and strolled down to the pool to fish. There was a difficulty in procuring bait; a worm was never heard of in the burning deserts of Nubia, neither had I a net to catch small fish; I was therefore obliged to bait with pieces of hippopotamus." (Imagine catching a hippopotamus for fish bait!) "Fishing in such a pool as this of the Atbara was sufficiently exciting, as it was impossible to conjecture what creature might accept the invitation; but the Arabs who accompanied me were particular in guarding me against the position I had taken under a willow bush close to the water, as they explained that most probably a crocodile would take me instead of the bait. I accordingly fished at a few feet distant from the margin, and presently I had a bite; I landed a species of perch about two pounds weight; this was the boulti, one of the best Nile fish mentioned by Bruce. In a short time I had a respectable dish of fish; but hitherto no monster had paid me the slightest attention; accordingly I changed my bait, and upon a powerful hook, fitted upon treble-twisted wire, I fastened an enticing strip of a boulti. The bait was about four ounces, and glistened like silver; the water was tolerably clear, but not too bright, and with such an attraction I expected something heavy.

"My float was a large-sized pike float for live bait, and this civilized sign had been only a few minutes in the wild waters of the Atbara when bob! and away it went. I had a very large reel, with nearly three hundred yards of line that had been specially made for monsters; down went the top of my rod, as though a grindstone was suspended on it, and, as I recovered its position, away went the line, and the reel revolved, not with the sudden dash of a spirited fish, but with the steady, determined pull of a trotting horse. What on earth have I got hold of? In a few minutes about a hundred yards of line are out, and as the creature was slowly but steadily traveling down the center of the channel, I determined to cry 'halt!' if possible, as my tackle was extremely stout, and my rod a single bamboo.

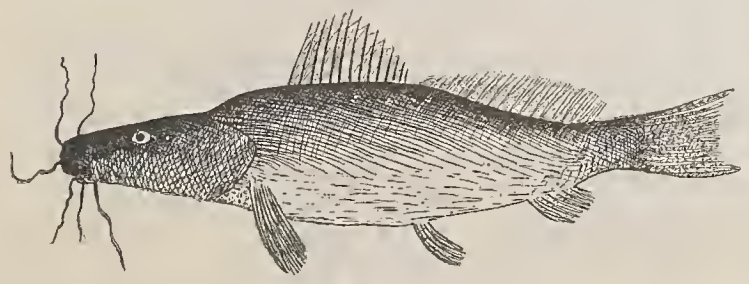
"Accordingly I put on a powerful strain, which was replied to by a sullen tug, a shake, and again my rod was pulled suddenly down to the water's edge. At length, after the roughest handling, I began to reel in slack line, as my unknown friend had doubled in on me; and upon once more putting pressure upon him or her, as it might be, I perceived a great swirl in the water, about twenty yards from the rod. The tackle would bear anything, and I strained so heavily upon my adversary, that I soon reduced the distance; but the water was very deep, the bank precipitous, and he was still invisible.

"At length, after much tugging and counter tugging, he began to show; eagerly I gazed into the water, to examine my new acquaintance, when I made out something

COOR.



BAGGAR.



BAYARD.

below, in shape between a coach wheel and a sponging bath; in a few moments more I brought to the surface, securely hooked, a monstrous—turtle! I felt like the old lady who won an elephant in the lottery; that I had him was certain, but what was I to do with my prize? It was at least a hundred pounds weight, and the bank was steep, and covered with bushes; thus it was impossible to land the monster, that now tugged and dived with the determination of the grindstone that his first pull had suggested.

"Once I attempted the gaff, but the trusty weapon that had landed many a fish in Scotland, broke in the hard shell of the turtle, and I was helpless. My Arab now came to my assistance, and terminated the struggle. Seizing the line with both hands, utterly regardless of all remonstrances (which, being in English, he did not understand), he quickly hauled our friend to the surface and held him, struggling and gnashing his jaws, under the steep bank. In a few moments the line slackened, and the turtle disappeared. The fight was over! The sharp horny jaws had bitten through treble-twisted brass wire as clean as though cut by shears. My visions of turtle soup had faded."

But "fortune favors the brave," so let us try our luck with him again, but this time at the close of the rainy season, when the river is rapidly receding, to its former state of dryness. We are camped at the junction of the Atbara with the Till, a small stream whose waters are falling fast. At the mouth of the Till are huge boulders, past which the swift current foams and eddies. A "pot hole" in the rocks at the water's edge has been emptied of sand and pebbles, and filled by our Arab gamins with fresh water and live bait, caught in a pool in the Till, and we are ready for the sport.

"I chose a little fellow about four inches long to begin with, and delicately inserted the hook under the back fin. Gently dropping my alluring and lively little friend in a deep channel between the rocks and the mouth of the Till, I watched my large float with great interest, as, carried by the stream, it swept past the corner of a large rock into the open river; that corner was the very place where, if I had been a big fish, I should have concealed myself for a sudden rush upon an unwary youngster. The large green float sailed leisurely along, simply indicating, by its uneasy movement, that the bait was playing; and now it passed the point of the rock and hurried round the corner in the sharper current toward the open river. Off it went! Down dipped the tip of the rod, with a rush so sudden that the line caught somewhere and broke!

"'Well, that was a monster!' I exclaimed, as I recovered the inglorious line; fortunately the float was not lost, as the hooks had been carried away at the fastening to the main line; a few yards of this I cut off, as it had partially lost its strength from frequent use.

"I replaced the hooks by a little larger set, with the stoutest gimp and swivels, and once more I tried my fortune with a bait exactly resembling the first. In a short time I had a brisk run, and quickly landed a fish of about twelve pounds; this was a species known to the Arabs as the 'bayard'; it has a blackish green back, the brightest silver sides and belly, with very peculiar back fins, that nearest the tail being a simple piece of flesh free from rays. This fish has four long barbules in the upper jaw, and two in the lower. I have frequently seen the 'bayard' of sixty or seventy pounds weight, therefore I was not proud of my catch, and recommenced fishing. * * * I chose from my aquarium a fish of about half a pound; I dropped this in the river about twenty yards above the mouth of the Till, and allowed it to swim naturally down the stream, so as to pass across the Till junction, and descend the deep channel between the rocks. For about ten minutes I had no run; I had twice tried the same water without sueeess; nothing would admire my charming bait; when, just as it had reached the favorite turning point at the extremity of the rock, away dashed the line, with the tremendous rush that follows the attack of a mighty fish. Trusting to the soundness of my tackle, I struck hard, and fastened my new acquaintance thoroughly, but off he dashed down the stream for about fifty yards at one rush, making for a narrow channel between two rocks, through which the stream ran like a mill race. Should he pass this channel, I knew he would cut the line across the rock; therefore, giving him the butt, I held him by main force, and by the great swirl in the water, I knew I was bringing him to the surface; but just as I expected to see him, my float having already appeared, away he darted in another direction, taking a hundred yards of line without a check. I at once observed that he must pass a shallow sand bank, favorable for landing a heavy fish; I therefore checked him as he reached this spot, and followed him down the bank, reeling up line as I ran parallel to his course. Now came the tug of war! I knew my hooks were good, and my line sound, therefore I was determined not to let him escape beyond the favorable ground; so I put a strain upon him, that after much struggling brought to the surface a great shovel head, followed by a pair of broad silvery sides, as I led him gradually to shallow water. Bacheet now cleverly secured him by the gills, and dragged him ashore. He was a splendid 'bayard,' of at least forty pounds weight. I laid my prize upon some green reeds, and covered it carefully with the same cool material. * * * I put on a large bait, and threw it about forty yards up stream, and allowed the float to sweep the water in a half circle, thus taking the chances of different distances from the shore. For about half an hour nothing moved; I was just preparing to change my position, when out rushed my line, and, striking hard, I believed I had fixed the old gentleman himself, for I had no control over him whatever; holding him was out of the question; the line flew through my hands, cutting them till the blood flowed, and I was obliged to let the fish take his own way; this he did for about eighty yards, when he suddenly stopped. This unexpected halt was a great calamity, for the reel overran itself, having no drag, and the slack of the line caught the handle just as he rushed forward again, and with a jerk that nearly pulled the rod from my hands, he was gone!

"I found one of the large hooks broken short off; the confounded reel! The fish was a monster! Putting on another bait, in a few minutes I had a tremendous rush, and about a hundred and fifty yards of line ran off the reel, without my being able to stop it. I followed along the bank, holding hard, and after about half an hour of difference of opinion, the fish began to show itself, and I coaxed it into the shallows; here it was cleverly managed by Bacheet, who lugged it out by the tail. It was an ugly monster, of about fifty pounds, a species of silurus (first cousin to the catfish), known to the Arabs as the 'coor.' It had lungs resembling delicate branches of red coral, and, if kept moist, will live upon the ground for many hours, like an eel. It smelt strongly of musk, but was gladly accepted by the Arabs. * * *

"This afternoon I took the rod, and having caught a beautiful silver-sided fish of about a pound weight, I placed it upon a large single hook fastened under the fin. In about an hour I had a run, but upon striking, I pulled the bait out of the fish's mouth, as the point of the hook had not touched the jaw. I wound up slowly for about thirty yards, hoping that the big fellow would follow his lost prize, as I knew him to be a large fish by his attack upon a bait of a pound weight. I found my bait was killed, but having readjusted the hook, I again cast it in the same direction, and slowly played it toward me. I had him! He took it immediately, and I determined to allow him to swallow it before I should strike. Without a halt, about a hundred yards of line were taken at the first rush, toward the middle of the river; he then stopped, and I waited for about a minute, and then fixed him with a jerk that bent my bamboo like a fly-rod. To this he replied by a splendid challenge. In one jump he flew about six feet out of the water, and showed himself to be one of the most beautiful fish I had ever seen; not one of those nondescript antediluvian brutes that you expect to catch in these extraordinary rivers, but in color like a clean-run salmon. He gave tremendous play, several times leaping out of the water and shaking his head furiously to free himself from the hook; then darting away with eighty or a hundred yards of fresh line, until he was at last forced to yield to the tough and elastic bamboo, and his deep body stranded upon the fatal shallows. Bacheet was a charming lad to land a fish; he was always quiet and thoughtful, and never got in the way of the line. This time he closely approached him from behind, slipped both his hands along his side, and hooked his fingers into the broad gills; thus he dragged him splashing through the shallows, to the sand bank. What a beauty! What was he? The color was that of a salmon, and the scales were not larger in proportion; he was about fifty pounds in weight. The back fin resembled that of a perch, with seven rays; the second dorsal fin had fourteen rays; the head was well shaped, and small in proportion to the body; the eyes were bright red, and shone like rubies, and the teeth were very small. * * * This species of fish is considered by the Arabs to be the best in the river; it is therefore called *El Baggar* 'the cow.'"

And so ends our day's sport, and we return to our camp under the huge mimosa trees, and smoke our restful

pipe, and watch the Sofi Arabs quarreling and fighting over the distribution of our day's spoils, while the sun sets behind the Nubian desert, and the goats bleat with terror as the hollow boom of the lion's roar comes reverberating over the sandy waste. H. P. U.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Missouri Bass Streams.

Mr. H. K. Kuhn, of Bolivar, Mo., writes very pleasantly in regard to the bass fishing in his part of the world. This Ozark country is one of the best sporting regions now left in the West, and the excellence of the fishing to be found in parts of Missouri is something which does not seem to be realized by our anglers, many of whom go much further and fare much worse. Mr. Kuhn's letter follows:

"I was raised on the Chesapeake Bay, and thought it was the proper thing to pull in three croakers at a time, hand over hand, in about twenty feet of water; but after an experience of about twenty years with regulation rod and reel and the black bass, I now consider it very tame sport.

"Dr. Richard Winn, dentist; Mr. Ed. Schofield, brother of General Schofield, and myself, made a trip last fall, starting Oct. 15, from this place, to Camden county to the Niomqui, or, as the natives call it, Miongo. We traveled sixty miles by wagon, a fourth of the way over as pretty roads as you ever saw, the rest very rough. We were in the Ozarks. The weather was perfect, and the different colors the foliage presented were grand—yellow hickories and sumac, green cedars, brown and green oak, and the grandest of all, the sugar maple with its rainbow tints. The river as clear as it could possibly be and the perpendicular bluffs and the dark water at their base, produced a scene which caused us all time and again to express our admiration and reverence.

"We had a great time. The first three hours we caught seventy small-mouths about one and a quarter pounds average; this was under the dam. We had use for these fish, but concluded to seek for larger ones in the pools. We found them, and I wish to give you the last half day's experience.

"Dr. Winn and the driver went together and Mr. Schofield and myself. Mr. Schofield and I had not very good luck the first couple of hours of early morning, and we changed our location. We passed Dr. Winn and he invited us to join him, as he said he 'was getting them,' but we refrained—did not like to spoil a good thing. He had gone up and down a mountain to get to his position, but he was rewarded. Mr. Schofield and I also climbed a mountain, and walked across a small valley, and there lay a most lovely pool, a 150-foot perpendicular bluff for shade. We commenced at one end of it, and they were biting. Mr. Schofield had knee boots. I had waders. I saw a very likely looking place, if I could get to it, and with considerable trouble I made it. The bluff made a perfect right angle about thirty feet from where I stood. The water was deep, and I thought where the bluff turned was the proper place. My minnows were a remnant, rather small, but the bass took them rapidly. I caught probably forty or fifty, but did not count them. As the bait was getting very trifling, and I had one very large wide-mouth chub, I thought I would try him, and so hooked him through the upper lip and cast him over. The water just boiled where the chub fell. To be as brief as possible, the bass that happened to get the bait was landed in due form, and was a four-pounder. The minnow was not dead, and I put him in service again. Same result; another four-pounder. The minnow was pretty badly chewed and dead, but after taking a fresh 'holt' in his mouth, and smoothing him out a little, I made a long cast beyond the corner and reeled rapidly. Result, a tremendous strike, and a well-hooked fish; I said to myself 'I have an elephant this time.' I finally brought him to the edge of the water at my feet and secured him. We estimated his weight at 7½ pounds. Mr. Schofield has fished on the Niomqui since boyhood, and is now forty-three. He said it was the largest black bass he ever saw. Dr. Winn said the same, and the natives concurred.

"Mr. Schofield had a nice string. When we got to camp the driver and Dr. Winn had struck camp and were waiting for us. We already had a fine supply of fish, but this fresh lot helped things greatly, and we arrived home with plenty for our friends and neighbors after an eight days' trip. The large bass were caught on a No. 1 Sproat.

"W. H. Talbot, of reel fame, was to have accompanied us, but sickness prevented. We contemplate another trip about Oct. 15, and Mr. Talbot is billed for it."

Scared by Bear Baits.

Aug. 23.—Two Chicago gentlemen, Mr. Charles Tripp, of the Auditorium Hotel and Julius French, of the French Car Spring Co., went hunting last week out in the White River country of Colorado. They did not come back at once, and naturally had no way of communicating with their friends in Chicago. Another party passing over the country which they had traversed found two horses shot in the head. These gentlemen took great alarm and promptly telegraphed to Chicago that in all likelihood Mr. French and Mr. Tripp had been killed, since these horses might, could, should or would have been theirs. To-day the comforting advice is received by their Chicago friends that the above named hunters are quite safe and have not been killed by train robbers, as was hurriedly supposed. I suppose that perhaps the searching party discovered a couple of horses which had been killed for bear baits. Such things have been in the mountains, but there is no use getting excited over it.

Peaches and Cream and Grizzlies.

I have located my long-lost grizzly in several different parts of the West. He is down in the Wahsatch spurs in Utah. Also he used to be in the Salmon River country of Idaho, but I think he moved. The Seven Devils' Mountains once held him, but I am not sure that he is there to-day. The Crazy Mountains, where a 1,700-pound bear is stated to have been killed, also for a time appealed to me. Of course lower California might do, but that is too uncertain. Then there is my beloved Two Medicine country up in Montana, and also the Vermillion River country, west of the main range in Montana. I have not had time to go to all these places after my bear, and maybe now I will postpone it. A man by the name of W. A. Hill came into my office this morning and tells me that he knows where my bear is, beyond the shadow of a doubt. It is out along a tributary of the Snake River in Oregon. There is a little valley where the settlers raise peaches and cream and have goose hair for pillows. At the upper end of this valley there are some big snowy mountains, flanked by bad lands, worse than those of Dakota or Montana. In these mountains are some mountain sheep, a good many deer and some bears; not little bears, but big ones; not black bears, but silver-tips, which some call grizzlies, which we used to call "*platado*" in New Mexico—but anyhow long-toed bears, which will scrap, and which will kill a horse or steer when they are hungry, as the settlers of my little valley will testify. Now it seems to me if I could find a country where peaches and cream and grizzlies grew all together, and where five-pound trout came along as a matter of course, I ought not to have any kick coming whatever. I will have to ask the lady who is my side partner in bear hunting whether she has lost any grizzly, and if so we may visit this enchanted valley one of these years.

As instancing the size of the bears in this newly discovered country, I may state that last year one was killed which weighed 800 pounds. This was a pretty good bear, but it is nothing to the one killed by a settler this summer. My informant, Mr. Hill, could not give me the name of the rancher who killed this bear, but he knew the facts very well. The old grizzly came down into the rancher's corral and killed a two-year-old steer, which he proceeded to eat up. This made the farmer some hot, and he immediately started after his gun. The aforesaid gun was a short-barreled squirrel rifle, carrying a bullet about the size of a .32 caliber, a plain, unvarnished gun which loaded at the top and had to be capped at the bottom, after the fashion of our forefathers' weapons. Thus equipped the irate farmer walked out to the pen, within fifteen yards of the grizzly, and took a shot at him. He shot him straight through the heart, and, strange as it may seem, one shot was enough for Bruin. He sank down and never got up at all. The bullet passed through the heart and lodged in the ribs on the opposite side. This bear weighed 1,400 pounds, according to Mr. Hill, who states that his information was correct. It's a good bear story, anyhow. Think of a bear like that, with peaches and cream and five-pound trout on the side! This world is not such a cheerless place after all.

In Different Directions

It is one of my personal ambitions to entirely break down the commercial system of the world and send everybody out to live chiefly hunting and fishing. Among other efforts in that line this week I have sent one Florida gentleman to Texas for bird shooting and tarpon fishing; one Chicago gentleman to New Brunswick after moose, and seven gentlemen of assorted localities out to Minnesota after chickens and ducks; that is to say, all these start at the opening of the respective seasons. My moose man is Mr. T. W. Robinson, of the Illinois Steel Co., this city, who goes in with Adam Moore, or rather Jack Moore, Adam's son, on his newly located moose range in the Serpentine country of New Brunswick. Mr. Robinson and I have just had a pleasant time in talking over the details of his outfit, route, etc. I am sure he will get his moose, and I wish he would get the rest of mine if he sees it lying around in there anywhere.

About Fly Tying.

Mr. Jeptha G. Dunlap, a long-time reader of the FOREST AND STREAM, writes from San Jose, Cali., in the matter of the tying of artificial flies, his communication being as follows:

"For a long time I have wanted some one to tell me something which, so far, I have been unable to determine for myself. Through FOREST AND STREAM I see that you have become interested in the art of artificial fly-making, and I infer, therefore, that you are in a position to know or ascertain the facts in the case.

Some years ago, without other instruction than I obtained from FOREST AND STREAM and one or two books mentioned in its columns, I took up fly-making with the result that I am able to construct a fly that I need not be ashamed of in comparison with some professional work. According to instruction I have always applied shellac varnish to the head of my flies, giving them at intervals of eighteen or twenty-four hours two or three coats. Often, but not always, this varnish turns white as snow when the fly is put in the water, and this spoils the appearance and probably the usefulness of the lure. What I wish to know is the cause of this and why the varnish sometimes turns white and sometimes not. I always use the orange or brown shellac dissolved in alcohol, except occasionally, when I wish the tying thread to show its color, in which case I use the clear shellac.

"Is there any satisfactory substitute for shellac with which to coat the heads of artificial flies? If so be kind enough to tell me what it is and if possible how to prepare it.

"Could you not kindly give a detailed description of the Onondago pattern of black bass fly, to which you refer in the FOREST AND STREAM of June 21, which would enable one to make the fly; giving wing, body, tail, hackle, tinsel, etc. It would add very much to the interest if, when special flies not commonly known, are mentioned by various writers, they would give a full description of them in accordance with the usual formula."

I am afraid that I am so much of a novice in the art of fly-tying that I cannot be of much assistance to Mr. Dunlap.

As to the pattern for the Onondago fly, I would say the body is made of white silk—in some which I had of white cotton covered with white silk. The fore part of the body is black and the hackles are black, and the wing is black and white tip, of magpie feathers. The body is tied very full and heavy, and in some patterns of the Onondago is ribbed with silver tinsel, or rather, a silver gimp or cord. The hook used was a No. 4 O'Shaunessy with flat wire. The whole was very heavy and indeed clumsy, although very powerful. The body becomes water-soaked in use and the fly is then so heavy that it is awkward to cast. It sinks almost at once on striking the water. I should think a lighter body could be used with good effect. This fly is tied with a tag, a few filaments of the magpie feather, black with white tip. I found the fly very effective on small-mouth bass in the Mississippi River. It makes a large and rather showy lure in the water.

Southerners Going North.

Judge Warwick Hough, of the Circuit bench, St. Louis, Mo., outfitted in Chicago this week for a trip of a few weeks at Plum Lake, Wis., where he goes with his son, Warwick Hough, Jr. They take cottages at the O. W. Saynor place on Plum Lake, and hope to interview muscallunge as well as a good many bass before they get back home.

The Largest Muscallunge.

The largest muscallunge of this season was probably that taken by Dr. E. C. Williams, of Chicago, in Pelican Lake, Wis. This fish measured 52 inches in length and 32 inches in girth, the latter measurement proving it a very deep and heavy fish. Its weight was 41 pounds four hours after it was taken. This was actual weight and not guess work. The captor, who has fished muscallunge a great deal in different Wisconsin lakes, says this is the largest muscallunge he ever saw. He has taken several other good fish in Pelican Lake this year.

Back from the Magnetawan.

Mr. F. L. Brown and party, of Cincinnati, are back from their boating trip down the Magnetawan River of Canada. They got through all right in spite of a self-advertised guide, who proved to be a very poor guide indeed and a still worse cook. But for the kindly offices of one of the Government wardens, the party might have had rather a dismal time, but as it was, they are very much pleased with their experience.

From West Virginia.

Mr. H. E. Thoms, of Huntington, W. Va., is passing a short time in this city. Mr. Thoms says that West Virginia is one of the most delightful places in America for a residence, and that it offers a wide variety of sport. The deer and turkey hunting is good in many localities, and the trout fishing, he says, is as good as anyone could ask; that is, of course, for the speckled brook trout, the same fish which is known in the North.

Mr. Thoms is an occasional visitor to the wilder portions of the West, and is something of a cow-puncher himself, having acquired the art of roping to such extent that he can pick up any foot he likes of an animal or make a neck throw with but few failures. He finds his chief difficulty in getting horses which will not tangle themselves up or get the rider into grief after the catch is made.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

A Cast.

The cast made by the vibrating rod, as it propels foot after foot of silken thread forward and straight away, the line ends up in a gentle curve of gossamer-like gut until the curve has spent its force in its effort to force the feathered hooks out upon the air where they, hesitating for a moment, like tired insects uncertain how to shape their course, drop exhausted and fluttering upon the water. Deep down in the pool the watchful trout has seen the shadow of the flies upon the surface above him, he has seen them slowly descending upon the water. Nearer and nearer they come, and with a swish of his powerful tail he gathers the speed of an arrow and meets them with distended jaws as they drop upon the glassy surface of the stream. A twitch of the rod and the barb is set; the prick of the hook and the haul of the leader upon the jaw sends the fish in terror to the deepest part of the pool, where he so many times has fled for safety before. But it is different this time, for tug as he may, that iron point encased in feathers remains fixed in his jaw, and it is endeavoring to lift him toward the surface. With a mighty effort he rushes up stream, not, however, with the speed and freedom heretofore, because of the thing that ceaselessly strains at his jaw. He stops in that hole behind the rock where he so often has poised himself ready for the prey brought down in the swift water. But he gets no peace there, the everlasting strain and haul of that gaudy, deceptive lure is still drawing him inch by inch down stream. The restraint becoming too great, he again madly rushes up stream, ending his rush with a mad leap in mid air. All to no avail, however, for as he once more plunges back into the stream, the strain is again felt. Resist as he may, yet does he yield to its invisible draft until, as drawn toward the surface, he sees in clear relief his arch enemy—man, and becoming frantic with fear plunges here, there, up stream, now down stream, anywhere in the air or water to work free from his bondage. But a shis strengths fails, so does he yield faster and faster to the wizard who stands knee deep in the stream above him. Once more he leaps free of the water and with a despairing shake of his jaws attempts to dislodge the lure. He fails, falls back exhausted, and resting upon his side is drawn toward the net and feels himself lifted from the water. A breaking of his neck and his life goes out.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

Remarkable Growth of Brook Trout.

BOZEMAN, Mont., Aug. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Four years ago I furnished some brook trout fry (*S. fontinalis*) to State Senator C. W. Hoffman, who put them in a spring pond on his ranch a mile from Bozeman. Last summer he caught several that weighed from two to two and a half pounds. Yesterday his son, Mr. Eugene Hoffman, caught one on the fly that was 21 inches long, 13 inches girth, and weighed 4¼ pounds down weight. The fish was presented to me and I can vouch for the measurements and weight as being correct. This is quite a remarkable growth for a four-year-old and proves that the Eastern brook trout is well adapted for the waters of Montana, as shown in this and other instances coming within my knowledge and observation.

JAMES A. HENSHALL.

Galveston Fishing.

GALVESTON, Aug. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There have been several weeks of high water in the Brazos and Trinity rivers that muddied the Gulf shore waters as far as Galveston and drove the fish out to clear water, but notwithstanding we have had a fair season, as our gamiest fish, the Spanish mackerel, put in appearance earlier than usual. They are unusually large, and we have had them since in April. Just now the fishing is superb. Mr. Jake Davis, a member of our club, was on the Rocks day before yesterday from 2.30 to 6 P. M., and with a man he had with him brought in 37 fine mackerel, Davis caught 19 and several over four pounds each. The largest mackerel I have seen this season was 5¼ pounds.

Seven of the members of the club and a visitor spent three hours and a half on the Rocks one afternoon and brought back ninety-six Spanish mackerel, a 9-pound redfish, one large pompano, three trout and a sheepshead; and caught two blue sharks about four feet long each. The whole party had had all the rod and reel fishing and exercise they wanted and were ready to leave for town half an hour before sundown. Of the party, H. K. Rowby, the genial ticket agent of the Union Depot, and John W. Keenan, the local agent of the Galveston office of the Waters, Pierce Oil Co., fished together, putting their catch in the same bags, and they caught 47 mackerel and the redfish, beside wrestling with and losing tackle to several loafing tarpon that were too heavy for mackerel rigs. Not a jackfish was hung, strange to say, as we have generally to dispose of several.

There is many a man who, if he knew of it, would be glad to come a thousand miles to wrestle with a jackfish or shark or tarpon, standing on a granite rock six miles out in the Gulf of Mexico.

It is strange that so few fishermen know of the fishing we have at Galveston. There is no other place in America that deep sea fishing can be had for the rod and reel from a comfortable footing on a flat rock, many of the rocks six to eight feet square, and so adjacent that you can follow your big fish along for a hundred yards if you wish. The jetties are some nine miles from the wharves, just far enough to keep out the pot fishers and loafers, yet within an hour's run for a good launch. The tarpon club is small and has only one boat, but it is a fine seaworthy launch, carrying a dozen fishermen. It leaves for the jetties every day at one o'clock when the weather is suitable for fishing, and nearly every day some of the members go at four o'clock in the morning and get back in time to do a day's work. We have an enthusiastic set of fishermen who are always glad to welcome the stranger within our gates who is of the rod and reel craft, and to give him the best advantages we can for fishing.

We are expecting Mr. Waddell, the tarpon man, of Kansas City, in September, to try King Tarpon from the Rocks or in the usual way from a boat, as he may prefer. A. B. Horner, of Prouts Neck, Me., is trying to arrange to wet his line in Gulf waters before the season is over. Dr. A. F. Sampson, a fisherman from away back, came all the way from San Francisco this season and reeled in Spanish mackerel until he cried enough.

G. E. MANN,
President of Galveston Tarpon Club.

Pike, Pickerel, Mascalonge.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with much interest your article in FOREST AND STREAM for July 19, on "Pike, Pickerel, Mascalonge." The article is very instructive. It is too bad that the legends for the illustrations got mixed, and I am glad to see the slip corrected in your issue of July 26.

A few additional corrections are needed to put the matter entirely right. Taking the cuts in your issue of July 26, the three heads (Figs. 1, 2 and 3) are all correctly labeled. The first or upper full-length figure is apparently from a very poor drawing of the Western brook pickerel, whose scientific name is *Esox vermiculatus*. The next figure is properly labeled. The third is the pike (*Esox lucius*), while the last is the common muskallunge (*Esox masquinongy*).

The pike family (*Esocidæ*) contains a single genus (*Esox*) with seven species. One of them (*Esox lucius*) is cosmopolitan, it being found throughout northern regions in America, Europe and Asia. The remaining six species are confined to North America. No species of the family is known from Africa, and it is *very* improbable that any occurs there.

This family has in most recent fish literature been called *Lucidæ*, the name being based upon the generic name *Lucius*, which was supposed to be the proper one. But it appears that Linnæus, in characterizing his genus *Esox* evidently had in mind the common European freshwater pike (which is also our common pike). That species must therefore be taken as the type of the genus *Esox*, the family must be called *Esocidæ*, and, as all our pikes, pickerels and muskallunges belong in the genus *Esox*, *Esox* must constitute the first part of the binominal name of each.

Their names may be written in full as follows:

1. Banded pickerel (*Esox americanus*).
2. Little pickerel or grass pike (*Esox vermiculatus*).
3. Eastern pickerel (*Esox reticulatus*).
4. Common pike (*Esox lucius*).
5. Common muskallunge (*Esox masquinongy*).
6. Chautauqua muskallunge (*Esox ohiensis*).
7. Great northern muskallunge or pike (*Esox immaculatus*).

The last three are all muskallunges. Usually they have been regarded as constituting but one species, the second and third as subspecies of the first, but they occupy different habitats and are not known to intergrade.

The common muskallunge occurs in the Great Lakes, the upper St. Lawrence River, certain streams and lakes tributary to the Great Lakes, in Canada north of the Great Lakes, and perhaps in a few small lakes in the upper Mississippi Basin. The Chautauqua muskallunge is native only to Lake Chautauqua and the Ohio Basin; while the great northern muskallunge is found in Eagle Lake and other lakes in northern Wisconsin and Minnesota. From the common muskallunge this form seems to differ in having the body entirely without spots, there being at most only vague, dark cross-shades. The tail is said to be a little more slender and the fins a little higher. It is fair to say that this form has not been critically studied and its exact relations to *E. masquinongy* and *E. ohiensis* have not been fully and clearly defined.

I recently had an opportunity to examine a number of fine examples of the Chautauqua muskallunge, while spending a few days at Mayville on that beautiful lake, and found them quite distinct from the muskallunge of the Great Lakes. The two are doubtless entirely distinct species.

I hope I may sometime soon have a chance to examine fresh examples of the muskallunge of the small lakes of northern Wisconsin and Minnesota.

The suggestion by some that it is a cross between the common muskallunge and the pike is based upon an erroneous conception of what species really are. "Crosses" are so rare in nature as to render this suggestion scarcely worth consideration.

But how can one identify the various species of *Esox?* The illustrations given in FOREST AND STREAM for July 26 will help very much for three of the species.

I believe one can, with the following simple key, taken from Jordan and Evermann's "American Food and Game Fishes," readily identify any of the seven species:

a. Cheek entirely scaly; branchiostegals 11 to 16.
  b. Opercle entirely scaly; dorsal rays 11 to 14. Color, greenish, barred or reticulated with darker..
    c. Branchiostegals normally 12 (11 to 13); scales 105 to 108; dorsal rays 11 or 12; anal rays 11 or 12; snout short, middle of eye nearer tip of lower jaw than posterior margin of opercle; species of small size; the fins unspotted.
      d. Head short, 3.56 in length of body; snout 2.5 in head; eye 2.67 in snout. Color, dark greenish, the side with about 20 distinct curved blackish bars; fins pale;
        BANDED PICKEREL.
      dd. Head longer, 3.25 in length of body; snout 2.2 in head; eye 2.5 in snout. Color, light greenish, the side with many narrow curved streaks of darker, these usually distinct, irregular and much reticulated; fins plain;
        LITTLE PICKEREL; GRASS PIKE.
    cc. Branchiostegals 14 to 16; scales about 125; dorsal rays 14; anal 13; middle of eye midway between tip of lower jaw and posterior margin of opercle. Color, greenish, with many dark narrow curved lines and streaks, mostly horizontal and more or less reticulated; fins plain;
      COMMON EASTERN PICKEREL.
  bb. Opercle without any scales on the lower half; dorsal rays 16 or 17. Color, grayish, with many whitish spots, the young with whitish or yellowish cross-bars; dorsal, anal, and caudal spotted with black; a white horizontal band bounding naked portion of opercle. Size large;
    COMMON PIKE.
aa. Cheek as well as opercle with the lower half naked; branchiostegals 17 to 19.
  d. Sides grayish, with round or squarish blackish spots, not coalescing to form bands;
    MUSKALLUNGE.
  dd. Sides brassy, with narrow dark cross-shades, which break up into vaguely outlined dark spots;
    CHAUTAUQUA MUSKALLUNGE.
  ddd. Sides grayish, unspotted or with very vague dark cross-shades;
    GREAT NORTHERN PIKE.

BARTON WARREN EVERMANN.

New England Angling.

BOSTON, Sept. 1.—The President's New England trip is over, and sportsmen consider that their special recreation has been highly honored. Perhaps it will hardly do to say that at every point he seemed as much interested in fishing and shooting as in national affairs, but he certainly showed great interest in matters pertaining to the rod and gun. At Augusta, Me., he was dined, at Governor Hill's, off small brook trout. It is claimed that the trout came from an Androscoggin stream, and that they were caught by Col. E. C. Farrington, whom everybody will remember as greatly interested in fish and game affairs, and secretary of the Maine Fish and Game Association. Doubtless Col. Farrington knew just where to find the trout; possibly they had been corraled for some time. The Rangeley Hotel men did not get the President into their region, and they feel that he made a great mistake. But he did turn aside into New Hampshire and fished Sunapee Lake with Secretary Hay and Senator Proctor of Vermont, though with what success I am unable to learn. The celebrated Austin Corbin Park offered a great attraction, and there the President was permitted to shoot a wild boar. He expressed himself as greatly delighted with the park. He made a clean shot of fifty yards at the wild boar, and brought the animal down with one shot. "I have shot my wild boar," he explained to political friends whom he met on leaving the park, "and that is better than shooting another mountain lion."

Mr. C. F. Danforth, of Boston, who has done so much toward getting big fish from Dan Hole Pond, New Hampshire, hands me the following boy's letter. It is a model of good composition, and anglers will be interested from the amount of enthusiasm manifested, as well as the easy way in which it is told. Mr. Danforth says that he is not "Fish Commissioner" of that section, though the boys call him so, because he has helped put the small fry into Dan Hole for several seasons, furnished by the U. S. Fish Commission. In commenting on the "boy's letter," he remarks that "the rising generation is receiving good training from somewhere, and the senior lovers of rod and reel, as well as good education, are getting good returns for their efforts." The letter is as follows:

Maple Lodge, Roland Park, Moultonville, N. H., Aug. 24, 1902.—Mr. Danforth: Dear Sir—As you are Fish Commissioner of Big and Little Danhole Ponds, I suppose you would be interested in hearing about a salmon I caught on Saturday last.

Herbert and Ralph Gridley and myself went out fishing about 10 o'clock, Saturday morning for pickerel on the little pond. We anchored on a piece of brush a little way from the shore. I had for bait a shiner, that I had caught a pickerel with, which was almost split in two. I put my line in the water and had about eight feet of line out, and put my feet on the seat in front of me and said, "This is the only way to fish."

I had no sooner said this than I had a little bite. I jumped up, but didn't have any more bites, so I laid back again. I had another bite, and I jumped up again, and something began to bend my rod.

I began to reel in, thinking I had a pickerel on, but I kept reeling in, and I saw a large fish jump about six feet in the air By this time I had about two feet of line out. The fish kept swimming and jumping about all the while. Fortunately we had a net with us, and as he made a dive for the boat, Herbert put the net in front of him and he swam into it. We landed him in less than three minutes.

The salmon was twenty-two inches long and weighed four pounds.

The rod was made by J. Clark Smith, Lynn, Mass.

I am thirteen years old and live in Lynn.

Yours respectfully,
JOSEPH W. LEWIS.

Mr. Danforth went to Dane Hole Friday for a final try for the salmon—the season ending Sept. 15. Mr. George Loud and Mr. I. A. McLaughlin are back from their fishing trip to Runaway Camp, Clearwater Lake, near Farmington, Me. They were there for two weeks with wives and children, and had beautiful weather. Mr. McLaughlin says that he had the best fishing that he has ever had, especially for small-mouthed bass, with which that lake is well supplied. They took the fly well at times, and came freely to bait. They had some trout fishing also. At the right time of day trout could be taken at the several inlets in the lake. The streams directly tributary to the lake are legally closed to all fishing; these tributaries being regarded as the natural nurseries for the trout and salmon. From the Middle Dam, Richardson Lake, Me., come reports of good fly-fishing. The sportsmen seem well disposed and put back most of the small fish. Mr. Charles Wiswell has recently taken a trout of five pounds from the Pond-in-the-River. Robert A. Livingston, of New York, has hooked a large salmon in swift water, below the Dam. After a very hard fight the hook broke and the salmon was free. Dr. E. H. Stevens and party, of Cambridge, Mass., have gone to the doctor's camps at Carry Ponds, Me. Dr. Hildreth and daughter, of Cambridge, with Dr. G. W. Gay, of the same city, have returned from Carry Ponds, and report great fly-fishing, with large game constantly seen. The fall fly-fishing is on at Bemis, and some good-sized trout are being taken. Every day sees trout and salmon brought in weighing from two and a half to five pounds. Bemis is no longer the terminus of the Portland & Rumford Falls Railway. Last week the Railroad Commissioners viewed the extension from Bemis to Oquossoc Station, and permission was given to run passenger trains to that point. Oquossoc is about half-way between Haine's Landing and Mountain View, and sportsmen to the Upper Rangeleys can now be landed there in a day from Boston, or a day and a night from New York. The road is being rapidly pushed through to Canada, and one of the best hunting regions in Maine is being made easy of access. The largest black bass on record is reported to have been taken from Lake Wentworth, N. H., recently. Mr. Baril, the lucky captor, says that the fish was too large for his landing net, and when brought up beside the boat, after a hard fight, the chances for saving the monster looked small. Mr. Salinger, his fishing partner, suggested that they row for the shore as rapidly as possible. When shoal water was reached both men jumped out of the boat, pulling the fish quickly on to dry land. It weighed nineteen pounds.

SPECIAL.

Carp in the Susquehanna.

AFTON, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In olden times we read of plagues. They were sent then and a lesson taught. In modern times we also have had the plagues of different kinds to contend with. This year we have had the seventeen-year locusts, and it's often enough at that. Mosquitoes and black flies we have always with us, but we have the satisfaction of knowing that they were here from the first. We have a little charity for the man who introduced the English sparrow to this country, for there is something to say in praise of this saucy and pugnacious bird. But where can an excuse be found for the bringing of the German carp? Our friend from Pohunk says "they make torably good feed for hogs," but I should hate to eat a hog that had been fed on that diet. Like thousands of others, we have tried to eat our share of carp. It was no fault of the splendid cooking, or the perfect serving. Then and there we donated all of our future share to any who will take.

Many years ago, near the headwaters of the Oulcout, a pond was stocked with these fish furnished by the United States Fish Commission. During a very severe storm this pond was washed out, and all its very undesirable contents landed in the Susquehanna River, distributing them for many miles. For a few years the damage was but partly known, but now a river that formerly was clear and sparkling in all its length, is in places a regular mud hole. And it is kept so by these water hogs, which are at all times rooting up the mud from the bottom. Only a little way down the river from this place, where in times past was our very best bass fishing, to-day hardly a fish is taken; and the theory is advanced by some of our closest angling friends that there is no doubt that the carp do the greatest damage to the nests of the bass. They have been known to suck up clean every egg from the bed. But be that as it may, we know that the condition of the water in the deep places where these fish are will not admit of any game fish living. While the water was high last week from the heavy rains, and where it overflowed its banks at this very spot we have spoken of, nine of these monster fish were taken from a ditch as the water receded. The smallest weighed six and one-half pounds, others twelve and sixteen pounds, while the largest, a mighty mass of disappointment, tipped the scales at twenty pounds and six ounces. Think of the destruction of those nine fish alone in waters where game fish are. For a distance of at least three miles the carp have taken entire possession of the river and are there in countless

numbers. We ask the readers of Forest and Stream is there a remedy? Is there any way the fish can be destroyed? They are working their way slowly but surely to every part of the river, and it is only a question of time when they alone will be the sole occupants of one of the best bass waters in this section. We have called the attention of the State Fish Commission to the facts as stated here, and I have on my desk a letter from the secretary, saying that the matter will be brought before the board for their action at the very first meeting of that body. And we would also be glad of any information or suggestions from your thousands of readers.

A. T. England.

Bass in Rideau Waters.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A short sketch of a black bass fishing trip upon the Rideau waters, in eastern Ontario, may be of interest to your readers.

The Rideau waters run from Kingston, Ontario, lying at the western end of the St. Lawrence River, northeasterly to Ottawa, a distance of about 125 miles. It is a navigable waterway, chiefly natural, but with six locks along its length built by the British military authorities in 1830. These waters abound in salmon, pike and various kinds of bass, according to locality, and a real angler's paradise not as yet very well known to the outside public.

On Monday afternoon, the 29th ult., a party of five of us, Rev. D. Strachan, Dr. W. Brace, Editor A. T. Wilgress, Mr. E. A. Geiger and myself, set out from Brockville, Ontario, a fine town lying at the end of the Thousand Islands, to go over the Brockville, Westport & Sault Ste. Marie Railway to the town of Westport, forty-five miles away on the banks of the Rideau. We reached there about 7 P. M., took tea at the hotel and then drove to our destination at Wolfe Lake—or West Rideau, as it is also called—some three miles distant. Wolfe Lake is one of the many subsidiary waters of the Rideau, and affords very fine black bass fishing. There are also a few pike and rock bass, but no salmon or large-mouthed (Oswego) bass. The country is somewhat rough and rocky in this section, with a good amount of second growth spruce and poplar scrub, but a number of fine farms run down to the shores of the lake. F. E. Pollard, one of these farmers, has a little shanty built on his shore line, about half a mile from his house, and this shanty we rented at a small cost per day. Pollard met us at Westport Station and drove us to camp. He also supplied us with ice, milk, eggs, vegetables, etc. At Westport we procured a guide, James Conley, who provided the two boats necessary, and cooked for us, so that we were in comfortable circumstances.

The weather during our stay there, from Monday to Thursday night, was fine and hot. We fished from about 7 to 11 in the morning, went to camp for dinner, loafed in the shade until 4, then went out again fishing until night fell about 8:30 o'clock.

The bait used by local fishermen was a wooden minnow bristling with five sets of triple gangs. It was taken readily by the fish, but we found that it not only hooked the fish in the jaw and side, thus preventing them from having free play, but also got sadly mixed up in the landing net. We therefore discarded the wooden minnow with its array of hooks and used a somewhat small-sized Cincinnati bass hook with a live minnow, meeting with good success, beside giving the fish a chance and having more real sport out of it. The rods we used were split bamboo (8½ ounces), Bristol steel and lancewood rods, with braided silk lines and three-foot double gut leaders.

The black bass we found were in the deep water outside the shoals—say from fifteen to thirty feet deep. During our three days' fishing we killed about seventy good black bass, beside several pike. Beside this we hooked many small black bass and rock bass, which we returned to the water. The black bass we killed ran from a pound weight to three and three-quarter pounds, and were as gamy as possible, fighting from five to fifteen minutes. Directly they struck they leaped into the air and gave a desperate twist to break free, and in this way we lost some especially fine fish.

In this lake there have been some splendid bass killed. Last summer George B. Reeve, late general manager of the Grand Trunk Railway, fished there for a week and said he never, in a wide experience, had had better sport. His largest black bass weighed four and three-quarter pounds. Superintendent Geiger, of the Brockville & Westport Railway, and A. Thomas, of Atlanta, Ga., also caught black bass weighing as much, while the local fishermen claim to have beaten these records.

The Rideau waters are very easy of access. A fisherman can leave New York at 10:30 P. M., reach Brockville, Ontario, over the New York Central via Morristown, N. Y., by 11 A. M. next day. He could then take the Brockville & Westport road at 4 P. M. and be in camp at Wolfe Lake, for instance, by 8 P. M. Of course Wolfe Lake is but one of the many fishing grounds of the Rideau. The Brockville & Westport touches half a dozen at least where bass, salmon and pike are to be caught in plenty. Charleston Lake, Beverley, Lyndhurst and the Openicon, Sand, Clear, Newboro, Upper Rideau, Lower Rideau, of the Rideau chain—any of these waters will afford the fisherman all the sport he can desire and at a very small cost. The hotels charge from one to two dollars per day, and the oarsmen, who supply boat, bait and guidance, charge two or two and a half a day. Add railway fare and incidentals according to means or inclination, and there you are. Camping out is much cheaper for the experienced.

R. N. Horton.

Brockville, Ont., Aug. 12.

Black Bass in Lake Mahopac, N. Y.

A Mr. Bartlett, an old-time resident of the vicinity, caught a 6¾-pound large-mouth black bass on Labor Day, Sept. 1. The fishing has been below par all the season, but this phenomenal catch, which is reported to be the record fish, has sent Lake Mahopac fishing stock up with a rush. Mr. Bartlett was fishing with a chub. I saw the bass; it was a fine, fat, very deep specimen. The fishing in this charming lake, I think, could be much improved by judicious stocking, as the food seems plentiful and conditions favorable for black bass and perhaps landlocked salmon.

C. L. S.

Near New York.

The trout season of 1902 in New York and Pennsylvania has, in some respects, been an unusually good one, Particularly as regards the summer months. Anglers had not been particularly sanguine, as there had been much snow, away from the coast, and heavy floods during the winter and spring were reported to have done much damage in many localities, entirely changing the courses of the streams. It was supposed that many trout had been killed, but when fishing began they appeared in fair numbers, in fact, it seemed to us that there were more than usual, but that the average size was less. The weather was warm for a time in May, and in the lower portions of the large streams the water became quite heated, but this state of affairs was of short duration. Soon after the first of June conditions became unusually favorable, copious rains purified and swelled the brooks, and the temperature thereafter was never high for many days consecutively. All the well-known tributaries of the Delaware and Hudson rivers fished well and the water has been cool all summer, even in the lower reaches.

There had been many freshets, and anglers who were fortunate enough to be on the water at the right time had excellent sport. In fact, there were not many days when trout could not be caught by the exercise of a little skill and patience. There was a good deal also in the choice of fly, as the trout were as usual somewhat whimsical and hard to please. Some one has said that fly-fishing affords an endless field for study, experiment and speculation, and this is quite true. Certainly no sport takes a stronger grip upon those who have once become interested in it.

We can have no drouth this year and prospects for next season should be bright. The year 1900 was a disastrous one, as after splendid fishing in the early months, and with fish of unusually large average size, there began, in June, a drouth such as had never been experienced by the well-known "oldest inhabitant." It lasted right through the summer and autumn months and caused great destruction of fish life. Many of the tributary streams dried up entirely and larger ones were reduced to mere streaks of silver. From what we have seen this year we believe that the trout have recovered from the losses then incurred. The stock of fish is large, and with modern fishculture to assist nature, we need have no fears as to the future. If we can have an abundance of pure cold water in our streams we can be sure of good fishing. We have said that the average size was not large, yet many fine fish have been taken this season, running from 2 pounds up to over 5 pounds, in the tributaries of the Delaware in Pennsylvania and New York, and of the Hudson in Ulster County, N. Y. These streams have been resorted to by countless anglers for many years and probably afford better fishing to-day than they did to our grandfathers half a century ago.

Theodore Gordon.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

Medal contests, series 1901, Sunday contest No. 8, held at Stow Lake Aug. 24. Wind, west; weather, fair:

	Event No. 1, Distance, Feet.	Event No. 2, Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3 — Acc. %	Event No. 3 — Del. %	Event No. 3 — Net %	Event No. 4, Lure Casting %
C. G. Young....	110	89.4	84	80.10	82.5	..
F. H. Muller...	110	89.8	87	80.10	83.11	..
Dr. W. Brooks..	113	90.8	75.8	79.2	77.5	..
W. D. Mansfield ...		91.4	91	88.4	89.8	94.2
T. W. Brotherton	131	93	74	81.8	77.10	91.5
C. Huyck.....	98	90.8	74.8	70.10	72.9	..
T. C. Kierulff...	93	89	78.4	77.6	77.11	..
C. R. Kennin....	112	90.4	77	80.10	78.11	98
J. B. Kenniff.....133		87.4	89.4	85	87.2	88.6
H. C. Golcher...	128	93	89	75.10	82.5	..
A. M. Blade....	90	82.8	74.8	75	74.10	..
F. H. Reed.....	100	85.8	85	85.10	85.5	..
H. Battu.....	99	88.8	83	76.8	79.10	89.3
F. Daverkosen..	112	92.8	92.4	89.10	86.7	..

Judges, Kierulff and Reed; referee, Daverkosen; clerk, Brotherton.

Saturday contest No. 8, held at Stow Lake Aug. 23. Wind, west; weather, cloudy:

C. G. Young.... ...		92.4	92.4	86.8	89.4	..
Dr. W. Brooks..	113	94.8	86.8	74.2	80.5	..
G. C. Edwards..	102	96.4	93	84.2	88.7	90.5
H. F. Muller....	104	94	91	82	85.6	..
H. Brown.....	91	84.8	92.4	74.2	83.3	91.6
T. W. Brotherton	125	93	91.8	85	88.4	97
W. D. Mansfield ...		94.8	93.4	90	91.8	98.2
H. C. Golcher....	134	92.4	92.4	77.6	84.11	..
T. C. Kierulff...	98	89.8	85	80	82.6	..
F. H. Reed.....	105	87.4	91	85	88	..
H. E. Skinner... ...		92	89.8	80	84.10	..

Judges, Muller and Mansfield; referee, Kierulff; clerk, Brotherton.

Camping on Toddy Pond.

East Orland, Me.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I arrived here last week from my home, Macomb, Ill. I am in camp and having a good time and living on the "fat of the land." Our camp is alongside of Toddy Pond, a beautiful sheet of water nine miles long. There is any quantity of landlocked salmon in this pond, put in here by the Government. These salmon are now weighing from 1½ to 4 pounds. Rev. Mr. Raferty and Mr. Bell, of Portland, Conn., caught a string of fifteen with a fly last week. There have been over a hundred caught in the last week, and the sport is still going on. I have the fortune to own a tract of timber bordering on this lake, where the salmon are taken out. There is a muddy bottom, with deep water, and the fresh-water smelt is found here, and the salmon come here to feed on the smelt.

Last week a bear and two cubs were seen on my tract of land. The partridges here are very plenty, and there will be fine shooting this fall. I saw one within five rods of Mr. Bell's camp yesterday.

Dr. Brainard, of Hartford, Conn., is here in camp with his family. He has the finest camp in this section, one which cost $3,000.

Rev. Roberts preached in the old school house last Sunday where I used to go to school fifty-five years ago, and where I attended church fifty-three years ago. There are quite a number of camps here, mostly occupied by Connecticut people, and the people here will be sorry to have them return to their homes after the season is over.

Dr. W. S. Blaisdell and family, of Punxsutawney, Pa., is here in camp, and Charles Huckins and family, of Bangor, Me., are here. All are having a good time.

W. O. Blaisdell.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 8-11.—Toronto, Can.—Twelfth annual show of the Toronto Industrial Exposition. Fred Jacobi, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-9.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society's show. John W. Bacon, Treas.

Oct. 21-24.—Frederick, Md.—Frederick County Agricultural Society's annual bench show. J. Roger McSherry, Supt.

Oct. 21-24.—New York.—Ladies' Kennel Association of America's show. Miss M. K. Bird, Westbury, L. I., Hon. Sec'y.

Nov. 26-29.—Philadelphia.—Philadelphia Dog Show Association's show. M. A. Viti, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 4.—Carman, Man.—Sixteenth annual trials of the Manitoba Field Trials Club. Eric Hamber, Sec'y, Winnipeg.

Sept. 11.——, Man.—Fifth annual trials of the Brandon Kennel Club. Dr. H. James Elliott, Sec'y, Brandon, Man.

Sept. 11.—O'Neill, Neb.—Nebraska Field Trial Association's inaugural chicken trials. M. H. McCarthy, Sec'y.

Oct. —.—Drakes Branch, Va.—Inaugural trials of the Virginia Field Trial Association. C. B. Cooke, Sec'y.

Oct. —.—Independence, Ia.—Eastern Iowa Field Trial Association's inaugural trials. J. G. Burk, Sec'y.

Oct. 20.——, ——.—Western Field Trial Association's second annual trials. C. W. Buttles, Sec'y, Kansas City.

Oct. 27.—Paris, Mo.—Missouri Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club), sixth annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.

Oct. 27.—Washington C. O., Ohio.—Monongahela Field Trial Club's field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y.

Oct. 28.—Whitby Island, Wash.—Pacific Northwest Field Trials F. R. Atkins, Sec'y, Seattle, Wash.

Nov. 3.—Robinson, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. W. R. Green, Sec'y, Marshall, Ill.

Nov. 3.—Thirteenth annual field trials of the National Beagle Club of America. Charles R. Stevenson, Sec'y, 106 Market street, Camden, N. J.

Nov. 3.—Lake View, Mich.—Michigan Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fifth annual trials. C. D. Stuart, Sec'y, Benton Harbor, Mich.

Nov. 4.—Washington C. H., Ohio.—Ohio Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fifth annual trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.

Nov. 7-8.—Robinson, Ill.—Western Irish Setter Club's inaugural trials. T. L. Fenn, Secy.

Nov. 17.—Glasgow, Ky.—Third annual trials of the Kentucky Field Trial Club. S. B. Hays, Sec'y.

Nov. 10.—Bicknell, Ind.—Independent Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 11.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trial Club's trials. F. W. Smith, Sec'y, New Haven.

Nov. 10.—Ruthven, Ont.—North American Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. Richard Bangham, Sec'y, Windsor, Ont.

Nov. 11.—St. Joachim, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's fourteenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.

Nov. 17.—Glascow, Ky.—Kentucky Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) third annual trials. F. W. Samuel, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.

Nov. 18.—Ruthven, Ont.—Fourth annual trials of the North American Field Trial Club. Alfred Wigle, Sec'y, Windsor, Ont.

Nov. 20.—Manor, L. I.—Pointer Club of America's (member of the American Championship Club) second annual trials. R. E. Westlake, Sec'y, Scranton, Pa.

Dec. 1.—Washington C. H., Ohio.—American Championship Field Trial Club's second annual trials. Chas. B. Cooke, Sec'y, Richmond, Va.

Dec. 1.——, ——.—Interstate Championship Field Trial Association's second annual trials. C. D. Cooke, Sec'y.

Dec. 15.—Huntsville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) third annual trials. John F. Fletcher, Sec'y, Birmingham, Ala.

National Beagle Club of America.

In order to facilitate the arrangement for the shipment of dogs to the field trials of the National Beagle Club, which will commence on Nov. 3 next, a committee was appointed for the purpose of ascertaining the express rates from the various express companies and the rules and regulations governing the shipment of dogs so that the members of the club should be advised upon this subject.

It has occurred to the club that the information contained in the report of the committee might be of some interest, not only to beagle men, but to all breeders or owners of all breeds of dogs, who exhibit the same, and who are obliged to make use of the express companies.

The following is a copy of the report:

Report of Special Committee on Express Rates.

N. B. C. A., Feb. 19, 1902.

The regulations as applied to the shipments of dogs, adopted by the Adams, Adirondack, American, Denver & Rio Grande, Dominion, Earle & Prew, Great Northern, Long Island, National, New York and Boston Despatch, Northern Pacific, Pacific, Canadian Southern, United States, Wells, Fargo and Western express companies are as follows:

On execution of express companies live stock contract and payment of double merchandise rates, dogs will be accepted for shipment if boxed or crated, but to a point where the merchandise rate is $2 or more per 100 pounds single merchandise rate will be charged with a minimum of $1, unless the charges at double merchandise rate is less, in which case the latter will be charged.

The charge between points where the merchandise rate is less than $2 per 100 pounds, must not be more than the charge at $2 per 100 pounds.

When shipments pass over the lines of two or more companies and the shipping or destination point is an exclusive office, each company's charge will be separately assessed and not on the through rate made by combining the local rates.

Carload shipments are estimated at 10,000 pounds and two attendants will be carried free in car with the dogs.

Dogs boxed or crated on which have been paid double merchandise rate to fairs or expositions, may be returned free if accompanied by a certificate from the secretary that they are being returned to the original owner.

Dogs for service may be returned free when double rates were paid going; in such cases the forwarding agent will note on way-bill "Sent for Service—to be returned free"; upon receipt of which the destination

agent will issue to the consignee a memorandum entitling him to a free return of the dog, within 90 days—this memorandum must state the value and the route by which the dog was carried, and such route mustt be used for the return; the receipt issued for the dog when returned must not bear a valuation in excess of that shown on the memorandum.

CHAS. R. STEVENSON, Secretary.

Points and Flushes.

The prize list of the Inaugural Dog Show of the Orange County Agricultural Society, Sept. 16 to 19, can be obtained on application to Mr. W. G. Davis, superintendent, Middletown, N. Y. Entries close Sept. 6.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1902.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also changes which may be made in the future.

SEPTEMBER.

4-6. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
5-6. Eastern, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
6. Corinthian, club championship, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
6. Boston, club, City Point, Boston Harbor.
6. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
6. Beverly, open, Mattapoisett, Buzzard's Bay.
6. Wollaston, club, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
6. Quincy, M. Y. R. A., open, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
6. South Boston, sailing tender race, City Point, Boston Harbor.
6. New York C. C., Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
6. Penataquit-Corinthian, Lighthouse cup, Bay shore.
8. Eastern, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
11. New York, autumn regatta, New York, Lower Bay.
13. Knickerbocker, ladies' day race, College Point, L. I. Sound.
13. Kennebec, club, Bath, Maine.
13. Beverly, seventh Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
13 Atlantic, fall regatta, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
13. Larchmont, club, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
20. Manhasset, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
20. Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
—. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
27. Riverside, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Riverside, L. I. Sound.
27. Manhasset Bay, club raceabouts, Port Washington, L. I. Sound.

For Cruising Yachtsmen.

WITH the purpose of stimulating the interest in cruising, and the keeping of a detailed log by cruising yachtsmen during the season of 1902, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer prizes for the best stories of cruises submitted to be published in FOREST AND STREAM. It is believed that these will form not only entertaining records of pleasant summer days spent afloat along our coasts and waterways, but will furnish information of practical value to other yachtsmen making subsequent cruises on the same waters.

Prizes will be awarded to the three best stories as follows:

First prize, $50.00.
Second prize, $30.00.
Third prize, $20.00.

Contributions are invited under the following conditions:

1. The cruise must be made in waters of the United States or Canada in the season of 1902.

2. The cruise must be made in a sailing yacht, power to be used only as an auxiliary, if at all.

3. The story must be prefaced by a description of the boat. Cruises should be treated in as interesting and readable a way as possible, but should be practical and contain all possible information and data that would be of value to men going over the same route. A description of the handling of the ship in all weathers will be regarded very favorably in making awards, and it is suggested to writers that an accurate account be kept of all incidents happening while under way.

4. An outline chart suitable for reproduction, showing the course taken, must accompany each article. When possible, articles should be accompanied by amateur photographs taken on the cruise, including one of the boat. Good photographs will be considered in making the awards.

5. The story should contain about seven thousand words, written on one side of the paper only, and must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York city, on or before Nov. 15, 1902.

Mr. T. C. Zerega has very kindly consented to act as judge and to make the awards.

American Y. C.

MILTON POINT, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Thursday, Aug. 28.

THE regatta given by the American Y. C. on Thursday, Aug. 28, was devoted entirely to one-design classes. Six Long Island Sound clubs were represented, and twenty-one boats started. The course for all classes was triangular from off the Scotch Caps Buoy, east northeast one and five-eighths miles around the Larchmont White Spar Buoy, off Parsonage Point, south one-half east one and five-eighths miles around a stakeboat, and west northwest one and five-eighths miles to the starting line. The distance was four and seven-eighths miles, and the course was sailed twice over by all the classes except the Manhasset Bay and the Horseshoe Harbor boats.

At the start the wind was fresh from the E.S.E., but during the afternoon it veered around to E. by N.

Howdy and Hobo sailed a remarkably close race in the American Y. C. 21ft. class. At the end of the first round Howdy was ahead by only two seconds. On the last round Howdy slowly increased her lead and won by 37s. Three boats started in the Larchmont Y. C. 21ft. class. During the race Adelaide was in collision with Jolly Tar, and the former lost her bowsprit and withdrew. Mr. L. G. Spence, Adelaide's owner, protested Jolly Tar. Dorothy won in this class by 2m. 30s. In the American Y. C. 18ft. class, a close race was seen between Zelica III. and Mongoose III., the former boat being sailed by Mr. Hazen Morse and the latter by her owner, Mr. Simeon Ford. Mongoose III. was handicapped by getting a bad start, but at the end of the first round was on even terms with her competitor, and on the last round she worked slowly into the lead and won by the narrow margin of five seconds. Hustler tore her mainsail and withdrew. Only two of the Manhasset Bay Y. C. 18-footers turned up, Lambkin and Arizona. Just before the start for this class Arizona parted her throat halliards. Lambkin waited while repairs were made on Arizona. This delayed these boats so long that they were only able to sail once around the course. Lambkin won by 2m. 23s.

Three of the New Rochelle one-design boats started and Caper won handily. Catherine and Indra started in the Horseshoe Harbor one-design class, and the former won by 2m. 35s. The Regatta Committee—Trenor L. Park, H. de B. Parsons, W. H. Browning and Stuyvesant Wainwright, used Com. Eaton's yawl Audax as a judges' boat. The summary:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
American Y. C. 21ft. Class—Start, 2:05.		
Jolly Tar, S. Howland	3 52 35	1 47 35
Rascal, S. C. Hopkins	3 53 56	1 48 56
Howdy, S. Wainwright	3 50 33	1 45 33
Hobo, T. L. Park	3 51 10	1 46 10
Cricket, H. Willetts	3 54 41	1 49 41
The Kid, O. Harriman, Jr.	Disabled.	
Ping Pong, W. H. Browning	4 00 50	1 55 50
Larchmont 21ft. Class—Start, 2:05.		
Houri, J. H. Esser	3 58 54	1 53 54
Adelaide, L. G. Spence	Disabled.	
Dorothy, Louis Spence	3 56 24	1 51 24
American Y. C. 18ft. Class—Start, 2:10.		
Driftwood, O. C. Townsend	4 19 57	2 09 57
Hustler, J. T. Downey	Disabled.	
Mongoose III., Simeon Ford	4 18 02	2 08 02
Zelica III., H. A. Sherman	4 18 07	2 08 07
Manhasset Bay Y. C. 18ft. Class—Start, 2:40.		
Lambkin, S. W. Roach	3 47 36	1 07 36
Arizona, G. A. Corry	3 49 59	1 09 59
New Rochelle 18ft. Class—Start, 2:15.		
Knave, R. N. Bavier	4 26 32	2 11 32
Caper, P. L. Howard	4 22 45	2 07 45
Ace, W. N. Bavier	4 28 42	2 13 42
Horseshoe Harbor 14ft. Class—Start, 2:20.		
Catherine, R. E. Robinson	3 46 13	1 26 13
Indra, W. S. Allen	3 48 48	1 28 48

The winners were Howdy, Dorothy, Zelica III., Lambkin, Caper and Catherine.

Friday, Aug. 29.

There were twenty-nine starters in the open race of the American Y. C. held on Friday, Aug. 29. The wind was E. by S., with enough strength to make the racing interesting. The course was from the starting line, off Scotch Caps, leaving the committee boat on the port hand; thence southwest two and three-quarter miles to and around red and black horizontal striped buoy, to the northward of Execution Light, leaving same on port hand; thence east by south, one-half south, three and one-half miles to and around Larchmont white spar buoy, off Red Springs Point, leaving same on port hand; thence northwest by north, one-half north, three and one-quarter miles to the starting point, the total distance being nine and one-half miles. The course was sailed over twice by classes L, M and N. The others sailed once around, while the two special cats sailed to Execution Light and back. The first leg of the course was a reach, the second a beat to windward and the third another reach.

The 43-footers were the first boats to start, but both Effort and Dorwina were slow in getting away. Dorwina crossed ahead of Effort. The former boat held her lead until the windward leg, when Effort took first place. At the end of the first round Effort was nearly a minute ahead. The wind hauled a little, allowing these boats to carry spinnakers on the first leg of the second round. Effort continued to draw away from Dorwina and beat her on corrected time 5m. 10s.

The 36-footers started in the following order: Leda, Spasm and Possum. They remained in this position all through the race and Leda won easily by 4m. and 4s. There were four starters in the 30ft. class. Mimosa led over the line, followed by Marguerite, Alerion and Helen. Mimosa and Alerion got into a luffing match and Marguerite took first place and led at the end of the first round. On the second round Mr. Edward M. McLellan, who was sailing Alerion, settled down to work and brought his boat in to the finish line far enough ahead to save the time he had to allow the other boats and win by 1m. 17s.

Scamp led the other three raceabouts over the line, but on the windward work Mavis did good work, and passing Scamp continued to increase her lead, and finally won by 4m. 57s.

Three of the Larchmont 21-footers started, Dorothy was first over the starting line and led all over the course.

Lambkin scored another victory in the Manhasset Bay one-design class by beating Arizona 3m. 38s.

The American Y. C. 21-footers sailed another close race. Jolly Tar won by 49s. In the American Y. C. 18ft. class Rattler won by 1m. 54s.

The Race Committee was Trenor L. Park, H. de B. Parsons, H. Livingston Center and Cornelius Sewell. The summary:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sloops—Class L—36 to 43ft.—Start, 12:20.		
Effort, F. M. Smith	3 13 12	2 53 12
Dorwina, C. V. Brokaw	3 17 02	2 57 02
Corrected time of Effort, 2.51.52.		
Sloops—Class M—30 to 36ft.—Start, 12:25.		
Leda, H. L. Maxwell	3 27 22	3 02 22
Spasm, E. D. King	3 31 26	3 06 26
Possum, E. S. Ballou	3 36 53	3 11 53
Corrected time of Possum, 3.11.35.		
Class N—25 to 30ft.—Start, 12:30.		
Alerion, A. H. Alker	3 42 56	3 12 56
Marguerite, J. S. Dingee	3 45 40	3 15 40
Helen, N. B. Fuller	3 46 36	3 16 36
Mimosa, Trenor L. Park	3 45 03	3 15 03
Raceabouts—Start, 12:35.		
Mavis, G. L. Pirie	2 17 55	1 42 55
Scamp, J. T. Pirie	2 22 52	1 47 52
Jolly Roger, T. B. Bleecker	2 23 29	1 48 29
Snapper, J. B. Alley	2 25 25	1 50 25
Larchmont 21ft. Class—Start, 12:40.		
Houri, J. H. Esser	2 35 40	1 55 40
Adelaide, L. G. Spence	2 30 43	1 50 43
Dorothy, Louis Spence	2 29 35	1 49 35
Sloops—Class R—Under 18ft.—Start, 12:40.		
Cricket, H. C. Pryer	2 45 39	2 05 39
Pandora, H. B. Towle	Withdrew.	
Manhasset One-Design Class—Start, 12:40.		
Lambkin, S. W. Roach	2 49 36	2 09 36
Arizona, G. A. Corry	2 53 14	2 13 14
American Y. C. 21ft. Class—Start, 12:45.		
Jolly Tar, S. Howland	2 28 36	1 43 36
Rascal, S. C. Hopkins	2 33 57	1 48 57
Howdy, S. W. Wainwright	2 29 25	1 44 25
Hobo, T. L. Park	2 33 47	1 48 47
American Y. C. 18ft. Class—Start, 12:50.		
Rattler, J. E. Bowles	2 52 56	2 02 56
Driftwood, O. C. Townsend	2 55 49	2 05 49
Zebea III, H. A. Sherman	2 54 50	2 04 50
Special Catboat Class—Start, 12:55.		
Champion, T. J. Dee	2 58 13	2 03 13
The Kid, A. N. Kitching	Withdrew.	

The winners were Effort, Leda, Alerion, Mavis, Dorothy, Cricket, Lambkin, Jolly Tar, Rattler and Champion.

Newport Special Thirties.

NEWPORT, R. I.

Monday, Aug. 25.

ON Monday the 30-footers sailed a race over a six-mile to leeward and return course. On the run down the wind Veda held the lead, but soon after rounding the leeward mark Esperanza passed her and had the race well in hand when she was cut off by a tug that had a long tow of barges, and in this way lost the race. Carolina was benefited by Esperanza's misfortune and won by thirteen seconds. The summary, start 3:33:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	4 56 46	1 22 46
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	4 55 59	1 22 59
Barbara, W. Rutherfurd	4 56 51	1 23 51
Veda, W. L. Stow	4 57 27	1 24 22
Breeze, W. G. Roelker, Jr.	4 58 29	1 25 29
Wawa, R. Brooks	5 01 33	1 28 33

Tuesday, Aug. 26.

The 30-footers sailed a race on Tuesday for the cup offered by Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer, Jr. The course was to Dyer's Island and return, a distance of eighteen miles. It was a run to the Dyer's Island mark, and Wawa led all the way, but after hauling on the wind Carolina drew into the lead and finished a winner by 2m. 35s. The summary, start 3:26:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	5 42 41	2 16 41
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	5 45 16	2 19 16
Wawa, R. Brooks	5 45 44	2 19 44
Barbara, W. Rutherfurd	5 46 04	2 20 04
Breeze, W. G. Roelker, Jr.	5 46 37	2 20 37
Asahi, L. Warren and W. S. Miller	Withdrew.	

Wednesday, Aug. 27.

The race sailed on Wednesday was for a cup offered by Mr. H. O. Havemeyer, Jr. The course was from Rose Island to and around Brenton's Reef Lightship and return. The boats had all the wind they wanted for full sail, and several squalls were encountered. Carolina got the best of the start, and was in the lead when her fin got tangled up with a lobster pot, which caused some delay, and in all probability lost her the race. Barbara won by seventeen seconds. The summary, start 3:44:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Barbara, W. Rutherfurd	5 15 51	1 31 51
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	5 16 08	1 32 08
Wawa, R. Brooks	5 16 28	1 32 28
Veda, W. L. Stow	5 18 52	1 34 52
Asahi, L. Warren and W. S. Miller	5 19 08	1 35 08
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	5 20 16	1 36 16

Thursday, Aug. 28.

The cup offered by Mrs. Winthrop Rutherfurd was sailed for on Thursday. The wind all through the race was light and variable from the S.E., and the contest was a most unsatisfactory one. Carolina won by over three minutes. The summary, start 3:32:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	5 01 56	1 29 56
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	5 05 01	1 33 01
Breeze, W. G. Roelker, Jr.	5 06 12	1 34 12
Asahi, L. Warren and W. S. Miller	Withdrew.	
Barbara, W. Rutherfurd	Withdrew.	
Wawa, R. Brooks	Withdrew.	

Friday, Aug. 29.

The race sailed by the 30-footers on Friday was for the cup offered by Mr. Henry Walters. The course was a triangular one, and the breeze was light from the S. Esperanza started in the lead, but she was soon passed by Barbara, which boat stayed in first place up to the finish and won by nearly two minutes. The summary, start 3:23:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Barbara, W. Rutherfurd	5 41 38	2 18 38
Wawa, R. Brooks	5 43 19	2 20 19
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	5 44 49	2 21 49
Breeze, W. G. Roelker, Jr.	5 48 08	2 25 08
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	5 55 02	2 32 05
Asahi, L. Warren and W. S. Miller	Withdrew.	

Saturday, Aug. 30.

The 30-footers sailed a race on Saturday for a cup offered by Mr. Pembroke Jones. The cup was won by his own boat, Carolina, but that boat was sailed by Mr. Ralph N. Ellis. A good S.W. breeze held throughout the race, and the boats sailed over the Dyer's Island course. On the run up to the leeward mark Esperanza held the lead, but on the beat back to the finish line Carolina took the lead and beat Wawa, the second boat, by 26s. The summary, start 3:26:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	5 39 15	2 13 17
Wawa, R. Brooks	5 39 43	2 13 43
Breeze, W. G. Roelker, Jr.	5 40 58	2 14 58
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	5 42 57	2 16 57
Veda, W. L. Stow	5 45 33	2 19 34
Barbara, W. Rutherfurd	Withdrew.	
Asahi, L. Warren and W. S. Miller	Withdrew.	

The racing for the Paget cup has been quite close. The standing at the end of the month of August shows that Esperanza has 67 points and Carolina 61.

The Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. has made arrangements for winter quarters in New York city. The following notice has been sent out by Mr. Francis G. Stewart, the secretary of the Club:

The trustees of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. take pleasure in notifying the members of the club that they have secured rooms in the city, on the first floor of the Mansfield, on West Forty-fourth street, adjoining Sherry's, and have appointed the following committee to take charge of the city quarters: Franklin A. Plummer, Chairman; Beverly R. Robinson, Henry M. Crane, John D. Kilpatrick, Louise de F. Donner, Wilson M. Powell, Jr., and Francis G. Stewart.

Larchmont Y. C.

LARCHMONT, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Aug. 30.

THERE were only seven starters in the special race given by the Larchmont Y. C. on Saturday, Aug. 30.

Elmina did not materialize and Mr. Charles Smithers, owner of Muriel, not wishing to take a sailover, did not start. The two 60ft. sloops Weetamoe and Neola are both down east preparing for the races to be given by the Newport Y. R. A. Yankee and Rainbow were the only 70-footers to start, Mineola having been laid up.

As there was no wind at 12 o'clock, the time the race was to have started, it was postponed until 12:30. In the meantime a nice S.W. breeze sprung up, which held all through the race. The course for the 70-footers was east three-quarters north, six miles; southwest, five-eighths west, six miles, and north northwest three miles, which triangle was sailed twice, making thirty miles. The 43-footers went east four miles, southwest four miles and north northwest three miles, the circuit of eleven miles being sailed twice, making twenty-two miles, while the Larchmont 21-footers covered a 5½-mile triangle twice. The first leg was a reach, the second on the wind and the third a run.

The preparatory signal was given at 12:30, and the seventies started five minutes later. Rainbow was first over the line, but Yankee was just on her weather quarter. On the reach to the first mark, Rainbow drew ahead a little, but on the windward work Yankee worked through Rainbow's lee and at the second mark she was 1m. 18s. in the lead. On the run across the Sound, Rainbow set her spinnaker, but it did more harm than good. Yankee stuck to her ballooner and continued to get away from Rainbow, and at the end of the first round she was 2m. 57s. ahead. On the first leg of the second round Rainbow cut down Yankee's lead somewhat. On the windward work the boats' positions remained unchanged, and on the run across to the finish Yankee again gained a little and won by 2m. 37s.

The 43-footers were started at 12:40. Effort, cleverly handled by Mr. Addison G. Hanan, got the best of the start. Soon after starting these boats got in a luffing match, which resulted in Effort's favor. From this time on Effort continued to get away from Dorwina, and finally won by 4m. 6s.

Three of the Larchmont 21-footers started and Adelaide had the best of it from the start and beat Dorothy, the second boat, by 4m. 50s. The summary follows:

Sloops—Class H—60 to 70ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:35.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Yankee, J. R. Maxwell	4 00 08	3 25 08
Rainbow, Cornelius Vanderbilt	4 02 45	3 27 45

Sloops—Class L—36 to 43ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:40.

Effort, F. M. Smith	3 57 34	3 17 34
Dorwina, C. V. Brokaw	4 01 41	3 21 40

Larchmont 21ft. Class—Start, 12:45.

Houri, J. H. Esser	3 24 24	2 39 24
Dorothy, L. D. Spence	3 21 27	2 36 27
Adelaide, J. J. Dwyer	3 16 37	2 31 37

Monday, Sept. 1.

Fifty-two boats started in the fall regatta of the Larchmont Y. C. sailed on Labor Day. The race was a great success, and a good S.W. breeze held all through the day.

The 70-footers sailed twice over a fifteen-mile triangle. The first leg was a reach of six miles, the second a beat of six miles and the third a reach of three miles. Yankee and Rainbow got away at 11:35, the former a little in the lead, but to leeward. After a luffing match, which lasted a few minutes, the boats squared away on their course. Yankee immediately went to the front. Rainbow's sails have been fitting very badly ever since the New York Y. C. cruise, and should have been recut. This has been a great handicap to Rainbow, and accounts for the poor showing she has made, for she has been well sailed by Mr. E. A. Willard. Yankee beat Rainbow by 5m. 15s.

In the 43ft. class Effort, sailed again by Mr. Addison G. Hanan, gave Dorwina another bad beating. Dorwina has been poorly sailed of late, and that is why Effort has won with such great regularity. Dorwina was first across the starting line, but was soon passed by Effort, which boat was never again headed, and won by 11m. 36s. The 43-footers covered an eleven-mile triangle twice.

Four boats started in the 36ft. class. Spasm got a good lead soon after the start, and to every one's surprise stayed in first place and beat Leda by 3m. 8s.

In the 30ft. class Mimosa led all over the course, but lost the race on time allowance to Marguerite.

Jolly Tar won in the raceabout class by 1m. 5s. In the Larchmont 21ft. class Dorothy won, beating Adelaide by 15s. Pristis beat Trouble in class I by 3m. 58s. Knave won by 1m. 53s. in the New Rochelle one-design class. In class R Flim Flam won by 10m. 16s. Bab beat Lambkin 8m. 10s. in the Manhasset Bay one-design class. The summary follows:

Sloops—Class H—70 to 80ft. Racing Length—Start, 11:35.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Yankee, J. R. Maxwell	3 27 41	3 52 41
Rainbow, Cornelius Vanderbilt	3 32 56	3 57 56

Sloops—Class L—36 to 43ft. Racing Length—Start, 11:50.

Dorwina, C. V. Brokaw	3 30 08	3 40 08
Effort, F. M. Smith	3 18 32	3 28 32

Sloops—Class M—30 to 36ft. Racing Length—Start, 11:55.

Hanley, C. D. Mallory	4 07 48	4 12 48
Spasm, E. D. King	3 43 39	3 48 39
Leda, H. L. Maxwell	3 46 47	3 51 47
Possum, E. S. Ballou	Disabled.	

Yawls—Class M—30 to 36ft. Racing Length—Start, 11:55.

Tern, John Hyslop	4 07 45	4 12 45
Sekana, A. B. McCreery	4 03 30	4 08 30
Zenoble, H. W. Lator	4 11 08	4 16 08
Escape, George Matthews	4 13 08	4 18 08

Sloops—Class N—25 to 30ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:00.

Mimosa, T. L. Park	4 03 36	4 03 36
Alerion, A. H. Alker	4 05 03	4 05 03
Helen, M. P. Fuller	4 07 32	4 07 32
Marguerite, J. F. Dingee	4 03 58	4 03 58
Pyxie, E. L. Hopkins	Withdrew.	

Corrected time, Marguerite, 4.02.18.

Larchmont 21ft. Class—Start, 12:05.

Dorothy, L. H. Spence	2 50 00	2 45 00
Houri, J. H. Esser	2 51 45	2 46 45
Adelaide, J. J. Dwyer	2 50 15	2 45 15

Raceabouts—Start, 12:05.

Davis, G. L. Pirie	2 43 50	2 38 50
Snapper, A. B. Alley	2 41 28	2 36 28
Whistle Wing, H. M. Crane	2 41 46	2 36 46
Jolly Tar, S. Howland	2 40 23	2 35 23
Sis, F. T. Bedford, Jr.	2 44 43	2 39 43
Scamp, A. L. Pirie	2 46 33	2 41 33
Jolly Roger, T. B. Bleecker	2 42 57	2 37 57
Rascal, S. C. Hopkins	2 46 56	2 41 56
Hobo, T. L. Park	2 43 57	2 38 57

Sloops—Class Q—18 to 21ft.—Start, 12:10.

Gazabo, N. P. Vulte	3 18 45	3 08 45
Trouble, W. H. Childs	3 05 25	2 55 25
Pristis, Iselin & Law	3 01 27	2 51 27

New Rochelle Raceabouts—Start, 12:10.

Caper, P. L. Howard	3 28 34	3 18 34
Knave, R. H. Bavier	3 17 07	3 07 07
Ace, W. H. Bavier, Jr.	3 19 00	3 09 00
Deuce, L. D. Huntington, Jr.	3 22 12	3 12 12

Sloops—Class R—Under 18ft.—Start, 12:10.

Eleanor, R. Jacob	3 34 07	3 24 07
Pandora, N. B. Towle	3 21 48	3 11 48
Cricket, H. C. Pryer	3 34 59	3 24 59
Flim Flam, A. D. Prince	3 21 52	3 11 52

Corrected time of Flim Flam, 3.01.32.

Manhasset Bay Raceabouts—Start, 12:10.

Lambkin, S. W. Roach	3 30 01	3 20 01
Arizona, G. A. Corry	3 35 45	3 25 45
Bab, J. R. Hoyt	3 21 51	3 11 51
Mist, A. H. Alker	3 42 26	3 32 26

Horseshoe Harbor One-Design Class—Start, 12:15.

Joan	Withdrew.	
Gloomy Gus, L. H. Riley	3 47 37	3 32 37
Indra, W. S. Allen	Withdrew.	

Catboats—Class W—Under 18ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:15.

Scout, A. E. Cuqua	4 03 25	3 48 25

Dory Class—Start, 12:15.

Prize, H. H. Van Rensselaer	3 15 00	3 00 00
Marguerite, W. F. Johnston	Disqualified.	

Special 15ft. Class—Start, 12:15.

Sneaker, R. N. Kitching	4 28 33	4 23 33
Champion, T. J. Dee	Withdrew.	

The winners were Yankee, Effort, Spasm, Sekana, Marguerite, Jolly Tar, Dorothy, Pristis, Knave, Flim Flam, Bab, Gloomy Gus, Scout, Prize and Sneaker.

Indian Harbor Y. C.

GREENWICH, CONN.

Saturday, Aug. 30.

THE fall regatta of the Indian Harbor Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, Aug. 30. The race was scheduled to start at noon, but on that hour there was no breeze and the starting time was postponed until 1:30 P. M. At this hour a fresh S.W. breeze had come up and the preparatory signal was given.

The 36ft. and 30ft. sloops sailed twice over a course from the starting line, E. by N., 3½ miles to the Cow's Can Buoy, off Shippan Point; thence S.W., ½ S., 3¼ miles, and thence to the starting line, N.W. by N., 2¼ miles, a total distance of 18 miles. The 21ft. and 18ft. sloops and the Manhasset and New Rochelle one-design boats went once over the same course, a distance of 9 miles. The raceabouts and the 25ft. sloops went a distance of 12 miles, twice over a course from the starting line, E. by N., 1⅝ miles; thence S. ¾ W., 2⅛ miles, and thence to the starting line, N.W. by N., 2¼ miles. The Indian Harbor sailabouts sailed once over the same course.

The S.W. wind made the first leg of the course a broad reach, the second leg a beat to windward and the third a spinnaker run.

The 36-footers were sent away at 1:35, and three boats started, Leda, Spasm and Hanley; the former crossed first in the weather berth and from that time on she was never headed. At the end of the first round Leda was 2m. 33s. ahead of Spasm, and she finally won, beating Spasm 3m. 40s., and Hanley 3m. 34s. The special cup offered by Com. Frank Tilford goes to Leda.

Four boats started in the 30ft. class, Mimosa, Marguerite, Alerion and Empronzi. Mimosa got the best start and led all over the course. Marguerite was second across the line with Alerion, and Empronzi some distance behind. Alerion overtook Marguerite, but these two boats could not catch Mimosa. Empronzi broke down before the end of the first round and withdrew. On the second leg of the course Mimosa increased her lead and won by 2m. 35s.

The four raceabouts had a close race. At the start they were well together, but Mavis and Jolly Roger soon got away from Hobo and Scamp. At the end of the first round Jolly Roger was only two seconds ahead of Mavis. On the second round Jolly Roger got away from Mavis a little and won by 15s. She beat Scamp and Hobo 3m. 36s. These boats sailed a dead heat.

Some good racing was seen in the smaller classes.

The Regatta Committee—Frank Bowne Jones, Charles F. Kirby, Charles P. Tower, Charles E. Simms, and Raymond Babcock—were on board Rear-Com. R. P. Whittaker's steam yacht Wissol. The summary follows:

Sloops—Class M—30 to 36ft. Racing Length—Start, 1:35.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Leda, H. L. Maxwell	5 09 36	3 34 36
Spasm, E. D. King	5 12 16	3 37 16
Hanley, C. D. Mallory	5 23 10	3 38 10

Sloops—Class N—25 to 30ft. Racing Length—Start, 1:35.

Mimosa, T. L. Park	5 18 59	3 43 59
Marguerite, J. F. Dingee	5 21 42	3 46 42
Enpronzi, Alfred Peats	Disabled.	
Alerion, A. H. Alker	5 21 34	3 46 34

Raceabouts—Start, 1:40.

Scamp, A. H. Pirie	5 01 28	3 21 28
Mavis, G. L. Pirie	4 57 37	3 17 37
Hobo, T. L. Park	5 01 28	3 21 28

Sloops—Class P—21 to 25ft. Racing Length—Start, 1:45.

Robin Hood, G. E. Gartland	5 05 06	3 20 06
Ojibway, D. P. Morse	5 08 46	3 23 46
Pristis, Iselin & Law	5 12 16	3 27 16
Viper, Newcombe & Elson	5 06 14	3 21 14

Sloops—Class Q—18 to 21ft. Racing Length—Start, 1:50.

Gazabo, N. P. Vulte	4 08 24	2 18 24
Trouble, W. H. Childs	4 00 11	2 10 11
Montauk, J. P. Sheldon	4 07 28	2 17 28
Cicada, L. Cranford	3 59 07	2 09 07
Malillian, R. P. Thompson	4 16 10	2 26 10
Bogie, E. H. Outerbridge	Withdrew.	
Eos, E. D. Mead	4 07 16	2 17 16
Neola, J. S. Johnson, Jr.	3 59 24	2 09 24

Manhasset Bay One-Design Class—Start, 1:50.

Mist, J. W. Alker	4 21 56	2 31 56
Bab, J. R. Hoyt	4 17 56	2 27 56

New Rochelle One-Design Class—Start, 1:50.

Caper, P. L. Howard	4 17 58	2 27 58
Knave, R. N. Bavier	4 17 22	2 27 22
Ace, W. N. Bavier, Jr.	4 16 59	2 26 59

Sloops—Class R—18ft. and Under Racing Length—Start, 1:55.

Pandora, H. B. Towle	4 18 40	2 23 40
Cricket, H. C. Pryer	4 17 57	2 22 57
Tar Baby, T. A. Howell	4 26 28	2 31 28

India Harbor Sailabouts—Start, 2:00.

Cero, R. Mallory, Jr.	4 27 35	2 27 35
Queenie, F. Tilford	4 29 25	2 29 25
Noggin, C. S. Somerville	4 18 08	2 18 08
Stingy, E. E. Zittel	4 20 25	2 20 25

Catboats—Class W—18ft. Racing Length and Under—Start, 2:05.

Scud, D. B. Abbott	4 40 55	2 35 55
Bantam, F. Page	4 45 26	2 40 26
Louie Belle, J. M. Williams	4 45 40	2 40 40

The winners were Leda, Mimosa, Jolly Roger, Robin Hood, Cicada, Bab, Ace, Noggin and Louie Belle.

Monday, Sept. 1.

A special regatta of the Indian Harbor Y. C. was held on Labor Day. There were seventeen starters in the handicap class, and four of the Indian Harbor sailabouts went over the course.

The wind was moderate from the southwest. For yachts in the handicap race and for oyster sloops the course was to the gas buoy, off the eastern end of Little Captain Island, S.E. ½ S. 1¼ miles; thence to a club spar buoy placed ¼ ile S. of Great Captain Light S.W. by W. 1⅜ miles; thence to the red spar buoy off the western end of Great Captain Island, W. by N., ½ N. ½ mile; thence to the red spar buoy on Carmel Reef N. by E. ¼ E., ¾ of a mile, and thence back E.N.E. ½ E. 1⅛ miles. The course was twice sailed over, making the total distance 10 nautical miles.

Several boats met with accidents—Empronzi carried away her spreaders, Surprise parted her throat halliards. Crab, one of the contestants in the handicap class, shipped a big sea near one of the outer marks and was nearly swamped. Mr. J. M. Williams, owner of Louie Belle, ran alongside of Crab and took off her owner and a lady that were on board, and sent them ashore. The boat was towed into the harbor. The finishes in the handicap class were very close. Robin Hood was a winner by 9s.

The Indian Harbor sailabouts had a good race, and Noggin won.

Venture, one of the oyster boats, carried away her topmast and declined to sail in her crippled condition. Susie C. covered the course alone for a special prize. The summary:

Handicap for Sloops 36ft. and Under.

	Start.	Finish.
Crab, T. R. Pell	Disabled.	
Bantam, F. Page	2 45 00	5 09 03
Louie Belle, J. M. Williams	Withdrew.	
Kerry, E. W. Russell	Withdrew.	
Adeline, C. W. Trippe	3 05 00	5 15 47
Bogie, B. H. Outerbridge	3 05 00	5 14 43
Verona, H. S. Osborne	3 05 00	5 09 08
Malillian, R. B. Thompson	3 10 00	5 12 24
Eos, E. D. Mead	3 15 00	5 14 25
Montauk, G. P. Sheldon	3 15 00	5 18 27
Neola, E. W. Russell	3 20 00	5 16 30
Cicada, L. Crawford	3 25 00	5 13 27
Robin Hood, G. E. Gartland	3 25 00	5 08 54
Viper, Newcombe & Elson	3 25 00	5 14 08
Why Not, J. M. Rosseau	2 40 00	5 27 01
Surprise, E. Nagel	2 40 00	Disabled.
Empronzi, Alfred Peats	3 35 00	Disabled.

Indian Harbor Sailabouts—Start, 2:45.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Noggin, C. S. Somerville	4 18 59	1 33 59
Stingy, E. E. Zittel	4 20 18	1 35 18
Betty, Swods & Hyde	4 23 45	1 48 25
Bug, G. F. Dominick, Jr.	4 24 26	1 39 26

Oyster Sloops—Start, 4:30.

Susie C., Stanley Chard	5 23 21	0 53 21
Ventura, S. Starkins	Withdrew.	

New York Y. C.

Autumn Sweepstakes and Sail-off of the Annual Regatta, New York, Sept. 11.

The annual regatta, having been called off on account of calm, at 4 P. M., with the assent of the contestants, will be merged in the autumn sweepstakes, and both events will be sailed on Sept. 11.

Club Prizes, Regular.—In each class there will be a prize for first, if two or more start; and a prize for second, if four or more start.

Courses Nos. 1 and 2.—Racing trim and cruising trim.

Cruising trim cups, two-thirds value of regular cups.

Handicap Cups. Sealed Handicaps.—Ex-Rear-Com. Bergen offers a cup for schooners, in one class, and a cup for single-masted vessels and yawls, in one class, open to vessels launched prior to Nov. 1, 1896. Course No. 2, cruising trim.

Special Cups.—The Bennett Club Course Cups, for schooners and single-masted vessels and yawls, respectively. Challenge cups, club book, p. 290. Course No. 1, racing trim.

Naval Alumni Association of Annapolis Challenge Cups. A cup for schooners in one class and a cup for single-masted vessels and yawls in one class. Course No. 1, racing trim.

Each winner of a challenge cup will receive a medal.

Rear-Com. C. L. F. Robinson offers a cup for the vessel making the fastest corrected time over course No. 1, all sailing as one class, with allowance for rig as in R. R. II. Racing trim.

Sweepstakes.—Stakes of $25 for each vessel entered, must be deposited with the committee by 9 P. M. Sept. 10.

Entries.—Will close at the club house at 9 P. M. Sept. 10.

Classification.

SCHOONERS.

Class A—All over 95ft. racing length.
Class B—Not over 95 and over 85ft. racing length.
Class C—Not over 85 and over 75ft. racing length.
Class D—Not over 75 and over 65ft. racing length.
Class F—Not over 65ft. racing length.

SINGLE-MASTED VESSELS AND YAWLS.

Class G—All over 80ft. racing length.
Class H—Not over 80 and over 70ft. racing length.
Class I—Not over 70 and over 60ft. racing length.
Class J—Not over 60 and over 51ft. racing length.
Class K—Not over 51 and over 43ft. racing length.
Class L—Not over 43 and over 36ft. racing length.
Class M—Not over 36ft. racing length.

Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Aug. 30.

THE Seawanhaka knockabouts sailed a special race over inside course No. 2 on Saturday, Aug. 30. The race was for a cup offered by Mr. Henry H. Landon. The breeze was strong from the S.W. Wyntje won by 40s. Heron did not finish. The summary, start 3:20:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wyntje, C. Hoyt, Jr.	5 22 14	2 02 14
Gowan, F. G. Stewart	5 22 54	2 02 54
Lucille, H. H. Landon	5 23 49	2 03 49
Marcia, Dresser & Jacquelin	5 26 46	2 06 46
Bobs, W. A. Stewart	5 28 01	2 08 01
Heron, F. R. Coudert	Withdrew.	

New Restricted Classes for the Atlantic Y. C.

For some time past it has been the desire of a number of Atlantic Y. C. members to secure several classes of boats of moderate size in which good racing was to be had. The one-design plan was not approved of nor was it desired that the boats should be built under any formula. This together with keeping the price of the boats down to a reasonable figure was what Mr. George Hill, the Secretary of the club, had in mind when he sent out letters to a number of reputable builders, of which the following is a copy:

Aug. 11, 1902.

Gentlemen: I would be pleased to receive from you on or before Sept. 1, sketch plans to 1in. scale, with sketch specification and proposal for one or more of the following restricted classes, and would be obliged if you would advise me as to whether or not I may expect to receive the same from you. Your proposal to state the price bid for one boat and the price bid should three of the same or similar type be ordered.

It is the intention of the committee to secure the building of boats of different types as far as possible, as we wish to determine by actual practice which type is best suited to our waters. In furtherance of this idea you may if you wish, submit several different designs for each class. Of course the committee reserve the right to reject any or all proposals. Should the order be given for any yachts, delivery would not be expected prior to May 15, 1903. Should you wish to submit models instead of drawings, they must not exceed 24in. long, including the back board, and must be simply varnished with the erect and inclined waterlines shown on the same by a fine black line. The general instructions are as follows:

Class.	Inc. L.W.L., Feet.	Sail Area, Square Feet.	Displacement, Pounds.	Draft. Feet.
N	30	1,000	10,000	7
P	25	600	6,000	6
Q	21	400	3,500	5
R	18	325	2,800	4

The inclined waterline is to be the length of the load waterline, as determined from the plans when the yacht is inclined to the greatest angle at which she should be heeled when under way. This angle is to be stated in the certificate. The sail area is to be the actual area of the sails used when going to windward when full stretched, 80 per cent. of the area being placed in the mainsail. A balloon jib may be carried, but the luff must not go outside of the luff of the jib. A spinnaker may be carried having an area equal to 75 per cent. of the area of the sail aft of the main mast. The displacement stated is a minimum. A greater displacement may be used if desired. The ballast must not exceed 40 per cent. of the displacement. The construction should be of yellow pine or cypress planking; oak keel and frames; galvanized iron fittings; deck and cabin house canvased; coaming of oak; spars solid; blocks of bronze; stays of steel; the sails should be light and mildew proofed. Centerboard and rudder of steel galvanized. No slide on the cabin top, but two doors to get into the cabin, which would project 12in. above deck for the smaller yachts, and not more than 18in. for the larger ones. Small square hatch forward of the mast. Yacht to steer with a tiller with a 7ft. dinghy of the sharpy type with oars and rowlocks and a fender on the bow. Yacht equipment to include all light sails, water proofed; sail cover for mainsail; two small ring life buoys, two anchors, fifteen fathoms of Manila cable, ten fathoms of 5/8in. running line; sweep, boat hook, lead and lead line.

(Signed), GEORGE HILL.

American Y. C.

MILTON POINT, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Aug. 30.

THE two one-design classes of the American Y. C. sailed a club race in a fresh S.W. wind over a triangular course on Saturday, Aug. 30. Rascal won in the 21ft. class, and Rattler won in the 18ft. class. The summary:

21ft. Class—Start, 2:30.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Rascal, S. C. Hopkins	5 05 32	2 35 32
The Kid, O. Harriman, Jr	5 06 16	2 36 16
Howdy, S. Wainwright	5 10 34	2 40 34
Ping Pong, W. H. Browning	5 10 52	2 40 52
Jolly Tar, S. Howland	5 11 20	2 41 20
Cricket, H. Willetts	5 12 15	2 42 15

18ft. Class—Start, 2:38.

Rattler, J. E. Bowles	5 33 19	2 55 19
Zelica III., H. A. Sherman	5 35 31	2 37 31
Hustler, J. T. Downey	5 36 32	2 58 32
Mongoose III., Simeon Ford	5 37 32	2 59 32
Driftwood, C. C. Townsend	Withdrew.	

Monday, Sept. 1.

Rear-Com. W. H. Browning offered prizes for which boats of the 21 and 18ft. one-design classes raced for on Monday, Sept. 1. Cricket won in the 21ft. class and Rattler won in the 18ft. class. The summary:

21ft. Class—Start, 2:30.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Cricket, H. Willetts	4 52 46	2 22 46
Ping Pong, W. H. Browning	4 54 58	2 24 58
Jolly Tar, S. Howland	4 55 02	2 25 02
Rascal, S. C. Hopkins	5 19 59	2 39 53
Howdy, L. Wainwright	Withdrew.	

18ft. Class—Start, 2:35.

Rattler, J. E. Bowles	3 17 42	2 42 42
Hustler, J. I. Downey	3 17 51	2 42 51
Mongoose III., S. Ford	3 18 32	2 43 32
Zelica III., H. S. Sherman	3 24 55	2 49 55
Driftwood, O. C. Townsend	3 27 03	2 52 03

Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Wednesday, Aug. 27.

CHIPMUNK and Eleanor, two boats of the 18ft. sloop class, sailed a race for a silver prize cup on Wednesday. The boats covered inside course No. 2. At the start the wind was light from the N., but later swung around to S.W. and became stronger. Chipmunk led over the starting line, but was passed by Eleanor. At the end of the second round Chipmunk led by 1m. 42s. In the freshening breeze Eleanor did better and finished only 18s. behind Chipmunk. The summary, start 11:55:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Chipmunk, B. S. Young	3 04 12	2 09 12
Eleanor, Robert Jacob	3 04 30	2 09 30

Bridgeport Y. C.

BLACK ROCK, CONN.

Saturday, Aug. 23.

SIXTEEN boats started in the annual regatta of the Bridgeport Y. C. The breeze was fresh from the N. by W., and the boats made good time over the course. Mimosa won again in the 30ft. class, beating Marguerite by nearly three minutes. In the 25ft. class Folly had matters all her own way and defeated Arbeeka easily. Hobo had no competitor in the raceabout class, and was forced to take a sailover. Vagabond won in the 25ft. catboat class, beating Shippan, the second boat, by over seven minutes. Considerable interest was centered in the race for 25ft. power launches. Mephisto won handily. The summary:

30ft. Class—Start, 3:00.

	Length.	Finish.
Mimosa	29.96	4 42 40
Marguerite	29.73	4 45 21
Kit	30.00	4 51 24

25ft. Class—Start, 3:05.

Folly	24.93	5 06 02
Arbeeka	22.88	5 13 11

Raceabouts—Start, 3:10.

Hobo	20.83	4 55 33

25ft. Catboats—Start, 3:20.

Shippan	25.00	5 49 44
Vagabond	24.60	5 42 18
Critic	21.40	5 52 16

18ft. Catboats—Start, 3:20.

Juanita	15.40	6 31 20
Marietta	15.90	6 30 15
Monsoon	18.00	5 59 42

25ft. Power Launches—Start, 12:00.

Mephisto	....	12 45 07
Topaz	....	12 55 27
Laurel	....	12 55 55
Idunno	....	12 56 31

Sachem's Head Y. C.

GUILFORD, CONN.

Monday, Aug. 25.

ON Monday the Sachem's Head Y. C. sailed the sixth race for points in the season's championships. The contests in all three classes were interesting and exciting. The wind was fresh from the N. and squally. The Seawanhaka knockabouts sailed over a course eleven and one-half miles long, and Thelga won. Possum won in the Sachem's Head one-design class, and Hunky Dory won in the dory class. The summary:

Seawanhaka Knockabouts—Start, 10:23.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Thelga, C. P. Clark	12 17 58	1 54 58
Senta, R. C. Mitchell	12 18 00	1 55 00
Frances, R. C. Lincoln	12 21 31	1 58 31
Kittywink, J. J. Phelps	12 24 11	2 01 11
Midge, W. E. Peck	Withdrew.	

Sachem's Head One-Design Class—Start, 10:28.

Possum, S. W. Sharpe	11 25 52	0 57 52
Chipmunk, J. E. Wayland	11 27 02	0 59 02
Mosquito, Mr. Tyler	11 28 32	1 00 32

Mosquito Class—Start, 10:33.

Hunky Dory, Thos. Prentice	11 59 30	0 46 30
Gretchen, W. H. Deming	11 22 00	0 49 00

The present standing of the boats in points is as follows:

Seawanhaka Knockabouts—Senta, 36; Gloria, 29; Frances, 27; Kittywink, 27; Midge, 19; Thelga, 15; Ariel, 11.

Sachem's Head One-Design Class—Possum, 26; Chipmunk, 16; Ghoorka, 16; Mosquito, 6; Minnie C., 3.

Hempstead Harbor Y. C.

SEA CLIFF, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Wednesday, Aug. 27.

THE first race for power boats ever held by a club belonging to the Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound took place under the auspices of the Hempstead Harbor Y. C. on Wednesday, Aug. 27. The boats were divided into three classes, the "red class" being made up of boats of 15ft. or under; the "white class" of 20ft. or under, and the "blue class" of 25ft. or under. The weather was clear and the water smooth, making ideal conditions for launch racing. The race was a great success in every way. Mr. Ward Dickson handled the regatta. The summary:

Red Class—Six Miles—Start, 3:05.

	First Round.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Rake Handle, A. D. Tappan	3 53 35	4 43 12	1 38 12
Golden Rod, H. Van Cott	3 50 30	4 34 09	1 29 09
Wee-Wee, E. T. Jackson	3 53 30	4 41 52	1 36 52
Scout, August Belmont	3 53 38	4 42 45	1 37 45

White Class—Ten Miles—Start, 3:10.

Louise, J. D. Sayre	4 03 45	5 00 19	1 50 19
Yvonne, G. H. Morin	4 10 51	5 15 37	2 05 37
Memory, R. N. Bavier	3 59 00	4 48 11	1 38 11
Valpa, W. M. Valentine	4 06 05	5 03 30	1 53 30
Americus, A. P. Dunlap	4 03 30	4 56 01	1 46 01
Scout, F. Van Cott	4 02 05	4 54 45	1 44 45
El Capitan, H. Douden, Jr	4 04 30	5 00 18	1 50 18
Red Rover, R. F. Cocks	Did not start.		

Blue Class—Ten Miles—Start, 3:15.

Pawnee, F. A. Snedeker	4 09 27	5 03 52	1 48 52
Ariel, W. F. Hicks	4 08 25	5 01 53	1 46 53
Wriggle, G. S. Wilson	4 07 55	5 01 27	1 46 27
Cabot, G. Stelz	4 11 15	Withdrew.	

The winners were Golden Rod, Memory and Wriggle.

YACHT CLUB NOTES.

Vice-Com. Frederick G. Bourne, of the New York Y. C., has purchased from Mr. N. B. Stewart, of Greenock, Scotland, the English-built steam yacht Maria. Maria was designed by Mr. G. L. Watson and built by Messrs. Napier, Shanks & Bell, at Glasgow, in 1896. Maria is 217ft. on the waterline, 27.65ft. breadth and 17.8ft. deep. The yacht has two decks and six watertight bulkheads. She is also fitted with an electric light plant.

Messrs. Colven & Bickmann, have sold through their agency the steam yacht Alma for the estate of the late Charles J. Clarke, of Pittsburg, to Mr. E. S. Clouston, of Montreal.

Com. Morton F. Plant, of the New Haven Y. C., has sold his steel schooner Ingomar to Mr. Frank J. Olney, of Providence.

The thirteenth annual open regatta of the Stuyvesant Y. C. will be held on Sunday, Sept. 28.

Western Yachts.

Pewaukee Regatta.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 23.—In the regatta of Pewaukee Y. C., sailed to-day, Aspirant won in A class, Dora in B class. Scores:

Class A.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Aspirant, Edwin Wollager	5 22 27	1 22 27
Comet, Fred Pabst	5 23 48	1 23 48
Calumet, J. W. Scheets	5 29 53	1 29 53
Defiance, Ed. Schwartzburg	5 33 33	1 33 33
Elk, Ed. Leunzman	5 39 45	1 39 45

Class B.

Dora, W. H. Meyer	5 43 20	1 43 26
Kite, George Poppert	6 02 26	1 57 26
Allemac, Kopemeycr	6 10 15	2 05 15

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Mr. Frederick W. Ayer, who formerly owned the Burgess 40-footer Vandal has had a steam yacht built by the Eastern Manufacturing Co., at South Brewer, Maine, from designs made by Mr. Charles B. Clark, who superintended the vessel's construction. The yacht was launched on Aug. 6, and was named Helena. The hull, which is built of wood, is 108ft. 8in. over all, 17ft. 2in. breadth and 10ft. 4in. depth. Helena has a mahogany deck house forward and is schooner rigged. Her engines are 300 horsepower, and it is expected they will drive the yacht at about fifteen knots. She is lighted throughout by electricity. Helena is the largest yacht ever built on the Penobscot River.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, at Four-Mile House, Reading Road, Aug. 24. Conditions, 200yds., off-hand, at the German ring target. Payne was declared champion for the day with the good score of 221. Weather clear, Thermometer 80 degrees. Wind from 3 to 9 o'clock, and blowing in the shooters' faces. Jonscher made the top score on the Honor target. The scores:

Payne	221	219	215	215	214	Roberts	202	201	199	196	191
Hasenzahl	220	219	218	215	211	Hofer	202	189	182	177	175
Gindele	217	215	213	212	206	Hoffman	201	199	191	191	182
Nestler	211	208	208	207	205	Odell	200	199	198	189	176
Drube	210	204	196	166	...	Jonscher	198	198	198	191	182
Bruns	210	200	197	189	...	Weinheimer	193	187	185	175	173
Trounstine	206	199	198	197	191	Uckotter	188	185	165	...	...
Lux	203	203	202	198	197	Freitag	188	184	177	177	171

Honor Target.—Payne 62, Hasenzahl 52, Gindele 61, Nestler 58, Drube 39, Trounstine 58, Lux 56, Roberts 52, Hofer 52, Hoffman 59, Odell 56, Jonscher 69, Weinheimer 52, Freitag 58.

A grand prize shoot will be given by the Cincinnati Rifle Association, Sunday, Sept. 28, at Four-Mile House, Reading Road. There will be rest and off-hand shooting, and a large list of valuable and select prizes. Any rifle allowed excepting calibers over .45 and jacketed bullets or telescope sights. Open to all. Great inducements given all local shooting societies.

Committee: M. Gindele, E. D. Payne, S. F. Trounstine, C. Nestler, A. Lux.

The Palma Trophy.

The All-American team, which will engage in the International contest for the Palma trophy at Ottawa, Canada, Sept. 13, has been very carefully reorganized, and, due to the known skill and steadiness of its members in competition, there is a feeling that the Palma trophy, emblematic of long-range skill and success with the rifle, may this year return to the United States, where it was so many years held in possession.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

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

Sept. 3-4.—Nappanec, Ind.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Nappanee Gun Club. Ed. J. Bowers, Sec'y.

Sept. 3-5.—Richmond, Ind.—Handicap tournament of the Richmond, Ind., and College Corner, New Paris and Oxford, O., gun clubs.

Sept. 3-5.—Erie, Pa.—Erie City Rod and Gun Club's handicap tournament at targets. Open to all; $200 added. A. N. Aitken, Sec'y.

Sept. 4-5.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Open tournament of the Consolidated Sportsman's Association. Eber Rice, Sec'y.

Sept. 9-11.—Du Bois, Pa.—Three days' target tournament of the Du Bois Rod and Gun Club; added money, $200. L. S. Munch, Sec'y.

Sept. 9-12.—Battle Creek, Mich.—Tournament of the Indians; open to the world; $1,000 added. John Parker, Mgr.

Sept. 10.—East Liverpool, O.—East Liverpool Gun Club's tournament. R. W. Sample, Sec'y.

Sept. 10.—Bristol, Conn.—All-day tournament and sheep bake of the Bristol Gun Club. E. M. Dailey, Sec'y.

Sept. 11-12.—Annual fall target and live-bird amateur shoot of the Harrisburg Shooting Association.

Sept. 15-20.—Blue River Park, Kansas City, Mo.—Twenty-fifth tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. Targets and live birds. Paul Franke, Sec'y.

Sept. 16-17.—Nebraska City, Neb.—Tournament at Nebraska City.

Sept. 16-18.—Williamsport, Pa.—Tournament of the West Branch Rod and Gun Club.

Sept. 16-19.—Detroit, Mich.—John Parker's annual tournament.

Sept. 23-24.—Concordia, Kan.—Second annual tournament of the Concordia Blue Ribbon Gun Club.

Sept. 23-25.—Cincinnati, O.—Second annual handicap target tournament of the Cincinnati Gun Club. Charles F. Dreihs, Sec'y.

Sept. 26-27.—Matthews, Ind.—Second annual target and live-bird tournament.

Sept. 29-30.—Lewistown, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Lewistown Gun Club. H. H. McComber, Sec'y.

Oct. 1-2.—Union City, Ind.—Fall tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club. O. E. Fouts, Sec'y.

Oct. 1-2.—Austerlitz, Ky.—Hill Top Gun Club's live-bird tournament. Alfred Clay, Sec'y.

Oct. 1-2.—Union City, Ind.—Parent Grove Gun Club's fall tournament. O. E. Fouts, Sec'y.

Oct. 1-2.—Allegheny, Pa.—Two-day target tournament of the Northside Gun Club; $100 added money. I. W. Morrow, Sec'y.

Oct. 6.—New Paris, O.—One-day tournament of the Peters Gun Club. G. L. Lyne, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-8.—Greenville, O.—Handicap tournament of the Greenville Gun Club. H. A. McCaughey, Sec'y.

Oct. 9-10.—Fort Wayne, Ind.—Annual target tournament of the East End Gun Club. F. W. Leidelf, Sec'y.

Oct. 15-16.—New London, Ia.—Sixth annual tournament of the New London Gun Club. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.

Oct. 15-16.—Springfield, O.—Springfield Gun Club's tournament. B. F. Downs, Capt.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's target shoot, every Saturday afternoon until October. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

First Saturday of each month for a year, Burnside.—Contest for the Troisdorf live-bird and target medals; 10 live birds; 25 targets; open to all. First contest, March 1.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

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

John Parker's twelfth annual international shooting tournament, an event of eager interest to all trapshooters, is near at hand. The dates are Sept. 16 to 19, and the place is Rusch House grounds, Jefferson avenue, Detroit, Mich. It is open to all, and has $200 cash added. The programme for targets is alike for each of the first three days, excepting that No. 6 is the Peters Cartridge Company's international handicap trophy on the first day, the King Powder Company's two-man team international trophy on the second day, and the Peters Cartridge Company's international expert trophy (all stand at 22yds.) on the third day, each of which is at 25 targets, 75 cents entrance. Of the other nine events each day, five are at 15, four at 20 targets, entrance $1.50 and $2. For each day there is $5 for best average. Targets 2 cents except in event No. 6. Entrance includes price of targets. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Sept. 19 is live-bird day. There are four programme events as follows: No. 1, 5 birds, $3, 60 and 40 per cent., high guns; No. 2, 7 birds, $5, 50, 30 and 20 per cent., high guns; No. 3, Gilman & Barnes' international live-bird trophy, value $150, 10 birds, $7, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., high guns; No. 4, 15 birds, $20 entrance, $50 added, class shooting, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. Entrance includes price of birds. The programme contains further information as follows: "All target events shot under handicaps, 16 to 22yds. Here is a good chance to take in the excellent bass fishing on the St. Clair Flats. Take car in front of Wayne Hotel and transfer to Jefferson avenue through car, which runs direct to grounds. Ship all shells, etc., to Joseph A. Marks & Co., 93 Woodward avenue, and they will be delivered free of charge on grounds. First-class up-to-date meals at Rusch House on grounds. Fish, frogs and chicken a specialty. Shooters protected from weather. Plenty loaded shells on grounds. Extra live-bird sweeps shot every day. Birds and traps ready for practice at all times through tournament. Practice shooting Monday, Sept. 15. A handsome diamond trophy to Michigan shooters, donated by Traub Bros., for best average in all programme events. Solid gold watch for best general average throughout programme events. Yaller team, of Detroit, donates handsome trophy for best average Detroit shooters in all target events. Yaller team, of Natchez, Miss., allowed to compete for same. American Association rules. No targets will be thrown over 50yds. Target moneys divided Rose system, 5, 4, 3, 2. All of the target trophies become property of the winner. The Gillman & Barnes' live-bird trophy must be won three times, not necessarily in succession. All live-bird events under handicap, 26 to 31yds. If anybody by his shooting, half of first day, proves that he is unfairly classified, the mistake will be rectified. Plenty of help, come and see a first-class up-to-date shoot. Address all communications to John Parker, 465 Junction avenue, Detroit, Mich. Paul Weise, manager. Don't forget the Circuit: Indian shoot, Battle Creek, Sept. 9-12; Detroit, Sept. 16-19; Cincinnati, Sept. 23-25. All Indians are invited. Chief Des-Chree-Shos-Ka, 'Jack.' "

Concerning the Interstate at Haverhill, Mass., last week, Mr. C. F. Lambert writes us as follows: "The painfully small attendance at the Interstate Association tournament continued during the open shoot to-day. The interstate and interclub events were declared off by the committee, there being no entries for same. The individual handicap was run off, to which the club added $30, this event calling for 25 targets at regular angles and a like number at each, Sergeant system, reversed pull, and unknown angles, 100 in all. About 20 shooters contested in this event with the following result: Kirkwood at 18 yards broke 85, LeRoy at 22 yards broke 84, and Lambert at 20 yards broke 83. An extra 25 target event was arranged, through which the balance of the left-over prizes were disposed of. The trade on this day was represented by J. S. Fanning, B. LeRoy Woodard, Horace Kirkwood and T. E. Doremus. Mr. and Mrs. Park were present, and although Mrs. Park shot but little, not having her own gun, her work would seem to indicate that the necessity to most shooters of being accustomed to a certain gun is to her a trivial matter."

The souvenir programme of the Consolidated Sportsman's Association, Grand Rapids, Mich., is of special interest, owing to its artistic features and the numerous illustrations and portraits of eminent sportsmen which it contains. The dates of the C. S. A.'s annual target tournament are Sept. 4 and 5. It is open to the world. Trophy events of the Michigan State Trapshooters' League are open to members. Added money, $413. Ship guns and ammunition care of W. B. Jarvis & Co. Interstate rules. Handicaps, 14 to 21 yards. Two sets, Sergeant system. Rose system, 7, 5, 3 and 2, will govern the moneys. Targets in open events, two cents; in trophy events of M. S. T. S. L., 3 cents; one cent rebate to visiting teams shooting through the M. S. T. S. L. events. Shooting for targets only is prohibited. Grounds open for practice Sept. 3. Shooting commences at 8:30. Dinner served on grounds, 50 cents. On the first day the Amateur State Championship, Semi-Expert State Championship, Expert State Championship, State Championship of three-man teams are on the programme, beside the nine regular events at 15, 20 and 25 targets; $1.50, $2 and $2.50 entrance; $50 for five high guns. There are twelve events on the second day, and $50 to five high guns, and $60 for six low guns. There is a liberal sum of added money to the events.

The sixth annual tournament of the New London (Iowa) Gun Club, has a programme which comprises both target and live-bird competition, at its tournament Oct. 15 and 16. There are twelve target events on the first day, 15, 20 and 25 targets, $1.50 and $2 entrance. On the second day there are six events at targets, and two at live birds, 7 and 15 birds, $5 and $10 entrance. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Targets 2 cents. Live birds, 20 cents. Grounds open for practice on Oct. 14. High averages for entire programme, $15, $10, $7.50; for target programme, $7.50, $5 and $5. Guns and shells shipped to Dr. C. E. Cook will be delivered on the grounds. Target handicaps, 14 to 22 yards; live birds, 27 to 33 yards.

The programme of the Interstate Trapshooting tournament, given for the Lewiston, Ill., Gun Club, Sept. 29 and 30, has a similar programme for each day; ten events, of which five are at 15, entrance $1.50; four at 20, entrance $2; and one at 25 targets, entrance $2.50, and to each events $2.50 is added. Targets, two cents. Lunch served on the grounds. Loaded shells may be obtained at the clubhouse. Purses divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. fifteen entries or less; over 15 entries, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Guns and ammunition prepaid and marked in owner's name, forwarded to the secretary, Mr. H. H. McCumber, will be delivered on the grounds free. Shooting will commence at 9 o'clock.

The series of Birch Brook Gun Club shoots for merchandise prizes terminated on Aug. 30. Messrs. Hebbard, Hilliard, Straw, Rowe, Rand, Dudley, Hastings, Riley and Yelmah were the winners in the order mentioned. Mr. Hilliard won the series of medal shoots by a total score of 332 out of a possible 400.

At the Budd-Hinshaw tournament last week, at Spirit Lake, Iowa, Mr. Fred Gilbert was high average with 96 per cent. for the four days. This was professional and was restricted to targets only and a special prize. In the amateur class Mr. J. M. Hughes was high with 93.5 per cent.

The sad news reaches us that Mr. Albert Ray, of Mt. Kisco, N. Y., was thrown from his horse while returning from the Pleasantville tournament on Saturday of last week, therefrom suffering a fractured skull and three broken ribs. We have not been informed as to the prospects of his recovery. He was a member of the Mt. Kisco Gun Club. He was well known and popular with trapshooters, to whom the knowledge of his calamity will bring profound sympathy and grief.

Programmes of the Enterprise Gun Club's all-day shoot, to be held on Sept. 20, can be obtained of the secretary, Mr. Geo. W. Mains, McKeesport, Pa. The ten events of the day are alternately at 10 and 15 targets, $1.20 and $1.50 entrance. The Rose system will govern the money. Those who wish may shoot for targets only. A magautrap will throw the targets. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock.

Capt. A. W. de Bray (Gaucho) in our trap columns this week, gives some excellent advice on "Hints on Trapshooting." There are quite a number who will think that the advice fits the other fellow, but it would not be amiss to carefully compare notes with onesself before taking up the comparison of notes as to the other fellow.

In the Troisdorf trophy contest of the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., on Saturday of last week, Mr. I. Terrill was the winner for the week. He made a clean score of 25. Gardiner and Hemisch scored 24 each, Engle and Harrison 22 each.

The new Troisdorf handicap, a regular monthly shoot open to all, will take place on Saturday of this week at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill., and the Nonpariel Gun Club will hold their regular added money shoot, same day and place.

On the grounds of the Fairfax Gun Club, Bonesteel, S. D., Aug. 26, Mr. Carl Porter (holder) defeated Mr. G. F. Spatz for the Peters Cartridge Co.'s trophy, emblematic of the championship of Gregory County, by a score of 46 to 42.

Mr. J. S. Fanning was high average at the Haverhill (Mass.) Interstate tournament last week, leading his closest competitor, Mr. Neaf Apgar, by two targets for the two days. He broke 336 out of a possible 350, a 96 per cent. gait.

The series of club shoots of the Baltimore Shooting Association ended to-day, and the winners were Messrs. G. E. Edwards and J. R. Malone, who tied on 242 out of 250, and Dr. H. E. Lupus, who scored 242 out of 250.

In the main contest of the Nonpareil Gun Club, Watson's Park, Chicago, on Saturday of last week, the winners were: First, Kuss, 47; 2d, Willard, 45; 3d, Roll. Numerous sweeps also were shot.

Messrs. W. B. Darton, of Portland, Me., and Mr. C. M. Stark, of Dunbarton, N. H., shot their 100-target match for $100 a side at Concord, N. H., last week, with the result that the former won.

With the Lewiston, Ill., tournament, the series of Interstate Association tournaments, for 1902, closes. It is probable that the series for 1903 will all be target tournaments.

Mr. R. O. Heikes was high average at the tournament of the Puducah (Ky.) Gun Club, Aug. 26-28, with the excellent average of 97.1 per cent. for the tatal target programme.

We are informed that Mr. W. H. Wolstencroft has cancelled the tournament which he had arranged to take place from Sept. 1 to 6.

The Peters Gun Club, of New Paris, Ohio, announce a one-day tournament, Oct. 9. Mr. G. L. Lyne is the secretary.

BERNARD WATERS.

Budd-Hinshaw Tournament.

ARNOLD'S PARK, Ia., Aug. 30.—Budd and Hinshaw's four-day amateur tournament was fairly well attended. There were about fifty entries on the first three days, and thirty on the fourth day.

The programme called for eight 15 and four 20-target events, with $5 added to the 15 and $7.50 to the 20 target events each day. The shooting was from two sets of traps, Sergeant system. The traps were set on the lake front, and targets thrown about 55yds. over the water.

Manufacturers' agents shot for targets, and an elegant set of pearl-handled knives and forks, donated by the management. Crosby, Gilbert and Riehl were the only three agents who shot through, and Fred Gilbert won the set with an average of 96 per cent. for the four days. J. M. Hughes was high in the amateur class with 93.5 per cent; Klein second with 93.3 per cent.

A number of the shooters brought their families, and a very pleasant week was enjoyed by all in attendance.

Mrs. Copley, of Spirit Lake; Mrs. McKelvey, of Hedrick, and Miss Bridie, of Nichols, made some good scores, and were warmly congratulated on their good shooting.

First Day, Aug. 26.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Broke.
Burmister	7	12	14	10	10	16	12	12	18	12	13	18	154
Dubbs	10	12	16	12	10	16	14	13	18	12	12	16	161
McKelvey	12	14	18	14	11	18	10	10	16	12	12	19	166
Coe	13	14	16	14	14	18	12	12	18	11	13	17	171
Elbert	11	13	18	12	12	19	10	12	18	14	13	18	170
McCulley	13	13	15	11	11	18	14	15	17	12	11	12	162
Rossbach	11	8	11	11	7	18	11	10	12	6	11	12	128
L Hinshaw	12	10	18	11	13	17	14	10	18	14	15	19	177
Riehl	11	13	15	12	12	18	15	13	18	13	13	19	173
Lee	9	11	13	8	8	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	66
Crosby	15	15	17	15	14	20	15	15	19	15	15	20	195
Gilbert	13	15	20	14	15	19	14	15	19	14	15	20	193
Burnside	12	14	20	9	10	16	12	15	19	13	12	17	169
Kleine	15	14	18	14	14	18	13	14	17	12	13	19	181
Hughes	14	14	20	15	14	18	15	13	18	15	15	18	189
Loomis	12	12	16	12	12	17	12	13	15	9	12	18	160
Waddington	14	14	20	15	15	20	12	13	18	14	15	18	188
Bray	13	13	18	13	14	16	13	14	17	12	14	19	176
Hofer	11	6	13	11	10	12	14	9	14	13	11	16	140
Townsend	11	12	20	15	14	16	15	14	18	15	11	20	181
Herr	10	15	15	14	12	18	15	15	19	14	15	18	180
Barber	14	13	14	12	13	19	13	14	17	12	12	13	166
Rust	11	12	13	9	11	17	11	12	20	14	14	17	171
E Hinshaw	12	11	17	14	13	18	11	9	14	13	13	17	162
Croutcup	13	13	17	12	14	18	10	13	12	10	15	15	162
Wettleaf	12	12	17	14	13	17	14	14	14	13	11	18	169
Nichols	13	12	8	12	10	18	13	12	18	12	13	18	159
Black	15	13	16	15	12	17	13	13	17	15	15	17	178
Foley	13	13	16	12	13	19	11	14	18	12	12	16	169
White	15	13	17	13	13	18	14	13	17	11	13	20	174
Nicola	13	13	16	11	5	12	9	11	17	14	15	18	153
Michell	11	11	15	13	13	19	13	14	16	12	13	17	167
Schneider	9	12	17	11	12	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	79
Burger	12	11	15	13	12	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	81
Wallace	13	15	16	12	15	19	15	14	18	13	13	17	180
Harker	14	11	17	12	13	18	14	14	16	14	13	18	174
Mrs Copley	9	12	16	10	8	6	9	12	7	10	10	10	117
Bird	13	14	16	12	14	16	14	13	18	15	13	16	174
Linell	11	15	16	12	13	17	14	13	18	15	15	18	177
Patch	10	11	14	12	14	15	12	11	..	..	..	..	101
Hoon	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	20	12	12	17	74

Second Day, Aug. 27.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Broke.
Burmister	15	14	18	12	15	17	13	15	16	12	14	15	177
Hoon	12	13	16	13	15	19	14	12	..	..	..	..	114
McKelvey	13	13	19	11	14	19	12	14	16	13	12	16	178
Coe	11	12	16	14	14	17	12	13	16	13	12	16	167
Elbert	9	14	17	15	14	20	14	14	18	13	15	18	178
McCulley	10	12	17	11	12	12	9	12	17	11	13	18	157
Nicholson	15	13	18	11	12	18	13	13	19	11	13	18	174
Selbhers	11	14	19	15	14	18	15	14	18	15	19	17	134
Croutcup	14	14	17	14	11	17	15	15	18	12	15	20	182
Rossbach	7	4	15	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	35
Crosby	15	14	19	14	15	18	14	13	19	11	13	20	185
Gilbert	14	15	20	14	15	19	14	15	19	14	15	20	194
Burnside	14	11	18	13	15	20	12	14	18	14	12	20	179
Kleine	14	15	20	15	14	20	14	14	20	15	13	15	189
Hughes	14	15	20	14	15	19	15	15	18	14	14	19	192
Loomis	11	12	15	11	13	17	9	10	18	12	14	15	157
Waddington	11	15	20	12	13	15	15	13	17	14	13	19	177
Bray	14	13	18	11	14	17	15	14	19	12	13	20	180
Hafter	13	7	16	12	13	15	9	9	13	12	12	17	148
Townsend	12	13	18	14	13	19	13	12	19	11	15	19	178
Herr	13	15	18	13	13	15	15	13	18	14	13	17	177
White	15	15	17	14	14	18	14	13	18	13	13	19	183
Morrell	13	12	17	13	14	18	13	14	19	13	15	19	180
Bird	10	12	18	12	14	16	11	13	19	11	11	18	165
Dubbs	13	14	13	14	14	17	13	14	17	12	14	16	174
Riehl	13	13	17	12	11	20	13	12	14	14	10	17	164
Linell	13	14	14	12	14	16	13	11	14	13	14	17	165
Wallace	13	14	17	15	13	13	15	13	16	12	14	18	173
Mrs Copley	8	13	12	6	6	8	8	10	9	11	9	13	110
Yeomans	10	14	15	11	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	83
Patch	8	13	17	15	14	13	13	13	19	13	11	18	167
Barber	11	14	19	15	15	15	13	12	18	15	14	16	180
Mayturn	13	13	19	13	13	19	13	15	18	14	12	18	177
Rust	13	11	17	13	11	17	13	15	15	13	11	20	169
Connor	11	10	5	11	14	12	12	13	8	13	9	11	139
Black	13	14	17	15	13	20	14	12	19	12	14	19	162
Nichols	13	14	16	15	13	16	14	12	10	13	13	18	165
Foley	13	14	19	12	15	18	14	14	18	15	13	20	185
Wettleaf	14	14	19	10	13	18	12	14	17	15	13	19	178
Lee	10	15	19	12	12	16	7	13	11	11	10	16	152
Nicola	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19
E Hinshaw	13	3	17	13	4	18	13	4	18	13	12	17	178
Mitchell	12	13	13	9	10	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	165
L Hinshaw	13	13	15	12	15	17	13	14	19	12	13	18	174
Berger	14	..	15	..	14	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	58
Ludrigsen	..	..	17	13	11	16	10	12	17	13	9	16	135
Lord	..	..	..	12	12	15	10	13	19	10	13	16	121
McClelland	..	..	18	15	14	20	12	15	15	..	13	..	121
Harker	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	12	..	..	..	..	27
Schneider	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	15	18	..	..	17	62
Marshall	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	15	18	15	13	..	75
F Walker	..	..	..	..	11	..	11	15	..	..	..	..	37
G Walker	..	..	..	..	12	..	9	11	..	..	..	..	32
Van Steinberg	..	..	..	..	..	14	12	12	14	..	15	..	67
Myerly	..	..	..	..	13	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	25

Third Day, Aug. 28.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Broke.
Burmister	15	12	16	10	18	16	12	12	19	12	10	17	168
Nicholson	13	15	16	11	12	16	11	10	15	15	12	19	168
McKelvey	12	15	14	10	13	16	12	10	14	12	11	18	167
Coe	12	12	14	14	13	16	13	14	17	12	12	16	168
Elbert	10	12	15	12	14	20	14	14	16	14	12	18	171
Black	11	13	15	14	11	17	11	15	19	12	14	17	169
Nichols	11	10	16	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	48
Foley	13	12	17	14	13	17	11	14	17	12	13	20	173
Wettleaf	14	13	18	10	11	18	15	15	17	13	13	16	169
McCulley	11	11	14	14	11	15	10	10	13	12	10	17	148
Crosby	13	14	20	14	13	19	15	14	16	13	13	19	183
Gilbert	14	14	19	15	13	19	14	15	20	15	14	18	190
Burnside	14	14	15	13	11	15	12	15	18	13	13	18	171
Kleine	14	15	14	14	13	20	13	13	18	15	14	19	189
Hughes	14	14	18	13	15	18	13	13	20	15	13	18	184
Loomis	11	11	16	11	12	13	7	9	15	12	13	15	139
Waddington	12	13	19	13	11	17	11	14	11	13	15	14	163
Bray	13	13	15	14	14	17	13	11	19	15	11	18	173
Hofer	10	11	..	..	..	..	12	9	19	14	7	9	91
Townsend	14	10	18	13	15	12	12	13	14	13	11	18	163
Riehl	9	14	17	14	10	17	13	14	14	13	13	17	165
White	15	15	19	15	12	18	15	13	18	13	14	17	184
Morrell	13	13	16	12	11	17	11	13	16	12	10	19	163
Bird	11	13	10	13	11	18	8	12	14	13	12	18	153
Herr	13	11	20	15	13	19	11	13	18	14	15	20	182
Dubbs	14	14	19	10	15	15	11	13	18	13	13	16	168
Linell	11	13	17	13	12	16	15	15	19	12	14	19	176
Mrs Copley	9	9	14	12	9	10	11	7	5	5	5	11	104
Mrs McKelvey	6	5	9	7	7	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	38
Croutcup	11	13	16	10	13	18	12	14	20	14	14	20	175
Patch	9	12	13	12	13	18	12	13	14	10	8	18	151
Barber	11	13	17	13	11	18	11	14	14	13	13	17	166
Maytum	11	15	17	14	11	17	11	13	19	14	9	18	169
Rust	8	12	17	12	12	16	13	13	17	14	10	14	158
Marshall	14	14	17	12	13	15	15	14	17	12	12	18	173
Cole	8	5	11	8	8	12	12	13	11	14	..	..	103
Lord	10	11	17	8	9	14	10	13	15	11	9	16	145
E Hinshaw	14	14	17	11	14	14	11	13	19	13	14	17	170
Shears	12	9	16	12	12	16	13	15	16	13	14	18	166
Rossbach	9	11	14	12	10	12	10	13	18	12	13	16	150
Yearons	12	10	12	13	14	10	12	13	12	10	12	15	145
Mudd	8	10	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	29
Bastian	9	12	13	10	8	15	10	..	..	..	..	..	83
L Hinshaw	..	..	15	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	32
Ludwigsen	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	13	13	14	13	16	82
Mitchell	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	8	15	10	8	14	65
Van Steinberg	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	12	15	8	..	..	47
Wagner	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	6
Stoddard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	19	32
McClelland	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	17	10	14	17	80

Fourth Day, Aug. 29.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Broke.
Burmister	11	13	16	13	12	19	12	12	20	13	13	13	167
Lord	11	14	13	14	10	16	11	11	17	10	11	16	164
McKelvey	12	13	17	12	12	17	13	13	12	11	13	19	164
Coe	13	13	17	15	10	16	14	14	16	11	14	19	176
Elbert	12	15	16	15	11	18	13	13	17	13	11	16	170
Black	14	13	16	15	13	18	13	12	17	13	12	20	176
Nichols	14	12	15	13	12	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	83
Foley	11	13	16	15	13	20	14	14	19	12	15	20	182
Wettleaf	13	14	19	15	14	17	15	13	19	13	14	15	181
E Hinshaw	14	12	14	13	14	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	82
Crosby	15	13	20	15	14	20	14	13	19	15	14	16	188
Gilbert	15	15	19	14	15	19	14	15	18	14	14	20	192
Burnside	15	14	19	13	12	19	12	11	16	14	15	16	177
Kleine	12	14	19	14	14	18	15	15	19	15	14	19	188
Hughes	14	15	19	15	15	19	14	12	17	15	13	17	185
Hofer	13	12	17	12	12	16	12	12	15	13	14	14	162
Townsend	12	13	20	12	12	19	14	12	18	15	13	18	178
Dubbs	11	13	19	13	14	16	12	15	17	12	12	17	171
Rossbach	10	12	17	11	11	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	76
Marshall	14	13	18	14	14	19	12	13	18	12	12	19	178
White	13	15	19	15	12	18	15	15	16	15	13	19	185
Heer	15	14	19	15	15	18	14	14	20	14	12	20	190
Riehl	13	14	19	12	14	18	12	12	19	13	10	18	174
Bird	13	12	16	14	12	17	15	15	17	13	11	19	173
Linell	12	12	17	14	15	19	13	13	19	12	12	19	177
Croutcup	13	14	18	13	13	17	15	12	17	10	13	17	172
Yearons	11	12	13	8	12	17	12	11	15	11	8	13	143
Patch	14	14	18	15	13	18	12	11	16	15	14	15	176
Rust	10	12	16	13	12	16	9	12	17	13	12	15	157
Barber	15	14	14	14	11	19	14	12	14	14	13	17	171
Stoddard	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	18	14	15	17	89

Totals for the four days:

	1st day.	2d day.	3d day.	4th day.	Total.	Av.
Gilbert	193	193	190	192	768	.960
Crosby	195	185	183	188	751	.938
Hughes	189	192	184	184	749	.935
Kleine	181	189	189	188	747	.933
Burnside	169	181	171	177	698	.872
Heer	181	178	182	190	731	.913
Townsend	181	178	163	176	698	.872
Burmister	154	177	159	168	658	.822
McKelvey	164	172	157	161	594	.732
Dubbs	161	171	168	171	671	.838
Riehl	176	168	164	177	685	.851
Coe	171	172	168	170	681	.857
Elbert	167	173	168	169	687	.853
Black	175	182	175	176	707	.885
Foley	172	185	173	183	713	.891
Wettleaf	177	178	172	180	707	.883
White	180	183	184	185	732	.915
Linell	176	173	176	176	701	.876
Patch	153	170	176	176	675	.843
Croutcup	166	182	175	172	695	.868
McCulley	162	160	148	176	646	.807
Rust	153	168	159	165	645	.806
Barber	173	180	165	169	687	.858
Bird	174	165	154	170	653	.816

Dominion of Canada Tournament.

Hamilton, Canada.—I regret the unavoidable delay in forwarding the balance of the scores due to our desire to hand them to you in proper order and in adequate form. In the team race for the Mail trophy, the Sherbrooke Gun Club has protested against the Ridgetown team on the grounds that all their members were not residents of Ridgetown, one man coming from a distance of about 60 miles, out of said place; the matter is still in the hands of the committee, and a decision equitable to all parties concerned is assured.

Jack Fanning refereed the above match; J. H. Cameron and Mr. Ellis acted as scorers.

Manufacturers' representatives present were: Rupert Watson, John Parker, J. H. Cameron, A. H. Fox, F. Conover, Jack Fanning, D. F. Pride.

The championship of Canada was won by H. Throop, of Ottawa. His success was a matter of delight to all his friends.

Aug. 15, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	20	25	20	25	30	20	20	20	15
Armstrong	11	18	20	18	22	..	13	..	17	14
H T Westbrook	10	14	..	9	21	12	10	..	14	10
C J Mitchell	12	17	..	18	20	29	15	18	15	14
F A Heney	8	17	..	14	20	19	11	..	17	10
W Slaney	13	..	13	15	21	19	12	..	..	..
McGill	8	17	21	11	19	20	14	..	15	12
Cameron	14	16	21	12	23	12	17	18	14	8
Higginson	7	17	17	14	24	18	16	17	18	..
Johnston	8	14	12	..	..	24	18	18	19	..
Phillips	11	17	..	11	21	21	11	..	18	11
Goodhue	10	16	..	15	18	23	16	12	18	10
Dr Stockwell	11	18	..	17	24	21	17	16	18	12
T M Craig	11	15	..	16	23	25	14	17	16	11
Bray	12	14	21	13	23	19	13	16	19	14
Westover	12	11	..	14	21	18	14	..	15	12
J H Thompson	..	16	16	3	..	..	11	..	..	..
Hood	9	13	..	13	20	16	15	..	17	..
Fletcher	11	18	16	14	23	23	12	17	14	13
D Wilson	7	16	17	12	17	23	14	17	15	12
Duff	13	15	17	16	23	24	17	..	18	12
Wayper	11	19	..	14	24	25	20	..	16	12
McMackon	15	15	22	15	21	24	18	18	19	10
F Westbrook	12	18	..	14	22	23	15	20	20	10
Bent	13	17	..	15	23	23	15	19	20	15
Singular	6	15	..	12	17	18	13	..	13	7
Brigger	12	..	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Upton	12	..	21	15	20	28	..	14	15	14
Ben It	..	15	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	10
Reid	13	18	..	17	24	..	18	17	20	8
W A Smith	7	18	..	16	18	19	15	..	18	10
Hacker	13	19	..	19	21	27	13	18	18	10
H D Bates	11	18	..	18	23	24	16	19	19	14
Swalen	12	19	..	18	22	24	18	..	16	14
Lewis	9	16	..	9	23	14	16	..	17	12
Stephens	8	16	..	11	21	19	13	..	15	10
W J Henry	5	18	10	9	14	..	..	..	..	..
Summerkays	12	19	..	14	..	27	17	16	..	11
Hutchinson	4	18	15	11	23	22	18	..	12	..
Scane	12	20	..	11	22	22	17	19	19	14
Montgomery	9	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Throop	10	17	18	13	22	20	14	15	19	11
C G Thompson	13	18	..	8	21	26	13	17	17	..
Dr White	9	16	11	14	23	17	11	..	..	..
A Bates	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	16	..	..
*Connover	13	18	23	18	20	26	18	..	14	13
*Fanning	15	17	24	19	24	29	19	..	19	15
*Fox	12	19	22	18	25	25	18	..	19	12
*Parker	12	14	20	14	22	22	13	..	..	..
*McLaren	5	14	20	14	18	20	15	..	19	13
*Mallory	..	19	12	..	19	..	..	..	18	13
Reardon	..	16	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Barber	11	17	..	10	..	..	12	..	14	10
Reynolds	9	17	..	10	20	..	..	..	14	..
Bowman	8	16	..	10	20	..	..	..	14	..
Ellis	10	17	..	15	16	..	..	..	14	..
M J Miller	10	..	..	..	..	25	..	18	18	12
Singer	10	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bowron	..	17	..	..	..	..	14	15	..	..
Cull	..	14	..	..	22	..	10	..	..	..
Cuttcliffe	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ketchum	..	17	..	10	..	..	10	..	..	..
David	..	8	..	13	22	..	..	..	18	..
J E Short	..	18	..	13	22	..	..	..	18	..
Whittleton	..	11	..	14	21	19	..	..	..	..
Trudeau	..	..	..	16	..	..	10	15	..	..
E Clifford	..	..	11	13	21	..	10	12	13	..
Ingersole	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
*Max	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Langhorn	..	..	..	5	6	..	..	..	..	..
Dr Dollie	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..
H Dynes	..	..	21	..	..	18	..	16	..	..
Thomas	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	16	10
Sydney	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..
Laing	..	..	..	..	..	23	..	..	..	..
J Crooks	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	17	..
Cline	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	..
Dr Hunt	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..

*Birds only.

Team Races.

Event 3, 25 targets. Tie shot-off at 10 targets. Ridgetown boys won by one bird.

Ridgetown Gun Club—G. Bent 19, McMackon 18, H. D. Bates 19, Reid 18, Scane 19. Total, 93.

Brantford Gun Club—F. Westbrook 20, Summerhays 18, Hacker 15, Mitchell 19, Miller 18. Total, 93.

St. Huberts Gun Club of Ottawa—Johnson 18, Trudeau 15, Throop 15, Higginson 17, Cameron 18. Total, 83.

Sherbrooke Gun Club, Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Craig 17, Bray 16, Goodhue 15, C. G. Thompson 17, Dr. Stockwell 16. Total 81.

Hamilton Gun Club, 1st team—Fletcher 17, Bowron 14, A. Bates 16, Upton 14, Wilson 17. Total, 78.

Hamilton Gun Club, 2d team—Crooks 14, Dynes 16, Cline 17, Hunt 18, Clifford 12. Total, 72.

Event 7, 3d day Mail Trophy; 50 targets; Ridgetown Gun Club—Reid 44, McMackon 40, Scane 44, Bent 46, H. D. Bates 47. Total, 221.

Sherbrook Gun Club, Sherbrook, P. Q.—Bray 44, Thompson 39, Craig 43, Stockwell 46, Hood 41. Total, 213.

Brantford Gun Club—Westbrook 41, Hacker 40, Miller 39, Summerhays 44 Mitchell 44. Total, 208.

St. Hubert Gun Club, Ottawa—Johnson 41, Higginson 44, Hunt 39, Cameron 45, White 35. Total, 204.

Stanley Gun Club, Toronto—Buchanan 34, Sawdon 42, Huff 36, Day 36, Townsend 35. Total, 183.

Hamilton Gun Club—Dr. Wilson 39, Fletcher 38, Upton 39, Brigger 43, Hunt 38. Total 197.

The Toronto Junction Gun Club—Phillips 30, McGill 33, Walton 29, Stephens 38, Playter 36. Total, 166

Aug. 16, Third Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	20	50	20	20	20	50
F Westbrook	12	20	43	18	16	18	41
Hacker	13	19	42	17	16	17	40
Summerhays	11	18	43	18	19	..	44
Mitchell	12	19	42	19	18	14	44
Miller	10	17	38	14	15	..	..
Bent	13	19	41	18	18	18	46
McMackon	15	17	40	14	13	13	40
Reid	14	15	46	19	..	15	44
Scane	13	16	44	19	16	17	44
H D Bates	15	20	40	16	16	20	47
Throop	13	17	47	12	16	16	39
W L Cameron	12	17	41	16	16	13	45
Johnston	12	17	39	13	18	17	41
Higginson	11	18	46	17	19	12	44
Trudeau	8	..	..	13	..	8	..
Armstrong	12	19	..	12	12	..	..
McLaren	14	15	38	16	..	12	..
Hutchinson	4	14	45	17	17	10	..
Phillips	12	15	..	16	9	14	30
Heney	14	16	..	13	..	17	..
Wayper	14	20	43	15	..	20	..
Bowman	5	14	..	..	..	..	..
Sheppard	..	10	..	..	..	9	..
Brigger	..	..	..	16	17	14	43
McGill	12	17	39	14	20	14	33
Duff	14	18	32	15	19	19	36
Cull	12	17	..	11	..	..	..
Ketchum	..	14	..	..	..	14	..
Dr Wilson	12	17	39	17	18	17	39
Upton	12	17	39	..	16	17	39
E Clifford	..	13	..	12	..	..	..
A Bates	7	18	..	..	..	13	..
W T. Jack	10	..	38	10	14	16	..
Fletcher	11	18	..	14	18	12	38
W Clifford	13	17	..	12	..	17	..
Jackson	..	..	..	7	..	..	..
Stockwell	14	15	..	18	16	14	46
Craig	13	17	42	18	18	15	..
C G Thompson	11	17	46	15	20	18	39
Goodhue	10	18	41	15	16	17	..
Bray	16	17	42	11	..	18	44
Swalen	10	20	40	15	..	19	..
Logan	10	..	..	14	..	..	..
Barber	12	..	..	11	..	14	..
Mallory	1	19	..	..	14	..	..
Playter	12	13	..	11	..	13	..
Connover	13	18	..	17	..	16	..
Fanning	14	19	..	20	..	19	..
Fox	14	20	..	20	..	19	..
Walton	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
*Hood	..	15	..	17	..	10	41
Ellis	9	..	..	..	..	14	..
Washburn	13	..	..	12	..	12	..
Ben It	6	..	..	8	..	..	..
Slaney	9	17	..	12	..	16	..
Dr White	12	12	..	14	..	17	35
Thomas	12	13	..	13	..	..	..
Williamson	10	15	..	13	15	..	..
Westover	11	18	..	17	..	19	..
Musson	11	19	..	14	11	8	..
Stephens	11	19	36	13	12	..	38
J H Thompson	11	12	..	11	..	14	..
W J Henry	12	14	..	14	..	14	..
Dunk	12	..	..	8	..	..	..
Rasberry	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
David	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
R M Watson	..	..	..	..	8	..	..
Merritt	..	..	..	12	..	16	..
R G Davidson	..	..	..	8	..	11	..
Singer	..	..	..	..	..	15	..
Stewart	..	..	..	..	..	14	38
Laing	..	..	..	..	..	12	..
Bain	..	..	..	..	..	17	..
Sawdon	..	..	..	..	..	16	42
Buchanan	..	..	..	..	..	..	34
Day	..	..	..	..	..	..	36

*Birds only.

Averages.

	—First Day.—			—Second Day.—			—Third Day.—		
	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
F Westbrook	200	173	.865	185	154	.832	195	168	.861
C J Mitchell	200	167	.835	185	158	.854	195	168	.861
A Reid	200	166	.830	185	155	.837	175	153	.834
C Hacker	200	161	.805	185	158	.854	195	166	.851
Higginson	200	160	.800	195	148	.739	195	167	.856
W A Smith	200	158	.790	165	131	.733	...	...	....
W L Cameron	200	158	.790	210	155	.738	195	160	.820
T A Duff	200	154	.770	190	155	.815	195	153	.784
T Upton	200	152	.760	190	150	.789	195	157	.805
A W Throop	200	150	.750	210	159	.757	195	160	.820
G Bent	200	148	.725	185	160	.864	195	173	.887
Dr Wilson	200	145	.725	210	150	.714	195	159	.815
R Hutchinson	200	145	.725	175	123	.702	145	107	.737
G W McGill	200	135	.675	185	137	.740	195	149	.764
H T Westbrook	200	134	.670	155	160	.640	...	...	....
T M Craig	200	165	.825	185	148	.800	195	166	.851
Connover	180	147	.816	190	163	.857	75	64	.853
Wayper	180	154	.855	165	141	.854	125	112	.896
C G Thompson	180	141	.783	170	133	.782	195	168	.861
C H Whittleton	180	101	.561	95	65	.677	...	...	....
Goodhue	180	148	.822	185	135	.729	145	117	.806
Dr Stockwell	180	149	.827	185	154	.832	145	123	.842
Westover	180	140	.727	165	123	.745	75	65	.866
H Reynolds	180	137	.761	100	81	.810	...	...	....
H Swalen	180	145	.800	165	143	.866	125	104	.832
Phillips	200	141	.705	165	121	.733	145	96	.662
Summerhays	180	140	.777	165	118	.715	175	153	.874
D McMackon	180	139	.772	210	177	.842	195	152	.779
Montgomery	180	139	.772	35	25	.714	...	...	....
H D Bates	180	156	.866	185	162	.875	195	174	.892
M G Bray	180	125	.694	210	164	.780	175	144	.822
J S Fanning	180	167	.922	190	181	.925	75	72	.960
Fox	180	158	.877	190	170	.890	75	73	.973
Stone	180	128	.711	...	...	....	...	...	....
Scane	160	119	.743	185	156	.843	195	169	.866
C Burgess	160	116	.725	...	...	....	...	...	....
W H Stephens	160	117	.731	165	113	.684	175	129	.737
Mallory	140	102	.675	90	68	.755	55	44	.800
A B Hood	140	112	.800	150	103	.696	110	83	.754
F A Heney	120	80	.666	165	116	.703	75	60	.800
Dr White	120	83	.691	155	101	.651	125	90	.720
Cull	120	81	.675	65	46	.702	55	40	.727
Fletcher	120	89	.741	185	161	.870	145	111	.765
Dunk	120	73	.608	...	...	....	35	20	.571
Dr Hunt	120	83	.691	20	13	.650	...	...	....
Pokagon	120	84	.700	155	117	.754	...	...	....
J E Short	125	80	.640	85	71	.835	...	...	....
Ben It	100	56	.560	60	37	.616	35	14	.400
W Slaney	100	60	.600	135	93	.688	75	54	.720
J H Thompson	100	66	.660	100	53	.530	75	48	.640
Ketchum	100	61	.610	60	37	.616	40	28	.700
Armstrong	105	79	.752	160	133	.831	75	55	.733
Singular	100	56	.560	165	103	.624	...	...	....
Cuttcliffe	100	66	.660	20	15	.750	...	...	....
W J Henry	100	57	.570	105	56	.533	75	54	.720
Merritt	95	50	.526	...	...	....	40	28	.700
J Crooks	85	71	.835	40	31	.775	...	...	....
J H McLaren	80	48	.600	190	138	.726	125	95	.760
A Bates	75	56	.746	45	33	.733	55	40	.727
Jack	75	59	.786	...	...	....	125	88	.704
Turp	75	49	.653	...	...	....	...	...	....
Singer	75	52	.693	35	27	.771	20	15	.750
Marlott	60	42	.700	...	...	....	...	...	....
Dr Dollie	65	42	.646	25	15	.600	...	...	....
E Clifford	60	31	.516	130	80	.615	40	25	....
McDowell	60	39	.650	...	...	....	...	...	....
Deslauries	55	27	.490	...	...	....	...	...	....
Daniels	55	34	.618	50	30	.600	...	...	....
Trudeau	55	37	.672	60	41	.683	55	29	.527
McLaren	45	28	.622	...	...	....	...	...	....
W Langhorn	45	26	.577	45	11	.244	...	...	....
Hayes	40	22	.550	...	...	....	...	...	....
J Bowron	40	29	.725	60	46	.766	...	...	....
Reardon	40	29	.725	45	29	.644	...	...	....
H Dynes	40	26	.650	75	55	.733	...	...	....
C Brigger	40	31	.775	40	31	.775	110	90	.818
J Stewart	40	30	.750	...	...	....	70	52	.742
Reuben Glue	40	25	.625	...	...	....	...	...	....
J P Henry	40	29	.725	...	...	....	...	...	....
W Clifford	40	28	.700	...	...	....	75	59	.786
Sawdon	40	23	.575	...	...	....	70	58	.828
W Miller	25	19	.760	100	83	.830	125	94	.752
Aitkin	20	10	.500	...	...	....	...	...	....
J D Lewis	20	12	.600	165	116	.703	...	...	....
Johnston	20	9	.450	150	113	.753	195	157	.805
Mitchell	20	11	.550	...	...	....	...	...	....
Smith	20	12	.600	...	...	....	...	...	....
J Laing	20	15	.750	30	23	.766	20	12	.600
Wallace	20	15	.750	...	...	....	...	...	....
Sydney	...	...	....	30	5	.166	...	...	....
Cline	...	...	....	20	17	.850	...	...	....
Thomas	...	...	....	55	42	.763	55	38	.690
Bowman	...	...	....	100	68	.680	35	19	.542
Barber	...	...	....	110	74	.672	55	37	.672
Ellis	...	...	....	100	72	.720	35	23	.657
Sheppard	...	...	....	...	...	....	40	19	.475
Logan	...	...	....	...	...	....	35	24	.685
Jackson	...	...	....	...	...	....	20	7	.350
Playter	...	...	....	...	...	....	125	84	.672
Watson	...	...	....	...	...	....	65	39	.600
Washburn	...	...	....	...	...	....	55	37	.672
Williamson	...	...	....	...	...	....	75	53	.706
Musson	...	...	....	...	...	....	95	60	.631
Rasberry	.6	...	....	...	...	....	15	10	.666
David	...	...	....	...	...	....	15	9	.600
R M Watson	...	...	....	...	...	....	20	8	.400
R G Davidson	...	...	....	...	...	....	40	19	.475
Bain	...	...	....	...	...	....	20	17	.850
Buchanan	...	...	....	...	...	....	50	34	.680
Day	...	...	....	...	...	....	50	36	.720

General averages:

F Westbrook	.8529	J S Fanning	.9449
C J Mitchell	.8503	Fox	.9138
A Reid	.8340	Scane	.8178
C Hacker	.8369	W H Stephens	.7177
Higginson	.7987	Mallory	.7435
W L Cameron	.7828	A B Hood	.7503
T A Duff	.7901	F A Heney	.7232
T Upton	.7848	Dr White	.6877
A W Throop	.7758	Cull	.7033
G Bent	.8258	Fletcher	.7924
Dr Wilson	.7515	Ben It	.5255
R Hutchinson	.7219	W Slaney	.6696
G W McGill	.7265	J H Thompson	.6100
T M Craig	.8254	Ketchum	.6422
Connover	8426	Armstrong	.7722
Wayper	.8686	W J Henry	.6077
C G Thompson	.8090	J H McLaren	.6954
Goodhuc	.7852	A Bates	.7357
Dr Stockwell	.8361	Singer	.7382
Westover	.7965	E Clifford	.5856
H Swalen	.8330	Trudeau	.6277
Phillips	.7001	C Brigger	.7893
Summerhays	.7890	W Miller	.7806
D McMackon	.7981	Johnstown	.6694
H D Bates	.8780	J Laing	.7055
M G Bray	.7660		

Ben It.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Chicago Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 23.—The scores made at the tournament today are appended. There were 38 shooters. There were 12 regular and 3 extra events. Eight shot through the entire programme. Mr. W. P. Stannard won first average; Messrs. Lem Willard and H. W. Veitmeyer divided second, and Mr. J. Bowers won low average. Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	25	15	20	15
Rupel	8	13	16	15	14	19	15	13	24	13	17	14
C M Townsend	4	13	14	12	14	..	13	15	..	13	20	13
Cop	8	12	19	13	12	17	13	13	23	13	18	14
Dr Morton	8	11	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	11
Kuss	7	13	20	15	13	18	12	14	21	14	19	14
Roll	9	11	17	15	14	18	14	13	22	15	18	13
W D Stannard	9	13	20	15	14	18	15	13	23	13	18	15
Lem Willard	6	14	19	14	14	18	15	13	23	13	19	15
Veitmeyer	10	14	20	12	15	18	15	13	23	11	19	14
Bowles	9	14	15	13	9	19	12	12	21	12	17	11
J L Head	..	..	18	13	11	18	12	11	19	14	17	..
Kershaw	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Engstrom	..	..	..	15	14	18	14	11	..	12	..	..
Vance	..	..	..	..	..	17	14	10	19	13	18	14
Conwell	..	..	..	..	..	17	12	15	..	11	13	11
A W Morton	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	13	..	13	..	..
Weber	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	13	24	15	18	15
A W Adams	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	19	13	..	..
Patrick	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..
Edwards	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	14	16	14
Bellman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	11	..	..
F E Adams	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	23	12	18	13
F P Stannard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	23	12	19	14
Hanagan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	12	15	11
Dr Carson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	20	14
W E Phillips	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	17	8
C P Richards	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	18	14
Mathews	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	18	14
Bush	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	18	14
Antoine	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	18	14
R B Mack	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	14	..
Quade	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	15	10
Cunningham	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	13
S E Young	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	12
Dr Miller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	15
G D White	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13
Waters	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9
Boroff	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12

IN NEW JERSEY.

Hell Gate Gun Club.

Carlstadt, N. J., Aug. 26.—The Hell Gate Gun Club held its August shoot at Mr. J. H. Outwater's place to-day. The birds were good in the early part of the shoot. The handicap was by yards and points. Mr. A. Dielzel and Mr. E. Meckel killed straight:

	Handicaps, Yards.	Points.	
H Kohla	28	6½	*111210112— 8
Baron Van Volkenburg	28	6½	21*0211012— 7
R Regan	25	5½	010*000101— 3
F Gardella	26	5	1011002021— 6
P Cresci	28	6½	2120101010— 6
Dr Roof	30	7	2222220112— 9
Col J H Voss	30	7	0111110202— 7
J Schlicht	28	6½	0210112022— 7
L Stelzle	28	5½	0020111101— 6
J A Belden	28	7	122202211*— 8
*Dr Davis	26	..	1221220200— 7
Dr Wilson	28	6½	*0122222*2— 7
J Klenk	28	6	1212020020— 6
C Lang	28	7	1012212211— 9
C Steffens	28	7	1111210211— 9
F Trostel	28	6½	2*02*22022— 6
*A Seibel	26	..	1221000000— 4
L T Meunch	28	6½	111*212221— 9
P Albert	28	7	1222111022— 9
P Woelfel	28	6½	0022022221— 7
A Knodel	26	5	0212200012— 6
P Garms	28	6	0120212021— 7
R Baudendistle	26	5½	001*1112*2— 6
H Foster	28	7	1211211011— 9
P Brennen	28	5½	2020202010— 5
A Dietzel	30	7	2222222222—10
J P Dannefelser	28	6	1021001211— 7
E Meckel	28	5½	1221212111—10

*Guests.

Five birds, $2, club handicap, Rose system, ratio 5 and 3.

Gardell	221*2—4	Lang	22102—4
Meunch	21122—5	Meckel	10101—3
Baudendistle	20120—3	Dietzel	*2020—2
Klenk	20*11—3	Albert	22000—2
Steffens	21111—5	Schlicht	22012—4

Chesapeake Gun Club.

Newport News, Va., Aug. 27.—The annual shoot of the Virginia Trapshooters' Association will begin in Lynchburg, Aug. 31, and will last two days. It is probable that one or two of the members of the local club will go up and shoot as individuals, but there will be no team to represent Newport News.

Recently five of the local shooters organized a team and challenged all comers to shoot for the privilege of representing Tidewater, Virginia, at the State shoot, the losing teams to share with the winner the expenses of the winning team on the trip to Lynchburg. No answers have been received, so it looks as though there will be no team to go as Tidewater's representative.

The Portsmouth team, of which Mr. T. F. Stearnes, of this city, is a member, will shoot in the annual affair. Mr. Stearnes will go to Portsmouth to shoot with the club to-day.

The Chesapeake Gun Club had its regular shoot yesterday afternoon. The trap was not working well and a strong breeze was blowing, so the shooting was difficult and the scores not as good as usual, especially during the early part of the afternoon.

Out of a possible 25 in each of the seven events, the following scores were made:

T F Stearnes	22	19	21	19	23	24	24
B B Semmes	18	21	15	17	16	23	21
F Palmer	15	15	13	15	..	..	..
H Westacott	22	18	21	16	..	..	..
F Saunders	16	12	14	12	..	..	..
G B James	..	..	20	19	24	24	..

T. F. S.

Interstate at Haverhill.

Haverhill, Mass., Aug. 30.—When the Interstate Association decided to give a tournament for the Haverhill, Mass., Gun Club the club at once set to work with the determination to do its full share toward making it a success. The tournament was held on Aug. 27 and 28, and an extra day open tournament on the 29th, and those who participated, we think, will testify to its success from start to finish. It is true the entries fell far below what every one had reason to expect, and why, no person present was able to offer a plausible explanation. Never was a tournament better advertised. Never was a tournament better worked up. Never did a shooting organization receive more promises from shooters that they would be present. Every inducement that would ordinarily bring out a large attendance was offered—but they came not.

A few words regarding the Haverhill Gun Club may not be amiss. Organized in 1896, it now has a membership of sixty, many of whom are successful business and professional men of the city. Its affairs are managed by a committee of three—successfully, if the pleasant comments made by visiting sportsmen are any criterion. The shooting grounds and club house are located about two miles from the center of the city, at Hoyt's Grove, the same being reached by two electric car lines. The arrangements for this particular tournament were strictly up to date; two sets of traps were used, a set of five expert and a set of three expert arranged according to the Sergeant system. A cozy club house and a large tent with seating capacity for spectators as well as shooters afforded ample protection and shelter from both sun and rain.

One feature of this tournament, and one to which but little attention is ordinarily paid in connection with events of this character, was the ample seating facilities for all. Another feature, and one which is also often overlooked, was the catering. This was in charge of Mr. B. T. Pickard, who furnished in ample quantity and good quality and at a very moderate price those things which are so necessary to a hungry shooter. The contestants were loud in their praise of this arrangement.

Much of the success of this tournament was due to the committee who had immediate charge of it; the committee was composed of Messrs. Miller, George and Tozier, all of whom were indefatigable in their efforts that all should leave for their respective homes with nothing but pleasant memories of Haverhill.

Thirty-four shooters faced the traps on the opening day, which was about one-half the number expected, and among these were the usual number who went home early, as well as those who came late. The conditions were simply perfect for high scores, and those who were fortunate enough to be present witnessed some phenomenal shooting. No. 1 squad, composed of Apgar, Van Allen, Fanning, Leroy and Griffith, in event No. 1, broke 73 out of 75; in event No. 5, 74 out of 75; in event No. 6, 97 out of 100; in event No. 8, 96 out of 100; in event No. 9, 73 out of 75; and in event No. 10, again broke 97 out of 100. This excellent shooting was again and again applauded by both shooters and spectators.

Apgar was high for the day with a score of 173 out of 175, Fanning was second with 170, and Van Allen third with 169.

A side issue in connection with the tournament, and one which afforded much entertainment to onlookers, as well as profit and pleasure to those who contested, was the cash and merchandise prize event, which was shot over a special trap. The conditions governing were as follows; But one trap was used, and contestants were divided into four classes. A, B, C, D. Class A shot at their first target at 16yds. rise, moving back one yard for each succeeding target until 15 were shot at, which brought a contestant in this class to the 30yd. mark when shooting at the last target. Class B shot at their first two targets at 16yds. rise, moving back one yard for each succeeding two targets, which brought a contestant in this class to the 23yd. mark when shooting at the last target. Class C shot at all of their targets at 18yds. rise, and Class D shot at all of their targets at 16yds. rise.

Out of 175 trials but one straight score of 15 was made, and this by a Class A man, Mr. Neaf Apgar, which won for him a five-dollar gold piece, in addition to putting him on record with a highest possible.

The boys soon named this event "the wheel," and many times did they "give the wheel a whirl." All told, there were some sixty prizes that went with this event, and all contestants received a prize, regardless of the score made. Entrance money was 50 cents, with re-entries unlimited at 30 cents each.

The scores of the programme events for the first day follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Total Broke.
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20		
Apgar	15	20	15	20	15	20	14	20	15	19	175	173
Van Allen	15	20	15	18	15	19	14	19	14	20	175	169
Fanning	14	20	15	19	15	19	14	19	15	20	175	170
Le Roy	15	19	13	19	14	20	14	19	14	19	175	166
Griffith	14	16	14	17	15	19	15	19	15	19	175	163
Dickey	14	18	12	20	15	19	14	18	15	19	175	164
Eggers	14	18	10	16	13	13	13	13	11	19	175	140
Dow	12	13	9	16	11	17	10	8	12	18	175	126
Doremus	12	16	14	18	14	19	14	16	14	13	175	150
Butler	15	19	12	19	12	19	12	19	15	16	175	158
Grindstone	14	19	15	18	15	20	14	18	14	18	175	165
George	15	17	15	19	14	19	13	19	15	19	175	165
Bowen	15	18	12	17	15	17	12	17	14	18	175	155
Reed	11	20	14	19	12	20	15	19	13	17	175	160
Lambert	15	19	12	20	13	17	14	17	13	20	175	160
S Whitmore	13	19	12	17	14	18	12	19	13	18	175	160
C Whitmore	15	17	14	17	11	19	14	18	13	20	175	158
Tozier	12	18	12	17	14	18	15	15	11	15	175	149
Oine	10	12	7	14	7	11	14	13	8	13	175	109
Childs	14	13	11	14	12	12	10	14	9	17	175	126
Mrs Park	11	16	15	17	10	19	14	16	12	18	175	148
Park	13	19	13	18	13	19	13	14	12	17	175	151
Kirkwood	14	14	12	19	13	20	15	17	13	16	175	153
Puck	15	16	11	20	14	18	14	19	13	18	175	158
Miller	13	16	10	18	11	16	14	17	10	18	175	143
Lamb	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	5
Chadwick	15	15	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	41
Brown	8	10	12	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	70	44
Stevens	..	17	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	35	28
Frizzell	..	..	11	12	13	17	14	17	13	20	140	117
Drew	..	..	15	15	12	19	12	17	11	18	140	119
Greiff	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	15	14	18	70	61
Lemus	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	18	11	11	70	51
Spofford	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	13	18		55	46

Aug. 28, Second Day.

Thirty-four shooters faced the traps the second day, the same number as on the first day, among whom were several new faces. The number, however, still fell far short of expectations. High scores still prevailed, although not as good as on the first day.

The race for first place between Apgar and Fanning was a pretty one, and each time No. 1 squad came to the score, shooters and spectators alike crowded to the ropes and watched each succeeding shot with increased interest. When event No. 10 started Apgar was leading Fanning by 1 target, but in this event Fanning broke 18 to Apgar's 15, thereby landing first average for both days by 2 targets.

Fanning was high for the day with a score of 166 out of 175; Dickey was second with 163, and Apgar and Le Roy tied for third with 161.

The merchandise event closed at 3 P. M. Out of 170 trials today but two additional straight scores of 15 were made; these by Messrs. Hebbard and Lambert. In the shoot-off, Apgar won first, Lambert second and Hebbard third. The ties in the other classes were shot off, and it was nearly dark before completed. Every contestant received a prize, sufficient being left over to form a nucleus for another event of the kind.

On this, the last day the tournament was favored by the presence of Capt. J. A. H. Dressel, president of the Interstate Association, who arrived on the grounds rather late, being detained by a railroad wreck, but he was none the less welcome on that account.

The tournament was also graced by the presence of Mrs. W. K. Park, well known to all New England shooters under the nom de plume of "Miss Kay." Mrs. Park numbers among her warm friends all members of the Haverhill Gun Club, as well as all others having the pleasure of her acquaintance.

The trade was represented by the following: Frank Butler, S. M. Van Allen, A. H. Barrell, E. B. Thompson, Neaf Apgar, J. S. Fanning T. E. Doremus, B. Leroy Woodard, and O. R. Dickey.

In closing, would say that shooters of all classes as a rule are never backward in reaching for those things most dear to their hearts, namely, cash and useful prizes; therefore, should any one be able to offer an explanation for the non-appearance of a greater number of contestants at this tournament, the Haverhill Gun Club will be deeply in their debt.

The scores of the second day follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Total Broke.
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20		
Apgar	14	20	13	20	14	19	14	19	13	15	175	161
Van Allen	12	20	14	16	14	19	12	18	15	19	175	159
Fanning	14	20	14	17	15	20	14	19	15	18	175	166
Le Roy	14	19	13	18	15	18	14	19	13	18	175	161
Griffith	12	18	15	19	14	20	12	16	13	18	175	157
Dickey	15	18	14	19	14	19	13	18	14	19	175	163
Eggers	13	17	9	17	12	17	10	16	12	13	175	136
Dow	11	17	13	15	9	16	14	12	13	15	175	135
Doremus	12	16	13	15	11	14	10	18	12	14	175	135
Butler	10	17	13	16	10	17	8	11	12	19	175	133
Grindstone	14	19	12	18	15	16	10	14	14	20	175	152
George	13	18	15	18	12	17	13	17	11	18	175	152
Puck	11	15	13	16	13	13	13	17	13	16	175	140
Hebbard	11	18	16	16	11	17	12	17	10	14	175	131
Lambert	12	17	13	18	12	16	12	12	12	15	175	139
Spofford	11	15	14	18	12	16	14	15	13	15	175	143
Lovering	11	16	15	17	9	17	11	16	13	16	175	141
Follansbee	11	14	9	14	13	15	10	14	10	15	175	125
Hatch	10	12	11	17	9	18	12	14	12	17	175	132
Lemus	8	18	10	13	8	10	11	11	11	12	175	112
Miller	12	14	14	18	13	17	13	10	10	11	175	132
Straw	11	15	10	17	13	17	13	17	11	16	175	140
Oine	6	10	7	9	6	8	9	9	4	4	175	72
Langley	12	16	13	15	14	17	12	17	14	15	175	145
Hallam	10	16	10	8	8	14	11	15	4	16	175	112
Stevens	10	12	9	8	7	18	12	13	..	..	140	89
Mrs Park	..	16	9	14	13	10	12	..	..	..	105	74
Park	..	11	13	13	10	15	13	..	..	..	105	75
Childs	..	..	..	8	7	10	9	12	11	10	125	67
Richards	..	..	..	..	14	14	13	17	10	17	105	85
Lockwood	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	17	55	42
Brown	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	7	..	..	35	13
Tuck	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	11	..	..	35	21

Hints on Trapshooting.

Thinking that perhaps a few timely remarks might not come amiss, the writer timidly lays at your feet the following, hoping some inexperienced person may be benefited by reading these notes.

The great interest, and, I might say, paternal solicitude exhibited by certain otherwise well-meaning individuals toward beginners, and the divers kinds of advice so lavishly and unstintingly bestowed on them, has suggested a few ideas, the ventilating of which I am sure must be received by both instructors and pupils with feelings of gratitude.

By adopting a few suggestions herein laid down it is to be hoped that much time may be saved during large tournaments, fewer accidents happen, and that those dears whose benevolent proclivities cause them to forget themselves in the fervent endeavor of advancing others may find solace and reward for a labor of love so cheerfully given and, alas! too often so carefully followed that every year we find more and more past masters in instruction who signally fail to instruct, simply because their theories are too fine spun to be of practical use.

Honi soit qui mal y pense.

Never get your ammunition until you are called to the score. There is always plenty of time for that, and it is obviously unwise to go about carrying extra weight.

Make it a rule to always load your gun before filling your pockets, for then there can be no mistake as to its being loaded. If it has a safety, at this juncture carefully push it forward, then you may be reasonably sure it is ready to go off. If perchance it should explode in some unaccountable manner before you reach the score that makes no difference, as you will be allowed another shot, so nothing is lost thereby; while on the contrary, spectators and contestants alike have been treated to a slight diversion calculated at all times to break the monotony of the occasion.

After having fired at position No. 5, always load your piece while walking down to No. 1. If a thing is worth doing at all do it well, so dextrously slip in the cartridge, en passant, and slam the gun together, meanwhile walking briskly to your post, keeping the muzzle of your gun well in line of every shooter's stomach. Until one has thoroughly tried this method nothing but the faintest idea can be entertained of the various emotions and impulses experienced by the brethren at the score. Should any over timid brother remonstrate, an assurance of the fact that one has done a world of field shooting and only on rare occasions sprinkled a dog or companion will at once remove all symptoms of fear and give one at the same time the air of a finished sportsman, the ear-marks of which are an absolute disregard of human life and limb. It is only super-nervous people who are careful with firearms; an experienced shot is so sure of himself and his weapon that he can make no mistake. If, however, by any chance the gun should go off, a hearty "ha! ha!" accompanied by a jaunty swagger and expression of nonchalance will render all apologies unnecessary—nay, superfluous.

The loquacious and experienced trap shot dislikes above all things to start an event commencing from position No. 1, because then he cannot commune intelligently with any one on his left, and, as the man at his right has not had a shot, good, bad or indifferent, there is technically nothing left to applaud or criticise.

Therefore No. 1's only consolation should he miss would be to instantly explain how it happened to No. 2. If this is done in a loud, stentorian voice, nothing will be more conducive to No. 2 following suit. If No. 2 is a gentleman he will not say much above his breath, but he will think a few things, and then and there his opinion of No. 1 will be formed for all time to come.

The most enviable position while at the score is clearly when at No. 3, for then by slightly raising the voice one can converse freely on both sides to the full extent of the line and give vent to one's feelings, as to the management, trappers, puller, etc., etc. A few remarks at this juncture well placed with precision and aplomb at once establish one's status with the shooting world and render the speaker a subject for much comment among the fraternity.

To err is human; it is therefore always in order to question the decision of the referee. By doing this at all opportune times one is naturally regarded as being alert and on the qui vive, which is highly gratifying to the referee and the squad, who are all pleased to know they have so interested a contestant at the score.

There are very few topics of conversation so keenly appreciated and enjoyed by contestants and spectators than to positively know beyond a peradventure why you have missed such and such a shot. It is naturally instructive and of benefit to all to know why and how this was done. So to render your information the more striking and command the greatest attention, proclaim in a loud voice the exact facts in the case, placing yourself near the referee, so that he at least may reap the benefit of your experience. It may interfere with his rendering correct decisions, but the squad at the score can wait. Hours were made for slaves. It is more laborious to relate your mishaps in detail, and then one is apt to strike some unresponsive, rude, vulgar person, whose looks indicate that he does not care a ——, well, does not care.

When not shooting strictly up to form, always make it a rule to change gun or ammunition, or both. It is reasonably certain that the man who cannot master one gun could easily learn to shoot with several others. Guns are fickle things; fortunately, too, they are mute. It is only such prosy individuals as Gilbert and Crosby, whose mediocre skill has placed them where they are, who stick to one gun. They do this purely from ingorance as to other guns and loads, and because their limited experience has taught them no better.

It is always en regle to bluntly criticise a competitor's gun when of other make than your own. Knowledge of its mechanism and construction is not imperative—in fact, the less some would-be coaches know the more they proclaim. A few well planted remarks, driven in with pile-driver force, and clinched with an assurance, generally carry the day.

At the time, while his gun is under discussion, aforesaid competitor may not enjoy it, but when he makes a bad score, it is balm to a bleeding wound to know, that after all the gun was largely to blame.

Very few gun clubs are in so deplorable a condition that they are barren of at least one or two up-to-date, progressive experimenters, otherwise known in the vernacular as gun cranks. To belong to a club devoid of a few of these is to be sadly misplaced. One genuine, well-matured, full-fledged crank can, and does, keep many beginners on the anxious seat, and between a sneeze and cough condition the year round. A matriculated gun crank to the novice is a beacon of such magnitude and splendor that he can keep lesser satellites revolving on their own axis, as it were, from pumps to double guns, and from dense to bulk powder, scarcely knowing, or caring, whether they are shooting or hoeing corn.

No rational being when in great bodily distress consults a regular practitioner, but rather trusts to the quack, who cures him while he waits or kills him at his leisure.

Hence it is that the intelligent novice, when desiring reliable information, should never apply to men like S. A. Tucker or Harvey McMurchy, men who have made a life-long study of guns and shooting, but instead seek the advice so freely given by the versatile gun crank, the man who has run up and down the gamut of guns and loads, and in turn condemned them all. The powers of speech of such a mentor are so persuasive that no tyro can withstand them. His knowledge of misfits and mishaps covers encyclopedias. He can instantly correct any fault or vice the beginner may exhibit, albeit he never could correct his own. Strange as it might appear, the adept and successful gun crank seldom shoots even decently well, his time having been exclusively devoted to picking flaws in guns and loads, and educating others on correct (?) lines.

Gaucho.

Haverhill Gun Club.

Haverhill, Mass., Aug. 30.—We were prepared for everything that might come for our Interstate tournament, and got the unexpected. Our arrangements were about as near the proper thing as ever happens, with a country club, and with Mr. Shaner as manager, I would liked to have known how many shooters it would have taken to have made us hustle. But it was a frost, and we just took it easy. As to numbers, it was disappointing; other than that would let the boys tell it.

Our open tournament was more than we expected. While the Interstate team and Interclub team races did not materialize, the Individual handicap was shot with sixteen entries, Horace Kirkwood winning first, $15, with 85; Leroy second, $10, with 84, and Lambert third, $5, with 83 out of the 100 targets. Twenty-three shooters participated on the wind-up day. I herewith inclose summary of events; Nos. 2, 3, 4 and 5 constituted the Individual Handicap:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12		
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	Broke.	Av.
Horace, 18	20	22	21	17	25	22	22	22	24	..	..	..	195	.866
Lambert, 20	20	20	19	21	23	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	103	.824
Fanning, 22	21	20	19	18	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	97	.776
Le Roy, 22	18	24	20	19	21	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	102	.816
Doremus, 17	19	20	19	18	18	15	19	22	..	..	..	..	145	.725
Spofford, 16	15	19	20	13	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	84	.672
Lockwood, 16	21	20	22	16	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	97	.776
Grieves, 16	17	16	19	14	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	79	.632
Hastings, 16	20	21	19	20	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	98	.784
George, 20	21	19	18	16	20	17	24	..	..	..	..	..	135	.772
Miller, 16	18	19	20	19	21	16	16	..	..	..	..	..	129	.737
Busfield, 16	12	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	27	.540
Lamb, 16	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	.680
S Whitmore, 18	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	.680
Tozier, 16	22	21	19	17	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	92	.736
Mrs Park, 16	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	.800
Farrington, 16	..	18	19	14	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	.630
White, 16	..	17	18	13	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	59	.590
Webster, 16	15	17	20	16	20	16	18	21	17	18	13	17	228	.705
Stanley, 16	..	..	18	16	18	20	17	15	21	20	17	15	194	.705
Thompson, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	10	14	..	16	..	..	53	.530
Hebbard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	21	23	62	.775
Langley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	19	..	38	.760

No. 13: Webster 20, Stanley 17.

S. G. Miller, Sec'y.

Darton vs. Stark.

Dunbarton, N. H., Aug. 30.—The above match came off promptly at the advertised time. The Concord Gun Club had sent out a great many programmes of the events of the day. The shooting fraternity did not respond. Four men from Maine, one from Exeter and one from Dover and some five or six from neighboring towns.

As to the match, Darton won in a walk. I was beaten when the first ten targets were shot at, after that I sort of wabbled along trying to save being distanced. It apparently made no difference where I held, those targets sailed away unbroken.

Neaf Apgar was the only trade representative present. All of you know as to his ability to break targets. We were glad that Apgar was on hand.

It was some consolation to us to see that he often failed to score. We were also sorry that there were not other paid experts present. We think none of them would have made scores they would care to brag of. The blue rocks were thrown fairly low and quite fast from magautraps. Hitting them was one thing and breaking another. Target after target was hit and hit hard, and yet sailed serenely on.

As for my shooting, the gun and ammunition were all right, the man alone was to blame.

Now, as to my challenge to Maine. It was straight and it was promptly accepted. There were a number beside Darton ready and willing to accept it. It is easy to say, Go in and do up the Maine sons of guns. The saying is easy; the doing is different. Try it on, some of you.

The best Massachusetts could do in the recent team contests was to tie those Pine State men. If Massachusetts can't beat them New Hampshire has not a ghost of a show.

As to future challenges, I am out of such doings. Anyone, young or old, can "sass" me all they will, and that is all the good it will do them. My next shooting will be on birds. The opening day is near and there are quite a number of partridges nearby waiting for me. I am considering whether I shall have to shoot them on the ground or out of a tree. You will get the scores of the Concord shoot in due time. Just remember when you look over those scores that there were a few good shots in the squads.

A boiled owl is said to be tough; those targets must have been close relations to the owl.

C. M. Stark.

Raleigh Gun Club.

Raleigh, N. C., Aug. 28.—The Raleigh Gun Club gave their last barbecue of the season, and many regrets were heard that we would not be able to enjoy another one this year. The best was reserved for the last, and about fifty of our friends could vouch for its good qualities.

Several of our members made a very good record, especially our president, Jas. I. Johnson, making 49 out of 50 at 18yds., also 23 out of 24 at doubles. This is a record that any amateur should be proud of. The following scores were made at 50 targets: Johnson 49, Gowan 44, Gray 43, Parker 41, Walters 27, Ferrall 40, Busbee 28, Ball 37, Pearce 37, Crowder 38, Harden 27.

R. T. Gowan, Sec'y.

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The average man's vacation is limited, and he wishes to get as much pleasure from it as possible. Too often, though, he goes afield with a lot of enthusiasm, but with body ill prepared for physical work. Soft and flabby muscles, even though backed by a plucky spirit, will not enable him to tramp after game or over mountain. Often half his vacation time is lost in getting into training.

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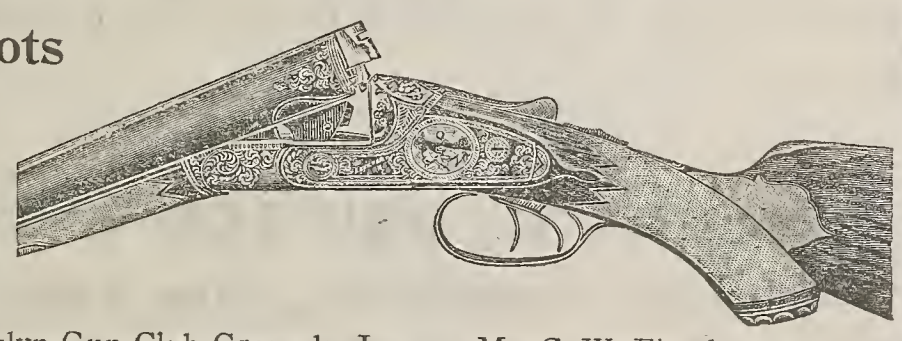

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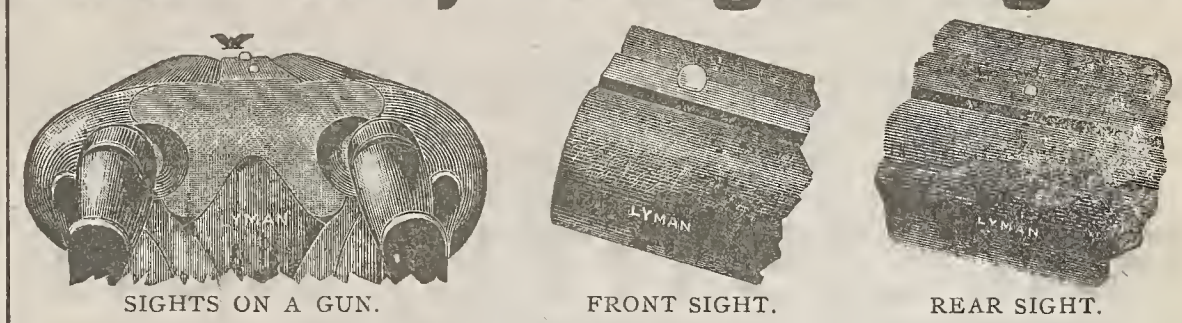

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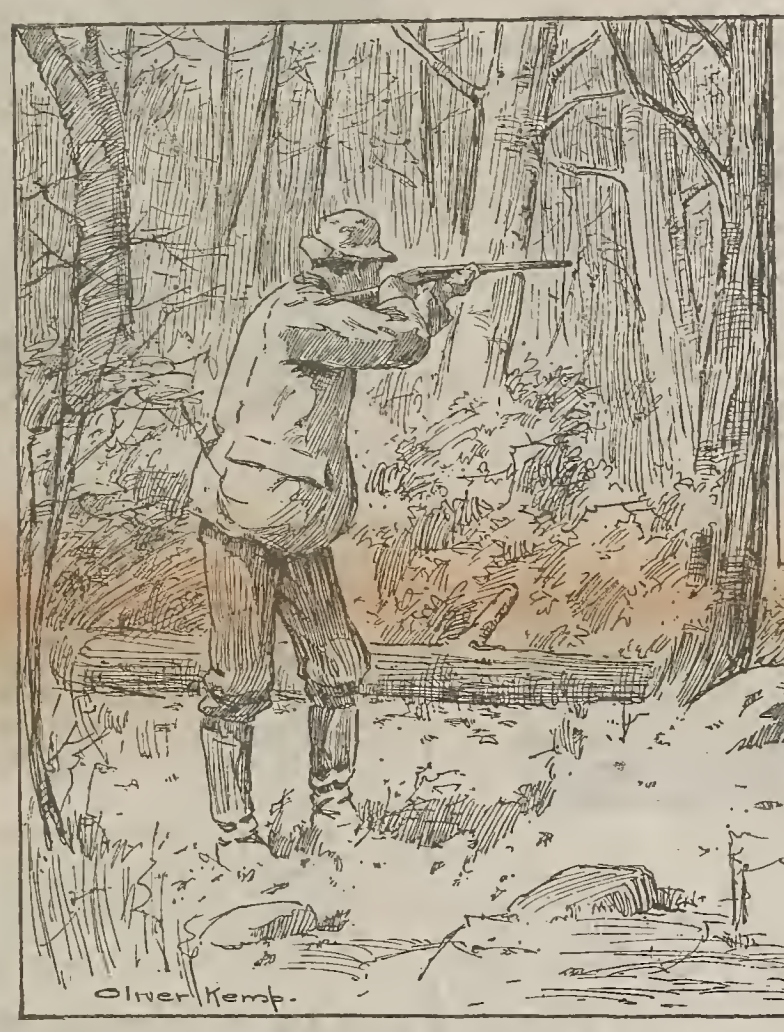

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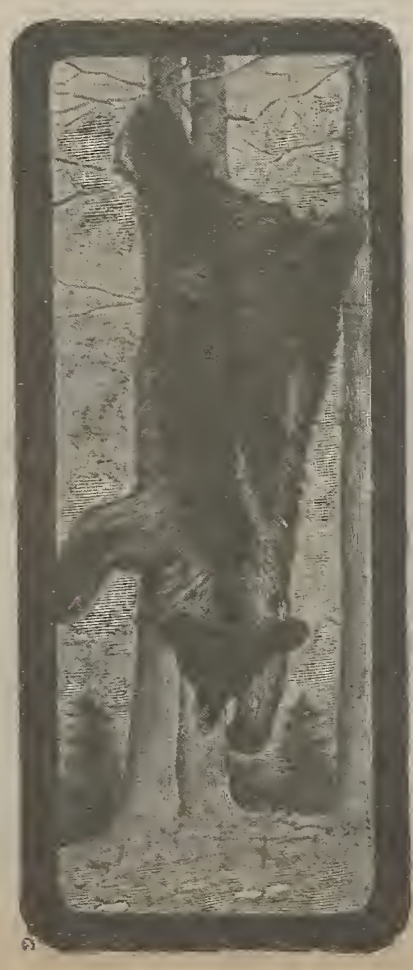

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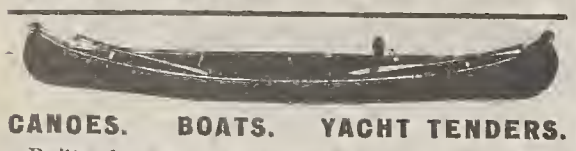

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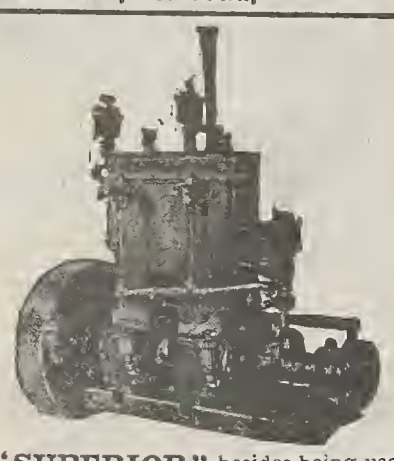

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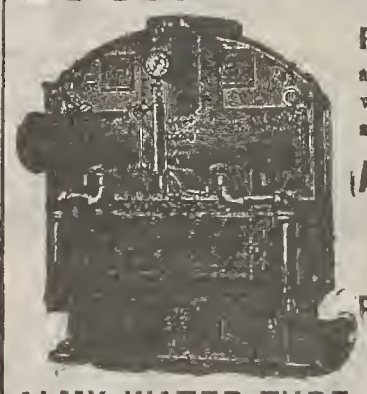

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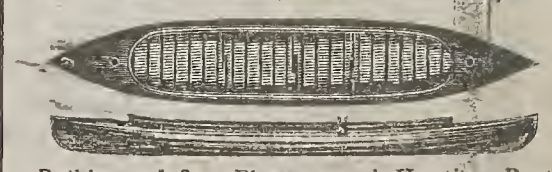

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1902

VOL. LIX.—No. 11. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

THE NATIONAL GUN CLUB.

ELSEWHERE in our columns we publish the recently issued constitution and suggestions of the National Gun Club. Having formally announced, by that instrument, its official existence and purposes, it may be considered as being actively launched on its mission.

At the outset we wish it understood that we are in sympathy with the idea of a central governing body in the trapshooting world. Indeed, we have advocated it in many years past. The friendly criticism which we are about to offer is therefore not against the idea or the body itself, but against what we deem to be radical faults of organization, defective purpose and inadequate powers.

One of the chief faults of organization is that it is a self-constituted body, and therefore has not been vested with any powers by those whom it purposes to govern. It has made the government first, and then follows the suggestion to shooters to come in and be governed. This in a way somewhat reverses the ordinary procedure where the governed declare the purposes of the government, and then vest men with governmental powers. Moreover, as to membership, the units of organization should be clubs instead of individuals. The latter will be passive if there is nothing to appeal to their self-interest. If the members are passive, the association is inoperative. Clubs, instead of individuals, are the units in other national organizations which have shown the greatest stability and usefulness. As an instance, which will serve as an example of many similar organizations, the American Kennel Club has a membership of regularly organized clubs. It derives its powers exclusively from its members, who are represented respectively by delegates. Thus the governing body is the creature of the governed, instead of vice versa. Each club settles upon its policy and purpose, the delegates are instructed as to the wishes of the clubs, and there is thus an effective and satisfactory legislative machinery provided which would be impossible if the units were individuals. Individual zeal cannot be long maintained without something of material advantage which appeals directly to the self-interest of the individual.

Let us now examine the purposes as set forth in the constitution, and consider whether they have sufficient importance to engage public support. These purposes number six, and are substantially as follows: To protect fish and game; to establish game preserves; to promote trap and wing shooting; to promote acquaintance and friendship of trapshooters throughout the United States; to establish local associations; to familiarize the youth of the country with firearms.

The protection of fish and game, the first purpose mentioned, has a place in the constitution of many trapshooting associations, but it is a notorious fact that, in the majority of cases, it is a dead letter. Trapshooting organizations make trapshooting paramount to all else. At all events, at this stage of game protection, the protection which is a fact and not a meaningless term is that instituted by the States' legislatures, backed up by the personal vigilance of the game wardens who are paid for their services. A national protective organization, self-constituted, has no powers within the States or elsewhere other than the time-honored "Whereas, and therefore be it resolved." It is a fair estimate of the value of this game protection clause that it is a dead letter. This may be said also of the establishment of national and State game preserves.

In regard to fostering trap and wing shooting, there is no more effective means than the local gun club to foster trapshooting, and as for wing shooting, there are more wing shooters now than there are birds to supply their demands. Stringent restrictions of means and seasons are necessary to conserve the supply. In any event, the wing shots are not the product of national associations. They are local products entirely. Acquaintance and friendship are at a high tide now. There is every facility for extending both without any official body to further them, and in any event, they are largely a matter of the personal equation. How can a national club familiarize the youth of the country with firearms? The local shooters and the local clubs are the real educators. All the foregoing seem to be too trivial or too impracticable for bringing into existence a national body. They are the purposes often used to give a sonorous roundness to constitutions of trapshooting and game protective associations which have a vital main purpose.

The National Gun Club also states that "beginning with the year 1904 there will be held in different parts of the country, under the immediate control of the National Gun Club, two tournaments annually, in the spring and autumn, details of which will be furnished later." The National Gun Club could not hope to do much of national import in the way of holding a tournament. The Interstate Association, and the Peters Cartridge Co., with their trained, skillful managers, are already in the field doing work of great scope and merit.

Strange to remark, the real purpose of a national club, the regulation of professional and amateur, is entirely ignored by the National Gun Club.

GAME AND THE LANDOWNER.

MOST of the States have fairly good game laws, but in a very large number of localities these laws—owing to inefficiency of wardens or lack of interest by the public—are very imperfectly enforced. Complaint of this is extremely common, and in a majority of cases is undoubtedly well founded. The enforcement of laws which have not the support of public sentiment is rather hopeless, and one of the remedies to be applied in a section where the laws are not regarded is education. There is hardly any quarter of the land where there does not exist some little game protective leaven, even if the few in any county who possess the right spirit are no more numerous than the righteous men of Sodom. Each man who wishes to see law respected and game protected can influence some other man or men, and by tactful discussion of the subject can win over converts to his way of thinking.

There is a form of game protection, which, old in the old country, is comparatively new here and is especially so in newly settled regions. This consists in inducing each land holder to become a game protector for his own acres, by the proper posting of his land, and the enforcement of the trespass laws. At first, this results only in the protection of isolated farms, but it has been found that the landholders are quick to follow a lead of this kind, and that in any country such a movement rapidly spreads. In some parts of the South this posting of the land has become very general, and where practiced, does much to reduce the number of birds killed.

Even in a region so newly settled as Oklahoma, portions of which have been opened for about ten years, while other portions have been open for only one or two, this posting of the land is practiced. It does not seem to be directed against sportsmen generally, but has been adopted as a protection against the market-shooter, who has been accustomed to visit Oklahoma and the Indian Territory, and to systematically sweep the prairies bare of birds, which he shipped to some great city to the north and east.

For some reason or other the market-hunter is not generally popular, and he is perhaps less popular in the South than elsewhere. It is said that the individual sportsman, shooting for pleasure and satisfied with a moderate number of birds each day, has little difficulty in procuring from the Southern landholders generally the privilege of shooting over his fields. On the other hand there are many regions where associations of sportsmen have leased all the farms lying together over a considerable area.

As time goes on interest in game protection and respect for game laws is certain to grow, and the time is not far distant when game protection by the State will become generally efficient. In the meantime the individual farmer is perfectly able to protect his own land and should do so, and may very properly make the birds which are bred and fed on his farm yield him some small income either in money or in satisfaction.

It may fairly enough be inferred that if the general public realized how rapidly lands and waters are being taken up by associations of well to do men and women for outdoor purposes, the general indifference as to the game laws would cease to exist. As urged so often by President Roosevelt in written and spoken word, good game laws are far more important to the man of modest means, or the poor man, than they are to any one else. The average man must depend for his outdoor sport on the game which is free to all, and which is near by. He cannot afford to travel 500 or 1,000 miles for a few days' shooting, but he can enjoy his legal holiday or his Saturday afternoon by going abroad to shoot or fish over the country near his home. It is the poor man then who is most interested in the game laws, and as those of us who are poor far outnumber those who are rich, and as each one of us has some influence we ought to be able to arrange matters so as to have good laws, and a proper enforcement of them. That has not yet come. In the meantime let each landholder do what he can for the protection of the game on his own property.

A NEW PROFESSION.

A RATHER alluring article is going the rounds of the press expatiating upon the attractions of scientific forestry as a new profession opened to young men. It is held up as an ideal pursuit, which offers unequalled opportunity for living a free and healthful outdoor life. "It deals with nature's greatest beauties. It is a profession that is not crowded. It offers chances for wealth, since the trained eye of a forester can see chances in the wilderness which the untrained man, and even the trained but unscientific woodsman, would not guess. It is a business that promises ample salary, for the forester can show his employers where they can save or earn thousands of dollars that without him would be lost."

All of which is pleasing to read and enticing to contemplate when regarded through the rosy spectacles of simple and trustful youth. The cold, hard fact, however, is that in its present development in America, forestry as a profession is one which offers extremely meager emoluments to those who engage in it. There are, of course, numerous individual and corporate holders of woodlands who are ready to undertake the practical scientific administration of their estates, but for all such the United States Government stands ready to supply the services of the experts of the Bureau of Forestry. The Government will not only prepare plans for treatment for a forest tract, but will give such explicit and precise instructions for the carrying out of the plan that there remains only work for the unskilled and untaught day laborer at so much per day. Thus it happens that the trained forester, who seeks a commission from such a landowner and who must have pay for his services, finds himself in direct competition with the Government, which performs precisely the same service for nothing. There remains for him employment with the Bureau of Forestry; and here, if his taste for outdoor life and the beauties of nature be so predominant that their gratification will compensate for low wages and exile from home, he may do something for his day and generation.

It is true indeed that in this country forestry is as yet in its infancy, and the future will surely see vastly changed conditions. There will come a time without doubt when the profession of scientific forester will have remunerative recognition; but as conditions now exist it is much simpler to pen an alluring and delusive article on the charms of the forester's profession than it is to find work for a professional forester at living pay. In the year 1902 in the United States forestry as a profession may safely be recommended only to young men whose means will permit them to engage in it as a dignified diversion.

The opening weeks of the Adirondack deer hunting season have been signalized by the killing of two human beings mistaken for deer. One of the victims was walking on the railroad track; the other, if the newspaper reports are correct, was out with a jacking party on a pond tributary to Blue Mountain Lake, and when the jacklight was flashed on him the hunter in the other boat thought he saw a deer and shot before he made sure. One circumstance of this case, which adds to its deplorable nature, is that hunting deer at night is forbidden by law. In view of this human sacrifice, it is manifest that the game protectors should exercise extraordinary vigilance to suppress illicit deer jacking in the Adirondacks, not so much for the sake of the deer supply as for the prevention of such casualties as this.

The interesting paper on Labrador, on another page, will be supplemented next week with an account of a summer excursion to the country by one of FOREST AND STREAM's contributors.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Beyond the Long Divide.

Beyond the long divide what valleys lie
Elysian? Say! does the fair, blue sky
Shine there as here, on flowery meads,
Where singing streams make music night and day,
Where, all about, the fragrant zephyrs play
Æolian strains, and whither fancy leads
We wander, care-free, happy, side by side,
Friend close to friend, beyond the long divide?

Beyond the long divide! Is it desert drear
Where we must penance do for all that here
Was done amiss; where, amid ashes and the gray,
Unburied past, drives unrelenting Fate,
'Til full atonement's made, be it soon or late?
Is it joyless gloom, where breaks no radiant day
To give us hope, and bitter memories glide
Like shadows just beyond the long divide?

Beyond the long divide! Is it endless rest,
Where tired, disappointed with earth's quest,
We lay life's burden down and sleep
Dreamless, unwaking sleep, pleasure and pain
Unknown: sleep on our mother's breast again?
So slept we years agone, long ere we crosed the deep
Unfathomed ocean, from whose hither tide
The path leads upward, toward the long divide.

Shoshone.

Memories that Endure.

I am well up the divide if not at its top. The years which intervene from boyhood have brought vicissitudes more or less common to all. While later experiences grow dim, earlier ones take on a roseate hue. To have forgottetn that we were once a boy is to have lost from life's history its brightest page. Nature kindly paints out the tragic of that early time and retouches in brighter colors its pleasant recollections. The old farmhouse in which I was born, built by my grandfather, at a time when western Pennsylvania was an almost unbroken forest, with its front "stoop," big brick chimney, large, small-paned windows, cavernous cellar and stairway with a jog, roomy, sunny, cheerful with voices, whir of wheel and chuck of loom, a veritable beehive of industry and contentment; it rises before me as clear and distinct as the house across the street from where I now sit. The stories related by my grandfather and grandmother of their pioneer life, early instilled into my mind the love of the gun and "fish pole." My father was a good shot with the rifle and frequently brought home deer, turkey and lesser game. Often he would let me shoot while too young to hold a gun, but would lay it across a log or stump and explain to me how to bring the sights into range with the object shot at. With great pride I once poked a hole through his hat which he said I could not hit. From him, also, I learned to catch the "speckled beauty." The greatest fun, however, began when I was able to manipulate the gun and "pole," "all by myself." This combination of gun and pole sometimes brought disaster upon myself and an older brother, but who could remember when to go home when in the woods or along a creek hot after "chipmuck" or chub?

When first the possessor of a fish line, it was one made (not exactly to order) by my mother. The flax was grown, rotted, broken, skutched and hetcheled by my father and spun double and twisted by my mother. When she gave it to me with a kiss and good wishes for my success, do you think I was not happy nor proud of mother? Alas! she died before I could fully realize what her loss was to me. They laid her to rest on a sunny slope that overlooks the blue waters of Lake Erie.

The line was smooth and strong, made upon honor. My hook was not as fine as you can buy to-day, but if well yanked, it brought out the fish all right. Armed with hook and line, together with a bottle of wriggling "first principles" and gathering up an older brother, and Washington, and Marcus, and Steve, cousins, and old Porter, the dog, it was but a short half mile to a thicket of young birch sprouts, where we provided ourselves with poles, having borrowed father's jack knife for the purpose. Here happened one of those annoying incidents which mark epochs, perhaps, but which, from the very nature of boys ought not to happen at all. That knife was lost. Thanks to an inscrutable Providence, we did not know it though at the time.

No gray-headed fisherman ever looked over his Hortons, his Henshalls or his Leonards with keener criticism or delight than the boy who picks his "fish-pole" from the lusty thicket provided by kindly Nature ready to his hand. Every sense is alert. No haste in his step nor excitement warps his judgment. Dignity and deliberation mark every stage of the operation as they should every important undertaking. The eye takes in a half hundred at a glance, to be discarded one by one until a suitable one is chosen. To cut, trim and attach the line and hook is but the work of a moment. Enthusiasm grows apace as the judgment of each is commended or disparaged in his choice, and an indescribable joy suffuses the whole being as each reaches the conclusion that his is best. It is quickly decided that Miller's Pond is the place to go. Years before a log dam had been built across a stream which ran at the bottom of a deep gully. The dam extended from bank to bank a hundred feet perhaps, and from 12 to 15 feet high. Many dead trees yet stood in the water and gave to the place rather a dreary appearance. Logs projected into the water from either side, and on the west side the water grew deep rapidly, the east side being much shallower.

The water had washed the soil from around the roots of many trees which stood along the banks and formed in boy parlance "good holes." Just below the dam were deep pools in which lived and flourished much larger trout than we ever took out.

Therein, perhaps, lay the charm of it. I do not know how our method of fishing ever originated. I reckon, like Topsy, it "just growed." If, as in the present instance, we were to fish at the pond, each had his allotted "holes," and no one "poached on his preserves." It seemed to be a fair arrangement then, and still seems so. If two or more fished a stream, we fished down. Each took a position and fished it until those up stream had all passed, when he went below all to the next hole. When you passed from up to down, you could hold whispered consultations with each boy of your crowd, and thus keep in touch with all the fun going.

I have fished many streams, rivers and lakes since, but never with a keener delight. From the dam for a couple of miles down stream was known as Turner's Gulf. The water was clear, cool and rapid, lying occasionally in a deep pool, but more often dashing over stones or submerged roots and logs. It was an ideal place for brook trout. A few special places existed where the whoppers lived, and he to whom these fell as his portion, was happy indeed. The banks were steep, covered mostly with fallen trees and grown up with blackberry and native bushes. Occasionally the stream would run through a bit of pasture, where the undergrowth would be eaten off, and here and there an elm, beech or birch would cast a grateful shade, sought alike by drowsy cattle or weary man. A few shiny, slanting hemlock logs lay along the banks, where in spring and early summer time the partridge beat the long roll or wooed his mate lovingly.

Two years ago I visited for the only time in many years the well remembered spots along Turner's Gulf. They came nearer being as I held them in mind than anything else in the whole township. So many things were dwarfed; the hills were not so steep nor high; the woods were much less; the fields were smaller; the acquaintances were mostly dead or gone, but Turner's Gulf brought back the scenes and incidents of boyhood these fifty years gone by. W.

More About Sport.

East Wareham, Mass., Sept. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Reading in the last issue of your paper "The Nature of Sport," by Coahoma, I must take an exception to his remarks on "Uncle" Daniel. Noah Webster is the author he had in mind. Daniel ranged all through these parts, and his ideas in regard to sport were sound. Noah, from all accounts, pursued his hunting among the classics, chasing derivations and synonyms through old lexicons and rounding up obsolete words in the times of Chaucer, Milton, Shakespeare and others of that ilk. There are no records of his prowess in other fields. Daniel, on the contrary, while well posted in bookish lore, would have been a competent judge to decide any questions relating to the sports of his day.

As the essence of hunting is the matching of wits and skill against the same qualities in the game, its satisfaction is merged in one of two ends, either capturing the game alive, or securing it dead. Civilization advances, and men grow less savage for the reason that the implements of destruction have been so perfected, that the qualities which hunting demanded in a previous age are but little required now. When men hunted to kill, sport was a very secondary consideration, as the arts advanced it became possible to develop a certain skill not dependent on superior physical endurance. Even as late as the middle of the eighteenth century we read of huntsmen riding out on a "sausage cart," which was simply a log of sufficient length, on which the men sat astride, the whole thing mounted on four wheels, and drawn by as many horses as was necessary to keep it going at a gallop.

In the days of archery it took more courage and skill to kill an elk, boar or bison than now. The matchlocks and arquebuses were not much better as weapons, but the flintlock was a decided improvement, and the sportsman of to-day, with his magazine gun, is as far ahead of his predecessors with the bow as the astronomer of to-day with his 36-inch object glass is ahead of the observer who sat on the great pyramid and viewed the heavens with naked eyes.

This great improvement in arms has changed about the conditions of sport entirely; to-day it has no connection with necessity or economy; therefore, the death of an object pursued is often regrettable. The saving of the flesh of game is frequently only a sop to a conscience that will stir when life is taken.

As no mechanical contrivance requires anything more than mechanical skill to reduce to possession, it is doubtful if any inventions will ever take the place of live game as a stimulus for pursuit while game lasts. But, as the population increases and game grows rapidly less, it is evident that "sports" will gather and draw mankind to scenes where death is no factor.

The man who has but two weeks in a year for relaxation and who inherits a love for hunting, may well be permitted to hang an elk or moose head on his wall—he will not want many—much better he go and and get it than buy.

In a certain great house years ago a mighty elk head and horns served as a hat rack. How many who paused before that head while adjusting their own headgear on one of its many points, ever thought of it as sentiment? It cost its owner $50 when such trophies were much rarer in houses and plentier in forests than now.

Had the owner shot it himself he would have looked at it with pleasure all his life, would have had a good story to tell—well might people doff their hats before it then.

Who shall say that whaling is not sport? Or that a whaler is not a sportsman? He hunts the biggest game known; the pursuit requires the utmost perseverance, coolness and judgment, and affords a spice of danger by no means insignificant.

Gentlemen, the shield has two sides. You are both right and all right. Walter B. Savary.

The Eskimos of Labrador.

Number 4 of Volume III of the Bulletin of the Geographical Society of Philadelphia, which has just reached us, is devoted to an interesting report of the Brown-Harvard expedition to Nachvak, Labrador, in the year 1900. The report is written by Dr. E. B. Delabarre, of Brown University. Like all the publications of the Philadelphia Geographical Society, it is handsomely brought out. It is ornamented with many illustrations of Labrador scenes, and covers not far from 150 pages; gives an outline of the voyage from day to day, a summary of the trip, with its meteorological conditions, an account of an overland trip from Hebron to Nachvak, of Nachvak Bay and the ascent of Mount Faunce, chapters on the scenery of the Atlantic Coast of Labrador, its life, the scientific results of the expedition, with reports on botany, ornithology and geology.

The report on ornithology is a very briefly annotated list of 79 species, and this list appears in somewhat more extended form in the "Auk" for January, 1902.

Outside of the itinerary, the report is devoted chiefly to botanical, geological and mineralogical features. Little is said about the bird life, and practically nothing about the mammalian life of the region. There is, however, an attractive reference to the people inhabiting the country. We give below some remarks on the present condition of the Eskimo there.

In this report there is abundant information which will be useful to persons visiting the Labrador coast. To all such it may be warmly recommended. The account of the Labrador Eskimo is as follows:

A thousand miles or more of desolate seacoast stretch from St. John's, in Newfoundland, to Nachvak, near the northern end of Labrador. In the summer time it is crowded with fishing schooners, whose crews toil laboriously for their scanty winter supplies. But in the winter, except for a few widely separated and lonely settlements of hardy natives and whites, it is inaccessible, and given over to the undisputed sway of ice and snow.

The visitor to these shores finds much to interest him. If he be a lover of nature, he will find few more beautiful and attractive regions than this, with its irregular coastline, diversified by rocky hills, imposing cliffs, and island-dotted bays; with its many-hued Arctic vegetation; and in the north with its deep fiords and huge mountain masses. If he be a scientist, its plants, its geological formation and history, its animal life, will give him plentiful opportunity for study and new discovery. The sportsman will revel in brooks teeming with trout, or may haply discover big game worthy of his rifle. The mere traveler, seeking new sights and adventures, will come away enthusiastic over the novelties of a summer in the far north, where numberless icebergs, a brilliantly phosphorescent sea, a sky often alive with wonderful quivering displays of auroral light, a season of continuous autumnal comfort, and the strange, impressive landscapes of a sub-arctic country, have given him a bountiful reward for his journey.

Yet, after all, wherever one may go, it is the human life, with its varieties and occupations, its differences from ourselves, its triumphs, vicissitudes and problems, that furnishes the study of most absorbing interest. This is certainly true of Labrador. Simple, rugged and primitive, like the land they live in, its people present features of interest alike to the psychologist, the anthropologist, the student of social economy and conditions—and naturally, also, to the practical philanthropist.

Eskimos.—Of the aboriginal inhabitants, aside from the Indians of the southerly interior, there are now only about a thousand Eskimos along the Atlantic Coast. From Hopedale southward most of them are of mixed blood; but north of there they are said to be almost entirely pure blooded. We met them frequently north of Hopedale. Their present southern limit is Hamilton Inlet, though in former times they are reported to have spread as far south as Massachusetts. They swarmed over our schooner, peering curiously into all its recesses, and offering their simple possessions in exchange for tobacco and clothing; and we met many of them in their villages on shore. We find them here not in their original crude condition, but greatly modified in dress, manners and customs by their long contact with white men. The Moravians sent missionaries to these coasts more than a century and a quarter ago. In consequence, the Eskimos who have come under their influence have adopted many features of civilized dress, implements and beliefs. It is only further north or west than we penetrated that we find them unchanged.

The men look strong and sturdy. They are rather short, seeming to average about five feet and a half*. Their heads are very long from front to back, as compared with their breadth; the cephalic index, according to the anthropologists, averages about 75. Their faces are broad and round, with projecting cheek bones and prominent processes at the upper end of the jaw. They are usually very fat. The jaws, or at least the lips, are very apt to be rather protuberant. The eyes are narrow. The forehead, usually covered over with hair, is of medium height. The hair is straight and jet black, except in the case of the old men, and is worn long, cut off straight below the ears and just above the eyes; though some of the younger men wear it close-cut. The beards are very thin, and often entirely wanting. When there is little fat in the face the prominent bones, and the deep wrinkles in the old people, make it of very irregular outline. The eyes and the complexion are always dark, but the latter varies from the color of a

* Statements vary as to their height. Low (loc. cit., p. 52 L) says: "The males, as a rule, are quite as tall as the average white man, but owing to their broad, heavy build, they appear shorter than they really are; and this appearance is enhanced by their wide garments of hairy deer or seal skins. Where seen by the writer * * * several of the men were six feet and upward in height, the average height being about six feet five inches." Deniker ("The Races of Man," 1900, p. 578) gives the average height of twenty-six measured Eskimos of Labrador as five feet two inches. Robert Brown (Encycl. Brit., VIII., 543) says they measure five feet four inches to five feet ten inches, and in rare cases even six feet. The cephalic index (Deniker, p. 587) is 76.8 for the living subject, as measured on 614 Eskimos of Greenland; and for the skull has been found to be 72.4 for thirty-one cases from Greenland, 71.3 for 152 cases from Eastern America (measurements of Davis). They are said by Ripley ("Races of Europe," 1899) to be almost the longest headed race known.

moderate sunburn to a much deeper brown. Where the skin is not exposed, however, it is apparently as white or rosy as that of a white man.

The women closely resemble the men in their features. Their black hair is done up in a coil on the head. Most of them now wear skirts, especially when strangers are about, though some of them still cling to deerskin trousers. One feature of their original dress that they still retain, and that serves by its different form to distinguish the men from the women, is the jacket or attigi. It is a loose garment, furnished with a hood for both sexes. It is cut square across at the bottom for the men, but for the women ends below in a curve or tail both in front and behind, the rear appendage being much the longer. The hood is often bordered with fur, and in the case of the women bears more or less elaborate ornamentation. These garments were doubtless made originally entirely of fur, but this has now been supplanted, in summer at least, by a white, thick, flannel-like cloth supplied by the missionaries. The hood of the women serves not only as a head protection, but also as a convenient receptacle for the babies.

These people are of an essentially sanguine temperament. Of course, they differ much from one another individually, but there are many traits that are true of them in general. They are naturally cheerful, merry, and light-hearted. They are fond of song and music, and have some skill in its production. They seem to be often joking together; are jovial and good-natured, with a well developed sense of humor. These sunny qualities give place at times to darker moods. Quarrels may arise; stealing may occur, though it is rare; murder may be committed, but Mr. Ford, of Nachvak, has known of the occurrence of only three cases. Their emotions are apparently not deeply seated or persistent beyond the immediate presence of the exciting cause. They are almost always honest and peaceable, and friendly to the stranger. Warfare is almost unknown among them. They naturally resent injury, as when, as too often happens, the Newfoundland fishermen encroach upon their fishing grounds or steal their wood for huts; but they rarely resort to violence, and when this occurs it is usually under the lead of some one with white blood in his veins. They have an excellent reputation for industry, are active, quick and enduring. Whenever we employed them, we found them willing and eager. They lay by little for the future. When they have plenty they are pretty sure to be generous, and a good hunter will support sometimes several families, the rest being content to live lazily by the exertions of the one. They can be just as greedy as they are generous, when circumstances are different. They have a good average degree of intelligence—a high degree. It would seem, when one considers the few solicitations to thought and ingenuity in their environment; but their intelligence is combined naturally with a great deal of superstition. They are easily led, and their special character and actions depend much on the nature of their leader. Yet they rarely have any sort of government, but live together in tribal amity with no chief or ruler unless one temporarily arises by virtue of his own unusual gifts of wealth or wit. Where their primitive ideas are not weeded out by the missionaries, however, they are largely in subjection to their medicine men or sorcerers.

Where missionary influences prevail the marital relations of the Eskimos are of the conventional civilized type, and their sexual morality is of a high order. But further north they vary much, each doing much as he likes and can. One man may have three or four wives; and at least one case is known where two men have one wife in common.

The life of the Eskimos is one of hunting and fishing. They live principally on a meat diet, consisting chiefly of seal, whale, caribou and fish. Berries are almost their only natural vegetable food, though now they obtain also flour and bread with considerable ease. Formerly they did little cooking, but now the introduction of civilized kettles makes it easier. They place their main reliance on the seal, and it is hard to imagine how they could continue to get along without it. It gives them food, dog meat, clothing, boots, tents, dog traces and harpoon lines, fuel for light and heat. They have little in the way of implements and possessions except such as are needed for their hunting and fishing, for clothing, shelter and food. Once they lived very crudely, with no implements except of stone, of bone and of skins, no fuel except seal oil, and no domestic animals except their magnificent dogs. One still finds in old graves specimens of these cruder implements formerly in use. But a hundred years of contact with the white man have given them many of his utensils and methods. A few useful articles remain much as in the days before they knew the white man and his ways. One of these is the kayak, a rapid and seaworthy canoe made of skin, entirely decked over except for the round hole in the middle in which its one occupant sits. Another is their remarkable harpoon, whose barb detaches itself from the handle when the animal is hit, and, being attached to a float and drag, prevents the escape of their game. Still a third is the komatik, or dog sledge, in which the only important change has been the substitution of iron runners for those of wood, bone or frozen mud formerly in use; though runners of ivory or whalebone are also still used.

Most of the Eskimos now live in small communities of not more than three or four hundred about the mission stations or posts of the Hudson's Bay Company. Usually their crude houses are of wood covered over on the inside with turf; though in some places they are entirely of wood. In former times their central dwelling was constructed of walrus or whale bones covered over with skins, or of an underground excavation, or of a half-underground, half-over ground framework of stones covered with turf. One still sees remnants of such structures. They often leave these more permanent dwellings, however, and go off, in the summer for fishing, in the winter for hunting or sealing. It is only on these occasions that they now use their snow houses in winter, and in summer their skin topeks or canvas tents.

The conditions of their life, with the continual necessity of warm clothing and shelter, and the difficulties of obtaining warm water and soap, naturally render impossible any large degree of cleanliness. Yet they tolerate a rather unnecessary amount of filth and refuse in and around their dwellings, which, with their utter disregard of ventilation, while less offensive and less deleterious to their health than the same conditions would be in a warmer climate, are nevertheless harmful to a considerable extent.

Many of them have considerable skill in making carvings of the ivory of walrus tusks. They do not, however, possess the fine feeling for ornamentation and finish shown by their Alaska kinsmen. This, together with their music, seems to be their only art. Their language is highly polysynthetic, single words of complex structure taking the place of whole sentences. There is a remarkable similarity in its dialects everywhere, from Siberia to Greenland. They differ hardly more from each other than do English and broad Scotch (Keane, "Man, Past and Present," 1899), in spite of the separation of some of the tribes from each other for perhaps thousands of years.

Natural History.

Wild Animals of the North.

From Richardson's "Fauna Boreali-Americana; or the Zoology of the Northern Parts of British America."

Moose.

Dr. Richardson has much to say about the moose, but his article consists very largely of quotations from earlier authors. The names moose and elk, current in North America, had already created confusion among writers of the Old World, who did not realize that the moose was nearly related to the elk of Europe, while the elk of Ameriea was really the Canada stag, known to the Indians as wapiti. Dr. Richardson speaks of the moose as found as far north as the shores of the Arctic Sea, in the Mackenzie Delta, in latitude 69 degrees. He speaks also of the Indian method of moose hunting, practiced particularly by the Crees, "who take to themselves the credit of being able to instruct the hunters of every other tribe. This is the method described by Mr. D. M. Barringer, in one of the books of the Boone and Crockett Club, some years ago. He speaks also of the gentleness of the young, who are captured without difficulty, and quotes Hearns as saying, "The moose is the easiest to tame and domesticate of any of the deer kind."

Caribou.

Of the barren ground caribou, Richardson speaks at great length, and so interestingly that it seems worth while to quote his article in full. While these remarks are familiar to students of mammals, to sportsmen at large they are not so:

"This variety of reindeer is of small stature, and weighs so little, that I have seen a Canadian voyager throw a full-grown doe on his shoulders and carry it as an English butcher would a sheep. The bucks are of larger size, and weigh, exclusive of the offal, when in good condition, from 90 to 130 pounds. The old males have in general the largest and most horns, while the young ones and the females have them less branched and more cylindrical and pointed; but this is not uniformly the case, and the variety of forms assumed by the horns of the caribou is indeed so great, that it is difficult to comprehend them all in a general description. Some have the branches and extremities broadly palmated, and set round with finger-like points; others have them cylindrical, and even tapering, without any palmated portion whatever. The majority of adult males have a brow antler, in form of a broad vertical plate running down betwixt the eyes, and hanging over the nose. In some, this plate springs from the right horn, in others from the left; in many there is a plate from each side, and in a considerable number it is altogether wanting; the plate is in general widest at its extremity, and is set with four or five points, which are sometimes recurved. The main stem of the horns also exhibits an endless variety in its thickness, altitude and curvature. During the growth of the horns they are covered with a hairy skin, which is soft and velvety to the touch, and in an early stage their interior consists of a substance which has the flavor of marrow, and resembles it much in appearance, but has a finer consistence, and is furnished with more conspicuous blood vessels. The horns become indurated as they increase in size, and when they have attained their full growth, their velvety covering shrivels and peels off in ragged filaments. This takes place in the males in September, previous to the commencement of the rutting season, and by the end of November most of the old bucks have shed their horns. The young males retain theirs much longer, and the females do not lose their horns until they are about to drop their young in the month of May. Hearne observes that the barren ground caribou bears horns twice the size of those of the woodland variety, notwithstanding that the latter is a much larger animal.

"In the month of July the caribou sheds its winter covering, and acquires a short, smooth coat of hair, of a color composed of clove-brown, mingled with deep reddish and yellowish browns; the under surface of the neck, the belly, and the inner sides of the extremities remaining white in all seasons. The hair at first is fine and flexible, but as it lengthens it increases gradually in diameter at its roots, becoming at the same time white, soft, compressible, and brittle, like the hair of the moose-deer. In the course of the winter the thickness of the hairs at their roots becomes so great that they are exceedingly close, and no longer lie down smoothly, but stand erect, and they are then so soft and tender below, that the flexible, colored points are easily rubbed off, and the fur appears white, especially at the flanks. This occurs in a smaller degree on the back; and on the under parts the hair, although it acquires length, remains more flexible and slender at its roots, and is consequently not so subject to break. Toward the spring, when the deer are tormented by the larvæ of the gadfly making their way through the skin, they rub themselves against stones and rocks, until all the colored tops of their hair are worn off, and their fur appears to be entirely of a soiled white color.

"The closeness of the hair of the caribou, and the lightness of its skin, when properly dressed, renders it the most appropriate article for winter clothing in the high latitudes. The skins of the young deer make the best dresses, and they should be killed for that purpose in the months of August and September, as after the latter date the hair becomes too long and brittle. The prime parts of eight or ten deerskins make a complete suit of clothing for a grown person, which is so impervious to the cold, that, with the addition of a blanket of the same material, any one so clothed, may bivouack on the snow with safety, and even with comfort, in the most intense cold of an Arctic winter's night. The hoofs of this variety of reindeer are very large, and spread greatly; and the posterior or accessory ones make a loud clattering noise when the animal runs. The forms of the latter are almost always visible in its footmarks, unless the ground be so hard that even the principal hoofs make little impression.

"The barren ground caribou, which resort to the coast of the Arctic Sea, in summer, retire in winter to the woods lying between the sixty-third and the sixty-sixth degree of latitude, where they feed on the *Usneæ, Electoriæ* and other lichens, which hang from the trees, and on the long grass of the swamps. About the end of April, when the partial melting of the snow has softened, the *Cetrariæ, Cornicularieæ* and *Cenomyces,* which clothe the barren grounds like a carpet, they make short excursions from the woods, but return to them when the weather is frosty. In May the females proceed toward the sea coast, and toward the end of June the males are in full march in the same direction. At that period the power of the sun has dried up the lichens on the barren grounds, and the caribou frequent the moist pastures which cover the bottoms of the narrow valleys on the coasts and islands of the Arctic Sea, where they graze on the sprouting carices, and on the withered grass or hay of the preceding year, which is at that period still standing, and retaining part of its sap. Their spring journey is performed partly on the snow, and partly after the snow has disappeared, on the ice covering the rivers and lakes, which have, in general, a northerly direction. Soon after their arrival on the coast the females drop their young; they commence their return to the south in September, and reach the vicinity of the woods toward the end of October, where they are joined by the males. This journey takes place after the snow has fallen, and they scrape it away with their feet to procure the lichens, which are then tender and pulpy, being preserved moist and unfrozen by the heat still remaining in the earth. Except in the rutting season the bulk of the males and females live separately—the former retire deeper into the woods in the winter, while herds of the pregnant does stay on the skirts of the barren grounds, and proceed to the coast very early in spring. Captain Parry saw deer on Melville Peninsula as late as Sept. 23, and the females, with their fawns, made their first appearance on April 22. The males in general do not go so far north as the females. On the coast of Hudson's Bay the barren ground caribou migrate further south than those on the Coppermine or Mackenzie rivers; but none of them go to the southward of Churchill.

"The lichens, on which the caribou principally feed while on the barren grounds, are the *Cornicularia tristis, Divergens* and *Ochrileuca,* the *Cetraria nivalis, Cucullata* and *Islandica,* and the *Cenomyce rangiferina.* When in condition, there is a layer of fat deposited on the back and rump of the males to the depth of two or three inches or more, immediately under the skin, which is termed *depouille* by the Canadian voyagers; and as an article of Indian trade, it is often of more value than all the remainder of the carcass. The *depouille* is thickest at the commencement of the rutting season; it then becomes of a red color, and acquires a high flavor, and soon afterward disappears. The females at that period are lean; but in the course of the winter they acquire a small *depouille,* which is exhausted soon after they drop their young. The flesh of the caribou is very tender, and its flavor when in season is, in my opinion, superior to that of the finest English venison; but when the animal is lean it is very insipid, the difference being greater between well-fed and lean caribou than any one can conceive who has not had an opportunity of judging. The lean meat fills the stomach, but never satisfies the appetite, and scarcely serves to recruit the strength when exhausted by labor. The flesh of the moose deer and buffalo, on the other hand, is tough when lean, but is never so utterly tasteless and devoid of nourishment as that of a caribou in poor condition. The Chipewyans, the Copper Indians, the Dog-ribs and Hare Indians of Great Bear Lake, would be totally unable to inhabit their barren lands were it not for the immense herds of this deer that exist there. Of the caribou horns they form their fish spears and hooks; and previous to the introduction of European iron, ice chisels and various other utensils were likewise made of them. The hide dressed with the fur is, as has been already mentioned, excellent for winter clothing, and supplies the place of both blanket and feather bed to the inhabitants of the Arctic wilds. When subjected to the process described in the article on the moose deer, it forms a soft and pliable leather, adapted for moccasins and summer clothing, or when sixty or seventy skins are sewed together, they make a tent sufficient for the residence of a large family. The shin bone of the deer, split so as to present a sharp edge, is the knife that is used to remove the hair in the process of making the leather. The undressed hide, after the hair is taken off, is cut into thongs of various thickness, which are twisted into deer snares, bowstrings, net lines, and, in fact, supply all the purposes of rope. The finer thongs are used in the manufacture of fishing nets or in working snowshoes; while the tendons of the dorsal muscles are split into fine and excellent sewing thread.

"Beside these and many other uses to which the Indians appropriate different parts of the caribou in their domestic economy, the animal is no less useful in the way of food. The hunter breaks the leg bones of a recently slaughtered deer, and while the marrow is still warm devours it with much relish. The kidneys and part of the intestines, particularly the thin folds of the third stomach or many-plies, are likewise occasionally eaten when raw, and the summits of the antlers as long as they are soft, are also delicacies in a raw state. The colon or large gut

is inverted, so as to preserve its fatty appendages, and is, when either roasted or boiled, one of the richest and most savory morsels the country affords, either to the native or white resident. The remainder of the intestines, after being cleaned, are hung in the smoke for a few days and then broiled. The stomach and its contents, termed by the Esquimaux *nerrooks*, and by the Greenlanders *nerrokak* or *nerriookak*, are also eaten, and it would appear that the lichens and other vegetable matters on which the caribou feeds are more easily digested by the human stomach when they are mixed with the salivary and gastric juices of a ruminating animal. Many of the Indians and Canadian voyagers prefer this savory mixture after it has undergone a degree of fermentation, or lain to season, as they term it, for a few days. The blood, if mixed in proper proportion with a strong decoction of fat meat, forms, after some nicety in the cooking, a rich soup, which is very palatable and highly nutritious, but very difficult of digestion. When all the soft parts of the animal are consumed, the bones are pounded small, and a large quantity of marrow is extracted from them by boiling. This is used in making the better kinds of the mixture of dried meat and fat, which is named *pemmican*, and it is also preserved by the young men and females for anointing the hair and greasing the face on dress occasions. The tongue roasted, when fresh or when half dried, is a delicious morsel. When it is necessary to preserve the caribou meat for use at a future period, it is cut into thin slices and dried over the smoke of a slow fire, and then pounded betwixt two stones. This pounded meat is very dry and husky, and is eaten alone, but when a quantity of the back fat or *depouille* of the deer is added to it, is one of the greatest treats that can be offered to a resident in the fur countries. Pemmican is formed by pouring one-third part of melted fat over the pounded meat and incorporating them well together. If kept dry it may be preserved sound for three or four years, and from the quantity of nourishment it contains in small bulk, it is perhaps the best kind of food for those who travel through desert lands. Thueehawgan is a mixture of pounded deer's meat and dried fish or fish roe, which is eaten raw, or when made into soup, by throwing a handful of it into boiling water.

"The caribou travel in herds, varying in number from eight or ten to two or three hundred, and their daily excursions are generally toward the quarter from whence the wind blows. The Indians kill them with the bow and arrow or gun, take them in snares, or spear them in crossing rivers or lakes. The Esquimaux also take them in traps ingeniously formed of ice or snow. Of all the deer of North America, they are the most easy of approach, and are slaughtered in the greatest numbers. A single family of Indians will sometimes destroy two or three hundred in a few weeks, and in many cases they are killed for the sake of their tongues alone.

"The following extract from Captain Lyon's interesting journal, details some of the Esquimaux methods of killing them. 'The reindeer,' says he, 'visits the polar regions at the latter end of May or the early part of June, and remains until late in September. On his first arrival, he is thin, and his flesh is tasteless, but the short summer is sufficient to fatten him to two or three inches on the haunches. When feeding on the level ground, an Esquimaux makes no attempt to approach him, but should a few rocks be near, the wary hunter feels secure of his prey. Behind one of these he cautiously creeps, and having laid himself very close, with his bow and arrow before him, imitates the bellow of the deer when calling to each other. Sometimes, for more complete deception, the hunter wears his deerskin coat and hood so drawn over his head, as to resemble, in a great measure, the unsuspecting animals he is enticing. Though the bellow proves a considerable attraction, yet if a man has great patience he may do without it, and may be equally certain that his prey will ultimately come to examine him; the reindeer being an inquisitive animal, and at the same time so silly, that if he sees any suspicious object which is not actually chasing him, he will gradually, and after many caperings, and forming repeated circles, approach nearer and nearer to it. The Esquimaux rarely shoot until the creature is within twelve paces, and I have frequently been told of their being killed at a much shorter distance. It is to be observed that the hunters never approach openly, but employ stratagem for their purpose; thus, by patience and ingenuity rendering their rudely formed bows and still worse arrows, as effective as the rifles of Europeans. When two men hunt in company, they sometimes purposely show themselves to the deer, and when his attention is fully engaged, walk slowly away from him, one before the other. The deer follows, and when the hunter arrives near a stone, the foremost drops behind it and prepares his bow, while his companion continues walking steadily forward. This latter the deer still follows unsuspectingly, and thus passes near the concealed man, who takes a deliberate aim and kills the animal. When the deer assemble in herds, there are particular passes which they invariably take, and on being driven to them are killed by arrows of the men, while the women, with shouts, drive them to the water. Here they swim with the ease and activity of water dogs, the people in kayaks chasing and easily spearing them; the carcasses float, and the hunter then presses forward and kills as many as he finds in his track. No springs or traps are used in the capture of these animals, as is practiced to the southward, in consequence of the total absence of standing wood.' The caribou entirely quit the districts which Capt. Lyon visited, in the winter; but the Esquimaux who inhabit the coast of the Welcome, to the southward of Chesterfield inlet, have an opportunity, by the animals continuing in their country, of showing their ingenuity in the construction of deer traps, of their convenient and elegant building material, compact snow. The sides of the trap are built of slabs of that substance, cut as if for a snow house; an inclined plane of snow leads to the entrance of the pit, which is about five feet deep, and of sufficient dimensions to contain two or three large deer. The pit is covered with a large thin slab of snow, which the animal is enticed to tread upon by a quantity of the lichens on which it feeds being placed conspicuously on an eminence beyond the opening. The exterior of the trap is banked up with snow so as to resemble a natural hillock, and care is taken to render it so steep on all sides but one, that the deer must pass over the mouth of the trap before it can reach the bait. The slab is sufficiently strong to bear the weight of a deer until it has passed its middle, when it revolves on two short axles of woods, precipitates the deer into the trap and returns to its place again in consequence of the lower end being heavier than the other. Throughout the whole line of coast frequented by the Esquimaux, it is customary to see long lines of stones set on an end, or of turfs piled up at intervals of about twenty yards, for the purpose of leading the caribou to stations where they can be more easily approached. The natives find by experience that the animals, in feeding, imperceptibly take the line of direction of the objects thus placed before them, and the hunter can approach a herd that he sees from a distance by gradually crawling from stone to stone, and remaining motionless when he sees any of the animals looking toward him. The whole of the barren grounds are intersected by caribou paths, like sheep tracks, which are of service to travelers at times in leading them to convenient crossing places of lakes or rivers.

"Hearne gives the following account of the deer pound in use among the Chipewyans:

"'When the Indians design to impound deer, they look out for one of the paths in which a number of them have trod, and which is observed to be still frequented by them. When these paths cross a lake, a wide river, or a barren plain, they are found to be much the best for the purpose; and if the path run through a cluster of woods, capable of affording materials for building the pound, it adds considerably to the commodiousness of the situation. The pound is built by making a strong fence with brushy trees, without observing any degree of regularity, and the work is continued to any extent, according to the pleasure of the builders. I have seen some that were not less than a mile round, and am informed that there are others still more extensive. The door or entrance of the pound is not larger than a common gate, and the inside is so crowded with small counter hedges as very much to resemble a maze, in every opening of which they set a snare, made with thongs of parchment deerskins well twisted together, which are amazingly strong. One end of the snare is usually made fast to a growing pole; but if no one of a sufficient size can be found near the place where the snare is set, a loose pole is substituted in its room, which is always of such size and length that a deer cannot drag it far before it gets entangled among the other woods, which are all left standing, except what is found necessary for making the fence, hedges, etc. The pound being thus prepared, a row of small brushwood is stuck up in the snow on each side of the door or entrance, and these hedge rows are continued along the open part of the lake, river, or plain, where neither stick nor stump beside is to be seen, which makes them the more distinctly observed. These poles or brushwood are generally placed at the distance of fifteen or twenty yards from each other, and ranged in such a manner as to form two sides of a long acute angle, growing gradually wider in proportion to the distance they extend from the pound, which sometimes is not less than two or three miles, while the deer's path is exactly along the middle, between the two rows of brushwood.

"'Indians employed on this service always pitch their tents on or near to an eminence that affords a commanding prospect of the path leading to the pound; and when they see any deer going that way, men, women, and children walk along the lake or river side under cover of the woods, till they get behind them, then step forth to open view, and proceed toward the pound in form of a crescent. The poor timorous deer finding themselves pursued, and at the same time taking the two rows of brushy poles to be two ranks of people standing to prevent their passing on either side, run straight forward in the path till they get into the pound. The Indians then close in, and block up the entrance with some brushy trees that have been cut down and lie at hand for that purpose. The deer being thus inclosed, the women and children walk round the pound to prevent them from jumping over or breaking through the fence, while the men are employed spearing such as are entangled in the snares, and shooting with bows and arrows those which remain loose in the pound. This method of hunting, if it deserve the name, is sometimes so successful, that many families subsist by it without having occasion to move their tents above once or twice during the course of a whole winter; and when the spring advances, both the deer and the Indians draw out to the eastward, on the ground which is entirely barren, or at least what is called so in these parts, as it neither produces trees nor shrubs of any kind, so that moss and some little grass is all the herbage which is to be found on it.'

"Captain Franklin observes that 'the reindeer has a quick eye, but the hunter by keeping to leeward of them and using a little caution, may approach very near; their apprehensions being much more easily roused by the smell than the sight of any unusual object. Indeed, their curiosity often causes them to come close up to and wheel round the hunter, thus affording him a good opportunity of singling out the fattest of the herd, and upon these occasions they become so confused by the shouts and gestures of their enemy, that they run backward and forward with great rapidity, but without the power of making their escape. The Copper Indians find by experience that a white dress attracts them most readily, and they often succeed in bringing them within shot, by kneeling and vibrating the gun from side to side, in imitation of the motion of a deer's horns when it is in the act of rubbing its head against a stone. The Dogrib Indians have a mode of killing these animals which, though simple, is very successful. It was thus described by Mr. Wentzel, who resided long among that people. The hunters go in pairs, the foremost carrying in one hand the horns and part of the skin of the head of a deer, and in the other a small bundle of twigs, against which he, from time to time, rubs the horns, imitating the gestures peculiar to the animal. His comrade follows treading exactly in his footsteps, and holding the guns of both in a horizontal position, so that the muzzles project under the arms of him who carries the head. Both hunters have a fillet of white skin round their foreheads, and the foremost has a strip of the same round his wrists. They approach the herd by degrees, raising their legs very slowly, but letting them down somewhat suddenly, after the manner of a deer, and always taking care to lift their right or left feet simultaneously. If any of the herd leave off feeding to gaze upon this extraordinary phenomenon, it instantly stops, and the head begins to play its part by licking its shoulders and performing other necessary movements. In this way the hunters attain the very center of the herd without exciting suspicion, and have leisure to single out the fattest. The hindmost man then pushes forward his comrade's gun, the head is dropped, and they both fire nearly at the same instant. The deer scamper off, the hunters trot after them; in a short time the poor animals halt to ascertain the cause of their terror, their foes stop at the same moment, and having loaded as they ran, greet the gazers with a second fatal discharge. The consternation of the deer increases, they run to and fro in the utmost confusion, and sometimes a great part of the herd is destroyed within the space of a few hundred yards.'"

Of the woodland caribou, on the other hand, Richardson knew little, for they did not inhabit his country.

Cat and Coral Snake.

TAPACHULA CHIAPAS, Mexico, August 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some years ago I saw a cat bring a snake into my house. She had four half-grown kittens at the time, and immediately called them up for a supper. I looked at the snake and saw that it was a "coral," considered by the natives to be very deadly.

I thought no more of the matter until next morning, when I saw the cat dead. Remembering the circumstances, I examined the cat and found where she had been punctured in the side by the two fangs. Strange to say, the body of the cat was very little swollen.

The color of this snake is black, red and yellow. I have never seen one over three feet long, and they are very cowardly. GUATEMALA.

[This was very likely the southwestern coral snake (*Elaps euryxanthus*), described by Kennicott more than forty years ago, in the Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia. It is probably very poisonous.

Concerning the Florida coral snake, Dr. Einar Loennberg wrote in the Proceedings of the United States National Museum, Vol. XVII., 1894, page 334: "Few people know or believe that it is poisonous, it looks so harmless, and as a consequence they catch it and handle it rather roughly; the snake gets angry, bites, and a human life is endangered. I know personally of such a case. A Swede at Pakland, Orange county, found an *Elaps*, and because of its beautiful color he caught it and tried to put it into a bottle of alcohol. The snake bit him, but the wound was not large, and as it did not swell he did not care much about it at first. After a while he was taken very sick, went to bed, asked for a physician, and drank whisky; but it was then too late. He died the next morning, about twelve hours after the snake had bitten him. During the last two hours he was unconscious, but before that he suffered most excruciating pains. I have heard of several other cases of boys dying from *Elaps*' bite.

"In other cases people have been bitten by an *Elaps fulvius* without suffering from it in any way, but I suppose that in such cases the *Elaps* had not been able to inject any poison into the wound, as it has a rather small mouth. However that may be, I cannot agree with Cope that the bite 'of the smaller ones (meaning smaller species of *Elaps*) is innocuous to man and the larger animals.' It is to be observed that the *Elaps* bites differently from the Crotalids and Viperids. The latter snake throws its head forward in striking, and draws it back again immediately. The *Elaps fulvius* I have seen and heard about have acted in an entirely different manner. The poor Swede above mentioned had to pull the snake from the wound, and other specimens that I had induced to bite into sticks kept the stick in the mouth for a good while. This habit probably signifies an intention to press as much poison as possible into the wound, which makes the snake the more dangerous. *Elaps fulvius* is, however, a good-natured snake, and it does not bite unless it is very much provoked. If not handled too roughly, an *Elaps* may be allowed to crawl on one's hands from one to the other. I have allowed it myself once, but I hardly think I would do it over again, and would not advise any one else to try it."]

The Bobolink's Song.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Aug. 28.—I have read with interest the various comments appearing in FOREST AND STREAM of late regarding the sayings of this beautiful bird.

In my boyhood days in New England, bobolinks nested in the corn and hay fields, making their appearance about corn-planting time, and my father's version of what they said was this:

"Bobolink, bobolink, whistlink, whistlink, watchee, watchee, don't speak to me again in all your lifetime."

I, as any observing boy would, became interested; and year after year an old Bob—apparently the same bird—would come, and when I went too near he would rise and circle around over my head, and to my mind very plainly said:

"Tro Mon Tre Male, hired a horse to go fifty mile, carriage broke down, kill 'em, kill 'em, kill 'em."

SAMUEL B. DOW.

More Song Birds for Oregon.

From The Portland Oregonian.

Some months ago a number of citizens of Portland subscribed a purse to send to Germany to purchase nightingales. Word has been received here that the birds, sixty-five pairs of them, of the black-headed and plain varieties, will arrive in a few days. With them will arrive a supply of ants' eggs and meal worms, which are said to be the natural foods of the nightingales, though no one knows how on earth such tiny birds dig up ant hills for the eggs or break into meal bins to catch meal worms. The birds will be placed in a conservatory in Riverview Cemetery for the winter, and when the ants begin to lay and the meal worms to hatch broods in the spring they will be turned loose. It is intended to import a lot of mockingbirds and cardinal birds from the East and South next spring. They will be only a few days on the way and will be turned out as soon as they arrive, and so should be in good condition. Oregon has been known as the land of big apples and red-cheeked girls, and of late has been a land flowing with milk and buttermilk and honey. Hereafter the land will be filled with the notes of the sweet songsters of many lands. The mockingbirds will sing all day and the nightingale all night, and the air will be filled with music.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in Forest and Stream.

Extinction of the Elks.

It seems that about once in ever so often it becomes necessary that some one should rise up and get off a screed about the extinction of the elks, simply because a few members of the B. P. O. E. order wear an elk's tooth for a charm, and throw out the impression that this is the emblem of the order. Such writers would like to make outsiders believe that every time a new member is inducted into the order, some tooth-hunter goes off into the mountains, kills a bull elk, knocks out two upper teeth, leaves the flesh, horns, hide and hoofs to rot, solely that the aforesaid initiate might have an elk's tooth to wear as an emblem; consequently the order is to be blamed for the death and extermination of all the bull elks, in the near future. Probably, if these writers were members of the order they would know that the tooth in question is not their official emblem; yet some do wear them. Where did they get them? Anybody who knows anything about the matter, or is not too much prejudiced against the truth, knows that the Indians of the Far West have had vast numbers of elk teeth decorating their buckskin clothing, taken from animals killed years ago when as plentiful as buffalo. Members of the order who have been among the Indians and with whom I have conversed, say they have seen garments with three hundred elk teeth on them. These are highly prized by the Indians, and are only now parted with for a good price. In the earlier days of the order these were bought up by speculators, who sold them to jewelers, to be mounted as charms. Five years ago I bought them in Idaho for 50 cents, whereas now a pair of fine teeth cannot be had for $5. So the members have quit buying them, and are wearing instead the official emblem, an elk head in gold. Of course, those who have teeth now are not going to throw them away simply because of the tooth-hunting odium now attached; especially, since owing to their scarcity and consequently high price, imitation teeth made of celluloid are being offered. The Indians are just as sharp as anybody on a trade, and seeing the white men want their personal ornaments, they put up the price.

The lodges in Colorado and other Western States where the few remaining herds of elk are located, have taken strong action against their slaughter for this or any other illegal purpose. No truer friends of this noble game can be found anywhere than members of the order in those States, who would quickly inform on and cause the arrest of mere tooth-hunters. I have never yet heard of any of these gentry being arrested by game wardens, except three about a year ago, in the Black Hills; these were caught in the act, but I have not yet read of their having been punished.

As long as there are any teeth in possession of the western Indians, I suppose white men and members of the order, too, will buy them, and so will speculators; but I am sure no member of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks would buy or wear a tooth if he knew or thought it was procured by ruthless slaughter, and I know that the wearing of the tooth as an emblem is being discouraged by high officials of the order, on account of the blame attached to the supposed method of procuring, which is largely the imagination of alarmists. Head-hunters and meat-hunters are doing more to exterminate the animals than tooth-hunters. Bring on your facts, instead of unsubstantiated charges.

Cervus Alces.

Des Moines, Ia., Sept 1.

"A Chance to Break the Chain."

Editor Forest and Stream:

That little letter from B. A. Eastman in last week's Forest and Stream is a jolly good one in several ways. It certainly settles that little controversy about true sportsmanship that has been going on in the paper, or at least shows what a man is when he is a genuine sportsman. Every sentence in the letter shows that he is an all-round, practical and experienced field sportsman, and I have seldom read a letter that set so many vivid and pleasant memories awake. It made me remember all of the thirteen dogs that I have owned, and of course thought the best dogs that ever were. Why, I could write whole chapters about each one of those dogs—the things they did and how they did them, and the hard work they did for love of me. It sounds a little hard on my fellow men, but truly speaking it would be hard to pick out the same number of human friends who could be found so disinterestedly faithful as those dogs were.

Mr. Eastman's invitation to his brother sportsmen made me remember another man like him. I once met a man on the cars. A lot of quail flew from the roadside and we talked quail. At the end of our talk, he said: "I reckon there is no finer bird country in the world than where I live. The Sequatchie Valley is full of them, and I want you to stay at my house during the Christmas holidays, and we will be happy." I went, and there are long chapters of happy memories about that week. It was a long time ago, but, like the first fish I caught, it will be one of the last things to be forgotten. It is too long a story to tell here, but possibly I may tell it some other time if Forest and Stream cares to hear it.

I think Mr. Eastman would find my record in regard to shooting my friends and being shot by them, a satisfactory one, as I have never shot a friend, a dog, nor any kind of domestic animal accidentally, and I think he will not envy my being "shot up" more than he has. A country boy "down on Panther Creek" in Kentucky put something more than fifty No. 8 in my right leg, at a distance of twenty-five yards, and they are all there yet. Way up in northern Wisconsin I got a good dose of No. 7's from a Parker gun loaded with 3¼ drams of Dupont smokeless at fifty yards' distance. I still carry twenty-four in the right arm and shoulder, two in the neck and one somewhere back of my eyeball. Down in Indian Territory a man shot at a snipe flying toward me, and two pellets set my face to bleeding. As there was nothing to obscure the view, there was no excuse for such reckless shooting, so I lost my temper and "cussed" him. "Bein' shot up" so much has made me a bit choice about shooting companions, but as Mr. Eastman has been duly "initiated," I would not be shy about going with him. It's my guess that he is all right every way, and that the man who accepts his liberal invitation will be in luck. His allusion to ruffed grouse stirs lots of happy memories. Why, I don't doubt that I've tramped anywhere from 500 to 1,000 miles after them; killed a lot of them and let a few (hundreds) get away. In spirit, I most heartily accept Mr. Eastman's invitation, but that is all that is possible. The "chain" is too strong to be broken. I don't anticipate much field sport this season. My friend Jim and I have been planning to shoot quail, but Jim's dog died recently and I have none.

O. H. Hampton.

Rail Shooting.

Essex, Conn., Sept. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Nearly a week has now elapsed since the law went off from rail, and the reports that have come to me thus far from the hunters and from the shovers as well are quite encouraging. On Monday, the opening day, the largest number killed by any one person was thirty-five, and the next largest something over twenty—I have forgotten the exact number. On Wednesday a local sportsman killed forty-seven, this being within three of the lawful number.

I saw an albino, or rather partial albino, blackbird while out on the marshes a few days ago. He was with a large flock of others and as he flew along the white feathers on his wings and body showed quite conspicuously. This is the first freak blackbird I have ever seen, although I am told that it is no rare occurrence to see a bird of this kind in a large flock.

G. W. C.

Milford, Conn., Sept. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A few rail have been shot on the river near here during the past week, but no bags of importance have been made. The largest count of which I have heard was twenty-three rail and a black duck, and from this they tailed down through 20, 19, 8 and 7.

Since last week I have learned that one reason for the scarcity of birds just before the season opened was the fact that the meadows had not been mowed. Until the crop of hay is cut on the wet meadows, the rail are scattered all over them, but after the grass has been cut they retreat to the cover of the weeds along the little leads, and to the tall corn grass and the cattails, which grow in the water and are never mowed.

With the cooler weather which may soon be expected, migrating birds will no doubt come on and some shooting may be had.

F. P.

As Sept. 1 approached, my friend and I concluded that we would open the shooting season of 1902 by a day with the rail and duck of Grass Lake. Accordingly the rising sun of Sept. 1 caught us with our pushers in the middle of the lake, anxiously scanning the skyline for duck. The birds proved to be very scarce indeed, and we accordingly turned our attention to the festive sora and found them very abundant. We bagged four specimens of the Florida gallinule or rice hen, one bluewing teal, several summer yellowlegs and snipe, and the balance of our bag of eighty-four birds were sora.

My partner, who had shot over the famous marshes of Essex, Conn., advised that he had never had a better bag. Grass Lake is one of the Fox Lake chain, and is fifty-five miles north of Chicago. Sora shooting will be good until about Sept. 20, and last year the bluewing teal flight was very heavy Sept. 15 to 20.

Ivanhoe.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

A Lawyer and the Game Laws.

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 6.—"Look here, Fullerton," said I to the Executive Agent of the Minnesota Fish and Game Commission, "here's a mighty funny-looking prairie chicken, it seems to me."

Agent Fullerton stepped up to a bunch of chickens which was hanging in the smoking room of a Northern Pacific Railroad car bound for St. Paul on Wednesday morning, Sept. 3. He turned over the bunch of chickens and found another bird similar to the one which I had by accident discovered.

"I should think these were a little funny," said he, with indignation in his voice. "They are ruffed grouse. I wonder who owns these birds." So saying, he left the smoking room and started on a search among the passengers of the sleeping car.

In this bunch of birds which some careless shooter had left hanging in the sleeping car there were several pinnated grouse, some sharp-tailed grouse and two ruffed grouse. Of the latter, one had evidently been shot sitting, with a shotgun. The whole back was blown away. Now as all good sportsmen know, or ought to know, the season on ruffed grouse does not open in Minnesota until Oct. 1. Evidently, therefore, there was going to be something doing, since the product of some unknown sportsman's gun thus proved indubitably that the law had been broken.

Presently Mr. Fullerton came back and joined the rest of us. "I've found out who owns the birds," said he. "It is Stanislaus Donnelly. I never was much more surprised in my life."

Now Stanislaus Donnelly, as it transpires, is the son of the well-known writer, the late Ignatius Donnelly. Incidentally also it may be stated that he was the attorney for the Fish and Game Commission for the State of Minnesota during the term of office preceding Mr. Fullerton's. Agent Beutner was the appointee of Governor Lind, and Mr. Donnelly was chosen by Agent Beutner to counsel him in all legal matters pertaining to the game laws, the enforcement of the same, and violations thereof. Mr. Donnelly has never liked Mr. Fullerton, and, in fact, has been at some pains to openly proclaim that Mr. Fullerton is about the poorest game warden ever known within the memory of man. There are a great many of us who do not agree with Mr. Donnelly in this regard. Also there are a great many of us entitled to be glad that we were not in Mr. Donnelly's shoes on the morning of Wednesday, Sept. 3. It all came about through the careless curiosity of a newspaper man fond of looking at game birds. Therefore Mr. Donnelly may primarily blame the writer of these lines, as he is very welcome to do.

Mr. Fullerton said to me, "I would rather pull almost anybody else than this man, for he has been unfriendly to me, and I would not like it said that I have done this for reasons of personal animosity, for such is really not the case." I pointed out to him that inasmuch as he had not made the discovery himself, and inasmuch as his attention had been directly called to the matter, he could not, under his own oath of office, fail to make this prosecution.

As to Mr. Donnelly, he put up the defense of ignorance, believing that under the circumstances he might better prove his lack of standing as a lawyer than his lack of standing as a sportsman. It was a very hard set of circumstances for Mr. Donnelly, and indeed just a little humorous, if you are minded to look at it in that way. He was very meek. Mr. Fullerton asked him with the utmost politeness when it would best suit him to come around and be fined, and Mr. Donnelly replied with equal urbanity that he was quite at Mr. Fullerton's disposition in such matters. Mr. Fullerton politely refrained from seizing the whole bunch of birds, as he might have done, but stated to Mr. Donnelly that he would be obliged to take off the foot of each bird from its hold in the string. He carried the two birds openly in his hands out into the depot. I state this so that there may be no doubt as to the identity of the birds; for after leaving Mr. Fullerton, Mr. Donnelly fell into the hands of a newspaper man and said that he intended to fight the case to the Supreme Court, that he had not killed any ruffed grouse, and that he knew a ruffed grouse as well as anybody.

Opening Day in Minnesota.

Obviously the place for any one concerned in field sport was at St. Paul Union Depot on the evening preceding opening day. Reports from all over the Northwest stated that the chicken crop was unusually abundant, whereas in States like Illinois, Indiana, etc., the crop was reported poor. Hence the exodus of sportsmen to the Northwest was this year an unusually large one. I reached St. Paul Union Depot on the morning of Saturday, Aug. 30, and even at that time the entire platform surface, baggage rooms, waiting rooms, etc., were a perfect mass of sportsmen's paraphernalia. There were crates and crates of dogs of every known description, and pack bags, telescopes, trunks, gun cases and the like made up a great proportion of the outgoing and incoming baggage. The men in the baggage room stated that there were hundreds of shooters going out on every train to the north and west. I never in my life had a stronger evidence of the great natural love of the average American for the sports of the field, and deep enough is the regret one must feel that so limited a territory remains for this army of shooters, all of whom are eager for sport.

As for our own party, it was as stated, made up of Mr. Sam F. Fullerton, State Game Warden; Col. Condè Hamlin, general manager of the Pioneer Press Co.; Major W. C. Handy, managing editor of the Pioneer Press, and myself. We left St. Paul on the Northern Pacific on the evening of Saturday, Aug. 30, and arrived at Fergus Falls, our destination, early the next morning. Here we met Deputy Stephens, of Detroit, who had come in to Fergus Falls for this hunt, and also Deputy Warden Jimmie Jones, who now lives at Fergus Falls. Both these hustlers told us that there were plenty of chickens. Jimmie took us all up to his house for breakfast and here we spent most of the morning before starting out for our ultimate destination, the old Jones farm, about eighteen miles out from Fergus Falls. It was at this farm, which Jimmie sold later, that he and I had our hunt some years ago. There was no one living on the place this summer, but the house and barn were there and there was a stove in the house. We packed up bedding, food, etc., and concluded to make this vacant farmhouse our camping place during our stay. This necessitated three vehicles, one for our freight and two for ourselves, one vehicle being driven by Mr. Chappell, of the State Dairy and Food Commission, whose home is in the beautiful little city of Fergus Falls.

The weather was good, bright and yet cool, and the drive across the beautiful Minnesota prairies and wheat fields was one of continual delight. We reached our farm late in the afternoon and in possession of evidence that Jimmie Jones had held down the violators in his part of the world. We put up two or three bunches of chickens along the road, one of them apparently two coveys joined in one. I presume there were forty birds in this covey, and had it been a day later, we should surely have done some business with these birds, for they flew but a few yards and lit in a bunch of woods, where they went up one or two at a time in such shape as was most exciting to the line of gunless sportsmen who walked them up. Again we started six or eight birds along the edge of a cornfield, and yet again, but a few hundred yards away from the Jones homestead, the dogs pointed a half-dozen old birds which were out on a stubble field.

Good Meat Dog.

Of our dogs, we had five, two Irish setters brought out by Mr. Fullerton, a setter owned by Mr. Stephens and known as Teddy, an old and somewhat portly black pointer owned by Jimmie Jones and named Range, and last, if not least, a large, Gothic, ham-footed pointer of unknown name, which had been bought for $17 by Mr. Stephens, to be conveyed to Mr. Fullerton upon his arrival. This nameless pointer was a stray and a pick-up, but possessed of a vague reputation as a bird dog. He was brought along as a possibility, nothing more. He turned out to be a meat dog of the most strictest sort, able to hunt all day, of splendid nose and a lot of bird sense. In short, he was about my idea of what a dog ought to be. Just to show there was no coldness, he took a fall out of Teddy early in the morning, seizing that amiable canine by the back of his neck and pretty near killing him before his jaws could be pried apart, in which latter operation Mr. Stephen's fingers were badly lacerated. Later on, Jack, one of the Irish setters, took another slice out of the other side of Teddy's neck. At this Teddy quietly pulled his freight, thinking things were getting a

little warm for him, and it was only after an anxious search that we at last found him near the depot, looking for the ticket agent and evidently wanting to get home on the first train out of that inhospitable country. We hunted up a doctor, put cocaine on Teddy's wounds and sewed him up with several stitches in several places.

As for the meat dog, he bluffed both the Irish setters out of the game, and gave old Range, the black pointer, clearly to understand that he wanted no foolishness. He had a head about as big as a kettle. His eyes were yellow and fish-like, exactly similar to those of a muscallunge. He would weigh about as much as a yearling steer, had No. 12 feet, and a tail which curved upward in a way no pointer's tail ought to curve. Nobody liked this dog, and there was criticism openly expressed for Mr. Stephens' judgment.

The Opening Day.

We slept that first night in the hay mow, after a very excellent supper cooked by Mr. Fullerton, with Jimmie Jones as assistant. At 5 o'clock next morning we were up and breakfast was under way, and by the time the sun was coming across the stubble fields, we were out for the first sport of opening day. Jimmie Jones, Major Handy and myself went together with a driver in one of the rigs; Mr. Fullerton, Col. Hamlin, Mr. Stephens and Mr. Chappell taking the other rig.

As for our party, we did not begin to do much business for the first hour or so. Then the dogs stopped just too late to prevent the flushing of a bunch of old birds which were feeding at the end of a strip of stubble. As had the birds on the preceding day, these flew as though demons were after them. I never saw prairie chickens go so far on the 1st of September. None the less we marked them down nearly a half-mile from their starting place, and spread out over a quarter of a mile of grass land. Here the dogs began to do business, and we picked up three birds in short order. Jimmie Jones I knew to be a good steady shot, and I was pleased to see that Major Handy, with his new little 16-gauge, was also a self-possessed and accurate chicken shot. It was almost as much fun for me to see him shoot as it was to shoot on my own part, for he is an old newspaper man and for six or eight years has not had a gun on his shoulder. I presume he enjoyed the trip more than any one of us who have had a more frequent taste of the outdoor air during late years.

We did not find any good coveys of birds that morning, but picked up some more chickens here and there, one or two at a time, until we had eight birds, if my memory is correct. All the time our estimation of the white meat dog was enhancing very rapidly. In short, we knew that in him we had a very good chicken dog. His fault was that of self-hunting. His range was anything from 100 yards to half a mile, as he saw fit, and he never looked for us; but when he pointed he stood staunch, no matter how long we were in coming up. Mr. Fullerton thought our comment regarding the dog was made from politeness, and expressed no desire to hunt over him, although his own party had only picked up four chickens in the morning.

In the afternoon we went out in the same order. The day was clear and a bit warm, so that we did not expect to do anything until evening. Yet the old white dog kept on moving, setting a pace entirely too hot for old Range, although the latter kept on going and never failed to back his running mate's points, or to point a single bird now and again when occasion came his way. We heard guns once or twice, from our other party as we supposed. Indeed, we counted nearly a dozen during the day. This would seem to break up the hunting considerable, but it must be remembered that the country was very flat and one could see for a mile or two. There were not enough hunters to interfere with each other.

We did not get very far away before the old white dog began to make game along the edge of the stubble, and presently came to a stand. We followed him up and he began to road along, with head high in the air, after true chicken dog fashion, working out his scent promptly and decisively, not puttering and yet not hurrying too much. Presently he stood firm and would go no further, and in an instant we were in the middle of our first good covey rise. Then methinks the guns did indeed speak merrily, and the chickens began to fall like autumn leaves. We picked up six out of this little round up, not a very ordinary thing when three guns are shooting at one covey rise. We followed on across the hills and flats and now and then knocked down another single. Once more we caught a good covey point over the old white dog, and this time I believe we picked up five, with a single found a little later. Still again, as evening came on, the meat dog trailed a little way and pointed staunchly on the stubble. This covey we nearly wiped off the face of the earth, only two birds going on after the fusilade was over, and one of these we picked up later over the white dog's point. Starting for home once more, the old fellow pointed stiff, and I killed a single cock in very disgusting fashion, since it went directly toward Major Handy's side of the line. A little further on the black dog made a good point at the corner of a stubble, and again I got an old chicken. A few minutes later the black dog pointed in the grass, and Jimmie Jones made a long, clean kill with his new 7½-pound Smith gun, which he was shooting for the first time that day.

By this time we were all getting down to it in pretty good shape. In a covey rise we could not always tell as to our shooting, for in spite of all, shooters will occasionally double on the same bird, but on the whole we were satisfied with our execution. I was conscious of missing clean only two birds during the day. I do not think that Jimmie Jones ever missed a clean shot within range, nor did Major Handy. The work of the latter was ideal. He did not snap his birds, but simply waited for them to steady, and the way he cut them down with the little 16 was very much of a delight to us. I think we brought home twenty-one chickens in our wagon that evening, and I remember that the total score for the day of both wagons was forty-four birds, the other party getting eleven birds in the afternoon. Nothing very big for so many guns, and nothing very satisfactory to those of the other vehicle, but plenty of birds for those of our own more fortunate party. The others reported that their dogs did not do so well as they ought to have done, that Teddy had gone foot sore, that one of the Irish beauties lacked judgment, and the other lacked nose. Still our friends were plucky and declared they were having a good time. I know we all had a good supper and a good sleep in the hay mow.

The Second Day.

On the following morning we had to start home, and all of us being a little less keen, we made a later beginning with the business of the day. Our wagon had not gone far before the white dog pointed at the edge of a grass patch and four birds went out. One came directly toward the wagon and Major Handy killed it from the seat where he sat. We marked down the others and picked up a couple of them. Then we went on across the continuous expanse of stubble and grass lands, happy enough to be simply alive and out of doors. It was the old black pointer's turn this time, and presently he made a beautiful point on a high stubble knoll. The meat dog was off at one side, but backed nicely. Then old Range gave his younger rival a taste of what he could do in working out a covey scent. Promptly and with head high in air, he led us up to the birds. There was a confused whirring of wings, a rattling of shots and a little addition of four more birds to our stock in trade. We had bad luck with the singles out of this rise and so drove on.

Presently old Range pointed once more in a grass-covered hollow, which I am satisfied was once a buffalo wallow. A good bunch got out here and we picked up five birds. We had the singles marked well, and added three more to our bag, two falling to Major Handy's deadly sixteen, and the third to Jimmie's long-range artillery.

It may be seen that the floor of our vehicle was pretty well covered with birds when we met the others at the appointed luncheon place on the banks of the Red River of the North. Our friends had bad luck, the hot weather pretty nearly knocking out their dogs, and they had only a couple of birds to show as the product of the morning's work.

After lunch we made some changes, Major Handy going into the other rig and Mr. Fullerton and Col. Hamlin coming into ours, where the two pointers were to continue their work. This time the luck remained with the pointers. Major Handy and his friends did nothing during the afternoon, not seeing a single bird. Upon the other hand, we had hardly parted company when we put up a bunch of chickens on a high stubble field. The wind was increasing very fast, and the birds were wild, and we got no work out of them, only stopping two out of the rise, both probably to Mr. Fullerton's gun. Later on the white pointer made a beautiful crouching point, which showed that there was a covey at hand. Once more the birds rose wild and we did not get a shot, nor did we get up any of the scattered birds. The grouse continued to fly to unexpected distances, after a fashion I think never seen equaled at that time of the year, and which leads me to suppose that the habits of these birds must be changed, and that the birds themselves are becoming far more wary and suspicious.

Still again we put up a bunch of birds wild, the dogs pointing fully thirty yards back of them, and we failed to get a shot within range. This time, however, we marked some of them down, and the old black dog pointed staunchly at the edge of a thicket which grew along a ditch. Along this we moved, and presently I heard two shots to the left, which it proved meant a bird each for Col. Hamlin and Mr. Fullerton. On my side of the thicket there came out a big chicken, flying like a sky-rocket, and I had all I could do to stop him inside of fifty yards. Yet another bird we marked down and put up wild, wasting two shots each on him. Later this bird, after flying a long way, apparently dropped dead over in a pasture. He was not dead by a large majority. Col. Hamlin walked him up and fired at him fully fifty or sixty yards away. The bird kept on flying for twenty or thirty yards further, and as it was then only about sixty yards from me, I put up my gun intending to try a long shot. Following along about a dozen feet ahead of the bird, I was surprised, before I had time to fire, to see it drop with a broken wing and apparently dead. Col. Hamlin wanted to know if I had shot at it, and I fooled him for quite a while. The truth is it was his own gun that killed the bird, the wing bone apparently breaking after it had flown some ways.

A little further on we got into another covey, and Mr. Fullerton stopped one bird from his seat in the wagon, putting in a cartridge after they began to rise. He killed another in the thicket we had just left. The wild weather was now apparently making the birds stir around, and we got some running and roading on the part of the dogs, though without much more success on the part of the birds. The weather, which had been very warm earlier, now began to change and a very cold wind came up. Presently we concluded to drop the hunting and ride on into Fergus Falls.

Rather Not Have Missed It.

In the afternoon most of the glory belonged to Mr. Fullerton. In the first bevy rise we had, it is quite likely he killed both birds, for I know I missed with my second barrel. A little later on happened one of the funniest things of the entire trip. One or two birds sprang from the stubble as we rode along, and thinking that there might be others, I jumped from the wagon and slipped a couple of shells into my gun. Just as I did so, a fine fat chicken sprang up a few yards ahead of me and circled off to the left, offering about the prettiest and easiest shot any one ever did see in all his life. It never occurred to me that I would miss this bird, but after I had done so a couple of times, I realized that I had no more barrels to my gun. I would have given $50 then for one more shot. The way Mr. Fullerton and Col. Hamlin did roast me after that was something to render me unhappy for many moons.

"They have been telling me," said Mr. Fullerton, "all about your shooting chickens, but I see now how it was. You are a good shot in a crowd, but when you get a chicken out with no one to shoot at it but yourself, you don't seem to do business."

This was one of the shots one would rather not have missed. Really the prairie chicken is not a hard bird to kill, unless he is the prairie chicken of the solitary six-year-old sort, that starts at fifty yards and flies a mile.

I presume we should be said to have had pretty good luck in handling our birds, for we met quite a proportion of old and scattered birds. When we got into a young covey, we nearly always accounted for ourselves handsomely. Mr. Fullerton was much disappointed that we did not have better shooting, but when we came to take the birds out of the wagons at Fergus Falls on the evening of the second day, we found we had seventy-four in all. I hardly know where they all came from. We picked them up here, there and everywhere, and our bag was perhaps as many as we ought to have cared for. Had we run into a great many coveys, it would not have taken us long to kill the limit for each gun. Allowing that we had five guns to our party, we might then have brought in 250 chickens instead of seventy-four. For my own part, I was well content. I broiled a half-dozen chickens on coals in my own fireplace on Lake Minnetonka, had some Minnesota wild rice to go therewith, and was happy as a lord. Moreover, was I not out with good gentlemen and good shots?

Sequel of the Meat Dog.

Moreover, did I not see one more chicken dog, a meat dog of the olden time? I do not know why it is, but I am very lucky on all my chicken hunts, for there is sure to be somewhere around at least one simple-minded, direct, matter-of-fact, old-fashioned meat dog such as I used to know years ago. I rather envy Sam Fullerton. He has a chicken dog with as good a nose as any he will ever find. Moreover, he has without doubt the homeliest dog in the whole Northwest. Hitherto Sam Fullerton has been having great trouble with people who steal his dogs. He need give himself no further concern. This dog is so homely that no one will ever think of stealing him.

"I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for him," said Mr. Fullerton to me. "That one half-day in which I saw him work showed me that he is a bird dog all right. Besides, a neighbor of mine has two mean dogs which have been in the habit of whipping every dog I take out to my house. I don't suppose I'll do a thing to those dogs now, will I? Why, when this old fellow of mine runs against those treasures of my neighbor's, he'll just eat 'em up! I'm anxious to get him home, so's to see the fun begin."

The last I saw of Mr. Fullerton, he was in a cab, holding one of his Irish setters down on one side and just reaching for the collar of the white dog, which I was handing in on the other side. I don't know whether Mr. Fullerton ever got home alive or not, but hardly think he did, for it is not likely that the old white pointer would ever let an opportunity like that go by. There was probably a beautiful dog fight on before the cab had gone two blocks. I never did see a dog more able to take care of himself than this meat dog. As I led him up to the cab door on the chain, I happened to step on one of his feet. In an instant he had me by the leg, just to show me that it was not well to take any liberties with his feet, even if they were large. He'll do for the battles of this life. He is one of the sort which can whip every dog on the place, eat all the grub you can throw to him, and then go out and hunt chickens by the week, footsore or not footsore, and not care a cent whether he is ever near the wagon or not.

The Chicken Crop in the Northwest.

As to the chicken crop in the Northwest this year, it is safe to say that for once in a way it is up to the announcements and prophecies regarding it. There are chickens all over the State of Minnesota north of St. Paul. This is in spite of a very wet spring, which probably drowned out a good many birds over flat regions such as that in which our party did their hunting. Elbow Lake, Windom, Ulen, Twin Valley, Crookston, Thief River Falls—these and dozens of other points had birds, as I learned from sportsmen whom I met on the trains. Going out of St. Paul I counted thirty-eight dogs in one baggage car, and nearly as many guns in one sleeper. These people began to come in about the middle of the week, and I saw the bags of many of them, 30, 40, 50, or more birds in each party. Up at Fargo, N. D., the sport was said to be very fine, and a man just back from Fargo said that nearly every one up there had plenty of birds, one man bringing in over 100. Pembina, N. D., was a point much patronized this year, and apparently profitably so. The country from Crookston to Winnipeg Junction was much shot over and was prolific. The Breckenridge division of the Northern Pacific had birds nearly all along the line. In South Dakota, where the Marvin Hughitt party, with Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., hunted, there were plenty of birds. Dispatches say that this party killed 153 chickens in one day, more than 100 another day, etc. Of this party, besides the younger members, were Messrs. Cantillon, Sanborn, Johnson and Gardner, of the C. & N. W. Ry. Co. These gentlemen met good weather and good sport, although they got into a country which was much posted. They worked from Arlington to Hetland and other points along the railroad.

It is almost certain that respect for the game laws and appreciation of the game birds are on the increase in the Northwest. The Minnesota wardens enforced the non-resident license act and they took in a great deal of money from non-resident shooters. The better class of these non-residents do not object to paying the license. Indeed they ought not to do so; neither ought they object to the limit of twenty-five birds a day, difficult as it is to attain in these times. There are birds, plenty of birds, more birds now in Minnesota and the Dakotas than there were ten years ago, but there are not birds enough to last forever. The chicken is too easy and defenseless, and if you turn the whole public loose on him without reservation, it is not going to endure, and you can bet on it.

Minnesota Shooters.

Mayor Smith, of St. Paul, was the guest of D. C. Shepard, the latter taking out his private car. They went to North Dakota, and not, it may be stated in passing, to Twin Valley.

Messrs. Paul Gotzian, Geo. McIntyre, James Myron, A. C. Deverell and F. R. Yerxa, were among those who shot at Herman, on the Great Northern. Donnelly, on the same road, attracted A. C. Shotwell and Harry Roberts. A party headed by Rudolph Schiffman, Jr., went

to Ulen, on the Northern Pacific. Mr. F. E. Ford headed a party for Wahpeton, N. D., and Mr. J. E. Stryker went with friends to Iroquois, S. D. Mr. J. J. Early was the host of a considerable party who went in at Larimore, N. D. It may be seen that the St. Paul sporting contingent scatters over a wide strip of country. It is safe to state that the average bag this week was better than it has been on opening day in the last dozen years.

Chickens in Wisconsin.

The State of Wisconsin is another one which requires a gun license. More than 1,100 licenses, largely local, were issued at Milwaukee before Aug. 29. As to the chickens, it is hardly thought that Wisconsin will turn out so many birds as the more favored States further to the West. From the neighborhood of Fox Lake, Wis., the report comes that the chickens did not materialize abundantly and that the crop of ducks was below the demands of local shooters, to say nothing of the non-resident element. Necedah, Babcock and other northern points no doubt furnish a good many birds, as there was a good breeding head left in there last fall.

The enforcement of the game laws in Wisconsin is improving. For instance, Mr. Henry B. Sanderson, of Milwaukee, had some prairie chickens sent to him from Dakota by some party unknown or unnamed. Mr. Sanderson did not get his hands upon his chickens, although they came to him in a box labeled "Clothing." The wardens got them at the depot. Mr. Sanderson says he "hopes this matter will be speedily dropped."

Chickens in Illinois.

The Illinois chicken crop seems to have been pretty slim this year. As an example of game and game laws, this State is pretty much all that it ought not to be. Most of our shooters did not pretend to make a chicken hunt in this State this fall, but moved on out to Minnesota or the Dakotas. A few went out near Chicago, and of these yet fewer got some birds. Mr. Friend, of Chicago, hunted not far from Chicago, and was lucky enough to bring in twenty birds. This is the best Chicago-Illinois bag of which I have heard thus far, although perhaps some of the country towns could turn in better reports than this.

Will Hunt Lions Again.

A press dispatch from Denver, Colo., dated Sept. 5, states that President Roosevelt will go on another mountain lion hunt in Coloroda the latter part of this month with John Goff, the same guide who was with him in his successful hunt in Colorado a year or so ago.

Milwaukee Sportsmen's Show.

Milwaukee opens a sportsmen's show and pure food exhibit at the exposition building to-night, the address of welcome to be given by Mayor Rose. The exhibit of firearms and other sporting gear is reported to be a good one, as well as that in boats, canoes, motor engines, etc. The arrangement of the aquaria, duck ponds, aviaries, etc., is a happy one, and the entire interior will appeal to the lover of the outdoor air.

Why He Didn't Go Chicken Hunting.

I was saying something the other week in the way of wonder why Neal Brown, of Wausau, Wis., didn't ask me to go chicken hunting with him this fall. The reason is because why, in the convention of last week, Neal Brown was one of the candidates for Governor of the State. Mayor Rose, of Milwaukee, the same who is to open the sportsmen's show to-night, got the nomination of his party, Mr. Brown giving him a good close race. I don't mind gonig on record to the effect that Neal Brown will be Governor of Wisconsin one of these days, and a mighty good Governor at that. Any man who can shoot chickens the way he does is not to be overlooked. I am sorry, however, that these conventions should come along about at the opening of the chicken season. If I had to choose between opening day and the Governorship, I would not hesitate a minute. E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Tent Pole Friction Joints.

ONE of the useful things a camper should be familiar with is a knowledge of how to make a serviceable friction joint, as this often enables one to do away with long and heavy tent poles, awning poles and the like, yet at the same time the full strength is retained. Ready-made friction joints are sold by the trade, but as these are highly polished and nickel plated, their cost is greater than it need be. The advantage in buying these is that the exact size and length one requires may be had, for they run from a half-inch up to two or three inches in diameter, and in length up to ten or twelve inches.

The more economical plan is to visit a brass foundry, if one is near at hand, or a hardware shop if not. Drawn brass tubing of a thickness of 1-32 or 1-16 inch is made in all sizes suitable for joints, and one has only to select two tubes that will fit together snugly yet not tightly enough to bind. Have the inner tubes three to four inches in length, and the outer ones twice as long. The dealer will saw these, and one pays for them at so much per pound, say about one-tenth or one-fifth the cost of the nickel-plated affairs. Four brass screws with flat heads will also be needed. Half-inch ones will be efficient.

If it is a tent pole one wishes to reduce to sections, and its diameter is two inches, the usual size, the lower joint should be two inches in outside diameter and the second joint about 1⅝. In cutting the pole, care should be taken to allow for the joints, for if the pole is sawed in three equal lengths, after the outer joints are put on the actual length of two of the three sections will be increased, whereas the pole will remain as it was. In cutting, half the length of each of the joints should be estimated in the measurement, and when the pole is sawed and the joints put on, the three sections should be of equal length. This requires exact measurements.

A sharp knife and a rasp are needed. Take the two inner tubes, measure their full length on their proper sections and mark the section. Then circle it with the knife and shave the end down that far, leaving the pole beyond untouched. After the end is almost small enough to fit into the tube, rasp it off evenly until the tube fits snugly, then force it into the tube by driving with a bit of soft wood. When the tube is home, holes should be bored on either side and countersunk for the screws. When these are down the tube will not come off at the wrong time. The outer half of the joint should be seated on another joint half its length and fastened with two screws. When the other friction joint is finished, the three sections should be either planed or sandpapered down until pole and joints are the same diameter, when varnish should be added in two or three coats, as a preservative. If the top of the pole has no ferrule, it is well to fit one on it, to prevent checking. Often the iron spikes sometimes found there are removed and a section of brass tubing ⅜ or ½ inch in diameter substituted, and into such a tube a tiny staff for a flag or club burgee is placed while the tent is being set, in camp.

As poles for conical, palmetto and all forms of peaked tents are usually eight to nine feet in length, it is often difficult to obtain a straight piece of wood for the purpose which is light in weight. By making three sections one can use bits of pine or spruce worthless for other purposes, while the finished pole will be very strong, and at the same time much more convenient to stow in a boat or ship to one's destination. Awning poles are usually made in two sections, and the friction joints need be no larger than ⅞-inch by 6 inches. A bit of brass rod is inserted in the tip of each, extending an inch beyond the end, to hold the tent-fly or awning.

Wall tents and wedge tents have long, bulky poles that are difficult to stow in a boat or wagon. Very often owners of these cut the ridge pole in two pieces and cover the joint with a large strap hinge a foot in length. This must be fastened securely with screws or rivets and should lie under the ridge pole when the tent is set. This scheme detracts but little from the strength of the pole, but renders it less awkward to carry. The two upright poles are also cut and fitted with friction joints, and any wedge or wall tent so treated becomes a possibility with canoeists and small boaters who require larger tents than the conical or palmetto varieties. No doubt the ridge pole of one of these tents could also be made round and fitted with friction joints as well as the uprights. This would make it still shorter for packing.

Oars are often fitted with friction joints, and doubtless paddles are always so made. If one will devote some care and time to the work, an oar or a paddle is not difficult to make and fit with joints, and the saving is considerable. And when one is in camp and looks about at the many little wrinkles he has added to his outfit now and then, the pleasure he derives in knowing he can be independent in some things is worth the effort, and at the same time he feels that his outfit has not cost him a fortune. PERRY D. FRAZER.

Sea and River Fishing.

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

A Hard Luck Story.

IT IS very often irksome to listen to a hard luck story, especially if a man is suffering from a slight touch of hard luck himself, so only those who have been enjoying a long period of exceptionally good luck need read this brief history of a few of the unfortunate occurrences which took place on a recent fishing trip 'way up in the delightful Wisconsin country.

Our party had been settled for about five days on a beautiful little island where the ship laden with worldy cares never touched and where the days sped so fast that one tired of cutting notches in a log to keep track of them and finally forgot and was satisfied. We had fished the lake surrounding our camp with indifferent success, and had tried other outlying lakes with the same result, when our guide in command notified us that he had discovered a lake at some little distance from the camp, where the canoe of the angler had seldom been, and where, to his best knowledge and belief, there were many large bass that would consider it a favor to be allowed to swallow a minnow with a hook attached. The party was all attention at once, with the result that a pilgrimage was started in that direction the next day.

We fished the lake in relays, one man going each day with a guide. Putting the result of three days of such work together, three rods took from the lake about one hundred and twenty-five bass, five of which the party ate and five of which were presented to a neighboring camp.

It was the best fishing that it has ever been the writer's good fortune to enjoy, and the result of it all was very natural and about as sure to follow as the sunrise or the fulfillment of the decrees of Fate. Other parties in that piece of woods heard about the good fishing and wanted to take a hand at it, and right here is where the hard luck begins to appear.

The first party to arrange for a trip to the new bass lake had secured the services of a guide whose reputation named him as one of the best in the country and who was himself a fine fellow. When we left the lake on which we had been camping we marked the entrance to the trail to the new lake for the other party and thought there would be no further trouble. They had five miles to travel before arriving at the entrance to the trail which led to the Lake of the Many Bass. At the entrance of this trail their guide shouldered a birch bark and the party wended their way for a mile and a half through the forest full of delightful anticipation and the joy of living. They reached a point within a short quarter of a mile from the goal and from which the water could all but be seen, when, for some unknown reason, the lake was given up for lost and the weary homeward journey was started midst a feeling of sadness and depression which comes with defeat.

In the meantime our party, looking for new fields to conquer, had settled down comfortably on another island in another lake. It so happened that there was a lake famous as the home of that fresh water shark, the maskinonge, and situated about two miles from our new camp. Of course we wanted to get a big one if we could, and the trusty pilot of our picnic made a trip to this lake to see if the boat, which was known to be there, was anywhere to be found. He told us that he did not find it at the opening of the trail, and had started on a trip around the lake in search of it. This trip through the brushwood and alders on the shore was anything but easy. However, he was fortunate, in that after he had traveled about half a mile up the shore, he saw the boat in the reeds on the other side of the lake. He, thereupon, bound together some cedars and started in hot pursuit, with the result that he reached camp just at dark, and we went fishing the day following.

We found out a little later that "The Unfortunates," who had traveled so far to find the bass lake and had been doomed to failure, had suffered another piece of hard luck. It seems that they had arranged to fish this water where the maskinonge abides, but the boat was so effectually hidden when their guide made search that the fun had to be given up.

These two misfortunes were enough to dampen the ardor of many fishermen, but they seemed to have little effect upon "The Unfortunates," whom we truly admire and for whom we have the deepest sympathy. They merely turned their attention elsewhere and went after maskinonge in another lake, and here comes the biggest piece of hard luck of all.

After working industriously for a long time, an unusually large fish was hooked, as was evident from the commotion in the neighborhood. He was successfully played and finally tamed sufficiently so that he could be brought up to the boat. At this stage of the maneuvers the guide is supposed to rap the fish, gracefully and yet soundly, on the back of the head with the "persuader," a stout stick about a foot and a half long. This operation was successfully accomplished, and the fish lifted into the boat, where everybody was surprised and tickled at his beauty and size. Comments were indulged in and opinions passed, and the sum and substance of the whole thing was that the fish must have weighed in the neighborhood of forty pounds—a veritable monster, and undoubtedly the largest fish caught in those waters this season.

After the wee bit of excitement that must of necessity accompany such a capture had faded away and things had assumed their normal condition again, everything was made ready for more fishing. The guide started the boat once more and the spoons were dropped into the water.

Just at this moment, however, when everybody was busy, the big fish rose up in his might and flopped himself out of the boat.

Ye gods; that men should suffer so!

That ended the trip for "The Unfortunates." The fish had only been stunned when he came in contact with the "persuader," and his jump for life was more than the spirit of man could bear.

The writer did not have the pleasure of meeting these people who were pursued by such an evil fate, but his sympathy goes out to them and to their guide, for such a series of misfortunes is not only unusual, it is most unnatural.

If any of "The Unfortunates" are readers of the FOREST AND STREAM and happen upon this tale, the undersigned will consider a line from him as a favor, because it will permit of a few expressions of condolence in connection with one of the biggest pieces of hard luck that ever happened to a fisherman and one of the most unfortunate chapters to be found in the fishing history of northern Wisconsin.

EDWARD MORTON HOLLAND.

Coronation Day on Vancouver Island

LONG before old Sol showed himself in Comox Bay Dick and I were satisfying the inner man preparatory to trying the lower reaches of the Courtenay River for trout. You see we had two miles to walk ere we reached Dick's favorite pool, and well we knew that there were others equally in love with this particular haunt. It being Coronation day and a public holiday, others would be astir early, so it was a case of first come first served.

On the way to the river Dick related stories of the fine fish that lurked in the depths of this particular pool, of a catch he had made there last year, and summed up by saying that he believed it was the best hole in the river. So, naturally, I came to the conclusion that we were going to have a good day, and confess I should have been greatly disappointed if Richard's stories had not been verified in a more material way. On reaching the river we discussed the all important question of what fly to try first, but it did not take us long to decide that. As the sun was not yet shining on the pool, the Cowichan-coachman, or, as it is called for short, the "klootchman," would possibly suit the occasion, so on it went. The Cowichan-coachman is a fly that I have never seen used anywhere except in this neighborhood; it is supposed that it was first made and used by someone fishing in Cowichan Lake (in this district), hence the name. It consists of a dark claret body, encircling which is a spiral of gold tinsel, claret and white wing, with claret hackle underneath, it is an excellent killer in the early morning, but is of no service far from salt water.

Richard made first cast, and to his sweet surprise hooked a one-pounder, which he played for a few minutes, and then calling for the net I landed it for him. "Pretty good start, Frank."

"Yes; that's a very good begininng and they seem to fight well this morning."

I had just moved up stream a little and was making a few casts at the upper end of the pool when I heard "Ha! Ha!" click, click, click, r-r-sizz-sizz, and looked round in time to see a fish (which I judged would scale close on five pounds) leap about three feet out of the water. Sizz-sizz, went the line again as it cut the water at a tremendous rate, and then the big fellow shot up once more as he headed for the riffles at the foot of the pool, never giving Dick a chance to reel in an inch of line.

"He's going, Frank; I can't hold him. My line is nearly all out and if ever he gets into those riffles it

will be all off!" cried Dick, as he followed the fish down stream, wading along the edge of the hole up to his hips. "I'm going to snub him up, it's the only thing I can do." Just then the reel stopped singing, his rod made a pretty arch, then straightened up as the line came back limp and slack, and the big fellow was gone.

"Wasn't he a beauty and all fight," said Dick. "He never gave me a chance to take in line, but kept going right ahead till he got the lot. I'm sorry I lost him, but he gave me a rare bit of sport. However, better luck next time."

"We seem to be in the right neighborhood," said I, as Richard put on a new leader, at the same time making a suggestion that we cross the river, as we could cast into the lower end of the hole better from the opposite side. Accordingly we waded into the riffles, where we had a nice little tussle with the stream, more than once narrowly escaping being swept off our pins ere we reached the other bank.

After a few unsuccessful casts Dick managed to pick up another one-pounder, and before long a fish weighing twice as much came his way after a good struggle. Then we had an hour which was a positive blank, except that occasionally one of us would get a rise; we decided, therefore, to give them a rest while we lunched.

After enjoying a smoke Richard put on a royal-coachman and professor, while I replaced my klootchman with a silver-doctor.

About the second cast I made I hooked a fine fish, which only came to creel after a good stiff 10-minutes' fight. He scaled 2½ pounds.

By this time the sun was begininng to touch the pool, but shining as it did through the tops of the mighty Douglas firs on the opposite bank, there were still some shady spots left, and I soon discovered that casting where these giants threw their broad shadows and letting the doctor swing across a sunny patch, seemed to take the fancy of the beauties, and in a short time I had two more to my credit, 2 pounds and 2½ pounds, and both scrappers of the highest order. Then I had a piece of bad luck, losing a nice one which I judged would weigh about 2½ pounds, and this after playing him for some minutes. He had been poorly hooked.

I began to wonder how Dick was faring, not having seen nor heard anything from him for about half an hour, he having worked up stream to a small hole just around a bend and about 50 yards from me. I hallooed to him, and in a few minutes he reappeared. "What luck, Richard?" "Oh, not too bad; got a couple, but they're not as large as they might be."

His faced beamed with delight as he gazed into my open basket. "Those certainly are dandies, Frank. You've struck the right fly."

Off came his professor and royal-coachman and on went a doctor. "Try a few casts there, Dick, while I fill my pipe," said I, laying down my rod and digging into my pocket for a bit of the weed. Just as I struck a match to light up, I heard the sharp clicking of his reel as a fine fellow made off down stream, and after a series of runs and leaps, lasting about ten minutes, I succeeded in getting him into the net; but as I was wading out of the river to a patch of sandy beach where our baskets lay, the fish, a 2½-pounder, made a last final effort to escape, managed to leap clean out of the net and fell in the water, where he put up another short battle, which I eventually decided in our favor. I should like to know if any of your contributors have ever had an experience of this kind. I always thought it impossible for a fish when once fairly down in the net, to find there anything solid enough from which to make a leap. The net is about 18 inches deep. They were now beginning to take so freely that we decided to have turns at it. While Dick loaded his pipe I made a few casts, and with success, for at the third attempt the doctor found another patient, my friend doing the net trick after I had had a few minutes' royal sport.

So it went, first one of us then the other, till we had taken nine fish from this pool, and but two of them under 2 pounds. Then came a straight half hour without a rise, so I made a suggestion that we go up stream to the small hole round the bend where Dick had been trying the professor and royal-coachman. He acquiesced, and in about twenty minutes we took five there, ranging from 1 pound to 2¾ pounds in weight.

It was now 11 A. M., and we had promised our wives that we would be back in camp for dinner at 12 o'clock. We opened the baskets and displayed the catch on a nice, grassy spot, discussing their beautiful lines and the noble way in which each one had fought. As we waded down stream after crossing the riffles, Dick made one last cast behind a big boulder, which lay in the very center of the river, and away went his line once more. I could see by the way his rod bent and shook that he had hold of something a little larger than any that had come to creel as yet. I stood in the water, landing net in hand, watching the expert way in which Richard handled his reel. "Stay with him, Dick," I said, as the fish made another rush for liberty. Then back came the line, only to be taken out a second later, as the trout put down stream once more.

This fish differed from any of the others, in that he never once showed himself during the fifteen minutes my friend played him, staying near the bottom all the time and fighting like a Trojan.

He tipped the scales at 3¾ pounds.

"That's a fine finish," I remarked, as I dropped him in the basket. "I think we'll call it off," Dick whispered. "Well, who wouldn't?"

As we wound up our lines and put our rods in their cases, we compared this half day's sport with others we have had on this river, and both of us agreed that though we had made heavier hauls, never had we met with such success in landing fish of this size, for a man (fishing in the neighborhood we were in) is reckoned lucky if he lands two out of every three he hooks, and we had managed to bring to creel eighteen out of twenty, with the loss of only one fly and half a leader. So we wended our way back to camp. Our loads were heavy, therefore our hearts were light. We were late for dinner, but no scolding awaited us once our guardian angels had peeped into our baskets. As we lay in the shade that afternoon after partaking of a hearty dinner, sloking our pipes and thinking over the events of the morning, Richard remarked: "I know men on the other side that would give $50 to have the bit of sport we had this morning."

"Well," said I, "though they were not with us in the body, if they read of it they may still be with us in the spirit, so off it goes to FOREST AND STREAM."

At night, when I turned in and all was still, save the harsh cry of the mosquito hawk, I thought that the 9th of August had been a crowning day for Richard and me, as well as King Edward VII.

FRANK RAMSAY.

Russia's Great Fishery Exhibition.

THE International Fishery Exhibition, held at St. Petersburg during the first quarter of the present year, was an event of great importance to the fishery interests of the world. A building 685 feet long and 130 wide, formerly used as a riding school, situated in the center of the city, contained a splendid array of exhibits from Russia, Finland, Norway, France, Japan, Roumania, Siam, Germany, Austria, Denmark, Sweden, Italy, Spain, Egypt, Persia and India; a varied and complete display that was in the highest degree instructive and entertaining. Immediately upon entering the hall the visitor was confronted with an artificial rock grotto, upon various portions of which were perched, in natural attitudes, stuffed sea birds of different species, and overlooking a large aquarium contained within the grotto. Many of the exhibits were disposed upon the walls, as well as in various niches, pavilions, etc., of the building, and arranged with the utmost taste consistent with the observer's ease of inspection. The building held a large open space in its center, inclosing an excavated basin brilliantly lighted with electric light, thus displaying its finny inmates to the fullest advantage; various minor fish basins were also so illuminated, for the principal attendance was during the evening hours, the financial results being satisfactory.

In contemplating the exhibition one was impressed with its remarkable diversity, as well as its completeness; the fullness of the representation of the fisheries included in the vast territories of Asiatic and European Russia being, in every aspect, astonishing. The Russian Imperial Fishery Company's exhibit was a very elaborate representation of the country's piscine resources, and the sight of the Rusian department alone was well worth a journey to St. Petersburg. In excellence and extent it was far and away the dominant feature of the entire exhibition, for the contributions were from the North, the Baltic, the Black, the White and the Caspian seas, as well as from the empire's immense rivers and inland lakes and streams. Although in European Russia alone there are nearly three hundred species of fish, but a small portion have been turned to advantageous account, it is nevertheless stated upon expert authority that from ten to eleven million double hundredweight is the annual yield of the nation's fisheries. In this connection it should be considered that, unlike England and other countries, Russia has no ocean fisheries, her product being that of coast and inland waters, yet despite such circumstance the finny harvest, in weight at least, would seem to be in excess of that of Great Britain. The appliances and methods are often of the most primitive nature, crude and inefficient. There is much waste and destruction, and an insufficient study of the natural conditions contributory to the well-being of the finny occupants of the Tsar's varied waters. The enormous mineral oil traffic of the Volga, the constant multiplication of factories with their resulting refuse, the immense destruction of standing timber, and the consequent fouling of the streams with sawdust, all operate in Russia, as elsewhere, adversely to the fishery interests.

The exhibits were displayed in every variety of form and manner; in the technical department the fish were all exhibited in alcohol; then there were frozen fish, tinned fish, dried fish, smoked fish, fish that were pickled, salted or soused, and finally fish that were alive and swimming in their element. The variety of the modes of production and the amplitude of the exhibits of each particular form of preparation were notable features of this unique undertaking. The exhibit of the Biological Experiment Station on the Volga comprised a great variety of living fish—pike, burbot, perch, carp, roach, tench, etc. Near these were displayed finny folk of greater importance and value, the migratory fish, notably the great sturgeons and the salmons. Of the sturgeons there were half a dozen species, the specimens ranging up to twelve hundred pounds. Some of the uncouth monsters were from the Volga and some from the Kura and Ural, all tributaries of the Caspian. The sturgeon called by the Russians osètre and by Germans Dick, is the chief source of the famous Astrachan caviar, which was shown in various modes of preparation, including the gray caviar, the finest of all, bringing two dollars a pound in the Astrachan markets. A fish of twelve hundredweight may yield from two to three hundredweight of carviar, the capture of such a prize being a veritable windfall. The flesh of one of the species of sturgeon is carefully dried, cut into strips and sold in bundles. This is called wjasiga. That of another, the famed balyki, is sold in masses, cut from the fattest portion of the sturgeon and prepared with salt, pepper and laurel leaves. It is very popular in Russia, retailing at seventy cents a pound. It is also much in demand in Germany, where it is called Storfilet, or sturgeon filet. There was also an exhibition of Siberian caviar, an industry of recent development, but of great promise, for the rivers of Asiatic Russia are among the largest of the world and teem with finny wealth.

The sturgeon, however, that is most highly prized is the famous sterlet, adult specimens from the Devina sometimes bringing a hundred roubles. This exceptional value should afford an ample incentive to its acclimatization elsewhere, but the efforts in that direction have as yet met with but limited success. The sterlets were well represented, appearing as the quick and the dead, in aquaria and frozen upon marble slabs. There were also exhibited sturgeon (*A. baeri*) from the Siberian river Yenesei, in appearance and habit allied to the Caspian osètre. The sturgeon of the Caspian may be thus enumerated. Belouga (*Acipenser huso*), average weight 108 pounds, maximum 2,260 pounds. Sevriouga (*A. stellatus*), average fifteen pounds, is caught in enormous quantities in the Kura River. Osètre (*A. goldenstadtii*), average 30, maximum 108 pounds. Chyp (*A. schypa*), average 54 pounds. Sterlet (*A. ruthenus*), 15 to 20 pounds. The sturgeon fishery of the Caspian and its tributary rivers seems to be inexhaustible, an average of 15,000 a day having been caught in a period of twelve successive days, and though actively prosecuted for over a century, no material decline has as yet been manifested.

It has been maintained that the North Sea is the world's most productive fishing ground, but the claim may be disputed in behalf of the Caspian. The wealth of piscine life in both bodies of water is mainly dependent upon the influx of large rivers loaded with organic matter, which is deposited at no great distance from the point of discharge. The North Sea is scoured by tides that tend to the wide dispersal of the ingathered material, or to its whelming beneath shifting sands; the Caspian, on the contrary, is a closed sea, having no outlet, and receives the flow of the largest river in Europe, beside that of minor streams. It has been found that young sturgeon feed upon animalculæ that in turn derive their subsistence from the masses of vegetable matter borne down by fluvial currents, and there can be but little doubt that the vast amount of organic material deposited in the quiet basin of the Caspian is the source of its varied abundance of aquatic life. The sturgeon fishery of the Caspian and its tributary rivers yields an annual product of about eleven million dollars, the export of caviar alone reaching nearly a million. All the different species of the sturgeon and the many and varied forms of their prepared flesh, including the famous Russian isinglass, were fully displayed.

Next to the sturgeons the Salmonidæ were the most prominent feature of the exhibition, the family being represented in Russian waters more abundantly than in those of any other old world nation, as is shown by the product of European Russia, which reaches a hundred million pounds annually. The leading species exhibited was, of course, the common salmon (*S. salar*) of the Atlantic coast, its representatives being the product of the streams emptying into the Baltic and the White seas. There was also to be seen the Caspian Sea species, which is really a sea trout, both the salmon and trout alluded to ranging up to thirty or forty pounds. Great interest was manifested in the contribution by an enterprising fish dealer of Krasnoyarsk, Siberia, of immense salmon weighing from fifty to seventy pounds, the product of the Yenesei, a river declared by one of its explorers to be the largest in the world. This particular species is designated by the Russians *Salmo fluviatilis*, it being purely a river fish, non-migratory, apparently confining itself to the upper waters of the great Siberian rivers, the Yenesei, the Obi and perhaps also the Lena, so much of Siberia being inadequately explored that the extent of the fish's range cannot, with certainty, be defined. In the Danube there is a salmon of precisely similar habit, abiding in the river and never going down to the sea. It is known as the hucho, and has a counterpart in a salmon of the Kura River, a tributary, through the Volga, of the Caspian, to which sea it does not descend.

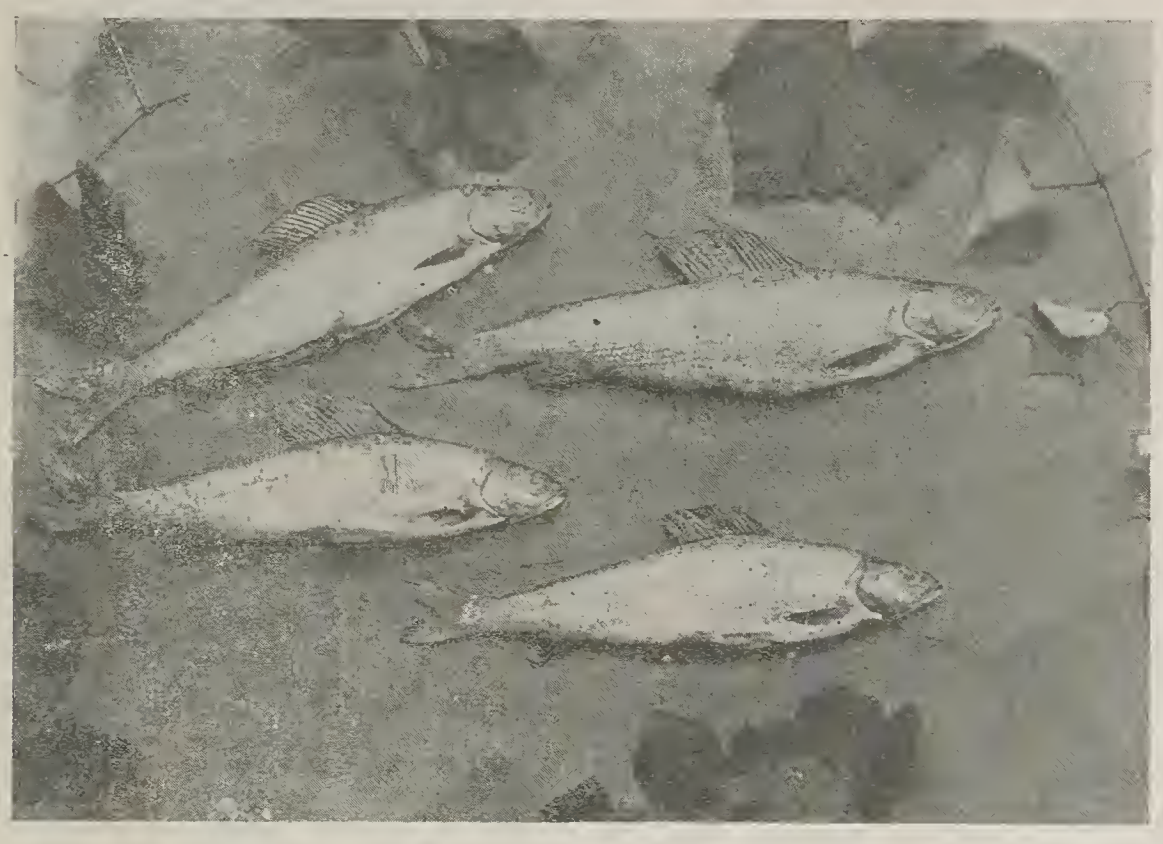
An explanation of this singular habit would seem to be afforded by the character of the seas that receive the waters of these salmon rivers. The Caspian, into which the Volga pours its mighty flood, is the dried-up remnant of a far larger body of water that, at some time in the remote past, had a connection with the Black and the Mediterranean seas. Its gradual shrinkage and closure not improbably involved changed conditions that unfitted it as an abode for the migratory salmon, which thus became habituated to an entirely fluvial existence. It may also be assumed that the riverine salmon of the Danube owes its change of habit to altered marine conditions. It probably at one period of its racial existence migrated annually to the Black Sea, then joined to the Caspian as well as to the Mediterranean. The geological changes since occurring have apparently greatly changed the character of the Black Sea waters, which, except upon or near the surface, have become destructively poisonous. Its depths are saturated with sulphuretted hydrogen, probably escaping through its bottom, for the amount there found was twenty times in excess of that at fifty fathoms. In its deeper waters there is no vertical circulation; they are devoid of oxygen and therefore of all forms of life. This fact also accounts for the absence of the eel in the Danube, the Don, Dniester and other streams tributary to this morbific sea and affords a confirmation of Grassi's discovery that it spawns at great depths.

The lapse of the migratory instinct in the Siberian salmon is open to a similar explanation, for the rivers that they occupy flow into a body of water that, in the obscurity of the past, was a perennially open sea. When within the Arctic circle a temperate climate reigned and the mammoth was the monarch of its far-stretching forests, the salmon, with each season's round, performed their accustomed journey to the distant deep. But the aging earth grew hoar and chill, the circulation of its extremities feeble and slow, and at last its polar waters, locked in an icy embrace, became rigid and still. Then it was that the migratory salmon, barred of access to the ocean, became permanent residents of the streams that gave them birth. Our landlocked salmon of the New England and Canadian lakes as well as those of Sweden, have become dwarfed, but their river-bound congeners of Europe and Asia are, at least in this respect, undegenerate.. The hucho is credited with a maximum weight of 125 pounds, and probably specimens equally large will in time be found in the as yet little known Siberian rivers. The largest weight attained by a sea-going salmon was that attributed to a specimen caught in Oregon waters, a quinnat of 100 pounds. It is probable that the fluvial salmon alluded to owe their excessive proportions to an easily obtained and abundant sustenance; undisputed masters of the waters they occupy, they levy without let or hindrance their alimentary toll.

The riverine seclusion of the Siberian salmon perhaps points to an approximate limit of the marine journey of the species in general. The salmon of the Yukon probably voyage a thousand miles of the Behring Sea, the passes of the Aleutian Islands and the neighboring ocean waters before finding their abiding place in the great Pacific. In the Mackenzie, a river discharging into the Arctic to the eastward of the Yukon, and perhaps equal to it in volume, no salmon appear to be present, its mouth not improbably being too far removed from habitable ocean waters to admit of the salmon accomplishing the

journey. The fish that tenanted this Arctic stream when, beneath a genial sun, it coursed through verdurous banks to an hospitable sea, have become extinct, circumstances evidently not favoring their change of habit as they did with their brethren that ages ago found themselves held captive in the tributaries of the Asiatic Polar Sea.

A special biological expedition, despatched by the Russian Government, to explore the northeastern portion of Siberia, exhibited its ichthyological collection preserved in alcohol. Among the many specimens were the familiar salmon of our Pacific coast, that, in their annual migration, pack the streams of Corea, Kamschatka, Saghalien, etc., as densely as they throng our own. Wonderful tales are told of incoming masses of salmon, causing rivers to overflow their banks, to render them impassable to boats and to make their waters undrinkable, all of which, in the light of our Alaskan knowledge, is credible. The salmon fisheries of northeast Siberia will at some future time equal, if not surpass, our own in volume and value, but,



MICHIGAN GRAYLING.
Photo by W. B. Mershon.

were the Russian Government disposed to throw them open to American enterprise and capital, their full development would be of speedy accomplishment. The policy adopted in the Caspian of farming out large areas, under proper restrictions, to the most acceptable bidder, will doubtless be applied to the Pacific fisheries and their due conservation be promoted in conjunction with an access of revenue.

A. H. GOURAUD.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Fish and Fishing.

Striped Bass in the St. Lawrence.

SOME exceedingly good sport has been enjoyed within the last few days among the striped bass of the St. Lawrence. These fish ascend the river to the neighborhood of Quebec, but are not usually taken by angling nearer to that city than Madame Island, which is some little distance below the Isle of Orleans. On account of the distance from Quebec, and because of the necessity of securing boats for the sport, few, if any, visiting anglers attempt to indulge in it, and though large catches have been made since the opening of the month, the fishing is done in the crudest possible manner. There are no suitable piers, as in the neighborhood of New York, whence fly-fishing or trolling for striped bass is possible, and most of those who take the fish in the St. Lawrence, do not even use a rod, but content themselves with a coarse hand-line, which they cast from a schooner or other boat, in coils, and when a fish is hooked, they haul it in hand over hand. The local name of the striped bass is "bar," and large quantities of it are captured by commercial fishermen for the local markets. The water about Madame Island is quite brackish, and as so many American anglers are passing through Quebec in the month of September, I do not see why excellent sport should not be had by them with the striped bass of the St. Lawrence, if they care to experiment with rod and line, from boats which may be chartered, with their crews, either at Quebec, or at some of the small river ports on the south side of the river, opposite to Madame Island, all of which are reached by the Intercolonial Railway. The majority of the fish taken there are small, but some of them weigh as much as twenty pounds each. The baits employed are minnows and young herrings, and there is no trouble in obtaining them.

Canadian Tuna.

The recent references in FOREST AND STREAM to the possibility of catching the tuna of North Atlantic waters with rod and line have stirred up a number of the American anglers who come to Canada for their salmon fishing, and it is more than probable that next season will witness the effort on the part of some of them to kill the big fish in Canadian waters. One gentleman who fishes the Cascapedia took a run down to Gaspé this summer before returning home and made complete inquiries as to the tuna of Gaspé basin, with the result that he is perfectly certain that there is nothing to prevent successful sport there, and that next year he will come prepared to try it. There are professional fishermen at Gaspé who are quite ready to go out with anglers anxious to fish for tuna, and there is also a report that a gentleman still living in this province succeeded some years ago in killing one of these fish in the Gulf of St. Lawrence or the Baie des Chaleurs with rod and line. The matter is being investigated, and I expect to be shortly placed in possession of all the facts.

A Fishing Admiral.

Sir Archibald Douglas, K. C. B., commanding His Britannic Majesty's North American squadron in Atlantic waters, is a fishing admiral. This term may perhaps require a little explanation, in view of the fact that there were fishing admirals who have figured in history. Two hundred years ago there were fishing admirals in Newfoundland—plenty of them. The itle was then bestowed upon a number of illiterate skippers, to whom judicial authority was entrusted upon the west shore of the island. One of Newfoundland's historians describes these fishing admirals as "clothed, not in the simple and sober black of the police magistrate, but in his ordinary blue fishing jacket and trousers, besmeared with pitch, tar and fish slime, his head adorned with an old sealskin cap, robbed from an Indian, or bartered for a drink of rum and a stick of tobacco. The sacred temple of law and equity was a fish store, the judicial seat an inverted butter firkin. Justice was freely dispensed to the suitor who paid the most for it. In the absence of a higher bribe, his worship's decision was often favorably affected by the judicious presentation of a few New England apples. The litigant who commenced his case with the production of a flowing bowl of calabogus (composed of rum, molasses and spruce beer) captivated the judicial mind most effectually. Sometimes, alas, the dignity of the Bench was diminished by the sudden fall of the court prostrate on the floor, overcome by the too potent effects of new rum and spruce beer. One of the most remarkable go the fishing admirals who rejoiced in the title of "the Lord High Hadmiral," and who was the agent of the great Englsh fishing house of the place, was once called down by a superior officer for having given a number of judgments in favor of his own firm. Quite unabashed, he replied, "Well, I must be a pretty sort of a fool of a judge if I could not do justice to myself."

The fishing admirals of the present day are very different from those of two hundred years ago, but the name, which it naturally occurs to an angler to apply to them, suggests at once a reference to the rascally adventurers, who being the first skippers to bring vessels into a Newfoundland port, became, in virtue of a statute of William III., "of pious and immortal memory," the absolute rulers for the season. The first arrival was admiral for the year, and was allowed to take as much of the beach as he chose for his own use, the masters of the second and third vessels arriving at the same harbor, being vice-admiral and rear-admiral, with similar privileges. When these worthies had helped themselves, if anything was left, the unfortunate fishermen might obtain a scrap.

Admiral Douglas, during a recent visit to Quebec, enjoyed magnificent sport among the trout of the Montmorenci, at Laval, a few miles north of the city. He is also a devoted salmon fisherman. In this sense it is not surprising that Sir John Hopkins and many other of Admiral Douglas's predecessors, were also fishing admirals. Stationed, as they are, near the best salmon waters in the world, it would be strange if it were otherwise. Turning over the leaves of a number of old angling books with Sir Archibald the other day, I was surprised to learn from him that though a native of Quebec, it was only comparatively late in life that he became a fisherman. He has made up for lost time since, however, and I shall not be surprised to learn that in the near future we may be indebted to Admiral Douglas and some of the officers of his fleet for reliable information respecting the nature of the fishing to be had in some of the far distant salmon rivers of the Labrador coast. Few ordinary mortals possess the means that these officials do for visiting at will any or all of these little known streams.

After Ouananiche and Trout.

By the time that these lines appear in print the ouananiche season will be practically closed, the open season lasting only to the 15th inst. It is unfortunate for anglers that this is so, for September is the finest month of the year in Canadian woods, and while the trout season lasts until the end of the month, there is no doubt whatever that the ouananiche are later spawners than *fontinalis*. Some very large catches of ouananiche are being made at present writing in the upper waters of the Grand Discharge and also in Lake St. John itself, in the vicinity of the islands about the head of the outlet. Both fly-fishing and trolling are excellent, especially the latter. The best of this sport, however, has fallen to the lot of a party of visiting anglers from the United States, who spent last week on the lower pools of the Metabetchouan, and enjoyed some of the grandest fly-fishing ever reported from these famous waters. Included in the party were Dr. F. M. Johnson and Mrs. Johnson, of Boston, and Mr. and Mrs. Eugene McCarthy, of Syracuse, N. Y. They have now gone to Lake Edward after both big trout and big game. Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Porter, Jr., of New York, are also at Lake Edward for the fly-fishing in the adjacent lakes, and Dr. Geo. L. Porter, of Bridgeport, who is now on the preserves of the Bostonnais Club, expects to join them in a few days. All the club houses along the line of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway are rapidly filling up with anglers who are after the September trout fishing. Their expectations are great, because the fishing hitherto this season has not been extra good, the perversity of the weather having been something quite unusual.

Among the other well-known anglers now encamped on the Triton Tract are Messrs. Geo. H. Hart, E. L. Frisbie, Harry Chase and E. Wade, of Waterbury, and Gordon W. Burnham, of New York.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Michigan Grayling Streams.

SAGINAW, Mich., Aug. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose an unmounted photograph of four grayling, the real, genuine Michigan grayling. This was taken on the recent trip which Mr. Hough so pleasantly described. His account of this trip was a practical one. To me, the taking of these last of the Michigan grayling is filled with sentiment and remembrances of old times. I remember my first grayling when I camped on the Au Sable with my father and mother and a dear old aunt of mine, and I had the good fortune to take my first grayling, a fish about 12 inches in length. Thad Norris and Uncle Dan Fitzhugh were on the stream at that time, and I know they had a hearty laugh at my enthusiasm over the taking of this, my first grayling.

I imagine I love the grayling more than almost anyone else does, for it brings back memories of my father, one of the most gentle of anglers and a thorough sportsman. When I was a mere boy—and that is more than thirty-five years ago—I recollect one of the land-lookers, Jerry Day, coming back and reporting to father of this unknown fish in the Au Sable River, and my father got down his old copy, I think, of Frank Forester's Fishes, or some other old book, and picking out Back's Arctic Grayling and pointing out to me the fin of that fish, and saying he was certain it was the same fish in the Au Sable River.

The grayling brings back memories of Fred Mather, a friend of many years standing, and Charles Hallock, who has fished with me and my father in years gone by; Dan Fitzhugh, Len Jewell and Charlie Fitzhugh, who were all good enough to take me with them when I was but a mere youngster. So our recent grayling trip meant a good deal to me.

The fish from which this picture was taken ran from 12 to 14 inches in length, and the picture was taken four days after the fish were taken out of the water. They had been cleaned and much mussed up, as is readily seen. But they were the same grand old fighters as of old, taking the fly delicately and gingerly, and the instant they were struck they would make that grand diagonal rush of theirs that no other fish can equal. For their size they fight with terrific force, and when they give up, they give up completely. I love the smell of the thyme, from which they get their name, the beauty of their fins; their symmetry and color both delight the sportsman and naturalist and the lover of nature.

It is a shame they cannot be kept forever in the streams of Michigan, where they were native and to the manor born.

The largest grayling I ever took was on the little Manistee River years ago, when I went in from Wingleton. One and three-quarter pounds is the weight of the fish I have taken on that stream repeatedly. I have heard of larger fish, but with an accurate scale, I do not believe that any have gone beyond that weight.

There are a few grayling left in two streams in Michigan. In one of these streams, the Manistee, they could be saved if properly protected; in the other stream, where Mr. Hough fished with us, they are surely doomed, for it is bound to be a trout stream, and that means, eventually, no grayling.

W. B. MERSHON.

The Ruling Passion Strong in Death.

ELIZABETHPORT, N. J., Sept. 3.—While fishing a few days ago for Oswego bass at Budd Lake, N. J., I saw something which I had never seen before. A friend of mine who was also fishing near me and had caught two fair-sized fish, lifted the lid of the live box in his boat and called me to look at his fish.

The larger one had apparently tried to eat the small one, and had its whole head in his mouth, but that taxed him to his full capacity, and he could get him no further down, while the small fish could not get away. I did not learn the weight of the fish, but should judge that the large one would weigh over four pounds, while the small one was more than half as big.

I know that when free, fish will eat each other, but I have never before known a fish confined in so small a space as the live box of a rowboat to undertake to eat a fellow captive.

The small fish was rescued from the big one and both were placed in a large fish box at the boat house and were taken out very much alive some days afterward. Perhaps this may interest some of your readers who have heard of or seen similar cases.

L. L. BURRITT.

A party—Mr. and Mrs. Herman B. Duryea, Messrs. William C. Whitney, Harry Payne Whitney, and Yale Dolan—sailed for Liverpool on Friday of last week. They contemplate a pleasant participation in the autumn shooting in Scotland.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Very Large Small-Mouth Bass.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 6.—Mr. H. C. Sefton, of Mt. Vernon, O., incloses a clipping from a local newspaper with this comment: "This is taken from yesterday's Mt. Vernon Republican. I know the man and saw the fish, and the account is true, and therefore worthy of publication in the FOREST AND STREAM. The bass was a small-mouth. There are no large-mouth bass in the creek here." The clipping referred to reads as follows, and the record seems to be authentic:

"The largest black bass ever caught from a stream in this part of the State was landed by Mr. John Bunnell, Thursday morning, from the Kokosing. The fish, which tipped the scales at seven pounds and fourteen ounces, was pulled out of the water near the Slidey Bridge. Mr. Bunnell is very proud of his fine catch and has been exhibiting the fish at the Bunnell shop on W. Front street. Many persons who heard of the fish being landed doubted its weight until they saw its size.

"A number of persons who are interested in fish and who read much in regard to the finny tribe, state that they never saw any account of a larger black bass than this one being caught in Ohio waters. Mr. Bunnell had the big fellow photographed Thursday afternoon.

"The fish was caught on a hook and line, the bait being a minnow. Bunnell set several poles and lines Wednesday night. The big bass had floundered about in the water and tangled all the lines in a mass. It was still alive when Bunnell pulled the lines in Thursday morning. The lucky fisherman was so much excited, however, that he let the fish fall from the bridge, the fall killing it."

Trout on the Two-Heart.

Messrs. J. M. Oliver and son, F. N. Wood, John B. Knight, Edgar M. Snow and B. N. Schumacher, all of Chicago, have recently returned from a two weeks' trouting trip on the Two Heart River of Michigan, Upper Peninsula. Mr. Wood is a newspaper man who does not go fishing as often as he would like to. He tells me that he had a most delightful time, and that the party were successful quite up to their expectations. They did fly-fishing altogether, and had grand sport, this being one of the streams fed largely by the brook trout which run up from Lake Michigan late in the summer. Mr. Wood took one trout which weighed 3½ pounds, the fly being silver-doctor. He says the party did not kill their fish, but kept them in live boxes, and on coming out turned loose something like sixty or seventy-five pounds of trout, which were living and unhurt.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

Opportunity will be given this afternoon and to-morrow morning to all members of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club to bring up all their unfinished records. This is the last opportunity for re-entries this summer, and should appeal to those members who have not completed their scores.

Hair Leaders.

Mr. John Norman, of Montreal, writes to me about my experience with the Mississippi River bass, saying: "If you had used some of my hair leaders you would have secured nearly every bass you hooked. The advantage of the hair leader is that it will stretch when wet and this relieves the strain on the hook. I caught six small-mouth bass this month at Round Lake, on trailing flies, the first on record caught on the fly in that lake. These were the only bites I had, and I missed none."

I am obliged to Mr. Norman for the sample of the hair leader, but I very much fear that it would not wholly solve the problem of the Mississippi River small-mouths, although it might materially aid therein.

Fishing in Iowa.

Mr. R. L. Blair, of Des Moines, Ia., writes pleasantly and with the spirit of an angler in his letter, which follows:

"I don't think you ought to publish such articles as the one in this week's FOREST AND STREAM about that trip after grayling. It will make many men wild because they cannot go and do likewise. It's a sin to excite envious feelings in others.

"What pleasure that trip must have been—good company, good weather, plenty of the rarest fish, good camp and everything fine! I'll wager you didn't feel tired, didn't know you were wet. What are city pleasures or enjoyments compared with such an excursion as that?

"I also enjoyed the story about Mississippi River bass, and know something about that myself, for fifty years ago as a thirteen-year-old lad I began yanking bass and wall-eyed pike out of that stream with a cane pole. I didn't know anything about a jointed rod then. Our best time was in early spring, when the fish were running up stream. Taking our stand on a point of rocks jutting into the river, where the water ran swiftly, the fish ran by in schools, and bit eagerly, so it was no trick at all to get a good string. In September and October the fish went down stream, fat and luscious.

"People of the inland districts of Iowa have not enjoyed any fishing at all so far this season. When the close of the season expired May 15, the rains began, and have kept it up all summer, our rivers have been high and muddy ever since; no game fishing at all. Catching mud cats isn't much sport. The rivers being high all summer, fish have had a good chance to get over numerous obstructing dams, so that when the summer rains are all over and our streams have become clear, we anticipate having good times after bass, wall-eyes and pickerel, not excluding channel cats nor game fish.

"We do not in Central Iowa expect much quail hunting, as the excessive rains all summer have doubtless drowned the young broods. Very few are seen except old birds left over from last winter. I suppose we will have our greatest fun the coming winter after cottontails."

I have often had occasion to deplore the deterioration in the angling streams of Iowa, where many years ago I used to fish with great success. Since then the close farming of the State and the absolute disregard of the average Iowa citizen for the fish and game laws has made Iowa pretty near a wilderness so far as her game resources are concerned; that is to say, a wilderness where there is nothing but the abomination of desolation, caused, as Mr. Blair says, by dynamite, spears and all uncleanliness.

A Colorado Bass Lake.

Mr. Vernon McKelvey, of New Windsor, Colo., writes to call attention to the fishing place which he has upon Windsor Lake, Colo., adjacent to Windsor. This lake was stocked with black bass some years ago, and fish are now taken there weighing as much as five pounds. Mr. McKelvey adds that the finest bass fishing in Colorado can be had here, and it is the intention to keep up the stock of fish. It is stated that the yellow perch planted in this lake some years ago have attained a size really enormous for that species, some of them having been taken sixteen inches in length. Windsor Lake is within a couple of hours of Denver, and is still closer to other centers of population. One would hardly expect to hear of bass fishing in Colorado, but this is a progressive age.

Luck on the Flambeau.

Mr. Byron S. Veatch, of this city, is just back from a trip on the Flambeau River of Wisconsin, which he made with his friends, Mr. Jones, of Louisville, Ky., and Dr. Benze, of St. Paul, Minn. They ran the Flambeau for about fifty miles, including three or four pretty stiff rapids, and had splendid success in fishing for small-mouth black bass. Mr. Veatch took some muscallunge also while casting for bass, nothing over 11½ pounds, however. He says the Flambeau is an ideal stream for a trip, the woods being almost unbroken by lumbering operations, the pine hardly being missed in the various growth of oak, maple, spruce, birch, etc., which now lines the high bluff banks. One can start in near Fifield, on the Wisconsin Central line, and run down to Ladysmith on the Soo, making a trip of about seventy miles; or he can keep right on down the Flambeau into the Chippewa, running that stream down to Chippewa Falls, or to its mouth near Wabasha, Minn. The Chippewa and Flambeau drain a great part of the Wisconsin muscallunge country; indeed, all of that undrained by the Wisconsin, these two systems being the only ones by which the muscallunge ascend into these lakes from the Mississippi River. Mr. Veatch says he is going up in November for a deer hunt, as deer are very abundant in that region. He has a cottage on the Mason chain of lakes near Fifield, and thinks this the best place in the State for a cottage, since shooting, fishing and pleasant scenery are all directly at hand. He says the Flambeau small-mouths are fighters from the word, and make him disgusted with lake fishing for big-mouths. He caught seventy-two big-mouths in a Minnesota lake one day, but says a half-dozen river small-mouths are worth the lot.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

New England Waters.

BOSTON, Sept. 6.—The big-game season is open at the Megantic Preserve. D. D. Davis, of New York, brought in the first deer, reaching the club house at 1:40 o'clock on the opening day, Sept. 1. A. B. Kellog, who got the first deer last year at the preserve, played Mr. Davis a good second. The camps are full of members and guests, all anxious to get a good share of the first shooting, and the late fishing as well; the particularly fortunate position of the preserve permitting both, being partly in Maine and partly in Canada. At the preserve are the following nimrods: William B. Lawrence and family, of Medford; A. W. Gleason, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Camp and D. D. Davis, of New York; John E. Crowley and W. R. Buckminster, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Gaston Sherer, Newton; Dr. and Mrs. T. J. Smith, Valley Falls, R. I.; Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Briggs, Pawtucket, R. I.; D. S. Draper, Wilton, N. H. Mr. L. O. Crane is back to Boston, but will soon go to the Upper Dam with Mrs. Crane for the late fall fishing. Mr. C. H. Tarbox, of Byfield, who is always interested in shooting affairs, says that quail are remarkably plently in his section of the State. He remarks that there are numerous flocks, which promise good shooting on the opening of the season, Oct. 1. Word has been sent to the game warden of that section to "look out" for such hunters as would be willing to shot every one of the birds before the opening day, if they dared. Some shore-bird shooting is being done along the Essex marshes and at Plum Island, but so far the bags have been small. Now the gunners are expecting the autumnal storms to set the birds flying.

Mr. Howard W. Brandenburg is getting to be the champion bass fisherman of those who go out from Boston for a day, for lack of time to go further. Labor Day he went up to Wayland again and caught 23 bass and 6 pickerel. There were a number of others fishing along the river, but they caught few or none. Mr. Frank H. Stuart has been up to New Hampshire fishing for landlocked salmon again, in some stream. He does not say what stream, nor where, but says that the small salmon are more lively than trout even, rising freely to the fly and taking almost any sort of bait. He remarks that somebody suggested that it is against the law to catch the small salmon where he fished. But he fished with one of the judges of the Supreme Court, and is willing to leave the question of legality to him. Mr. W. J. Follett is back from the Inglewood, with Mrs. Follett and his boys. He found rather poor trout and salmon fishing; even on the very locations where his son had had good sport only a few days before. Late in the day the trout would rise occasionally, but generally at ponds so far away from the club camps that the return had to be made with lanterns, over uncomfortable trails. One evening he got eight good trout, and at another time a dozen. None were very large.

At the Maine State Fair this week they showed several curiosities. Mr. J. T. Stanley, who has charge of the hatcheries at Lake Auburn, and Commissioner Henry O. Stanley were in attendance. The latter called attention to several albinos, or fish all white; "a freak of nature." Then came the hybrids, a cross between the salmon and the trout. These hybrids were represented in the tank by a large fish of five or six pounds' weight. Mr. Stanley says that they are found native only in Flood's Pond, in that State. The largest fish in the exhibit were a brown trout and a landlocked salmon, both of about 10 pounds' weight, and both raised at the Lake Auburn hatchery.

BOSTON, Sept. 8.—Some of the returning anglers have had good sport, although the late season, as a whole, has not been entirely satisfactory. Mr. Walter L. Hill, who has recently returned from the Pond-in-the-River, below the Middle Dam, Richardson Lake, speaks of good sport, although he was late and the weather rather warm. He was accompanied by his two boys and little girl. One day they started for B Pond, crossing from the Pond-in-the-River camp in a boat. They had been casting without much success, and Mr. Hill suggested to the boys that they let their flies drag on the surface. Quickly there was a splash, and the son exclaimed: "I've got a big one!" In an instant there was another strike and a second salmon went into the air, hooked to the same rigging. Then the two salmon commenced leaping and darting over and over each other, and out of water. Mr. Hill well knew that one or both must be lost, though cautioning the excited boy to do his best. Soon one salmon cleared himself, when the other was more easily handled and brought to the net. It was a handsome fish of over three pounds. Mr. Hill says that the other was the bigger fish, and that if one wants genuine angling sport, he has only to get two good-sized salmon on his rigging at once. Earlier in the season he had a peculiar experience with trout, when camped at Big Richardson Pond. Faithfully he cast over the best spot at the Inlet, but not a rise. He kept at it nearly all the forenoon, trying all sorts of flies. His guide ws discouraged, and Mr. Hill suggested that he go ashore and prepare dinner. This was done, but Mr. Hill was not to be beaten too easily, and went back to the same spot to try while the dinner was under preparation. Almost the first cast he made a handsome trout took the fly with a vigorous leap out of water. He was soon brought to the net, and weighed about 2½ pounds. Casting was resumed, and quickly there was another rise, and soon another fine trout was landed and killed. "All we could eat," Mr. Hill remarks. He is an angler with the fly only, and never kills any fish not wanted for food immediately. But the fishing was too good to be abandoned just then, although the guide was calling him to dinner. He made a few more casts, when there was another splash, with a big trout hooked. This one it took more time to conquer, and when brought to the net it weighed plump four pounds. But this noble fish was not to be killed; only shown to the guide. The net was tied around it, put over the side of the boat, and the angler started to show his guide what he had done, while that functionary was getting dinner. The guide came down to the boat: "Wall, you've done well!"—seeing the two dead trout in the boat. "But," said Mr. Hill, as he held up the big trout struggling in the net, "you hoodooed me completely. I cannot catch trout with you in the boat." The guide took this good-naturedly, and the big trout was allowed to depart, for some other fellow to catch. They had fried trout for dinner.

There are stories of great bass fishing at Belgrade Lake. New York sportsmen seem to be most in evidence there. Frederic D. Moore, Dr. Fellows Davis, Jr., and Girard Thompson make up one of the most successful parties; the smallest number of bass they have taken in one day being 58. On Thursday the party caught 88, the largest weighing 3½ pounds. Of course, most of these fish are returned to the water.

Fly-fishing has changed for the better at the Rangeleys and Moosehead. R. N. Parish, the champion angler of the Pool at the Upper Dam, is back there again, for the late September fishing. Since his arrival this time he has landed salmon up to 5 pounds. At Haines Landing, A. J. Wormelsdorf, of Philadelphia, made a good catch the other day, including 15 trout and salmon, running from 1½ to 3 pounds weight. All were taken on the fly. G. P. Luper, of New York, has also taken a salmon of 3 pounds on the fly.

SPECIAL.

Three Twists of the Wrist.

COOL water can be carried all day and plenty of it in a can two feet long and five inches wide clipped to the middle reach of a wagon, where it is out of the way. Inclosed in a leg of old trousers, with a case made of wooden slats put in a spigot, wet the woolen and drive on. Always cool and out of the way.

The gun falls down in the wagon and rolls all over the boat. Make a socket like a heel pad used to lengthen stocks out. Make it of stiff leather; rivet thongs on it on the bottom or tie side fast. Presto! you never mar the stock and the gun stays right where you put it, and you can slip it out in a flash if the socket is made right.

Put a Dietz carriage lamp on spur dashboard, boat or camp. Result, a big light that will not blow out that burns common oil. No globes to break or chimney to clean; a light you can see as far as an engine headlight. These things are all most mighty good and handy, and cost little.

PINK EDGE.

Otters and Carp.

KISSIMMEE, Fla., Sept. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your issue of this week has an article on "Carp in the Susquehanna," Mr. England asking for a remedy. It might be of interest to him to know that others would readily find a good use for those same carp.

In fact, in looking for a food supply for otter farming, I selected the scale and leather carp, and had the United States Fish Commission to send a supply of both kind, which were placed in two lakes.

The otters, of course, do their own fishing, and are content with eating the choice parts where the supply of food is abundant.

J. M. WILLSON, JR.

Her Biggest Catch.

The Mutual Friend (to athletic woman)—Now, Mrs. Stebbins, what was the largest fish you ever caught?

Mrs. Stebbins—It weighed 140 pounds, but I don't remember its name.

Mr. Stebbins (feelingly)—I do; it was John Stebbins.—Colorado Springs Gazette.

Points and Flushes.

Mr. Geo. Raper, of All-England, arrived in New York on Thursday of last week, his object being to judge at the Toronto bench show. He contemplates a return to the United States later to judge at the Ladies' Kennel Association show, Madison Square Garden, in October.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1902.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also changes which may be made in the future.

SEPTEMBER.

11. New York, autumn regatta, New York, Lower Bay.
13. Knickerbocker, ladies' day race, College Point, L. I. Sound.
13. Kennebec, club, Bath, Maine.
13. Beverly, seventh Corinthian, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
13 Atlantic, fall regatta, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
13. Larchmont, club, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
20. Manhasset, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
20. Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
—. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
27. Riverside, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Riverside, L. I. Sound.
27. Manhasset Bay, club raceabouts, Port Washington, L. I. Sound.

For Cruising Yachtsmen.

WITH the purpose of stimulating the interest in cruising, and the keeping of a detailed log by cruising yachtsmen during the season of 1902, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer prizes for the best stories of cruises submitted to be published in FOREST AND STREAM. It is believed that these will form not only entertaining records of pleasant summer days spent afloat along our coasts and waterways, but will furnish information of practical value to other yachtsmen making subsequent cruises on the same waters.

Prizes will be awarded to the three best stories as follows:

First prize, $50.00.
Second prize, $30.00.
Third prize, $20.00.

Contributions are invited under the following conditions:

1. The cruise must be made in waters of the United States or Canada in the season of 1902.

2. The cruise must be made in a sailing yacht, power to be used only as an auxiliary, if at all.

3. The story must be prefaced by a description of the boat. Cruises should be treated in as interesting and readable a way as possible, but should be practical and contain all possible information and data that would be of value to men going over the same route. A description of the handling of the ship in all weathers will be regarded very favorably in making awards, and it is suggested to writers that an accurate account be kept of all incidents happening while under way.

4. An outline chart suitable for reproduction, showing the course taken, must accompany each article. When possible, articles should be accompanied by amateur photographs taken on the cruise, including one of the boat. Good photographs will be considered in making the awards.

5. The story should contain about seven thousand words, written on one side of the paper only, and must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York city, on or before Nov. 15, 1902.

Mr. T. C. Zerega has very kindly consented to act as judge and to make the awards.

The Lawson History of the America's Cup.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It may be remarked at once that this book is one of the most important contributions to yachting literature ever published; a book, in fact, that no one interested in yachting matters can afford to leave unread. Whether one agrees with Mr. Lawson's many statements and opinions or not, the fact remains: that Mr. Winfield M. Thomson has presented the best history of the America's cup that has appeared.

The book is 12 x 8 x 2½ inches. The text, paper, illustrations and binding are an excellent example of the book-maker's art; indeed, no work on yachting has ever been seen in a form so beautiful and luxurious. The index, also, which obviously, has been prepared with care, is unusually complete.

For review purposes the book may be divided into three parts: the first part, relating to the yacht America; the second, to the various matches sailed for the Cup between the years 1870-1901; and the third, which Mr. Lawson terms "Independence episode," embracing his differences with the New York Y. C. in the defense of the America's Cup.

Admirable is the first part, giving as it does a clear connected narrative of the building, the equipment and the voyage of the America across the Atlantic; her exploits in England while under American and British ownership; also her subsequent career. All this part is of great value to everyone that is interested in the subject, as a large number of letters, extracts from a journal kept by James R. Steers, quotations from newspapers—published contemporaneously with the events they record—also some excellent illustrations—reproduced from pictures executed at that period—are therein given. Evidently the finished product is the result of much literary skill and laborious research, and the wise method of the author in quoting ad libitum precludes errors, so that very few occur throughout the book.

The author, however, states that the America was the first yacht to cross the Atlantic Ocean in either direction; this is, of course, a mistake, as a number of yachts crossed and recrossed the Atlantic long before the America was built. It is also stated that the Pearl, owned by the Marquis of Anglesey, was the first vessel to have the distinctive cutter rig. At the date of the building of the Pearl—1820—there were—and had been for many years—a large number of cutters rigged exactly like the Pearl; yachts, revenue cutters, pilot cutters, cutters attached to the Royal Navy, privateers and smugglers. The first cutter that was owned in England, of which any record can be traced, was captured from the French during the eighteenth century, so that the cutter rig did not, as has been generally supposed, originate in England.

Among the slight omissions that occur, the author—while drawing attention to the really remarkable coincidence between Friday and the 13th day of the month, in connection with the America's Cup—does not mention that the first news received in the United States—though erroneous—as to the result of the race at Cowes, was brought by the Cunard S. S. America, which arrived from Liverpool at Halifax; the said news, as perhaps a few yachtsmen may remember, was telegraphed to Boston that the America, though coming in first, had been disqualified for not sailing the proper course.

Nor is mention made of a service of plate, commemorating the America's victory at Cowes, which was presented to George Steers by the leading shipowners, shipbuilders and merchants of New York at a banquet given to him at the Metropolitan Hall, and attended by four hundred citizens. The author, however, properly awards Mr. Steers full credit for the design and actual building of the America. Throughout he is just and impartial, and the errors and omissions that occur are so slight it would seem almost ungracious to mention them.

The reproductions, in the main, are excellent, though, in the first part some of the originals have not the same excellence as the text, and have not been selected with equal care and skill.

In the illustration representing Queen Victoria's visit to the America, giving a view of the America's quarter-deck, stern on, with figures grouped near the after companionway, a massive steering wheel appears prominently in the foreground; this, of course, the America did not have nor require, as she was a vessel of normal type, and was so beautifully designed and balanced that a boy might have handled her slender tiller; and it was only when she was overdosed with lead, spars and canvas—ruined, indeed—that a steering wheel became necessary. Hence, it may be inferred that this drawing from which the illustration was made was of recent date.

The portrait of the America also appears modern, and is by no means the best; whereas the portraits by Dutton, Brierly, Robins and Gregory, which are far superior, should have been chosen from. Then the one selected would have had the additional merit of having been executed when the America was in the zenith of her renown.

The same may be said of the portrait of the Maria; the picture of her painted by Butterworth under the personal supervision of Commodore Stevens, being far better; also the one painted by Robins being much better than the one reproduced.

The lines of the America, taken from Marret's Yachts and Yacht Building, leave much to be desired, as they are lacking in the grace, unity and beauty that were especially peculiar to her, and were inherent also in a very high degree in every vessel designd by George Steers; they are not so accurate as those that appeared in the Nautical Magazine, or Griffith's Naval Architecture, and do not compare with her lines, which were taken off by a French naval architect when the America was dry-docked at Havre previously to her arrival at Cowes; on the other hand, it is only fair to remark that the portraits of George Steers, Commodore Stevens, the Royal Yacht Victoria and Albert, Brilliant, Pearl and the America in a gale are from well-known and excellent originals.

In the second part of the book the author takes his readers skillfully over some thirty years of America's cup-racing and other matters of kindred interest. Many pleasant and exciting scenes are herein so vividly portrayed that yachtsmen still living may, in these pages, revisit them with something of the old keen feeling of delight; while to the younger generation of yachting men they cannot prove other than an inspiration.

Naturally, this part of the book has not required the extended research that is devoted to the first part; nor from the nature of the subject will most readers consider it so interesting, notwithstanding all the facts relating to the contests for the America's cup are clearly and accurately recorded, and in an interesting and impartial manner, making it by far the best record of this era of yachting history that has been published. It also must prove, as time goes on, a valuable source of reference.

Had the book closed here, Mr. Lawson would certainly have deserved, and no doubt would have received, the gratitude of yachtsmen generally for this splendid history of the America's cup—of greater and more enduring value to yachting than the building of an expensive and comparatively worthless cup defender.

Unfortunately, Mr. Lawson has permitted himself to be lured into that most delusive of snares: airing personal grievances in print. At the same time, Mr. Lawson's grievance against the New York Yacht Club cannot and should not be ignored. For he is justly entitled to be met fairly and squarely upon his own ground, without malice and without evasion.

In the opening lines of the Introduction, Mr. Lawson makes this statement:

"The America's Cup—won at Cowes from an English fleet, Aug. 22, 1851, by the schooner America, presented as an international challenge trophy to the American people in 1857." etc.

Here, then, in a few words, is the whole issue: if this cup was presented as an international challenge trophy to the American people in 1857, as Mr. Lawson asserts, then he is clearly right in his contention that his yacht or any other yacht or vessel, owned and built in the United States, has a right to defend it.

The only source from which reliable information upon this question can be obtained, is the original Deed of Gift, executed in 1857. A document drawn by gentlemen, for gentlemen, and while, like most deeds, perhaps somewhat ambiguous when subjected to legal scrutiny, is sufficiently clear to all yachtsmen who wish to understand its true meaning.

This cup, as is generally known, was conveyed to the keeping of the New York Yacht Club as its first trustee, and, according to the Deed of Gift, under the following conditions, so far as presentation is concerned:

"It is to be distinctly understood that the cup is to be the property of the club, and not of the owner thereof, or owners of the vessel winning it in a match; and that the condition of keeping it open to be sailed for by yacht clubs of all foreign countries upon the terms above laid down, shall forever attach to it, thus making it a perpetual challenge cup for friendly competition between foreign countries."

There is no allusion to the American people in this document, and it is perfectly clear that this cup was presented as a challenge cup to the yacht clubs of the world, temporarily the property of the club winning it and holding it in trust.

It is proper, therefore, that this question of ownership should be clearly understood, because, of late, the American people have been led to believe—mainly through a sentimental fraction of the press—that they are really the owners of this cup, and are in some manner being defrauded of their rights by the New York Yacht Club.

It appears that Mr. Lawson, when in doubt about his right as a non-member of the New York Yacht Club to sail in its trial race the yacht that he proposed to build, applied for information to General Paine, of Boston—not to the New York Yacht Club. Mr. Lawson states:

"I sent for Mr. A. G. McVey, the veteran yachting editor of the Boston Herald and a recognized authority in Europe and America on all things pertaining to yachting, laid before him the exact status of the affair as described, and asked him to procure from General Paine the desired opinion.

"On the following day, Dec. 6, Mr. McVey made this report to me:

"I called on General Paine, and after talking over the situation fully, and after I had explained the existing conditions, I asked this question: 'Has the owner of a yacht which is not enrolled in the New York Yacht Club a right to start in the trial races?' General Paine answered: 'The owner of any yacht built with the idea of possibly defending the cup has a right to start in the trial races, and, for that matter, she need not be a yacht either, if she is constructed in this country. Any Gloucester or Rockport stone sloop can start in the trial races provided she is within the water-line length agreed upon between the clubs. No, the New York Yacht Club will not debar Mr. Lawson's yacht.'"

How could General Paine possibly know this? He held no official position in the New York Yacht Club; had no authority to speak for the club; and had no better means of knowing what the constituted authority of the club would or would not do with regard to a question that had never come up before, than had any other member. Clearly Mr. Lawson was ill-advised in asking for this opinion, and General Paine was unwise in giving it.

With the proper exercise of but a small portion of the natural intelligence that Mr. Lawson undoubtedly possesses, all this unpleasantness might have been avoided. Obviously, his proper course, when in doubt as to his position, was to have communicated directly with the secretary of the New York Yacht Club, from whom he would doubtless have received a prompt, official and courteous reply.

With regard to the right of the New York Yacht Club to select a yacht or vessel owned outside of the club to defend the America's cup, it is obvious that the club possesses no such right. This cup, as has been shown, is necessarily—and has always been—held subject to contest between yacht clubs; and not, as so many appear to imagine, between nations or individuals. This being so, it follows that a challenging club might justly decline to sail against a yacht or vessel not owned in the club holding and defending the cup.

What would be thought of Harvard or Yale if either did such an unheard of thing as to bring oarsmen from another university to help them win a boat race on the Thames? The same applies to any base ball, cricket, polo, or chess club. Yet, singular as it may appear, Mr. Lawson's whole alleged grievance is based upon the fact that the New York Yacht Club declined to permit this violation of the ethics of sport.

After a careful perusal of all that Mr. Lawson has to say, it is impossible to discover that he has any valid grievance against the action of the New York Yacht Club or any of its officers.

ARTHUR H. CLARK.

CUTTER MINERVA, N. Y. Y. C., Sandy Hook, Sept. 4.

Corinthian Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

Saturday, Sept. 6.

A CLUB race of the Corinthian Y. C. was sailed off Marblehead Saturday, Sept. 6, in a strong southeast breeze. Calypso got the start in the 25-footers, but Seboomook passed her on the windward leg. On the reach Calypso took back her lead and held it to the finish. In the 21-footers Little Haste pulled away from the bunch soon after the start and won by a large margin. Darthea won in the raceabouts, Runaway Girl being disabled. Scapegoat won in the handicap knockabouts and Rattler in the 18ft. knockabouts. The summary:

	Elapsed.
25-Footers.	
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton	1 36 54
Seboomook, B. A. Smith	1 39 07
21-Footers.	
Little Haste, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	1 38 44
Pilot, R. Boardman	1 46 51
Porcupine, C. H. W. Foster	1 47 28
Tabasco III., H. H. Wiggin	1 49 14
Thelema, L. Davis	Disabled
Raceabouts.	
Darthea, E. B. Lambert	1 48 05
Runaway Girl, H. Tweed	Disabled
Class B.	
Scapegoat, C. Foster	1 36 44
Retriever, H. Benson	1 43 55
18ft. Knockabouts.	
Rattler, A. D. Irving	1 35 02
Savage, J. Lawrence	1 35 28

Wollaston Y. C.

QUINCY, MASS.

Saturday, Sept. 6.

THE second race of the Wollaston Y. C. for the Chase cup was sailed in Quincy Bay on Saturday, Sept. 6, in a strong northeast breeze and was won by Neptune. The summary:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Neptune, A. E. Linnell	1 22 00	1 00 32
Shella, Capt. Hewitson	1 38 00	1 18 07
West Wind, Wm. Chase	2 05 00	1 34 08

Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay.

Saturday, Sept. 6.

The eighth regatta of the Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay was held on the afternoon of Saturday, Sept. 6, under the auspices of the New York C. C. Twenty-three craft started and finished the contest. The winners in the different classes were Sunol, Cockatoo, Trouble and Flying Fox. Caribou scored a sail over. The Regatta Committee of the New York C. C. placed Opossum in special class Q for open boats and she was also credited with a sail over. The owner of this boat protested the action of the committee, and the matter is now in the hands of the Association for final decision.

Rascal led Martha M. by 22s. at the finish in the class for catboats. The owner of the latter claims time allowance and until this is figured out the winner can not be definitely announced. Until the matter is settled, however, the order of finishing is considered in figuring the standing.

The race was the last for points on the series prizes of the year, and the winners of first honors in the different classes are as follows:

Special, Class M—Sunol, John Abbey, Brooklyn Y. C.

Sloops, Class N—Vivian, S. E. Vernon, Atlantic Y. C.

Special, Class N—Caribou, J. E. Nicholson, Brooklyn Y. C.

Sloops, Class P—Cockatoo, Hendon Chubb, Atlantic Y. C.

Sloops, Class Q—Trouble, W. H. Childs, Marine and Field Club.

Marine and Field Class—Kelpie, W. K. Brown.

Catboats, Class V—Martha M., Richard Moore, Brooklyn Y. C.

Song and Dance, E. F. Luckenbach; Stinger, A. P. Clapp, and Rascal, D. G. Whitlock, carried off second glory in their respective classes. In sloop class Q second prize lies between Bronco and Opossum. It can not be awarded until the Association disposes of the two cases in which Opossum was put into a class for open boats.

The wind was blowing south southeast when the boats were sent awy. It was just strong enough for full sail and to force them over the courses in the fastest time of the year. Cockatoo, which led the fleet at the finish, did the distance of from seven to eight miles in 1h. 10m. 10s. elapsed time. The little Hereshoff creation, Opossum, was second on elapsed time, covering the course in 1h. 13m. 40s.

The first dead heat recorded in the Association since its formation in 1901, happened in the Marine and Field class when Stinger and Kelpie crossed the finish line exactly abreast.

The preparatory signal was hoisted at 3 o'clock and the different classes were sent away on three-minute intervals. The usual Association courses were sailed, classes M and N going out to West Bank Light, and others covering a quadrangle, with marks at Marine and Field Club, Fort Hamilton, Atlantic Y. C. and the start off New York C. C. The large craft going outside had a reach both ways. The smaller boats, sailing the reverse course, taking the marks in the order above stated, had a spinnaker run, a reach, windward work and a reach home.

The starts were all fairly good, and in no class was there much advantage gained. Bonito, Sunol and Caribou were the only craft journeying out to West Bank Light. The start for the inside course was made with spinnakers set to port and the first two legs served a surprise in the way the class P boat Elsie headed the fleet. She was originally a catboat in class Q, and changes made this year have been of great benefit.

Elsie led around the Fort Hamilton mark, with Cockatoo second. Soon after the two got on the wind for the beat to the Atlantic Y. C. stakeboat. Cockatoo showed her Herreshoff extraction by passing Elsie and from then on making a runaway race of it. She gradually increased her lead and at the end of the second round, the finish of the contest, led her old rival, Song and Dance, by 5m. 35s. This left he standing of points for the year, Cockatoo, 66; Song and Dance, 60. Elsie finished third.

Trouble headed class Q during the first round of the contest, and was third boat of the fleet on elapsed time at the finish of the struggle. During the second round of the race Opossum slipped over the water with amazing speed, and was the fourth boat of the fleet to end the journey. At the finish Trouble and Bronco had a hair-raising tussle for first honors in regular class Q, the former crossing the line only 7s. to the good.

The Marine and Field boat, Flying Fox, recently sold to F. B. Anderson, was well handled, and won out in the class. She was leading boat during the greater part of the contest. Just before the finish Kelpie and Stinger entered a luffing match which took them way off the course. This allowed Jig-a-Jig to slip in third boat.

Kelpie was to windward when the aforesaid craft commenced to luff. They squared away for the finish and crossed the line in a perfect dead heat. Quinque was second boat in the class. The six points for fourth and fifth positions were equally divided between Kelpie and Stinger.

Flying Fox won a leg on the Dauchy cup, for which the Marine and Field boats were contesting. Kelpie captured similar honors in the Association race of Aug. 23. As the two are now tied a match to decide the ownership of the trophy will be held soon.

Rascal led Martha M. by 22s. in the class for catboats. The larger craft going out to West Bank Light were stopped after the end of the first round. This was deemed advisable by the Regatta Committee because of a failing wind. Sunol led Bonito by 3m. 40s. Caribou had no opponent. The yawl Kate, belonging to J. S. Negus, of the Atlantic Y. C., made her first start in an Association regatta.

The next and closing race of the year will be held on the afternoon of Sept. 20, off the Atlantic Y. C. This contest is under the auspices of the Association itself for special prizes as follows: Classes K, L, M, $30; class N, $20; class P, $20; class Q, $15; class R and smaller, $15. Second prizes, two-thirds value of first prizes.

It will bring to a close a season of racing which will compare favorably with any ever held in Eastern waters under similar conditions. Points appended to the following summaries are liable to slight changes when the case of Opossum is decided, and a few other claims acted upon. The list of winners, however, will not be affected. Summaries:

Special—Class M—Start, 3:03.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sunol, John Abbey	4 18 36	1 15 36
Bonito, Haviland Bros.	4 22 16	1 19 16

Special—Class N—Start, 3:06.

Caribou, J. E. Nicholson	4 33 25	1 27 25

Sloops—Class P—Start, 3:09.

Cockatoo, Hendon Chubb	4 19 10	1 10 10
Song and Dance, E. F. Luckenbach	4 24 45	1 15 45
Elsie, C. P. Rosemon	4 25 12	1 16 12
Streak, Speidel Bros.	4 26 10	1 17 10
Karma, J. C. Erskine	4 27 18	1 18 18
Corona, J. E. Beggs	4 29 35	1 20 35
Kate, J. C. Negus (Yawl)	4 39 22	1 21 22

Sloops—Class Q—Start, 3:12.

Trouble, W. H. Childs	4 26 25	1 14 25
Bronco, F. C. Moore	4 26 32	1 14 32
Flying Fish, I. M. Dean	4 30 14	1 18 14
Wraith, Calvin Tomkins	4 31 00	1 19 00

Special—Class Q—Start, 3:12.

Opossum, R. P. Doremus	4 25 40	1 13 40

Marine and Field Class—Start, 3:18.

Flying Fox, F. B. Anderson	4 37 50	1 19 50
Quinque, L. H. Smith	4 40 55	1 22 55
Jig-a-Jig, W. A. Hutcheson	4 41 50	1 23 50
Kelpie, W. K. Brown	4 42 10	1 24 10
Stinger, A. P. Clapp	4 42 10	1 24 10

Catboats—Class V—Start, 3:24.

Rascal, D. G. Whitlock	4 44 00	1 20 00
Martha M., Richard Moore	4 44 22	1 20 22
Boozie, C. D. Durkee	4 45 45	1 21 45

Points for 1902 Y. R. A. G. B. Series—Mariquita, 5; Sunol, 64; Bonito, 54; Kangaroo, 12; Vivian, 35; Gwendolen, 16; Caribou, 60; Squaw, 24; Indian, 6; Cockatoo, 66; Song and Dance, 60; Streak, 28; Karma, 22; Corona, 21; Kate, 1; Trouble, 56 Bronco, 48; Opossum, 37; Wraith, 36; Flying Fish, 16; Wink, 13; Spots, 2; Elsie (class P), 14, (class Q), 1; Pickaninny, 5; Kelpie, 61; Stinger, 49; Quinque, 40; Flying Fox, 34; Jig-a-Jig, 18; Vixen, 10; Martha M., 58; Rascal, 54; Boozie, 38.

Atlantic Y. C.

Monday, Sept. 1.

The special races arranged by the Atlantic Y. C. for Labor Day proved to be the best that have been sailed under the auspices of this organization for a long time. The stellar attraction was the ocean contest to Fire Island Lightship and return, for a beautiful trophy offered by Com. Robert E. Tod. This struggle was eventually won by Endymion, Geo. Lauder's record-holding schooner.

Events which excited the greatest amount of local interest, however, were those arranged for classes P and Q and the Marine and Field one-design boats. Hendon Chubb, owner of the class P craft Cockatoo, offered two prizes for the respective winners of an outside race for P and Q divisions. These trophies were supplemented by the Atlantic Y. C., a second and third being given by the organization in class P, and a second in class Q. A substantial prize was also offered the boat taking first honors in the Marine and Field class.

The Seawanhaka knockabout, Karma, belonging to J. C. Erskine, of the New York C. C., ably handled, won in class P, and Spots, owned by D. D. Allerton, also of the New York C. C., carried off the honors in class Q. Kelpie, W. K. Brown, owner, finished first in the one-design class.

It was definitely decided late the night before Labor Day not to start the ocean race until afternoon, so the feature of the holiday morning was the beginning of the struggle among the smaller boats. The three classes represented in the contest were the divisions which have filled best and furnished the most spirited contests of the year in the races held under the auspices of the Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay. All were eager for a taste of racing outside, and all of the star craft, excepting Trouble, which was competing down the Sound, started the contest.

The course selected was one to try out the seaworthy qualities of the contestants. It was about twenty-five miles in extent. The yachts first went to West Bank Light, thence to Southwest Spit and from there to the bell buoy off the point of Sandy Hook. Rounding this mark the journey led homeward to Roamer Shoal Beacon, and from there down shore to a buoy off Rockaway Inlet. Another leg back to the finish off Sea Gate completed the course.

The weather for the race was perfect. Conditions of sea and wind, which might have been decidedly disagreeable for boats of so small type, were propitious, and performances of the contestants were unusually good. The Marine and Field boats were sent away at 10:20. Five minutes later class Q followed and the same interval elapsed before the 25-footers got away.

The wind was blowing from the southwest when the race began. This made windward work out to Southwest Spit, and a reach, with ballooners set, to the buoy off the point of the Hook. Another reach brought the boats to Roamer Shoal Beacon. From there a good spinnaker run was in order to Rockaway Inlet mark, with windward work and a short reach to the finish.

The win of Karma in class P was a popular one and the healthy, sportsmanlike action of the losers in cheering her as they learned of the victory, is one that will linger long in the minds of Corinthians who witnessed it.

The victory, too, was well earned. With a good crew aboard, from start to finish everything worked well with Karma. Sails were set quickly, local tides and changes of winds were ably considered. With the newcomer, Vagabond, which was sailing her second race in local waters, Karma led the fleet at the finish only 32s. in the lead. Song and Dance was third.

In class Q Spots, owned by D. D. Allerton, sailed a wonderfully good race. During the first part of the struggle she was well up with class P, and was fifth of the fleet to end the struggle. She led her nearest class competitor, Wink, by 5m. 58s.

Instead of going the full course, the Marine and Field boats were sent in after rounding Roamer Beacon, making their journey approximately seventeen and a quarter miles. The struggle among these craft was keen, with Flying Fox and Kelpie, the final winner, see-sawing for the lead. By more successfully solving the ebb tide off Sea Gate, just before the finish, Kelpie was able to win out by 10s. from Flying Fox.

Fifteen boats started and finished the special races for the small boats, and all are enthusiastically awaiting the next contest over an outside course. Karma did the distance of upwards of twenty-five miles in 4h. 29m. 40s. The summaries follow:

Sloops—Class P.—Start, 10:30.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Karma, J. C. Erskine	2 59 40	4 29 40
Vagabond, T. A. Vernon	3 00 12	4 30 12
Song and Dance, E. F. Luckenbach	3 01 14	4 31 14
Corona, J. E. Beggs	3 02 18	4 32 18
Cockatoo, Hendon Chubb	3 14 52	4 44 52
Streak, Speidel Brothers	3 22 28	4 52 28
Kate, J. S. Negus (Yawl)	Wrong course.	

Sloops—Class Q.—Start, 10:25.

Spots, D. D. Allerton	3 10 22	4 45 22
Wraith, Calvin Tomkins	3 16 20	4 51 20
Wink, W. A. Barstow	3 20 16	4 55 16
Bronco, F. C. Moore	3 24 11	4 59 11

Marine and Field Class—Start, 10:20.

Kelpie, W. K. Brown	2 12 12	3 52 12
Flying Fox, F. D. Anderson	2 12 20	3 52 20
Singer, A. P. Clapp	2 13 10	3 53 10
Quinque, L. H. Smith	2 17 40	3 57 40

Sloops, Class P—Karma beat Vagabond 32s.; Song and Dance 1m. 34s; Corona, 5m. 12s.; Streak, 22m. 48s.

Sloops, Class Q—Spots beat Wraith 5m. 58s.; Wink, 9m. 54s.; Bronco, 13m. 49s.

Marine and Field Class—Kelpie beat Flying Fox 10s.; Stinger, 58s.; Quinque, 5m. 28s.

The Ocean Race.

The ninety-mile struggle to Fire Island and return was started at 3:05 P. M. Five schooners came to the line, including Endymion, Ariadne (auxiliary), Varuna, Thistle and the Philadelphia boat, Crusader. The wind was blowing southwest at the start, and the big double-stickers went over the line in the following order on the starboard tack: Endymion, 3:07:00; Varuna, 3:07:25; Thistle, 3:08:45; Ariadne, 3:09:20; Crusader, 3:09:22.

Endymion was never headed. The wind shifted shortly after the start and this gave the boats a reach both ways, making fast time possible. By previous agreement Thistle and Ariadne allowed Endymion 15m.; Varuna and Crusader were to get 1h. 7m. each.

Ariadne was 12m. behind Endymion at the finish, and on corrected time was beaten 27m. by the holder of the ocean record from Sandy Hook to the Needles. The third yacht to end the long journey was the flagship Thistle. She was 1h. 38m. behind Ariadne, and 1h. 6m. ahead of Varuna. On time allowance the latter won by 1m. Crusader did not finish.

After leaving the start at Sea Gate the yachts had to go to the starboard of Roamer Shoal and the same mark was left to port on returning. Endymion finished the race at 11:38 P. M. of the day she started, having covered the ninety miles in 3h. 33m., an average of 12.24 miles an hour. When half way to Fire Island Lightship the schooners were in the same order as at the finish. The summaries follow:

Race to Fire Island—Start, 3:05.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Endymion, G. W. Lauder	11 38 00	8 33 00	8 18 00
Ariadne, H. W. Putnam, Jr.	11 50 00	8 45 00	8 45 00
Varuna, F. T. Ames	2 22 00	11 17 00	10 10 00
Thistle, Robert E. Tod	1 16 00	10 11 00	10 11 00
Crusader, R. J. and W. Koons	Did not finish.		

Eastern Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

Friday, Sept. 5.

The first of a series of three special open races of the Eastern Y. C. was sailed off Marblehead Friday, Sept. 5, in a rattling northwest breeze, in which all hands, except the 21-footer Porcupine, reefed. Sally VI. got the start in the 25-footers, but Calypso soon went ahead and was never caught afterward. In the 21-footers Little Haste went into the lead soon after the start and kept it all over the course, Porcupine putting up a good battle and finishing an easy second. The other boats in the class sailed the wrong course. In the 18ft. knockabouts Rattler and Janet sailed a hot race for first place. Rattler winning by less than a minute. The summary:

Class D.

	Elapsed.
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton	1 34 17
Seboomook, B. A. Smith	1 36 56
Sally VI., L. F. Percival	1 37 29
Chewink II., F. G. Macomber	1 43 45

Class S.

Little Haste, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	0 59 49
Porcupine, C. H. W. Foster	1 00 59
Rooster II., C. F. Adams	1 45 07
Chloris, Cheney & Laning	1 46 02
Tabasco III., H. H. Wiggin	1 47 41
Pilot, R. Boardman	1 51 00

Class I.

Rattler, A. D. Irving	1 10 51
Janet, B. B. Crowninshield	1 11 49
Scrapper, Caleb Loring	1 11 39
Savage, J. A. Lawrence	1 15 31

Saturday, Sept. 6.

The second of the Eastern Y. C. series was sailed off Marblehead on Saturday, Sept. 6, in a moderate southeast breeze. The 25-footers were bunched at the start, but Sally VI. soon pulled out a lead. On the windward leg, while leading, her throat halyards parted and she was obliged to withdraw, and Seboomook led to the finish. There was another bunch at the start of the 21-footers, and they had it hot all the way to the weather mark. Little Haste managed to get out ahead there, and then she had no trouble in leading to the finish. In the 18ft. knockabouts Savage and Rattler sailed a close race, Savage pulled out a lead of about 20s. at the weather mark, which she held to the finish. The summary:

25-Footers.

	Elapsed.
Seboomook, B. A. Smith	2 43 23
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton	2 48 45
Sally VI., L. F. Percival	Disabled

21-Footers.

Little Haste, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	2 04 51
Porcupine, C. H. W. Foster	2 10 03
Rooster II., C. F. Adams, 2d	2 10 27
Pilot, R. Boardman	2 12 27
Tabasco III., H. H. Wiggin	2 15 37
Thelema, L. Davis	2 17 16
Opitsah IV., S. H. Foster	Withdrew

18-Footers.

Savage, J. S. Lawrence	2 29 30
Rattler, A. D. Loring	2 29 56
Janet, B. B. Crowninshield	2 33 44

Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Thursday, Sept. 4.

Twenty-four boats started in the race held at Oyster Bay by the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. on Thursday. The largest boat to turn up was Empress of the 36ft. class. She had no competitor, and took a sailover. The wind was fresh from the west southwest, which made the first leg of the course a reach with booms to port, the second leg was also a reach and the third a beat.

Three of the American Y. C. one-design 21-footers sailed in the raceabout class, and one of these boats, Jolly Tar, won out. In the American Y. C. one-design 21ft. class there were four starters. Ping Pong withdrew, but the other three boats covered the course, and Howdy won out.

Two of the Larchmont 21-footers started, Dorothy and Houri. The former parted her throat halliards and withdrew. Houri sailed over the course alone.

In the Seawanhaka knockabout class four boats started and Gowan won by 1m. 48s. Lucille was only four seconds behind Bobs, the second boat.

Knave won again in the New Rochelle one-design class by 9m. 7s. Deuce finished second. Lambkin had no competitor in the Manhasset Bay one-design class and took a sailover. A thunder squall made matters rather wet and uncomfortable just as the boats were finishing. The summary follows:

Sloops—Class N—30 to 36ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:25.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Empress, J. M. Heckscher	3 04 29	2 39 29

Raceabouts—Start, 12:35.

Rascal, S. C. Hopkins	3 02 05	2 27 05
Snapper, A. B. Alley	3 08 38	2 33 38
Mavis, G. L. Pirie	3 00 21	2 25 21
Scamp, A. H. Pirie	3 07 37	2 32 37
Sis, F. T. Bedford, Jr.	3 02 23	2 27 23
Jolly Tar, S. Howland	2 59 30	2 24 30
Hobo, T. L. Park	3 02 38	2 27 38

American Yacht Club—21ft. Class—Start, 12:35.

Ping Pong, W. H. Browning	Withdrew.	
Howdy, S. Wainwright	3 00 53	2 25 53
The Kid, O. Harriman, Jr.	3 04 06	2 29 06
Cricket, H. Willetts	3 02 45	2 27 45

Larchmont—21ft. Class—Start, 12:40.

Dorothy, L. G. Spence	Withdrew.	
Houri, J. H. Esser	3 10 45	2 30 45

Seawanhaka Knockabouts—Start, 12:40.

Lucille, H. H. Landon	3 10 54	2 30 54
Bobs, W. A. W. Stewart	3 10 50	2 30 50
Wyntje, Colgate Hoyt, Jr.	3 11 07	2 31 07
Gowan, F. G. Stewart	3 09 02	2 29 02

Manhasset Yacht Club—One-Design Class—Start, 12:45.

Lambkin, S. W. Roach	2 40 45	1 55 45

New Rochelle One-Design Class—Start, 12:45.

Knave, R. N. Bavier	2 32 00	1 47 00
Deuce, L. D. Huntington, Jr.	2 41 07	1 56 07
Ace, W. N. Bavier, Jr.	2 41 43	1 56 43
Alga, Alfred Mestre	2 49 03	2 04 03
Caper, P. L. Howard	2 50 00	2 05 00

The winners were Empress (sailover), Jolly Tar, Howdy, Gowan, Lambkin (sailover), and Knave.

Friday, Sept. 5.

A good list of entries marked the second day's racing at Oyster Bay. During the race the wind veered from northwest to northeast, and it was most unsatisfactory racing.

At the start there was a bad mixup up but no serious damage resulted. All the boats with the exception of Mimosa were going to start on the port tack. Mimosa, however, came driving down the length of the line on the starboard tack with a lot of headway on. Alerion luffed up and just got clear, and Mimosa went afoul of Houri, the latter boat being disqualified for not getting out of the way. Mimosa lost considerably on the start, but she soon worked into first place and won handily.

Jolly Tar, the American Y. C. one-design 21-footer, won out again in the raceabout class.

Howdy won out in the regular 21ft. one-design class of the American Y. C. Gowan got a first place in the Seawanhaka knockabout class. In class R Chipmunk won out. Knave gets another first place in the New Rochelle one-design class. Three of the American Y. C. one-design 18-footers started, and Mongoose III. won. The summary:

Sloops—Class N—25 to 30ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:35.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mimosa, T. L. Park	3 48 08	3 13 08
Marguerite, J. F. Dingee	3 53 05	3 18 05
Alerion, J. W. Alker	4 06 15	3 31 15

Raceabouts—Start, 12:40.

Rascal, S. C. Hopkins	3 41 06	3 01 06
Snapper, A. B. Alley	3 45 52	3 05 52
Mavis, G. L. Pirie	3 34 10	2 54 10
Scamp, A. H. Pirie	3 50 11	3 10 11
Jolly Roger, T. B. Bleecker	3 45 05	3 05 05
Sis, F. T. Bedford, Jr.	3 48 07	3 08 07
Jolly Tar, S. Howland	3 31 25	2 51 25
Hobo, T. L. Park	3 42 18	3 02 18

American Yacht Club 21-Footers—Start, 12:40.

Howdy, S. Wainwright	3 42 57	3 02 57
The Kid, O. Harriman, Jr.	Withdrew.	
Cricket, H. Willetts	3 44 22	3 04 22

Seawanhaka Knockabouts—Start, 12:45.

Lucille, H. H. Landon	3 42 49	2 57 49
Heron, F. R. Coudert, Jr.	3 57 05	3 12 05
Bobs, W. A. W. Stewart	3 49 30	3 04 30
Marcia, Johnson de Forest	3 49 15	3 04 15
Gowan, F. G. Stewart	3 42 48	2 57 48

Larchmont 21ft. Class—Start, 12:35.

Houri, J. H. Esser	3 50 06	Disqual.
Dorothy, L. G. Spence	3 50 15	3 15 15

Sloops—Class R.—Under 18ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:50.

Chipmunk, T. S. Young, Jr.	3 04 23	2 14 23
Cricket, H. C. Pryer	Did not finish.	
Nora, Lewis Iselin	3 17 07	2 27 07
Lambkin, S. W. Roach	3 21 20	2 36 20

Sloops—Class Q.—18 to 21ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:50.

Neola, J. R. Johnson, Jr.	2 25 55	1 35 55
Eos, E. D. Mead	Did not finish.	

New Rochelle Yacht Club 18-Footers—Start, 12:50.

Caper, P. L. Howard	3 20 35	2 25 35
Knave, R. N. Bavier	3 02 40	2 07 40
Ace, W. N. Bavier, Jr.	3 19 30	2 24 30
Deuce, L. Huntington, Jr.	3 27 26	2 32 26
Alga, Alfred Mestre	3 09 04	2 14 04

American Yacht Club 18-Footers—Start, 12:50.

Mongoose III., S. Ford	3 09 45	2 14 45
Zelica III., H. A. Sherman	3 15 20	2 20 20
Hustler, J. I. Downy	Did not finish.	

The winners were: Mimosa, Jolly Tar, Howdy, Gowan, Neola, Chipmunk, Dorothy, Knave and Mongoose III.

Saturday, Sept. 6.

The fall regatta of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. was one of the most successful ever held by the club. The day was somewhat marred by one bad accident, the sinking of Heron, one of the Seawanhaka one-design knockabouts. She was in collision with Lucille, another of the boats in her class, just before the start. Fortunately, no one was injured.

The first leg of the seventies' course was north northwest, three miles; the second, east by north half north, four miles, and thence southwest by south four and three-quarter miles. The wind was east by north, and strong.

On board Rainbow was Mr. E. A. Willard and Mr. F. M. Hoyt. Her sails had been recut and she was in better shape to race than she had been since the New York Y. C. cruise. Rainbow got the start, and Yankee crossed the line some seconds behind her. It was a reach to the first mark, and both boats were going at a great rate of speed. The water was boiling along their deck half way up to the skylights. Rainbow got around the first mark considerably in the lead of Yankee. It was now a beat to the second mark. In the nasty sea that was running the second mark had either sunk or gone adrift, and after the two boats had looked carefully for it, they squared away for the finish line.

The Regatta Committee wanted to have them resail the race, but it was decided to postpone it until the following Friday. It was very disappointing that the mark was not in place for the race promised to be one of the most exciting ever sailed by these boats.

The wind hauled to E.S.E. when the smaller boats were started. Leda and Empress fought the race out in the 36ft. class, and the former won easily. The winning of this race gives Leda the championship in her class on Long Island Sound.

Alerion, Mimosa and Marguerite started in the 30ft. class. The two latter boats had a good race all over the course, and Marguerite distinguished herself by winning out by 1m. 22s. Dorothy beat Houri by over a minute in the Larchmont 21ft. class.

Eight boats started in the raceabout class. Jolly Tar got the best start, but she did not show up to advantage in the heavy breeze, and was the last boat in her class to finish. Whistlewing won by five seconds from Mavis. Mavis and Jolly Tar were sailing for a series prize which Mavis won.

Six of the Seawanhaka knockabouts were to start. After Lucille had sunk Heron she withdrew, and the other boats finished without her. Gowan won, with Marcia second. Gowan wins the series prize, while Marcia gets the Center Island cup.

In class Q Cicada beat Montauk with ease, and in class R Nora won from Cricket. Bab gave Lambkin another beating in the Manhasset Bay one-design class. Knave gets another first place in the New Rochelle one-design class. The summary follows:

Sloops—Class H—70 to 80ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:10.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Rainbow, Cornelius Vanderbilt	1 58 53	Race
Yankee, J. Rogers Maxwell	2 00 48	off.

Sloops—Class M—30 to 36ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:30.

Leda, H. L. Maxwell	2 47 03	2 17 03
Empress, G. M. Heckscher	3 07 11	2 37 11

Sloops—Class N—25 to 30ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:35.

Mimosa, Trenor L. Park	3 00 58	2 25 58
Alerion, J. W. Alker	3 06 53	2 31 53
Marguerite, J. F. Dingee	2 59 36	2 24 36

Sloops—Class P—21 to 25 ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:45.

Ojibway, D. P. Morse	Did not finish.

Larchmont 21ft. Class—Start, 12:45.

Houri, J. H. Esser	2 47 04	2 02 04
Dorothy, L. G. Spence	2 46 02	2 01 02

Raceabouts—Start, 12:40.

Whistlewing, H. M. Crane	2 39 07	1 59 07
Snapper, A. B. Alley	2 43 12	2 03 12
Mavis, L. G. Pirie	2 39 12	1 59 12
Scamp, A. H. Pirie	2 42 27	2 02 27
Jolly Ranger, T. B. Bleecker	2 41 26	2 01 26
Sis, F. T. Bedford, Jr.	Disabled.	
Jolly Tar, S. Howland	2 49 19	2 09 19
Hobo, T. L. Park	Did not finish.	

Seawanhaka Knockabouts—Start, 12:50.

Bobs, W. A. W. Stewart	2 54 42	2 04 42
Gowan, F. G. Stewart	2 51 40	2 01 40
Marcia, Johnston de Forest	2 52 01	2 02 01
Lucille, H. H. Landon	Withdrew.	
Heron, F. R. Coudert, Jr.	Sank.	
Wyntje, Colgate Hoyt, Jr.	2 52 56	2 02 56

Sloops—Class Q—18 to 21ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:50.

Montauk, J. S. Appleby	2 30 37	1 40 37
Eos, E. D. Mead	2 32 46	1 42 46
Gazabo, N. P. Vulte	Did not finish	
Cicada, L. Crawford	2 17 30	1 27 30

Sloops—Class R—Under 18ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:50.

Nora, Louis Iselin	2 30 34	1 40 34
Cricket, N. C. Pryer	2 34 41	1 44 41
Eleanor, R. Jacobs	Withdrew.	
Chipmunk, T. S. Young, Jr.	2 36 07	1 46 07

Manhasset Raceabouts—Start, 1:00.

Lambkin, S. W. Roach	2 46 00	1 46 00
Bab, J. R. Hoyt	2 35 36	1 35 36

New Rochelle—18ft. Class—Start, 1:00.

Caper, P. L. Howard	2 44 26	1 44 26
Knave, R. N. Bavier	2 40 56	1 40 56
Ace, W. N. Bavier	2 41 31	1 41 31
Deuce, L. D. Huntington, Jr.	2 44 03	1 44 03
Alga, Alfred Mestre	2 42 49	1 42 49

The winners were: Leda, Marguerite, Dorothy, Whistlewing, Gowan, Cicada, Nora, Bab and Knave.

Quincy Y. C.

QUINCY, MASS.

Saturday, Sept. 6.

THE Y. R. A. open race of the Quincy Y. C., the closing one to be held under the rules of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts, was sailed off the Quincy Y. C., in a reefing east-northeast breeze on Saturday, Sept. 6. There were only two of the 25-footers, Sally VI. and Chewink II. Sally VI. got the start. Chewink II. was over the line when the gun fired and had to return. Sally pulled out a good lead from the start and looked like an easy winner, when she turned the wrong mark on the first leg and was more than half way to the second mark when the error was discovered. Notwithstanding the loss, she went back and kept gaining on Chewink, which obtained a long lead by Sally's mistake. Sally passed Chewink on the second windward leg and then had things all her own way.

In the 21-footers there were two starters, Chloris and Mildred II. Chloris got the start, but they had been sailing only a short time when Mildred went out to weather of her and led to the first mark. On the second leg Chloris gained and on the third she passed Mildred. On the second windward leg Chloris sailed better and held her lead to the mark, after which she had things all her own way. The 18ft. knockabouts went over the starting line in a bunch and Kittawake at once opened up a lead. She held this all around the course and benefited by the mistake of all of the other boats turning the wrong buoy on both rounds of the course. Kittawake was a stranger to Quincy waters, while all of the other boats had raced there. A good race was sailed in the handicap class, Marvel winning on both actual and corrected times. The summary:

Class D.—25-Footers.

	Elapsed.
Sally VI., L. F. Percival	1 56 11
Chewink II., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	1 59 24

Class S.—21-Footers.

Chloris, Cheney & Lanning	1 58 04
Mildred II., S. P. Moses	1 58 57

Class J.—18ft. Knockabouts.

Kittawake, H. M. Jones	1 08 50
Malillian, B. S. Permar	1 17 48
Biza, Alfred Douglas	1 17 57
Tokalon, R. J. Randolph, Jr.	1 18 18
Gertrude, H. E. Lynch	1 18 32
Patrice, F. H. Finley	1 21 38

Handicap Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Marvel, Reed & Lincoln	2 07 34	1 28 04
Hustler, Whittemore & Robbins	2 12 17	1 32 14
Omeme, W. P. Barker	2 13 31	1 36 19
Argestes, G. H. Wilkins	2 12 30	1 38 25
Thea II., Wheeler & Flint	2 23 50	1 46 56
Eclipse, H. A. Jones	2 19 38	1 46 57
Stay King, J. Laird	Disabled.	

Newport Y. R. A.

NEWPORT, R. I.

Monday, Sept. 1.

THE races sailed Labor Day under the auspices of the Newport Y. R. A. were most unsatisfactory, as the list of entries was small and there was a number of accidents. The wind blew half a gale from the southwest and there was a nasty sea running outside.

The bronze sixties, Weetamoe and Neola, were started first. Ten minutes after the start Neola's jib split across the middle and she withdrew, Weetamoe soon followed suit.

Humma got the best of the start in class K, and she had quite a lead on Altair when she broke the jaws of her gaff and withdrew. Altair covered the course alone.

Barbara and Veda were the only 30-footers to cover the course. Carolina and Asahi withdrew and Esperanza was dismasted. Barbara sailed over the course with her mast sprung. The summary follows:

Class I—Sloops—Start, 11:10.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Neola, George M. Pynchon	Withdrew.	
Weetamoe, Henry F. Lippitt	Withdrew.	

Class K—Sloops—Start, 11:15.

Altaire, Cord Meyer	2 36 14	3 21 14
Humma, Ralph N. Ellis	Withdrew.	

Newport Thirties—Start, 11:25.

Barbara, Winthrop Rutherfurd	2 02 56	2 37 56
Veda, William L. Stow	2 08 38	2 43 38

Tuesday, Sept. 2.

The race sailed on Tuesday was over the inside courses. The wind was moderate from the southeast. Weetamoe and Neola sailed over an eight and one-half mile to leeward and return course, Neola got the best of the start and was ahead at the leeward mark, but Weetamoe worked into the lead on the last leg and won by 2m. 26s.

Humma was being repaired and in consequence Altair had no competitor and did not start.

In the 30ft. class Carolina got the best of the start and led all over the course. The thirties covered the Dyer's Island course. The summary follows:

Sloops—Class I—Start, 2:43.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Weetamoe, H. F. Lippit	5 16 16	2 33 16
Neola, G. M. Pynchon	5 18 42	2 35 42

Thirty-footers—Start, 2:48.

Carolina, F. Jones	4 47 24	1 59 24
Asahi, L. Warren & W. S. Miller	4 49 20	2 01 20
Barbara, W. Rutherfurd	4 52 37	2 04 37
Wawa, R. Brooks	4 52 42	2 04 42
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	4 52 43	2 04 44
Veda, W. L. Stow	4 55 51	2 07 51

Wednesday, Sept. 3.

Humma and Altair sailed in an unsatisfactory race on Wednesday. The course was from Brenton's Reef Lightship nine miles to windward and return. The wind was fluky from the south. Humma got the start, crossing nine seconds ahead of Altair, and was never afterward headed. The 30-footers sailed over an eight-mile triangular course in the bay. Wawa took the lead after the start and led all over the course. The summary follows:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Humma, Ralph N. Ellis	6 29 53	5 27 53
Altair, Cord Meyer	6 38 51	5 36 51

30-Footers.

Wawa, Reginald Brooks	4 45 02	1 16 02
Asahi, Lloyd Warren and W. Starr Miller	4 45 38	1 16 38
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	4 45 58	1 16 58
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	4 47 01	1 18 01
Barbara, Winthrop Rutherfurd	4 47 05	1 18 05
Breeze, William G. Roelker, Jr.	4 47 34	1 18 34
Veda, William L. Stow	4 51 56	1 22 56

Thursday, Sept. 4.

Humma and Altair, the two 51-footers, sailed a match race off Newport on Thursday in half a gale of wind. The start was made from Brenton's Reef Light vessel to and around the whistling buoy off Point Judith. This made the first leg a beat of seven miles and then a run of seven miles. Humma was first over the starting line with Altair behind and to windward. A long hitch was made off shore first and then the boats worked along Naragansett Beach to the mark, which Humma rounded first. On the run home she increased her lead and won by 2m. 45s. The summary follows:

Start, 11:29.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Humma, Ralph N. Ellis	1 40 47	2 11 47
Altair, Cord Meyer	1 43 32	2 14 32

Saturday, Sept. 6.

In the race between Humma and Altair, sailed on Saturday, the former won. The boats covered a windward and leeward course twice, five miles to each leg. The wind was fresh from the southwest and the sea lumpy.

Humma got off well in the lead, which she continued to increase all through the race, and won by 3m. 26s. The summary follows, start 11:27:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Humma, Ralph N. Ellis	3 01 50	3 34 50
Altair, Cord Meyer	3 06 25	3 39 25

Inland Lake Y. A. Regatta.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 26.—In the first race of the Inland Lake Y. A. meeting at Pewaukee, Wis., on yesterday, Anita, of Neenah, the champion of 1900, finished first in A class, having the race entirely at her mercy throughout. Crusader, of White Bear, Minn., could not get within hailing distance at any time of the Winnebago boat, and finished third, Aderyn, of Pine Lake, taking second place, although a liberal distance back of Skipper Davis.

In class B, Jimcrack, of White Bear, retrieved the honor of Minnesota sailors, taking matters into her own hands throughout and even beating four of the class A boats. The judges established the precedent that if any boat in either class finished within the time limit, the race should stand; and under this ruling the class B yachts, although they did not finish within the time limit, were placed as shown below.

The wind was from the south, hauling to the west, at no time of great strength. Davis, who sailed Anita, had only five minutes to spare. The order of the start was Anita, Emanon, Ruth II., Crusader, Aderyn, Challenge, the rest scattered. Nothing decisive occurred under the conditions until about twenty minutes after the start, when Anita forced Emanon, last year's champion, about, and assumed the lead, which she maintained thereafter. The boats finished in the following order:

	Finish.
Anita, Neenah, S. L. Davis	4 00 08
Aderyn, Pine Lake, George Brumder	4 14 30
Crusader, White Bear Lake, Ordway & Clark	4 19 09
Minnewoc, Oconomowoc Lake, Petit & Bullen	4 23 20
Emanon, Oconomowoc Lake, Chas. A. Lester	4 23 40
Caroline, Oshkosh, F. H. Libby	4 31 32
Aspirant, Nagowicka, Ed. Wollegar	4 32 30
Breta, Cedar Lake, Sprinkerman	4 33 32
Comet, Pewaukee, F. Pabst	4 33 40
Adelaide, Milwaukee, R. Nunnemacher	4 37 57
Jimcrack, White Bear, Jack Ordway	4 35 40
Nakomis, Lake Geneva, George Braun	4 40 55
Geronimo, Fox Lake, B. Sullivan	4 41 59
Spray, Pewaukee, W. H. Meyer	4 50 22

Serapis and Challenge did not finish.

Judges: John Berryman, Chicago; George M. Conway, Pewaukee, and Dr. Archie MacLaren, St. Paul.

Second Day, Aug. 27.

There was no race yesterday, the light baffling wind not allowing any boat of either class to finish within the three-hour time limit. At the expiration of the time the three leading boats in A class were placed as they were yesterday—Anita, Aderyn, Crusader. The latter boat was well handled at the start and led Challenge, Anita, Aspirant, Aderyn and Comet across the line. As the course was laid out, it was a beat to windward on the first leg, and different skippers had different theories about handling the proposition. None of them, however, could make up for the lack of breeze.

In the business meeting Com. Hertz stated that the Association had challenged the holders of the Seawanhaka cup, and in case of the acceptance of the challenge would set a series of trial races to be sailed at Winnebago Lake in July.

Third Day, Aug. 28.

Aspirant, the Wollaeger boat from Nagawicka Lake, Wis., won in class A in the third race, Wednesday morning. Jimcrack made it two in class B. In the afternoon, in the special cup race, Aspirant won again for class A and Jimcrack for class B, after an exciting race in which nearly any boat had her chance. The race was protested by Aspirant, but the judge disallowed the protest. Spray was ruled out on the ground that she had a professional in her crew.

At the start Aspirant went over just at gun fire. Her close neighbors were Mavis and Crusader, which were in the stated order sailing to free the first mark and in beating to the second mark. On the reach home Anita showed for a time. On the second round of the triangle, Aspirant made good her lead, being well handled in the beat to windward. The finish was as below:

Aspirant, Nagawicka	1 45 45
Anita, Neenah	1 46 19
Breta, Cedar Lake	1 46 30
Aderin, Pine Lake	1 47 07
Mavis, Pistakee	1 50 07
Cornet, Pewaukee	1 50 02
Crusader, White Bear	1 50 03
Challenge	1 51 20
Minnewoc, Oconomowoc	1 53 27
Caroline, Oshkosh	1 54 22
Ruth II., Delavan	1 55 03

Class B.

Jim Crack, White Bear	1 56 27
Nokomis, Geneva	2 00 58
Geronimo	2 06 30
Spray, Oconomowoc Yacht	2 10 14
Serapis, Pine Lake	2 14 02

Special Cup Race.

Aspirant, Louis Wollaeger	5 06 07
Crusader, Ordway & Clark	5 06 35

Class B.

Jim Crack, Jack Ordway	5 23 04
Spray, Capt. Jack Kohl	5 24 54

Fourth Day, Aug. 29.

The Inland Lake regatta at Pewaukee, Wis., assumed a sportier look yesterday afternoon, when a good breeze sprang up and permitted the running off of two races. The winnings were distributed once more, Breta, of Cedar Lake, taking first in class A in the first race; Mavis, of Pistakee, winning first in class A in the second race. In class B Nokomis, of Geneva, was first in one event, the White Bear boat Jim Crack proving the consistence of its performance by adding one more first to its record in the class B races, which it seems to have at its mercy.

Yesterday's races were the best which have yet been sailed in the regatta, and the course, twice about the triangle, offering a reach, a free run and a hard beat to windward, brought out all there was in the boats. In the first race the start was admirable, the whole fleet going away bunched. Breta at the end of the first leg had established a good lead, with Comet her nearest competitor. In the windward beat Breta bettered her lead and had it pretty much her own way. The start in the second race was also well timed by the whole fleet, Aspirant, the earlier winner, finished badly handicapped by an accident. Crusader, of White Bear, made a hard fight for the first, but had to take second place. Aderyn, of Pine Lake, lapped in a neck and neck finish with Crusader.

The finishes in the two races were as follows:

No. 1—Class A—Start, 1:30.

	Finish.
Breta, Cedar Lake	2 48 51
Minnewoca, Oconomowoc Lake	2 51 08
Aderyn, Pine Lake	2 52 38
Aspirant, Nagowicka	2 56 14
Crusader, White Bear	2 57 06
Emanon, Oconomowoc Yacht	2 57 34
Anita, Neenah	2 58 35
Mavis, Pistakee	2 58 49
Caroline, Oshkosh	3 00 01
Comet, Pewaukee	3 00 15
Challenge, Spring Lake	3 00 35

Class B—Start, 1:40.

Nokomis, Geneva	2 59 45
Jimcrack, White Bear	3 01 19
Scrapas, Pine Lake	3 01 42
Geronimo, Fox Lake	3 01 53
Spray, Oconomowoc	3 03 35
Dora, Pewaukee	3 04 05

No. 2—Class A—Start, 3:45.

	Finish.
Mavis, Pistakee	4 57 31
Crusader, White Bear	4 58 31
Aderyn, Pine Lake	4 58 32
Minnewoca, Oconomowoc Lake	4 58 50
Breta, Cedar Lake	5 00 25
Adelaide, Milwaukee	5 00 57
Comet, Pewaukee	5 01 16
Emanon Oconomowoc Yacht	5 01 27
Caroline, Oshkosh	5 02 37
Anita, Neenah	5 02 44
Aspirant, Nagowicka	5 05 26

Class B—Start, 3:55.

Jimcrack, White Bear	5 12 54
Nokomis, Geneva	5 13 56
Geronimo, Fox Lake	5 15 49
Serapas, Pine Lake	5 16 39
Dora, Pewaukee	5 19 27
Spray, Oconomowoc	5 22 14

H.

Newport Special Thirties.

NEWPORT, R. I.

Thursday, Sept. 4.

The "thirties" sailed a race on Thursday for a cup offered by Mr. W. Starr Miller. The boats sailed over the Dyer's Island course. The wind was southwest at the start, making it a run out and a beat back. While the boats were on the second leg the wind hauled to northwest, making a reach to the finish line. Carolina got the best start and led throughout the race, although Esperanza pushed her hard for first place. The summary, start 3:42:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	6 22 31	2 40 31
Esperanza, Harry O. Havemeyer, Jr.	6 25 58	2 43 58
Breeze, William G. Roelker, Jr.	6 27 06	2 45 06
Barbara, Winthrop Rutherfurd	6 28 44	2 46 44
Veda, William L. Stow	6 30 34	2 48 34
Wawa, Reginald Brooks	6 30 42	2 48 42
Asahi, Lloyd Warren and W. Starr Miller	6 30 59	2 48 59

Friday, Sept. 5.

In a fresh northwest wind the thirty-footers sailed a sweepstake race over a six-mile to windward and return course. Carolina was first over the starting line, but at the weather mark Wawa had a good lead, which she held up to the finish. The summary, start 3:18:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wawa, Reginald Brooks	5 13 14	1 55 14
Breeze, William G. Roelker, Jr.	5 17 49	1 59 49
Barbara, Winthrop Rutherfurd	5 22 18	2 04 18
Asahi, Lloyd Warren and W. Starr Miller	5 23 26	2 05 26
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	5 23 37	2 05 37
Esperanza, Harry O. Havemeyer, Jr.	5 23 49	2 05 49

Saturday, Sept. 6.

The sweepstake race sailed on Saturday by the 30-footers was won by Wawa. Carolina got the start but she got in a luffing match with Esperanza, which probably lost her the race. The summary, start 3:15:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wawa, Reginald Brooks	4 58 16	1 28 16
Barbara, Winthrop Rutherfurd	4 58 22	1 28 22
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	4 58 39	1 28 39
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	4 59 36	1 29 36
Veda, William L. Stow	5 01 09	1 31 09
Breeze, William G. Roelker, Jr.	5 03 03	1 33 03
Asahi, Lloyd Warren and W. Starr Miller	Withdrew	

South Haven Regatta and Water Carnival.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 26.—In the race from this port to South Haven, Mich., Glad Tidings won the $50 prize in the schooner class, reaching South Haven at 5 A. M. yesterday morning, and joining the others of the Chicago fleet now at South Haven.

First Day, Aug. 27.

Vixen, of Columbia Y. C., won good honors in the Grand Haven regatta yesterday, Aug. 26, in spite of an accident which bid fair to disable her for a time, the throat halliards parting and making considerable trouble. The crew of Vixen was: Skipper, D. Porter, D. M. Lindsay, Robert Graves, B. Brighton, Irving Orr and R. C. Lindsay. Sally, of Spring Lake, was Vixen's special rival, beaten out after a hard fight by only 1m. 19s. The course was twice about a triangle, two miles to the leg, the wind being light and growing even lighter for the finish. Vixen was sailed against Sally in a match for time, and this furnished the most exciting event of the day's racng, which otherwise might have been a bit featureless.

Vencedor was the only class A boat to finish inside the time limit. Vencedor beat Illinois in a drifting match during the afternoon, being the only boat to finish inside the time limit out of the six starters, the others being Illinois, Michigan, Widsith, La Rita and Columbia. The scoring of the regatta is done on the point system, and at this writing stands as follows: Vencedor, 100; Vixen, 100; Peri, 100; Tartar, 100; Sally, 50; Mawaja, 50; America, 66; Imp, 33. The skipper of Imp, M. P. Rumney, of Kalamazoo, Mich., had the misfortune to fall overboard, which put Imp out of the running. The times recorded were as follows:

Schooners—Start, 9:45.

	Finish.
Sallie	11 21 32
Tartar	12 13 38

Class B—Over 32ft.

Peri	12 08 59
Mawaja	12 18 32

Class B—Under 32ft.

Vixen	11 20 1
America	12 15 4
Imp	12 31 0

Second Day, Aug. 28.

In the South Haven water carnival yesterday Vencedor was able to outfoot her persistent rival Illinois after a closely sailed race twice around the six-mile triangle in a stiff and steady breeze. The conditions were much better than on the day previous, and the regatta showed some sporting features. At one time Illinois was thought to have won, but revised figuring of the time allowance showed that Vencedor was first. The times were as below:

Schooners—Start, 9:45.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sallie	11 28 18	1 43 18	1 43 18
Tartar	11 54 05	2 09 05	2 02 48

Class B—Over 32ft.—Start, 9:45.

Mawaja	11 37 00	1 52 00	1 48 35
Peri	11 43 35	1 58 35	1 52 23

Class B—Under 32ft.—Start, 9:45.

Vixen	11 44 12	1 59 12	1 49 43
America	11 59 51	2 14 51	2 06 39
Imp	11 57 01	2 12 01	1 58 30

Class A—Over 40ft.—Start, 9:55.

Vencedor	11 15 31	1 20 31	1 20 30

Class A—27 to 40ft.—Start, 9:55.

Illinois	11 25 06	1 30 06	1 22 53
Michigan	11 42 51	1 47 51	1 42 43
Widsith	11 59 46	2 04 46	1 54 42

Class A—Under 27ft.—Start, 9:55.

La Rita	11 35 07	1 40 07	1 28 19
Columbia	11 41 32	1 46 32	1 35 33

H.

English Letter.

THE racing season with us is now practically over, and the best of it ended with Cowes week. The Ryde regatta (Royal Victoria Y. C.) was cut down to three days, and during those the wind was almost non-existent. The postponed review of the fleet at Spithead rendered racing over the usual courses impossible and caused some racing to be abandoned altogether. The review itself would have been an imposing scene had the weather been favorable, but on Monday, when the ships had to get underway and pass by the King, it rained incessantly and blew half a gale from the sou'west, so that the chief feature of the review was abandoned—a royal salute while performing an evolution. After the fleet had been dismissed, the race arranged for auxiliary steam yachts, was started in the presence of the King. It was awful weather to start out on a 340-mile channel race, but there were no absentees. The course was from the Nab lightship to Cherbourg—a dead noser as the wind was blowing. After that they had to go round the Eddystone Lighthouse, opposite Plymouth, and home round the east side of the Isle of Wight, finishing opposite the Squadron Castle, at Cowes. Lord Crawford, who gave the prize, started in his own great ship, Valhalla, but she was out of it in the long peg to windward. The race was easily won by Mr. Armour's handsome vessel, Utowana, which, being the only fore-and-after in the race, worked out a huge lead in the long beat across the channel. The race is of interest because such matches are very uncommon over here. Indeed, our season is marked by a very wearisome monotony that must seriously mar the interest taken in racing, and anything of this nature that is out of the common is for the best. But I cannot help thinking that a couple of seasons will see the steam auxiliary as dead as the Dodo, in face of the competition of the oil engine. What chance, for instance, would Utowana have in such a race with a schooner like Meteor fitted with oil engines? The motor boom is growing here, and the number of yachts carrying these launches is conspicuously large this year, which may be regarded as only the first in which the motor has made a regular appearance. I hear of one large yawl that frequently figures in the handicap racing being fitted with an oil engine. She is almost a new vessel, and others will certainly be so equipped. The difficulty is that our regular marine motor makers do not make engines of sufficient power for very large yachts. However, that is a mere matter of time.

The collapse of the open classes with us this year seems to have led to an opinion that more attention should be devoted by the Yacht Racing Association to this class of racing. That the collapse is complete is shown by the fact that there are only three 36-footers on the Solent, where lavish expenditure has until now been showered on the open classes of small size, thereby completely keeping out the man of moderate means. However, on the top of a wretched season comes the establishment of a new 20-ton one-design class. The Earl of Albemarle is the originator of the class which will certainly supersede the 36-footer Y. R. A. class. The proposed boats will be about 35ft, waterline with 9ft. 6in. beam and long overhangs. The sail area will be about 1,800 sq. ft. Already eight or nine owners have come forward—not a bad start for a new class. This must be regarded as the most serious blow yet aimed at open racing, for the class may well affect the 52ft. class in time. The reasons given for its establishment by Lord Albemarle are significant. The principal one is that men will not readily be found willing to build a new 36-footer every year. If that is the case in the wealthiest center of British yachting, it is no wonder that open racing has indeed collapsed. The new class is to carry four paid hands per boat. So far as I know the designer has not been chosen, but it will no doubt be Mr. Payne, the class being a southern one. Although, to my mind one-design racing is by far the finest form of yachting for real enjoyment, I cannot help thinking it a pity that it should so supersede open racing. The cause, of course, is the extravagent cost and uselessness of racing machines, and yet when the scantling rule was before the Y. R. A., it was successfully opposed by many designers.

The regattas on the Solent being over, those along the western part of the south coast are in full swing. They are always enjoyable, but the big guns of the racing fleet leave them alone, which is a pity, for the courses are all in open water, which may at times give a sea that will quite upset preconceived ideas as to speed. The Torquay and Dartmouth regattas are curious affairs,

The places are about the loveliest in England, and the matches are well managed, but conjointly with the regattas the shore folk run a kind of fair, with merry-go-rounds, hurdy-gurdies—everything that goes to make up a regular English fair. The result is a surprise to yachtsmen accustomed to more sedate ports. But does not Cowes boast of its niggers, now?

E. N. HAMILTON.

Western Yachts.

CHICAGO, Sept. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There will be a match series of races of unusual interest held here this week between Vanenna, the 52ft. champion of the Chicago Y. C., owned by Mr. W. H. Cameron, and Vencedor, the 52ft. champion of the Columbia Y. C., owned by its Commodore, Mr. Fred A. Price.

This match is for the 52ft. championship of Lake Michigan, and although both yachts have been on Lake Michigan since 1896, this is the first time a match series has ever been arranged for them.

As the clubs represented by these yachts are great rivals, the outlook is good for some spirted rooting on guest boats. The betting is already lively.

The series is to be sailed as follows: First race, Sept. 11, Triangular.

Second race, Sept. 13, leeward and return.

Third race (if neeessary), Sept. 20, course to be chosen by winner of coin toss.

Preparatory gun, 1:50 P. M. Starting gun, 2 P. M.

Saturday, Sept. 20, will probably close the general yacht racing season in these waters, although some special events will probably be held after this date.

The Chicago Y. C. has already closed its season's programme. except in its 15ft. class.

The Columbia Y. C., however, has arranged to close its general yachting season Saturday, Sept. 20 with its tenth annual fall regatta, which will be open to all cabin yachts on Lake Michigan. There will be three classes, and time allowance table of L. M. Y. A. will be used.

First class, cruising yachts, sloops or cutters. Preparatory gun, 2:20 P. M.; starting gun, 2:30 P. M. Five prizes in this class.

Second class, schooners and yawls. Preparatory gun, 2:30 P. M.; starting gun, 2:35 P. M. Ten prizes in this class.

Third class, racing yachts, sloops and cutters. Preparatory gun, 2:35 P. M.; starting gun, 2:40 P. M. Ten prizes in this class.

Prizes will be awarded at club house at 9 P. M. same day, at stag smoker and vaudeville given by Columbia Y. C. to all yachtsmen able to attend. You are welcome.

A series of races are about to start for Webb 21ft. cabin class championship cup for 1902. The second race will be held Saturday, Sept. 13. Preparatory gun, 2 P. M.; starting gun, 2:05 P. M. There are four prizes offered in this series. The entries are La Rita, the Lipton cup winner; Sprite, Colleen, Margaret, Arab IV., Privateer.

Present standing on points: La Rita, 100; Arab IV., 80; Spray, 60; Privateer, 40; Sprite, disabled during race; Colleen, disabled before start; Margaret, did not start in first race.

As Colleen and Sprite are Chicago Y. C. entries, and balance are Columbia Y. C. yachts, the interest in these races is quite keen. Beside this, the probability of winner of this series being the Columbia Y. C.'s representative in match between Eastern 21ft. cabin class champion and Western champion of same class for world's championship of the class is an added incentive for owners to keep working to win.

At present it looks as though Little Haste, of Y. R. A. of Masaschusetts, will be Eastern champion, and La Rita the Western champion, and if match does not fall through the series should arouse more yachting enthusiasm than any other event held during the season of 1902.

Beverly Y. C.

BUZZARD'S BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 30.

THE 330th Corinthian race was sailed on Saturday, Aug. 30, in Buzzard's Bay. There was a good breeze from the S.W., which held true during the race for the first time this summer. The 30ft. one-design class sailed over an eighteen-mile course; the 21ft. class and the 4th class cats over an eleven and three-quarter mile course, while the 15-footers had a course of eight and three-eighths miles. The summary:

30ft. Class—Start, 1:10.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Quakeress II. W. F. Harrison	3 57 22	2 47 22
Pontiac, J. A. Beebe	3 59 02	2 49 02
Arabian, Robert Winsor	3 59 43	2 49 43
Praxella, J. Parkinson, Jr	4 00 24	2 50 24
Young Miss, D. L. Whittemore	4 00 45	2 50 45
Gamecock, L. Bacon	4 02 10	2 52 10
Mashnee, R. W. Emmons, 2d	4 02 11	2 52 11
Zingara, E. M. Farnsworth	4 02 20	2 52 20
Notos, C. H. & M. O. Taylor	4 04 37	2 54 07
Evelyn, John Hitchcock	4 07 40	2 57 40

21ft. Class—Start, 1:19.

Barnacle, W. E. C. Eustis	3 24 55	2 05 55
Terrapin, L. S. Dabney	3 28 41	2 09 41
Radiant, E. C. Baker	3 30 26	2 11 26
Amanita, Joshua Crane, Jr	3 33 27	2 14 27

Fourth Class Cats—Start, 1:22.

Alison II., S. McLeod	3 44 42	2 22 42
Krieker, W. S. Jameson	3 50 03	2 28 03
Howard, H. O. Miller	3 52 16	2 30 16
Hod, H. B. Holmes	3 57 01	2 35 01

15ft Class—Start, 1:25.

Eaglet, R. L. Bacon	3 05 13	1 40 13
Teaser, R. W. Emmons, 2d	3 06 23	1 41 23
Spider, H. M. Stone	3 06 26	1 41 26
Go-Bye, H. Stockton	3 09 40	1 44 40
Vim, F. W. Sargent, Jr	3 10 20	1 45 20
Ranzo, M. H. Richardson, Jr	3 11 10	1 46 10

The winners were Quakeress II., Barnacle, Alison II. and Eaglet.

Monday, Sept. 1.

The 331st open race was sailed on Monday, Sept. 1, in a strong S.W. wind. Single reefs was the order of the day. The courses were: For 30-footers, 13⅝ miles; 1st class cats (25ft.), 10¼ miles; 21ft. restricted class, 10¼ miles; 4th class cats (18ft.), 8⅜ miles; 15ft. one-design class, 8⅜ miles. The summary:

30ft. Class.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Young Miss, D. L. Whittemore	1 12 05	3 09 30	1 57 25
Mashnee, R. W. Emmons, 2d	1 13 00	3 10 40	1 57 40
Praxella, J. Parkinson, Jr	1 12 57	3 10 45	1 47 48
Quakeress II., W. F. Harrison	1 12 32	3 10 30	1 57 58
Arabian, Robert Winsor	1 11 02	3 10 15	1 59 13
Gamecock, L. Bacon	1 12 46	3 12 58	2 00 12
Pontiac, J. A. Beebe	1 10 25	3 10 48	2 00 23
Notos, C. H. & W. O. Taylor	1 11 52	3 14 35	2 02 43
Evelyn, John Hitchcock	1 11 25	3 14 20	2 02 55
Zingara, E. M. Farnsworth	1 11 28	Disabled.	

First Class Cats—25ft.

Kingfisher, M. H. Richardson	1 16 00	2 51 40	1 35 40
Quisetton, W. J. Perry	1 16 00	2 54 05	1 38 05
Fanita, E. F. Robinson	1 16 00	Withdrew.	

21ft. Restricted Class.

Radiant, E. C. Baker	1 19 41	2 46 30	1 26 49
Terrapin, L. S. Dabney	1 19 14	2 48 09	1 28 55
Amanita, J. Crane, Jr	1 21 16	2 52 53	1 31 37
Winona, H. O. Miller	1 19 45	2 54 45	1 35 00
Opitsah, C. F. Tillinghast	1 20 26	2 59 40	1 39 14
Barnacle, W. E. C. Eustis	Disabled.		

Fourth Class Cats—18ft.

Kricker, W. S. Jameson	1 24 58	2 48 50	1 23 52
Alison II., S. McLeod	1 25 00	3 03 31	1 38 31
Howard, H. O. Miller	1 25 00	3 05 20	1 40 20
Maray, —. Wright	1 25 00	Withdrew.	

15ft. One-Design Class.

Spider, Wm. Swan	1 25 20	2 18 55	0 53 35
Vim, F. W. Sargent, Jr	1 26 09	2 20 58	0 54 49
Go-Bye, H. Stockton	1 25 40	2 21 57	0 56 17
Ranzo, M. H. Richardson, Jr	1 26 05	2 22 40	0 56 35
Teaser, R. W. Emmons, 2d	1 25 13	2 22 18	0 57 05

The winners were Young Miss, Kingfisher, Radiant and Kricker.

The judges were Geo. H. Richards, E. M. Farnsworth and F. E. Cabot.

Atlantic Y. C.

THE Atlantic Y. C. will give an ocean race on Sept. 19, starting at 1 P. M. from Sea Gate to and around the Northeast End Lightship off Cape May. The distance is about 210 miles. The yachts will start on the ebb tide, and if they maintain the rate of sailing shown in the Fire Island race will finish before noon on Saturday. The schooners which entered in the Fire Island race are all anxious to have another trial and have all entered, and the entry of several other schooners has been promised, providing their owners can make the necessary arrangements so that there will be not less than five entries and probably eight. There will be a very handsome cup given by Com. Tod as the first prize, and second and third prizes will be given by the club under the rules governing the award of prizes.

GEO. HILL, Chairman.

The America's Cup.

A DISPATCH from Rothesay, Scotland, Sept. 8, reports: "In an interview here to-day Sir Thomas Lipton said that he would mail a formal challenge for the America's Cup to the New York Y. C. within two or possibly three weeks. If, however, in the meantime any British yachtsman or combination of yachtsmen challenged they would have his cordial assistance and the use of Shamrock I. as a trial horse, absolutely free of cost.

"Sir Thomas Lipton added that the stories about his new boat being already half built were false."

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Rifle at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 2.—The third annual team and prize shoot of the Combined Short Range Rifle Club of Chicago was held on Aug. 31, and terminated as usual, very successfully. The attendance was better than might have been expected, considering the threatening weather and the occasional showers which hung over the entire city, but which fortunately cleared up later in the day.

The programme for the day opened at 10:30 A. M., with the team shoot for the Peters challenge cup and added cash money prizes. This terminated at 1:30 P. M.

At 2 P. M. the open to all prize shoot was commenced and continued until 11 P. M. In this over fifty shooters participated.

Following are the rules which governed the team shooting:

Each club put up a team of five men, who fired 20 shots per man on the Standard ¼in. ring German target, with a 2in. black at 75ft. Shooting strictly off-hand, no palm rests or lens sights allowed. Five teams participated. Scores:

The Brazilian Rifle Club.

Capt A Sorenson	119	115	112	115	461
H McConnell	99	107	112	115	433
P L Saylor	113	117	112	109	451
D G Groom	104	110	105	116	435
R E Olson	105	113	114	112	444
	540	562	555	567	2224

Schuetzen Section of the Turn Verein Lincoln.

Wm Liebrecht	97	89	99	107	392
Wm Wittmeyer	107	107	115	111	440
C Hoysgaard	110	117	110	109	446
A von Tesmar	104	114	119	109	446
Chas Senft	85	118	113	107	423
	503	545	556	543	2147

The William Tell Schuetzen Club.

Chas. Oestreich	112	106	107	114	439
P Wagner	115	107	113	114	449
H Heekman	105	110	112	102	429
G O Nitsche	104	106	108	112	430
F Klinkert	114	98	110	116	438
	550	527	550	558	2185

Schuetzen Section of the Chicago Turn-Gemeinde.

C Durand	112	99	112	110	433
C Stierlen	110	89	111	107	417
T Young	110	95	116	109	430
F Roth	108	101	112	116	437
H Schrott	99	113	100	110	422
	539	497	551	552	2139

The Willow Rifle and Gun Club.

G Springsguth	109	115	121	119	464
A Rickhoff	115	118	124	117	474
S Fischer	113	108	108	106	435
J W Grace	80	115	102	118	415
F M Garden	101	105	114	109	429
	518	561	569	569	2217

Detailed scores of the winning team:

Capt A Sorenson	25	25	24	24	21	24	24	23	22	21	—234
	25	22	22	22	21	24	24	24	23	20	—227—461
H McConnell	24	21	21	17	16	23	23	21	20	20	—206
	25	23	22	22	20	25	24	23	23	20	—227—433
P L Saylor	25	24	24	20	20	25	24	23	20	22	—230
	25	25	22	20	20	23	23	23	20	20	—221—451
D G Groom	23	23	21	21	16	25	24	22	20	19	—214
	24	21	20	20	20	24	24	23	23	22	—221—435
R E Olson	24	23	21	19	18	24	24	22	22	21	—218
	25	24	23	22	20	24	23	22	22	21	—226—444

2224

Certified correct,

Y. M. Garden,
O. Panneman,
Shooting Masters,

The Brazilian rifle team scoring high, won the Peters challenge cup and $18 added money. The Willow Rifle and Gun Club were second, and won $5. The William Tell Club, third, received $3.

This was the first time that the Peters challenge cup has been contested for. It will be held by the Brazilian rifle team for one year, when it will again be contested for, and so on until won three times by any one club, who will then become the sole owners of the same. The names of the winning teams to be engraved upon the cup each time when won. This is a great stimulator to good shooting, as all the clubs are anxious to possess the cup, hence it is expected that in the future the weekly shoots of all the clubs will be more regularly attended.

Prize Shoot.

The rules which governed the team shoot were also used for the open to all prize shoot, excepting that the target of honor was used instead of the German ring target. The target of honor has ⅛in. rings, with 2in. black, the center counting 25, which is only ¼in. Three shots fired on each target, possible 75. The five best targets of each man were counted for prizes. Possible on five targets, 15 shots, 375 points. Nineteen prizes were thus awarded in the following order:

F M Garden	72	71	70	69	67	349
A Rieckhoff	73	72	68	67	67	347
A Sorenson	72	71	69	68	67	347
G Springsguth	71	69	68	68	67	345
C Oestreich	70	69	68	67	64	338
F Roth	69	69	67	66	64	335
H McConnell	69	68	67	66	65	335
S Fischer	70	70	65	64	63	332
J W Grace	67	67	66	66	63	329
C Hoysgaard	67	67	65	63	62	323
A von Tesmar	66	66	63	63	62	320
P Wagner	69	65	63	62	61	320
Dr Funk	69	66	66	59	55	315
W J Meyers	67	66	62	60	59	314
C Senft	70	65	61	60	55	311
F Klinkert	65	64	62	60	59	310
E Olsen	65	62	61	61	59	308
C Anderson	63	62	61	60	59	305
C Stierlen	66	63	62	58	56	305

F. M. Garden, shooting master.

ALF. RIECKHOFF,
Shooting Committee.

Rifle at Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 25.—Shell Mound Range was crowded yesterday. The San Francisco Schuetzen Verein held their fall festival. Good prizes were offered and many shooting tickets were sold. Point and bulleye shooting were the programme. San Francisco Schuetzen Verein fall bullseye shoot: A. Pape 62, George H. Bahrs 69, Otto Lemcke 107, F. P. Schuster 119, O. Bremer 173, A. Strecker 180, J. D. Heise 329, W. Yager 346, D. B. Faktor 352, D. Salfield 367, W. F. Garms 376, John Utschig 400, John Gefken 405, F. E. Mason 425, August F. Meyer 428, Herman Huber 458, John Benttler 469, A. Bertelsen 503, K. Wertheimer 568, William Ehrenpfort 575.

San Francisco Schuetzen Verein September premium shoot for most points: August Pape 308, D. B. Faktor 268, J. D. Heise 185, D. Salfield 176, F. E. Mason 169, John Gefken 164, John Utschig 161, George H. Bahrs 140, F. P. Schuster 134, A. Strecker 134, Otto Bremer 133, A. Bertelsen 102, Henry Helberg 94, William F. Garms 76, M. Blasse 73, John Benttler 66, W. E. Maxey 63, A. Jungblut. 59, Philo Jacoby 58, William Ehrenpfort 58. First bullseye of the day, John Utschig; last bullseye in the forenoon, J. Gefken; first bullseye in the afternoon, Adam Schafer; last bullseye of the day, August Pape.

Germania Schuetzen Club, monthly trophy shoot: D. B. Faktor 228, O. Bremer 215, J. D. Heise 215, Herman Huber 210, J. Gefken 206, F. Brandt 204. Monthly competition shoot: D. B. Faktor 73, N. Ahrens 72, F. E. Mason 70, Herman Huber 70, F. Brandt 68, J. D. Heise 68.

Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club, monthly medal shoot: Revolver gold medal, J. R. Trego, 85, 70. Handicap, J. R. Hicks, 88, 81, 89, 90, 84; J. E. Gorman, 91, 84, 90, 93, 93, 89. Pistol handicap, M. Blasse, 84; J. Kullman, 89, 86, 89.

The Golden Gate Rifle Club will hold a big public shoot next Saturday and Sunday for pistol and revolver work. Good scores are expected.

ROEEL.

Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 1.—Yesterday wound up the two days' shoot of the Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club. The club was authorized to record scores for the championship of the U. S. Revolver Association. A. Haynke, of Sacramento, made the highest score—433, on Standard target, 50 yards. An army surgeon, Dr. J. R. Hicks, of Savannah, Ga., was second with 424. For one reason or another few local champion revolver shots entered this event.

The Golden Gate Club, on its own account, put up $300 for both pistol and revolver.

At the close of the day all hands partook of a fine dinner at the park dining-room. Scores:

Revolver—Dr. J. R. Hicks, 49, 47; J. E. Gorman, 48, 47; L. C. Hinkel, 48, 46; H. Haynke, 46, 45; S. Washburn, 46, 45; M. J. White, 46, 45; J. Tompkins, 46, 45; Smith Carr, 40, 43; C. A. Becker, 45, 43; G. Tammeyer, 45, 43; J. R. Trego, 44; J. Kullmann, 42; T. Buchanan, 40; F. Kruckel, 35; F. H. Miller, 34; Dr. D. Smith, 33.

Pistol—H. Haynke, 49, 46; J. E. Gorman, 48, 47; Smith Carr, 48, 47; Edward Hovey, 47, 47; J. Kullmann, 47, 45; F. Kruckel, 47, 44; J. Mitchell, 46, 45; M. J. White, 46, 45; R. Wash, 46, 44; M. F. Blasse, 46, 44; J. R. Trego, 46, 43; H. Hoadey, 46, 40; Dr. O. Twist, 44, 40; F. K. Moore, 43, 32.

Reentry, 50 yards, standard target, 5 shots.

ROEEL.

The fortunate ones in the competition for places on the International Rifle team, which was finished at Sea Girt, N. J., on Monday of this week, were eight men and two alternates, as follows: Capt. William B. Martin, Second New Jersey; Private George E. Cook, District of Columbia; Corpl. K. K. V. Casey, Seventy-first Regiment, New York; Lieut. Thomas Holcomb, Jr., United States Marine Corps; Private M. W. Parker, First Corps Cadets, Massachusetts Volunteer Militia; Private Walter G. Hudson, Signal Corps, New Jersey; Lieut. W. W. Cookson, Sixth Battalion, District of Columbia National Guard; Major Glendie B. Young, First Regiment, District of Columbia National Guard; Lieut. H. H. Leizear, Sixth Regiment Infantry, National Guard Pennsylvania; Lieut. Horace M. Bell, First Regiment, New Jersey; Gen. Bird W. Spencer, captain; Capt. F. L. Graham U. S. A., adjutant; Col. William H. Early, quartermaster; Lieut. Albert A. Jones, secretary. This All-American rifle team will go to Ottawa, Canada, on next Saturday, and there is no doubt but what, in view of more carefully prepared ammunition and greater skill, the contest will be much closer than it was last year, which ever team wins.

The Peters Cortridge Co., of Cincinnati, O., have issued a work of sterling worth, the "American Rifleman's Encyclopedia," compiled by the accomplished authority on all that pertains to rifles and their use, Mr. A. C. Gould, editor of Shooting and Fishing. There is a complete list of words and terms used by riflemen of the United States, with definitions and explanations, and a general fund of information pertaining to rifles and rifle shooting. The scores of the teams and the team membership of the International Rifle matches are given; the different positions of short and long range shooting are illustrated; forms of constitution and by-laws of shooting clubs are presented, and there are diagrams of targets, illustrations of the famous trophies, rifle galleries, etc., to an extent which will not fail to delight the heart and improve the mind of all riflemen.

Rifle and Revolver at Sea Girt.

The annual matches of the National Rifle Association of America, the New Jersey State Rifle Association, and the United States Revolver Association have brought out a strong support this year. The army, navy and civilian interests were well represented. On the first day, Aug. 29, the Columbia trophy, presented by the District of Columbia National Guard to the National Guard of New Jersey, was the object of contest. The conditions were teams of six men from organizations of the National Guard and Naval Reserve of New Jersey. Five shots at 200 and 500yds. Trophy and medal to each member of the winning team. There were four contestants, teams from the 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th regiments.

The 2d Regiment team won, as follows:

	200 Yards.	500 Yards.	Totals.
Capt W B Martin	22	24	46
Lieut-Col J F Clime	19	17	36
Lieut E Y Breese	20	23	43
Capt R W Watson	19	24	43
Pvt A G Spencer	21	21	42
Corp R W Evans	19—120	25—137	44—254

The second event of the day was the New Jersey National Guard match between teams of six from organization of the National Guard or the Naval Reserve of New Jersey. Ten shots at 200 and 500yds. Prizes: First, the N. J. N. G. trophy and $50; second, $25 and a medal to each member of the winning team. This event was won by the 1st Regiment team as follows:

	200 Yards.	500 Yards.	Totals.
Capt A. H. Graff	41	45	86
Maj A. Rowland	38	45	83
Pvt W H H Bull	42	42	84
Pvt H Gensch	42	43	85
Pvt A Hubschmitt	44	45	89
Pvt Horace M Bell	41—248	44—264	85—512

Aug. 30.

On Aug. 30, in the Inspectors' match, the conditions were open to all Inspectors and ex-Inspectors of Rifle Practice, distance 500 and 600yds.; 10 shots at each distance; rifle any military. Prizes: First, the Department of Rifle Practice badge, to be held by the winner during the year and $25; second, $10; third, $5; fourth, $5. There were eighteen contestants, and the winners were as follows:

	500 Yards.	600 Yards.	Totals.
Maj J E Bell, I G R P D C	50	44	94
Maj L H Reichelderfer, 1st Regt D C	46	47	93
Maj G B Young, D C	47	46	93
W E Holliday, 4th Battalion, D C	49	43	92

The Wimbledon cup match, a National Rifle Association event also, was shot on Aug. 30. It was open to all citizens and residents of the United States; distance, 1000yds.; 30 shots; weapon, any rifle within the rules; cleaning allowed between shots; position any, without artificial rest; handicap for military rifles using Government ammunition. 18 points; special military, any ammunition, 6 points. First prize, the Wimbledon cup, to be held by the winner till the next annual meeting, when it will be shot for on the same conditions; value $500; a medal to the winner. The winner of the trophy is required to give a bond in the sum of $500 to the National Rifle Association of America, or, if he does not desire to give such bond, the cup will be deposited with the Adjutant-General of his State until the next meeting.

Corp K K V Casey, Co B, 71st N Y	345553554544554 255555255553433	—128+18—146
Pvt H M Bell, Co A 1st N J	455555555555544 505345554534555	—135+ 6—141
Dr W G Hudson, New York		114+18—132
Pvt H H Leizear, Co E, 6th Pa Inf		122+ 6—128
Pvt S B Wetherald, District of Columbia		122+ 6—128
Capt H E Evans, I S A P, 69th N Y		109+18—127
Corp A E Wells, Co E, 7th N Y		109+18—127
Lieut E C Goddard, 6th Pa		119+ 6—125
Corp H L Smith, 4th N J		103+18—121
Sergt W A Tewes, Co C, 4th N J		114+ 6—120
Sergt C M Smith, Co B, 12th N Y		102+18—120
Capt S S Stebbins, Co C, 12th N Y		100+18—118
Col L C Bruce, Old Guard, New York		110+ 6—116
Sergt Henry Daube, N. C. S., 71st N Y		98+18—116
R W Evans, New Brunswick, N. J		97+18—115
Pvt S S Paufst, Co D, Engineers, Ohio		94+18—112
C W Dickey, Washington, D C		93+18—111
Sergt W. F. Leushner, 74th N Y		104+ 6—110
H M Pope, Chicopee Falls, Mass		109
Sergt F J Loughlan, Co C, 12th N Y		90+18—108
Capt Wm B Martin, 2d N J		99+ 6—105
Capt Robt Byars, 71st N Y		87+18—105
Sergt R C Howard, U S Marine Corps		86+18—104
Lieut Thos Holcomb, U S Marine Corps		84+18—102
A Stevens, New York		83+18—101
Lieut R C Dewey, U S Marine Corps		82+18—100
Corp W B Short, Co —, 7th N Y		79+18— 97
Pvt D C Meyer, Co C, 7th N Y		78+18— 96
Lieut W de V Foulke, Pa. N G		76+18— 94
Maj G B Young, Washington, D C		74+18— 92
Sergt W S Lamb, Co E, 12th N Y		73+18— 91
Sergt J Boyle, U. S Marine Corps		68+18— 86
Sergt John Corrie, Co C, 12th N Y		68+18— 86
Capt F L Graham, U S A P R		68+18— 86
Corp C B Winder, Co G, 6th Ohio		65+18— 83
Lieut W W Cookson, 6th Batt, D C		76+ 6— 82
Sergt W C Gannon, Co C, 4th N J		63+18— 81
Maj Arthur Rowland, 1st N J		73+ 6— 79
Pvt G B Cook, 3d Batt, D C		66+ 6— 72
S I Scott, Norwood, Md		51+18— 69
Lieut W M Farrow, 4th Batt, D C		47+18— 65
John Kulp, Trenton, N. J		30+18— 48

Retired: F. M. Dardingkiller, F. C. Wessell, Capt. E. B. Bruch, Sergts. G. H. Doyle, F. X. O'Connor and John Malcolm, and Pvt. A. Perkins.

Interstate Schuetzen team match, N. J. S. R. A., was an interstate team championship. It was shot on Aug. 30, and was open to teams of five men from any State, Territory and the District of Columbia. The conditions were 10 shots per man on German ring target at 200yds. Rifles and sights, any; cleaning between shots allowed. Prizes: A silver medal to each member of the winning team; a bronze medal to each member of the second team:

New Jersey First Team.

Dorrler	19	21	22	23	20	24	23	23	24	15—214
Hansen	16	23	19	18	22	22	25	21	21	22—209
Begerow	18	22	20	15	19	17	23	22	18	22—196
Hayes	18	25	19	23	24	23	23	21	16	23—215
Schlicht	23	20	18	16	20	18	23	19	21	24—202—1036

New Jersey Second Team.

O'Hare	15	16	22	16	24	24	20	17	17	19—190
Hubschmitt	22	19	11	20	16	15	24	20	14	23—184
H Gensch	23	17	21	18	25	24	15	23	23	17—206
Gensch	15	20	16	0	12	16	12	20	20	17—148
Wiegman	13	17	16	11	17	24	23	15	16	22—174— 902

Sept. 1.

On Sept. 1 the Carbine team match, the Revolver team match and the Interclub match were shot.

The conditions of the Carbine team match, N. J. S. R. A., were as follows: Open to teams of five men from any regiment, squadron or troop of cavalry, or any military organization armed with the corbine of the Army, National Guard or any foreign Government. Five shots at 200 and 500yds. Carbines and ammunition, National Rifle Association rules. Prizes: First, $50; second, $25 and a medal to each member of the winning team. There were eight contestants, of which Squadron A, New York won, as follows:

	200 Yards.	500 Yards.	Totals.
Sergt Williamson	19	22	41
Herriek	20	19	39
Sergt Shepard	22	24	46
Capt Barry	20	22	42
Lieut Sayre	16— 97	24—111	40—208

The Revolver team match, N. J. S. R. A., was as follows: Military match, open to teams of five men. Distance 25, 50 and 75yds. Two strings of 5 shots at each distance on U. S. Standard A target, 200yds., reduced to 100yds.; bullseye counting 5, 4x5in.; center, counting 4, 11x14½in.; inner counting 3, 19½x24in.; outer counting 2, balance of target. Each string must be fired within the time limit of 30 seconds, taking time from the first shot. Military revolvers, with not less than 4lbs. trigger pull, and service ammunition. Prizes: First, a trophy to be held during the year by the organization winning same, a medal to each member of the team, and $25; second, $25; third $10. There were six contestants. The winner was Battery A, Light Artillery, M. V. M. The scores made by the winners were as follows:

	25 Yards.	50 Yards	75 Yards.	Totals.
Lieut Wm Amory	42	32	27	101
Corp R S Hale	43	35	24	102
J T Chamberlain	45	35	31	111
J C Cobb	44	40	33	117
Chas Walcott	42	43	25	109—540

The Interclub match, N. R. A., was for the rifle club championship of the United States. Open to teams of five men from any rifle club or association in the United States; 10 shots per man at 200yds. on the Standard American target, with 11in. bullseye (the bullseye including the 7 ring); any military rifle; ammunition any; entries of one or more teams allowed from any one organization, but no man allowed to shoot in more than one team; match to be shot simultaneously on home ranges of clubs situated not less than 100 miles from Sea Girt on Sept. 1, at 2 o'clock P. M., on targets supplied for the purpose by the N. R. A., provided, however, that, if desired, any member of a competing club team, who may be at Sea Girt when the match is shot, shall be furnished with facilities to shoot his score, which will be counted as one of the home team.

Prizes: First, the championship banner and a gold medal to each member of the winning team; second, a silver medal to each member of the second team; third, a bronze medal to each member of the third team. Military organizations affiliated with the National Rifle Association, who have not a rifle club organization, will be considered as clubs, and be eligible to enter a team in the above match.

Cottage R. and R. Association.	
W A Baker	59
M Dorrler	68
W C Gannon	70
H L Smith	71
W A Tewes	74—342
71st Regt., New York.	
Capt E B Bruch	63
Sergt G H Doyle	71
Sergt H Daube	67
Corp K K V Casey	70
Sergt A S Corbett	65—336
Manhattan R. and R. A.	
Dr Short	69
Silliman	56
Armstrong	56
Uhler	66
Hudson	86—333
Italian Shooting Association.	
Minervini	74
Reali	73
Bianchi	62
Selvorggi	51
Gerbolini	64—324
Philadelphia Rifle Association.	
H H Leizear	74
E C Goddard	53
N Spering	66
G Schnerring	52
H M Pope	60—305
71st Regt., New York.	
Lieut R Byars	60
Pvt E H Powell	66
Lieut G W Corwin	73
Lieut L W Thompson	41
Lieut H C Wilson	56—296
Co. I, 8th Regt. Inf., M. V. M.	
Sergt B. W. Percival	51
Pvt P S Hanson	65
Pvt C A Dawson	56
Corp W C Leavitt	45
Lieut F E Clark	73—290
New Jersey State R. A.	
Col C A Reid	54
Wm Hayes	63
Capt Wm B Martin	63
Maj H Lohmann	50
Maj G B Young	60—290
Squadron A, New York.	
Sergt Williamson	51
Pvt Lee	38
Sergt Barnard	64
Pvt Herrick	44
1st Lieut M H Smith	40—237
Italian Shooting Association.	
Navain	51
De Felice	45
Muzio	22
Conti	44—206
Obarno	44

Sept. 2.

The Hilton trophy match, N. R. A., was shot on Sept. 2, and the conditions were as follows: Open to teams of twelve from the Army of the United States, one team from the troops stationed within each of the military departments; the United States Navy; the United States Marine Corps; the National Guard or uniformed militia of the several States and Territories, including the District of Columbia (one from each State or Territory). Other countries—England, Ireland, Scotland and each of the provinces of Great Britain, and all other countries, one team each from the following: The regular army; the militia; the volunteers; the navy of any country. Separate teams may be sent out when the organizations are separate. The members of each team to be officers or enlisted men and active members of the corps or organization which they represent, and to appear in the authorized uniform, full dress or fatigue, thereof. They shall be selected in such manner as shall be prescribed by the military authorities of the country or State they represent, and shall, if required, be certified to by them as being their authorized representatives. Distances 200, 500, and 600yds.; rounds 7 at each distance; position standing at 200yds., at 500 and 600yds. prone, with head toward target; rifles and ammunition as prescribed in the National Rifle Association of America regulations. Prizes: a trophy presented by the late Hon. Henry Hilton, of New York, to be shot for annually at Sea Girt. To be held during the year by the head of the corps or organization whose team may win it, to be returned to the National Rifle Association of America at the expiration thereof; value $3,000; also a medal to each member of the winning team. The contestants and scores were as follows:

New York.

	200 Yards.	500 Yards.	600 Yards.	Totals.
Sergt G H Doyle, 71st	32	34	28	94
Ord Sergt H Daube, 71st	29	34	32	95
1st Sergt J Corrie, 12th	30	33	29	92
Capt S S Stebbins, 12th	31	33	32	96
Ord Sergt G W Lent, 47th	30	34	33	97
Corp K K V Casey, 71st	29	34	34	97
Capt H E Evans	29	30	32	91
Ord Sergt Leushner, 74th	32	34	30	96
Sergt F J Laughlin, 12th	29	33	34	96
Pvt Dardingkeller, 12th	32	33	30	95
1st Sergt C M Smith, 12th	40	34	30	94
Sergt W S Lamb, 12th	29	31	35	95
	362	397	379	1138
New Jersey	364	384	375	1123
District of Columbia	352	384	364	1100
Massachusetts	346	377	353	1076
Pennsylvania	356	374	346	1076
U S Marine Corps	347	367	359	1073
Ohio	325	349	316	990
Maryland	330	335	309	974

Sept. 3, Wednesday.

The Interstate regimental team match was won by the team of the Fourth New Jersey, which scored 257 at the 200yd. range, and 288 at the 500yd. range, a total of 545 points. The 71st New York scored 538, the 7th New York scored 537, and the 2d District of Columbia, winner of last year, scored 533.

Sept. 4, Thursday.

It was New Jersey day in the way of victories. The Interstate military match went to New Jersey, which retains the Soldier of Marathon trophy, with a score of 1084 out of a possible 1200. The distances were 200 and 500yds., 10 shots per man, at each distance. A late start was made in consequence of a rainy morning. Firing commenced at 11 o'clock. The wind was puffy and puzzling. The District of Columbia and New York tied for second place with 1074 each; Massachusetts fourth with 1059; Pennsylvania fifth with 1051; the Marine Corps sixth with 1044; Ohio seventh with 1018; the United States Army eighth with 1006, and Maryland ninth with 939.

The New Jersey team broke the high score record of 1074, which they established last year.

Sept 5, Friday.

In the Leach cup match, at 800, 900 and 10000yds., Sergt. W. F. Leushner, of the 74th New York, won with a score of 22, 21 and 16; total 59.

Sept. 6, Saturday.

The President's match was the last of the programme, and was a matter of keen interest both to the contestants and the onlookers. The conditions were seven shots at each of the following distances: 200, 300, 500, 600, 800 and 1000 yards, each contestant using the military rifle adopted by the State of which he was a representative. Pvt George Earle Cook, 1st Regiment, District of Columbia, won with a total of 189. The winners of the nine cash prizes in the match were as follows: Pvt. George Earle Cook, 1st Regt., District of Columbia; Pvt. H. H. Leizear, 6th Pennsylvania; Pvt. W. M. Parker, 1st Massachusetts Heavy Artillery; Pvt. S. I. Scott, 2d District of Columbia, 186; Capt. W. B. Short, 7th New York, 184; Pvt. W. G. Hudson, Signal Corps, New Jersey, 182; Pvt. F. M. Dardingkiller, 12th New York, 182; Lieut. Thos. Holcomb, United States Marine Corps, 181; Sergt. C. N. Smith, 12th New York, 180. The tie scores between Parker and Scott for third place, and between Hudson and Dardingkiller for fourth money, were decided on the scores of the men in the long range, under the rules of the Association. Leizear and Cook were tied for first place on the actual number of points scored, each having 189 to his credit, but as the Washington man had scored 28 points on the 1,000yd. range, to 26 made by his Pennsylvania rival, the prize was awarded to the sharpshooter from the National Capital.

A telegram from the Association's committee, of which Gen. Bird W. Spencer was chairman, was forwarded in the evening to President Roosevelt as follows:

"President Roosevelt, Chattanooga, Tenn.: We, the riflemen assembled at Sea Girt, N. J., recognizing in yourself a kindred spirit, sincerely congratulate you in your recent escape from a serious accident, and trust you will suffer no permanent ill effects from it; that your eye and arm in the future, as in the past, may assure you a bullseye every time. The President's match, shot this day, was won by George Earle Cook; score 189 out of a possible 210.

"General Bird W. Spencer, Capt. Robert Taylor, Sergt. Fred T. Alder, Corp. W. B. Short, Committee."

The riflemen who intend to compete for places on the international team which is to go to Canada this week, met afterward on the range, and the men who made the best scores will be sent to meet the Canadian sharpshooters on the range at Ottawa in an international contest.

The scores in the President's match were as follows:

Capt W B Martin, 2d New Jersey	162
Pvt R L Pile, 2d District of Columbia	164
Sergt F. X O'Connor, 7th New York	151
Sergt J H Keough, Massachusetts	179
Capt F L Graham, U. S. A	166
Lieut Thomas Holcomb, U. S. Marine Corps	181
Sergt F J Loughlin, 12th New York	163
Corp C B Winder, 6th Ohio	176
Sergt G H Doyle, 71st New York	178
Corp R W Evans, 2d New Jersey	144
Pvt W G Hudson, Signal Corps, New Jersey	182
Lieut Robert Byars, 71st New York	178
Pvt S I Scott, 2d District of Columbia	186
Lieut W M Farrow, 2d District of Columbia	150
Sergt-Maj W A Boyle, 69th New York	170
Pvt D C Meyer, 7th New York	170
Pvt S C Wessell, 7th New York	165
Corp K K V Casey, 71st New York	174
Sergt Henry Daube, 71st New York	169
Maj Arthur Rowland, 1st New York	141
Maj G B Young, 1st District of Columbia	156
Pvt Alexander Stevens, 7th New York	179
Sergt W C Gannon, 4th New Jersey	150
Capt H E Evans, 69th New York	169
Sergt W S Lamb, 12th New York	164
Capt A E Wells, 7th New York	177
Maj Henry Lahmann, 4th New Jersey	175
Sergt John Carrie, 12th New York	162
Capt E B Bruch, 71st New York	169
Sergt W A Tewes, 4th New Jersey	162
Lieut R C Dewey, U. S. Marine Corps	172
Pvt F M Dardingkiller, 12th New York	182
Capt W B Short, 7th New York	184
Lieut J F Jenkins, 71st New York	178
Pvt J G Dillen, 6th Pennsylvania	145
Pvt H H Leizear, 6th Pennsylvania	189
Capt A C Robbins, 1st District of Columbia	136
Pvt W C Dickey, 1st District of Columbia	152
Capt H L Smith, 4th New Jersey	152
Pvt G E Cook, 1st District of Columbia	189
Pvt S B Wetherald, 1st District of Columbia	179
Sergt W F Leuschner, 74th New York	178
Capt S S Stebbins, 12th New York	171
Sergt C N Smith, 12th New York	180
Pvt H M Bell, 1st New Jersey	177
Pvt W M Parker, Massachusetts	186
Lieut W W Cookson, 2d District of Columbia	177

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

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

Sept. 9-11.—Du Bois, Pa.—Three days' target tournament of the Du Bois Rod and Gun Club; added money, $200. L. S. Munch, Sec'y.

Sept. 9-12.—Battle Creek, Mich.—Tournament of the Indians; open to the world; $1,000 added. John Parker, Mgr.

Sept. 10.—East Liverpool, O.—East Liverpool Gun Club's tournament. R. W. Sample, Sec'y.

Sept. 10.—Bristol, Conn.—All-day tournament and sheep bake of the Bristol Gun Club. E. M. Dailey, Sec'y.

Sept. 11-12.—Annual fall target and live-bird amateur shoot of the Harrisburg Shooting Association.

Sept. 15-19.—Des Moines, Ia.—W. E. Kessler's tournament.

Sept. 15-20.—Blue River Park, Kansas City, Mo.—Twenty-fifth tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. Targets and live birds. Paul Franke, Sec'y.

Sept. 16-17.—Nebraska City, Neb.—Tournament at Nebraska City.

Sept. 16-18.—Williamsport, Pa.—Tournament of the West Branch Rod and Gun Club.

Sept. 16-19.—Detroit, Mich.—John Parker's annual tournament.

Sept. 18-19.—Iowa Falls, Ia.—Annual amateur target tournament of the Iowa Falls Gun Club.

Sept. 20.—McKeesport, Pa.—Enterprise Gun Club's tournament.

Sept. 23-24.—Concordia, Kan.—Second annual tournament of the Concordia Blue Ribbon Gun Club.

Sept. 23-25.—Cincinnati, O.—Second annual handicap target tournament of the Cincinnati Gun Club. Charles F. Dreihs, Sec'y.

Sept. 24-25.—Taylorville, Ill.—Taylorville Gun Club's tournament.

Sept. 25-26.—Streator, Ill.—Streator Gun Club's target tournament.

Sept. 26-27.—Matthews, Ind.—Second annual target and live-bird tournament.

Sept. 29-30.—Lewistown, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Lewistown Gun Club. H. H. McComber, Sec'y.

Oct. 1-2.—Austerlitz, Ky.—Hill Top Gun Club's tournament.

Oct. 1-2.—Union City, Ind.—Fall tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club. O. E. Fouts, Sec'y.

Oct. 1-2.—Austerlitz, Ky.—Hill Top Gun Club's live-bird tournament. Alfred Clay, Sec'y.

Oct. 1-2.—Union City, Ind.—Parent Grove Gun Club's fall tournament. O. E. Fouts, Sec'y.

Oct. 1-2.—Allegheny, Pa.—Two-day target tournament of the Northside Gun Club; $100 added money. I. W. Morrow, Sec'y.

Oct. 6.—New Paris, O.—One-day tournament of the Peters Gun Club. G. L. Lyne, Sec'y.

Oct. 3-4.—Louisville, Ky.—Jefferson County Gun Club's tournament.

Oct. 7-8.—Greenville, O.—Handicap tournament of the Greenville Gun Club. H. A. McCaughey, Sec'y.

Oct. 9-10.—Irwin, Pa.—Irwin Game and Gun Club's tournament.

Oct. 9-10.—Fort Wayne, Ind.—Annual target tournament of the East End Gun Club. F. W. Leidelf, Sec'y.

Oct. 15-16.—New London, Ia.—Sixth annual tournament of the New London Gun Club. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.

Oct. 15-16.—Springfield, O.—Springfield Gun Club's tournament. B. F. Downs, Capt.

Oct. 21-22.—Kenton, O.—Second annual fall tournament of the Kenton Gun Club; $75 or more added money. K. P. Johnson, Sec'y-Treas.

Oct. 21-22.—Sistersville, W. Va.—Sistersville Gun Club's target tournament.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's target shoot, every Saturday afternoon until October. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

First Saturday of each month for a year, Burnside.—Contest for the Troisdorf live-bird and target medals; 10 live birds; 25 targets; open to all. First contest, March 1.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

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

The secretary, Mr. K. P. Johnson, writes us as follows: "The Kenton Gun Club, Kenton, O., will hold its second annual fall tournament on Oct. 21 and 22. This will be strictly an amateur tournament, and all known 90 per cent. shooters will be barred. We know who they are, and they will not be allowed to participate in the division of purses, but a special match will be arranged for such 90 per cent. shooters and manufacturers' agents. Purses divided on percentage system; in 15-target events, 50, 30 and 20 per cent., and on the 20 and 25 target events, 40, 20, 20 and 10 per cent.; $75 or more added money. We wish you would announce our dates in your columns, and when our programme is prepared, we will forward copy of same and ask for a small special notice."

The Breeder and Sportsman, of Aug. 30, has the following concerning a gentleman who distinguished himself in the East and in Europe as one of the most skillful contestants at the traps, he having been in the first flight at Grand American Handicaps and the still harder competition abroad: "Clarence C. Nauman has joined the ranks of the Benedicts. He was quietly married last Sunday afternoon to Miss Martha Bates, a belle of Sonoma, and a young lady noted for the double qualities of amiability of character and beauty. Mr. Nauman was at the Ingleside trapshooting grounds and won a cup in the forenoon, fitting augury for a happy future."

The Colt Gun Club, of Hartford, Conn., held its annual meeting on Saturday of last week and elected officers as follows: President, F. Hermann; Vice-President, R. Hollister; Secretary; R. McFetridge; Treasurer, J. Alger; Assistant Secretary, L. D. Hubbell; Instructor, S. Colt; Trustee, H. Nichols. Interstate rules were adopted. The club will install new traps, and contemplates first-class service and activity.

The Interstate tournament, given for the Nappanee, Ind., Gun Club, suffered in attendance from conflicting dates, two other Indiana clubs having chosen the same dates, and this after the Interstate dates were claimed and announced.

BERNARD WATERS.

Concord Gun Club.

CONCORD, N. H., Aug.—29.—The weather was good at the Concord Gun Club's shoot to-day. The targets seemed to be very hard to break. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	15	10	20	15	10	20	10	20	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Apgar	7	8	15	12	9	17	10	16	9	9	9	8	9	10	10
Hunniwell	11	7	13	11	6	15	8	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Darton	7	9	15	8	6	14	6	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Neal	9	8	13	9	7	15	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Stark	7	7	12	10	4	11	7	16	..	..	..	4	6	5	..
Merrill	7	7	8	7	7	15	6	10	6	6	6	..	..	..	..
Morriss	13	7	15	10	7	16	8	13	6	8	..	..	..	..	..
Reed	8	8	15	10	5	16	7	16	6	7	7	10	4	6	..
Ferson	2	0	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Goss	10	..	12	8	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cheney	..	2	..	4	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Odekirk	..	..	14	6	7	..	5	..	4	6	..	..	8	3	..
Cole	..	..	12	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Woodruff	..	..	10	13	7	18	8	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bouton	..	..	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Adams	..	..	..	..	8	11	5	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Nardini	..	..	..	..	9	12	5	18	..	8	7	8	7	6	10
Hallan	..	..	..	..	4	8	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Peavuy	..	..	..	..	4	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
G Greer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	4	1	0	5	8	..
S Greer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	3	7	3	..	..	..
Sautelle	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	4	1	7	3	5	7	..
Harrington	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	2	5	5	4	4	..
Chadwick	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	8	6	7	3	4	..
Gore	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	4	..	6	..	..	..
King	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	7	5	7	9	4	5
Wright	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	3	..	..	..	..	..
Sanborn	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..

Match, 100 targets: Barton 74, Stark 66.

Forester Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., Sept. 1.—The following scores were made by the Forester Gun Club at live birds and targets:

Live birds:

Tigh, 28	1101111—6	112101—5
Parker, 27	0222021—5	.....
D Fleming, 28	1111101—6	111011—5
Weller, 28	0211111—6	.....
Winans, 28	1221121—7	.....
J J Fleming, 29	2111112—7	211011—5
Trowbridge, 29	0122012—5	110111—5
Wellington, 28	1201012—5	.....
D Fleming, Jr, 28	.....	01122—5

Targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Jewell	4	2	4	3	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Tigh	5	7	..	6	7	5	6	5	..	..	..	..
J J Fleming	6	6	5	5	4	7	10	10	9	8	8	9
Whitehead	8	..	..	8	8	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
D Fleming	6	6	8	7	5	6	3	6	10	7	7	7
Wilson	..	5	3	5	..	..	..	..	4	9	7	..
D Fleming, Jr	..	5	8	6	6	4	2	5	7	4	3	5
Gardiner	..	6	8	8	8	8	9	8	9	9	7	6
Yeomans	..	..	10	9	8	9	9	8	7	8	9	8
W Smith	..	..	7	6	6	7	7	9	9	7	6	8
Winans	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	5	..	..

Match:

Dr Gardiner	0110111011111111111111000—19
J J Fleming	1101101111100101111111111—20

Trap at Marion.

MARION, Ind., Sept. 6.—We have organized a new gun club here with thirty-five members, and held our big shoot on Labor Day; also held our regular shoot to-day, as we shoot every Friday. Our officers are: President, J. C. Whistler; Captain, Geo. Chambers; Secretary-Treasurer, H. Sheldon.

Scores made on Labor Day:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
G Chambers	190	177	Sheldon	185	108
A Atkinson	100	68	Crowell	50	30
J Whistler	68	49	S Mills	60	35
F Beshore	100	58	Dr Mc	78	51
Baldwin	149	49	Kiley	177	139

Chambers won medal, 22 out of 25.

Regular Friday shoot, Sept. 5.

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Chambers	45	37	Sheldon	45	25
Charles	45	25	Torence	35	17
Crowell	45	20	Hiatt	40	26
Dr Mc	45	18	Sewall	45	24
Bocks	45	23			

Chambers won medal, 13 out of 15.

H. S.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

National Gun Club.

THE following concerning the National Gun Club has been issued by the authority of the proper officers:

CONSTITUTION.

Name.—The corporate name of the Association shall be National Gun Club.

Objects.—The objects of the Association are to increase the National and State protection of fish and game, and to urge the establishment of National and State game preserves; to foster and promote the sports of trap and wing shooting, and to extend the acquaintance and friendship among shooters throughout the United States; to establish local associations in every State and Territory in the Union; and to familiarize the youth of the country with the use of firearms, to the end that they may be prepared for their country's needs.

Directors.—The prudential affairs of the Association shall be governed by a president, secretary-treasurer, and a general council. The president and secretary-treasurer, with two members of the general council are subscribers to this instrument. For the term ending Dec. 31, 1903, the officers are John M. Lilly, President; F. Holloway, Secretary-Treasurer.

Location.—The permanent headquarters of the Association shall be Indianapolis, Marion county, Indiana.

Capital Stock.—This Association has no capital stock.

Jno. M. Lilly,
Tom A. Marshall,
Ernest H. Tripp,
F. Holloway.

SUGGESTIONS.

Members.—Applications for membership will be solicited from residents of every State and Territory in the Union. All applications postmarked prior to Jan. 1, 1904, and passed by the general council, will entitle the applicants to charter membership: Provided, That each application must be recommended in writing by the captain of the State.

Fees and Dues.—Each application must be accompanied by a New York or Chicago draft for $2, to the order of the National Gun Club, which amount will clear all payments to Jan. 1, 1904, after which date there will be a charge of $1 for annual dues.

State Associations.—When the individual members of the National Gun Club in any State or Territory number twenty-five, they will be allowed to form a State association under the name of their State. This Association will be governed by the State officers mentioned below, according to the rules and regulations furnished by the general council.

State Officers.—There shall be in each State and Territory a captain and three lieutenants appointed by the president, who will serve until Jan. 1, 1904, or until their successors are elected and qualified. Their term of office shall be two years. At the expiration of this first term, if there is a State association, the captain and lieutenants shall be elected by a majority vote of said association, the voting to be done by mail. The candidate receiving the greatest number of votes will be captain, and the next three in order will be lieutenants, subject to confirmation by the general council. It is advised that the Lieutenants be chosen from different sections of the State or Territory.

Advisory Board.—There will be a committee composed of the officers and three members of the general council appointed by the president, which will be known as the advisory board, who will pass upon all matters not of sufficient importance to be submitted to the full membership of the general council. For the first term they are Mr. E. H. Tripp, Indianapolis; Hon. T. A. Marshall, Keithsburg, Ill.; Mr. John Parker, Detroit, Mich.

Finances.—The secretary-treasurer will be allowed to draw vouchers on the treasury, upon his own responsibility, for sums not exceeding $50. The president may make purchases in sums not exceeding $200 in any one month, provided he has authority of the advisory board before making the purchase. All purchases must be evidenced by a voucher, and the voucher submitted to the advisory board for confirmation and passage. When such vouchers are passed by the board, the president and secretary-treasurer are released from all further responsibility regarding them. For expenditures exceeding $200, the president and secretary-treasurer must have the confirmation of the advisory board and the authority of the majority of the members of the general council before incurring the indebtedness. Provided, That at no time shall there be an indebtedness incurred unless the funds are already in the treasury to meet the expenditure.

General Council.—The general council is composed of the President, John M. Lilly, and Messrs. Marshall, Tripp, Parker, Elliott, Lyons, Heikes, Hallowell, Budd, Merrill and Banks, who have entire control of the prudential matters and financial affairs of the club. All voting of the general council shall be by mail. The majority of the votes cast shall be binding, and seven votes shall constitute a quorum, the president not voting unless in case of a tie. The officers shall hold their positions up to Jan. 1, 1904, or until their successors are elected and qualified. In the month of December, 1903, the president shall be elected by a majority vote of the entire general council, thirteen of which shall constitute a quorum. He will then appoint both the active members and the members at large of the general council. Beginning with Jan. 1, 1904, the president and general council shall serve for two years, or until their successors are elected and qualified. The secretary-treasurer shall be appointed by the president. Vacancies in the general council will be filled by a majority vote of the council.

Tournaments.—Beginning with the year 1904, there will be held in the different parts of the country, under the immediate control of the National Gun Club, two tournaments annually, in the spring and autumn, details of which will be furnished later.

Consolidated Sportsmen's Association Tournament.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Sept. 6.—The Consolidated Gun Clubs of Grand Rapids gave a most successful two-day tournament this week on their grounds at North Park. Sixty shooters participated each day. The club added liberal purses to all events, and everything was done to make the occasion pleasant to visiting shooters. Targets were thrown from strong expert traps, and moneys were divided on the Rose system.

The distance handicap was most severely applied, and as the grounds and conditions were extremely difficult, some of the best shots of the country who participated made very indifferent scores. The two days' programme included 455 targets, J. M. Hughes winning first place with the only 90 per cent. average. Other honors went to McMurchy, Cox, Hensler and Wilson. The sum of $50 was given for five high guns each day, and $60 for six low gun on completed programme. Summaries of scores and totals are appended:

Sept. 4, First Day.

Events:	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
McMurchy, 20	13	17	10	19	15	19	14	18	21	13	18	13
Klein, 20	12	19	14	16	14	15	13	19	24	13	18	13
Phellis, 20	12	17	11	15	9	1	612	17	19	15	1	615
Crosby, 21	11	16	13	17	13	17	13	18	19	14	20	13
Riehl, 20	11	14	15	15	12	13	12	14	18	13	16	14
Coe, 19	19	14	12	17	12	19	12	12	22	13	13	12
Waruf, 19	19	13	10	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Crowell, 13	9	18	13	14	13	16	11	17	20	..	..	..
Becson, 18	13	17	13	19	13	15	12	18	22	11	14	..
Tolsma, 18	13	15	11	15	11	15	14	16	18	13	15	8
Hensler, 17	13	17	15	17	14	19	12	18	19	14	15	12
Penn, 17	11	16	13	16	11	17	13	13	19	..	..	..
McQueen, 17	9	19	12	19	13	16	10	13	18	11	13	14
Hunter, 17	11	18	13	14	10	17	13	15	19	12	17	12
Du Bray, 18	10	14	11	12	11	14	14	16	22	10	16	15
Jarvis, 16	10	16	14	17	12	18	15	17	22	13	17	13
Hudson, 16	12	18	12	18	13	20	10	16	19	11	..	..
Perkins, 16	12	11	12	10	13	13	13	15	13	11	13	10
Watts, 16	14	17	14	15	11	17	11	18	20	14	18	10
Collins, 16	12	10	11	15	8	17	11	..	..	12	15	11
Bayne, 16	10	15	12	14	9	15	8	12	11	..	..	..
Edge, 16	12	16	10	15	11	15	14	17	21	12	..	..
Vermilya, 16	11	18	12	18	14	14	15	19	21	14	14	12
Grossiel, 16	10	12	13	17	12	17	10	15	18	11	16	..
Miller, 16	11	18	9	12	10	15	12	13	21	14	14	13
Vail, 16	12	15	8	9	8	10	11	..	12	..	..	..
Vanderstolp, 16	10	12	8	16	8	15	9	15	..	..	..	..
Hayes, 16	14	12	12	18	12	17	12	15	19	13	9	13
Benson, 16	7	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kelsey, 16	12	12	9	17	10	14	9	19	19	10	15	..
Thompson, 16	11	16	11	13	13	14	11	13	20	10	13	..
Young, 16	11	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dean, 16	10	..	6	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hardman, 16	14	..	..	..	..	15	12	16	20	11	..	..
Endert, 16	11	16	11	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lindberg, 16	11	15	8	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Myers, 16	12	15	11	14	10	15	12	17	17	..	..	..
Messenburg, 16	15	18	9	19	14	15	13	..	..	..	..	..
Bencus, 16	8	13	9	17	12	15	14	14	18	..	..	..
Skinner, 16	12	17	11	18	13	17	11	16	20	11	14	10
Wilson, 16	14	15	14	18	15	18	12	17	22	12	16	13
Fitzsimmons, 16	14	15	11	16	11	18	12	13	22	11	..	..
Wills, 16	14	19	9	17	14	17	15	18	20	11	18	12
White, 16	15	14	11	13	10	13	12	17	20	12	11	12
Widdicomb, 16	6	16	12	13	11	14	13	17	18	12	15	7
Cox, 18	14	18	12	18	13	17	11	17	21	12	19	13
Rich, 18	10	19	12	17	14	17	11	15	20	12	18	11
Kemp, 17	14	16	12	18	12	17	13	17	21	..	15	..
Waters, 19	11	18	12	17	12	18	12	20	22	12	14	13
Hughes, 21	13	13	14	18	14	17	9	20	23	15	19	14
Money, 21	13	15	14	18	14	15	10	18	20	14	19	10
Jettner, 17	11	15	11	19	11	17	12	17	20	..	..	..
Nowack, 17	14	15	..	16	12	17	12	17	16	..	..	..
Fisher, 16	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	8	..	..	..	..
Reamer, 16	..	..	5	..	6	..	11	..	..	..	..	..
Holcomb, 16	..	..	..	..	10	12	14	14	..	10	..	..
Greenway, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	22	..	..
Babcock, 16	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Plotts, 16	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Thomas, 16	..	..	..	..	12	..	8	..	..	..	..	..
Jewell, 16	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
McDuffee, 16	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Manty, 16	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

Sept. 5, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	20	15	25	15	20	25	20	15	25	15	20	25
Crosby, 21	14	13	22	13	16	18	13	12	22	13	17	21
Money, 21	15	11	23	11	11	18	17	12	21	13	17	22
Hughes, 21	19	14	20	15	18	23	19	15	24	15	20	25
McMurchy, 21	16	13	23	12	18	22	14	12	25	13	17	23
Klein, 21	15	10	22	11	15	20	12	13	22	14	17	21
Phellis, 19	16	13	23	13	17	21	18	13	21	14	19	23
Coe, 19	14	11	19	12	16	24	17	14	20	11	13	19
Felger, 18	16	9	17	11	16	16	19	13	22	12	16	23
Benson, 18	15	14	21	11	19	22	17	12	22	13	14	23
Du Bray, 16	15	11	16	11	12	22	17	14	18	12	14	..
Parker, 19	15	14	18	13	18	22	17	15	19	12	16	21
Waters, 19	17	13	23	12	19	23	17	13	20	14	15	23
Riehl, 19	15	12	20	11	17	19	18	11	20	12	17	20
Jarvis, 16	16	12	24	11	14	21	18	11	25	12	14	18
Hudson, 16	16	14	23	12	17	21	17	12	24	12	18	22
Osborne, 16	16	11	17	12	22	22	16	11	..	..	..	..
Scott, 18	15	12	21	11	18	17	11	..	..	..	..	..
Crowell, 16	17	13	19	12	19	..	17	10	..	..	..	..
Watts, 16	17	11	20	12	..	17	..	11	..	..	13	..
Head, 20	17	14	23	13	13	10	18	15	13	14	13	19
Bencus, 16	16	14	18	12	13	20	16	13	10	..	..	..
Skinner, 16	14	11	16	9	16	18	13	10	21	12	14	19
Rich, 16	15	14	20	10	17	20	17	13	..	..	..	..
Tolsma, 17	18	13	23	14	17	20	16	14	17	12	18	15
Perkins, 16	19	13	15	11	16	20	15	12	16	13	14	20
Jetner, 17	16	13	21	14	14	20	17	13	20	11	18	21
Kemp, 16	12	7	23	12	14	18	11	..	..	..	..	..
McQueen, 17	15	12	17	13	18	24	17	15	19	14	19	22
Hensler, 19	18	13	19	11	17	21	17	12	23	13	21	22
Hunter, 17	17	12	22	12	11	19	18	14	21	10	18	22
Cox, 18	19	12	19	12	17	23	17	13	23	14	16	23
Nowak, 17	14	14	21	12	16	21	18	11	22	11	14	23
Widdicomb, 16	14	9	18	7	14	21	16	14	20	10	14	18
Wilson, 18	17	14	19	13	18	25	12	13	22	9	18	21
White, 16	16	11	17	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fitzsimmons, 16	15	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Mills, 18	20	11	24	15	16	22	17	11	22	10	..	..
Collins, 16	13	10	..	..	..	..	16	12	..	14	..	..
Vermilya, 16	18	12	21	12	18	23	16	15	..	..	..	..
G Russell, 16	20	11	22	12	..	..	20	15	..	..	..	..
Bayne, 16	16	11	18	9	..	12	16	15	..	..	15	..
Greenway, 16	16	12	20	13	15	20	12	12	..	6	..	..
Miller, 16	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..
Dean, 16	..	..	10	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Vanderstolp, 16	..	7	21	15	19	19	16	13	19	11	..	..
Waruf, 16	..	..	15	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Justin, 16	..	4	..	5	..	19	..	11	16	..	..	..
Kelsey, 16	..	..	..	..	11	20	16	10	..	..	..	..
Pattison, 16	..	..	..	14	..	17	14	14	..	13	17	..
Mykes, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	18	13	13
Adze, 16	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Herrick, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	17	..
Eckert, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..
Hardman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	..
Lindberg	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	..

Totals:

	1st Day.	2d Day.	Totals.
McMurchy	189	208	397
Crosby	182	195	377
Money.	180	191	371
Hughes	189	227	416
Klein	190	192	382
Phillis	173	211	384
Riehl	167	192	359
Coe	166	190	356
Tolsma	164	197	361
Hensler	185	202	387
Hunter	167	196	363
McQueen	167	205	369
Jarvis	183	196	379
Perkins	146	184	330
Skinner	170	173	343
Wilson	186	201	387
Widdicomb	154	177	331
Cox	185	208	393
Waters	171	209	380

Baltimore Shooting Association.

BALTIMORE, Md., Aug. 30.—The Baltimore Shooting Association on Aug. 30 closed its target season. The final shoot was well attended. Fifteen shooters took part.

The main interest centered in the club race, which was finished, for the monthly prizes. They were won by G. E. Edwards and J. R. Malone with a score of 245 out of 250. Dr. H. E. Lupus was third with 242 out of 250. The average handicap system, which was tried for the first time this month, worked out beautifully and gave general satisfaction, as it was impossible to name the winners until the last score of the month was shot up, which kept up interest until the very last.

The club has had a very successful target season. Among the visitors to-day were Ansley H. Fox and Mr. Scott. Mr. J. M. Hawkins was also present.

The Association will probably hold a fall tournament during October. The scores. The figures after the names indicate the handicap in the club event:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	10	10	10	50
Edwards, 19	6	9	9	..	.. 49
Malone, 5		9	..	..	.. 50
Lupus, 4		..	10	9	9 46
Chew, 7		8	8	..	.. 46
Fox, 0		10	9	9	10 43
Roberts, 19		6	8	..	.. 50

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	10	10	10	50
Jones, 17	..	5	7	8	40
Scott	5	6	5	..	..
Peters, 12	7	5	..	8	46
Biddle, 9	..	5	7	8	36
Adams	6	5	5	4	..

Colt Gun Club.

HARTFORD, Conn., Sept. 8.—The annual meeting of this club was held Saturday, and the old officers, with a few exceptions, were re-elected to their former places, namely: President, F. Hermann; Vice-President, R. Hollister; Secretary, R. McFetridge; Treasurer, J. Alger; Assistant Secretary, L. D. Hubbell; Instructor, S. Colt; Trustee, H. Nichols. The reports of the secretary and treasurer showed the club to be in a flourishing condition socially and financially. The club voted to be governed entirely by Interstate rules for all future contests. New and modern traps are to replace the old ones; then we hope to have conditions second to none. The following scores were made Saturday:

Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	25	25	25
Hermann	21	23	22
Hollister	16	18	21
C Field	21	18	..
Hubbell	20	..	..
Alger	16	18	20
McFetridge	11	20	17
W Field	16	..	..

Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	25	25	25
Colt	16	15	16
Warner	13	15	14
Alexander	15	..	..
Nichols	14	15	..
Hyde	13	12	..
Calkins	12	..	..

IN NEW JERSEY.

Oradell—Spring Valley.

Oradell, N. J.—Appended please find the scores made on Labor Day. The conditions were 25 targets per man, unknown angles, for the New City challenge cup, presented by the New City Fair Association, to be competed for on the New City Fair grounds, Labor Day, Sept. 1, between the Spring Valley Rod and Gun Club and the Oradell Gun Club, seven-man teams. The cup to be won twice before it becomes the winner's property. The following are the scores as per the Oradell scorer, E. H. Vreeland, and under which we claim to have won the cup, although same was not awarded us. There being two score keepers, Mr. Washburn, of the Ossining Gun Club, for Spring Valley Rod and Gun Club, and Mr. E. H. Vreeland for the Oradell Club, when the totals were footed up the score for Spring Valley showed one bird in their favor, the score for Oradell Club showed 2 birds in their favor.

Although we protested against the cup being given to the Spring Valley Club, the situation was unchanged. Now as neither score keeper was agreed upon as an official one, we appeal to FOREST AND STREAM as to who should be the winner of the New City cup. The scores stand as follows:

Oradell score:

Oradell Gun Club.		Spring Valley Gun Club.	
F Ackerman	19	Smith	17
Vreeland	19	Singer	16
Winters	18	Barr	14
A Ackerman	18	Blanchard	15
Lundy	18	Geiger	23
Gruman	18	Addis	18
Post	18—128	Fisher	23—126

Spring Valley score:

Oradell Gun Club.		Spring Valley Gun Club.	
F Ackerman	19	Smith	17
Vreeland	19	Singer	16
Winters	18	Barr	16
A Ackerman	17	Blanchard	15
Lundy	18	Geiger	23
Gruman	18	Addis	18
Post	18—127	Fisher	23—128

CHAS. P. POST, Sec'y.

[As each team had its own scorer, and as, according to its score, each club was a winner, there was no contest. Under the circumstances, the teams having perfectly equal standing, one score was as good as the other. Each club could not be a winner. The number of targets which one score showed above the other was immaterial, as an excess of one target constituted just as good a win as an excess of more. The match should be shot over.]

Carlstadt Gun Club.

Carlstadt, N. J., Sept. 1.—The scores made at to-day's shoot are appended. Visiting shooters are always welcome to participate:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	10	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	25	25
E B Smith	3	3	6	3	8	5	9	10	7	9	11	10	8	18	12
Con Sedore	3	3	6	4	8	..	7	8	10	7	5	7	9	13	14
H B Brinkerhoff	2	2	4	4	8	5	10	..	..	..	7	8	11	11	9
H King	5	5	..	8	..	4	8	11	11	11	11	..	7	..	..
G Frank	..	..	3	..	5	3	..	10	..	9	..	8	6	..	..
Theo Gempp	..	..	..	5	4	4	10	9	..	8	4	6	..	12	..
J Rasmus	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	4	..	..	8	..	..	..

Match, 25 birds: Score 11, Smith 14.

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J.—Mr. Eickhoff won the Glaser trophy, competition for which was open to members only. The conditions were 25 targets, handicap allowance added. The results were as follows:

Richter	0111111111111100111001110—19	
	0101001110101101011100100—13—32+12—44	
Eickhoff	1110101101110011011111111—19	
	1101011110000110111000101—14—33+15—48	
Allison	0010111101111011101110101—17	
	1110001101101001011101101—15—32+15—47	
Merrill	1110110010010111000101011—14	
	0100001111011111101101011—16—30+18—48	
Monahan	0110101100011011101111111—17	
	1111111110100111010001100—16—33+12—45	
Truax	0010100000101011100111001—11	
	0001001011100100011001001—10—21+12—33	
Barsotti	0000000011000000001000111— 6	
	0000100000100010010000001— 5—11+25—36	
*Daudt	1001111011111111100000101—16	
	1111111110101110001111101—18—34+ 0—34	

Shoot-off, 25 targets:

Eickhoff	1110111111110011100110111—19+ 7—25
Merrill	1011101000111010101110010—14+ 9—23

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	10	10
Richter	8	9	7	8	8	8	9	8	7
Eickhoff	7	6	2	5	6	6	8	6	6
Monahan	6	..	..	5	..	5	8	..	..
Merrill	4	9	6	5	5	5	10	6	7
Ottariani	..	1	..	0	..	..	1	..	..
Daudt	..	7	6	..	..	6	..	..	..
Barsotti	..	..	3	..	..	2	..	..	..
F Truax	..	..	..	5	4	4	7	6	..
Allison	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..

J. R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

WESTERN TRAPS.

National Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 6.—President John M. Lilly has, with characteristic energy, pushed to successful shape his enterprise of a National Gun Club. This may be now considered an established fact, and there are good men associated with Mr. Lilly in the enterprise. The president states that the original idea of this club originated with Jack Parker, of Detroit, who, not having time to carry it forward, turned the idea over to Mr. Lilly, with results now known. The officers of the club are John M. Lilly, President; F. Holloway, Secretary-Treasurer. The general council is made up of the president, with Messrs. T. A. Marshall, Ernest H. Tripp, Jack Parker, J. A. R. Elliott, H. J. Lyons, Rollo O. Heikes, J. J. Hallowell, C. W. Budd, Richard Merrill and Edward Banks. The latest reports from Mr. Lilly show him full of enthusiasm and bound to push this club into a place where it properly belongs, that of the first rank in shooting affairs of the country. Its function is intended to be that of the parent or governing body for the trapshooting interests of the land.

Waterloo Handicap.

The second 100-bird shoot held at Waterloo, Ia., Aug. 28, was shot under liberal handicap. This extreme handicap was given to Frees, and his resultant score of 87 enabled him to take first money, $16.80. R. Storm and H. Steege divided second on 85. Carl White, with an allowance of 12 birds, divided third money with J. C. Hartman. Fourth money went to R. Jackson, who had a handicap of 7 birds. The following are the scores, as reported by "Farmer," of Waterloo:

R. Storm 85, H. Steege 85, J. C. Hartman 82, Frees 80, Burkhart 75, R. Jackson 74, C. H. Wise 73, E. E. Hageman 72, E. Storm 70, C. White 70, E. W. Coburn 53, C. Storm 30.

Mr. Charles G. Grubb, of Pittsburg, calls attention to the fact that James Atkinson, of New Castle, Pa., took high average at Ruffsdale shoot, Aug. 27-28, scoring 96 and 95 per cent for the two days.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Aug. 30.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the fourth trophy shoot of the third series. Dr. Meek carried off the honors of the day and incidentally Class A medal by making a straight score of 25. Lecte and McDonald tied for Class B trophy on scores of 18, while Wilson won Class C on 16.

The cup shoot immediately followed the trophy shoot, and was won by W. A. Jones on a score of 22 from the 18yd. mark. Pollard made 23, but forfeited on account of shooting from 16yds., while his handicap was 18yds.

The day was a good one for target shooting in all respects, only a little too warm for comfort. Attendance was not quite up to our standard, owing to the proximity of opening season on chickens and ducks, and many are on their way to the shooting fields:

Eighteenth trophy shoot:

Lecte	011101101111111100000111—18
Pollard	101011101110111110011101—18
Dr Meek	111111111111111111111111—25
Wilson	010110110101110011110101—16
Thomas	011101110010111111011111—19
Keahl	100100010111011000010111—12
Richards	111111111111111011111111—24
McDonald	110010111111001101111101—18
Dorman	110100101110110011111010—16
Miss Linard	010100000011000010000— 6
T W Eaton	011100111111111111111111—22
Tichenor	010101101000000010101101—11
W A Jones	101101111001101111111111—20

Fourth cup shoot:

Lecte	100111111000110	10 10 01 10 01—14
Pollard	011111110111111	11 11 11 11 11—23
Dr Meek	101010111111111	11 01 10 11 10—19
Wilson	100100000011000	10 00 00 01 10— 7
Thomas	101111110110011	10 01 11 00 11—17
Keahl	011100110000111	11 00 00 10 00—11
Richards	111110011111111	10 11 11 01 11—21
McDonald	011100111110111	00 11 00 10 11—16
Eaton	111111101111110	11 10 10 10 10—19
Tichenor	100001010001111	11 10 11 11 11—16
W A Jones	111111111111111	01 11 10 01 11—22

Sept. 6.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the fifth trophy shoot of the third series. Dr. Meek won Class A trophy after shooting off a tie on 21 with A. Hellman. Drinkwater won Class B trophy on 18, and Eldred won Class C trophy on 19.

The trophy shoot was immediately followed by the cup shoot, in which event Meek and Wilson tied on 19, Wilson shooting from 14yd. mark and Dr. Meek from 18yd. mark. Dr. Meek won cup on shoot-off.

The day was an exceedingly trying one for target shooting, as a strong southwest wind quartered across the traps, making the flight of the targets very erratic, soaring and dipping so badly as to make good scores next to impossible. The weather conditions and opening of hunting season combined to cause small attendance:

Fifth trophy shoot, 25 targets:

M F Wilson	101101100001110001111100—14
J W Meek	111101111110111111010111—21
T Eldred	011111001111111001101111—19
J A Pollard	111011001100111011010111—16
L Thomas	011111111111110110110101—20
J McDonald	111001101111010100110100—15
T Eaton	111111011111001010111001—18
T Jones	111101011100101010011001—14
J C Kissack	001001111100000100110001—11
G W Drinkwater	110110010101101011111111—18
A Hillman	111101110111110011111111—21

Fifth cup shoot, 15 singles and 5 pairs:

M F Wilson	111010101111110	11 11 11 10 01—19
J W Meek	010111011111111	11 01 11 11 01—19
J D Pollard	100100111111111	11 10 10 11 01—18
T Eldred	111110011111000	00 00 11 10 00—13
L Thomas	011111001111111	11 11 00 01 01—18
J McDonald	111111100110010	11 11 11 11 11—20
T Eaton	111001011011101	10 11 11 01 01—17
T Jones	111111000101000	00 00 10 00 10—10
J C Kissack	100001101100000	00 11 11 01 11—12
Drinkwater	001111011110111	11 00 01 10 10—19
A Hellman	111111110111110	00 10 11 10 10—18

Shoot-off:

Wilson .....1011010110— 6 Meek .....1111110100— 7

DR. J. W. MEEK.

Nonpareil Gun Club.

Burnside Crossing, Ill., Sept. 6.—The following scores were made at the third shoot of the Nonpareil Gun Club, to-day. The Troisdorf medal was won by Mr. Kuss. The scores: Roll 44, Kuss 43, Willard 47.

Troisdorf medal: Roll 23, Kuss 23, Willard 20, Dr. Arthur 15. In the shoot-off Kuss won.

Sweepts, same day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	25	25	25	50	50	25
Roll	24	..	..	..	46	44	..
Kuss	25	..	..	..	45	47	..
Willard	24	..	..	..	46	44	..
Arthur	14	12	13	10	..	..	9

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	25	25	25	50	50	25
A Bellman	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
Knebler	8	9	12	9	..	..	..
M L	16	18	..	..	..	..	..
O Bellman	19	..	..	..	..	..	..

RAVELRIGG.

Westchester County Trapshooters' League.

PLEASANTVILLE, N. Y., Sept. 1.—The fourth tournament of the Westchester County Trapshooters' League took place to-day on the grounds of the Pleasantville Rod and Gun Club, this being their initial shoot over the new magautrap. Everything that could possibly be done for the comfort of shooters had been carefully looked after. A large tent and awning afforded plenty of shelter. Camp chairs were distributed in large numbers. Refreshments were to be had. In fact, it was a very comfortable and agreeable place to spend a day. A little apart from tent was a space under spacious shady trees, reserved for ladies, of whom there were a large number present. The grounds were in good condition. The shooters faced east.

The programme called for twelve events at 15 targets each, 75 cents entrance, Rose system; $8 average money added, $5 to first, $3 to second, to those shooting through the programme.

C. G. Blandford took first, $5, on 90 per cent.; A. Bedell took second, $3, on 86 per cent.

This league compriscs five clubs as follows, of which I will name a few representatives:

White Plains Gun Club—Ed. Shurmer, Wm. Thompson, Geo. Molenaor, Ed. Kleine.

Mt. Kisco—A Betti, F. Bailey, Al. Ray, Chas. Green, President George Sutton.

Ossining Gun Club—C. G. Blandford, A. Bedell, C. W. Bissing.

Armonk Gun Club—C. Barnard, John Reed, G. Flewellen, Joe Carpenter.

Beside a large number of Pleasantville shooters, forty-two faced the traps during the day, making this a very pleasant and profitable amateur day's shoot.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
C T Barlow	9	9	8	12	7	11	10	13	7	10	11	..
A Betti	12	13	11	14	14	11	8	14	10	11	10	14
Geo Call	12	10	14	13	14	11	8	11	15	13	13	14
C Blandford	14	14	13	13	14	12	15	13	15	13	12	14
A Bedell	14	13	14	12	13	13	11	13	13	12	14	14
A Sutton	13	6	7	..	..	7	..	..	13	..	4	9
A Hough	10	8	9	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	6
J Jones	11	15	7	8	12	13	11	9	2	13	11	11
M Condit	13	11	14	14	11	13	13	9	11	12	11	9
Wm Huff	13	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	4	6	..
G Sutton	15	13	15	9	12	11	11	14	12	14	10	14
F Bailey	10	2	3	7	4	3	4	9	4	5	3	..

Several other contestants shot in one or two events only, and several extra events were also shot.

E. G. HORTON.

Winchester Gun Club.

DETROIT, Mich.—A better day than Saturday, Sept. 6, for shooting could not have been asked for. There must have been other considerations, however, than the weather, for only eight members were present.

Class A was not represented. Hitchcock won in Class B, with 24 in the club event of 25 targets. Ford was high in Class C at 20. Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	15	10	15	10	15	25
Guthard	6	12	11	10	13	10	..	18
Hitchcock	8	..	13	9	14	..	11	24
Warner	6	12	..	5	8	..	..	19
Ford	..	4	11	9	..	9	12	20
Barthel	4	..	5	..	..	..	..	11
Brown	..	10	2	..	5	8	7	11
Butler	..	12	..	6	11	7	..	..
McAdam	..	..	..	..	..	8	12	19
Bachmann	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	10

Answers to Correspondents.

KNOWING that there is no more delightful occupation than that in which one man hunts up information for another man who does not care to take the trouble to obtain it by his own efforts, I send you the following universal key to all information for trapshooters, as follows:

I am a young and rising shooter. How can I, as a shooter, quickest distinguish myself? Ans. By mistaking a man for a deer. Some men do it by not knowing that the gun was loaded.

Can some men shoot better than others? Ans. No. It is all in the ammunition. The shooter is simply an animated gun carriage.

I have a shoulder which is light and weak. Can you tell me of a load for my gun which will insure that there will be not the slightest kick? Ans. Load with buttermilk, well wadded with pork rind, and there will be a minimum of recoil.

Of what material are the best gun barrels made? Ans. Iron.

In case of a right-quartering blue pigeon from No. 5 trap, have you any idea of the best place to hold? Ans. Yes.

Is the English bluerock faster than the American pigeon, or vice versa? Ans. Certainly.

What is the speed of a white, corn-fed pigeon at ten yards from the trap? Ans. It depends on whether the pigeon is flying or sitting.

How is chilled shot manufactured? Ans. It is hand made. After being whittled out into small globules and filed into perfect spheres, which are polished with buckskin, it is heated to a bright red, then set on ice, which chills it.

The shooter goes to the score and calls "Pull," then shoots one barrel after the other, but claims that he meant to shoot both barrels simultaneously. What should be the decision? Ans. You fail to mention your handicap.

My gun weighs over eight pounds. What will lighten it? Ans. Cut it in two.

How many different kinds of loads are "best," and can there be more than one best? Ans. No notice taken of anonymous communications.

If a man leans his head over so as to be inside the mark assigned to him, is it not just as much a violation of his handicap as if he put his foot inside the mark? Ans. It would be a violation if he stood on his head and shot with his feet.

Who is the best trap shot in America? Ans. There are about 100 men who are too modest to proclaim what they know about the best trapshot.

How is it that some shooters have so much more hard luck than others? Ans. Skill accounts for what they do do, and hard luck for what they didn't do.

Do professionals and amateurs shoot for fun or profit? Ans. It is strenuously maintained by some that the amateur, on the one hand, who shoots under certain conventional conditions, has certain actuations and purposes which, when compared with those of the expert, are noted for certain differences, while on the other hand, there are those who are equally strenuous in maintaining that the inherent interests of the competition, and the usages established by the first discoverers of professionalism, place the unearned increment in jeopardy from all points of the compass.

If a target starts at a speed of 200 feet the first second of time, and a load of shot, at the moment of the target's starting, starts after it with a velocity of 900 feet, gun and trap being 16 yards apart, at what distance from the trap will the shot overtake the target? Ans. You failed to mention the make of powder. Z.

Watertown Gun Club.

BOSTON, Sept. 1.—Herewith find scores of Watertown Gun Club's all-day tournament. Coming, as it did, after the Interstate shoot at Haverhill, it was almost impossible to draw a good crowd, but the presence of Leroy, Apgar, McLean, Limus and Doremus was enough to make it a success.

Leroy broke 177 out of 190, with Apgar only two birds in the rear, and Doremus being their nearest competitor.

During the intermission the entire group were photographed, and the Peters mascot (Patsy) loomed up to good advantage.

Programme events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	20	15	15	20	20	10	10	15	15		
Apgar	14	14	18	17	15	15	20	19	8	9	13	13	190	175
Leroy	13	14	19	18	13	14	18	20	8	10	15	14	190	177
McLean	12	9	14	12	9	12	14	15	5	6	8	8	190	124
Limus	8	10	13	12	11	10	15	13	7	6	14	7	190	126
Doremus	12	14	16	18	10	12	16	14	7	6	15	11	190	151
Page	10	11	15	14	13	10	17	18	3	7	9	10	190	134
Hodsdon	12	13	12	17	12	13	15	16	4	8	11	8	190	141
H Philbrook	12	4	7	7	8	10	11	9	..	..	7	..	155	75
W Park	..	..	12	17	11	14	..	..	6	8	12	11	120	91
Barry	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	16	7	9	13	12	90	72
C Philbrook	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	14	9	9	12	80	63
Spencer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	4	10	10	12		70	54
Wheeler	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	6	6	9	8	70	46
Henderson	15	15	15	16	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	85	73
Lovering	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	6	8	12	11	70	51
Dennison	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	11	14		50	39
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13		30	25
Starrett	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7		15	7
Dr Gleason	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8		15	8
Nye	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10		15	10
Parker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7		15	7

Extra events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	15	10	10	25	10	25	25	25	25	25	25		
Dennison	13	11	11	5	6	23	..	19	20	24	18	17	18	240	185
Dr Gleason	11	13	9	8	7	20	..	21	20	22	24	18	21	240	194
Nye	9	..	9	5	4	14	..	16	20	16	19	20	12	225	144
Starrett	9	11	9	8	5	..	7	10	12	..	..	..	..	125	71
Parker	5	8	8	5	4	..	4	..	18	..	..	..	..	100	52
Lovering	..	10	12	..	..	..	..	..	21	20	19	21	20	155	123
George	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	25	3

C. H. PHILBROOK.

Gloversville Gun Club.

GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y., Sept. 1.—The Gloversville Gun Club held their second annual bluerock tournament on Labor Day, Sept. 1. Chas. Wagner, of Schenectady, was high score man; Pop Morse, of Ilion, was second; E. P. Houghtaling, third. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	Total
Targets:	10	15	15	15	15	15	15	20	15	20	15	15	15	15	15	Broke.
Wagner	10	13	15	15	13	12	13	20	15	19	14	13	14	15	13	214
Morse	9	15	12	14	15	14	15	16	13	18	14	15	14	13	13	210
Houghtaling	8	15	14	13	13	15	13	15	14	18	13	14	12	14	13	204
Arnold	8	12	14	13	11	14	14	18	14	18	14	12	15	15	11	203
Jenny	8	14	15	14	12	13	12	19	13	13	13	13	14	13	12	198
Tomlinson	8	12	13	13	15	12	15	16	13	15	13	13	12	14	13	197
Klein	8	9	13	13	13	11	12	15	14	16	10	11	12	10	11	178
Reimensnyder	10	12	11	13	13	14	8	13	13	9	14	12	11	10	14	177
Debee	8	13	8	12	10	12	11	12	10	16	11	14	11	11	10	167
Valentine	9	12	11	13	11	14	11	14	14	13	6	6	10	10	10	164
Peck	6	13	12	12	10	13	10	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	89
Gniawodda	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	18	10	..	..	..	41
Sisson	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	8	13	37
Thornell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	13	8	..	..	..	..	..	31
Kratz	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	25

J. T. AVERY.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y.—A few of the standbys came out to the regular weekly shoot of the club on Oct. 30. Event No. 4 was for the Bissing prize, a Winchester rifle, to be won twice to own. Coleman was high to-day with 23. Quite a delegation from this club is to attend the fourth holiday shoot of the Westchester County Trapshooters' League at Pleasantville on Labor Day. We wish to thank the ammunition companies that were thoughtful enough to send their experts here on the 20th and 21st. Several others promised to do likewise, but their representatives must have been sidetracked. We remember courtesies of this sort—also failures. Events to-day were as follows, No. 5 was shot from the 21yd. mark:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	25	25	10	10	15	5p
E D Garnsey	6	10	16	14	..	..	..	..
W H Coleman	9	9	23	23	..	9	10	..
Hans	8	12	13	..	5	7	14	6
C G Blandford	9	11	23	..	8	9	..	..
E F Ball	..	12	21	21	..	..	..	..
W S Smith	..	..	..	20	..	6	..	..
Ballistite	10	..	24	20	6	8	..	..
M H Dyckman	7	..	..	20	4	10	13	7
A Bedell	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..

C. G. B.

Parker Gun Club.

Meriden, Conn.—The two days' tournament of the Parker Gun Club, Sept. 1 and 2, had many contestants of fame in the competition of the different events. There were thirty-two participants on the first day and nineteen on the second day. The events were alternately 15 and 20 targets, $1.30 and $2.40 entrance, respectively, a total of 175 targets, $18.50 entrance for each day. Purses were divided by the Rose system, four moneys, ratios 5, 4, 3 and 2. Targets were 2 cents, included in entrance. The competition was open to all. A Bristol sheep bake was a feature of the first day, and was an event of material interest to all. The scores follow:

Sept. 1, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20
Hull	13	20	14	15	13	15	13	19	14	19
Parker	12	18	14	16	13	14	9	14	12	19
Allison	13	11	13	12	8	13	11	15	10	14
H C Whitney	13	17	13	19	13	18	12	19	13	18
Claridge	13	18	14	19	15	19	15	19	14	19
Cate	12	15	11	18	12	16	14	15	13	18
Dickey	14	20	13	19	14	17	13	19	12	20
Floyd	15	18	13	18	14	16	13	19	12	18
Schortemeier	9	..	..	15	14	18	14	8	12	19
Bain	13	15	13	18	14	12	13	15	14	13
Butler	10	18	13	17	14	13	8	18	12	16
Conn	15	15	13	16	15	13	13	18	12	12
Bristol	12	16	13	14	10	15	13	14	13	17
Root	14	18	14	18	15	18	15	19	12	16
Griffith	11	19	13	18	14	16	15	16	14	19
Coleman	10	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Loeble	13	19	10	..	..	..	13	13	12	..
Bolton	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gough	7	..	13	12	..	..	..	14	9	12
Gaines	8	16	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lewis	..	13	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..
Savage	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Stevenson	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Merriman	..	..	11	14	14	14	10	..	8	..
Glover	..	..	..	19	13	17	14	18	13	17
Morfey	..	..	..	14	12	16	14	16	12	16
Carpenter	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Simpson	..	..	..	..	7	15	11	..	..	..
Gibson	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	15	9	12	10	13
Birdsey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..
Bassett	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15

Sept. 2, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20
Hull	15	20	15	20	14	20	15	18	14	18
Parker	10	16	13	16	13	19	13	17	12	18
Leroy	12	18	13	19	15	20	15	19	15	19
Dickey	14	18	15	20	12	20	15	20	14	20
Whitney	13	19	14	17	13	19	14	19	14	18
Cate	14	18	14	19	12	17	12	17	12	14
Bain	13	18	11	16	12	17	12	14	12	16
Root	14	14	10	17	14	15	15	16	13	18
Butler	10	16	11	15	9	15	14	17	12	19
Morfey	13	15	9	16	4	13	6	10	11	19
Doremus	12	18	15	19	12	17	13	18	12	18
Griffith	14	19	14	17	14	18	15	15	13	20
Floyd	14	18	15	19	14	17	14	19	15	17
Tucker	13	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Strong	..	17	13	12	8	11	12	11	..	..
Post	..	..	..	18	11	..	..	..	..	20
Loeble	..	..	..	..	..	15	10	12	11	17
Glover	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..
Avery	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18

Dover Sportsmen's Association.

Dover, N. H.—It is a pretty custom of the Federate Gun Clubs of southern New Hampshire to shoot and eat on each other's grounds. On such days the ladies take care of the tables. Labor Day belongs to the Dover Sportsmen's Association.

The Dover grounds are unsurpassed. There is an adequate platform of nature's building. The height is open and the vision range free for miles in front, while eastward the green land circles with the rim of the sky.

In every sense the sixth annual Dover meet was a great success. Squads of five men each continually paraded the firing line. Invited guests and curious spectators filled every sitting. All came in holiday attire. Overhead, the sky, during the early hours, was one cerulean arch, without cloud or speck. Save for the intense heat, never had a more delightful day dawned since Paradise was forfeited. Later a delicious breeze swept over the hill.

Representatives were present from New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Amesbury, Haverhill, Berwick, Portsmouth, Exeter, Rochester, Somersworth, and Durham, and the local talent, out in force, sweated with enthusiasm. No intermission was allowed for the appetizing lunch. Encircled by daintily spread tables, the ladies stood all day under the great club tent handing out food and drink. The different squads paid flying visits, and seemed to appreciate this important feature of a day's pleasure at the trap.

To and fro, cheery of voice and argus-eyed, President Wentworth kept things going, while Secretay Hallam and Cashier Mitchell never tired and never stopped talking. One of the best shots on the continent—why not say world—took part in every event, showing what exceeding quickness and extraordinary skill can do with the shotgun. This is not too much to say of Neaf Apgar. Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Park, of the Philadelphia Florists' Gun Club, added no little to the well-deserved success. Mr. Park is attached to Sporting Life, and is a forceful and pleasing writer. Mrs. Park (nee Margaret Kirkwood), better known in Dover as "Miskay" is quick and accurate as ever. Let us hope that always, when shooting to kill is necessary, rude man may alone be behind the gun. But it must be admitted that in shooting as a pastime lovely woman brings to the mark an added grace, a touch of refinement the male biped never secures, and a witchery that mocks at studied art. Of Horace and Will Kirkwood, old Dover thinks much and favorably.

Among the expert amateurs, Philbrick led the Portsmouth levy. Lovering and Lockwood showed up capitally for Amesbury, but Langley, of Exeter, was the hero, and held the center of the stage. The young ladies tried to flirt with the last named, but he had no knowledge of the art. They did flirt with Lewis, who has had many year's experience of the pastime.

The main interest centered in the first hundred shots. Fifteen dollars were hung up. There was a handicap supposed to put the poorest shot on a level with the best. How successfully the scheme worked may be learned by glancing at the column of added targets. It was more difficult for some than for others—and there the fallacy lies.

The following ladies accompanied the out-of-town sportsmen: Mrs. Horace Kirkwood, of Boston; Mrs. S. G. Miller, of Haverhill; Mrs. Bickford and Mrs. Langley, of Exeter; Mrs. C. C. Charlson; Mrs. E. P. Merwin, Mrs. M. Goodwin and Mrs. W. I. Philbrick, of Portsmouth.

Among the ladies of the club who acted as hostesses were Mrs. J. B. Stevens, Mrs. C. H. Mitchell, Mrs. F. Y. Fisher, Mrs. N. C. Wentworth, Mrs. John S. Dame, Mrs. Eugene Smart, Mrs. F. F. Wentworth, Mrs. John Drew, Mrs. Chas. E. Hodsdon, Mrs. George M. Beard, Miss Sowerby, Mrs. J. L. Abrams and Mrs. Wilbur Corson.

Five thousand four hundred and thirty-four targets were used.

Langley and Hammond divided first money; R. Winn and W. Fernald the second; Grieves, Bickford and Beard the third, and Philbrick and Sowerby the fourth. Apgar took the five dollar gold piece as high gun.

During the early hours the targets were erratic; later, when the muscular trapper got tired, there was uniformity. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	15	20	*
Lewis	11	13	10	12	14	9	14	..	..	..	25
Merwin	9	7	12	9	10	10	..	..	..	..	35
M Goodwin	7	10	8	5	5	10	..	..	..	..	50
S Winn	7	7	8	10	6	12	..	..	..	..	35
R Winn	11	11	13	12	11	17	..	..	..	..	30
Grieves	13	8	9	9	13	15	11	11	8	..	36
Allen	9	4	11	7	6	11	3	9	8	..	33
Lovering	13	11	15	11	10	14	12	8	13	11	23
Hatch	9	8	13	9	11	11	11	7	10	14	30
Lockwood	8	15	13	12	9	13	10	10	11	18	25
Apgar	12	14	19	13	15	20	14	15	15	20	..
Mrs Park	9	14	18	10	13	14	..	..	..	..	..
W K Park	9	14	15	12	13	17	..	..	..	..	..
W Kirkwood	10	11	17	10	11	15	..	..	..	..	..
H Kirkwood	13	13	16	12	12	14	..	..	..	..	..
Carlisle	11	11	17	12	10	12	12	8	12	18	25
Langley	13	14	18	12	14	18	11	14	10	..	20
Bickford	13	8	14	12	12	14	..	..	..	..	30
F Peavey	9	7	11	8	10	13	9	..	..	..	40
R Peavey	9	9	14	10	9	10	..	..	..	..	40
Sawyer	9	11	8	10	6	10	..	..	..	..	40
Storer	6	5	4	13	5	10	6	..	..	..	40
A Goodwin	12	14	10	12	7	12	..	..	..	..	35
Durant	5	6	9	7	3	6	1	7	8	8	50
Philbrick	9	9	15	12	15	17	11	11	..	..	25
Beard	11	12	17	6	13	14	9	..	..	..	30
F Wentworth	9	9	13	10	12	12	10	10	6	..	30
Bumford	4	9	10	8	9	11	3	..	..	..	40
N Wentworth	7	10	8	3	6	12	9	9	..	..	35
J Drew	6	6	6	11	5	12	..	..	..	..	45
Miller	9	11	12	11	5	..	..	..	..	..	28
W Fernald	10	10	14	13	12	11	..	..	..	..	35
Hodsdon	6	6	11	5	6	7	10	13	..	..	50
Gillis	5	7	10	7	8	12	..	..	..	..	40
Agnew	6	1	3	9	6	..	..	..	..	..	50
Smart	6	..	..	10	10	11	11	..	..	..	38
Hammond	5	9	15	10	7	13	..	..	..	..	50
Sowerby	11	6	11	9	8	7	6	6	..	..	50
Fisher	10	10	13	8	9	11	10	8	..	..	32
Mitchell	9	10	13	8	9	10	..	..	..	..	35
Durgin	7	6	3	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	50
McShane	11	6	14	9	8	12	..	..	..	..	35
White	3	6	8	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	50
Meserve	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50
F Young	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50
P McShane	..	..	6	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	50
Grant	..	..	11	12	12	12	..	..	..	..	30
Nosroc	..	..	10	9	8	10	6	10	..	..	30
Tibbetts	..	..	..	8	..	..	8	..	..	..	50
Clark	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	50
Hallam	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	30
Frizzell	..	..	..	..	5	..	10	..	11	..	30
Gerrish	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..

* Targets added to first hundred.

Birch Brook Gun Club.

Lynn, Mass.—The final shoot of the summer series was shot Saturday, Aug. 30. During the season only nine shooters qualified by shooting the requisite eight shoots. On the above date Hebbard raised his score one point, winning first place and breaking tie with Hilliard. Rowe raised his score five points, breaking a tie with Rand, and winning fourth place. Hilliard and Straw are left with a tie for second and third places, which, acording to the schedule, is to be shot off Labor Day. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	30	50	10	10	10	10	10	10
Rand	18	31	8	7	..	..	..	..
Rowe	23	37	6	8	..	6	7	7
Hebbard	25	37	10	7	10	8	8	9
Straw	24	38	6	..	..	7	8	..
Riley	16	..	5	4	4	2	5	5
Dudley	23	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Yelmah	19	..	..	6	4	..	..	..
Mose	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..
Emery	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..

Nos. 1 and 2 were medal shoots.

Hilliard wins the medal by a score of 332 out of a possible 400. Straw comes second with 320. Only members could compete for the medal.

The following are the prizes, winners and scores in the series, the possible being 240: Winchester repeating shotgun, Hebbard, 200; sole leather gun case, Hilliard, 199; dress suit case, Straw, 199; rubber hip boots, Rowe, 187; shell carrying case, Rand, 182; shooting blouse, Dudley, 177; sack chilled shot, Hastings, 176; Powers cleaning rod, Riley, 175; Tomlinson cleaner, Yelmah, 137.

Lynn, Mass.—The attendance at the shoot on Labor Day was not so large as it would have been had there not been so many tournaments and shoots carried on last week and Labor Day in the surrounding towns, but those who were there had a good time, and some good scores were made. Owing to the warm day, many targets having from one to three shots perforate them were merely "dusted."

The sixth event was a match between Rowe and Emery at 25 targets, Rowe to use black blasting powder and Emery to use smokeless. Rowe won by a score of 20 to 17, though that does not probably prove that blasting powder is better, for Rowe himself made better scores with smokeless. The following are the scores:

Events	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	25	10	10	10	10	10	15	10	10	10	10
Straw	..	3	5	..	8	..	7	8	7	6	7	..	8	8	..	..
Yelmah	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	3	4	5	4	..	2	..	..	..
Muldown	6	7	5	5	6	..	8	6	9	7	6	11	8	6	..	..
Dudley	5	..	8	4	10	..	6	9	9	4	6	..	5	8	..	..
Rand	8	..	..	8	9	..	9	6	9	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Martin	6	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hebbard	..	7	5	7	9	..	8	7	8	10	7	..	4	6	8	9
Rowe	..	6	8	10	6	20	8	10	8	7	5	..	7	7	8	8
Hastings	..	..	9	8	8	..	9	5	9	9	7	12	8	10	8	8
Emery	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Harold	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	7	..	5	4	..
P H	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	14	..	10	9	..

Henry Rood, Sec'y.

Pleasant Hill Tournament.

Pleasant Hill, Mo., Sept. 2.—Over the Missouri Valley incessant rains have been the order of the day for the past few weeks; and the weather man was somewhat against the greater success of the sixth annual (colored) merchandise and sweepstake shoot, scheduled to take place at this place Aug. 29.

The morning of the 29th indications were for rain. This no doubt kept many away, but about noon the sun came out and brightened up the elements, and those who had assembled spent a most enjoyable day at the traps.

Among the out-of-town colored shooters were Lemuel Clay, Frankfort, Kans., undoubtedly the best target shot of his race, who won high average for the programme of merchandise event; Ed. Armstead, Kansas City, Mo.; C. C. Cooley, Kansas City, and John Lewis, St. Louis, while among the white shooters from out of town were W. A. Smith, Greenwood, Mo.; Chas. Berkstresser, H. McPherrin and Geo. Scott, Ore, Mo., and Samuel D. Woodhouse, the U. M. C. representative, who rendered great assistance to the management in seeing that every one was ready when his turn came. Scores of merchandise events:

The live-bird event for the sportsmen's championship trophy, which was held by the late E. R. Nuttall, of Ohiowa, Neb., at the time of his death, was the most important event of the programme, and was to begin at 2:30, and as Pleasant Hill had three of the five aspirants for said honor, this brought out quite a crowd of spectators, who gave three cheers for Pleasant Hill when it was declared that T. H. Cohron by a score of 23 out of 25 had now become the undisputed champion wing shot of his race.

This match was at 25 birds, 30yds. rise, and the winner, in addition to receiving the trophy and being subject to challenge from any colored shooter in the country, also received of the Syracuse Arms Company, one of their hammerless guns. Scores:

Live-bird championship event:

Ed Armstead	*1022222122220021211112222—21
R Mundy	0122101212*2222110221202 2—20
T H Cohron	222*1221122101122222221 12—23
C C Cooley	202201201201*102221022120—17
W P Dixon	*2122*202122101202*022122—18

Scores in merchandise events:

Event No. 1, 15 targets: Clay 10, J. Mundy 8, T. H. Cohron 10, Charles 6, R. Mundy 8, Dixon 8, Anderson 6, Gibson 6, Lewis 11, Cooley 5, Armstead 7, S. L. Cohron 4. In shoot-offs Lewis won first prize, J. C. hand trap; T. H. Cohron, second, 100 shells; J. Mundy, third, sportsman's knife; Anderson fourth, Ideal gun cleaner.

Event No. 2, 20 targets: Armstead 10, Charles 9, Clay 15, T. H. Cohron 17, R. Mundy 10, J. Mundy 14, Dixon 13, Anderson 11, Lewis 12, Cooley 9, Gibson 6, Clark 8, Sneed 7, S. L. Cohron 6. In shoot-offs, T. H. Cohron won first prize, Davenport single gun; Clay, second, 150 shells; J. Mundy, third, safety axe; Dixon, fourth, one pound Blue Ribbon and Ideal cleaner; Lewis, fifth, Ideal cleaner.

Event No. 3, 15 targets: Clay 14, J. Mundy 12, T. H. Cohron 10, R. Mundy 12, Dixon 9, Anderson 11, Gibson 6, Lewis 11, Cooley 7, Armstead 7, Charles 10, Wilkerson 8, Sneed 9, Clark 8, S. L. Cohron 7, Dullenger 6. In shoot-off Clay won first prize, 150 shells; J. Mundy, second, 100 shells; Anderson, third, pocket knife and Ideal cleaner; T. H. Cohron, fourth, Ideal cleaner.

Event No. 4, 20 targets: Clay 19, J. Mundy 13, T. H. Cohron 12, R. Mundy 12, Dixon 14, Anderson 14, Charles 9, Gibson 7, Lewis 13, Armstead 12, Cooley 9, Clark 9. In shoot-off Clay won first prize, Stevens single gun; Dixon, second, 150 shells; J. Mundy, third, pair leggings and Ideal cleaner; R. Mundy, fourth, box of cigars and gun cleaner; Charles, fifth, Ideal cleaner.

Event No. 5, 20 singles and 5 pairs targets: Clay 25, J. Mundy 20, T. H. Cohron 17, Dixon 19, R. Mundy 18, Gibson 18, Lewis 15, Anderson 15, Cooley 12, Armstead 13. In shoot-off Clay won first prize, Winchester repeating shotgun; J. Mundy, second, 200 shells; Dixon, third, 100 shells; Gibson, fourth, 50 shells; T. H. Cohron, fifth, quart old rye; Lewis, sixth, Ideal cleaner.

Event No. 6, 15 targets: Clay 13, J. Mundy 13, T. H. Cohron 12, Dixon 9, R. Mundy 9, Anderson 9, Gibson 12, S. L. Cohron 8, Armstead 8, Cooley 7. In shoot-off Clay won first prize, Winters' pneumatic recoil pad; T. H. Cohron, second, hunting coat; Anderson, third, box of shells; Armstead, fourth, Ideal gun cleaner.

Springfield Shooting Club Tournament.

Springfield, Mass.—The Labor Day tournament of the Springfield Shooting Club was held on the club grounds, with a large attendance. Interstate rules governed the meet, and the sweepstakes were optional. Professionals were permitted to shoot for targets only. Leroy, who was handicapped by a light load, was high gun, breaking 172 out of 195 shot at. The best shooting was done by Leroy, Doremus, Stacy, Chapin, Merritt, Coats, Jordan, Kites, Dr. Keith and Le Noir. The programme contained twelve events, after which extra events were put in. About twenty shooters shot through the whole programme. The day was perfect for shooting, and some fine scores were made. The club received many congratulations for the business-like manner in which the meet was conducted:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	15	20		10	25	15	10		15	10	10	15	10	15
Leroy	9	13	19	10	8	22	13	7	17	15	8	9	12	9	..
Dr Keith	9	13	16	6	7	23	12	9	14	11	9	10	..	7	8
Wills	9	8	..	..	8	..	..	8	..	..	6	5	..	5	5
Stacy	8	13	19	4	7	21	13	7	..	11	7	6	11	9	8
Doremus	8	11	18	5	8	22	11	7	13	..	7	8	13	..	..
Lenoir	8	15	12	..	7	17	..	6	..	10	6	7	..	6	..
Keyes	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Merritt	7	12	17	8	9	..	..	..	14	12	..	9	..	6	8
Pinney	6	7	10	3	8	18	7	6	6	7	5	5	..	..	..
Jordan	6	11	14	5	8	18	12	8	11	11	9	9	..	7	8
Henry	6	..	..	..	6	..	..	6	..	..	..	6	..	..	..
Buck	5	8	..	..	5	..	8	4	..	..	4	..	..	..	..
Kites	5	10	13	8	7	18	13	6	13	10	9	6	7	7	6
Coats	5	9	9	7	5	13	6	9	10	12	4	4	..	5	8
Dr Lewis	5	7	8	3	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Heath	5	8	..	..	8	..	10	6	..	9	6	7	10	8	..
Keith	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Peck	3	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Manchester	..	2	..	..	4	4	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Chapin	..	..	18	8	9	25	14	7	9	12	9	9	..	..	..
Arnold	..	..	..	..	6	13	5	5	..	9	8	6	..	..	..
Cady	..	..	..	..	5	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Shannon	..	..	..	..	5	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5
Crosby	..	..	..	..	2	9	6	4	..	7	..	..	..	..	..
Clark	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Merritt	..	..	..	..	..	22	12	6	..	..	9	..	..	..	..
Crocker	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hyland	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	2	..	3	..	..	..	..	..
Pease	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	9	4	..	..	6	5
Elder	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	3	3	3	5	..	..
Wales	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	6	..	..	3	..
Bolt	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	4	..	..	4	..
Shaw	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	..	..	6	8
Davis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	5

Event No. 4 was at 5 pairs. Event No. 9 was at 10 pairs.

A summary of the most successful contestants follows:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Leroy	195	172	Coats	190	106
Doremus	185	130	Jordan	230	162
Stacy	185	144	Kites	225	148
Chapin	145	120	Dr Keith	190	154
Merritt	230	179	Lenoir	135	94

C. L. Kites, Sec'y.

Durant Tournament.

Durant, I. T.—The appended scores were made here on Aug. 28 and 29. Mr. Wade won high average with the total of 218 out of 240 shot at. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	15	20	20	20	20	20	20	15	20	20	15	15	20
Faurote	15	17	20	20	20	17	20	12	18	20	14	15	19
Wade	15	18	17	18	17	18	19	14	20	18	13	14	17
Moore	13	19	18	15	15	18	19	14	20	18	14	14	17
Reust	13	17	18	19	19	19	18	15	17	19	14	14	20
Rusking	14	18	15	13	18	15	16	12	16	18	12	14	17
Bertran	14	18	17	17	14	18	19	12	13	18	14	12	16
B Wyrick	14	18	13	17	16	19	15	14	18	16	13	13	17
W S Wyrick	13	17	14	17	18	19	17	14	19	18	12	12	16
Stephens	11	18	15	20	19	19	20	13	16	19	14	12	16
B Stigar	11	18	17	15	17	7	13	..	9	..	10	..	..
Adams	9	14	13	12	13	11	12	11	7	11	8	10	13
H Smith	13	20	18	19	17	17	14	13	14	..	12	11	16
Jones	10	..	11	15	..	..	11	..	..	..	5	..	..
P Rooney	10	15	10	5	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
R Davis	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J Jarrell	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
D Elliott	..	15	17	18	17	18	16	13	18	17	13	13	19
F Harrell	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
O Shannon	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..
W Perkins	..	14	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
A C Risiner	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Paulin	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Duncan	..	17	..	15	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Woodard	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
B Engran	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Young	..	..	15	11	17	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Roberts	..	..	..	..	..	19	11	13	18	12	11	11	18
Ward	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	18	18	16	9	12	14
J P Stegar	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	16	..	..	..
Trout	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	2	..
Dyer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11

In a live-bird race, 10 birds, open to all amateurs, there were twelve entries. Reust, of Oklahoma, won by a clean score, the only clean score made. Messrs. Elliott and Wade shot a live-bird miss-and-out, the latter winning in the sixth round.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

Cincinnati, O., Sept. 1.—The conditions of the following were 100 targets, 18yds. rise, $2 entrance, moneys divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Ahlers was high with 89, Gambell was a close second with 86, Heyl was third with 83, and Dick fourth with 82. The scores:

Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	Broke.
Ahlers	14	14	18	14	13	16	89
Gambell	11	14	20	12	12	17	86
Heyl	13	12	18	13	12	15	83
Dick	12	12	15	12	14	17	82
Harris	14	12	15	13	12	15	81
Van Ness	13	12	17	12	10	16	80
Du Bray	13	12	15	12	10	14	76
Verges	11	9	15	11	10	15	71
Boyd	14	9	16	9	7	12	67
Henry	10	10	9	10	9	10	58

Aug. 30.—C. G. C. cash prize contest, handicaps in yards: Nye, 16yds., 46; Randall, 18yds., 44; Du Bray, 17yds., 44; Gambell, 17yds., 42; R. Trimble, 19yds., 41; Heyl, 18yds., 41; Roll, 19yds., 41; Van Ness, 17yds, 39; Roanoke, 16yds., 39; Ahlers, 17yds., 38; Boyd; 17yds., 38; Harris, 18yds., 38; Capt, 16yds., 38; Trimble, 18yds., 37; Ackley, 16yds., 37; Gross, 19yds., 37; Willie, 16yds., 37; Corry, 16yds., 37; J. B., 17yds., 35; Maynard, 18yds., 35; Jack, 16yds., 34; Herman, 17yds., 33; Frohliger, 16yds., 29; Falk, 17yds., 29; Littleford, 18yds., 25; Verges, 19yds., 25; Colonel, 16yds., 14.

Match, team race, 100 targets, 18yds.:

Heyl 85, Ahlers 83; total 168.

Gambell 83, Van Ness 75; total 158.

Sweepstakes, 25 targets, 23yds., one money; Gambell 20, Ahlers 19, Gross 18, Van Ness 15.

Paducah Gun Club.

PADUCAH, Ky., Aug. 30.—We append tabulated scores of the records made at our second annual tournament held here the 26th, 27th and 28th inst. There were about seventy-five participants, including the very best shots in the country, as will be seen by reading the list of entries. Despite the inclement weather that prevailed during the first two days of the shoot, there was the greatest enthusiasm, and from the bearing of the shooters one would not have suspected that the weather was other than the most desirable. The last day of the shoot was clear and bright, and immense crowds were out to view the live-bird match. That afternoon there was a reception held for the ladies, and delicious refreshments were served.

The first high average at targets was made by R. O. Heikes, who broke 340 out of a possible 350, 97.1 per cent., and he was presented with a handsome cup. First high amateur average was made by C. C. Le Compte, of Eminence, Ky., who broke 321 out of 350. 91 per cent. H. C. Bronaugh made second amateur average with 314 out of 350, 90 per cent.; he also won the club's handsome cup, given each year at the tournament. C. C. Le Compte won high average as amateur; he used Infallible powder in Leader cases. H. C. Bronaugh used Dupont powder and Peters cases.

On Thursday, the third day, there were thirty-nine entries in the live-bird race, in which the club guaranteed a purse of $700, but it reached $780.

Rolla Heikes and Mose Starr, of Paducah, were first, killing straight, and the following made 24 out of 25: Dr. Carver, T. C. Sanders and H. Money. Those who killed 23 were: H. C. Bronaugh, James Lewis, Hal. Walters, W. L. Hansbro, W. Brady, F. C. Ward and Chas. Spencer.

First Day, Aug. 26.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	Broke.
Heikes	15	18	15	20	13	20	15	19	14	19	168
Le Compte	10	19	15	20	13	17	14	16	15	19	158
Phil	13	19	15	18	11	20	14	19	12	19	160
Money	14	18	13	17	14	20	14	17	9	19	155
Eick	13	20	15	17	11	17	14	17	12	16	152
Ward	15	18	15	17	14	16	12	17	14	17	155
Brady	14	15	12	19	13	17	14	18	14	17	153
Waters	12	14	12	17	14	18	10	13	14	16	140
Willerding	9	16	15	16	10	14	13	17	14	19	143
Robertson	14	16	13	18	13	18	11	15	13	17	148
Thompson	9	10	11	15	13	13	11	13	10	18	123
Legler	13	12	11	16	14	14	9	16	13	14	132
Spencer	13	18	14	18	11	16	14	19	15	19	157
Carter	13	17	15	13	14	18	11	18	13	19	151
Shields	12	16	12	17	15	16	11	15	13	16	143
Martin	13	13	14	19	11	17	14	17	12	17	147
Phillips	12	12	8	11	7	14	8	12	10	6	100
M Star	11	15	15	16	14	18	13	17	14	17	150
Wilkins	11	14	12	15	12	18	15	18	12	15	142
Jones	12	15	10	13	9	15	11	16	12	15	128
Rouse	11	13	12	17	13	18	12	17	12	15	140
Davis	14	14	14	18	9	15	11	19	13	18	145
Hansbro	12	18	12	15	13	17	15	20	12	17	151
Arenz	8	17	7	15	13	17	9	19	11	17	133
Bronaugh	13	16	12	17	13	18	13	17	14	20	153
B Star	13	17	13	20	10	19	15	20	13	16	156
Long	9	15	12	16	12	17	15	15	13	15	139
Eaker	10	13	10	18	13	18	11	17	13	16	139
Lewis	11	15	14	15	14	20	14	16	11	17	147
Hillman	12	17	14	19	9	16	13	17	12	16	145
Kennedy	8	11	10	15	12	14	14	18	9	12	123
McGehee	11	19	12	13	13	17	12	17	11	16	141
McMillan	13	13	11	17	12	18	14	19	11	17	145
Watson	11	16	15	13	11	18	11	15	12	12	134
Meaders	9	16	13	15	13	15	11	14	11	16	133
Allan	9	17	13	15	12	15	11	13	10	11	126
Loyd	7	12	5	13	13	11	8	14	12	10	105
Pfieffer	12	19	14	18	14	18	13	16	14	18	156
Stewart	4	7	7	70	7	8	10	13	6	10	82
Gus Mitchell	13	18	11	16	10	18	14	15	11	16	142
Geo Mitchell	12	17	14	18	14	15	10	18	13	16	147
Armstrong	..	12	12	15	12	14	12	15	14	17	...
Torry	9	15	12	4	8	15	..	..	..	..	...
Davies	9	13	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	...
Mercer	13	17	10	17	11	16	12	14	..	..	...
Watson	11	16	15	13	11	18	11	15	12	12	134
Kimball	8	17	11	7	7	..	..	..	..	..	...
Street	..	13	..	12	10	..	..	..	..	..	...
Lang	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	15	...
Hays	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	6	..	6	...
Topscott	..	..	..	14	13	15	12	16	13	..	...
Lyle	..	..	..	..	..	13	13	..	11	17	...
Nemo	..	..	..	..	..	10	10	16	12	11	...
C Brown	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	10	11	..	...
Warner	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	16	10	..	...
Miller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	8	13	...
Wille	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	8	..	...
A R Miller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	...
Stenago	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	...

Second Day, Aug. 27.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total Broke.	Total 2 dys.
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20		
Heikes	14	20	15	20	15	19	15	20	15	19	172	340
Le Compte	13	17	14	19	15	17	15	19	15	19	163	321
Phil	14	19	13	19	15	13	14	20	14	19	160	320
Money	15	20	14	19	14	19	14	18	12	18	163	319
Ward	15	19	13	19	12	18	12	16	13	18	155	310
Eick	14	20	15	18	15	17	14	19	13	19	164	316
Brady	12	19	15	18	14	20	11	19	14	19	161	314
Waters	12	19	14	18	9	17	11	15	13	20	148	288
Willerding	14	16	14	19	14	16	14	20	15	19	161	304
Robertson	14	19	13	16	14	16	15	17	15	18	157	305
Thompson	12	15	9	16	10	14	13	17	10	14	130	255
Legler	14	17	12	17	13	17	11	17	15	19	152	284
Spencer	13	18	13	18	14	17	11	19	14	19	156	313
Carter	11	17	11	19	10	15	11	19	11	20	144	295
Shields	12	18	12	17	12	15	12	19	13	15	143	286
Martin	12	15	12	19	15	15	14	17	13	16	148	295
Phillips	12	19	15	13	13	18	11	19	13	16	149	249
M Star	14	19	13	19	12	16	10	11	14	16	144	294
Wilkins	15	18	14	20	12	18	15	17	13	16	158	300
Jones	12	17	14	13	12	14	11	15	12	19	139	267
Rouse	11	16	8	15	13	18	15	16	8	15	135	275
Davis	12	16	13	20	15	19	13	16	14	20	158	303
Hansbro	13	17	14	16	9	16	9	18	13	17	142	293
Arenz	14	18	14	17	14	16	13	18	11	20	155	288
Bronaugh	13	20	14	18	13	19	12	20	14	19	162	315
B Star	14	17	12	19	14	17	13	19	14	19	158	314
Long	13	18	14	14	13	18	15	19	11	17	152	291
Eaker	13	15	12	15	12	17	12	16	13	19	144	278
Lewis	13	14	11	15	12	17	12	18	11	18	141	288
Hillman	13	17	14	14	13	17	12	17	11	17	145	290
Kennedy	13	16	11	14	11	15	13	15	10	14	132	255
McGehee	14	12	13	18	13	15	13	18	10	13	139	280
McMillan	9	14	10	15	11	16	13	18	11	19	136	281
Page	12	15	12	14	11	19	15	17	6	15	136	...
Warner	13	14	12	16	8	17	11	16	9	14	130	...
Kimble	9	11	11	14	9	13	7	17	11	14	116	...
Lyle	14	16	11	11	12	17	14	17	11	18	141	...
Koehler	12	19	10	17	8	11	13	..	14	14	...	...
Youtes	10	12	12	14	9	14	13	13	..	..	...	...
Wadlington	8	12	9	11	12	14	7	16	..	..	...	...
Willis	9	..	11	..	12	16	12	..	..	..	...	...
Bradshaw	9	15	..	..	13	..	9	..	..	..	...	...
Cowling	12	..	11	18	10	11	..	..	..	..	...	...
Watson	10	12	12	18	11	16	7	..	..	..	...	...
Prouse	12	14	14	16	14	18	11	18	14	18	149	...
Moss	12	16	..	14	..	..	9	..	..	..	...	...
Mercer	..	..	9	17	13	15	13	18	13	19	...	...
Loyd	..	..	8	..	..	9	8	..	11	..	...	...
Hays	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	6	9	10	12	...
Burtis	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	8	..	6	8	...
Armstrong	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	10	16	11	15	...
Lang	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	14	13	19	...
Griffith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	12	15	...
Forry	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	9	14	...
J M Bradshaw	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	11	14	...
Nemo	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	15	12	17	...
Straw	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	8	..	...
Foreman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	14	...
Irwin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	8	..	...
Bondurant	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	...
Stewart	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	...
Street	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	...
Fowler	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	...
Lowe	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	...

W. A. DAVIS.

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., Aug. 27.—The Reading Shooting Association's annual two-days' target tournament opened here to-day and was a great success, the attendance being very large. The shoot was held on the association's new grounds at Carsonia Park, near the city line. The new grounds are ideal for target shooting, having a fine background. Among the sportsmen in attendance from out-of-town were William Hartz, of Sparrow Point, Md.; M. H. Ruppelt, of North Branch, N. J.; H. C. Stephens, of Steelton, Pa.; M. S. Brey, of Zionsville; Ira Brubaker, of Richland; Fen W. Cooper, of Mahanoy City; Arthur Walker, of Catasauqua; Luther Showalter, of Pottstown; D. D. Daudt, Isaac Hahn and John Bell, of Bethlehem; Harry Schlechter, Charles Kramlich, Frank Englert and Charles N. Miller, of Allentown.

The trade representatives present were T. W. Morfey, of the U. M. C., and J. R. Hull, of Parker Bros.

The programme each day called for 135 targets. The best average the first day was made by Schlechter, who broke 125 out of 135. Lee Wertz won the second day's average prize by breaking the same number of targets as Schlechter did the first day.

The shoot was conducted by the association's tournament committee, composed of John Shaaber, Charles Dietrick and George W. Ritter, who worked hard to make the tournament a success, and deserve credit for conducting a tournament without a hitch of any kind during the two days. The scores follow:

First Day, Aug. 27.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	20	15	15	25	15	20
Morfey	0	12	17	11	11	18	15	14
Hull	6	10	18	14	11	23	14	17
"D S D"	8	12	17	9	12	21	10	19
Ritter	8	13	20	13	14	20	11	19
Murphy	7	15	17	9	10	23	12	15
Dietrick	8	11	14	14	13	20	13	18
"M H R"	10	11	17	12	15	21	14	17
Hartz	10	12	12	14	12	21	12	19
Miller	7	12	15	10	12	21	10	18
Bell	5	14	16	13	11	19	8	11
Hahn	10	14	15	15	12	21	13	16
Englert	9	12	16	11	11	21	15	..
Showalter	8	15	19	14	11	22	13	17
Kramlich	10	15	16	14	11	24	13	18
Brubaker	5	13	18	12	14	21	13	16
Brey	8	14	18	12	12	25	13	18
Lee Wertz	9	14	19	13	14	24	12	19
Schlechter	8	13	20	15	13	23	14	19
Cooper	9	11	17	12	8	16	12	17
Fred Wertz	8	10	17	13	12	20	12	19
Stephens	8	11	16	13	14	24	14	19
Walker	9	8	17	15	14	20	9	14
Schmeck	..	..	16	14	12	21	14	16
Farr	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	7

Second Day, Aug. 28.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	20	15	15	25	15	20
Brey	9	12	18	14	14	22	13	18
Hahn	8	9	16	12	11	18	13	17
Kramlich	7	15	19	13	15	21	14	17
Dietrick	9	13	16	13	14	20	15	16
Brubaker	8	13	18	12	14	25	11	13
Stephens	8	14	19	9	13	22	12	18
Hartz	70	14	16	14	14	24	11	..
Ritter	9	15	16	11	13	19	15	14
Murphy	9	11	15	14	12	15	12	15
Lee Wertz	10	15	19	14	12	22	15	18
Fred Wertz	5	14	18	13	12	23	14	18
"D S D"	9	11	15	15	13	8	4	..
Showalter	8	12	16	..	..	..	..	..
"M H R"	9	14	17	10	8	..	13	..
Morfey	9	14	18	11	11	21	..	..
Bortz	5	10	..	9	5	..	7	..
Schaeffer	8	11	16	13	12	..	..	..
Farr	..	..	..	8	9	..	10	..
Ball	..	..	..	12	14	22	15	..
Bard	..	..	..	..	10	..	12	16
Kerr	..	..	..	..	..	20	13	15
Jas Wertz	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..
Melcher	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15

DUSTER.

Highland Club.

Aug. 29.—The members of the Highland Club held a live-bird shoot at Steiger's farm, when these scores were made:

Dowling	1010100111— 6	Fair	1001111111— 8
Merkel	1001111111— 8	Bohn	0011000001— 3
Lawrence	1101101001— 6	Eckenroth	0011111111— 8
Snyder	0100101001— 4	Eisenbise	1111111111—10
Weidner	1011010111— 7		
Matz	101111—5	Fair	101010—3
Lawrence	111110—5	Weidner	111011—5
Snyder	111011—5	Eckenroth	111111—6
Dowling	110011—4		

Keystone Shooting Club.

LORANE, Pa., Aug. 25.—The Keystone Shooting Club, of this place, held a target shoot to-day with the following results:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15
Clouser	9	..	11	11	13	..	H Killian	..	12	13	8	11	7
E Killian	9	8	..	..	9	..	H Brown	..	3	2	4	3	..
F Brown	11	13	14	11	12	10	Quinter	..	..	9	9	9	13
Epler	7	6	..	8	7	..	Mengle	..	12	8	8	12	10
D S Lutz	12	..	..	13	14	9							

Championship of Gregory County.

BONESTEEL, S. D., Aug. 27.—On the afternoon of Aug. 26, on the grounds of the Fairfax Gun Club, Carl Porter, holder, defeated J. F. Spatz, challenger, for the Peters Cartridge Co.'s trophy emblematic of the championship of Gregory County, by a score of 46 to 42. Singularly enough, this was an exact duplicate of the scores of the last race between Porter and Thompson for the same trophy.

Porter seemed a bit nervous at first and slobbered his birds badly, but soon settled down to his steady grind and at the end of the first string of 25 the score was 21 to 19 in favor of the champion. The last string of 25 was as pretty a race as any one could wish to see, as the contestants never made a skip until Spatz lost his 21st bird, 42 birds being broken straight, but Porter was not to be denied and ran out his string without a semblance of a skip, while Spatz lost his 22d and 24th bird, going out with a total of 23 on the last string, which made his total 42. Porter lost his 6th, 10th, 11th and 21st, making the very good score of 46. He was warmly congratulated on his victory over his more unexperienced antagonist. This race demonstrated that Mr. Porter is possessed of all the essentials of a good trap shot, save only physical strength, he being a small, slender fellow and very light in build. While Mr. Porter is in his present form there is little hope of defeating him, but it would be more than wonderful if he should retain his present wonderful condition.

His next antagonist will probablyy be either Spatz or Leach, of the Bonesteel Gun Club, and an effort will be made to induce Mr. Porter to waive his right to the grounds and consent to pull off the next shoot at Bonesteel.

A number of sweeps were run off in connection with the championship event, and whether or not the race had exhausted the champion or whether he was a bit careless after his hard-won victory, he displayed little of the form shown in the race. Thompson, of Fairfax, won high average for the day, as also the good share of the purses. Great interest is being shown in these inter-city shoots, and the best of feeling prevails. The day was an ideal one for the sport, and the traps under the management of Mr. Newsbaum, who is an excellent trap puller, worked perfectly.

Following are the scores in the championship event:

Porter	1111101110011111111101111—21
	1111111111111111111111111—25—46
Spatz	0111111111110111101101001—19
	1111111111111111111101101—23—42

W. A. LEACH,
Secretary Bonesteel Gun Club.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Interstate at Nappanee.

NAPPANEE, Ind., Sept. 6.—The Interstate Association tournament held at Nappanee, Ind., Sept. 3 and 4, under the auspices of the Nappance Gun Club, from an attendance standpoint was a failure, but twenty different contestants putting in an appearance. The small attendance was due entirely to conflicting dates. The dates for the Nappanee tournament were claimed through the columns of the different sportsmen's journals on Feb. 15, and appeared in the list of fixtures from that time on, yet two other gun clubs in the State of Indiana saw fit to hold tournaments on the same date. This may be sportsmanlike and the proper way to create friendly intercourse between gun clubs, but the members of the Nappanee Club and many others as well do not think that it is. Mr. J. L. Head, who is in touch with the trapshooters of Indiana, stated that by reason of the dates conflicting Nappanee was hurt to the extent of twenty entries at least. This is to be regretted, as the Nappanee Gun Club is a young organization and deserved every encouragement. Although the members of the club were very much downcast over the small attendance, the programme as advertised was carried out to the letter. It was a commendable action on the part of the club, and one which will reap its own reward. The scores follow:

Sept. 3, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20		
C Volkman	13	16	9	17	10	16	12	13	14	16	175	136
A S Flinn	10	17	14	19	13	13	14	15	13	19	175	147
J W Gutelius	4	7	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	14
E A Streeter	10	15	14	15	11	17	15	17	11	15	175	140
C Hoverstock	11	11	10	7	6	8	12	11	11	12	175	99
B Morris	10	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	30	17
B B Maust	9	12	10	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	65	39
W Wilt	14	14	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	36
C W Douglass	9	15	13	17	12	16	13	19	13	16	175	143
J S Campfield	9	12	8	10	11	8	13	12	6	12	175	101
J L Head	12	15	12	15	14	12	13	16	12	17	175	138
M D Price	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	12
H W Vietmeyer	11	17	14	15	13	17	12	17	11	19	175	146
J W Hulbert	..	..	..	15	13	13	10	18	12	17	125	98
B Apple	..	..	..	14	11	..	12	15	..	16	90	68
S Stahl	..	..	..	..	8	14	7	..	7	..	65	36
W F Keck	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	15	10

Sept. 4, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20		
J L Head	10	15	11	18	13	10	11	17	14	15	175	134
C Volkman	12	17	10	16	9	15	9	8	10	13	175	119
H W Vietmeyer	13	18	11	17	12	12	12	17	13	17	175	142
C W Douglass	9	10	6	16	11	19	10	17	13	16	175	127
A Flinn	12	18	11	11	7	16	11	18	8	13	175	125
W A Winebrenner	9	13	11	13	12	16	10	16	12	16	175	128
J S Campfield	8	14	9	13	6	16	9	10	8	6	175	99
B B Maust	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	10
M D Price	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	8	35	12
M Wysong	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	11	11	10	70	40
A Houtz	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	20	14
W Wilt	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	15	9

The Hamilton Gun Club.

HAMILTON, Canada, Sept. 3.—At the annual meeting of the Hamilton Gun Club the following officers were elected: Thos. Upton, President; M. E. Fletcher, Vice-President; Geo. Crawford, Treasurer; John Hunter, Secretary; Dr. J. E. Overholt, Chas. Brigger and Jos. Crooks, Executive Committee; Dr. Hunt, Field Captain; F. B. Vallance, Compiler of Scores.

It was decided to hold the thirteenth annual grand Canadian live bird handicap on Jan. 13, 14, 15 and 16, 1903, and we beg that you will claim and post these dates for our thirteenth annual tonruey. We are going to make this the live bird event of the season; particulars later.

Appended please find scores of last regular club shoot. At our next meeting, on Sept. 13 the annual team shoot, president against vice-president, will be held, and the competition for the Peters trophy completed. All visiting sportsmen cordially received as members of the day and night.

Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	10	25	25	5
Upton	9	23	19	5
Brigger	8	22	21	..
Work	6	20	20	..
Dr Wilson	7	18	22	2
E A Clifford	5	20	18	..
Bowron	9	19	18	..
Hunt	8	21	20	5
Barr	5	..	11	..

Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	10	25	25	5
Hunter	8	20	16	4
Crawford	10	15	14	..
Fletcher	..	21	17	..
Frank	..	19	..	..
Ben It	..	14	14	..
McMahon	..	17	11	..
Andy	..	..	..	3

In event No. 4 Hunter only shot at 4 birds. Events 2 and 3 for Peters trophy; event 4, live birds

Mr. McMackon, of Ridgetown, visited us to-day, and shot with borrowed gun, which accounts for his dropping so far below his usual average. BEN IT.

Raleigh Gun Club.

RALEIGH, N. C., Sept. 4.—The attendance was smaller at the regular shoot of the Raleigh Gun Club to-day, but the enthusiasm was just as great if not more, as each one thought almost to the last that he would be the winner for the evening's shoot. But the honors were not to go to any one in particular. As the scores show, they were captured by four different contestants, and it seems that some one of this number could have run one more. We see no reason why our president, Mr. Johnson, could not do better since his return from the Lynchburg shoot, where he was handicapped to 20yds., and our club won't forget this injustice. While Mr. Johnson said he was treated royally in every other respect, and he has nothing to say himself against being handicapped, not one of our club members that I have heard express themselves thought it right. The following scores were made to-day at 50 targets: Johnson 41, Pearce 41, Gowan 41, Whitaker 41, Parker 39, Ferrall 39, Gray 37, Stark 33. R. T. GOWAN, Sec'y.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

E. R. C., Tapachula Chiapas, Mexico.—We have an insect here in this country called by the natives chicharra. As I remember, it is exactly the same insect which they have up in the mountains of western North Carolina, called there the seventeen-year locust. In shape it is very much like a common house fly and about half the size of the thumb. It lives up in the trees and darts rapidly away on being alarmed. The note it gives is a shrill whistle when at rest. Would you kindly tell me if this insect is a locust? If not, to what family does it belong? Ans. The insect may be the "seventeen-year locust," which is really not a locust at all, but a cicada (*Cicada septemdecim*). It belongs to the order Hemiptera, which includes bugs, ticks, "walking sticks," manteo, and a great number of quite dissimilar forms; or it may be some closely related form. This could be determined only by the examination of a specimen by an entomologist.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Before long now the great broad waters of the Southern States, Currituck, Albemarle, Core and Pamlico sounds, and others to the southward, will be covered with water fowl which resort there to spend the winter. Before long, too, people will be thinking of starting for the southern quail grounds. Norfolk and Richmond are two points from which all these shooting localities may be reached, and to these two cities one may travel easily and comfortably by the Old Dominion Line.

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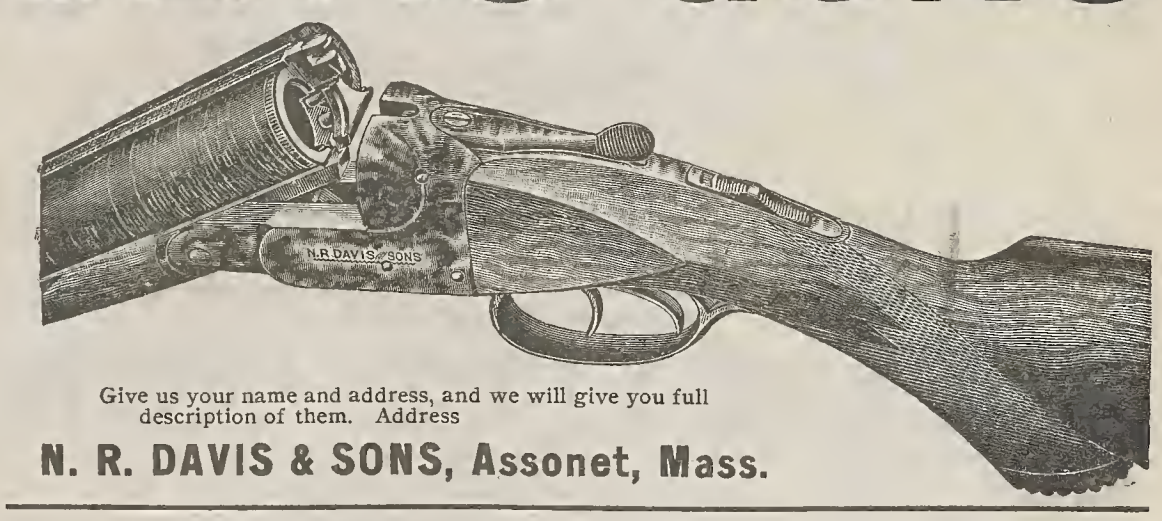

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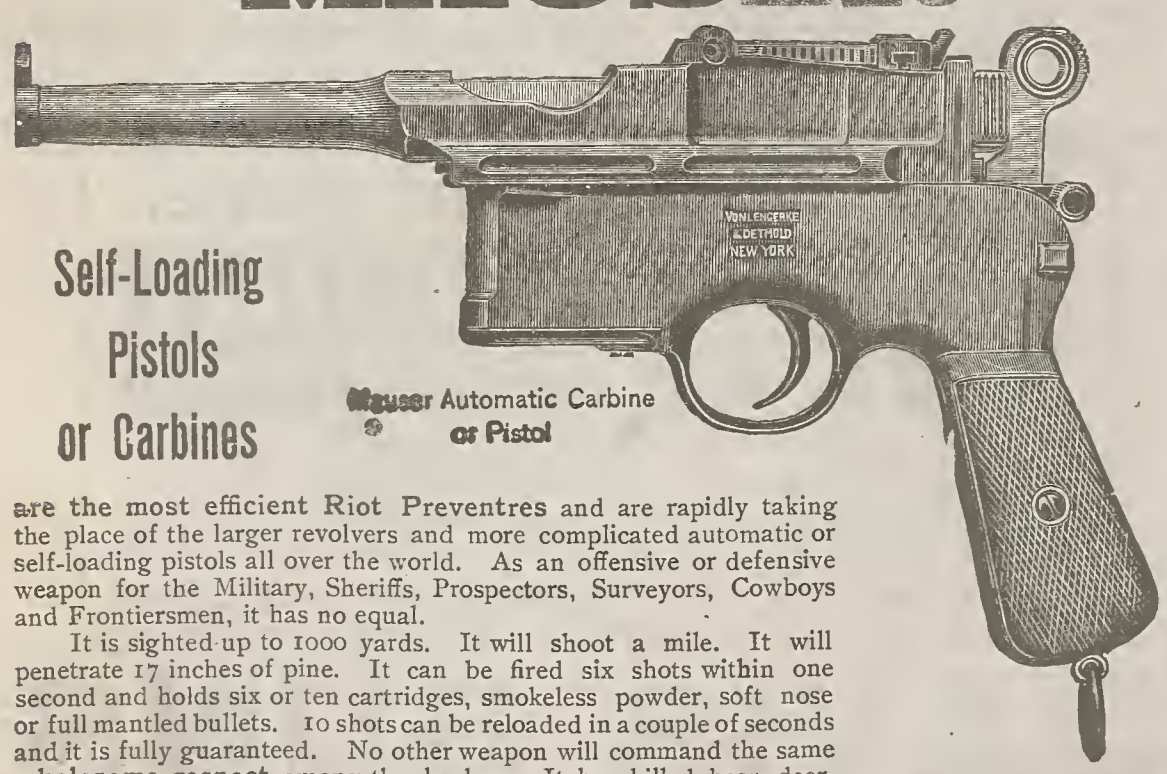

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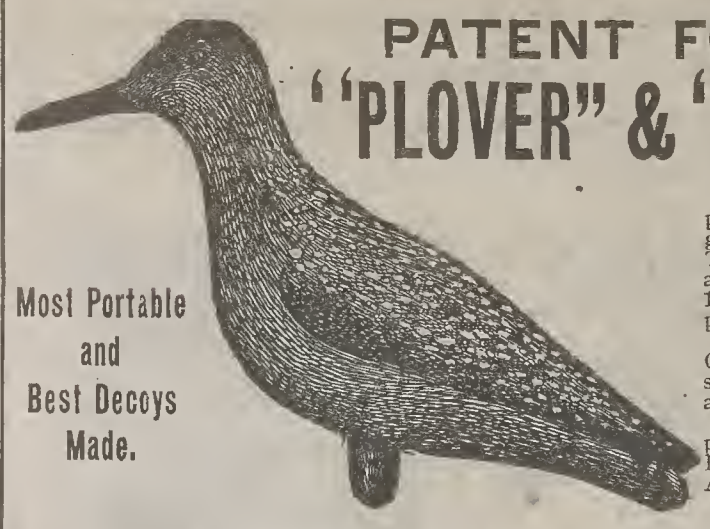

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FOREST AND STREAM

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.45-70	300	1875	13	1.47	7.40
.45-90 Winchester	300	1980	14	1.41	6 63
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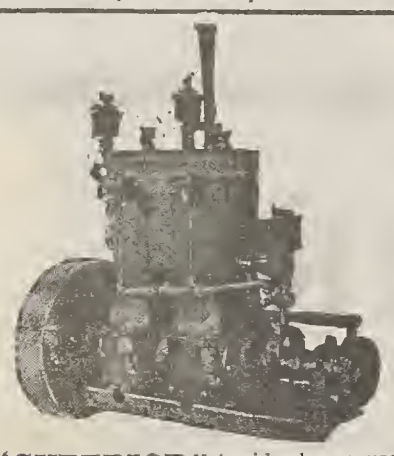

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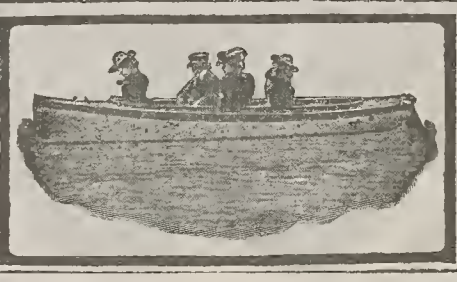

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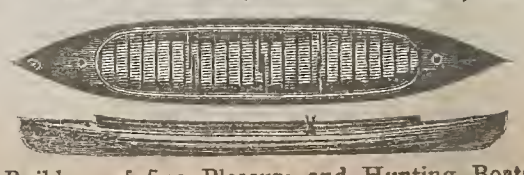

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1902.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

THE APPALACHIAN PARK.

At the annual meeting of the Appalachian National Park Association, held in Asheville, N. C., on Wednesday of last week, the secretary, Dr. C. P. Ambler, presented a report of substantial progress for the year. Just what an active system has been followed for pushing the Appalachian Park project into publicity and keeping it there, may be inferred from the statistics of the year, which show that the secretary sent out more than 42,000 pieces of printed matter, making a total since the work was undertaken of nearly a million pieces; and more than 1,300 personal letters. The result of the year's propaganda gives substantial cause of satisfaction. Opposition which existed on the part of large lumber corporations has been overcome, and many of the largest and most influential lumber organizations have declared for the Park. As has been recorded in these columns, the bill to provide the reserve was not pressed at the late session of Congress, because it was feared that the immense appropriations made for other purposes would endanger the measure. But there is reason to believe that the matter may receive favorable consideration in the short session in December.

It is a pleasure in recurring to the Appalachian Park to note, as we have noted before, the public-spirited and efficient services performed in its behalf by Dr. Ambler. The setting apart a region of forest for the benefit of the country at large, now and in the future, is one of those undertakings which, while of the highest public importance, must in the nature of things depend for success upon individual initiative and execution. Without some one man so intensely interested and so patriotic in the highest and best sense of that much-abused term that he will give unstintingly of his thought and time and labor to doing the actual work, we should never see the realization of such an undertaking.

AUTUMN'S ANTICIPATION.

THE days of the year have come, charming days to sportsmen, when there is a crisp coolness in the breezy air; when there are, from the master hand, free touches of glorious reds, yellows and browns spread here and there on the landscape; when there is a rustle of falling leaves which whisper that the reign of summer is ending; and when the fancies of the sportsman lightly and blithely turn to thoughts of dog and gun, game birds, open fields and woodlands of pleasant memories. As his eye rests upon the landscape with its touches of fall coloring, he notes that the general green color is faded and washed out, with an approach to the sere where the frosts nipped hardest, all in sharp contrast to the deep fresh green and summer flowers of a few weeks ago.

The game birds, in sympathy with the year's fruition, have quite or nearly attained their full growth, and are garbed in coats of many colors, each bird a gem to delight the eye and to evoke a craving for possession.

The season and the opportunity combine to reawaken memories of the past and to excite purpose for the future. The sportsman resolves to go a-hunting. Even if he knows that he cannot go, he tries to delude himself with the belief that he may go after all, and thereupon he enters into all the discussions and preparations with the same earnestness of those whose going is a fixed certainty. There are many grave deliberations as to guns and dogs. The experienced sportsman takes time by the forelock. If he have not a gun, he consults his friends as to which can be obtained at the most reasonable price consistent with useful service, and the pleasure of him who gives the advice is no less by a single jot than the pleasure of him who receives it. Localities are canvassed as to their present possibilities; country friends, resident on the scene of future pursuit, are written to for advice concerning the bird supply; the best routes are decided upon by which to journey to and fro, and last, but not least, the friends most available from whom to beg or buy a dog of usefulness afield, are carefully considered and decided upon.

At no stage in a sportsman's life can he better put a friend to the test of true friendship than in the beginning of the hunting season, by asking for the loan of his friend's best trained setter or pointer. A friendship which will withstand such a shock is better than fine gold. Nevertheless, solid and majestic as is such friendship, it is far the wiser part to refrain from subjecting it to the test too many years in succession.

But all the details of preparation on the one hand, and all the ardent anticipations of sport afield on the other hand, all stimulated to the highest pitch by the most favorable reports from the game section, confer a material benefit in themselves, for, if the outing should prove a failure as to the bird supply, there has been for the time being a wholesome diversion from the cares of business, a renewal of neglected friendships, a fighting of battles over again, and all the successes possible as a matter of anticipation. If the outing, on the other hand, is a success, it is not only a pleasure and material benefit in itself, but also an event which makes good biography and material for retrospection in later years.

EYES AND SEEING.

IT is chiefly by the use of our eyes that we learn things. This is trite enough, of course; yet do we all of us appreciate what it means?

The newborn infant, staring at vacancy with goggle eyes, sees no more than the blind puppy; but with time—like the pup—it learns to use its eyes and with proper training to get the most out of them. The babe learns to recognize things, to estimate distances, to avoid dangers, to journey comfortably. After a season, as its intelligence increases, it learns to read and begins to acquire knowledge from books, but for the average man, during at least the earlier part of his life, this book knowledge has little meaning unless it conveys some mental picture—unless the reader can mentally compare the things he reads of with the things that he has seen.

As we grow older, we learn to use our eyes in different ways according to the conditions of life which surround us. The city dweller, familiar with the surroundings of a closely built-up neighborhood, is at home in the city, but knows little of the scenes and surroundings of the country. If he visits the country, he finds that he lacks the sense of direction and easily becomes lost in swamp or thick woods. He does not know the trees, the flowers, the birds or the mammals which he sees, and if he asks questions about them, and is given their names or other information by some one better informed, it makes little impression on him and he forgets at once. Transplant him to the country and let him live there for a year, and his knowledge of these things will enormously increase.

The average man learns to use his eyes for one set of observations, and this is true of all men, whether their pursuits are in or out of doors. The hunter, scanning the horizon for game or scrutinizing the ground for "sign," does not regard, and probably does not see, the vast number of other interesting things that are visible. The botanist goes along with his eyes fixed on the ground looking for low-growing plants in the meadow or among the underbrush, while the ornithologist has his eyes in the air among the tree tops, and the geologist looks at the rocks at his feet, or the distant buttes, and is blind to all beside.

There are two sorts of men who habitually travel with their eyes wide open, and see most of the things that are to be seen. These are the trained field naturalist and the Indian. The first sees alike bird, beast, flower, shell and rock, and beside this views with delight the charm of the landscape. Perhaps there is no one who takes so much pleasure in his walks abroad as he. No step that he makes is without its interest, and there are few persons before whom so wide a field of pleasure is open as the naturalist.

The other man whose powers of observation are highly trained is the Indian. His whole life is given to observation, to the noting the signs of the forest, and the prairie, since it is by noticing these signs that he exists.

A writer has said, "Like the wild bird and the beast, like the cloud and the forest tree, the primitive savage is a part of nature. He is in it and of it. He studies it all through his life. He can read its language, it is the one thing he knows. He is an observer. Nothing escapes his eye. The signs of the clouds, the blowing of the wind, the movements of birds and animals—all tell to him some story. It is by observing these signs, reading them and acting on them that he procures his food, that he saves himself from his enemies, that he lives his life."

It is a happy circumstance that the rising generation are being taught more and more to use their eyes, to observe the facts of nature which are constantly taking place about them, and, in some measure, at least, to apply these facts to the great lesson of the development of life which within the last fifty years has been explained to us.

One of the chief charms of the FOREST AND STREAM is that the contributions which it contains are written by men and women who have been trained to observe nature and wild life, and are able to tell vividly and attractively about the things they see. It may be hoped that the readers of FOREST AND STREAM are training up in their turn a generation which shall see things even more clearly and with a greater breadth of view than did their fathers.

HONEST ALL THROUGH.

"THE honest man is honest all through," wrote President Faunce, of Brown University, the other day in a discussion of college students cribbing. That means, among other things, that an honest man is honest in the woods, as well as out of them.

The woods test of honesty is searching and severe a man be not "honest all through," he is ver be dishonest when the great forest shuts h from the conventional surroundings and i fluence of his accustomed every-day life.

This immersion in the woods is a ma some of the wondrous transformations It relaxes the set face, smoothes out from the brow, gives brilliance and pu erect carriage, expanded chest, light does all this gracious renewal, regen not grudgingly and hesitatingly and generously and in full measure. This woods life, the element of it which ca wilderness of green fields and odor waters as among the most blessed her

But there is another side. Upon c a host of those who go into the wood ings have a certain malign spell wh the all-through-ness of their honest from home, in the woods, answerable bound by none of the customary rest association with their fellows. And stances, if a man be not honest all th going to jack deer, or put out a hound provide a mess of trout. And he is self to himself—for he surely will ac self, be it ever so lightly—by a ve reasoning. "The game law is all way," he will say to himself, if he after he has got what he wanted, "b for a fellow here in the woods. N ever suffer because I have that ven deer more or less, what does it amo I hadn't got it, some one else would. nobody's business, and beside, no o anything about it."

It is precisely because there are cas this fashion, and act accordingly, c even the arguing, that the Adiron spoiled of their deer, as the corres from Old Forge tells us they are. T killed in violation of the law, out of s and by hounds, are killed by deer h are not "honest all the way through."

Apropos of the transfer of live qua another, the fact has been called to c California the law forbids the export and other game, except for the purpos and the right to transport for the purpos or for scientific purposes, must first be o in writing from the Game Commissio Board of Fish Commissioners. This is a able system, and one which might ad adopted in some other States.

The Sportsman Tourist.

The Song of the Sea Gull.

FLY high, fly low, as swift we go
Above the billows crest with snow;
With tireless wing we onward swing,
To seek the food the waters bring;
For One above our needs will know.

Through summer's airs so soft, so slow;
Through autumn's blasts and tornado,
We, circling still, on sweeping wing
Fly high, fly low.

Through the fierce storms that winters bring,
When from the north the wild gales sing,
Above the ice and through the snow
With dauntless breasts we face the blow,
Or, swooping on the tempest's wing,
Fly high, fly low.

J. H. FISHER.

Taking Your Boy Hunting.

THE boy had been promised a day with the prairie chickens, and the various stages of preparation and anticipation had been passed through, and we were at last in a hunting wagon, slowly trotting over the wind-swept stubble and prairie as the dogs ranged ahead hunting for birds.

Surely anticipations are rarely realized; as far as that boy was concerned it would have been an impossibility. The first thing in the morning and the last thing at night did his 16-gauge gun come in for an inspection only such as a captain at West Point would give the arms of his company. And before the gun went back in its case the oiled rag was each time carefully applied to barrels and stock.

At odd times during the day the gun would be taken
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o, like the dogs, is restrained, his protests keeping pace with the impatient whining of the dogs. "Just see them. Golly, there must be fifty of them! What big fellows they are! See them run! There they go; now see the chance we lost!" as the birds take wing and go sailing on curved pinions toward the prairie grass cover. The boy is worried, perceptibly so, equally so with the dogs that also saw the birds flush and away, but our good farmer mentor tells the boy that he knows just where those birds went, and right after breakfast we will walk right to the exact spot, unless we meet another covey or two on our way, and the dog will locate them at once. And the boy wonders at this and quiets down. And here is the farmhouse at last, and the first to greet us is the farmer's wife, who lifts the boy out and in doing so gives him a motherly hug and kiss and carries him right into the kitchen and sets him by the warm stove that supports its burden of sizzling ham and eggs and boiling coffee awaiting our coming.

The farmer's boy, about the age of the other boy, comes in with his burden of milk, warm and foaming, from the pasture. An acquaintance is struck up at once and they are deep in the chicken question immediately, the farm boy telling where the coveys are and where they roost and how tame they are, and such other information as would prove of interest.

The boy at the breakfast table has certainly heart for other things than food, and only under the stern command of his parent and the mothering of the other boy's mother, and the good example of the other boy, who has been choring from daylight and eats as only a farmer's boy can, does he worry down his food. And the breakfast over we don our shooting coats, distribute a supply of shells, fill a goodly sized stone jug with water, and during all this time our good hostess is loading a basket with a lunch that a well-to-do farmer's wife knows only too well how to put up, while the farmer's boy, who is to go with us, finishes up some work about the place. "All ready?" cries the farmer, and we jump in and off we trot straight across the stubble toward the promised swale of prairie land, where our birds of the morning pitched. The dogs are out now ranging to right and left, nosing the ground and running in geometric circles over the stubble. They are fresh and wild, but will soon steady down. Away we go, the sun now tempering the breeze, making it a pleasure to face the wind blowing in our faces. "Look out! No, nothing there now; that's where some birds were no doubt feeding this morning," as the dogs halt and for a moment make game. We are out of the stubble now and are now riding over the thick prairie grass and approaching the swale. The dogs some distance ahead of us have stopped still and are hugging the grass. They have scented the birds. We drive up and dismount. I put shells into my gun and taking the boy's gun go through the motions of loading it, but put empty shells into the barrels. The farmer has put shells into his gun and already stands behind his dogs. I keep close to my boy—in fact, a little behind him, so I can look over his gun barrels when he shoots. I know that the roar of the flushing birds will disconcert him, and he will pull one trigger after another at the brown and white mass that leaps into the air. The birds are some distance yet ahead, the scent coming fresh and strong to the dogs down wind.

Under persuasion they crawl stealthily along, their eyes aglow and their jaws dripping with saliva, every muscle tense and nerve quivering. The boy divides his attention between the dogs and the grass a little ahead of them. He is already at the highest pitch of excitement and trembles like an aspen. On and yet on the dogs crawl, and yet no birds, when with a roar the covey breaks cover and is in midair. The farmer, who knows a gun, quickly stops the two leaders, and the boy does as I anticipated, aims at "something brown" and pulls both triggers—and gets nothing—and I am fortunate in knocking over a single quartering bird that comes my way. The covey being leaderless, flies aimlessly along, and scattering drops not a hundred yards away. The dogs retrieve the three birds and the boy is yet suffering from his first attack of chicken ague. In his excitement he did not know that he actually fired no shot.

We jump into the rig and drive toward where we marked down the birds, the dogs ranging a short distance ahead. And now comes the boy's lecture, to which he patiently listens, chagrined at his miss, and after being told about the fallacy of trying to kill a whole flock instead of a single bird at a time, I explain to him how his gun was really not loaded, but promise next time to let him load it himself. The boy naturally reasons that he might have gotten a bird if his gun had been loaded and becomes a little confident.

The dogs are down again. Out we jump. The birds are scattered and scared, and will lie close. At most two at a time may flush, more likely one at a time, and they will have to be kicked out of the thick cover. The second dog is backing the leader—so we are shooting over the single dog. We agree to give the boy first shot. The dogs are urged on until they will go no further. The boy is told to step just ahead of the dog and kick the thick grass. He does so, and up flushes bird, all but brushing the boy's face with his wings, and the boy shoots, bang, bang, a yard behind each time, but before the bird is out of range he is neatly dropped by our host and marked down.

The dogs are yet close upon the ground, for within a radius of fifty feet are perhaps the rest of the covey, unless they have bunched and run.

We go along cautiously and words of admonition are poured into the boy's ears, when up flushes another single bird and again the boy misses. He was prepared for the flush, so much so as to shoot before the bird was three feet from the ground and expending both barrels upon his upward flight, shooting under each time. I "wiped" the boy's eye as the bird started straight away. The dogs were yet staunch and flat upon the grass. The rest of the birds were close at hand. More admonitions to the boy. We still kept him close up to the dog. It was his day, and the opportunities must first be his. With a whirr a bird quartered off to the left, and the boy scored! With a whoop he dropped his gun and ran to retrieve his bird, flushing a chicken in his course. Well, he brought back his fluttering quarry and got a long lecture on such temerity, and an example was cited of what a wildcat would do if recovering after a shot he should tackle the hunter who had approached him after dropping his gun.

The boy was attentive and drank in the lessons preached to him. For a boy his improvement throughout the day was marked. Suffice it to say that we with no indifferent appetites enjoyed our noonday meal in a gully by a spring under the spreading shade of a cottonwood. During the heat of the day we rested, and the boys talked and exchanged farm and city lore and became fast friends.

The country boy shot with my boy's gun a part of the afternoon, and my boy held the horses. And so the day was spent, and when that boy rolled into the sleeper at night on his return to town, he certainly was a tired, flushed, but happy boy, and there was no prouder boy in town than he as he paraded his own particular bunch of birds shot with his own gun up the street for the admiration of the other boys who did not go.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

ST. PAUL, Sept. 11.

Philosophy from the Shastas.

SHASTA MOUNTAINS, Cal., September.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have not interfered by interpolating foreign substances into FOREST AND STREAM lore for quite a while. I have, like a simple fellow immortalized by William Shakespeare, begun to look upon time with considerable indifference and, perhaps, with some contempt.

> He drew a dial from his poke,
> And looking on it, with lack-lustre eye,
> Said, very wisely: "It is ten o'clock;
> Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the world wags;
> 'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;
> And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
> And so, from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
> And then, from hour to hour we rot and rot;
> And thereby hangs a tale."

Not altogether a motley, miserable fool was he, but somewhat of a forester. Base is the slave who counts out the sands of his life in the click of wheels—the nonsense of a brass clock! In timing his pace, his sentiments and his physical and intellectual being to schedules that mince the atoms of what we call time into motes and dust! The great ones of the days in which we live have reached the summits—of what? If some of our most conspicuous specimens of human greatness have not achieved the *ultima thule* of slavery in the acquisitions most dear to our alleged civilization—why my head will bleed water like a watermelon if plugged. Tennyson sung,

> Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

But he had seen but little of Europe and not any of Cathay; and his song is a fine specimen of pessimism, in its undertone; and Europe and Cathay are un-American anyhow you fix it.

Civilization is a hard problem with decayed spots in it. If the people who see the most of it would vote, without stopping to argue and be coerced, the majority would signify that they would rather go a-fishing than moralize about the more vital things of every-day occupation.

Andrew Carnegie makes no mistake in putting the products of industry into libraries for the people who make it possible for him to be a benefactor. But I question, at my own expense, the advisability of his donating his tomes to contending cities. The people of cities have too much of everything, particularly in America, and they have more newspapers than they have time to read between meals. Few metropolitans can read, really. If Mr. Carnegie would establish little temples to Minerva where they naturally belong, and where nature puts them, the pilgrims who sought them would be true disciples. One of enduring and spacious construction would fit in the Yellowstone Park. Others would not interfere with the beauties of Western cornfields, Southern plantations, mountain mills and mines.

The accumulated wisdom of the ages, freed from the modifications that civilization buries it under, is unquestionably among the treasures that acquisitive man has gleaned from the earth, its occupants and its discovered materials and forces. The great pity, it sometimes seems, is that the real brain, brawn and sinew of humanity is forever handicapped and balked by the lack of access to the fuel, energy, impetus, material and tools and science in which the world is rich. One disadvantage is that the science of accumulation and centralization hoards the world's treasures in archives when they were created and intended for broadcast distribution. A rich jewel in an Ethiopian's ear is better than to have it in a monarch's crown, if the crown is hidden away from enterprising thieves and the people. Ten million dollars can be stowed in a barrel and buried in a bank or in the earth. It might make ten hundred thousand people happy and serviceable for a week or so, and it would do things of various kinds until some villain buried it again. Money is chiefly employed in diverting mankind from acquiring wisdom. If we shoot snipe we lose ducks.

The world is full of philosophy, of differing quality and value, and I always contribute my product with as much assurance as diffidence. I know there is some in circulation that is no sounder. The more fertile and ponderous brains of great capacity sometimes acquire bulk like the snowballs rolled into huge globes by boys in New England and in other regions where there are winters. The acquisition of the one being about as profitable as that of the other to all concerned. And so, I can affix no moral to this except that, as a friend of mine was fond of saying, "A rolling stone is the noblest work of God, and an honest man gathers no moss."

It is reported that a man recently killed a deer not far from my shack in these mountains, with a madstone in its stomach. The man took the stone to town and sold it for $1,500. I never knew before where madstones came from. Alas, poor deer! If they carry madstones around worth $1,500, it is much more injudicious in them than to have good meat on their bones and a skin worth 78 cents, on the meat. However, I have seen neither the man nor the madstone. The history of the achievement will doubtless show up in some of the metropolitan newspapers after a while, fully illustrated with photographs of the man, the deer and the stone in its stomach.

The smelting of ores in this region has become an important industry. Smelters upon the upper Sacramento River finding it profitable to roast and smelt ores for copper and other metals are paying dividends to many shareholders in various parts of the world. Incidentally the smelters are denuding the mountains in a wide radius of all timber and vegetation. One smelter has fairly shown its effect in killing nearly every tree and all other vegetation in a circuit of ten to twelve miles in diameter. The devasted realm is constantly extending. Other smelters are being constructed and operated. Government agents are said to have reported upon these works from time to time, but there is no evidence that it has had any effect. As the business stands, corporations are doing a good business in producing copper at a considerable disadvantage to the commonwealth. They are denuding many square miles of land to which they have no right nor title of much good timber and vegetation, while they are also destroying many small homes, orchards and garden spots. If complaints are strenuously pushed by individuals the corporations sometimes pay damages, arbitrarily in which they are rather more scientific than just. The laws for the protection of fish and game do not work where there is none for the protection of homes, the health of the people or Government lands. Sometimes a man is arrested in this State for killing a deer out of season, or for illegally shooting duck or quail, or for cutting a tree or two on Government land—all of which is right and proper. Some of us, meanwhile, would like to know if corporations of considerable size are ever susceptible to legal regulations. As one of the people interested in the protection of the commonwealth, I would like to see them arise and explain why they discriminate between a smelter and a gun, or between a corporation and a chopper—always at the expense of the lesser nuisance. The realm being devastated by the smelters in Shasta county would make a magnificent public park or reserve, but it would now take a century or more for it to recover from the destruction wrought by the fumes of the smelters in four or five years' operation. The region is worth more, for all apparent advantages, than a Philippine island. There are trout streams in it, and it has much cover for deer, bear, chipmunks and 'coons.

I contemplate going abroad soon with my meat gun and unreliable dog. If I jump anything, and see it before the dog does and if it is good meat, I shall shoot at it. If I get it I will report. RANSACKER.

Tales of the Frontier.

II—The Midwinter Bath.

IN the open or prairie part of the Minnesota country all midwinter traveling in pioneer days was not only a matter of discomfort but frequently of suffering and peril.

Roads were scarcely worth the name; the climate was both severe and treacherous, and the open plains, swept by autumnal prairie fires and winter blizzards, were frequently barren to sight of any landmark whatever that could be depended upon to guide the traveler on his way; and by common consent the pioneers wisely hugged the straggling shelter line of the scanty timber along the streams; and as long as possible put off the business of traveling to distant points until the rigor of the winter weather had passed away.

My father—Orin Belknap, Sr.—lived, during the later '60s—on the left bank of the Des Moines River, near a station named Jackson, and, in the latter part of the winter of 1868-9 business that could not be omitted or postponed called him and my stepmother to the embryo village of Spirit Lake, Iowa, some eighteen miles distant. Choosing a morning that promised unusually fine weather for the coming day, they set forth in a home-made, one-horse cutter, drawn by the old family mare, a strong animal, both active and willing, and in every way reliable; and proceeded without delay or trouble to the village, and their business disposed of, were ready for the return journey shortly after noon. The road from Jackson to Spirit Lake skirted the south shore of the lake that gave its name to the village for a distance of several miles; and on the way to the village my father had noted that when the shore of the lake was reached the road forked, and the larger part of the small amount of midwinter travel had evidently taken to the icy surface of the lake, where for a long distance toward the village the dim roadway over the ice of the lake could be plainly followed by the eye—sometimes at a long way from the shore. However, he took the land road, and meeting with considerable difficulty from drifted snow at the few points where the low brush timber of the lake shore had prevented the snow from being hammered into hard roadway by the blizzards of early winter, he determined to return by the trail over the ice.

The surface of the lake was covered with ice of several feet in thickness, and no thought of danger from thin ice troubled them; but they had yet to learn of the terrible power of the frost king, and of the fantastic pranks he sometimes played with the icy surfaces of the northern lakes. All unconscious of impending peril, on their return they sped along over the smooth surface of the lake seated low down in the little cutter, and well wrapped up, while the faithful old mare, with outstretched neck and nimble feet, was busily pushing the miles behind them at a rate that promised an early return to the warm stable she was striving for.

Finally my father became aware that they were gradually traveling up grade; but so very gentle was their ascent, and such an utter sameness met the eye as he glanced ahead through the sunlit glare of the ice, that the significance of the matter did not dawn upon him until the old mare—still trotting swiftly along—suddenly commenced to slide down a smooth incline nearly as steep as a house roof! An instant after, as the little sled rose to the summit, to their horror they saw at a glance that, for a long distance toward the shore and far out into the lake, a mighty wrinkle had heaved the thick ice high in air; that the mare had stepped, and the cutter was now sliding across the wide crack in the ice caused by the upheaval; and that squarely in front and fifty yards in width—and into which they were now irresistibly moving—lay a vast canal of unknown depth and of the temperature of ice. Down they went, and in a moment the horse was swimming, and in another the water rose to the old gentleman's neck.

Being severely afflicted with rheumatism, so that every move was made with difficulty, he could only remain seated; and fortunately the box of the little sled was short enough, so that with his back against the back of the seat, he could reach the front of it with his feet and brace himself solidly in position; and realizing that their lives now depended on the strength and fidelity of the horse, just as the stout old lady was gently lifted from her seat and floated back over the top of the cutter, crying: "O, father, help me!" he with one hand threw back to her an end of the bed quilt that had been lying across his lap, and with the other guided the faithful old mare straight toward the opposite shore; and while the frightened old lady floated far astern, clinging for life to the towline of the bed quilt, the mare swam on for twenty yards, where she found good footing on the gently sloping ice, and soon they both were safely drawn ashore.

They now wrung the water from their garments and wrappings as best they could, and again seating themselves in the cutter and wrapping up in the wet coverings, they plied the whip as the honest old mare had never felt before, and as no human habitation stood between them and the Des Moines River, no pause was made until the house of a neighbor was reached in the timber along its banks.

Fortunately, the weather continued fine, and though the old gentleman was upward of 70 years of age, and the old lady a person all unused to hardship or exposure, no permanent ill effects followed the sufferings of the homeward ride. ORIN BELKNAP.

In the Adirondacks.

OLD FORGE, N. Y., Sept. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Connected with the sad occurrence at Blue Mountain Lake, when Judge Storrs "accidentally" mistook his friend for a deer and shot him, is the fact that this eminent jurist was a transgressor of the game laws of the State of New York, which prohibit "floating" for deer. It is surprising that he should have set such an example, but he probably did not expect that his "sin would find him out." In what a curious attitude would he stand, or sit, if here upon the bench of this State and called upon to try a poor layman for a like offense!

If you should be told that deer are "increasing" in this great forest, don't you believe it. Few people qualified to judge believe that they are "holding their own," and fear eventual extermination. There is very little "protection" for them, except on principle, for not all men willingly transgress the laws, whether a "protector" may be in their vicinity or not. Hundreds of deer are killed in violation of law—I might say in defiance of law—and for each hundred killed I doubt if there is an average of one prosecution. If it were not for that part of the game law which places restrictions on railroads and express companies, there would be no end to the illegal slaughter.

It seems to me that the article by Mr. Avis on "Manliness and Sport" in some respects answers itself, yet something remains to be said, I think. While he declares himself to be in favor of "killing game for sport," he asserts that "while the legitimate act of killing an animal in the field may not be a strictly manly proceeding, yet neither is it unmanly." If "legitimate," how can it be "unmanly"? Again, if it be not "strictly manly," must not the negative intervene and classify it as being "unmanly"? One cannot serve both God and Mammon; that which is not "strictly manly" must of necessity be "unmanly." The boy with the air gun shoots birds for sport. Does Mr. Avis approve of this? True, he is not shooting "game," but as he is killing for sport is he doing an act more deplorable than he who kills game for sport? In brief, when is the justification for killing any of God's creatures simply for "sport"? I can see nothing of "dignity," "bravery" or "boldness" in the man who slaughters simply for "sport."

Is it not time to cease characterizing the killing of men by hunters as "accidents"? According to the lexicographers, an accident is an occurrence which can not be avoided. To mistake a man for a deer can be avoided, therefore an "accident" does not arise from such an error. To characterize such killing as carelessness or heedlessness is too mild; moral guilt really attaches to the act, for the killer does not exercise either the reason or intelligence with which he is supposed to be endowed. A capable hunter will never fire by guess; that is, he will always be sure of the object at which he fires, taking no chances. With this rule closely followed by inexperienced hunters, they will have very infrequent occasion to bemoan the killing of a friend or companion. Remember the saying of Davy Crockett, "Be sure you are right and then go ahead."

The story is current in the Adirondacks and quite generally believed, that the Central Railroad management is to acquire several hotel properties and operate them—notably the Stevens House, at Lake Placid, and Paul Smith's. A large hotel on the Fourth Lake of the Fulton Chain is also said to be projected, on real estate owned by Dr. Webb.

The development of the first four lakes of this chain during the last fourteen years, has been marvelous. When I came through the chain from Paul Smith's in 1888, a small house on Cedar Island (Fourth Lake), a log house on Third Lake, and an indifferent building at the foot of the chain, where the large and commodious Forge House now stands, were the only structures to be seen, with the possible exception of Lou Woods'. Now the Arrow Head, Rock Point Inn, Eagle Bay, Cedar Island, Bald Mountain House, and the Forge are excellent and well-patronized hostelries, and about two hundred and fifty or more camps line the shores, among them the late ex-President Harrison's, now occupied by his widow. The Central Railroad Company owns the steamboats which ply upon these lakes at extortionate rates of fare, also the two miles of railroad from the main line to Old Forge, upon which the fare is twenty-five cents.

The railroad from the main line at Clearwater to Raquette Lake, touches the head of Fourth Lake, and by that route many guests of the upper hotels go, so that road controls all travel by boat or railroad. While the railroad is said to be owned by a private company of nabobs, it is really a part of the Central's system. A considerable part of this road is upon State land, in direct violation of the constitutional declaration that the public lands "shall not be sold, leased, or otherwise disposed of," and yet there was no State authority to interfere while the road was being built. Poor State! The goose is almost wholly bereft of feathers, and very soon private interests will take the goose itself. The forest is doomed; it must be lost to the people through private greed and official dishonesty. The evils cry to heaven, but there is none to abate them. The people are powerless; their representatives are omnipotent.

In front of this, the Forge House, lie several castings which it is said, represent an expenditure of something like $100,000. A century ago John Brown came here from Boston and bought 300,000 acres of forest, since known as the "Brown tract." Subsequently his son-in-law, a Frenchman, was associated with him in an attempt to establish a colony and make a clearing for raising produce for its support, and opening an iron mine for employment. A foundry was built, forging apparatus installed (hence Old Forge) and one ton of iron had been produced when the enterprise collapsed. The son-in-law, who had been left in sole possession of the property, made a last draft on a Boston bank, which was dishonored because of the bank's knowledge of the fallacy of the undertaking, whereupon the manager of the property went to the mine and there shot himself. The colony at once disbanded, and the members of it emerged from the forest as best they could, with considerable amounts of money due, leaving herds of cattle and flocks of sheep to run wild or die, the latter being their fate. It was a curious, visionary project which possessed John Brown, robbing him of his fortune and making a physical wreck of him. His son-in-law was doubtless insane. There are various evidences still remaining of this wild adventure and the dreams of the adventurers, which with other facts would make a lengthy historical chapter. And "Old Forge" is likely to live as a name indefinitely for that for which it stands. There are other historic incidents and events connected with the place fit for a second chapter. D. H. B.

A Summer on the Labrador.

A ROCK-BOUND coast, massive, irregular and bleak, with here and there a bunch of stunted birch or spruce, a patch of drifted snow or a few sod-covered huts, the Atlantic line of the Labrador Peninsula extends from the Strait of Belle Isle to Cape Chidley, a distance of nearly seven hundred miles. With its whole length indented by numerous bays and inlets, some of which stretch many miles into the interior, a line which followed the coast would of course exceed this distance many times. Numberless islands, barren of all growth other than that of moss and lichen, and without any uniform shape or size, skirt the coast almost continuously, in some places extending seaward for twenty-five miles.

The mainland, however, does not carry out the idea of barrenness suggested by these islands, for over most of the length of the peninsula a thick growth of low shrubs and berry vines is found, and in the southern half, in the swampy ground and around the heads of bays, a fair growth of birch, spruce and fir. Labrador was first visited by Lief son of Eric the Red, about the year 1,000, and from its desolate rocky coast, he called it Helluland, "Strong Land." In 1498 Sebastian Cabot skirted the whole coast to beyond Cape Chidley, and in 1504 the town of Brest was founded by the French on Bradore Bay, near the Strait of Belle Isle. Whether the name Labrador is derived from "La Bradore," the name of a Basque whaler who settled early on the coast, or from the Portuguese word for laborer, from the fact that Corteral in the early part of the sixteenth century brought home a cargo of natives as slaves, or as some claim, from "La-bras-d'or," from its supposed mineral richness, seems to be unsettled. Among the inhabitants and fishermen who frequent the coast it is known simply as "The Labrador." Its total area comprises about 500,000 square miles, of which a large part between Hudson and Ungava bays is wholly unknown, except to the wandering bands of Eskimos whose hunts occasionally take them inland. That part of Labrador including the coast line is under the jurisdiction of Newfoundland, having been annexed by the British Government in 1763. In 1774 it was placed under the jurisdiction of Canada, and in 1809 was again annexed to Newfoundland, to whose Government it is still united.

The cruise of a Newfoundland "fisherman" to this coast is not an unusual event. Every year during the early summer months from fifteen hundred to two thousand vessels varying in size from twenty-five to seventy-five tons, leave all parts of the Newfoundland coast and make up the great Labrador codfishing fleet, whose catch is finally distributed principally among the countries bordering on the Mediterranean.

This industry takes men, women and children in large numbers from Newfoundland, and the summer is passed by them either on the schooners or in the temporary summer huts. There is much of a heroic nature in the lives of the people engaged in this industry. Venturing in vessels often unfitted to withstand the severe weather met, to a coast which has neither lighthouse, buoy, nor any guide (other than occasional "American men," signifying bold shore), which is imperfectly charted and an accurate knowledge of which can only be gained by repeated visits, they undergo much privation and hardship, often suffering shipwreck and the loss of the summer's work. The cruise of the Lily of the North, a "fisherman" of eighty tons, during the summer of 1900, however, combined an unusual errand with several unexpected, if not unusual incidents. While it was originally intended that contact with the Labrador shore should be simply incidental to the trip, circumstances left no choice

but that we should pass the summer on this coast, and that the rocks of Paul's Harbor, Black Island, should furnish a final resting place for the schooner. Chartered to land a cargo of stores at Jensen's whaling station on Cape Haven, Baffin Land, and to bring back the accumulated supply of oil, bone, ivory and fur, the Lily left Halifax July 17 with a crew of six and four passengers. The trip to Sydney, Cape Breton, was lengthened by calm weather for two days after leaving Halifax, but enlivened by the schools of porpoises and small whales which played about the schooner off the Nova Scotia coast. Sydney is known chiefly as the home of the great Dominion coal mines, the terminal of the steamer Bruce connecting with the Newfoundland railway, and as the place of departure of several recent Arctic expeditions. We were disappointed to find that the Peary relief ship Windward had left for the north two days before our arrival.

It was with many regrets that we parted company with two of our number, both enthusiastic Arctic explorers, who had come with us to Halifax and continued on to Sydney on learning of our stop there. As they turned southward on the afternoon of the 23d, we sailed away from Sydney, laying a course down the Cape Breton coast, past St. Paul's Island, and Cape St. George, into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. A thick fog enveloped everything in the Gulf on the morning of the 26th, but with a strong southerly wind we were making fast progress toward the Strait of Belle Isle.

With sail "wing and wing" and supposing ourselves to be fifteen miles off the Newfoundland coast, Jack, who was at the wheel at the time, discovered breakers directly ahead, about half-past two in the afternoon. A sudden call to Capt. B. brought everybody on deck, and ahead, not fifty yards off, we saw a white line of foaming water.

With quick judgment the Captain took in the situation, ordered the wheel over, and the main boom, which fortunately we were carrying on the starboard side, hauled in. Everybody pulled with a will. As the Lily swung into the wind the fore boom jibed over with a bang and we skirted the shore for a quarter of a mile before losing sight of the breakers. How many feet further we could have gone without striking we shall never know, but a good view of the low, sandy beach convinced us that it was a poor place to end the cruise, but an excellent one to reach shore, from such a situation as ours might have been. The tremendous tide which is always a source of danger to navigation in the Gulf and Strait of Belle Isle had carried us inside of Point Raiche, and the thick fog had prevented our knowledge of it. We spoke two schooners, laid our course, and by night were well into the Strait of Belle Isle.

The combination of the wind and tide made a choppy sea in the strait, and the night was an uncomfortable one for all hands. Soon after dark the wind died out, leaving us at the mercy of the tremendous seas, and we bobbed about like a pea in a drum. New lights on the Newfoundland shore, of which we had no record, confused our position, and the break of day was welcome, bringing as it did a calmer sea and a light fair breeze.

As we came on deck the Labrador shore was in plain view—a rocky, barren coast, rising from the sea in irregular shape from 500 to 1,000 feet, with plentiful patches of snow to be seen. Directly astern was a small iceberg, while ahead and over toward the Newfoundland shore we counted eight or ten much larger ones. We were continually in sight of great numbers of these islands of ice during the day, some with great patches of dirt sticking to their sides, showing that at some time they had turned completely over, bringing up from the bottom mud and sand; others with blue veins running in horizontal lines over their surface, caused by the fresh water streams while the berg was in glacier form. These bergs are a great danger to navigation owing to the large part and the irregular shape under water, and the schooners give them a wide berth.

The Labrador shore and the Strait of Belle Isle during July and August perhaps furnish the best place on the continent to see these monster cakes of ice. They are brought south from a great territory of Arctic waters by the strong current which makes up the shore, and are seen in almost every conceivable size and shape.

As we neared Cape Charles, in the distance was one which assumed the perfect shape of a twenty-story skyscraper, while all around us were those of smaller dimensions and of irregular shape. On our near approach usually a great flock of gulls would rise from the top or from some crevice, only to settle back again upon our reaching a safe distance.

We passed Henley and the "Devil's Dining Table" during the afternoon, and just at sunset rounded Cape Charles, with its few fishermen's cottages tucked away almost out of sight between the rocks. It was here that the Miranda, on her memorable cruise of 1894, put in after colliding with an iceberg and before returning to St. John's for repairs.

We headed for Assizes Harbor, sailing through narrow channels and skirting high headlands, finally dropping anchor in a beautiful little harbor almost completely landlocked. Five other schooners were also anchored there, and within a short distance were three icebergs, white, silent and ghostly, as they rose out of the water into the darkness. Assizes Harbor is but a short distance from Battle Harbor, and we crossed in a few minutes the next morning.

Battle Harbor is the principal port and capital of Labrador. As far as we could learn it gets its name from a battle once fought between the Eskimos, who formerly inhabited the coast as far south as the Strait of Belle Isle, and the fishermen. It is a prosperous fishing settlement, and supports a church, school, deep-sea mission, hospital and sailors' home.

We had noticed a decided change in the temperature since coming through the strait, due no doubt to the Arctic current and to the abundance of ice floating about. Unable to make headway against the stiff nor'easter, which blew after we left Battle Harbor, we put into Ship Harbor about dark, and found a little settlement of a dozen huts at the head of a narrow channel, which makes in for half a mile between precipitous cliffs.

This was on Saturday night, which meant that we must spend until Monday morning here, it being a custom observed among the fishermen that no vessel shall leave a harbor on Sunday; nor is any work done about the schooners other than that necessary for comfort. Fish caught Saturday with no time to salt them away before Sunday, are put in bags and hung over the side of the vessel until Monday morning. Often anchored in company with fifty or sixty schooners, we did not see a single anchor raised on a Sunday during the summer. One would hardly expect to find this custom among a people whose season at the best is short, whose income is correspondingly small, and who must depend to a large extend upon fair winds to cover the long distances of the coast, but we were impressed by its very general observance.

At Ship Harbor we visited the owner of the fishing privilege and leader of the settlement. A man past middle age of medium height and stocky build, with a bright eye and bushy whiskers, he looked the typical fisherman and gave us a cordial welcome to his summer home. These temporary houses are for the most part built with a light wooden frame and covered with sod, some with an inverted boat for the roof, with walls of sod, and many built of sod alone. The interior is of equal simplicity. In some of the larger stations where the fishing is controlled by one man, and his helpers are all "sharemen," an occasional neat frame house is found with a degree of comfort not to be expected.

The subjects of conversation among the large class of fishermen are few, and confined almost wholly to that of their voyage and the conditions which go to make it a success or a failure. Fish of course is the chief topic, and the state of the fishing up or down the shore is the first question passed between stranger or acquaintance. Our friend at Ship Harbor said that never in his experience of thirty years on the Labrador had he known such a season for late ice, scarcity of fish and a generally backward summer. The pack ice left Ship Harbor July 16, and the 28th, the day we reached there, small bergs and plenty of floe ice was to be seen. On learning our destination and the nature of our errand, he looked doubtful, shook his head and said: "You'll see plenty of ice down north, I guess." His advice was to put outside of the islands and go down outside of the ice pack, even if we were obliged to cover an extra couple of hundred miles, in order to skirt it. This same advice we received from several old-timers along the way, and was the plan we had expected to see carried out on reaching the Labrador. But Capt. B. was unwilling to take the chances of being driven south by a combination of the Arctic current and the northerly winds, which, contrary to all precedent, seemed to be prevailing on the coast.

On Sunday we took a stroll over the hills, climbed a high mountain and had a superb view of the country for miles inland. Stretching away as far as the eye could reach appeared a rolling plateau, with a succession of barren and snow-patched hills, intersected by many bays and inlets, and dotted with numerous lakes. On our return to the harbor I was passing the hut of our friend, and hearing voices within, entered. I was greeted with an inquiry for my friend, and we were soon seated around his stove. He said he wanted to tell us something. "Did you boys know," he said, "that it would not have been safe some years ago to have been seen going over these hills on Sunday with a gun over the shoulder? If you'd come back at all you would have been without your gun." He explained that among the older school of fishermen such things were unknown, and that the observance of their customs was as strictly enforced among strangers. He accepted pleasantly our explanation, and we stored up the suggestion for future use.

From Ship Harbor we made slow progress, owing to contrary winds, and made harbors at Domino and Indian Tickle. Aug. 1, after a good run of seventy miles, past Grady, across the mouth of Hamilton Inlet and by Indian Harbor with its Deep-Sea Mission Hospital, we anchored in Ice Tickle, just as the wind left us and a heavy rain fell. Aug. 2 came in foggy. About 9 o'clock the sun broke through and we left the harbor with a light southerly breeze. Hardly half a mile from our anchorage, while running along with another schooner close by, and in trying to avoid a well-known rock, we ran directly on another. A sudden grating sound and light shock was all the warning we had, and we thought we were sliding over all right; but a second shock brought us to a standstill. An examination showed plenty of water under the bows, about twelve feet over the starboard side amidships and eight to port. Our consort immediately anchored and sent her sturdy crew aboard. The tide was within less than half an hour of high, and appeared to be falling, so that quick work was necessary. An anchor was put out over the starboard stern, but the united efforts of fifteen men could not stir her. Appearances certainly suggested a sudden ending of the cruise, with but a small part of the journey covered, and the object of the expedition not accomplished. It was impossible to pull her off, and the only course seemed to be to shift the cargo from the after hatch and wait for the next tide. The captain, who had come to our assistance, said as he could be of no further use, he had too much at stake to delay longer, having already been delayed in his cruise. But "if there was any danger I'd stay all summer," he said. "Many a good craft and cargo has been left on the rocks before," was his comforting remark as he left us.

That afternoon we brought pork, bread, molasses, coal, coffee and a variety of articles out of the after hatch, stowing it all across the bows. The hours we spent after this work was done lying about the deck waiting for high water will always be remembered. An unusual anxious expression was noticeable on the face of each member of the crew. Every man had at some previous time been wrecked, some more than once; and the stories of past experience, of battles on the sealers, against icy storms in the early spring, against great winds and seas, of being thrown on the rocks, and of the suffering caused by the loss of a summer's work, all this added to the seriousness of the moment.

Toward night, as the tide began to rise, an anchor was carried out from the starboard bow, and about 9 o'clock, after an hour's hard work at the windlass, she slid off into deep water. Getting under way at eight we encountered a gale from the northeast, and put into Sloop Harbor, in company with twenty-five other schooners. After the gale came a calm, and then a Sunday, in all three days of tedious wait in an uninteresting spot; days when, as George remarked, the "dollars came up through the horse pipe." When we finally did get away it was only to meet another blow from the northeast, and we took refuge in Holton. A good day's trout fishing here compensated somewhat for the delay. At Turnavik everybody was busy and happy. Fish were running plentifully and boatload after boatload was brought in to be split, salted and packed away until September, when they are washed, dried and taken aboard the steamers which are chartered by the larger operators to call during September for that purpose. The fish are caught either in traps, with hooks and lines, or with jiggers.

Capelin were as plentiful as the cod. They are a small fish, resembling in appearance a smelt, and are used as bait for the cod, often for dog food, and not infrequently as food for the fishermen.

The fishing at Turnavik is controlled by a member of a family of famous Arctic navigators, who was connected with the Bradford expedition into the Arctic regions on the Panther in 1868. His son was mate on the Peary ship Windward in 1898-99, and during the two days we were held there by calms, we heard many interesting tales of Arctic adventure.

From Turnavik to Hopedale is thirty miles in a straight course, between the islands, and we reached there Aug. 11, just as a stiff northeaster struck us, with rain and fog, and prevented further progress.

Going into Hopedale we passed several Eskimos in their fishing boats coming in from their camps for Sunday at the station. They were the first we had seen on the coast, and were objects of much interest. We passed within hailing distance of one, and after exchanging the usual "Oksunai" (greeting), we inquired if he had any fish. His reply was "little," and in answer to our question, "Any fish at Hopedale?" shouted back, "I suppose." Hopedale was founded by the Moravian missionaries in 1776, and is the second oldest station on the coast. The Eskimos here number about 180, a small proportion of whom, however, are of pure blood, and at the time of our stop they were mostly away, engaged in the cod fishery.

The long establishment of the missionaries here and many years of contact with the fishermen have introduced many European customs of dress, living and food, so that the primitive life can no longer be seen. They live in wooden huts and support themselves by fishing for the cod, seal and salmon in summer, and hunting the caribou and fur animals in winter. They are able to trade with the missionaries the results of their hunting and fishing for bread, molasses, powder, shot, etc. Most of the younger Eskimos at Hopedale can write, the children attending school for certain periods during the winter. They have the Bible and Sankey's hymns in their language, and the only encouragement needed for them to sing the hymn book through from beginning to end is a willing audience. Sunday evening after church in the mission chapel, we visited a hut where a number of the Eskimos had collected, and were given a recital of hymns with accompaniment of the accordeon. The men and women all sing well, joining in the different parts and maintaining for the most part a fair degree of harmony. The station shows the expenditure of much labor on the part of the missionaries.

Paths have been laid out through the woods with seats erected at various points, and the gardens of cabbage, lettuce, turnips and potatoes, as well as the beds of pansies, daisies and poppies, looked surprisingly thrifty when the short season which they are allowed is considered. It made an interesting start the next morning to see all of the fifty schooners heave anchor and leave the harbor together, and out through Hopedale Run, where a head wind was encountered, quick work and good seamanship was much in evidence in the efforts to keep clear of the rocks and of each other.

There seemed to be no end to the contrary winds, and consequently slow progress, and we put in to Cape Harrigan Harbor and Quirk Tickle on our way north until the 15th, when we reached Ford's Harbor, so named from the family who have been the solitary residents and undisputed landlords for seventy-five years. Gales, calms, fogs and rocks had so delayed our progress since reaching the Labrador shore that for some time we had felt many doubts as to the possibility of being able to reach Cape Haven. The same opinion prevailed among all whose advice we sought, and was to the effect that even if the Lily was able to reach Cape Haven and return, it would not now be possible to accomplish it in the time at our disposal. Much as we regretted leaving the expedition, which we were interested in seeing successfully carried out, and giving up the chance of getting among the walrus and polar bears in Hudson Straits, and the primitive Eskimos of Baffin Land, it seemed our only course, and we made preparations to leave the schooner at Ford's Harbor. Our plan was to go from there to Nain, and camp in the interior until the mail steamer should call again. Efforts to get any of the Ford family to guide us to Nain, about twenty miles inland, were fruitless on account of the run of codfish, which had just commenced, and the prevalence of the grip, which incapacitated several of the family. Our crew rowed us across to a summer camp of Nain Eskimos, and there we bargained with a native by the very un-Eskimoish name of Levi Frye, to land us and our outfit at Nain.

It was nearly 6 o'clock when we had finished loading our baggage, provisions and camp outfit into Levi's boat, and soon after, with wishes of good luck from all hands, we sailed away, heading into a narrow channel which leads for some distance between the high rocky sides of two islands, toward Nain. We had made the schooner our home for just four weeks, and had become so used to the attractiveness of our plain and healthy living, our comradeship with the captain and crew, and to the many interesting incidents connected with the life among the fishermen, that it was with no small regret that we left all this to enter upon new experiences.

Wind and tide turned against us about 10 o'clock, and with a suggestion from Levi of "Plenty tide; no row," we camped a few feet back from the shore.

Levi got us started soon after light the next morning, and we went along merrily enough until the tide again turned against us. With Nain in plain sight, with no wind, a head tide, with mosquitoes playing havoc with every exposed part of one's person, the last five miles was tedious and exasperating. At last about 2 o'clock in the afternoon we deposited our outfit on the deck of the missionary schooner Idalia, anchored close in, not daring to risk putting it within reach of the voracious "huskies," which will devour anything, from a tent peg

to an Eskimo baby, as the opportunity offers. Three years ago in Hopedale, we were told, an Eskimo baby became separated from its mother, and happening to fall was pounced upon by a pack of dogs, and before assistance could reach it was torn to pieces.

Observation during our stay among them justified this reputation. Some of them show much intelligence, however, and they form a most important part of the establishment of an inhabitant of "the Labrador." During the summer they find plenty of food among the refuse of the fishing, and save the continual fighting among themselves spend most of the time in sleeping. Winter is their busy season, as they furnish the only means of locomotion for the missionaries, natives and settlers. Exercised continually in drawing the "comitek," with only such food at hand as can be carried or may be killed en route, at the end of a day's run they are indeed ravenous.

Mr. Stecker, a missionary, who has made many long trips during the winter among the Eskimos around Nachrak and Cape Chidley, told us of the absolute need that upon stopping at night for camp, while one man built the snow house and another gathered material for a fire, a third should watch the dogs lest they eat the seal skin harness in which they are driven, or fall upon and devour one another. Under good condition a day's run of from fifty to seventy-five miles is not unusual, and there is a tale about a team of twelve dogs having made the distance between Hopedale and Nain, 114 miles, in one day.

The first attempt to start a missionary station on the Labrador coast was at Cape Aillik, in 1751, and resulted in the death of the missionaries and their companions at the hands of the natives. Nain was founded in 1770, and is the oldest station on the coast. The Eskimos at Nain number at present 280. About Nain, which is in latitude 56, there is a sufficient growth of trees to supply all the wants for building purposes and for fuel, so, as at Hopedale, the Eskimos live in wooden huts adjoining the missionary house and chapel. C. S. HAWKINS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Potholes and Sport.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Sept. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It was very sad news to hear from Kelpie a week since that Old Hickory had been obliged to leave camp under the care of a physician. We can only hope for the best, and that he may yet be restored to chronicle more "Camps of the Kingfishers." Sorrow as we may, the old ranks are thinning, and though fresh recruits, and good sportsmen, too, fall into line, they can never fill gaps in the hearts of the veterans, though they may close the ranks.

I am sorry Mr. Stewart misunderstood me in regard to the glacial theory concerning potholes. I did not mean to accuse him of holding it, but merely quoted it as he did himself, to show that those which he has found in North Carolina were entirely out of the reach of the supposed glacial action. I should like to see one of the garnets which he says served as "drills"; all the holes that I have been able to examine have been either partly filled with quartz gravel, or empty, as if subsequent freshets had washed them out. I never found any large stones in them, as is sometimes said to be the cause of them. All that I have seen have been in the primitive granite, and all with the exception of the "Devil's Pulpit," quoted in my last, have been in the site of present waterfalls, but that one is so high on a hillside that it was evidently ground out in some early geological period, since which the Merrimac Valley has undergone great changes, for the present falls at Amoskeag are four miles east of the said potholes.

I have been amused as well as interested in the descriptions on "sport" which have been going on in FOREST AND STREAM the last few weeks, and in noting the different views expressed, and I think Webster gives the explanation very simply, when he describes "sport" as a name for all amusement, backed by Dryden, Milton and Shakespeare, and "sportsman" as a term applied especially to the devotees of "field sports"—hunting, shooting and fishing. I agree with Coahoma in the main, though I find the name of the author of the dictionary as far back in Scripture as the Flood, instead of dating from Belshazar's Feast!

I think we may safely leave the designation to Webster and follow the classification according to English custom, whence the turfman, the golfer and the cricketer, although all indulging in recreations classed as "sport" by Strutt, in his "Old English Sports and Pastimes," are distinctly differentiated from the "sportsman" "par excellence" who follows the rod and gun. Bear and bull baiting, dog fighting and various other old pastimes have either become extinct, or relegated to the control of the criminal courts, and may be excluded from any lists of sport.

Now, to turn to another of the various questions discussed under this head, it may be safely said, that the primitive sportsman was purely and simply a "pot-hunter"! The meat of all the game he captured went to the larder, the hides to the tanner, while the horns and heads, or other uneatable portions, were used to decorate his dwelling, be it hunting lodge or baronial hall. In the old feudal times, all the game was considered the property of the king, but as the power of the people increased, it became in Europe transferred to the landholders, where it now remains, while, when this new country was settled, following, but reversing the celebrated dictum of Louis XIV., *"l'Etat, c'est moi,"* or "I am the State," the State became the king, and the property in the game is held as being vested in it.

The European sportsman is also, to some extent, legitimately a "market-hunter." The game belongs to him, it is raised on his own estate at his own expense. He pays for gamekeepers, shelter and winter food, and compensates his tenant farmers for any damage done to their crops in the summer, and it is considered as proper for him to sell any surplus not consumed by himself and his guests, as for any farmer to raise and sell chickens or turkeys! With us the case is very different, the market-hunter pays for nothing but the powder and shot which he uses to destroy the property of the State, or in other words, of his fellow citizens at large, that he may fill his own pockets with the proceeds. Pastime plays no part in the incident.

I must confess myself to having been all my life to some extent a "pot-hunter." That is to say, all the game which I ever captured or destroyed, whether fur, fin or feather, has at once found its way to my table for consumption, or to those of one or two near neighbors; none has ever been wasted. Like Didymus, I know nothing of big-game hunting; I never had a chance, but I think I should have enjoyed it when I was young and able, and I have no slurs to throw on those who do, provided they make a legitimate use of their game. The Creator gave us the good things of this world to use, and not to waste, and I have no patience with those who slaughter a lordly elk or moose for the sake of his teeth or horns, and leave the carcass rotting in the woods; or with the taxidermists who aid and abet them, for by the help of these same taxidermists the herd of buffalo in the Yellowstone Park has been nearly destroyed. The biggest animal I ever shot was a twenty-five-pound porcupine, which I dropped from a tall tree, thinking it was a raccoon, and I have been sorry for it ever since. I have seen deer, at Diamond Ponds and Connecticut lakes, when trout fishing, but was never there in the open season. I think my youthful experience in "stalking" gray squirrels might turn to some use in deer hunting. Game was never plenty enough in New England for me to find any to spare, though I have provided many a good family dinner in the course of sixty-five years, but I have often reeled up my line and unjointed my rod long before dark while the trout were still biting, when the weight of my creel told me that I had enough for breakfast or dinner, as the case might be, and had had a delightful afternoon in the fields and woods. Enough for the present.

VON W.

The Nature of Sport.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When I read Coahoma's latest contribution to the discussion of sport, my first thought was that I could well afford to let it go unanswered, for he appeals for a decision of the issue between us to a court which has already decided that issue in a manner that is entirely satisfactory to me: Witness the increase of laws which restrain the pot-hunter, and the rapid increase in numbers of that class of sportsmen who practice field sports in accordance with Webster's definition of the word sport. However, my second thought is that it would be a courtesy on my part to correct a few false impressions which Coahoma seems to be laboring under, and therefore I will reply briefly.

Our personal feelings are not germane to the question which we are discussing, and quite likely are subjects of no great interest to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, still, as Coahoma appears to be concerned about mine, I would assure him that our pleasant little debate has afforded me some amusement, but has excited no indignation within me. Therefore, it will be apparent to him that he has wasted considerable effort in his "endeavor to mollify" a phantom of his own imagination.

My thanks are due Coahoma for his allusion to the domestic dog which hunts solely for diversion, though I scarcely expected his aid in substantiating my side of this controversy. It is not my intention to combat Coahoma's theories, for they are of such a nature that they can be neither proved or disproved. But when he makes a deduction from those theories, and tells us "that the procurement of something useful as a result of the chase is an essential element of true sport," neither his theories nor facts sustain him, and even the dogs which he invokes refuse to do so.

I have been taught that dictionaries were created to give us correct definitions of words, but since Coahoma's *ipse dixit*, what must we believe? He not only discredits Webster's unabridged, but he also assigns its authorship to "Uncle Daniel." In the latest revision of this work great effort and large sums of money were expended to secure the services of the greatest living lexicographers, men eminent as specialists in the departments which they were to edit. If Coahoma's claims to superior wisdom and power are well founded, how did it happen that he was not selected to perform this great work?

If Coahoma will take the trouble to read my original article on the subject of sport carefully, he may discover that I made no attempt to establish kinship between athletic games and field sports, and that what he has said in regard to this is simply another case in which he has "mollified" another phantom of his imagination.

There certainly is diversion in these games, and therefore I can see no impropriety in referring to them as sports, at least until Coahoma is recognized as supreme authority and our dictionaries are revised in accordance with his dictum.

I have always believed that sportsmen as a class are possessed of a fair share of philanthropy, but Coahoma "puts me to shame," for we must infer from what he says that he believes that sportsmen are so philanthropic that their sport in killing "predatory animals" is derived from their consciousness of having performed an act of kindness to their fellow men. Just imagine, if possible, a sportsman so imbued with philanthropic impulses that he will travel, say from England to the Rocky Mountains, to kill a lion solely for the purpose of preventing that lion from preying upon domestic creatures which perhaps belong to some person whom this sportsman never even heard of. When the imagination is trained so it can perform this feat, just to try to imagine a fox hunter riding pell mell through a farmer's crops and knocking down fences right and left in his efforts to catch a fox, solely for the purpose of preventing said fox from catching the farmer's chickens.

I dislike very much to disturb such sublime faith in the innate goodness of mankind, but truth compels me to point out to Coahoma that sportsmen sometimes rear predatory animals artificially, and turn them loose to prey upon man's domestic creatures, and even get laws enacted to protect them, so that sport may be enhanced. I have heard of professional exterminators of predatory animals, but such men are usually influenced neither by sport nor philanthropy, but work for pelts and bounty money.

I have read of the doings of sportsmen of the past centuries. I do not know whether Christopher North was one of these sportsmen or not, but if he was, it is not a fact to brag about.

If what I have read is true, it was quite a common practice "in ye olden time" for the lord of the baronial hall to send forth an army of retainers to herd game in a small inclosure, where it could be speared *ad libitum* until the sportsmen's lust for blood was glutted. This sport was usually followed by feast and revelry, and this latter part of the programme was considered a success when the entire company lay gorged and beastly drunk upon the baronial floor. When we turn from such a spectacle and view field sports as they are practiced today, I think it will be conceded that some progress in the right direction has been made, and that the typical sportsman of the present time operates upon a higher plane than did those of "ye olden time."

In the affairs of life it is often the case that persons who have the accident of wealth at command, buy honors and distinction and parade them as something to which they are justly entitled.

Our sense of justice and our obligations to real merit should prompt us to rebuke such practices whenever and wherever they occur.

In field sports this propensity of man to appropriate something which he is not entitled to is illustrated by that class of sportsmen who pose as mighty hunters, and in proof thereof point proudly to the game heads which they have either bought outright, or which have been secured for them, as Coahoma says, by paid experts. It gives me great pleasure to assure Coahoma that I am in full sympathy with him in his denunciation of this class of head hunters.

In my opinion a game head or trophy should always symbolize sportsmanlike pursuit and capture, but should never be displayed as a symbol of skill except by the person who so captured it; otherwise it is only symbolical of fraud and disgrace.

It is always the genuine, the valuable, and the highest type of things which are counterfeited, and therefore our counterfeit sportsmen serve at least one good purpose in pointing out the genuine and highest type of sportsmanship of the present day.

JOS. W. SHURTER.

GANSEVOORT, Sept. 6.

The Law of Forest and Mountain.

IT is often said that there is no law without a penalty. This maxim will not bear close scrutiny; and it may not be unprofitable to examine a case in which a code depends absolutely upon the unforced assent of those to whom it applies. We speak of the code which regulates the use of private property by woodsmen and mountaineers. The mountain hut and the forest camp, although absolutely unpoliced and practically beyond the jurisdiction of statute law, are protected by a sentiment which amounts to law, and yet has no recourse against breaches of the custom of the region. You may leave your valuables on a trail in the Northwest secure of finding them again, and you may, under well-understood restrictions, use any camp in the woods of Maine or Canada. Similarly the mountain shelters of the Appalachian or Alpine Clubs, or those erected at private expense, are free to all who traverse the mountains. And the rules for their use by the casual occupant are so explicit as to have the value of law, and as binding as if a thousand penalties and precedents enforced each article. We are dealing with a very different code from Mr. Kipling's "law of the jungle"—the rule "of hoof and of claw"; we are examining the case of men free to be lawless, who, under a code of some complexity, are scrupulously a law unto themselves.

The limits of mountain law have been recently illustrated among the ice valleys of Mont Blanc. M. Joseph Vallot has for twelve years maintained a mountain observatory near the summit of this great mountain. The building was supplied with the usual instruments, and was fully provisioned. Near at hand he had erected a mountain hut for the use of all climbers, which has frequently harbored bewildered wanderers on the upper reaches, and has undoubtedly been the means of saving many lives. This hut proved too narrow for two German tourists who decided to make a stay of several days under the Dôme du Goûter. So, acting under mountain law as they supposed, they broke into the observatory, helped themselves to the provisions, and made themselves free of all its accommodations, offering on their return to repay the owner for the food actually consumed. M. Vallot, learning meanwhile that his instruments had been disturbed, brought suit against the trespassers.

How jealously mountain law is guarded is shown by the protests which everywhere arose in Switzerland. M. Vallot had no difficulty in proving himself in the right, but the case brought out very clearly certain principles in mountaineering ethics. It was shown that the invaders were not storm-bound, but could at any time have descended to the valley. It was held that they entered the observatory, not in their need, but for their greater convenience. Every one declared that they had no right merely to prolong a holiday in this fashion, and that mountain custom granted them only the occupancy of the hut, not the right to enter the larger building or to use the provisions. It might be added that the offer to reimburse M. Vallot for the provisions was highly improper. They should have promptly replaced them after due notification. Thus, quite apart from the graver charge of vandalism, these two climbers were found in contempt of mountain law. Henceforth their mountaineering reputation, except in Coventry, will be of the worst.

The principle involved is clearly that of reasonable use. Illustrations might be cited indefinitely. One may not plan for a week in the woods, and then keep on from shelter to shelter for a month; yet if one, through an unforeseen mishap, needs food and shelter, they are his to take where he finds them, and upon the sole condition that he respect the propery he uses and make good as soon as possible any impairment of its stores. Any Appalachian Club shelter in the White Mountains, with all its utensils, is free to every pedestrian until the tiny building is full. Beyond that point, members of the club justly require outsiders to give way; but the case almost never arises. In all these matters a fine sense of delicacy is shown by those who do not always receive credit for that quality. No logging camp in the country would refuse its best to a

belated woodsman, and none would receive pay for any trouble and expense which his succor required; but these same lumbermen would decline to be used as a convenience by a party of improvident campers not actually in distress.

Into the minuter articles of mountain and wood law it is superfluous to go. One does something for the neglected or ill-defined trail over which he passes, not out of surplus benevolence, but because the unwritten law prescribes the lopping of the bush, the freshening of the blaze, or the rebuilding of the cairn. One takes a stray hound only to the next clearing, because such is forest law. Under this code most of the meannesses and crimes that are incident to civilization vanish. It is as if the vast solitariness of the forest and the mountain reproduced itself in a kind of largeness of soul in the woodsman and mountaineer. He feels more vividly than the man in the multitude the solemnity of any act that concerns another individual. In town you cannot safely leave an overcoat on the rack with the door ajar; in the North Woods you may leave in an open shack the best gun that the forges of England, Belgium, or America can produce, and passers-by, who perfectly know its value, will hardly give it a second look. Human nature resents anarchy as nature abhors a vacuum. And wood life and mountain life would be very anarchy without stricter laws and finer morals than suffice for the abodes of men. The loss of a camp ax would put the owner to the greatest inconvenience, the depletion of a store of provisions might bring a party to the verge of starvation, the theft of a gun might mean a crueller but no less certain death than a bullet through its owner's heart.

It is salutary that, from time to time, men should thus be brought face to face with the whole consequences of their deeds; and it is creditable to human nature that it responds so trustily to the test. It is refreshing, too, to find a realm of law in which stern penalties are unnecessary, and it is strange that the advocates of philosophical anarchy have neglected the striking analogy which lies to their hand in the law of forest and mountain.—New York Evening Post.

The Story of Pup.

New Orleans, La.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Every species of the animal kingdom is inflicted with a sprinkling of fools. The cause is heredity, injury from accident or disease, abuse, ill training, etc. Some years ago an old man with a large family of boys accounted for the erratic conduct of one of them, because when little he had been kicked in the head by a calf.

It seems to me these instinct people are very unfortunate in the selection of their pets. For the benefit of the clergyman whose article appeared in Forest and Stream six or nine months ago, I will give the history of one of my dogs. His name was Pup—wife never could find one nice enough for him. He was a black and tan about the size of a half-grown cat or a little larger. He was a marvel of intelligence and affection. A cross word nearly broke his heart.

He soon took a great delight in playing with a small rubber ball—often alone if he could get no companion. He never forgot where he left the ball. Sometimes he would lose it under a piece of furniture, and on my return in the evening to dinner I always said "Pup, where's the ball?" and he would run to the particular piece of furniture; and a cane always brought it out. One Sunday evening the ball rolled under the sideboard just as dinner was announced, and I allowed it to remain there. Thursday evening when I came home I wanted the ball and had forgotten all about the sideboard. Pup was in the back yard with daughter. After looking about I asked wife, who said she had not seen it for several days; that it must be lost. I then called Pup and said, "Pup, where is the ball?" He immediately went to the sideboard, and the cane brought it out. I remembered then the incident of the Sunday evening before, which I had totally forgotten. I could scarcely believe it and questioned wife and daughter.

Neither had seen the ball since Sunday. Circumstances had been such that they had had no time for playing ball and had not even thought of it.

Pup's instinct averaged up well with my own. After he got so he could go up and down the five or six steps of the front gallery he would take the ball there. Sometimes when he was about tired the ball would roll off and Pup would let it remain. All the gallery front was a dense thicket of rose and other flowers three feet deep. Pup always found the ball.

The gong at our gate and two of our neighbors' gates had identical tones; at least none of us could detect the slightest difference, and our folks made many needless trips to the front of the house. Pup soon discovered it and never made an error.

Pup was timid about stairs and always had to be carried. When he was about six months old I was sitting on the gallery steps, Pup playing in the front yard. Finally he came and wanted to go up. I said, "Pup, you are a big baby," and took him and boosted him up, then down again. I then said, "Pup, you can go up; come on," and he made the first one and stalled. With a little boosting he made it and also the down trip. Next day he did it with a rush much to wife's surprise. I then told her of his lesson the evening before.

When the madam went to the gate Pup always went to the top of the steps and was very uneasy. He seemed to think the bell was a special and important charge of his and was always especially interested in the postman. The first time he came, after he could make the stairs, madam took the mail and started for the house. Pup seemed to think an important privilege and duty had been usurped from him and acted wildly. Madam finally gave him the mail with some misgiving. In a flash he made the fifty or seventy-five feet up the steps into the house, out of sight. In some alarm madam hurried in and found him standing at her chair the most delighted dog ever was. Next day when the postman came, Pup was at the gate before madam reached the gallery. Pup was leaping and doing all sorts of coaxing, and the postman was tantalizing him. Madam told him to give Pup the mail, but it took several requests before he did so. Pup rushed in and by madam to her chair, although she tried to stop him. He seemed to think that was the only proper place to deliver it.

About this time a mink got into the chicken house and killed an old hen and all but four of a brood of 15 or 18 newly hatched Plymouth Rock chicks. Although I made diligent search that night, I could find none; next morning I found four. Although but three or four days old, the little rascals had secreted themselves in the grass and would not peep. This I should think was a case of instinct and a fine one. When I took them into the house there was a delighted and fussy hen. She squatted on the dining-room floor and proceeded to feed the poor darlings; the pup walking around and around, very dignified. Finally, one wandered away but a yard and Pup gravely walked up to it and with a punch of his nose bumped it into the bunch. Madam said, "You, Pup, if you hurt it I'll give it to you good." She tucked them away in a basket, but they soon got restless, and I let them out. Pup was there looking as grave as any old hen. He soon lay down. In a few minutes one jumped on him, and finally all. In a few minutes they cuddled between his legs and were asleep. He thought he had a new duty to perform, and thereafter took charge of them during the day time. If seemingly sound asleep and one should wander to another room or on the gallery, he would gravely get up and bump it back to the bunch, when he would lie down again. He always seemed pleased when the lot were perched on his back, and would promenade them about the house.

A day or two after Pup took charge of the mail I gave him a lesson on the morning paper, and all that was necessary was to say, "Pup, go get the paper." The carrier was very expert at throwing and seldom missed the gallery. The paper was rolled into a solid roll and was hard as wood. Occasionally it fell short and fell into a dense mass of all sorts of flowers and shrubs at the foot of the gallery, where I could not see it. Pup had it in a flash.

This took a lesson the first time only. Pup expected to find it on the gallery, and when it was not there returned to tell me. I said, "Come on, Pup." Looking over the railing I could barely see it. Taking Pup up I showed it to him. He was so delighted he wriggled out of my arms and had it in an instant. One time about a month later he came back looking very dejected. He evidently thought the situation might baffle me; it was so impossible for him. In a magnolia frascati, seven or eight feet high, the paper had lodged.

I said, "That's all right." Of course he believed every thing I told him, and he was joyous on the instant, and went with me. I reached it easily, and Pup was wild. I started back and commenced to unfold the paper. If I had not rolled it up again and given it to him I believe it would have broken his heart. He was off like a flash and was waiting beside my chair when I got in. He would always hold things to deliver them personally. Pup never brought the paper in except when told. Why I do not know, except it was his love of approval.

I must now record the only thing Pup did in his life that could deserve a suspicion of reproof, and this was reprehensible. Pup usually took his meals from a plate on the back gallery—that is, what he did not take at the table. The chicks were now about three months old. For some time Pup had concluded that they no longer needed such close or constant attention. One day madam placed Pup's plate on the gallery and seated herself in the dining-room where she could see him through the open hall door and the outside door. In a minute or two a chick comes monkeying around and finally picks in Pup's plate—a deadly offense it seemed in his judgment. I suppose he thought he had trained them better. At any rate, to madam's horror, there was a lightning-like snap, and a chick lay there that never kicked; and Pup was serenely continuing his meal when madam reached him. Madam contends he could understand every word she said, no matter whether she was talking to him or not. All her reproaches and lecturing did no good. The other three chicks followed in the same way in the course of the next month or six weeks. However, it is simply an example of the imperial power of atavism which prevails in every species of animal.

Pup had gotten quite a reputation by this time: many mail carriers and others coming to see him. I presume it was partly due to his diminutive size, beauty and affectionate, sprightly disposition.

Pup slept at the foot of our bed in a large upholstered chair in which madam made him a bed. When the mosquitoes were too bad Pup would put his paws on the bed where I was lying and give the most plaintive little, almost inaudible whistle I ever heard. In fact, I never heard anything approaching it before or since. Madam always protested. She had fixed him up good with his bar and he ought to keep quiet.

Pup always got in all right. When I raised the bar he would leap in and curl up at the foot between wife's feet and mine, where he was no inconvenience. He would never lie on one's feet. In extremely cold weather Pup always slept with me. He would always wait until I was perfectly and comfortably tucked in, when he would spring up, get to the head and commence to root at the covers at my back, until he got between the sheets, when he would crawl in out of sight. If he made a mistake and got between other covering he would get out and work until he found the proper place. Sometimes I would baffle him by holding the clothes tightly. He would know it in an instant, when that little whistle with its pleading, would come, and if I pretended to be asleep he would crawl around and put his face close to mine and keep up his pleading. That would settle it. Pretending to wake up with "Why, helloo, Pup," and a pat, he was happy, and went back to rooting, I generally helping him.

Pup knew my usual time to come to dinner. I can't say if he could really tell the time by a clock or not; at any rate, he judged the time as well and closely as if he could. Wife said he was always on the watch ten minutes before my time. One evening wife was standing at a side window in the front parlor watching to see me alight from the car at the corner less than half a block below.

Pup was standing by her. It was winter and the house was closed. Hearing a car coming, she took Pup in her arms. I happened to be on the car. The instant Pup caught sight of me she said she thought he had gone crazy. She never saw him act so. The next evening when she went in to watch for my coming she found the pup perched on top of the back of a large upholstered chair which stood against the window—and he always did so afterward.

When Pup was eighteen months or possibly two years old, I came down stairs one Sunday morning in summer and Pup greeted me at the foot. The house was all open. Just across the hall, opposite the stairway, was an open side door, and I sent Pup the side way for the paper, although front and back parlor and front room were open. Why I sent him this way I don't know. I waited for nearly five minutes and was full of all kinds of wonder when Pup came slowly into sight, the most heart-broken looking creature I ever saw. He stopped about ten feet from me and looked up into my face with the most pitiful expression.

I said to him, "Why, Pup, what is the matter with you? You act funny this morning; why don't you bring me the paper?" He never budged all this time or lost that pitiful look until I said, "Pup, go get me the paper."

My son was sitting in the back parlor reading a magazine and heard every word, but was so engrossed he did not realize it.

I walked in and was standing near him when Pup came in the front door with a large magnolia leaf some eight inches long and stopped about ten feet from me. He looked delighted, but seemed a little doubtful. Astonished, I said, "Well, Pup, you are not only funny this morning, but I am afraid you are crazy." Son then came back to the world, and seeing the pup standing there, commenced to laugh and said, "The paper has not come." Taking the leaf from Pup we both shouted. In an instant a voice from the kitchen demands, "Who's been scolding Pup?" I replied. "No one." "You can't tell me. He has crawled under the range and I can't coax him out." It was the only time madam ever failed.

I took the leaf to the kitchen and showed it to her and related the circumstance, when she had a good laugh, too. I got down on my knees and coaxed and patted him, and in a minute he came out all right. I took him in my arms to the back parlor and held him on my lap for a few minutes and petted him. The paper carrier, we afterward learned, was sick, and the substitute had left all papers on our block at corresponding numbers on the street back of us.

The second Sunday following the paper missed again, and when Pup brought with the keenest delight a large double leaf from a child's picture book that had blown over from our neighbor's yard, I took it with as much delight as he, and Pup was not laughed at, either.

When Pup was two years old a canine epidemic broke out that was very fatal. I never heard of a dog recovering. Our next-door neighbor lost a black and tan a little smaller than Pup, that they always kept blanketed in winter, and also a large collie, although they had the care of a veterinary and the best attention. Pup was very patient, with never a moan or a whine. Now, I think of it, he never did whine. Our neighbor's big collie kept the neighborhood awake for two weeks.

We did everything in our power—expense not considered—for Pup. He slept with me at night, wife taking another room. During the day he was in a bed at her side. He could not eat nor did he seem to care for water.

The morning of the day we lost our Pup, about ten o'clock, madam had occasion to go upstairs for something about her sewing. In a minute, as she turned to return, there was Pup standing, looking up with his sweet, pitiful, imploring eyes. He had made no sound, not even his little whistle. She was so amazed she almost dropped to the floor. She never fainted in her life, but she felt perfectly uncanny. She immediately took him in her arms and carried him to his bed in the dining-room at the side of her sewing-chair. I and wife feel perfectly sure he was aware his end was near—might come any instant, and he did not want to commence the journey when alone, and followed her upstairs. Where he ever got the strength to get up that long, winding stairway of twenty steps is beyond my comprehension. He lay quietly sleeping most of the time, occasionally working his head from under the light gauze with which wife kept him covered to protect him from the mosquitoes. About two o'clock he seemed a little restless, and wife took him as he lay with his bed and placed it on the lounge within a foot of her. He seemed content, and after wife had petted and talked to him a minute he closed his eyes as if he wished to sleep. Wife replaced the gauze. In about fifteen minutes he had laid so quiet and motionless wife removed the gauze. Poor Pup had entered into his eternal sleep as peacefully and quietly as a flutter of a sleeping infant's breath. The expression on his face was perfectly beautiful.

Wife always lamented, "Oh, if I only had not covered him up." It was better so.

Do you think any one on earth could make wife or me believe our Pup was not a reasoning dog with good sense and plenty of it? He was six weeks old when our friend gave him to us, and two and a half years when we lost him, and he was a blessing and constant source of pleasure to us all. I have never been able to find another, as they seem to have gone out of fashion for many years, the pugs, fox and other terriers being the fad. If some lover of reasoning dogs would only send me one from six to twelve weeks old—a male—he would do a fine piece of missionary work. Wife is now North and, well, I don't know—anyhow, Iowa is a long way off—if this should receive the editor's approval.

J. H. Sampsell, M. D.

127 Carondelet Street, New Orleans.

About Sept. 1 a fire, originating among the local sheep camps, began to burn among the pine forests near the borders of the Yellowstone Park Forest Reserve. People fought it for a week, and it was thought to have been stamped out. A high wind, however prevailing Sept. 7 rekindled it, and it threatened not only all the forests in the neighborhood, but all the winter stock range as well. The whole country turned out to fight it, with what result is not yet known.

Natural History.

Potholes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your very simple inquiry in regard to the probable age of those curious holes in the rocks which go by the common name of potholes, brings to my mind that question asked by Dickens' Paul Dombey, of his father, the rich merchant, in that story of that noted author, "Dombey and Son," "What is money?" That noted financier was suddenly, as we say, dumbfounded by the apparently simple question. And, indeed, I am at a loss to give an answer to this you have propounded to me. When I was a boy I was taught that the earth was six thousand years old; when a young man I stood on the top stone of the oldest of the pyramids of Egypt, and looked down, as Napoleon said, from the work of forty centuries. And the chisel marks on the stones of that wonderful edifice were, and, of course, still are, as fresh apparently as if they had been made yesterday. If this should be so, of what age must that granite rock have been of which that stone is a part? Since your proposition came to me, I have been thinking of what answer I can give to it, but the more I think of it, and I have been thinking of it by the side of some of these holes, little ones which have been worn into the surface of the solid granite merely by the flow of the streams of the water of the rains which have coursed down the gentler slopes of the solid, smoothly time-worn bare rocks; and in the flow down to the level ground have worn the surface into sand, of which the soil at the foot of the slope is formed—I can not form any guess even, of the number of centuries, thousands of them doubtless, required to wear away these little basins even; not to mention these deeper ones which exist. But I might hazard a thought that some millions of years of such action as is now going on in these holes, the deeper ones of them, might possibly be sufficient. Then comes the thought—if this vast time has been spent in the mere smoothing off the surface of these rocks by the action of the flowing water, how many myriads of years must have been required to form those solid crystallized rocks themselves, before they were forced by some amazing convulsion of nature into the ragged peaks and broken cliffs which are only the exposed points of the vast rocky foundation of the earth's surface.

And thousands of feet thick of later rocks have been deposited on this foundation during uncountable ages, and all this vast time these oldest rocks have been worn down so little as to leave the rough points still unsmoothed. During the twenty years of my residence in this mountain region I have seen not the slightest change in the surface of the rocks exposed in the streams, but every visit to these places there has been the same whirling and eddying of the water, and the same grinding of the gravel; but the effect of it all is wholly too small to be measured. There is a change in the appearance of the river bed after any one of these occasional freshets occur, and then, of course, it is reasonable to think that most of this wearing work is done; but it is wholly too insignificant to notice even by the careful eye of the student intent on the possible unfolding of any one of the secrets of nature's work. To my mind this kind of study seems beyond the present ability of the human mind, even to intellect, to grapple with. For the life of a man, even if extended to its fullest limit, is too short to follow out with any understanding of it, as to the time involved of any one of the geological problems, which are presented to us in the rocks which we see under our feet. The best we can do is to study, as we can observe with careful eyes; think of what we see, and of all things most, gain all the knowledge we can possibly of others' work; adding to it the trifle each of us may gather; and,

> "In this our life, exempt from public haunt,
> Find tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

And thus we may gather in this life possibly something of use to us in another to follow. Who knows!

HENRY STEWART.

Coyote Jack.

THE account of tame birds in a recent FOREST AND STREAM, leads me to send you an account of a tame coyote, which, as far as I can learn, seems to be an exception to the rule governing coyotes, as he is of a most loving disposition, and has no treachery in his make up. He loves to play with all children at sight, and no matter how roughly they play with him, he never uses those big canine teeth hard enough to hurt a child.

I inclose you three snap shots of Jack in his outdoor life; one where he has the boy down, one where he is posing with his mistress, and another where he is lying on his back with the cook examining his teeth.

Jack is mischievous, of course, and will steal your handkerchief out of your pocket, or do anything to make you chase him, yet he will take anything from your mouth as gently as a well-bred house dog.

Jack was raised on a nursing bottle on Major Gordon W. Lillie's ranch in the Indian Territory. Major Lillie is an old friend of mine, and while on a visit to the Wild West Show this spring, I had my first introduction to Jack, who was playing with the crack shot, May Lillie, the Major's charming wife. Jack seemed to take to me at once, and in a few minutes we became friends, and as the continual moving of the show seemed not the best place to educate Jack, the Major insisted on presenting him to me. So Jack and I left on the same train for Atlantic City, where he has made a host of friends.

He goes to the beach with the cook, who is especially fond of him. At first he was afraid of the surf, but now he takes his surf bath daily. It is interesting to watch him with strange dogs. Jack wants to play with them in sight, but many of them as soon as they scent him will run with their tail down, afraid of him; others take to him at once, and play until both dog and coyote are winded. He will, I think, learn to retrieve, and I am going to try to teach him the house tricks of a well-broken dog.

We thought Jack was going to die the other day, as after playing all the afternoon he fell in what appeared to be an apoplectic fit. I opened his mouth and threw in a handful of salt. He recovered only to act crazy, rushed all over the yard, ran into the fence, and in fact acted just as I have seen dogs with meningitis. I caught him and poured down a big dose of syrup of buckthorn. He showed partial paralysis, then final complete collapse; lips white and pulse almost gone. I felt his heart, which was almost still, and said at once "he will be dead in less than an hour." There was not a dry eye among the women and children gathered around poor Jack. As I thought nothing could hurt him, I gave him a spoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia. It made him struggle to get up but he sank back into a deep sleep, which lasted several hours. We kept him very quiet, and I found his heart was getting stronger. He finally awoke to consciousness again, but was very weak. He finally recovered, and is to-day the same old Jack. I think the cook over fed him. Now, if this attack had happened

COYOTE JACK IN AMIABLE MOOD.

to a fine bred dog I don't believe he would have recovered. It is new to me to see an animal recover from this and become all well again.

By the way, Major Lillie has a herd of forty buffalo on his ranch in Pawnee, Indian Territory. He had two killed by railroad accident this spring shortly after the show opened in Chester, Pa.

JAMES A. CATHCART.

English Rabbit Skin Trade.

CONSUL MARSHAL HALSTEAD writes from Birmingham, Eng.: "Instead of being sent to certain parts of the European continent—where for a great many years rabbit skins intended ultimately for American use have undergone a process known as pulling—a few bales of these skins were shipped last winter, experimentally, direct from Birmingham to the United States. It was thought, a shipper told me that we had produced a new machine in the United States which could pull out the long hair of rabbit skins at less cost than by the extremely cheap hand labor of the Continent. I learn that the machine experiment was not a success, and I know the English dealers who were interested in the American venture are again sending their skins to the Continent, where the long, useless hairs are laboriously pulled out by hand and the skins reshipped to hat manufacturers in the United States, who shave off the close hair and use this fur to make felt hats.

"Millions of rabbits, British and Australian, are consumed annually in Great Britain. Dealers purchase skins from game and poultry shops, and where rabbits are dressed in households there is, as a perquisite, a penny apiece to the cook. One Birmingham dealer tells me he handled 3,000,000 rabbit skins last year."

Bite of the Coral Snake.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Is it not probable that many accounts of bites of the coral snake, *Elaps*, resulting in no harm to their recipient are based upon a mistake in the identity of the snake? There are one or two species of harmless snakes of the genus *Lampropeltis* that resemble *Elaps* in having bands of red, yellow and black, and as these snakes are found in the same regions as *Elaps*, they are no doubt mistaken for it. In *Elaps* a broad band of red lies between two narrow bands of yellow, while in *Lampropeltis* the broad red band lies between two narrow bands of black. The black band in *Elaps* is about as wide as the red, while in the harmless snake the black band is narrow.

F. A. L.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Game Bag and Gun.

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

Across New Brunswick on Snowshoes.—I.

THERE is perhaps no part of the sporting country of America which to-day is attracting greater interest among big-game shooters and anglers than the Province of New Brunswick. This is true not only in regard to the sportsmen of the East, but those of the West, and it is curious to note that among the visitors to that region during the season just closed there were numbers of Western men, including gentlemen from Cleveland, O.; Dayton, O.; St. Louis, Mo., and one or two points in Indiana. Hence we have the curious spectacle of large numbers of sportsmen of the Middle West turning not to the wilderness of Wisconsin or Minnesota, nor to the more distant Rocky Mountains, but to the forest-covered hills of the northeastern sections of America, those very portions which were first visited and settled by the white inhabitants of this country.

There is a reason for all things, and there is a reason for this sudden and growing popularity of the moose and caribou country of New Brunswick. In brief, it is there that the extremest doctrines of modern game protection have been worked out to successful issue. In New Brunswick they have game because they have a protection which protects. In no portion of America are the FOREST AND STREAM theories of game protection more fully believed in or more thoroughly carried out than in New Brunswick. No waste, no sale, a very limited bag, and the most stringent inspection—such are some of the proved and practical features of the law of that land.

Believing, as one must, that the days of our American game are numbered, and being curious to see the effect of modern methods of protection in a country once depleted of its game and now more fully stocked with big game than any other area of equal extent in any portion of America, the writer hailed with extremest satisfaction the opportunity to make a winter visit to New Brunswick, and to look into the matter of the New Brunswick game supply at first hand. That this could be done in a thoroughly satisfactory way was made possible in the first place by the kindly offices of Mr. Adam Moore, president of the New Brunswick Guides' Association, than whom a more level-headed sportsman or more splendid man never existed in any country. Mr. Moore, with his friends, Henry Braithwaite, George Armstrong, Arthur Pringle, Harry Allen, Bob Allen and W. T. Chestnut, will all be remembered as members of the New Brunswick party which visited the Sportsmen's Show in the winter of 1901. The fine impression made by these men here is not dispelled but heightened, by the acquaintance the writer has had with them during the trip recently ended. I want to say in advance of my story that I believe New Brunswick has more game than any country in America, and that it raises the best guides and the best men on earth. It is a square country, an honest country. Fakes do not flourish there, do not grow there, and are not wanted there. It is a square, fair, heel and toe, man's game that one will get in New Brunswick.

I wanted to see New Brunswick in the winter time, because it is in the winter that one can best tell how much game there is upon a given bit of country; and because, in the second place, I am personally fond of winter camping and of snowshoeing. A third consideration was the fact that during the month of December most hunters are out of the woods. Therefore it seemed possible to have plenty of time, plenty of room and plenty of chance to see what there was to be seen. In these days of special interest in moose and caribou, the plain story of this trip may prove of service to other sportsmen who purpose going into that region. Perhaps I may further preface the story by a little advice as to the preliminaries, which I found so easy and simple that I dare counsel others to do just as I did.

All talk of trouble with customs officers, etc., in going into New Brunswick is a mere bugbear, a humbug. I explained to the customs officer here in Chicago that I was going on a hunting trip, that my rifles, camera, etc., were of American make and that I had nothing which I considered dutiable in Canada which I did not intend to bring back with me. With great courtesy my baggage was marked in some mysterious way which enabled me to take it from the depot without further trouble at Fredericton, N. B. I had, in advance of this, written to Mr. W. T. Chestnut to attend to the details of my shooting license, etc. Either that gentleman or Mr. Robert A. Allen, of Fredericton will take up such matters for shooters, since both are connected with the Fredericton Tourist Association. I found everything arranged on a thoroughly complete schedule. One leaves Chicago on the Canadian Pacific connection at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, reaching Montreal the next evening. A wait of an hour at the latter city and one then crosses the grand St. Lawrence River and works on northeast, ever northeast, across the State of Maine, into New Brunswick, and so by noon of the next day arrives in the beautiful and homelike little city of Fredericton, the capital of the Province, a city of many governmental traditions as well as many graceful social heritages of a dignified past.

Madame went with me, it being at first a question of whether it might not be possible for a woman to go into the woods. This was decided in the negative, so the better half of FOREST AND STREAM expedition surrendered at discretion and was made beautifully at home in the families of friends. As to the method of the conversion of the Yankee, I wot not so much, but the work of the Chestnuts, the Everets and many others was of so potent a nature, that when at length Adam Moore and myself returned from the wilderness, we found that Madame had applied for naturalization papers, was wearing Canadian garb and was rebellious at the mere suggestion of ever going home to Yankeedom again. The quality of New Brunswick hospitality is not the least charm of a visit to that land.

Big Adam Moore—they sometimes call him "Little Adam" for fun—was at the depot at Fredericton, with

Henry Braithwaite, that lovable old-timer who personally superintended the turning on of the water into the Miramichi River in the remote past. We three foregathered forthwith and began to buy stockings. We bought some, and then some, and then some more. I certainly would counsel any one intending to hunt in New Brunswick at any season of the year to purchase his clothing at Fredericton. The woolen socks you get there, for instance, are just the sort you need, and cost about one-third of what they do in the States. One ought to have from eight to twelve pairs of stockings at least for a winter trip, a couple of pairs of heavy over-stockings, and a good pair of shoepacks in size about three or four numbers larger than his regular shoe. For dry, cold snow, many prefer the moccasin, among these Henry Braithwaite, who will not wear a shoepack if he can help it. I found the shoepack very useful, as we met much thawing weather, and also found my Yankee wear of Gold Seal rubbers very serviceable. I also committed the heinous crime of using a pair of Alaska model snowshoes, five fect long and one foot wide, the bow turned up in front after the fashion of the "tripping shoe" of the far North. These shoes created in turn horror, consternation, amusement and scorn, wherever they went in the Province. I had them fitted with straps such as we used in hunting in the Rocky Mountains—straps which must have caused Adam Moore and Henry Braithwaite many a pang of misery. I would not counsel any one else, unless wedded to his idols, to take this sort of snowshoe into New Brunswick with him. Let him get all his outfit on the spot. He can get practical footwear and any sort of snowshoes that he needs at Fredericton, and much better snowshoes than he can get in the United States. Luckily, I had with me a pair of genuine Arthur Pringle shoes which dear old Frank Risteen had made for me by Arthur several years ago. These snowshoes saved my life—that is to say, prevented me from being publicly mobbed by the public of that Province, who look upon any long-bowed shoes as seditious and dangerous. In parentheses I may say that I wore the flat-bow shoes and the regulation New Brunswick tie, fashioned after the Millicet Indian tie, every once in a while; that is to say, whenever I felt that I could spare another toe nail. Then I would hie me back to the long bows and straps and give my toenails a chance to grow out again. If you are a snowshoer you will know about these things, and if you are not a snowshoer you will learn about them when you go against a New Brunswick trip in the winter time. You will then learn the source of that greeting which all New Brunswickers exchange: "Good morning, sir. How many toenails have you lost this week?" Inquiry of almost any man in regard to himself and family will usually discover the fact that the New Brunswick human being sheds his toenails as regularly, if not as painlessly, as the moose does his horns. A little ball of ice under a snowshoe strap will do wonders in a day's tramp down hill under a heavy pack. Try it, and you will learn all about it. I had tried it before. Hence the heresy of the long bows. In straight-away walking, and in not too rough a country, the long bow is, in my opinion, more comfortable to wear than the codfish model, which is universal throughout New Brunswick. I would not advise it as a hunting shoe.

One will perhaps prefer to take his own arms and ammunition with him. I took both my .30-30 and .30-40, for no special reason except that I dislike to be confined to a single gun, which may get out of order. The .30-30 I left at Fredericton. Had I taken Uncle Henry's advice, I would have left the .30-40 also, and would have bought me a gun down which one may drop a can of frozen beans in lieu of better ammunition. Uncle Adam, upon the other hand, slyly said that he thought the .30-40 would do the trick. I relied upon it, as will appear. Later also we may discuss somewhat of the ancient war between Uncle Henry and the small-bores.

We had a little meeting of sportsmen the first night in Fredericton, there being present Adam and Henry, Jack, a brother of Adam, Billy Walker, Mr. Edgecombe, president of the Board of Trade; Bob Allen, of the Tourist Association; Arthur Shute, and a lot of other awfully good fellows. All these filled me so full of moose and caribou stories that I began to feel that it was not really worth while to leave Fredericton, which I had already discovered to be a mighty comfortable place. Nor was this resolution without a certain support in recent facts. Mr. W. T. Chestnut, sometimes called Billy Chestnut for short, had, in the week just past, gone out and killed his caribou within twenty-five miles of the town. They told me of moose which had crossed the river practically at the edge of Fredericton—showed me the very place where one moose came down the road just beyond the edge of town, and, refusing to be frightened, at length deliberately turned around, took his time, and walked back into the water again. They showed me good deer country running right up to the edge of the town, and told me innumerable stories of how this, that and the other fellow had gone out and done this, that and the other thing in about fifteen minutes after leaving home. All of which, by the way, was strictly and literally true.

"You must not get too much worked up by these stories," said Billy Chestnut to me. "The finest story of that kind we ever knew to happen here was that of a young dude who came in here from Boston. He came into our store about the first thing he did, and stood looking around. He wore a suit of bicycle clothes, carried an old .44 gun, and said, kind of off-hand like, that he had come to kill a moose and would be glad if I would tell him which way to go. He said he did not have very much money and not very much time, but he thought he would kill a moose or so. The law then allowed one to kill two moose. Well, this fellow, acting upon my advice, went into the country about twenty miles from here, and put up at a farmhouse. He took lunch and then walked out into the edge of the woods a little way, and blamed if he didn't meet two moose, and kill them both! The next day he was back here in town. 'I got 'em,' said he. He thought it was the easiest thing in the world to kill a moose, and, in fact, was the only fellow not surprised at his feat! I may add that he came up again the next year and did not get any moose at all."

Still running ahead of my story, I may supplement the foregoing statement with the story of three Fredericton shooters who had just come back to town about the time Adam and I returned from the wilderness. One of these men went up about twenty-five miles on the railroad, and in less than fifteen minutes killed a caribou, which he put in the express car and sent back home, and it reached Fredericton the evening of that same day. The other two members of this party each killed his caribou before noon of the next day. At about the same time a bunch of caribou broke through the ice on the St. John River not far from Fredericton, and one of the animals was drowned. It is no exaggeration to say that game is abundant even close about this old settled community, although the true hunting country is much further away and more difficult of access.

I must linger also in the preliminaries of my story sufficiently to tell of the day which we passed at the Pine Bluff Camp, six miles up the lovely St. John River. This house party was gotten up in honor of the visitor, and there were present Mr. W. T. Chestnut and his brother, Mr. Harry Chestnut, Adam Moore, Henry Braithwaite, Arthur Shute, Billy Walker, Gus Tweedale, Bob Allen, Harry Atherton and Bud Babbitt, sometime known as "the Deacon." For the refreshment of these the Chestnut boys had provided a noble pasty, composed of partridges, the same blended with fine herbs and other articles wisely added thereunto. This with many other concomitants furnished an ample luncheon, superintended by no less a personage than Joe Paul, a brother of Jim Paul, the guide and sportsmen's show performer. Joe Paul is homelier than Jim, and deaf as a post, yet they say he can draw the long bow upon occasion just as well as Jim.

Pine Bluff Camp is rarely open in the winter time, but it is ideal at any season of the year. Built of small round logs, provided with an ample fireplace, with its walls decorated with trophies and weapons of the chase, it is a beautiful tabernacle of sport and fit to be enjoyed by the sportsmen who built it. Here are antlers of moose and caribou, and pieces of beaver cuttings, and the skulls of all manner of animals native to that country. Among other curios was the iron head of an old Indian tomahawk, which was dug up on an island in the St. John River some years ago. Authorities state that, from the model of this Indian ax, it is undoubtedly 150 years old or more. Yet in the eye of the ax head there may still be seen the wrapping of birch bark, which the former owner used to tighten it upon the shaft. Wonderful fabric is this birch bark, for here is some of it, subjected to earth and air and water for more than a century, and yet shows unmistakably the grain of this useful product of the wild woods.

It was a jolly day at Pine Bluff, and here we heard more moose stories and more caribou stories which I may not pause to narrate, as well as many partridge and woodcock stories. For instance, Harry Chestnut mentioned casually that his bag of woodcock for the season just closed was 110. He shoots over a level-headed old setter which he purchased years ago from W. B. Wells, of Chatham, Ont., and tells me that there is grand grouse and woodcock shooting near Fredericton.

I noticed Adam Moore and Henry Braithwaite poring over some maps of the Province, and I could hear all sorts of talk about the Tobique and Nictau and Miramichi, the Little Southwest and the "Big Divide," and a lot of things which at that time I did not understand so well as I do now. Presently I learned that these hospitable New Brunswickers were indeed planning upon a large scale to give me what Adam Moore promised should be "the biggest trip ever undertaken in the Province by a sportsman at this season of the year." Henry Braithwaite and Billy Chestnut and Mr. L. I. Flower, of Central Cambridge, were all to come up with us to Adam's camps on the Nictau lakes. There we were to kill each his moose and caribou, and then undertake a little enterprise which had long been in the brains of both Adam and Henry; to wit, to cross over from Adam Moore's country, south over the unknown Tobique Divide, and come out in Henry Braithwaite's country, on the headwaters of the Miramichi system. I learned that Mr. Flower could not go, that Billy Chestnut could not go, and that finally Henry could not go with us, for the reason that he had just received word from Mr. Arthur S. Phillips, of Fall River, Mass., that his services were engaged for the month of December. This left Adam and me as the sole members of the original party, and Adam and Henry were now discussing whether or not it would be safe to try to make a winter journey across this unexplored country which lay between their two game ranges. Billy Chestnut got wind of it and told us not to try to make it across. Henry rather thought that it might be done, but was not sure. I did not know anything about it. Adam said nothing, but apparently kept up something of a thinking. The oddest of it all to me was that there should be any part of New Brunswick which was not thoroughly well known. Henry Braithwaite has been trapping pretty much all over that Province for forty years, and when not hunting, trapping and guiding, has been engaged with the lumber companies cruising. Adam Moore has traveled all over the Tobique and Nepisiquit countries, and every spring runs a bear line more than 200 miles in extent, with some fifty or sixty traps on it. Now, how these two men, who both knew there was no one in between them, and who both agreed that it could not be so very far from one fellow's country to the other, could have been in their business so long and not have known every inch of the whole Province, was what seemed to me a singular thing. I had the notion that New Brunswick was an old country, and thoroughly well known, and moreover not so big but what one could travel all over it easily. That was my first impression. I knew more about it when I came out.

E. Hough.

Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill.

A visitor to Shenandoah writes thus of the mules, which the big strike is giving a taste of outdoors: "Some of them had not been out of the underground tunnels where they work for 12 years. None of them had been up for five or six, unless it was to go to the mule hospital. When they were brought up they were stunned by the sunlight; they were turned out to grass, and did not know what to do. They smelt the air, and looked off great distances, and put their noses to the field; and then, after a while, they laid themselves down and in sudden access of joy rolled, and kicked, and nipped one another on the neck."

Woodcock.

Woodcock shooting has a peculiar fascination for nearly all sportsmen, and one or two couple of these beautiful birds is considered a sufficient reward for many hours of hard work by man and dog in the most difficult cover. Unfortunately, it is becoming more and more difficult to find even a few woodcock in many of the best covers in the country at the time of the autumn migration, where formerly they afforded the finest sport.

This is not at all surprising when we consider the number of gunners and the high prices paid for woodcock in the markets of our large cities, but there was a sudden falling off in the fall flights about ten years ago, and there are certain reasons for this which we think are not generally known.

Years ago there were well-defined frost lines in our Southern States, and the winter temperature was never known to drop much below certain well-defined limits south of the latitude of these supposed lines. Suddenly the cold waves became intense, all the winds of the Arctic circle rushed in, and the frost king extended his realms into almost tropical regions. In fact, his influence was felt to the ultima thule of the Florida peninsula, and he carried with him snow and sleet far down into South Carolina and Georgia.

The destruction of the Florida orange groves is well remembered, and for several years we had no crop worth mentioning. No one has called attention to the effect of these cold waves upon the woodcock. In the winter of 1893, surprised in their usual winter haunts by the sudden influx of cold and sleet, they rose en masse and fled before the blast of cold wind to the coast of Georgia, where they pitched at first in any spot where they could find food. If they had taken to the great canebrakes, the majority would have been safe. Doubtless many did so, but others descended upon islands and rice fields, where they found scant cover. There they were found and slaughtered in immense numbers for days. All the swamps were alive with them and everywhere the guns were booming.

We heard that there was a flight of woodcock, and supposed that this meant, as usual, that we could find a few birds and possibly bag half a dozen. After 3 o'clock in the afternoon, we drove to a swamp, about two miles from a large city. We found birds at once among the bushes, upon the high ground, before entering the swamp proper; in fact, they were everywhere, and in a short time we had fired all the shells we had with us—a box containing twenty-five.

Upon a kind of knoll covered with bushes and thorny vines, and where the ground was springy, the woodcock were innumerable, when the dog pointed, and we went in to flush, so many would rise that it was very puzzling. Two or three would get up in front of the dog, and others on both sides of us. At the shot more would rise, and it was most confusing. We never expect to see anything like it again. The woodcock were of all sizes, from the splendid specimens, nearly as large as a female teal, to the little birds from the far North, hardly as large as a robin or small Wilson's snipe.

For many days the weather must have been about the same, as the woodcock continued to be killed, and the markets were full of them. We think that large numbers were shipped to distant cities. Bags of fifty to one gun were common, and the price declined to ten to twenty cents each. At last a change came in the weather, and the remnants of the grand army of woodcock which had entered the country disappeared. It was the winter march into Russia, and Moscow over again, with birds instead of men as the victims.

We are speaking now of but one of the great cold waves, of which we have personal knowledge, but there were probably other years, when sudden changes in the weather produced somewhat similar results. We do not think, however, that the destruction of woodcock was as great.

Such a concentration of birds must be very disastrous in its effects. Any one can kill them with any kind of a gun, and without a dog. All the woodcock usually distributed over a wide area, and in summer breeding all over the Northeastern States and Canada, were forced down into a narrow strip of country bordering on the coast. The arrival of such a host of birds was heralded far and near. Every one became excited and all the dogs and guns in the country were carried into the field.

Such a slaughter could not be repeated, as after one such experience the woodcock would probably not remain so far north, but distribute themselves in the far South, in the early part of the winter.

However, we have had fewer flight birds in New York since that cold wave winter, and its effects on the woodcock have no doubt been felt in many other States.

Theodore Gordon.

West Haverstraw, N. Y., Aug 26.

[To write now about woodcock shooting seems almost like writing about the pursuit of the great auk. Indeed the woodcock is so nearly extinct that it ought to have protection everywhere, in the hope that by such protection it might be enabled to re-establish itself. The examples given by Mr. Gordon are extremely interesting.

A valuable note on the destruction of woodcock—among other birds—in South Carolina, during the great cold wave of Feb. 13 and 14, 1899, was published in the Auk of that year by Mr. Arthur T. Wayne, who says of the species under consideration: "The woodcock (*Philohela minor*) arrived in countless thousands. Prior to their arrival I had seen but two birds the entire winter. They were everywhere, and were completely bewildered. Tens of thousands were killed by would-be sportsmen, and thousands were frozen to death. The great majority were so emaciated that they were practically feathers and of course were unable to withstand the cold. One man killed 200 pairs in a few hours. I shot a dozen birds. Late Tuesday afternoon, I easily caught several birds on the snow and put them into a thawed spot on the edge of a swift-running stream in order that they would not perish, but upon going to the place the next morning I found one frozen. These were fearfully emaciated and could scarcely fly. Two birds were killed in Charleston in Broad street. It will be many years before this fine bird can establish itself under the most favorable conditions."

The question of the woodcock's future is one of great interest to those older sportsmen, who can remember

when it was a common bird, and there are men of experience who would have the killing of the woodcock absolutely prohibited for a term of years. Such absolute protection, if actually given, would no doubt enable the species to recover.]

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Lull in Sporting Season.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 13.—There is a bit of a lull in the sporting season here for the time, the first flurry of the chicken season, always short, having subsided, and the duck season not yet having begun. Fishing is over for the trout anglers, and the sport of the angle does not appeal to the bass and 'lunge fishers so much now as it should, though the fish are rising better than for three months, possibly better than at any time this season. Everybody wants to go shooting, and nobody is going because the outlook afield is not yet sufficiently alluring. Meantime, we wait for a little while, a week, perhaps two or three weeks, until we may see what we are to see for this fall.

The Illinois chicken crop was not only a failure, but a very alarming failure. The birds simply are not here. No one knows what has become of them, but the truth none the less stares us in the face that we have no birds worth mentioning to carry over as breeding stock for next year. We have been shooting chickens here for several years now, and for one or two seasons we had more birds in Illinois than we had in Dakota, but this was the result of a closed term of three years, and it seems not to have lasted. We are confronted with the apparent necessity for another closed term of several years. Shall we get it? We ought to, but we will not. The Illinois laws were never in worse shape, nor was ever the outlook for our game in worse shape than it is to-day. With woodcock and quail unprotected, our grouse absent or unaccounted for, and the remaining features of our game laws in a lamentable state of confusion and misapprehension, we have surely little to boast about here in Illinois at present.

The salvation of the situation here has been the Lacey law. Really it does not seem that there is very much illegal game coming into the Chicago market, very little if any of our local game. Deputy U. S. Marshal Bortree, certainly a very ardent protectionist if we have any, says that he thinks the laws against sale and shipping are better respected than he would once have thought possible. Deputy Clark, who has under his more immediate charge the South Water street operations, is of much the same belief. The depredators don't like to run against Uncle Sam. As to early and illegal shooting, one can only guess. There were no chickens left on opening week, but perhaps these died from other causes than sooner shooting. I have not heard of any arrests and convictions, but there may have been some, the records being concealed in the offices of the State Warden.

Teal Coming In.

The first flight of teal, just eight days ahead of time, arrived in this region yesterday and to-day. These birds are reported at Grass Lake, north of us fifty miles or so, also at Senachwine and Swan lakes, a hundred miles or so south of us. These seem to be travelers and not local birds. Some of our old-time shooters say that the local-bred teal get up and go north early in the fall, and then come back again later on. As to the accuracy of this, it is hard to vouch. At any rate, here these teal are, a ray of hope upon a horizon otherwise black enough in a sporting way. No doubt ample arrangements are now under way for their proper entertainment. Tolleston Club has had good shooting at local mallards. These teal should be there to-day or to-morrow.

Wild Rice.

Speaking of teal reminds one of wild rice, regarding which a considerable amount of correspondence has come during the past year. I met out at St. Paul a firm who sell this rice regularly. They told me that they supplied it both for the table and for sowing purposes. The table article is burned or singed, this operation being performed by the Indians, who place it over a hot fire in order to remove the husks or beard. This leaves a long, darkish kernel, something like a grain of oats which has been blackened by mildew. The grain is hard and firm, and the taste is more like oats than like domestic rice, although it is very sweet and palatable. The firm told me that this form of the wild rice berry is never sold for planting purposes, and that they supply the unsinged or bearded seed for sowing, the price for the seed being 5 cents a pound less than the cooking article. They tell me that the Indians do not bring in as much wild rice as formerly, but possibly the informant told me this because he needed the money. There would seem to be plenty of wild rice and plenty of Indians left in Minnesota, not to mention North Carolina.

Grouse Country.

Some of my Michigan friends who like a turn or so at ruffed grouse shooting might bear in mind Detroit, Minnesota. Deputy Warden Stephens, of that point, asked me why I didn't come out there to have a grouse shoot with him this fall. "How many can you get in a day?" I asked him. "Twenty-five, easy," said he, "but no more. That's the daily limit."

If I thought I could get twenty-five ruffed grouse in a day of wing shooting, I think I would bid good bye to sorrow and just go shooting. We never did get that many in our palmiest days over in Michigan. If the whole part of a half-dozen guns brought in that many we felt we had done pretty well.

November Ducks.

Tom Divine, of Memphis, Tenn., now for a year or so the Mississippi missionary of the Winchester R. A. Co., has been over on the St. Clair Flats of Michigan, getting over a little case of Mississippi malaria, but started home yesterday. Tom told me here that really the best place to see duck shooting in November is at the Swan Lake Club of Vicksburg, at Washington Lake. He says that as the weather begins to tighten up North the birds pile into these Southern waters in thousands and offer the finest kind of sport. The club has never established a limit to the daily bag, but will soon do so. There is talk of making the novel limit of one hundred shots a day. This would not mean fifty birds a day for so very many shooters, but it would allow every fellow a lot of fun almost any day he went out in season.

On Grizzly Ridge.

I have a friend out in the West, who lives where there is always snow in sight. We have never seen each other yet, and have only exchanged letters twice, but we are friends, and will probably go after my grizzly together one of these fine days. My friend writes in his last letter:

"Yes, we have grizzly bear and mountain sheep in this country, as well as deer and smaller bear. Although I failed on this trip to get either, it was not because the game was not there, for we saw plenty of deer and bear sign along the river and in the cañons. We were in a mountain sheep country, but the weather was too hot to climb the rocks and cliffs after them, so we contented ourselves with fish, grouse, peaches, apples and blackberries. I was out for health more than game.

"There have been a few very large grizzlies killed in this county in the last year, and in each case the bear had killed from 300 to $500 worth of cattle befor he was captured. I have not heard of any depredations of cattle-killing bear this summer. I think it would not be a difficult matter for you to find your game over on what is called Grizzly Ridge. You would outfit here for your trip to the mountains, this being the most convenient to the best game localities. It would also be the best place to leave your wife, providing she did not accompany you on the hunt. You would have to go with a pack outfit, as the bear country is inaccessible for anything but a pack train or a footman. You will find no trouble in procuring your man and outfit for a trip of that kind."

I like the sound of that name, Grizzly Ridge. Must have been a bear made a track across there some time, anyhow. I'm expecting another friend—whom I have never met or written to yet, by the way—along through here from that same country this winter, and if I see him, I will tell what he says about the prospects in that part of the world.

Off For Moose.

Messrs. T. W. Robinson and John Morron, of this city, start Sunday next for New Brunswick for a moose hunt, with Jack Moore as guide in Adam Moore's newly discovered moose country. They will very likely get their game. These are the only Chicago hunters to qualify so far for New Brunswick.

Wishininne Reunion.

The Wishininnes have been dropping into town for the past week, coming from here, there and everywhere, as becomes gentlemen of the Wishininne sort at this season of events. Mayor Harrison spent his summer at the Huron Mountain Club, of Michigan, and had the worst luck fishing ever known to befall any member of that organization. He only caught three or four good trout all summer, and there was no one else who did not get big ones. Similar luck attended him later in the angling season, when he went to the Manitowish Chain after muscallunge. Seventeen pounds and a half was the best he could do, though others were snaking 'em in all around him, up to 35 pounds or better.

Hon. Hempstead Washburne was more lucky in his sojourn at Huron Mountain. He, or his son, it does not clearly appear which, accomplished the undoing of a 5¼-pound trout, not to mention others of goodly proportions. Mr. Washburn is all smiles where he isn't all sunburn.

Mr. Graham H. Harris was happier than anybody this week when he dawned at the club table. He has been out in the Rockies west of the National Park for six weeks, and has had magnificent fishing in the Snake and other streams. He met there Mr. Ed. Ellicott, also of Chicago, and the two did extensive business with the trout. Mr. Harris wants to start right back again to the Rockies.

Eddie Pope has been chicken shooting, and is expected back soon with stories of sport and glory, and several others have shooting or fishing yarns to spin. Great deprecation was expressed over the summer records of Messrs. Wells, Denis, J. V. Clarke and Lou Clarke. Mr. Wells, the president of the club—we have never been able to oust him from that office—had a vacation, but threw it away playing golf at Exmoor Club, of Chicago. Mr. Lou Clarke did the same. His brother, J. V. Clarke, deserted to Rye Beach, which is somewhere in the darkest East. Mr. Dennis did as badly in taking his golf around Boston. These disaffections among the Wishininnes have caused a sharp schism, and the internal conflict in the club ranks run to threats of firing all members who forsake the rod and for the crooked-clubbed game of Thistledom. This and other matters will come up for discussion at the first formal meeting of the body, which will be a dinner at the Mayor's residence next Tuesday evening. Only Creole dishes will be served, and many important questions of national importance hitherto left unsettled will upon this occasion be finally disposed of.

Western Licenses.

Mr. Jas. K. Boyd, of New York, writes about Minnesota game laws:

"As to the Minnesota non-resident law, you write none will be required from hunters coming from States not having a non-resident tax. Mr. Stephens says law requires paying $25. A recent article in FOREST AND STREAM says there is a tax of $10. Can you enlighten us? If you will, we will be greatly obliged. We would stop in Minnesota on our way to North Dakota if not taxed.

"I was greatly interested in your chicken article of this week. Nothing has made my blood boil the same since my last year's shoot. Meat dogs are the correct thing."

The *Game Laws in Brief* states: "Minnesota requires a non-resident license for hunting game of any species from citizens of all States, which require non-resident hunting licenses. Fee, $25."

This is the latest of which I know. I did hear something of collecting licenses from some parties who were out in Minnesota during our late trip there, but I could not say whether all these were from other license States. Illinois and Wisconsin men get it in the pocketbook. Perhaps the wardens find that the only practical way to get any license money is to assess every shooter found there. If they did not do this, they might find that everybody came from some innocent State. It has always been a great aid in the enforcement of the game laws of Minnesota to put the burden of proof on the other fellow. I would suggest that Mr. Boyd get his advice on this direct from Mr. Fullerton, the State warden. I would also advise him to steal Mr. Fullerton's meat dog if he can. Mr. Fullerton won't mind it. He never gets a good dog but what some fellow comes along and steals him. In fact, he rather expects you are going to steal his dog, I think. He acted surprised because I didn't.

Keep in Line.

I was talking with a friend of mine the other day, and he asked me to go shooting with him. "I had a good shoot out in Nebraska last fall," said he, "but I shot a fellow, out there, and that sort of made me feel out of sorts; spoiled my hunt, in fact. This fellow was the most excitable man you ever did see. When we were walking along in line, and the dogs came to a point, he would always run out ahead of everybody and try to get the first shot. I told him he'd get shot or shoot somebody, and blamed if the very next day it didn't happen! He ran out in front about thirty yards, and a bird crossed over his way. I killed the bird. Didn't see the fellow. Say, you ought to heard him holler! We was some bothered to get the shot out of him. I said to him, 'Now what did I tell you? Now I'll tell you what's what. Either you have got to go back to camp, or I will. I won't shoot in line with you any more.' Well, the fellow, he says, 'I guess I'll go back,' so he went back to camp, and I was glad he did. He made me nervous."

Forest Fires and Timber Reserves.

The Interior Department on Sept. 10 received a petition from Fremont county, Wyo., asking that 550,000 acres of land lying on the continental divide southwest of Lander be made a forest reservation. The largest fire in the history of the general land office occurred on this tract and is still raging.

Got A Muscallunge.

Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., has returned to his home after his first trip into the West. Among the different and perhaps not always accurate stories regarding his success it may be stated with probable truthfulness that the young man caught a 22-pound muscallunge in Wisconsin. This would seem to be luck enough, even without any chicken shooting.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Connecticut Rail Shooting.

ESSEX, Conn., Sept. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* So far as getting rail is concerned, the shooting the past week has been all that could be asked for. On Saturday, the 6th, for the first time in the season, several shooters killed the legal number of birds, and since that time the shooting has been exceptionally good.

Some black ducks have been killed and a few blue-winged teal as well. No snipe are reported as yet, still it is quite early to be looking for them. A good frost will probably bring them on in numbers. G. W. C.

MILFORD, Conn., Sept. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is years since the rail shooting has been so good as during the past week. There seems to have been a succession of flights of birds, and many of the bags have been good, running from thirty to forty to the boat. One gunner who one day had the whole ground to himself, succeeded in getting the limit, fifty birds.

This year the grass is exceptionally thick, and it is only on the occasion of an unusually high tide that the boats can move freely through it. On a number of occasions shovers have reported that there were lots of birds in the thick grass and the cattails, where owing to the low stage of the water they were entirely safe.

Old shovers believe that the season is nearing its end, and say that a little colder weather than that already had will send all the birds south and close the season, except for the few hardy birds that sometimes linger among the sedge further down the river, for a few weeks longer. R. P.

Deer Jacking in New York.

ORANGE, N. J., Sept. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Sept. 13 you make mention of the recent accident near Blue Mountain Lake, and state that "jacking" is illegal (as it should of course be). I note that in the *Brief*, page 25, Laws of New York, Sec. 6, says: "No jacklight or other artificial light shall be used in taking deer before Aug. 15, 1902." How is this to be construed? Of course I agree heartily with the tone of your editorial, but was rather surprised to find the above quoted statement in the *Brief*. In discussing the late tragedy, I had argued that all jacking was illegal, but to make sure I looked it up. G. W. W.

[Our correspondent must have looked up an edition of the *Brief* printed before the amendment of 1902 was adopted. The July issue of the *Brief* gives the prohibition of jacking without any limitation as to time.]

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Sea and River Fishing.

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

Fish and Fishing.

A Monster Halibut.

THE other day while endeavoring to trace, for the benefit of FOREST AND STREAM's readers, the source of the rumor that the North Atlantic tuna, or horse mackerel, had already been taken in Canadian waters by rod and line fishing, I came across a well-known local angler, who probably holds the record for the largest halibut taken by an amateur fisherman. In fact, not very many larger ones are known to have been caught by professionals off any of the coasts of the Dominion. The fish in question weighed 325 pounds, and was caught off the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence some time ago by Col. L. P. Vohl, fire commissioner, and formerly chief of police in the city of Quebec. The Colonel is not only himself a most trustworthy authority, but has for voucher of the present story no less unquestionable a witness than Mr. Napoleon Comeau, the well-known explorer, scientist and sportsman of Godbout. Messrs. Comeau and Vohl had gone together to visit a brother of the former, who resides near the Caribou Islands, a few miles east of Trinity Bay, on the north shore of the Gulf. They went out codfishing very early one morning just off the islands in an ordinary fishing boat, using small portions of herring for bait. They had anchored their boat, and the Colonel was lifting out of the water a codfish about two feet long, at the end of his line, when he saw an enormous white mass turn itself over near the surface of the water and then disappear from view. He called Comeau's attention to the incident, and though the latter had not seen the movement, he knew that it must have been caused by a halibut, and decided that they would both stop fishing for cod and endeavor to hook the larger fish. Taking up a large herring and splitting it in two along its entire length, Comeau placed one-half on each hook. It was not very long before the Colonel felt something tugging at the end of his line. While the hook remained near the bottom nothing occurred. He had remembered that his bait and the codfish which took it were near the top of the water before the halibut had appeared in pursuit, so he gradually drew up the line, and had lifted it some distance from the bottom, when the big fish took hold. He instinctively tugged back to fasten the hook, and Comeau caught hold of the line to make sure what was on it. His experience enabled him to decide at once that the Colonel had hooked a halibut, though there was nothing at that time to indicate that it was anything like the monster that it proved to be. Both men had been fishing with lines of only thirty fathoms each, and their boat was anchored. Comeau immediately handed back the Colonel's line to him, unwound it, and fastened his own to the other end of it, to avoid being taken by surprise. They had only come prepared for cod, and had brought no gaff with them. Now they were fast to a halibut, which was not very long in proving himself a strong and heavy fish. Fortunately two fishermen were out in another boat nearly half a mile away. These they hailed, and called them to their assistance. They brought their boat alongside and boarded the other, bringing with them both a gaff and a spear, the latter being such as is used for horse mackerel and porpoises. Without these weapons and the aid of the two fishermen it is certain that the Colonel could never have saved his fish. Its game qualities were, very fortunately, far from equal to its size and weight, and when the latter had been overcome, and the cod line used by the Colonel had proved its strength sufficient to bring the halibut to within a few feet of the top of the water, a well directed stroke of the spear buried the weapon in the body of the fish, which was soon brought near enough for another good hold of it to be taken by the gaff. The main struggle between the fish and its captors was yet to come, however, for it took the combined strength of four men, lifting with both spear and gaff to get the monster into the boat. In American waters, larger specimens of this fish have been taken, though not very frequently. Jordan and Evermann declare that it sometimes reaches a weight of 400 pounds. Yarrell, in his "British Fishes," says that in April, 1828, a halibut 7 feet 6 inches in length and 3 feet 6 inches in breadth and weighing 320 pounds was taken off the Isle of Man and sent to Edinburgh market, and that it was said to have been the largest specimen ever exhibited there. The male halibut, according to Dr. G. Brown Goode, rarely exceeds 50 pounds in weight, while the average weight of a full-grown femals is somewhat between 100 and 150 pounds, though sometimes much heavier. He records the capture of ten or twelve fish off the New England Coast weighing between 300 and 400 pounds, in the course of about ten years. This, however, is only about one of this size each year.

Wholesale Destruction of Labrador Salmon.

Major-General Dashwood, one of the best living authorities upon field sports in Newfoundland and Labrador, and author of "Chiploquorgan; or Life by the Camp Fire in Canada and Newfoundland," which was published in Dublin, in 1871, is calling attention to the wholesale destruction of salmon on the Newfoundland and Labrador coasts by the cod traps which are now so plentiful there. Interviewed in Montreal, he said that there were now thousands of these traps along the coasts, and that they are utterly destroying the salmon fishery. They are far worse, as he points out, than the salmon nets, for these latter are from 5 to 6 inches in mesh, which easily let through the small, immature salmon of 4 pounds and thereabouts, that abound upon the coast, while the cod traps, which are only required by law to have a mesh of 4 inches, and which are often of a still smaller mesh, gather up all the grilse and small salmon, over 300 of them being sometimes caught in a single sweep of a cod trap. One fisherman told the General that a certain river on the Labrador coast had yielded him thirty-five to fifty barrels of salmon per annum when he netted the mouth without barring the stream, but that since the cod traps had become so common the average yield of his nets was only about eight barrels. The Hudson Bay Company had only collected some forty tierces of salmon this season at Rigolette, while in former times the yield there was over 300 tierces.

Cod Fishery Threatened.

Serious as is the threatened destruction of the Labrador and Newfoundland salmon industry, the dreaded result to the great codfishery of Newfoundland from the continued employment of the cod traps is very much more serious still. The destruction of this fishery would mean absolute ruin and national bankruptcy to Britain's oldest colony, and this destruction is seriously threatened at the present time. The trap system is killing all the young cod which encounter it, and the longer it is allowed to continue the scarcer will the fish become. The small cod are of no value whatever. They are simply caught and thrown away. As a result, the fish are not only becoming scarcer, but of a much smaller size. It is pointed out by those who have carefully studied the problem, that if this system is not put an end to, it cannot be very many years before the industry will be killed. Many of the fishermen are already awakening to the true facts of the case, and are in favor of going back to the old practice of hook and line fishing for cod, providing it is made compulsory for all engaged in the industry. They know that if this were done, the supply of fish, which of late has been steadily declining, would soon increase, and that they would save more money by it, for the outlay for traps is very large as compared with that for hooks and lines, and a trap costing from $350 to $500 is often destroyed by gales of wind or movements of the ice. It is now some fifteen years since the cod traps were introduced. Ten years ago, the evils resulting from their use became so evident that an act was passed to abolish them. Thanks to the influence of the fish merchants, however, who only seem to care for present profits, the law was repealed before it came into force.

The importance of the codfishery to the people of Newfoundland, and the absolute ruin of the country which must follow its destruction, is illustrated by the fact that 56,000 heads of families, out of the total population of 210,000, are engaged in catching and curing fish, and only 12,000 in all other occupations. Over 20,000 Newfounlanders and a thousand vessels are engaged every summer in the codfishery of Labrador, where 600,000 quintals of 112 pounds each are annually taken. The entire export of the island is about 1,350,000 quintals, and the annual value of the take of cod fully $7,000,000.

Until the introduction of trap nets and the consequent wholesale destruction of the immature fish, there was no apparent decrease in the supply of cod, though an average of seventy million fish was captured by Newfoundlanders alone by hook and line. The natural increase of the cod is enormous, and the Arctic current, which washes the shores of Labrador and Newfoundland, is laden with the food on which the commercial fishes live and thrive, and brings with it a never-failing supply for their sustenance. The Arctic seas and the great rivers which they send forth are swarming with minute forms of life, constituting in many places what has been well called "a living mass, a vast ocean of living slime." Upon this "slime food" live the almost microscopic crustaceans. They in turn furnish food for the caplin, the squid and the herring, which, with multitudes of other forms, are devoured by the cod.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Russia's Great Fishery Exhibition.

(Concluded from last week.)

IT is Russia's proud boast that the wealth of her inland waters in *Coregoni,* or the whitefish family, is not elsewhere equalled. In her western domain she enjoys an abundance of the great and little marane (*C. albula* and *C. maraena*), the Dwina and Petschora product, especially in its dried and smoked forms, contributing largely to the sustenance of the mases. Beside the species mentioned Russia claims the possession of nine others, most of them incident to her Siberian waters. In our great lakes and in the many streams and lakes great and small of Alaska and Canada, there exist at least nine species of whitefish, and according to the classification of some authorities, fully a dozen; so that Russia's claim to an exceptional diversity is open to question. To the future leading peoples of the world, the Saxon and the Slav, belongs the development of its subarctic region, nine-tenths of which is included in the domain of Russia, Canada and the United States. Canada possesses an extraordinary wealth of fish in her thousands of lakes and lakelets, scattered over her immense territory; the waters of Hudson's Bay likewise teem with finny life, all of which aquatic treasure will ultimately find a market over the railroads now under way that will extend from the Dominion's great inland sea, westward through the Peace River region to the Pacific. Canada's territory is inferior in extent to that of Asiatic Russia; she has not its mighty rivers, but she will doubtless be a good second in the product of her inland fisheries. Russia's exhibit of whitefish was as ample and as instructive as any other branch of her great fishery exposition, the design and execution of which reflects lasting honor upon her far-seeing Government.

Other fish that figured largely in the brilliantly lighted building have perhaps little interest to the American reader, as compared with those already discussed. It may be mentioned, however, that Russia's annual yield of herrings, carp and perch is in excess of two thousand million pounds. The herring catch is mainly of the famous Astrachan herring, a fish perhaps averaging in length 1½ feet and weight of 2½ pounds, the product of Caspian waters. Some of the great fishery firms transact an enormous business, thus the Sapojnikoff Brothers and the Bessubikoff Brothers direct fishery operations in the Astrachan of immense magnitude and which were well represented at the exhibition. Of the Sapojnikoff Brothers it may be said that their fishery has been carried on in the delta of the Volga since 1796, and their ownership in connection therewith extends over an area of a hundred square miles, beside that covered by other fishery grounds rented from the Crown for an annual payment of 200,000 rubles. Ten thousand men are regularly employed, a number that upon emergencies is largely increased, the annual value of their product being from one and a half to two and a half million rubles, and comprising about a score of different species of fish, aggregating a weight of over 40,000,000 pounds. The firm has large buildings for cleaning and eviscerating the fish, drying houses, salting houses, smoke houses and freezing houses. The greater portion of the catch is salted, about 20,000 tons of salt being annually consumed; a portion is shipped in ice, for which purpose the firm has sixteen ice houses.

Beside the large firms mentioned, there are others; indeed, the Caspian fisheries may be said to be exploited by large aggregations of capital. Apart from the economies effected by such a scale of operation, there are others resulting from a fuller observance of the restrictions of the conserving regulations of the Government; for, being intelligent beneficiaries, the large firms appreciate their value.

Salt fish is in Russia a staple article of diet with the laborer and the peasant, and is afforded at a very low price. Indulgence, however, is not unattended with danger, for deaths are not infrequently occasioned by the so-called Russian salt fish poison; technically speaking, a ptomaine resulting from the decomposition of ill-cured fish. Nowhere in the world does fish assume such a variety of alimentary forms, and a study of their mode of preparation might be profitable to some of our great food purveyors.

In Russia the fishery methods employed are as diverse as its peoples, and were given a full representation at the exhibition. The appliances for the most part were similar to those elsewhere in use; but there was much that was novel, especially those of the various tribes or clans of Cossacks, of which the limits of this article do not admit of a description. In the French department there was a noteworthy exhibit, so designed as to effectually portry the operation of the nets, casting, drawing, etc., a realistic impression being made by the arrangement of sheets of glass in conjunction with other devices, giving effects of a floating or immersion of the nets in water.

For many years prior to the initiation of the Siberia Transcontinental railroad, the Russian Government had from time to time despatched naturalists, geologists and other scientific investigators, with a view of acquiring the fullest knowledge of the country's resources. The result of these purely official undertakings were not made known; indeed, the reports of nearly all that have since been promoted have never seen the light. At this exhibition, however, the outcome of some recent researches in connection with the Siberian fisheries was made public, and the specimens given the fullest display. There was also much of interest in the exhibits of the various imperial biological stations, with their maps and photographs, and their array of instruments and appliances for taking deep-water temperatures, bottom samples, also hatching apparatus, and various paraphernalia.

The piscine resources of the province of Russian Finland, the land of a thousand lakes, were effectively set forth, whitefish and salmon figuring largely in the representation. The Russian sardine (Sardellen) industry was well presented, and there was also an interesting display of rods, nets, reels and other appliances of the sporting angler.

A consideration of the numerous foreign exhibits would perhaps be of little interest to the casual reader. It may, however, be said of Japan that her contribution represented the labor of a force of fishermen and fish artificers that, according to a statement of the Japanese Minister of Agriculture, numbered three and a half millions in 1891, operating a fleet of four hundred thousand boats, to which the annual renewals or additions numbered three thousand, the total product of 1899 being valued at about $52,000,000. Herrings, sardines, tunnies, mackerel, cod and salmon formed the bulk of the catch, which, cured in various ways, is largely marketed in China. Japan has a fine and well equipped biological station at Tokio, publishes a fishery journal, and appears to be abreast of her sister nations in pisciculture and in all things appertaining to the welfare of her immense fishing interests.

During the month of March there was held in connection with the exhibition, a congress of pisciculturists and fishery experts, at which, together with various other matters of interest, there was discussed the question of fresh fish transportation, better and more effective methods being strongly advocated. Possibly as a result of this agitation it has just been announced that the Alexandrowski car works of St. Petersburg, are turning out refrigerator cars of an entirely new type, patterned after the meat-carrying ships that bear through the tropics the perishable products of the antipodes, to become the sustenance of the masses of the opposite zone. No particulars of construction are given, but the statement would imply that refrigerative machinery, instead of ice, is to be employed. It was given out that the new transportation service was to be initiated during the present summer, between Tomsk, Siberia, and St. Petersburg. With the old style vehicle it was found impracticable during the hot months to transport Siberian fresh meat over the vast stretch of railway extending to eastern markets, especially as the condition of much of the road bed precluded the attainment of the speed of our fast freight trains. If the new method refrigerative transport proves successful the Russian producer in remote portions of the Empire will be enabled to compete advantageously, the vast potentialities of Siberia become known, and its fish, flesh and fowl, its vegetable and animal products, crowd the world's channels of trade.

Nevertheless, however much the meat-producing capacity of the Empire be developed it cannot materially contribute to the world's ever increasing demand for the most stimulating form of bodily sustenance. Everywhere the farmer treads upon the heels of the herder; everywhere the pastoral succumbs to the agricultural industry. Cheap land is the basis of cheap meat, and it is the steady absorption of the former that is the prime cause of the advancing price of the latter. Against the pending dearth of animal products but one alternative is open to the flesh eaters of coming generations, and that

is the acceptance of fish as a substitute. Apart from the capacities of our lakes and streams, we can continue to reap from the inexhaustible sea a harvest of unfailing abundance, for in its depths lie, as yet undisturbed by man, vast reservoirs of excellent but unfamiliar food fish. We have ventured only to the threshold of the treasure house of the deep, but its future revelations of novel alimentary wealth will enrich the fare of posterity and afford an ample store of varied sustenance.

Another international fishery exhibition will open this month at Vienna, and still others, on a minor scale, have been or will be held in Germany, Holland, etc., during the current year. The query naturally suggests itself Why do we not ourselves hold such distinctive exhibitions, inasmuch as the industry is of a magnitude amply sufficient to qualify it for a separate representation? Nowhere has fishculture been prosecuted so successfully or upon so extended a scale as in North America; in no other country than our Union have the appliances of the piscatory art attained so high a degree of excellence. In our great land abutting upon two oceans as well as

THE RECORD BASS.
Taken by Mr. H. T. Kendall at Catalina Island Cal.

upon the world's largest lakes, containing in its varied waters fish representative of every zone, we have the basis of a representation fully as rich as that afforded by the St. Petersburg exhibition. In the great industrial exhibitions held of late years in various cities, east, west and south, the fishery exhibits have done scant justice to the country's immense resources; in fact, as European experience shows, public enlightenment upon the subject cannot be adequately effected save by a distinctive exhibition. Such separate display stimulates individual interest; it enables the country to take stock of its resources, and to apprise the world of their availability. Already Germany is actively discussing ways and means of diverting to their own country a portion of Russia's overflowing wealth of fish and fish products, as revealed in the great structure upon the banks of the Neva. The initiation here of a similar undertaking would probably need a measure of that Government aid that enabled the Russians to so impressively demonstrate the magnitude of their resources, and the result doubtless would be equally compensative. At an international exposition there might be much in the fish-curing methods of other nations worthy of study or imitation, particularly those of Russia, with whose population fish is a far greater food staple than with our own. In the vista of the future may be discerned a time when, by reason of its ever increasing scarcity, meat will occupy a place in our dietary subordinate to that of fish. There is a wealth of opportunity in the better and more economical preparation of fish and of fish products, and effective stimulus to such action would be the probable outcome of an elaborate and well devised competitive exhibition. A. H. GOURAUD.

ADVERTISING COPY.

ADVERTISING copy should be in hand by the Saturday of the week before that in which it is intended to appear. It cannot be received later than Monday noon of the week of publication.

In New England.

BOSTON, Sept. 15.—The law is off on partridges in Maine to-day, and the local gunners are much interested. Reports concerning the flocks are very conflicting. Careful observers say that the cold and wet May and June was very hard on the chicks, and that the birds are scarce. On the other hand, the boomers of Maine resorts declare that partridges were never so plenty. This last assertion must be taken with as much of a grain of salt as the patent medicine advertisement. I have seen one or two Maine gunners from the sections nearest the settlements, and they say that they have seen but few broods of partridges. Sportsmen who have been into the more distant forests on fishing trips have seen some broods, but their reports, taken all together, would indicate that partridges are rather scarce in Maine. From some sections in New Hampshire there are accounts of a good many flocks, with fair shooting promised. In Massachusetts there are doubtless more partridges than a year ago, with reports of an unusual number of quail.

Mr. J. H. Edwards is out from a fishing trip to King and Bartlett, Me. He was accompanied by Mrs. Edwards, and they had a most enjoyable vacation. They were camped at Tommy Jeraud's, making several trips to other waters. They had good togue fishing on the lake, catching some big ones. On Spencer Stream they had great trout fishing, taking forty trout in an hour and a half on one trip, with about thirty out of one pool. Brook fishing was good also on other streams, with good fly-fishing on Spencer Lake. At Spencer they had good sight of a big black bear one day. As is almost always the case, they had no gun. Moose and deer were frequently seen.

A party of well-known New England sportsmen, consisting of Messrs. Charles A. Mitchell and Z. W. Sturtevant, of Lowell, Mass.; W. C. Raymond, of Bridgewater, Vt., and I. R. Clark and Alfred T. Waite, of Boston, have just come out of camp at Millsfield Ponds, in northern New Hampshire. These camps, situated northwest of Errol and reached via Colebrook and the Dixville Notch, are the only ones in the Millsfield region, and are presided over by Sam Bailey, the noted Colebrook guide. The party had excellent luck trout fishing and report that the region abounds with game, deer being seen in large numbers. All the members of the party have frequented many hunting and fishing sections of New England, but they are the most enthusiastic over Millsfield, and Sam Bailey in particular.

Mr. Herman L. Buss and W. G. Clark, of Boston, with Mrs. Buss, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Buss, the two Misses Buss, Walter H. Buss and Miss Alice Brown, of Medford, have returned from a vacation and fishing trip to Tim Pond, Me. They had a very enjoyable season, with good fishing. The cool weather and frosts seem to have started fly-fishing at the Rangeleys. E. C. Swift, of Boston, has been having good fishing in that part of the country. Mrs. C. S. Nutting and Miss Allida Nutting, of Lexington, have returned from a trip to Black Brook camps. They had good fly-fishing, securing forty-five at one outing, with several doubles.

At Moosehead the fly-fishing is said to be better since the cooler weather. Camping parties are very numerous. They go into the woods, and on to the streams and waters, in all directions, making Kineo their headquarters. George V. Leverett and Dr. J. T. Sherman, of Boston, have been on a month's canoeing and fishing trip in that part of the country. C. W. Blodgett, of Boston, is back from a trip to Brassua Lake. A. L. Shaw, A. H. Shaw, Mrs. R. G. Shaw and Miss Shaw, of Wellesley, have been at Spencer Pond. D. C. Stanwood, of Boston, has returned from a camping trip. Hector W. Gordon and F. B. Hare, of Boston, are still in the woods.

The mystery of the disappearance of Benjamin Kincaid, an advertising agent of the Boston Globe, has not yet been solved. Accompanied by a friend, Peter H. Lawson, he went to Molunkus, Me., for an outing and fishing trip, four weeks ago. Aug. 30, the day for their return, had come. At about 7 o'clock in the morning young Kincaid said that he would take a spin on the lake for a while, and then be ready for the team to Mattawaumkeag. This was the last seen of him. About 10 o'clock his canoe was found, bottom up, on Lake Molunkus, by a party of anglers. The paddles and Kincaid's hat and coat were found floating near. But dragging and the most diligent searching has failed to find the body.

BOSTON, Sept. 13.—The returning fishermen tell of glorious trips and a glorious season at the salmon pools. Mr. John Fottler, Jr., spent several weeks at his salmon river, the St. John, at Gaspe. In his party was Senator Proctor, of Vermont, who is an enthusiastic angler, and greatly enjoyed Mr. Fottler's river. They caught about fifty salmon in all, the largest of 32 pounds. On Mr. Fottler's return from salmon fishing he went on a trout fishing and outing into the White Mountain region, New Hampshire. That region is noted for its stream fishing, but many of the streams, especially near the hotels, have been badly over-fished. But Mr. Fottler did not spend much time fishing these streams; accompanied by the village blacksmith, he went over the mountains and through the woods eleven miles, to a stream that had scarcely been fished at all for two years. The first day they filled their baskets with beautiful trout, returning a host of small fish to the water. Camping that night, they fished the next day, and filled their baskets again. It was a great trip. Mr. Fottler is fond of the woods and not afraid of tramping. The village blacksmith, a robust countryman, had to admit that he had his match for a long tramp in the city man he guided.

At the Megantic Preserve all the camps are full, with the enthusiasm the greatest ever known there for both hunting and fishing. Secretary L. Dana Chapman has word that a good many deer are being taken, but the captors are not as proud of them as they would be were they not mostly does. But such is almost always the case; the does and fawns are earliest taken, the bucks not coming down to the water and to feed. Later they are found on the ridges, however.

Several Boston sportsmen are planning for trips late in this month to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick for moose calling. Dr. McAlear, of Worcester, has a trip of that sort in view, and is looking for one or two Boston friends to accompany him. Dr. Heber Bishop and D. J. Flanders are about starting on a moose hunting trip to the Provinces. It will be remembered that Dr. Bishop has a longer record of moose slain by his own skill than any other man in the country.

SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Record Rainbow.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 13.—Unless I am mistaken, the largest rainbow trout ever taken in this part of the West is that reported in the following correspondence from Mr. J. D. Hawks, President of the Detroit & Mackinac R. R., who writes from Detroit under date of Sept. 6. Mr. Hawks says:

"I inclose you copy of a letter which will explain itself. The rainbow trout mentioned is a very fine specimen, and I am having it mounted. I have just had another fish mounted which is longer and slimmer than the rainbow and probably weighed somewhat heavier. I have not yet learned what species the fish is, but believe it to be a steelhead trout. It was caught three or four miles from East Tawas on our road.

"I finished the trout season proper at Turtle Lake, with a number of the other members of the club. The trout fishing was as good as I ever had anywhere—in fact, it was difficult to fish all day without catching too many trout; so I generally put in half a day driving around the country, and the other half-day fishing for trout, and found no trouble in catching twenty-five nice fish every time I went out.

"We have made several plants of rainbow trout in the upper south branch of the Thunder Bay River but so far I have not seen one in the stream. There is no doubt but that some of the large rainbow trout are dropping down the Au Sable River toward the mouth. This, of course, suits me, as a D. & M. Ry. man, as it puts them within reach of our road.

"I understood you to say a couple of years ago that you wanted to catch a grayling. If you are of the same mind next spring, come out here, and I will show you where to do it, and will guarantee that you will catch several grayling, beside getting some of the best trout fishing you ever saw."

The letter inclosed is from A. Kirsten, of Oscoda, Mich., who wrote as follows:

"OSCODA, Mich., Sept. 4.—Mr. J. D. Hawks, President and General Manager, Detroit & Mackinac Ry., Detroit. As per your request to Mr. Oliver, agent of the D. & M. Ry. here I sent you the rainbow trout caught by me Aug. 31. He was of no particular use to me only for eating, but I considered him too rare a specimen to use him in this way; and upon the request of many here who knew you and your sporting qualities, I concluded to send him to you if you wished him.

"I captured him in the Au Sable River, five miles north of McKinley, at the farm of W. H. Winton. It took me forty-five minutes to land him, and can assure you it was the most exciting time I ever had in all of

my twenty years' angling. I used a No. 2 silk Kingfisher line, 6½-ounce rod and No. 02 hook. His weight and dimensions are as follows: Weight, 8 pounds; length, 26 inches; depth, 6¼ inches; thickness, 3¼ inches; mouth when open, 4¾ inches. He used continually from 75 to 125 feet of line. A. KIRSTEN."

It is well known that these Au Sable rainbows outfight any fish we have in our trouting waters in this part of the country, and it seems that this game quality continues even into the heavyweights. It must have been indeed an exciting time for Mr. Kirsten when he was fighting this big fish.

As to what Mr. Hawks says about the grayling, perhaps he has not heard of our successful grayling trip this summer. I am not sure that I want to catch very many more grayling now. They'll go fast enough even if we all put up our rods; but I would be willing to wager something pretty that Mr. Hawks has in mind the same stream that we fished this summer.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Dr. Henshall's Grayling Success.

OSWEGO, N. Y., Sept. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. W. B. Mershon, who writes in FOREST AND STREAM anent the passing of the grayling, will no doubt find consolation in the fact that there are yet some grayling to be taken with the fly in the waters of the Gallatin, Madison and Jefferson rivers in Montana. In the Gallatin River there are only a few left. They, with the trout and the Rocky Mountain whitefish, are being exterminated by the numerous canals and ditches taken out for the purpose of irrigation. In the Jefferson River I think they are more numerous. I have seen boys with quite respectable strings of grayling, caught with grasshoppers in the latter river, and have also seen them jumping in the evening for natural flies, and they seemed quite numerous. At the time I did not have my rod and flies with me, and therefore did not fish. Red Rock Lake, in the very southern part of Madison county, Montana, contains grayling of large size. This lake drains into the Madison River.

But to Dr. Henshall, who is in charge of the U. S. Fish Hatchery at Bozeman, Mont., is due the credit of being the first man to successfully propagate grayling from the spawn and milt. The doctor sent his men to the upper Madison River, where they easily secured several thousand eggs. These were duly hatched and put into the small ponds at the hatchery. After the sack had been absorbed, they all died, refusing to eat the usual food prepared for the trout fry. During the summer of 1899 or 1900 the writer was in Dr. Henshall's office, when he saw a number of dead grayling fry lying on a table. The doctor told of his bereavement, and said that he had put some of these dead fry under the microscope and had made a discovery. He had discovered that they possessed in their mouth a number of small but very sharp fangs. These fangs could only be seen with the microscope, and that this discovery he thought solved the problem of the death of the grayling fry. The spring water used for the hatchery as it came from the rocks was walled up and roofed over, and was therefore absolutely pure water, or at least water entirely free from infusoria, and as the grayling fry had those invisible fangs in their mouth, they must derive their food from infusoria, and that another year he should put them in creek water in which there would be food for them. In a recent copy of a paper published at Bozeman, Mont., it is announced that Dr. Henshall is now prepared to stock streams with grayling. He has therefore solved the problem. F. M. HIGGINS, M. D.

A Pacific Black Sea Bass.

MR. H. T. KENDALL, of Pasadena, Cal., but formerly of Dorchester, Mass., has raised the record of the world on black sea bass. His brother, Dr. W. G. Kendall, of Boston, a prominent member of the Megantic Club, was with him, and forwards to me, for the FOREST AND STREAM, through the kindness of Secretary L. Dana Chapman, a photograph of the big fish and the anglers, with an account of the capture. In the launch Fortune was also Dr. H. J. Macomber, of Pasadena, who got a fish weighing 183 pounds, and which, under any other circumstances, would have been considered a seven-days' wonder. But Mr. Kendall's fish weighed 419 pounds, and raises the world's as well as the Tuna Club's record 35 pounds. The fight lasted an hour and fifty-one minutes, and when one considers the little rod, only 16 ounces in weight, with which the feat was accomplished, the wonder grows, and one is convinced that angling is an art mechanical. The line was a 24-strand Cuttyhunk, and tested up to a lifting strain of 48 pounds. This feat will be a study for anglers the world over; the skill required to land a fish weighing almost a quarter of a ton, with a mere thread and a pliant rod with reel attached. The fish fought vigorously, and of course would have broken away a hundred times but for the remarkably skillful manipulation of the reel. SPECIAL.

Bass and Pickerel at Fowlwood Lake.

ROCK HILL, Sullivan County, Sept. 13.—I herewith report you my luck with rod and reel on Fowlwood Lake. After two hours' fishing, actual time, I landed twenty-eight pounds of fish—viz., three bass weighing respectively 8 pounds 10 ounces, 6 pounds, and 4 pounds, and three pickerel, 4 pounds, 3 pounds 6 ounces and 2 pounds. These were all caught on a single rod with crawfish for bait, and it was only after an involuntary swim that the largest bass was landed. I can assure you it seemed to me as if a team of horses were attached to my line when I got him on.

Of course this is a fish story, and like most of the same, may not be believed, but I would like to know if the like record has ever been beaten.

Mr. William Urban, of the cashier's office in the New York Custom House, caught one of 11½ pounds, a bass 6 pounds, and pickerel 5½ pounds.

JNO. J. SINNOTT, M. D.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Oct. 7-9.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society's show. John W. Bacon, Treas.
Oct. 21-24.—Frederick, Md.—Frederick County Agricultural Society's annual bench show. J. Roger McSherry, Supt.
Oct. 21-24.—New York.—Ladies' Kennel Association of America's show. Miss M. K. Bird, Westbury, L. I., Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 26-29.—Philadelphia.—Philadelphia Dog Show Association's show. M. A. Viti, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. —.—Drakes Branch, Va.—Inaugural trials of the Virginia Field Trial Association. C. B. Cooke, Sec'y.
Oct. —.—Independence, Ia.—Eastern Iowa Field Trial Association's inaugural trials. J. G. Burk, Sec'y.
Oct. 20.———, ———.—Western Field Trial Association's second annual trials. C. W. Buttles, Sec'y, Kansas City.
Oct. 27.—Paris, Mo.—Missouri Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club), sixth annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.
Oct. 27.—Washington C. O., Ohio.—Monongahela Field Trial Club's field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y.
Oct. 28.—Whitby Island, Wash.—Pacific Northwest Field Trials F. R. Atkins, Sec'y, Seattle, Wash.
Nov. 3.—Robinson, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. W. R. Green, Sec'y, Marshall, Ill.
Nov. 3.—Thirteenth annual field trials of the National Beagle Club of America. Charles R. Stevenson, Sec'y, 106 Market street, Camden, N. J.
Nov. 3.—Lake View, Mich.—Michigan Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fifth annual trials. C. D. Stuart, Sec'y, Benton Harbor, Mich.
Nov. 4.—Washington C. H., Ohio.—Ohio Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fifth annual trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.
Nov. 7-8.—Robinson, Ill.—Western Irish Setter Club's inaugural trials. T. L. Fenn, Secy.
Nov. 17.—Glasgow, Ky.—Third annual trials of the Kentucky Field Trial Club. S. B. Hays, Sec'y.
Nov. 10.—Bicknell, Ind.—Independent Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Nov. 11.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trial Club's trials. F. W. Smith, Sec'y, New Haven.
Nov. 10.—Ruthven, Ont.—North American Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. Richard Bangham, Sec'y, Windsor, Ont.
Nov. 11.—St. Joachim, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's fourteenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 17.—Glascow, Ky.—Kentucky Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) third annual trials. F. W. Samuel, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.
Nov. 18.—Ruthven, Ont.—Fourth annual trials of the North American Field Trial Club. Alfred Wigle, Sec'y, Windsor, Ont.
Nov. 20.—Manor, L. I.—Pointer Club of America's (member of the American Championship Club) second annual trials. R. E. Westlake, Sec'y, Scranton, Pa.
Dec. 1.—Washington C. H., Ohio.—American Championship Field Trial Club's second annual trials. Chas. B. Cooke, Sec'y, Richmond, Va.
Dec. 1.———, ———.—Interstate Championship Field Trial Association's second annual trials. C. D. Cooke, Sec'y.
Dec. 15.—Huntsville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) third annual trials. John F. Fletcher, Sec'y, Birmingham, Ala.

Canine Elegies and Epitaphs.

For those which have been printed in earlier numbers see issues of July 19, 26, Aug. 2, 16, 23 of the current year.

XXI.—The Dog which Thomas Thomas Owned.

He's passed away! That good old dog
Which Thomas Thomas owned
For 17 attentive years,
Now lies bewept, bemoaned.

'Twas hard for Tom to pay the tax
On dogs so old and staid;
'Twas harder still to have him die
Just when that tax was paid.

That such a dog should go tax free
Was Thomas's favorite whim,
And yet he took it very hard
When death exempted him.

So now no more on Sabbath days
That dog to church will go,
And, when the benediction's said,
Depart sedate and slow.

No more in Thomas's restaurant
When winter's winds do roar,
As door is left ajar, will he
Arise and shut that door.

Or jump and open it himself
And never howl or whine
When wishing to go in and out,—
The dear, defunct canine.

No more whene'er his name is called
Will he respond alert;
For Thomas Thomas's Thomas-dog
Has mingled with the dirt.

Now friends drop in and mix their tears
With Thomas's copious brine,
And beer up to the memory
Of his A1 K 9.

—Springfield Republican.

XXII.—Sir Walter Scott's Maida.

(*As done in Latin by Lockhart*)

Maidæ marmorea dormis sub imagine, Maida,
Ad januam domini sit tibi terra levis.

(*As Englished by Scott.*)

Beneath the sculptured form which late you wore,
Sleep soundly, Maida, at your master's door.

Points and Flushes.

The Canadian Kennel Club Stud Book, Vol. V., 1902, contains registrations and winnings for the year ending Aug. 31, 1901. The registrations are from 5534 to 6027. It is published by H. B. Donovan, Toronto. Price, $1.00.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1902.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also changes which may be made in the future.

SEPTEMBER.

20. Manhasset, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
20. Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
—. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
27. Riverside, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., open, Riverside, L. I. Sound.
27. Manhasset Bay, club raceabouts, Port Washington, L. I. Sound.

For Cruising Yachtsmen.

WITH the purpose of stimulating the interest in cruising, and the keeping of a detailed log by cruising yachtsmen during the season of 1902, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer prizes for the best stories of cruises submitted to be published in FOREST AND STREAM. It is believed that these will form not only entertaining records of pleasant summer days spent afloat along our coasts and waterways, but will furnish information of practical value to other yachtsmen making subsequent cruises on the same waters.

Prizes will be awarded to the three best stories as follows:

First prize, $50.00.
Second prize, $30.00.
Third prize, $20.00.

Contributions are invited under the following conditions:

1. The cruise must be made in waters of the United States or Canada in the season of 1902.

2. The cruise must be made in a sailing yacht, power to be used only as an auxiliary, if at all.

3. The story must be prefaced by a description of the boat. Cruises should be treated in as interesting and readable a way as possible, but should be practical and contain all possible information and data that would be of value to men going over the same route. A description of the handling of the ship in all weathers will be regarded very favorably in making awards, and it is suggested to writers that an accurate account be kept of all incidents happening while under way.

4. An outline chart suitable for reproduction, showing the course taken, must accompany each article. When possible, articles should be accompanied by amateur photographs taken on the cruise, including one of the boat. Good photographs will be considered in making the awards.

5. The story should contain about seven thousand words, written on one side of the paper only, and must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York city, on or before Nov. 15, 1902.

Mr. T. C. Zerega has very kindly consented to act as judge and to make the awards.

The America's Cup.

Now that Sir Thomas Lipton has really determined to make another attempt to win the America's Cup, it has been a source of very general satisfaction that he has selected William Fife, Jr., to design the boat. Mr. Fife knows more about the form of yachts than any man in England, and now that he has two good trial boats, one on each side of the Atlantic, with which to try out the new product, his new boat should be in better condition for the races than any of the previous challengers, particularly as the work of construction is to be commenced on the boat at once at the yard of Denny Brothers, at Dumbarton, so that she may be out very early in the season. Capt. Bob Wringe will have charge of the new Shamrock, and he is probably the ablest British skipper, and one of the most dangerous opponents that Capt. Charlie Barr could have, for beside being a wonderfully clever sailorman, he is familiar with American ways and conditions.

Every year of a Cup race Americans always go through the process of losing the Cup even before the challenger arrives on this side. The same state of affairs will exist this year, but this is a good sign, and the Cup is not in danger until we become over-confident.

At least one new boat will be built on this side for the defense of the Cup. This will be the New York Y. C. syndicate boat, and she will be designed and built by the Herreshoffs at Bristol. It is to be hoped that William Gardner, of Gardner & Cox, will receive an order for a boat. His success in turning out racing craft of all sizes and types has proven that he is fully qualified to cope with the task, but there is a popular prejudice among men who build Cup defenders in favor of Herreshoff; and probably this is because there are few who care to risk a quarter of a million dollars in anything but a pretty sure thing.

It is rumored that a syndicate is being formed in Boston to build a boat from designs made by W. Starling Burgess, son of the late Edward Burgess. Mr. Burgess has had but little experience in designing racing yachts of large size, but he has been quite successful with his smaller boats. If the money can be raised in Boston to build a boat from Burgess's design, surely New York yachtsmen should have sufficient pride and interest to see that one of their own designers shall be represented by a boat in the trial races.

Of the Boston designers, none is better fitted to undertake the work of turning out a successful Cup defender as B. B. Crowninshield. Independence, his first boat in that line, was a wonderfully fast craft. The experience he had with her has stood him in good stead, and he is now capable of putting a dangerous boat in the big class. While natural ability and training of course count greatly in producing these big boats, still a man who attempts the work without having had any previous experience with them, and having no data to work on, is certainly greatly handicapped.

New York Y. C.

GLEN COVE, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Thursday, Sept. 11.

Seventeen boats started in the annual autumn sweepstakes of the New York Y. C., and the sail off for the prizes offered at the spring regatta, which was postponed on account of calm weather.

The regatta committee was on board Mr. Frederick G. Bourne's steam yacht Colonia, while the club members and their guests used the steamer William Fletcher from which to see the races.

The wind was south by west at the time of the start, and the following course was signalled from Colonia, which boat made the starting line off Matinicock Point buoy. It was from a line between the committee boat and a mark a quarter of a mile north from Matinicock Point buoy, six miles east by north to and around a mark one and a quarter miles west by north from Lloyd's Point, four miles northwest to and around a mark one and three-quarter miles east by north from Great Captain's Island Light, five miles southwest three-quarters south to the mark at start.

The preparatory signal was made at 11.30, and ten minutes later boats in classes J, K, L and M were started. Altair was first away with Effort next, while the others crossed as follows, Humma, Eclipse and Ondawa. Gaviota followed some distance behind. On the next signal yachts in classes G, H, I were sent away. Yankee was just on the line at gun fire, followed by Weetamoe, Neola, Rainbow, Eelin and Isolde. The signal given at 11.50 was for the schooners. Elmina was first over with Muriel just astern, the others crossing in the following order, Katrina, Wayward and Indra.

It was a broad reach to the first mark, and balloon jibs were found to be most beneficial, the boats that set spinnakers soon taking them in, as they did more harm than good.

Yankee was sailing well and was fast getting away from Rainbow. Eelin sailed by Captain Charlie Barr, kept dropping Isolde. After crossing Muriel and Elmina got into a luffing match that took them well off their course. Muriel got the best of it and was ahead and to windward of Elmina. At the first mark Muriel was seconds ahead of her competitor. The old sloop Eclipse was at the mark just as Muriel came down on it and she had to bear off to clear her and make a wide turn. Elmina's skipper took advantage of this opening and swung his boat inside of Eclipse, thus making a close turn and securing the lead. This bit of ill luck cost Muriel the race. Weetamoe had opened up quite a gap between herself and Neola on this leg.

From the first mark the boats had a reach to a buoy off Great Captain's Island, and then it was a beat back to the starting line. The boats that held in under the Long Island shore were materially benefited in the windward work.

Those boats competing for the Bergen Handicap Cup and those in cruising trim and class M, covered the course but once.

At the end of the first round Yankee was 1m. 30s. ahead of Rainbow, Weetamoe led Neola by 3m., Eelin was 2m. 26s. in the lead of Isolde, while Elmina had Muriel by 1m. 8s.

Balloon jibs were broken out after rounding the home mark, and the boats reached away again for the first mark. On this leg Yankee increased her lead a little on Rainbow, and Weetamoe increased her advantage over Neola, while Muriel came up on Elmina in good shape.

On the second round the breeze increased a little. The second leg was a reach and ballooners were again carried. After luffing around the mark off Great Captain's Island the boats settled down to the hard beat up to the finish line. Yankee and Rainbow held along under the north shore. Elmina and Muriel made long tacks across the Sound, while the two "sixties," Weetamoe and Neola, stood in under the Long Island shore. At the height of the fight between Elmina and Muriel, the latter's main top staysail got adrift, and from that time on Elmina kept getting away from her, although she won by only 14s.

When near the finish line Humma had a luffing match with Eelin, and the former got a little the best of it and crossed first.

The "sixty" Weetamoe, designed by Messrs. Gardiner & Cox, distinguished herself by beating the 70-footer, Yankee, by 25s. This is rather a remarkable performance, and it is evident that the owners of these bronze boats are now getting them in shape. Neola has had the paint removed from her topsides, and she looks very slick and reminds one of Shamrock II. Neola still carries her solid mast, while Weetamoe has a hollow stick.

The summary:

Schooners—Class D—Racing Trim—Club Cups.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Muriel	11 52 00	4 32 59	4 40 59	4 40 59
Elmina	11 51 51	4 32 36	4 40 45	4 40 45

Sloops—Racing Trim—Class H—Club Cups.

Rainbow	11 47 00	4 04 51	4 17 51	4 17 51
Yankee	11 46 19	4 00 36	4 14 17	4 14 17

Sloops—Class I—Racing Trim—Club Cups.

Neola	11 47 00	4 18 50	4 31 50	4 31 50
Isolde	11 47 00	4 43 20	4 56 20	4 56 13
Eelin	11 47 00	4 40 27	4 53 27	4 53 27
Weetamoe	11 46 58	4 17 01	4 30 03	4 30 03

Sloops—Class J—Racing Trim—Club Cups.

Altair	11 41 43	4 48 54	5 07 11	5 07 11
Humma	11 42 00	4 40 14	4 58 14	4 58 14

Sloops—Class L—Racing Trim—Club Cups.

Effort	11 41 51	4 45 42	5 03 51	5 03 51

Schooners—Cruising Trim—Club Cups.

Katrina	11 52 00	2 37 50	2 45 50	2 45 50
Wayward	11 52 00	2 55 26	3 03 26	2 54 08
Indra	11 52 00	3 05 09	3 13 09	3 01 00

Sloops and Yawls—Classes J and K—Cruising Trim—Club Cups.

Gaviota	11 42 00	3 26 16	3 44 16	3 44 16
Eclipse	11 42 00	2 54 57	3 12 57	3 12 57
Ondawa	11 42 00	2 55 38	3 13 38	3 13 38

Special Class.

Isolde	11 47 00	4 43 20	4 56 20	4 56 20
Eelin	11 47 00	4 40 27	4 53 27	4 53 20

Special Class.

Ondawa	11 42 00	2 55 38	3 13 38	3 13 38
Eclipse	11 42 00	2 54 57	3 12 57	3 12 57

Bergen Handicap Cups—Schooners.

Katrina	11 52 00	2 37 50	2 45 50	2 45 50
Wayward	11 52 00	2 55 26	3 03 26	2 54 08

Bergen Handicap Cups—Sloops.

Eclipse	11 42 00	2 54 57	3 12 57	3 12 57
Ondawa	11 42 00	2 55 38	3 13 38	3 13 38
Gaviota	11 42 00	3 26 16	3 44 16	3 25 17

Naval Alumni Cups—Schooners—Racing Trim.

Elmina	11 51 51	4 32 36	4 40 45	4 40 45
Muriel	11 52 00	4 32 59	4 40 59	4 40 59

Naval Alumni Cups—Sloops—Racing Trim.

Yankee	11 46 19	4 00 36	4 14 17	4 14 17
Weetamoe	11 46 58	4 17 01	4 30 03	4 13 52

Robinson Cup—All Classes—Racing Trim.

Yankee	11 46 19	4 00 36	4 14 17	4 14 17
Weetamoe	11 46 58	4 17 01	4 30 03	4 13 52
Elmina	11 51 51	4 32 36	4 40 45	4 26 50

Elmina beat Muriel in class D by 14s.; Yankee beat Rainbow 3m. 34s. in class H; In class I Racing Trim, Weetamoe beat Neola 1m. 47s.; in class J, Racing Trim, Humma beat Altair 8m. 57s. Effort took a sail over in class L. Racing Trim; Katrina beat Wayward 8m. 18s. in the class for schooners in cruising trim; in the class for sloops and yawls, J and K, Eclipse beat Ondawa 41s. Eelin beat Isolde 3m. in the Special Class; Eclipse beat Ondawa 41s. in the Special Class.

Bergen Cup, schooners, handicap—Katrina beat Wayward 8m. 18s.

Bergen Cup, sloops, handicap—Eclipse beat Ondawa 41s.

Naval Alumni Cup, schooners—Elmina beat Muriel 14s.

Naval Alumni Cup, sloops—Weetmoe beat Yankee 25s.

Robinson Cup, all classes—Weetamoe beat Yankee 25s., Elmina 12m. 58s.

Atlantic Y. C.

Saturday, Sept. 13.

The fall regatta of the Atlantic Y. C. was held on the afternoon of Sept. 13 over courses in the lower bay. Counter attractions on Long Island Sound kept away all of the larger schooners and sloops, and consequently the racing was confined to classes J and under. Eclipse, Vivian, Bonito, Cockatoo, Trouble and Rascal carried off first honors.

The day was full of exciting incidents and will be long remembered by Sea Gate Corinthians. A strong northwest wind came swooping down out of a threatening sky shortly after the start, and played havoc with the fleet, which had begun the race in a light southeasterly breeze with full sail set. Twenty-two craft started the struggle. Twelve of these managed to finish. Of the other ten which failed to cover the courses, five were disabled and the rest withdrew.

J. E. Biggs' class P sloop Corona, was dismasted just after rounding Southwest Spit buoy, the outer mark of the fourteen-mile journey for classes N and under. She was fairly on her course for home when a particularly hard puff struck her, breaking the spar short off seven feet from the deck. No injuries resulted, and the flagship Thistle, which was in the vicinity, towed the disabled craft to harbor.

Some few minutes after the start the class R boat, Pebble, belonging to R. W. Spier, lost her tiller, and her skipper was obliged to steer the craft to moorings by the aid of an oar.

The class V catboat, Martha M., belonging to Richard Moore, broke eight feet from the outer end of her boom, and as a result had a most tedious time making Gravesend Bay again. The 21-footer, Bronco, owned by F. C. Moore, suffered an accident to her gaff and withdrew, while Song and Dance, E. F. Luckenbach, caused a great deal of anxiety by losing her center board and not making harbor until long after the other starters had finished.

Opossum, R. P. Doremus; Gwendolen, H. G. S. Nobles; Streak, Speidel Brothers; Peanut, Calvert Brewer and Boozie, C. D. Durkee, preferred the security of a mooring to the tempestuous times outside, and withdrew from the race as soon as the full force of the northwesterly squall struck them.

The race was started promptly on scheduled time. The preparatory signal was shown at 1 o'clock and ten minutes later the first of the boats began the contest. L. J. Callanan's Eclipse and the class K boat Ondawa, belonging to Henry J. Robert, sailed boat for boat in class J. Ondawa led by 40s. on the start.

The special class M boats, Bonito, Sunol and Titania, the latter in her first local race of the year, got away on the next signal in the order named. Bonito and Sunol had a little mix-up at the start, which is liable to result in a protest from the latter.

At the next gun Vivian and Gwendolen, the only entries in class N, sailed off, with Vivian in the lead. Class P got away well bunched, Cockatoo first, followed by Vagabond, Corona, Streak, Song and Dance and Elsie. Trouble led class Q boats and then came Bronco, Opossum and Flying Fish. In class R Peanut led Pebble over the line by 20s., and Martha M. headed the catboats with Rascal and Boozie crossing in the order named.

Eclipse, Ondawa, Bonito, Titania and Sunol went out to the bell buoy off the point of Sandy Hook, leaving the Southwest Spit buoy on the port hand, returning over the same course, a distance of 18 miles. The other starters had a journey four miles less, from the starting line off Sea Gate to the Spit and return.

A light southeasterly breeze sent them away. The tide was running flood, and it would have been windward work to the first mark had not the wind changed into the northwest.

For some minutes after the beginning of the struggle the yachts tacked back and forth in an endeavor to stem the fast running tide. Elipse, Ondawa and Titania stood over toward the Jersey shore and were the first to catch the wind and rain squall. When it came they had a reach for the mark and fairly flew through the water. Boats which had aimed to get to windward before the breeze changed were now to leeward.

The larger craft going out to the point of the Hook had a run from Southwest Spit, windward work back from the Hook to the Spit again and a close fetch home.

Hendon Chubb's class P boat, Cockatoo, distinguished herself. She was the first craft of the fleet to finish, crossing the line 11m. and 31s. ahead of T. A. Vernon's Vagabond, second boat to end the journey, and doing the 14 miles in 2 hours and 29 minutes. Louis May had charge of the craft and she was handled to perfection.

W. H. Child's Trouble, with C. D. Mower at the tiller, carried off second glory. She was not only a fine winner in class Q, but was third craft to end the journey, only one minute behind her larger rival Vagabond, on elapsed time. Vagabond was formerly Mongoose I., a well-known Crowninshield raceabout.

Special class M boats put up the only exciting finish of the day. Bonito led, while Titania and Sunol had it nip and tuck for second place, the former finally winning out. Cockatoo beat Vagabond 11m. and 31s., Trouble led Flying Fish 4m. and 38s., and Eclipse defeated her smaller rival, Ondawa, which had gone up a class, by 10m. and 41s. for the 18-mile course.

Bonito led Titania by 5m. and 48s. and Sunol by 6m. and 44s. Vivian and Rascal had no competitors in their respective classes after the first stages of the contest. The summaries follow:

Sloops—Class J—Start, 1:10.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Eclipse, L. J. Callanan	4 22 43	3 12 43
Ondawa, H. J. Robert	4 33 24	3 23 24

Special Class M—Start, 1:15.

Bonito, Haviland Bros	4 41 16	3 26 16
Titania, W. H. Childs	4 47 04	3 32 04
Sunol, J. Abbey	4 48 00	3 33 00

Sloops—Class N.—Start, 1:18.

Vivian, S. E. Vernon	4 10 59	2 52 59
Gwendolen, H. G. S. Nobles	Withdrew.	

Sloops—Class P—Start, 1:21.

Cockatoo, H. Chubb	3 50 00	2 29 00
Vagabond, T. A. Vernon	4 01 31	2 40 31
Elsie, C. P. Rosemon	4 53 01	3 32 01
Corona, J. E. Beggs	Disabled.	
Streak, Speidel Bros.	Withdrew.	
Song and Dance, E. F. Luckenbach	Disabled.	

Sloops—Class Q—Start, 1:24.

Trouble, W. H. Childs	4 05 31	2 41 31
Flying Fish, I. M. Dean	4 10 09	2 46 09
Bronco, F. C. Moore	Disabled.	
Opossum, R. P. Doremus	Withdrew.	

Sloops—Class R—Start, 1:24.

Pebble, R. W. Speir	Disabled.
Peanut, Calbert Brewer	Withdrew.

Catboats—Class V—Start, 1:30.

Rascal, D. G. Whitlock	4 31 26	3 01 26
Martha M., Richard Moore	Disabled.	
Boozie, C. D. Durkee	Withdrew.	

Beverly Y. C.

BUZZARD'S BAY, MASS.

Saturday, Sept. 13.

THE closing race of the Beverly Y. C. was sailed off Wing's Neck on Saturday, Sept. 13, in a screeching southeaster. All of the 30-footers, with the exception of Mashnee, carried three reefs, while Mashnee was double reefed. This extra sail helped Mashnee, and she won by nearly a minute. Zingara was doing good work when her mast carried away. It was Barnacle's day in the 21-footers, and she won handily. Krieker in the fourth class cats got mixed up at the start, but afterward caught Allison II. and won handily. Vim won a close race in the 15-footers. The summary:

30-footers.

	Elapsed.
Mashnee, R. W. Emmons	2 28 05
Arabian, Robert Winsor	2 29 00
Pontiac, J. A. Beebe	2 29 18
Quakeress, W. F. Harrison	2 30 32
Praxilla, John Parkinson, Jr.	2 30 38
Evelyn, John Hitchcock	2 34 09
Young Miss, D. L. Whittemore	2 35 52
Gamecock, Louis Bacon	2 37 00
Notos, W. O. and C. H. Taylor	2 41 53
Zingara, E. N. Farnsworth	Disabled.

21-footers.

Barnacle, W. E. C. Eustis	1 17 40
Terrapin, L. S. Dabney	1 24 12
Amarita, J. Crane, Jr.	1 26 02
Sylvia, S. D. Warren	1 29 00
Wyona, H. O. Miller	1 31 37
Edith, Clark King	Withdrew.

Fourth Class Cats.

Krieker, W. S. Jameson	1 35 02
Allison II., Stewart McLeod	1 37 42
Hod, H. B. Holmes	1 42 10

15-footers.

Vim, F. S. Sargent	1 08 42
Ranzo, M. H. Richardson	1 08 55
Go-Bye, H. Stockton	Withdrew.
Spider, W. Swan	Withdrew.

Corinthian Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

Saturday, Sept. 13.

THE Labor Day race of the Corinthian Y. C. was sailed off Marblehead on Saturday, Sept. 13. It blew hard from the southeast all day and there was a big sea running outside. In the 25ft. class Seboomook got the best of the start and led all over the course. The breeze lightening, the race of the 21-footers was a bit fluky, Little Haste winning by nearly 43m. In the raceabouts Darthea won, Tunipoo withdrawing. Yarico finished first in the handicap class, but lost on corrected time to Ruth. The summary:

25-footers.

	Elapsed.
Seboomook, B. A. Smith	1 52 02
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton	1 53 40

21ft. Cabin.

Little Haste, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	2 18 15
Porcupine, C. H. W. Foster	3 01 10
Tabasco III., H. H. Wiggin	3 15 40
Pilot, R. Boardman	Withdrew.

Raceabouts.

Darthea, W. H. Lambert	3 09 23
Tunipoo	Withdrew.

Class A.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ruth, H. H. Wheelock	3 54 42	3 34 44
Yerico, W. H. Rockwell	3 52 20	3 52 20
Eleanor, W. M. Currier	Withdrew.	

Kennebec Y. C.

BATH, ME.

Saturday, Sept. 13.

A SPECIAL race for yachts of 15ft. to 25ft. waterline, given by the Kennebec Y. C., was sailed off Bath, Me., on Saturday, Sept. 13. Joker was first over the finish line, but lost to Aspenet on time allowance. The summary:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Aspenet, Fred M. Cook	0 53 52	0 53 15
Joker, R. H. Gardiner, Jr.	0 53 25	0 53 25
Swift, J. Owen Ledyard	0 58 25	0 56 27
Hecla, George A. Ward	1 05 27	0 59 27

Y. R. A. of Massachusetts.

BOSTON, MASS.

Percentages.

THE racing season of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts closed with the annual rendezvous and marine parade on Sunday, Sept. 7. Secretary A .T. Bliss has issued a table of percentages, which he has compiled from newspaper reports. There are protests to be decided by the Executive Committee of the Association, which may affect the standing of the yachts, but a general idea of the r work may be obtained from the table. Thordis, which leads the 25ft. open class, did not sail the necessary number of races to qualify for the championship, but would undoubtedly have done so had her class been provided for. Calypso, a Hanley creation, wins the championship in the restricted 25-footers for the second season. The work in this class has been very close throughout the year, and it was not until the very close of the season that the winner was assured. In 21-footers Little Haste, which has won a majority of races in club and open events, gets the championship. Rooster II. is a close second. If Rooster's total percentage were divided by the actual number of starts, she would get the championship, but in figuring the percentages it is assumed that a yacht shall have started in half as many races as any other boat in her class. Tunipoo, the only raceabout to sail the necessary number of races to qualify in her class, gets the champ onship. Malillian, a Crowninshield boat, gets the championship in the 18ft. knockabout class, with the highest percentage of any Association boat. In the 18ft. class Lobster gets the championship with just the number of races to qualify. Decisions on the following protests by the Executive Committee may change the results: Little Haste vs. Chloris in race of Aug. 4; Chloris vs. Little Haste, in race of Aug. 19; Lobster vs. Wawenock, in race of Aug. 4; Calypso vs. Sally VI., in race of Sept. 3; Question vs. Miladi, in race of Aug. 21; Seboomook vs. Calypso, in race of Aug. 29. The table of percentages is as follows:

	Starts.	Totals.	Averages.
Class C—25ft. Yachts.			
Thordis, Charles A. Heney	3	266	88.9
Chloris, Cheney & Lanning	1	100	66.7
Addie, W. H. Stimpson	1	75	50.0
Hustler, Whittemore & Robbins	1	50	33.0
Theodora, Frank Burgess	1	50	33.0
Ideal, H. B. Whittier	1	33	22.0
Class D—25ft. Cabin Yachts.			
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton	21	1546	73.6
Sally VI., L. F. Percival	21	1468	69.9
Chewink II., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	22	1428	64.9
Seboomook, B. A. Smith	14	909	64.9
Areyto, L. D. Baker	7	363	38.0
L'Aiglon, E. W. Hodgson	5	166	15.1
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty	6	144	13.1
Cyrilla, W. D. Turner	1	25	2.2
Class S—21ft. Cabin Yachts.			
Little Haste, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	18	1318	73.2
Rooster II., Adams Bros.	10	795	72.3
Chloris, Cheney & Lanning	22	1481	67.3
Mildred II., S. P. Moses	17	1125	66.2
Tabasco III., H. W. Wiggin	12	729	60.8
Pilot, Reginald Boardman	13	634	48.9
Thecla, C. W. Chapin	14	634	45.3
Opitsah IV., Sumner H. Foster	8	454	41.2
Micmac, Richard Hutchinson	15	546	36.4
Perhaps II., J. E. Robinson	8	330	30.0
Quakeress, William H. Joyce	3	71	6.4
Katherine, Harold C Sears	2	39	3.5
Thelma, Livingston Davis	1	16	1.4
Class K—21ft. Knockabouts.			
Tunipoo, J. T. Humphrey	5	450	90.0
Dorathea, W. B. Lambert	2	150	50.0
Opitsah II., C. F. Tillinghast	1	50	16.6
Class I—18ft. Knockabouts.			
Malillian, B. S. Permar	16	1465	91.6
Biza, Alfred Douglas	14	1076	76.8
Kittiwake, Henry M. Jones	13	975	75.0
Domino, C. C. Clapp	10	814	74.0
Question, J. Henry Hunt	12	726	60.5
Miladi II., F. R. Adams	15	872	58.1
Gertrude, H. E. Lynch	12	562	49.6
Tokalon, R. J. Randolph, Jr.	22	976	44.3
Ospray, A. R. Train	7	346	31.5
Savage, J. S. Lawrence	4	340	30.9
Ayaya, W. P. Keyes	7	317	28.8
Nethla, C. W. Cole, et al	6	261	23.7
Aspinquid, C. M. Foster	6	259	23.6
Patrice, A. W. Finlay	11	233	21.2
Comforter, J. M. Whittemore	5	209	19.0
Scrapper, W. C. Loring, Jr.	4	155	14.1
Bohemian, A. B. Holmes	3	109	9.9
Lollipop, H. B. Bailey	4	66	6.0
Alcedo, J. F. Linder	4	55	5.0
Class T—18ft. Yachts.			
Lobster, C. J. Hendrie	5	416	83.3
Wawenock, Coombs & Seymour	6	458	76.3
Monsoon, A. W. Erickson	1	100	33.3
Owaissa, Walter Kelly	2	83	27.7
Zetes II., John A. McKie	1	66	22.2
Zoe, F. J. Stewart	1	66	22.2
Toss, J. B. Stearns	3	33	11.1

Larchmont Y. C.

LARCHMONT, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Sept. 13.

The Larchmont Y. C. gave its final race of this season on Saturday, Sept. 13. The twenty-one boats that started experienced all kinds of weather, including a vicious squall, yet all but one finished.

The preparatory signal was given at 11.30, and at that time there was but little air from the west by north. The tide was running strong to the east. The course signalled for the 70-footers, the "sixties" and the schooners was south southeast three miles, northeast, five-eighths east, six miles; west, three-quarters south, six miles. This was sailed twice over, making thirty miles in all.

The 51-footers and the special class made up of Effort and Marguerite, covered an eleven-mile triangle twice, while the raceabouts and the Larchmont 21-footers sailed twice over a five and a half-mile triangle.

At 11.30 the preparatory was given and five minutes later the 70-footers were sent away. Rainbow was first over the line with Yankee a few seconds behind on her weather. Both boats carried reaching jib topsails and Yankee set a balloon for staysail. Rainbow drew clear of Yankee soon after the start, and it was not long before she was well ahead. Soon after rounding the first mark the wind hauled to the south, reaching Yankee first, and she caught and passed Rainbow. When on the last leg of the first round the wind freshened considerably, and Yankee continued to outfoot Rainbow, and at the end of the first round Yankee led by 3m. 49s. The change in the wind made every leg of the second round a reach. When near the Hempstead mark the squall that had been making up in the northwest, broke and made matters lively. The 70-footers hung on to all sail. Rainbow was splendidly handled on the last two legs of the course, and cut down Yankee's lead materially, but was not able to overtake her. Yankee won by 2m. 7s.

The schooners started at 11.40 with Elmina in the lead. Both boats carried reaching jib topsails and main-top staysails. The boats had but little wind and they were being moved slowly by the ebb tide. Elmina increased her lead until the boats were off Matinicock Point, when the breeze freshened and Muriel ran up on her rival. Elmina drew into the lead again. The boats had a reach across the Sound to the home mark, but when nearly there the wind headed them and a short tack was necessary to make the mark. On the second round the squall hit the schooners. It blew hard for a time and picked up a lump of a sea. They clewed up their fore topsails, and after considerable difficulty Muriel managed to get her club topsail on deck, and she was better off without it. Elmina won the $500 cup for schooners by 3m. 48s.

At 11.45 the "sixties" started, both crossed together with Neola to windward. A luffing match took place soon after they crossed, and Neola got rather the best of it. Weetamoe caught and passed Neola just before they reached the second mark. At the end of the first round Weetamoe was 1m. 50s. ahead of Neola. On the second round Neola cut down Weetamoe's lead considerably, but the latter boat won by 27s. These boats again saved their time on the 70-footers and would have beaten them on corrected time.

At 11.50 Marguerite, Effort, Altair and Humma started in the order named. Altair again surprised all interested by defeating Humma by 2m. 6s. At the end of the first round Altair was almost 4m. ahead; on the second round Humma did better and cut down Altair's lead considerably.

Effort and Marguerite were without competitors, and a special class was made up for them, Effort giving the smaller boat a large time allowance. She was unable to save her time and Marguerite won by over 15m.

Three of the Larchmont 21-footers started, and Houri gave Dorothy a very bad beating. Adelaide, the third boat in this class, was the only starter that did not finish.

Some good racing was seen in the raceabout class. Hobo, the American Y. C. boat, again showed her heels to her competitors and beat Whistlewing, the second boat, 2m. 55s.

The summary:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sloops—Class H—Start, 11:35.		
Yankee, J. R. Maxwell	3 50 20	4 15 20
Rainbow, C. Vanderbilt	3 52 27	4 17 27
Schooners—Larchmont Cup—Start, 11:40.		
Elmina, F. F. Brewster	4 02 14	4 22 14
Muriel, Chas. Smithers	4 05 50	4 25 50
Corrected time, Elmina 4.22.02.		
Sloops—Class I—Start, 11:45.		
Weetamoe, H. F. Lippitt	4 07 38	4 22 38
Neola, G. M. Pynchon	4 08 05	4 23 05
Sloops—Class J—Start, 11:50.		
Humma, H. B. Duryea	3 34 21	3 44 21
Altair, C. Meyer	3 32 15	3 42 15
Sloops—Special Class—Start, 11:50.		
Effort, F. M. Smith	3 38 40	3 48 40
Marguerite, J. F. Dingee	3 56 49	4 06 49
Corrected time, Marguerite, 3.33.33.		
Larchmont 21ft. Class—Start, 11:55.		
Adelaide, J. J. Dwyer	Withdrew.	
Dorothy, L. G. Spence	3 52 31	3 57 31
Houri, J. H. Esser	3 24 31	3 29 31
Raceabouts—Start, 11:55.		
Snapper, A. B. Aller	3 13 04	3 18 04
Jolly Tar, S. Howland	3 04 45	3 09 45
Joker, Walter Jennings	3 06 56	3 11 56
Rascal, S. C. Hopkins	3 06 24	3 11 24
Sis, F. T. Bedford, Jr.	3 07 16	3 12 16
Hobo, T. L. Park	3 01 39	3 06 39
Mavis, G. L. Piric	3 06 16	3 11 16
Whistlewing, H. M. Crane	3 04 34	3 09 34

The winners: Yankee, Elmina, Weetamoe, Altair, Marguerite, Houri and Hobo.

Hempstead Bay Y. C.

HEMPSTEAD, GREAT SOUTH BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 13.

THE annual open regatta of the Hempstead Bay Y. C. was held on Saturday, Sept. 13. Sixteen boats belonging to members of the Hempstead Bay and Unqua yacht clubs competed. The boats covered a twelve-mile triangular course, and all but four finished. At the time of the start there was but little air stirring, but soon after the boats were sent away more wind came up and the boats finished in a northwest squall that was accompanied by heavy rain. The summary follows:

	Finishd.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sloops—Class A—Start, 11:26.			
Edice, Unqua Y. C.	2 54 43	3 28 43	3 29 13
Emmia, Unqua Y. C.	2 26 14	3 00 14	3 29 37
Fleetwing, Hempstead Bay Y. C.	2 09 52	2 43 52	3 34 20
Aglia, Hempstead Bay Y. C.	3 11 35	3 45 35	3 45 35
Terrapin, Unqua Y. C.	Withdrew.		
Catboats—Class B—21ft. and Over—Start, 11:31.			
Dorothy, Hempstead Bay Y. C.	2 47 28	3 16 28	3 16 49
Imp, Hempstead Bay Y. C.	3 04 11	3 33 11	3 30 34
Ellen, Hempstead Bay Y. C.	3 04 04	3 33 04	3 33 04
Cecil F., Unqua Y. C.	Withdrew.		
Catboats—Class C—21ft. and Under—Start, 11:36.			
Little Minister, Hempstead Bay Y. C.	3 01 56	3 25 56	2 25 56
Defiance, Unqua Y. C.	3 10 21	3 34 21	3 26 40
Grace, Hempstead Bay Y. C.	3 11 26	3 35 26	3 32 13
Grace R., Unqua Y. C.	3 11 25	3 35 25	3 33 52
Undine, Unqua Y. C.	3 21 37	3 45 37	3 34 29
Peggy, Unqua Y. C.	Withdrew.		
Fellowcraft, Unqua, Y. C.	Withdrew.		

The winners were Edice, Dorothy and Little Minister.

Marine and Field Club.

Saturday, Sept. 13.

The annual ladies' race of the Marine and Field Club was scheduled for Saturday, Sept. 13, but wind and weather made it inadvisable to brave the elements with the fair sailors. In its place Kelpie, W. K. Brown, and Flying Fox, F. D. Anderson, sailed off a tie which existed for possession of the cup offered by Commodore F. W. Dauchy to the winner of the best two in three races. Flying Fox won the deciding contest and the trophy.

Newport Special Thirties.

NEWPORT, R. I.

Monday, Sept. 8.

IN a light southwest wind Carolina won the race for the Clarence W. Dolan cup, sailed on Monday. The boats sailed over the Dyer's Island course. Esperanza was first to start, but Carolina passed her during the early part of the race and won by nearly two minutes. Carolina now has the best record of the season on points, and is in the lead for the Paget cup. The summary, start 3:00:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	5 46 40	2 38 40
Wawa, R. Brooks	5 48 27	2 40 27
Barbara, W. Rutherfurd	5 49 27	2 41 27
Asahi, L. Warren and W. S. Miller	5 50 19	2 42 19
Breeze, W. G. Roelker, Jr.	5 52 21	2 44 21
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	5 54 18	2 46 18

Tuesday, Sept. 9.

On Tuesday it blew half a gale from the southwest, and seven of the 30-footers started in what proved to be a very exciting race. A triangular course was laid out and the boats covered it twice. Breeze was put over the starting line in the best berth, but she was unable to hold this advantage, for she was soon passed by Carolina, which won by nearly a minute. Carolina is now well in the lead on points and stands a very good show of winning the Paget cup. The summary, start 3:17:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, P. Jones	4 57 46	1 40 46
Wawa, R. Brooks	4 58 43	1 41 43
Breeze, W. G. Roelker, Jr.	5 00 51	1 43 51
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	5 00 58	1 43 58
Asahi, L. Warren and W. S. Miller	5 01 32	1 44 32
Barbara, W. Rutherfurd	5 03 19	1 46 19
Veda, W. L. Stow	5 07 58	1 50 58

Wednesday, Sept. 10.

Six of the 30-footers sailed a race in a fresh northwest breeze over a triangular course laid out in the bay on Wednesday. The contest was won by Carolina, which boat now leads by seven points for the Paget cup. The summary, start 3:31:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	5 06 41	1 35 41
Asahi, L. Warren and W. S. Miler	5 08 02	1 37 02
Breeze, W. G. Roelker, Jr.	5 09 43	1 38 43
Barbara, W. Rutherfurd	5 10 53	1 39 53
Veda, W. L. Stow	5 10 59	1 39 59
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	Withdrew.	

Thursday, Sept. 11.

Carolina won the race sailed on Thursday, beating Asahi, the second boat, by nearly three minutes. A good south breeze held throughout the race. The boats covered the Dyer's Island course. Esperanza held the lead which she got at the start for a good part of the race, but on the beat down the bay she struck a flat spot under the west shore and by this bit of ill luck was badly beaten. The summary, start 2:21:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	5 22 21	2 01 21
Asahi, L. Warren and W. S. Miller	5 25 18	2 04 18
Barbara, W. Rutherfurd	5 25 32	2 04 32
Veda, W. L. Stow	5 25 38	2 04 38
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	5 26 43	2 05 43
Breeze, W. G. Roelker, Jr.	5 27 52	2 06 52

Friday, Sept. 12.

On Friday the 30-footers sailed the annual race around Conanicut Island, a distance of twenty-three miles. The race was for a cup offered by Mr. Reginald Brooks. Barbara led from start to finish, and when she crossed the line a winner the boat was half full of water, she having leaked badly during the latter part of the race. The race was an exciting one, and Veda finished a good second, being only a few seconds behind, a rather unusual thing in so long a race. The summary, start 1:30:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Barbara, W. Rutherfurd	4 40 19	3 10 19
Veda, W. L. Stow	4 40 52	3 10 52
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	4 41 02	3 11 02
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	4 41 03	3 11 03
Asahi, L. Warren and W. S. Miller	4 42 02	3 12 02

Monday, Sept. 15.

The last of the series races was sailed by the 30-footers on Monday. The race was won by Carolina, who gets the Syndicate Cup and the Paget Cup. The boats were sailed in the morning race by their professional skippers, and cash prizes were offered by the owners, and Carolina, handled by Captain Sam Seaman, a Port Washington, L. I., skipper, won easily.

The wind was light from the northeast for the afternoon race, and the boats sailed twice over a triangular course. Barbara led at the end of the first round, but on the second round Carolina took the lead, which she held up to the finish. The summary, start 3.25.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	6 05 38	2 40 38
Barbara, W. Rutherfurd	6 07 48	2 42 48
Wawa, R. Brooks	6 10 37	2 45 37
Asahi, L. Warren and W. S. Miller	6 11 41	2 46 41
Veda, W. L. Stow	Withdrew.	

The standing of the boats for the Paget Cup follows: Carolina 86 and Esperanza 77 points.

Columbia Y. C.

CHICAGO, LAKE MICHIGAN.

Saturday, Sept. 13.

The second race for the Thomas H. Webb 1902 Championship cup was sailed on Saturday, Sept. 13. The boats covered a triangular course. The breeze was variable, hauling from west to northwest during the race and varied in strength from 5 to 12 miles. The summary, start 2:30:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
La Rita	4 27 03	1 57 03
Privateer	4 41 55	1 11 55
Colleen	4 29 55	1 59 55
Margaret	4 35 15	2 05 15
Arab IV.	4 34 32	2 04 32

The race committee was made up of E. T. Balcom, Chairman; A. J. Roran, R. J. Summers, W. S. Bougher and W. S. Burrows.

The standing of the boats on points in the races sailed up to date follows: La Rita, 200 points; Colleen, 80 points; Arab IV., 140 points; Spray, 60 points; Privateer, 60 points; Sprite, disabled during first race; Margaret, 40 points.

Interclub Racing.

Seawanhaka-Cor. Y. C.—Sachem's Head Y. C.

OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Monday, Sept. 8.

AFTER a season of spirited racing, over the courses of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., in 1898, the one-design knockabout class inaugurated by this club, became to some extent scattered about the Sound, a number of the boats being sold out of the club and racing the following season in their special class, in the open races of the various clubs.

In 1899, Com. Seward, of the Sachem's Head Y. C., purchased Gloria, and finding her well suited for use at the easterly end of the Sound, induced other members of his club to buy boats of the class, with the eventual result that at present practically all of these knockabouts not owned in the Seawanhaka Club, belong to members of the Sachem's Head Club.

On the return of the latter club from their 1901 cruise to Block Island, a heavy southwester was caught just at the start, through which the knockabouts carried two reefs across Gardiner's Bay, through Plum Gut and down the Sound to Sachem's Head, demonstrating to the satisfaction of all concerned, their ability to carry on in heavy weather and hard seas. After a run of sixty-five miles, with a beam wind averaging twenty-five miles an hour, Senta finished first just three and one-half minutes ahead of Midge, the second boat. I am sure that the keen sport had from such a race will be fully appreciated by all those who were fortunate enough to have made the memorable cruise to New London in these boats in 1899, especially that beat to windward from the lightship off New London to New Haven breakwater, on the return.

The acquisition of these one-design boats at Sachem's Head developed a most commendable racing spirit, weekly matches being held every Monday, the club championship in 1901 being won by Midge, owned by Mr. William E. Peck, and in 1902 by Senta, the property of Vice-Com. R. C. Mitchell.

In the fall of 1901 the possibility of a match race between the boats of the two clubs, was discussed and details arranged last spring the date selected being Monday, Sept. 8, and the prize a $100 cup, to which each club subscribed equally. It was arranged that the scoring should be by the point system, every boat entered and finishing, being credited with one point for each boat she defeats, and one additional for starting.

The final selection of boats to represent the two clubs was as follows:

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

Boat.	Owner.	Helmsman.
Gowan	F. G. Stewart	F. G. Stewart.
Wyntje	Colgate Hoyt	Colgate Hoyt, Jr.
Bobs	W. A. W. Stewart	W. A. W. Stewart.
Marcia	Johnston de Forest	Sherman Hoyt.
Lucille	H. H. Landon	E. I. Lowe.

Sachem's Head Y. C.

Gloria	E. C. & R. B. Seward	E. C. Seward.
Kittywink	John J. Phelps	R. C. Lincoln.
Frances	R. C. Lincoln	John J. Phelps.
Midge	W. E. Peck	J. P. Bartholemew.
Senta	R. C. Mitchell	R. C. Mitchell.

The race was managed by a committee of three, each club selecting its representative, and they in turn choosing a third member, as referee. The Seawanhaka Club was represented by Mr. Allen E. Whitman, Secretary of the Race Committee of that club, and the Sachem's Head by Mr. Edward M. MacLellan, Chairman of the Race Committee of the Manhasset Bay Y. C., Com. A. P. Thayer, of the Huguenot Y. C., acting as referee. Rear-Com. Matheson, of the Seawanhaka Club, courteously placed Lavrock at the disposal of the committee, and invited those members of the Sachem's Head Club present aboard as his guests.

The boats sailed club course No. 3, off Oyster Bay, in the reverse direction, or from the starting line, near Centre Island buoy, two and one-half miles northeast by north, to and around a mark boat, thence two and one-quarter miles west, half south, to a second markboat, thence two miles south-southeast to starting line, all marks being left to port, and the course sailed twice around, a distance of thirteen and a half miles.

The time of starting was changed to 1 o'clock in the hope that the breeze might freshen, which it did, but not until the finish of the first round. The warning signal was given at 1 o'clock P. M., and the preparatory at 1:05, the start being at 1:10, with a light northeast breeze and exceptionally good, the boats being closely bunched at the line of the signal. The order of crossing was as follows: Marcia, Lucille, Midge Bobs, Gloria, Wyntje, Frances, Senta, Gowan, Kittywink.

All crossed on the starboard tack, several going about after crossing, in order to get a clear wind. Senta stood well in on the beach on this tack, and because of a strong flood tide weather-bowing her, fetched into last place. On the beat to the first mark, Lucille drew away rapidly from the others, and had a lead of forty seconds on Bobs, the second boat, at the mark. The Seawanhaka boats were the first five to round this mark, the first Sachem's Head craft around being Kittywink, who was one minute and thirty-five seconds behind Lucille. To the second mark it was a spinnaker run, during which Lucille bettered her lead on Bobs by fifty-five seconds. The relative positons of the other boats was not materially changed on either the second or third leg of the first round, the latter being close hauled.

As the boats approached the finish line, on the first round, a fresh southwesterly breeze could be seen coming out of Oyster Bay, and there was some question on the committee boat as to whether it would head the boats in the rear, before they could turn the mark. This, however, did not occur, although the last two boats had to pinch hard to lay their course.

The position of the boats at the finish of the first round follows:

Lucille	2 49 12	Kittywink	2 53 40
Gowan	2 51 31	Gloria	2 54 30
Wyntje	2 52 33	Midge	2 55 55
Marcia	2 53 30	Senta	2 56 17
Bobs	2 53 35	Frances	3 00 15

During the first round of the course there was a noticeable silence among the Sachem's Head people aboard the committee boat, which, however, was dissipated while the first leg of the second round was being sailed, especially when Senta, who had ninth place at the finish, again started for the beach, this time with lifted sheets, worked into the freshening breeze from the southwest and in spite of the best efforts of Marcia, with spinnaker set, walked through the fleet until almost in the lead, and might have reached that coveted position had not her spinnaker carried away aloft and going overboard got under her keel. A curious feature of this leg was, that while the two leading boats kept offshore and held the northeast wind close hauled to the first mark, the remainder of the fleet, though not a great distance astern, carried ballooners and in one instance a spinnaker, almost to the mark, which was rounded in the following order:

Gowan	3 33 57	Kittywink	3 42 35
Wyntje	3 35 40	Frances	3 42 48
Bobs	3 35 43	Midge	3 42 50
Gloria	3 36 43	Marcia	3 42 55
Lucille	3 42 25	Senta	3 43 10

It was a close reach to the second mark, with a freshening southwest breeze and the boats made a beautiful picture as they drove along, with their lee rails awash, and a beat to the finish, when, for the first time, the boats were well spread out, the majority standing to the westward and lee-bowing the tide, which had now begun to ebb. The first boat to finish was Gowan, well sailed by her owner, Mr. F. G. Stewart, and winning from Wyntje by 2m. 57s. The summary is as follows, course 13½ miles, starting signal at 1:10 P. M.:

Seawanhaka Boats.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Points.
Gowan, F. G. Stewart	4 31 33	3 21 33	10
Wyntje, Colgate Hoyt	4 34 30	3 24 30	9
Bobs, W. A. W. Stewart	4 35 00	3 25 00	8
Marcia, Johnston de Forest	4 38 50	3 28 50	6
Lucille, H. H. Landon	4 39 52	3 29 52	5
			38

Sachem's Head Boats.

Gloria, E. C. & R. B. Seward	4 35 27	3 25 27	7
Kittywink, J. J. Phelps	4 41 43	3 31 43	4
Frances, R. C. Lincoln	4 40 56	3 30 56	3
Midge, W. E. Peck	4 42 10	3 32 10	2
Senta, R. C. Mitchell	4 43 38	3 33 38	1
			17

The race was a most satisfactory one in all respects, and while the shift of wind on the second round somewhat altered the relative position of the boats, the advantage was with the Seawanhaka men, for the excellent reason that their boats were in better racing trim, and also because they handled their racing sails more smartly than their opponents. The general sentiment of the Sachem's Head skippers was, that while they regretted not having won the cup, they were very glad that they had come, for the reason that the race had shown where and how they could improve their boats, and by doing so, make a closer and even more interesting race for next year's cup.

The conditions under which the race was sailed did not make it possible that team work could be used to good advantage, except in the case of Marcia, sailed by Mr. Sherman Hoyt, who never missed an opportunity to avail himself of a chance to hold down a boat of the opposing club when it presented itself. It is to be regretted that there was not more chance for this work, which is often so telling in a race of the kind.

In view of the number of boats started in the race, it is a pleasure to record that there was not a single case of crowding on the line or at the marks, the best of feeling being shown and no disposition whatever to work the ragged edge of the rules. Both clubs are to be congratulated on the spirit of fair play shown throughout.

After the race, the Seawanhaka Club gave a dinner to those who had participated in the race, and if the informal speeches then made are to be taken as evidence, the race marks but the beginning of the interclub race idea, which cannot fail to be of inestimable value to the sport, for the good fellowship and the personal acquaintances thus formed. The cup, which becomes the property of the Seawanhaka Club, was on exhibition during the day.

An informal reception to the crews was given in the evening aboard the Aloha, by Com. James, and proved a fitting close to a day which will be remembered with pleasure by those taking part.

EDW. MENZIES MACLELLAN.

Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Friday, Sept. 12.

THE Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. gave prizes for special races between the two 70-footers Yankee and Rainbow, and the two sixties, Neola and Weetamoe, on Friday, Sept. 12.

The Regatta Committee was on board the steam yacht Lavrock. The preparatory signal was shown at 12:30. The course signalled was three miles north-northwest, then four miles east by north, one-half north, then southwest by south four and three-quarter miles, to be covered twice. The wind blew fresh from the south all through the race, although when the boats were on the last leg it worked around to the east somewhat.

At 12:35 Rainbow and Yankee started with the former in the lead, but Yankee was close on her weather quarter. Spinnaker booms were dropped to port, but the sails were not broken out, as the two boats had a luffing match. After getting well off their course, they squared away for the first mark and broke out their spinnakers. At this mark Rainbow led by 30s. It was a close reach to the second mark, and No. 1 jib topsails were carried. On the third leg, which was a beat, Rainbow drew ahead and crossed Yankee's bow. On the first leg of the second round Yankee caught Rainbow and passed her as they rounded the first mark. Yankee got the weather berth at the turn. She held her advantage up to the second mark. Owing to the shift of wind the third leg of the course was a long and a short one. Yankee crossed Rainbow's bow and had her under her lee up to the time they finished. Yankee won by 40s. The boats made very fast time over the course, and the race was very interesting throughout.

Neola and Weetamoe started at 11:40, with the former over half a minute ahead. After a short luffing match both broke out spinnakers to port and headed for the first mark. On the first leg Neola drew away from Weetamoe, but on the second leg conditions were reversed. On the windward work on the last leg Neola had Weetamoe under her lee all the way. On the second round Neola was 30s. ahead of Weetamoe at the first turn. On the second leg Weetamoe cut down Neola's lead to 20s., but on the windward work Neola, well sailed, kept her rival under her lee and won out by 1m. 49s.

The sixties sailed remarkably fast and had they been racing on time allowance with the 70-footers, both the bronze boats would have beaten them. The summary:

Sloops—Class II—Start, 12:35.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Yankee, J. R. Maxwell	3 05 18	2 30 18
Rainbow, C. Vanderbilt	3 05 58	2 30 58

Sloops—Class I—Start, 12:40.

Neola, G. M. Pynchon	3 19 26	2 39 26
Weetamoe, H. F. Lippitt	3 21 15	2 41 15

Vencedor and Vannena Series Races.

CHICAGO, LAKE MICHIGAN.

Thursday, Sept. 11.

One of the closest and most exciting races ever seen on Lake Michigan was the first of the series races between Vencedor and Vannena that was sailed on Thursday, Sept. 11.

The boats covered the Chicago Y. C.'s long course, and the start was made off the Van Buren street gap at 2 o'clock. The first leg was to the four-mile crib and the second to a mark off Jackson Park and then back to the starting line.

The wind was west by south, and the first leg was a spinnaker run. Vannena was first over the line with Vencedor close behind her, both boats broke out spinnakers immediately after crossing. Vannena rounded the first mark 20s. ahead of Vencedor. The second leg was a reach, and Vannena still held the lead. At the second mark she was 25s. ahead, having made a gain of 5s. on the second leg. From the second mark back to the finish line it was a close fetch, but the boats could lay their course. Vannena was still in the lead as the two boats neared the finish line, and was in the weather berth. When but a short distance from the finish line, not more than a hundred yards, Vencedor worked through Vannena's lee and finished a winner by 15s.

The boats raced without any time allowance, although according to the table used by the Lake Michigan Y. C., Vannena would have to allow Vencedor something over a minute.

The summary follows:

	First Mark.	Second Mark.	Finish.
Vencedor	2 30 10	2 57 10	3 38 13
Vannena	2 30 30	2 57 35	3 38 28

Saturday, Sept. 13.

The second race of the series between Vencedor and Vannena was sailed on Saturday, Sept. 13.

The course laid out was seven and one-half miles to leeward and return. The wind was light, varying from west to northwest.

Vencedor broke one of her peak halliard bands soon after starting and was forced to withdraw from the race. At the time of the accident there was a man on the gaff and he had a narrow escape from being badly hurt.

Vannena sailed over the course alone and accepted the race. This gives each boat a leg in the championship pennant, and the deciding race will be sailed on Saturday, Sept. 20.

Manhasset Bay Y. C's. Challenge Cup for the 30-foot Class.

The racing in the 30ft. class on Long Island Sound during the season of 1902 proved to be unusually keen and exciting. The boats in this class are of a good size for general racing, being large enough to have comfortable cabin accommodations and yet possess the great advantage of not being expensive craft to maintain.

The race committee of the Manhasset Bay Y. C. believing the class to be a good one and wishing to encourage competition between the boats, has decided to offer a $500 Challenge Cup to be competed for during the season of 1903. Mr. Edward M. MacLellan, chairman of the race committee, has issued the following circular:

The race committee begs to announce that the Manhasset Bay Y. C. will offer a Challenge Cup, to be raced for during the season of 1903, by what is known as the 30ft. sloop class.

The cup will cost $500.

The conditions to govern the races for the Challenge Cup and dates on which they will be sailed, will be announced as soon as the Long Island Sound racing schedule for 1903 is arranged, and it is definitely known whether or not any change will be made in the measurement rule of the Yacht Racing Association.

Match Race Between La Rita and Little Haste.

The match race that has just been arranged by the Columbia Y. C. of Chicago, between La Rita, the crack western boat, and Little Haste, the eastern champion, bids fair to be one of the most important events of the season. The races are to be sailed off Chicago on Sept. 26, 27 and 29.

The western representative, La Rita, won the Lipton Cup this year. She also took the Lake Michigan Y. A. pennant. At the present time she is ahead in the Columbia Y. C. Championship series. La Rita defeated the old Canada Cup trial boat Illinois in the race for the Thomas H. Webb cup on July 4. This cup is offered for all Lake Michigan cabin yachts from 18 to 30ft. waterline, sailed under time allowance.

The races between La Rita and Little Haste should arouse the yachting enthusiasm of western yachtsmen. The showing made by these boats in their respective waters this season indicates they are the champions of the East and West, and they are undoubtedly closely matched. Seamanship and handling will have much to do with the result of the races.

E. T. B.

Hull-Massachusetts Y. C.

HULL, MASS.

Saturday, Sept. 13.

THE last of the regular championship club races of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. was sailed off Hull on Saturday, Sept. 13, in fluky breezes varying from east to southwest. It was southeast and very strong before the start, but constantly grew lighter until, when the yachts were on the second round of the course, it had died to almsot a flat calm. It then backed to the eastward, giving the leading 25-footers an opportunity to finish just within the time limit. There was but one 21-footer, Chloris, and she failed to finish within the time limit. When it seemed that the 18-footers could not possibly finish within the time limit, the breeze hauled to southwest and sent them around flying, the first boat finishing fifty seconds inside the limit. As the knockabouts only sailed around the course once, they finished well within the limit.

Chewink II. was the windward boat in the start of the 25-footers. Sally VI. was just under her lee, and L'Aiglon was to leeward of all, but ahead. L'Aiglon led to the first mark, but on the beat to windward both Sally and Chewink passed her. At the end of this leg Sally had established a good lead, which she held to the finish. In the 18ft. knockabouts, Biza was first over the line to leeward. Ayaya was next, with Malillian on her weather quarter. Then came Gertrude, Nethla and Alcedo. Biza led all around the course, until the wind hauled to southwest, just before the finish, when Gertrude came up and passed her, winning by twenty seconds.

Sally VI. wins the championship of the club and the cup presented by Com. Boggs. Malillian wins the championship in the 18ft. knockabout class and the cup. Rooster II. and Chloris are very close for the championship in the 21-footers and the cup presented by Vice-Com. Boynton. Accordingly this class will race Saturday. The summary:

Class D—Y. R. A. 25-footers.

	Elapsed.
Sally VI., L. F. Percival	1 56 00
Chewink II., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	1 59 25
L'Aiglon, E. W. Hodgson	2 04 15

Class S—Y. R. A. 21-footers.

Gertrude, H. E. Lynch	2 35 10
Biza, Alfred Douglas	2 35 30
Ayaya, W. P. Keyes	2 37 45
Malillian, B. S. Permar	2 39 32
Nethla, Cole & Bacon	2 45 10
Alcedo, J. F. Linder	Withdrew.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Mr. Stanley M. Seaman has made the following transfers through his agency: The Burgess 40ft. sloop Nymph, owned by Mr. John Reilly, New Rochelle Y. C., has been chartered by Col. David E. Austin, of New York city. The Crowninshield designed raceabout Vagabond, owned by Mr. P. L. Howard, New Rochelle Y. C., has been sold to Mr. T. Alfred Vernon, of the Atlantic Y. C.

Mr. Hollis Burgess, the Boston yacht broker, has made the following transfers through his office: The 21ft. Buzzards Bay knockabout Amanita, owned by Louis Bacon, of Boston, sold to Joshua Crane, Jr., of Westwood, Mass.; the 15ft. Manchester half-rater Devil, owned by Dexter Rumsey, of Manchester, Mass., sold to Mark Hopkins, Jr., of Boston; the 45ft. center board sloop Frolic, owned by Theodore Cox, of New York, bought by Henry Crowell, of Newton Highlands, Mass.; the 62ft. steam yacht Eleanor, owned by George A. Binden, of Wakefield, Mass., chartered to the Manchester Y. C.; the 105ft. steam yacht Josephine, owned by Wm. H. Gwynne, of Cambridge, Mass., to the Boston Leather Associates; the speedy 114ft. Herreshoff steam yacht Clara, owned by Robert Bacon, of New York, chartered to Robert Winsor. The last mentioned charter was made in conjunction with Mr. Frank N. Tandy.

Captain William A. Andrews, who after making two successful passages across the Atlantic in small boats, and who attempted a third trip with his wife, has been declared legally dead by the courts. He sailed from Atlantic City with his wife in a 12ft. boat known as the Dark Secret for Palos, Spain, on Oct. 6, 1901, and has never been heard from.

The twin screw English-built steam yacht Candida, ex Cala Mara, has arrived at New York from Southampton by way of the Azores. The yacht has been purchased by Mr. H. Douglas, of New York, through the agency of Mr. A. J. McIntosh, from Captain S. H. Johnston-Stewart, of Glasgow. The yacht was designed and built by J. Reid & Co. at Glasgow in 1895. She is 141ft. between perpendiculars, 18.75ft. breadth and 9.5ft. deep.

Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt has purchased through the agency of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, the English built steam yacht Cherokee, from the estate of the late William Clark. Cherokee was built in 1893 by the Naval Construction and Armaments Co., now Vickers, Sons & Maxim, at Barrow-in-Furness, England, for Lord Ashburton, from designs by Mr. W. G. Storey. She was named the Venetia. Mr. Whittaker Wright, of Cowes, purchased the vessel in 1897 and changed her name to Sybarite. In the spring of 1901 she was sold to the late William Clark, who named her Cherokee. She is 233ft. over all, 219ft. 5in. on the water line, 29ft. 3in. inches beam and 18ft. 9in. deep. She is of steel, has two decks, is lighted with electricity and has six water tight bulkheads. Her engines are of the triple expansion type, with cylinders 21½in., 34in. and 36in. in diameter by 34in. stroke of piston.

At the annual meeting of the Northport Y. C. held on Saturday evening, Sept. 13, the following officers were elected: Commodore, John B. Morrell, of New York; Vice-Commodore, Charles A. Van Iderstine, of New York; Secretary, H. Davis Ackerly; Treasurer, Charles J. Pidgeon. Members of the Board of Trustees, Edward Thompson, Nathaniel S. Ackerly, Daniel P. Morse, John W. Hiltman and John J. Burton.

The New Seamanship.

As Exemplified in the Huge Seven-Master.

DOWN at Quincy Point, within the placid confines of the Fore River, lies the hull of the largest sailing vessel the world has yet seen. This vessel marks the culmination of a new era in wind-propelled vessels—or else the beginning of one whose extraordinary developments the imagination hesitates to reach out after. There be wise heads whose belief is that in a seven-master, 10,000-ton (displacement) schooner, with a carrying capacity of 8,000 tons, the type has reached its limit, and no further progress in size and number of masts is probable, and others prophesy that the development of the idea is only in its infancy and the sea-freighting of the world is yet to be done in vessels to which even this is but a pigmy. Only a little while ago people who failed to take the advice of the late lamented Hosea Biglow, "Don't prophesy onless ye know," were saying that the building of great steel steam freighters in the many magnificent shipyards the world over was sounding the doom of the large sailing ship, that great ocean cargoes were soon to be carried entirely in steamers, and that the old ships with their towering clouds of canvas were to live only in memory and the pages of romance. Now what do we see? The Fore River Engine Works, mammoth, modern, turns out side by side with a Government cruiser an equally enormous ship of steel for the carrying of coal, to be driven from port to port, not by mighty engines and triple screws, but by the same wind and clever trimming of sails and setting of keel to current that sent the Argonauts of old on their historic course.

Truly this ship, whether the alpha of an era or the omega of a type, is extraordinary among sailing vessels and on her to-day extraordinary weapons are at work. From the great powerhouse alongside come all sorts of occult forces, their work on board, controlled and directed by a hundred men, making a seeming pandemonium. The blows of the riveting machines within the hull blend in such rapidity that you cannot hear yourself shout. On the decks men hold a hose ending in a steel tube to the head of a cold chisel, and with it cut steel as if it were cheese, the chisel driving by the buzzing blows of a hammer concealed within the tube and vibrated by compressed air. On the wooden deck being laid above the steel one the calking irons are driven by the same wizard hammer, and one man calks as ten might without it. And out of it all grows the city, beautiful and stately, which is, after all, to be but a sailing ship, wind-driven and wave-tossed, as was the first little schooner launched at Gloucester early in the eighteenth century.

As this vessel marks the present summit of achievement in building sailing vessels, so she presents forcibly the new seamanship which her type has brought about. The old-time idea of a sailing ship culminated in the three-masted full-rigger. As the vessel of the Argonauts had but one mast with a single square sail hung from a cross yard, so the subsequent greater vessels grew on this model, adding more masts and more square sails until we have the great cargo ships of the last century. Many of them are extant to-day, with towering masts hung with five or six square sails to a mast, to say nothing of studding sails for light weather, staysails hung between the masts, and jibs, jib topsails, and flying jibs till one is bewildered with the number of sails and appalled at the number of men required to handle them. Then, I take it, some genius discovered that instead of having the yard hung to the mast by the middle, it worked better in a small boat with a single sail to hang it at the end, and have the sail swing by its edge from the mast. It made things one sided, but it was a splendid thing in tacking and beating. Thus we had the catboat rig, properly so called, because it is as quick as a cat in tacking. Somebody put a bowsprit and a jib on a catboat and behold, the sloop. Again an extra long sloop giving chance for second mast similarly rigged and we have the first schooner. Yet from the first two-masted schooner of two centuries ago to the many masted leviathan of to-day is a long look ahead and the change has come in the main within just a very few years.

Not until the time of the Civil War was so huge a schooner as a 300-tonner thought of, and it was not on the seven seas at all, but on the Great Lakes in the year 1850 that the first three master was built. Twenty years later the three-master had become the favorite rig of all schooners of above 150 tons or so. The growth from that time forward was steady, but slow, and it was not till 1880 that we had a four-master, and vessels of the schooner type began to run up into the 1,200 and 1,500 ton class. It was in 1889 that the experiment was carried still further. The demand was for greater tonnage, greater coal-carrying capacity, for coal seems to be the chief burden of the great schooner. Yet as the size of the vessel increases it is unwise to increase the size of single sails beyond a given point lest they be unwieldy. To get greater spread of canvas, therefore, another mast must be added and the Governor Ames, the first five-masted sailing vessel afloat, was built at Waldoboro, Me. There was much controversy as to the worth of the Ames, and it was not until about four years ago that the experiment was declared a success by other builders and followed by the John B. Prescott, a five-master with a capacity of 4,500 tons, and the Nathaniel Palmer. Two years later came two greater than these, the George W. Wells, and the Eleanor A. Percy, six-master, each with a capacity of about five thousand tons, and the only two in the world, and now two years later still we have the seven-master sliding off the ways.

Certain peculiarities in the handling of the two six-masters, however, showed that in them the limit of size in wood construction was reached. In sailing it was discovered that the six-masters were "tender," that is to say, the rise and fall of the seas under their great length made them wiggle and spring, their keelson not being rigid enough when built of wood, although of huge thickness, was re-enforced in every possible way. Hence the Lawson is built of steel, giving a rigid keelson, although a much slenderer one, all of which helps the carrying capacity. From the tip of her 85ft. bowsprit to her great stern, which lifts almost a half hundred feet out of water, 478ft. aft, and from her keel to her seven mastheads, 135ft. above it, she is practically all steel, the deck and cabin fittings and the 55ft. topmasts only being of wood. The names of the masts, by the way, are in order, fore, main, mizzen, spanker, jigger, driver and pusher.

With her nineteen sails set she will spread more than an acre of canvas to the wind and yet she carries or is to carry a crew of only sixteen men. The largest full riggers of the present day carry crews of thirty to forty men and it is obvious that the sixteen men of the Lawson could not handle her without special appliances, in the knowledge of the working of which comes the new seamanship.

The jovial "yeo-heave-ho," the rollicking sea chanty, and the tramp, tramp, of feet as the sailors hove her short at the capstan by main strength, is no longer heard in taking up the anchor. It could not well be, for each anchor of the seven-master will weigh 10,000lbs. and must be handled by grips of steel and the giant strength of steam. So the huge cable will grind in and out of the hawser hole to the puff of an engine with the power of forty horses throbbing in its heart, the touch of a man's hand on the throttle and lever being all the human agency required in its handling. Again in the hoisting and lowering of such great sails there is no more call for the watch to tally on the falls and "walk away up the deck with her" while the great gaff swings aloft or is dropped. Instead a valve is turned in the steam winch which sits at the foot of the mast, the drum revolves and with a man to "hold a turn" of the halliards on this the sail goes aloft with no strain except it be on the piston rod of the engines. So, too, in the steering. The steersman may watch the leach of the foresail indeed to see that he is giving her the proper "full and by" when beating to windward, but he will no longer be able to gauge the progress and point of his ship in a dark night by the feel of the straining seas on the rudder, as he might do in the old-time smaller ships that steered by hand. Instead he will stand with his hand on a little wheel that turns at a touch to starboard or to port and merely transmits his will to the engine whose pistons sway the great rudder to the right or to the left as the command comes through the mechanism. In the darkness of the night the steersman will have but to keep his eye on the needle and lubber mark on the compass and swing the 10,000 tons of his monster ship, by a touch of the finger.

The new seamanship is founded upon the old, indeed, but differs from it in the size of the forces which it handles and he methods used as much as the Yankee designed and built schooner differs in size and appearance from the old-time brig that was built in Liverpool and sailed from Southampton docks, differs almost as the modern great freight engine differs from a donkey cart. The romance of many men and little sails is swallowed up in the romance of enormous cargoes and mighty forces controlling them under the guidance of a few. And it is a romance incomparably greater. To feel thus, you have but to stand on the stern of the Lawson and look forward along her mighty deck, see the sheer of her hull sweep upward and forward till the forecastle deck marks its culmination. Already she is no more a structure of steel, but a living creature of the sea, harnessed by man, to be sure, to do his bidding, but to do it with a stateliness, a grace and a dignity that is matched by no other creation of his hand.

"The days of the large sailing ship are numbered; steam is to take its place," said the unwise prophets of a few years ago. Now we see steam added to the sailing ships merely to assist in the handling of them, that they may be larger, and drive a still greater hull than would be otherwise possible. Yet in view of the great increase in number and size of schooners, one is tempted to prophesy with like rashness that the days of the square-rigger are numbered. Capital works always in the direction of economy. If it finds, as it must, that the schooner type will carry as great a cargo, with a crew one-third as large, and other expenses no greater, it is obvious that it will in the future employ the schooner. To-day in the waters of Massachusetts Bay, a full-rigged ship is rare enough to cause comment from those who look from the land. The schooner is more easily handled by fewer men, may be handled more quickly in a given maneuver, and though in sailing directly before the wind, where many of her sails would blanket one another, she may not be so speedy as the ship with square yards, yet on any given voyage of much duration she would come in ahead because of her superior speed in reaching and tacking.

There may be a limit to the size of schooners, but it is doubtful if we have approached it yet. The first four-master came about almost by accident. The hull was intended for a very large three-master, but it was found that to supply the proper sail area three masts would be very large and the sails unwieldy, so a fourth mast was added as an afterthought. The first five-master was deemed an unwise experiment by many builders, and was not duplicated for a decade. Now we have a seven-master and there is little doubt that though most of our harbors will not admit vessels drawing greater depth than this, there is room in them for vessels still longer, and no reason why an eighth or a tenth mast might not give the ship still greater length and coal carrying capacity. Indeed, the problem of handling these great vessels is not so much the matter of entering harbors, for in many coastwise ports the big six-masters already in commission sail directly to the dock, and in others where it is not wise to attempt this, tugs meet them outside and tow or push them in; the trouble will come in the open sea. The addition of each new mast seems to bring an added problem in the matter of handling the ship. Thus the five-master has ways that are new and tricks that are vain which never confronted the captain of the three-master, and these are to be learned only by actual handling. Captain Crowley, who is to be the master of the Lawson, well knows this. He has grown up with the schooner type, and has handled each additional mast as it came into use. Yet he sees no reason why the seven-master, when her little ways are once learned, should not be handled as well as the smaller ships.

Within a few weeks the Thomas W. Lawson will be spreading her acre of canvas to the breezes of Massachusetts Bay, and her skipper will be face to face with the latest conundrum of the sailor man's world, and the half of the world that goes down to the sea in ships and

does business in great waters looks on with intense interest in this latest and greatest venture in the new seamanship.—Winthrop Packard in Boston Evening Transcript.

Canoeing.

A Delaware River Cruise.

THIS cruise really began at Deposit, N. Y., but for the benefit of other canoeists who may wish to make a similar voyage, it should be said that the first start was made from the Knickerbocker Canoe Club house, at the foot of West One Hundred and Fifty-second street, this city, on a windy July morning at the commencement of the ebb tide. The distance to the Pavonia ferry in Jersey City is upward of ten miles, no doubt, but while there is no little dodging of tugs and ferry boats in the lower river, it is a safe and pleasant trip withal. The first slip above the Pavonia ferry is the one to enter. It is long, but at its head the bulkhead is low, and I found no difficulty in getting canoe and duffle ashore and into the baggage room of the Erie Railway, just down the slip, where everything was held safely for me until the following morning, when I helped stow the canoe and duffle in the baggage car of the 9:30 train, while our party took the earlier train, arriving in Deposit an hour ahead of the canoe, so that we had ample time to purchase supplies and make all arrangements for getting away at once. There were three of us. The most important member was the little daughter, who, while but fourteen months of age, has had a varied experience in canoeing; her mother, the Mate; and the Skipper.

The railway station in Deposit is a half-mile from the West Branch of the Delaware, but a truckman was found who, when the train arrived, took our outfit to the riverside below a little dam, where we pushed off after 4 o'clock.

Out of the first four rifts I had to wade two shallow ones, and then a shady place on the Pennsylvania shore reminded us we were weary and in no hurry, so we made camp beside a spring where the lilies and daisies were blooming luxuriantly. The sky was blue and great white clouds drifted lazily about. Westward the mountains rose high above the valley, their slopes clothed with chestnuts or dotted with fields of hay. That evening Mount Deposit was made luminous by an electrical storm, though no rain fell.

The vapor stove refused to perform its duties the next morning. It was coaxed, petted, abused, all to no purpose, and in the end a wood fire was resorted to. And while we ate breakfast the sun came over the Delaware county hills, the catbirds and robins caroled among the pines and lindens and a gray squirrel watched us from a nearby stump. All was fair and lovely on this morning of our first vacation in many moons, and the fact that there was nothing to hurry for seemed too good to be true. While the little girl took a nap we angled and paddled along shore under the willows, where we found the spawning bed of some large fish, with its eggs just visible in the murky water kicked up by the parent fish in its haste to avoid us. That accounted for the commotion in the water we had seen and heard now and then. We were discovered by two parties. One was managed by "Ma," as a pretty girl in a blue frock called her, and who informed us they had lunched on black bass and wanted me to "take a snap shot" at them as they rowed by; the other consisted of three small boys who took great interest in the canoe and the bass rods, but who could hardly believe that the air beds did not contain hay, as they supposed.

Early morning of the third day found us threading the passages among the many islands, and as these became more numerous, the water grew shallower, so that I waded seven of the first eleven rifts, and in a few the Mate also joined me among the boulders. But these little passages are lovely, and one should go slowly, to thoroughly enjoy the beauty of the ever-changing view of hill and stream. The vegetation is rank and green. Willows and coarse water grasses border the waterways, and flowers are everywhere, including water lilies. Now and then a muskrat stopped a moment to watch us, and once a mink, swimming across stream, was so startled on finding the strange craft near it that it seemed undecided what to do for a moment, then lost no time in gaining shelter. Woodchucks and squirrels were seen frequently. The rift at Hale's Eddy bridge is very shallow, but the channel is near the western shore. We ran two others that were strewn with huge rocks, between which there was little room to pass; and one that was shaped like the letter S, where hard bumps were unavoidable. After passing the islands we found shelter from the showers under a great elm tree, where lunch was prepared. We counted twenty-seven rifts that morning. One of the next four rifts had a nasty drop among boulders, but we passed it safely. About a mile above Hancock we got on the wrong side of the first rapid worthy the name we had encountered, and there was nothing for it but to let the canoe down to the pool below, as there was not sufficient water on the brink of the falls to float all hands. A rift was ahead which was wide, shallow and nasty, and many hard bumps resulted. There the river turns sharply to the left beneath high cliffs, and in a few moments we were running the swiftest rift so far—deep but dotted with jagged stones and boulders, some of which left their marks on Nomad's garboards, and on one of them we struck so hard that getting off was very difficult, and for a time it seemed a question whether my good maple blade would hold us straight or would break and let Nomad swing round broadside; but the Mate saved the day and we swung off at last.

Hancock lies on low ground between the East and West branches of the Delaware, but below the village a mountain stands out alone, like a sign post marking the parting of the ways. We came to a sudden stop at the foot of a shoal, where there was only water enough to float the canoe and its little passenger, who was then asleep. Three more shallows marked the next hundred yards, and we gladly emerged from the West Branch and entered the Delaware River with a rush that carried the canoe ashore in an eddy that described a compound curve. The clouds were pouring along the mountains, black and threatening. Tall pine trees on one of a group of islands promised shelter, and avoiding a rift in the main channel, we found the lower end of the largest island covered with tall pines, and a high, dry spot under these was selected for the tent. We were tired and ached all over from the cold wind and the icy water, and turned in early. That day we ran or waded forty-six rifts, and fifty all told.

Saturday dawned black and cold, with a penetrating east wind. So low were the clouds that the mountains were only partly visible at times. Rain fell in heavy showers all day. One storm came from the east, another from the south, and a third poured down the western hills. In foraging about I found a great heap of driftwood near camp, so it was easy to keep a comfortable fire going under the pines, as there were dry yellow pine puncheons and planks with which to feed it. There was a terrific thunderstorm during the night, and in the morning we were enveloped in clouds. The river had risen four or five feet. The cockpit of Nomad is about 5½ft. by 18in., but enough rain fell in it to fill it to a depth of 3in. And it was a juicy day, as the Chinaman said. We were fortunate in having a very snug and dry conical tent with a heavy floor cloth; blowbeds, waterproof garments, and changes of woolen clothing. A heavy double and two army blankets were none too warm. And while sitting in the tent was monotonous for the baby, she was kept dry and warm and took no cold. Dinner that evening was eaten between showers under the pines. It was not comfortable, this looking forward to more rain and flood water during the night, but it was better to keep dry where we were than to make camp anew in the rain, on the mainland.

Under the pall of clouds on Monday morning we beheld a raging torrent of yellow water, bearing on its surface railway ties, trees and lumber. It was well the island was high, for when I placed the 7ft. steel bass rod on a level with the tent and let the line run out until it touched the water, the distance was less than the length of the rod. Other islands were partly or wholly submerged. There was no desirable camp site on the western shore, and while there was high, level ground near the railway tracks on the eastern side, a frame camp was there, and in it seven or eight young fellows who were waiting for better fishing conditions, and making day and night hideous with their horse play meanwhile. That morning the wind hauled into sou'sou'west, and the sun came out. Every available line was hurriedly bent on the trees, and everything hung out to dry—even the tent and the pine needles under it were sunned. It was then that we realized the full value of the blowbeds, for while the covers got damp underneath, otherwise our beds remained dry. They were put out, too, and on them the little girl fell asleep while the blessed sunbeams played about her head. After noon the wind went into the west and rain fell heavily for two hours, but we laughed this time, for everything in the tent was dry again. Dusk found the wind in the east, but the sky cleared somewhat, the bullfrogs, whippoorwills and even the moon took courage, and a certain frog, clad in brown and green, which came round when the lantern was alight, hopped squarely into the fire as we sat beside it, but jumped out so hastily that it cleared the bank and disappeared in the flood.

Two great bald eagles rose from the trees along the Pennsylvania shore as we rushed down the first long rift one morning, and they circled quite near for a time. We lost all count of rifts, so deep were the minor ones buried under the flood, but we knew the others, where the incline was great and the waves rough. In these the sensation was akin to that of coasting on a toboggan, so swift was the speed when the single blades were in motion, to maintain steerage way. There was a peculiar lifting and falling of the boat, while she also rocked from side to side, imparting to one a sensation totally unlike that of riding long swells at sea. At the Stockport postoffice we asked for mail and eggs. Further on we ran a rapid worthy in every way of that name. In and out, round one mountain, then another, always passing masses of beautiful ferns and blooming laurel, and we glided down a long incline where the Delaware turns an angle so sharp as to form a dead water, into which Equinunk Creek debouches. Equinunk is a typical mountain village, and as I plodded up the muddy road, past the tavern and its horse sheds, it was easy to fancy the scenes taking place there on election day, when the place swarms with mountaineers and tanglefoot whisky is king. Of the three stores on the hill I chose the larger one, at the sign of the farming implements. A young woman well posted on local subjects gave me some trustworthy information while she tied up sundry parcels. Fresh bread, she told me, could be obtained across the way, at Joshua Pine's, whose wrapping paper was covered with a statement that he kept a full line of boots, rubbers, horse feed, phosphate, wool and cotton goods, butter, hosiery, eggs, mittens, flour, cracked corn and many other things. He did. Entering, I walked down a long aisle lined with dress goods and gewgaws. No one appeared. I turned up another aisle and had reached the door on that side before I discovered Joshua Pine himself, seated behind a high counter, gazing at me stolidly, his gray eyes glinting dully in a mass of black hair and beard. He supplied my wants, remarking meanwhile, "It is sour weather we are having." He spoke truly. And it was some satisfaction to hear from him that there had been a cloudburst "up the Equinunk" that morning, while we had missed it. Joshua was fortunate in that he had never until that morning heard of a certain biscuit which has been advertised the length and breadth of this land, at an expense of many thousands of dollars.

We dropped down to Lordville. Midway of the two villages there is a semi-island on the New York side which is high, dry, shady, and an ideal camping place for canoeists. The most picturesque spot we had seen was at Bush, where a cliff overhangs the railway, and from its summit, perhaps 500ft. above the river, a goodly creek pours down from ledge to ledge. Its course is clean cut through the pines, as if an engineer had planned it all. Long Eddy is well named. We loafed along its laurel-clad banks in company with a little brown crane. The baby was sleeping on her air cushion when a stop was made under a cluster of beech trees opposite Long Eddy village to avoid a shower. There was perfect shelter, and advantage was taken of it to eat lunch.

The incline of the rift at this village seemed fully ten per cent. for upward of a mile. We chose the eastern side, but at one point passed over a submerged island in less than a foot of water, but did not ground. At Basket Creek, a pretty trout stream in Sullivan county, the first rowboat worthy the name was seen. Crooked Rift is a long shoal, filled with boulders and willows, and commands respect. There were fields on the Pennsylvania side, and as a storm was brewing, we hugged that shore until a grassy bank near the water's edge struck the Mate's fancy, and in reconnoitering we dubbed it Butternut Camp, after the trees which shaded it.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM. *Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?*

Amendments to Constitution of A. C. A.

IN accordance with Article 12 of the Constitution of the American Canoe Association, notice is hereby given that at the next meeting of the Executive Committee thereof, the following amendments to the Constitution will be proposed for action:

Amend Article V., Sec. 1, by striking out "Librarian-Custodian" from third line.

Amend Sec. 2, by striking out all after the word "The" in the ninth line.

Amend Article VI., Sec. 5, by adding after "appropriated" in the sixth line the words, "They shall receive and hold in trust all moneys received from Life Memberships which shall be known as 'Life Membership Permanent Fund,' deposit, invest, or make such other disposition of the same as they shall deem best and pay the interest or earnings thereof over to the Secretary-Treasurer of the Association on or before Aug. 1 in each year. The principal of the 'Life Membership Permanent Fund' shall not be expended except by a four-fifths vote of the Executive Committee concurred in by a like vote of the Board of Governors." (The rest of the section to remain as it is.)

Amend Article IX., Sec. 2, by adding after the eighth line, "They shall also forward the Board of Governors immediately on its receipt, the amount of any money received in payment for a Life Membership." (The rest of the section to remain as it is.)

To Article VI., of the Constitution, add additional sections as follows:

Section 9.—Racing Board—Each Division in its proper turn at its annual meeting shall elect in the same manner as its regular officers, one member of that Division to serve on the Racing Board of the Association for a term of three years, or until his successor is elected. The Commodore shall be a member ex-officio, but in case of a tie, he shall not vote.

Section 10.—Duties—It shall be the duty of the Racing Board to hold a stated meeting during the annual meeting of the Association in August, and at the annual meeting of the Executive Committee in October, but special meetings may be held at any other times and places at the call of the chairman, to select at the annual stated meeting in October a chairman and clerk, whose duties shall be as in other organizations. They shall revise and amend the present racing regulations of the Association and shall from time to time make such changes therein as they shall deem best for the interests of the Association, but no amendments to the racing regulations shall be valid unless such amendments in general terms have been published in one of the official organs of the Association for at least two weeks prior to any stated meeting of the Racing Board.

At all meetings of the Racing Board three shall be necessary to make a quorum, but in the event of the absence of any member, the Executive Committee of the same Division from which he comes, may select any other member of the Association to represent him during his disability only, and in the event of a vacancy occurring, the same shall be filled for the unexpired term in the same manner as for the full term.

Notice is also given in the same manner that the following amendments will be proposed to the By-Laws:

Chapter I.—Section 2—After the second line on page 22, add "An active member in good standing may commute his annual dues for life by paying to the purser of his Division, the sum of fifteen dollars." (The rest of the section to remain as it is.)

Amend Chapter IX. by substituting "three" for two in sub-division eight.

Notice is also given in accordance with Rule 23 of the Racing Regulations that the following amendments will be made:

Amend Rule 23 so as to read: "These rules may be amended by a vote of a majority of the Racing Board of the Association, notice of such change having been given in the official organs at least two weeks before the vote of the Racing Board is taken thereon."

R. J. WILKIN, A. C. A., No. 47.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

The Strength of Rifle Barrels.

IN your remarks on this subject on Aug. 30 there is much that every gun maker who aspires to do more than copy designs of others ought to know, and as the barrel of the gun is the most important part, so is it essential that all relating to it should be thoroughly understood. It is a subject by no means exhausted. On the contrary, there is room for improvement in various directions, and the most important of these is the safety of breechloading arms taken in connection with the ammunition intended to be used with them. The correspondence now proceeding in your paper on cordite high power rifles supplies a striking illustration. A rifle maker of repute seriously states that the cordite rifle, made by him is designed as to dimension and material to withstand a chamber pressure of 75 tons per square inch, and that the steel

will stand a pull of 50 tons per square inch before breaking. This statement is directly opposed to the well established fact that in the case of a free tube, namely, one not under pressure externally, the bursting force must always be less than the tensile strength of the metal. It is impossible with a 50-ton steel to make a tube, however thick, that will not yield under a bursting pressure of even 50 tons. Furthermore, if the elastic limit, more correctly styled the yield point, be 30 tons, which is practicable, the process of yie ding will commence before the gas pressure reaches that amount. This yielding will not be much when the same pressure is again applied, but the tube or chamber will be by so much permanently enlarged. The manner in which steel acts under tensile stress is often misunderstood, and is not correctly stated in the fourth paragraph of your article, as also at the end of the fourth paragraph of article on same page headed "Cordite High Power Rifles," where the writer says:

"The elastic limit is the point at which steel ceases to be rigid under tension and begins to elongate, and the maximum stress is the stage of tension at which steel ceases to be able to recover its original form after the tension is removed."

This is not so. Steel is an elastic body, and is never rigid under tension. It begins to elongate as soon as tension is applied, and as the force of the pull increases it lengthens in some proportion up to a certain limit. If the pull ceases it returns almost to its original length, so long as the force applied has not exceeded this limit, which varies with the kind of steel and with the heat treatment it has undergone. When the limit of nearly uniform temporary elongation has been reached a sudden increase of the rate of elongation occurs. The molecular arrangement is strained, and the steel, on the pull being relaxed, does not spring back, but is permanently elongated. With certain steels and certain states of others the elastic limit is not arrived at until the pull has reached 30, or even more, tons per square inch, but the same piece will stretch at an increased rate after the yield point has been passed, and continue to do so for 20 or more additional tons of pull, until the breaking point is near. The resistance then rapidly ceases and the bar breaks. The stress indicated by the testing machine just before fracture is the ultimate breaking stress, in this case 50 tons or more, whereas the elastic limit is only 30 tons.

It is not advisable to be satisfied in designing any steel work to provide strength equalling the working stress or the proof stress. A factor of safety is necessary, and in rifle barrels the unknown stress that they may be subjected to at a proof house renders it necessary to leave a large margin of strength. This cannot be attained by merely adding to thickness and using ordinary steel. A special steel is required having three qualities combined, namely, high elastic limit (stiffness), good elongation (toughness), and a high ultimate stress (strength). The method of attaining this cannot be discussed in a communication of length suited to your columns.

The following method of testing whether a gun barrel in the first machined state possesses the necessary qualities was originated by me in 1896, and has proved most useful. The ordinary method in the case of small arms is to test the bars from which barrels are to be forged by pulling in a powerful testing machine specimens having an acting length of 6in. and diameter that corresponds with a sectional area of one-sixth of a square inch. These are cut necessarily the long ways of the bar. The heat treatment in forging and annealing barrels may seriously affect these qualities, and it is evident no tensile testing can be applied to the finished barrel. My procedure is to leave so much extra length on the breech end of the tubes when forged that a disk a quarter of an inch thick can be cut off; from this a piece can be cut tangential to the hole, and long enough to give a test piece with screwed ends ¼in. in diameter and an acting length between them of .6in. in length and .1756 in diameter, giving a cross section of one-sixtieth of a square inch; in fact, the dimensions of the large test piece divided by ten. A trial was made to determine whether the results of testing pieces so small would agree with the large tests. In 1897 Messrs. Kirkaldy & Sons made numerous tests for me of such pieces with the scrupulous accuracy characteristic of all they undertake. A comparison of the results with those given by the larger test pieces proved that they were substantially the same. The Webley & Scott Arms Co. adopted this method with success, using a two-ton machine to do the work, and have found the system very useful.—John Rigby, in Field (London).

The Palma Trophy.

THIS emblem of international skill drifted further away from American possession than it did last year, for at Ottawa, Canada, where the long range international contest took place last week, the British team came out of the contest victorious. Hereafter American teams will need to journey across the Atlantic Ocean at such times as they seek to regain possession of it.

There were three teams in the contest this year, the Canadians, who were possessors and defenders; the Americans, and the British.

In the first stages of the contest, at 800yds., the Americans held the lead, and victory seemed to lean reasonably in their favor, for they led the British team by 22 points and the Canadian team by 42 points. At the next longest range, 900yds., the British team took the lead by 12 points, having made up all the lost ground of the shorter range. The Canadian team was hopelessly behind.

At the last and longest range, 1,000yds., the British and American teams tied, so that the British were victorious over the Americans by the 12 points to the good made at the 900yd. range, the scores being: British, 1459; American, 1447; Canadian, 1373.

The next, and succeeding, contests for the Palma trophy, if it is not captured by teams representing other nations, will be held at Bisley, England, next year. This will impose a much greater expenditure of money to meet expenses, and the patriotic generosity of Americans may be called upon to supply the needed amount.

The personnel of the British team was as follows: Lieut.-Col. T. Lamb, South Lancashire Regiment.; Arm.-Sergt. J. H. Scott, Border Rifles; Staff-Sergt. J. Fraser, 1st Banff. R. G. A.; Arm.-Sergt. J. E. Martin, 5th V. B. Highland Light Infantry; Corp. H. Ommundsen, Queen's Edinburgh; Color-Sergt. Lawrence, 1st Dumbarton; Corp. A. Paterson, 3d V. B., Seaforth Highlanders; Color-Sergt. W. T. Davies, 3d Glamorgan.

The Canadian team:

Capt. R. J. Davidson, 8th R. R. Quebec; Capt. T. Mitchell, Toronto; Lieut. Gilchrist, 1st B. F. A., Guelph; Staff-Sergt. McVittie, 48th Highlanders, Toronto; Staff-Sergt. Simpson and Pvt. Armstrong, 10th Royal Grenadiers, Toronto; Staff-Sergt. Skedden, 13th Hamilton; Pvt. C. S. Scott, 43d Ottawa.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 7.—The Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club's regular shoot was as follows, Columbia target, off-hand:

Two hundred yard range, rifle, 10 shots: Ed. Hovey 60, 72, 73; G. Mannel 67, 73, 79; A. H. Cady 69, 77, 82; Dr. Twist 100, 113, 129.

Three-shot match: G. Mannel 7; W. G. Hoffmann 14, 15, 20; F. O. Young 15.

Military and repeating rifle, Creedmoor count: Ed. Hovey 48, 47, 47; Knostman 38, 37, 36, 36.

Firty-yard range, pistol: Dr. H. W. Hunsaker, 40; F. O. Young 45, 45; Mrs. G. Mannel 57, 60, 61, 68, 77; R. Schneider 63, 73; L. C. Gimmel 67, 70, 75; E. A. Allen 77, 93; Mrs. Waltham 79, 79, 89, 100; G. Mannel 70.

Revolver: F. O. Young 54, 57, 60, 61.

.22 and .25cal. rifle match: W. G. Hoffman 18, 19, 24, 24, 26, 27; H. Kroeckel 19, 21, 22, 22, 23, 23; C. M. Daiss 21, 21, 21, 22, 24, 27, 28, 29; Dr. Twist 25, 28; E. A. Allen 40, 36, 39; L. C. Gimmel 36, 43; Magnin 73, 75.

A. H. Pape, our champion rifle shot, won all first prizes at the last Schuetzen prize shoot as follows: $25 for most points (308); $25 for best center (.062in.); $20 premium in five; $5 tickets best center to win; $10 premium for most 3in. bullseyes in 30 shots making 12; $2.50 for last bullseye.

FRED. O. YOUNG, Sec'y.

International Rifle Match.

NEW YORK, Sept. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Re the Palma. The scores made by competitors for place on Canadian team were simply wonderful. The best eight exceeded by many points the score of the Irish team last year, with their match rifles.

Our team cannot be beaten unless it is by the coach.

At Sea Girt, last year, in the International matches, the coach sat behind the shooter and "ordered" him what to do. This reduced the skill of the team to the ability of two men. The official coaches this year are Hayes and Scott.

I do not think Hayes ever shot a long range match; albeit he is very skillful at the short ranges. Scott did some good work in the old days of twenty years ago, but was low man on the team last year, and made, I believe, less than an average of outers on the Wimbleton cup this year.

The change of temperature from the very warm weather we had here last week may prove a serious stumbling block, as the variations of elevation will be greater. FRANK HYDE.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—At the regular meeting of this association on Aug. 31 the following scores were made on 25-ring target, 200 yards: weather clear, steady 3 o'clock wind:

						Honor.
Gindele	232	218	212	211	211	20 22 23—65
Strickmeier	223	219	216	215	204	24 22 24—70
Payne	218	217	215	214	214	21 23 22—66
Nestler	218	210	208	207	203	15 25 19—59
Wounstine	215	198	197	188	177	18 20 25—63
Hasenzahl	214	212	211	209	204	24 20 22—66
Odell	212	208	208	201	195	19 21 18—58
Hofman	211	208	192	190	189	23 18 13—54
V Lux	207	205	200	191	199	16 20 24—60
Freitag	205	174	172	172	166	.. .. ..
Hofer	203	201	184	186	182	22 20 19—61
Jonscher	199	197	196	191	185	19 24 16—59
Roberts	197	186	184	176	168	19 17 21—57
Drube	195	195	189	188	187	20 22 18—60
Bruns	192	185	184	161	..	22 20 21—63
Topf	183	162	155	159	150	14 15 17—46
J Lux	215	209	208	205	204	.. .. ..

The Laflin & Rand Powder Company, New York city, has issued a work which embodies the useful properties of record and reference. It contains forty targets and scoring sheets, which can be used for first, second or third class targets, with places for recording elevation, wind gauge, clock, light, flags, notes, and for date, range, elevation, time, thermometer, barometer, rifle, powder, bullet, position. There also is an article by Dr. W. G. Hudson on "Notes on the Sight of the U. S. .30-Caliber Magazine Rifle," points for beginners and an article on loading and reloading.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

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

Sept. 18-19.—Iowa Falls, Ia.—Annual amateur target tournament of the Iowa Falls Gun Club.

Sept. 20.—McKeesport, Pa.—Enterprise Gun Club's tournament.

Sept. 20.—Silver Lake, S. I.—Shoot of the Richmond Gun Club. Main event, 50 targets, handicap, $1 entrance, for $10 gold piece. Albert A. Schoverling, Sec'y, New Brighton, S. I.

Sept. 21.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Shoot of the Fulton Gun Club; merchandise events. Albert A. Schoverling, Sec'y.

Sept. 23-24.—Concordia, Kan.—Second annual tournament of the Concordia Blue Ribbon Gun Club.

Sept. 23-25.—Cincinnati, O.—Second annual handicap target tournament of the Cincinnati Gun Club. Charles F. Dreihs, Sec'y.

Sept. 24.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Tournament of the Brooklyn Gun Club, commencing at 1 o'clock; $17.50 in gold for high averages; Enfield street, near Liberty avenue. John S. Wright, Mgr.

Sept. 24-25.—Taylorville, Ill.—Taylorville Gun Club's tournament.

Sept. 25-26.—Streator, Ill.—Streator Gun Club's target tournament.

Sept. 26-27.—Matthews, Ind.—Second annual target and live-bird tournament.

Sept. 27.—Middletown, N. Y.—Open shoot of the Middletown Gun Club. Russell M. Vernon, Sec'y-Treas.

Sept. 29-30.—Lewistown, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Lewistown Gun Club. H. H. McComber, Sec'y.

Oct. 1-2.—Fostoria, O.—Fostoria Gun Club's target tournament; $100 added; first day open to all; second day, merchandise handicap. W. R. Alspach, Ass't Sec'y.

Oct. 1-2.—Austerlitz, Ky.—Hill Top Gun Club's tournament.

Oct. 1-2.—Union City, Ind.—Fall tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club. O. E. Fouts, Sec'y.

Oct. 1-2.—Austerlitz, Ky.—Hill Top Gun Club's live-bird tournament. Alfred Clay, Sec'y.

Oct. 1-2.—Union City, Ind.—Parent Grove Gun Club's fall tournament. O. E. Fouts, Sec'y.

Oct. 1-2.—Allegheny, Pa.—Two-day target tournament of the Northside Gun Club; $100 added money. I. W. Morrow, Sec'y.

Oct. 2.—Rittersville, Pa.—Target tournament of the Lehigh Rod and Gun Club of the Bethlehems.

Oct. 6.—New Paris, O.—One-day tournament of the Peters Gun Club. G. L. Lyne, Sec'y.

Oct. 3-4.—Louisville, Ky.—Jefferson County Gun Club's tournament.

Oct. 7-8.—Greenville, O.—Handicap tournament of the Greenville Gun Club. H. A. McCaughey, Sec'y.

Oct. 9-10.—Irwin, Pa.—Irwin Game and Gun Club's tournament.

Oct. 9-10.—Fort Wayne, Ind.—Annual target tournament of the East End Gun Club. F. W. Leidelf, Sec'y.

Oct. 15-16.—New London, Ia.—Sixth annual tournament of the New London Gun Club. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.

Oct. 15-16.—Springfield, O.—Springfield Gun Club's tournament. B. F. Downs, Capt.

Oct. 21-22.—Kenton, O.—Second annual fall tournament of the Kenton Gun Club; $75 or more added money. K. P. Johnson, Sec'y-Treas.

Oct. 21-22.—Sistersville, W. Va.—Sistersville Gun Club's target tournament.

Oct. 24-26.—Bisbee, Ariz.—Tenth annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association. M. J. Cunningham, Sec'y.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's target shoot, every Saturday afternoon until October. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

First Saturday of each month for a year, Burnside.—Contest for the Troisdorf live-bird and target medals; 10 live birds; 25 targets; open to all. First contest, March 1.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

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

The Kenton (O.) Gun Club announces a target tournament, to be held on Oct. 21 and 22. Entry fee each day, $20; a total of 200 targets in the day's events. Added money, $75. In the 15-target events, the purses will be divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent.; 20 and 25 target events, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. The club publishes further information as follows. "The last event each day will be at 25 targets, and to this event the first day is added $25 for the benefit only of those who have shot the entire programme of that day. To the last event of the second day is added $40 for the benefit only of those who have shot the entire programme that day. There will be no high averages, but this division of the purse and the added money will insure a large number of shooters in every event, and the high guns should be satisfied with what they have won, and the low gun will have a chance to the end to play even. All known 90 per cent. men—and we know them all—and manufacturers' agents barred from participating in purses, but they are invited to shoot for a high average of $10. Shooting commences promptly at 9 A. M. Write K. P. Johnson, secretary committee in charge."

Mr. Russell M. Vernon, secretary-treasurer of the Middletown Gun Club, Middletown, N. Y., writes us as follows: "An open shoot will be held by our club on Saturday, Sept. 27. Targets from both the magautrap and experts. The Wanderers are expected to be present. All shooters are invited."

The Hill Top Gun Club's programme of its annual fall live-pigeon tournament, Oct. 1 and 2, is now ready for distribution, and may be obtained of the secretary, G. W. Clay, Austerlitz, Ky. This tournament will be under the management of the Clay Brothers and J. Q. Ward. Shooting will commence at 9 o'clock. At 10 o'clock, Oct. 1, the Hill Top Handicap, 50 pigeons, $20 entrance, birds extra, class shooting, all surplus added, $250 guaranteed, will commence. On the second day, the Hill Top Handicap, if unfinished, will be continued. Other matches will be shot according to the desire of the shooters. Boundary, 33yds. Dogs will do the retrieving. Competition is open to the world. Interstate rules will govern. Handicaps 25 to 33yds. Guns and ammunition sent to the secretary will be delivered on the grounds free. Visiting shooters should stop at Paris, Ky., where carriages will take them at 8 o'clock A. M. from the hotel to the grounds, an eight-mile drive, at the expense of the club.

The Lehigh Rod and Gun Club of the Bethlehems, announces a one-day target tournament to be held at the club grounds, Manhattan Park, Rittersville, Pa., Oct. 2, situated halt way between Allentown and Bethlehem. On the programme there are ten regular and one special merchandise event, the latter at 25 targets, $2 entrance, handicaps made according to the percentages made in the regular events. Total entrance in the ten regular events, $11.50. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock. Class shooting. Targets, 2 cents, of which one-half cent per target will be set aside for first, second and third high guns, shooting through the programme events. Experts and manufacturers' agents may shoot for targets only. Ship shells and ammunition to D. S. Daudt, 22 West Third street, South Bethlehem, Pa. The members of the tournament committee are Messrs. D. S. Daudt, Isaac Hahn, C. N. Miller, H. Koch and E. Heiser.

The Greenville (O.) Gun Club has issued the programme of its distance handicap tournament, to be held on Oct. 7 and 8. The competition is open to all. There are twelve target events each day, of which eight are at 15 and four at 20 targets, entrance $1.50 and $2; total, 200 targets at $20 for each day's programme. A special event on the second day is the contest, open to all, for the Peters Cartridge Company's medal; conditions, 25 targets, $2 entrance, money divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Handicaps 14 to 22yds. The committee has power to change any shooter's handicap if it deems it necessary to do so. Guns and ammunition sent to the secretary, H. A. McCaughey, will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. Average money, $30, divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent., for entire programme.

Mr. C. Palmer, Morning House, Farrar Road, Bangor, N. W., writes us as follows. "I inclose cutting from Shooting Times, proclaiming F Gilbert to be a red Indian. I might say I have met Mr. Gilbert personally, as I was one of the defeated English team last year (clay pigeon match). The visit of this team gave me a very high opinion of America, as they were one and all a splendid lot of fellows." The excerpt is as follows: "A wonderful score at clay birds shooting is reported from the other side. A man named Fred Gilbert, who, we understand, is a Red Indian, shooting through a day's programme of twelve events, never missed a single bird, scoring 200 hits straight. The birds were, it is said, very strongly thrown, fully 60yds. This Indian is known among the tribes by the name of 'Chief Heap Talk,' and somehow it seems to us that this title rather spoils the story."

Mr. C. G. Blandford, captain of the Ossining Gun Club, informs us that his club will in the near future offer a silver cup to be shot for by seven-man teams of the Rockland, Orange, Dutchess and Westchester counties, members of teams respectively to be residents of the counties named. The first shoot will be on the grounds of the Ossining Gun Club. The victorious club shall have the privilege of taking the cup and holding the next shoot on its grounds. The club winning it twice owns it. The men must be amateurs. Targets one cent, 25 targets per man. The officers elected at the annual meeting on Sept. 10, for the ensuing year are as follows: President, Franklin Brandreth; Vice-President, Dr. E. B. Sherwood; Secretary, W. P. Hall; Treasurer, Amos Bedell; Financial Secretary and Captain, C. G. Blandford.

The Dewar trophy, which was put in competition in June, 1900, and was to so continue under certain specific conditions till June, 1902, had a disputed title, it being contended by Dr. A. A. Webber that under the conditions the cup was his property, while a part of the committee which drew up the conditions held the contrary. Capt. J. A. H. Dressel, who was made the sole arbiter under the conditions, called upon the donor, Mr. Frederick Glassup, agent of the Dewar Company, who proved to be a gentleman of eminent fairness. On the original conditions and facts being submitted to him, he readily conceded Dr. Webber's claim to the Dewar trophy, so that the matter is pleasantly settled.

On the third day of the Du Bois (Pa.) Rod and Gun Club's tournament, Sept. 11, six four-man teams contested for the Hibner trophy, valued at $100, and $20 in gold. The Pittsburg team won with a score of 87, Atkinson making a straight score of 25. The other teams were Williamsport, Clearfield, Kane, Du Bois and Windber. The conditions of this competition were open to any recognized gun club in Pennsylvania, no entrance fee, targets 5 cents, 25 targets per man. To become the property of a contesting club, it must be won by it three times in succession at the annual shoots of the Du Bois Rod and Gun Club, which will add $20 each year to it.

The secretary, Mr. M. J. Cunningham, writes us as follows: "The tenth annual tournament of the Arizona Sportsmen's Association will be held at Bisbee, Ariz., Oct. 24, 25 and 26. The Bisbee Gun Club will spare no expense in making this meeting one of the most successful ever held in Arizona. We have assurances that all gun clubs throughout the Territory will send large delegations, and we are now preparing for one hundred shooters to participate. The official programme will be issued in the near future."

At the Indian shoot, Battle Creek, Mich., Sept 9 to 12, the high averages were won in the following order: F. Gilbert 756, R. O. Heikes 731, H. C. Hirschy 729, J. A. R. Elliott 728, W. R. Crosby 720, J. S. Fanning 719, J. M. Hughes 715, C. W. Phellis 700, T. A. Marshall 699, C. W. Budd, 694. The total number of targets for the four days' programme was 800. The ten high average moneys were $20, $15, $12.50, $10, $10, $8, $7.50, $7, $5, $5, a total of $100. On the third day Crosby made a run of 77, but Hirschy started shortly afterward and ran 112.

Mr. John S. Wright, manager of the Brooklyn Gun Club, announces a tournament to be held on Sept. 24, at which he will offer $17.50 in gold for high averages. Competition commences at 1 o'clock. This is an exceedingly liberal addition of money for an afternoon's shooting, and the many friends of Mr. Wright should respond with their personal support. The main event will be a handicap, with allowances added to the scores. It will be an afternoon of good shooting with something for which to shoot.

Mr. Albert A. Schoverling, corresponding secretary, informs us that the Fulton Gun Club will hold a shoot on Sept. 21. To reach the club grounds, Brooklyn, take Kings County Elevated to Crescent street, or from New York, Twenty-third and Forty-second street ferries; thence on Old Mill road to the grounds. At a meeting of the club, held on Sept. 11, Mr. Ike E. Lay was elected secretary. There will be merchandise prizes for members only while other prizes will be open to all.

The Indians, at their annual meeting at Battle Creek, Mich., last week, re-elected the outgoing officers, and took into the tribe the famous chiefs J. Burmister, E. Rike, A. W. du Bray, E. B. Coe, J. M. Lily and Hood Waters. The officers are: Hon. Tom A. Marshall, High Chief; Frank C. Riehl, Chief Scribe; C. W. Budd, Chief of Wampum.

The Crescent Athletic Club will begin its fall and winetr season of target shooting on the first Saturday in October, a six months' period of enjoyment. The membership of the Shooting Committee is as follows: Messrs. A. W. Higgins (chairman), C. A. Sykes, F. B. Stephenson, T. W. Stake and H. M. Brigham.

The Interstate Park Trotting Association has jumped into ominence and success from the start. Its races have been conantly growing in importance and interest. Sept. 30, and Oct. 1 d 2, there will be a meeting of special attractiveness. There will trotting and pacing races each day of a high order. In preiums there will be $1,500 offered. Entries close Sept. 20. Later the season target shooting will be given special attention.

At the Bristol, Conn., Gun Club's tournament, Sept. 10, there ere forty-four participants in the competition, and seventy parcipated in the old-fashioned sheep barbecue, which goes to show at an event, with all the essentials of popular appreciation, with l the true equity of a division satisfactory to each participant, is been an over-long time neglected by tournament managers.

The Richmond Gun Club, through its secretary, Mr. Albert A. choverling, announces that its next regular shoot will be held 1 Sept. 20, at Silver Lake, Staten Island. Traps and targets will e ready at 2 o'clock. The main event will be a 50-target handiip for a $10 gold piece; entrance $1.

Secretary R. T. Gowan mentions that the Raleigh (N. C.) Gun lub has almost perfected arrangements for a two days' shoot, to e held in the latter part of October, at which not less than $100 dded money will be offered for competition. It will be held in onnection with the State fair.

In the contest for the Iroquois cup, at Du Bois, Pa., on Sept.), between five-man teams, of the Du Bois and Clearfield clubs, 5 targets per man, the former club won by a score of 102 to 98. Ir. E. W. Kelly, of the Du Bois club, scored 24, and was high ian in this contest.

We acknowledge the receipt of a souvenir China bluerock, the ellow band of which is of gold, a very artistic piece of work. t was sent to us by Mr. R. W. Sample, secretary of the East iverpool (O.) Gun Club, to whom we extend our thanks for the ind remembrance.

Messrs. T. W. Morfey and Aaron Doty, the former of Queens, .. I., the latter of Paterson, N. J., are said to be matched for 100 a side, 100 live birds each. November will be the month in hich this interesting contest may take place.

The Fostoria (O.) Gun Club announces that it will hold a tournaient on Oct. 1 and 2; $100 added. The first day will be open to ll; the second day will be devoted to the merchandise handicap. Ir. W. R. Alspach is the assistant secretary.

BERNARD WATERS.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Missouri Twenty-Fifth Annual.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 13.—The twenty-fifth annual tournament of he Missouri State Fish and Game Association will begin at the ark on the Blue, Kansas City, Sept. 17, and continue four days. The shoot is held under the auspices of the Kansas City gun clubs. Live birds only the first two days; targets only the last two days. How nice it must seem to be allowed to shoot live birds. Our Ma won't let us up here. The programme is of course good, and any "K. C." shoot is of course good. E. H.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Sept. 13.—The appended scores were made to-day on he occasion of the sixth trophy shoot of the third series. Hellman and Midgley tied on 21 out of 25, and as Midgely had to go away, he forfeited Class A trophy without contest; that is to say, there was no shoot-off, and Hellman stands winner. Class B trophy was won by McDonald on 18, and Class C by Eldred on 17.

In the cup contest, which followed, Hellman and Dafter tied on 21, and Hellman won on shoot-off.

The day was a fairly good one for target shooting, only a little bit chilly. The attendance was fairly good, considering the open game season is on, and so many members are away after game:

Twentieth trophy shoot:

L Thomas	1111101110110110111111001—19
Dr J W Meek	1010111111111111111100110—20
M F Wilson	1001100000100101010100011—10
C H Kehl	0111101000011100011100000—11
T Eaton	1110010011101111111001010—16
M G Eldred	1101111111011110100100011—17
J E Dafter	1101001111101111011110111—19
A E Midgley	0111111111111100111110111—21
J McDonald	1111101111111001111001001—18
T Jones	1111010010111111100100011—16
G W Drinkwater	0001101000010111110110110—13
A Hellman	1011111110111110111111110—21
S E Young	1111101110111100100110011—17

Sixth cup shoot, 15 singles and 5 pairs:

L Thomas	111101001011111	10 01 10 10 11—17
Dr J W Meek	111111100110111	10 00 00 01 10—15
M F Wilson	000000101010000	10 00 11 00 10— 7
C H Kehl	000000001001111	00 10 00 10 10— 8
T Eaton	011111111011110	00 10 11 11 00—17
M G Eldred	000100110110000	01 11 01 00 10—10
Dafter	011101101110100	11 11 01 11 11—18
McDonald	010111111111111	11 11 00 11 10—20
T Jones	011111111010010	10 10 11 10 11—17
Drinkwater	101110010111101	10 10 10 10 11—17
Hellman	111011111101111	10 10 10 10 10—18
Young	111011111000100	00 10 11 11 11—16

Hellman winner.

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

Metropolitan Gun Club.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Sept. 6.—Appended are scores made at a live-bird shoot of the Metropolitan Gun Club to-day. The birds were a good lot of strong flyers, and the scores were considered good, as a strong breeze whisked across the grounds all the afternoon:

Arnold	22212121122212222	—18
Zim	22222221221222222	—18
Libbe	22222222221122222	—18
Cunningham	2210*2222222222211	—16
Roberts	2121110101211211221	—16
Walker	2212222221202120l	—15
Weil	1110*10*200010100	— 7
Vogle	20020222010022020	— 9
Williams	02222*0*1122112	—11
Amateur	11211001112112	—12
Chandlee	1021022222011	—10
Loderhose	1221222222	—10
Coleman	0222122212	— 9
Rush	1112121210	— 9
Brown	12021*1200	— 6

A Challenge.

DAGSBORO, Del., Sept. 15.—I see in public print that Mr. C. W. Floyd, of New York city, has won the great honor of being a champion shooter of New York. I have met Mr. C. W. Floyd years previously, and would like to meet him again.

I met him in the field quail shooting and got the best of him, and in 1896 I was up to New York, and Mr. Floyd came up on me and challenged me for a trap shoot. As I had never seen a trap or a bluerock pigeon, I was somewhat slow to take up with the offer. I had to use a strange gun, but he tantalized me so I met him on the Hudson Gun Club grounds, and he rather got the best of me; but since that time I have made myself more acquainted with trapshooting. I would like to have the chance to shoot him again, but as my capital is so small I hardly know how to make it interesting for him. I have a little farm in Dagsboro Hundred, Sussex county, Del., and he has one near by me I would like to own, and if he can make it convenient to come down this fall on Nov. 15 or after, I will shoot him in the field or trap. He could not please me any better. I will try and make it interesting for him. I will back his expenses while he is here.

ISAAC A. HUDSON.

Indian Tournament.

When Brave Meets Brave.

THE Indians held their annual tournament and pow-wow Sept. 9 to 12, at the beautiful city of Battle Creek, Mich. This is the first time these modern red men of the scatter-gun-man game have come so far east, and certainly the move was a complete success. The entertainment accorded the shooters, and accommodations of hotels, the press and local gun club on whose grounds the meet was held, were all of the best and highest order.

Arrangements for the occasion were made by those two old-time and ever-young hustlers, Rolla Heikes and John Parker, and with the local assistance of the Hensler brothers, they left nothing undone that might have been suggested.

The tournament was held on a level tract less than a mile from the center of town and directly upon the street car line. Three sets of expert traps were operated on the Sergeant system, so that the programme, though long, was easily disposed of each day, with from fifty to sixty entries. Local and weather conditions combined to make the conditions exceptionally hard, and the averages, though perhaps not as high as usual, represent much of skill and hard work.

The programme consisted of 200 targets per day, in 20 and 15 bird events, four and five moneys, class shooting. The Indians added $15 and $20 respectively in each race, and in addition $100 was hung up for high averages to first ten guns. Fred C. Whitney and W. M. Bryant did the office work perfectly.

There were in attendance altogether, twenty-one Indians, twenty of whom shot the programme through. The annual meeting of the tribe was held Tuesday night at the Post Tavern. Many matters of business were disposed of, the reports of officers showing a most satisfactory condition. This was the time for the annual election of officers, but that order of business was cut short by the re-election by acclamation of Tom A. Marshall, as High Chief; Frank C. Riehl, as Chief Scribe, and C. W. Budd as Chief of Wampum. There being six vacancies on the roster, these were filled by the election of John Burmister, of Spirit Lake, Ia.; E. Rike, of Dayton, O.; Capt. A. W. du Bray, of Cincinnati, O.; E. B. Coe, of Baltimore, Md.; John M. Lilly, of Indianapolis, Ind., and Hood Waters, of New York, to make up the full quota of the tribe. The initiation ceremony was dispensed with for lack of hall accommodations.

First Day, Sept. 9.

The weather was rough and raw, and a fierce wind made shooting very difficult. Only one man in fifty entries was able to score in the 90 per cent. class, and all shot at times below the moneys. Gilbert, Elliott, Heikes, Roll, Fanning and Phellis did the good work of the day. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20
Parker	11	13	17	11	9	18	7	11	19	11	14	19
Lang	10	12	18	11	11	18	13	12	19	12	13	19
Watson	10	13	15	9	11	14	12	14	17	12	15	19
Fort	10	10	16	13	11	17	13	10	18	10	10	19
Harper	11	13	10	13	7	16	11	8	12	6	9	14
Fanning	14	13	15	12	10	18	14	14	18	14	14	18
Freeman	10	11	15	11	11	14	13	10	13	12	12	10
Shearer	9	9	5	6	9	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Roll	12	15	17	12	14	18	14	14	17	11	14	18
Willard	12	12	17	11	13	14	13	14	16	13	11	12
Burmister	8	11	17	10	14	18	15	10	17	10	12	17
Gilbert	15	14	17	9	14	19	14	15	20	13	15	18
Burnside	13	13	18	8	10	11	8	10	11	7	14	15
Kline	8	12	16	11	13	18	14	10	16	11	13	19
Coe	13	12	14	10	12	13	8	13	12	10	10	15
Rike	10	11	15	13	13	18	12	13	16	11	15	17
Riehl	12	15	14	14	8	18	11	10	14	13	12	15
Keller	10	9	10	9	11	14	9	15	15	11	15	12
Phil	11	11	15	14	13	19	15	14	17	14	14	17
Adamson	11	8	13	11	10	10	..	..	..	..	8	..
McMurchy	12	13	17	12	9	17	11	10	16	11	13	16
Hunter	13	13	16	11	10	15	11	11	15	11	7	13
McQueen	15	11	17	9	12	14	14	11	15	12	12	13
Le Roy	14	14	12	15	10	17	11	13	13	11	14	16
Du Bray	13	12	10	11	12	12	11	9	14	12	8	13
Crosby	12	12	18	13	13	11	15	13	15	11	14	15
King	7	11	6	10	11	11	9	6	13	12	11	17
Hirschy	11	11	14	15	13	19	11	12	16	12	15	15
Hughes	12	11	18	12	12	18	11	15	19	12	13	18
Mark	8	8	13	8	9	9	11	6	8	8	7	16
Tripp	10	11	14	12	13	14	14	15	13	14	13	16
Rhoads	10	11	15	12	13	17	13	13	12	13	14	16
Young	13	13	19	10	13	16	11	13	16	15	11	14
Heikes	12	13	19	11	15	19	11	14	18	11	15	18
Elliott	13	13	18	13	13	18	13	14	17	12	14	18
Marshall	13	12	20	13	12	16	11	12	18	12	14	18
Money	13	12	18	12	12	16	13	13	17	8	13	15
Trimble	9	11	16	11	11	12	10	12	15	10	12	14
Waters	11	14	16	12	13	18	12	11	15	15	13	17
Hensler	12	12	12	13	11	12	13	10	17	12	9	15
Budd	13	12	13	11	13	17	11	9	17	11	13	15
Head	12	9	14	10	12	12	13	9	12	10	8	12
Streeter	9	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gibbs	8	11	17	10	8	12	9	9	8	5	4	3
Alban	12	13	15	9	13	17	11	6	15	..	..	..
Howes	13	11	11	12	8	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wood	..	..	..	11	13	14	11	1 4	17	12	10	14
Easton	..	..	..	12	7	10	9	14	..	13	11	11
Wilson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	14	15
Hager	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	7	17

Second Day, Sept. 10.

The conditions were more favorable to-day, and scores averaged better. Gilbert and Hirschy divided first honors, with Fanning, Crosby and Elliott in the other points. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20
Parker	10	12	18	14	12	17	13	13	16	15	12	17
Lang	12	14	17	12	14	16	14	13	19	14	13	16
Watson	14	11	14	13	15	11	14	14	18	8	15	17
Fort	11	15	17	15	14	20	13	14	16	14	12	17
Hager	13	9	14	13	13	15	11	13	16	10	9	16
Fanning	13	15	20	13	14	17	13	15	18	12	15	20
Freeman	13	10	12	12	13	16	11	11	15	12	12	16
Wilson	9	12	12	11	..	..	..	..	..	8	14	13
Roll	12	12	18	13	14	19	13	13	16	12	11	18
Willard	12	13	17	12	13	17	12	11	16	14	12	17
Burmister	10	11	15	12	6	15	13	9	11	9	13	15
Gilbert	14	15	19	15	15	19	14	14	18	13	14	20
Burnside	11	12	15	11	14	18	9	12	15	13	12	18
Kline	13	15	17	14	13	20	14	12	18	12	13	15
Coe	12	11	12	11	12	17	11	14	14	13	13	12
Rike	10	14	17	15	15	15	12	10	19	13	11	17
Riehl	12	12	17	11	12	12	13	13	16	12	14	17
Felgar	14	7	17	11	13	15	13	11	15	12	11	14
Phil	14	15	20	13	10	18	14	14	15	15	13	18
Miller	12	13	18	12	14	18	14	13	15	12	11	17
McMurchy	14	13	18	11	13	18	13	13	19	14	14	19
Hunter	14	11	18	12	11	19	14	12	1 6	12	7	16
McQueen	15	10	16	13	14	19	10	14	14	14	13	16
Le Roy	14	14	20	12	13	16	14	13	16	12	15	15
Du Bray	11	10	17	10	10	14	11	13	13	8	10	16
Crosby	15	12	18	15	12	18	15	14	18	15	15	17
King	13	9	12	12	11	14	9	11	13	10	12	14
Hirschy	15	14	20	15	13	18	15	14	20	15	15	17
Hughes	14	14	17	12	14	17	14	13	19	12	13	18
Mark	8	9	15	7	9	14	10	9	10	9	5	15
Tripp	12	12	15	12	13	17	13	10	17	10	10	18
Rhoads	13	14	16	9	13	14	14	10	15	13	12	17
Young	13	13	15	13	14	15	14	12	13	12	11	17
Heikes	15	14	19	15	13	19	14	12	16	12	13	18
Elliott	14	14	20	14	13	15	14	14	19	13	14	19
Marshall	15	13	18	14	11	16	13	13	16	14	14	17
Money	11	13	17	14	13	17	13	14	17	14	13	16
Trimble	12	11	17	13	11	12	15	13	17	14	12	18
Waters	13	13	16	13	14	18	15	13	15	14	14	19
Hensler	8	11	17	13	12	17	11	12	15	13	14	16
Budd	14	15	19	12	15	15	13	15	16	13	13	18
Head	12	13	11	13	13	17	14	10	16	9	14	18
Battle Ax	9	8	11	9	9	11	9	10	12	7	9	11
Fitz	13	13	14	12	11	13	10	11	16	10	13	16
McMurchy	9	11	15	9	6	13	..	..	11	11	8	15
Alban	11	15	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Keller	13	12	19	14	14	16	14	12	18	14	11	18
Howes	14	11	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bock	10	11	..	6	..	..	6	14	9	10	9	11
Church	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Atterbury	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Carpenter	..	..	..	13	..	..	14	..	..	10	10	..
White	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	10	16	12	10	17
Shoemaker	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	12	12	9	18
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	10	15	10	..	..
Watts	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	16	11	..	..
Achinson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	13	14
Hilringan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..

Third Day, Sept. 11.

The weather was heavy and threatening, and the latter end of the programme was shot in the rain. There was no wind, however, and several of the braves piled up their old-time good scores. Rolla Heikes went out with but eight misses, with Gilbert, Hirschy and McMurchy in two, three, four order. Crosby, starting from the second event, made a run of 77 straight, but Hirschy got away a little later, and ran up a string of 112 without a miss. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20
Parker	11	15	19	9	13	17	12	11	14	14	15	19
Lang	11	14	20	10	13	18	13	14	17	13	12	19
Watson	11	12	18	11	11	18	14	14	17	15	14	19
Fort	13	9	15	12	13	19	12	14	18	13	12	19
Roll	12	13	19	12	15	16	12	15	14	14	14	18
Fanning	13	14	19	13	14	19	15	15	17	15	14	17
Freeman	10	11	15	13	12	16	14	14	19	15	15	13
Keller	13	13	19	9	14	16	13	12	17	10	13	17
Budd	14	13	18	15	14	20	14	14	18	14	15	19
Willard	13	14	17	13	14	16	12	12	19	11	14	20
Burmister	12	9	18	14	13	18	9	11	15	9	12	17
Gilbert	14	15	19	15	14	19	14	15	18	15	13	12
Burnside	15	13	19	14	15	17	13	12	19	12	15	15
Kline	11	13	18	14	15	19	13	13	18	14	13	17
Coe	14	14	15	10	12	19	9	15	15	8	10	18
Rike	14	12	19	14	14	16	13	10	16	13	12	15
Riehl	14	14	18	13	9	14	12	13	18	13	12	16
Felgar	12	15	16	12	10	15	12	10	16	13	14	16
Phil	12	15	17	11	14	17	12	14	16	15	11	18
Jarvis	11	10	18	13	14	18	11	14	15	10	13	16
McMurchy	15	15	19	15	14	17	12	14	20	15	13	20
Hunter	14	14	11	12	9	19	14	12	18	13	15	17
McQueen	15	12	18	12	14	17	12	14	15	13	14	19
Le Roy	14	15	15	12	11	19	11	14	17	14	13	18
Du Bray	12	13	12	13	12	15	11	12	14	14	14	14
Crosby	15	15	20	15	14	18	14	15	19	12	14	15
King	12	13	17	9	12	11	14	12	15	10	10	18
Hirschy	12	14	20	15	15	20	15	15	17	13	15	19
Hughes	14	12	17	13	15	19	13	14	16	14	15	19
Lilly	10	9	12	8	8	14	13	11	13	10	11	11
Tripp	10	14	15	11	13	16	13	13	13	13	13	17
Rhoads	11	13	17	15	12	16	14	10	18	14	11	20
Young	11	13	18	13	11	17	13	13	17	13	10	15
Heikes	15	12	18	15	15	20	14	14	19	15	15	20
Elliott	15	15	17	15	14	18	14	13	19	14	13	20
Marshall	14	13	18	14	13	20	15	14	17	15	14	19
Head	12	12	13	14	10	16	15	10	16	14	13	16
Trimble	15	14	19	14	10	18	14	14	18	13	13	17
Waters	13	11	17	12	13	18	11	15	17	12	9	16
Wilson	14	12	14	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Money	15	13	16	14	15	18	13	12	18	13	14	19
Miller	11	14	16	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bock	12	7	15	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
White	11	9	11	12	9	16	12	11	20	14	13	17
Widdicomb	..	..	14	14	9	16	11	11	15	11	12	17
Shoemaker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	10	12	16
W H Willard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	3	..
Waruf	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	13
Ames	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	11
McMakin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	12

Fourth Day, Sept. 12.

The weather culminated to-day in a downpouring rain, but such is the zeal of these Indians that they went right ahead and finished the programme. The honors went to Gilbert, Crosby, Hughes and Hirschy. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20
Burmister	8	9	17	13	12	14	11	11	16	10	11	12
Gilbert	15	15	18	15	14	20	14	13	19	15	15	19
Burnside	10	12	14	14	13	17	14	14	19	14	12	18
Budd	14	14	15	12	12	18	14	12	19	11	14	18
Roll	13	14	16	13	12	19	13	13	16	13	12	17
McMurchy	12	13	17	11	8	20	15	12	18	13	12	16
Hunter	13	12	15	14	9	15	11	15	15	13	12	18
McQueen	12	15	17	11	12	19	9	13	16	11	7	11
Willard	12	12	19	13	13	17	10	13	14	15	11	18
Fort	14	13	17	13	10	17	12	11	16	14	11	15
Fanning	14	13	20	15	15	18	11	12	13	14	10	20
Riehl	12	12	18	12	10	16	12	13	20	12	14	14
Waters	10	13	14	11	10	17	8	7	15	13	13	18
Coe	9	12	12	13	9	17	13	13	20	12	13	17
Kline	11	14	15	15	12	17	15	15	17	14	14	17
Crosby	14	14	19	15	15	19	15	12	17	15	15	18
Hirschy	15	12	20	15	13	15	15	14	18	15	14	19
King	14	9	15	12	11	15	12	12	15	12	13	16
Hughes	13	14	19	15	14	17	13	15	18	15	15	18
Watson	10	13	17	13	12	18	14	12	19	13	15	18
Parker	14	11	17	14	12	14	9	14	17	11	12	14
Rhoads	12	13	18	12	12	15	14	14	17	13	13	17
Le Roy	14	14	16	12	13	18	13	9	19	14	12	17
Marshall	14	12	15	14	13	16	12	13	15	15	11	18
Jarvis	13	12	14	14	12	19	14	10	14	10	9	16
Phil	14	12	14	12	13	16	14	15	12	14	11	20
Young	14	12	15	11	9	17	14	10	16	12	15	18
Money	11	13	16	12	15	14	12	15	17	12	12	19
Head	13	11	16	10	11	18	11	12	13	13	10	12
Lilly	6	7	9	9	10	11	10	10	18	10	13	8
Tripp	13	14	17	12	10	17	13	12	18	13	12	18
Elliott	15	12	17	14	13	19	14	14	20	14	12	17
Heikes	14	14	18	15	12	17	14	14	19	14	15	17
Rike	11	9	17	12	10	18	15	15	15	14	14	14
Trimble	13	15	18	12	13	8	14	13	15	13	14	18
Lang	9	15	18	13	11	19	13	13	14	..	..	..
Ames	13	8	..	..	12	..	14	11	..	9	..	..
Carpenter	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..
Hubbard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..
Hensler	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..

General Averages.

Fred Gilbert was an easy winner of first average for the week. The ten high gun awards were as follows in the order of names: Gilbert, Heikes, Hirschy, Elliott, Crosby, Fanning, Hughes, Phellis, Marshall, Budd. Complete summary follows:

	Sept. 9.	Sept. 10.	Sept. 11.	Sept. 12.	Totals.
Parker	160	169	169	159	657
Lang	168	174	174	...	...
Watson	161	169	174	174	678
Fort	157	178	168	163	666
Fanning	174	185	185	175	719
Freeman	142	153	167	...	...
Roll	176	171	174	171	692
Willard	159	166	175	167	667
Burmister	158	139	157	146	600
Gilbert	183	190	191	192	756
Burnside	138	160	179	171	648
Kline	161	176	178	176	691
Coe	142	152	159	160	613
Rike	164	168	168	164	664
Riehl	156	161	166	165	648
Keller	140	175	166	...	...
Phil	174	179	172	175	700
McMurchy	157	179	189	167	692
Hunter	146	162	168	162	638
McQueen	155	168	175	148	656
Le Roy	160	174	173	171	678
Du Bray	137	143	156	...	...
Crosby	162	184	186	188	720
King	124	140	153	156	573
Hirschy	164	190	190	185	729
Hughes	171	177	181	186	715
Lilly	111	120	130	121	482
Tripp	159	159	161	169	648
Rhoads	159	160	171	170	660
Young	164	162	164	163	653
Heikes	176	180	192	183	731
Elliott	177	183	187	181	728
Marshall	171	174	186	168	699
Money	159	172	180	168	679
Trimble	143	165	179	176	663
Waters	167	177	164	149	657
Hensler	148	159	...	...	...
Budd	155	178	188	173	694
Head	123	160	161	150	604

Du Bois Tournament.

Du Bois, Pa.—The shoot of the Du Bois Rod and Gun Club, Sept. 9 to 11, was a success. It was one of the largest held in the Western part of Pennsylvania for some time past. It was held on the Fair grounds, in front of the grand stand, and drew an audience of about 1,000 people.

The Hibbard and Iroquois cups were objects of special interest. Mr. Frank Lawrenee. an expert in trapshooting matters, won much good will by his active assistance in the interest of the tournament.

Sept. 9, First Day.

The weather was unfavorable, being cold, wet and sombre. There was a good number of competitors notwithstanding, thirty-seven contestants participating in the events, of whom 19 shot through the programme. Mr. J. Atkinson was first in averages of the day, with 192 out of 200, and Mr. L. Squier was next with 190. Of the local men, Mr. E. W. Kelly was first with 158.

In the afternoon there was a friendly match at 100 targets. Mr. J. Atkinson, of New Castle, scored 98, of which 86 were a straight run. Mr. L. Squier accounted for 91. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Total
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	25	15	15	20	15	15	15	Broke.
Hull	12	11	18	14	11	22	15	14	18	12	13	11	171
Atkinson	13	14	20	15	14	25	14	14	20	15	14	14	192
Squier	14	13	19	14	13	25	15	13	20	14	15	15	190
Fleming	13	11	17	14	11	24	14	12	17	13	14	14	174
Fox	14	13	20	15	14	23	13	14	16	15	9	13	179
No. 96	13	12	15	10	12	20	14	12	17	14	12	13	164
Brown	8	10	17	11	11	21	12	13	15	13	10	12	153
Sizer	13	10	18	14	12	25	14	12	15	11	10	13	167
Millen	12	13	19	13	10	23	14	13	16	14	12	12	171
Nitrow	9	14	17	12	9	19	10	15	16	11	12	10	154
Hamilton	12	12	18	8	13	22	10	13	15	14	13	11	161
Sullivan	12	12	15	13	13	21	13	10	14	8	14	8	153
Byer	15	14	20	13	12	24	14	14	14	13	12	14	179
Cotter	11	9	13	14	10	15	11	9	12	9	10	14	137
Quinn	13	10	20	11	13	20	12	10	13	11	12	11	156
Wolf	10	11	14	14	14	18	12	13	14	12	11	10	153
Kelly	10	13	17	9	15	21	11	10	16	14	9	13	158
Trego	12	13	18	13	13	22	12	13	16	15	14	11	170
Roach	13	12	19	11	13	20	12	11	16	14	14	10	165
Dimick	12	10	19	10	11	22	12	12	15	..	..	..	...
Beach	12	14	16	11	11	..	12	12	..	..	..	..	...
Everett	12	11	15	13	13	23	11	..	..	..	..	..	...
Williams	12	13	15	..	..	17	11	..	13	..	8	..	...
Burgoon	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	15	14	12	10	10	...
Connelly	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	5	10	8	7	12	...
Woodward	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	12	8	7	12	...
Plympton	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	9	12	6	11	9	...
Cavanaugh	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	7	11	10	11	6	...
Gearhart	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	12	13	11	11	14	...
Frost	..	..	..	..	..	12	10	7	10	..	..	..	...
Groover	..	..	..	..	..	16	8	7	8	..	..	..	...
Wilson	..	..	..	..	..	9	6	8	10	..	..	..	...
Doyle	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	8	10	..	10	10	...
Baum	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	4	15	..	..	..	...
Truman	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	6	..	..	..	...
Flick	10	12	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Klinger	8	9	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...

Sept. 10, Second Day.

The Iroquois cup was the special contest of general interest, though the number of contestants for it was not equal to anticipations, there being but two, the Du Bois and Clerfield clubs, the former of which won by a score of 102 to 98. Kelly, of the Du Bois team, was high man with the score of 24. Forty participated in the tournament to-day. Squier was high man in the averages of the regular programme. He broke 184 out of a possible 200, and this also pulled him into the lead of the two days' averages. Mr. Atkinson was second with 181. The weather was not unfavorable nor uncomfortable. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Total
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	25	15	15	20	15	15	15	Broke.
Hull	8	10	18	10	9	18	14	14	18	15	11	15	160
Atkinson	12	13	17	15	14	24	12	13	19	14	13	15	181
Squier	12	14	18	12	13	24	14	14	20	13	15	15	184
Fleming.	14	14	19	13	12	21	12	14	19	14	14	13	179
Fox	11	13	18	13	13	23	14	13	18	14	14	15	179
No. 96	10	11	18	14	12	21	12	15	17	14	13	14	171
Millen	13	14	17	12	11	24	10	12	17	15	13	14	172
Sizer	8	12	19	14	12	18	13	15	19	14	13	13	170
Brown	9	13	14	9	10	23	11	14	16	12	11	13	155
Hamilton	14	13	16	11	11	18	12	10	15	11	11	9	152
Trego	11	10	10	11	9	19	12	13	18	15	8	12	148
Byer	14	12	15	13	10	18	14	13	16	15	14	14	171
Roach	11	12	12	9	11	21	10	12	15	13	8	13	140
Kelly	12	11	16	12	11	22	15	11	19	14	11	14	168
Quinn	6	12	13	12	11	22	9	10	15	11	10	11	142
Cotter	12	8	15	8	7	22	9	9	11	11	6	10	119
Wolf	12	10	6	12	9	17	6	12	12	11	9	6	122
Everett	12	9	11	9	9	18	10	12	17	12	12	14	145
Nitrow	10	10	14	11	8	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Dinger	11	11	9	10	7	18	10	11	12	8	9	10	126
Guinzburg	11	10	..	9	9	17	14	13	13	12	12	13	...
Beach	11	14	13	11	11	..	10	13	15	13	11	11	...
Dimick	10	13	15	8	10	..	10	11	16	12	12	14	...
Doyle	9	12	17	9	10	16	8	13	9	..	..	..	...
Gearhart	5	11	14	11	..	16	13	12	10	11	8	12	...
Woodward	8	11	13	11	..	..	10	13	17	11	12	13	...
Connelly	8	12	15	13	..	..	10	12	15	6	8	14	...
Williams	10	12	16	11	..	..	..	14	15	10	14	12	...
Cavanaugh	9	5	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	7	...
Groover	..	7	6	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Truman	..	7	6	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Frost	..	5	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Plympton	..	10	12	..	..	..	8	7	14	12	12	8	...
Wilson	..	..	..	5	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Neil	..	..	..	..	..	6	5	8	..	..	..	..	...
Hill	..	..	14	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Sullivan	..	..	..	11	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Leach	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Burgoon	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	10	19	13	12	13	...

Special team race for Iroquois cup, 25 targets per man:

Du Bois Team.		Clearfield Team.	
Guinzburg	13	Burgoon	23
Kelly	24	Gearhart	20
Quinn	22	Woodward	18
Sullivan	21	Connelly	19
Williams	22—102	Plympton	18— 98

Sept. 11, Third Day.

The weather was exceedingly pleasant to-day, making agreeable conditions for the closing of the excellent competition. The North Side Gun Club, of Allegheny, had the honor of winning the Hibner silver cup, valued at $100, though this by the exceedingly small lead of one target. The contest for it was between four-man teams, 25 targets per man. The winners must defend it at the tournaments of the Du Bois Gun Club, and it must be won three times in succession by a club before it is the club's property. The merchandise event was keenly contested. Dr. L. J. Quinn won first prize. The championship medal, a contest among the Du Bois Gun Club members, was won by Mr. J. Williams. Mr. L. B. Fleming, of Pittsburg, was high for the day with 191 out of 200. Fox was second with 187. Mr. L. J. Squier was high average for the three days, 600 targets, with 558. J. T. Atkinson was second with 554. Fox was third with 545. L. B. Fleming was fourth with 544. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Total
Targets:	15	15	15	20	15	25	15	20	15	15	15	15	Broke.
Hull	11	15	10	19	13	22	13	18	14	14	14	15	178
Atkinson	13	12	15	18	12	22	13	19	14	15	14	14	181
Squier	11	15	15	19	13	25	15	18	13	13	15	12	184
Fleming	13	15	15	20	15	23	13	19	15	14	14	15	191
Fox	15	15	15	19	14	23	15	19	13	13	13	13	187
No. 96	15	14	11	20	13	25	14	20	12	14	15	12	185
Millen	12	13	13	20	14	19	12	17	12	12	13	14	171
Sizer	15	14	13	20	12	23	13	18	15	15	12	13	183
Brown	12	11	12	17	13	23	12	17	11	14	10	14	166
Cotter	7	13	8	13	9	11	6	15	14	9	9	7	111
Tony	9	15	13	19	13	19	14	18	14	14	14	11	173
Hamilton	13	13	13	17	12	22	13	18	10	13	12	13	169
Trego	12	13	14	19	11	23	11	19	11	14	13	12	172
Byer	13	14	13	17	13	22	15	19	13	15	12	14	180
Roach	12	10	14	16	11	18	13	17	12	12	13	12	160
Quinn	13	13	12	16	12	12	11	18	8	9	10	12	154
Kelly	13	14	12	17	10	22	11	20	12	12	10	12	164
Williams	14	13	12	18	14	24	10	20	13	14	14	11	178
Dimick	12	8	10	17	13	17	11	19	11	15	14	9	156
Wolf	10	10	10	15	12	19	13	19	7	13	13	10	151
Sullivan	..	11	10	16	8	18	12	17	12	14	8	9	...
Beach	10	12	8	18	10	20	11	..	13	15	13	10	...
Everett	11	11	12	19	13	22	..	18	..	..	9	12	...
Doyle	10	12	11	15	8	15	9	..	..	..	..	..	...
Bailey	10	11	11	15	14	22	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Guinzburg	11	14	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Flick	9	8	10	16	..	..	12	..	12	13	12	9	...
Henneigh	..	..	2	9	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	...
Woodward	..	..	..	..	11	20	11	16	12	13	..	10	...
Connelly	..	..	..	..	14	16	10	11	9	9	..	..	...
Plympton	..	..	..	..	12	10	..	..	..	..	10	9	...
Burgoon	..	..	..	..	14	19	11	18	11	13	14	12	...
Gearheart	..	..	..	..	..	16	12	..	..	13	13	12	...
Cooley	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	17	..	11	..	..	...
Cavanaugh	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	5	8	..	8	...
Irwin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	...
Knode	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	12	...

Hibner cup, four-man team race, 25 targets per man:

Pittsburg.		Du Bois.	
Atkinson	25	Kelly	19
Fleming	23	Quinn	18
Gerlack	16	Sullivan	17
Hamilton	23—87	Williams	23—77
Kane.		Clearfield.	
No. 96	20	Burgoon	19
Millen	23	Gearhart	21
Brown	19	Woodward	18
Sizer	24—86	Connelly	19—77
Williamsport.		Windber.	
Beach	22	Trego	20
Jones	20	Roach	19
Everett	20	Doyle	17
Dimick	19—81	Pills	19—75

General averages for the three days, 600 targets shot at by each: L. J. Squier 558, J. T. Atkinson 554, A. H. Fox 545, L. B. Fleming 544.

Bristol Gun Club.

Bristol, Conn., Sept. 10.—The annual tournament of the Bristol Gun Club was held on their grounds, at East Bristol, to-day. The grounds were in excellent condition, but a high wind most of the day interfered with the shooters' scores. There were forty-four shooters took part in the events, and seventy were at the tables when the old-fashioned sheep barbecue was served.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	at.	Broke.
Griffith	12	20	15	19	11	18	12	18	15	17	175	157
Apgar	12	20	12	16	13	16	13	15	13	16	175	146
Barstow	14	18	12	16	11	18	11	17	13	15	175	145
Mills	11	13	13	16	11	17	12	19	10	13	175	136
Hermann	12	19	11	12	8	16	12	17	10	17	175	134
Burke	8	13	12	16	12	16	11	18	10	15	175	131
Rockwell	9	13	11	18	13	9	13	16	12	12	175	124
Bristol	11	14	8	14	12	15	9	12	9	14	175	118
Robertson	14	15	8	7	8	15	10	17	10	15	175	119
Clark	3	7	11	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	65	30
Hollister	11	14	10	10	12	13	8	17	11	..	155	106
White	10	14	10	..	12	17	10	16	..	..	120	89
Bassett	12	18	12	15	9	12	9	12	12	..	155	111
Hart	6	8	9	12	10	7	..	..	..	..	105	52
Judd	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	30	18
Casey	11	14	7	..	7	12	..	..	7	..	100	58
Porter	10	8	5	11	10	..	13	10	6	7	155	80
Merritt	8	..	7	..	7	..	8	..	..	..	60	30
Moran	3	9	..	..	6	8	..	..	..	11	90	37
Gill	12	..	12	15	..	..	10	..	..	..	65	49
Burwell	..	9	..	6	6	6	..	6	..	..	95	33
Barnes	..	7	..	3	..	..	..	5	..	..	60	15
Large	..	15	..	15	9	16	6	12	8	13	145	94
Monier	..	..	4	5	6	..	..	..	..	..	50	14
Cleveland	..	..	3	..	5	6	..	..	..	..	50	14
J E Clark	..	..	..	12	5	14	11	10	..	..	90	52
Burns	..	..	..	10	11	14	14	17	..	..	90	66
Smith	..	..	..	..	7	4	3	..	..	..	50	14
Bolton	..	..	..	..	7	10	8	..	7	5	85	37
Page	..	..	..	..	5	11	..	3	..	8	75	27
Neubauer	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	15	3
Manross	..	..	..	..	7	12	..	..	10	..	50	29
Hubbell	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	12	8	12	90	54
Simmons	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	10	10	13	70	41
McFetridge	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	9	6	9	70	31
Richtmyer	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	14	8	14	70	46
Churchill	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	6	9	50	18
Thompkins	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	11	..	30	20
Seymour	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	5	..	30	14
Capron	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	9	7	..	50	23
Langdon	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	7	9	50	26
L Rockwell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	20	14
Deihl	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	20	13

F. L. Fairbanks.

Ossining Gun Club.

Ossining, N. Y., Sept. 13.—In spite of the rain, there was a fair turnout of shooters at the regular Saturday afternoon shoot of the Ossining Gun Club. Event No. 4 was for the Bissing prize, a Winchester rifle. Coleman carried it off with a score of 23 out of 25. This club will shortly offer a silver cup, to be shot for by teams of seven, of gun clubs of Rockland, Orange, Dutchess and Westchester counties. Teams must be composed of residents in the counties named. Any clubs may send a team. The first shoot must be on the grounds of this club. The team winning has the privilege of taking the cup and calling the next shoot on their grounds. The club winning the cup twice owns it. Conditions , seven-men (amateurs) teams, 25 birds each, at one cent, optional sweeps. Date for first shoot to be announced later. Secretaries of clubs in the counties named are requested to interest themselves in this plan, as it will promote good fellowship, thereby guaranteeing better attendance at forthcoming tournaments. The yearly meeting of the Ossining Gun Club was held on Wednesday, the 10th inst. Officers elected for ensuing year: Franklin Brandreth, President; Dr. E. B. Sherwood, Vice-President; W. P. Hall, Secretary; Amos Bedell, Treasurer; C. G. Blandford, Financial Secretary and Captain.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	10	10	25	10	Targets:	10	10	10	25	10
E Ball	6	8	..	18	..	R Kromer, Jr.	5	6	..	14	..
W Coleman	7	6	..	23	..	W P Hall	..	..	9	20	5
Hans	4	9	6	..	5	A Bedell	..	6	10	..	..
C Blandford	9	9	10	..	9	W S Smith	..	7	..	..	..

No. 5 was from 21yd. mark.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Sept. 13.—The weekly shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club to-day was unfortunate as to weather, the afternoon being raw, dark and rainy, yet there was a good attendance, there being twelve shooters who participated. Welles, Hopkins, Schneider, and Griffith were the leaders in the honors, as the appended scores will show. Mr. John S. Wright, the manager, announces that, on Sept. 24, he will hold a tournament, at which he will add $17.50 in gold for high averages. The main event will have handicap allowances. Shooting commences at 1 o'clock. This is a very liberal proposition, and the New York shooters should manifest appreciation of attending.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	15	10		15	15		15	25	25
H S Welles	11	10	18	13	15	7	11	21	..
A N Bittiner	10	7	14	..	10	7	9	16	..
A B Bergen	8	8	12	11	12	..	10	..	..
J S Wright	6	6	14	13	8	7	9	20	21
J C Newton	..	8	..	..	..	..	11	..	..
Wm Hopkins	..	7	19	13	13	8	14	..	23
R Schneider	..	..	..	14	9	6	11	21	..
Griffith	..	..	..	13	11	9	13	..	24
Berquest	..	..	..	10	4	..	..	..	..
Charles	..	..	..	9	11	..	13	..	..
Ernst	..	..	..	6	10	6	9	15	..
Greene	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..

No. 3 was at 15 singles and 5 pairs. No. 6 was at 5 pairs.

All communications intended for Forest and Stream should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

The East Liverpool Tournament.

East Liverpool, O., Sept. 10.—The tournament of the East Liverpool Gun Club, held to-day, had a small but enthusiastic attendance. Among the visitors were G. E. Kingsbury, S. W. Bilsing, New Brighton, Pa.; Dr. W. H. Beecher, E. F. Haak, Canton; L. T. Besserer, Zanesville; M. Saffold, Cleveland; V. Hunter, Brilliant, O.; George Cochran, Washington, Pa.; V. J. Agnew, New Castle, Pa. A pleasant feature was the presentation of a China bluerock, decorated with a gold band and stamped with name and date of the tournament.

Competition began at 11 o'clock and ended at 5 o'clock. The $25 for the four high average shooters was won by Messrs. E. F. Haack, Canton, first; G. Cochran and Saffold tied for second, and Early and Agnew tied for third; Besserer was fourth.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	15	15	20	10	15	15	10	15	15	20	10	25
G E Kingsbury	3	5	4	13	5	10	9	6	10	10	12	6	14
S W Bilsing	7	7	10	11	5	11	11	6	12	10	16	9	20
W H Beecher	5	11	9	13	8	9	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Geo Cochran	9	14	10	15	6	11	12	9	12	14	17	6	21
V Hunter	8	10	8	14	9	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
L T Besserer	8	11	13	13	8	9	10	..	..	9	17	5	19
E J Agnes	4	..	10	15	8	14	10	7	11	10	13	8	19
Saffold	8	11	8	13	9	11	10	9	14	9	14	9	15
E F Haack	9	..	12	19	7	13	13	10	15	13	16	9	23
Crable	3	9	8	8	8	7	..	..	..	..	13	2	14
Little	3	7	11	10	6	13	8	7	10	6	..	6	9
Early	3	10	12	15	10	8	11	10	14	12	18	8	21
Pills	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Russi	..	12	8	13	9	9	7	7	7	10	13	7	18
Welch	..	..	10	13	6	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lewis	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	8	14	4	..
Edmonston	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	10	7	..	15	..	..
Brush	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..
Jackman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	8	14	16	4	..
Brown	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	11	..	..	..	..
Foutts	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	9	..	..	..
Johnson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	14	6	..

Raleigh Gun Club.

Raleigh, N. C., Sept. 11.—We have almost perfected arrangements for a two days' shoot, and possibly three, the last week in October. I cannot say positively just now, but there will not be less than $100 added money each day, and we hope to draw seventy-five or one hundred good shooters. This will be our second annual shoot in October at our State fair, which attracts visitors from all over the State, and some outside. We had a very nice shoot last year under the able management of Mr. L. D. Thomas, and we hope to attract many more shooters this year. Two sets of traps will be used, magautrap and expert.

The following scores were made to-day, 50 targets each: Whitaker 44, Johnson 43, Parker 43, Pearce 38, Gray 35, Stark 30, Galloway 28, Pullen broke 18 out of 25. R. T. Gowan, Sec'y.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

Cincinnati, O., Sept. 6.—The scores made in the fourth contest for the Troisdorf medals, under the auspices of the Cincinnati Gun Club, to-day, resulted as follows: See (18) 43, Peters (19) 41, Van Ness (20) 41, Nye (18) 40, Boyd (16) 39, Harris (19) 39, Heyl (21) 39, Ward (16) 37, J. B. (18) 37, Faran (18) 37, Ahlers (20) 37, Steinman (18) 36, Lindsley (16) 36, Maynard (18) 36, Butts (16) 35, Verges (21) 35, Capt. (17) 35, Randall (19) 34, Jack (16) 34, Roanoke (16) 32, Falk (16) 31, Corry (18) 30, Ackley (16) 29, Colonel (14) 11. See won Class A; Harris and Boyd tied for Class B. The conditions were 50 targets per man, with a handicap in yards.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

G. W. G., Rye, N. Y.—After Oct. 1 will the game laws of Connecticut permit me to enter that State and kill a few game birds and ship the same without the State in a package with its contents plainly marked on the outside? Ans. No. If accompanied by owner and plainly marked game may be shipped within the State, but its export under any condition is forbidden. See Game Laws in Brief, July issue, page 68.

W. O. W., Charlottesville, Va.—Will you kindly tell me what kind of a bird this is? Ans. The bird is a black tern (*Hydrochelidon nigra surinamensis*). It is found in summer throughout temperate North America, migrating southward in winter to South America, as far as Brazil. The specimen sent in is a young bird, the adult in summer plumage is much darker. Our correspondent may have noticed the curious webbing of the feet, which, as Coues says, are little more than semi-palmate. These black terns are a summer feature of the Western prairie States, where they nest in great numbers in marshes along low slow streams and near little lakes. Their food consists largely of insects.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

At the National Rifle meeting, which was concluded at Sea Girt, N. J., Sept. 6, the pistol championship of the United States and the pistol re-entry match were won by Mr. Thomas Anderton, of Massachusetts. He also won the revolver championship match. The revolver re-entry match was won by Mr. C. F. Armstrong, of Boston. Mr. Anderton was second. He and Armstrong used Peters cartridges. The Schuetzen rifle contests, Match A, on the Standard American targets, was won by Dr. W. G. Hudson, of New York. One of his tickets of five shots was perfect, a possible 50. In Match B, on the German ring target, the winner, Mr. F. C. Ross, of Chicopee Falls, Mass., made a perfect score of 75. Hudson and Ross used King's Semi-Smokeless.

The sportsmen's trunk, manufactured by Crouch & Fitzgerald, has one welcome new point. Most trunks open at the top, and so, if anything placed at the bottom is needed, the trunk must be unpacked. This trunk, however, opens in front, as well, and is so subdivided that anything it contains can be reached at once. The arrangement not only saves labor, but time and patience as well, and whether in tent, log cabin, steamboat or wagon, the articles in the trunk are immediately accessible.

Using U. M. C. ammunition at flying targets, W. W. McQueen, Greenville, Mich., broke 267 out of 295; Rolla O. Heikes, Aug. 13, Birmingham, Ala., broke 96.8 per cent, and at Paducah, Ky., Aug. 27, he broke 340 out of 350. Aug. 13, B. J. Nobels won the W. New York and N. Pennsylvania championship, breaking 94 out of 100. Aug. 14, Geo. Flint won high average, Americus, Ga., and same date, J. Lettler won high average, Warsaw, Ind. Sept. 1, M. E. Hensler won high average, Battle Creek, Mich.

The catalogue (1902) of the Remington Arms Company contains 64 pages of interesting matter, a revised price list, excellent illustrations of the many different kinds and grades of shotguns, rifles and pistols, parts and extras, manufactured by that company. There are a number of sectional views. It also contains patterns of shot in circles, illustrating the difference between cylinder, modified choke and full choke guns. A table showing 40, 60, 75 and 100 per cent. of number of pellets in loads of shot from ⅞ to 1½oz., is embodied in it.

At the Du Bois (Pa.) tournament, Sept. 9 to 11, Mr. L. J. Squier was high average for the three days with 558 out of 600; he shot Winchester gun and ammunition, and Dupont powder. J. T. Atkinson was second with 554; he shot a Parker gun, Peters ammunition and Dupont powder. A. H. Fox was third; he used Winchester gun and ammunition and Dupont powder. L. B. Fleming was fourth; he used Winchester gun and ammunition and L. & R. powder.

The index to the new sporting goods catalogue, recently issued by Siegel Cooper Co., of this city, seems to name about everything needed by the outdoor person, from "air rifles" to "war relics." If one reads across the page he sees "snipe calls," "kodaks" and "hammer shotguns." The catalogue is profusely illustrated on all its 116 pages, and will be sent without charge to any one who may apply for it.

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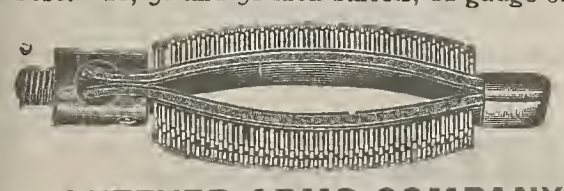

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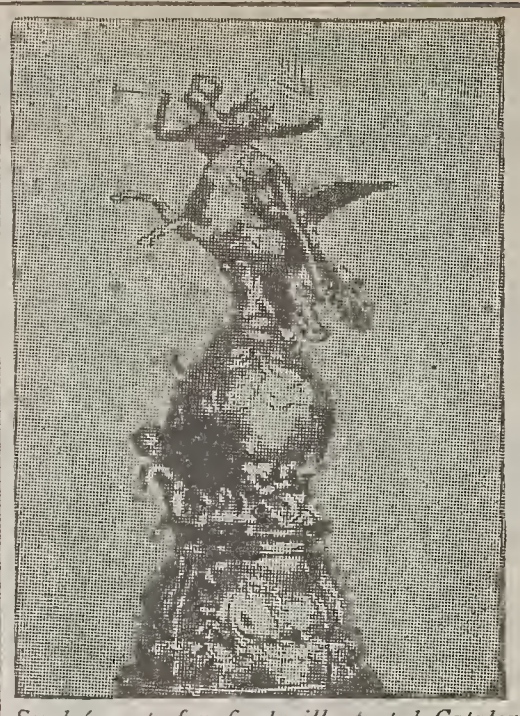

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VOL. LIX.—No. 13. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1902.

FOREST AND STREAM

ROD AND GUN

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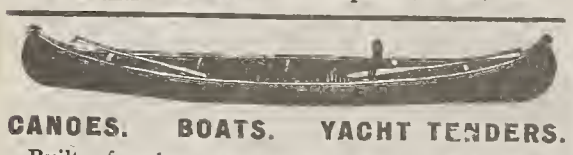

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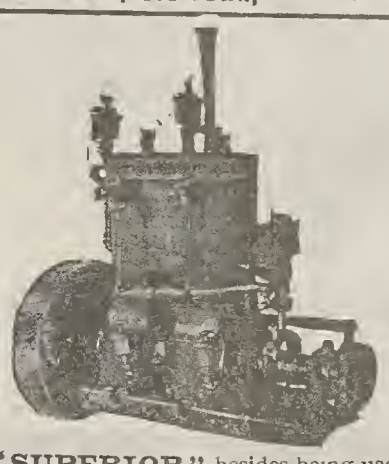

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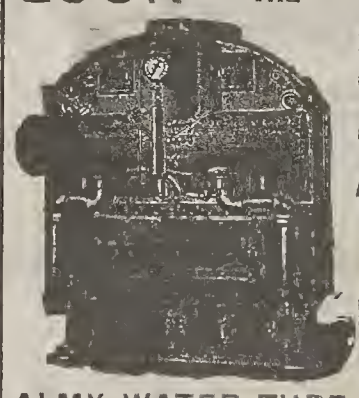

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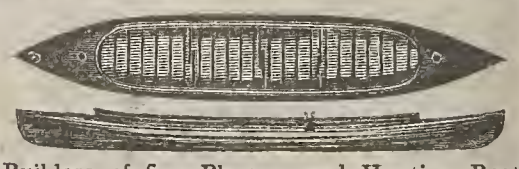

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1902

VOL. LIX.—No. 13. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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SEND THE NAME WITH THE MONEY.

WE often receive remittances of money unaccompanied by the name of the sender. When sending money one should always be very sure to sign his name. The sender of money who does not sign his name when he sends the money can hardly expect to receive in return from those to whom he sends the money that for which he sends the money, and failing to receive that for which he sends the money from those to whom he sends the money, he naturally blames the people to whom he sends the money because they do not send him that for which he sent the money, whereas if he sends his name when he sends the money, the people to whom he sends the money would send him the things for which he sends the money. The transaction would then be capable of being ended. But when the sender sends the money without his name the receiver of the money can only hold it, awaiting further developments. Sometimes nothing develops. In such cases the money must be held. It still belongs to the person who sent it and not to the person who receives it, and it is generally speaking a nuisance for the persons who receive it to hold it in trust for the person who sent it. The Forest and Stream Publishing Company is holding and has held for some time several such remittances from carelessly, and it is to be assumed unintentionally, anonymous correspondents. When the fund is large enough to furnish adequate compensation for a struggle with the problem, it will be used as a prize for the best explanation of why people send money for things without sending to the people to whom they send the money the address to which the things for which the money is sent are to be sent by the people to whom the money is sent.

THE FOREST FIRES.

IT has been years since there have been so many and so extensive forest fires as within the past few months, and it is probably not too much to say that millions of dollars' worth of standing timber have been destroyed; while in Oregon it is believed that more than 40 persons have lost their lives in the flames. The destruction of timber in the neighborhood of Grand Encampment, Wyoming, and on the borders of the Yellowstone Park Forest Reserve has been widespread, and many, many years must elapse before nature or art can repair the damage. Not only have the mountains been stripped of their timber, but in some cases the winter range of the stockmen has been burned over, and their cattle and horses will have to be moved somewhere to a winter range.

In Wisconsin and Minnesota there have been serious fires, which, happily, have been put out. Montana, Washington, and northern California, as well as Oregon, are said to have suffered severely, and it is reported that the smoke of the forest fires along Puget Sound and some other points on the coast is so thick as to make navigation difficult and dangerous. There have been many fires in Colorado also; and at last advices most of the fires which have been raging for months over the mountain country west of the Missouri River are still burning.

If the United States had a proper forestry system and service, such extensive and disastrous conflagrations could not occur.

The first step looking toward such an improved service was taken at the last session of Congress, when a bill was introduced which had practically the unanimous approval of the best equipped foresters in the country. The purpose of the bill was to transfer the control of the forestry service from the Department of the Interior to the Department of Agriculture. Largely through the instrumentality of Mr. Cannon, of Illinois, this bill was killed, chiefly, it was reported, on grounds of economy. It is to be hoped that the loss of property and loss of life which have taken place this summer may open the eyes of Mr. Cannon and other economical persons of his caliber to the importance of providing against a recurrence of such fires in the future. If we take into consideration the value of the water stored by these forests to the inhabitants of the arid West, it will seem that it is a good investment for the Government to take all steps that will insure a permanency of this water supply.

THE RAIL TIDES.

IN the Northern States the closing days of September mark usually—though not always—the closing also of the rail shooting season.

The broad fields of corn grass or wild rice, which a month ago showed unbroken surface of tasseled heads that bowed before each passing breeze, are interrupted now by many narrow lanes where the boats of the rail shooters have passed to and fro, breaking down the grass which now lies in unsightly tangles on the water's surface. The heads of the grass which still remain upright no longer bend beneath a burden of long, slender grains, but stand upright, straight and naked, stripped of their fruitage by the birds. For beside the rail which run over the floating vegetation, and squeeze their way among the close set stems, and sometimes climb part way up the stalks of the grass; and the ducks which pick up the falling seed and at low water dabble in the mud of the bottom, these rice fields are the resort and feeding ground of great flocks of other birds. But now since most of the grain is gone and food has become scarce and the nights are growing cooler, the metallic cluck of the red-winged blackbird is heard less often, and the high-pitched musical tinkle of the reed bird no longer comes to the ear.

The wet meadows have long been mowed, and on the higher ridges along their borders, goldenrod and aster are beginning to mature. On the hills back from the water, patches of brown appear on the chestnut trees and the birch leaves are letting go their hold on the slender twigs, and are slowly falling to earth. Here and there, the soft maples of the lower ground are patched with vivid red, foreshadowing the general blaze of color that the next month will show, and the conical cedars which crown the higher rocky knolls are twined with streamers of the Virginia creeper, already turning crimson, and soon to glow yet more brilliantly against the dark green background. The heats of summer are still felt at midday, and the air is smoky with a presage of the autumn which is not yet here. At morning and evening in quiet weather, light fogs hang over the streams—fogs which hardly obscure the view, but distort and magnify well-known objects so that they are hardly to be recognized.

A morning tide is always a low tide, and so is favored not at all by the average gunner, but if one starts for the rail grounds early in the morning, he may see strange things. Once in a while a woodcock may be seen to fly across the stream with the air of one who has been out all night, and is ashamed to be caught abroad by the rising sun. Even a ruffed grouse has been seen to cross the river—perhaps influenced by the curious wandering instinct which in early autumn attacks this noble bird, and leads him to show himself in all sorts of unexpected places, careless of his own safety and quite without the wisdom which will characterize him a month or two later.

Rail shooting is a charming sport, but a sport for women and children and aged men, rather than for the hardy sportsman, who, tough of muscle and long of wind, is able to tramp hour after hour through New England woods and swamps, or over the slippery prairies or the rough mountains of the Northwest, or among the pine woods and old fields and briery thickets of the South. What can be more luxurious than to stand or sit in the boat, and to be shoved smoothly and slowly among the wild rice fields, while the tame and slow-flying birds rise in front or on either hand and gently flap their way to a hoped-for place of safety? The gunner has abundant time, a clear field. There is no need to allow much for crossing shots. Rarely, to be sure, if a bird is started within a foot or two of the shore, or of the thick cattails which the boat cannot penetrate, a snap shot is called for, but for the most part the shooting is open and easy.

For this very reason the rail grounds offer a capital school for the small boy or girl who desires to learn to shoot. Properly equipped and standing in the bow of the boat, the novice has every opportunity to do well, while the instructor, sitting on the midship thwart, may coach the pupil, and explain why each shot was missed, why each mistake was wrong, and what should be done when the next bird gets up. The pupil who shoots too quickly may be checked by a word of warning just as the bird rises, and urged to be deliberate; and lesson after lesson may be given which should greatly profit the learner.

In these latter days such instruction is much more important than it would have been to those who were learning to shoot twenty-five or thirty years ago, since to-day the opportunities for practice on wild birds are fewer than they used to be.

Unfortunately, not every one has access to rail grounds where lessons of this sort may be given, but those who can spend a few days each autumn in the pleasant task of giving instructions to their young people in such matters, should avail themselves of the school of the rail grounds.

VANISHING GAME BIRDS.

THAT certain species of North American mammals and birds have become absolutely extinct is too well known to make it necessary to enlarge on the fact. That certain other species are approaching, or have already reached, the danger line is well understood by those who watch such matters. One of these species is the woodcock, and it is only last week that Mr. Theo. Gordon called attention to some of the special dangers which threaten this simple fowl, so easily found, and when found so easily secured by the competent shooter. Like other game birds, it has to run the gauntlet of many dangers, and it is far less well able to take of itself than are the gallinaceous game birds, and suffers in consequence.

On another page Dr. A. K. Fisher, the Ornithologist of the Biological Survey, sounds a timely note of warning which it will be well for sportsmen and legislators to heed. He points out that the woodcock and the wood duck are becoming so scarce that they are in danger of extinction, and gives the reasons for their scarcity, which are not far to seek for any one who has followed the course of shooting and alleged game protection in the United States for the last twenty years.

For many years the woodcock was everywhere shot during the summer; sometimes before its eggs were hatched, usually before its young had lost their down or were able to take care of themselves. Even to-day during autumn and winter it is wholly without protection in its Southern home. The two facts, coupled with the small number of eggs laid and the further fact that it is a bird very easily found and shot, have contributed to the over-destruction of the woodcock, so that it has now become actually a rare bird.

The case of the wood duck is somewhat similar. By some strange mental twist, our legislators seem to think that wildfowl need no protection, and in many States the close season covers but four or five months, and these the months when few or no ducks are found in the Southern or Middle United States. There is thus no check on the duck shooting habit, and people have come to believe that whenever a wild duck is seen it is open season for that duck. The wood duck breeds over much of the United States, and is therefore present with us during the close season, and to some extent destroyed even then. It is encouraging to observe that there are seven States in the Union—New Hampshire, Vermont, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Utah and California—and three Provinces of Canada—New Brunswick, Ontario and Manitoba—which have abolished spring shooting, not in terms, it is true, but by making the open season close during the winter. One of the counties of New York offers an interesting object lesson in duck protection during the spring, and in consequence duck abundance during the legitimate shooting season.

In matters of game protection we Americans are great hands for locking the stable door after the horse has been stolen, and then talking largely about what ought to have been done a long time before. There have been not a few examples of this in recent times, and in the matter of the wildfowl generally and of the dainty woodcock—once regarded as the especial game bird of America—we are threatened with evils which there is yet time to avert. The most effective action that can be taken to protect these birds is to shorten the season during which it is legitimate to kill them. Spring shooting should be abolished in all the States, and those of the South especially should enact laws closing the season on the woodcock and on all wildfowl not later than Jan. 30. Such laws if enforced, together with non-sale laws in the different States, might readily enough bring back the wildfowl and the woodcock in something like their old-time plenty.

Dr. Fisher is entitled to the thanks of all sportsmen and naturalists for his strong plea for the woodcock and the wood duck.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A Burning Mountain in Cibiria.

THE scene is on the Amyp River, in eastern Cibiria (the native and only correct way of spelling what westerners erroneously write as 'Siberia.') I have said 'mountain' in the head-line, although the burning ridge of gas and coal is more correctly a ridge of hills, but quite high hills—from 600 to 800 feet altitude. But sensational newspaper hacks write in the gutter press of "sea waves 'mountains' high" (whereas the highest waves in the worst storms on record have never exceeded forty-five feet above mean sea-level); the writer's "stretching-it" is a truth in comparison.

On the Amyp River, there was a current that ran past the steamer so quickly, it made us think at times we were traveling at greyhound speed; whereas in reality the vitec (Russian for mileage), was often quite sluggish. This may be readily inferred when I state that the river journey from Kabapoĭck, on the Pacific side of Cibiria, to Ctpetenck (pronounced Ctretençk—ç soft, as in façade, garçon, etc.), on the head-waters of the Amyp, in the Iabloni range, took fourteen days for a distance of 2,000 bepcti (versti), or, say, 1,280 miles. Less than 100 miles a day cannot be rated among speeds of note, although we traveled day and night, except at shallow spots, which were too much even for the trained river pilots.

The fuel on these British-built but slaf-manned steamers—(there are also a few Belgian-built ones)—is always wood; and a richer fuel-wood I never saw in my life. It is from the dense fir forests on the river banks, and as it lays piled up on the decks in the warm midsummer sun, you can see the solidified turpentine in chunks in the wood, softening under old Sol's rays, and ready to ooze out, thick as molasses. Keeping up steam with such volatile fuel is an easy matter; still, the current was too strong against us to "make a record." The return journey, with the current, is made in six or seven days.

During that trans-Asiatic journey, of which mention has already been made in these columns, in Locomotive Engineering, and in special articles which our public library of Manhattan has indexed from the American Gas-Light Journal and the Coal Trade Journal into the library catalogues as representative magazine articles on exclusive subjects, this steamer trip on the Amyp River was the only part of the trans-slaf country (stretching from the Pacific Ocean overland westward for 8,000 miles to the old Polonia republic on the Teuton frontier) that the writer covered by conveyance, with one solitary exception of a couple of hundred versti in the torture-racking tapantac (pronounced tarantaç). [Both Russian and American spellings and pronunciations are herein occasionally given, to furnish the reader an idea of the difficulty of grasping the slaf idiom—the words being spelt one way, and sounded another.] The tapantaç—the Russian small-capital п having the sound of our n—is a springless national vehicle; and travelers apply to it a vulgar but peculiarly appropriate expression, when they refer to it as "enough to shake your guts out." This is literally true—in feeling, as every victim will admit. And yet the tapantaç is said by its undulating motions to be curative of heart troubles, nervous diseases, rheumatism, kidney and bladder diseases—especially in advanced stages.

But about the burning coal mountain? I have been working gradually up to it, to enable the peruser to form some opinion of the country and people in which it is located.

The fluvial journey was about ten days through. The town of Blagobeçhenck, midway on the Amyp River, had been left far behind, and the steamer ran into the cañons of the sidereal spur-ranges of the Iabloni mountains. Winding in and out, from morn till night, the scenery is ever changing. You feel like doing nothing but sit on deck watching the eternal changing panorama. Scenery! Have you visited the Italian lakes? Then imagine a chain or series of Italian lakes a couple of thousand miles long, and you will have a good idea of the scenery of the Amyp River.

One evening, as the steamer forced its way through the river gorges, there burst into view a particularly beautiful combination of ravishing river and mountain scenery, charmed with all the poetry of distant prospects and vast horizons, and in the near distance was a gentle curl of smoke arising from one bluff, which ever and anon in the gloaming or twilight (which in this sub-Arctic zone is lengthened out to 10 P. M.), shed a shower of crumbling ash-sparks down the cinder-strewn slope. The pyrotechnic display was exceedingly pretty, and the effect enhanced by the solitude of the region. Not a sound—the steamer stopped in this widening-out river cañon for the night—except the inimitable warblings of the colobei (nightingale). The sight was the nearest approach to a small-scale Vesuvio I ever saw; and all the passengers looked with silent admiration on the scene.

Explanations were soon forthcoming. One of the steamer's officers said the bluff had been afire for many years—how long he could not tell; nor could anybody else. Year after year, both summer and winter, the fire was gradually burning or eating its way along the ridge of bluffs, but at so small a rate of speed from year to year that its progress was almost imperceptible even to the river men.

It was supposed, said the informant, that a forest conflagration originally started the fire. But what was it that was burning (the forests about this and immediate hill-ridges having been burnt off), was asked. That, replied the officer, was the subject of research some years ago by a party of Russian geologists who went over the ground. They reported the fire was burning on "kamen lec" (stone forests), that is, petrified forests thousands of years old. Coal, I may remark, has never been used in this part of the globe.

The inference is clear. Extensive coal ridges are slowly being consumed, meaning that thousands of tons of good fuel are wasted. And yet the fire was certainly not so formidable that it could not be extinguished by a pipe line from the nearby river. A couple of days' work from a steamer's pumping engine, through half a mile of hose, would probably suffice.

In a lengthy former paper on fuel in Cibipia (as the slafs spell the country, but pronounce it as we do), mention was made that I never saw any evidences of coal during a year's journeyings hither and thither across the land. But that burning "stone forest" ridge (although I have never forgotten it) did not occur to my mind as that article was written. The consuming coal-mountain incident, however, was down on a list of subjects for treatment in a projected book of travels, which, promising to prove a complete financial fiasco (like 95 per cent. of all books published), was abandoned for the safer method of getting the special-feature articles published in a representative journal.

The other day I came across in my vest-pocket diary the entry that reminded me to write this chapter. It is in French—because all American tourists find it extremely useful to know that idiom, and, after a long spell of foreign travel, get to think and write in it. The note is as follows:

19 June (1 July), Wednesday.—Nuit, petit volcan; charbon brulant.

Which means literally: "Night, petty volcano; coal burning."—The first date is the old-style slaf one, as they are always a dozen days behind us; and almost always as many years behind us even in the simplest improvements.

L. LODIAN.

Tales of the Frontier.

III.—The Flight for Life.

FROM a woman member of one of the little bands of pioneers who fled from the wrath of merciless foes on the Minnesota frontier at the beginning of the great uprising of the Sioux, my brother, I. N. Belknap, obtained the following story, and from him it came to me. The full history of the great Indian massacre of 1862—the bloodiest of all savage slaughter in American story—has never been written, and never can be written. And only occasionally is it possible to add anything authentic to our partial knowledge of that terrible time. I take pleasure in sharing with the readers of FOREST AND STREAM this short additional chapter of that tragic story, of the truth of which I am fully persuaded:

Above the town of New Ulm, Minnesota, on the north or left bank of the Minnesota River, a small tributary creek known as the Sleepy Eye empties into the main stream; and a few miles above its mouth its first little colony of pioneer settlers made their home near the timber that lined its banks. But few in numbers—four families, if I recollect aright—they by common consent built their little hamlet on the plan similar to that of the Russian peasants—each family on that corner of their adjoining "quarter sections" that brought the houses closely together—and save for monotony inseparable from pioneer life, their days were those of enjoyment and pleasurable anticipation, as they toiled in the building up of more comfortable homes; and were all unconscious of the coming visitation of savage wrath soon to be let loose upon the frontier.

As time went on, and the wandering bands of Sioux, passing back and forth, became familiar objects to their curious eyes, they were occasionally visited by aged and partially decrepit members of the tribe who came on various begging errands; and among them was one old woman who appeared to be more than usually willing to be helpful to them in any of their work which she could understand, and which she promptly volunteered to do in return for the little kindnesses of the Christian white women who pitied the hard lot of the poor old creature, and who vied with each other in small favors to the one member of the savage race who appeared capable of gratitude.

Months came and went, and little by little the old Indian woman grew to be a more familiar object in the little hamlet; and she, having become fully convinced that the mode of life of the white people was better than that of the Indians, and that the comforts of their every-day life, which they kindly shared with her, were much greater than any she could hope for in the teepees of her own people, finally, and with the full consent of all in the little settlement, took up her abode with them.

Little did they then imagine that in extending Christian charity to the poor old creature, they were really casting their bread upon the waters, and were to find it again "after many days."

Her defection from the tribe was promptly noticed, and scowling looks and muttered imprecations of her former associates soon convinced the old woman that whatever she might afterward know of friendship could be expected only among the whites.

In the early part of the fateful year of 1862 the settlers became gradually aware of something of change in the demeanor of the savages, but so cunning were these crafty sons of deceit and treachery that only a slight uneasiness was noticeable among the settlers as the days drew on.

It was a lovely summer evening. As the sun sank low in the west and the cool of the evening came on and the breeze was sighing itself to sleep among the wild flowers of the prairie, all the white members of the lonely little colony on the Sleepy Eye were gathered on the common in front of their little hamlet in quiet enjoyment of the peaceful evening. The old Indian woman remained in one of the houses alone.

And now what nameless dread began creeping into their hearts? Had the breeze from the north been whispering some terrible story—all too unintelligible to the dull ears of the listening white people—of an unspeakable terror brooding over all the land; and were the drooping wild flowers of the prairie nodding only in mute recognition of the awful tale?

A glance to the northward from one of the party detected a moving object in the distance which seemed to be rapidly growing larger, and as all eyes were now turned in that direction it was soon made out to be a mounted man urging his horse to its utmost speed.

Wondering at the cause of such precipitate flight, they watched the rider's approach along the road leading down the creek, and when he came opposite them, instead of turning in toward them, he drew up his foaming horse and cried, "Get your wagons and horses just as quick as you can! Mount and ride for your lives to New Ulm! War has broken out, and they were fighting at the Agency all day yesterday. The Sioux are swarming everywhere, killing everybody they can find. Go just as quick as you can, and spread the warning as you go." And again the horse was spurred to rapid flight, and the rider disappeared down the road.

Turning from the last glimpse of the vanishing messenger, they stared in blank amazement into each other's eyes, for it was on the moment impossible to realize the horror of it all! And even in the hurried council that followed, it was urged that the man was probably unnecessarily excited and frightened, and it was finally decided that while it was doubtless best to heed the warning, that as night was now at hand, they would wait and take an early start on the following morning.

At this moment the old Sioux woman, coming out of the house, saw the little group in earnest council and hurried up to learn the cause of their apparent excitement. The story was repeated to her, together with their decision to begin their flight on the following morning. Instantly the old creature fairly danced with excitement. "O you go now! You go now!" she screamed. "You don't know Dakotas. I do! You go now! You go now. They not wait for morning."

"No," replied one of the men, "we think we know what we are doing. We can't travel well in the night; but in the morning we can go faster, and see what we are doing."

"Well, good-by!" said the old woman. "I go now." And suiting the action to the word, she drew up her blanket over her shoulders and started off at a rapid pace down the creek.

"Hold on, there, old lady," cried another of the men; "wait a moment. Boys, this old woman knows more about these things than we do. I move that we go with her—right now."

The wisdom of his proposition was at once so apparent that it was instantly agreed to, and in a moment more all were in hurrying preparation for flight.

While the men and boys ran for their guns and ammunition, threw saddles and harness upon the horses, opened corrals, pig-pens and chicken houses, turning everything loose to care for itself, and brought the wagons to the doors of the houses, the women gathered food, bedding and extra clothing, and a few minutes later the little band of fugitives were moving rapidly down to the mouth of the Sleepy Eye, where they forded the Minnesota River, and drove south across the river bottom and the wagon road leading down the river to New Ulm and out upon the high prairie land to the southward, and camped for the night in the darkness of the prairie. "And," said the narrator, "we had not got out of hearing of our homes when there came to our ears the sound of guns, as the Sioux were killing our cattle."

Sleep was a long time in closing the eyes of our fair informant that night. When she awoke her first glance was toward the river, when, out from the edge of the nearest timber came two of the boys of her own party bending low over the necks of a pair of the swiftest horses of the fugitives, urging them to their best speed, while a short distance behind them raced three mounted Sioux in the endeavor to cut them off. But the ponies of the Indians were no match for the horses of the white settlers, and soon the savages gave up the chase and rode back into the timber. The boys had risen very early and gone on a scout of their own, with the result of fully satisfying their curiosity.

All was now excitement in the little camp. A mouthful of breakfast was hastily swallowed, and the horses were soon in harness ready for the forward movement.

"Where you go now?" inquired the old Sioux woman.

"To New Ulm," was the reply.

"Which way?" she persisted.

"Right down the main road along the river," said one of the men.

"No, no! You no go that way," earnestly entreated the old woman. "Dakotas lie in the tall grass along the river, and they shoot you all!" she cried.

A tumult of discussion now arose. The wisdom of the old woman's counsel seemed evident, as she pleaded for them to keep out on the high upland prairie, away from the river, and follow a course parallel with it. But the smooth wagon road along the river bottom—where they could travel so very fast. It proved too great a temptation, and in spite of her frantic gestures and impassioned pleading in broken English, the decision was at length made to take the river road.

"Well, then, good-by! I no go that way," said the old creature, and again her blanket was drawn up over her shoulders in preparation, and again she turned her back upon her new friends and started off on the prairie.

"Hold on! Hold on, there! Wait a minute!" cried one of the men. Turning to the anxious group, he said, "Here, now, listen to me. This old woman was born and raised among the Sioux, and it stands to reason that she knows how they act in war better than we can possibly know. And now, I just make a move that she be made the general of this expedition right here now, and that every man, woman and child be put under her orders; to do just exactly as she says in everything."

This was promptly agreed to, and the old woman called back and invested with the full command.

Mounting to the top of the highest load of the things piled in the wagons she now directed the course of the little caravan, and with a vigilance which never for a moment relaxed, and an eye that instantly detected every movement of bird or beast in the distance, she marched her small force along the prairie highlands, where the short grass of the prairie afforded no screen for ambushed foes.

The sound of guns began to come to their ears, and as the direful day drew on, the sound of firing grew more continuous. The world was up in arms around them

s they pressed forward in their anxious march over he rough ground of the high prairie.

But now they saw with dismay that a ravine which ran lown to the bottom land of the river, and which was illed with tall grass, ran directly across their line of narch. The tall grass had now grown to be an object of dread to their anxious eyes. Calling a halt, their general now ordered forward all her troops. Every boy nd man, armed with any kind of gun, was now ranged n front, and forming them in line abreast and some hirty yards apart, she made them a short speech.

"Now," said she, "you all go on at the word. Be eady to shoot, and shoot quick! If Dakotas are in the all grass and they see you coming and see that you know ow to fight and are ready to fight, they not wait for ou; they jump and run. I know!"

The word was given, and directly in the rear of the xtended skirmish line moved the caravan, safely across nd out again upon the high land of the prairie.

Several times this was repeated during their march, nd when in the afternoon they came opposite the illage of New Ulm they turned at a right angle and noved down into the protection and safety of the town vithout harm to a single member of the little band, so visely led and guided. But along the road which wound s sinuous course along the river bottom, between the outh of the Sleepy Eye and the village of New Ulm, he mangled bodies of over fifty pioneers—men, women nd little children—lay strewn in all forms of mutilation nd savage slaughter, as the darkness of night closed own upon the frontier at the end of that sad and fate- al day.

ORIN BELKNAP.

Summer on the Labrador.

(Continued from last week.)

WE were pleasantly received by the missionaries and rranged with them for the use of a boat. Among the ew Eskimos about, however, we were unable to find ne who would accompany us as guide without the aily compensation of plenty of tobacco and the value f two quintals of fish, about $6. We decided to go lone. After one false start, when our boat proved erself in the first hundred yards, utterly unfit for our urpose, we returned, reloaded everything into a big hree-masted "Jack" and tender, received our final in- ructions from Capt. Mercer of the Idalia as to direc- on, and shortly before six in the evening manned the wenty-foot sweeps and forced our craft out into the ind.

The night was beautiful and clear, the air tinged with a light sharpness as of early fall, and as we lost sight f the buildings of Nain they were flooded with the red ays of the sun just sinking behind the distant islands. With Jake at the helm, while I watched for rocks and igeons from the bows, with every sail drawing, we tarted off in high spirits and laid a course up the outh branch of Nain Bay. We sailed until after dark nd made camp about 50 yards from the shore on a rassy slope. It was an unusually attractive looking spot r a camp, being sheltered on three sides by high walls nd trees, while within a few steps was a clear running rook of ice water. But in our choice of a camp we had ft out of consideration the ubiquitous mosquito, and ound we had chosen a spot already occupied by him as breeding ground. We suffered in consequence, and n self-defense broke camp at the first break of day.

About noon, finding we were getting into the shallow eadwaters of the bay and having covered, as we thought, bout twenty miles, we selected a site for a permanent amp on high ground, well protected in front by a high ocky precipice and in the rear by a considerable growth f trees. Such protection as we had, however, was not ufficient to prevent the capsize of our tent—and the onsequent destruction of several valuable articles, in- luding a pot of beans just finished baking, a luxury xpensive in time and oil—during the northwest gale, hich blew for thirty-six hours after we landed.

The appearance of the country here resembled very uch what we had already seen of the coast. High, ocky headlands, barren of everything except the rein- eer moss, rise abruptly on both sides of the bay. Above hese often stand much higher hills, which finally slope way into a rolling country intersected in every direc- ion by waterways. In the valleys we often found a rowth of fir and spruce in small areas, and directly in he rear of our camping ground was an area of a quar- er of a mile square, some of the trees reaching thirty eet in height.

As we landed the first day in our tender, we imme- iately made the acquaintance of a family of Arctic gulls, which we found later, occupied the bluff directly n front of our camp. They greeted us with loud and ngry cries, and flying over would often swoop down lmost within arm's reach. These gulls, an occasional lock of ducks flying over, and now and then a spruce partridge or a woodpecker, seemed to comprise the ird life in our vicinity just at that time. Since reach- ng the shore, our early impressions received from the eographies, of the vast clouds of migratory birds to be ound on the coast, had reeeived a set back. Off Iron Bound Island we had passed a great flock of "Tickle Elsies," and occasionally from the top of an iceberg or rom some rocky headland would rise large numbers of gulls, but we soon came to the conclusion that the great breeding grounds were further north and in more naccessible places than the Labrador coast furnished.

It is a feature of Labrador streams that hardly one lows into the sea, but swarms with brook trout. At Holton we took several weighing two pounds and those rom a quarter to half a pound in large numbers. In he brooks about our camp we found them plenty and gamy and kept ourselves well supplied, but our efforts with the sea trout, which the Eskimos take in large num- bers in the spring and which find a ready market in St. Johns, resulted in the capture of a fine mess of flatfish.

The game signs around our camp, however, were disappointing. While there was a network of trails lead- ing in all directions, showing where the caribou had come in large numbers in the earlier part of the summer, nothing showed any recent visits. Across the bay we found an Eskimo camp used during their spring trout fishing, and all about here was a veritable boneyard. Antlers, hoofs and whole skeletons bore evidence that the natives found caribou plenty enough at times. To the mosquito, of course, can be laid the absence of the caribou, and it is not surprising that they flee inland and to the tops of the highest hills to escape this pest, which even to a man with his means of protection, is almost unbearable at times. We had them in our tent, in our food and on our tramps. When we rested, as we often did in climbing the hills, for the exertion was severe, every portion of our clothing would immediately be covered by a hungry, buzzing crowd, and it was not unusual for them to bore through the thin parts and even through a soft leather glove. Headgears of net- ting, which we wore continually and tar soap constantly applied, were both wholly inadequate against these lusty fellows. By vigorous smudging we always cleared out the tent before getting into our sleeping bags, and if there happened to be a breeze blowing, were sometimes undisturbed until morning. If there was no other rea- son why Labrador would probably never become a summer playground for the people, this reason of the mosquito would be sufficient.

We were unsupplied in our camp with a time piece, and so were obliged to rely on the sun for our hours of going and coming. This did very well on days when the sun could be seen, but there came a day when it was hidden behind a dark mass of heavy clouds.

Rising at what we supposed was our usual hour, we had breakfast and went over the hills a short distance. We were gone perhaps a little over three hours, and on our return set to work to prepare dinner. We had hardly finished, when it began to grow perceptibly darker, and by the time we had cleaned up another night had come. So we again crawled into our sleeping bags, pulled our pea-jackets up over us and wondered what had become of the day, and if the long Arctic winter night was upon us so suddenly. The next day, however, was of the usual length. We spent a week in this camp and covered a large part of the surrounding country in our tramps. From the tops of the highest hills we covered with our glass miles and miles in every direc- tion, and always had the same view of a limitless ex- panse of rock, trees, snow, and water, but not the slight- est trace of the caribou. Breaking camp at high water early one morning, we started toward Nain with a fresh northwest breeze. This increased until it became a gale, and with sail shortened to a reefed mainsail, we bowled along at a tremendous rate, reaching Nain shortly be- fore noon, much to the surprise of the inhabitants, whose opinion of our ability in the management of a boat was plainly not flattering when we left them the week before.

It was during the afternoon of this day, while talking with the crew of a schooner unloading missionary sup- plies, that we learned of the loss of the Lily of the North. She had parted one anchor chain and dragged the other anchor in the gale of Saturday before, and had gone on to the rocks in Paul's Harbor, Black Island. The second pound on the rocks had torn the keel out and the crew had quick work to get their belongings on shore, so quickly did the water rise in her hold. Wrecks among these people are of the commonest occurrence, and our informants seemed to take the whole affair as a mat- ter of course, our interest in every detail seeming very surprising to them. They said the cargo was being sold at auction as they came by. It is the custom at the time of a wreck to appoint from among the captains of the schooners at hand one who shall act as auctioneer, and by him the cargo and craft are sold. Certain rules are followed which are agreed upon by the schooner clubs, whose formation takes place at the principal start- ing points in Newfoundland. Those who are independ- ent of any club, however, often become somewhat piratical in their movements and make the occasion of a wreck the scene of much highhandedness. From con- versation afterward with the man who bought the schooner and spars for six dollars, we learned some- thing about the prices received for the different articles of the cargo. It is, perhaps, enough to say that they were absurdly low and showed how great a sacrifice in value must be made in order to make a sale.

We were fortunate in getting Mr. Ford, who is in the employ of the missionaries at Nain, and a life-long resi- dent of "The Labrador," to accompany us on a second camping trip of a few days. Again leaving Nain in the boat which had already done us good service, we took a southeasterly course and camped during the afternoon on Sactushook (long, low) Island. I suppose the un- usual noise attending our making camp was what at- tracted the magnificent bull caribou which came trotting round a bend in the shore as we were putting up the tent. His presence, first noticed by Mr. Lord, was a signal for the dropping of all camp preparations and a frantic stampede for firearms, just then lying scattered about the ground. Mr. Ford's quick shot, followed by ours, brought him down, and there was soon a good prospect for the first fresh meat we had had in six weeks.

The caribou was a fine specimen, with an exceptionally good set of antlers, but in our hunt of the island we could not find a trace of another. The place made an ideal camp, however, being well protected, with plenty of water and material for a fire at hand.

Ducks, geese and shore birds, notably the curlew, were in great numbers, and just after light one morning, when stalking a flock of geese, we caught a glimpse of a black fox skulking along the shore, and on the same errand as ourselves. He had frightened the geese, and was himself too far off to give a shot, so we returned empty-handed. We reached Nain again on the 27th, to be ready for the steamer, which was expected daily.

One evening, as we were seated in Mr. Ford's house with his family and three Eskimo women who were engaged in softening some skin boots, about half past 8 we suddenly heard a steamer's whistle. The Eskimo women jumped with cries of "Umiaksuak!" "Umiak- suak!" (big boat! big boat!), and we all rushed for the shore, where a torch was lighted to guide the steamer on her course.

The night was clear and cold, with a keen wind blow- ing from the northwest, and the brilliant northern lights with constantly changing colors, covered half the sky from horizon to horizon, in a general direction of north- east to southwest. A boat was soon manned, and by the time the steamer, which proved to be the Grand Lake, had come to anchor, a large part of the population of Nain was ready to clamber aboard. On her first trip of the year, word had been left that the steamer might on her next trip go north from Nain to the other station, and this was the principal question asked as we flocked on board.

Up to this time Nain had been the most northerly point touched by the regular mail steamer, the traffic between the other stations having been carried on by schooners. We were told that the steamer sailed the first thing in the morning for Okah, Hebron and Rama, and our plans were soon made to accompany her, as there seemed to be too little time during her trip north to camp again.

A general feeling of expectancy and of pleasant an- ticipation was noticeable as the steamer left Nain, and there was a sort of "first time" novelty to everything. The coast below Nain being new to the captain, our friend, Mr. Ford, was taken as pilot, and ten miles out- side Nain took us safely over a sand reef when it looked to many of us as if we must surely strike, with our 18 feet of draft, so clearly could we see the bottom. We were shortly afterward approached and hailed by a whale boat load of ten men, who, with their provisions and sea bags, plainly told the story of another wreck. As the steamer stopped, they came alongside, and re- ported themselves the crew of the schooner Mariner, wrecked two days before off Cape Mugford. They were told by the Government official to proceed to Nain and remain there until the steamer should return, when they would be taken south. Proceeding, we were loudly cheered by the natives as we passed their summer camps, and shortly after noon passed Black Island, with the wreck of the Lily of the North plainly seen through our glasses. Past the jagged and snow-capped Kigdlapiegh we steamed, and toward night were brought to a halt by a thick fog, which hid all land marks. The steamer was put about and turned in shore toward a fishing boat which was coming in from the day's work and making for its customary harbor. Taking one of the men aboard and the boat in tow, we were guided into the harbor behind Cutthroat Island, where we spent the night.

"Oksunai!" "Oksunai!" was the first thing we heard on going on deck the next morning. Already nearing Okak, the steamer had picked up a large number of Eskimos from the outlying islands, and was taking them in to assist in the unloading of the stores. As the steamer sounded her whistle half a mile from the station, answering shouts could be heard coming from different points along the shore, and as we came to anchor we were surrounded by boats and kayaks containing the missionaries and Eskimos. Everybody came aboard, and then began the bustling work of unloading the stores and taking on the trout, seal oil and whatever else was to go to St. Johns.

Okak is about 100 miles north of Nain, and as its name signifies (tongue) is placed on a long, narrow jab of land. It was started in 1782, and in appearance is similar to the other stations, having the mission house with adjoining chapel and the outlying Eskimo huts. Okak is the largest in population of the stations, the Eskimos numbering about 380. Men, women and chil- dren, they all impressed us as being the most sturdy and lusty looking crowd we met on the coast. The healthy color in their faces fairly shone through the dark skin, and the large number of children of all ages spoke well for the continuance of the race, a fact noticeably absent at some of the stations. It is evident that they still use their natural food of seal blubber and dried fish, for it is a well-known fact that as soon as they leave this diet and take up the civilized fare of bread and molasses the health of the people begins to deteriorate. They are in many ways an interesting people to meet. Of course, one must first overcome the natural dislike to the odor which is noticeable in their company. This seems at first impossible, until the interest aroused by the native, his life and language, helps one to forget about his negative charms, and if this feature is after- ward at all noticeable it is simply as an agreeable part of his personality. Cleanliness is decidedly not one of his strong points, and water is known to him principally as a good thing to drink. However, in some of the southern stations they are beginning to observe a little more neatness in their personal appearance, and often signify their knowledge of the day being Sunday by pointing to their hair, which has perhaps been a little smoothed, or to a change in their "addichek," an outer garment shaped like a blouse, with a hood. Will- ing and cheerful in their disposition, their "Oksunai" is always accompanied by a smile, and during our contact with them we saw but a single instance of surliness, and that in one afflicted with the grip, which has found its way to that far-off shore.

Abias, a leader and adviser among the Eskimos, lives at Okak. He has reached the age of seventy-three, an unusually long life for an Eskimo, and has qualities of mind which make him a natural leader and his in- fluence great among the natives of northern Labrador

C. S. HAWKINS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE shooting season opened with more or less eclat in the neighborhood of Comox, Vancouver Island, as we are told by the excellent paper, the Cumberland News. J. Reis shot a large panther Sept. 6 on the Gor- don ranch, and the same week T. Kirkwood killed a large bear. Other bears were seen by different people even if not secured.

The News intimates that poaching goes on in the vicinity of Cumberland, as it does in very many other places. The season opened this year with good pros- pect of fair bags, but those who went out on opening day found the birds few and scattered. It is said that on the Sunday preceding the opening there were many gun- ners abroad, and there was a considerable destruction of birds. The law-abiding citizens ought to take hold of matters.

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Cruising on the White River.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The sketch given below, signed Rowlock, was not written for publication, but as it may prove of interest to your readers, I send it, to be disposed of as you may see proper. Rowlock and his two younger brothers, sons of Coahoma, being temporarily resident at Fayetteville, in the extreme northwest county of Arkansas, being bent on enterprise, built for themselves a skiff, which was transported by rail to upper White River and launched in that stream for a voyage of discovery and adventure. They were eleven days on the journey, of which the said sketch gives an account. COAHOMA.

WHILE our trip was a pleasurable one, in a way, it was something of a disapopintment to us, and it was not infrequently the case that we wished ourselves back at Cousin A.'s, with you all, enjoying the cool breezes, the tennis and cards, and the hospitality of her home. We found that we could not run nearly as long each day as we had anticipated, and that, except where there were rapids, the current was so slow that it afforded us little assistance. Consequently, we had to work hard to make any progress, and had to push on as long as we had daylight. Had we been able to loiter along and fish and swim more, we would have had a more agreeable trip.

The agent at Fayetteville had told us that our boat would go all the way to Beaver (The Narrows) on the same car, and we were surprised when we arrived at Seligman, to find it lying on the ground by the platform. It had apparently been knocked about a good deal. We were told by the Seligman agent that no freight train would go over until the next day, but that he would see if the passenger conductor would take it over that night in the baggage car. This the conductor agreed to do, so we were put off in the dark at Beaver about 11 o'clock Tuesday night. We lit our lantern, and Jim went in search of the river, while Fred and I stood watch over the baggage. Jim found the river and some farmers returning from a frolic, who assisted us in getting the boat to the water. When first launched, the boat didn't leak a drop, but the dampness made it come together a little, and for several days it took in a little water, until it swelled, and then the leaking stopped. We had had supper at Seligman, at a little hotel, so after launching our boat and carrying our baggage down to the river, we rolled up in our blankets and tried to get some sleep. Jim slept in the boat, and had a pretty comfortable time, but the rocks punched Fred and me through our blankets, and our repose was rather broken. We were up pretty early and cooked us some breakfast, and then it was that the first disappointment of our trip occurred. We discovered that in the dark and confusion of the preceding night the little telescope containing the bread and preserves had been lost. The train was almost due, and we sent Fred out to see if it was left on the baggage car, but if it had been they put it off at Eureka, for it was gone. We grieved sorely on account of this loss, and lived on crackers and corn dodgers instead of that nice light bread. We had not rowed more than a few hundred yards, when we struck a rapid, where our boat went aground on a shoal. Two of us jumped out and shoved her over, then got back and proceeded, to experience the same difficulty a little lower down. This continued all day, and every day during the trip, but the shoals became more and more widely separated, and some days later on we had to get out only once or twice. Fred and I very foolishly left our trousers rolled up after we would get through wading and re-enter the boat, and in about half a day our "waders" were in a fearful fix. We suffered very much from the burns for two or three days, after which the peeling process set in and our condition improved. Jim had a rip in the back of his shirt, and the sun presented him with a beautiful blister about four inches long and one wide. Fred's wrists, too, were pretty well cooked. The scenery along the river was beautiful, as it was during all our trip, and we enjoyed it very much. At 1:30 we landed and had our dinner, consisting of chipped beef, crackers, corn cakes, molasses and preserves. (Our jar of peach preserves was not lost.) Soon after we started, a bass jumped out of the water, hit Jim on the ear, flopped into the boat and out again before we could say "Jack Robinson." In the evening we stopped at a farmhouse and bought two chickens, which we had to shoot, some eggs and potatoes. At 6:45 we stopped for supper, consisting of eggs, potatoes, bacon, molasses, coffee, postum and crackers. Our camping place that night was ideal. We found a fallen sycamore consisting of two large trunks, lying parallel and about four feet apart. We erected two end poles, stretched our ridge rope between them, threw our boat covering over it and tied the sides just outside the tops of the logs, the canvas forming the roof and the logs the sides of our house. We threw sycamore leaves on the ground and spread our blankets upon them, and were soon lost to the world.

The next morning, Thursday, the 31st, we got up at 6 o'clock, cooked our breakfast and struck camp. We had oatmeal, coffee, bacon, chicken, corn cakes and molasses. The morning run was without incident. We stopped for dinner at 2 o'clock, and resumed our voyage at 3. Toward evening we discovered a big frog on a rock and I shot and wounded him, but before we could get him he had wiggled under the water. That night we camped on a gravel bar covered with sycamore and willow trees. We had had good running all the afternoon, and felt more encouraged and in better spirits. I did not mention that the day before this, we passed two pretty good-sized streams flowing into the White. The first was quite muddy and colored up the clear waters of the White. The second was clear and pretty. For about five miles after we passed its mouth the clear and muddy waters flowed along side by side and refused to mix, then they mingled and the river was not more than half as muddy as it had been before. This clear stream was the James River. The muddy condition of the water worried us greatly, as it made it more difficult for us to see the rocks, and we occasionally ran over one, but our boat proved tough enough to withstand the strain. Friday, Aug. 1, we got up at 4:30, struck camp, cooked breakfast and were off by 6. We doubled up at the oars and made pretty good progress during the cool of the morning. We asked a man how far it was to Forsyth, and were told that it was twenty-five miles. After going about fifteen miles we asked another, who said that it was forty miles. Later in the day another man told us that it was twenty-five miles by land and about 125 by water. This is only a sample of the experience we had all the way down when we undertook to gain any information from the natives. In the afternoon we bought a watermelon, some tomatoes, cantaloupes and eggs. We camped that night on a beautiful, high, level spot two miles above Forsyth. The next morning we ran on down to Forsyth, went up town, found that there was no mail, telegraphed to Mr. P., as we thought you might be getting uneasy, and it would take several days to get a letter to you from Forsyth, part of the trip having to be made by stage. We replenished our larder and proceeded on our way.

Up to this time I kept a rough diary of our movements, but was always too tired at night, after that, to worry with it. The next day was Sunday, Aug. 3, and it was during that forenoon that we had the most exciting experience of the trip. We encountered, from time to time, a number of rock ledges or dams, extending entirely across the river, over which the water flowed with great force. We could usually shoot over or jump these without much difficulty or risk, for the water below was nearly always clear of obstructions and deep. It is impossible to see from above what the conditions are below, so we would have to take our chances on hitting the right place. The most important thing to watch is the direction of the current, for the boat must be kept parallel with it at all hazards. At the time in question we heard the roar of one of these cataracts, and it sounded big enough to make us quake a little. Jim and Fred were at the oars, and I had the steering paddle in hand. I selected as "likely" looking a place as I could find, told the boys to pull with a vim and we shot over. But as the bow dropped down to the water below it struck a big rock full in the face. The blow seemed enough to split the boat from stem to stern, but she only gave a quiver and swung round, dashed broadside against the rocks by the strong current. The water began to pour over the side, and almost before we knew what was happening, Fred was out in the water, nearly up to his waist, holding up the side of the boat to keep the water out. We managed to swing her head down stream and get her off the rock, then landed and bailed her out. On a gravel bar just below us we counted 100 buzzards, and we surmised that they had expected us to be killed and were waiting for us. On two other occasions we shipped a little water, but this was the nearest to a "swamp" that we had during the entire trip.

At Forsyth we purchased a troll, and for several days caught all the bass we wanted to eat. We would run it out behind the boat to the end of a 75-foot line, and every now and then would feel a jerk and pull one in. Some of them weighed as high as a pound and a half. We could see bass darting about in shoal places and striking at minnows. The mountains were rather low where we started, but increased in altitude as we proceeded, until they played out just below Batesville. Sometimes they sloped up from the water, and then again they would rise sheer out of the stream in perpendicular cliffs from 100 to 400 feet high. We would occasionally see big rocks jutting out as if they would fall if a fly lit on them, and the action of the water in ages past has rounded off some of the projecting rocks so as to give them the appearance of turrets on some old English castle. The valleys were cultivated, and we could catch an occasional glimpse of a cornfield, but whatever civilization existed was shut out from our view, for the most part, by a skirt of woods along the river bank. We seldom saw habitations of any kind, until we got pretty low down the river, when we would occasionally pass a pearl hunter's tent; and we would go for half a day sometimes on the upper river without seeing a soul. One day, as we passed the mouth of a dry creek, one of the boys said, "Look at that queer animal over there." I looked, and saw that it was a cow bogged up just inside the creek. We landed and found that the poor creature was deep down in the mud, where it had probably been for several days. It was thin and weak and looked wistfully at us, as if to implore assistance. We went in search of some one whom we could notify of its condition, and found a house about half a mile from the river, and a man who said that he would look after it. We three boys and the man tried to get it out, but could not budge it, so he said he would notify the owners and they would bring a team and some ropes. As they lived two miles away, we did not wait to see the outcome of their efforts.

About this time the mosquitoes began to worry us considerably at night, so we rigged up a bar in the hope of keeping them off. We pinned the bar around our awning and let it fall to the ground, then laid the oars on the edges to hold them down. Somehow, the mosquitoes would manage to get in every night, and would wake us up at daylight with their singing and stinging. We suspected finally that they crawled through the meshes in the netting, as we could find no holes.

Our next objective point was Buffalo, and before we could reach that little town, we knew that we would have to shoot the dreaded Buffalo Rapids. The boys plied me with questions, from time to time, as to what the Buffalo shoals were like, but I could only tell them that they were a series of rapids about a mile long with a fall of nine feet, and were full of jump-offs and big rocks that were hard to avoid. We reached the head of this bugbear about 6 o'clock Tuesday evening, the 5th, and having bought us a watermelon, landed on a little rocky island to eat it before we entered the turbulent waters, for, we thought, why not get all the pleasure that is possible out of life, for we may never reach the foot of these shoals alive. So we ate our melon, and then pushed off, with Jim and Fred at the oars and I at the helm. We could see a perpendicular rock cliff about a mile down the river, where there was an abrupt turn to the left, and I told the boys that just above that lay Buffalo City, our temporary destination, bounded by a crescent of mountains on the one side and the river on the other. By close attention to my paddle and the making of some pretty short turns, we managed, within a few minutes after our start, to swing out of the rapids into the still, deep water at their foot, without having hit a single rock. We breathed a sigh of relief and made for the landing. Just as we stepped out of the boat we were warned by a man across the river to seek shelter quickly, as the railroad constructors were about to fire a blast. We dodged behind some trees and the blast went off, awakening the echoes for miles around. The rocks were scattered in every direction, but none of them came near us. Up to this time the sky had been almost clear, and there was no sound of thunder or evidence of a brewing storm. A small black cloud hung almost directly over us, and suddenly, almost as if from a clear sky, a livid flame shot from the cloud to the top of the mountain just across the river, and there was a report that eclipsed the blast that had so recently taken place about a hundred fold, it seemed. The rain began to pour down and we sought shelter under some thick sycamore trees, after covering our baggage up with the oil cloth. The rain did not last long, but the clouds began to gather, so we stored our things away in a store up on the bluff and sought the hotel. Later on in the night we were awakened by a violent electric storm, and congratulated ourselves that we were not out under our flimsy little tent fly.

We had expected to visit the Jackpot mine from Buffalo, but were unable to communicate with Capt. Stone over the 'phone, and could not get a team at Buffalo, so abandoned the expedition. The mine was sixteen miles away, over a rough mountain road, and we had not the time to tramp it.

Our run to Batesville was accomplished in twenty-six hours, just seven hours less than it took us a year ago in the bateau. The river was considerably higher on this trip, but the current seemed to me to be more sluggish. The rapids were fewer, hence the trip less exciting. A railroad is being constructed from Painter's Bluff to Buffalo, an extension of the road from Batesville to Painter's Bluff, and we encountered gangs of workmen quite frequently, and heard a great many blasts go off. This will be a beautiful road, as it follows the meanderings of the river, and is hollowed out of the sides of the mountains where they are adjacent to the river. We were told by the proprietor of our hotel at N. that a panther and a rattlesnake were blasted out of the same den at Painter's Bluff, and that the rattler was twenty-one feet long and had 111 rattles; that they ran an excursion up from N. for the people to see them. Had we known of this terrible reptile, we would probably not have slept so soundly in our camp two miles below Painter's Bluff, but "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." Just before we got to Painter's Bluff a bass jumped into the boat and I managed to get my foot on him and my finger into his mouth before he could flop out again. Jim passed a string through his gills and we had him. We had to cut him in two to get him into the skillet, which was a good-sized one, and he was more than the three of us could eat for supper. We shot one more frog, but he was in deep water and sank out of our reach.

After getting down to where the pearl hunters were numerous, we could no longer use the White River water for drinking, and as springs were scarce, had some trouble about procuring drinking water. When we would come to a good spring or a well or pump, we would fill our buckets and coffee pots with water and carry it along. It is fortunate for us that none of us are superstitious, for every night, when we would land to camp, a screech owl would light almost over us and serenade us. One night we camped in somebody's pasture, near a landing where were some cross ties and staves, piled up on the bank for shipment. When we were almost ready to put out our light and retire, a glimmer appeared among the trees up on the hill, and some one began to halloo at us. I answered and the voice asked us if we were "ketchin' um." I replied that we had not caught any yet, whereupon he inquired, "Is that you, Alex?" I said that it was not, after which the colloquy ceased, and we saw the light disappear through the woods. The farmer probably thought we were making away with his staves, but was afraid we were too many for him. We put out our light and were soon in the Land of Nod.

On Friday night, the 8th, we camped about thirty miles above Newport, on a bluff about thirty feet high. We had rowed in the rain some during the day, but it was not hard enough to wet us much, and our baggage was covered with an oilcloth. About 7 o'clock it began to look quite threatening, so we made for the nearest good-looking place for a camp. The bluff was hard to climb, but when we reached the top we found ourselves in a heavy switch canebrake. We chopped out a space in the cane under a pecan tree, the foliage of which was quite dense, and got our tent up just as the rain set in. The tree was so thick that very little water got through to us, and we cooked and ate our supper without paying much attention to the rain. The next morning we were off soon after daylight, for it was important that we should make it to Newport that day, being Saturday, as we would have to wait until Monday to get our money if we did not. We had expected to find boats running down the river from Batesville, but were disappointed in this hope, and were told that we could surely catch one at Newport. As we were growing somewhat tired of our trip, and my time was more than up, I thought we would put our boat aboard the steamer, the boys could take passage and I could run through by rail. We got to Jacksonport about 2 o'clock, and finding that I could just catch a train for Newport, and that it was ten miles further by river, I left the boys and took the train.

Arriving at Newport, we held a council and decided that we would sell the boat before the train time that night, if possible, and all go to Memphis, where we could get some money. We had only $6 among us, and the ticket to Memphis was $3.35. Our efforts to sell the boat were unsuccessful, though we offered it for almost nothing, so we went to a hotel and put up for the night. The next morning I left for Memphis, leaving the boys to await some funds. And thus ended our river trip.

The next time I take a long trip on the water, it will be in a launch, a sailboat or some other kind that can be propelled with some other force than muscle. The fact that we had to work so hard and so constantly, took away the greater part of the pleasure of the trip, for we had no time left for anything else. It was just a constant grind day after day. ROWLOCK.

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Natural History.

Scientific Forestry.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is quite apparent to one who observes things with any kind of careful attention, and at the same time has some degree of practical knowledge of things, that what we call science is now very much of a fad. We have had now about forty years of scientific agriculture which has cost many millions of dollars, and in spite of all this vast expenditure the average of the farm crops has not increased to any extent sufficient for the statisticians of the Government, working at a cost of millions of dollars, to base any figures upon. The agricultural colleges, so expensively maintained, after thirty years of gradually increasing expense, charged to the public, have not, so far, had the slightest effect in increasing the average yield of any crop, and the only good, so far, apparently done is the providing managers for the show farms of the wealthy people, which are kept up at excessive cost, and, as one owner of such a farm recently said to me, every egg laid on his farm cost him twenty-five cents, and his butter two dollars a pound. But he remarked it is something to show to my friends and brag on. And now we have a forestry fad on the stage, and thousands of dollars are spent in teaching the boys, who never before knew one tree from another, the science and practice of forestry culture. All this time, without the slightest fuss or noise, the French and German people and Governments have been improving their forests, private and public; planting the wind-swept ocean beaches to prevent the inroads of the sea on the land, and, just as if it were some new thing, some Yankee invention, we are taking this ancient thing up and claiming it as such. There is in fact nothing new or strange in this thing. The student of this new art, owners of wood lands, and others interested in it, may procure plenty of literature, new and old, in the German French and Dutch special journals, and by making a few trips to the European sea coasts, to the private wooded estates in any European country, or to the English coasts and prominent show estates of the wealthy land owners, as well as the ancient Government forests there, they may see samples of this work, which will show what has been done for many years back—centuries in fact—with such success as to have made these private and public woods most profitable property, paying as good interest on their high values as the beautiful fertile farm lands do, and these, too, showing a good profit from their crops, far greater than any of our show-farmers can do. In fact, the most notable of the show places of Europe, England included, pay a large income in spite of the fine gardens, great glass houses, clean, well-tended woods and forests, these all in fact being turned to practical use, and managed by apparently common-place workmen who never heard of an agricultural college or a scientific forester.

In fact, the art of forestry is a very simple thing. Simply to let trees grow, which nature planted, and when these are mature and harvested, to replant from a nursery, kept for the purpose, a new generation, to fill the place of the old and mature trees, which are cut and sold. It is just precisely what agriculture is, with the only difference that trees are grown instead of potatoes, corn or other crops. It is orchard culture on a large scale. I saw once in eastern New York an orchard of over three hundred acres, mostly in apples, from which some thousands of barrels of fruit were shipped annually by the owner; and it was one of the finest examples of forest culture to be seen. There were the trees grown in the most skillful manner and with exemplary profit. There was no fuss about it. The owner of it was unknown to fame, and his name had never been in print in connection with this enterprise, until it was introduced by me in an account of his grand orchard. A noted peach grower has a forest of these trees in the South which is annually extending its boundaries, as well as the bulk of the owner's bank account. And there are ample opportunities of getting information in the peach and other orchards—forests in fact—of the same kind in Maryland and Delaware, as well as in other localities too numerous to mention.

Indeed, there is nothing new in this thing. Over forty years ago I cut the timber off a section of pine land in northern Michigan, and it has been so well reforested since then by the simple preservation of it from fire, that the second crop is now in course of cutting, and it will make easily four times the profit it made in 1860. Beside this, there will be sufficient young hardwoods of great value left to bring a still more valuable crop in years to come.

I might mention the fact which appeared to me when in that region engaged in a sort of pioneer lumbering, which is of great interest, I think, as an instance of the natural rotation of crops applicable directly to the subject of arboriculture. This is that I there discovered, through a most striking occurrence, that there is as strict a rotation of crops or growth of plants in forests as there is in fields. I have found the same thing here in the North Carolina woods, which, I think, I may have mentioned in a letter some time ago. But it may be worth repeating in this connection, which is one more conspicuous instance of what may be called rotation of crops in nature. This former dense pine forest above mentioned, as it was in 1860, is now one-half covered with maple—some beautiful birdseye quite largely—bass woods, white oaks and other hard woods, and among these the white pines are growing. The tall pines force the other trees to a high straight growth of stem, free of low branches, the very best condition for the most valuable timber. This seems to me one of the most important features of our future forest industry, for it is, as I have observed continually, that the same kind of growth covering the soil gives place to a different one when the first has been removed. And in regard to forest culture as a science and an art, it is well worth notice, as it is in ordinary agriculture.

H. Stewart.

The Frolics of Nature.

In mood most debonair, just as though to convince us of unused power held in leash, staid Mother Nature often fashions her wonted material in unwonted guise. On rocks we have her carvings of faces human; some so finely chiseled and impressive as to make us suspicious that mortal hands had offered no aid to her design; here and there we find structures of stone and earth resembling the most capable of man's building, and everywhere can we discover her wonders, if we do but have a watchful eye. Small odds, therefore, if she seems occasionally to frolic in patterning after the superior animal creations.

Among the second forest growths (or maybe third, for all we know accurately), bordering on Lake Kenoza, in Sullivan county, New York, a seedling dropped by bird or blown by the winds, took root, and in the period of its uprearing, even as the slender limbs commenced to feel for neighboring comfort among its kind, our Mother Nature selected this sapling for a demonstration of her ability to mock at the usual order of things. A spot on the spreading thickening bark commenced to bulge, and wonder must have gripped the heart of that sapling, for there on its trunk was growing an excrescence that gradually took the form and shape of a climbing bear. As our tree became larger, this representation increased in size, and the accompanying photo will easily show

THE TREE OF THE CLIMBING BEAR.
Photo by A. Haddsell.

how true to life the animal of pith and pulp is. The tree has weathered the storms of many years, and unless some other decaying weakened friend topples over and carries it down amid a battle of the elements, it bids fair yet for many years to stand an attraction and wonder to sportsmen and the summer tourists who visit that portion of Sullivan county in largely increased numbers every year.

Kenoza Lake, or Pike's Pond, as it used to be called, is reached via Cochecton or Callicoon stations on the route of the picturesque Erie. The distance to these points is about 135 miles, and a matter of four and a half hours' traveling, the only discomfort is the abundant soft coal dust that smuts, distinguishes and disgusts Erie passengers. By stage from Cochecton or Callicoon one goes over the mountains to the lake, nine miles in a general northerly direction. Accommodations in the summer and the fall have to be secured in advance, and both at Miller's Lake View House and at the Gedney House, clean, cool rooms and good board at reasonable prices is obtainable.

Kenoza is within easy driving distance of Liberty, White Lake, Sulphur Springs and the neighboring resorts. Every one around Kenoza will point out the road to the bear tree, and as the roads thereabouts are of uncertain nomenclature, inquiry is easier than direction.

There is good fishing to be had in the lake, and quail, partridge and woodcock are reasonably abundant.

The last abiding place of this frolic growth of nature should be in the Museum of Natural History in New York. Rumor has it that the owner of the property refused a substantial sum for the tree.

A. Haddsell.

Great Kills, S. I., Sept. 8.

Old Trees.

Pike's Peak, Colo., Sept. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I read with much interest an editorial in a recent number of Forest and Stream, entitled "The Old Oak." In my younger days I myself knew such a tree, as no doubt many of your readers have known one or more.

An interesting occurrence bearing on the age of trees took place near here, not long ago in the Garden of the Gods, during a visit of Prof. Chas. E. Bessey, of the University of Nebraska, who is so well known as an authority in botany and a student of trees.

On the slopes of the mountains hereabouts are many cedar trees, of the species known, I believe, as the brown cedar (*Juniperus monosperma*). Many of these are very large, and in August last Prof. Bessey while here counted the annual growth rings in the stump of one cedar which had recently been cut down. These rings were counted with the care peculiar to the scientific man, and from the count the number of rings calculated for the whole stump, the result of this calculation gave 800 or 1,000 years as the age of the tree. Thus, this tree may have sprouted about the year 1000 A. D., or not far from the time when Lief Erikson, the Norseman, is supposed to have discovered Vinland the Good.

C. O. P.

A Great Western Meteorite.

Mexico has long been interesting for the meteorites which have fallen there, and the naturalist Humboldt in his great work on New Spain, published in 1811, describes some of them.

Some of the Mexican meteorites are of astounding size, weighing many tons. A dozen years ago the Mexican Government brought five of the largest to the City of Mexico, where they may still be seen mounted on iron pillars in the entrance court of the School of Mines. In a recent number of Science, Prof. Henry A. Ward, the veteran student of meteors, describes the largest known meteor of Mexico, which is perhaps exceeded only by one other, the great meteorite of Greenland. The actual size of this last is not definitely known, and it may be that the Mexican meteor is the largest. Prof. Ward says:

Through Señor Jose C. Aguilera, the Director of the Instituto Geologico, we obtained from the Minister of State letters to the Governor of Sinaloa and to the Director of Mines in that State. Western Sinaloa is practically impossible to reach in a direct line from the capital. The northern route through Arizona and Sonora involved a journey of over 2,000 miles. We took the shorter but harder route across the Cordilleras to the port of Manzanillo on the Pacific, and thence by steamer up the coast of the Gulf of California. There at the adjacent city of Culiacan we took a carriage with a four-mule team and an American photographer, who accompanied us with his camera. A drive of ninety-five miles to the north and west took us in three days far up among the foothills of the Sierra Madre. Bacubirito is a small but very old mining town, situated on the road to Sinaloa in latitude 26 degrees, and in west longitude 107 degrees. The elevation above sea level is some 2,000 feet. The meteorite is seven miles nearly due south from there, near the hamlet called Palmar de la Sepulveda. Here we found it on a farm called Ranchito, which fills a narrow mountain valley beneath two spurs of the main range. It was there struck by the plow of Crescencio Aguilar in the summer of 1871. He soon uncovered enough of its bright surface to satisfy himself that he had found a silver mine. Its surrounding is now a cornfield with a black vegetable soil of some two yards in thickness. In this soil we found the great meteorite deeply imbedded. Its surface was but little below the surface of the ground, but with one end slightly projecting above the level. It was a long, monstrous boulder of black iron, which seemed to be still burrowing to hide itself from the upper world. Its surface form was something like that of a great ham. We could walk for many feet along and across its surface, surveying these dimensions, but knowing nothing of how far the mass penetrated the soil beneath. Our first work was excavation. We soon got twenty-eight able-bodied persons for this. We undertook an area of thirty feet on a side, with the great meteorite lying within. In a single day we passed down through nearly four feet of soft vegetable soil, and the meteorite began to show in its entirety. The general form of the mass seen from the side was that of one ramus of a huge jaw. The surface was entirely covered with "pittings," very regular in size, and about two or three inches across; shallow, but with well-defined walls. There were no areas which showed the devastation of deep rust; a fact due both to the dryness of the soil and to the large alloy of nickel in the iron. On one side there was a deep crack, running horizontally through half of the mass. At its inception this crack was too narrow to insert a knife blade; at the other end it was nearly three inches wide. Our Mexicans were astonished at the result of their own labors; they marveled alike at the size of the mass, and at our credulity in believing that it had ever fallen from space above.

By the end of the second day we had carried our excavation to an average depth of six feet. Over the area the vegetable soil was from three to four feet deep, while below it was a porphyry rock, common in this part of the country, much broken up by natural cleavages and decomposed *in situ*. Immediately around the meteorite we had dug much lower, leaving the great iron mass poised on a pillar or pedestal of the undisturbed rock. Finally we performed a feat of moving the great block. To lift one end with heavy tackle or machinery would have been impossible for us; but it needed little mechanical aid to make the mass move itself. We attacked with our long iron bars one side of the supporting pedestal. After long chiseling away on one side of this, the center of gravity was reached, and, with a slow, almost dignified, movement, the great meteorite sank at one end and assumed a partially vertical position. Looking beneath it,

we found that its late bed was a clean depression crushed into the rock, with absolutely no soil between it and the mass which had lain above it. It would thus seem that the meteorite had fallen on the bare rock surface of this district at a period before the vegetable soil had begun to form here. This would be an interesting and astounding fact, carrying back the fall of our meteor to a remotely distant period, perhaps of thousands of years. But there are other conditions which would need careful consideration before accepting so momentous a conclusion. The wonderful preservation of the mass, with its little oxidation, and the clean, sharp-rimmed pittings which cover its surface, seem to point to a more modern sojourn within the destroying influences of our air and moisture. We leave this for further consideration.

It is an interesting fact that this, perhaps the largest and heaviest meteorite yet discovered on our globe, should have fallen so near the present borders of our country. Interesting, too, that Mexico, with all its other extra large meteorites, should have received this champion mass. The extreme measures of Bacubirito, for so our meteorite from the first has been called, are:

	Feet.	Inches.
Length	13	1
Width	6	2
Thickness	5	4

The form of the mass is extremely irregular, and though measures have been taken around the mass at many different points, its cubic contents can not be calculated with more than an approximation to accuracy.

The five largest meteorites known to science to-day are:

	Tons.
Bendego (Brazil)	5 1-3
San Gregorio (Mexico)	11 1-2
Chupaderos (Mexico)	15 2-3
Anighito (Greenland)	50
Bacubirito (Mexico)	50

The first three are weights proven on scales. The latter two are thus far simple estimates.

Two Vanishing Game Birds.

The Woodcock and the Wood Duck.

BY A. K. FISHER, ORNITHOLOGIST, BIOLOGICAL SURVEY.
From the Year Book of the Department of Agriculture.

UNLESS strong protective measures are soon adopted the woodcock and wood duck, two popular and valuable game birds, will become extinct—the woodcock absolutely, the wood duck over a large part of its range. It is the purpose of the present paper to call attention to the impending extinction of these birds, to point out the causes, and, so far as possible, to suggest means of prevention.

These game birds differ materially in habits as well as in other particulars, but the conditions affecting their decrease are very similar. As winter approaches they leave their summer homes, where they have been scattered over broad areas, and gradually work southward until finally they become more or less concentrated in their respective haunts in the Southern States. Within the confines of this winter home, where almost no protection is afforded them, they are slaughtered in large numbers; and as the Southern States place little restriction on their export, they are shipped North in quantities limited mainly by the demands of the market or the endurance of the gunners. Not only are the birds subjected to this exterminating treatment throughout the winter, but when the season of migration comes and they return to their summer homes they fare little better; for a majority of the States in which they are found permit them to be shot while nesting or at the time when the young are unable to properly care for themselves. In view of these facts, it is not surprising that the woodcock, with its limited distribution and moderate fecundity, is very rapidly passing away, and that the wood duck has disappeared or become rare in many places where once it was common.

Woodcock (Philohela minor).

It is probably true that none of our game birds is so universally esteemed as the woodcock. The many sportsmen who find pleasure in following coveys of bobwhite through the stubble field and covert in autumn, and those who enter the wild and rugged haunts of the ruffed grouse, frequently abandon their chosen pursuit to search alder swamp or hazel hillside to add the woodcock to their bag. Nor is the bird a favorite with sportsmen alone; it is equally highly regarded by the epicure, and to fill the demand for the table it is much sought by those who shoot to supply the market. The high price it commands is a great incentive to its slaughter at unseasonable times, and this is the most potent factor working to its ultimate extinction.

Distribution.

The woodcock is an inhabitant of the eastern United States, and is rare or accidental west of the ninety-seventh degree of longitude and north of eastern Manitoba, the Great Lakes, and the Ottawa and St. Lawrence rivers. Its true home is the Mississippi Valley and the northern and middle tiers of States, where cane or alder swamps abound, and where springy hillsides and marshy ground along the streams furnish extensive feeding places. In winter it is to be found chiefly in the South Atlantic and Gulf States, particularly in the extensive alluvial tracts of Georgia and Louisiana, although in mild seasons a few may winter about open spring holes as far north as the southern parts of Illinois and New York.

To the west of the States which lie along the western bank of the Mississippi, swamps affording suitable food and shelter are rare, and here, except for a few records of its appearance in the region just east of the foothill country of Colorado, and one recent breeding record from Timnath, in the same State, the woodcock is practically unknown. There is no satisfactory evidence that the bird ever visits any of the West Indian islands; so far as known, the only extralimital record is one of a storm-driven waif which reached the Bermudas.

Woodcock are early migrants, reaching the latitude of New York by the 1st of March, and in favorable seasons at least two weeks earlier. As they breed throughout their range, the time of nesting is quite varied. At Covington, La., young birds fully 10 days old have been found as early as January 29, and in Florida, it is stated, eggs are deposited early in February. This is fully a month in advance of the time of nesting in southern Illinois and the vicinity of Washington, D. C., and more than two months earlier than the regular nesting season in the latitude of New England. In the more northern parts of the range it is often as late as June before the young appear, and well into July before they are wholly able to care for themselves.

Habits.

The general appearance of the woodcock clearly suggests its nocturnal or crepuscular habits. During the brighter parts of the day it seldom takes wing unless disturbed, though it may perhaps feed in secluded places during dark, cloudy weather, or when protected by unusually thick cover. When dusk comes, however, it is all activity, and leaves its hiding place to visit the feeding grounds in marshes, along streams in low meadows, or in fields of growing corn. In favorable localities, woodcock can be heard at dusk flying back and forth, and occasionally the glimmer of their wings can be seen as they alight in the open. In former days, before they had become too scarce, it was a common sight from early twilight until dark to see or hear them flying about the open pastures or springy hillsides of northern New York, nor was it a rare event to flush them from the kitchen garden or barnyard, or even from shrubbery close to the house, where they had come in search of food.

THE WOODCOCK (*Philohela minor*).

The flight is variable, not only in character, but also in force and swiftness; at times, when the bird is flushed, its movements are seemingly labored and irregular as it zigzags up toward the treetops; at other times it has the swift, regular motion characteristic of other members of the group.

The earthworm is the staple food, and the presence or absence of this annelid doubtless governs to a great extent the distribution of the bird, though other forms of subterrestrial life, especially the larvæ of insects, undoubtedly make up a portion of its daily fare. It has been shown that a woodcock weighing 6 ounces devours at least half a pound of worms in twenty-four hours, and during protracted droughts there must be difficulty in satisfying this voracious appetite.

The nest, a loose structure of grass or other herbage, is usually placed among the leaves in a more or less elevated part of the swamp, out of danger of rising water. The eggs are buffy in color, mottled or spotted with darker shades, and are generally four in number.

The Danger of Extermination.

The growing scarcity of woodcock is a matter of serious alarm, and one demanding prompt action. It must be remembered that there is far more difficulty in saving it from extinction than in preserving gallinaceous birds, such as quail and grouse. In the case of these birds, with their extraordinary fecundity, it is not difficult to restore a depleted covert; for with the addition of a few imported birds, aided by a short term of protection, they should soon reach their former abundance. With the woodcock, however, the situation is different; for the impracticability of restocking, the nature of the food, the migratory habits and the small number of young are serious obstacles to successful restoration. Quick and effective measures are needed. In many localities in the North where 25 years ago a fair shot with a good dog could secure 40 or 50 birds in a day's hunt it is doubtful if 10 per cent. of the former bag could now be obtained. During the past autumn (1901) the writer visited hundreds of acres of good woodcock ground in northern New York without flushing a bird or seeing any considerable signs. Reports as to the scarcity of birds come from numerous points, and even in the most favored localities the decrease within the past twenty years has been 50 to 60 per cent.

The causes that have led to this deplorable state of affairs may be summarized as follows (the first two being of minor importance compared with the last two): (1) Natural enemies; (2) severe storms during migration; (3) lack of protection in winter; (4) spring and summer shooting.

Natural Enemies.

Although there is little positive information on which to base an opinion, still it is probable that the cat, red squirrel, sharp-shinned hawk, and mink are among the most important natural enemies of the woodcock. If the influence exerted by man be eliminated, natural enemies doubtless produce, within certain limits, a beneficial rather than injurious effect on a species as a whole. As pointed out years ago by Professor Baird, the weak, diseased, or wounded individuals, on account of their lessened activity, are almost sure to be the first to fall victims, whereas the strong and vigorous, through their agility and alertness, have comparatively little difficulty in eluding their foes. By the removal of the weaklings, disease and degeneracy are kept away from the breeding stock, which is able through its healthy vigor to escape epidemics and other sweeping fatalities. It is only when man lends a heavy hand in the work of destruction that the inroads of natural enemies ever become apparent. The man who in a few days kills 500 or 600 birds, or even half that number (a destruction far beyond his needs), is much more of a menace to game than the passing hawk, which takes only the food it requires.

Storms During Migration.

Cold storms in spring often are very destructive to bird life, especially when accompanied by snow or occurring in the height of migration. Mr. Arthur T. Wayne gives the following account of the effect on the woodcock of a cold wave which struck the coast of South Carolina Feb. 13 and 14, 1899:

"The woodcock (*Philohela minor*) arrived in countless thousands. Prior to their arrival I had seen but two birds the entire winter. They were everywhere and were completely bewildered. Tens of thousands were killed by would-be sportsmen, and thousands were frozen to death. The great majority were so emaciated that they were practically feathers, and, of course, were unable to withstand the cold. One man killed 200 pairs in a few hours. I shot a dozen birds. Late Tuesday afternoon I easily caught several birds on the snow and put them into a thawed spot on the edge of a swift running stream in order that they would not perish, but upon going to the place the next morning I found one frozen. These were fearfully emaciated and could scarcely fly. Two birds were killed in Charleston in Broad street. It will be many years before this fine bird can establish itself under most favorable conditions."*

Lack of Protection in Winter.

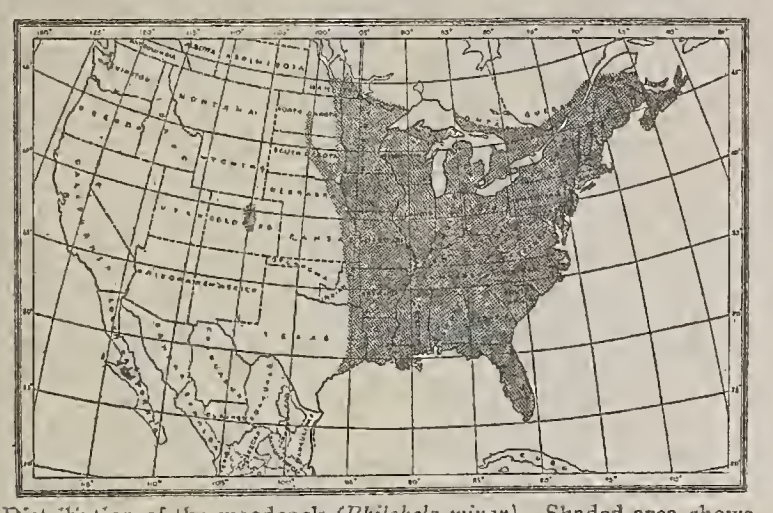
During the winter practically all woodcock inhabiting the United States are massed within the borders of the South Atlantic and Gulf States. It may be stated without fear of contradiction that the wider the area over which a species is distributed the less danger there is of its extinction; and conversely, the smaller the area of distribution the greater the danger of extinction. It would seem that when a desirable species takes up its habitation in a certain region the residents of that region would encourage its presence and give it some sort of protection. But the history of the bison, wild pigeon, and many other mammals and birds shows that such support cannot be depended on. Nor does the woodcock form an exception. Of the nine States within whose borders most of the woodcock make their winter home, seven (namely, North Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Mississippi, Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas) give the birds absolutely no protection—all winter long from the arrival in the fall until the departure in the spring they are killed ruthlessly. Moreover, none of these States prohibit the shipment of woodcock, which consequently can be sent to market without restriction. The other two States (Alabama and South Carolina) protect the birds, the former from March 2 to Nov. 15, the latter from April 1 to Nov. 1, and if Jan. 1 were substituted

* The Auk, Vol. XVI., p. 197.

for the first date in each case, thus cutting off spring shooting, these seasons would be ideal.

Spring and Summer Shooting.

Fortunately, a number of States that formerly countenanced the unseasonable slaughter of woodcock in spring or summer (which is only comparable to killing nursing does or taking trout from the spawning beds) have now enacted proper laws. Nevertheless, spring or summer shooting, deplorable as it must seem to anyone who has even a passing interest in the bird, still exists in half the States which have protecting seasons.† Twenty-six States and the District of Columbia give protection for at least part of the year. Of these, Virginia, South Carolina, Alabama and Tennessee still



Distribution of the woodcock *(Philohela minor)*. Shaded area shows range of species.

tolerate spring shooting. The season closes in Virginia and South Carolina on April 1, and in the other two States a month earlier. It is pretty certain that in Alabama and Tennessee the summer residents commence nesting early in February, and that in South Carolina and Virginia they have eggs, or possibly young, by the middle of March. Consequently, four eggs, or as many callow young, are apt to perish with each pair of birds shot during the two or three weeks prior to the close of the season in those States.

Summer shooting is still permitted in nine States and the District of Columbia and on Long Island. It begins on June 20 in Kentucky; on July 1 in the District of Columbia and Indiana; on or before July 15 in West Virginia, Minnesota and Iowa; on Aug. 1 in Missouri and on Long Island; and is restricted to the month of July in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Maryland. There are no statistics to show what proportion of the young birds hunted are able to fly as early as July, but judging from the experience of ornithologists and the statements of a few market hunters the proportion must be large. One rather frank market hunter stated that he quite often killed the parent and young without moving from the position where the birds were first flushed. He would kill one or two as they took wing, and secure the others on the ground when they had alighted, usually within a hundred feet of the point at which they were flushed.

If a locality is closely hunted during the summer most of the birds are killed, and not enough are left to keep up the breeding stock. The District of Columbia is a good example of the pernicious effects of this unseasonable shooting. Twenty-five years ago there was hardly a swamp of any size that did not have its pair of breeding woodcock. It is stated that at least two pairs bred every summer within the limits of the present Zoological Park, and that it was not rare to flush a bird in the less populous sections of the city. At present, breeding birds are far more difficult to find; it is doubtful if they equal 10 per cent. of the former number.

Preventive Measures

To prevent any further decrease of the woodcock, one of the first steps is to abolish all spring and summer shooting. It has been shown that spring shooting is harmful on account of the number of parent birds killed, either when nesting or while caring for dependent young, Summer shooting is even more disastrous; in many localities practically all the resident birds are destroyed before the young are strong enough to care for themselves.

In the Southern States, where the bird winters, and where it has utterly inadequate protection, the sportsmen should rally, and by concerted action make a strong effort to have proper laws enacted. A short open season of not over six weeks should take the place of the present practically unrestricted one; a limit should be placed on the size of the bag; and, beyond allowing a sportsman to carry a few birds with him on his return home, all shipment should be prohibited.

With the adoption of the measures here suggested, the principal danger would be averted, and if, in addition, sportsmen and others would take an unselfish view of the matter and work for a universal close season covering two or three years, the restoration of this noble bird would be assured. One locality has already taken this course. In Rensselaer County, N. Y., woodcock cannot be lawfully shot until 1903. If this creditable example were to be generally followed throughout the region inhabited by the woodcock there could be no question as to the result. Such action on the part of the Northern States would have the cooperation of Ontario, which has a law empowering it to act with two or more of the States lying to the south of that Province (one of such States being either New York or Pennsylvania, or Michigan) in prohibiting for a period all hunting, shooting and sale of any migratory game bird that appears to be in danger of extinction.*

Unless sportsmen and others especially interested will take this matter in hand and secure proper legislation for the better protection of the woodcock, future generations will have cause to grieve over the loss of one of the finest game birds that ever graced a covert.

THE WOOD DUCK (*Aix sponsa*).

Wood Duck (Aix Sponsa).

The wood duck, or summer duck, is the most beautiful of all the members of the large and diversified duck family, and, on account of its beauty and lack of shyness, is one of the best known species in the country. It is not seclusive, often making its abode near towns, or perhaps in the vicinity of farmhouses, where it may be found feeding or associating with barnyard ducks. It takes kindly to domestication, and is easily tamed and induced to breed in captivity. Its favorite haunts are small lakes, weedy ponds, or shady streams in the midst of, or in close proximity to, scattered woodlands, and, except during migration, it is rarely met with about open bays or large bodies of water.

Distribution.

The wood duck is found from Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Ontario westward to British Columbia, and southward through the United States to its southern border and Cuba. It is rather uncommon in the eastern Canadian Provinces, but in parts of Manitoba and British Columbia it is abundant. In the Saskatchewan region it has been found as far north as latitude 54°, and on the west shore of Hudson Bay as high as latitude 60°, but it is rare north of latitude 50°.

In the United States it is commonly distributed in the Mississippi Valley and eastward, as well as along the Pacific coast from Washington to southern California, but, except in a few isolated localities, it is very rare or absent in the Great Basin, Rocky Mountain, and Great Plains regions. Although it is common in Texas, evidences of its occurrence in Mexico are unsatisfactory, though it probably may be found in the more northern portion during winter. It is resident in Cuba, and stragglers have been taken in Jamaica and Bermuda. It breeds throughout the greater part of its range, and since over a considerable part of its breeding area it is the only representative of the duck family during the nesting season, the name "summer duck," by which it is often designated, is very appropriate.

Habits.

In the South the wood duck commences to breed early in March, and in the more northern parts of the range about a month later. In Florida and Texas full complements of eggs have been found by the 1st of April; in Maine by May 10. The nests are almost invariably placed in cavities in trunks or limbs of trees, often at a considerable height from the ground, and are occasionally quite a distance from water. The eggs, which vary in number from six to fifteen, according to the age of the bird, resemble old ivory in color.

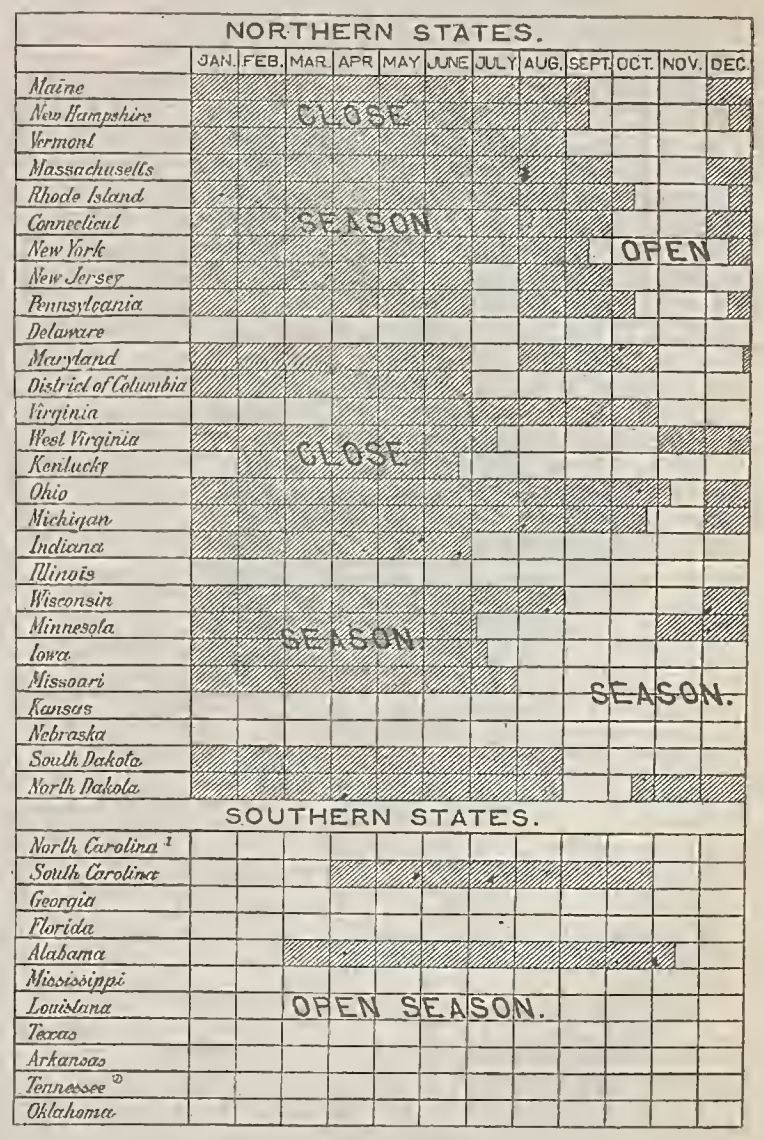


Diagram of Woodcock Season Variations.

While the females are incubating or caring for the young, the drakes of a neighborhood band together and may be seen flying about or feeding in company. Observers differ as to whether these bands remain unbroken and aloof from the females and young through the entire brooding period or separate at intervals during the day to visit their mates.

The flight of the wood duck is swift and graceful, and the bird rivals the grouse and quail in the ease and facility with which it glides through the woods and among the branches.

The food consists of various kinds of insects, the seeds and leaves of aquatic plants, and beechnuts, chestnuts and acorns. Its fondness for the latter, on which it feeds largely in autumn, gives it in some localities the name "acorn duck."

Spring Shooting.

Within the past few years friends of game protection have felt encouraged not only by the apparent awakening of a more healthy public sentiment against undue destruction of birds and mammals, but also by the progressive movement in the direction of more extended and more uniform close seasons. But although much has been done for the protection of upland game, little has been accomplished toward saving the waterfowl. Unaccountable as it may seem, ducks are considered legitimate game at a season when they are hurrying to their nesting grounds, and spring shooting is still tolerated in a great majority of the States. Ducks killed in spring are often in wretched condition, and thousands find their way to the big markets that certainly would be condemned as improper food if inspection laws were rigidly enforced.

Let it be said, however, to their lasting credit, that seven States (New Hampshire, Vermont, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Utah and California) and three Canadian Provinces (Manitoba, Ontario and New Brunswick), by closing the season before Feb. 1, have abolished spring shooting within their borders.

On the other hand, more than half the States permit duck shooting as late as April and at least eighteen allow it throughout this month. It is to be regretted that such States as Iowa, the Dakotas, Montana, Wyoming and Colorado, which contain large breeding grounds, should be among the number that extend the open season to April or later. This unseasonable slaughter is steadily depleting the ranks of even the most abundant species. And if the migratory ducks (those merely passing on their way to their more northerly breeding grounds) are thus affected, what must be the effect on a species like the wood duck, which breeds over a wide extent of unprotected territory? The question is not hard to answer. It is only necessary to point to the fact that this handsome bird is now almost unknown in many places where once it was common, and where it added both life and attractiveness to the surroundings.

It goes without saying that birds are more easily and more completely destroyed on the breeding grounds than on areas which they merely pass over during migration; for when the breeding season arrives and the nesting site is chosen, birds become less shy and more inclined to remain in the neighborhood, so that gunners (the term "sportsmen" cannot be used in this connection), while in search for late migrants, have little difficulty in killing all the wood ducks that are to be found.

Massachusetts and four counties of Maryland recognize the special danger surrounding the wood duck, and make the season much shorter than for other ducks. This is as it should be. But Louisiana reverses the proper course, and permits the wood duck to be killed

† Ten States, which in the aggregate include nearly half the area inhabited by the woodcock, give it absolutely no protection.

* New York within the past year has taken steps looking to the establishment of such cooperation as Ontario suggests. The game warden of that State has communicated with game associations in several States with a view to establishing, in conjunction with Ontario, a close season for woodcock and wood ducks for a term of years.

a month after the regular duck season closes; and Delaware, for some unaccountable reason, specifically exempts it from the protection accorded all other ducks.

Jefferson County, N. Y., furnishes one of the most practical and at the same time convincing demonstrations of what sound judgment and proper laws may do for bird protection. The County Sportsmen's Association secured the passage of a law protecting ducks in spring on their breeding grounds, and the following extract from a letter written by the president of the association shows the result of the measure:

"We have claimed as an argument for the passage of this bill that if the fall ducks or divers were unmolested in our waters in the spring, they would find choice feeding spots, and would return earlier and in larger numbers and stay longer in the fall—a fact which yet remains to be proven. We also claimed that if the summer ducks, the black duck, the mallard, the wood duck, and the teal, were unmolested, they would remain with us and nest and rear their young. That they have done so this year is an undisputed fact, as never within the memory of the oldest sportsman have there been so many of these ducks in this county on the opening day."*

If in one season such results can be accomplished in a restricted locality surrounded by unprotected areas, it is easy to predict that an enormous increase of birds would follow the universal suppression of spring shooting. But as long as this murderous custom is tolerated, just so long will the wood duck be absent from our ponds and streams. Sportsmen willing to deny themselves a little present sport for the sake of future gain to themselves and posterity, should spare no efforts to save and restore this beautiful bird. If spring shooting be abolished the wood duck will gradually return to its old haunts and by degrees reestablish itself—to the joy and satisfaction of all lovers of nature.

* FOREST AND STREAM, Vol. LVII., Sept. 28, 1901, p. 245.

Vipers Swallowing Their Young.

I HAVE recently received from a correspondent, Mr. F. G. Short, of Lyndhurst, a specimen bearing on the evidence as to the truth or fallacy of the statement respecting vipers swallowing their young when approached. Mr. Short writes to me as follows:

I have again to trouble you on behalf of Mills, the snake catcher. He brought me an adder which he declares had swallowed its young, and I have forwarded it to you by parcel post for inspection. The adder is alive in a tin.

I obtained a copy of the Field and read the result of your examination of the adder (previously sent by me) to "Brusher" Mills, and he was much mystified by your description of the dissection of the reptile. I have never studied snakes, so know nothing of the subject in question. I only act for Mills, who cannot read or write. If you think it useless for Mills to send adders please let me know, and I will stop him so doing.

F. G. SHORT.

As there has been so much doubt thrown on the accuracy of the observers regarding this matter, I decided to get the evidence of an impartial witness as to this particular example. Without opening Mr. Short's parcel, I took it to the Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and requested Mr. Shattock, the pathological curator, to make the necessary examination. On breaking the seals and opening the tin box containing the reptile, we found that it was the sole occupant, and in a most lively condition. Turning it on to the dissecting table, I secured it by the neck, and divided the vertebræ immediately close to the head. The viper was then pinned down on the back, and most carefully dissected by the skilled curator, with the result that the gullet, nine inches long, was found perfectly empty, as was the stomach. There were eight eggs in the oviduct, the young being perfectly mature, and each five inches in length. This is a very good example of the want of accuracy on the part of those who state that they have seen vipers swallowing their young.

Brusher Mills, perhaps the most experienced snake and viper catcher in the kingdom, who declares he has seen the performance "hundreds of times," cannot send us an example of a viper with young in its stomach, and I must again state that the reward offered by the Field still remains unclaimed.—W. B. Tegetmeier in London Field.

Mr. Tegetmeier and the writer of the article on the subject which appeared in the Field of Aug. 30, wrote down the law in a very satisfactory fashion upon a point which has puzzled and divided naturalists for a great number of years, and both fall into grievous fallacies themselves.

Both of these gentlemen seem to agree that the structure of the viper's œsophagus makes the swallowing of her young by the female impossible, and Mr. Tegetmeier goes further, and alleges—or rather I should again say lays down the law—that the stomach also would not allow of the young being swallowed. They seem entirely to forget—I will not, as they would, allege ignorance—what bulk a viper is capable of swallowing, and, if necessary, throwing up again. The gape of the mouth is, beyond doubt, large enough to allow the young to seek refuge through it, and surely it is common knowledge that the swallowing of frogs, birds, mice, and even small rats is an everyday occurrence.

Further, it is not quite correct to term the operation swallowing; there is a difference between an adder swallowing her young and merely opening her mouth to enable the young to pass through it, making a passage for themselves into the gullet and stomach.

Both in the article and letter, the young vipers are quoted as being five inches long. That this was so in the cases referred to, I do not doubt, but the length of newly born vipers is usually nearer three inches, and I think that five inches would, in most cases, be an overestimation of length.

Then again, the writer of the article alleges that, even if it were possible for the young to get through the gullet, they would not be able to breathe there. But surely it is a well-known fact that vipers have a wonderful vitality, and can live for a very long space of time without breathing becoming a necessity; many snakes can remain under water for a considerable period. No one has, so far as my knowledge serves me, ever suggested that the female carries her young in her stomach for days on end.

I have lived among, and been an ardent student of, nature since my early boyhood, and that which Mr. Tegetmeier and your editorial declare in so decided a manner to be impossible, I have most certainly myself seen.

On more than one occasion have I seen young vipers entering their mother's mouth, the latter lying on her belly with jaws wide open. On one occasion, which is especially clear in my memory—the first week in June, one year in the sixties—I saw this happening on the edge of a copse near Shepham Woods, Westham, Sussex. The viper made off on my approach. I went to the copse the next day, and saw the adder again (this time in the copse) about five yards distant, and I again saw the youngsters going into her mouth. I shot its head off with my gun, and, hurrying up, stamped upon each young adder, to the number of fifteen, as it came out of its mother's body. I was then with my father at Priesthawes Farm, Westham, not far from Eastbourne.

Another case I well remember is that of an adder which was frequently seen in old Lewes Castle with young vipers going in and coming out of her mouth.

For Mr. Tegetmeier, under these circumstances, to class all those whose views on the subject do not coincide with his own as "superficial observers," and to insinuate an utter lack of anatomical knowledge as the bar to their attainment of his height of scientific bliss is, to say the least of it, annoying to one, like myself, who has not only been a keen observer and lover of nature for over forty years, but has most assuredly seen the phenomenon the existence of which he so dogmatically denies.

I trust you will see your way to insert this letter out of fairness to those who believe that it is not only possible, but that young vipers, as a matter of fact, do pass through the mouth of their mother.—Horace Tuppen in London Field.

The Red Squirrel.

TORONTO, Canada.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is with great pleasure that I read your interesting paper. Recently I was out hunting with a .22-caliber rifle looking for a rabbit or a few squirrels, when in front of me I saw a red squirrel putting his head in and out the top of a post about four feet high. Hoping to capture him alive rather than shoot him, I waited till he had his head in the post. I then shouted and ran toward him, thinking the noise would frighten him into the post, and so he would be trapped, but instead of going into the hole, he ran off into the woods. I then walked over to inspect the post, and to my astonishment the post had in the top a little hollow which looked much as if it had been gnawed, and this hollow was almost full of clear water, which I tasted and found quite good. I wondered if the squirrel had gnawed the hole to catch rain water to drink or wash in. On another occasion I found the squirrel there acting in the same way, but I can't say whether he was drinking it or just putting his nose in the hole. I should like to know whether squirrels drink or not, and if so do they do it in this manner?

Another strange thing I once noticed was a little squirrel eating an icicle on a maple tree. I shot him, and he caught in the tree, and when going up to get him, I noticed many more icicles, and on tasting them found that they were very sweet. On looking under a bough I noticed it had been tapped, and the icicles formed from the dripping sap. I am positive the squirrel made these tappings with his teeth, as I can distinguish pretty well a squirrel's tooth mark in a maple tree's bark.

S. C. S. T.

[We fancy that squirrels drink, and it is quite certain that they are fond of maple sap. No doubt the maple was tapped by the squirrel, as our correspondent suggests.]

Iowa Forestry and Park Association.

A GRATIFYING evidence of the continually increasing interest in the protection of our natural products is the formation in many States of forestry associations, and in many counties of associations for the protection of special areas of woodland, or of natural features which deserve the special care of the locality where they exist.

The Report of the Proceedings of the First Annual Meeting of the Iowa Park and Forestry Association is a handsome volume of eighty pages, and contains much that is interesting. The purpose of the Association is to arouse interest in and secure the establishment of one or more State parks, of smaller parks about cities and villages, to awaken interest in forestry in the State at large, and to urge Congressional and State legislation in furtherance of these objects.

The Association took strong ground in favor of the establishment of the proposed national park at the headwaters of the Mississippi, and of the purchase of land by the Government for the Appalachian National Park. Its Proceedings contain a number of papers of great value and usefulness, and it is handsomely illustrated.

It is within our recollection that wild elk were found within the State of Iowa. Since that time the work of destruction of natural things has been going on at a rapid rate. It is high time that the inhabitants of all our States began to consider the importance of calling a halt in the work of destruction and to take such action as has been taken by the thriving and progressive State of Iowa.

Bull Moose Reported Killed in Vermont.

SWANTON, Vt., Sept. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish to call the attention of your Vermont readers to a report that has just reached me, and it requires prompt investigation. A few weeks ago a bull moose and cow with calf came into the eastern part of this State, and the bull and calf were killed near Silsby's mills, some two miles from Lunenburg, Vt. A piece of meat was cut out of the bull and the remainder of the carcass was left where it was shot. It is said that both the State's Attorney, Hale, and Game Warden John Folsom, have knowledge of this fact, but so far have not taken any action to punish the guilty parties who committed this dastardly outrage. It is very evident that the Hon. John W. Titcomb is not at the present time residing at his old home, St. Johnsbury.

This is a matter that the Fish and Game League should have thoroughly investigated, and if this report proves true, have the guilty parties punished. My informant received his information from Warden Folsom.

STANSTEAD.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

Listerine Cocktails.

A Modern Indian Story.

SIOUX names are nothing if not expressive, and this fact was particularly apparent in the case of Lame Eagle (who happened to be "heap sick" and incidentally responsible for this narrative), as the poor wretch, with the aid of a cordwood stick in lieu of a crutch, came hobbling up to the tent and peered through the fly, with only the guttural "How!" for an introduction.

I have a faculty, like dogs and horses in their ability to detect the approach of man and beast, and always imagined that I could scent an Indian, and still think so. With this instinct, my black whiskers and a complexion which is said to command respect from savages, I was able to reassure the other members of our party who were somewhat in doubt as to the proper etiquette in dealing with the lordly Sioux on whose reservation we were camped hunting ducks. Three days of hard hunting had about tired us out and I was resting up for a day, my companions being a mile or more away trying to annihilate a flight of mallards which had settled in the lake the evening before.

Up to this time we had not seen an Indian, and this sudden appearance of so poor a specimen as stood in the doorway, knocked all my plans for a spectacular reception galley-west and crooked, beside the boys were not in camp to see even this disappointing show.

We had been warned not to display any liquor on the reservation, and under no circumstances was an Indian to be given a drop, under penalty of having our permit cancelled; therefore, our small supply of snakebite antidote was well hidden and guarded.

I was not long in arriving at the conclusion that our red visitor had called for a drink. "How!" said I, rising and extending my hand as cordially as possible, but without smiling. He shook hands rather timidly and glanced about the tent, then looked me straight in the eye, tapped himself upon the breast and began the conversation which was notable for its very few words of English and its many expressive signs, which we both seemed to understand perfectly—"Me Lame Eagle, heap sick" (rubbing his solar plexus). I endeavored to express to him how sorry I was—not, for if he had really been sick he could have been relieved at the Agency without all the exertion of coming to our camp. "Where sick?" I asked. Again he rubbed that portion of his anatomy about the equator, tapped his head and crippled leg and with a wave of his hand again repeated, "Lame Eagle heap sick." To humor him I gave him a cigar and pointed to a camp chair where he seated himself, and I began rummaging among our supplies to see if we had anything to relieve his "heap sick," and if possible, get rid of him. I knew this beggar was trying to work me for a drink in spite of the rules of the reservation, which he understood as well as I, and it occurred to me that, with my natural ability to do things—and Indians—I could satisfy his cravings and still not violate any rules, unless those of the Humane Society. "Lame Eagle want cocktail?" said I with a broad grin. He grunted, but the expression of his face never changed. I then began brewing a bowl which I am sure was never offered a human being before. With two teaspoons of listerine and an equal portion of sugar for a basis, I put a teaspoonful of paprica and five quinine capsules, mixing them thoroughly; then out of the grub box I pulled a quart bottle of malt vinegar, which had all the appearance of being good whiskey, and half a teacupful of this had to go for appearance sake, and as I poured this in I noticed the look of extreme interest on the face of the patient, who, I fancied, would be one indeed if he took the whole dose.

I filled the cup up with cold coffee and dropped in a piece of very dry lemon rind, and then the cocktail was ready to cheer the heart of the noble redman, and with some misgivings as to the result and what would happen if it should kill him and he should die about the camp. I handed him the cup, without the formality of "drink hearty," which he would hardly have understood and which was quite unnecessary, for he seized it and for the first time grinned, then down went the decoction at a gulp. The patient shivered and his eyes glistened for a moment as I stood transfixed, awaiting further developments, then with a yell that fully sustained the Sioux reputation, he rolled off the chair and writhed about on the grass. I was now alarmed, and was thinking he would have to have the water cure, when he leaped to his feet, regardless of the crippled leg, and began a wild dance, which was certainly amazing. He tore off his blanket, waving it aloft, and as he pranced about chanting something which might have been a war song, I caught sight of an ugly looking knife which I had not seen before, and on the strength of this backed into the tent, where I could reach my gun if it was required. He soon left off dancing, the perspiration pouring down his face and breast, limped over to where his stick lay, with its assistance straightened himself up to full height, swelled out his chest, threw back his head, pointed to the west and was away much faster than he had come. He soon disappeared behind a sandhill, and I began to realize that quite a sensational incident had just closed—or I should have been glad to be sure that it had just closed, in fact, for I was getting somewhat uneasy and appreciated the fact that an Indian is an unknown quantity, and I could not guess whether this one had left satisfied, or planning revenge for having been scorched from gullet to gizzard, and would kill me at the first opportunity. This train of thought made me suddenly anxious to join my friends down the lake, so taking my gun I lost no time in getting to them.

Burt and George immediately began reminding me that I was a quitter, laying around camp all day when shooting was good, and were ready to throw me in the lake when I admitted that I had forgotten to bring them a bite to eat or anything to drink. Then, when I, in my preoccupation of mind, let a fine flock of mallards go by

without a shot. Burt became solicitous. "What ails you?" he asked. "You look worried." "I am," I replied. "What seems to be the trouble?" "Indians," I replied. "Where?" "At the camp." "Steal anything?" "No." "Have any trouble with them?" "No! Oh! No(?)" "Well, you look as if they had stolen all the grub." "No; nothing has gone—but the Indian—and as I was getting lonesome I thought I would come down here." "Well, brace up and get in the game; the shooting will be great this evening"—and it was.

In the excitement attending the flight of ducks we had no time to talk, and the Indian subject was dropped. At dusk we started for camp, loaded down with ducks, and being too tired to cook anything when we reached camp, rolled up in our blankets after a cold lunch and were soon sound asleep.

The next day Bob and I went to the nearest railroad station, seventeen miles away, with a half-breed whom we had engaged to haul our bag of ducks.

On our return to camp that evening it was apparent that Burt and George had news for me. "You had a caller," said Burt. "Who?" "Cripple Buzzard or Limping Eagle, or whatever his name is," said George. "Why do you say he called on me?" said I, trying to appear indifferent and at the same time making haste to get my Colt out of my grip and placing it in my hip pocket. "Because he inquired for the white Medicine Man with the whiskers, at least that's how we interpreted his few words and many signs, and I guess you are 'it' old man." That settled it in my mind; Lame Eagle was looking for trouble, and me. I looked at the boys in a half-hearted way and told them they were joking, but they insisted not.

We were in the midst of supper of broiled jacksnipe and other good things when a slight noise at the door attracted my attention, and looking up I beheld Lame Eagle. I reached for my pistol but did not draw it. "How!" grunted my guest of yesterday, who I was now confident was my deadly enemy. "How! Lame Eagle," I replied. "White man come out teepee." "All right," I replied, as he turned away; then to the boys in an undertone I gave them to understand that their guns should be ready for quick use, and to look out for other Indians, and at the first shot to pump it into 'em, but not to follow me out of the tent. Then, with my hand on my Colt, I went to the door. My suspicions were confirmed, for there in the darkness stood Lame Eagle and another Indian. I stopped at the door, deciding that they would have to "get me" with a gun, for I would not get close enough for knife or tomahawk. "What do you want?" I asked. The reply from Lame Eagle was more surprising than a shot. "Squaw heap sick." I nearly fainted. The strain of prospective hostilities broken, I was willing to make cocktails according to formula before mentioned, for a tribe of Indians, and as I went into the tent the boys, who had had their ears to the ground, hailed me with, "Anything serious, doctor?" I went straight to the "buffet" and soon had a draught for the lady, rather milder than that prepared for her better half, which she stowed away with much scowling and shrugging and several grunts of approval. Then Lame Eagle gave the squaw a command and she hurried away into the darkness.

"White man wait," said our guest, and soon back came her ladyship leading the ugliest pony I ever laid my eyes upon, and carrying a papoose on her back. Again Lame Eagle made a brief talk—"Papoose heap sick," and at that moment a howl of laughter came from the tent. As I went in once more to the "buffet" I struck right and left, clearing the way, with a streak of blue air following me. Having dosed the baby with a diluted portion of the formula, which nearly threw it into spasms, the climax of the affair occurred. The squaw addressed me with, "White man got squaw?" "Sure, Mike!" I replied. "Me give white squaw this," and out of the folds of her blanket she pulled a beautiful pair of beaded moccasins. Now, I did feel guilty; these people, grateful for something that had started in a foolish joke, and which might have had a very serious termination, were actually returning good for evil. Lame Eagle then came up and tied the pony to the tent pole, and again, in his characteristic fashion said, "Lame Eagle give white man pony," and with that the squaw took the papoose on her back and began to hike homeward with her liege lord limping after her. The only reply to a good-by sent after them was a grunt.

"Well, what do you think of that?" I said, throwing myself down on a pile of blankets and filling my pipe. "We could tell better if you would give us some of the first chapters of the romance and the recipe for the dope," said Burt. So, with the understanding that we would not tell of the matter, for fear of being refused the privilege of hunting on the reservation in the future, I explained it all, and I am sure that in the five years that have elapsed no one has heard of the incident.

My wife prizes the moccasins highly and will no doubt be surprised to read the history of them.

The pony we found useful in going to and from Anson's Ranch, and on leaving we turned him loose and he took the trail for the reservation without loss of time. Anson tells me that the Indian came to his ranch several times since with the pony, explaining that he was looking for the white Medicine Man with the whiskers, who had lost his pony.

We expect to visit the Sand Hills again this fall and will probably see Lame Eagle, who, I hope, will not be heap sick, so I can present him with something worth while and not have to make more listerine cocktails.

WILLIAM BURTON.

A Quaker Designation.

IF you can spare the space, I'd like to tell a story, merely to show how little some people know about guns.

When I was a boy I was at the house of an old Pennsylvania Quaker, and even then the shooting fever was strong, and I had my gun with me, which stood, when not in use, in one corner of the sitting room.

One day the good old lady came gently up to me, and pointing toward that corner said: "If thee don't take that thing away I'll cut the spout off."

DIDYMUS.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Sept. 1.

Game Bag and Gun.

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

Across New Brunswick on Snow shoes.—II.

Why there is Game in New Brunswick.

THE extent of a country is not always to be measured by its area in miles, but sometimes rather by its accessibility. It takes less than two days to go from Chicago to the Blackfoot reservation of Montana, and another day will take one into the hunting grounds there—a trip running into the thousands of miles. Yet at the best, Adam Moore and I could not get into the actual hunting country of New Brunswick in less than three days from Fredericton. This difficulty of access might at hasty glance be thought something disadvantageous. Not in the least so, but quite the contrary. The game region of New Brunswick, although it is a small one so far as the question of miles is concerned, is really a very large one, and one not soon to be exhausted. It is in fact hedged about by so many difficulties of transportation that it is not only a natural game preserve, but one naturally protected. It would not pay a market-hunter to try to kill game for the market anywhere in the region we visited. The game wardens would prevent him from selling his moose meat or caribou meat to the lumbering camps, and he himself could not bring it out to the railroad, even were he sure of escaping detection, and sell it at any profit to himself. The only access to the interior of the big strip of country which lies between the forks of the railroad which runs northeast and northwest from Fredericton are the truly terrible "tote roads" of the lumbering camps. One does not always find game close to a tote road. He must kill his game and get it out by man power. There are no horses used in hunting in New Brunswick. A pack train could be taken in, as I believe, over a good part of the country, but the trouble is that there is no food for the horses. Out in the Rocky Mountains the question of horse feed is one which gives no concern. This cutting down the transportation to one simply of man power is of the utmost consequence in the preservation of the New Brunswick game. Of course there are the streams, but they are streams in nearly every instance leased and guarded. If you kill a moose, the fact is known. If you send out too many caribou hides the fact is known. If you start a toboggan load or canoe load of meat or fur, there is always some one to ask where it came from and where it is going.

They have game in New Brunswick, and they are going to have it for a good deal longer time than you and I will be interested in the matter. One of the greatest reasons for this is the inaccessibility of the country, another reason is the excellent enforcement of the game law, yet another is the fact that the game law limits the bag to a single moose and a single caribou to each gun. And still another reason, in the opinion of all New Brunswick guides and citizens, is the non-resident license, which excludes a great deal of the thoughtless public. However we may look upon the license on this side of the line, the New Brunswick man regards it merely as so much insurance for a good sporting trip.

"You put up your license, and it's a very little item in a trip that is going to cost $400 or $500, anyhow," say they. "Would you not better pay that extra item of insurance and get what you come after, rather than save that small amount and go somewhere and not get what you want, or than to come here and not get what you want? It's just like fire insurance. It costs a little something, but you are willing to pay it for the feeling of safety and for the guaranty which it offers."

So much for the New Brunswick point of view. They sold about $8,000 worth of licenses last year, and they think that something like $75,000 or $80,000 was left in the Province by sportsmen. The guides have a proverb that "it takes a month to get a moose," and that it costs a sportsman about $500 for his trip. Of course these figures are subject to all manner of change, for sometimes the trip costs very much less and sometimes the moose is had very much sooner. The man dreaded of all others by the honest New Brunswick guide is the one who has been so inflated with ideas of the ease and certainty of sport in New Brunswick that he is persuaded he ought to go out and kill his moose and caribou within a few days or a few hours after he strikes camp. Indeed, this is sometimes done, often done, but the guide wants no sportsman who is not sportsman enough to know that the pursuit of this big game is full enough of doubt and difficulties to be worthy indeed of the name of sport. Of which more presently.

Going into the Wilderness.

Adam and I struck a belated railway train on the Canadian Pacific from Fredericton. We reached Plaster Rock, after our long rail voyage up the beautiful St. John River, at 9 P. M. We took supper at 10:30 at a country inn and then started out, with the thermometer around zero, for a beautiful winter night's sleigh ride, it being our resolution to push on into the wilderness as rapidly as possible. We reached another wayside inn known as Riley Brook at 3 o'clock in the morning. We were now pushing up that bold and beautiful river known as the Tobique—a river which I had read about for years, and which I imagined was about the jumping-off place of all the world. I chuckled to myself as we spun along up the river, thinking how, sooner or later, everything comes to us which we really desire. I had seen pictures in the FOREST AND STREAM of Tobique sable traps. Now here I was on the Tobique and about to learn more of sable than perhaps ever I wot of.

Riley Brook is on the banks of the Tobique, and the local landlord, Mr. Ross, controls the riparian rights to the salmon pool here. The entire stream and its tributaries are leased to a salmon fishing club, and be it remembered that, when one goes fishing in New Brunswick, he must be mighty careful where he is and on whose toes he is treading before he begins to cast his fly.

On Tuesday morning, Dec. 3, we continued our journey, not indeed having slept more than an hour or so at Riley Brook. Our team was a good one, and by 9 o'clock in the morning we were at the forks of the Tobique. Here we found the lodge of the Tobique Salmon Fishing Club, situated at the foot of a noble pool, where I am told there is grand fishing in season. We found this pool covered with ice not quite strong enough to safely carry our team. The right hand fork of the stream was frozen half over, and the other half showed a ford of perhaps a couple of hundred yards of swift and icy water belly deep to the horses. It was a bit cruel, but nothing better offering, we had to put the team through this ford, running our loaded sleds across by hand power. Luckily no harm resulted, and by noon we found an abandoned lumber camp, known as the Red Bank, of the Hale lumber operations, and here we put our horses in the warm barn while we "boiled the kettle," as the New Brunswick saying goes, in what was originally the bunk house.

We were now well entered upon a journey up a lumber tote road, one of the best tote roads in New Brunswick, and on one of the best chains of lumber camps in the Province. What that road would be if stripped of its covering protection of snow, I would rather not imagine. It crossed a continual succession of little choppy hills, winding around the bottom of these slopes and sticking to the Tobique Valley closely. There were several bumps and jolts on that tote road, perhaps even more. We were not sorry when we reached the Red Brook camp kept by a quiet old man named Glasier, who cooks for the tote teamsters, and is glad to see strangers at this time of year. We ate his pork and beans and drank his tea with cheerfulness, and passed a good night in the camp.

In the morning we found the appearance of nature offering much change. A tremendous storm had come up, the first of the great storms this winter in New Brunswick, and the air was filled with a mist of the softly falling snow. It was a dozen miles yet to the next camp, which would be the end of horse transportation on our road into Adam's first camp. The team, plucky little horses they were, now showed signs of wear and tear, yet they carried us up to the next camp in time for lunch, though by this time the snow was more than two feet deep. Here we found Glazier Dickinson in charge of the camp, and old man Gibson the lumber scaler, and Brown the cook, a fabricator of most excellent brown bread and ginger cake. To all these we gave due and proper attention, and here we dismissed the team, which had brought us sixty-five miles from the railroad.

We were not yet quite in the wilderness, so Adam told me, and not yet quite at his camp. There remained six miles of foot travel, and the question was whether to undertake it that evening or not. Adam at this camp turned up with his son Jack, a strapping young fellow twenty-two years of age, nearly as tall as his daddy, and one of the best men physically that I ever ran up against in my life. Questioned as to whether we should try to make the six miles that afternoon or spend the night at the cheerful camp where we found ourselves, we decided that we would better push on through. Hence we arranged our packs and presently started out, Adam and Jack insisting on dividing my own dunnage, although it made for each of them a pack whose sheer dead weight caused me to shudder.

"Can Jack carry that thing?" I asked of Adam.

"Well, if he can't," was the heartless reply, "he hasn't got any business up in this country." And he did carry the pack.

These two husky products of Canadian soil fairly walked away from me, although I had nothing but my snowshoes and rifle to bother me. We did about two miles or so through the soft snow and at last came out on the shore of that beautiful body of water known as the Nictau or Nictor Lake, along which we were to journey for something like three miles further. Here the going was easier, for the water had come up over the ice and melted the snow underneath, so that it was not so deep. Score one for the shoepacks, and likewise one for the rubber shoes, for had we been wearing moccasins we should have been drenched to the bone. As it was, we traveled along for three miles, the guides looking around occasionally to see how the city man was doing. The city man was pretty tired, having discovered all at once that he was pretty near no good for this trip; this due to all kinds of ideas of what a man can do in the city without killing himself.

"Now," said Adam, as he stopped for a time and swept a comprehensive arm about him into the bleak face of the swirling storm, "we are in the wilderness. Never an ax has been set in a tree from here over to our camps."

Once in a while, through a rift in the blinding storm, I could catch a glimpse of bluff, rolling hills covered with bleak forests and surmounted with twisting weather of fog. Then the sweep of the storm would come again and blot it all out. We could not see more than a few hundred yards in any direction and hence lost one of the prettiest sights of the journey. As it was, twilight was coming with the thickening storm, when at last we reached the end of the lake, broke through a couple of hundred yards of hip-deep snow and came out into a little clearing, in the middle of which there stole up a silent column of blue smoke, and shone the red eye of welcome from a cabin window. So now we clattered our snowshoes free of snow, and dropped our packs upon the floor, and welcomed Charlie Cremin as he welcomed us, the same Charlie being Adam's partner, who had been up in the camp all the fall running his trapping lines, while Adam had gone out to meet me at Fredericton. Charlie had a dozen sable skins, and one fisher, or black-cat, drying on stretchers, and at the time we caught him was skinning a sable which he had caught that afternoon. He had two or three weasels on the table, which later he skinned for his own amusement. He finally gave me a bunch of weasel skins as a present to Madam, who purposes doing all kinds of things with them one of these days.

Presently Charlie disappeared around the corner of the house, and when he came back he had several steaks from a caribou saddle.

"Can we get one of those fellows?" I asked.

"Get one!" said Charlie, and he ended his answer with

a snort. "The pesky things bother me all the time," said he. "I could have killed half a dozen out of the bunch from which I got this one. I came away and left them standing all around me."

Questioned further by Adam, Charlie stated that he had seen three moose on his last run up the trap line toward the "Gap." He thought we might see moose in a day or so, but was not sure. We all agreed that the thing to do was to eat supper and plenty of it, which we did.

The Nictor camp, or Moore and Cremin, is a tightly built log cabin heated by a cook stove. The bunks are two story, the beds are of boughs and the blankets are of abundance. This camp is the central or home camp of the Moore chain, Nictor Lake being at the head of the Tobique River. We were now 210 miles from Fredericton. In the early fall the trip is made in about the same time, three days, but by canoe from Riley Brook, the guides meeting their customers at that place.

As to the successes during the past season, I was told that the first party at Nictor camp last fall was Messrs. Alfred Weed, of Providence, R. I., and John McIntyre, of Dayton, O. Each got his moose. Mr. Weed's measured 48 inches spread of antlers, and Mr. McIntyre's 50 inches. Each man also got his caribou and each got deer.

The second party at Nictor camp was made of Messrs. Geo. P. Bishop and Jerome Trask, both of Cleveland, O. Each got his moose and each got his caribou and abundant small game. Mr. Trask was not lucky in getting a big head, but he got a splendid bull. Adam Moore had out the above gentleman, while Charlie Cremin, his partner, took out Mr. and Mrs. J. W. G. Smith, of Moncton, N. B., each of whom got a moose. Mrs. Smith a very nice one. Charlie's second party was made up of Mr. H. R. Forbes and Mr. Robert Phillips, of Hoboken, N. J. Each of these got a moose and also one caribou and one deer.

Surprised at the completeness of all the details of this camp, I asked the boys how they managed to get their stuff in, and they replied that they brought in everything, even their cook stoves, etc., in the summer and fall by canoe, up the Tobique River, bringing about two tons of supplies each fall. These supplies last them through until the next season.

The First Day's Hunt.

We were now upon the hunting grounds, and deep within the actual wilderness. I had not come any more to hunt moose than to hunt health, and also to hunt information regarding this sporting region of New Brunswick; yet I obeyed cheerfully when Adam commanded me to shoulder my rifle and start out early on the following morning for a trip up the mountain side to a notch in the hills, which they call "the Gap." The snow was what any snowshoer may imagine, three feet deep on the level and still very soft, though not yet thawing enough to soften the shoes. The going was at first up hill, then more up hill, then a good deal more up hill, and then straight up.

Did we see any sign of game? I should say we did. We began to see caribou tracks thirty miles back of the tote road, and we kept on seeing them at different times. We began to see moose tracks as soon as we got across the little Nector Lake and got into the woods. We trailed a new deer track for a while until we became interested in some fresher caribou tracks, Adam plowing ahead up the mountain like some prehistoric giant, tireless, unfettered by any physical ill or weakness. I like his name, "Adam," primeval, simple. He is strong as a bull moose, honest beyond this day and generation, in short, about the kind of man one figures his ancestors ought to have been.

Presently Adam and I came across a place which looked as though some Titan had pushed a carpet sweeper through the forest with the intent of taking out all the roots and the bumps along with him. Adam silently pointed down. I was standing beside my first moose trail. "It is not very big," said Adam, "and I don't think its horns are very big, but it's a bull. Come on! We'll see what it will do."

"Jumped."

What it did was easy enough for the moose, but a little bit hard for the city man. The moose, perhaps driven down by the storm, seemed bound to get into the cedar thickets, like the white-tailed deer, and it led us a merry chase, worming in and out among the snow-covered trees. Needless to say, we were soon thoroughly wetted with the snow, which fell from the trees on our necks and shoulders, but of course one does not mind a little thing like that. The interest of the chase kept us warm. We could see that we were getting closer and closer to our game. Presently we could see that we were getting very close. At last we saw where we had gotten within 100 yards of it. There was the story. A deep pit, as though a great horse had lain there.

"Jumped," said Adam.

"Sure," said I.

Then we sat down and thought it over for a while. We went on some more, and presently we came across two more moose tracks, a big one and a little one, probably a cow and a calf, as Adam thought. We were then three miles from the camp ,and it was not too late in the day, so we thought we would follow on and see what this bunch would do to us. They did pretty much the same as the young bull had done. We followed these tracks through all kinds of country, saw where the animals had fed in among the willows and alders, and on the roundwood, and finally puzzled out their trail until we knew that we were getting very close. This time we were near indeed to seeing our moose. We were perhaps not fifty yards away when we came to a couple more big holes in the snow, and some more regular holes beyond. Jumped again! There was the story, plain enough. This time we might almost have heard the bushes rattle as we went out. As we stood there we heard a hoarse, harsh, curious kind of coughing bark. Adam laughed.

"That old lady is just wondering what in the world it was that scared her," said he. "She is frightened, but is not exactly sure what it is that frightened her. Just listen to her." Once, twice and again that same coughing bark came back to us. Then all was still, and we were again all alone in the white wilderness. We concluded that we would go home after that.

We ate some more caribou, and slept some more, and on the next day hunted some more, this time going further back into the hills. We traveled about eight or ten miles on our first day, and perhaps fifteen miles on the second, part of the distance over a trail which had been cut out earlier in the fall by Charlie. We ran across an old survey line, far back in the interior, marking the watershed between Bathurst and Tobique waters. Not far from here we "boiled the kettle." I had abjured coffee for the time and thenceforth was reconciled to the New Brunswick staple beverage, tea. We made it deep and strong and black and plenty of it, and I must say that after we had stopped for a cup of it, we went on as though we never had known such a thing as fatigue.

Lunch in the Snow.

When you build a fire in the snow for your noonday lunch, always, my dear tenderfoot, observe a few simple rules. In the first place, get some nice dry wood. Pine is best ("easy wood," Adam called it). Split up your pine into faggots three or four feet long. Make your fire by leaning your faggots up against a tree, which will serve as a chimney to carry up the smoke. Keep a good-sized dry log for a seat, and when you sit down, be sure and bury your feet deep in the snow, clear up to the knees, so that the heat of the fire will not melt the snow on your shoes or stockings. If you allow the fire to heat your foot-covering, your feet will get wet. The way to keep your feet warm is, so to speak, to keep them always cold—that is to say, cold so far as the exterior is concerned. You must have on plenty of wool, and the warmth of the foot will do the rest.

"This stick which I am cutting," said Adam, as he hewed down a young tree and cut a pole about eight feet long, "is what the Indians call 'Chiplok'waugan' (or 'Chiplokquorgan'). It means 'the fire stick,' or the 'tea-boiling stick.' You see we don't make a fire and cook down on the ground the way you do out West. We can't 'boil a kettle' in New Brunswick without a long stick to hang it on. You notice I poke this stick into the snow, and the little end hangs out over the fire, and I hang the kettle on that end, so it cannot possibly spill, and it gets all the heat which comes up to the top of the fire.

"Now there is a funny thing about this Chiplok'waugan. After you have boiled the kettle you must always throw the 'Chiplok-waugan' down, and never leave it standing up over the fire, or by the fire. If you do, that is bad luck, just as sure as you are born. No Indian and no guide who knows his business would ever think of leaving the ''waugan stick' standing up by the fire. I was out with two old trappers once, and we had gone about two miles from where we had 'boiled the kettle.' when all at once one of the trappers slapped his leg, and said that he had left the ''waugan' stick standing over the fire. That settled it. He walked back two miles to throw it down. We didn't have very good luck, at that, and he said he knew the reason."

So much for some of the wisdom of the woods. I counsel you, my dear tenderfoot, follow very closely these rules for building a fire and of throwing down the ''waugan' stick.

A Moose Yard.

We went on deeper and deeper into the rough country, getting some six or seven miles back of the camp. At last, just after pushing through a dense thicket of young firs, we came again upon fresh moose sign, not leading straightaway, but scattered here and there. One big track led up to the shallow brook and we could see where the animal had waded in the water. Other tracks zigzagged here and there, and there were many beds where the moose had been lying. This, then, was my first sight of a genuine moose yard. A moose yard, gentle tenderfoot, is not a beaten down or trampled place in the snow, surrounded with a high wall of snow, such as you saw in your youth described in the natural history books. A moose can get out of his yard about as soon as he wants to, and in three feet of snow a moose does not need any trail, unless there is a very sharp crust indeed.

Presently we saw the occupants of the yard, only a cow and a two-year-old, but great, big, splendid-looking animals with black sides, brown backs, and big, ungainly looking heads and long legs which traveled all so easily in the deep snow. For an instant they stood at a distance of about fifty yards, and had either been a bull our hunt for moose would have ended then and there. So now I had seen my first moose.

"You see," said Adam, "that once in a while you can come up with a moose on the snow." He alluded to my own doubt expressed on the preceding day, whether we should be able to get close enough for a shot when traveling on the necessarily noisy crust.

Plenty of Caribou.

It was a long walk back to camp, hence we felt that we did not have time to hunt further. We climbed the high spur of a mountain to find a lookout and were able to save a couple of miles of travel by starting straight across to intercept our earlier trail in the morning. It was dusk when we finally struck the beaten track, and as we descended the trail toward the little Nictor Lake, we found that the caribou had simply cut our trail all to pieces. There had been twenty or thirty, perhaps forty, of them marching up and down on our snowshoe tracks all day long. It grieved Adam very much.

"These blamed caribou," said he, "make me tired. You can't go anywhere here and start a good snowshoe trail but what the caribou come and flock into it like so many sheep. If we had that moose killed, we'd come here and do some business with these boys to-morrow." Indeed, all the country in the lower levels about the lake was literally cut up with caribou tracks, there being a big scattered drove of them feeding in the windfalls at that time. These animals live on the moss which grows on the pine and spruce trees, and much frequent the windfalls or down timber. Jack, who had been out the day before on a little voyage of exploration to the top of Sagamok, or Bald Mountain, which rises up for nearly 3,000 feet just back of Nictor Camp, had also seen plenty of caribou sign as well as a bunch of about two dozen caribou, not to mention deer. We found that the caribou had been out on the lake during the day, quite a bunch of them apparently. Indeed, the country was alive with caribou. "Mr. Bishop used to say when he was in here last fall," said Adam, "that if there were any more caribou they would be a public nuisance."

All the guides agreed that the caribou by this time had pretty well shed their horns, at least all the big bulls had shed. There might be some small bulls or an occasional cow with horns. For this reason we did not care so much for hunting caribou.

About New Brunswick Game.

Around the camp-fire that night I learned the following things: There were no deer twelve years ago in this part of New Brunswick. Deer are very abundant in Maine and are working into New Brunswick now in greater numbers, though not nearly so abundant as caribou or moose.

There have been no wolves known in New Brunswick for more than fifty years.

There are no lynx at all on the Tobique waters; but there are very many lynx on the Nipisiguit Chain.

There are moose pretty much all over New Brunswick now, but twenty years ago there were very few moose indeed. To-day moose are protected west of the St. John River, and they are increasing there very rapidly, and the overflow of the better game country is stocking the whole Province. Adam says that the increase of moose is due to better laws, better protection, and to the stopping of "crusting" by the Indians.

The Indians once got $5 to $9 for a moose hide, and some years ago there were eighty Indians from Quebec who made a sweeping tour from the north to the south as far down as the Tobique River. They piled up their snowshoes and toboggans at Riley Brook, made canoes and thence took their hides down the Tobique River. A certain famous Indian by the name of Tom Bear, with two other Indians, a few years ago, hauled out seventy moose hides. Tom said that they went into the yards to kill the animals, and kept on killing, and came back later to skin the carcasses.

There were sixty-two moose heads which went down the Tobique River in the fall of 1901, among these many splendid heads. Adam Moore killed the finest head he had seen for many years, my recollection being that this measured 61¾ inches. The Tobique heads average large of late, and both Adam and all those with whom I talked believe that moose are distinctly on the increase in New Brunswick. In a little symposium which we held at Fredericton, six or eight men put down their estimates of the number of moose contained in the hundred square miles contained in the middle of New Brunswick. Some thought there were 10,000, some as few as 2,500. The average was about 5,000 or 6,000. Of course this is all guesswork, but when one reflects that there will not be more than 200 or 300 non-resident licenses going into the Province each season, he will see what a good chance each of these has for a good head in such a country. I was well persuaded at the end of my second day in camp that if one could not get his moose here, it certainly was not the fault of the moose nor the fault of the guides.

E. Hough.

Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill.

Some Uses of Common Things.

Many common things, such as are conveniently accessible and always at hand, can be put to very serviceable and practical uses. Most of these are well known, and familiar to all, but a brief repetition of them may prove interesting and convenient.

Kerosene is the best possible substance with which to remove rust. Mix it with a little powdered pumice, such as is used in polishing knives, and the result is a paste which will obliterate rust in short order. It is also the best means of cleaning machinery, and the parts of the lock or mechanism of a gun, which have become clogged with gummed oil.

The best of all cleaning devices for a small-bored rifle is a stout string more than twice the length of the barrel. Tie a bit of oiled rag in the middle of it and draw it back and forth until the barrel is bright and clear. This arrangement is far better than any brass or iron rod, which is liable to mar the delicately rifled grooves. But the string used must be sufficiently strong not to break and leave the rag lodged in the barrel.

Vinegar and hot soap suds are the best washes with which to clean brass shells. Scrape out as much as possible of the dirt and burned powder inside the shells with a penknife before using the wash.

Rifle shells can be recapped by means of a shotgun recapper as follows: Cut a hole in the center of the head of an empty shotgun shell just the size of the rifle shells; then slip the latter into it, and they can be recapped as neatly and quickly as though the tool was made expressly for them.

It is claimed that fine shot can be made to scatter when thrown from a choke-bored gun by placing a few large shot in the charge when the shell is loaded. Another reliable method of accomplishing the same end is said to be to divide the load into two or three sections with thin cardboard wads.

Bottle-necked rifle shells can be loaded with a smaller charge of powder than that for which they were intended, for small game at near range, by filling the intervening space between powder and ball with crumpled paper wadding. This does away with the vacuum, which would otherwise so reduce the force of the powder's explosion as to prevent it, sometimes, from even driving the ball out of the barrel.

Buckshot make convenient round balls for target practice with small-bored rifles. They can be wrapped in a bit of oiled cloth of sufficient thickness to enlarge them to the correct caliber to fit the bore of the gun.

Paraffine, rubbed on the shoes, or well into the cloth of which the tent is made, will render them as thoroughly waterproof as though they had been soaked in oil, yet without rendering them at all greasy or liable to soil anything with which they come in contact.

A piece of ordinary black mosquito netting hung before the eyes will relieve them from the trying strain which results from the bright sun upon the snow, and will prevent snow blindness.

The Canadian remedy for "mal de raquette," or snowshoe evil, the inflammation and soreness of the legs which results from long continued use of the snowshoe, is to

place a piece of burning torchwood over the afflicted part and allow it to raise a generous blister. A much more agreeable, as well as effective treatment, however, is to rub the legs well with alcohol instead.

Sweet oil, or in want of it, sperm oil, or any animal oil, brings quick relief from the pain of a scald or burn, as it excludes the air from contact with the injured surface. In lieu of any other remedy, plunging the burn into tepid water has a soothing effect, and will allay the pain until a better remedy is at hand.

Woodsmen often suck bits of green pine twigs for sore throat and colds in the head, the medicinal properties which they contain being, as they claim, an effective cure. It is well known that the atmosphere of balsam woods brings quick relief to the consumptive.

Nothing will prove more serviceable in camp than a package of nails of various sizes. For building tables, bunks, benches and so on, they are of course indispensable. A stout nail driven into a tree or tent pole makes a handy hook; such also makes a very good substitute for a punch or awl, will do good service as a can opener, and will extract a cork as readily as anything, next to a corkscrew.

But in building the frame of the camp, if nails are not to be had, willow withes, or the slender roots of trees, can be made to take their place. The writer has seen rude fences built through the woods for miles without the use of a single nail, the rails being bound to the posts with twigs instead.

A marine glass for locating and so recovering the gun, compass, watch or other article accidentally lost from the boat in the water, may be made as follows: Knock out the two ends of a box of convenient size, place one end in the water, and look through the other, after having thrown a shawl or blanket over the head to exclude the light. The minutest objects can easily be seen thus on the bottom.

A blanket lashed between two poles makes a serviceable hand barrow in which larger loads of baggage and equipments can be carried than in any other way. This is a device well worth resorting to in crossing portages and traversing rough roads and woodpaths.

A blanket with an oar for a mast, and a crosspiece lashed to it for a yard, will prove to be an excellent square sail, which will carry a rowboat or light skiff along before the wind at a surprising rate.

If intending to camp in a rough board or brush shanty of a former season's erection, a roll of tar paper carried in the party will prove worth its weight in gold in repairing the roof and making it water tight, and will cost next to nothing at that.

For filling up the chinks and interstices in log or board huts, make a paste of wood ashes and water, and smear it into the cracks. It can be gotten into crevices where the conventional bit of moss will not go, and effectively block out the cold and wind.

Altogether, there are an almost limitless number of every-day uses which can be made of such materials as can be found wherever one is A little exercise of ingenuity and the inventive faculty will supply the remedy for almost any want. RUPE BARMBY.

Some Observations on Game Laws.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In my younger and more confiding days, when I was devoting such time as could be spared from hunting or fishing to the study of the law, it was constantly impressed upon my mind, so that in time I really came to believe there was some truth in it, that the law was a science, and that it was constantly progressing to a higher state of certainty and clearness; that when a statute was to be framed, the best way was to state the idea intended to be conveyed in the simplest and most concise language. Many of my youthful ideas have been harshly dealt with by later experiences; and while I am not impolitic enough to say that the judges were wrong, I may say that I have my suspicious. Perhaps one of the rudest shocks to one's preconceived notions as to what is essential in drafting a law, will come to him who carefully reads the enactments of the New York Legislature during the past three or four years. I am not going to criticise any of my friends in that body, for we are all fallible—except those of us who have gone through the universities—and I may have some favors to ask from those same friends again sometime. Beside, they, knowing me well, might retaliate, as did a friend lately, when some one suggested that, perhaps, her wings had not yet commenced to grow. She contented herself with repeating the following, at the same time strenuously disclaiming the authorship, however:

"There was a young lady from Wilts,
Who walked into Scotland on stilts;
When they said, 'Oh, how shocking
To show so much stocking,'
She winked and said, 'How about kilts?' "

So, for fear that my friends at Albany might similarly retaliate, I am going to put all the blame on those supposedly evil-minded and subtle cold storage people. They are blamed for everything, good and bad, in our game laws, anyway, and a pound or more to their burden will not overwhelm them.

Take for a mind-illuminating example of scientifically precise expression, the provisions of the game law in regard to bird plumage. In the year 1900 the Legislature passed what was supposed by some to be a complete and comprehensive law in regard to fish and game. This is known as Chapter 20 of the laws of that year. Section 33 of that chapter, omitting the heading, reads:

"Wild birds, other than the English sparrow, crow, hawk, crane, raven, crow-blackbird, common blackbird and kingfisher, shall not be taken or possessed at any time, dead or alive, except under the authority of a certificate under this act."

The certificate referred to was a permit to take birds, their nests and eggs, for scientific purposes, as provided by Section 36 of the same law. No one, not even members of the American Ornithologists' Union, seemed to realize that a literal interpretation of this law prohibited the taking of any wild bird, of the kind commonly known as game birds, as well as all others, except only those specifically mentioned, without first obtaining the required certificate. That such was the effect of the language used is clear; and it is equally clear that such an effect was never intended. But without discovering this obvious incongruity, and almost before the ink used by the Governor in approving the above law was dry, another act known as Chapter 741 of the Laws of 1900, was passed and approved by the Governor, as an amendment to the aforesaid Section 33, adopted at the same session of the Legislature. This later act inserted the words "and birds for which there is an (sic) open season" after the word "kingfisher," as used in the section first quoted; and also added, as new matter, the following:

"No part of the plumage, skin or body of any bird protected by this section shall be sold or had in possession for sale." This, it seems to me, was making matters worse, "the worst ever," as the sage of Montclair would say. The words, "birds for which there is *an* open season" effectually closed the door against all kinds of shooting except with a permit—the fact that it was probably intended to use the word "no" in place of "an" made small difference, because the courts said that they were not going to make laws. But the uniform cheerfulness with which sportsmen continue to hunt game birds showed how much regard they had for the Legislature; and, in this instance, the sportsmen were right. But, in order to make things obscure, and as if (which was not the intention at all, unfortunately) to shut out all selling of game, the words quoted were added to the law, for any one who "sold or had in possession for sale," the body of any wild bird (and surely all game birds are wild) would violate the law, whether the bird be thrush, grouse or any other wild bird.

The Legislature meanwhile having had a much-needed rest, the literary bureau of those wicked, wicked cold storage people was apparently again set to work, the result being Chapter 91 of the laws of that year, this likewise being an amendment to said Section 33, the only change, however, consisting in substituting the word "no" for "an," already referred to. In all other respects the law was the same, and no sportsman could lawfully kill any game bird in this State at any time unless provided with a naturalist's certificate.

Evidently the criticism invoked by this condition of things set some one to thinking, whether the aforesaid literary bureau or not, is unknown; for the last Legislature decided to really accomplish something, and the result was as follows:

"Birds for which there is no open season and *wild birds* other than the English sparrow, crow, hawk, and crow-blackbird shall not be taken or possessed at any time, dead or alive, except under the authority of a certificate issued under this act. No part of the plumage, skin or body of *any bird* protected by this section shall be sold or had in possession for sale."

This is Chapter 359, Laws of 1902. Shades of Solon and Lycurgus! The remark of some one on a somewhat different occasion, is brought to mind when one contemplates the result of this last effort:

"He did his damndest,
Angels could do no more."

Practically, therefore, the law is just where it was, and no game birds can now be taken or possessed dead or alive in this State without the certificate provided for in Section 38; and if any one wants to make a criminal of himself, all he has to do is to shoot a game bird in the season. Such is the only possible interpretation to be put upon the first clause of the section. The latter clause, which was evidently intended to prevent the sale or possession for sale of birds not ordinarily classed as game birds, in order to stop the traffic in their plumage, goes much further, because it prohibits the sale or possession for sale of the skin, plumage or body of "any bird protected by" the section, and as all game birds, under the designation "wild birds" are under the protection of the section, the result is that it is now unlawful to sell or have in possession for sale any kind of game birds at any time.

It may be that the game wardens, seeing the absurdity of the law, refuse to enforce it, or that they put upon it an interpretation which the language used does not uphold. This, to say the least, is unfortunate. It is the business of the officials to enforce the law as it stands. The Legislature is the body to change it, and the best way to secure the correction of a faulty or absurd law sometimes is to enforce it. It tends inevitably to lessen the respect for all game laws to retain such weak and absurd provisions on the statute books. Each private individual has the same right as the game wardens to interpret the law, and this looseness and lack of respect are largely responsible for the frequent violations of such laws. In your issue of, I think, May 31, 1901, you called attention to one phase of this matter, but even with your enlightening editorial to aid them, the lawmakers failed to make the proper correction.

Another curiosity of legislation, to which it is worth while calling attention, is found in Section 28 of the Laws of 1900, which was as follows:

"Section 28. Woodcock, Grouse and Quail Not to be Possessed.—Woodcock, grouse and quail shall not be sold or possessed during the closed season, except in the month of December, and possession thereof during the last fifteen days of December shall be presumptive evidence that they were unlawfully taken by the possessor."

The latter clause of this section should be construed in connection with those provisions of the statute designating an open and closed season for these birds, the word "presumptive," as there used, meaning that in case of a prosecution for unlawful taking, that is, I presume, a taking out of season, the person arrested may prove, if he can, but the birds were in fact taken in the open season; and thus far the purpose of the law is beneficial as not allowing the permission given by the first clause to be used as a screen for those taking birds out of season. The burden of proving innocence is merely placed in the first instance on the person charged with the offense. The section is inartificial, and somewhat harsh in its intent, because it in fact makes every possessor of such game, no matter how acquired, subject to prosecution. A much simpler and fairer way, it seems to me, would be some system of listing or registration of such game by the cold storage people with some public authority, so that there would be no necessity of any presumption at all in regard to it. But a curious phase of the matter arises from a comparison of this section with some other provisions of the same law. If the closed season for these birds commenced in all cases on Dec. 1, the matter would be simpler; but as a matter of fact, the closed season for quail does not, in general, and with certain exceptions begin until Dec. 16, and in certain counties grouse and woodcock may also be killed during the same time; while on Long Island grouse and quail may be killed between July 31 and Jan. 1. Now it would be a hardship to sportsmen to say to them that they are presumptively guilty of a crime under the latter clause of Section 28 merely because they kill and possess game under three other provisions which was taken lawfully between Dec. 1 and Dec. 16; or, as to grouse and quail in Long Island, any time during that month. And yet a literal interpretation and enforcement of the law as contained in Section 28 would lead to no other result.

Section 406 of the act provides that "such birds [that is, woodcock, grouse and quail] shall not be possessed in their closed season except in the city of New York, where they may be possessed during the open season in the State at large." This applies only to Long Island game, so that as to such game Section 28 does not apply outside of New York city, and any one possessing Long Island game of the kind named in December is punishable under the act; and even in New York city is the possession of such Long Island game lawful if it is so possessed during the open season in the State at large; and that open season is not the same for all of these varieties of game.

There is no apparent reason for so many modifications and exceptions as the statute contains covering different parts of the State; and what has been said at least exemplifies the need of greater uniformity in our law on this subject.

But there are still unexplored fields for the student of the science of interpretation in these cherished volumes known, by courtesy, as the Laws of New York. For example, in Chapter 429 of the Laws of 1900, is found, by way of amendment to the aforesaid Chapter 20, of the same laws, a new section to be known as Section 89 (there is no Section 88), this being an attempt to impose a license on non-resident sportsmen for hunting on, or fishing in fresh waters, forming a part of the boundary of the State, or through which the boundary runs; or a license for taking fish or game in waters in this State if such license is imposed on residents of this State by other States or countries for hunting or fishing in the waters of such other States or countries. This was a sort of reciprocity idea; and, while awkwardly and inartificially expressed in the section, as it was framed, was still capable of being construed, and was not so bad as the last Legislature left it. This amendment is known as Chapter 77 of the Laws of 1902, and after following the language of the original act, in part, goes on as quoted:

"If any license fee to take such fish or game in waters not in this State be required o fa resident of this State, a non-resident may take the same kind of fish or game in such waters within the State if a license so to do shall have been first obtained from the Commissioner. Nor shall any non-resident not the owner of real estate in this State and against whose real estate there are no delinquent taxes, take fish or game in this State except on a like license if there is any discrimination by requiring a license or otherwise in the State or country where such non-resident resides against residents of New York in taking fish or game in such State or country."

One thing that suggests itself in reading the latter clause is that it would seem impossible to less clearly state the idea that was struggling for expression in the mind of the framer of the law, if, indeed, it is possible to see what the meaning is. Does it mean that a person who does not own real estate here must, if a resident of a State or country requiring a license, take out a license here before fishing or hunting in the waters of this State? It would seem that such is the intended meaning. But what must such person pay for his license? "A like license" does not necessarily mean, one costing the same amount, although that, too, was evidently the intention. The Forest, Fish and Game Commissioners are not appointed to legislate, but to enforce laws already enacted. And yet, if they undertake to enforce this law, which is in its nature penal and, therefore, to be strictly construed, they must add something which is not now in the law in order to make it intelligible. This they cannot legally do, any more than they can enact laws in the first instance. But if it applies solely to non-residents who own no land here, what is the use of speaking of dilinquent taxes? We have no concern, or should have none, with the payment of the taxes of a non-resident upon property not in this State. That is precisely the meaning of the text, if it has any meaning at all, for it says, "and against," not "or against"; if the latter expression was used it might be held to mean that a non-resident who owned land in this State could not get a license unless all his taxes were paid. I would not be surprised to know that this was what was in the mind of him who was responsible for this law. If so, all that need be said is that he should have so stated, even though it would then be silly and nonsensical, and have not the remotest connection with the purpose of the law which was the protection and preservation of the fish and game of the State. It likewise opens a wide field for speculation to attempt to discuss the meaning of the words "or otherwise," as here used.

It is amazing that there seems to be so much difficulty attending the framing of laws of this nature. One cannot help but wonder why the generally recognized principles of grammar could not be applied to the framing of laws for the protection of the harmless and innocent fishes and birds.

I might continue almost indefinitely with this exposition; but some consideration is due you and your readers.

JOSEPH B. THOMPSON.

NEW YORK, Sept 16.

O Ho.

No cool monsoons blow oft on Oxford Dons,
Orthodox, jog-trot, book-worm Solomons!
Bold Ostrogoths of ghosts no horror show.
On London shop-fronts no hop-blossoms grow,
To crocks of gold no Dodo looks for food.

* * * * * *

Rooks do not roost on spoons, nor woodcocks snort,
Nor dog on snowdrop or on coltsfoot rolls,
Nor common frog concocts long protocols.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 20.—For the past week the duck shooting has been magnificent on the Tolleston Club preserves right at the southern edge of Chicago. These closely protected and well-baited grounds have always attracted good numbers of wildfowl, and this fall seem to be especially well patronized by the early flight. The teal have been in on Tolleston marsh for several days now in very good numbers. Here comes in the beneficence of the Indiana law, which allows only twenty-four ducks to the gun per day. There have been days on Tolleston marsh when a good shot could have killed 100 or more teal. As it is, a good many gunners come in at 9 o'clock in the morning with their limit. One unfortunate gentleman made a shot into a flock of teal and killed thirteen at the two barrels. It did not take him long to finish his twenty-four after that, and he returned to the club house a sadder and wiser man, wishing that he had not been so lucky early in the game. Something of the same sort of luck happened to Mr. Hempstead Washburne yesterday at Tolleston. He came up to a little pond hole which was chuck full of teal, and his first two barrels laid low eight bluewings. We will give Mr. Washburne the full benefit of the doubt, and allow that he shot them all on the wing. None the less, this left him only sixteen more ducks to kill and a whole day on his hands. He, too, was sorry he was so lucky at first. Mr. C. S. Dennis is another Tolleston member who has been down this week and who had no difficulty in making his limit. It is probable that this teal shooting, varied by better sport at bigger ducks, will continue throughout this month, as this marsh naturally catches the flight which passes out at the lower end of Lake Michigan.

At Swan Lake Club there was a little flight six or seven days ago, but it seems to have vanished into thin air. Tim Wood, the keeper at Swan Lake Club house, writes to-day that the ducks are not there.

Mr. Robert Stites, manager of Rector's, this city, goes to Grass Lake Saturday evening for a try after teal, but the chances are rather against him. This early teal flurry does not ordinarily last very long, and the best chance for shooting would be on well-fed and little gunned marshes such as that of the Tolleston Club.

A great many Chicago shooters are getting ready for their fall ducking trips, and one regrets to state that nearly all the parties are planning to go outside of the State limits. Illinois as a sporting region is a bit behind the times this fall. Most of the shooters plan for journeys into Minnesota or the Dakotas.

Mr. Spencer Aldrich, of New York city, writes as below regarding a trip to the Northwest:

"I am thinking of visiting Minnesota and North Dakota in a short time for a trip after chickens and ducks, and write to ask you if a resident of this State (New York), which State requires no non-resident license for hunting, will have to pay any license at all should he shoot in Minnesota?

"According to *Game Laws in Brief*, July, 1902, page 52, I don't think I will have to pay any license in Minnesota, but I have seen in several articles lately that some non-residents were charged $25 in Minnesota and some were charged $10, and I am rather at sea in reference to this license tax in Minnesota. Can you, therefore, please enlighten me on the subject?*

"I have heard that Detroit, Minn., is a very good place for chickens and ducks, and write to ask if a person visiting there would not now have to go some distance away from the town to secure good shooting, and I also write to ask if, in your opinion, you think at this time of the year I would get better shooting at Detroit, Minn., than at Dawson, N. D.?"

As was stated in last week's FOREST AND STREAM, the *Game Laws in Brief* make a non-resident license of $25 obligatory in Minnesota upon all who come from States having non-resident licenses. I have already stated that the game wardens of Minnesota have a way of putting the burden of proof upon the other fellow. I think if Mr. Aldrich will get into communication with the State Game Warden, he will have no difficulty. As to his finding good chicken shooting so late, the chances are all against it. He would probably find more chickens near Gary than at Detroit at this time. I do not think he would find very many ducks down yet, outside of the local birds. He would not find many chickens at Dawson, but would find more hunters there than at almost any other one point in North Dakota. There are good duck lakes out of Dawson, and these should, as usual, furnish good duck shooting, possibly more of it than would be found in the average Minnesota country, and certainly more than at Detroit. I hear a good deal of Elbow Lake, Minnesota, as a good place for both prairie chickens and ducks, offering some good pass shooting at ducks. This latter place, however, ought to be better later in the season.

I have advice from a friend at St. Paul under date of Sept. 15, wro writes: "I was out at Gary last Monday morning, but had only two hours in the morning. A friend took me out in his rig. We had an old dog that was very slow, but sure, and I killed fifteen chickens in less than two hours all by myself. There were none of them got away, and if you had seen me and my Smith gun then, you would not have had a poor opinion of my shooting."

Gary was the point of which I heard a great deal when I was out in Minnesota on my chicken hunt the first of the month. Friend Stephens, the deputy warden at Detroit, said that he wanted us to go up to Gary as he thought there were many more birds there than at his own town.

I hear that some newspaper friend out in St. Paul is quoting me to the effect that we had bad luck with our dogs on our hunt. I do not know the gentleman, and he does not know his facts. I have never seen a better chicken dog than Mr. Fullerton's white treasure. By the way, I must add that I have heard something more of the latter canine. Mr. Fullerton says: "I had my new dog out yesterday, in company with four others, and he held his own in a very creditable manner. I have raised the price on him, not only for his hunting prowess, but because he has so beautifully thrashed my neighbor's two dogs, of which I wrote you. In the future any man who goes past my neighbor's house with his string of hunting dogs can do so with the certainty that he will not be molested by these two nuisances. My meat dog has done the business, and it would have done you good to see him lick both of them. He is getting now so that he is good about the house, not nearly so cross as I thought he would be. He has not eaten any of the family yet."

The Game Laws and the Travelers.

Apropos of these questions regarding what may possibly happen to a man in Minnesota, I may state that I have learned from other sources that three Oshkosh, Wis., men ran against the game wardens in the Union Depot out at St. Paul. They were very cocky at first, and told the wardens what they would do, but they finally separated from $75 and departed well content at that.

Yet another case was that of Dr. Pollman and his son, of St. Louis. Being from Missouri they had to be shown. They were. It cost them $50.

I hear of yet another gentleman, this time from Milwaukee, Wis., who was watched in his shooting near Alexandria, and asked if he could show his license. He did so, though the story is that he started in to shoot without any license, but thought better of it and went to town and got it in time. I would suggest to any non-resident sportsman going into Minnesota that the best thing he can do is to settle this license question before he goes out to do any shooting. These people out there don't compromise, and cannot be fooled with, and a little trouble in time may save nine kinds of trouble later on.

The Donnelly Case.

The case of the State of Minnesota vs. Stanislaus Donnelly, mentioned in last week's FOREST AND STREAM, came up for trial on the afternoon of Sept. 15. Mr. Donnelly, under bad advice, has started in to make a fight on this case. As it happened, Warden Fullerton had taken the precaution to go up into the territory where Donnelly did his shooting. He got the man who it is alleged drove Donnelly, and who it is alleged saw him kill the birds and put them in his wagon. I have already stated that I heard Mr. Donnelly himself admit ownership of these birds as they hung in the sleeping car, and saw Mr. Fullerton take them out of the string in Mr. Donnelly's presence. It would appear that it would have been better for Mr. Donnelly to settle up and resolve to do better in the future. On the contrary, he elected to make a fight. The case was postponed until Sept. 30. This will allow the introduction of the evidence secured out in the country.

Strange Accidents.

On last Monday Mrs. W. F. Barnes, of Rockford, Ill., was walking in the woods not far from the camp of her party near Manitowish, Wis. Her hat was trimmed with the plumage of a bird. A hunter passing by saw the feathers upon the hat, took it for a bird, and, fool-like, fired. The greater part of the charge of shot struck Mrs. Barnes in the right side of the face and head. One pellet of shot passed entirely through the ball of the eye. The name of the hunter is not divulged. The physicians think that Mrs. Barnes may perhaps not lose the sight of the eye.

On Thursday of this week one Phillip Brombaugh, a member of a camping party in the Creek Nation, near Cushing, Okla., thought that it would be sport to frighten the women of his party by posing as a wildcat. He painted two eyes upon his head by means of phosphorus and, coming up to the camp in the dark, undertook to do his wildcat stunt, uttering cries which seemed to him suitable to the occasion. One James Fletcher had not been advised of this merry plan of Mr. Brombaugh. Mr. Fletcher seized a shotgun and fired both barrels at the supposed wildcat. Brombaugh will recover.

Near Brandon, Manitoba, on Sept. 19, Thomas Law, of the milling firm of Alexander & Law Bros., and Miss Sherwin, shot two prairie chickens on the farm of L. Rowe. This so enraged Rowe that he fired twice at the hunters, shooting Miss Sherwin in the stomach and Law in the knee. Rowe ran home and swallowed the contents of a bottle of gopher poison, dying in a few minutes. Miss Sherwin is not likely to recover.

After Wood Bison.

Buffalo Jones, Government game warden of the Yellowstone Park, is the best man who could have been selected for the conservation and increase of the little Park herd of buffalo. Last spring Mr. Jones planned a trip with Harry Lee, of this city, it being the intention to go up into the Peace River country after the herd of wood bison with the purpose of securing some calves. Jones had a permit from the Canadian Government by which he was to give four calves to the Government, retaining six for importation to this country. Just before the time of starting Jones was taken ill with inflammatory rheumatism. It is hardly likely that this veteran sportsman is enjoying so good health now as was originally his portion. He may at a later time go up after the wood bison, but it is not at all certain according to the report of Mr. Lee, who was seen in Chicago to-day.

Forget It.

A press dispatch says: "The Navajo tribe of Indians in Arizona, numbering 20,000 men, women, and children, is rapidly approaching starvation, according to a statement made by Frederick I. Monsor, of San Francisco, the scientist and lecturer, who has just returned with a party from a six weeks' exploration among the Navajo, Moqui and Pueblo tribes."

Habits of the Dusky Grouse.

Mr. F. R. Atkins, of Seattle, Wash., writes interestingly regarding the habits of the dusky grouse or blue grouse, a bird not very well known to most Eastern sportsmen. He says: "I note in a recent article that you speak of this bird as seen in the heavily timbered regions of Washington during the month of January. It is at home in the Puget Sound country of this far northwest State, and furnishes capital sport in the early fall months as well as later on until they begin to bunch, which is well along in December. They then take to the heavily timbered regions, and stay there until the near approach of spring, their mating period. From personal observation and from what I have gathered, I have come to the conclusion that the birds during the winter months take to the tall firs, and there spend their time until the approach of warmer weather, living principally on the buds of the fir as well as other evergreen trees which we have here. To bear me out in this I remember meeting a young man on one of my hunting trips, who had a dog that was looked upon to be one of the family. It seems that whenever the lad wanted a grouse he would take the dog and go to the tall timber, and in a very short time the dog would begin barking at the foot of the tree, which, upon closer observation would disclose the droppings of the bird. In this the dog never failed. His master would then withdraw a short distance to better his view of the tree and its branches, and it would be but a few minutes before the bird would be brought to bag.

"I hardly think the blue grouse can be called a migratory bird, in fact, would say that on the many islands which we have here in Puget Sound (some of them over a mile from the mainland), they couldn't leave if they wanted to, unless they take the long flight necessary to cross the water, and, beside, I have never heard of a grouse being seen on the wing crossing to the mainland.

"At the present time we are having excellent shooting at this bird, and yesterday I killed the limit, 15 birds, in less than two hours' shooting. The coveys this year are unusually large, and they lie nicely to the dog, but it's the hardest kind of hunting, I can assure you. The excitement of the hunt and the pleasure watching your dog work is all that keeps one going. As a table fowl these birds are excellent, especially at this season when they have had a steady diet on our berries for two months past.

"I enclose you a couple of pictures of my dog on point in 'good grouse country,' which will, perhaps, give you some idea of our hunting here. Should you at any time contemplate coming to this muchly written-about section of the globe, you will find the latch string on the outside of my wigwam and a warm welcome and invitation to spend a day afield in one of the grandest hunting sections of the United States."

I could testify to Mr. Atkins' accuracy in calling this bird good upon the table. I think I have never tasted any of the grouse family which is quite so toothsome. As to the picture of the dog, I must say to Mr. Atkins that it almost caused me to jump out of my chair. The photograph might be one of my own old dog, Rex, dead and gone these twenty odd years. I wonder where Mr. Atkins got that dog, and how he happened to be marked so nearly like my old boyhood companion? I wonder if there can be such a thing as the reincarnation of a dog, deep feather, good ears, orange and white markings, and all? I've almost a mind to make a pilgrimage to Washington to see Mr. Atkins and his dog!

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Iowa Chicken Grounds.

THE chicken shooting in Iowa this year is not a reality; it is a complete failure (with the exception of the first two days of poor shooting). No sportsmen of sane mind has been out in pursuit of these birds since Sept. 3, for by this time it was only too plain that practically no chickens existed. Of the hundreds of sportsmen who went out on the opening day, the greater percentage returned empty-handed or with several ducks. The best kill I have heard of in this section of the country for the opening day was nine birds for three men. Many after hunting field after field without even getting a glimpse at a bird returned home disgusted with such sport as chicken hunting, or others tried their hand with the countless numbers of wild ducks which were scared up from every little slough.

The chickens that were killed were generally old birds, or young birds which had been hatched very early in the season. All that were saved from the floods were the strongest of course, and were not easy to hit. They were the strongest, hardiest and oldest lot of birds seen in Iowa for years—good size and fine eating. All the weaklings had been drowned weeks before. Farmers have even seen the dead birds floating on the sloughs during the summer, where they were drowned before they could fly. A dog was an absolute necessity to those who hunted, and good rubber boots—even hip—another. But I will stop giving facts and tell a few "lies" concerning my duck hunts since the open season began.

It was with a good-sized quantity of doubt over the outcome of our chicken hunt on the opening day that my hunting partner, Lou Shockley and myself prepared for our campaign on the night before Sept. 1. We had questioned many farmer acquaintances as to the number of chickens seen on their premises, and all had nearly the same reply to give as was given to me by a fireman on a threshing machine, who had ample means for observation, "Few and far between," was his reply.

Notwithstanding all the bad reports, we decided to try our luck just once, and see for ourselves. So long before the sun was up the next morning, we were starting for a six-mile buggy ride to a place we expected to find birds, if there were any to be found. Not a great way from our destination we passed a little slough, and somewhat to our surprise eight ducks arose and flew away. "Well, if we can't hunt chickens, we will have some fun with those ducks, anyway," was my friend's words when the ducks were nearly out of sight, and I seconded the motion immediately, but was sorry we hadn't come prepared for ducks. Upon arriving at the farmhouse, and as we were just about to greet our farmer friend, who had stepped out of the barn where he had been doing his morning chores, a good-sized flock of mallards flew directly over us, which made our eyes open, and when the farmer told us that there wasn't a chicken on his place, and he hadn't seen any for a long time, but that he had killed nine ducks the day before, made our thoughts wander from shooting chickens that morning.

After putting up our horse and receiving a few directions from our host, we started post-haste for the slough, "which held hundreds of ducks." On our way there we passed through considerable stubble, so we were on the

* The *Game Laws in Brief* follows a ruling of the Minnesota Attorney-General that the law still holds exacting the $25 from residents of States which have non-resident laws.—ED. F. AND S.

watch for chickens, but there were none—just as we had been told. And I saw the reason for it very soon, too—water stood everywhere from an inch up to even a foot. The grain was abandoned, either left in the shock to spoil or uncut! What show would prairie chickens have in such a country, where the greater part of the land is under water?

The slough soon was in sight, and it was not long before we were having fair sport with teal and spoonbills.

Since then we have made two visits to the sloughs of that region, and have always returned home with good bags of ducks, the little bluewings being most numerous. I have noticed something about this bird which I regarded as rather peculiar. The upper part of the wing was a marked blue, while the lower part, in some, was just marked a green. Did any one ever notice this, and is it caused by the mixing of the blue and green wings together?

I will give an account of our last hunt on these sloughs. We were well prepared for the ducks this time, having a large number of decoys, which work well, the only trouble about them being to carry them about. As we were placing them in a likely spot, and wondering whether there were any ducks about, we happened to glance to a spot not far distant. The sight which met our eyes was quite satisfactory. In an open spot in the slough the ducks were having a delightful time playing about, giving each other a shower batch, and water was flying in every direction. I now endeavored to wade as close to the ducks as possible, my friend staying secluded in the grass behind in the hope of a shot. I managed to get close to the birds before they took flight, but I made the mistake of rising too soon, and was able to get only two ducks on the wing, while my partner was not able to shoot once. We marked the flock down in a little slough in a distant cornfield and started for them, but before we had gone far, they circled back, and to our joy lit near our decoys, which we had left in a corner of the larger slough. We decided the best thing to do was to try and sneak up on them. A ditch aided us somewhat, for by walking in it we saved a lot of back bending. After getting out of the ditch we were compelled to crawl on hands and knees, and this soon developed into the caterpillar mode of locomotion. Keeping a bunch of weeds between us and the ducks, we managed to get within about ten rods of the birds, when they arose; but we arose with them, and when our guns ceased action we picked up five bluewing teal. Our good fortune continued till nightfall, when we gathered in our decoys and started for our buggy, well satisfied with our afternoon's work. GEO. J. BICKNELL.

[The small wing coverts at the bend of the wing are always sky-blue in the blue-winged teal and the speculum is green. However, in the female and young the speculum is absent or shows faintly. Similar coloration of these parts is found in the shoveller and cinnamon teal. Consult "American Duck Shooting" or Ridgway or Elliott, or any good ornithology.]

The Intelligence of Ross.

BOSTON, Sept. 20.—Shore bird shooting is not very satisfactory to Boston gunners just now; nor has it been good this season. Early there were pretty good flights of peep and other small birds, but yellowlegs have been a failure thus far. Gunners say that there have been very few at Chatham, while nothing has been done with them off Scituate, and further up toward Boston. Down the North Shore the shooting has been equally poor. L. W. DePass' son, H. C. DePass, an expert boy gunner of fifteen, has made several shooting stops at Plum Island, since the open season begun, but has got no large birds yet. He has shot a good many peep and small birds. One Boston gunner made a trip to Chatham last Saturday, with the result of only two stray yellowlegs, and no large birds. J. H. Jones was down the North Shore the other day, with his Irish setter, Ross. Mr. Jones shot six grass birds, and Ross retrieved them in fair shape, though with a look of disgust, disinterested disgust, as much as to say, "They're not quail, and you, big man, ought to know it. They smell fishy." Jones thinks Ross is worth more than a week ago, in fact. The other morning he went down to the station at East Somerville to come to Boston. Ross followed, but was driven back, with the order to go home. This the dog did in good shape, but just before the 7:10 train got in, hearing the whistle, he started for the station. Boarding the right train he came to Boston alone. Getting out at the North Station, he scoured that great depot all over with nose to the floor. Not getting his master's track by the scent, he quietly boarded the next train out and went home; getting off at the right station, without hint or suggestion from anybody, though the trainmen, who know both the dog and his master, saw him. The trainmen are ready to vouch for this action of the dog. They saw him and were ready to offer him hints or suggestions, if there was danger of his being carried by. But he was up and on the alert before the train stopped at his home station. Jumping off, he quietly trotted home, and was ready to meet his master when his train arrived at night.

SPECIAL.

Fur Market of Leipzig.

CONSUL-GENERAL OLIVER J. D. HUGHES writes from Coburg: Nearly the whole fur trade of the world concentrates itself in the two cities of London and Leipzig; but as about two-thirds of the London furs which are sold at auction, go to Leipzig, the result is that the fur market of Leipzig is really the greater of the two. The Leipzig warehouses receive raw and half-prepared furs from Siberia, European Russia, America, Australia and China, making the business of the fur exchange worth from $15,000,000 to $17,000,000 yearly. The chief article of import is the raw astrakhan from Bokhara, which comes via Nizhni Novgorod, this product reaching an importation figure of about 1,000,000 skins, each of which is worth from $2.06 to $3.35. With the cost of tanning and dressing added, the value of this trade amounts to from $3,000,000 to $3,500,000.

The second most important division of goods includes sable furs, of which about 50,000 skins, each worth from $50 to $100, are imported yearly. Of fox skins, nearly 30,000 pelts are tanned and dyed yearly. Lamb skins average about 1,000,000 per year.

Formerly, Leipzig handled annually about 4,000,000 Russian squirrel skins, which were bought mostly in England; but as the fashion of long-fur garniture on ladies' dresses disappeared, the demand was reduced to 2,000,000 pelts. The tails for boas are mostly imitations of marten and sable tails. The sale of the pelt of the white fox in this market amounts yearly to about $500,000, which is about the whole available product of the world's markets.

The Rail Shooting.

MILFORD, Conn., Sept. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Once or twice within the last week we have thought that the rail were gone for good, but each time a new flight of birds has been found on the following day, and we have had good shooting. On two or three occasions, men have killed up to the limit. The old shovers tell me that it is long since the shooting has been so good.

I went out on Tuesday and killed a few birds. There were two or three other boats out, but by good luck I had the cream of the shooting. Unfortunately, however, the tide was not a good one, and many of the birds were found just at the edge of the reeds and the cattails, and dodged into the cover so quickly that they escaped. Then, too, in several places I found birds so numerous that to tell you the honest truth I got excited and missed a good many shots that I ought to have hit. Sometimes five or six birds would get up at once, and before I could do more than fire my two barrels, they would all be under cover.

It looked to me as if these birds had just come in, and dropped down in the grass anywhere, and had hardly moved about at all until my boat came shoving among them.

I do not say how many birds I killed, but I may confess that I ought to have had a good many more than I got.

The season is pretty nearly over now, and the first hard easterly storm that we have, followed by clear cold weather with a northwesterly wind, will undoubtedly send all the birds along, and for us in New England will end the rail season of 1902. R. P.

Sea and River Fishing.

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

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 19.—The semi-annual return contest for the cast-iron medals between the Chicago Fly-Casting Club and the Grand Rapids Fly-Casting Club, will take place on the afternoon of Saturday, Sept. 20, on our grounds. An effort will be made to allow further re-entries to our members, to complete scores not already filled. The contest will be continued on Sunday morning at 9:30, and this will be the last tournament day for this season. It is hoped the members will attend, especially those who have not completed their scores.

On Saturday, Sept. 20, a dinner will be held at the Chicago Athletic Club at 7 P. M., complimentary to the members of the Grand Rapids Fly-Casting Club visiting the city. The local club sincerely hopes for a generous attendance.

Among those who are expected to come over from Grand Rapids to-morrow afternoon are Messrs. John A. Waddell, C. B. Kelsey, Asa Stuart, Eber Rice and Douglas Berry. It need not be said that the little dinner at the Athletic Club will be a very pleasant reunion of these angling companions. The relations of Chicago and Grand Rapids in the matter of the angling craft are very pleasant and will ever remain so.

Mr. F. N. Peet, a prominent member of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, speaking of the late trip to the Pacific Coast, states that while there he met at Seattle Mr. W. S. Phillips, El Comancho, formerly of Chicago, and now of Seattle. Mr. Phillips entertained the Chicago men royally and did what was possible in the way of fishing, though the salmon run was not at its best at that time. All the Chicago party had good fishing in the Rogue River, and were able to show the Coast anglers something about spoon hooks and little casting rods, to say nothing of learning something themselves in the matter of flies and fly-rods.

By the way, Asa Stuart made Mr. Peet a fly-rod which excited the envy of about every fisherman on the Pacific Coast. I violate no confidence in saying that Mr. Stuart will perhaps have two or three of these same rods with him when he comes over here to-morrow. He will never get out of town alive with them. We'll get them by peace, if possible, by force if we must. There are some drawbacks to being an amateur rod maker, one of which is that you cannot keep any rods you make—that is, if you make them as well as Asa Stuart does. He makes the kind of fishing rod which will go out at night and fish by itself, unless you lock it up, and his split bamboo creations have been the undoing of many a lusty rainbow on the Pere Marquette.

Good Bass Water.

Mr. Harry L. Notter, of this city, tells me something about Gun Lake, of Michigan, which he says is about the bassiest water he ever saw in all his life. This sheet of water lies between Kalamazoo and Battle Creek, and has a total shore line of about ninety miles. It has large and small mouth bass, pike, some croppies and an occasional muscallunge. The bass there will rise to spinning baits, wooden minnows or almost any kind of a thing which moves, whirls or jumps. There are some cottages in there, but the lake does not seem to be very much touted or tipped off. I suggest it as something very well worth remembering. Incidentally, I may say that there is a big marsh at one end of the lake, which is stated to be a good duck ground in the fall.

Contents of Fish.

A local paper prints as "news" the story of a New York paper which states that Mrs. Thomas Young, of Sebago Lake, Me., caught a trout which disgorged a red stone which fell into the bottom of the boat. This red stone was preserved by Mrs. Young, who later discovered that it was a ruby worth about $100. Since this thing has been printed as news in more than one paper, there can be no doubt whatever as to its accuracy, though I do not myself believe the story itself is so remarkable as that of the Wisconsin trout captured by Mrs. William Jones, of Ashland, Wis., which, when taken from the hook, disgorged a red hot cooking stove. It is stated that Mrs. Young intends to have the ruby set into a ring for her own use. I see no reason why a cooking stove discovered in this way by a lady could not also be used to her own personal use and behoof.

Strange Revival on the Kankakee.

A very singular state of affairs exists at this writing along that historic stream, the Kankakee River. I first got track of this through a Mr. Jensen, who has been camping out for a couple of weeks at a point on the Kankakee, about five miles from Koutts, Ind. He states that he is in a country which is practically wilderness. He has seen no sign of human being or human habitation during his stay on the timbered banks of this strange and fascinating river. He has been putting in his time doing a little fishing. He reports bass very scarce, but has been having great sport with big catfish, taking one which is stated to have weighed 87 pounds. He came back to Chicago on a visit and takes with him to his camp a lot of big tarpon hooks, saying that he intends to do business with big catfish.

A strange part of Mr. Jensen's story is that he tells of a great run of small pickerel in the Kankakee. No one at Koutts could tell where these pickerel came from, but they were in there simply in hundreds, all of about a size, between two and three pounds each, and every one of them anxious to bite at any living or moving thing offered to it. Mr. Jensen said he had caught them until he was tired. No large pickerel were reported, no very great numbers of carp and scarcely any bass.

So much for one arm of the story, so to speak. A few minutes ago I met on the street corner my friend Roll Organ. "Hold on," said he. "I want to tell you a fish story. Just to pass the time, I went down to Water Valley on the Kankakee, a week ago last Saturday. You ought to have seen the pickerel we caught! I was after bass, but the river was about three feet too high, and I caught no bass. I found the stream was full of pickerel and began to fish for them, with small carp minnows, taking out in less than two hours thirty-odd pickerel, all of them about two pounds in weight. I went down with Frank Bissell to his cottage at Water Valley. There was a big picnic on there, and the bridge was lined with fishermen, and every one of them was catching pickerel as fast as he could throw in. There seemed to be schools of these fish moving up the river. We have had the highest water on the Kankakee known for years, and dams and fishways have been overflowed so that the fish could run up stream with ease. I imagine that this big run of pickerel is the result of this state of affairs. I think also that in about a week or two, when the water gets down within the banks, we will have the best bass fishing on the Kankakee we have ever had."

Here was unsought confirmation of the other side of the pickerel story. It is curious to note the changes in the history of this ancient waterway. At first it abounded in wall-eyed pike, with a few bass, and some giant pike, which at times reached weights of 20 to 30 pounds. Then about eight years ago it was taken over by the bass, large-mouths and small-mouths, and was one of the best bass streams in the country. Then came the visitation of the carp. Now comes this invasion of pickerel. In connection with Mr. Organ's story of catching pickerel on carp bait, there arises the joyful hope that these pickerel will do at least something toward thinning out the carp. Indeed, I am disposed to believe that the best cure for the carp nuisance would be a general planting of pickerel. By this term is meant the great northern pike, which attains very heavy weights when conditions of food are favorable. Given a stream full of little carp, our friend *Esox* could make a living with perfect ease, and if he did make a living at the expense of many thousands of these disgusting foreign fish, the carp, methinks that Mr. Esox himself would rise high in the estimation of Western anglers, even were it for philanthropic reasons alone. Therefore there is occasion for rejoicing in the story of pickerel in the Kankakee.

Bound for Fifield.

Within the week a very pleasant party will leave Chicago for a trip to the Fifield chain on the Wisconsin Central line, among these Messrs. Charles A. Comiskey, Ban Johnson and J. P. Agnew, accompanied by Messrs. James C. Pond, general passenger agent of the Wisconsin Central Railroad, and Mr. D. K. Thompson, Chicago agent of the same line. This visit to the Fifield chain will be made the occasion of the presentation to Mr. Comiskey by his friends of an elaborate leather tackle box, perfectly stocked, together with a handsome rod case properly filled with rods. The intention is to convert Mr. Comiskey from a baseball man into an angler. There is no question of the desirability of this change, and if the party with whom he is to travel shall have any kind of luck, there will be a new face in anglerdom hereafter.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM. *Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?*

Maine Waters.

Boston, Sept. 22.—The fall fishing season on Maine waters is rapidly drawing to a close. Oct. 1 is the legal close time, and the law is well obeyed. The commissioners and game protectors might congratulate themselves were the game laws half as much respected. The late fishermen are many of them at the best pools, and taking some good trout. L. O. Crane, of Boston, is out from the Upper Dam. There he landed a trout of four pounds. At the Middle Dam he also took a trout of 4 pounds, one of 3½ pounds and 3 pounds. It is a curious fact that only trout are to be seen or taken at either the Upper or Middle dams at this time. Trout, and trout only, are seen rising in the pools, with no salmon. After all, the theory that the putting of smelt into the Rangeley waters has given the trout such abundant food that they will not bite in the spring and summer, may be true. The presence of a great many trout and no salmon in the pools now, when the spawning season is drawing near, would seem to add evidence to the theory. Still, these big trout at the Upper Dam and Middle Dam just now are very hard to get. They will rarely rise to any sort of a fly, and pay no attention whatever to bait. But now and then one is taken; enough to keep up the enthusiasm. Mr. John T. Way took at the Upper Dam Wednesday a trout weighing 4 pounds, one of 6 pounds and one of 5 pounds. L. A. Reese, of Philadelphia, has secured a trout of 6½ and one of 7 pounds. Mr. Whitney, of Lowell, Mass., has taken several good trout at Pond-in-the-River, Middle Dam. Sept. 14 he caught one of 4½ pounds, one of 3 pounds, and a day or two after trout of 4½ pounds, 3 pounds and 3½ pounds; total catch, 18½ pounds. T. B. Stewart, the veteran angler, who has spent so many seasons at the Upper Dam, has taken a trout of 4½ pounds, his largest this season. R. N. Parish has taken several of 3, 4¼ and 3½ pounds. Mr. Roland Jackson, of Swampscott, Mass., has recently landed a trout of 7 pounds at Haine's Landing. Some other catches of good fish are also reported there.

Two Boston fishermen were arrested last week for illegal fishing in Rapid River, between Richardson and Umbagog Lakes, which is closed to all fishing and has been closed for several years. They were taken before Trial Justice Herrick, at Rangeley. The men said that they should not have been fishing there, but their landlord at Upton told them that it was a good place to fish, and that nobody would be likely to see them. They were each fined $25 and costs for illegal fishing. They were also charged with taking three salmon, and fined $3 for each fish. They paid, and concluded to get back to Boston at once.

There are some beaver left in northern Maine, and those who have watched them claim that they are increasing. This has set a lot of Canadian trappers after them, especially near the border line. Not long ago Game Warden Frank Durgin and an assistant started to examine Stoddard Stream. Separating, one was to go up the stream, the other down, and meet at a certain point. The assistant reached the place for meeting first, and not finding Mr. Durgin, he kept on to meet him. Soon he heard some one shout, and immediately saw the warden with one man handcuffed, and another running away. The poachers had five beaver pelts with them. They took the handcuffed man to Flagstaff, and went on a search for the other. The second man they did not find, and while they were absent the captured man escaped. Some of the people interested in timberlands are now claiming that the protection of beaver is proving a damage to the State. They dam up the streams, and flow large tracts of timber, killing it utterly, where it must be left to rot. Great is the pity that anything should be allowed to be that interferes in the least with the great timber interests. The forests of New England are all in the hands of moneyed interests which have got control of them for almost nothing. Must every other interest bow, till such time as the timber land owners see fit to cut the forests away?

Later.—News from Upper Dam says that Thomas B. Stewart, of New York, formerly of Boston, died at that place Friday, at the age of seventy-three years. Mr. Stewart was a great lover of angling, and particularly of fishing at the Pool, Upper Dam. He has fished there regularly every season for at least twenty-five years. Usually he has spent three or four months at his much-loved pool. Genial and kindly, he was always a favorite with the many anglers he met. His presence will be greatly missed for many seasons. It was a favorite remark of his, "I love this spot, and should be willing to die here when my time comes." He has been in failing health for two or three years.

Special.

Fish and Fishing.

Enormous Brook Trout.

Specimens of brook trout from the northern lakes and rivers of Quebec have been brought here from time to time, weighing over seven pounds, and even over eight pounds each. Mr. Lefebvre, of the Crown Lands Department, Quebec, took one in 1895 in the Grand Lake Jacques Cartier, which turned the scales at eight pounds and three-quarters. In Lake Batiscan some years ago, Dean Robbins, of Albany, caught, by trolling, an eight-and-a-quarter-pound trout, and another gentleman of his party, one of eight and a half pounds. Twelve of their fish aggregated seventy-two pounds. I believe that these Lake Batiscan trout were the heaviest lot ever brought out of the Canadian woods up to a very few days ago, and very few individual trout of larger size have ever been known to have been taken in this country. On the 15th of the present month of September, however, I saw what I imagine to be the record lot of *Salvelinus fontinalis,* namely nine fish which weighed 65 pounds, or within seven pounds of the weight of the twelve above recorded. The largest of the lot weighed eight and a quarter pounds, but it measured more than the alleged eight-and-a-half-pounder from Lake Batiscan. This latter was 26 inches long and 17 in girth, while the eight-and-a-quarter-pound fish had a length of 27 inches. The nine trout above described were part of a wonderful catch made by four French-Canadian anglers of Quebec city—Messrs. Achille Picher, Alf. Lafrance, Ernest Lafrance and Ernest Dussault. Their total catch, including the fish which they returned to the water, amounted to thirty-six dozen, and in addition to the nine monsters already mentioned, they had a dozen fish which scaled from three to five pounds each.

This really wonderfull take occurred at Grand Lake Jacques Cartier, in the heart of what is now the Laurentides National Park. It was here, as readers of "Locusts and Wild Honey" will remember, that dear old John Burroughs caught that six-pound trout which gave him "the profoundest Ike Walton thrill" he ever experienced, and at the landing of which, "the congratulatory laughter of the loons showed how even the outsiders sympathized."

A Hard Road to Travel

It was a hard enough road to travel—the road from Stoneham to Lake Jacques Cartier—when John Burroughs passed over it, but it is an infinitely worse road to travel now than it was then. Long before the railway was built to Lake St. John, the Provincial Government built a roadway 125 miles long, to enable the settlers living around the lake to drive to market by way of Stoneham, which reaches twenty miles north of Quebec. This old tramway, which is some distance to the east of the railway, is now over thirty years old. When the author of "Locusts and Wild Honey" ascended it, it was young and fresh, and as good as a roadway into the heart of the Laurentian Mountains could reasonably be expected to be. Since the building of the railway, it has fallen into disuse. Now most of the bridges are down, and those who ascend it must ford the streams. Large fallen trees lie at intervals across the road, which is largely overgrown with grass and young trees. The fishing party which has just returned from such a successful visit to Lake Jacques Cartier was absent from Quebec nearly eight days. Yet the journey was so difficult that there was only time for two days' fishing at the big lake. Many obstructions had to be cut out of their way by the party. Some of the hills which they were compelled to climb were of appalling length and steepness. Nevertheless, none of the party regret the hardships of the journey. The flat boat which they employed for the bed of their supply wagon, was supplemented on the lake by rafts manufactured on the spot, for no canoes have yet made their appearance there. The nine giants were all captured in a pool near the outlet of the lake. The boat was carefully moored a little above the pool, and at the first cast of the anglers' flies, two fishermen were fast to seven and eight pound trout, respectively. The larger of the two took twenty-five minutes to land, for he was played and killed upon a light rod, and for the first fifteen minutes kept deep down in the water and could not be seen. When a dozen fish had been killed in this water, the mooring of the boat gave way, allowing the awkward craft to float over the pool. This seemed to alarm the big fish, and no more of them rose that day, though plenty of smaller ones were to be had. They appeared to have no choice of flies, everything offered to them being taken with avidity.

The Laurentides National Park, in the center of which Lake Jacques Cartier is situated, contains over 2,700 square miles, or nearly two million acres of territory, and has been set apart as a huge forest, fish and game preserve, into which sportsmen are only permitted to fish or hunt upon payment of certain license fees. Fortunately, the difficulty of entering the park is such that not many people make the attempt, and so there is every opportunity for both fish and game to increase and multiply within its limits. It has been suggested that the Government would collect a large amount of money for license fees from sportsmen anxious to obtain the best of sport with the least possible amount of inconvenience and hardship, were it to improve the roads leading to the park. This is doubtless true. It is equally true that any such action on the part of the Government will mark the commencement of the end of that abundant supply of fish and game life for which this magnificent preserve is at present so justly noted.

E. T. D. Chambers.

Poisonous Fishes and Sea Snakes.

There are many fishes possessing poisonous spines in the Indian Ocean of which comparatively little is known, beyond the fact that they are capable of causing a very painful inflamed wound and swelling, which may lead to gangrene, and necessitate excision, or even amputation. Of this character is a sting-ray of the Indian Ocean, *Actobates narinari.* Sir Emerson Tennent, referring to the long flagelliform tail of this fish, describes it as "armed with a strong serrated spine, which is always broken off by the fishermen immediately on capture, under the impression that wounds inflicted by it are poisoned," adding that "their fears are groundless, as the ray has no gland for secreting any venomous fluid." This, however, is a *non sequitur,* for, as Dr. Günther has shown, although it lacks a special organ secreting poison, or a canal in or on the spine by which the venomous fluid is conducted, the symptoms caused by a wound from the spine of a sting-ray are such as cannot be accounted for merely by the mechanical laceration, the pain being intense, and the subsequent inflammation and swelling of the wounded part terminating not rarely in gangrene. In his opinion the mucus secreted from the surface of the fish and inoculated by the jagged spine evidently possesses venomous properties. In his "Introduction to the Study of Fishes" (1880), he has figured a portion of the tail of this very species to show the nature of the spines. Of the genus *Synanceia,* four species are known from the Indo-Pacific Ocean, of which *Synanceia horrida* and *S. verrucosa* are, according to Dr. Günther, the most generally distributed and the most common. "They are justly feared," he says, "on account of the great danger accompanying wounds which they inflict with their poisoned dorsal spines." Each spine in its terminal half is provided with a deep groove on each side, at the lower end of which lies a pear-shaped bag containing the milky poison; it is prolonged into a membranous duct lying in the groove of the spine, and open at its point. The native fishermen, well acquainted with the dangerous nature of these fishes (which, it is said, do not exceed 18 inches in length), carefully avoid handling them, but it often happens that persons wading with naked feet in the sea step upon the fish, which generally lies hidden in the sand. One or more of the erected spines penetrate the skin, and the poison is injected into the wound by the pressure of the foot on the poison bags. Death has not rarely been the result.

Even on our British coasts poisonous fishes are not unknown. There are two species of weever, for example, both of which can inflict painful wounds, and cause violent inflammation with their dorsal and opercular spines. "No special poison organ," says Dr. Günther, "has been found in these fishes—as remarked by Sir Emerson Tennent in the case of the sting-ray—but there is no doubt that the mucous secretion in the vicinity of the spines has poisonous properties. The dorsal spines, as well as the opercular spine, have a deep double groove in which the poisonous fluid is lodged, and by which it is inoculated in the punctured wound.

As for the sea snakes, loathsome, mottled brown and black creatures, these are common in the Indian Ocean, and are certainly venomous; but owing to the danger attending their capture and the difficulty of keeping them alive when out of the sea, much less is known of them than of most other kinds of snake. In length they vary from two feet to ten feet. Kreft, the author of an important work on the snakes of Australia (1869) states that the largest he ever saw was nine feet long. Dr. Günther says that they sometimes attain a length of twelve feet, and sea snakes of even fourteen feet in length have been occasionally reported, although perhaps not from well authenticated sources.

Dr. Cantor, half a century ago, described more than forty different species, and many additions have since been made to the list. That very many of them are poisonous there can be no doubt, though the fact has been questioned; but the presence of a strong perforated tooth and of a venomous gland sufficiently attest their dangerous powers, even if these had not been demonstrated by the effects of their bite. An old and valued correspondent of the Field, the late Colonel Tickell, some years ago in an instructive articled entitled "Zoology in Travel," thus referred to the sea snakes met with in the Indian Ocean:

"One day when becalmed about the center of the Bay of Bengal, the sea all round the ship as far as we could see, appeared swarming with snakes. They were swimming about like eels. They were about two fect to two feet six inches in length, of a pale green color with broad bands of black for their whole length, and the tail was compressed laterally, so as to form a mere vertical blade, which propelled the body like a sculling oar applied at a boat's stern. One was easily taken by a boat hook and brought on board, where it quickly died. The name of this snake is *Hydrophis nigrocinctus;* there are several in the Indian seas, and all virulently poisonous. An officer of H. M. Frigate Magician in the Madras roads was bitten by one of these snakes and died in a few hours."

Sir Joseph Fayrer, in his "Thanatophidia (or death snakes), of India," has described several cases of bites by sea snakes, some of which yielded to medical treatment, while others proved fatal. In one case an English officer, while bathing in India, was bitten in the foot by a sea snake, and, treating the matter too lightly, took no remedial measures until it was too late to save his life. Two hours after the accident he experienced symptoms of suffocation, enlargement of the tongue, and a rigidity of the muscles; subsequently he was seized with spasms, and died on the third day. In this case, owing to the sound health of the victim, the application of stimulants and remedies, and the fact that he was bitten in a part where absorption would be slow, his death was protracted. Otherwise, according to Sir Joseph Fayrer, death from a similar cause often occurs within twenty-four hours after the infliction of the bite. Indeed, he mentions another case of a man who was bitten in one finger by a sea snake, and, thinking lightly of it, used no means whatever to arrest the poison, and was dead in four hours. In some cases the victim becomes quickly insensible, when, if no aid is near, he never awakes to consciousness. Immediate stimulants will revive him, and if he can be kept awake, these, with local applications, if at once applied, may save his life.

J. E. Harting.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

Medal contests, series 1902, Saturday, Sept. 13, held at Stow Lake. Wind, west; weather, fair:

	Event No. 1, Distance, Feet.	Event No. 2, Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3. Acc. %	Event No. 3. Del. %	Event No. 3. Net %	Event No. 4, Lure Casting %
C. G. Young.....	106	93.4	92	84.2	88.1	82.5
Dr. W. Brooks..	108	94.4	88.8	84.2	86.5	..
H. Battu.....	91	87.4	90.4	79.2	84.9	79.3
P. J. Tonney.....	81	92.4	..	..	..	89.1
T. C. Kierulff...	96	87	83	75.10	79.5	..
G. C. Edwards..	101	92.4	88.8	85	86.10	82.9
T. W. Brotherton	121	88	86.8	82.6	84.7	97.2
E. A Mocker...	108	86.4	82.4	80.10	81.7	..
H. E. Skinner...	...	87	88.8	80	84.4	..
W. D. Mansfield ...	97	92.4	87.6	89.11	96.1	
T. H. Reed.....	99	92.4	92.8	76.8	84.8	..

Judges, Kierulff and Brooks; referee, Battu; clerk, Brotherton.

Sunday, Sept. 14, contest No. 9, held at Stow Lake. Weather, cloudy:

E. A. Mocker...	109	86	85	80.10	82.11	..
F. E. Daverkosen	96	89.4	86.4	77.6	81.11	..
Ed. Everett.....	114	85.4	91	85	88	..
J. S. Turner.....	...	..	83	75.10	79.5	..
C. Huyck.....	90	91.8	80	77.6	78.9	..
F. H. Reed.....	103	93.4	92.4	90.10	91.7	..
C. R. Kenniff....	101	89.8	91	77.6	84.3	97
J. B. Kenniff....	119	94.8	92.4	91.8	92	97
T. C. Kierulff...	92	91.4	82.8	75.10	79.3	..
T. W. Brotherton	121	92.4	91	81.8	86.4	96.6
C. G. Young.....	95	90.8	93	84.2	88.7	..
W. D. Mansfield.	...	..	92.8	89.2	90.11	91.8
Dr. W. Brooks...	110	85.8	88.4	85.10	87.1	86.4
F. M. Haight....	90	84.4	86.8	81.8	84.2	..
P. J. Tonney....	96	85.8	80.4	70.10	75.7	95.4
H. Battu.....	94	90.4	87.4	76.8	82	88.8
C. Charles.....	80	77	80.8	65.10	73.3	..
A. M. Blade.....	92	67.4	79.4	80	79.8	..
H. C. Golcher...	123	95.8	92.8	80	86.4	..
G. T. Vogelsang.	...	..	..	..	..	87.5

Judges, Reed and Kierulff; referee, Daverkosen; clerk, Brotherton.

All communications intended for Forest and Stream should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Oct. 21-24.—New York.—Ladies' Kennel Association of America's show. Miss M. K. Bird, Westbury, L. I., Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 26-29.—Philadelphia.—Philadelphia Dog Show Association's show. M. A. Viti, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 27.—Paris, Mo.—Missouri Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club), sixth annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.
Oct. 27.—Washington C. O., Ohio.—Monongahela Field Trial Club's field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y.
Oct. 28.—Whitby Island, Wash.—Pacific Northwest Field Trials F. R. Atkins, Sec'y, Seattle, Wash.
Nov. 3.—Robinson, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. W. R. Green, Sec'y, Marshall, Ill.
Nov. 3.—Thirteenth annual field trials of the National Beagle Club of America. Charles R. Stevenson, Sec'y, 106 Market street, Camden, N. J.
Nov. 3.—Lake View, Mich.—Michigan Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fifth annual trials. C. D. Stuart, Sec'y, Benton Harbor, Mich.
Nov. 4.—Washington C. H., Ohio.—Ohio Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fifth annual trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.
Nov. 7-8.—Robinson, Ill.—Western Irish Setter Club's inaugural trials. T. L. Fenn, Secy.
Nov. 17.—Glasgow, Ky.—Third annual trials of the Kentucky Field Trial Club. S. B. Hays, Sec'y.
Nov. 10.—Bicknell, Ind.—Independent Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Nov. 11.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trial Club's trials. F. W. Smith, Sec'y, New Haven.
Nov. 10.—Ruthven, Ont.—North American Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. Richard Bangham, Sec'y, Windsor, Ont.
Nov. 11.—St. Joachim, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's fourteenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 17.—Glascow, Ky.—Kentucky Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) third annual trials. F. W. Samuel, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.
Nov. 18.—Ruthven, Ont.—Fourth annual trials of the North American Field Trial Club. Alfred Wigle, Sec'y, Windsor, Ont.
Nov. 20.—Manor, L. I.—Pointer Club of America's (member of the American Championship Club) second annual trials. R. E. Westlake, Sec'y, Scranton, Pa.
Dec. 1.—Washington C. H., Ohio.—American Championship Field Trial Club's second annual trials. Chas. B. Cooke, Sec'y, Richmond, Va.
Dec. 1.————, ———.—Interstate Championship Field Trial Association's second annual trials. C. D. Cooke, Sec'y.
Dec. 15.—Huntsville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) third annual trials. John F. Fletcher, Sec'y, Birmingham, Ala.

Canine Elegies and Epitaphs.

XXIII.—On the Death of Buffie.

A handsome young hound, with a voice like a silver bugle. He made too much noise o' nights; and there be dull souls who prefer sleep to music. Buffie was poisoned by the very man whom he had serenaded for weeks!

Puir Buffie—After the Lallans of Burns.

Gae tell to a' the hunters roun'
That Geordie's heart is sair cast down;
Wi' hirplin' step he treads the groun',
An' hingin' head.
Buffie, the wale o' youthfu' houn's,
Puir Buffie's dead.

Let ilka tod frae Butler's hill
To Allen's swamp an' Merrick's rill,
For vera joy bark loud an' shrill
Wi' muckle glee.
Puir Buffie's lyin' stark and still
Out owre the lea.

Had he been slain in open day
By hoof or horn o' stag at bay,
I wadna hae the heart to say
It did him wrang:
'Tis murd'rous an' unmanly play
That gies the pang.

Na doubt but he at times might draw
Ae sned o' beef wi' thievin' jaw,
Or, aiblins on fine nights might blaw
About the street,
But if that faut's agin' the law,
He couldna see't.

Perhaps he might in pleasant weather,
Wi' ither tykes sometime foregather
To fyke on grocer's wares. But whether
He did or not,
In spite o' a' their scauldin' blether's
A triflin' faut.

He maks the fourth o' lang eared frien's
Wha followed me o'er hills an' glens
Until they met untimely ends
By murder sair.
Their fauts were something less than men's,
Their virtues mair.

But Buffie dog, a long fareweel!
Nae doubt ye were a roguish chiel:—
But aiblins there's anither field
Where thou an' I
Maun chance to fin' a cantie bield
Ayont the sky.

Nessmuk in "Forest Runes."

Spaniel Breeder's Society.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I take pleasure in announcing the formation of the Spaniel Breeders' Society, an association organized to encourage the breeding of sporting spaniels. The prizes of the club will be offered at all shows conforming to the requirements of the American Spaniel Club. All prizes will be for the best specimens bred by the exhibitor, and will be awarded to those winning them by the greatest number of times in any year. All spaniel breeders are cordially invited to become members of the society. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned.

MARCEL A. VITI, Hon. Sec'y-Treas.

ROOM 500, 1416-1418 South Penn Sq., Philadelphia, Pa.

Points and Flushes.

We have received the following communication: "Nov. 13, 1902, the thirteenth annual field trials of the National Beagle Club of America. Westbury grounds, Long Island. Club headquarters, Johren's Hotel, Mineola, L. I. Charles R. Stevenson, Sec'y, 106 Market street, Camden, N. J."

New Publications.

ROB AND HIS GUN. By William Alexander Linn. Cloth, 211 pages. Illustrated.

It is a capital book for boys that Mr. Linn has written from his own experiences as a boy. He takes his hero—a city boy who has never been in the country—out to the old farm, and pleasantly teaches him many things about the country and shooting and dogs. When autumn comes he takes him into the field with woodcock, quail and partridges, and later conducts him to Long Island for bay snipe shooting, then to the Adirondacks, to Barnegat Bay, to North Carolina, to Canada for deer, and to Dakota for wild geese.

In a very happy style, and without the least appearance of instruction, he starts the boy on the right track and keeps him there. The hero takes kindly to the instructions given, and following them is fortunate.

It has been said that it is harder to write books for young people than for adults, and it is certain that young people are stern critics. Mr. Linn's book, however, is so good and so interesting and its tone is throughout so wholesome that it is sure of a welcome from all. It is a capital volume to put into the hands of a boy who is beginning to clamor for a gun. Price, $1.

Canoeing.

A Delaware River Cruise.

(*Continued from page 237.*)

Four happy days were passed at this place. The sun came out now and then, and while storms raged at other times, we were on sandy soil, the short daisy-studded white clover dried quickly, and we were comfortable. The little girl slept every morning on a blanket under the butternuts, while we angled for bass with which to "grease the frying pan," and rambled about the hills for berries and flowers. For neighbors there were woodchucks and chipmunks. The latter often sat for hours on a limb of the butternuts over the tent. Crows awoke us every morning. Over on the Sullivan county hills the chestnuts were dense, with here and there patches of popple, as the natives call the trees which are alike or at last similar to the quaking aspen of the Rocky Mountains. The Mate made friends with the little country boys who came to see our wonderful outfit, while I flopped across country to find grub that could not be obtained with the rods or in the miserable stores in Kellam, a mile away. The little Equinunk flows through Kellam with a roar. Canoeists may recognize the village by the white suspension bridge at the foot of Crooked Rift, and by a water tank nearby that is painted in red and white stripes, like a barber pole. Keep away. There is little to be found there. We could obtain only eggs and sugar, while the shopkeepers were so busy telling us of the dangers of the river that it was almost impossible for us to induce them to stop long enough to provide for our needs. One of these shopkeepers reminded us of Charles Henry Lewis' Wolfville characters, while his picture would add interest to Bret Harte's tales of pioneer life in the Rockies. He told me he was deaf as a post, yet he could hear every word his wife uttered through their private telephone. This was simple, yet unique. The house, built on a steep hillside, was of two stories, the dwelling above, the store below. In the center of the shop there was a cannon stove, the pipe leading up through the low ceiling. Approaching this, the old man rapped on the pipe and announced, "Gentleman down here wants some preserves. Will you sell any of yours?" It was not until a sharp "No" rattled down the stovepipe that I realized the man was not a lunatic. So we returned to camp, and had not the bass helped us out by insisting on being taken from the rift, starvation seemed a possibility in a land of plenty.

So far we had met but two canoeing parties. One of these was composed of two boys who were going down the flooded river in a home-made canvas canoe; the others passed us at Crooked Rift in a new canvas-covered canoe. We saw them too late to invite them to stop, but I exposed a plate on them, which is before me as I write. No doubt it is the last one ever made of the elder Benson brother, who was drowned in Westcolang Falls two days later.

Nomad was lighter than usual as she sped down Crooked Rift and into the eddy beyond, where a woodchuck stared at us as we passed. The next rift was deep and rough, but the third one was the worst we had seen so far. In it two canoeists were drowned a short time previously. Looking down from its crest, it seemed the shore line dropped 15ft. in 200yds. To the right were rocks, to the left shoal water, and the center a boiling caldron of water and foam, for the volume of water from the long eddy above rushed in from both sides, forcing us to the center. We avoided the roughest water wherever possible by skirting the rocks, though at times waves broke over both bow and stern at once, holding the canoe as in a vise, while she rocked from side to side and the paddles were twisted this way and that in our efforts to control her. The pace was terrific. And as if these nasty bits of water needed ornamentation, the shores were festooned with ferns and masses of blossoming laurel. Squirrels and chipmunks gazed at us in astonishment from among the pines and rocks. Two miles above Callicoon Station there is an ideal island for camping. It is well shaded and grassy. Take the channel on the Pennsylvania side. It is shoal, but better than the other one, which roared so loudly we fancied it was a fall. At Callicoon Station we purchased supplies, then passed through two rifts and midway of the third made camp on a high bank 400yds. below an old schoolhouse. This was called Camp Heron because two of these great birds roosted every night within 50yds. of the tent, and one night they stopped directly over it in a tall hickory. Squirrels were all about, and one morning one of these little rascals jumped on the peak of the tent from a tree, but lost its hold and tumbled in a heap on the ground. They investigated all the pots and pans, climbed the grub box table, and became quite friendly. A woodchuck lived directly under the tent, in the bank, and kingfishers loafed about all day. Dewberries, black and red raspberries and blackberries served as finishing touches to dinners of black bass or perch.

This was a delightful spot for a camp, and there, as elsewhere, the owner bade us be at home. Canoeists should know that Callicoon is nine miles distant from the river, and mail should be directed to Callicoon Station, which is on the river. Ours went back into the hills. Pity the unfortunate canoeist who must be followed up by mail while on a cruise. But there was sunshine at times, although the inevitable thunderstorms were violent when they did swoop down on us, and we were thankful for the good old pup tent, which we knew would not blow away in any ordinary gale or squall; and the blow beds on which all hands slept warm and dry through the worst of the downpours. One day Callicoon Creek rose until it became a torrent. The river was then clear, but this creek turned half of it a brick red, while the other side was green. The boatmen were idly smoking their pipes at home and the city anglers sat on hotel porches and awaited better conditions. We broke camp and scurried down the swollen rifts, passing our friends, the blue herons en route, flapping lazily along a towhead in search of their morning meal of fish.

The natives had told us we would know Cochecton Falls by the village of that name, and the village by the falls; but like other information they gave us, this was totally in error, as we might have learned too late in the flood that morning. Cochecton village may be known by the three abutments of a missing bridge, immediately below which is a cable ferry. We looked for the falls and passed by this village without knowing its name. An Irish section foreman on the railway told us, three miles below the village, that the falls were at hand, and we stopped immediately above them to ask some workmen on a new steel bridge if this were correct. We had also been told the roar could be heard a long distance away, but at that stage of water this was not the fact, although one standing beside the falls could hear nothing else. At the bridge there is a saw mill on the Pennsylvania side, and there the men told us to follow that shore. Again their advice was worthless, for the New York shore is better in every way, both in carrying duffle round the falls and in letting the canoe down, whereas the Pennsylvania side is a tangle of upheaved rocks, overgrown with rank willows and heaped with wreckage from rafts and boats, sodden underfoot, and at times one can lead the canoe only from a distance of 10 to 15yds. The falls drop about 8ft. Running them in any canoe would be extremely hazardous, as there are reefs, ledges and boulders everywhere, and a straight course is difficult, while the speed of the current would preclude accurate steering. Even in the flood water there were places in the breaks where the depth over reefs was less than 6in., and one rock near the tail of the fall is about 20ft. wide and half as high. We trust canoeists will take the advice of wise guys along the Delaware for what it is worth, then use their own experience and go carefully into tight places.

Then followed a succession of rifts, rapids, shoals and eddies, and noon found us in the great eddy at Narrowsburg. Above and below the village this is wide and deep, but at the narrows through which the volume of water passes one might flip a stone from shore to shore. Here the ice gorges in winter and plays havoc with the valley above while it holds, and below when it breaks. These cliffs are picturesque. We lunched on the island below the gorge, visited the village, then fared along. The third rift below Narrowsburg requires careful handling of the maple blade, for it is strewn with boulders, and should be run near the railroad embankment. And at Tusten bridge, where the Erie Railway crosses to the Pennsylvania side, there is a nasty rift. There are three separate breaks, and low-lying ledges of stone as well as boulders. One may go carefully beneath the center span of the bridge, but keep a sharp lookout for the submerged rocks there. It is also possible to hug the Pennsylvania side until a tiny eddy under the bridge is gained, then swing out through the third break. All one's skill will be needed there.

A mile further one will see a ferry cable, and be warned that Ten-Mile Rift is at hand. Ten-Mile River was pouring into this rift a great volume of flood water, and in the whirlpools it formed we had merry work dodging big stones, then slashed into the chop at the tail of the rift, drifted through the eddy and saw Mast Hope Station dead ahead. Between the railway and the river there is a curious fringe of tall pines whose trunks were scraped by the ice last winter. As these trees stand some distance above the river, and their scars extend fifteen or more feet up the trunks, the scope of the floods may be realized. No one had mentioned Mast Hope Falls, but ere we had entered them a camp site stopped us, and crossing to the New York shore, we crawled out, tired and stiff, and made camp in a sweet open glade beside immense pines. It was near the farmhouse of Mr. Johnson, and he picked out a grassy spot for the tent and passed an hour with us. It was from him that we learned the fate of the elder Benson brother, who passed Butternut Camp July 23 and was drowned in Westcolang Falls on the 25th. We were informed the brothers were from Philadelphia, but had been at school in the West. Their father sent them an open canvas-covered canoe, telling them to finish their trip via the Delaware, thinking it would be a pleasant and healthful one for them. We were told they were good swimmers, but novices at canoeing, but do not know if this is true. The Delaware was not so high as when we passed down, but the falls are ugly at any time, and they went down the New York shore of Westcolang Falls, whereas one should hug the Pennsylvania side as closely as possible. The canoe struck a reef the younger brother did not see, and capsized, but for a time both of the young

men stuck to the canoe and were in a fair way to reaching shore in the eddy below the falls, when the elder brother, who had been steering, called to the other to tow the canoe ashore while he would swim there. The boy did so, and turned the canoe up to free it of water, then looked for his brother, and not seeing him, hurried back along shore, whistling and calling. It was not until a man on shore told him the truth that he could believe his brother was actually lost, and that, too, within a few feet of land. Heartbroken, the boy went home on the next train. The father came to Mast Hope and offered a large reward for the missing body. When he raised the amount to $500 there was a scramble among the natives and a row over who actually found the body, as though it had been that of a dog. That was July 29, four days after the accident.

It was with sad hearts that we listened to this pitiful story of a young life snuffed out so quickly, for we felt that we almost knew these handsome boys who had hailed us so cheerily as they passed by our camp at Crooked Rift. A most peculiar thing happened when I was developing the plates exposed during this cruise. I found the one of the Bensons a fine negative, but in transferring it from the fixing to a formaline bath, it slipped and fell, breaking into but two pieces, the rent leaving the dead brother's image on one part and his head on the other. The pieces were saved and a print made from them, though the emulsion frilled at the rent. It was a strange thing that this should happen as it did.

That day our record was twenty-eight miles, twenty-six rifts and Cochecton Falls. The average speed was over six miles per hour. For the first time the mosquitoes troubled us at that camp; and our friend's cows, which furnished the baby with delicious milk, worried the Mate, who is afraid of cows, while a young bull frightened her still more, as he took a deep interest in the red hippocampus, our club totem, which decorates the front elevation of the pup tent. But he was too young to be brave, and sundry stones fired at him now and then kept him at a distance.

PERRY D. FRAZER.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Yachting.

Shelter Island Y. C.

SHELTER ISLAND HEIGHTS.

Season of 1902.

THE Shelter Island Y. C. on Labor Day ended the most successful season since its organization in 1886. There has been more racing than ever before, events have been well contested and much healthy enthusiasm has been aroused. Plans for next year are already under way. Prominent members have signified intentions of offering trophies for the different classes, and with new acquisitions to the racing fleet the campaign of 1903 should be a banner one.

The best racing of the year has been in the one-design class, constructed last winter by the Greenport Basin and Construction Company, from the lines of Mr. Theodore Brigham. Several of these boats were also turned out for the Ardsley Club and the Larchmont Y. C. They fit into class R and have proven speedy, seaworthy and fully up to expectations in every way.

Contests for class R craft were begun on July 4, and continued every Saturday inclusive of the one preceding Labor Day. Eleven races were sailed and honors of the year went to Psi, belonging to Mr. Andrew Bancker, of Brooklyn.

Several trophies were offered class R craft. Com. James Weir, Jr., presented a cup to be won by the class R boat scoring the greatest number of points in eleven races. Mr. C. P. Brigham gave a prize to the one-design boat getting the best percentage of victories, and Rear-Com. J. B. Edson put up first and second prizes to the value of $35 and $15, open to competition on the same basis.

The owner of Psi has a collection of eight cups for the season of 1902. Included in these is a cup for each of her four wins in the class series, one for the class race in the open regatta on Aug. 16, one for the ladies' race on Aug. 23, the Commodore's and Brigham cups. Beside these trophies, Psi carried off the first Edson cash prize. Arrow, a Crowninshield creation, belonging to Mr. J. H. Keim, finished second in the race for the Commodore's cup, open to all class R boats. Arrow was but 2 points behind Psi for the season's competition.

At the close of the races for the Edson and Brigham prizes, Psi and Harp were tied, each having four wins. The tie was sailed off on Sept. 6, Psi getting the victory.

The Regatta Committee of the club, which consisted of Frederick D. Kalley, chairman; William H. Bradley and George F. Little, M. D., formed a sub-class R for boats just too small to fit into the regular class and put up a cup for the season's racing, to be contested for on the point system. Mr. J. L. Hutchison's Eelskin carried off first honors. Races were scheduled on the same dates as for class R. Eelskin, however, got a lead which could not be overcome, and the last three contests were not sailed.

Mr. Otto E. Lohrke, owner of the class N boat, Senta, offered a valuable trophy for boats in his class, to be contested for in five races on the point system. The new Gardner & Cox craft, Kalmia, belonging to George Trowbridge Hollister, won the cup. She had a commanding lead after four contests had been decided, so the fifth was dropped. Flosshilde, Mr. Oscar Weber, and Helen, Mr. Mortimer Fuller, were tied for second place in the series.

The annual open regatta was sailed on Aug. 16. In class L, Effort, Mr. F. M. Smith, won from Mr. Cyrus F. Judson's Syce, on time allowance. Mr. Harry Maxwell's Leda carried off the honors in class M; Flosshilde, Mr. Oscar Weber, won in class N, and Mr. John Maxwell's Indian took first prize in class P. Yawl Scapha, owned by Mr. William Fallert, won in the mixed class and carried off the cup offered by Mr. John W. Weber, for the yawl making the best time over the course. Psi and Eelskin carried off the laurels in class R, and sub-class R, respectively. The cup offered by Mr. Mortimer Fuller, of Scranton, Pa., to the winner in classes K, L, M and N, all racing together in one class on time allowance, was won by Flosshilde.

The annual ladies' race was sailed on Aug. 23. Kalmia, sailed by Mrs. Hollister, won in class N; Psi, with Miss Bancker at the tiller, took the honors in class R, and Winninish, sailed by Miss Helen Roebling, won in sub-class R.

The annual meeting of the organization was held on the evening of Sept. 6 at the club house, Shelter Island Heights, at which the following officers for the ensuing year were unanimously elected: Com., James Weir, Jr.; Vice-Com., Arthur E. Whitney; Rear-Com., John W. Weber; Sec'y, William B. Hill; Treas., William H. Bedford; Meas., Harold Otis; Fleet Surgeon, George F. Little, M. D.; Trustees, the Rev. John A. Aspinall, James Weir, Jr., J. Lester Keep, M. D., Charles H. Otis, Jarvis B. Edson, H. L. Coe, I. M. Bon, Otto E. Lohrke, John Cassidy, William H. Bradley and J. L. Hutchinson.

In the records which follow, where points are considered, each boat is credited with one for starting and one for every craft she defeats.

Commodore's Cup—Class R.

	July					August					Sept.	Pts.
	4	5	12	19	26	2	9	16	23	30	1	
Psi, A. O. Bancker	4	5	12	19	26	2	9	16	23	30	1	39
Arrow, J. H. Keim	5	3	6	5	3	3	3	5	2	*	4	37
Harp, J. N. Lunning	4	2	5	2	4	5	0	*	4	5	3	34
San Toy, J. B. Edson	*	4	3	3	2	4	4	*	3	4	5	32
Snook, John Weber	3	1	0	1	1	2	0	*	1	3	1	13

Nueva, C. P. Brigham, started in first three races.
* Disabled.

Rear-Commodore and Brigham Prizes—One-Design Class.

												Wins.
Psi, A. O. Bancker	1		1	1				1				4
Harp, J. N. Luning					1	1			1	1		4
San Toy, J. B. Edson		1					1				1	3
Snook, John Weber												0

Psi won the sail-off of tie.

Regatta Committee Cup—Sub-Class R.

Eelskin, J. L. Hutchison	3	3	3	3	1	3	3	3				22
Winninish, H. Schickel	2	1	2	1	2	2	2	2				14
Duchess, C. Pickhardt	0	2	0	2	3	1	1	1/2				10

Lohrke Cup—Class N.

Kalmia, G. T. Hollister	4	3		4		3						14
Flosshilde, O. Weber	3	1		3		4						11
Helen, M. Fuller	5	2		2		2						11
Senta, O. E. Lohrke	2	4		0		0						6
Natalie, A. E. Whitney	1											1

Pacific Interclub Yacht Association.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Tuesday, Sept. 9.

THE seventh annual regatta of the Pacific Interclub Yacht Association was sailed on Tuesday, Sept. 9. There was a good list of starters, and sixteen boats finished.

The Crowninshield designed 30-footer Challenger showed her transom to the rest of the boats in her class, beating them on every point of sailing.

The starting line was between two boats moored off the Powell street wharf.

The course for the 21ft. class was from the start, dead to windward, around a stake boat west of Presidio Shoal, thence home to the start and finish range, a total distance of five miles.

The 25ft. and special yawl classes went over this course to windward, thence to leeward around Blossom Rock Buoy, thence around stake boat two miles due north from Blossom Rock, and then home to the finish line, a distance in all of ten nautical miles.

The 30, 36 and 44-footers went over the same course as the 25-footers, but kept on past the finish line out to the Presidio Shoal Buoy and back again, a distance of fourteen nautical miles.

Barring a rather thick haze, which did not materially interfere with the sport, the day was an ideal one for the regatta. The starts, beginning at noon sharp and following at ten-minute intervals, were made in a rattling ten-knot breeze, which freshened as the afternoon wore on, until at the time the different boats finished it was blowing very hard. Most of the boats finished under lower canvas, and then had all the wind they wanted.

In the 21ft. class Kittiwake won handily. Alice got second place, and Loiterer was last. On the run home Loiterer's spinnaker would not break out, and considerable time was lost in lowering and resetting the sail.

Discovery led from the start in the 25ft. class. She worked out to windward well and had a good lead at the weather mark. Her light sails were smartly set for the run home and she crossed a victor by nearly 18m.

Gypsie had no difficulty in beating Arcturus in the special yawl class.

In the 30ft. class Challenger got away from her competitors at the start, and was never headed, beating all the boats in her class easily on every point of sailing.

Harpoon beat Edna and Emma in the 36ft. class. The Queen started, but had trouble with her mainsail and withdrew. Jessie E. and Pactolus also withdrew.

The race in the 44ft. class was between Speedwell and Mischief. The former won by 6m. 30s. Ariel and Neptune failed to finish.

The sloop Clara fouled the steamer Resolute, which was used as a judges' boat.

The Regatta Committee was made up of T. J. Kavanagh, Charles L. Snyder, G. T. S. White and George H. Warford; Timers, W. N. McCarthy and George B. Edgar; Referee, Will Brooks. The summary:

20ft. Special Class—Start, 12:00.

	Finish.	Corrected.
Kittiwake	1 36 20	1 31 30
Alice	1 37 20	1 37 20
Loiterer	1 39 02	1 38 42
25ft. Class—Start, 12:10.		
Discovery	2 41 19	2 30 30
Merope	2 58 57	2 48 57
Special Yawl Class—Start, 12:20.		
Gypsie	2 48 52	2 28 52
Arcturus	3 01 54	2 40 19
30ft. Class—Start, 12:30.		
Challenger	3 25 01	2 54 51
Presto	3 34 29	3 03 39
Helen	3 38 32	3 04 52
Truant	3 48 59	3 17 38
36ft. Class—Start, 12:40.		
Harpoon	3 38 29	2 54 36
Edna	3 45 40	3 02 58
Emma	3 48 54	3 03 36
44ft. Class—Start, 12:50.		
Speedwell	3 53 24	3 01 04
Mischief	4 00 05	3 08 38

The winners were Kittiwake, Discovery, Gypsie, Challenger, Harpoon and Speedwell.

Calumet.

Fifty-foot Waterline Steam Launch.

IN this issue there appears the lines and cabin plans of the steam launch Calumet, designed by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield for Bishop Codman, of Maine.

The yacht was designed for comfort and not for speed, nevertheless she makes eleven miles in ordinary running. After a season's constant use the boat has proven satisfactory in every way.

Calumet was built by Rice Bros., of East Boothbay, Me. She is equipped with an Orr & Jennings engine of 70 horse-power.

Her dimensions follow:

Length—	
Over all	60ft. 0 in.
L.W.L.	50ft. 0 in.
Overhang—	
Forward	1ft. 6 in.
Aft	8ft. 6 in.
Breadth—	
Extreme	11ft. 0 in.
L.W.L.	10ft. 7 in.
Freeboard—	
Bow	4ft. 4 in.
Taffrail	3ft. 1 in.
Least	2ft. 4 in.
Draft—	
Extreme	4ft. 0 in.
To rabbet	2ft. 4½in.
Displacement	30,250lbs.

The accommodations below decks are well laid out and quite roomy. The forward house is 12ft. long and 7ft. wide at the after end, and has 6ft. 4in. headroom. Extending across the after end is a transom 2ft. wide. A door from this cabin gives access to the galley, which is just aft. The galley is 4ft. long and runs the full width of the boat. It is equipped with all the latest appliances and there is ample locker room for the storage of dishes and supplies. On the forward side of the galley directly under the transom in the deck house is a berth for the steward. Aft of the galley is the engine and boiler room, which is 12ft. 6in. long. In the after end of the boat is the owner's cabin. On each side of the cabin is a berth 2ft. wide. Behind the berths are lockers for general stowage. Connecting with the cabin is the toilet room, which is 2ft. 6in. wide, and extends the full width of the boat. In the after cabin there is 6ft. 2in. headroom. There are 11ft. of deck forward of the pilot house. Under this deck is the forecastle, where there is accommodation for two men. There is an 18in. waterway all around the cabin house which gives plenty of room to move forward and aft. The after deck is 11ft. long and 8ft. wide.

Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay.

SEA GATE, NEW YORK BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 20.

THE last regatta of the season in the Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay was held on the afternoon of Saturday, Sept. 20, off the Atlantic Y. C. It was the ninth race given by the organization this year. The contest was under the immediate auspices of the Association itself for special prizes. The winners and the value of the trophies captured follow: Sunol, $30; Squaw, $20, Cockatoo, $20; Bronco, $15; Pebble, $15; Jig-a-Jig, $15; Boozie, $15.

Second prizes, two-thirds the value of firsts, were awarded in classes where three or more started. The winners of second prizes were Bonito, Vagabond, Flying Fish, Kelpie and Rascal.

Twenty-six yachts started and finished the race. There were no protests or accidents. All of the contestants conceded the contest the best ever given by the Association in its two years of racing.

It was a fitting end to the season, a struggle in which consistent plugging away was rewarded by victory in at least three instances, where craft which had not come out out the series racing with flying colors defeated old rivals in finished fashion.

The special class N boat, Squaw, took Caribou into camp, and the Marine and Field craft. Jig-a-Jig, was first in the one-design class. The East Bay catboat, Boozie, won from Rascal and Martha M., in much the same conditions as when she made her victorious entry into the Association campaign at the Marine and Field Club race of July 12. In each case winners of first honors for the year were defeated.

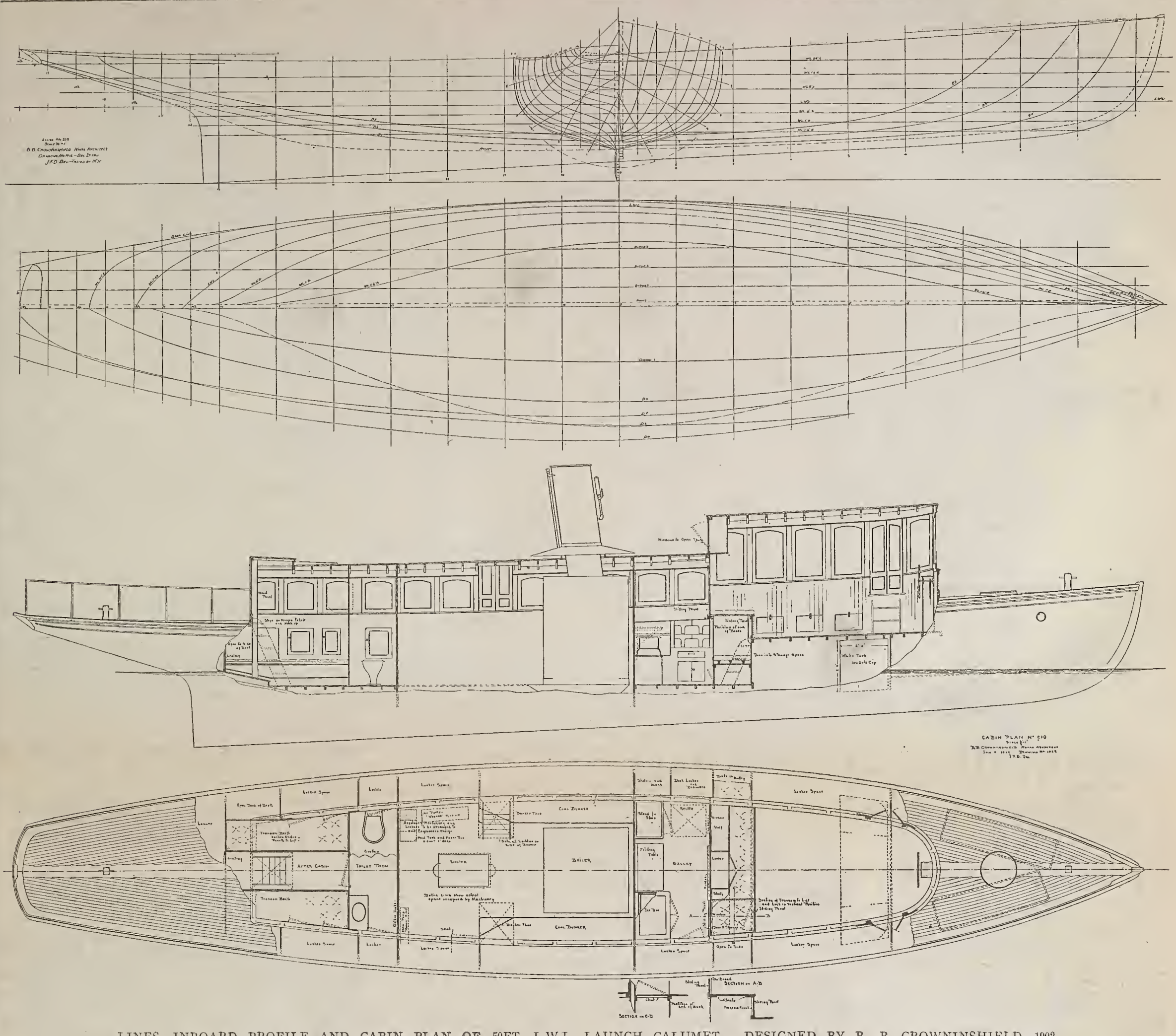
The feature of the day was the clean-cut victory of Cockatoo, a winner in class P, and the first of the fleet sailing the inside courses to end the race. There was no sign of a fluke, the speedy raceabout making every leg a winning one. There was windward work aplenty, conditions to the liking of her Herreshoff model. The class P Crowninshield craft, Vagabond, second of the boats to end the journey, was beaten 2m. 12s. elapsed time.

The 21-footer, Bronco, scored first honors in class Q, and was third boat of the fleet on elapsed time. Flying Fish, which has of late improved, was only 25s. away, while Trouble crossed the finish exactly 1m. after Bronco.

The wind at the start was E. by N. This gave the craft which journeyed out to West Bank Light and return, a reach out and a close fetch home. In special class M, Bess, belonging to Mr. Sydney Grant, of the Brooklyn Y. C., made her first Association start. Coming to the line with a good record, she was conceded by many a sure winner. Sunol, however, sailed an able race and won out from Bonito by 2m. 22s. Bess was defeated 4m. 35s.

Craft covering the inside courses had a broad reach with booms to port to the Government buoy off Fort Hamilton. From there long and short windward hitches brought them to the stake boat off the Marine and Field Club. Then a close fetch to the spar buoy off Brooklyn Y. C., and a reach with booms to starboard led them home. The breeze was fresh and a number of the starters tied in reefs, some of which were shaken out ere the contest was ended.

In special class N, Squaw gave Caribou her first de-



LINES, INBOARD PROFILE AND CABIN PLAN OF 50FT. L.W.L. LAUNCH CALUMET.—DESIGNED BY B. B. CROWNINSHIELD, 1902.

feat of the year by 1m. 17s. In class R, Pebble beat Peanut 8m. 4s. In the Marine and Field class, Jig-a-Jig scored her first Association win of 1902. She led Kelpie by 37s. and Quinque by 1m. 17s. In the catboat class Boozie beat Rascal 11s. and Martha M. 1m. 18s. A resume of the season's work will appear as soon as the complete official records are given out. The summaries:

Special Class M—Start, 3:03.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sunol, John Abbey	4 54 38	1 51 38
Bonito, Haviland Bros.	4 57 00	1 54 00
Bass, Sydney Grant	4 59 13	1 56 13

Special Class N—Start, 3:06.

Squaw, H. J. Heath	5 01 51	1 55 51
Caribou, J. E. Nicholson	5 03 08	1 57 08

Sloops—Class P—Start, 3:09.

Cockatoo, Hendon Chubb	4 17 36	1 08 36
Vagabond, T. A. Vernon	4 19 48	1 10 48
Song and Dance, E. F. Luckenbach	4 24 22	1 15 22
Kate, J. S. Negus (yawl)	4 25 16	1 16 16
Karma, J. C. Erskine	4 26 55	1 17 55
Elsie, C. P. Rosemon	4 31 18	1 22 18

Sloops—Class Q—Start, 3:12.

Bronco, F. C. Moore	4 26 29	1 14 29
Flying Fish, I. M. Dean	4 26 54	1 14 54
Trouble, W. H. Childs	4 27 29	1 15 29
Wraith, Calvin Tomkins	4 28 16	1 16 16
Wink, W. A. Barstow	4 31 46	1 19 46

Sloops—Class R—Start, 3:15.

Pebble, R. W. Spier	4 42 08	1 27 08
Peanut, D. O. Davenport	4 50 12	1 35 12

Marine and Field Class—Start, 3:18.

Jig-a-Jig, W. A. Hutcheson	4 38 24	1 20 24
Kelpie, W. K. Brown	4 39 01	1 21 01
Quinque, L. H. Smith	4 39 41	1 21 41
Flying Fox, F. B. Anderson	4 42 56	1 24 56
Stinger, A. P. Clapp	4 45 03	1 27 03

Catboats—Class V—Start, 3:21.

Boozie, C. D. Durkee	4 42 48	1 21 48
Rascal, D. G. Whitlock	4 42 59	1 21 59
Martha M., Richard Moore	4 44 06	1 23 06

On Sept. 15 there was organized at North Long Branch, N. J., the Monmouth Y. C. The organization starts its career with fifteen charter members. The following officers were elected to serve for the first year: Commodore, Arthur Byron; Vice-Commodore, Reginald Pelz; Secretary and Treasurer, Philip Nash. The members will build a one-design class 16ft. waterline boat, jib and mainsail rig. Eight of these craft will be constructed by Jerolamon, a yacht builder, at Galilee. Next season weekly regattas will be held.

Manhasset Bay Y. C.

PORT WASHINGTON, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Sept. 20.

THE fall regatta of the Manhasset Bay Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, Sept. 20. Although it was rather late in the season, the race was an unqualified success in every way. The weather conditions were of the kind that makes yacht racing interesting and exciting, and there was a good number of entries, some thirty-four boats starting.

The boats were started off the club house, which is located well up in the bay, and the finish line was off Plum Beach. Boats in the 30ft. class covered a nineteen-mile course. The raceabouts and the Larchmont 21-footers sailed an eleven nautical mile course, and the boats in the 18ft. class and the New Rochelle and Manhasset Bay one-design boats covered a nine and one-half mile triangle. The Port Washington oyster boats sailed over a four-mile course.

The wind was from the N.E. and had been blowing from this quarter for several days, and in consequence there was quite a sea running. The Regatta Committee, of which Mr. Edward M. MacLellan was chairman, was on board Com. Stephen W. Roche's steam yacht Emeline.

The boats in the 30ft. class were started at 1:05, and Mimosa was just on the line at gun fire. Marguerite was well behind, and was handicapped. On board Mimosa was a professional, who was born and brought up in Cow Bay, and it was thought that his knowledge of the waters would alone enable him to beat Marguerite, which boat was sailed by Mr. Oliver Jennings, a man who was quite unacquainted with the surroundings. Marguerite passed Mimosa when the boats were close hauled, going out to Gangway Buoy, and kept in the lead up to the finish, and won out by nearly two minutes.

Five boats started in the raceabout class. Mavis got the start, but Hobo worked into the lead on the broad reach coming home, and finished 39s. ahead of Mavis. Jolly Roger was third in this class.

Dorothy got the start in the Larchmont 21ft. class and led Houri all over the course. Dorothy won by nearly 6m.

In the New Rochelle one-design class there were five starters, and Knave won again as usual.

Pup got the start in the Manhasset Bay one-design class, and led to Old Hen Buoy, where she dropped behind. The boat was sailed by "Teddy" Lapthorne, of the firm of Messrs. Lapthorne & Ratsey, the sailmakers. Mr. Lapthorne made a very good showing with Pup, considering his unfamiliarity with the boat and the locality where the race was sailed.

Nora was first away in the 18ft. sloop class. Eleanor got tangled up with the launch that towed her over from City Island just before the start, and she was handicapped 1m. 45s. Nora led all over the course, but Eleanor pushed her hard for first place.

The surprise of the day was in the Manhasset Bay cabin catboat class. Hobo, a cruising catboat, was entered against Thisbe to fill the class. Hobo was sailed by one of her owners, Charlie Lincoln. She got the start, and was giving Thisbe a good trimming on the windward work, when the latter lowered away her sail and withdrew. It was stated afterward that she sprung her mast. Hobo finished the race, covering the course in remarkably fast time.

In the class for Port Washington oyster boats, flat bottom, Emily Shug, Mr. Strickland, finished first; Elm, I. L. Smith, was second, and Myra, A. M. Strickland, was third. There were two other starters in this class.

There was another class for Port Washington oyster boats, with half-round bottoms. In this class Kanawha, Arthur Cocks, won, with Hazel May, C. H. Cocks, second. There were two other starters. The summary:

Sloops—Class N—25 to 30ft.—Start, 1:05.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Marguerite, J. F. Dingee	4 23 17	3 18 17
Mimosa, T. L. Park	4 25 10	3 20 10

Raceabout Class—Start, 1:10.

Jolly Roger, T. B. Bleecker	3 09 20	1 59 20
Mavis, G. L. Pirie	3 08 16	1 58 16
Snapper, A. B. Alley	3 12 06	2 02 06
Hobo, T. L. Park	3 07 37	1 57 37
Cricket, H. Willett	3 10 12	2 00 12

Larchmont 21ft. One-Design Class—Start, 1:15.

Dorothy, L. G. Spence	3 10 28	1 55 28
Houri, J. H. Esser	3 16 10	2 01 10

New Rochelle One-Design Class.

Caper, P. L. Howard	3 20 23	1 55 23
Knave, R. N. Bavier	3 13 34	1 48 34
Deuce, L. D. Huntington, Jr.	3 20 45	1 55 45
Ace, W. N. Bavier, Jr.	3 16 43	1 51 43
Olga, Alfred Mestra	3 17 13	1 52 13

Manhasset Bay One-Design Class—Start, 1:25.

Firefly, Guy Standing	3 20 45	1 55 45
Mist, J. W. Alker	3 25 30	2 00 30
Arizona, G. A. Corry	3 20 09	1 55 09
Bab, J. R. Hoyt	3 16 46	1 51 46
Pup, T. W. Ratsey	3 20 52	1 55 52

Sloops—Class R—18ft. and Under—Start, 1:35.

Nora, Lewis Iselin	3 29 18	1 54 18
Eleanor, Robert Jacob	3 31 45	1 56 45
Cricket, H. C. Pryor	3 33 37	1 58 37

Manhasset Bay Special Knockabouts—Start, 1:35.

Peg, A. Roesler	3 22 54	1 47 54

Manhasset Bay Cabin Catboats—Start, 1:35.

Hobo, C. J. & R. M. Lincoln	3 38 45	2 03 45
Thisbe, W. D. Reed	Withdrew.	

The winners were Marguerite, Hobo (raceabout), Dorothy, Knave, Bab, Nora, Peg (sailover), Hobo (catboat), Emily Shug and Kanawha.

Columbia Y. C.

CHICAGO, LAKE MICHIGAN.

Tuesday, Sept. 16.

THE third race for the Webb cup was sailed off Chicago on Lake Michigan on Tuesday, Sept. 16. La Rita got first place, with Arab IV. second. The wind was fresh from the S.W. The judges were: Messrs. A. J. Rohan, W. S. Burrows and J. R. Brunnick. The summary follows, start 3:10:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
La Rita	4 57 40	1 47 40
Arab IV.	5 01 05	1 51 05
Margaret	5 13 31	2 03 31
Colleen	5 08 44	1 58 44
Privateer	5 10 05	2 00 05

Wednesday, Sept. 17.

On Wednesday, Sept. 17, the fourth race for the Webb cup was sailed. The same boats came to the line that started in Tuesday's race. The wind was moderate from the S.W., and La Rita again won out, with Arab IV. in second place. The judges were: Messrs. W. S. Burrows, W. S. Bougher and L. G. Benwick. The summary, start 3:10:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
La Rita	4 43 15	1 33 15
Privateer	4 55 25	1 45 25
Colleen	5 02 26	1 52 26
Arab IV.	4 47 12	1 37 12
Margaret	4 58 27	1 48 27

Thursday, Sept. 18.

Four boats started in the fifth race for the Webb cup that was sailed on Thursday, Sept. 18. The wind was from the N.E., blowing thirty-six miles an hour during the race, and there was a very heavy sea running. Privateer did not finish. Colleen beat La Rita and got first place, La Rita taking second honors. The judges were: Messrs. E. T. Balcom, W. S. Burrows and W. N. Perll. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Colleen	3 44 00	5 32 30	1 48 30
La Rita	4 04 00	5 53 00	1 49 00
Arab IV.	3 30 00	6 03 15	2 33 15
Privateer	4 00 00	Withdrew.	

Friday, Sept. 19.

Yesterday's gale left a heavy swell from the N.E., and the five boats that sailed in the sixth race for the Webb cup on Friday, Sept. 19, had a very uncomfortable trip. The wind was moderate from the N. La Rita won by nearly 3m. Privateer took second place. The judges were: Messrs. E. T. Balcom, W. S. Burrows and W. N. Perll. The summary, start 3:00:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
La Rita	4 58 45	1 58 45
Privateer	5 01 35	2 01 35
Colleen	5 02 18	2 02 18
Margaret	5 08 10	2 08 10
Arab IV.	5 08 25	2 08 25

Saturday, Sept. 20.

The seventh race for the Webb cup was sailed on Saturday, Sept. 20. The wind was light from the E., and La Rita won with ease; Arab IV. finished second. The summary, start 2:40:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
La Rita, Geo. R. Peare	4 40 08	2 00 08
Arab IV., Oscar Daniels	4 44 53	2 04 55
Colleen, Wm. Baum	4 48 35	2 08 35
Privateer, F. D. Porter	4 51 10	2 11 10
Margaret, Wm, Cothroll	5 03 44	2 23 44

The boats' standing on points up to date of this race follows: La Rita, 675; Arab IV., 450; Colleen, 380; Privateer, 280, and Margaret, 160.

Beverly Y. C.

DELAWARE RIVER.

Saturday, Sept. 13.

FOURTEEN boats competed in the regatta of the Beverly Y. C., held on Saturday, Sept. 13. The wind was from the W. and was very light and fluky, which made the racing rather unsatisfactory. The summary:

First Class Catboats—Start, 3:20.

	Finish.
Titania, J. Hamer	5 32 40
Leila, B. Ferguson	5 32 59
Priscilla, T. Bonfield	5 34 50
Peerless, Clarkson	5 38 18
Froud, J. Perkins	5 24 03

Second Class Catboats—Start, 3: 25.

Doris, F. Perkins	5 29 08
Vampire, Crispin	5 37 38

Jib and Mainsail Boats—Start, 3:35.

Kaloola, E. Waters	5 54 01
Feather, Lavinne	6 18 30

Larks—Start, 3:30.

H. Taylor	5 12 08
Cartright	5 15 08
W. Hall	5 16 12
W. Pettit	5 20 05
T. Bonfield	5 20 14

The winners were Titania, Doris, Kaloola and H. Taylor's lark.

Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Sept. 20.

THE annual ladies' race of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, Sept. 20. The wind was from the S., and the boats covered knockabout course No. 3. Lucille got the start, but was beaten out by two boats. On the last leg Bobs got into the weather berth and won out by over a minute. Wyntje was disqualified for fouling a mark boat. The summary, start 3:40:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Bobs, Mrs. W. A. W. Stewart	5 34 33	2 04 33
Gowan, Mrs. F. G. Stewart	5 35 38	2 05 38
Lucille, Miss Landon	5 36 39	2 06 39
Wyntje, Miss Willis	Disqualified.	

Bobs was the winner, and Gowan second.

English Letter.

THE racing season with us is now over, the last regattas having taken place at Plymouth, where a King's cup was sailed for at the regatta of the Royal Western Y. C. A channel match was sailed down the day before from Dartmouth, a large fleet taking part in it. The wind was very light, but there was a long swell from a breeze of the day before. Bona came in first, but the first prize went to Gwyneth, a boat built last year, and hitherto to rather unsuccessful. Bona won the King's cup on the following day. She seems to be sailing better now than on the Clyde. The new 52-footers did not race again after Dartmouth regatta (which was a very poor affair this year). Magdalen, Baron de Forest's crack in the class last year, came to Dartmouth, but did not race. She fitted out before the Cowes week, and lay in the Roads until the eve of the regattas, when she sailed for France, and has remained ever since. Much comment has been excited by her apparently studied avoidance of the class this year. Of the two boats this year Lucida is undoubtedly the faster, though there is generally so very little between the two that it is remarkable that the prizes have not been more evenly divided. It is a case in which the one wins only by being a little more weatherly than the other—just enough to turn the scale in almost every race, allowing no room at any time for mistakes.

Of the Clyde 36-footers, Alfred Mylne's design, Barabel, has come out champion in her class; Ensay, one of the Fife boats, showing a good string of flags also. The class will probably grow stronger on the Clyde, though the boats are not quite the type that the Northern yachtsmen admire. They have all got very long snouts, and this makes them uncomfortable in a sea. That they find any admirers at all seems to me only to be a strong condemnation of the last two rules, which worked themselves to death up North.

Down South—which means the Solent—there is considerable discussion over Lord Albemarle's proposed new one-design class. The boats are, I hear, of no better type than the 36-footers (only larger), and it is no secret that they are intended solely as a refuge for owners who want to race what they call smart boats, but do not care to build a new boat every year—small blame to them! Last year four new 36-footers were built for the Solent, and the owner of one, which did not turn out well, had another built before the season was half over. This seems to have paralyzed the class, for no new boat has been built since. The curious thing is that these small Y. R. A. classes on the Solent are mainly kept up by wealthy owners, and these have now entered this emphatic protest, which shows very unmistakably that open racing will not go on for ever if it is conducted regardless of the owner's pocket. Now, hitherto this has been the case in England, and it is a startling thing to find a nobleman of Lord Albemarle's standing in yachting, as well as social circles, taking the lead in such a revolt. Nobody can say a word against the desirability of the class on the score of sound sport, and it is certain to be strong, but one-design classes are only good for sound sport, and it is possible to obtain as much of that in other ways, without entirely closing the door against the yacht designer. A handicap class would answer all purposes provided there was a maximum time allowance, say, of only five minutes. Given restrictions to insure a decent type of boat, so small a maximum of allowance would be certain to produce hot competition, and no real duffer could stay in the class. It would necessitate the employment of the best designers, while it would avoid the possibility of a Camellia playing second fiddle to a Lucida all through the season, simply because she might be a minute slower in three hours' sailing.

Mr. Willie Jameson's new motor schooner, Scarlet Rambler, is not yet ready for sea. In her last trial she burst her silencing drum and is waiting for a new one. The engine is 75 horse-power, and as this is quite a novelty to British marine motor makers, delays are unavoidable in the pioneer vessel. She will eventually give great satisfaction, I have no doubt, but it is a pity she was not ordered sooner. The weather this year has been disgusting for yachting generally, and the marine motor has not had a fair chance. All the same, there is no doubt that business is going to be very brisk in this line during the winter.

Sir Thomas Lipton will say nothing as to a challenge for the America's Cup, but it is pretty certain he means business. He visited Fairlie last week and had a long conference with Mr. Fife. I see by our telegrams that a rumor prevails in America that he will build a schooner. That is not very likely, because in that case the two Shamrocks would be of little use as trial horses. With the facilities now at his disposal in having a good trial boat both here and in New York, I think that Mr. Fife will do the trick this time, and you will have to hand over the cup gracefully, and, I am certain, very thankfully.

It has been stated that the King has ordered a new first-class racing cutter for next season. No confirmation of this report is forthcoming, but His Majesty is generally believed to have had such a vessel designed for him just before the fatal illness of Queen Victoria, and it is quite possible that the work may now be proceeding. If this is the case, the maintenance of secrecy is to be deplored, for if it were known that the King had such an intention, it would would probably lead to orders for other first-class yachts. E. H. HAMILTON.

The Steam Yacht Arrow.

THE remarkable speed made by Arrow, the steam yacht owned by Mr. C. R. Flint, on her test made on the Hudson River off Ardsley, a short time ago, has caused considerable comment. Arrow covered a nautical mile in 1m. 32s., or at the rate of 39.13 knots an hour.

The yacht was designed by Mr. Charles D. Mosher last year. Mr. Mosher's name has been associated with fast steam craft for some years past. Ellide, one of his older boats, covered the same course as Arrow did at the rate of 34.73 knots per hour.

Arrow is a twin screw yacht built of steel. She is 130ft. 4in. over all, 12ft. 6in. breadth, and 3ft. 6in. draft. Her displacement is 66 tons, and has engines of 4,000 horsepower.

The yacht was designed for a 40-knot boat, and had her steam not been allowed to run down at the latter part of her recent test, she very likely might have reached that remarkable speed.

YACHT CLUB NOTES.

At the annual meeting of the Ocean City (N. J.) Y. C., the following officers were elected: Commodore, Dr. Charles E. Edwards; Vice-Commodore, C. W. Masland; Secretary, Charles L. Hofmann; Treasurer, L. M. Cresse; Trustees, R. R. May, G. D. Adams, W. S. Graham; Executive Committee, C. F. Wall, John M. Zurn, W. K. Williamson, C. Howard Schermerhorn, L. M. Cresse, T. B. Hammer, J. Wesley Masland.

The annual meeting of the Riverton (N. J.) Y. C. was held a short time ago and the following officers were elected: Commodore, William R. Ellison; Vice-Commodore, E. R. Showell; Treasurer, Charles M. Biddle, Jr.; Secretary, T. Harry Walnut; Measurer, J. H. Reese; Finance and Elective Committee; John C. S. Davis (Chairman), Charles C. Rianhard, H. J. Mitchell, Charles W. Davis, S. C. Woolman; Regatta Committee, A. G. Cook, W. K. Woolman, John H. Reese.

At the annual meeting of the Island Heights Y. C., held at the club house at Island Heights, N. J., the following officers were elected to serve during the coming year: Commodore, J. Harvey Gillingham; Vice-Commodore, Frederick Downs; Treasurer, Alexander Bennick; Secretary, Herbert M. Harlan; Executive Committee, Robert Shoemaker, Arthur Litchwarth and Charles J. Beck; Trustees, S. Edwin Megargee, Charles Beck and M. F. Middleton, Jr.; Fleet Captain, C. S. Street, and Fleet Surgeon, H. N. Davis, M. D.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Irving Lovett, present owner of the yacht Hermes, formerly owned by A. W. Chesterton, of the Winthrop Y. C., and present owner of Calypso, has sailed from Halifax, N. S., bearing the much coveted Prince of Wales cup which was presented to him by the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron. Last year this beautiful trophy was won from Hermes by the freak Cibo, owned by a Sydney, N. S., syndicate.

Mr. Lovett sailed for Yarmouth under $1,000 bonds to secure the safety of the cup, which is raced for every year, and which is the prize for which one of the most interesting races of the year is sailed.

In this year's race for the cup Hermes came in 23m. ahead of the nearest boat in the second race. The first of the series was won by a lead of 20m. at the finish.

The yacht was built in 1898 and was designed by C. C. Hanley, at Quincy, Mass. She is a 25-footer, sloop rigged, and never was beaten in the 25ft. class in Massachusetts.

In 1901 she won three straight out of five races in the contest for the Yarmouth, N. S., cup, defeating in every point of sailing Sabot, Savitar and Tapon. The same year she won the Chester Club cup and the club cup at Yarmouth.

This year her showing has fully equalled all the expectations of her owner. She won the first two races in the series of three for the Yarmouth cup, and the third will be sailed later. Following these races, Hermes was taken to Shelburne, N. S., where she won the Coronation cup, defeating Marion in the third heat by 10m. over a twelve-mile course.

In the race later sailed to defend the Chelsea Club cup, Hermes finished first, but lost the race on time allowance. Again, in sailing for the Vice-Commodore's cup, she finished far in the lead, but lost on time allowance to Maple Leaf.

Mr. Lovett will defend the Prince of Wales cup against all comers, and he thinks that he can successfully do so for some time to come with the little Massachusetts boat which has sailed so well this year.—Boston Post.

The Lozier Launch Co. has acquired a piece of property at College Point, L. I., which adjoins the Knickerbocker Y. C. This firm will erect buildings on the land and will build and equip launches.

The yawl Egret that was launched on Sept. 4 at Shooters' Island, from the yard of the Townsend & Downey Shipbuilding Co., has been completed and is now in commission. Egret was designed by Messrs. Cary Smith & Barbey, for Mr. Lenox Smith. She is 53ft. over all, 33ft. waterline, 12ft. 2in. breadth and 7ft. draft.

Mr. W. J. Pirrie, of Belfast, Ireland, has chartered, through the agency of Messrs. Cary Smith & Barbey, the schooner Ramona. The yacht is owned by Gen. B. M. Whitlock.

Mr. J. Roger Maxwell's 70-footer Yankee has been laid up at Jacob's yard, City Island.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—At the regular meeting of this Association on Sept. 14, the following scores were made, giving the annual 100-shot competition race of several of the members. Conditions, 200yds., at the German ring target:

Hasenzahl	231	223	210	214	196	205	212	218	201	226
Payne	228	206	218	212	210	201	209	208	195	219
Strickmeier	227	217	202	213	211	198	197	219	210	213
Nestler	223	204	203	195	205	198	216	218	195	205
Gindele	222	212	219	212	206	...	...	...	...	...
Odell	217	189	204	185	186	198	202	196	213	193
Hofman	215	201	201	198	204	...	...	...	...	...
Roberts	213	161	185	193	174	194	205	204	203	192
Bruns	213	206	192	185	184	...	...	...	...	...
Lux	212	205	202	206	211	197	187	204	205	185
Hofer	209	195	182	176	208	...	...	...	...	...

Drube .....209 193 204 202 ... ...
Jonscher 209 184 172 203 201 201 196 180 190 185
Weinheimer .....181 178 177 176 172 ... ...
Freitag .....180 160 179 171 153 ... ...
Topf .....170 160 160 149 145 ... ...

Union target: Hasenzahl 63, Payne 71, Strickmeier 59, Nestler 65, Gindele 56, Odell 55, Hofman 63, Roberts 62, Bruns 59, Lux 59, Hofer 59, Drube 66, Jonscher 55, Weinheimer 53, Freitag 55, Topf 53.

The annual prize shoot of this Association will take place Sept. 28.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Sept. 24.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Tournament of the Brooklyn Gun Club, commencing at 1 o'clock; $17.50 in gold for high averages; Enfield street, near Liberty avenue. John S. Wright, Mgr.

Sept. 24-25.—Taylorville, Ill.—Taylorville Gun Club's tournament.

Sept. 25-26.—Streator, Ill.—Streator Gun Club's target tournament.

Sept. 26-27.—Matthews, Ind.—Second annual target and live-bird tournament.

Sept. 27.—Middletown, N. Y.—Open shoot of the Middletown Gun Club. Russell M. Vernon, Sec'y-Treas.

Sept. 29-30.—Lewistown, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Lewistown Gun Club. H. H. McComber, Sec'y.

Oct. 1-2.—Fostoria, O.—Fostoria Gun Club's target tournament; $100 added; first day open to all; second day, merchandise handicap. W. R. Alspach, Ass't Sec'y.

Oct. 1-2.—Allegheny City, Pa.—Fall tournament of the North Side Gun Club; $140 added. I. W. Morrow, Sec'y.

Oct. 1-2.—Austerlitz, Ky.—Hill Top Gun Club's tournament.

Oct. 1-2.—Union City, Ind.—Fall tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club. O. E. Fouts, Sec'y.

Oct. 1-2.—Austerlitz, Ky.—Hill Top Gun Club's live-bird tournament. Alfred Clay, Sec'y.

Oct. 1-2.—Union City, Ind.—Parent Grove Gun Club's fall tournament. O. E. Fouts, Sec'y.

Oct. 1-2.—Allegheny, Pa.—Two-day target tournament of the Northside Gun Club; $100 added money. I. W. Morrow, Sec'y.

Oct. 2.—Rittersville, Pa.—Target tournament of the Lehigh Rod and Gun Club of the Bethlehems.

Oct. 6.—New Paris, O.—One-day tournament of the Peters Gun Club. G. L. Lyne, Sec'y.

Oct. 3-4.—Louisville, Ky.—Jefferson County Gun Club's tournament.

Oct. 7-8.—Greenville, O.—Handicap tournament of the Greenville Gun Club. H. A. McCaughey, Sec'y.

Oct. 9-10.—Irwin, Pa.—Irwin Game and Gun Club's tournament.

Oct. 9-10.—Fort Wayne, Ind.—Annual target tournament of the East End Gun Club. F. W. Leidelf, Sec'y.

Oct. 15-16.—Baltimore, Md.—Tenth annual fall tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association; targets and live birds; $100 added money. Open to all. J. R. Malone, 2671 Pennsylvania avenue, Manager.

Oct. 15-16.—New London, Ia.—Sixth annual tournament of the New London Gun Club. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.

Oct. 15-16.—Springfield, O.—Springfield Gun Club's tournament. B. F. Downs, Capt.

Oct. 21-22.—Kenton, O.—Second annual fall tournament of the Kenton Gun Club; $75 or more added money. K. P. Johnson, Sec'y-Treas.

Oct. 21-22.—Sistersville, W. Va.—Sistersville Gun Club's target tournament.

Oct. 24-26.—Bisbee, Ariz.—Tenth annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association. M. J. Cunningham, Sec'y.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's target shoot, every Saturday afternoon until October. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

First Saturday of each month for a year, Burnside.—Contest for the Troisdorf live-bird and target medals; 10 live birds; 25 targets; open to all. First contest, March 1.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Col. Charles Emory Felton, of Chicago, arrived in New York last week for a brief visit in that city. Notwithstanding his seventy-one summers, he is as alert and sprightly as a race horse. He has been one of the leaders in Western trapshooting for many years past. The Sportsmen's Review gives a synopsis of Col. Felton's business and public career as follows: "Charles Emory Felton was born at Barre, Mass., Sept. 18, 1831. His father's name was Benjamine Felton, and a lineal descendant of Nathaniel Felton, Puritan, who settled at Salem, Mass., in 1633; and married Mary, a daughter of Rev. Samuel Skelton, the first pastor of the Puritan church at Salem. Charles E., was apprenticed as printer boy at Barre, in 1844; left Massachusetts in 1849, for New York city; thence to Cincinnati, where, although not yet of age, he was assistant foreman in the Chronicle and Atlas for a while. Thence as printer he went to Indianapolis, Ind., and to Columbus, O.; thence to Buffalo, N. Y., where he was employed as foreman in the book and job department of the Commercial Advertiser, at Buffalo, N. Y., several years; then was proprietor of a small printing and stereotype house until 1863. He was Alderman of Buffalo, 1861-1862; was appointed as a member of the Federal Defense Committee at Buffalo during the War of the Rebellion—the only Democrat on the Committee—was superintendent of the penitentiary at Buffalo, 1863-1872; general superintendent of the House of Correction, Chicago, 1872-1890; a private citizen thereafter save that he was a member of the board of managers of the Illinois State Reformatory four years; a member of the board of trustees of St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago, 1892-1902 (or longer); a member of Washington Driving Park Association and Chicago Athletic Association, and of several local sportsmen's clubs, Chicago; president of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association three years, being its first president when that Association was reorganized; a prominent member and official of the National Prison Association, whose president was the late Rutherford B. Hayes, ex-President of the United States."

The Peters Gun Club, of New Paris, O., has issued the programme of its first annual tournament, fixed to be held on Oct. 9. Three expert traps will be used. Competition commences at 10 o'clock. Practice may begin at 8 o'clock. The programme presents eight events at 15 targets, and one event at 25 targets, entrance based on 10 cents per target. Three extra 15-target events will be given for the benefit of the 60 and 70 per cent. shooters. Purses divided 40, 30, 20 and 10. Manufacturers' agents and 90 per cent. shooters will be handicapped from 17 to 20yds. The Peters trophy will be shot for in the ninth event by members of the club. Guns and ammunition shipped care of J. E. Reid, New Paris, will be delivered on the grounds free. The secretary, Mr. G. L. Lyne, will furnish all pertinent information.

The Hazard powder trophy, 25 live birds, $25 entrance, was begun at Blue River Park, Kansas City, Sept. 17, and carried over to the next day. It was won by Mr. W. R. Crosby from the back mark, 33yds. There were seven in the tie of 25 straight, namely, Messrs. C. Cockrell, J. W. Bramhall, H. Spencer, H. Thiele, W. S. Allen, J. J. Gorman and W. R. Crosby. They dropped out as follows in the shoot-off: Cockrell in the fifth round; Allen lost his first bird, but continued to the fifth; Gorman in the twenty-seventh; Spencer in the seventh; Bramhall in the thirty-sixth; Thiele in the fourteenth. Crosby killed his thirty-sixth in the finish with Bramhall, and won the trophy. This made 61 successive kills from the 33yd. mark—said to be the greatest run made from that distance.

The programme of the third annual shoot given by Mr. Wm. E. Marshall, at Prospect Park, Baltimore, Md., Sept. 24 and 25, provides both target and live-bird competition, which is open to all. There are three programme live-bird events on the second day, commencing at 1 o'clock; 5 birds, $3; 7 birds, $5; and 15 birds, $10, birds included in entrance. Each event is a handicap. There are seven high average moneys. Handicaps in target events, 12 to 20yds. Shooting commences at 9:30 A. M.

The fall tournament of the North Side Gun Club, of Allegheny City, Pa., has a programme to which $140 is added. There are ten events each day, alternately 15 and 20 targets, $1.50 and $2 entrance, $2.50 added to each event. Lunch served each day free to shooters. Shells can be obtained on the grounds. Targets, 2 cents. No amateur will be permitted to shoot for targets only. Events 3 to 8, Oct. 2 will be a contest for the championship of western Pennsylvania, between W. L. Harper and L. B. Fleming, holder. The Rose system will govern the division of the moneys. To each of the four high and four low guns shooting through the programme each day, $5. Manufacturers' agents may shoot for targets only, and $5 will be given to the first, and second high gun of them each day. Shooting commences at 9:30 each day. Ship shells to J. A. Johnson, Smithfield street, Pittsburg, Pa., charges prepaid, and they will be delivered on the shooting grounds. Mr. L. B. Fleming will manage the tournament. The secretary is Mr. I. W. Morrow, Richardson avenue, Allegheny, Pa.

Concerning the Middlesex Gun Club, of England, the Shooting Times has the following: "Practice at the three usual ways of game shooting is now carried out at this club each Saturday. The invisible trench provides practice for walking up game, as neither traps nor trappers can be seen, and the birds when released appear to rise from the grass. The 60ft. tower here gives excellent practice for tall or overhead pheasant shooting, while partridge driving practice is obtained by the arrangement of traps behind a long screen. The shooter stands some 20yds. from this, and the birds come over in a most natural way and with great speed." The foregoing would indicate that there are more varieties of shooting at the traps in England than in America. Still, if the object was to sell as many targets as possible to shoot at, the tower, etc., would make a poor showing against the rapid-fire system.

Mr. W. E. Templeton, of Excelsior Springs, Mo., under date of Sept. 16, writes us as follows: "Kindly add to your list of coming events announcement of our shoot on Oct. 9, 10 and 11. This shoot will be one of the largest in the Mississippi Valley this fall. There will be $100 a day added, with average money for three days. In addition to this, the Excelsior Springs Gun Club intend putting up a handsome challenge trophy. The two days' shoot held here during the middle of August was largely attended, and all shooters expressed themselves as much pleased with Excelsior Springs as a shooting resort. Come and rest up and drink the waters of Excelsior Springs."

Mr. Geo. Smith, Jr., secretary of the East Side Gun Club, of Newark, writes us as follows: "There will be a twelve months' live-bird handicap shoot (10 birds each shoot) on Smith Brothers' grounds, beginning Thursday, Sept. 25, and on the fourth Thursday of each month following, for the New Troisdorf trophy; open to members of the East Side Gun Club and residents of New Jersey. All winning trophy once or more will be eligible for the final, or thirteenth, shoot. The winner of final to be permanent owner. Entrance, price of birds only."

Secretaries of trapshooting clubs should bear in mind that a programme, at the latest, should be sent in time for publication the week before the tournament, to which it refers, takes place. On this point, secretaries seem to have divided opinions. A few seem to think that, if the programme is sent in at any time, they have done praiseworthy service, hence some secretaries send the programme for review when their tournament begins.

The seventh and last shoot of the Garfield Gun Club's third series of trophy shoots took place on the club's grounds, Chicago, on Saturday of last week. A. Dorman won Class A with 24, T. Jones won Class B with 19, and M. G. Eldred won Class C with 20. The cup shoot, 25 targets—15 singles and 5 pairs—was also won by Dorman; Drs. Shaw and Meek were second, with tie on 20 from the 18yd. mark.

The shoot of the Emerald Gun Club at Guttenburg, N. J., on Friday of last week was unfortunate in regard to weather, the day being rainy, foggy and dark. The birds took wing poorly. The attendance was much lighter than usual. Sixteen contestants participated in the club event, of which Mr. C. Meyerdierck won Class A with a straight score after a shoot-off at 1 bird with Mr. C. Meyer.

At the annual meeting of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association, Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 17, the list of officers elected were: President, J. H. Phelps; Vice-President, F. J. Smith; Secretary, F. B. Cunningham; Treasurer, Frank Brenton. St. Joseph, Mo., was fixed upon for the next annual meeting. The date was left in abeyance.

"Please claim the dates for our tenth annual fall tournament, Oct. 15 and 16, 1902. Targets and live birds. Added money $100. Open to all." So writes to us Mr. J. R. Malone, 2671 Pennsylvania avenue, Baltimore, Md., to whom communications may be sent concerning the matter.

Uncle Ben Catchpole will need to look to his honors, in so far as the daily press reports credit Mr. Wm. Caufman, a mere kid of seventy-eight springtimes, with breaking 25 targets straight in a target event at Carlisle, Pa., at the annual shoot of the Carlisle Gun Club.

In the regular club shoot of the Nonpareil Gun Club, at Watson's Park, Chicago, on Sept. 20, Mr. L. C. Willard broke 47 targets out of 50, and was high man in that event. He was closely pressed by Messrs. Geo. Roll and J. B. Barto, who scored 46 each.

In the four-man team race at Blue River Park, Kansas City, Sept. 17, the Students' Gun Club, of St. Louis, won, with a score of 59 out of a possible 60. This was an event of the Missouri State shoot. The bad weather was unfavorable for the birds as flyers.

The match between eight-man teams of the North River Gun Club, Edgewater, N. J., and the Westwood Gun Club, Sept. 20, was won by the former, score 118 to 111, a victory which was on a narrow margin of 7 targets.

Mr. James B. Voorhees, of Sheepshead Bay, L. I., died on Wednesday of last week. He was famous as a pigeon shot of excellent skill. He was of an old family, whose ancestors settled at Gravesend 200 years ago.

The next regular shoot of the Colt Gun Club, Hartford, Conn., will be held on Oct. 4, after which there may be an interim of inaction in honor of the hunting season.

BERNARD WATERS.

Mt. Kisco Gun Club.

MT. KISCO, N. Y., Sept. 20.—To the shoot of the Mt. Kisco Gun Club the Wanderers had a special invitation several days prior. Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	15	20	15	50	15	25
*Banks, 19	10	13	17	12	32	8	20
*Skelley, 19	13	9	18	13	38	12	19
*Van Allen, 19	8	11	17	12	30	12	22
Glover, 19	13	14	12	13	29	12	20
*Morfey, 19	11	10	9	6	18	..	..
Blandford, 18	15	15	15	10	36	8	21
Bedell	13	12	16	10	..	6	..
Betti, 18	14	12	10	8	24	10	18
*Goetter, 16	7	10	11	9	32	8	17
*Welles, 18	12	12	11	11	33	9	15
Pelton	8	8	..	..	..	..	..
Sutton, 16	10	9	12	9	25	..	..
Diehl, 17	..	11	16	7	29	..	..
Gorham, 17	..	11	14	..	27	..	..
Bailey	..	3	8	3	..	..	8

Handicaps apply in event 5 only.
* Wanderers.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Nonpareil Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 20.—The Nonpareil Gun Club's shoot, held to-day at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill., resulted as follows:

Regular club shoot, 50 targets each: L. C. Willard 47, Geo. Roll 46, J. B. Barto 46, Busch 40, R. B. Mack 37.

Sweeps:

Targets:	15	20	15	Targets:	15	20	15
Willard	15	13	12	Amberg	6	..	5
Roll	13	18	11	Mack	12	..	10
Barto	12	14	10	Busch	13	17	11

Practice: Amberg broke 8 out of 10; Busch 18 out of 20; Parker 50 out of 100.

GEO. WATSON.

Marion Gun Club.

MARION, Ind., Sept. 19.—Find herewith scores of the Marion Gun Club, made at our regular Friday shoot to-day. There was a fine, misty rain all day, and the scores were good, considering the bad weather. Chambers won high honors, as usual:

Events:	1	2	3	4		Events:	1	2	3	4	
Targets:	10	10	10	15	Broke.	Targets:	10	10	10	15	Broke.
Gordon	7	4	3	4	18	Sheldon	8	5	4	..	17
Chambers	8	9	10	15	42	Shultz	5	7	5	..	17
Stobe	6	4	2	8	20	*Kinsley	5	7	3	..	15
Joncs	7	7	7	13	34	Whistler	7	8	6	..	21
Greveston	6	4	8	7	25	Atkinson	7	5	6	..	18
*Hiatt	5	6	10	12	33	Bockins	6	7	5	9	27
Hayes	7	6	3	8	24	Dr McK	6	5	5	8	24

* Visitors.

H. S.

Sept. 16.—Our Friday shoot was shot out in an all-day rain; but good scores were made by those who were game enough to face the traps in the downpour.

The boys went out to take the medal away from Chambers, but failed to beat him in a 50-bird match. Following are the four best scores: Kiley 39, Atkinson 38, Whistler 40, Chambers 44.

Chambers keeps the medal, after winning it four times straight out of four regular weekly shoots.

CAP.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Sept. 20.—The appended scores were made to-day on our grounds on the occasion of the seventh and last trophy shoot of the third series. Dorman won Class A trophy on 24, Tom Jones won Class B on 19, and Eldred won Class C on 20.

The trophy shoot was immediately followed by the cup shoot, distance handicap. Dorman, Dr. Shaw and Dr. Meek, all shooting from the 18yd. mark, tied on 20 out of 25, thrown as 15 singles and 5 pairs. Dorman won the cup on shoot-off, going 10 straight to the others' 9 each.

The day was a good one for target shooting, being just comfortably cool and but little wind. A heavy smoke bank from the city hung just in front of us, however, making the targets rather hard to see.

Attendance good, considering game season on.

Seventh cup shoot, 15 singles and 5 pairs:

M F Wilson	111101011001001	01 10 11 11 00—15
C H Kehl	101001101011111	01 00 01 00 00—12
Dr J W Meek	011101110111010	11 11 11 11 11—20
M G Eldred	001100111001111	00 01 10 11 10—14
T Eaton	111010001111111	10 01 01 10 11—18
A D Dorman	111011111110111	00 11 10 11 11—20
J McDonald	111011011111110	11 01 11 10 11—20
F Stone	011101011111100	10 11 10 00 10—15
De Wolf	011101011101001	01 10 00 10 00—12
C P Richards	010111111011110	11 10 11 01 11—19
Dr Shaw	011111110111011	11 10 11 10 11—20
A Hellman	011001111011010	01 00 10 00 11—13
Jones	111110011111100	00 11 10 00 00—14
Midgley	110011110011111	10 10 00 10 01—15
Jones	111110011111100	00 11 10 00 00—14

Dorman won on the shoot-off.

Twenty-first trophy shoot, 25 targets:

M F Wilson	0011011110001110010111101—15
C H Kehl	1100010111100110011001001—13
Dr Meek	1111110111111101111111101—22
M G Eldred	1101111110011111100111111—20
T Eaton	1111111010111101111111011—21
A D Dorman	1111111111111111111101111—24
A J McDonald	0111110101010111111010110—17
F Stone	0000111100101011000110011—12
De Wolf	0111111101111111011000111—19
C P Richards	1111111111101111101111111—23
Dr Shaw	1011011111111100101111111—20
A Hellman	1111011101110111111111110—21
T Jones	1110011111111100011110111—19
Midgley	1101111111101110111111011—21

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

Dallas Tournament.

DALLAS, Pa., Sept. 20.—The tournament of the Dallas Gun Club had a good attendance. Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	15	10	10	10	*	10	*
Mason	10	8	10	12	10	9	9	5	9	8
Bittenbender	10	8	7	12	10	7	9	..	8	..
Stroh	10	10	..	14	9	9	10	6	10	..
Haight	9	9	..	11	6	8	10	..	10	..
Chambers	10	..	7	12	9	5	7	7	10	5
Hart	7	8	7	10	10	9	9	8	8	..
Norris	7	6	6	..	7	6	8	8	10	..
Harris	8	9	..	13	10	8	10	..	..	..
Thompson	8	7	..	12	7	8	10	..	8	..
Weider	9	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lewis	9	7	..	10	7	3	6	..	8	..
Marvin	9	8	..	12	8	7	8	..	6	..
Klipple	8	9	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Davis	..	..	5	..	6	..	6	..	7	7
Heift	..	..	3	..	..	7	..	5	8	..
Colbaugh	..	..	8	..	..	7	..	..	10	8
Shover	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wall	..	..	..	13	9	9	9	6	9	..
Raub	..	..	..	14	8	6	10	4	10	..
Leavenworth	..	..	..	12	9	7	6	6	5	8
Weida	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hunter	..	..	..	10	8	..	..	..	..	..
Ryman	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..
Hess	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..
Hildebrandt	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	3	..
Ohlinger	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	5	..
Heirne	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	9	..	..
Hudson	..	..	..	..	..	8	5	5	..	..
Weida	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	5	..	..
Cooke	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	4	5	..
Shaver	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	..	..
Wantz	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..

Nos. 8 and 10 were at 5 pairs doubles.

Team race, Luzerne Club against Dallas Club:

Luzerne Club—Haight 9, Weida 6, Marvin 10, Stroh 9, Helme 8, Lewis 5, Thompson 7, Battenbender 9, Hart 6, Hudson 6; total 75.

Dallas Club—Raub 8, Wall 8, Hunter 4, Harter 8, Davis 5, Norris 8, Leavenworth 10, Mason 8, Harris 8, Colbaugh 8; total 75.

Richmond Gun Club.

SILVER LAKE, Staten Island, Sept. 20.—The Richmond Gun Club's shoot, held at this place to-day, had an event of special interest, the prize being a five dollar gold piece. This was event 10, at 25 targets, and the useful prize was won by Mr. F. G. Crystal with a score of 29, he having a handicap allowance of 12. Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
A Hawes	5	8	6	7	7	7	7	8	9
E W Reynolds	5	10	6	7	6	7	5	7	8
M Reiersen	5	7	5	6	4	5	4	8	6
G C Williams	3	7	4	5	5	4	5	5	4
F J Crystal	6	9	6	5	6	6	7	8	6
O Albrecht	6	8	4	6	5	6	5	6	7
A A Schoverling	7	10	5	6	5	7	10	9	6
A Smith	5	10	5	4	6	6	7	8	5
G Osterhout	8	11	7	9	8	7	8	7	8

Event 10, handicap allowance added; prize, five dollar gold piece: Hawes 17 (7) 24; Reynolds 16 (5) 21, Reiersen 11 (12) 23, Williams 12 (12) 24, Crystal 17 (12) 29, Albrecht 11 (12) 23, Schoverling 21 (0) 21, Smith 9 (10) 19, Osterhout 14 (5) 19.

A. A. SCHOVERLING, Sec'y.

Missouri State Tournament.

Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 17.—The twenty-fifth annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association opened this morning at Elliott's Blue River Shooting Park. A nasty drizzling rain continued throughout the day, and it was 10 o'clock before the four-man team shoot commenced. Each man shot at 15 live birds, or 60 in all to the team. The Students' Gun Club, of St. Louis, won the medal with the fine score of 59 out of a possible 60 birds. The Michigan Park Club, of Kansas City, won second, $100 cash. The St. Louis Shooting Association, of St. Louis, and the Richmond Gun Club, of Richmond, divided third with 56 kills. The St. Joe Gun Club took fourth with a score of 54, and fifth went to the Belt Line Club, of Kansas City, while the O. K. and Kansas City Clubs, of Kansas City, tied for sixth place with 51 kills.

Had the weather been good, the birds would have been a good lot, but owing to the rain they were slow to take wing, and did not trouble the shooters in making high scores.

The next on programme was the Interstate event, 25 birds, entrance $12.50, divided Rose System. A medal to go to the high man. After 15 birds had been shot, it was growing dark, and the shoot was postponed until to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock. Eight men had killed 15 straight, and as they are quite evenly matched an interesting finish is looked for to-morrow.

At the annual meeting of the Association to-night, J. H. Phelps, of St. Joseph, was elected President; F. J. Smith, Vice-President; F. B. Cunningham, Secretary; Frank Brenson, Treasurer.

The next annual meeting will be held at St. Joseph, Mo., date to be set later. A circular inviting all the gun clubs in the State to become members of the Association was ordered sent to each club. After some remarks by a number of sportsmen regarding the better protection of game and fish, the meeting adjourned.

First Day, Sept. 17.

Kansas City Gun Club.

J B Porter.....111110111212*11—13
W M Hill.....202112212220022—12
J W Bramhall.....222022222*21212—13
C B Cockrell.....1121111*1111111—14—51

O. K. Gun Club.

W H Herman.....200222212201120—11
F N Cockrell.....222221122222022—14
J E Campbell.....221202022222210—13
C C Herman.....222222220222222—14—51

Belt Line Gun Club.

A H Glasner.....202212120012220—11
A C Holmes.....1122202221211 21—14
F J Smith.....1121221022222222—14
S S Millett.....222111211202211—14—53

St. Joe Gun Club.

F Arnhold.....222222222121222—15
F M Libby.....222202102222121—13
F B Cunningham.....2222222020*122—13
Zim.....022222222222222—14—54

Washington Park Gun Club.

W H McGee.....222221212122122—15
Walter Allen.....221012211122222—14
Rickmer.....1121222221120122—14
N Jarrett.....121112111122112—15—58

Forester Gun Club.

H T Abernethy.....220211002212221—12
E H Jones.....22*011212212212—13
Scarrett.....1121012211111112—14
S D H Russell.....211201112100020—10—49

St. Louis Gun Club.

H Spencer.....01222222*222222—13
J O'Neill.....2121*2222222202—13
H Taylor.....2212221221221222—15
Dr Brown.....2222221121121111—15—56

Pleasant Hill Gun Club.

O L Beasley.....100000222210001— 7
W M Clayton.....1011102112122202—12
W H Allen.....1210121111221 11—14
J A R Elliott.....1221111111111111—15—48

Students' Gun Club.

Dr Clark.....2212212222222222—15
H Money.....222*22222222222—14
A Mermod.....2211212112212 2—15
D Elliott.....1121212122112222—15—59

Richmond Gun Club.

G Scott.....2121212121221 22—15
H Tipton.....1*2201121211112—13
Rous.....2212211221221 22—15
Weston.....2210222202211 12—13—56

Missouri State event:

J A R Elliott.....12111221111211221111*1111—24
Clayton.....22221222**1111*w
Holmes.....22221221211*22220121222 22—23
Moncy.....20222222202222222222211—23
O'Neill.....20222212022220022222222—21
Mermod.....20221220122212222202021—21
Bramhall.....11122212221221221122211 20—24
D Elliott.....22211022212102021221211 22—22
Rickmers.....10101122222210*111112222—21
Porter.....22121*20211212211011122 2—22
Glasner.....212221*12211221022222221—23
Brown.....11222121022221110222211121—23
W S Allen.....22110221111102101111112—22
Dr Clark.....*21222222202222*020220221—19
C B Cockrell.....11111121120211121011211 22—23
F N Cockrell.....2211021011*21221022201210—19
H Spencer.....21212212112222222222222*2—24
Arnhold.....22222212221*22121222002 01—21
Hill.....22222222222212201201212 02—22
Taylor.....21211221012220221111211 20—22
Smith.....21210122112 21*21121111201—22
W Hollen.....01102220112112210012111 10—19
Cunningham.....22122022012222222222222—23
Tipton.....1112*222222222*2121222222—23
Zim.....01222222221222 02*22222222—22
Weston.....*12211112112220222 12*1220—21

Interstate event:

J A R Elliott.....12111221111211221111*1111—24
W Clayton.....22221222**1111*w
Holmes.....22221221211*22220121222 22—23
Heer.....2212211121*21211121211122—24
O'Brien.....22122121212222112122121122—25
Moncy.....20222222202222222221212211—23
Anderson.....02222*12222022201222222 21—21
Conway.....*22222022*22222222202212—21
Mawson.....2201*22222222120122*20222—20
O'Neil.....20222212022220022222222—21
Heer.....2212211121*22121121211211—24
Mermod.....20221220122212222202021—21
Scranton.....22102112221221 22*11222111—23
Calhoun.....21222112201121112212622221—23
D Elliott.....22211022222102021221211 22—22
Porter.....22121*20211212211011122 2—22
Glasner.....212221*12211221022222221—23
Brown.....11222121022221110222211121—23
W S Allen.....22110221111102101211111 12—22
Dr Clark.....*21222222202222*020220221—19
C B Cockrell.....11111121120211121011211 22—23
F N Cockrell.....2211021011*21221022201210—19
Riehl.....22121222122211212 21*22212—24
Spencer.....21212211212222222222222*2—24
Bramhall.....11122212221221221122222120—24
Arnhold.....22222212221*22121222002 01—21
Hill.....22222222222212201201212 02—22
Gorman.....11111211111211221212222011—24
Tipton.....1112*222222222*21212212222—23
Biscoe.....11022102111011111 22121121—22
Zim.....01222222222122 02*22222222—22
B 27.....02002222222202021122 02102—18
Budd.....11112211111102212111111121—24
Crosby.....22222111211222012210 22*22—22
Burnside.....11111221012111112 12*12111—23
Taylor.....21211221012220221111211 20—22
Smith.....21210122112 21*21121111201—22
Cunningham.....22122022012222222222222—23
Weston.....*12211112112220222 12*1220—21

The Hazard trophy shoot:

J A R Elliott, 33.....2211102*12122111111211111—23
W H Heer, 31.....*11220111121222111212011—22
A Holmes, 30.....20122102010002222111112 22—19
L G Scranton, 30.....22112011121121221222211201—23
C H Calhoun, 30.....10222112112220110211111211—22
Ed O'Brien, 31.....22222222222212212211112 00—23
W R Crosby, 33.....21222112221222121111221 22—25
B 27 30.....11211111112*1211202121112—23
F N Cockrell, 30.....21110121200222222222222220—21
C B Cockrell, 30.....12211211112221112211211 12—25
J B Porter, 30.....21112222222222221211111120—24
F B Cunningham, 30.....22202222222220222222222220—22
W S Allen, 30.....11211112122221112111111122—25
J J Gorman, 30.....21111211122211112212111121—25
G Burnside, 32.....12220201102212112222222211—22
F C Riehl, 31.....12212202121*2220122211020—20
C W Budd, 32.....11221222121112222121211202—24
Dr Clark, 30.....02222022221222222222222220—22
H Spencer, 29.....22222122222222212222121122—25
A Mermod, 30.....22222122122112212 2*221222—24
Dr Brown, 30.....02221211222212222222221212—24
F Arnhold, 30.....20222221222122212202022220—20
E Decker, 28.....00021121021020121122 1*222—18
A H Glasner, 29.....22222201022012202110100 12—18
Zim, 30.....20222022212222*21222022222—21
F M Libbe, 29.....1222*20222222022222222222—21
J O'Neil, 28.....221*22222222222212212 1222—24
J W Bramhall, 30.....22222122222221222221221 22—25
D Elliott, 31.....1221222*02022122101201222—20
H Taylor, 31.....22121*21111222221211011112—23
F J Smith, 29.....22112111211211201221222 11—24
C Stoller, 28.....00222122220122020222202 02—18
T E Massom, 29.....22120222210222122121212 12—23
J M Curtice, 30.....22222220222222222222222*2—23
H Moncy, 32.....02222222222222222222222200—23
Ed Hickman, 29.....2122*02121221221221222112—23
Dr Planck, 30.....022 222202 022112211221 22122—22
H Thiel, 29.....22112112212211221221221211—25
I Besco, 29.....22211122022211112112110 12—21
W M Hill, 30.....22222222222222222220122 22—24
H Tipton, 30.....22222202210220221111210 21—21
Weston, 30.....10222211222222221222011 22—22
Beach, 30.....22222220221111121111211 2*—23
Bob Elliott, 28.....20*2122211*22120w
E H Jones, 28.....21021222222122212211121 11—24
W M Clayton, 29.....22200222222211112121221 21—23
G Rickmers, 30.....10221202221222202222211122—21
Dr Von Quast, 29.....02011221120210211121 12*12—20

Tie on Hazard trophy:

W R Crosby, 33.....11112122111111112122221111111121111111—36
C B Cockrell, 30.....21110w
W S Allen, 30.....02211w
J J Gorman, 30.....11111121112111112121121 1210w
H Spencer, 29.....2222220w
J W Bramhall, 30.....22122211222122222222221121222222220w
H Thiele, 29.....22111111111220w

IN NEW JERSEY.

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., Sept. 13.—There was a small attendance at the weekly shoot of the North River Gun Club to-day. Nine sweepstake events, 10 targets each were shot, as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Eickhoff	6	5	7	3	6	3	6	8	4
Richter	6	..	5	..	..	5	3	6	8
Allison	6	6	8	5	5	..	..	..	..
Morrison	..	..	5	8	5	6	7	4	8

At doubles Morrison broke 9 out of 10.

Edgewater, N. J., Sept. 20.—There was a good attendance to-day at the shoot of the North River Gun Club. In the sweepstakes scores were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	15	20	10	10	10	10	5
Allison	9	9	7	8	9	..	11	8	6	..	..	..
Richter	6	7	8	8	7	11	11	6	6	2	..	..
Greiff	8	9	9	7	10	11	16	7	10	9	..	..
Monahan	5	6	7	7	..	..	..	..	8	..	7	..
Truax	6	9	7	8	8	9	12	8	8	7	..	..
Annett	7	6	..	4	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..
Glaser	3	3	1	5	..	..	..	..	6	2	..	..
Nichols	6	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..
Cathcart	8	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..
Dudley	..	..	10	6	9	11	18	9	..	..	..	..
Floyd, Jr.	..	..	0	1	2	..	7	..	..	..	..	..
Eickhoff	..	..	7	4	6	7	15	7	6	5	3	2
Van Buskirk	..	..	..	8	5	12	13	7	7	..	..	..
Grumann	..	..	..	4	..	10	15	8	..	..	..	..
Speth	..	..	..	7	6	11	13	7	3	..	..	..
Bahr	..	..	..	3	4	6	6	2	7	..	..	..
Morrison	..	..	..	6	6	10	14	6	6	6	6	4
Post	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..
Frances	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	1	..	..
Harden	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	0	2	..	..

Team match between Westwood Gun Club and North River Gun Club, on the latter's ground at Edgewater, N. J.:

North River Gun Club.		Westwood Gun Club.	
Eickhoff	13	Van Buskirk	8
Allison	15	Bahr	8
Dudley	18	Speth	17
Morrison	17	Grumann	19
Greiff	19	Post	15
Annett	13	B Grumann	15
Truax	12	L Post	16
Richter	11—118	G Speth	13—111

Resulting in a victory for the home club by 7 birds.

James R. Merrill, Sec'y.

Emerald Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., Sept. 16.—The weather was fine and the birds were good to-day at the Emerald Gun Club's shoot, Smith Brothers' grounds. Mr. C. Voehringer, a new member, was present. Mr. T. W. Morfey, a guest, was the only one to kill 10 straight in the club event. Four tied on 9, Messrs. F. Kall, A. A. Schoverling, S. M. Van Allen and W. Caton. Four of the contestants were visitors, Messrs. Morfey, Loeble, Cowe and Voss. The scores:

Dr Hudson, 28.....12121022*2— 8
F Kall, 25.....2012111122— 9
R Regan, 25.....010011**11— 5
Dr O'Connell, 32..0222022222— 8
A Schoverling, 30..0222222222— 9
W Corbet, 25.....2011010**2— 5
Col Voss, 30.....1201001111— 7
C H Cowe, 28.....0202*21212— 7
G E Loeble, 30....0020*02222— 5
J H Moore, 28.....21*1121110— 8
T Cody, 28.....020000210*— 3
E J Roberts, 28...2010102112— 7
T Morfey, 30.....2222222122—10
H C Koegel, 30...121202111*— 8
S M Van Allen, 30.2222222022— 9
W Catton, 28.....0121212111— 9
T Short, 28.....112012*121— 8
C Voehringer, 25..0201210*11— 6
W Hassinger, 30...0021112222— 8
J Fischer, 28.....0101100112— 6
F Hansmann, 25...0120110122— 7

Jeannette Gun Club.

Guttenburg, N. J., Sept. 19.—The monthly shoot of the Jeannette Gun Club, held to-day at Guttenburg, had a wet day, poor birds and a small attendance. In the club event, at 10 live birds, C. Meyerdiercks won Class A in the first round of the shoot-off with C. Meyer, each of whom killed 10 straight in the club event. A. Schumacher won Class B with a score of 8 out of 10. The challenge medal, a 15-bird event, was won by Mr. Steffens with a score of 14, this being his fourth win with the same score.

Club event:

F Ehlen, 28.....2110101111— 8
C Meyer, 28.....2112111111—10
C Steffens, 30.....2200220212— 7
C Innman, 28.....112*201111— 8
Job Lott, 30.....21211112*1— 9
J Hainhorst, 28....2111111110— 9
H Pape, 28.....2110221121— 9
J H Kroeger, 28....22*2121202— 8
J Vagts, 28.....0020120012— 5
C Meyerdiercks, 28.1212221112—10
J Mohrman, 28.....1102002111— 7
W Rohlfs, 28.....0112111111— 9
J Luhrmann, 25....0022021200— 5
A Schumacher, 25..2002212112— 8
G E Loeble, 28.....*122222121— 9
E Koehler, 25.....*1200022*0— 5

Challenge medal, 15 birds:

Steffens, 30.....110122211221112—14
Meyerdiercks, 28.....0201*0110201*22— 8

Team race:

Capt Meyerdiercks...01211—4
Steffens.....12121—5
Loeble.....01221—4
Kroeger.....10222—4
Mohrman.....22010—3
Vagts.....11122—5
Schumacher.....*2202—3—28
Capt Meyers.....11111—5
Hainhorst.....11111—5
Interman.....1112*—4
Rohlfs.....2122*—4
Pape.....11*11—4
Ehlen.....22201—4
Koehler.....12111—5—31

Match, 5 birds, for birds:

Hainhorst.....11012—4
Pape.....12212—5

Match, 5 birds, for birds:

Hainhorst.....2*122—5
Pape.....12222—5

Match, 5 birds:

Koehler.....11100—3
Basse.....00200—2

Match, 5 birds:

Loeble.....21122—5
Hainhorst.....11110—4

Team race:

Koehler.....111*1—4
Interman.....11211—5— 9
Hainhorst.....12111—5
Loeble.....11121—5—10

ON LONG ISLAND.

Fulton Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Sept. 22.—The deer horns presented by Mr. H. W. Bissing to the club, to be shot for at 50 birds, members only, were won by Mr. Pat May, after a lively shoot-off with Kaiser. The canvas hunting coat donated by Mr. A. Woods for non-members was tied for by Mr. C. Dudley and Harry Welles, 41 out of 50. They did not shoot off, as Dudley had to leave.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	10	10	15	15	15
June	14	7	7	12	13	13
Dudley	13	8	8	14	14	..
Mr F.	4	6	3	6	4	..
J Jones	12	8	8	10	10	..
Loeble	9	..	..	10	..	..
A A Schoverling	11	..	..	11	12	..
H Welles	9	..	..	11	..	..
A Woods	12	..	..	10	5	..
B Schneider	13	..	..	12	..	..
Harne	8	..	..	6	..	..
Staples	8	..	..	11	..	..
May	9	..	..	4	..	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	10	10	15	15	15
Bissing	13	..	..	..	..	..
Kessel	6	..	..	6	..	..
Ernst	2	..	..	..	..	..
Charles	7	..	..	..	..	..
Merten	12	..	..	..	..	..
Norris	4	..	..	..	..	..
Kaiser	7	..	5	..	..	..
W Woods	11	..	..	..	..	..
Gray	6	..	..	..	..	..
Duke	11	..	..	12	..	..
June	..	..	..	10	..	..

A. A. Schoverling, Cor. Sec'y.

Colt Gun Club.

Hartford, Conn., Sept. 21.—The events and scores shot at the Colt Gun Club range, Saturday afternoon were:

Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	25	25	25
Hermann	17	19	19
Cook	17	16	..
Hollister	12	16	16
Easton	17	14	..
Alger	16	10	13
McFetridge	15	15	18
Hubbell	13	..	..
Warner	15	..	..

Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	25	25	25
Bullock	7	11	..
Barbour	9	7	..
Daniels	6	8	..
Wander	7	4	..
Stone	11	..	..
Hooker	10	..	..
McCrenor	12	15	..

This was the first shoot over the new traps, which particularly accounts for the small scores.

The next regular shoot will be Oct. 4. Then a number of the members advocate closing down until the hunting season is over.

R. McFetridge, Sec'y.

Winchester Gun Club.

Detroit, Mich.—At the regular shoot, Sept. 20, Shiell won in Class A with 23; Hitchcock in Class B with 21, and McAdam in Class C with 18. Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	15	15	10	15	10	10	25
Brodie	5	5	12	10	9	..	8	..	18
Guthard	..	8	11	13	9	15	9	8	20
Shiell	..	..	..	..	9	11	9	7	23
Hitchcock	..	8	12	9	..	9	7	..	21
McAdam	..	..	..	..	6	8	8	5	18
Ford	..	5	10	9	..	12	5	..	11
Brown	..	..	..	..	8	..	4	..	..
Leggett	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	15

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

G. L. O., Canton, O.—Can you define for me succinctly the word duck? Of course, the dictionary is accessible to me, and also the enclycopedia, but both volumes in characterizing this bird employ technical terms, some of which I do not understand. I want something that is plain and simple—couched in every day language, comprehensible to common people. Ans. Your trouble is one which is common. We recommend to you the opening chapter of a series of articles published in Forest and Stream two years ago, entitled "American Wild Fowl and How to Take Them." The special reference which you need is Forest and Stream, Vol. LV., page 186, Sept. 8, 1900. The same material, somewhat revised, is found in Grinnell's "American Duck Shooting," page 19. This volume contains also descriptions of all the North American geese, ducks and swans, with full accounts of all the methods of shooting them, and descriptions and plans of batteries, boats, decoys, etc. Price $3.50.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

At Du Bois, Pa., Sept. 11, Mr. L. B. Fleming was high gun, with a score of 191 out of 200; he used Infallible. In the competition for the Dibner cup, the four-man team of the North Side Gun Club won, and three of the four used Infallible. Mr. Jack Williams won the Custer medal, emblematic of the championship of the Du Bois Rod and Gun Club; he used Infallible. Mr. L. H. Higgins writes the Laflin & Rand Powder Co.: "I have shotgun shells loaded with your shotgun smokeless that have been loaded three years now, and are as good as when first loaded. These shells have been on board ship all this time."

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Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales, 302-304 Broadway, New York, have issued a catalogue of special excellence in the way of artistic quality, and of special completeness in the way of prices, descriptive detail and fine illustrations. It treats of shotguns, rifles, pistols, powders, ammunition and fishing rods. It may be obtained on application to Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales.

The Lefever Arms Co., of Syracuse, N. Y., calls attention to their new gun, "I grade—Durston Special." The barrels are of Dura-Nitro steel (black), 28, 30 and 32 inch barrels, 12 gauge only, bored for trap, field and brush shooting. The price is $39; with ejector, $52. This gun is illustrated and described in our business columns.

The U. M. C. Co., Bridgeport, Conn., is now supplying .22-short smokeless cartridges with inside, as well as the regular outside, lubrication. This new system of lubrication makes the cartridges clean in handling. They will not lead the barrel, and will be found accurate, sure fire and smokeless.

It is often very convenient to know of a practical gunsmith who can attend to the various repairs that we constantly need for our guns. The advertisement of Frank Nowicki will undoubtedly interest many of our readers.

In his contest for the Hazard trophy at Blue River Park, Kansas City, last week, scoring 61 kills from the 33yd. mark, and winning, W. R. Crosby shot E. C. powder, Smith gun and Winchester shells.

Mr. Ed. O'Brien, of Kansas City, won the Interstate live-bird event of the Missouri State shoot last week with 25 straight kills. He used E. C. powder in Peters shells.

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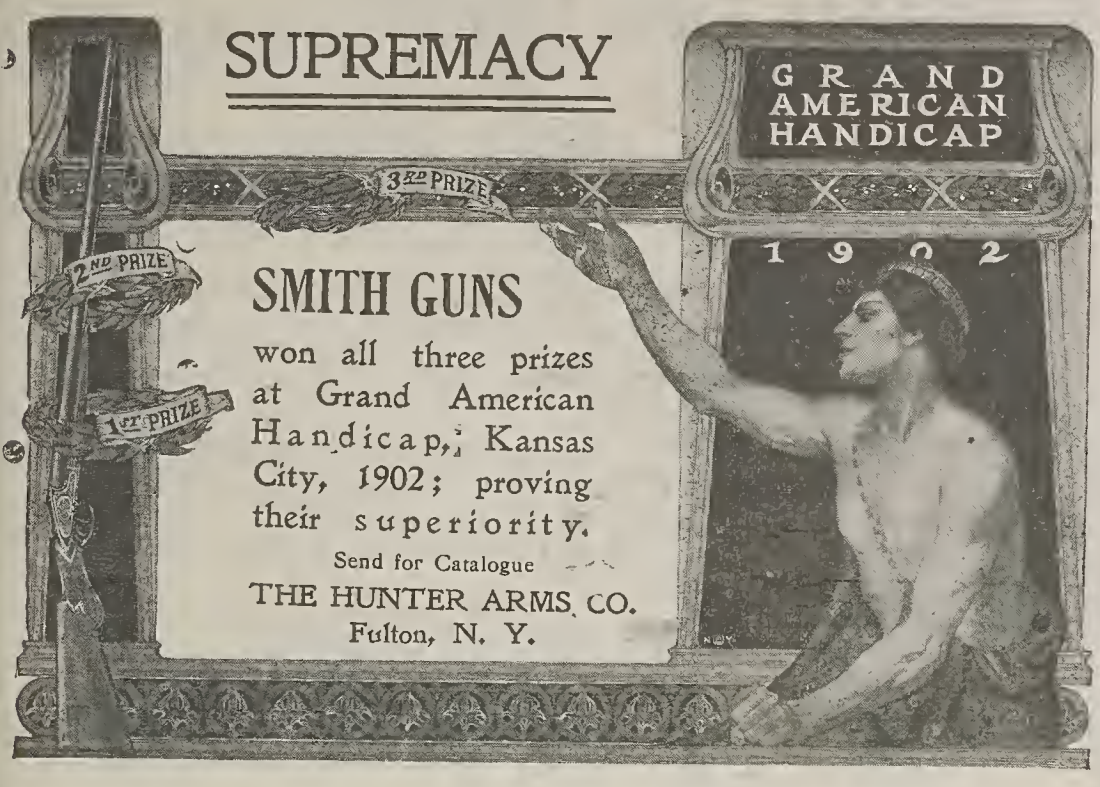

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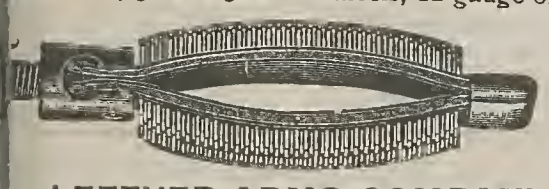

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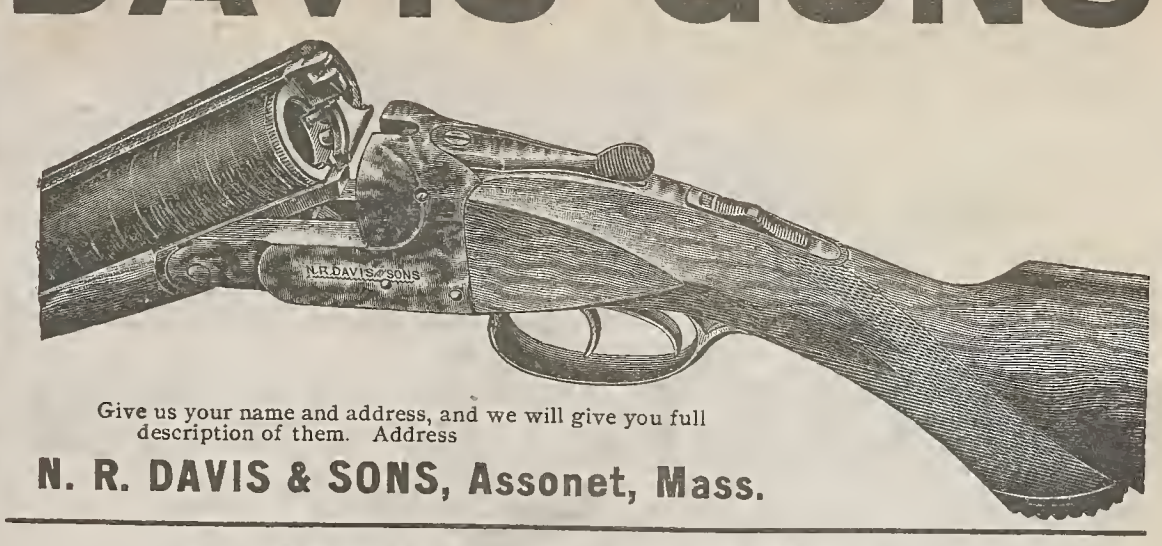

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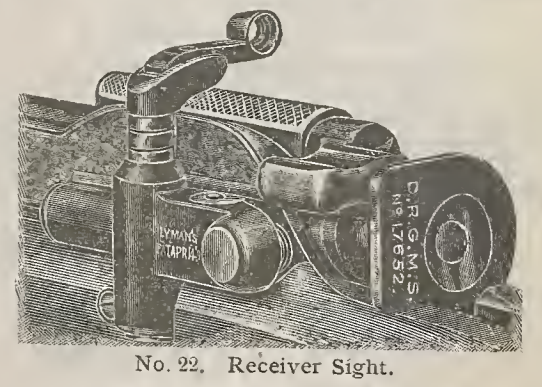

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VOL. LIX.—No. 14. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1902.

FOREST AND STREAM

ROD AND GUN

Robt Ridgway
Smithsonian Ins

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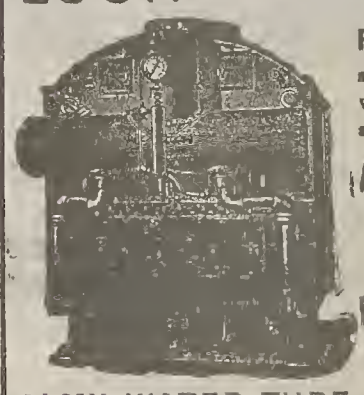

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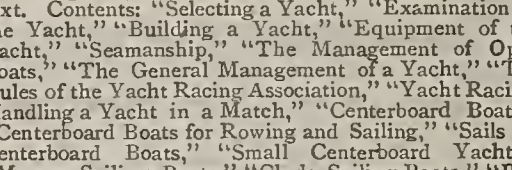

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1902.

VOL. LIX.—No. 14. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

"Send the Name with the Money."

WILL the Tarpon Springs, Fla., correspondent who last week sent us an envelope containing thirty cents and nothing more, kindly now send his name and tell us what should be sent back in exchange for the money?

THE COAL STRIKE AND THE WOODLANDS.

THE great economic struggle now going on is causing much inconvenience to millions of people and actual suffering to a less number, but beside this it threatens agricultural interests in the East with damage which years cannot repair.

For many months now the coal miners of the anthracite districts in Pennsylvania and West Virginia have been on strike, refusing to work themselves, and refusing also to permit other men to take their places. During all this time, therefore, the output of anthracite coal—practically the sole fuel used in the cities of the northeastern United States—has been nothing. The supply on hand has grown less and less, and as it diminished prices have risen, until now coal is a commodity out of the reach of all except the well-to-do, and even for these is extremely hard to obtain, because there is so little in the market that dealers are afraid to sell it except in very small quantities. This scarcity, while affording material for much jocularity in the comic papers, is already a very serious thing to a large portion of our urban population, and promises as time goes on and the season advances to cause much suffering and even death.

With the merits of the strike, the FOREST AND STREAM has nothing to do, nor has it any opinions to pass on it. But it is quite within its province to call attention to one of the results of this scarcity.

Since coal is no longer to be had for fuel, people are endeavoring to find a substitute for coal. It is said that, in certain parts of New York State, peat is being cut and dried to burn, but a more accessible and more popular—because familiar—substitute is wood, the fuel of our forefathers.

Within the last few months the price of coal has risen to three times its former value; wood is now worth twice what it used to be, and is still rising. Wood that formerly sold on the ground for $1.75 per cord, now readily brings $4. The result of this is that in some localities the farmers are cutting the wood from their land by wholesale, being tempted by prices such as they never before heard of. In localities within easy reach of a market the destruction of the forest is going on at a rate that is extraordinary and most lamentable. Oak and pitch pine are being cut down and made into cord wood as fast as possible. The farmers whose harvesting is now over are quite generally hiring laborers—Italians and others—to get wood on the ground and chopped into lengths in time to take advantage of the present high prices. This destruction is especially noticeable in Suffolk county, Long Island, where the oak and the pine of all sizes is being cut down. At many of the stations throughout this county piles of cordwood 200 or 300 feet long may be seen awaiting transportation to the cities, or to the wharves where it is being shipped by water.

Nor is this a very new thing. All through the summer wood has been quite generally burned on Long Island by those who used to burn coal: The proprietor of the Long Beach Hotel this summer contracted for 2,000 cords of wood, which it may be presumed has all been used. Land holders who for years have taken pride in the noble trees which ornament their farms, have in some cases cut these down to burn, reasoning that they must keep warm and cook their food, and since coal is not to be had, it will not do to let a sentiment interfere with comfort.

How general this destruction is in the Eastern States will not be known for some time, but it is certainly a serious matter, and one which in the future is likely to bear evil fruit. It is quite conceivable that if general, the wholesale cutting of the timber may prove a blessing in disguise, calling renewed attention to the importance of our woodlands, showing the necessity of planting new forests and renewing old ones, and hinting also at possible profits to be derived from the forests of the future.

What with the sweeping away of vast areas of green timber land along the Rocky Mountain range and in Washington and Oregon, and the still further paring down of the slight forest covering of the Atlantic seaboard, the United States of America seem more than ever to be in a bad way so far as its woodlands are concerned.

JOHN WESLEY POWELL.

MAJOR J. W. POWELL, long one of America's most eminent workers in science, died Sept. 23 at his summer home, at Haven, Me.

Major Powell had been engaged in scientific work in the service of the U. S. Government for nearly forty years, or almost since the close of the Civil War, through which he had served, and during which he had received wounds resulting in the loss of an arm. He is perhaps best known to the public by his extraordinary and daring exploration of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River in 1868, but workers in science knew him also as an eminent geologist and one of the first anthropologists of the world.

About the time of his exploration of the Colorado Cañon, Major Powell spent much time in studying the Utes of western Colorado and to the southward, and he was perhaps the first authority in the world on the customs and the language of these people.

About 1879 Major Powell succeeded in securing the establishment by Congress of the Bureau of American Ethnology, which has since, under his able direction, proved so great a force in stimulating the study of the native Americans and in gathering and publishing material about them. In 1880 he became the Director of the Geological Survey, and retained that position for more than ten years.

The value of Major Powell's work in science was everywhere recognized. His advice and counsel were constantly sought in scientific matters. He had been the President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and was a member of many scientific societies at home and abroad.

During the last years of his life he had been a constant invalid, suffering from his old wounds received in the war, yet to the last he worked earnestly at the sciences to which he had devoted his whole life.

SOUTHERN BIRDS AND SOUTHERN CROPS.

IT is gratifying to see indications that the subject of bird protection may take a place in politics in the South. A campaign of education on this subject is being undertaken by at least one great corporation, and is attracting very considerable attention. At last it seems as if the farmer was beginning to learn that success in agriculture depends largely on the birds, and that an absence of birds means presence of insects, which in turn means injury to crops.

Prof. H. P. Attwater, of the Southern Pacific Industrial Department, recently delivered an address on the relation of birds to the farmer at the annual session of the Texas Farmers' Congress, and the Southern Pacific Railroad has printed the address for distribution. The paper is an admirable one for circulation among farmers, and it should have a wide currency. Of it the Meridian (Miss.) State says:

"Bird protection is going to be made an economic issue in every Southern State before many days, and the army of sentimental advocates will be reinforced by the utilitarians, who, while caring nothing for the beauty of the feathered songster or the music he makes, are very much alive to his usefulness in exterminating insects that kill crops, and are determined to stay the hand of the snarer and wanton bird killer before it is too late and the insects have taken possesion of the land.

"Here is a great railway company, through its representative, joining hands with the sentimentalists to protect the feathered tribe, and no one who knows anything about the potency of that kind of influence will doubt that the birds have found a strong friend and ally before the lawmakers in Texas. Wherever common sense prevails, this cause will find advocates and the State would like to see bird protection made an issue in Mississippi politics next year."

In the matter of bird protection simply as a question of economics—for the protection of crops, and for no other purpose—the South has lagged wofully behind the rest of the country. Florida, perhaps, has the worst record of all in this respect, because once so wonderfully rich in bird life, and so easy of access that it attracted the plume hunters first of all. But Texas and Louisiana must also share the shame, and it is most gratifying to be told that a change in sentiment is taking place in the Gulf States, the winter homes of so many of our useful and beautiful birds.

SNAP SHOTS.

More or less fanciful distinctions have been drawn between the "sportsman" and the "sport." We venture a new one. In the woods the visiting angler or shooter is commonly called a "sport," and his guide speaks of him as "my sport." Now a good working distinction between a "sport" and a "sportsman" is this: A "sport" is one who goes into the woods in charge of a guide to show him the way, find the game and tell him when to shoot. A "sportsman" is one who goes into the woods by himself, or with a cook, finds his way and his own game and shoots his game when he knows that it is game and not a man. The "true sportsman" is one who goes into the woods with a guide at $3.50 a day, and shows the guide the way around and leads him back to the trail when he gets lost. And the "true sportsman" of this type is not unknown in the Maine woods.

The next best thing is to read about it and to write about it, whether in anticipation or recollection. There are two "next-best" papers in our shooting columns this week. Mr. Cristadoro writes one; he is doomed, he tells us, not to shoot a shell on game this fall, and so "gets what he can out of it by proxy." The other paper is by Mr. Vossiler, who, denied the privilege of joining friends on the fall hunt, has nevertheless this pleasure of living over again an outing of past experience. And in thus doing the next best thing by writing, these two contributors to the entertainment of FOREST AND STREAM'S readers will have helped many another one to do the next best thing in reading.

Of what other recreations may it be said that the anticipation of them is so alluring a pleasure, the remembrance of them so abiding a satisfaction? It has been said before, and is worth repeating often and again, that he who in early years follows the pursuit of rod and gun is laying up for himself pleasant memories for the years to come. Mr. Chapman tells this anew, in his boyhood sketch today, as it has been told in FOREST AND STREAM a thousand times, and will be again.

The country boy may safely be left to his own proclivities and his own devices to discover and make test of the delights of field sports. The city boy has much less of opportunity; but he should be given the chance to be a sportsman if he has it in him. That father who teaches his son to shoot and to fish is equipping the boy with resources which may last all through his life, and for which, it is very certain, the filial gratitude will be as enduring. The field and camp companionship of father and son is an experience of present joy and of blessed memories for both, and more than all blessed for one when the other has passed beyond.

Why is it that a clergyman who preaches the law and the gospel, a judge who sentences to prison those who break the laws, a lawyer whose profession it is to secure conformity to law in business and social life, a teacher whose life work it is to instil principles of morality into the tender mind of the young, will, when in the fields or on the pool, forget the law or defy it impudently? This phase of human nature is worth studying. How is it to be accounted for?

The concluding paper of the series "A Summer on the Labrador" is unavoidably deferred to our next issue.

The Sportsman Tourist.

The Changing Year.

The following notes from the diary of Rowland E. Robinson have peculiar interest because they illustrate so well the keen interest Mr. Robinson, though deprived of sight, took in the outdoor world through the changes of the seasons.

March 15 (1898).—Colors of aurora borealis reported green, purple and light red. A slight thunder shower and hail at night.

March 18.—The girls saw robins and song sparrows at the mountain. They found one hepatica, the earliest in our records. Rowland saw bitterns and frogs in the marshes.

March 20.—Split Rock Lighthouse lighted up; the earliest since 1894. Started out of the silence, a thin, small voice. Nathan Morrison going to Quaker meeting and fox hunting at same time.

"Farewell, farewell, two, t'ree hairy hol' daughter!
Dust wobble hol' Perry, so da'ks he can' see:
No pail ever slip under hwomans, in water,
An' pour it an' spill it all over on me.
All round it was glistle some lovelies' hamber,
As ever was sorry for see de bird swep',
Wid many a shelf in de hole of de chamber,
Where Perry hev motion in moonlight fer slep'."

March 29.—Suckers are caught on the Falls; 200, they say. It is not pleasant to think of ourselves as becoming at last nothing but a heap of bones and dust, so we comfort ourselves with the idea of immortality. How much more wonderful were the intelligent men, our remote ancestors, the cave dwellers, than the beaver or certain birds, or even the cat?

March 30.—Hear meadow lark.

March 31.—Snowing. R. Beers says the first one-horse pleasure wagon that appeared in town had a square paneled box with railing, without springs under it, nor the seat, and had no dashboard. Altogether, a queer looking thing, and no easier to ride in than a lumber wagon.

Last December Rowland and some boys skating on Little Otter, near the main road bridge, found a tame goose alive, frozen to the ice by cakes which her wings had frozen fast to. Got her loose, a good deal damaged. How the rabbit's ears and hind legs came to be so long. The porcupine pulling at the first to get the rabbit from the wild cat, who had caught her by the hind legs. Fable of a mink that was not satisfied with what he found near home, going to a great lake, was swallowed by a big pike. R. Beers said to-day, "As coarse as all tow." A half-breed Chippewa, with R. R. Minturn in northern Michigan, found water by digging at the root of what he called a water pine. It had branches growing low on the trunk though standing in thick woods. Shards or junk bottles are plowed up on the old camp ground, 10 or 15 acres in extent, east of Watch Point. Rodsy D., surveyor, tells of old military road from Mt. Independence to Hubbardton. Its general course was south 15 degrees east, winding between the lake and East Creek, crossing East Creek a mile from B. and passed Sunset Lake and across a cranberry marsh, where it is still in use as a wood road, then near Beebe Lake. where it crossed streams, the old abutments can still be seen and parts of the road can be traveled, then ran to east part of Hubbardton and battleground. One of Warner's men on the retreat was burdened with bullets, a portion of which he buried and afterward recovered.

April 2.—French troops of the line wore white uniforms faced with blue, red, yellow or violet, a three-cornered hat and gaiters, generally black, from feet to knee. This in Montcalm's army. The troops of British colonies, common, their coat and breeches of red or blue, carried musket, powder horn, bullet pouch, blanket and knapsack and wooden canteen. Si Parkman says: At Ransom Burr's, he says, two Barnes' brothers kept a store at Young's corners, east of the forge, sawmill and carding machine on the Monkton road (old Boston Iron Co.'s works). They drew a prize in a lottery and one brother felt so rich that he laid a three-dollar bill on a piece of bread and butter and eat it. A man named Pond, a speculator, was sick and gave himself up to die. Dr. Maxfield told him he'd done all he could for him, but to give him a certain pill and unless that helped him he was a dead man. He took the pill, and the next day was about his business. Two runs of one kind and a run and a half of the other kind of yarn a day's work, R. B. says. Two runs of warp he thinks and less of filling; wages of spinners were 75 cents a week. "40 threads in a knot, 10 knots in a skein, 2 skeins in a run," so M. S. P. says.

April 3.—Morning blossomed in the sky. Canoe going over a fall strikes and holds on a rock at the brink; a mid-channel island with a cave in it, which gives passage to the shore.

Man who prepared for a hunting trip to the west by stealing an ax and a turkey.

Man who slipped and spilled pails of syrup on snow where it cooled so that he rolled up the sheets, and so carried it home.

April 23.—As many as a dozen cock pheasants were crowing, most of them in neighborhood of the East Slang. This morning heard a flicker cackle. Like Benvenuto Cellini, some of our modern saints see their aureoles more clearly than do others. A neighbor's boy came across lots to borrow some thread of my grandmother "to finish mammy's long gown." This was in the days when the "short gown" was universally worn by working women, and the advent of a long gown was important. After some inquiry grandmother started the boy home with a skein of cotton thread of a suitable color. He soon came stumbling back, his bare feet picking their way over the ledge, and a rod from the open south door called out in breathless haste. "Fur enough f'm mammy's long gown. It's punkin seeds!"

May 14.—This evening heard many frogs or toads on Lewis Creek intervale, their cry less like a whistle than the common "peepers" or hylas. It is like very small, resonant bells, quite continuous, and a very pleasing chorus. To-day I have lived sixty-five years and never before noticed this peculiar cry. Not flattering to my observation of nature. Coming home we heard the telegraph wires humming.

May 17.—Our catbird announces his arrival this morning,

"Our Yankee tars and men-of-war
Carry our glorious flag afar."

May 20.—Shrike's nest in east orchard, five eggs.

May 26.—A wood duck in an elm sapling eating the leaves, drawing them to his mouth with his pinion, came down head first.

May 27.—Cuckoo comes.

May 29.—Wood pewee comes.

An old pike tells his story.

June 1.—Trolling with Sedgwick Preston, who came for me and led me through pleasant pastures and meadows and beside the still waters where I heard many old familiar voices of always unseen water fowl, guessed to be coots and rail, also a bittern driving his submerged stake just as he did more than fifty years ago when I first heard him when I went fishing with Merigo. From the shores the bleating of sheep and lambs, the lowing of cows, shouting of plowmen, clang of iron roller on the rail and chink of a hammer breaking stone on Slang bridge crossing. Lily and wild oats above water. The air full of the strong odor of the marsh. All our fishing brought us but one medium-sized pike-perch. Innumerable hauls of weeds. Phantom minnow took the one fish. Marsh full of brown moths.

I hear two crows signalling to each other, four caws repeated several times, then three, then the four again. Some one says crows can only count four, not ever objects above that number.

June 9.—9 P. M. Bullfrogs' thin, reedy bass comes from creek; the electric bells of toads, the sharp clatter of one tree toad, the soughing of the north wind and the sweet note of a wood pewee singing in the old garden bidding the world good-night—"adieu, adieu."

Manly Hardy writes: "Beaver oil is not the castor, but a fluid of strong scent which attracts all fur bearers. Beaver skin is split on belly. Skin is stretched on hoop of spruce, two sticks spliced, the skin sewed to it at the edges. Bear skin on frame like quilt. Otter has strong but not unpleasant scent. Fisher scent like weasel. Skin of otter legs drawn off whole, not split.

June 10.—This year we realize the force of the old likening of evil things to "a cuss of worms."

June 13.—Worms still with us. A Canuck shouted so loud in a long-range fight that he scared his opponent and was himself frightened by the echo of his own voice.

A panther fight described by an eye witness: Two old he ones meet in the woods, one kills the other and is shot by narrator.

June 26.—A pair of vireos made a nest in one of our lilac trees and hatched a brood. Yesterday were much troubled, one bird fussing about the nest, then appearing to trample in it. To-day they have deserted it, and two unfledged birds were found lying dead under the tree. We cannot reach the nest without a ladder and wonder the cause of it all. I mistrust an intruding cowbird, but there were screech owls near the place the night before.

June 27.—Upon examination a cowbird's egg was found in the nest. Our people of the lower classes are very particular to speak of each other as "mister" and "missis," and of elderly people of that sort as "old gentlemen" and "old ladies," and to introduce each other as Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So. Joseph Borden was captured by British during Revolution, was taken across a river in a boat. Fired on by Americans. Borden lay in the bottom of the boat. The British set him on a thwart and sat on either side. Next volley killed both and left Borden unharmed.

June 30.—Went to Shoreham. Both sides of the railroad red with clover as I never before felt it. Thunderstorm at night. A near flash, followed by a sharp but light report, like the snap of a tree in winter. The noise was all that I knew of the storm.

July 3.—Three red-headed woodpeckers came this morning, quite noisy, with their "Creek, creek," and a short chatter of their two-toned notes, "Kruk, crrruk." Dr. Seymour tells about a man who told abominable lies of his belongings and adventures. A common colored print was an oil portrait of some potentate who gave it to him. He presented it to Dr. Seymour, rolling it on a bit of an Alpenstock that he carried in climbing the Alps with Prof. Tyndall. A hand grenade, found at Ft. Ticonderoga and once owned by Ebenezer Bowman, is two and one-half inches in diameter, the fuse hole half an inch diameter, the shell about an eighth-inch through. Old woman finds toggery of her youth; tries it on; trots around in it till she tumbles down stairs against the door, where she is found in a heap by her old husband. He tumbles head first into meat barrel he is packing pork in. Old wife helps him out only on condition that he won't tell of her late plight. Woodpeckers drum call like a rapid dribble of water. A dazed spirit just parted from its clay, still wondering at the mystery of separation.

July 16.—Yesterday a warm north wind all day. We rarely have had so fair a hay season nor so much good hay, though not of the marketable kind. Day before yesterday, the 14th, the Abram Rogers home burned, a landmark of old Quaker times and the days of simple lives. The great chimney and fireplace fell last and buried the hospitable hearthstone in a smoldering heap. All gone like Abram, Bethiah, his wife, and their unmarried children, Joseph, Stephen and Marah, the last of their race. The clear pine woodwork of the stairway and chambers was a wonder to modern eyes, some boards almost three feet wide.

July 17.—

O sleep, my honey, go to sleep!
Do'n' you see how de shadders creep?
O hear de hummin' ob de bees—
M-m-m-m-m;
De win' a-sighin' in de trees,
Sh-sh-sh-sh-sh.

O hain't yo' eyelids weighin' down,
Yo' sleepy head a-swimmin' 'roun',
To hear de slow hum ob de bees—
M-m-m-m-m;
De win' a-sighin' in de trees,
Sh-sh-sh-sh-sh.

I wish yo' mammy had yo' chance,
She wouldn't watch de sunshine dance,
But hark de humniin' bees.
Now you' eyelids grow lak' lead,
Now a dream shapes in yo' head,
An' low an' slow go hummin' bees—
M-m-m-m-m;
De breeze sing low in leaves an' trees,
Sh-sh-sh-sh-sh.

July 18.—R. Beers says if cloudy at time moon changes it is a sign of rain. A woman in the poorhouse at Williston who was jilted by her lover vowed that no one should ever see her face again. For twenty years she has kept it covered with a cloth. Thunderstorms growled and threatened afar off all the afternoon, and at 4 it began raining gently. Now, at 5:30, the sounds are, the purr of rain on the leaves, the dripping of the eaves, the tinkling gurgle of a conduit, a robin's rain song, a song sparrow's musical warble, the cluck of a small flock of blackbirds, the sharp trill of a tree toad, and now and then a patter of rain drops spilled from topmost boughs. I hear the chuckle of a grass plover, early for migration.

July 26.—We heard an August piper.

Aug. 2.—A good many indoors. Our little screech owl has a note I have not heard before, like the wail of a small child. He is a fellow of infinite variety.

Tales of the Frontier.

IV.—The Rescue.

In the strenuous life of the frontier, character was quickly developed. Characteristics which marked the individual for good or evil came quickly into notice. And while it is very probable that "Brave men were living before Agamemnon," and while fortitude and manly courage are just as surely the heritage of the American to-day as at any other time in our history—witness Hobson calling for half a score of men to peril their lives in an almost hopeless venture for their country's honor, overwhelmed by the instant offer of a multitude of volunteers, while all the rest of the men of the fleet stood ready if needed—yet the fact remains that self-reliance and the sense of responsibility came earlier in life to the boy or girl of the frontier.

In the peaceful life of to-day, when everything moves smoothly and silently in well-oiled grooves, it is difficult indeed for the average citizen to realize what the hard conditions of frontier life made of the men of that day and time.

"We all forget
The still endurance of the rude
Unpolished sons of solitude."
"What strong, uncommon men were these,
These settlers hewing to the seas!
Great horny-handed men and tan;
Men blown from many a barren land
Beyond the sea; men red of hand,
And men in love, and men in debt,
Like David's men in battle set;
And men whose very hearts had died,
Who only sought these woods to hide
Their wretchedness, held in the van,
Yet every man among them stood
Alone, along that sounding wood,
And every man somehow a man!"

Little Merton Eastlick—a mere child—creeping out in the darkness of night from the tall grass of the prairie slough, where nearly all his father's family during the day had found a bloody death at the hands of savage foes; finding his baby brother wandering around in the darkness and taking him upon his back and carrying him for fifty miles—from Lake Shetek to Dutch Charlie's (it is almost beyond belief, but absolutely true), is "A hero descended from heroes!"

And I would go further to-day to shake hands with him—if he be still living—than to witness the crowning of all the kings England ever produced. The taking possession of any new portion of the earth's surface—the abode of only wild beasts and savage men—has always called for men of marked individuality and self-reliance.

And while on the Minnesota frontier the danger from savage Indians passed away in a few brief years, there was one enemy—the winter blizzard—which made the southwestern part of Minnesota a veritable battle ground for a part of each and every one of the earlier years.

Not until the prairie portion of the State was won for civilization inch by inch did the buildings, fences and other improvements of the settlers transform this part of the country into a region at all safe for any traveler to attempt to pass in the winter season.

Once caught in the teeth of the winter gale, beyond the shelter of the timber, the pioneer could only drift with it. Neither man nor beast could face it.

During the five winters in which the writer trapped furred animals in that region, not one winter passed but men froze to death, or lost limbs from frost bites among the sparse population of that early time.

As the peril could not be eluded, men learned to make light of it; and it was often a source of amusement to the pioneers when a group of them related in turn their odd and absurd adventures with the common foe.

For the oddest things were continually happening. In a country where men quickly learned to untie the rope from the old-fashioned bedstead, and to tie one end around the door knob and the other around their bodies when they ventured out to feed their stock, anything was possible.

One settler who made his home on the edge of the prairie having just time to inclose his house and move into it before all of the upper floor was laid, before the

coming of the first blizzard, put in the daylight hours of three successive days cramming the stove with all the wood he had prepared, and with 400 feet of seasoned pine flooring, on hand to finish the upper floor, and which barely sufficed to save the shivering family until peace again ruled in the atmospherc; and as in his hurried preparation for winter he had only been able to build a shed with pole and hay roof for his horses, and the fight with the blizzard being so terribly earnest that he had not dared to venture out oncc to look at his horses, but had abandoned them to their fate, told the writer that when it became for the first time possible to see the stable that he never laughed so in all his life, for the snow having been blown into every crevice of the stable had filled it almost to the roof, and the horses, fortunately having been tied with plenty of rope room, had trampled the snow until it raised them to the roof, and in their hunger having eaten the hay roof, now stood on their snowy floor with their necks outstretched above the top of the stable, some twelve feet above the ground, and their bodies being completely hidden by the high wall of the stable, he had to rub his eyes and look twice to assure himself that they were not a pair of giraffes.

This much of preface is here given in the hope that the reader may gain somewhat of an understanding of the conditions which confronted the pioneer when, as was not seldom the case, he was called upon to peril his life for the saving of others.

And seldom—if ever—was he thus weighed in the balances and found wanting.

Immediately after the great Indian massacre of 1862 the Government constructed a line of stockades across from Mankato, Minnesota, toward Sioux City, Iowa, and for a few years maintained a cavalry force which patrolled this frontier line until the Sioux were defeated and driven back by the soldiers and the Pawnee scouts under Major Frank North, when they were sent for duty elsewhere, and the abandoned line of the old stockades stood for years as mementoes of more turbulent days.

Fifteen miles east of Jackson, Minn., stood one of these abandoned fortifications, the lee side of its palisaded wall being often used as a windbreak by travelers obliged to camp on the open prairie.

Early in the winter of 1866-7, if I recollect aright, an officer of the United States Regular Army despatched an ambulance in the care of two trusty soldiers to bring his wife and two small children across the country from Mankato, Minn., to the winter quarters where he was stationed at Sioux City, Ia. It was a long, tedious drive across the country, entirely too late in the season for such a venture, and the cold came on quickly.

Before their return began snow fell to the depth of nearly a foot, and while striving to reach the timber on the Des Moines River for a night camp, the ambulance with its five passengers was so delayed by the snow that night overtook them at the old stockade just as the first great blizzard of the season came down from the northwest "like a wolf on the fold."

Under the lee of the old fortification they camped as best they could. The brave soldiers, realizing that it had now quickly become a matter of life and death for the lady and the two little innocents committed to their charge, spread a buffalo robe in the bottom of the vehicle upon which the woman and children lay down, when they wrapped them in the remaining robes and blankets—knowing that there were not robes enough to protect them all—and endeavored to battle through the long winter night under the lee of the old palisade.

When the awful night had dragged slowly away and the welcome light of morning dawned upon the unfortunate wayfarers, one man was found to be too badly frozen to move. The other managed to untie the horses, and turning the weaker one loose to shift for itself, finally succeeded in crawling upon the back of the other, when, the blizzard having slackened in its fury enough to enable him to see his way, he guided the horse slowly along the road, and along toward noon appeared at the little settlement at Jackson at the house of a man named Thomas, where, through his stiffened lips he slowly articulated his pitiful tale.

In his stable Mr. Thomas had a pair of fiery young bays which were not to be matched upon the frontier, and which were to the old man almost as the apple of his eye. If the lull in the blizzard continued, the people could be rescued. The outlook in the northwest was very threatening, and later it came on to blow with terrific power.

But would the fury of the storm be delayed?

In this question hung the lives of all who were exposed. Turning to his eldest son, a quiet young man of unflinching courage, he said: "Lant, throw the harness on the bays, take the two-seated cutter and go for those people. And look here, my boy, never mind the horses; you send them along for all that is in them! Bring those people in just as quick as you know how to do it!"

Not ten minutes elapsed until the little group of bystanders, including the boy's mother and the rest of her children, saw the brave young fellow's head droop low down over his left shoulder as he swung out from under the lee of the protecting cover into the full force of the blast, on the line of his northeast flight across the plain; and then to their anxious gaze the flying ship of mercy grew rapidly less and less in apparent size, and then vanished beyond a distant swell of the prairie.

Nothing now for the anxious mother but to watch the old family clock; and how slowly the long minute hand crawled around!

Breathing upon the frosted window panes to keep a space clear, through which to watch for the return of the absent brother, the children kept vigil, while to their impatient hearts the very seconds crept and crawled! The condition of the boy's road across the prairie was good. Save for the grassy patches which had escaped the autumnal prairie fire, the snowy surface was hard enough to support the team, and the beautiful horses were in the very pink of prime condition.

All too soon for their expectations, and almost too soon for the hungry eyes of the watchers to credit the apparition, a dark speck rose above the northeast horizon, and growing rapidly larger in their gratified sight, swept down the long slope toward the timber with the speed of the wind.

One minute short of the exact measure of two hours that recorded the boy's absence, the racing bays—wild-eyed and straining still to go—were reined up at the door, when strong arms lifted the sufferers from the sleigh and bore them into the house.

Although chilled almost to death, the woman and children were found to be not frozen. The soldier who remained with them lost both feet and one hand, while the brave messenger lost a hand and a foot.

Such were the battles fought in the changing of this wild land from savagery to civilization; and such were the men who made the change possible.

ORIN BELKNAP.

"In Boyhood Days."

IN the series of excellent picture supplements that FOREST AND STREAM has recently given to its readers, the one that appeals most strongly to my mind is the one entitled "In Boyhood Days."

"That's me" in the foreground in the picture. I was a boy of exactly that size and age once; I wore just such a cloth cap made by my mother, just such a "roundabout" and just such long pants. In those days in a country village there were no clothing or hat stores; and the handsome sailor suits, knickerbockers, etc., of these days were unknown. Everything in the way of a boy's clothing was home-made; the only variety depended on the mother's taste and skill in needle work and the father's means to buy the materials. I remember my usual summer uniform consisted of a pair of blue drilling trousers—we did not call them "pants"—a white cotton shirt with a collar wide enough to have pleased my Lord Byron, and a chip hat that cost a "levy." That was my summer outfit. It was the very thing. It was the work of but a moment to cast off my clothes, and a part of them was doffed on the run, as I broke for the river to take one of my dozen-a-day baths in the cooling wave; and if after a few weeks' service the crown of the hat departed to unknown regions, 'twas

"ne'er deemed an ill—
It only let the sunshine still
Repose upon my head."

That is Tip just before me there in the picture; his tail twisted up so tight from blissful expectation that he can hardly get his hind feet down to the ground. Poor Tip! He has been awaiting me in the happy hunting ground for many a year.

I had just such a light, little, old shotgun as that in the picture, but a dreadful kicker she was. I remember one summer evening just at the edge of Strong's thicket, as I was coming along, I saw a robin hopping over the ground a few yards away. Just there lay the trunk of a tree that had been blown over, and the upturned roots with a mass of earth still clinging to them formed a complete screen. I stepped behind this screen. It was a little too high, but by standing on my tiptoes I was able to sight along the barrel. The butt of the gun was against my chin. I did not think of its recalcitrating propensities, and when I pulled the trigger and the gun went off, it knocked me backward clear off my feet. The robin, with a complacent grin on his face, flew away unharmed.

I have got just such a shotgun now. Some years ago when I was in very poor health I thought if I had a light shotgun like the one I had when I was a boy, it would be pleasant and would do me good to walk out into the woods and "hunt." I went to Bown, the veteran gun dealer on Smithfield street, Pittsburg, and told him I wanted a light shotgun to shoot at birds with, but one that would not hit the birds. The old man laughed; he said he had sold a good many guns in his life, but had never been asked for one like that before, but he believed he had the gun. And so he had. I bought it. I have it yet. So long as you stand anywhere in front of it, you are safe enough; but woe to the man behind the gun when "she goes off."

I don't know that the artist meant it, but that stone fence is the one that used to stand near the corner of Captain Peters' farm, down by the river, and I remember that Isaac Wynn and I had hard thoughts of the farmer one cold morning because he objected to our tearing down a rod or two of it to get a rabbit, which, fleeing across the field in advance of Tip and Pomp and old Major, followed by Isaac and me, had taken refuge in the crevices. This was the era before the shotgun spoken of, when the only firearms we had was a Mattock; but between old Major and the Mattock we brought to light and captured many a rabbit and opossum.

Very pleasant to the old man are the memories of the past, just as the dreams of the future are pleasing to the growing boy. The latter feels that the world is his oyster. He expects to be able to do anything "when he is a man"; and though afterward he realizes that he has done nothing, life is not insupportable on that account. If he has not achieved greatness he has perhaps found happiness, and that is better; and thus viewing it I have constructed the following lines to fit the case:

Dreams.

I dreamed of Fame; her chaplet fair
Seemed ever just before me;
Tumultuous voices filled the air
With loud hosannas o'er me.

Of Fortune, too, I dreamed; a slight
And easy thing to make it;
Whene'er I would I surely might
Reach forth my hand and take it.

But youthful dreams end oft in dreams;
Time came and went so lightly,
That naught remained but backward gleams
Of what I held so slightly.

Yet life has been a precious thing;
'Twas trebly worth the living,
And now at day's decline I sing
A song of glad thanksgiving.

For Love her arms around me cast,
And Joy, the bright-eyed, kissed me,
Though Fame and Fortune both have passed,
And somehow they have missed me.

T. J. CHAPMAN.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Natural History.

A Study of the Rattlesnake.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am going to write about rattlesnakes, but will devote a passing word to Mr. Jos. W. Shurter. I agree with that gentleman in assuming that FOREST AND STREAM readers are probably no longer interested in our little controversy, and we might continue to multiply words indefinitely to no purpose. It grieves me, however, that Mr. Shurter is still worrying over my inadvertent use of the name "Uncle Daniel" instead of "Uncle Noah," and to put a final mollifying touch to his wounded sensibilities I hereby formally withdraw the name Daniel and substitute Noah in its place. It may amuse Mr. Shurter to know that I was myself amused at the simpleness of my error when pointed out by him.

In general, it appears to me that Mr. Shurter has taken a too narrow and superficial view of the subject of our controversy, seeing only existing conditions and their apparent proximate causes, without apprehending the broader relations which the "sporting" propensity in man bears to his racial history.

If Mr. Shurter considers that I have gone out of the bounds of FOREST AND STREAM courtesy in my manner of writing, I wish here to express my regrets and offer apologies, and so take leave of that gentleman with assurances of my distinguished consideration.

Rattlesnakes.

I suppose there are many persons who know a great deal about *Crotalus horridus,* and many others who have a good deal of information about him "that ain't so." I have been trying lately to acquire some exact knowledge on the subject with indifferent success. I have two large rattlesnakes confined in a large box with a wire screen for the top. I have been watching them as closely as official duties would permit in order to find out something about them, but have not found out very much.

These snakes were captured by my son while surveying in the canebrakes in this vicinity. The first one, Jonah by name, was caught in June; the other, named Joseph, early in August.

Jonah is about five and a half feet long, and has eight rattles. Joseph is about six feet long and has also eight rattles. They have both evidently lost some, as the rattles have blunt terminals. Various kinds of live food have been offered them, as chickens, rats, guinea pigs, and garter snakes, toward all of which they have shown a total lack of interest, and their intended victims exhibited as little concern about the rattlers. These various articles of diet were permitted to remain in the box for days, and even weeks, all dwelling together in apparent harmony. On one occasion, while observing them, I saw Joseph approach a chicken with apparently murderous intent, and when close to his victim drew back his head for a strike. The chicken gazed earnestly into the snake's eyes and gravely pecked him in the center of his nose, whereupon the snake withdrew.

On another occasion Joseph was observed to watch intently a rat that was climbing about the sides of the box, very much in the semblance of a squirrel, which is the rattler's natural food. I waited, expecting a tragedy shortly; but the rat presently ran up to a bowl of water near the snake's head, and after taking a drink he got on the snake's neck and trotted down his back to his tail without attracting any notice.

Jonah is supposed to have eaten four young rats and two garter snakes, about two months ago. The only evidence of this performance, however, was the disappearance of those creatures from the box. The garter snakes may possibly have gotten out, but it cannot be supposed that the rats went otherwhere than down the rattler's throat. Notwithstanding that supposed reflection, Jonah has become emaciated to a marked degree, and Joseph, who has certainly eaten nothing for nearly two months, has also appreciably lost flesh. They are both observed to drink water not infrequently, sucking it up slowly after the manner of a cow when drinking.

The box is on a back porch, and is somewhat exposed to the weather. When a rainstorm approaches both snakes become very uneasy, raising their heads up to the screen and seeking a way to get out. This action is invariable with one or both when a storm is threatening.

Jonah shed his skin in August, during my absence, and the operation was not observed by me. My office clerk says he was a good while getting it all off, in fragments, having a difficulty in utilizing a small box that he had access to, against which the old skin was rubbed off. Joseph changed his suit last Friday, Sept. 19. For several weeks he had been growing very dark and dingy in color, the markings on his skin being scarcely discernible.

About a week before he shed his old skin his eyes became opaque and of a light blue or skim-milk color; but they cleared up before the shedding process began, which surprised me. A branch of a bush had been placed in the box to aid him in getting off his old clothes, and he accomplished that business between 2:30 and 4 P. M., when no one was looking on.

He is now rejoicing in a glorious new suit, the markings rich and vivid, with the tail a deep velvety black. Neither of these snakes added a new rattle in the process of shedding, a feature which the snake authorities had led me to expect; and I suppose we must fall back on the old idea that a new rattle process is grown each year instead of appearing with each new shedding.

My observation of these snakes, as well as my general experience, and that of others, has impressed me with their disinclination to strike, under ordinary circumstances. The fangs and venom are provided primarily as a means of capturing their prey, not for purposes of defense, as they never save the snake's life when attacked by an enemy.

When a rattler is first captured, what with rough handling and novel surroundings, he is kept in a state of excitement and alarm, and is then ready to strike when disturbed. But after becoming accustomed to the situation and learning that no harm threatens him, he is no longer disposed to strike.

The larger of these snakes has never struck at anything

since his capture; and neither of them ever sounds his rattle, except occasionally, when ladies come to see them and they appear to be excited by the unfamiliar apparel of the visitors.

I occasionally lift them up with a long stick, or poke them to make them display themselves to visitors, without exciting their resentment. I once put my hand in the box and stroked the large one on the back, but on another occasion my white shirt sleeve seemed to excite him and he gave a slight admonition with his rattle, whereupon I withdrew my arm.

Since Joseph has shed his skin, I observe two orifices near the medial facial line,half-way between the end of nose and base of head. They are open holes, about the size of darning needles, and about three-sixteenths of an inch apart. In the other snake they appear as dull specks, and are not open.

I have not yet had an opportunity to note at what temperature these snakes become torpid. The minimum thermometer reading so far has been 46 degrees on the night of Sept. 13, but at the time of observation, in the morning, was 51 degrees.

There is probably an individuality of character among rattlesnakes as well as among men and other creatures. As before stated, the larger of these snakes has never offered to strike at all, and when he was being captured made strenuous efforts to escape, bounding over the bushes instead of running on the ground. The other one showed great pugnacity at first whenever disturbed, which he kept up for several weeks; but he had very rough handling at the time of his capture.

Joseph opened his countenance with two deliberate yawns one day, and his fangs were a very conspicuous feature, projecting at right angles from the palate about half an inch, but enveloped in loose skin nearly to the point. They are probably with their curvature, three-quarters of an inch long.

These two pets will be put into "cold storage" for the winter, when the weather gets cold enough to render them torpid.

COAHOMA.

Intelligence of Wild Things.

BY HERMIT.

(*Continued from Vol. LVIII., page 445.*)

Intercommunication of Birds and Bird Intelligence.

ON Sunday, May 30, 1897, while the church bells were calling saint and sinner to worship in the city of Gloucester, and a catbird's blithe music, supplemented by the silvery bells of a veery, was calling me to worship in my cabin dooryard, I turned to the path that leads to Magnolia Swamp.

Two years before, on the west side of the swamp, I had discovered a woodpecker's sap orchard. For two seasons I had carefully noted the work of the woodpeckers in their curious method of tapping trees, and I desired now to add to my knowledge by a few hours of observation.

It was a glorious morning, bright with sunshine, tempered by a crisp air. It was one of the few sunshiny days rescued from a cold rainy spring month. The trees were forward and for the most part covered with full-grown leaves. The white oaks were late as usual, their leaves were tiny and at a distance looked to be a silvery gray in the sunshine. The hillsides west of Magnolia Swamp were lighted up by this immature gray foliage, while here and there the dark green of the pines afforded a pleasing contrast.

I found the sap orchard deserted. The trees, red maples and canoe birches, were dead or dying. The sapsuckers and their self-invited guests, the hummingbirds, had drained the life-blood of their helpless victims. All of the maples were still standing, but many of the gray birches had been broken off by the wind just below the belt of punctures.

While I was searching for another sap orchard, I saw a barred owl, with something in his bill, fly to a grove of small hemlocks. I followed on my hands and knees and found his owlship on a low limb. Evidently this was his breakfast hour. The thing in his bill proved to be a leopard frog. He was preparing to swallow the frog by crushing the bones of the legs and joints. He did not see me, or if he did, he ignored my presence and continued leisurely to prepare and swallow his breakfast. Afterward he spent several minutes preening his feathers before settling down for a Sunday nap. A pair of saucy chickadees, scouring the woods for a Sunday breakfast, discovered the owl and gave the alarm. Inside of two minutes I counted thirty-six birds, all called together by the cries of the chickadees. These birds included cuckoos, warblers, bluejays, thrushes, vireos, flycatchers and buntings. How they did jeer and abuse the owl, but all were careful to keep at a safe distance. The bluejays seemed to be filled with fury, and if birds can swear, doubtless that owl listened to some very emphatic language.

For twenty minutes that patch of young hemlocks contained noise and life enough to stock a first-class aviary. The owl seemed bored, but was apparently fearless.

Thirty-two minutes after the first alarm all the birds had disappeared, excepting two red-eyed vireos. The vireos continued to scold vigorously. The owl had intruded on their nesting ground. Not twenty feet away a vireo's nest swung lightly from the horizontal limb of a red beech. It seemed to me that the owl suspected the presence of the nest, for he thrust out his head and swung it from side to side as if searching for something. After a while he discovered the nest and flew to the beech limb. When he had commenced to approach the nest by short hitches along the limb, the vireos changed their scolding to cries of alarm. Immediately all the birds returned. Again the owl was told that he was a robber and a great rascal by every bird in the grove. As he continued to approach the nest, I thought it time to interfere. "Hold there!" I shouted, and the effect on the owl was instantaneous. He stopped short, crouched on the limb, then twisted his impish face directly into the back of his neck and glared at me with a frightened look in his wide-open eyes. After a brief inspection he tumbled forward off the limb, caught himself on his wings and floated as noiseless as a feather into the dark shadows of Magnolia Swamp. I examined the vireo nest and found it empty—in fact, it was not yet completed.

It was evident, from what took place, that birds of different species can communicate with each other.

First, the chickadees call other birds to the spot by cries that certainly are understood to mean danger.

Afterward, the vireos did the same thing. While the latter were scolding the owl, other birds paid no attention, but responded at once to their cries for help.

After the owl had disappeared, the birds scattered as before. The bluejays and two thrushes stopped back to interview me and find out if my intentions were friendly.

When all the birds had disappeared except the vireos, I went in search of a new sap orchard. I soon found a clump of red maples containing two trees that had been tapped by woodpeckers. The belt of punctures on both trees was nearly a foot in width, but the woodpeckers did not show up during my three hours' tarry.

This woodpecker, the yellow-bellied (*Sphyropicus varius*) does not nest on the Cape, so had doubtless departed in migration, but three hummingbirds were fighting for the sap buckets, and a red squirrel settled matters by driving the hummers from one tree to the other.

The red squirrel was a new feature in a woodpecker's sap orchard. He did not cling to one spot as squirrels do when tapping for themselves, but instead moved rapidly around the tree, thrusting his tongue into the drills for the sweet sap. I suppose the squirrel owned the territory where the maple trees grew, and was more than willing that the woodpeckers should tap the trees for his benefit.

The drills made by the woodpecker extended through the outside bark and into the cambium layer. From my observation with a good glass, during several seasons, I found that the woodpeckers were after the elaborated sap that descends from the leaves, through the inner bark, and did not extend the drills into the wood where they would reach the crude sap flowing up from the roots. The wisdom of this procedure was evident. The elaborated sap is far richer in nutriment than the crude sap, and the woodpeckers knew more about the growth of trees than many human beings, so worked understandingly.

Each drill is made deep enough to hold about two drops of sap. The upper drills are the only ones to afford sap, which proves that it is certainly the elaborated sap flowing down from the leaves that the birds get.

I had read in works on ornithology that the woodpeckers tapped trees so that the sap would attract insects upon which they could feed. Also that the birds were after the soft bark or cambium layer for food.

While the woodpeckers do catch a fly now and then, it is evident, even to a careless observer, that it is the sap that is sought. I have seen them eat small pieces of the cambium layer, but I think they did so because the soft bark was soaked with sweet sap.

The three hummingbirds made that little sunny glade in the forest as lively as a Mexican fandango. The two males were jealous of each other, and both birds seemed desperately in love with the demure maid. She attended strictly to business by drinking from the sap buckets left unguarded by the red squirrel. The male hummers spent most of the time dancing in the air. They took turns in madly pursuing each other; the pursued never turned tail, but flew backward with a swiftness that was marvelous. The buzzing of their wings and their shrill cries furnished the music for the wild dance.

The hummingbirds drink from the drills while poised in the air, but often alight and cling to the bark while drinking, the wings closed and silent.

Flies and hornets were in evidence, crawling on the bark of the maples or flying around the drills. A hornet stung the squirrel on the ear. When I left the latter was shaking his head and telling the hornets what he thought of them.

When I returned to the cabin, I found a pair of catbirds in trouble. They nested in a dense mass of shrubbery about eighty feet from the door yard. The male catbird met me some distance from the nest, and by his excited cries I knew that some bird enemy was near at hand. When I came in sight of the nest I discovered the trouble. A black snake was making his way through the bushes toward the nest, and the mother bird was waging a fierce but fruitless battle.

I killed the snake, which was over five feet in length. The nest contained four eggs. For the time being they were safe.

In due time the nest contained four baby catbirds. One moonlight night, about 10 o'clock, there was a great outcry from the old catbirds. I had gone to bed, in my hammock, in the open air with but a roof over me to keep off the rain, so I could hear the birds and knew that they were fighting to save their little ones. Before I could go to the rescue one of the catbirds flew to the bushes within three feet of my head, and frantically called to me for help. When I came in sight of the nest I saw a snake drop to the ground. One of the young catbirds was missing. A hurried search beneath the bushes in the dim light was unsuccessful. The snake had silently and swiftly disappeared with his victim.

The old catbirds were pets of mine of several years' standing, and the tragic fate of the baby bird caused me to try to save the other three. I removed the nest and placed it in a covered box in the cabin. The catbirds followed me to the cabin door, but made no protest. The next morning before sunrise the birds awoke me by their cries. While I was dressing they spent the time flying to and fro, from cabin to hammock, calling to me to hurry up and bring out their babies. Both birds had insects in their bills. I did not take the nest to the old spot, but instead placed it in a clump of bushes near the cabin. When I had secured the nest the old birds gave the three babies their breakfast. This programme was followed day after day, until the young birds were old enough to fly.

About two hundred visitors one Sunday inspected the nest and the old birds did not make a protest or show fear. They knew that I would protect their little ones. A clear case of bird intelligence.

The Aurora Borealis.

Pale, pyrrhic pyres prismatic purple pour—
Quiescent, quivering, quickly, quaintly, queer,
Rich, rosy, regal rays resplendent rear;
Strange shooting streamers, streaking starry skies
Trail their triumphant tresses—trembling ties.

As to Bluebirds.

To begin with, I have a garden. True, it is only a little one, a pocket edition, so to speak. Thirty feet by 30 feet isn't a Western wheat ranch, exactly, so I have no room to spare for weeds. Nevertheless, as a suburbanite, two hours' work per diem before 7 A. M. and good feeding makes that plot produce all my vegetables except potatoes and corn; and you should just see the long rows of canned tomatoes and Bartlett pears in their jars in our storeroom! But that's madame's affair, not mine.

To keep out various neighborly dogs, cats and the baby, a two-foot wire netting surrounds the place on three sides, the fourth (the rear) being a raspberry hedge, which, by the way, gives me a couple of quarts for breakfast each day during the season. N. B.—I don't eat them all myself!

Well, it occurred to me that a residential family of bug-catchers would be a desideratum, two other small gardens backing up on mine; so I looked over the woodpile and took thought. Presently an empty starch box with a sliding cover shot itself into view, as inanimate things will do sometimes. The very thing! A square hole sawn for a door, now, the box turned upside down and the slide drawn half-way out for a piazza, and the hole thus left covered with a bottom board fitted in—what more could a bug-catcher ask for, save bugs? Then for the mount, here's a nine-foot piece of gaspipe with a union on the end and screw holes in it all ready to screw on that bottom board. So said, so done. Then, for housewarming, a handful of loose, soft string and another of oats is dropped inside, and the pole erected in the raspberry hedge, a cat-proof sanctuary high in air. In eight hours the advertisement was answered!

The way that pair of bluebirds carried straw was a caution. Perhaps they were late in their work, but now they were at it they certainly lost no time, and in an astonishingly short time they evidently had completed the hatching business. Meantime, the winds of heaven fell upon that house, the sun likewise, and rain tried its hand as well—a nice, wet hand without gloves; and the wood of the box swelled with indignation and then shrank away, leaving the nailheads sticking out in the air like the bankswallows' holes after the flood came down (I'm not responsible for the scientific accuracy of that statement!). Then, half the bottom of that house, the newer half, fell off!

Out I went in the rain and finding that the aperture seemed bridged over with the straw of the nest, I mounted a stepladder and laced on a piece of zinc, with wire, as an extemporized bottom. By this time, with straws bursting out of every crack and corner and an ancient, weatherbeaten color, it would pass muster as the veriest antique in the county. No fat old barn could hold a candle to it, and it jarred on Madame's nerves artistic. But the bluebirds kept on birding just the same, till, instead of two there were five. Then it was curious to note the different ways the parent birds approached the nest. The male came bluffly from one side and lit boldly on the piazza. The female invariably made a circuit behind the pear tree till in a direct line with the door, then made a miraculous dive through the branches and was in the doorway like a shot. As a home market bird neither came up to contract. They sought their worms from a distance, and it was not till the young ones were able to fly down did one of them pay more than casual attention to the storeroom at their threshold.

Vacation came, and we went away about that business. Two weeks later, on returning, that weatherbeaten box was found to have slipped off backward and hung with its nose pointed to the zenith most desertedly, and I took it down and partly dismantled it; when, lo! there were two fat young bluebirds in it, half fledged. Back I hustled the pieces into shape, and once more set it up in horizontal fashion, more disreputable, if anything, than ever as to looks, and noted that the old birds meanwhile had returned from foraging and sat, each with a worm in beak, in absolute silence, on neighboring treetops. In a minute or two they made for the nest and resumed business at the old stand, as though nothing had happened. Once again, later, I started to take down that box, and going out found seven bluebirds having an "old home week" in and around it; and now I want to know if I've got to keep it up there all winter! It isn't a credit to my architecture.

J. P. T.

4 PARK STREET, Boston.

Habits of the Red Squirrel.

RICHMOND, Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In this week's issue, that of Sept. 27, I notice an article on the red squirrel by S. C. S. T., of Toronto, Canada, in which he inquires whether or not squirrels drink.

Squirrels do drink. They lap the water up very much as does a cat, assuming very much the same position if the water is on a level with the body. As your readers are doubtless aware, there are a large number of tame gray squirrels in the parks of this city, protected and fed by the city. They are very tame and will take nuts out of the hand, and I have had them go into my pockets after them. Last Sunday my wife and I walked through Capitol Square after a rain, and one big fellow came down the walk with us till he came to an iron cover of some kind. The upper surface was divided into squares and these were full of rain water. He stopped there and drank. We were within four feet of him, and I could distinctly see his little tongue lapping the water up and the muscular contractions of his throat as he swallowed.

I have tried several times to get photos of them, but failed each time except one. The noise of the shutter startles them and the plate only shows a whirl of something. In one case I got a good picture, but the squirrel was shedding his coat and the tail was very ragged. I had one sit in my lap one day and eat peanuts out of a bag. Another came along and started to climb up my leg, when the first one gave as fine an illustration of concentrated rage as could be wished for. I could feel him tremble all over.

One thing I have noticed, they never bark. Is the bark a note of alarm or what is it intended for?

ROBT. BURGESS.

The Eastern Hemlock.

A PAPER of very great interest and value to students of estry and lumbermen has just been issued by the reau of Forestry of the U. S. Department of Agricul-e. In it Mr. Edw. T. Allen, Field Assistant of the reau of Forestry, takes up the western hemlock and es the results of two seasons' study among the for- of this tree. His purpose is to show that the west- hemlock is far superior to the eastern tree, that un- favorable conditions the tree produces abundantly grows rapidly, and that the prejudice which exists inst this wood is based upon the knowledge of the ern tree alone.

ecause of its lack of marketability, the western hem- is almost neglected among the woods of the North- t. Mr. Allen points out that this is a great mistake, e the cutting of trees that are more desired exposes hemlocks to destruction by fire, wind and insects, so they are a complete loss to the owner and to the munity. In many respects, the wood of this tree is ul. It has been adapted to many purposes, of which aps the most important is the manufacture of boxes, it is also used in building and finishing houses, and ther ways.

r. Allen takes up the distribution, habit and enemies he trees; its wood, various manufacturing problems, ering, the yields of various growths and the utiliza- of the bark. The pamphlet, which contains many trations, is beautifully gotten up.

Woods Springs.

Sullivan county, New York, not long ago, an old w told me something in relation to springs which I never heard before, although it may be as old as the It was along a pretty trout brook that he told me c to find a certain spring of fine water, but he added it might not be in very good condition, as he had visited it to clean it out since last spring. He cau- d me to take the water just as it was, however, as ning a spring in dog days always spoils it." Now, it d seem that this is a mistaken fancy, and that clear- way all the natural refuse that collects in a spring d purify the water and rid it of any microbes that in it. At any rate, this is something I have always on taking water from a neglected spring in the s. Nothing could seem purer than the clear water forms in the little cavity one has cleared of all sticks decayed vegetable matter, which suggests malaria s, to say the least.

every scrap of woods lore is treasured up fondly by ny information that readers can give on this subject e greatly apprccated by PERRY D. FRAZER.

The Muskrat in an Unique Role.

ANK BERRY, an old-time angler of Bohemian pro- ies, states that he was at one time acting the "genial ace" over a hostelry in a western New York village. ain from the cellar under the hotel connected with niature lake some 200 yards distance. About 500 ds of winter squashes were stored in the cellar, and the winter was yet young the thrifty cook con- d the idea of making a squash pie, but upon sampling ucculent vegetables it was found that each member e collection had been punctured from its neither ce and the contents as cleanly removed as meat a shin bone in care of the family dog.

is disclosure served as the incentive to setting a trap he mysterious burglars, with the result that several rats were caught during the next few days, and a record of gastronomic achievements established for t-tailed family of fur growers.

M. CHILL.

n many a succulent herb here and there you will little accumulations of white froth, and, if you away the froth, you will find a humble greenish in- nside. On that spot where you find it, it has spent days, seeing nothing but dimly through a foggy of its own creation, and never unhappy until now, you have let in the clear light of day upon it. ng type of the mental state of some people!"

Death of Rufus C. Allen.

Rufus C. Allen, of Brooklyn, to whose veteran f forest sport and successful pursuit of it, allusion nade during the summer, passed over the river, 9, at his summer home in the Adirondacks, aged ars. Mr. Allen was a native of Vermont, where ed till about twenty years ago, filling many un- t offices in church and State, because the people "We want a man whom we can trust."

city life of later years only widened the circle of iends and influence. He maintained his zest of d interest in church and public affairs constantly, in private life—as was said by one who knew him "to know him was to love him." A memorial e was held at his late residence in Brooklyn on lay last and was very largely attended by friends Jersey City, Newark, Elizabeth, Montclair, New and Brooklyn.

Death of Charles H. Bates.

NAW, Mich., Sept. 22.—Yesterday I attended the l of Charles H. Bates, who has been steward of re Marquette Fishing Club at Wingleton since its ation. All the members of the club will miss very much. His death occurred here in Saginaw at ry's Hospital last week, and his remains were taken Morris, his old home, by special train yesterday, . The members of the club acted as pallbearers.

W. B. MERSHON.

Game Bag and Gun.

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

Pacific Coast Items.

No other State affords more continuous seasons of sport than one has in California, where he may begin trout on April 1, to follow through the summer with the doves or the more ambitious deer, then continue through fall and winter with the quail or duck till Feb. 1. As band-tail pigeons are protected by law, and many of them remain in the valley till late March, the interval between quail and trout can be agreeably spent. Very young cotton-tails—did you ever eat them?—may be shot in great numbers through the month of June, and while the hunter with his friends devours dainty stews made of rabbit meat, he may feel that taking such game is doing the rancher a favor. Many a sunrise or sunset of early summer discovered your scribe in the sage brush with sack filled. Often he saw jackrabbits, which have become a pest in the Ojai, ambling up corn rows or near other green forage, but always at too long a range for small shot, and to his eyes they were as large as mules. Their ears had peculiar immensity.

The season for trout proved to be unusually productive. Even the nearest streams for awhile gave fair returns. About every local enthusiast tried his luck. Four boys who crossed the first mountain and fished the Sespe early in the campaign, brought home ninety fish, at least a third of them large ones. Despite the hundreds of summer campers, the mountain brooks held out well. While on a trip only for scenery early in the summer, your correspondent saw quite a number of trout in a well-fished stream, and as he is seldom without fish hooks of some description, a few of these beauties were taken with rude tackle. As late as September, from a stream that had been fished scores of times, if not hundreds, he took from a single pool twelve ten-inch trout, which is nearly the limit for size. In such crystal water the action of every catch was observable..

Shortly after arriving in the Ojai Valley three years ago, persuaded by the glowing descriptions of their famous gorge by residents, we visited this Matilija Cañon, down which the stream flows, and though the rough rock work up there proved sublime, yet the grimness of slope or cliff due to years of fire, oppressed with a sense of extreme desolation. The ranger service had just taken the reserve in charge then. You should see that gorge now. A wagon road leads up it for miles. At times this follows the creek bed, at others it assumes dizzy heights along the mountain wall. Extreme elevations give fine views up or down the cañon. As one drives along, coquetting with stream and hill, he obtains a fine view of nature clothed now everywhere with luxuriant chaparrel. It is a pretty ride. The broiling trout course shouts up to heights only of a grand improvement in all things.

Forest Supervisor Willis M. Slosson, of the Pine Mountain and Zaca Lake Reserve, our reserve, has been kept busy since deer season opened with issuing rifle permits, and up to date has made out between three and four hundred of these privileges. Each holder becomes a deputy for the reserve, and must not only take every precaution in regard to his own camp-fire, but he must extinguish camp-fires abandoned by others or must fight large fires. All of his conduct while he is in the mountain must be exemplary. As this is the close season for all small game to be found in the mountain, the shotgun, which all rangers look upon as pestiferous, has been entirely excluded. Even the intelligent, just as with the game law in regard to does, may be educated into better observances through the new ordinance.

Any of the drives up mountain cañons these days will likely bring one into contact with returning hunters, their wagons heavily freighted with venison, horns in the velvet conspicuously placed about every load, and, just as is always the case when large game has been secured, the members of such parties gracious or exceedingly supercilious. Deer have been plentiful. A Spaniard familiar with the mountain told me that just before the season opened he saw twenty in one herd. Fifteen-year-old hunters on more than one occasion have returned to town from brief trips with several deer to their credit. A rancher shot a large buck in his orchard three-quarters of a mile from town, probably one of the large patriarchs that have been budding on fruit every spring near the first foothill, and leaving interesting trails for me to decipher. Neighbor is watching for another pot-shot in his back yard.

Deer have been chiefly for the strong who could rough it in the mountains; doves have been the solace for those to whom either extreme youth or age permitted but short step and the valleys. Anchises and grandson Ascanius, however, had a nimble trigger hand that first day, and though they had but diminutive game, the volume of sound was excellent, while the air just reeked with the fumes of burnt powder. Though the majority of this unambitious coterie depended upon the ground or tree tops and a sneak for sport, there were those abroad who considered themselves good wing shots, and yet who found it difficult to stop flying birds that had served as target for many accelerating loads of ammunition.

There are a few varieties of game common elsewhere in the State that are seldom met with this far south. While trout fishing the other day, your correspondent saw in the creek timber his first California tree squirrel, a large dark-furred creature, and during the same trip he discovered wood duck feathers on the margin of a pool. Hearsay has it that there are grouse on Pine Mountain, and at other near points where pine growth affords suitable habitat. Years ago an unsatisfactory attempt was made to introduce English pheasants into the valley as game birds. The Chihuahua or Mexican pheasant, which does well in a dry country and roosts in trees, might thrive in the local covers. But the swift flying valley quail are already here, one of the finest game varieties that ever flushed, and intelligent care would increase their number greatly, why experiment with uncertain creatures?

This class of game has had such dense growth to conceal in the present season that even close observation cannot estimate how large the coveys are in number. Weather and forage have been excellent for propagation. Many full-grown youngsters were noticed as early as the first week in July, and many old birds still mated near the end of August. Surrounding counties report the coveys as being too abundant. Ranchers in the northern part of Santa Barbara county threaten to begin shooting that they may save crops still in the field.

The salt-water fishing along the southern coast and near Catalina, ever since the purse-netters withdrew from such waters, has been phenomenal even for the summer season, and nearly every day catches are made of large fish, especially of yellowtail and jewfish, infrequently of large tuna.

During a recent contest in the waters near Catalina Island, the participants caught with hook and line more than 400 albicore, at least 10,000 pounds of fish, but as the meat is worthless, Justice Allen afterward characterized the tournament as wanton slaughter which should be prohibited by law. Fishermen and boatmen contended that albicore were useless except as food for other fish, and that they served this purpose after being caught. The ethics of sport have been observed here as elsewhere only in a vague manner. Perhaps a goat hunt taken next day by fourteen boys of the Naval Reserve, who accomplished twenty-eight kills, was not accurately in line with the ideal conception upheld by a large number of other hunters, though all the meat was afterward consumed in camp. A fair judgment would demand exact knowledge of local conditions.

Though Catalina, the seaside resorts, mountains, indeed all the attractive spots to recuperate at, have been well patronized this summer, and the season in the mountains has been delightfully cool for hunting, the fishing in salt water extremely fine, yet there has been a lack of items come to hand worthy of noting. One hears of it with regret whenever any of our delightful old pioneers assumes the lost trail into eternity. The latest addition to the above number has been L. P. Redwine, who died in the early part of the summer, the man to whom Jefferson Davis, as Secretary of State under Pierce, consigned a herd of camels, to be used for packing across the Colorado desert from Los Angeles to army posts in Arizona. These creatures, though they served their purpose admirably, because of their uncouth appearance stampeded army stock, and were shot by soldiers at every opportunity, until only a small remnant of the original herd was left, which, after being turned loose on the deserts of Arizona by our Government, existed near the Mexican border until within a few years, despite pursuit by hunters. The old pioneer died at Imperial, which is built on an oasis of the Colorado desert.

Your correspondent has just heard that the Banning Company, which owns Catalina Island, will allow no more goat hunting there, as unscrupulous hunters have been destroying sheep also, a tour of the back cañons a short while ago revealing many of the latter shot in mere wantonness. To insure against future loss of this kind, the company will exterminate the goats and adopt other means that will discourage pursuit of game with the rifle. Sheep over there, from being stampeded often, have become so wild that fences do not restrain them, and shearing has become nearly impossible. The unprincipled hunter, here as in the East, by his conduct robs the truer sportsman of many a privilege. H. R. STEIGER.

Across New Brunswick on Snowshoes.—III.

In the Game Country.

IT is nearly always the case in New Brunswick that a very heavy snowfall is followed by still and cold weather. We found the thermometer hovering around the zero point on Saturday, Dec. 7, and a cutting wind rendered a walk across the lake rather an unpleasant experience. The snowshoe straps needed to be carefully watched lest the toes should become too cold, and even with this danger present in mind, Adam on this day managed to freeze three of his toes, which later gave him considerable trouble.

Adam and I made a hunt back into the rough country where we had jumped the cow and calf on the day before, taking up their trail with the intention of following it until, perchance, it led us to something better. Of course any moose hunter knows that it is useless to follow a moose on the same day that it is jumped. I had plenty of proof of this as we worked along back into the hill country, following the trail which old mother moose had made the day before. In three different places we saw where she had stopped with her offspring and looked back down the trail to see if anything was following. In each case this pause was made behind a screen or clump of thick trees, which would have prevented us from seeing the moose, but which would enable the moose to look back over a long stretch of open country. This little stratagem was repeated with such nicety that we received a very good impression of the moose's ability to take care of itself.

After following this trail about three miles, we found it crossed by another trail of two moose. As we had sent John out this same morning to see if he could locate some moose for us, we felt pretty sure that, from the direction which this trail took, John had also put up game. We did not, however, discover any horn sign in connection with this trail, and reasoned out, as was later verified, that John himself had put up a couple of cows. We were having all kinds of bad luck in jumping cows. When we returned to camp that night John told us that he had been within easy shooting distance of these moose when he jumped them, but that they were both cows.

We did something like fifteen miles on this day, and as we came back over our former snowshoe trail, we found, as we had on the day before, that the caribou had again cut our trail all to pieces. They had been out on the lake again also, and indeed had all the country around the lake shore tramped up. Charlie saw several caribou on this day, although none of these had horns. We had now seen sign of something like fifty or sixty caribou at least, probably two or three times that number, but the heavy country and the dense snowfall which covered the

forest with a heavy cloak of white rendered it impossible for us to come face to face with any of these ghost-like wanderers of the woods. Jack the Silent proved himself able to get one when needed for meat, however, since when sent out after a caribou he came back before evening with the quiet remark that he had killed one about three or four miles out from camp.

Moving Camp.

Sunday, Dec. 8, we made a day of rest. It is contrary to the law to hunt on Sunday in New Brunswick, even had we cared to do so. We fixed up our frozen feet, mended a sled or two, got in some meat from Jack's caribou, and in general made ready for an early start over to the Bathurst camp. Adam was thoroughly angered at this conduct of the moose, which he declared were behaving in a most unprincipled manner. He figured out that the bulls must be further back in the hill country, which was hard to reach if we had to return to camp on the same day. "We'll try it over at Bathurst camp," said he, "and see what we can do over in there."

The Bathurst camp is the second in importance of the Moore camps, of which there are six or eight in all. It is situated just across the height of land which separates the Tobique waters from the Nipisiguit waters, the latter flowing toward the eastward, whereas the Tobique waters flow westward.

On Monday Adam and I made a short caribou hunt in snowshoeing, which was simply awful, but did not get up with anything, as the big herds seemed to have moved up into the hill country further by this time.

On Tuesday morning, when we started for our move, we packed up three toboggans with our belongings, which included some supplies which we needed for our stay at the other camp. I started out ahead of the party and crossed the "carry," or three-mile portage between the Nictor and Bathurst chains, an easy trail which involves only two or three short and easy climbs. I found again that the caribou were on the war path. John had reported them all over this trail when he went out after his caribou meat, and I found many fresh trails. They had crossed the snowshoe trail in seven different places in a space of less than a mile. Possibly there were twenty or thirty head of them in all, which were enjoying this promenade along the snowshoe trail. I learned then that so far from being afraid of human sign, the caribou simply exults in a snowshoe trail. He is a very good snowshoer himself, but not in the least averse to falling into the beaten track made by his bitterest enemy, man.

When we came out upon the pretty little expanse of the Bathurst Lake, we found that the caribou had been here also, and their tracks were visible in many places on the wide white expanse.

The snow was again wet and very heavy, so that tobogganing traveling was a serious matter. I tried my hand at pulling one of these innocent looking sleds, and found it required about four times the muscular exertion I had supposed it would from seeing the ease with which my companions snaked them along.

Bathurst camp I found to be a double house, rather smaller than Nictor camp, but very comfortable. There was a stove in each of the houses, but we lived in the smaller camp, and did not take the trouble to warm up the larger room excepting at meal times, or when we wanted better elbow room while mending toboggans or the like. The camp itself was admirably located and comfortable to a degree. This is a favorite trout fishing locality, and I presume that there is no better trout fishing stream in New Brunswick than the Nipisiguit River, which heads within a gunshot of this Bathurst camp. The Nipisiguit trout fishing is leased by George Armstrong, who pays $50 a year for it. Moore and Cremin take over half this lease, thus arranging for the fishing of all their friends and customers who come in with them.

Bad Weather.

It could not be said that the weather had thus far been very propitious, for we had had hardly one decent day's hunting when the going was in the least practicable. Sleet fell all day Tuesday, followed by a pouring rain at night. The shoeing was very bad, and although we hoped for a freeze, we knew that a freeze meant crust, that a crust meant noise, and that noise meant no moose. I found this country one of great humidity, with much precipitation and a great deal of fog. The view about us was wild and bleak, the tops of the forbidding ridges lost much of the time in fog. I was told that this sort of weather is most unusual, and that ordinarily a quiet and fairly dry cold may be anticipated. Later we were told that this December never had its like in all the history of the Province for wretched weather.

On the morning of the 11th we found that the sleet had been covered by deep wet snow, and the crust, though damp, was still noisy. The snowshoeing was simply awful, ice forming under the feet continually. None the less, Adam and I went out on a sort of forlorn hope that we might get my caribou. We found a fresh trail at the edge of the lake, and followed it into the thickets. We were never more than an hour behind our game, and this time we thought we were going to get our shot, for the caribou were evidently feeding and the weather conditions were not absolutely impossible after all. Indeed, we got within fifty or sixty yards of our game, but a beastly little calf which happened to be nearest to us gave the alarm to the rest of the bunch, and all we saw was a distant white tail at which no sportsman would have risked a shot.

After that we went on up into a little barren where the caribou sometimes feed, but drew a blank. Bethinking ourselves of our snowshoe trail of the day before, we went back over the "carry" trail. The rascally beasts had been all over it, subsequent to our crossing there on the previous day. We walked over half-way to the Nictor Lake. When we came back, we found four more fresh tracks directly in the snowshoe trail, and made since we had passed. This time again we came very near to getting a shot, for we had jumped these caribou through an unlucky shift in the wind when we were within less than 100 yards of them. As it happened, they were just out of view, and, of course, when they had once reached the thick cover it was all over. So we went back home again, having been once more with game all around us, and no chance of getting a shot.

By this time Adam was getting a bit discouraged with the way luck was running against us. I pointed out to him that we would probably have no luck at all, since I had been so unfortunate as to lose my mascot, the quart tin cup which I wore through the Yellowstone Park in the winter time many years ago, and which I purchased of Uncle Sam at Fort Yellowstone. We searched for this latter, but could never find it, and I presume that some generations hence some scientist will pick it up and figure out how long it was that the Yankees invaded Blue Nose Land. The cup had a big "U. S." stamped on the handle, and had been fastened to my belt on many a hunt by means of a homely and ultimately treacherous piece of knotted coffee sack.

"You stay at the camp for a day or so now," said Adam to me, "and I'll take Jack and we'll go up into the hills toward Silver Brook, and see if we can't locate a moose. If we see anything worth while, we'll be that much ahead, and if we don't, why then it will be only Jack and me who will have the tired feeling."

This plan was carried out, and it was agreed that Jack and Adam should sleep out that night in one of their outlying camps, which they called the Klondike camp, situated far up in one of the roughest portions of the Province, near the east branch of what is known as the Silver Brook. They took one blanket and some supplies with them in their packs, and got an early start.

More Caribou.

Meantime Charlie and I made another effort to secure that caribou. Again we found fresh tracks all over our yesterday's trail, but nothing showed on the ice for some time. At last we saw a cow and calf which were feeding rapidly along the edge of the lake about three-quarters of a mile away. These we followed, much of the time in plain sight, but always taking the precaution to move when they moved. We could no doubt have killed this cow had we cared to do so, but the cow had no horns, and although it is not against the law to kill a cow caribou, cow moose only being protected, I did not care to kill a female. Therefore, we did not hurry much in our stalking of this game, and at last saw the animals disappear at the edge of the lake. Then all at once we got bloodthirsty. We concluded that cow caribou would be pretty good meat, so we took a shot at the disappearing animals, at a range of about 475 yards, and we made very close practice of it. Charlie went down to step off the distance just for curiosity, and meantime I sat down on a log and enjoyed the beautiful winter morning, which was ideal in every respect. All at once I heard Charlie's gun behind me, and looking around saw the identical cow and calf which had lately disappeared, and which had now, for some fool caribou reason or other, taken the notion to come out on the ice again. The two started straight across the middle of the lake, a distance of perhaps a mile. They did not gallop, but struck the caribou trot, which is the most comical and absurd looking gait any man ever did witness. Their great hind legs, sticking up at an impossible angle, at the hock joint, came trailing along behind them, so that at one time I thought we had broken a leg of the calf. For, be it known, we again became inconsistently bloodthirsty, and we smoked them up a few shots just for luck, the range about 900 to 1,000 yards. The absurd gait of the creatures set us to laughing, so we did not try to shoot any more, and the animals skirted the far edge of the lake, and presently took to the woods beyond. Charlie and I then went back to our snowshoe trail on the "carry." Here we found two fresh trails, and afterward as we came back we discovered the trail of a cow and calf caribou, both apparently trotting. We thought these were our friends of the morning, which had simply made a circle and come back across the "carry" trail, heading toward the country where we found them at first. Charlie and I went clear across the Nictor Lake, but saw nothing on Nictor, and believed that the caribou of that vicinity had moved back into the hills.

Friday fell on the 13th, and oddly enough, on that day our luck was broken to just a little extent, although not in my favor. I went out for a solitary caribou hunt. Nothing showed on the lake this morning, although there were two fresh trails again on the carry. The crust was very noisy, and I went along very slowly and carefully on the old trail, hoping that the crust might have driven some caribou in to the easier going. Presently as I stopped to listen, I heard a faint noise on my left and saw a small caribou, without any horns, just disappearing beyond the edge of the hills. From the noise made by a man in walking on this crust, I should have expected a caribou to make ten times as much noise as this one did. I did not shoot at it, as it was a poor specimen, and the mark was a bit uncertain. Yet, just a little further along the trail, as I glanced up I saw two caribou, slipping along far more silently than I would have believed possible, and making directly across my trail.

"I've got you this time, my boy," thought I, for I determined to kill one, even although no horns were visible. I held low and fine and got the lead just right as I pulled, although at that time I was obliged to fire directly through a small evergreen tree which screened my view. A black mass apparently went down in front of me, and I was entirely satisfied that I had killed him, but to my intense surprise I found no caribou when I got to the spot, but saw two white tails bobbing off a couple of hundred yards away down the snow-covered trail! Whether I was more angry or surprised I hardly know even yet. I found my bullet mark about eighteen inches above the snow line, and a couple of feet to the side of the trail, but instead of leaping on across the trail, both caribou had ducked and dodged into it, after its better footing. I learned how much they dreaded the crust, for these caribou kept to the trail for 500 yards. I saw where, moose fashion, they had twice turned to look around to spy out their pursuer.

There was nothing on Nictor Lake when I went over to it, and later when I met Charlie on the back track, he had not seen any caribou, although we picked up four fresh trails going back. The creatures were like ghosts, slipping in and out everywhere except where we ourselves chanced to be.

That night, however, there was a different story to tell. Adam and Jack came in staggering under heavy loads. I saw horns sticking out from the corner of one of the sacks.

The Hoodoo Broken.

"We've killed the hoodoo," said Adam, gleefully. "I thought that this gang could get a moose when we really had to have a moose." (Neither Adam nor Charlie had yet killed his moose for this season.)

It seemed that the moose was a fine young bull, a three-year-old, and Adam had killed it that morning at about half-past eight, a very little time after he had left camp. He trailed it for some distance, and at last saw it in a little brook, high up toward the top of the ridge, and about 100 yards away. "I knew when I saw it that it was my moose," said Adam, "and I concluded to kill it just to break the hoodoo. It is not a very big head, but it's a whole lot better than no moose at all. I just took a good fair sight, and I only had to shoot once with the .30-40." The moose was shot through the lungs, the ball breaking one of the spinal processes. Adam said that it sank down at once and only moved its head two or three times, being quite dead when he got to it. He found then that he had left his knife back at the Klondike camp, and had to walk back to get it. Then he skinned the moose, hung up the hide in the camp, and he and Jack later came on down with the head and part of the meat. They had passed a very wretched night with their one blanket at the Klondike camp, for the weather had come off quite cold, and it was necessary for a fire to be kept up all night.

Adam had seen any amount of moose sign on his hunt of to-day and yesterday, and in the same neighborhood where he killed his moose he saw three small bulls, all of which had been lying down in the open water.

Jack had hunted in a different direction from that taken by his father, and it was a very satisfactory report indeed which he brought back with him. He had located a moose yard and had seen unmistakable sign of one or more bulls. He said that when he got into the edge of the yard he came back, and did not believe that any of the game had scented him, so that there would be a fair chance of finding a moose, and a bull moose, too, in that neighborhood on the following day. All of which raised our spirits very much indeed, for time was slipping away very rapidly now, and since we had started out to kill my moose, we rather wanted to do it.

Moose Shank Moccasins.

Adam and Jack brought in a splendid fox skin, it appearing that this fox had gotten into an old bear trap which had been left set at the Klondike camp the fall previous. The fur was beautiful. We were now getting quite a bunch of fur in camp, to say nothing of our caribou trophies and these recent spoils of the little bull moose. Adam brought down the shanks of the moose, and although he thought they would be a little small for his own feet, advised me to make a pair of shank moccasins out of them. Charlie, ever ready, sewed up the small ends of the shanks with stout thread, made a mixture of saltpetre, alum and water, filled up the shanks with the liquid and hung them up to tan for twenty-four hours. As a result, I got a very practical pair of rough-and-ready moccasins, such as are very highly prized by the genuine woodsmen of the snowshoe country. A moose shank well tanned can hardly be worn out. The snow does not stick to it at all, and it is very warm and absolutely water proof. It seems devised by nature for the natural foot covering of man, even for the bump which comes right where a man's ankle bone strikes the side of the shoe. This bump on the hock joint is biggest in the deer, next in size on the caribou and smallest on the moose. Charlie pointed out also that the deer had the longest tail, the caribou the next longest and the moose the shortest.

"It's funny how these things run, sort of in grades, in all kinds of animals," said he. "Now, here you have the weasel, and next to that comes the sable, and then the fisher, and then the wolverine, and next the bear. If you learn the habits of all these you will find that each one has habits something like the one just above him and just below him in the scale. Ain't that funny?"

More Caribou.

As to caribou, Jack saw four caribou within ten yards of him this morning, and he says he could have caught one had they not taken their back track. The crust was now bothering the caribou very much, and we could have made a very successful crust hunt on that day if we had cared to do so. The caribou had made a regular road on the ridge up to the Klondike country from which Adam and Jack had just come. There were literally scores of them all about, and how we kept from blundering upon them was hard to understand. I certainly was never in any country in all my life where there was so great a number of game animals so close about. Had this been in the Rocky Mountain country, our hunt would have been over before the end of the second day, for in the open ridges which mark most parts of the Rocky Mountain hunting region there are always chances to see game once in a while. The thick forests of New Brunswick are a great protective agency. We talked moose that night and Adam pointed out dozens of places close about, each of which had some moose story connected with it.

A Diving Moose.

"I suppose you do not believe that a moose will actually dive?" said he to me. "That proposition is sometimes disputed by the authorities, but the authorities don't always know. Now, I saw a moose dive on Upsilquitch Lake last year, and it not only went altogether under the water, but it stayed under the water for fully a minute at a time. It would stay down underneath the surface until the water was very still, so that you would not know that anything was under it at all. I saw something shining white in the sun above the surface of the water, and at last we saw it was a moose feeding, and then we saw close at hand this moose, which was diving for its feed. A moose is a great creature to get into the water. They wade all over little Nictor Lake, which is fully four feet deep in places. Of course it is not unusual for a moose to stick its head under water, but this is the first time I ever saw one go completely under and entirely out of sight."

We felt pretty good this night, Friday, the 13th, in spite of the bad weather we had been having, and which

threatened to continue. We believed that we had the hoodoo broken. Our next hunt was to be near the yard which Jack had located about four miles up in the rough mountain region, the roughest country which we had yet encountered, and the roughest section of all the Province of New Brunswick.

"We'll get that bull to-morrow," said Adam, "or if we don't, we'll sure set him a-running."

E. Hough.

Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill.

Oklahoma's Energetic Warden.

Cottonwood Falls, Kan., Sept. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This report, taken from the Wichita Beacon, may give you an idea of the way the new countries of the Southwest protect their game.

W. F. Rightmire.

El Reno, O. T., Sept 13.—The appointment by Governor Ferguson of J. A. Gould, of El Reno, to be territorial game warden is of interest to every person familiar with Gould's record as deputy warden in Canadian County, and desirous that the wholesale slaughter and extermination of game in Oklahoma should be brought to an end. No State has more proscriptive game laws than Oklahoma, and a game warden who will do his duty has every recourse in law to sustain him. Gould is a lover of sport, and was recommended for appointment by the El Reno Gun Club and other persons who deplore the destruction of game by pot hunters. Last fall and winter Gould did excellent work at El Reno in the seizure of game and the prosecution of the game law. No man's social or official position has terrors for Gould. He entered the private car of one of the most prominent officials of the Rock Island Railroad Company and confiscated dozens of quail and prairie chickens that had been killed in souhtwestern Oklahoma and were being carried to Kansas. The pot hunters who raided the prairie chicken country in Roger Mills, Greer, Custer and Day counties lost thousands of pounds of game in seizures at El Reno.

Several counties, notably Noble, Kingfisher, Blaine, Canadian and Oklahoma, have deputy wardens as zealous as Gould, and they will be of great assistance to him in protecting Oklahoma game. El Reno is a desirable place for the home of the territorial game warden, as most of the game killed in southwestern Oklahoma for outside markets is shipped by way of El Reno. It is reported that large numbers of deer are being killed in the new country and offered for sale at meat markets in the local towns. It is unlawful at any time to kill deer in Oklahoma.

The open season for game is as follows: Prairie chickens and wild turkeys, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1; quail, Oct. 15 to Feb. 1; plover and doves, Aug. 1 to Dec. 31. Possession of game out of season is sufficient evidence for prosecution, regardless of who killed it. To escape punishment it must be shown by the person who actually killed the game that it was killed outside of the territory and that the laws of the State in which it was killed were not violated. Game may be sold in season for local consumption. To ship game to outside markets is strictly forbidden at all times, and is punishable by confiscation of the game and a fine of not less than $25 nor more than $100 and costs of suit and jail punishment until the fine and costs are paid.

Railroad or express companies, or their agents for transporting game to points outside of Oklahoma, may be fined in the sum of $200, together with all costs of the suit, to be recovered in a civil action and collected upon execution as in civil cases. For shipping live birds, other than a single pair at one time for scientific purposes, common carriers or their agents are subject to a fine of from $50 to $500, with costs of suit. The game warden or his deputies, should they suspect that game is being shipped unlawfully, are authorized to enter express cars at any place in Oklahoma and break open and inspect packages which they believe contain contraband game. The game law is equally severe for the protection of fish.

A Dakota Chicken Shoot.

East Wareham, Mass., Sept. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Twelve years ago I was one of a party of duck hunters on the Wequally River in Washington. We were sitting about the stove in the cabin of our cruising yacht McLaren, when one of our party told us a laughable story about a chicken shoot he and three friends had in Dakota. As nearly as I can recall it, he said:

We started out two days before the opening, intending to drive about forty miles. Our rig consisted of a strong, light, double-seated wagon, drawn by two of the highest and fleetest-footed broncos in town. We carried no duffle other than guns and cartridges, it being our intention to put up at a farmer's house.

Our road was the prairie, and our course as straight as the nature of the ground would permit. The going was good and we could trot the horses most of the time, but drove slowly when our two dogs were out, as we did not wish them to become footsore.

After driving about twenty-five miles we put up for the night. The next day we continued on our way, and, as we had but fifteen miles to go, noon found us near our destination. We began to look around for birds and a place to put up. The farms were large and houses far apart. We drove along toward some buildings and let the dogs range; here is where we made our mistake. The dogs struck a trail and worked toward a cornfield. We stopped the team and Ed took a gun, got out and followed them. It so happened that this farm belonged to a man who had a strong prejudice against gunners, especially those from towns.

As Ed with the dogs worked up nearer the buildings, Frank, who knew the owner's peculiar aversion to shooting, said, "That is Anderson's place. I hope Ed won't shoot. We'll see trouble if the old man is about and us fellows one day ahead of time."

The dogs were in wheat stubble near some standing corn. Here they came to a point. Ed raised his gun, and before we could warn him not to fire, the birds rose and he dropped one. At the same instant we heard a yell from the corn and saw a boy running toward the house, all the while screaming as though Indians were after him. Out from the barn rushed a man in shirt sleeves. Frank, who was driving us slowly after Ed, now shouted "Get those dogs, quick," and suiting his actions to his words, collared one and bundled him into the wagon, Ed following with the other. We divined that something was about to happen, as a look toward the barn showed us a man saddling a horse, which he mounted just as we got turned about. If we did not know what was coming we soon gathered knowledge on the run. Fortunately for us, a wire fence separated the fields so that the farmer had to make quite a detour before he was on our track.

We knew that recognition would be followed by a complaint and prosecution for shooting before the chicken (sharp-tailed grouse) season opened, and that a hot chase was behind, and a hard ride before us. We waited on nothing and soon left the trail to put as much of the wire fence in our pursuer's way as possible. This course took us near another house, whose inmates, attracted by our shouts and the racket we made, rushed out to see the fun. We heard a horn, saw the farmer and his family gazing in astonishment, his boys climbing on to a wheat stack for a better view. We had an advantage in that our horses were light, wiry runners, while Anderson's was a heavy worker, but the unevenness of the prairie kept our wagon on the jump and bounce as though two wheels only touched the ground at a time.

Our pursuer came on about a half-mile behind; where it was fairly smooth he could not gain a foot; when we struck gulches and rough places he pulled on us, as we had to slack up. What, with dogs and guns, we were too busy to watch out much, our guns well wrapped up in the horse blankets, our shell boxes burst and their contents were rolling about underfoot when suddenly we came upon a coulée, too late to stop or avoid, and over we went, "hell bent for election," as Ed afterward said. Luckily nothing broke but the strap that held the tail board, which dropped down and let most of our cartridges escape. The shock left us breathless, and two hats remained with the shells to cheer the enemy. After this one of us stood up, braced by the others, and looked out for bad places. We soon came to one where all had to get out. Frank led the horses, Ed took the back end, Bill and I a forewheel each, and we got over. Our follower made time here, and in our haste to board, our seat was pulled off and left behind. The excitement ran high, and Ed, who was growing belligerent, wanted to stop and fight. We could not hear to that, as prosecution would follow in any event. The pace seemed to tell on our pursuer, who, abandoning the attempt to overhaul us, now contented himself with keeping us in view. Taking advantage of this, we slowed up to a trot, hoping to kill time enough to bring our arrival in town after dark. We also bore off considerably from a direct course, well knowing he would strike straight for town once he knew for a certainty where we were heading. We were careful to avoid buildings, knowing that witnesses would be easy to procure.

Four heads were an advantage, too, for we could watch all directions, and, seeing the enemy turn off toward a farm, we headed the opposite way, for it dawned on us that he might change horses; and, in fact, that is just what he did do, but we were so nearly out of sight when he resumed our trail that the maneuver availed him little. Three hours had now passed, and we were more than thirty miles from where our troubles began; ten miles more and we should be in town. We had ridden between forty and fifty miles already, and our team was pretty well played. About this time we struck a slough, which we took on foot. We got through after a fashion, though nothing but desperation would attempt it. Here our pursuer brought up, and guessing our destination left us and rode directly for town. We watched him off with relief, and began to devise means to outwit him and the officers he might employ. It happened that the horses belonged to one man and the wagon to another, these parties being unknown to each other.

We jogged along slowly as the sun declined, and at dark were on the opposite side of town from where we should have entered. As we approached we deployed in skirmish line; at the outermost houses we unharnessed, stowed everything in the wagon, ran that into a shed, two mounted the broncos and took separate ways; the other two took each a dog and footed it quietly for home, where we all arrived without detection. In the morning we learned that Anderson had got a constable and both were on the watch. There was some suspicion and talk, but nothing ever came of it. A few days later we drove out and recovered the lost seat and a quantity of shells, but never saw the hats; we got some birds, too, but did not go near Anderson's.

Walter B. Savary.

Living it Over Again.

Almost every man has his own idea of the best test of another man's worth. The old adage runs that to truly know people one must live with them. Some hold the view that to read the ins and outs of human character one must travel with it. Your yachtsman tells you that you do not know your friends in their true light until you have sailed with them under adverse weather conditions; and all of these deductions doubtlessly carry much weight, but verily the man who holds your love and respect through the vicissitudes of repeated hunting trips must ring true, for in the sharp pursuit of the elusive pheasant, day in, day out, through bog, swamp and underbrush; through the tangle of mountain laurels, bull briers, scrub oaks and fallen trees, the best tempered of men will be mightily tried, especially after missing a difficult right quarterer, which sails merrily away over the distant line of treetops to be shot at again some other day. It is because of the trial of repeated years that I feel so keenly the loss entailed by my not being able to join the Doctor, Ross and Willie on their annual gunning trip. This is a treat that I have missed but once before in many years, and as I ruminate the scenes come back in all their vividness that made the charm in the days that have gone.

The open season is now at hand. For the past month there has been considerable activity in quarters quiet at all other times. The guns have been cleaned and polished until they shine like a new pan; each morning Ross has glanced at the falling leaves with great silent satisfaction; each evening the Doctor informs me that the sunset has a decided look of fall, and Willie, who never shoots any game because of his near-sightedness and tender heart, has asked me at least fifty times whether I could not in some way manage to reach Maple Ridge for a day with Jess, our constant hunting chum, than whom no better gunner ever tramped the woods in search of game.

A few nights back, after a mysterious disappearance of forty-eight hours, which it transpired had been spent on a Long Island game preserve testing the merits of one Gordon setter, Duke by name, the Doctor announced confidentially that he had at last become possessed of a prize in the hunting dog line, and while he wouldn't care to spread the news too quickly, he firmly believed Ross's Irish setter Mac and Jess's premier Kyd, would be beaten to a standstill by Duke. Together we journeyed to Ross' home with Duke, who was introduced to Mac with all solemnity. What passed between the two in the mysterious dog tongue we do not know, but we do know their behavior was such that Mrs. Ross' sense of hospitality was outraged at once, and Mac was banished to the stable, his accustomed domicile, while Duke, the guest, was allowed full swing, and when he steadily pointed an inoffensive kitten Ross pronounced him of good stock, at least, explaining that a good bird dog would always point a cat. I wondered whether this was because cats liked birds, but asked no questions. After much speculation as to whether Duke and Mac would work together in the woods, we rose to go, Ross generously praising Duke, while feeling positive deep down in his soul that the dog who could rival Mac in field work had not yet been born, and thus are good men loyal to their dogs.

To-day they bade me good-by, the Doctor assuring me that I would be with them. Ross, busy with the dogs, cheerily announced he could see me in the cosy library, and Willie, ever considerate of the welfare of us all, smiled knowingly and told of his anxiety to meet me at the station, no matter when I arrived. All this in the face of my absolute inability to join them, and still it was the finest way in the world to drive away my blues, I actually got to feel that I was going later, and my spirits rose within me to such a height that I resolved to chronicle briefly their doings of a previous year, and in the quiet of my den get all the enjoyment possible out of this mental hunting trip.

As I gaze into the cloud of smoke I see again Jess meeting us at the station with his two colts, Ben and Lucy, and as we ride back into the mountains he tells of the twelve pheasants he has flushed in Bog Meadow on a recent morning; of the nine pheasants he put up over in the cat hole; surely the worst place to reach in that part of the country; of the reports Lynn's boys have brought in from Sugar Camp; of the rare luck he has had over at the Hermit's cabin, a landmark with a local romance, and last but not least, of the numerous coveys of quail to be found around the base of Mt. Jager, very appropriately named the Hunter's Mountain, from the German, not forgetting the tame coveys he always has in the home buckwheat fields that his city friends may not be forced to return from the day's hunt empty handed. We have heard these stories before and know Jess so well, that while we lay no stress on the tame bird part, we are sure of good shooting in the other well-known spots. After a rousing greeting from Ed and the rest of the family, we adjourn to the library, sample of Mr. K.'s new apple crop, pass on the merits of the cider, smoke a last pipe in a heated discussion over the dogs and go to bed, wondering how sore to-morrow night will find us. The Doctor, ever first to rise, rouses us all at daybreak by pounding on our doors with his hunting boots and then firing a salute under our windows.

A hearty breakfast, with the lightest of wheat cakes and honey, forming a part of the menu, because of good Mrs. K.'s kindly remembering our weakness, and we start for Bog Meadow to begin our ten days' hunt. Verily, this is the bird hunters' paradise, not more than two miles square, always rich in running water, and never failing to furnish pheasant, quail and woodcock, with an odd wood duck now and then to add variety, and we have come to feel that as Bog Meadow is rich or poor in game, so is the season going to be in hunting. On this trip, which looms so vividly before me, the other three gunners have brought their wives, in consequence of the deep interest the latter folks have taken in our stories, and each man knows this first day's hunt will have much influence on his future privilege of telling hunting stories to a believing and appreciative audience by his home fireside, therefore do they hunt hard and shoot carefully, each jealous of the other, while I, an amused spectator, finally feel the necessity of shooting something to establish in the minds of these good women friends my powers as a hunter, for I, too, have sometimes told them stories. Sundown sees us comparing bags. Ross has three pheasants and a quail, Jess three pheasants and two quail, I have one pheasant and three quail, and horror of all horrors, the Doctor whom we have bantered year in and year out, because of his path-finding ability and ammunition-wasting propensity, displays to our envious gaze nine pheasants and eight good-sized quail, and shortly after our homeward march is started we miss him altogether.

At the first sight of the farmhouse lights, far over on a knoll in the lee of Maple Ridge, we three remaining pause to rest and wonder at his disappearance. Somewhat alarmed I suggest that he may have met with a mishap, but Jess at once dispels my fears by his theory that the Doctor has taken a short cut over the old trail to get home first and overcome the ladies as well as humiliate us by his splendid bag of game, and that by now the birds are probably neatly swinging from the rafters of the kitchen shed, with the ladies dividing their admiring gazes and loud praises between the complacent, beaming Doctor, as he stands by trying to wear an everyday, unconscious expression, and his splendid array of game. "A vision, Jess!" I cried; "Willie has taken the ladies to Bean Creek for a drive, and we'll get home first." The faraway look in Ross' eyes gives way to a twinkle of concentrated mischief, as he unfolds a nefarious plot to rob the Doctor of his well-earned laurels. With smiles of expectation we stalked along toward home, scattering at the farmhouse gate, so that one of us might find the Doctor and remain sufficiently near to

prevent his having any chance to talk gunning to the ladies until we were all assembled at dinner. It was my luck to find him in the library reading at ease, his six feet one stretched out on the couch clothed in a boiled shirt and standing collar. Never before had he worn a standing collar at the farmhouse or a dress shirt, either, so I smiled with greater joy than ever when I realized how far his pride would shortly tumble and how that shirt and collar would go with it. He and I discussed the ladies and their drive until Ross appeared with the announcement that we were to gather for dinner at once, the driving party had returned and Mrs. K. wished to serve the famished hunters. Hardly were we seated before Willie's wife, ever anxious to have credit given where credit was due, addressed the company with: "Who got the most game to-day?" The Doctor's face assumed a blandly modest expression with a dash of heavenly innocence around the rim, as expectantly he waited for one of us to sound his praises. Ross, Jess and I glanced smilingly at one another and then smiled commiseratingly across the table at the Doctor, who, in the flash of a second, divined our scheme, realized the joke was all on him and he must stand it.

The sudden rush of knowledge that he was beaten, and to be robbed of his triumph caused him to blush furiously, which prompted Willie's wife, in the goodness of her soul, to add: "Never mind, Doctor, you'll have better luck next time; maybe you'll shoot something tomorrow!"

And we three chorused that we really hoped he would. The Doctor's wife then rose in her might and demanded to know who had really scored the biggest bag, only to have Ross heap on the last straw by saying: "Modesty forbids me to tell who shot the most game. The fact is, we three over here might well crow if we would; but that would only be heaping humiliation on our old chum the Doctor, so for the sake of peace and permanent joy we have resolved to remain silent, so you ladies must be content to guess." Mrs. Ross made a final effort to solve the problem of how little game the Doctor did get, but failed, because we had hermetically sealed his lips by our trick, and he was too good a sportsman not to know when he was worsted. Thus it went down in the minds of the ladies and houschold that one of the foremost amateur wing shots of America, later the winner of the celebrated Dewar Trophy, tramped the woods for a whole day without bagging one bird. Many other incidents crowd my mind, and as I picture the game dinner they will have two nights hence, I seem to see myself in my old accustomed place, a state of affairs made possible by some ingenious machination of the ever resourceful Doctor, whose generous spirit will cause him to lose much sleep unless he gathers around him the old complement of guns.

THEO. L. VOSSILER.

Diversified Shooting.

I NEVER look upon a side hill in Connecticut sparsely grown with young white birches, with an intermingling of sprouting hemlocks, but I am reminded of days with the woodcock, partridge, quail and snipe. Along the placid Housatonic there are such shooting grounds where the very best of cover can be found. Side hills where the plump fall woodcock love to lie during the day to feed and rest; gullies through which trout brooks run hedged in with alders and hemlocks, ideal partridge ground; buckwheat and stubble fields along the cleared ground close by to scrub oak and brier patches, where the quail abound, and now and then a boggy meadow, where, if it is not too late in the year, you can count on finding a corkscrewing long-bill cousin of the side-hill dweller.

What a varying story at the end of the day does a generous mixed bag of quail, partridge, woodcock and snipe tell! When you start out with your dog and gun it is impossible to prophecy the nature of your bag, you take what comes, and let the preponderance of numbers in the favor of any one bird be what it will. We leave the main road along the river wherein the brook loses itself and decide to work the gully for partridge. R. S. takes the dog Dick, and is to follow up the brook, while Bob to the right and myself to the left work fifty yards ahead along the gully's sides just outside the fringe of hemlocks, and in this order on we trudge, only to be aroused to alertness by a cry from R. S., "Mark! Right!" Instantly Bob's gun cracks, followed by a thud upon the dry leaves and a momentary fluttering of wings. Crack! goes R. S.'s gun, and the wind carries by me a few floating feathers. "Go fetch; that's a good dog!" tells of another bird down. Partridge have a way of getting up out of gunshot that sometimes is exasperating. To stand still and hear a whirr, whirr, whirr, as bird after bird flushes out of range, is, to say the least, nerve-trying and temper-destroying. However, by working in a triangle, making the man and dog the apex, we get several birds that otherwise would have escaped man and dog. Upon the ground we notice a small built-up hedge of hemlock twigs, and following it a few yards we find hanging to a sapling by a horsehair noose a strangled partridge. We appropriate the partridge and destroy the snare.

We now have emerged from the gully and are in the open, cultivated field. Ahead of us are some patches of wheat and oat stubble, and good cover along a snake fence. The dog is working cautiously and finally comes to a point near a clump of weeds on the margin of the stubble. The birds are here. The dog makes the slightest movement forward when the birds flush, and those escaping the fusilade pitch along the snake fence. We know that we must now kick the birds out one at a time and commence on a point beyond where the outside bird went down. We range ourselves on each side of the fence and the dog begins his work. One at a time, no more. How closely they lie. We are at the end of the fence and all the birds are present or accounted for in a big weed lot well down to our right a hundred yards or more. We will work the side hill and try to pick up a woodcock and perhaps a partridge or two that we scared out of the gully.

The birches are plentifully scattered over the hillside, but not so thickly as to make the shooting difficult. The hemlocks are small, but yet large enough for the flushing partridge to use for cover between the gun and itself as it whirls away.

It is a beautiful day! The warm morning October sun brings out into bold relief the woods and fields, gilding the yellow stubble and making the yellow goldenrod even more yellow. We call the dog to heel, and lighting our pipes stretch ourselves upon the warm bed of grass and forest leaves and bask in the rays of the sun. The whole day is in front of us, the birds are plentiful, we have ample ground to work as we circle again toward the farm, so we laze in the sun and smoke and look over the bag already to our credit.

We have yet to score on woodcock and snipe to make our variety good, and knocking out the ashes from our pipes we spread out and start the dog. With a faint whistle up whirls a brown, long-billed beauty, but the way he twists and turns through those birches is too much for us, and we mark him down fifty yards along the hill. Every foot of ground is carefully gone over, and every hemlock is scrutinized by the dog. We get one partridge and finally work toward our woodcock. The dog has found him. Stiff and staunch he stands as we move around for a clear space when the bird gets up. Then he goes zig-zagging to the right, and R. S. neatly stops him before he has gotten fifteen yards away. It is the only bird we have seen, and where they can be we are at a loss to figure out.

R. S. makes the following suggestion, that we work toward the house, covering some quail ground, skirting the sunken meadow for a snipe or two, and getting an early lunch at the farmhouse, hitch up and drive to Ben Johnson's, where he is sure of some woodcock.

We find no quail on the stubble, and do not go into the scrub oak after them, where they no doubt are, but we do pick up half a dozen plump snipe as we cross the meadows. We circle the mill pond and send in the dog at the head of the pond, and out from among the bushes flies a pair of wood duck, which fall to the gun of Bob and R. S. The showing made at the house for the morning's shoot as the birds are hung up in the cool cellar is not bad, but it is lacking in woodcock, and that must be our afternoon's quest. By 2 o'clock we are at Ben Johnson's, and nothing must do but that he leave his corn shucking in the barn and come with us.

He takes us across a weedy field and we get up a covey of quail. We mark them down for future use in case we fall down on the woodcock, and keep on our way to the white birches on the side hill. And we are hardly upon its slope before the dog begins to work. The birds are here! They are not wild, lying well to the dog, and when flushed and missed pitching only a short distance along the hill.

Now and then an old cock partridge flushes from under a hemlock and as he goes darting between the trees is not always stopped in his course. But we are getting what we are after, and as we complete the range of the hill we circle around toward the house through the weeds and wheat stubble and interview the feeding quail.

We have well rounded out the day, both as to numbers and variety, and R. S. made good his promise to show us some woodcock up at old Ben Johnson's farm.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

First Jacksnipe.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 27.—The first jacksnipe flight is in on this part of the line of migration. A party of three guns bagged thirty-three jacksnipe, some rail, etc., on the Fox River below McHenry, a few days ago. Mr. Oswald von Lengerke, of this city, killed twenty-one jacksnipe on that day, and states that he needed only twenty-two shots to do it. He was using a new cylinder bore gun, which he had had made for a quail gun. I think that after a while there will be more shooters coming to my own personal notion that the cylinder bore gun will kill more game in the field than it is generally accredited with being able to do. There is many a quail shooter, and snipe shooter, too, for that matter, who outguns himself.

Other parties will start out in search of jacksnipe this evening. We have been having a few days' rain, which has softened up the ground, and the weather now promises to be warmer. Sporting attention to-day is divided between the snipe marshes and the golf links. As the grass is well softened up, this is a good time for jacksnipe and divots. The flight of the latter is reported to be unusually abundant in the neighborhood of Exmoor and other North Shore golf clubs.

There are some snipe on the Tolleston marsh, and the unusually good flight of ducks continues in that vicinity. Both snipe and ducks have appeared along Fox Lake Chain, and that will be the most popular locality for Chicago shooters during this week end.

Senachwine Lake No Longer Open.

Among all the many marshes of this country which were at one time famous, and which still are popular, none exceeds in popular interest the big marsh adjoining Lake Senachwine, near which is located the famous Swan Lake Club. These two big marshes lie along the Illinois River, which furnishes the best of the duck shooting left to us. Swan Lake has been preserved for a long time, but Senachwine has been the pleasure ground of large numbers of duck and snipe shooters. It is only justice to these latter to make public the fact that Lake Senachwine is no longer an open shooting ground. The formation of the Undercliff Sportsmen's Association, which was reported in these columns last year, has gone forward, until now the club numbers thirty-two members, with the expectation that the membership list of sixty will soon be filled. The dues of this club are only $20 a year, and the share is $100. This club has leased some 4,000 acres of the best Senachwine marsh and preserved it, and it is, moreover, adding all the time to its leased tracts. It would be poor comfort to an outside shooter to make the long trip to Lake Senachwine and to the once hospitable Undercliff Hotel, only to find that the country is now air tight to the public. This is the way the most of our good duck marshes are going in these times.

Around Goose Lake.

The little Goose Lake Club, whose grounds are located between the Desplaines and Kankakee rivers, near the junction, does not make very much noise in the world, but has a good time none the less. Mr. C. C. Hess, prominent in that club, advises me to-day that he had very fair chicken shooting in that country, although nearly everybody else who hunted around Morris, Coal City, and other nearby points reported no luck. Mr. Hess helped kill twenty-one birds on opening day, killed nine one day the week following, and nine on last Monday, a very satisfactory showing in these days. Mr. Hempstead Washburne and some friends who hunted in the adjoining country, found no birds at all on opening day. The latter gentleman and his son, however, picked up nine ducks at the preserve of Mr. Washburne's little club, which is not far from Goose Lake.

Unjust Charges Against Minnesota Wardens.

A recent editorial in a local paper here made some what sweeping and very startling charges against the game wardens of the State of Minnesota, alleging among other things that the game wardens of the Twin Cities winked at the shipping of contraband game and countenanced a wholesale violation of the game laws. The injustice and inaccuracy of this statement need hardly be pointed out to any one who knows the facts connected with the work of the Minnesota wardens. If the administration of the warden's office were as good in other Western States as it is in Minnesota, we should have a great deal more game for the benefit of all our sportsmen. The Minnesota law and the Minnesota methods of enofrcement of the law have long been held up as models in their way. To see so vicious and unjust an attack as this by a sporting paper causes surprise in the minds of sportsmen and something a trifle more serious than surprise in the minds of those subjected to these charges. It need hardly be said that prompt denial has been made by the State Game and Fish Commission of Minnesota in communications to the local paper mentioned. The latter will find it is in rather an unpleasant situation. Indeed, the course of this publication is at times a trifle inexplicable. It was the first to cry out for non-resident game license and now begins to hedge in the matter by suggesting that these licenses are too high. It requires no very shrewd guess to suppose that some one may have been pinched by the practical working of the Minnesota license law and may have put up a wail which received a too willing support in print. I presume that there come times in most human lives when it is desirable to be on both sides of the fence at the same time, but that attitude is always more or less undignified and unbecoming. Any newspaper which believes in the enforcement of the game laws, and which knows anything about the actual situation, would hardly be apt to go out of its way to publicly defame the very men whose hands it ought to seek to hold up. The reasons for this are not wholly obvious, but may be made public later. Coming from the journal which supported the notorious Illinois warden, Charles Blow, the sort of thing seems just a trifle strange.

Knocked-Down Boats.

A gentleman in Cincinnati writes as below: "I am informed that there is a company in St. Louis manufacturing all the parts necessary to make a canoe—that is, all cut out, but not put up, simply in shape to be set up. I think you could perhaps give me some information or tell me of some one making boats in this manner."

I do not recall any firm making this sort of boat. If they are making them and their address is not found in the advertising columns of FOREST AND STREAM, they are probably not in the business very far.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

The records made by the Chicago Fly-Casting Club on Sept. 20 and 21 follow below. Hasty reference would seem to indicate that the distance and accuracy fly record was broken by Mr. Peet, and the accuracy bait-casting record by Mr. Smith. The occasion was a very pleasant one, the Grand Rapids men, Messrs. Waddell, Kelsey, Rice and Bain being warmly welcomed by the Chicago contingent. The entire day of Sept. 21 was put in at the lagoon in Garfield Park, and the active work of the season closed in a very fitting and appropriate fashion. The scores:

	Long Distance Fly, Feet.	Dist. & Acc. Fly, Per Cent.	Acc'y & Delicacy, Per Cent.	Bait Casting, Per Cent.	Distance Feet
H. H. Ainsworth	109	94 1-3	84 1-6	94 14-15	91 4
I. H. Bellows	104	92	81 1-2	96 8-15	88 3
C. F. Brown		86 1-3	81 2-3	88 7-15	..
W. T. Church		..	..	91 1-5	82 3
H. G. Hascall	110	92 1-3	90 2-3	97 11-15	117 3
N. C. Heston		88 2-3	82	95 3-5	91 3
G. A. Hinterleitner		..	..	95 14-15	87
John Hohmann		..	..	88 8-15	..
E. R. Letterman		89 1-3	..	97 11-15	..
E. L. Mason		..	..	89 2-3	76 1
F. N. Peet	104	98 2-3	93 1-3	94 7-15	107
H. W. Perce		91 2-3	73 1-6	97 1-5	108 1
A. C. Smith	104	96	82 1-2	98 6-15	92 4
F. S. Smith		..	..	97 7-15	..
Bain		85 2-3	83	..	69 1
Rice		89	..	..	..
Waddell	115	91	89 1-2	90 1-3	77 3
Kelsey	111	76 2-3	79 1-6	97 11-15	81 2

Re-entries.

	Distance and Accuracy, Fly, Per Cent.	Distance and Accuracy, Per Cent.
H. H. Ainsworth	93 1-3	92 2-3
I. H. Bellows	97 1-3	..
C. F. Brown	81 1-3	81
N. C. Heston	91	93 2-3
H. W. Perce	95	96

Winning scores: Long-distance fly, Waddell, Grand Rapids; distance and accuracy fly, Peet, Chicago; accuracy and delicacy fly, Peet, Chicago; bait-casting, A. G. Smith, Chicago; delicacy bait, Hascall, Chicago.

Death of A. M. Hofmann.

Mr. A. M. Hofmann, of this city, at different times prominent here in sportsmen's affairs, died at his residence in this city on Sept. 24, at the age of fifty-one years. Mr. Hofmann has been president of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, was president at different times of the Cumberland Gun Club, the Prairie Gun Club, the Audubon Gun Club and of the Eagle River Hunting and Fishing Club, whose grounds are located in Wisconsin. He was also a member of the Sharpshooters' Association and prominent in secret societies and other organizations.

The Preserve Idea.

It does not make one especially cheerful to look back over the changes which have taken place in the last ten years or so in sporting conditions in the West. One of the most striking of these changes is the rapid growth of the preserve idea. We slowly go ahead in game law matters, undoubtedly enforce the law better than we did in the past, and undoubtedly gain yearly in respect for honest game laws. Yet, after all is said and done, the American system of game laws does not seem to be one which is destined to save the American game for the American people. It ought to work, but it does not. It works in places, accomplishes results spasmodically, and is, of course, a tremendous force for the betterment of conditions, but it does not stop the passing away of our game. Upon the other hand, steadily and strongly, without very much fuss about it, the preserve idea has been gaining ground and gaining it efficiently in the West, as in all other parts of the country. There is no use denying the fact that the best of our Western sporting country is passing into the hands of clubs and individuals who close them to the general public. A good duck marsh in the State of Illinois would be worth immensely more than a good farm. A good trout stream in Michigan or Wisconsin at once suggests the notion of a preserve. A remarkable fishing lake in Minnesota is at once built in with club houses. One cannot tell whether or not the American public realizes this, yet the truth is that it is happening and happening all the time.

There are only two things to be said in regard to the preserve system. It works, and we cannot help its working. Moreover, the only man who kicks against the game preserves is the fellow who has not one of his own. When he gets able to preserve a bit of marsh or river he is just as quick to do it as anybody else, and just as loud in his protests at invasions of his rights. The preserve idea has come to stay, and although the outcome of these matters is something beyond earthly wisdom to predict, there is more likelihood that in this preserve idea, hated as it is, there lies the greatest hope for the future of our American fish and game.

Some of these reflections are called up by reading the following words in the English angling journal, the Fishing Gazette. I continually read of good takes of fish made on the streams of that ancient and much harried country. Here is what one angler says:

"The miller, although admitting it brought money into the glen, had a woeful yet sensible tale to tell. Between over-fishing and poaching the valley was being practically ruined. From early May (Easter) till late on in September, English anglers were coming in dozens weekly, and only a few were getting anything like sport. The fishing is practically free for miles, and the loafers and poachers from the distant villages were doing for every trout above half a pound, while the fish were frightened out of their lairs, or lies, at all other times by the infinite and incessant number of baits and flies with which they were continually bombarded. He said he counted as many as twenty rods pass his mill door in a single day, and that soon the once prosperous valley would be a howling wilderness—to the trout angler.

"Such is the miller's tale, which was fully corroborated on the spot. And this is only a sample of what is going on all over the north. The Rev. Mr. Macintosh, Aberdeen, has just finished an angling tour in Sutherland and Ross. At every hotel advertising fishing he found a crowd of anglers, but no fish. Unless the loch is actually all the bigger it gets fished out. The fish may be there, but they are scared to death and need a rest, which they never get in the season. Sport on private waters the reverend gentleman found in abundance, and as he had a few invitations for such, he found it his best policy to stick to them. We need not give more instances."

That's what the thing has come to in England, and that's what it's coming to in this country. Whether you like it or not, that's what it will come to, unless we wake up and take a greater interest in the system of game laws which we have devised for this country. A sober conclusion, after judging the working of these game laws for nearly two decades, leads one to believe that the American people don't want their game, and don't deserve it.

From Dakota.

Mr. Maximillian Foster, formerly of New York, but now of Pittsburg, Pa., with his friend, Mr. Ellsworth, visited in this city yesterday on their return home from a two weeks' trip in Dakota. They went out to Buford and traveled thence up the Yellowstone Valley to Mr. Nohle's ranch house. They had grand sport at prairie chickens, or rather sharp-tailed grouse, of which they could have killed any number. They found the shooting a bit tame after a few days, and did not kill very many after that. They got into some very fine mallard shooting and had all around a very enjoyable time. Mr. Ellsworth got tangled up with a bucking bronco in a corral and is limping a little bit yet, though he "staid with him." Mr. Foster is well known as a magazine writer on different topics, largely those of the outdoor air.

The Saginaw Crowd.

The Saginaw Crowd will put their private car in commission for the fall shooting on Oct. 5, reaching this city on their way to North Dakota on the evening of that day. The personnel of the Dakota party this year is not yet determined, but there will probably be about a half-dozen guns. It goes without saying that "among those present" there will be no one who is not a gentleman and a shooter. This party of sportsmen always seems to me to have more fun to the square inch than anybody else. They are all business men, and they go at their vacations in the serious and thorough-going fashion of practical men resolved not to let anything good get away. The captain, as usual, will this fall be Col. Bill Mershon, of Saginaw.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

New England Game Grounds.

BOSTON, Sept. 27.—The gunners are getting ready for the opening of the Maine big-game season, Oct. 1. Some are planning to be on the ground; others will go later. The Fish and Game Commissioners have appointed twenty-nine agents to sell tags, which amount to licenses, to transport game out of that State. Section 26 of the code of game laws provides that whoever has lawfully killed a moose or deer, or who has in his possession one trout, togue or landlocked salmon, one white perch, or ten pounds of either kind of these fish, or one pair of game birds, may send the same to his home or any hospital, without accompanying the same, by purchasing of the duly constituted agent a tag, at the rate of $5 for a moose, $2 for a deer, $1 for a fish, $1 for ten pounds of the same, and 50 cents for a pair of game birds. This is a most peculiar law, and amounts to tons of game coming straight to Boston and other markets. Once the game is out of the State, it goes unmolested to Boston. There one has simply to order the express where to take it, and there it goes; nine-tenths of it to the markets, or to individuals other than owners or hospitals. This statement is susceptible of proof, if the Maine Commissioners desire proof. Twenty-nine agents, more or less honest, scattered around the different game outlets, with tags to sell, will make it perfectly easy for licensed guides, or anybody else, to get game out of the State of Maine this fall.

An Arlington, Mass., party of five will start for the Maine woods Oct. 5. The company includes Messrs. N. J. Hardy, Omer W. Whittemore, Stewart Allen, Dr. L. L. Pierce and J. Ronco. They go to the Monotony Club camps, above Moosehead. All are hunters, and some big game will be brought out, under reasonably favorable conditions. There are some good reports of shore bird shooting from Provincetown, and other gunning resorts on the Cape. But along the shore nearer to Boston the shooting has continued very poor. Down the North Shore far enough, say at Small Point, and near the mouth of the Kennebec, there is good shore bird shooting, with accounts of good bags. I saw a letter yesterday giving an account of several bags of yellowlegs and grass birds shot on the marshes near the mouth of that river. Some Boston gunners are making up for that way next week. There are very few accounts of partridge shooting in Maine, though the open season begun Sept. 15.

Still the bird shooting is poor at Chatham, and at nearly every point along the Cape shore. A number of sportsmen are at Chatham Beach, though about discouraged with the small flights of birds thus far. They reason that so small have been the flights in September that October and cooler weather must make up for the deficiency. Ex-President Cleveland recently visited the blinds at Wellfleet, but got only six birds in two days' shooting. Dudley Hall, of Boston, an old-time gunner at the Cape, is among the waiting. He is daily at the blinds, and manages to pick up a few birds. A portion of the grounds at Harding's Beach has been leased by Boston sportsmen, and they look for good results later. A large acreage of new salt meadow has been made at Chatham this season, by changing tides and winds, and this should make a great feeding ground for black ducks later. Quail and partridges are reported abundant on the Cape this fall, and the opening day, Oct. 1, will find the gunners in readiness. Great preparations are being made by the gunners for this opening all over the State. Dogs are in training, and coveys are located. The desire is that Oct. 1 may not be stormy.

Dr. Heber Bishop and D. J. Flanders, of Boston, and C. K. Fox, of Haverhill, are in the woods of New Brunswick after bull moose. Dr. Bishop is after his twenty-second bull, twenty-one already standing to his credit, making him champion moose slayer of the country. Mr. Flanders is after his second or third, and Mr. Fox has also slain his bull. They are in the woods some distance beyond Havelock Station, the end of the rails on the Elgin and Havelock Railway, in the Canaan and Salmon River country. They were in the same region last year and saw 52 moose; each getting one bull; all the law allows. They are to be absent till about the middle of October. Mr. W. T. Farley, of Boston, with a Worcester friend, has started for the moose grounds of Nova Scotia. The trip was planned by that genial hunter, Dr. McAlear, but he has been kept at home by illness in his family. They go to Halifax, and further up the country. The hunting grounds are well known to Dr. McAlear, and the hunters are pretty sure of each his bull moose.

Partridge shooting has continued poor in most sections in Maine since the beginning of the season, Sept. 15. Hunters returning from bird shooting trips into New Hampshire have had rather poor sport. The law protecting snipe, quail, partridge and woodcock has been off since Sept. 15, the same as in Maine, but the shooting has been poor. The Hon. L. T. Carleton is now declaiming on the great illegal slaughter of big game this year in his State; through lack of warden service, he says. From his reports from wardens and guides, he is convinced that there is not as much game in the woods as last year. To a daily press reporter he makes this statement: "I find a growing sentiment in favor of the enactment of a hunters' license law. It has been recently suggested that out of such a fund the farmers should be reimbursed for damage done to crops by deer, the remainder to be used for increased warden service."

Yes. Pat the farmers and other malcontents and enemies of the game laws on the back. That will help to secure the license law. When the law is passed it will be mighty easy to spend the money, and the game will be no better protected than before.

SPECIAL.

The Vanishing Woodcock.

SAYRE, Pa.—Diligent inquiry among shooting men who have ample opportunities to know discloses the fact that in southern New York covers woodcock are very rare.

It is the consensus of opinion that the only remedy for saving the long bills from total extinction is absolute prohibition of all shooting on these birds for some time to come. So winsome and delightful a migrant should not be permitted to pass into oblivion without a struggle for its salvation.

M. CHILL.

In the Nova Scotia Moose Country.

SOUTH BROOKFIELD, Queens County, Nova Scotia, Sept. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Knowing you like to have something interesting in regard to our big game, I am happy to tell you that our old sportsman and guide, Mr. W. T. Crooker (seventy-two years of age) went out last week, and only gone four days from home when he returned with a fine bull moose, weighing over 700 pounds, with a beautiful head and a fine pair of horns. He was accompanied by his two boys. He used a Winchester .45-70, and brought his moose down with the first shot fired.

Moose are very plenty here this season, and quite a number have been shot. Mr. Crooker says he could have got another moose at the same time, but thought he would let him go until later on, as he thought the one he had, with canoe, etc., was quite load enough to bring home. He will try it again in a few weeks.

GEORGE SEAMAN.

The Rail Tides.

ESSEX, Conn., Sept. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with great interest the editorial entitled "The Rail Tides" in the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM. Evidently the writer has spent several mornings in the haunts of the festive rail, for his descriptions are accurate and true to nature. The editorial calls back to my mind the good old days, long past, when, as a boy, on the rail grounds, I first acquired the art of handling a gun.

The season for shooting rail is now practically over in this locality. Although a few birds are killed daily by different sportsmen, the shooting is nothing compared to what it was two weeks ago, when it was no trouble at all for even an amateur to get all the birds he wanted at a tide.

Altogether, the season has been an exceptionally good one, as will doubtless be testified by any one who has had occasion to shoot on the marshes in this section.

G. W. C.

The Coal Strike and the Woodlands

Editor Forest and Stream:

Permit me to call your attention to the wholesale destruction of forest trees in the Eastern States in consequence of the scarcity and high price of anthracite coal. In Suffolk county, Long Island, for example, farmers have even neglected growing crops in order to cut cordwood and market it at the unprecedented high prices which now prevail, and contracts are being made and plans perfected for the cutting over of thousands of acres of forest lands as soon as other farm work slacks up and the cold weather makes woodchopping a more congenial occupation. In several cases which have come under my personal observation, beautiful patches of large oak trees are being cut down for fuel. In a short time, probably before next spring, all of the larger forest growth on Long Island will be cut down, and the coming generation will have nothing but so-called "sprouts" to look at or hunt in. The effect on the climate and farming lands will be important, but the chief losers will be those who can appreciate forests and fine landscape effects, and sportsmen who enjoy forests rather than "sprouts and brush" land.

The effect upon game is not likely to be serious, as rabbits and game birds, and possibly deer, thrive as well in the young growth of woodlands as they do in the older forests. Squirrels are the chief sufferers when the large trees are cut down, but they usually migrate into the pines or the swamps, where the trees are permitted to grow indefinitely, and they have a way of multiplying under seemingly the most adverse conditions.

A redeeming feature of the coal strike is the increased value and appreciation of the woodland. It will be better cared for and more intelligently cultivated than it has been, and the fact that it pays a good interest on its value will tend to encourage investment in forest lands by a class of investors who will co-operate with true sportsmen in preserving game birds and animals.

J. H. GRIFFITH.

LYNBROOK, L. I., N. Y.

The Western Forest Fires.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is with much regret and a feeling akin to that of losing old friends that I hear, through various channels, of the destruction of the forests of Wyoming and Colorado. While the forest fires are raging everywhere and destroying vast bodies of timber, it seems not enough, but to complete the destruction, the timber company of Carbon county, Wyo., has bought out the outfit of Teller, the noted tie man of Wyoming, and have put three hundred men into one of the finest bodies of green timber now standing in that section of country, along the south branch of the Grand Encampment Creek, and what they will do to it is sad to contemplate, from the standpoint of one who knows almost every foot of the woods as it was when not a sign of human habitation existed there.

How I used to look over this vast area of wooded country, from some mountain peak, and think of all the wild animal life that existed within its friendly shelter, and think, in my blissful ignorance that it would surely be ages before this part of God's country would be despoiled of its virgin beauty, not realizing that anything existed there to bring the march of progress. But the mining towns of Grand Encampment and Pearl have wrought changes such as could scarcely have been dreamed of a few years ago, and it leads one to think that no place, however remote and inaccessible it may appear to be, will be saved from the destruction.

EMERSON CARNEY.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM. *Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?*

Sea and River Fishing.

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

Fish and Fishing.

An Interesting Trout Story.

ONE day last week Mr. George Hart, of Waterbury, was trolling for trout with a long line in the deep water portion of Lake des Passes, where the big fish lie deep and do not take the fly. Feeling a strike and knowing by his sense of touch that only a small fish was at his lure, he took no trouble to hook it, being after larger quarry. Peter Curtness, his Indian, was slowly paddling out of a bay at the time, and Mr. Hart purposely avoided taking any trouble to prevent the slackening of his line. When it finally straightened out again, however, there was quite a different feel at the butt end of the rod, and Mr. Hart told Peter that the little fish which he had hooked in the bay had certainly grown considerably while the line was slack. After the customary struggle which a big trout puts up, the fish was finally brought up close enough to the canoe for Peter to take into the net. There were two fishes, in fact, a big one and a little one. The little one was fast to the hook, and the big one, when Peter reached down to net them, had hold of the other in its mouth. He released the hold at sight of the net, but was taken in with the other, just the same; and the remarkable circumstance was explained by the fact that the line above the hook, during the period that it remained slack, had become firmly caught around the root of one of his pectoral fins. The small trout was not far short of a pound in weight, yet it was not considered too large a mouthful by the other, which was a little over three pounds. It was not until the net was being placed under him that the big hungry fish released his grip of the little cousin upon whom he had resolved to make his dinner—a grip which he had strenuously maintained during the whole of the time that the angler had been forcibly urging him toward the canoe.

The Voracity of Small Trout.

A splendid camping trip was that of which four Americans formed part, a few days ago. It was headed by Mr. Gaspard LeMoine, of Quebec, who has lately returned from a tour of the world, with Mrs. LeMoine. The latter, accompanied by her sister, Miss Revell, of Philadelphia, and by Miss Chamberlain, from the same place, took part in the recent adventure, and so did Mr. J. Lockwood, a banker of San Antonio, Texas. From Lake St. John they drove southward over many miles of villainous roads, until Lac de la Belle Riviere was reached. This they crossed in canoes, and then took again to vehicles and drove to the River aux Ecorces, which they ascended for many miles in canoes, making, on foot, no less than fourteen portages, in order to avoid the heavy falls and rapids of this turbulent stream. Finally Lake aux Ecorces was reached, and here the party enjoyed the finest trout fishing of their lives. The lake and part of the river are well within the boundaries of the Laurentides National Park, and like the grand lake, Jacques Cartier, have seldom been fished by white men. In the clear waters in which they did a part of their fishing, they had excellent opportunities of observing the habits of the fish which were attracted by their lures. It is not surprising that they should have found them particularly wild and untutored. One of the party relates that some of the smaller fish which they caught and returned to the water, came back immediately to the same fly, at which they had but so recently risen, and went through the performance of being caught and returned to the water, two, and even three times in rapid succession. To me the story is not at all surprising, for several years ago, when fishing some almost virgin trout waters north of Lake St. John, with Colonel Haggard, we distinctly saw many of the fish which we took from our hooks and placed uninjured in the water, return to the fly which concealed the barbed steel upon which they had, but just before, impaled themselves.

Rapid Growth of Salmon.

Reference has already been made in these columns to the rapid growth of salmon in the sea, but a few very recent instances which have come under my notice in the reports of some of the fishery authorities on the other side of the Atlantic, are more remarkable than anything I had previously found on the subject. Kelts, which were marked and liberated in the Avon, on the 3d of February last, were found to have completely recuperated in eight and a half weeks, and to have returned as fine, fresh run salmon, by April 2. Still more wonderful is the record of a male kelt caught at Castle Connell on the 24th of February last by S. C. Vansittart. It was forty inches long and weighed 19 pounds. It was marked with one of the labels specially prepared by the Agricultural Department of Ireland, bearing the number D. 1502, and returned to the water. On the 26th of the month of March following, the same fish was netted at O'Brien's Bridge, five miles above Castle Connell, and was then a clean fish, its weight having increased in the intervening month and two days from 19 to 33 pounds. The story would seem to be almost incredible, but the weight of the fish is declared to have been verified by the bill of sale, while there can scarcely be any doubt as to its identity, and the label is described as having been almost buried in the fat at the base of the fin to which it was attached.

Crass Stupidity.

Picking up a French-Canadian newspaper printed in Quebec, I read to-day a most absurd attack upon the Restigouche Salmon Club. The writer laments the fact that there is no room for the village of Metapedia to grow, since almost all the property in the place belongs to wealthy Americans, who enjoy such a monopoly there, that placards all over the place announce that fishing for salmon is prohibited in their waters. There is no exaggeration in saying that the score or two of members of the Restigouche Salmon Club and their guests, who annually visit their club house and salmon pools, expend ten times more money at Metapedia than could be made out of their lands and waters combined, if they were in the hands of farmers or others, and employed for agricultural and commercial fishery purposes. Five dollars per pound would be a very low estimate of the price which their salmon cost to the members of the Restigouche Salmon Club, and much of this money is spent among the people of the place, to whom the fish would not be worth, for commercial purposes, more than about five, or at the most, ten cents per pound.

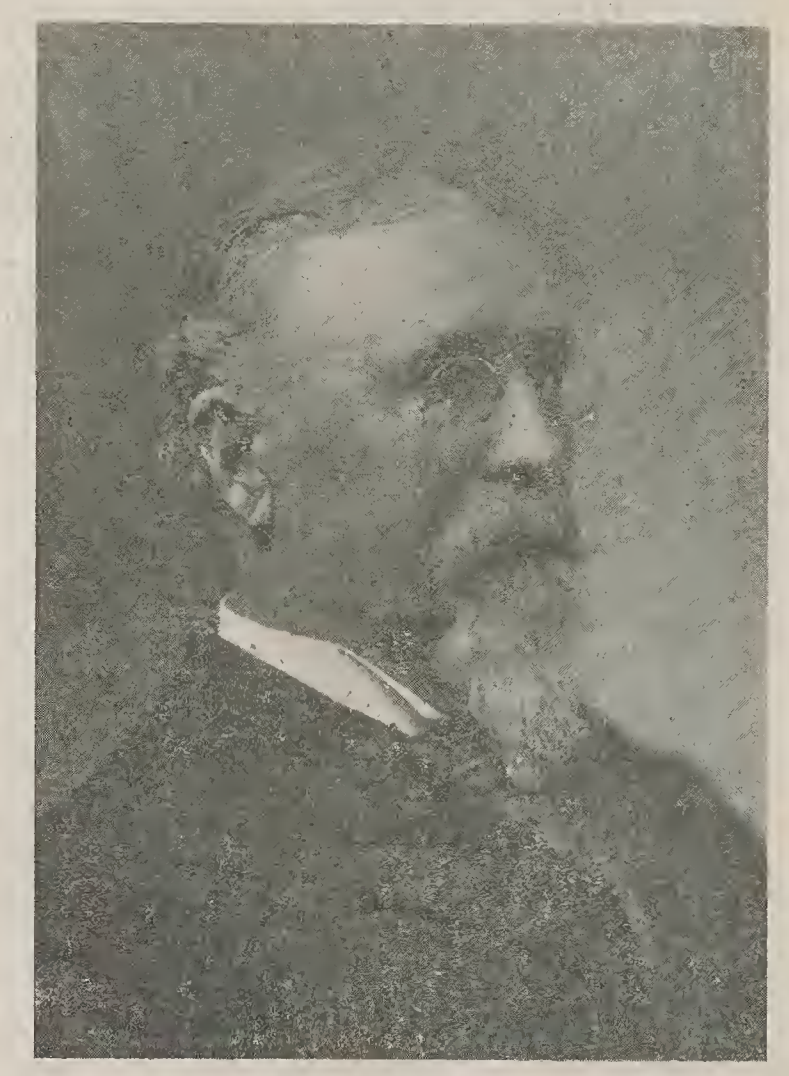
Riparian Owners' Association.

Much of the good sport enjoyed during the past summer on the Restigouche and its tributaries is undoubtedly due to the good work accomplished by the Riparian Owners' Association, which employs and looks after the men who guard the pools and assesses the various clubs and private individuals fishing the rivers and forming part of the association, for their share of the cost. It was well known that many of the net fishermen in the mouth of the river failed to observe the law requiring them to raise their nets from Saturday evening till Monday morning, in order to permit a reasonable number of fish to enter the river. It was impossible for the officers to keep track of all the nets over such an immense expanse of water as the estuary of the Restigouche, ten to twelve miles in extent, and the fishermen well knew this, and were in the habit of watching the movements of the officers, raising the nets before they made their appearance, and lowering them as soon as their backs were turned. The association, this year, very wisely increased the representation on the committee of mangement, of Canadians having influence with the Department of Fisheries, and, in consequence, were successful in securing the loan of a steam launch for the use of the officers at the mouth of the river, who were thus enabled to enforce the law. The committee was also fortunte enough to have the size of the government hatchery net, in the estuary of the river, reduced. If the same conditions can be made to prevail for a few more years, there is no doubt that the angling in the Restigouche and its tributaries, excellent as it now is, will be still further improved.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Thomas B. Stewart.

BOSTON, Sept. 29.—Thomas B. Stewart, who died at the Upper Dam Friday, Sept. 26, was an angler by gift of nature. Genial and kind of heart, he met other anglers with the spirit of love and gentleness. Not only was he a lover of fishing, but of its surroundings. For more than twenty seasons he had fished the Pool at Upper Dam, his chosen spot. To die there was his choice; to die in touch with his angling friends, where he could see their faces, and with his last glance behold the glint of the Pool, with anglers covered. In his last moments he was casting the fly. His arm made the motions as he lay breathing his last. "I've got a good one!" he gently whispered. "Now, I must be careful," and his arm tightened as it held the imaginary rod. "I'll give him line; not try to land him too soon. Oh, he's gone!"



THOMAS B. STEWART.

He sunk back on his pillows, and soon life had departed. He died as he lived; an angler to the last. Every rod was put up on Saturday. Not a boat was on the pool. A clergyman was present and simple funeral services were held, close by the roar of the everlasting waters. Volunteer pallbearers took his body to Bemis. All the old-time anglers who happened to be at the Dam went down with the funeral party: Messrs. Parish, Reese, Morgan, Way, Osgood, Bearse, Howe, Nicholson, and others. At Bemis they bid their last farewell to all that was mortal of their long-time angling friend, Thomas B. Stewart. Sadly they went back to the Upper Dam.

Mr. Freelan Howe, of Norway, Me., recently landed a salmon at the Middle Dam that was 29 inches long, with a girth of 18 inches, and weighed 10¼ pounds. He was caught on a No. 6 hook, fitted with a coachman fly.

SPECIAL.

Looking Back.

YONKERS, N. Y., Sept. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* You kindly sent us all an invitation to give an account of our experience in our outings of both fishing and shooting. Now, as the trout fishing is over for year 1902, we can take a little pleasure in relating and talking about the good time we have had. In the trout season of 1901 I caught in the streams in and near the city of Yonkers 150 trout. In the season of '02 I took but 68 in about the same amount of time spent on the streams. The greatest number taken in one day in '01 was 16 fish; the greatest number taken in one day in '02 was 11 fish, one of them 11 inches long, and none less than 7 inches. I think the reason of the falling off in the past season may safely be blamed to the low water in the streams. During the months of July and August there was very little water in the brooks; in fact, in some places in the streams there was none at all. In one stream known as Sunny Brook, last year I took quite a number of fish. This season I fished it three times and only took four fish. The brook at the head of the Yonkers reservoir has afforded the best fishing to me this season; this is the smallest in this part of the county, but I have taken some good fish from it this summer. Another stream known as the Front Sprain, near St. Andrews' golf grounds, I took from it Aug. 29, in about two hours' fishing, one fish 10 inches long, one 9 inches, one 8½ and one 7, which, I think, was doing fairly well for this part of the country. You cannot fish any of these streams with the fly, as they are small and grown up with brush and briers to that extent that in some places you have some trouble to get your hook into the water, but the fish are there. Now, I think I hear some of you expert fly-fishermen say that is no way to fish, but, gentlemen, it's good enough for me, and it don't cost a week's salary to get there, and the fish like the worm and I like the fish as well as the fishing.

TONE.

Fishing at Toms River.

NEW YORK, Sept. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Knowing as I do the difficulty many people experience in knowing just where and when to go to catch certain kinds of fish at this season of the year without utilizing considerable purse and more time in reaching a positive uncertainty, I think that a bit of reliable information on the subject may prove very good news to many who haven't a "fish" ticker in their office.

At Toms River, on Friday, I met the enthusiastic game warden of Monmouth County, who had dropped off there to catch some fish between trains, and I would like to say right here that the word enthusiastic is a trifle weak when applied to this natural born "fish jerker," for though it was raining "cats and dogs," he didn't hesitate a moment getting into "hip rubbers" and rain coat and pushed off right by the Riverside Hotel and began to cast for pickerel. I left for Forked River at the same time (4:10), confessing a warm admiration for this man of business and fish. Two and a quarters hours later I passed through Toms River on my return to New York, and to my surprise the wet and smiling Mr. Ackerman boarded the train with twenty to thirty fine pickerel, all caught within a quarter of a mile of the bridge.

While in Toms River I learned that just before this storm they had been taking striped bass down below there of unusual weight, and that as soon as the tides became normal they will be in the channel again, and are caught all through October. Your friends can be advised correctly as to all these conditions by Mr. Geo. C. Van Hise, as to the pickerel fishing there. I would say, I have seen, I have tasted and I know.

T. E. B.

Washington Anglers.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 22.—Major H. A. Hall, recently returned from Lake George, New York, reports excellent bass fishing in the lake during the season just closed. His best fish, and probably the largest taken in the lake this past summer, was caught Sept. 6, still-fishing, fine line, single gut leader, large helgramite for bait. The reel was on the hum for half an hour. Result: Female, small-mouthed black bass, 23 inches long, 18 inches girth, weight 6 pounds, 5 ounces. The Major says it was one of the liveliest and exciting pieces of sport he has ever had.

Mr. J. E. Watkins has just returned from Eastport, Me., where he had most excellent fishing for pollock and haddock, using rod and reel, squid or herring heads for bait. He says the pollock are as game as bluefish and furnished very good sport. At one time two fish of 8 and 10 pounds each took his son's line and gave him all the fight he could handle.

BON.

Susquehanna Bass.

SAYRE, Pa.—Bass fishing at Wyalusing on the Susquehanna River is at present, to use the phrase of the market reporter, in "prime condition."

Some very large-sized black bass have been taken from these waters during the past fortnight, and, barring heavy rains, the excellence of the sport should continue for some time to come.

Bass are biting freely at various points on Cayuga Lake at this writing. At Esty's, a short distance from Ithaca, the fishing is said to be exceptionally good. At Canoga and Cayuga village, bass and muscallonge and pickerel are being taken in plenty.

M. CHILL.

Maine Fish and Game.

SOUTH WATERFORD, Me., Sept. 22.—I have had good sport in the lakes around here the past two months, catching a large number of black bass and a few salmon. Deer are quite plenty this year, also ruffed grouse.

W. R. H.

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The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Oct. 21-24.—New York.—Ladies' Kennel Association of America's show. Miss M. K. Bird, Westbury, L. I., Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 26-29.—Philadelphia.—Philadelphia Dog Show Association's show. M. A. Viti, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 27.—Paris, Mo.—Missouri Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club), sixth annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.
Oct. 27.—Washington C. O., Ohio.—Monongahela Field Trial Club's field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y.
Oct. 28.—Whitby Island, Wash.—Pacific Northwest Field Trials F. R. Atkins, Sec'y, Seattle, Wash.
Oct. 28.————, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's second annual trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y.
Nov. 3.—Robinson, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. W. R. Green, Sec'y, Marshall, Ill.
Nov. 3.—Thirteenth annual field trials of the National Beagle Club of America. Charles R. Stevenson, Sec'y, 106 Market street, Camden, N. J.
Nov. 3.—Lake View, Mich.—Michigan Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fifth annual trials. C. D. Stuart, Sec'y, Benton Harbor, Mich.
Nov. 4.—Washington C. H., Ohio.—Ohio Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fifth annual trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.
Nov. 6.—Eastport, L. I.—Pointer Club of America's (member of the American Championship Club) second annual trials. R. E. Westlake. Sec'y, Scranton, Pa.
Nov. 7-8.—Robinson, Ill.—Western Irish Setter Club's inaugural trials. T. L. Fenn, Secy.
Nov. 10.—Bicknell, Ind.—Independent Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Nov. 11.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trial Club's trials. F. W. Smith, Sec'y, New Haven.
Nov. 10.—Ruthven, Ont.—North American Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. Richard Bangham, Sec'y, Windsor, Ont.
Nov. 11.—St. Joachim, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's fourteenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 17.—Glasgow, Ky.—Third annual trials of the Kentucky Field Trial Club. S. B. Hays, Sec'y.
Nov. 18.—Branchton, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's seventh annual trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y.
Nov. 18.—Ruthven, Ont.—Fourth annual trials of the North American Field Trial Club. Alfred Wigle, Sec'y, Windsor, Ont.
Nov. 24.—Glasgow, Ky.—American Championship Field Trial Association's second annual trials. C. B. Cooke, Sec'y.
Nov. 29.—Thomasville, N. C.—Continental Field Trial Club's eighth annual trials.
Dec. 1.—Washington C. H., Ohio.—American Championship Field Trial Club's second annual trials. Chas. B. Cooke, Sec'y, Richmond, Va.
Dec. 15.—Huntsville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) third annual trials. John F. Fletcher, Sec'y, Birmingham, Ala.

Smuggling and First Bite.

An amusing case of an attempt at dog smuggling was brought to light at Calais on Wednesday morning. A "lady" attired as a nurse, and to all appearances carrying a baby in her arms, boarded the mail boat for Dover, and immediately entered the saloon. However, the stewardess had her suspicions aroused, and on speaking to the "lady" noticed two dog's feet protruding from the clothes which were supposed to cover her little child. The officials were communicated with, and, being fairly found out in her attempt to evade the quarantine orders, the "lady" confessed her misdeed, had her dog taken from her and left behind, probably to whine over the absence of a far too indulgent mistress. Such an attempt as this to break the law is very wrong, and will no doubt be the means of causing considerable unpleasantness to real nurses with real babies who may be crossing from the French to the English coast. No greater insult can be offered to a nurse when the bonafides of the child she may be carrying is called in question, and this recent instance only proves that a woman with her pet dog does not care what risks she may run or what inconvenience she may cause to other people so long as she can gain her own ends.

There is a story told of a foxhound bitch of the late Colonel Thornton's, which, notwithstanding the fact that the whip lashed out its eye when she was full cry, stuck to the line of her fox and was fairly in at the finish. This case of gameness and determination has never been surpassed, but it was pretty well equalled one day last week. A field of grain was being cut on the farm of Mr. Bucknell, near Aldermaston, when a big rough-coated sheepdog, in the company of the harvesters, put up and chased a rabbit. As they were passing near him, a youth seized a sickle and threw it at the rabbit. Unfortunately, missing its mark, the sharp blade hit the dog on the tail, cutting it completely off within about four inches of the body. This notwithstanding, the dog continued the chase and eventually killed the rabbit. The wound is rapidly healing, and it is said that the unfortunate dog looks all the better for being docked, bearing a greater resemblance to the old English bob-tailed sheepdog than it did previously.

The dog which bites will always be with us; still, it seems strange that when once it has shown undue use of its teeth on the person its owner should run the risk of keeping the animal, or, at any rate, of allowing it to be at large. A somewhat interesting case bearing on this was heard at Edmonton County Court on Friday the 12th inst. It appeared that the plaintiff's little boy of 9 years old was out walking when he was attacked by a collie dog, knocked down, and severely bitten in the thigh. The dog was at the time in the care of the defendant's daughter. Damages to the amount of £5 was claimed, and it was proved that the dog, when in charge of the same young lady, had previously bitten another child. So far the case was simple, but an attempt was made to prove that the dog had been irritated by the defendant and his brother throwing stones at it, and knowledge of the dog's previous biting was denied. His Honor Judge Tindal Atkinson, in giving judgment, said he did not think that the defendant had personal knowledge that his dog had bitten anyone on a former occasion, but he was in the habit of allowing his daughter to take charge of the dog. It had been admitted that the plaintiff had been bitten, and it had been proved that the dog had, in the presence of Miss Collins, bitten, or attempted to bite, other children. It had been urged that her knowledge could not make her father liable, but, in his opinion, if an owner intrusted a dog to another person, and if it bit anyone in the presence of that person, the owner must be taken to have knowledge of the fact. He considered scienter had been proved, and he awarded plaintiff £3 12s. As a fact, the amount is small in comparison with the injury which might have ensued from the bite of the dog, but the decision of the judge is not only good law, but common sense. In these days of rabies scares and dog regulations the ordinary biting dog is one of the problems which has to be taken into consideration, and if an owner persists in keeping a dog when it is known to have already had that "first bite" to which under ordinary circumstances it is entitled, he has only himself to blame if he is cast in heavy damages when it repeats the offence, which it is pretty well certain to do sooner or later. A dog which bites should either be strictly confined and kept under control, or, failing this, be destroyed.—Field (London).

Pointer Club of America Field Trials.

The Pointer Club has issued the following circular:

Derby, All-Age and Championship Stakes.—Entries close Oct. 15. Members' Stake before starting. Your attention is directed to the date, Oct. 15, of the closing of entries of the Derby, All-Age and Championship Stakes of our annual field trials, which will commence on Nov. 6 at Eastport, Long Island. The entry fee for each stake is $5, to accompany each nomination, the balance $5, $10 and $20 respectively, is payable before starting. We have control of 6,000 acres for the trials and reliable information obtained assures us of plenty of birds. Entries to Members' Stake will close before starting, the fee being $10. It is earnestly hoped that the members of our club will come forward with their entries promptly, thereby insuring a successful trial. I am pleased to state that nominations are now coming in, and the outlook for a good list of starters is most flattering. Trains will leave Long Island City via Thirty-fourth street ferry, New York, at 8:30 A. M. and 3:30 P. M. Excursion tickets, $3.60. Distance, seventy miles.

C. F. Lewis, Secretary and Treasurer.

48 Wall Street, New York.

National Beagle Club of America.

Mr. Bradford S. Turpin, of Roxbury, Mass., and Mr. George B. Appleby, of Oxford, Mass., have accepted the invitation to act as judges in the thirteenth annual trials of the National Beagle Club of America, which will commence on Nov. 3, 1902, at Mineola, Long Island.

Yachting.

For Cruising Yachtsmen.

With the purpose of stimulating the interest in cruising, and the keeping of a detailed log by cruising yachtsmen during the season of 1902, the publishers of Forest and Stream offer prizes for the best stories of cruises submitted to be published in Forest and Stream. It is believed that these will form not only entertaining records of pleasant summer days spent afloat along our coasts and waterways, but will furnish information of practical value to other yachtsmen making subsequent cruises on the same waters.

Prizes will be awarded to the three best stories as follows:

First prize, $50.00.
Second prize, $30.00.
Third prize, $20.00.

Contributions are invited under the following conditions:

1. The cruise must be made in waters of the United States or Canada in the season of 1902.

2. The cruise must be made in a sailing yacht, power to be used only as an auxiliary, if at all.

3. The story must be prefaced by a description of the boat. Cruises should be treated in as interesting and readable a way as possible, but should be practical and contain all possible information and data that would be of value to men going over the same route. A description of the handling of the ship in all weathers will be regarded very favorably in making awards, and it is suggested to writers that an accurate account be kept of all incidents happening while under way.

4. An outline chart suitable for reproduction, showing the course taken, must accompany each article. When possible, articles should be accompanied by amateur photographs taken on the cruise, including one of the boat. Good photographs will be considered in making the awards.

5. The story should contain about seven thousand words, written on one side of the paper only, and must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York city, on or before Nov. 15, 1902.

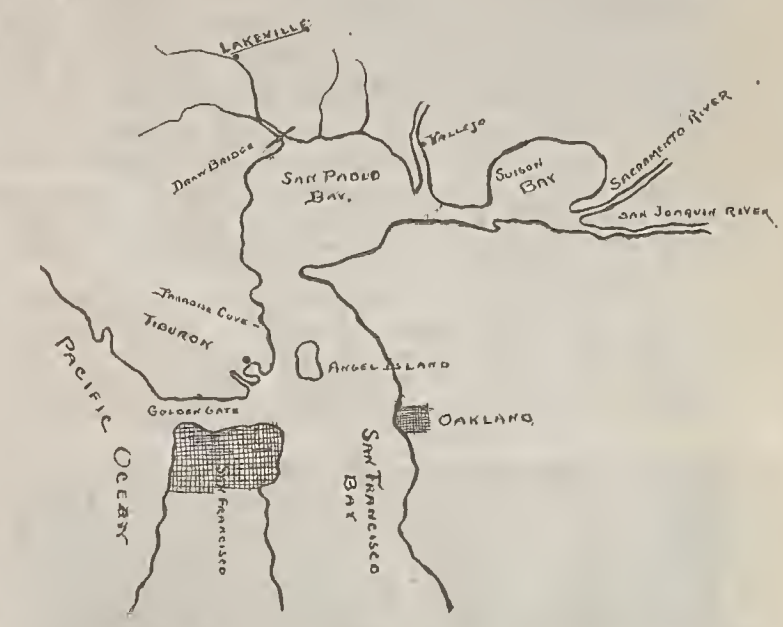
Mr. T. C. Zerega has very kindly consented to act as judge and to make the awards.

Cruise to Lakeville.

The Corinthian Y. C., of San Francisco, is, if anything, a live little club. Its members believe in yachting and do it. They sail for pleasure and get it. Forty sailing yachts, big and little, comprise its fleet, and there are no idlers. The management at the beginning of each season issues a schedule of cruises, and each event brings out a good fleet. Labor Day falling on Monday this year, afforded three successive off days, and in consequence the following announcement formed a part of the schedule of events:

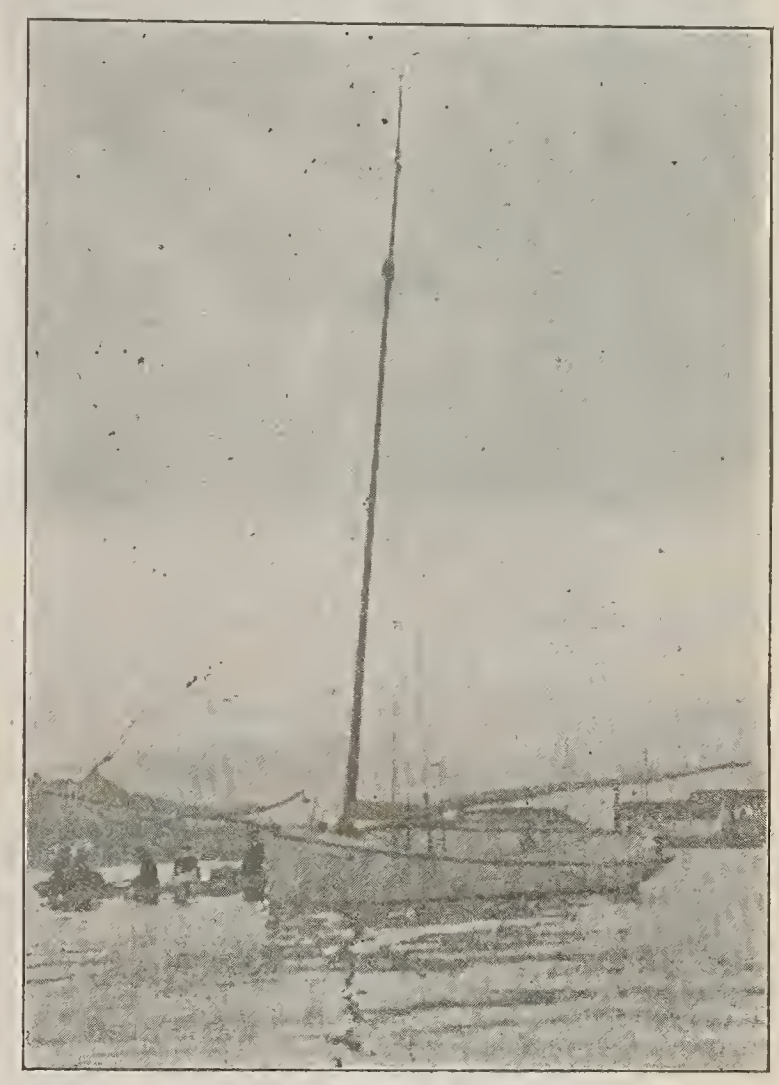
	High Water.	Low Water.
Aug. 30, Cruise to Lakeville.....	21.10.54	14.51.26
Aug. 31, Cruise to Lakeville.....	10.40.51	15.45.23
Sept. 1, Cruise to Lakeville.....	11.20.54	16.35.20

Now Lakeville, be it known, is not a yachting center, or, as to that, any other kind of a center; but it is on the map, and all good Corinthian yachtsmen are supposed to be able to find any old place that is duly charted. The following rough draft is approximately accurate, and shows the way from Tiburon (Corinthian Y. C. anchorage) to Lakeville less plainly than does the Government charts:



It looked easy, on paper, and no one for a moment doubted the ability of the fleet to assemble at Lakeville in due schedule time. It was to be a run to the drawbridge Saturday afternoon—free wind and tide. Then to Lakeville and back to the draw bridge on Sunday. That left Monday for the windward beat home.

Here in San Francisco we schedule the wind with the same confidence as the tide. We count on a never-failing twenty to thirty-five miles an hour wind coming in through the Golden Gate and passing up the bay. Our yachts have evolved a type which seems best suited to the local conditions of heavy wind and sea, and are uniformly deep bodied, beamy, heavily ballasted and powerfully constructed. Six thousand pounds of fixed ballast for 25ft. waterline is not unusual, and is found useful and convenient when bucking one of our regular summer breezes.



MAY.

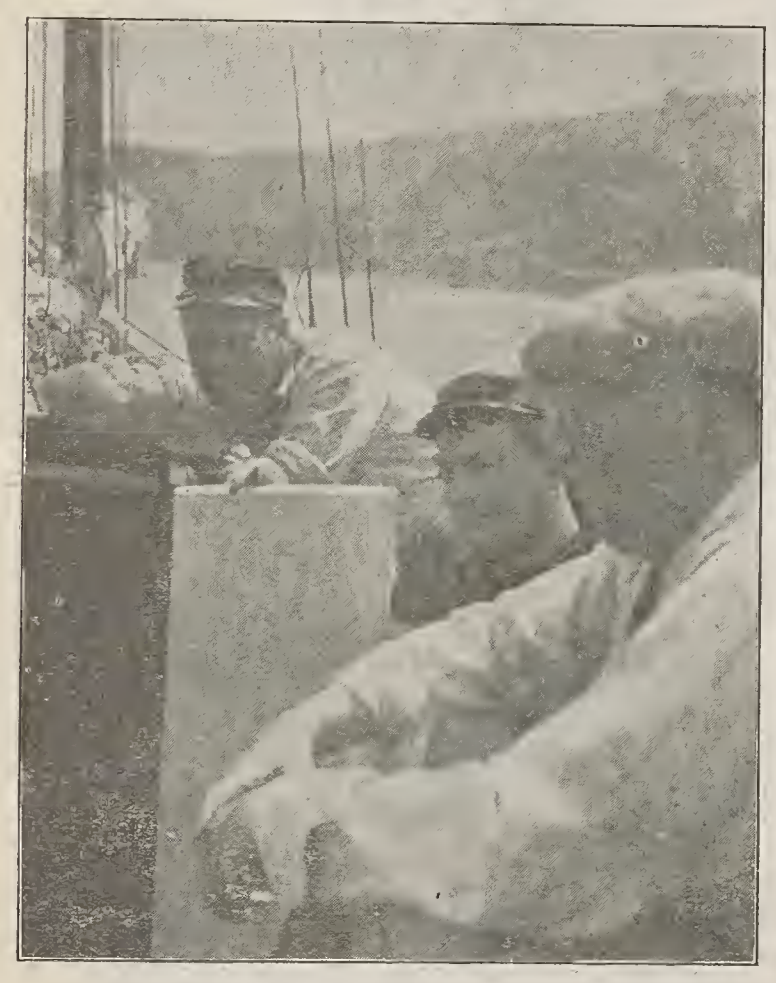
For the cruise to Lakeville, the writer took passage on the May at the invitation of her owner, the Commodore.

May is essentially a "big-little boat." Waterline 22.04ft.; sail area, 675.49ft.; draft (board up), 4ft. Fair sized cockpit and cabin big enough for a 35-footer. Our cargo comprised the Commodore, the Artist (a title which he disclaims), and the writer; and provisions apparently ample for a week's cruise. Two Primo oil stoves manipulated by the combined genius of the Commodore and Artist demonstrated the powers of mind over matter below decks.

At about 3 P. M. the fleet broke anchors and headed up the bay. A nice breeze soon carried us by Angel Island, and the prospects of a fine run with the wind and tide were never brighter. The larger yachts gradually took the lead and looked proud and beautiful. We shortly noticed, however, that as tail-enders we were manifestly closing up the gap which separated us from the leaders, and we began to think that, after all, size was not always equivalent to speed; and the Commodore, in consequence soon began to show unmistakable signs of haughtiness—a condition no one has ever seen him assume on any account other than his boat. His pride was shortly banished. The leading yachts had run into a dead calm and we were soon with them on equally painful terms. But we would soon have wind. Calms, in summer, on San Francisco Bay, are so thoroughly out of place that no one could believe this one would last long. But the tide—a good long flood—was under us, and we were in no hurry, and so why should we care. That tide, too, proved a delusion. Whether the fault of the tide table or of the tide, no one has yet discovered; but our fleet, like the Irish Dragoon, was plainly advancing backward. Our pennants drooped with the sadness of wilted flowers. The dinghys mixed, side on, with dangling sheets. Not a ripple. Not a sound. Everything sun. The quiet could almost be heard. But for the chaffing of the crews there

seemed no life. Thus we drifted, some one way, some another, until approaching darkness shaded all prospects of the drawbridge and began to cloud the situation with a somewhat serious aspect. Listless smoking, lounging and waiting ended. Something had to be done. Two courses were open—light lamps, wait for the wind and try a night run, or "jay-hawk" for Paradise Cove on our port beam. The "jay-hawk" proposition prevailed. The Commodore produced the sweeps; the Artist and the writer produced the muscle. We had the better of the big yachts—they couldn't be rowed; but the better was none too good. Heavy ballast in a boat is admirable when needed. It is not needed for rowing purposes. However, we made Paradise Cove and were soon snug above decks and deep in the mysteries of the larder below. And, oh, what a dinner!

Sometime about 9 or 10 o'clock, while we were digesting our dinner with the Commodore's cigars, a good breeze sprung up somewhere out of the darkness, and we ventured the hope that the other yachts were making good use of it; but we did not even so much as counsel together



MORNING VISITORS.

over the propriety of a night run. They had to do so; we did not.

The morrow as clear and likewise as calm as had been the preceding evening. We found two of our yachts in the Cove with us. A visit from them disclosed that they were as ignorant of the whereabouts of the rest of the fleet as we.

Breakfast over, dishes washed, cigars smoked, and still no wind. About the middle of the forenoon a steam launch offered us a line, and so we towed back to Angel Island and there caught a good breeze coming in the Golden Gate; but as the entire bay north of us was still calm, we determined that Lakeville was not for us, and headed for the main channel, and there enjoyed a long sail in the smacking breeze of the Golden Gate, and returned to our club moorings in the evening. As it would be manifestly impossible to reach Lakeville and return next day, we cut Lakeville out and repaired to a commodious house-boat, owned by the Commodore, for the night, and determined to devote the next day to near-by sailing.

By the middle of the afternoon of Monday the yachts began to return. It was indeed amusing to hear their experiences. The night run up the bay had been too much for the bump of navigation of the most of them. One captain had anchored in all confidence in front of the drawbridge. Daylight, next morning, disclosed no bridge, and he still declares that the bridge has been stolen. Another captain anchored in the channel in front of the bridge with so much confidence that soundings were not deemed necessary. Next morning neither bridge nor water were in sight. He had anchored on top of a mud flat. One yacht fetched up at Vallejo. Of the entire fleet, but two yachts reached Lakeville. Thus ended the cruise; and the good people of Lakeville are still ignorant of the honor that has been paid them.

E. B. Leaming.

COSSACK.
Photo by Willard B. Jackson, Marblehead.

Atlantic Y. C.

CAPE MAY OCEAN RACE.

Sept. 20 to 21.

Schooner Iroquois, belonging to Mr. J. G. N. Whittaker, carried off the honors in the Atlantic Y. C. ocean race from Sea Gate to and around the Northeast End Lightship off Cape May and return, a distance of 210 nautical miles. The distance was sailed in 27h. and 55m., an average speed of seven and a half knots an hour, with nearly half the distance a beat in a nasty sea.

On corrected time, figured according to the rule in general use for allowances, Iroquois beat Mr. Louis Bossert's Coronet 2h. 2m. 19s.; Mr. George Lauder's Endymion, 2h. 41m. 23s., and Com. Tod's Thistle 9h. 11s. Flagship Sachem, belonging to Com. Fred F. Adams, of the Larchmont Y. C., withdrew during the early part of the contest.

Coronet was the first craft to finish, having covered the 210 knots in 27h. 49m. 30s. Because of her size, however, she lost the contest to Iroquois on time allowance. The time of Coronet is close to the record for the course. In a New York Y. C. contest over the same journey, held in 1872, between Dreadnaught and Palmer, it is said that the former, as winner, did the distance in 25h. 5m. 40s.

Iroquois won the Northeast End Light Vessel cup, a new trophy donated by Com. Robert E. Tod. Coronet captured second prize, and Endymion third, the latter two offered by the Atlantic Y. C. Beside these prizes, Corinthian crew pins or bars were given to Corinthians on winning yachts.

The contest was scheduled to start on the afternoon of Friday, Sept. 19. The weather was rather inauspicious. All were anxious for the long struggle to begin, however, and Chairman George Hill, of the Regatta Committee, decided to send the yachts away as near schedule time as possible. The preparatory signal was set at 1:15 P. M., and 15m. later the starting gun was fired. In addition to the craft which ultimately completed the contest, Mr. Charles Smithers' Muriel started in the initial attempt to begin the race, and in a light wind walked away from the rest of the fleet.

There was a great deal of regret expressed that Mr. George W. Putnam's auxiliary schooner, Ariadne, which did so well in the race to Fire Island Lightship, did not compete, and also surprise that Mr. Edward R. Coleman's Hildegarde and Mr. Henry S. Parmelle's Alert were not at the line.

Shortly after the first start the N.E. wind blowing began to lighten and the weather grow thick. At 4 P. M., when the boats had reached a point about a mile southeast of Roamer Shoal Light, Com. Tod signaled from the flagship that he thought it best to call the race off for the day. The other starters consented, and the fleet returned to anchorage at Sea Gate as best they could.

It was decided to start as early Saturday morning as weather conditions would permit, but not until 9 o'clock A. M. did the times look at all propitious. Ex-Rear Com. Henry J. Robert set the preparatory signal from his sloop Ondawa at 9:30 o'clock, and 15m. later the starting signal was given. Muriel had withdrawn, leaving six seaworthy schooners to essay the contest, two of which carried with them enviable records for racing in like conditions.

In a memorable struggle in 1887 Coronet beat Dauntless from Bay Ridge to Queenstown for a pure of $10,000 a side, while in the summer of 1900 Endymion made the fastest time ever credited a sailing vessel from Sandy Hook to the Needles, doing the distance in thirteen days and twenty hours.

The wind at the start was E. by S. and fresh. Sachem led the fleet away. The crossing times were: Sachem, 9:46:00; Iroquois, 9:46:30; Thistle, 9:46:50; Endymion, 9:46:55; Coronet, 9:49:07. The yachts had a reach to West Bank Light, where sheets were trimmed in to shape a course through Swash Channel to the westward of the bell buoy at the entrance.

Shortly after 1 o'clock Endymion drew by Iroquois. At the same time Coronet was slowly closing up the distance which separated her from the leaders, she having passed Thistle. The fleet, with the breeze on the port quarter, had a reach down the Jersey coast. When Sandy Hook was passed Endymion had forged ahead of Sachem, which was followed by Iroquois, Coronet and Thistle in the order named.

Reaching in a freshening breeze the craft gradually heeled until lee rails were well under. At 11 o'clock Iroquois passed Sachem, and a bit later, when off Long Branch, the latter wore around and stood for Sea Gate. At Barnegat, which was passed at 2:40, Endymion had drawn out a two-mile lead on the rest of the fleet. Iroquois was second, a mile and a half ahead of Coronet. Thistle was last, and in the light breeze was gradually picking up on Coronet. Atlantic City was passed at sundown. Endymion was still leading and Thistle had gotten abreast of Coronet.

Endymion was the first yacht to round the Northeast End Lightship. Each boat had to take her own time. Endymion turned at 9:16:00; Irequois, at 9:24:00; Coronet, 9:55:00, and Thistle at 10:07:00. Endymion had covered the 105 nautical miles in 11h. 31m.

The homeward journey was different from that going out. The breeze was blowing E. by N. For three hours or more it continued soft, and then began to pipe hard, making it advisable to reef on all of the craft. Endymion stood in shore on the starboard tack. Coronet and Iroquois held seaward, and when they came about were able to make the whistling buoy off Atlantic City. The breeze continued to freshen and picked up ugly seas. Conditions just suited Coronet, and she moved through the water at a fast clip.

Iroquois in the meantime was doing remarkably well. She drew ahead of Endymion at about 7 o'clock on the Sabbath morning, the latter still being well inshore. Iroquois and Coronet laid their courses for Scotland Lightship. Just before that vessel was reached Coronet took the lead, which she maintained until the end crossing the finish line at 1:34:30. Iroquois finished at 1:40:00, and Endymion at 3:04:00.

Thistle had a hard time of it toward the latter part of the journey, but by shortening sail worked homeward and finished at 8:47:40. As a result of the ocean race this year, Com. Tod has decided to take the square sails off his craft, and substitute a modern schooner rig. Alterations toward that end are now going on. Working sails and a square sail on the foremast of the schooners was the only canvas allowed in the ocean race.

On board Iroquois were the owner, Mr. J. G. N. Whittaker, and Horace Bullock. Coronet carried Mr. Louis Bossert, the owner; Dr. L. Bowman, Messrs. F. Hewlett, F. Flug and W. D. Hoxie. On board Thistle, beside Com. Tod, were Messrs. J. Fred Ackerman, C. L. Schuyler, Ernesto Simondetti and George W. Royan. Com. Tod is enthusiastic over ocean racing, and this branch of yachting will be well provided for in the Atlantic Y. C. schedule of 1903. The summaries:

Cape May Ocean Race—Start, 9:45 A. M. Sept. 21, P. M.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Iroquois, J. G. N. Whittaker	1 40 00	27 55 00	25 47 11

LA RITA.

Coronet, Louis Bossert	1 34 30	27 49 30	27 49 30
Endymion, G. Lauder, Jr.	3 04 00	29 19 00	28 28 34
Thistle, Robert Tod	8 47 40	35 02.40	34 47 22
Sachem, F. T. Adams	Withdrew.		

SEA GATE, L. I.

Saturday, Sept. 27.

The Atlantic Y. C. closed its racing season on the afternoon of Saturday, Sept. 27, with a regatta for the regular classes in the Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay. The different boats competed for a trophy offered by Mr. R. L. Cuthbert, all sailing in one class on a handicap basis. Com. Robert E. Tod presented first prizes to winners in each class on elapsed time, while the club offered seconds and thirds where conditions demanded. Corinthian crew pins or bars went to Corinthians in winning boats, yachtswomen included.

It was a poor day for racing. Little or no wind greeted the boats at the start, which was made in a strong head tide. Although the struggle was no test for the handicap system, Sea Gate Corinthians feel that in recognizing this feature of yachting, the club has taken a step in decidedly the right direction.

The raceabout Cockatoo, of the Atlantic Y. C., led the fleet from start to finish. She carried off the honors in class P and won the Cuthbert trophy on corrected time. In this competition Vagabond was second, Martha M third and Karma fourth.

Winners in the different classes were Sunol, Vivian, Cockatoo, Spots, Pickaninny and Jig-a-Jig. Martha M. scored a sailover. Those securing second prizes were Kangaroo, Gwendolen, Vagabond, Wraith and Quinque. Karma won a third.

Handicaps for the Cuthbert trophy were figured by Chairman George Hill of the Regatta Committee, on past performances of the craft. The corrected time of each yacht was the percentage of her elapsed time given in the following list:

Vivian	Scratch	Kangaroo	85
Gwendolen	96	Karma	85
Caribou	93	Spots	84
Bonito	92	Wraith	84
Sunol	91	Jig-a-Jig	81
Cockatoo	87	Flying Fox	81
Vagabond	87	Elsie	80
Song and Dance	86	Quinque	77
Martha M.	86	Pickaninny	76

Twenty-one craft started the race. Cruiser, of the Brooklyn Y. C., and Peanut, of the Atlantic Y. C., did not finish. Bronco fouled the outer mark and was disqualified.

It was the original intention to start the contest at 2 o'clock. The course was to be one aggregating sixteen nautical miles, with the marks at West Bank Light, Old Orchard Shoal Light, Southwest Spit and Roamer Shoal light, with the start and finish off Sea Gate.

At the time for starting there was no wind stirring. After waiting an hour the craft were sent away, the preparatory signal being fired at 3 o'clock. The different classes were started at three-minute intervals. Class M boats were first away, and included Sunol, Kangaroo and Bonito. In class N were Vivian, Gwendolen, Caribou and Cruiser.

Five boats came to the line in class P. They were Cockatoo, Vagabond, Karma, Song and Dance and Elsie. Spots, Bronco and Wraith constituted class Q. Pickaninny, recently purchased by Edwin H. Low, of the Atlantic Y. C., and Peanut, started in class R. Three Marine and Field craft essayed the journey. They were Jig-a-Jig, Quinque and Flying Fox. Martha M. was the only starter in the catboat class.

The wind was so light there was hardly steerage way on, and the craft had a strenuous time trying to work around Norton's Point in face of the strong flood tide. They drifted about aimlessly until about half an hour after the start, when a slight zephyr came in from the southwest.

Nearly all of the craft had kept close to the Sea Gate shore to avoid the tide as much as possible. But the land, however, was enough to shut off the light air. Cockatoo and a few other boats which had stood over to the westward were in a much better position when the breeze came. The Chubb craft took the lead and was never headed.

The breeze was so light that Mr. Hill, of the Regatta Committee, ordered the boats to turn the bell buoy at the entrance to Swash Channel as the outer mark. This made a journey of four miles, or eight miles for the entire course. The wind hauled to the southward and strengthened perceptibly at about 4:30.

Most of the craft made the buoy on two close-hauled legs, while a good spinnaker run was in order on the journey home. Cockatoo was first to round the outer mark. Then came Vagabond, Vivian and Karma in the order named.

The run home was rather slow, and it was long after dark before the last boat had finished. Mr. George Hill followed the racers over the course in his ducking launch, Akista, and the tug Agnes H. White was at hand in case of need. C. L. Schuyler, of the Regatta Committee, took the finish times. The last craft ended the race at 6:40 P. M.

Sunol beat Kangaroo 8m. and 45s.; Vivian beat Gwendolen 21m. and 50s.; Cockatoo headed Vagabond by 4m. and 30s.; Spots beat Wraith 45s., and Jig-a-Jig beat Quinque 12m. and 5s. For the Cuthbert trophy, Cockatoo beat Vagabond 3m. and 35s., Martha M. 6m. and 34s., and Karma 7m. and 18s. The summaries follow:

Sloops—Class M—Start, 3:03.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sunol, John Abbey	6 58 20	2 55 20	2 33 33
Kangaroo, C. H. Humphreys	6 07 05	3 04 05	2 36 28
Bonito, Haviland Brothers	6 09 05	3 06 05	2 51 12

Sloops—Class N—Start, 3:06.

Vivian, S. E. Vernon	5 45 30	2 39 30	2 39 30
Gwendolen, H. G. Nobles	6 07 20	3 01 20	2 54 04
Caribou, J. E. Nicholson	6 09 30	3 03 30	2 50 39
Cruiser, Quincy Tucker	Withdrew.		

Sloops—Class P—Start, 3:09.

Cockatoo, Hendon Chubb	5 36 00	2 27 00	2 07 53
Vagabond, T. A. Vernon	5 40 30	2 31 30	2 11 48
Karma, J. C. Erskine	5 48 40	2 39 40	2 15 11
Song and Dance, E. F. Luchenbach	6 07 30	2 58 30	2 38 31
Elsie, C. P. Rosemon	6 10 20	3 01 20	2 25 03

Sloops—Class Q—Start, 3:12.

Spots, D. D. Allerton	6 11 00	2 59 00	2 30 21
Wraith, Calvin Tomkins	6 11 45	2 59 45	2 30 59
Bronco, F. C. Moore	Disqualified.		

Sloops—Class R—Start, 3:15.

Pickaninny, E. H. Low	6 36 20	3 21 20	2 33 01
Peanut, D. O. Davenport	Withdrew.		

Marine and Field Class—Start, 3:18.

Jig-a-Jig, W. A. Hutcheson	6 24 20	3 06 20	2 30 55
Quinque, L. H. Smith	6 36 25	3 18 25	2 32 46
Flying Fox, F. B. Anderson	6 40 00	3 22 00	2 43 37

Catboats—Class V—Start, 3:21.

Martha M., Richard Moore	5 57 35	2 36 25	2 14 27

Little Haste and La Rita Matches.

CHICAGO, LAKE MICHIGAN.

Sept. 26 and 27.

Mr. T. K. Lothrop's 21-footer Little Haste, which earlier in the week arrived at Chicago from Boston to sail a series with La Rita, champion of the Columbia Y. C., of Chicago, took the measure of the Chicago boat without any difficulty whatever, and with plenty of leisure to spare in the first of the series, which was sailed on Friday, Sept. 26. The result was not wholly decisive, as the wind was very light, and the match much a drifting one, sailed in light airs from the S.E. La Rita has been a surprisingly stiff and handy little craft in heavy going, pointing especially well, and having no difficulty in defeating the best of the local rivals, Colleen having given her the closest rubs so far. It was, therefore, not exactly the sort of weather which La Rita wants; though it is hardly good form to complain much about the weather when one has received so clever a beating as the Boston boat administered yesterday.

The course was over the twelve-mile triangle of the Columbia Y. C., and the preliminary gun was fired at 1:50. Little Haste was first over the starting line, crossing at 2:00:10, La Rita 10s. later. The first leg was a broad reach, and both boats at once broke out balloon jibs, the Boston boat shifting into the weather berth promptly. It was a fox chase thereafter, the time at the first buoy being: Little Haste, 2:27:07; La Rita, 2:29:34.

At the crib the faint breeze became still fainter, and the second leg, involving a beat to windward, was a tame affair, La Rita having no chance at what was considered her best point of sailing. On this leg Little Haste doused the balloon jib and broke out spinnaker, La Rita using the same canvas. It seemed as though the Chicago boat were anchored at this stage, the Boston craft going on as if pulled by an invisible wire. The latter continued to better its lead, the time at the second stake being: Little Haste, 3:45:02; La Rita, 4:18:12.

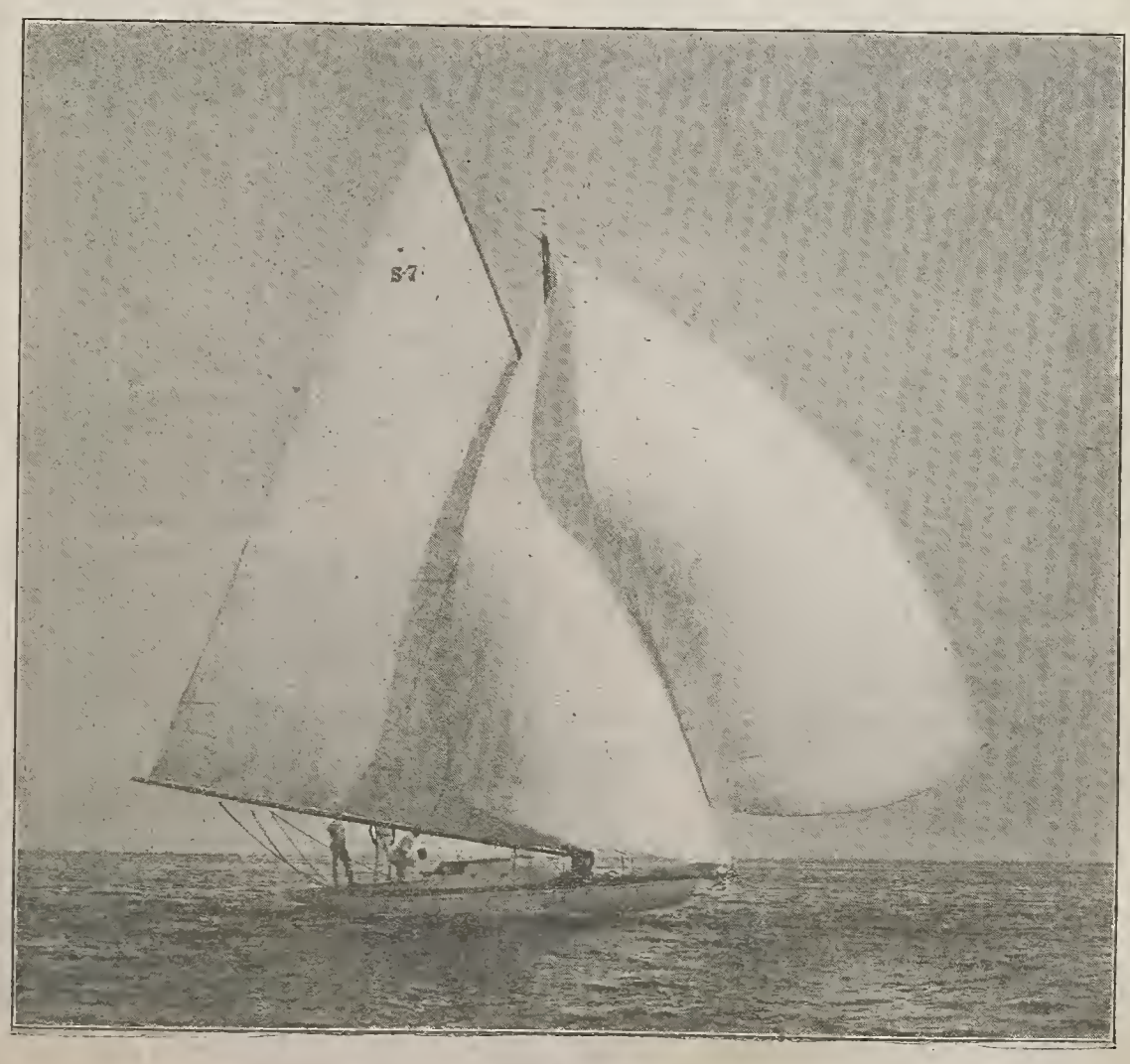
Running home, Little Haste kept up the spinnaker and also a working jib, La Rita resorting to the balloon jib again. La Rita caught a slight cat's paw, which enabled her to close up the gap slightly, but the Easterner had the race wholly in hand long before this time. The summary, start 2:00:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Little Haste, T. K. Lothrop, Jr., Boston	5 22 55	3 22 55
La Rita, George R. Pearl, Chicago	5 35 05	3 35 05

The judges were Messrs. Henry L. Hertz, Charles E. Scales and Charles E. Kicmer. Official timer, Mr. Joseph Ruff.

Saturday, Sept. 27.

The second of the series race between La Rita and Little Haste was sailed on Saturday, Sept. 27. The course was six knots to leeward and return, and the wind was strong from the S.W. Little Haste beat La Rita on the run to leeward stake boat about 1m. On jibing around



LITTLE HASTE.
Photo by Willard B. Jackson, Marblehead.

the stake boat she split her mainsail from leach to hoist. As the mainsail was close reefed at the time, she was totally disabled. and La Rita finished the course alone. Up to time Little Haste was disabled, La Rita was carrying full sail; after this accident her crew close reefed her and took it easy on the beat home.

This gives each yacht one race, and the deciding race will be sailed Monday if the mainsail of Little Haste can be repaired in time. If not, the race will be postponed until repairs are completed. The summary, start 2:00:

	Finish.
La Rita, Geo. R. Pearl	4 43 20
Little Haste, T. K. Lothrop, Jr	Disabled.

The judges were Henry L. Hertz, President of the Inland Lakes Yachting Association; Charles E. Scales, Chairman of the Regatta Committee of the Macatawa Bay Y. C., and Charles E. Kiemer, of Chicago Y. C. Official timer, Joseph Ruff.

The third race was sailed on Monday, Sept. 29, and won by Little Haste by over 14m.

Penataquit-Corinthian Y. C.

BAY SHORE, L. I.

Season of 1902.

The racing season of 1902 will go down in history as one of the best ever experienced by the Penataquit-Corinthian Y. C. of Bay Shore, L. I. Interest of the year was centered in the competition for the Lighthouse cup donated in 1901 by J. Campbell Smith for a series of special races in class N.

In accordance with the conditions of the trophy, six contests were sailed, in which seven crack yachts entered. Mr. H. O. Havemeyer's new Herreshoff creation. Electra, carried off the honors of the year with a total of 71 points. Amy Foster, owned by J. Campbell Smith, finished second with 44 points.

By winning the series of this year. Electra scores a leg on the trophy, and the privilege of having her name and that of her owner engraved upon it. The cup becomes the personal property of the member who succeeds in winning the yearly series three times, not necessarily consecutive.

With the advent of the modern boats some of the older class N craft in the club were forced out of any chance of winning, so the Regatta Committee formed a special class X, and offered a silver tankard to be won by the yacht scoring the greatest number of points in a series of three races. Mr. Josiah Low's Alpheus emerged victorious, with 36 points; Mr. C. H. Covell's Treasure was second, with 31 points.

From the start competition for the Lighthouse cup has created a great deal of interest in the Bay Shore organization. Amy Foster, belonging to the donor of the trophy, carried off the series of 1901. The other craft finished in the following order: Wanda, Mr. John R. Suydam; Pinkie, Mr. Allan Pinkerton; Gayety, Mr. Richard Hyde; Viking, Mr. F. F. Shortland; Treasure, Mr. C. H. Covell; Grotona, Mr. H. H. Hollister; Selnada, Mr. J. Fred Ackerman.

Two new craft were built for the races of this year—Electra, the winner, and Arrow, belonging to Mr. John R. Suydam, of New York city. The latter entered only the first two contests, but in the second defeated Electra, an honor which has come to no other boat in the series. Arrow was designed by Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, and built by Frank Wood, of City Island. She is 43ft. 9in. over all and 25f. 9in. on the waterline.

Electra was launched from the Herreshoff shops early in the season, and, it will be remembered, showed her heels to Quakeress II., one of the Buzzard's Bay thirties, in an impromptu scrap in Bristol Harbor. Electra is 42ft. 5in. over all, 27ft. 5in. on the waterline, 12ft. 3in. beam and draws 2ft. 11½in.

Fifty prizes have been awarded by the club during the season. Silver mugs were given for firsts and cups of pewter for seconds. Every race scheduled was run off with a gratifying number of entries. Twelve craft started in the spring regatta on June 28, nine in the summer event on July 19, twenty-seven in the open regatta of Aug. 7 and twenty-two in the fall race on Labor Day.

In the system in use at the Penataquit-Corinthian Y. C. the first boat in each race receives ten points, the second six points, the third three points, and the fourth one point. In addition to the above a yacht receives two points each time she starts, and an additional three points for completing the course.

The Regatta Committee for 1902 consisted of Harry M. Brewster, chairman; Bryce Metcalf, secretary; Samuel T. Cushing, Robert W. Haff and Regis H. Post. The records of the Lighthouse cup and special class X series follow:

Class N—Lighthouse Cup.

	June 28	July 5	July 19	Aug. 23	Sept. 1	Sept. 6	Total Points.
Electra, H. O. Havemeyer	15	11	15	..	15	15	71
Amy Foster, J. C. Smith	11	6	11	8	8	..	44
Pinkie, Allan Pinkerton	8	..	..	11	11	8	38
Don, T. R. Macy	..	8	2	15	2	11	38
Arrow, J. R. Suydam	2	15	..	..	..	..	17
Treasure, C. H. Covell	..	..	..	..	6	..	6
Gayety, Richard Hyde	2	..	2	..	..	..	4
Special Class X—Silver Trophy.							
Alpheus, Josiah O. Low	..	..	..	6	15	15	36
Treasure, C. H. Covell	..	..	..	15	8	8	31
Marie, Aymar Johnson	..	..	..	8	11	11	30
Lillian, S. F. Rothschild	..	..	..	11	6	6	23

Kennebec Y. C.

BATH, KENNEBEC RIVER, ME.

Saturday, Sept. 20.

The second special club race of the Kennebec Y. C. was held on Saturday, Sept. 20. The boats covered short course No. 4, starting off the club house, thence N. to and around lower Winslow's Ledge Buoy, thence S. to and around buoy off Reed's Wharf, and then back to the finish line. The wind was fresh from the S.E. and the weather clear.

The starting gun was given at 2:24, and 40s. later Joker crossed, followed by Kittie, Aspenet, Agnes, Swift, Hecla and Dorinda, in the order named. Dewey broke her tiller and withdrew. Joker led at the upper mark, but Kittie took the lead on the beat down the river and was well ahead at the lower mark. At this point she had trouble with her light sails, and was passed by Agnes, which boat won by nearly a minute. Joker was second, with Kittie third. The summary:

15 to 25ft.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Agnes, Thos. Jones	2 25 09	3 30 15	1 05 06	1 04 23
Joker, R. H. Gardiner, Jr.	2 24 40	3 31 25	1 06 45	1 05 27
Kittie, H. L. Lewis	2 24 49	3 34 26	1 09 37	1 07 34
Dorinda, P. R. Blaisdell	2 27 03	3 35 45	1 08 42	1 08 42
Swift, O. J. Ledyard	2 25 35	3 37 07	1 11 32	1 08 53
Aspenet, ex-Com. F. Cook	2 25 00	3 34 57	1 09 57	1 08 54
Hecla, G. A. Ward	2 25 36	4 02 41	1 37 05	1 30 29
Dewey, Bonney & Farrar	Disabled.			

Boston Letter.

Boston, Sept. 28.—When the racing season of 1902 was first opened, considerable comment was made upon the extreme overhangs which were being produced in the restricted classes, especially in the 21ft. class. It was pointed out at that time that this feature was one which the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts had no intention of allowing under its restrictions. Such yachts were built, however, and the result is general dissatisfaction among many of the yachtsmen who have built yachts for this class. As a matter of fact the winner of the championship owes much of her success to the fact that she was simply the largest boat in the class. In order to get the extreme overhangs, it was necessary to build a flat boat, and the result was a perfect scow, with great beam and sail area, and light displacement. But all this is to be changed, either by the rule of the Yacht Racing Association or by the establishment of a proposed new 22ft. cabin yacht class.

Last week a meeting of interested yachtsmen met in the office of Mr. Sumner H. Foster and voted to adopt a set of rules governing this new class, and also to organize an association. The Yacht Racing Association will be asked to adopt the new class, as it did the class of the Eighteen-foot Knockabout Association. What the framers of the new class are trying to get is a large boat on a short waterline, which will have good speed and will also be a comfortable cruising yacht—in short, they are trying to get what would be a rational 25-footer, so far as dimensions go, on a 22ft. waterline. There are some features about the new boat which are commendable. There are others which some of the yachtsmen are not so sure about. However, the class has been formed, and it is stated that there are several yachtsmen who will build for it. Some of these men are on the North Shore and some at Duxbury. The organization of the class was rushed, as it was thought that any delay would be likely to prevent new yachts being turned out in time for next season's racing. While this would be a very good reason, if there were assurance that every detail of the new class is an improvement over existing yachts, and that the new boats would be permanent fixtures, there are some people who think that it would have been well to have studied the matter out more carefully before asking yachtsmen to invest their money in new boats.

The Executive Committee of the Yacht Racing Association, realizing that something should be done in the matter of rating yachts on the lengths they actually use, has been at work on different systems for some time. The committee has as yet made no announcement, although it is likely to very soon. The 22ft. Association has put a limit on the over-all length of their boats, a feature which is not deemed very good by the majority of yachtsmen, and it is known that those on the Y. R. A. Executive Committee are opposed to a direct limit. There is much talk of adopting the measurement rule which Herreshoff has proposed for the New York Y. C., which would leave the matter of overhangs one that would govern itself. If this is done and a rating is made for 21-footers, there is likely to be conflict of the new 22ft. class with the Association. This is undesirable and will not do any good, as there are at present four 21ft. classes.

There will be an informal dinner at the town house of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. on Saturday evening, at which the club championship cups and those offered for the mid-summer series will be presented to the winners. The racing season of the club was most successful. The club has been very generous in offering cups and cash prizes, and as a result the races have been very well attended. Light airs generally prevailed for the club events, and as a result the champions, with one exception, are different from those of the Y. R. A. of M. In the 25-footers, Sally VI. won out by a good margin. In connection with this class it may be of interest to tell that at one time Chewink II. had control of the championship in this class, and, had she stopped racing, she would have won it. Mr. Macomber, however, preferred to continue racing, and, although he lost the championship by doing so, he is deserving of great praise for the sportsmanlike spirit he showed, and has set forth a grand example for racing yachtsmen. In the 21-footers Chloris and Rooster II. were very close for the championship, so close that it was necessary to resail an unfinished race to decide it. Rooster was ahead before this race was sailed, and she did not show up for a final test with Chloris, which took a walkover. This pulled Chloris' percentage up, and she got the championship. In the 18ft. knockabouts, Malillian won the championship by a good margin. The following is the table of percentages:

Class D—25-footers.

	Starts.	Per Cent.
Sally VI., L. F. Percival	6	85.56
Chewink II., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	9	78.14
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton	8	58.75
L'Aiglon, E. W. Hodgson	5	43.32
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty	3	20.66
Little Peter, G. B. Doane	3	15.34
Class S—21-footers.		
Chloris, Cheney & Lanning	7	80.24
Rooster II., Adams Bros.	4	77.50
Mildred II., S. P. Moses	4	60.00
Little Haste, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	3	50.00
Micmac, Richard Hutchinson	4	30.00
Class I—18ft. Knockabouts.		
Malillian, B. S. Permar	8	87.50
Biza, Alfred Douglas	8	79.77
Gertrude, H. E. Lynch	5	75.00
Domino, C. C. Clapp	4	59.37
Ayaya, W. P. Keyes	6	44.86
Nethla, Cole & Bacon	8	39.78
Stroller, L. B. Goodspeed	3	21.87

John B. Killeen.

Boston, Mass.—We have had a great many inquiries for yacht fittings through your paper, and are pleased with the result of the advertisement. A. S. Morss & Co.

Columbia Y. C.

CHICAGO, LAKE MICHIGAN.

Saturday, Sept. 20.

The eleventh fall annual regatta of the Columbia Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, Sept. 20. Nineteen boats started. The boats covered the club's ten-mile course. Neva did splendid work and beat every boat in the fleet over the course. Neva won the George K. Spoor cup as time prize. Alice, first among the schooners, won the cup put up by Vice-Com. McGuire, and Vixen, first among the class B yachts, won the ship's clock, put up by Rear-Com. Vernon C. Seaver. The summary:

Class B—Start, 2:30.

Vixen	4 41 00	2 11 00
Martha II.	4 47 05	2 17 05
Pen	4 46 20	2 16 20
Mawaja	5 53 33	2 33 33
America	5 24 06	2 54 06
Marion H.	6 00 00	3 30 00
Schooners and Yawls—Start, 2:35.		
Alice	4 49 32	2 14 32
Nomad	5 20 20	2 45 20
Glad Tidings	5 42 00	3 07 00
Tartar	5 54 00	3 19 33
Mercury	Withdrew.	
Class A—Start, 2:40.		
Neva	4 21 30	1 41 20
La Rita	4 40 08	2 00 08
Colleen	4 48 35	2 08 35
Arab IV.	4 44 55	2 04 55
Privateer	4 51 10	2 17 10
Margaret	5 03 44	2 23 44
Vision	5 20 10	2 40 10
Eleanor II.	5 19 50	2 39 50

The winners were Vixen, Alice and Neva.

Monday, Sept. 22.

The eighth race for the Webb cup was sailed on Monday, Sept. 22. The breeze was very light and fluky and the race was a most unsatisfactory one. La Rita was ahead at the second mark, with Privateer second; the rest of the boats were way astern. The wind dropped, leaving the two leading boats becalmed. The rest of the boats caught a little wind and finished before it reached La Rita and Privateer. The judges were Messrs. E. T. Balcom, W. S. Burrows and A. J. Rohan. The summary, start 3:00:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Colleen, Dr. Wm. Baum	5 20 18	2 20 18
Arab IV., F. D. Porter	5 21 40	2 21 40
Margaret, Wm. Cothroll	5 24 40	2 24 40
Privateer, Oscar Daniels	5 38 25	2 38 25
La Rita, Geo. R. Pearl	5 39 10	2 39 10

Tuesday, Sept. 23.

On Tuesday, Sept. 23, the ninth race for the Webb cup was sailed. A brisk northerly wind held true throughout the contest. The racing between Colleen, La Rita and Arab was very close and interesting. Colleen won by 30s. La Rita took second honors. The judges were Messrs. E. T. Balcom, W. S. Burrows and W. W. Perll. The summary, start 3:00:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Colleen, Dr. Wm. Baum	4 36 05	1 36 05
La Rita, Geo. R. Pearl	4 36 35	1 36 35
Arab IV., F. D. Porter	4 37 15	1 37 15
Margaret, Wm. Cothroll	4 49 40	1 49 40
Privateer, Oscar Daniels	Broke down.	

Wednesday, Sept. 24.

The tenth and last race for the Webb cup was held on Wednesday, Sept. 27. La Rita did not start, as she was being put in shape for her races with Little Haste. The wind was fresh from the S.W., and Arab IV. won, with Colleen second. The judges were Messrs. W. S. Burrows, W. W. Perll and A. G. Wainwright. The summary, start 2:30:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Arab IV., F. D. Porter	4 07 20	1 37 20
Colleen, Dr. Wm. Baum	4 08 05	1 38 05
Privateer, Oscar Daniels	4 25 25	1 55 25

This was the last of the Webb cup series, La Rita winning the trophy and 21ft. cabin class championship of the West. Arab IV. and Colleen were practically tied for second place, and the tenth race was necessary to decide winners of second and third places. Privateer and Margaret had a hard battle through entire series for fourth prize. Probably the club will offer a consolation prize for the only yacht sailing in the series that failed to win one of the four prizes.

	Points.
La Rita, first, Columbia Y. C.	775
Arab IV., second, Columbia Y. C.	690
Colleen, third, Chicago Y. C.	646.7
Privateer, fourth, Columbia Y. C.	353.3
Margaret, fifth, Columbia Y. C.	260
Spray, sixth, Columbia Y. C.	60
Sprite, seventh, Chicago Y. C.	

Sprite and Spray were only in one race, and Sprite broke down and Spray finished third in that race.

Beverly Y. C.

RIVERTON, DELAWARE RIVER.

Saturday, Sept. 20.

The Beverly Y. C. held its last regatta of this season on Saturday, Sept. 20. Eight boats started in the ca boat class. Katherine took the lead soon after the start and was ahead, when she met with an accident that put her behind; but she made up the loss later and passed Peerless. Peerless hung close to her heels, and when the wind lightened crawled up on her rival and beat her across the line by 35s. Priscilla finished only 5s. behind Katherine, and with her time allowance took second place. The summary:

First Class Catboats—Start, 3:35.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Peerless, Craythorne	5 58 20	2 18 10
Priscilla, Clarkson	5 59 00	2 18 50
Katherine, Reese	5 58 55	2 22 50
Titania, Haines	6 05 57	2 30 50
Frona, J. Perkins	Withdrew.	
Vampire, Crispin	Withdrew.	
Gertrude, Holloway	Withdrew.	
Leila, Ferguson	Withdrew.	
Larks—Start, 3:40.		
No. 2, Taylor	5 27 25	
Cortright	5 33 18	
Hall	5 38 00	
Bonfield	Withdrew.	
Petit	Withdrew.	

The 22ft. Cabin Yacht Association.

Object.

To establish the definition and limitations of a 22ft. waterline cabin yacht, and to make such rules as will preserve the type of boat.

To establish a seaworthy type of cabin boat, with substantial construction and good cruising accommodations, and of such dimensions that keel and centerboard boats shall be as nearly as possible on an equality as to speed.

To allow as much latitude in design as is consistent with the construction of a healthy type of boat.

By-Laws.

I. NAME.

The name of this Association shall be the Twenty-two Foot Cabin Yacht Association.

II. OFFICERS.

There shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary-Treasurer, Inspector and a Board of three Judges. They shall be elected at the annual meeting and shall hold office until the next annual meeting, or until their successors are chosen. Vacancies in any office may be filled by the President.

III. MEETINGS.

The annual meeting shall be held on the third Thursday in September in each year. Special meetings shall be called by the President, or by the Secretary, at the request of any three members. Five members shall constitute a quorum. After July 1, 1903, only owners of Association boats shall be entitled to vote, and each Association boat shall be entitled to one vote. Voting by proxy shall be allowed.

IV. MEMBERSHIP.

A Membership Committee, consisting of the President and Secretary, ex-officio, shall act upon all applications for membership. Any person shall be eligible to membership. Each candidate for membership must be proposed and seconded in writing to the Secretary.

V. MEMBERSHIP FEE.

An annual fee of $1 shall be charged each member to defray the current expenses of the Association, which fee shall be due immed ately after the annual meeting.

VI. DELINQUENTS.

All members who are delinquent sixty days after the date of the annual meeting may be suspended from membership and deprived of all the privileges of the Association. Members who are still delinquent on the day of the following annual meeting may be dropped for non-payment of dues, and shall only become members again by paying for each year that they have been delinquent.

VII. BOARD OF JUDGES.

The Board of Judges shall decide all questions relating to the observances of the rules of the Association. Their decision shall be final. They shall have the power to disqualify boats from racing which do not comply with the spirit as well as the letter of the rules.

VIII. INSPECTORS.

An Inspector shall be elected at the annual meeting. He shall become satisfied that the boats of the Association are within the restrictions, and shall report to the Secretary. Upon a favorable report from the Inspector the Secretary shall issue to the owner a certificate that his boat complies with the rules of the Association. Any owner dissatisfied with the Inspector's report may appeal to the Board of Judges; and the Inspector may also obtain their decision as to all matters on which he is in doubt. In case any owner of any other boat is dissatisfied with the Inspector's report, he may appeal to the Board of Judges.

IX. MEASURING FEE.

The fee for measuring shall be five dollars, in case of a re-measurement the fee shall be four dollars; if the re-measurement is on protest same shall be paid by the party in the wrong.

X. AMENDMENTS.

These By-Laws and the definition and limitations of any Association boat may be amended at any meeting by a three-fifths vote, provided notice of the proposed amendments is given in the call for the meeting.

Definition and Limitation.

Definition.—A 22ft. cabin yacht is intended to be a seaworthy type of cruising and racing yacht, substantially constructed, properly ballasted, and with moderate sail plan, and cabin trunk, having suitable cabin accommodations below, and conforming to the limitations herein mentioned.

Length L. W. L.—The length of the load waterline, with full equipment, shall not exceed 22ft.

Beam.—The beam at the load waterline shall be at least 6ft. 6in.

Length O. A.—The over all length shall not exceed 38ft. Neither the forward nor the after overhang shall exceed 6ft. 6in.

Bow.—A square or snub-nose bow shall not be allowed and accordingly the beam is limited at a point equi-distant between the waterline forward and the extreme bow to not more than 45 per cent. of the greatest waterline beam. The girth of the hull at the same point shall not exceed the number of inches represented by the sum of the beam plus the depth of hull plus three, measured at the same point. The deck line shall not run at an angle with the center line greater than 30 degrees. Any evasion of the spirit as well as the letter of this rule shall disqualify a yacht from racing in this class and the decision of the Judges of this Association shall be final on that question.

Freeboard.—The freeboard shall be not less than 22in.

Displacement.—All boats shall weigh when rigged and equipped in accordance with these rules, not less than 8,000lbs. It shall be the duty of the measurer to see that nothing is on board when the boat is weighed except what these rules prescribe, and that the boat is in every way in her normal condition.

Ballast.—The outside ballast shall be not less than 3,000lbs., exclusive of any ballast on the centerboard.

Cockpit.—The cockpit floor shall be above the L.W.L., with scuppers, draining outboard.

Cabin Trunk.—The sides shall be not less than 12in. high and the top shall have an area of not less than 60 sq. ft.

Cabin Floor.—Shall be not less than 8ft. long and 2ft. wide.

Headroom.—The minimum headroom, in the clear, under cabin trunk beams and over the cabin floor for the entire space required, shall be not less than 4ft. 8in.

Fixtures.—There shall be a substantial partition at the after end of cabin, three permanent lockers, ice box, and suitable transoms. The top of the transoms shall have a combined area of not less than 50 sq. ft. The sides and tops of the transoms and lockers, and the cabin floor shall be not less than ½in. in thickness.

Fittings.—The cabin shall contain cushions for the transoms, four blankets, stove, dishes and cooking utensils, and receptacle for 2gals. of water. There shall also be on board anchor weighing not less than 35lbs. and not less than thirty fathoms of suitable cable, two life preservers, compass, riding light, lamp, foghorn, bucket, boat hook, and four suits of oil clothes. All fittings and fixtures herein mentioned shall be suitable for cruising purposes, and shall not be removed or substituted by articles smaller or of lighter weight.

Crew.—The crew is limited to four persons, and the helmsman shall be an amateur and a member of some regularly organized yacht club.

An amateur shall be one who has never received money or equivalent compensation for sailing or assisting to sail a yacht.

Sail Area.—The sail area shall not exceed 900 square feet. The actual area of the mainsail and working jibs shall be measured by the measurer. The number of square feet in each sail shall be stamped on each sail by the measurer, in full round black figures, not less than three inches high. This number shall be known as the official number of the sail, and shall always be visible. Any yacht using a sail not bearing the official number shall be disqualified, any rules to the contrary notwithstanding.

The measurer shall be provided with the correct sail plan of any boat to be measured, and shall cause distinguishing marks to be placed on the spars as follows: On the masts at the tack and at the throat of the mainsail, on the boom at the clew of the mainsail. There shall be only one mark at each point. These marks shall be black bands, not less than one inch wide, painted around the spar, which shall be the official marks. The inner edges of the bands shall mark the limits to which the sails may stretch without exceeding the sail area allowed. No part of any sail shall extend beyond these marks, and the marks shall always be kept visible.

In no case shall the area of the mainsail exceed 80 per cent. of the entire area allowed.

No yacht, when close hauled, shall carry any jib other than the working jibs for which she has been measured.

Spinnakers and all headsails, the actual area of which is not measured, shall be triangular. No spinnaker shall extend above the spinnaker halyard block, or beyond the end of the spinnaker boom. No jib shall extend above the highest jib halyard block, or beyond the end of the bowsprit.

The distance from the center of the mast to the outer end of the spinnaker boom, when the latter is at right angle to the fore and aft center line of the yacht, shall not exceed twenty-five feet. The spinnaker halyard block shall be placed not more than thirty-eight feet above the deck.

The distance from the center of the mast to the forward end of the bowsprit, multiplied by the height of the highest jib halyard block above the deck, shall not exceed 300 per cent. of the actual area of the working headsail.

Battens shall not be used in the sails which extend more than three feet from the leech.

Scantlings—Dimensions and Areas.

A.—Stem, oak, sided at head	3½	in.
B.—Keel, oak, minimum thickness (depth)	4	"
Sectional area	48	"
C.—Frames, oak, sectional area	2¼	"
Spacing (maximum)	10	"
D.—Floors, oak, sectional area for the six in center of boat	5½	"
Regular floors, sectional area	3½	"
Spacing (maximum)	19	"
E.—Shelf or clamp hard pine		
Sectional area, middle	5	"
Sectional area, end	3½	"
F.—Bilge stringers, hard pine		
Sectional area, middle	3	"
Sectional area, end	2	"
G.—Deck beams, oak, sectional area,		
Main	4½	"
Auxiliary	2¾	"
Half beams	1¾	"
Spacing (maximum)	10	"
H.—Planking, to finish full	⅞	"
I.—*Deck and cabin trunk top and sides to finish full	⅞	"

*A reduction of ⅛in. allowed if canvas-covered.

General Specification and Explanation of Scantling Tables.

A—The minimum siding measured at the rabbet at stem head. Siding increased to meet width of keel.

B-Keel—"Oak." To run the whole length of boat from stern. Minimum thickness (depth) 4in. The minimum of sectional area including keelson and deadwood (breadth multiplied by depth in the middle of keel) may be made up if desired, by a deeper keel. The breadth of keel may taper from greatest section to 4in. at bow and stern.

C-Frames—"Oak." The size laid down in table shows the minimum sectional area of frames. The sectional area is that of a single frame for a uniform spacing between centers not exceeding that given in table. The required area may be made up of smaller frames spaced closer together if desired. Two adjoining frames abreast each mast and one at each runner plate must be increased in size in proportion as they are cut by the chain plate fastenings.

D-Floors—"Oak." To run the whole length of keel, of sizes as called for in table. There shall be at least six strong floors in center of boat in way of the metal keel and two at each mast step.

E-Shelf or Clamp—"Hard Pine." The minimum sectional area at the middle shall cover a length of at least one-half of shelf or clamp, a taper being allowed to the size given at each end. The ends of deck beams may be jogged into top of clamp a distance not exceeding one-third of their own depth.

F-Bilge Stringers—"Hard Pine." There shall be two bilge stringers on each side, running the whole length of boat. The minimum sectional area at middle shall cover at least one-half the full length of bilge stringer, with taper allowed at the ends.

G-Deck Beams—"Oak." The minimum sectional area of deck beams to cover the whole length of beams. There must be one main beam at the bitts. Two at each mast (partner beams) one at fore-end of cabin trunk, one at after end, two at the hatch, one at the after part of cockpit, and one at transom. The auxiliary beams and the half beams abreast of the house and cockpit may be of the smaller areas given for each in the table. The beams may be spaced at will, provided the maximum distance between centers does not exceed that given in the table. The beams may be jogged into the shelf or clamp a distance equal to one-third of the moulded depth of beams at end.

H-Planking—The dimensions given in the table are the minimum thickness allowed after final planing.

I-Deck—The thickness given for the deck plank applies also to the cabin trunk sides and top, plank-sheer or covering board and partner plank. The sides of cabin trunk shall be of oak.

The rules of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts shall govern on all matters not herein provided for.

Little Haste and La Rita

In this issue we publish photographs of Little Haste and La Rita. Little Haste was designed by Mr. W. Starling Burgess, and built by Fenton at Manchester, Mass. She won the championship in her class in the Massachusetts Y. R. A. She is 39ft. 11in. over all. Her beam is 10ft. 4in. Her forward overhang is 10ft. 8in. and her overhang aft is 8ft. 6in., making a total overhang of 19ft. 2in. and a load water line of 20ft. 9in. As to sail, she carries 187ft. in her jib and 754ft. in her mainsail, making a total of 941 sq. ft. The length of her spinnaker boom is 25ft. 6in. She has 1,280lbs. of ballast under the floor and on her centerboard. She is owned by Mr. T. K. Lothrop, Jr.

La Rita was designed and built by Jensen at Gloucester, Mass. She is 20ft. 10in. on the waterline, 37ft. 6in. over all. Her breadth at deck is 9ft. 6in. and 9ft. 2in. at waterline. She is 20in. deep to rabbet and has 3ft. 10in. of fin, her extreme draft being 5ft. 6in. Her forward overhang is 9ft. 3in. The ballast required under the rule is 1,882lbs. and her sail area is 844 sq. ft., 675ft. being in the mainsail and 169ft. in the jib.

Cherokee.

There appears in our columns this week a photograph of Cherokee. This fine cruiser was designed this year by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, and built by the Geo. Lawley & Son Corp. for Mr. H. A. Morss. Her owner has used the boat steadily all summer, and she has turned out satisfactory in every way. A long description and the yacht's plans were published in Forest and Stream of Jan. 18. 1902.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The following transfers have been made through the agency of Mr. B. B. Crowninshield: Duxbury 18-footer Suzanne, owned by Mr. Quincy Bent, of Philadelphia, sold to Mr. Norman Greeley, of Boston; 25-footer Chewink I., owned by Mr. F. G. Macomber, of Boston, sold to Mr. W. E. Scull, of Philadelphia; champion 25-footer Flirt, owned by Messrs. Fabyan and McKee, sold to Mr. F. S. Bond, of Philadelphia; 21ft. knockabout Theresa, owned by Mr. E. L. Davis, of Boston, sold to Mr. S. C. Powell, of Newport; 100ft. steam yacht Cayuga, sold to Mr. Thos. Slocum, of New York; 21ft. raceabout Baccarah, owned by Rice Brothers, sold to Mr. R. C. Robbins, of Boston; raceabout Tunipoo, owned by Mr. J. L. Bremer, of Boston, sold to Mr. C. A. Cooley, of Boston; 21ft. knockabout Opeechee, owned by Mr. E. S. Grew, of Boston, sold to Mr. F. G. Peabody, of Cambridge; the Fife-designed 46ft. schooner Barbara, owned by Mr. C. F. Lyman, sold to Mr. R. T. Paine, 2d, of Boston; the 40 footer Vandal, owned by Mr. C. F. Ayer, of Boston, sold to Mr. J. J. Martin; the steam yacht Helena, owned by Mr. J. H. Appleton, of Springfield, sold to Mr. E. C. Swift, of Chicago; the 35ft. cutter Kiowa, owned by Mr. A. H. Fowler, of New York, sold to Mr. Geo. S. Payson, of Chicago; the 30ft. yawl Wawenoc, owned by Mr. F. S. Hastings, of Boston, sold to Mr. J. W. Farwell, of Boston; the Herreshoff 21ft. raceabout Gadfly, owned by Mr. Fraser Harrison, of Philadelphia, sold to Mr. Gilpin Lovering, of Philadelphia; sold for Mr. R. C. Robbins, 21ft. raceabout Pompil a, to Mr. J. R. Maxwell, of New York; sold for Mr. S. H. Foster, of Boston, 21ft. cabin champion, Opitsah III., to Mr. H. M. Whitney; chartered the 90ft. schooner Ramona to Mr. F. W. Crosby, of Chicago; chartered for Capt. J. R. Caldwell, 40ft. schooner to Mr. H. F. Knight, St. Louis.

Mr. Percy Chubb has sold his yawl Vigilant through the agency of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, to Mr. F. Lothrop Ames, of Boston, owner of the 51-footer Shark.

The proposed international yacht race for the Fisher cup between Gooderham's Clorita and Stace's Helene has been declared off. A conditional challenge was awaiting the decision of Mr. Stace to enter his schooner, but, after a long search for the skipper he wanted, he informed the Rochester Y. C. that he could not put Helene in. Helene and Clorita are practically sister yachts, having been designed by A. Cary Smith, of New York, who designed Emperor William's Meteor III. Both flew at one time the pennant of the New York Y. C. In August, Æmilius Jarvis, acting for Mr. Gooderham, asked the Rochester

Club if it would waive its rights to a six months' notice and enter a yacht against Clorita for the Fisher cup, the race to be sailed the last week in September off Charlotte. The Rochester Club said it would consider such a proposition and requested W. A. Stace to put Helene in against Mr. Gooderham's boat. He said that he would if he could get Skipper Hanson, of New York, to sail her for him. After long search Mr. Stace learned that Hanson was off on a long cruise and would not be back for several weeks. Mr. Stace then decided not to enter his yacht. Mr. Gooderham is the owner of Invader, which won the Canada's cup last year.—New York Tribune.

The English-built steam yacht Fauvette arrived at New York on Sept. 26 from Southampton, via Bermuda, where she stopped for coal. The yacht is now in Erie Basin being overhauled. She is owned by Prof. J. Harvard Biles, of Glasgow University. Fauvette is of steel, 171.5ft. between perpendiculars; 160ft. on the waterline, 22.7ft. beam and 15ft. deep. She has four watertight bulkheads and is fitted with electric light. Her engines are of the triple expansion type, with 18in., 30in. and 48in. in diameter by 32in. stroke.

Manning's Yacht Agency has been capitalized for $150,000. The directors are Alfred J. Manning, Annie B. Manning and Christine Ross.

Major Charles F. Ulrich, owner of the schooner Carlotta, died of heart failure in his apartments in New York on Sept. 25.

The last of the regattas on Long Island Sound this season was to have been given by the Riverside Y. C. on Saturday, Sept. 27. Owing to lack of wind the boats were unable to complete the course, and the race was called off.

Henry S. Parmlee died suddenly on board his schooner Alert on Sept. 27. The yacht was lying off Bay Ridge and was about to start for a cruise in the West Indies.

Lamont G. Burnham, owner of the steam yacht Pilgrim and the schooner Ellsmere, died suddenly at his country place at Essex, Mass., on Sept. 25.

Canoeing.

A Delaware River Cruise.

(Concluded from last week.)

The deepest water, as a rule, is in the center of the rifts in this part of the river. This is true of Mast Hope Falls, but in Westcolang the Pennsylvania shore should be hugged closely. Often there is "wild water ahead," to quote the natives, but at that time the river was too high for the bad places at other stages to be marked and mentioned accurately. Lackawaxen dam is at the town of that name, and below Lackawaxen Creek. One can see the dam from afar, as he approaches it in still, wide water. One need carry duffle but a short distance, letting the canoe run through a break in the dam. Paddling through is not advised. All the river men call this town "Lackawack." It is a good point at which to obtain fresh supplies.

Another night found us in camp on the Pike county shore of Pond Eddy, near the village of that name. This is one of the deepest and longest eddies on the Delaware. There are but two camp sites. We chose one two hundred yards above the road bridge, but even this spot was not wholly desirable, as a road is near by. To reach the other place mentioned, one must climb a high bank to the towpath, cross the old canal and locate under some pines on a sweet grassy spot. There are but few desirable camping spots along the New York shore between Lackawaxen and Mill Rift, because of this one-time canal, more's the pity, as that shore is in many places a beautiful one. Behind the canal a few sites may be found, but this plan has as drawbacks the stagnant pools of water, snakes, mosquitoes, and sonorous bullfrogs. The towpath at Pond Eddy is now used as a road, and nailed to the aqueduct across Carpenter's Brook we read this legend in one of our rambles in search of blackberries: "This towpath is not a thoroughfare. Parties trespassing on it do so at their own risk."

In bumping down the river; in flopping across country; in chasing elusive eggs and murphies, we had seen no legend so curious. We had purchased butter in dry goods stores, and honey in hardware shops, and had queried for mail in railway stations. In one place there was a spring in the middle of a field of wheat, and as the water trickled into the water jug, we looked up and saw, on the summit of a great cliff, nailed to a tree and facing outward, where no one could read it save at a great distance and with the aid of a powerful glass, a no-shooting-allowed notice. But until we gazed on this board on the aqueduct we had never fancied that a trespasser trespassed at the owner's risk. Now, it is a curious thing, but there is a gin mill near this aqueduct, and some of the natives go about loaded in more ways than one, as we had occasion to see, when one of them took offense at a remark of some one on the Pike county side, whereupon he whipped out a revolver and fired at the Piker. Again, the unsteady gait of other trespassers suggested the thought that some of them may have fallen off the towpath and been injured or drowned—but no, the only persons who drown are poor fools of canoeists who insist on descending the river in canoes, despite the threadbare and worn query, "Now don't you think you would be better off in a flat-bottomed boat than in that thing?" And as the canal is inoperative, perhaps the owners do not care to pay damages to persons who are hurt while trespassing on their old towpath.

By this time we had become known to every train crew on the railway. It seemed they looked for us, and when they found us in a new place, they waved their hands and swung their caps. It was a pleasant feature of the trip. The freight trains were most interesting. Some of them were composed of eighty and ninety cars, and we saw one of one hundred and three, nearly all drawn up the grades by single engines. A feature was the dozens of new engines being taken west for the pioneer road of the plains, the Kansas Pacific. These were coupled in here and there, but were not under steam.

The fishing for several days was poor, because of the floods, yet we were compelled to keep in close communication with the outside world, and as there was no other place to go, we remained, though the curiosity of some of those passing by was annoying. But no one gave us any trouble, although the gin mill was just across the bridge, and all roads led to the gin mill. There was a steady current setting over toward the Sullivan county shore on Saturday and Sunday. Some went in boats and returned in zigzag fashion, like unto an angler trolling; others went on horseback and in wagons; but the villagers walked straight and returned in circles. One of these had a "foine Oirish brogue," according to Uncle Joe Decker, who knows everybody. He sidled off the fairway, waved a huge and grimy paw in greeting, and spake thus:

"Now, it's this way wit' me. Human bein's is coomposed of one-foorth solid mather and three-foorths wather—I mane t' say two-thirds solid mather and one-third wather; but ye know what I mane. Now, I haven't taken a drap of annything but wather since the 15th day of July—six long weeks. [It was then Aug. 2.] An' in thim six weeks I have swalleyed enough wather fer t' float a box car. Wather is a good thing for some pur-poses, but it's not alt'gether satisfyin'. But it's all right, friend. If it's wather ye loike, take yer pail, an' up the road, forninst the first house, ye'll foind as foine a spring av the stuuf as ye iver tasted. Ye did find it? All roight. I'll be goin' now. It's no offinse Oi mane t' ye, but Oi'd like t' know where ye came from—I mane t' say Oi don't care where ye came from, but did ye come up the river or did ye come down the river?"

There were no headaches in the sweet spring a hundred yards from camp. It was one of the few redeeming features. Another was the great maple tree that overhung the eddy and shaded the grassy glade; for the sun shone hot the greater portion of the five days we passed at that place, and although we were thankful for this, its rays were hot, and the shade grateful. One day the Mate espied a cow, and as there was a tangle of wire in a drift heap hard by, there was nothing for it but to build a barbed-wire fence round the land side of camp, with the high banks of the eddy to protect the flanks. One strand was enough, for by the time it was up, my cuticle was scraped and gouged in divers places, the result of too much vigor and too little skill. But was it not effective, and did not a gentle old muly cow come along, and seeing the thing, rub her nose along it until she found the barbs, and thereupon turn tail and return to the mud flats whence she came, to be seen no more? And did not other animals, seeing our attempt at privacy, keep to the main road, even with some difficulty, it being a narrow thoroughfare, not intended for feet that insisted on traveling each its own way? And was it not the Mate who ran into it and received as a souvenir a huge rent in the garment she must wear home?

One thing we could not reconcile ourselves to was that the sun seemed to rise in the south and set in the north, for which the cloudy skies and the many curves in the river accounted; but when the stiff west wind drove away the clouds we marveled that a north wind could be so warm, and again, an east wind so dry. When the sun dried the grass east of the tent and the afternoon shadows fell athwart it, it was sweet and warm, and there the little girl played about on a blanket and fell asleep as calmly as in her own crib at home. She grew brown, rugged, and totally unlike the many sickly children of the city, so that in being thankful for this we forgot the fierce storms of the recent weeks.

Again we had squirrels for neighbors. Now and then a kingfisher stopped on a twig to survey the Nomads, and little brown cranes stalked about the low ground hard by. The swallows in the bank beneath the tent feared us not, and an old frog insisted upon perching half-way up the side of the tent at night, and was continually going to sleep and falling down, only to try again and again. Among the hills we found red raspberries, and along the towpath there were luscious blackberries. And somehow the visitors had a way of bringing along with them a pocketful of fine apples, "for the little one," though they knew she was too young for such things. Then large mealy potatoes found their way to camp and no pay would be taken for them. But the stores were sorry specimens. Only four eggs could we obtain in five days' time. The postmaster at the village in Sullivan county sold butter he purchased in New York city, he said, while in another place we saw pressed beef bearing the name of a concern that had canned nothing of the sort in the past four years. And in this wood alcohol region I could obtain none for the vapor stove, but was offered "some pure alcohol at $1 a quart." It was such vile wood alcohol that even the old stove bucked at it. This same stove was a mystery to the Pikers. Sometimes one of them sat near it and knew it not until a wave of heat came his way, whereupon he tried hard to seem unconcerned, while he searched for the cause. An old Irishman who wore side whiskers and carried a pail—Pikers have this habit, just as Bostonians carry green bags—appeared suddenly from goodness knows where. Said he: "Now, Oi don't want t' be askin' questions as don't consarn me, but Oi want t' look at the little boat, an' would ye moind tellin' me phere ye put all that stuuf in such a little thing?" The seemingly bulky and heavy blowbeds stumped him, and even when one of the valves was opened and he felt the rush of air coming out, he could not believe his eyes. It was all very laughable.

This old man was a kindly soul, but it seemed he had an ax to grind with the boss road worker, who, with his men, was raising the level of the road hard by, so that winter floods would not stop traffic. The men drove a three-foot hole into a ledge near camp, then found their five-foot drill would not fit it until altered. When they did put in the shot, the boss told me, we would be safe—if we would move camp "up the road a ways." They fired two shots further down the road, and each time the boss and his men ran down the road yelling like mad, leaving the other approach totally unprotected. There was a small report and a puff of dust; that was all. Well, our friend of the Galways floated along one evening—he did not seem to walk, so gentle was his tread, while he watched the ground suspiciously, as though it were about to fly up and hit him—and whispered that "thot mon is not to be thrusted," as blasting was not his forte, he did not use the right sort of "stuuf," and was fond of showing off. Then he went up on the ledge, gazed sadly into the drill hole and turned homeward. But as we watched him he seemed suddenly to be imbued with life, for he executed a series of movements one would not think him capable of. Then, putting his hand beside his mouth, he said softly, as if the hills would hear him, "Garter snake," and disappeared.

Uncle Joe Decker was a welcome visitor at camp. He is a gentleman of the old school and a justice of the peace in Sullivan county. He entertained us with many reminiscences of a long life among these hills, and made friends with the baby, who, strangely enough, would have nothing to do with his big watch, and dropped it as though it were hot, whereat we marveled, for she is happiest when banging my own watch about, regardless of its one-time delicate mechanism. But Uncle Joe's watch was silver; she had never before seen a silver watch, and this may account for her actions. Uncle Joe looked carefully at Nomad, and pronounced her a safe craft for the Delaware. He was the first person who had admitted as much. Other natives refused to see any difference between it and an open canoe, and would not take into consideration the water-tight compartments, bulkheads and small cockpit. Uncle Joe later on introduced to us his dog Topsy, and all hands made friends with her at once. She, too, was the "best squirrel dog in Sullivan county," and was trained to hunt squirrels and rabbits only, and to turn up her nose at a deer's trail. Only a few days before she brought in a young rabbit and laid it at his daughter's feet, unharmed.

One day the river, which had been clearing, suddenly rose three feet within a half-hour, and covered the lowlands, leaving us near the water's edge. That afternoon a furious storm arose in the northeast and soon a lantern was necessary in the tent, where we took refuge from the downpour. The following night there was an electrical storm, but little thunder or rain. Three days of perfect August weather followed, with only an occasional storm to remind us of the other days. And now that we had weathered the worst of it, we must break camp and return home. The baggage men treated Nomad kindly, so that she received no injury on the train, and at Jersey City the baggage master held her until the following day, and helped me himself in putting her into the slip beside his department. When all was snug I loafed down the slip into the rolling waters of the old North River and turned homeward with the new flood tide. Nomad was in her element again. It was a perfect day, but a busy one with the tugs and ferry boats, and could I have had one wish, that one would have been to put all the Delaware River's pessimists into one of their beloved flat-bottomed scows and turn them loose in that bedlam of river traffic. To see their terror would be ample satisfaction for being compelled to listen to their harangues on the dangers—to canoeists—of the Delaware.

In concluding this yarn, a summary of the experience gained is given, in the hope that it may aid other canoeists who intend to descend the upper Delaware In the first place, in selecting duffle, it should be borne in mind that a canoe will draw much more in fresh than in salt water. Leave the double paddles at home and take only tough hard maple single blades five feet six inches or more in length. The man steering should be an expert at the correct stroke when paddling alone. Many canoeists do not take the trouble to learn this stroke, but it is simple. Keep the paddle in the water constantly in the rifts. There are times when these shoal suddenly, and one has no time to lift the paddle for a stroke. With the underwater stroke one can feel for the depth of water.

Do not try a home-made canvas canoe. Better take a coffin in the first place. The various open canoes—of cedar or cedar covered with canvas—will be serviceable, provided they are partly decked, or covered with aprons fitting tightly. Otherwise a decked canoe will be best, if it has perfectly tight compartments and deck hatches. A rudder is useless. A stern painter is absolutely necessary, should be thirty feet in length and very strong. All the dunnage should be stowed away in waterproof bags. Two or three changes of woolen clothing, as well as shoes and stockings, are necessary, and leave cotton garments behind. Take three heavy blankets. The nights are cold.

If possible, take a generous supply of provisions from home; better still, send these to two or three points along the river, to be called for. The country stores can be depended on for little, and this is poor enough at best. Deposit, Callicoon Station and Lackawaxen shops are better than the average.

As the shoals, or rifts, as they are called, decline sharply and in them the current is very swift, the greatest danger to canoeists seems to be striking amidships on a reef or boulder and being whirled broadside to the tide while still aground, in which event a canoe will often list sufficiently to spill the crew, though it may not capsize. But if it takes in much water, it will swamp at the tail of the rift, where there is either rough or very shoal water. Should the canoe strike in water too deep or too rapid to render getting out—on the up-stream side—safe, she should be held on her course at all hazards until she can be forced aside of or over the obstruction. In the event of a capsize there should be but one thought—hold fast on the canoe, for there is an eddy below every rift, and generally the tide sets toward one shore or the other, where the canoe may be towed in safety. There need be no danger if all hands will stay with the canoe. Skill in swimming counts at zero in a shoal or fall and the water is ice cold. Wading a rift in two feet of water is difficult, often impossible, and one who falls will seldom regain his footing. I have seen heavy cattle try to wade these rifts and lose their footing in three feet of water. More canoeists are taking this cruise than ever before, and scores of them have descended the river safely. It is no water on which to learn canoeing, however, and its shoals and breaks deserve the respect of the oldest hands at the maple blade.

The East Branch of the Delaware, as we saw it, was a

small stream, while the West Branch is a series of shoals with few eddies, and these not deep. Camping spots as a rule are few and not choice. We would advise no one to start above Hancock. Begin in the East Branch at that village. To the junction is less than a mile, whereas via the West Branch one must pass several shoals and rocky breaks, and cover twice the distance. Hancock lies between the two branches.

From Deposit to Pond Eddy the fall of the river is about seven feet to the mile, or nearly 700 feet in 100 miles or thereabout. Thus the frequency of shoals and the scarcity of pools and quiet water may be readily understood.

PERRY D. FRAZER.

NEW YORK CITY

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Rifle in Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 27.—The following scores were made Friday evening, Sept. 26, by the members of the Willow Rifle and Gun Club.

All shooting off-hand at 75 feet, with .22 caliber rimfire rifles. No palm rests or magnifying sights allowed.

Two strings of ten shots each on ¼-inch ring target; possible in ten shots, 250 points, and 3 shots on ⅛-inch ring target, possible 75 points:

George Springsguth	231	233	71
F M Garden	230	234	61
Alf Rieckhoff	229	234	68
Wm Schwabe	216	224	62
Emil Otto	223	215	48
Albert Ferig	225	199	63
Rud Thielenhaus	204	215	56
Rud Thielenhaus	206	197	54

ALF. RIECKHOFF, Shooting Master.

Trapshooting.

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

Fixtures.

Oct. 1-2.—Fostoria, O.—Fostoria Gun Club's target tournament; $100 added; first day open to all; second day, merchandise handicap. W. R. Alspach, Ass't Sec'y.

Oct. 1-2.—Allegheny City, Pa.—Fall tournament of the North Side Gun Club; $140 added. I. W. Morrow, Sec'y.

Oct. 1-2.—Austerlitz, Ky.—Hill Top Gun Club's tournament.

Oct. 1-2.—Union City, Ind.—Fall tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club. O. E. Fouts, Sec'y.

Oct. 1-2.—Austerlitz, Ky.—Hill Top Gun Club's live-bird tournament. Alfred Clay, Sec'y.

Oct. 1-2.—Union City, Ind.—Parent Grove Gun Club's fall tournament. O. E. Fouts, Sec'y.

Oct. 1-2.—Allegheny, Pa.—Two-day target tournament of the Northside Gun Club; $100 added money. I. W. Morrow, Sec'y.

Oct. 2.—Rittersville, Pa.—Target tournament of the Lehigh Rod and Gun Club of the Bethlehems.

Oct. 6.—New Paris, O.—One-day tournament of the Peters Gun Club. G. L. Lyne, Sec'y.

Oct. 3-4.—Louisville, Ky.—Jefferson County Gun Club's tournament.

Oct. 7-8.—Greenville, O.—Handicap tournament of the Greenville Gun Club. H. A. McCaughey, Sec'y.

Oct. 8-9.—Clinton, Ont.—Clinton Gun Club's twelfth annual tournament; live birds and targets:

Oct. 9-11.—Excelsior Springs, Mo.—First annual target tournament of the Excelsior Springs Gun Club. C. H. Coppinger, Corresponding Secretary.

Oct. 9-10.—Irwin, Pa.—Irwin Game and Gun Club's tournament.

Oct. 9-10.—Fort Wayne, Ind.—Annual target tournament of the East End Gun Club. F. W. Leidelf, Sec'y.

Oct. 15.—Mt. Sterling, Ill.—Seventh annual target tournament of the Mt. Sterling Gun Club. J. Breidenbend, Sec'y.

Oct. 15-16.—Baltimore, Md.—Tenth annual fall tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association; targets and live birds; $100 added money. Open to all. J. R. Malone, 2671 Pennsylvania avenue, Manager.

Oct. 15-16.—New London, Ia.—Sixth annual tournament of the New London Gun Club. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.

Oct. 15-16.—Springfield, O.—Springfield Gun Club's tournament. B. F. Downs, Capt.

Oct. 21-22.—Kenton, O.—Second annual fall tournament of the Kenton Gun Club; $75 or more added money. K. P. Johnson, Sec'y-Treas.

Oct. 21-22.—Sistersville, W. Va.—Sistersville Gun Club's target tournament.

Oct. 24-26.—Bisbee, Ariz.—Tenth annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association. M. J. Cunningham, Sec'y.

Oct. 29-30.—Raleigh, N. C.—Two days' shoot of the Raleigh Gun Club; $100 added. R. T. Gowan, Sec'y.

Oct. 30-31—Dalton, O.—Annual fall tournament of the Dalton Gun Club. Ernest F. Scott, Captain.

Nov. 27.—Ossining, N. Y.—Thanksgiving Day tournament of the Westchester County Trapshooters' League under the auspices of the Ossining Gun Club.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's target shoot, every Saturday afternoon until October. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

First Saturday of each month for a year, Burnside.—Contest for the Troisdorf live-bird and target medals; 10 live birds; 25 targets; open to all. First contest, March 1.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

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

The following is taken from the Breeder and Sportsman of San Francisco, issue of Sept. 20, touchin' on an' appertainin' to live-bird shooting:

"There is another view to be taken concerning the newspaper attacks of the big dailies of New York and Chicago. As a matter of fact, there is not a business in the country, wholesale or retail; an occupation, pursuit or sport that has greater newspaper mention and more free advertising in the aggregate than the firearms and ammunition business, wholesale and retail. Representatives of manufacturers in every department, individual shooters, all over the country, are, figuratively speaking, 'breaking their necks' to get into the papers, and often with purely advertising matter under the guise of sporting news. Of course, there are many exceptions to this seemingly harsh statement. Some of the 'boys' are very clever in handing stuff to the papers, particularly country weeklies. Why all this good stuff should go without an equivalent is a problem easily solved by one side and carelessly overlooked by the other. Another phase of the matter is niggardly support of the press by many agents and representatives. Taking it all in all, the big dailies 'are on' and exacting interest on past over drafts. They only got plenty of 'glad hand' and lots of stories, at least their representatives did. The latter gentry being usually on 'space,' always did the right thing for themselves and incidentally for the other fellows. The publishers' pockets were neglected, and now they are out with a club."

We quite agree with our contemporary concerning the big dailies, as they relate to pigeon shooting at the traps, but that representatives and shooters were ever inclined, even remotely, to obtain free advertising, is news indeed in the East. Instead, we have observed a charming modesty and self-effacement in most instances. Still, we can remember a mention, years ago, of clubs asking for and receiving week after week advertising of their tournaments in the reading columns of the sporting journals, and thereafter, as a return courtesy, informing said journals that they could have advertising space in the club programme at so many dollars per page; but all clubs did not and do not do so.

The skill of Capt. A. W. Money and his sons in the use of the shotgun is a matter of national fame. They are of the few who stand on the mountain peaks of meritorious performance. But the fondness for all forms of wholesome sport is not confined to the male members of the family. Capt. Money's daughter, Miss Ethel Money, has achieved the distinction of a most fearless and skillful horsewoman. This fall, at many of the New Jersey fairs, she won many firsts and some seconds, in the high jumping classes with horses of her own schooling. She also has been very successful in the tandem competition. Petite in size, she nevertheless seems to have, by gentleness and firmness, wonderful powers of control over her spirited hunters. She is an enthusiastic huntswoman, and is as skillful, in the practical features of cross-country riding to the hounds as she is in actual competition. By the way, there are now two Captain Moneys, the more recent being Capt. Noel Money. He came out of the war in South Africa with that title, and also with a medal for distinguished bravery. Mr. Harold Money, now in the interest of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, is continually performing in high class manner with the shotgun in the Middle West.

Concerning long runs, the Shooting Times publishes the following: "A wonderful shooting score was made on Friday afternoon last at the grounds of the Scottish Shooting School, Bishopbriggs, by Mr. R. Campbell, ex-champion inanimate bird shooter of Scotland. Mr. Campbell undertook to kill 100 birds with 100 shots, and a large number of gentlemen had gathered to see how near the maximum he would come. A surprise was in store, for after a preliminary attempt with a relay of three guns, Mr. Campbell started with his own gun and brought down 111 birds one after the other. This constitutes a British record. Excellent as was the work, an almost equally meritorious performance was accomplished by Mr. T. Bremner, who, shooting with marked success in the sweepstake competitions, was constrained to complete his 100 shots, and did so with a total of 93 hits. Mr. Bremner used his second barrel four times, while Mr. Campbell used it twice."

The shooting committee of the Crescent Athletic Club, of which Mr. A. W. Higgins is chairman, have adopted a programme for the coming season, which in the main, is like that of the last season. There will be a monthly cup, each contestant's three best scores counting in the competition, therefore, to have any standing concerning it, three scores by each competitor are a necessity. There also will be special weekly trophies to be won outright at the weekly shoots. The holiday shoots will have attractive features above the ordinary. In the latter part of last week the club's grounds at Bay Ridge, L. I., were undergoing the transformation from baseball arrangements to shooting arrangements, and the first shoot of the season, 1902-3, is fixed to take place on Saturday of this week. This season ends in the last week of March.

The programme of the North Branch, N. J., Gun Club's tournament, Oct. 28-30, provides two days at targets and one day, the third, at live birds. There are ten target events on each of the first two days, three at 10, three at 15, two at 20, one at 25 targets, and one at 10 pairs, entrance based on 10 cents per target. Regular programme commences at 10:30 o'clock. All class shooting. Targets, 2 cents, from which 25 per cent. will be deducted for high average money, divided into four parts, 40, 30, 20 and 10, if over $50; 50, 30 and 20 if under $50. For low average, $2. Stages will meet trains at depot. Manufacturers' agents and paid representatives may shoot for targets only. Ammunition sent prepaid to M. H. Rupell will be delivered on the grounds free. Tournament Committee: M. H. Rupell, H. B. Teneyck and Chas. Huff.

In the special events at John Parker's twelfth annual tournament, held recently, the winners in those events were as follows: Peters Cartridge Company's International Handicap trophy, 25 targets, was won by Mr. Thomas W. Lang, of Findlay, O., from the 18yd. mark. The King Powder Co. two-man team International trophy was won by Messrs. Russell Klein, of Spirit Lake, Ia., and C. W. Phellis (Phil), with a score of 24 and 25 respectively, a total of 49 out of 50, each standing at the 18yd. mark. The Gilman and Barnes International trophy at 15 live birds, $20 entrance, was won by Mr. Fred Gilbert, after a prolonged finish, with Mr. H. D. Bates, a former Grand American Handicap winner. In the tie on 15 were Messrs. Gilbert, Bates, Tol, Klein. Gilbert won by killing 95 straight.

Mr. R. T. Gowan, secretary, Raleigh, N. C., under date of Sept. 25, writes us as follows: "The Raleigh Gun Club will give a two days' shoot, Oct. 29 and 30, with $100 added money each day. On the 28th there will be a practice shoot, and on Friday, the 31st our club will give a beautiful silver cup to the champion shot in North Carolina. We hope to have every club in the State contest for this prize, and while here organize a State association. Programmes will be issued in a few days, giving details of shoot, and any other information will be furnished by addressing the secretary. To-day's shoot was very unfavorable for shooting—rain and cloudy. Following scores were made out of 50 targets: Johnson, Sr., 37, Johnson, Jr., 41, Whitaker 42, Walters 38, Gray 42, Parker 37, Stark 43, Ferrall 29."

Mr. Albert A. Schoverling, corresponding secretary of the Fulton Gun Club, of Brooklyn, writes us as follows: "The next shoot will be on Oct. 5, at 1 P. M. Open shoot for members for A. Wood's medal. Also probably a team race. Fulton vs. Westwood Gun Club. How to get there: From New York, Brooklyn Bridge, Kings County Elevated to Crescent street station. From New York, Twenty-third and Forty-second street ferries, Broadway Elevated to Crescent street station. Ten minutes' walk from station on Old Mill road."

In the report of the Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club's shoot this week, Mr. C. G. Blandford, captain of that club, announces that there will be a tournament of the Westchester County Trapshooters' League at Ossining, on Thanksgiving Day. The Ossining Gun Club, in connection therewith, will offer a $40 cup for seven-man county teams, and a 100-target match for a gold medal, emblematic of certain county championships. The conditions are minutely set forth elsewhere in our trap columns.

Mr. T. H. Keller, eastern manager of the Peters Cartridge Company, informs us that on Sept. 21, Mr. Ed. Bohlmer, assistant superintendent of the Peters Cartridge Company's factory at Kings Mills, O., died after a few days' illness. He had been with the Peters Cartridge Company during many years, and was esteemed both for his eminent business ability and his nobility of character.

In the North River Gun Club's contest for the Glaser trophy, Sept. 27, there were seven ties, which will be shot off on Saturday of this week on the club's grounds, Edgewater, N. J. The conditions are 50 targets, handicap. Those who tied were Messrs. Richter, J. Truax, Eickhoff, Morrison, Merrill, Hexamer and C. Truax.

In the two days of the target programme at the recent Missouri State shoot at Kansas City, Mr. W. R. Crosby, at 20yds., and F. Bell, at 16yds., tied on 453 out of 500 targets, for high average, 90.6 per cent. J. A. R. Elliott was second with 451 targets, 90.2 per cent. Mr. F. C. Riehl was fourth with 446 targets, 89.2.

The Interstate Association stockholders will hold a meeting at 99 Cedar Street, New York, on Tuesday of next week, to discuss matters of general interest. The G. A. H., at live birds and targets, will be given consideration. This is the first meeting of the association held in several months.

The Garfield Gun Club, of Chicago, began its first shoot of the fourth trophy series on Saturday of last week. Mr. A. Hellman took the lead with a score of 24 out of 25 in class A; Mr. T. Jones scored a win in Class B with 17, and Mr. M. G. Eldred led in Class C with 20.

Mr. Leroy W. Cannon, president of the Enterprise Gun Club, McKeesport, Pa., won the second series for the championship medal at his club's tournament, Sept. 20, with the fine score of 46 out of 50.

The Dalton, Ohio, Gun Club announces that the dates for their annual fall tournament are Oct. 30 and 31. In added money there will be $50 or more.

Mr. W. R. Crosby won high average in the three-days' target tournament of the Cincinnati Gun Club last week, standing at the 22-yard mark.

The secretary, Mr. J. Breidenbend, informs us that the seventh annual target tournament of the Mt. Sterling, Ill., Gun Club will be held on Oct. 15.

BERNARD WATERS.

Cincinnati Tournament.

THE shoot was a great success, considering that it was managed from the cashier's office. On the first day, Sept. 23, the programme was shot out. On the second day rain delayed the start, and to finish out, the last three events were reduced to 10-target events with the original entrance. The programme on the third day was concluded in good light. The high average money was divided into seven moneys, class shooting, and was won by nine men. Crosby was winner of first.

Sept. 23, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	20	20	20
A Gambell, 17	13	12	12	12	14	13	12	14	19	17	16
L Ahlers, 17	12	12	14	13	14	14	14	13	19	17	16
A Roll, 17	14	12	15	14	12	12	13	14	18	19	13
Denminto, 17	13	11	12	9	13	13	12	13	17	16	14
Randall, 17	14	12	13	11	14	14	15	11	19	14	16
Farmer Jones, 17	12	12	13	10	13	11	14	8	15	11	11
Medico, 17	12	13	13	14	11	11	12	9	18	15	16
Peters, 17	10	8	11	13	13	10	10	12	14	18	15
S T Mallory, 17	15	10	14	13	13	10	9	13	18	17	15
C E Verges, 16	12	11	12	13	13	13	13	14	17	15	18
A C Dick, 16	14	12	11	13	10	12	14	12	15	14	15
H Jergens, 16	12	12	11	12	12	13	13	12	19	15	18
Jas Farran, 16	12	14	13	13	9	14	13	13	17	17	12
A C Stancliffe, 16	12	11	10	13	13	10	13	9	13	14	15
W A Davis, 16	13	12	14	14	13	9	12	11	18	13	13
H Arens, 16	13	7	11	10	12	8	10	9	19	13	17
W S Hansbro, 16	14	7	14	11	11	11	10	14	17	14	15
M Starr, 16	15	15	13	13	15	15	14	14	17	19	19
Ed Brady, 16	13	9	14	14	12	15	14	15	18	10	18
D S Daudt, 18	12	11	14	9	11	13	10	13	15	17	15
F. E Mallory, 18	13	13	14	11	14	11	14	14	18	17	16
J F Mallory, 18	13	12	14	13	15	11	12	13	19	16	20
W D Schafer, 18	12	12	14	13	13	12	12	9	16	14	15
E B Coe, 18	11	14	11	12	11	12	12	12	18	17	15
P Schlicher, 17	13	14	14	11	11	11	13	11	17	17	18
Le Compe, 17	14	11	14	14	14	13	13	14	16	16	18
Bart Lewis, 17	14	14	13	15	14	15	14	14	19	18	18
W J Spangler, 17	14	11	12	11	12	12	10	13	14	15	19
T S Bibbee, 17	14	11	14	15	11	10	14	13	19	15	18
L T Gray, 16	14	8	13	11	12	13	10	10	16	16	18
H C Warner, 16	13	15	13	10	9	15	12	6	17	14	14
S S Stowe, 16	13	14	15	11	12	11	14	13	16	16	15
W E Deedrich, 16	13	12	13	9	10	11	10	10	12	11	17
J F Dover, 16	14	9	7	11	13	11	10	12	15	17	16
E M Stout, 17	14	15	14	15	13	12	15	14	19	19	19
J C Hill, 16	13	8	10	14	15	11	14	12	12	14	12
E F Haak, 16	15	14	15	15	15	13	12	13	20	19	12
Mingo, 16	14	9	12	12	14	11	13	13	16	11	17
O'Connell, 16	13	12	10	13	13	12	14	15	17	15	19
Kaintuck, 18	13	12	12	12	14	14	15	12	18	16	17
T H Clay, 18	14	12	14	13	15	13	14	15	18	16	19
D D Gross, 18	14	13	8	12	15	13	11	12	14	11	17
Ed Rike, 18	10	12	14	14	12	14	13	11	19	17	17
E C Fort, 18	13	12	12	10	13	14	15	12	20	16	16
Ira Post, 19	13	14	13	10	11	9	13	12	18	16	17
J T Atkinson, 19	12	13	14	14	15	11	12	14	17	20	18
R S Rhoads, 19	14	14	14	13	12	13	14	12	20	18	14
H Waters, 19	15	12	14	11	12	15	12	11	17	19	15
F D Alkire, 19	13	12	13	10	14	12	11	13	19	18	20
C W Phellis, 20	15	12	13	11	13	13	12	13	18	17	17
L J Squier, 20	12	14	12	14	12	15	13	14	17	19	17
R Kline, 20	14	13	15	12	14	13	13	12	18	17	19
R Trimble, 20	13	13	15	13	13	15	14	14	16	18	18
J A R Elliott, 20	15	14	15	13	14	12	14	13	18	18	20
F Gilbert, 22	14	14	14	13	14	14	14	15	19	20	18
R O Heikes, 21	15	12	14	14	14	12	15	13	20	18	16
H McMurchy, 21	14	11	12	14	14	12	11	9	15	14	16
J M Hughes, 21	14	12	15	15	15	12	14	12	20	17	19
W R Crosby, 22	14	14	14	13	14	14	14	15	19	18	20
Beechwood, 16	12	11	14	12	11	12	12	10	16	17	17
W T Levy, 16	11	10	13	10	11	9	11	11	17	12	15
J A De Gruyter, 16	14	13	15	13	14	12	13	13	16	13	15
J B Fields, 16	13	12	10	15	9	8	10	13	18	15	16
J A Jones, 16	15	9	7	10	6	6	7	8	18	16	16
Lincoln, 16	12	12	14	13	14	11	14	13	20	15	18
C E Doyle, 16	14	10	15	13	14	10	12	13	19	12	16
W H Colquitt, 16	10	11	13	11	9	9	13	14	16	12	17
W A Hammond, 16	13	13	15	15	12	12	11	13	16	15	19
F Sterns, 17	15	12	15	14	11	15	13	10	17	19	17
R C Sauls, 16	12	11	14	11	13	10	14	11	17	14	14
C H Cord, 16	12	12	14	15	13	11	11	14	17	15	18
H Feudner, 16	12	12	13	13	12	10	12	12	19	16	15
J A Robinson, 16	14	11	15	13	12	10	13	13	20	18	19
M Hightower, 16	12	11	11	12	10	12	10	12	16	17	19
W A Long, 16	12	10	13	11	14	15	14	11	20	15	17
F Hardy, 16	11	12	14	12	11	12	12	15	18	12	16
J W Garlow, 16	11	11	12	11	14	12	12	12	17	16	17
S S Pinney, 16	10	12	13	13	14	10	13	14	20	16	20
M Kaufman, 16	14	14	13	13	14	11	12	14	17	14	19
Mayno, 15	9	10	12	9	11	13	12	10	18	15	14
E F Douthit, 15	13	14	13	13	13	11	14	13	17	19	14
F H Merrick, 15	13	11	13	14	9	12	13	8	14	17	15
J R Shephard, 15	14	13	14	11	13	10	14	13	18	18	18
E E Sample, 15	14	13	12	13	14	12	12	13	19	17	15
G E Wagner, 15	12	14	13	8	9	10	12	10	18	13	18
B F Downs, 15	13	11	12	10	12	10	13	12	17	15	17
Snyder, 15	14	14	10	13	14	13	11	11	17	16	19
C B Rose, 14	12	11	7	10	8	6	7	9	15	16	14
W J Spence, 15	13	10	12	11	15	..	..	..	..	..	..
J M Speary, 16	15	11	13	11	13	12	11	13	15	19	16
Rizer, 16	12	10	11	10	10	11	13	10	14	..	..
J H Smith, 16	11	10	9	10	12	11	12	11	18	16	18
C C Fisher, 16	13	13	11	13	13	13	13	11	14	..	..
O T Lewis, 16	14	12	11	9	13	12	14	13	14	..	..
W H Forbes, 16	12	10	14	15	14	9	13	11	17	17	17
A P Kling, 16	12	12	14	13	13	14	13	13	19	16	12
O Kling, 16	13	13	15	11	10	12	12	13	17	9	20
McVicker, 16	13	13	13	15	14	12	11	12	19	20	19
G Stout, 16	14	13	13	14	14	15	12	15	18	19	17
E Voris, 17	12	11	13	13	11	12	12	13	17	14	16
F Forest, 17	11	11	14	12	11	12	11	11	18	17	17
H Dando, 17	13	9	14	13	11	12	13	13	14	19	14
F S Bates, 17	13	12	14	9	14	13	10	10	16	18	17
Partington, 18	14	14	14	13	13	14	14	10	18	..	..
J M Bailey, 15	11	12	13	13	12	13	11	10	17	17	18
Billy, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	16	14
J Day, 15	15	12	15	15	15	13	11	11	16	16	20
J E Dwire, 15	13	14	12	9	13	4	8	10	..	..	..
J W Dunn, 15	12	11	10	15	13	14	13	11	19	13	14
J Smallman, 16	15	7	12	12	12	5	9	7	..	..	..
E A Jordan, 16	13	12	13	11	12	12	15	13	18	17	16
A Meaders, 16	13	11	15	14	13	13	12	13	17	17	15
E Watkins, 16	11	6	13	12	12	11	11	13	17	16	19
J W Cooper, 16	11	13	10	11	13	12	11	13	15	..	..
H P Shaner, 16	13	12	13	14	13	12	14	12	18	18	17
F Rader, 16	12	13	12	9	14	12	13	14	15	15	14
Willey, 16	11	11	12	10	13	12	15	12	17	14	13
Green, 16	13	11	13	11	11	9	12	11	16	15	19
H H Jeffers, 16	13	13	12	11	13	10	14	13	19	15	14
A N Davis, 16	15	13	13	12	14	10	13	15	17	17	15
Mumma, 17	5	11	10	8	9	9	9	14	..	..	..
Page, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..
C Miller, 16	12	10	13	13	12	8	15	11	..	..	..
Schrader, 16	13	13	11	13	13	12	12	10	14	14	14
J C Marsten, 16	13	12	14	13	9	11	9	10	..	..	..

Foust, 16	11	13	13	11	14	11	15	9	20	14	14
Donald, 15	14	11	12	12	..	11	13	12	..	..	..
Merrick, 15	9	10	8	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Anderson, 15	10	10	10	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J M Girton, 16	13	12	11	14	14	10	11	14	..	..	..
J Kirsch, 16	12	12	10	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
C Smith, 16	6	..	..	..	8	8	8	8	..	..	..
E Sampson, 14	12	13	10	11	6	9	10	7	..	..	..
W S Harris, 15	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Van, 16	..	..	..	..	12	12	10	8	..	..	..
Jack, 15	..	..	..	..	7	10	10	11	..	..	..

S pt. 24, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	15	15	15	15	20	15	15	15	10	10	10
Gambell, 17	12	12	14	10	17	13	12	11	8	8	8
L Ahlers, 17	13	13	14	14	18	15	14	12	8	7	8
Roll, 17	13	12	12	13	15	11	9	11	9	6	8
Randall, 17	11	11	14	12	17	12	15	11	9	9	9
Farmer Jones, 17	12	11	11	9	16	11	10	11	8	9	8
Medico, 17	14	12	12	12	15	13	10	11	6	7	8
Forbes, 16	14	10	11	15	17	9	6	8	8	6	8
Peters, 17	12	12	11	10	15	11	12	7	..	..	..
S T Mallory, 17	10	13	13	12	16	13	9	12	9	7	9
Verges, 16	11	14	14	12	16	14	13	12	9	6	10
Dick, 16	13	12	14	11	19	10	12	10	7	8	9
Jergens, 16	11	8	11	7	11	11	11	9	7	8	8
Faran, 17	13	14	12	11	15	12	11	14	10	7	9
Stancliffe, 16	12	14	13	11	17	14	13	11	8	6	9
Davis, 16	14	12	14	12	17	12	12	11	10	8	8
Arens, 16	14	7	11	12	17	10	13	11	7	8	7
Hansbro, 16	11	14	12	9	19	11	9	14	7	8	9
Brady, 17	13	13	13	14	16	11	9	13	7	5	10
Starr, 18	14	13	14	11	16	12	14	12	8	9	8
Daudt, 17	13	13	13	11	14	9	6	13	9	10	9
F E Mallory, 18	11	13	13	12	14	12	10	13	8	8	7
J F Mallory, 18	14	13	12	14	16	14	10	13	10	9	9
Coe, 17	14	15	15	15	16	12	10	12	10	9	8
Schlicher, 17	10	14	11	13	17	12	10	13	9	7	9
Le Compe, 17	14	13	14	10	17	11	12	13	9	10	8
Speary, 16	15	15	13	13	18	13	14	14	9	8	10
Spangler, 16	14	12	14	12	17	12	13	12	9	7	7
Bibbee, 17	13	12	12	12	17	12	12	13	6	7	8
Gray, 16	13	14	12	12	16	10	13	12	6	8	9
Warner, 16	14	13	12	11	14	8	13	10	8	9	8
Stowe, 16	14	12	15	13	17	13	14	13	8	10	9
Deedrick, 15	13	11	9	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dover, 15	10	13	13	14	15	10	15	11	10	9	7
Meaders, 16	13	13	11	13	16	12	13	14	7	9	8
J C Hill, 15	12	12	12	10	17	12	8	9	7	8	5
Bailey, 15	11	13	12	14	17	11	11	11	7	7	6
Mingo, 16	14	14	12	11	14	15	12	13	8	9	9
O'Connell, 16	14	11	15	14	18	9	14	11	9	5	8
Kaintuck, 18	13	15	13	14	16	13	12	11	9	10	10
Gross, 17	13	12	12	14	16	13	10	12	10	7	8
Rike, 18	13	12	14	13	14	11	12	14	9	9	10
Fort, 18	12	15	13	14	18	13	15	13	10	6	7
Post, 18	13	13	13	12	18	13	11	10	10	10	9
Atkinson, 19	14	13	14	10	19	14	14	15	9	8	10
Rhoads, 19	15	15	12	14	17	13	13	13	9	8	10
Waters, 19	9	11	13	10	18	15	14	13	10	8	7
F D Alkire, 18	15	13	12	12	19	12	15	13	9	9	10
Phellis, 20	13	15	14	13	18	12	12	11	8	6	9
Squier, 20	14	13	12	14	17	13	12	12	7	9	9
P Kline, 20	15	11	14	15	17	15	15	11	9	10	10
Trimble, 20	13	14	11	11	17	13	13	13	7	9	9
Elliott, 21	14	15	15	15	19	12	14	13	8	9	8
Gilbert, 22	14	13	13	13	19	13	14	13	9	10	10
Heikes, 21	13	12	12	14	19	11	14	13	10	8	9
Hughes, 21	13	14	13	14	18	13	15	13	8	9	9
Crosby, 22	15	13	12	15	19	14	14	14	10	10	9
Lincoln, 16	12	13	15	14	16	11	10	12	10	9	10
Doyle, 16	12	13	10	12	17	15	14	12	10	8	9
Colquitt, 15	13	11	12	13	14	10	13	13	8	8	7
Hammond, 16	14	14	12	10	17	13	13	14	8	10	10
Jeffers, 15	13	9	14	11	17	11	14	14	10	9	9
Sauls, 16	12	10	14	12	16	13	14	15	10	7	9
Cord, 16	14	13	11	12	12	12	9	11	8	7	9
Fisher, 16	14	13	12	14	17	13	12	14	8	9	9
Robinson, 17	15	10	14	15	17	13	14	11	9	9	10
Hightower, 16	14	14	10	14	16	13	9	14	8	7	7
W A Long, 16	12	7	10	14	14	11	11	8	6	7	9
Hardy, 16	15	14	10	14	16	13	10	12	9	9	10
Garlow, 16	..	..	..	..	17	12	14	10	8	8	9
Pinney, 17	13	10	11	14	18	12	14	12	10	9	10
Kaufman, 17	15	10	13	13	13	15	13	9	8	8	10
Mayno, 15	14	13	13	14	15	13	10	11	7	8	7
Douthit, 16	13	14	14	13	18	14	12	14	10	9	10
D H Snyder, 16	9	9	13	15	16	10	13	11	16	6	9
Shattuck, 15	13	10	12	10	17	11	12	15	9	..	..
Sample, 16	13	15	14	12	20	12	14	12	9	8	9
B Lewis, 19	13	13	14	12	17	13	14	15	7	9	7
E M Stout, 19	14	12	15	11	19	13	13	14	7	9	7
T H Clay, 19	12	11	13	14	20	13	13	14	10	8	10
McMurchy, 19	13	13	14	10	18	12	13	15	9	8	10
Stearns, 18	13	11	14	13	20	13	13	13	9	9	9
G E Wagner, 16	12	11	13	13	16	13	10	13	9	9	9
Voris, 16	13	12	14	14	18	12	12	14	9	9	10
J H Smith, 15	14	12	11	9	12	11	13	12	9	9	7
O T Lewis, 15	12	10	15	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
McVickers, 17	13	12	14	13	20	13	14	13	8	9	8
G Stout, 17	12	14	13	13	17	10	13	13	7	8	9
Haak, 17	13	13	13	13	19	11	12	12	9	8	10
Forest, 17	9	13	10	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dando, 17	15	12	13	12	17	12	12	11	8	9	6
Bates, 17	14	15	13	10	17	13	12	11	8	9	6
Jordan, 16	10	14	14	14	15	13	15	11	6	9	9
Watkins, 16	14	13	14	13	18	15	15	13	8	8	9
Shaner, 16	14	15	12	12	..	..	..	..	10	8	8
W D Shafer, 17	14	15	8	13	16	13	13	10	5	8	7
McCaukey, 15	..	..	..	..	11	12	11	..	..	..	..
Dunn, 15	10	11	14	12	19	12	14	12	7	9	7
Rose, 14	10	12	9	8	..	..	..	10	8	9	6
Donald, 15	15	14	15	10	16	11	12	11	..	..	..
Oldham, 16	10	8	12	13	11	12	11	11	4	8	8
Day, 16	12	11	15	13	17	15	10	11	9	8	8
W S Watson, 16	13	11	11	11	17	12	9	10	10	8	9
Shaner, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	8	..	..
Allen, 16	14	11	13	11	19	13	13	15	..	8	10
Willey, 15	13	13	14	8	16	13	13	11	7	9	7
D H Arnold, 16	10	13	13	12	14	12	11	14	7	8	7
W H Beecher, 15	13	10	12	11	14	10	12	12	..	..	..
Rader, 15	14	11	11	10	16	13	13	9	9	7	9
Patrick, 16	14	13	13	11	19	14	12	14	9	9	8
J A Jones, 16	12	11	11	12	14	8	8	..	8	6	7
A N Davis, 16	11	12	12	13	15	8	10	..	..	..	..
Hobson, 16	10	8	8	11	14	10	11	12	10	8	6
Frank See, 17	12	14	14	14	20	14	15	11	..	..	..
Smoke, 16	10	12	10	13	15	11	13	11	..	..	..
Schwartz, 16	11	9	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jackson, 16	13	8	13	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Liewarence, 16	12	15	14	12	15	11	9	10	7	8	7
Johnson, 16	14	14	14	15	17	14	15	14	9	7	10
Chaney, 16	10	11	13	13	16	..	..	..	..	..	..
Morris, 16	9	9	11	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Osterfeld, 17	..	..	..	..	15	7	12	..	..	..	..
Zint, 16	6	5	5	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Old Hoss, 16	8	13	11	11	17	11	12	..	..	..	..
Shaw, 16	14	13	11	14	..	..	..	12	8	7	5
Russell, 16	11	8	11	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Buckeye, 16	13	10	6	13	17	10	12	14	9	7	9
Downs, 15	7	13	9	12	12	11	12	11	8	5	6
Kling, 16	14	12	13	9	20	11	14	14	..	..	..
Mackie, 18	10	13	12	10	12	12	..	..	..	..	..
Girton, 16	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Billy, 16	11	12	11	10	15	8	13	13	..	..	..
Pizer, 15	10	12	11	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lang, 18	..	..	..	..	17	15	14	..	..	..	..
H C Watson, 17	..	..	..	..	17	12	13	..	..	..	..
Jack, 15	..	..	..	..	15	11	..	..	..	..	..
Boeh, 14	..	..	..	..	..	12	12	..	..	..	..
C H Foust, 16	..	..	..	..	16	10	..	..	..	..	..
Capt, 15	..	..	..	..	17	7	..	..	..	..	..
Merrick, 15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	6

Sept 25, Third Day.

Events	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	15	15	20	20	20	20	20	15
Gambell, 16	14	12	13	12	19	18	17	17	18	13
Roll, 16	14	12	14	12	16	17	19	17	18	12
Voris, 17	14	13	12	15	18	16	16	18	18	14
Randall, 16	12	14	14	14	19	16	17	16	19	13
Mingo, 16	13	13	14	13	19	16	20	17	20	11
Farmer Jones, 16	11	13	13	10	15	16	11	17	17	12
Medico, 16	15	11	13	11	18	15	13	14	19	11
Forbes, 16	10	12	10	15	18	15	13	14	19	11
Duke, 16	11	11	10	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
S T Mallory, 16	14	13	13	14	14	18	14	16	19	11
Verges, 16	14	10	14	11	17	19	17	18	14	12
Dick, 16	11	10	14	12	17	17	14	14	14	8
Jergens, 16	11	14	10	12	17	12	16	11	19	6
Faran, 16	13	12	12	12	16	15	15	15	17	11
Stancliffe, 16	13	14	12	12	19	17	18	17	19	11
Davis, 16	13	13	13	13	16	19	16	15	19	13
Arens, 16	13	11	12	13	17	16	15	12	19	11
Hansbro, 16	10	10	14	13	18	19	16	16	17	12
Brady, 16	15	14	13	12	19	17	19	14	19	10
Starr, 16	14	11	13	14	18	18	17	18	18	13
Daudt, 16	15	10	14	14	20	17	19	17	20	14
F E Mallory, 17	14	14	13	12	18	15	18	17	18	14
W D Shafter, 16	12	9	15	14	19	18	17	15	13	10
Coe, 17	13	13	15	13	18	13	16	18	20	15
Stowe, 17	13	10	11	14	19	17	16	17	15	12
Le Compe, 17	14	14	13	12	17	18	18	16	17	13
Speary, 17	14	14	13	12	17	18	18	16	17	13
Spangler, 16	13	13	15	15	18	16	15	18	17	15
Bibbee, 16	11	11	12	12	14	18	17	17	15	13
Meaders, 16	14	14	14	12	17	18	15	14	16	15
Warner, 15	14	12	12	13	16	15	13	14	17	11
T A Jones, 15	11	11	10	10	11	11	18	9	14	8
Dover, 15	10	12	9	12	18	15	13	18	20	6
J B Hill, 15	12	11	11	11	16	14	9	16	11	9
Shattuck, 15	15	9	9	12	14	14	16	18	16	13
L Ahlers, 18	15	9	13	14	15	17	19	16	17	11
J F Mallory, 18	12	13	14	13	16	18	20	17	12	12
Schlicher, 17	11	11	14	8	16	14	19	18	14	9
Kaintuck, 18	14	13	11	13	17	18	18	15	18	11
Post, 18	13	13	13	11	13	15	17	13	15	14
Pike, 18	15	14	14	14	16	19	20	17	19	12
Fort, 18	14	12	13	11	17	19	19	18	16	13
McVicker, 18	15	13	12	12	16	17	18	14	18	14
Waters, 19	14	12	14	14	20	15	16	17	18	8
Alkire, 19	14	15	10	13	16	18	15	18	15	11
Atkinson, 20	14	15	14	11	15	17	17	17	18	14
T H Clay, 20	14	14	11	12	17	15	17	18	19	14
Rhoads, 20	10	11	13	13	19	18	17	17	18	13
F See, 20	14	10	14	13	17	15	19	13	18	15
Phil, 20	15	13	15	14	19	18	15	17	18	15
Squier, 20	11	12	15	12	20	18	18	17	17	9
Kline, 21	14	10	14	12	19	18	20	17	16	14
Trimble, 20	13	12	12	12	17	16	17	18	19	12
Gilbert, 22	14	14	14	14	17	17	18	18	19	14
Heikes, 21	15	13	14	12	19	16	18	20	18	14
Hughes, 21	13	14	14	14	20	20	19	19	19	13
Crosby, 22	13	12	15	12	18	19	18	18	19	14
Elliott, 22	11	11	14	10	18	18	18	16	17	12
Lincoln, 16	13	13	14	13	19	15	18	18	18	14
Doyle, 16	13	15	10	10	18	20	20	19	16	12
Colquitt, 15	13	10	12	14	16	15	15	17	14	13
Hammond, 16	13	12	14	9	20	15	16	15	17	13
Jeffers, 15	15	13	11	13	16	17	17	18	18	10
Souls, 16	14	13	12	12	17	16	15	17	18	13
Cord, 16	13	11	11	10	16	14	16	13	17	14
Fisher, 16	10	11	11	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
T T Gray, 16	9	13	10	11	16	16	16	16	16	14
O'Connell, 16	14	11	15	14	18	17	14	12	13	8
Hardy, 16	12	12	14	13	16	18	17	18	18	12
Gross, 16	11	10	10	7	15	9	12	15	17	12
Kaufman, 16	12	13	12	13	16	19	18	19	19	15
Douthitt, 16	10	9	13	12	19	20	18	17	19	12
Sample, 16	13	14	14	14	18	15	14	17	17	12
Long, 15	13	13	13	13	16	15	16	17	17	11
Mayno, 15	13	8	13	14	16	19	16	16	15	9
Wagner, 15	11	13	15	10	11	17	14	14	16	12
Dunn, 15	11	12	13	12	16	14	15	15	12	8
D H Snyder, 15	13	11	11	14	17	16	14	15	18	12
Pinney, 17	15	12	12	11	18	15	17	18	19	12
G Stout, 17	15	9	10	12	17	16	15	16	15	12
Haak, 17	14	14	11	11	15	16	18	16	17	12
Bates, 16	13	11	13	11	18	16	18	17	17	14
Jordan, 16	13	13	12	13	16	15	17	17	15	14
B Lewis, 19	15	13	14	11	18	16	16	16	17	12
E M Stout, 19	15	15	12	12	19	19	18	15	19	15
McMurchy, 19	15	13	14	15	17	20	18	19	19	12
Stearns, 19	15	13	15	14	18	18	18	20	14	15
J W Long, 19	15	14	11	14	16	18	18	18	18	..
Shrader, 15	12	15	14	14	18	15	12	10	15	11
Hightower, 15	13	12	11	13	13	15	15	17	17	11
Green, 16	14	14	14	15	17	17	19	19	17	12
Maynard, 16	14	15	14	10	17	19	18	16	19	15
Hobson, 16	13	10	11	10	15	15	16	15	17	13
Allen, 17	13	12	13	11	18	17	19	19	15	9
J Day, 16	13	13	13	12	14	15	16	16	17	15
D Schafer, 15	14	9	14	14	17	16	16	8	15	12
A N Davis, 15	12	12	12	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
W S Watson, 15	11	13	13	11	20	15	15	18	15	12
H C Watson, 18	13	14	15	14	17	17	20	15	19	13
A P Kling, 17	15	14	14	15	19	19	18	16	15	14
Dando, 17	12	13	14	11	18	17	15	13	20	15
E Watkins, 18	12	10	12	11	16	18	17	17	18	11
E W Roberts, 17	9	9	12	12	16	17	15	17	..	..
Willey, 15	13	14	14	8	19	16	15	16	19	14
Rader, 15	13	13	13	7	15	17	15	12	14	5
Buckeye, 16	13	13	10	11	17	17	17	17	16	13
Sulzburger, 15	12	11	11	8	12	14	13	15	12	10
Patrick, 17	14	15	14	14	20	19	19	20	16	12
Jackson, 16	9	13	9	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Oldham, 15	11	13	9	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Beecher, 15	12	12	14	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ermil, 16	13	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lynne, 16	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J E Reid, 16	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Johnson, 17	14	11	12	12	18	16	17	19	20	13
Liewarance, 15	14	12	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Black, 16	..	..	..	..	15	14	13	13	17	..
Ehrhardt, 16	..	..	..	..	15	16	7	16	13	..
Cass, 16	..	..	..	..	18	18	12	16	18	..
Bercaw, 16	..	..	..	..	13	14	11	12	15	..
Shoemaker, 16	..	..	..	..	18	17	16	14	15	..
Old Hoss, 15	..	..	..	..	16	15	18	19	14	..
H Hill, 17	..	..	..	..	17	12	11	11	..	..
Mackie, 17	..	..	..	..	10	16	18	16	15	..
Block, 16	..	..	..	..	18	14	17	19	15	..
G R Harris, 17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12

Total of high averages, 510 targets for the three days:

	1st day.	2d day.	3d day.	Broke.
Gambell	154	125	153	432
Ahlers	158	136	146	440
Roll	156	119	151	426
Donminto	143	...	...	...
Randall	153	130	154	437
Farmer Jones	142	116	140	398
Medico	144	120	140	404
Peters	134	...	...	...
S T Mallory	147	123	146	416
Verges	150	131	146	427
Dick	142	125	131	398
Jergens	149	102	128	379
Farran	147	128	138	413
Stancliffe	133	128	152	413
W A Davis	142	130	150	422
Arenz	127	117	145	399
Hansbro	138	123	145	406
Storr	169	131	154	454
Brady	152	124	152	428
Daudt	140	120	161	421
F E Mallory	155	121	153	429
J F Mallory	158	134	147	439
W D Schafer	142	122	142	406
Coe	145	136	149	430
Schlicher	150	125	134	409
Le Compt	157	131	162	450
B Lewis	168	134	148	450
Spangler	143	129	155	427
Bibbee	154	124	145	423
Tray	141	125	137	413
Warner	138	120	137	395
Stowe	150	138	144	432
Deedrick	128	...	...	...
Dover	135	127	133	395
E M Stout	169	134	159	462
Hill	135	112	120	367
Haak	163	133	144	440
Mingo	142	131	156	429
O'Connell	153	128	136	417
Kaintuck	155	136	148	439
Clay	164	138	151	453
Gross	140	127	118	385
Rike	153	131	160	444
Fort	153	136	152	441
Post	146	132	137	415
Atkinson	160	140	152	452
Rhoads	158	139	149	446
Waters	152	128	148	428
Alkire	155	139	145	439
Fellis	154	131	164	449
Squier	159	132	149	430
Kline	160	142	154	456
Trimble	162	130	148	440
Elliott	166	142	145	453
Gilbert	169	141	159	469
Heikes	163	135	159	457
McMurchy	142	135	157	434
Hughes	165	139	165	469
Crosby	159	145	158	472
Beechwood	144	...	...	...
Levy	130	...	...	...
Deguyter	151	...	...	...
Field	139	...	...	...
J A Jones	118	...	113	...
Lincoln	156	132	155	443
Doyle	148	132	153	433
Colquitt	135	127	139	421
Hammond	154	135	144	433
Stearns	158	137	155	452
Souls	141	132	147	420
Cord	152	123	135	410
Feudner	146	...	...	...
Robinson	158	137	...	...
Hightower	142	126	137	405
Long	152	109	144	405
Hardy	148	132	150	420
Garlow	145	...	...	...
Pinney	155	133	149	437
Kaufman	155	127	156	438
Mayno	133	125	130	388
Douthit	154	141	146	441
F. H Merrick	139	...	...	...
Shephard	156	...	...	...
Sample	154	...	148	...
Wagner	137	128	138	403
Downs	142	106	...	...
Snyder	152	121	141	414
Rose	115	...	...	...
Speary	149	142	152	443
J H Smith	138	118	158	414
Forbes	149	112	140	401
A P Kling	151	...	...	...
O Kling	145	...	...	...
McVicker	161	137	149	447
G Stout	164	129	137	430
Voris	144	137	151	432
Forest	145	...	...	...
Dando	145	127	143	415
Bates	146	128	148	422
J M Bailey	147	120	...	...
Dunn	137	127	128	392
Jorden	152	130	145	427
Meaders	153	129	149	431
Watkins	141	140	142	423
Shaner	156	...	...	...
Rader	143	122	124	389
Willey	140	124	148	412
Green	141	...	...	...
Jeffers	147	121	148	416
A Davis	154	...	...	...
Schrader	139	...	...	...
Foust	145	...	...	...
Day	159	129	144	432

WESTERN TRAPS.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill.—The appended scores were made to-day on the occasion of first trophy shoot, fourth series. Hellman won class A trophy on 24; Tom Jones, B, on 17, and Eldred, C, on 20. The cup shoot immediately followed, and cup was won by Hellman. The day was very threatening, and, in fact, rained steadily until time for shoot to begin, consequently the attendance was not up to our standard:

Second trophy shoot:

L Thomas	1111101110110101001111101—18
Dr Meek	1101110111011110101110111—19
M F Wilson	0000101111111111110111111—19
M G Eldred	1101110111111011110101111—20
J Pollard	1101111111111111111101111—23
T Eaton	1111111111111101101111110—22
Ford	1111010111110110110111111—20
A Hellman	1111111111111110111111111—24
T Jones	1101001111001111111101010—17
R S Leek	1101001100001011010111011—14
J E Dofter	1011111111101011110111011—20

Cup Shoot, 15 singles, 5 pairs.

L Thomas	111111111101111	01 00 01 01 00—17
Dr Meek	111011111110010	10 01 10 00 11—16
M F Wilson	011001111111101	01 10 01 00 10—15
M G Eldred	111110110010011	10 00 10 00 10—13
J S Pollard	101110111110001	10 10 00 10 11—15
T Eaton	111111011011101	00 00 10 10 10—15
Ford	101100111111101	00 10 00 00 10—13
A Hellman	111111011111111	00 10 10 10 10—18
T Jones	110011111011111	00 00 00 10 00—13
R S Leek	001111111011000	11 01 00 00 00—12
J E Dofter	010011111111001	10 00 10 11 01—15

Hellman won.

DR. J. D. MEEK.

Rockville Gun Club.

ROCKVILLE, Conn.—The Rockville Gun Club held their first tournament Sept. 18, and as the day was stormy and cold, the scores were not as good as they would have been had they been made on a more pleasant day. The attendance was smaller than expected, but good for the weather.

Griffith won the $5 gold prize offered for the best score out of the first 100 targets. Meaker got second prize—$2.50 in gold. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	Shot	
Targets:	10	15	20	15	20	20	10	15	20	15	20	20	15	at.	Broke.
Yeomans	8	13	15	12	15	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	78
Meaker	8	11	14	11	16	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	79
W A Barstow	7	13	15	14	15	10	9	12	8	..	16	15	..	185	134
McArdel	7	9	17	11	13	15	8	9	..	..	..	..	..	125	89
H C Barstow	6	11	16	8	12	14	7	11	18	..	17	12	..	185	137
Merrick	7	12	13	12	15	12	7	8	10	9	8	11	8	215	132
Downing	6	9	15	7	15	13	8	9	17	12	16	12	10	215	149
Burke	4	7	11	9	16	16	8	9	10	11	14	13	7	215	135
LeRoy	8	9	15	11	14	14	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	110	72
Griffith	9	13	17	15	18	19	9	12	19	..	..	..	..	145	131
White	5	11	14	10	16	13	8	12	12	8	13	8	..	200	130
Metcalf	5	12	10	8	13	11	5	9	10	9	..	..	11	175	103
Turner	9	11	15	8	13	10	7	..	14	..	..	..	..	130	87
Prescott	5	12	10	11	13	13	8	6	15	..	12	10	10	200	125
Sterry	2	10	14	10	17	18	8	8	7	..	11	..	..	165	105
Moon	..	..	14	7	16	17	9	12	15	13	13	17	8	190	141
Blish	..	..	7	8	9	4	3	3	4	7	5	6	..	175	56
Edgerton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	15	11	18	17	10	105	82
Adams	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	6	6	..	..	50	19
Markley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	..	8	2	70	24
Bradley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	8	3	55	17
West	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	7	1	55	11
Kramer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	5	35	14

F. H. BURKE, Sec'y.

Leatherstocking Gun Club.

OSWEGO, N. Y., Sept. 24.—The forty-second annual shoot of the Leatherstocking Gun Club was held on the club grounds on the bank of Lake Ontario Sept. 24. A stiff breeze made the birds very difficult.

This is the oldest gun club in the state of New York, having been organized March 17, 1860.

The first prize, a beautiful gold badge, was awarded Max B. Richardson; the second prize, a similar badge in silver, was secured by Walter Jermyn; the third prize, also a silver medal, was secured by Martin Carlton. Much interest was taken in the contest.

M. W. CARLTON, Sec'y.

John Parker's Annual.

John Parker's twelfth annual tournament was held on the Rusch House grounds, Detroit, Mich., Sept. 16 to 19. It was open to all. There was $200 cash added. The target programme was alike for each of the first three days, excepting the special event for trophy, of each day. Sept. 19 was devoted to live-bird competition.

Sept. 16, First Day.

In the events of the day, forty shooters participated. The Peters Cartridge Company's International Handicap trophy, event 6 of the programme, was won by Mr. Thomas W. Lang, Findlay, O. He was closely pressed by Mr. Ralph Trimble and C. H. Rich.

Mr. Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia., was high gun for the day with a score of 169 out of 180.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	25	15	20	15	20	Broke.
McMurchy, 20	12	13	18	12	19	23	12	17	12	19	157
Gilbert, 20	15	15	20	14	17	23	15	19	14	17	169
Phil, 20	13	12	16	12	14	18	12	16	14	19	146
Hughes, 20	14	13	19	15	19	20	14	17	14	19	164
Fanning, 20	12	9	19	11	16	23	15	18	13	16	152
Kline, 18	12	15	17	12	16	18	15	17	13	15	150
Waters, 18	11	11	15	11	17	23	15	17	13	17	150
Lang, 18	14	14	17	13	16	25	15	20	13	20	167
Head, 18	12	11	19	10	15	23	15	20	12	20	157
Trimble, 18	14	12	19	12	17	25	13	19	12	18	161
Watson, 16	12	14	17	15	18	22	15	20	12	17	162
McQueen, 16	15	13	17	15	17	22	12	15	14	19	159
Freeman, 16	13	12	17	13	16	24	14	15	14	17	155
Du Bray, 16	11	14	15	11	15	20	13	15	12	15	140
Keller, 16	7	12	13	10	15	10	11	15	11	14	118
Tol, 16	13	11	15	6	15	20	8	17	12	18	135
King, 16	15	10	17	13	19	22	12	19	12	19	158
Cox, 16	14	14	18	14	17	24	13	14	13	19	160
Farrell, 16	14	11	15	11	19	18	9	17	12	18	144
Woods, 18	13	15	17	13	20	25	10	16	13	19	160
Stanley, 16	13	14	18	14	12	22	12	20	13	18	156
Wilson, 16	14	11	15	10	19	21	9	19	14	18	150
Rich, 16	12	11	14	13	17	25	11	19	13	17	152
Bates, 16	9	14	14	14	17	20	12	18	14	..	...
Parker, 20	14	12	19	10	9	18	11	..	..	..	...
Heikes, 20	14	14	17	12	18	19	13	12	15	19	153
Marks, 16	..	..	..	..	..	21	10	15	12	20	...
McKay, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	13	15	...
Fort, 18	11	12	20	11	19	22	12	18	13	19	157
Westbrook, 16	14	11	14	10	16	18	12	19	14	15	143
Little, 16	9	10	..	..	..	22	..	..	11	18	...
Osmun, 16	..	..	14	11	16	21	13	14	11	15	...
Watts, 16	..	..	17	13	17	..	13	16	11	16	...
Finletter, 16	12	15	..	13	17	18	14	18	13	17	...
Miller, 16	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	...
Wolf, 16	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	...
Klein, 16	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	...
Loranger, 16	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	12	..	...
Black, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	...
Slow, 16	15	13	12	9	16	..	..	..	..	..	...

Sept. 17, Second Day.

Mr. Russell Klein, of Spirit Lake, Ia., was high average on this day with a total of 166, and in the King Powder Company two-man team International trophy, he and C. W. Phellis (Phil) won, the former with a score of 24, the latter 25. Each stood at the 18yd. mark. Some live-bird contests were of great excellence. Messrs. Hughes, Bates, Parker, Du Bray, Gilbert, Tolsma, Stanley and Marks killed 57 birds straight, after which the contestants retired rapidly, leaving Hughes and Bates the winners. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	25	15	20	15	20	Broke.
Gilbert, 20	15	15	20	11	17	21	10	18	15	20	162
Hughes, 20	14	14	17	13	19	22	11	18	14	18	160
Lang, 20	10	13	19	13	19	21	13	19	15	19	161
Trimble, 20	12	14	17	12	18	24	13	18	12	19	159
McMurchy, 18	14	11	19	13	18	23	15	18	15	18	164
Fanning, 18	13	13	17	12	18	23	12	20	13	18	159
Heikes, 20	15	14	19	13	19	18	14	14	11	15	152
McQueen, 18	14	12	16	11	18	17	12	17	11	19	147
King, 18	12	10	16	13	18	19	14	19	10	14	143
Stanley, 16	12	9	17	11	19	16	13	14	0	15	136
Wood, 20	15	12	20	14	10	20	8	14	14	16	149
Fort, 18	13	14	19	12	17	23	10	17	13	19	157
Cox, 18	10	13	19	11	17	18	13	19	15	18	153
Parker, 18	13	12	16	12	17	18	12	..	..	..	...
Head, 18	13	12	16	10	17	23	11	16	15	20	153
Phil, 18	14	14	18	12	19	25	13	17	12	17	161
Westbrook, 18	13	11	17	12	20	..	10	17	11	18	...
Waters, 18	14	13	18	14	18	23	10	15	11	15	151
Keller, 16	10	8	14	7	..	15	9	..	..	..	...
Kline, 18	13	14	16	15	19	24	14	19	13	19	166
Tol, 18	14	14	17	14	13	16	13	18	12	16	147
Farrell, 16	11	9	18	9	16	16	11	18	14	16	138
Du Bray, 16	11	12	14	12	14	20	10	17	12	..	...
Alban, 16	12	12	17	14	19	22	12	16	15	17	156
Bates, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	16	10	..	...
Marks, 16	..	..	..	..	..	23	14	19	15	18	...
Cady, 16	..	..	..	..	..	17	8	..	..	..	...
Glenn, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	10	...
Stelfest, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	...
Rich, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	15	17	...
Guthard, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	17	12	16	...
Wolf, 16	..	..	..	..	..	20	..	..	..	..	...
Quill, 16	..	..	..	..	..	17	10	..	..	..	...
Klein, 16	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	...
Hitchcock, 16	10	12	16	11	16	19	..	..	..	..	...
McKay, 16	12	13	18	14	15	..	11	18	11	17	...
Rongive, 16	..	5	5	4	4	..	..	..	..	..	...
San Souci, 16	..	..	7	6	13	..	11	10	9	8	...
Whitmore, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	12	..	..	...

Peters Cartridge Company International Handicap trophy team race, 25 targets per man:
Gilbert 21, Hughes 22; total 43.
Wood 20, Fanning 23; total 43.
Kline 24, Phil 25; total 49.
Keller 15, Du Bray 20; total 35.
Cox 18, McQueen 17; total 35.
Guthard 19, Wolf 20; total 39.
McKay 15, Hitchcock 19; total 34.
Lang 21, Trimble 24; total 45.
McMurchy 23, Heikes 18; total 41.
Fort 23, Parker 18; total 41.
Tol 16, Stanley 16; total 32.
Head 23, Farrell 16; total 39.
Waters 23, Quill 17; total 40.
King 19, Marks 23; total 42.
Glenn 13, Klein 15; total 28.
Cady 17, Alban 22; total 39.

Sept. 18, Third Day.

A light rain made unfavorable weather conditions. The six events of the programme were finished early, after which there was much practice at live birds. The special event of the day was the Peters Cartridge Co.'s International expert trophy, competing for which all stood at 22yds. This trophy was won by Mr. P. C. Wood, of Detroit, with a score of 24 out of 25. Gilbert was close up with a score of 23. Hughes was high gun for the day with 168 out of a possible 180. Trimble was second with 165, and McMurchy was third with 159. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	25	15	20	15	20	Broke.
Gilbert, 20	13	13	20	15	19	23	13	19	14	19	168
Hughes, 20	13	13	20	12	18	19	15	17	15	18	158
Kline, 20	11	13	17	15	16	22	12	17	14	17	154
Heikes, 20	12	12	17	13	18	19	13	18	14	16	152
Lang, 20	16	11	18	13	18	20	11	15	9	15	140
McMurchy, 20	13	12	17	14	19	21	14	17	15	17	159
Phil, 20	12	14	19	12	16	19	11	15	12	18	148
Fort, 18	12	14	17	13	17	20	11	16	15	18	153
Trimble, 18	14	15	18	15	18	20	14	16	15	20	165
Cox, 18	13	11	18	12	15	22	14	17	14	16	152
Tol, 16	10	11	16	12	15	23	14	16	13	14	144
[illegible]atton, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	19	12	18	...
Wood, 16	14	9	18	12	13	24	14	18	14	17	153
Waters, 16	15	11	16	13	14	16	11	16	15	18	145
[illegible]ertz, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	16	9	11	...
Guthard, 16	11	11	18	15	15	20	11	14	13	19	147
Alban, 16	9	13	16	12	17	..	12	16	12	18	...
Rich, 16	15	13	17	13	18	18	..	..	..	..	...
Du Bray, 16	5	5	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	...
King, 16	..	..	..	..	..	17	11	15	13	16	...
Bates, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	16	..	..	...

Sept. 19, Fourth Day.

The Gilman & Barnes International trophy was the main event of the live-bird contests, to which the day was devoted. It was long and closely contested. The final of it was between Mr. H. D. Bates, of Ridgetown, Ont., a former G. A. H. winner, and Fred Gilbert, the Iowa shotgun wizard, the latter winning in the 95th round. There were five in the tie, Messrs. Gilbert, Bates, Parker, Tol and Klein. The tie thereafter was miss-and-out. Klein lost his 21st, Tol his 31st, Parker his 48th. The conditions were 15 birds, $20 entrance, $50 added, class shooting, moneys divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. To be won three times, not necessarily in succession, when it becomes the property of the party so winning it. Handicaps 26 to 31yds. The scores:

	Handicap.	Score.		Handicap.	Score.
Waters	30	14	Bates	32	15
Finletter	29	12	Du Bray	28	14
Tol	28	15	Cox	28	14
Phil	30	14	Wood	30	14
Black	29	12	Heikes	31	14
Parker	31	15	Kline	31	15
Fort	28	13	Marks	29	14
Gilbert	32	15	McMurchy	31	13

Shoot-off, miss-and-out: Tol 16, Parker 33, Gilbert 80, Bates 79, Kline 6. The latter shot through all the other live-bird events of the day without a miss.

Missouri State Tournament.

Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 19.—The target programme commenced this morning and called for ten 15-target events, with $15 added, and five 20-target events, with $20 added for each day. The shooting was from three sets of traps. The handicap was from 16 to 20yds. Purses divided Rose system, 5, 4, 3, 2.

A strong wind made the shooting quite difficult. Owing to the late start in the shooting, the programme was not completed, but twelve events being finished. Seventy entries to-day, and Akord was high with 188 out of 200 shot at. He shot from the 18yd. mark.

Sept. 19, Third Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Clayton, 16	13	14	14	13	11	12	13	13	13	12	7	16	..	..	..
Campbell, 16	12	13	16	11	15	18	14	14	11	12	12	15	10	14	18
Mackie, 16	13	14	..	14	12	15	14	10	..	13	13	..	9	12	18
Eison, 16	14	15	18	13	12	18	12	11	18	15	13	20	13	14	16
York, 16	8	13	9	13	12	13	10	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dr Clark, 16	12	12	12	12	9	16	10	10	14	12	..	..	..	..	..
Bell, 16	13	13	18	14	12	18	14	11	15	14	14	16	15	14	18
Williams, 16	13	14	17	13	12	17	12	14	14	13	13	18	13	12	18
Hume, 16	13	11	17	15	12	13	13	10	13	13	12	18	14	12	14
Sevier, 16	13	13	17	12	9	13	14	6	17	8	..	..	..	..	..
Dr Brown, 16	14	11	14	12	13	13	13	6	13	12	11	13	9	13	16
O'Neill, 16	11	11	13	13	12	19	12	12	15	14	12	19	12	14	16
W A Smith, 16	12	13	14	13	12	16	13	13	17	14	13	18	10	12	16
Wetzig, 16	13	12	16	13	13	18	14	15	15	14	16	20	12	12	18
Thomas, 16	13	11	15	13	12	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Holmes, 16	15	14	18	14	11	17	14	13	17	..	11	18	..	..	..
Millett, 16	11	15	16	13	12	19	13	14	18	..	12	18	..	..	..
Miles, 16	15	13	19	12	12	18	12	7	16	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sherman, 17	9	9	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Anderson, 17	10	14	16	15	11	4	13	13	16	14	..	18	14	13	19
Weston, 17	12	13	16	14	12	17	13	10	15	14	7	18	14	14	19
Clapp, 17	11	14	16	12	14	20	12	13	15	14	13	18	9	13	20
Hardy, 17	11	14	16	13	9	17	13	11	12	15	13	20	13	13	20
Beach, 17	14	14	17	15	10	18	11	11	14	14	..	..	..	..	..
Riehl, 18	13	15	19	15	12	17	14	12	19	14	13	19	13	12	17
B-27, 18	12	7	13	12	12	16	8	14	13	14	10	18	12	13	20
Calhoun, 18	14	14	16	13	11	16	14	14	18	15	14	17	13	15	17
Scranton, 18	11	13	17	14	10	15	14	15	15	13	13	18	9	13	19
Cunningham, 18	14	13	17	14	9	17	14	12	17	13	18	17	13	14	16
Thiele, 16	14	15	17	11	12	16	13	12	16	13	11	17	10	10	13
Akord, 18	14	13	20	15	13	18	13	14	19	14	15	20	11	13	17
McCrea, 18	12	13	15	10	..	19	13	10	..	12	..	..	..	..	..
Rohrer, 18	13	11	17	12	9	13	13	13	19	13	11	17	12	..	16
Reust, 18	14	13	17	14	14	16	15	14	17	12	14	19	15	15	18
Folger, 18	9	13	14	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	13	18
Mermod, 18	14	14	15	14	11	18	14	15	15	14	10	18	13	14	20
O'Brien, 18	14	15	18	12	11	17	14	14	13	15	13	19	11	10	19
Arnhold, 18	11	14	14	15	10	17	14	13	18	15	12	9	..	..	..
Taylor, 18	10	13	19	13	9	16	8	14	19	8	13	16	..	..	..
L C Smith, 18	14	12	15	13	13	17	13	13	15	14	12	15	..	12	12
J A R Elliott, 19	15	15	16	14	14	17	14	13	18	14	11	20	13	12	20
D Elliott, 19	12	13	17	10	12	16	14	10	15	11	10	17	11	11	15
Budd, 19	12	15	17	15	18	16	13	13	19	15	11	16	11	13	19
Burnside, 19	13	13	19	14	14	19	13	12	18	12	11	14	9	14	20
Money, 19	14	10	17	11	12	16	13	15	18	12	14	19	14	11	18
Heer, 19	14	15	16	13	11	18	13	12	16	15	14	16	12	14	18
McGee, 18	14	14	8	12	12	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Spencer, 16	14	12	14	13	12	18	11	9	14	12	13	..	..	..	..
Batcheler, 17	12	8	18	..	13	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W S Allen, 18	9	8	19	13	13	15	11	14	19	14	7	19	14	13	16
Crosby, 20	14	14	19	12	12	18	13	14	19	13	15	17	15	12	19
Gorman, 18	15	13	14	13	11	11	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jay, 16	12	15	18	13	9	15	15	10	19	14	13	18	12	..	19
Hoyt, 16	12	12	16	10	12	15	12	14	18	13	15	18	15	13	18
Lucas, 16	8	12	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W H Allen, 16	9	..	17	14	8	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..
Boer, 16	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Durkee, 16	9	8	..	..	..	10	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hodges, 18	8	13	7	12	11	17	13	13	15	13	..	..	..	..	..
Day, 16	5	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Muney	..	12	..	..	12	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	11	14	17
Johannes	..	..	12	12	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dr Rugan	..	..	..	..	11	8	12	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Biscoe	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jones	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
G W Baer	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	9	11	..	..	..	..	..
Watkins	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gregg	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	12	8	..	..	..	..
Klimhaus	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	17
Wyandott	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..

Sept. 20, Fourth Day.

The three events left over from yesterday were finished this morning. Akord finished high man in the fifteen events with 229 out of a possible 250. Reust and J. A. R. Elliott were second with 227. W. R. Crosby was third with 225, shooting from the 20yd. mark.

To-day's programme called for 300 targets, the Schmelzer trophy contest adding 50 targets to the day. Mr. Rob Elliott was kept busy getting squads to the score, and succeeded in finishing the programme at 6:15. Quite a number of shooters did not enter for the trophy, owing to the long programme, which tired out quite a number. Three hundred and fifty targets is too much for one day's programme.

Fourteen men paid $5 each to shoot for the Schmelzer trophy at 50 targets, reverse pull. Mr. W. Heer, of Concordia, Kans., broke 48 and won the trophy without a tie. The win was a popular one, as Mr. Heer has many warm friends among the sportsmen, and he was warmly congratulated on his good shooting. Crosby was second with 46, and Riehl third with 44.

The twenty-fifth annual of the Missouri Game and Fish Protective Association has been a success, and much credit is due Mr. Bob Elliott and his assistants for the manner in which it was handled.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
J A R Elliott, 19	14	13	19	14	14	17	14	12	19	13	13	18	14	12	18
D Elliott, 18	14	11	11	11	12	15	13	13	17	8	12	16	14	11	13
Budd, 19	10	13	17	14	14	20	13	12	16	12	13	18	14	13	18
Burnside, 19	13	13	18	15	14	18	13	12	16	13	12	19	15	12	18
Dr Brown, 16	8	10	17	11	13	18	13	12	17	[illegible]	14	16	12	13	17
W A Smith, 16	13	13	19	13	12	18	12	12	17	12	12	19	..	13	15
Wetzig, 16	15	12	18	13	15	18	10	11	14	13	11	..	..	..	19
Folger, 16	10	13	15	14	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W Allen, 17	13	12	18	12	15	18	15	12	19	11	10	16	11	11	19
Dr Clapp, 17	12	14	18	13	13	19	14	13	20	14	6	17	14	13	19
Dr Hardy, 17	9	13	19	14	14	18	11	9	17	10	9	18	12	12	17
Cunningham, 18	14	14	16	14	12	17	15	13	16	14	10	20	13	14	19
Riehl, 18	13	15	18	14	14	19	10	12	17	15	14	19	12	14	18
O'Brien, 18	12	14	17	15	13	18	15	13	17	13	11	20	14	12	19
Rohrer, 18	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17
Reust, 18	12	15	18	12	14	15	13	12	19	12	14	18	14	11	13
Mermod, 18	12	11	17	14	12	18	12	15	18	11	13	15	13	12	18
Hoyt, 16	14	..	17	12	12	19	11	11	16	11	12	17	13	12	19
Williams, 16	12	12	19	14	14	19	12	11	18	15	13	18	15	11	15
Bell, 16	13	14	20	14	14	20	14	14	19	13	13	20	14	13	19
Hume, 16	11	13	17	11	11	17	12	12	14	13	13	17	12	10	15
Jay, 16	9	15	19	13	13	17	12	13	20	11	12	20	13	8	16
B-27, 16	13	14	16	10	14	14	12	13	16	10	12	19	13	11	18
Calhoun, 18	10	14	17	14	10	17	14	12	16	12	13	15	15	15	16
Scranton, 18	10	11	18	12	12	15	11	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Anderson, 16	15	13	19	15	13	20	12	13	16	14	13	18	11	11	18
Hill, 16	11	13	15	13	13	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
O'Neil, 16	10	13	18	8	11	16	11	13	14	..	13	18	11	11	19
Mackie, 16	12	11	18	..	..	18	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Muncy, 16	13	13	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Weston, 16	14	10	18	14	15	19	10	10	14	..	..	..	..	..	..
Heer, 19	14	19	11	12	13	19	13	13	15	14	15	20	13	12	17
Crosby, 20	14	14	20	15	14	17	13	14	18	14	14	20	12	11	17
Money, 19	13	11	19	11	11	17	14	11	17	11	14	19	12	11	14
Sherman, 17	15	15	18	12	12	18	..	..	17	..	13	18	15	13	17
Miles, 16	13	10	18	13	13	16	..	11	19	13	..	19	6	10	18
Morton, 16	12	13	18	13	13	14	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	15	..
Holmes, 16	12	12	19	13	12	17	..	..	19	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dr Hamilton, 16	11	19	18	10	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Johannes, 17	8	13	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Klimhaus, 16	14	13	16	..	..	13	12	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Beach, 17	11	12	17	..	..	9	12	13	..	8	14	19	..	..	..
Millett	..	..	..	..	11	12	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lucas	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Murphy	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Boer	..	..	..	..	..	15	6	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Coe	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bramhall	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Plank	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	14	15	..	13	..
Masman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..

Schmelzer trophy contest:

Wm Clayton ....1101101111011110100001101—16
w
W R Crosby ....1111111011111111111111111—24
1111111111111001111111110—22—46
Dr Clapp ....1111110111111111111111111—24
1110111101011111110110101—19—43
O'Neill ....0101110101100111101011011—16
0111101111111101011110101—19—35
W Heer ....1111111111111111111111111—25
1111110111111111111101111—23—48
W S Allen ....1110110111101011111010111—19
1110101111111111111111111—23—42
F Riehl ....1111110111111111111101111—23
1111111011100011111101111—21—44
Calhoun ....0111111011011110111101110—19
1101011111101111111111100—20—39
Dr Brown ....0111011101100101111111011—18
w
H Money ....1010111011110101111111111—20
1101111011111110111101110—20—40
O'Brien ....1011111111111110010100111—19
1111111111101111111111111—24—43
F Bell ....1111011101111111111001101—20
0111111111111100011110111—20—40
B-27 ....1100111100111010011100101—15
1111111010101111101001111—19—34
Plank ....1010100110111100111110101—16
w

General averages, 500 targets:

	First Day.	Second Day.	Total.	Average.
Bell, 16	219	234	453	.906
Crosby, 20	226	227	453	.906
J A R Elliott, 19	227	224	451	.902
Riehl, 18	223	223	446	.892
Reust, 18	227	217	444	.888
O'Brien, 18	215	223	438	.876
Heer, 19	217	220	437	.874
Burnside, 19	215	221	436	.872
Budd, 19	217	218	435	.870
Mermod, 18	209	219	428	.856
Williams, 16	209	218	427	.854
Calhoun, 18	221	210	431	.862
Cunningham, 18	211	221	432	.864
Dr Clapp, 17	208	219	427	.854
Allen, 17	204	212	416	.832
Dr Hardy, 17	210	202	412	.824
Hoyt, 16	212	190	402	.804
B-27, 16	194	207	401	.802
Hume, 16	198	201	399	.798
D Elliott, 17	194	191	385	.770
Dr Brown, 16	183	190	373	.746

Hawkeye.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Sept. 24.—The bad weather, damp, gloomy, raw, with signs of rain, was unfavorable to a good attendance at the shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club to-day. Some of the preliminary events were shot before the main events were commenced. Mr. H. S. Welles arrived too late for any preliminary practice, engaging in No. 1 event immediately. He missed his first three straight, then made a run of 82 before missing. Mr. Neaf Apgar also made a long run.

The conditions in No. 1 shoot were 50 targets, $2 entrance, no handicap, three high guns, to which the club donated $10, divided $5, $3 and $2. The scores were as follows: Super 44, N. Apgar 49, S. M. Van Allen 46, S. Glover 45, Capt. Money 47, Keystone 44, C. Von Lengerke 43, B. Waters 48, H. Welles 47, Hutchins 31, C. Bittiner withdrew.

Apgar first, Waters second, Money and Welles third.

No. 2 was at 50 targets, $1 entrance, handicap allowance, $5 donated, divided $3 and $2:

	Hdcp.	Brk.	Total.		Hdcp.	Brk.	Total.
Super	5	45	50	C Von Lengerke	6	43	49
Apgar	1	48	49	Waters	5	41	46
Van Allen	1	47	48	Welles	2	48	50
Glover	0	50	50	Hutchins	13	31	44
Money	5	44	49	Bittiner	15	35	50
Keystone	4	44	48				

Sweepstake events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15
Van Allen	6	12	10	13	10	13	Bittiner	..	5	4	..	6	9
Bergen	4	..	8	..	9	..	Capt Money	..	..	..	..	8	12
Super	6	13	..	..	..	..	Von Lengerke	..	..	..	..	7	13
Keystone	10	13	9	15	9	13	Waters	..	..	..	..	10	12
Apgar	..	14	10	14	8	14	Glover	..	..	..	..	9	15
Hutchings	..	9	8	10	7	12							

Enterprise Gun Club.

McKeesport, Pa., Sept. 20.—The fourth tournament of the Enterprise Gun Club was held to-day on the club grounds, Wildwood Place. The out-of-town shooters were Messrs. Swearer and Nelson, of Bellevernon; Fleming, Wilson and Reed, of Pittsburg; Cochran, of Rodville, and Deniker, the old war horse from Ruffsdale.

The first four events after lunch constituted the second series for the championship medal. It was won by Mr. L. W. Cannon with a score of 46. Ticket No. 156 won the phonograph raffled on the grounds. Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	Broke.
Calhoun	8	12	10	12	9	13	7	12	10	13	106
Swearer	9	13	10	11	9	11	9	13	9	10	104
Deniker	8	15	10	13	10	14	9	14	9	13	115
Fleming	8	12	10	14	0	12	9	14	10	15	113
Frederick	9	11	10	11	9	14	8	..	..	..	72
Nelson	8	12	9	11	9	9	6	11	8	12	95
Cochran	..	12	8	13	9	13	9	15	7	13	99
Cannon	..	..	10	14	9	14	9	13	10	15	94
Reed	..	..	..	12	7	15	9	11	8	15	77
Wilson	..	..	..	..	4	12	6	12	6	10	50
Knight	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	8	14	36

Extra events. First event, 15 tagets: Fleming 14, Wilson 12, Reed 13, Nelson 15, Swearer 14, Cochran 11, Calhoun 12, Cannon 14, Knight 11, McFarland 10.

Second event, 10 targets: Fleming 8, Wilson 7, Swearer 7, Cannon 9, Reed 10, Nelson 10, Knight 7.

The Excelsior Springs, Mo., Gun Club announces its first annual target tournament, fixed to take place Oct. 9-11. On Oct. 10 and 11 there will be twelve 15-target events, $1.50 entrance, $5 added. Oct. 9 is practice day. The Excelsior Springs' silver trophy will be offered for competition. Handicaps 16 to 22yds. Handicap Committee: Messrs. Louis Erhardt, Atchison, Chas. W. Budd, Des Moines; Harry Davis, Richmond, Mo.; Chris. Gottlieb, Kansas City; L. R. Cunningham, St. Joseph; Frank Hodges, Olathe, Kans. The corresponding secretary is Mr. C. H. Coppinger.

Harrisburg Tournament.

HARRISBURG, Pa.—The two-day tournament of the East Harrisburg Shooting Association opened on Friday, Sept. 19. The attendance was smaller than was expected, caused no doubt by the many shoots held in this vicinity recently.

Friday was devoted to target shooting entirely. Some good scores were made, especially those by Neaf Apgar, who broke 196 out of 205 on this day, or a total of 240 out of 250 for both days. The shooting of A. C. Kreuger, of Lancaster, Pa., was also good. Mr. Kreuger is an amateur, yet seored 188 out of 205.

The trade was represented by Jack Fanning, Frank Butler, Neaf Apgar, A. H. Fox and Jack Hull.

Saturday was live-bird day. A few target events were shot in the morning. The weather was rainy, but cleared away before lunch. The birds were a good lot, and left the traps as soon as sprung. First event was a live-bird match, 30yds. rise. This was followed by a 15, 10, and miss-and-out. The last named one was a very interesting one. Kreuger, of Lancaster, missed his 15th bird, a fast right-quartering driver, which fell dead out of bounds. Wm. Stephens missed his 15th, and Geo. S. Bolton, killing his, decided the race.

First Day, Friday, Sept. 19.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	15	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	25	15
Trego	12	13	11	16	12	13	18	14	15	20	23	13
Apgar	14	14	15	19	15	15	18	14	15	20	24	13
R E Parker	11	13	14	17	15	..	19	15	14	16	24	13
Fanning	14	15	15	18	15	12	16	13	11	16	18	11
Butler	12	12	12	19	13	12	18	13	10	19	21	12
Fox	13	14	12	19	15	14	19	12	14	19	23	15
Tosh	13	9	11	14	13	14	15	12	13	14	23	10
Kreuger	14	12	11	19	14	11	19	15	15	14	24	15
Stephens	13	12	12	16	13	..	17	13	13	16	23	13
Coleman	7	10	11	18	12	..	15	15	13	16	24	14
Seitz	11	11	13	20	15	15	19	13	13	17	22	13
Daudt	11	11	13	20	15	15	19	13	13	17	22	13
Hoffman	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	16	10	14	13	20	12
Dr Parker	13	12	10	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sprout	9	12	13	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Miller	12	8	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gerdes	..	..	..	..	..	11	14	14	..	..	..	15	..
Thompson	..	..	11	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kcener	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..
Eisenhour	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
Shell	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	6
Long	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	14
Murnane	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	14	..	..
Hull	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	11	..	..	..
Mack	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	12
Keffer	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hunter	9	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

Second Day, Saturday, Sept. 20.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	20	25	15	15	15	10
Apgar	20	24	..	..	..	..
Butler	17	21	..	..	..	..
Ray	..	14	..	..	..	..
Murnane	14	..	..	..	..	..
Kreuger	..	..	15	13	13	8
Byers	..	..	13	13	13	13
Gerdes	..	..	10	12	13	..
Thompson	..	..	11	14	14	..
Eisenhour	..	..	12	12	12	..
Shell	..	..	13	13	10	..
Curtis	..	..	11	..	12	..
Hoffman	..	..	10	..	10	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	20	25	15	15	15	10
Kcener	..	..	..	12	10	..
Mack	..	..	..	..	12	..
Stanley	..	..	..	..	11	..
Witchelow	..	..	..	..	..	..
Watson	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dover	..	..	..	..	14	14
Long	..	..	..	..	..	..
Epenshade	..	..	..	..	..	..
Stephvens	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hoverter	..	..	..	..	7	4
Tipton	..	..	..	..	..	8
Flick	..	..	..	..	..	7

Event No. 1, 5 birds, 30yds. rise, $4.15 entrance:

Butler	21120—4	Flick	01001—2
Tosh	10111—4	J Whiteman	02200—2
Gerdes	02211—4	C Whiteman	12021—4
Kreuger	21112—5	H Stephens	12112—5
Ray	21110—4	Hoffman	22112—5
Brewster	20222—4		

Event No. 2, 15 birds, handicap, 26 to 30yds., $10 entrance:

C Whiteman, 27	112011102000221—10	Ray, 26	111211111121102—14
Tosh, 29	212110201120222—12	Kreuger, 30	122211211221100—13
Gerdes, 28	201111120221112—13	Stephens, 30	212111001211111—13
Hoffman, 29	021012222021022—11	Oliver, 28	202120122121221—13
Daudt, 30	202221222102222—13	Dewalt, 26	020112100210022— 9
Brewster, 30	221222222222102—14	May, 26	010000w
Flick, 26	010102212101221—11		

Event No. 3, 10 birds, 28yds. rise, $6 entrance:

Gerdes	0101222021— 7	Brewster	2222222022— 9
Tosh	2111111112—10	Oliver	2211111022— 9
Hoffman	1122222220— 9	Dewalt	0102010200— 4
River	2201011022— 7	Kreuger	1101102012— 7

Event No. 4, miss-and-out, $2 entrance:

Gerdes	0	W Stephens	121212121221110
Kreuger	211111212111120	Dewalt	0
Oliver	1121210	Doehne	12222210
Brewster	0	Tipton	0
River	210	Gerdes	0
H Stephvens	210	Brewster	12222220
Tosh	210	Tipton	0
Bolton	212221112221112		

J. B. SINGER.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., Sept. 27.—During the temporary cessation of the rain some of the boys got in a little practice. Blandford got high percentage with 64 out of 70, 91 per cent., while Clark was a close second with 88 per cent. Hans was trying a new gun, which didn't fit him, so his scores suffered accordingly.

Next Saturday there will be a prize offered for a 25-bird handicap, entrance price of birds. A good turnout of shooters is looked for on that day.

A match was shot by Clark and Blandford at 5 birds, holding gun at hip. Each succeeded in breaking 1 target. Event No. 3 was for the 20yd. mark. Washburn came up without his gun, but couldn't stand the temptation to shoot a few strings, the result of which was not up to his regular performance with his "corn sheller."

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	10	10
Hans	7	9	5	11	6	5	8
W Clark	9	12	8	13	8	9	10
G Edger	6	..	6	10	..	..	..
C Blandford	10	15	9	12	..	9	10

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	10	10
Ed Ball	..	..	..	5	14	7	7
A Bedell	..	..	..	..	..	..	8
W Coleman	..	..	..	..	9	7	..
I Washburn	..	..	..	..	..	6	6

Thanksgiving Day has been set for the big team shoot. President Geo. Sutton, of the Westchester County Trapshooters' League has decided that Thanksgiving Day is open, so the Ossining Gun Club has grabbed it. Full conditions are as follows: The Ossining Gun Club herewith offers a $40 cup, to be shot for on Thanksgiving Day by teams of seven men of any club in Westchester, Orange, Dutchess and Rockland counties. Members of teams to be residents of the counties in which their club is situated; 25 clay birds each, entrance price of birds, at 2 cents each, ½ cent deducted from each bird to make a sweep, to be taken by the three individual high scores of shooters, irrespective of club to which they belong, 50, 30 and 20. Club winning cup may take it and hold it for three months, when it must be put up for competition again, notifying secretaries of all clubs previously competing one month ahead of shoot. Any club to retain the cup permanently must win it twice. Club holding cup has the privilege of calling the shoot on their own grounds. No professional will be allowed to shoot on any team.

Club secretaries of gun clubs in the counties named are cordially requested to send the names of the clubs they represent, if they are probable competitors, so that we may send them a programme and half-tone engraving of the cup. For further information address C. G. Blandford, Captain, Ossining Gun Club, Ossining, N. Y. In addition to this, a 100-bird match for a fine gold medal, carrying with it the title of championship of Westchester County Trapshooters' League, will be put up by this club; entrance, price of birds at 2 cents each, ½ cent for each target deducted for a sweep for three high guns. First, medal; second, 50 per cent.; third, 30 per cent.; fourth, 20 per cent. Shooting for medal begins promptly at 11 A. M., at the end of which the team shoot will start. Shoot, rain, snow or shine. Big club house—plenty of room.

This club has recently inaugurated a rifle auxiliary. A fine 50ft. indoor range has been secured for the winter. Scores on either the German ring or American Standard targets will be published weekly. We have some good talent here, and in the spring intend to institute a 100 and 200yd. range.

Editors of papers desiring weekly scores, etc., are requested to communicate with Mr. Edward Ball, Compiler of Scores Ossining Gun Club, Ossining, N. Y.

C. G. B.

Burlington Tournament.

BURLINGTON, Ia.—The shooting fever comes and goes. How strange it is that one or two men generally keep up the shooting interest in every town. Clubs rise and flourish and decay, owing to the leadership of one man. Burlington is no exception.

The present club owes its existence to Frank Smith. He shoots and not content to shoot alone, he associated with him a lot of his friends, who know what a scatter gun is, and they in turn got up a tournament, and while they advertised same well at home, and sent out bills to the adjoining towns, they did not let the shooters from any distance know of it. Yet on Sept. 24 and 25 they had some thirty shooters all smashing targets and having a good social time. Some of the boys were out of practice, and they could not put 'em all in the "game bag," yet they were much pleased with the way they were entertained, and will come again.

Burlington has not had a live club for several years, but from now on keep an eye on the border town, situated not far from Keithsburgh.

First Day, Sept. 24.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Total
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	20	10	15	10	15	20	10	Broke.
Gibson	8	14	9	12	10	16	9	13	7	15	2	0	8	141
Smith	8	14	9	12	10	14	8	12	10	11	19	6		133
Tip Geng	6	14	10	12	10	16	10	13	9	13	15	8		136
Ebner	7	11	8	13	7	9	8	9	8	11	15	7		113
Mahannah	3	9	3	7	5	12	8	11	9	7	16	5		95
H Geng	6	8	4	7	5	9	6	11	10	8	13	8		95
O Ross	8	11	10	11	5	18	10	15	10	15	20	10		143
Wederts	..	3	4	3	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..		13
Moehn	..	6	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	8		32
Barber	..	..	..	..	..	6	16	9	12	9	11	..	..	64
Ellett	..	..	..	..	..	9	18	10	14	9	14	18	9	101
Gayer	..	..	..	..	..	10	15	8	15	9	12	17	9	95
Ditto	..	..	..	..	..	8	17	10	12	9	14	19	8	97
Jacobs	..	..	..	..	..	8	19	9	13	8	13	18	8	96
Beck	..	..	..	..	..	7	14	9	12	..	..	..	..	42
Forward	..	..	..	..	..	8	10	9	11	..	..	..	..	38
Detterline	..	..	..	..	..	10	19	9	11	10	12	17	9	97
Ball	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	13	9	12	..	..	..	49
Runge	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	9	..	..	9		26
Boruff	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	14	18	12	16	8		67
Crapnell	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	8	12	..	9		37
Van Beek	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	9	7	8	..	..		31
Keene	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	9	12	18	8			59
Wagoner	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	9	14	14	8			57
Duntley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	8	..			32

Seven live birds, entrance $3:

Smith	1121201—6	Keene	2101210—5
Mahannah	0120020—3	Detterline	2212212—7
Ellett	2210221—6	Tip Geng	2212212—7
Ross	1212212—7	Jacobs	0202021—4
Ebner	2102*12—5	H Geng	1021022—5
Gibson	0121022—5	Gayer	2212122—7
Von Beek	2101212—6	Moehn	0200200—2
Duntley	2012102—5	Scholer	2012021—5

Second Day, Sept. 25.

The programme total was 160 targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Total
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	20	10	15	10	15	20	10	Broke.
Smith	9	12	7	12	6	18	8	12	8	13	10	9	124
Gibson	10	11	8	14	9	17	10	11	9	12	..	..	112
Jacobs	9	13	7	11	9	14	7	9	8	15	18	8	123
Wagner	7	14	8	12	10	18	9	10	8	13	17	8	134
Joy	9	15	10	11	8	16	6	..	..	..	..	..	75
Boruff	8	12	10	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	35
Ditto	9	13	9	10	8	17	5	12	..	..	..	..	83
Mahannah	7	13	6	6	7	6	..	..	..	..	..	6	57
Ross	..	12	9	12	7	20	9	3	8	13	16	..	119
Tip Geng	..	11	8	11	8	16	5	10	8	13	10	4	109
Detterline	..	14	7	14	8	18	9	12	8	12	17	..	119
Ebner	..	12	9	14	7	12	8	12	8	12	14	7	116
H Geng	..	..	..	..	4	9	..	..	..	..	..	8	21
Gordon	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	7	..	..	19
Runge	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5*	12	8	25
Gough	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	12	..	5	22
Wagoner	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	6	10
Reise	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	5	9
Mallery	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	8	16
Crapnell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	7	10
Duntley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	12
Keene	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	
Beck	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	

JINGO.

Concordia Tournament.

CONCORDIA, Kans., Sept. 26.—The Concordia Gun Club gave its third annual tournament here this week, commencing Sept. 23. The weather was abominable throughout, rain falling nearly all the time. This made the attendance very small, and scores low. Targets were trapped from a strong magautrap, an dmoneys were divided in four and five points. The club added $40 to the purses, and provided every accommodation for guests. W. H. Heer won first honors on a creditable score. The third day 250 live birds were shot in practice sweeps. Of those who shot in all events, Heer, Riehl and O'Brien won the honors. The townspeople showed much interest in the shoot, and there was a daily attendance of more than a hundred visitors. Concordia will have the next State shoot, and arrangements for that occasion will be elaborate.

First Day, Sept. 23.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Broke.
O'Brien	10	12	18	8	15	17	9	15	17	10	14	17	162
Heer	9	12	19	8	15	18	10	15	20	9	14	18	167
Riehl	8	13	17	10	13	15	9	15	16	10	13	20	159
Brooks	9	10	18	7	13	20	8	12	19	10	14	18	158
Timberlake	8	13	17	9	12	17	7	12	19	10	13	16	153
Myers	8	12	13	8	14	18	7	12	19	7	12	16	146
Wetzig	7	14	16	9	13	18	8	12	19	9	12	17	154
Anderson	9	13	15	8	12	18	10	13	19	9	14	17	157
Taylor	..	..	..	..	..	12	16	9	9	15	8	12	15	96
D Elliott	..	..	..	..	..	14	13	5	11	13	7	12	16	91

Second Day, Sept. 24.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Broke.
O'Brien	9	12	16	9	15	20	7	13	19	10	14	20	164
Heer	10	15	20	9	14	20	10	15	19	9	14	17	172
Riehl	9	15	18	10	12	19	9	14	18	9	13	16	161
Anderson	8	15	19	8	15	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	84
Ruggles	9	8	14	4	10	15	7	9	14	10	11	9	120
Timberlake	10	14	16	9	15	19	10	11	19	7	14	16	160
Taylor	9	13	15	9	12	18	9	11	18	10	13	17	158
Elliott	8	13	14	6	10	16	9	12	15	9	13	17	143
Myers	8	13	19	9	9	18	9	12	14	8	12	15	146
Wetzig	9	13	16	10	14	18	9	14	18	9	15	18	163
Croco	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5
Kempton	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	15	18	9	11	19	80

HAWKEYE.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Hell Gate Gun Club.

Carlstadt, N. J., Sept. 23.—There was a goodly number of contestants in the Hell Gate Gun Club's club handicap, held on J. H. Outwater's grounds to-day. Four—Trostel, Roof, Voss and Doeinck—killed their 10 straight. The scores follow:

	Handicap.	Points.	
Von Valkenberg	28	6½	0022222121— 8
Dr Davis	26	5½	2202010210— 6
L Stelze	28	5½	1111112201— 9
A Seibel	26	5	0000020000— 1
J Schlicht	28	6½	20000012*1— 4
R Garms	28	6	2101100210— 6
H Kohla	28	6½	1022121221— 9
D J Deady	28	6	2101*21022— 7
C Webber	28	6½	102101111*— 7
L T Meunch	28	6½	2121022212— 9
E Steffens	28	7	*001112121— 7
J Klenk	28	7	12211122*1— 9
F Trostel	28	6½	2111212121—10
Dr Roof	30	7	2122112222—10
E A Meckel	28	5½	21220*122*— 7
C Lang	28	7	2120111112— 9
P Albert	28	7	2101212112— 9
R Baudendistle	26	5½	0110220122— 7
A Knodle	26	5	0001202000— 3
F Foster	28	7	0221210120— 7
E Doeinck	30	7	2111111221—10
Col J H Voss	30	7	2211221211—10
J M Ficken	26	5	1112101112— 9
G Wilson	28	6½	2022222220— 8
P Woelfel	28	6½	2220222201— 8

Five birds, $3, two moneys:

Barron	20222—4	Lang	12102—4
Wilson	20220—3	Klenk	22011—4
Baudendistle	10011—3	Garms	121*0—3
Steffens	22111—5	Albert	10021—3
Meckel	21101—4	Weber	01222—4
Dr Davis	11120—4	Schlicht	22212—5

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., Sept. 27.—Seven tied in the Glaser trophy shoot, and owing to the darkness, it was decided to postpone the shoot till Oct. 4. There was a live-bird event, 7 birds, in which several straights were made. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	10	10	10	10	Targets:	10	10	10	10
Richter	8	8	8	7	Eickhoff	..	..	5	5
Hutchings	7	8	7	7	Hexamer	..	..	5	5
F Truax	8	9	8	9	Merrill	..	..	7	9
C Truax	6	..	4	4	Morrison	..	..	..	5
Allison	..	..	5	5	McDonald	..	..	..	6

Live birds:

Richter	1121212—7	Hexamer	1122122 —7
Eickhoff	11112111—8	Allison	1211212 —7
Merrill	0102220 —4	McDonald	1120021 —5
F Truax	11201212—7	Glaser	0211211 —6
Morrison	01101011—5	Massa	1011012 —5

Glaser trophy handicap shoot for members only, 50 targets:

Richter	01110111111111101101111011
	11101111000111011011111011—38+15—50
F Truax	10011101110101111111101111
	00111111001101111111111100—37+15—50
Eickhoff	00001111110011101101001110
	10101111010111111111101110—34+17—50
Allison	01001100110111111110010111
	11001110101101111101100100—31+17—48
Morrison	11010110011111111111010000
	11111111101100111101101101—35+15—50
Merrill	10110111110011001001100111
	11011110111110010011101111—33+18—50
Hexamer	01110111110111111011110111
	11111110101001010001111101—36+20—50
C Truax	00101111101011111111111101
	11011110111111001111001101—37+15—50
*Hutchings	00001011010011111111010101
	01011100101000110101011111 —28
*McDonald	01110001000011001001010100
	10010010010111110000111011 —23

*Birds only.

J. R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

Mr. Floyd Accepts.

NEW YORK, Sept. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see in FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 20, that Mr. I. A. Hudson, of Dagsboro, Del., challenges me to shoot him a race at live birds, offering to wager his farm against mine that he can beat me.

Now, Mr. Editor, I am not looking for matches, and if I was, I surely would hunt up some one that could give some kind of a close run for my money; but Mr. Hudson can't kill 80 per cent. To show him that I have no yellow in me, I will shoot him a 100-bird race, my farm against his, under American Association rules, each to stand at 30yds., and 50yds. boundary; to be shot on Nov. 15, 1902, at Dagsboro, Del. Find inclosed check, and ask him to produce to insure the match, as I have done, or go in his hole.

C. W. FLOYD.

[Check for $50 received. In a personal letter Mr. Floyd requests us to notify Mr. Hudson that this deposit is in our hands, and, as evidence of good faith, that he deposit an equal amount. Mr. Floyd further informs us that by "birds" he means targets or live pigeons, or both.]

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

At the Cincinnati Gun Club's tournament, held during the week commencing Sept. 21, W. R. Crosby won first general average for the entire target programme. In a letter to the American E. C. & Schultze Gunpowder Co., Ltd., dated Sept. 25, Mr. Crosby says: "I had the good luck to land high average at this shoot, but I had to stand away back at 22yds. all the time, winning out after a hard struggle. I used 3drs. of 'New E. C.' just for an experiment, and I can fully indorse it, as I believe 'it is mighty near as good as the old stuff.'"

After a long day in cold and wet, or a long tramp after big game or small, there is nothing that heartens one up so much as a little stimulant. The fashionable beverage of this particular age is Scotch whisky, and it may fairly be said that among the most fashionable and best brands of this liquor are the Bonnie Brier Bush and the Souvenir, from the Glenlivet District, advertised by H. B. Kirk & Co., 156 Franklin street, New York. These whiskies are guaranteed to be absolutely pure, and not blended.

Harrisburg, Pa., Sept. 19-20, Neaf Apgar, Peters Cartridge Company's demonstrator, won high average, with 96 per cent.; Brooklyn, Sept. 24, 175 targets, 97 per cent.; Williamsport, Pa., Sept. 16-17, D. S. Daudt won average in amateur class. Atlanta, Ga., Gun Club shoot, J. W. Osborne won live-bird medal contest, and W. O. Conney won target medal contest. All used Peters ammunition.

With Winchester .30 U. S. Army cartridges in a U. S. Military rifle, open sights, at Plattsburg Barracks, N. Y., Sergt. Leonard Deitz, Company M, 23d U. S. Infantry, made 26 consecutive bulleyes at 1,000yds., and in 20 shots for a record he made 20 consecutive bullseyes. This is the first time in the history of rifle shooting that such a score has been made at 1,000yds.

There are few things more essential to one's comfort than what is worn on the feet. Footwear that does not fit is a continual source of discomfort. Messrs. Metz & Scholerbe, of Oshkosh, Wis., claim comfort for the "slipper moccasins" which they make, and declare their Wisconsin cruising shoes to be the best hunting shoes in the country.

For many years Messrs. Acker, Merrall & Condit have stood in the front rank among New York grocers, and Muir's Sparkling Scotch Ale, which they advertise, has had a reputation of its own for many years. People who use ale as a beverage will make no mistake if they patronize this combination.

General Missionary Convention, Methodist Episcopal Church, Cleveland, O., Oct. 21 to 24. Pennsylvania Railroad will sell excursion tickets from all points east of Pittsburg and Erie on Oct. 20 and 21, good to return, leaving Cleveland, until Oct. 27, inclusive, at reduced rates.

Down on the shores of Toms River, close by Barnegat Bay, is a boat building yard whose work is spoken of in high terms. The man who is considering the general subject of having boat or yacht building done would do well to communicate with Mr. Wm. P. Kirk.

The shooting season is at hand and birds and animals are being killed which the gunner desires to have preserved, either as mementoes of his skill or because they are unusual. Baldwin, "the taxidermist," of Newark, N. J., guarantees his work to be well done.

An ingenious card device, for displaying the colors of Dixon's Silica-Graphite Paint in such manner as will permit of an exact idea of each color, is being issued by the Joseph Dixon Crucible Company, Jersey City, N. J. Sent free on request.

Mr. W. Heer, in his contest at Kansas City, Missouri State shoot, won the Sehmelzer trophy with a score of 48 out of 50 without a tie. He used a Parker gun and U. M. C. shells.

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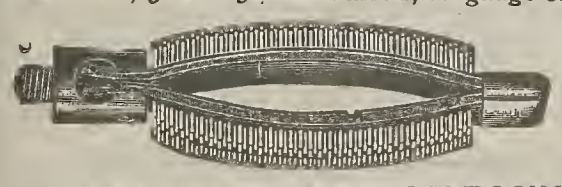

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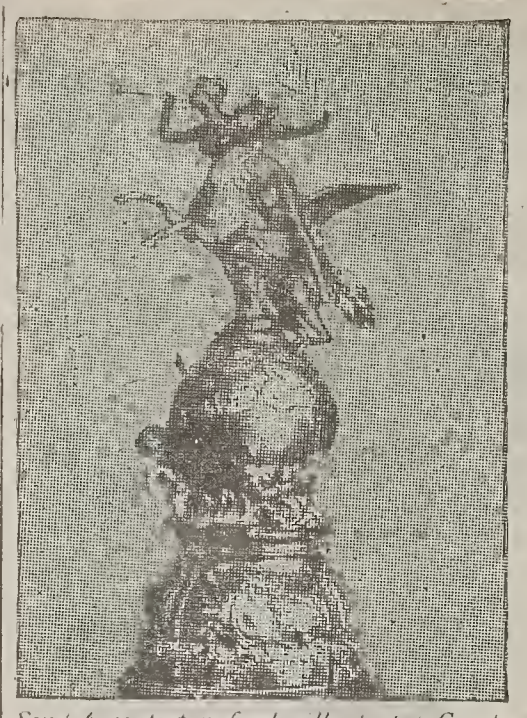

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FOREST AND STREAM

ROD AND GUN

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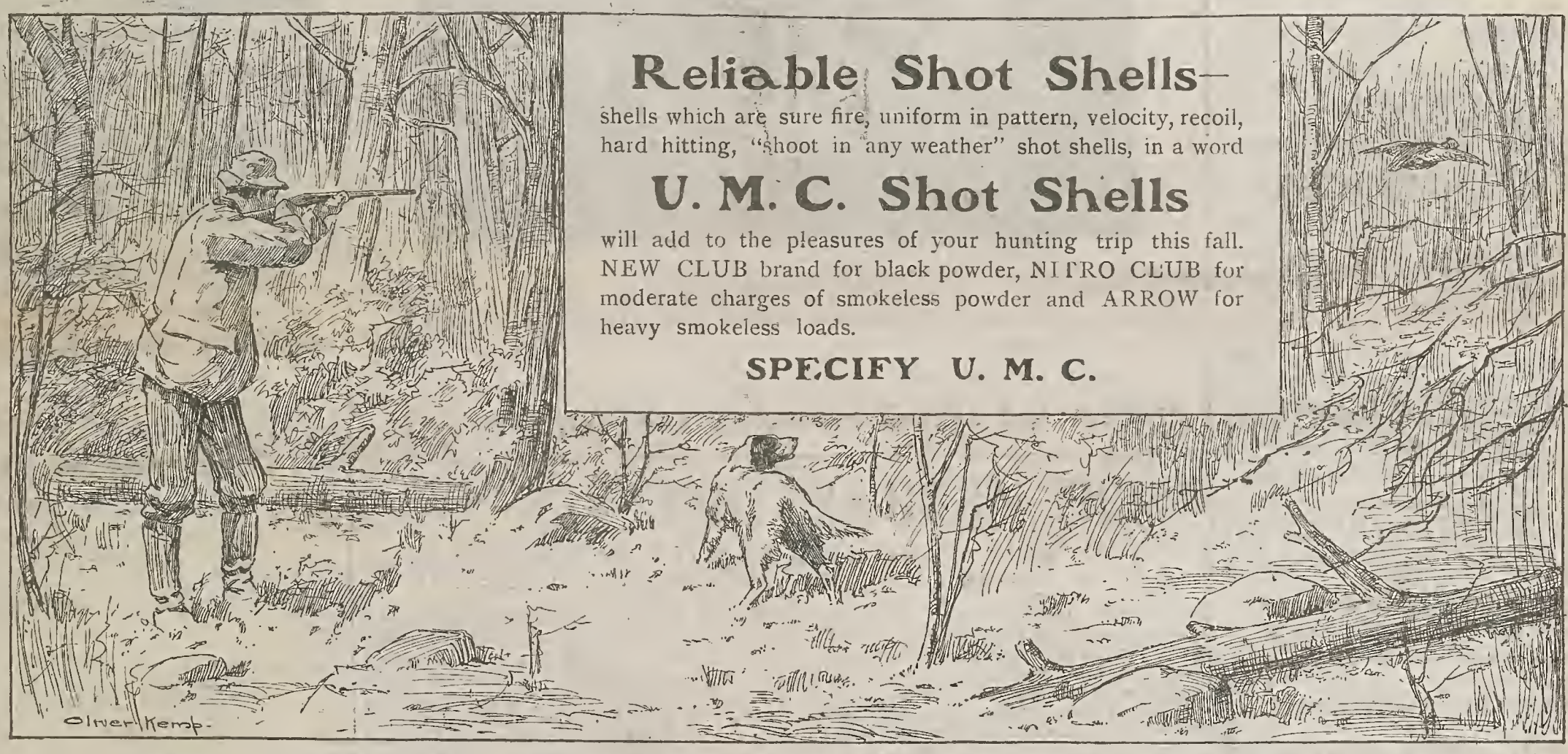

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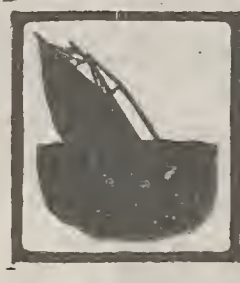
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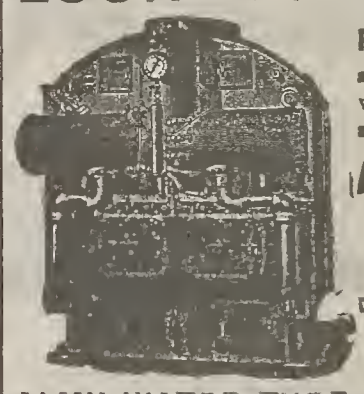
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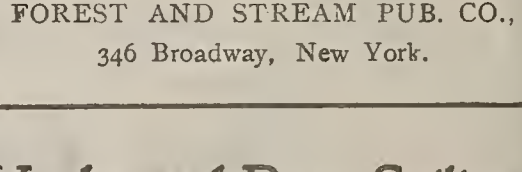
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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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THE BROWNING LEAF.

FOR some States the shooting season has not yet opened, while in others it has half gone. From different localities come varying reports indicating that in parts of the West and the Northwest the shooting for pinnated and sharptail grouse—commonly called chickens—has been a great disappointment, while in a few localities the birds are reported to have appeared in goodly numbers. In many portions of the East the ruffed grouse are said to be fairly plenty, while in southern New England, Long Island and New Jersey, quail promise greater abundance than for years. Woodcock, on the other hand, are almost unknown, and even from northern New England, where by this time the birds should be stirring about, reports of their numbers are very discouraging.

However, it is as yet too early to express definite opinions as to the prospects for any birds except the prairie grouse. The shooting for these birds is over, for by this time they have become wild and well able to take care of themselves. Those species which are sought for in cover, however, have as yet hardly been pursued. The weather has been too warm to admit of much hard work being done. There have been no frosts to kill the leaves and cut down the weeds and grasses, and as yet shooting is more or less of a labor. Men and dogs alike suffer from the heat, and though, in this autumn of 1902, there will be little complaint of dry weather to prevent the dogs from working on the birds, it is still true that even in the States where the season has already opened there has been little cover shooting.

A month hence the story will be different. By that time crisp frosts will have nipped the ripened vegetation and the trees will be nearly bare. Cold blasts from the north will sweep along the leaves in hurrying clouds, heaping them up in windrows in the corners of the fences or on the borders of the swamps. There will be tang in the air which renders each breath of it exhilarating, and man and dog, feeling the inspiration of the season, work earnestly over fields, along hillsides, and through swamps, enjoying every step taken, keenly alert for scent or sound or sight that may betoken the presence of game.

True, the landscape then will have lost much of its present beauty. No longer shall we see on tree and shrub and vine the gorgeous patches of red and yellow and orange that meet our eyes to-day. The flaming colors will have disappeared, and in their place there will be only the neutral tints of gray twig masses, or the somber brown of the fallen leaf. But then we may see a long way through vistas of swamp or wood now hidden by foliage. The eye may detect the dog far beyond the distance at which his soft tread can be heard rustling among the dry leaves. If a bird gets up never so quietly, he is likely to be seen, though the cedars and pines which grow along the hillside, and often the thick masses of naked twigs of deciduous trees, call for that instant work which brings into play readiness, faith and judgment. But if all these work together for good, the shooter is likely to hear after his shot the light thump followed by the drumming sound among the fallen leaves which tells him that he has wrought well, and that the noble grouse is his.

Then, for most of the land, the wanderings of ruffed grouse and quail are over, and these birds have found their winter quarters and have settled down to them. Then, too, the last flight of the woodcock is likely to take place during some cold November storm, at the end of which the greater portion of the birds disappear for the winter, though sometimes a few stragglers may be found idling about the warm spring spots much later—even up to Christmas time.

Is there anything more delightful than a journey afield during November? To be abroad in the open air, to see the good dogs work, to have the occasional excitement of birds, of which we should all like to kill a few, to eat luncheon stretched out at ease beside some spring or brook—in the shade of a noble oak or chestnut, if the sun is too warm, or in the sun if the air is chill—to stop and gossip with the friendly farmer, to drink the cider or eat the apples which he kindly offers; and then as the sun falls low in the western sky, to turn our faces homeward and trudge across fields, or along the pleasant roads, while we talk over the incidents of the day!

And then when the house is reached and guns are put away and dogs attended to, the wolfish appetite is satisfied and a little time is spent at ease before the blazing logs, with a feeling of contentment hardly to be matched by anything in life.

A day so spent is worth remembering.

GOOD HEALTH AND GOOD TEMPER.

THE advocates of healthful recreation to be derived from the many kinds of approved sports of field and stream, dwell in the main on the personal advantages accruing to the participants. The physical and mental benefits of it are treated as being within personal limitations. Individualism is accepted as compassing the subject in full, and therefore as being distinct from any matter of social significance. The doctrine of individualism is sound so far as it goes, but in relation to a man as a member of society and the duties which appertain to him as such member, it is but a small part of the whole.

Beside the individual obligation to maintain a sound mind in a sound body which a man owes to himself, and further to respect the vested rights of society at large, there are also the moral obligations which he naturally assumes as husband, father, son, brother, friend and citizen. Statute and common law have very little to do with making the individual useful or beloved. And yet the gist of the whole matter is embodied in the Golden Rule. It does justice to one's self and all others.

Any man, irritable and snarly from being out of sorts, is not an exemplar for his children, is not a good companion for his friends, nor is he a just master for his employees. Yet without recreation, the man who carries the burdens of business in the same narrow channel year after year, is sure to have impaired nerves sooner or later. All kinds of petty ills follow as a consequence. Then the sufferer's disposition, though naturally amiable, changes in greater or lesser degree for the worse. He is conscious of his physical ill feeling, while unconscious of his changed social character. He does not see himself as others see him. He may allude to the mental and physical disturbances as a "bad spell," or to a feeling of being "out of sorts." He rarely ever considers that the disturbance of his being is the protest of overtaxed nerves and brain, or the protest of the general organism against physical neglect. If he is one of the few who rightfully considers the matter, it is long odds that he ignores the cause, and takes the chances that at least the effects will be no worse. The bad spells may occur at wide intervals of time at first. Occurring more and more frequently, in time they become constant. Peevishness is then sure to supervene, and it, at first an incident of physical or mental disturbance, by indulgence at length, develops into habitual ill temper. In the latter stage, the victim gives little heed and cares less for the social or domestic amenities. He values his friend chiefly as one who will listen to a minute rehearsal of all his bodily ills, all his infinity of business troubles, and all the vagaries of pessimistic views on matters in general. He is abnormal, but he does not know it. He has not a sound mind in a sound body. All who are associated with him, at home or elsewhere, are unwholesomely affected by the contact. His irritability begets resentment and enmity in his subordinates; it cools or detaches friendships, and if it does not wholly break up his home life, it engenders much unnecessary pain and sorrow in it.

The overworked brain and body, with no hours or days devoted specially to their recuperation, is the source of nearly all the nervous ills, and many of the physical ills of man. If the effects were confined to the individual, the responsibilities would have only an individual scope; but, being so wide-reaching, the moral obligations of the individual as a member of society, cannot be justly ignored.

In no other matter is prevention so superior to cure. Make the days good day by day so that no evil days will follow. Give the mind and body opportunities for relaxation and restoration by nature's own methods, by living according to her methods. The woods, fields and waters contain the preventives and oftentimes the cures for overworked minds and stagnant bodies, free to all who will partake.

NON-EXPORT GAME LAWS.

THE correspondent, whose querulous questionings about the non-resident and non-export laws of Virginia and North Carolina are signed "Non-Resident," lives in New Jersey, and such complaint as he makes come with extremely poor taste from that State. No Jerseyman may expect sympathy for his woes at the hands of the Virginians or the North Carolinians, because he himself treats them in the same way, only "more so." New Jersey demands of the non-resident that he shall pay a $10 license fee for the privilege of shooting a quail, and then he is not allowed to take it home with him. Before New Jersey may with grace, not to say decency, complain of Virginia, it must change its own system, and do as it would be done by.

There are in this country two systems of non-export game laws. One permits the taking out of a limited amount of game, accompanied by the owner. The other prohibits exportation altogether. In the practice of those States where the first system prevails, experience has demonstrated that the modified restriction is quite sufficient to accomplish the purpose of the statute, which is to cut off the marketing of game. This being insured, the game carried home by the visiting sportsman is not in such quantity as to be a factor in the problem of protection. This is only another way of saying that absolute prohibition is not essential. Game may be and is protected without it. The deprivation it imposes upon the non-resident sportsman has no good reason. The law would accomplish the purpose without it. This is the consideration which renders the law so obnoxious. If absolute prohibition of export were essential to game preservation, the sportsman who is deprived of the satisfaction of carrying his birds home to his family could not complain. But the condition is not an essential one; and it is this which provokes a rebellious spirit in the victim of the New Jersey law. He reflects that he might be permitted to take his game home with him, and the New Jersey game fields would be not a whit the poorer; and he is human enough to resent the law as an imposition.

Since this absolute prohibition of export is not necessary, and since it works hardship by the deprivation of privileges which might reasonably be accorded to the visiting sportsman, the New Jersey law should be amended. So should the law of Pennsylvania and those of Virginia and North Carolina and other States which sportsmen visit for shooting. These laws as they stand now are in conflict with the interests not only of the visiting sportsman, but of the transportation companies which get revenue from sportsmen's travel and of hotels and camps which entertain sportsmen. Their repeal would be "good business."

The New Jersey game law was designed to protect the flicker at all times, but the birds are shot by thousands this season just as they were last year; and the shooters go free because of the ambiguity of the statute. No one but a lawyer, or one who has made a special study of the idiosyncracies of legislatures when dealing with game, could reasonably be expected to know what the law really intended with respect to these birds. In one section it is said that no birds other than game birds may ever be killed, and a list is given of the birds which are game, the flicker not being included among them. According to the section then, the flicker is protected at all times. But another section says that the flicker may not be killed "excepting during the months of September and October." This provision is interpreted as permissive of flicker shooting in the months named; but such an implication of a permission to shoot cannot nullify the direct prohibition contained in the other section. Nevertheless, because of the innocent intent of shooters who may honestly be misled by the September and October clause, certain of the New Jersey justices refuse to hold the flicker shooters who are brought before them.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Tales of the Frontier.

V.—Witches.

Strange characters were occasionally met on the frontier.

As the straggling lines of the first settlements crawled further and further into the wilderness—following the streams and lakes in quest of the timber so indispensable to the first comers of the invading race—wide intervals for a time separated the scattered hamlets; and where, in the endeavor to establish comfortable homes, each was dependent upon the other, the most democratic equality prevailed, and individuality was at a premium.

Little of social hypocrisy was evident, and where, as Paddy contended, "one man was just as good as another, and a blanked sight better," education touched elbows with ignorance, and superstitions supposed to have been buried long syne upreared their heads and clamored for recognition.

In the occasional visits of the frontiersman to the friendly fireside of a neighbor he paid tribute in the conversational coin at his command, and most surprising statements often circulated at par, all unquestioned.

My good friend, Jim R. kindly informed us that before his journey across the mountains into Kentucky, Daniel Boone had carved his name in the bark of a big tree near Jim's old home in Virginia, and that he himself had often read the carved legend of long ago, "Daniel Boone: 1492."

Another philosopher with a wonderful memory for historic incidents explained to us how events occurred in the turbulent old days, "When Old Cromwallis walked into the Diet o' Worms."

But in the life of the sturdy pioneer, legend, history and even politics took a back seat in the presence of the burning question of the proper time of the waxing or waning of the moon in which to kill hogs; or to lay the rails of a worm fence. For, be it known to the benighted readers of Forest and Stream that the pork of a pig killed in "the wrong time of the moon" will shrivel up in the frying pan till Piggy could pass muster as a small porcupine; and the bottom rail of a worm fence laid in the same unfortunate period would sink into the bosom of Mother Earth till something like the diamond drill of the miner was necessary to locate it; while the happy porker, butchered at the right moment in the moon's phases, swelled up in the cooking dish to something near the size of a grizzly bear; and the worm fence, laid at the right time, defied gravitation and towered heavenward, warning to all marauding foes.

A party of frontiersmen, gathered at the house of a neighbor discussed these questions one evening until midnight in the presence of a silent young stranger who on his journey was sharing the hospitality of the settler for the night, and when about to separate for the night some one asked the opinion of the guest. He replied that in regard to the pork question he could not say: but as to the laying of fence rails he was posted. When his family first came into the wilderness, in utter disregard of the kindly warnings of neighbors, his father had begun laying rails for a fence around a field at precisely the wrong time of the moon; and when the fence was half built sickness had delayed the work until the sign in the moon was just right; and when then the fence was promptly finished, all were amazed to note that the rails first laid settled into the ground, and the last half of the fence rose until all around the field yawned a gap between the rails big enough for the exit of a yearling bull.

All these interesting problems of every-day life were occasionally dwarfed, however, by the unseemly pranks of witches.

Only an occasional pioneer was cognizant of their nocturnal doings; but their cantankerous pranks seemed to range from the mischievous "charming" of an old hunter's rifle until its deadly bullet failed to harm any living creature—but which readily yielded to proper incantations—to the hellish performances which even the all-potent horseshoe seemed powerless to prevent.

On the south shore of Spirit Lake, Iowa, stood an old grist mill, owned by a queer character named Peters, who seemed to have more bother and trouble with witches than fell to the lot of most of the pioneers.

The old man owned a singular looking pebble which, he claimed, when placed in a hat, and the hat held close to the face of some gifted seer, sent forth a glow of strange light which enabled the fortunate observer to "read the past, present and future" at a rate which discounted the advertising clairvoyant. He had sense enough to know that he himself could see nothing in the pebble; but he was continually on the hunt for some one who could.

The old miller had his share of human nature, and in occasional quarrels with his neighbors would doubtless have been worsted save for the friendly intervention of a lovely female, unseen to the eyes of the profane, but who, the old man contended, kept watch and ward over him to protect him from the machinations of his foes.

A graceless trapper named Dan Bellows used to play upon the credulity of the old pioneer, peering into his hat at the old man's pebble, while second-hand visions of female loveliness danced before the eyes of the old miller; and, for a time at least, he felt safe from the malice of his enemies.

One day two men brought a bag of corn to the mill to be ground, and while the work was going busily on to the satisfaction of both the miller and his customers, suddenly the wheel began to be checked in its revolutions, and the mill stone to run slow, and more slowly as the startled miller raised the mill stone, shut off the feed and ran to the mill gate to see that it still remained open to its full extent; while in spite of his utmost care the bewitched machinery seemed to be fast in the slowly tightening grip of some unseen and devilish hand.

After exhausting all the resources of his skill, the old man finally, with a tremendous oath, shut down the mill gate, and, in spite of the protestations of his anxious customers, started for the house, declaring that he would do no more that day, as it was of no use whatever to attempt anything more when annoyed by witches in such hellish fashion.

The beautiful female guardian, even, seemed powerless against witches, and, completely discouraged, the old man gave up the job.

Left alone, his customers, whose grist was now neither corn nor meal, crawled down into the pit containing the mill wheel, and through a crack in the circular box or frame inclosing the buckets of the wheels, detected an obstruction at the end of one of the buckets, the nature of which they could not determine.

After long persuasion they finally prevailed upon the old miller to open the wheel box, when, squarely against the end of one of the buckets, and wedging more and more tightly in place as it was being gradually ground away in the slow revolutions of the wheel inside the smooth round box, was found a buffalo fish, estimated to weigh full thirty pounds.

It was the first witch the old miller ever really got his hands on.

Orin Belknap.

A Trip to the High Sierras.

For several years I had felt a strong desire to visit that section of the Sierras that in Tulare county culmintes in the grand crests of Mts. Goddard and Whitney. The many happy days I had spent in the sixties in the more northern sections lingered lovingly in my memory, redolent with the scent of the fir pine and tamarack, and now, though the lapse of time had dimmed my vision and robbed my limbs of their youthful elasticity, I still longed to look upon them once again. Never, however, until the present year had conditions been sufficiently favorable to justify even the hope of its realization; but in June I received a letter from an old boyhood friend, S. Frank Dexter, of Pawtucket, R. I., who was in Los Angeles, suggesting that we make the trip together. Nothing could have pleased me better, and a reply promply brought him to my home in Oakland, where immediately preparations for the trip were made, khaki suits, fishing tackle, ammunition for a .30-40 rifle and a Scott 12-bore shotgun were secured, although we did not expect to do much shooting, and on July 18 we took the morning train for Visalia.

South of Livermore Valley we passed through the great cattle ranges of Lux and Miller. In some portions the fat beeves were standing up to their knees in alfalfa, and in others many acres were flooded from the irrigating ditches, making large ponds, where thousands of ibis, stilts, pelicans, and other aquatic birds found a congenial home. Still further south the country became so extremely barren that reclamation seemed impossible; the overflow was like a street puddle, without a vestige of green along the banks. The sage and grease brush, nowhere more than three or four inches high, was so thickly scattered that it hardly changed the color of the granite-like soil, and an occasional jack rabbit or a soaring buzzard was the only sign of animal life visible from the train.

This dreary section, more barren it seemed to me than even the Mojave desert, extended for at least fifty miles, but as we approached Hanford it rapidly improved, and from that on until we rolled into Visalia at 4 P. M. there was a continuous panorama of broad grain fields and orchards laden with fruits. Here a carriage awaited us, and we were driven to the residence of Mr. John Huntley, a wealthy rancher living about two miles from town, to whom we had letters of introduction.

The house, which was approached by an avenue of fan-palms, was admirably adapted to temper the excessive heat that often prevails there. Broad verandas surrounded each story, grapevines and running roses shaded the windows, and towering above all were the magnificent oaks that almost covered the edifice.

Mr. Huntley received us very cordially, and after a generous dinner, we all adjourned to the upper veranda, where we could view the surrounding country as we sat smoking in our easy chairs. The prospect was certainly a charming one. As far as the eye could reach in every direction was a park-like country, covered with a green carpet of alfalfa and salt grass, studded with immense oaks and cottonwoods, beneath which hundreds of sleek cattle were grazing or dozing in the grateful shade. Only to the east was this view broken, where sixty miles away the great peaks of the sierras thrust their bare granite summits up into the heavy masses of black threatening clouds that, even at this season, enshroud the lofty range and illuminate the night with vivid flashes of lightning.

In the morning we returned to town and purchased our supplies for the trip—a pack saddle, blankets, provisions, cooking utensils, etc.—and returned in the afternoon, where we found Mr. H. had brought in a pack animal for our use, and everything was soon in readiness for our departure the next day.

Daylight found us already stirring, and after dispatching a hearty breakfast, we bade our generous friends good-by, packed our horse, and turned our faces toward the distant mountains. For the first ten miles the country was much like that just described, broken here and there by sluggish streams whose banks were a tangle of willows, alders and cottonwood, woven by wild grapevines into a jungle as impenetrable as the canebrakes of the South. Large orchards of apricots, apples, peaches and plums were passed at intervals, whose trees were breaking down beneath the weight of fruit, while in the swales the cattails, 10 or 12 feet high, all bespoke the rich character of the soil. What a splendid country for elk, deer, antelope and bear this must have been in those halcyon days "before the gringo came!"

The morning air was exhilarating, and we trudged along on foot with a step as elastic as a schoolboy out for a holiday, but alas! this enviable condition was as evanescent as the dew that sparkled upon the foliage about us. Noon found us in the midst of yellow stubble and hog wallow lands, the dust ankle deep, a scorching sun, water, shade and houses so far apart that they seemed like oases in the desert, and the whole outfit completely demoralized. Suffering extremely from thirst and heat, we drew up to a house where the occupants were absent, but who had fortunately left the pump in good working order, and for three hours we lay in the shade waiting for the sun to go down.

Late that night we arrived at Lemon Cove, sixteen miles from Visalia. This little settlement is in what is known as the "thermal belt," where the climate is less variable than at Visalia and frost is hardly known. The soil is rich, well adapted to the citrus fruits, and is rapidly being planted with orange and lemon trees, that mature their fruit at least a month earlier than at Los Angeles. The thermometer at the hotel indicated 100 degrees at 9 o'clock, and the rooms were like ovens, so that, tired as we were, sleep until toward morning was impossible.

We were glad to get out of Lemon Cove. The snow banks that were now visible on the slopes of some of the peaks were far more attractive than the fruit-laden orange and olive orchards of the sweltering foothills, and although we had lost some of the enthusiasm of the previous morning, we plodded along as vigorously as ever for fifteen miles, until we reached Three Rivers, the last settlement before entering the mountains. Here we found the first detachment of troops, that are in charge of the Giant Forest Park, although we had not yet reached the park line. Three Rivers consisted of a general store, a blacksmith shop and two or three dwellings and is located at the junction of three forks of the Kaweah River. The crystal, fast-flowing streams from the range here replaced the sluggish, dirty waterways of the valley, and in one embowered pool, surrounded by rocks, but having a bottom of soft sand sparkling with mica, a haunt fit for a naiad, we enjoyed a most refreshing bath.

A mile above town we found the supply camp of the park cavalry, where we were received and entertained in the most hospitable manner, and from this on, whenever we met the park guards, we experienced nothing but the most courteous treatment from both officers and men.

We were in no hurry to start the next day; our surroundings were quite pleasant, and although the altitude was now nearly 2,000 feet, there was but little shade along the road, and the heat was nearly as oppressive as we found it at Lemon Cove; but as the sun went down we packed our horse late in the afternoon and went on eleven miles to a water trough well within the park limit, where we encamped for the night, spreading our blankets by the roadside. The grade here was quite steep, and as there was no water on either side, this was a favorite camping place for freighters taking supplies to the bridge and road builders, and also to the giant forest. There was no grass for our horse, and he was obliged to content himself with the refuse hay that the freighters had left. Our breakfast was cooked on a rude but ingenious rock furnace built into the bank near the trough.

Early in the forenoon of the next day we came to a small squad of cavalry encamped at the first really cold water we had found on the trip, and being warmly welcomed, we passed most of the day with them. Their tents were pitched by a spring so cold, pure and abundant in its volume that it would have delighted the heart of old Kingfisher. Being within the park, no shooting was allowed, and as we rested nearby in the shade, a mother mountain quail led her brood of little ones, which were about the size of sparrows, down to the edge of the water, within a few feet of us.

Again we started late in the day, and just before dusk arrived at the principal encampment, where Capt. Barton, superintendent of the park, and a splendid specimen of the American soldier, had his headquarters. Here our guns were sealed, and after spending a social half hour, and enjoying a good cigar with the genial captain, we pushed on toward the marble fork of the Kaweah. Heavy forest had now taken place of the brush-covered hills. The elevation of 6,000 feet brought with it an atmosphere of most refreshing coolness, the aroma of the pine, the fir and the sequoia filled our nostrils like the fumes of wine, and the excellent heavily shaded Government road upon which we were now traveling all combined to make this the most enjoyable day we had experienced on the trip.

Crossing the divide that led down to Marble Fork, we found the road for at least two miles had been cut through ledges of very handsome blue-veined marble, much resembling the article formerly brought so extensively from Italy.

It was nearly 10 o'clock, and very dark, when we reached the bridge that had been recently thrown over the Marble Fork, and where a large gang of laborers were still engaged in blasting out the roadway on the further side. We could see their illuminated tents on either side of the road among the trees, and there were several camp-fires burning, around which a number of men were sitting. We endeavored to get some horse feed from the contractor, but he refused to sell hay except by the bale, or less than a sack of grain, and as none of them seemed inclined to interest themselves in our behalf beyond showing us where we could get water, we once more made our bed in the road, and our horse went without food. This was the only instance on the trip where our reception left an unpleasant impression upon us.

We were now fairly into the mountains. The wagon load ended at the bridge, and the next morning found us ascending a steep ridge by a trail that three miles beyond brought us to Camp Sierra at the edge of the Giant Forest. This is the most southerly as well as the most extensive of all the sequoia or big tree groves, fifty miles in length by an extreme breadth of eight miles. Here are found several thousand sequoias, interspersed among sugar pine, red, yellow and silver fir. The largest known tree, the General Sherman, is found here—largest, but not highest, being 42 feet in diameter and 285 feet high. A singular fact about the big trees is that in a wild state they are only found at an altitude of about 6,500 feet, but numerous thrifty specimens can be found in Visalia and other towns that have an elevation of less than 300 feet, where they seem to thrive greatly under cultivation.

There were many prostrate giants scattered through the forest that had apparently been lying there for ages, as this wood under ordinary conditions is almost indestructible, and in one of these whose heart had been burned out, making a room 30 by 10 feet in area, a trapper had passed two winters alone nearly twenty years ago. A shelf and some vestige of his couch were still in evidence. There was another tree still standing, and in a healthy condition, with a hollow in it large enough, had it been prostrate, to have driven a prairie

schooner and six yoke of cattle through it for at least 100 feet. One thing that astonished me was their ability to grow very closely together without detrimental effect. In several instances I saw trees that were at least 15 feet in diameter and perfect twins in appearance, whose trunks 100 feet from the ground were less than two feet apart, although at that point they were not less than 8 feet in diameter. According to John Muir, of glacial fame, who is the best authority that we have upon the sequoias, many of these trees are over 5,000 years old. He counted the annual rings of one until he passed the 4,000 mark, after which the growth was so slow that they could only be distinguished by a microscope.. Shades of our Simian ancestors! what strange feelings we experienced when gazing at a living thing that was a stately tree when Joseph was sold into Egypt and Xerxes spanned the Hellespont with his bridge of boats; a tree that was older than the Pyramids and that antedated the glory of Nineveh and Babylon. All around stood pines, firs and cedars, moss-grown and decayed, giving every indication of extremely old age, and yet the great sequoias that counted their years by thousands to the others' hundreds, looked as fresh and vigorous as a sapling, their beautiful light brown bark free from all fungus and their limbs crowded with foliage.

Sierra Camp, where we passed several very pleasant days, was one of the most charming spots we visited. Although situated within the park, it is private property, under United States patent before the park was set aside for public use. The camp is managed by Messrs. Broder and Hopping, who are not only thorough mountaineers, but also understand perfectly the art of catering to the public. The result is that it is the most popular resort in that section, largely patronized by the Sierra Club, and while we were there we had the pleasure of meeting men of world-wide reputation, including John Muir, Prof. C. Hart Merriam, of Washington, D. C.; Wm. Keith, the best scenic painter of California; Historian Hittell, and two or three others almost as well known.

There were no houses at Sierra Camp, but quite a number of tents, one large one where meals were furnished at 35 cents each to all who desired them, and smaller tents for the use of those wishing to stay there, and for which a small rental was charged. Close by and belonging to the camp was one of the meadows, a characteristic feature of the Sierras, containing eight or ten acres, with plenty of water and grass knee high, where the stock was pastured.

We made one side excursion from here to the Marble Fork, which abounds with rainbow trout, and enjoyed our first taste of these delicious trout fresh from their native waters. Here we passed two nights, camping in a meadow half a mile from the river and returning on the third day to Sierra Camp, where we found a party of over fifty members of the Sierra Club, including all the celebrities above mentioned; several professors and many students of the two California colleges, had arrived during our absence from King's River Canyon. They were well supplied with pack and saddle animals, and had been in the mountains for four or five weeks. That evening an immense camp-fire was lighted, around which we all sat until after 10 o'clock, listening to vocal and instrumental music by the club and short addresses from John Muir, and Dr. Merriam, Mr. Muir giving us some facts about the sequoias, and the Doctor dwelling upon the difficulties that were attending the utilization of Mr. Carnegie's munificent gift to the Smithsonian Institution.

The next morning D. and I went to Moro Rock, three miles distant, over a trail heavily shaded by pines and firs, mingled with the great sequoias. The rock resembles the Great South Dome of Yosemite, but is only about half its size, and commands one of the finest views for the altitude that can be found in the Sierras! forest, peak, cañon and stream stretch away before the vision to the west until they culminate in the San Joaquin Plains. We did not attempt to reach the top, leaving that for those in whose younger blood the "Excelsior" ambition still exists in a state of abnormal activity; but halted just below the summit, where the view must have been nearly as fine. As we descended we heard a crash and snort in the brush, and D. caught a glimpse of a brown moving body crossing the trail at the foot of the rock. "There goes a deer," he shouted, but a moment later the thicket parted, and a brown bear went lumbering along the timbered slope not 100 yards away. He was considerably agitated, and had evidently struck our scent, as he crossed the trail. Our guns were sealed and at camp, and as no shooting is allowed in the park, his great haste was entirely unnecessary. On our return trip we gathered a large bouquet of rather small but beautiful tiger lilies, with a perfume like a rose, and also several of the exquisite snow flowers. At the camp we found Mr. O'Neill, Professor of Chemistry at the California University, who gave us dried specimens of the rare golden trout from Whitney Creek still retaining much of the brilliant coloring that distinguishes them as the most beautiful of their race.

The next morning we departed for Alta, eleven miles distant, and 3,000 feet higher. It was with regret that we left Sierra Camp. Its attractive surroundings, admirable management and its waters the purest and coldest we had yet found, endeared it to all who found their way into this gem of the mountains.

The grade of the trail soon became very steep, and in less than four miles we passed out of the sequoia belt. The higher we got the more numerous became the meadows, and at each of these we invariably found one or more flocks of mountain quail, many of which were still very young, and in one instance I carefully removed two of the fluffy little innocents from the trail to prevent their being trodden upon, as they could have been only a few hours old.

Early in the afternoon we made camp in a grove of firs at the edge of the Alta meadows, where we were joined later by the Sierra Club party from Sierra Camp. Directly in front was Mt. Kaweah, the highest peak in this section, whose scarred and riven outlines gave striking evidence of the destructive power of glacial action. Dr. Merriam had with him a very fine camera, of which he was so careful that although traveling on horseback with plenty of pack animals, he always carried it strapped to his shoulders, and as the sun went down, throwing the base of this noble peak into the shadow, he took several pictures of it for himself and for artist Keith. With the party were three ladies, who, having done the Kings River country dressed in a kind of bloomer costume and riding men's saddles, were now on their way with brave old historian-Hittell to attempt the ascent of Mt. Whitney. Seventy-two years old, but hardier than most men who are a quarter of a century younger, Mr. Hittell finds the fascinations of the Sierras as irresistible as ever, and almost every year finds him exploring some new district.

There were no fish to be had here, and our meal for that night was one of bacon, friend onions, flapjacks and black coffee, while the small boughs of the silver fir furnished a couch that in our tired condition wooed us to the sweetest of slumbers.

Not until we reached Alta did we find the meadows clothed in their full floral beauty, a picture which once seen can never be forgotten. Flowers in untold thousands, red, yellow, purple, blue, white, with almost every intermediate shade, lupins, columbines, shooting stars, the tawny tiger, and the creamy Mariposa lilies, with a host of others whose names we know not, were spread before us in a lavish display that I have never seen surpassed. These meadows, of which we saw at least a score during our subsequent wanderings, varied in size from one to ten acres, all the finer ones being at an altitude of at least 9,000 feet. Most of them had some charm peculiarly their own, but all seemed equally beautiful. In some there were acres solid with a single color, and other acres nearby where another color only could be found; next perhaps a meadow where all shades could be found on almost every square rod. Hummingbirds were always in sight, in numbers only surpassed by the bees and butterflies that everywhere flitted from flower to flower.

It was in the clear brawling streams that came tumbling down through some of these meadows that we saw many of the wonderful little water ousels, whose aquatic antics we were never tired of watching. Although apparently no better fitted for the water than a sparrow, they seemed to delight to plunge into the swiftest rapids and cascades, often disappearing beneath a seething cauldron of foam, where no web-footed fowl would have dared to venture, and from which it seemed impossible that they could emerge alive, clinging to submerged rocks where even a lizard could not have retained a foothold for a moment. The water, and not the air, seemed their natural element. We saw none of these below an elevation of 8,000 feet.

FORKED DEER.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

In the Faroe Islands.

Third Paper.

We have thirty species of birds nesting on Myggenoes, but in numbers the "lundy" or puffin takes an easy first. Sixty thousand are sometimes caught in a single season, but this year's catch will probably not exceed ten thousand. The birds are not as plentiful as usual, and north winds blowing steadily during the snaring time have kept them out at sea. I have stayed long enough at Myggenoes to see two of the methods of capturing the puffins—the taking of the females from the burrows before the eggs are hatched, and the "fleining" or snaring of the non-breeding birds with a net attached to a long pole as they fly to and from the crags. A few weeks later will come the "fygling," when a man descends from the summit of the cliffs, fastened to a line held by five men, and snares the birds as they pass him in mid-air, or creeps along the ledges to the places where the birds are most numerous.

One morning the schoolmaster and I went to "lundilandet" or puffin land, he warning me not to look seaward. Our foothold was secure enough, but it is not well to give one's thoughts rein, and wonder how far below the sea is and how steep the cliffs. The schoolmaster is wise in birds. The authorities of the Natural History Museum in Copenhagen have appointed him an official observer, and every day he notes down all the species seen by himself and reported by trustworthy persons. Myggenoes is the most western island of the Faroe group; and on Naalsöe, the most eastern one, a man is also taking daily notes. In this way much valuable material has already been accumulated, for the Faroes make a favorite resting place for birds migrating to and from Iceland and the Polar lands.

Puffins are not particular about the location of their nests. All they ask is to be near the sea, and to have enough earth in which to dig a burrow. They live in the filled-up chinks of crags, in the débris at the base, in steep grassy slopes, or among the rugged hillsides. When the wind is in a favorable direction, thousands fill the air like a snowstorm of brown and white flakes. A puffin is a delightful bird; he seems always to be enjoying some private joke, and chuckling over it to himself with a jolly "U-r-r-r-r! Ur-r-r-r-r!" The schoolmaster and I sat down by their burrows in a sunny hollow, where pink and white catch-fly, spotted orchis, buttercups, sea pinks and white bed-straw grew in profusion, and soon the birds collected all around us. No shooting is permitted in puffin land, and they are very tame. In double rows they sat on every stone and boulder, their round, white breasts shining like strings of pearls, their glossy backs and wings reflecting the blues and violets of the sky. They chortled and chuckled, watched us with their heads on one side, and trotted about exchanging gossip about us. I found them most diverting and declared that I was coming to puffin land every day. But I never returned. The schoolmaster had neglected to tell me that puffins are afflicted with two kinds of ticks—one like the larger wood tick found in June in our American forests, and the other a little spidery creature that is very poisonous. We had rested long close to their burrows, and during the next twenty-four hours I thought hard thoughts of the schoolmaster, and how a puffin can seem so happy is a mystery.

Several men were at work near us taking the birds from the burrows. A bright little dog was giving valuable assistance. If a hole was occupied, he scratched and dug at the entrance, and a man then inserted a short stick with a hook at the end, dragged out the puffin and wrung its neck. A painful bite can be given with the strong sharp beak, and without the "lundy-krog" a man's hands would be in bad condition after dragging out several hundred birds. I am told that when the ravens and hooded crows enter the burrows, the poor little mother shrinks back in helpless fright, allowing her eggs or young to be stolen without trying to defend them.

On a steep slope above the sea were two men, fastened together by a rope about thirty feet in length. One had seated himself on a secure bit of ground, bracing his fjeld staff in the rocks or earth below him, while the other climbed about exploring the lower burrows. The grass was slippery with a recent shower, and they were near the verge of cliffs two hundred feet in height. It seemed very dangerous to me. "But surely," I said to the schoolmaster, "one man could not hold up the other if he fell. At least four men would be needed to support his weight." "Oh, he will not fall, really," replied the schoolmaster. "If he slips, he can save himself in time with the aid of the rope." "But," I persisted, "if he should fall?" I was given to understand, however, that this could not be taken into consideration. The business of a good fjeld man is to make no blunders.

On these slopes, and in this way, the young Myggenoeser tries his 'prentice hand with a stout strong father or uncle at the other end of the rope. He begins when he is thirteen or fourteen, and later learns to wield the snaring net and pole, first from the crags and afterward suspended in mid-air by the line. He graduates, if he is brave and skillful, at eighteen or twenty, on the most dangerous of all bird catching, that of the "sula" or gannet, at night, on the treacherous cliffs of Myggenoes Holm, an island close to the main island of Myggenoes.

A few days ago I was shown the puffin snaring by a Myggenoeser called "Johannes of the Albatross" (and by that name hangs a tale). I climbed with the assistance of Johannes to the edge of a precipice, where I sat, in much trepidation, though firmly wedged in between two rocks. Johannes was perched on a ledge close by me, and seemed quite fearless and at ease, though I could not see why he did not fall off every time he swooped at a puffin. He had need of a quick eye to enable him to take only bachelor and spinster puffins. If a bird held a little shining fish in its beak, that indicated that babies were at home waiting to be fed, and it must not be killed. When a puffin was brought in snarling and gurgling in the net, I looked the other way, and Johannes wrung its neck. In one morning he caught seventy-five, but had the wind been east or west, that is, a 'long-shore breeze, several hundred might have been snared.

Myggenoes ranks perhaps first of all the Faroe bird islands, with puffins as her specialty. Store Deinun, a guillemot island, comes next. All the edible sea fowl, except the gannet, are found in varying numbers on all the islands. A few years ago, the annual catch was estimated at 235,000, but it must fall short of that at the present time.

Thirteen out of the thirty species of birds nesting on Myggenoes remain all the year—eider ducks, marsh snipe, black-backed gull, black guillemot, cormorant, rock dove, hooded crow, raven, starling, northern wren, two kinds of titlarks and common gull. The migratory breeding birds are the curlew, whimbrel, guillemots, oyster catcher, kittiwake, golden plover, razorbill auks, stormy petrel, puffins, gannets, stonechat, white wagtail, jacksnipe, scoter, Arctic skuas and several species of gulls and terns. About forty other species are seen in the spring and autumn migrations, swans, geese, ducks, thrushes and other small birds, hawks, loons and sea fowl. This year a pair of corncrackers have favored Myggenoes with their presence. We are sure they must have a nest here, otherwise why should they spend June and July on the island? We can hear their "crake-crake" all night long, but the schoolmaster, in spite of his untiring watchings, has not caught a glimpse of him. The other Myggenoesers, many of them keen observers, do not aid him in his vigils, for do they not know that whoever sees a corncrake will die within the year?

I notice that many of the birds go to rest about 10:30 or 11 o'clock, and wake up at 1:30 or 2. The titlarks, however, and the stonechats, marsh snipe and our corncrake visitors, seem never to sleep unless they take catnaps in the middle of the day. The schoolmaster says that about one-fourth of the kittiwakes are as busy as in the daytime. They seem to take turns in sleeping, and at any hour of night I can hear their peculiar barking and crying notes.

Myggenoes Holm, the only breeding place in the Faroes of the gannet, is divided from the main island by a chasm twenty fathoms in width. The only landing place is perhaps an eighth of a mile away, and as the surf often prevents any going or coming for weeks at a time, a strong line has been stretched across the chasm to enable men to cross, and food to be sent at the seasons of bird catching and sheep gathering. The island is about half a mile in length, and the grass grows unusually thick and sweet. Sheep live there all the year round, and twenty-five or thirty oxen from April until December. Then they are brought home to spend three months under shelter. In the autumn before the worst storms set in, several are killed and sent to Thorshavn, where "Myggenoes beef" is held in high esteem.

I made the acquaintance of these oxen under painful circumstances. The schoolmaster had given me glowing accounts of the beauty of the gannets, and of course I wished to visit the Holm. But we waited two weeks before the surf allowed us to venture. Then Herr Abrahamsen, the schoolmaster and I set forth the first quiet morning with a fishing crew which had agreed to land us and call for us on their return from the cod grounds. We climbed over the tang-covered rocks and found ourselves in a nursery of Arctic terns or "tedna." There were hundreds of nests, and with difficulty we avoided treading on the olive and brown spotted eggs, so closely did they resemble the lichens and mosses around them. All along the coast were kittiwake colonies. I crept as near as I dared to the edge of the cliffs, and lying down and peering over, found myself close to the upper tiers of nests. Such pretty dainty creatures the kittiwakes are! I never tire of watching them as they sit on the nests, so spotless in their soft gray jackets and white hoods and bibs. I had just arisen from a kittiwake investigation

when I heard a queer noise on the hill above us, and there were all the oxen galloping down, with eyes rolling and horns and tails high in air, bellowing with joy at the sight of human beings again. Now, I ask if it is not trying for a timid woman to be on a grassy slope ten feet from the verge of a perpendicular precipice two hundred feet high, and landward twenty-five oxen charging down in a body? How was I to know just when those oxen, in the exuberance of their welcome, were going to pause? I skipped behind Herr Abrahamsen, and giving my fjeld staff to the schoolmaster, hurriedly told him that he had advised my coming to the Holm and on his head rested the responsibility of my fate. So he went after them, and with the aid of the fjeld staff induced them to be a little less demonstrative. After that they followed us as a devoted body guard, standing in an anxious, troubled row when we climbed down to places where they could not follow, and gamboling around us like dogs when we went on again.

On the western end of Myggenoes Holm live the gannets, or the "sula," as the Faroe folks call them. Their nests are crowded together on the cliff ledges, and on great masses of rock which have become detached from the island by the action of the waves. One of these "drangur" looked like an immense plum cake, the effect of glittering frosting on top being caused by hundreds of white gannets which covered the summit. Rows of guillemots were nesting in friendly fashion among the gannets. I noticed that the guillemots whose eggs are unhatched sat with their backs to the sea. When the little ones came out the mothers face about, looking like rows of prim, white-petticoated, hoop-skirted young ladies. Puffins flew to and fro, with their peculiar straight flight like shuttles in a loom, scores of oyster catchers, titlarks, curlew and stonechats cried and quavered from the grass fields, now and then a pair of razor-billed auks passed, and flocks of eider ducks and a few pretty black guillemots (*Uria trolle*), bobbed up and down just beyond the breakers. It was a true bird paradise, and its inmates showed little fear, for the Holm is seldom visited.

I doubt if among the sea fowl a more successful bird than the gannet can be found. He is charming in looks, powerful in flight, graceful, confidant and accomplished. I had not expected to see such large birds. The males must have measured three feet in length, and weighed perhaps six or seven pounds. The snowy white plumage of the breeding birds shone like silver in the sunlight; we were near enough to see plainly their pale yellow eyes, blue eyelids, the black spot on their foreheads and their dusky bills. Perhaps the prettiest of all were the three-year-olds—those which had attained the soft buff plumage of head and neck, and white body, but kept a little mottled gray and brown on their wings.

The breeding birds were more wary and watchful, but these care-free three-year-olds seemed quite fearless. They divided their time between the eating of anchovies and making the most careful and elaborate toilets. Three dandified young fellows seemed to be "showing off" for my special predilection. They sat on a ledge just below the crest of a cliff, and allowed me to approach within a distance of fifteen feet. They would preen each wing feather with their long beaks, laying it daintily in place, and then smoothing it down with the side and back of their sleek heads, turning their supple necks easily from side to side, and then glancing confidingly up at me, as if to say, "Are we not beautiful?" and I found myself nodding and smiling assent.

In April the fjeld men come to the Holm to take the adult birds when they have made their nests, but have not laid their eggs. Then the birds are left undisturbed until September, when the young birds are almost ready for flight. In all, about one thousand are captured in a favorable season, but the Myggenoesers do not encourage too large a booty. They are proud of possessing the only breeding place in the Faroes of the beautiful "sula," and wish to keep their colony in a flourishing condition.

The sula catching is very dangerous. It takes place always at night, and in April and September the Faroe nights are dark. Herr Abrahamsen showed me places above a cliff four hundred feet high, where four white flat stones in line showed the men where to descend with the line. On the detached "drangur" no lines are used, and it makes one shudder to think of the men climbing in the darkness on those perilous crumbling ledges. No wonder that the sula catchers sing a special hymn—the "Sula Song"—as they leave Myggenoes at night for the Holm. It has eight verses, and begins as follows:

"The light of day has passed away
And night hangs over us,
O Jesus Christ,
Our Lord so dear,
Be with us now,
Cheer us, God in heaven."

And when all is in readiness, whether the men descend with lines or go down without them, all kneel on the edge of the cliffs and say a silent prayer.

Five years ago, on Myggenoes Holm, an event occurred which made a stir among the ornithologists of Great Britain and Denmark. Johannes, my companion of the puffin-snaring morning, shot an albatross (*Diomedea melanophrys*) as it sat with the sula on one of the drangurs at the west end of the Holm. As the most northern limit of this species in the Atlantic is 23° 9′ south latitude, and its usual habitat from 40° to 50° south, this event was in itself of great interest. But this Myggenoes Holm albatross had made itself an ornithological wonder by coming every February with the sula to the Holm, spending the summer with them, and leaving with them in September, and doing this for thirty-four consecutive years. It was first observed in May, 1860, by a party of twelve men of Myggenoes, all keen, intelligent fjeld men. Thereafter, every year, it was seen on the Holm, leading a solitary life, and it was never known to breed. There is some story about one queer-looking sula having been captured with a strong large beak, unlike that of the other birds, and some people think it may have been a young albatross, but this is only conjecture. The Myggenoesers had never seen or heard of an albatross and thought this a very large sula. It was called the "konge sula," the "gannet king," and the men noticed that the other birds treated it with the greatest respect and made way for it when it approached.

Johannes did not mean to kill the "konge sula." He happened to have his gun with him, and he fired, wishing only to make the bird fly up, so he could see its great wings, when to his surprise and regret it fell dead. It was sent to Herr Pederson, on Naalsöe, a local ornithologist, and a skilled taxidermist, and later forwarded by him to Copenhagen. It was a female, well developed and in beautiful plumage. Inquiries were at once made, affidavits taken and pamphlets written both in English and Danish, but no satisfactory explanation has been given of the motives that caused an albatross to forsake the sphere in which it had pleased Providence to place her, and spend thirty-four summers in solitary living among sea fowl that granted to her at best only a respectful tolerance. Johannes did not know, and I of course did not tell him, how he had tempted Fate. He might, if he knew, think of it in some bad moment on the cliffs or at sea. But to kill an albatross, and such an albatross, makes it highly improbable that Johannes will ever die the "straw death" disdained by his Viking forefathers. A pity it is, for Johannes is a fine man among a race of fine men. He seems to have invisible wings attached to his Faroe moccasins, so lightly does he step. His face has a serious look, as befits one who looks so much on mighty seas, but his face and eyes light up with a bright quick smile.

Were creature comforts more plentiful, and Mother Nature less prodigal of storm, fog and cold, a long summer stay in Myggenoes would be delightful. But I have been here twenty-two days, and in all that time we have had three days when the weather was fine from dawn to sunset. Little can be done when heavy fog makes all dismal, drenching the grass and shutting out from sight the fjelds and bird cliffs. So I end this letter from Bó, whither I came this morning with a crew of Bible-named Myggenoesers—Abrahams, Isaacs, Zachariahs and Matthiases. We had planned to start at 9, but at 7 some of the men came to my door, and I heard that dreaded word "brenning"; there would be surf, and I must come at once. So I hurriedly packed my traps, and in half an hour was on my way to the boat houses. There was brenning! I looked with dismay at the big waves surging over the reefs and flooding the embarking place. "I dare not go!" I exclaimed to Herr Abrahamsen. "Yes, yes," he replied reassuringly, "look at the sea outside. All will go well when you once get out, and every little while comes a quiet time." "Don't be afraid," shouted up the men, "we can make it!" So I climbed down and waited on the rocks for a lull, while the men kept the boat in a quiet spot under some cliffs across the inlet. "Now!" cried a man, who was watching the sea. The boat shot forward to where I stood, I tumbled in anyhow, waved a farewell to those on shore, and in an instant we were tossing high in a whirl of white water between the reefs, cutting through masses of foam, and reaching the open sea just before the next big wave broke. There we were safe; there was little wind, and the great waves swept shoreward in unbroken lines. We could easily climb them and race down their outer slopes. It was a glorious day. No Venetian skies ever shimmered with more lovely tints than those that showed on the bare ranges of Vaagöe and Stromöe, while the sea gleamed with royal purples and intense blues. And yet with all this unusual display of color, we seemed to be in one of those "non-sounding areas" that puzzle the scientists. All round the coast the surf broke high against the cliffs, sending clouds of spray forty feet in the air. But it came to our ears only as a soft hushed thunder, and above it my men's voices rang clearly as they sang the "out-going song," "I turn now to Thy help."

Bó smelt to heaven this morning with a mighty smell of pitch. The village, church and all, has just received its annual coat of tar, and shines like a polished stove pipe. And I had planned to make a sketch of the charming weather-worn houses here. Bó has lost all interest for me. I will tarry here no longer, but return to Hans Kristoffen's comfortable house at Midvag, and see how my flower seeds have thrived that we planted in his pretty garden.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR.

A Summer on the Labrador.

(Continued from last week.)

As we left Okak we passed several Eskimos in their kayaks engaged in seal hunting, and in the distance the high land of Cape Mugford towered above the surrounding country. Mugford Tickle connects the inside with the outside passage, and is perhaps half a mile wide at its narrowest part, while on both sides the rocky cliffs rise perpendicularly to a height of 3,000 feet. The wind is always either "fair" or "head" in the Tickle, and that it blows sometimes with tremendous fury was evidenced by several wrecks piled up against the rocks. The altitude of the coast line had changed much since leaving Nain, the land now rising continuously in jagged irregular snow-capped peaks to heights of three and four thousand feet.

We steamed past Nannoutuk (White Bear), Watch Island and numerous small icebergs during the afternoon and approached Hebron just at dark. As the unusual sound of the steamer's whistle echoed through the hills, natives could be seen running along the shore toward the station, and as we came to anchor the same scene of eager happiness was enacted as at Okak. It is no wonder that both missionaries and Eskimos rejoice at this event, bringing as it does letters and news to people cut off most of the year from all communication with the outside world, and provisions and fuel for another long winter.

The Hebron station was opened in 1830, and has about 250 Eskimos. We did not land, but were not deprived of the company of the natives on that account, for they came aboard in unusually large numbers, and showed a great interest in everything about the steamer. They seemed especially interested in the working of the winch as goods were brought up out of the hold. Taking a prone position on the deck, they filled the air with expressions of wonder and surprise at the work done without any physical effort, and the effect of the flickering light of the torch shining on their swarthy faces and blanket clothing made the scene one to be long remembered.

The passengers did considerable "truckying" here, exchanging old clothes, tobacco and sometimes money for skin boots, seal skins, stone lamps and carved ivory. Old clothes seemed to be the most desirable trading material, for tobacco they can get from the missionaries, and money they have but little idea about. The nature of the article mattered but little so long as it could be turned into something useful or ornamental, and one of my trades consisted of a pair of white duck pants, a pair of heavy socks and a worsted bag given for one dressed seal skin. The native girl went off happy with her new possessions, as I did with mine, and may have started by this time an innovation in feminine Eskimo dress.

The customary summer dress among the men is a blouse with hood made from thick woolen "duffle," and

FISHERMEN'S SUMMER HOME.
Photo by J. Westall Borden.

trousers, either of the same material or of seal skin. The women's upper garment is a similar blouse, but while that of the men is cut off short at the hips, the women's has a tail which extends down and rounds off below the knees. Skin pants are not uncommon among the women, and the only footwear that is known are the seal skin boots, the bottoms of which are made from tough square flipper, and the upper of harp seal, and sometimes—on the children—caribou hide moccasins. In the winter their clothing is entirely of seal skin or caribou hide, which is worn over the lighter blanket clothing, and the mittens are of the same material.

We steamed away from Hebron toward Rama early in the morning. The coast continued as before, very high

ESKIMO IN KYAK.
Photo by J. Westall Borden.

and bold, broken up into many sharp peaks, some of which reach into the clouds, and all were more or less covered with snow. No growth of any kind could be seen, however, for we were now above the timber line, and within ninety miles of Cape Chidley. Nothing grows within 100 miles of Rama, an impossible distance to transport timber over the hills which rise here from four to five thousand feet. All wood for the missionary house and chapel at Rama was brought by schooner, and the Eskimos live in huts built under ground. A difference in the temperature and the absence of mosquitoes were two very noticeable facts. Vegetation is impossible, owing to the short and cold summer season.

Rama is a comparatively new station, having been

ON THE WAY TO NAIN.
Photo by J. Westall Borden.

opened in 1870, after the post at Nachvak had been abandoned and the Hudson Bay post established there. It is an extremely bleak and desolate spot, surrounded on three sides by high rocky cliffs down which in the spring flows an avalanche of ice and water. Two missionaries with their wives and children are in charge of the station and have a family of about eighty Eskimos.

It is characteristic of the Eskimos of the Atlantic line of the peninsula that two out of every three met have a cough and evidently lung trouble in some stage of development. This is caused principally by their habits and exposure, and is the cause of a large number of the deaths among them. Formerly, and even to-day among the primitive natives of further north, the method of burial was to place the body either in a sitting position or on its back on the bare rock and to cover over with a skin. By its side were placed the gun, spear, stone lamp and

ther articles common in Eskimo life, and a mound of ocks built over all to protect from the animals and irds.

At Okak, with the Eskimo boy Frederick as guide, we isited the place of the early settlement of the Eskimo be- ore the missionaries came to the coast. Remains of the od houses were still plainly visible, but the most interest- ng relic was the number of graves which we found. In me were visible the perfect skeleton of a single person, hile others showed the bones of four or five lying side y side. We found pieces of stone lamps and pottery in ery fair shape, but everything of value had disappeared,

GROUP OF BOYS AT RAMA.
Photo by J. Westall Borden.

graves at some previous time having been visited and sacked. To-day, however, among the civilized Eskimo dead are buried under ground except in the winter e, when the body is kept in a protected place until mmer comes, and the frost is out of the ground.

Frederick also took us to the big rock which, so an kimo legend says, was brought from the top of a high two miles from Okak by the Eskimo giant Kautjajok. e rock is sixteen feet in diameter and weighs perhaps tons, and tightly wedged into a crack in the center is Eskimo skull plainly visible from the top. There are ny stories of the deeds of strength of the giant Kaut- ok, but among them there are none which are told with much pride by the present-day Eskimo as the moving this immense boulder.

From Rama the missionaries reach the Eskimo around e Chidley during the winter season, when they travel k and forth with the dog teams over the snow-covered face, and through these Eskimos they indirectly reach se little-known tribes which occupy the country be- en Hudson and Ungava bays. One old squaw at Rama on the ground by a comitek cleaning codfish, every

ESKIMOS IN SUMMER CAMP, FORD'S HARBOR.
Photo by J. Westall Borden.

and then tossing a piece of refuse to the waiting , and took no more notice of the party from the ner and the excitement occasioned by its visit than were an every-day occurrence. Another stationed d a mound was trying to coax a little fire into a few s and vines which were to furnish the heat for a pot out.

e entered one of the underground abodes with a mis- ry as interpreter. A stone lamp gave out a faint from the center of the room, near which a girl sat g on some garment. A couch covered with furs, ou skins and seal skin garments, occupied one end of apartment, while lying about in confusion were es of the hunt, dress, tools for making and repair- a vessed containing molasses and a plate of blubber ntrails, and in one corner the pile of stones on which e the little cooking required. At the further end of partment was a partition, and another but smaller

Groans were suddenly heard coming from this , and upon investigation the missionary reported an nan very sick. Somebody suggested typhoid fever, stampede for the outside and fresh air took place, boat was sent for the ship's doctor.

A young boy had broken an arm some time before the arrival of the steamer, and this had been set by the missionaries. Carelessly running about he had fallen and broken it again much worse, and this the missionaries were unable to properly set. The offer to send the boy to Hopedale where a doctor is connected with the mission was refused by the boy's parents, they fearing that if he did not die his arm would be cut off.

The older people at Rama were all heathens a few years ago, and still retain a great many of their fears and superstitions. They are full of doubts and mistrust, are slow to understand, and until a stranger has obtained their confidence are unwilling to part with much information.

The missionaries on the Labrador coast from Makkovik to Rama are all of the Moravian faith, and the stations were established and are controlled by the Moravian Missionary Society. Too much praise cannot be given these men and women for the work they have done and are doing in bringing a people, formerly without any literature and living in a heathen state, to the enjoyment of the blessings and comforts of semi-civilization. It was our common experience that we were received at the stations very cordially, and the presence on the steamer of many of the families being transferred from one station to another, added much to the pleasure of our visit to the coast.

Indians, or mountaineers, as they are called, of the Montagnais tribe, occupy the interior of Labrador. They make a trip each summer to the coast with the skins and furs trapped during the winter and trade at the Hudson Bay posts. The return trip is made in the early fall. The permanent white population consists of adventurers from Newfoundland and in the northern part of descendants of servants of the Hudson Bay Company who have married Eskimo women and remained on the coast after their term of service had expired. These latter are called "planters," and engage in the codfishery in the summer, and in the winter move inland to the wooded country around the heads of bays and engage in the trapping of fur animals. The whole permanent population of Labrador, Eskimos, Indians and planters, is estimated to be about 14,000.

Rama was our turning point, and with a last look north toward Chidley, Hudson Bay and Baffin Land, and with a thought of the man who was waiting for the ship and cargo destined never to reach him, we steamed south, and after touching again at Hebron and Okak, reached Nain during the afternoon of Sept. 1.

Taking a family for Makkovik, a newly wedded couple for Hopedale, the wrecked crew of the Mariner, and our own belongings, except our tent, which we "truckied" for three pairs of camiks (skin boots), we were off again toward evening, and anchored for the night about 8:30, five miles south of Lord's Harbor. Soon after, as I was writing in the cabin, I suddenly heard hurried steps on the deck above, but thought nothing of it, until one of the passengers hurried through the cabin, calling my attention to the fact that the ship was on fire. Going on deck, I found considerable commotion. The companionway had been lowered, boats loosened, lines of hose stretched along the deck, and a line of men were passing buckets of water forward to the bows, out of which a great cloud of smoke was pouring. The fire was confined to the forecastle deck, and the greatest danger seemed to be that it might communicate with the oil and a keg of powder stored there.

The crew was largely augmented by the men of the wrecked crews who were aboard, and it was largely due to their good work that the powder was rescued and the fire subdued after half an hour's stubborn fighting.

We touched at Hopedale and the intervening fishing stations, and at Turnavik took on our own wrecked crew, who had come so far south in the whaleboats. We heard with a great deal of interest their own account of the "Tamialupa" (bad job), as the Eskimo would call it, of their camp on the shore after the wreck, of their guarding of the wreck from the "pirates," of the auction, and finally of their trip south in the whaleboats.

The loss of a large part of their summer's work was what they personally felt the most, of course, and they all had some expression of sympathy for Jensen.

As it turned out, however, Jensen was relieved after all. Upon our arrival at St. John's and the news of the loss of the cargo reaching the owners of the whaling station, a steam bark whaler was chartered, a cargo of supplies delivered at the Cape Haven station, and the return trip with the cargo of oil, bone and ivory made before ice closed the North Sea to navigation.

We touched at Makkovik, the most southern and recently established of the missionary stations, and everything went along smoothly until the coal gave out in the vicinity of Indian Harbor.

To run out of coal on a much-frequented coast with coaling stations every few miles is a matter of little moment, but on the Labrador, where there is no such provision, and where every steamer intends to go coaled for the trip, it is a more serious affair. We were fortunate in the matter, however, for on steaming into Smoky, there lay a Mediterranean steamer waiting for fish, with her decks piled up with fine Welch coal. The two captains came to an agreement, and seventy tons was transferred from the deck of the Armourer to the hold of the Grand Lake, a dirty and exasperatingly slow process, better, however, than waiting several weeks for reinforcements from St. John's.

Once away from Smoky we went humming up Hamilton Inlet, the largest bay on the Labrador coast, forty-six miles to Rigolette, an old-established Hudson Bay post. Rigolette is situated in the narrows of the bay, and beyond the bay again widens out, and is navigable ninety miles further up to Northwest River, another Hudson Bay post, in charge of the chief factor at Rigolette. The Rigolette post is the headquarters for the company on the coast, the factor having charge of the posts at Cartwright, Davis Inlet and Nachvak.

The hills along Hamilton Inlet are high and rocky and fairly well covered with a small growth of spruce, fir and white birch, and the whole appearance suggests a fine game country.

The post at Rigolette consists of about a dozen houses, and the trade is mostly for fur and fish with the Eskimo and "planters."

Under fair skies and with a comfortable coolness in the air, we continued south, stopping at every spot where there was a possibility of picking up a letter or getting a bit of information about the fishing. Taking on a corpse at one place, cripples and invalids at others, two American fishermen, who in their dory had become separated from their Gloucester schooner, seventy miles off the coast, at another, with four wrecked crews aboard, altogether we taxed the capacity of the ship.

Stops at Punch Bowl, Bolsler, Snug Harbor and variously named Tickles, brought us once more to Battle Harbor, the first and last stop on the coast.

When we came on deck Sept. 8 we had left the Labrador shore for good, and a dim outline only was visible in the distance. Past Belle Isle and Cape Bauld, we continued along the east coast of Newfoundland all day, and Sunday passed Baccalieu, and Grates Point during the morning, reached Harbor Grace, the second city in Newfoundland, shortly after noon.

After a short stop, during which we had a glimpse of green fields, bright flowers and many welcome signs of civilization, we were once more on our way, this time express for St. John's. Past the high sandstone cliffs of the rugged coast, the little clumps of white cottages of the fishermen, through the fortressed gates of the entrance to St. John's magnificent harbor, with the booming of our cannon echoing through the hills, and with but two baskets of coal left in the ship's hold, at 7 o'clock we were at the dock and our cruise to the Labrador was ended.

C. S. HAWKINS.

More About Sport.

AVAILING myself of the privilege which the rules of debate accords to me I will reply briefly to Coahoma's "passing word."

I am very grateful for his "distinguished" consideration, and would assure him that no apologies are due me, as his manner of writing has not worried me or wounded my sensibilities in the least degree.

However, I must remind him that the subject of our controversy is his assertion "That the procurement of something useful as a result of the chase is an essential element of true sport."

I must also point out to him that this sentence, which defines and limits the issue between us, is in the present tense.

How then, I would most respectfully ask him, can that issue be proved or disproved except by "existing conditions and their approximate causes?" Or in plain terms, by facts as we find them at the present time?

"It appears to me" that Coahoma, in trying to prove his assertion with theories in regard to what happened in past centuries, is taking altogether too broad a view of the subject, and that he is at the wrong end of the telescope with which he is viewing the logic of present facts, which would explain why he regards such logic as "narrow and superficial."

As memory recalls many sporting trips, I find that some of them which afforded me the most "true sport" were those in which, as Coahoma styles it, nothing was procured which was useful to me, and I take pleasure in believing that a large majority of our FOREST AND STREAM con-fraternity, like myself, seek the sports of our forests and streams with higher ideals than the gratification of a sensual appetite. Holding such views on the subject of sport, I could do no less than promptly take up the gauntlet which Coahoma threw into the arena.

I am willing to meet Coahoma, or any other sportsman, more than half-way in any matter of courtesy, and therefore offer my apologies to him for anything which I have written which he regards as objectionable.

JOS. W. SHURTER.

GANSEVOORT, Oct. 4.

Natural History.

Animals for the Zoological Society.

WITHIN a short time a number of important additions to the collections of the N. Y. Zoological Society have been secured, and will soon be brought together at the Society's park in the Borough of the Bronx.

Lieut. Peary, the Arctic explorer, who recently returned from the north, brough thence a musk-ox calf, very likely a yearling; a young walrus and a number of Eskimo dogs, all of which have been deposited in the park. The musk-ox, the second ever brought to this country, will, if it remains in the hands of the Zoological Society, replace the little animal presented to it some months ago by the Hon. W. C. Whitney, which recently died. The young walrus is the first ever seen in captivity in America, and is well worth a visit.

Within a day or two the Director of the Society has returned from Europe, where he had been sent to purchase animals for the recently completed lion house and for mountain sheep hill. He was authorized to spend $17,000, of which it is understood $13,000 was expended, for a fine collection of lions, tigers, leopards and certain species of wild sheep and goats. Every effort was made to secure the best animals that could be obtained, and it was regarded as especially important that the great cats purchased should be desert-born captives, and not animals bred in captivity. Among the purchases are six lions, two tigers, two African leopards, two black leopards, two snow leopards, one cheetah, one clouded leopard, one jaguar and others given below.

A particularly fine and large Nubian lion is one presented by the little daughter of Andrew Carnegie, who, overhearing her father talking about the animals that were to be purchased, declared that she would like to give something to the Zoological Park. On being asked what she would like to give, she said she would like to give the biggest and hairiest lion in the world. Her father authorized the purchase of this fine animal.

The clouded leopard is quite unusual in collections and is the only one in the United States. Two pairs of the lions are remarkably fine Barbary lions. Mr. Hornaday declares that it would have been impossible for him to succeed in securing so satisfactory a lot of animals had it not been for the co-operation of Carl Hagenbeck, the Hamburg animal dealer, who has always taken very great interest in the New York Zoological Society, and has made every effort to assist it in obtaining the best animals to be had.

During the first year or two that the New York Zoological Society's collections were on exhibition, they consisted—in accordance with the plan of the Society—almost entirely of American species of animals; and indeed until very recently, except for its monkeys, its bears and a few deer, there have been few Old World specimens on exhibition. Now that the lion house is completed, efforts will be made to fill that with beasts of the tropics, and as the years go by, New York may hope to show to the public collections of wild animals from all over the world, which will be not inferior to those seen in the zoological gardens of Europe. Those gardens have the advantage of far greater age than ours, but here in America we have—if not age—energy, and, it may be hoped, the means to purchase specimens to fill our collections.

The following animals from Europe were recently received at the park: One male chimpanzee, one Diana monkey, two Mona monkeys, three yellow-throat entellus monkeys, one giant tortoise, two Nubian tortoises, two anacondas, one python, two climbing iguanas. The more recent purchases which are likely to arrive about Oct. 20 are: Two pairs Barbary lions, one pair Nubian lions, one pair Bengal tigers, one pair snow leopards, one clouded leopard, two black leopards, one jaguar, one cheetah, one African leopard, one hyena dog, two Arcal mountain sheep, two *Ovis cycloceros,* two Siberian ibex, one burhel (male), one moufflon, one thar, one *Oryx leucorys,* one pair Caucasian maral deer, one muntjac and one hog deer.

There is a surprising lack of general knowledge of the Zoological Park and its work. It is true that the attendance there is sometimes 20,000 people in a day, yet one would suppose that—now that the park is so accessible—so attractive a place and such interesting collections would draw thither much greater throngs of people. It is a matter of surprise also that the number of annual members of the Society does not increase more rapidly. In and about New York there are thousands and thousands of people who are genuinely interested in such an enterprise as this, each of whom could well afford to be, and should be, a member of the Society, receiving the benefits which accrue from membership, and feeling an active interest in the Society's welfare. It may be hoped that during the coming winter the membership of the Society will largely increase, and we should be very glad to put any one who may desire to join the Society in the way of doing so.

How Does the Grouse Drink?

SPRINGFIELD, Vt., Sept. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* One winter's night in the city of New York a little group of sportsmen and naturalists were discussing over their cigars the subjects nearest their hearts. Among other things that came up was the drinking of the ruffed grouse, and most of the company expressed a belief that the bird drinks just as does the domestic hen. The doubting Thomas who raised the question had had no personal experience, but knew of a man who had caught a partridge and confined it in a cage, with abundant food and water; the bird ate but the man never saw her drink. One day for some purpose he poured water over the cage and the bird pecked up with eagerness the drops that ran down and clung to the wire. After that he watered the captive by pouring water over grasses or something from which she could peck the drops. The conclusion of the narrator of this incident was that these birds obtained their water from the dew or rain on the grass or bushes, or by some brookside where the long grasses dipped into the stream.

Has any reader of FOREST AND STREAM information to give on this point? Is there any one who has actually seen a wild ruffed grouse drink after the manner of the common barnyard fowl?

At the last Sportsmen's Show at Boston were several cages of different varieties of grouse advertised as the only ones ever successfully kept and bred in captivity. These birds must drink; how do they do it? And if they drink like domestic hens and chickens did they learn it from their foster mothers or is it their natural way? Who has seen the wild ruffed grouse go down to the water to drink?

W. W. BROWN.

Beasts of Prey in Norway.

EVEN in severe winters wolves rarely visit the southern districts of Norway, but of late years they have committed considerable depredations among the elk in the central and northern provinces, as well as among the reindeer in Finmarken. Like foxes, wolves are usually killed by poison or are captured in traps; occasionally, however, it happens that one is shot, while the Lapps sometimes run them down in winter on "ski," a feat which is always looked upon as a meritorious one, and which may perhaps occupy several days.

At one time the lynx (*gaupe*) was fairly numerous in Norway, and from 1846-70 premiums were paid on 3,204 (that is to say, 120 annually); between 1871-75, 604, or an average of 121 per annum, were accounted for, and in 1877 only seventy-seven; while latterly not more than fifty or sixty have been killed each year. The lynx is of most frequent occurrence in Nordland, and is seldom met with in the southwestern districts; but according to Professor Collett one was shot in 1873 in Nedenaes Amt (the most southerly province). The same author relates how at a farm laborer's place at Toten, a two-year-old child that had fallen asleep close by a wood was carried off by a large lynx, but was rescued by its father, who happened to be near; the child, however, died of the wounds inflicted. The lynx is killed by poison and by trapping; it is also shot over baits set to attract it, and by "ringing," and when hunted by dogs it usually takes refuge in a tree.
—London Field.

Game Bag and Gun.

Woodcock and Wood Duck.

TORONTO, Oct. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The able and opportune article on the "Woodcock and Wood Duck" in your last issue of FOREST AND STREAM by Mr. A. K. Fisher, should have the effect of producing concerted action of all true lovers of forest, field and stream for the better protection of these grand game birds.

After devoting considerable time to the consideration of the most effective measures for preventing the extermination of these two species, it is my decided opinion that it can only be prevented by the action of the Federal Government of the United States. Close season for several years to be effective must be general all over the United States and the Dominion of Canada. It would be of no avail having several years' close season in the Western, Middle and Eastern States, and our own Province of Ontario, the principal breeding grounds of the woodcock and wood duck, if the lazy, loafing market-hunters in the South—the winter home of the woodcock—were allowed full swing in their miserable work of extermination.

As a rule true sportsmen are of a kindly disposition, but it cannot be expected that they will practice self-denial to the extent of protecting game birds in the breeding grounds for several years for the sole benefit of Southern market-hunters.

I am not sufficiently conversant with the constitutional powers of the Federal Government as to its power to take action making the protection of these birds general instead of comparatively local.

Trusting that some of the many able contributors to FOREST AND STREAM, better able to do justice to this important matter than your humble servant, will take it up.

E. TINSLEY.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There is at least one citizen of Philadelphia who is disposed to doubt the truth of the statement that the woodcock is rapidly vanishing. Not being a sportsman, his views are confined to his experiences with the longbill as a city visitor. A short time ago he was startled to hear a scream from his wife, who was busy in the kitchen. Upon his going to the scene and inquiring the cause of her fright, she pointed to the cellar doorway opening into the kitchen, and there he saw a fine full-grown woodcock, which had come hopping up from the cellar below and whose advent had so startled her. The bird was caught, but subsequently escaped to some piled-up boards and kindling wood in the cellar, and has probably starved to death ere this, as all efforts to recapture or liberate it have failed. Its weird cries could be heard at night for about three weeks, but it has not been seen since. The only way for it to get into the cellar was by a small tear in the netting of a window. Probably it had struck a wire and fallen to the street and thence to the cellar for refuge, or perhaps it had designs on the coal bin.

The same person a few evenings since saw another woodcock sitting on the lower part of the skeleton work of a large sign a few feet above his head. Both of these birds were seen in the thickly built up section of the city.

OCEAN.

Quail Shooting in Virginia.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with interest many of this journal's ably written contributed articles, and while I am not like Nimrod, a mighty hunter, nor able to boast of my moose or my mountain lion, yet what I can write regarding "the things where I best know" may prove not unhelpful to those who are like me, unpretending seekers after the unpretentious quail. I have noticed that the talk has been all of the North and West, of Michigan, Maine and Canada, while lovers of sport have overlooked the rolling hills and sunny slopes of the South.

The abundance of game still remaining in the large forests of some of the oldest States—the Carolinas and Virginias—is quite surprising to one familiar only with the thickly settled regions of Pennsylvania or New York. It is true that in some of these States the game laws are of little consequence, or are little enforced or heeded, and especially does this seem to be true of Virginia, but it would seem that there is little necessity for stringent protection in this State, at least in the south central part and along he smaller rivers, for the city sportsman is as yet almost totally unknown there, and to the hound-loving fox-hunting Virginian, the shooting of woodcock and "partridges" does not seem to appeal, while the great bodies of primeval woods and long-abandoned fields form in themselves a sufficient guaranty of the game supply for many years to come.

It was on the beautiful little Meherrin River that my acquaintance with this country of rocks and ravines and pine-crowned hills began, one day in early October, when with a Parker and my pet partners, Nip and Tuck, I stepped from the flying express at South Hill Station, on the A. & D. The little place must have been named for some occult reason, for there is no hill, though there are plenty of them everywhere else. An old darkey presently hailed me as "de gem'man f'om Phil'delphia," and bundling me and my traps into a light spring wagon, with Nip and Tuck at my feet, we started off through the slanting fall sunshine, over the leaf-strewn roads, toward Bagley Farm, somewhere twelve miles away to the west, the old darkey gabbling unceasingly of wood lore and the times "befo' de wah." It was late in the afternoon when we reached the old, low plantation house, built in the rambling Southern style, and I had a "supper" and a welcome that fully sustained the fame of Virginia hospitality. What old and picturesque place this is, just responding to new life in the touch of Northern influence. Through a gap in the hills Bear's Element and Mason creeks wind down, in plain view, to their confluence in a deep, still lake, and there at the end, not a quarter of a mile away, is an old grist mill of the Revolutionary days, its wheel still turning just as it did when Tarleton raided Virginia, and threw, I was told, all its grain out into the river. The section is almost in its original condition of forest, for more than forty miles back from the Southern Road there is no railway station, and very little timber has been cut and hundreds of acres cleared long ago for farming purposes have been abandoned to stumpy pines and brush and broom sedge, the kind of cover which quail and meadow lark like best. The first day my dogs stood three coveys of quail within as many acres, and I have started later and bagged thirty-eight birds within a day. There are plenty of deer and turkeys, too, though they are hard to get, and one who loves a quiet angle may spend a busy hour under the drooping sycamores by the river, and whoever has tried it has regretted, I am sure, to turn his back on the deep woods and clear skies of the land of the "partridge and the woodcock.

E. J.

A Successful Outing for Moose

BETWEEN the Renous and the Bartholomew river branches of the Southwest Miramichi—runs the Dungarvon, and on each side of it lies a tract of land that is very easy of access, and, at present, is perfectly teeming with big game. We hunted on the south side of the Dungarvon. Our party consisted of two and a guide or caller. J. P. had been after moose on former occasions, and though he had seen and shot at several, his gun did not seem to have the power to stop them. This time he took his new .30-30. Doc had hunted deer in Ontario, and was familiar with shooting birds in Manitoba, but, as yet, had no experience with moose. Our guide and caller was J. Ronald McDonald. He took along his Mauser which had seen service in Cuba—as Doc was not satisfied with the gun he had. As each could cook, a cook was considered unnecessary.

Engaging a team, we went in to Whooper Spring, and called from the famed Dungarvon Whooper, and occupied the camp there on Sept. 21. On our way in we thought we would rest the horses and have lunch. While occupied with our repast, two caribou came out on a little knoll near us—about twenty yards or so away—and were interested spectators. They were a pretty sight. A scramble for our guns made them think of an engagement elsewhere, for before we could load, they had vanished into the woods. The rest of our trip in was eventful. Doc shot a fine owl, while J. P. captured a fine birch partridge near the camp. After putting things in their places at camp, there being a few hours before sundown, a visit to the barrens was proposed by I., who had never as yet seen one. Accordingly, we got our guns and went to the handiest one, our guide cautioning us to look out for game. Sure enough, a fine caribou was seen, and before he could gain the woods, four shots were fired at him, all of which were accounted for when we reached him. One, unfortunately, broke a horn, which spoiled the head for mounting. Dressing the caribou took but a short time, and proudly we wended our way to camp. We sent back the team with three of the quarters to friends in Blackville.

Sunday, we spent in accustoming ourselves to our surroundings, reconnoitering and getting the lay of the land, visiting two barrens, two and four miles respectively from camp. On the first, we saw a fine bull and three cows, and on the other, two caribou. It being Sunday, we refrained from disturbing them.

Monday bright and early we were on the edge of the barren, but had to wait till the sun dispelled the heavy mist. Across the barren we saw three moose. The guide gave a couple of short calls at intervals, which attracted the attention of the bull, and caused him to approach

undred yards or so. The cows evidently did not approve his actions, as they kept moving around him, and then way a little, trying to coax him with them. They would eep near enough to him to make it very risky shooting him, for fear of wounding them. We had to wait atiently for a suitable chance. The cows at last were at safe distance, when J. P. suggested shooting, for fear ey would again intervene. Doc, being familiar with stance on the prairie, gave it as his opinion that the ill was too far away to do serious injury to him with e guns they had—the Mauser being left at camp. The uide also advised waiting, and succeeded in coaxing the ill still closer. At last we could wait no longer, and cided to blaze away. Five shots were quickly fired, and e last seemed to take effect, for the moose made off pidly. Against the advice of our guide, we excitedly llowed him. We found blood on his trail, but the ase led us into a cedar swamp so impassable that we ve up in disgust. We found we had been between 500 d 525 paces from the moose when we were firing at him. eturning to camp, we rested till evening, when we ent to the other barren. A call by our guide was almost mediately answered. Strange to say, another seemed be calling between us and the answer, on the opposite le of the barren. It was explained by our guide telling it was a cow. Our guide had the art of calling down fine that we could not detect any difference between s call and the cow's. Eventually the bull came, and as met the cow first, stayed with her till a short call om our guide brought him to the edge of the bushes, his ad and horns only being discernible. Apparently he d a grand set of antlers. A monstrous cow trotted out the barren, frisked around a while, and returned to e bushes. She tried her best to prevail on him to re- rn to her, but he was immovable apparently. For fear should go before giving us a better view of him, we cided to try a shot, even though the position was an favorable one.

After our morning's experience with the lighter guns, decided the Mauser should be always in the party. e decided to try a shot with it. A carefully aimed ot by J. P. at what he thought was the neck, or rather where he thought the neck should be joined to the ad, was tried, with the effect of causing him to bound into the bushes, making an awful racket with his rns as he dashed away through the trees.

Going to where he had been standing, we found blood, d all along his trail for upward of half a mile, then more was to be seen. While J. P. and McDonald re hunting for the moose, after the trail of blood ded, they came upon two bull caribou in conflict, while female was an interested spectator, apparently. Not owing when they would come upon the wounded ose, they left the caribou to settle their dispute as st they could without help.

As night was rapidly coming on, we returned to the ling grounds, where our guide gave three good calls, d without waiting to see with what result, we continued to camp. At the calling ground next morning the or of moose was indisputable, and the guide gave short call. Almost on the instant, out trotted a mag- ficent bull moose, side to us, and when about a hundred rds from the trees, turned his head toward us and opped. He made one of the prettiest sights imaginable. e reached for the Mauser, aimed and fired. Down opped the moose, and when we reached him he was ad. We measured the spread and found it fifty-two hes, with webs eleven by twenty-seven and a half, and ven and a half by thirty-one and a half, having twen- -one points. It was very bright and beautifully veined. inning and dressing the head and storing the meat cupied considerable of the forenoon. The afternoon s taken up in moving some necessaries from our per- nent camp to a temporary one of blankets at the edge the barren to lessen the amount of travel we were ing. Examining the head attentively, we found be- een the nose and eye a recent bullet wound, and as the pearance of the moose seen the night before was very nilar to this one, and as the wound in the face was the side toward us when standing in the bushes, we uld arrive at no other conclusion than that the moose s one and the same, and that our shot the night before, stead of hitting the neck, hit in the face, just below the e. It is a supposed impossible feat to call back a moose t has been wounded, and we are positive it was the ne moose—so facts speak for themselves.

Tuesday night we called again, and as it was blowing ry hard, we were some time before we could detect an swering sound. It was dark before he came—so late, in t, that we had gone to bed—but we knew he was near good reasons. One was the heavy odor of moose, an- er was the occasional cracking of a twig, as an animal oving cautiously trod on it, and also his putting up five rtridge on his way to us. He remained near us for a uple of hours—then we slept. We were awakened by mething snuffing around the head and hide, which was ngside our tent, and after a while it poked its nose ainst our blankets. Raising the blanket a little, the t breath of a bear came in on J. P.'s face. Needless say he dropped the blanket quickly again. After quick- debating whether to shoot the bear and let the moose , or let he bear go and trust to luck to get the moose the morning, we decided on the latter, and tried to mpose ourselves to sleep again. The bear quickly and iselessly skedaddled as soon as he got a whiff of us. couple of hours later we were again rudely awakened a lucifee, which made night hideous for a while with peculiar cries. At last dawn began to creep in, and noticed less odor of moose. On investigating, we und he was gone, though he had been within ten paces our tent, as his marks on the earth plainly showed ere he had stood. As J. P. wanted the moose more an he did the bear, we refrained from bothering the ar, trusting the moose would be within hail in the rning, but he was not. A couple of calls brought up a uple of spike horns, but we did not want them. We ifted operations to another barren, on which were two, spike horn and a cow. We did not molest them. In e evening we brought a bull from two cows, but light ded before we were able to get him within sure range.

Thursday our teamster was to come in for any game may have shot, so we lost the forenoon waiting for m. He did not come, so we went further afield and w a couple of bulls and three cows on various parts the barrens. There was only one fair head, and as we had seen so many moose, we felt sure we would be able to get as good a one as Doc's, so we did not molest these.

Friday Doc was used up with a cold, and decided to stay at camp and wait for the team, which would surely come that day. He intended also to keep an eye out for the bear that used to cross the trail near the camp nearly every day. He did not see it, however. McDonald went to a barren some few miles away, to see what were the prospects in that direction. When he had gone, J. P. concluded to visit a barren four miles away, where he had shot at a moose on that day the year before. On his way back, within fifty yards of where he stood the year previous when he shot at the moose, J. P. heard the unmistakable sound of horns against trees. He dropped on his hands and knees and crawled back and forth for an hour at least, trying all the while to get a glimpse of the owner of the horns. At last out walked a cow, and J. P. kept immovable. After a time the bushes parted and out walked a monster. J. P. raised his rifle, and almost at the same instant noticed it was a cow. It was a great disappointment, but patiently he waited. Presently an animal was heard to drop to the earth. Crawling still nearer the animal, lifting every intervening twig and dead branch out of the way, J. P. made his way to within fifty yards of the noise, and at last was rewarded by a sight of one ear and a pair of horns—branches effectually obscuring the rest of the animal.

J. P. fired for below the ear and up jumped a huge moose. Again he fired and the moose fell. J. P. thought it was killed and stood up. The moose jumped up also and charged. J. P. fired and again the moose fell. J. P. approached, when again the moose arose, apparently full of go yet. Again a shot and the moose was stretched out. J. P. approached to within ten feet, when the moose tried to reach his feet, J. P. fired his fifth shot, which terminated the strife. This fusilade at short distance convinced J. P. that the .30-30 is not heavy enough, nor can it be compared to the Mauser or guns of that stamp. J. P. returned for help. We measured the spread, and found it to be fifty-six inches, having nineteen points, and while the horns were not as even as Doc's, still the head was a better proportioned one, and grander looking. He was well pleased. The cows remained around all this time, until we had the meat nearly dressed. They did not seem to realize the fate of their mate.

The team having arrived in the meantime, we loaded our trophies that night, and next day returned to Blackville. This year we go in again D. V. Our guide proved to be an expert at all kinds of work. On several occasions we heard the cows call; his was a perfect imitation. We could detect no particle of difference. Then again, he brought back a wounded moose, an almost unheard of piece of fine work; and time and time again did he coax the bulls from the cows. A man who can do all these is among the leaders in that branch of sport. As a guide, he knows every portion of the ground thereabouts, and not only that, but he is thoroughly conversant with the habits of the large game wandering over that vast extent of country. Our camp was only ten miles from Blackville Station, though we had to drive fifteen to get there, but five of that is a splendid road. We could have had all the deer and caribou we would be allowed to take, but we went in for moose, and we got them. Two such heads in eight days with the one guide is fairly good work. Our advice to hunters from the States is, do not be coaxed to go fifty or sixty miles from a railway to find game. It is unnecessary. Nor is it necessary to freight supplies all over creation. A day's drive lands the party and supplies in the furthest camp in the Parish of Blackville, and moose, caribou, deer, and bear can be obtained in all parts of the parish—even the outskirts of the villages not being free from their trespassing.

TEVANUS.

BLACKVILLE, N. B.

Across New Brunswick on Snowshoes.—IV.

A Side Trip for Moose.

ADAM MOORE confessed to me that when he was a boy it was one of his ambitions to some day live in a house with long icicles hanging from the eaves, the appearance of a neighboring house thus decorated appealing very much to his youthful fancy. Certainly Adam might have felt himself satisfied in this regard when he looked upon the morning of the day which we had set for one more trial for our bull moose. The weather had played us another scurvy trick. Rain had fallen in the night, the thermometer being just low enough to allow a freeze toward morning. The snow began to soften at the first appearance of the sun, and we needed no assurance that the snowshoeing was going to be awful. None the less, with what spirit we might, we packed our blankets and some needed supplies for our trip up into the hills to the Klondike camp. Adam and I started out ahead, it being understood that we would visit Jack's moose yard, and that Jack and Charlie would meet us at the Klondike camp later in the day. We climbed for two and a half miles along a continually rising trail, working up all the time into the heavy hill country. Then we came to a half-mile of a tremendously steep descent, down which we at times had to slide, being unable to keep our feet on the snowshoes. This brought us to the Silver Brook, a pretty little stream which heads back into one of the roughest countries of New Brunswick, in as good a winter range for moose as the entire Province can provide.

The Silver Brook got its name from certain prospecting operations which were once upon a time carried on thereabouts. There is a rumor that gold was once found in this stream and indications of silver in the surrounding hills, but history does not say that mining was ever carried on there in anything but a tentative fashion.

In the Yard.

Coming presently to the forks of the stream, we took Jack's fading snowshoe trail for a mile up the right-hand fork, and we found that his report of the moose yard was indeed correct. We paused to eat our lunch before we went into the yard, and as we stood in the snow we saw the broad horn marks of a bull moose on a nearby tree. Further in we saw the brush beaten down, with trees bent over, tops nipped off, and bark stripped off freshly from the roundwood and the spruce trees. We knew that now we had come into a genuine moose yard. The tracks were fresh, and among them the broad and unmistakable sign of at least one big bull. Then Adam gave me an example of good moose hunting—as good, I imagine, as any one in the world could have given under the circumstances. The soft weather had turned off into a regular Highland fog, and the air was full of mist, which left our clothing wet as though it had been raining. The wind whipped hither and yon around the hill tops, and it was a continual puzzle which direction it would next take. We worked out to the edge of the yard as best we might, trying to keep away from the place where the moose would be most apt to be feeding, until we had been able to get an estimate of the distance the game might be ahead. The going was as bad as one often sees on snowshoes. The wet and heavy snow clogged up continually, and as we passed through the little fir thickets now and again we would break through and slide waist deep under the trees in the heavy snow. It was a mile up the ridge before we found a sign so fresh that we took on even a greater caution. At last we found very fresh sign, but not so fresh that we believed the game could be less than twenty minutes ahead of us. In reality, we were deceived to some extent by the thawing of the snow, which made all the sign look older than it was. We thought we might be perhaps half a mile back of our moose, whereas in reality we were not 100 yards.

"Jumped."

"This looks fresher," said Adam to me in a whisper, and we pushed on, I with my rifle at a ready, we being obliged at this place to cross a little thicket of snow-covered firs. We pushed on and saw that the thicket sheltered an open space 100 yards or more across. There lay the story before us, written once more upon the tell-tale snow. Once more Adam's hand dropped to his side and despair and discouragement sat upon his face. In silence he pointed to the sign. Jumped again!

It was all as plain as day. Just beyond the little thicket not more than sixty yards from where we saw the freshest sign, a miserable, beastly little moose calf, probably a yearling, had been lying. It heard or smelt us as we came through the thicket, went off on a run, and with it carried out the rest of the moose—three cows and the big bull—which we had coveted. All the moose had gone for a couple of hundred yards or more, and then had fled back directly toward us, as we came up the trail. This was the only thicket of the sort we had struck for a quarter of a mile. Once more the native cunning of these wild creatures had conquered us.

This time we had been near indeed to our bull, for had that calf not been lying there, and had we got through the thicket undiscovered, we should have had him at our mercy. We saw where he had been standing in the open, at the time the little moose jumped the herd. He was in a veritable death trap for himself. Two big spruces stood close together, and the moose had been feeding with his head behind one of them, stripping the bark of the other as high as he could reach. When feeding, a moose cannot hear very plainly. There was nothing to cover his flank, and there was nothing to conceal him from view for the first sixty or seventy yards of his flight. There he had been, and certainly he was a beauty. I stood on my snowshoes over his tracks, which sank deep into the snow, and I reached up on the tree trunk as high as I could. I could not reach within a foot and a half of the upper edge of the tale he had left on he bark. That is to say, I could not reach within that distance of his last tooth marks upon the bark, not counting the stripping of the bark above that place. He was certainly feeding more than ten feet above the level at which he stood. I could not have believed that any animal in those woods reached such dimensions. Adam and I wondered and wondered again, and more than once we deplored our sad misfortune. Certainly fate seemed against us, for even Adam was fain to admit that we would never have a better chance again, or at a better moose. "He was a whale," said Adam, "and no mistake about that. Well, for my part, I don't feel like hunting any more. Let's go back to camp."

By the Compass.

Tired, wet and sad, we turned back down the hill. We were now nearly at the summit of this ridge, but just where we were not even Adam himself could tell in that shifting, blinding fog. Of course we could take our back track and get to Bathurst camp, but we wanted to go to the Klondike side camp instead. We knew the direction of the bald Sagamok Mountain, which is the landmark for all that region. We thought that perhaps ahead of us lay the rough waters of the Serpentine chains. We had outclimbed the ultimate thread of our fork of the Silver Brook, and any way we looked we saw hills, and nothing but hills, of the most formidable description.

"Well," said Adam, "let's stop here, and we'll figure this thing out. I think a compass will be mighty handy right here. We want to go about east from here, in order to strike the other fork of the Silver Brook. If we hit that below the Klondike camp, all we'll have to do is to go up the stream. If we hit it above the camp, then we'll strike Jack's trail where he went out yesterday, or my own trail where I killed my moose. It's a heap easier than it would be to go down this fork, and then come up again." Saying which, he plunged down the steep slope in the direction he had named. I could not help admiring the tremendous physical vigor of the man. He reminded me of a big bull moose.

For myself, I was wearing my flat-bowed shoes that day, and I must say they were giving me an awful gruelling. The straps got wet and stretched, and the snow piled up icily, and the walking down hill was at this stage of the game hardly less than terrible. This is where I laid the foundation for a general loosening of a whole row of toenails. I told Adam about it, but he said not to mind it, for a fellow who was particular about his toenails had no business in that part of the country. There is something convincing in that sort of reply, which seems to leave nothing more to be said.

At last in some way we struck a stream. I thought it might be Serpentine water, running away from the Silver Brook, but Adam knew better. "This stream is running all right," said he, "and all you will have to do is to fol-

low up this snowshoe trail until you come to the camp. I will run down the trail and pick up your pack where we left it at the forks before we went into the moose yard."

The Klondike Camp.

Charlie and Jack were at the camp ahead of us and busy making ready for the night. Jack had brought down a pack of meat from the moose which Adam had killed the day before, and had now gone back for another load. He reported "blackcat" sign at the carcass, and said he had been trying to kill a sable with a snowball, since he did not take his rifle with him. The fur of a country collects from some distance about any animal killed in this way, and it is near a kill that the best takes of fur are usually made.

We all fell to, in order to make things comfortable for the night, not an easy thing to do, for the little square box-like shack was cold and half-full of snow, and the vigorous little sheet iron stove set everything afloat as it began to melt out the interior. We cut some boughs, spread out the fresh moose skin upon them, laid in a good store of wood, and then Charlie opened up his grub box. Tea and biscuit and fresh moose meat soon caused us to forget our troubles. We could not all sleep during the night, for one must stay up to keep the fire. I confess to a shameful dereliction, for when at length I thought it humanly possible for me to serve a turn, Adam calmly informed me that it was so near morning that I might just as well keep on sleeping!

Snowshoe Transportation.

Next day was Sunday, our second Sunday in the wilderness. We considered it better under the circumstances to go back to Bathurst camp, and hence early in the morning we started back over the frightful Klondike trail. There was about a half-mile of very hard snowshoeing here, since the angle was about 45 degrees and the snow wet and slippery. The logs and even the bare ground were now beginning to show through, for a general thaw was taking away the snow very fast. Charlie and Jack came behind with big packs. I didn't hear either of them complain that his pack was heavy, or that his toes hurt him in his snowshoes, but when we got over the ridge and within a mile or so of camp, I rested Charlie for a bit of the trail, taking his pack.

"Now I think I'll carry your pack on home for the last mile," I said to Jack. The latter grinned amiably and said that I had better not. "Try it," said Charlie, likewise grinning, and then I saw all that this young giant had been doing all the time so quietly. When I put my hands into the straps of the pack I could hardly lift it clear of the log where it was lying. He had over 100 pounds of moose meat, it having been his fortune as usual to draw the heaviest pack in the bunch. Nettled at their mirth, I swung into the pack, and indeed carried it down to the cabin, but I had to rest half a dozen times. Jack had never set it down at all all the morning. It is one of the wonders of the woods to me how these men can carry such loads on their backs, or pull them on the sleds.

All the way out and back on this little side hunt we had been in among the caribou, and as we came back we noticed that they were making more trails. These creatures had been feeding in among the slashings left by the lumbermen of the adjacent camp. How many there were near us we could not guess, but we did not see any.

Nervy Mink.

An odd little incident happened at the camp, as we discovered when we returned. Bill Powers, a nearby lumber foreman, told us that he had gone down to the camp while we were away and stopped to make himself a cup of tea on our stove. As he sat there eating, a mink crawled out from between the logs under the kitchen table, climbed up on the table and made away with a piece of meat which was lying there in the pan already prepared for the next meal. "He sat up there just as bold and sassy as you please," said Power, "and I just sat and looked at him. I reached for a stick and then he ran, but not until then."

"I'll get him," said Charlie, much incensed at these liberties taken with his culinary arrangements. We'll just have his hide on a stretcher before morning; now you watch."

So he set so many steel traps around the cabin that it was not safe to go around bare-footed, and found pieces of meat all around the place which the mink had hid. "He was doing a good business here," said Charlie. The guilty, however, was not long to prosper. About midnight Charlie, who had been sleeping with one ear open, heard a click and a squeal, and there was Mr. Mink. He skinned him before breakfast the next morning.

Gives Up the Moose.

By this time I was beginning to get reconciled to the thought of failure so far as killing a moose was concerned. The weather was clearly against us, as well as the general fortunes of the chase. We knew that this thaw would certainly be followed by a sharp freeze, and any moose hunter knows that a noisy crust is fatal to all hope of success in hunting so wary an animal as the moose. I did not break my heart over the prospect of failure, for the killing of a moose was only one of my purposes, but I could see that it was worrying Adam a great deal, it being his habit to sit around and think and not talk much under such circumstances. I told him not to mind, as it surely was not his fault that we had not killed our moose. Surely we had seen abundance of signs every time we had gone out.

"It does beat all," said Adam, "how sometimes when you want a moose the worst way in the world, you can't get him. I would have bet anything in the world we would have a head hung up long before this. I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll make another side trip and go over to our Moose Brook camp. That's about nine miles from here, and the trail is hardly so heavy as the Klondike trail. There's always moose over in there, and it's right near there that we have our 'Caribou Hole,' a sort of lick, where we always can get a caribou in the fall whenever we feel like it. The caribou will not be there now, but we ought to get a moose."

We arranged it as above, and although a rain gave us a bad bit of weather during the night, and although snow began to fall on the following morning, we packed up and started once more for a tramp, Adam, Jack and I making up the party. We took our toboggans with us for part of the distance, and found the shoeing good, though soft with the new fallen snow. It was two and a half miles to a shallow mud lake or "bogan" which was now a vast expanse of white. The water was rising over the ice, and we tramped in slush, pulling the sled after us for about a mile, until we came to the Nipisiguit River, along which is strung the Bathurst chain of lakes. Finally we crossed the last of these lakes, and came upon the main stream near a bend, where Mr. McIntyre had killed a caribou in the early fall. Here there was plenty of "blackcat" sign, and the carcass of the caribou had been much mauled about. Barring anything better, we set a bear trap for this blackcat and so went on our way.

Making a Bridge.

Now I saw an instance of the shiftiness of the good woodsman. Before us lay an open river, across which we must fare in order to ascend the Moose Brook trail. Without pausing for much deliberation, Adam and Jack got out their potent little New Brunswick axes and fell to work felling a clump of three fir trees which stood near the brink. These crossed to within a few yards of the other side of the stream. Jack made his way to the last boughs and with a few steps and a jump was out upon the ice, which luckily held, thence to the other shore. We followed him as best we might, all going under pack now, and leaving the toboggan at the river.

We got four miles of very fair snowshoeing, through an easily ascending country and over a fairly good trail. That is to say, there were not more than fifty or sixty logs crossing any 100 yards, which is good going in New Brunswick.

"I notice that the trouble with city people is that they can't pick up their feet," said Adam, as he strode over a three-foot log. It was not any trouble for either him or Jack to pick up his feet, and they picked them up so consistently and rapidly that they got into camp some minutes ahead of me. The last three-quarters of a mile of this trail was through a frightful swamp, where the big thaw had set everything afloat. The shoes broke through the covering of white continually, and getting wet in the water below, froze thereafter, resembling nothing in the world so little as decent snowshoes.

Making Camp in the Snow.

It was about 3 o'clock when we reached this camp, after nine or ten miles of travel. We had seen abundant moose sign as we came along in the afternoon, and Adam, while temporarily 100 yards or so ahead on the trail, saw one big moose which he thought was a cow. When I first noted him he was squatted down, looking at this moose, which stood in turn regarding him, not more than sixty yards away. "That's the biggest cow moose I ever saw in my life," said he, and we found its track bore out his assertion. Later we had every reason to believe that this cow was not a cow at all, but a bull which had shed its horns.

While Adam and Jack were getting things ready for camp that night they gave what I considered to be the best exhibition of axmanship I ever saw in my life. There is no better, indeed not so good an axman in the world, as the genuine New Brunswicker. The New Brunswick ax is not like the American ax. It has a narrow blade, being shaped in the form of a true wedge, and hung if anything with a little slant inward. These narrow-bladed, keen axes have a wonderful cutting power. I never saw trees fall with such rapidity in my life. They were big trees, solid frozen birch trees, their sap turned to ice and hard enough to chip an ax, one might think; yet they fell into sections rapidly under the assault of these two skillful axmen. Our camp was but an open-faced lean-to, provided with a bough bed, it is true, but with nothing in front excepting all outdoors, and naught above its outer opening except the sky, from which there now descended steady additions to the snow all about. In front of this open shack and leaning against the bank of snow which we had thrown up in our excavations, Adam now arranged two big logs of birch, each perhaps fifteen inches through. Then he cut two "hand logs," perhaps a foot in diameter and three feet long. Across these he piled his dry pine and his split birch, cut into lengths of three or four feet.

"Now you set this afire," said he, "and as your pine begins to burn up your green birch, you will see that the coals will fall down in between the logs and make a bed. It's from this bed of coals that the steady heat comes. I'll show you that we can keep comfortable here to-night."

And so we did, thanks to the kind faithfulness of these big friends, who took their turns at the fire. A fire properly built in this way will do fairly for about two hours. Along toward morning the end logs had to be replaced and one of the back logs renewed. It was very cold this night, five below zero, yet we slept well under our scanty covering. On the day previous Jack had gotten a wet foot by breaking through into the brook, and he quietly informed us that he had frozen one of his toes. I noticed that for a time he took off his shoepack and traveled in his stockings, an old device of the true snowshoer when he finds his feet are getting cold. Yet I did not hear either him or his father complain about sore feet, nor did any one kick on the breakfast, which was composed of biscuit, butter and tea.

"I notice that a man can go out on these short trips," said Adam, "and live on buns and tea, and no meat, and he can stand it just as well for three or four days as if he were eating more heartily. Then he goes back to camp and eats a big square meal, and he's all right again. I rather think it's well for a man to go light on his feed once in a while."

On this trip I was wearing my flat bows again, and the genuine New Brunswick snowshoe tie. I calmly advised Adam that the New Brunswick straps were man-killers, and that I didn't expect to get back to camp with a toe to my name. He repeated his kind advice that a fellow who needed toes ought not to come out in the woods, and we let it go at that.

Crust

The next morning dawned bright and cold, and, as we had feared, with a simply frightful crust upon the snow. "It's no use to hunt," said Adam, "but I suppose we'll have to go through the motions," and he sighed dismally. The beauty of the morning almost made up for our foredoomed failure. The air was keen and brilliant. The snowshoeing, although noisy, was now excellent. We struck good bull sign in less than three-quarters of a mile from the camp, and found where moose had yarded before the thaw. This thaw seemed to have set all the game in the country moving, and had apparently changed its habits. Had it not been for this big soft spell we should have killed our moose before this time. As it was, we simply went through the motions of the hunt, as Adam had said. We found a fresh moose trail presently, and in time jumped this one, a good big cow. Following this, we circled and came up over the top of a grand big hill. We saw any quantity of caribou sign in the thicket on the steep mountain side, and we were satisfied that our cow moose was somewhere in that thicket, for we had circled her trail and come back to the place where we had first jumped her. We felt sure also that there was a bull somewhere in that circle, for we had seen any quantity of bull sign in the hardwood ridge above and below our camp. It was, however, little use to hunt, and at noon we decided to go back to camp. Over our buns and tea we suddenly came to the conclusion that the most sensible thing we could do would be to go back to Bathurst, since the snowshoeing was so good and the hunting so poor that it would hardly warrant our staying. Our tremendous appetites made great inroads on our grub, and we had scarcely enough left to last until the next morning, while the hunting was practically at an end.

We started back across the wretched Moose Brook swamp, and made it over more comfortably than we had feared, though we all got wet feet by breaking through the crust into the water below, which had not been reached by the chill of the air through the protecting blanket of snow. We saw at least a dozen fresh caribou signs, or animals which had crossed our trail since the day before, and we saw very much sign of sable, but met no further adventure save that Adam broke one of his beloved pair of snowshoes. In springing across a little open place he landed square on the crust of the ice with toe and heel of the shoe, and his foot went right on through, carrying with it a straight break across both the bows. He did not cuss very much. "If it had been a broken leg, it would have been much worse," said he. Indeed, a broken leg in the winter wilderness would be pretty near the same thing as a death warrant.

We crossed the Nipisiguit River this time on the ice without much trouble, though Jack broke in and wet his leg up to the thigh. None the less he philosophically climbed out and took the trail down to see whether the blackcat had gotten into the trap or not. He reported that the cat had run all over he trap, but was not heavy enough to spring it. When we got through with our trapping operations and had the big bear trap lying safely on the toboggan, we started out for a swift run on the ice in order that Jack migh not entirely freeze his feet. As a matter of fact, although the thermometer was very much below zero, he did not freeze at all. So much for the indestructible quality of the thoroughbred hunter, and for the virtue of abundant New Brunswick wool. I had not yet heard a whimper from anybody. These men were as big and strong as the hills about them. It certainly is restful to meet such human beings once in a while.

At length we reached Bathurst camp once more, and found Charlie in the act of getting ready for supper. He had had a tramp himself that day, a little matter of fifteen miles or so, on his trapping line over on Nictor Lake. When he first started out he broke clear through the ice and came near "getting in for good," as he expressed it, having to come back to camp and change his clothing before he could go on across. Charlie had seen eight caribou on that day, and said he could have killed one without the least trouble in the world.

War Talk.

At breakfast on the morning of Dec. 18 we held a general council of war. Adam was looking mighty blue, and I felt sorry for him, he felt so bad about our bad luck. I explained to him how foolish this was, since no one had been at fault and since in such weather conditions no hunter in the world could possibly hope to kill a moose, no matter how abundant they were.

We now took up the question of the trip south across the unknown country between Adam's chain of camps and those of Henry Braithwaite, on the Miramichi side of the divide. I told Adam that I had no doubt whatever that if we stayed a week or so here at Bathurst we should kill our moose without difficulty, as the weather was bound to change. He wanted me to go with him up to his Upsalquitch camp, where there was splendid moose and caribou ground, and thence to go out to the railroad at Bathurst, about eighty miles from our present camp. I told him I should be glad to see his country and knew that we would get our game, but if I did so I would be only doing what all of his customers had done, since it was no extraordinary thing to kill a moose and a caribou in that country. On the other hand, I explained to him, if we could really succeed in making it across the divide, and come out in the Miramichi country in an entirely different region from that where we had gone in, we should surely, from a newspaper man's point of view at least, be doing a better stroke of business. In other words, much as I hated to sacrifice Adam's professional pride in the matter, I determined to give up my moose for the sake of the story. Adam, big-hearted and generous as he is, at last agreed to this.

"What do you say, boys?" said he. "It means all of us, and it means all that all of us can do. There will be a heap of hard work in getting over there, if we ever do get over at all. Now I will go if the rest of you want to, but we won't ask any one to go who don't feel like it." It hardly need be said that Charlie and Jack fell promptly into line, and thus it was determined.

I had now practically said good bye to my chance for a moose, yet none the less looked ahead with a great deal of interest to the rest of our journey. The days were now slipping by very fast, and I felt it was taking considerable chances to start out into an unknown country so late in the game. Nothing venture, however, nothing have, so we let it stand as agreed.

On the following day Adam took three steel traps and trotted down the lakes three or four miles to set out

traps for that pesky blackcat which had been eating up the caribou carcass. During the day we were the recipient of two visits, Joe Ellis and John Moulton, both declared to be of Millicete Indian breed, though looking far more like white men than Indians, especially in the case of Ellis. These men had a line of traps running over Moose Brook way, and they had stopped at our shack long enough to "boil the kettle." Charlie and they had an earnest conversation in Adam's absence, and as to the import of this conversation we shall later see. Meantime Jack and I cut wood, greased up the toboggans, burned off the rough places on the runners, fixed up our snowshoes, now rapidly showing the effects of wear, packed up the heavy stuff in boxes to send out to the railroad by a tote team from the nearest lumber camp, and in general made ready to say good bye to Bathurst camp for the winter. It was our intention not to return to this place at all, but to break on through into the Miramichi country. "It will take a good deal to turn us back if we once start over," said Charlie. E. Hough.

Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill.

Guns a Hundred Years Ago.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have lately found in an old bookstore a volume called "An Essay on Shooting," published at London in 1791, and think that many sportsmen would be interested with a description of the guns used by our forefathers in the Eighteenth Century. The author does not give his name, but he was evidently well acquainted with the subject, both practically and theoretically, and states that he had spared no expense in acquiring information from the best gun makers. He quotes considerably from a book called "La Chasse de Fusil," by Magné de Marolles.

In the introduction he expatiates upon the physical and moral advantages of shooting and the need of man for solitude, so that he may "enjoy the converse of his own bosom and retire from the vapid amusements of the age."

Just as the double-barreled hammerless ejector seems to us, at the present day, hardly capable of improvement, so this writer says of the guns made 110 years ago: "In these days when invention seems to be exhausted," and "the genius and industry of the English workman have brought flintlocks to such a degree of elegance and perfection that we have scarcely anything further to hope for or require."

The crossbow is stated to have been not wholly disused for shooting both small and large game until nearly the end of the 16th century, "at which time the arquebuse was brought to such perfection as to enable the sportsman to shoot flying." During the transition period, many complained that the beasts of the chase "had become very scarce where the arquebuse was used," owing to its noise. It appears that, for some time after the introduction of the flintlock, many sportsmen argued that the matchlock was preferable because "the fire of the match was more quick and certain than the other."

(It was at least as quick and certain when once the match touched the powder used for priming; but the time occupied in preparing to fire must have occasionally caused the loss of a shot. In 1869 I was at a hunt in the jungles of Central India in company with several Hindoo landholders who used matchlock guns. These had a pan at the side of the breech, shaped like that of a flintlock, but fitted with a flat lid attached by a pivot so as to slide on and off horizontally and protect the priming. The slow match, made of thin cotton rope soaked in solution of nitre, was coiled under the stock, its extremity being held by a spring nipper which formed the end of a curved piece of iron corresponding to the hammer of an ordinary single-barreled gun. Before aiming, it was necessary to first blow the burning end of the match until it was in a red glow, and then to slide the lid off the pan; but when the trigger was pressed the explosion seemed to me to be as quick as that of a percussion gun. The barrels were smooth bored, and so long that the muzzle reached to a man's forehead when the stock rested on the ground. They were thus able to burn a large charge of the coarse native-made powder, and drive a bullet with great velocity. Native hunters have been known to stalk and kill tigers with these weapons, which is certainly a proof of great coolness and courage.)

The author of the "Essay" devotes a considerable portion of the book to instructions about the training of dogs, the art of shooting flying game, the pursuit of the various kinds of small game, and the construction and use of rifle barrels; but extracts from these would occupy too much of your space. The following is a summary of the details he gives about shotguns: Both plain and twist barrels were made much as they are now, but Damascus appears to have been unknown. Some French makers heated the plain barrels, a few inches at a time, and twisted them until the fiber of the iron had assumed a spiral form. One French inventor strengthened his barrels by twisting iron wire round them, soldering it together and filing the outside smooth.

Spanish barrels had a great reputation, but the author had not found them to be better than those made in England. They were usually 36 to 42 inches long, 3 to 3½ pounds in weight, and 22 to 24 caliber. The best barrels, both in Spain and England, were made from old horseshoe nails, as much as 28 pounds of these being used in forming a barrel of 3½ pounds weight. The repeated heating and forging added greatly to their toughness.

English barrels were proved in London with a ball which fitted the bore, and a charge of powder equal to the ball in weight. (This would be about 10½ drams for a 24-bore.) As to length of barrels, it is stated "Formerly every sportsman was provided with different lengths, 30 to 34 inches for shooting in cover, and 42 to 45 inches for the open country. The belief was general that the longer a barrel the further it would range; and it is not more than fifty years ago since this began to be doubted. I have, at different times, compared barrels of 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches in length, and of calibers from .22 to .26, and with equal weights of the same powder and shot. From these trials, frequently repeated, I found that the shot pierced an equal number of sheets from the short as the long barrels. I have repeatedly compared two barrels of the same caliber, but one 33 and the other 66 inches long, at different distances from 45 to 100 paces, and the results have always been that the barrel of 33 inches drove its shot through as many sheets of paper as that of 66 did." "The barrels which I employ and have found best for every purpose are from 32 to 38 inches; and whether we consult the appearance of the piece, its lightness, or the ease with which it is managed, I believe that a barrel not exceeding the one, or below the other of these numbers, is the most eligible."

(Paper pads are not quite reliable as tests of penetration; and experiments made in England some years ago seemed to prove that there was a decided, though not very great, decrease in velocity with every inch cut off a barrel from 30 to 26 inches. The celebrated Joe Manton considered that, in a .22-bore gun, barrels of 32 inches gave the best results.)

The author disagrees with the common opinion that small bores shoot more closely than large. He says: "We have subjected this matter to the test of experiment, and the result has been that barrels of .22 to .24, which is the largest caliber usually employed in fowling-pieces, threw their shot as closely as the smallest calibers—viz., .30 to .32."

(I have tried many small bores from .16 to .42, and never found them shoot more closely than those of .14 to .11 bore, with one exception. A double muzzleloading Westley Richards gun of .32-caliber, although the barrels were only 26 inches long, when loaded with 2 drams of fine powder and 1 ounce of No. 7 shot, made such remarkably close and regular patterns at 40 yards, that a snipe could rarely have escaped. It did not shoot closely with any larger size.)

The following methods are described in the "Essay," as adopted for improving closeness of pattern:

1. Making horizontal scratches round the inside of the barrel close to the muzzle.
2. Making both breech and muzzle ends wider than the central part.
3. Gradually contracting the bore from breech to muzzle.
4. Cutting straight grooves from breech to muzzle.
5. Making the whole of the bore very smooth and perfectly cylindrical.

The author had not tested the barrels with straight grooves, but of the others he had found none superior to the perfect cylinders.

(The system of enlarging both breech and muzzle for several inches in length, prevailed until the adoption of choke boring. One of my friends, a very scientific gunner of muzzleloading days, often assured me that, by a modification of this method, he had made all his own guns shoot well, and kill at unusual distances. He enlarged the breech end only so far as the powder charge reached, so that the wad was in the cylindrical part above it. This prevented the escape of the powder gas into the shot and the consequent scattering. The shot charge, having to travel through a perfect cylinder, did not have its pellets crushed out of shape as they were in guns which were of narrower caliber toward the center of the barrel. The muzzles of my friend's guns were enlarged for 2 or 3 inches, and he believed that, on the shot reaching this part, its pellets were pressed together by the sudden rush of gas past them. Whether his theory was correct or not, the patterns made by one of his gun, an 11-bore which I tried at a target, were remarkably close and good. I feel sure that nine out of ten, among the best game shots, would do better all-round work with guns making similar patterns, than with those which are highly choked.)

Both the rough and the fine boring of barrels was done in the Eighteenth Century by methods very similar to those still used, except that less machinery was employed.

Double barrels were made with one over the other instead of side by side. "Patent shot," which was considered the best, contained the following number of pellets in an ounce: No. 1, 220; No. 2, 180; No. 3, 157; No. 4, 105; No. 5, 83; No. 6, 300; No. 7, 480; No. 8, 620. The charges recommended were, "For a fowling-piece of common caliber, which is from 24 to 30 balls in the pound, 1¼, or at most 1½, drams of powder, and 1 to 1¼ ounces of shot, but, if larger than No. 5, increase it by ¼ ounce."

Wadding was made with soft brown paper, tow, and the lichen growing on apple trees. It was also punched from old hats, cork, and thick woolen cloth.

No. 1 shot is stated to have been the best for the first month of partridge shooting, and particularly good for snipe and quail. No. 3 was best when partridges became strong on the wing, and was excellent for all purposes, many sportsmen using no other during the whole season.

It was necessary to keep the gun moving and aim "a little in front of the head of game, at thirty-five paces, and fully six inches in front and a little above it at fifty paces." "The distance at which the sportsman ought infallibly to kill any kind of game with patent shot No. 3, with good aim, is from 25 to 35 paces for hares or rabbits, and 40 to 45 for winged game."

As to killing infallibly, I do not believe that any gun is certain to do so. Out of the great numbers which I have tried at marks, during the last forty years, I have not found one which did not, occasionally, leave spaces at forty yards, through which a partridge could escape untouched, and that, too, with shot containing 260 to over 300 pellets in the charge. Doubtless the guns of the author's time, by the best makers, shot, as a rule, so closely that when he failed to kill he thought himself to blame. The charge of 1¼ ounces of No. 3 shot, which he recommends, contained only 196 pellets, and, even allowing for the close pattern caused by the small quantity of powder, a weapon which carried them well enough to be usually sure of a partridge at more than forty paces, must have been fully equal to the best unchoked guns of the present day. The distances at which he advises aiming in front of a bird, show that, practically, no more allowance for the speed of game was necessary, than with our modern guns; consequently, the flintlocks by good makers, must have caused a very quick ignition of the powder. There could have been little of the "fizz-bang" described in books by theoretical writers.

The remarks of the author, in the latter part of the book, about shooting game like rabbits and woodcock in covert, or snipe and grouse in open country, prove that guns, even with barrels 38 inches long, were so nicely balanced that our forefathers were able to use them with great rapidity and accuracy. I have tried the charge recommended, viz., 1½ drams of powder and 196 pellets of shot, from an old Maynard 18-bore barrel, slightly recess choked, but only 26 inches long. The pattern at forty-two paces is close enough to insure killing a partridge, the weight of the large pellets giving the necessary penetration with the small powder charge; but the killing circle is not more than 24 inches, consequently a very accurate aim had to be taken. That this was the practice, may be inferred from a remark of the author: "A true sportsman is not content with only breaking the wing of a partridge or the thigh of a hare when he shoots at a fair distance; for in such case, the hare or the partridge ought to be shot in such a manner that it should remain in the place where it falls, and not require the assistance of the dogs to take it."

J. J. Meyrick.

England.

A Gun-Shy Squirrel Dog.

It was years ago, and yet as if yesterday, my first trip to Connecticut in quest of game. While eventually R. S. evolved into an A1 wing shot, yet in the early days squirrel shooting was his forte. When he could steal away from the farm work late in the autumn he would take his trusty and rusty single-barrel muzzleloader, and, accompanied by his mixed collie dog Girth, saunter off toward the chestnut ridge on East Hill in quest of squirrels. Girth was unexcelled on cows and squirrels. When the shades of evening began to fall it was necessary only to say, "Cows, fetch them home, Girth," when he would trot down the river road until he came to the fenced-in cows upon the rich river bottom pasture. He could nose at a bar in a rail fence until it fell, and with equal adroitness when driving the cows to pasture replace the light pole rails in their places.

Girth was a great watch dog, and woe betide the one who raised a hand even in play against his master when he was around.

The first morning we started out upon our quail and partridge hunt, Girth insisted on coming. R. S. had shouldered his rusty gun loaded to the muzzle with squirrel shot, and Girth was romping in great glee in company with Dick. We did not question Girth's ability as a squirrel dog, but we did have serious doubts as to his properly "backing" Dick pointing a bevy of quail.

We suggested tying Girth up and thus keeping him at home, but R. S. pleaded for him and argued that being such a good squirrel dog he should go along to tree the squirrels we should run across. And we, giving reluctant consent, went on our way with more or less misgivings.

Leaving the main road we got into the stubble and set Dick to work. We could hear Girth off in the woods to the right clattering through the fallen leaves and giving tongue as he chased a nimble chipmunk into a hollow log. It was not long before Dick came to a staunch point. Girth had given up his chipmunk and leaving the timber made straight for Dick, who was standing as if cast from a mould, frolicking ahead of him and despite our calling and R. S.'s commands actually flushing the birds. Dick looked back at us, wagging his tail in an inquisitive sort of a way, as if to ask what kind of business that was, anyway.

R. S. split his sides laughing at the discomfiture of ourselves and of Dick, but promised to keep Girth well to heel in future, a thing about as easy to do as to keep track of some spilled quicksilver upon the floor. The birds pitched into the woods and scattering lay close. We worked carefully along until we came to a conical depression about fifty feet across the top, and as many feet deep. Dick had disappeared within the pit, and Girth, roaming free once more, had romped along the edge of the opening. With a whirr a solitary quail broke cover well down the depression and sailed upward. No one paid any attention to anything but that moving bird, and Bob being in line shot and killed the bird. How it just happened that way no one knew, but when Bob shot the quail and Girth were just in line, and the shot that missed the quail found lodgment within the wooly surface of Girth's hide. Giving an unearthly howl, Girth put his bushy tail between his legs and pointing toward the farmhouse, staid not on the order of his going, but just went, making his fleeting course known by the occasional yelps he gave out.

Now for a moment relations became strained between Rob and R. S. Had Rob missed his quail nothing would have ever made R. S. believe otherwise than it was an accidentally on purpose occurrence, but when Dick fetched the dead bird and the matter was explained, R. S. absolved Rob from any sinister motives.

With Girth safe at home, we got R. S. into line and with Dick doing splendid work, there were enough birds to keep us all busy. We were all using muzzleloaders and there were times when before the wads could be driven upon the shot more birds would get up. R. S. after he had dropped his first quail on the wing, flatly rejected squirrel shooting for ever and a day, and then and there vowed to train Girth on quail. But he counted in vain. The No. 9 shot in their scattering course had not done much more harm to the wool-protected skin of the dog than would have been caused by quick contact with some sharp nettles. We found on examining Girth that not a drop of blood had been drawn and really the dog was more frightened than hurt. The stinging impact of the pellets coincident with the report of the gun was sufficient to convince Girth that something awful had happened, and he forgot squirrels and all else in his haste to seek the back track and sanctuary under the front stoop.

After that day R. S. never could shoulder his gun but that Girth would give a low growl of disapproval and hunt safe quarters under the stoop until he was out of sight. He became a gun shy dog, and until the day of his death renounced squirrel hunting as a frivolous pursuit, and confined himself to the dignified duty of herding his cows night and morning, at which work he certainly was unexcelled. Charles Cristadoro.

A year ago Veterinary Surgeon Custer picked up a small dog on Sixth street, near Penn, that had had a foot crushed by a car wheel, and, taking it to his office on Cherry street, he dressed the injury. A farmer took the dog home a few days later. Yesterday afternoon the dog, since then full grown, appeared on the doctor's office steps, and, when admitted, gave every manifestation of the joy in meeting its old friend. A case of wonderful instinct.—Reading (Pa.) Times.

Non-Resident Shooters.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in your columns an advertisement of the facilities offered by that most excellent steamship line, the Old Dominion, to "the gunning grounds of Virginia and North Carolina."

I notice also that you advertise the *Game Laws in Brief*, wherein I find the following highly interesting information touching the laws of Virginia: "No person who is not an actual resident of this State shall kill any wildfowl in any waters, or on any marshes, islands or beaches within the jurisdiction of the State, below the head of tide water." Non-resident members of the Eastern Shore Game Protective Association are excepted. "Numerous local and county laws prevail. Great care must be exercised." Good advice. Now, concerning North Carolina, let us see what the law says: "It is unlawful for non-residents to hunt or shoot any wildfowl in the county of Currituck from any box, battery or float of any kind not on land at the time." It must be lots of fun to shoot out of a float on land. But let that pass. Here is a provision likely to please a sportsman who wants to remember the friends who "can't get away": "Shipment of quail or partridge dead or alive prohibited."

Now what are we to gather? No cheaper nor pleasanter means of reaching the "gunning grounds of Virginia and North Carolina" exist than those furnished by the O. D. S. S. But what are their patrons to do when they reach them? Violate the statute? Run the risk of arrest and fine? Or suck their thumbs? R. S. V. P.

NON-RESIDENT.

[Notwithstanding what our correspondent says, it is the fact that each year thousands of sportsmen go to the gunning grounds of Virginia and North Carolina and there do have good sport—sport so good that the next year they repeat the trip, and do the same thing year after year. Whether any of them violate the law or not of course we cannot know. We do know that the most famous gunning grounds of Virginia are along the eastern shore, and that any person of good character may become a non-resident member of the Eastern Shore Game Protective Association on payment of a small fee, and that this gives him the privilege of killing "any wildfowl in any waters or on any marshes, islands or beaches (in Accomac or Northampton counties) within the jurisdiction of the State below the head of tide water." In other words, membership in this Association amounts nearly to the payment of a non-resident license fee for the privilege of gunning in these counties in Virginia. The waters of the James River were formerly famous gunning grounds, but we hear little of them in these latter days, and imagine that non-resident sportsmen do not resort to them to any great extent.

In like manner, thousands of gunners go each year to North Carolina by way of Norfolk, and while non-residents are not permitted to shoot afloat, many men annually have fine sport by shooting from the land. One need only examine the pages of the most recently published volume on wildfowl shooting ("American Duck Shooting") to learn what are the opportunities for sport on Currituck Sound.

We take it that there are a very large number of FOREST AND STREAM readers who go annually to the States named, and who neither violate the statutes, nor run the risk of arrest and fine, nor suck their thumbs. All of which is respectfully submitted to Non-Resident.]

Quail in East Tennessee.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Sept. 30.—The outlook was never more promising for quail shooting in East Tennessee and the sportsmen are eagerly awaiting the opening of the season, Nov. 1. The absence of heavy beating rains during the breeding and hatching season has resulted in the maturing of more quail in this territory than for many years past, and in a great many instances the second brood have been raised, the extraordinary growth of field grasses having afforded great protection to young birds.

There are always more or less eggs destroyed in reaping hay fields with machines which are in general use in this section, and a gentleman told the writer that in mowing one field of clover, his machine destroyed seven or eight nests, the birds seemingly having come from other fields to nest in this dense growth of clover which afforded protection from the sun and heavy rains. He stated, however, that there were two nests passed over undisturbed; he carried the eggs, while yet warm, to the house, and his wife placed them under two bantam hens after having removed the eggs they were sitting on; the result was that two broods were hatched and have been raised around the large yard and garden, only three or four having died out of the thirty-six birds hatched. These birds are now nearly grown, and when feeding time comes, at the call of his wife, the whole brood come flying, some alighting on her shoulders and outstretched arms, while the others perch at her feet, and are seemingly not in the least afraid. This gentleman adds, that should some "town fellow" or any one for that matter, come along and shoot into this covey of birds while out feeding in the orchard, he would certainly get into no end of trouble with his wife and daughters.

I get the best of reports from all directions as to the quantity of birds in East Tennessee this season, farmers saying they have never had so many birds on their plantations. One gentleman who has a fine river bottom farm seven miles from the city, told me that owing to the fact that his place was close in, he could never keep any birds because the old lawns afforded no protection, but that last season he took full advantage of the newly enacted bird laws, and persons not authorized by him to hunt upon his inclosures were fired bodily from the premises and the offense placed in the hands of the authorities with instruction to act. The result is that he now has twelve to fifteen coveys of quail on his farm, and Bob Whites are calling from all directions. He does not propose to furnish sport for any but the "chosen few" of his friends, and they must limit their desires to a reasonable bag of birds during a day's hunt, as he considers his "shy" little friends his personal property. His neighbors are also acting on his good judgment, and the man who "goes a-gunning" around that neck of the woods had better arm himself with a permit, or else he may find that it would have been much less expensive to have gone to the market.

The laws passed by the last (1901) Tennessee Legislature are broad and far reaching in this respect, making it a misdemeanor for any one to hunt with dog or gun upon the inclosed premises of another without the owner's written consent, except in cases of chasing foxes when once started; it also prohibits the netting or trapping of quail under any circumstances and conditions, and places heavy fines upon such offenders, such fines to apply to the State school funds, etc., etc.

These laws were practically aimed at the pot hunters who trap and net birds and who in the past have destroyed thousands and thousands of birds in East Tennessee. The framers of these laws did not lose sight of the pot hunters' "partners," who have in the past handled and shipped these birds, so with our State laws, aided by the National Lacey Law, these men who hunt for "revenue" only, have had a crimp put in their "tail feathers," and this season will in all probability see some of these fellows doing some other kind of work.

While quail shooting is going to be a burden to some of those who have heretofore gone out and indiscriminately slaughtered fifty to seventy-five birds in seven hours' shooting a day, I want to say to any gentleman who might want to drop off in East Tennessee and take a few days' shooting, that the farmers are good people, and when approached in a gentlemanly manner, any gentleman (and these farmers seem to be excellent judges of human nature) will, I am sure, be allowed the privilege of getting into as fine sport as can be found in the country.

The farmers in East Tennessee, as a rule, are plain, conscientious fellows, who, when dealt with honestly, are your friends from sun to sun, and I doubt if in two or three days' hunting any gentleman would be denied the courtesy to enjoy a hunt through any field he might come to. The land is rolling and fields are, as a rule, long and narrow. Late in the season, after the birds have been hunted, they will, as a rule, when flushed, go to the woods, and when once there, you had better have on your "shooting clothes" if you want many birds, for then they are big and strong, and when once up, go like the wind, but it's the greatest sport in the world to catch them as they go darting over the hills and afford shots from all imaginable angles.

I read in a recent number of FOREST AND STREAM that Mr. Hough, of Chicago, refers to what he is pleased to call his "meat dog." Now, I also have one of these "meat dogs," and if that gentleman should ever honor us with the presence of himself and his "meat dog," I and my "meat dog" would like to meet him in the "Sweetwater Valley," where, I am sure, that both Mr. Hough and his dog would quickly realize that they were not following prairie chickens, but on the other hand, the gamest open field bird in the world, and when these birds "get up" it behooves "the man behind the gun" to straightway "get busy."

We must have some heavy frosts to knock down the very rank growth of weeds before the best hunting is to be had, and it is usually Nov. 15 to Dec. 1 before the fields are in really good condition for either the man or the dog.

With another season like that we have had this year, I venture to say that East Tennessee will afford the finest quail shooting to be found in the United States, for every man's land is fully protected for the asking, and the man who has and can make friends, is the man who will be able to satisfy his full ambition in this direction.

SAMUEL B. DOW.

Maine Deer.

BOSTON, Oct. 4.—The Maine deer season is open, but it has rained nearly all the time since October came in; a condition much against hunting. Hence reports of deer taken are yet very meager. The Megantic Club members and guests have not yet taken deer in Maine to any extent, though a few continue to be secured over the Canadian border. At the club house the shooters have seen a great many does, but the prevailing sentiment is against killing them; hence they have generally been allowed to escape. W. S. Richards has the honor of having killed the first bear of the season, by Megantic Club members. His trophy is to come out to Boston. The weather has generally been too stormy for partridge shooting, and only small bags are noted. Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Robinson started for the Megantic Preserve today. Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Pierce go in about the 13th. Dr. Payne, who has been staying at his camp, Big Island Pond, reports the best fishing in years, with many trout of two and three pounds weight.

The continued rain has also been much against the opening of the Massachusetts game bird season, Oct. 1. Nearly all the gunners have put off trying the shooting till better weather. Friday was fair at last, and some of the gunners were out. One hunted the woods of Reading, starting five partridges and securing one. He pronounces the birds very wild.

A later report from Bangor, Maine, says that the first day's record shows three deer shipped, to go through that city; all does. They were shot by J. P. Lawry, of Benton; J. Samuelson and Dr. J. Ackerman, of Boston. Mr. Lawry has been hunting in the neighborhood of Moosehead, and says that the outlook there is very good. Neither Mr. Samuelson nor Dr. Ackerman appeared to identify their game in Bangor, so Warden Blanding was obliged to seize both deer. Before doing this the warden made a careful search through the train, but could not find the men. All sportsmen should remember that they are obliged to appear and identify their game at Bangor before it can proceed. Failure to do this will result in the confiscation of all unclaimed deer and moose by the State. One deer was brought into Bangor by team, Oct. 2, the second day of the open season.

Evidently the game laws are being enforced in Arlington and Belmont, Mass., this fall. Monday a man was fined $10 in the Cambridge district court for shooting a squirrel in Arlington. Friday Peter Cosseta, of Boston, was locked up in Station 1, Cambridge, on the charge of shooting a robin in Belmont. Cosseta was bailed and will be arraigned later. It is a notorious fact that a great many song birds are shot, especially robins, by gunners who go out of Boston, and return with bags of what they pretend are "snipe," "peep" and "reed birds." Some of the farmers and residents of outlying towns are very indignant, and have called upon the officers to enforce the law.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Jones, of Boston, their son, and Mrs. Jones' father, Alvin Jones, are on a hunting trip to Carthage, Me., where they were to camp. But the weather has been against them; raining almost every day since their departure.

BOSTON, Oct. 6.—The Maine hunting season is on, and nobody has been shot yet, so far as reports are received. It is to be hoped that the chapter of shooting accidents will be greatly lessened this year. Writers, who evidently know as little about hunting as may be, are full of suggestions. One would have a hunting suit with checks of black and white not less than a foot square. Another would avoid red, as that is the color of the maple leaves. I would avoid whisky in the stomach of the other fellow. About all the trouble comes from firing at the first motion in the woods. It matters little what the hunter may have on. No man in his right mind would shoot at another man when seen with such distinctness as to distinguish even the smallest part of his dress or form. If novices would always remember that it is almsot impossible to shoot game unless it is distinctly seen, and that if one waits for a couple of seconds or more, the game is almost sure to show itself plainly, they would not only secure more game, but avoid the terrible sorrow of having shot a fellow hunter.

Up to Saturday, fifty-one deer had passed through Bangor, a larger number than for the same days the first three seasons a year ago, when twenty-eight deer were noted. Still, it is estimated that there are a greater number of sportsmen in the woods than a year ago, with the great rush yet to come. A feature this year is the marked number of women hunters. Of the above fifty-one deer, four were taken through by women. Among the lucky Boston hunters were Ogden Brewer, Alice K. Brewer. W. F. Smith, E. Binghurst, J. S. Mundy, Dr. G. E. Whitehill and Mrs. J. Sawtelle. The first deer reached Kineo, Moosehead, on the morning of the opening day. Three were taken by Mrs. Henry S. Durand and Master Durand, of New York. Three other deer were shot during the forenoon by guides. Mr. A. Roderick, of Farmington, is believed to have killed the first deer of the season in the Rangeley region. He secured his prize at the foot of Sluice Hill, on the Phillips & Rangeley Railroad, on the morning of Oct. 1.

Reports concerning partridge shooting in Maine are conflicting. In some sections in Franklin county they are reported to be fairly plenty, though the cold rains of the nesting seasons are believed to have destroyed the chicks. Woodcock shooting is reported to be good in the vicinity of Farmington and above. In the towns of Weld, Carthage and Dixfield a good many partridges are being secured, with some good woodcock shooting. Bird shooting is still unsatisfactory in Massachusetts, although better weather is expected to improve it somewhat. Hunters are having some luck in northern New Hampshire on birds, but partridges are scarce. Big game in the northern counties is said to be in greater abundance than ever before.

Coon hunting is in order with the hunters of Lewiston and Auburn. They go out of nights with torches and dogs, returning at daylight, often with several good specimens. The vicinity of sweet-corn fields and orchards, near the woods, are good points to hunt. One 'coon hunter in one of those cities does not care to associate the hunting of 'coons with molasses, although the boys insist that one has something to do with the other. About ready for a hunt the other evening, he went into the back room of his store for his gun and ammunition. The dog, a good one on 'coons, was greatly delighted. He scooted about that back room in the dim twilight in great glee. His master called him and locked the door. Returning next morning, he unlocked the door to put away his gun, and hang up his 'coon till he had time to skin him. Behold the sweetness! The whole floor was covered with molasses to the depth of an inch or more. The tired dog jumped in, but was out again in a moment, with all four feet stuck with molasses. The mystery suddenly solved itself. The dog, in his gambols of the night before, had completely turned the spigot of a barrel of molasses, and it has been running all night. Say "'coons" to that dog now, and he will run to the door of the back room where the gun and molasses are kept, pause, whine, then lap all four feet.

SPECIAL.

A Memory of Barnegat.

ON Tuesday afternoon, March 4, I went to Barnegat, N. J., on a wild goose shoot. That evening I started out (after having arrived by the C. R. R. of N. J.) to get a guide, and going to the village grocery, which is used as a sort of country club room at night, found the man I wanted. He was a grizzled old gentleman, and he stood his sixty-six years much better than we city boys do our forty-five. I retired at 7:30 P. M. ,and after sleeping, I think, five minutes (though the clock said 3 A. M.), the banging at the door aroused me and I hopped out of bed and then to a most delicious breakfast of bacon and eggs, with fried oysters and coffee. Everything seemed to reach the spot where it would do the most good. The guide came in just then with the cheering information that it was snowing, with some sleet, but would probably clear up with daylight. My host also ventured the information that whenever the weather was too bad to keep a dog out of doors, then the ducks and geese flew low and the shooting would be better.

My guide and I started out on our two-mile journey to the bay, where we had to kick the snow and ice off of the cover of the sneak boxes, so we could get under way for our five-mile sail down the bay to the shooting grounds. By this time it had turned to a drizzle, with some snow and lots of sleet. I now commenced to freeze from my toes up. After an hour and a half's sail, both wet, uncomfortable and partly frozen, we arrived at our shooting ground, a marsh island called Sunken Sage. Here the guide got out his spade and commenced digging a small bay so the boats would rest easy. While he was putting out the decoys, both goose and duck, I was covering my

oat with sea weed, and mighty cold work I found it.
When this task was finished it commenced to lighten up bit, so we lay stretched out full length in our boats (sneak boxes), waiting for the first flight. This happened a half hour later. The guide was industriously calling all this time, and as the ducks were passing they noticed the decoys, and wheeling, prepared to descend, whereupon I arose and banged at them. Mine was a clean miss, though the guide got his. They, the flock, were out of sight in five seconds. About the quickest get-up-and-get I ever saw.

The guide poled out and got his bird and I stamped up and down the meadow to restore circulation. It was cold, freezing work lying down in the boat, and I did not come down prepared for such weather. Again lying down, a solitary broadbill came along, hesitated and I had him.

Again we went down just as a flock of teal came over from our back and stopped to descend, when bang, bang, four more joined our party. Then a solitary redhead came flying overhead and hesitated, but I made a sure thing of him, as he came down without a tremor.

While the guide was out getting the ducks, he came in hurriedly, and yelling to me to get down, I did so, though not knowing what was up. Then my guide commenced to honk, honk, honk, and by peeping from the corner of my eye I saw a flock of geese, about ten of them, coming toward our decoys. They were on the point of wheeling when I got excited, jumped up and filled him with No. 4 shot, whereupon he came down with wings outstretched, looking as large as an ostrich. I was trembling with both cold and excitement, and I had forgotten for the time I was half frozen. The guide gave me the devil, and said if I had not jumped up so quickly we would have had the entire flock alighting and would have got four of them anyway. I apologized and very humbly promised to obey orders, and again stretched ourselves out, waiting for more. Later we got an occasional shot at ducks, our day's shooting representing one goose and nine pair of ducks, not counting the jackass in the boat. We passed two gentlemen, Johnson and Henriques, of Philadelphia, a little further up, and after reaching the hotel at Harvey Cedars, and thawing out, they came in. Each had a guide, and a live goose decoy. I, while watching them, saw their guide come to the hotel and get a wheelbarrow and take out to the pier, whereupon I saw one goose thrown in, then two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, and then I almost fainted. After coming around I went to the porch, and their shoot was nine geese and twenty-six ducks, all hanging head down, wings outstretched, and the prettiest sight I ever saw; my poor one goose hanging a short distance away with the eighteen ducks making a poor showing. There was one flock of geese which flew up and down the bay with a thousand in it. We also had a flock of several hundred brant around us all day, but too far away to get a shot. In the afternoon a flock of swan alighted a half-mile away and sported around for an hour, but there was no way to get to them. They were the prettiest things I ever saw. Some one had been trying to sneak up to them, changed away, whereupon they arose and looked like so many patches of snow flying away. The next morning I got one more goose and three pair of ducks, and having taken a chill from the exposure, I came back to New York and went to bed for a nice week's rest, and to recover from the strenuous life. But I shall try it again this winter, and next spring, but will take the proper garments.

MAGNUM OPUS.

How Long Will It Last?

Editor Forest and Stream:

Shooting being no longer permitted in and about the streets of Saint Louis and on this military reservation, one of necessity turns his attention to other matters and devotes some time to reflection, that, under other circumstances, might have been spent in action. Having thus no longer deeds to recount, I must ask your indulgence a few moments while I give you a sample of my thoughts; possibly others of your readers may have similar ones. The present coal famine, of which we hear so much, brings constantly to my mind the vision of that coal famine, possibly yet to be, which no arbitration can obviate and no legal process remove; the famine that may arise, not from any disagreement between master and man, but because the coal itself is exhausted. We are catching now a few fleeting glimpses of what may some day be ever present, probably not in this or the next generation, possibly not for several generations. I have no date wherewith to determine the period required to exhaust at the present rate the entire coal supply, nor am I aware that such date is even in existence; but no one familiar with the current theory of the origin of coal can view the present enormous draught upon these deposits and yet consider them inexhaustible. The arguments leading to such a conclusion are few and simple: Coal is nowhere being deposited to-day, or, if such deposit may be claimed in the peat bogs, it is taking place at a rate practically negligible in comparison with the consumption; the coal deposits, though vast, are still of limited extent; constant diminution without increase must eventually exhaust any limited quantity. Taking it all around, the present generation in the United States reminds one of a young spendthrift just come into a fine property, accumulated by the thrift and carefulness of many ancestors. He thinks he is something out of the ordinary and intends showing others how things should be done. In the society of flatterers, speculators and gamblers he soon parts with his ready money and bank stock. He then sells the timber off his land. After that is spent he sells his live stock. Having thus deprived himself of the means for the proper tillage of his soil, he then sells the hay crop from his meadows until they are no longer productive. He next mortgages his property, and the last scene in the final act is the auctioneer's hammer at the public vendue.

The people of the United States during the past thirty or forty years, under one pretext or another, such as the development of the country's resources, the duties of an advanced civilization, etc., have, speaking broadly, cut off and disposed of all their timber, diminished their water sources, swept their wild game from off the face of the earth, polluted their streams so that nothing can live in them, and are now consuming with an extravagance amounting in many cases to a prodigal waste, their stock of coal, regardless of those who are to follow them. To be sure, there is something to show for all this; there are monuments—principally large towns and cities—indicating the grandeur of the country and the refinement of the age; a considerable number have become fabulously wealthy; and the country itself may be regarded as exciting the envy, or, at least, the admiration, of foreign nations; but, after all, are the people in general any happier, more comfortable, or more content than they were years ago before the country was sought after by monarchs or refinement had become a burden? If we are to believe our beloved writers of FOREST AND STREAM, Rowland E. Robinson, The Parson, Fred Mather, and I know not how many others, I cannot think that we are. As some writer has well said, we may have the improved apparatus, but alas, they had the game. Ours is the technical, the artificial, the make-believe; theirs the genuine, the real. The whole fault in our history I believe to have been due to a lack of wisdom. I am not of those who believe that any one does wrong or commits error for itself alone, but rather because, through ignorance, he fails to appreciate the eventual results of his present act. I cannot think that in cutting off all the timber, destroying or permitting the destruction of fish and game, or in the prodigal consumption of the treasures of the coal deposits, this generation is actuated by a desire to do posterity an injury, but rather hold to the opinion that the majority of them knew no better. It is true that we now boast a great deal of our schools and our educational system, yet I fear that, aside from the relatively few who read FOREST AND STREAM, the mass of the people are learning new and more rapid methods of destruction rather than improved methods of preservation of our country's real resources, and that in the end it will require the services of that stern old teacher, Experience, to finally inculcate true wisdom in the minds of the American people.

WM. F. FLYNN.

JEFFERSON BARRACKS, Mo., Oct. 3.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

A Rainy Day in Camp.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 4.—In the theatrical profession, when things are not going as they should, one says there is a "frost." Indeed, in general circles, as well, the significant expression is used, and when one says there has been a "frost," there is a general understanding that hard luck or hard times is meant. Just why the word "frost" should be used is difficult to be determined from the standpoint of the sportsman, for whom the word calls up only the pleasantest ideas. The frosty mornings of early fall—how can anything be more delightful? Frosty weather in camp is good weather, and frosty days afield are pleasant ones.

The most unpleasant weather which one can experience in camp or in the field is rainy weather. A rainy day in camp or in the field means discomfort, boredom, irritation. Would that we were having frost in Chicago to-day instead of the cold, gloomy, dismal rain which is steadily falling. Nothing will cover the situation of Chicago and the West to-day except to say that it is a rainy day in camp. Things are worse than a frost in a sporting way in this part of the world this fall. Chicago is dull, almost unmitigatedly dull, and so is the Middle West, so far as sporting opportunities are concerned. The trapshooting situation has flattened out here completely. The prairie chicken shooting was a failure. The duck shooting has not as yet amounted to anything. And the quail crop, according to best advices at this time, bids fair to be a poor one. Add to these discouraging signs the gloomy weather, the moist and slippery earth and the disagreeable downpour of rain water, and one could hardly be blamed to-day if he did not feel in hilarious frame of mind regarding sporting matters in the Mississippi Valley.

We need not expect any duck shooting to amount to anything for a couple of weeks yet. The big fall storms have begun in the West, but nothing very severe is reported directly above us, unless the present cold rain may turn into something severe in the north. Ducks are reported as far north as Fox Lake, Wisconsin. These are mostly bluewing teal, which would not indicate that the northern flight of big birds had begun as yet. Some shooting continues on the Tolleston marsh, very little on the Fox Lake Chain, and still less along the Illinois River. We wait for the first cold storm in the north.

As to the jacksnipe, we have not had any light nights for their migration for several days last past, and although this rain ought to bring in a flight, it cannot be expected to be a general one. During the last week a few birds have been picked up, scattered here and there, but there has been no shooting entitled to attention.

Some of our friends think that the wet weather last spring did not hurt the quail in their breeding operations, and indeed believed that wet weather in the spring never does hurt the quail, since they always nest above the levels of the moist ground. In this respect I cannot agree, for I believe that nests of quail very frequently drown out in the spring, or that the young birds are frequently killed out by cold, damp weather. Some of my friends who have a keen interest in game reports from different parts of the country, state that they hear nothing encouraging from Illinois or Indiana thus far, although they admit that the heavy vegetation may have kept the birds out of sight of chance observers along the roads and fields. We had a bad storm early last winter which did not do our quail any good. The most conservative estimate would not extend any great hope in regard to the quail crop for this year. There will be some birds, but by no means so many as we had three years ago. Last year the quail crop in lower Illinois showed a distinct falling off.

Chickens in the West.

A friend recently back from a trip which included parts of South Dakota, Nebraska and Wyoming, states that there are plenty of prairie chickens in South Dakota. He mentions Iroquois and Salem as points where the birds were abundant. It is well enough to keep South Dakota in mind for next season's chicken trip.

Can't Do It.

A gentleman in North Carolina writes me as follows: "Pleas send me address of some kendells. I want to corrospond in regard to a spannll dog."

I regret to state that I cannot act as an unpaid and unthanked dog industry in this country. Once in a while I help a friend to get a dog or get rid of one, but I am not in the "kendell" business. The "kendells" who do not advertise in the FOREST AND STREAM ought not to expect the FOREST AND STREAM staff to go to work for them for fun. I respectfully, but firmly, decline.

A Small World.

This is a shore small world. You hear of friends all over it whom you have met, are going to meet, or have just missed meeting by a fraction. The following letter is from Mr. C. S. Hawkins, of Fall River, Mass.:

"I have been waiting since the first of the year with a great deal of interest for the story of your trip into New Brunswick last December. It is especially interesting to me, for my friend Mr. Borden and myself were up at the headwaters of the Tobique with the Ogilvy boys at the time you were making your trip across country. You had left Plaster Rock the day before we reached there, and we left in the teeth of that snowstorm which caught you up at the forks of the river. I simply want to thank you for the pleasure I am receiving from the account of your trip and the description of the conditions found in that glorious country, and to express my regret that I did not happen to make your acquaintance. We got no moose, but the caribou fairly hindered our progress on the tote roads."

Tips on Deer Hunting.

When you go deer hunting, the best thing you can do is to stay at home. If you feel that you must go, wear a red cap and a red coat. In this way you can lose only a leg or an arm. If several of you can make up a party, the safest thing to do is to stretch out in line about 200 yards apart. Then, as you go forward at about the same pace, let each member of the party whistle at regular intervals, so he can keep track with the man on each side of him. In this way you will be able to keep your line fairly regular and ought to get through each day with the loss of only a few of the party. It gives the deer good warning of your presence, but in deer hunting these days the main thing is not so much to get deer as to secure personal safety.

By the way, as to that hunting in line, it really was done by some Eastern gentlemen who made a hunt in the Rocky Mountains near the Two Medicine country a few years ago. Their guide objected, stating that if they went through the woods so closely together and making so much noise they would not see any game. They replied that they were a little lonesome in the woods and would be much more comfortable if allowed to whistle and keep track of each other in this way. They didn't kill anything, but had a very pleasant time.

Death of M. J. Eich.

Last week it was a painful duty to report the death of Mr. A. M. Hofmann, long prominent in Chicago sportsmen's circles. This week it again becomes one's duty to chronicle the death of a Chicago sportsman. Mr. M. J. Eich, one of our best-known shooters, died on last Thursday in this city. Mr. Eich and Mr. Hofmann were friends and had a very wide circle of friends in this city. Mr. Eich was twice a winner of the capital prize of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, the Board of Trade Diamond Badge, was long known in different sporting clubs in this city, and was prominent in the councils and committee work of the Illinois State Association. A man of singularly quiet and unobtrusive manners, he was universally respected by those who knew him, and his death removes from the ranks of Chicago sportsmen one of the very sort of figures which can ill be spared. Mr. Eich was fifty-two years of age.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

New Hampshire Grouse and Woodcock.

I FIND grouse very scarce in this section this season. On the opening day a neighbor and I hunted all day over some of the best ground I know. We started four broods averaging four birds each, and once in a while a single bird. We killed nine and worked hard to get them. I have never found grouse as wild, and it was very hard to start them a second time. Since the opening day I have been out several times in nearby covers which have not been hunted this season, and I am sure that birds are very few and far between. I find but one young bird in a place, and not another within a quarter of a mile.

Here, in this town, we have miles of good cover, plenty of food and but three bird dogs, owned in the town. Never were birds better protected than during the last two years. Markets closed and no out-of-season shooting, yet the birds do not respond. Perhaps our grouse have become fashionable and no longer believe in rearing large families. There is one thing as to the few birds I have killed so far. I never killed young grouse at this season which were larger or in better condition; never a sign of a woodtick on them.

As for woodcock, some years we find some flight birds and a few locally bred. Both are growing scarcer. Our wood ducks practically disappeared with the wild pigeon.

In a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM woodcock and wood ducks are mentioned as "Two Vanishing Game Birds." Does not the vanishing clause apply to all New England feathered game?

Other sections may have a better showing. What I have said refers to this locality and I have described it just as I find it.

C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H., Oct. 1.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Adventures with Bull and Buck.

Adolph, Minn., Oct. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Duluth News-Tribune of yesterday relates that John Gunn, a Duluth timber cruiser, has just returned from northern St. Louis County, where he had probably the most remarkable experience with a moose on record. He mounted and rode a bull moose at lightning speed for nearly a mile.

"I was working in the vicinity of White Birch Lake, southeast of Tower," said John Gunn, in explaining the incident: "Last week I had the most exciting experience of my career. Moose are pretty thick up that way, and the male animals are very bold and saucy if one happens to get in their way.

"About 11 o'clock in the forenoon of Sept. 23, I was sitting near the camp behind a jackpine writing up my minutes of some land that I had explored. I heard the brush crack several times nearby, but did not look up immediately, supposing that it was Dennis Keegan, my helper, getting ready to prepare dinner. I got up from the ground and turned around, intending to speak to him about something, when to my astonishment there was a huge bull moose right beside me. I thought sure he was on the point of attacking me and quick as thought I grabbed his antlers on the left side of the head with my right hand and threw my right arm over his shoulders so that he could not swing his body around and rush me.

"But the moose was just as much surprised as I, and every bit as frightened. Quick as a flash that mighty head went up and he simply left the ground and seemed to shoot through space like a comet. At least that is the way it seemed to me. I don't know how it happened, but I found myself astride the moose and going through the woods so fast that I could scarcely catch my breath.

"It seemed to me for all the world that I was aboard a runaway locomotive. I was afraid the moose would collide with a tree or something else that would fetch him up short, but the trees just seemed to open up ahead of him as if they were glad to get out of the way. I don't know how far that moose would have carried me, or where, if I had not fallen off. I did not get off very gracefully, but the dismount was a success. The animal came to a fallen tree, which was held up about three feet from the ground by the stump, and then he made a leap that would, as it seemed to me, just as well have carried him over the tree if it had been standing upright. The moose simply shot out from under me and let me fall to the ground. Very happily for me I did not light on any rocks, or hit the log that the moose cleared, and merely sustained a few bruises. I was so excited that my nerves were badly shaken and I could scarcely walk. I met Keegan in hot pursuit. He was approaching the camp at the time I mounted the moose, and had seen my surprising and exciting adventure at the start. I thought he would never quit laughing when I told him how I dismounted."

The Cook County Herald in last week's issue contains a story of how a moose pursued a man in a buggy in that county a short time ago. Andrew Hedstrom was returning from the West Side district and he passed a bull moose near the Mayhew farm. The animal was beside the road. The road turns at right angles near there, going around one side of the farm. Mr. Hedstrom looked back after making the turn and saw the moose vault over the fence and run across the field after him. He whipped up and later saw the moose clear the other fence and get into the road. Mr. Hedstrom stirred his horse to faster speed, when the moose abandoned the pursuit and turned into the wood.

So much for the Press-Tribune stories. Now I will give you my own experience with a large buck deer, which will tend to encourage belief of Mr. Gunn's veracity. It happened two years ago; it all comes back to me, and I marvel at what peril we will put ourselves into, either thoughtlessly or, as Mr. Gunn says or intimates, for self-protection, in his case. It was on the morning the law was out that I shouldered my .32-40, having previously had the displeasure of seeing several fine deer cross my path, as I was wont to travel going to work at 6 in the mornings. But this morning I started a little earlier than usual, so that I could take a birdseye view of some other places where we could later on secure our usual allotted number of deer without much trouble. It had snowed about 1¼ inches the evening before, and so having things about right to suit my fancy, I took my oldest son Claude with me, a lad of 16 summers. We had come to the runway about a mile from home, just at good, fair daylight, but saw no fresh tracks and heard no noise save of the usual cottontail rabbit on his homeward bound after his first trial of snow wet feet. We stood, perhaps, 20 minutes and saw nothing, and as the chilly November air was not exactly congenial to our unused custom yet, the lad said, "Pa, I'll take the rifle and walk slowly home and you can go on to the depot." Being a telegraph operator, I had to answer roll call promptly at 7 A. M. But I was hardly satisfied with the result of our early watch, so I said, "Let's go down the track a little further, as that is on my road, anyhow, and you will then take the gun." I was walking along very slowly, when off to my right by chance, I heard some shell ice that had formed, and being covered with snow sort of fooled the wary deer. It gave a sharp crack, but only once, for deer are very cautious about the racket they make. I stood motionless for three or four minutes, when I got my optics spotted on the buck, about 110 yards down the track, preparing to jump the five-wire fence, so he could cross the track. In an instant he got his peepers on my frame, but stood perfectly still, as they always do until you make any move in such cases. I raised my gun exceptionally quick, saw his neck through the Lyman sights and turned on the necessary pressure to the trigger, and that deer went 20 feet into space, if he went an inch. I sent another bullet after him, where he lit; but shot too high. He then disappeared in the woods. "Well, well, Pa!" says the lad, "And you missed him. But what made him make such an unusual high leap?" We lost no time except the usual formal scrap and blue air getting over and through that five-wire railroad fence; and just where he lit with his first jump we saw blood, and in three or four more jumps plenty of blood. We forgot all about roll call and went after our morning visitor. I was in some way watching for blood in the snow when the lad said, "Pa, there he is again." I raised the gun to shoot, when I saw he was bleeding profusely by spurts. "I guess I'll not cut you up with bullets and spoil the best of your meat," I decided; for he was standing tail toward us and 50 yards ahead. Right here is where I have since been educated not to monkey with a deer until you're sure he is dead. I stood only half a minute and advanced. He stood perfectly quiet till I got within 10 feet of him, when he turned tail end the other way, but staggering. Then I thought surely he was safe. I set my gun down and pulled my knife and walked up closer. He acted as if ready to fall any second. Thinks I, "Old fellow, I'll just give you a push over." He had a very heavy set of horns and with my left hand I took hold quite strong of his antler and tried to push him over. Well, say, here is where I learned a good deal. The buck proposed then to show us tenderfeet a trick of riding through the air without any of Professor Darius's contraptional wings. I hated to let go, of course, and didn't for a long half-minute, until I felt I wanted the "earth," and I came to the conclusion that the dispatcher might be calling me for a train order; and as my antagonist was not headed in the right direction to land me where I could get to the red flag, I let go. I found myself in a heap all covered with hair, and was red enough with blood to flag any old train. The lad came running with the gun and caught up, half out of breath; and to beat all, he said, "Well, Pa, I wanted to tell you to stop for postage stamps, so you could get back, but you didn't give me time."

To cut this short, we followed that buck just 350 yards more and saw him standing 60 yards ahead broadside. I concluded that he had the best of me on the second round and no chances of mine would go on third. I saw him one better again, through the Lyman sights. There was a sharp crack, another big jump, and we had the pleasure of calling the buck ours. We dressed the game, left him to cool, and got to office thirty minutes late for roll call. A letter came from the chief dispatcher as to why, etc., but my usual prompt department cut me out of necessary hookey reply, and saved my job.

Last, but by no means least, my son's mother, the best woman I ever knew, said that that deer must have been the one Noah had in the ark, or else it had practiced jumping that five-wire fence so long that it was as tough and elastic as whalebone. It dressed 217 pounds. I have killed many a deer since and but few before; but am more careful of the close company I keep with them until I get them into the frying-pan.

J. W. Russell.

From Currituck.

Currituck, N. C., Sept. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have had some excellent bay bird shooting during the past ten days, principally large yellowlegs, with a sprinkling of golden plover. I heard of one bag of 160 of the former to one gun. English snipe have just begun to drop in during the past day or two.

Teal, pintails and widgeon are not so abundant as usual at this time. A few came very early, but the numbers do not seem to increase. A flock of five Canada geese came over my house on Sept. 10, which is sooner than I ever remember to have seen them before. About 200 to 300 ruddy ducks remained at Currituck all summer. I never knew them to do this before, but I think it was because the market-hunters quit shooting a month sooner than usual last spring.

I think quail are unusually plentiful. It was exceedingly dry during the breeding season, and many of them have raised two broods.

The club men and other sportsmen who visit Currituck will be glad to learn that all kinds of duck food is abundant, and in fine condition, so they may expect keen sport when the season opens Nov. 10.

Gentlemen who have private shooting grounds, but no natural food, will find by using white Indian corn they can keep ducks and geese on their grounds when nothing else will keep them. The corn must be soaked until it swells. This is especially desirable for canvasbacks, redheads and blackheads; but is also good for black ducks, mallards, pintails and widgeon. I write from experience and have been abundantly rewarded in every case where I have tried it. Black, black-eyed and brown peas are also excellent food, but white corn attracts attention more quickly, being about the size of the roots of wild celery seed, of which all ducks are fond. More Anon.

The Hyposcope.

A recently devised instrument, for aiming a rifle without exposing to view any part of the person of the shooter, possesses a certain interest for all riflemen. Such a device is useful chiefly in war, because by it the soldier can fire at the enemy without danger of being hit himself. Its use to big-game hunters is very doubtful. Yet circumstances may be imagined where such a device—either as an attachment for the rifle or as an instrument for observing country without alarming any game that might be in the neighborhood—might profitably be employed.

The implement in question is called the hyposcope. It is a combination of mirrors by which the observer, while still perfectly concealed, may look over the cover behind which he rests, and sight his rifle.

Apparatus acting by means of mirrors has been used for heavy guns by a number of nations, but Mr. Wm. Loulten is the first who has devised an attachment, which can be adapted to any rifle, by which the act of aiming may be performed from a point considerably below the trigger guard.

Four mirrors are employed, and the sights of the rifles are seen and may be used just about as well with the instrument as under ordinary circumstances. In another form of hyposcope only two mirrors are used. The British National Rifle Association, at its meet at Bisley this year, offered prizes for shooting at a 200-yard range, using the hyposcope in sighting. The bullseye was seven inches and each man shooting was allowed seven shots; 35 points was the highest possible score, and the average for the thirteen men competing, was 32.15. The instruments used are said to be strong and not likely to get out of order. It is probable that we shall hear more of this device in the future.

Wisconsin Game.

Green Bay, Wis., Oct. 3.—Thought I would give you a little news to go with your Western notes. Redhead ducks have come from the north, and also the smaller bluebills, with a few widgeon and larger bluebills. One market-shooter brought in thirty-one redheads and bluebills yesterday. The weather is getting cool, with frosty nights, and we should get a great many birds within the next twenty days.

Snipe are not here for some unaccountable reason. There have been quite a few prairie chicken in this section this season, and reports of a large crop of ruffed grouse are also vouched for. A. G. H.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in Forest and Stream.

Fish and Fishing.

Salmon and Ouananiche in Labrador.

Mr. W. F. McCormick, of Biscayne Bay, Florida, has returned here from a visit to the far north of the Newfoundland Labrador, in the course of which he proceeded some distance further north than Nain, which is the usual northern terminus of passenger steamship travel. Some of the photographs which he brought back with him were obtained by sunlight exposure at midnight. During his travels he fell in with General Richard Dashwood and several other well-known sportsmen. He corroborates all that General Dashwood has said relative to the wholesale destruction of fish by cod traps, declaring that they will destroy anything from a capelin to a whale. He was shown, as a matter of fact, a small whale which had become suffocated after being entangled in one of these traps.

American sportsmen were found to have penetrated to all the far northern waters visited by Mr. McCormick. One of his companions on shipboard was Dr. Hedges, of Charlotteville, Virginia, who landed with him at Nain and fished some of the waters that looked like promising salmon pools. The doctor started in to fish with three flies, which had no sooner touched the water than it and the angler alike were troubled. There was furious lashing of the surface of the pool, and two or three fish at a time up in the air, but the commotion was short-lived, for the strain was more than the tackle could endure, and the ouananiche had broken away, taking the angler's flies with them. These fish are in very great abundance, not only in the waters of the streams round about Nain, but in all of the rivers of far northern Labrador. They seem to be even more plentiful than salmon are in these cold water streams. The doctor tried the single fly on his trout tackle and was rewarded with splendid sport among the ouananiche. Mr. McCormick soon saw that there was no use in casting for salmon upon water where the ouananiche were waiting to seize the fly as soon as it touched the surface, and so moved a short distance up stream. There he was not long in hooking and killing a salmon of nineteen pounds and several grilse. It appears that on this coast the small salmon and ouananiche alike are called grilse by the natives and fishermen, and sometimes the name "slend" is applied to them, which, it will be remembered, is also reported by M. de Puyjalon, to be that applied by the fishermen on the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the white flesh salmon found in some of the rivers of that locality.

Some sixteen miles above Cartwright, on Sandwich Bay, Mr. Duggan, of Philadedlphia, has a summer camp, where he was recently visited by Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Thomas. This party has enjoyed splendid grilse and salmon fishing, their biggest fish of the season having weighed 41 pounds.

Newfoundland Salmon.

After my experience of a few years ago upon some of the Newfoundland salmon rivers, I was naturally astonished at the surprised tone of a recent writer in an English sporting paper, who related some of his own sport in the island, adding that the experience completely disposed of the prevailing supposition that the salmon of Newfoundland would not rise to the fly. This is certainly the very first time that I ever heard of anybody supposing such an utter lack of gameness on the part of Newfoundland salmon. Most sportsmen who have fished upon the island will agree with me that in no waters do the salmon rise more freely to the fly, considering their numbers, than in those of the island colony. Is it not probable, as my good friend, Colonel Haggard, has already suggested, that the writer to whom I have referred, had in his mind an altogether different fish from the *Salmo salar*, or salmon of Newfoundland and Canada, namely the salmon of the Pacific coast? The temperature of the water in the Newfoundland rivers is much lower than that of some of the Canadian salmon streams, and it is not, therefore, to be wondered at that the fish in the former are less shy about taking the fly.

Killing Salmon at Night.

The recent reference in this column to the success of night casting for salmon on the Grand Cascapedia, has brought me a good deal of correspondence. One angling friend directs my attention to the fact that Mr. W. P. Campbell recently claimed to have killed two good fish at midnight on a Scotch river. The strange part of this angler's experience is that he was not fishing with a bright fly, like the silver-gray, or something of that kind as they do late in the evening on the Cascapedia, but with a large black-dose. I can quite understand the claim that the tackle need not be fine for this night fishing, and that the flies must be large to attract the

notice of the fish; but must confess to a little surprise at the story that dark flies are the best for this night fishing in Scottish waers.

Royal Anglers Again.

King Edward has been seeking health and enjoyment, like so many of his humblest subjects, in fishing. Avoiding the excitement and sport of salmon fishing, he has spent some time of late angling for brown trout on Loch Muick, accompanied by the Queen, the Princess Victoria and a party from Balmoral. The Prince of Wales and his sister the Duchess of Fife, on the other hand, have been killing salmon in the Dee.

More Heavy Trout.

During the last days of the trout fishing season, which came to an end in Canada on Sept. 30, some extraordinary catches of speckled brook trout were brought to town. One of these was made in Lac Moise, on the Triton Tract, where the late Mr. A. N. Cheney was so successful a few years ago. Among the fish in one day's catch there of Mr. E. D. Church, of Wall Street, New York, were six fish, one of which weighed 6 pounds, two others 5¾ pounds each, one 4½, one 4¼ and another 3½ pounds. All of these were taken upon the fly. Three of the fish in the following day's catch of Mr. Church weighed respectively 5, 3 and 3 pounds.

From the lakes of the Quebec Piscicultural Association, situated in the county of Rimouski, come reports of fall fishing almost equalling the above record of Mr. Church, and Mr. Sampson, who has just returned from the preserve, tells me that he had the enjoyable experience of killing a double, which weighed nearly 8 pounds.

Kingfishers and Cormorants.

I am constantly hearing complaints of the frightful havoc wrought among the young fish in salmon rivers by kingfishers, despite the measures taken against the winged enemies of the fry. Guardians on their way up and down Canadian salmon rivers, in the performance of their duties, are now usually provided with guns, but seldom get near enough to obtain a shot at these exceedingly clever winged anglers, who seemingly know only too well how to avoid the traps set for them on the tops of poles set into the banks of streams overlooking the holes frequented by the young fish. In Tasmania the cormorants are among the worst of the winged enemies of fish, and there the Government gives a reward or bounty of a shilling a head for their destruction. Last year this bounty was paid upon 450 cormorants. The killing off of these birds in the southern island is chiefly for the protection of the rainbow trout introduced there from the United States, and of the sockeye salmon, introduced from Canada.

What Did He Do With Them?

One of the Quebec newspapers reported a few days before the close of the trout season that a local angler had returned to town with a catch of 800 pounds of trout. There are still, unfortunately, a few people who gloat over stories of this kind. No true sportsman, however, will be able to suppress a feeling of indignation at such wanton destruction. Unfortunately, there is room to doubt how far the law, as it at present stands in this Province, can be applied to cases of this kind. But efforts will be at once made to secure desirable amendments, as well in this as in some other respects.

E. T. D. Chambers.

How I Caught the Liner.

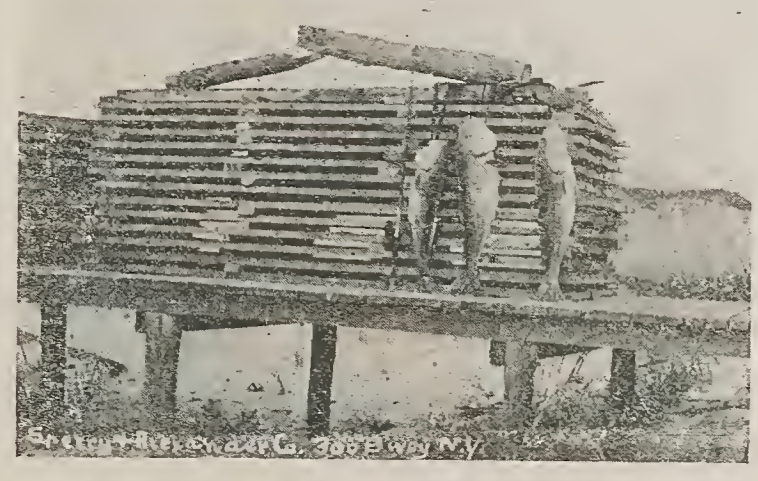
In the early part of the seventies I was engaged in propagation of salmon in the United States; a gentleman who was much interested in the work then being done decided to attempt the introduction of Scotch salmon into American waters. I was selected for this work, and in due course I arrived in Scotland, and on presenting my credentials to the proper authorities I was given permission to obtain what was needed. In due course I obtained all the salmon ova that I required, and then proceeded to get it across the Atlantic. The best line for this purpose was the Anchor Line sailing from Glasgow. In due course I got the boxes containing the ova to Glasgow and placed in the ice houses on the steamship India; this was to sail about 10 A. M., but owing to some repairs to the machinery not being completed, we were told that they would not start until 11 P. M. that night, so during the day I amused myself as best I could. I got acquainted with some people, and as the ship was not to sail until 11 P. M. it was decided to go to the theater; this we did, and the play was very interesting, and 10.30 came very quickly. I said good-by to my new friends and started for the quay to get on board the steamer. When I arrived alongside there was some little commotion; it appears that one of the passengers had fallen into the water between the ship and the quay wall, and was rescued with considerable difficulty.

All the gangways had been taken away, so I prepared to jump; the ship was not more than three feet off, so I could have had no difficulty in doing this, but just as I was about to spring a dock policeman secured me by the arm and stopped me, and I was forced to stand on the quay and see the ship start off without me. I found out that she had to stop at the tail of the bank below Greenock and take on some more cargo. I made instant inquiries about trains for Greenock, but found there was not any at that time of night. But to Greenock I was going to get by some means, so I started to look for a boat in order to row down the river. I soon found one, but the next thing to do was to get on board without attracting attention. It was dark, and an opportunity soon presented itself. I slipped on board, cast off, and in a few minutes I was in the middle of the stream going down the river with oars and tide. Presently I came close to a dock in which was a tug boat engaged in hauling some schooners out. This I got alongside of, and found that she was bound down stream. I slipped on board and gave the boat a shove, sending it adrift. I got in a dark spot, and kept out of the way of the crew until they had made up their number and got well into the stream and on their way down toward Greenock. As there was no one on the bridge but the captain, I climbed up to him and informed him how I was fixed. I found him a gentleman, and he said that he would do all he could to assist me. He said that he was not going to stop at Greenock, but there was a pilot in the next ship who was going on shore there, and that if I went with him very likely I would find some one who would take me off to the liner. So when we got to a favorable place in the river he slacked up and allowed the schooner to come alongside. I jumped into her rigging and scrambled on deck, where I found the captain and the pilot who was bound for Greenock. I explained what I wanted, and found both men good sorts. Toward morning we got near to Greenock, when the captain blew his whistle, and a boat soon came off to take the pilot ashore. We both got into the boat and soon landed at Greenock. Then commenced a search for a boatman. It was by this time about 4 A. M. After some search we found a man asleep on some bales of wool. We woke him up, and he agreed to see what he could do. By this time it was blowing fresh and very dark; we got into the boat and pulled out of the dock into the open. As soon as we got clear of the dock the wind and sea struck us; in a short time we had run about three miles, dodging the ships at anchor as best we could. So far we had seen or heard nothing. We lay to under the lee of a barque and listened as well as we could. All at once we heard a big steamer blowing off steam about a mile off, so we made off in this direction as well as we could and ran up alongside of a large steam lighter that was fast to the liner. There was no means of getting on board the liner by a gangway as all the cargo was got aboard by a whip, so the only thing to do was to get on board the lighter and from there on to the liner. I soon saw that as the lighter rolled her bridge came close to a fender; on to the bridge I got, and as soon as the roll came I jumped and landed on the ribbon that runs round the ship and close to a fender. I did not care then. I was on the liner, although outside. I tried to make some of the crew hear me, but the noise of the steam blowing off and the wind made it impossible for those on board the liner to hear me. Anyway, I felt quite contented. I knew when the lighter had finished discharging her cargo she would cast off, and then it would be quieter and I could make myself heard. But even then I could not draw their attention on the liner, and the rope that I was holding on to was passed through a hole, so that if I climbed up to the top I could not get aboard.

After we started, the stoker commenced to throw the ashes from the stoke-hole overboard. I kept shouting; at last one of them heard me. They showed a light and saw where I was. One of the stokers then leaned over the rail while another held him by the legs. I was then soon hauled on board. After an explanation and a visit to the steward, I turned in. I found all my boxes of salmon ova safe, and in due course landed them in New York; they were hatched out and put in a stream in the State of New Jersey.—W. T. Silk, Pisciculturist, in London Fishing Gazette.

Channel Bass at Harvey Cedars.

New York, Oct. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We all read with much interest the pleasure many sportsmen enjoy in Florida tarpon fishing and in Canada wrestling with big, gamy salmon, but in both instances we realize that that sort of sport costs much time and more money, while right at our doors there are big fish taken that delight the past masters, and wet the entered apprentice, yet we hear little of surf fishing along the Jersey coast where a 50-pound channel bass will take an hour's time from the strike to the gaffing,



CHANNEL BASS AT HARVEY CEDARS.

exercise 600 to 900 feet of line, tax the quality of a $25 rod, and use up all the energy of a $50 reel, and make the average angler feel as though he had done a fair morning's work when the battle is over.

While at Harvey Cedars this week I became greatly interested in this sort of fishing, and through the courtesy of Mr. Lafayette Streeter, of Watertown, N. Y., and Mr. Chas. Atkins, of New York hotel fame, I am enabled to give to the readers of Forest and Stream a bit of data that they should take the time to emulate.

At the south end of Barnegat Bay, by the inlet on the coast, is found the old sportsman's resort, Harvey Cedars, and it is here that these big fish seem to be found in sufficient abundance to entertain many men of affairs until one wonders how long their partners can stand the strain. The writer had the pleasure of meeting, in addition to Messrs. Streeter and Atkins, Capt. Fenimore, of Philadelphia; Mr. Seger, of Asbury Park and "Rod"(ville); Mr. Johnson, from the same dear place; Mr. Wilson, of New York, whose office is in a high building near the Brooklyn Bridge, and Mr. Harvey, of Ocean Grove. Others of their party had left, but left several holes in the sea before going, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kimbacher, of Brooklyn; Mr. C. F. Shucraft, of New York, as well as Mr. Atkins' friend, "The Count," known among his friends as the early riser and late diner.

A record of this party's catch, I am sure, will be surprising to many, but I give it, believing, as I do, that when it is fully known that within eighty miles of New York and seventy-five from Philadelphia, others may want to help the "rod makers" and make the line mills run overtime:

Sept. 21.—Streeter, two, 43 and 22 pounds.
Sept. 22.—Atkins, one, 37 pounds.
Sept. 22.—Seger, two, 16 and 23 pounds.
Sept. 23.—Atkins, one, 15 pounds.
Sept. 23.—Seger, two, 26 and 28 pounds.
Sept. 23.—Streeter, three, 21, 20 and 18 pounds.
Sept. 24.—Atkins, one, 21 pounds.
Sept. 25.—Atkins, one, 36 pounds.
Sept. 26.—Atkins, one, 36 pounds.
Sept. 24.—Fenimore, two, 20 and 15 pounds.
Sept. 26.—Fenimore, one, 21 pounds.
Sept. 24.—Shucraft, one, 35 pounds.
Sept. 25.—Shucraft, two, 18 and 21 pounds.
Sept. 24.—Kimbacher, one, 26 pounds.
Sept. 25.—Kimbacher, one, 20 pounds.
Sept. 24.—Streeter, two, each 43 pounds.
Sept. 25.—Streeter, two, 41 and 40 pounds.

It is to be regretted that the picture taken of seven of these fish could not be published, but the light was not good at the time of the taking, the accompanying one will, however, show "big game" enough to exercise with before breakfast.

It occurred to me to ask Mr. Streeter what they did with these big fish after they had taken them, and I was more than gratified to learn that they have them carefully dressed and sent to charitable institutions of Philadelphia, express prepaid. Nor is this record kept as a "fish jerking" record; it represents much sport and much rest.

T. E. B.

Note.—D. M. White, of Harvey Cedars, will gladly answer any inquiries as to conditions for fishing and duck shooting at all times.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

A New Sort of Angling.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 4.—Here is something which every disappointed muscallunge fisherman ought to read with interest. It is a letter from Mr. P. F. Stone, for many years a prominent sportsman here in Chicago, but for a year or so located at Munising, Mich., in the lumber business. Mr. Stone has evidently kept his sporting eyes open as usual, and his letter in regard to this big lake trout fishing is interesting in the extreme. I only wish that I could take advantage of his kind proposition and make a run up there this month and get a little personal experience in the game. Perhaps others will be able to do this. The letter follows:

"If you will come up here and make me a little visit I will do my best to put you right on some big fishing that was new to me, and I think is new to fishermen generally. During the month of October the big lake trout come in out of the deep water on to shoals of 5 to 10 fathoms and bite at most any bait, from a herring to a spoon. I think the boys would come in good numbers if they knew what was to be had. A year ago, in October, I saw three market-fishermen land between thirty and forty fish, of an average weight of over 20 pounds each. They ranged between 15 and 40 pounds—most of them 20 to 25 pounds. The fish run larger than muscallunge, and are about the same on a hook. The fish mentioned were caught in about four hours. I was fishing at the same time and caught one, a 35-pounder. I fished about an hour when I got him, and then quit. They are just beginning to bite now and the sport will be prime in a few days. My brothers and some of the Oconomowoc crowd will be up to try them soon. I think you could get a new idea if you tried them. I have a bang-up good launch which is at your service and you will find all the other conditions O. K.

"The drawback is windy weather from a northerly direction. The fishing is in the open water of Lake Superior, hence can only take place when the wind is off shore. The way to work it is to leave Chicago when southerly winds are predicted for Upper Michigan. Train leaves Chicago at 8 P. M. (C. & N. W. Ry. copper country train) and reaches Munising at 9 A. M. next day. A change of cars is made at 7 A. M. at Little Lake, Mich. I assure you the fishing is O. K., and will attract many fishers when they find it out. I expect to get from half to a dozen of these big fellows some morning within next ten days."

Tips from an English Angler

I believe I said that my friend, Mr. John D. McLeod, of Milwaukee, made me the present of a little steel butt spear to screw into the end of my fishing rod. He has all of his rods equipped in this way and finds it a great convenience when doing any bank fishing. Perhaps Mr. McLeod or others may be interested in the tip which Mr. Cornwall Simeon, an English writer, gives in what must be an interesting volume, known as "Stray Notes on Fishing and Natural History." I take these extracts from the Fishing Gazette. Mr. Simeon has a rod spear made with something of the bill hook form, pointed but with a recurved hole cut in the side, the jaws of this hole being sharpened to a knife edge. In this way there is a cut-and-thrust spear head made. If you want to cut off a little twig which you cannot reach with your hand, you can drop this hook upon your bough or twig, give a little pull and off goes your tangled fly—let us hope.

Mr. Simeon gives another interesting tip on how to loosen tackle which is hitched up. Take a stone, says he, and fasten it to a piece of stout string, which you should have always with you. Pitch the stone over the offending branch or weed and haul away. This will very often clear your tackle, whether it be caught on some tree above you or out on some obstruction in the water. This same angler tells how to fasten dropper flies to a leader. He does not use the clumsy loops which are found on most of the flies one purchases of

the sporting goods stocks. He uses a method which I myself have long employed, of passing the guide of the dropper fly between the strands of the leader at one of the leader knots. But he gives another useful tip which I have never heard of before, of just leaving enough but projecting at each side of the leader knot to enable one to take hold of it and spread the knot when he wants to. This, supposing one ties his own leaders. Mr. Simeon says he catches hold of this loose end on one side with his teeth and upon the other with his pincers. In this way he can always spread the strands of the leader knot without any difficulty. He has learned, what every angler ought to have learned, the value of a pair of pincers or pliers. These are very handy in many ways, especially so in cutting hooks out of your anatomy when the hooks have gone in over the barb. I need not state that a pair of scissors is something equally desirable in an angling outfit, although Mr. Simeon does not mention these. He does add some remarks in regard to practical fishing which seem to me too good to be left out of the approving knowledge of the FOREST AND STREAM readers. I am afraid my friend, William Wood, would not wholly indorse all that is said about the fly on the surface. Thus:

"My experience leads me to believe that—whether using the fly or spinning—it is, if your tackle is fine, a great mistake to fish too fast. The act of drawing the fly along rapidly imparts to it an unnatural motion, for when did a trout ever see a fly propelling itself rapidly under water? Beside this it must have a tendency to bring the fly to the surface, when it leaves a wake behind it which cannot but frighten the fish. Although small fish will take a fly under such circumstances, as, like kittens, they will run at almost anything which passes rapidly by them, yet it is rarely that a steady old trout can be induced to do so. It is even more essential, when fishing with a 'dry fly,' to leave it almost entirely to its own devices, as it will thus float much longer than it would if interfered with and its movements unnaturally hastened. These observations do not apply with equal force to the bob-fly, which, traversing the surface of the water (as its name implies) with a succession of dips or bobs, might be taken by trout for the natural insect. Steady fishing will, however, be found more successful even with the bob-fly. In casting generally straightness of line is, in my opinion, the first point to be aimed at, and lightness the second. Both, however, are most essential. It should be a rule never to fish with a yard more line than is absolutely necessary." (There spoke a real fisherman, and not a mere tournament caster.)

"In some very fine, clear water," he continues, "trout can be taken with a hair casting-line, when it would be almost useless to fish with one of gut. I found this to be the case on the Wharfe, where the tackle ordinarily used consists of a hair casting-line and five or six diminutive flies also tied on hair, and where I was told it would be lost labor to try gut. I was rather skeptical on the point and tried fine gut, but soon had to resign it in favor of hair, when I found an immediate and striking difference. Where the water is clear, it may, I am persuaded, be often used to great advantage. It is somewhat troublesome to fish with, inasmuch as it requires great care in its use—for if you get hung up slightly and clear yourself without a breakage or apparent mischief, yet perhaps the hair will start at a knot in consequence of the strain and come asunder in a minute or two afterward at the slightest touch. It is, however, astonishing, if the pull be a steady one, how much it will bear."

Bass.

Mr. Fred Peet and two or three friends fished for bigmouths in Scott Lake, Mich., last week, and had very good luck. They killed most of their bass on small spoons, mounted above large and brightly colored flies.

Bass fishing was reported good in the Kankakee River last week, but the information is too vague to entitle it to a great deal of confidence as an actual sporting tip. There ought to be good fishing in the Kankakee for bass as well as pickerel, since the dams have been overflowed this season and the game fish have had a good chance to run up stream.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

MEDAL contests, series 1902, Saturday, contest No. 10, held at Stow Lake, Sept. 27. Wind, west; weather, fair:

	Event No. 1, Distance, Feet.	Event No. 2, Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3. Acc. %	Event No. 3. Del. %	Event No. 3. Net %	Event No. 4, Lure Casting %
C. G. Young	105	91	92	84.2	88.1	..
Dr. W. Brooks	114	92.4	86.4	85	85.8	..
E. A. Mocker	110	93	86.8	79.2	82.11	88.8
H Battu	90	90	85.4	80	82.8	79.1
H Muller	103	93	87	84.2	85.7	..
T. W. Brotherton	123	93	90	82.6	86.5	96.9
T. C. Kierulff	100	86.8	84.4	90.10	87.7	..
H. Skinner	..	86	92.4	79.2	85.9	..
H. C. Golcher	130	92	89	79.2	84.1	..
F. H. Reed	92	87	93.4	99.2	96.3	..

Judges, Kierulff and Muller; referee, Mocker; clerk, Brotherton.

Sunday, contest No. 10, held at Stow Lake Sept. 28. Weather, fair:

J. S. Turner	..	87.7	89	79.2	84.1	..
F. E. Daverkosen	93	86.8	85	76.8	80.10	..
A. M. Blade	83	83.4	86.4	74.2	80.3	..
E. A. Mocker	112	93.8	91.4	83.4	87.4	..
C. R. Kenniff	92	91.8	90	90.10	90.5	94.4
J. B. Kenniff	120	96.4	91	89.2	90.5	96.9
F. H. Reed	98	95	89.4	87.6	88.5	..
C. Huyck	92	..	89	78.4	83.8	..
W. E. Brooks	100	91.4	92.8	85.10	89.3	..
W. D. Mansfield	..	..	94	100	97	93
H. F. Muller	97	88.8	94.4	84.2	89.3	..
T. W. Brotherton	114	93.4	89	92.6	90.9	84.3
E. Everett	100	72.4	93.4	88.4	90.10	..
H. C. Golcher	129	90.4	94.8	80.10	87.9	..
C G. Young	94	95.4	95.4	90	92.8	82.5
T. C. Kierulff	81	91.8	87.4	85	86	..
F. M. Haight	78	91.4	81.4	76.8	79	..
J. P. Tonny	..	90	..	..	..	..
K. Charles	80	87	87	66.8	76.10	..
A. T. Vogelsang	..	..	..	..	..	95.2

Judges, Kierulff and Turner; referee, Brooks; clerk, Brotherton.

Rainbow Trout on the Iron Mountain.

ON Friday, Sept. 19 last, the U. S. Fish Commission, under the direction of Commissioner Burnham, sent out from St. Louis, over the Iron Mountain Route, a carload of 10,000 California rainbow trout to be planted in certain streams along and adjacent to lines of that railway system. Upon the return of the party to St. Louis, Traveling Passenger Agent A. V. Brigham made the following report to General Passenger Agent H. C. Townsend of the trip and the places where the trout were planted: Friday afternoon, Sept. 19, stopping at Big River Bridge (just north of Irondale), 2,500 trout were planted; also stopping at Bismark, where one messenger and 2,500 fish were set out, and carried on to St. Francis River Bridge (between Bismark and Loughborough). At Annapolis the car was cut off from the train, and 500 fish were planted in a creek just northeast of the town, and 2,000 more were carried overland seven miles up in the mountains and planted in headwaters of one of the tributaries of Black River by moonlight at midnight.

Car was moved back to Bismark Saturday morning, and a messenger with 2,500 fish started south for Naylor and Doniphan, planting 500 at the former in Big Black River, and 1,900 in Current River, at Doniphan. Balance of 100 were given to Mr. Adams, a merchant at Oakdale, who planted them in an affluent of Black River running through his farm, just outside of town. The writer accompanied the messengers on all the planting expeditions, except the one at St. Francis River."

The Heron Nuisance.

I OWN a large hunting and fishing preserve (Kildare) in the Adirondacks, and I find a great many heron on the place, which are eating quantities of my trout. I have been stocking the place with trout for a number of years, and I find the heron help me get rid of the same.

Can't you tell me some way in which I can get rid of the heron? I have trapped quantities of kingfishers and hawks, but I have found it impossible to trap the heron.

E.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Oct. 21-24.—New York.—Ladies' Kennel Association of America's show. Miss M. K. Bird, Westbury, L. I., Hon. Sec'y.

Nov. 26-29.—Philadelphia.—Philadelphia Dog Show Association's show. M. A. Viti, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 27.—Paris, Mo.—Missouri Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club), sixth annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.

Oct. 27.—Washington C. O., Ohio.—Monongahela Field Trial Club's field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y.

Oct. 28.—Whitby Island, Wash.—Pacific Northwest Field Trials F. R. Atkins, Sec'y, Seattle, Wash.

Oct. 28.————, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's second annual trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y.

Nov. 3.—Robinson, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. W. R. Green, Sec'y, Marshall, Ill.

Nov. 3.—Thirteenth annual field trials of the National Beagle Club of America. Charles R. Stevenson, Sec'y, 106 Market street, Camden, N. J.

Nov. 3.—Lake View, Mich.—Michigan Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fifth annual trials. C. D. Stuart, Sec'y, Benton Harbor, Mich.

Nov. 4.—Washington C. H., Ohio.—Ohio Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fifth annual trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.

Nov. 6.—Eastport, L. I.—Pointer Club of America's (member of the American Championship Club) second annual trials. R. E. Westlake, Sec'y, Scranton, Pa.

Nov. 7-8.—Robinson, Ill.—Western Irish Setter Club's inaugural trials. T. L. Fenn, Secy.

Nov. 10.—Bicknell, Ind.—Independent Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 11.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trial Club's trials. F. W. Smith, Sec'y, New Haven.

Nov. 10.—Ruthven, Ont.—North American Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. Richard Bangham, Sec'y, Windsor, Ont.

Nov. 11.—St. Joachim, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's fourteenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.

Nov. 17.—Glasgow, Ky.—Third annual trials of the Kentucky Field Trial Club. S. B. Hays, Sec'y.

Nov. 18.—Branchton, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's seventh annual trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y.

Canine Elegies and Epitaphs.

XXIV.—Fannie.

(In Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y.)

FANNIE.
Died Dec. 10, 1881.

Only a dog, do you say, Sir Critic?
Only a dog, but as truth I prize
The truest love I have won in living
Lay in the depths of her limpid eyes.
Frost of winter, nor heat of summer
Could make her fail if my footsteps led;
And memory holds in its treasure casket,
The name of my darling who lieth dead.

National Beagle Club.

For the information of those who intend to attend the thirteenth annual field trials of the National Beagle Club of America, which will commence on Nov. 3 next, the club desires to state that the trials will be held on the Westbury grounds, Long Island, and that the headquarters of the club will be Johren's Hotel, Mineola, L. I.

Mineola is on the line of the Long Island Railroad about one hour's ride from New York city, and is reached from the Thirty-fourth Street Ferry, New York city. The train service is convenient and there are frequent trains between Mineola and the Thirty-fourth Street Ferry.

All those who intend to attend the trials should communicate with George F. Reed, Committee on Arrangements, Barton, Vt., in order that hotel accommodations may be arranged for them.

CHAS. R. STEVENSON, Secretary.

Yachting.

For Cruising Yachtsmen.

WITH the purpose of stimulating the interest in cruising, and the keeping of a detailed log by cruising yachtsmen during the season of 1902, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer prizes for the best stories of cruises submitted to be published in FOREST AND STREAM. It is believed that these will form not only entertaining records of pleasant summer days spent afloat along our coasts and waterways, but will furnish information of practical value to other yachtsmen making subsequent cruises on the same waters.

Prizes will be awarded to the three best stories as follows:

First prize, $50.00.
Second prize, $30.00.
Third prize, $20.00.

Contributions are invited under the following conditions:

1. The cruise must be made in waters of the United States or Canada in the season of 1902.

2. The cruise must be made in a sailing yacht, power to be used only as an auxiliary, if at all.

3. The story must be prefaced by a description of the boat. Cruises should be treated in as interesting and readable a way as possible, but should be practical and contain all possible information and data that would be of value to men going over the same route. A description of the handling of the ship in all weathers will be regarded very favorably in making awards, and it is suggested to writers that an accurate account be kept of all incidents happening while under way.

4. An outline chart suitable for reproduction, showing the course taken, must accompany each article. When possible, articles should be accompanied by amateur photographs taken on the cruise, including one of the boat. Good photographs will be considered in making the awards.

5. The story should contain about seven thousand words, written on one side of the paper only, and must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York city, on or before Nov. 15, 1902.

Mr. T. C. Zerega has very kindly consented to act as judge and to make the awards.

Seventeen Days' Cruise on Long Island Sound.

BY THE CREW, THE SKIPPER AND THE OWNER.

BELIEVING it foolish to ignore the lessons learned from Mother Experience, and it being "moot" to set down as matters of record and observation those incidents which would be likely to prove of interest to others, one of three who cruised for eighteen days on the beloved waters of Long Island Sound last summer, has jotted down this somewhat amplified log in the hope of interesting his fellow Corinthians.

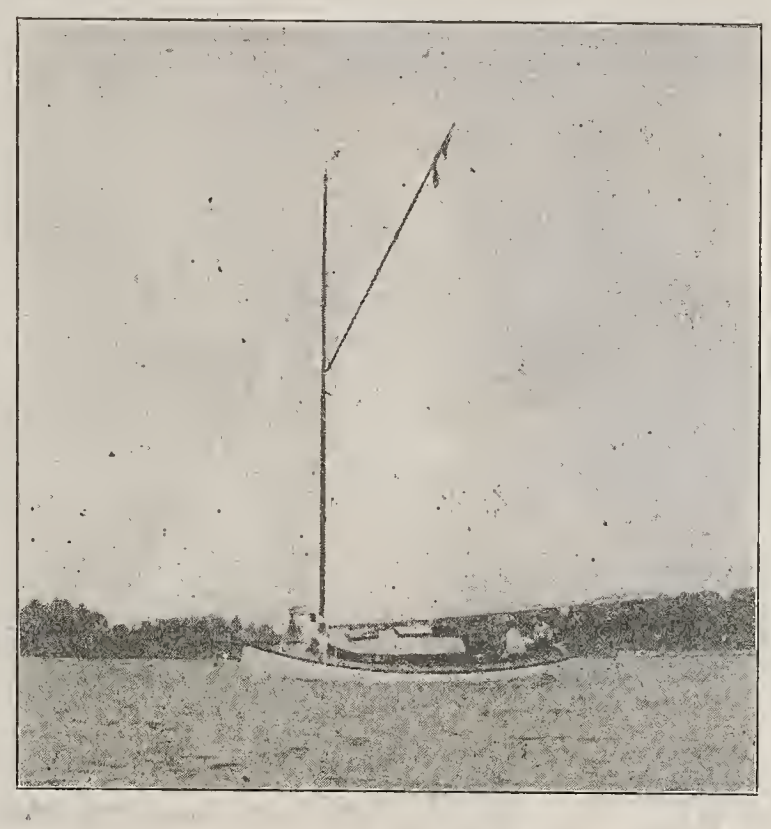
First, the boat! The Innocent is a keel boat, 27ft. 6in. over all, 21ft. on waterline; draft about 5ft. 6in., all outside ballast, head room, 5ft. 1in. She has a small watertight cockpit, large cabin, plenty of storage room, extension bunks, and is comfortably fitted for cruising. The cut of Medart, which has appeared in FOREST AND STREAM for the past two years, shows how she looked in frame, Mr. Medart having furnished this material to the Skipper, who built her from the design of Mr. Charles Young, of Brooklyn. She had on starting a full complement of stores, 60 gallons of fresh water, according to the Crew, who was supposed to fill the water tanks, and a party of three—the Owner, the Skipper and the Crew. The Crew was also, on occasion—generally about six times a day—Cook, also Bartender. Thus, we virtually had on board that which the Skipper called the "Holy Trinity." This nautical Pooh Bah filled whatever rôle the occasion might call for. At mess he was the Cook; when old Sol was getting in his fine work the Bartender, and when Boreas was putting the Innocent's decks under, the Crew. On Sunday the Owner mildly asked him to read prayers, but the Skipper deferred. He was afraid that the Crew's religious training was hardly orthodox. Indeed the Crew himself informed the Skipper "he was no bloomin' sky pilot." The Crew had been through the Spanish-American War, and was as rich in anecdote as a vivid imagination and actual experience could make him. The Skipper and Owner—well, their peculiarities are to some extent set down in this log.

On Saturday, July 27, at 11 o'clock, after various trips in a new dinghy which showed a decided disinclination to accommodate the Owner's 180 pounds comfortably in the stern sheets, with the water a scant two inches from the top streak aft, carrying dress suit cases, bags, pillows, the Owner's easy chair (an "indispensable" to him after dinner), the few belongings of the Skipper; canned goods, boxes of beer, soda, ginger ale, etc., etc., we hoisted sail. The day was warm and sultry, with the faintest breath of air from the south. Slowly we drifted with the ebb tide from our moorings off the Harlem Y. C., City Island, not a very auspicious start from the Skipper's standpoint, as we had decided to try for Port Jefferson that evening. For two long, warm hours there was "nothin' doin'" in the way of a breeze, and we slowly boxed around the compass, gradually drifting out to the red tower of Stepping Stones. It was here we noticed that the Crew was very intimate with the Bartender, and that a vigorous onslaught was being made on the Wet Goods' Department. The Crew's invariable formula was to take a drink and then ask the "Bartender" to "have somethin'." However, the Owner and the Skipper had no objection to this providing they were included—and that was the way it was fixed up. By this time the ebb had taken us off the southern end of Hart's Island, and far astern some yachts seemed to be getting a little breeze. Gradually we brought old Execution on our port bow, the breeze still light and fluky. By this time a score or more of working schooners bound eastward, with here and there

a yacht whose gleaming topsides and dazzling canvas offered a striking contrast to the weather-worn carriers of trade. Indeed, the Innocent herself, with her enamel topsides, burnished mahogany cabin and new yellow cross-cut sails, looked as dainty a little lady as any one could wish. The Skipper noticed here the coolness and nonchalance of the captains of two schooners, the bowsprit of the one almost across the little after cabin of the other. But there was no excitement or vituperation, such as the Skipper has sometimes noticed among amateurs. The crews of the schooners lay around the deck looking on indifferently; perhaps constant occurrences of a like nature makes one indifferent. While thus communing, the Owner and Skipper had not noticed a dark streak away aft along the surface of the water which meant wind. With a slap and a bang a good 15-knot breeze came out of the southwest. Such a scurrying. It is a pretty good working schooner that can outfoot a smart little boat like the Innocent, and the way we held those big schooners was a caution. The conditions were quite to the Innocent's liking, a strong sailing breeze and a fairly smooth sea. We gradually picked up a Knickerbocker Y. C. sloop about our class, and went by a yawl flying the New Rochelle Y. C. burgee, as though they were anchored. The wind gradually strengthened and our lee rail was buried with the puffs, but as we had decided to give up the idea of Port Jefferson and to make Oyster Bay for the night, we lugged our large sail spread, about 900 sq. ft., trusting to our stick and rigging, which was the best money could buy. The patent log showed we were making about 8 knots, quite nice going for a boat 21 on the waterline; of course, we had wind and tide with us. But we still held all the working schooners. Flattening in sheets a trifle in rounding at Center Island, we stood in toward the Seawanhaka's club house in company with a score or more yachts. The Innocent managed to hold her own with any thing her size, but we had the pleasure of seeing two or three yachts give us a fine view of their transoms. But the wind beginning to lighten and softening out altogether in spots, we soon picked them up again. The Innocent is probably one of the fastest light weather boats for her displacement the Skipper has ever sailed on. When other boats are becalmed she moves along as though she had a "kicker" in her—which remark from the Skipper elicited the retort from the Owner—"She has"—but the Skipper only smiled at the Owner's little joke. The wind held long enough to take us off the town dock, and we dropped the hook in 8ft. of water on the edge of the steamboat channel at 7.30 o'clock. After the Cook had prepared a bountiful and tasty supper, the Owner and the Skipper went ashore and played a few games of pool, in which game the Owner, out of brotherly love for the Skipper, played as badly as he knew how, but the Skipper—well, he would sooner have been picking up the light on Port Jefferson breakwater, and thinking of this, he did not play up to his regular form—the Owner's kindly excuse. We mooched about the village for a while, and growing tired of the Saturday night attractions of Oyster Bay, decided to go aboard and sleep, in time for an early start next morning. On arriving at dock the Crew was not there, and we had to hire a friendly boatman to take us out to the Innocent for the modest ferriage of a quarter. The crew was aboard enjoying his beauty sleep. With a few earnest remarks from the Skipper as to what was required of the Crew and as to the use and abuse of the new dinghy, we turned in, beautifully tired, and as our weary heads touched our pillows, we promised ourselves a fine day on the coming morrow.

Sunday, July 28.—Good breeze from southeast; cloudy, rain promising. The Owner and Crew up at 7, go ashore for fresh meats and ice, leaving the Skipper to enjoy another forty winks. In what seemed an incredibly short space of time the drowsy Skipper heard a 100-pound chunk of ice go scraping over the polished rail and mahogany seats of the cockpit, and he at once knew the Crew was getting in his fine work. Rolling out of his bunk, with all the soothing language he could command, he called the Crew's attention to a much better way of polishing mahogany—with a file, or brogans, or as a match lighter, etc. The Crew seemed doubtful whether he would have to swim for it or not, but on his explaining that it was the Owner who had been juggling with the ice, to paraphrase the song, "What could a poor Skipper do?" Just about this time we discovered that the Vim, a 30ft. sloop, cruising east, had not received her stores. In our hurry to get away, the Owner had "couped" everything in sight, as we had left a large order with the grocer. The Vim also had left an order, and the fool grocer had packed them all together. Owing to a very thorough system of checking our stuff, the Owner was able to restore to the Vim her full consignment of provisions, for which the Cook on board the Vim said, "For what we have received, the Lord make us truly thankful"—and the rest of them said "Amen." After breakfast we turned out, and putting in two reefs in our 700ft. mainsail, we got under way for Port Jefferson. The wind was strong and puffy, and as we lay over to the puffs the Innocent's fin was near the surface of the water. We were doing 6 knots easily. We went by Lloyd's Neck like a steam boat, and feeling it would be a crime to throw away such a breeze, the Skipper proposed running across to New Haven. The Owner consenting, sheets were eased off a trifle, and, whew! we began to boil along. The Skipper's proposals were, it must be confessed, backed up by an argumentative spirit, but this time there was no kick coming, and the Owner piped all hands to grog. It, by the way, was the first time he had "piped" that morning, and we needed it. As we had started with the intention of running into Port Jefferson, we had hugged the Long Island shore. We now lay our course E. by N. ¾ N. The day was certainly a fine one for logging, otherwise it was unpleasant, damp, the wind chill and moist; seas short and vicious. That old bete noir of all yachtsmen, the dinghy, began to give us the usual trouble. Davits are out of the question in a small yacht, and are a source of danger in any but vessels with good freeboard, the Skipper knowing of a case were the deck had been badly wrenched and sprung by a sea which had smashed over the cabin top of a yacht just after receiving a knock down in a squall. After two or three frantic attempts to overtake us, our dinghy managed to drive her fender-lacking nose into our mahogany taffrail, chipping off a piece of the wood, leaving an unsightly scar. Giving all the scope we could she behaved a little better. The Owner made a vow he would investigate the qualities of some folding or sectional dinghy which could be folded up and carried in the cockpit.

We were now racing across the sound with the wind slightly forward of the quarter, and the patent log showed 7 knots. This allowing 1 knot for drift, would take us behind the breakwater in good season, and we thought we would be able to go ashore and stretch our limbs that evening. The gray, oily sky line to the east'ard seemed to be breaking, and aft, massed against the Long Island shore, huge masses of blue-gray clouds were breaking away from the leaden pall that a few minutes ago enwrapped the Long Island hills. On our port bow Stratford Point Light stood out suddenly. The wind had perceptibly lightened, but the seas were still steep, choppy, and seemed to want to come aboard by way of our stern. We evidently were not sailing fast enough for absolute comfort, and as the Skipper did not want a sea to poop him he decided to shake out the reefs in the mainsail. Therefore, wearing ship, the Crew at the mainsheet, Owner at the stick, we lay her up in the wind, when—crack!—away went the gooseneck pin, and the boom slipped 3 or 4 feet forward of the mast. To make matters worse, the halliards had jammed aloft, and we could not take the peak off her. Now, there we were, a mile and a half from Stratford Point, crippled and on a lee shore. The Innocent was jumping about



doing her best to throw us all off, and in one of the jumps her port backstay carried away. The mast now whipped forward and aft with every plunge, and it was plain that to save the stick we must get way on her somehow. The Skipper asked for volunteers to go up the mast and clear the halliards, but the shaking up and excitement had done neither the Crew nor the Owner any good, and the Skipper decided to go up himself. This, however, the Owner insisted he should not do, and with wisdom, for a few minutes after the Owner succeeded in getting the peak down. Then we put on a double tackle to get boom back into place and fit a new pin, but no use. The strain simply bent our traveler. We then desisted. The sea was pitching us about to beat the band, and we decided to try and weather the Point with our jib, and, with the wind slightly forward of the quarter, we managed to do it. Drawing 6ft. of water, the Skipper hesitated about running into the Housatonic with only jib hoisted, and decided to run behind Charles Island. Gradually we brought the Island abeam, and, turning in, left the bell buoy off on our port hand, and, as night settled, dropped the hook in 15ft. of water. After supper—of which the Skipper consumed the most—we turned in and enjoyed a good night's rest, to the lullaby of a summer night's gale, which blew up from the southard, and rocked us—sometimes gently, sometimes not so gently. And thus ended the second day!

July 29.—And the morning of the third day rose fresh and clear, with a wind that promised much. We cleared up ship, had a swim, enjoyed a hearty breakfast, and after enjoying a cigar, repaired the gooseneck—an easy matter with a calm sea and plenty of time. We purposed sailing into New Haven, a short spin only, and we could afford to take our time. On our port beam lay the summer resort of Beach Meadows. The Skipper thought it out himself without communicating his thought to the Owner, and decided that if one were to run into every place of interest, it would take a year instead of twenty days. Consequently, when the Owner suggested that sail be made, no kick was coming. Generally it was really astonishing the difference of opinion that prevailed among the Owner and Skipper. The Skipper insisted on smoking countless cigars in a seaway—the Owner didn't; the Skipper liked black coffee as a stimulant after a hard tussle with wind and sea, the Owner preferred whisky; the Owner wanted to put in a reef, the Skipper didn't, and so on. But the Owner won one well-contested opinion from the Skipper before the trip was over, the desirability of the auxiliary motor. Without doubt, a good motor is a necessity in these times. The old dread of lee shores, making strange harbors in a gale, carrying away spars, Paddy's hurricane, all dispelled with the "ker-chug" from under your cockpit, which space is generally wasted, either transformed into a cramped and leaking ice box or a place that is allowed to become the receptacle of all kinds of trash which should be sent overboard. This is not the Owner's argument, but the Skipper's, and this after twenty years' experience of sailing craft of all descriptions, and a prejudice against smoke and tea kettle boats of any description. The old familiar argument that a man is not a true sailor when he has the "Little Joker" under his lazaretto is all rot—and it is not sincere; five miles from port and the wind up and down the mast. Guests want to catch a train; pleasure party immediately turned into a querulous, impatient never-go-out-again crowd. Tug steams in sight. "Yes, $15; no, make it $10; all right. Give me your tow line," and away you go. Accepting the Robber of the Sea's extortion because you wish to be a real sailor, and will not carry a little power of your own. Fudge!

The breeze was now pretty fresh from the S.E., and seemed to be easting more; but the morning was fair and propitious. As the Owner was after a comfortable spin, the Skipper had no objection to turning in a reef, and we beat over to the fish weirs at Pine Point on the starboard tack. We were quite hilarious this morning, and "Good morning, Carrie," was done with great effect on the f'csle head by the Crew, much to the indignation of a canine on a neighboring schooner, who barked vociferously at this outburst on our part. We made good time of it this morning, and were in Morris Cove in a jiffy. It had been clouding up, the southeasterly breeze bringing rain, and it rained quite some, but comfortably esconced in an easy chair at the Pequot House with his customary cigar, the Skipper looked with equanimity on the rain, the flesh and the devil—which last was the Crew vainly trying to carry a hundred pounds of ice and countless other bundles to the yacht's tender. On ordinary occasions the Skipper would have helped the Crew, but as he had slept an average of thirty-three hours out of the last thirty-six, the Skipper thought a little exercise would do the Crew good. The Owner had gone to town to look up some of his business acquaintances, whom he was going to take out sailing the following day. It was now evening; the Crew had the stores aboard; the rain had stopped; the Owner was back, and his friends were to come and have a little game of draw aboard that evening. Perhaps it was the generally warped condition of the Skipper's credulity, but he was willing to bet that either the trolley system would be out of order, or an earthquake or something would happen, and—but, no, there were the Owner's friends, and the Skipper felt quite relieved that for once his judgment had gone astray. So we all ambled off to the float stage, and the Owner pulled out his whistle, purposely bought for this purpose, and sent a delicately modulated squeak across the waters. It was here that the Skipper did a little swearing himself—under his breath, for, of course, the Crew was taking one of those little naps. Megaphone, cat calls, whistles, all thrown away on the Crew. There was the dinghy floating peacefully behind the Innocent, as far from us as heaven from the Skipper. To make matters worse, there was not a tender in sight; the dockman at the Pequot had gone off for the night, all the oars were locked up—and the Crew slept on. The Owner's guests liked the yacht very much, admired her graceful lines, etc.—they seemed to keep looking at a well-illuminated 200ft. steamer—and then decided that, as they had waited seven hours, and sleep was one of their necessities, they trusted the owner would not be offended if they went home. Home they went. And the Skipper said, "Oh, joy!" This is not the exact language, but it looks and sounds better than the original. And thus we dawdled about for an hour, when a welcome yachtsman off a steam yacht took us aboard in his gig. Remarks to the Crew were rapidly assuming the characteristic of a formula, and it was dawning on the Skipper that some other persuasion than that of argument would soon prove necessary, and talking the matter over, the Owner and Skipper fell asleep.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Stuyvesant Y. C.

PORT MORRIS.

Sunday, Sept. 28.

THE thirteenth annual open regatta of the Stuyvesant Y. C. was sailed on Sunday, Sept. 28, in a puffy southeast wind, with frequent rain squalls.

The course was from a stakeboat anchored off the club house at Port Morris to Gangway buoy for classes A, B and E, and around Stepping Stones Light for the other classes, except class H, which turned at College Point Buoy.

In class H Edna mistook the course, and Sea Gull unfortunately started in the division ahead, which disqualified her.

W. H. Gill, which boat made the best time among the open cats, was not eligible for a prize, as the club had no class for her, she being 6in. longer than the limit allowed in class G.

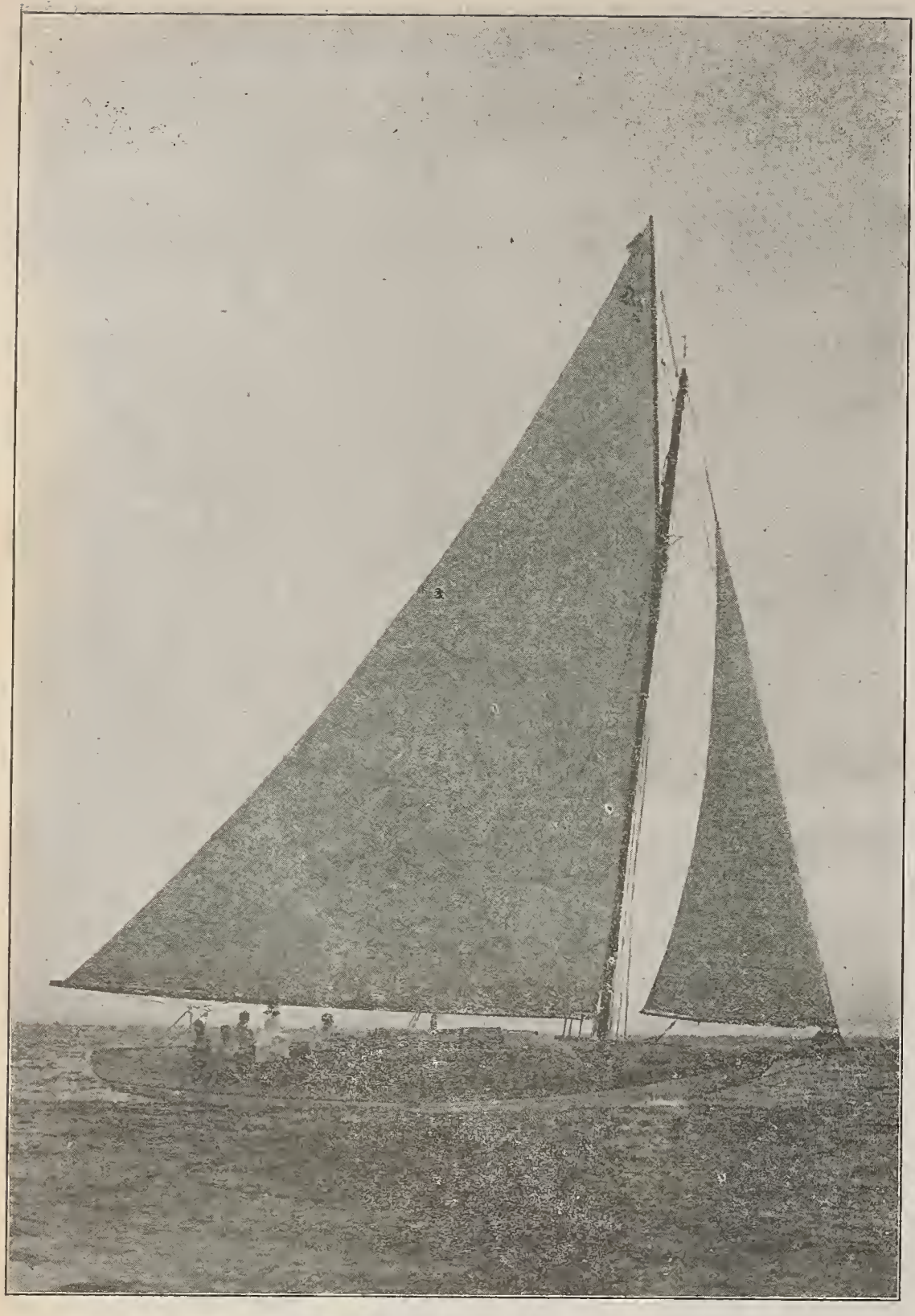
Zetes, the old reliable Stuyvesant flyer, got away over 11m. behind her field on account of delay in the arrival of part of her crew, but picked up her boats in good style, finishing second in her class.

Zaza, which made the fastest time in her class, will sail a match with Pinochle Sunday, Oct. 5.

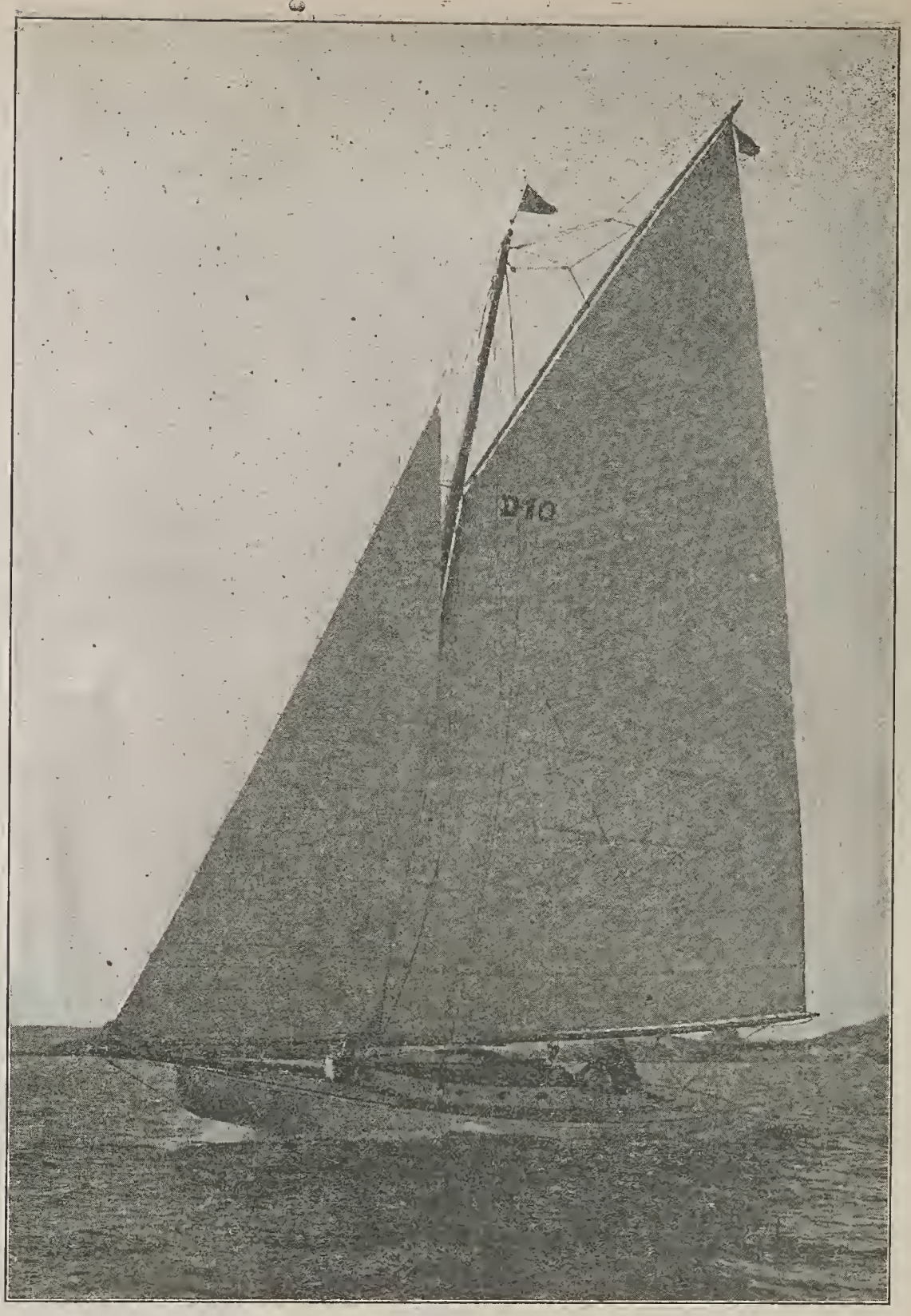
The club will close the most successful season in its career on Saturday, Oct. 25. The summaries follow:

	Finish.
Class A—Cabin Sloops, Cutters and Yawls Over 30ft.—Start, 12:10.	
Yarkee, W. Strong	3 40 06
Mascotte, G. Schultz	Withdrew.
Class B—Cabin Sloops, Etc.—Over 25 and Under 30ft.—Start, 12:10.	
Zaza, E. P. Granberry	3 28 57
Bride, W. Dent	Withdrew.
Aller, R. Nafis	3 43 26
Class C—Cabin Sloops, Etc., Under 25ft.—Start, 12:15.	
Pearl, W. E. Long	3 07 55
Jack Rabbit, M. J. Vehsbedt	3 09 55
Bacchante, G. Wagner	3 17 53
Volunteer, A. Rae	3 22 18
Gertrude, J. H. Curtis	3 37 18
Class D—Open Sloops 20ft. and Over—Start, 12:15.	
Eleanor, J. McGregor	3 15 25
Zetes, C. H. Ten Eyck	3 33 40
Maybe, M. Velsen	3 33 50
Pirate, C. Klug	3 34 20
Class E—Cabin Cats 25ft. and Over—Start, 12:10.	
Whileaway, W. C. Cartwright	3 46 37
Class F—Cabin Cats Under 25ft. and Over 20ft.—Start, 12:15.	
Little Chief, A. Rae	3 38 58
Annie C., J. Custance	Withdrew.
Class G—Open Cats 23ft. and Under—Start, 12:15.	
Ping Pong, V. E. Bauer	3 17 13
Venus, W. Jacoby	3 28 01
Punch, J. Lynch	Withdrew.
W. H. Gill, C. Hagan	3 10 30
Class H—Open Sloops Under 20ft.—Start, 12:20.	
Buzzard, A. Weiss	1 45 30
Edna, C. Burgland	.. ..
Sea Gull, G. Grasselly	.. ..

The winners were Yankee, Zaza, Pearl, Eleanor, Whileaway, Little Chief, Ping Pong and Buzzard.

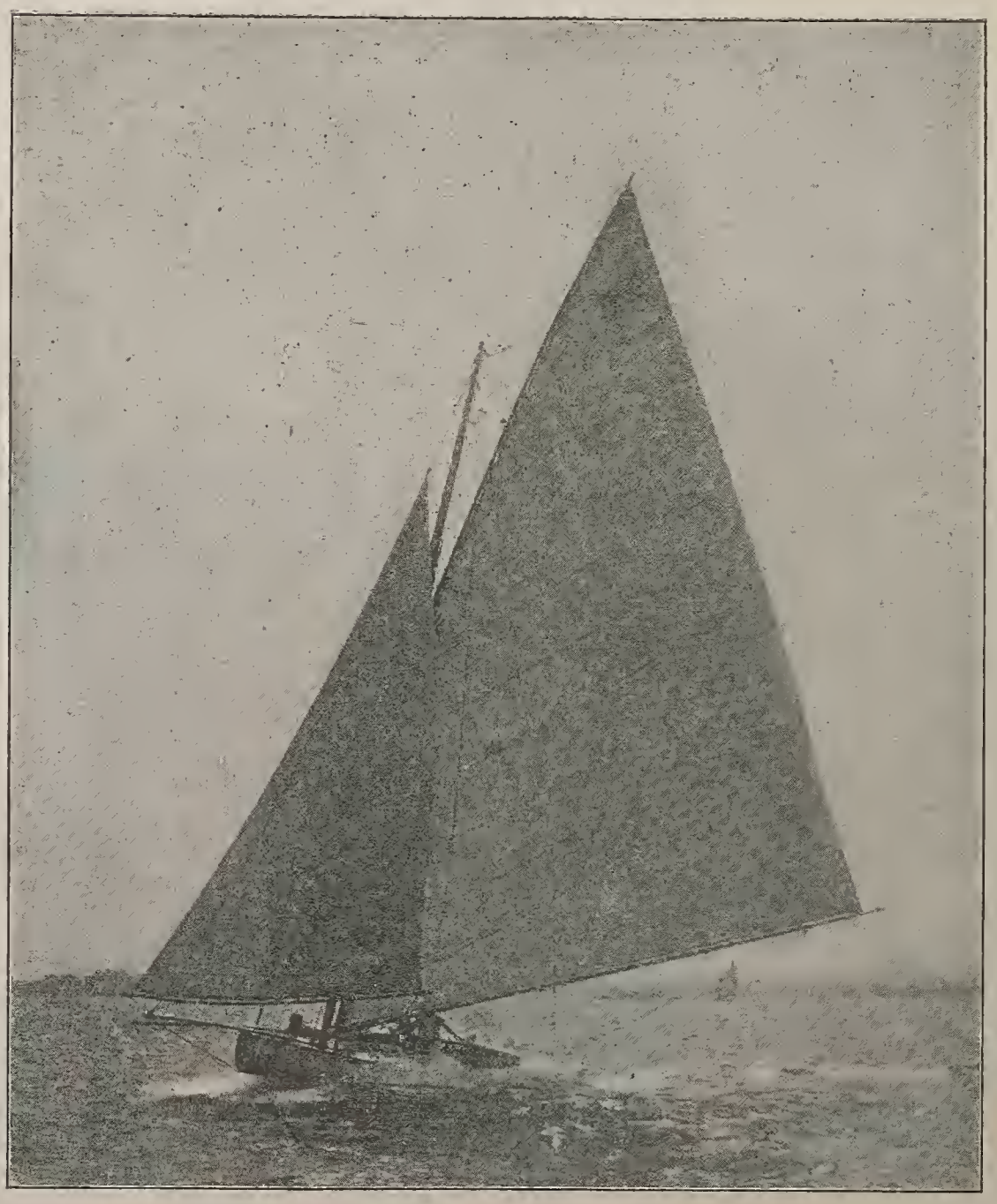


CHEWINK II.—25FT. CABIN CLASS.
Photo by N. L. Stebbins, Boston.



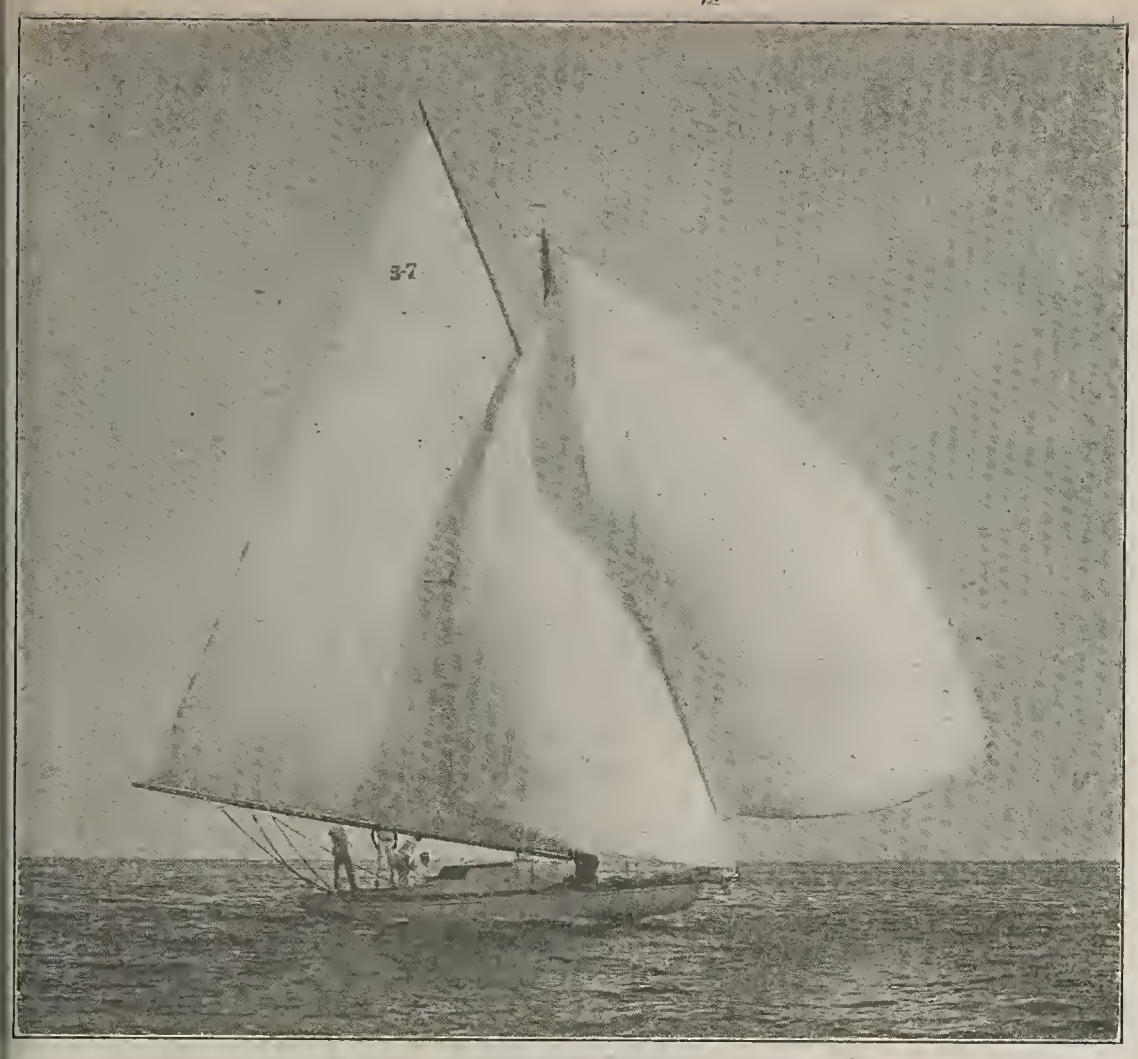
CALYPSO—CHAMPION 25FT. CABIN CLASS.
Photo by Willard B. Jackson, Marblehead.

TUNIPOO—CHAMPION 21FT. KNOCKABOUT CLASS.
Photo by N. L. Stebbins, Boston.

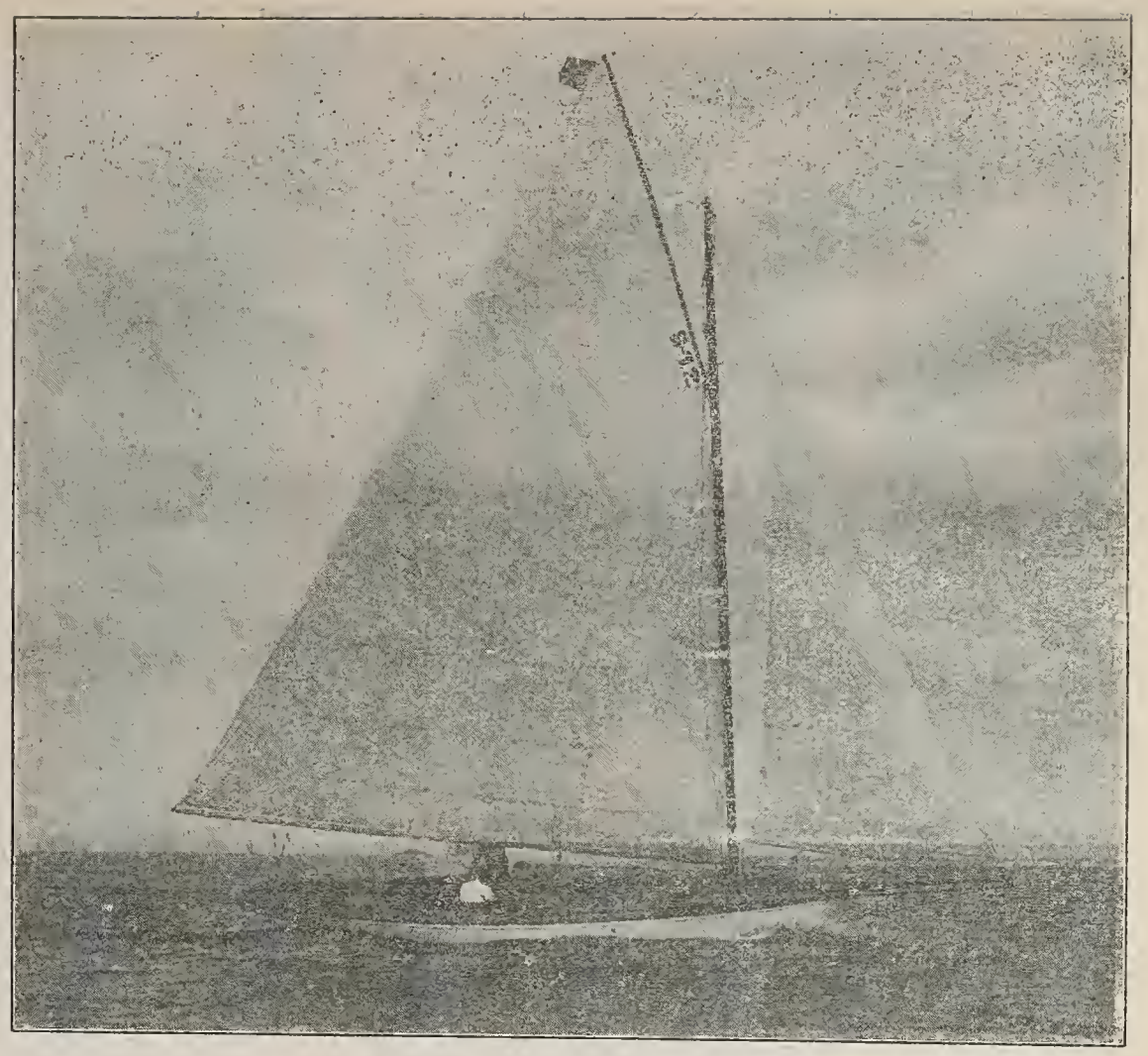


LOBSTER—CHAMPION 18FT. CLASS.
Photo by Willard B. Jackson, Marblehead.

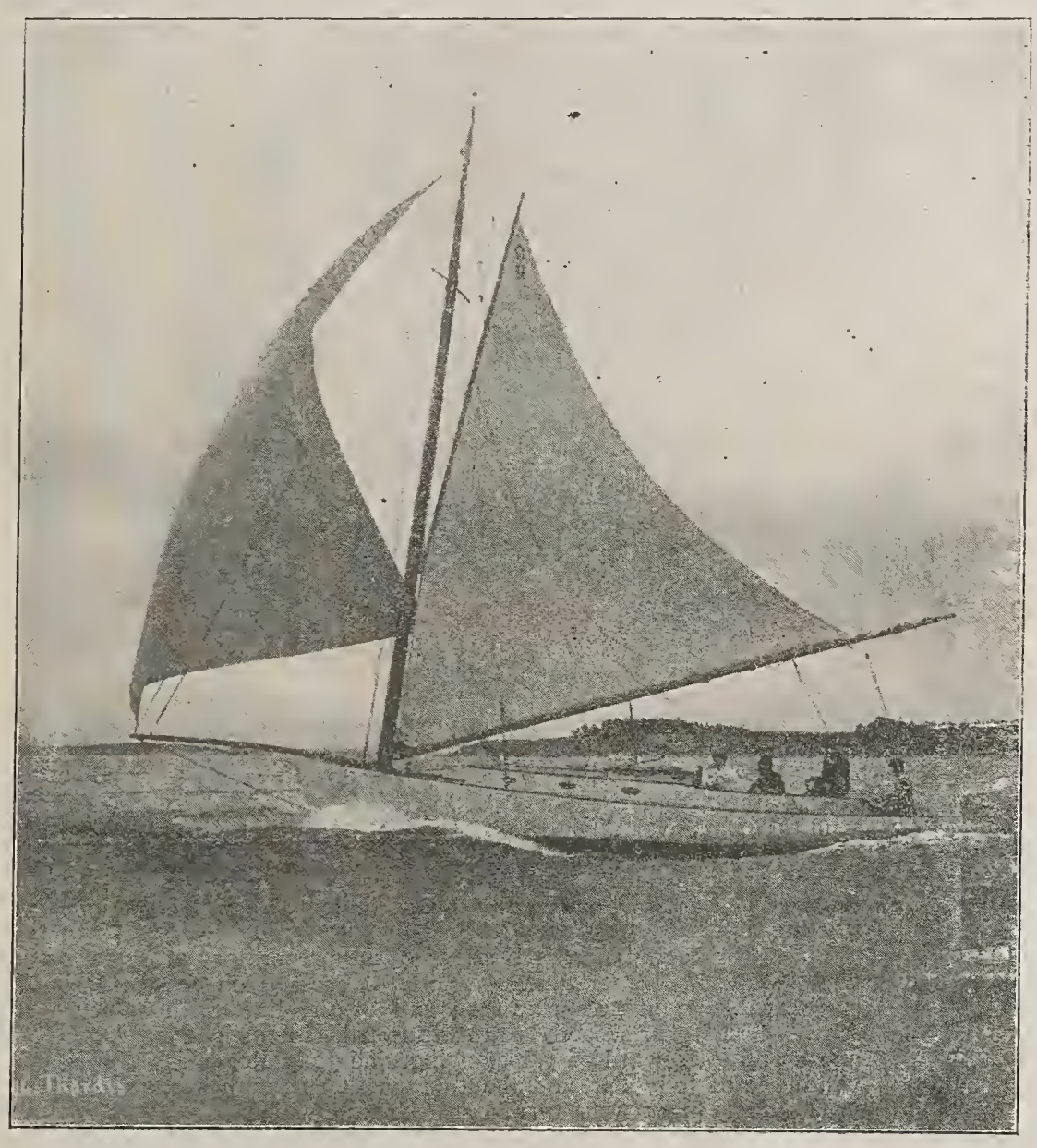
BOATS SUCCESSFUL IN THE MASSACHUSETTS Y. R. A.—SEASON 1902.



LITTLE HASTE—CHAMPION 21FT. CABIN CLASS.
Photo by Willard B. Jackson, Marblehead.

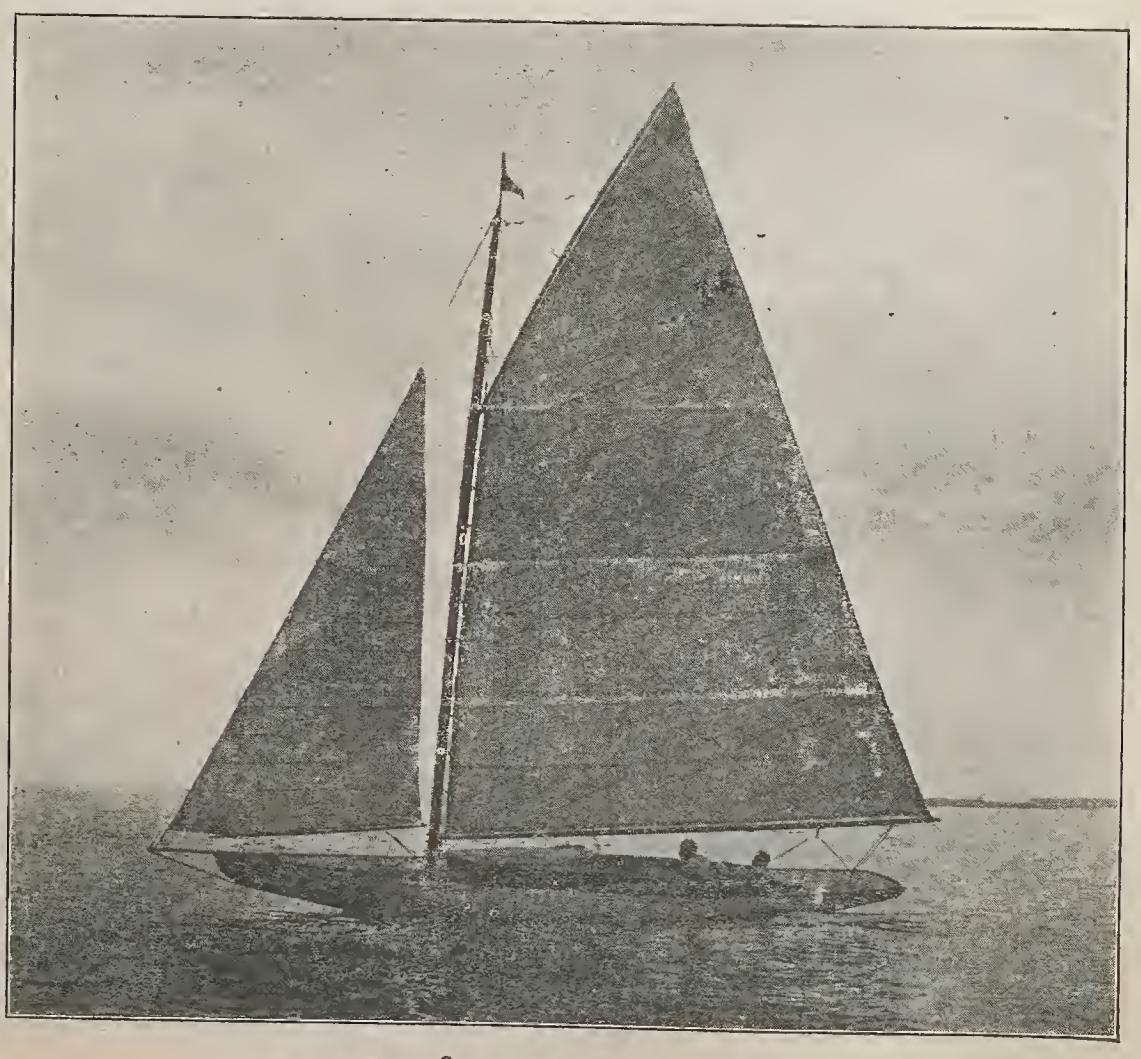


ROOSTER II.—21FT. CABIN CLASS.
Photo by N. L. Stebbins, Boston.



THORDIS—CHAMPION 25FT. CLASS.
Photo by N. L. Stebbins, Boston.

MALILLIAN—CHAMPION 18FT. KNOCKABOUT CLASS.
Photo by N. L. Stebbins, Boston.



BIZA—18FT. KNOCKABOUT CLASS.
Photo by N. L. Stebbins, Boston.

BOATS SUCCESSFUL IN THE MASSACHUSETTS Y. R. A.—SEASON 1902.

The Boomerang on Shipboard.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some of your boating readers may be interested in an implement that I have contrived to aid one in throwing a hand line. It is marked by simplicity and freedom from expense, for the whole combination consists of the line to be thrown, a swivel, a faking device and a boomerang. The latter is by no means as difficult to throw accurately as one might think who was content to take his knowledge of it from the accounts of travelers. A few minutes' practice will enable any man to throw the boomerang effectively 150 to 200ft., and carry a line strong enough to lift thirty pounds. Such a cord will haul a person out of the surf or support him until other aid is available. The contrivance ought to be of service on board ships or yachts where it is at times desirable to send a line to a boat or to a wharf, etc. The whole apparatus does not weigh over 2lbs., and of this the boomerang is the chief factor, as it will average eight to ten ounces. The act of throwing a line by the device can be performed as easily as pitching a ball. The flight of the boomerang is almost horizontal, and, strange as it may seem, it can be thrown nearly or quite as far against the wind as with it. This phenomenon, which any one who has ever tried to cast a line by a fly-rod might doubt, is perhaps accounted for by the fact that the boomerang seems to fly on the wind, and draws the cord end on through the air, thus exposing but a small surface of the cord for the wind to impinge against.

I gave a demonstration of its working before the United States Life Saving crew at this harbor, and the men without any hesitation, pronounced it the best thing for the purpose they ever saw. They said it was far ahead of the "heaving stick" heretofore employed for casting a light line. The heaving stick sinks instantly if it falls on water, and carries the line down. But the boomerang floats and sustains the line on the surface of the water. The boomerang can be thrown with more accuracy than the heaving stick, and does not endanger the lives of the crew that employs it.

No one of the many who have seen the operation of the device ever heard of the boomerang being harnessed to do any service except as a missile weapon or toy. But my experience with it is convincing that it can be made serviceable to both amateur and professional mariners.

Any man skillful enough to whittle out a paddle can make the apparatus by following these directions:

Fig. 1 is an outline of the boomerang, which may be about two feet long, half an inch thick, and three inches

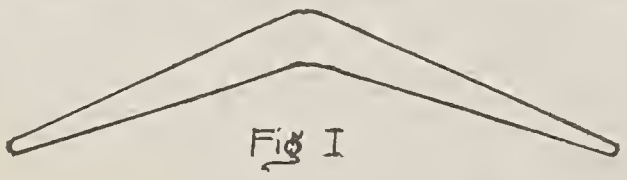


Fig I

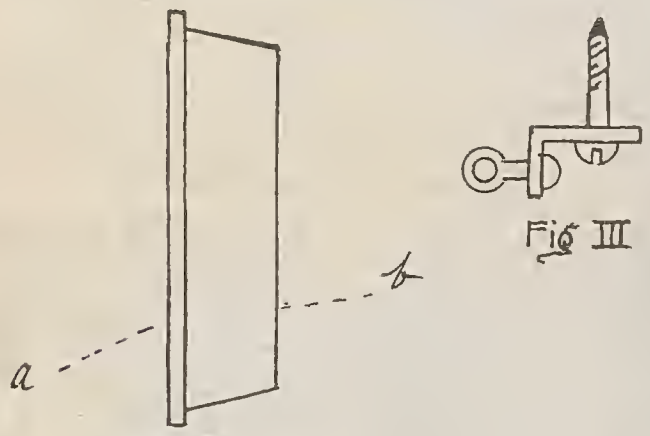


Fig II

Fig III

wide at the middle, tapering to two inches at the ends. Fig. 2 is a faking device consisting of the handle a, and wire frame b; the handle is an inch square and two feet long, the wire frame is trapezoid formed, projects from the handle, and on it the cord is to be wound to prevent it tangling, and run off freely when the boomerang is thrown. Fig. 3 is a swivel to be attached on the under side of the boomerang at its center to carry the line.

EDMOND REDMOND.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

English Letter.

THERE is little or nothing of note in yachting at this time of year with us. A few vessels remain in commission for cruising, and it seems likely that they will have the best weather of the whole season. The anticipated challenge for the America's Cup is the chief topic of the press, and, as usual, rumors are set afoot every day, apparently for the sole purpose of contradicting them the next. One daily paper—usually free from blunders in the little yachting it publishes—had an article "from a correspondent" on the suggested challenge in which the writer was at pains to hint that the new vessel will be the joint work of Mr. Fife and Mr. Watson. At the time when the first Shamrock was being built, the same attempt was made by innuendo, to divide the honors and responsibility. What the object may be is not very clear. Certainly the majority of yachtsmen would be satisfied to confide such an order to Mr. Fife. No doubt Mr. Watson will be able to lend the most valuable assistance in permitting the inspection of Shamrock II.'s plans. That is an act of reciprocity that must render the greatest help. At the time of writing, Sir Thomas' latest statement is that in about a fortnight he will have definitely decided on his plans, which means, no doubt when the Royal Ulster Y. C. receives a reply either to a challenge already sent or to a preliminary communication.

Mr. Lawson's book has made its appearance over here, and has not created a favorable impression. His grievance is not very plain to outsiders, and his references to Sir Thomas Lipton are not in good taste. It is an interesting book, all the same, the more so, perhaps, because the author is out of temper. A report has been cabled across that a new Boston defender will be built for the next races. If she is to be managed on the same lines as Independence, it seems silly to build the boat, for, even if it were willing to stretch a point, the New York Y. C. could not do so with dignity now, in face of this literary thunderbolt. What an immense amount of ink has been wasted over that Cup!

It is stated that the German Emperor has given, or is about to give, an order to Messrs. Herreshoff for a new racing schooner, and that Herr Watjen, owner of Navahoe, is anxious to sell that vessel for the purpose of building a schooner likewise. It is to be hoped that Herr Watjen will patronize a British designer, for in that case there will be an international feature in the racing. Meteor III. seems to be the result of a mistake that only too often involves designers in perplexity, viz., the inability of the designer to find out what the owner wants. In the phrase "fast cruiser," it is far from easy to say on which word the emphasis is to be laid, and the safest course when in doubt is to go strong on the adjective, even to the verge of turning out a racing machine. Anything will pass as a cruiser nowadays—at least we find it so over here. One of last year's 36-footers is racing in a 15-ton handicap class, not, mark you, under the flag of her original owner. She was bought, apparently, for this purpose, and made her appearance at the western regattas with four paid hands aboard. It is good for the owner that I have nothing to do with making handicaps.

But to return from the ridiculous to the sublime, I do not believe the Emperor will ever get a schooner so large as Meteor to race with success against Cicely. The little Bona was more than a match even for the first Meteor, and the new schooner is a ship in comparison with her. I believe 100ft. is the limit of useful length for racing, and that even 90ft. would be better.

Motors are still booming. Even at this dull season I hear of a new 40-ton auxiliary boat, and any amount of small fry. It is noticeable that the tendency is to put on the market engines of two or more cylinders in preference to the single-cylinder type. One of our makers has a 12 B. H. P. 3-cylinder and 6 and 3½ B. H. P. 2-cylinder engines as standard makes. These are 2-cycle, and are certain to be largely sold. Most of our makers cling to the 4-cycle type, and to my mind these have been unduly despised in America. Weight is a matter of little importance in most boats, if it is carried low down. By and by we shall have a motor America cup, no doubt, and it will be interesting to know the terms of the inevitable "Deed." France will stand a good chance in the first few years.

E. H. HAMILTON.

Inter-Club Racing.

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.—American Y. C.

MILTON POINT, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Oct. 4.

THE Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. and the American Y. C. closed their racing season on Saturday, Oct. 4, with a team race between raceabouts of the two clubs. The race was sailed in the home waters of the American Y. C. at Milton Point. The crews of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. boats were entertained at dinner on Friday night at the American Y. C. The dinner was most enjoyable and there was nothing left undone by the members of the American Y. C. which would add to the comfort of their guests.

The committee in charge of the race were Mr. H. de B. Parsons, for the American Y. C.; Mr. W. C. Kerr, for the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., and these two gentlemen chose Mr. C. P. Tower, of the Riverside Y. C., to act as referee.

Saturday morning the weather was cloudy with a moderate breeze from the N.E. The committee decided to send the boats over a triangle, starting at the Scotch Caps buoy, the first leg being one and two-thirds miles N.E., the second one and two-thirds miles S. by E., and the third one and two-thirds miles W.N.W. by W., to the starting line.

The warning gun was fired at 12:30, the preparatory at 12:35 and start five minutes later. All crossed on the starboard tack, at the windward end of the line, with Howdy first, Joker second, but to windward, Hobo slightly ahead and to leeward of, Whistlewing, and Jolly Roger to windward of Jolly Tar, and about on even terms with her.

The first mark was turned in the following order: Hobo, Howdy, Joker, Jolly Roger, Whistlewing and Jolly Tar.

On the next leg Jolly Roger and Whistlewing passed Joker and caught up slightly on the leaders, and Howdy nearly caught Hobo. After turning the outer mark for the reach home, Howdy succeeded in passing Hobo, and Jolly Roger still further closed the gap. The first round was finished in the following order: Howdy, Hobo, Jolly Roger, Whistlewing, Joker and Jolly Tar.

After hauling on the wind for the beat to windward, Hobo held the inshore tack, followed by Jolly Roger. Howdy went off shore with Whistlewing, Joker and Jolly Tar in the order named. Jolly Roger rapidly gained on Hobo until at about a quarter of a mile from the windward mark the boats were side by side, only about 20ft. apart. Here Hobo did some beautiful sailing, and worked out to windward of Jolly Roger so she was able to pass the mark without tacking, while Jolly Roger was obliged to make a short tack to clear it. As they neared the mark Hobo crossed Howdy's bow, but Jolly Roger being on the port tack was obliged to give way to her. Jolly Tar had also passed Joker just before the mark was reached. They rounded in the following order: Hobo, Howdy, Jolly Roger, Whistlewing, Jolly Tar and Joker. On this reach the position was unchanged, except that Whistlewing passed Jolly Roger.

On the final reach for the finishing line Howdy and Whistlewing luffed well out to windward of the course and were followed by Jolly Roger and Jolly Tar. All finally set spinnakers and squared away for the line with positions practically unchanged, except that Jolly Roger had caught Howdy and Whistlewing, and all three went over the line lapped, making a beautiful finish. The times at the finish were:

Course 10 Miles—Start, 12:40.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Points.
Hobo, T. L. Park	2 23 06	1 43 06	6
Howdy, S. Wainwright	2 24 49	1 44 49	5
Whistlewing, H. M. Crane	2 24 53	1 44 53	4
Jolly Roger, T. B. Bleecker	2 24 58	1 44 58	3
Jolly Tar, S. Howland	2 25 12	1 45 12	2
Joker, Walter Jennings	2 26 21	1 46 21	1

Rear-Com. W. J. Matherson, of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., towed the boats to and from Oyster Bay with his steam yacht Lavrock.

Com. Eaton's yawl Zenobia was used as the committee boat.

ALLEN E. WHITMAN.

Little Haste—La Rita Matches.

CHICAGO, LAKE MICHIGAN.

Monday, Sept. 29.

IN the third and last race between Little Haste and La Rita, sailed on Monday, Sept. 29, the Eastern boat beat the Western craft by over 14m.

The boats covered a fourteen-mile triangular course. The times at the windward mark follow:

Little Haste .....3 33 20 La Rita 3 47 2

At this point La Rita was 14m. 8s. behind. The following times were taken at the second mark:

Little Haste .....4 10 42 La Rita 4 24 3

On this run La Rita had done better and cut down Little Haste's lead somewhat. The times at the finish were:

Little Haste .....4 37 24 La Rita 4 51 3

La Rita was beaten 14m. 15s.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The match between the cabin sloops Pinochle, of Stuyvesant Y. C., and Zaza, of Morrisania Y. C., was sailed on Sunday, Oct. 5, from a stakeboat anchored off the northern end of Riker's Island around Sands Point buoy and return. The wind was light from the S.E. Pinochle won by 4m. 25s. Her time for the course was 4.08.13.

* * *

The following sales have been made through the office of Stanley M. Seaman, yacht broker: The Burgess 35ft. sloop Sibyl, for Mr. Geo. G. Williams, Hartford, Conn.; 36ft. sloop Annie, for Mr. B. D. Luce, of New York city; Herreshoff special 21-footer Vaquero I., for Mr. Dwight W. Tryon, South Dartmouth, Mass.; Seawanhaka knockabout Sigma, for Mr. L. L. Lorillard, Jr., of New York Y. C.; Ofeldt launch Adelaide, for Mr. Colin S. Eaves, of New York city; catboat Idler, for Mr. P. J. Kane, Larchmont, N. Y.

A. C. A.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In accordance with Article XII. of the Constitution of the American Canoe Association, notice is hereby given that at the next meeting of the Executive Committee the following amendment to the by-laws will be offered, viz:

Amend Sec. 2 of Chapter 1 of the By-Laws by inserting after "January 1" in second line the words "The Purser shall send as a receipt for such payment a card plainly marked with the year for which the payment is made." The rest of the section to remain as it is.

ROBERT J. WILKIN, A. C. A. No. 47.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Oct. 8-9.—Clinton, Ont.—Clinton Gun Club's twelfth annual tournament; live birds and targets:

Oct. 9.-11.—Excelsior Springs, Mo.—First annual target tournament of the Excelsior Springs Gun Club. C. H. Coppinger, Corresponding Secretary.

Oct. 9-10.—Irwin, Pa.—Irwin Game and Gun Club's tournament.

Oct. 9-10.—Fort Wayne, Ind.—Annual target tournament of the East End Gun Club. F. W. Leidelf, Sec'y.

Oct. 15.—Mt. Sterling, Ill.—Seventh annual target tournament of the Mt. Sterling Gun Club. J. Breidenbend, Sec'y.

Oct. 15.—Cleveland, O.—Fall tournament of the Cleveland Gun Club.

Oct. 15.—Charlotte, Mich.—Central Michigan Trapshooters' Association's fourth tournament. Hartel & Robinson, Mgrs.

Oct. 15-16.—Baltimore, Md.—Tenth annual fall tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association; targets and live birds; $100 added money. Open to all. J. R. Malone, 2671 Pennsylvania avenue, Manager.

Oct. 15-16.—New London, Ia.—Sixth annual tournament of the New London Gun Club. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.

Oct. 15-16.—Springfield, O.—Springfield Gun Club's tournament. B. F. Downs, Capt.

Oct. 21-22.—Kenton, O.—Second annual fall tournament of the Kenton Gun Club; $75 or more added money. K. P. Johnson, Sec'y-Treas.

Oct. 21-22.—Sistersville, W. Va.—Sistersville Gun Club's target tournament. Ed. O. Bower, Sec'y.

Oct. 21-23.—Spirit Lake, Ia.—Klein & Burmeister's fall tournament.

Oct. 22-23.—Crawfordsville, Ind.—Crawfordsville Gun Club's tournament. M. Stillwell, Sec'y.

Oct. 24-26.—Bisbee, Ariz.—Tenth annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association. M. J. Cunningham, Sec'y.

Oct. 29-30.—Raleigh, N. C.—Two days' shoot of the Raleigh Gun Club; $100 added each day. R. T. Gowan, Sec'y.

Oct. 30-31—Dalton, O.—Annual fall tournament of the Dalton Gun Club. Ernest F. Scott, Captain.

Nov. 27.—Ossining, N. Y.—Thanksgiving Day tournament of the Westchester County Trapshooters' League under the auspices of the Ossining Gun Club.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's target shoot, every Saturday afternoon. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The many friends of the sterling shooter, Mr. J. A. R. Elliott will deeply sympathize with him, while rejoicing that it was no worse. The following, taken from the Cincinnati Enquirer, of Oct. 1, explains itself: "J. A. R. Elliott, the champion wing shot of the world, is himself badly winged and a patient at the Seton Hospital on West Eighth street, where he yesterday submitted to a painful operation at the hands of Dr. L. E. Russell. His affliction is directly due to his profession of a shooter, and has been several years in developing. About two months ago, while at his home in Kansas City, Mo., Mr. Elliott noticed that every time he raised his rifle to his shoulder the shock would cause a slight pain increased many times when the weapon was discharged. Submitting himself to Dr. Russell for examination, the physician soon discovered that a fibroid tumor had developed immediately over the clavicle. This tumor formation was caused by the recoil of the gun, Mr. Elliott estimating that he had fired the weapon over 5,000 times during the year. The task of removing the tumor was entirely successful, and Mr. Elliott will soon be able to compete in tournaments again."

*

The improvements in the way of grading and preparing for homes at Rockaway Park, L. I., have so encroached on the ground of the Oceanic Rod and Gun Club, formerly the Cuckoos, that is uncertain whether or not the club will hold any more shoots on its old grounds. A meeting of the club will be held in a few days to definitely settle the point.

The Kenton, O., Gun Club for its tournament of Oct. 21 and 22 has a programme of twelve target events, alike each day, nine at 15 targets, two at 20 targets, and one at 25 targets, $25 being added to the latter on the first day, and $40 on the second day for those who have shot through the day's programme. Total, 200 targets; $20 entrance. All known 90 per cent. men barred from purses, but may shoot for a high average prize of $10. Lunch served on grounds. Targets, 2 cents. Ammunition and guns shipped to K. P. Johnson will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Magautrap and expert traps. The secretary is Mr. A. G. Merriman.

William A. Stuart, of Brooklyn, L. I., died in the Hotel St. George, in that city, on Sept. 30, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. Although an invalid many years, his death was unexpected, for he had contemplated moving soon into a new home, which he had purchased in Flatbush, a section of Brooklyn. He was a member of the old Fountain Gun Club, and the New Utrecht Gun Club, in the shoots of which he actively participated, particularly those which were held at Interstate Park. He was of a quiet, amiable disposition, and was highly esteemed by a host of friends, who will profoundly mourn his loss.

The tournament of the North Side Gun Club, of Allegheny, Pa., Oct. 1 and 2, had high guns as follows: First day: Watson, of Scwickly, with 162 out of 175; second, Fleming, of Pittsburg, with 156; Atkinson and Shaner, of New Castle, third and fourth respectively, with 155 and 152. On the second day Mr. L. B. Fleming was high with 157 out of 175; Kelsey, second, with 155; Atkinson, third, with 152; Deniker, fourth, with 150.

On Sept. 29, the first day of the Interstate Association's tournament, given for the Lewistown, Ill., Gun Club, Mr. Tom Marshall was high with 166 out of 180; Mr. Guy Burnside was second with 164; third, Messrs. J. L. Head and A. C. Connor tied on 163. On the second day Mr. Connor was first with 162; Mr. B. Lewis second with 158; Mr. E. B. Coe third with 149.

Mr. J. S. Wright informs us that he will give a live-bird shoot at the Hudson Driving Park, N. J., at a date to be announced later. He will endeavor to hold it in the latter part of this month. He states that the birds will be first class, and that no irregular shooting will be allowed. Lunch can be obtained on the grounds. The programme will be arranged on popular lines, and will be published in the near future.

The daily press recounts the death of Maj. E. P. McKissick, of Asheville, N. C., which occurred suddenly at Norfolk, Va., Sept. 28. He was specially known in the trapshooting world in connection with several pleasant trapshooting tournaments given by him at Asheville, sometimes jointly with Col. J. T. Anthony, of Charleston, N. C.

In a conversation last week, Mr. S. M. Van Allen, of Jamaica, L. I., informed us that he would start for Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 5, on a business trip. He will do more or less shooting while in that section, and as he is one of the most skillful shots, he will give a good account of himself, whether in competition at targets or live birds.

The first shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club's season, 1902-3, took place on the club grounds at Bay Ridge, L. I., last Saturday, and was honored with a good attendance, notwithstanding that the weather was cloudy and betimes rainy. Dr. J. J. Keyes established the first claim on the October cup with a score of 48.

Mr. R. T. Gowan, secretary of the Raleigh, N. C., Gun Club, writes us as follows: "I must have made a mistake in writing you about our shoot on Oct. 29 and 30. It should have been $100 added each day, which makes considerable difference. It will attract more shooters."

Mrs. Frank E. Butler (Annie Oakley) started recently on a theatrical tour in the West. She has the leading part in a play, the chief incident of which is some skillful shooting, which saves the day. We heartily wish her success.

Mr. L. B. Fleming, of Pittsburg, retained possession of the bronze medal, emblematic of the championship of Western Pennsylvania, defeating the challenger, Mr. W. L. Harper, by a score of 90 to 82.

In the shoot of the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., on Saturday of last week, Mr. I. Terrill won in the Troisdorf trophy event.

BERNARD WATERS.

Handicaps.

The following, from Mr. H. D. Kirkover, of Fredonia, N. Y., is of general interest, as it concerns the withdrawal of a fine amateur from general shooting competitions, and contains a manly expression of conviction. He writes us as follows:

"You ask if the report of my withdrawal from competing in trapshooting is true. It is, and it isn't. I shall continue to shoot pigeons at the clubs in the vicinity of New York and Philadelphia, and possibly in Canada, and may occasionally attend a large target tournament where all stand at 16yds., but as far as handicap target tournaments are concerned, I will get my pleasure reading the reports in the sporting press. It would be all O. K., if there was a governing body to control trapshooting and the handicapping of contestants, but where this is all left to the local clubs, why, more or less 'injustice' is liable to creep in

"Last week Field and Fancy published a photo of Mr. Ed Rike, and with it a short biographical sketch. He gives his reasons for disliking the present system of handicaps and division of moneys, and I heartily agree with him, only personally would like all moneys in all trapshooting events to go to the high guns. There would be plenty of shooters who would enter, and if the masses are to be catered to, let the shooters be divided into classes.

"The only persons deriving remuneration from trapshooting are the manufacturers of guns and ammunition. I don't blame them for wanting large fields in the tournaments, but personally I prefer quality to quantity.

"I will take a chance with any field, and when it is demonstrated to me that I am not eligible or am a 'has been,' I will step down and out, and watch the other boys.

"When I was serving my apprenticeship at the trapshooting game every man had to put up his money and take a chance even up with the best of them. At pigeons it was high guns, and at targets class shooting, all at 16yds. For a long time the chance was all I was able to take, but as time rolled by I became proficient enough to break a straight occasionally, but by that time the moneys were cut up so that the best I received was less than the amount the fellow drew down who dropped in the fourth or fifth hole. I know from experience that the only shooters that are money winners the year round are the paid representatives, and they earn all they receive, and more, too.

"Now the sweepstake feature of target tournaments, as conducted to-day, is a farce, and I am in favor of abolishing it altogether, and in its place substituting trophy or prize events, high guns to win.

"In conclusion would like to ask if there is a game to-day in which the novice is given a better chance than the seasoned consistent performer, or where hard-earned skill is obliged to give way to the crude, uncertain beginner.

"This will undoubtedly convey to you my opinion of target-shooting and my reason for practically withdrawing from same."

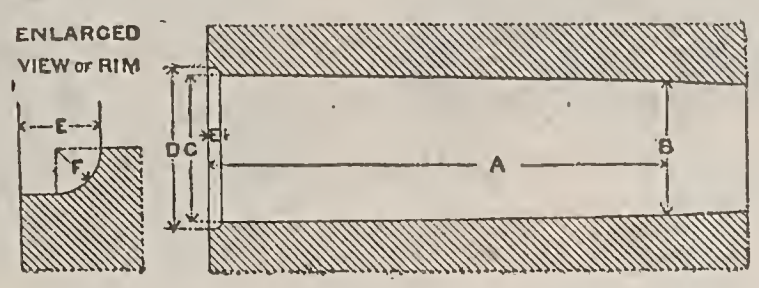
Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O., Oct. 4.—In the sixth contest for the Troisdorf medals, Gambell, Faran and Osterfeld tied in Class A. Class B medals were won by Barker. The contestants, distance handicaps and scores were as follows: Gambell (19) 44, Faran (18) 44, Osterfeld (19) 44, Baker (17) 44, Dreihs (16) 43, Herman (16) 43, McBynard (18) 41, McB. (16) 40, Capt. (17) 40, Coleman (20) 39, Van Ness (19) 39, Randall (18) 38, Ahlers (21) 37, Block (18) 37, Jay Bee (17) 37, Medico (21) 36, Corry (17) 34, Ward (16) 34, Ackley (16) 34, Steinman (18) 34, Sec (20) 33, Jack (16) 33, Boeh (14) 30, Miles (17) 29, J. Steinman (18) 27, Nye (20) 26, Jones (19) 24, Schneider (17) 17.

Chamber Sizes for all Bores.

THE Gunmakers' Association has added to the good work it has done in the past in connection with the standardization of cartridge and chamber sizes by issuing a series of dimensions for the bores not previously dealt with. We give in tabulated form the figures which are now put forward and issued for general circulation among the gun trade. It will be noticed that the chamber sizes for 12, 16, and 20 bores have been altered by comparison with what were previously issued, the reason for the change being that the Association has endeavored to make all the chambers conform with the following rules:

1. That the length of the chamber (A) equal the nominal length of the case for which it is constructed.
2. That the front end of the chamber (B) be a constant dimension in all chambers of the same nominal gauge.
3. That all shotgun chambers shall have a uniform taper of .005in. in every inch of length.
4. That the diameter of rim (D) shall be one-ninth greater than the diameter of the front end of the chamber (B), with a minimum difference between (C) and (D) of .050in. $(D = B + \frac{B}{9})$.
5. That the depth of rim recess (E) shall equal one-twelfth of the diameter of the front end of the chamber (B), with a minimum depth of .050in. $(E = \frac{B}{12})$.
6. That the wall of the rim recess and the wall of the chamber be joined by an arc of a circle (F) having a radius equal to one-half the difference between the diameter of the rim (D) and of the chamber under the rim (C). $(F = \frac{D - C}{2})$.



The changes involved are, as a rule, of small moment, amounting as they do to less than .005in. where diameters are concerned. For instance, the old diameter of the rim of the 12-bore was stated at .882, whereas it now stands at .886. The size of the head was .811, which remains as before for the 2½in. case, but has been increased to .812 and .813 for the 2¾in. and 3in. cases respectively, the diameter at the front end of the chamber remaining .798 as heretofore. The rim thickness has been reduced from .074 to .067, which is a change that is likely to be of advantage, as the old size was, if anything, on the large side, allowing for effects of wear causing a slight rounding off of the edge upon which the cartridge takes its bearing.

The most serious change is, however, concerned in the alteration of the length of the chamber. The first rule, as above quoted, accounts for this divergence. We are not sure exactly how things stand with regard to this last-named alteration. The present card, unlike its predecessor, does not contain the registered acceptance of the sizes by the ammunition manufacturers, and so large an alteration in the length of the cartridge is bound to create difficulties unless special steps are taken to prevent the same happening. The guns at present in use have been constructed with chambers 2.56in. long, and a proposal that in future 2.5in. should be the figure involves an excess of chamber length amounting to .06, which is practically 1-16in. It is generally agreed that the best shooting is only to be obtained from guns whose chambers closely approximate to the length of the cartridge case intended for them, and to produce a change of this character is open to objection in that it sacrifices the efficiency of the shooting to a slavish following of an empirical rule.

The cartridge maker, on the other hand, will also be affected by the change, especially in view of the want of common action that is likely to result from the absence of a preliminary indorsement. By inference, the minimum size of the chamber is the maximum size of the cartridge, and hence if the cartridge is materially shorter than the maximum size, and the toleration of the chamber also works at the extreme limit, the difference between the two is likely to be much more than is desirable. Then again, the whole question of cartridge loading is materially affected by a shortening of the case by an amount representing the thickness of a medium card wad. The cartridge loading of the present day is based upon the existing length of cartridge, and although, as we pointed out in our last issue, there is space to spare with the short charges of shot that are now popular, the loading instructions which are used by the trade are based upon the greater length of case, so that it would be necessary, where standard charges are used, to obtain the extra space by greater compression of the charge, by altering the wadding, or by reducing the amount for turning over. All these changes are of a kind which are likely to cause trouble unless made in simultaneous agreement by all concerned, and there is no evidence that this agreement exists at the present time. Of course, the actual effect of a chamber shortened to the new sizes on a 2 9-16ths cartridge is largely regulated by the form of the cone adopted; but assuming that the cone is ½in. in length, there will be a total reduction from the front of the chamber to the bore of the barrel of .069in., which would make a constriction of .008in. at the mouth of the case, with the turnover opened out. This may not appear to be a very large amount, but, on the other hand, it is against the principle of harmony between cartridge case and chamber. Our columns have frequently contained evidence of the danger to the gun and the bad shooting that results from firing pigeon cases in a game gun. The pigeon case is 3-16in. longer than the game cartridge case; it would seem that an error amounting to one-third of this amount must still contain objectionable features. Of course, there is no question as to the unsatisfactory results that would be bound to follow in the case of guns bored to the new sizes with a square or very nearly square cone when fired with the longer cartridge cases. Under these circumstances, we hardly feel prepared to adopt the new length suggested for the nominal 2½in. chamber until there is more complete evidence that the change will be generally accepted by gunmakers and cartridge loaders.

We think that the several diameters and thicknesses of rim may be accepted without demur at the present time, though, of course, there are in several instances changes of an almost revolutionary character. For instance, some cartridges have had disproportionately large rims, while with others they have been so small as to make satisfactory extraction almost an impossibility. The 24-bore cartridge as ordinarily supplied has a rim thickness of about .080, and a rim diameter of .750. According to the new rule, these have been altered so that the first measurement becomes .054, and the other .722. The 20-bore, on the other hand, has erred on the opposite extreme, the usual thickness being about .054 and the diameter .743, these now being .057 and .761 respectively. In the case of the 20-bore cartridge the change cannot cause any considerable difficulty on account of the facility with which guns with unduly small rim recesses may be opened out, but, as metal cannot be added, it is possible that, if the ammunition manufacturers adopt the new sizes for the 24-bore, it may be necessary for the next few years to make cartridges of two patterns, so that the old guns may not be rendered obsolete.

There is very little to say in explanation of the general rules that have been laid down for controlling the sizes of the different bores of the chamber. The basis of the whole calculation is the nominal diameter of each caliber of barrel as recognized by the proof houses. The diameter of a 12-bore barrel is, for instance, .729in., and the walls of the 12-bore cartridge case are, as a rule, about .030 thick. The external diameter of a cartridge case which is 12-bore internally would therefore be .789in. Allowing about ten-thousandths of an inch to permit the easy entry of the cartridge, it will be seen that the mouth of the chamber would need to be about .799in. diameter, which is in close agreement with the size specified in the accompanying table. The bore of the barrel being therefore a fixed quantity, and the mouth of the chamber being determined by the thickness of the cartridge tube, the next dimension to fix is the diameter of the chamber at the breech. It is an accepted principle of gunmaking that the chamber shall be in the form of a straight taper, so that when the cartridge has been slightly withdrawn in the process of extraction it shall be an easy fit, so as to facilitate extraction. Experience has shown that a taper of .013in. in the 2½in. chamber is quite sufficient to provide the necessary freedom for extraction, and Rule 3 states this taper as .005 for every 1in. of length. By adopting a uniform taper of this kind the work of the gunmaker is greatly facilitated, because he is thereby enabled to adjust his chamber tool making lathes and grinders to the universal taper, so that the need for constant readjustment is obviated. With the old sizes for 12, 16, and 20-bore cartridges this convenience was not recognized, so that the machines had to be readjusted according to the taper required for any given caliber or length of cartridge. It is in this connection that the new sizes merit full recognition, though, of course, we must still maintain our reservation with regard to the want of harmony which appears to exist in regard to the matter at length.—Field (London).

DIMENSIONS FOR MINIMUM GUN CHAMBERS.

	5	8	10	10	12	12	14	16	20	24	28	32	
A	.976	.835	.775	.775	.729	.729	.693	.662	.615	.579	.550	.526	.410
B	4.000	3.250	3.250	2.875	3.000	2.750	2.500	2.500	2.500	2.500	2.500	2.500	2.000
C	1.060	.914	.841	.841	.798	.798	.798	.732	.685	.650	.614	.560	.462
D	1.080	.930	.857	.855	.813	.812	.811	.745	.698	.663	.627	.573	.472
E	1.177	1.015	.934	.934	.886	.886	.886	.813	.761	.722	.682	.623	.522
F	.088	.076	.070	.070	.067	.067	.067	.061	.057	.054	.051	.050	.050
	.049	.043	.039	.040	.037	.037	.038	.034	.032	.030	.028	.025	.025

Notes.—The figures in large type are the arbitrary dimensions on which the above rules are based. Those in smaller type are built up from the foregoing rules, with the arbitrary dimensions as a basis, and are calculated to the nearest .001in.
The figures immediately below the nominal bores are those accepted for proof purposes.
The 5-bore given above is intended to replace the old 4-bore, whose dimensions were inconsistent with the nominal size of the bore.

The Lehigh Rod and Gun Club.

BETHLEHEM, Pa., Oct. 3.—Appended are the scores for the one-day tournament on Oct. 2 on the grounds at the club. The day was fine, and all the shooters were in exceptionally good humor.

In the shoot-off Mr. S. Glover won first prize, a Winchester pump gun. Daudt won second, Du Pont third, Ritter fourth, M. H. R. fifth, Peifle sixth, Koch seventh, Deitrich eighth, Benner ninth, Englert tenth, Frederick eleventh, Delegate twelfth, Huff thirteenth, Sobers fourteenth, Thomas fifteenth, Brey sixteenth, Hankey seventeenth, Hahn, eighteenth, Miller nineteenth, Murfy twentieth, Hausman twenty-first.

Glover won first high average; Bray won second high average; Murfy won third high average.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	10	15	15	5p	20	15	10	15	20		
Daudt	8	13	10	5	13	10	9	13	14	130	95
Keller	7	11	11	5	15	11	9	9	15	130	93
Morfey	7	11	9	7	16	11	7	12	14	130	94
M H R	8	13	11	7	15	10	10	12	16	130	102
Thomas	4	9	2	4	8	5	2	..	..	90	34
Hahn	5	10	13	3	17	10	6	10	18	130	92
Du Pont	7	8	11	7	11	..	..	..	..	70	44
Hankey	10	14	14	2	19	12	9	13	15	130	108
Glover	10	15	14	9	18	15	10	14	20	130	125
Hausman	8	8	13	7	18	12	10	14	14	130	104
Englert	8	14	12	8	17	10	6	13	16	130	104
Peifle	8	11	8	6	17	..	..	13	20	105	83
Murfy	9	12	13	7	16	15	10	12	16	130	110
Ritter	8	11	13	6	18	11	7	11	15	130	100
Deitrich	7	8	7	4	11	3	10	10	10	130	70
Brey	8	11	15	8	19	15	8	15	17	130	116
Miller	6	13	13	6	17	12	9	11	16	130	103
Huff	8	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	20	15
Benner	..	..	13	..	14	12	7	10	14	95	70
Koch	5	11	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	26
Frederick	..	..	..	..	..	12	8	12	17	60	49
Deligate	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	10	35	16
Sobers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	20	11

Merchandise event, handicap:

	Brk.	Hdcp.	Total.		Brk.	Hdcp.	Total.
Keller	20	7	25	Murfy	18	4	22
Daudt	19	7	25	Ritter	19	6	25
Morfey	19	7	25	Deitrich	18	8	25
M H R	21	6	25	Brey	21	3	24
Thomas	10	16	25	Miller	17	6	23
Hahn	16	7	23	Huff	20	10	25
Du Pont	22	9	25	Benner	21	7	25
Hankey	19	4	23	Koch	16	10	25
Glover	24	8	25	Frederick	22	5	25
Hausman	17	5	22	Delegate	16	14	25
Englert	22	4	25	Sobers	16	10	25
Peifle	19	6	25				

Winchester Gun Club.

DETROIT, Mich.—At the regular shoot, Oct. 4, conditions were not favorable for high scores, the air being raw and a high wind prevailing. The tie in Class B between Guthard and Hitchcock on the ten best club event scores of the year to date was not broken.

Brodie won the medal in Class A with 20. Guthard was high in Class B with 18, and Ford had it easy in Class C with 20. Following are the scores, the last event being the club event:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	25	25
Brodie	5	8	7	..	..	..	20
Guthard	7	11	8	12	..	21	18
Hitchcock	5	9	7	..	..	18	17
McMath	8	9	..	..	5	..	15
Roehm	..	2	..	..	10	..	..
McAdam	..	..	6	10	7	13	15
Ford	..	..	5	10	..	18	20
Barthel	..	..	..	7	2	..	4
Shiell	..	..	..	..	5	12	14
Bachmann	..	..	..	..	..	..	4
Harris	..	..	..	6	2	3	..

Interstate at Lewistown.

Lewistown, Ill., Oct. 1.—The closing tournament of the Interstate Association series for the season of 1902, scheduled for Lewistown, Ill., Sept. 29 and 30, is a thing of the past, and what is better, success can be written up against it. This applies to it in all senses.

The attendance, from an Interstate Association standpoint, was very good, over forty different shooters being present, and of this number but two were manufacturers' agents. Beside the shooters, there was a good-sized crowd of spectators. The tournament was the first big event conducted by the Lewistown Gun Club, and it made a record which places it well up in the line of progressive gun clubs.

The second day of the tournament was not so well attended as the first. When the sport began in the morning, rain was falling, and after the rain ceased it blew; but it did not deter the sportsmen from continuing the sport of the day before, and they banged away as if it was the fairest day ever seen.

The visiting shooters expressed themselves as highly pleased with the new club house and shooting grounds of the Lewistown Gun Club; the light is good and the background enables a contestant to see his targets clearly as they rise from the traps.

The evening of the first day the local club entertained its guests with a smoker, which was deemed quite a pleasure by the visiting sportsmen, and evidently enjoyed by them.

Much of the success of the tournament was due to the efforts of Messrs. McCumber, Maguire, Sharrets and Strode, the committee who had immediate charge of same.

The scores of both days follow:

First Day, Sept. 29.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total
Targets:	15	20	15	20	25	15	20	15	20	15	Broke.
H Baker	12	16	13	16	20	14	16	14	17	15	153
H H McCumber	15	16	11	18	22	15	18	14	18	14	161
C H Bockwitz	11	19	13	19	21	13	18	12	18	15	159
A C Connor	14	20	13	18	19	14	20	13	20	12	163
J R Maguire	11	14	10	18	21	13	18	14	19	13	151
T Marshall	12	19	15	17	24	13	18	14	19	15	166
G Burnside	14	17	15	18	21	14	19	13	20	13	164
F Ellett	14	16	13	16	21	15	17	13	17	13	155
E B Coe	11	16	11	17	22	12	12	14	18	13	148
E E Deterline	12	17	14	16	17	14	16	12	18	12	148
J L Head	15	17	12	18	24	15	16	14	20	12	163
J C Estes	9	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	25
J J Burns	9	16	11	11	..	9	..	15	..	..	71
J F Rains	12	15	11	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	63
T Snyder	15	19	13	17	..	12	16	..	..	13	105
N Painter	7	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	13	46
B Lewis	13	11	..	16	22	13	15	14	15	14	133
J C Cleveland	15	18	12	..	..	11	16	13	16	12	113
D Pettman	8	10	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	25
W G Sharetts	..	16	12	..	..	..	13	..	12	16	69
H W Weller	..	..	12	17	20	8	16	12	15	12	112
J L Eggert	..	..	11	..	..	9	12	10	16	9	67
J C Thompson	..	..	15	19	22	14	18	13	19	14	134
D S Ray	..	..	6	..	..	8	..	..	..	6	20
E Cluts	..	..	8	..	..	6	13	..	15	9	51
J Raker	..	..	11	19	22	12	17	13	19	15	128
F L Hummel	..	..	..	9	..	7	..	..	..	..	16
F Gibson	..	..	..	..	..	10	16	14	17	11	68
D D Keefover	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	13	15	12	50
M Moran	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	12	16	11	47
L R Chapin	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	8
W S Strode	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	22
C R Simms	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	25
H Camper	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	11	24
H W Belts	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	5
R Anderson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	25
G Weldy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	13

Second Day, Sept 30.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total
Targets:	15	20	15	20	25	15	20	15	20	15	Broke.
T Marshall	14	17	12	17	21	10	17	12	12	14	146
G Burnside	12	18	12	17	22	11	16	14	20	15	157
E B Coe	12	16	13	15	21	13	16	12	19	12	149
F D Ellett	7	15	14	16	23	11	15	13	15	11	140
R W Cool	10	w	12	13	16	11	12	12	..	..	100
B F Bacon	9	13	8	16	..	11	..	11	..	14	82
H H McCumber	11	18	14	17	22	8	11	8	..	..	109
J Bockwitz	12	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	24
A C Connor	13	17	12	16	24	13	20	14	18	15	162
Wm Gilbert	12	15	..	..	..	7	..	12	..	9	55
E R Campbell	9	..	12	15	..	12	..	11	..	12	71
H Baker	9	13	10	11	13	8	..	..	..	..	64
B Lewis	12	17	13	19	23	12	17	12	20	13	158
F Gibson	12	17	12	17	..	14	18	..	..	..	90
R Bishop	8	..	9	11	..	11	..	..	..	7	46
J Raines	11	..	7	..	..	6	..	..	12	7	43
W Weller	7	17	14	15	22	12	20	9	13	15	144
E E Deterline	10	17	11	18	21	14	15	13	14	13	146
J Raper	..	13	9	12	..	8	..	..	..	..	42
R E Griffith	..	7	4	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	18
N Painter	..	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15
W H Rhodes	..	13	10	11	14	..	..	..	..	..	48
Dr Strode	..	13	..	..	16	..	13	..	..	..	42
Dr Maguire	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8
L Thomas	..	..	11	13	..	..	16	9	..	13	62
W Strode	..	..	11	..	..	..	13	8	..	7	39
L H Evans	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	12
E Blackaby	..	..	..	..	19	..	..	..	..	..	19
T Snyder	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	10

North Side Gun Club Tournament.

Pittsburg, Pa., Oct. 4.—The fall tournament of the North Side Gun Club, of Allegheny, Pa., closed Thursday night, Oct. 2, and while the attendance was not quite as large as expected, the shoot was the best held in Pittsburg or vicinity for a number of years.

The first day of the shoot opened with extremely bad weather, and it rained and blew most of the day, which undoubtedly kept down the attendance.

The visiting shooters were well pleased with the tournament, and the North Side Gun Club wishes to state that they never had the pleasure of entertaining a more gentlemanly lot of shooters.

The trade was represented by J. T. Skelly, Howard Sergeant, W. M. Annette, Chas. G. Grubb, Robt. Hunter, J. R. Hull and Chas. North.

The cashier's office was in charge of L. Lautenslager, W. M. Annette and I. W. Morrow, and these gentlemen certainly did their work to perfection.

Chas. G. Grubb, Howard Sergeant and Chas. North worked from morning until night both days, and the North Side Gun Club wishes to thank all these gentlemen for their able assistance.

Owing to the lateness of some of the out-of-town shooters reaching Pittsburg, shooting was not started until 11 o'clock the first day. However, the programme was finished by 5 o'clock, and about 5,000 targets were trapped.

The magautrap and bluerocks were used, and the targets were thrown about 55yds. The second day shooting started promptly at 9:30 A. M., and the last event finished by 4 o'clock. Over 10,000 targets were thrown during the two days.

The first day, Watson, of Sewickley, was high gun with 162 out of 175. Fleming, of Pittsburg, second with 156. Atkinson, of New Castle, third, with 155, and Shaner, of New Castle, fourth with 152.

High score for the second day was made by L. B. Fleming with 157 out of 175. Kelsey won second with 155; Atkinson third with 152, and Deniker fourth with 150.

The high average for the two days was won by L. B. Fleming, of Pittsburg, with a total of 313 out of 350. Watson, of Pittsburg, second with 311; Atkinson, of New Castle, third with 307, and Kelsey fourth with 304. Fleming also retains the bronze medal and title of champion of Western Pennsylvania, beating W. L. Harper, the challenger, by the score of 90 to 82. The race was shot on the second day at 100 bluerocks.

Wenona, the celebrated rifle and revolver expert, shot in the sweepstakes, and did very fine work. She also gave a marvelous exhibition of rifle and revolver shooting. In a special event, the second, at 5 pairs, Wenona won first money alone by breaking 9 out of 10 targets.

Oct. 1, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	Broke.
Atkinson	14	18	13	19	14	17	13	17	12	18	155
Moore	11	17	14	20	10	17	12	18	13	18	150
Shaner	12	17	11	19	14	15	13	17	14	20	152
Fleming	13	17	13	17	14	18	13	20	12	19	156
Cochran	12	16	13	18	11	15	12	15	..	..	112
Kelsey	11	14	13	20	12	18	9	18	14	20	149
Byers	14	11	8	13	10	14	14	12	12	16	127
Martin	10	9	13	16	12	17	8	16	11	14	126
Mingo	10	14	6	14	11	17	13	20	13	19	137
Watson	13	18	14	19	15	18	13	18	15	19	162
Deniker	11	15	12	18	11	15	13	15	11	15	136
Brown	10	17	12	13	11	17	13	18	13	18	142
Withrow	14	16	11	17	12	14	14	16	11	19	144
Frost	12	18	13	17	12	17	11	13	12	18	143
Kiser	8	16	9	12	13	13	9	18	8	17	123
Knode	9	13	10	15	13	16	14	16	13	19	138
Daugherty	9	15	13	16	11	17	11	10	10	18	130
J T C	10	15	13	14	11	11	14	15	12	15	130
Thompson	14	16	11	16	13	16	13	13	12	17	141
North	8	14	14	14	11	16	12	17	9	..	115
Taylor	9	12	8	8	9	9	7	10	8	8	88
Lippert	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6
Hamilton	..	11	6	11	8	9	6	10	11	11	83
Skelly	12	15	11	19	9	14	10	17	14	18	149
Tony	..	..	13	18	13	17	10	13	..	..	84
Miller	..	..	11	15	13	..	..	..	..	..	48
Holmes	..	..	..	17	13	14	14	19	10	9	96
Morris	..	..	..	..	10	15	8	..	..	..	33
Wenona	..	..	..	..	11	12	9	..	..	..	32
Stoops	..	..	..	..	12	17	9	12	11	..	61
Smith	..	..	..	..	12	13	15	..	..	..	40
Rube	..	..	..	..	13	7	14	..	..	..	34
Burger	..	..	..	..	11	10	16	..	..	..	37
Irwin	..	..	..	..	14	10	14	..	..	..	38
Brandt	..	..	..	..	11	7	..	..	..	..	18
Hunter	..	..	..	..	18	13	14	12	20	..	77
McFadden	..	..	..	..	7	6	..	..	..	..	13
Lindsay	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	9	..	..	23
Gillespie	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	10

The second day's programme consisted of ten events, the same as yesterday.

Oct. 2, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	15	20	20	Broke.
Atkinson	11	16	15	18	15	16	13	13	20	15	152
Moore	11	18	12	18	13	18	13	11	17	18	149
Shaner	13	14	13	20	12	19	12	13	15	18	149
Fleming	13	19	14	17	11	20	14	14	18	17	157
Harper	10	15	12	17	7	17	15	14	14	18	140
North	6	11	11	18	11	16	9	14	15	14	125
Skelley	12	19	11	17	14	16	9	14	18	18	148
Frost	11	16	10	16	9	14	12	13	16	14	131
Hunter	14	16	13	15	12	15	10	9	19	16	139
Deniker	12	19	13	14	14	19	13	14	17	15	150
Knode	9	16	12	19	14	18	14	15	14	14	147
Kelsey	13	19	12	16	14	17	14	13	19	18	155
Watson	12	14	13	20	13	19	11	13	17	17	149
Martin	15	14	10	16	12	11	12	12	13	16	126
Mingo	13	16	11	16	11	19	9	13	17	15	139
Daugherty	10	14	7	16	13	15	9	11	13	16	126
Thompson	10	14	9	14	19	14	13	9	13	14	120
Stoops	12	14	10	17	6	15	13	12	10	..	109
Hamilton	9	12	9	14	10	11	10	9	13	11	106
McMillan	11	14	10	..	8	..	10	..	..	..	51
Pills	9	15	8	11	12	15	..	..	..	..	69
Miller	11	10	5	7	11	8	7	9	12	14	99
Silver	9	10	6	12	8	10	9	10	13	9	96
Cochran	..	..	10	12	14	15	7	..	..	..	63
Bessemer	..	..	9	17	14	17	10	..	..	..	66
Hill	..	..	8	16	11	16	11	15	14	18	109
Lippert	..	..	9	14	7	14	7	..	..	..	51
Swearer	..	..	10	18	10	15	11	15	17	19	115
Tony	..	..	..	15	11	20	14	13	15	17	105
Morris	..	..	..	..	12	13	11	12	11	..	59
Johnston	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	3
Small	..	..	..	..	12	16	12	12	..	..	52
Henderson	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	11	15	14	50
Irwin	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	10	18	18	56
Jacques	..	..	..	..	9	15	..	..	..	..	24
Ewing	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	8
Schinner	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	13		27
Eschelman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	15		29
Brandt	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	8		22
McFadden	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	4		8
Schooman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	8		22
Rube	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	16		27
Pool	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16		16
Wenona	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13		13
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14		14

Notes of the Shoot

L. V. Byer, of Rochester, N. Y., was suffering from a severe cold and was obliged to leave for home after the first day.

Howard Sergeant was so busy that he had no time to talk.

There may be better referees than Charley Glancey—but we have never seen them.

Joe Taylor, John Kiser and Alf. Hamilton were "clean off" in their shooting, but stayed in the game from start to finish.

Charlie Grubb found plenty of time to talk business, but he never allowed a squad to delay the game.

Billy Kinser says he did not win the bronze medal, but had as much sport as any shooter on the grounds.

New Castle was well represented by Shaner, Moore, Atkinson and Agnew.

Jim Skelly wore a 7 by 9 smile when his powder won high average and captured the bronze medal.

Come again, boys; the North Side Club is always glad to see you.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Oct. 4.—The opening shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club's season, was held to-day on the beautiful grounds of the club at Bay Ridge. The competition began merrily and strong as to numbers. Dr. J. J. Keyes established the first claim on the October cup with a score of 48. In a contest for a trophy Mr. H. M. Brigham won after a number of closely contested shoot-offs.

The shooting committee, the members of which are Messrs. A. W. Higgins, chairman; G. A. Sykes, H. M. Brigham, T. W. Stake and F. B. Stephenson, awarded handicap allowances as follows:

Targets:	25	15	10p	Targets:	25	15	10p
W W Marshall	6	3	3	E Banks	0	0	0
F D Mead	7	4	5	A M Boucher	5	3	3
C J McDermott	5	3	3	H M Brigham	0	0	0
W J McConville	5	3	4	G L Blake	10	5	8
H C Kensie	5	3	3	F T Bradford, Jr.	3	1	3
H L Meyer	9	5	8	H A Bourne	6	3	6
E L Maltby	9	5	5	G W Cropsey	2	1	1
F E Mendes	8	4	6	C H Chapman	7	4	5
G Notman	4	2	2	A Corlies	4	2	3
H L O'Brien	5	2	4	W H Cornell	10	5	8
J C Oswald	10	5	8	W K Fowler	8	4	6
L M Palmer, Jr.	3	1	3	J C Faulkner	8	4	7
A W Palmer	10	5	6	W M L Fiske, Jr.	10	5	8
Dr G E J Pool	3	1	3	J S Fiske	10	5	8
F C Raynor, M.D.	10	5	8	J O Graham	10	5	8
J S S Remsen	1	0	0	J H Hallock	3	2	2
E L Rhett	8	3	4	G W Hagedorn	2	1	2
A B Rhett	8	4	6	D V B Hageman	4	2	3
J Rhett	10	5	7	A A Hegeman	5	3	5
C G Rasmus	4	2	4	A W Higgins	10	5	8
T W Stakes	6	3	5	L C Hopkins	6	3	5
F B Stephenson	1	0	1	W H Holden	10	5	8
G B Stephenson, Sr.	8	4	6	H Kryn	4	2	2
C G Stephenson, Jr.	2	1	1	C Kenyon, Jr.	4	2	3
C A Sykes	4	2	3	J J Keyes	2	1	2
S Sherwell, M.D.	9	5	9	E B Knowlton	3	2	3
H B Vanderveer	4	2	4	E H Lott	2	1	2
S E Vernon	10	5	7	J Lott	3	2	4
H Werlemann	10	5	6	F T Lawrence	10	5	6
V W Wickes	10	5	8	A W Money	1	0	1

Handicaps are revised monthly and are subject to change at any time.

Both distance and allowance handicaps were used, the platform having been enlarged and arranged for the former, from 14 to 22yds.

October cup, 50 targets, handicap allowances added:

	—First 25—			—Second 25—			
	Al'ce.	Brk.	Tot'l.	Al'ce.	Brk.	Tot'l.	Total.
Dr J J Keyes	2	21	23	2	23	25	48
W W Marshall	6	15	21	6	17	23	44
H M Brigham	0	20	20	0	23	23	43
A W Money	1	20	21	1	20	21	42
W G McConville	5	15	20	5	17	22	42
Dr G E Pool	3	16	19	3	20	23	42
T W Stake	6	14	20	6	15	21	41
H L Meyer	9	10	19	9	11	20	39
H A Kryn	4	16	20	4	14	18	38
C Marshall, Jr.	10	7	17	10	9	19	36
Dr Shepard	7	8	15	7	13	20	35
C J McDermott	5	11	16	5	11	16	32

Trophy, 25 targets, handicap allowances added:

	Al'ce.	Brk.	T'l.		Al'ce.	Brk.	T'l.
Pool	3	23	25	Keyes	2	22	24
Faulkner	8	19	25	Money	1	22	23
Brigham	0	25	25	McConville	5	18	23
W Marshall	6	19	25	O'Brien	5	17	22
C Marshall	10	15	25	Shepard	7	9	16
Kryn	4	20	24				

Shoot-off, same conditions:

	Al'ce.	Brk.	T'l.		Al'ce.	Brk.	T'l.
Brigham	0	25	25	Pool	3	17	20
Faulkner	8	16	24	Marshall, Jr	10	7	17
Marshall	6	16	22				

Trophy, 25 targets, distance handicap: Brigham, 20yds., 19; Sykes, 16yds., 19; Money, 18yds., 18; Kryn, 16yds., 15; Marshall, 14yds., 15; Rhett, 14yds., 15.

Shoot-off, 5 targets: Brigham, 20yds., 5; Sykes, 16yds., 2.

Trophy, same conditions: Brigham, 20yds., 22; Kryn, 16yds., 18; Money, 18yds., 18; Marshall, 14yds., 14; Rhett, 14yds., 13.

Trophy, 10 pairs; handicap allowances added:

	Al'ce.	Brk.	T'l.		Al'ce.	Brk.	T'l.
Kryn	2	13	15	Rhett	4	8	12
Keyes	2	12	14	Brigham	0	12	12
Marshall	3	11	14	Money	1	10	11

Sweepstakes, 25 targets: Brigham 21, Money 18, W. Marshall 16, Meyer 14, Marshall, Jr., 6.

Sweepstake, same conditions: Brigham 22, Kryn 20, McConville 20, W. Marshall 20, Money 19, Pool 15, McDermott 12, Faulkner 11, Marshall, Jr., 3.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Oct. 4.—Cloudy weather and drizzling rain betimes were deterrent conditions concerning trapshooting around New York to-day, so that the shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club to-day was but lightly attended. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	25	15	10	10	10	25	15	25
Waters	19	15	9	9	9	23	..	23
Batten	12	8	4	5	2	8	..	..
Wright	9	..	7	..	..	..	8	18
Newton	..	..	..	6	..	..	9	..
O'Caloghan	3	2	..	..	2	..	..	..
Wright	..	..	5	..	..	..	10	..

No. 3 was at 5 pairs.

Middletown Gun Club.

Middletown, N. Y., Sept. 27.—The Middletown Gun Club's shoot to-day was open. A feature was a visit of the Wanderers. There were six events on the programme—one at 10, three at 15, one at 20, and one at 25 targets; 100 targets, and $5 entrance in all. The purses were divided by the Rose system, points 5, 3, 2 and 1. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	15	15	25	15	15
Apgar	10	15	14	15	22	12	14
Davis	5	6	13	7	15	8	..
Von Lengerke	7	14	16	12	16	10	10
Ogden	9	11	15	13	19	14	13
Van Sickle	7	11	..	..	..	..	..
Brown	10	12	13	13	..	12	..
Stever	7	10	11	12	12	10	..
Butler	8	10	17	12	18	11	..
Glover	9	12	17	12	22	12	13
Pfaff	7	10	13	9	14	12	9
Clearwater	..	..	16	10	18	..	..
Steele	..	..	..	10	21	11	..
Vernon	..	..	..	12	..	..	..
Musbach	..	..	..	14	..	10	..
Whyte	..	..	..	8	..	10	..
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	10	..
Von Lengerke	..	..	..	..	..	11	..
Ogden	..	..	..	..	..	11	..

R. M. Vernon, Sec'y-Treas.

Central City Tournament.

Central City, Ia., Oct. 2.—The tournament of the Wapsie Gun Club lasted but one day, owing to light attendance.

The programme called for eight 15 and four 20 target events, open to all, and a medal and cup event at 25 targets each, open to amateurs only.

The regular events were all handicaps. Budd was the only one handicapped, and shot from the 18yd. mark. No money was added. Events 7 and 14 were not counted in averages. Holden, of Marengo, won the medal, having to shoot off a tie on 24 with Foley, of Nichols. They shot at 15 targets. Holden broke them all and won. Ford, of Central City, won the cup with 25 straight.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	25	15	15	20	15	15	20	25	Av.
Holden, 16	14	14	19	13	14	18	24	15	13	20	15	15	19	24	.945
Budd, 18	12	13	17	11	14	19	..	13	13	17	11	13	17	..	.850
Lord, 16	11	14	14	11	13	15	..	12	9	14	14	11	16	..	.800
Linell, 16	11	14	18	12	14	19	23	14	11	20	13	13	20	..	.890
Brookman, 16	13	13	17	12	13	19	22	14	12	18	13	15	19	19	.890
Foley	14	12	18	13	14	19	24	12	14	19	14	14	18	..	.905
Reed	11	12	18	15	11	18	21	14	13	17	12	14	16	..	.850
Ford	14	15	..	14	14	..	..	15	13	..	..	..	..	25	....

No. 7 was badge contest. No. 14 was cup contest.

Hawkeye.

A correspondent, writing to a contemporary, mentioned that he was a regular visitor at the meetings of the F. R. C. S., and noted the evolution of the technical language in the way of precision and elegance, as follows: "In certain compound tunicates the atrial wall, in the egg development delimited by a pair of ectoblastic invaginations, in the bud development may be formed from the parental endodermic branchial sac." Certainly. We concur.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The Southern Railway has recently issued a handsome illustrated pamphlet entitled "Hunting and Fishing in the South." It purports to describe the best localities in the South for various kinds of game and fish, and to give the game laws for the different Southern States. Moreover, for most of the States it gives tables furnishing name of town, hotels, names of guides, kinds of game, cost of team per day, and names of individuals from whom reliable information may be obtained. The pamphlet is one which should be in the hands of every one intending to make a Southern trip this winter. It will be mailed on receipt of three cents postage, on application to Alex. S. Thweatt, E. P. A., 271 Broadway, New York.

The name Cammeyer has long been famous among the shoemakers of the United States. Within a few years Cammeyer has taken to manufacturing shooting boots and shoes of all sorts and descriptions. Every field shooter has his own idea as to the sort of footgear he wishes to wear, and at Cammeyer's he is quite sure to find what he requires, both as to style and material.

Last spring the Spruce Cabin Inn, owned by Price Brothers, of Canadensis, Pike county, Pa., was burned down, and many sportsmen do not know that in order to accommodate their old friends and customers, Price Brothers have erected a spacious and comfortable cottage on the same grounds, and are thoroughly equipped with dogs and guides for the season.

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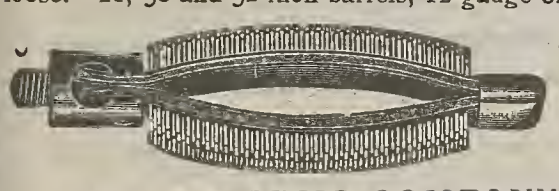

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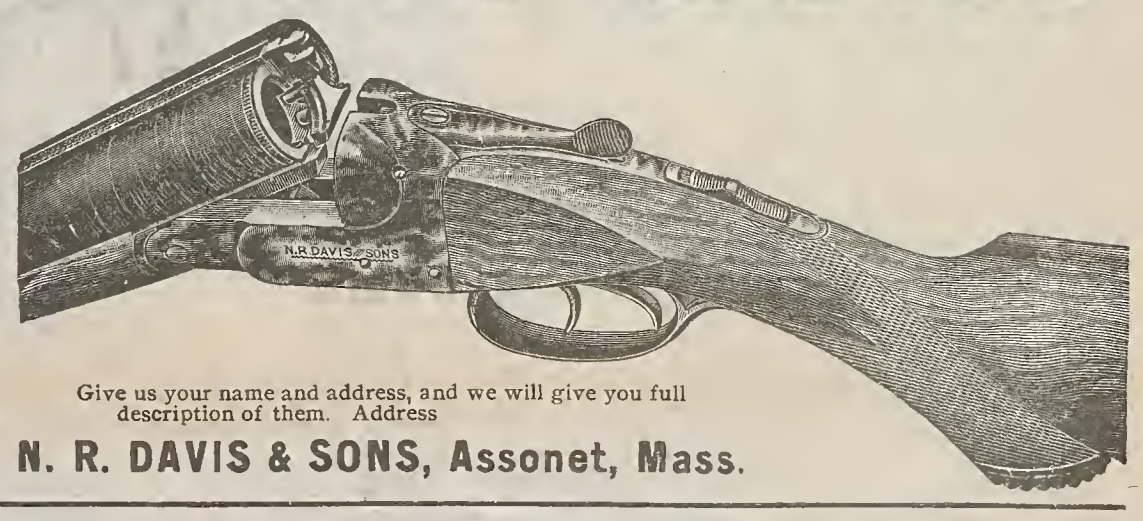

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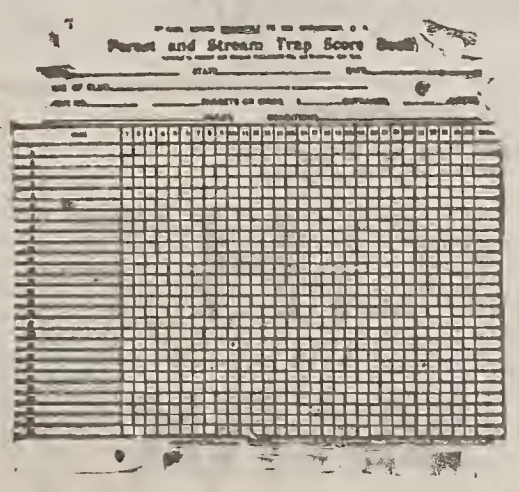

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VOL. LIX.—No. 16. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1902.

FOREST AND STREAM

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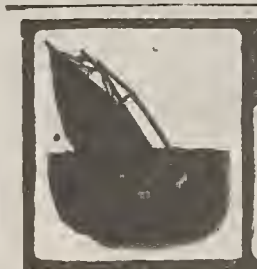
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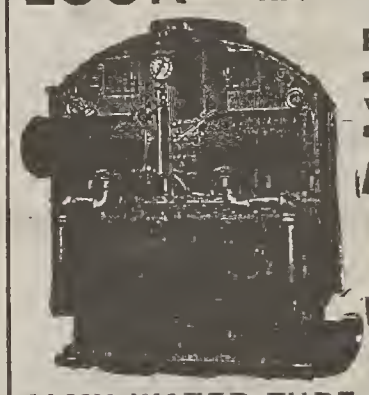
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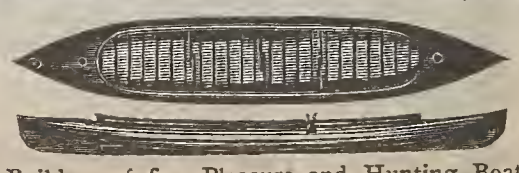
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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1902.

VOL. LIX.—No. 16. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

PROPAGATION OF THE GRAYLING.

DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL, we opine, is destined to be remembered as the American angling writer who has done most to popularize the black bass as a game fish. His "Book of the Black Bass," published twenty years ago, served to draw attention to the bass, and had large part in giving the fish the place it now holds.

Dr. Henshall is in charge of the Bozeman, Mont., station of the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries, and he has signalized his service there by the successful propagation of the grayling, an achievement which bids fair to transcend in its far-reaching effects all that Dr. Henshall ever did for the black bass. A record of the grayling work was published in our issue of Sept. 20, 1902, from Dr. F. M. Higgins, of Oswego, N. Y. There it was told that after several thousand grayling eggs had been hatched and deposited in the hatchery ponds, they refused the food which was taken by the young trout, and eventually died. But it was from these very starved fish that Dr. Henshall learned the secret of success in grayling culture. Putting them under the microscope he discovered that their mouths were equipped with minute sharp fangs. "This discovery he thought solved the problem of the death of the grayling fry. The spring water used for the hatchery as it came from the rocks was walled up and roofed over, and was therefore absolutely pure water, or at least water entirely free from infusoria, and as the grayling fry had those invisible fangs in their mouth, they must derive their food from infusoria." The next year Dr. Henshall put his grayling fry into creek water, in which there was a native store of the food they required, and they lived. Since then he has shipped each season about a million and a half of grayling fry to Eastern stations, some of them as far east as Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont; and other plantings on a generous scale have been made in Michigan, where, it is not too much to hope, the grayling fishing may in time be restored.

If all shall come to pass of which there now is reasonable promise, Dr. Henshall will deserve well of his countrymen, as one who has added substantially to the country's fishing resources.

A QUAIL PROBLEM.

ON Wednesday, Oct. 8, a woman and a boy who happened to be looking out of the window of a house in the upper part of Manhattan Island, were astonished to see a quail run along the lawn, across the drive and stop under the shadow of a Japanese quince. An elephant or a Bengal tiger, promenading over the grass near the house, would hardly have created more excitement.

The two promptly went out of doors and approached the bird. It seemed disposed to cling to the cover of the few stems of the bush, and to be unwilling to run out over the short cut grass. Nevertheless, as they slowly drew near, it left its shelter and ran as hard as it could to the shadow of another bush, but a few yards away. While running over the grass in the full light it was, of course, distinctly visible to the observers who were within a dozen or fifteen yards of it, but when it gained the shelter of the bush, where there were patches of light and shadow, and stems and perhaps a few leaves on the ground, the bird seemed to melt out of sight, and could hardly be seen.

It was not at any time badly frightened, and more than once stopped on the grass in the open, always, however, choosing a place where there was a dead leaf or a little group of leaves, and when standing there it was hardly visible. Sometimes, when it stopped at the foot of one of the shrubs, it walked about a little bit, and appeared to be feeding, picking up something from the ground.

When under a bush near the road it disappeared. It was not seen to fly. What it probably did was to run to the road, keeping the bush between the observers and itself. It must have traveled east over the road for fifty or sixty yards, for after considerable search it was spied walking over the grass on a hill to the southeast. When next approached, the ground here being perfectly smooth and bare of cover, it took wing, flew off strongly toward the west, and was not seen again.

Where can this bird have come from? Certainly not from New Jersey, to the west, for the river is a mile or a mile and a half wide, a distance far too great to be covered by the flight of a quail. Hardly from Central Park to the south; for that is a region infested by cats and dogs which in their continual hunting would be likely to destroy the nests of any ground-inhabiting birds, if not the birds themselves. Long Island, to the east, is equally out of the question, and there remains only the mainland to the north—the Borough of the Bronx.

Thirty or forty years ago there were still a few quail to be found north and west of Van Cortlandt Lake, in what is now Van Cortlandt Park, but it is not to be supposed that any of their descendants still inhabit that populous region. Of course, it is possible that this quail was a bird which had escaped from confinement, but this hardly seems probable.

On the other hand, this is just the season of the year when quail and grouse set forth on wanderings which lead them they know not whither, and which often result in death. We have seen a half a dozen cases where ruffed grouse have been killed by flying against houses, and once years ago, at this season of the year, knew of a quail flying into the open window of a bedroom in which two persons were dressing.

A few years since it was not very unusual to see woodcock in the little parks of New York, and in the gardens of the upper part of the city. Indeed, it is but a year since one was seen and flushed several times. A migratory bird like a woodcock might well enough drop down anywhere in city or country, if it became tired in its flight, or saw an attractive spot. But a bird like the quail or grouse, most of whose wanderings are performed on foot, would hardly be expected to penetrate to the middle of a great city, since this involves foot journeying over miles of distance, during which it must pass thousands of people, many of whom would observe it, and all of whom would wish to destroy it.

SHALL WE PRESERVE THE WOODCOCK?

THE suggestion recently made in FOREST AND STREAM that there should be a close season on the woodcock for a term of years, has been received with much favor by our readers generally.

The older men who can recall the days when woodcock were fairly plenty, and who, still keeping up their shooting, realize how scarce woodcock are to-day, are especially earnest in their advocacy of such action. The younger men, who know less about woodcock, are naturally less interested.

The woodcock is one of our vanishing game birds which is disappearing with a rapidity that is genuinely alarming. Of all game birds, he is least able to take care of himself. Shy, nocturnal in habit, and during the day haunting for rest the darkest thickets of wood or swamp, he is easily found by the dog, and when flushed rises close to the gunner, and, perhaps bewildered by the glaring light of day, flies uncertainly a little way and then drops back to earth. In some covers, and under certain conditions, not one bird in five is likely to escape the aim of the expert shot. Now that our woodcock are so few in number, it seems as if for a while all men might be willing to unite in stopping their slaughter.

We should be very glad to hear from readers in different localities as to how they may feel with regard to this question of absolutely protecting woodcock for a term of years. Obviously if any good is to be accomplished by such protection, it must be general. To have one or two or half a dozen States or Provinces protect the bird, and still to have it shot in other States or Provinces, would accomplish nothing, and would be a waste of effort. To accomplish the best results, all Canadian Provinces and all the States of the Union east of the Mississippi River, should unite in measures looking toward the protection of this fine game bird—not only one of the most delicious of birds for the table, but a bird about which cluster traditions, sentiment and memories that make him especially dear to the sportsman's heart. Obviously these different political divisions cannot act together, but game protective and natural history organizations in each Province, or each State could, if they thought best, agitate the matter within their own territory and urge upon their legislators the passage of the proper laws. As has frequently been pointed out, the slaughter of the woodcock is great in the South in winter and early spring, but it is also great in the Northern regions where the few that are left rear their young. It is well worth while to urge strongly on sportsmen the importance of an effort to give the woodcock an opportunity to recover the ground that it has been losing constantly for the past twenty years.

What do the sportsmen of America think about this? It is a matter that they must take in hand themselves. No one will do it for them.

Is the woodcock to take its place as a museum specimen by the side of the wild pigeon, the pied duck, the great auk and the buffalo?

FORESTRY IN NEW YORK.

BOTH of the political parties in New York have adopted a forestry plank in their platforms. The Republicans set forth:

> We regard the Adirondack and Catskill parks, with their forests, waters and fauna, as one of nature's priceless legacies to our imperial State, which the dictates of prudence, wise public policy and foresight require should be carefully safeguarded and protected, not only as health resorts and pleasure grounds for the people, but as a conservator of the water supply for our rivers and canals so necessary for the continuous supremacy of the State. We, therefore, favor the resumption by the State of the purchase of lands within the limits of these parks.

And the Democrats, whose convention came later, said:

> We condemn the policy of the present Republican government in abandoning the purchase of lands within the limits of the Adirondack Park. These woods are necessary for the protection of the water supply of the rivers and canals of the State, and serve also as a pleasure ground and health resort for the people. If intrusted with authority, we pledge ourselves to the immediate resumption of the policy inaugurated by a Democratic Governor for the acquisition, for the sole benefit of the people, of the Adirondack forest lands, and we recognize the necessity of furnishing full and adequate protection for game animals, fishes, song and game birds, and we pledge ourselves to secure the enactment of just laws to this end.

The forestry question is not reckoned by political managers to be one of lively interest, and probably nothing more will be heard on the subject from either party during the campaign. It has come to a pass, however, where neither party can afford to ignore the Adirondacks in the party declaration of principle; and it is something to have both of them thus committed to the right side of the question.

GAME AND POLITICS IN WISCONSIN.

GAME protection has entered into Wisconsin politics this year, one of the candidates for the governorship promising that if elected he will abolish the protective system and relieve the taxpayers of the burden of supporting the wardens. This comes close to bosh. As President Plambeck, of the Wisconsin Game Protective Association points out, the farmers are not anxious to have the game laws done away with, nor are the people groaning beneath a heavy burden of taxation for game protection. On the contrary, the intelligent landowner recognizes the advantages of protection and would retain it, and as for the expenses, these are borne out of the funds collected for shooting licenses and for fines. In other words, the wardens are paid by the sportsmen and by the law breakers who are gunners but not sportsmen. In one case cited, seven Michigan hunters were fined $50 each, and the entire $350 remains in the county treasury available for paying all expenses of taking in another lawless set of hunters. It is said that more than $60,000 have been collected for hunting licenses this year at one dollar each, and a large surplus remains in the treasury to the credit of the game protection fund. Under these circumstances a political candidate who talks about relieving the people of Wisconsin of the cost of protecting the game must think that his audience is composed of idiots.

THE GAME AND THE GOVERNMENT.

IN another column Mr. Edward A. Samuels writes in advocacy of the oft-suggested plan of giving the National Government control of migratory game. Although it is manifest that such a system would have its advantages as well as its disadvantages, we have never been able to persuade ourselves that the National Government could constitutionally assume control of the game, or that a constitutional amendment to grant that power would ever be seriously considered by Congress. The fact—and we must reconcile ourselves to it—is that if migratory game is to be saved, it must be saved by the machinery of the individual States and by the States working in some sort of union of effort. We are not unaware that numbers of men, who, as Mr. Samuels, have labored long in the cause of protection and pondered the problem, believe in the recourse to Washington as the only solution; but none the less is it clear that under our Constitution the game is not to be preserved in that way.

The Sportsman Tourist.

"Over the Long Divide."

In response to Shoshone, "Beyond the Long Divide," in Forest and Stream, Sept. 13, 1902.

"Over the Long Divide"? with anxious thought
Man has an answer to this question sought,
What lies beyond? The entire human race,
Chaldea, Syria, Egypt, Greece and Rome,
Have crossed the crest to an unfathomed home,
Nor knew the semblance of that dwelling place
That waited them; with portals dark and wide
Beyond the summit of the Long Divide.

Over the Long Divide? the endless streams
Of passing mortals leave us but their dreams,
The Hindoo of Nirvana, while on fields Elysian
The Greek and Roman sported, and the souls
Of Odin's warriors drained their wassail bowls;
Saint John in his Apocalyptic vision
Bland choral symphonies, resounding wide
From golden harps, beyond the Long Divide.

Beyond the Long Divide, the Indian found
Wide prairies spread, a happy hunting ground;
No dreams agreed, Hope colored every thought,
Eternal Hope! the only gift of Heaven
Left in the casket by Pandora riven,
Although no answering message she has brought,
Illumed by Faith, she's yet the only guide
To light the traveler o'er the Long Divide!

Von W.

The Self-Reliance of Piscator.

BY HENRY WYSHAM LANIER.

Piscator had theories concerning guides.

"It's a radically false idea of sport," he declared at the breakfast table. "If there's anything at all in fishing, it's a test of a man's intelligence and skill and tackle against a fish—an individual contest. But when a guide puts my rod together, and chooses the cast, and soaks out a leader, and fastens on the flies, and paddles me in his canoe to a spot he selects, and tells me where to cast and how to play the salmon, and then to finish up with, nets the fish when he is tired out—whose skill does that particular landlock victim represent? I'll be hanged if it's mine."

Piscator had warmed to his subject while the cakes and maple syrup grew cold. Glancing around after this peroration, he intercepted a look from the Peri, which sent his coffee the wrong way and caused him to pass her father the pickles instead of the doughnuts, to the infinite disgust of that purple-gilled old warrior. It took some moments of chaff from the other men to recover his equilibrium, for the Peri was exceedingly good to look upon, and up to this time she had gazed neither to the right nor to the left. Piscator felt his position trebly impregnable.

"Why, look at that steel-rod duffer," said he, "who lets Jerry hook half his fish, then simply socks it into 'em with his iron pole and a twisted gut leader—and sends home box after box of salmon to his admiring relatives in 'Wareham, Massachusetts.' Put that creature on his own resources, and he'd be food for the fish in twenty-four hours, instead of boring every living thing he meets with his 'score' for each day of the week."

"After all, though, he isn't quite representative, even of the sportsmen of this place; is he?" asked the Peri.

"I'll admit he's the limit, as the boys say," Piscator hastened to reply. "But he's merely an exaggeration of the same principle which you'll find in nine-tenths of the city man's sport. The fellow who goes out to shoot a deer or a moose is led by the guide, provided he doesn't get tired, till he gets a sight of the poor beast, and then, if he isn't too nervous, our mighty nimrod pumps lead into him. He might as well, so far as sport goes, drive a cow into the woods and fill her full of dum-dum bullets. Soon we'll be as bad as the Britisher who sits on his lawn, with brandy and soda bottles handy and an attendant holding the guns, lest he get wearied, while his flunkies beat up the coverts and make the home-raised pheasants fly over him!"

"Did you ever try a double on a pair of pheasants coming down with the wind?" asked Grafton, the Englishman.

"No; and I'm not particularly keen to. I'll grant you lots of those chaps can shoot all around me; but they've lost all idea of true sport and the pleasures of self-reliance as completely as the Long Island magnate who casts into a stagnant pond swarming with logy, liver-fed trout."

The honors of the morning were clearly with Piscator, but under the rays from the Peri's eyes he inflated like a hot-air balloon, until forbearance became a difficult virtue.

"Excuse me, sir," remarked the Colonel, "but did I not observe you during these last few days in the company of Peter the Dane?"

"Yes, sir." Piscator flushed. "It's true that my theory won't hold absolutely, for the average man doesn't have time to learn even the rudiments in his few weeks of fishing or hunting at any given place. Consequently he's obliged to submit to this degrading tutelage until he knows the ropes. But I'm not going to keep it up."

This happened upon a Wednesday. The next night, true to his determination, Piscator dismissed the bewildered Peter, finding it necessary to soothe that worthy's smarting and puzzled professional dignity by a substantial addition to his bill and repeated assurances that one of the two best guides he had ever struck in all his experience was named Peter the Dane—but that he thought he would just knock about by himself for a few days.

Now it chanced that at dinner the Peri had turned up her already fascinating *retrousse* nose at the broiled salmon. "They are beautiful," said she to her father with finality; "and they skip like young lambs when they're hooked; and I'll admit every quality of gameness you choose. But they are not very good eating to begin with, and I'm tired to death of them."

Piscator decided to go a-trouting next day in Bonny Brook. He knew nothing about it except what he had gleaned from rough maps and from Peter—and a remembrance of having crossed the stream on the thirteen-mile drive from the railroad. But no matter; it would be a welcome change, it would signalize his emancipation—and what more felicitous votive offering for the shrine at the nor'west corner of the table than an unexpected dish of delicately browned pink-fleshed trout, secured by his own unaided craft? Clearly a direct and manifest inspiration.

Eight o'clock next morning found him with an after-breakfast pipe swinging along the high road at a five-mile gait, rod and landing net in cases under his arm. He had decided not to be conspicuous and spoil his surprise by either an early start or an announcement of his intentions. The robin and song sparrows and martens were filling the air with a conversational medley in spite of the lowering clouds and fog. A few moments of rigid self-analysis, following a comparison of his case with theirs, led Piscator to the conclusion that his own exhilaration in the face of the muggy atmosphere was due to two causes—the entire freedom and solitary dependence on his own resources, and, perhaps quite equally, the remembrance of an appointment at half-past one to teach the Peri how to catch a salmon off the old dock by the canal. While apparently contradictory, these two causes were really harmonious, for he felt sure it was his pronouncement of the true principles of sport which had brought the prize to him rather than that red-faced and insufferably familiar Grafton. He could remember her very words. "We women," she had said, with the most enticing humility, "aren't like men and can't be self-reliant. The world seems to have settled it for us that we shall be dependent and have at every step instructors and protectors." (Piscator had blinked rapidly several times at this.) "But if we must be taught, let it be by a thorough sportsman and a gentleman, not by a day laborer who happens to make a profession of guiding."

Piscator broke into a vigorous whistling of a randy-dandy march tune, setting his pace to keep time.

After what seemed like a very long two miles, he met an old man walking into town who directed him to the trail through the woods which he had been told met the brook a mile or two above where it crossed the road. With this timely help he struck the correct path a little further on, and after fifteen minutes' brisk walking between the almost impenetrable young growth of spruce and birch and hemlock, he descended the slope of a beautiful little valley at the foot of which beneath a line of tall grass and alders purled a hidden streamlet.

He jointed his rod with trembling fingers—for he wanted trout badly, and did not feel entire certainty of his ability—another humiliating proof, he told himself, of the truth of his theory. It took some time to do this, and to rig a cast of a Parmacheene-belle and a green-drake, for the day was one of those close, heavy-aired, smothery ones in which the infernal legions of black flies and mosquitoes rage mightily; so that, bearing the full brunt of the attack in the myriad-swarming enemy's own stronghold, Piscator had to pause for a thorough coating of tar and pennyroyal "dope" on face and hands. With every exposed surface glistening oilily, a pipe going, collar turned up and hat brim pulled down all around, it became possible to look about and consider the question of trout once more.

Cautiously approaching the bank in this little clearing, he deftly cast ten feet around a jutting overleaning clump of alders. Hardly had the fly touched the invisible water when there was a thrilling tug, a splash, and with a business-like yank Piscator urged a handsome quarter-pound trout, all gleaming red and yellow and live brown, into the capacious landing net. He passed from doubt to triumph in a twinkling; the thing was ridiculously easy if a man could but get down to first principles and do it all for himself; and such a zestful flavor was not to be had of a ten-pounder secured by a personally conducted expedition. Two more fish came out of this corner, but he decided they were too small to keep beside the first capture, so he moved on down stream.

The going became rather difficult after leaving this partially cleared space. The line caught a dozen times in a hundred feet while pushing one's way through the dense growth; often five minutes' patient maneuvering was necessary before the flies could be induced to drop on the surface of a shallow pool ten feet away; and before long he had to take alternately to the stream bed and the shore to make any progress. But he fished every yard of it conscientiously, crawling on his hands and knees to likely spots and sliding the rod through the branches till the flies could be flipped out; working down and up the riffles and swift water with minute care; greasing face and hands and reloading pipe every now and then to mitigate the insect pests; and after two hours of arduous labor he found himself, hot and breathless, a mile down stream, with a brace of ten-inch trout in his net. He was never able to decide quite finally whether or no he had wished to let go all of the three smaller fish which had been hooked, but not brought to bag; there are distinctions almost too fine to draw accurately between careless handling and actual releasing; and an escaped trout seems larger in the retrospect with only two in hand. But he was pretty well content. They were his very own; there was still over an hour's fishing of the larger brook in which to make up a respectable half-dozen; and then dinner and the Peri.

Presently the bushes became even thicker, and a still, deep pool, so closely overhung as to make fishing impossible, drove him out on the left-hand bank. He had thought progress difficult before, but this absolutely flat land and its intertwining undergrowth tried the temper. Upon attempting to work his way back to the stream, which had seemed to be turning to the left, he met soft ooze and marsh grass, showing that the brook fifty feet beyond must have ceased its flow. Of course he knew enough about trout to realize that this sort of a quagmire was no place for them; so he went on, stumbling over the roots that stuck out of the soft earth, raked fore and aft by the greenbriers, and forced to stop continually while he went back to loose the line from the leaves or unhooked from a twig the net in which he was carrying his two trout. Half a dozen times, too, he had to drop everything and cut the hook of the dangling dropper fly from his coat, in which it had buried itself.

These vexatious small hindrances harrassed him, their cumulative effect being to raise both the physical and mental temperature to some degrees beyond the comfortable normal; but he stuck to his task doggedly and floundered along, assuring himself that he must come soon to swift water or to the place where the stream crossed the road.

After traversing what seemed, even allowing for the difficulties, well over a mile, and finding no change of outlook or direction, the swamp began to get softer underfoot and darker with hemlock and tamarack ahead. For the hundredth time he reasoned it out, wondering if this could possibly be a deadwater slough forming an offset from the brook. It was just conceivable that the real stream went straight ahead or turned the other way beyond the point where he had left it; anyhow, he decided, the road was certainly on the other side of all this mud and water, and if the infernal slough did lead way down to the big marshes he had observed miles back when driving over—and the prospect ahead was steadily growing worse instead of better—he would do better on the opposite bank.

So he turned to retrace his steps. But this plausible logic was a serious admission, as he found by his shaking hands upon lighting a fresh pipe. "Now keep cool," he adjured himself aloud, "and don't be a childish idiot." However, it is difficult to bluff the inner ego—who has as an opponent the distinctly unfair advantage of omniscience—and Piscator found himself somewhat in the condition described by Heine—brain repeating Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason" to substantiate its disbelief in ghosts, while flying heart and prickly scalp and chilly spine did involuntary homage to the mysterious apparition. The very simplicity of the thing made its difficult solution unexpected, out of reason, exasperating.

It took some time to reach the end of the swift water where he had left the brook. Splashing across and working down on the other side, he found it did turn abruptly to the left where it became still, and he was again forced away from the water by soft mud and tangled bushes. So he set his teeth and vowed he'd stay beside it till it crossed the road if he had to walk all day, for cross it must somewhere.

This determination was eminently satisfactory until he reflected upon the Peri. What in the world would she think if he were late for his engagement? Already it was near the dinner hour, and he must reach the highway speedily to be in time. He advanced with fresh energy, though making slower progress as the half-obliterated trail began to run through and under spruces, while jagged tree trunks across and along it often completely blocked the way, and every ten steps the omnipresent alders and birches laid hold of tip or line.

After going much further apparently than on the other side, he came to the same sort of tract that had turned him there—a wall of evergreens, and beyond black ooze and an ever-thickening tangle of snaky-rooted alders. He stopped for a moment for breath, mopping his forehead, which streamed oil and perspiration; then, again encouraging himself aloud, he plunged head first through the spruce barrier, the more energetically since he was forced to admit that a real panic was making earnest efforts to take possession of his—and had almost succeeded.

Before he realized what was happening, the pointed spruce needles had become entangled with the line near the tip, jerking the tail fly off the reel bar below his left hand; and as he pushed through, the pressure pulled the lower hook into his left thumb, burying it well beyond the barb.

Piscator always laid it to his mental credit that his only comment on this was to whistle loud and long, his usual recourse in perplexity or trouble. Then, blessing his stars that it was the left hand, he painfully got out his knife and managed to cut the hook loose, tying his handkerchief around the thumb to stop the bleeding. Unjointing his rod and stowing away the reel in his pocket and the leader and flies in a fly-book, he set out again.

The deep swamp seemed to have no end, but he pressed forward. Some rising ground with huckleberry bushes gave him fresh courage; but this soon dipped back into flatness and quagmire.

At length, really unnerved by the protracted and irritating labor of stooping and worming his way as well as by the wound in his thumb, and convinced that the road must be off to the right, he decided to abandon the stream, though he hardly dared to do so. In desperation he struck out at right angles into the forest, where the young spruces joined prickly arms in a solid row.

He had not gone two hundred yards when he burst through the bushes skirting the edge of the highway. And there, a hundred yards to the left, was the bridge where the deceitful brook, having recovered its flow and spirits after its long marshy wanderings, sang merrily across the road.

Washing off the perspiration and blood in its grateful ripples, Piscator looked at his watch. It was already nearly half-past one; he could not get back to the house in time for his appointment—but of course the Peri would understand, and some day she would sympathize while he made light of his adventure. Meanwhile he had for her supper the two little trout, to which he had clung through everything.

Putting his hand to his pocket he discovered to his dismay that his fly-book was gone. It was a new book, well stocked, and the pride of Piscator's heart. Moreover, his salmon fishing was practically over without it. He was already late for the Peri—and, more than all, a distinct dislike to return to that miserable swamp made it absolutely necessary to do so. Depositing rod and fish in the bushes, he tramped wearily back. He expected to find the wallet where his accident had occured, since he had taken it out there; but a thorough search in every direction failed to bring it to light. Quite dispirited by this culminating misadventure, he decided to make his way home, and he had retraced about half the distance to the road, when, to his delight, his eye made out the black leather book fifty feet ahead. Stowing it away securely, he arrived at the highway without further trouble.

It was 2:25 when Piscator toiled up the steep

hill of The Birches. Reaching the porch he was smitten to the heart to perceive two figures rounding the crest of the hill toward the lake: the Peri and—yes, by Beelzebub, chief of the devils—Grafton! The Peri looked beyond commonly fetching. She had once explained confidentially to a bosom fr end, who was condoling with her upon being dragged off to the end of nowhere by her "anglemaniac" father, that there was after all something in fishing, for she recognized some of the same ideas of color and form in tying a Jock-Scott to delude a salmon that where so essential in the Art of Dress; adding that beside she had some clothes to which no man yet had ever failed to rise.

She was wearing them now—a scarlet jacket beyond words, and the simplest perfection of an English walking skirt, beneath which appeared a pair of bewildering little high boots, the whole crowned by a white canvas hat on a pyramid of yellow hair.

Piscator looked, and groaned, and looked again. And then he sat him down and swore softly at trout and swamps, and went to his dinner.

He derived a poor consolation from the thought that he had really fished Bonny Brock and come off with more or less credit; but the reflection did not buoy very successfully. However, he mentioned his exploit casually to Peter the Dane.

"What luck?" queried Peter.

"Five or six small ones."

"H-m-m. Did you come to some deadwater?"

"Rather. I stopped fishing at the head of it."

"H-m. That deadwater has the only pools worth fishing in the brook. The rest doesn't pay for casting over."

Piscator smiled weakly. Then he went privily, fed his two quarter-pounders to the cat, and retired to his favorite salmon pool down the river.

But if the whole truth must be told, and the tale carried to its far from bitter end—the Peri did sup later on off luscious trout inveigled by the cunning of Piscator from the deadwater of Bonny Brook. And another engagement with her was kept by him punctiliously—but that, though the same story, is far too ancient a one to bear repetition.

A Trip to the High Sierras.—II.

(*Continued from page* 283)

Early the next morning, July 30, the Sierra Club took its departure, while D. and I stayed behind to ascend Alta Peak, 10,500 feet high, from which it was said we could see several glacial lakes. As we neared the summit we crossed a large snowdrift, where we tarried for a few moments to indulge in a game of snowballing, just as we had often done fifty years before in the far New England village where we were born. The air was soft and balmy, the aroma from thousands of flowers just below us was wafted to our nostrils on the gentle breeze, and over our heads a golden eagle was soaring and screaming his defiance.

From the top we had a fine view, including two lakes, but they were small, evidently destitute of fish, not very clear and as a whole rather disappointing. Returning to camp we prepared dinner and at 1 P. M. started for Bear Paw Meadow; the distance was only eight miles, but a high range intervened, and the trail soon became as steep as our horse could climb, with a descent equally precipitous on the other side. At Bear Paw it was said deer were usually quite numerous, and as the season opened Aug. 1, we were anxious to get out of the park, the line being just beyond Alta. Up to date we had seen very little game, except quail, but on this trail we saw several flocks of blue grouse, and could have shot a number had it been the open season.

Reaching Bear Paw, which was 2,000 feet lower than Alta, we were agreeably surprised to find that the Sierra Club had decided to pass the night there, and once more, and for the last time, we had the pleasure of listening to the discourses of these talented men. We spent two nights at Bear Paw, employing the intervening day in examining the vicinity for deer, but with very unsatisfactory results, for we found so little sign that we decided to leave the next morning. That our decision was a wise one was confirmed by a party of four who came in the next day and hunted the surrounding country faithfully for two days without seeing a deer, although in previous years the same men had killed many in that region. Later information revealed the fact that for some unknown cause the deer were much lower down on the range this year than they usually were, and most of them were far below us. Before dismissing the *Cervidæ* for good from this article, I will venture a few remarks about the deer of this section, although we neither killed nor saw a live one during our three weeks' stay in the mountains. I am quite familiar with the northern counties of California, and I feel certain that most of them contain far more and much larger deer than can be found as far south as Visalia. During the first three days of the open season four deer were killed near Mineral King, a place which will be referred to later on, but inquiry elicited the fact that with one exception their haunts had been located during the close season, and no more were killed during our stay. It is considered a good-sized buck there that will dress 100 pounds, and those that we saw were destitute of fat. In the northern counties the abundance of wild pea vine, a nutritious food of which deer as well as domestic stock are very fond, makes the deer very fat if not larger in frame, but I saw none of it in Tulare.

We left Bear Paw on Aug. 1 for Cliff Creek, eleven miles distant, with a good trail nearly all down grade, which brought us into the big tree belt once more, and also into the park. Disappointed as we were at the deer prospect, we were somewhat consoled by finding trout abundant in Cliff Creek, rather small, but of excellent flavor, they furnished an agreeable change to bacon straight. It was a beautiful stream, with pools, falls and rapids that made it an ideal trout stream, but it coursed its way through high ranges and heavy forests, rarely broken by meadows, and horse feed was therefore hard to find, so one night was all we decided to stay in this otherwise delightful place.

Our drive the next day was only six miles, but it led us through one of the most charming sections we had yet seen. It began with a climb of over 4,000 feet, and ended with a descent of 1,500. As we left the creek the trail began to ascend at once through a magnificent forest of pine and fir abounding in blue grouse, but before we reached the summit we passed through meadows richly endowed with flowers, one of which contained at least ten acres. The summit was reached in "Timber Gap," and soon after we began to descend we came to the deserted mine of Mineral King, after which this section is named. The mine seems to have been discovered by ranchers, who, although having considerable means, knew very little about gold and silver ores. They opened it up and built a mill in the cañon several hundred feet below, connecting the two by an aerial wire cable tramway, by which the ore was to be transported from mine to mill. The plan was all right, but unfortunately the ore proved so refractory that they could do nothing with it, and after various costly experiments it was abandoned.

Looking down into the bottom of the cañon from this point, we could see a wagon road, the first we had seen for two weeks, winding its way upward through meadows and alder thickets, until it terminated in a small cluster of rude cabins that made the Mineral King of to-day, owing its perpetuity chiefly to the summer influx of visitors seeking to escape from the torrid heat of the valleys. During the winter it is entirely deserted, as the elevation is 8,000 feet, and snow falls to the depth of eight or ten feet. One of the largest buildings is used as a store, post office and boarding house, and it has a tri-weekly stage to Visalia, sixty miles distant, bringing the mails and passengers at $5 each. The variety of coloring in the adjacent mountains indicate large mineral deposits, and within a quarter of a mile of the store there are four springs of sulphur, soda, arsenic and iron, respectively, all exeept the arsenic being strongly impregnated. It is one of the coldest stations in the mountains, frosty nights being quite common all summer, and in camping there two pairs of blankets are indispensable for comfort.

It was still early in the afternoon when we arrived at the store, and the lank condition of our horse, the result of twenty-four hours' fast, induced us to stable him for the night, with an ample supply of hay and grain, eating our own supper at the boarding house, for which we paid fifty cents each, although we found it inferior to that at the Giant Forest. Close by the hotel on the side of the hill were pitched the tents of a small detachment of Government surveyors, under Chief Barnard, and during our stay here we were indebted to them for many courtesies. One of the tents, containing cots, table, chairs, etc., was temporarily vacant, and Capt. Barnard placed it at our disposal for the first night, which we appreciated all the more from the fact that there was quite a heavy shower during the night.

There were several families located for the summer in the cabins and tents near by, and two or three parties who were in search of deer, as well as sections of the Sierra Club, and other tourists temporarily stopping here while doing the mountains, and during the evening most of the men came to the store, as they used to gather at Uncle 'Lisha's cobbler's shop, where they sat around on stools and boxes, smoking and discussed about game hunting, fishing and mountain travel, and pursuits generally. The store did not contain a very extensive stock of anything. The road from Visalia was a long and hard pull, the season at the camp short, and its present incumbent evidently not very opulent. Rows of canned fruit and vegetables were placed where they would make the most imposing appearance upon the shelves, with tobacco, a couple of boxes of cigars and some pipes; with a few groceries, could be seen through the dim light furnished by a kerosene lamp and a candle; no liquors were sold, and all of those present seemed to be of a highly respectable class.

During the evening we learned of a sheet of water three or four miles away, called Eagle Lake, where trout of incredible size were said to be abundant, but exceedingly difficult to catch with any known bait, and we decided to visit it the next day. A fine trout stream ran down the cañon within 100 yards of the camp, but the fish were small, and after hearing of the big fellows in the lake, we lost all interest in fingerlings.

The altitude of the lake is over 10,000 feet, and the trail steeper than any we had yet traveled. There were three or four fine mouse-colored burros grazing about that belonged to the proprietor of the store, so after a refreshing night's sleep in the tent we decided to turn our horse into the meadows and engage one of these for the trip to the lake. We had some trouble in packing the little fellow, who vigorously showed his resentment by kicking us every time we came within reach of his heels, a thing, however, which we only permitted to occur at rare intervals after we discovered his weakness.

The trail for the first half a mile led up the main cañon. The air was filled with the perfume of flowers after the rain, and the scenery would have excited the admiration even of a mountaineer. In front at the end of the cañon, three miles away, and 2,600 feet higher, was "Farewell Gap," through which the trail going to Kern Lakes and Kings River crossed the range. The two great glacier-scarred peaks that on either side formed the portals of this giant gateway, and which were joined by an inverted arch that was almost geometrically perfect, stood out distinct and clean-cut against a sky of purest blue, their snow-choked gulches glistening in dazzling whiteness beneath the rays of the morning sun. Off to our left across the cañon a view unfolded itself whose counterpart I have never seen. A ridge running from the bottom nearly to the top of the range was flanked by wide gulches, down which two streams, lashed into foam until they resembled broad ribbons of silver, came tumbling down from their sources in the snowdrifts near the summit. These were rather more than a mile away at an altitude of over 3,000 feet, above where we stood. In their lower courses they ran through steep meadows, gorgeous in their mantle of flowers; beyond lay thickets of mansinita and chemisal. Still higher were the magnificent pines and firs of the Sierras, and above all the great bare cliffs that culminated in "Saw Tooth Peak," reared their massive fronts far into the sky. I do not think it was possible that every foot of the water courses from the time they left their snowy birthplace until they were lost in the larger stream at our feet was visible, but if such was not the case, there was no evidence that would lead us to that conclusion. The line was unbroken from top to bottom, and the effect was charming beyond description.

Turning abruptly to the right, the climbing now began in dead earnest, in places the trail was so steep that several times our sure-footed little beast was thrown to his knees, and we were obliged to stop and rest both him and ourselves every few yards. The trail ran through rocks and heavy timber, broken by two or three small meadows, the last one of which where we were to camp we reached about 11 o'clock. On our way we saw some grouse and several woodchucks, the first we had met, and which are plenty in this vicinity.

The meadow, which was knee high in grass, with an area of about two acres, had a fine stream running through it, and was surrounded by fir and tamarack trees. It was about 400 feet below the lake, from which it was separated by a ridge of rocks, many of which were as large as a cottage. Staking out our burro, in whose fidelity we had but little confidence, we prepared our dinner, and after a rest and smoke started for the lake. It was of glacial origin, about 600 yards long by 200 wide, and perhaps 30 feet deep. On the opposite side, the mountain, bare and forbidding, arose abruptly for a thousand feet to the summit of the range, in its deeply scarred sides the snowdrifts came down almost to the water's edge, but nowhere there was a spear of vegetation visible; but on the near side a thrifty growth of large tamaracks were growing, and at intervals a few purple daisies and shooting stars relieved its somber outlines. Many large trout could be distinctly seen in its clear waters swimming about or floating lazily in the shadows of the great rocks in the bottom. They paid no attention to the fly, cast I ever so deftly, and after repeated futile attempts, in despair I substituted a bait of raw bacon, a move that was suggested by seeing one of them eagerly snap at a large white miller that fell in the water near me. The experiment proved eminently satisfactory, for within fifteen minutes I landed two splendid rainbow trout at least sixteen inches long, either of which would make a full meal for a hungry man. This was glory enough for one day, and after amusing ourselves by trying to hook a wood rat that lived in the rocks near the water, and who seemed determined to secure the tempting bait, we unjointed the rod and taking off our shoes soaked our swollen, feverish feet in the cool water.

As the sun began to decline, we returned to camp, after gathering a quantity of tamarack gum for chewing purposes and visiting the upper end of the lake, where we found the wreck of an old boat made of boards that some enthusiastic fisherman must have brought up with incredible labor on his back, as no horse or burro could get above the meadow.

As we intended to pass two nights at this camp, our first care was to make a comfortable couch of silver fir boughs, after which we made a delicious meal of the trout, which, contrary to past experience, were equally as good as the fellows we had caught in the streams. Another distinguishing feature was the color of their flesh, which was as deeply red as a fresh-run salmon.

After the dishes were washed and set aside, we clambered to the top of a huge boulder that commanded a glorious view of the surrounding ranges, and finding comfortable seats, we lit our cigars and enjoyed a spectacular treat that repaid us for all the fatigues of the trip. The lower half of the higher peaks were in the shadow for at least two hours before the sun left their summits. In our immediate vicinity the appalling destruction wrought by the glaciers was the most noticeable feature. John Muir stated in our hearing that a mile or more in depth had been removed from the ranges and swept down into the valleys and cañons, and appearances around us seemed to fully justify the assertion, hundreds of acres at the base of the range to our left were covered with rocks from the size of a two-story house down, some piled two or three deep, others standing on end like a tilted freight car, all bearing evidence of having been torn from the peaks above them. Away to the southwest lay the Mineral King district, its parti-colored rocks making a pleasing contrast to the dark green of Timber Gap. To the west and north the ranges hemmed us in with an amber-colored barrier that deepened as the sun went down, until the sunset glow that presaged the expiring efforts of the departing day threw over the whole scene a weird, almost unnatural, radiance that seemed borrowed from the light of other worlds.

The hummingbirds, which were plenty, even here went early to rest, and a single bat flitting about the treetops was the only sign of animal life visible as we deseended to the camp-fire and sought our blankets. Notwithstanding the fact that the altitude was over 2,000 feet higher, we found the nights much warmer here than at Mineral King, and no sound disturbed our slumbers until daylight again appeared. To the north of our camp lay a timbered ridge that looked as if it might be a favorite haunt of deer, so the next morning D. took the rifle and went over to investigate its possibilities in that line while I in the early dawn clambered over the rocks again to the lake. As the fly seemed to be useless here, I opened the campaign with the same seductive lure of the previous day, but for some time without success. Many a big trout made a dash for the bait, but changed his mind when his nose touched it, but perseverance at length brought its reward, and within two hours I had all the trout we could use, not one of which was less than a foot long.

The climb and the pure mountain air had by this time given me a wolfish appetite, and I went back to camp where I found D., whose trip had been a fruitless one, engaged in frying onions for the morning meal. In the afternoon we changed and washed our underclothes in the stream, laying them upon the rocks to dry. The evening and night passed much like the preceding one, and the next morning we returned to Mineral King.

A small buck had been killed by the hunters during our absence, and we succeeded in getting enough meat for one meal, which was the only venison obtained during the trip. There was more rain with thunder and lightning during the day and evening, but ensconsed in Capt. Barnard's tent, we could defy the storm.

I remember a hill just west of my childhood home, whose far side I longed to explore. I observed that the sun, as it went down, barely cleared its summit, and I felt sure that over beyond was a land of fairies and mystery, such as I had yet experienced only in my dreams. It was with feelings somewhat akin to this, tempered slightly by the recollections of numerous gold

bricks I had been inveigled into purchasing in maturer years, that we now gazed upon the glorious sweep of Farewell Gap. We had watched the Sierra Club as they crept like insects slowly up its steep side, until standing for a moment in bold relief against the sky, they had gradually faded from our view, and straightway decided that our next move should be in that direction.

FORKED DEER.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

O'Hara and His Sheep.

AT the mention of the word shepherd a score of pleasing scenes arise before the mind's eye—fresh green pastures, dotted with sheep; cool leafy woods, melodious with the chants of birds; murmuring streams, or placid pools, reflecting their margins like a mirror; bright sunshine, or mayhap a gentle shower, whose drops seem to turn to buttercups and daisies, etc. Not only this, but a score or more of poetic legends or allusions arise to the memory and unconsciously we begin to quote:

"When shepherds pipe on oaten straws
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks."

Or again:

"For, O! the shepherd's life is jolly,
Free from strife and melancholy."

Or again:

"And there he fed his fleecy flocks
Remote from care—from jars and shocks;
And played upon his pipe all day
Blithe as a bird in merry May.

Or yet again (from Spenser's quaint and delightful "Shepherd's Calendar"):

"Now leave, ye shepherd boys, your merry glee,
My Muse is hoarse and wearie of this stounde:
Here will I hang my pype upon this tree
Was never pype of reede did better sounde.
* * * * * * *
"Gather together, ye my little flocke—
My little flocke that was to me so liefe;
Let me, ah! lette me in your foldes ye lock
Ere the breme winter breede ye greater griefe.
* * * * * * *
"Adieu, delightes, that lulled me asleepe;
Adieu, my deare, whose love I bought so deare;
Adieu, my little Lambes and loved sheepe;
Adieu, ye Woodes, that oft my witnesse were;
Adieu, good Hobbinoll, that was so true;
Tell Rosalind her Colin bids her adieu."

But enough. My object here is not to make an anthology of pastoral verse.

There seems reason to believe that the shepherd's life has been a little idealized by the poets. In ancient times, when the shepherdess was in vogue, it was no doubt invested with considerable romance, but modern materialism has shorn it of this. Nevertheless, it remains a goodly life—fresh, free, devoid of care. But the man must be suited to it, or, in other words, must be native and to the manner born. I have such a one in mind as I write, and his name is not Daphnis, nor Strephon, nor Thyrsis, but simply O'Hara.

Before I describe him it will be proper to inform the reader that the Department of Public Parks of the city of New York, with an eye at once to economy and æsthetics, has provided two flocks of sheep—one for Central, and the other for Prospect Park. These, while securing a certain revenue, fit into the landscape very gracefully, rounding out, so to speak, its pastoral character. The department has also of course provided two shepherds, and these, with a judiciousness which does the department great credit, have always, so far as I know, been selected from the ancient race of shepherds beyond the sea.

I use the latter term advisedly. Now take O'Hara. He comes, as he has assured me, of ten and perhaps twenty or a hundred generations of shepherds. What is the consequence? He not only understands and sympathizes with his sheep, but he harmonizes with them almost, as much as they harmonize with the landscape. He may, indeed, be said to belong to the flock, and this is very far from implying a disparagement. (I opine if flocks of wolves were kept it would be much easier to find a man to harmonize with them than with a flock of sheep.)

I first met O'Hara on a fine bright afternoon in July. He was guarding his flock in the long meadow of Prospect Park. He was dressed in a loose canvas suit and an old straw hat, and leant upon his crook with a degagé air. As I approached him his air changed to one of attention, and I could not help noticing that he eyed me a little suspiciously. The fact is, O'Hara is used to being "guyed" by a certain class of city ninnies who think that a farmer or a shepherd or any one of that ilk is a fit butt for ridicule or "funny," as they express it. Well, seeing that I was eyed with suspicion, I assumed my most conciliatory mien and saluted the guardian of the flock. My salute was returned civilly, but coldly. This would have discouraged some, but I knew my man, or at least thought I did. So I held my ground and began to praise the flock and talk of washing and shearing and other matters connected with the care of sheep.

In an instant my auditor's attitude changed. He turned toward me and regarded me with the utmost interest.

"You were brought up in the country, thin, sir?" said he.

"Indeed I was—thank heaven!" I replied. "And I'm only sorry that I didn't stay there and be a shepherd." O'Hara's blue eyes shone with joyful surprise, and every vestige of distrust vanished from his hale countenance. I had won. And I confess I felt pleased immensely at the result of my diplomacy.

A reflection occurs to me here. How often the man who complains of gruffness or rudeness has himself only to blame? No one, however humble, likes to be approached in an arrogant or a patronizing way, and if he is free to resent it, depend upon it he will. On the other hand, a considerate mode of address will almost invariably insure civility and good will. Let sportsmen and others who have to do with guides, etc., make a note of this.

"I have a hundred and ninety-five in the flock, sir," said O'Hara, becoming open and communicative. "Southdowns they call thim here, but in the old country we called thim mountain sheep. Yes, sir, they keep me movin', but Tommie here" (indicating a lad of seven or eight—his son), "and the dogs is a great help to me. It's aisy, now, though, compared to the lambin' saison. Thin I had to hustle. No, sir, since the lambs came I don't drive thim into the fold at night (it's too small), but up on the hill beyant there under the trees. Whin do I take thim out? At 5 in the mornin', sir. Oh, that's not early. Sure it's only laziness to be sleepin' up till 7 or 8 as they do in this country. I was always an early riser, sir. You see, I was brought up to it. I can't sleep after 5. Were you ever up early, sir—m'anin' no offince. Sure it's the grandest time of the day—the dew on the grass and the birds singin' and everythin' smellin' so fresh and sweet! Did I ever play a pipe? No, sir, but I smoke a pipe, if that's what you mane. Hi, boy! Stand back there!"

O'HARA, TOMMIE AND THE DOGS.

While we were talking, a number of women and children had gathered about the sheep and one lusty lad conceived the idea of having a ride, and was in the act of mounting when O'Hara broke into his sudden exclamation. Some of the women had infants in their arms, and these they would hold down, urging them to stroke and pet the lambs. The infants at first would hold back as if in the presence of so many lions, but ultimately the mother's words of encouragement prevailed. It was all very pretty, but not much to the mind of O'Hara, who was jealous of his flock. Even less to his mind were some of the questions which were put to him, and which betrayed a woeful ignorance of pastoral life. To most of these he turned a deaf and scornful ear.

"Herdin' here, sir, is not what it is in the old country," he said, plaintively. "There you have no one to bother

THE SHEEP.

you, and you haven't to be watchin' the sheep all the time."

"Won't you tell me something of your life in the old country?" I said.

"Wait till the crowd goes home, sir," he answered, "and I've got the flock rounded up for the night."

So I hung about and took some snap shots, longing for the crowd to go home. Toward 6 o'clock they began to melt away, and in a little while there was hardly a soul to be seen. Then O'Hara sent his dogs about and the sheep went scurrying in the direction of the hill, the shepherd somewhat laboriously but valiantly trying to keep up with them. When they were pretty well bunched O'Hara shouted to Prince, one of the dogs, and that intelligent creature instantly darted to the head of the flock and kept it from ascending the hill. The object of this maneuver was manifest when O'Hara, with his faithful aide, Tommie, came up.

Leaving Tommie and Prince at the bottom of the hill, O'Hara ascended for about twenty yards and then posting himself at the edge of a well-beaten path and leaning on his crook, he cried: "Let thim come."

Tommie and Prince formed a gap, so to speak, and the sheep urged by Topsey, the second dog, began to file through. Up the hill by the beaten path they rushed, and when they reached the shepherd, out went his right hand and he began to beat time, as it were. O'Hara was counting. The object of this was not very clear to me, as I failed to see how any of the sheep could be lost, and I suspected it was mere force of habit, which indeed it proved to be. At first the counting was easy enough, but presently the stream of sheep grew thicker, and then the counter was evidently in trouble. Quicker and quicker went the hand, till finally it was waved wildly aloft, and then fell down with a gesture of despair. Facing about, O'Hara shouted to Tommie and wanted to know in vigorous language why he had let the sheep come so fast. Tommie (who had been watching the writer more intently than the sheep), proceeded to defend himself, but was ordered to be silent and prepare for another count. So the dogs were sent up the hill after the sheep, which came down in a hurry, and then a gap was formed as before and Tommie being more circumspect this time, O'Hara was enabled to make his count. A smile of satisfaction was on his face when I accosted him.

"Well," I asked, "have you got them all?"

"Yes, sir," he said, "a hundred and ninety-five. I'd be unaisy if I didn't count them, for I always counted my sheep, night and mornin'."

I went up the hill where the flock, gathered together beneath the thickly spreading trees, was preparing to pass the night, with a great bleating of lambs seeking their mothers and vice versa. After a while the bleating ceased and the flock for the most part was lying down. Their breathing, mingled with the whispering of the leaves, was the only sound to be heard. To accentuate the peace of the scene, there, twenty feet away, on the other side of a rustic paling, was the old graveyard where

"Each in his narrow cell forever laid
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

When I came down the hill I found O'Hara seated on a rock smoking his pipe pensively, with the dogs at his feet. I stretched myself opposite him on the grass and lighting my own pipe reminded him of his promise to tell me something of his life in the old country.

He continued to smoke for a while in silence, with the expression of one whose memory was working, then removed his pipe, wiped his mouth with the sleeve of his coat, and spoke substantially as follows:

"I was born, sir, in the County Roscommon, and as long as I can remimber I had charge of sheep. My master was one Mr. O'Conor, of Dundermott, a fine man, the Lord have mercy on him! He owned hundreds of acres and I couldn't tell you how many sheep, but we used to sind thousands of thim to Ballinasloe every year. It came natural to me to look after the poor craytures, so helpless and like childer, sir. In the winter the life was a trifle hard, for the weather was wet and cold, but not the murderin' cold we have here. Often I lay at the back of a ditch all night, with the wind and the rain whistlin' through the bushes. But whin the summer came—ah! thin it was different. Sure nothing could be pleasanter, sir. To see the fields covered with buttercups and daisies and to hear the larks in the mornin' and the corncrakes at night. (Ah! the corncrakes! Often I lie awake thinkin' I hear thim.) And thin the washin' and the shearin'—what fun and divarsion! Heighho! Sure we have nothing like it here, sir. Well, I grew up without knowin' it, as I may say, but thin a change came. The master died, and the eldest son (the second eldest became the famous Roosian Ambassador, Sir Nicholas)—the eldest son bein' what we call here a great sport, ordered my father to get rid of some of his dogs for why they disturbed the game. My father loved his dogs, and by the same token had a will of his own. 'Mr. O'Conor,' says he, 'wherever my dogs is there I will be!' So they parted. My father was broken-hearted at leavin' the old home, and in throth so were we all. Howsomedeavor, we found a new place under Lord John Browne, but my father could never warm to it, and faded away and died, sir!"

The speaker paused for a few minutes and then resumed:

"My eldest brother thin got married, but as it turned out, the wife began to wear the breeches. As they say here, she tried to boss the whole show. But she couldn't boss me, so after we'd had a few rows, for peace sake I left the house.

"I drifted about for a while, not much carin' what became of me, till by chance I met my old friend, Tom Mealish, who was home on a visit from America. He told me all about the wonders of New York and how he owned a saloon and expected to be an alderman and maybe mayor some day. I listened to him till sure my head was turned, sir. 'Tom,' says I, 'after hearin' all you've told me, I'm afeard I never can contint myself here.' 'And why should you?' says he. 'Why not come back with me?' 'But the passage money, Tom?' says I. 'Oh, that'll be all right,' says he. 'I'll advance it to you, Pat, and you can pay me back or not as you have a mind to.' Sure he was the ginerous soul! Ah! but in throth, sir, I was sorry to leave the old country—and sorry to leave my dog Rover, that shared all my troubles. And, do you know, sir, he seemed to know that I was goin' for he did nothing but cry about the fields all night for a week before I left. Oh, he was the wise dog! Well, sir at length I said good bye to all, fearin' it was for the last time, and I'm fearin' so still."

O'Hara paused again, and I saw two great tears begin to trickle down his weather-beaten face. I could not trust myself to gaze upon a picture of such genuine emotion and turned away my head.

"But God has been good to me here, sir," he said, resuming, "to give me the care of sheep, for that is all I know anything about, and I don't want to know about anything else, for as I said before, sir, I love my sheep and feel like a kind of father to the poor craytures."

"O'Hara," I said, when he had done, "you are a true shepherd, and I'm sure your sheep return your love."

"Well, sir," he answered, with a humorous twinkle in his blue eyes (and the quick transition of his mood betokened the true Celt), "I think they'd vote for me if they could. But I'm not wantin' to turn politician."

"That's right," I said. "Don't. A shepherd is a happier man than any politician in the land—happier than a president—happier than a king."

The woods were growing black against the tawny western sky and the stars began to glimmer through the sultry midsummer haze. I glanced toward the sheep. They were all lying down now, peacefully chewing the cud, or with heads outstretched asleep. I divined that the shepherd would fain be following their example, so I got up and wished him good night.

"Good night, sir, kindly," said O'Hara, in a tone so kindly that it is still lingering in my ears.

FRANCIS MOONAN.

"In Boyhood Days."

Editor Forest and Stream:

Under this caption in this week's issue of FOREST AND STREAM, Mr. T. J. Chapman has said some very pleasant things about the picture by my son, published as a supplement to your admirable paper.

But I shall have to differ with Mr. Chapman's claim that the boy in the foreground is himself, as I know for a certainty "that's me" and my little "yaller dog" Ponto.

Dear old Ponto was the most enthusiastic squirrel and woodchuck dog for his size that I ever saw. He was no larger than a pocket beagle, but would tackle any woodchuck that he could get in a stone fence or ledge of rocks, and when he treed a black or gray squirrel, he would stay at that tree or follow him from tree to tree as long as there was any prospects of getting it.

My father was a country doctor, and Ponto, with his running mate, "Old Bull" (a large, white mongrel of bulldog and half a dozen other breeds, but the bulldog predominated), often followed him into the country. On one such trip, when about half a mile from home, they chased a woodchuck into a stone fence beside the road, and when father returned he found the dogs where he had left them, the chuck still "holding the fort." Leaving his horse in the road, father went to help dislodge *Arctomys monax*. The little dog was on the field side of the fence at an opening large enough to admit him facing the woodchuck. Father removed some stone, which enabled the large dog to get a hold on the hindquarters of the rodent, which he pulled through the wall with the little dog fastened to it; and then it was "nip and tuck" as to which ('chuck or little dog) was getting the most of the shaking. But enough about the dogs, who died and were buried more than half a century ago within twenty rods of where these lines are written; and the woodchucks about here are having a comparatively peaceful time, as shown by one of them making his home under the veranda of a house within ten rods of the Presbyterian church that stands at the head of the main street of this village (Theresa). (This church was built and presented to the Presbyterian Society by the late Roswell P. Flower, whose parents were of the original charter members in 1828.)

But to return to "Boyhood Days." Mr. Chapman is also mistaken about the gun represented in the picture. Originally it was not the "little gun" it looks to be. It was once fourteen inches longer than when the writer carried it. In fact, it was the gun carried by the great-grandfather of the artist (whose name is in the corner of the picture) through the War of the Revolution. Of course it was a flintlock then. Afterward it was changed to a percussion lock, and just before I commenced to use it in the early forties, it was cut off, restocked and changed to a cap lock. Yet it was the same old gun of grandfather's. In August, 1852, I loaned it to a country boy to shoot ducks in Hyde Lake, two and a half miles from the village. A few days later the boy reported that he had dropped it from the boat into the lake. Afterward he paid me the munificent sum of $5. Had I it today I should add two more round figures between the five and the period, as its value, with "Not for sale."

A month ago (more than half a century after the gun was lost) I was in a boat on Hyde Lake for the first time in my life. I saw seven ducks, five of them within reach of the old gun, had I had it, and for which I wished.

As for the stone fence in the picture, that Mr. Chapman thinks resembles "Captain Peter's, down by the river," I do not deny. I only know that it was changed somewhat from the original of which it was made, but the near-by tree remains the same. J. L. DAVISON.

P. S.—To show that the hunting instinct that was instilled by the old gun sixty years ago (I commenced using it when nine years of age) has not diminished, let me relate that for the past two weeks a young friend from Rochester and myself have been in camp on Red Lake alone, except that for three days we had some young friends from the village with us. Most of the time we were walking up grouse (we have no dog), of which there were plenty. Up to yesterday morning my young friend and myself were even as to the number each had killed, but yesterday he "wiped my eye," coming in with two at noon. I missed the only one I saw during the three hours I was out, while my friend reported putting up about a dozen. We went separate and in different directions. I am not going to report the number we killed, suffice to say that we had plenty of grouse in the camp from the second day. We also had two gray squirrels, of which there are plenty, but we shot only what happened to come to us. There has been no frost or heavy rain to disturb the leaves, and the trees are beautiful with their green, red and sere brown leaves. I have not taken a grouse that had not a fair chance of getting away on the wing. I have missed many more than I killed, but I would rather miss one on the wing than to "pot-shoot" it. With the old gun they were always shot on the ground or log or from a tree. J. L. D.

THERESA, N. Y., Oct. 4.

Natural History.

The Kinkajou.

IN April last we published a short article about the curious kinkajou (*Cercoleptes caudivolvulus*), that curious animal which was long regarded as one of the lemurs, but is now placed in that division of the carnivores known as *Arctoidea;* a group which contains the Southwestern bassaris, the raccoons, nasuas, bears, otters and weasels. It is an extraordinary animal, whose hands have no opposable thumb and whose fingers are webbed for nearly their whole length. Nevertheless, it uses its hands much as the human being does his. The tongue is long, slim and extensive, and can be inserted into small holes in search of insects or the honey of bees. Its life is spent chiefly in trees. It is a nocturnal animal, and very active in the hours of darkness. It is easily tamed, and is said to make an intelligent and affectionate pet, as was shown in our issue of April 5. From the London Country Gentleman we take the accompanying illustration and these observations, contributed by one who has studied the kinkajou:

"Suspended Animation" was the title suggested by a contemporary for the portrait of this strangely attractive beast, taken in its favorite position of hanging by its tail. It eats its food and drinks in this inverted pose, which it is reported by the Indians to assume when drinking from the rivers of the Brazilian forests. The kinkajou descends a branch hanging over the water, drops itself to the length of its tail, and then laps comfortably like a dog. It has the longest tongue, in proportion to its size, of any living mammal, the ant-eaters not excepted, and is the only creature which habitually climbs up its own tail, or uses it as a rope to haul on. The tongue seems practically endless, yet it uses it with as much precision as if it were a hand. With it it explores all the holes and crevices in trees for insects. It will put it out to reach food at a

THE KINKAJOU.

distance as neatly as an elephant does its trunk. If made a pet of (and it makes a very charming pet) it will try to explore your ear or the space between your neck and collar with the same inquisitive organ. In the forests of South America and Mexico, which it frequents, it is said to feed largely on the honey of the various wild bees. The solitary bees which make small nests in holes and cracks with a few honey cells, probably suffer most from its attacks, for all their care cannot keep out its endless exploring tongue. There are other bees, too, which make honey, but have no stings, which the Brazilians have rather humorously named "Angelitos," or angels. The nectar on which these angels feed is, no doubt, an easy prey to the keen-scented, night-walking kinkajou. In appearance he is one of the most taking of all the smaller animals. His fur is like yellowish plush, as deep and soft as the wonderful carpets made for the central aisle of Westminster Abbey, for the Coronation. The hand sinks into it as if it were moss, and the "pile" is so thick and springy that the fur comes back into place at once. By day it mainly sleeps. Its eyes dislike the light, and the pupils vanish into mere points, but it is by no means so great a hater of the day as the lemurs and the lorises. If wakened up it will feed and even play. But it is at dusk that it wakes up and shows its activity and wonderfully friendly disposition. It is a most graceful climber, and swings itself from point to point with its tail. One kept at the "Zoo" used to swing from the top of its cage to any point at which food was offered it. It had also a pretty habit of holding the food, which it took in the first instance with its tongue, in its hands, and eating it with great propriety in the pendent position it had just assumed. Swallowing "upward" apparently gives it no trouble. When hanging thus it frequently holds on to its own tail by its hind feet, just as if the tail were a rope detached from its body, which it was nervous about letting go. In size it is as large as a cat, but much more strongly built. It is probably quite carnivorous when it gets the chance. A correspondent of the Spectator states that one which he kept killed a whole brood of young turkeys, and occasionally tried to use its teeth on him.

Blue Fox Raising in Alaska.

FOR some years past, efforts have been made to increase the production of blue foxes on various Alaskan islands by the destruction of male animals only. The blue fox is believed to be monogamous, and it has been hoped that by artificial selection and environment it might be possible to change its habits, so that it would become polygamous. If this could be accomplished, a very large proportion of the males might be killed each year, the supply of blue fox fur would be materially increased, and yet the annual production of young would constantly increase.

The Treasury Department has permitted the carrying on of extended experiments on the Pribilof Islands, and for the last four seasons all females taken in the traps on St. George Island have been released, males only having been killed. In 1901 an effort was made to ascertain the total number of foxes on St. George's. All animals captured were marked and released, so that no fox was counted twice. According to theory the method practiced on this island should have resulted in a great preponderance of females, but such excess does not exist, as shown by the record of 1901-02, which gives for a total of 1,304 foxes caught, an excess of only 76 females over males.

If the effort to increase the number of breeding females had been successful, and only two young were allowed for the increase of each female annually, it is obvious that the females would have doubled up every year—less of course such as died by accident or from natural causes; while if seventy-five per cent. of the male increase was destroyed, the numbers of that sex would increase very slowly. As a matter of fact, it is believed that foxes sometimes have ten, twelve or more young ones.

On the Semidi Islands is a fox colony owned by the Semidi Propagating Co., where the foxes are cared for and all the females trapped—as well as a certain number of the males—are released. Nevertheless the foxes here have not increased as they should have done according to the figures. Very little is known about the causes which keep down the blue foxes, but the observations made show clearly that these causes exist, and it is known that certain blue foxes bred in the National Zoological Park were killed by the parasite *Uncinaria.*

We may imagine for the present that the profits of the blue fox industry in Alaska will not equal the glowing expectations of the enthusiasts who have gone into it. At the same time it may be a very profitable and satisfactory business.

The food problem has always been regarded as the most important one to be faced in the carrying on of this industry. It may be imagined that many other difficulties stand in the way of the fox breeder, as has been found true in the case of persons who have endeavored to breed other fur-bearing animals for profit.

About Sea-Gulls.

From Cornwall Simeon's "Stray Notes on Sea Fishing and Natural History."

SEA GULLS I have heard, which had been caught young, and tamed, have continued to keep up their intimacy with those who reared them after they had gained the full use of their wings and were at perfect liberty; though they took advantage of it to go away every year at the breeding season, and might have been supposed to have entirely resumed their natural habits. Both of these instances occurred in the Isle of Wight—one at Calbourne, where I well remember "Old Phil," as he was called, year after year, sailing over the village green and alighting on a low wall at the grocer's shop, from which he used to be fed with bits of cheese, of which he was very fond, and other similar dainties. The other instance was near Sea View, where, I am informed, the gull used to return in the same way, his former tameness not appearing to have been at all affected by his temporary retirement into wild life. Not the least remarkable part of the history of these birds is that, during the breeding season, each of them occasionally brought his mate with him to introduce her to his old friends and to invite her to partake of their hospitality. I don't think, indeed, that "Old Phil" ever prevailed on his better half to come and share his cheese, but she used to keep him company into the village, and sometimes amuse herself in a pond hard by, while he went to pay his accustomed visit to the grocer. In the other case, near Sea View, my informant tells me the wild gull used to come up and feed with the tame one under his dining-room windows, though she would not approach quite close so long as anyone was visible at them, but sat on the grass plat a short distance off, or hovered round until the coast seemed clear.

Perhaps there is naturally less fear of man entertained by gulls than by most other birds. One can scarcely be for a few hours at sea, or by the water in a harbor town, without some of them, from curiosity or carelessness, coming round so close to one as to afford sufficient proof of this. On one occasion, while fishing at some distance outside the harbor at Stornoway, I threw over, foul-hooked, and brought into the boat, with a short cuddy rod and line, which happened to be on board, two gulls, as they flew round close to us, allured by the hope of a share in our fish. The first, when released, not having exhibited the slightest fear, but continued to hover round us, closer, if anything, than before, as if he fancied he had then a special claim to our attention, I thought on catching the second I would see to what extent he might be disposed to entertain friendly relations toward us. Accordingly, I took him in my lap, and offered him some nice bits of fish. At first he professed to be angry, and pecked at my fingers instead of the fish, as if to ask whether I thought it possible that he would condescend to accept my donations under restraint. However, having accidentally-on-purpose got hold of a piece of the fish, down it went; and, apparently thinking that under the circumstances he might do worse, he set to work with no ill will or appetite, and soon got through a good part of a haddock. Then, however, whether from eating too fast, or from his position being uncomfortable, or perhaps from a feeling that he had been compromising his dignity—

fortunately for me I had a pair of mackintosh overalls on—up it all came again. As I had been for some time engaged in feeding this nursling, who thus repaid me by "puking in his nurse's arms," and the fish were biting freely, I left him to his own devices, and away he went. On regaining his liberty, however, so far from appearing to resent my compulsory kindness, he rather seemed to wish for a repetition of the same course of treatment for he continued to fly backward and forward within a few feet of our heads, as if he thought he had been a fool after all. The captain of one of the Dover and Ostend steamers told me that he had seen a gull come and take off the taffrail food which had been placed there for him.

Changes of weather may be foretold with considerable accuracy by observing the flight of gulls, as, after feeding inland, they, according to their invariable custom, wing their way homeward toward evening to their roosting places in the cliffs; making this transit in fine weather high and in comparative silence, but in bad blustery weather, and before rain, much more noisily and nearer to the ground, merely skirting the tops of the coverts which lie in their course.

Do Not Destroy Hornets' Nests.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As the leaves are dropping from the trees and the hunting season is approaching when many sharp-eyed gunners will be abroad in the woods, we wish at this time to take the opportunity to call attention to the error of the common practice of shooting through hornets' nests. These nests will soon be conspicuous in the forests, and by the close of the hunting season scarcely one of the many now existing will be left uninjured by the gunners. The fact that this is a useless, idle practice that results in the destruction of living things that can not be replaced by man, should be enough to condemn it with all thoughtful persons, but there is much more to be said against it than that it is a useless waste of ammunition. It is a positive destruction of some of the most useful creatures which by their habits benefit mankind without his generally being aware of the fact.

Hornets or "white-faced wasps" have no evil traits or obnoxious features. It is true that they sometimes sting, but this is only when they are attacked in their own homes, or think that their young are in danger. Any brave man would do the same, and we would despise the coward who would not fight for his own.

The great value of these insects is in their feeding habits. They live entirely upon insects, mostly flies, and, in fact, when they are near dwellings their food is generally the common house fly. They are nature's greatest factor in reducing this serious pest. It is well known that flies carry disease germs, such as those of typhoid fever, and it can thus be seen that hornets have a decidedly sanitary effect as a result of their desirable insectivorous habits. Where there are more hornets there are fewer flies and fewer disease germs conveyed. Spare the hornets' nests, and add to the comforts and healthfulness of mankind.

H. A. SURFACE, Professor of Zoology.

THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE, Oct. 16.

Nova Scotia Bird Flights.

CANSO, Nova Scotia, Oct. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Nearly all migratory birds were from three to ten days late in arriving here this spring, probably owing to a very backward season.

Hedge sparrows were here on March 17. Some robins stayed with us all winter, as usual. Last winter was very mild, the thermometer never going lower than six degrees above. Bluebirds were quite a week late; yellow warblers about ten days. Swallows and sand martens exceptionally late. I saw two swallows on May 7. From the 4th to 7th, included, were warm, with south to southwest winds, but after the 7th the weather broke and remained hot for several days. The next lot of swallows appeared on the 13th. I never saw one between the 7th and 13th.

It is no exaggeration to state that the sea ducks of nearly every description pass this cape in thousands on their southern migration. The flight is now on, principally coots and eiders. Any one anxious to add to his collection would do well to try Canso.

Horse mackerel are very numerous in our bay. The man from Halifax does not know much about the Nova Scotia fisherman when he states they would not fish for horse mackerel. Two-thirds of Gloucester vessels are manned by men from this Province. That ought to be guarantee sufficient. They will dare anything in a boat.

C. O. D.

The Ruffed Grouse's Drinking.

BROOKLINE, Mass., Oct. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In answer to W. W. Brown's question in the FOREST AND STREAM for Oct. 11, I would say that at the last sportsmen's show at Boston I saw the ruffed grouse drink from a pan of water like common barnyard fowl.

DAEM.

Ruffed Grouse in Confinement.

LAST week I saw four ruffed grouse under wire at Blooming Grove Park which were raised from eggs covered by a domestic hen, and they walked out to the end of a perch and pecked cabbage leaves from my fingers through the meshes. CHARLES HALLOCK.

The figure of a man impaled on a set of magnificent elk antlers hanging on the walls of the National Museum startled visitors to that institution. The screams of the unfortunate man quickly brought assistance and he was relieved from his perch after hanging only a few moments. The man was John Fisher, forty years old, a workman employed at the Museum. The prongs of the antlers had entered his thighs to a considerable depth. The man was conveyed to the Emergency Hospital, where his wounds were dressed.

Fisher was employed in the main hall of the Museum, making some repairs about fifteen or twenty feet from the floor. Below him, attached to a heavy shield, hung a set of elk antlers. Fisher slipped from his position and fell, alighting on the antlers. He broke off three of the longest prongs. The short prongs near the base of the set caught the man in the thighs, however, and such was the force of his fall that the prongs entered the thighs to a sufficient depth to support Fisher's weight. The noise of the fall and the cries of Fisher attracted the attention of the Museum employes, and the man was quickly removed from his painful perch.—Washington Post.

Hints and Wrinkles.

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

No. 1.—A Home-Made Rifle Cover.

Years ago I enjoyed the companionship of C. M. Wilcox, a venerable gentleman, in many one-day excursions after small game and prairie dogs in the sandhills of the West. Mr. Wilcox was very fond of small-bore rifle shooting, and as prairie dogs were numerous everywhere, it was natural that we should practice on them. Mr. Wilcox always carried a small take-down rifle wrapped in a sheet of stout paper, and one who observed him as he sat in a trolley car with this neat package lying across his knees would never suspect the nature of its contents, or that his pockets were stuffed with sandwiches, cartridges, cleaning material, etc. Arrived at our destination—generally a couple of miles from a dog town—he took the rifle out, put it together, folded the paper and put it in a pocket until night, when, in returning home, the rifle again reposed inside its wrapper. No bulky canvas case for him to lug around all day, and to attract attention and queries as to his luck.

It is a nuisance to the man who goes out thus for a day afield to carry a stiff case with him, but a better substitute than the wrapping paper is a cover of light brown duck, which may be folded almost as small as a handkerchief. If the rifle has swivels and a sling strap, the handiest sort of cover may be made in a few minutes on any sewing machine. In form it should be similar to the conventional rifle cover, with a flap to button or buckle over the butt, and with soft leather reinforcement over muzzle, to protect the front sight. Buttonholes should be worked at the two points where the swivel studs touch the cover, and by this means the cover has a sling strap or not, as desired. If the former, remove the sling before putting the rifle in the cover, then snap the swivels into the studs through the buttonholes in the cover. Nothing could be simpler. Six-ounce duck is heavy enough.

The cover may be waterproofed by dissolving paraffin in turpentine and applying one coat with a brush, then hanging in the sunlight a short time until dry.

PERRY D. FRAZER.

Game Bag and Gun.

Shooting Along Great South Bay.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the city of the Greater New York and its immediate vicinity there are many sportsmen who cannot take the time from their business to go on a shooting trip, as shooting trips are generally understood. Such a trip almost always implies many miles of travel and considerable outlay of time and money. Because such men do not know where to go to find good shooting near home, they often do not go shooting at all.

It is generally known that there is excellent quail shooting on Long Island, and it is easy to say go to Bay Shore, Islip, Bayport, and on out to the end of the island. Such advice, however, is vague. It implies much, but gives nothing definite. And this indefiniteness applies equally to duck shooting, rabbit shooting and all game.

After a week of travel and careful study of the South Side of Long Island, I am convinced that at various points from Bay Shore to Good Ground one can have a profitable outing of one day or one week, can be well cared for, and need be under no heavy expense, either in the way of time or money.

At Bay Shore I met Mr. Fred Dominy, of the Dominy House, a comfortable hotel. Mr. Dominy is a sportsman, owns good dogs, and is in close touch with all the best guides, including Capt. Hicks. He is prepared to help people to duck shooting also, and by writing him a few days in advance, any of your readers may learn what the prospects are.

Here I also met Capt. Veltman, of the sloop Madeline. I visited him on board and found him well prepared to accommodate a party of from two to six duck shooters. He furnishes batteries, decoys, and indeed everything except the ability to shoot, and ducking weather.

If one prefers to go to Islip, the Orowoc Hotel will be found comfortable. Mr. Frank Buchacek is a good sportsman, and will take care of deer, duck and quail shooters, procure guides for them and fit them out with what they need. For the benefit of his guests he has built on the outer bar a substantial cabin as a refuge for his duck hunters, in case they are caught there by bad weather. Arrangements should be made in advance here as in all other places.

At Bayport, the Bayport Hotel is kept by Mr. Henry Stokes. The hotel is a good one, and the proprietor is near deer, duck and quail grounds. He can secure competent men as guides or assistants.

Bellport is not far from Bayport. It has long been famous as a duck shooting ground, and the Wyandotte Hotel, kept by Uncle Billy Kreamer, will be remembered by many of the older generation. Although Mr. Kreamer is not as young as he used to be, his son is following in his footsteps, and can take charge of visiting gunners. Their sloop, batteries, scooters, sharpies and men are all in excellent condition.

At Centre Moriches, conditions for duck shooting are excellent for those who can shoot there, but not for the general public. An old English grant covers the bay for about eight miles on the outer bar, and six along shore, and the shooting privileges are rented out to one man by the present generation of heirs. However, you can get off before you reach Centre Moriches, or can stay on the train and go just beyond, and may thus forget that King George ever existed. But this antique grant does not cover the adjacent land, and one may get fine quail shooting, excellent accommodations and good guides, by writing Mr. J. W. Rose, Long Island Hotel. I spent an enjoyable evening at this hotel under the palms before an open grate fire studying Long Island ancient history.

The waters of Shinnecock Bay, near Good Ground, are well known to duck shooters, and the name calls up many memories, cheerful and sad. Mr. E. J. Bellows, of the Lighthouse Cottage, makes it his business to care for gunners. After he takes you in charge, all you need is to be able to shoot. Mr. Harry G. Carter is a shooter and guide at East Quoque, and at East Quogue also is Mr. Lew Morris, who has taken a comfortable cottage for the entertainment of gunners. Mr. Morris has many friends who will be glad to learn that he has opened this resort.

Black ducks are now on in goodly numbers, and the writer got a few black ducks last week. Some broadbills have come, too.

A copy of the *Game Laws in Brief* will post one as to the law regulating the taking of game and should be carefully studied.

The outlook for quail has not been so good in years, and this is true also of deer. As to the ducks, they have always visited the South Shore in great numbers, and I guess they always will. T. E. B.

NEW YORK, Oct. 13.

[Note.—Arrangements have been made with all nearby advertisers to report to the FOREST AND STREAM from time to time the conditions of shooting in their localities. These reports will be published for the benefit of our readers.]

The Extirpation of Valuable Birds.

I HAVE read with a great deal of interest and pleasure the valuable article by A. K. Fisher, entitled "Two Vanishing Game Birds," which was printed in FOREST AND STREAM Sept. 27. It sounds a timely note of warning which should not pass unheeded by sportsmen and others who are interested in our native birds, for, that there is danger of the practical annihilation of the species he has named there is no doubt.

For many years I have watched the steadily increasing dangers which not only threaten these, but other species also, and have often wished that some concerted action all over the country could be brought about by which in the various State legislatures proper laws could be obtained.

I have had in years past my full share of work before legislative committees, and I will state now, though I dislike to make the admission, that the time I have wasted in endeavoring to secure discreet and wise laws for the better protection of birds is among my greatest regrets.

There are always members of these committees who "know it all" so far as game laws are concerned, and it is a wise and eloquent and thoroughly persistent man only who can make any impression on them. To the first two qualities I do not lay any claim, but the third one I think I possess in a fair degree.

I suppose that if a large number of individuals in every State were at once to begin a crusade for the protection of the vanishing birds, working zealously and persistently among the legislatures, the effort might bear some fruit, how valuable that fruit would be is a question. But it is very difficult to enlist even sportsmen—who are interested in such matters more than others are—in such work. I had good opportunities for becoming acquainted with this fact during my twenty-one years' term of office at the Massachusetts State House and in my seven years' Presidency of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association.

I have also found that among the "men behind the gun" it is difficult to secure an unanimity of opinion. So that to obtain from them anything like "concerted action to make a strong effort to have proper laws enacted," as Mr. Fisher suggests, and that they will "take an unselfish view of the matter and work for a universal close season," is something that I wish might be brought about, but I am not much of an optimist in the matter. It is not because they are stolid, or indifferent or even careless, but legislation and legislators are things which, as a rule, are quite out of their line, and it is almost impossible to arouse them to effort in that direction.

But supposing that every one, not only sportsmen but all who are interested in our game birds, could be induced to take concerted action to obtain proper legislation, their efforts would avail not unless they were successful everywhere, for manifestly a law obtained providing for a close season in one State and not obtained in an adjoining one, would be of little benefit to species which know nothing of State lines and boundaries, and would be a rank injustice to the sportsmen of both States.

Suppose that a close season for a term of years were obtained on woodcock and wood duck in Massachusetts and could not be obtained in Connecticut, into which State most of the Massachusetts-bred woodcock move when the moulting season begins, how long would such a law be supported by public opinion.

Beside this, the work could not be done at once, but would have to be extended through several years at least for the reason that the sessions of the legislatures of the different States do not occur simultaneously, some having annual and others biennial sessions, beginning at varying dates and extending through longer or shorter terms.

So that while it is undoubtedly most desirable that "sportsmen and others especially interested will take this matter in hand and secure proper legislation for the better protection of the woodcock," as Mr. Fisher again suggests, I believe that so far as the enactment of uniform State laws is concerned, there will be but little accomplished.

Now I have given this matter of bird protection a good deal of thought in years gone by, and have tried to devise ways and means "by which an uniformity of protective laws"—not of all, but of special species—in the several States could be obtained. That there was any probability of this being brought about by the various legislatures, I never believed. I am sorry to say I am not much of a

lawyer, but I have felt that something tangible could be obtained from Congressional action. I believe that it is in the province and power of Congress to enact such laws as are deemed necessary for the preservation of animals and birds which are threatened with extirpation.

That similar action in this direction has been taken in the past is shown by the familiar example of the law for the better protection of the mackerel which was obtained very largely through the efforts of our Massachusetts Association.

As I before stated, I am not enough of a lawyer to say just how far Congress can go in a matter which seems off-hand to be something over which the several States should have jurisdiction, but it seems to me that if the interstate commerce law is and the mackerel law was constitutional, one enacted for the preservation of migratory, not local, *ferœ naturœ*, something which belongs to all the people of the Union, regardless of State lines, might also be placed on the statutes.

Now assuming that Congress has the power to enact such a law as I have named—i. e., one providing for an uniform close season of say three or five years on woodcock and the wood duck—the question is in what manner can the matter best be placed before that body to secure favorable action. From the fact that it is something quite out of the usual run of matters brought before Congress, it is necessary that it should be presented in a way that shall secure an instantaneous and intelligent hearing.

The only practicable method available, so far as I can see, for securing this seems to be by the usual form of petition, but in order that this may have any weight it must be presented in the most forceful manner possible.

Now fortunately there are at once available a vast number of powerful agents who can render good service in the work of memorializing Congress.

The U. S. Department of Agriculture which has, I think, agents and correspondents in about all the Congressional districts throughout the country, and which has already done a very great deal in the way of scientific investigation, would, I am almost certain, enter into this matter with enthusiasm. Of course I cannot vouch for this, but I believe it to be true. If it did so, the assistance it would be able to render would be very great, and it would, of course, be more far-reaching than would that of any other organization.

The very large number of Audubon societies, the various societies of natural history, the State and local fish and game protective associations, the sportsmen's clubs, and last, but not least, the press, would make a powerful and effective army to enter into this campaign.

Some one centrally located would be needed to attend to the necessary correspondence with these various organizations, and to furnish them with petition blanks uniform in style, to be filled with names and forwarded by each society to its respective member of Congress. If this work were done with even only a moiety of the thoroughness that should be bestowed upon it, there would be such an avalanche of petitions sent in that, I venture to say, speedy and favorable action would be taken in the matter.

It is something in which there is no politics, and it would not call for much debate. In the U. S. Senate such men as Henry Cabot Lodge and George F. Hoar would, I have no doubt, advocate it, for they are both well informed in ornithological matters, and both of them have done good service in behalf of the birds.

In carrying out this undertaking, the principal expense that would have to be met would be for printing petition forms and circulars and for stationery and postage. A very few hundred dollars would be amply sufficient, and there ought to be among our many public-spirited wealthy men at least one who would supply the necessary funds.

He who has charge of the details of the work involved in correspondence and the distribution of circulars, blanks, etc., should be a man of experience, who should take the labor in hand *con amore* and leave no stone unturned that would in any way aid him in achieving success.

I have said that there are other birds in addition to the two species above named, that are rapidly approaching the danger line of extirpation.

Of course we must remember that the great army of sportsmen is annually receiving great numbers of recruits; that it is increasing in a degree which is not generally appreciated, while the breeding stock of game birds is gradually diminishing, so that in the natural course of events many species which are now comparatively plentiful will rapidly become more and more scarce as the ever-widening inroads are made in their numbers. Among these, some of the larger shore birds seem particularly marked for destruction.

The long-billed or "sickle-bill" curlew is becoming a rare bird in the North, although in the Southern and Western States it is more abundant. It is one of the species which stool well and when several individuals are shot from a flock, the others, which are full of solicitude for their dead or wounded companions, hover in circles above them, until repeated discharges from the gun bring them all to the ground.

The Hudsonian, or "jack curlew," which was never plentiful, is becoming fewer in numbers every year. It comes freely to the gunner's call, and is as sympathetic as is the "sickle-bill," returning to and hovering over its wounded mates until the last bird is shot. It seems to prefer the Pacific coast to the Atlantic in its migrations, and it traverses both continents in its long flight from the Arctic regions to Patagonia.

The Eskimo curlew or "doe bird," which in former times was very abundant ,is like the other two species, rapidly diminishing in numbers. It stools well, and is so sympathetic it will return to the blinds again and again in its solicitude for its fallen companions.

The northern shore of Prince Edward Island used to be a famous locality for these birds and for plovers, that being their first stopping place on their way south from Labrador, and in years gone by, I have had a number of very satisfactory days with them there.

While not having special decoys out for them, my only decoys set being for plover, I found that I could almost always whistle them down, and they always proved a welcome addition to the day's bag. I have frequently seen six or eight of these birds scattered through a large flock of golden or black breast plovers, keeping pace with them in their gyrations, their sometimes meandering, yet always rapid flight, and coming to the stools with them freely and without suspicion. I have not in recent years visited my former favorite hunting ground for them near Malpeque Cut. I am informed that the doe birds are growing more and more scarce.

I mention these shore birds, not that I believe that any general law can be enacted that will save them, but because they are familiar examples of species which are very rapidly diminishing in numbers; many others in the same category among the shore birds might be named as well as a number of species among the swimmers (*Natatores*), but for the present I will pass them by.

If an attempt to secure legislation from Congress is made in relation to woodcock and the wood duck, and it meets with anythink like a satisfactory degree of success, further efforts may be deemed advisable to secure protection for other species. EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

Reminiscences of Early Oklahoma.

THE beginning of October, 1889, found my old partner, Ed S. (with whom I had hunted in central Nebraska the two previous seasons on my annual vacations) and myself in Omaha, busily making preparations for another hunt, this time in Oklahoma, but then recently thrown open for settlement. Reaching Kansas City, we took the A. T. & S. F.—then the only railroad through the new Territory, although the Rock Island was also preparing to build in that section—and shortly began to feel fairly en route. The train was crowded with every conceivable type of humanity, of whom a description would be almost impossible, all bound for the new country. Business was brisk throughout the Territory and nearly every one seemed to have money. Crossing the river, we rolled through the Cherokee Strip, and were then in Oklahoma proper, here showing from the car window as a rolling prairie. Passing Guthrie, a prosperous looking place, a short distance south, the appearance of the country changed to the extent that, interspersed with the rolling prairie, one saw numerous blackjack groves, and the further we proceeded the more numerous these became. Ten or fifteen miles before reaching O. K. City, I saw a flock of wild turkeys cross the railroad track after the train had passed, and at not infrequent intervals quail would whir up beside the train. This gave every promise of sport when we reached our hunting ground.

In the afternoon we reached O. K. City, a place of about 4,000 population, constructed entirely of pitch pine buildings, with a few tents, but bustling with humanity. Freight was piled everywhere around the railway station, constantly arriving faster than it could be hauled away. At this time a company of U. S. Regulars was stationed at the city, presumably to keep things quiet, for there was every chance from the many irresponsible parties scattered throughout the country for a disturbance without much agitation; but it can be said to the credit of the better element, that things in and about the town moved along very smoothly. One thing absolutely was prohibited—the sale of intoxicating liquors of every description, and smooth indeed was the party who managed to get a good drink. This prohibition was necessary for various reasons. The whole section was part of an Indian reservation, subject to military rule, and not a part of any existing State or Territory; hundreds of Indians daily visited the town, and these considerations, with the generally irresponsible nature of many of the roving class temporarily at the place, all combined to make this a matter of necessity. The only beverage noticed was a drink brewed outside of the town and bottled, sold under the name of "Hop Tea Tonic"—tasting like warm, stale beer, but very mild. Capacity to contain this was necessary to receive much inspiration.

In a few days we were comfortably installed in a two-room house on one of the main streets of the town, having bought enough to comfortably fix it up—at least from the point of view of two young fellows. The front room was used as a sleeping and sitting room, and the rear room in which to cook, eat and take care of the game, of which we afterward obtained plenty.

The first two weeks we familiarized ourselves as fully as possible with the surrounding country, and found that immediately adjacent to the town game was scarce and confined to a few coveys of quail. About this time my dog was shipped to me from New York State, and he certainly merits a short description, for he proved to be a grand animal after his training in this country. He was a young Llewellyn setter sired by Gun Gladstone and Morning Star, of about 55 pounds weight, good disposition, dashing style and grand staying qualities; he was indispensable for the character of sport we found. About the same time I purchased a horse, wagon and harness for $87.50, and although the outfit was rather plain in appearance, it was perfect for the business. The horse was a gray, with a weary expression, and when at rest it would invariably lean against the thills of the wagon, but was the best animal to ford a stream I ever drove. The deeper the water, the steadier it attended to its business, and as this fording was of daily occurrence—for there were no bridges in the country—this trait of the animal became indelibly fixed on my mind.

We had made a few trips and were having but fair shooting—about twenty-five quail each or so a day—when we became acquainted with a young man by the name of Hank Mc——, who lived outside the town a few miles. He proved to be one of the best fellows I ever knew, and invaluable on account of his thorough knowledge of the country as far east as Shawneetown, and even beyond. His acquaintance with the Indians at the Pottowatamie and Kickapoo reservations was considerable, and to him we were indebted for the best quail shooting that ever fell to the lot of any individual. One day when calling on us, Hank made the remark, "How would you fellows like a good quail hunt. I mean, go where quail are so plenty that when we find a covey, we'll only give them one whirl, then go on and locate another?" This was a most enticing prospect, so it was accepted on the spot. "Well, drive out to my dug-out this afternoon and I'll meet you, and to-morrow morning we'll start out and have a hunt on the reservation. Bring plenty of shells and some grub; I have a tent and cooking outfit." We were on time, but our friend showed up about midnight. The following day we started as agreed, and as many subsequent trips were but a repetition of this, it might prove of interest to go into some detail. The Pottowatamie reservation adjoining part of the original Oklahoma strip on the east, was similar in respect to the strip, a rolling prairie dotted with black oak groves and well watered by numerous small creeks flowing into the North Fork of the Canadian River. Along the river and creek bottoms an abundance of black walnut and cottonwood, with, in many places, a very heavy undergrowth at times intertwined with a running vine, having many thorns and called, in local parlance, "green brier." These bottoms were a great resort for deer and quail, and but a few years previous, wild turkey were abundant. Of the latter few were left, but were still common twenty to twenty-five miles from the town. The quail ran to this cover at night, and spread out among the blackjack groves and on the edges of the prairie during the day to feed. Following one of the numerous trails and letting the dogs range, it was not long after entering the reservation before Hank's dog—a black pointer bitch, staunch as a rock—gave us a point, and we were soon into a covey; and this was repeated time and again during the day. The shooting, outside of that done by Hank, was indifferent for the first few days, then we steadied down, and but few birds got away.

Constant shooting at quail five days a week for six weeks will give any man a chance to become a good quail shot, and we improved on our opportunity. The setter as yet was not reliable on a point, so we used him mainly for locating the dead birds, and not once during the entire trip did he stand false. Later on he became very good, and at the end of the six weeks was as good a dog every way as one could ask for. This young dog was so full of ginger, that it was necessary every morning to give him at least a ten-mile run to work off his wire edge, and after a hard day's hunt, when we were glad to lie around the camp-fire, he was still ready to go on. As for the black pointer bitch, she was unequalled. Absolutely true and staunch on point, many times have I seen her strike the trail of a covey that had crossed the road, follow that trail for a quarter to a half a mile, and come to a point. I do not claim that she was the only dog, but she certainly was as near perfect as dogs often become.

Quail were so abundant at times that we only worked a covey up, getting point after point from the dogs, and the birds that escaped we gave no further attention, but hunted a new covey. Some days we located as many as forty coveys, and the abundance of quail we found seems almost beyond belief in these days of game scarcity. The coveys were of all sizes, from a dozen to forty and fifty birds. But why should it have been different? They were very rarely hunted, the Indians practically never molesting them; the whole country adapted to their wants and food and shelter plenty. Of deer we saw numbers at times, but too far away for a shotgun, and we did not care for any. True, we had buckshot shells, but outside of the fact that we would be ready in case of suddenly running on to one, we never attempted to hunt any. I do not recall a day of the six weeks that we failed to see at least one deer, and one morning, as we were preparing our breakfast, having camped within the edge of the timber along the bottom, seven deer broke cover, ran across the rolling prairie and disappeared in a blackjack grove.

Our usual routine of hunting was very nearly this: Starting from town early Monday morning with grub and plenty of loaded shells, we drove to Hank's cabin, he joined us with his team hitched to an ordinary farm wagon containing tent and the few necessary adjuncts. Heading for the reservation, we soon put out the dogs, and then it was but a short time until we got a chance at a covey. Along the reservation edges, quail were but moderately plentiful, and then the nature of the country to some extent governed the abundance. Hunting throughout the day, nightfall invariably found us along some creek bottom where we always camped. An ordinary day's hunt generally ran about thirty-five to fifty quail per man. When on the reservation we never camped in the same spot two nights running, but in the language of our friend, always "kept moving." Our never-changing diet was quail, salt pork, pickles, Dutch oven biscuits, now and then some potatoes and coffee. From this, night and morning, we never varied. At noon, crackers and apples, of which we had plenty. Our hunt ended Friday night, which found us again in town, and then for a two days' rest. On our trips we many times met with individuals of the Pottowatamie and Kickapoo tribes, most of them riding horses, but now and then one afoot. They were found in many moods—some, friends of Hank, would meet him with a smiling, "How?" others were surly and resented our being on the reservation, but all alike absolutely protested against our attempting to kill any deer, claiming these as their own; the quail they cared nothing about—in fact, at times we were followed by individuals who apparently were delighted to see the dogs work, and applauded every successful shot. One individual I shall never forget. We met him one morning; he was in an ugly frame of mind, and was armed with an ancient-looking old musket. On meeting he signed us to stop, then was determined to order us off. Even Hank's persuasive manner had no effect. This Indian followed us two miles watching us hunt, and then we began to see evidences of a softened mood. Climbing into the wagon, he helped himself to crackers, and then begged a chew of tobacco from Hank. From this on he was friendly, and during the afternoon proposed that we lend him one of the guns to take a shot at a quail. Ed's gun, a notorious kicker, was handed out, and I gave him a dozen shells loaded with 4½ drams of FFF Hazard powder. These were so strong I rarely shot them. Away he went, and soon after I heard a shot and a yell. Later, this was repeated several times, and in the course of an hour he returned, handed me the gun, stood motionless, then vigorously rubbing his shoulder, said, "D——n gun kick like h——l." We had to laugh, and finally he smiled, too. Toward night this acquaintance ended as abruptly as it began. Hank's explanation of the Indian's persistence in following us was that he did not propose that we should shoot any deer.

These quail hunts were replete with many incidents. One night while camped on a small creek in the Kickapoo reservation, and fully thirty miles southeast of town, we had just finished eating our supper when four men abruptly entered our camp, all wearing masks, consisting of a strip of cloth with eyeholes across their faces. This party looked us over, and when the cigars were passed around,

one made the remark, "Well, boys, I guess you are right," and the party vanished as suddenly as they had come. Their object we never could even guess, and the incident soon passed from our minds.

I shall never forget the few hunts for wild turkey we had. The mention of one will suffice. It had been a beautiful mild December day. The nearly full moon was rising, shedding a flood of light. Our camp had been made along the North Fork of the Canadian, and we had had our evening meal at the close of a successful day's hunt. After a good smoke, and when lying around the camp-fire, Hank said, "How would you like a turkey hunt to-night? I have seen sign, and we might go down the river and find a few on the roost," so he and I started out. We had gone but a mile or so when a large black object was seen fully sixty feet up in a cottonwood, and in a whisper Hank said, "There's a turk." The shot was given me, and I, remembering his instructions, pulled from under on to the bird, and the moment the sight disappeared, let go a heavy charge of No. 1 shot, followed by the second barrel. For an instant, silence, then a crash through the limbs, and a faint, distant thud. After looking for some time, the bird was found—a fifteen-pound gobbler. Although we saw a number more the same night, this was the only success we had. One can hardly realize the work attending this sort of sport unless he has experienced it. The rough grounds along the river bank, exceedingly deceptive at night, overgrown with the before-mentioned "green brier," the many thickets of undergrowth, and the necessity of going over this character of ground with the utmost silence, leave a lasting impression of a hunt of this nature. Still the thrill one feels after he has crept up to and succeeded in killing a fine gobbler turkey more than compensates for the trouble taken.

One day while driving through the Kickapoo reservation, I noticed a collection of what looked to me like small pens built of logs, from two to three feet in height. In answer to my inquiry, Hank replied, "Indian burying ground, but we won't bother with looking at them now." Some weeks later we were on a trip some twenty miles southeast of O. K. City, when late in the afternoon I noticed one of these "pens" standing isolated on the open prairie, but not far from the timber line of the river. I asked to stop, but Hank said, "We are going to camp about a mile further on, and to-morrow morning, while the boys get breakfast, we will take the bitch and try a little morning hunt back that way." So at sunrise we were up, and putting the dog out, started for the objective point. We had gone but a short distance, when the bitch began to trail, and going fully a quarter of a mile, gave a fine point on a covey of quail, of which we killed a number. We did not bother to hunt down the scattered covey, as coveys in those days were too plentiful and soon reached the grave. This was simply a pen, almost square, of small logs laid crossways, and built to a height of some three feet. The top was covered with logs laid parallel lengthwise of it. At one end were two poles about seven feet long, with an end of each imbedded in the ground, the other ends crossing and the whole forming an inverted V. Over the point of intersection was a rope, one end disappearing within the pen. Removing the logs from the top, we saw within the body of an Indian, in a sitting posture, evidently having been there about a year. The end of the rope within the inclosure was noosed about the neck. The trunk was practically without any article of clothing, and the frame showed as a skeleton with a dry parchment stretched over it. Sand had drifted over the legs, leaving but the feet exposed. The face and head likewise had a perfectly dry appearance. On the ground around the body were numerous cooking utensils, and many pieces of bead work. After a due inspection, we carefully replaced the logs on top, and with my curiosity satisfied, we left, Hank remarking, "They always look like that, but don't always have the rope; I am not sure what that is for."

On the return from this particular trip and when some six miles from the city, as we were driving along the trail, the dogs not hunting to any extent, game being scarce, my dog showed signs of a point, and working up to a clump of bushes on the open prairie, nearly a hundred yards away, suddenly came to a dead stand. "Well, Ed, we might as well take a shot," I remarked, supposing it to be quail, of course. We had not gone twenty-five yards when the dog looked at me. I guessed something was up and called "Steady." He stiffened, then turned his head, looked at me again and made a dash. Out jumped a doe and two lovely fawns, and away they went for the river, the dog full bent to catch one. I shall never forget the beautiful sight. They just played with that dog, running at full speed, then stopping and facing him until he almost reached them, when away they would whirl and make another run and face about; and so it went clear to the river, half a mile away, when they disappeared. In about fifteen minutes we saw the dog coming back, the nearer he approached the slower he came, seeming to know what he would get, and he got it.

On one of our trips to the new town site of El Reno, at that time consisting only of the land company's frame building and two very small, what Western parlance would designate "shacks," with a total population of five people, a party hailed me with, "Want to buy any wild turkeys?" "How many have you got?" we asked. "One hundred and ten pounds at five cents a pound," was the reply. We took them. There were eleven birds, nine hens and two gobblers. Not far from this place was Ft. Reno, with the trading post of Darlington. Both of these were within the limits of the Arapahoe and Cheyenne reservations, and if my memory serves me aright, Monday was "trading day," and on that day the post was thronged with Indians from the reservation. We found the Arapahoes much more talkative than the Cheyennes, the latter being a surly lot but almost without exception of finer physique, of medium height, but very strongly muscled and powerful fellows. Some of the beaded buckskin leggins, skirts and moccasins worn by their squaws were very fine, but it was about impossible to purchase any of these articles. The interior of one of the trading stores on trading day was most interesting, thronged by a crowd of Indians who exchanged beef hides—these from the animals issued to the tribe by the U. S. Government, and many of them bringing moccasins and beaded work in exchange for the necessary—or otherwise, articles kept in stock by the trader. I well recall the interest shown by some of the Indians in my hammerless shotgun. A minute examination on their part failed to reveal to them how the gun was fired. A number inspected it carefully, and finally by signs asked how it was worked, but I did not attempt to explain. This reservation was said to have fine chicken and turkey shooting, but the proximity of the fort prevented one from taking any chances of a hunt in that section.

On two occasions we hunted for a week at a time in Oklahoma between the fort and O. K. City, and near the valley of the North Fork of the Canadian, stopping with a party who was holding down a claim near the river. Here we found fairly good prairie chicken shooting, with some few quail, and the evenings were spent sitting in the shanty around the fire, listening to our friend's yarns, which at times fairly eclipsed Munchausen in his palmiest days. Etiquette prevented our showing any signs of disbelief, but the stories were simply awful. An illustration will suffice. We were on the subject of bears, and our friend said: "Speaking of bears, I was running with a partner in the mountains of eastern California near Nevady. Bears were some plenty around there, and so one day we thought we would take a hunt. My pard had a fine gun, a Winchester that cost $150, so you know it was good; shot seven times. We started out, hung together awhile and then separated. Along toward afternoon I heard a shot, then another, followed by five more. These shots were just kinder deliberate like, but I thought something must be up, so hurried over that way. Soon come in sight of him and called out, 'What's the matter?' He said, 'Come over,' and when I about reached him he said, 'Look a-thar.' I did so, and what do you suppose I saw? Seven grizzly bear; one for each shot. My pard said, 'I saw one bear and took a shot at him, and at the crack, six more riz up and started for me. I just stood on this spot and put them down one after the other.'" This was so steep that we could only sit perfectly dumb, but we lay for him, and one night Ed baited him with a fair story, and after he had countered with a better, I told such a strong one that at its conclusion he was perfectly silent for some few minutes, then he said, "Well, boys, it's time to go to bed," and we dispersed.

Once while driving to El Reno, and not more than a mile outside of O. K. City, we saw a beautiful sight. The road went down a hill, the bottom of which ended in a draw leading toward the river, followed by a slight ascent, then turned at a right angle, and we had gone but a short distance when the crack of a rifle, followed by a second report, was heard, coming from the crest of the hill we had previously driven over. The next moment a fine buck deer showed running at full speed down the hill toward us. On sighting us almost directly in his route he stopped short, threw up his head and stood for a moment motionless, the picture of grace, then suddenly turned toward the river and ran down the draw at top speed, sailing like a swallow over two wire fences bounding both sides of the road, and disappeared in the timber along the river, and with no regret on my part that he escaped harm.

The amount of game shipped almost daily from O. K. City to Chicago and Kansas City was nearly beyond belief. There was no game law, and as the Atchison gave a rate of $3.75 per hundred pounds via express, there was every inducement with game so plentiful, for many to shoot and ship, and it was done. It was not an uncommon sight to see several tons of deer and quail go out on the morning train, and the Chicago commission firms worked the country for all there was in it. Ruling quotations on quail were 65 to 80 cents per dozen; deer in carcass, 7 to 8 cents per pound; wild turkey, about 10 cents. It was not unusual to see a man drive into town with from three to seven deer on his wagon to sell at the local market, for most of the meat markets purchased game not only for the local trade, but also to ship, and all the hotels had quail and venison regularly every day on the bill of fare. Truly 'twas game plenty.

The town was filled with a heterogeneous class of people, and gambling of all sorts ran wide open; everything but whiskey could be had provided one could pay. Real estate boomers were more than plentiful, and business bore an air of prosperity. On the whole, though, the town was fairly quiet, owing, no doubt, to the presence of the company of U. S. Regulars stationed on the hill to the east; otherwise, possibly affairs might have been more hilarious. Of course, there were some acts of lawlessness throughout the newly settled district. The telegraph operator at Perry, north of town, of the A. T. & S. Fe, was shot one night, and a train was also held up one evening some distance south of the city. A week or so later, parties supposed to have been concerned in this latter act, were captured near by and brought in irons to the town on their way north for trial. Now and then there was a hold-up, but on the whole the town was no more or less lawless than probably any Western town has been under similar circumstances.

An election for city officials was held the latter part of November, and in this my chum and myself participated. We were by this time legal voters, and took part at the request of a friend, one of the prominent citizens, for appearance indicated a close election, and every voter was lined up for one side or the other. Native-born or naturalized citizens of the United States and thirty days' residence in the new Territory were the requisite qualifications. There was no politics in this particular election, but the opposing factions were divided into two parties called the Seminoles and the Kickapoos. The former, the supposed Northern element; the latter, the Southern. One of the two polling precincts was almost directly opposite our house, and I well recall my vote. Falling in line with many other voters, as we stood waiting our turn to cast our ballot, a real wild Westerner strolled along the line and looked us over. "Well, Jim," he said to a man ahead, "I know you are all right." "You bet," was the reply. "And you, too," to the next fellow. "Here's a cuss I don't know," he said, addressing me; "and how are you going to vote?" "All right, I guess," was my reply. "D——d if I know about that; show up your ticket." As I had sized him up to be a Kickapoo and had about reached the broken pane of glass in the window through which we handed our ballots, I replied, "Don't worry about me." "But I want to see your ticket." By this time I managed to pass it in and made my escape, as he was too persistent to suit me. The result of the election showed the Kickapoos winners by a small margin, and the night was passed in whooping it up.

The best description of a fair proportion of the population of those days, not particularly of the city, but of the section, was aptly described by a resident in a remark to me one day: "Darn my skin, if they don't nearly all seem to be rags, boots and whiskers."

But some of these same people were laying the foundation of what has since proved to be one of the best Territories west of the Mississippi River and now entitled to have statehood conferred upon it. Good luck to that section, is my ardent wish. Some of the pleasantest memories of my life are connected with it, and I shall always recall my sojourn of four months or so there with the keenest pleasure.

S. F. Rathbun.

Seattle, Wash.

Across New Brunswick on Snowshoes.—V.

The Act of Louis Bear.

We shall best hasten the action of our story if we pause for yet a while by the way. In short, we must go back something like forty years or so. I have said that a couple of Indians visited us in our camp at Bathurst Lake. These Indians had something to do with the success of our trip across the country. These Indians, moreover, were connected with other Indians. Their story ran back for forty years.

Some forty years or so ago there was a well-known Indian by the name of Louis Bear, a member of the large and influential Bear family, who have been chiefs among the Millicete Indians for some generations. Louis Bear lived somewhere in the settlements down the Tobique River. For the most part Louis was a good Indian and peaceable, and as he was trying to follow the white man's customs and to raise a little white man's garden truck it annoyed him very much to have his neighbor's horses break in and eat up his garden. One morning his anger overstepped his prudence. He took down his flintlock and with a certain amount of precision shot the daylight out of the leading offender among his neighbor's horses. Then Louis bethought himself that he had committed a crime against the white man's law. He did not stop to find out what that law would do to him, but, in brief, as one weary of sin, he fled as a bird to the mountains.

These mountains aforesaid were precisely the range over which Adam proposed to take the Forest and Stream man in the hope that somewhere on the southern side of them we should find trace of Uncle Henry Braithwaite. As shall presently appear, it was a most lucky thing indeed for us that Louis Bear, long since gathered to his fathers, once upon a time shot his neighbor's horse and fled as a bird to the mountains.

When Louis became an outlaw in that wilderness which lies between the heads of the Serpentine, the West Branch, the little South Branch and the North Pole Branch, which latter runs into the Miramichi, it was none the less necessary for Louis to do something for a livelihood. In effect, he started out and built himself a line of traps, beginning somewhere between Sagamok Mountain and the heads of the Silver Brook, crossing the country where Adam and I had jumped our big bull near the Klondike camp, working around the heads of the Serpentine streams, swinging over toward the headwaters of the Little South Branch of the Nipisiguit, swinging thence back toward the steep Serpentine hills, and thence working east and a little north again into some country not even in this present time much known to mortal man. Louis was quite safe in his selected wilderness.

A line of sable traps, if well built, will last five to eight years. Louis trapped on his line and lived out in the woods until people forgot about the horse. He then either cashed in his checks or got tired of trapping, and later his trapping line fell into the hands of Ambrose Bear, who used it for a while. It lay fallow for a time and then Joe Ellis, our present Indian friend, and Ambrose Lockwood trapped on it for a time, running the traps as occasion demanded. Then Joe Ellis took over John Moulton, his present partner, and these two were owners of the line for a long while.

Any fool can chip a piece of bark off a tree, but in New Brunswick it is only a fool who does chip that piece of bark without a definite and intelligible purpose. We now were possessed of the fact that, owing to the escape of dead and gone Louis Bear, there was running from somewhere near the Bathurst Chain, over across a part of the country which we wanted to traverse, a line of trees with chips cut out of the bark, some chips cut forty years ago, others twenty years, others two years, and some one year ago. In short, if we could once strike in on this old Indian line we would have a fair chance of getting somewhere, even if no one knew just exactly where. Hence we waited with considerable interest the return of Joe Ellis and John Moulton from their trapping line on Moose Brook. So far as the Governmental authorities are concerned, they do not trouble themselves over trapping lines originally constructed by Indians now defunct. The Indian does not ordinarily explain where his traps run. In point of fact, this old line had been running out into the New Brunswick wilderness for more than forty years, and no white man, so far as we could tell, had ever known anything about it, until by chance and under the softening influence of a stiff drink of gin, Joe Ellis communicated a part of the news to his friend Charlie Cremin, Adam's partner.

Woods Lore by the Way.

Since Adam was away trying to catch his "blackcat" down at the caribou carcass, and since Joe and John were also away and uncertain of return as are all Indians, Charlie and I kept camp. We practiced moose calling by ourselves and talked over a lot of things. Which reminds one, by the way, that Joe Ellis had said he had heard a cow moose call the previous week, that is to say, in the second week of December—a fact of natural history new to every one hearing it, although Ellis is an old hunter and insists that he was not mistaken. He heard this moose in the heavy country not far from the Silver Brook divide.

The calling of moose, as I learned from different sources, does not go according to any hard and fast system. Adam says that he has never heard the loud call of the cow but once in all his experience. You may hear it very often at the sportsmen's shows, but not often in the woods. "A cow makes all kinds of noises when she is

calling," said Charlie to me, as we held our little symposium. "Sometimes she goes around whining and complaining, with a voice about like a puppy. Sometimes she will call louder, and sometimes you cannot hear her very far at all. It is not always just the same sound. Now a calf is a good deal the same way. I have heard a calf whining or squealing or crying all the way across Nictau Lake.

Adam said that the call of the caribou is a sort of grunt or croak and that the calls of the bull and cow are very much alike. As to the call of the bull moose, there is a great deal of variety in that also. Sometimes a bull can be called into the water by imitating the call of the bull rather than that of the cow. Sometimes the bull will come right on down in a hurry, and again he will hang back in the cover at the edge of the lake and run up and down and thrash the trees and grunt and snort and yet will not come out into the open.

As to the time when young moose take to the water, Adam and Charlie on the 29th of May, 1900, caught a moose calf which they did not think could have been more than a day old, possibly but a few hours. This was on one of the Bathurst lakes, and Adam showed me the place where it happened, a point where the lake was perhaps three-quarters of a mile wide or more. They saw the cow swimming, looking back all the time, and at last they discovered something following her in the water, which they saw was a young calf. When the calf tried to get up the bank to follow its mother, it fell back and would probably have drowned had it not been reached by the men. Mr. Buckhout, a New York gentleman who was stopping with them at the time, tried to photograph the calf, but was unable to get a good picture. Adam at one time found a dead calf in a tree top along the Nipisiguit River, the little fellow probably having drowned in the attempt to ford the river.

All the time one learns odd facts like these in natural history when he is with close observers such as my companions were. For instance, Adam told me of a partridge which had been an object of great interest at the Nictau camp during the year 1900. This partridge was seen walking about where the men were building a log house, and at length was tracked to her nest. To their surprise she seemed to be entirely tame. She would allow herself to be picked up and handled, and sometimes would peck at the hand in a petulant sort of manner. She would peck at Charlie's feet sometimes as he stood near the nest. This grouse would frequently, when off her nest, walk directly up to the men who were engaged about the log house. The nest was watched carefully, and of the eleven eggs, all of them hatched. "You never saw anything develop as fast as a young partridge," said Adam. "I kept track of the hatching very closely. At 12 o'clock that day two or three of the little fellows were out and all the remaining eggs were pipped. That evening all the remaining eggs were hatched. At 8 o'clock on the next morning all the young had left the nest. I don't know where they went, but know that we never saw the hen again. While the little fellows were hatching I sort of supervised things around the nest, and took out the empty shells as fast as they were deserted. The hen did not seem to mind this very much. Mr. Buckhout—his name was Wm. H. Buckhout—of New York, took a photograph of this partridge while I held her in my hand. We were sorry, but the light was not such as to enable him to get a good photograph. We watched the nest about two weeks in all."

I asked Adam how, in his opinion, the woodcock carried its young, and he replied that his brother Will had seen a woodcock carrying its young, and in some way she carried them between her legs or feet. I have heard it said that the young birds were supported by the thighs of the mother as she flew.

Among other curious things, Adam told me of some little ducks, whistlers or golden eyes, which he saw on the banks of the river one time as he was going along in his canoe. "There were seven of them," said he, "all fuzzy little fellows, about the cutest little things you ever saw. They were arranged in a row directly underneath a stick, and you had to look mighty close, I can tell you, before you saw them. I would have given a good deal for a photograph of that row of little ducks."

As to the habits of the caribou, Adam says that in his caribou lick the caribou eat the mud, it seeming to possess some saline quality which they covet. All the guides said that caribou were becoming more numerous in New Brunswick. No one pretends to know how many there are in the Province. They come down to these licks in large bands at times. Adam knows yet another caribou lick somewhere near Red Brook. It is possible to photograph caribou at these licks, and Mr. Osborne, of Rochester, made a very good photograph which is shown at the Crown Lands Office of a cow moose which came to the licks and was photographed at a distance of only ninety feet.

Deer as well as caribou are now increasing in the Tobique country. Eight years ago there were no deer at all, but the deer appear to be working toward the eastward, having been more abundant for a time west of the St. John River.

In all this game country there is no overlapping or crowding of one guide by another, and I was curious to discover on what sort of tenure the guides held their "country." Such a territory is gained usually through a good acquaintance with the railroad or private owners of the pine lands. The guide leases the country four rods back of the river, that distance being ceded to the owners of the fishing leases. Lumber is king in New Brunswick, and a good understanding with the big lumber outfits is the best chance a guide has to get his privileges and hold them. Thus I imagine it would be very difficult for any one to supplant Adam Moore in his country, since his privileges would not be duplicated by the owners of the pine lands in favor of any other guide. Adam has ten camps, the chief of which are Nictau and Bathurst camps. Out of the latter camp are the side camps, Klondike and Moose Brook, both of which have been mentioned. Then there is Upsalquitch camp and Upper Bathurst camp, and on the Nictau Chain the Foster's Hole, Cox's Hole, Halfway Brook and Ridge camps. Thus it may be seen what a wide strip of country is thus drawn by a guide so fortunate as Adam Moore and his partner, Charlie Cremin.

So much by the way, and while we are, as it were, waiting for Joe Ellis and his partner, John Moulton, to come back and tell us something more of the late Louis Bear trapping trail. This was to take still a couple of days. Adam and I trotted down to his blackcat trap on Thursday, fixed up the steel traps and were back in time for lunch, a distance of about nine miles. That afternoon he and I marched five or six miles up to the "Carry" after caribou. We saw some sign, but we thought that the soft weather had sent the caribou away from the lake for the time being. We saw considerable otter and mink sign on the lower side of the Bathurst Chain, this making the fifth instance of otter sign we had noted.

The Trail Over the Mountains.

At length our two Indian trappers showed up at Bathurst camp, and we held a long pow wow together. We now began to hear of a certain lumber camp, far up toward the head of the Little South Branch, and known as the Branch camp. There used to be another camp further down the stream, and this old camp Joe Ellis said he knew, and could no doubt find, as he ran his trapping trail up into the mountains. To reach this lumber camp one needed to travel six miles or so to the mouth of the Silver Brook, thence eight or ten miles more to the southward up the Little South Branch of the Nipisiguit.

This was a distance of about five miles more than it would be in a straight line over the hills to the lumber camp. For a time it was our intention to take our toboggans up over the trapping trail which Ellis and Moulton said they were now going to run (the same being the old Louis Bear trail). Yet when we began to talk of that awful trip over the big mountains, even those hardy citizens, Adam and Jack and Charlie, looked grave. We all of us knew by experience what it meant to climb those hills with nothing but rifle and a light pack. To cut across with toboggans meant that it would consume four times as much time as to go light; and the toboggans were a necessity. Hence we formed a plan of campaign which, if a little risky, proved in the end a wise one. We decided to get off of the rough country over which the old trail ran at its northwestern end, and to trust to fortune to make some kind of a meeting with Ellis later on at the Branch camp. From this point we intended to head south and to take Ellis along with us, so that he might give us the advantage of all he knew about the old Louis Bear trapping trail. Of course all hunters, especially the hunters of New Brunswick, will know that this so-called "trail" was not a trail at all, but simply a line of blazed trees. An Indian never does any unnecessary work. We did not wish the task of dragging the toboggans over the Indian trail any more than was absolutely necessary, but any sort of trail is better than none, especially when you don't know where you are going.

Starting into Unknown Country.

Charlie had been baking biscuits industriously for about three days, and these we packed in boxes on our toboggans. We had plenty of tea and sugar, plenty of blankets, but unfortunately were at this time short of meat, as we had eaten up all that we had been able to carry down from Adam's moose, and had killed nothing since. We thought that our total weight on the three sleds was between 300 and 350 pounds. We took with us our precious bundle of furs, also took along some rifles which we intended to take out to the settlements, having four rifles in all, the camera, the horribly heavy glass plates for the camera, a little ammunition, and some odds and ends which we did not care to send down by the slow tote team, sixty-five miles down the Tobique River. All in all, we had pretty stiff loads.

As luck would have it, good or bad, we made our start south on Friday, this being the 20th of December, at which time I ought to have been going home, instead of starting out into the wilderness, where there was a very fair working chance that nobody would hear of us for a month, if at all.

The sledding was beautiful, however, and we did our six miles down to the Bear House, Silver Brook, in jig time. (The depot camps are called "bear houses" because it is necessary to build them tight and strong enough to keep out the marauding bears, which otherwise would rob the stores.) Adam left us at a point on the trail for a run across lots to have one more look at his blackcat trap. Although we had found these creatures had pretty much torn up all the country the day before, they had not returned during the night. Hence we went away and left the steel traps to hold their silent watch on the banks of the Nipisiguit, trusting to Providence that one of us might get back and visit them later in the winter. While Adam was gone I got into the toboggan shafts, and had the pleasure of three miles at this sort of travel. I should not fancy it as a steady diet, it remaining a wonder to me how these men pull these sleds with such loads and across such country.

We all rounded up for lunch at the mouth of the Silver Brook, and then started for a long ten-mile tramp up the Little South Branch, which we picked up but a short distance from the mouth of Silver Brook. It was cold that day, and our faces were well hung with ice when, just before dark, we pulled up at the little lumbering settlement known as Branch's camp. Forty men here lived in one house, and were packed like sardines. Branch himself, the foreman, we found to be a quiet sort of fellow, and the cook was willing to do his best at least. It was beans and black tea as usual, and for the first time in my life, I think, I sat at a table where there was absolutely nothing provided except a knife wherewith one might eat. Not that a knife is a hardship, but on the contrary a very simple and practical thing. I did not notice any of the lumber crew eating any more than any one of ourselves.

Accident in Camp.

That evening as we were all sitting around the stove taking off our stockings and jumpers to hang about the big stove, one of the men came in from his work limping badly and looking pretty pale. He had met with one of the accidents which are by no means infrequent in the woods, and had cut himself badly with an ax. The poor fellow sat on the bench afraid to take off his stockings to see how badly he was hurt. No one seemed to help him, and even the foreman was indifferent. I got the stockings off at last, and de disclosed about as badly damaged a foot as I imagine any human being had ever seen. An earlier accident had cut off three toes on the outer side of the same foot. These had healed and retained their place on the foot, although entirely stiff and unmanageable. Now he had cut himself straight back from the front, the deepest part of the cut being under the foot, the two outside toes being severed clear back almost to the original cross line, which had nearly separated them from the foot. It certainly was an ugly looking wound, and certainly the conditions for treating it were bad enough. The poor fellow searched around his bunk for a rag, and produced the dirtiest looking handkerchief I have ever seen anywhere. This I discarded and taking a couple of my own rendered them as antiseptic as possible with boiling water, washed the foot, and fastened the bandages as well as possible. They had what they called "h'asat," a solution of carbolic acid, which at times it appears is provided in the lumber camps against such accidents. I wet the bandage with this "h'asat," and although the sufferer did not sleep very well that night with the pain of the wound, he could eat his breakfast the next morning, and thought that in two or three weeks he would be around.

This was the second accident of the kind that had occurred within a week, a man at the Bathurst camp having cut his leg to the bone just above the knee. He was just getting around at the time we left. The unfortunate soul who meets an accident of this kind at a lumbering camp is in bad luck indeed. His "time" does not go on, and in some camps they even make him pay his board while he is laid up crippled. If he is cut so badly that he has to go out of the woods, it is customary for the other boys to chip in and raise the price for sending him out to the settlements. I never heard what became of my patient, but hope he got around all right.

Life in a Lumber Camp.

A cheerful, happy-go-lucky, hard-looking, hard-talking, but after all, soft-hearted crowd, are these workmen about a lumbering camp. I can't imagine any life much harder than theirs. They get up at 4 o'clock in the morning, and start out in the dark to walk perhaps a couple of miles in the cold and snow. Then they hammer spruce butts all day, where every blow of the ax sends a shower of snow down on their backs. They come back to camp an hour after dark, and yet you will see them walking into the cook house with an easy step and an elasticity of movement which does not seem to denote any physical lassitude. Proof enough, this, of the excellent tonic of hard fare and winter weather. We all of us walked that way when we came out of the woods. We were dressed also after the crude fashion of the woods, in wool and then more wool, and socks, socks, socks. Some of our lumbermen wore shoepacks. None of them wore rubbers, and some of them wore a low, wide and roomy moccasin over their numerous layers of heavy wool socks.

One of the drivers, an Irishman by the name of Lanigan—you will always find an Irishman in a position of authority in any gang of laborers—called a meeting together after supper and took up a contribution for some church or other at some settlement whose name I did not catch. One after another these unkempt fellows, whose wages were not more than $22 a month, called out "Put me down for $1," or "Put me down for $2," to Lanigan, who kept the subscription list. He raised something like $60 or $70 in a few minutes, all of which will be subtracted from the men's pay when they come to settle up at the end of the month. If the lumber jack is able to pay for his clothes and come out even at the end of the winter, he considers himself rather lucky. His money goes, one way or another.

Fur Trade in Camp.

All these Frenchmen at the logging camp seemed to be doing a little trapping on Sundays or other off times, and this camp was pretty near full of fine bunches of sable, fox, etc. This made Adam's eyes shine, for if there is anything in the world which he loves, it is a bit of good fur. We started in to buy fur soon after supper that night, and we kept on buying until all our party was broke and we had to run our face for one or two bunches. We were all of us broke, but we had not yet bought all of the fur when that time arrived. There was one bunch of seven sable skins, fine big fellows, every one of them, and it pretty near broke Adam's heart to leave them hanging on the wall. We were paying $2.25 to $3.00 for sable skins which would bring on an average at least $4 at Fredericton, yet we paid the men about as much as they would have received had they sold them at Bathurst or anywhere along the railroad on Tobique side. By the time we were through our impromptu merchandizing, the precious bundle of furs which was strapped to Adam's toboggan had taken on goodly proportions. I may state here that we sold out for just $175 when we struck Fredericton. Whereupon Charlie Cremin promptly bought a fur overcoat, a new horse and a set of harness, and the woods saw him no more for this winter, I am sure.

Just Projecting Around.

It came off very cold indeed that night in the lumber camp, and in the morning the thermometer was between 12 and 15 degrees below zero. The men at the lumber camp asked us where we were going, and we told them we hadn't the slightest idea, but were just projecting around. Mr. Branch tried to persuade us to go back, and not to try to go across this unknown country in such weather, but having started, we did not intend to take the back trail. We were hoping that Joe Ellis, who had started across on his trapping trail, would meet us at the Branch camp, but no Joe Ellis appeared. Hence we decided to start out on our own hook. Branch showed us a map or plan of the country adjacent to his camp, which was partly made up from the maps of the Crown Lands Department and partly, as we imagined, from guess. We could see that in very many particulars it was manifestly wrong, as it had mountains three or four miles from where they belonged, and described directions and streams in fashion which we personally knew were impossible. No one could tell us anything about the country to the south of this camp. The teams were working two or three miles up the Little South Branch, but beyond that no deponent could say. There was a rumor of an old lumber trail over toward the Serpentine waters, but this trail was precisely what we did not want, for the last injunction of Henry Braithwaite had been to "beware of the

Serpentine." Henry had told us to stick to the "height of land." We looked about us steadily, and could see nothing but a "height of land" anywhere we looked. The whole country was broken up into a series of steep, rounded hills, and it took no very experienced eye to see that to pull a toboggan across country over one of these hills would be something asking even more endurance and strength than our party could furnish. It was therefore a question of winding along the easiest way we could find by some valley, then scaling the top of the ridge which we must ultimately find, and feeling our way onward, until we found water running in the opposite direction. It was our vague hope and wish that this water might be Miramichi water, but as to that we could not in the least tell.

It is one thing to write about a trip across the country in the winter time, and quite another thing to do it. It is one thing to look at a map, and quite another thing to look at the country which that map purports to represent. Now, as a matter of fact, when we got into this journey we found that there was no guide, no map, no help whatever which proved of the least service to us. We were just as much adventurers and discoverers as was Columbus when he struck America, although perhaps on a slightly smaller scale. We missed Joe Ellis very much, for although we were not satisfied that he could take us through, any company is better than none in a quest like this, provided that such company has the remotest idea that he knows what he is about and where he is going.

Be that as it may, we left the Branch Camp, the men staring after us and jabbering in French about the crazy fools who were going into the woods with sleds when there was "so much frost in the air." We pushed up the right-hand branch of the Little South Branch, climbed a big hill, found we were off the trail, and climbed it back again. We broke off to the left, followed an old and snow filled abandoned logging road, passed a dam made by beavers and a dam made by loggers, and pushed on up until we came to another trail, which we followed for a time. At last, two miles or so along, we came to a tree, and on this tree were sundry ax marks.

The Mute Sign in the Wilderness.

As I have said, any fool can cut a chip out of a tree with his ax, but few fools do that in New Brunswick without a purpose. Here was a tree upon which the ax marks were apparently many years old. Also there were fresher ax marks. Also at one side of this tree, at a distance of about 50 or 60 yards, there was another tree bearing a blaze. Now the question was: Were these blazes made by the Frenchmen who were running their sable traps near the lumber camp, or had we, without any advice or instruction, by good fortune located the old Louis Bear trapping trail along which Joe Ellis might, could, would or should have passed some time within twenty-four hours ahead of us or after us? That does not sound like a very serious question as one reads it, but I remember how serious it seemed to us at the time. It was very bitterly cold. Charlie and Jack had to take off their shoepacks to keep their feet from freezing. I had to kick my feet against a stump to keep them from following suit. Adam and Charlie went on ahead, but came back and said they did't believe it would pay to follow the old brushed-out road any further. We again swung around, 20 degrees to the south, and started out into untouched country.

There was a trail, a trapping trail. This much seemed plain, but where it ran or whose it was no one could tell. We found no sable trap, nor had we found it could we have told who made it. It might have been Joe Ellis or any one else.

When the thermometer is 15 below zero, and going lower, and when you have all your worldly goods on a sled, and when you reflect that a sled pulls frightfully hard up hill, and when you add to this the information that the view at the top of the hill only leads to another hill apparently just as hard to climb, then you may observe that it was a grave question whether we should follow this faint and wandering trail of ax marks which presently we discovered leading on out into the wilderness. But at any rate some one had been through there. And it is at least some comfort to go where some other fellow has been, even if you don't know who the other fellow was, or where he was going.

Adam and Charlie started out along the trail for a little voyage of exploration. Jack and I, he in his stocking feet, started in to build a fire in order to keep from freezing to death. We had it just nicely started when we heard the snowshoes returning, and Adam called out, "Come ahead. We'll just start in here, and chance it."

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill. E. HOUGH.

Save the Woodcock.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your octogenarian humble servant lived in the days when woodcock, that most desirable of all game birds, nested in every bit of moist and bushy ground, and in the fall could be kicked up in every wood or thicket. But few people seemed to prize the woodcock then, and being so seldom molested they were so tame that, as a boy, I knocked one over with a stone.

A little later on in life I began to hear of the "long-billed mud ducks" being occasionally shot as game, and now I find with an amount of regret that could never be expressed by words, that I must live to see the passing of the woodcock—unless the legislators of the various States can be roused to the importance of protecting laws. Pot and market hunters ought to be wiped out by legislative acts, and then if a close season for a few years could be brought about in every State we might see a condition of things that would gladden the life of every sportsman in the land.

FOREST AND STREAM must be credited with a vast amount of good in its fights, on various points, for game protection, and now I want to see it buckle on its armor for a fight that I consider of greater consequence than anything except the lynching of all the market hunters. One of FOREST AND STREAM'S contributors opened the fight a few weeks ago by a vigorous article, which ought to be followed up till the importance of saving the woodcock from utter extermination is drilled into the noddles of every legislator from Maine to Louisiana. DIDYMUS.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Oct. 6.

October Mountain.

From the Springfield Republican.

To the average man, a plaything seven and a-half miles long by five miles wide would be about all he would care to drag at the end of a string. William C. Whitney, politician, turfman and millionaire, seems to think differently, and now and then adds a few hundred acres to his newest toy, beautiful October Mountain. Away up in the heart of the Berkshire hills, in Massachusetts, rests this vast estate of over 12,000 acres, where Mr. Whitney spends nearly $60,000 and two weeks every year. Wild with the wildness of the Berkshire hills, October Mountain stands as a rough shooting box of to-day, and a magnificent estate of to-morrow. How much money has been fed into the open jaws of the hills Mr. Whitney alone knows, and it is doubted if he could give anywhere near the exact amount which he has expended to make October Mountain rank as one of the greatest estates between the two oceans. It stands even now with Biltmore and some of the great Pacific coast estates in size. Where the future will find it depends on Mr. Whitney, for no one else knows what his plans are for the future, or how much more money he will sink into the barrens and woodland, which, as far as his eye can see, are his alone. Doubtless he intends October Mountain for a shooting box, for already he has herds of buffalo, elk and deer roaming about in a 1,000-acre inclosure, and hundreds of English pheasants have been liberated in wood and field, and the clear lakes and rustling brooks stocked with fish. Yet taking Mr. Whitney's well-known love of sport into account, one can see underlying the whole vast plain in the mind of the millionaire, a clear cut touch of philanthropy and the basis of the idea that his money must be spent so that a people who need it may derive a benefit which is still in no sense a gift of charity.

For years the farmers of the town of Washington have said that they could get along if it was not for the drag which was put upon them by the western portion of their big wandering town. They prayed that something might be found there which would make the land valuable and worth the taxes levied upon it. They cut off the woodland in places to make money on the lumber, and they thought of many plans to rid themselves of their burden, but one plan after another broke like a bubble, and with each breaking the tax rate went up a notch. Then suddenly Whitney came to Washington like a bright angel and took the hated property from the people who had been land poor for generations. His agent bought farm after farm and paid a good price for each, far more than most of them were worth, but he wanted them, and, as they say in Washington, he is a millionaire. Slowly the estate spread its boundaries, and farm after farm was swallowed and dollar after dollar was added to his taxes, until now the great burden has been lifted and Washington can look down from her hilltop squarely into the face of the world and say that, by the grace of Providence and Whitney, she is as good as the next and better than Peru. This year Mr. Whitney will pay the Washington assessors $1,795 for his taxes, and his real estate in that town is valued at $75,520. But October Mountain has wandered into the outskirts of little Lee and close to the town line of haughty Lenox, and in Lee he must pay taxes, for the valuation of his property there is $5,181.

It was six years ago that Mr. Whitney found Washington. No one knows why he decided to start the October Mountain estate or how the plan originated in his mind. He could not want more ground for shooting or another country place, for he owned already a vast tract of land and a chain of lakes in the Adirondacks, and a beautiful country place on Long Island. But at that time rumor spread through the scattered farmhouses of little Washington that some one wanted to buy land in the western part of the town. This was followed by the report that options had been secured on many farms, and then the statement was made that a large number of places which joined one another had been bought by Thomas Post, of Lenox, for some one. Washington stayed up until 9 o'clock at night discussing the wonder and guessing at the name of the man for whom Mr. Post was acting. Finally some bright mind thought of Austin Corbin and his big Blue Mountain game preserve, near Newport, N. H. A town meeting was considered so that the matter might be solemnly discussed, but then Mr. Corbin was killed, and the Washingtonians were at sea again. At last the magic name of William C. Whitney came to their ears, and the town awoke one bright morning, after six months of vain conjecture, to the realization that the ex-secretary of the Navy owned one-third of their town. A few bright spirits had been sharp enough to see that some deep-laid land-buying scheme was on foot, and had invested in swamps and hillsides in the western section of the town, and great was their reward. The power and good of the Whitney millions had begun to be felt, and each year more and more checks have been cashed and their fruits put away in the family stocking. If the religion of their forefathers was not as deep-rooted in the hearts of the simple, kindly natives, it is an open question whether they would not be bowing down even now before a golden idol. They wished to hand down the stamp of Mr. Whitney's features to their children on the town seal, but after giving his consent to this desire, and presenting the desired seal to the town, the New Yorker, after a more mature consideration of the subject, recalled his gift. There is no danger of his being forgotten in Washington for several generations, at least.

The statement that October Mountain is in Washington will not convey a vast amount of information to many people, but, nevertheless, the town is of importance and once in six years sends a representative to the Legislature. A section of the western line of the town serves as the eastern line of Lenox, and Pittsfield is only a half score miles or so to the north. The Boston and Albany Railroad runs through the eastern section, and at the little depot is the highest point of the road in its winding course over the Berkshire hills. The Whitney family, when going to October Mountain, do not go in from the east over vertical hills and rocky roads, but from Lenox on the west, and the roads are far better on that side. Mr. Whitney has already spent much money on road improvements, and the one from his estate to the railroad on the west is now in good condition, while the one from Washington's town hall to October Mountain is bad with the badness which only a Washington road can boast of. Going into the estate from Washington the view across the eastern hills is beautiful and the scattering farmsteads of much interest, as one cannot see how these people eke out an existence on their rocky, brush-grown farms. Near the town hall the warning white signs against fishing and shooting begin to appear, and then a sharp turn to the west from the main road, down a rocky hill and into a tunnel of green trees and one is on the October Mountain estate. No more warning signs are to be seen, they are all on the edge of the estate, and farmer as well as game-keeper sees to it that no poacher shoots Mr. Whitney's birds. For a long two miles the road tunnels through the woods, where the silence is only broken by the whirr of a frightened partridge disturbed while dusting herself in the road, or the faint rustle of the underbrush as a startled rabbit goes to cover. Then suddenly the woods come to an end, one stands, breathless with wonder, on the summit of October Mountain.

Far away to the west, to the north, to the south, lie the fields and forests of the vast estate. Its enormity strikes one as an impossibility. It does not seem credible that one man owns the valley below, the blue-green hills in the distance, the glimmering lakes, the many trim white houses and red barns, and the great shooting box lording it over all from the crest of an opposing hill a mile away. From the valley a faint buzz of mowing machines, stone crushers and many men at work floats up on the fresh breeze which forcibly brings to mind the fact that it is always cool on October Mountain. Far to the north a few black specks can be seen moving about on a hillside. They are buffalo. To the west are tiny little patches of white, half-hidden in the tall grass. They are the little houses of the pheasantry. To the south are a cluster of barns, the winter quarters of big flocks of angora goats and sheep. In the still woods roam elk, moose and deer, and close at hand is the warren of a large family of Belgian hares. Down the entire length of the valley winds a slender, silvery string, a beautiful road running from the hunting box to Basin Pond, up in the heart of the southern hills. This road is only a forerunner of what is to come, as it is evident that Mr. Whitney intends to put in similar roads throughout the entire estate. Already there is talk of a new road to be cut through the woods to Washington town, and many other changes are rumored. Mr. Whitney will never be able to close his estate to the public, for it is crossed and recrossed with county and town roads, which are thoroughfares. But it is doubtful if he wishes to do this, for the public have always been welcomed at October Mountain, and every courtesy is shown to the visitor by the employes upon the estate.

The House Built in a Few Nights.

The greater part of the visitors who go to October Mountain without an invitation are curious to see how the millionaire has provided for his comfort and where he lives while there. Some are disappointed in the house, or shooting box, as there is nothing about it which gives the idea of vast wealth. It is more like the ordinary cottage that can be seen at any fashionable watering place. It is not a large structure and is built of wood and painted a dark gray. On the southern side is a broad piazza and the view down the valley from it is most beautiful. The house is set in the center of a great, soft green lawn and at its rear are four Adirondack camps which can be used for guests if desired. If one is disappointed in the house he need only remember the manner of its building and in that find any excuse needed. In truly characteristic manner Mr. Whitney decided to build the house in a great hurry. He had the plans drawn and then gave orders to have the house completed in twenty days. This staggered everyone, but Mr. Whitney wanted the house to live in for a few weeks at once, and as his bank account seemed able to stand the strain the work began. From New York came a force of men with great calcium lights, and these were placed about the fast-growing house and blinked and dashed on the carpenters as they worked all night. From far and near came the awe-inspired country people, and on the surrounding hills they stood with open mouths wondering if perpetual Fourth of July had come to October Mountain. Sad to relate, the house was not finished within the desired time, nor even twice the time, for the interior is elaborate and much work was done to make the house comfortable in every way. It stands now as a monument to money and energy, but in time it will doubtless be succeeded by a more elaborate house and one which is architecturally more suited to the surrounding country and the ideals of the place.

A couple of hundred yards to the north of the house are the stables, and they are the genuine Whitney affairs. Mr. Whitney is known all over the world for his love of a good horse, and how many he owns would be hard to estimate. His racing stables in various parts of the world hold some of the fastest horses on the turf, and he races entirely for the sport, caring but little for the rich prizes he wins. The stables at October Mountain are built on three sides of a square, and there are stalls for fifteen horses. Like the house, they are now tightly closed, and big board shutters cover the windows. When any of the family are going to the estate, horses are sent there from some of the other Whitney establishments. It is the same with the carriages; none are kept there when October Mountain is officially unhabitated. Hunters, cobs and polo ponies fill the stables when any of the family are in Washington, and all of them are fond of horseback riding. "Mr. Harry Payne," as the men on the estate call the son of the owner, is very fond of riding his ponies through the woods and fields, so about twenty miles of bridle path has been cut over the mountains for his pleasure, and it is no small task to keep the brush and weeds from these, and some of them will probably never be seen by either the owner or his son. Just across the road from the stables is a tiny cottage, and in this Mr. and Mrs. Payne Whitney—Mrs. Whitney was a Vanderbilt—passed a part

of their honeymoon. It is not exactly the sort of a place that one would pick out for the honeymoon of two such rich young people, but they won the loyalty of every man, woman and child on October Mountain by choosing to go there and stay during their first days of married life. Back of the stables is a great water tower lording it over a grove of lofty pine trees. From all parts of the estate the gray top of the tower can be seen, looking from the distance like a frail shadow similar to the ones playing all over the sides of the mountains. On the northern side of the grove is the servants' house, a low, rambling building, which can hold many people. These servants have an easy time of it, as there are so many of them that there is not much for any one to do. When the family take it into their heads to go to the Berkshire hills, there is much excitement there. A telegram usually announces the proposed advent, and three days later an army of servants and a small troop of cavalry arrive. Before they come the houses and stables have been opened, cleaned and made ready, and then the servants sit around and wait for the coming of the Whitneys for their short stay of a few weeks.

The Coming of the Animals.

After Mr. Whitney had bought his domain and fairly started to redeem some of it from nature, he remembered that he was to have a shooting box. Then came the herds of animals, elk and bison from the West, moose from the North and deer from the Canadian wilds. English pheasants and Belgian hares were added to furnish the smaller game, and everything possible done to protect the native stock of partridge and quail. The big game is, of course, the most interesting and the most difficult to raise and care for. Mr. Whitney followed the example of the late Austin Corbin and other big game owners, and inclosed a large tract of land in a high wire fence. Slowly the limits of the inclosure have grown, and now 1,000 acres are closely guarded by a wire barricade nine feet high. The cost of this fence must have been enormous and the work of building it great. The wire netting is very heavy and the openings in it are about 8 by 4 inches in size. Every 20 feet or so is a chestnut post, to which the wire is fastened, and as there are no chestnut trees on the estate, all the stakes had to be bought and shipped in, so some slight idea of the expense of this vast game inclosure may be gained. Over hills and through woods and swamps the fence runs, and it is much work to take care of it. Once every week each foot of the fence is inspected, and also after every high wind, which would be apt to blow down trees which might break a section of it. This is necessary, for a break would mean the escape of many valuable animals, and a few bull elk loose in the Berkshire hills would not be any fun for the farmers. Only once has the outer fence broken, but then the break was found by the game keepers before any animals discovered it. The big game park lies in front of Mr. Whitney's house, which faces to the west, and the fence is very near the road, so that the animals can often be seen from the lawn. A great part of the inclosure is woodland, and the animals spend most of the day under the trees, so that early morning and early evening are the two best times to see them.

The buffalo herd is the most interesting animal exhibit in the inclosure, and the big brown animals are nearly always to be seen on a hillside or loafing along the fence. The herd now numbers thirty-two, and some of the older ones are giants and about as ugly as anyone can imagine. Five years ago the buffalo came to October Mountain on the cars from distant Wyoming. In the party were eight cows and five bulls, and they took kindly to the gentle climate of the Berkshire hills and thrived on the grass and blackberry bushes. The king of the herd was Apache, the big bull, and he has held his proud position ever since. No one can go near him, as he has a nasty temper and his eye is about as wicked as the red men for whom he is named. He is one of the largest buffalo alive to-day, and lords it over all the animals in the inclosure. During the five years that the buffalo have lived in Washington, only three have died, two of these being members of the original herd and one a little calf. One big bull was sent away a year ago to the Bronx Park in New York, and Mr. Whitney gave him to the city, as it had no good specimen of buffalo bull. These are the only missing members at the roll call, and thirty-two buffalo now come to the sheds in winter time. All summer the big animals roam about the great inclosure at will, eating what they want and wallowing in the rank grass in perfect contentment.

In winter time it is all different. Then the herd is brought into a small inclosure, and have to be carefully fed. The snow is so deep that the animals cannot find feed for themselves, and they live on hay, which is cut for them on the various farms, and they, with the elk, take care of the whole crop. They seem to prefer their hay a bit rank, and if there are a few brambles in it they appreciate the favor. The first year that the buffalo were in their new home only one calf was born, and he is now a fine specimen and ready to take Apache's place when he goes to join the Indians and the buffalo in the happy hunting ground. Six calves were born this spring, and they are now funny looking little light-brown affairs, and tag their mothers around, grunting like pigs. Six calves were born last year, and they now are fairly big, but small in comparison with the veterans of the herd. The year before only two calves appeared, and these are hard to pick out from their elders. The increasing herd grows more valuable each year, for each year finds the buffalo a rarer animal, and the herd in the Yellowstone Park is the only one now at large. The value of the animals is enormous, when it is taken into consideration that they are absolutely no good except as curiosities. Each one is worth over $500, and some of the big bulls are worth far more than this. F. M. Chapel has entire charge of them, as well as of the rest of the animals, and his house is close to the winter quarters. He has a wholesome respect for them all, and it is hard to tell whether he would prefer to meet a full-grown bull buffalo or bull elk alone. He does not care for either, and none of the men under him like to go into the big inclosure. When they do go, they stick close to the fence, and they claim that they can climb over it in record time, if they are called upon to do so.

The elk are the most attractive animals to watch, for their lordly grace and bearing is fascinating. All day long they stay in the woods, especially at this time of the year when the days are apt to be hot and the horns of the bulls are in the velvet. They now like to rub them on the branches of the trees and slowly wear off the moss-like coating, so that next month they can be ready for the fighting season. The cows, big, horse-like animals, without antlers, sometimes wander near the fence during the day, but only occasionally is one fortunate enough to see them. The first elk came from the West, with the buffalo, and there were thirty-seven of them. Now there are about ninety, but no one knows the exact number. The cows keep the calves in the woods most of the time, and the little brown fellows are so much alike that it is impossible to count them. It is thought that there must be nearly forty calves in the inclosure now. Two weeks ago Mr. Whitney had twenty of the yearling elk captured and sent to his estate in the Adirondacks, where they were set free in the woods, in hope that in time they will increase to such an extent that there will be elk shooting in the North Woods again. Ten bulls and ten cows were sent, and the men on the estate had a deal of hard work in getting the big, ugly animals into the shipping crates.

Mr. Whitney cares more for his black-tail deer than for any of his other animals, and these beautiful creatures are but seldom seen, for they are very wild and stay in the woods the greater part of the time. Ten were brought to October Mountain last season, three bucks and seven does. The men have seen two fawns this summer, but think that there are more, which will be seen when the deer come into the yards with the elk in the winter. Ten mule deer came from the West last year, five bucks and five does, and three fawns have been seen. They are larger than the black-tails and not as graceful, but seem to get along as well in the rigorous climate. Only two of the common, or Virginian, deer are on the estate. They are both bucks, and no one cares much about them. They are too ordinary, and any one who is not a millionaire can raise common deer. The latest addition to the menagerie are the moose. This spring two pairs of two-year-old moose were brought to the estate from Canada and turned loose in an inclosure all of their own. It is in a deep valley, where there is plenty of water for them and dense woods. No one has seen them since they were liberated, and some of the men fear that they will not thrive on October Mountain. Only one hard luck story has been enacted in the animal colony there, and the antelope claimed it as their own. A small herd was brought on from the West, but their first New England winter was their last, and antelope culture has been given up. It is hard to estimate the value of this big collection of big game, for there is no market value to it except as food. The keen assessors of Washington think there is value to it, nevertheless, and tax it accordingly, and give it a valuation of $5,838.

The Game Birds and Their Homes.

The feathered population on October Mountain keeps quite a few men employed, for game keepers are walking in the woods at all times, and more are working in the pheasantry. This is a big colony of tiny little houses, each inhabited by a cackling hen with a lot of young pheasants playing in the front yard. Charles Briggs is the head game-keeper, and has charge of the two pheasantries. At one, near the Lenox line of the estate, all the old birds are kept, which are there for breeding purposes. The coops are similar to those in Forest Park, and the birds of the common English variety, and only about 200 old birds are retained in captivity. The big pheasantry near the center of the estate is the most interesting, and in it everything is done according to the most successful English method. The eggs are brought to it from the other pheasantry, where they are laid by the old birds, and then set under a hen. Each hen cares for twenty eggs, and while she is setting on them she lives in a little box in a comfortable house, where many other hens are employed at a similar occupation. When the chicks were hatched this spring they and their foster mothers were put into the little coops in the rank grass of the pheasantry at once, and the chicks were allowed to run around in the big wire inclosure, and have all the fun they wanted. The wire fence is only about three feet high, and the young pheasants can now fly over it and roam about as much as they choose.

About 1,500 young birds were raised this year, and they can go to the woods as soon as they want to, for nothing is done to keep them in captivity. They fly and run all about the outside of the fence now, but three times a day they come in so as to be on hand for their meals. There are 128 coops in the pheasantry, and if it had not been a poor year for raising the young birds there would have been many more. This is the first season that such a large number of pheasants has been raised, but an even greater number will be brought up next year. None have been shot on the estate as yet, and it is not probable that Mr. Whitney will allow any to be killed this year. It seems to be his idea to thoroughly stock the woods before any shooting is indulged in, and, beside, it is an awful lot of work to chase a bird through the woods. It is much easier to sit on one's front doorsteps and break clay pigeons and have a man in top boots load your gun for you. This is the popular shooting at October Mountain now. Many partridges and quail are to be seen about the place, and all over the estate tiny fields of buckwheat have been planted and the grain will be allowed to drop its black seeds on the ground for the birds, so that they can have plenty to eat in the fall, and they will be fed by the game-keepers through the long winter.

Two years ago, in the height of the Belgian hare craze, Mr. Whitney laid in a stock of these long-eared innocents, and they have increased and multplied as only rabbits can. At first they were kept in a warren on the southern slope of October Mountain, but soon they became so plentiful that most of them were given their freedom, and the woods and fields are now full of them. In a year or so they will be as thick as the hares are in an English park, and hare hunting will be one of the popular sports. Large numbers of quail were also liberated, and they increased last year, but the deep snows of the hills is against the Bob White, and it is doubtful if the quail ever become plentiful. The pheasants will overrun the country, however, and soon good pheasant shooting can be enjoyed about the edges of the estate where no Whitney signs can bid the gunner nay. The partridge will take care of themselves and increase rapidly as long as they are carefully preserved.

Fishing will, in a short time, be one of the features of October Mountain, and great care is now being taken of the various bodies of water. Basin Pond, in the southern part of the estate, is the largest sheet of water, a beautiful little lake, about twenty-five acres in extent, situated in the heart of the southern hills and imprisoned in big woods. Last fall Mr. Whitney decided to stock it with black bass, so sent to a fish hatchery and bought twenty big 2-pounders to put in Basin Pond. For some reason they were not shipped until early in the winter, and the snow was heavy on the ground when the big tank containing the fish came over the road to October Mountain. Hurriedly the fish were loaded on to another team, and the four-mile drive to the pond begun over unbroken roads deep with snow. When the fish were taken out to be put in their new home eight were dead, but more will probably be put in later this season. Two smaller ponds are full of bullheads and pickerel, but these are too prosaic to trouble the Whitneys. A large number of brooks ramble through the woods, and some of them are full of trout. The largest brook, which flows through the center of the estate, is not posted, as it has been stocked by the State Fish Commission, and each year many trout are taken from it. All the water will probably be closed as soon as the owner can find time to attend to it and take care of that part of his sport.

The Farms on October Mountain.

Instead of having one head farm where everything is centered, Mr. Whitney has left the little farms just as he bought them, and in most cases the original owners are living in them now as his tenants and employes. The farms are connected with a private telephone system and fifty-five men are employed on them. Each year about 100 tons of hay has been cut, but all of this has been fed to the animals and nearly fifty additional tons have been bought to feed the horses and cows. The domestic animals form but a small feature of the estate, and this number is limited, but time will probably increase them as the estate grows and is made perfect. The hay is now the only crop which amounts to anything, and the enormous barn for it at the home farm is another example of the millionaire's way of doing things. Last year the hay crop was larger than had been expected, and it was seen that a new barn must be built to store it. Again the twenty-day order was issued, and this time it was executed and the hay stored in safety. Charles H. Parsons is in charge of the farms, and, in fact, of the whole estate, as he is the superintendent. His work is enormous, as he has to visit all the different places each day and be responsible to Mr. Whitney for everything. All bills are sent to him, and none are paid unless approved by him. He has the pay rolls, amounting to $2,500 a month, and has absolute power over the men. Under his care are the twenty-four houses and thirty barns on the estate, beside the October Mountain house and stables.

Away down in the southern part of the estate is the Grossett farm, where the flocks of goats and sheep are kept. The goats are all Angoras, and beautiful with their long, silk-like hair. No one but Mr. Whitney knows why they are there or what good they are, for they are seldom seen. There are sixty-five goats in the flock now, and they simply run around and butt each other for lack of something better to do. On this same farm is the big flock of 226 sheep, another bunch of animals with no particular excuse for being there. They are just sheep with not even an ancestral tree, and beyond the few which have furnished mutton for the millionaire, they have done nothing. October Mountain is yet crude, but the promise is there and enough has been done to give a slight forecast of what will follow. And on some future day, when the stranger comes to October Mountain over the tops of the blue Berkshire hills, he will see a country place perfect in every detail, representing an enormous expense and changing wild October Mountain into a bit of artificial England.

Wisconsin Game Protective Association.

MILWAUKEE, Oct. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please publish inclosed resolution, adopted in our last regular meeting:

Whereas, Our Mayor, David Rose, who is running for Governor, makes a dangerous war on our good game laws. This political demagogue has promised the farmers, game hogs and market-hunters that he will revoke the game laws and abolish the game wardens when elected, to make votes among the farmers. But the farmers of Wisconsin are no outlaws, and are in favor of protecting the game and fish. He tells the people every day that it costs the State a large sum for game protection (the wardens get only $2.50 per day if they work), and that that money can be saved, which is untrue and a campaign lie, as no money from the State treasury can be used outside of the license money, which is only one dollar for a resident, for paying the wardens, etc.

We hope you will roast this demagogue in your paper.

AUG. PLAMBECK, Sec. W. G. P. A.

A permit must be secured from the local authorities when a weapon of any kind is to be purchased in Russia. The name of the man who makes the purchase, with the number of the weapon, is recorded. If the purchaser ever wants to dispose of the weapon, he must notify the authorities and cause the transfer to be recorded on the books of the firm which sold it.

Reading FOREST AND STREAM and rifle shooting are about all the recreation I get, or indeed care for. Would as soon think of giving up my four rifles, as I would of stopping your paper as long as I have the wherewith.

S. S. N.

Maine Deer.

Boston, Oct. 13.—It takes only a few days of Maine open season to put deer into the Boston markets. They come right along, spite of all the restrictions on shipping them out of that State. Two handsome does were hung up in a Boston market Saturday. Asked where they came from, the marketman answered: "I dunno; som'ers in Maine, I guess. The express brought them here." The record for the week of deer transported through Bangor was 211. The second week of last year showed a record of 254; second week of the season of 1900, 145. The total shipments for the season thus far have been 298; same time last year, 348. It will be seen that the number is considerably short of last year. Writers and all others anxious to boom the game supply will not admit that the falling off is due to a lack of game, but claim that the weather is entirely to blame, though admitting that the number of hunters in the Maine woods is greater than ever. It ought to be whispered low, but there is no record yet of a serious shooting accident, though two hunters have been wounded in the hand and one in the leg by carelessness. There is a claim that an outlet for game from the Moosehead region is by the late morning train from Greenville, which does not go by way of Bangor, where there are careful wardens stationed, but by way of Dover and Foxcroft to Newport Junction, where there is no warden supervision. Another outlet that should be watched is at Jackman, by way of the Canadian Pacific. At both these outlets almost anything in the way of game passes. From the Rangeley region a rather unsatisfactory hunting season is reported, though some deer have been killed. The weather is blamed entirely, rather than any lack of game. It is true that it has rained about all the time, with the air full of falling leaves. Twenty-five or thirty Boston sportsmen have returned from the Maine woods the past week with deer, while it is a curious fact that few return without one or two. Is this a credit to the Maine game supply, to the skill of the hunters, or to the guides? It is very certain that many of them know little or nothing about hunting, "couldn't hit a barn door," as the saying goes, but they bring back deer, shot by (?).

Considerable disappointment is felt concerning the actual scarcity of partridges and woodcock in Maine, and the same complaint comes from New Hampshire towns. The old theory is advanced, "Cold weather and rain in the early season killed the chicks." Gunning on the Cape was not up to expectations last week. Still, the flights of shore birds have continued small. Old gunners at Chatham and other points say that the season so far has been the poorest in years. Black duck shooting has opened at the Pleasant Lake blinds. Herbert Poole shot nine black duck there Friday. Mark A. Harding succeeded the other day in getting several quail out of some flocks at Morris Island. These, added to a number of shore birds he had secured at Chatham Beach, made one of the best bags of the season.

At Stratton, Me., several deer have been shot since the open season begun. Mrs. Bert Soper shot a nice buck Oct. 2. In the vicinity of Phillips, Me., several deer have been taken. Mr. Henry C. Taylor, of Manchester, N. H., shot the first deer of the season at Black Brook camps, Dead River, Me. Will Holman shot the first deer of the season at Carthage, Me. Deer are reported plenty in that section, but partridges scarce. Capt. Billy Soule shot the first deer of the season at Pleasant Island Camps, Cupsuptic Lake, bringing it in at 5 o'clock on the opening day. Senator W. P. Frye closed his camp, Mooselucmaguntic Lake, Oct. 1. He is a great lover of angling, but never shoots. At Carry Pond Camps, Mr. Will Swan, of Boston, was the first lucky hunter, bringing in his deer Oct. 1. The next was taken by W. E. Souther, of Boston, Oct. 2.

The Maine moose season opens Oct. 15, Wednesday, of this week, and it is claimed that prospects are good in several sections. At this writing the Boston hunters who have been in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia after moose for several weeks, have not returned. It is certain that they have had a good deal of cold and rainy weather, conditions not favorable to moose calling.

Boston, Oct. 11.—The hunters are getting some deer in Cumberland county, Me. It will be remembered that this county was under continued close time till a year ago. Dr. Wallace Snow, of Portland, shot a fine buck last week at L. C. Spaulding's camp, near Sebago Lake. L. M. Johnson, of Sebago, shot one near the head of the lake the first days of the open season. A gentleman, just returned from the Rangeley region, says that the woods are full of falling leaves, while it had rained nearly all the time for a couple of weeks. Hunting is extremely difficult.

Great indignation is expressed at the shooting of the State's buck deer at Marshfield. Last spring a doe was caught off Brant Rock swimming in the salt water and nearly exhausted. The animal was picked up by Albert W. Phillips. The Fish and Game authorities were at once notified, and they liberated the deer in the woods in that vicinity. Soon after a buck was obtained—one of the Sportsmen's Show animlas, I am informed. The animals were expected to breed, under the protection of the law. Rabbit hunters found the buck's carcass Monday hung up to a tree. The animal had been dressed in Maine woods style, with all the best of the venison carved off the bones. The animal had not been killed more than two or three days. The doe has been seen wandering about after nightfall since the slaughter. The inhabitants of the town are very indignant, and the State Fish and Game Commission has offered a reward of $100 for evidence that shall lead to the arrest and conviction of the guilty person or persons. That part of the State is under perpetual close time on deer, but considerable lawlessness has occurred at times along the South Shore and the Cape.

The Lake Auburn, Me., Fish Association has repeatedly complained to the State Fish and Game Commissioners that the salmon and trout hatched in the hatcheries there and turned into the lake have been escaping down the outlet and into the Androscoggin, never to return. The Association has been granted permission to erect and maintain a screen at the outlet, and the members are contributing funds toward the screen, as well as asking the friends of fishing in that lake to do the same. The screen experiment will be anxiously watched. Hitherto it has been found very difficult maintaining screens at the outlets of Maine lakes and ponds, by reason of ice and freshets. A winter freshet that raises the ice is pretty sure to take a very strong screen with it.

Special.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Proposed Big Club Combination.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 11.—Mention has been made in these columns of the organization of the Undereliff Sportsmen's Association, which for some time has been quietly leasing ground on the famous Senachwine Lake marsh of the Illinois River country. This part of the Illinois River Valley has long been famous for abundance of waterfowl. That is to say, it was famous in the past, and it is to-day perhaps the best of the duck country left in this State. Swan Lake Club preserve is an old one. Adjoining these grounds lie the leases of the Undereliff Association. The latter club has a part of the marsh at the lower end of the famous "Goose Pond." At the other end of the Goose Pond lie the grounds of the Blue Wing Club. Not far from this are the big Hennenin preserves. Thus it will be seen that practically all the marsh of desirable nature is now under preserve, and the open shooter has little or no chance to have a day's sport on these once popular marshes.

The last talk is that there may possibly be a big combination of perhaps three or four of the above-mentioned clubs. I should think that Swan Lake would be opposed to this, yet some of the Swan Lake members have already taken out memberships in the Undercliff Club. If this whole stretch of country were under one club organization, the members of that club would be free to shoot at any place upon the whole marsh. Hennepin and Swan Lake would not seem to have much to gain by an arrangement of this kind, yet were parts of the Undercliff marsh strictly preserved, it would in time come to be good shooting country, perhaps under certain conditions, better on some days than the marshes of these older and more wealthy clubs. These are days of mergers and combinations, and although I should personally doubt the likelihood of this combine being made, there is at least rumor of it with something better than guesswork under the rumor.

Season Slow.

The season still continues slow. Very few jacksnipe hunters are going out to-day, as there is no flight reported. It is thought that the middle of next week will see some jacksnipe on the marshes. Duck shooting has not yet begun, as the weather is now mild and fair. Some good bags have been made on Tolleston marsh near Chicago, but nothing interesting comes from the open country. The birds are now reported to be in Wisconsin in the neighborhood of Lake Poygan, and others of the better Wisconsin marshes. It is not thought that there will be any very good shooting in Illinois this fall. The feed, such as wild rice, etc., is all missing in the Senachwine and Swan Lake country, the high water probably having cut it down. Where there were big beds of wild rice last fall there is open water or mud to-day. Some think the Chicago Drainage Canal has been the cause of this, but the more likely explanation is that of the high waters which were so general this summer.

As to quail, it is not yet time to concern ourselves over much. Of ruffed grouse, we never have very many in Illinois. A friend tells me that he is invited to a Michigan point, where a resident sportsman tells him he can put up from thirty to seventy grouse any day he likes. This would seem to be well worth watching.

The Northwest.

Mr. James K. Boyd, of Hempstead, N. Y., who wrote earlier in regard to shooting country in the Northwest, is good enough to write as below regarding his trip. I wish all the sportsmen who avail themselves of the Forest and Stream Information Bureau would be kind enough to tell what luck they have. Mr. Boyd says:

"I have just arrived home from our Western trip in North Dakota, after one of, if not the most enjoyable, chicken shoots we ever had. Although birds were all strong and active, requiring a real 'get there' motion, our two guns bagged twenty-odd daily, showing how many the early shooters left. We witnessed some of the finest work by the dogs possible, and although the northern ducks and geese had not 'come in' up to the time of our leaving, we were well repaid for our long trip, for we had good chicken shooting every day, and picked up a few native ducks.

"There seem to be various interpretations of Minnesota license for shooting, as regards those coming from a State not requiring a non-license tax."

In regard to the prospect for ducks in South Dakota, I have the following to offer from Dr. J. C. French, of Webster, S. D.:

"As a duty I may owe my fellow shooters, I want to have it known how dry it is here. When I see parties from way south and east coming long miles and spending good money for an unsatisfactory and disappointing trip, I feel it's time you got out your big pen, bare your arm and write it big and bold, 'This part of South Dakota is all dry.' Not water enough for a duck to drink, let alone swim. I know this country for 100 miles as a man knows his own front yard, and I speak within bounds when I say there is less water and less ducks than any white man ever saw at this time of the year. Fire is burning today, where I have seen enough water to float a big steamboat in other years. It's dry as a Vermont Sunday school picnic, that's what."

Reports from North Dakota are less distressing than the above. Friends who recently met shooters from the Devil's Lake country of North Dakota say that the duck shooting there was very heavy indeed. Of course the Devil's Lake waters are more permanent than the shallow sloughs of South Dakota, which have always been more or less capricious in their nature.

The Game Law as Enforced.

I was interested in the comment of Mr. Boyd, as stated above, upon Minnesota licenses. About all I can say in regard to the Minnesota game law is that you can see how it works if you want to try it on. I get more fun watching the working of the game law in Minnesota than from almost any other of my employments at this writing. Here is another instance of it. Mr. Frank Stone, of Chicago, is just back from a shooting trip in North Dakota, where he had good success. It is against the law to bring birds out of the State of North Dakota, but Mr. Stone didn't mind that. He had a brand new trunk which he took along with him for this very purpose. It was perhaps not a very expensive trunk, but was very bright and shiny, and strong enough in his opinion to carry an abundance of birds for the loved ones at home. Into this new trunk he threw, beside an extra pair of socks or so, his illegal game. Mr. Stone duly arrived in Chicago with his dress suit case and one of his trunks. The new, shiny trunk failed to appear, and keeps on continuing to fail to appear, in spite of Mr. Stone's agitation over the matter. Sending out a tracer for the trunk, he discovered that it was detained at the fatal Union Depot in St. Paul, Minn., where, in spite of the allegations of the protective authority, the Chicago sporting newspaper which criticises Mr. Fullerton and his men, the Minnesota game laws seem to have worked once more. That is to say, it was in this instance the Lacey law which worked, the seizure being made, as I understand it, by a deputy U. S. marshal, who had authority to seize game shipped out of North Dakota contrary to the law of the latter named State. Were I in Mr. Stone's place I should not worry about the new trunk or the pair of socks, or the loss of the game birds. There is a time for disappearing.

How to Do It.

This is the way to do if you want to go shooting in Minnesota. Sam F. Fullerton, the State warden of Minnesota, in handing me this correspondence, says: "The inclosed letter is such an unusual one, that I send it to you for your perusal. It is the kind of letter one would expect to get from a sportsman." The letter follows.

"Zanesville, O., Sept. 29.—S. F. Fullerton, Esq., Executive Agent Fish and Game Commission, Capital Building, St. Paul, Minn. My dear sir: A party of three (one an invalid) expect to take an outing in Minnesota within the next three weeks, and two of them will do some shooting if the occasion presents. As the two who will do shooting live in Ohio, and Ohio has a non-resident license law, I ask of you, where shall we obtain our licenses, from your office or from the county in which we expect to do our hunting? What hunting we do will be on small game, as we will not have a rifle in the camp. Apropos of your license law, will state, it is the proper thing, and I sincerely hope that every one that carries a gun into or out of your State may be compelled to pay same, and the money so obtained be used exclusively in the interest of game protection. While Vice-President of the Ohio Fish and Game Protective Association, I worked hard and spent my money in the interests of a license law; even went so far as to advocate the organization of county game protective associations, the election of officers for county organizations, and the employment of a competent attorney to prosecute, as we find here that prosecuting attorneys will not prosecute (they fear they will lose a vote or two for so doing). You will readily see that there is no desire on my part to evade your license, but I want to prepare everything before going, hence write you now. One thing more: By paying a license are we permitted to take from your State any game? We would be pleased to have the privilege to take home with us some for our families, and as the writer is a member of the local lodge of Elks, he would like to give the boys a duck supper, if permitted to take from your State enough ducks to do so.

"Respectfully yours,

"L. A. Moore."

The writer of a letter like the above, who does not start in to tell what he is going to do to the game wardens at the place where he is going to shoot, is much more apt to get along nicely than one who goes in there and gets too chesty about it. I don't think any man who goes to Minnesota will be disappointed if he obeys the law and respects the wardens.

How Not to Do It.

Mr. H. L. Chandler, of Owasso, Mich., who is a candidate for representative in his district, on Oct. 1 took down his little shotgun and started out to bid defiance to the game law. He shot a quail in the presence of several witnesses, and sent the game warden full account of the transaction, and invited arrest. Mr. Chandler is an attorney and not in the patent medicine business, as might be supposed from his evident hankering after advertising. There has existed some doubt in the minds of the lawyers as to the actual opening this fall of the quail season. I don't hear of any of the better class of sportsmen of the State who are eager to take advantage of the technicality and go out and shoot before the 20th of the month. The sentiment is against this sort of thing. It is strange that there should still obtain the amazing folly of a certain class of people who seem to think that the game laws are intended as an affliction and outrage upon the people rather than as a wise and beneficent means of giving to the people what a few of the people would otherwise take for themselves. Injustice and unfairness usually defeat their own ends. Mr. Chandler's attitude is not an enviable one.

The Minnesota Lawyer.

I called attention some weeks ago to the Minnesota lawyer, Mr. Stanislaus Donnelly, who was charged with shooting ruffed grouse out of season. This case came on for trial, as was earlier announced. Private information contains the following comment on the matter:

"We had a very amusing case here yesterday settled in the Municipal Court. Two lawyers shooting chickens bagged a couple of pheasants (ruffed grouse), the latter out of season. On the incoming train was the game warden, who saw the pheasants on the string, took them and notified the parties to appear in court. Instead of putting up the minimum fine of $10 and settling the thing then and there, the culprits started in on bluff tactics; threats to show up game warden, etc. Well, we had testimony that pheasants and prairie chickens interbred. Did you ever see a hybrid prairie chicken-partridge? Also we had testimony that a prairie chicken and pheasant got up and flew alike, almost similar in habits, etc.; that the birds were shot unintentionally and innocently—if they were shot, etc. The warden testified—although the evidence was ruled out—that the pheasants were shot while upon the ground. And so it went. I got into court at the tail end and enjoyed the fun. Defendants were found guilty—and they intend to appeal! I contend they should be fined the limit for having the pheasants in their possession, and $100 for shooting them on the ground."

License Law in Wisconsin.

Whether we like the license law or not it seems to be doing business, at least in a resident license form, in some of our Western States. Dodge county, Wis., has this year issued 1,037 licenses. There were about 300 more licenses issued in this county last year by this date than during the present season, but even so, the number is large enough to give some idea of the numbers of shooters who go out each fall.

The Tennessee Meat Dog.

I must thank Mr. Samuel B. Dow, of Tennessee, for an invitation to go down and get acquainted with him and his meat dog. That is my kind of a bird dog, and I don't care who knows it. As to quail shooting, it is going to be pretty nearly the only kind of field shooting available for folks in this part of the world, and I cordially agree with Mr. Dow that there is no prettier form of field sport in the world than that of shooting good quail over good dogs and in a good country, such as he describes.

Chicago Man Gets His Moose.

Mr. T. W. Robinson, of the Illinois Steel Co., Chicago, whom I earlier mentioned as having gone to New Brunswick after a moose, has returned, and returned successful. He got a large moose with a good pair of antlers, and says that bye and bye he is going to tell all about it. He went in with Jack Moore in the new moose country which Adam and Jack and I discovered last winter.

From all accounts there continues to be abundance of big game in New Brunswick, thanks to the law and the enforcement thereof. The following letter is from Mr. W. H. Allen, one of the New Brunswick guides, who writes under date of Oct. 6:

"My party that has just returned was composed of Mr. Wm. H. Moses and wife, of Tilton, N. H., and Dr. Fuller, of Boston, and Dr. Tuttle, of Waverly, Mass. They were only 18 days, including going in and coming out of the woods. Dr. Tuttle shot a moose and deer, as did also Mrs. Moses, while Mr. Moses shot his moose. Dr. Fuller did not shoot his moose, as he was not wanting one, unless of very large spread of antlers. He saw several good shots, but heads did not suit him. Moose are very abundant in New Brunswick this year. Our game is on the increase, and this I think is due to our very strict laws well enforced. I am very glad to notice such an increase in our moose, caribou and deer."

I have not heard from Adam Moore, and do not know what success Mr. Weed and he had in the Nictor country. It is not likely that we will hear of Uncle Henry Braithwaite until some time in December, but it is not difficult to guess that Uncle Henry will be doing business up near the headwaters of the Miramichi.

E. Hough.

Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill.

The Easy Way.

It's easy enough to go shooting and bring down your birds with a lead pencil and be neither sore in body nor leg weary by the operation.

Charles Cristadoro.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in Forest and Stream.

Lake Champlain's Big Fish.

Ticonderoga, N. Y., Eagle Lake, Oct. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The past season at Eagle Lake has been one full of glorious victories for the wielders of the pliant rod seeking the gigantic northern pike or the big small-mouthed bass that abound in the crystal waters of this gem in the land of Natty Bumpo, Israel Putnam and the famous ranger, Rogers. One of the earliest arrivals at Hotailing's Hotel was Mr. E. Runge, a member of a great New York art firm, who passes his winters in China going about in a house-boat looking after his purchases of vases and pottery from the staid, conventional Chinese merchants. He can tell and does tell many a well-founded story about the splendid hunting and fishing of that strange country, where deer and pheasants can be flushed or jumped from the palm thickets near any coolie's hut as easily as we in the States stir up squirrels about farmhouses. But let Mr. R. tell your readers about that and many other things, including brook trout fishing in the mountains of Japan! Well, this gentleman and his two sons were diligent for several days after arrival in July without marked success. Finally Mr. R. took two large cane poles sent to him by Mr. Alexander Weed, president of the Eagle Lake Improvement Co., and betook himself to the placid precincts of Moore's Bay, at the head of our four-mile lake. A crawfish did the trick so effectually that our worthy friend from Hong-Kong was soon fast to something very like a whale, as he expressed it, which towed his light skiff all over the bay for a while and finally almost pulled the stout cane from his hands. The end had to come, as it generally does in such cases, when there is no reel, and a sad but plucky angler went home for sympathy and dinner. He was out again that afternoon; and up by my lodge by Fox Island, his wife finally succeeded in landing a 9-pound pike in fine condition. He kept on after the fish during the season until late in August he captured alone, without a net, a 17-pound pike, the record fish there, with a live bait on a rod, last season.

William Garfield guided Miss Carpenter to a pike well conditioned and 37 inches long, and later on aided Mrs. Carlos C. Alden to land one 2 inches longer. Mr. Weed, in front of his camp on Prospect Point, "spooned" out a 15-pounder right before my eyes one morning, and it was served, cut in steaks, to his friends for several days. The record bass was caught from a boat by a ten-year-old boy, Master Kuhn, from Cincinnati, on the Sunken Island, guided by Mr. Hotailing, late in August, and weighed 4 pounds 10 ounces. A farmer named Cheeney put a little bass on a set line, or rather hand-line, near the bridge, and finally landed a pike that weighed, after being out of the water for six hours, 15 pounds, on Mrs. Moore's scales.

All these captures fall far behind your correspondent's experience Sept. 17, when he went forth from Arden Lodge with a small copper spoon and a heavy double gun at about 10 A. M. on that eventful day. His little blue batteau 9 feet long stood like an azure bonnet on the still water as he carefully embarked for fish or fowl, as fortune should kindly direct. The line was scarcely payed out to 50 feet when something seized the lure. He gave the usual motion sufficient to set the hook, for he was fishing with a fine hand-line and the game showed his weight and seemed inclined to move off independently. Just then a catastrophe occurred. The line had become decayed in spite of the fisherman's care, and broke off near his hand, and away went the fish without having once showed himself above the surface. Nothing daunted, your correspondent then climbed the cliff to his lodge and secured an old-fashioned kidney spoon, to which he had lately attached a triplet of huge hooks and feathered all with the plumage of one of his Plymouth Rock chickens, who disputed their morning corn with a covey of nice ruffed grouse, being tamed and fed for future sport. With this new lure the batteau moved out again, over the same place, when, lo! another strike and a harder one! This time the striker stayed with him and swam slowly toward the boat, running very deep as he aproached. There was not a breath of wind, and after a few rushes and careful recoilings of the slender trout line the little craft had been towed pretty well out toward Fox Island, and the angler called loudly for some one to row out and get a motion on his boat to help drown the monster pike which was rushing around and under him or floating gently near the surface just under his hand, the spoon and hooks all being outside his huge mouth. An attempt to take in the fish by seizing it around the throat, resulted in an awful plunge, covering the boatman with water to the waist. Then, as the big pirate swam off toward the island and its grass, a sudden resolution came to shoot him with the 12 bore gun. This was dismissed, as likely to cut the line and lose all. Both fish and man were now becoming exhausted from their half-hour tussle, when a new element of interest came upon the stage. It was the first fish hooked, who followed its mate to the boat, and began throwing somersaults in its efforts to dislodge the copper spoon and a bit of attached line about 50 feet long. The spoon could not be seen, and this showed that he was hooked deep. After several trials of this kind, old No. 1 stopped his efforts, and the water was covered with pickerel grass cut off by the struggles of the pair. A little speed is given to the frail craft with a paddle held in one hand, while a vigilant eye is kept on the line, always kept as taut as possible and never once allowed to get slack for the world. The old man of the lake is dragged and coaxed up from the bottom once more, and as he comes under the little low stern a quick reach and a firm grip in the eye sockets brings the beautiful, gleaming fighter into the canoe, where he remains as quiet as a mouse. Fearful of a sudden struggle, which experience told him must soon come, your writer carefully paddled to the shore with one hand, where, gathering up line and card, he rushed up the bank, never letting go of his prey, and said: "Well, my dear, here I am." It gives me pleasure to say that I carefully outlined that noble fish on a paper and have the drawing at my office in New York. It was in splendid condition, but had had no breakfast or any food at all for some time, although the lake was alive with shiners at that place. Its head was remarkably small for a fish that was actually 35 inches from nose to tail tip, and measured just 14½ inches around its waist, or rather, shoulders. I regret that I had no scales, but, perhaps, you can apply the very correct rule for ascertaining weights of this kind of game lately published in Forest and Stream, which I have mislaid, and give me the approximate weight. Reel work is all right, but for sport give me the old-fashioned way of taking big pike that I learned in Champlain when a boy. I was out for a dinner that morning and had no time for frills.

Peter Flint.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

On the Albany River.

The Forest and Stream news bureau seems to be working fairly well this fall. All my "customers" who have gone to Minnesota and Dakota have come back pleased, and I have just stated that Mr. Robinson liked his moose tip. Recently I had an inquiry from Mr. Sam J. Ryan, of Appleton, Wis., who wanted to find out about the Albany River, north of Lake Superior, with a view to a canoe trip next year. If you don't see what you want in the Forest and Stream, ask for it and we will get it for you. Here is the answer to Mr. Ryan's inquiry, written by Mr. W. O. Watson, who lives all the way out in Charlottesville, Va., and writes as follows:

"Ten or fifteen Albany River Indians come down to Nepigon every summer to do the tourist work there, and Mr. McKirdy, or the Hudson Bay factor there, can get Mr. Ryan all the information he wants from them. They told me great tales about the trout fishing in the Albany. Said no white men ever fished it. They said it took them twenty days to come from the Albany section to Nepigon by canoe, and they estimated that they traveled fifteen miles per day. Their account of the fishing and the country interested me greatly."

I thank Mr. Watson very sincerely for his volunteered advice. The Forest and Stream family might be a very much worse one.

Muscallunge at Last.

The muscallunge have been very backward this season and not very many good catches have been reported. I have just seen a photograph, however, which is calculated to make one's hair stand up straight—twenty-six muscallunge, many of them beautiful, clean, handsomely marked fish, and none less than ten pounds. These fish were caught by Train Master Hart, of Wausau, Wis.; H. H. Ober, agent of the C., M. & St. P. Ry., and Dr. H. Pink, of Indianapolis, on Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 20 and 21, in Tomahawk Lake, Wis., on the C., M. & St. P. R. R. Wm. Williams and Bert Hill were the guides who had out the above gentlemen. The take is said to be the finest one ever seen on that famous water, which has this year turned out better fish than any other lake in Wisconsin. This is the water where the State Fish Commission catches its breeders for the muscallunge hatchery in the springtime. The weights of these fishes were as below, respectively: 12, 18, 24, 15, 26, 20, 20, 18, 22, 15, 12, 12, 10, 10, 10, 18, 22, 12, 30, 24, 18, 15, 13, 12, 15 and 17 pounds.

Now, who says we have no muscallunge in the West? The above was certainly a grand score for two rods in two days. The catch has stirred up a great deal of excitement along the St. Paul road, and a great many anglers have gone into that country during the past week. The fishing is reported to be better now than it has been since spring, and indeed it is probably much better than it has been at any time during the year.

Bait-Casting.

Mr. H. W. Tucker, of Philadelphia, Pa., writes as below, regarding the art of casting as is done in the West:

"Through reading your articles in the Forest and Stream, I have become familiar with the scores made and general excellence displayed in bait-casting by the members of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, and as I take an interest in bait-casting, my desire to gain information on the subject encourages me to request information upon some points. I should like to know the most popular length of rods used by the experts, make and caliber, or number, of line, and whether an overhead cast, as in fly-casting, is permissible, or whether contestants are confined to the movement in casting diagonally across the body from right to left, as represented in Henshall's book on the black bass?"

In the Chicago style of bait-casting the rod used is light, stiff and short. Our bait-rods have grown shorter and shorter here for six or eight years. The experts rarely use rods longer than seven feet, some going as low as six feet. The reel is of the quadruple multiplier sort, of the best makes and the line is the finest of the braided silk lines manufactured. That is to say, this line is used in the bait-casting competitions, though it is too delicate to use in actual fishing. As seen in the tournament competitions, the bait-casting is all done overhead, not with the full arm sweep, as taught by Dr. Henshall in his book. This full-arm style of bait-casting is obsolete, in this part of the country to-day among the experts. The latter claim that they can keep a bait better on the line with the overhead cast. In actual fishing the overhead cast, although sometimes practical, is often awkward and unnecessary. Some of the club casters do not restrict themselves to overhead casting in actual fishing, but this is the style used in contests.

About Fly-Rods.

The little controversy on weight and characteristics of fly-rods goes merrily on in the Fishing Gazette of London. Several English firms offer their opinions upon fly-rods in general, and the American fly-rods in particular. A good deal of the matter advanced is tommyrot, but there are some good things among the others. I notice that Mr. A. MacDonald has something pretty sensible to say, that it to say, it seems sensible to me, because it is a good deal to my own way of thinking in regard to chokebore fly-rods:

"It is really marvelous," he says, "on going the round of a tackle-maker's shop, to find so many ill-proportioned rods. Nearly all have the whippy point and stiff butt. A few have weak center pieces, but, alas! how very few have the graceful, steady, and, for their size, strong swing, which impresses the manipulator with their power, and imparts confidence in their use. Some are rods (large even to sixteen feet) with practically no power, and more adapted for flicking flies off a horse's ear than for angling. I do not include in this category, I need hardly say, rods of the Hardy, Castleconnell, etc., make. But some such rods are made by tackle-makers well up in the trade, and priced as high as 40s. or more. Personally, I make all my own rods, and prefer them to most makes, not because I have made them, but simply because with careful testing as I go along I am able to retain the proper power in conjunction with the necessary resiliency which is so difficult to obtain in ordinary priced rods. One is apt, if not careful when making a rod, to go beyond the point where the proper power or backbone is to be found. Once this is done nothing satisfactory can be made with the lengths. The only remedy is to shorten the lengths and start a smaller rod. When constructing a rod the butt should be fully utilized. Some makes I have handled, it is no exaggeration to say, would fish better with the center and point only. The butt appeared as if meant for something to hold on to and not as a vibrating part of the rod. These rods are very easily broken. Their defects are more felt in the 'Land o' Cakes' than in sunny England where fine water and dry fly-fishing is the rule, and where 'point work' is more used.

"Here, in loved 'Auld Scotia,' in the brawling mountain stream now running noisily through a narrow gorge, now opening out a wide pool with sullen circling waters, wet fly-fishing is more suited. The banks are often precipitous, or heavily wooded, and overhead casting is impossible. 'Switching' is necessary, and when a wide pool has to be covered then comes in the rod with the strong swing to the hand, which imparts an impetus to the line sufficient to carry the flies well over the stream."

So much may be said without committing oneself to the absurd weights which Englishmen seem to think necessary in their fly-rods. I should not myself care to use one of these heavy English rods, but I should like to see some American rod maker disabuse himself of this too-much-backbone idea and get back to making rods which do work of casting a line by themselves and not by the muscles of the angler.

If one will conceive his fly-rod to be made of elastic bands front and back, he can get a notion of its action in handling the line. When he begins to pitch his rod forward he may suppose all these rubber bands on the front of his rod to stretch, and then to begin to contract again, as the rod goes forward with the motion from the wrist up. This contraction from butt to tip of the rod brings the tip forward and carries the line

forward. Obviously, one does not want a distance of four or five feet between his hand and the place where this contraction and pitching force begins. Once in a while you get hold of a rod, sometimes a heavy rod, which, none the less, seems to have that easy, continuous, forcible sweep, which means both power and ease. That is a good fishing rod. Such a rod is that which I mentioned the other week as belonging to a friend of mine here in Chicago. It was made by an unknown maker, yet his theory was the correct one. There is a vast difference between a tournament rod and a fishing rod, and any practical fisherman can tell you this. Of course, this must not be construed as a word in favor of the light, whippy rod with back kick in it, and no power for lifting or driving the line. I am getting together a battery of fly-rods of my own, and I begin to remodel some of my earlier ideas about desirable quality in fly-rods. There can be such a thing as a light rod, which is wearisome to fish with all day, and upon the other hand, there can be a moderately heavy rod which will be pleasant and sweet to handle all day long. The difference lies in the action of the rods and the pleasure of use depends upon whether you have a chokebore rod or a cylinder bore.

E. Hough.

Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill.

The Waddell Formula for Weights of Fish.

New York.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On a recent fishing trip I measured and weighed several fish just out of water, to see how closely the Waddell formula would apply to different species. According to this formula, I believe, the square of the girth in inches multiplied by the length in inches is supposed to give the weight in pounds. An elaboration of the formula for different species may give pretty close results, but the one arbitrary formula cannot be applied. My results were as follows:

No. 1, Lake Trout—Girth, 10.75 inches; length, 22.50 inches; weight, 3 pounds. By formula, 3 pounds 4 ounces.

No. 2, Lake Trout—Girth, 12.25 inches; length, 24.75 inches; weight, 4 pounds 12 ounces. By formula, 4 pounds 10¼ ounces.

No. 3, Lake Trout—Girth, 13 inches; length, 25.75 inches; weight, 5 pounds 2 ounces. By formula, 5 pounds ½ ounce.

No. 4, Lake Trout—Girth, 14.25 inches; length, 28.50 inches; weight, 6 pounds. By formula, 7 pounds 3¾ ounces.

No. 5, Northern Pike (*E. lucius*)—Girth, 9.25 inches; length, 26.75 inches; weight, 3 pounds 8 ounces. By formula, 2 pounds 13¾ ounces.

No. 6, Northern Pike—Girth, 15 inches; length, 38.25 inches; weight, 11 pounds. By formula, 8 pounds 8⅛ ounces.

No. 7, Northern Pike—Girth, 11.50 inches; length, 30.25 inches; weight, 6 pounds. By formula, 5 pounds 1-10 ounce.

No. 8, Wall-eyed Pike—Girth, 9 inches; length, 18 inches; weight, 2 pounds. By formula, 1 pound 13 1-6 ounces.

No. 9, Small-mouth Black Bass—Girth, 11.75 inches; length 16.75 inches. Weight, 2 pounds. By formula, 2 pounds 13 9-10 ounces.

I will not guarantee my mathematics in the above cases, as there is a good deal of figuring to be done, and I passed up on mathematics in my junior year at college, twenty-four years ago. Robert T. Morris.

The Delights of Salmon Fishing.

Mr. Charles Hallock kindly permits us to print this extract from a letter, received by him from Mr. Ivers W. Adams, of Boston:

"I propose leaving Quebec the 31st of May (next month), with two of my sons and a gentleman friend from New York; an old associate of mine. We shall, this year, have fished togeher I think twenty-one years. He was my guest last year, and I had the pleasure, the delight, of receiving from him a solid silver loving cup of enormous size, upon one side of which was a reproduction of the chateau, the Moisie, of which I sent you a photograph. Another side was my own name, from Henry Sampson, 1901. The other side, "Walter Brackett's Leap." The whole, together, one of the finest pieces of work, executed by one of the best artists in New York. I wish you could see it.

"To salmon fishing, this royal sport, I have given a vast deal of thought, time and money, during my life, and probably to-day I have more money invested in salmon fishing, which I own in fee simple, as a riparian, than any other man in this country, and so far as I know, in any country. Of course I am not conversant, fully, with the streams the other side, but my investments in that line exceed $50,000. I value them at several times that. I pay no rentals; I own my properties. On the Wacheeshoo I own the fly-fishing and the net fishing to the ocean. No nets are set, or will be, as long as I own this beautiful little property.

"The salmon there are very plentiful, but not so large as the Moisie. I regard the Moisie, in some respects, as the finest salmon river in the world. The fish are large and very gamy; not logy, like Ristigouche fish, and the interests of the Moisie are not divided. The only river approaching it is the Grand Cascapedia, but that, you know, is divided in a dozen or more interests. If I could own absolutely all of the Grand Cascapedia, I am quite willing to say I would prefer that to the Moisie.

"The Moisie fishing is practically all within sight of our chateau, and in the season it is a marvelous sight, as we sit there after our dinner, and note the salmon constantly leaping, sometimes a dozen of them, in the seven marvelous pools within the stretch of our vision. We get a great many 30 to 40 pound fish, and being caught in pools so near the sea, they are fresh, strong, white, fat, and great fighters."

"A trout up to my place swallowed a watch," related the proprietor of the Brook House, "and the watch is running yet." "That is nothing," boasted the Beach House man; "a shark swallowed an alarm clock down to my place, and now he comes around and awakens the guests every morning."—Chicago News.

A Device for Landing Big Fish.

A correspondent of the Asian describes a fish-landing contrivance which might be used in American waters. He writes:

I want to bring to the notice of Indian anglers a new dodge for landing big fish which will prove of inestimable value to them. It can best be described as a clever and effective adaptation of the ordinary wire snare, and has been invented by Mr. A. G. Crawshay. The subjoined illustrations show its form and the means by which it is worked.

A strong strand of steel pianoforte wire in a running slip knot is fixed by means of clips to a semicircular steel hoop; and this, when the lower part touches a fish, after being slipped over the tail, is instantly released and drawn tight round the fish.

The inventor has scored a distinct success, and some of the special advantages he claims are the following: (1)

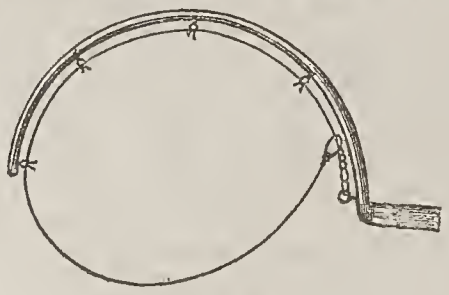


Fig. 1

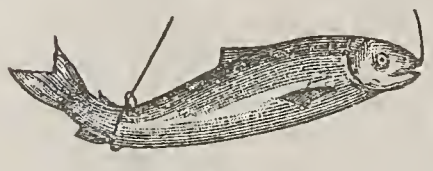


Fig. 2.

The fish is not damaged as with a gaff. (2) It is much easier to use than a gaff, which latter instrument inevitably requires a certain amount of practice. (3) The fish once snared can be carried anywhere by the tail over sand or high rocks, and has no power to kick. (4) this lander is far superior to any net, for the man who is fishing can use it himself as easily as a gaff, and there is nothing for the tackle to get entangled in as with a net. (5) It can be carried like a gaff, and is also made to screw into any landing net handle. These are a few of the advantages of Crawshay's patent improved mahseer lander.

To use it slip the noose over the fish's tail behind the dorsal fin, not in front of it, and a sharp jerk upward to the full length of the wire secures the fish.

The artist has not quite hit off the idea in Fig. 2, for the noose should be much nearer the dorsal fin, and then so long as an even strain is maintained it is impossible for the fish to escape.

I have not yet tried the "Lander" with salmon, but hope to do so within a few weeks; but I know several men who have tried it and who are loud in its praise, and what succeeds with salmon ought to do for mahseer. I send you a lander by this mail. J. Moray Brown.

A Fish in the Organ Pipes.

This is a story of a fish, a water motor, an organ, and a wedding. The fish in some fashion found its way into the water motor of the organ at Emmanuel Church, and was unable to find its way out again. Apparently, in trying to do so, however, it succeeded in getting into the wind pipe, or rather wind pipes, of the organ, so that the instrument wheezed and choked at times as if it had an extremely bad attack of asthma. The discovery of the presence of some obstruction was made on Tuesday, when the church was used several times by societies who were holding meetings on that day. The organ was being played by Rev. Mr. Searings, the pastor of the Boston deaf mutes, who had volunteered his services, when suddenly one of the two water motors of the organ stopped working. It was not known whether the obstruction was a fish or an eel, and the only way to find out and remove it was by opening the motor and examining it. But there was a wedding—the Williams-Snelling wedding—to be held at the church on Wednesday, and the regular organist was in a state of mind. There was not time to have the organ repaired and yet he did not care to endanger his reputation by playing on an organ with a fish in its water motor.

Such uncertainty was felt about the course that the fish might take and its consequent effect upon the organ that finally an orchestra was hired to be on call and fill up any gap that might occur in the organ music. The orchestra was placed in an anteroom, but its services were, fortunately, not required. The fish had evidently become wearied by its efforts to escape and kept quiet, and the organist went triumphantly through the musical programme. This morning workmen from an organ factory took out the plug of the water motor and removed the fish.—Boston Transcript.

The affections of a horse are not inferior to his intellectual qualities; and, especially if made a pet, he becomes very fond of his master. In case of separation, he remembers him for years. But his affection is different from that of a dog, which continues to love his master even though the latter abuses him greatly. Rough, unkind treatment will quickly estrange the affection of a horse. Good horse sense discovers no particular reason why a horse should be devoted to a master who habitually maltreats him.

The intellect and affections of a horse point out two things so important to a trainer that he must bear them in mind until they become fixed habits of thought: 1. Never, under any circumstances, allow a horse to successfully oppose his will to yours. If you do, he will remember it and (reasoning by experience), try it again. 2. Always keep his affection. If he dislikes you, he has no wish to please you; and, if his obedience is always perfunctory, you will make but little headway in training him. These two points assured, he will almost invariably try to do whatever you require of him—if he only knows what it is.—Success.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Oct. 21-24.—New York.—Ladies' Kennel Association of America's show. Miss M. K. Bird, Westbury, L. I., Hon. Sec'y.

Nov. 26-29.—Philadelphia.—Philadelphia Dog Show Association's show. M. A. Viti, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 27.—Paris, Mo.—Missouri Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club), sixth annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.

Oct. 27.—Washington C. O., Ohio.—Monongahela Field Trial Club's field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y.

Oct. 28.—Whitby Island, Wash.—Pacific Northwest Field Trials F. R. Atkins, Sec'y, Seattle, Wash.

Oct. 28.————, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's second annual trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y.

Nov. 3.—Robinson, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. W. R. Green, Sec'y, Marshall, Ill.

Nov. 3.—Thirteenth annual field trials of the National Beagle Club of America. Charles R. Stevenson, Sec'y, 106 Market street, Camden, N. J.

Nov. 3.—Lake View, Mich.—Michigan Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fifth annual trials. C. D. Stuart, Sec'y, Benton Harbor, Mich.

Nov. 4.—Washington C. H., Ohio.—Ohio Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fifth annual trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.

Nov. 6.—Eastport, L. I.—Pointer Club of America's (member of the American Championship Club) second annual trials. R. E. Westlake, Sec'y, Scranton, Pa.

Nov. 7-8.—Robinson, Ill.—Western Irish Setter Club's inaugural trials. T. L. Fenn, Secy.

Nov. 10.—Bicknell, Ind.—Independent Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 11.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trial Club's trials. F. W. Smith, Sec'y, New Haven.

Nov. 10.—Ruthven, Ont.—North American Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. Richard Bangham, Sec'y, Windsor, Ont.

Nov. 11.—St. Joachim, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's fourteenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.

Nov. 17.—Glasgow, Ky.—Third annual trials of the Kentucky Field Trial Club. S. B. Hays, Sec'y.

Nov. 18.—Branchton, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's seventh annual trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y.

Nov. 18.—Ruthven, Ont.—Fourth annual trials of the North American Field Trial Club. Alfred Wigle, Sec'y, Windsor, Ont.

Nov. 24.—Glasgow, Ky.—American Championship Field Trial Association's second annual trials. C. B. Cooke, Sec'y.

Nov. 29.—Thomasville, N. C.—Continental Field Trial Club's eighth annual trials.

Dec. 1.—Washington C. H., Ohio.—American Championship Field Trial Club's second annual trials. Chas. B. Cooke, Sec'y, Richmond, Va.

Dec. 15.—Huntsville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) third annual trials. John F. Fletcher, Sec'y, Birmingham, Ala.

"Bum."

Away down in Arizona where the Spanish bayonet blooms amid alkali and sage brush and the ochreous earth glows like a baker's oven, lies the little city of Jerome, and near it on the mountain slope, for four years past, the Black Hills Copper Company has been engaged in mining operations.

Almost since the first pick was driven into the crumbling rock, the first spadeful of earth upturned, the company's monthly pay roll has borne an entry, last in the long string of names, "Bum—$4.00." During the whole of this period Bum has never been docked, fined, suspended, laid off or discharged, and never for a single fraction of a day has he absented himself from his post of duty.

BUM.

Bum is a dog—part English shepherd, part conundrum. Bum is not the sort of dog that would win cups or blue ribbons at a kennel show, but just the same it would be a mighty strenuous day in the lifetime of any tenderfoot who wandered out to the company's works and offered $1,000 for Bum. Bum was a member of the first work crew to go upon the ground. He was there when the first blast was fired and he barked. Night shift and day shift, ever since, Bum has sounded a vociferous warning whenever a fuse was lighted. As the superintendent phrases it, "First he barked because he was afraid; then he barked for fun and now he barks as a matter of duty." Before a blast is fired, it is the miner's invariable custom to ignite a small piece of fuse as a test. Just before the first blast was fired in the mine, Bum, who had been an attentive observer of the preparation of the test fuse, seized the hissing, spluttering thing in his mouth

and shook it vigorously. Of course it burnt him. From that time on it has been his habit to extinguish every test fuse kindled in the mine. Then seizing a piece of rock between his jaws, he streaks it for the mouth of the tunnel, deposits the stone upon a constantly growing pile, and rends the air with his barking until every living soul is safe outside the mine. Bum knows every miner on the pay roll, and counts them as they leave the mine, and if one of them is missing, he plunges back into the shaft to seek him. On one occasion, when engaged in this work of mercy, the blast exploded, and Bum reached the shaft mouth badly bruised and minus an eye. Notwithstanding his wounds, he was at his post of duty for the succeeding blast. Once Bum saved the life of a belated drill man, dazed with drink. The good old dog seized him by his overalls and bundled him, protesting, to the mouth of the shaft just in the nick of time.

As soon as the blast goes off and the column of thick black smoke wells forth, Bum ceases his barking, wags his tail, cuts a few capers and then lies down in the shadow of the power house to await the next one. There we shall leave him, but if any of FOREST AND STREAM'S readers wander out to Jerome and care to see a dog worthy to take his place alongside one of Hough's meat dogs, he should take a jaunt out to the copper mine, ask for Mr. Paul Eyesenhardt and be formally presented to Bum, the company's chief barker. MARIN.

SAN RAFAEL, Cal., Sept. 25.

National Beagle Club.

CAMDEN, N. J.—I append item of news relative to the coming trials of the National Beagle Club, which you are perfectly welcome to use in your columns if you so desire. It may interest your readers who are interested in beagles and beagle trials.

CHAS. R. STEVENSON.

From present indications it would seem that the thirteenth annual field trials of the National Beagle Club of America, which will commence Nov. 3, at Mineola, Long Island, will be the largest and greatest trials ever held in the history of the club. Great interest has been already manifested all through the eastern part of the United States, and particularly in the New England States, probably owing to the fact that the New England Beagle Club will omit their trials this year.

Then again, the experience of the club has been so satisfactory during the past three years. The field trial grounds are ideal and there have been plenty of rabbits, and the grounds are so located and constituted that those who attend have had little difficulty in seeing the work done by the beagles. The headquarters of the club at Mineola has also proved to be more than satisfactory. The house is a modern construction with steam heat and is nicely furnished, and the table is all that could be expected, thus making a most delightful place for the club to pass its evenings after the toils of a day in the field, and many pleasant evenings have been spent in this house, because with such entertainers as George F. Reed, the veteran field trial champion, of Barton, Vt.; C. Staley Doub, the great beagle breeder, of Frederick, Md.; Dr. Bruns, of New Orleans, Ia.; John Caswell, of Pride's Crossing, Mass.; Dan Summers, of Downingtown, Pa.; Jim McAleer, of Pittsburg, Pa.; Albert C. Heulings, of Camden, N. J., and a host of others, there cannot be a dull moment, and there has been lots of fun and merriment, to say nothing of the wonderful beagle stories that are told.

The following States will be represented at these trials: Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Maryland, Virginia, Louisiana, possibly Iowa and some other States, as the result of which the best beagles of the eastern part of the United States will meet in competition, thereby making the greatest meeting of beagles ever held in this country.

Brunswick Fur Club.

THE Brunswick Fur Club has sent out an invitation to its friends as follows:

BARRE, Mass., Oct. 21.—The Brunswick Fur Club cordially invites you to attend its fourteenth annual field trial of foxhounds, to be held at Barre, Mass., Oct. 21-24. The club will make its headquarters at Hotel Barre, where the rates will be $2 and $2.50 per day—the latter price being for single rooms. The hounds will be cared for at the expense of the club, and fed upon Austin's dog biscuit.

The Derby, open to all foxhounds whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1901, will be run on Tuesday, Oct. 21. Entries close at 10 P. M., Oct. 20. Entry fee, $2. The winner will hold the R. D. Perry cup for one year, and will receive a silver cup.

The All-Age Stake, open to all foxhounds, will be run on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Oct. 22-24. Entries close at 10 P. M., Oct. 21. Entry fee, $3. The first prize winners in the Speed and Driving, Trailing, Hunting and Endurance classes, will receive silver cups. The Pope Memorial cup will be held for one year by the hound doing the best work in the Trailing, and Speed and Driving classes. The hound making the highest general average in all classes, will receive a silver cup, and will hold for one year the American Field cup and the Woodstock kennel cup. The latter is competed for this year for the first time, and will become the property of the club member who wins it twice. The club diplomas will be given to the winners in all classes.

The judges will be Dr. L. Pope, Jr., and Messrs. Geo. B. Appleby, C. J. Prouty, F. B. Whidden and Bradford S. Turpin.

The trials are open to all, and fox hunters everywhere, whether members of the club or not, are invited to enter their hounds, and aid in making the week a memorable one in the history of foxhound competitions.

BRADFORD S. TURPIN, Secretary.

The Philadelphia Dog Show.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—I take pleasure in announcing that the Bench Show Committee have decided upon the same class prizes as last year—viz., $15, $10, $5, and medal in all regular puppy, novice, limit and open classes, and appropriate prizes in the local and winners' divisions.

The entries close upon Monday, Nov. 10. The superintendent is James Mortimer, and the veterinarian, C. J. Marshall. The dogs will be benched upon the new benches made for the Association last season. The prize list will be in the mail within a few days.

The list of judges has not been completed as yet, but will include C. W. Rodman, Jr., for Irish terriers; H. K. Bloodgood for poodles, and F. Freeman-Lloyd for a number of breeds. Mr. Lloyd is coming from Sidney, Australia, particularly to judge at this show.

MARCEL A. VITI, Hon. Sec.

Pointer Club of America.

NEW YORK.—The owners of the winner of first money of the four valuable stakes offered by the Pointer Club of America to be run at their field trials, commencing Nov. 6, at Eastport, L. I., will also receive rich silver trophies, notably the cups donated by Walton Ferguson, Jr., Dr. Allen Fitch and Randolph Crompton. Members of the club and those who are considering a nomination for the Championship Stake, which is open to the world, are reminded that entries will close on Oct. 15 with C. F. Lewis, Secretary-Treasurer, 48 Wall street, New York.

C. F. LEWIS, Sec.-Treas.

Yachting.

For Cruising Yachtsmen.

WITH the purpose of stimulating the interest in cruising, and the keeping of a detailed log by cruising yachtsmen during the season of 1902, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer prizes for the best stories of cruises submitted to be published in FOREST AND STREAM. It is believed that these will form not only entertaining records of pleasant summer days spent afloat along our coasts and waterways, but will furnish information of practical value to other yachtsmen making subsequent cruises on the same waters.

Prizes will be awarded to the three best stories as follows:

First prize, $50.00.
Second prize, $30.00.
Third prize, $20.00.

Contributions are invited under the following conditions:

1. The cruise must be made in waters of the United States or Canada in the season of 1902.

2. The cruise must be made in a sailing yacht, power to be used only as an auxiliary, if at all.

3. The story must be prefaced by a description of the boat. Cruises should be treated in as interesting and readable a way as possible, but should be practical and contain all possible information and data that would be of value to men going over the same route. A description of the handling of the ship in all weathers will be regarded very favorably in making awards, and it is suggested to writers that an accurate account be kept of all incidents happening while under way.

4. An outline chart suitable for reproduction, showing the course taken, must accompany each article. When possible, articles should be accompanied by amateur photographs taken on the cruise, including one of the boat. Good photographs will be considered in making the awards.

5. The story should contain about seven thousand words, written on one side of the paper only, and must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York city, on or before Nov. 15, 1902.

Mr. T. C. Zerega has very kindly consented to act as judge and to make the awards.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Oct. 12.—There is much ado concerning the restricted classes of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts. The whole difficulty lies in the fact that it has been found possible to build a yacht under the present restrictions that is entirely objectionable to all the other yacht owners, with the exception of those who possess the alleged extreme boats. Plenty of warning has been given that there would be kicks coming, for when it was found at the commencement of the past season that yachts were being turned out which had extreme overhangs, there was considerable comment upon the advisability of limiting the restrictions further. To carry out the overhangs to the extreme point, it was necessary to build more or less of a scow model, generally more, and the result was a boat which was not considered an interpretation of what the Association meant by a safe, seaworthy boat.

The Executive Committee of the Association realized, as well as many of the yachtsmen, that it would be necessary to do some remodeling on the rules if the sport is to be kept in a healthy condition in Massachusetts Bay, and with that end in view has been working out all kinds of rules since spring, with the hope of getting something that would fill the bill. It became a question of modifying the present classes or else creating new ones. Mr. W. P. Stephens, who drew up the restrictions and scantlings for the present classes, was consulted early in the season, and, in answer to the inquiries of the committee, he sent a very able letter upon the subject. It is the opinion of Mr. Stephens that the form of the midship section would have much to do with the general form of the boat, and many of the yachtsmen who have seen his views agree that such a restriction would be of benefit. But the hardest part of changing existing rules is to preserve, if there is any possibility, the present classes and not to make rules that might bar existing boats.

It has developed that the wide, flat-floored centerboard boat, or even a wide keel boat, with immense overhangs, has a distinct advantage over narrower boats with more displacement and less sail area. This is the main thing that the Executive Committee of the Association is trying to remedy. The object is to put on such limits as to give all types an equal chance in the racing. To do this and not bar out existing boats is a task that cannot be lightly undertaken, and the committee has taken plenty of time to consider all possible ways. After having consulted the framers of rules and restrictions of different sections along the coast, the committee invited interested yachtsmen to attend an informal meeting that they might give their views upon what changes, if any, were necessary in the rules. This meeting was held at Young's Hotel last Friday evening, and owing to peculiar circumstances not much was gained from the majority of yachtsmen who addressed the committee.

Be it known that the first and strongest kick was made on account of the great length over all and the resulting unwholesome form of the boats. It was on this account that the yacht owners in the 21ft. restricted class got together, and, taking the matter in their own hands, formed the new 22ft. class. Mr. Louis M. Clark, who has done most of the work in looking up remedies for the present conditions, attended the preliminary meetings of these yachtsmen and opposed the class strongly. His views upon the subject led a few of these yachtsmen to think that he was opposed to any wide boats, and these thoughts were transmitted to others; but why any such view should have been taken is entirely beyond my comprehension. Mr. Clark has realized the immense advantage the wide boat, with her light displacement and great sail area has over the narrow boats, and the object he was trying to attain was to make them equal.

But the feeling had taken root in their minds that the wide boat was to be legislated out, and consequently many of those attending the meeting of the committee were governed by peculiar biased convictions. The ball was opened by a plea for the wide boat, instead of producing some suggestion for equalizing the chances of both types in the racing, and the meeting resulted in a discussion between the respective qualities, wide and narrow or moderate. Another thing that did not tend to produce any good results was the attitude taken by the yacht owners, each of whom when called upon for suggestions, talked only of the merits of his own boat. The most consistent suggestion came from Hon. Charles Francis Adams. He said that in his opinion it would not be policy for the Association to do anything that would spoil the present classes, by barring out any existing boats. He said that the Association had made its success by sticking to its classes and would continue to be successful if it continued the same policy. Mr. Adams spoke for the narrow boat, and said that all he would like to see would be that the narrow boats would have an equal chance with the wide ones, which in his opinion they did not have under the present restrictions. He suggested that the said area of the wider boats could be reduced and more ballast put in, and in this manner the two types could be made more nearly even, without barring existing boats. What will be eventually done will greatly depend upon the report of the Executive Committee, which will be made at the regular fall meeting of the Association, Thursday evening. It has also been proposed to adopt the new 22ft. class at that meeting.

The designers in Boston are commencing to get busy. Crowninshield has taken larger quarters in the new Board of Trade Building, and has plenty of work on hand, as has been previously announced. Fred Lawley has an order for a 50ft. ketch for J. H. Cromwell, of New York; a 65ft. auxiliary yawl for Philadelphia parties, a 44ft. launch for J. H. Proctor, of Boston. He has also an order for one of the new 22-footers, which is supposed to be for H. H. Wiggin, although Mr. Lawley will not say so. About two-thirds of the frames for the 137ft. waterline steam yacht for C. H. Fletcher, of Providence, have been riveted together. The 50ft. auxiliary yawl for Mrs. C. D. Gibson, of New York, is completed, and will be run out of the shop next week. The cabin work is being finished in the 30ft. cruiser designed by Fred Lawley for Alfred Douglas, of New York, and another cruiser of the same length and design is being set up. The firm has orders to build a 50ft. waterline schooner and a 58ft. auxiliary yawl from Arthur Binney's designs.

Starling Burgess has an order for a Y. R. A. 25-footer for T. K. Lothrop, Jr., and a 25-footer of his design for F. G. Macomber, Jr., is already well along at Fenton's Manchester yard. This boat has caused considerable talk, as she is 48ft. over all. He has also an order for a one-design 15ft. class for Buzzard's Bay, to compete with the one-design class designed by Herreshoff, and an order for a one-design 15ft. class for the Sandusky Y. C. He also has an order for a 40ft. launch for Mr. Hopkins, of Malden, Mass.

There was a jolly gathering of yachtsmen at the town house of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. on the evening of Oct. 4. The Regatta Committee and the Board of Judges jointly invited the prize winners and their friends to be present at an informal dinner, at which the cups were given out. There were nine of them in all, and every one was a beauty. Six of these were raced for in the midsummer series. These were presented by Mr. Thomas W. Lawson. Three were for the champions of the 25ft. 21ft. and 18ft. knockabout classes, respectively. The cup for 25-footers was presented by Com. E. P. Boggs; that for 21-footers by Vice-Com. E. P. Boynton, and the cup for 18-footers by Mr. George H. Wightman. There was plenty of cheering as each successful yachtsman was presented with his cup, and a most pleasant evening was enjoyed. JOHN B. KILLEEN.

YACHT CLUB NOTES.

At the annual meeting of the Huntington Y. C., the following officers were elected: Com., Henry H. Gordon; Vice-Com., George Taylor; Rear-Com., J. W. Ailkin; Treas., H. H. Gordon; Sec'y, Daniel Wood; Trustees, August Hecksher and John P. Kane.

The Herreshoff Mfg. Co. is building for Mr. Morton T. Plant three new boats, all of which are of good size. The smallest is a cruising sloop 34ft. on the waterline; a steam yacht of 110ft. waterline, which is practically finished, and is to be launched in a few days. The third vessel is to be a schooner, and her frames will be set up as soon as the steam yacht gets out of the shop.

A New Cruising Schooner.

THE first order for a yacht of any size to be placed this fall with a builder in the vicinity of New York city, has been awarded to Mr. Robert Jacob, of City Island.

Last winter Mr. Jacob built a cruising schooner 63ft. on the waterline for Mr. Frank L. St. John. The yacht was so satisfactory that Mr. Henry C. Winteringham, who designed her, decided to give Mr. Jacob the order for the new schooner, which is to be some 5ft. longer on the waterline.

The new boat is for a gentleman who has been identified with yachting for a long time, and for a number of years past has owned a schooner of the old type, which he disposed of last year. Like the St. John schooner, the new yacht will be built entirely of wood, and she will have a centerboard which will house under the cabin floor, so that it will in no way interfere with the accommodations below decks. She is to be 98ft. over all, 68ft. on the waterline, 20ft. breadth and 9ft. draft with the board up. There will be about thirty tons of outside lead ballast. The new boat is essentially a ship in every particular, and will undoubtedly make a fine cruising boat. Her good breadth and powerful section insures great stability. The overhangs will be moderate in length and well proportioned. The freeboard is liberal, and the 14in. bulwark will give a sense of security to those on deck. The sail plan is not large, and reefing will hardly be necessary. The rig does not call for large spars, and the boom will not project much over the taffrail, nor will the bowsprit extend any great distance beyond the gammon iron. The sails will be probably made by an American firm. All the deck fittings to be used in connection with the rigging are to be of bronze.

The deck will be of selected white pine, and the rail, gratings, waterways, coamings, hatches, skylights and companionways will be of teak.

The cabin arrangement will be unusually good, and was laid out under the direction of the owner. Colonial lines will be followed in the woodwork and hangings. The woodwork, such as partitions, trim, etc., will be of white pine painted ivory white, while all doors, bureaus, dressers, tables, etc., are to be of San Domingo mahogany. The carpets on the floors of the saloon and staterooms will be of rich green, and the hangings at the doors and skylights are to be of green velour.

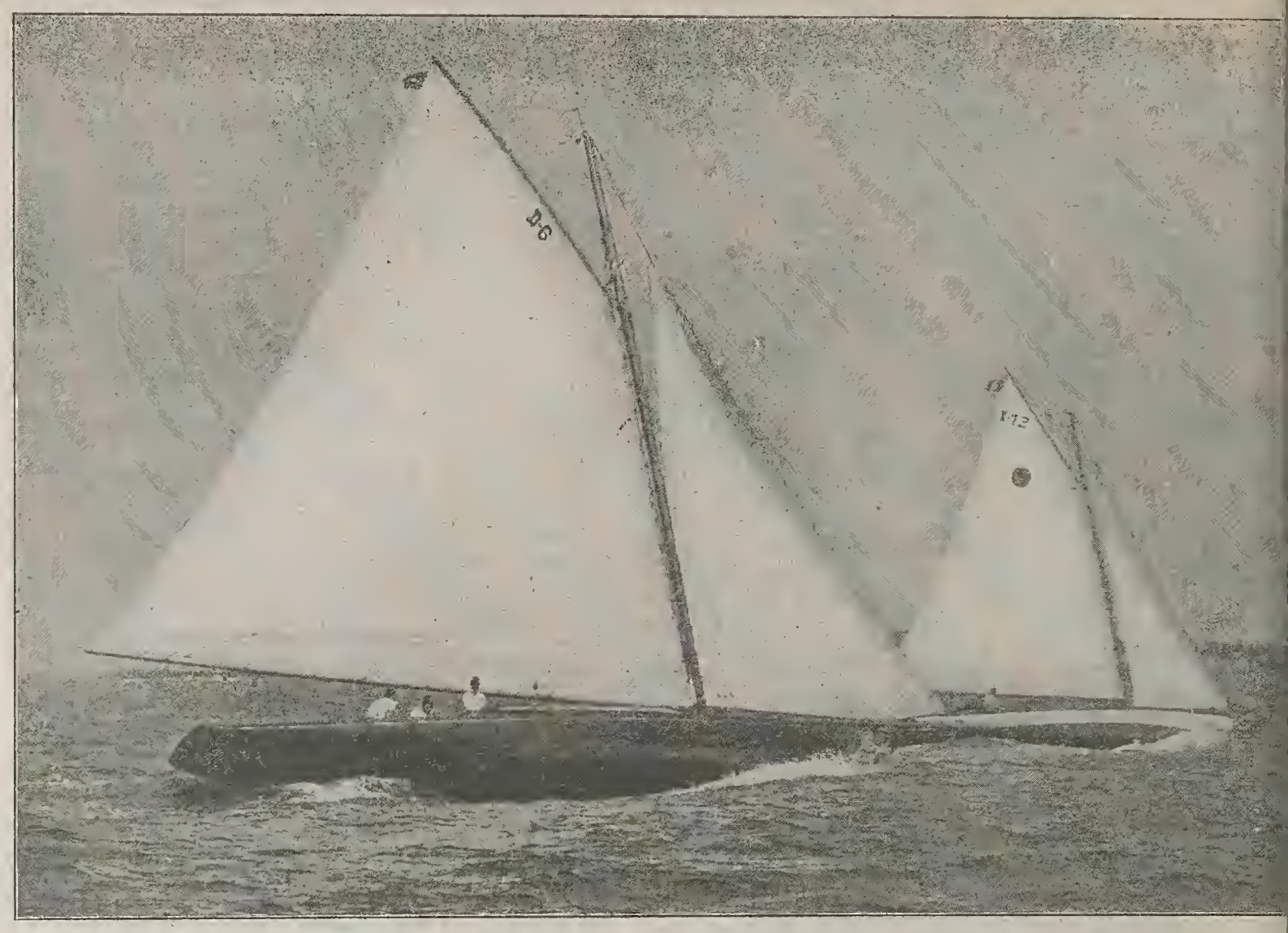
Coming down the companionway a good steerage will be found from which all the owner's and guests' quarters may be reached. The floor of the steerage will not be carpeted, but will be covered with some serviceable material, which will not be injured by getting wet if the companion should be left open in bad weather. Directly aft, extending the full width of the vessel, is the after cabin. The room will be unusually large, and well equipped. On each side are transoms, behind and above which are wide berths. On the after partition will be placed a roomy bureau, above which is a mirror. On each side forward of the berths there is to be a closet. The one on the starboard side is to be a hanging closet, while the one to port will be filled with skeleton drawers. On the forward partition to starboard a door will open into a bathroom, and on the port side a door will lead to the passage or steerage. The after cabin is to have a large flat-topped hatch overhead, with glass windows on all four sides.

On the port side of the passageway aft will be the chart room. In front there will be a transom and back of this will be drawers, large ones for the charts and smaller ones for navigating instruments. On top of the chest of drawers will be a large table, so that charts can be spread out and referred to continually if necessary. Forward of the chart room will be a guest room of good size. It will be fitted with a wide berth, transom, bureau, hanging closet and set wash basin. Opposite the chart room on the starboard side there is to be a bath room, which will be equipped with a porcelain tub, wash basin and patent closet. Forward of the bath room will be the owner's stateroom. The room will be very large and fitted up in the best possible manner. There are to be large closets, a five-foot bureau, set marble wash basin, lounge, etc. A skylight overhead will make this room very light. Forward of this will come the main saloon, which will run the full width of the boat. On each side will extend wide transoms, back of which are to be lockers for linen, silver, etc. On each side at the forward end will be a buffet for glassware, wines, etc. The cabin table will be placed on the port side aft. The piano will be secured to the after partition. Above there is to be a skylight 4ft. 6in. square. It is to be made square, so that it can be placed athwartships if desired and better ventilation secured below.

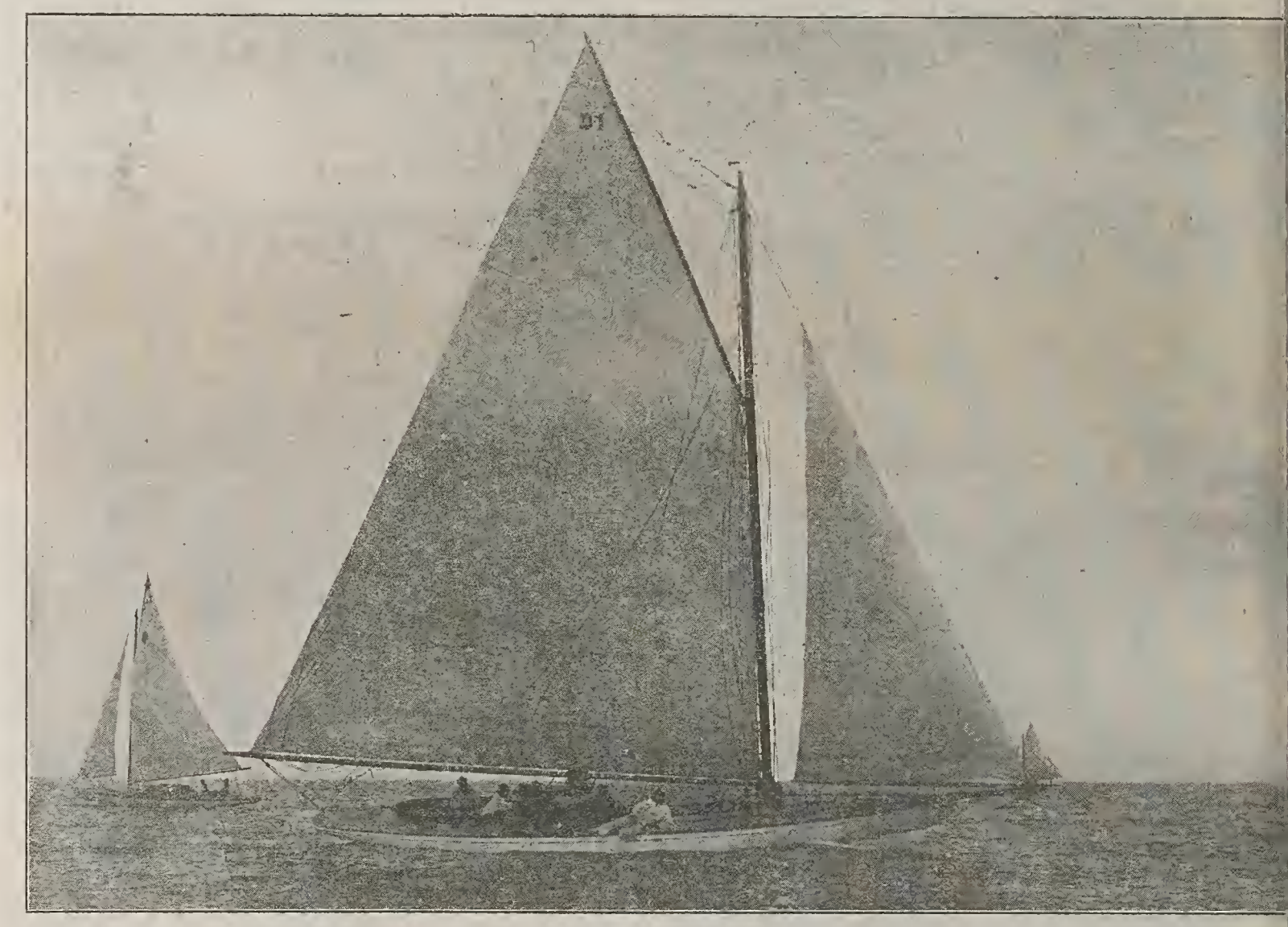
Next forward will come the galley, pantry and mess room, all in one. This apartment is to be very large and will be completely fitted. On the starboard side is to be the sailing master's room. In the port corner of the galley aft will be an inclosed water closet for the captain. Forward will be the forecastle, where the eight men that make up the crew will have very comfortable quarters. In the eyes there is to be a water closet for the crew. The chain locker will be under the forecastle floor. The lazaretto will be aft and will be reached from the deck by two hatches.

Three boats will be carried on the davits, a dinghy, a cutter and a large powerful launch, large enough to tow the yacht in case of calm weather.

The yacht will be turned over to her owner early next season, and when completed she will be one of the most complete and best-fitted cruising yachts of her size in American waters to-day.



SALLY VI.—25FT. CABIN CLASS.
Photo by Willard B. Jackson.



SEBOOMOOK—25FT. CABIN CLASS.
Photo by Willard B. Jackson.

BOATS SUCCESSFUL IN THE MASSACHUSETTS Y. R. A.—SEASON 1902.

Melody—A Successful South Bay Catboat.

THE catboat Melody was designed and built by Mr. Gilbert M. Smith at Patchogue, and launched in June, 1900. She was built for Mr. Harry Growtage, of East Moriches, L. I. The yacht has raced under the Moriches Y. C. colors. The photograph we publish of Melody in this issue shows her under reefed canvas. The following outline of her racing during the last three seasons is of interest:

Melody was beaten in match race early in June, and won the following Saturday by a close margin. Her next race was in the regular club regatta, beating the fleet by over a minute, and repeated her victory in the following race. Next week Melody tried her luck in foreign waters and raced at Shinnecock. Won first in class A, and the Queen of Bay plate for best corrected time in all classes, which plate she now holds. On Aug. 11, same year, she won the open regatta of her own club, defeating her rival Dodo 48s., and followed this up by winning the Gunning Point Challenge cup. In the handicap race for the McAleenan cup, this year, she was unsuccessful, as she had to allow all club boats from one to ten minutes.

Her second season did not start off so successfully, taking second place in club regatta, and the same position the second week at Westhampton, then a win the following week in special members' race. On Aug. 31 of this year at Westhampton, she again proved her weather abilities, defeating twenty-two boats in the open regatta, in a strong east wind, and Monday following won the McAleenan handicap cup for the first time.

1902 opened successfully, placing the Shinnecock Club race to her credit, beating the new "Gill" Smith creation Argo by 3m. 55s. Aug. 9 at Westhampton found her again leading the fleet, winning first prize in class A and the Challenge cup in this class also. Next week, at Moriches, again a winner, being across the line 1m. 21s. ahead. In the Members' Regatta, Aug. 20, for special cup presented by Com. Dr. William Carr, Melody won again, but at Shinnecock had to be content with second place. Aug. 27 in race for McAleenan cup, she won this trophy for the second time.

Probably the greatest victory in her racing career was won at the open regatta, Westhampton Country Club, winning her class prize handily by 2m. over second boat, and the Queen of the Bay cup, presented by the Commodore for best corrected time over the course in three classes of catboats.

Her last win on Labor Day at Moriches was a surprise. Always considered a light-weather boat, her chances were considered very slim in the howling gale from the S.W. A bad start handicapped the boat somewhat, as she poked her mast across the line just 1s. ahead of gun. The second time to windward under double-reefed sail, she passed her class and won by 31s.

Seventeen Days' Cruise on Long Island Sound.

BY THE CREW, THE SKIPPER AND THE OWNER.

(*Continued from page 295.*)

July 30.—This day was to be a day of cleaning ship, filling water tanks, polishing bright work, and doing the various little jobs that are always necessary aboard. The Owner decided to run into town (so he would not be in our way). As soon as he was gone the Skipper took her in to the float stage to fill her two 40-gallon tanks with fresh water. It is not doubted that some of the readers of this log have been in the same predicament as the Skipper was in, which was as follows: Wind, fresh, blowing right on to the float stage; tide running strong flood; the float stage, with the usual outfit of small boats on every side; the usual dozen or so of people chock full of advice, and last but not least, our big bowsprit. Very easily did we run in to within about 100ft. of the dock under our jib, when the Skipper shouted, "Take the jib off her." Down came the jib all right, but her headway

MELODY—DESIGNED AND BUILT BY GILBERT M. SMITH, PATCHOGUE, L. I., N. Y.

was not checked sufficiently to stop at the exact spot where the Skipper had been informed the hose was; consequently there was a lot of backing and hauling—and swearing—and advising, but the Crew with the assistance of the dockman, succeeded in getting her out far enough to drop the hook and let her drift back comfortably, and we then filled the tanks. This done, we had the same difficulty in getting away from the float. It would be too much bother raising the mainsail, and with the Crew and dockman towing we managed to get out far enough to ride at our anchor with comfort. The Crew had certainly worked with celerity and quick-wittedness, and he is all right in this respect; indeed, none better; and the few words of commendation from the Skipper seemed to make him more docile than usual. As the Skipper lighted a cigar and stretched himself in the cockpit, he mused how easy it would have been to pick his way through the rowboats, full speed astern, not having to gather way with a glass show case launch 20ft. on the port hand, and a wicked bunch of spiles on the other. Thus ruminating, the Skipper began to wonder what had become of the Owner. It had been the intention to sail for the Thimbles, as it was only a short run, and it would be an absolute crime not to lay in that picturesque spot for at least one day. Neither Skipper, Owner nor Crew had ever dropped hook in there, and the Skipper did not want to let the opportunity go by. So we patiently waited for the Owner's appearance. The wind was blowing about six and from the south'ard, and it seemed a pity to be chafing at anchor. The Crew suggested starting without him, but this the Skipper thought was hardly feasible. It was now seven bells and the tide was ebb, wind seemed lightening, and still no Owner. The Crew prepared some sandwiches, and we had a bottle of beer apiece. 'Twas then we heard the tiny whistle that the Owner was wont to carry with him to summons his ship's company on occasion. We had him aboard in a jiffy, and after a little hesitation on his part as to the feasibility of starting, in went a reef, up went the mainsail, then we broke out the hook, and started out of the breakwaters. It seemed that the wind was determined to give the Owner the haha for putting in that reef, for off the old white tower that was once a lighthouse the wind fell to a summer's zephyr. When by the breakwater, out went that reef, and then the wind obligingly freshened and a little summer squall was observed making up out of the southeast, but no reefs this time, and we bowled along, making our six knots by the log easily, and soon picked up Branford Beacon on the starboard hand, and Nigger Head red spar buoy on our port, and heading for the tower on Pot Island, following soundings and the chart, ran into what we considered a good harbor, inasmuch as there were some yachts and fishing boats anchored there. On inquiring, however, we found that the regular anchorage was about 300yds. more to the eastward, so we hailed a launch, which kindly towed us between Pot, Money and High islands. The Skipper loves blue water, but he was not slow to admit the beauty of these little verdure-clad islets. The sun dipping gradually in the west made a splendid background. It was a mingled picture of sea, land and sky which hardly seemed the work of nature so theatrically had she performed her task. No photograph could show the beauty of this miniature fairyland. We had dropped the hook and lay around the deck simply absorbing the beauty of the scene. The Skipper noticed the protection from wind and sea from almost any quarter. The Crew heaved the lead, made about four fathoms of water, and then we decided to go in swimming. The water was deliciously warm, and we worked up a ravenous appetite for supper. It was about this time that we formed the acquaintance of "Leo." In his peculiar drawl he inquired of nearly every yachtsman we knew, a great many we didn't know, and proved to be a living epitome of yachting and yachtsmen. He also informed us that he could furnish anything we wanted—ice, meats, etc.—and would take our mail to Stony Creek. We promptly decided that after supper we would go ashore and look his place over. After supper, which consisted of six courses, in honor of the occasion, we paid him a visit and drank some of his very good beer, ordered dinner for the next day, marveled at the scenery, and listened to Leo's reminiscences of yachtsmen, until from the afar we heard the tinkle of eight bells, and then it was we decided to turn in and explore the beauties—natural—of the Thimbles on the morrow.

July 31.—A dull gray morning, with rain clouds banked up thickly to the east'ard. Had breakfast, went ashore and hired a small catboat. After dinner at Leo's sailed over in cat to Sachem's Head, where we called in the yacht club there and were very nicely received. Beat back and got back at Leo's in the evening. Decide to start next morning for New London. The Skipper chafes at lying more than one day in port, and while the scenic beauty of the Thimbles is unsurpassed, the prospect of making Newport is enticing. Turn in at 12; sleep well.

Aug. 1.—Up early and get ship ready for trip to New London. Nice breeze from N.N.W. Stand well across Sound until Falkner's Island is abeam, then lay course for Cornfield Lightship. Pick up lightship at ten minutes past one. Breeze has freshened, and we will make New London easily by 4 o'clock. Carry away sister hooks of mainsheet block off Mantic. Wear ship, repair block. Time lost, twenty minutes. Lay course again for Bartlett's Reef Lightship. Pass it on port hand at 3:40. Stand in for New London. Tide very strong here. Innocent under good breeze smashes through them like a cork. She does not like these short, steep, broken seas as a rule, but we are logging fully seven and a half miles by the log, and they do not get much chance. To-day's run has been most glorious, a perfect sailing day, and as we pick the buoys up at the mouth of the harbor we wonder whether the god of fortune will attend us as well in our run to Newport to-morrow. We make the Harbor nicely and drop anchor in six fathoms of water at 4:20. After an early supper we go ashore, get shaved and send letters and telegrams home, explore New London a little. The Skipper generally wants to get out of a town as soon as he has walked through the main street. No exception. Try to get chart of Fisher's Island Sound, but found store closed. Return. Crew asleep as usual, and but for a friendly captain on a schooner whose name is forgotten, it would have been another long vigil. The Skipper hesitated about beating through Fisher's Island Sound without a chart, and to go on the outside through the Race would have made it too much of a run. The Owner and he agreed to sleep on it till the morning.

Aug. 2.—The Owner awake bright and early, tries to get Skipper up, but no go. The Skipper sleepily tells him to stick the flag in the rigging and get towed through, as there is hardly a breath of wind. At this point in getting ice, we are informed that we will have no trouble in getting through, as we have the tide in our favor, and the wind will spring up from the south'ard. We decide to cook breakfast under way, and have the sails on her in a jiffy and find we have just enough air to give us steerage way. We worked through gradually until we are past the Dumplings, when by Ram Island Lightship we are becalmed and have a hard job holding our own with the tide, which has turned. After two hours of this, in which we are entertained by a school, or rather schools, of

porpoises, we get a little breeze from the south'ard, and gradually pass the lightship. The breeze is now freshening, and we are commencing to log. We pass the lighthouse at Watch Hill, and then lay our easting. It may not have been wise to run down our lee shore the way we did, but we wanted to make Newport early, and the Skipper, giving the Innocent just enough offing to clear Point Judith, let her romp away. It was simply grand. Away on our starboard hand the distant shore of Block Island dimly stood out of the haze, while the white sand line of the Rhode Island shore seemed like a line of white fire. And as we tore along, smoking, with the Bartender splicing the main brace every once in a while, we agreed that old ocean in her kindly moods is unsurpassed. We passed Point Judith ten minutes of three. Passed Brenton Reef Lightship well on starboard hand at 4:30. It was, as I have said, a fine day, but how those swells did roll in from the Atlantic, big fellows, that would lift the Innocent up 8 or 10ft. and then—down hill again. We had been giving a large knockabout a great race of it from the point, and were holding our own nicely. We also picked up several cats, and under a breeze which was freshening, we simply tore by Butterball, and with jib sheets eased all we could and main boom out to the rigging, we tore into the harbor. The Skipper at once saw it was no time for monkeying. We had too much sail up for easy sailing, and the harbor was literally jammed with a flotilla of yachts of all kinds from the Lark to the Nourmahal. To the east in the Cove there was comparatively open space, and here the Skipper rounded to, doused jib and let go the hook, and with a smack and a bang got down the mainsail. Phew! it had been hot work for the last twenty minutes, but everything had held, and Newport, our Mecca, had been reached. We trimmed up ship and got supper quickly and were ashore in no time. After calling on some of the Owner's friends we turned in, in eager anticipation of the race to-morrow between Columbia and Independence.

Aug. ...—A mere record of laziness. With the exception of driving to Bateman's Point to witness the memorable race between the Columbia and the Independence, when the latter was beaten by 25 seconds, we made no journeys together, the Skipper preferring to loll about the deck and smoke a cigar, than "excursionizing," as he termed it. On Sunday we intended to go to Narragansett, but it rained, and we made no more attempts to travel in company, the Owner going to Providence, while the Skipper took a drive around the town. Newport is unique in one respect—the beauty of her drives and residences, and the narrowness and dinginess of her city streets, the negation of a modern township, a trillionaire's palace, a tradesman's shanty. While Newport is concededly the Mecca of the society grub, that fact is not oppressive, however. In Newport there are two classes—the intensely rich, and those who minister to their wants. From a yachting standpoint the harbor is perfection, and as that is the all-important question to the readers of this, we will not dwell on the social aspect.

We decided to start on Tuesday morning for Shelter Island, having loafed away three and a half days in Newport. The Skipper was getting impatient and the Crew lazier than ever, while the Owner was also sighing for fresh fields and harbors new. So, on Tuesday morning at 6, sail was made, and, with a favorable wind from the N. E., we gently ran out of the harbor. While the breeze was soft and favorable, it promised rain, and the Skipper got into his oilskins. Several yachts were standing out of the harbor, but, as usual, we more than

held our own, beating a magnificent black schooner out to the lightship. Here the wind grew puffy, and a long swell rolled in, which, to our surprise, just suited the Innocent. She made splendid weather in these big seas, and we rapidly left Point Judith astern. We lay our course to the outside of Fisher's Island, rapidly picking up Watch Hill Lighthouse on our port hand. The wind had freshened considerably, and we were tearing through the water, the log showing 8 miles. Off Race Rock Lighthouse the tide started to ebb, and meeting the fresh northeaster, we didn't do a thing; talk about tide rips; swirling about to port and starboard, each chop with a seemingly different destination, yet all carried along with a velocity of at least 4 knots, we had the wind nearly fair, blowing at least twenty miles, but it took us at least an hour and a half to draw away from the Race. It was here the wind seemed to increase, and it looked nasty and vicious all round. The Owner suggested reefing, but, with a lee short ahead of us, the Skipper hesitated; our true course for Shelter Island was now S. W., but the Owner said the best he could make was S. E., so perceiving a neck of land on our port bow, the Skipper decided to run behind it for shelter, drop anchor, reef and sail leisurely into Shelter Island. It was, we afterward found, blowing about twenty-five miles, and the seas were too big to think of heaving to; moreover, as we had but a short distance to run for shelter, the Skipper decided to keep her traveling. The Innocent, in spite of her large sail spread, was making good weather of it. She is a dry runner, and we hardly shipped a sea. The wildness of the surroundings, the absence of any sailing craft, the angry looking lee shore, the cannonading of the seas as the Innocent smashed and drove her chunky, powerful overhang through them—all this had evidently got on the Owner's nerves, and he informed the Skipper he would have the rig cut down as soon as we got back. The Crew, with supreme confidence in the Skipper's judgment, looked on with a smile, and the Skipper, he winked his eye. But the Skipper here began to be puzzled; we began picking up a number of yellow buoys; the Skipper surmised that they were private marks of some kind, and as they lay between black and red channel buoys, he thought it safe to run pretty close.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Members of the Red Bank Y. C. have commissioned Messrs. Herreshoff and Wells to design for them a one-design class. The boats will be of shallow draft and will be built under the supervision of the architects.

The catboat Win or Lose, owned by Mr. Charles A. Hatch, has been sold to Mr. Henry C. Southack.

The steam yacht Telka, owned by Mr. Gustav E. Kissel, has been sold through the agency of Messrs. Gardner & Cox to Mr. C. P. Rosemon.

Mr. L. R. Connett has sold his sloop Pickaninny to Mr. E. H. Low.

The steam yacht Speranza, in charge of Capt. M. Christofferson and three men, sank in the Raritan River on Sunday morning, Oct. 12, after burning to the water's edge. The boat was bound from Hoboken to Trenton, via the Raritan Canal. Capt. Christofferson anchored off Florida Grove to await morning and clear weather. The captain and crew were asleep, and were awakened by the smoke and flames. When the men reached the deck it was found that the fire was so far advanced that they had only time to save themselves. They took to one of the boats and lay to a short distance from the yacht for three hours, by that time she had burned to the water's edge and sunk. The men then rowed ashore. Speranza was designed and built by J. F. Mumm in Brooklyn in 1887. She was 100ft. over all, 78ft. 6in. waterline, 14ft. breadth and 6ft. draft. She was owned by Mr. O. S. Wilkinson, of Philadelphia, but was under charter to Mr. C. S. Mullen, of the same city.

Mr. Fred S. Nock, of West Mystic, Conn., has purchased the yard and railways formerly owned by George N. Saunders, of East Greenwich, R. I., where he will conduct a business of laying up and hauling boats for the winter and building new yachts. Mr. Nock has recently made the following sales: Schooner Viola, E. C. Baker, to W. W. Benson, Chicago; knockabout Arbeeka, Archibald McNeil, to J. B. Walker, New York city; yawl Anita, O. S. Anthony, to A. W. George, Mystic, Conn.; launch Blanche, to E. L. Nock, Providence.

Sir Thomas Lipton's third challenge for the America's Cup has been sent on the S. S. Oceanic, due in New York on Wednesday, Oct. 15. Com. Ledyard, of the New York Y. C., has ordered a special meeting of that club to be held on Thursday night to take action regarding the challenge.

Canoeing.

Cruising on the Delaware.

NEW YORK, Oct. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The "Delaware River Cruise," by Mr. Perry Frazer, appearing at a time when a party of us had just returned from the same waters, was of peculiar interest to us. I can picture the consternation of the natives along the river at the sight of the small canoe with the mother and child of a few months aboard. And while the residents ordinarily magnify the dangers of the river greatly, in this instance I feel their fears were not entirely groundless. As a matter of fact, there is no water along the Delaware between Hancock and Port Jervis—and this is considered the worst part of the river—that may not be safely run by any canoeist of ordinary experience. This statement applies to the Delaware at any reasonable level. In time of very high water nothing but a log raft has any business upon it.

As Mr. Frazer made the trip in almost a freshet, and as our cruise was, for the greater part, during a normal stage of water, when the conditions for canoeing and fishing are most favorable, I feel that a few observations may be of value to readers of FOREST AND STREAM. There were four of us, and Joe Bivins, the Narrowsburg guide, accompanied us and carried the duffle in a big skiff. We started in at Hancock Sept. 3 and brought up at Port Jervis Sept. 15. We drifted down to Lordville the first day. There was no bad water on this day's run, although it was necessary to wade a number of shallow drifts. The next day we made Hankins, ten miles below Lordville. There were several pretty stiff rifts along this water, one in particular, after leaving the ferry at Long Eddy. This is a long, swift stretch of water with a marked inclination and with numerous rocks. The channel is along the New York shore, turning sharply into the center of the stream at the foot of the rift and over a fall at the base of a small rock island. Mention should be made of Long Eddy as one of the best localities along the river for a fishing trip. The eddy itself and the rifts above and below it would afford a fine week's sport. Between Hankins and Callicoon—7 miles—there are some swift and rocky reaches, but nothing aside from shoals to cause trouble. What has been written of Long Eddy as a fishing spot may be repeated of Callicoon. It seemed wasteful to pass over such grand water without making more than a few casts. From Callicoon to Cochecton the warnings of the people became more numerous and urgent than before. Cochecton Falls are spoken of as the worst part of the river. This is hardly true. With the least care they are easily run. I have made the run three times and think less of it than of rifts and falls lower down the river. Mr. Frazer wrote of the natives having misinformed him when they directed him to hug the Pennsylvania shore. They were right, as this is the channel at any stage of the water. There are three drops here. The first is to be taken in the smooth water at the head of the falls, inclining closer to the Pennsylvania shore for the second fall and then out into the line of the breakers for the final pitch. We camped a day at the foot of the falls and fished with good success, securing both bass and pike. On Sept. 9 we dropped down over shallow rifts to Narrowsburg. After leaving the big eddy the rift below is to be run carefully. While there is not the least danger in it, it is very shoal, and being of some length, is apt to be a little hard to get through. The channel shifts from year to year. It was along the New York shore at the time we went through it. We camped that night at Hop Eddy, at the foot of this rift. It had rained heavily all day and that night the river rose a couple of feet and became very muddy. We had intended in leaving Hancock to make the Water Gap, but rather than pass over familiar waters without giving them a trial, we concluded to camp here until the water cleared, even though, by so doing, our cruise should be considerably shortened. Two days later we drifted down the river three miles to Rocky Rift. But the water still being muddy, we pitched camp here. The next day we resumed our trip with fair fishing. A mile below Rocky Rift Justin Bridge is sighted. After going over an old eel rack, which is usually too shallow for floating, but which was now covered a foot or more, we entered the Justin Rift. From here to Port Jervis is the worst part of the river, and this rift is particularly trying, being very swift and broken by numerous rocks. The channel runs somewhat obliquely from the New York toward the Pennsylvania shore, reaching for the line of the breakers when well out in the stream. From here, for a couple of miles, there is some quick and rocky water, but the rifts are short and easily managed. At Mast Hope Falls the channel is well toward the Pennsylvania side. Immediately below is Grassy Swamp Fall. In a low stage it is better to follow the line of the rough water; when the river is high one should keep on the right edge of it. After crossing an eddy Westcalong Rift is reached. This is long, swift and filled with rocks, but easily managed until the foot of it is approached. Here a bad reef requires crossing and the water is very swift. Keep pretty well toward the center of the stream and edge in toward the rough water at the foot of the rift, looking well ahead for the opening between the rocks. After crossing another eddy Wild Falls are heard. The highest breakers so far encountered will be found here. The way is straight ahead and clear, however, and the falls are easily run.

After paddling over a very long eddy the dam at Lackawaxen has to be crossed. In low water the boats will require to be led down over the dam close to the Pennsylvania side. At the time we arrived at the dam it was covered with a foot of water, and we went over it without difficulty. The water is pretty rough and becomes shallow at the foot of the rift. Some scraping of the bottoms of the boats will occur here. From this point to Pond Eddy there are several long, heavy rifts, but with a little ease they are safely made.

Below Pond Eddy, after going down over a number of fairly wild rifts and long eddies, we come to the point where the Mongaup River enters the Delaware. Just below the river contracts greatly and forms Mongaup Falls. This fall is not so long as that of Cochecton, but it is, in my opinion, the most formidable along the upper river. The breakers are extremely high and the rush of waters is calculated to "rattle" one somewhat. The Pennsylvania shore is to be hugged until the foot of the fall is reached, where a sharp turn into the line of the breakers is to be made to avoid a reef barely covered by water. Butler's Rift is the next place to be approached with caution. It will be known from its setting in along the old canal wall on the New York side and from its rough water. Keep on the right or Pennsylvania edge of the wild water and have a sharp lookout for rocks. By getting on the other side of the rift one would be swept against the canal wall with disastrous consequences. At the foot of this rift we observed the first rack along the river. The wings were not attached to it, so it was not in operation. But from this point to Port Jervis there were at least six other eel racks at work. The water was high enough to carry us over them without much scraping, however. From Butler's to the railroad bridge that crosses the river four miles out from Port Jervis, the Delaware runs through a deep eddy between high mountains. The scenery here and immediately below is the most beautiful along the upper river.

When the railroad bridge is sighted the roar of waters announces the approach of Saw Mill Rift. This is one of the spots most dreaded by the raftsman who runs down the Delaware in times of freshets, owing to the huge breakers and the setting of the current sharply against the base of the Pennsylvania mountains. The Pennsylvania shore is followed. The water was of sufficient depth and the rocks fairly far apart, and by keeping bow on to the breakers we experienced no difficulty in running through and on down to Port Jervis, the cruise ending here, owing to the cold nights.

The fishing was excellent until the river rose and became muddy. Even then after three days it was quite good. We caught plenty of bass and pike throughout the trip. Head winds and an eagerness to cover distance prevented careful fishing, but enough were caught to keep the river towns fairly well supplied with fresh fish. The bass averaged a fair size—about 1 pound. The largest caught was of 3½ pounds, and a pike of the same weight was landed. The bait used was chiefly salt pork rind on a white enameled spoon with single hook. We had frogs, catfish and lamprey eels, but preferred the pork. Some trolling was done, but casting was the method generally employed. The first day the bass rose well to the fly—Rube-Wood and royal-coachman—but thereafter fly-fishing brought poor results. I have never fished the Delaware earlier than September, and while I have used the fly faithfully and constantly during that month, the return has never been very encouraging. During July and August I believe it would be different. Below Lackawaxen still fishing is largely in vogue. This is rational, as the great depth of many of the eddies renders casting and surface trolling impracticable. With fair weather conditions the Delaware will yield better fishing next season than ever before in its history. Owing to high and roily water the past summer, not over 25 per cent. of the usual number of fish were caught. There is, therefore, a surplus of 75 per cent., in addition to the ordinary number left over for next season. These bass were seen by the hundred as we drifted down over the shallow rifts.

J. W. D.

Geological Survey Maps.

EXPERIENCE is a teacher who carries a good stout birch rod. A long time ago, in preparing for a canoeing trip on the Delaware River, I wrote to the Geological Survey Department at Washington, and inclosed payment for four sections of its maps of that part of the river it was intended to visit, hoping these excellent guides would aid me in locating various points of interest. A week elapsed, then a card came, saying maps of that portion of the river had not been published, but that other maps—of other portions—would be sent me. They were, and they arrived in five weeks, or one week after I had returned home. As maps they are superb, and no doubt accurate, but not one of them shows any part of the river visited by our party, while some of them deal with the backwoods sections of States not visited.

It seems to me this is a piece of gigantic stupidity. If I ask a shopkeeper for a rifle, and he says he has none, but will keep my money and send me a shotgun, would that be business-like, or the act of a sane man? Yet the Department stated that it could not return the money for the maps, but would send other maps. It did send them, but if they had dealt with the South Sea Islands, or some other equally distant land, they would at least have been interesting as curiosities, which these are not. The experience gained is worth the price, but the Department need not have waited all summer before informing me that it could not supply me. I would then have had time to purchase maps of some dealer in such useful things.

PERRY D. FRAZER.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Iroquois Rifle Club.

PITTSBURG, Pa.—The fifteenth annual tournament of the Iroquois Rifle Club, of Pittsburg, Pa., was held Oct 6 to 9, inclusive. All shooting was off-hand at 75 feet distance, any .22cal. rim-fire being permitted. A Members' match was on the programme for the first day, each contestant firing 50 shots in five targets of 10 shots each on the twenty-five ¼in. ring target. The first prize, a gold medal, was won by L. P. Ittel, all other contestants receiving merchandise prizes. The shooting in this match was somewhat below the average. The scores follow:

L P Ittel	244	241	247	246	245—1223
R F Phillips	241	242	240	243	244—1210
C C Hofmeister	243	237	233	242	245—1200
O L Hertig	234	236	244	241	243—1198
W Riebling	236	241	243	235	238—1193
A J Huebner	239	235	238	237	237—1186
R Rahm	233	238	240	234	235—1180
A H Hofer	239	236	232	237	235—1179
H Sperling	233	233	228	239	231—1164
Geo Sperling	229	232	229	233	230—1153
J H Dimling	224	227	235	231	234—1151
J O Smith	228	231	227	233	229—1148
L J McCloskey	227	227	227	235	229—1145
J Kennard	236	217	227	227	221—1128
Geo Huebner	230	229	226	221	218—1124
H L Born	214	227	222	224	230—1117
U Altenburger	215	223	228	229	216—1111

The last three days of the tournament were devoted to the All-Comers' matches, with two events on the programme, the Continuous prize match and the Bullseye match. The conditions of the Continuous match were 3 shots per target, re-entries unlimited, the best 3 targets counting, ties being decided by the next best target. The twenty-five ring target, having ⅛in. rings, was used in this event. Thirty-four shooters took part in this match, and $100 in twenty cash prizes, ranging from $15 to $1, were distributed to the following contestants:

L P Ittel	75 74 74—223	H B Smith	71 70 67—208
R F Phillips	74 73 73—220	S W Hill	70 69 68—207
C C Hofmeister	73 72 72—217	J H Dimling	69 69 69—207
D L Black	74 71 70—215	W C Galbraith	70 70 67—207
A H Hofer	72 70 70—212	H R Fox	69 69 68—206
A J Huebner	71 70 70—211	W Riebling	71 67 66—204
R Rahm	71 71 69—211	A F Hofmeister	70 68 66—204
C C Freedman	73 73 65—211	P Paulsen	68 68 67—203
H B Pierce	71 70 69—210	H L Born	68 68 67—203
H Sperling	70 70 69—209	H Paulsen	68 67 67—202

In the Bullseye match the prize consisted of a handsome and

aluable silver tea service, and was won by C. C. Freedman. Each hooter fired 3 shots on a 4in. bullseye carton, the best single shot ounting. Thirty-two shooters took part in this contest, the following being the first twenty with the number of degrees each an's shot was away from the center: C. C. Freedman 9, J. Bergan 13½, H. B. Pierce 14, L. J. McCloskey 15, Geo. Sperling 18, I. L. Born 19, A. J. Huebner 22, U. Altenburger 22, R. Rahm 29. . O. Smith 29, K. W. Zoeller 31, S. W. Hill 31, M. Bedell 32, D. . Black 34½, A. H. Hofer 39, R. F. Phillips 39½, W. Riebling 48, . H. Dimling 53, C. C. Hofmeister 53, S. R. James 57.

This was the first tournament held in the club's new gallery ange at 1710 Jane street. A brief description of our new headuarters might interest the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. It is one-story with half basement brick building. The front is of lain but neat design. The shooting room, which is large and ommodious, is located in the basement. There are five shooting anges of 75ft. distance, each of which is equipped with a trolley or conveying the targets, a telescope for locating shots, and a Meyns bullet receiver. The shooters face the targets through penings cut in a wood partition, on the interior side of which are arge smoke bells for carrying off the smoke from the rifles. Other onveniences add to the comfort of the shooters. On the upper loor is a large reception and meeting room. This contains the ockers for the rifles; also billiard and pool tables for the amusement of the members. In the rear of this is the refreshment room, where the wants of the inner man may be satisfied. The building vas erected by the club a year ago, and we flatter ourselves on having a most excellently equipped indoor shooting range and club ouse. A cordial invitation is extended to all members of the rifle hooting fraternity who may have occasion to be in the Smoky ity at any time to pay us a visit, we can assure them of a hearty elcome.

C. C. HOFMEISTER, Sec'y.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE annual prize shoot of the Cincinnati Rifle Association was eld on the 28th at Cincinnati, O., and was quite a success. There as a goodly atendance, and visiting riflemen from Lexington, Ky., and Richmond, Ind., were on hand to vie with the local lement for honors. A noticeable feature of the shoot was the umber of high scores made—more in evidence at this time than it any other. There were prizes for all, many of which were indly donated by the local merchants. The following is a list f the winners:

Off-hand, for the most points:

ayne	1481	Roberts	1326
odge	1055		

Rest, for the most points:

offman	907	Nestler	824
onscher	779		

Most flags:

ayne	38	Nestler	48

On the regular prize targets the three best tickets counted for he first three prizes, the two best thereafter. All ties decided by he next best ticket.

Off-hand.			Rest.		
ayne	29	29 28	Nestler	30	30 30
asenzahl	29	29 28	Hasenzahl	30	30 29
odge	30	28 28	Bruns	30	29 29
Roberts	29	28 ..	Hoffman	30	29 ..
indele	29	28 ..	Trounstine	29	29 ..
runs	29	28 ..	Jonscher	30	28 ..
trickmeier	28	27 ..	Weinheimer	30	28 ..
Lux	28	27 ..	Burr	30	28 ..
rube	27	26 ..	J Lux	29	28 ..
ofer	28	25 ..	A Lux	28	27 ..
Lux	26	26 ..	Topf	27	27 ..
dell	26	25 ..	Strickmeier	27	27 ..
Nestler	26	25 ..	Uckotter	28	24 ..
Weinheimer	26	24 ..	Freitag	26	25 ..
Uckotter	25	24 ..	Hofer	27	22 ..
Trounstine	25	24 ..	Williamson	24	22 ..
Jonscher	25	23 ..	Drube	24	22 ..
Topf	20	18 ..	Fischer	24	21 ..
Fischer	15	.. ..	Rhorer	24	21 ..
Simpson	9	.. ..	Dietrich	19	16 ..
			Simpson	17	13 ..

Premium for best ticket:

Dodge	30	Nestler	30

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO.—The Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club scores of Sept. 21, on Columbia target, 200yd. range, were as follows:

Rifle, 10 shots: Young 61, 61; Mannel 86.

Three-shot match: Ed Hovey 7, 15, 17, 23, 23, 24, 24, 25; Young 10, 10, 14; Mannel 12, 15, 16, 16, 17, 18, 22, 23, 23; Mrs. Mannel 29.

Military and repeating rifles Creedmoor count: H. Hinkel 43, 43; Korstman 42, 40, 39.

Pistol, 50yd. range: Brannagan 37, 48; Barley 38, 45, 51, 54; Young 38, 47, 50; Hinkel 48, 52, 55, 55; Mrs. Mannel 50, 58, 58, 65, 71, 79; R. Schneider 51; Twist 60, 80, 81; Hoffman 51, Allen 94.

Revolvers: Hinkel 40, 54; Brannagan 44, 46, 46, 51, 60.

.22 and .25cal. rifles: C. M. Daiss did best average work ever done here, with 16, 17, 18, 18, 19, 19, 21, 23, 23, 25; Pape 17, 19, 23; Kroeckel 18, 21, 22, 23; Twist 20, 24; Hoffman 24, 25, 26, 28; Hunsaker 34; Allen 40; Leach 58, 57, 73; Fuedner 25, 29, 29, 27, 31, 33, 36, 38; Magnin 73.

Oct. 5.—Two hundred yard range rifle match, 10 shots: Young 52, 55, 55, 57, 59; Hoffman 60; Cady 62; Mannel 14, 15, 17, 17, 22; Hoffman 15, 16, 21, 21.

Military and repeating rifles, Creedmoor count: Knostman 43, 42, 42, 41, 41, 40.

Pistol, 50yd. range: G. Barley 40, 52, 54; Young 48, 47; Brannagan 48, 52; Hunsaker 48, 53, 54, 55, 58, 65, 66; Twist 55, 59, 62, 64, 67; Mrs. Mannel 62, 63, 67, 74, 80, 85; Mannel 72, 69, 97; Gimmel 76, 82; Schneider 59, 60, 65, 69; L. Hinkel 54, 55; Knostman 91; Allen 90, 96; Mrs. Waltham 92.

Revolver: Brannagan 44, 46, 61.

.22 and .25cal. rifles: Daiss 19, 21, 22, 24, 27; Twist 21, 29; Hoffman 23, 26; Cady 26, 29; Mrs. Waltham 27, 30, 37; Hunsaker 32, 44, 45; Gimmel 37, 53; Leach 37, 39; Mrs. Leach 45, 45; Stevens 30, 42, 32; Allen 40; Magnin 72.

FRED. O. YOUNG, Sec'y.

Trapshooting.

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

Fixtures.

Oct. 15.—Mt. Sterling, Ill.—Seventh annual target tournament of the Mt. Sterling Gun Club. J. Breidenbend, Sec'y.

Oct. 15.—Cleveland, O.—Fall tournament of the Cleveland Gun Club.

Oct. 15.—Charlotte, Mich.—Central Michigan Trapshooters' Association's fourth tournament. Hartel & Robinson, Mgrs.

Oct. 15-16.—Baltimore, Md.—Tenth annual fall tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association; targets and live birds; $100 added money. Open to all. J. R. Malone, 2671 Pennsylvania avenue, Manager.

Oct. 15-16.—New London, Ia.—Sixth annual tournament of the New London Gun Club. Dr. C. E. Cook, Sec'y.

Oct. 15-16.—Springfield, O.—Springfield Gun Club's tournament. B. F. Downs, Capt.

Oct. 21-22.—Kenton, O.—Second annual fall tournament of the Kenton Gun Club; $75 or more added money. K. P. Johnson, Sec'y-Treas.

Oct. 21-22.—Sistersville, W. Va.—Sistersville Gun Club's target tournament. Ed. O. Bower, Sec'y.

Oct. 21-23.—Spirit Lake, Ia.—Klein & Burmeister's fall tournament.

Oct. 22-23.—Crawfordsville, Ind.—Crawfordsville Gun Club's tournament. M. Stillwell, Sec'y.

Oct. 24-26.—Bisbee, Ariz.—Tenth annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association. M. J. Cunningham, Sec'y.

Oct. 29-30.—Raleigh, N. C.—Two days' shoot of the Raleigh Gun Club; $100 added each day. R. T. Gowan, Sec'y.

Oct. 30-31—Dalton, O.—Annual fall tournament of the Dalton Gun Club. Ernest F. Scott, Captain.

Nov. 27.—Ossining, N. Y.—Inter-county seven-man team shoot and 100 target event for cup emblematic of championship of Westchester county.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's target shoot, every Saturday afternoon. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

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

The programme of the tenth annual tournament of the Arizona Sportsmen's Association, Oct. 24-26, under the management of the Bisbee (Arizona) Gun Club, provides two days at targets and one, the third, at live birds. Beside the regular sweepstake events, there are various team, trophy and championship events, with liberal addition of moneys. Targets are thrown by a magautrap. Professionals may shoot along for targets or birds only. Medal winners must be residents of Arizona and members of Arizona gun clubs. Lunch will be served on the grounds free to participants. Targets, 3 cents; live birds, 25 cents. Banquet and business meeting, Oct. 26, at 8 P. M. Order all mail, telegrams, freight and express (prepaid) sent care of M. J. Cunningham, secretary. Excursion rates on railroads. Shooting commences at 8:30.

Mr. John S. Wright has arranged the programme of his live-bird shoot at the North Hudson Driving Park, New Jersey, Oct. 22, as follows: "Shooting commences at 10 A. M. prompt. No. 1, 7 birds, $5, 60 and 40, class shooting. No. 2, 10 birds. $7, 50, 30 and 20, class shooting. No. 3, 15 birds, $10, Rose system, ratio points 8, 5, 3 and 2. Birds included in all events at 25 cents each. All events handicaps, distances ranging from 26 to 32yds. Loaded shells for sale on the grounds. Take Hoboken ferries (Barclay, Christopher or Fourteenth street); or West Shore Railroad ferries (Franklin or West Forty-second street) to Weehawken, thence by North Hudson trolley direct to the park. John S. Wright, manager."

At the weekly shoot of the Crescent Gun Club there was a good attendance considering the distinctly unfavorable weather. The second win on the October cup was scored by Mr. Wm. J. McConville, with an even 50. Mr. C. J. McDermott was a close second with 48. Mr. H. M. Brigham was scratch and scored 43, which was high, apart from the handicaps. Later, in a trophy contest at 25 targets, he scored straight.

Mr. Chas. G. Blandford, captain of the Ossining (N. Y.) Gun Club, informs us that the Thanksgiving Day shoot to be held at Ossining, is not a tournament of the Westchester Trapshooters' Association, but is an inter-county seven-man team shoot, at 100 targets for cup emblematic of the championship of Westchester, Orange, Dutchess and Rockland counties. Visitors are welcome to "shoot along."

A two-man team race was a special feature of the Peters Gun Club tournament, at New Paris, O., Oct. 9. Each man shot at 50 targets. The teams finished with the following scores and in the following order: Heikes 46, Ideal 44; total 90. Fort 45, Kirby 43; total 88. Reid 40, Snakes 46; total 86.

We are informed that Mr. Geo. C. Lebohner, of Dexter Park, Brooklyn, had an attack of hemorrhage of the stomach last week, which for a time portended a very serious termination. The illness was temporarily beyond the control of his physicians. Later reports were in more hopeful terms.

A five-man team race, 20 targets per man, $10 entrance, made interesting competition at the Gillman, Ill., tournament, Oct. 7. There were three teams. Of these Piper City team was first with a score of 81 out of a possible 100; Gillman team was second with 77, and Askum team third with 75.

The weather about New York on Saturday of last week was unfavorable for trapshooting. It was a mild mixture of fog, rain, murky atmosphere and general sloppiness. This, combined with the coal strike, constituted a situation to evoke long smiles and pleasant thoughts.

The subscribers of the Interstate Association met at 99 Cedar street, New York on Tuesday of last week. They decided to abolish the Grand American Handicap at live birds. The target tournaments will be given on the lines as heretofore conducted.

Mr. George H. Piercy, of Jersey City, has challenged Mr. Neaf Apgar, of Plainfield, N. J., to contest for the target championship of New Jersey, now held by the latter. The contest will probably take place in the latter part of this month.

In the twenty-first contest of the Cincinnati Gun Club's cash series, Mr. R. Trimble was high with a score of 47 out of a possible 50, shooting from the 19yd. mark. There were twenty contestants, of whom ten shot 80 per cent. or better.

The next regular shoot of the Richmond Gun Club will be held on the club grounds, Silver Lake, Staten Island, on Oct. 18. A special event will be a 30-target handicap for a $5 gold piece, entrance 75 cents.

Mr. W. Fred Quimby, now of Western domicile, was a visitor in New York last week, where he received a hearty greeting from his many friends. He departed Westward-ho early this week.

Fulton Gun Club will hold its next shoot on Oct. 19, commencing at 1 o'clock. A silver match box will be an object of competition.

At the Nebraska City Gun Club's tournament, Oct. 8 and 9, Mr. S. A. Huntley won high average.

BERNARD WATERS.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O., Oct. 11.—Dark and cloudy were the weather conditions at the twenty-first cash prize contest of the Cincinnati Gun Club, held to-day. Mr. R. Trimble made a score of 47 from the 19yd. mark, and was high man of the event. The names, handicaps by distance and scores follow: R. Trimble (19) 47, Coleman (19) 44, E. Trimble (17) 43, Barker (17) 43, Gambell (18) 42, Capt (16) 41, Faran (18) 40, Boyd (17) 40, F. Littleford (17) 40, Dreihs (17) 40, Randall (19) 39, Herman (16) 39, Ward (16) 38, Miles (16) 36, Maynard (18) 36, Van Ness (18) 35, Roll (18) 34, T. Littleford (16) 31, Corry (16) 27, Watterson (16) 21.

Hamilton Gun Club.

HAMILTON, Can., Oct. 7.—I beg to apologize for my neglect and delay in reporting the affairs of the Hamilton Gun Club.

The last regular shoot of the club was held on Sept. 13, and the club house closed until after the open shooting season is over.

The following are the complete scores in the Peters trophy race, which was shot off in sixteen strings of 25 targets each, the twelve best strings to count, shooting being done on sixteen different days. The total number of targets shot at in this race was 6,475.

The trophy was won by Chas. Briggar, score 249; first money going to Thos. Upton, score 248; second money to John Bouton, score 236. W. Wurk shot for targets only and broke 244, Dr. Hunt 234, Dr. Wilson 229, John Hunter 226, M. E. Fletcher 222, M. Reardon 221, Geo. Crawford 188.

After the competition of the Peters trophy race, the president and vice-president of the club chose up sides, all members present shooting. The teams shot out to a tie. The vice-president's team then invited the members of the president's team to supper. The invitation was immediately accepted, and all members present adjourned to the Jockey Club, where ample justice was done to the bountiful repast prepared.

During the evening President Upton presented Mr. Geo. Crawford with a handsome Gladstone traveling bag in recognition of his services as treasurer of the club.

In self-defense permit me to say that the above letter is copied from the minutes of the club meetings; but we just had a lovely time, with a pleasant evening's mutual admiration, various brands of hot air artistically ejected in the proper time and place, and perhaps a smile or two.

At the last business meeting of the club we decided to give to ourselves a game dinner after the close of the big game season. Only members of the club will be there, with the exception of a select few on special invitation.

Oct. 15 being opening day for moose, next week will find many of our men en route for the north country.

Kindly keep our thirteenth annual live-bird tournament, which is to be held on January next, before the public, for our absence afield does not necessitate any neglect of so prosperous an association.

BEN IT.

Interstate Association Meeting.

A SPECIAL meeting of the stockholders of the Interstate Association, held Oct. 7, in the offices of the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., 99 Cedar street, New York city.

Present: President J. A. H. Dressel, representing the U. M. C. Co. in the chair; John L. Lequin, representing the Hazard Powder Co.; E. S. Lentilhon, representing E. I. Dupont de Nemours & Co.; A. W. Higgins, representing Laflin & Rand Powder Co.; T. H. Keller, representing the Peters Cartridge Co.; Ed. Banks, American E. C. & Schultze Gunpowder Co., Ltd. Le Roy Shot and Lead Works, Remington Arms Co. and the Markle Lead Works were represented by proxy.

Mr. Chas. Tatham, of Tatham & Bros., was unable at the last moment to attend the meeting, but telephoned the wishes of his firm in regard to the Grand American Handicap at pigeons in 1903, and asked to be represented by proxy.

The W. R. A. Co., Parker Bros., Marlin Fire Arms Co., and Hunter Arms Co. were not represented, but a telegram from Mr. Irby Bennett, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., and letters from Parker Bros. and the Hunter Arms Co., in regard to their views on the subject matter of the meeting were read by the secretary.

The business before the meeting was as to whether a Grand American Handicap at pigeons should be held during the year 1903, a call having been issued for a special meeting of the stockholders, under instructions from the president.

It was the unanimous sentiment of the meeting that it would be advisable not to give a Grand American Handicap at pigeons in 1903.

The schedule of target tournaments for the coming season will be considered at the annual meeting of the Association, which will be held on the second Thursday in December next (Dec. 11).

Marion.

MARION, Ind., Oct. 8.—Following are scores made by Marion trapshooters on the 3d and 7th of this month. The shoot of the 3d was held in a downpour of rain, but on the 7th we had fine weather all day. Chambers won high average at both shoots.

Friday's scores, Oct. 3:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Total
Targets:	10	15	10	15	5	Broke.
Chambers	10	14	9	14	5	52
Dr McK	8	12	7	9	4	40
Dr Gregg	7	10	7	11	3	38
D Studly	7	9	6	10	3	35
Shelon	6	7	5	11	3	32

Tuesday, Oct. 7:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Total
Targets:	10	10	10	15	15	10	15	Broke.
Chambers	10	9	10	14	13	10	13	79
Wm Jones	9	9	5	14	..	..	..	47
Gregg	4	5	5	8	7	4	8	41
Atkinson	9	9	10	14	13	9	12	76
Whistler	7	8	7	12	11	8	12	65
Creveston	6	7	6	11	10	7	..	47
Dr McK	6	6	5	9	10	7	9	52
Stobe	6	5	6	8	10	7	10	52
Shelon	6	9	7	9	6	5	7	49
Hamilton	7	8	7	..	..	..	..	22
E Jones	8	9	8	12	13	7	12	69

A. A., Sec'y.

Raleigh Gun Club.

RALEIGH, N. C., Oct. 9.—Following is an account of our shoot to-day. The weather was perfect and a large number of ladies lent their charming presence to the occasion. They were interested spectators, and cheered when a difficult shot was made.

There was a goodly number of the members in the shoot at the beginning, but a few dropped out before the finish. The contest was close, and really in doubt until near the close.

Mr. James I. Johnson was the winner of the first prize, a handsome gold medal. He made 90 per cent., breaking 45 out of a possible 50. Mr. Johnson is, without a doubt, the best shot in the club, and his steady, superior shooting won the prize.

The second prize was won by Mr. R. T. Gowan. He tied with Messrs. J. C. Ellington and C. D. Arthur, making 43 targets out of a possible 50. The tie was decided in a 10-target event and won by Mr. Gowan.

The first prize is a handsome gold medal, and the second prize a beautiful trophy of the value of $5.

Mr. F. W. Parker shot well, making a score of 41 out of 50. James I. Johnson, Jr., also made a fine score—40 out of 50. He is quite a youthful member of the club, but shoots like a veteran, has a steady nerve and never flinches or hesitates, always firing in beautiful time.

The records made at 50 targets, distance handicap, were as follows: Jas. I. Johnson, Sr. (18) 45, R. T. Gowan (17) 43, J. C. Ellington (16) 43, C. D. Arthur (17) 43, F. W. Parker (17) 41, Jas. I. Johnson, Jr. (14) 40, G. N. Walters (16) 37, J. F. Ferrall (16) 37, R. P. Dixon (17) 35, T. S. Pearce (17) 36, R. Galloway (14) 36, P. Lee (17) 35, C. W. Barrett (14) 34, B. Stark (17) 33, J. S. Gray (17) 33, T. L. Eberhart (16) 33, E. C. Hillyer (16) 26, W. R. Crawford (16) 20, T. B. Crowder (16) 15.

Toronto Junction Gun Club.

TORONTO JUNCTION, Oct. 11.—The annual pigeon shoot was held on Thursday last, the 9th inst. The day was fine, with a good strong breeze, which made the birds go very fast, making the scores away below the average. Thirty-three members shot at 15 birds each, and J. Townson won first prize in Class A; C. Zeidler first in Class B, and J. Avann first in Class C. Following are the scores, American Association rules: J. Townson (28yds.) 14, J. MacLacklan (26) 14, C. Zeidler (28) 13, T. A. Duff (28) 12, J. Hardy (28) 12, G. W. McGill (30) 12, J. H. Thompson (30) 12, C. Kemp (30) 12, A. R. Stell (30) 12, W. Stevens (28) 12, H. Playter (28) 11, J. Avann (26) 11, P. Wakefield (30) 11, G. Mason (28) 11, H. Deye (30) 10, D. Blea (30) 10, C. Turp (28) 10, J. Paterson (26) 10, C. Reid (30) 10, G. Briggs (30) 9, W. Wakefield (28) 9, C. Herbert (26) 9, W. McDowall (30) 9, E. Morgan (28) 8, R. Harper (26) 7, C. Vint (26) 7, H. Haines (28) 7, D. C. Walton (30) 7, S. Richardson (28) 7, J. Giles (28) 6, A. Clayton (28) 6, D. J. Taylor (28) 5, A. M. Gabel (26) 4.

Nebraska City Gun Club.

NEBRASKA CITY, Neb., Oct. 8.—The fourth annual shoot given by the Nebraska City Gun Club was pulled off on Oct. 8 and 9. The weather has been as fine as could be desired. The attendance was not as large as was expected, but those present waded in and had a good time. Some good scores were made. Mr. S. A. Huntley, of Sioux City, Ia., was high man in the shoot.

First Day, Oct. 8.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	20	15	15	15	15	15	20
F B Cunningham	14	14	15	14	13	17	13	11	13	12	14	19
D Linderman	13	13	15	15	13	17	14	14	13	15	14	20
W Veach	13	15	14	15	13	16	12	13	15	12	15	16
D D Adams	14	15	11	14	14	17	14	12	13	12	15	19
J Brust	12	13	13	12	13	18	11	14	13	13	12	19
E W Warner	14	13	14	12	11	18	13	14	14	15	13	19
A A Taylor	14	13	13	14	11	15	13	12	14	15	14	20
W D Townsend	14	14	14	13	13	17	15	15	13	14	14	20
R James	15	13	15	13	13	14	13	14	12	14	12	18
F A Nicholson	15	15	12	10	14	17	14	14	15	14	13	19
S A Huntley	12	12	15	15	14	16	12	13	13	15	15	18
Stafford	..	10	13	12	11	16	14	13	12	14	15	17
Ballard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	14	12	..
Veolix	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	10	..	..

Second Day, Oct. 9.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	20	15	15	15	15	15	20
Cunningham	13	14	12	14	14	18	15	13	11	11	14	19
Linderman	13	11	12	14	14	17	14	14	13	13	13	17
Ross	12	12	12	13	11	14	11	10	7	10	12	13
Veach	15	12	13	12	14	19	14	14	14	14	15	19
Nicholson	15	12	13	13	13	17	13	15	12	13	14	18
Townsend	13	14	13	15	12	20	13	13	14	14	10	20
Taylor	3	11	14	14	14	11	14	13	10	15	12	19
Stafford	12	14	11	13	14	17	11	13	12	14	11	16
Brust	13	12	12	13	13	16	13	12	12	14	12	17
James	9	12	10	12	15	17	14	16	13	12	13	17
Huntley	15	15	11	14	14	17	15	15	15	14	14	19
Haywood	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..
Cornett	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..

High Averages.

	1st day.	2d day.	Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.
Huntley	170	180	380	350	92 7-19
Townsend	176	171	380	347	91 1-19
Veach	169	175	380	344	90 10-19
Linderman	176	165	380	341	89 23-38
Nicholson	168	172	380	340	89 9-19
Cunningham	169	168	380	337	88 10-19
Taylor	160	167	380	327	86 1-19
Brust	159	163	380	322	84 16-19
James	155	166	380	324	84 9-19
Stafford	147	158	365	305	80 10-19

F. C. NICHOLSON, Manager.

Ligonier Tournament.

LIGONIER, Pa., Oct. 11.—The attendance on the second day of the Ligonier Gun Club tournament, Oct. 7 and 8, was light. On that day the Jack Rabbit system governed the division of the moneys, while on the first day the Rose system governed.

First Day, Oct. 7.

There were twelve events at 195. L. B. Fleming, of Pittsburg, was high man, making 169; Jenniker second with 168, and E. C. Ramsey, of Ligonier, third with 165. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Denniker	15	13	18	14	10	17	15	10	15	14	18	14
Fleming	12	11	18	13	13	17	13	17	13	15	14	13
Johnson	12	12	14	12	9	15	14	13	17	11	10	9
Ross	11	13	17	13	12	15	13	12	16	13	9	12
Brown	15	12	16	10	9	16	12	8	16	12	12	13
Denny	11	10	13	10	6	15	11	14	19	12	11	14
Ramsey	12	15	18	12	11	15	13	13	17	12	13	14
Nicely	12	8	12	9	13	16	10	13	15	9	9	9
Laughrey	10	11	18	12	11	18	11	11	14	13	12	8
Stewart	10	11	17	15	10	16	13	12	14	11	14	11
Myers	14	13	14	14	13	16	10	11	9	7	..	..
Albert	10	11	10	10	10	..	..	9	..	..	..	..
Yealy	12	14	13	10	12	..	10	..	..	..	..	..
Updegraff	10	10	11	11	10	..	..	9	15	..	..	..
Dr Kimmell	..	..	12	11	11	..	..	11	14	11	14	11
Ramsey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	10	13	..	..
Martin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	7	..	..	..
Hartman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	10	15	..	..

Second Day, Oct. 8.

L. B. Fleming broke 165 bluerocks out of a possible 185, and won high average for the two days. E. C. Ramsey made a wonderful showing, and is considered by old shooters to be a comer in this line. A big crowd saw the shoot. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Fleming	7	15	7	13	10	10	14	9	15	10	13	14	13	15
Loughrey	5	7	7	13	8	9	13	9	9	10	10	14	..	..
Johnson	5	8	7	10	9	8	13	9	9	10	12	11	7	9
Ross	9	12	8	11	7	9	11	7	9	7	10	9	..	..
Brown	8	9	5	12	8	10	14	8	12	9	12	15	12	11
J O'H Denny	9	11	4	9	6	3	10	5	9	7	12	11	11	10
Ramsey	8	11	6	10	8	7	13	10	4	8	13	12	15	13
Lowe	8	12	7	12	9	3	8	6	10	4	9	11	10	9
Hartman	4	10	5	8	8	9	8	4	7	11	13	..	..	..

East End Gun Club Tournament.

FORT WAYNE, Ind.—Herewith are the scores of the East End Gun Club's first annual tournament.

K. Shepp won the high average each day of $10. R. Keller won second high average the first day, third going to M. Witz, and fourth to A. Flynn. Second high average the second day was won by H. Clark, third by Harold Money, and fourth by R. Keller:

First Day, Oct. 9.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	Total
Targets:	10	15	15	20	15	10	20	10	15	15	20	15	10	20	Broke.
H Money	10	13	12	17	12	9	18	10	15	13	20	13	10	20	193
K Shepp	9	10	15	14	13	8	17	9	15	13	18	15	9	20	185
R Keller	9	13	15	17	12	9	12	9	12	15	16	14	8	20	181
M Witz	5	11	13	18	14	9	18	8	13	11	19	12	8	16	176
J Head	9	15	11	17	12	7	15	9	12	12	19	11	8	18	175
A Flynn	7	10	11	19	12	9	14	7	12	14	16	13	7	17	168
E Foust	9	9	8	15	10	9	15	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	82
P Hill	6	8	11	12	10	5	12	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	70
W Jones	7	13	13	17	13	10	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	85
G Miller	7	15	13	18	15	8	12	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	96
H Clark	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	12	9	19	55
McDonald	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	17	9	8	18	77
Vegine	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	13	16	13	9	18	83
Howard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	6	10	9	6	..	41
Kerfoot	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	8	10	..	..	..	28
W Hitzeman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	10	..	..	..	..	20
Dr R	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	5
Dearduff	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	8

Second Day, Oct. 10.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	Total
Targets:	10	15	15	20	15	10	20	10	15	15	20	15	10	20	Broke.
Money	10	14	13	16	15	7	18	8	14	11	20	13	8	16	183
Shepp	10	15	9	19	15	10	17	9	15	13	20	14	9	18	193
Head	7	11	14	19	13	8	13	6	13	12	17	12	9	19	175
Keller	7	14	13	18	9	7	16	10	13	14	19	13	9	18	180
Flynn	7	13	9	15	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	61
Clark	10	12	14	17	11	7	19	10	12	14	18	15	10	16	186
Bardt	6	7	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	21
Hight	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6
Beckford	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	18	10	9	46
Stiggers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	15	13	9	46

Gillman Tournament.

GILLMAN, Ill.—During the winter months there is usually more trapshooting throughout central Illinois than during the summer and the opening guns were fired at Gillman, Oct. 7.

A very short notice was given of a one-day's shoot, and only the surrounding towns turned out, with the exception of one representative from the Windy City. The neighboring towns of Piper City, Askum and Watseka were well represented.

A feature of the shoot was a team contest. This caused at least five men to come from Askum and Piper City, and this helped swell the entries for the day.

The writer has often had it brought to his notice that there is nothing that keeps up the interest in shooting as much as a team contest. Every town gets interested in their club, much more than as individuals.

The day was fine, and as the traps worked nicely, the shooting was much enjoyed by all, save possibly the men who made the lowest scores.

Piper City came to the front, both collectively and individually, as Mr. Harris was high man for the day.

Team shoot. Conditions, five men, entrance $10, 20 targets to the man, money 60 and 40 per cent.

Piper City team—Fortier 14, Harris 18, Ferris 17, Weels 16, Westerhouse 16; total 81.

Gillman team—Frisby 16, Heisc 18, Peck 12, Reitz 19, Humphrey 12; total 77.

Askum team—Keene 15, Clark 17, Duckham 13, Myrick 16, Gordon 14; total 75.

The other scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	10	15	10	10	10	15	20	10	10	10	15	10
Ferris	9	8	11	10	8	9	9	15	9	7	..	..	..
Fortier	9	7	12	10	9	10	16	16	8	4	..	..	..
Harris	10	8	13	10	10	7	14	18	10	7	..	..	..
Rosalens	3	7	10	7	6	9	12	14	8	1	8	7	5
Clark	9	8	13	10	10	10	11	17	10	8	..	..	..
Myrick	9	8	13	8	8	8	10	13	6	..	..	..	5
Reitz	6	9	12	9	8	9	14	12	8	8	3	..	..
Frisby	5	8	12	6	8	6	9	13	6	7	7	8	7
Morand	8	9	9	9	9	3	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Humphrey	9	6	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	8	12	8
Broderick	7	7	12	6	6	7	13	14	9	8	7	..	..
Pierce	6	5	10	8	7	6	8	15	..	7	6	10	6
Kreebe	8	5	7	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	4	10	..
Gordon	8	9	13	9	8	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wells	6	7	11	8	6	9	10	14	6	..	..	..	..
Westhouse	5	7	..	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Duckham	3	9	10	10	8	5	12	9	..	..	..	..	..
Fowler	..	..	..	9	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kecne	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	13	7	8	..	9	14	8
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	9	12	6
Hoermer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	9	6
Rity	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	12	8
Kecb	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	4
Carey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5

BONUS.

Peters Gun Club Tournament.

NEW PARIS, O., Oct. 10.—The Peters Gun Club, of this place, gave their annual tournament yesterday at the shooting park east of town. The weather was all that could be expected, not even a breeze interfering.

The attendance in the forenoon was rather small, but during the afternoon the crowd began to gather until the grounds were literally covered with shooters and spectators.

The programme was not carried out, as it had been intended, on account of the small number of shooters to enter at the beginning, but all seemed to enjoy themselves, and expressed themselves as being glad that they came. The principal interest of the day centered on the trophy event—which was won in the shoot-off by Ed. French, of Richmond, Ind., and a special 50-bird team event between Heikes and Ideal, Fort and Kirby, and J. E. Reid and Snakes, the match being won by Heikes and Ideal with a total score of 90. The other two teams scored 88 and 86 respectively.

The next regular monthly shoot will be held on the same grounds on the second Saturday of November. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	10	25	50
Ideal	13	8	12	10	12	13	14	8	22	44
Swihart	13	14	10	13	13	12	..	..	18	..
Fort	15	12	10	12	14	..	9	8	24	45
J E Reid	14	13	15	12	13	15	15	9	23	40
Kirby	12	13	15	12	13	..	13	9	24	43
Heikes	14	15	14	14	13	..	14	10	23	46
Lyne	11	12	13	13	12	..	12	8	20	..
Warner	..	..	..	10	9	..	..	..	22	..
Hunt	..	..	9	8	8	9	..	..	20	..
Staten	..	..	10	..	8	7	..	..	14	..
O'Neil	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	20	..
Wenger	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	18	..
Kimmel	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	12	..
Sherer	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	18	..
Wiley	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	19	..
Scott	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	19	..
Snakes	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	8	19	46
French	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	21	..
Swisher	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	6	20	..
Ed Kirk	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..
Harp	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..
Brown	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..
Moses	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..
C Kirk	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..
Baker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..
Brier	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..
Roberts	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	..
Porter	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	..

G. L. LYNE, Sec'y.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Crescent Gun Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Oct. 11.—Notwithstanding the bad weather, foggy, rainy and uncomfortable, there was a good attendance at the weekly shoot of the Crescent Gun Club to-day. The scores follow:

October cup, 50 targets, handicap allowances added:

	—First 25—			—Second 25—			
	Al'ce.	Brk.	Tot'l.	Al'ce.	Brk.	Tot'l.	Total.
W J McConville	5	20	25	5	20	25	50
C J McDermott	6	20	25	6	17	23	48
Dr J J Keyes	2	20	22	2	21	23	45
H M Brigham	0	21	21	0	22	22	43
W W Marshall	6	19	25	6	7	13	38

Trophy, 15 targets, handicap allowances added. McConville, by virtue of his handicap, won the prize:

	Hdcp.	Brk.	Total.		Hdcp.	Brk.	Total.
McConville	3	11	14	Marshall	3	6	9
Keyes	1	12	13	McDermott	3	5	8
Brigham	0	12	12				

Trophy, 15 targets, handicap allowances added:

	Hdcp.	Brk.	Total.		Hdcp.	Brk.	Total.
Keyes	2	11	13	McConville	4	7	11
Brigham	0	13	13	Marshall	3	8	11

Shoot-off, 5 pairs, handicap allowances added:

	Hdcp.	Brk.	Total.		Hdcp.	Brk.	Total.
Keyes	1	7	8	Brigham	0	3	3

Shoot for trophy, 25 targets, handicap allowances added:

	Hdcp.	Brk.	Total.		Hdcp.	Brk.	Total.
Brigham	0	25	25	McDermott	5	18	23
Stake	6	17	23	Marshall	6	15	21

Sweepstake, 15 targets: Brigham 13, McDermott 10, Stake 8, Marshall 7.

Sweepstake, 25 targets: Kryn 24, Brigham 23, Pickett 18, Marshall 17.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., Oct. 11.—Rain, rain, rain! Will it ever let up raining on Saturdays? Notices were sent out for a shoot for a silver-handled umbrella, presented to the club by our genial vice-president, Dr. E. B. Sherwood. But six contestants came out to win this appropriate trophy. The handicap was added birds, which seems to some to be more satisfactory than distance handicap. Mr. Dimmick shot at the traps for the first time to-day, considering which fact he did remarkably well. Coleman came down from Sullivan county at 2 o'clock with a nice string of game, but he couldn't stay away from the clay bird game, and came within one bird of landing the umbrella.

One-half cent was taken from the price of each bird to make up a sweep, two moneys. Coleman got first, Blandford second.

Several favorable answers have been received from clubs desiring to compete for the intercounty cup on Thanksgiving Day.

The results of to-day's handicap were as follows:

E J Ball	10111110111101011011111101—19	111110 —5—2
J C Barlow	11110011111101110011111100—18	010011 —3—2
W Dimmick	11010110000110010111110101—14	00101100—3—1
W Coleman	11110111101111111111011011—21	1010 —2—2
C G Blandford	11011111111101111111111011	—2
G S Edgers	10101100011110011000011111—14	1110101 —5—1

Other events:

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	10	10	25	Targets:	10	10	2
Blandford	10	8	..	Bell	..	10	1
Dimmick	7	..	..	Barlow	..	9	1

C. G. B.

Lodi Gun Club.

CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 11.—The subjoined clipping was taken from the Lodi Review of Lodi, O. JOHN MARREN.

The Lodi Gun Club had a shoot of more than usual interest last Friday afternoon. Two visitors, Geo. High and Herman Holmes of Medina, were present and participated. Mr. Holmes is the general traveling passenger agent of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad. Two sets of 25 pigeons each were shot, Mr. Holmes demolishing the most clay birds, and Gariss was second. Messrs Plank and Bert Harris were tie for third place:

	First 25.	Second 25.	Total.
Holmes	19	22	41
J W Harris	19	17	36
Bert Harris	18	19	37
High	11	16	27
Plank	17	20	37
Drysdale	3	3	6
Foyer	8	11	19
Collins	16	16	32
Gariss	19	19	38

Mr. Holmes sported a $400 Parker gun. It was a beauty, to be sure.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Laporte of Indiana.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 11.—Laporte Gun Club, of Indiana, holds a target tournament Thursday, Oct. 16, equitable system, $5 to first and second programme guns.

Mount Sterling of Illinois.

Mt. Sterling Gun Club, of Illinois, holds its seventh annual target tournament Oct. 15; $10 to ten low programme guns, no one barred.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Nishoyne Gun Club.

Oct. 11.—The Nishoyne Gun Club, of Orange, N. J., held its weekly shoot, although the weather was foggy, dark and rainy. The Mountainside Gun Club, of West Orange, will shoot a match with the Nishoyne Club on Saturday of this week on the grounds of the latter. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	10	10	25	25
Gardiner	22	21	21	20	22	21	..	..	20	20
Engle	22	21	..	23	24	20	..	..	..	20
Yeomans	21	22	..	21	23	23	..	..	..	23
Baldwin	..	..	20	..	..	..	8	8	19	..
Mosler	..	..	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Stag	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	9	18	..
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	..	..

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

H. M. A., Boston.—Will you settle a question in dispute that is left to your decision. It is over the American game bird commonly known as partridge, and the bird more technically known as ruffed grouse. Are they one and the same bird, or are they two distinct types? I do not mean to use the term "partridge" as it may be used in any one locality, but as it is used generally throughout the United States and Canada. Is it correctly used to denote the ruffed grouse? Ans. There is no American bird commonly known as partridge throughout the United States. In New England and parts of Canada the ruffed grouse is commonly termed partridge, but in the mountains of the Southern States, and in Minnesota, the same bird is called pheasant. Neither term is correct, for the bird is a grouse. On the other hand the partridge of the Southern States is known in New York and New England as quail. It is not a true partridge, but is very near the true partridges, and belongs to the sub-family *Perdicinæ*. Thus two widely distinct gallinaceous game birds in America are locally called partridge. A Southerner, speaking of the partridge, would be talking of a type of bird distinct from that intended by a New Englander who spoke of a partridge. Of course the common English names of many American birds were given them by the early English settlers of this country, who named various birds robin, blackbird, partridge and so on, because the birds they saw here seemed to them to resemble the Old World birds called by these names. But the American partridge (quail) is different from the English partridge. The American robin (thrush) is different from the European robin redbreast, and the American blackbird (starling) is very different from the English blackbird (thrush).

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Some Good Advice.

In one of the leading magazines a distinguished physician advises that wool should be worn next to the skin the year around in our climate; light in summer, heavy in winter.

This is good advice; and if care is taken to see that the woolens are absolutely pure and porous, as in the well-known goods of Jaeger manufacture, one can be sure of comfort as well as health from acting upon it.

The Long Island shore has always been a great place for the building of boats and yachts, and it remains so to-day, even though ship and boat building yards dot the coast nowadays from the mouth of the Chesapeake to Casco Bay. Among the builders of auxiliary and cruising yachts are S. C. Wicks & Co., of Patchogue, N. Y., who can be communicated with by letter or telephone.

The South Bay Scooter is a modern vessel evolved in Great South Bay, Long Island, where it has proved itself useful to duck shooters and others. It may be defined as a sneakboat on runners, and is especially handy in shoal waters and in winter weather. Mr. Henry B. Watkins, of Bellport, L. I., is a speeialist in the construction of these boats.

Winter is the time for yacht building, and those who are going into yachting, or are about to build new vessels, are looking around now for builders and designers. Mr. Thomas F. Muncy, of Bay Shore, L. I., can furnish designs, or will build from those furnished him, for the best trade only.

Mr. L. B. Fleming won high average for the two-days' competition of the Ligonier tournament, Oct. 7 and 8, making 88.6 per cent. He used Peters factory Ideal shells and Dupont powder.

Guns, Revolvers, Ammunition, etc.

LIKE GOOD WINE

Du Pont Smokeless Powder

IMPROVES WITH AGE.

In the Hill Top Handicap, Austerlitz, Ky., Messrs. Fred Gilbert, from 32 yards, and R. S. Rhoads, from 30 yards, at fast birds, in a thirty-three yard boundary, each scored 46 out of 50 live birds. In the shoot-off Gilbert scored 9, Rhoads 8.

They both used shells that had been machine loaded in 1897 with DU PONT SMOKELESS. After being loaded five years, the Du Pont Smokeless won the Handicap and first money in competition with experts and fresh loads of various brands.

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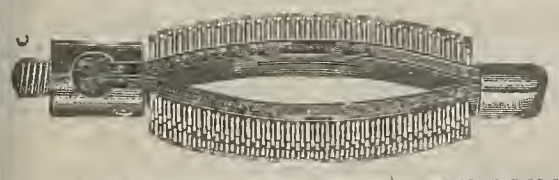

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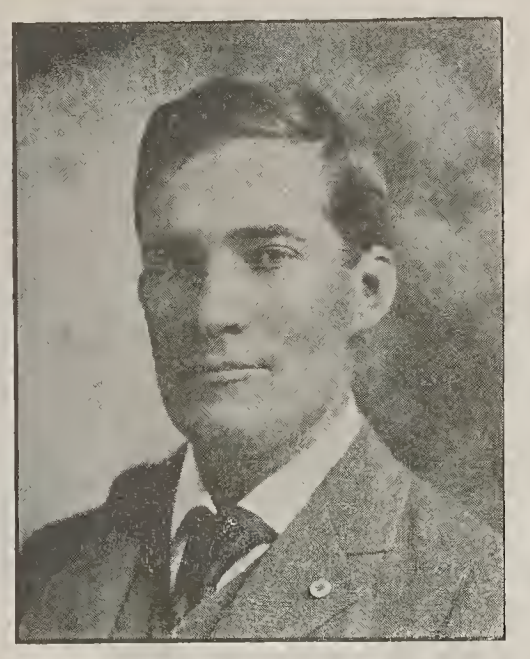

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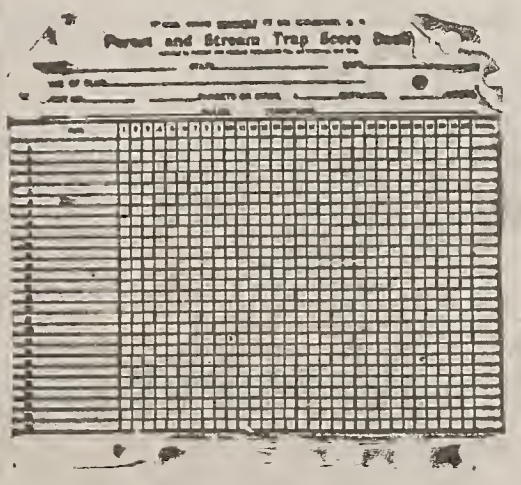

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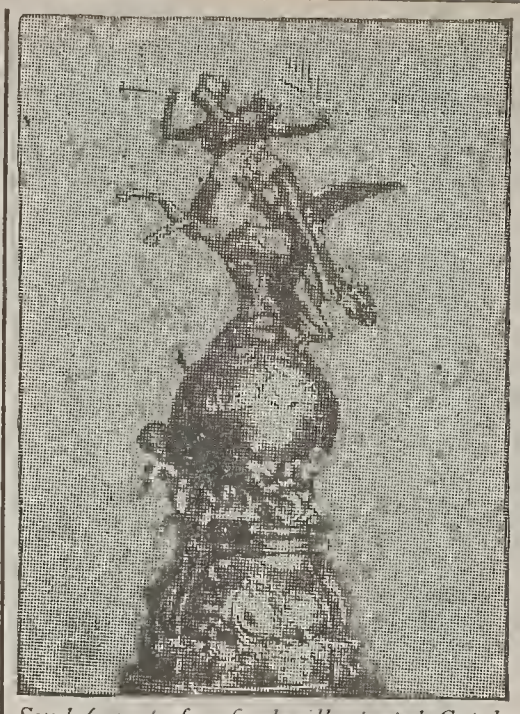

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VOL. LIX.—No. 17. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1902.

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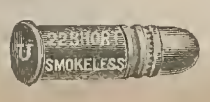

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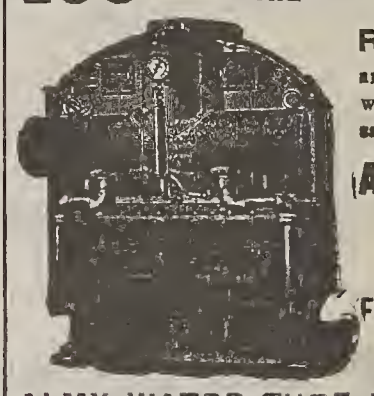

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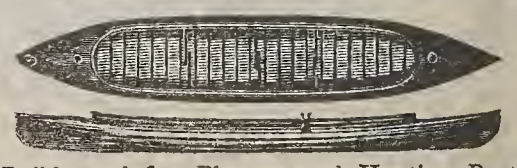

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1902.

VOL. LIX.—No. 17. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

OCTOBER.

THE four great subdivisions of the year, spring, summer, autumn and winter, embody within them many other special seasons of the sportsmen's calendar, dear to the sportsman's heart. These seasons are as varied in length as they are in admirers, yet they afford opportunity, under nature's auspices, for the activities of the different sportsmen's guilds in the acceptance of nature's charming offerings. Though these seasons are charged with numerous and varied themes, men nevertheless find much of common interest in October days. And how?

First of all, it is a season when game restrictions are suspended.

He whose delight is to fish the spring brooks surcharged with babbling waters, or to fish the landlocked lakes newly stripped of their icy covering, has much of his favorite sport with rod and reel to which he may turn in October days.

Those who, on waters salt and fresh, set forth boldly and pleasurably in yacht and canoe for strange places or strange lands, have a delightful season in October days.

Those who camp on hill or in valley without the roar and rush of the great cities, have pictures of landscape from horizon to horizon in high coloring such as only October days afford.

Those who pursue the big game of the rugged and lonely wilderness, pitting their woodcraft against the cunning, endurance and physical prowess of their quarry, have for it the season of seasons in October days.

It is a season of superlatives, in which all the themes and sports of the other seasons converge and blend in matter of interest to all, whether they be devotees of the strictly useful or the universal beautiful.

To him whose chief delight is worshipping the beautiful of nature, October days afford pictures in unending variety, in all keys of beautiful coloring, and in size from little nooks to majestic breadths, delighting the eye and storing the mind with the pleasures of participation and of memory. All these charms are presented under opposing moods of nature in October days; sometimes under a canopy of dark cloud and boisterous winds; of raw wetness of earth and sky; betimes of an atmosphere, calm, cool and bright, softened with the light blue haze of the Indian summer, when the landscapes are the superlative delight of the artist.

The year, too, is closing up its labors preparatory to its winter months of rest. It has finished its fruition. The harvest time is at its highest culmination in October days, and they largely determine the dearth or abundance of the months till October recurs again.

To many kinds of the birds, October days are filled with warnings to depart for southern climes. The robins have broken up their domestic ways, and are leading vagrant lives for a while before taking their flights to the far south, where they are largely killed as a matter of sport or subject of food.

The ducks, geese, woodcock and snipe are beginning to drift toward a warmer clime in October days, and add a new interest to the season in the esteem of the sportsman.

The birds of local habits are at their best in October days, and in their honor they cause a general exodus of sportsmen from the towns and cities.

In October days, while in the pursuit of fin, fur and feather, men gain good health by exercise and fresh air; peace of mind by contemplation and pleasant occupation.

There is in October days a realization of many weeks' anticipation on the part of the sportsman; unlimited beauties in the sky, fields and woodlands to satisfy the poetical phase of man's nature; a harvest so bountiful as to please him whose delight is limited to the material products of earth, and a game supply sufficient for the sport of the moment and to insure the sport of other October days if the game laws are observed properly both in letter and spirit.

SPRING SHOOTING.

WE print in our shooting columns a short note on spring shooting. It is a simple statement of the fact that the abolition of spring shooting in a district has been followed by the breeding of ducks there, a thing before unknown to men whose memories do not go back beyond the spring shooting era. This one single brief statement of the facts is worth long columns of speculation and argument. It is an unanswerable demonstration of the wisdom and profit of doing away once and for all with the shooting of wildfowl in the spring. What is good for one county in New York, is good for every other county in New York, and for every State.

Spring shooting may be opposed on sentimental grounds—the sentiment which abhors the taking of the lives of creatures which are on their way to the breeding grounds. But sentiment is an uncertain and fickle quality; experience has demonstrated in this particular field that sentiment cannot prevail against the passion for shooting. But the spring killing of fowl which are preparing to breed is also to be opposed for strictly economical considerations, and these may well have weight with those who on the sentimental side are the most stolid and indifferent. As an economic proposition capable of being stated in terms of spring nesting ducks, summer-hatched ducklings and fall birds for shooting, the protection of the wildfowl in spring should appeal to public intelligence. Spring protection of ducks pays; therefore, let us protect them.

LONG ISLAND WOODLANDS.

OUR recent remarks on forest destruction on Long Island aroused the city newspapers to the interest of this subject for their readers. Their local reporters and correspondents at once began to scurry about along the North Shore and South Shore interviewing coal and wood dealers, with the result that many columns of news were published concerning the information given by FOREST AND STREAM.

Along the North Shore, the cutting down of the woods has been going on very generally, and it seems as if every west-bound train on the road carried its carloads of wood. Some of this has evidently been cut for a long time, but much of it is newly cut and green. For some time past cordwood has been the equivalent of cash, and timber has been cut not merely for use at home as fuel, but to help out of his difficulties many a farmer whose crops have failed, or who, for any other reason, found himself in a position where cash was needed immediately.

Now that the coal strike appears to be over, the excessive cutting which has been taking place on Long Island will probably cease; for the price of wood will sink to its normal level and the inducement to destroy the timber will be gone.

MONEY.

A WEEK or two ago we made more or less complaint about persons who, sending to the FOREST AND STREAM sums of money for which they desire books or other goods, fail to give us the name and address to which these goods are to be sent.

We are obliged to bear the burden of blame for carelessness and failure to render value received from such persons, each of whom is, of course, unconscious that he omitted from his letter the most essential facts in connection with it. The unconsidered trifles continue to reach—and annoy—us, we are sorry to say.

In the United States there are a great many people, and among them an extraordinary number who are careless. The annual report of the Dead Letter Office last published shows that there were deposited in the post offices during the previous year in this country no less than 81,063 pieces of mail which bore no addresses. It shows also that of the letters and parcels received at the Dead Letter Office, more than 50,000 were found to contain money, to the amount of $48,000; and nearly 51,000 contained commercial papers of all kinds to the value of about $1,400,000.

These remarks are not addressed to those persons who have sent us money for which they have received nothing. Such persons are presumably out of reach. They are intended rather for those who may contemplate sending us money, each one of whom is requested to write plainly his name and address.

A notable enterprise in fish acclimatization has just been carried through successfully in Australia, where fish from the coast waters of Great Britain have been put out in New South Wales. The species selected for the experiment comprised plaice, soles, crabs, lobsters and some others; special effort being made to introduce the plaice, of which 722 were shipped, and the soles, of which the original number was eighty. The fish were placed in specially constructed tanks of immense size, which were connected with reservoirs of sea water kept constantly supplied fresh from the ocean by the ship's pumping apparatus. Of the lot of soles not less than 580 survived the voyage of more than 11,000 miles; and the other species fared well, except the lobsters, of which one solitary female was the survivor. When finally put out near Sydney Harbor, in August of this year, the fish were in excellent condition, and the Amateur Fishermen's Association, to whose initiative the transplanting was due, entertains every confidence that the assured result will be the enriching of these far southern waters with a new and permanent food fish supply.

The morning papers of Oct. 21 contained three press dispatches relating to the deaths of human beings at the hands of careless shooters. In one case it was a woman killed by a woman companion, and in another a man who was killed by a stray bullet from a long-range rifle. These two were of the class of fatalities which we are quite accustomed to hear of at this season of the year, and are of no special significance. The third, which means something, was the case of a Connecticut youth of seventeen years who had been tried on a charge of manslaughter for the killing of a hunting companion last August. The two shooters had been hunting on opposite sides of a hedge, when the defendant shot at what he thought was a bird and killed his companion. The defense was that the shooting was accidental and did not involve criminal negligence. The jury found for conviction.

The current millinery advertisements and the autumn show window displays in the shopping districts indicate that the bird as an appurtenance of hats and bonnets is still in the fashion. "The unusual demand for blackbirds has made them scarce in the market," advertises one firm. "We have secured fifty dozen of the most desired kinds, and will place them on sale to-morrow at 15c., 29c., 39c. 59c." "Black Amazon plumes of great value," announces another firm; "extra large birds," "black parrots," proclaims a third; and so it runs through the long catalogue of birds real and artificial. The autumn flight of bird-decorated headgear is on in full force, and there is still something for the Audubon Societies to do.

A correspondent asks for the origin of the fishing reel. The first mention of a reel in English angling literature is found in "Barker's Delight; or the Art of Angling," a little book published in 1651, which was two years before Walton's "Angler." In his chapter on salmon fishing, Barker speaks of a winder: "You must have your winder within two foot of the bottom to goe on your rod made in this manner with a spring, that you may put it as low as you please." Barker was also the first English writer to refer to a gaff for salmon anglers.

A convention of boards of trade and others interested in the establishment of the Appalachian National Park will be held at Asheville, N. C., to-day. The Park Bill which has already passed the Senate and been favorably reported by the House Committee on Agriculture, will come up early in the session, and confidence is felt that it will become a law in the coming session.

To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven.—Ecclesiastes III:1.

Among the other things for an October day in the field,

The Sportsman Tourist.

A Trip to the High Sierras.—III.

(*Continued from page 314.*)

There was a little delay in starting the next morning, our cunning old horse had hidden himself so securely in an alder thicket that it took one hour's search to dislodge him, his feet, also, were in bad shape, and as one of the men in a party that came in the night before was a fairly good blacksmith, we had him reshod. The rain had ceased; everything seemed favorable, and we set off in high spirits for Farewell Gap. We reached the summit after a stiff climb, about 11 o'clock. The view from this point, looking north and south, is said to be the most extensive that can be seen from any trail in this section, and I do not remember of having seen it surpassed since I stood upon Mt. Hood in 1866. This range forms the divide between the Kaweah and the Little Kern rivers, the latter being one of the most famous trout streams in a region where they are exceptionally abundant everywhere.

Just over the divide was an immense snow drift, where the river has its origin, the trail running within a few yards of its edge, and only a few feet below began a meadow equal in beauty to any that we saw on the trip. On the upper end was about two acres that was an unbroken mass of blue lupins; next came an acre or more of Mariposa lilies, and then a vast kaleidoscope of purple daisies, columbines, shooting stars, etc., all in full bloom. Woodchucks and hummingbirds were plentiful, and here, for the first and only time, we saw a strange looking black and white bird about the size and appearance of a magpie, but with longer legs and bill, flying about among the rocks.

Black clouds, riven by frequent flashes of lightning were rapidly rising in the west, as we descended the northern slope, and knowing that three miles down on the Kern there was a deserted cabin, we pushed on without delay with the hope of escaping the storm. These storms are quite common in the mountains here during the summer; they can be seen from, but never reach Visalia, and the heat there is more oppressive when they occur than at any other time.

The "Broder Cabin," toward which we were hastening, is a relic of the old Mineral King mining excitement, and was built by John Broder, one of the present proprietors of the camp at the giant forest, several years ago, and as there is no house within six miles of it in any direction, it has since furnished a welcome refuge to many a storm-beaten party of hunters and tourists. It was raining steadily as we drove up to it, and tumbled our pack into the open doorway, a building 15x30 feet in size, with neither door or window, but fortunately, with a tight roof. It was built of very large logs, and the roof was well braced to stand the weight of heavy snows. In one end was a tumble-down fireplace and in the other a bunk running the width of the building, with a smaller one at the side; a rough table of shakes was fastened to the wall, with a log on four legs for a bench in front of it; primitive enough, it is true, but it represented all that we required for the time being, and we thanked our stars for Broder's happy forethought. The cabin was located in a grove of tamarack, with a small stream, suitable for all household purposes, within ten yards of the door on one side, and on the other the Little Kern, full of trout, went brawling along forty feet below.

There was a good supply of firewood inside, left by some thoughtful predecessor, and we were soon engaged in drying our clothes and preparing dinner. The rain continued, with every prospect of a wet night, and the afternoon wore away until about 4 o'clock, when the tramp of horses outside aroused us, and we were surprised by the arrival of a party of five men and two women from Mineral King, en route for Kern Lake, twenty-five miles distant. They were orange growers from Lemon Cove, who had improved the interval between the irrigating and harvest season by a trip up to the snowy range. All were experienced mountain travelers, and their outfit left but little to be desired. Beside their riding animals, they had five fine pack mules, a wall tent, canned fruits and vegetables, honey, etc., three rifles and as many split-bamboo fly-rods.

The interior of Broder's cabin, with its blazing fire and dry couches, presented such a contrast to the muddy trails and dripping trees outside that they determined to go no further that night, but it did not prevent two, of the most enthusiastic fishermen of the party from jointing their rods as soon as the ladies had been attended to and descending to the river, from which they returned two hours later soaked to the skin, but bringing over fifty trout, enough for the whole party. In the evening we all gathered about the great stone fireplace, and while the women mixed bread and arranged the table, decorating it with flowers in tomato cans, the men fried flapjacks and trout, smoked their pipes and told stories of former experiences in the mountains. They had hunted for deer without success at Bear Paw and Mineral King, and were now headed for Kern River, where report said they were more plentiful.

The steady patter of the rain upon the shake-covered roof enhanced the cosy appearance of the interior, which the deft fingers of the women soon gave quite a homelike appearance. During the afternoon a lull in the storm had occurred that the men took advantage of to pitch the tent near the cabin, and a portion of the latter was partitioned off with tent cloth to make an apartment for the ladies that night. By 10 o'clock most of the party were asleep, only to be aroused a little later by the clatter of wood rats among the dishes on the table. Knowing the thievish propensities of these mischievous little rodents, the women hastily arose and secured all the spoons and cutlery, after which we knew nothing more until a vigorous yell from those in the tent outside announced the dawn of another day.

Breakfast having been partially prepared the night before, the men sallied out at once after the horses, and soon after sunrise, with every prospect of a fine day before them, our friends took their departure, leaving D. and I again the sole occupants of the Broder cabin.

We had intended going from the little Kern to Kern Lake, twenty-five miles further on, but the trail, which was very steep and rocky, had been rendered still more difficult by the recent rains; the time allotted for our vacation had also nearly expired, and we reluctantly decided to spend another night where we were, and return to Mineral King. It was with much regret that we reached this decision. Kern is many times larger than Eagle Lake, and abounds in bigger trout, that take both fly and spoon readily, and I had anticipated much pleasure from our visit there. Perhaps this regret would have been even more poignant than it was had these been the only considerations, but I confess that I missed the elasticity of limb that nearly forty years ago had carried me so easily to the crest of those mighty bulwarks that gird the glories of Yosemite, and realized that the long intervening years of sedentary life but poorly fitted me for a task that many a younger man would shrink from attempting on foot.

Little Kern River is nearly as famous for rattlesnakes as it is for trout, a reptile that D. was very anxious to meet in its native wilds. Since we had entered the mountains we had seen scores of places where they had crossed the road; they had been killed in front and behind us, and we had even heard the shots that destroyed them, but not a live snake had we seen. Some of the ladies of the Sierra Club wore skins about their hats, whose original wearers had been destroyed by their own fair hands, and we were assured that they were so numerous on the Little Kern that it was unsafe to fish there. All of which had made D. more anxious than ever to reach it.

Accordingly he and I a little later in the forenoon started down the river on an exploring expedition. Hunting rattlesnakes not being so much of a novelty to the writer, I took the rod and flies along as a fairly good substitute, especially as the appetites of our departed friends had not left a very large supply of trout on hand, and while D. was searching the adjacent rocks I whipped the pools for our dinner. The rain of the previous night had doubled their volume and changed them to a milky hue, making the fishing much poorer than is usual in this prolific stream; but there was not much difficulty in getting enough for our modest requirements. Not so, however, with the quest of D.; there was a serious deficiency in the visible supply of snakes, and the most careful search failed to bring a single rattler in sight. Perhaps it was the still dripping vegetation that kept the elusive ophidians so persistently under cover; but I shall always believe it was simply "kismet." Frank's two most ardent desires when we left Visalia were to kill a deer and capture a rattlesnake, and these were the only two possibilities of the trip that failed to materialize.

Near the river, about a mile below the cabin, we found a soda spring, whose waters were so deliciously pungent that it only needed a little syrup to furnish a beverage equal to any city fountain. About noon dark clouds again began rolling up from the west, and although we hastened our return, we were caught in a shower before reaching the cabin. A wet afternoon followed, during which two of the surveying party at Mineral King arrived dripping like drowned rats. They had been caught by the storm when crossing the summit at the gap. Hailstones the size of hens' eggs drove their horses distracted, and they had been obliged to seek shelter under their canvas pack cover to save themselves from injury. We were pleased to be able to return, through them, the kindness of Capt. Barnard, and while they dried their clothes at the fire, we warmed their stomachs with internal stimulants.

The surveyors did not pass the night with us, but departed for Big Kern River during a lull in the storm. There were no other arrivals during our stay at the cabin, which D. and I occupied alone that night.

The next morning dawned bright and beautiful, and we took advantage of it to return to Mineral King. Our stay there was for one night only, and the next morning we started on our long trek down the mountain by the stage road to Visalia. About a mile below the cañon contracts to a width of perhaps fifty yards, with abrupt walls on either side. Here a fence with a carriage gateway had been thrown across to prevent the egress of stock, making an excellent and fairly secure pasture of all the meadows between it and the summit of Farewell Gap. Two miles below this brought us again within the park limits, where we found a detachment of the cavalry guard encamped. Sequoias were quite numerous here, but not as large as those in the vicinity of Sierra Camp. The park at this point is about eleven miles wide and six miles below the encampment. In the very center of the park we found a large saw mill in operation, working those magnificent trees into lumber. There are, we understood, 360 acres here belonging to private parties; but the devastation being wrought is sad to contemplate, and it would seem advisable for the Government to purchase it and remove this cancer spot from this fair domain. Two or three miles below this were the ruins of another saw mill, that had been destroyed by a snow-slide. Nothing had been removed, and the ground was strewn with wrecked machinery. Mountain quail, the last we were to see, were very plenty and almost as tame as chickens.

In the afternoon we reached Grunegan's Ranch, a home station for the stages, eighteen miles from and 3,000 feet below Mineral King. Meals and stock feed could be had at reasonable rates, and there we met a few summer boarders to whom the extreme heat of the valley and the altitude of Mineral King were equally objectionable. The place was just outside the park limit, and although in the cañon, gave evidence of thrift and industry. The house was quite large, with a fine veranda that had a magnificent westerly view on the slope. Above it were many trees laden with fruit, and below was the barn and stockyards. Almost every rod of the road to this point had been a steep down-grade. We spent the night in the barn, and after a good breakfast the next morning, continued on down the cañon. Valley quail and doves now began to appear, and seven miles below we came to the power house that furnishes Visalia with 2,000 electrical horse power for its street railroads, flour mills, etc. The flume starts near Grunegan's, and in seven miles they secure a fall of 1,300 feet. The works were a model of their kind, and did credit to both builders and manager. Five miles further down brought us to Britton Bros.' store, our next stopping place, and less than a mile from Three Rivers, mentioned in the first number. Here D. and I passed our last night out of doors, rolled in our blankets beneath a tree in the great corral.

This is one of the finest places in the mountains. The cañon expands into a small valley, with pastures and meadows, fruit trees and gardens, and seems to be as well adapted to citrus culture as Lemon Cove. The store was well stocked with every variety of merchandise, and close by was a large shop owned by the firm, run by a turbine and supplied with laths, planers, circular saws, drilling and boring machines, capable of repairing any machinery in use in that section.

Learning that there was a daily stage from Three Rivers, we sold our outfit and engaged passage in it to Visalia. The return trip was by the same route over which we had so wearily plodded on foot in the intense heat on our way up, only instead of taking two days, it was less than five hours from the time that we started until the stage drew up before the Palace Hotel in Visalia. Here we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. John Broder, the builder of the famous Broder cabin, that had been to us and many others such a welcome refuge on the Little Kern. It is not likely that Mr. Broder had the public welfare in view when he erected that cabin, but as he took us by the hand that evening in the hotel with the memory of the two days and night spent there so vividly before us, it was impossible for us to regard him otherwise than a public benefactor of the highest order. He had just come in from Sierra Camp, of which he was one of the proprietors, and we were glad to have an opportunity to return the many kindnesses he had shown us while we were staying there.

The return to Visalia practically ended our trip, but it is with a lingering regret that I lay down a pen whose services have, again brought before me each salient incident of the most pleasurable outing I have enjoyed in many years. Good fortune attended us in most things from the start. The moral standard of Visalia is not considered by many to be as high as that of some of the sample towns on the coast. There is more than an average number of saloons to the square rod, and in years gone by, it has been the headquarters of several distinct gangs of train robbers; but during our stay there we were treated with marked kindness, and the outfit we purchased at the general store of L. N. Woods was first-class in every respect. No doubt much of this was due to our introduction by Mr. Huntley, who stands as high there as does Gokey of Dawson; but we found it the same with the park guards, and also at Sierra Camp and Mineral King. The meeting with Muir, Merriam, Hittell and Keith; the glorious evenings at Alta Meadows and Eagle Lake; the fine fishing; the grand scenery—all these are things we can live over and over again, as time rolls away.

One other factor in this connection I must mention, the last and best of all, coming like the dessert, the walnuts and the wine at the end of a feast—the companionship of one whose tastes and impulses were perfectly in harmony with my own; one whose love for nature in its wildest and grandest forms, and whose delight in probing the mysteries that surround the lives of the shy denizens of flood and forest, I have never seen surpassed; the friend of my early youth, who, although separated by years piled upon years and thousands of miles that intervened, never failed to welcome my rare returns to the town of my birth with an affection surpassing that of a brother; the one, in short, whom I would have chosen above all others for a companion. His presence alone would have made a desert blossom as a garden of roses. The locks of both are now thickly sprinkled with gray, our steps have lost the elastic spring of youth, and our eyes do not catch the sights of a rifle as quickly as formerly, but the lapse of time has only more firmly cemented the friendship of early manhood, and to have him with me as I did, formed a fitting climax to what is quite possibly the last extensive outing that will ever fall to the lot of old

FORKED DEER.

A Pretty Side Trip.

FEW of the transcontinental passengers over the C. P. R. know what an attractive side trip can be made by steamer from Rat Portage, Ontario, to Harding, Minnesota, a distance of about 240 miles. I had not looked for fine steel steamers luxuriously furnished on Lake-of-the-Woods, for I had just the geography idea of that locality, and I did not know that there were 14,000 surveyed islands in Lake-of-the-Woods, and that it was the most beautiful island scenery that one can imagine. The Rainy Lake steamers that make part of the side trip are not luxurious, and one realizes that he is on the frontier. There was evidence of that all along. In the lumber regions, for instance, about every man who was not at work was drunk. Good fellows, all right, but drunk, nevertheless. On the United States side of the boundary there is no license, for the country is not organized, and there is no one to whom liquor license is to be paid. The result is that any one can start any sort of a dive that he chooses, and be responsible to nobody. I wondered how one of the little steamers could earn sufficient income to pay running expenses, but learned that it was easy if one only knew how. The captain apologized for giving us "nothing but moose and ducks for meat," because, he said, that beef was pretty high. We stopped to get several cords of wood for the boiler, and I was informed that Uncle Sam owned the wood. The moose and ducks are shot by the steward. It is a part of his irksome duty. Now I can run a steamer for myself if some one will furnish provisions for the passengers, and if fuel is free. The only thing that would bother me would be the first cost of the steamer, but I am sure that there must be some way to get around that, too, if one is only trained to it. While we were in the Rainy Lake region—about three weeks altogether—we only had four days without rain. I remarked to one of my guides that the lakes were well named, and he patriotically assured me that it did not often rain there and that they were named after a man by the name of Rainy who discovered them. This guide was a character, I secured him by writing to the

stmaster of a certain town, who informed me that e guide was a Christian gentleman who did not drink swear. Next time I will ask for Harry Tracy. It the first time in thirty years of camping that I have n across a lazy and indifferent man for head guide. e was unmarried, and I asked him one day how it ppened that he had never secured a partner of his sor- ws and a spoiler of his joys. He said: "Well, the ouble is the women in this part of the country won't no work. They won't jine hands with a chap and ke chances on luck. If a woman's a sport she says don't need to work,' and if she's a lady she says ll be damned if I work, anyhow.'"

It is a great moose country where we were, and the dians confirmed my guide's statement that no white nters ever went into a part of the country where we ent the latter part of August. I found the remains of n recently killed moose in the first six miles of one the rivers that we went down. Three bulls in the lvet, and the rest cows and calves. Killed by the dians. There are so many moose there that it makes difference, however. In the town of Rat Portage ere is a by-law which states that "no moose, cattle, rses, geese or other animals shall be allowed to run large." It seems that the boys liked to have tame oose, and the moose took too many liberties. Rat ortage is a mighty fine town, nevertheless, and one at is well worth visiting.

Labor is scarce out in that country, and one sees signs calling for common laborers at $2 per day and board, d farm hands at $2.50 a day and board. I have a ggestion to make to the Canadian authorities, and ey can send me a box of cigars for the idea. In ewfoundland there are fifty thousand of the sturdiest rt of men who are out of work at just the time that en are most needed in the harvest fields. They will rk sixteen hours a day without grumbling. I know for I have employed lots of them, and at a dollar day at that. Now, if the C. P. R. can manage to t these 50,000 Newfoundlanders on the wheat fields at moderate cost for transportation every year, some- dy will be glad.

ROBERT T. MORRIS.

West 56th Street, N Y, Oct 14.

Natural History.

Notes on Monkeys.

How many of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM ever v a monkey which was but a few days old? I well member my surprise at the appearance of the first one hich was born under my care. It was a macaque mon- (*Macacus cynomoldus*), and for a few days after its th, I imagined that it was a weakling, and would live a short time. It seemed as if it were preternaturally d, instead of being a few hours old; but not many ys elapsed before its appearance changed, and it became hubby-cheeked youngster, closely cl nging to its mother all her movements. Until it was about a week old, the n generally sat in one of the back corners of the cage sely holding the suckling in her arms, but in com- ratively a short time she climbed and sprang about, ily carrying her baby, which energetically clung under- th her, with its limbs around her body. S nce then I ve had several born while under my charge, and always s successful in rearing them.

once had a female of the same species confined in a ge with several others of different kinds, all of which bullied most outrageously. Singular to relate, the only e that her chicken-hearted fellow prisoners summoned courage to pay her off for her domineer ng, was when became thoroughly intoxicated. During cold weather was my custom, on about two nights in each week, to e my monkeys a good drink of warmed ale, well eetened with molasses. So soon as the pan containing tipple was placed in the cage, the bully took posses- n of it, and no other occupant dare approach it until had guzzled her fill. She would then ret re to a cor- of the cage and allow her companions to drink the nainder. In a few minutes she would be thoroughly oxicated, and, strange to relate, all of her ill humor ished and she would allow her associates to play all ts of pranks with her, while she endeavored to hug and dle every one on which she could place her paws. The xt morning she would generally be found sitting in a k corner of the cage, and woe betide any of her fellow soners who dared to approach her.

once had a pet Rhesus monkey (*Macacus rhesus*) t I kept n my room, which was always at liberty dur- my presence. Nothing delighted her so much as to ve me stretch out on the bed and allow her to make a rough search of my pockets for bits of candy which d been inserted for her special gratification. After the est was ended, she would give my hair and beard a nplete overhauling and carefully remove every bit of ndruff, etc. On these occasions she would not allow one to enter the room. If my roommate wished ad- ttance, he was forced to knock and inquire "If that in- nal monkey was loose?" One afternoon I unhooked a all mirror which hung on the wall and held it in front her. On seeing her reflection, she grimaced and placed paw on the glass, as if she wished to catch hold of the uble. Finding that she could not succeed, she reached ound behind the glass with exactly the same result, when e receded and then bounded forward, attempting to ze her double with both paws. My sudden withdrawal the glass prevented its being smashed, and on its being ain presented, with the back toward her, she failed to ognize it as the same object which had caused her so ch concern. Placing it in the same position, I re- ved it, when she began a search, and after at least minutes passed in her fruitless quest, she gave vent her disappointment by a series of deep grunts, coiled alongside my body and fell asleep. The next day the rror was again presented to her, when she grimaced and ned her posterior to it. Having repeatedly seen this ion in other monkeys, I divined her wish, and gently atched her rump with one hand while the other re- ved the glass. So soon as the rubbing ceased she turned softly in quest of her double, and failing to behold it, seemed to be stricken with intense fear, and bolted underneath the bed, uttering a series of agonizing grunts. It required great care and a deal of tact on my part to keep from being bitten while endeavoring to remove her from her hiding place. I was finally successful by enveloping her completely in a portion of the bed clothes. One of the windows of my room opened on the yard of an adjacent building, in which several children of both sexes were accustomed to play. So soon as she heard their voices the monkey would seat herself on the window sill and seem much interested in their frolics. The boys would tease her by making use of all sorts of belligerent actions, to which she would respond by extending her ears and gaping repeatedly, which were indications of anger. The girls acted differently, making various merry, winsome actions, which caused the monkey to draw up the skin of her forehead, pucker her lips and grin.

One of the most difficult jobs that I ever had on my hands was the administration of the different remedies to monkeys, for the various ailments to which they are subject while in confinement. I always endeavored to use stratagem, instead of force, on such occasions, and I well remember a predicament in which I found myself once with a mandrill. He was confined in quite a large cage with a number of Rhesus monkeys, over whom he domineered to his heart's content. He was a great favorite with his keeper, who constantly overfed him, in spite of my frequent mandates to the contrary. Just as I feared, he was found one morning lying in a stupid condition, and diagnosing his case, I instantly began to plan how I should administer a dose of May apple (podophyllin). I hurried the keeper off to the apothecary with a note describing my need; he soon returned with a pill containing the required medicine. My next embarrassment was how to administer it without using force; as I did not wish to irritate the animal while in such a serious condition. Therefore, I concluded to use stratagem. Enveloping the pill in a bit of banana, I moved away a few feet from him and began to feed his fellow prisoners with bits of the fruit which I dropped along in front of them, gradually tempting them to approach him. When they arrived close to him I dropped the medicated morsel within his reach, when he slowly reached out, grabbed and swallowed it. Feeling much pleased at the success of my maneuver, I withdrew and anxiously waited until the next morning, when I found that the medicine had acted just as I wished, and the animal much improved.

During my sojourn in Durban, Natal, South Africa, my residence was in the suburbs of the town, at the foot of what was known as the Berea Hill. Immediately back of my house was a large sweet potato patch, the product of which served as one of the main sources of nutriment for my Kaffirs. From the rear of the patch the hill rose, densely covered with a forest growth, which was the hiding place of a host of Vervet monkeys, who subsisted largely on the plunder of the patch. Of course, the monkeys were the detestation of the Kaffirs, who used every means in their power to prevent the pillage, but were unsuccessful, as, whenever a foray was made, a sentinel was always placed in some safe, elevated position whence he could give the alarm whenever the natives started into the patch, thus giving the robbers notice to hurry off helter skelter, taking advantage of the ample growth of the vines for concealing their movements. One afternoon I happened to be arranging the sights of my Winchester rifle, when I caught a glimpse, through an open window, of a monkey climbing a corn stalk alongside the patch. Quickly raising the weapon to my shoulder I fired, and the bullet cut the stalk just below the watchman, causing him to fall with a heavy thud and a prolonged grunt, which served as a warning to the depredators, who retreated post-haste. The next day I secreted myself in one of a row of empty shipping cages, but not a monkey put in an appearance, and I underwent a like experience for several days.

It then struck me that my movements had been watched from some secure hiding place, and I determined to use an artifice in order to circumvent the depredators. Consequently, the next afternoon, taking my two keepers for company, we passed along in the rear of the cages, and when the one was reached in which the rifle had been placed on the preceding night, I hurriedly ensconsed myself, while the keepers sauntered on to the end of the row and back into the house. But a short time elapsed before I was gratified by the sight of a sentinel in a neighboring tree, while the vibrations of the potato vines betrayed the movements of the robbers. At the crack of the rifle the sentry tumbled from his perch, and there was a scramble for safety by the thieves. This artifice served for several days, when the depredators evidently fathomed my stratagem and ceased their pilfering.

There was an interval of several weeks, and the robbing was renewed, when I was forced to adopt a new device to circumvent the spoilers. Carefully concealing a shotgun, well up the hill during the night, I waited until the next afternoon for the customary appearance of the sentinel. So soon as I had located him, I sauntered off at a right angle until I was hidden by the foliage, when I turned and carefully ascended the hill until its summit was nearly reached, when I again turned and finally brought up in the rear of the gang, with my gun ready for use. Carefully descending the hill, I came within shot of the watchman without his being aware of my approach. He was riddled with shot before he could give an alarm, and a fresh cartridge was inserted before the panic-stricken gang came close to me, when two more were toppled over, and henceforth my neighborhood was rid of sweet potato thieves. In my wanderings about the neighborhood I found that it was necessary to keep small parties of Kaffir children constantly patrolling the mealie* fields to prevent a shortage of the crop.

One would scarcely imagine that a monkey could be trapped, but I had a number brought to me by Kaffirs who had captured them in pyramidal traps made of cane, and weighted with a log, to prevent upsetting and escape. So soon as a Kaffir caught one, he would slip a number of short lengths of cane underneath the trap, bind them fast and then bring the trap and capture to me. The usual bait was roasted sweet potato. It is a well-known fact that the chacma baboon is able to distinguish the sexes of the natives of South Africa. They will watch a Kaffir kraal until all the males have wandered off, when they will plunder the mealie patch in spite of the cries of the female residents.

FRANK J. THOMPSON.

* Mealies is the colonial name for Indian corn, and is evidently a Kaffir corruption of the word maize.

Mammals New to New Mexico.

MR. C. M. BARBER has recently published in the Proceedings of the Biological Society of Washington, certain notes on little-known New Mexican mammals and species apparently not before reported from the territory, some of which will be interesting to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

There recently came into Mr. Barber's possession the skin and skull of a young ram, an old ewe and a very young lamb of the Mexican mountain sheep (*Ovis mexicanus*, Merriam). These were killed in March, 1901, on the Guadalupe Mountains near the boundary line between New Mexico and Texas. A small band are reported to live on this range of mountains, and to pass up and down the range from New Mexico to Texas. As these specimens have been compared from those with type locality Lake Santa Maria, Chihuahua, Mexico, there seems to be no doubt that the Mexican bighorn is found in certain localities in Texas and New Mexico.

Concerning the form of beaver described by Mearns under the name *Castor canadensis frondator*, Mr. Barber has this to say:

"In September of 1898 I located a large colony of beavers about six miles below Ruidoso Post Office, on the Ruidoso Creek, Lincoln county, New Mexico. After a period of probation spent in learning their habits and how to trap them, I succeeded in securing a series of eleven specimens, representing all ages. This species lives here in the creek bank, and little attempt was made to deepen the stream by damming it. I found old cuttings up the stream to an altitude of about 8,000 feet. At the time I visited the colony they were living among the Mexican ranches at about 6,000 feet elevation. At that season (September to November) they were feeding on corn alone, although a few scarred willows were to be seen along the bank. The Mexicans had planted their corn right down to the water's edge to utilize all the available ground in the narrow valley. The beavers were cutting and dragging the corn to the stream, then floating it to their dens. In places there was a wagon load of stalks in the water. Near the dens they had cleaned the ground for a hundred feet on either side and made great trails in dragging stalks to the stream. The Mexicans could not trap them, and as they never appeared in the day time and seldom in the twilight, very few were killed."

It is not surprising that the jaguar (*Felis hernandesii*) should occur in this locality. Mr. Barber states that Mr. Nat. Straw tells him that in May, 1900, he trapped a jaguar near Grafton on Taylor Creek, Socorro county, N. M. Its length was given as 8 feet 3 inches. Several others were heard of as having been seen or killed in the general region.

Beside these larger mammals, Mr. Barber records a skunk, a ground squirrel and two weasels new to the region.

Breeding Blue Foxes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Norton & Robinson, of Foxcroft, Me., have entered into a business of breeding the black, silver-gray and the blue fox. This business may be a paying one if they are able to sell their pelts as high as some have been sold in London. Mr. Knight, of Boothbay, Me., went into this business several years ago, but what success he has met with I am unable to say. He imported his foxes from Alaska. He sent me a very fine photo of a black fox eating a piece of meat out of his keeper's hand. I inclose a very interesting letter from Norton & Robinson, which will interest your readers. You will see there is no distinct breed as a black fox, but by selecting the blacks and breeding them together, they may be able in course of time to establish a distinct breed that will be known as the black fox.

W. O. BLAISDELL.

The letter reads:

"Blue and silver or black foxes are sports of regular breeds or types of foxes, the same as a black sheep is a sport in a flock of normally white ones, or a black squirrel or an albino deer or crow or blackbird.

"The silver (or black fox, which is the same, only the silver has a larger sprinkling of white hairs in the black fur) is a sport of the common American red fox, but being mated together will soon breed true silver or black.

"The blue fox is a sport of the white Arctic fox in the same way. The common Arctic fox is brown in summer and white in winter, like our common rabbit. They are inhabitants of the Arctic regions. Blue fox fur is worth from $10 to $25, sometimes up to $50; silver fox is quoted in the fur circulars at $50 to $300. I have known them to bring $500, and royal black fox skins have been sold in London for thousands. They breed once a year, and usually have litters of from five to seven.

I have not heard lately from Mr. Knight's 100-acre fox island in Boothbay Harbor. Two years or so ago they thought that they had some thirty or forty foxes there but as they were scattered over the whole island they could not tell much about it.

"Our original blue foxes came to us 5,000 miles from the islands of Alaska. A pair of blues as breeders sell for $125; a pair of silvers for $500, more or less."

The subject for conversation at an evening entertainment was the intelligence of animals, particularly dogs. Smith says: "There are dogs that have more sense than their masters." "Just so," responded young Fitznoodle; "I've got that kind of a dog myself!"

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Game Bag and Gun.

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

On the Stubble Among the Geese.

"It's nine o'clock, boys; you must be up at two and will then have to hustle to be in readiness before the geese begin to move in their morning flight," and suiting the action to the words we knock the ashes from our pipes and breaking the circle around the kitchen range, we go aloft and turn in and drop off to sleep with the heavens of our imagination alive with honking feathered V's of geese. We are at a farmhouse miles out from Dawson, with stubble on all sides of us as far as the eye can reach. The railroad whistle and the trolley gong may be blowing and clanging somewhere else, but around us is the stillness of death. The barking of the watchful dog, suspicious of the moon, cannot be heard, even be he hard at it, for the next house is far out of hearing.

A resounding whack upon the panel of our door, administered by the horny-fisted hand of Jim, the man of all work around the farm, brings us bolt upright in our beds. "It's two o'clock; the rig is ready and breakfast is waiting." Another forty winks added to the seemingly only forty we have just had is out of the question, and we turn out.

It's an outrage, we exclaim, to have the women folks up and around for our benefit at such an hour, but inasmuch as the cakes, sausages and coffee are steaming hot upon the table in front of us, there is simply nothing to do but fall to and eat and be thankful and show our appreciation of the cooking by eating heartily. When a housewife has, after much care and labor evolved a meal, she feels that no compliment or praise amounts to anything compared with its hearty enjoyment by the partakers. A cleared platter speaks louder than words. Decoys, shell cases, guns, a liberal supply of straw and three or four shovels are loaded into the rig, and we are off across the trackless stubble fields toward a knoll which our friend tells us is in the line of flight from the prairie lake to the feeding grounds. The morning is cold and frosty, almost cold enough for ice. For north of us the lakes are already solid, and the ducks and geese are moving south to open water. The lake is not a great distance away, and an occasional note from the roosting mallards can be heard, otherwise no sound disturbs the surrounding stillness.

Here we are upon the chosen ground. Two pits must be dug, and we set to work by the light of the lantern. I say we, but as a matter of fact, the farmer and his hired man very considerately set us to watching the horses and getting the straw out of the wagon and unloading our shell cases and preparing the decoys. It was evident that we were more expert at other things than digging pits through half frozen prairie soil.

There is no heaping up of earth around the pits, every shovelful is scattered to fall evenly upon the stubble. Geese, proverbially stupid, are yet a suspicious bird in their wild state. They will decoy to a libel upon their race in the form of a one-legged tin fraud, having nothing more than outline and color to commend it. I have frequently wondered why so many wise old ganders with the responsibilities of their charges upon them, should have gone to their deaths through a few pieces of painted tin that no one but a goose would mistake for a goose.

I think it is simply an exemplification of the old adage that love is blind, and the gander, the lord and master of the flock, seeing the possibility of additions to his harem, allows his lovesick blindness to lure him on. Some might argue that the birds in the air, by instinct, thinking the ones in the stubble have found pleasant feeding grounds, accordingly keep them company. But be this as it may, records will prove that a goose call and a few tin gay deceivers have brought many a flock of geese out of the clouds down and within reach of a load of BB's.

And Jim and the farmer are still digging, and we, having performed the arduous tasks considerately set for us, are holding the lantern and bossing the job. Under our superintendence the second pit is finally completed. Then the straw comes into play. We take it and thinly scatter it over the loose dirt thrown from the pits to make it approximate in appearance the surrounding stubble. The decoys are now evenly divided and stuck into the ground around each pit. There is nothing left to be done than to get into the pits and await the first faint line of dawn upon the horizon. A few finishing touches in the matter of scattering the remnants of straw judiciously about, when the shovels are thrown into the rig, and with hearty wishes for our success, our kind and obliging colaborers turn the horses' heads toward home, with a promise to return for us at noon and pick us up. Jim, out of the darkness, yells back to know if he had better bring the big farm wagon to stow away our game. The glimmer of the retreating lantern and the pattering hoof beats of the horses upon the stubble are lost to sight and hearing, and we are left to ourselves. Our pits are thirty feet apart upon the crest of the knoll, and conversation relieves the tedium.

We face toward the east, and with the very first streak of dawn we hear a faint honk far away and well up in the sky. The geese are on the wing. Honk! A little more distinct. They are coming our way. We strain our eyes over the edge of the pit between two shielding decoys, but we can see nothing. Honk! Honk! More and more distinct, and we finger the safety slides of our guns to make sure they are right.

There they are, well up, a dim sort of a V indistinctly contrasting with the struggling light along the earth line.

We can now hear the low gabbling of the entire flock, a chorus to the resonant honks of the leading gander. The goose call is cautiously used and all seems well, for their flight is not only yet directly toward us, but they are lowering. If we hold straight they are our meat. We move not a muscle, hold our breaths and wait. Through the look-out we can clearly outline each bird and his markings, as well. With necks outstretched they are regarding our decoys with interest mingled with suspicion, but they are still coming on. The flock set up a sort of low squealing, much like what would be given out by a basket of restless puppies. How evenly and beautifully they come on, every bird keeping his line and distance, the leader with every sense alert to danger and his every movement being watched by his followers, even to the rhythmic strokes of their wings.

They are thirty yards up and almost over our heads, when the gander, becoming alarmed, gives forth a honk that acts like electricity upon the flock. Their line and formation is instantly broken as each and every bird seeks safety for itself. But for some it is too late, for as they pass over our heads and from us, four shots ring out in quick succession, and the flock goes on, minus four of its members.

We jump from our pits, and with freshly loaded guns in hand, hasten to gather our game. One bird being wing-tipped, leads us a merry chase before we capture him. Another charge of shot would have closed his career, but the possibilities of a live decoy loomed up and we fairly ran him down, a thing not easy to do single-handed, sometimes.

We stowed our birds away in our pits, secured the winged bird with a string to keep company with his tin brethren and do the goose calling better than we could do it, and await the coming of the next flock.

More honking in the distance. It is daylight now and the rays of the sun are making objects discernible. We can see the coming birds high up and some distance off. They come straight on, but long before they are within gun shot the leader, as it were, changes his tune, and the birds keep on, but making no attempt to get nearer to the earth. They are fully eighty to ninety yards up in the air, and we content ourselves with watching them as they derisively go honking over our heads. They had no use for us and shunned our company. The leader, perhaps, knew a thing or two, very likely had had a charge of shot flung about his ears before and was not going to allow anything to override his caution begot of past experience.

The geese kept coming, flocks to the right of us, flocks to the left of us, and flocks over us, alas! far out of gun shot. More than once we longed for a .30-30 so that we could try it on that saucy gander that honked so derisively at us a hundred and fifty yards up in the air.

As the sun got higher and higher, we realized more and more that it was a poor day for ducks and geese.

At noon our wagon came, and Jim called on us to show up. We threw our three geese into the rig, securely staked down our live decoy and started for dinner. Before we reached the farmhouse it began to cloud up and the wind shifted to the east. Jim thought it meant, perhaps, a flurry of snow or some sleet, rain at least, and then we could expect some fun.

He was right. We got all three. By the time we reached our pits again it was drizzling.

We had hardly got settled and the team out of sight when, looking out from the pit I saw a lone gander not thirty yards away, poised, almost stationary, on wing, intently and with evident curiosity watching our decoys. There he was exposing himself like a wedge, bill pointed directly at me. I had often heard that a goose coming straight in would turn anything short of a rifle ball, and here was our opportunity to test it.

No one ever had a better opportunity. I knew my gun. I was using the best of all shells. I drew a bead on the point of that gander's bill with the care and precision that one might take at a thousand-yard target—and pulled.

Did the gander double up and drop from a cloud of feathers bored full of holes? Not for a moment.

With a shrill and startled honk, honk, he pulled himself together and quartered off to the right, giving me an ideal parting shot. I let him go for a few yards, giving him a chance to fall dead in midair from my point blank discharge, but instead he gained speed with every succeeding honk, until doubled up and brought to earth by my second barrel. I was more confirmed than ever that the safe way to shoot a goose is when he is moving from you. You must get under the feathers.

There were geese in the air, but they did not all come our way, although they seemed to be hugging the stubble.

Once in a while a flock came our way low, in fact, just skimming the prairie, and in one instance the birds alighted among our decoys. It was sleeting at the time and the birds wanted company sorely.

Then the snow came down in earnest, wet and sticky, packing in well under and between our collars and wetting us thoroughly. It was far from pleasant and comfortable, and when we sighted the approaching wagon early yet in the afternoon, we were satisfied to quit. Our bag was ample, because it takes but few seven or eight-pound geese to make a respectable bag.

When you drop a goose out of the heavens above and he falls plumb because of a broken neck as he strikes the hard prairie with a resounding whack, you realize that you have something.

My friend had taken an incoming flock, and picking out the leader, was fortunate in putting one shot upward through the gander's head. Turning quickly to get a second barrel into the fleeting flock, the falling bird struck him full in the back between the shoulders, breaking his aim and resulting in the discharge of the gun. My companion collapsed and disappeared into the pit. I at first thought his neck was broken, but he pulled himself together finally and declared he had shot his last incoming goose.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

Virginia Grouse and Turkeys.

ILDA, Va., Oct. 17.—There is a very large crop of grouse this year, and there also seems to be a large number of turkey and quail. HERB.

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Hunting in a Florida Jungle.

To that lover of rare but adventurous sport, that is found so often in a Florida jungle, this brief sketch, as related to the writer by one of the hunters, may be interesting.

Every old hunter will see in the following a reflex of his own experience, for surprises and disappointments almost invariably figure in any sportsman's calculation, and the hunt that is planned to fill such a volume of sport frequently dwindles into little else than pursuit, and the hunt, for which little preparation has been made, sometimes contains a whole chapter of delightful experiences, as the following briefly illustrates:

Two thorough woodsmen with a novice made the party. The trip was to consume but two days, of which the going and coming would occupy half. Trout and wild turkeys were the objects.

The day was crisp and fresh and dogs and men were in high good humor. Quail season, with all its individual charm, was "on," and as the wagon lumbered along, the dogs ran upon two or three coveys, and by noon a dozen toothsome Bob Whites were bagged. These are cleaned, rubbed with salt and pepper, and baked in an old-fashioned Dutch oven; and the tired hunter forgets fatigue, troubles disappear, and he finds himself at peace with all mankind, as the luscious tidbits of the forest feast tickle his palate.

It was only noon and the trip had already been a pleasant one. At this point it was decided that the team with the camp outfit should go on to the foot of the sand hills, where the fishing was to be done, while one of the hunters would take a circuit around the edge of the swamp to look for turkey signs. The wagon had gotten but a short distance when the report of Moseley's gun was heard—which was interpreted as a signal to wait—probably to change plans.

Soon the tall form of the hunter was seen coming across the hill, and on a near approach he called for one of the horses to be brought—with the coolness of his thirty years' hunting experience, he remarked that he had killed a wild hog!

On being questioned by the excited tenderfoot, he reported that after getting well into the thicket he found where some hogs had been rooting. Stealthily creeping up on the trail he came within sight of a drove of six wild hogs; he secured one at first shot, the rest of the bunch scampering to the swamp without having seen the hunter. This was glorious news to the party and meant changing all plans, for it was now resolved that fishing would keep and a wild hog hunt would be in order.

While Moseley went for the "game," the others prepared the camp site, procuring water and wood, much pleased at the prospect of reviving "hog killing" days in old Kentucky, when laughing negroes, the hoe cake and the cracklings, made the day a festal on the old plantation home.

Unprepared for any such work as cleaning a porker, the most primitive style had to be resorted to, which, however, never daunted the Florida hunters.

A lard can was converted into an impromptu kettle, a depression was scratched in the ground, moss was pulled from the trees, knives made ready, and work began. The men hard at work soon changed his majesty from a black rooter of the forest to as white a form as an aristocratic young Berkshire.

It is supper time, and the old Dutch oven is again brought into use, and with spare ribs roasting, encircled in a ring of sweet potatoes, as the exquisite flavor floats out on the evening air, to quote from an æsthetic Florida huntsman, "the flowers close up with envy and the mockingbird swoons because he can never rival that sweetness."

On beds of moss pulled from the great live oaks the hunters slept the sleep of the just. Before day they were out with the hope of surprising some turkeys, but the shrewd birds were nowhere to be found in the belt of timber which was supposed to be their roosting place, and the hunters decided to tramp across the hill to see if by chance there were feeding on the oak mast.

Before going far, Tiner signalled that he had discovered signs of game, and tracks of a large buck were plain where he had been feeding on acorns but a few hours before. For an hour they trailed him around and around, expecting to see him every moment jump from some covert. The dogs grew frantic as a clump of small oaks was approached, and each man took a position to secure the deer, but to the chagrin of the hunters, the turkeys so long and earnestly hunted, were seen to leave the brow of the hill and fly across to the cypress timber beyond.

Finally, the deer trail led down from the sand hills into a big flat covered with a rank growth of saw palmetto. "Now," says Moseley, "I know where he is; he is lying down near the pass that leads into the drive on the other side of the swamp. This same old buck has been jumped a number of times during the past two years but always made his escape through the drive."

Progress through the sea of palmettos was slow, but Mosely, the best woodsman in the county, persistently followed the trail, a tortuous, scrubby path made by the deer and cattle, until the chase verged toward the pass on the further side of the palmetto flat. The dogs leaped and barked, trying to see over the tall thick palmetto. The entire field had been traversed now, and Mosely realized that the only chance for the deer was of his being in the palmetto bordering the swamp. Just as the edge near the pass was approached, a large antlered deer leaped from his cool retreat, which was within a few bounds of safety, in the swamp. The unerring gun spoke as the deer made his second bound, and he fell to rise no more. He proved to be a magnificent specimen, one of the largest ever killed in the county with ten-prong antlers.

The prize was carried to the outer edge of the palmetto scrub and there carefully covered with palmetto leaves to keep the keen-eyed buzzards from devouring him.

While Tiner went to the camp for a horse to carry the game, Mosely and the exuberant tenderfoot started to hunt the trail of hogs, and by the time Tiner joined the hunters the dogs had rounded up the bunch of hogs.

In a dense jungle of saw palmetto, running vine

fallen logs, so thick that a man could penetrate with difficulty, the hogs chose their battle ground. The champing of the tusks of the large boar told men as well as dogs that it was to be a battle royal. While the dogs charged and recharged, the hunters held a council and decided that the best plan would be to scatter the game.

One of the half-grown hogs was forced into the water and made for the opposite shore of the lake, where he was met by Mosely. His quarter-mile run had not cooled his anger, and as the hunter dashed after him and caught him by the leg, he turned ferociously upon the hunter, who, by dexterous movements, kept ducking until the hog was half drowned. It was then securely tied and left squealing for the wagon to pick him up on the way home.

While Mosely was busy with the shoat, Tiner and the tenderfoot chased the others from the jungle across a strip of low swampy ground.

The other side of the jungle was a low flat ground, which was covered with water, except a high point in the center. The hogs had left the jungle and swam across the neck of water to the island. Tiner and the dogs waded across and left the tenderfoot on a stand, where it was expected the hogs would come out. From this point they scattered again, the boar coming back to the jungle, and here he took a stand from which he refused to be moved, charging the angry dogs right and left.

The tenderfoot conceived the foolhardy idea of going to the dogs' assistance, which he did by crawling through the matted underbrush on hands and knees to within a few feet of where the enraged boar was held at bay. The monster's swift charges at the dogs awoke the hunter to the fact that he was in an extremely dangerous position, for had the enraged animal charged in his direction, there would have been little hope of escape—wedged in as he was in the tangled jungle.

Watching for a favorable opportunity, he fired his gun, striking the hog in the jaw; it broke from cover, only to be turned back by the other hunter and the dogs. Coming into the heart of the jungle again, the tenderfoot succeeded in getting a fair shot at his majesty, when a ball from the .38 Marlin stretched him out.

Mosely, coming up during the commotion, asked of Tiner where the tenderfoot was. On being told that he was in the jungle trying to get the boar, he exclaimed with vehemence, "He will never come out alive!" but a shot and an exultant yell soon told that the tenderfoot was the victor.

MINNIE MOORE-WILLSON.

Across New Brunswick on Snowshoes.—VI.

Running by Compass.

THE blazed trail upon which we found ourselves seemed to lead in the same general direction as that which we were wishing to follow, it being our only general understanding of our route that it should lie for the most part to the south, and should hold in that direction a dozen miles if the nature of the country would permit it. It was now all running by compass. That is to say, we continually checked up the course of the blazes with the compass. We found that we were about five miles south of the last lumbering camp, and getting well up along the tributary of the little South Branch, when we finally concluded that the blazes were running pretty nearly on our proper course. At first we ran a little west of south, and then swung over a little east of south. We worked south about two and a half miles in this way, over simply frightful tobogganing, yet we found the grade ascended for the most part more gradually than we had reason to expect, and met only one very bad hill, up which the triumphant sleds none the less climbed in their customary fashion. In this hard going, where once in a while the sleds would break through the crust or slue around in the treacherous fir thickets, both Adam and Jack had the misfortune to break a sled shaft. I was with Jack when he broke his, and he seemed to look at it as a matter of course, and expressed no disagreement with Dame Fortune over the matter. I think he ought to have cussed a little, but he was, maybe, some shy. It was very cold, the thermometer still hanging low, so that by 11 o'clock it was twelve below zero. We had before this all of us known such a thing as frosted feet, but in this intense cold we took pains that we should not get into serious trouble. Jack and Charlie both did their snowshoeing in their stocking feet, each having on four pairs of stockings. In this way one's feet do not feel the cold, the dry snow never penetrating through the stockings at all. The frost hung in a thick white rime upon beards, mustaches and hair, and even whitened the eyebrows, as we labored along up the gradually rising country, the breath of the foremost men showing like a white cloud in the still, cold air.

Plenty of Moose Sign.

We now were entirely clear of the lumbering operations, and as quick as we did get thus clear, we began once more to see moose sign. All the forenoon and all the afternoon we were practically all the time among moose yards or moose sign, much of it bull sign and a good deal of it pretty fresh. Adam was very much pleased with the look of this country, and from this time on it will be annexed to his domain along the Tobique. The lumbering operations at the Branch camp are to be concluded this winter, and Adam falls heir to the abandoned camp which hereafter will be one of his regular camps. We can testify that it will be on the edge of a magnificent game range, indeed in the heart of that range, for as soon as the lumbermen go away the moose always come in all over the country they have abandoned.

Some Problems.

We stopped to "boil the kettle" at 11:30 this morning and had rather a frosty lunch sitting around in the snow. No Joe Ellis was in sight as yet, and we began to doubt whether we should get to see him before we had entirely lost all touch with the northern side of the divide. At no time did we suppose that our distance across was a very great one, but we were uneasy because we did not know how the country was going to look after we got over. We did not even know whether there were any lumbering operations going on in the country south of the divide. If it happened that there were lumbering camps as close up to the south side of this unknown country, as there were on the north side, then we would be all right, for we could easily get supplies at the camps. As much could be said in case we found Braithwaite's trapping line, but we were not sure that we would find it, or if we did, that we would find any grub in his shacks. We knew perfectly well that when one stands on the mountain side and looks off across twenty miles of wilderness, a blazed trail is mighty hard to see, and even a well-brushed out tote road or a hauling road cannot be seen at any great distance, unless one knows where to look for it. One may at any minute run entirely across a blazed trail and never suspect its presence. It would be fatal for us thus to run through Braithwaite's trail. Naturally, therefore, we were anxious to hold on to our Indian, Joe Ellis, as long as we might, so that even if we did not take him through with us he might help us on our way back if we had to take the back trail. We did not know how far we could go with the supplies we were able to take along.

Lost Man's Camp.

At 3:30 we stopped for the day, and went about building our first camp in the unknown country. All hands worked as briskly as possible for nearly two and a half hours—that is to say, until after the fall of darkness—in getting ready the bivouac. The busy little New Brunswick axes soon dropped abundance of big firewood, dry pine and frozen birch. We scraped out a hole in the snow, used a couple of stumps for supports, rolled up against them three sections of heavy birch logs, and then went to work as fast as might be splitting up equal portions of birch and pine fagots. It is necessary to use an abundance of light wood such as pine or fir to keep the icy birch wood burning, although the latter lasts longer and produces most of the desirable bed of coals which is the thing to have in an open camp of this kind.

We had a little open tent of the Nessmuk pattern along with us, but we knew perfectly well that if we put it up close enough to the fire to get any warmth from the fire, we should certainly burn the tent down. Accordingly we simply folded it up and threw it at the back of the camp, over some sticks which we thrust in the snow. It extended far enough forward to cover the face and perhaps a part of the shoulders, so we fancied we had something over us, and so slept very well content. A big log served for a pillow, and as for our bed, we made a discovery which proved a valuable one. Every one knows that evergreen boughs are highly cracked up as a wilderness bed, but not every camper knows that these boughs are cold as ice and worse than ice when, as we found them, they are covered with frozen snow. The warmth of the fire simply melts the snow, and as quick as the fire goes down your bed simply freezes up again, so that while lying on these boughs you can't very well keep warm. While Charlie and I were scooping the hole in the snow we came upon a rotten pine stump, and as we began to beat this to pieces with the axes, we found that it crumbled into soft bits, which served excellently well to fill in the hollows of the ground. This gave us an idea, and at once we fell upon certain other dry-pine stumps which were found about, and we pounded these up also, making our bed out of rotten pine wood instead of pine boughs. It was very much softer than the boughs, and in every way better for that kind of a camp. We can recommend it as a hunter's expedient when the thermometer is twenty below zero, and you have not any better bed along. I wonder where a man would have been about then with an air mattress in this bivouac in the snow, which we called "Lost Man's Camp."

That night was the coldest of the winter thus far, the thermometer going twenty-one degrees below zero. We stretched a line across the front of the camp, back of the clothing, but we found it almost impossible to do anything in this way, for though the socks would thaw out on one side, they would freeze stiff on the other. The water froze continually in the water pail in front of the fire. Of course it was necessary that we should take turns in firing. The night was perfectly still, the sky blue, and the stars very bright, and the big, white-covered, solemn pines stood all about us. It was one of those experiences such as one would not willingly let go from his memory.

In winter work of this kind there is danger if one does not know how to take care of himself, or if he be with men who are not good woodsmen. It takes a good axman to make himself comfortable in weather like twenty below zero, and for the best of axmen a comfortable camp under such conditions means two or three hours of the hardest sort of work. We pursued our wood cutting by moonlight and firelight, after we had eaten our supper on the spread-out blankets. Even Adam complained of being cold that evening, for the heat of the body had caused the snow to wet his jumper quite through during the day, and now that the perspiration was drying out and the wet cloth freezing, he found himself very uncomfortable. Adam was so big that none of the rest of us could very well fit him out with clothes, but by dint of much turning and twisting in front of the fire, he finally got dried out.

Whichever way we looked in this country, we saw not a stump, save of our own making. The fallen trees and the smoke of the woodman's fire for the first time broke this sanctuary of the moose. This was indeed the Wilderness. Upon our intrusion the moon looked coldly, unsympathetically down. The stars shone malignantly bright.

Exploration.

On the next day we found the temperature not mitigating. This was excellent for traveling purposes, for it kept the snow hard and dry. It is altogether probable that had we met a deep, soft snow, or a very wet snow, on our way across, we should never have made it through, but luck stayed with us as long as it was apparently necessary.

Adam and Charlie started out in the morning to explore a bit before we broke camp, and started ahead with the sleds. We did not care to cast ourselves loose entirely so long as we had even so good a stopping place as this, for we could not tell what was ahead. It must always be remembered as a great complicating feature in this sort of traveling, that the country is so heavily timbered that it is simply impossible to see ahead at any distance. In the Rockies one can always look around and see where the mountains are, but in New Brunswick, densely overgrown as it is, there may be a hill a quarter of a mile ahead which you cannot see. All we knew was that we had now reached nearly the head of the little tributary of the Little South Branch, which we had been following, but we were not sure whether it was Little or Big South Branch waters. On our way up we had found a cross line of blazes which we took to have been made by Ellis, or some unknown trapper. So far as we could tell, this cross line led over toward the Serpentine, whose rough country we were studiously avoiding. We found also an east and west line, and the blaze on the tree marked with the name of "Charles Cameron & Wilson Porter, of Andover, New Brunswick, June 4, 1895." We afterward learned that these were members of a surveying party which ran a line across that country and had got jolly well lost while doing it. As for ourselves, we were lost just as much as anybody ever was, and our little scouting party was a very necessary preliminary at the time.

Jack and I lay in camp, finding enough to keep us busy in chopping wood for the coming night. All about us lay the silent icy calm of the wilderness, not a breath of wind rising to disturb the white masses of snow which lay all over the forest covering. It was bitterly cold, and we found that we would freeze very quickly if we were not careful. Adam and Charlie had started out in their stocking feet, for no one felt like taking chances of freezing his feet. Adam's last injunction was that we must be very careful while chopping wood. "One little slip with an ax up in here, my son," he said, "would mean a mighty serious trouble for everybody in this party"—advice which surely was well worth following. Adam told me before he started out that day that the foregoing was the coldest night he had ever "lain out" in his life."

Mistake as to Whereabouts.

In our ignorant guess at the situation, we now thought that we were nearing the top of the Tobique Divide, and that presently we should break our way to the southward to the Miramichi country, it being Adam's intention to put in a half day finding the way down on the south side of the divide. We felt that we were free of the dreaded Serpentine, and figured that possibly we were nearing the head of the Big South Branch of the Nipisiguit. In the latter case we had nothing by way of a stream to follow down, as that river would not lead us in the right direction at all. As a matter of fact, the top of this easy ridge which we had been ascending for more than three miles in a general southern direction, was the divide between the waters of the Little South Branch and Bubar Brook, the latter being a Serpentine stream. We were to cross, before we finally got into the Miramichi country, no less than three such divides. All of which shows how little we knew about the country we were crossing.

"Jumped."

Before we went into camp on the preceding day, we crossed a very large bull moose trail which might have been made two or three days earlier. Jack thought he would like to go and see what was on the other end of that trail. Hence he left me in camp later in the day and started out. He followed the trail, as appeared later; for about three miles, and found himself in the middle of a fresh moose yard. He took off his snowshoes and went along the trail for a time and got within fifty yards of the moose, which, after their contemptible custom, were hiding just behind a heavy thicket. He heard them smash the brush as they went out on the gallop—one splendid bull and two or three cows. These moose we later learned came right over toward our bivouac, and went across the trail of Adam and Charlie less than 400 yards from the camp.

The Return of the Native.

Jack got back at noon, and with him whom should I see, as they came up the trail, but the long-lost, much-sought Indian, Joe Ellis. Joe's friend, John Moulton, had become homesick and left him for the settlements, carrying, by the way, some letters which we gave him against such a contingency, and which in due time turned up in the Dead Letter Office at Halifax. We gave John Moulton some money to pay postage, etc., on the letters, but reason on the premises that John needed gin more than he did postage stamps.

Jack had found Joe Ellis getting ready to boil his tea kettle in a little camp which Jack simply blundered over and which we had missed as we came up the hill. This was located on the side line of blazes which we had discovered, and had we followed that line for a half-mile, we should have discovered Joe's shack.

Presently Adam and Charlie came back from their little exploring trail, and we had a sort of reunion and jubilee by the camp-fire. Adam and Charlie had discovered that we were not yet at the top of our divide by any means, for they had found much higher country further on. On the summit Adam had climbed a tree and thence obtained a panoramic view of the country lying out to the south and west. He and Charlie had made search for a certain tree which, according to the tradition of the Ellis trapping line, once bore an inscription made by the hand of no less a person than Henry Braithwaite himself. This tree, according to Joe, he saw four years ago near the top of this divide. On it was Braithwaite's name, and the advice that his camp was but a few miles south of that tree. Such are some of the vague means of information in the wilderness. If only we could find Henry's tree, how glad we would all be! Adam said that it was not an impossible trail up to the divide from where we were, but that there was a haul of about a half mile or so which was as bad as ever lay out of doors. Ellis said that when he went up that hill he never attempted to take his sled at all, but stopped at the foot of it and packed his stuff up on his back in relays. Adam and Charlie declared their intention of returning up the hill and putting in the afternoon in brushing out, so that the sleds could get through the next day. Ellis returned to his own shack to sleep that night—another mistake which we made. We ought to have kept him right with us all the time, although, as it proved, we lost nothing more serious than a few hours' time. Joe told us that he had seen a big moose trail made the day before, made by a bull, and one which had evidently been driven some distance, since it was leaving blood on the snow crust and must have

traveled a long way before the crust cut through its skin. Moose sign, very abundant, was now reported by all hands in every direction for three miles from our camp. We dared not stop to hunt.

The Silent Watches of the Night.

Charlie and Adam came in covered with snow, tired and wet, before dark that night, but luckily they did not have to cut wood, and could make themselves comfortable at once. I stood the first watch that night, and it was an experience which will long remain with me in memory. It was still very cold, more than twenty below zero, but by 8 or 9 o'clock that night light masses of clouds began to scud across the sky, seemingly no higher than the tops of the great pine trees which stood ranged about. Then came little gusts of wind, which shook the snow down in white showers all over the blanketed forms which lay before the fire. Yet the moon was bright enough all the time, and showed in perfect distinctness the white-capped sentinel pines. The frost was so keen that continually there could be heard the cracking of the trees, sounds sharp and loud as rifle shots, now here and now yon, sometimes near and sometimes far away in the distance of the forest. Other than these sounds nothing broke the silence. And the white wilderness lay about dazzling bright, cold, very cold in its appearance. It was glorious, simply glorious. The wilderness—the memory of the wilderness, this is the best part of the moose hunt, and far more worth than many moose.

To one seated alone at the fireside on a night like this time flies by on leaden wings. I looked at my watch dozens of times, and sometimes was shocked to find that the minute hand had not gone more than fifteen minutes of distance around the dial, whereas I was sure it had reached the next hour mark. My duties consisted of keeping the foot logs against the back logs, of keeping plenty of pine faggots in with the birch, of poking any broken faggot down under the fire, and of spreading out the bed of coals so that the heat would be reflected back into the camp. So long as I kept the other fellows snoring, I felt that I was doing pretty well. Once in a while they would get so warm that I could see them pull up their feet, which is also a very good sign. Sometimes the feet of Adam and his almost equally long son Jack would stick down so close to the fire that their stockings began to smoke. Then I would lean a piece of birch bark against their feet to keep them from burning. Another duty of the watcher in such a bivouac is to keep sparks off the blankets. We had $40 or $50 worth of blankets and could not afford the loss of them.

At midnight the clouds were becoming denser and still more rapid in their scurrying flight. The wind came up in strange, tempestuous gusts, without any preliminary and as suddenly fell again. It was evident when I turned in that there was going to be a storm, and at this prospect no one felt any too well pleased. It is no joke to be caught at such a place in a heavy fall of snow.

The March in the Storm.

At 4 o'clock in the morning all of us who were sleeping were awakened peremptorily by Adam, who called, "Roll out, boys, the storm is on! We've got to get up. Crawl out now, before the blankets get wet!"

So we crawled out in a blinding fall of snow, and packed our precious blankets, the first thing we did. We fastened the packs on the toboggans soon thereafter, made our breakfast by firelight, ate up the last fragment of meat which we had, and at the first gray dawn were on the trail again to the southward, with nothing but biscuits and tea and a general trustfulness in our good luck to assist us.

This was the morning of Dec. 23, getting on toward Christmas, and there was no one there who could give a decent guess where he would be on Christmas day. We followed a general course of about south-southwest, for a time, leaving this little brook which Ellis had told us ran back into the Little South Branch, and not into the Big South Branch, as for a time we had supposed possible. We blazed trees to mark our way back in case we were caught in a heavy storm, which should obliterate the snowshoe trail, and I marked a tree here and there with our names, the date, etc., figuring that this sort of thing might come mighty useful to some other fool fellows who might be trying to do things they didn't ought to at some date later to be determined.

The brushing out on the trail which had been done the day before helped matters wonderfully. By 10 oclock we were at the foot of the big and much-dreaded hill of which Ellis had told us, and which Adam and Charlie had discovered for themselves. I shall not undertake to say how those three men pulled the heavily loaded toboggans up these awful slopes. I admit that I could not have done this sort of thing, and I found my rifle and pack all I wanted to negotiate. I do not think three better men ever went on snowshoes than the three who broke this trail across this divide.

The Top of the Big Divide.

In some fashion we finished the long and frightful ascent of this mountain side, making the top some time after 11 o'clock. At this time Joe Ellis had not appeared, although we were expecting him to follow on along our trail. We still missed the mythical Braithwaite tree of which Ellis had told us. Had we found this tree, we should in fact have been out of our troubles, for it directed us to head straight south. When we got to the top of the hill we were afraid to strike straight south, for the country in that direction dropped off so sharply that we knew we were throwing away every advantage of elevation we had gained, and we neither wanted to reascend this hill nor climb another like it beyond, if it could be avoided. Therefore it became necessary to prospect once more. Adam and Charlie went down the further side of the big hill, taking a southwest course by compass, and trying to figure out some way of getting to the south and still keeping up on the height of land and out of the dreaded Serpentine breaks. At 1 o'clock Ellis came poking along the trail, and Adam and Charlie came back, looking somewhat disgusted until they saw Ellis. Then we all "boiled the kettle" and reached that calm and resolution which pertain only to a quart of well-boiled, strong black tea.

Council of War.

Joe Ellis told us that we had passed the original Braithwaite tree and had come too far down across the hill. He said that he had a shack over in the Serpentine country, about two or three miles from where we were. It was due southwest to that camp, and this would bring us much below the place where we figured out Henry Braithwaite's northernmost camping shack ought to be. Joe said that he could get us through by a trail of his own from this Serpentine camp, which, as we figured, would require nearly a southeast course from the Serpentine camp, to the lake where Henry's camp was supposed to be. As a matter of fact, this trail from Ellis' camp to Henry's must be northeast, and not southeast. So much for scientific data. We resolved not to swing so far west, but to chance it straight across.

Ellis consented to go with us in our dash that afternoon for this unlocated lake (which, by the way, is not shown on any map of New Brunswick). He himself was afraid to strike straight south from the top of the divide. Here again we found we had made a mistake. After we had gotten across, we found that a much better trail could be made by keeping on the height of land and running south from a little barren which Adam and Charlie found on the top of the big hill. As it was, we got into pretty rough country, although nothing is impossible for the New Brunswick toboggan when pulled by men such as these.

All the time we were in the middle of moose sign. We dropped down swiftly on the southeast face of our big hill, wallowing a-plenty through snow-burdened fir thickets, crossing occasional wind falls, but all the time working down and working south. We had not yet crossed the trapping line which Ellis said ran over to the lake, but at last, perhaps a mile and a half from our lunching point, we did strike blazes again, and hence we were entirely sure that at last we were safe and that we would get through to some place of comfort before any bad storm could stop us.

At length we came to a little brook, which was the last water leading down to the Serpentine, we having now entirely left the Little South Branch waters far back of us. Hence we felt that the next water we might find must be Miramichi water, and that we must have accomplished the purpose of our trip.

We now began to ascend a long, easy, swelling divide, at whose summit I marked a tree, naming the nature of the divide, as I had the two previous divides which we had crossed. Some time Henry Braithwaite will be prowling around in there, and will see this tree, and find recorded the distance which we estimated it to be from his own camp.

Success!

At 3:20 of Dec. 23 we saw a little dark spring hole, black under the snow which framed it about. It was not a very attractive-looking place, but every fellow there gave a shout as he saw it. We had headed the last brook, crossed the last divide, reached the southeast waters, and at last broken into the Miramichi country.

We had in effect done precisely what all of our friends told us we could not do, what we really could not have done had we met any worse weather than we had, and what perhaps few parties might do so fortunately if they went across as ignorant as we were of where they were going to come out. Our party could do it again now without very much trouble, and indeed could better the trail south from the summit of the big divide to the lake where Braithwaite's most northerly camp is located.

The Trail in the Snow.

We were not, however, as yet quite out of our trouble. Joe Elis was now at the limit of his knowledge, and could not tell how far it would be until we struck lumber camps south of the point where we now were. On our way down the hill we had struck one big open piece of forest, from which a wide view was possible to the southward. It was a wild and stirring scene which lay before us—fifteen or twenty miles of panorama of the wildest of the New Brunswick wilderness, a region covered with a thick black forest and broken up into a thousand steep and sweeping hills. The roughest of this country lay off to the right as we looked southward, being in fact the rough basin of the Serpentine which we had thus successfully avoided. East of this somewhere, as we were satisfied, lay Henry Braithwaite's little, thin, indistinguishable line of blazes, hidden somewhere in the forest, we could not tell. If we should head it, or miss it, or run through it, then stern and serious indeed would be our plight.

We pushed on late into the afternoon, the snow by this time having begun to fall heavily and steadily. At last, just before 4 o'clock, as the darkness was coming on very fast, we broke out into the open, and found ourselves at the edge of a little crescent-shaped lake, three-quarters of a mile or so in extent. The snow made it difficult to see much more than to the further edge, as we looked across the lower horn of the lake. We pushed out into the open, exultant in spite of our uncertainty.

There, written on the surface of the snow, was a record which caused the blood of every hungry mother's son of us to jump a little—a snowshoe trail, and made that day!

"It's Henry, by the great Harry!" said Adam. "He's been here to-day, just about thinking that we were going to come through!"

"Yes, and he's gone back," said Charlie. "The trail is fresher coming this way than going up. He came by here about noon on his way back."

"And it's not very far to the other end of the lake," said Joe Ellis.

"We had better go up there and have a look," said Jack.

"Yes, because we're all of us just a little hungry," said I.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Pennsylvania.

CANADENSIS, Pa., Oct. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Three days of tramping through this section of the country has convinced me that the ruffed grouse shooting is going to be unusually good. There seem to be a great many birds, but owing to the late warm weather the foliage is still heavy, and the birds are in coveys. The swales are full of water, a condition that makes tramping far from pleasant. However, ten days of the right sort of weather will so alter these conditions that the sportsman will soon find good tramping and good shooting.

T. E. B.

Wasatch Waves.

THE season now drawing to a close has averaged up well so far as the sportsman is concerned. The trout and bass season opened June 15, with but few trout rising and no bass. But as the summer advanced conditions improved, and, as a whole, trout fishing in Utah has been better than for many previous years. Especially is this true on the Strawberry Reservation, where now the imported rainbow trout are larger and more numerous than the natives. At the present time it is too late and cold for good fly-fishing, but large catches are made by trolling. I wish I could say as much for the bass. The reason why they cannot be caught will be apparent later on.

On July 1 doves had to look out for themselves, and they seemed to be in greater numbers than ever before. There was at least a month's good dove shooting before the birds became wild and separated into little bands or flew singly. Of course, all through the summer there was the average cottontail and squirrel shooting for those who enjoy such shooting at that season.

Unfortunately for the farmer and well for the chickens there were no heavy spring storms this year; neither were there late fires. Consequently, the sport with all gallinaceous birds from Aug. 15 until the present time has been "simply immense." Where the chickens have been shot from one stubble the hunter has only to go to the next field to locate another brood. For a week or two, late in August and early in September, a curious condition of affairs prevailed. The upland benches were so parched and dry that the grouse left their regular feeding grounds and came down to live with the "drummers" (partridges) on the timbered bottoms. But the first fall rains sent them back to their accustomed haunts. The dusky grouse are now up in the pines, and hard climbs always result in large bags, even for the poorest shots.

Only the duck crop is a complete failure. Where once there was abundance of feed and where four years ago I rowed a boat easily, is now only sand and mud. The carp have got away with the feed, and dry seasons and the fact that Utah Lake is being pumped out for the benefit of Salt Lake County farmers, gives no inducement to the ducks and geese to stop in their migratory flight. Indeed, there is better duck shooting to-day on Strawberry and Bear River and their tributaries, and on small irrigating reservoirs than on the larger lakes. There will be practically no duck shooting this year unless on the famous Bear River grounds near Corinne, and there, because the ducks have no other place to go, the sport should be even better than usual. To some extent the loss of duck shooting is compensated for by the numbers of jacksnipe, willet, curlews and avocets, almost unknown a few years ago, that now frequent the muddy flats.

The western legislator is not yet educated on the subject of game preservation. Our mills still dump their sawdust in the streams, and the man who would have the temerity to introduce a bill requiring the screening of irrigating ditches need hope for no mercy at the hands of his constituents. Commissioner Sharp is greatly hampered by these conditions, but I notice that several ardent sportsmen have been nominated for the next legislature, so there is a slight chance of a change for the better.

It is a good year for big game. Deer are abundant within a few miles of the larger towns, and bear and mountain lions are by no means unknown. The cañons are now filled with hunters who await the opening day for deer (to-morrow, Oct. 15). The best big game grounds in Utah to-day are in the Brown's Park region, along the lower Green River, and in the Henry Mountains. So far as my experience goes, none of these fields can compare with those of Colorado and Wyoming.

SHOSHONE.

Mr. Kinney on Highland Moors.

MR. A. B. F. KINNEY, of Worcester, Mass., has recently returned from a European tour, in the course of which he spent some days on the grouse moors of Scotland. The Worcester Telegram tells of it:

From a Telegram reporter Mr. Kinney had a letter of introduction to Thomas G. Henderson, secretary of the great Northern meetings, an athletic and social organization of an exclusive kind, which has been in existence since 1788, which has had yearly athletic meetings since that time without a break, with a great ball on each night of the athletic meetings, which always come in September. These meetings the distinguished persons who are in the highlands at their shooting lodges attend, and there are more of the nobility of England and Scotland and of the millionaires of America at these balls than at any other athletic or social event in Scotland.

When Mr. Kinney called on Mr. Henderson it was in the week of the Northern meetings and he was a busy man, but he took time to interest himself in Mr. Kinney's trip and inquired after a Telegram reporter, who was Mr. Henderson's private secretary prior to coming to this country. One of the special things he told Mr. Kinney was that while he was fishing in the River Ness, which divides the town, he caught fresh water salmon that weighed 34 pounds, and it was about a record catch for the rod.

Mr. Kinney was interested in his visit to Mr. Henderson, for the reason that both are great sportsmen, and are in the same business, that of selling guns and fishing tackle, powder and other equipments and apparatus for men who want to have a good day's sport. Mr. Kinney drove all over the town famous as the residence of King Macbeth, and saw the great cemetery, a large hill, the top of which looks like the keel of a ship, called Tomnahurich, which in the good old days used to be known as "the hill of the fairies," where fifty years ago corn was growing in abundance.

Returning to Edinburgh, Mr. Kinney said he was favored with all the shooting he could spend time to take, through the good offices of Speedie Bros., of Edinburgh, who make a business of renting moors, forests

and fishing privileges. The elder brother, Tom Speedie, is a naturalist, author of two books, one of which is entitled, "The Game in the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland," written several years ago, which he said is the most interesting book he had ever read on game and recreation by a European author.

He knows all kinds of game in their habits, both large and small game, from one end of Scotland to the other, and probably rents more moors and game preserves than any other four men in Scotland.

Mr. Kinney put himself in communication with Tom Speedie as soon as he arrived in London. When Mr. Kinney arrived in Edinburgh Mr. Speedie had laid out for his American visitors a programme of what he was going to do in the way of shooting grouse, and along with a couple of gentlemen he was invited to have some shooting, which they did for a couple of days with great success. In addition to Mr. Kinney and Mr. Speedie there were in the party Lieut. A. C. Stewart of H. M. S. Venerable, C. Hunt, of London, and D. H. Cox, of Cambridge.

These men were royal good sportsmen, Mr. Kinney said, and they all had a great time. The party went out twenty-five miles from Edinburgh to a little town called Stowe, then drove eight miles in a dogcart and walked about two miles to shooting ground. They were in the highlands of that part of the country and the party had three grouse drives that day with lots of sport. The first day was foggy and there was rain, but the party shot a good bag of grouse. The second day they were favored with better weather.

"Personally," said Mr. Kinney, "I feel under great obligation for the great privileges and courtesy these men showed me while I was in Scotland, and especially when I was an entire stranger to them.

"Then I had a great day's sport in grouse driving on a moor controlled by Charles Stewart, a prosperous and wealthy merchant of Edinburgh. This moor was only twelve miles from the city and there were eight in the party, and they were driven to the shooting grounds in traps from the city. Everything Mr. Stewart had to do with, so far as our pleasure was concerned, was of the most royal order, and I enjoyed one of the grandest days of shooting with that party I ever had in my life. Mr. Speedie did much for me, to the neglect of his own business, and he accompanied me everywhere I went during those days of shooting.

"There is no shooting on the American continent but what I have had, but I have had nothing compared with the fine sport of these days in bringing down the elusive grouse of Scotland. These grouse can beat for swiftness on the wing any kind of a bird I ever saw.

"You may say, Mr. Reporter, that I have in my day met with several nationalities, but there are none who have hearts as near my standard of what men should be as those fellows I have met in little Scotland. The people there are very few clannish and hang together like brothers, and if they were not so much so, it would be a good thing if more of them came out to this country to show the people here their enterprise and thrift. By the exercise of these same traits of character they could be independent in this country within a reasonably short time.

"These people ought to be encouraged to come to the United States. We cannot have too many of them here. It is a well-known fact that there is no prejudice against the nationality of Scotland on the American continent.

"When I was in Inverness, Sept. 14, 15 and 16, there was snow on the highlands, so much of it that it drove the deer down to the village and into the woods near the towns.

"On our return trip we stayed off at the great walled city of Chester, the wall having been built by the Romans, and we looked out of the tower window from which Prince Charlie saw his army defeated on the moor near by. The walls around this city are nine feet wide.

"My trip was made more for the purpose of finding out what kind of shooting they had in Scotland, and I am very much gratified at the result of my journey. I was also very much surprised at the enormous building owned by The Scotsman of Edinburgh, probably the leading daily in Scotland, which cost $5,000,000."

In Nessmuk's Haunts.

Wellsboro, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some time since I saw an inquiry in Forest and Stream for a recipe for "fly dope." For the benefit of your readers I will give the formula of one which I have used for years and have found very effective, never having met a winged "varmint" which cared to take the second whiff of it:

Oil of tar	2 ounces
Oil castor	1 ounce
Oil pennyroyal	½ ounce
Gum camphor	½ ounce

Warm and dissolve together. Apply lightly and repeat as required. Olive oil is more aesthetic, but castor wears longer.

Perhaps some of Nessmuk's former readers would like to hear a word from the camp ground of the tribe of Nessmuk. Small animal life is fairly abundant about the "'baga patch," so named by Nessmuk, from the fact that when first cleared it was sown to rutabagas. The rabbits whittled my beans and peas and the red squirrels played havoc with the apple crop; they seem to know that they are immune. One of them, a female, whom I have harbored for three winters, as I was hoeing the garden the other day, was chewing up my winter sweets and spitting the chankings on me, meanwhile barking and growling, evidently in "ghoulish glee."

The deer are virtually extinct in this section; some few are left in the newer and wilder counties, but they are fast following in the footsteps of the elk and the buffalo.

There is one uncultivated and all but uncivilized lout in this neighborhood who ranges early and late, in season and out, with rod or with dog and blunderbuss, especially on Sunday, who spares neither fur, fin or feather from infancy to old age.

While deer are about exterminated in Pennsylvania, the bear seem to be increasing, the "slashings" of the lumbermen affording them shelter and food in the form of blackberries and raspberries, and the treacherous brush being a pretty effectual guard against sneak hunting them. Some few men trap for bear in a desultory way, and occasionally take one, but I know of no one who owns a pack of bear dogs, and as to overtaking a bear on foot, a man on crutches might as well undertake to overhaul a tornado.

The ground within a half-day's travel of Wellsboro is fairly covered with bear sign, and I know where one has ranged for the past three years, which, according to his track and his "bite" on the body of a tree must be a giant. Three years ago next Thanksgiving we almost had him. We struck his fresh trail with the wind strong in our favor and a heavy wet snow falling, the most noiseless time I ever saw in the woods, and Wallace M., of Galeton, took his track into the slashing while we two skirted the same. The circumstances were ideal for bear meat, but alas and alas! the man with me persisted in traveling too fast and too noisily, in spite of all I could say, and finally to my utter confounding gave a shrill whistle, trying to locate "Wal," and of course away went Bruin. He claimed to be a Rocky Mountain hunter, but lacked several degrees of being a Pennsylvania hunter. However, if the bear maintains his present range until fur gets good this fall, I shall strive to cultivate his further acquaintance, and should I succeed in getting him into the sights of a .45 Sharps, it won't be my fault if I fail to give good account.

Young Nessmuk.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

From Minnesota.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 14.—Mr. S. F. Fullerton, the hustling State Game Warden of Minnesota, in a personal letter writes entertainingly regarding affairs in the busy Northwest, as below:

"I have had a little quail hunt since I wrote you. Joe Whitney, son of our expert printer, Mr. C. C. Whitney, here in the Capitol, and myself, went up the H. & D. division of the Milwaukee road, two hours' run from St. Paul, and got sixty in two days' hunt. They are thicker than sparrows up there this year, and my talk to you when here that there was no necessity for any Minnesotan to go south to get quail hunting, I think is fully verified.

"I suppose you saw in the papers about the invitation that has been sent to the President to come for a moose hunt, but I don't believe he will be able to come, because the accident that has happened to him would make it pretty hard for him to walk. All arrangements have been made, so that he would get a moose. I will try to get you a birch bark copy of the invitation that was sent him; I have one, and I think a great deal of it—it is a work of art, done on birch bark with a pen, a splendid portrait of a moose head in the corner, with oak branches and acorns, then the names of the invited guests. Of course I had nothing to do with it any more than signing the license, which I am glad to say the people are going to pay for in case he comes, and put him on the same footing as any non-resident."

The Charges Against Minnesota Wardens.

The sportsmen's world has rarely had opportunity to see action so senseless, groundless and wholly cruel, as the charges made by a local sporting paper here against the game wardens of Minnesota, who in the opinion of the local paper have been acting as a fence for "tons of illegal game." I have learned in an indirect manner this week that the State Game and Fish Commission of Minnesota do not propose to rest under these charges. They express themselves as willing to listen to any proper public criticism of themselves and their methods, but do not intend to submit to direct charges of dishonesty. The paper which is concerned in the affair, is stated not to have printed in full the earlier letter sent it by Warden Fullerton. The option is offered this newspaper of making public reparation for the injury done or of proving the charges in court. The matter is a very unusual one, and it is indeed difficult to understand why a newspaper claiming to support the principles of game protection should seek to besmirch the reputation of the most efficient set of game wardens in the entire West.

Western Men in the East.

I take from the Fredericton, New Brunswick, Herald the following information regarding Western men who have made big-game hunts in New Brunswick this fall:

"Messrs. C. B. Zabriskie, of New York, and S. M. Mather, of Chicago, who with F. M. Smith, of San Francisco, and E. L. Ransome, of New York, have been hunting in the vicinity of Trout Lake, with William Griffen, of Stanley, as guide, returned to the city yesterday, and left by the evening train for home. Messrs. Smith and Ransome, who came out of the woods on Saturday, each secured a fine moose, but the other members of the party failed to get any big game other than a lucifee, which succumbed to a bullet from Mr. Zabriskie's rifle. It measured 5 feet 6 inches in length, and he is taking the pelt home with him as a trophy.

"Messrs. Mather and Zabriskie were only out in the woods twelve days altogether, and are not in the least discouraged over the failure to score in that short time. Both gentlemen, as well as Messrs. Smith and Ransome, hunted in the same territory last year, and will likely return next season, when they hope to be able to make a longer stay.

"N. T. Depauw, a wealthy sportsman of New Albany, Indiana, who has been out with the veteran Henry Braithwaite on the Little Southwest Miramichi since the middle of September, shot an enormous moose last week. It had a magnificent pair of antlers, with twenty prongs on one side, eleven on the other and a spread of 62¾ inches. This is undoubtedly one of the largest moose ever shot in New Brunswick, and naturally Mr. Depauw is very proud of his success. He is expected out next week with his prize."

The same paper adds:

"A dispatch from New York states that the Messrs. Carnegie will start for New Brunswick this evening, on a moose hunting expedition, and have arranged to stay a fortnight. They will hunt in the Taxis River country under the guidance of William Griffen, of Stanley.

"Messrs. C. W. Feigenspan, of Newark, N. J.; Joseph Omeise and George Belchel, of New York, returned to the city to-day after a most successful and enjoyable hunting expedition to the Little Southwest Miramichi. They hunted on Henry Braithwaite's territory, and had the services of his right-hand man, Thomas Pringle, as guide. Each member of the party secured a fine moose. They had dinner at the Barker and leave for home by this evening's train."

The Squirrel and its Young.

A little domestic drama was enacted this summer up in the little trouting lodge of Mr. B. K. Miller, Jr., of Milwaukee, which lodge is located upon that gentleman's trouting preserve on the Pine River. One of the decorations of this log camp is a large papier maché mask, sometimes known as "Folly" or "Pierrot," the face and head being surrounded with a large ruff or border of ornamental nature. The face is hollow, the big plaque measuring perhaps three feet across and lying flat to the wall above the fireplace. An enterprising little red squirrel early in the summer began a tour of investigation upon the obverse side of this smiling image of gaiety. It found the face quite hollow, and conceived this to be an excellent place for a squirrel's nest. Mother squirrel therefore appropriated this locality and during the summer raised two broods of little squirrels in the dining room of the lodge, within five feet of the dining table. She got along all right with the first litter, which became very tame, running all over the place, sometimes climbing into a hammock where one lay reading, running over the chairs, tables, hat racks and everything else. With the last litter all went well until some one built a fire in the fireplace, which seemed to make things a little too warm for mother squirrel. One morning as the occupants of the lodge sat at breakfast, the fond mamma concluded it was about time for her to move. She carried off her little ones to a hidden spot in another corner of the house, running down the edge of the mask, over the mantelpiece and on the log walls with a baby held by the back of the neck, as a dog carries a puppy. She made several trips in this way, carrying one little squirrel at a time, until finally she had moved the entire family, seven, I believe, in all. These noisy little chatterers still live about Mr. Miller's lodge, and make themselves perfectly at home, although there seems to be no disposition to go back into the mask of Pierrot.

Snipe.

There was a little jacksnipe flight early during the present week, but the birds seem to have passed by in a couple of days, and for the last four days there has been no shooting worth mentioning. Several gentlemen are going out to try the marshes around Fox Lake to-day. It must be remembered that we do not hear so much now as we did formerly from the better Indiana snipe marshes, because comparatively few of our Chicago shooters go there in these non-resident license days.

Ducks.

Several Milwaukee shooters got on the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad train this morning at Princeton. They had been over on the Puckaway marshes and put about 100 ducks in the baggage car. They had some big ducks, although I saw also some bunches of mudhens. Our duck shooting is nowhere as good as it was formerly, but it is only of late years that any hunter would have thought of taking home the blue bird with the queer feet.

I was within twelve miles of Lake Poygan and heard considerable shooting yesterday and the day before. Today on arriving in Chicago I hear that there has been good sport on Poygan Lake, the big ducks having apparently shown up in good numbers.

Eddie Bingham, of the Du Pont Powder Co., this city, is back from a trip to the old home place on Koshkonong Lake, in Wisconsin. He says that the canvasbacks were just beginning to appear at the time he came away, and he thinks there will be a little shooting there within the next week or ten days.

Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill. E. Hough.

It Pays to Abolish Spring Shooting.

La Fargeville, N. Y., Oct. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A word in regard to spring shooting of ducks. Two years ago Jefferson county was given a law prohibiting spring shooting of ducks. I have lived here twenty-eight years, and up to that time had never known of ducks nesting on the stream that runs through our town; but for the last two years they have nested here. And why? Simply because they have not been frightened away in the spring.

This has convinced me and ought to convince every sportsman that spring shooting is unwise. Northern New York has a natural breeding ground for wildfowl, and if unmolested in the spring they will stay here and breed. Wild animals and fowls quickly know where they are protected, for those in adjoining counties where spring shooting is allowed fly in here and make this their breeding ground.

Ducks are growing more scarce every year, and unless we do something right away to protect them, they will follow our wild pigeons; so let all true sportsmen try and pass a law to prohibit spring shooting in the whole State and nation.

Frank L. Jerome.

Mr. Jasper Miller Sunday night took a look for the cause of a terrible commotion in his yard, and discovered a four-legged animal with something in front of him like an elephant's trunk. He seized his rifle to shoot the horrible thing, but on second thought concluded to leave the animal to his sports until daylight should reveal what it was. At last day dawned, and there was a dog with his head fastened in a joint of a stove pipe, which could not be removed by ordinary means. As a last resort Mr. Miller seized the pipe and started up-town, with the dog trotting along behind, and by the time he reached Gen. Palmer's store the procession had largely increased. The tinner's tools were brought into requisition to release the dog. And now other people are looking up joints of stove pipe to put in their yards, with a piece of beef fastened half way in them.—Columbia (S. C.) Register.

Boston and Maine.

BOSTON, Oct. 18.—The gunners are returning from the Maine woods. E. B. Bowen, of Newton, has just returned with two deer. Mrs. Bowen, who accompanied him, brought out one. E. K. Hall, who was credited with bringing the first moose head to Boston last year, has come out of the woods with one deer, leaving another head at Bangor to be mounted. J. S. Snyder, of Wakefield, has two fine specimens of deer to his credit this season. C. S. Cook, of Boston, brought home a fine buck. F. A. Lane, F. A. Davis and N. A. Davis have each brought home their deer. E. A. Hall has returned from the woods beyond Ashland, Me. He was accompanied by Mrs. Hall. They went in before the end of September, in order to have some fishing, as well as shooting. The trout fishing they found excellent in that country, where but little fishing is done. The trout were large, and though not as numerous as in the same waters in the early season, they generally came to the flies with a tremendous rush. When the open season begun they gave their attention to hunting. The leaves were falling, and were generally very dry and rustling. About the only way was to be at the runways early in the morning, and wait for the deer to come along. They got their quota of deer. A monster bull moose showed himself just at nightfall one evening. They were in a canoe with a guide. At first they thought it was an old tree turned up on the shore. The guide said: "Yes; that's a tree." But it moved. They paddled up nearer, when the old fellow began to stamp and bellow. It was close season on moose, and they could not shoot. There was nothing for it but to keep away from the shore till the moose concluded to trot into the woods. They sighed for a few moments of open season. His antlers were enormous; ten feet in the air, like great tree roots. Mr. Hall thinks that it would have taken some courage to have got out of that canoe in front of the old fellow even with a good rifle in hand.

Megantic Club members and guests are coming out of the woods from hunting trips. Generally they express satisfaction as to deer, but partridges are not plenty. D. C. Pierce and Mrs. Pierce are off for the Megantic preserve for a month. Parry C. Wiggin is back from his private camp at the preserve. Dr. George A. Payne is just out from his private camp at Big Island Pond. He made the trip to Eustis and return on his automobile. Soon they will hunt deer on horseless carriages; that is, if there are any deer to hunt. Dr. J. A. Gordon, W. R. Bateman, and W. E. Burke, of Quincy, have been spending some time in their private camp at the club house. Dr. Gordon got a fine buck deer. Frank Fallon and wife have been occupying Camp Squanto.

BOSTON, Oct. 20.—The Maine moose season opened on Wednesday, but up to Saturday, no moose had been shipped through Bangor. This is a disappointment to the hunters or else the guides have failed to have dead moose on tap at the opening day, as on former seasons. A year ago they begun to come along as soon as the season opened. One or two Boston hunters have returned from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia the past week with moose or parts of them. Maine game wardens and guides are dead sure that there are a great many moose in the forests, but they say that it will take some time to get them shot and down as far as Bangor. Game Warden Pollard, in from the Alleguash region last week, reports that he saw ten large moose Oct. 2, all bulls. The record of deer shot is getting ahead of last year, the number reported at Bangor for the week having been 311, against 260 for the same week a year ago. The record for the season thus far is 562 deer and no moose; same time a year ago, 604 deer and 14 moose. Patrolman G. L. Twombly, of Station 3 Boston, is out of the woods from Lincoln. He secured a buck deer of 160 pounds, a perfect albino, with a good head. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Scofield, of Everett, Mass., have returned from a fine trip in the woods of Maine. Coming down the East Branch of the Penobscot, with guide and canoe, they came upon the carcasses of two buck deer, with antlers locked together. The antler of one deer had pierced the lower jaw of the other, going up through the mouth. The position of the carcasses indicated that they had been drowned. Mrs. Scofield took photographs of the heads locked together. Prince Hall, of Greenfield, Me., while hunting last week, came upon two bucks with horns locked, so that they could not be disengaged. The deer attempted to flee, but Mr. Hall had no difficulty in shooting both. It seems that the Dayton, O., party of other seasons is to be in the Maine woods again this fall. About thirty men are to compose the party this year according to reports. A party of about twenty has arrived from Indiana, and will be camped not far from Patten. There are also reports of a third party of 100 men being made up in the West, to hunt moose and deer in Maine. Mr. Carleton should attend to these men personally, or send a warden, to see if they "bring their potatoes with them." If he thinks that he could get 150 fat license fees out of them, if he had the law, he would doubtless be much mistaken, for such reports are always greatly exaggerated. The number of men from the West, who hunted deer in Maine last year was not half the number reported. About forty deer were registered to Boston hunters at Bangor last week. Ten deer were registered to Boston hunters, over the Franklin & Megantic road for the week. At Kineo, Moosehead, a number of deer are registered to Boston parties for the week. Two game wardens returning to Kineo, from a trip to the Alleguash region, H. C. Templeton and Warden Pollard already mentioned, say that there has been a great increase in deer in that section. During the trip 400 deer and sixty moose were seen. Ten moose were seen in one day, going through a stretch of river. At the foot of Churchill Lake five moose were in sight at one time. In the Rangeley region the third week of the big-game season has been a better one. Daniel and Augustus Kuntz and A. Gahm, of Boston, have been in camp at Long Pond for a week. The hunting was rather slow by reason of dry and rustling leaves but they brought out a fine deer. At Camp Carrabassett, Frank Vickery and W. R. Hosmer, of Beverley, got a deer apiece last week. Mr. H. D. Priest, of Boston, got a deer in the vicinity of the Mountain View House last week.

Chatham reports continue to mention a scarcity of shore birds. Boston gunners returning bring very small bags. Good coot shooting is expected soon off Monomoy, as the birds are already "bedding" in that vicinity, and finding feeding grounds that will cause them to stay. Coot shooting has already begun at the lower South Shore, after weeks of slim sport for the gunners. At Marshfield, Andrew Tribou shot nineteen one morning last week. Henry C. Phillips and George S. Josselyn have both made good bags. The gunners are getting a few brant along Duxbury Beach. Yellowlegs are giving better sport along the North River marshes. Some great cooting has been done off Scituate. The hunters go off in dories. Edward, James and Scott Edson, local gunners, went off in three dories, from Third Cliff. Returning in the afternoon, they counted 57, 18 and 12 coot to the respective boats. Along the North Shore coot shooting is beginning. At Essex River the local gunners are getting a good many birds. Boston gunners are departing for Annisquam for coot shooting. SPECIAL.

Hunting Ducks.

WENT this mornin' to the crick,
Slipped up easy-like and quick—
Birds a-flyin' everywhere,
But there wa'nt no ducks down there;
From the marsh land floated back
Like an echo, "Quack, quack, quack."

Thought I'd find 'em in the marsh,
But discordant-like an' harsh,
Birds jest riz right up an' flew—
I was feelin' mighty blue—
On the crick again alack!
With their noisy "quack, quack, quack."

I got mad an' started back,
Wind had changed an' had to tack,
Found my tame ducks feedin' there;
When I'd shot one, I declare!
Overhead a circlin' back,
Heard the ducks go "quack, quack, quack."

Got him picked an' in the pan;
Bet that duck won't quack again!
Sat there broodin' o'er my luck,
Awful tired an' not a duck;
From the oven floated back
Mighty tame one lonesome "quack."

WM. FELTER.

LACYGNE, Kans.

New Hampshire Snarers.

DUNBARTON, N. H., Oct. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose clipping taken from Manchester, N. H., Mirror. It speaks for itself. C. M. STARK.

MOULTONBOROUGH.—Fish and Game Commissioners Wentworth and Clarke came to this town Wednesday evening and this morning caused the arraignment of Henry I. Moulton, Smith Davis, Charles E. Moulton and David G. Moulton, all of this town, and C. A. Forsaith, of Sandwich, who were arrested for sending snared partridges out of this State. James B. French presided at the court proceedings yesterday morning and sentences were imposed as follows:

D. G. Moulton goes to jail for sixty days, beside paying a fine of $80 and costs of prosecution. C. E. Moulton was fined $50, jail sentence suspended. The others were fined $10 apiece and ordered to pay costs of prosecution.

The Commisioners have proof that these parties have been shipping snared birds to New York city. They were picked up by the different stage drivers and forwarded to their destination through the American Express Company. The Commissioners, in the near future, intend to bring these stage drivers before the court for the violation of the law that explicitly forbids common carriers handling birds. The penalty is $100.

The inducement was alluring, for the price paid for partridge in New York city is $1.25 apiece.

It is the general opinion here that the Commissioners have broken up the worst combination of snarers that New Hampshire contains. Residents here are pleased over the arrests and convictions.

The Shedding of Deer Horns.

IT is not very safe to predicate anything about the time at which deer shed their horns. The elk uniformly carries his antlers till spring, and sheds them with great regularity—usually in the month of April, but sometimes earlier. The common deer on the other hand sometimes shed their horns in November, and sometimes do not lose them until April, but the greater number of deer cast their horns in December and January.

In his "Antelope and Deer of America," the Hon. J. D. Caton cites the case of a four-year-old Virginia deer which shed his antlers in April in 1869, while in November of the same year he shed the antlers grown during the summer. In both cases the deer was in perfect health and in very fine condition. In 1878 there was a big buck in captivity in the park on the Boston Common, which shed one of its horns the middle of March and carried the other several days longer.

The cow caribou carries her horns very much later than the bull. He commonly drops his in December, or early January, while the cow carries hers till the last of March.

Ducks at Barnegat.

HARVEY CEDARS, N. J., Oct. 15.—I have observed a steady increase in the number of black ducks, and at present these ducks are more plentiful than usual at this time of year. They are also feeding now in this vicinity.

For the last week large flocks of geese have been seen flying southward ,and especially to-day great numbers have been seen. This increase is probably due to a sudden change in the weather, for it is considerably cooler now and the wind is blowing briskly from the northwest. Two geese have been killed by an old gunner. Amos Birdshall, who brought them over to the hotel to-day.

We have quite a number of gunners in the house, and those who went out to-day had very good luck. Quite a number of ducks were killed, including black ducks, sheldrakes, loons, not mentioning some of those useless birds which were killed simply for the love of killing. All express satisfaction with the day's gunning, and the outlook is very bright for a good season at Harvey Cedars for the lovers of duck shooting. DAVID WHITE.

Long Island Shooting.

BAY SHORE, N. Y., Oct. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Prospects for shooting in this vicinity during the fall are better than they have been for a number of years. The duck shooters will be pleased to learn that there are already a good many broadbill in the bay, together with coot, black duck and brant. The fall flight of snipe has not occurred yet, but a few English snipe are reported on the meadows.

As for quail, one has but to take an hour or so afield in the afternoon and seldom will fail to find from two to five bevies. Indeed, it was only this afternoon I found four bevies in not over an hour's tramp. Rabbits, too, are plentiful, and as I have said before, the sportsman will find plenty of game for his gun in this vicinity.

F. A. D.

BAYPORT, L. I., N. Y., Oct. 19.—The prospects for ducking in this neighborhood are very good, large flocks of ducks being seen in the bay yesterday. The quail and deer are also very plentiful. HENRY STOKES.

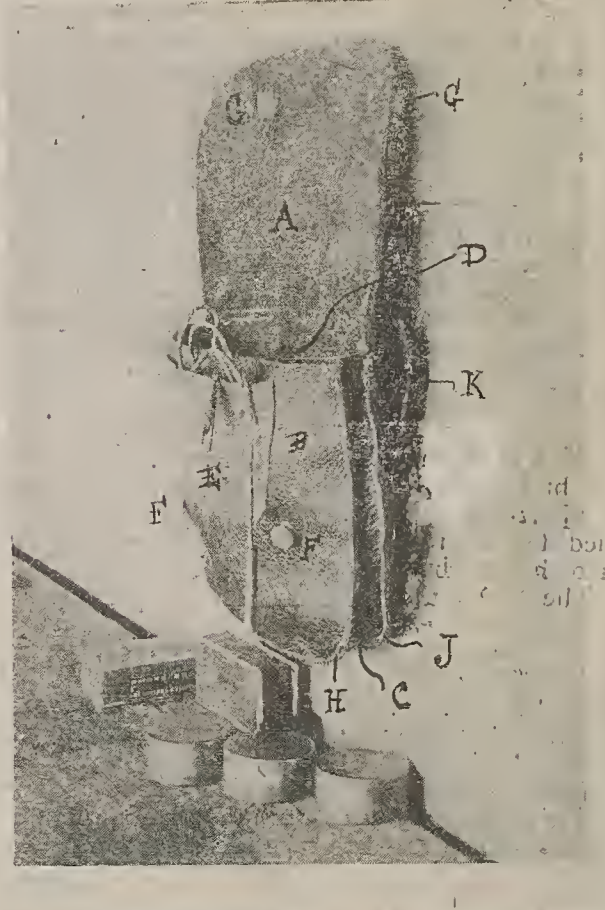
Hints and Wrinkles.

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

No. 2.—A Useful Cartridge Pouch.

FEW articles in a small-bore rifleman's kit give more satisfaction in the long run than those he himself makes at odd times. Of course he can purchase nearly all of the necessary articles, but if he is inclined to want his traps to be exactly according to his own ideas, the thing to do is to make them. Generally this is easier than one may suppose at first thought, and while the finished article may be homely, it is certain to possess the merit of having been made to order, and the owner has the satisfaction of knowing it is just as he intended it to be. Sometimes he cannot make the manufacturer of such articles as he requires understand just what he needs, and in the end he wants a certain thing and pays for something quite different which is unsatisfactory in the end; so he saves dollars in the loss of a little time and the exercise of patience.

Persons who do their shooting with .22 and .25 caliber rifles are often at a loss how to carry cartridges and cleaning material conveniently during a day's hunt. For one, I have found a small pouch, suspended from the waist-belt, more convenient than anything else, for these reasons: If one wears a coat or a vest, he may discard it, forgetting part of his outfit, left in the pockets;



and the pouch should contain not only the supply of cartridges, but a field cleaner, oiled bits of canton flannel, oil, perhaps a small screwdriver and parts of sights (if these are interchangeable) for shooting in the dark woods and in the open. If all these articles are kept in the pouch, and the latter with the rifle, one will always find just what he requires at the time it is needed.

I have made these pouches of various sizes and shapes for my own use, but have found that one about 5 by 5 by 1 inch answers all requirements for .22 and .25 caliber cartridges. Any soft leather about one-sixteenth of an inch thick will do, as much heavier leather is hard to sew and too stiff after the pouch is finished. In the accompanying illustration A shows the piece of leather which forms both the back and flap of the pouch; B the front piece; C an inch wide strip sewed to A and B along the seams H and J; D, small pocket inside the main pocket for cartridges for immediate use; E, pocket containing field or string cleaner; FF, buttons; GG, buttonholes; K, one of the two belt-loops at rear.

The belt-loops and the cartridge pocket D are sewed on the rear pice first. Then the strip C, after which the pocket E is sewed on piece B, and B attached to C. Snaps or ordinary buttoms will answer for a fastening for the flap. All this may be done in an hour on any ordinary sewing machine; otherwise by hand.

A Government string cleaner for .22 or .25 calibers may be obtained of any sporting goods dealer. Fold it and place in its proper pocket, where it may be found

when needed. Cut some strips of canton flannel to fit the slot in the cleaner, and put them in any empty primer box, where they will remain dry until needed. They should be cut as large as possible, so that when pulled through the barrel they will fit it snugly. In another brass primer box put a little mercurial ointment for preserving the bore from rust, and in a third some pure vaseline. Take two pieces of flannel a few inches square and saturate one of them with good oil. Fold them separately and place them with the three boxes in the large pocket. There is still space in this pocket for a couple of boxes of cartridges, and a few of these should be placed in the pocket D, where they will be out of dust and handy when needed.

While hunting squirrels or other small game one can carry the pouch on the waist-belt, in front or at the right side, where it will be convenient to the right hand. The eyes need not be taken off the game in reloading, so handy is the small pocket to one's thumb and finger, while the empty shell, if kept for reloading, is dropped into the large pocket, where it will not be mistaken for a cartridge.

Small game is more often frightened by one's movements than by the noise of a breaking twig or the crunch of one's heel on dry leaves, and searching through the pockets of one's coat for missing cartridges requires motions that are fatal to one's chances of getting a shot. By carrying the small pouch at the front, the motions required in reloading need be very few, and those such as will not frighten a squirrel or a grouse, as a general thing.

PERRY D. FRAZER.

100 Sportsmen's Finds.

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

88

In 1852 William Hackett and Robert Pope arrived in Red Bluff on a prospecting tour. The season was well advanced toward winter and all advised the men to defer their expedition until spring, but this excellent counsel was disregarded, and one day in the early part of September Hackett and Pope, with a couple of burros, set out for the headwaters of the McCloud River. The Indians that early day were troublesome and vindictive, and resented any invasion of their territory, but the two friends were undeterred by thoughts of danger, and after a month's tramping found themselves on a small branch of the McCloud, flowing northeasterly down the slope of Great Mt. Shasta. Here a camp was formed and a hut built, in which it was determined to remain during the winter.

When all was completed the search for gold began. Indications were encouraging and slowly their pile of dust increased. Winter approached and mining ceased. To occupy the long hours and to provide themselves with fresh meat, the men began to hunt. Game was abundant, and one day a bear was wounded which fled from the hunters, and night coming on the chase had to be abandoned. The next day the trail was discovered and followed for over five miles into a narrow cañon. Before a cave in the rocks the bear lay dead. With the natural instinct of prospectors the two men entered the cave, intending to explore it, but their attention was quickly diverted from that purpose by the evidences that they had unwittingly come upon a formation that indicated the presence of rich gold-bearing quartz in amazing quantities. After that they left the hut and took up their abode near the cave. All winter was spent in detaching the ore and separating the rich from the poor. When summer came Pope loaded the two burros with all they could carry and hastened to Red Bluff, where he sold it for $2,000.

He made immediate preparations for a return, and, accompanied by a number of miners, started to join his partner, but when about twenty miles from his destination the party came upon the fleshless skeleton of Hackett tied to a burned sapling, and showing every indication of having been tortured and mutilated by the Indians. The effect upon Pope of this awful accident was to destroy his reason. He became violently insane, and one night disappeared and was never seen again. The secret of the Bear's Nest mine died with him, and it has been numbered with the lost. The search for it is still continued, and some day it may be rediscovered. It is a tradition of Shasta that miners love to dwell upon.

Dante and the Animal Kingdom.

In "Dante and the Animal Kingdom," which has just been published through the Macmillans, Dr. Holbrook says:

Altogether Dante mentions about 100 birds, beasts, fishes and monsters. His devils are, so far as can be determined, either the hybrid of man and some lower animal, or they result from distortion, or from combining two or more lower animals. The griffin, the phœnix, the dragon, to say nothing of a six-footed serpent and of a fiery adder, are monsters. Other creatures may have a normal anatomy, but they act abnormally. Such are the three beasts and other demoniacal animals to be found in hell. Such, too, are the beaver, the pelican and the eagle that gazes into the sun. On the other hand, our poet's falcons and hawks are wholly natural. And here it is timely to remark that no other birds than hawks and falcon (except, perhaps, their quarry) were carefully studied during the middle ages. Dante mentions or describes six or seven exotic animals, the monkey, the lion, the ounce (some kind of leopard or a cheetah), the panther, the beaver, the elephant, the whale and the dolphin, for these two are exotic, as they live in the sea. Of these it is more than likely that Dante had never seen the three first named. Those animals that he knew least, Dante, nevertheless, portrays with the energy of genius. Ignorance hardly lessened his power. Those that he knew best he describes so well as to surpass all other writers of the middle ages.

Sea and River Fishing.

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

The Old Way and Herb's Way.

IT is said that instinct is the sum of inherited tendencies. True it is that the love for outdoor life and the pursuit and capture of game—fur, fin and feather—may well be called a second nature—an instinct deeply implanted and transmitted with undiminished ardor from bygone ages, and is a sufficient proof of the truth of the declaration of the opening sentence.

In early youth it was my good fortune to have access to that pastoral classic penned four hundred years ago, "The Compleat Angler," which has been the delight of scholars for centuries, which gave its author immortality, and placed all sportsmen—particularly the brotherhood of the angle—under a lasting debt of gratitude that can never be fully paid.

Its perusal quickened into life the latent love for the gentle art, appreciation of the beauties of nature, and a longing for the day to come when I should exchange the restraints and drudgery of the school room for the freedom and pleasures of outdoor life and the fellowship of the lovers of the gentle art of angling.

My youthful companions were not of the æsthetic and exclusive class who limit the pleasure of angling to success with the artificial fly, and who look down in scornful indignation, if not condemnation, upon all who follow more closely in good old Izaak's footsteps, and who despise not the sprightly grasshopper, the wriggling angle worm, the lively chub, and the festive frog.

With these for lures, we passed many pleasant boyhood days, and well filled creels often attested our knowledge of favorite waters, our persistency and success. When using the frog, we always endeavored to heed Piscator's advice: "Use him as though you loved him; that is, harm him as little as you may possibly, that he may live the longer." Venator and Auceps also contributed to our pastime and pleasure, beside the purling stream and beneath the spreading tree, where we ate our noonday meal—companions as quaint and interesting to-day as when they journeyed together centuries ago beside the gentle flowing Wye and Dove.

But years have come and gone since Walton's day, the world has progressed to higher and better things, and the art of angling has kept pace therewith. The crude and simple have given place to the superior and scientific as befits the age and gentle art—the primitive sapling and animate lure to the delicate split-bamboo and the seductive productions of the fly-tyer's skill.

But, being abundantly supplied with these and all the accessories of the modern angler's outfit, the most expert and enthusiastic angler cannot always command success even on waters where fish are known to be in plenty. The season, temperature of water, condition of the atmosphere, time of day, abundance or scarcity of food, and other causes, enter as important factors for or against success.

It behooves the angler, therefore, who is wedded to the exclusive use of the fly to be able to adapt himself to untoward conditions, to the end that he may, by legitimate means, be able to command success and pleasure where otherwise only failure and disappointment would result.

The decades of years are now lengthening since it was my good fortune to spend my summer vacation in the beautiful mountain and lake region of northwestern Maine, before the woodsman's ax had wrought the devastation now in such painful evidence. It was midsummer, and the weather was exceedingly hot. There was not sufficient breeze to stir a ripple upon the lake, and not a passing cloud intervened to temper the burning rays of the sun. My guide, Herb, who had attained to the years of vigorous manhood, was a true son of the forest. He was left an orphan when ten years old, and was then adopted by an old hunter and fisherman, who devoted all his time to hunting and fishing, there then being none of the stringent fish and game laws of the present time to prevent. With truth it might be said that Herb had passed his whole life in the woods, and that he was an apt pupil. It has been my good fortune to have camped and tramped throughout all northern Maine and in other parts of this country and the maritime provinces—to have had many guides and good ones—but to none will I award the palm over Herb. In woodcraft, in knowledge of the haunts and habits of fish and game and how best to capture it, how to paddle a canoe, improvise a camp, make a bough bed, cook a meal of victuals, make a bee line to destination through an unbroken wilderness by compass; in fine, genial and companionable, past master in all that makes camp life pleasant in the woods; cool and resourceful in emergencies, and you have a word picture of Herb, my guide on the occasion referred to, as well as on many others.

Herb is too much of a gentleman to obtrude his opinions or to offer advice unasked, and so for days we earnestly essayed the gentle art and did our best for distance, delicacy and accuracy, with very indifferent success, only early in the morning and at evening twilight did we get sufficient small trout near the shore for the frying-pan. During the day our best efforts scored only a blank.

In my despair I appealed to Herb, asking him if I must wait for cold weather before I could hope for sport with the large trout that were known to be in the lake, or if he could not do something to stir them up to take the fly, as we had no other lure. He assured me that he could and would, if I so desired.

Being assured in the affirmative, and telling him that I wished him to go just where he pleased, do what he pleased, and that I would attempt faithfully to follow his instructions, with renewed hope we started out. He paddled a few miles from camp, but at his suggestion I desisted from casting. Arriving at a favorite spot, he dropped anchor in deep water. He now informed me that he did not wish me to make a cast for at least an hour. This seemed strange to me, but I proposed no interrogatory and made no comment. When about half that time had elapsed he took a biscuit from his pocket and crumbled a small portion of it at a time and dropped it upon the water, where it soon became water-logged and disappeared beneath the surface.

This he continued at intervals until the hour passed away, and it seemed a day in length. The sun was burning hot as usual, and the water of the lake like a mirror.

He then asked me to mount a cast of the darkest and smallest flies that I had and cast very gently and quite near to the canoe. To my great astonishment my third cast was rewarded by a rise, and a successful strike anchored me to a noble trout that made a stubborn fight and furnished superlative sport before he was secure in the landing net. Again and again the success was repeated, until fatigue supervened from the sport and the excessive heat of the day. We returned all to the water unharmed, save only those needed at camp.

Asked for an explanation of our experience, Herb said that the large trout, as we all know, seek the deepest water and possibly cold springs at the bottom during the heat of summer time. From long experience he knew these favorite spots in the lake, that he had anchored the canoe over one, that in dropping the anchor among them they were startled and frightened away, that by remaining very quiet for an hour or longer they would recover from their fright and return to the place from which they fled, that after a while they saw the crumbs that he dropped overboard coming gently down, that first one trout darted upward for the food, then another and another, until nearly all came to the surface, where in their eagerness for the appetizing morsel, they were ready to take the tempting fly.

Be this as it may, it is certain that under similar conditions we had abundant success thereafter when resort was had to similar expedients not only here but elsewhere in the State, and this would tend to prove that success does not always reward only the skill of the most expert angler, the finest tackle, and the most artistic and seductive fly, and that knowledge born of experience is quite as reliable and valuable as the learned disquisitions of the books.

GEO. MCALEER.

WORCESTER, Mass.

Ethics of Sport.

As Observed in California—What Sportsmen Have Done in a Few Years.

AVALON, Cal., Oct. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In a recent issue of the FOREST AND STREAM appears the following reference to Santa Catalina:

During a recent contest in the waters near Catalina Island, the participants caught with hook and line more than 400 albicore, at least 10,000 pounds of fish, but as the meat is worthless, Justice Allen afterward characterized the tournament as wanton slaughter which should be prohibited by law. Fishermen and boatmen contended that albicore were useless except as food for other fish, and that they served this purpose after being caught. The ethics of sport have been observed here as elsewhere only in a vague manner. Perhaps a goat hunt taken next day by fourteen boys of the Naval Reserve, who accomplished twenty-eight kills, was not accurately in line with the ideal conception upheld by a large number of other hunters, though all the meat was afterward consumed in camp. A fair judgment would demand exact knowledge of local conditions.

I think your correspondent hardly means to say "the ethics of sport have been observed here as elsewhere only in a vague manner," as, if the truth were known, nowhere in the United States is there so true a sportsmanlike feeling as at Avalon, which is remarkable when it is known that this little town on Santa Catalina is the most important fishing or angling locality in the country. Every year nearly 100,000 persons visit this island, and every male goes fishing, and many females, hence it would be singular if at times there was not some unsportsmanlike conduct, but certainly not sufficient to justify the above statement that the ethics of sport are vaguely held. The catch of 400 albicores which is mentioned was made under peculiar circumstances. All the year the one or two hundred boatmen or residents of Avalon interested in angling as a business, had fished with their patrons every day, but never had caught a fish themselves, so when there came an end to the season in the last of September and it was possible to have a rest of a week, before the fall season began, the boatmen and gaffers and their friends got up a tournament of two days, and on one day ran into the school of albicores and caught 400, or about ten to a man in one day. It was the one day in the year to them, and those familiar with the case are not disposed to criticise the men, knowing that nowhere in any country do boatmen so constantly maintain a high standard of sport. Exactly what has been done at Avalon and was done to elevate the standard of sport was shown in a speech or address made by Chas. F. Holder, at the banquet of the Tuna Club, when he retired from its presidency some three years ago. The matter referring to the point in question was as follows: "It is a matter of congratulation to every member of the Tuna Club that a high standard of sport holds in these waters, and that every boatman has an interest in the cause." Mr. Holder had been asked to give a history of the Tuna Club and its work, and the following bears upon it: "When I first visited Santa Catalina eighteen years ago, the splendid game fishes of this region were slaughtered without rhyme or reason. There was not a rod in use, and it was the custom for parties of from one to twenty to go out with from one to five or six hand lines and the idea seemed to be for each fisherman to haul in as many as possible, and often hundreds of pounds of splendid fish, as game as the salmon, ranging from ten to fifty pounds—yellowtails, sea bass, albicore and others—were brought in only to be left upon the shore or towed out to sea. I believed that this could be stopped by appealing to the latent spirit of fair play for game which every one has, and I began fishing with a light rod and 21-thread line; was laughed at at first by the 'cod line' hand liners, but only for a short time, as I soon demonstrated that I could take the largest fishes with my rod, and the idea soon became prevalent that a 'true sportsman' only used a rod, and in a remarkably short time the feeling was so strong that no one had the temerity to go out with a hand line. What was the result? With a light rod no one could catch a twenty-seven-pound yellowtail in less than ten or fifteen minutes, and it became a physical impossibility to over fish, and the average catch

(maximum) became from five to eight fish, generally the former, per day. Result: Not so many fish caught; by 75 per cent. and 100 per cent. more sport. I explained to the few boatmen who had no conveniences at this time how my fishing boat on the St. Lawrence was rigged, with chairs, etc., for the comfort of the angler, and suggested the introduction of the water glass, or glass-bottomed boat which I had used in Florida and which was in use in the Bermuda islands, and in a short time finely equipped fishing boats appeared. To bring to the aid of the 'reform movement' other sportsmen, I suggested or founded the Tuna Club, the original members being Mr. H. K. Macomber, Mr. E. L. Doran, Mr. Clifford Scudder, of St. Louis; Mr. Fitch Dewy, of Toledo, and myself, and some twenty or thirty well-known anglers did me the honor to elect me first president of the club. I drafted the following sections of the constitution and by-laws:

"'The object of the Tuna Club is the protection of the game fishes of the State of California and to encourage and foster the catching of all fishes, and especially tuna, yellowtail, sea bass, black sea bass, etc., with the lightest rod and reel tackle, and to discourage hand line fishing, as being unsportsmanlike and against the public interest.

"'No records will be considered if made on lines larger than a 24-thread Cuttyhunk, this being the limit, and the club recommends an 18-thread line for yellowtail and sea bass.'"

The club soon had 200 members, and as honorary members Theodore Roosevelt, Caspar Whitney, Grover Cleveland, President Harrison and many more sportsmen and anglers whose names emphasized the fact that game had certain rights and that those rights were to be protected at Santa Catalina. Mr. Holder now suggested that the Tuna Club give a series of tournaments, offering prizes of cups, medals, rods, etc., to encourage the use of light tackle, which did much to spread abroad in southern California what a true sportsmanlike standard was. These tournaments were enjoyed by thousands, all conforming to the rules of the Tuna Club regarding light tackle, and to see a large line or a hand line used at Santa Catalina is to make the unfortunate owner the butt of the entire fishing community; in fact, it would require more than ordinary courage to attempt it. How well the boatman and gaffers have joined hands with the club members is shown by a glance at the fleet of boats in Avalon Bay devoted to angling. A moderate estimate as to the value is $100,000. The boats are mostly launches for tuna and yellowtail fishing, handsomely fitted, and with an equipment of rods and reels in some cases valued at $1,000. Hand lines would be a much cheaper outfit for these men, but they all have Vom Hofe reels from $25 to $50 apiece; silver-mounted rods of greenheart, and the very finest and most up-to-date tackle the market affords. Not one of these men carries a hand line; even ten-foot sharks are caught with twenty-one-thread lines, all of which suggests that of all places in the world, Santa Catalina Island makes the most determined effort and has made it to stand well before the sportsmen of the world. Enormous catches of fish have been shown here at times. One of the largest was of yellowtail, showing about fifty fish, but this was the catch of four rods in a whole day, or about twelve fish apiece, and as the anglers came three thousand miles to fish, they were pardoned. The catch of even five fish here seems large, as they are so heavy—the yellowtail running up to fifty pounds, white sea bass seventy pounds, sheepshead twenty-five, black sea bass five hundred pounds, tuna three hundred pounds (record 251 pounds), albicore one hundred pounds (record sixty-three pounds). When it is remembered that this peculiar angling ground with its monopoly of tuna fishing and its vast schools of big game fish is fished the year around by hundreds of anglers from all over this country and Europe, it would not seem strange if occasionally some member of the "unsportsmanlike fraternity" got in his deadly work, but the anglers and boatmen of Santa Catalina submit that for a new place and a new country they have done fairly well, and submit with all courtesy to your correspondent that the ethics of sport are not observed in a vague manner at Santa Catalina Island.

21-THREAD.

Angling for Lafayettes.

IT is not often that the anglers who haunt the piers along the North River experience much excitement or catch any fish large enough to furnish their families with a meal, but when the lafayettes are running they furnish sport for thousands of persons who do not otherwise catch many fish during their twelve months of toil.

The lafayette is not a large fish, it being only four to six inches in length, but it is a gamy fellow, and when it comes in with the new flood tide in large numbers, as it often does, catches of a hundred or more are not remarkable in an afternoon's fishing. Of course many of the persons who fish for these lafayettes do so for the sport of catching them, just as many anglers make big catches of brook trout, and put back all but a few of the larger ones; but others catch them for the pan, and carry them home at nightfall with great pride. It is usually in late August that the word "Lafayettes are running." is passed along the line, whereupon the demand for sandworms equals and often surpasses the supply kept for such emergencies by riverside boatmen and small shopkeepers. Then it is that space on all the piers is at a premium, and every boat that is available is pressed into service by the people who hurry to the river in groups or singly. Not much space is required to cast a hand line or manipulate a rod along the string pieces of the piers, or from some canal boat or schooner moored alongside, but very often there is no space for one more, so that the late arrivals must seek standing room elsewhere. And it is a motley crowd. Old salt-water anglers who fish at every opportunity throughout the year; boys of all sizes and ages; women who for the time being become as enthusiastic over the fun as their husbands do at all times; whole families, each member equipped with some sort of gear with a hook or two at the business end. All along the river, while the lafayettes are in these waters, the same scene is repeated every day and all day.

The tackle used is simple. Hand lines are most in evidence, but those who own ordinary salt-water rods use them. There is little space on the crowded piers for fancy casting, and perhaps this accounts in a measure for the style employed in projecting the line as far out in the water as possible. The hand liners grasp their lines some two feet above the heavy sinker and toss it out by a vigorous underhand swing, or, when there is room, by whirling over the head a couple of times before letting go. The rodsters use multiplying reels sometimes, but generally the large wooden salt-water reels that sometimes rival a diner plate for size. In every case the sinker is very large. This is necessary in order to keep the line taut against the strong tides, and it is easier, too, to cast a heavy weight in close quarters. The hooks being baited with sandworms, the line is reeled in until but three feet of it shows beyond the tip of the rod. The rod is carried well back over the head, and a vigorous forward swing imparted, which sends the sinker and line far up and out, to drop in the deep water many yards distant and run until the sinker touches bottom. Then enough line is recovered to keep it taut, and a bite is anxiously awaited. The sinkers are generally pear-shaped, and are attached to the end of the line, with the snelled hooks further up, so that they may be held in a horizontal direction by the tide some distance above the boat.

With several ounces of lead holding the line on the bottom of the river, and a slack line, it need not be supposed that the strike of a five-inch fish will pull the angler overboard, but the fact is that the lafayettes give a taut line a goodly twitch, considering their size, and make their presence known by considerable fuss as they are being reeled in. Those who fish with more than one hand line attach one or more of these to bits of stiff wire carrying tiny tinkle bells at the end. The wire is pushed into the stringpiece of the pier, the line given a turn round it, then coiled, and a strike is signalled in this way.

It is all very amusing, this scramble for the little lafayettes, and yet thousands of persons get enjoyment out of it in their few leisure hours, and it is of record among them that a mess of lafayettes is not half bad. Let those who have the patience try it.

PERRY D. FRAZER.

A Pearl River Camp.

JIM and Walter Kirkman, Will Norsworth and I, when boys living in Mississippi, formed a quartette of inseparables. We ranged in ages from fifteen to eighteen years, the two first-named brothers, Jim and Walter, being respectively the youngest and oldest of the four.

We were just about the average, as boys run, being neither so good as to cause our loved ones uneasiness for fear our earthly career would be brief; nor so bad as to cause them constant sorrow for fear it would not.

We were all fond of the sports that attract boys, and hunted and fished together in season and out.

Near our home were two large creeks, which passing on either side of the town, flowed into what was called the "Big Black Swamp," and after adding their mite to the great swamp's water-soaked area, made their way by tortuous windings to the beautiful Pearl River, twelve to fifteen miles away. These creeks we fished, seined and muddied each year, as the fishing season rolled around, but the river we had only visited once or twice, and then for very brief stays.

We had heard much about the size of the fish in Pearl River, and wonderful stories were told by the local fishermen of the freedom with which they took the bait. Both of these essentials to good sport were lacking in our creeks. The fish were small and seldom bit freely. Seining occasionally gave good returns, but generally when the seine came up with a good haul of fish, there would be from one to three vicious old stump-tailed moccasin snakes thrashing around among them, which always caused us to drop fish, seine or any other impediment to speedy flight, and take to the high bank.

Muddying, of course, we never really seriously indulged in, but only at times, when the water was very slow, and we wanted to get into it, would we engage in this practice. For the enlightenment of the uninitiated I will explain "muddying," which is a sport confined exclusively to the "lowlands," and practiced generally by the small boy of African descent. When the season is very dry the creeks and branches become a succession of small pools, in which the fish collect.

The bottoms are all muddy and the fishermen get into the pool with a hoe, or bit of brush, and vigorously stir the bottom until the water is thick with mud, then as the suffering small fish seek the surface for air, they are caught by hand. Does not sound much like sport, but your fly-fisherman, with his hundred-dollar outfit, will not have as much fun in a year as a small darky in a well-mudded pool will have in one half hour.

Numerous parties of adult sportsmen were in the habit of camping out for a week or two each season on the river, and nearly always reported good luck and a good time, so we at last determined that we would go on a real camping trip. Our first intention was to join one of these adult parties, but we soon found that our good company was not as eagerly sought after by these more experienced sportsmen as we had expected, so we determined to get up our own party and go our own way.

We began planning the trip in April, and got away the latter part of June. Convincing our several households that we were mature enough, and discreet enough, to be trusted for a week camping out was the most serious and difficult part of the undertaking, but this we finally accomplished, and began our preparations in real earnest.

After acquiring all available information, and holding many consultations, "Long Lake" was selected as our destination.

Long Lake was one of many so-called lakes, which were in reality bayous, that bordered the Pearl River in central and south-central Mississippi. The river being a very tortuous stream, flowing through a light sandy soil, often formed entirely new channels by cutting through across the neck of some big bend, and then as the openings of the loop filled with soil and drift, a long piece of still water would be formed, which made an ideal fish preserve. Our selection was a long loop, probably a mile around, with its ends both open into the main stream, and not more than two hundred yards apart. The current did not flow into it except in high water, as the upper end was partly closed by a high bank of sand that had gradually formed during freshets in the river.

There were many conflicting opinions to be reconciled among us as to the necessary equipment, outfit, etc., essential to the most complete enjoyment of a week in camp, and many loud and long discussions were held before a decision was reached.

At first our discussions were hampered with a condition, and all opinions and suggestions prefaced with "Now if we do go," but finally when we had all secured parental sanction to our plan, the bridle was off, and every fellow voiced his sentiments freely, and backed up his position with earnest argument.

A boat was necessary, but this otherwise difficult problem was early eliminated by the kindness of a local sportsman, who kept a boat on the lake, and promised us the use of it for our stay. Other matters of preparation were more difficult to arrange. After three weeks of discussion, sometimes cool, and at other times somewhat heated, the problem of what to take, and how much, was not only unsolved, but, in most cases the outfit suggested had steadily increased in items and amount.

We finally agreed to cease all discussions for one week and then meet to consider each one's list of what he thought necessary for the trip, each list to be reduced to writing. A two-horse wagon was what we had agreed upon to carry us and our outfit to the lake, and when we finally met and submitted our lists, a freight car would have been overloaded with any of the four. Walter had in the main the best and shortest list, but after we saw that he had put down four dozen towels and a dozen cakes of soap, we took little further interest. Will's list read well until he came to the items, "Two beds and mattresses," when he was promptly howled down.

Jim came to grief over a cook stove, which he insisted was an absolute necessity; while I suffered complete shipwreck in trying to hold up these items in my list: "Plates, cups, saucers, knives, forks, spoons, and a table cloth."

As we did not expect to get off until some time in June, and the question was a pleasant one to discuss, we went at it again as a committee of the whole, and the result was that we finally took what there was room in the wagon for, and left behind as much again that we had intended taking.

It was out of season for all game, except
but we would have called off the trip ins
allowed firearms.

There was well-grounded rumors of bear in
and semi-wild hogs ranged the canebrakes, s
of defense arms were unanimously voted
When collected, they consisted of two double-barrel muzzleloading shotguns, and a .38-caliber Colts revolver. Walter and Jim furnished one shotgun, I the other, while Will contributed the revolver, and we hoped that his father would have no occasion to use a weapon during our absence, as Will did not consult him about borrowing it for the trip.

My gun was a 12-gauge, medium-weight, serviceable weapon, without any special points; but the one contributed by Walter and Jim was a curiosity. Nothing bigger had any of us ever seen off of wheels in the gun line. About 8 gauge, with iron in proportion to its caliber, not one of us could do more than swing it to horizontal and fire quickly before the weight pulled it down; and one shot a day was all a fellow generally cared about making with it, as it took twenty-four hours for even a boy to forget how it had kicked.

To provide bait for fishing, we made a small seine for minnows out of coarse netting and caught a quantity of roaches. Crickets were considered the best bait for bream but when we had hunted out the most favorable covers for this insect, for the better part of two days, and only secured a dozen or two, we remembered hearing that roaches were almost as good.

An old abandoned smoke house in the rear of
and Jim's yard teemed with them, and by enterin
denly with a bright light after dark, we easily ca
a few trips as many as could safely be accommoc
our bait can, made of a leaky two-gallon milk
further ventilated with numerous holes punched with a small nail.

Catching the roaches was the most unpleasant part of our preparations, as they had an oily, creepy, disgusting feel to the hand like nothing else that we had ever handled.

All our preparations being completed, we selected Walter and Jim's home as the rendezvous, and collecting our outfit engaged the team to be on hand at the first break of day, Monday morning, June 20. There were two beds in the boys' room, and we turned in early the night before, but there was very little sleeping done. Whenever conversation ceased long enough for us to doze off, one or another would wake with a start and strike a match to see the time of night.

Morning came at last, and found us waiting impatiently in the front yard for the wagon, which, fortunately, was on time.

Making a hurried selection of what the wagon would hold, we loaded it in, climbed up on top of the pile and were off.

LEWIS HOPKINS.

Clams on Hand for the Clam Bake.

MR. CHARLES ALEXANDER, who lives at Rumstick Point, Rhode Island, having encountered the usual difficulties in procuring clams of good quality at the desired time, has invented an ingenious method for overcoming this difficulty. A series of heavy boxes was put down alongside a pier, and their covers perforated with holes. The clams, when procured, were transplanted into these boxes, which had been filled with about eighteen inches of sand. Here they grew readily, became very fat and tender, and were always on hand when desired for baking. This device not only allows the inventor to have clams whenever he wishes them, but the clams actually grow in size; and it is the testimony of every one who has tried them that they are superior in quality to those dug directly from the shore. Mr. Alexander has hereby demonstrated the feasibility of a method which the Rhode Island Fish Commission thinks will be used extensively by others who have land bordering upon the shores of Narragansett Bay.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Fish and Fishing.

Unneighborly Conduct.

THE Department of Fisheries of the Province of Ontario have been endeavoring for some time past to secure specimens of eggs of the ouananiche of northern Quebec, for the purpose of introducing them into Ontario waters, but in every instance their efforts have proved unsuccessful, those controlling the most accessible waters in which they are found in the Province of Quebec being apparently determined to prevent the further distribution of the variety. The very same fish, anatomically considered, is found in the lakes of both Maine and New Hampshire, and I am not aware that any attempt has been made in either of those States, as in the Province of Quebec, to prevent the export of spawn or specimens of adult fish for breeding purposes. It is true that the ouananiche or so-called landlocks of New Hampshire and Maine, are for the most part bottom feeders, and attain a much larger size than their near congeners of Lake St. John; but different habits surely do not constitute a different variety, and it would be by no means surprising if a change of habitat made a great difference in the habits of a fish. I see no reason whatever to doubt that the progeny of the Maine fish transplanted into the cold rapid waters of northern Ontario, would afford quite as good sport to the fly-fisherman as the ouananiche of the Grand Discharge. In Newfoundland, however, the Ontario people will find an abundance of ouananiche, perfectly identical in both habits and habitat with the ouananiche of Lake St. John; and many of the rivers of Labrador, as frequently mentioned in these columns, contain large numbers of them.

The question of replenishing depleted waters with new forms of fish life is receiving considerable attention at present in the Province of Ontario. The qualities of the black bass are carefully noted, and while there are few so bold as to challenge its superiority as a game fish, there is much adverse criticism of its conduct toward [illegible]ighbors, and much alarm is expressed lest it should [illegible]anted in waters whence it might obtain access to [illegible] or streams containing trout. The young of the [illegible]led trout have certainly enough of dangers surrounding them, without the addition of new ones, and not the [illegible] of these arises from the cannibalistic tendencies of [illegible] own parents. This is a crime which none can seriously lay against the black bass. Instead of feeding upon the eggs of their kind, as soon as they are deposited, as both trout and whitefish have been known to do, the parent bass remains on guard over its eggs until they are hatched and only abandons its young when they are able to take care of themselves. Their fecundity is so great that a few pairs of parent fish soon suffice to populate the waters in which they are placed. It is certain that much unnecessary and unintentional destruction of parent bass in Ontario waters is due to the too early opening of the fishing season. Bass may at present be caught in Ontario on June 18, though many of the fish taken for several days after that date are found to be full of spawn. It will be remembered that the North American Fish and Game Protective Association has already recommended that the close season should be extended to July 1, and efforts are now being made with the Federal authorities, which it is confidently expected will prove successful, to have this recommendation carried into effect.

It is understood that means are to be adopted by the Ontario authorities for the introduction of steelheads from British Columbia, but the suggestion has been made [illegible]e rainbow trout would be likely to succeed bet[illegible] would certainly afford better sport. It may be [illegible]th these varieties of Western salmonidæ will, cre[illegible]e numbered among the game fishes of the Province [illegible]tario.

The Result of Protection.

Nothing speaks more eloquently for the cause of protection of angling waters than the records of big fish constantly captured in the Thames and in other streams which are surrounded by a teeming population. The angling column of a small English sporting paper records that during the late trout fishing season on the Thames, the average weight of sixty-four trout caught between Teddington and Lechlade, was four pounds ten ounces. The weights of some of the trout caught at Henley are given as follows: 10 pounds 4 ounces, 9 pounds 11 ounces, 8 pounds 8 ounces, and two of 7 pounds 8 ounces each. The largest of the above measured 2 feet 4 inches in length. These fish are, of course, the Von Behr or brown trout, the common brook trout of Europe, known in science as *Salmo fario;* and in the dimensions to which they attain in some of the English waters, recall the "Fordidge trout" of Izaak Walton, which are caught in the Stour, near Canterbury, and of which Walton tells us that many of them are "near the bigness of a salmon."

It will be welcome news for the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, many of whom are members of the Sportsmen's Fish and Game Protective Association of the Province of Quebec, to learn that the Hon. Mr. Parent, Minister of Lands, Mines and Fisheries, has marked his appreciation of the work being done by the society by according it a Government grant of $400 a year. The Association is perfecting its organization, and is already striking terror into the hearts of many notorious offenders against the fish and game laws. Shortly after the close of the trout fishing season in Quebec, one of its officials confiscated seven dozen of fine trout which had been illegally taken out of Lake St. Charles, and the offender was also fined. On the principle that it is not all of fishing to catch fish, the Association is bending itself to the task of protecting those forms of desirable bird and animal life which contribute to the pleasures and the attractions of a holiday spent on lake or stream. Beavers and their wonderful dams are by no means the least of these attractions, and when the Association was instrumental, at the last session of the Legislature, in having the present close season for beaver extended until Nov. 1, 1905, it also determined to do its best to enforce the new law. Admirers of these interesting little animals will be glad to learn that the Association has recently made a seizure of no less than fourteen live beavers, which had been illegally captured and were on the point of being shipped from Quebec to Mr. Menier's island of Anticosti, for his private preserve.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Grayling and Trout.

It has always been supposed by the anglers of this part of the United States that, of the two fishes, the brook trout was more aggressive and more destructive of its neighbor than the grayling. It is commonly understood among Michigan fishermen that when the trout once get into a grayling stream the grayling is bound to disappear, and this gradual disappearance of the latter fish, which has amounted practically to the extinction of the species in most of the State of Michigan, has always been attributed to the introduction of the trout into the grayling streams quite as much as to the logging operations. It is a matter of some surprise to Western men to read in the English angling papers of a point of view regarding these two fishes which is diametrically opposed to that which obtains in America. Thus, in an English angling paper, Mr. S. Ludlow, writing of the fishing along the Teme River, remarks: "In conversation with an old angler as to the trout in this part, he says: 'Trout are more scarce than usual, but grayling are more plentiful and larger this season, and I think the grayling destroy the trout spawn.'" This certainly is a new thing in angling lore, and if it be in the least correct, all one can say is that it is a fact hitherto undiscovered in our grayling country. We have always been accustomed to look upon the grayling as a beautiful and somewhat helpless fish, doomed to extermination by reason of the greater strength and rapacity of its cousin the brook trout. The grayling does not seem to be as highly esteemed in England as the trout (*S. fario*), and once in a while one sees argument upon the question whether grayling ought to be introduced into streams already supporting trout. The anglers of Michigan look upon the matter in precisely the opposite way.

A Trout Stream in October.

A friend and I favored with an invitation, dropped in for two or three days of rest and quiet at the "Woodpile," on the Pine, up in Wisconsin. William Wood, the preserve keeper, is now engaged in catching his breeding trout for the hatchery, and we helped him for a while, to the extent of leaving thirty handsome trout in his live boxes. My companion, Mr. L. Frank Baum, well known in this vicinity as the librettist of "The Wonderful Wizard of Oz," was a novice on a trout stream, but turned out as handy with the rod as with a lyric. He took nineteen beautiful trout, the first he ever caught in his life, and went well nigh crazy over the beauty of the fish. "It'll cost him about $500," said William Wood, sententiously. He was right. Less than an hour later Mr. Baum began to ask William questions about the proper outfit, rods, flies, leaders, etc. If he gets off with an expenditure of $500 he is beating the record of most of us. It gives me much pleasure to mislead a fellow citizen in this way and to make an angler out of him.

Most of these large trout for the hatchery are taken on bait, William using pieces of sucker or chub for that purpose. We took some smaller trout on the fly, but finding them hardly large enough for use in the hatchery, discontinued the use of the fly, although even at this time of the year one could have sport with the fly did he care to do so. It would be legal also upon this hatchery stream, did one care to avail himself of the legal privileges. William says he will go on gathering his big trout until he has 100 or more in the pens. He plants about 100,000 fry every year, although he put in only about 70,000 last year.

William tells me that the mink are great enemies of his breeding trout, and he once lost several dozen to one mink, which killed them and laid them out in a row "as though he intended to count them," as William expressed it. He saw a good deal of mink sign along the stream, and once caught one dark rascal out on the grass a little way from the stream. William, who is an excellent shot with a revolver, opened fire upon his minksship, and at the second shot turned him over, although unfortunately the mink was able to get down a hole, where no doubt he soon terminated his poaching career. That same night, as William was coming home in the dark, he heard something running through the brush close to him, and, guessing at once what it was, opened fire with his trusty gun. His second shot hit the animal, which at once took to a tree. William went into the house got a lantern and a shotgun, and presently tumbled a big fat coon out of its perch in the tree. What with coons, mink and muskrats he gets just a little taste of variety in his work of watching the prettiest trout stream in Wisconsin. It is the boast of Mr. McLeod, Mr. Miller's friend on the stream, that there is no day of the year when one cannot take trout on the fly, and I presume possibly this might be true if one cared to put it to the test. Our trout we found well advanced toward the spawning season, very brilliantly colored indeed with flaming orange, red and silver, but it will be a month or so before the spawning begins on that stream. It was always William Wood's great ambition to have Mr. A. N. Cheney come up and see his little hatchery, and the death of the latter lamented gentleman was felt very deeply by William, although the two had never met.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

A singular story comes from St. Malo. A vessel bound thither from Jersey with coal, came up on the way with a handsome yacht in full sail, but apparently deserted. The captain threw a rope on board, and tugged the yacht along with his vessel. Presently one head after another to the number of four peeped out of the yacht's cabin. On reaching port the captain sent for the gendarmes, who took a boat and boarded the yacht. Two of its four occupants had disappeared, but the remaining two proved to be French naval deserters from Brest, who had escaped to Jersey, and there seized on the yacht Louisa, gone out to sea, and fallen asleep. The two men will be sent to Brest to undergo a court martial, and the yacht will, of course, be claimed by its owner.

The Carp as a Sheep Doctor.

THE Annual Report of the Bureau of Animal Industry contains an interesting note on the mission of the carp as an eradicator of the fluke disease. He writes:

There have been a number of suggestions made in regard to methods of prevention of liver-fluke disease (distomatosis), and some of them, especially the free use of salt, appear to be valuable. Mr. William Ashmead, of the United States National Museum upon returning from the Hawaiian Islands, told of a method which had been tried there with good results, namely, the introduction of frogs and toads into infected districts to devour the snails, which act as intermediate hosts. This method is entirely new to me, and appears to be a good one.

Dr. Ernest N. Hutchinson, an inspector of this Bureau, stationed at Portland, Ore., has recently called my attention to a decrease in liver-fluke disease following the introduction of carp into an infected district. These interesting notes by Dr. Hutchinson are worthy of serious attention, and, as Dr. Evermann, ichthyologist of the United States Fish Commission, has recently expressed it, they "justify us in scoring one more for that much maligned but exceedingly useful fish." Dr. Hutchinson writes:

I desire to acquaint you with some peculiar points concerning Fasciola hepatica which prevail in the minds of stock-raisers pasturing on the Columbia River bottom, and to which you may be able to attach some practical significance.

Prof. C. V. Piper, of the Washington Agricultural College, in conversation with me, mentioned the theory which I find is, as he said, extant in the minds of many farmers along this river, namely, that "leeches" (liver flukes), which were formerly numerous in the livers of cattle and sheep, have to a considerable extent disappeared since the introduction of carp into the waters of this river.

While of course the farmers' idea is that the carp now consume the leech, which, according to their view, the cattle formerly swallowed with the water while drinking, it is possible that there may be a practical connection between certain peculiar habits of this fish and the noticeable freedom from fascioliasis among the cattle and sheep ranged on the bottoms adjoining streams in which these fish are found, compared with animals coming from other sections where carp are unknown. About 75 per cent. of the cattle and sheep coming from the western slope of the Cascades, exclusive of this Columbia River bottom, are infested with Fasciola hepatica; but from this particular portion only about 5 per cent. are so infested.

All the bottom lands of this river are subject to annual overflow, and at this time the carp clean the meadows as thoroughly as a fire. Every spear of grass, up to the very water's edge will be eaten by them. They also have a habit of rooting all around the edge of this overflow as it gradually recedes.

It has occurred to me, therefore, as possible that they destroy the final cystic stage of this parasite with the grass, and perhaps in their rooting they may also destroy some of the snails.—Letter dated Dec. 2, 1901.

Replying to your letter No. 4092, of the 16th ultimo, I have to inform you that inquiries addressed to certain small butchering establishments whose main source of supply would be lands adjoining carp-bearing streams, to ascertain the frequency with which they encounter the liver fluke, has failed to secure a single reply.

The carp were introduced into the waters of the Willamette River at Portland, Ore., about eight years ago. They have multiplied very rapidly, and are quite numerous in the lakes and sloughs adjoining the lower Willamette and Columbia rivers. They have not, however, gone upward in these streams more than a few miles, seeming to prefer sluggish waters and stagnant sloughs.

Mr. A. E. Gebhart, secretary of the Oregon Fish Commission, in describing their feeding habits, likens them to the hog, saying they will eat anything that is eatable in the way of vegetation along the edges of sloughs and on the meadows at the time of overflow. They also root about in search of roots and such animal life as may be within their reach. He also says they will eat clams, as he has tried them as bait.

I am able to say that fascioliasis is much less common in animals from the lower Columbia and Willamette slough lands than from any other swampy districts of Oregon or Washington.—Letter dated Jan. 4, 1902.

Referring to correspondence No. 4092, I have to report to you that while at Ridgefield, Wash., on the 17th instant, I was able to confirm somewhat the theory that the carp in the waters of streams, reduce the dangers of fascioliasis in sheep. Mr. J. B. Campbell, for whom I inspected sheep for passage into Oregon, states positively that since the introduction of carp the flukes have entirely disappeared, and are no longer found in sheep pasturing on the bottoms, but that they are to be found as commonly as ever in sheep which feed upon the moist uplands.

As Mr. Campbell informed me that he had lost 30 sheep from some mysterious disease, and that other sheep owners in his vicinity had also lost many, I endeavored to find a cause for this mortality. I made post-mortem examinations of three sheep from as many different bands, each individual showing a marked degree of cachexia aquosa, with no acute inflammation of any organ The musculature was pale, flabby and watery. The retroperitoneal connective tissue was saturated with a semi-gelatinous, clear, transparent material. A considerable collection of this semi-fluid substance followed the attachment of the mesentery and the intestine. The blood was palish, and while of a quite clear red when discharged from the vessels, it did not make a marked stain upon the white clothing with which it came in contact. Great numbers of the Strongylus filaria were present in the lungs, and much of the lung tissue was collapsed and in a state of carnification, particularly the ventral border and caudal third of the principal lobes. Strongylus contortus was also very numerous in the fourth stomach, the submucosa of which was the site of the same clear, semi-gelatinous infiltration.

These animals had pastured continually upon the low bottom lands, and were entirely free from Fasciola hepatica.—Letter dated Feb. 20, 1902.

In corresponding with the United States Fish Commission on the subject, the following letter has been received from Dr. Evermann:

Your letter regarding the carp is very interesting, and it justifies us in scoring one more for that much maligned but exceedingly useful fish.

I do not know of any observations which have been made specially for the purpose of determining whether the carp feeds upon Limnæ [swamp snails which serve as intermediate host of Fasciola hepatica], but there is no doubt in my own mind but that it does so. Carp will feed freely upon all sorts of small mollusks and crustaceans which it finds in the water, and when carp are able to go out in overflow ponds they will certainly clean up everything edible in the way of animal and plant material. I would be very glad to know more of this matter. Can you give me the localities to which you refer, and any more details?—Letter dated Dec. 11, 1901.

The action of the carp in this case appears to be very strongly supported by the facts stated, and it seems that the introduction of carp into fluke districts generally would result in a great decrease of liver-fluke disease.

Lakes Perpetually Ice-Covered.

Two lakes covered with ice all the year round have been discovered in Baker County, Ore., according to the Portland Oregonian. C. M. Sage, with a party of friends, went on a hunting and pleasure trip to the almost inaccessible mountain peaks back of the town of Cornucopia, in the Pan-Handle district. The mountains are high and rugged, and before passing the timber line the explorer must find his way through a primeval forest. A pack horse is the only means of getting into this district, except to trudge along on foot, which, to

say the least, is uphill business. One part of the road is so incumbered with fallen trees that it is almost impossible to get through. In order to get supplies to their claims two prospectors were obliged to cut a trail through this tangle of fallen trees, and it was by means of this trail that Sage and his friends were enabled to ascend the mountains until they finally discovered the two frozen lakes referred to. The lakes are near the summit on the north side of the mountain, and in order to reach them the party traveled over ice and snow for a distance of five miles. The bodies of water are small. One is about 150 feet across and the other is between 600 and 700 feet in diameter. They are well-defined lakes or pools, however, covered with a thick coating of ice, clear as crystal, and as smooth as glass, which is so thick and strong that the exploring party did not hesitate to ride across on horseback. Sage says, so far as he is able to judge, the ice on the lakes never melts because they are so situated behind two tall peaks that the sun's rays never strike them with sufficient power to make any impression on the snow and ice. This land of perpetual snow and ice is within a day's ride of Baker City by the present means of transportation, part way on a buckboard and the rest on horseback. It would scarcely be more than a ride of an hour and a half on an electric railroad. Sage is of the opinion that from the lay of the country other large and more pisturesque lakes with perpetual ice will be discovered.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

MEDAL contests. series 1902. Saturday, re-entry contest, held at Stow Lake, Oct. 11. Wind, west; weather, fair:

	Event No 1, Distance, Feet	Event No 2, Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3. Acc. %	Del %	Net %	Event No. 4, Lure Casting
H. C. Golcher	140	91.8	90	81.8	85.10	..
T. C. Kierulff	94	95	84.8	84.2	84.5	..
W. D. Mansfield	..	..	93	87.6	90.3	..
E. A. Mocker	110	94.4	89.8	80	84.10	..
E. A. Mocker	110	92	87.8	73.4	80.5	..
H. F. Muller	107	91.8	92.8	85.10	89.3	..
H. F. Muller	102	91.8	93.8	84.2	88.11	..
C. G. Young	..	92.4	93	89.2	91.1	..

Judges, Kierulff and Mocker; referee, Battu; clerk, Brotherton.

Sunday, re-entry contest, held at Stow Lake, Oct. 12. Weather, fair:

H. Battu	86	91.8	91.8	85	88.4	..
C. Charles	81	89.8	84.8	70.10	77.9	..
C. Charles	87	87.8	90.4	75	82.8	..
E. Everett	96	96	91	84.2	87.7	..
H. C. Golcher	126	91.8	93.4	87.6	90.5	..
E. A. Mocker	107	94	90.8	80.10	85.9	..
E. A. Mocker	110	95.8	88	84.2	86.1	..
H. F. Muller	102	94	87.8	84.2	85.11	..
H. F. Muller	111	95	93	80.10	86.11	..
T. C. Kierulff	101	93	90.8	80	85.4	..
T. C. Kierulff	91	91.8	91	77.6	84.3	..

Judges, Mansfield and Golcher; referee, Battu; clerk, Brotherton.

Black Bass in Rhode Island.

THE Rhode Island Commissioners of Inland Fisheries report that the restocking of ponds and streams with the large-mouth black bass has been attended with gratifying success. In all waters in which they have been placed the results have amply repaid the small outlay. Pawcatuck River, from Niantic Dam to tide water, now affords good fishing, where formerly it produced no food fishes of any practical value. During the past season it has been the rule rather than the exception for the mill hand to make a catch of several of these fish after finishing his day's work.

Through the courtesy of the United States Fish Commission, a consignment of 300 yearlings, averaging five inches in length, were received in November, 1901, and placed in the preserve near Wood River Junction, for the future use of the Rhode Island Commission in restocking other waters.

The Commission received, on Nov. 13, 1901, from the United States Fish Commission, another consignment of 250. These were planted in Quidnick reservoir, and in Skinflint and Hospital ponds. The Commissioners believe that the large-mouth and small-mouth black bass are steadily growing in favor as an edible fish, as well as a game fish, and expect soon to be able from their own resources to plant both kinds in the waters of the State not already stocked, which are suited to them.

A Government Handbook of Flies.

PROBABLY for the first time in the history of the world a government department has issued a "Handbook of Artificial Flies for Salmon and Trout." I have received from the Fisheries Branch of the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction a copy of the recently published "Handbook of Artificial Flies for Salmon and Trout, as Used in the Different Fishery Districts of Ireland, with a Map of the Fishery Districts." It appears that there has been an international exhibition at Cork, and that the Irish Fisheries Department had a collection of Irish salmon and trout flies, and this handbook was prepared to illustrate the collection, or was the collection prepared to illustrate the handbook? Anyway, it does not matter, and I welcome this angling work, "printed for His Majesty's Stationery Office," as infinitely more interesting and useful than most of the blue books on fisheries which appear with His Majesty's sanction.

In a prefatory note we are informed that the flies in the collection have been recommended to the Department by experienced anglers having special knowledge of the several districts. The information as to locality, season and names of makers was obtained in the same way. "The Department, however, while satisfied of its accuracy as far as it goes, can, of course, take no responsibility that it is complete in any particular," and, it adds rather slyly, "It will be noticed that flies known by the same name are often very differently dressed in different districts. As a rule, the salmon flies in the exhibit are tied upon the hooks of medium size, while, in order to display the dressing to the best advantage, the trout flies are shown on the largest size of hook used for the pattern." It is quite refreshing to find a Government department talking in this sensible and technical way about the arcana of angling, and the handbook itself shows in four columns the name of river, kind of fish, local and standard patterns of flies used and their times and season; it even goes so far, in some few cases, as to give dry-fly patterns. It is a very useful, though of course not complete, list, and I shall get my copy bound in morocco for reference. Some day it will be the scarcest of angling books—the only one ever published by the British Government.—R. B. Marston in London Fishing Gazette.

A Record Muscalonge.

MR. CHARLES HALLOCK sends us the photograph of a muscalonge caught in the St. Lawrence River near Clayton, N. Y., in September of 1879, by Capt. Jas. Millward

and John B. Spofford. The length was 4 feet 8 inches, "the largest of the kind ever taken on a troll" up to that time.

Charm Oil.

FALL RIVER, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have in my employ an Englishman who is an enthusiastic salt-water fisherman. Years ago he was in the habit of going fishing with an elderly man who used on his bait a yellow oily liquid with a strong odor resembling that of geranium leaves. When fishing with this man, he claims, big catches were always made; but as the old gentleman refused to tell of what the liquid was composed, the secret died with him. My curiosity being excited, I visited a large wholesale druggist to see if they knew of such a thing as charm oil. My visit was not in vain. A French-Canadian had preceded me by some months, and by his persistence in searching for the liquid, had at last caused them to bestir themselves. They visited a French druggist in the French quarter of the city, and were by him put on the right track. The following is the formula:

Oil rhudal ..... 1 part
Oil copbia ..... 20 parts

In the book of drugs it was described as a lure for foxes and rats, also as good for fishing, to be used on the baits. I have never used any of the liquid myself, but wondered if it was known to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. S. EVERETT.

[Oil of rhodium is obtained from a species of rose, is a well-known scent which is in common use among trappers.]

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Oct. 21-24.—New York.—Ladies' Kennel Association of America's show. Miss M. K. Bird, Westbury, L. I., Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 26-29.—Philadelphia.—Philadelphia Dog Show Association's show. M. A. Viti, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 27.—Paris, Mo.—Missouri Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club), sixth annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y, Sedalia, Mo.
Oct. 27.—Washington C. H., O., Ohio.—Monongahela Field Trial Club's field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y.
Oct. 28.—Whitby Island, Wash.—Pacific Northwest Field Trials F. R. Atkins, Sec'y, Seattle, Wash.
Oct. 28.————, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's second annual trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y.
Nov. 3.—Robinson, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. W. R. Green, Sec'y, Marshall, Ill.
Nov. 3.—Thirteenth annual field trials of the National Beagle Club of America. Charles R. Stevenson, Sec'y, 106 Market street, Camden, N. J.
Nov. 3.—Lake View, Mich.—Michigan Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fifth annual trials. C. D. Stuart, Sec'y, Benton Harbor, Mich.
Nov. 4.—Washington C. H., Ohio.—Ohio Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fifth annual trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.
Nov. 6.—Eastport, L. I.—Pointer Club of America's (member of the American Championship Club) second annual trials. R. E. Westlake, Sec'y, Scranton, Pa.
Nov. 7-8.—Robinson, Ill.—Western Irish Setter Club's inaugural trials. T. L. Fenn, Secy.
Nov. 10.—Bicknell, Ind.—Independent Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Nov. 11.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trial Club's trials. F. W. Smith, Sec'y, New Haven.
Nov. 10.—Ruthven, Ont.—North American Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. Richard Bangham, Sec'y, Windsor, Ont.
Nov. 11.—St. Joachim, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's fourteenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 17.—Glasgow, Ky.—Third annual trials of the Kentucky Field Trial Club. S. B. Hays, Sec'y.
Nov. 18.—Branchton, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's seventh annual trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y.
Nov. 18.—Ruthven, Ont.—Fourth annual trials of the North American Field Trial Club. Alfred Wigle, Sec'y, Windsor, Ont.
Nov. 24.—Glasgow, Ky.—American Championship Field Trial Association's second annual trials. C. B. Cooke, Sec'y.
Nov. 29.—Thomasville, N. C.—Continental Field Trial Club's eighth annual trials.
Dec. 1.—Washington C. H., Ohio.—American Championship Field Trial Club's second annual trials. Chas. B. Cooke, Sec'y, Richmond, Va.
Dec. 15.—Huntsville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) third annual trials. John F. Fletcher, Sec'y, Birmingham, Ala.

Canine Elegies and Epitaphs.

XXV.—A Friend.

"Ci-git qui fut toujours sensible, doux, fidèle,
Et, jusques au tombeau, des amis le modèle.
Il ne me quitte pas quand je perdis mon bien.
—C'était un homme unique!—Helas! c'était mon chien."
—Epitaphe d'un Ami, par Edmond Dallier.

[Here lies one who was always sensible, sweet and true, and even to the tomb a model friend. He never deserted me, not even when I lost my wealth. He was an unique man! Alas, it was my dog.]

Two More Dogs of Worth.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Sept. 20 Dr. Samsell has given an interesting history of his little dog pup. There were two dogs in Idaho that certainly deserve a niche in the hall's of fame, and I hope you will find their story too interesting to throw into the waste basket.

Quite a number of the miners used to work in Warrens all summer; then they would go out to the South Fork of a salmon river and rock all winter. They were of a whole-souled class; whatever one had all were welcome to, and if anything happened to one all were ready to go to his relief, no matter what the danger was. In the fall of which I write, Pete Smith had gone over along in the later part of November, it was twenty miles, and over one divide, where the snow was about eighteen inches deep.

The South Fork was an ideal place to winter; game was plentiful; there were deer, sheep and elk, for big game, and grouse and pheasants, as well as plenty of the mountain rabbits for small game; and the horses turned out on the range would come out fat in the spring. Miners could make from $4 to $5 per day when they would work.

Pete had been in camp about a week. One day he was taken very sick and he thought that his time had come, and that as there was no one in less than twenty miles of him, that he would die. His companion was Rover, a dog. Just a dog. I cannot give his correct pedigree, but it was heaviest on the shepherd side, and his color was a grisly "yaller." His disposition was good, and there was not a man, woman or child in Warrens did not like Rover.

Although Rover wos a good companion, Pete thought that he could be of very little service to him in his great pain. After the first paroxisms of pain had ceased, Pete thought he would try and send Rover for assistance. He got up and wrote a note and tied it to Rover's neck, and after caressing him for a little while opened the door and let him out, in hopes the dog would go to Warrens. Then he lay down again, and it was not long before he felt a little better and was able to go out of doors and take a look up the mountain trail, but Rover was nowhere to be seen.

About two, or perhaps three, nours afterward, as Joe Debuc was coming out of the slaughter house, which was about a half mile out on the trail, he saw Rover coming as fast as he could run. Joe thought that Pete was near and would soon come in sight. Rover run to Joe and reared up on him, and Joe saw the letter hanging by the string. He opened it, and as soon as he read its contents he hurried to town and reported. Joe had hard work to keep Rover from going back. Joe told him to wait till they could saddle their horses and they would go with him. Joe went to the drug store and told Doc Sears, who immediately saddled his horse, and in less than a quarter of an hour there were four men on the road back with Rover, who had to follow as the horses could travel faster than he could in the deep snow. But when they got out of the timber and started down the mountain to the river and out of the snow, Rover left them and made a run for the cabin. When Pete heard him he opened the door, and when Rover found his master able to get up, it was pathetic to see the antics the dog cut; he would bark, then howl, then whine, and lick Pete's hands and manifest his delight by all kinds of tricks. Soon the boys rode up, and Rover was as glad to see them as was Pete. They were glad to find Pete over his spell. They turned their horses loose and it was not long before they had a miners' supper, and all were happy, but none more so than was Rover. The next day the boys returned, and Rover looked very downcast when they left.

The next spring Pete sold Rover to Ike Grostien and he after a while let Dave Baldwin have him, and I think that Rover died Dave's.

Our next dog was the property of August Berg, a German, who resided on the main Salmon River, and owned a cattle ranch as well as a garden spot and small orchard. Berg had been there for a long time and had sold lots of cattle and was thought to have lots of money. When the first Chinamen were allowed to come into this district Berg hired one for a cook, and he has been with him for at least fifteen years, and Berg's confidence in Lee was explicit. Often Berg would be gone for several weeks, and Lee would take good care of everything on the place, and if he received any money for produce he would turn it over to Berg on his return. During the time that Lee lived with Berg, Berg brought home a shepherd pup from

old Uncle Johnny Woods, and Lee took great pains in raising the little dog, which soon got big enough to go with him for the cows, and proved to be very watchful.

The dog had got to be about two years old when, one day, the Chinamen, who had ground his hatchet very sharp, made an assault on Berg, intending to murder him for his money. The first strike he made Berg threw up his right hand and the hatchet cut the thumb off, the next stroke split the hand. The dog was near and he grabbed the Chinaman by the calf of the leg, and his attack on the Chinaman was so fierce that the Chinaman had to quit Berg and turn on the dog, who dodged his blows. Berg's ear was nearly severed from his head, but he ran when the Chinaman turned on the dog. As soon as the Chinaman found Berg had escaped he left the house and started up the trail toward Florence, which was twelve miles away.

After the Chinaman left Berg went into the house and bound up his wounds best he could, and it was not long before the expressman came by, and he went down on to the river, about four miles, and told the miners what had happened. It was not long before there was a big crowd, and as soon as they could get their horses ten of them started for Florence to get Lee. They found his tracks in the trail, but he had got to Florence ahead of them. There were at that time about 150 Chinamen in the camp, and it was known that the Chinaman would be secreted. When they got to camp they asked the Chinese boss if Lee had come. He said he "no see him," and he thought "maybe he gone to Lewiston." The boys made a house to house hunt, and finally found Lee in between two beds. They pulled him out and found his legs badly bitten. They locked the Chinaman up, as it was too late to start to Warrens, which was the nearest place where there was a justice of the peace. They told the China boss that they would take Lee and turn him over to the civil authorities at Warrens. Next morning early they left
when they got down to the wire bridge they
ee to the center of the bridge, which is sixty
e the water; then they went over to Cary's
d for a couple of hours; then they cut the
let Lee go down the river; after which they
o camp, having done a good deed.

Next year Lang and Ryan came up to Camas Prairie to buy cattle and Berg brought over a couple of hundred head and turned them over to Lang and Ryan, who were camped at Crook's Corral, where they were receiving cattle every day. Having some steers out and not wanting them to follow the drove off, I was putting in several days at the corral. One morning, before any cattle came in, some of the boys got Matt Ryan to try and buy Berg's dog. There must have been at least forty men standing around. Matt said to Berg, "What will you take for that dog?"

"I don't vant to sell dat dog," Berg replied.

"Oh, that is not what I asked you. I asked you what you would take for him?"

"Vell, I vuddent sell dat dog."

"I will give you $500 for him."

Berg straightened up and said with much passion: "Matt Ryan, you and your fadder hain't got money enough to puy dat dog. For if it haddent peen for dat dog, Old Perg vuddent peen here now, and as long as dat dog lives I vill keep him mit me, and if he ties first I will purry him."

The faithful dog was lying down by his master and knew he was the subject under discussion, and he would roll up his eyes, but when Berg emphasized his remarks
vagged about a foot of the end of his tail, as
to say, "You may buy all the cattle there are
ountry, but you can't touch me."
well known that Ryan and Lang had bought
ree States of Idaho, Washington and Oregon
,000 head of cattle. So you see there was one man, although he had the reputation of being penurious, had too much kind feeling to part with the best friend man ever had among the brute creation.

LEW WILMOT.

KELLER, Wash., Oct 2.

Pointer Club of America.

NEW YORK, Oct. 18.—The following are the entries for the third annual field trials of the Pointer Club of America to be held at Eastport, L. I., commencing Nov. 6. The Members' Stake closes before starting, and is therefore incomplete.

C. F. LEWIS, Sec.-Treas.

DERBY STAKE.

Dr. Allen Fitch's Fair Acre Cero, l. and w. bitch.
Cyrus P. Wilcox's ——.
George S. Mott's Old Glory II., l. and w. dog (Mott's Regent—Kida).
George S. Mott's Young Lad of Kent, l. and w. dog (Lad of Kent—King's Daughter II.).
George Jarvis' Jess of Kent, l. and w. bitch (Sambo—Ruth of Kent).
Wilcox & Fairbairn's Fair Acre Hector, l., w. and t. dog (Fair Acre Fatal—Vandel a II.).
A. H. Ball's Top Notch Launcelot, l. and w. dog (No. 68962).

MEMBERS' STAKE.

Dr. Allen Fitch's Kent V., l. and w. dog.
Dr. A. G. Terrill's Belle of Kent III., l., w. and t. bitch (Dean of Kent—Gypsy Beaufort).
Dr. James S. Howe's Baby Kent, l. and w. dog (Duke of Kent—Queenie).
Randolph Crompton's Dan Woodstock, l. and w. dog (Plain Sam—Folly).
Walton Ferguson, Jr.'s, Frederica, l. and w. bitch.
Wm. M. Howell's Sister, l., w. and t. bitch (Prince Regent—Mischief Nell).
Brookdale Pointer Kennels' Dream of Brookdale, bl., w. and t. dog (Roland—Brookdale Lilly).
W. W. Davenport's Fairview Folly, l., w. and t. bitch (Fairview Pream—Lady Bessie).
H. B. Rathbone's Top Notch Nibs, bl. and w. dog (Silver Socks—Bessie Ford).
A. H. Ball's Top Notch Rock, l. and w. dog (Ray I.—Susie Bracket).

ALL-AGE STAKE.

Henry W. Terry's Teddy B., l. and w. dog (Clip—Diana K.).
Henry W. Terry's Merry Girl, l. and w. bitch (Teddy B.—King's Daughter II.).
Dr. Allen Fitch's Prince's Lad's Lassie, l. and w. bitch.
Dr. James S. Howe's Baby Kent, l., w. and t. dog (Duke of Kent II.—Queenie).
Randolph Crompton's Dan Woodstock, l. and w. dog (Plain Sam—Folly).
Walton Ferguson, Jr.'s, St. Kilda, l. and w. bitch.
Walton Ferguson, Jr.'s, Frederica, l. and w. bitch.
Brookdale Pointer Kennels' Dream of Brookdale, b., w. and t. dog (Roland—Brookdale Lilly).
Philip W. Moen's Brodick Dash, l. and w. dog (Heather James—Heather Gem).
Charles Caster's Fred C., l. and w. dog (Prince's Lad—Leah).
Charles Caster's Grenadier, l. and w. dog (Prince's Lad—Nell).
W. W. Davenport's Fairview Folly, l., w. and t. bitch (Fairview Pream—Lady Bessie).
H. B. Rathbone's Top Notch Nibs, bl. and w. dog (Silver Socks—Bessie Ford).
A. H. Ball's Top Notch Tobie, bl. and w. dog (No. 65674).

CHAMPIONSHIP STAKE.

Henry W. Terry's Merry Girl, l. and w. bitch (Teddy B.—King's Daughter II.).
Henry W. Terry's Teddy B., l. and w. dog (Clip—Diana K.).
Walton Ferguson, Jr.'s, St. Kilda, l. and w. bitch.
Walton Ferguson, Jr.'s, Frederica, l. and w. bitch.
W. P. Austin's Brimstone, bl. and w. dog (Ripstone—Tick).
Philip W. Moen's Brodick Dash, l. and w. dog (Heather James—Heather Gem).
Frank E. Norton's Duke, or., w. and t. dog (Sport—Birdie).
Charles Caster's Grenadier, l. and w. dog (Prince's Lad—Nell).
W. W. Davenport's Fairview Folly, l., w. and t. bitch (Fairview Pream—Lady Bessie).
Charles Caster's Fred C., l. and w. dog (Prince's Lad—Leah).

Treat Your Dog Well.

We love to hear a man praise the fine qualities, blood and training of his dog, but we hate to see him turn around, yell at and kick the faithful brute to make him down charge. Training makes perfect dogs. We do not believe that a man that will kick his dog for every little mistake, or to make him mind, ought to own one. A dog is not trained perfectly in one lesson. This fact ought not to be lost sight of by some men with whom we are acquainted. Many a dog will act beautifully at home after a few lessons, but will be too nervous to show off before a crowd. Failure to act promptly on his first exhibition does not warrant his being abused. The dog is the truest and most faithful friend of man and should be treated as such.

Yachting.

For Cruising Yachtsmen.

WITH the purpose of stimulating the interest in cruising, and the keeping of a detailed log by cruising yachtsmen during the season of 1902, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer prizes for the best stories of cruises submitted to be published in FOREST AND STREAM. It is believed that these will form not only entertaining records of pleasant summer days spent afloat along our coasts and waterways, but will furnish information of practical value to other yachtsmen making subsequent cruises on the same waters.

Prizes will be awarded to the three best stories as follows:

First prize, $50.00.
Second prize, $30.00.
Third prize, $20.00.

Contributions are invited under the following conditions:

1. The cruise must be made in waters of the United States or Canada in the season of 1902.
2. The cruise must be made in a sailing yacht, power to be used only as an auxiliary, if at all.
3. The story must be prefaced by a description of the boat. Cruises should be treated in as interesting and readable a way as possible, but should be practical and contain all possible information and data that would be of value to men going over the same route. A description of the handling of the ship in all weathers will be regarded very favorably in making awards, and it is suggested to writers that an accurate account be kept of all incidents happening while under way.
4. An outline chart suitable for reproduction, showing the course taken, must accompany each article. When possible, articles should be accompanied by amateur photographs taken on the cruise, including one of the boat. Good photographs will be considered in making the awards.
5. The story should contain about seven thousand words, written on one side of the paper only, and must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York city, on or before Nov. 15, 1902.

Mr. T. C. Zerega has very kindly consented to act as judge and to make the awards.

There is now building at the Townsend & Downey Shipbuilding Company, Shooter's Island, from designs made by Messrs. Cary Smith & Barbey, a steel auxiliary cruising schooner for Mr. John M. Masury, of New York city. The yacht will be 120ft. over all, 90ft. waterline, 23ft. 4in. breadth and 14ft. draft.

Lipton's Challenge Accepted.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S third challenge for the America's Cup was sent by the steamer Oceanic and was delivered at the New York Y. C. on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 15. A special meeting of the club was held on the following Thursday night to consider the challenge. A large number of members attended the meeting. Vice-Commodore Frederick G. Bourne presided in the absence of Commodore Ledyard, who is quite seriously ill. The meeting was not a long one, for the challenge and some letters that passed between Sir Thomas Lipton and officers of the club were soon read.

Commodore Ledyard, Vice-Commodore Bourne, Secretary Cormack and Messrs. E. D. Morgan, E. M. Brown, J. Pierpont Morgan, J. Malcom Forbes, Archibald Rogers and W. B. Duncan, Jr., made up the committee on the challenge. This committee held its own meeting directly after the general meeting and formally accepted the challenge.

Secretary Cormack sent a cable to Sir Thomas Lipton and Mr. Hugh C. Kelly, of the Royal Ulster Y. C. as soon as the meeting adjourned that the challenge had been accepted. The cablegram read as follows:

HUGH C. KELLY, Secretary Royal Y. C., Belfast.
Challenge accepted. Same conditions as prevailed last races.

CORMACK, Secretary.

Sir Thomas Lipton was sent the same cablegram.

The following correspondence was given out by Secretary Cormack after the meeting:

Royal Ulster Y. C.,
Mountpottinger Road,
Belfast, Oct. 7, 1902.

G. A. Cormack, Esq., Secretary, New York Y. C., New York:

Dear Sir: I am requested by Sir Thomas J. Lipton, Bart., K. C. V. O., to forward you this challenge for the America's Cup, subject to the same conditions as governed the last contest and which proved to be so satisfactory, namely, the best three out of five races over the same courses with like starts and other details.

The first race to be sailed on Thursday, Aug. 20, 1903.

The second race to be sailed on Saturday, Aug. 22, 1903.

The third race to be sailed on Tuesday, Aug. 25, 1903.

Further races (if any) to be sailed on each following Thursday, Saturday and Tuesday, until finished.

I, therefore, on behalf of the Royal Ulster Y. C., and in the name of Sir Thomas J. Lipton, a member of the club, challenge to sail a series of matches with the yacht Shamrock III. against any one yacht or vessel constructed in the United States of America for the America's Cup.

The following are the particulars of the challenging vessel, viz: Owner, Sir Thomas J. Lipton, Bart., K. C. V. O.; name of yacht, Shamrock III.; length on load waterline, 90ft.; rig, cutter.

The Custom House measurement will follow as soon as the vessel can be measured for registration.

I shall be much obliged if you will cable the receipt of this challenge.

Hugh C. Kelly,
Honorary Secretary,
Royal Ulster Y. C.

Mr. Cormack received the following letter in the same mail that brought the challenge:

Osidge, Southgate, Middlesex,
Oct. 7, 1902.

Dear Mr. Cormack: You will receive by the same mail a communication from the secretary of the Royal Ulster Y. C. conveying a challenge on my behalf for a series of races for the America's Cup to take place next year.

In view of the eminently satisfactory and complete arrangements made by your club for the two contests in which I have already been privileged to engage, I ask, as you will see from the terms of the challenge, no change whatever in the conditions which governed the last contest entered into by me.

In thus desiring an opportunity of making a third attempt to obtain possession of the America's Cup, I hope I may not be deemed importune or unduly covetous of the precious trophy so long and so securely held in trust by the New York Y. C. Yours faithfully,

Thomas J. Lipton.

G. A. Cormack, Esq., Secretary New York Y. C., New York.

Last spring the New York Y. C. discussed the advisability of changing its present measurement rule. At this time Sir Thomas Lipton wrote Commodore Ledyard as to its effect on the boats that raced for the America's Cup. The letters that passed between these two gentlemen follow:

City Road, London, E. C.,
May 2, 1902.

My Dear Commodore: With reference to the reports which have recently appeared in the press concerning a suggested change in the measurement rules of the New York Y. C., there is at present considerable speculation in yachting circles here as to whether such change is likely to be made, and if made, whether it would apply to the contests for the America's Cup.

The prevailing idea is that in view of the great doubt which exists as to whether or not the rules will be altered, and the consequent uncertainty as to the type of boat with which it would be necessary to challenge, and also of the fact that for a contest in 1903 the design of the challenger would require to be commenced shortly, no one would under the circumstances care to consider the advisability of challenging for next year.

I should like much if you could throw any light on the matter and especially advise me whether, in the event of the club deciding to change the rules, such change would apply to the America's Cup races.

Should you prefer that this letter be answered officially

by the club, you might kindly just hand it over to the secretary.

I hope you are keeping well.

With kind regards, yours faithfully,

Thomas J. Lipton.

Commodore S. Cass Ledyard, New York Y. C., New York.

New York Y. C.,
37 West Forty-fourth Street,
New York, July 8, 1902.

My Dear Sir Thomas: Your letter of May 2, inquiring whether in the event of a change in the New York Y. C.'s measurement rules, such change would apply to the America's Cup races, has remained unanswered until now because of my illness and other reasons, having no relation to its subject, as I have explained to you in a personal letter.

The point raised by you is an important one, and I quite agree with you that it should be answered by the club officially. I therefore submitted your letter to the club and am authorized by it to send you this reply:

The facts about the proposed changes in the rule are that some months ago a committee was appointed by the club to obtain the views of the leading designers in the United States and England and other countries as to the desirability of adopting some rule of measurement which would tend to evolve a more satisfactory and wholesome type of vessel than has been produced under the operation of our present rule. It was expected that the work of this committee would not be completed until next autumn or winter, and such is now likely to be the case.

I need not say to you that the step taken had no relation to any contest for the America's Cup in 1903, for it was not deemed possible that any change in the rules which might be brought about by it could become effective until long after the expiration of the limit of time for giving notice of a contest for that season, and no one could maintain for a moment that any change in its rules made by the challenged club after the receipt of a challenge could affect the race to be sailed near such challenge.

Nor, indeed, would the New York Y. C. be willing, even if it had the power, by any change in its rules, to shut out or prejudice or handicap in any respect any challenging yacht built in reliance upon its existing rules. If any change in its rules could injuriously affect a challenger, the club would regard itself as imperatively bound to make such change known in ample season to prevent injustice or prejudice.

Therefore, you may rest assured that, if you desire to challenge through any club for 1903, no change in its rules by the New York Y. C., whether made before or after the receipt of a challenge, would apply in any degree to the contest under such challenge.

The fact, however, that you have asked the question makes it proper for me to observe further, that under the deed of gift no such question can really arise.

As I had occasion to explain to you when the question of towing arose in connection with the challenge of Shamrock I., the deed of gift prescribes no conditions respecting the kind of vessel which may compete, except (a) that she shall be within certain limits of length; (b) that no dimensions stated in the certificate may be exceeded; (c) that no restriction shall be placed on centerboards, and, lastly, that she shall proceed under sail, on her own bottom, to the port of contest. This last condition imports all that the framers deemed wise to insert by way of limitation upon the type of vessel, viz., her actual and demonstrated ability to make the passage under sail.

As to measurement, the deed makes no provision whatever. That is left to be dealt with under the mutual agreement clause. The two clubs may agree upon any system of measurement they please. If they fail to agree, the terms of the match are prescribed by the deed; best two out of three races on ocean courses as described, "subject to the rules and sailing regulations" of the challenged club "so far as the same do not conflict with the provisions of the deed, but without any time allowance whatever."

You will observe that under this provision the New York Y. C. would have no power to make any change in its measurement rules apply to a challenging yacht without the consent of the club to which she belongs. All that the challenger would have to do would be to appeal to the deed and stand upon his right to sail the race, boat for boat, without any time allowance whatever, and, therefore, without the application of any rule of measurement. Indeed, the New York Y. C., as the holder of the Cup, regards it as quite beyond its power to impose any restriction or any hindrance upon the challenging yacht, beyond those above enumerated as specified in the deed. The enumeration of these qualifications by the deed excludes the idea that the challenged club could in any way vary from or add to them.

Any yacht, properly challenging through a qualified club, of a waterline length within the limits specified, complying with the deed as to notice and certificate, and proceeding under sail on her own bottom to the port of contest, is entitled to sail for the Cup, on the courses designated, best two out of three, boat for boat, without time allowance and without any other or additional restrictions being imposed upon her. She must sail, it is true, under the rules and sailing regulations of the challenged club, but any provisions of these would plainly conflict with the deed, if they operated to impose any other limit, condition or penalty upon type, model, sail area, or other factor going to the qualification of the challenger.

I have been thus at pains to state our position on this subject, in order the more effectively to allay any anxiety that may naturally have been caused you by the newspaper reports to which you refer. We certainly do not intend to make any changes in our rule of measurement apply to the America's Cup races, and if we had any such intention, it is perfectly plain that we should be without power to make it effectual.

Since you suggested that our reply should be an official one, I would be greatly obliged if you would cause this letter to be laid before the Royal Ulster Y. C., that it may be informed of its contents. Very truly yours,

Lewis Cass Ledyard, Commodore.

Sir Thomas J. Lipton.

Seventeen Days' Cruise on Long Island Sound.

BY THE CREW, THE SKIPPER AND THE OWNER.

(Concluded from last week.)

Dead ahead were a number of docks and a little shelter. It was here we decided to drop the hook, and with a plunge and a smash the Innocent lay over as the Skipper brought her up in the wind. No time for losing headway or letting anchor go easily; she would have been away from us in a wink. Orders could hardly be heard, so leaping forward the Skipper let go the anchor, at the same time hauling down jib; the throat and peak halliards, for a wonder, were not jammed, and we got the mainsail off her handily. The way she took that 200ft. of ⅜ chain was a caution, but when it snubbed up to the bitts, the Skipper said "Let her blow." And the Bartender piped to a glass of grog, and we took stock of our surroundings. The Skipper supposed we were in Napeague Bay, but it was mere guesswork. The peculiar configuration of the land had shut us in completely; we had no lights to go by and seemed to be in a landlocked bay, with the ocean immediately on the other side of us. The Skipper fancied he could hear the pounding of the surf on the beach. Going ashore we found we had struck the Promised Land, an exceedingly unapropos name for such an ill-favored spot of country. The air was redolent with a peculiar sickening smell, which we found came from decaying fish oil, which is manufactured at this place. The beach was covered with a peculiar grass and with small brush. A few dilapidated huts and a company store were the only apparent dwelling houses in the vicinity. The only people we could find were either Huns, Slovaks or Poles—

hard to tell which—who jabbered at us in their dialect. The one American who had charge of the company store was a silent man, who answered our questions monosyllabically. Perhaps the sparseness of the surroundings had soured his temper. We bought a small quantity of butter, which was fair in quality, and some bacon, but nothing else could we get, except the average canned stuff, of which we had plenty aboard. We walked back to the boat and found it was blowing harder than ever; it was evidently a case of stay in this harbor until the blow was over. So we went aboard, cooked a sumptuous supper of steak, potatoes, asparagus tips, corn, string beans, with English plum pudding, beer and coffee on the side, after which the Skipper studied the chart; but as the buoys at Promised Land did not seem to correspond with those on the chart, he decided to wait until morning, when he would go ashore and try to get his bearings. The wind had now hauled a point to the southward, and the height of land gave us a little more shelter, so we put up our riding light, feeling that our anchor would hold, no matter how it blew. We turned in; shut the cabin door to keep out the sickening smell of the fish oil, smoked a cigar—or rather cigars—and gradually felt the drowsy influence of the god who wooes the tired sailors of the fo'csle with the same earnestness as those of the quarterdeck, and, with the wind blowing a gale and the little boat 'scending and tossing, a somewhat vigorous rocking, our little ship's company fell asleep.

Aug. 7.—Still blowing a gale from the eastward. Banked up on the horizon, north, south, east, west, rolls of thick, low-hanging, gray clouds, so low in the heavens that one can almost note their formation. The tide running out like a mill race, and we have evidently anchored in a peculiar spot. The seas never break around us; indeed, it is always comparatively smooth; but there is not enough strength in the breeze to overcome that rushing tide effectually. We had no trysail aboard, or the Skipper would have hoisted it; our awning would have been torn to atoms in a moment; and we kept describing arcs of a circle around our anchor. We got another anchor out on deck and 200ft. of cable in readiness should we start to drag. And thus, watching our chain and waiting, the morning hours drifted by. We had breakfasted lightly; the smell was getting in its fine work, and the Owner had already paid tribute to its efficacy. It was only by smoking countless cigars that the Skipper's stomach remained normal. The Crew was getting along fairly well. "A good chance to sleep," said he—and he slept. The monotony of our watch was broken by a small fishing sloop beating in, with scandalized mainsail; she made good weather of it under this sail; when they came about, a man forward would hoist a little of her jib, she would then come about; as soon as she filled on the other tack, down came jib; she worked handily this way, as well as a catboat; she ran up to the dock, off which we were anchored, and the Owner immediately set off in the dinghy to get compass directions and buy some fish. With his customary luck the Owner was in for it. It commenced to pour torrents; rain it could not be called. The scuppers in the cockpit did not carry the flood off quick enough; there was a full ¼-in. of water in an incredibly short time. This lasted for about half an hour, when it let up, and the Owner came back with fish and information. It was not much of either he brought; a scant half dozen butterfish and a small blue. He informed the Skipper he could have got more, weakfish, too, but he thought these few would be enough. Poor Owner! He little thought of the hungry Skipper and ravenous Crew aboard, only the flickering memory of a lost appetite was his monitor. The Skipper made a few remarks, and a scornful laugh laughed he. The only information the Owner could get (so he said) was "Keep close to the bushes." Of compass courses he spoke not; the yellow buoys were private buoys, but what for he did not know. "Keep close to the bushes"—the Skipper repeated this to himself, trying to get the meaning through his dumb skull. Going on deck with the glass he searched the four shores for "bushes," but no bushes were there. Turning in he again had the Owner repeat: "Keep close to the bushes." He was not quite sure whether he was going "queer." Gravely the Owner repeated his instruction. Again searching the horizon the Skipper suddenly had a great light dawn on him—the bushes were lashed to the buoys in order to make them more distinguishable, and with a "he haw ho" the Skipper and Owner decided to brave the gale and run to Shelter Island at once.

We tucked in all the reefs, and got a strain on the chain. It needed our entire ship's crew to heave it short. And then our windlass—a powerful one—did the rest. Exactly how this thing occurred no one will ever know, but the windlass brought up the anchor before it brought up the chain. The moment the anchor was brought to the surface the Crew had hoisted the jib, and away we went dragging the chain after us. Not for long, for she brought up in the wind and before we could get control of her we had drifted into one of the docks. We made her fast, and taking our jib halliard block from jib hoisted anchor and chain on deck, and a beautiful snarl it was in. It took us some time to clear it, and then we warped out beyond the shelter of the dock and away we went like a scared cat. We made good weather of it, and picked up our buoys without a grounding, and on rounding a black and red buoy we rapidly got our bearings. The wind had begun to favor us, was moderating to a one-reef breeze, and we decided to shake out two reefs. This was quickly done, and we commenced to log about six knots. We picked up Long Beach Light, stood a little to the eastward; picked up Inner Beach Light and stood in between the buoys for the breakwater at Greenport, which we made nicely. We dropped the hook at dusk in about 16ft. of water, and after supper the Crew and Skipper made a flying visit ashore for provisions and ice, and to send telegrams to Owner's and Skipper's respective families, after which we turned in and lay dead till the morning.

Aug. 8.—Rise at 6; Cook under way. Quite a number standing out of harbor in company with us; as usual hold our own; one big, modern sloop gradually forging ahead of us. Quite a number of auxiliaries, cats, sloops and yawls were sailing along with sails set and "kicker" chug-chugging away. It is this abuse of the thing that the Skipper abhors. When you have wind use it. But if you must use power in a breeze, furl the sails. We stood through the gut with a nice breeze abeam and tide ebb, and one would never realize how nasty that Gut can be sometimes in comparison. Flattening sheets, we stood well across on our starboard tack, the ebb tide catching us and setting us down toward the Race; we made poor time bucking that tide. Orient Point Light was our companion for quite a while, but gradually we worked under the Long Island shore, and with a series of short boards made Horton's Point Light. It was now about 2 in the afternoon, and, as our intention had been to try for Port Jefferson, we hoped for more wind with the change of tide. And we got it. A mile or so to the southwestward of Horton's Point Light it came from the S.W. with a rush. It is almost incredible how a sea can pick up in such a short space of time. In less than 15 minutes the Sound was covered with little white caps. Hugging the Long Island shore we stood on and off, the Skipper driving her through the seas and making good time under the lee of the land. Occasionally a puff would hit and she would lay over and run up in the wind like a startled bird. It was in one of these puffs the Owner's nerves started again, and he wanted to reef, but the Skipper apparently paid no heed, and kept the Innocent going. Crack! away went her port backstay in one of the jumps. The Skipper still kept her sailing. It was getting late in the afternoon, and Port Jefferson was a long way off. The Sound by this time was full of those short, steep, angry seas with a broken crest on each of them. Invariably one would be under the Innocent's stem, while one was breaking under her stern. We were close hauled and she was driving through it, but if our destination had been across the wind a point or two we would have made better weather. Threshing to windward in a sea is always a wet task for a small boat, and we were only a little fellow. In response to the Owner's urgent and sensible request to reef, the Skipper relinquished the stick and got a reef in the mainsail. By this time the shelter we had got from working along the weather shore of Long Island was gone, for in reefing we had let her run across and were now in the open, and it was choppy-chop-choppy. It was the first time during the cruise that darkness had caught us in her somber pall before making a harbor, and the situation to one whose nerves were on edge was, perhaps, a little trying. The night was dark, the twinkling of a few stars overhead accentuating the blackness in which we were running, our side lights, lit at going out—one would not work at all. The Owner insisted making the nearest port. The Skipper informed him the nearest anchorage was under the shelter of Faulkner's Island

SATANELLA.
Photo by N. L. Stebbins, Boston.

and this being agreeable, we altered our course and ran across the Sound to pick up the light. A confusing error in the Coast Pilot, which said the light was a light flashing every 90 seconds, was the last straw for the Owner. Picking up the light it flashed every 18, and it was some minutes before the Skipper had convinced himself that it was a typographical error. A tug boat appeared out of the darkness on our port quarter, and in a moment the Owner had the fog horn out blowing as hard as he could blow; he also got a flag on the awning pole, which he made the Crew wave—this in addition to cat calls, which were calculated to wake the dead, whistling, hallooing, etc., was more than the Skipper could stand for; and he read the riot act there and then. If the Owner got that tug, he would quit, go home and he and the Crew could finish the cruise themselves; there was no danger that such an exhibition was hardly to be expected from a man; the boat was sound, gear all O. K. The Crew was rather puzzled whether to keep waving the flag or not, but as the Owner stopped the fog horn, he, too, desisted, and once more quietness reigned supreme for the Skipper's outbreak of temper. It would be interesting to have the Owner's description of that night: "Waves, mountains high; wind, 60 miles an hour; didn't know where we were going (a rub at the Skipper)"; the truth, wind about 18 miles, moderately steady, short, broken sea. The Skipper had been out in open sandbaggers years ago in as bad weather. Considering that it was the Owner's third season yachting he really behaved very well. By this time we were almost on top of Faulkner's Island, and the Skipper found that the compass was off quite a good deal. Having run by the light, steering N.¼E. should have brought us clear of the buoy that marks the end of the reef, but we were inside, when the sound of the breakers were heard and the Crew forward shouted breakers ahead. We jibed her over, ran back, and stood as close as we dared. It was quick work. By great good fortune the Skipper discovered the pin was out of the arm of the anchor. It was a wet job putting it in and the Skipper enjoyed an involuntary bath, but it was finished at last, and with that anchor out we could hold in anything. Going below the Skipper changed his clothes, lay down, fell asleep, and the Crew followed his example. The Owner lay down, but he said the boat rolled too much for sleep, and he passed a restless night. Poor Owner!

Aug. 9.—When the Skipper awoke the Crew and Owner were working on deck straightening out the snarled rigging and getting up sail. It was a glorious morning, with a light breeze from the southwest, but it was not what we were looking for. The Skipper would have preferred a blow from the eastard, but such was not to be our luck. We barely held our own against the ebb tide, and it seemed as though we were destined to make another poor day's run. This was the last three days of the cruise, and we wanted to pick up some friends at the Norwalk Y. C. We made about a mile and a-half in about two hours' sailing, and, seeing a tug with a long string of barges, light, coming along, we put our flag in the rigging for a tow; the Crew got off in the dinghy and prepared to make terms. The tow was bound for New York and would take us down for $5. So standing as close as we dared, the deck hand threw us a line. You could have jumped from the Innocent to the scow, but, bless us, the Crew and Owner missed that line, and we had the satisfaction of seeing the tow move away from us, while we lay splashing in the doldrums. At this moment, however, the wind seemed to stiffen, and while we could not pick up the tow, we made good time to Southwest Ledge Light, and we picked up Stratford Point Light by 3 in the afternoon. We then decided to stand into Bridgeport Harbor, which we did, dropping our hook about 5 o'clock on the edge of the channel, in about 8 feet of water. We dined ashore this night and did not get to bed until late, a rare occurrence with us.

Aug. 10.—Up late, dawdled about, the Crew getting breakfast, after which we beat out of channel, walking away from a 30ft. sloop bound for New York. We stood inside of Penfield Light House, tacking out of the strong ebb. The breeze, as usual, began to freshen in the forenoon, and we began to log about 5 miles; the sloop we had passed earlier in the morning gave us a good tussle, and it was nip and tuck for a long while, when off Cuckenoe Island we decided to put in a reef, it having got quite blowy with nasty sea; she walked through it with a bone in her teeth, but with stability enough to enable her to carry full sail. We had trouble in reefing our jib, and the cringle not being properly lashed, it ripped as soon as the Owner hoisted it. We decided to run in to Sheffield Island that evening and wait for our friends who were to meet us there. The partial erection of a new lighthouse bothered us at the entrance to the harbor, we wondering what it was, but we soon saw that it was a lighthouse in course of construction, and standing in we dropped our hook off the Norwalk Y. C. Here we received a telegram stating our friends could not come. We had supper at one of the hotels at Belle Isle, and slept ashore that night.

Aug. 11.—We were up betimes in the morning and made sail speedily. Wind again from S.W. Slow work It looked as though we would not reach our moorings that afternoon; off Captain's Island the wind veered to the south'ard, and it was a close reach home. The wind held nicely till off Sand's Point, when it again dropped, and we hardly had steerage way. We gradually passed Belden Point, and the tide favoring us, picked up our mooring off the Club House. We did not bother clearing up, leaving that to the Crew. We got ashore quickly, found our friends waiting for us there, which we appreciated, and after changing our clothes, took the train home, saying that a cruise to be successful must be at least six weeks long, and resolving at some future time to try and spend the months of August and September in a cruise as far east as Portland.

Satanella.

We publish in this issue a picture of the auxiliary screw brigantine Satanella, which has recently been sold by Mr. Perry Belmont to Mr. Lawrence, of Cleveland, O., through the agency of Messrs. Gardner & Cox. Satanella was designed and built by Mr. J. S. White, at Cowes, in 1880. She is 136ft. over all, 113.4ft. waterline, 22.4ft. breadth and 13.5ft. draft. Satanella was formerly Golden Fleece, and was brought to this country in 1891. She is an extremely shipshape looking vessel, and is a wonderfully fine cruiser, handling well under sail and being economical when under power, having a wide steaming radius.

Reports from Queenstown state that the steam yacht Maria, which was recently purchased by Vice-Com. Frederick G. Bourne, N. Y. Y. C., put in there for repairs after encountering a terrific gale when two hundred miles off the coast. Huge seas broke over the vessel and flooded her below.

All communications intended for Forest and Stream should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Indian Harbor Y. C.'s New Classes.

The one-design class of sailabouts that the Indian Harbor Y. C. organized this year proved to be such a success that it now contemplates a larger class. The new class suggested is for boats of 18ft. waterline—craft large enough to participate in the circuit racing on Long Island Sound. Two schemes have been hinted at, one for a class of one-design boats and the other for a class conforming to the restrictions of the Massachusetts Y. R. A. The latter idea is far the better one, and it is to be hoped that it will be adopted. The one-design idea has been overdone, particularly on Long Island Sound, and we are sure that if the Indian Harbor Y. C. breaks away from this deep-rooted plan and establishes a restricted and not the one-design class, that it will meet with the success that it has had in the East, where it was not uncommon to have from twelve to fifteen starters in nearly all the contests. The circular as sent out by the Regatta Committee of the Indian Harbor Y. C. follows:

At the request of several members of the club, the regatta committee has taken up the matter of establishing a new club class for the season of 1903. Although the present one-design class of "sailabouts" has proved a success, there seems to be a demand for a class of boats somewhat larger than the "sailabouts," adapted to sailing in all weathers and qualified to enter in the open races of other clubs on Long Island Sound.

After giving the matter careful consideration the committee has decided to recommend a class of knockabouts of 18ft. waterline length, to conform to the restrictions appended to this circular, which are the same as those of the 18ft. Knockabout Association of Boston. This class of boats has proved a great success in Boston waters, so much so that about 100 boats of that type have recently been built there. The committee, however, has been unable to determine whether it would be best to establish a one-design class, viz: boats of identical construction and rig; or a restricted class which would allow individual members to select different designs from naval architects, and build thereto in conformity with the restrictions—or buy existing boats that have been built to this class, if they prefer.

In furtherance of the one-design class and also to exemplify the type of boat that can be built under the rules, the committee has obtained a set of designs for a keel boat with flush deck and another set of designs for a centerboard boat with cabin house, both of which are now on exhibition at the club house, and can be seen there until Oct. 26, and after that date at the office of the chairman of the committee, No. 29 Broadway, New York.

The committee is anxious to hear, as soon as possible, from members of the club who will build or buy boats of this class, and earnestly request an immediate expression of opinion from those members as to whether the class should be "one-design" or "restricted." Estimates have been obtained by the committee for building to the designs. Communication in regard to the class should be addressed to the chairman of the committee at 29 Broadway, New York, from whom any further information that may be desired can be obtained.

The committee again urges an early response to this circular, in order to enable it to know the wishes of the members and make timely arrangements for the construction of the boats, should they decide to build to one design.

If a one-design class is decided on and the designs submitted, for any reason are not considered satisfactory, the committee will be glad to procure plans from other designers for the approval of those members who express their desire to order boats of this class.

Frank Bowne Jones, Chairman.
Charles F. Kirby,
Frank C. Henderson,
Charles E. Simms,
Raymond Babcock.

Restrictions of 18ft. Knockabout Class.

Definition.—A boat of this class is intended to be a seaworthy boat, with air tanks of sufficient capacity to float the boat when full of water, or water-tight cabin bulkheads, rigged simply with only mainsail, jib and spinnaker.

Length L.W.L.—The length of load waterline, with full equipment, shall not exceed 18ft.

Beam L.W.L.—The beam at the load waterline in keel boats shall be at least 6ft. 1in., and in centerboard boats at least 6ft. 6in.

Freeboard.—The freeboard shall not be less than 17in. on the said required beam, a reduction of 1in. on the freeboard allowed for every increase of 4in. of beam.

Displacement and Draft.—For centerboard boats the draft shall not be less than 2ft. 6in. for at least 4ft. length of keel.

All boats shall weigh, when rigged and equipped in accordance with these rules, not less than 4,000lbs. It shall be the duty of the measurer to see that nothing is on board when the boat is weighed, except what these rules prescribe, and that the boat is in every way in her normal condition.

Scantling, Planking and Construction.—The keel, stem, frames, house and deck beams shall be of oak or its equivalent in strength.

The frames shall be not less than ⅞in.; deck beams not less than 1¼sq. in. section; house beams not less than ¾sq. in. section.

The spacing of frames, deck and house beams to be not more than 9in., center to center. The planking, including the deck and the side of house, shall be not less than ¾in. thick; the top of house shall be not less than ⅝in. finished.

Deck clamps shall run from stem to stern, with a minimum cross section of 3sq. in. for at least one-half of the length; also bilge stringers of at least 3sq. in. cross section shall run for at least one-half the extreme length of the boat amidships. Clamps and stringers to be of yellow pine or its equivalent in strength.

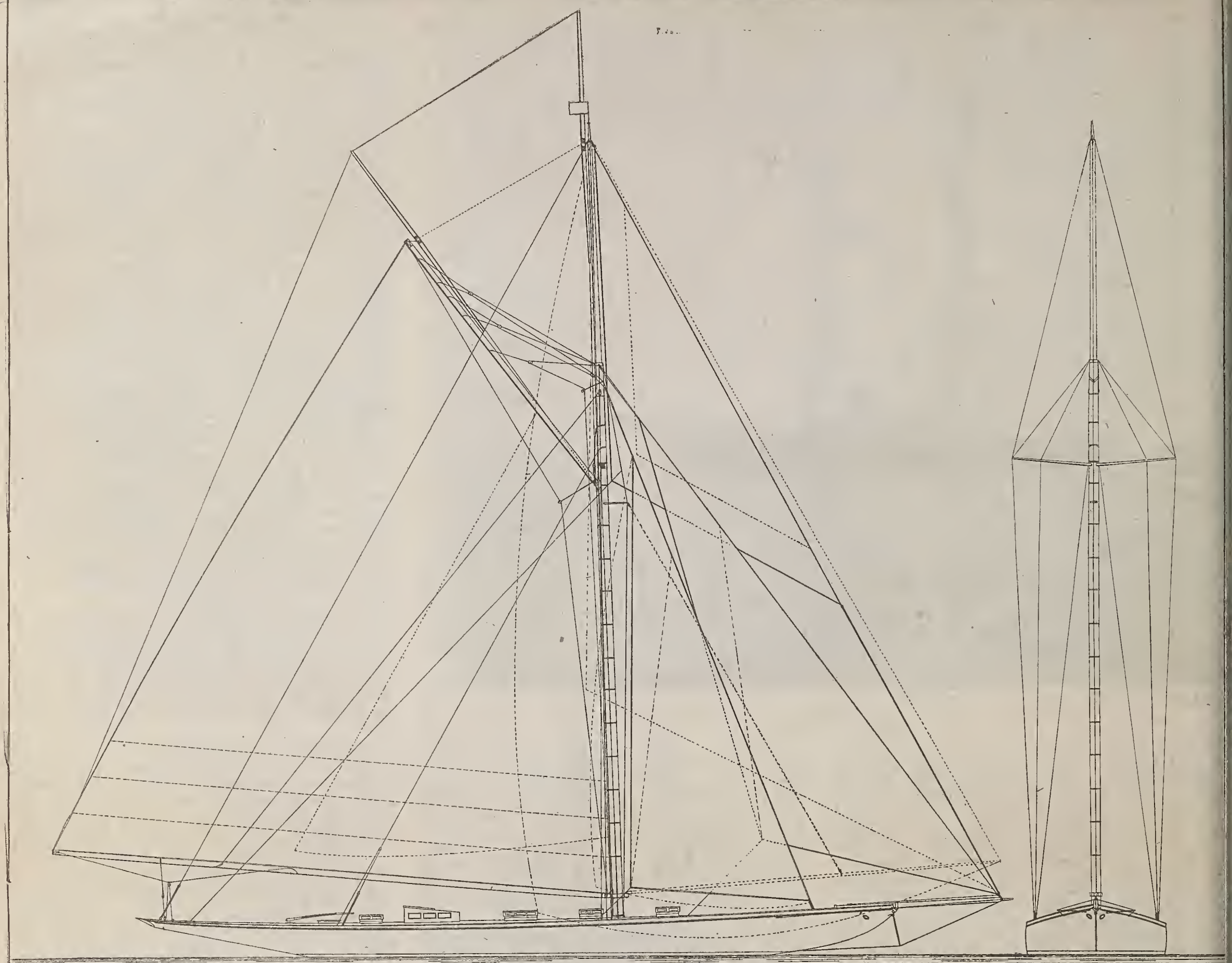
Sails.—The sail area shall not be over 450sq. ft., and not over 360sq. ft. of actual sail area shall be in the mainsail. The measurer shall be provided with a correct sail plan of any boat to be measured; and shall cause distinguishing marks to be placed on the spars as follows: On the mast at the tack, and at the throat of the mainsail, on the boom at the clew of the mainsail; on the gaff at the peak of the mainsail. No part of the mainsail shall be allowed to extend beyond these marks. The marks shall be black bands painted around the spars. The inner edge of the bands shall be the limits of the sail. The actual area of the jib shall be measured.

The extreme distance in feet from mast to end of spinnaker boom, when in position, as used, shall not be more than 324, divided by the distance in feet from deck to spinnaker halliard block. No battens over 26in. allowed to be used in sails.

Equipment.—Equipment to include anchor, not less than 21lbs., and cable of not less than 30 fathoms of 1⅛in. rope; also bucket, pump, compass, fog horn, boat hook, lead and line, lantern and three life preservers.

Crew.—The crew is limited to three persons, and the helmsman shall be an amateur.

Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt has changed the name of the steam yacht purchased this year from Cherokee to North Star. The yacht will be laid up for the winter at Greenock, Scotland. She will be fitted out in the spring for a Mediterranean cruise.



SIXTY-FIVE RATING CUTTER—SAIL PLAN—DESIGNED BY MESSRS. HERRESHOFF & WELLS.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Oct. 20.—Outside of the natural interest that is always noted after a challenge for the America's Cup has been opened and its conditions acted upon, there is little of anything new doing in actual yacht building around Boston, and what interest may be taken in the smaller restricted classes will, without doubt depend entirely upon the action taken by the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts at its special meeting, to be held Thursday evening, Oct. 30. The regular October meeting was held last Thursday and it must be said of that gathering that there might have been more delegates of clubs present. The matter of changing the restricted 25ft. and 21ft. classes was brought up, and it was voted that the Executive Committee bring in rules for new classes of those dimensions, at the coming special meeting, to correspond with the present restricted classes on rating.

Considerable objection was offered by Mr. Louis M. Clark to the adoption of the proposed new 22ft. class. Mr. Clark argued against its adoption at some length, and it was finally decided to lay the matter of adoption over until the special meeting. This course was sensible in two ways: First, because it would seem that the matter should receive more than passing attention before being voted upon, and second, it was probably reasoned that the motion to adopt would have been lost, as a two-thirds vote would have been necessary, and the attendance of delegates was small.

There is considerable speculation in regard to the possibility of the 22ft. class being adopted, although it is thought likely that, at the next meeting of the Association, the majority will be for adoption. It is realized by the majority that something must be done with the rules of the present restricted classes, although there is none of the racing yachtsmen who would care to see the classes so altered that existing yachts would be barred. An interesting feature in regard to this position is the present construction of a yacht of 25ft. waterline which is 48ft., or thereabouts, over all. It can hardly be said that such extreme overhangs are desired by the majority, and it is not considered likely that many of the yacht owners in the 25ft. class will care to race against a yacht which has such an immense advantage in length to commence with. But, on the other hand, the construction of this yacht was commenced before any changes were made of a radical nature in the present rules. Technically, under the rule of the Association, she should be allowed to go into the class as an existing boat, and there is where the rub comes.

The adoption of a new measurement rule, under much the same formula as proposed for the New York Y. C., has been considered by more than one of the Executive Committee. The adoption of such a rule would undoubtedly alter the measurements of many existing yachts in the restricted classes, and might have more or less bearing upon what might be considered otherwise existing boats. The adoption of this measurement rule is not favored by all, and there are some delegates who are decidedly opposed to it. It is realized, by the conservative yachtsmen, however, that something must be done, if the racing classes in Massachusetts Bay are going to be continued. There must be some rules provided that will put the yachts of different types on something near an equality, rules which will not make it necessary for a yachtsman to build only one type of boat, if he wishes any kind of a show in the racing. It is, however, the hardest kind of a task to get the majority of yachtsmen to favor any direct change of rules. When the present restricted classes were formed, there was such a howl went up that future racing seemed in doubt for a while; but, with time, it was discovered that there were many merits in the rules, and the disposition to build in the Y. R. A. of M. restricted classes has been apparent to all during the past three years.

There has been considerable talk of a possible Cup defender coming from the board of a Boston designer, but it can be stated positively that no order for any such boat has as yet been received. It may be possible that some of the members of the Eastern Y. C. will get together and form a syndicate for the purpose of building a defender, but prominent members of the club have expressed the belief that such a syndicate is not a probability.

MacConnell Bros. have sold the auxiliary 43-footer Anna to H. B. Stone, of Ilion, N. Y.; the 18-footer, Aspinquid, to Channing Williams, and the power launch, Namet, to J. F. Mackell, of Philadelphia.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

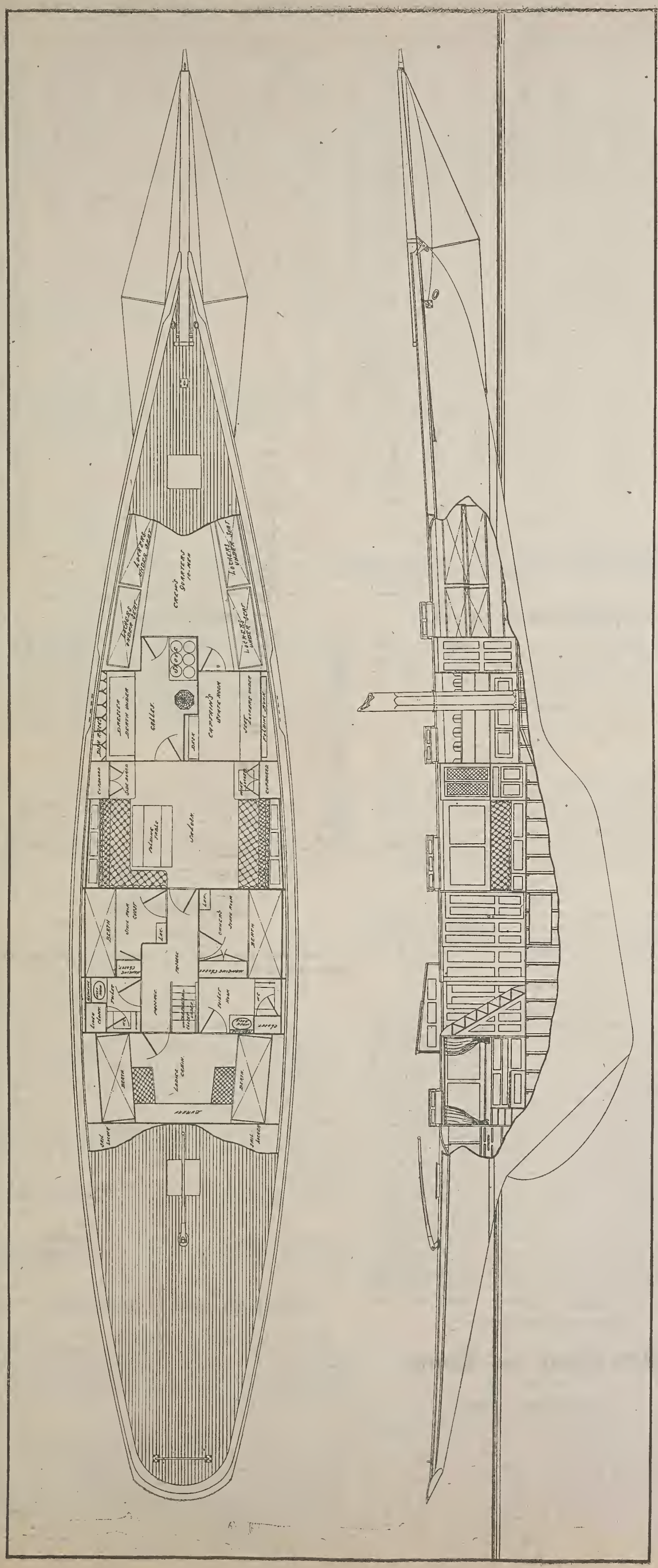
English Letter

NOTHING has been heard of late in reference to the projected new one-design class for the Solent, but it is not likely to have fizzled out. This is the time of year when owners, or, rather, intending owners put on their considering caps for the following season, and, so far, they are all still hard at work thinking, for not a single order for any type of boat, handicap or racer, has as yet been given. There are only three open classes likely to attract an owner if such a person be forthcoming—viz., the big class, the 52-footers and the Clyde 36-footers. The most successful of the last-named class was designed by Alfred Mylne, though the Fife boats ran her close. Therefore, in that class there are all the elements of good competition, and if the boats were a little more to the liking of the Clyde yachtsmen there would certainly soon be a hot class. But the tendency of our rule is to cut down draft, at a point three-fifths the loadline length from the stem, until it is just one-half the beam—this giving the best girth measurement—and aft of this draft is obtained by a drag at the heel, the underwater profile being almost a perfect triangle. The mistake in the rule is that one can get this extra draft without paying for it, and another fault is that sail is taxed too heavily. If these matters were adjusted, I think the New York Y. C. would look far enough before they get a better rule.

For some reason or other we have had a 42ft. class on our statute books for very many years, and nobody has ever built a boat for it. From time to time one hears of a combine among owners to start it, but the enterprise is never carried out, originating, apparently, only in moments of exaltation. If this class had ever come into existence, it would probably have proved far more popular than either the 36-footers or the 52-footers. But it seems idle nowadays to discuss these questions when the conviction is rapidly being forced upon yachtsmen that the absence of any check on expense has given the deathblow to yacht racing as hitherto conducted. Even the daily papers have failed during the past fortnight to live up to the Lipton challenge. These international races have no effect whatever on our season, and people over here find it hard to understand why they should prove disastrous to yours. If we won the Cup, I don't think our other racing would be in the least degree disturbed by a challenge. It is rumored here that the new Herreshoff schooners, supposed to be building, will be of 90ft. waterline, which looks more like business than the dimensions of Meteor. This is the length of Cicely, but it should be remembered that she was not built for the prime purpose of racing. Had that been so, her draft would probably be more and she would hardly have been built to class at Lloyds. By the way, I think I am not indiscreet in mentioning that Lloyds' new scantling tables for yachts will be published at no distant date, and I shall be surprised if they are not found exceedingly satisfactory.

There is some talk of founding an Institute of Yacht Architects, on the lines of the Institute of Naval Architects. The organization would be of very great use to builders and designers alike. At present the value of the I. N. A. to yachting is absolutely nil, and indeed some of the observations on yachting attributed to members of that body are ludicrous.

Motors are still in the yachting atmosphere with us. Several new American engines have lately been placed on the market, and the distinctive feature of these is the favor shown to two or more cylinders over the one cylinder engine, and also the gradual recognition by American makers that the 4-cycle engine has virtues all its own



SIXTY-FIVE RATING CUTTER—CABIN PLANS—DESIGNED BY MESSRS. HERRESHOFF & WELLS.

Our makers for the most part are steadily pegging away at the 4-cycle type, and they are doing good business. Some of your best makers openly condemn these engines, but they will be wise, if they want to keep a good footing over here, to devote some time and work to making them, in sizes over, say, 8 horse-power. I understand there is to be an exhibition of motor boats in Sweden next season when no doubt some transatlantic exhibits will be on view. Meantime, an enterprising Cont nental genius has immortalized himself by inventing a new method of marine propulsion. His plan is to drive the propeller, not in the water, but in the air! Of course it is a big propeller, but no doubt it could be reefed. Inventors are sometimes very funny. Not long ago, one gave a demonstration of his patent on the Thames. It consisted in driving a boat by the recoil of a quick-firing gun—that is my description but his filled quite a volume. The boat did move—a little—but every time he fired the gun, the poor man fell over it on his face! The recoil drove the boat ahead a little too suddenly. The experts invited to witness the display were very much impressed, though none volunteered to test the device personally.

E. H. Hamilton.

Sixty-Five Rating Cutter.

Through the courtesy of Messrs. Herreshoff & Wells we publish the sail and cabin plans of a cutter yacht designed to race in the English 65-rating class. Nevada, designed by Mr. Herreshoff, took the championship in the 65-rating class for the season of 1901, and the design we reproduce was intended as an improvement on Nevada.

The design complies in every respect to the English Y. R. A. rules. The boat is very roomy having far more cabin space than is usually found in racing yachts of this size. While designed to race in British waters, the boat could with some slight changes be adapted for racing in America.

The sail plan is particularly well balanced, and it makes a very handsome rig. Her dimensions are as follows:

Length—	
Over all	92ft. 6in.
L.W.L.	56ft. 0in.
Overhang—	
Bow	15ft. 6in.
Stern	21ft. 0in.
Breadth—Greatest	17ft. 0in.
Freeboard—	
Bow	6ft. 3in.
Least	3ft. 6in.
Taffrail	4ft. 9in.
Draft—Extreme	10ft. 4in.

The cabin arrangement is very good. The companionway leads to a steerage. The after cabin, which is reached from the steerage, extends the full width of the boat; on each side are berths, in front of which are transoms. A large dresser and bureau is placed against the after partition. There is a closet under the companion stairs. On the starboard side forward there is a toilet room which opens from the after stateroom. The room is fitted up with a patent closet and a set wash basin. Forward of this toilet room is the owner's stateroom. This room is 6ft. 6in. long and is fitted with a wide berth, closet, transom and hanging closet. On the port side opposite is a guest's stateroom, and another toilet room. These rooms are fitted up very much the same as the ones described on the starboard side.

The main saloon which is amidships is 10ft. 6in. long and extends the full width of the boat. On each side are the usual transoms and buffets and wine lockers. Overhead there is a large skylight. Forward on the port side is the galley, which is quite roomy and well equipped. The berth on the port side is for the steward. This is where on American vessels the ice box is usually located. On the starboard side is the captain's stateroom, which is reached from the forecastle. The forecastle is roomy and there is accommodation for ten men. Aft there is a lazarette, where there is ample room for light sails and spare gear.

Points for Amateur Yachtsmen.

The Boston Advertiser prints the following sensible advice, valuable to all amateur sailors, from one of Boston's oldest and best known pilots:

"You must believe that an approaching squall is the heaviest one you ever saw or heard of, and make up your mind to face the danger with coolness and decision. No man can tell how hard a coming squall may be, and sometimes they occur with very little warning, indeed. In the summer time, however, squalls can, as a rule, be seen long enough before they strike for the yachtsman to take ample measures for safety.

"When the squall is seen approaching, anchor if possible under the lee of an island or some other land, out of the tide. That is the very safest thing to do. And don't forget to keep out of the tide, for if you are in a tide-way the water is rougher, it brings the yacht broadside to the wind, unless setting just right, and makes her liable to capsize. If the anchorage is out of the tide, the boat swings head to the sea and rides easily.

"Most summer squalls come on the flood tide. Why this is I don't pretend to say, but my experience of thirty-five years confirms the statement. There are exceptions, but in nine cases out of ten the rule will prove true. That being the case, when the tide is flood the sharpest lookout should be kept, although the competent skipper watches the weather closely at all times. If rain comes before the wind you never can tell what is back of it. If the wind comes first, the squall is likely to be of short duration, for the rain which follows kills the wind and beats down the sea. A second squall in the latter case must be looked for, however, for it is likely to follow.

"If there is no lee under which you can run and anchor, or there is no time to do so, then get the sails off the yacht as quickly as possible and furl them snugly. If you are in a sloop, lower the jib first, so that she can be luffed up easily and pointed in the direction from which the wind will come. The idea that a squall can be shaken off is a false one, and should not be countenanced for a moment. And don't forget when a squall is approaching to close the cabin or cuddy up tightly,

RECORDS OF THE YACHT RACING ASSOCIATION OF GRAVESEND BAY.—SERIES OF 1902.

	June 7 A.Y.C.	June 21 B.Y.C.	June 28 N.Y.C.	July 12 M.&F.	July 26 A.Y.C.	August 2 B.Y.C.	August 23 M.&F.	Sept. 6 N.Y.C.	Sept. 20 G.B.A.	Starts.	Sail Overs.	TOTALS. First.	Second.	Third.	Fourth.	Fifth.	Sixth.	Seventh.	Did not finish.	Pts.
SLOOPS—CLASS K.																				
Mariquita, H. B. Shaen	s	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5
SPECIAL—CLASS M.																				
Sunol, John Abbey	2	..	1	1	2	2	1	1	1	8	0	5	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	64
Bonito, Haviland Bros.	1	..	2	D	1	1	2	2	2	8	0	3	4	0	0	0	0	0	1	54
Kangaroo, C. H. Humphreys	3	..	D	..	3	D	..	..	..	4	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	2	12
Bess, Sydney Grant	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
SLOOPS—CLASS N.																				
Vivian, S. E. Vernon	s	..	1	s	1	..	s	..	..	5	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	35
Gwendolen, H. G. S. Noble	..	..	d	..	2	..	..	..	..	*2	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	8
SPECIAL—CLASS N.																				
Caribou, J. E. Nicholson	1	s	1	1	1	1	s	s	2	9	3	4	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	65
Squaw, H. J. Heath	2	..	2	2	d	..	..	..	1	*5	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	24
Indian, Menton Bros.	..	..	3	D	..	D	..	..	..	3	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	2	6
SLOOPS—CLASS P.																				
Cockatoo, Hendon Chubb	3	2	1	1	2	1	4	1	1	9	0	5	2	1	1	0	0	0	0	66
Song and Dance, E. F. Luckenbach	2	1	2	3	1	d	1	2	3	*9	0	3	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	60
Streak, Speidel Bros.	D	..	4	2	4	3	5	4	..	7	0	0	1	1	3	1	0	0	1	28
Karma, J. C. Erskine	1	..	3	4	..	..	..	5	5	5	0	1	0	1	1	2	0	0	0	22
Corona, J. E. Beggs	..	..	..	..	3	2	3	6	..	5	0	0	1	2	0	0	1	0	0	21
Elsie, C. P. Rosemon	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	3	6	3	0	0	1	1	0	0	1	0	0	14
Kate, J. S. Negus (yawl)	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	4	2	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	1
Vagabond, T. A. Vernon	..	..	..	..	..	..	D	..	2	2	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0
SLOOPS—CLASS Q.																				
Trouble, W. H. Childs	2	..	2	2	2	4	1	1	3	8	0	2	4	1	1	0	0	0	0	56
Bronco, F. C. Moore	4	..	3	1	4	1	3	2	1	8	0	3	1	2	2	0	0	0	0	48
Wraith, Calvin Tomkins	3	..	1	d	3	2	4	4	4	*8	0	1	1	2	3	0	0	0	0	38
Opossum, R. P. Doremus	1	..	..	4	1	..	2	..	..	4	0	2	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	32
Flying Fish, I. M. Dean	D	..	5	..	5	3	5	3	2	7	0	0	1	2	0	3	0	0	1	18
Wink, W. A. Barstow	..	..	4	3	6	5	..	..	5	5	0	0	0	1	1	2	1	0	0	13
Spots, D. D. Allerton	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	2
Elsie, C. P. Rosemon	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1
SPECIAL—CLASS Q.																				
Opossum, R. P. Doremus	..	..	..	..	..	D	..	s	..	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	5
SPECIAL—CLASS R.																				
Pebble, R. W. Speir	D	..	..	..	d	..	..	..	1	*3	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0
Pickaninny, L. R. Connett	..	..	..	..	1	D	..	..	..	2	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	10
Peanut, D. O. Davenport	..	..	d	..	..	..	..	..	..	*1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Opossum, R. J. Doremus	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
MARINE AND FIELD CLASS.																				
Kelpie, W. K. Brown	1	1	2	1	1	d	1	†4	2	*9	0	5	2	0	1	0	0	0	0	61
Stinger, A. P. Clapp	2	2	1	2	3	4	5	†4	5	9	0	1	3	1	2	2	0	0	0	49
Quinque, L. H. Smith	D	..	4	3	4	1	2	2	3	8	0	1	2	2	2	0	0	0	1	40
Flying Fox, F. B. Anderson	..	..	..	5	2	2	3	1	4	6	0	1	2	1	1	0	0	0	0	34
Jig-a-Jig, W. A. Hutcheson	..	..	3	..	d	5	4	3	1	*6	0	1	0	2	1	1	0	0	0	18
Vixen, Mahoney & Chandler	..	..	D	4	..	3	..	..	..	2	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	1	10
CATBOATS—CLASS V.																				
Martha M., Richard Moore	1	..	1	d	1	1	1	2	3	*8	0	5	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	58
Rascal, D. G. Whitlock	2	..	2	2	2	3	3	1	2	8	0	1	5	2	0	0	0	0	0	54
Boozie, C. D. Durkee	..	..	..	1	3	2	2	3	1	6	0	2	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	38
Jean, F. Nickerson	..	..	..	..	..	D	..	..	..	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0
La Cigale, R. A. Downing	D	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0

s Sail over. d Disqualified. .. Did not start. D Did not finish. * Disqualified once. † Dead heat, points divided.
A.Y.C., Atlantic Yacht Club. B.Y.C., Brooklyn Yacht Club. M.&F., Marine and Field Club. N.Y.C., New York Canoe Club. G.B.A., Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay.
First place, 10 points. Second place, 8 points. Third place, 6 points. Fourth place, 4 points. Fifth place, 2 points. Sixth place and below, 1 point. Sail over, 5 points.
The Association race of Sept. 20 did not count for points on series prizes.

seeing to it that no one remains inside. In squally weather never have any one in the cabin when the sails are up. There have been too many instances where people have been drowned in cabins who otherwise might have been saved."

Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay.

Season of 1902.

THE Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay ended its second season with the regatta given under the immediate auspices of the Association itself off the Atlantic Y. C. on Sept. 20. This event brought to a close the series of nine races. The first eight counted for points on the series prizes for the year, while the last was for special trophies offered by the Association.

The healthy growth of the Association has been marked. Nearly twice as many craft have competed as in the initial year, events have been closely contested, and the whole campaign has well illustrated the possibilities of racing on Gravesend Bay.

Classes P and Q have been the star divisions. Not because of closer finishes, but because of the consistent entry in each of the regattas.

The class winners of the series prizes on points for the first eight races were Sunol, Vivian, Caribou, Cockatoo, Trouble, Kelpie and Martha M. Those capturing second prizes, two-thirds the value of firsts, were Bonito, Squaw, Song and Dance, Bronco, Stinger and Rascal.

The winners in the Association race of Sept. 20, for special prizes, were Sunol, Squaw, Cockatoo, Bronco Pebble, Jig-a-Jig and Boozie. Second prizes went to Bonito, Vagabond, Flying Fish, Kelpie and Rascal.

Eighteen newcomers entered the contests of the year, six of which brought with them creditable records from other waters. Caribou Cockatoo, Song and Dance, Kelpie and Stinger competed in every contest. Sunol, Bonito, Trouble, Bronco, Wraith, Quinque, Martha M. and Rascal have started in all but the Brooklyn Y. C. regatta of June 21, in which, because of the threatening weather conditions, only the five first mentioned craft competed. Throwing out the record of this contest, one-third of the entire fleet competed in the eight races held under favorable conditions.

Thirty-nine different craft competed in the nine races of the year. Two hundred and five starters of all classes entered the races, which makes an average of twenty-three boats to each event. Twelve of the craft have flown the flag of the Atlantic Y. C., twelve that of the Brooklyn Y. C., eight the burgee of the New York C. C., while seven were enrolled in the Marine and Field Club.

The outlook for the season of 1903 is especially bright. New additions to all of the classes are assured, and Gravesend Bay Corinthians expect better competition than ever before. The official records of the year are appended.

Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Oct. 11.

ON Saturday, Oct. 11, a match race was sailed over knockabout course No. 3 of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., between the Seawanhaka knockabouts Gowan and Marcia, to determine the disposition of the series prize which was offered to Seawanhaka knockabouts in the three days' racing in June, which resulted in a tie between Gowan and Marcia. The race on Oct. 11 was sailed in a S.E. wind, varying from light to full sail at the finish. The preparatory signal was given at 3:15, and the start at 3:20. The times at the finish were:

Marcia, Johnson de Forest	5 46 25
Gowan, F. G. Stewart	5 55 30

The result of this race gives the series prize to Marcia.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Mr. Charles G. Davis has designed an auxiliary cruising yawl for Dr. Richard J. Schofield, of New York City. She is to be 27ft. waterline, 37ft. over all, 10ft. breadth and 3ft. draft. The yacht will be equipped with an 8 horsepower King engine.

Mr. Hollis Burgess has made the following sales through his agency: The 25ft. Bar Harbor knockabout Oeewah, owned by Mr. Walter T. Wallace, of New York, to Mr. T. S. Hathaway, of New Bedford; the fast 21ft. Buzzard's Bay knockabout Amanita, owned by Mr. Joshua Crane, Jr., of Westwood, Mass., to Mr. Edwin Bonsack, of Jamestown, R. I.; Idylis, owned by Mr. Charles E. Stone, of Newburyport, Mass., to Mr. W. H. Sargent, of Moosup, Conn. She has been shipped by rail to Buzzard's Bay, where she is to be used; fast speed launch So Long, owned by Mr. J. A. Burnham, Jr., of Boston, sold to Mr. Joshua Crane, Jr., of Westwood, Mass.

Mr. William P. Kirk, of Tom's River, N. J., is building from designs made by Mr. Henry J. Gielow for Major J. Fred Ackerman, a centerboard cruising sloop. She will be 70ft. over all, 45ft. waterline, 16ft. 11in. breadth and 4ft. draft. The yacht will carry 3,000 sq. ft. of canvas.

The Marine Construction and Dry Dock Company now have their remarkably fine shipbuilding plant in full running order. In addition to the shipbuilding establishment, this firm has a yacht basin 600ft. by 180ft. The property, located on the north shore of Staten Island at Mariners' Harbor, is sheltered by Shooter's Island. Vessels lying in the basin are absolutely protected from rough water and ice. The location makes the plant particularly free from heavy black smoke and dirt. Proximity to Newark Bay affords the cleanest water for storing yachts about New York city. A marine railway now in operation will haul any yacht requiring land storage. The officers and consulting staff of this company are as follows: H. Newton Whittelsey, President, formerly New York Shipbuilding Company, and Gas Engine & Power Co. and Chas. L. Seabury & Co., Consolidated; Ralph Derr, Treasurer, formerly New York Shipbuilding Co. and Wm. Cramp & Sons; Harold Lee, Secretary, formerly New York Shipbuilding Co. and Crescent Ship Yard; James Swan, Consulting Naval Architect, now Scientific Engineer of New York Shipbuilding Co.; C. C. Thomas, Consulting Marine Engineer, now Chair of Marine Engineering and Naval Architects of New York University; F. S. Brinton, Constructor, formerly Crescent Ship Yard.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—At the regular meeting of this Association on Oct. 12 the following scores were made, 200yds., off-hand, Standard target:

Strickmeier	91	89	87	87	84	Lux	78	75	75	74	73
Hasenzahl	91	84	84	84	84	Hofer	79	76	72	..	..
Nestler	88	87	84	80	78	Trounstine	76	75	73	71	68
Gindele	88	86	85	84	84	Weinheimer	76	71	70	68	66
Odell	84	82	80	77	75	Jonscher	74	71	72	70	67
Payne	84	80	80	74	74	Drube	73	70	68	66	66
Bruns	82	77	76	75	75	Freitag	73	64	60	53	..
Roberts	81	81	78	74	75	Topf	65	64	61	59	58
Uckotter	80	73	67	66	54	*Uckotter, Jr.	80	76	..	..	..

* On rest.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., Oct. 18.—The Ossining Gun Club has established a very comfortable 50ft. rifle gallery, and offers four cups for competition; one for members, one for non-members, one for ladies, and one for cadets of military academies. Ten shots with a possible 250 to constitute a score, and re-entries unlimited. The regular gallery rifles only to be used in prize contests. Target ¼in., 25-ring. Scores to date for prizes are as follows:

Members: Wm. P. Hall 225, 205, 224, 222; Dr. E. B. Sherwood 229, 229; D. Brandreth 226, 230, 233; Wm. H. Coleman 229, 229.

Non-members: Geo. N. Tompkins 226; Albert Emmett 224, H. M. Schnaar 219, 216; T. V. Roe 229; C. H. Sidman 212, 230, 220, 227, 233, 227, 230; Ed. Bellington 228.

Ladies: Mrs. E. F. Ball 229, 236.

Cadets: Ted Sherwood 218.

E. F. B.

The Field, London, of Oct. 11 states that "the Lord Mayor has consented to accept the custody of the Palma trophy, which the British team, under Major the Hon. T. Freemantle, won by defeating the United States and Canadian teams at Ottawa, on Sept. 13. He will receive the trophy at the Mansion House on Saturday, Oct. 18, at the same time that he receives the Elcho Shield and international challenge trophy. The Palma trophy will be shot for at Bisley next year."

Trapshooting.

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

Fixtures.

Oct. 22-23.—Crawfordsville, Ind.—Crawfordsville Gun Club's tournament. M. Stillwell, Sec'y.

Oct. 24-26.—Bisbee, Ariz.—Tenth annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association. M. J. Cunningham, Sec'y.

Oct. 29-30.—Raleigh, N. C.—Two days' shoot of the Raleigh Gun Club; $100 added each day. R. T. Gowan, Sec'y.

Oct. 30-31—Dalton, O.—Annual fall tournament of the Dalton Gun Club. Ernest F. Scott, Captain.

Oct. 30.—Augusta, Ill.—Second target tournament of the Augusta Gun Club. Frank Bacon, Sec'y.

Oct. 31.—Ceres, Pa.—First annual tournament of the Ceres Gun Club. Targets and live birds. L. B. Learne, Sec'y, Ceres, N. Y.

Nov. 27.—Ossining, N. Y.—Inter-county seven-man team shoot and 100 target event for cup emblematic of championship of Westchester county.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's target shoot, every Saturday afternoon. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

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

We fancy "the Daddy of Them All" was not in the competition to which the clipping taken from the Dayton Herald of Oct. 18 refers: "Bellbrook clay-bird shooters gave a turkey shoot last Wednesday, and a few of the Dayton crack shots went down ostensibly to bring home a few gobblers for Thanksgiving roasts. They are now getting the roasts, but the turkeys are not in evidence. One good-natured visitor declared that he broke 10 straight, tied up with several farmers, shot off the tie and lost. He did the same thing in several events. One old farmer, shooting a repeater, furnished a number of birds at so much per, then turned around and won them all back again. When the Daytonians came home a purse was made up, and each was presented with a chicken as a testimonial from the Bellbrook Club."

The programme of the North Carolina State Fair Trapshooting tournament, Raleigh, Oct. 29-31, can be obtained on application to Mr. R. T. Gowan, secretary of the Raleigh Gun Club, under whose auspices the tournament is held. The directors of the tournament are Col. J. T. Anthony, Jas. I. Johnson, J. S. Gray, G. N. Walters and B. Stark. There are ten events on the programme of the first two days, 15, 20 and 25 targets, a total of 190 targets, $19 entrance, $100 added money for each of those days. Oct. 31 is set for the State championship shoot, open to residents of North Carolina only. It is for a handsome silver trophy given by the Raleigh Gun Club, the conditions of which are 25 targets, magautrap; 50, expert traps; entrance $3.50, targets included. Sweepstake handicaps, 14 to 22yds. Moneys divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Money events open to all. Targets, 2 cents. Those who so prefer may shoot for targets only. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock. Guns and ammunition sent care of the secretary, Mr. R. T. Gowan, will be delivered on the grounds free. Loaded shells may be obtained on the grounds. Concerning fares, the club presents the following: "The railroads all give a rate of one first-class fare, plus 50 cents for one admission to the fair for the round trip to Raleigh during the State fair. These low rates apply from all points in North Carolina, also from Norfolk, Richmond, Lynchburg and Danville and intermediate points in the State of Virginia."

The daily press recounts that "The Rod and Gun Club recently organized at Rockville Center, L. I., with Nelson L. Seaman as president, is arranging to have a busy fall in clay bird shoots, quail and partridge hunting, etc. The membership of the club includes some of the best gunners in Rockville Center and Brooklyn. A pack of fifteen hounds is scattered among the members, and will be used in hunting tours of the club. A room for meeting purposes has been secured at the Junction Hotel. It has been fitted up to represent the interior of a log cabin, with gun racks, bunks and tables."

At the New London, Ia., tournament last week, Mr. W. R. Crosby won the cup for high average of the two days' target and live-bird programme, shooting from the 22yd. mark. In the live-bird events, he shot from the 33yd. mark. Other winners were as follows: Chick Ross won the county championship cup, Dr. Cook won the county championship live-bird cup, Nichols was second in general average with 89.7, won the long-run cup with 69 straight, and tied Crosby for target high average. Mr. Guy Burnside distinguished himself by skillful shooting, being third in the general average of the entire programme with 87.2 per cent.

The match between six-man teams of the Nishoyne Gun Club, of Orange, and the Mountainside Gun Club, of West Orange, N. J., held on the grounds of the latter last Saturday, was won by the latter by a score of 110 to 95, each man shooting at 25 targets, as follows: Nishoyne Club—O. L. Yeomans 19, W. Drake 23, R. B. Baldwin 13, W. Slater 17, Charles Dean 19, D. Adams, Jr., 19; total 110. Mountainside Club—George Ziegler 22, A. W. Baldwin 20, H. D. Wethling 20, Charles J. Ziegler 13, Fred Wright 12, John Gantz 8; total 95.

We have a letter of inquiry from Mr. C. W. Floyd, concerning the match with him as suggested by Mr. J. A. Hudson, of Dagsboro, Del. It will be recalled that Mr. Hudson desired a trapshooting match with Mr. Floyd, the stake being a farm each. Mr. Hudson's letter of defiance was bravely worded. Mr. Floyd's acceptance was prompt, brief and direct, and as a further evidence of good faith he placed a forfeit in our hands. Mr. Hudson's silence would seem to indicate that, as they say in the South, he is "hiding out."

At the shoot of the Jeannette Gun Club, at the old Guttenberg race track, New Jersey, on Oct. 17, Mr. C. Meyer won Class A trophy, killing 10 birds straight in the main event, and 8 more in the shoot-off. He stood at the 28yds. mark. In the challenge medal match at 15 birds, he defeated Mr. C. Steffens, the holder. He will go back to the 30yd. mark in future contests.

The host of friends of Mr. Hayes Keller, son of the renowned T. H. Keller, will rejoice to learn that he is convalescing rapidly from his recent severe attack of typhoid fever, and in due time will be able to resume his duties as traveling representative of the Peters Cartridge Company, in which position he has achieved eminent success.

At the shoot of the Garfield Gun Club, Chicago, Oct. 18, the winners in the third trophy event of the fourth series were: Class A, Hellman, 24; Class B, Jones, 20; Class C, Wilson 15. Dr. J. W. Meek won the cup shoot with a score of 23 out of 25, of which 15 were singles and the remainder 5 pairs. The attractions of wildfowl shooting impairs the attendance at the club shoots.

Mr. Frank Bacon, Augusta, Ill., writes us as follows: "Please publish the inclosed notice of our target tournament, to be held Oct. 30. Trapshooting is booming in western Illinois this season. This is our second tournament this summer, and good attendance is looked for, as we had forty shooters at our first."

A quiet meeting was held in Newark, N. J., on Tuesday of last week, for the purpose of making a political issue as to the election of candidates who are antagonistic to pigeon shooting at the traps. This would seem to be something like fooling with the buzz-saw.

In a brief note, dated Oct. 16, at Winnipeg, Man., Capt. A. W. du Bray touches on the game shooting as follows: "I have had and am having splendid chicken and duck shooting, and I am going to try the geese also. I am using my 20-bore exclusively."

The daily press recounts the death of Harry F. Longnecker, of Allentown, Pa., Oct. 16, from typhoid fever. He was famous as a wing shot and dog fancier, and was Registrar of Wills of Lehigh county. He was forty-four years old at the time of his death.

Mr. A. B. Learnes, secretary, writes us as follows: "Will you kindly announce that the Ceres, Pa., Gun Club, will hold its first annual tournament at targets and live birds on Oct. 31. Post office address is Ceres, N. Y."

The seventh contest for the Troisdorf medals, at the shoot of the Cincinnati Gun Club, Oct. 18, was won as follows: Class A, Messrs. Randall and See, 45 out of 50; Class B, Mr. Herman, 45.

Geo. C. Lebohner, proprietor of Dexter Park, Brooklyn, L. I., died on Sunday of last week from hemorrhage of the lungs and stomach. He was well known among trapshooters.

The Richmond Gun Club, of Silver Lake, Staten Island, will hold an all-day shoot on Election Day. Mr. A. A. Schoverling, 302 Broadway, New York, is the secretary.

The third contest of the Crescent Gun Club, Bay Ridge, L. I., last Saturday, was won by Dr. J. J. Keyes, with a score of 48 out of a possible 50.

BERNARD WATERS.

Richmond Gun Club.

SILVER LAKE, Staten Island, Oct. 18.—Following are the scores made at the shoot of the Richmond Gun Club to-day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	10	10	20	30	Targets:	10	10	10	20	30
F W Schoverling	9	4	9	15	23	F Cass	3	4	5	10	10
G C Williams	6	3	4	9	10	O Albrecht	3	3	5	8	15
G Bechtel	4	9	6	9	18	F J Crystal	8	6	6	11	12

A. A. SCHOVERLING, Sec'y.

Baltimore Tournament.

BALTIMORE, Md.—The tenth annual tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association was held on Oct. 15 and 16. The conditions embodied a handicap by distance. A noticeable feature was the falling off in form of some of the experts. Mr. Fred Gilbert was high in the average of the target events with 190 out of 200, an average of 95 per cent.

Oct. 15, First Day.

There were twelve contestants who shot through the entire programme, a total of 200 targets. There were eight events at 15, 20 and 25 targets, and a merchandise event at 50 targets; in the latter, Mr. C. W. Hart, of Highlandtown, was first with 47 scored out of the 50, and three more straight out of the six allotted to him as a handicap of extra targets to shoot at. There were ties from the second to the sixth places, which were shot off at 25 targets, the winners being in the following order: Lester German broke 25 straight and won silver prize; Fred Gilbert, third; A. H. Fox, fourth; J. R. Malone, fifth; Dr. H. E. Lupus, sixth. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total
Targets:	15	20	15	20	25	20	15	20	50	Broke.
Gilbert, 20	13	18	15	18	24	20	15	19	48	190
Fox, 19	14	17	13	20	23	19	13	18	48	185
German, 19	10	19	14	16	22	20	14	16	47	178
Waters, 19	14	17	11	17	17	16	13	17	45	167
Storr, 18	10	17	12	16	22	18	14	18	44	171
Lupus, 18	13	19	12	14	20	18	12	19	45	172
Hart, 16	9	15	13	15	20	16	10	16	47	161
Malone, 18	13	16	13	17	22	16	13	20	45	175
Mordecai, 16	11	18	13	15	21	17	14	15	40	164
Leck, 18	10	18	14	17	19	11	11	15	35	150
Krueger, 16	11	19	14	16	20	17	13	18	44	171
Chew, 16	13	19	12	17	19	20	12	17	41	170
Baughman, 16	11	15	13	17	18	17	14	..	39	...
George, 16	11	13	7	11	12	..	8	14	31	...
Burroughs, 16	13	16	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	...
Keller, 16	..	..	14	14	18	15	12	20	41	...
Biddle, 16	..	..	..	..	..	14	10	17	41	...
Marley, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	18	43	...
Offit, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	20	36	...
Brown, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	19	...
Cottman, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	15	40	...
Becker, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	15	33	...
Dr Carr, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	15	45	...
Collins, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	...
Hardy, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	15	37	...
Becker, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	...
Dr Boyd, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	40	...
Medinger, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	...
Street, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	39	...
Billy, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	37	...

Oct. 16, Second Day, Live Birds.

The main feature of the second day's competition was the live bird events, all of which, however, were not shot as per the programme. The forenoon events were at targets, a total of 100, the general averages of which were made in the following order: Hood Waters 98, A. H. Fox 97, Fred Gilbert 96, Dr. H. E. Lupus and E. Storr tied for fourth on 94.

The 30-target race was a merchandise event, in which the winners were Hood Waters, E. Storr, Dr. H. E. Lupus, Lester German and Fred Gilbert in the order mentioned. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	
Targets:	10	15	15	30	15	15	Broke.
Gilbert	10	15	12	29	15	15	96
Fox	10	15	15	28	15	14	97
German	10	14	13	28	12	14	91
Waters	10	15	14	29	15	15	98
Storr	10	14	13	29	13	15	94
Lupus	9	15	14	28	14	14	94
Hart	8	15	12	25	..	..	..
Malone	9	12	15	25	8	13	82
Street	..	5	9	13	8	11	..
Collins	..	..	..	19	..	..	..
Chew	..	..	..	..	13	14	..

Live Birds.

Enough entries were not forthcoming to warrant holding the Maryland handicap, a 20-bird event, $12 entrance, for a trophy. Dr. Darling and Hood Waters shot a race at 25 birds, which resulted in a tie on 23. In a shoot-off at 5 birds, each killed straight. Shooting off at 5 birds again, Darling killed straight and won by 2 birds, Waters losing his second and fifth. Two races, 5 birds each, resulted as follows: Waters 5, Edwards 4, Street 3, Bonday 5, Goldman 1. Second race: Waters 4, Edwards 4, Street 3, Robinson 5.

The programme events resulted as follows:

Seven live birds, $5 entrance:

Gilbert, 32	2221111—7	Fox, 31	2122220—6
Street, 26	2111222—7	Waters, 31	2222201—6
A R M, 28	1120212—6	Malone, 31	2121211—7
Darling, 29	1222201—6	German, 30	1212221—7

Ten birds, $7 entrance:

Gilbert	1221212112—10	Darling	2011111212— 9
Waters	2222111011— 9	Street	2212001112— 8
A R M	2121112122—10	Malone	2211122201— 9

New London (Ia.) Tournament.

NEW LONDON, Ia., Oct. 17.—The sixth annual tournament of the New London Gun Club closed last night. The attendance was fair, about twenty-seven men taking part in each day's programme.

The weather on both days was warm and pleasant. The shooting at targets was from one magautrap and one set of three expert traps, Sergeant system.

The programme on Wednesday was eight 15 and four 20 target events, and on Thursday was four 15 and two 20 target events; one 7 and one 15 live bird events. No money was added, but $50 was given in averages, divided as follows: $15, $10 and $7.50 to first, second and third high guns who shot the entire programme; $7.50, $5 and $5 to three high guns in target events. All target events were handicaps, 16 to 22yds., and the 15-live-bird event was a handicap, 27 to 33yds. Seven fine cups were given. Chick Ross won the cup given for county championship; Dr. Cook won the cup given for county championship on live birds; W. R. Crosby won the cup for high average in entire programme, shooting targets from the 22yd. mark and live birds at 33yds.; he was in fine form, and gave a good exhibition of what he can do with the scatter gun; Nichols won the long run cup, scoring 69 straight in the target events.

Guy Burnside was the only one to kill all his pigeons in the 15-live-bird event, and won $53 and a handsome cup. He also won a fine cigar case. In event No. 12 on the first day he was the only one to break 20 straight. McCully won the cup given for high man in the 80 per cent. class. John Burmeister won the low general average cup.

Dr. Cook, secretary of the club, had charge of all the details, and this would assure that they were ably managed.

On Wednesday evening the visiting sportsmen were royally entertained by Dr. and Mrs. Cook at their home.

Oct. 15, First Day, Targets.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12			
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	Broke.	Av.	
Miller, 16	5	11	15	11	11	17	14	13	15	12	10	15	139	.695	
Lord, 16	8	12	12	16	9	14	12	16	16	10	14	15	154	.770	
Dove, 16	7	10	16	14	13	16	14	13	18	13	14	16	157	.783	
McKelvey, 18	8	13	12	13	10	14	10	12	17	11	14	19	153	.765	
Wolf, 16	13	14	17	13	12	14	9	11	18	11	12	18	162	.810	
Gibson, 18	6	14	17	13	15	18	12	13	18	12	14	15	167	.835	
Crosby, 22	12	14	18	14	10	17	15	15	18	14	14	18	179	.895	
Burnside, 20	7	13	18	14	11	18	12	14	17	13	15	20	172	.860	
Burmeister, 16	3	13	18	12	10	16	9	14	14	11	14	16	150	.750	
Kline, 20	5	14	17	14	9	18	16	14	17	14	13	14	161	.805	
Nichol, 16	4	13	17	14	14	20	13	15	19	14	14	18	175	.875	
Beach, 16	8	13	15	14	14	19	11	15	16	13	13	11	162	.810	
Foley, 18	6	13	16	15	13	19	12	13	18	15	14	19	173	.863	
Wetleaf, 18	9	15	13	15	12	17	10	12	19	11	14	19	166	.830	
Shaddow, 16	7	13	16	15	12	19	13	15	16	14	14	19	173	.865	
Ellett, 18	9	13	16	13	10	18	14	14	15	10	13	17	162	.810	
Cool, 16	4	10	13	12	12	18	7	10	15	13	12	14	132	.660	
Smith, 16	10	13	14	15	9	17	14	12	15	14	15	19	167	.835	
Cook, 18	9	11	20	14	13	18	13	13	14	15	13	18	171	.855	
Budd, 20	10	13	18	14	15	17	14	14	17	15	15	19	181	.905	
McCully, 16	13	13	16	12	10	18	13	15	16	12	13	19	176	.880	
Ross, 18	15	14	18	13	14	17	15	12	19	13	15	18	183	.915	
Beekman, 16	7	11	16	14	13	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....	
Newman, 16	3	12	16	12	12	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....	
Crissman, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	14	15	...	....	
Griffin, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	17	...	....	
Hal, 16	8	12	16	..	..	..	13	12	18	14	14	16	...	....	

Oct 16, Second Day, Targets.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6		
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	Broke.	Av.
Miller	15	13	17	12	12	16	85	.850
Lord	12	11	17	13	12	17	82	.820
Dove	15	14	20	12	10	17	88	.880
Wolf	13	14	16	11	12	16	82	.820
Burmeister	12	12	18	13	11	17	83	.830
Nichols	15	15	20	14	14	19	97	.970
Black	10	13	17	11	10	18	79	.790
Shaddow	12	14	16	11	13	16	82	.820
Cook	11	12	16	13	11	19	83	.830
Ross	13	15	14	12	8	15	77	.770
McCully	13	13	18	14	14	17	89	.890
McKelvey	14	14	12	12	12	18	82	.820
Wetleaf	15	13	18	9	11	16	82	.820
Burnside	15	11	20	11	11	19	77	.770
Kline	15	14	16	14	13	19	91	.910
Budd	13	13	17	14	9	17	83	.830
Crosby	14	15	20	13	13	18	93	.930
Crissman	14	12	15	14	11	16	82	.820
Griffin	13	14	15	11	11	15	79	.790
Foley	15	12	17	14	10	18	86	.860
Jacobs	15	14	14	..	..	..	...	....
Jacobs	15	14	14	..	..	..	...	....
Douthett	14	14	15	8	13	19	..	....
Duis	11	10	12	..	7	11	..	....
Stone	..	..	..	..	7	14	..	....
Waymer	..	..	..	..	7	15	..	....
Porter	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	....

Oct 16, Live Birds.

Event 1, 7 live birds, $5 entrance, three moneys:

Burnside	1121111—7	McCully	0220100—3
Burmeister	2221221—7	Crosby	1211111—7
Kline	2222202—6	McKelvey	1222201—6
Stone	2222200—5	Duis	1212111—7
Crissman	0022222—5	Foley	2222222—7
Dove	1221020—5	Black	2222212—7
Griffin	2212022—6	Nichols	2120110—5
Lord	1002120—5	Wetleaf	2220022—5
Miller	0111121—6	Budd	1111111—7
Douthett	2222101—6	Cook	2222002—5
Ross	2220212—6		

Event 2, 15 live birds, $10 entrance, four moneys:

Burnside, 32	121121212122—15	Ross, 30	2202222202202222—12
Burmeister, 28	010220122122200—10	McCully, 28	122101102111201—12
Kline, 32	221112221221210—14	Crosby, 33	122212101021222—13
Stone, 28	2222220212220111—13	Cook, 30	2220202222222202—12
Crissman, 28	2201200022122222—11	Duis, 29	1110121122101111—13
Dove, 29	2020102102102221—10	Foley, 30	202022222)2222222—14
Griffin, 27	2212022222202221—13	Black, 29	1202221122201102—12
McKelvey, 28	1201222012121102—12	Nichols, 30	0222212201122202—12
Miller, 29	1211200221112212—13	Wetleaf, 30	2222202222212012—13
Douthett, 30	1001021011200221— 9	Budd, 32	021102212

Averages on targets: Miller 74.6, Lord 78.6, Dove 81.6, McKelvey 78.3, Wolf 81.3, Crosby 90.6, Burnside 86.3, Burmeister 77.6, Kline 84, Nichols 90.6, Black 80.3, Foley 86.3, Wetleaf 82.6, Shaddow 85, Budd 88, Cook 84.6, McCully 88.3, Ross 86.6.

General Averages.

	——Targets——		—Live Birds—			
	1st day.	2d day.	No. 1.	No. 2.	Total.	Av.
Miller	139	85	6	13	243	.754
Lord	154	82	5	..	...	....
Dove	157	88	5	10	250	.776
McKelvey	153	82	6	12	253	.785
Wolf	162	82	..	..	...	....
Gibson	167	..	..	..	...	....
Crosby	179	93	7	13	292	.906
Burnside	172	87	7	15	281	.872
Burmeister	150	83	7	10	250	.776
Kline	161	91	6	14	272	.844
Nichols	175	97	5	12	289	.897
Black	162	79	7	12	260	.807
Foley	173	86	7	14	280	.869
Wetleaf	166	82	5	13	266	.826
Shaddow	173	82	..	..	...	....
Ellett	162	..	..	..	...	....
Cool	132	..	..	..	...	....
Smith	167	..	..	..	...	....
Budd	181	83	7	..	...	....
Cook	171	83	5	12	271	.841
McCully	176	89	3	12	280	.869
Ross	183	77	6	12	278	.863
Newman		82	..	..	...	....
Crissman		..	5	11	...	....
Griffin		79	6	13	...	....

WESTERN TRAPS.

Nonpareil Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 18.—Messrs. Roll and Willard tied on 46 out of a possible 50. There were four contestants in the main event. Sweepstakes were an important part of the competition. The scores follow:

Willard	1100111111111111111011111—22
	1111110111111111111111111—24—46
Roll	1111111111111111110111111—24
	1111111110111101111011—22—46
Bush	1101111110101111111111—22
	1111110111101111110111011—21—43
Barto	1111111101111110000111111—20
	0100011111111111111111111—21—41

Sweeps:										
Targets:	15	10	25	20	5	Targets:	15	10	25	20	5
Willard	14	9	22	18	5	Barto	..	..	21	15	5
Roll	12	9	23	17	4	Weber	..	..	..	11	2
Bush	11	9	24	11	..						

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Oct. 18.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the third trophy shoot of the fourth series. Hellman won Class A trophy on 24, Tom Jones Class B on 20 and Wilson Class C on 15.

The cup shoot immediately followed, and the cup was won by Dr. Meek on 23, thrown as 15 singles and 5 pairs, notwithstanding a breakdown in his gun and having to shoot a borrowed one after first two targets.

The day was a fair one for target shooting, and the attendance should have been better. Duck shooting is responsible for it.

Twenty-fourth trophy shoot:

Pollard	0111111111011111111111101—22
Dr Meek	1111111101111111110111101—22
Wilson	1011111011011001000111010—15
Eaton	0101111111100011111110010—17
Kehl	1001001100100011001101110—12
Hellman	1011111111111111111111111—24
Wolf	0111110110101101110101010—16
T Jones	1010111111110110011111111—20
Price	0011011000110110011111110—15

Tenth cup shoot, 15 singles, 5 pairs:

Pollard	011111111111011	10 11 11 11 11—22
Dr Meek	111111101111111	10 11 11 11 11—23
Wilson	110010110101101	11 10 11 01 10—16
Eaton	111111010111111	11 00 11 10 10—19
Kehl	101011101000110	01 01 10 11 00—13
Hellman	111111100111111	10 11 10 10 10—19
F Wolf	101101100101111	10 00 10 11 10—15
T Jones	001110111101111	00 11 11 01 10—17
Eldred	111000111110011	11 11 00 01 10—16

Dr. J. W. Meek winner.

Sweepstakes:										
Targets:	10	10	10	10	Targets:	10	10	10	10
Pollard	8	9	8	10	Kehl	3	3	1	6
Dr Meek	9	9	4	7	Price	5	6	4	9
Wilson	9	6	9	5	F Wolf	..	..	5	..
Eaton	8	9	9	8	Eaton	..	..	8	..

Excelsior Springs Gun Club Tournament.

EXCELSIOR SPRINGS, Mo., Oct. 11.—The first annual tournament of the Excelsior Springs Gun Club closed to-night. The attendance was not as large as it should have been. The programme was a liberal one, $6.25 being added to each event. Half of the events were divided Rose system, and half on the percentage plan. Dickey magazine traps and targets gave good satisfaction. Event No. 12 on the second day was at 25 targets, open to amateurs only, for the Excelsior Springs challenge trophy. All other events were open to all, handicaps 16 to 18yds. Budd was high with a little better than 90 per cent., and Linderman second with 88 the first day. On the second day Budd and McGee tied for high guns with 90.3 per cent.

Linderman won the amateur challenge trophy with 25 straight.

The visiting sportsmen are highly pleased at the reception given them by the Excelsior Gun Club, and will all be ready to attend the next annual tournament of this gun club.

Budd won high average for the two days, with Linderman a close second.

First Day, Oct. 10.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	Av.
Gregg	10	10	11	11	10	12	10	12	8	..	..	..	....
Vanstane	14	10	12	12	13	13	14	..	14	..	..	..	....
Haynes	11	10	13	9	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
Templeton	15	11	..	11	11	10	..	13	..	..	..	..	....
Gittings	11	7	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	....
Cunningham	10	11	13	13	14	13	11	13	10	13	12	13	.811
McGee	14	13	13	11	10	12	13	11	11	..	11	14	....
Comett	12	9	8	6	12	6	10	..	..	..	..	..	....
Calhoun	14	14	14	14	12	13	13	12	11	14	8	9	.822
Allen	13	10	11	13	12	9	11	12	11	13	12	11	.783
Linderman	14	13	11	9	15	14	14	14	14	14	14	11	.872
Stafford	13	15	15	13	12	12	13	12	12	14	13	13	.872
H Sherman	13	12	13	9	12	8	14	12	11	12	7	12	.750
Budd	14	14	11	12	14	15	14	12	15	15	13	14	.905
Laurey	14	12	7	10	12	12	14	7	14	..	..	..	....
Scott	..	10	11	8	9	12	10	13	11	..	..	..	....
Cambell	..	14	12	8	13	15	14	..	13	..	11	13	....
Cruger	..	10	9	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
Smith	..	12	13	12	13	14	13	14	13	11	11	12	....
Crowley	..	..	..	12	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
Sevier	..	..	..	..	..	14	15	10	12	..	..	..	....
Hamilton	..	..	..	..	..	14	13	12	9	..	..	..	....
Ley	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	....

Second Day, Oct. 11.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	25	Av.
Cunningham	12	11	11	11	12	11	14	11	9	13	13	20	.776
Budd	13	13	14	14	15	13	14	13	13	13	14	..	.903
Linderman	12	14	14	12	15	14	14	13	15	12	13	25	.890
Calhoun	13	13	11	12	13	14	10	14	12	12	10	13	.830
Sherman	12	11	13	12	13	15	13	12	13	13	13	22	.848
Allen	12	14	15	14	10	15	10	15	13	14	13	23	.878
Smith	14	11	10	12	14	14	11	10	12	13	12	20	.806
Stafford	12	10	12	13	13	15	13	9	13	14	13	22	.830
Cambell	14	11	12	14	11	11	12	15	14	12	12	20	.836
McGee	13	12	14	15	15	12	14	12	14	14	14	22	.903
Vanstane	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	13	14	13	13	.. ....
Crowley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	19 ....
Templeton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	22 ....
Gittings	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12 ....
Copenger	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12 ....

Averages

	First Day.	Second Day.	Total.	Av.
Budd	163	149	312	.904
Linderman	157	147	304	.881
Stafford	157	137	294	.852
Allen	141	145	286	.822
Calhoun	148	137	285	.826
Sherman	135	140	275	.795
Cunningham	146	128	274	.794

HAWKEYE.

York (Neb.) Annual.

THE annual tournament of the York Gun Club was held Oct. 14, under the management of F. D. Copsey and H. R. Hatfield. Attendance was not as good as expected, but it proved a very pleasant event nevertheless. Linderman, Sievers and Riehl all shot above 90 per cent., and won the honors in the order named. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total
Targets:	10	15	15	15	20	10	15	15	15	20	Broke.
Miller	7	12	13	12	17	8	11	13	10	15	119
Copsey	9	13	14	11	17	9	12	10	14	19	128
Ragan	7	10	12	8	12	7	5	8	9	8	89
Wadsworth	8	10	11	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Sievers	8	13	14	13	18	9	14	14	15	20	138
Hatfield	9	12	12	12	16	9	12	13	14	18	127
Leyker	6	12	13	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Riehl	8	13	14	14	18	10	12	15	14	18	136
Linderman	10	14	13	11	19	10	14	14	15	19	139
Range	..	11	13	12	12	10	9	10	13	16	...
Velox	..	..	11	14	16	9	8	..	..	..	...
J Geiger	..	..	..	..	..	6	14	15	6	18	...
S Geiger	..	..	..	13	16	8	..	..	..	..	...
F Southard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	.. ...

HAWKEYE.

Fort Smith Shoot.

FORT SMITH, Ark., Oct. 15.—Mr. Frank Baptist and Mr. W. W. Webber, two local sportsmen, conceived the idea to give a little shoot here as an additional attraction to the Street Fair. Nothing pretentious was attempted, and consequently a large attendance was not expected. The shoot was a one-day affair, and the only inducements offered was $15 average money, divided $8, $5 and $2 to the three high guns. The programme consisted of twelve events, though the last was a consolation affair, and consequently did not include in the general average. Eighteen shooters participated in the various events, but only four of these shot the entire programme. High gun money was won by Frank Baptist, the local shot, by a wide margin, as he put up the excellent percentage of .929. J. M. Walker, of Spiro, I. T., was second with .806, and J. W. Bryant third with .741.

The weather was fine, and the conditions altogether ideal for shooting. Mr. Paul R. Litzke, of the Peters Cartridge Co., took care of the details of the shoot. The following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11		
Targets:	15	10	10	15	20	10	15	10	15	20	15	Broke.	Av.
Baptist	14	10	10	14	20	9	13	9	14	18	13	144	.939
J M Walker	13	10	..	9	13	20	7	11	7	15	11	125	.806
Bryant	11	9	7	11	16	9	12	6	13	12	9	115	.741
W N Walker	10	8	5	14	18	10	8	8	8	14	11	144	.735
Gravett	..	7	10	14	18	10	9	9	11	15	10	...	....
Matthews	..	7	10	14	17	10	..	6	..	..	11	...	....
Munn	..	6	9	13	11	8	6	8	..	..	10	...	....
Sisimore	9	7	8	14	17	9	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Park	11	5	6	9	..	8	7	4	..	..	..	...	....
Carson	5	5	6	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Smith	..	..	..	..	6	9	6	..	..	..	9	...	....
Deaves	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	7	..	..	...	....
Knott	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	..	..	..	...	....
Williams	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	13	..	11	..	12	... .
Sullivan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	9	... .
Tallman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	8	... .
White	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	9	... .
Durden	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	8	... .

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O., Oct. 18.—The seventh contest for the Troisdorf medals, a handicap at 50 targets, had winners as follows: Class A, Randall and See; Class B, Herman. Scores: Herman (17) 45, Randall (18) 45, See (20) 45, Gambell (20) 43, Coleman (19) 43, F. Littleford (18) 41, Capt (18) 40, Kohler (16) 40, Van Ness (19) 39, Verges (21) 39, T. Littleford (16) 38, Bauer (16) 38, Block (18) 37, Ahlers (21) 37, Steinman (17) 37, Maynard (18) 36, Dreihs (17) 35, Osterfeld (21) 32, Corry (17) 30, Maybin (16) 30, Faran (19) 29, Quehl (16) 28, Jack (16) 28, Colonel (16) 22, Barker (18) 21.

Twenty-five targets, 24yds., $1 entrance, two moneys: Gambell 22, Van Ness 17, Ahlers 15, Coleman 15, Verges 15, Faran 14.

Capron Tournament.

CAPRON, Ill., Oct. 17.—Oct. 15 and 16 there was a shoot held here. The first day was devoted to live birds; second day, targets. Neither day was the attendance what it should have been, and Mr. Vance was much moved over the absence of those who should have been there, and were expected as per the understanding he had with the boys.

The birds were good and were trapped from five ground traps, and many of them will live to be trapped again, or inhabit the farmers' barns for many summers to come.

There were a few of those present the first day who did not stay for the second, as they claimed to be live-bird shots only.

Scores as follows:

First Day, Oct. 15

Event No. 1, 7 live birds, entrance $2:

Van Epps	1112022—6	Rottner	1211211—7
Losee	2202202—5	Comstock	2001110—4
Harvey	0211000—3	Vance	1220112—6
Yates	1200201—4	Sands	1121100—5
Shafter	2120222—6		

Event No. 2, 10 live birds, entrance $3:

Van Epps	2011112010—7	Comstock	2021000100—4
Losee	2222222201—9	Vance	0111222111—9
Shafter	2220222222—9	Sands	0201021001—5
Rottner	1121002212—8		

Event No. 3, 5 live birds, entrance $2:

Shafter	12122—5	Van Epps	10200—2
Rottner	02002—2	Losee	22200—3
Comstock	11101—4	Harvey	00200—1
Vance	12111—5	Goodall	22010—3
Sands	11220—4		

Event No. 4, 10 live birds, entrance $3:

Shafter	2010121102—7	Sands	2201212012—8
Rottner	1122210120—8	Van Epps	1210211010—7
Comstock	0210200022—5	Losee	0010002122—5
Vance	1211121212—10	Goodall	1212020222—8

Event No. 5, 12 live birds, entrance $4:

Losee	210002121200—7	Vance	210111221010—9
Johnson	000010100012—4	Sands	020011101111—8
Shafter	002022212202—8		

Event No. 6, 10 live birds, entrance $4:

Shafter	2222210100—7	Harter	2022022201—7
Vance	0112110110—7	Nelson	0000010202—4
Losee	0200211000—4		

Event No. 7, 7 live birds, entrance $2:

Shafter	2012022—5	Bruel	2222021—6
Malana	2010010—3	Vance	1112111—7
Randall	0212202—5	Snyder	2122221—7

Event No. 8, 5 live birds, entrance $1.75:

Shafter	20211—4	Snyder	22121—5
Malana	10001—2	Goodall	00111—3
Bruel	11001—3	Randall	02022—3
Vance	01012—3		

Second Day, Oct 16.

There were some additions to-day to the crowd, and yet it was small.

Ducks are now on the marshes, and this attracts the target shooters.

Mr. Vance was high man with 142 out of 185. Other good shots fell down. The light was bad, and the background, a green hill, that kept all guessing.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	15	15	10	15	10	15	15	15	10	15	15	10	15
Vance	7	15	11	8	7	10	11	13	10	7	11	12	7	13
Shafter	5	10	7	6	9	5	10	12	10	6	8	13	9	12
Malana	7	11	12	8	10	7	11	11	10	8	13	11	7	12
Harter	5	13	12	7	14	9	13	10	7	8	8	12	6	10
Bruel	3	12	13	7	10	7	10	8	12	6	13	9	9	12
Randall	7	11	13	6	13	6	11	10	6	4	4	9	5	11
Snyder	9	11	11	1	10	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Goodall	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Welch	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	12
Sands	..	..	..	..	..	7	10	11	10	..	..	..	..	11
Wilcox	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Graham	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	14	8	14	13	8	12

RAMBLER.

More About Handicaps.

IN your issue of Oct. 11, 1902, page 299, you publish an explanation from Mr. H. D. Kirkover, of Fredonia, N. Y., in which he quotes an article from Mr. Ed. Rike, of Dayton, O., taken from Field and Fancy, stating why there is nothing in trapshooting for them as now conducted.

The question of handicap is a matter that concerns thousands of your readers, and as one of them, allow me to state a few facts:

Formerly all trapshooters stood at same distance, 18 yards; later all at 16 yards for 12-gauge guns. Money was divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. The better shots naturally scored higher than the less skillful ones; hence men like Kirkover and Rike received 50 per cent. or half of the purse—say four or five times as often as the majority of the shooters.

Soon the majority learned that they were simply "producers" or "suckers," and the attendance declined all over the country. Finally the manufacturers saw that something must be done to revive the sport and increase sale of guns and ammunition, and their paid representatives were instructed to "shoot for targets only."

Various forms of division of money were tried, but all failed to give satisfaction, simply because it was absurd and unjust to expect the majority to stand at the same rise with shooters like Gilbert, Crosby, Heikes, Rike and other experts.

Later the "Grand American" Association introduced the distance handicap—14 to 22 yards rise—and that has proved to be a step in the right direction. Mr. Shaner thought the scale should be back to 25 or 30 yards, and promised to give us his views, but has not yet done so. However, he was correct, and the experts will be placed at a greater distance later on.

Of the various forms of dividing money the Rose system has given the most satisfaction, and will remain until we become more civilized, when we will adopt the Pumphrey equitable system.

Mr. Kirkover and Mr. Rike are not satisfied because the "moneys were cut up." That is, they do not now receive the lion's share, or one-half of the purse. They do not like the novice to have an equal chance against the "seasoned, consistent performer." They do not want to put their hard-earned skill in competition with the "crude, uncertain beginner." There is nothing in the sport to them only the winning of money, and they want a sure thing of it.

For years past your paper has held up to us higher ideas of true sport. You have advocated stopping the sale of game, unreasonable bags, etc., etc., and most States have enacted laws to that effect, that the pleasure might be divided among a greater number.

What is the difference between the position taken by Mr. Kirkover and Mr. Rike and the men who shoot into a covey on the ground, or shoot for count only? Is there nothing in sport beside the money to be won, or the number of birds killed?

CINCINNATI, O., Oct. 14. FAIR PLAY.

Winchester Gun Club.

DETROIT, Mich.—The regular shoot on Oct. 18 was favored with a fine Indian summer day, and the straight score cup had another close call. In the club event of 25 targets, Shiell, of Class A, missed his twenty-first bird only. Guthard gained one point in the year's race in Class B by breaking 21. Ford, of Class C, a beginner this year, added a 21 to his very creditable string. Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	10	10	10	10	25	25
Shiell	..	..	..	7	7	4	..	24
Brodie	..	..	..	..	8	..	15	22
T Reid	9	8	..	5	5	..	..	16
Guthard	8	9	10	9	..	..	22	21
Hitchcock	7	10	8	..	..	..	..	20
Ford	..	..	..	7	7	..	19	21
McAdam	..	..	5	9	6	3	18	15
A Reid	4	11	10	9	8	..	..	..
Caldwell	..	..	..	..	..	5	21	..
Randall	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..

IN NEW JERSEY.

Jackson Park Gun Club.

Paterson, N. J., Oct. 18.—The Jackson Park Gun Club undertook to run off another shoot at the special request of a number of out-of-town friends, and sent out about fifty postal cards, notifying that many different shooters that we would hold a live-bird shoot on Saturday afternoon beginning at 1 o'clock. We had ordered and received 400 birds, and had about one hundred on hand—quite enough for a good afternoon's sport; but to our surprise, not one of our expected friends put in an appearance, except Count Lenone and Judge Booker, of Passaic.

We delayed matters until after 2 o'clock, thinking some one would come on the next car, but only a few friends came to look on. Everything being ready, I soon got the home boys going, twelve entering for the 5-bird event. Some of the birds were too fast for a starter for most of the boys; but George Hopper and Klotze seemed to be in good form, both shooting in quick time and scoring their birds.

In the 10-bird event, there were ten entries. The boys seemed to all settle down to their work. Every one killed out in the first round. Bunn dropped a hard one in the second round, 2yds. over the wire. Three men dropped in the next round, one in the fourth, one in the fifth, two in the sixth, two in the seventh, two in the eighth. The birds seemed to get better all through the game. Eight men dropped in the last two rounds.

I am sorry that I did not take the flights of these birds, as they were an excellent lot.

Dr. Johnson proved the winner. Morgan was a close second with 9. His miss was on a lightning right-quartering bird. Five men finished in the 8-hole, with the others close up.

The third event was ready for me, and they kept right on, nine entering at 7 birds, but it was seen at the fifth round that it would be impossible to shoot the 7 birds, so the game was called at the end of the sixth round.

Capt. Powers was straight up till the sixth. He went to the score and called "Pull!" He was standing there while every one was laughing and shouting to him to shoot. The bird was a sharp left-quartering bird, very fast. He said he did not see it at all. It was all guesswork. After that it was overcast all the afternoon, but good for shooting while the light lasted.

The boys had a good afternoon's sport, but very poor encouragement from our friends. Probably it was the weather that kept them away. We will try again. Most of the boys here are tied up in politics just at present.

No. 1 was 5 birds, $2.50. No. 2, 10 birds, $5. In No. 1 Messrs. Reynor and Wiley made their first attempt:

Powers, 28	21002—3	2102221120—8
Dr Johnson, 29	22*22—4	2211221122—10
Morgan, 29	2201*—3	1111021221—9
Van Houten, 28	02002—2	2111112*01—8
John Doty, 28	00111—3	2110112102—8
G Hopper, 28	22121—5	2102111220—8
Bunn, 29	122*0—3	1*222*1102—7
Reynor, 25	11000—2	.....
Lenone, 28	0*211—3	21211**010—6
Booker, 27	02202—3	1202111100—7
Klotze, 28	22112—5	21112102*2—8
Dr Wiley, 27	0**20—1	.....

No. 3, 7 birds, $3:

Lenone, 28	101002—3	Klotze, 29	120100—3
Bunn, 29	011102—4	Van Houten, 28	021212—5
Powers, 28	211210—5	Dr Johnson, 30	222221—6
Morgan, 29	222221—6	J Doty, 28	1*120*—3
G Hopper, 28	22222*—5		

DUTCHER.

Jeannette Gun Club.

Guttenberg, N. J., Oct. 17.—The Jeannette Gun Club held its shoot here to-day. The birds were ordinary. Five tied on 10 straight, and of these, Messrs. Schortemeier (Job Lott) and Steffens withdrew on the shoot-off, having already a number of wins in Class A. C. A. Meyer won in the eighth round of the shoot-off, and also won the challenge medal from C. Steffens. This now puts him in the 30yd. class. The scores:

F Ehlen, 28	1101110112—8	C Thyssen, 25	2222212122—10
F Kastner, 28	1111002222—8	J Mohrman, 28	1102202210—7
C Meyer, 28	1122211221—10	W Rohlfs, 28	1211211121—10
H Pape, 28	112222*222—9	J Luhrman, 25	1221220001—7
G Greiff, 28	0222111122—9	J H Kreger, 28	1222111112—10
Job Lott, 30	2111111222—10	C Meyerdierck, 28	1111111111—10
C Interman, 28	0111111211—9	Dr Griswold, 25	1201120122—8
C Steffens, 30	1121211112—10	A Schumacher, 25	0002000201—3

Shoot-off, miss-and-out:

C Meyer	12211122	J A Kreger	1111110
W Rohlfs	12121110	Meyerdierck	110

Challenge medal, 15 birds:

C Steffens, 30	111111122210 12*—13	C Meyer, 28	121110111101122—13

Team race:

F Kastner	02011—3	Ehlen	*2112—4
C Meyer	21111—5	Interman	12112—5
Meyerdierck	22212—5	Rohlfs	11211—5
Thyssen	2*201—3—16	Schumacher	01000—1—15

New York German Gun Club.

Oct. 15.—At Outwater's grounds, Carlstadt, N. J., the New York German Gun Club held its shoot, and were favored with exeellent birds. In the club event Dr. Hudson killed 9 and was high alone:

		Points.
E V Kattengill, 30	2220012212—8	7
Dr Hudson, 28	2202211112—9	7
J H Wellbrock, 29	01120*1022—6	7
P Moersch, 28	01110010*1—5	5½
J Schlicht, 28	1111*20*00—5	7
C Steffens, 28	10*0200120—4	7
P Garms, 28	1012*00121—6	7
A Schumacher, 25	0010*00022—3	5
P Albert, 28	2102010222—7	6½
G R Baudendistle, 28	22100*2100—5	..
A Hageman, 25	*000000001—1	5½

Five birds, $2 entrance, Rose system, all at 28yds.:

Wellbrock	21211—5	Baudendistle	1*210—3
Steffens	*1*22—3	Dr Hudson	12222—5
Garms	11211—5	Moersch	0222*—3
Schlicht	202*1—3	Hageman	11020—3
Schumacher	01201—3	Kattengill	21212—5
Albert	11211—5	C Peters	00001—1

ON LONG ISLAND.

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Oct. 18.—The attendance was unusually light, and only five contestants participated in the matter of the October cup, of whom Dr. J. J. Keyes was high with 48. Mr. Geo. R. Schneider was a guest, and was in the first flight as to performance. The scores follow:

Club shoot, 50 targets, handicap: Dr. J. J. Keyes (2) 48, H. M. Brigham (0) 45, W. G. McConville (4) 42, W. W. Marshall (6) 38, C. G. Rasmus (4) 37.

Match, 100 targets, all scratch: H. M. Brigham 86, W. G. McConville 86, Dr. J. J. Keyes 85, W. W. Marshall 68, C. G. Rasmus 67, C. J. McDermott 47.

Shoot-off, 25 targets, for trophy: H. M. Brigham 22, W. G. McConville 22.

Second shoot-off, same conditions: H. M. Brigham 23, W. G. McConville 16.

Match, 25 targets: Brigham 25, McConville 20, Dr. I. I. I. Pool 8.

Match, 25 targets: Brigham 24, D. C. Bennett 11.

Match, 25 targets: Pool 22, Brigham 16.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Oct. 18.—There were five of John Wright's students at the Brooklyn Gun Club's shoot to-day. Mr. Welles performed excellently well, breaking straight in several of the events, as the scores will show, as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	
Targets:	15	10	15	10	15	15	15	15	10	15	10	20	10	
Welles	15	10	15	10	14	13	14	13	8	13	10	17	10	
Newton	7	5	8	6	8	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	8
Wright	8	5	13	6	8	9	11	..	5	8	7	12	7	
Griffiths	13	10	..	9	13	..	..	13	9	13	9	15	13	
Osterhout	..	7	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	

No. 11 was at 5 pairs; No. 12 at 10 pairs.

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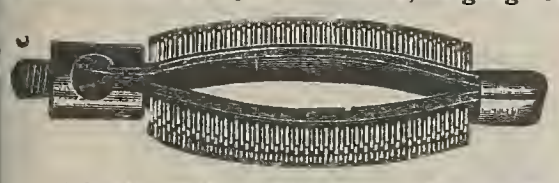

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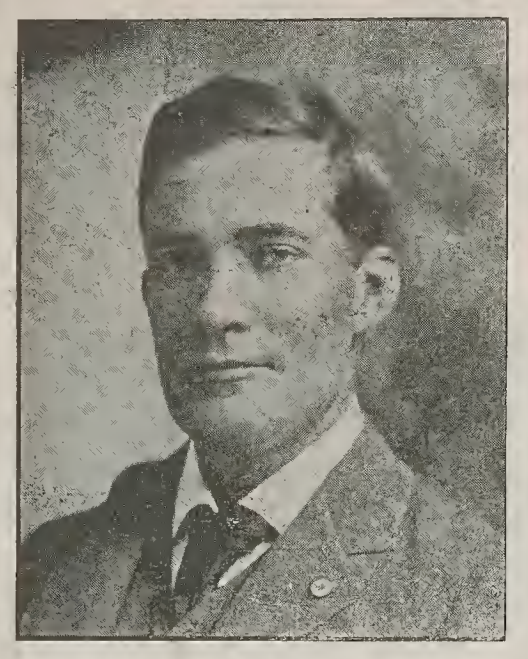

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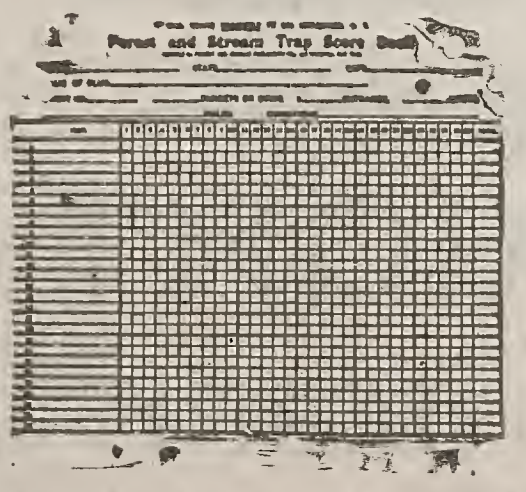

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VOL. LIX.—No. 18. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1902.

FOREST AND STREAM

ROD AND GUN

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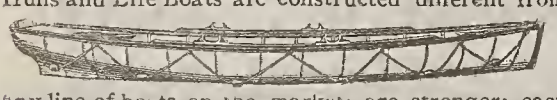
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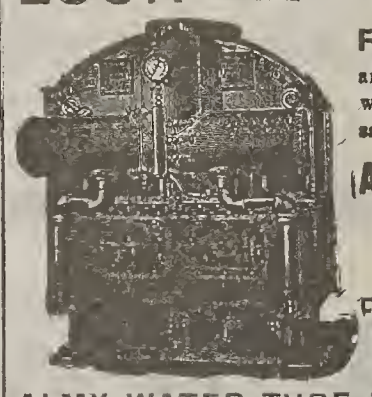
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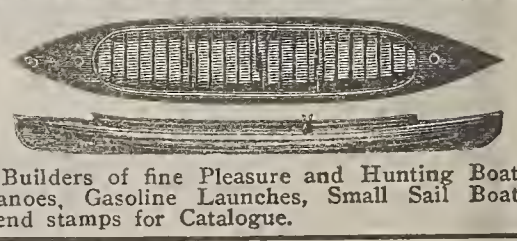
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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1902.

VOL. LIX.—No. 18. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

A tadpole caught by one's own child is deemed a fine fish.—Indian Proverb.

ZOO AND PARK.

THE managers of the New York Zoological Park are impatient of the popular abbreviation of the title to the "New York Zoo." They submit that the park is something quite different from the conventional zoo, and that the distinction should be given recognition in its designation. In this they are right. The park is not only different from the zoo, but it is so much superior that the old term of zoo applied to it is erroneous and belittling. A zoo as commonly known to most cities where it exists is a collection of wild animals crowded into a confined space which has been wrested for the purpose from a park area, and into which the unhappy creatures are packed in the way to get the most exhibits into the least room. Large animals are confined in small cages and pens, where they have no rest from one another, and no sufficient means of exercise. Here they are shut up year after year, victims of a refined cruelty which takes no heed of their sufferings. An elephant in the New York Central Park was for years kept chained by all his four feet to the floor, until as a matter of course he went crazy and had to be killed. "Wicked Old Tom got cyanide at breakfast," the papers reported it—a fine discernment surely, to attribute wickedness to a beast which had been slow-tortured into insanity. "The day will be long, but there will be an end of it," said the indomitable Frenchman condemned to the rack; but this poor Central Park brute in chains had not the sense to know that his day would have an end. "Wicked Old Tom" was only a type of his class. The zoos of the country are full of creatures whose captivity cannot mean anything else than prolonged suffering; and it is a curious twist in human nature that permits us to tolerate with complacency, or at best with indifference, the zoo system.

Under the conditions which have been provided at the Zoological Park, the lot of the captive animals is in large measure ameliorated. The ruminants—buffalo, elk, deer—have extensive ranges, where they may roam freely and widely. The bears are in cages of such size and construction, and in such combination with rock caves and ledges, that these creatures too have that freedom of movement and exercise which is essential to the health and physical comfort of all animals, including man. Even the monkeys are provided for after a fashion, which, while it does not give them conditions in any degree approximating their surroundings in nature, is yet far beyond the conventional monkey cage. The difference between the Zoological Park and the ordinary zoo is in short just the difference between intelligent and humane treatment at the Bronx and the stupid and indifferent abuse at Central Park. The managers of the Bronx institution may not reasonably expect newspaper editors and the public always to use the full title, New York Zoological Park, for time is precious and it is much quicker and easier to write or say zoo; but they may reasonably demand public recognition and appreciation of those improved conditions and conduct which distinguish the park from the zoo.

Putting aside altogether any humane considerations, it cannot be questioned that the observation of wild animals under the Zoological Park conditions is much more agreeable and profitable than the contemplation of them in the cages and pens of a zoo. At Bronx Park students of natural history have splendid opportunities for study; and there is so much of wild life—and natural wild life—on show there that a visit to the park may be made both enjoyable and instructive and profitable.

SNAP SHOTS.

Judging from the inquiries received at this office, we infer that there is a general uncertainty respecting the privileges of non-resident shooters and fishermen in the State of New York. The practice of Canadians who crossed the boundary waters for shooting and fishing on the New York side, when if a New York sportsman visited the Canadian side he was required to pay a license fee, naturally aroused a spirit of retaliation, and the Legislature was asked to adopt a law providing that a non-resident might not fish or shoot on boundary waters within the jurisdiction of the State except upon payment of a license fee equivalent to that which was exacted of New York sportsmen in the State or country from which the visiting non-resident had come. The measure was locally protective and retaliatory. Subsequently, at the last session, the scope of this law was widened, to apply to the entire State, and the provision was made that nowhere in New York might a non-resident shoot or fish, if such non-resident came from a State or Province which exacted a license, except upon payment of a license fee corresponding with the fee his home State or Province took from visiting New York sportsmen. The only exception was in favor of non-residents who hold real estate in New York. If then any non-resident shooter or angler is in doubt whether he must take out a license for shooting or fishing in New York, he may resolve his doubt by learning whether his own State or Province exacts a non-resident license.

Herman Schmidt, a Maryland farmer, having read in a foreign paper that wood properly prepared would make good animal food, is putting the plan into practical operation. The theory is that "animals have a decided liking for young shoots, roots or shrubs, tree bark and other heavy food of the same nature, and experiments have proved that the nutriment contained in such growth remains in it even after it has become wood, and that with a little salt and water added to it the sawdust will prove to be a highly nourishing diet. Pine, birch, alder, beech, walnut and other woods have been analyzed chemically, and the wood has vastly more albumen, nitrogen and fatty substances than straw." If the Schmidt live stock does not succumb under the treatment, we shall have here the solution of the economic disposal of the sawdust which plagues so many fishing waters, and grateful anglers will inscribe the name of Herman Schmidt on a monument more enduring than bronze.

It is the opinion of certain Adirondack dwellers that the abolition of deer hounding has largely increased the list of hunting casualties by which human beings are shot by mistake for game. The reasoning which leads to this conclusion is that sportsmen have taken to still-hunting and jacking, in both of which pursuits there is much firing by novices at objects not clearly determined to be deer, with a resulting frequency of shooting at human victims. It may be said in reply to this that jacking also is prohibited by the law, but as a matter of fact it is extensively and continuously practiced. An interesting and instructive comparison might be instituted to determine the relative human mortality in those sections of the North Woods where deer are hounded and where they are not hounded. If the districts where the hounding law is violated show fewer man killings than do the other districts where hounds are not now employed, that fact would be significant.

Another victim has fallen before the imperfect aim of the variety show William Tell. This time it was at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, where a fatuous grocery clerk posed for a traveling vendor of patent medicines. The reports say that the showman who fired the fatal shot has been performing the act for years. That is only to say that he should have been in jail long ago. These dangerous stage feats should be forbidden by law. There will always be found foolish creatures ready to stand up before the show marksman; they should be protected against their own foolishness. A preventive statute to this end is worth much more to the community than the findings of coroners' juries after the event.

Those Massachusetts deputies who lay in wait for the capture of a partridge snarer exhibited the resolution and endurance popularly attributed to the duck hunter or the seeker after moose or deer trophies. The Fish and Game Commission and its executive agents are demonstrating the admirable results which follow the enforcement of the law by actually going after the poachers. Under the control and inspiration of Commissioner Collins game and fish protection means something in Massachusetts. It is a pleasure to record such a piece of detective work as that which is chronicled in our shooting columns to-day.

FOREST SCHOOLS.

THE recent extraordinary awakening of this country to the importance of forestry promises much for the future of this science and the industries which depend on it.

In no way is this awakening more interestingly shown than by the establishment in various States of schools devoted entirely to the instruction of young men in various branches of forestry work. Many of these schools are admirably equipped, and all are in charge of excellent men.

The Yale Forest School, under the direction of Prof. Henry S. Graves, has recently been equipped with a new wood-testing laboratory, has a botanical laboratory and herbarium, and a wood lot of 400 acres; the whole giving a very complete equipment. The attendance this year will be between thirty-five and forty, and the force of instructors has been increased by two.

The New York State College of Forestry, under the direction of Prof. B. E. Fernow, will have seventy students this year, of which thirty are old and forty new. Eleven of these are graduates of different colleges and universities. Among the special students are one from the Philippine Islands and one from Austria.

North Carolina has its forest school, under the direction of Dr. Schenck, on the estate of Mr. George Vanderbilt, at Biltmore. A new building devoted to the forest department of the Biltmore estate, as well as to the Biltmore school, has been recently completed. Mr. Ernest Bruncken, of Milwaukee, Wis., formerly Secretary of the Wisconsin Forest Commission, has been added to the staff of instructors at Biltmore. It will be remembered that last spring Dr. Schenck took a party of seven students from Biltmore through the forests of Germany and Austria.

A forest school has been established at the University of Nebraska, and has been put in charge of Dr. Chas. E. Bessey, so well known as a botanist and a student of forest matters. Although just starting, it is not to be doubted that the interest here will grow rapidly.

In Michigan, one of the greatest of lumbering States, forest schools have been started in the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, and at the Michigan Agricultural College at Lansing. The course at Ann Arbor is open only to students who have received a bachelor's degree from some college or university, and covers two years' work in forestry.

Meantime the Bureau of Forestry in Washington is doing all in its power to arounse interest in forestry all over the country, and to make easy the planting and culture of forest trees, as well as the protection of forests already in existence; while the New York Forest, Fish and Game Commission has determined to establish a State nursery for the propagation of seedling trees, which are to be used in reforesting areas in the State forest reserves which have been swept bare of their timber.

All these are encouraging signs of the times, and taken in connection with the constantly growing interest in irrigation, promise much for the future. Meantime, however, it is to be said that the care of the forest reservations in the West leaves very much to be desired, and, in fact, in some localities is reported to be deplorably neglectful.

A RECORD OF THE OLD MISSOURI.

A FEW years ago there was picked up, about three miles west of Mandan, North Dakota, by a party of surfacers on the Northern Pacific Railroad, a fragment of clay rock, on which had been scratched a number of names. The stone is yellowish brown in color, about 7¾ inches long by 5 inches at its widest part, by 1½ inches in thickness. It is too hard to be scratched by the finger nail, but soft enough to be readily cut by a knife. It appears to be a river-worn boulder, quite smooth on one side, but a little weathered and roughened on the other, which has apparently been uppermost in running water, and so is pitted and roughened by the impact of small stones and particles of gravel passing over it for a long time. As seen in the engraving, fragments have been knocked from the surface in several places, leaving smooth faces, which bear the interesting marks.

On the smooth surfaces, which have been apparently protected from wear, are engraved a number of names: "H. C. Dent, Ind."; "Shrope, 1849"; "Clark," "Bennett," "Mooney, Mo."; "D. Russell, N. Y."; "Hedden," "No-

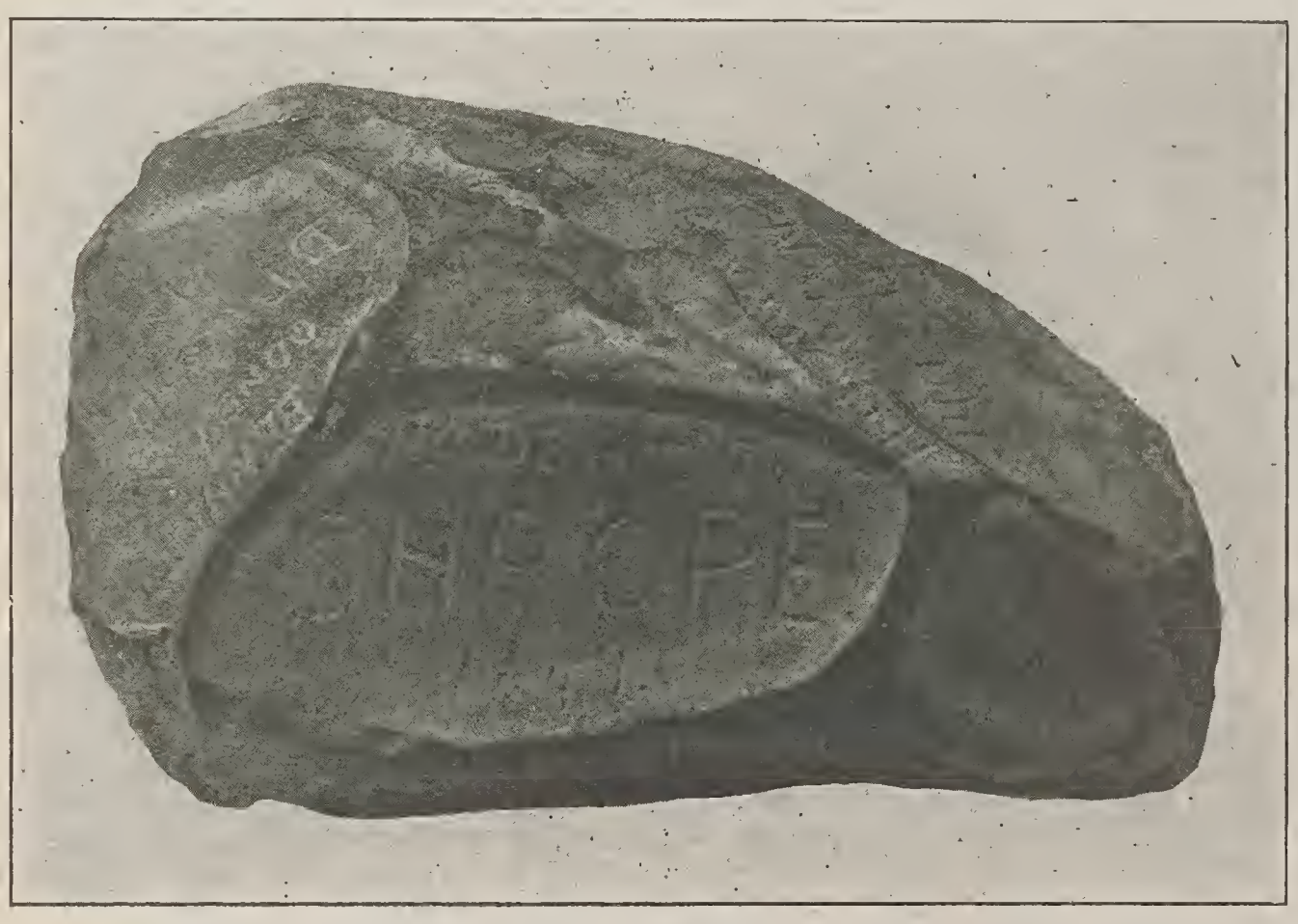
lon," "Illingworth," "Leland," "Judson," "Kid," "T. D.," "DiR.," "M."

On the pitted or roughened surface are the letters "McCa," apparently the beginning of the name McCarthy or McCann, the last letters having been worn away by the weather.

Here is the apparent record, seemingly more than fifty years old, of some party of travelers—hunters, trappers or traders—who once were encamped on Heart River, near its junction with the Missouri. Who they were and what was their purpose in the country we cannot now know. Long before this date, trading posts had been established far up the Missouri River, and travel on the stream was now more or less regular. Yet—except for the fur traders and their engagees—the travelers to the more distant west passed further to the southward, since most of the trails to the Rocky Mountains, traversed by traders, trappers, explorers and missionaries, started out from Independence, Mo., and for a time followed the old Santa Fé trail.

It will be remembered that about 1833 there was established on the east side of the Missouri River, about where Bismarck, the capital of North Dakota now stands, a trading post known as Mitchell's Post. It will be remembered also that there were various forts then chiefly owned by the American Fur Company up and down the river on both sides. Further, to any one traveling up or down the Missouri, Heart River offers a natural stopping place and camp ground. In old times there was at the mouth of this river an Aricara village, the remains of which are still visible.

It is perhaps fair to infer that the men whose names are



A RECORD OF THE OLD MISSOURI.

inscribed on this stone were employees of the American Fur Company, but where they came from or what they were doing we do not know. Can any of our readers help to read the story told by this stone?

The stone is now the property of Major George H. Bingenheimer, long a resident of Mandan, North Dakota, and for several years agent of the Standing Rock Indians. It is to his kindness that the FOREST AND STREAM owes the opportunity of seeing and illustrating the relic.

The finding of this stone was a most extraordinary happening. Here was a common enough fragment of rock, hardly a bit of gravel, for it is too large; certainly not a boulder, for it is too small. In an idle moment, these men scratched their names upon it and then thoughtlessly threw it away. Later, some freshet on the Heart River carried along this and a million other similar pieces of stone, and heaped them up in a gravel bank, where this one may have lain buried for nearly half a century. Meantime, the old fur company had gone out of existence; buffalo and antelope and Indians had been swept away; the railroad had come; white settlers had filled the country. Then followed railroad plans for a change of grade, the choice of this particular gravel bank for filling, the steam shovel, and the transfer of many tons of gravel from one point to another. In this transfer, the stone was moved, came to the surface and happened to catch the eye of some one who could read the markings it bore. There was not one chance in a million that this particular stone should reach the surface, or, if it reached the surface, that it would fall under human eye. Yet it did so, and now its picture goes forth to the world, carrying the question, Who were the men who carved their names on this imperishable register?

The register gives us much information. There are the names of the signers, the States in which some of them resided, and a date. It is entirely conceivable that some member of this party may still be alive and may see this note, or if not that, perhaps some descendant of a member may see it and may be able to tell our readers something of the matter.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Sunday at the Cabin.

(*Continued from page 330.*)

MANY summers ago a small boy went to visit his relatives in Connecticut. The trip was a delightful one. There was New Britain with its teeming industries, Hartford the beautiful, quaint Weathersfield with its onion patches and truck gardens, above all the lovely Connecticut valley dotted with farmhouses and meadow land, musical with the low of kine and the whetting of the scythe, redolent with the fragrance of June—the fragrance of new-mown hay. All went well enough until Sunday came. Now at home one Sunday was no sooner ended then the dread of its successor began, but this Connecticut Sunday capped the climax. Great were the preparations therefor—the sweeping and dusting, the cooking and baking, the doing of all possible chores that might eliminate labor as any factor in its observance. Soon after Saturday's sun had passed the meridian shadows of the levitical Sabbath commenced to forecast themselves. Clean clothing was laid out; the head of the house shaved himself, and the weekly bath was indulged in by all members of the family. Books and newspapers were laid away (locked up, I believe), save the Bible, the Independent, the catechism, and the nauseating "good child go to heaven," Sunday school literature that obtained a generation since. Saturday evening was but a foretaste of the morrow. There were no games, no conversation on secular topics, no books that any sensible child would care to read. There was a preview of the Sunday school lesson and an unusually long supplication at family prayers. I really believe that everyone rejoiced when bed time came.

A glorious Sunday dawned. It was heralded by birds that carol their Maker's praise for seven days in the week without regard to creed or catechism. The perfume of the roses floated up to my window. There was no restraint upon their blooming. Kind Nature puts no sabbatical stint upon her bounty. It was just the day for a ramble in the woods; but, no! The very mention of such a thing would be considered sacrilegious. There were prayers, and a breakfast that would have been cold had not coffee and oatmeal removed the curse. Then came the preparation for meeting—a long, long service, with a very dry sermon. I wondered if people in the old pillory and stocks felt the way that I did for a couple or hours. Sunday school occupied the time for another hour and a half. Then we made way with the cold lunch, by courtesy termed the Sunday dinner. According to the laws of hygiene it was eaten altogether too hurriedly, but the afternoon service began at two o'clock. This was a repetition of the morning's ordeal, only a little more so, for I was more tired. After the benediction we went back to the farmhouse, now as bleak and dreary as a winter funeral. Uncle doled out the literature appropriate to the day, and then proceeded to read a sermon from the last Independent. The juniors took their good books like good children. When I was unobserved I stole off to the barn to speculate as to how long it would take a "highholder" to peck through a dry limb, or whether the honey that the bees gathered from the sweet peas tasted the same as that obtained from clover blossoms. Coming back to the family group I found the children looking anxiously toward the west. Never did sun decline more slowly. At length its rim touched the hills; down, down, out of sight! Then my uncle arose. It was a signal, and dense powder is not more instantaneous in its action. There were smiles on every face. Story books and dolls were brought from concealment. The larger boys went to their milking or to see their best girls. Uncle vanished to talk over the crops with a neighbor. The Sabbath was ended.

Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it. Evidently the wise man did not practice what he preached, for but few of his numerous posterity were any credit to their royal sire. The fact is, overmuch preaching generally produces negative results. When the proper time came I went to a New England college. It was before the happy day of electives, and, of course, chapel attendance, especially on Sundays, was compulsory. Sunday morning is always the best of the week for sleep, and many a youth ran across the campus donning collar and cravat, or running his fingers through his wet, uncombed hair, lest the last stroke of the bell should find him outside the chapel door, and uncertain what excuse to render "prexie" in the morning. Then, indeed, Sunday afternoon was the time to wander amid green fields and beside still waters. All college boys have "cousins" to be visited occasionally and conveniently, and if, when I obtained a Sunday's leave of absence, my cousins proved to be a botany can and a fishing rod, who will cast the first stone at me?

Later on six days out of the seven were given to hard grinding in Gotham. Sunday demanded recreation. I would not shock the home folks by absolutely refusing to go to church and Sunday school, or by reading a Sunday newspaper, so I usually visited a friend. In spring and autumn the Hackensack marshes and Orange Mountain were the attraction. But in summer, after the long, sweltering week, what could be more enjoyable than to take the Mary Powell on Saturday afternoon and sail up to Pougekeepsie? From this point one might ramble up or down the river, but I preferred crossing to New Paltz and enjoying the shades and scenery of the Shawangunk Mountains and Walkill Valley. A delightful stroll was from New Paltz to Cornwall or Newburg. This may be done leisurely in a day; with long rests to thoroughly absorb the ever-changing panorama. The West Shore road was not built then and there were no magnificent country seats and villas on the west bank, though the opposite side of the Hudson, as far up as Peekskill, was experiencing its first thrill of popularity. Old-fashioned farmhouses, dating back to colonial days, old-fashioned hospitality, old orchards and older legends gave a charm to Ulster, Delaware and Orange counties that I am afraid has long since departed. Except at a country tavern it was useless to ask to pay for bread and milk, berries and cream, or any other light lunch that a loiterer might crave. Somehow those Sundays along the Hudson are canonized by time, and a halo of perfect peace crowns their memory. Since then it has been my custom to spend Sunday in communion with Nature. Yet, even now, I sometimes pause with my flies just dropping on a mountain brook, pause with a start when I remember that I am fishing on the Sabbath, and I fall to wondering if—simply wondering; that is all. And after these years I can look back and say that I believe that my Sundays have been more happily and much more profitably spent than had their sacred hours been devoted to listening to homilies on predestination, or to futile efforts to prove that Darwin, Huxley and Spencer were inspired by the devil, and that the tendencies of modern thought and modern life will soon bring upon this unrighteous generation the judgments of Sodom and Gomorrah.

This is a long preface and somewhat of a digression from the caption. I do not want any of my clerical brethren of rod and gun to consider me a heretic or an unbeliever. But my experience has been that "as the twig is bent the tree in inclined" sometimes, and it does not pay to be too hard with boys that have ideas of their own, even about remembering "the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

Two years of strenuous life under a tropical sun gave choice between a change of scene or an untimely grave. I preferred the former alternative and my heart inclined toward the mountains that I love. High up in the Wasatch a little creek, upland valleys, rugged cañons and a sunny cabin offered all I wanted. The hills over which the sun rises separate me from the Strawberry reservation; the high peak behind which it goes to rest from the farm life of Utah valley. In an air line I am not more than six miles from a town of 7,000 inhabitants. Fortunately the mountain is practically unscalable, and so I am twenty miles, by trail, from the cares of business life. When the wind blows from the right quarter, which has been only once this year, the echoes of distant factory and locomotive whistles remind me of the world outside.

A Sunday in June! The sun peeps into the cañon and kisses the white veil from the tender grass. Then little films of mist commence to climb the mountain furrows. They sail over rolling foothills, but yet half-clad in Nature's gorgeous livery, up through new-leaved oaks and maples; higher yet, to where the white-stemmed aspens are just showing the first tinge of green. They are lost in the tops of the somber pines, and, when they find themselves, they mass, rank upon rank, against mighty walls of snow and ice that will not yield to any but midsummer sun. Higher, yet higher, till they reach the crest, more than a vertical mile above their cradle. Then with one exultant bound they clear the earth and, white as the snow beneath, launch in the ethereal blue, proclaiming a new day is born. And the loving sun, who called them into life, sees them and draws them to himself, until they melt and vanish beneath his warm caresses.

"Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
Sweet dews shall weep thy fall to-night—
For thou must die!"

Now a spring morning is not one in which a healthy man can sit idly in the cabin with melancholy and ashes for his boon companions. The shadows on life's dial turn backward a score of years. There is keen stimulus in the air. It sharpens every sense and quickens the pulse. A rugged trail leads to the mesa, where one may view the landscape o'er and quaff the inspiration of the day. The birds have chanted matins and now they are too busy with domestic affairs to pour forth the music that erstwhile filled their souls. Over a mountain torrent a fallen maple makes a bridge. The water, fed by melting snow, is as unrestrained and tawny as a lion.

It licks up the earth, plays with the boulders, and carries its rich booty down to the meadows, miles upon miles away. Where now it rules another month will show a dry arroya, where great rattlers sun themselves and tiny lizards play.

The hepaticas, wake-robins and showy orchis are wanting; nor is there oxalis or arbutus, azalea or laurel. But there are violets and adder's tongue, with mottled leaves, to remind of the eastern flora, while dwarf astragalus and a dozen species of the borrage family flaunt themselves in every direction. Here the bench-land stretches about us, level as the prairie. It is a huge triangle, with base resting on the lower mountains, and sides formed by ravines that deepen, though they become less steep toward the apex. Encircling it is an amphitheater of hills, the only opening being the main cañon, toward which all mesas point, into which all side gorges open. To-day the bench is carpeted with young lucerne and a "nurse" crop of barley, the two greens blending beautifully. It is a dancing floor on which numerous cock grouse are performing minuets to the admiration of their prospective partners in hymenal bliss. They are tame enough now, but after the young broods are hatched and the males return to lives of celibacy, he will be crafty indeed who can get within gunshot without flushing them. So, too, the rabbits seem to know that they are safe, and bird and beast alike invite the companionship of man.

As the day advances breezes from the snow banks cease to blow, and for the hour ere the up-cañon wind begins the sun asserts his power. A cowpath leads downward to a shady brook that sings season after season. Its banks are mossy, but here and there receding water have left small tablets of mud on which mink, wildcat, fox and deer have each inscribed an autograph. Petals of haw, of choke-cherry and service berry fall on the stream like snow, and the budding brier begins to send out delicate perfume. Under overarching boughs and in rocky pools are trout galore. The water is not yet clear and almost any bait will tempt them, but spawning is only fairly underway, and it were a shame to fish at such a time. Every bush and tree has its half-finished nest. It must have been amid such scenes that Izaak Walton wrote:

"I in these flow'ry meads would be;
These crystal streams should solace me;
To whose harmonious, bubbling noise
I with my angle would rejoice;
Sit here, and see the turtle-dove
Court his chaste mate to acts of love.

"Or, on that bank, feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty; please my mind
To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,
And then washed off by April showers;
Here, hear, my Kenna sing a song;
There see a blackbird feed her young.

"Or a leverock build her nest;
Here, give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low-pitched thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love;
Thus free from lawsuits and the noise
Of princes' courts, I would rejoice."

From noon to twilight is short time in cañons such as these. First come the lengthening shadows; then the chill that says, "It is not summer yet." Birds begin their vesper chimes, and, ere the cabin is reached the sun has dipped behind the western peaks, leaving a ruddy haze on all the land, and this fades out, through purpling tints and pink and apple green, to pearl and ashen gray. Anon the stars come out, slow, one by one; the warbler's note becomes a plaintive chirp, then dies away, and tired Nature, her day's work well done, lies down to pleasant dreams.

With many-colored palette midsummer comes to change the picture. Over naked mountain tops a golden ball rolls into a cloudless sky. Bird, beast and fish, great tree and tiny plant alike have filled the law of their existence. Now is the Sabbath of their lives when they may rest and with their great Creator say that it is good. They rest happy in that which is accomplished, fearing naught of what may be. On the bench the lucerne has purpled for its cutting, and the yellow, bearded barley awaits, with drowsy head, the reaper's blade. The vivid green of spring has assumed a sober hue, and the berries are beginning to blush with thoughts of their own maturity. Among upland oaks the grouse leads here mottled brood, and when alarmed the fledglings run to cover as fast as their small legs can carry them. But their cousins, the ruffed partridges that live along the stream, squat when they hear the mother's warning "cluck," and sit motionless until the same voice reassures. Only their sparkling eyes give sign of animation. This is the season when doves gather in great flocks and meadow larks come up from the hot valleys to pastures new.

But most of life is found along the brook. Here in the heat of day come hundreds of cattle, with a score of brands and earmarks, come from the dry hillsides where they feed. Wild are they as the deer, and the cows all cache their young calves while they come down to drink. Overhead the squirrels are chattering, but they always manage to keep out of sight. Song birds are silent. With noiseless wing they flit about and undismayed survey the stranger. Lusty trout sun themselves in the riffles, then return to the seclusion of the deepest, coolest pools. The water is clear as crystal now, and bait has not been invented that can entice the fish at this season, but the proper flies—small, delicate, well handled—will work wonders at any hour.

The heat of early afternoon provokes a dreamless sleep, and, later on, the human part of cañon life displays its sociability. Some kind-hearted neighbor woman, down the road, sends word that she will make ice cream at four o'clock. Naturally that includes cake, pie and fruit, such things as seldom grace a lone man's board. So we meet and enjoy church, lodge and picnic, all combined; talk crops and politics, business and sport, till the shadows warn that it is time for nightly chores, and thus the Sunday passes happily away.

Gray and cheerless the morning! Clouds hang low on hills already whitened by the first snow. Even the sun seems sad as he looks, belated, upon the cabin roof. Chill are the winds, and they sing a doleful song.

"There was no bird, no bloom up the bowers,
The spiders spun their thin shrouds night by night;
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by, passed noiseless out of sight."

Aspen branches are bare, but the ground beneath is yellowed with their sere leaves, now the sport of every idle breeze. Only oaks and maples show the brilliant hues of autumn, and their gay colors are out of place on such a dreary day. But the crackling of cedar and glow of oak on the hearth will soon dispel the gloom and make bright the inside of the cabin, no matter what the weather out of doors.

Long before breakfast is ready the harsh chatter of a magpie comes from the ridge-pole. We never see magpies in the cañon in spring and summer, but in the fall this is the rallying ground for the clan. The bird life has changed completely. Doves leave early in September. With them go the thrushes and other songsters. Robins innumerable take their places. This particular magpie is waiting for his breakfast, too. If it were not for studying his antics there would be a cold-blooded murder. For hawks and magpies I have no mercy. A magpie will destroy, in one season, half a bushel of the eggs of better birds, and as for hawks—their depredations are even worse. But I have a dog, a timid little lady, who will let Maggie take the meat from her very teeth, and then run whimpering to me for protection, except when her puppies are around. Then there is a lively "scrap," in which the dog always comes off victorious.

A shadow darts by the window. There is a crested bird on the ground, hopping about after crumbs. Surely I have seen him before, but he is a stranger here. I go to the door for closer observation. The rascal flies to the nearest tree, whence he hurls jaylike epithets at me. Companions join in his insults. I refuse to be blackguarded in any such a manner, and the cause of science must be upheld. There he lies, with plumage scarcely ruffled by the No. 12 shot, ready for knife, brain-spoon and arsenical soap! He is the long-crested jay (*C. stelleri macrolopha*). The margin of my Ridgeway shows that I had met him before in the Buckskin Mountains of Arizona, in June, 1895. By the way, I find my bird notes better than even a camera for recalling scenes and events. Lewis' woodpecker is a common autumn visitant, and once this fall I saw a real catbird. Catbirds were also seen in Utah Valley, in the spring, by ornithologists who were raised in the East and who could not have been mistaken in the bird; so its territorial limits will have to be extended. I believe it to be the latest immigrant from the other side of the continental divide.

After breakfast a walk is in order; not on the bench. That is a maze of stubble and rowen. The chickens have all been shot off, or have bunched in the friendly shelter of the pines. But the brook still sings, although the time of fishing has long since passed, and here nature fondly clings to the little that is left of life. Under the haws the few remaining partridges feed on decaying berries, and scratch amid the crackling leaves to find a richer diet. As the sun comes out more brightly and an almost Indian summer haze enfolds the earth, the squirrels leave their nests and, lying prone upon some swaying bough, enjoy the genial warmth. A toothsome dish these squirrels make when properly dressed and cooked. They are clean feeders; yet the ranchers hereabout, who live nine months out of the twelve on rancied bacon, assert that they would as soon think of eating rats and mice as the flesh of squ'rrel. Once this summer, while on a dusty, open trail, I spied a squirrel coming toward me. Fortunately I had no gun, so I stood motionless. The squirrel came within a half a dozen paces before he was aware of my presence. Then he stopped short. His tail, that was flat and prostrated, now stood erect, and bristled like a wire brush. Seeing no sign of life he stole nearer, stopping every few steps to gaze at the strange object. At length he reached my feet. He climbed over my boots and smelled of them. I believe he would have tried to climb this new species of tree had I not moved my head slightly to observe his actions. That settled it. He ran off a few feet, halted for a farewell glance, and then disappeared in the underbrush.

Noon! It is time to sit upon some moss-grown log, and rest and think—think not of the future but the past, for this is the season of dead hopes, of dreams unrealized. Yet in the autumn chill Nature will breathe her gentle spirit into all who stop and commune with her. Where did Moses learn his lesson of meekness, Gautama his lesson of self-sacrifice, Jesus acquire his boundless love, but far from haunts of men? And, being far from men, they learned to love them more and to become the greatest helpers of mankind. Under the Bodhi tree, in the Wilderness, by Walden pond, the mere place matters little; the inspiration and the blessings are for all who seek. Man grows more manly, aye, more divine, each time he lets sweet Nature's teachings sink deep into his soul; and in his heart a new life burns, and on his face a new light shines beneath her heavenly influence.

The day wears on. Clouds hide the sun, and cold winds wail among the barren branches. Softly the flakes of snow descend to shroud a dying world. The leaves that, in the morning, clung with tremulous grasp to withering supports now rustle in my path. The birds have flown to warmer climes. There is no fire upon the hearth. I saddle my horse and bid farewell to the cabin forever. SHOSHONE.

There is a plant, popularly known as "sheepweed," which grows in great profusion around sheep pens, hence its name. This weed is possessed of decidedly poisonous or at least deleterious qualities, and the Indians gather a quantity of it and set it afloat on a pool in the river, and standing down stream from it they thrash it with tree branches until the juice exudes and becomes mixed with the water. The result is that every trout for a hundred yards or so below that point is "doped" or stupefied and rendered helpless and an easy captive.—San Francisco Examiner.

Diana Visits the Farm.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, Aug. 24.—*My Dear Nimrod:* We had rather an unpleasant voyage on account of the thick fog which set in soon after leaving the harbor and continued to the end of the trip, but the sail down the harbor was delightful and I saw a number of interesting things, one of which was a six-masted schooner with her sails filled by the breeze, sailing into port.

We arrived at Halifax Sunday night and left early Monday morning. When I awoke we were at sea again and the ship was rolling considerably, so that I felt disposed to remain quiet, although I was not sick. The fog was very thick, so that there was nothing to be seen but gray, above, below, and all around us. We reached Charlottetown about 4 o'clock Tuesday morning, and after breakfast took a walk about the city. At 3 P. M. we took the train for the Mills, thirty miles from the city.

This is a delightful place. The farm contains three or four hundred acres, and Uncle also has a grist mill down in the valley on the brook, or little river, and the house is on a hill near by.

Tuesday night we walked down to the brook and watched the water flowing over the dam, and saw a most beautiful sunset, all gold, and red, and purple. It was very quiet except for the sound of the water. As we sat there on a pile of logs we saw seven, then two, then five black ducks fly over our heads quite low, also two cranes, and Uncle says the woods are just full of rabbits and quail. He says the rabbits are quite tame, and come out often in the evening. He never shoots them, but likes to watch them about the woods, though the folks kill quail for the table in the fall.

The fishing is not just what I expected from the report of last year. The trout are not so large, although in June a good many were caught weighing from two to three pounds. We fished all day Wednesday, but only caught about fifteen. They run from seven to twelve inches, and are just darlings in shape and color, the spots are so bright and their dear little bellies are a beautiful salmon color.

Thursday it rained all day in showers, but your Diana was out just the same and got wet to her skin. Friday was a beautiful day, and I was up very early and out by the dam, fishing long before breakfast, and had half a dozen beauties by half-past seven. In the afternoon I had become tired fishing in the same spot all the time, and made up my mind to do a little investigating and find out where the water came from; so I walked along up the road by the side of the little river till I came to a place where it ran under a bridge, then I left the road and followed up a most delightful little stream something like our Nineteen-Mile Brook, and I dropped my line in and out came a little jeweled beauty, and in about twenty minutes I had half a dozen.

Saturday was another lovely day. In the morning we caught twenty-two trout by the mill and sent them to the village to a friend, and in the afternoon we got eighteen from the little brook, and to-morrow morning I am going up there the first thing and try some flies. Yesterday I came to a shallow place in the brook and saw hundreds of trout all headed up stream under a big tree overshadowing the water, and I dropped in a nice fat worm and a big trout made a rush for it, and I lifted him up to land him when he dropped back into the water, and do you know I just believe he told all those other fish that the nice juicy worm had a hook in his head, for not another bite did I get from that spot. In another shady place I caught four and lost two. Indeed, the ones I didn't land were many, and if you were with me, Nimrod, you would have just enjoyed yourself laughing at me I know. Please tell me the why of this. I saw a big fellow about fourteen inches long in the big pool at the foot of the dam yesterday morning and dropped in a nice bait right in front of his nose, and he wouldn't take it, and wouldn't budge an inch, just kept his tail wiggling all the time, till I got tired trying to tempt him. Now why wouldn't he bite do you suppose? He couldn't have seen me, for I was leaning over a log fifteen feet above him.

Last night was delightful, and I wish I could paint a word picture for you, but as I am not gifted in that line my description cannot half do justice.

It was sunset, and the sky was most beautiful, with brilliant colors. Just to the south was a mass of black clouds, from which the lightning flashed, showing a storm in the distance. The sky was reflected on the water and hundreds of trout were jumping, some of them away out of the water. Not a sound was to be heard except the music of the water flowing over the dam, and the old gray mills added to the beauty of the scene. It was just perfect, and I do wish you might have enjoyed it with me.

I must tell you about Monday, the best fishing day I had. We were to start for town in the afternoon, and I wanted to try the brook again; so I was up very early and started off alone with my dear little rod, a can of worms and some flies. I turned off by the brook and thought I would try a fly. I intended to wait until I got to the head of the stream and fish down, but I came to a nice little pool under a big tree and just couldn't resist the temptation. I didn't have very good luck, however, with the flies, either I didn't cast right or the hooks were too small, probably the former was the real reason, for the trout would make a rush for them, but I couldn't seem to hook them. I managed to get two nice ones, however, and was proud enough of them, as they were my first fish caught in that manner.

Then I started off through the woods again until I came to a natural fall of water over rocks formed like steps just beside another dam, and the water was pouring down, forming a great pool at the foot of the dam. I climbed down the steep bank about half-way, and putting on a nice big worm, let it drop into the pool. In an instant a great salmon-colored trout had it, and as I landed him my rod bent like a bow. He was a foot long, and as fat as butter. That was the largest one I caught, but I landed seventeen out of that one pool as fast as I could bait my hook, beside a lot of small ones which I put back. I didn't land every one that took the hook, but nearly all. Then I cut a branch and strung the little dears on it, and started down the stream. I had one big fellow landed and he gave a jump and landed himself back in he brook, and I saw no more of him. In another place under a big rock I took ten more,

and I made up my mind to send them all to you if I could manage it, but they said at the house that I could not possibly do it as the weather was so warm and the distance so great. I was dreadfully disappointed. I fished until noon and had thirty-eight. Uncle said: "That's a good catch, but last year they ran about as big as your largest one." I was satisfied, however, and pretty proud of my morning's success. I don't exaggerate one bit when I say there are thousands of trout in that stream. The folks about here don't think as much of the fresh-water trout as they do of the salt-water ones caught in the river below the dam.

I am going back to town now, and leave to-morrow for home. I shall be glad to get back only for one reason. Can you guess? DIANA.

Pacific Coast Items.

NORDHOFF, Cal.—Whatever may have been the case in other parts of Ventura county, the first day of the quail season passed off very quietly in the Ojai Valley, and though it is now the second week in October, they are still comparatively fearless. The pot-hunter has found that the coveys here escape to the hills on the first or second flight, so he hunts where extermination can be more readily accomplished. A hunter can have good shooting, though if he hunt along the base of the hills in the afternoon, at which time the birds come down on the level to feed, as by walking fast he will have continuous sport till nightfall. Residents who have lived here a long while say that the quail are finer and more plentiful in the Ojai at present than for years.

Over abundance of this game, however, is declared to have caused a protest in various sections against the law as now enforced. Many of the ranchers in the northern part of Santa Barbara county, so the game warden tells us, complain that their late grain crops and the vineyards were injured through September by quail, and ask that the season be made a month longer. It would be unfair to discredit this reputed sentiment, there being no other means to establish its truthfulness, but there must have been a recent change among he ranchers, for all of them used to be on the alert to protect their quail. When your correspondent made a trip up that way late in August two years ago, though he was not at all disposed to violate the law in any manner, acquaintances warned him at every turn that he must not dare to shoot quail, that every person within miles was on the lookout, and the most conspicuous objects he observed were the trespass notices. Some of the ranchers may feel aggrieved now that the warden has also watched them closely.

Though in rare instances complaint has been made with regard to the stringency of the protective law and the expense of employing wardens, so far as an observer can judge there exists a sentiment nearly unanimous throughout southern California favorable to close preservation of game and its propagation, or to stocking the suitable waters with fish, for climate and other features here actually compel hunting of every sort and whipping the streams. The few ranchers who wish a retrograde policy adopted that would soon mean the loss of these amusements, if they realize how strongly the country boy or the best hired help is attracted to city employment, should rather try by every means to make ranch life enjoable. A more intelligent feeling is noticeable in the Ojai. Nearly every rancher or his son is a crack shot. Homes seem private armorics. What that up to date rifle or hammerless has accomplished with game would astonish you.

Remoteness of our place from the ducking country makes news concerning that class of sport hard to obtain. occasionally some minor item comes to hand. Early in the summer one of the Los Angeles clubs with privileges on the coast had to pay for flooding celery ranches near its preserve, and for a while it looked as if all the clubs would be compelled through the courts to come down heavily, but a compromise must have been effected, as no more suits have been reported. Preparation for the season had been made by sportsmen and the counties. The latter appointed a great many additional deputies to serve where most likely to be needed. The best duck shooting will not come until severe weather induces migration south.

The State hatchery of California has been engaged for the past month in distributing black bass for propagation. Lots are not large in number, but the average length is better than six inches. Consignments have been made in many instances to the different protective associations that these might place the spawn in suitable water. The club at Arroyo Grande, in San Luis Obispo county, retained a few fish of its consignment to show at the local fair and turned the others loose in Black Lake, near town. The shipment to Needles went into the Colorado River at a point near the Santa Fé bridge. Our southern waters contain only trout spawn, for minnows and frogs are scarce; only a few fish are being introduced at any one point; otherwise the conditions are favorable for the present effort at stocking with bass. The pool-like formation of all California water courses would seem a great advantage.

Result of bounty legislation has now caused no little consternation in Oregon. Mandamus proceedings will soon be begun in Klamath county, just north of the California line, to compel payment of a five-dollar bounty upon five hundred coyote scalps held in the clerk's office. These claims had always been allowed, but the Superior Court at its last session, despite a ruling of the lower court, ordered the county clerk to issue no more warrants after September, hence the basis of contention. Refusal to meet this class of debts, not only in California and Oregon, but throughout the West, indicates that bounty legislation is impracticable for its purpose. Your correspondent hopes that it will never be tried East, with such useful creatures as hawks and crows.

So far as the Ojai Valley is concerned, the coyotes were never more plentiful, not even before the bounty law had been enacted, and though rarely seen through the day, they rend night with their shrill outcries. One band gathers at evening a mile west of town to salute the train, as though this were a newly discovered member of the family, and imitate the shrill whistle. Very little trapping is done in the valley; but more violent means are often adopted. Robbed poultry fanciers will butter aged hens with honey and strychnine, then in the morning look for agonized tracks. A coyote seldom dies near the sham hospitality, but driven onward by disgust, he makes the mountain: or should he not die at all, little brother avoids forever man and a chicken. The average size appears to be greater here than it was in Nebraska.

This country has about as many kinds of small animals as are found along the Atlantic coast. Chipmunks, red squirrels, tree rats, the last nearly allied to the squirrel family, will be met with about brush or timber. The little brown civet cat, a weasel marked white and dark brown on head, terrorizes the gophers and ground squirrels by a close pursuit. Cottontails resembling the swamp variety, swarm through all growth. Jackrabbits have become a pest. 'Coons inhabit the creek bottoms. Foxes between the red and gray types exist in great numbers. Wildcats approach town to rob roosts. These are here beside the small animals already mentioned in this letter. Then also deer at times are shot in the valley; venturesome mountain lions come down the hills. But black bears and the grizzlies avoid civilization. The rangers had hoped to close their guard for the summer by bringing in a grizzly that for some time has been making "sign" on the high peak east of our valley. The trail is also reported as having been discovered in a cañon within easy walking distance of Nordhoff.

Since the last letter was written, good luck secured for me several California tree squirrels, a gray variety, which, viewed closely, appeared even handsomer than at a distance. Their length proved to be twenty-four inches, twelve of it tail. Color seemed to be more sharply defined than upon the Eastern variety. The steel gray was sharp and free of tawny to its limits; under part snowy white; profuse tail, distinctly marked. They were shot while feeding upon the seeds of cotton wood timber. These beautiful creatures must not be confounded with the California ground variety, for this filthy pest, a cannibal in habit, lacks both in form and veracity of color; nor the ground variety with the chipmunk, which reappears here but slightly changed from the Eastern type.

The Warner Ranch Indians, the last of the Mission contingent likely to be disturbed, and whose removal has excited widespread pity, will fare well after all it would seem, as a fine property better than the original tract has been selected for them, and at a price that will make it possible to devote a large part of the appropriation to making improvements. Well-watered land in the southern part of San Diego county has been purchased. President Roosevelt took a deep personal interest in having these Indians provided for, their case being harsh in the extreme, and appointed a commission composed of men who could accomplish this end. The Sequoya League organized recently for the betterment of Indians, with the editor of FOREST AND STREAM upon its Executive Committee, has looked closely after the rights of its wards in this affair. But no provision can make removal of the Mission Indians from their homes less than a tragedy to be greatly deplored. H. R. STEIGER.

Natural History.

The Zoological Park.

A VISIT to the New York Zoological Park is always pleasant and one sees there always something that is new—either some addition to the collection, or an animal overlooked at the previous visit, or perhaps some habit in a captive wild thing not before noticed.

This is especially a good time to go to the park, when the October sun shines warm through a soft hazy air, when the grass is as green as that of June, and yet the ripened foliage of the trees is colored with a thousand soft and subdued colors, brightened here and there by the blaze of sumach on a hill or of some pepperidge or soft maple tree that has not yet lost its foliage.

If one goes to Fordham by the Harlem Railroad, and walks or drives the short distance to the park, he enters at its northwest corner, and, passing down between deer ranges on either side, goes through the bird house and so on to the geographical center of the park. The cooler weather has made it necessary now to bring into the bird house the tropical, or sub-tropical, birds, which have spent the summer in the flying cage, and the cage is thus no longer crowded with pelicans, ibises, cormorants, herons, spoonbills and flamingoes, but is tenanted by a few ducks, crows and magpies, with two great vultures and a fish-hawk. At a distance it seems very empty by comparison with its populous appearance in the summer. The birds, which have been removed from their condition of practical freedom to the closer quarters of the bird house, all seem healthy and in good feather. Just beyond (south) of the bird house, is a large yard which contains a number of foreign cranes, several of which bear a close resemblance to our familiar sandhill crane, though some are much larger and some of course are strikingly different.

Continuing southward, one passes other deer ranges, where whitetails and caribou are confined, on to the elk range, and here, confined in the elk house, and awaiting the completion of the lion house, are a number of the great cats which the Society recently purchased in Europe. As already stated in FOREST AND STREAM, there are six lions, two tigers, and a number of other lesser felines. These will be shown to the public in the course of a few weeks, as soon as it is practicable to install them in their new and permanent home.

In the elk house there are three large lions, two lionesses and a pair of tigers. The two Barbary lions, whose manes are very dark and abundant, are most impressive. A Nubian lion, which has far less mane, is on that account less striking. All three male lions seem cross, and one of them struck viciously through the bars of his cage at a person who passed near him. Unquestionably the close confinement of the little traveling cages which barely give the animals room to turn around has temporarily soured their disposition. No doubt a transfer to more roomy quarters will improve their temper. These lions are each about four years old. The two lionesses are very handsome animals, and seem much more placid than the lions. The two tigers, each two years old, are very beautiful creatures, and very mild and gentle, so far as one could gather by looking at them.

In the small mammal house is a Senegal lioness, a cub eight months old, very gentle, and a great pet.

Passing out of the elk house to the near-by wolf dens, it was gratifying to see wolves, coyotes and foxes, all in admirable condition. They are all cheerful and playful, and are now assuming their winter coats. In one of the cages here are two Eskimo dogs, deposited by the Peary Arctic Expedition, of which the male is the animal which led the team that drew Peary to his furthest north. This is a dog of great power, about the size and build of a gray wolf, but much more heavily furred and more muscular in the legs. The head, though wolflike, is far shorter than that of the wolf, and the color darker—almost a black on the back. The ears, too, are shorter and sharper. The female is slightly paler and seemed little more than half as heavy as the dog.

A new animal in the wolf den is a blue fox from Alaska, which is neither blue nor white, but a very pale gray. The Society expects to receive a dozen more blue foxes which are likely to come through Mr. Elwood Hofer.

On Mountain Sheep Hill are a number of new animals. At the north end, occupying the pen which held the little musk-ox given the Society by Mr. Whitney, is its successor, the calf brought on by Peary. It is very small, this spring's calf, and its horns are just appearing. Very heavily coated, the warm weather appeared to be causing it suffering, for it was panting. The musk-ox, like the wild sheep and goats, seen a little later, all seemed eager for dry food, and were picking up and eating the withered leaves, which were constantly falling into their pen.

Next south of the musk-ox is the pen occupied by a burrhel, a small sheep from India, characterized by horns very thick at the base and almost at once spreading outward and upward. It is curiously marked with black on the front of the foreleg, and has a black line on the flank. It is quite a small animal, not far from thirty inches in height. In the same paddock are two Vignau's sheep, much taller, slighter animals, with horns which somewhat suggest those of the moufflon.

The Siberian ibex is one of four in captivity. It suggests a very large goat with tremendous saberlike, backward curving horns, with strong transverse ridges in front. Its color is purplish brown and on the back it has a large patch of pale gray. Still further south is the pen which holds the beginnings of a herd of Spanish ibex, male, female and young, and one chamois. The horns of the male—though much smaller than those of the Siberian ibex, as the whole animal is smaller—are somewhat similar in character. Among these goats are seen also specimens of the tahr from the Himalayas, a curious wild goat found only in the high mountains. Of the Barbary wild sheep known also as aoudad, or maned sheep, the Society has now a little herd of five or six individuals. The patriarch, who has been here for a long time, is very impressive with his long throat beard and pantalets. There are females and young as well. The old male seemed to be disposed to fight some one when last seen, for he had been butting the ground until his horns and face were covered with earth. The herd of moufflon has increased in numbers, and the ram, which leads the flock, is as friendly as ever. If one passes near the pen and stops, he trots up to the fence, evidently desiring to have his head scratched.

The buffalo herd was confined to its corrals. There are three calves, two of which are now quite as dark as their mothers. Near the buffalo range are two smaller pens, in one of which is a wild boar from the Corbin Park; in another a wild boar from Africa.

No one is likely ever to go to the Zoological Park without visiting the bears, and on bears the New York Zoological Society believes that it leads the world. It has between thirty and forty specimens, representing ten species, and most of them are in splendid order. All the young animals have made good growth this year, and almost all of them are in the very best condition. Perhaps most interesting of all are those which came from Cook's Inlet, Alaska, called Kadiak bears. These two are markedly different from the grizzlies and black bears with which they are associated. They are of very great size, have short and very broad heads, well furred ears, and very thick and long hair about the neck and head. The two on exhibition differ considerably in size, and slightly in color. The largest is much the darker and is an exceedingly playful and attractive beast. The other day he was seen wrestling and sparring with a good-sized cinamon (black) bear, which of course did not approach him in size and weight. The Kadiak bear at no time put forth his strength, but the two played with each other on equal terms, like great puppies wrestling with each other, biting in play at heads and necks, and finally the great Kadiak bear allowed himself to be pushed over on to his back, while the black bear stood over him and pretended to maul him. Both bears were as active as cats, very quick, and, of course, strong. Their play was throughout entirely good natured. The Kadiak bear, when standing on his hind feet, was estimated to be between seven and eight feet in height.

The two great polar bears are growing, but not very rapidly. They are in good condition, except that one of them shows decided traces of a skin disease, which at various times has troubled both. During the heats of summer they spend their days and nights in the water, and much of the time backed up against the rock work which forms the sides of the bathing pool. Constantly rubbing against this they wear off the hair of back and hips, and finally scratch the skin raw. However, the new hair is now growing on the affected surface and undoubtedly by winter the coat will be perfect throughout. These bears are savage and cannot be handled. It is necessary, therefore, to transfer them to their shifting cage, where, the quarters being so much smaller, it is possible to reach and treat the affected part.

In the small mammal house in the park are a number of new arrivals. Here is the cheetah, a spotted cat smaller and paler than the leopard, which seemed rather cross and snarled when it was inspected. This is the hunting leopard of the East, native to parts of India, Persia and parts of Africa, and trained, as is well known, to capture game, and then to submit to be taken from its prey, blindfolded and put in its cart again. Here, too, are an African leopard, two black leopards, which decline to be seen, a young jaguar, noticeable for its dog-like head, and the very interesting hyena dog, or cape hunting dog (*Lycaon*) from the Kilmanjaro district of East Africa. This is rather a small animal, less in size than a coyote, with a hyena-like head, a bushy tail, the body striped and

barred with yellowish and blackish, and pied on the legs and belly with white. This species hunts in packs of from thirty to a hundred, and its numbers make it invincible.

In this house, too, is the gentle little Senegal lioness, already referred to. Here, too, is a beautiful ocelot, with two very pretty playful little kittens, born Aug. 14 last, and now as large as half-grown cats. Here, too, is a litter of half-grown opossums, which seem in good condition.

In the outdoor cages opposite the small mammal house there are interesting things. Noticeable among these are three fine mountain lions, which early in the day seemed as cross and ill-tempered as could be, growling and snarling at each other all the time, but after feeding they were extremely good-tempered, and played with each other very prettily.

It is a pity, but not surprising, that the walrus calf brought back by the Peary Expedition is dead. So little is known about the conditions which surround these animals in their native haunts, that it is almost impossible to keep them alive, and, as already stated in FOREST AND STREAM, this is believed to be only the third that has ever been on exhibition.

There is so much that is interesting in the park that a day is all too short a time to spend there. The reptile house and the monkey house, two of the most attractive exhibits, were neglected on this visit, though within their walls there is a very great deal that is well worth seeing. Other visits must be made to see all that is to be found there.

Ways of the Blue Grouse.

KELLER, Wash., Oct. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This has been one of the best grouse seasons we have had here since the opening of the reservation for mining, four years ago. We thought, as the spring seemed to be so late and it kept cold so long, we should have a short crop, for but few people here pay any attention to the game laws, but think they have a right to kill for their own use. And then they begin killing before the young ones shed their baby tail feathers.

It was March 10 when I heard the first old grouse hoot, and not long after there was a continual hooting on the mountain opposite my cabin. To add to the music, a pheasant kept up his drumming near the cabin. One Sunday I went over on to the small hill and sat, and with my binoculars watched him for nearly half a day. My glass has a power of twelve times, and as I was less than 100 yards from the bird, he showed up very plainly. Should he be there next summer, I shall endeavor to get a picture of him while he is drumming. I tried to get the photographer to come up and try this spring, but failed.

The grouse—that is, the blue grouse—come down from the high mountains every spring, and rear their young along the breaks of the Columbia and the small streams, and stay here till after the service berries are gone; then they work back up to the high mountains in time to help harvest the huckleberry crop, and the huckleberry puts the finishing touch to them. It must be like the celery putting such a rich flavor to the canvasback. When the huckleberries are gone, then they go to the tops of the highest peaks, where they take up their residences in some big fir, or one that has an abnormal growth, and there they stay all winter.

While in the Clearwater country I have noticed where they kept all winter; for whenever I passed the trees, I would examine the snow and I always found fresh droppings. Once while returning from a chase after elk, Taylor and I came under a tree, and from the amount of droppings we thought there must be several in the tree, but the foliage was so thick we could not see any. I told Taylor I would climb the tree and see if I could not roust some out. I had no difficulty after I had got ten feet from the ground; there were plenty of limbs. I got up within less than ten feet of the thick limb when grouse began to fly out, and there was six left the tree. Two of them lit in a near-by pine, and I got down and killed them. We took them home, and when they were dressed, there was nothing to be found in their crops but the tender pieces of fir browse. One was a young bird, and we fried it, but the other was an old one, and it took four hours' hard boiling to get it tender enough to eat. I shot their heads off, so they did not taste of the fir; but when they are shot through the entrails, then they taste, and no matter how much you may wash them, the taste is still there. I have often noticed a blue grouse with a flock of sharp-tailed ones, but I have never seen a pheasant among any of the rest of the grouse family.

About six weeks ago two of the miners from our mine came down one Sunday and wanted me to go out with them. John had a shotgun, and Jim intended to get my .22 Marlin. I told them I would go for a while, but I did not care to go too far. We started up a small cañon from my cabin, and climbed a mountain for about two miles. We saw several bear tracks in the service thickets and plenty of grouse sign, but not having a dog, we rolled rocks where we could find any small enough to roll. We started three birds out of one thicket, and I got a shot and killed one. Jim missed with the shotgun on the wing. We went around on to the top of the ridge, and here we found quite a bevy. There must have been about a dozen. I got one at the first shot, and Jim got two. John would not shoot; he said he would carry the game. An old grouse flew down the mountain several hundred yards, and lit in the top of an old dead pine. I went around down and when I got opposite, and on the same bench, I got where I could have a good shot. I was about eighty yards from the tree, and the boys were sitting up above me and watching, and discussing as to whether I would hit or miss. They knew that I would either hit its head or miss clean.

The grouse was sitting on the limb, and its head was at right angles to where I stood, which made the shot more difficult. But I felt equal to the occasion. I raised the little rifle, and held for the grouse's eye, and at the crack of the .22, down came the grouse. I heard John say that it was the best shot he ever saw made at a grouse. The boys came down and complimented me on the shot. I had struck the grouse in the eye. I then gave Jim the rifle and John took the shotgun, and we got seven altogether, but mine were shot in the head, while the shotgun drove the contents of their intestines through the meat, and to me those birds did not seem fit to eat.

That is the only hunt I have indulged in this fall. I have got so that unless there is some one to come along who wants me to go, I care nothing about it. I have been fishing but twice this summer here, but when over at Missoula, the Fourth of July, I went out several times. Twice I went up to the falls at Bonner, and there I saw a bull trout that weighed 20 pounds and 1 ounce. It was the largest char I ever saw.

Around here deer are a thing of the past. I saw but one this summer, and it ran across the road ahead of me while I gas going to town. Yesterday I saw a track in the road near the cabin.

I saw more bear sign this summer than for several years, but I did not see any of them. I have been wanting to get one treed so that I can kill it with my .22. A few beaver are still to be found along the San Poil, but they will not last long.

Salmon are now running, and the Indians have a trap in the river near the mouth. Some nights they get the trap nearly full; some nights they get not more than twenty. One night, two years ago, they got 2,600. Salmon run but little in the light moon. Now that the nights are dark, the Indians think they will get all they want.

L. P. WILMOT.

Vermin on the African Farm.

SOUTH AFRICA has often been described as a land of plagues, but an outsider can hardly grasp how much the farmer suffers from vermin, both carnivorous and herbivorous. In olden days the voortrekkers lost much stock from the ravages of the large and fierce carnivora, and to this day in parts of Rhodesia the owner of live stock can only insure its safety by erecting strong and high kraals to repel the attacks of predatory lions and hyenas. These brutes have, in civilized districts, been improved off the earth, but small stock all over the country still has to contend with a host of formidable prowlers. Chief among them is the Cape tiger or leopard, whose habitat is the wooded and mountainous kloofs as far south as Table Mountain. This brute is truly the stock farmer's bête noir, as when he gets among a flock of sheep his victims are counted by the score, the mere lust of killing causing him to destroy far more than are required to satisfy his hunger. His tit-bit is a young foal, but no stock is safe from his ravages, and, unlike the less bold vermin, he prowls by day as well as by night. Even to man his lurking habits, activity, and poisonous claws make him, especially when cornered or wounded, a dangerous opponent, requiring the services of a good gun and dogs.

Of the same species, but smaller, are the numerous wild cats, most destructive to lambs, kids, and fowls. The progeny of domestic cats run wild are to be most dreaded among them, such having even more than the usual amount of cunning. These vermin are usually hunted out of the kloofs by means of dogs, many farmers keeping terriers especially for the purpose. Of the three species of jackal two create great havoc among stock, the rooi, or red jackal, being the worst offender. Poison has not much effect upon them, as in nine cases out of ten their natural cunning causes them to reject the offered bait, which a valued dog often picks up. Packs of terriers and mixed dogs are of great benefit, but in such a vast and mountainous country the indifference of a few landowners will nullify the efforts of their more active neighbors.

Many farmers, rather than exterminate vermin, resort to the pernicious practice of kraaling or folding their sheep, and consequently their farms become the refuge and breeding places of jackals, which, unfortunately, sally out by night and molest sheep running on neighboring farms. The jackal, as well as the carrion crow, is very fond of ostrich eggs, and both resort to many ingenious devices to crack the thick shells.

The muishond, or stoat, confines his operations chiefly to poultry, with an occasional weakly lamb, but is most enterprising in clearing out any poultry yard which may be open to his attacks. The great aasvogels, or vultures, are usually beneficial scavengers, but sometimes vary their menu by tearing open helpless ewes in labor. The lammervangers, or eagles, carry off lambs to their eyries on the mountains. Baboons are common all over South Africa, and devastate the gardens, and, in addition, carry off young stock. Hunts are organized against them, and they are shot in large numbers. Poisonous snakes do damage, especially to sheep which tread upon them when grazing.

So much for the carnivorous pests. When we come to their herbivorous comrades, we find their number truly legion. The locust plague, formerly occurring only periodically, seems to have now come to stay. It is evident that there has been a wholesale destruction of creatures which used to keep down the numbers of this plague. It is a toss up whether the creeping voetganger or the flying rooibaatje is most to be dreaded. The latter can, with a favorable wind, be moved on by means of smoke, but woe betide the man in whose garden or land they settle for the night or on a cold or wet day. The voetgangers move on in myriads regardless of water or other obstacles, and death alone, by fire or under the feet of a flock of sheep, will stop their inroads. Hares, and especially the species, half bat half hare, called the spring hare, cause great damage to the crops. The latter gives a certain amount of recreation, being shot at night with the aid of a bullseye lantern, this being about the only means of putting an end to his existence.

Trouble in many places in South Africa is given by the ant. These tiny insects, in addition to devouring our houses and furniture, eat through trees and vegetables. Boiling water or lime and water is the only means of destroying them, but the difficulty is to observe the danger before it is too late. The white ant is considered the most destructive, but the red is also a terror to gardeners. Revenge is taken upon them by using their mound-like nests for floors of huts, tennis courts, etc., for which the material is well suited. In parts of the country caterpillars travel about in hordes, devouring all before them. The omnivorous interior native collects them in bags and turns them into a sort of shrimp paste. Another nuisance to the farmer is the fretful porcupine, especially in hilly country. A pair can do an incredible amount of damage in the potato or wheat land, but a stone wall effectually stops their entry. Hunting them has to be done in their roaming time, viz., at night, with dogs and sticks. When the ravager is discovered both dogs and men make a rush, and he is quickly dispatched by blows on the nose. The dogs soon learn to be very wary in attacking, imprudent ones receiving great punishment from the terrible quills. The flesh is very white and tender, and when baked forms a tasty dish.

Pests among the fruit trees are very numerous, most of them being imported. Thus the dorthesia, or Australian bug, wrought great havoc among the orange groves in the seventies, and only of late years has a destroyer been found for it in the shape of the vedalia, or ladybird. The phylloxera was introduced in 1885, and caused the uprooting of many beautiful vineyards. It has been met by the planting of phylloxera-proof American vines, on which the European stocks are grafted. Nowadays pear slugs, peach yellows, quince borers and insects and fungi of all sorts make the fruit grower keep a far more vigilant eye on his trees than he ever previously had need to.

Of parasites among live stock there is, unfortunately, an abundant supply, often caused by overstocking. In wet and marshy districts sheep fluke is very prevalent, although unknown wherever the soil contains a fair amount of lime and saline matter. Bots are very troublesome to horses on certain farms, and it often happens that one place may be notoriously unhealthy for horses, while its neighbor may be quite the reverse. "Tulp," or tulip, renders certain places deadly to cattle, while the tsetse fly has still to be reckoned with in the Transvaal and Rhodesia. It will be seen that South Africa has its fair share of plagues, and every year seems to add to them. Farmers often lament the good old days, when many now prevalent diseases were nonexistent and when, barring inevitable droughts, the stock owner and husbandman had little to contend with. —London Field.

Some Mississippi Creatures.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At the risk of the imputation of claiming an undue share of the attention of your readers, and your own forbearance, I will send a little "hodge podge" of various matters.

The rattlesnakes have not yet gone into hybernation, as the weather has not yet been cold enough. The lowest thermometer reading so far was 41½ degrees on the morning of Oct. 15, accompanied by a very light frost.

We have now a new pet, in the shape of a young red squirrel, who, in the language of Artemus Ward, is an "amoosin' little cuss," and a subject of considerable interest in a small way. He has the freedom of the office building, the windows and doors being wire screened, and gambols about at large; his favorite exercise being to run up and down the screen doors. He also makes a playground of me, and as I sit at my desk runs over me, and on the top of my head, nibbles at my fingers as I write, and makes squirrel tracks in the fresh ink on my paper. Certain hereditary instincts cropping out in this youngster are interesting to note; as for example, he will attempt to hide a nut by sticking it between two books on the table, poking it in tight with his nose, and going through the motions of scratching dirt over it with his paws.

While the rats, guinea pigs, and chickens, remained in the rattlesnakes' "den" without any show of fear on their part, nor any sort of strained relations arising between the snakes and their intended victims, one sight of the reptiles was enough to throw the young squirrel almost into spasms, and he was not content until snugly ensconced in the pocket of a coat hanging on a peg in a remote part of the building.

This little fellow is quite affectionate and will play with the fingers or with a string very much after the manner of a kitten, sitting on his haunches the while.

There was some inquiry made recently by a writer in FOREST AND STREAM as to whether squirrels drink water, and how. It is a matter of common knowledge in this part of the country, where pet squirrels are of rather common possession, that they drink water frequently, in the same manner that a cat drinks.

Speaking of pet squirrels reminds me, that in the fall of 1864, when campaigning in northern Georgia in a wooded region, the capture of squirrels became a fad with the Confederate soldiers. On going into bivouac at the end of a day's march, if any daylight was left, axes were seized and the surrounding forests invaded. Every tree showing a hole in it was cut down, and many young squirrels were captured. This was in September and October. It was not uncommon to see a regiment on the march with perhaps fifty squirrels perched on the shoulders of the men, strings being tied around the squirrels' necks for security.

The "quail" season opened here on the 15th. My friend B. and myself indulged in an afternoon shoot, and bagged thirteen birds (an unlucky number—for the birds).

Apropos of the recent discussion of "true sport," my friend B., who has an argumentative disposition, was disposed to take the æsthetic and non-utility side of the controversy—perhaps merely for the sake of argument. I determined to apply a practical test to the sincerity of his arguments on this occasion; so on our way home we stopped on a bridge and laid out our bag on the bridge railing—thirteen handsome birds, all in a row, strongly suggesting juicy broiled quail for breakfast, to rejoice the eyes of the "missus and the childer" next morning. As we were admiring the game, I remarked to B., "Now, it would be a gluttonous performance if we should take these birds home and devour them like hogs; in fact, very degrading to the high ideals of æsthetic sportsmanship. Let us pull off their heads and take them home as trophies, and to prove our skill as sportsmen, and we will throw the birds into the bayou for the fish and turtles to eat." Strange to say, my friend B. repudiated this suggestion with vehemence, and declared that he would not take a quarter apiece for the birds he had killed.

The bluewing teal have been in this country for a week or two past. Being in the vicinity of Horn Lake a few days ago, I heard heavy firing in that direction, as if a

South American revolution had invaded the land, and I presume it indicated a severe engagement with the bluewings.

The bear crop in the "Gazoo Delta" is said to be abundant this season, and it has been bruited about in the papers that President Roosevelt would come down as a guest of Governor Longino, to engage in a bear hunt under the guidance of R. E. Bobo, the king of bear hunters. It now seems probable, however, that the President will be detained in the North, after larger game.

COAHOMA.

Gigantic Grasshoppers.

APROPOS of Mr. Sprague's interesting contribution to the very rich (and unworked) field of translators' blunders, there is a curious one in a French version of one of J. F. Cooper's novels. The author wrote that a certain personage rode up to the house, dismounted from his carriage, and "hitched his horse to a locust." "Locust" here, of course, refers to a species of tree. The Frenchman's dictionary doubtless gave only "sauterelle" as an equivalent, a word applied both to the common grasshopper and the migrating locust. He translated: "Il attacha son cheval à une sauterelle" (he hitched his horse to a grasshopper), but was apparently dissatisfied. It probably struck him that the reader would be mystified, so he introduced a footnote at the bottom of the page, as follows:

"Dans les Estats-Unis les sauterelles atteignent parfois des dimensions énormes, incroyables. Quand on en trouve un spécimen de taille gigantesque, on l'empaille en y ajoutant des poids de plomb pour assurer la solidité. La bête est placée devant la porte extérieure, et l'on s'en sert pour attacher les chevaux."

"In the United States grasshoppers occasionally grow to enormous, incredible size. When a particularly gigantic specimen is met with, it is customary to stuff it, weighing it down with lead for greater solidity. The animal is placed in front of the outside door and used for hitching horses."—New York Times.

Owl on Ship 750 Miles from Land.

HONOLULU, Hawaii, Oct. 15, via San Francisco, Cal.—An interesting instance of a land bird being picked up at sea was reported by the steamer Tampico, which arrived from Seattle last week. When in longitude 137 west and latitude 60 north, the officers of the vessel were surprised to see a bird alight on the deck. It proved to be an owl, standing about a foot in height. The bird was then 750 miles from land and was exhausted. It soon revived, and has since been kept in a cage.

The Tampico was not the first boat the bird is said to have visited in midocean. The crew of the barkentine S. G. Wilder, which arrived in this port recently, from San Francisco, recognized the bird as the same one that had alighted aboard their vessel fully two weeks before the Tampico was visited.

At the time the bird stopped on the Wilder they were about five hundred miles southwest from San Francisco and fully fifteen degrees further south than the point where the bird boarded the Tampico.—New York Herald.

"Chained to Business."

The Desk Slave's Song.

O THIS is the song of the man who's chained
All day to the roll-top desk;
Who, sweltering over a type machine,
Assumeth a shape grotesque.
The breeze and the sunshine are not for him,
The sky is a mere hearsay;
He sits and he grinds 'mid the rustling sheets
Through all of the dull, dull day.
He thinks of the days when his hands were hard,
His arms like the best of steel;
He thinks of the days when his lithe limbs made
Good time on a racing wheel;
He thinks of the days when he held his own
In the harvesting of grain—
Then smiles at the thought that a croquet game
Can give him a next-day pain.
He sighs to remember the mighty brawn
He showed on the college track;
He thinks of the day when he played baseball,
And wishes those days were back;
He thinks of himself in a football suit
Well padded and picturesque,
Then weeps o'er recalling the flabby form
That's chained to the roll-top desk.
Oh, man in the field with the hoe or plow,
O man with the ditching spade!
Yearn not for the "easy white-handed job"
Instead of your sturdy trade;
There's money sometimes in the office grind—
There's life in the work you do!
You are fanned and warmed by the breeze and sun
And arched by a roof of blue.
Your food is the food of a hungry man,
Your sleep like the dead at night;
Your muscles are firm and your heart is good,
Your cause is the cause of right;
We slaves of the desk would renounce our hope
Of wealth or a "raise" in pay
If we could but feel as we used to feel
Back there in the "husky" days.

—S. W. Gillilan, in Los Angeles Herald.

A good story of a school inspector's recent visit to a small German village is related in a Berlin paper to the London Daily Mail. Requesting the mayor to accompany him, the inspector heard the latter mutter: "I should like to know why that ass has come so soon again." Arrived at the first school he began to examine the pupils in punctuation, but was told by the mayor, "We don't trouble about commas and such like." The inspector merely told one of the boys to write on the blackboard: "The mayor of Ritzelbuttel says the inspector is an ass." Now," he added, "put a comma after 'Ritzelbuttel' and another after 'inspector.'" The boy did so. The mayor is believed to have changed his opinion as to the value of commas.

Game Bag and Gun.

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

Across New Brunswick on Snowshoes.—VII.

Christmas Camp.

ALL the way on our long trail from the Bathurst lakes south into the Miramichi country we had been continually in game country, except when close to the lumber camps. On the height of land from which we had recently descended, there was any quantity of moose and caribou sign. When we stopped for lunch on top of the big hill, we built our fire directly on the trail of a big bull moose which we had started as we had climbed the slope. On our way down the southeast side of this same hill we crossed several moose trails, one of a bunch of three, among which we saw one big bull trail. On the last side hill which we crossed before we came out into this little half-moon lake, we saw the workings of what seemed a good-sized herd of caribou. We surely were in the wilderness and surely that wilderness held game. When at last we had crossed the little lake, following our snowshoe trail back to its origin, we saw the trail of a big bull moose and the tiny tracks of a couple of sable, both directly in what might have been called Henry Braithwaite's front yard.

For it was Braithwaite's northernmost cabin which we had now discovered—a little lean-to camp extended on its sides and front with square upright slabs, which formed a wind break for the fire place and a chimney to carry out the smoke. Henry had not cleaned out the cabin of its snow, or, at least, it was half full when we got there. We shoveled it out, took off the chimney cover of pine boughs, and at once fell to work cutting wood, for, of course, in this sort of camp, it is necessary to keep a fire all night. It was now nearly dark and the snow was sifting down very steadily. We had no meat left and not very much tea or sugar, though we still had a small box of biscuits along with us. Under the circumstances we held a sudden and earnest council of war.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Charlie, "I'll just take a bite to eat and then light out as fast as I can on Henry's trail. He must have a camp somewhere not more than six or eight miles from here down the trail. We don't know where his trail is after it leaves the lake, and if we wait until to-morrow perhaps we could not follow the snowshoe track. I think I can follow it to-night if the snow stops and the moon comes up, and if I catch Henry then we'll learn about the country below here and we'll be all right. If I don't catch him, we may some of us get pretty hungry before long."

Investigations showed us that all the supplies in this shack consisted of a half bottle of molasses and about a pint or so of beans. Henry told us later he had not been at the camp for a little over three years, and only came up to see if he could get any trace of us—a most fortunate thing as it turned out. We all hated to see Charlie start out on so uncertain a trip at that time of day, after spending so many hours in he toboggan shafts, but as he seemed the one most apt to make a fast trip on the shoes, we turned him loose, and he went across the lake at a gait which warranted the wisdom of our selection. Then the rest of us went on preparing for our night in camp. We spent the night dozing as best we might, though much crowded in the little shack, which was only built for two persons. Our fire was built against back logs, which we leaned against the pine slabs of the wall. Once in a while the slabs would take fire, in which case we would pelt the fire with snow balls until it went out. On the whole, we made it out very comfortably that night.

Puzzling Moose Trail.

On the next morning, Dec. 24, we saw by contrast how fortunate we had been in the weather for our trip across the unknown part of the trail. Snow continued to fall, and it grew so soft and wet that presently it degenerated into a drizzling rain. Joe Ellis and Jack Moore went back toward the Serpentine to fix up some traps, and they carried with them the injunction to kill some meat if they possibly could, neither of them having as yet killed to the limit of his license. On our part, Adam and I took up the big bull trail which crossed in front of the cabin door, and if there ever was a bull moose more ardently pursued than that one, then surely he was in danger. We followed the trail for some three miles, its general course being toward the north and northeast, leading toward the West Branch. It was a most puzzling sort of trail, and at last it received additions until we were sure we were following not less than three moose, one of them a big bull. Then, presently, the trail seemed to turn and come back, the animals doubling on their back track. We thought we found horn sign of the big bull, and then again he would go through places where it seemed impossible for a full-antlered bull to pass. We figured that this bull was a traveler and was not yarding in that vicinity. Satisfied at last that he had taken the back track, we ourselves started back, and at last gave up the trail in the maze of tracks which went round and round about in the soft snow. The rain now began to come down pretty steadily, and the snow became so soft that it offered the worst snowshoeing one ever saw in all his life. The shoes packed full and the filling bagged and ice formed in cakes under the foot. We saw we could not travel, and at noon we made for the camp, both of us wetted through and through.

Discovery of Henry.

As we came down the hill toward the shack we saw smoke arising and knew that Charlie, plucky boy, had come back up the trail, which meant that he had some sort of news. It was, indeed, very good news. He had been able to follow the snowshoe trail, and not more than an hour after dark struck Henry, who was lying asleep in his next camp, that on Logan Lake, six miles below Moon Lake, where we now were. Henry gave him a square meal and told him that the best thing he could do was to come back and get the rest of us. Henry said that he had promised to be at his home camp for Christmas, and the home camp was twenty miles below. He had killed a caribou the day before and said he would leave a part of the meat on the trail for us below Logan Lake. He said if we started out early in the morning we ought to make his home camp on the Little Southwest Lake some time before midnight of Christmas eve. Then we could have Christmas dinner together the next day. Henry was accompanied by his son-in-law Albert, and these two had said goodby to Charlie that morning and had started down their trail south, while he came back to get us.

Christmas Eve.

So far, very well, and we were anxious enough to get down to Henry's place, for we were all hungry and wanted a square meal the worst way in the world. Charlie had not stopped to hunt. Adam and I had been unable to land our game, and even lucky Jack, who had come back with Joe early in the afternoon, also had to report a blank, although he and Joe had jumped four moose out of a herd, one of them a big bull. These details will show that it is not always easy to get moose on a snowshoe trip, no matter how abundant they may be. We had good hunters with us, but we had all done our best that day, and had not been able to get hide nor hair. We held another council. The rain was now falling steadily, and we knew perfectly well that we could not drag the heavily loaded sleds down to Henry's next camp, for part of the trail, Charlie said, was over pretty heavy grades. We resolved to spend Christmas eve where we were, in the hope that there might come a change in the weather, which would make sledding practicable. The snow was going very fast, and any snowshoer or tobogganer knows what it is to trek over this kind of footing on snowshoes. At this time Jack Moore and Joe Ellis wanted to leave us and go back over the divide trail to Bathurst camp, leaving Adam, Charlie and myself to complete the tramp southeast down the Miramichi country to the railroad, to come out thus in an entirely different part of the Province from that where we had first gone in. Ellis said that he had 268 traps, all dead falls, between the Serpentine and the northern end of his trapping line, and he was willing enough to have Jack go along with him and help him set up. (We later learned that when Jack got back to Bathurst Lake he caught a black cat and two mink in the traps which Adam and I had visited on the Nipisiguit River.)

We passed Christmas eve, all five of us, huddled up in the little shack, which was not large enough to allow us all to lie down at once. For fear of burning our blankets we did not cover up fully, but depended upon the fire. It was a dolesome sort of Christmas eve, and on Christmas morning there was not a man of us who had anything in his stockings but feet. Santa Claus passed us by. Our Christmas breakfast was composed of what the boys called "bean swagan," made up of biscuits, beans and water boiled together. It was good.

Tailoring in the Woods.

Now, we came to say good-by to plucky Jack Moore, for whom I had conceived a strong affection, for a quieter or more manly boy I never saw. Just to show Jack there was no coldness, I told him that I wanted to make him a Christmas present of a suit of clothes, to be delivered at Fredericton some time later.

"All right," said Jack—he always said "all right" to everything—so we started in to measure him, Charlie and I acting as official measurers. We found we had no tape line, and also discovered that Jack had no recorded measurements of his dimensions in any tailor shop at Fredericton. This situation might seem to offer difficultes, but not so to the inventive woodsman. In a moment or so Charlie fished out of his pack a long piece of twine string such as comes useful around camp. We then started in and measured Jack, tying a knot for every measurement. Knot No. 1 meant around the chest, No. 2 up and down along the back, No. 3 across the shoulders, No. 4 midships, No. 5 along his arm, etc. We went on in this way until we had a string full of knots, from which we thought the tailor could figure out a coat, waistcoat and trousers for Jack, all these measurements being recorded by myself on a piece of birch bark in due sequence. It happened that these knots ran down pretty near to the end of the string. Not long after that Adam, who chanced to need a string for something about his sled, cut off a section of our measuring string, and we never could tell whether he cut it off the front end or the hind end of the string. I presume this may, perhaps, make some difference with the proportions of Jack's suit of clothes, but the Fredericton tailor, to whom I delivered the specifications, said he would do the best he could, although I must admit that he looked grieved. I have not heard yet how the suit of clothes came out, although I have a sort of scientific interest in the matter, and hope to be advised at a later date.

We had our wish, the weather had turned out a bit colder by the morning of Christmas day. At half-past eight the sun was not yet up, and there was a soft, gray light illuminating the woods. The boys wanted a photograph of this camp of Henry's, which we had christened "Christmas Camp," and I was lucky enough to get a very good one. Then we shook hands reluctantly with Jack and Joe, and so parted, nor have I seen these two good fellows since.

Hard Sledding on Christmas Day.

Adam, Charlie and I now hit the trail industriously, bound south along Henry's trapping line. We passed through an open hardwood and spruce country, the timber being small and hardly worth cutting. It was a good game country and we struck quite a little moose herd half-way over to the next camp, not to mention caribou tracks, which we had now seen so often that we paid no attention to them. The crust on the snow was better than it had been the day before, but was just

strong enough to allow the sleds to break through sometimes and slue around in the little hollows of the swamps. The two big toboggans were too heavily loaded, for we had left one toboggan at Henry's camp and pulled our stuff down on two sleds. My pack was on Adam's toboggan, and I wished that I had not allowed him to take it, for I could soon see that his load was more than any fellow ought to try to pull. We were all pretty tired when we struck Henry's camp on Logan Lake, and, in fact, this was the hardest work that we had had at any time on the trip. We had covered six miles in getting to this first camp, and it was noon by the time we had our kettle boiled. Then I took my pack off of Adam's sled and did not allow him to have it any more.

We found the next six miles of the trail much easier, and toward the close of the afternoon we struck a mile and a half of nice going on the ice, which came to us as a godsend. This was Gover Lake, as Henry calls it. We were trying our best to make it out to Henry's home camp for Christmas, but we saw that it was an impossibility, and that twelve miles was to be the limit of our travel for that day. We found this camp near Gover Lake a very nice one. We now had plenty of meat, having picked up a quarter of caribou which Henry had said he would leave for us. We got a good rest that night and plenty to eat, which was, perhaps, about as useful a thing as any under the circumstances. A man can go for three or four days on light fare and hard work, but after that he begins to get weak very fast.

So we spent Christmas day of 1901, all of us working like slaves on the trail. Adam said this was the hardest day's work he ever put in on the hunting trail, and he told me that he had never been on any expedition which was quite as tough as this one which we were now undergoing. We all felt perfectly hopeful now, however, for we were on a plain trail, and knew that we were safe and sure to get out without delay. We could not help noticing the change in the country. Around us we caught a glimpse now and then of hillside and lake surface, and could see that the hills were lower, although covered with the same dense black forest growth in which we had been ever since we left the railroad and started up the Tobique waters. Game sign we continued to find just as we had all the way from Nictau Lake. I have never been in any game country in all my life where there was so much sign of game as we saw made by moose and caribou all over this country from Nictau Lake south as fa ras the Crooked Dead Water and Indian Lake.

Good Going.

We left Gover Lake at half-past eight in the morning and soon struck a big lake known as Birch Lake, where we got a lift of a mile and a quarter. Then we came into a level rolling region. We found splendid going this morning, for it had come off much colder in the night. The toboggan trail broken out by Henry and Albert would carry us up without snowshoes part of the way. I went on ahead with my pack and was able to travel much of the time without my snowshoes, so that I made Henry's Birch Lake camp, about four miles, in an hour and ten minutes. I rested here for some time and was about to start on, when the toboggans came in, Adam having stopped to follow up a moose trail at a little distance not far from the camp. We all of us concluded to "boil the kettle" here and have a bite to eat. We each drank a quart or so of good strong tea, and at 10:57 by the watch left for the south, continuing the trail over rolling lowlands, which had been crossed at an earlier time by a lumber road. I was by this time feeling pretty good, and was quite a different man from what I was when I first went in with Uncle Adam far to the north. I had lost about twelve pounds of flesh and was beginning to round to in good shape. I could surely say that snowshoeing was no longer any hardship. So I just thought I would spring a joke on Adam and Charlie, and would go away and leave them on that next four miles which lay between us and Henry's home camp. I hit the trail good and hard, hard enough to throw me into a most profuse perspiration. I supposed that I had a start of about a mile on the other boys, and thought I would go in and get dinner ready for them. At last, in just an hour and eighteen minutes, I sighted a group of low log buildings, in front of which was a man carrying a log of firewood. Him I hailed, and learned that he was Albert, Henry's son-in-law, and that this was indeed the home camp which we had anxiously sought and now reached, albeit a day later than schedule. Albert invited me to come into the house and throw off my pack.

"Where are the other boys?" said he.

"Oh, they're back about a mile on the trail, I reckon," said I.

Just then I looked out of the window and there, coming along under full steam, were Charlie and Adam, fresh as paint and only a couple of hundred yards back of me on the trail! How they did it I am sure I could not tell. My actual walking time for the estimated eight miles was two hours and twenty-eight minutes, and they had done it in pretty much the same time. We weighed the toboggans at the camp and found that one weighed 120 pounds and the other 125 pounds. My pack was a mere trifle, weighing only 25 pounds—a weight that is regarded by the New Brunswick man with absolute contempt.

At the camp we found Charlie Cameron cooking, and we set him to work mighty soon after we got under cover. Henry was out with his "sport"—in New Brunswick any sportsman is always called a "sport"—on a last attempt to get a head of game. His customer was Mr. Arthur S. Phillips, of Fall River, Mass., who had been with him for a month, going in the same day we left Fredericton. Mr. Phillips had seen a great many caribou and had crippled one, but had not yet killed a head of game. The boys said that the caribou were seen almost daily on the big expanse of the Little Southwest Lake, so after lunch Adam and I started out and took a trip of six or eight miles on a caribou hunt of our own in a strange country. We saw a great deal of caribou sign, but the recent thaw and freezing had left the ice so slippery that the caribou seemed for the time to have left the lake. Henry and Mr. Phillips came in that night and reported that they had killed one caribou, with a very indifferent head.

Home of the Big Bores.

Mr. Phillips took me to one side and besought me to advocate in FOREST AND STREAM the abolishment of all small bore rifles. He was shooting a small bore and bemoaning his fate in having lost a caribou which he had shot through the lungs. Here at the camp I saw Henry's famous battery of big bore guns, which Mr. Ireland described not long ago in these columns. Henry's favorite gun, the one given him by Mr. De Pauw, of Indiana, was indeed a corker. It weighed something over eight pounds and had a bore down which a cat might crawl with ease. We accused Henry of loading it with a can of frozen beans when he had nothing better by way of projectile. Now, here we were in the very heart of the big bore people, Adam and I exponents of the small bore, with all kinds of stories of what we had done and could do with the .30-40, and Henry meeting us with an incredulous smile.

"My moose are different down here," said he. Whereat Adam and I openly hoped that we would run across one of his moose and be able to destroy it utterly with a .30-40. As to which more anon, as they say in the story papers. We did feel a little like apologizing to Henry, however, for here I was carrying a small bore rifle, which is a horrible thing in Henry's view; wearing a pair of long-bowed snowshoes, which were anathema in the eyes of both Henry and Adam; and, moreover, with my feet encased in a pair of rubbers instead of moccasins! Henry thinks no snowshoe man ought to wear anything in the woods except a moccasin if he can help it. Adam says that for all kinds of weather the snowshoe pack is better, and I am willing to admit that we would have had wet feet for many a day had we stuck to moccasins. And so we had it around the big stove in Henry's camp; though, I must say, that a more cheerful and better natured set of wranglers never sat together on the same bench or ate out of the same pan of beans with a greater unanimity of action. We had Christmas dinner all over again.

More Caribou Sign.

Time was slipping away and still I had not had my shot. We decided to go out on the following day, which was December 27, for a caribou; so Henry and Adam and I went out for a social little hunt, I carrying the gun and sincerely hoping that we would run across one of the caribou which had been making all the tracks around the country. We saw what seemed to be sign of simply hundreds of caribou along the shores of the Little Southwest Lake and Jack's Lake, over to which we crossed in the morning. The caribou had been tearing up the snow in their pawing operations all over the country, and had we been there a couple of days earlier we certainly should have done business with them. As it was, the freezing up of the lakes had sent them back into the hills for the time—another instance of the bad luck which had followed me in my shooting operations for the past month. We walked eight or ten miles that morning and went back to camp for lunch, not having seen a caribou, though we had seen more tracks than you could shake a stick at. I accused Henry and Adam of each having a trained caribou, which was chartered for the express purpose of chasing around and making all sorts of tracks. All Adam and Henry could do was to grin and ask me to wait a while.

At the Crooked Dead Water.

On that morning Mr. Phillips had gone with Albert over to the next camp southward, where they expected to catch a tote team for Mr. Phillips to take out to the railroad. The latter gentleman had the misfortune to hurt an ankle, so that he found the five or six miles of snowshoeing very much of a hardship. Adam, Henry and I followed across the same trail that afternoon, and made it comfortably in time for an early supper. This camp we found not so spacious and comfortable as Henry's home camp, but more like the smaller trapping shacks on the north end of his trail. This camp Henry calls his Crooked Dead Water camp, and it is located in a famous moose country. At present there are two lumber camps close in together in that region, but this winter ends the lumbering operations, and Henry says that they have helped the country and not hurt it.

Mr. Phillips and Charlie Cameron having taken a team down the Miramichi country, there were left Albert and Henry, Adam and Charlie and myself in the little camp. It was big enough to hold us comfortably. We had lots of blankets, all the meat we could eat and plenty of every other kind of supplies. Henry told me that he stocked his camps about a year ahead, tobogganing the supplies out to the further camps from the end of lumbering team transportation. As near as I could discover, Henry's province was much like Adam's, and while Adam is king of the Tobique, Henry is king of the Miramichi. I don't know of any better kingdom, or, for that matter, of any better kings. They are much to be envied, and so is he who can have a trip with either of them. As to a man having a trip with both of these guides, admittedly the head of their craft, I don't know of anybody who ever did that except myself, thanks to the generosity of Adam and to the no less generosity of Henry, who permitted small-bore, long-shoed, rubber-shod people to come down into his country and chase his pet caribou and moose around.

At Indian Lake.

After our rest at the Crooked Dead Water, we pushed on six miles to Indian Lake, crossing several of the sinuous channels of the big back water made by the lumber dams. The weather was now brilliant, but cold, and the snowshoeing was not bad. Henry said that if we could get to this Indian Lake camp, we would be out of the sphere of influence of the lumbermen, so to speak, and right in the heart of a very good moose range. He said he had hopes to get me a shot at a moose before I left, although we had now only a short time left of the legal season. I knew perfectly well that I was not going to kill a moose, but also knew that I was going to keep on trying until the last minute. As to business and home, I had forgotten that there was such things. I wanted to be a king myself, and own a principality in New Brunswick. In short, I was seized of a swift rebellion, running back to the ancient Western days, and I wanted to run wild again, just for a year or so. As to the moose, Henry said he could show me one, or at least show me the tracks. Then he looked at my small-bore rifle and sighed.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

An Old-Time Game Law.

From the "Laws of Her Majesties Colony of New York," 1691 to 1709.

AN Act for the more effectual Preservation of Deer & other Game, and the Destruction of *Wolves, Wild Cats,* and other Vermine.

Be *it Enacted by the Governour, Council and General Assembly, and by the Authority of the same,* That from and after the Publication hereof, Whatsoever person or persons, Free-man or Slave, Christian or Indian, shall destroy or kill any Wolf or Wolves, or their Whelp or Whelps, any Wild Cat or Wild Cats, their Catling or Catlings, any Fox or Foxes, their Puppy or Puppies, any Squerrils, Crows and Black-birds, or their Young ones, in the Counties of *Suffolk, Queens County* and *Kings County,* shall have and receive as a Reward for each Wolf so destroyed and killed, the Sum of Five Pounds current Money of this Colony; and for every such Whelp under a year old, so destroyed and killed, the Sum of Fifty Shillings current Money afore-said. And for each Wild Cat and Fox, the Sum of Three Shillings; and for each their Catlings, Puppies or Cubs, Eighteen Pence; and for each Squerril Three Pence, and for each Crow, Three Pence; and for every their Young Ones, Two Pence; and for Black-birds after the rate of Four Pence half Penny the dozen, and their young ones, three Pence the Dozen. And that in the County of *Richmond,* for killing Wild Cats, Foxes, Crows and Black-birds and their young Ones, the like Price and Reward above-mentioned.

And for the more effectual payment of the said Rewards, *Be it Enacted* &c. That the same Rules, Courses and Methods, Forfeitures and Penalties be and be used in all and every respect, as are enacted, mentioned and exprest in an Act made in the first year of her Majesty's Reign, entit. *An Act for destroying of Wolves within this Colony.*

And for the Preservation of Deer, and other Game, within the Counties of *Suffolk, Queens County* and *Kings County* aforesaid, *Be it Enacted by the Authority aforesaid,* That whosoever within the Counties last above mentioned, Christian or Indian, Free-man or Slave, after the Publication hereof, shall kill or destroy any Buck, Doe or Fawn, or any sort of Deer Whatsoever, any Wild Turkeys, Heath-Hens, Partridges or Quails, their Eggs or young Ones, at any time of the year, except the times & seasons herein after mentioned and exprest, that is to say, for Deer, between the first Day of *August* and the first Day of *January;* and for Turkeys, Heath-hens, Partridges and Quails, between the first day of *August* & the first day of *April,* shall forfeit and pay for every such Buck, Doe, Fawn or other Deer so killed or destroyed, as aforesaid, the Sum of Thirty Shillings lawful Money of New-York, or in default thereof suffer Imprisonment for the term and space of Thirty Days, without Bail or Mainprize, unless within that time he or they pay the Forfeiture aforesaid; and for every Wild Turkey, Chicken, or Eggs, killed or destroyed, as aforesaid, the Sum of Five Shillings, like current Money aforesaid, or in default thereof suffer Imprisonment for the space of Five Days, as Above-said: And for every Heath-Hen, Partridge or Quail, their Eggs or young Ones so killed or destroyed, as above-said, the Sum of Two Shillings and six Pence, or two Days and one half Imprisonment, as aforesaid: One half of all which Forfeitures shall be to him who shall prosecute and sue for the same before any one of her Majestys Justices of the Peace where such Offence shall be committed, who is hereby Authorized, impowered and required to hear and determine the same, and the other half to the Poor of the respective County where any person or persons shall be of such Offence convicted.

And for the better Convicting of the Offenders in all or any the cases above-said, *Be it Enacted,* &c. That whatsoever person or persons with whom shall be found, or shall expose to sale any green Deer Skins, fresh Venison or Deers Flesh, Wild Turkeys, Heath-hens, Partridges or Quails, their Eggs or young Ones, at any other time of the year then what is before excepted, shall be held, deemed & judged guilty of the said Offence, and be thereof Convict, unless he or they shall prosecute and convict some other person to have done the same; and that the same green Deer Skins, Fresh Venison or Deers Flesh, Wild Turkeys, Heath-hens, Partridges or Quails, their Eggs and young Ones, so found as aforesaid, or any other probable Circumstances, at the Discretion of the Justice before whom such Offence shall be tryed, shall be held to be good Evidence of the Offences afore-said.

And be it further Enacted by the Authority aforesaid, That if any Justice of the Peace shall neglect or refuse to hear and determine any of the cases aforesaid, according to the Rules and Directions before-mentioned, every such Justice of the Peace so neglecting or refusing, as above-said, shall forfeit for every such Neglect or Refusal the Sum of Three Pounds lawful Money of New-York aforesaid, to be recovered in any Court of Record, or other of her Majesties Courts within the same County where such Justice of the Peace doth belong, the one half whereof to him who shall prosecute and sue for the same, and the other half to the Treasurer of the County where the said Offence shall be committed, and prosecution made, to and for the use of the same County. *Provided,* That nothing herein contained is intended, or shall be construed to Repeal or alter one certain Act of Assembly made for the Preservation of Deer, in the year of our Lord 1705,* saving the Forfeiture for Destroying of deer; but the same Act in every other part thereof is hereby confirmed. *Provided always,* That the whole Reward for destroying of Wolves and their Whelps is declared and intended to be only Five Pounds for a grown wolf, and Fifty Shillings for each Whelp in the whole, the said Act made in the first year of her Majestys Reign *for destroying of Wolves* notwithstanding.

* Below is a clause from the Act mentioned:

And be it also Enacted, &c., That Whatsoever Dog or Dogs shall be found hunting or chasing any Buck, Deer or Fawn or any sort of Deer whatsoever, between the said first Day of January and the first Day of August yearly, shall and may be, and hereby are required to be shot and kill'd or otherwise destroyed, any Law to the contrary hereof notwithstanding.

An Early Day Way.

KELLER, Wash., Oct. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A few das ago, in company with a Virginian, I was going to Wilbur for some supplies for the mines, and after crossing the Columbia River, and getting up near Mr. Campbell's orchard, I noticed a flock of birds running along in a trail in the grass on the inside of the fence. At first I thought it was several larks, but they ran so smoothly along, that I looked more closely, and when they came out in plain view, I saw they were quail—regular old Bob Whites. And I cannot recall at any time the sight of any kind of game that gave me the same amount of pleasure that the sight of this little bunch of birds gave. There were twelve—eight Bob Whites and four little Biddies. They were the first live quail I had seen for forty-two years this summer. And they brought back to my memory many pleasant thoughts. I was so much pleased at seeing them, my friend asked how many years since it had been I had seen any, and when I told him forty-two, he looked incredulous. But when I explained to him that it had been as long as that since I had left the Missouri River at Atchison, Kan., he remarked that it was a long time.

After rummaging through my storehouse of memory, I unearthed a leaf that had indelibly stamped on it of the first live quail I ever saw. It was the winter I was seven years old. That winter father moved from the town of Platteville, Wis., to his mill on the Little Platte, and our nearest neighbors, Bowmans, had two boys about the size of my brother and I. Dick, my brother, was two years older than I, and was much stouter. Harm. Bowman was the size of Dick, and Ben was a little bigger than I, but they having been raised in the country, were much better versed in trapping and hunting than we town boys.

Shortly after we moved to the mill we went up and stayed all night with the Bowman boys, and we had a jolly time. The next morning early we went to the straw stack, where the boys had a couple of traps set for quail. Well, when we got in sight of them, they were down, and there was a race to see who could get there first. I tell you we were not long in surrounding one of the traps; Harm. loosened a wedge and moved a top board and put his hand in, and soon drew out a quail. He wrung its neck and threw it down, then he again put his hand in and drew forth another; this one he handed to Dick, who took it and instead of taking it by the neck and wringing its neck till it was broken, he took it by the feet, and after giving it several turns quickly threw it down, or tried to, when there was a whir-r-r, and away went a quail. Mr. Editor, if a picture of that group of boys could have been taken then, it would have been worth copyrighting, to see the sorrow on my face, the disappointment on Dick's and the disgust on the faces of the Bowman boys. As soon as Harm. could speak, he wanted to know what Dick had done, and when Dick told them that he took the bird by the feet and gave it several turns, then threw it down, there was an explosion of wrath and a statement that he would not get the chance to let another bird get away. So the rest of the executions were performed by the Bowman boys, which was a severe blow to our pride. I do not remember just how many birds we got, but there were quite a lot, and when we got to the house and Harm. told his father and mother, and they had a hearty laugh over it, to our discomfiture, and as soon as we could get away after breakfast, we started for home, and when we told father, he laughed more than we thought the case required.

We brought home some figure fours, and set some traps of our own, and it was not long before we had birds to wring, and we knew how to wring them. But these little fellows I saw here were safe, for the days of wringing birds' necks has long since been passed by.

LEW WILMOT.

Enforcing the Game Laws in Massachusetts.

BOSTON, Oct. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It would appear that some strenuous work in the enforcement of game laws in the old Bay State may be expected this autumn, if one may judge by what has already been accomplished. Without attempting to go into details, it may interest the readers of FOREST AND STREAM to mention a few instances which will indicate the forcefulness of the work that is being carried on and which is now apparently at full swing.

One of the neatest bits of detective work accomplished was performed just before the opening of the hunting season. Complaint of probable snaring at Middleton was received by the Fish and Game Commission, and Deputy Thomas L. Burney, of Lynn, was detailed to investigate the matter. He soon located the snares and reported the fact at headquarters. Immediately telegrams were sent to Deputies Nixon at Gloucester, Luman at Palmer and Shea at Ware to co-operate with Burney. This was Friday morning. That evening the four officers were at Middleton. Saturday morning they were out at 2 o'clock, and after a hasty lunch were off for the location of the snares at 2:30 A. M. It was a raw morning, with the chill of a coming storm in the air, and lying still in the brush hour after hour under such circumstances was anything but comfortable; it certainly needed the spur of official zeal and devotion to duty to make the conditions endurable.

Dividing into two parties, two men in each group, the deputies concealed themselves at some little distance apart along the line of snares, so they would be sure to intercept any one who might come to attend the devices, from whichever direction he might arrive. The hours dragged wearily; the chill fall winds soughed through the covers, and aching and stiffened muscles made it exceedingly trying to remain motionless. But their patience and endurance were finally rewarded.

About 9 o'clock Benjamin F. Gould, reputed to be an old offender, came into view, and began to examine the snares and to reset those which had been sprung. As he arose from setting a snare, he was astounded to see Burney and Luman, who had quietly approached while his attention was temporarily diverted. He was taken completely by surprise, as was evidenced by his ejaculations. When, however, he was told he was under arrest, he broke and ran, but was soon brought up all standing—or rather all in a tumble, for he was unceremoniously caught and thrown to the ground.

Two snared partridges were found on Gould, and considering he was not only snaring, but was prosecuting his nefarious work out of the hunting season, all interested in the protection of game hoped he would get the full penalty of the law. Much disappointment was felt, therefore, when the judge fined him only $20 instead of $60, which many felt he deserved, especially as this penalty was fixed by law. Nevertheless, the effect of this arrest and conviction was excellent in the locality, and it is doubtful if any other would-be pot-hunter in that section of the State will take the risk of engaging in snaring this fall.

As soon as Gould was safely landed in Middleton and placed in charge of the local police, the deputies "took to the woods" again, chiefly for the purpose of gathering the snares as material for evidence at the trial. Meanwhile the storm had begun, and rain fell steadily, driving into the faces of the game wardens and soon drenching them to the skin. But they were not swerved from their purpose, and after miles of tramping over the soggy rain-filled ground and through dripping underbrush, they returned to the hotel at Middleton. They were soaking wet, it is true, tired beyond question, and faint from hunger (for they ate nothing from their early morning lunch until 4:30 P. M.), but they had the pride and satisfaction of having done their full duty, regardless of adverse circumstances, and of having "the stuff for evidence" to take before the court next day.

Mention should not be omitted of the fact that Mr. J. Russell Reed, the widely known President of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, volunteered to prosecute this case, thereby evidencing his public spirit and interest in the protection of game. But Gould plead guilty, and no active prosecution was necessary.

The Fish and Game Commissioners have been doing some very vigorous work recently. Twelve arrests for Sunday hunting were made on Oct. 19; another for having short lobsters in possession the next day, and I learn that another snarer has been caught red-handed this morning, with a partridge on him, and is now in the lock-up at New Bedford awaiting trial to-morrow. Except for the fact that the first two Sundays since the hunting season opened were stormy, it is probable many other Sunday hunters would have felt the pinch of the law. Even as it was, four transgressors were caught in one locality on Sunday, Oct. 12, and all were convicted and fined.

Many Italians have been captured and convicted for shooting insectivorous birds, and the reprehensible practice of shooting anything that flies, regardless of law, has received a decided check.

BAY STATE.

T End of Jerry.

An Incident of the Night in the Shasta Mountains, Told by Ransacker in the Sacramento Bee.

JIM W. differed from the Father of his Country in one especial attribute. Whereas, inasmuch as the latter could not tell a lie, it was equally impossible for Jim to tell anything else. He was thought to have been a native of Georgia, but it is only safe to say that he was a native of one of the Southern States. He made very improbable estimates as to the wealth of his parents and the number of negroes they owned, and would give descriptions of his early life and surroundings absurdly incompatible. Claiming to have never known what physical labor meant, he knew and practiced little else; pretending to have been reared in luxury and refinement, in reality he knew nothing of either; and alleging to have been possessed of every advantage in his young days, he could neither write his name nor spell the large words on a flour sack. Ignorance was his main fault, however, for in other respects he was trustworthy, and thoroughly reliable in everything except what he said.

It was simply an impossibility for Jim to make a declaration, a plain statement, answer a question, or respond to a query on the square. When questioned regarding any subject, even if the answer implied was simply "yes" or "no," he would either give the adverse response, affix a preamble or attach a sequel wherein he was sure to introduce a most astounding improbability or elaborate lie. Being fond of hunting, he spent a good portion of his time in the mountains with his rifle, and as slang expresses it, he could "talk a man's arm off" regarding his exploits. His anecdotes were oddly characteristic of himself, and he made his most ponderous statements in a modest, apologizing, good-natured way, which held his hearers in silent suspense, as he proceeded, and left them limp and stupefied when he ended. It would be impossible to successfully repeat any of his startling narratives, but I recall an instance in which Jim's exaggeration of facts led to a catastrophe that afflicted him very seriously. He lived alone in a log cabin in the hills (alone, excepting his dog and a very large cat that he called Jerry), and employed himself in mining a little in his almost exhausted placer diggings, and in hunting. Jerry was his most valued possession, excepting, perhaps, his gun. Jerry was the hero of many an astonishing anecdote, and Jim claimed that he was superior to any dog, either in scenting and actually "pointing" deer or in tracking a wounded one. It was really known that the big gray cat trotted along at his heels, following with the dog, when Jim went hunting. It transpired that Jim came, as was his custom occasionally, to spend a few days at B. Ranch, some three miles from his home. He brought his dog and left Jerry the cat as he supposed to stay at home. We had four dogs at the ranch, and when Jim's dog came he enticed them into hunting at night, at which times they yelled up and down the creek, frequently treeing coons, foxes, etc. When we knew them to be in easy distance we would take guns and go to kill whatever they might have treed. Jim talked a great deal of a panther he knew to be in the neighborhood, and one night he rushed in as we were about to retire, with the information that the dogs had the California lion. He had heard its cries and knew the dogs had him treed, finally claiming to have seen it himself. Though incredulous, Jackson and myself concluded to go; so, lighting a lantern, and loading the shotgun (somewhat), we set out, accompanied by Jim. The night was very dark, and the dogs were baying down the creek at a point we knew to be in dense brush. The dogs barked very excitedly, and as we approached we heard howls from them, indicating that whatever they had it was not to be trifled with. The tree was densely hung with wild grapevines, and the dogs were panting and snarling underneath. Occasionally, by the light of the lantern, a shadow would be seen to descend the tree, and immediately a dog would rush out of the vines with a unearthly howl; then the apparent shadow would reascend, and the dog would charge back again, wilder still with rage. We began to think it was the lion. Jim was sure it was, and he euthusiastically cheered the dogs on, and instructed me to fire the next time the shadow appeared—to fire both barrels and shoot sure. Accordingly, seeing the leaves move, and the object apparently about to descend, I fired. I fired both barrels. We had intended to put large loads in the gun, and I rather think we did. I am under that impression. I accomplished a double-back somersault as the boys do in the circus, and then I thought I fell to pieces. Under the excitement, I reassembled myself somehow, and rushed forward to see how matters stood at the front. Well, after the explosion there was heard a "dull thud"—so Jackson said (intimating that he meant nothing personal), and the dogs pounced upon the lion. Jackson held the lantern, and Jim hissed the dogs. The lion was evidently done for, and Jim was hilarious; so after letting the dogs "have him" for some time, and ascertaining that he was inanimate, he cautiously reached in, grasped the lion's tail, and carefully dragged it out of the vines, chuckling with delight. He lifted it by the tail, saying that it had a mighty long tail—held it in the light of the lantern, and then his visage paled, his countenance fell, the tail dropped from his unnerved hand, and he exclaimed: "It's Jerry, by criminy!" Sad to relate, it was the big gray cat Jerry, and riddled with buckshot, he was a hopeless case. Beyond any possibility of a doubt Jerry was a dead cat. Even the dogs seemed ashamed of themselves; and Jim's dog in particular slunk away and was invisible for two days. We marched home under an oppressive silence until Jim volunteered the expression that it was "too bad," and that he "might 'a' node it was Jerry; he was alwus ruff on dogs." Then he added, as his irrepressible mood revived, "But didn't he make the fur fly on them dogs, though! I've node him to lick more'n a thousand dogs! Once when I was gwine"—but it was a long yarn.

Maine Moose.

BOSTON, Oct. 25.—Moose are coming into the Boston markets. The way is open, and nothing is done to stop the shipments. A man with a moose in charge comes right along with no other questions asked than, "Who claims the moose?" the usual interrogation at Bangor. At other stations no questions whatever are asked. On the train, or at the American Express office, the shipper simply has to direct to what firm in the market the moose or deer shall be taken. The next day, or a day or two after, according to previous understanding, the man who brought the moose appears at the commission house and claims the pay for the animal. What could be easier? Is market-hunting to be carried on in such a fashion till all the big game in Maine is exhausted? Four moose I have already seen in the markets here. If one of them was not killed several days before the open sesaon—Oct. 15—then a bad state of decay is no indication. In this case the buyer of the moose threw up the bargain, when he found the state the venison was in, and will demand his money back from the commission house. In another case a man came through with a moose, claiming that he shot it himself. It cost a good deal to get him to the railway station. Then the express to Boston was not less than $2 per hundred pounds, the American Express Company controlling the shipment of moose and deer, so that they cannot be sent as freight. The man was a good deal disappointed when he found that his moose was sold for ten cents per pound. It weighed a trifle over 400 pounds, and did not pay well for bringing to Boston. One antler was a long forked horn, with a single prong. The other was fairly palmated.

Messrs. W. T. Farley, P. R. Spaulding, O. C. Ward and T. S. Tellett are just out of the woods from a moose hunt. They gave a moose dinner at the Westminster Thursday evening to a few invited guests.

BOSTON, Oct. 27.—The big game record at Bangor is great; for the week, 630 deer and 45 moose. This is the biggest week on record at that point, and other sections are showing up about as well. For the season the record is 1,192 deer and 45 moose; last year 1,076 deer and 46 moose; same time in 1890, 1,000 deer and 56 moose. Boston sportsmen are coming home with good records; at least we hear of the good records, but nothing of the failures. It is certain that the number of hunters who have been to Maine thus far is greater than ever. Word came from Enfield, Me., Saturday, from A. M. Darling, that A. L. Brett, of Boston, had left for home with a moose weighing 897 pounds, the first and largest from that section for the season. It took four days to get the monster out of the woods. R. W. Thain also had a large buck deer. John W. Connelly and P. W. Barber, of Newark, N. J., have taken out moose from the Rangeley region. They were shot somewhere above Eustis. Boston hunters who have brought home deer for the week from the Rangeley region are B. N. Kenney, Miss A. M. Davis, J. W. Long and Frank Vickery. W. M. Palmer, of Boston, and his sister Alta Palmer, and his brother George Palmer, who have been hunting in the Machias region, have had good success. The other morning Mr. Palmer started out from camp early and soon encountered a big bull moose. He fired upon him, but the moose charged upon the hunter, and it took another shot to stop him when he was altogether too near for safety. Commissioner L. T. Carleton reports that he found a case of illegal moose killing at the camp of Dr. D. A. McLeod. It was a lumber clerk who confessed, and is to pay a fine of $500 and costs. Mr. Carleton says that the law which permits of the killing and using of not more than two deer in a season at any one lumber camp is being grossly violated. Who ever knew of such a law being obeyed?

It has been the rule at most lumber camps for nearly every man to have a rifle, and most of them hunt Sundays; each, claiming, under the law, his right to two deer in a season. These deer are used at the camps at more or less of a profit to the captors.

The celebrated Indianapolis party about whom so much has been said in Maine game law discussions, has left Jackson, taking 21 deer. Five were used in camp as food, and one was spoiled by warm weather. This is a much smaller number than represented in the arguments for a license law last year, when speakers would have us believe that the party killed two or three hundred; a gross exaggeration.

Vermont hunters are getting some deer this season. Mr. E. C. Stevens and Geo. H. Childs, of Boston, are out for a hunt of several days in Salisbury, in the vicinity of Lake Dunmore. They brought out two handsome bucks, of which they are very proud.

Shore-bird shooting has been disappointing at Chatham. The best bag of the season is credited to Charles Woodman, getting 62 large birds in one day. Although the duck-shooting season has opened there, but few black ducks have been taken. Quail shooting along the Cape is good, and Boston gunners go down most every day. Small Point, off Saguin, and near the mouth of the Kennebec River, is a celebrated place for bird shooting. It is controlled by a club. A party of owners and invited guests returned from shooting there last week. In the party were ex-Mayor James Gould, of Chelsea; Freeman Low, Thurber Adams, Grant Adams, E. N. Cook, and Joseph Mitchell. They found only fair shooting, although the Point is exceedingly favorable; jutting out into the sea, so that flights are easily caught in range. Their biggest day was 24 coot. Black duck were also obtained in considerable numbers. Partridge and woodcock shooting was fair on shore. Mr. Freeman Low is 79 years old, a long-time member of the club, was every morning at the blinds in season, and had fair success in shooting, though his hand is scarcely as steady as years ago. SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 25.—Our backward spring and wet summer have turned off into a very beautiful fall, and during the past week the weather has been as lovely for outdoor purposes as the heart of man could desire. We have had moonlight nights and light warm rains, conditions perfect for the last flight of jacksnipe from the north. A few jacksnipe have been noticed around the Goose Island preserve along the Kankakee River in Illinois for the past ten days, and the country along the Fox River up toward Fox Lake has also reported a small flight; while from Wisconsin points such as Koshkonong, Horicon, Winneconne, etc., the snipe have been in for a couple of weeks in fairly good numbers, though only waiting for a cold storm before dropping down to the wintering grounds of the south.

Mr. C. C. Hess, of this city, goes to Goose Lake Club preserve to-day for a try at ducks and snipe. He says that quite a number of ducks have been reported for the last four days around the preserve grounds.

Mr. O. von Lengerke and his friend, Mr. Oscar Kausche, leave this afternoon for a little snipe hunt in upper Illinois on the Fox River.

Mr. Eddic Bingham reports that he killed a couple of hundred ducks on Lake Koshkonong on his trip to the old homestead about two weeks ago. Most of these birds were small, deep-water ducks, and the smaller marsh ducks, but the big deep-water ducks were coming in at the time he left, and have since then appeared in good numbers.

Canvasback ducks are reported this week in some numbers on Fox Lake, Wis., also on Poygan Lake, with redheads and bluebills in even greater quantities.

Dr. H. C. Buechner, of Horicon Club, Wis., starts from Chicago to-day for a try on the old-time Horicon marsh, which he thinks from all reports will be good for the next few days.

Reports from Lake Senachwine, Swan Lake, and the lower Illinois country, say that the flight which was in there the first of the present week has within the last three days disappeared, and the club pushers think that the birds have gone on south. The weather remains bright, fair and warm all over that part of the State.

At Tolleston Club the customary abundance of ducks prevails under the system of feeding and nursing which has so long obtained in those privileged waters.

The Northwest.

The northern flight has been in over North Dakota and Minnesota for some days, and the next ten days ought to see pretty nearly the cream of it. South Dakota is not so good as North Dakota or Minnesota this year. The latter State can offer better duck shooting now than it could fifteen years ago, and North Dakota still continues with an enormous supply of wildfowl which, by every reason in the world, ought before this to have been exhausted.

The Saginaw Crowd had good luck on their trip to Dakota this month, the date of their start having been mentioned earlier. They went in at Dawson and found it as usual overrun with hunters, although there was lots of water this year and a consequent abundance of ducks. They met fair warm weather, Indian summer, which, of course, was not ideal for ducking purposes, though very pleasant for the purposes of a general good time. Mr. W. B. Mershon and Mr. George Morley made a side trip for a couple of days and located a new lake, of which they think pretty well. The party may visit this new lake next year. A good many sharp-tailed grouse and prairie chickens seem to have appeared around Dawson this fall, and my informant states that he is sure there are some cross-bred birds between these two species of prairie grouse. The car party had no dogs along, but a party could usually take a team and pick up a dozen or two birds any day by just driving along and scaring them up.

These Dawson lakes furnish some good food for deep-water duck, such as the canvasback, and this perhaps accounts for the fact that there were more canvasbacks than marsh ducks in the Dawson country ten days ago. Not very many mallards were seen, though there were quantities of teal and spoonbills. The Saginaw party were unlucky in their goose hunting this year, and did not kill a single goose, which is the first time that they have failed to do so. This was their twentieth annual trip, and all of the gentlemen are willing to place it on the record of the successes hitherto unbroken. They state that there is very little grain being raised around Dawson now, and the country is going into stock raising. This will not help the goose shooting, but will keep the country wild and unbroken, which will work beneficially in regard to the grouse and ducks in all likelihood.

Dr. W. L. Baum, of this city, returned last week from a successful trip to Stump Lake, N. D. He reports that he and a party killed 187 canvasbacks beside other ducks. He is reported to have said that he and two other guns killed ninety-six canvasbacks in one day. He is reported also to have offered ducks for the table of some of his friends at the Union Restaurant, of this city. Of course he did not bring these ducks from North Dakota, for the law of that State prohibits taking birds out of the State.

Illinois Quail.

We do not talk of Indiana quail shooting now ,but of Illinois quail shooting, since the Indiana license law has placed that State in the category of things not mentioned in polite society. In the lower part of Illinois the quail crop is undeniably less than it has been at any time for the last three or four years. It will not be a big quail year, and shooters will have to work more than heretofore. Yet there will be quail enough for good sport, enough to quite open the eyes of any shooter from the East who is not accustomed to putting up a dozen or twenty bevies of quail in a day's tramp.

Western Men and Eastern Big Game.

I have already mentioned at different times the growing tendency of sportsmen of the Middle West to turn eastward for their big-game hunting, rather than toward the West. Mention was made of the success of Mr. M. T. De Pauw, of New Albany, Ind., on his moose hunt on the Miramichi in New Brunswick this fall. Mr. Robert Allen, of Fredericton, N. B., writes me that this head is undoubtedly one of the largest ever seen at Fredericton. Mr. Flewelling, of the Crown Lands Office, measured this head and reports the antlers' spread as 62½ inches. The extreme point of the right hand antler had been broken off, otherwise the head would have gone at least 64½ inches. The left antler measures 41 inches in the web, carries 21 points, and has a blade 18 inches wide. Mr. De Pauw was in for a month with Uncle Henry Braithwaite, and it hardly need be stated that he came out a big-bore convert. It required two shots of a .577 rifle to bring this big moose to his knees. The animal measured 7 feet 4 inches from foot to top of shoulder. The head will be mounted in New York. Mr. De Pauw also got a handsome caribou to his own gun, and he was the fortunate recipient of a very valuable present from Uncle Henry, a mammoth pair of interlocked caribou horns which the latter found on the Graham Plains last spring. One of these caribou antlers is the largest ever taken out of New Brunswick and would compare favorably with the best Alaska specimens. The antlers are rib-shaped, and have no less than forty-seven prongs and points, some of them over a foot in length. Uncle Henry says the carcasses had been partly eaten up by bears when he found them, but it was plain that the smaller horns had belonged to the larger animal, and this animal had evidently taken the aggressive, as its horns were fast locked in those of the other. Braithwaite was offered $100 for the pair of antlers, but preferred to give them away for nothing, which is very much like Uncle Henry.

Messrs. Mason Benner and B. H. Mast, of Dayton, O., are two other Western hunters to try New Brunswick. They were in at Clearwater with B. Norrad. Each secured a fine moose, Mr. Benner's head measuring 57 inches in spread. They go from Fredericton to Brownville, Me., to have a little deer hunting. I fancy they will not find it hardly so safe deer hunting as it was moose hunting in New Brunswick.

Among others who have been lucky in New Brunswick, are Mr. F. W. Tolles, of Naugatuck, Conn., who hunted on Rocky Brook with Daniel Munn as guide, and got a good moose. This head measured 60¾ inches, the antlers being better matched than those of the De Pauw head.

George and Coleman Carnegie, nephews of Andrew Carnegie, are still out on the Taxis River, with Billy Griffin for guide. A Philadelphia gentleman whose name is unknown went up the Nashwaak with Tom Pringle last week in search of moose.

Dr. D. W. Green, of Dayton, O., was also in with B. Norrad, and was lucky enough to kill his moose and caribou again, repeating his feat of last season. Dr. Green made a good impression in New Brunswick, and they are anxious to have him come back for his third trip.

On the whole, the New Brunswick season has been a record breaker. There has been a big influx of American sportsmen, according to Mr. Allen, of the Fredericton Tourist Association, and their success has been phenomenal. Over forty moose heads had come into Fredericton at the date of Oct. 17, and this represented only the heads from the Southwest Miramichi district. All the Tobique and northern heads go out over the Canadian Pacific without coming through Fredericton. This latter is Adam Moore's territory. The latter thoroughbred came out Sept. 30 by way of Bathurst with the Messrs. Foote, each of them having a fine moose. Adam returned at once with three Hartford graduates, one of them a Chicago man whose name I do not get at this writing.

So much, then, for FOREST AND STREAM'S principle of protection, good laws and good enforcement. New Brunswick is surely old enough and much hunted enough. When you see Chicago men and Ohio men starting to New Brunswick for a big-game hunt, you may be sure there is a mighty good reason for that. The reason is that they are practically sure of getting what they go after. The reason that they may be thus certain exists in the fact that the game of New Brunswick is protected in fact, and not merely in name, as is the case in the United States. E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

In a Canyon.

ONE day while crossing the Rocky Mountains in the spring of 1872, in company with our guide and a Navajo Indian, after supper, which we had rather earlier than usual, I stepped to one side to view a large cañon or gulch which was on our right. While peering down in the gloom I saw two strange objects moving about in the bottom of the cañon. After my eyes became accustomed to the semi-darkness in the gulch, I made out the strange beings to be a man and woman perfectly nude. The bodies seemed to be covered with hair, and by their actions I made out that they were in quest of frogs and bugs for food, as by carefully watching I saw the female put some wriggling thing into her mouth, which I supposed to be either a lizard or frog. They did not know that they were being watched. I made a slight noise, which attracted their attention. They both suddenly looked up at me, gazed for a second in startled surprise, then disappeared like lightning.

Relating what I had seen to my companion, the guide, who is an old man and had followed the occupation of guide for several years, proceeded to tell us a tale about these creatures, the sum and substance of which is about this: Ten or twelve years before a party of emigrants had attempted to cross the mountains at this particular place. The weather being severely cold, it was supposed that the whole party perished, all but a man and woman, who survived, but so great was their sufferings that they became mentally deranged, and have wandered about the mountains ever since like the rest of the wild beasts by which they are surrounded. Some time back a party of gentlemen, with the assistance of Indians, tried to capture them, but all in vain, as they hid in some of the many caves which abound in this part of the mountains, and the search was useless.

I had a greater curiosity to visit the part of the gulch in which I had seen these wild people, and after traveling some distance down the mountains, I discovered a place by which I could descend to the bottom. The rest of the party decided to wait until I could explore the gulch to my satisfaction, but none of them seemed to care to accompany me. After traveling up the gulch for some distance and turning a sudden bend, I saw both these poor creatures not fifty yards distant. I had a good opportunity to observe their actions. The man was stretched full length upon a rock; his body, like that of the female, seemed to be grown over with hair; his face was hideous and repulsive in the extreme and baffles description. The woman was amusing herself by digging in the ground with a small stick as she sat cross-legged upon the ground. Her hair was exceedingly long and black, and her face looked as though it had never come in contact with soap and water. After looking at them until I was satisfied, the question suggested itself to me, should I quietly withdraw and not disturb them, or let myself be seen. I stepped from behind the rock which had concealed me, into full view. No sooner did they see me than the woman gave a piercing scream, which echoed down the gulch, and springing to her feet, with her long hair streaming in the wind, they disappeared in the mouth of a cave. J. W. DRANE.

New York State Law vs. Game.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Oct. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I note what you and others have to say as to the disappearance of the woodcock, and I am greatly interested, not only in the woodcock, but the quail and the partridge. Why do you not stand to your Plank, viz., of closing the market to them, at least for a period of years?

Many with whom I have discussed this subject believe that the closing of the market, and that what birds are left will do the rest. Close it for the ducks and snipe, and we will have practically no spring shooting.

We who shoot for the recreation know that we do not deplete the supply to any appreciable extent. I believe I know pretty nearly the scores of all those in this city who shoot for the sport; and I also have quite definite information concerning those who shoot for the dollars and cents they get for their birds, and the scores of these persons will very much more than equal the entire lot taken by the former class.

Those of us who have votes should see to it at once that our respective Senators and Assemblymen know our wishes; and we should insist upon a pledge from each as to their support of legislation on the lines above indicated.

Governor Odell, I regret to say, recommended and had passed very injurious legislation; I would rather refer to his bill for bonding of game during the close season. Especially when you learn that but seven or eight concerns in the entire State gave bonds. Are the others not selling illegally as in former years? The Governor's veto of the Williams bill, to prohibit the sale of grouse, was and is indefensible.

For three years the State of Massachusetts has had a non-sale law as to woodcock, quail and grouse, and residents of that State declare it a great success; and that these game birds have increased to a surprising extent, and the Game Commissioners of that State also report the same very pleasing results, and why should not the great State of New York try it?

Fellow sportsmen, see that your candidates for Senate and Assembly are right on this very important subject to us. It wrongs no one. J. R. F.

Where Bears are Dangerous.

THE Altoona (Pa.) Times records: "Howard Tobias, a former clerk in the freight depot at Hollidaysburg, who is now engaged in the grocery business at Everett, Pa., met with a serious accident last week. While returning from delivering goods at Tatesville, the horse he was driving frightened at a bear and ran off. The wagon struck the side of a bridge and Mr. Tobias was thrown down a depth of about twenty feet, his face striking a huge rock, his jaw was fractured, three teeth knocked out, and he received a number of other minor injuries on the body. He is a brother of Mrs. George Brennaman, of this place."

The Adirondack Man Killings.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A letter from the Adirondacks states that snow fell there last Monday afternoon. This reminds me of Adirondack interests and of some in particular which I do not remember having seen mentioned in your columns. I refer to the relation between the present game laws and the killing of men by mistake. Just after one of the sad tragedies early this fall, I met an old resident on a mountain road. Commenting on the shooting he said: "We didn't use to kill so many men in the old days when hounding was allowed. I tell you Mr. —— they have got things down altogether too fine."

A few days later I mentioned this remark to one of the most intelligent guides in the Adirondacks, and he replied: "That's so. In the old times shooting a man was almost unheard of, while since the present anti-hounding law went into effect about one hundred and fifty people have been shot in the Adirondacks by mistake for deer." He had been keeping tally of the reported shootings in the five years with that result. He said not all the shootings were fatal, but thought the majority were, and added: "I submit that the lives of these people killed by mistake were of more value than all the deer in the Adirondacks."

Might it not be well for some of the overwise legislators to consider such facts as these? And should not both candidates and voters in the present campaign remember that eternal vigilance is the price of——our forests in the Adirondacks?"

Any State officer whose course is subservient to the lumber interests there is recreant to a public trust. At least that is the opinion of JUVENAL.

Long Island Shooting.

BAYPORT, L. I., Oct. 27.—The ducking season opened here under very favorable conditions, the weather being all that could be desired. More than the average parties were out battery shooting from the neighborhood, and good bags were made, one gun bagging sixty-five ducks, and several others from twenty-five to forty each the first day. They are mostly broadbills, though several redheads have been included in the bag. I was out Saturday with guide Le Roy Still, and the number of ducks in the bay would have to be seen to be credited, for so many never have been known here at one time. Enormous flocks from a quarter to half a mile in length were a common sight. Though as yet they are rather wild, our bag for the day was twenty-four broadbills, one readhead, one coot. In a tramp through the woods the other day, I came on several coveys of quail, and have learned since that they have done exceptionally well this season. Gentlemen coming here after Nov. 1, from present prospects and weather permitting, will have no cause to regret their visit. HENRY STOKES.

Adirondack Moose and Elk.

THE State of New York having liberated several moose and elk in the Adirondack forests, notice is hereby given that the killing of these animals is prohibited by law; and that the penalty of $200 for killing an elk, and $350 for killing a moose, will be promptly enforced.

The same penalties will be enforced where any person or party is found with a part of portion of said animals in his or their possession. By order of

THE FOREST, FISH AND GAME COMMISSION.

Albany, N. Y.

Nothing for Himself.

"How much do you want for your services?" asked the amateur sportsman.

The guide noted the way his would-be employer handled his gun, and was thoughtful.

"Nothin' fer me," he answered at last. "It don't look to me like I'd need nothin' by the time you're through with me. But you'll have to take out an insurance policy on me in favor of my wife an' children afore I'll go."—Chicago Evening Post.

A Matter of Marksmanship.

Shotwell—Didn't you ever go shooting?

Sportless—Never in my life.

Shotwell—You don't know what you've missed.—Indianapolis News.

A Joke of the Year 1859.

IT is said that the hogs in Iowa have such long noses that the settlers employ them to plow the fields. The practice is to bury a corn cob on one side of the lot and place the hog opposite to it on the other side, when the porker scenting it, immediately digs his snout into the soil, and pressing forward turns a furrow equal to that made by the best plow right up to the cob. If a stump should lie in the direct road the Iowa hog does not hesitate, or work around it, but splits it open with his snout and goes on. This is following the nose to some purpose. —Porter's Spirit of the Times, Jan. 15, 1859.

In a prostscript to a note from Mrs. Carlyle to John Forster in 1849, the following incident is related: "I forgot to tell you I have got a little dog, and Mr. C. has accepted it with an amiability. To be sure, when he comes down gloomy in the morning, or comes in wearied from his walk, the infatuated little beast dances round him on its hind legs as I ought to do and can't; and he feels flattered and surprised by such unwonted capers to his honor and glory." That Carlyle's "amiability" soon grew to something very like affection for the dog is shown by what he wrote of its death eleven years later: "I could not have believed my grief then and since would have been the twentieth part of what it was—nay, that the want of him would have been to me other than a riddance. Our last midnight walk together (for he insisted on trying to come), January 31, is still painful to my thought. 'Little dim-white speck, of Life, of Love, of Fidelity and Feeling, girdled by the Darkness as of Night Eternal.'"

Sea and River Fishing.

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

A Pearl River Camp.—II.

WE managed to preserve the dignity due such a momentous occasion until out of town, but then as the sun peeped up over the horizon disclosing all the beauties of "a day in June" in a semi-tropical country, we could no longer contain ourselves. Each house passed was saluted with three cheers and a tiger, until we became too hoarse to cheer, and then the big gun was fired as often as a man to serve it could be found. The good-natured colored man who drove us, entered heartily into the fun, adding a fine imitation of the rebel yell to our cheers. We wound up our noisy celebration with a yell all together, and an unusually heavy charge from the old gun, which we kindly allowed the driver to fire. It kicked him out of his seat, and forcibly reminded him of the fact that the road was getting sandy and heavy, and all hands should get out and walk. Our legs used up our surplus energy from that time until our arrival at the point selected for our camp on Long Lake.

It was high noon by the sun, but long past by our appetites, when we pulled up on a high flat bank of the lake near a cool spring in a grove of cypress and live oaks. Dinner for all hands was the first thing in order, and was eaten from our basket, under protest, as it was not in keeping with our preconceived ideas of camp propriety to eat home prepared provisions entirely, at any meal in camp.

We had allowed ourselves to be persuaded by the home folks into bringing—what we considered—an unconscionable supply of prepared food, quite enough, we thought, to last the entire week. We had vigorously rebelled against the suggestion, but as it was strenuously urged, had finally agreed that if we did have to carry provisions, it was optional with us as to whether we preferred home or camp cooking to eat, and once settled in camp, could do as we pleased. Dinner over and the horses rested and fed, we started our team back, with instructions to the driver to return the following Saturday for us.

"Now for fishing," said Jim, making a dive into the pile of plunder in search of tackle. He was promptly seconded by Will, but Walter and I issued an immediate and vigorous protest. We insisted that our camp should be built—we had no tent—before anything else was done.

It was a task to get them at it, but once started they worked well, and by mid-afternoon our home was done and we were ready to set up tent-keeping—we would have scorned to call it housekeeping. We had built what lumbermen call a shake-down or shack, and a very good one it was, considering we were boys, and on our first camp. It was 5½ feet high in front, with a sloping roof, which was about 2½ feet in the rear. Thickly covered with green twigs and limbs, the roof effectually kept off heavy dews, and was a sufficient protection from the light summer showers that might be expected. Nails driven thickly in the two front posts furnished pegs to hang our clothing and small articles on, and a couple of forked sticks set firmly in the ground near the rear end of the tent, made a very safe and convenient gun rack.

Our fire was built immediately in front of the shack, so that in the evening we could sit under shelter and yet be near its welcome light and warmth. It was about four o'clock when the shelter was completed to our entire satisfaction, and then Walter proposed that we rig up some rope pulleys on a convenient tree and draw our two baskets of provisions up out of the reach of any prowling hogs that might be around, so that our store would be safe during our absence, but Jim and Will mutinied and vowed that they would not do any more work of any kind until they had entered upon the real business of the expedition, which was fishing, so off we went to the lake, leaving the baskets of provisions sitting on the ground floor of our domicile.

Hastily collecting our tackle, we rushed down to where the boat was tied, each trying to be first. Jim won, and jumping into the boat, heedless of the three inches of water in the bottom, made his way to the middle seat, where, after one glance into the fish box, he turned and fled back to the bank, shouting that somebody had bored the boat full of holes.

Indignant and excited we rushed to the boat, which we quickly pulled up so as to permit of careful examination, and found Jim's excitement caused by a boarded up fish box, built in the center of the boat, with perforated bottom.

This ingenious contrivance was a revelation to all save Walter, but when he had explained it to us Will and I, boy like, shouted and howled in the most derisive manner at Jim for his mistake, which might have been either of ours if he had not outstripped us in the race for the boat. We soon got to fishing, and Jim wiped out his humiliation by catching the first fish, a bream of ½-pound weight. We were fishing for bream, as the only bait available was our roaches, and no other fish would bite at them. Our outfits were long, light cane poles, fine silk or grass lines, a quill for a float, a B.B. shot and a very small fine hook. This light tackle made it great sport to catch this game fish that ran from ½ pound to 1½ pounds in weight.

We paddled slowly along, well out in the water, and fished in toward the bank. The fish bit well and we kept busy. Frequently two of us would be pulling in a fish at the same time. It was glorious sport, and no suggestion was made to quit until the lengthening shadows warned us that the sun was down and it would soon be dark. Arrived at the landing, we secured the boat and proceeded to put up our tackle and count out the fish. Will going on up to camp to build a fire and have things ready for a fish supper. A few moments after his departure we heard him shouting in a most excited manner, and then came the sound of five shots in rapid succession. Dropping everything we rushed to the rescue, believing that our companion had been attacked by some one or something.

He was standing near the camp holding the smoking revolver in his hand, from which the shots had been fired, and it took but a glance to see what had caused his excitement. The semi-wild hogs that roamed the swamps had found our camp during our absence and had raided it.

The generous supply of good things put up by the home folks for our enjoyment had been effectually disposed of, and apparently appreciated. Breads, jellies, preserves, cooked ham and tongue, cheese, butter and cakes had been eaten, or walked over until destroyed. A careful search revealed that, of the clothes basket and large market basket of good things, there remained but a small side of bacon, torn and trampled, a small bag of salt and half a sack of corn meal torn in several places, and badly mussed up. To say that there was consternation in the camp is but a mild statement of the case. The utter loss of these, heretofore undesirable, provisions, together with further calamity that our bedding, clothing and other duffle had been rooted around in the mess and pretty thoroughly mixed in with the broken glass, spilled jellies, preserves and other foreign substances, made our troubles almost greater than we could bear.

Night was falling fast, we were miles from any house, thoroughly tired out and ravenously hungry. Will said that there had been four or five hogs in the drove and that they had made off on his approach, hastened somewhat by the shots fired at them from the revolver, which was the first weapon he could find.

We were pretty effectually discouraged, but soon set to with a will to try and put things to rights. With plenty of fish for supper, the skillet intact, and bacon to fry with, we could at least ward off starvation. Fortunately the night was very warm, and enough bedding was found in condition for use to make us reasonably comfortable, but in searching it out from the confused mass we found enough damage done to the remainder to cause us very uncomfortable sensations when we thought about the joyous homecoming, and the reckoning with our several families who had furnished bedding under protest and given strict orders for its especial care. We were further worn out and both cross and sleepy, when we finally straightened things out and turned in to prepare supper. Fish was what we all wanted, and our afternoon effort had provided what we believed to be an abundance for at least two meals. Jim and I cleaned fish, Will prepared the fire and cooking utensils, while Walter took the side of bacon down to the spring to undertake the difficult task of making it fit for use.

"Let's clean all the fish to-night," said Jim, "and then we will not have to do any thing but cook breakfast when we get up." This was a wise suggestion and we acted on it. All the fish were nicely prepared, and soon we sat around the fire watching them cook and impatiently awaiting the summons to fall to.

Walter was cooking, and the air was laden with the odor of fish turning brown, which made us too hungry to talk. The first meal in camp to those interested is only second in importance to the one prepared by "Dovey" for "Lovey" at their first appearance under their own vine and fig tree, and the former is accompanied by appetite, while the latter is sans any sensation except ecstacy. Anyone of the four hungry boys who ate fish, and fish and more fish that night, can now honestly say that nothing better has ever tickled his palate. Of the generous supply of fish, sufficient as we thought to furnish supper and breakfast, there remained after supper not a single one, and the bones were all picked over a second time. Abject want might meet us on the morrow, but for the night all was well. Tidying up after supper in a hasty—but for tired boys commendable—manner, we proceeded to prepare for early bed. Jim and Will elected to stay by the camp, while Walter and I foraged for a supply of wood to keep the night fire, a neglected duty which we now truly regretted. It was very dark and lonesome out of the circle of light cast by the fire, and we hoped it would not be necessary to go very far. We finally found a large dead limb which we laid hold of, one on each side, and started to drag to camp.

We had proceeded but a short distance with our burden when Walter stumbled over a large dark object and fell to his knees, his disengaged hand coming in contact with the obstruction which was covered with coarse hair. With a yell of terror he sprang to his feet, and instinctively hanging on to our wood, we tore along toward the welcome light of the camp fire. As we bore down on the camp with our noisy load the two boys, already larmed by Walter's cry, became entirely panic stricken, and dashing into the tent scrambled back as far to the rear as possible and pulled the bedding over themselves. After a hasty consultation we concluded best not to further alarm our two companions by telling them the particulars of our scare, so mending the fire and placing our weapons convenient in case of further alarm we all turned in.

LEWIS HOPKINS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Trout that had a Hard Time.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you to-day by express a package containing the head of a brown trout, which I think quite a curiosity and well worth saving. This fish was caught on worms and in a brook within half a mile of the corporation. It measured just eighteen inches in length and weighed two pounds and one ounce. The writer did not see the fish until the head was cut off, otherwise I would have secured the entire specimen. I would like to know if you have ever seen or heard of anything like this before.

W. J. GUTHRIE.

I never knew two men to spend one Arctic night together without wanting to kick each other ever afterward.—Dr. F. A. Cook.

Swedish Trout Fishing.

The Earl of Mayo in the Nineteenth Century.

THE two hares had finished their gambols on the stony, black shore of the stream. The woodcock had flitted out from his haunt on the pine-covered mountain. The rising moon silvered the ripples as the little wherry was sculled slowly on; a chill came in the air, as the west wind blew from the Norwegian fells.

The big trout with the square taill lay on the bottom of the boat. What a struggle he had made, and how nearly had he rushed to freedom down the rapids and away, among the foam-covered rocks! Larger fish had been killed, but none had fought so stubbornly. His last gasp was given as the landing-net dragged him to the edge of the boat. The steel trace held well; and there was not a scratch or mark on the bait—a phantom minnow.

My boatman Johansen had rowed steadily, and the lines swept in graceful curves as we passed across the treacherous rapid. A broken scull or an awkward movement would have resulted in one, if not both, of us bidding farewell to this world.

We turned again; again the baits spun true through the clear water; a snatch, a whirling reel, and the fish is fast; a clumsy leap in the air shows his shape, and now the fight begins.

Up into the still water he bores his way, then down to the rapid across to the shore, then comes a steady tug of war in the deepest water; finally the contention ends in a sandy bay, where the big trout circles round and round our little boat.

There was a moment one felt it would have been a relief if the hooks gave and the fish swam free and away.*

No trout fight so stubbornly as the large Swedish trout, called in Sweden Lax Oren. They are found late in August and at the beginning of September, lying at the head of rapids where the rivers leave the lakes, or at the head of rapids joining a series of lakes.

During the summer in Sweden, trout may be caught in great quantities with the fly; in fact, on some days and in some places one may take a sackful.

The charm of the autumn fishing is the quiet of the surroundings. No mosquito haunts with his singing and his stinging the "anglers' rest" I write from. When fishing, the only sound that breaks the air is the monotonous thud as the sculls work in the rowlocks, and the creak of wood working on wood.

A char rising makes a slight ripple. The pine woods look down in eternal silence as the darkness of evening draws on. One hears the children calling the cattle down from the forest, and a little curling smoke goes up from the red wooden houses.

My stolid Swede, at a sign, turns the boat toward home, and one strolls up to the little Posting House contented with the delicious air and the repose of such a life.

Fishing from a boat in Sweden is done as follows: Two rods are used, set exactly at right angles to the keel of the boat. One sits facing the stern waiting for a "run," and watching the shores slowly receding as the boat glides smoothly on.

Let me now turn to my Journal of a 30th of August. This 30th of August was a typical day; not a big trout day, but a satisfactory day's sport.

We started about 10 A. M., Johansen sculling up stream from the home water to some rapids a mile and a half away, called "Lap Strugen" (the Laplanders' stream). We rowed up the rapids and down the rapids, and the bag for the morning is five trout, one char, one grayling.

The grayling in Sweden are very numerous, and become, when fishing with spoon and phantom a nuisance. They are continually running at the bait which means catching fish, but with a long line out the continual reeling up of the line and taking off a small grayling becomes tiresome.

The largest trout of the bag caught this morning in August weighed nine pounds, the next largest three pounds. This nine-pounder gave great play, being a cock fish newly come up to the spawning grounds, and as I tried to slip the landing net under him the hooks of the artificial minnow caught in the meshes, the trout hanging in the water; finally with much anxiety and some excitement, I slipped my fingers into his gills and lifted him gently into the boat.

My boatman, before the crisis arrived, had with difficulty reeled up the line of my other rod, now sculling, now stopping and snatching up this second rod and reeling in the line as fast as possible. If this is not done one finds oneself in this dilemma: a big trout on one rod, oneself standing up in a "cogglesome" boat going down a rapid, playing this same trout with every chance of the hooks on the line of the second rod catching in a rock. Expletives split the air, unheeded by your stolid boatman, whom even an earthquake would not move. When all is said and done, fishing with two rods from one of these small wherries gives as good chances for temporary disturbance of one's temper as an awkward gillie trying to gaff a not fully played-out salmon.

These large Swedish trout are excellent eating, their flesh being of a rich red color.

The fish are netted in quantities during the autumn season by means of short nets set cunningly where the waters of the rapids whirl and eddy round the rocks. As they work up stream and round these eddies they get meshed and caught. The nets are of fine twine with corked top line, and weighted with stones neatly tied up in little birch-bark bags. The fish are salted in barrels for winter use. In the northern parts of Sweden the farmer depends greatly on fresh-water fish for winter provender. In Swedish Lapland further north, not near where I write of (i.e., in and near the Arctic Circle), one never sees a Lapbunder's house (i.e., a settler or Lapland farmer) except it be built by the side of river or lake. In these parts where frost reigns eight months in the year the soil can produce little or nothing. I have seen a fine crop of potatoes utterly cut down by an August frost; it must, however, be said that this was well within the Arctic Circle. Sportsmen and anglers must not fail against this netting of trout, which means food for the sturdy peasants. Trout there are in plenty for all—farmers, fishermen and tourists.

The trout fishing in northern Sweden is practically free to everyone; in the South it is no so. Fishermen will find it better always to give away all fish that is not wanted for their own eating; if this is done no objection will be raised by the farmers to fishing anywhere in northern Sweden.

No kinder or more obliging people exist than the Swedish peasantry; the trouble they go to and the help they offer you on your journey, making you as comfortable as possible, takes one somewhat aback when first traveling about the country, and I may truly say I know the north of Sweden better than many Swedes.

The great drawback to the far north of Sweden is the mosquitoes; they are a perfect pest. If it is hot a mosquito veil is unbearable, and the only thing to do is to smear one's face and neck with a mixture of grease and tar. Housemaid's chamois leather gloves must be sewed to the sleeves of one's coat for fishing in. By this means these stinging terrors may be defeated. A flannel shirt must be kept for use when the war paint of grease and tar is assumed; this shirt should have a large turned-down collar to protect the collar of the coat from the black smear. Night brings little rest, and a mosquito curtain is the only preventive. This must be absolutely secure, as I firmly believe twenty Scandinavian mosquitoes would keep an entire army corps busy most of the night. If, however, the fisherman is determined to brave this pest, the best time to arrive in the far north is to make one's plans so as to reach the fishing quarters during the middle of August, and leave when the cold of September comes on, and the fish no longer take.

Boat fishing, for large trout up north is cold work, and for several years I could devise no way of keeping warm—i.e., in September.

Winter clothes of best home-spun, underclothing thick as for hunting in England, a fur coat with a waterproof over it, and a cap with ear-flaps completes the costume of the upper part of the body.

As to your nether limbs: the little boats you fish in always leak more or less; wet feet mean colds, and rubber boots are very chilly footgear. Wear a long leather boot which comes above the knee, under this thick riding drawers, and over them a pair of knitted woolen long drawers, such as are sold for wading in when salmon fishing in the early spring. No one has any idea how the wind in the north penetrates the thickest of clothing.

Now as to food. Milk, cheese, flat bread, a large folded up limp sort of biscuit made of flour and water, "Kenicky" break (spelled as pronounced), and the berries of the forest as well as the fish one catches are the foods one is certain to find. These should be supplemented by cocoa, some tinned meats, and soup squares, which are excellent, but take somewhat long to prepare; also soup cartridges (good, and only require boiling water). Of the fish you catch the red-bellied char is far and away the best eating.

A fresh caught char grilled on a wood fire is most delicious, and the best fresh-water fish I know of.

Inside the Arctic Circle I know of one place where char run to four pounds in weight; they have been caught with rod and line, but are not common.

Anglers will ask, are there no salmon in Sweden? The answer is, they are plentiful.

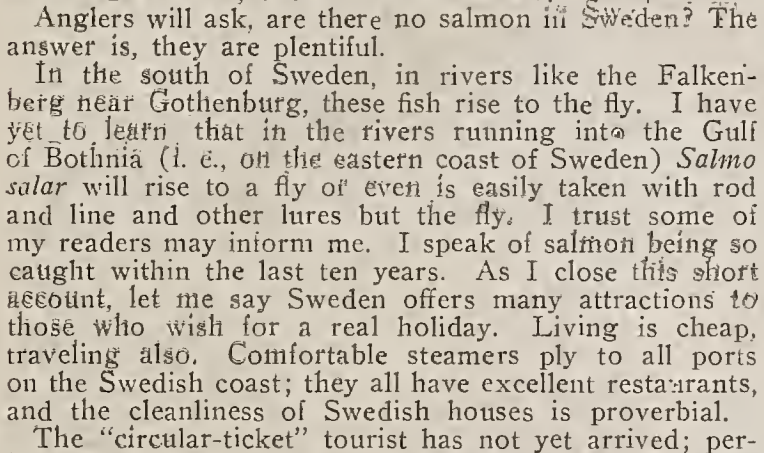
In the south of Sweden, in rivers like the Falkenberg near Gothenburg, these fish rise to the fly. I have yet to learn that in the rivers running into the Gulf of Bothnia (i. e., on the eastern coast of Sweden) *Salmo salar* will rise to a fly or even is easily taken with rod and line and other lures but the fly. I trust some of my readers may inform me. I speak of salmon being so caught within the last ten years. As I close this short account, let me say Sweden offers many attractions to those who wish for a real holiday. Living is cheap, traveling also. Comfortable steamers ply to all ports on the Swedish coast; they all have excellent restaurants, and the cleanliness of Swedish houses is proverbial.

The "circular-ticket" tourist has not yet arrived; perhaps he may come. I doubt it, as Norway with its marvelous scenery is more attractive. Let anglers try Sweden for a change.

MAYO.

* The trout weighed twelve English pounds.

The following announcement appeared not long ago in the Tribune du Sud Ouest, Mantauban, France: "According to our old custom both editorial and composing staffs will take their holiday from this day onward. After a fortnight's well-deserved rest we shall, one and all, return to our respective posts to carry on the struggle in the interests of our dear city, of liberty and of the republic."



A TROUT THAT HAD A HARD TIME.

Fish and Fishing.

Brook Trout in the St. Lawrence.

ONE of the wardens employed by the Sportsmen's Fish and Game Protective Association of the Province of Quebec, to watch the markets and incoming boats and trains for infractions of the fish and game laws in the city of Quebec, visited one of the fish markets last Friday morning, and found that a dealer from the parish of St. Pierre, on the Island of Orleans, had a trout about ten inches long among his other fish. The fish was, of course, confiscated, though when the man had told the story, it was decided not to prosecute him in court. He proved that he was the proprietor of a properly licensed "fishery" or weir running out from his land on the Island of Orleans, into tidal water, almost opposite, but a short distance below the Falls of Montmorenci, and that he had found this trout with the other fish in the trap of his fishery. Most of the fish taken in these traps are eels, which are of course alive when taken out, even if they had been some time out of the water. The whitefish, striped bass, shad, pike-perch, and various other kinds taken in these weirs are usually dead when taken out of them, and though the fisherman had no right to have trout in his possession during the close season, the authorities did not think it advisable to enter an action which many people would have considered persecution instead of prosecution, and he was consequently admonished and sent on his way. The trout might have been dead, as he alleges, when taken out of the trap, which was set for other fish, but if he chances to take another during the close season, in the same manner, he will probably use it at home, and avoid the risk of exposing it for sale in the city of Quebec. Had this case come before the court, an interesting point would probably have been raised by the defense. There was an evident desire to prove that this particular fish was not exactly the speckled brook trout of our fresh-water streams and lakes (*Salvelinus fontinalis*), but a sea trout. It is exceedingly difficult to say how the court might have decided this question, for while I was sent for to the court to examine the fish and found beyond any question of doubt that it was a spent female *Salvelinus fontinalis*, there are those here, as well as elsewhere, who seem to think that different habits alone constitute different varieties, and the fact that this specimen was taken out of the St. Lawrence, not many miles above brackish water, would be deemed sufficient by some of them to depose that it was a sea trout. It certainly may have been on its way to the sea from the river in which it spawned, but this does not of course affect its classification, though it will probably lead to an application to the Dominion Government for such an amendment to the law as will remove all doubt as to its intention in such cases as the present.

Instances are very rare in which speckled brook trout are taken out of the lower St. Lawrence, though sea-run individuals are exceedingly plentiful in the bays and estuaries of rivers when the fish are about ascending them to spawn. None of the rivers as high up the St. Lawrence as St. Pierre are frequented by sea trout, however, and there is no river of any kind near the bay in which this fish was captured. It was probably a Montmorenci River fish. The Montmorenci River flows into the St. Lawrence a few miles above St. Pierre, on the mainland, hurling itself into the bay at its mouth over a precipice 250 feet high. In its upper waters very large brook trout are taken on the fly, and fish of four and five pounds weight are sometimes caught by anglers in the deep, dark water immediately below the falls, where the spray of the cataract is so dense that waterproof clothing is a necessity. There is no doubt that these fish have descended the cataract, though how they have managed to do so, uninjured, is really wonderful. Diligent inquiry during the last few days has brought to light two or three other instances in which trout have been taken in weirs off the Isle of Orleans, and there is one well-authenticated case in which a specimen was captured by a small boy with rod and line, who was fishing for tomcods from one of the city wharves, with pork for bait. There is nothing astonishing in the fact that trout should be found in a river like the St. Lawrence, into which so many magnificent trout streams empty, but from the very few specimens which are taken in its fresh water, it would seem that those spawned fish which descend from rapid water to the big river, descend at once to salt water.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

A Cast of 140 Feet.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 12.—H. C. Golcher set a new mark for long-distance fly-casting yesterday at Stow Lake, Golden Gate Park. In a regular contest of the San Francisco Fly-Casting Club he sent out 140 feet of line.

The previous record was 134 feet, held jointly by Mr. Golcher and by Champion Walter D. Mansfield. The former made his cast on Aug. 23, Mr. Mansfield having some days previously established the record at the world's championship tournament.

While angling on a trout stream the majority of casts are made at from 30 to 50 feet. This indicates the high development to which the casting has been brought. There is no weight attached to the line. It is tipped with a tiny hook from which the barb has been removed. Yesterday's scores in detail:

	Event No. 1, Distance, Feet	Event No. 2, Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3 — Acc. %	Event No. 3 — Del. %	Event No. 3 — Net %	Event No. 4, Lure Cas %
E. A. Mocker	110	92	80.8	80	84.10	..
E. A. Mocker	110	94.4	87.8	73.4	80.6	..
C. G. Young	..	92.4	93	89.2	91.1	..
T. C. Kierulff	94	93	84.8	81.2	84.5	..
H. Muller	107	91.8	92.8	85.10	89.3	..
H. Mul'er	102	91.8	93.8	84.2	88.11	..
H. C. Golcher	140	91.8	90	81.8	85.10	..
W. D. Mansfield	..	..	93	87.6	90.3	..

A man was standing in front of a Saranac Lake market recently. He had a basket and a fishing-rod. "Just throw me a dozen perch and bullheads," he said to the owner of the market. "Certainly," replied the owner, "but why do you ask me to throw them to you?" "So I can go home and tell my wife I caught them," was the reply. "I may be a poor fisherman, but I am no liar."—Shooting Times.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Plenty of Anglers.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 25.—More than forty anglers outfitted in Chicago to-day for trips to different Illinois waters. The weather is fine, and I suppose the boys figure that this is about the last chance they will have for the bass this fall. Among those who left for Lake Villa, Moon Lake, Fox Lake, Deep Lake and Cedar Lake in upper Illinois, are the following: Messrs. George A. Murrell, W. B. Rowe, D. C. Lambeth, H. Miner, Charles Lawrence, B. A. Ahrend, G. E. Anderson, L. P. Hasen, W. G. Garrett, Paul Paulson, N. H. Miniter, Thomas Hopcroft, T. Schultz, C. M. Hanson and party of five. These ought to meet some success. The demand for live frogs exceeded the supply to-day, and at 11 o'clock there were only two dozen frogs left out of Von Lengerke & Antoine's stock, where most of the live frogs are sold to Chicago anglers.

Mr. H. M. Pike, of Whatcom, Wash., sends to a friend in this part of the world the tracing of a 5½-pound trout which he caught in Lake Whatcom on Oct. 5. He calls this a "lake trout," meaning perhaps by this the Dolly Varden, although one cannot be sure. The fish was taken in thirty feet of water and fought for an hour and ten minutes, though it did not demand over 100 feet of line at any time of the engagement. Mr. Pike says that ten pounds four ounces is the record on lake trout this year in Lake Whatcom. The fishing is all bait-fishing, salmon roe being the bait. He adds that an expert fly-fisherman of that locality one evening about Oct. 1 caught ten trout on the fly in Lake Padden the catch weighing 20½ pounds.

Mr. Pike says that there are some ducks in his part of the world, and that within ten miles deer and cougar are obtainable.

In regard to the Pacific coast salmon he says: "When I came to the coast five years ago, I had salmon in my eye, but I find this fish no more like the Maine salmon than a pig. The lake trout are our game fish, and they are game to the heart's core. The month of October is the sportsmen's month on the coast. Eastern sportsmen are not aware of the resources of this country. Two hundred miles north of Vancouver a man can get his fill of any sort of sport." E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Theory as to Stocking Salmon Rivers.

MR. G. T. TEASDALE-BUCKELL, for fifteen years editor of Land and Water, has an interesting letter in the Times of Sept. 18, in which he says:

"Mr. Charles Dixon has written a very interesting letter drawing a parallel between the migrations of birds and fishes. But he appears to confuse instinct and memory. For instance, he believes it to be necessary for an older generation to be present to show the young the way. But this is not instinct, but memory; and the latter can have nothing to do with the migrations of those birds whose young leave their breeding grounds and migrate before their parents; and such birds there are. Whatever the migratory instinct is, it does not appear to be memory; the greater part of bird migration goes on in the night, and we have yet to discover a sixth sense, unless instinct be a sense that is assisted by the darkness.

"If the salmon relied upon memory there does not appear to be any good reason why it should not return by the path it went to the sea; but if it acts on impulse alone, and that impulse is bred in the bone, there does not appear to be any reason why a grilse should make for the river in which it was bred or why it should not make for its ancestral river.

"Mr. Charles Dixon's views have been previously expressed by me in Land and Water, of which paper I was editor for fifteen years after the death of the late Frank Buckland, and last February I was permitted to state the same views in the County Gentleman; but although I consider that the greatest importance is due to instinct in dealing with salmon culture, and that salmon bred in one river from ova gathered from another would return to the latter, and not to the former, yet I do not believe that precludes the restoration of a salmon river, although its breed of fish have become extinct. But, in order to do this, I would suggest that hereditary instinct must be broken down by crossing, and when this is accomplished the river intended to be benefited may have just as much, and no more, chance of benefit as every other river on the coast, or, perhaps, in the Continent, where the operation has been conducted."

There may be a good deal in what Mr. Teasdale-Buckell says, but on the other hand there is no doubt that the Yorkshire Esk, for instance, was stocked with salmon reared from eggs taken from other rivers, and other instances might be mentioned.—London Fishing Gazette.

Hints and Wrinkles.

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

No. 3.—Tackle Books for Novices.

THE beautifully made fly-books and tackle boxes sold by the fishing tackle dealers are the result of the long years of experience of thousands of anglers, and are generally worth all one pays for them. But as the novice usually makes some mistakes before he finds just what will suit his tastes, the following plan may save him a few dollars in the end. At any stationery shop he can purchase for a dollar or less a large pocketbook or wallet intended for carrying greenbacks or checks without folding them, and other valuable papers, in one's inside pocket. The variety best suited to the angler's needs is generally made of stout canvas, has six or eight full-length pockets and several smaller ones. The outer covering is leather. In size such a wallet is about four by nine inches, and should have an elastic band over all.

In use the large pockets will contain bass and trout flies, spinners, spoons, snelled hooks of various kinds and sizes, leaders, floats, sinkers, artificial baits, stringers, spare lines, a repair kit of thread, wax, shellac, etc., and no end of junk the angler accumulates in a season. But the best feature of this homely tackle book is that there are pockets enough to keep each variety of flies or hooks in its own separate compartment. Unlike a rigid metal box, it may be stuffed into one's hip pocket, or under his belt, or tossed about without fear that the contents will spill out, or that the hooks may penetrate the outer covering to prod one at the wrong time and place.

A receptacle of this sort is less serviceable than a regular fly-book for one who uses the fly exclusively. Neither is it so valuable as a tackle box to one who uses no flies. But for the angler who employs bait or flies, according to circumstances, and especially to the novice, this book offers many advantages. Try it.

PERRY D. FRAZER.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Nov. 26-29.—Philadelphia.—Philadelphia Dog Show Association's show. M. A. Viti, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 3.—Robinson, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. W. R. Green, Sec'y, Marshall, Ill.

Nov. 3.—Thirteenth annual field trials of the National Beagle Club of America. Charles R. Stevenson, Sec'y, 106 Market street, Camden, N. J.

No. 3.—Greenville, Mich.—Michigan Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fifth annual trials. C. D. Stuart, Sec'y, Benton Harbor, Mich.

Nov. 4.—Washington C. H., Ohio.—Ohio Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fifth annual trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.

Nov. 6.—Eastport, L. I.—Pointer Club of America's (member of the American Championship Club) second annual trials. R. E. Westlake, Sec'y, Scranton, Pa.

Nov. 7-8.—Robinson, Ill.—Western Irish Setter Club's inaugural trials. T. L. Fenn, Secy.

Nov. 10.—Bicknell, Ind.—Independent Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 11.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trial Club's trials. F. W. Smith, Sec'y, New Haven.

Nov. 10.—Ruthven, Ont.—North American Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. Richard Bangham, Sec'y, Windsor, Ont.

Nov. 11.—St. Joachim, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's fourteenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.

Nov. 17.—Glasgow, Ky.—Third annual trials of the Kentucky Field Trial Club. S. B. Hays, Sec'y.

Nov. 18.—Branchton, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's seventh annual trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y.

Nov. 18.—Ruthven, Ont.—Fourth annual trials of the North American Field Trial Club. Alfred Wigle, Sec'y, Windsor, Ont.

Nov. 24.—Glasgow, Ky.—American Championship Field Trial Association's second annual trials. C. B. Cooke, Sec'y.

Nov. 29.—Thomasville, N. C.—Continental Field Trial Club's eighth annual trials.

Nov. 24.—Glascow, Ky.—American Championship Field Trial Club's second annual trials. Chas. B. Cooke, Sec'y, Richmond, Va.

Dec. 15.—Huntsville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) third annual trials. John F. Fletcher, Sec'y, Birmingham, Ala.

Canine Elegies and Epitaphs.

XXVI—Satan.

Could not thy potent name, oh Satan, hold thy breath,
Secure against the fatal tyranny of Death?
Must thou, too, yield to his determined call,
As Adam did when Adam had a fall?
Do Man and Dog one common law obey?
Are both composed of one congenial clay?
If so, what difference is there 'tween a man and dog?
For a dog may be a man, a man a dog "in cog."
But man, by Death, to future life is led,
Whilst dogs, by Death, are made forever dead.
Oh, for some Dogberry's book to write thy fate in,
Poor used up, dead, annihilated Satan!
A dog must have his day; and thine is past;
For dog days, Satan, are too hot to last.
Thy bark upon life's stream was sorely tossed;
But now, alas, thy little bark is lost;
And Dr. Smith alone remains to wail
The sad relation of thy little tail.
Thou couldst not make a pill or spread a plaster
To aid the business of thy worthy master;
But all his "whine and bark" he had from you,
And that was doing all a dog could do.
Requies-cat! I'd say, since Death has broke the lease,
But where there was a cat you'd have no peace.
I cannot of your wit, poor Satan, brag,
Although your tail, 'tis true, was quite a wag.

—Dr. Northall.

Fox Hound Trials.

THE following circular will be of special interest to fox hunters:

Fox hound pack field trials, to be run at Westbury, Long Island, N. Y., to commence on Wednesday, Nov. 5, 1902.

For the best packs of fox hounds in field work, open to the packs of recognized hunts, and to such private packs as may be approved, by subscription of $50 for each pack, p. p., the value of the purse guaranteed to be $1,000, of which, in case of four or more starters, $800 to first and $200 to second.

Any hunt entering a second pack shall be allowed to do so by designating the same as No. 2, and paying an entrance fee of $25; but the same hounds shall not run in different packs.

Entries will close on Friday, Oct. 31, 1902, to Ralph N. Ellis, Westbury, L. I. The right is reserved to reject any entry. The name of every owner or part owner of any hound that is to be run with any pack must be stated in the entry.

The packs will be limited to 7½ couples of hounds each, and 7½ couples must be run, unless, in the opinion of the judges, there arises a good and sufficient reason to reduce the competition to not less than 6 couples; but not less than 6 couples must be started. In case the judges determine to make any reduction in the number of hounds to be started, the reduction must be made uniformly in all competing packs.

The individuals of each pack must be named in writing to the judges on the morning of the day when each several pack is to run its first trial, and no substitution of hounds will be allowed throughout the trials, but in case of the loss or death of any hound or hounds the judges may permit and may require the substitution of other hounds in their place, as the best interests of the trials may, in the opinion of the judges, at that time require.

All hunting will be after wild foxes only, and no drags, nor drop foxes, nor placed foxes will be allowed.

Each pack will have three trials or hunts, and no trial shall be considered as such unless a fox is actually found. No pack shall be required to hunt on two successive days, but may elect to do so. Each pack will be judged upon its average performance during not more than three trials. Any hunt may elect to stand on its performance on one or more hunts, but shall have the right to complete its three trials before the competition is concluded, if the master of such hunt deems it advisable to take all or any of the further trials to which such pack may be entitled; provided, that the judges may, in their discretion, order any such pack to take all or any of such further trials (not exceeding three in all), if, in their opinion, any difference of hunting is due to the inequalities of scenting conditions.

The judges may, in their discretion, conclude the competition on not less than two trials or opportunities for each pack, if, in their opinion, each pack has had a fair opportunity in the competition.

If, upon the completion of the three trials to which each competing pack is entitled, a majority of the judges cannot determine which pack shall be declared the winner, they, the judges, shall have absolute authority to continue the trials in any manner they deem necessary to reach a conclusion.

There will be three judges. If any judge is unable to act as such, the other two may act without any third member, or may select a third judge to act with them. No judge shall be interested in any manner as owner or part owner or lessee of any competing hound. The judges shall not disclose to any person whomsoever any of their deliberations or decisions in regard to the trials until the results thereof are made known publicly to all of the competitors after the trials are completed.

The judges will designate the hour and place of meeting for the trials of each day.

The judges will have absolute authority and discretion in all matters relating to the running of the packs in the field and all other questions of every kind that may come up; and their decision in all matters relating to the trials will be final. The judges may order any person from the field, if, in their opinion, such person interferes in any way. In case the judges deem that any interference has affected the hunting of the pack, they may declare that trial void. The judges may, in their discretion, disqualify any pack from participation in the competition, or from receiving any award therein, if the majority of the judges deem that the competitor has violated any of the commonly accepted rules or conventions of the hunting field. The judges may, in their discretion, order two competing packs of hounds to be put down and run at the same time.

Stabling and kenneling accommodations will be provided for all competitors.

Tomkins' Lurcher.

"HULLO, Tomkins! You've got that ugly brute of a dog of yours in our plantations again, eh?" This was the shout of a tall, burly keeper to a man of withdrawing appearance, silent as a general rule, dressed in workman's coat, and accompanied by a large ugly-looking yellow lurcher. The dog seemed to have caught much of the shy character of its master; following close at his heels with an uneasy glance, first toward the right hand, next to the left. It was not a propossessing animal. Neither you, nor I, gentle reader, would care to see it near our game coverts. Still, there appeared no harm in the dog, and most people would have left it severely alone, as it had a decidedly fierce look when it opened its jaws and showed two ridges of white teeth.

"We are on the path and doing no harm, Mr. Kenton," answered the man apologetically.

"You may be doing no harm when you see me about, but when I am away what is that dog for?"

"It is a favorite pet of my poor sick wife, sir, and I don't like to part with it, being, which it is, quite harmless. It never looks at a rabbit or hare, I do assure 'ee."

"Nonsense; I don't believe you. I'll bet you a sovereign that if that dog were told, he would at once catch a hare."

The insignificant old man looked up. Another man was hurrying down a path at right angles to the one he was pursuing. He thought a moment and then said: "Excuse me, Mr. Kenton; I'll take you. I am not much of a betting man, but in this case you shall not be disappointed. Mr. Freebody!" and he shouted aloud to the other man, "Mr. Freebody!" That gentleman stopped and they walked toward each other. "Mr. Freebody, the doctor, is a friend of yours, I think, Mr. Kenton. We will ask him to hold the stakes." Accordingly the silent man pointed out to the doctor the ugly, sleepy-looking dog, and bet a sovereign with the keeper that it would not and could not run after any game whatever, and that it should be allowed any one (as well as its owner) to urge it on. If it took no notice of any such encouragement he, its master, should receive a sovereign from the keeper. If, on the other hand, it did pursue or in any way take notice of game however cheered on, he, its owner, though sufficiently poor, would pay the keeper his sovereign.

"The conditions seem fair enough," said the doctor. "I will gladly see fair play. Each of you hand me his sovereign." This was done, and they walked together to the next field, where a hare jumped up and made the best of her way to a little copse. The silent man showed the dog the flying animal, egged him on, and cheered

him—"On Peter Loo! on! At him!" But the only result was that the dog drew nearer to his master and did not turn a hair with eagerness. "Perhaps you will now try him yourself, sir?" asked the dull-looking man of the keeper. "You stay here," replied the keeper, "and Mr. Freebody and I will try by ourselves. The doctor will look after your interests."

"I am quite satisfied," rejoined the dog's master. "Take him with you." Mr. Kenton rather shrank from so Satanic a dog, but at length, by snapping of fingers and much encouragement, they tempted it into the next two fields while its master remained behind sitting on an old harrow.

"Well?" asked he, when, after some time, they returned with Peter.

"Oh, he is wrongly suspected," said the doctor, "he is quite harmless to game; we tried him in every way, and he would not look either at hare, pheasant or rabbit." As if to justify his words up jumped a big jack hare and both the doctor and the keeper at once set on Peter with abundance of "Yoicks!" "Loo! loo!" "At him, then," and the like. The dog looked supremely insulted and walked slowlly to its master, lying down by his side. Kenton scratched his head and seemed much astonished, while the doctor handed over the two sovereigns to the silent man, with a cheery word to Kenton about the horse a man backed not always winning, and then, rubbing his hands together, said: "Good-by to you both. I must get on to ease poor Riggall, who lies near Pope's Corner with a broken leg."

A few days afterward the doctor fell in again with Tomkins and said: "Well, now, Tomkins, I want you to tell me your secret. Every one knows that brute of yours must follow its kind, and it is certainly a poaching dog."

Tomkins looked around and said nothing. They were standing much about where the wager had been decided. There were no signs of the keeper. It was a dull autumnal evening. The dog pricked up its ears as if it expected something. Tomkins walked hastily to a neighboring patch of gravel and weeds. Up jumped a fine hare, and the dog looked at his master, who said, "Come to heel, Peter!" and off flew the lurcher, gaining upon the hare as it rushed into a pasture field, and in a very short time running it down. Tomkins ran up and, speedily killing the hare, stowed it away in one of his capacious pockets. "I don't quite see the meaning of all this," quoth the doctor. "Then I will tell you, sir, though I dare not show you my system any more in operation. I have taught the dog to do the exact contrary to what I say. Thus 'Fetch him! Loo!' means really 'Come to heel!' and so on with every command. You have seen how this plan brought me in a sovereign, and you can fancy how utterly puzzling it is to the keepers to see a dog which, when set on a hare (and I often do it on purpose), at once slinks back and never so much as looks at game. But I hope you will keep my secret, sir, for you see I have trusted you with it."

And so they parted; the doctor having learned one more trick of the poaching fraternity.—London Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.

A Vermont Mode.

SPRINGFIELD, Vt., Oct. 21.—Last week I spent another delightful week at my log cabin camp, of which I have already made mention in one or two sketches of woods life, published in FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday morning Mr. J. W. Currie, one of our crack fox hunters, arrived at camp with two good hounds. The morning was warm and damp, ideal for the sport. We loosed the dogs, who disappeared at once, while we went to our favorite "stands." Below us spread a valley and beyond another range of wooded hills, all ablend of browns, reds and yellows, over which the cloud shadows crept. It was one of those autumn days that make the heart of a sportsman swell in his breast. Suddenly from far below in the thick swamp rose the long, half-sad cry of a hound, whose delicate nostrils catch the first faint aroma of a trail already cold. And then for half an hour we watched the marvelous unraveling of that maze of windings made by Reynard in his nocturnal hunting.

A sudden burst of music, the glad full cry of hounds in hot pursuit, and down through the woods across the swamp and up the opposite slope into full view, came fox and hounds. Over the ridge the cry died away and then came swelling back as Reynard made his first turn; back across the valley and up the hill on which we stood where the music suddenly ceased.

The hounds came and whined their invitation for us to follow them; they led straight to a woodchuck hole, where they assured us they had driven Reynard to earth.

We brought bar and shovel from the camp and started in to dig him out, but found a network of winding passages; the task seemed hopeless, so we gave it up, and the hounds followed us reluctantly back to camp.

After a good dinner we discussed the run over our pies, and about 3 P. M. started out to find the dogs, who had long since disappeared. We found them at the hole, and they had dug so they could crawl in six or eight feet. They were impatient and bayed loudly with rage and disappointment.

In the hope of driving the fox out and giving us another run, we tried smoke. Gathering dried ferns, we made a smudge at the lower opening. By good fortune the draft was right, and smoke poured from the upper hole. Reynard could be heard to sneeze and cough, but refused to jump and have a run for it; instead, he came down to within three feet of the smudge and we could hear him digging furiously for several moments, then we heard no more. Making a hole over the spot, the writer put in his hand and drew out a magnificent dog fox. The dogs were allowed a few good shakes by way of encouragement and to relieve their feelings, and bearing our trophy we walked slowly back to camp by the light of a glorious crimson sun, whose last rays lingered affectionately on the rugged hilltops; those hilltops where never again one sly old fox would turn to laugh at the baffled hounds. The pelt, an extra fine one, was presented to the cabin by Mr. Currie, and will occupy a place of honor over the stone fireplace.

There are two interesting facts to note, first a fox driven to earth by hounds will suffocate rather than jump out to the dogs. Second, this fox, though one of the largest we had ever seen and very full, tipped the scales at barely ten pounds, which proves that the weight of this animal is usually grossly exaggerated by hunters.

W. W. BROWN.

Wolverly Wallie.

NEW YORK.—Considerable surprise was expressed by several experts that the Skye terrier Wolverley Wallie, which attracted so much attention at the exhibition of the Ladies' Kennel Association of America should receive only the third prize, a number of those best qualified to judge claiming that on many accounts this dog was one of the most remarkable ever shown at an exhibition in this country.

The coat of the dog counts fifteen points in the trials. Wolverley Wallie has a coat such as has never been seen

in this country before, the hair from the middle of his back reaching to the ground, and beneath this comparatively coarse outer coat is a soft under coating of short hair, which marks the Skye terrier and is very soft and downy.

Wolverley Wallie is owned by Mrs. Robert H. McCurdy and was imported from England, and as a prize winner in English exhibitions his record is unequaled. He was the winner of two challenge prizes, and of the first prize and special prizes in the Ladies' Kennel Association, Botanic 1900, Manchester 1901, Harrogate 1901 and several others.

SPECTATOR.

Philadelphia Show.

PHILADELPHIA.—The following judges have accepted invitations to judge at the Philadelphia Show in addition to those already announced: Reginald Mayhew, fox terriers, black and tan terriers, Scottish terriers and toy dog; and Irving Watkinson, St. Bernards.

MARCEL A. VITI, Hon. Sec.

Yachting.

For Cruising Yachtsmen.

WITH the purpose of stimulating the interest in cruising, and the keeping of a detailed log by cruising yachtsmen during the season of 1902, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer prizes for the best stories of cruises submitted to be published in FOREST AND STREAM. It is believed that these will form not only entertaining records of pleasant summer days spent afloat along our coasts and waterways, but will furnish information of practical value to other yachtsmen making subsequent cruises on the same waters.

Prizes will be awarded to the three best stories as follows:

First prize, $50.00.
Second prize, $30.00.
Third prize, $20.00.

Contributions are invited under the following conditions:

1. The cruise must be made in waters of the United States or Canada in the season of 1902.

2. The cruise must be made in a sailing yacht, power to be used only as an auxiliary, if at all.

3. The story must be prefaced by a description of the boat. Cruises should be treated in as interesting and readable a way as possible, but should be practical and contain all possible information and data that would be of value to men going over the same route. A description of the handling of the ship in all weathers will be regarded very favorably in making awards, and it is suggested to writers that an accurate account be kept of all incidents happening while under way.

4. An outline chart suitable for reproduction, showing the course taken, must accompany each article. When possible, articles should be accompanied by amateur photographs taken on the cruise, including one of the boat. Good photographs will be considered in making the awards.

5. The story should contain about seven thousand words, written on one side of the paper only, and must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York city, on or before Nov. 15, 1902.

Mr. T. C. Zerega has very kindly consented to act as judge and to make the awards.

New York Y. C.

THE fifth general meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on Thursday evening, Oct. 23, at the club house on West Forty-fourth street. The meeting was of unusual importance, as the question of a new measurement rule was to be discussed, and for that reason was well attended by yacht owners. The regular business of the meeting was first disposed of, and this occupied about an hour. The committee to nominate officers for the coming year was appointed, and is as follows: Lewis Cass Ledyard, E. M. Brown, E. D. Morgan, S. L. Husted, Jr., C. Oliver Iselin, E. M. Padelford, F. M. Hoyt, Charles T. Minton, W. L. Bull and J. Searle Barclay. As Commodore Ledyard is to serve on this committee, it is evident that he is not to continue in office another year. The following were elected members: Lieut. W. L. Littlefield, U. S. N.; Ensign Edward T. Constien, U. S. N.; Capt. R. Morgan Gilson, U. S. M. C.; Capt. David D. Porter, U. S. M. C.; Lieut. Louis McC. Little, U. S. M. C.; Lieut. F. Lewis Sawyer, U. S. N.; Walter R. Herrick, Frank L. Palmer, Lieut.-Com. W. F. Fullam, U. S. N.; Paymaster E. W. Bonnaffon, U. S. N.; Hugh J. Chisholm, Urban H. Broughton, Henry H. Rogers, Jr., De Grande C. Cramer, Lieut. E. W. McIntyre, U. S. N.; A. J. Drexel Paul, Lieut. Noble E. Irwin, U. S. N.; Lieut. W. W. Buchanan, U. S. N.; August Belmont, Jr., C. H. Mathiessen, Paymaster J. A. Mudd, U. S. N.; Surgeon George Rothganger, U. S. N.; William Carpender, Stephen H. P. Pell, Albert H. Atha, Paymaster J. R. Sanford, U. S. N.; Lieut. L. S. Van Duyer, U. S. N.; James Deering, Lieut.-Commander A. E. Culver, U. S. N.; Elbert M. Gary, Norman A. Ream, Capt. Dion Williams, U. S. M. C.; Arthur F. Luke, Lieut. L. H. Chandler, U. S. N.; Lieut. Charles L. Hussey, U. S. N.; William A. Hart, Frederick S. Farwell, Charles D. Mower, Col. J. A. Johnston, U. S. A.; Alexander Greig, Naval Constructor Henry Williams, U. S. N., and Benjamin R. Curtis.

The German Emperor and Prince Henry of Prussia received a unanimous vote as honorary members. They must be voted upon at another meeting under the constitution to become legally elected.

Mention was made by Sec'y Cormack of the syndicate that is to build another boat for the defense of the Cup, but nothing definite was given out. The several committees reported progress.

The report of the Committee on Measurement was read by the chairman, S. Nicholson Kane. All the men present, with the exception of John Hyslop, H. W. Coates and Anson Phelps Stokes, were in favor of the adoption of the rule. Mr. Hyslop spoke at length against the rule, and Mr. Coates wished to table the rule for the time being. When it came to a vote, however, with one or two exceptions, all voted in favor of adoption. The meeting adjourned to meet on Thursday, Oct. 30.

New Life-Saving Boat in Norway.

CAPTAIN DOENVIG, of Horten, Norway, has lately made a trial of a newly invented lifeboat, the result of which seems very satisfactory. The trial was made in presence of representatives of the press, the navy, and the merchant marine. Experts claim for the new invention that it will safely carry its load of human beings through any storm. Below I give a short description of this boat, which may prove of importance to seafaring people all over the world.

The apparatus, or buoy, is round as a globe, only a little flattened at the bottom. It is made from solid sheet iron of the following thicknesses: At the bottom five-sixteenths of an inch, on the sides three-sixteenths of an inch, and at the top one-eighth of an inch. The diameter of the buoy is 8ft.; the height 6½ft. The buoy has a double bottom and draws 2½ft. of water when loaded. The inside of the buoy is entered through three water-tight trapdoors.

Under the deck, which is located about 1ft. below the waterline, are placed four galvanized tanks, with capacity for holding about 140 gallons of fresh water. Alongside the wall runs a low bench to sit on, and the space underneath it is to be filled with canned goods. In the center of the inner room is a funnel that can be shoved up, thus letting fresh air into the buoy. In the top are three small windows, partly for the purpose of letting in light, but also for use in sending up rockets. The buoy is provided with a movable keel which can be let down from the inside; also with a rudder which can be applied in the same manner. Assisted by small oars, which are kept inside, the buoy can be propelled to land in fair weather. On the outside of the buoy is a cork belt, on which the men may stand and row. Further, the buoy is supplied with an anchor and 100 feet of steel rope and with sails, the air funnel serving as mast.

There is no danger that this lifeboat will get dashed to pieces when departing from the sinking ship, as it may simply remain on board until the ship sinks, and it will then float up. The cost of the buoy will be about $500, its weight about two tons, or practically the same as that of a large lifeboat, and it will have accommodations for twenty persons. It is also claimed that this new lifeboat will require far less deck space on board ship than the ordinary lifeboats.

Some years ago the inventor, Captain Doenvig, was in a shipwreck on the coast of Virginia, which bereft him of his family, and ever since he has been deeply interested in the construction of a lifeboat which may be serviceable under all circumstances.

HENRY BORDEWICK, Consul-General.

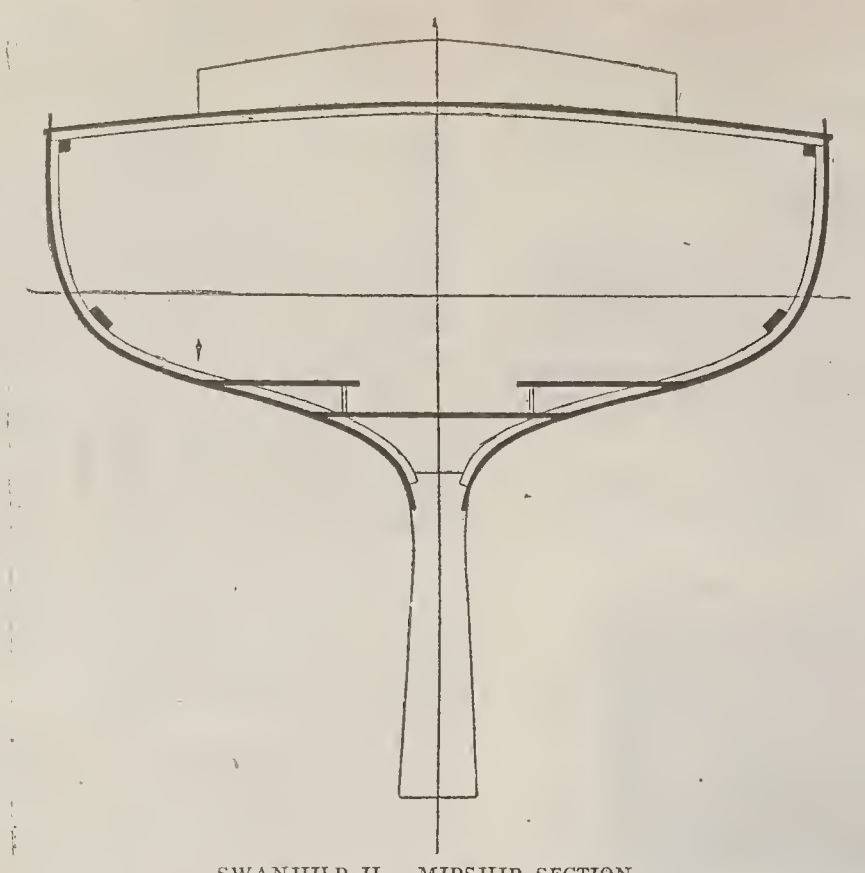
CHRISTIANIA, Sept 18.

YACHT CLUB NOTES.

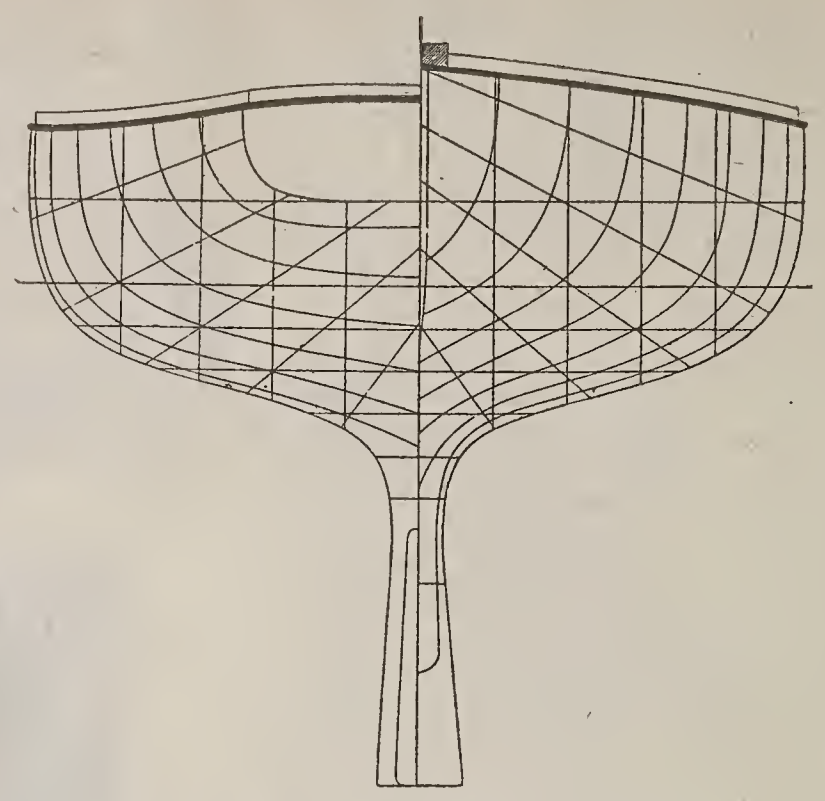
A new club to be known as the Pioneer Y. C., of Anglesea, N. J., was incorporated in Camden, N. J., on Oct. 13, by Joseph J. Ley, Albert Anderson, Charles S. Gilligan, Allen M. Torrey, Joseph K. Pelly, George E. Peberdy, Andrew J. Larkin, Robert A. Kendall and Charles F. Honold.

* * *

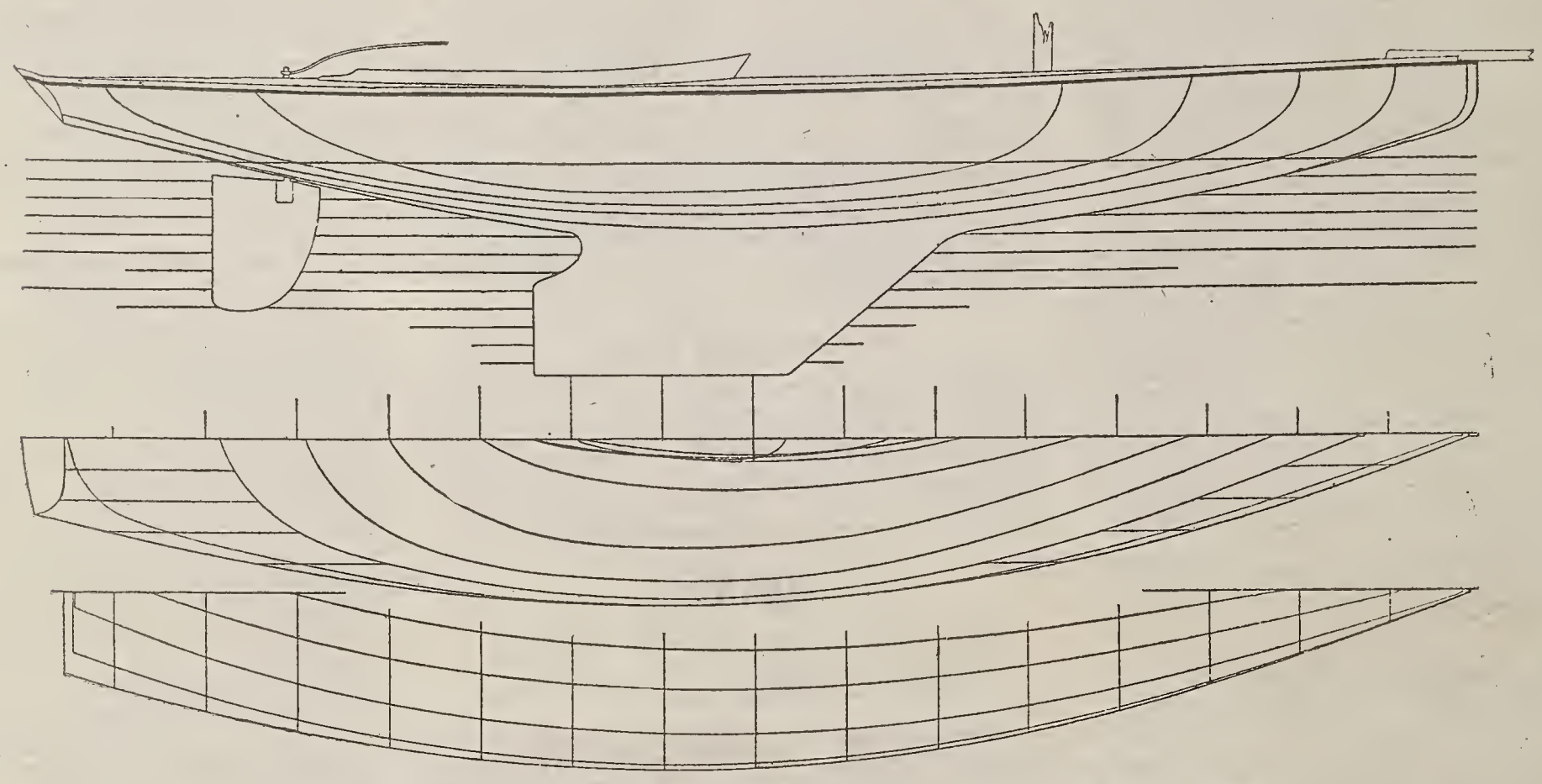
On Sunday, Oct. 19, the sloop Yankee, of the Stuyvesant Y. C., defeated Florence, of the Morrisania Y. C., in a match race for $50 a side over a twenty-mile course by 7m. 40s. There was a full sail breeze from the southwest. This is the last of a series of contests between the two clubs which have been uniformly decided in favor of the Stuyvesant yachts. A friendly match between Zetes and Eleanor, both of the Stuyvesant Club, was settled at the same time, the Zetes winning by 18m. The Stuyvesant Y. C. went out of commission on Saturday, Oct. 25, at 5 P. M., and the members celebrated the event in the evening by a reception, preceded by an entertainment.



SWANHILD II.—MIDSHIP SECTION.
Designed and built by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co., 1899.



SWANHILD II.—BODY PLAN.
Designed and built by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co., 1899.



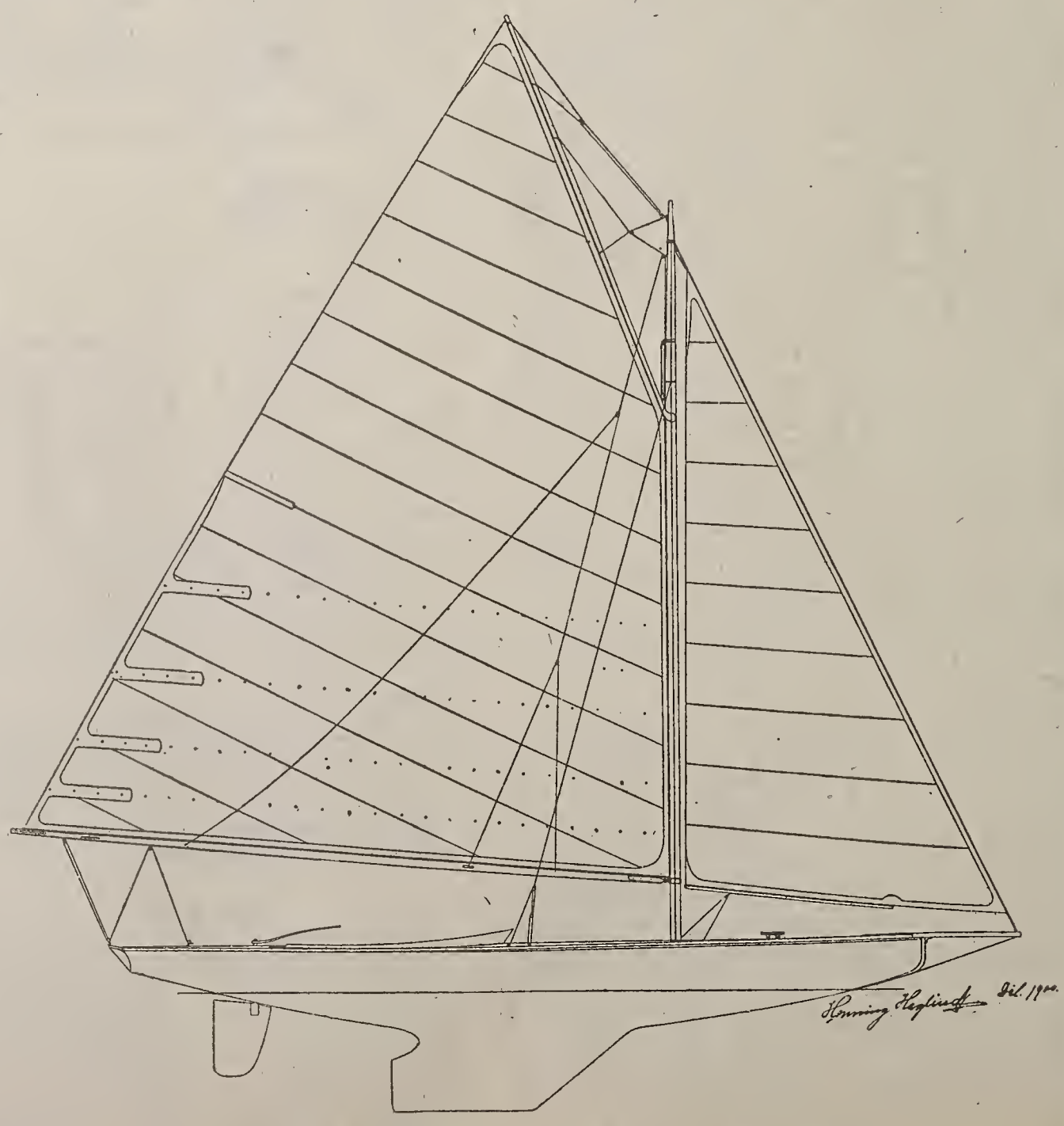
SWANHILD II.—DESIGNED AND BUILT BY THE HERRESHOFF MFG. CO., 1899.

Swanhild II.

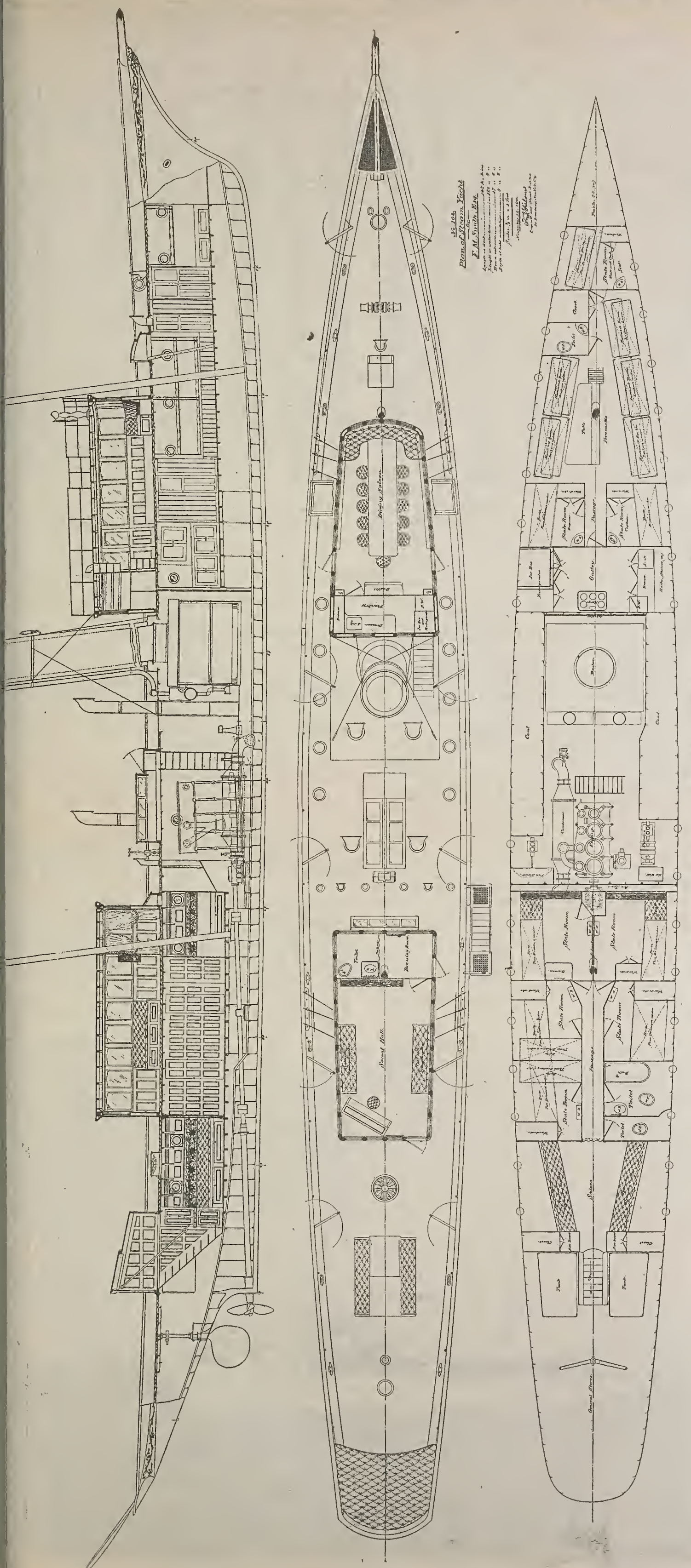
THE design of Swanhild II., which is published in this issue, was reproduced from Ny Tidning För Idrott. Very few of the designs of Herreshoff productions are published, and as these lines were taken off carefully and accurately on the other side, they are sure to be studied with interest. The dimensions are as follows:

Length—	
Over all	34ft. 1in.
L.W.L.	27ft. 5in.
Breadth—	
Extreme	7ft. 11in.
L.W.L.	7ft. 4in.
Draft—	
Extreme	4ft. 11in.

Sooner than expected, the owner, Mr. C. E. Bichel, had the yacht measured, and published with drawings of Wasp, in the year book of the Kaiserlicher Y. C. In the year book Mr. Bichel makes deductions from the showing made by Swanhild II., and the following particulars relating to her construction are given: "On account of the great results attained by Herreshoff, the master of yacht building, I thought of getting one of these famous boats, thereby obtaining an original model. The new rule of measurement had also something to do with my deciding on this move. With the assistance of a well-known Hamburg correspondent, the yacht was ordered in January, 1899, and delivered in New York in April of the same year, where she was shipped and sent on her long voyage to Europe, arriving without a scratch. As far as the exterior is concerned, the yacht presented itself in a brilliancy of color very pleasing to the eye. The brown mahogany showed itself in splendid contrast to the natural light-colored cockpit and railing, and the light green deck, a light gray bottom and snow-white sails. The usually even bow line which rules the form of yachts has been replaced by a straight one which ends just above the waterline and is connected with the keel running down to the lead. The form of Swanhild II. resembles very much other yachts built by Mr. Herreshoff, for instance, Jilt, Sintram and Typhoon. The yacht carries mainsail and jib on a short jib boom; all the halliards and sheets lead into the roomy cockpit, where there is ample room for handling them. Her sails are made of a special kind of canvas or duck, which is very light in weight and closely woven. The mast, boom and gaff seems to us more like sticks than spars, and rigging for stays, shrouds and blockets, etc., is of very light construction, pains having clearly been taken to save weight wherever possible. I had not given any particular order except asking for a good sea boat. Mr. Herreshoff delivered a yacht which, to use his own words, is non-sinkable, and practically non-



SWANHILD II.—SAIL PLAN.
Designed and built by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co., 1899.



HAUOLI.—DESIGNED BY HENRY J. GIELOW FOR F. M. SMITH, 1902.

capsizable, the former on account of watertight compartments fore and aft, and the latter on the general construction of the yacht."

Hauoli.

IN this issue appears the cabin plans and a photograph of the steam yacht designed by Mr. Henry J. Gielow and built by the John N. Robins Co., Erie Basin, South Brooklyn, this year for Mr. F. M. Smith, owner of the successful 43-footer Effort. The yacht was remarked last summer wherever she went for her handsome appearance and for the clean way she left the water when running at high speed. Her prinicpal dimensions follow:

Length—	
Over all	153ft. 7in.
L.W.L.	122ft. 9in.
Breadth—	
Extreme	17ft. 6in.
Depth—	
Amidships	9ft. 8in.
Draft	6ft. 9in.

Hauoli was built in the best possible manner under Mr. Gielow's direct supervision, and as a result only the best material was used in the yacht's construction. Hauoli has four watertight bulkheads and a double bottom, which can be used for fresh water tanks or for water ballast.

The two deck houses are of mahogany and are each 22ft. long. In the forward house is the dining saloon and pantry. Fourteen persons can be accommodated at table in the dining saloon. The butler's pantry is fitted with refrigerator, sink, dressers, racks and dumb waiter connecting with the galley, which is just below. The after deck house is used as a sort of general living room. Here is a piano, wide sofas on either side, and on the forward partition there is a folding berth. In the forward end of the deck house there is a dressing room and a lavatory.

The machinery space and boiler room is amidships, separated from the rest of the vessel by steel bulkheads. In order to deaden sound and reduce the heat, a wide air space is fitted at the after end with several asbestos bulkheads and smaller air spaces between, all arranged with ventilator hoods on deck in order to produce a satisfactory circulation of air.

Aft of the engine space are two large staterooms, one for the owner and one for his wife. These rooms are fitted up in a most complete and comfortable manner. On the starboard side aft is another stateroom of good size, and aft of this is a bathroom and a toilet room. On the port side opposite are two roomy staterooms. The main saloon is aft and is 12ft. long, wide transoms extend along each side, while aft on either hand are closets and sideboards. A wide companionway leads to the deck. On each side of the companionway are fresh-water tanks.

Forward of the engine space is the galley, which is quite roomy and extends the full width of the vessel. On the port side is a large refrigerator and cold closet, and on the starboard side are the racks, sink, dresser and dumb waiter. A large stove is placed against the steel bulkhead aft. Forward of the galley are two staterooms, one on each side of the passage, the one to starboard for the captain, and the one to port for the engineer. Forward of these rooms is the forecastle, which is roomy, and there is ample accommodation for the ten men who live there. On the port side of the forecastle forward is a toilet room and a big closet. Forward of this is a stateroom with two bunks for the stewards. In the eyes of the boat there is storage space for paints, oils, etc.

All the interior woodwork is enamel white with mahogany doors and trim, giving a very light, neat and substantial finish.

All the plumbing is of the most approved kind, and arrangements were made for hot, cold, fresh and salt baths. The yacht is lighted throughout by electricity, and in addition there is a searchlight and fans. A storage battery insures light at all times.

The engine is of the four-cylinder triple expansion type, and it was designed by Mr. Gielow. There are two boilers of the water tube pattern.

On a six-hour test Hauoli averaged over eighteen miles, and under forced draft she has made over twenty miles.

Report of Committee on Measurement of the New York Y. C.

WE publish herewith the report of the Committee on Measurement. The committee was appointed by Com. Ledyard at the first general meeting, held Feb. 13, 1902, and was made up of the following gentlemen: S. Nicholson Kane (chairman), C. Oliver Iselin, W. Butler Duncan, Jr., A. Cass Canfield, Henry F. Lippitt, John F. Lovejoy, Oliver E. Cromwell, Newbury D. Lawton, Archibald Rogers, E. D. Morgan and George A. Cormack (secretary). The first meeting of the committee was held on Feb. 27, 1902, and from that time until the last Thursday night, Oct. 23, when the report was adopted by the club members, these gentlemen have devoted much time and labor to the question.

From the time the committee first met and it was decided to consult the most prominent designers and mathematicians in the United States, England, Canada, Australia, France, Germany, Denmark, Norway and Sweden, they have kept constantly in touch with them, and as the work progressed and developed, they were notified. In almost every instance the men consulted by the committee gave all the assistance within their power. Remarkable as it may seem, nearly all the designers were in accord as to what a rating rule should be, and without exception they all advocated displacement as a factor in the formula. Nearly all recommended that the three factors of the formula should be length, sail area and displacement. It was then the committee's work to put these factors into a formula that was mathematically correct.

The present rule is a designer's rule pure and simple, and when it is seen that it is the result of the experience, both theoretical and practical, of such able men as Nathaniel G. Herreshoff, Bristol, R. I.; A. Cary Smith, New York, N. Y.; William Gardner, New York, N. Y.;

B. B. Crowninshield, Boston, Mass.; Clinton H. Crane, New York, N. Y.; George L. Watson, Glasgow, Scotland; William Fife, Glasgow, Scotland; Arthur E. Payne, Southampton, England; Arthur Milne, Glasgow, Scotland; Linton Hope, London, England; J. N. Soper, London, England; R. E. Froude, Gosport, England; J. T. Bucknall, Bitterne, England; Alfred Benzon, Copenhagen, Denmark, and Charles H. Duggan, Montreal, Canada, few thinking men will array themselves against such a formidable list. The men who made up the committee, are all men of prominence who have devoted their lives to the development of yachting—men of great practical experience, fully qualified to pass upon the needs of the sport.

The report of the Committee on Measurement follows:

Rating Measurement.

$$\text{Rating Measurement} = \frac{L\sqrt{SA}}{5\sqrt[3]{D}}$$

Length multiplied by square root of sail area, divided by 5 times cube root of displacement.

LENGTH.

L.—Length to be obtained as follows:

To extreme beam (B), wherever found, add greatest beam at load waterline (b), and divide by eight $\left(\frac{B+b}{8}\right)$; lay off line parallel to and this distance from middle line of hull on deck and take extreme length of hull measured on this line; to this add length of load waterline on vertical projection of this line to waterline plane and divide the sum of these lengths so obtained by two, which will give L in the formula.

SAIL AREA.

S. A.—Sail area to be obtained as follows and the square root of this area to be the $\sqrt{S\ A}$ in formula:

MAINSAIL.

A. Measured from the top of the boom (under the pin for outhaul shackle on traveler, or clew slide, when hauled chock out) to the gaff under the pin of the sheave of the topsail sheet, provided the peak cringle of the mainsail does not extend beyond the pin: in the case of the yacht having no topsail, or of the peak cringle extending beyond the pin of the topsail sheet sheave, then the measurement to be taken to the peak lacing hole.

B. Perpendicular to A, measured to underside of gaff close in to the mast.

C. Measured from top of boom over the pin of the sheave or outhaul or end of clew slide to underside of gaff close in to the mast.

D. Perpendicular to C, measured in to the mast, in a line with the top of the boom, or to tack cringle of mainsail, if below top of boom.

YARD TOPSAIL.

E. Measured from upper side of gaff close in to the mast to pin of sheave for topsail sheet, or to lacing-hole in jackyard.

F. Perpendicular to E, measured to lacing-hole in yard.

G. From lacing-hole to lacing-hole in yard.

H. Perpendicular to G, measured to pin of sheave for topsail sheet in gaff; or to lacing-hole in jackyard.

JIB HEADER.

K. Measured from top of gaff close in to mast to pin of halyard sheave in topmast.

L. Perpendicular to K, measured to pin of topsail sheet sheave in gaff; or to lacing hole in jackyard.

LUGSAIL.

To be measured as mainsail, except as follows:

A. Upper end measured to peak lacing-hole in yard.

B. and C. Forward end measured to lower lacing-hole in yard.

D. Lower end measured to tack cringle of mainsail, if below top of boom, or forward of mast.

HEADSAILS.

I. The perpendicular I to be measured from the deck at the foreside of the mast to where the line of the luff of the foremost headsail, or of the spinnaker halyard, as the case may be, when extended, cuts such perpendicular. In the case of a schooner the perpendicular I shall be measured upon the foremast, unless she has a main spinnaker the height of which exceeds the perpendicular upon the foremast, in which case the excess shall be added to the perpendicular I.

J. The base J to be measured from the foreside of the mast to where the line of the luff of the foremost headsail when extended cuts the bowsprit, other spar, hull, etc., as the case may be. In all cases, if the distance from the center fore and aft line of the mast to the outer end of the spinnaker boom exceeds the distance from the foreside of the mast to the bowsprit end (where cut by the line of the luff of the foremost headsail), the excess shall be added to the base of the fore triangle. In the case of a schooner, the base J shall be measured from the foremast, but if the main or longest spinnaker boom exceeds the before mentioned distance, the excess shall be added to the base J.

In the case of a yacht having no headsail, but carrying a spinnaker, the area for headsail shall be computed from the length of spinnaker boom, and the height from deck to where the line of the halyard of the spinnaker when extended cuts the mast.

A spinnaker may have a headstick or board not longer than one-twentieth the length of the spinnaker boom, but not a foot yard, or more than one sheet, or any other contrivance for extending the sail to other than a triangular shape.

In the case of a yacht carrying a square sail, or square topsail, or raffee (together or separately), the actual area of the same shall be computed; and if such area exceed the area of the fore triangle, the excess shall be used in the total area for determining the rating.

FORESAIL OF SCHOONERS.

To be measured as mainsail, except that the lower end of A is to be taken at foreside of mainmast, in a line with main boom gooseneck.

Directions for Measuring Sails.

The measurer shall take measurements I and J for fore-triangle, G and E for yard topsail, and the length of spinnaker boom. If the other measurements are supplied by the sailmaker, the measurer shall check them by measuring the following:

Boom, from lower end of A to lower end of D.

Gaff, or lugyard, from upper end of A to forward end of B.

Jackyard topsail, sheet to outer lacing-hole.

In cases where it is necessary for the official measurer to measure the sails, he shall do so in the following manner: Take the length of boom from mast to pin of sheave for outhaul, and length of gaff from mast to pin of topsail sheet sheave or lacing-hole as the case may require; then hoist the sail with the tack fast and set the peak and luff up taut, and let go the topping lifts so that the weight of the boom comes on the leach of the sail. With a line and tape, measure the leach and luff and the diagonal C. For the headsail measure the height I, and the distance J, as provided for in the section dealing with headsail. For topsail the sail should be hoisted and marked in a line with the gaff; then lowered and the other dimensions taken. From the measurements so taken a sail plan should be made and the other above-specified measurements obtained therefrom.

Calculation of Sail Areas.

MAINSAIL.

Multiply A by B and C by D, and add the two products together and divide by 2.

YARD TOPSAIL.

Multiply E by F and G by H, and add the two products together and divide by 2.

JIB HEADER.

Multiply K by L and divide by 2.

HEADSAILS.

Multiply I by J and divide by 2.

LUGSAILS AND HEADSAILS.

No deduction is to be made from headsail area on the score of any portion of the lugsail area ahead of the mast.

SAILS BOUNDED BY CURVED EDGES.

Any increase in the area of sails due to curved edges, extended by battens or otherwise beyond the line between the points for measurement, shall be computed as follows: Multiply the base E by two-thirds of the perpendicular P.

DISPLACEMENT.

D.—Displacement to be obtained as follows:

At points dividing the length of the load waterline into five equal parts, find areas of immersed cross-sections in square feet; from the areas in square feet obtained and load waterline length, find approximate displacement in cubic feet, which will be the D in formula.

Limit L. W. L.

Should the L.W.L. of any yacht in racing trim exceed

SLOOPS.

Name.	Class.	L.W.L.	M. Q. B. L.	$\sqrt{S.A.}$, Y.R.A.	N. Y. Y. C. Rule.	$\frac{L\sqrt{S.A.}}{5\sqrt[3]{D}}$	1.35 M. Q. B. L. Limit $\sqrt{S.A.}$	S. A. Penalty.	Draft.	Limit of Draft.	Draft. Penalty.	Rating Measurement.
Columbia	.....	89.76	85.9	121.00	102.00	121.00	116.	5.00	19.00	18.00	5.00	131.00
Defender	.....	88.85	82.8	117.00	100.00	113.00	112.00	5.00	19.00	18.00	5.00	123.00
Mineola	100 R. M.	70.25	70.03	88.7	76.34	90.7	91.8	....	14.6	14.6	....	90.7
Yankee	.....	70.25	70.03	88.7	76.34	90.7	91.8	....	14.6	14.6	....	90.7
Rainbow	.....	70.25	70.03	88.7	76.34	90.7	91.8	....	14.6	14.6	....	90.7
Virginia	.....	70.25	70.03	88.7	76.34	90.7	91.8	....	14.6	14.6	....	90.7
Weetamoe	80 R. M.	51.00	56.00	72.08	60.00	73.00	75.00	....	11.6	12.00	....	73.00
Neola	.....	51.00	56.00	72.08	60.00	73.00	75.00	....	11.6	12.00	....	73.00
Altair	64 R. M.	45.00	48.9	62.7	51.58	62.6	66.00	....	10.3	10.5	....	62.6
Humma	.....	45.00	48.9	62.7	51.58	62.6	66.00	....	10.3	10.5	....	62.6
Shark	.....	45.00	48.9	62.7	51.58	62.6	66.00	....	10.3	10.5	....	62.6
Isolde	.....	59.7	55.1	64.	60.5	61.	74.6	....	11.6	11.6	....	61.
Wasp	.....	45.64	46.25	67.5	54.97	59.	62.5	5.0	11.	11.	....	64.0
Gloriana	.....	45.5	44.	67.2	54.17	55.6	59.4	7.8	11.	11.	....	63.4
Syce	.....	45.	42.7	61.2	51.	55.2	57.6	3.6	10.3	10.6	....	58.8
Petrel	.....	56.	51.7	58.7	57.82	55.	69.8	....	9.	10.	....	55.0
Effort	51 R. M.	36.6	39.6	51.	43.00	50.0	53.5	....	9.	9.	....	50.0
Dorwina	.....	35.0	37.8	52.5	43.00	49.5	51.2	1.3	9.	9.	....	50.8
Challenge	.....	35.0	35.9	52.5	43.00	47.0	48.5	4.0	9.	9.	....	51.0
Rosalie	.....	41.0	41.9	53.0	45.7	49.0	55.6	....	.....	9.	....	49.0
Cartoon	.....	25.0	33.0	35.0	30.0	47.6	44.6	....	.....	9.	....	47.6
*Countess	40 R. M.	32.0	34.35	42.9	35.85	39.0	46.37	....	.....	.....	....	39.0
Leda	.....	32.0	34.35	42.9	35.85	39.0	46.37	....	.....	.....	....	39.0

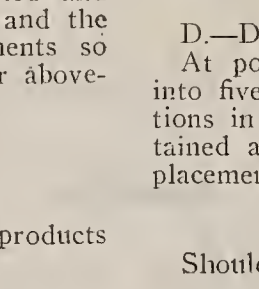
*Now Spasm.

SCHOONERS.

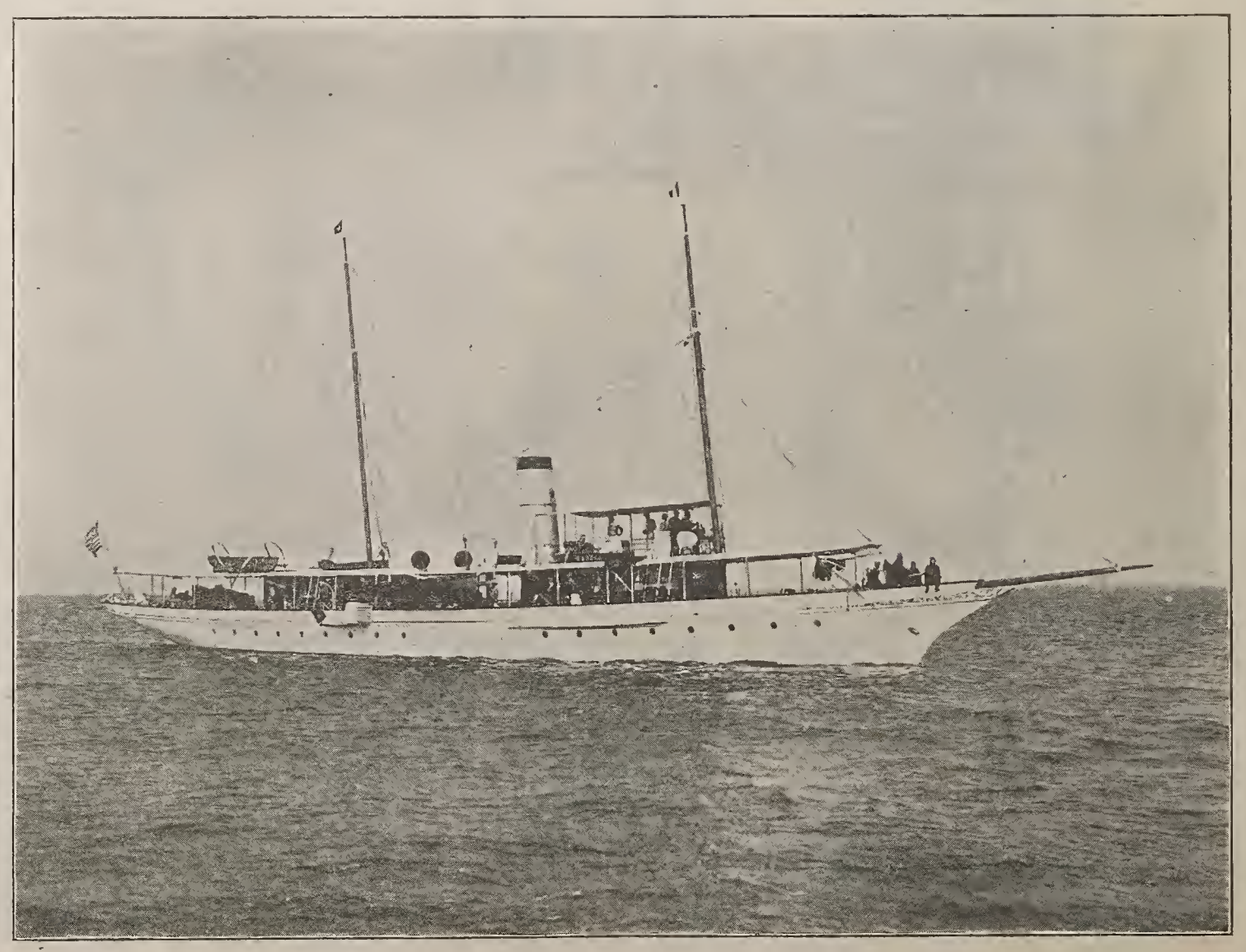
Meteor	.....	120.	103.9	111.00	112.4	110.5	139.00	....	.....	.....	....	110.5
Lasca	100 R. M.	89.8	74.2	102.	93.3	94.8	102.	....	10.8	.....	....	94.8
Emerald	.....	85.9	77.0	101.2	90.7	92.0	104.0	....	14.0	14.6	....	92.0
Corona	.....	85.5	79.2	105.0	93.13	98.0	107.0	....	14.5	14.7	....	98.0
Iroquois	.....	79.0	64.2	86.4	82.3	82.6	86.7	....	12.6	.....	....	82.6
Amorita	80 R. M.	69.	64.	84.5	73.2	77.0	86.4	....	12.3	12.0	1.50	78.5
Elmina	.....	68.	64.	84.5	73.2	77.0	86.4	....	12.0	12.0	....	77.00
Muriel	.....	68.	64.	84.5	73.2	77.0	86.4	....	12.0	12.0	....	77.00
Quissetta	.....	66.	61.7	83.0	73.3	80.0	83.6	....	11.8	12.0	....	80.00
Katrina	.....	69.5	63.	80.0	73.14	68.5	85.0	....	.....	12.0	....	68.50

CLASSIFICATION.

4:5 principal. Each limit four-fifths of limit of class above, approximately, with regularly increasing intervals.



The figures in the above tables are approximate measurements furnished by designers.



HAUOLI.
Designed by Henry J. Gielow for F. M. Smith, 1902.

L by more than ten per cent., such excess of L.W.L. shall be added to her rating.

Limit of Draft.

The limit of draft for all vessels shall be 18ft.

Should the extreme draft of any yacht in racing trim exceed the limit of draft specified for her rating, such excess of draft shall be multiplied by five and be added to her rating.

Limit of Sail Area.

Should the square root of the sail area of any yacht exceed her measurement of L by the foregoing formula more than thirty-five per cent., any such excess shall be added to her measurement.

All measurements specified may be certified to by the designer, in a certificate to be filed with the measurer of the club, but such certificate must be accompanied with drawings, showing the measurements taken and the true line of flotation of the vessel when measured in racing trim, which line of flotation must be verified by the measurer, before any certificate of measurement shall be accepted by the secretary.

If from any peculiarity in the build of a yacht, or other cause, the measurer shall be of opinion that the rule will not rate the yacht fairly, or that in any respect she does not comply with the requirements of these rules, he shall report the circumstances to the Regatta Committee, who, with the measurer, after due inquiry, shall award such a certificate of rating as they may consider equitable, and the measurement shall be deemed incomplete until this has been done.

In connection with the proposed rule, the committee recommends the following classification:

Classification.

SCHOONERS.

Class A. Over 100ft., rating measurement.
Class B. Not over 100ft. and over 80ft., rating measurement.
Class C. Not over 80ft. and over 64ft., rating measurement.
Class D. Not over 64ft. and over 51ft., rating measurement.
Class E. Not over 51ft., rating measurement.

SLOOPS.

Class F. Over 100ft., rating measurement.
Class G. Not over 100ft. and over 80ft., rating measurement.
Class H. Not over 80ft. and over 64ft., rating measurement.
Class I. Not over 64ft. and over 51ft., rating measurement.
Class J. Not over 51ft. and over 40ft., rating measurement.
Class K. Not over 40ft., rating measurement.

In connection with the proposed rule and classification, the committee further recommends that the formula for time allowance shall read

$$\text{Time} = .8\left(\frac{3,600}{\sqrt{l}} - \frac{3,600}{\sqrt{L}}\right);$$

3,600 representing the number of seconds in an hour, l the rating measurement of the small yacht, and L the rating measurement of the large one.

It was considered desirable by many that the full theoretical value of time allowance (one hundred per cent.) be allowed, but the committee, wishing to be conservative, recommends that the tables now in use be raised from sixty to eighty per cent., as in the above formula, and that all vessels shall receive time allowance according to their rating in all races, except when otherwise specially provided.

The committee believes that the present conditions under which the larger boat has the advantage in her class should not obtain to such an extent as it has heretofore, and that those wishing to build should have greater latitude in the choice of size within the limitations of their respective classes, so that a smaller boat may be nearer equality with the vessel of the highest rating in her class.

In order that the members of the club may be familiar with the workings of the proposed rule and how it may affect existing boats, tables from figures furnished by several prominent American designers, giving the measurements of numerous boats, both under the old rule and the new, have been made and are annexed to his report.

In the opinion of the committee, the adoption by the club of the above recommendations will greatly increase the interest in yachting, promote the building of a better type of vessel, and place racing on a firmer and more equitable basis. The committee therefore consider it advisable that the club should adopt these recommendations for a period of five years.

Correspondence.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The troubles of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts are to be deplored, although a perfectly natural consequence of their short-sightedness. Your correspondent says, "It has developed that the wide, flat-floored centerboard boat, or even a wide keel boat with immense overhangs, has a distinct advantage over narrower boats with more displacement and less sail area." And he says that Mr. Adams suggested a reduction of sail area and an increase of ballast (I suppose displacement is really meant). These suggestions are the key to the solution if one important factor is not overlooked and that is that the flat floor and "immense overhang" gives a long, narrow body to sail on when heeled, it is therefore futile to reduce sail and add ballast alone. An absolute limit must be put on the inclined length to accomplish anything, and it must be done directly and not by any midship section limitation for the reason that such a limitation, if it gives any liberty of form, can easily be evaded.

In the restricted classes fix a minimum for displacement, a maximum for sail area, draft and inclined load waterline length, and the percentage of ballast to displacement, and the result will be a type of yacht as fast and as seaworthy as can be obtained where these two antagonistic conditions are set up.

GEO. HILL.

NEW YORK, Oct. 22.

The Barnegat Sneak Box.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A great deal has been said about the sneak box, but the more we see of them the more we find can be said of them. These boats have been known in these waters for upward of fifty years. As near as we can learn, Sammy Perrine was the originator and was for many years the leading one to build boats of that class. Each year saw a marked improvement, until to-day there are few if any boats in our American waters that can excel them for comfort, safety and speed. When properly handled there is nothing that can compare with them in heavy weather, as they are nearly all decked over, making them able to stand the sea without danger of filling. They are generally of greater breadth of beam than any other boat of the same length, thus enabling them to carry a greater spread of canvas. When first originated they were very different from the sneak box of to-day. They were alike on top and bottom, the only difference being a hole cut in one side, which was called the top. Then they were used chiefly for gunning, and derived their name from being adapted for sneaking up on a flock of ducks. They were used very little for sailing then, as they were very likely to take a header and not come up, the box being much lower than any other part of the boat. To-day we have them exclusively for speed, they being 18 to 20 feet long, with an enormous spread of sail. Our bay here during the summer is the scene of some hotly contested races between this class of boats, having almost entirely taken the place of yacht racing, as all interest seems centered on this one style of craft. We have seen some very handsome boats turned out of the yard of A. F. Kilpatrick, who is the leading builder of these boats at the present day. His boats may be found in all parts of the United States, he having sent one to California last winter. In our travels in different watering places we have failed to find any boat that would compare with this class for an all-round work or pleasure craft. They are very commodious and draw very little water, enabling them to go over shoals and flat places where other boats of same proportions would be compelled to go many miles, oftentimes to follow the channel. For a one-man boat a sneak box of about 14 feet is most suitable, as in light weather one can row very nicely, and should the wind breeze up quite fresh, they are capable of weathering it with the boats of much larger class. Our experience with different style boats has proved beyond a doubt that for a man of limited means they are the largest, cheapest and handiest boat one can find anywhere on our Atlantic coast.

For gunning for ducks in winter, they are without an equal, as they are very light (not being over 12 feet long for gunning purposes), one can easily haul them out on the meadows and make a good hide, while at the same time they are covered over so one has protection from the winds. Sportsmen from all parts of the country say they are far ahead of anything they ever saw for comfort in cold weather while lying out watching for ducks. Many of our readers already know much about these boats, having been around Barnegat Bay, where they are the leading style, and we have often heard them say that for comfort and an all-round handy boat, there is none to excel the famous Barnegat sneak box.

R. G. COLLINS.

BARNEGAT, N. J.

Manchester Y. C. Challenge Accepted by the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.

A special meeting of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. was held in Montreal on Monday, Oct. 20, to select the club whose challenge should be accepted for the Seawanhaka Cup. The executive committee of the club favored the acceptance of the challenge of the White Bear Y. C., of Minneapolis, but it was finally decided to accept the Manchester Y. C.'s challenge, and it was carried by a vote of 19 to 17.

The Manchester Y. C. will pursue a different policy than did the Bridgeport Y. C. last summer. Outside clubs will not be asked to participate in trial races, but there will be one or more boats built for and owned and sailed by Manchester Y. C. members. This is a good idea and will make the matter purely a Manchester Y. C. affair. This will avoid any of the unpleasantness that existed this year.

Mr. W. Starling Burgess has received an order for a boat. She is sure to be well handled for she is to be sailed by Mr. Reginald Boardman. Mr. A. Henry Higginson will look after the light sails and Mr. Frank Burgess will take care of main sheet. All these men sailed on Outlook this year, and are rated among the cleverest amateurs in the East.

It would not be surprising if Mr. Frank Crowninshield had a trial boat built. Several other boats are talked of, but the Burgess boat is the only one that has actually been ordered.

A New Book on Yachting.

"YACHTING" is the title of a new book recently written by Julius Gabe, an English author on the sport. The book is made up of a number of historical sketches of yachting incidents and of clubs. The author has gathered together considerable matter of historical value, and he has traced the sport back to the day of the Romans.

Interesting and valuable histories of all the principal British clubs are given, and the writer also gives an outline of the development of the New York Y. C., and devotes a chapter to the races for the America's Cup. Mr. Gabe, like many English writers on yachting, exploits the pet British theory that had it not been for the unfair conditions in the Deed of Gift that made it impossible for the challenging yacht to sail on even terms with the defending yacht that the America's Cup would be in England to-day.

Yacht racing in British waters of recent years is well covered, and there is much data given, such as the courses, names and owners of competing yachts, etc. Two chapters are devoted to the French and German clubs. The book, which is dedicated to Sir Thomas Lipton, is well bound in blue cloth and contains 266 pages of matter and some forty full-page plates of prominent English yachts, both sail and steam. The book is really well gotten up, and is most readable.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., Oct. 27.—The following scores were made at the rifle gallery of the Ossining Gun Club; distance, 50ft.; target, ¼in. 25-ring, 10-shot scores: J. Willi, Sr., 193; Wm. H. Coleman 230; Amos Bedell 231, 233; C. G. Blandford 242, 241; E. F. Ball 240; Dr. E. B. Sherwood 234; J. F. Graham 230, 210; Thos. O'Connell 230; Geo. Tompkins 223, 239; H. J. Ludwig 210; G. H. Davis 228; Wm. Green 189, 211; H. Tonolla 220; C. H. Sidman 236, 230; F. Tompkins 230; L. C. Kenyon 230; B. Ganun 230; E. H. Sherwood 229; Miss Frances Gibson 216, 215; Mrs. E. F. Ball 224, 227; Miss Adelaide Willi 80.

In the re-entry prize contests the following are high:

Members: First, D. Brandreth, 233; Amos Bedell, 233; second, W. H. Coleman, 230; third, Dr. E. B. Sherwood, 229.

Non-Members: First, Geo. N. Tompkins, 239; second, C. H. Sidman, 236; third, J. F. Graham, Thos. O'Connell, F. Tompkins, L. C. Kenyon and B. Ganun, each 230.

Ladies: First, Mrs. E. F. Ball, 236; second, Miss Frances Gibson, 216.

Cadets: First, E. H. Sherwood, 229.

E. F. BALL, Compiler of Scores.

The following, taken from the daily press, recounts the results of a trial of bullet-proof cloth as follows: "The so-called bullet-proof vest invented and woven by Rev. Casimir Zeglen, a Polish Catholic priest of St. Stanislaw's Church, Chicago, was penetrated by several bullets from a .38cal. military revolver at a public exhibition at Brooklyn recently. The cloth withstood bullets from all other weapons, including the various calibers from .22 to .44. The velocity of the .38cal. bullet was 825ft. a second, while that of the other bullets ranged from 725 to 775. Father Zeglen, who was detained by the manufacture of twenty vests for some of the coal mine operators, telegraphed that he would wear the vest and give a public exhibition in New York city in about three weeks." Under the circumstances, it would be the part of prudence if Father Zeglen permitted some one, other than himself, to wear the vest when it is shot at.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Oct. 29-30.—Raleigh, N. C.—Two days' shoot of the Raleigh Gun Club; $100 added each day. R. T. Gowan, Sec'y.

Oct. 30-31—Dalton, O.—Annual fall tournament of the Dalton Gun Club. Ernest F. Scott, Captain.

Oct. 30.—Augusta, Ill.—Second target tournament of the Augusta Gun Club. Frank Bacon, Sec'y.

Oct. 30-31.—Dalton, O.—Target tournament of the Dalton Gun Club.

Oct. 30-31.—Hillsboro, Ill.—Target tournament of the Hillsboro Gun Club.

Oct. 31.—Ceres, Pa.—First annual tournament of the Ceres Gun Club. Targets and live birds. L. B. Learne, Sec'y, Ceres, N. Y.

Nov. 27.—Ossining, N. Y.—Inter-county seven-man team shoot and 100 target event for cup emblematic of championship of Westchester county.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's target shoot, every Saturday afternoon. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

Fourth Tuesday of each month, Hell Gate Gun Club's shoot at Outwater's Riverside grounds, Paterson Plank Road, Carlstadt, N. J.

Second Friday of each month (January and July excepted), shoot of Hell Gate Annex, at Dexter Park, Brooklyn.

Saturdays, Brooklyn Gun Club's shoot, Enfield street, near Liberty avenue, Brooklyn. Visitors welcome.

Saturdays, Newark, N. J., South Side Gun Club's shoots, South Broad street, near Lehigh Valley coal depot.

Saturdays, Outwater's grounds, Carlstadt, N. J., live bird handicaps.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

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

Mr. C. Palmer, Mornington House, Farrar Road, Bangor, North Wales, England, writes us in pleasant vein as follows: "It gives me much pleasure to receive the FOREST AND STREAM weekly, and to follow the doings of the various shooters who formed the American bird or target team which competed with such success in the match last year between England and America, and beside winning the match, won the esteem of the English side, of which I was one. The very best feeling prevailed throughout the contest, and we on this side voted the American team to be one and all true sportsmen and a jolly good lot of fellows. I only wish it were possible for us to accept the kind invitation to come across the herring pond, knowing full well the kindly welcome and fair play we should receive."

The programme of the Ceres Gun Club's first annual tournament, to be held at Ceres, Pa., Oct. 31, provides both target and live bird competition. Target handicaps, 14 to 20yds.; live-bird handicaps, 26 to 32yds. Competition open to all. There are twelve target events, 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets, entrance based on 10 cents per target. There are two events at live birds. First and second high averages, $5 and $3. Lowest average, $2. Rose system, ratios 8, 5, 3 and 2 will prevail. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Handicap committee: Messrs. J. C. Crandall, Randolph, N. Y.; H. L. Zimmerman, Bolivar, N. Y., and F. F. Mason, Olean, N. Y. For further information address the secretary, A. B. Learne, Ceres, N. Y.

The Newton, N. J., Gun Club have passed a set of resolutions thanking Mrs. F. E. Butler (Annie Oakley) for the trophy, a silver cup, presented by her to that club. Two of the resolutions are as follows: "Resolved, That every member of said club do resolve to attempt to reach the sublime heights of perfection facing the traps as they feel they have achieved when telling about it; and be it further resolved, as a mark of our respect and esteem for the donor of said gift, that she be, and hereby is, elected as an honorary member of the Newton Gun Club."

Mr. T. W. Morfey, the eminent trapshooter, moved from Queens, L. I., to Dover, N. J., on Monday of this week. The latter place is much more convenient for him to reach in his journeyings to and fro in the territory which he covers as a trade representative. He will also engage in the breeding of high-class cattle, fancy fowls and modern agriculture.

On the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League, Philadelphia, Monday of this week, Mr. Fred Coleman, of Higgins, Pa., defeated Mr. Harry S. Coldron, of Reading, Pa., by a score of 99 to 96. The conditions were 30yds. rise, $2.50 a side, loser to pay for the birds, all of which, with the resulting scores, made it a match of the first class.

The University of Pennsylvania trapshooters are preparing, by diligent practice, for their intercollegiate contest with Harvard and Cambridge, on Nov. 8, as a matter of interest contingent to the football game.

At the tournament of Messrs. Klein and Burmeister, Spirit Lake, Ia., Oct. 21 and 22, Mr. W. R. Crosby, shooting from the 22yd. mark, won the cup and first money in a 50-target event on the second day, scoring 46. He averaged 95.1 per cent for the two days. The cup for the amateurs making the highest average was won by Mr. Guy Burnside. It was arranged for a three-day tournament, but owing to the light attendance the third day was cancelled.

Mr. Albert A. Schoverling, corresponding secretary, informs us that the next shoot of the Fulton Gun Club will have prizes for competition, and will commence at 1 o'clock, Nov. 2. To reach the grounds, take, from Brooklyn Bridge, the Kings county elevated to Crescent street, or, from Twenty-third and Forty-second street ferries, take elevated to Crescent street, from which it is about ten minutes' walk to the grounds via Old Mill Road.

Elsewhere in our trap columns Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, calls attention to the matter of the Association's tournaments for 1903, and presents a suggestion concerning applications of clubs in that relation. The annual meeting will be held on Dec. 11. Applications for tournaments should be in the manager's hands by Dec. 8. His address is 111 Fourth avenue, Pittsburg.

The final shoot for the October cup of the Crescent Athletic Club took place last Saturday, on the club grounds at Bay Ridge, L. I. Mr. W. W. Marshall made high score, 45, but Dr. J. J. Keyes had made the three best scores, 48, 45 and 47, a total of 140 out of a possible 150, and won it thereby outright. Mr. W. J. McConville and Mr. Marshall scored 139, a close second to the winner.

Mr. A. H. Funke, eminent in business affairs as a sporting goods dealer, announces his removal from 98 Duane street to 325 Broadway, New York. The new quarters are more prominently in the gun district, and are attractively fitted and equipped. In them Mr. Funke will be pleased to meet his numerous friends.

Dr. J. W. Meck carried off high honors in the trophy shoot of the Garfield Gun Club, at Chicago, last Saturday. He scored 24 out of a possible 25. J. McDonald won Class B with 22 and Mr. Wilson won Class C with 17. In the cup event Mr. A. Hellman was winner with 22 out of 25 shot at.

The next regular shoot of the Richmond Gun Club will be held at Silver Lake, Staten Island, on Election Day. The traps will be ready for action at 10 o'clock A. M. A silver cup will be the prize in one of the events. Mr. Albert A. Schoverling, of New Brighton, S. I., is the secretary.

There was a group of shooting talent in Philadelphia last week of high eminence, and as is habitual with them, they indulged in some trapshooting, the scene of which was the Florist Gun Club's grounds. They were Messrs. Dupont, Gilbert, Squier, Hirschy and C. North.

The Glaser trophy, for which the members of the North River Gun Club have been contesting diligently for the past year, was won the third time last Saturday on the club grounds at Edgewater, N. J., by Mr. Truax, and it now becomes his personal property.

John S. Wright's live-bird shoot at North Hudson Driving Park, Hoboken, was quite a success. About fifteen shooters participated. The grounds are nicely equipped for live-bird shooting, and the competition is conducted in a manner in every particular up to date.

Mr. Herbert Taylor, of St. Louis, and Mr. H. C. Hirschy, of St. Paul, distinguished as experts in the manufacture, distribution and use of powder in its relation to industry and sport, were visitors in New York last week.

At a meeting held recently the Nishoyne Gun Club, of Orange, N. J., elected officers as follows: President, F. J. Miller; Secretary, R. B. Baldwin; Treasurer, A. Mosler.

BERNARD WATERS.

Coleman—Coldren.

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Pa., Oct. 27.—Mr. Fred Coleman, of Higgins, Pa., defeated Mr. Harry S. Coldren, of Reading, by the score of 99 to 96 in a match at 100 live birds, on the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League, this afternoon. The conditions were 30yds. rise, with the usual boundary, $250 a side, and the loser to pay for the birds.

The crowd was a big one, and many prominent followers of the sport were present from Reading and Allentown with a big delegation. Coleman had been out to the grounds on Saturday and scored 24 and 1 dead out of bounds out of 25. This made him the favorite with the money men, and there was plenty of Coleman money in sight with no takers.

Coleman won the toss and elected his opponent to lead off, and the first bird was shot at 2 o'clock. The weather conditions were warm and sultry, with a very light 3 o'clock wind. The birds were a selected lot, and under ordinary conditions would have been fast, while under the existing conditions they were lazy, and not over 25 per cent. were on the wing with the fall of the trap.

Coleman shot a very cool, steady race from start to finish, and it was only by a narrow chance and a few feet that he did not run 100 straight. His one lost bird was a driver in the twelfth round. The bird was hit with both barrels, but could not be brought to earth inside the fence, falling just over the inclosure fence, about 15ft. over the boundary. The other 99 birds he killed with ease, and with one or two exceptions his birds were killed right over the traps.

Coldren killed the first 15, and then had a bad five minutes, drawing two fairly good birds, right drivers, in the sixteenth and seventeenth rounds, and losing both. In the thirty-fourth round he drew a wicked left driver which did not stop until over the wire fence. He did not lose his nerve with this piece of bad luck, but went along and hammered out 23 straight, losing his fifty-eighth, another left driver. This was his last error, and he finished with 42 straight.

It was the opinion of many of the spectators that Coleman was the more lucky man in drawing birds, and the few fast ones that there were fell to Coldren. From the writer's view, the drawing was about even. Coldren was slower and at times a little erratic with the first barrel, thereby allowing his birds to get a start and get hard. Coleman, on the other hand, was very quick in action, and used his first barrel with good effect, and in nearly every instance got his bird right out of the traps.

John Rothacker acted as referee, while Ed. Johnson officiated as scorer. A. A. Felix looked after Coleman's interests, while Gus Muller filled the same office for Coldren. The scores:

H S Coldren.....12121221112121200122222 11—23
11212112*1122122122222212—24
21121220112211122111211 22—24
22212222211221212211121 2—25—96
F Coleman.....22222222222*2222222222222—24
22222222222222222222222222—25
22222222222222222222222212—25
22221122222222222222222222—25—99

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O., Oct. 25.—The twenty-second contest of the Cincinnati Gun Club's series of cash prizes, shot on the club grounds to-day had twenty-six contestants. Messrs. Ahlers and Randall were high with 46 each, shooting from the 17 and 19yd. mark respectively. The scores: Ahlers (17) 46, Randall (19) 46, Herman (17) 45, Van Ness (18) 44, R. Trimble (20) 44, Gambell (18) 41, F. Littleford (18) 41, E. Trimble (18) 40, Block (18) 40, Maynard (18) 40, Barker (17) 40, Capt (17) 40, Boyd (18) 38, Corry (16) 38, Butts (16) 36, Medico (18) 35, Faran (20) 35, Miles (16) 34, Kohler (16) 34, Roll (18) 33, T. Littleford (16) 32, Terry (16) 28, Bauer (16) 26, Watterson (16) 26, Colonel (16) 22, Jack (17) 22.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Mt. Sterling, Illinois.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 25.—The seventh annual shoot of the Mt. Sterling Gun Club, of Illinois, closed Oct. 15. Attendance smaller than was expected, but a pleasant time all around. The full programme was shot. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	Total
Targets:	10	10	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	10	10	Broke.
Scott	10	9	10	15	10	15	9	12	10	14	9	14	9	10	10	166
Groves	8	10	9	13	9	13	9	15	10	13	10	15	10	8	9	161
Gilbert	9	7	10	14	10	12	8	14	10	14	9	14	10	9	10	160
Avery	10	6	7	14	9	15	9	14	9	15	9	14	7	10	9	157
Parks	9	6	8	13	9	14	9	15	7	15	9	13	10	9	10	156
Estes	8	7	10	11	7	12	9	12	9	14	8	15	9	9	9	149
Bacon	7	8	8	11	7	15	9	10	9	14	8	13	8	9	10	146
Engelbrect	9	9	7	13	10	10	8	9	10	12	8	14	9	7	9	144
Vanderventer	9	9	9	13	9	10	5	13	9	14	0	8	0	0	8	143
McGill	8	9	8	11	7	13	8	12	10	11	7	12	10	7	8	141
Williams	8	9	8	9	6	7	6	14	9	13	8	9	9	9	7	121
Sapp	9	8	7	7	6	9	7	..	4	..	5	..	5	6	9	82
Bowman	7	7	10	9	5	9	8	10	8	..	7	..	9	8	7	104
Webster	10	5	9	11	6	..	8	..	10	..	8	..	..	9	8	85
Van Brunt	10	10	7	12	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	6	10	9	87
Davis	8	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	6	38
Dorset	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	8	..	5	..	4	..	3	8	7	45
Bennett	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8
Carver	5	7	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20

Extra events:

Targets:	10	10	10	10	Targets:	10	10	10	10
Scott	10	14	..	..	Vanderventer	7	10	..	..
Groves	9	13	5	8	Gilbert	8	12	8	6
Sapp	6	..	..	..	McGill	4	9	5	3
Van Brunt	6	12	8	8	Avery	9	13	6	..
Williams	3	..	..	..	E Estes	6	14	6	..
J Estes	9	..	..	..	Bacon	..	15	6	..
Parks	9	15	9	4	Engelbrect	..	..	6	4

E. H.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Oct. 25.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the fourth trophy shoot of the fourth series. Dr. Meek carried off the honors by scoring 24 out of 25 and won Class A trophy; J. McDonald won Class B on 22; Wilson won Class C on 17.

The cup shoot followed, and was won by A. Hellman on 22 out of 25, thrown as 15 singles and 5 pairs.

The day was very dark and threatening, and in fact it did rain heavily part of the afternoon. The attendance was not what it should be, but threatening weather and game season are responsible for it.

Fourth event, fourth series, 25 targets, as follows:

Kehl .....0111010101011111010100101—15
F Wolf .....1011111111111011111111111—23
Dr Meek .....0111111111111111111111111—24
Keck .....1011110011110001110101110—16
T W Eaton.....1111010111110111010110110—18
E Eaton .....1000110110010011111011011—15
Wilson .....0111111110101110110111000—17
Price .....1100011101101010100111010—14
T Jones .....1011101110111110111111111—21
Hellman .....1111111111110111101111001—21
McDonald .....1111111111111111111010101—22

Cup shoot, eleventh of the series, 15 singles and 5 pairs:

Kehl .....101100101100110 11 10 00 00 00—11
F Wolf .....011111111110111 10 10 11 00 11—19
Dr Meek .....011111111111111 11 00 11 11 10—21
T Eaton .....101101011111110 01 11 10 10 11—18
Keck .....111111110100111 00 01 10 00 10—15
Wilson .....110101111111111 01 10 10 11 11—20
Price .....010101011110010 10 11 11 10 10—15
Jones .....111111111111111 00 00 00 10 01—17
Hellman .....111111111111110 11 11 10 10 01—22
Eldred .....101111111111010 00 10 11 11 10—18
McDonald .....111101111011011 10 11 01 11 11—20

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	10	10	10	10	Targets:	10	10	10	10
Kehl	3	4	4	..	Wilson	4	8	7	..
F Wolf	3	6	8	6	Price	4	6	3	7
Dr Meek	8	10	8	10	T Jones	8	9	..	..
Keck	6	9	8	..	Hellman	..	..	8	7
T W Eaton	6	8	10	8	McDonald	..	..	8	7
E Eaton	8	6	4	..	Eldred	..	..	..	5

Following is the result of the Chicago Gun Club's third target series, 1902:

	No. Shoots Attended.	Targets Shot at.	Broken.	Per Cent.	5 Best Shoots.
W P Johnson	1	25	23	.92	....
Dr J W Meek	7	175	158	.902	.936
C P Richards	3	75	67	.893	....
A Hellman	5	125	107	.856	.856
A E Midgley	2	50	42	.84	....
A D Dorman	4	100	84	.84	....
T L Smedes	1	25	21	.84	....
T Eaton	7	175	143	.817	.872
J D Pollard	4	100	80	.80	....
Dr A Shaw	1	25	20	.80	....
J E Dafter	3	75	60	.80	....
M G Eldred	4	100	77	.77	....
W A Jones	4	100	75	.75	....
Dr J A Huff	1	25	18	.72	....
L D Price	2	50	36	.72	....
F J Cooper	1	25	18	.72	....
L Thomas	6	150	107	.714	.744
J McDonald	6	150	106	.706	.728
T Jones	4	100	70	.70	....
R S Leete	4	100	66	.66	....
G W Drinkwater	4	100	64	.64	....
F G Barnard	1	25	16	.64	....
J C Kissick	2	50	31	.62	....
A McGowan	3	75	45	.60	....
S E Young	2	50	29	.58	....
M F Wilson	7	175	99	.565	.60
Dr J H Mathews	1	25	14	.56	....
C H Kehl	6	150	71	.473	.488
Townsend Smith	2	50	21	.42	....
J Monighan	1	25	8	.32	....

IN NEW JERSEY.

John S. Wright's Shoot.

The live-bird shoot designed and conducted by Mr. John S. Wright, was held on the grounds within the boundary of the North Hudson Driving Park, near Hudson Heights, Hoboken, N. J., the same grounds where the Jeannette Gun Club now holds its monthly shoots. They are pleasantly situated and efficiently equipped for conducting live-bird shoots satisfactorily. Everything ran smoothly and pleasantly.

A few miss-and-outs were shot off before the regular programme commenced. In the first event at 7 birds there were ten contestants, most of whom were fairly well seasoned shooters. Mr. L. Connitz was one of the contestants, and made his first attempt at live-bird competition, though he has had extensive experience at target shooting. He was one of the five who killed straight in the first event. The money for each of the straights was $4.25.

The second event was at 10 birds, $7 entrance, and first money was $7.50. There were fourteen contestants, three of whom killed straight.

The third event was at 15 birds, $10 entrance, and in deference to the wishes of the participants the division of the moneys was changed from Rose system to high guns. Welles and Glover missed one each and were the only two in the tie on 14.

The weather was of balmy fall, an ideal Indian summer day. There was a mild south wind, which held the birds to fly straightaway. As to the birds, they were mixed in quality, slow and fast, just the kind to insure misses if the contestants relaxed in vigilance and tension. The scores follow:

Event 1, 7 pigeons, $5 entrance, two moneys:

C Von Lengerke, 29..2221122—7
L Connitz, 25.....1111221—7
S Glover, 31.....2212222—7
B Waters, 28.....2212122—7
H S Welles, 29.....2222222—7
T W Morfey, 31.....1111121*—6
C Steffens, 30.....11*0222—5
H Pape, 27.....0102211—5
F E Butler, 28.....2012011—5
Ramapo, 28.....2022200—4

Event 2, 10 pigeons, handicap rise, three moneys, $7 entrance:

C Intermann, 28...2121111121—10
B Waters, 29.....1222222222—10
H S Welles, 29.....2222222222—10
T W Morfey, 31...0222222222— 9
L Connitz, 27.....2*12222222— 9
E Kattengell, 29....2222022212— 9
C Steffens, 30.....1212222020— 8
H Pape, 26.....1*21221120— 8
S Glover, 31.....1222*22220— 8
Von Lengerke, 29.*002222222— 7
Ramapo, 27 .....2222200022— 7
Butler, 26.....0101111210— 7
J H Kroeger, 28....1011120012— 7
Ice, 27.....0200121112— 7

Event 3, 15 pigeons, handicap:

F Hall, 29....02222020212w
H Welles, 29..222222222222220—14
H Pape, 26...000112022110122—10
C Steffens, 30.0101212211221 22—13
J Kroeger, 28.21222212011*1*1—12
T Morfey, 31..222011222222201—13
Intermann, 29.1*1111211202000—10
S Glover, 31...212222222222220—14
V'n Leng'ke,28.*2212*122222222—13
L Connitz, 27..022222222121220—13
Ramapo, 27....200220220220222—10
F E Butler, 26.2111220202121 12—13

Emerald Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., Oct. 21.—The weather conditions at the shoot of the Emerald Gun Club to-day, held on Smith Brothers' grounds, were favorable to a thorough test of skill. The day was delightfully pleasant. There was a strong northwest wind blowing, and the birds were good and very fast. Four guests, Messrs. P. Garms, T. Cody, T. Morfey and F. A. Seitz, were present. They shot for birds only. No one killed straight in the club event. Three scored 9, namely, Messrs. H. Koegel, T. Morfey and F. A. Seitz. There were both a distance and a point handicap. Interstate rules governed the competition. The scores follow:

	—Handicaps— Yards.	Points.	
R Regan	25	6	2100222100— 6
F J Kall	25	6	2120010210— 6
E J Roberts	28	6½	2010001012— 5
Dr O'Connell	32	7	1202222022— 8
A A Schoverling	30	7	0222202220— 7
J C Henry	25	6	11*0112210— 7
Dr Hudson	28	7	1021000110— 5
J Moore	28	6½	0100011011— 5
P Garms	28	..	0220201022— 6
T Cody	28	..	0011*01101— 5
H Koegel	30	7	2012112122— 9
W J Corbett	25	5	010*102021— 5
J Fischer	28	6	2222020210— 7
W Hassenger	30	7	012122222*— 8
T Short	28	7	2122*20112— 8
C Voeheringer	25	6	222220*122— 8
Capt Dryer	25	6	1020121010— 6
W Catton	28	7	0000122120— 5
P J May	28	6	2011020002— 5
F Hansmann	25	6	1020000100— 3
H Dressel	28	6	2000122222— 7
T Morfey	30	..	*122222222— 9
F A Seitz	28	..	1112221210— 9

Nishoyne Gun Club.

Orange, N. J., Oct. 25.—The weekly shoot of the Nishoyne Gun Club to-day resulted as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	15	Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	15.
A Mosler	20	..	..	19	20	..	..	F J Miller	..	..	..	20	16	..	14 ..
F Butler	15	19	..	..	..	16	..	M Baldwin	..	..	..	..	20	17	.. 13
W Slater	12	20	17	..	..	..	..	Dr G Wakely	..	..	..	..	..	18	.. ..
R Baldwin	..	18	19	..	21	..	12								

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., Oct. 25.—Mr. Truax, having won the Glaser trophy three times, is declared the winner, and is entitled to have possession of it forever.

Mr. Dudley, who is also a member, would not shoot for the trophy, knowing that the boys have been fighting for this medal for more than a year, and his action was greatly appreciated by every member. The scores, 50 targets:

Truax 1111101101111110111000001
11111111101111111111110011—39+ 8—47
Morrison 0110111110000111111110111
10101010111111100111101 10—35+ 8—43
Eickhoff 1001011111010001100000101
11111101110111101111101111—32+12—45
*Dudley 1111111101011111111111011
11111101111111111111111 —46
Richter 0010011011000110000000001
11010001110001010111 1001—22+ 8—30
Allison 1111011000011111110100110
11111101100100011101001 11—33+12—45
Hexamer 1011110101101101101000000
01010100111100110000101 10—25+12—37
Cathcart 1011010100111110011101011
01010000101110010100111001—28+15—43
*Pape 1001001101001111111010011
01111111011000001010111011 —30

*Birds only.

Sweepstakes:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Allison	9	9	8	..	..	..	8	6	7
Truax	9	7	6	..	..	..	7	9	7
Richter	6	4	5	..	3	..	4	5	5
Morrison	8	7	8	..	..	..	9	7	6
Horland	2	1	3	..	3	..	..	..	..
Eickhoff	6	5	7	7	3	9	8	6	6
Pape	7	8	7	4	9	8	..	..	..
Dudley	9	7	8	10	10	10	..	..	..
Hexamer	5	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hawes	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Pape, Jr.	..	..	4	5	3	..	..	..	..
Annett	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	3	..

JAS. R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Oct. 25.—The final shoot for the October cup took place to-day on the club grounds at Bay Ridge, hence there was more than common interest displayed by the shooting contingent, although it was almost a foregone conclusion that it would be won by Dr. J. J. Keyes. Messrs. Marshall and McConville had chances, however, and were defeated by the very narrow margin of one target. A contestant must participate in at least three shoots for the monthly cup, as his best three scores are what count in determining the winner. The three best scores made by Dr. Keyes were 48, 45 and 47, a total of 140, while McConville and Marshall got 139, Brigham 131.

October cup, 50 targets, handicap allowances added:

	Hdcp.	Total.	Hdcp.	Total.	Total.
W W Marshall	6	21	6	24	45
W J McConville	4	25	4	19	44
Dr J J Keyes	1	19	1	23	42
G R Meeker	5	19	5	18	37
C G Rasmus	4	21	4	14	35

The second event was at 25 targets, for a trophy, handicap, and was won by Charles A. Sykes. Scores: Sykes (4) 25, Meeker (5) 23, Keyes (1) 23, Lott (2) 22, Marshall (6) 22, McConville (4) 22, Vanderveer (3) 20, Fiske (7) 20, Rasmus (4) 20.

Trophy, 25 targets, handicap: Rasmus (4) 21, Vanderveer (4) 24, Stake (6) 20, Marshall (6) 18, McConville (4) 17.

Trophy, 25 targets, handicap: Keyes (1) 25, Marshall (6) 25, McConville (4) 24, Rasmus (4) 22, Pool (3) 19.

Trophy, 25 targets, handicap: Vanderveer (3) 24, Meeker (5) 21, Chapman (7) 14.

Trophy, 15 targets, handicap: Stake (3) 15, Sykes (2) 14, Marshall (3) 13, Pool (1) 13, Chapman (4) 12.

Match, 10 targets: Marshall 10, Chapman 9, Keyes 8, Rasmus 5, Meeker 5.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Oct. 25.—Mr. H. S. Welles was easily the star performer at the shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club to-day. The weather was pleasant, and favorable for good scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	15	10	15	15	15	25	10	5p
Welles	10	14	12	9	12	14	12	24	10	9
Newton	4	12	13	7	11	13	12	..	..	..
O'Callaghan	1	4	8	..	4	2	4	..	..	..
Hausleiter	8	10	9	4	11	9	..	..	..	..
Engle	9	13	15	8	12	11	11	21	..	8
Wright	6	9	9	7	11	14	11	18	8	6

The Passing of Authorities.

THE position of authority, once attained, would seem to be easy to hold. Time and the world's progress, however, are destructive to authorities. The authority, venerated in one age, may be a source of merriment in the next age. This is particularly true of the authorities on guns. In the short period of half a century there have been several quite distinct stages of evolution concerning them.

The work of Col. Hawker, bearing the modest title "Instructions to Young Sportsmen in All that Relates to Guns and Shooting," was considered a masterpiece of sound knowledge for years after its publication in 1830. The author of it, in recognition of its intrinsic merit, dedicated it as follows: "To His Most Excellent Majesty, William the Fourth. This attempt to instruct the rising generation in an art for which we have long been the first nation in the world, and an exercise acknowledged as being calculated to invigorate us for the service of our King and country, is with gracious permission most respectfully dedicated by His Majesty's ever dutiful servant and loyal subject, Peter Hawker."

Although written at a period of time within the remembrance of men now living, the quaint style of it and the obsolete ideas would seem to place it back in past centuries. The queer views and technical vagaries presented as exact knowledge will be interesting reading now, in comparison with the exact knowledge of our own times. Following are some excerpts:

The gunmakers, in short, remain again as I left them—like the frogs, without a king; and as before, complaining bitterly about the dullness of trade. But for this, they have to thank their introduction of the detonating system, by which they got caught themselves in the very trap that was laid for their customers. When flint guns were the order of the day few sporting gentlemen of distinction ever thought of using anything but the gun of a first rate maker, for the simple reason that on the goodness of the work depended the quickness in firing, and consequently the filling of the bag. But nowadays every common fellow in a market town can detonate an old musket and make it shoot as quick as can be wished; insomuch that all scientific calculations in shooting, at moderate distances, are now so simplified that we every day meet with jackanapes apprentice boys who can shoot flying and knock their eight birds out of ten. Formerly shooting required art and nerve; now for tolerable shooting (at all events for the use of one barrel) nerve alone is sufficient. Formerly a first rate gun was a sine qua non: now the most that we can call it is a desideratum; since all guns are now made to fire with nearly equal velocity. Still, however, fortunately for the leading gunmakers, there are yet left many requisites which induce good sportsmen, though a much smaller number than formerly, to go to the heads of the trade: viz., (1) soundness and perfect safety in guns; (2) the barrels being correctly put together for accurate shooting; (3) the elevation being mathematically true, and raised strictly in proportion to the length of the barrel; and (4) the stock being properly cast off to the eye and well fitted to the hand and shoulder. I say nothing of the balance, because any good carpenter with some lead and a center bit can regulate this to the shooter's fancy.

Within the few years the detonaters have been much improved in shooting in consequence of their being bored differently from flint guns. They now detain the shot longer in the barrel in order that the powder may have time to kindle, which is done to such a degree as to occasion an increase of recoil, and a liability to become "leaded" with much firing. Many waddings have been invented to counteract this, and I shall hereafter speak of them in another part of the book, as they have their merits; but still none of them will make a detonater of equal weight with, shoot quite as strong and regular as a flint gun. Though, like the rest of the sporting world, I have long been kidnapped into the constant use of detonaters, still I have no reason to alter the opinion I gave in 1822; and were my time to come over again, I might probably be content with the flint, though I have of course, as every one does, shot more accurately and missed fewer quick shots with the detonater.

For example: how is the barrel made to throw shot very close? By a too long continued relief forward without a proportional opening behind; this (from a want of that impetus or friction which the shot receive while passing through the cylindrical part of the caliber) makes the gun shoot so slow, that the sportsman often fires behind his game, and of course so weak, though well directed, that instead of his birds dying in the air, they are brought down in a slovenly manner, and half of them escape being bagged, although their skins may be filled with shot enough to make a brilliant display at a single sheet of paper.

Many are apt to suppose that if a bird, killed by a long shot, has been struck with four or five pellets, their gun will always be certain of doing execution at the same distance if properly directed. But so far is this from being the case that it may proceed from the barrel throwning the grains in patches, and therefore being liable to let even fair shots escape through an interval.

Indeed, the effect of this mode of boring might be equally well produced by wetting the shot, or loading with very little powder, and elevating so as for nearly all the shot to drop into the mark (a common trick when an old hand wishes to sell a gun to a Cockney or win the Christmas prize at an ale house by shooting at a mark). But enough of imperfections; and now for what a barrel ought to be:

With the common-sized guns, which are now made for the sports of the field, the usual mode of boring is to leave a cylinder for about three-fourths of the barrel (always taking care in a flint gun, but not in a detonater to preserve a little tightness or contraction just where the shot first moves), and let the remaining part of the caliber be gradually relieved to the muzzle. For instance, suppose a barrel to be two feet eight inches long, we would say (beginning at the breech end) about six inches tight (if for a flint); twenty-one inches a cylinder, and the remaining five inches relieved to the muzzle. All this must be done with the most delicate possible gradation, and in so small a degree that even some gunmakers can scarcely discover it. How natural then is it that many sporting authors should be so far deceived as to fancy the best guns are bored a true cylinder to the very muzzle, and therefore argue in its favor! This relief has the effect of making the gun shoot as close as it can do, compatibly with the strength and quickness required, which should, however, be increased as much as possible by the best constructed breechings. But with the new alteration for short detonaters, a mere cylinder or nearly so, with a few inches' relief forward, is now found to answer best, and therefore we require more weight of metal in order to case the recoil of a charge that is longer detained in the barrel. Thus the detonating system simplifies the boring to the whole trade, as well as the art of killing to the shooter. With longer and heavier guns, we may take still further advantage, and have a little opening behind. All this relief must be given in a very trifling degree, because, should the barrel be too much opened in any part, it would admit of the powder escaping between the wadding and the sides of the caliber, by which the shooting of the gun would be rendered weak. For this reason, I should object to having a hole through the wadding that covers the powder, which many do to prevent, as they think, the confined air from resisting the ramrod, which it rarely does until after you have put in the second wadding.

For a duck gun or piece of any considerable length, the barrel should be bored so as to feel more and more tight on ramming down the wadding, particularly on coming just above where the shot lies, and with a very little opening from where the shot lies down to the breeching. This you will perceive by a relief to the ramrod just before the wadding reaches the powder. If, however, the gun is very long you may then of course have the barrel further opened behind, in proportion to the length, and thereby give more force to the powder, which will enable you with propriety to extend the relief forward, and by that means get close shooting combined with strength. This is the reason why long barrels may be made to shoot further than short ones. Thus the shot has friction by being forced through the cylinder, and is then gradually relieved all the way in going out, and this more in proportion again as the shot leaves the muzzle. In a word, the shot should receive all the force of the powder while tight in the barrel, and then, as before observed, go easier and easier all the way out of it. This mode of boring is the best calculated for large wildfowl guns, because the first friction makes them shoot strong (by means of giving due time to burn the powder), and yet with as much ease as any caliber that can be made to answer that purpose.

In answer to many absurd arguments in favor of short guns and observations about "lateral pressure," I shall here subjoin a schedule in order to show how were bored the five best guns I ever saw fired, exemplifying how far they were from being bored a perfect cylinder, and therefore proving the absurdity of those arguments which are all grounded upon this mistake. Were a gun barrel bored a true cylinder from end to end, it might shoot nearly, or quite, as well if two feet long as one of greater length, because a superfluity of what may be strictly called lateral pressure would do more harm than good, by checking instead of assisting the force of the charge. But to these two feet of cylinder let me add some more caliber, and that to consist of proper opening and relief, and then shoot the guns for a wager, and see how those new discovery gentlemen would come off who have been holding forth to the public such nonsense in favor of short guns.

Cannons are bored a cylinder, because they are generally used for firing ball, and therefore may be short; but how have they always thrown loose shot? Why, most miserably, till General Shrapnell invented his admirable shells that keep the charge together for a second explosion, which takes place a little before the shot has reached the object. It is one thing to speak of things plausibly, another to state them correctly.

In the following schedule I have taken three of the largest-sized guns, because a little sporting gun is on so small a scale, that although the relief may be felt in a moment by passing a proper gauge of lead through the caliber, yet the barrel is so diminutive that it would be difficult to measure and specify the exact depth of this relief.

N. B.—If any gunmaker had candidly informed me as to his mode of boring barrels, I should have felt myself bound in honor never to divulge much less to publish the secret. But as the little knowledge I possess has been acquired by my own discovery, and proved by experiments to be correct, it becomes my own property, and as such therefore I have no further hesitation in presenting it to my readers.

A SINGLE SWIVEL GUN.

Barrel made by Fullerd; average of bore 1½ inches; weight of barrel, 62 pounds: Cylinder, 2ft. 8in.; relief, 4ft. 1in.; opened behind, 6½in.; total (exclusive of plug), 7ft. 3½in.

Depth of Cut.—Relieved to the 20th of an inch; opened behind to the 24th of an inch.

MY NEW DOUBLE SWIVEL GUN (WEIGHT, 193 POUNDS).

Barrels by Fullerd: Cylinder, 2ft. 9in.; relief, 4ft. 2in.; opened behind, 1ft. 3in.; total (exclusive of plugs), 8ft. 2in.

Depth of Cut.—The bore in cylinder, 1½in. all but a 32d; relief forward 1½in. and a 32d (a 16th difference), and cut rather less deep behind than at the muzzle.

A SINGLE STANCHION GUN.

Barrel, 69lbs. (made in Birmingham); cylinder, 2ft. 7in.; relief, 4ft. 4in.; opened behind, 10in.; total 7ft. 9in.

Depth of Cut.—Cylinder, 1¼in. barely; relief, 1¼in. and a 16th; opened behind, 1¼in. and a 32d.

A SINGLE GUN.

(Musket bore and the average weight of a musket.) Cylinder, 1ft. 10½in.; relief, 1ft.; opened behind, 7½in.; total, 3ft. 6in.

A COMMON 14-GAUGE DOUBLE GUN.

(Weight altogether, 8½lbs.; barrels by Lancaster.) Cylinder, 1ft. 9in.; relief, 5in.; tight behind, 6in.; total 2ft. 8in.

Q.—Why is the common sporting gun tight behind, when the other guns are opened behind?

A.—Because a sporting gun requires to be fired so many times in a day that we must adopt an inferior mode of getting friction in order to prevent the barrel from becoming leaded; and therefore to make it shoot, through the whole day, nearly as well as when clean, and without recoil to the shoulder. Again, a sporting gun must of necessity be short for the convenience of covert and snap-shooting, and therefore the length that would properly suit that relief which must follow an opening behind (in order to prevent recoil and preserve close shooting) would be generally objected to as an inconvenience.

[Here I allude only to flint guns, as a detonater must, in a great degree, be debarred from this advantage, because if too tight behind, without any subsequent check, the powder would be blown away so quick as not to be half kindled. This is the new discovery in boring for detonaters, which I before alluded to, and which has probably saved them from being wholly abandoned.]

Q.—Suppose, then, you were to have your 14-gauge barrels 2ft. 10in., how would you dispose of the extra length?

A.—I would have 7in. of relief instead of 5in., by which my shot would be thrown equally strong and decidedly closer.

Gunmakers, who know their business, from their calibers more or less, according to circumstances, on the plans already stated, except those of rifles and guns for firing ball, which must be regularly tighter all the way out, as with these we have no reason to fear the want of strength or the risk of recoil, and the only object is to keep the ball in the straightest possible direction and regulate the barrel to the most accurate line of aim. This should be done by having the gun of the utmost length that can be used, and steadied by immense substance and weight of metal.

While speaking of rifles, I must not omit to mention two of the finest pieces of mechanism of the present age—Mr. Purdey's double rifles, and Mr. Lancaster's newly invented machine for rifling barrels. But to say what is here due to these excellent artists might lead me into a detail that would exceed my intended limits. I must, however, not omit to mention that there are just now invented new two-groove rifles, which are likely to supersede all others. Lancaster and Wm. Moore have already done wonders with them.

The further the sight at the breech is placed from that near the muzzle the more accurate of course must be the line of aim, and the heavier the gun the more likely you will be to preserve it in firing.

With regard to having a barrel too far opened forward, when left with mere cylinder behind, and the various tricks that are played to ease the explosion, for the sole purpose of throwing the shot as close as possible, it will be needless to trespass on the reader's patience.

Though a barrel, bored as before mentioned, will not shoot quite so close as it might be made to do, yet, taking everything into consideration, it has the tenfold advantage of doing justice to a good shot, and even assisting a bad one, by the irresistible force given, not only to the body of the charge, but also to the pellets which fly wide of the mark. Let the sportsman, therefore, rest assured that a gun which will shoot sufficiently close a surface to insure two or three shot (of No. 7 at 40yds.) taking the body of a bird, and at the same time distribute them in a regular manner, is better than a very close shooting gun. It was formerly the custom to make barrels, although so small as 14, 16, or even 22 in the gauge of three or four feet in length, and now since it has been ascertained that 2ft. 6in. will shoot equally well at the short distance of a gunmaker's confined premises, many have gone too much to the other extreme and cut them to 2ft. 4in. and less. The disadvantage of this is that even the best shots are more liable to miss, for, although we allow that a short gun at a short distance will kill as well as a long one, yet the latter gives you a more accurate aim, and considerably lessens the recoil, by which you shoot to a greater nicety and with more steadiness. To avoid all extremes I should recommend small barrels, never less than 2ft. 8in. nor more than 3ft. in length. My readers will observe that my remarks here have been altered since publishing my earlier editions. The late Mr. Joseph Manton, who knew at all events as much as, if not more than, any man in Europe about a gun, assured me after innumerable experiments he has proved that 2ft. 8in. for a 22-gauge barrel is the best proportion for a sporting gun. Take, therefore, a 14-gauge barrel and see whether or not I am right for recommending one of 2ft. 10in., and 3ft. where it can be used without inconvenience! But mind one grand point—have plenty of metal near the breech end, not only for strong shooting, but for good elevation. Let all barrels be tapered like a bulrush—no hollowing out, as this ruins their shooting.

It may be thought a bold assertion, but I have every reason to believe that we have all, to this very day, been completely in the dark about the length of guns. Mr. Daniel (speaking of a duck gun) said that a barrel 3ft. 8in. is "as capable, or more so, of throwing shot sharp and distant as a barrel 2ft. longer." In my second edition (deceived in the same manner that all the gunmakers have been, by not having made their trials on a sufficiently large scale), I gave it as an opinion that except the aim being better and the recoil less a long gun had no advantage over a short one. On the contrary, I have now proved that a short gun has no chance with a long one, in keeping the shot well together at long distances.

The experiment must not be tried with little pop guns that are used for pigeons and partridges, but by guns on a gigantic scale, by which we can make every observation in the clearest possible manner, with the same advantage that an astronomer, with his large telescope has over the naked eye, or diminutive glass in discovering a planet.

I had once made up my mind that a barrel, of whatever size it might be, would kill the furthest if made forty-eight times the diameter of the intended caliber, and entered in the manuscripts for my third edition some observations to that effect. But had they gone to the press, I should have been open to the criticism of every good experimentalist, for I have since discovered that the larger the gun the longer it must be in proportion, because the further the shot has to travel the greater the resistance of the atmosphere. In addition to my own experiments, I am indebted for the perusal of several observations (which corroborate my opinion on them) to that excellent engineer, General Shrapnell, of the Royal Artillery. I shall, therefore, say no more by way of argument, but lay before my readers one of the clearest proofs, selected from the number I have made:

Trial, taking the average of several shots, at twenty sheets of thickest paper, at a target placed in the middle of a sheet of water, in order that all bystanders may see fair play as to correct shooting:

Distance, 90yds.; shot, BB.

A best finished London duck gun; weight of the barrel, 59lbs.; bore, 1½in.; length, 5ft. 8in.: Number of grains in first sheet, 26; in twelfth sheet, 10; in twentieth sheet, 8.

A Birmingham gun, weight of barrel, 69lbs.; bore, 1¼in.; length, 7ft. 9in.: Number of grains in first sheet, 50; in twelfth sheet, 25; in twentieth sheet, 22.

I then sent my gun to the late Mr. Durs Egg, desiring him to get the same barrel forged by Fullerd 1ft. 10in. longer, making it 7ft. 6in.; and by means of unavoidably being obliged to reduce the metal after joining it, the barrel when sent home was scarcely 3lbs. heavier than before. I then shot the gun about twenty rounds and the average was: Number of grains in first sheet, 46; in twelfth sheet, 30; in twentieth sheet, 20, by which it evidently appeared to me that if the metal is disposed of in length, it has the advantage over a short, thick gun.

From having 10lbs. more weight of metal, however, the Birmingham gun still had rather the advantage, because it carried 17oz. pleasanter than the other carried 15.

Substance and length, therefore, are what we want in as great a degree as can be used without inconvenience.

For instance, fire a 14-gauge sporting gun 2ft. 8in., or forty-four diameters, at a gunmaker's iron door, against one of 3ft., and there will probably be no difference. But go out in an open field, and particularly on a windy day, with the 2ft. 8in. barrel, and try it at 60yds., and after the shot have gone about two-thirds of the distance, they will begin to open in oblique directions, where the 3ft. barrels keeps the shot together. For instance, take a funnel (or a paper cut triangularly like one) 4in. in diameter, pin up a sheet of brown paper, and stand at three or four yards from it. Then look along either edge of the funnel, and you see how very wide a cylinder thus relieved carries the outer parts of its circle beyond the paper. Then take a funnel of the same diameter 8in. deep, and you will see how much more of the funnel is filled with the paper.

Now, as guns must be relieved in order to shoot well, I take all this in the extreme, the more clearly to demonstrate why length has the advantage at long distances. But, on the other hand, go almost close to the paper, the short funnel will lay the whole of its circle within it, and the long one can do no more, and therefore, at this distance you give no trial. So it is with barrels that are tried in a gunmaker's yard, and at the usual distances. Moreover, the extreme friction that is absolutely required to send a charge strong has the effect of scattering and recoiling so much in a short barrel that a certain sacrifice of power must be made. But in a long barrel, which admits of greatly increasing the relief, the shot are kept without any sudden check so long together, after this violent concussion, that we are enabled to combine both strength and closeness in the most powerful degree; and this, together with less recoil and a better aim. We have therefore been half a century making, as it were, the tour of the world in guns, and at last come home again, to discover that in regard to the length of barrels, we were not so near the mark as our grandfathers!

Mr. Durs Egg, in opposition to the whole trade, and all the sportsmen, weathered the storm and always maintained the same opinion. We all laughed at him, but before he died it was his turn to laugh at us, as he could with justice say that, on this point, he knew more than all of us put together!

Be cautious, therefore, of shortening an old barrel that shoots well, and recollect also that if much of the length is taken off you alter the relief.

As a gun which is top heavy is inimical to quick shooting, the usual plan, unless the barrels are very short, is to make them "light forward"; that is, thin toward the muzzle. This I conceive to be bad, as a barrel which is everywhere tolerably stout is not so liable to expansion, and consequently will shoot stronger and last many more years than one which is rendered so by being in any part too thin. A gun thus substantial can always be made to mount well by being properly balanced with lead under the heel-plate, which will be far more convenient and neat in appearance than a huge piece of wood for the butt, and will thus admit of the stock being made light and elegant.

In choosing the size of a caliber it may be considered that a 14-gauge is at all events the best for a bungler, and on the whole, the most destructive gun. But, with a very accurate shot, the size is not of so much consequence for killing game, as the necessary substance to prevent the recoil of a large bore cannot be brought to bear so quick as a somewhat lighter gun; and therefore, what is gained by weight of metal might be lost in time.

Sistersville Gun Club.

SISTERSVILLE, W. Va., Oct. 23.—The fall tournament of the Sistersville Gun Club was held Oct. 21 and 22, at Sistersville, W. Va., and we are very glad to be able to report that the affair was quite a success from start to finish. The attendance was not what was desired or expected, but those present had a very enjoyable time. Two more perfect days for the shoot could not have been made to order. Bluerock targets were thrown from a magautrap, and those present were very much pleased at the manner in which the trap did its work, but few targets being broken by the trap during the two days. Mr. J. T. Atkinson, of New Castle, Pa., carried off the honors for the entire programme by breaking 378 targets out of the 400. Mr. John F. Mallory, of Parkersburg, was close at his heels with 377. On the first day, Mr. Atkinson was high with 192 out of the 200, but Mr. John F. Mallory gained a lap or two on the second day by duplicating the performance. The following are the scores:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
J T Atkinson	400	378	C I Hall	400	330
J F Mallory	400	377	J M Speary	200	185
Ed O Bower	400	352	T S Bibbee	200	181
Cole	400	341	W Trapp	200	175
S T Mallory	400	338	P Schlicher, Jr.	200	170
C J Mowery	400	338	H Murkle	200	167
T Thompson	400	336			

The Trade was represented by Mr. Walter Annette, who was good enough to act as cashier, and too much cannot be said for the very satisfactory manner in which he did his work. We take off our hat to you, Mr. Annette, and when we have another tournament he may expect an invitation to fill the same old job.

LERANZO.

Good Shots but Wrong Targets.

A CURIOUS light is thrown on the reports issued as to the brilliant success with which the submarine torpedo war ships were credited in the recent maneuvers, by a dispute which is now in progress, and which so far reveals the fact that the torpedoing of submarines is entirely a matter of imagination, not even dummy torpedoes being discharged. The rule laid down during the maneuvers was that if a submarine rose to the surface at a spot toward which the particular warship attacked did not have a gun aimed, the submarine could claim to have torpedoed the war ship. The officer in command of the submarines issued to each boat a bottle which, when floating in the water, was very similar in appearance to the sighting apparatus on the top of the submarine's conning tower. The bottles were allowed to rise during the maneuvers. Immediately one appeared the nearest war ship poured a heavy fire upon it, whereupon the submarine would rise on the other side of the war ship and claim to have sunk her.

The officers on the war ships were highly indignant at the trick, and it is now proposed to have the maneuvers over again, the submarines to use dummy torpedoes with detonators at the nose, so that there shall be no mistake if a vessel is really struck.—Cherbourg Letter to the London Express.

Mountainside Gun Club.

West Orange, N. J., Oct. 25.—The Mountainside Gun Club held its weekly shoot to-day. The programme consisted of six 10-target events as follows:

First event: C. J. Ziegler 6, J. McDonough 5, W. Rollinson 5, R. O'Gorman 5.

Second event: W. Rollinson 9, J. McDonough 6, G. Kent 6, C. J. Ziegler 6.

Third event: W. Rollinson 9, R. O'Gorman 7, C. J. Ziegler 7.

Fourth event: J. McDonough 9, C. J. Ziegler 7, W. Rollinson 6.

Fifth event—W. Rollinson 8, C. J. Ziegler 8, R. O'Gorman 6, J. McDonough 6.

Sixth event: W. German 7, G. Kent 6, J. Gantz 6, F. W. Blunk 6, A. W. Baldwin 6, C. J. Ziegler 6.

The next shoot of the club will be held on Election Day, when prizes will be contested for.

Crawfordsville Tournament.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, Ind., Oct. 22.—Another year has passed away, and the lovely Indian summer lingering with us, caused the Crawfordsville trapshooters to announce a fall tournament. As this was the nineteenth annual, they desired to increase the popularity of their tournaments, so they went about it in what we term "blooded" style. A programme was printed, naming ten 20-target events, a total of 200 targets; and with no one barred, all to stand at 16yds., this served to draw the best shots, and those not stayers did not honor the club with their presence.

The management of the shoot feel on those who have been conducting these tournaments for years. Few men enjoy a more extended acquaintance among shooters than Ed Voris, while locally Frank Snyder and Max Stillwell are about as well known. Then there are Lacy, Helm, Washburn and others.

During the past year the greatest improvements ever made here have been undertaken, and now the club house is one of the best in the State. The grounds face north, and are fine and suitable for all kinds of shooting. These grounds will be the center of attraction for many years to come, as concerns the shooters of this and the adjoining States.

The day was fine, and many ladies were present to enjoy themselves as they watched the shooting while comfortably seated on the veranda of the club house.

The splendid dinner served by the Superintendent, Mr. Deitrich, was much enjoyed.

If clubs only knew how much pleasure there is in a good commodious club house there would be more of them erected and maintained.

Those who came to shoot were Gus Mollen, Indianapolis, Ind.; Rolla Heikes, Dayton, O.; Geo. Roll, Blue Island, Ill.; Milt. Cooper, Indianapolis; C. O. Le Compte, Eminence, Ky.; H. M. Clark, Wabash, Ind.; Ernest Tripp, Indianapolis; C. O. Parsons, Frankfort, Ky.; M. W. Thompson, Lafayette, Ind.; E. E. Adamson, Muncie, Ind.; W. A. Wildhock, Indianapolis; H. B. Adney, Lebanon, Ind.; H. A. Cook, Laduga, Ind.; R. T. McGibbens, Sullivan, Ind.; H. A. Forbes, Muncie, Ind.; Wm. Grimes, Alamo, Ind.; P. M. Dooley, Lebanon, Ind.; J. E. Schroyer, Lebanon, Ind.; B. S. Thompson, Danville, Ill.; C. B. Wiggins, Horner, Ill.; W. H. Veitmeyer, Chicago, Ill. E. C. Fort, Fostoria, O.; Fred Lord, Chicago, Ill.; Bert B. Adams, Indianapolis, Ind.; C. H. Peck, Remington, Ind.; H. Money, New York; Dr. O. F. Britton, Indianapolis, Ind.; F. M. Rice, Bowers, Ind.; Miss Ophic Parson, Frankford, Ind.; Wm. Nash, Indianapolis; Bert Adams, Indianapolis.

Roll Heikes was high score for the day, averaging one target better than nineteen for the ten events. Clark, of Wabash, was but two, and then next came Geo. Roll with 186. Partington did well, making the 90 per cent. hole, while Money, Wiggins and Thompson landed in the 179 place. The scores:

Oct. 22, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	Broke.
Snyder	18	14	13	18	18	15	16	16	20	19	167
Moller	15	16	18	17	17	16	15	17	15	14	160
Cooper	16	17	18	17	19	16	18	17	19	17	174
Heikes	19	20	19	19	19	20	19	19	19	18	191
Roll	18	19	17	19	20	16	18	19	20	20	186
Tripp	17	13	17	20	18	15	16	14	17	17	161
Parry	16	18	18	18	18	15	17	18	16	19	173
Le Compte	20	19	17	16	18	19	17	18	19	20	183
Voris	17	20	16	18	19	18	19	17	15	17	176
Clark	18	19	18	18	19	20	19	19	19	20	189
Vietmeyer	14	16	15	18	14	15	18	17	19	18	164
Fort	16	15	19	17	13	16	20	17	19	16	168
Lord	14	18	15	16	17	19	17	18	20	16	170
Adams	14	18	15	13	12	13	17	16	12	16	146
Nash	16	15	18	16	18	16	17	16	20	17	169
Lyons	9	12	10	9	9	17	18	12	15	14	125
Lewellen	16	13	14	11	13	11	14	15	16	16	139
Peck	16	14	16	15	20	17	17	16	20	19	170
Money	19	18	17	12	20	17	19	18	19	20	179
Partington	17	18	17	18	19	14	19	18	18	20	180
Tack	13	16	14	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	54
Adney	13	14	16	18	..	17	19	16	..	..	113
Fraley	12	17	16	..	..	16	18	17	18	17	131
McGibben	14	16	15	6	..	11	17	18	..	13	110
Grimes	13	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	26
Dooley	13	16	13	16	16	16	..	..	..	..	90
Schroyer	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10
Thompson	13	13	11	11	13	..	14	14	12	12	113
Wiggins	15	19	18	16	18	18	18	20	18	19	179
Helm	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9
Parsons	15	13	12	..	..	..	19	11	..	..	70
Thompson	15	18	18	18	20	17	16	18	20	19	179
Cook	..	16	15	17	11	12	..	..	16	..	87
Rice	..	..	8	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	18
Stillwell	..	16	18	14	17	17	17	16	..	15	130
Gilkey	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12
Deitrich	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	..	..	19

Oct. 23, Second Day.

There have been many sparrow tournaments held during the past, confined for the most part to Indianapolis and Crawfordsville, Ind., yet if my memory serves me right, to-day's tournament may be put down as the most successful one yet conducted in this "neck o' woods."

This is true in every sense.

The birds were of the most lively "bumble bee" order. The grounds are really perfection. The trapping was simply "out of sight." The shooters were of the highest type of American gentlemen. The day was of the delightful Indian summer. The dear ladies were out without wraps, and Crawfordsville ladies are not slow in appreciating and taking part in their husband's outings, and thus adding to their pleasure.

After these twenty years' or more experience that the Indianapolis people have had with sparrows as successful mediums for trapshooting, how very strange it is that there is yet only one sparrow man where shooters are so numerous in this country, and where the dirty English sparrow has accumulated so fast and taken possession of the whole land? Johnny Bull, when at a banquet in America once upon a time attempted to get off something on the sparrow, and proceeded after this fashion:

"The sparrow, to make a nest, went up the spoot,
But the rain came down and drowned 'im oot;
The sun came oot, dried hup the rain,
The blooming beggar went hup the spoot again."

Endeavoring, I suppose, to show the persistence of our English cousins.

Be that as it may, there is nothing used for trapshooting that gets away as quickly and beats the jacksnipe by far in his unexpected movements, and proves so amusing to shooters and spectators as the little beggar tops the boundary fence. If this only sparrow man, Hill, could make all the cities with a good supply of birds and traps it would not be long until there would be sparrow matches as numerous as the live-bird matches have been heretofore.

Yesterday the management were counting on about fifteen men for all the events of to-day, yet the very first match showed up a total of twenty-eight entries. Not only had most of the boys remained over, but there were additions of Adamson, of Muncie; Phellis, of Cincinnati, O., and Thompson, of Greencastle. Mr. Adamson was so busy talking up Graphine that he did not shoot in many events, but one Phellis let 'em know that he was on to the little "owriness" of the festive sparrows, while Thompson did not get much up in the money, he stuck to the game from first to last.

The first match consisted of 10 birds, and had twenty-eight entries, and when twenty-five men, or five squads, had shot, there was not a man equal to the task of killing 10 straight. As there are so few sparrow shoots it will not be amiss to show your readers that sparrows are trapped by the use of fifteen traps. Each shooter has three unknown traps before him, and the shooter walks around after each shot, same as the old style of five traps, target shooting. Providing the trapping was done from pits, the sparrows could be shot as fast as targets, as there is no gathering of birds. A bird once touching the ground in the boundary is a dead bird. Sparrow rules are somewhat different from live bird rules. The rise is 25 or 26yds., 35yds. boundary; use of both barrels; three unknown traps, etc. The last squad in this first event was not full, so E. H. Tripp and H. Money were permitted in this squad, and when they went out with 10 straight each, they were delightfully surprised to find that they were the only ones to do it, while such good ones as Heikes and Snyder, first men up, had each lost 4.

But Heikes got even the next time by going straight, having Phil as a partner. Money and Tripp lost 3 each. Geo. Roll, of much good pigeon fame, here shot his first sparrow, and made 14 straight; he was second alone.

Coming to the big race of 50 birds, $15 entrances, there was something to test the skill on a long race. The scores may not seem good, but you take the writer's word for it, that had you seen the birds you would have agreed on this proposition.

There was one man who held the Fort, as he missed but one out of the first 43; yet he had a hard luck story on the last 7, losing 2, including the fiftieth. Forty-seven is a great score, and not likely to be duplicated.

Money and Phil were very close, with only 4 to the bad, showing that constant practice will avail much. Phil shot the most gamy, uphill race, as he had to put the last 20 to the ground to get into second place. Heikes made the second longest run of the day, 28, and landed in the 45, as did Clark, of Wabash. Wiggins lost but one bird out of the first 28; and then drew five impossibles, and stood to win the fourth money all alone. As there was $180 in the pot, each winner was well rewarded, especially Mr. Fort, whose green sweater is still conspicuous, though the card heretofore worn on the back has been removed..

During the next three matches not a straight score was made, and E. H. Tripp, after doing very poor shooting, for him, won the last event alone, thus winning both first and last match.

At the close of the programme a double match was shot, which furnished much amusement. About half the little miscreants got away to "chirrup" about people's windows and keep them awake on Sunday mornings as of yore.

After shooting a couple of target races, the supply of shells had been exhausted, and all being tired, were willing to leave the ground.

The kickers were not here. They had no use for "kicks." All will come next year and bring a friend.

Long live the Crawfordsville shooting fraternity.

The scores in detail follow:

Event No. 1, 10 sparrows, $3 entrance:

Snyder	0011010121— 6	Lord	1212102121— 9
Heikes	1200210101— 6	Peck	2201021001— 6
Wiggins	0111111022— 8	Veitmeyer	0212221202— 8
Parry	0111021112— 8	Stillwell	1121112202— 9
Clark	1201121112— 9	Cooper	0011121011— 7
Vories	1112011111— 9	Phil	1011022011— 7
Thompson	2200012102— 6	Adamson	1011110211— 8
Fort	2212121102— 9	Nash	1101201110— 7
Roll	2210110212— 8	Moller	1010021111— 7
Le Compte	1110110112— 8	Smith	0011112111— 8
McGibben	1002112111— 8	Schroyer	0100111000 — 4
Cook	0002210001— 4	Fraley	0212102120— 8
Lewellen	0210202111— 7	Money	1122122111—10
Helm	1020120112— 7	Tripp	2211112111—10

Event No. 2, 15 sparrows, entrance, $4.50:

Snyder	212212100010021—10	Moller	111112101111012—13
Heikes	121212121121211—15	Tripp	202120111112120—12
Wiggins	122200102221011—11	Money	010111211122110—12
Parry	011210000112122—10	McGibben	110001000112100— 7
Clark	111022220111120—12	Lewellen	111011201211210—12
Voris	121111201100121—12	Helm	201110020020011— 8
Thompson	211001110111122—12	Lord	21011112120111—13
Fort	211011011122111—13	Peck	021021000211211—10
Roll	011212212212112—14	Veitmeyer	022011010200110— 8
Le Compte	001020111201110— 9	Stillwell	121110110201011—11
Cooper	220022110101001— 9	Thompson	002100110001101— 7
Phil	211112111111212—15	Lea	212102202121011—12
Nash	102110112110001—10		

Event No. 3, 50 sparrows, $15 entrance:

Snyder	11221110210200202110120010011201021101100002121010—31
Heikes	20101211112111111121112221211110111021212012111 22—45
Wiggins	22111210111221111211122211210110121011210111022 11—44
Parry	11101001110002112210111120110112011101001101210022—34
Clark	12110112211122102212111112111210121121001121211 11—45
Voris	11111211111011121101112000110111121111012111121210—42
Thompson	01202111110121112121101111110221021210122012101 01—38
Fort	11112111111121101121121112111111112111121110211210—47
Roll	22022110011011121121011121110122120111102211011111—42
Money	12111212110111111111121111101121110111221110111111—46
Cooper	11111102210221111201001101010110110111102001002200—33
Phil	11110221111201111202211111110222131312122211121221—46
Nash	11102202111022011101022001010111011101220111020200—33
Moller	11011102210011210122022110121102211001011100222220—36
Tripp	22011110101111011022122111101111110111111101220222—41
Lewellen	10100111000111011001000011220 1w
T Thompson	11110101101101001010101001200 01w
Lea	1011110011101011101101001022 11w

Event No. 4, 15 sparrows, entrance $4.50:

Snyder	120110110101110— 9	Money	111221212222011—14
Heikes	110111102120011—11	Phil	111011111111111—14
Wiggins	200012001102122— 9	Moller	111011210012111—12
Parry	111111121002102—12	Tripp	101100111100111— 9
Clark	012111221121112—14	Lewellen	000010201111220— 8
Voris	100121111211211—13	T Thompson	001221210000101— 8
Fort	201011110011210—10	Stilwell	110111011120111—12

Event No. 5, 20 sparrows, entrance $6:

Snyder	10110002201020001000— 8
Heikes	12111211010212121122—18
Wiggins	12011121110101211012—16
Parry	02112012001111011102—13
Clark	11021111121111111002—17
Voris	11110110110212211122—17
Fort	10110112122112111121—18
Money	11011221112112211111—19
Phil	21110111012102011020—14
Tripp	20221100121210111001—14
Moller	11111212011110111111—18
Parsons	01002202000110010020— 9
Thompson	01111001020101010220—11

Event No. 6, 15 sparrows, entrance $4.50:

Snyder	011022122101201—11	Phil	110111111110110—12
Heikes	202122002112122—12	Moller	110012022111120—11
Wiggins	111120021111102—12	Tripp	112211122211220—14
Nash	111101112002111—12	Helm	012120000122020— 8
Clark	111111111110101—13	Lewellen	111011001222212—12
Voris	122201101111111—13	Thompson	012001111011101 1—10
Fort	100211111120112—12	Rowe	000111110101112—10
Money	120121112102011—12		

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., Oct. 23.—A shoot that was open to all was given by the South End Gun Club on its grounds, on Boyer's Island, yesterday afternoon. Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia., champion wing and target shot of America, was present and gave a performance that has never before been equalled on any local ground. Shooting over a magautrap, he broke 100 targets straight. Messrs. W. L. Colville and L. J. Squier were also on the grounds and participated in a number of the events. All three are well known in Reading, and they were heartily greeted by their friends. This was Gilbert's first visit to Reading since the State tournament, in the spring of 1898.

The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	15	10
Gilbert	25	25	25	25	..	..	..	..
Squier	23	21	23	19	..	..	..	..
Smith	22	20	..	..	..	..	..	8
Ball	17	17	17	17	21	17	13	8
Dietrich	19	23	17	19	23	23	14	9
Capt Gerhart	20	22	20	24	22	22	14	9
Walters	19	20	24	..	..	..	..	8
Miles	15	13	19	16	..	..	..	9
Downs	9	5	12	..	..	..	..	5
Gicker	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	10
Yost	22	21	22	..	..	..	14	9
Colville	20	19	22	..	..	..	..	..
Melcher	9	8	..	..	..	..	6	..
Willson	16	18	..	..	..	..	11	..
Murphy	18	24	21	..	..	..	13	8
Ritter	19	23	23	..	..	..	14	9
Jones	13	..	..	..	..	..	12	6

DUSTER.

Interstate Tournaments for 1903.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Gun clubs contemplating giving tournaments during the season of 1903, and desiring the assistance of the Interstate Association, should have their applications in the hands of the manager by Dec. 8, in order that they may be presented to the tournament committee for action thereon at the annual meeting of the Association, Dec. 11, next. The Association would be especially pleased to receive applications from gun clubs situate in the Middle West. Send all applications to and address all letters for conditions under which tournaments are given to the manager's home address, 111 Fourth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa. ELMER E. SHANER.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Oct. 25.

Gilbert—Klein—Burmister Tournament.

SPIRIT LAKE, Ia., Oct. 24.—The Gilbert, Klein and Burmister three-day fourth annual tournament was not as well attended as expected. The programme was a liberal one and should have drawn a good crowd of shooters. It had eight 15 and two 20 target events for amateurs, and two 25 open events for each day, with $5 added to each event.

On the second day a handicap 50-target event, open to all, $5 entrance, and a cup to go with first money, was shot. A handsome cup was given to the amateur making high average.

W. R. Crosby, shooting from the 22yd. mark, won the cup and first money in the handicap, scoring 46, a very creditable score, as the targets were thrown about 60yds. Guy Burnside made high average in the amateur class, and won the cup. Burmister and Lee, of Spirit Lake, have invented a trap pull by which all the traps are pulled in rotation by one wire and level. It worked to perfection. Owing to the light attendance the third day's programme was not shot, and the day was spent in shooting ducks, fishing and catching frogs. Tom A. Marshall won high average in the frog contest, while Dr. Cook made the largest bag on ducks.

First Day, Oct. 21.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	25	15	15	20	15	15	25	Av.
Adams	14	13	18	15	14	23	14	15	18	14	13	19	.904
Sitler	13	10	20	14	11	15	11	13	16	13	11	21	.800
Smith	14	9	18	12	13	17	13	13	14	13	12	21	.804
Huntley	13	14	20	15	14	22	14	15	17	15	15	24	.942
Klein	12	14	19	14	14	22	15	13	19	13	14	24	.919
Marshall	13	15	20	13	14	23	15	12	18	14	14	22	.919
Budd	15	13	19	14	13	24	14	15	16	13	15	24	.922
Burnside	15	13	19	14	12	25	15	15	19	14	15	24	.952
Crosby	14	14	19	14	13	25	15	13	20	15	15	24	.957
Stoddard	15	14	13	12	14	20	13	15	18	13	15	20	.866
Burmister	13	13	14	10	9	23	10	13	15	12	11	21	.781
B B Van	11	11	20	13	12	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
Shear	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	....
Miller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	....

Second Day, Oct. 22.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	Av.
Arthur	12	12	15	13	13	20	14	15	18	12	11	23	40	.842
Cook	13	13	17	7	10	15	9	13	14	12	9	..	39	....
Huntley	15	12	20	11	12	22	12	13	19	15	15	23	42	.888
Klein	14	15	18	14	13	21	14	14	18	13	13	22	45	.900
Marshall	14	14	18	12	13	19	13	15	16	11	14	22	39	.846
Budd	12	14	18	13	11	22	11	14	20	14	12	24	42	.877
Burnside	13	15	18	13	15	21	14	13	19	13	14	23	43	.900
Crosby	12	14	20	13	15	24	14	15	19	14	15	25	46	.946
Selbhers	9	13	18	11	9	21	15	13	..	..	..	..	26	....
Burmister	11	13	12	13	11	20	12	14	17	11	12	20	34	.769
Harker	11	11	16	10	..	..	..	..	..	14	12	19	..	....
Mrs Copley	..	7	6	8	7	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
Adam	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	13	..	..	..	..	33	....
Shear	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	....
Hinshaw	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	13	..	11	10	22	37	....
B B Van	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	..	13	13	18	..	....
Wilson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	....
Miller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	9	11	..	..	....
Barron	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	9	12	..	..	....

General Averages.

	1st day.	2d day.	Total.	Average.
Huntley	198	231	429	.913
Klein	193	234	427	.907
Marshall	193	220	413	.876
Budd	195	227	422	.898
Burnside	200	234	434	.923
Crosby	201	246	447	.951
Burmister	164	200	364	.774

HAWKEYE.

Mr. Floyd's Disappointment.

NEW YORK, Oct. 23.—Mr. Editor, will you listen to my little tale of woe? After waiting a sufficient time for Mr. I. A. Hudson, of Dagsboro, Del., to cover my deposit to bind a match, I find check returned to me from you and in answer to my letter from your office, saying "Nothing doing" in Delaware.

From the way Mr. Hudson wrote to FOREST AND STREAM, I really expected him upon the next train to coax me to shoot him a match. I am indeed surprised to find that he is a shooter with his pen instead of with his gun.

One would think from the tone of the challenge he sent me through FOREST AND STREAM that Mr. Hudson was green at trap, but such is not the case. Eight years ago I shot him a 50-bird race at Ocean City, Md., and defeated him. Five years, or about that time, later I shot him another race and defeated him again. During all of these years, Mr. Hudson has had a trap on his pea patch of a farm and was practicing at every opportunity.

I think Mr. Hudson wants some cheap advertisement, and picked me out to get it for him. As I look at it, I would lose five pea patch farms before I would go into my hole as he has done, and be branded as a shooter with the pen.

Mr. Editor, if there are any more shooters like Mr. Hudson in Sussex county, Del., throw their challenges into the waste basket, unless the money accompanies the challenge; and if the money is there, let me know it. I will be at your office, or check will, in few hours afterward, for I think it would be finding money to shoot any one I have seen or heard of from Sussex county, Del.

I also wish to state that my farm is in Maryland and quite a ways from Mr. Hudson, as his is in Delaware—if he calls his one.

CHARLES W. FLOYD.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y.—Am sending scores made Saturday, 25th inst. Notice they are strung out to make them look as large as possible. Most of our regulars are off on shooting trips. The two inveterates, Bissing and Washburn, are away, and the little parts they play in our Saturday matinees are missed. The former is up in Aroostook county, Me., after a moose, and the latter is after the few partridges he left for seed up in Sullivan county last fall. Scores:

Buzzer	1011111111111111011111111—23	
	1011111111111101111111111—23	—46
Bedell	1111111111111000000101111—18	
	1010111111 — 8	—26
Ball	1111111101111001111101111—21	
Edgers	1101111001 — 7	

C. G. B.

Dicky Bird Gun Club.

OMAHA, Neb., Oct. 19.—At the monthly gathering of the Dickey Bird Gun Club to-day, ten members participated. Four 25-bird events were shot. F. C. Riehl was high man. Billy Townsend was second, and made the only clean score of the day. The targets were fast, and the conditions difficult. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Gilhansen	14	18	..	..	Townsend	21	21	25	21
Frazer	21	20	..	..	Bush	18	14	..	..
Kinnear	20	21	..	..	Andy	11	20	..	..
Izard	21	16	14	21	Bessie	7	..	..	..
Nicholson	18	16	14	12	Dr Diamond	14	18	13	..
Riehl	22	21	23	23					

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The Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., now offer, through the trade, their .22cal. rim-fire cartridge, sometimes known as the .22-7-45, loaded with smokeless powder and Winchester greaseless bullets, which have proved eminently successful,

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Score..... 15 15 20 15 15 20 15 15 20 15 15 20—200

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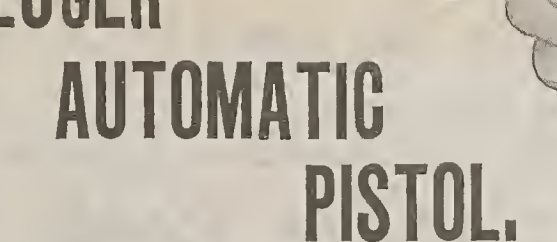

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FOREST AND STREAM

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Samoa 'Uma

Where Life is Different.

By Llewella Pierce Churchill.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Under the attractive title Samoa 'Uma, or "All Samoa," Mrs. Llewella Pierce Churchill has written a book for which she gathered the material during a residence at Apia, where her husband, William Churchill, was the American Consul-General. The conditions of life at the Consulate were most favorable for a study of the people, and with the instinct of a journalist Mrs. Churchill improved the opportunity to the full. As a woman she won confidences which would have been denied to a man, and acquired a vast fund of interesting lore which would have been withheld from one less sympathetic and less fully trusted. Thus she learned and has here described the real Samoa, that is the Samoans as they are.

The successive chapters give an admirably complete picture of a people in whom, as we read of them in these vivacious pages, Mrs. Churchill compels us to feel an unflagging interest. The book is well balanced; there is just enough of the history of Samoa to give an understanding of the events which have brought a portion of the islands under the flag of the United States; and just enough of description to make an appropriate and effective stage setting. But the chief characteristic of this brightly written book is action of incident and story. It is writing of the sort that has movement, and leads one on from page to page.

"Samoa 'Uma" is not exclusively about the Samoans; there is a chapter on Papalangi life, from which it appears that living in Samoa is so different; and some of the best things in the book are the personal experiences and adventures of this particular Papalangi woman, whose love of outdoor life led her on frequent excursions amid the coral reefs and into the dark jungles.

All in all, it is a book that will be read through, and read more than once. Here is the list of chapters:

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V.—Kava—The Ceremonial Drink.
VI.—Music and the Siva Dance.
VII.—Handicraft and Art.
VIII.—Fishers and Sailors.
IX.—Shooting the Apolima Passage.
X.—The Weed that Catches Fish.
XI.—Torches on the Reef.
XII.—The Palolo Anniversary.
XIII.—The Chase of Rats.
XIV.—Things that Creep and Crawl.
XV.—The Wreck of the Schooner Lupe.
XVI.—Samoan Fickle Brides.
XVII.—The Vampires of the Tuasivi.
XVIII.—Beachcomber and Missionary.
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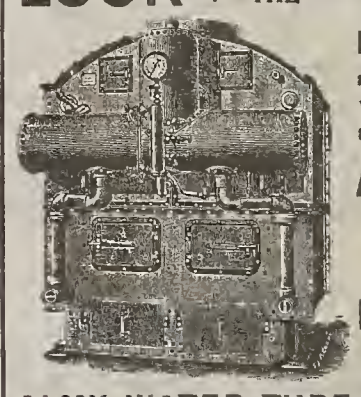

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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1902.

VOL. LIX.—No. 19. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

A journey on foot hath most pleasant commodities; a man may go at his pleasure; none shall stay him; none shall carry him beyond his wish; none shall trouble him; he hath but one labor, the labor of nature, to go.—Petrarch.

TO MARK OLD SITES.

THE "Record of the Old Missouri" described in last week's FOREST AND STREA can hardly have failed to bring up to the mind of many a reader a host of memories of the ancient times. Things move fast in this country. Yesterday, as it seems to some of us, we rode across dusty plains, here and there black with buffalo, in other places dotted with yellow antelope whose slender black horns showed like fine lines against the blue sky as the pretty animals stood on some near-by knoll and watched us, or trotted nearer and nearer to see what manner of creature it was that had intruded on their feeding grounds. Today through the same country we pass on the hurrying railway train, or, if by wagon or on horseback, we are forced to follow the zigzag roads which by half-mile rectangles follow the lines of the quarter sections. Buffalo and antelope no longer meet the eye, but instead we see houses and barns and stacks, and fields in which feed heavy cattle, followed by rooting hogs.

The human population has been swept away with the brute. Trapper and Indian and United States soldier have moved onward; out of existence, to a reservation, or to the distant islands of the Pacific. If one asks the modern resident about the conditions which prevailed before the settlement of the country, it is found that he knows no more about it than the conductor of a car in Chicago or New York. So short is human memory; so completely do the affairs of the present crowd out from the mind the happenings of the past.

Scattered along the valleys of the Missouri River and its tributary streams, as well as on many rivers hidden among the fastnesses of the mountains and whose waters at last pour themselves into the Pacific Ocean, there existed, not more than fifty years ago, the remains of many old-time trading posts. Some of them were then still occupied dwellings, or, if not occupied, were ruins whose remains were yet plainly to be seen. For long after the wooden or adobe building had decayed and disappeared, the depression which marked the old cellar and the stone chimneys remained as monuments of what had been.

The people who used to inhabit these old posts, by whose energy they were erected, by whose study and laborious vigilance they were made successful, or through whose slackness and carelessness they failed, are dead now. Long, long ago the fans of the death angel began to winnow their ranks, and it may well be that there is not now left one of those sturdy men who between 1830 and 1840 penetrated the wilderness of the great West, and prepared the way for the innumerable multitudes who fifty or sixty years later followed them, and to-day are still crowding into the territory which lies between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean.

In his excellent work on the "American Fur Trade," Captain Chittenden has given the names of many of these old-time trading posts, and has described their locations. But for the most part the local population is ignorant, not only of the situation of each of these posts, but even of the very fact that such a post existed.

The sites of these old forts ought to be marked in an imperishable way. They are memorials of the early history of nearly one-half of this country, the first sproutings, so to speak, of a plant which has grown and flourished, until it has covered a vast expanse of the continent.

In many of the newer States of the West there are historical societies which have done and are doing most useful work in collecting facts concerning the early settlement of their several States and putting them on record. Notable among such societies is that of Montana, in which Hon. Wilbur F. Sanders, and his son, James U. Sanders, are active. Nebraska and Kansas have each energetic historical societies, and only about a year ago the Kansas Historical Society was instrumental in erecting a monument on the site of the Pawnee village where the heroic explorer Zebulon M. Pike first unfurled the United States flag west of the Missouri River, and planted it among the Pawnees, taking down the Spanish flag, which had been raised there but a short time before.

In every State and in many counties in these newer States, there are people who, if the idea were but suggested to them, would gladly take steps to mark the historic sites which each possesses. This is being done more and more in the East, and even there it is often difficult to establish the exact locality of a particular happening or a particular structure. The dwellers in the newer West are better off in this respect than are those in the East, because less time has elapsed since the events, and so information concerning people and places is more accessible.

It would be well if this matter could be taken up throughout the West, and arrangements made to mark, at least by substantial square stone posts properly inscribed, the situations of these old trading posts. On the Missouri, the Yellowstone, the Arkansas, the Laramie, the Plattes and elsewhere, there should be lasting memorials of these earliest permanent white habitations in the West.

THE LONG-RANGE PERIL.

THE deplorable hunting fatalities, incident to the use of the rifle by big-game hunters in the season of big-game shooting, seem to increase with each passing year. In the view of the layman, big-game hunting has quite as much of menace to life as pleasure to the participants.

The daily press, with regrettable frequency, recounts the death of some ill-fated hunter or hunters from the effects of rifle bullets. Either directly or by implication each death is ascribed to careless or reckless shooting as a cause.

It may fairly be conceded that a certain percentage of this mortality is due to carelessness or recklessness, but it is unfair and unsound to ascribe all of it to either cause. There is no occupation in life which is free from accident. Wherever high-powered forces are employed by man, accidents will happen to men, accidents which are beyond the power of human beings to foresee or to guard against. Even in the commercial world, where men are duly trained and tried, accidents are numerous. The electrician, the engineer, the miner, and other skilled artisans, kill and are killed. Out of the lot of destruction so-called accidents happen which, by proper care, could have been avoided. Such are not accidents in the true sense. In the commercial world, he who kills or maims carelessly or recklessly is considered guilty of a criminal act, with all the grave legal consequences to the offender which, in the eye of the law, is befitting the case and its circumstances.

The same, or even harsher, judgment is gradually taking legal form concerning hunting accidents. Indeed, there have been so many deaths or woundings which were due to carelessness or recklessness, that on the part of the public there is an assumption of reckless shooting whenever a death or wounding happens, and a prejudgment of the offender accordingly. Such prejudgment is, in a measure, unjust, since accidents cannot be entirely eliminated from the use of firearms afield.

However, conceding that there are accidents which are beyond the power of man to prevent or foresee, and conceding that with the increase in the numbers of the hunters who engage actively in the sport of big-game shooting, there consequently would be an increase in the number of accidents, there nevertheless are indisputably many deaths and maimings due to ignorance concerning the use of the rifle and its powers, and carelessness and recklessness in its use, with a full knowledge of the rifle's possibilities for harm.

There is a growing public belief that most of the accidents, apart from mistaking a man for a deer, are caused by the modern high-power rifle. This belief is confirmed and disseminated broadly and convincingly by the daily press. The signs of the times indicate that, if the fatalities continue in the future as in the past, public sentiment will result in an entire prohibition of high-power rifles within civilized limits, other than military and club grounds. Aside from the menace to life and limb, big-game hunters, for the sake of the sport and the guild, should eschew the full-jacketed bullet and the high-power charges. The manufacturers provide proper cartridges for high-power rifles when used in settled sections, thus reducing the danger to the minimum. Manufacturers, for their own self-interest, should strenuously preach the doctrine of special loads for special sections, for the matter of what will kill big game in the most deadly way is secondary to the safety of the community. It should be clear to the manufacturers that the use of high-powered rifles in a qualified way is much better than a prohibition of their use entirely.

The conditions governing big-game shooting at the present time differ widely from those governing a few years ago. The game area is much less, so that, even if there were no more hunters, there would seem to be more owing to their being more concentrated. Towns, farms, homes, have so reduced the wilderness that it is no small task to journey out of sight of a home, and even when out of sight of the hunter, a home may not be out of range of his rifle bullet. Hunters have multiplied, the game area has become less, rifles have become more powerful, hence the dangers have been multiplied. Beginners in big-game hunting add to the danger. The perils would be greatly reduced if the hunter used a cartridge which was sufficient to meet the necessities of the case; if he exercised special precaution about shooting in the vicinity of houses, and if the manufacturers in their own interest advised hunters to use proper ammunition in settled communities.

JAMES C. MERRILL.

MAJOR JAMES CUSHING MERRILL, widely known as a surgeon, and as an ornithologist who has done much to reveal the secrets of bird life in the West and Southwest, died Oct. 27 at his home in Washington, D. C.

Dr. Merrill was born in Cambridge, Mass., graduated at Harvard, and received his medical degree from the University of Pennsylvania in 1874. Not long after this he was appointed assistant surgeon in the army and was stationed for many years at various posts on the Western frontier. During his service on the Texas-Mexican border, he made an extended study of the birds of the region, and introduced to the fauna of the United States a number of species never before found within our borders. Afterward, he was stationed for some years at Fort Klamath, in Oregon, and again at Fort Shaw, in Montana, and in both places devoted much time to the study of birds and published many interesting notes about the less known species. Later he served at Fort Reno in the Indian Territory—now Oklahoma—where he continued his work on bird life. For more than twenty years his name was a very familiar one in the annals of North American ornithological literature.

Dr. Merrill was also an ardent sportsman and big-game hunter. With the love of pursuit he combined the keen observation of the trained naturalist, and for this reason his writings on any subject connected with sport had an interest far deeper than commonly attaches to a mere narrative of adventure. His contributions to FOREST AND STREAM, and to some of the Boone and Crockett books are of extreme interest.

Personally Dr. Merrill was one of the most attractive of men, genial, kindly, hospitable, the very man one would desire for a companion in the home or in the field. He was modest to a fault concerning his own achievements, accurate in his scientific work, and stood in the front in his own profession.

After his many years' service on the plains and in the mountains, he was detailed as Librarian in the Surgeon General's Office in Washington, and there he has been for the past few years. The confinement did not altogether agree with him and of late his health had been unsatisfactory, yet we imagine the possibility of the fatal termination never occurred to his friends.

Among army men and among naturalists, Dr. Merrill had a wide circle of loving friends, by whom his loss will be deeply felt.

On Friday, Oct. 31, the New York Aquarium was formally transferred by the city to the New York Zoological Society. The transfer took place in the lecture room of the aquarium, and there were present a number of city officials and members of the board of managers of the Zoological Society. In a formal speech

Commissioner Wilcox, of the Park Department, turned over the Aquarium to the Zoological Society, and Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborn made an address accepting it. President Fornes, of the Board of Aldermen, congratulated the society on its new responsibilities, and the city on the excellent prospect of the aquarium under the new management. Mr. Chas. H. Townsend, the new director, made a brief address suggesting many of the possibilities of the institution as an adjunct to the educational work done in the city and as a place where scientific work could be carried on.

The Sportsman Tourist.

In the Faroe Islands.

After a fishing trip to one of the northern islands I am once more installed in Hans Kristoffer's little guest room in Midvag, resting from hard tramps across the mountains and enjoying the activity of other people. When I arrived, hay making was in full swing. Our household mustered a band of ten workers. Hans Kristoffer, Jegvand Senior, Jegvand Junior and our youngest, Heine, cut the grass and six stout girls turned and tossed it with their hands. Rakes are little used on a Faroe farm. I spent much time in the hay fields with the sheep dogs Frem and Heick sleeping by my side. Occasionally Hans Kristoffer or Jegvand Senior came and sharpened a scythe near by and we held such converse as my limited stock of Danish allowed. "Grind" was the subject of our last peaceful talk; grind—the "driving whales" of northern seas that in flocks of from fifty to 1,500 visit these fjords from time to time and are driven toward some bay and killed near shore. "Do you think there is any hope of my seeing the grind?" I asked Jegvand. "It may well be," he answered. "August is a good month, and Midvag has the best strand for the killing. If a flock is seen anywhere in these waters the boats will, if possible, drive it here. We shall know they have been sighted by the 'grinde-bud' [whale message] which will come either by land or by sending up a column of smoke from a headland on Stromöe, Hester or Kolter. The position of the smoke will tell us just where the flock is and where it is to be driven and then we send men and boats to help. Yes," added Jegvand, musingly, "it would be interesting for you to see the grind," and with brightening eyes he went on to tell of past killings and of the great one last year, when 1,500 whales met their death on Midvag strand. It must have been a dreadful sight; usually a flock numbers from fifty to three hundred, and even Jegvand admitted that 1,500 whales was an embarrassment of riches. And then the neglected hay making was resumed and I went back to the house.

Why should we have talked so much of grind that afternoon of all others? Was it a case of telepathy, some subtle connection between our group in the hay field and a messenger hurrying toward us from the fjelds on the north? I had just returned to my room and was standing by the window when I heard a rumor in the air, a suggestion of hoarse cries, and Jegvand Junior came dashing down from the hay field in flying leaps. Only one thing could make Jegvanhd jump like that—the *"grinde-bud!"* In a twinkling I was out of the house, but already Jegvand had seized his new grind dagger, belt and coat, and started on a run over the beach. As I stood there a dozen young fellows sprang past me, their eyes blazing with excitement; they were savages, pure and simple, for the time being, possessed with the love of killing, which lies in more or less latent form in every man's nature. The older men went on with their work in the fields; they could tell by the way the message came that only the young men were needed. In five minutes all were at the boats; then came a pause. The grind it seems were at Westmanhavn, ten miles to the north, and were safe for the present. The men of Westmanhavn had hemmed them in a narrow fjord and all they needed was help for the killing. So the young men returned to their homes to make fuller preparations, for it would be a two days' work. I lingered near to see what our Jegvands would be. A bottle of milk, a grind dagger, sheath and belt, an entire suit of sheepskin clothes to wear over his ordinary suit, a warm helmet hood and a good-sized wooden box filled with dried mutton, bones and all, and woolen stockings all mixed up together. Jegvand gathered up his possessions and stalked forth without saying "farvel" to a soul. Jegvand is usually very polite, but at that hour his eyes were fixed on a future full of grind and saw nothing this side of Westmanhavn. So he left us and for two days and nights no news came from the north; then he appeared, not having slept for fifty-four hours, and with a hand badly cut by a grind dagger. But they took the grind—one hundred and fifty in the Westmanhavn flock.

The second morning after the Midvag boats went to the hunt, a Sunday morning, the air was so still and warm that for the first time I had breakfast out of doors. There is a cosy nook in Han Kristoffer's garden sheltered from the sea winds by a grass-covered dike, currant and elderberry bushes. Within this inclosure grow sweet fern, cranesbill and saxifrage, and there I breakfasted and chatted with a sociable northern wren, a "mouse's brother," as the Faroe folk call him. I had shared my soft-boiled eggs and barley bread with him, and he was giving thanks in a burst of song, when suddenly from the beach close by an old man shouted "Grinde-bud!" The whale message had come again! The mouse's brother whisked away, and I sprang up on the dike and looked seaward where the man was pointing. There, three miles away, on a headland of Stromöe, a column of smoke rose high in the still air. It meant that the grind was in that neighborhood, and that all the men of Midvag who had not gone to Westhavn must come at once. Jegvand Senior had gone on cutting grass when the first message came, but this time it was not five minutes before I saw him hurrying over the strand like a boy of fifteen with a full killing outfit on his shoulders. In seven minutes from the first cry the first boat was at sea; a short enough time for eight men to gather with their outfit and launch a boat. Before half an hour had passed eight boats had put off, and that left not a single seaworthy craft in Midvag, and only small boys and great-grandfathers. Even our Heine, a slight lad of sixteen, had gone, though he had not been permitted to accompany eighteen-year-old Jegvand to Westmanhavn.

All the boats disappeared in the distance and nothing happened for four hours, except the arrival of men from Sórvag and from Bó. When the cry had gone up from our beach, a man, "Grindebúdet," as he is called, had started on a run for Sórvag, four miles distant over the hills. When he came in sight he had shouted "Grinde-bud!" and another man had taken it up and run on to Bó, two miles and a half further on. In an incredibly short time the people arrived, breathless with the haste they had made. In little knots they lay on the grass by the shore, their daggers ready, waiting until their services would be needed, as the grind came to land. Far off at sea in a shining belt of water, I saw through my glass specks that proved to be boats in a long line. I saw nineteen, and there were more to come. Little by little thew drew near to Midvag strand, and in front of them now and then came a flash of silver as a whale spouted. "They are 'urolig'" (uneasy), said Fru Hans, anxiously. "They may yet get away!" and the Sórvag and Bó men began to get up and talk together seriously.

I ate a scrappy dinner standing at the window, opera glass in hand. At last six boats left the approaching line and came to land for stones, loaded up and put out again. That meant that the drive would soon begin, and I scurried off to the other side of the bay, where the flock must pass on its way to land. The boats drew nearer together until they almost touched, formed a semi-circle—forty-two there were by that time, and I could hear a sound like a great Indian pow-wow, hoarse shouts and cries and loud thumps and knockings on the gunwales to frighten the whales and keep them from rushing out to sea. The men threw stones fastened to ropes in the spaces between the boats and to right and left if the whales turned, and so slowly but steadily the flock was urged forward. An old man sitting near me said the boats would not charge in yet; the bay was still too wide, the water too deep, the whales could break away if frightened too soon. There seemed very few, to me, but "where there is one head seen above there will will be twenty below," said the man.

Then at last the signal was given, the boats dashed forward, the men shouting wildly, the grind was seized with a panic, and surged toward the land. A large flock of eider ducks, usually so fearless, became alarmed and made for the shore, looking over their shoulders and telling one another to hurry. There was a roar of surf on the beach, six great rollers preceded the grind and crashed along the coast, the grind dashed to the right and were met and turned by the boats, then to the left of the bay where I stood, and instinctively I began to climb higher. I could not see the drove from the storm of white water in front of it, but it struck the shore and two great whales upheaved by the pressure behind and below were cast high on the rocks at my feet; the boats closed in and the slaughter began.

Three hundred men fought with harpoons, hooks and daggers, and as the wounded and maddened whales broke from the harpoon lines and dashed on shore, they were met in the shallows by the men of Sórvag and of Bó, who, up to their arm pits in blood and water, struck again and again with their long daggers, and severed the spinal cord in the neck. With the first gush of blood all escape for the grind was at an end. Blinded, the whales swam helplessly to and fro, fighting only when wounded. Then they threw themselves about, lashing the boats with their great tails and dragging them forward to the shore. One immense whale hemmed in a boat close to the rocks and threw such quantities of bloody water over the men that they were helpless. It was like a huge red fountain, through which I could see now and then the blinded men trying to strike, but yet afraid of hurting one another. The boat was being beaten to pieces, and other boats had to hurry to their rescue. I saw boys six and seven years of age running into the water and stabbing with their small knives until plucked out and borne ashore by some old man who often returned to do a little killing of his own. One boat was sinking, but the men clambered into a neighboring boat and were taken to shore. Dignified Jegvand Senior was there, looking far less like a devil than most of the men, and I saw our Heine, as cool and collected as an old hand, striking to right and left with telling strokes.

In less than an hour all was over. Not one escaped. Two hundred and eighty-five whales lay dead and dying on Midvag strand, and from shore to shore the sea was red with blood.

Then the Sysselmand (or county sheriff) came to the front. Four men were appointed as assistants. The command was given for all the men to aid in dragging the carcasses as far toward land as possible, so they would be stranded by the ebbing tide. The assistants were to measure, value and mark them, and make a deep incision in the stomach so that the meat would keep fresh longer.

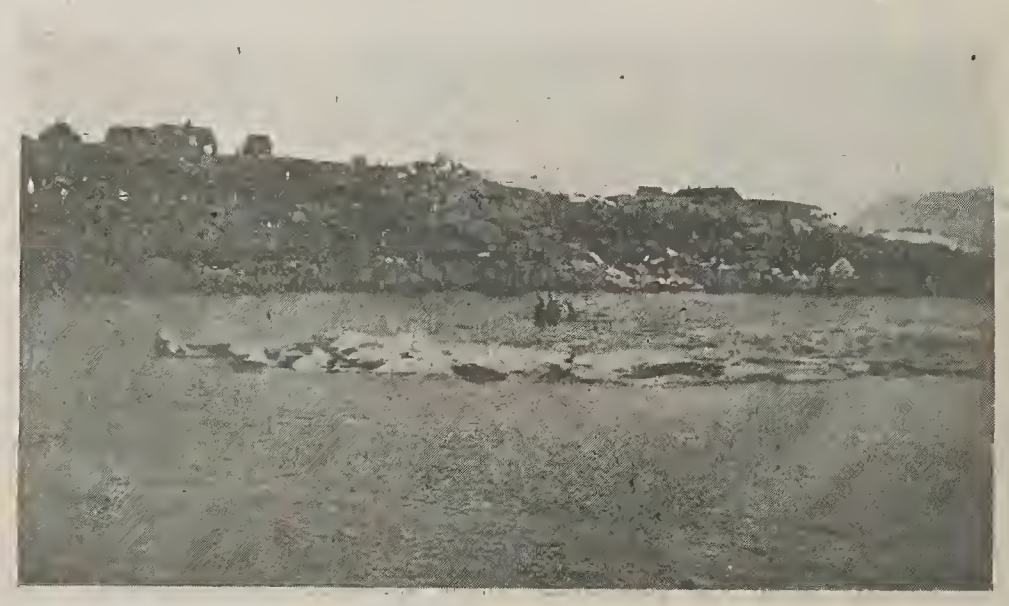
In the houses the women were hard at work. The grinde-bud had come just before the men had had their breakfasts. It was now 4 o'clock, and the men were tired out and half famished. Hans Kristoffer's house has a great reputation for hospitality, and he had more than his fair share of visitors. A grewsome looking set they were, dripping and bloody. Dozens of the least presentable were fed and cheered and dried in the outer kitchen or "rógstue" with its earthern floor. The dryer ones ate in the family living room. I would really like to know how many pots of coffee Fru Hans made in the next twenty hours. I know she was kept busy all night, and in fact no one slept in the house of Hans Kristoffer. The Sysselmand and his helpers were writing all night just outside my room, and men coming and going all night.

About 9 o'clock that evening I went down to the shore. Most of the whales were on land and others showed their sharp black fins and tails in the shallows. There were poor little baby whales born in the last agony of panic and of death, and lying by their mothers. The beach pools were pools of blood and on the strand the surf beat in a long crimson line.

Next morning when I went down again, the division had been made and boats were being rapidly loaded with the meat. The laws that govern the distribution of the grind are not to be comprehended by the average feminine mind. But I believe one-tenth goes to the Crown, one per cent. to the poor, one per cent. to the schools, the biggest whale to the boat that first reached the grind, a head to the person who first gave the alarm, the Sysselmand and his assistants have something for their labors, the pastor has his share, and after that all the inhabitants of a certain wide and large district share the rest, though those of a few far-away villages get but a half-share. I think the grind laws need revision. For instance, the capital, Thorshavn, with its 1,200 inhabitants, shares our grind at Midvag with those that have borne the brunt of the fight and keep open house to all afterward. On the beach that morning I met many of the Faroe men from other places, with whom I had tramped and fished and rowed—men from Sórvag and Bó, Leinum, Quivig and Westmanhavn, Thorshavn, Stromnoes and Saxon—even Myggenoes men appeared in the course of the day. They exchanged greetings over vertebræ and piles of blubber and rows of heads whose broad curving lips wore a queer smile. The air was heavy with the smell of fresh flesh, and a detailed description of the strand that morning would not be pleasant reading. All that day and all the next night the work went on, and our four men have just finished carrying up our share of meat to the lath-sided storehouse, there to be salted—most of it—and the rest to be cut in strips and hung from the house eaves to dry in the wind. It is two days now since the grind was killed, and yet the waters of the bay are still thick and red. Oh, for a strong breeze and tide to bring in fresh seas and purify us again!

The first morning after the killing, as I came out of my room, I found an official looking paper made out in mysterious terms with my name attached, and learned to my surprise that I also was entitled to a share of grind. I was much elated, and visions of wealth danced before my eyes. I was, it appeared, to have the equivalent of a tiny whale, and it was to be sold by auction. It did not seem honest, however, to appropriate a whale that I had not earned. But our Jegvand Junior had fought and bled and fought again, and Heine had come to the front nobly. I would give my whale to those who had been in the thick of the fray. So I did, and I can only hope I did it modestly, with no trace of conscious virtue. Young

AFTER THE GRIND-HUNT.
Faroe Islands.



A FLOCK OF GRINDWHALES.
Faroe Islands.

Jegvand seemed appreciative and thankful, but not, as it were, overwhelmed by the gift, and it occurred to me to ask the Sysselmand how much he thought it would bring. "Well," he said, "if prices had been high it might have brought four or five kroner, but people were nowadays buying much meat from the new whale station in Haldersvig, and he supposed I'd get about 1.75 kroner for it." That would be, in American money, about twenty-four cents apiece. So ended my idea of being a Lady Bountiful to Jegvand and Heine.

I hear that our Midvag pastor was to have held communion service and a baptism at the next hamlet, Sandevaag. But the grinde-bud came just before church, and only women were left. He could not baptize the baby when the father and the six godfathers had stampeded, so he preached to the women and then set out for home. He reached Midvag in time to hurry up to the parsonage, get into his old clothes, seize his grind dagger, and climbing down the rocks to a boat just before the final charge was made, he was in the midst of the fight with eight of his flock.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR.

Pierre La Fontaine.

CONSIDERABLE interest has been recently manifested by sportsmen generally, even though their specialty be not big game, in the career of Pierre La Fontaine, the trapper and poacher, who in March last was wounded and captured by Maine game wardens and who, together with his friend Tom King, was subsequently erroneously reported, by Canadian papers, to have engaged in a fatal duel with his former captors.

Because of the long strides now being annually taken by civilization as impersonated by the settler—who contracts with his government for a few acres of timbered land, and in accordance with the terms of the contract immediately proceeds to alter its prehistoric nature—the edges of the woods are being felled on all sides, and the avocation of trapping, as well as the knowledge of woodcraft, is, as a consequence, being discouraged.

Since tales, and resulting dreams, of the inhabitants of the original vast forests and trackless plains have, since childhood, exerted an irresistible attraction and charm over us members of the human family who are not yet wholly civilized, it is entirely natural that the few remaining disciples of the Indians should appeal strongly to our sympathy. So, therefore, as a dweller of the woods and a legitimate bearer of the cognomen trapper, regardless of his personality and experiences, La Fontaine is an object of interest, outlined, as his class now is, against the setting sun of a period rife with stirring adventures and seeds of romance. Pierre La Fontaine, or, in plain English, Peter Fountain, was born in St. Francis, Canada, some forty-eight years ago of French-Canadian parents. Very frequently a strain of Indian blood circulates in the veins of these people, and such is suggested in this instance by La Fontaine's general appearance, he being six feet in height, swarthy, with straight black hair, dark eyes, high cheek bones and a large, loosely knitted frame which works all together, whenever he moves, like a perfectly adjusted, well-oiled machine. To see him lope through the woods, or handle a canoe paddle, is a delight. His eyes have such expressive power as to relieve the balance of his features from any display of feeling and a flash or a twinkle heralds a passing mood.

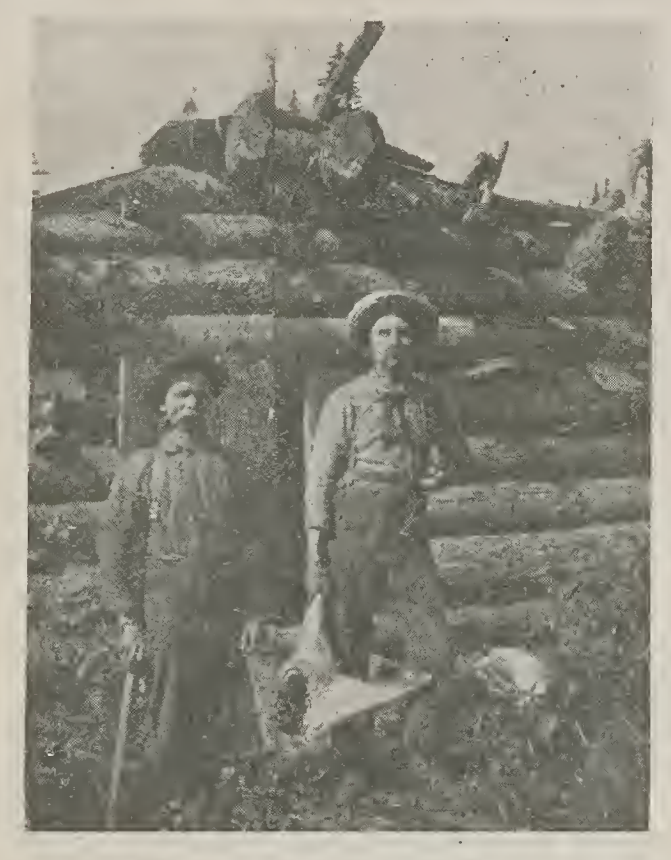
He began his acquaintance with the woods and its denizens in childhood, and, excepting a few years when engaged in mining near his native town, has spent seven or more months of every year in the wooded lands of Canada and Maine, trapping the several desirable fur-bearing animals and shooting the moose, caribou and deer, with a resulting satisfactory profit. Trapping is no sinecure, however, since it entails much hard work, long hours, some privations and almost constant exposure to the elements; therefore, although a trapper enjoys the excitement incident to his occupation and also an absolute freedom which only the lover of solitude can fully comprehend, still, he has much to contend with even before the abridgment of his license by game laws and the supplemental wardens. La Fontaine's camps were scattered through the forest in such manner as to afford a nightly shelter at the end of each day's long march. They were what are termed "fire camps," and so constructed of rough "splits" as to permit a fire and very little more room than was necessary to allow a man to lie prone before it—the one-sided roof being six feet at its highest point and sloping acutely to the ground. They and their meager equipment were invariably orderly and scrupulously neat, and this same regard for system is apparent in all his doings. A deserted hunter's camp will afford him opportunities for collecting and laying aside various odds and ends, possibly some provisions, which are carefully husbanded for the day of need, and after slaying an animal and preserving such parts as are valuable to him, he will carry the unused meat many miles to a logging camp, or to the home of a settler, rather than permit it to waste. His earnings are likewise well cared for, and he may sometimes be prevailed upon to make a loan, if the collateral security is strictly first class.

For fifteen of the thirty-five years this freeman has followed his inclination, the game wardens of Maine have endeavored to effect his capture, because the institution of protective laws failed to interrupt his pre-established traffic in peltry. He has, undoubtedly, annually violated the game laws of both Canada and Maine by killing game in close season, and also by taking a greater number of animals than is permitted; but nevertheless he is probably suspected of many delinquencies that are not his. For instance, he was said to have guided, from Maine into Canada, many deserters from the Northern army during the Civil War, which was quite a big contract for a boy of eleven years. Then again, when the stark body of an Indian was found suspended by the neck from a tree in the Maine woods, many years ago, La Fontaine's name was at once associated with the unpleasant experience of the deceased. And so on, down to the present day, when almost every carcass of an animal, found in the borderland of Maine and Canada, throws suspicion upon him.

On entering a game country, when hunting, his tongue, which in an emergency can discharge volleys of French and uncertain English, is silenced and all his faculties are focused upon the objects of his quest. He will travel hither and yon, among the probable resorts of game, until he discovers fresh signs and from these determines the number and movements of the animals; then, contrary to the precautionary measures of most hunters, he will pitch his camp in the immediate vicinity of their most frequented feeding grounds, and he rarely fails to get what he covets. He is fond of fishing, in a crude way, and usually has his hat band decorated with one or more flies, which he attaches to a sapling and dangles in the water. At times he will have a sink line, with baited hook in the other hand, and thus simultaneously engage both his sense of touch and sight. A captured trout will be yanked ashore without the courtesy of a landing net in true schoolboy style. Another of his pastimes and pleasures in the woods is to suddenly appear, Indian fashion, at the camp-fire of a hunter, and, in order to successfully accomplish a complete surprise, he will quit his bed at any hour of the night—sleep always awaiting his convenience.

La Fontaine has a good deal of humor and tells many stories of the following style at the expense of the hunters he has known:

"A sport he comed to me place one day an' he say,



PIERRE LA FONTAINE AND TOM KING.
La Fontaine is on the right of picture.

'Come ride away to hunt wid me,' an' I say 'Well, you go dug some patatties an' I gets ready.' When I come back he say, 'You tole me to dug patatties an' I dugged, an' dugged, an' dugged, an' dare ain't none dare!' Well, I goes an' looks an' he dug up all my raspberry bushes. Anoder man he comed in de winter time an' he says, 'I want a moose bad.' So I say, 'I know where dare is un track an' maybe we fin' him.' So we goes to de track an' I say, 'You take de gun an' go ahead after him.' He go maybe one mile an' he say, 'Where is de moose?' an' I say, 'Do you think him sit down an' wait fer you to come an' shood him?' He say, 'I didn't think a moose so strong to go so far; let him go on all der way?' So I say, 'You give me de gun an' you come after.' I go about four mile an' I broke de moose's laig; den I waited long time an' de man he comed an' kill him. Now, dat man be one great hunter what hav' killed a moose!"

La Fontaine's account of his final capture by the Maine wardens does not altogether agree with the published version of Warden Templeton. He was aware that his long-time pursuers were in northern Maine, but past success in eluding them—some of his devices being very ingenious and most interesting developments of woodcraft—made him venturesome even to recklessness, and he not only passed into the State, but by way of a logging camp which was tantamount to a publication of his presence and route. The new-fallen snow plainly exposed his trail, and although he partly concealed this, his fatigue was so great from drawing his sled load of provisions, that he went directly to one of his camps, neglecting entirely the most casual of his precautions against pursuit (the making of a long detour, and striking his own trail some distance back, in order to ascertain if other footprints had joined his) and fell asleep. A comparison of the recitals may prove entertaining, La Fontaine's English having been corrected:

The Warden's Story.

"We had heard pretty tough stories of Peter La Fontaine and decided to take as few chances as possible and make the arrest without any shooting, if we could do it. Shortly after 6 o'clock we decided to move, and did so with the greatest care, although the crunching of our snowshoes seemed to make a big noise. I was ahead, with Houston so close behind that he stepped into my tracks. I caught the latch of the door in my left hand, holding my revolver in the right. It was my plan to snap the door open quickly and, if I got a chance, to grab Peter before he had an opportunity to move. I was also prepared to do the other thing if forced to it.

"La Fontaine had evidently been lying on the floor on a bed of boughs and deer skins before the open fire, with his feet toward the door and his rifle at his head. At the snap of the latch he came to his knees as quickly as a cat, and that was his position when I caught the first sight of him in the dim firelight. At the same instant he brought his rifle around. I don't remember whether I said anything or not. If I did it was 'Don't you do it! Don't you do it!' But I distinctly remember watching the muzzle of that rifle as it flew around and just before it came in line with my body, I pulled on him."

La Fontaine's Story.

"I stood my rifle against the side of the camp, laid me down before the fire and fell asleep. I didn't hear the approach of the wardens, because the hearing of one of my ears is slightly defective. There was no door to my camp, but some pieces of splits were propped against the door frame, and when these were pushed aside by Warden Templeton, I awoke and as I raised myself, being only half-conscious, I dimly saw a man reaching out toward me as though about to place his hand upon my shoulder; then came a loud report and a pistol ball passed through by body. Warden Houston, thinking I had done the shooting, then crowded into the camp and was going to strike me on the head, when I said, 'Mr. Houston, if you please, I have had enough.' Then he was very kind, washed my wound, and bound it up to stop the flow of blood.

"I didn't find fault with the uncalled-for and unnecessary shooting, because Warden Templeton was afraid of me; but when I noticed that he then wore a pair of my moose shanks and drew them back from the fire so that I might not see them, I was mad, and I told him my opinion of him for taking to himself some of my property and some cartridges belonging to one of my hunting friends before burning my home camp and everything remaining in it that was not valuable to him."

It is an open question as to whether the Canadian Government is not, in a large measure, responsible for the incursions of poachers into the Maine woods, and surely that Government is wholly responsible for the slaughter of animals which are carefully nurtured by Maine's laws only to venture across the border. Canada has no wardens in the strip of country contiguous to northwestern Maine, which one man on the river might effectually patrol, and thus tacitly consents to "the fitting out of privateers to prey upon the commerce of a friendly State," as international law might express it. Last summer, two young men from Quebec visited the neighborhood under discussion, and, in the season when it is as easy to kill a moose as a neighbor's cow, slew seven of them and allowed them to rot where they fell. Although this fact is said to have been brought to the attention of the proper authorities, nothing has been done toward punishing the offense and incidentally discouraging such utter disregard of the game laws. Settlers nearest the scene of this depredation are entirely familiar with the laxity of the authorities; and why should they hesitate to take what game they want before young men from Quebec or elsewhere deprive them of an opportunity, and furthermore, if La Fontaine and others are not taught to respect the law at home, how can they be expected to have reverence for it when abroad?

LIPPINCOTT.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 29.

The Buck Duellist.

Mr. Jones Relates a Veracious Tale of the Adirondacks.

OLD Peletiah Jones, of Mud Pond, Essex county, N. Y., is a remnant of that picturesque body of men whose younger days were passed prospecting, hunting and fishing in the beautiful Adirondack country, and whose declining years are spent in guiding "city people" through the woodlands, by this means turning to good account the wood knowledge gained in pioneering.

Old "Pell," as he is familiarly called, is a pleasing contrast in many ways to the more modern young guide, who by association with rich and aristocratic campers is apt to have acquired a broad a and a discriminating taste for high-balls, rye and Scotch.

Pell wears the same clothing both summer and winter—always heavy-weight. Perhaps he lays aside his coat during the day, but he resumes it at night, and is always willing to sit near an open fire. He smokes a pipe stuffed with "Bobolink" or "Blue paper." When the pipeful is apparently smoked out, Pell stirs up the residuum with a knife blade, applies a light and manages a half-dozen or so additional puffs. This practice sometimes results in the firing of his pipe bowl, but since the odor therefrom is not very different from that of either of his favorite tobaccos, no harm results save that of shortening the life of the pipe. This is a minor consideration, since Pell is sole residuary legatee under the wills of annual departing campers, and bequests under these wills usually include numbers of pipes.

Pell has a collection almost as varied as that of a student at Heidelberg.

To kill a deer is quite as commonplace to Pell as the lighting of his pipe.

I remember one occasion when we had in camp with us a young gentleman from the city whose last ambition was to slay a deer by his own unaided efforts.

In different directions we had hunted all day long with no success. All had returned except Peletiah.

About 6 o'clock he came in, and greeting us, pulled from his pockets four or five small steaks and started to broil them over the fire.

Knowing old Pell, we initiated ones said nothing except to reply to his salute and remark that he'd been lucky again. The young fellow, however, was on fire.

"Did you really kill a deer, Mr. Jones?" he began, as he hovered over the fire.

"Guess I did," replied Pell, through the smoke.

"Well, when did you do it?" said the young man.

Pell absent-mindedly turned the steaks, intent on his cooking.

"I say, Mr. Jones," pursued the gnat, "when did you kill it? Tell me all about it. How far away did you shoot at it? How many times? Where did you hit him? Was it a male or a female?"

Pell peered up from his operations and regarded his inquisitor much as a big patient dog looks at a pestiferous puppy.

"Well," said the old man, "'twas a buck deer, and I was sittin' on a fawg near the end of the pond when I see him a-com'n' acrost the lake. 'Peared to me I heered a dawg barkin', too. Anyways, I sot still and he come along. I waited fer him tell he got inter shaller water where I could git at him ter lug him out easy, and I shot him jist for'ard the shoulder."

"And how far away was he, Mr. Jones?"

"Oh, 'baout twenty feet," said Pell, "and if he'd 'a' come any closter I'd 'a' waited some more."

This story was so utterly at variance with the deer-hunting ideals set up for himself by the young man that thereafter "Mr. Jones" was a deposed idol.

Nothing but to cut down a fear-sped buck at three hundred yards could fill the desire of that young Nimrod.

Old Pell is something of a story-teller. Many an evening have we spent listening to his stories of the woods while the wind drew the sparks up into the night and we smoked post-prandial pipes.

Perhaps the following recital is a good example of his powers:

"'Twasn't many years ago," said our guide, "that your Uncle Pell had a pretty clost call for what life he had in his carkiss, and 'tain't every man kin say't he had the same chanct ter go straight to the golden city under the same circumstances."

Pell is an artist in his way, so at this point he stopped, relighted his pipe, puffed reflectively and waited for the usual, "Tell us about it, Pell."

Accepting our oblations, he continued:

"Well, it happened about this way. 'Twas gittin' along toward the middle of October, and me and Eb Lobb was campin' on the p'int yender in the slickest little tar-paper cabin that ever was built. We got the tar paper offen a waggin that got mired out on the Boreas River road. The young fellar that was teamin' gave it to us fer helpin' him out, and so not castin' away the gifts er Providence we kivered and lined our shack with it.

"One mornin' we woke up, and as it was Eb's turn ter do the breakfast cookin', he crawled out and begun fussin' 'round while I turned over fer jest a little wakin'-up snooze. I was dreamin' 'bout havin' been presented with a new .45-90 Winchester by grateful fr'en's I'd been guidin' through the woods, and I could see the printin' on the breech—'To Peletiah Jones, from his admirin' fr'en's,' with the names of them as had give it ter me underneath. Er course 'tain't no use namin' no names, but if I should tell yer the names, maybe ter git struck with a streak of lightnin' wouldn't surprise some of yer more."

I felt that Pell's eye would bore a hole in my head, but I couldn't bring myself to meet his gaze. Inasmuch as Pell collected some six or seven dollars a day—wages and tribute—more than some of us earned, my feeling was less one of guilt than embarrassment.

Pell finally withdrew his gimlet eye and went on:

"Well, right in the middle of my dream I was disturbed by loud noises and woke up, to hear the familiar voice of Eb cussin'. Eb kin cuss like a French-Canuck log driver, and them Canucks don't spend much time learnin' any other part of the langwidge, so that yer kin see 'twasn't egzackly like 'wakin' to the' songs of burds chuned ter sweetness,' as that Troy minister used ter say when he was campin' here.

"I kep' quiet, knowin' 't Eb'd make me the partner of his woes, and pretty soon he came a-stumpin' in with his light ax in one hand and a few pieces of chawed-up meat in t'other.

"'Huh,' says Eb. 'Breakfast!'

"'Sure,' sez I. 'I'm all ready fer it, so throw them red-flannen frog baits away and go out of the room till I take off my pejammies and get inter my clothes.'"

At this fine bit of sarcasm I raised my eyes and shot my deadliest look at him, but except for a slight twitching of the mouth, Uncle Pell's face was as placid as the lake of the same name on a windless day.

"'If yer kin make yer breakfast outer coffee and pertaters,' says Eb, 'well and good. Well and good,' sez he, 'but I'll be goldarned if there's a bit of venison in camp that's fit ter eat I've jest shown yer the hull of it," and he twiddled the meat rags on his fingers.

"'Catamount?' sez I.

"'Foxes,' sez he, 'and by the tracks I should think that the census fox would have saved himself a lot er walkin' if he could have been here when they c'mitted the robbery.'

"'Well,' sez I, gittin' up, ''tain't as though we couldn't get more, anyways try, and I hope your mind wasn't so upsot yer fergot to bile the pot.'

"'Oh, no,' sez Eb, 'the coffee pot's b'ilin',' and that mornin' was the first that year we went without meat—leastways durin' the open season," he hastened to add.

"We had ter have sumpin' ter eat, so Eb he stayed ter camp and I sot out ter see what I could find. Er course I hed my old single-shot rifle along and a good-sized horn-handled, stiff-bladed huntin' knife.

"My rheumatiz didn't let me git along any too livcly, but perhaps that ain't so bad fer a still-hunter, fer it give me more time ter look inter fallen tree tops and brush then as if I was one er these here puff-zippin autymerbeels that young Platt's got down ter the village.

"Anyways I clim' along up and 'twasn't long 'fore I see sumpin' movin' in a little holler 'bout five rod off, and gittin' closter out jumped a buck that looked like a full brother ter Old Golden fer size and 'purtenances. He come down all right when I onhitched on him, and I went over tew him, leavin' my rifle leanin' up aside a tree near where I fired. Sumpin' I never did before ner since, but I felt so goldarncd sure of that buck 't I didn't think er nothin' but just skinnin' him and luggin' a hindquarter back ter camp fer that overdue breakfast."

Pell threw back his head and laughed quietly.

"I was sumpin' of a bareback rider in my day," he went on, "but I never tricd to ride on the under side of a horse with my legs hooked up over his back, so I couldn't give bein' outer practice as er excuse, but I want yer ter understand that when I straddled that buck as he was lyin' there kinder on his back, and put my knife point ter his throat, that when he got up, as he did, yer Uncle Pell jest clutched his legs around him and hung on.

"Er course he couldn't travel no Star P'inter gait with a hundred and sixty poun' draggin' on his keel, but he bumped me along pretty lively, till it 'curred ter me 'twas time I was makin' a little livelier move toward gittin' that breakfast. In the excitement I'd kep' the knife in my hand jest like a feller'll fall overboard outer a boat when he's spearin', and if he had his pipe in his mouth when he started, he'll most likely find it right in the same place when he comes up to the top. It's cur'us, but it's so. Anyways, I had that knife all right, and 'bout the first thing I did when I discovered it was to make a lunge at the old fellow's brisket with it. The p'int went in and I could feel on the haft 't I'd struck sumpin', and in a couple er jumps down he come, right er course er top er me.

"I crawled out f'm under, holding on to a hind leg in case of more surprises.

"It looked like he was dead enough now, er breathin' his last anyways, and right here I made another big mistake. Er course that up-ended ride give me a considerable shakin' up and I was a sweatin' some from it so I struck the knife inter the ground, butt up, and reached around to my hind pants' pocket ter git my handkercher to wipe off my perspirin' brow.

"I hadn't more'n straightened up with it in my hand 'fore that old devil give a snort like the Effin'ham's whistle down onto Schroon Lake and come to his feet like a circus performer turning a sumerset, all standin', head up and tail clinched tight.

"He didn't give me a chanst to even reach fer that knife, and it 'peared that my old red handkercher acted like a red rag tew a bull, fer the moment he seen it he come on me like a catamount, and knocked me flatter'n one of Marthy's pancakes, strikin' and hookin' savage. 'Bout this time I begun to realize 'twasn't so much a question of gettin' breakfast as 'twas of gettin' back ter camp for any meal at all, and any time. 'In other words,' as a long-winded lawyer cuss who camped here once uster say, 'In other words, I begun ter wake up ter the fact that I'd gotter fight ter keep my insurance from comin' due.'

"Well, we fit around there fer some minutes probably—seemed days ter me—the old buck a-strikin' and a-hookin', and I a-hangin' to his horns and tryin' to git away from those hoofs of his; but all the time I was tryin' ter work him around ter where the knife was, thinkin' if I could only get to it someways I could manage to spare a hand from his head and end the trouble. I had another hope, too, and that was he'd get weak from loss of blood, and perhaps give it up before I could get the knife or he'd playcd me out. The blood was comin' from his brisket cuts all right, and pretty good, too, I guess, but it didn't seem to make any difference ter him.

"All ter once I found we was gittin' nearer and nearer to the knife, and I quit pullin', only hangin' on.

"As soon's I did that I'll be goldarned if that old devil didn't drag me right over tew the knifc, and I was jest gettin' ready to make my one-handed play fer it, when he raised his front right leg and come down onto that knife handle kerwallop, and when he raised up ag'in yer can call me a warm-water sucker if he didn't have that knife fixed onto his hoof as pretty as anything you ever see.

"Accident er not, yer can bet I was scared, fer it was sharp's a razor, and it give him 'bout eight inches more of strikin' reach, and he begun right away. Up went his sword arm and down she kim—slash—the hull of a boot leg gone, and a glancing cut on the ankle. He was goin' around on three legs, so's't he wouldn't lose the knife.

"It's all right ter stick to yer ship and go down with her, but I begun ter make up my mind 'twas better to desert and take my chance of being able to outfoot him to a young pine that stood 'bout six rods away. Ef he'd only insist on holding onto his weapon, I believed I c'd do it, fer I was Injun-built them days and c'd hoof it pretty lively, and if he'd go four-legged I thought perhaps he'd stick the knife inter the ground and git throwed.

"Er course it takes a derned sight longer to tell all them thoughts than it did to think 'em, and the fact of the bizness is that about two seconds after he give me the cuts I'd broke loose from my affectionate embrace and was strikin' out fer that pine.

"I've done my twenty and thirty miles a day a-walkin', and run six-mile an hour many a time and never thought about the distance or the gait, but there wasn't never no time in my hull life that a journey seemed so long or a place so hard to git to as it 'twas on the way to that pine. I c'd see it all right 'nough, but it looked more'n forty mile away, and 'bout as big as them fir trees that comes in a kid's Noah's Ark.

"When I startcd, his tail was p'intin' to the tree, and er course I was facin' it.

"Well, as soon as I let go I give his head a twitch to kinder daze him, and then I lit out. Natchully it took him a second or two to git the hang of things and git after me, but by that time yer Uncle Pell was under full steam, headin' fer the pine, and 'bout twenty feet in front of the enemy.

"I looked round to see how we were doin', and I couldn't help noticin' that he had that sword arm drawed up under him and was perceedin' on three legs.

"I guess there ain't any derned fool here but knows that a deer kin go 'bout as well on three legs as four, and it seemed ter me as though this one was goin' a leetle better'n most of them I'd seen crippled in one leg. Perhaps 'twas the peculiar circumstances made me feel so; however, he was comin', and what's more, was gainin'.

"I ain't 'shamed to say now that when I discovered that he was probably goin' ter git me that I was sceered, and sceered bad. I'd had a purty good shakin' up in the fust place a-ridin' him and a-tryin' time tusslin' him, and I wasn't in no shape fer even that short sprint. Besides that, the almost human action of the derned old cuss and the endurin' efforts he'd made ter kill me with the knife onsettled me, and helped to make me sceered.

"Well, I made up my mind 'twasn't no use a-lookin' round, but jist do m' best and trust to the Lord and my good trainin' and dig my toes in deep.

"Well, I done so, and as I got 'bout thirty feet from the tree, not feelin' his breath on m' neck, ner seemin' to hear his jumps, my hopes riz, and I twisted m' head around.

"Well, sir, yer can bet there wasn't no happier man in the world than I was that minit, when I seen that the old buck was on the ground with the blood pourin' from his wounds, and givin' them little kicks that always mean the end.

"I didn't slow up. I jest simply let go and down I come all in a heap. It didn't hardly seem real, and I lay there some time before I begun to realize that I'd been saved from a cruel and unusu'l death.

"I ain't much of a pray-er, but I give thanks fer my deliverance before I did another thing.

"'Well,' says I, to myself, as I got up, 'fer all 'pearances you are deader'n a last year's p'litical promise, but there ain't no power on earth that'll git me tew you 'til I'm fixed, so I jest give him a wide berth, and went back ter where I'd stood up my rifle, and then I come back at 'bout four rod and fired seven shots into the old cuss 'fore I had the nerve ter go up tew him.

"He certainly was a strappin' animal, and he had the knife in his hoof. It made me shiver tew look at it. I had ter work at it a long time before I c'd git it out, but I did, and finally got home with that breakfast."

The old man stopped short here, and knocking the burned tobacco dust from his pipe, refilled it from his pouch.

"Pell," said I, "why didn't you cut off that hoof which held the knife and either keep it or present it to some museum as a curiosity?"

"Huh!" replied Pell, "wouldn't nobody believe the story that went with it, would they?"

EDWARD SIDNEY RAWSON.

PORT RICHMOND, N. Y.

Advanced Ideas in Farming, Trapping and Woodcraft.

Number One.

WHAT most farmers lack is perception, the quality that enables one to adapt to one's uses and requirements those things that nature has especially provided—dear old Nature, who is always doing nice little things for farmers that are not half appreciated.

I realized this long before I first began the free, rugged and independent life of a hardy, honest tiller of the soil, and often resolved that if I ever had the chance I would do a lot of adapting, particularly in the way of utilizing such animals and birds as usually spent their time loafing around and beating the world out of a living. I became a tiller. The word tiller has two definitions, one of which is, a steering apparatus. I am just now classifying myself as the latter, one who steers. I am endeavoring to steer my brother tiller, the other kind of tiller, the one who in tilling the soil, from the shoals and rocks of those who defer decisive action till disaster has overwhelmed them. I am going to steer my fellow agriculturist and horticulturist and other fellow strugglers against the ruthless tide of curculio, potato bugs, cut worms, elm leaf beetles, seventeen-year cicada, brown-tailed moth, hob-nail grub, peach-leaf curl, pear-blight, bee-diarrhœa, hog cholera and a few million other little devices which dear old Nature contrives to make farming the exciting and absorbing occupation it is, the things that cause woe and alienation of friendship, divorces, murder, arson, undue encroachment upon neighbor's property, line fences and hen coops, and eventually the frequent kerflop from the noble, yea, godlike attributes of a farmer to the degradation of a member of State legislature or county commissioner. It is my purpose to steer him away from the rocks and rapids, the shoals and quicksands, into the broad and placid waters, the peaceful life of a money-making, respected agriculturist, compared to which, floating down a canal in a houseboat with nothing to do but eat boned turkey, diamond-back terrapin, chicken salad, lobster à la Newburg, drink iced milk punch and champagne frappé, smoke Perfecto cigars and peruse the pages of wisdom in FOREST AND STREAM, would be an experience of wildest excitement and peril.

I feel that I ought to do that much for my fellow toilers, my less fortunate countrymen of the same walk in life, and that is why I am going to do it. I don't want a cent for it. I should not accept any compensation if it were offered. I am not that kind of a philanthropist. There is not, if I do say it myself, a mean hair in my head, and I might add, not many of any kind.

Still, if there are those who feel that such disinterested and whole-souled service should not go altogether unrewarded, and in their gratitude should insist on sending to their benefactor a portion of the profits derived from Bohemian oats, seedless watermelons, perennial bearing rutabagas, short-weight butter and loaded wool fleeces, such persons can remit by New York draft or postoffice money orders; money sent in letters, if registered, will be at sender's risk, if not registered I will take the chances. Personal checks on country banks (except sand banks) will be received at par, but not credited until it is ascertained whether the drawer has overdrawn his account. When the returns are all in I will try to send to every grateful remitter a beautiful marriage certificate printed in four colors, with two doves and a game rooster in each corner, provided that six cents in postage stamps are inclosed to pay postage and for ordinary wear and tear. I wish to be plain and unostentatious about this matter, for if there is anything that I hate more than another it is an ostentatious tiller of the soil. The Lord knows he has little enough to be ostentatious about.

The way I came to run up against all my valuable experience was almost providential, yet logical, in fact, some might say it was pure fool luck; be that as it may, how much happier, better and wiser the world is for it. The tears come unbidden to my eyes when I think of it—especially when I think of that new variety of triple strength onions that I invented, and the time that I first tried cayenne pepper to kill lice on my flock of ostriches.

It was this way. My uncle and aunt made up their minds that they would let out their farm in the State of Kansas and go to Florida to engage in the manufacture of oranges and pineapples. When my uncle makes up his mind to do a thing, it is practically as good as done. I have excellent reason to remember this prominent trait in his character. While a youth I went to live with uncle, to attend district school, and incidentally do chores. I became impressed with the idea that a certain three-year-old colt, which was a part of the farm stock, could trot about fast enough to beat anything in the county of his age; bareback, welter-weight, free for all, three-quarter dash, hop, skip and jump, huckleberry rules, or any old way. I decided to surreptitiously drop in on the county fair—those annual events that my dear departed friend, Josh Billings, used to denominate "Agricultural Hoss Trots"—and do the boys up with neatness and despatch. I did so. That is I dropped in, and subsequently dropped out, likewise dropped my wad, and uncle dropped something when I returned home. I then realized the stern realities of life, and that what uncle said he would do he did, properly. That was a long time ago, and why dwell on these

themes that reawaken the echoes in the old woodshed?

Uncle had a right appreciation of his nephew, after all, and knowing that I had spent a term at our agricultural college, been secretary of one of the farmers' institutes one session, beside that experience at the county fair, he naturally selected me to come on and run the farm, while he and aunt should undertake to show the people of the sunny and fruity Southland how to do things.

"Sunny and fruity Southland." Say, how does that strike you? Rather neat, eh? Rather neater, perhaps, than veracious, especially when they have such winters as the past one.

I accepted the offer; two weeks thereafter our county paper, The Kansas Zephyr, published in the column devoted to our township, a "personal," which stated:

Our respected friends, Uncle Ephraim Downs, and his estimable wife, who have been subscribers to the Zephyr ere since it started, have gone to the balmy longitude of Florida, where they allow to engage in that beautiful and lukcrative occupation of growing oranges and other tropicle fruits. Their newphew, Benjamin Coolidge, has been engaged to ruin the farm during their absence. Welcome to the county, Ben. Come and see us.

I did so at once, without unnecessary loss of time. I was ready for murder, rapine, massacre, gore, manslaughter, carnage, assassination or other form of homicide. "Engaged to ruin the farm!" Ha! I found the printing office at the head of a rickety flight of stairs and the editor sitting behind a cob pipe on top of an inverted soap box, evidently deep in the duties of editing.

"What do you mean by printing such a libel in your good-for-nothing, low-down sheet as that item concerning me?" pointing to the same in the paper which I held up before him.

"Libel! You! Why, my dear sir, w-what—where—let me see that—I wrote that myself—Uncle Downs—Shades of Great Scott! Why, gosh darn that drunken compositor, ef he hain't slid in a letter i into that word run—run the farm, that's what I wrote."

"Where is he? I'll sober him up! I'll just introduce the man that's going to ruin Uncle Downs' farm, and I'll commence by ruining one batch of old barleycorn seed right now."

"Oh, he's gone—he's lit out; he had a spell or two of the serpents Sunday and Monday and I fired him; fired Sam Gale to take him over into Poseytown in his delivery wagon."

"Then you've missed a first-class tragedy item for next week's paper."

That editor proved to be the finest kind of a chap, one of these brainy, broad gauge, intellectual giants and appreciative journalists that one sometimes runs across unexpectedly. I am not saying this because he fell in with my ideas of farming and raising stock, and wanted me to conduct a column in the Zephyr on "The Highest Type of Modern Farming," and let me name my own terms. Not at all. Not by any means. In fact, far from it. It was a most noble act. The fact that money and price were no object to the editor, because he never paid anybody for anything (which I afterward discovered), had absolutely nothing to do with the proposition. Anybody could see that.

A few weeks later the columns of the Zephyr contained the following:

BRAINS IN FARMING.

Probably no recent event has had so much to do with the prospective development of our lovely county, and so fully illustrates the possibilities of our soil and climate under brainy management, as the success of experiments already made by Benjamin Coolidge on his uncle's farm. His entirely original methods with crops as well as in making ordinarily useless animals earn their living, and a little more besides, is certainly interesting and more or less instructive; generally more. We congratulate the entire county on having this kind of a man in our midst. It might be suggestive to add that he's the only man so far that has paid his subscription to this paper in cash. Go thou and do likewise.

The particular events and innovations to which the gifted editor refers will be set forth in another chapter or two.

FRANK HEYWOOD.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

On the War Road.

"THIS is the War Road," was the somewhat startling announcement that glared down on me from a board nailed high upon a poplar tree on the edge of the woods.

The few scattered wagon tracks which I had been following across the half-brush, half-prairie lands further back, concentrated here, and passing between two trees that just grazed the hubs on either hand, wound away into the unknown wilderness beyond. The sign board was of rough, unhewn lumber. The lettering had been done with red chalk. The marks showed only here and there, and the general effect, somehow, was one of awkward splashes in blood.

The letters had much in their appearance to suggest a disordered mob fleeing before a victorious army. They leaned this way and that, and straggled in and out of line. The "t" and "e" in the "the" towered far above the cowering little "h" between them, and might have passed for two stalwart fellows dragging away a wounded comrade. It was ominous.

I had learned at the last settler's cabin, half a mile back, that after entering the wilderness proper I should see no sign of human habitation until I returned. There was a possibility that I might meet somewhere on the way a miner returning from the Rainy Lake gold fields, and another that I might find a few Indians in camp at the mouth of the War Road; but the probability was that I should see nobody on the whole trip.

I was in search of solitude. For three days I had been traversing a sparsely settled country, having followed the old Saint Paul and Pembina trail from the neighborhood of Crookston, Minnesota, north to where it crosses the Roseau trail. Over this I had reached Roseau, a small village seventy miles back in the wilderness. Another half-day without sight of a house had brought me into camp at night rejoicing in my escape beyond the dread of aught that could remind me of civilized abominations. But I had only begun to hug myself when I positively stiffened with dismay. A cow bawled, and the illusion was destroyed.

A few minutes later two children came along, driving the cattle. Other sounds presently told me that I was within two hundred yards of a farmhouse.

This was annoying, as I wanted to enjoy the night and the moonlight alone. But my annoyance was somewhat intensified when, half an hour later, the farmer and his family called upon me, staying until twelve o'clock and drawing from me my life history by inches. Here was solitude with a vengeance, and I resolved to put as many miles as possible between me and the haunts of man before I again undertook to commune with Nature in her loneliest retreats.

About five miles east of Roseau (Jadis, it was then) I passed the last settler's cabin, and half a mile on I came face to face with the grewsome legend:

"This is the War Road."

It was ten o'clock when I faced this tunnel, bored through thirty-five miles of unbroken solitude, with a slight fracture only at one end. I began to wonder if I had not better go back and camp near the settler's cabin—so as to be handy to water—and take an early start in the morning. Then I might be sure of getting through before nightfall.

I began to think that solitude might be like some other good things—deleterious when taken in overdoses. It was useless to try to make myself believe that I should turn because of water for that night's camp. I knew that creeks, lakes and muskegs were everywhere in the wood. Therefore, if I adopted this retrograde move I must admit, to myself at least, that I stood in awe of that vast solitude. That I would not do. There was no valid reason for retreat, and giving Jack and Jill their marching orders, we plunged into that mysterious stillness.

I gave myself some courage by the assurance that, if any good reason occurred to me in the meantime, I could still turn back after going a few miles into the wood. For awhile the road led through a swamp, and as the whiffletrees and hubs of the wagon began to disturb the bushes along the way, out swarmed mosquitoes in clouds. Or, I might say, in a haze at first, which thickened and darkened until it assumed the blackness of a thunder-cloud. This was something I had not thought of, and I accounted it a good and sufficient reason for waiting to make the trip for some day when the wind should blow hard enough to keep down mosquitoes.

There were other things I had not thought of, however. One was the narrowness of the way, closely walled in by standing timber, fallen logs and underbrush. It was impossible to turn, and I should have to keep on at least until I reached more open ground. When at length I came to an opening, it was a bog crossed by a narrow corduroy road, and the chances for turning were not improved.

A couple of miles further on the road came out on firmer soil. Poplar, birch and willow gave way to great oaks, whose branches, interlacing, completely shut out the rays of the sun. An impenetrable tangle of fallen limbs, brush, vines and brambles continued to wall me in and to keep me in this "straight and narrow way," and before I did come to a possible turning point the wind sprang up from the east, sifting into the faces of myself and the mules, like a rush of air through a cañon, and sweeping the mosquitoes to the rear. With them went my excuse for turning at all, and I kept on.

The road had been cut through only about wo months before and was very rough. There had been little travel over it. The larger growth had been cleared away wide enough only to admit the passage of a wagon, while the small brush still stood. Nothing could be seen of the track ahead, and one had an impression of traveling through an accidental opening in the wood. The noise of the wagon as we bumped along, was so great that there was little prospect of catching a dryad unawares, though I confess that I kept a sharp lookout and several times imagined I caught a glimpse of one as she whisked out of sight behind some great oak.

The wagon creaked and groaned direfully as it bumped over the stumps and roots or plunged hub-deep into ruts. There was always a deep rut opposite each stump, as, when the wheel raised over a stump, it threw the whole weight of the wagon on the opposite wheel, forcing it deep into the soft mould. This kept it rolling and pitching at a great rate, and the steady swish of the small brush bent beneath the axles resembled the hiss of water beneath a storm-tossed boat.

Occasionally a partridge hopped from the road in front of the mules and alighting on some bush just ahead, out of reach, eyed me curiously as I passed. My Parker lay in its case at the bottom of the wagon; I cared little for the game, and no one being present to witness my prowess, I had slight incentive to shoot. I did try a few shots at the partridge, however, with my whip, but the lash usually caught in an overhanging bough, and I scored nothing but clean misses.

Friend, did you ever make a wagon journey through a forest or after dark, when objects could be seen only for a short distance? If so, do you remember how swiftly you seemed borne along, yet how interminable seemed the way to some momentarily expected destination? How the seconds swelled into minutes and the minutes into hours, as you swept on and on; yet how you remained, seemingly, always in the same spot?

After I had been in the woods, as I judged, for two hours, I began to speculate on the distance I had traveled. At the rate the sibilant bushes brushed past beneath the wagon I must be going at least six miles an hour. Twice six are twelve; whole distance to be traveled, thirty-five miles. Clearly, I was more than one-third of the way; but rather than be disappointed at the end, I would reduce my calculations and call that great oak. there, on the left, the quarter-post. By giving good measure thus, I should get a rebate on the last quarter, just when I needed it.

It is customary when writing of the woods to expatiate on their grandeur. But I was still under the spell of that ominous guide-board; and though the solemn forest shades did fill me with awe, the scenery was a good deal like that inside a railway tunnel, except that the walls were composed of whispering green leaves and yielding boughs, and not cold, gray, unyielding and voiceless granite.

Two hours later I note a tree with a wagon-hub blaze, which I call the half-way mark. Soon afterward I see an opening ahead and wonder if I can possibly be coming to the lake. Perhaps I have allowed too much, and in place of getting a present of the last quarter the rebate is to be nearly the whole last half of the journey. The light spreads; it is plain that I am nearing the end of the tunnel. It is impossible that I can have come thirty-five miles. I begin to wonder if the contractor who cut the road has not "done" the government—if he has not been paid for thirty-five miles when the actual distance is twenty. But no; the opening is not the lake, but a wide muskeg with a burned district beyond.

Crossing the muskeg on a pole bridge, the road winds away across the burning on a long, low sand ridge. The way is now much smoother and my range of vision more extended. I am on one of the well-defined sand-reefs characteristic of northwestern Minnesota. These ridges are one of the great natural curiosities of this region. Flat, curving reefs of sand, one to two hundred yards wide, they are continuous for many miles. Being gravelly and well-drained, their spines make splendid natural roadways.

Travelers in the old fur-trading days took advantage of these ridges in laying out their highways. The old Saint Paul and Pembina trail follows them for more than a hundred miles; the Roseau road hugs another for more than two-thirds of its seventy-one miles of length. But for this ridge the eastern half of Kittson County would be still unsettled. The streams that have their sources in the Red Lake basin cut these ridges at right angles, the deep, gash-like channels having the appearance of breaks in a great dike. The wide valley of the Roseau breaks the continuity of the Roseau road ridge; but it is said that it is this same ridge which the War Road traverses all the way to the Lake of the Woods.

With smoother roads, a more extended prospect and a fresh breeze, my spirits rise and I roll along at a brisk trot. On the ridge top the sway of the fire had been complete and everything had gone down before it, except here and there a charred stump or tree trunk. Some of these reached a height of fifty or sixty feet; all were blackened to the very top. These, with a two years' growth of poplars, were all that remained of a once dense forest.

On either side of the ridge stretched a great swamp which had not burned, and tamarac, spruce, cedar and balsam pine reared a variegated screen of pale and deep greens and purple. I was now enjoying myself thoroughly and took slight heed of the flight of time, until it suddenly dawned on me that another two hours had slipped away. I must be entering on the last quarter stretch, and if I was to get much of a rebate the lake should soon appear. Mile after mile I glide through the prattling green poplars, but no lake materializes. The tamarac and cedar of the swamps give place to birch and willow, with now and then stately white pine, but along the ridge are the same charred stumps and fluttering poplars.

Another two hours slips away—still no lake. I have been guessing at time and rate of speed, but with all the allowance I have made I surely cannot be far short. I eagerly watch each new opening, expecting momentarily to catch the glimmer of water through the trees.

I begin to have some misgiving about reaching the lake at all that night, but promptly administer a stern rebuke to myself upon reflecting that solitude, with a big S, is what I have been looking for. How one could revel in a vast and mighty ocean of solitude by camping overnight in this lonely wood! I fall to speculating on what there is beyond the portal of that great swamp, off there to the north. Moose, doubtless, and bear and deer. And, as if conjured up by an over-active fancy, a great lumbering hulk swings into the road ahead of me!

It is a sure-enough moose, no apparition. And, by the glaring sign board of the War Road, what a spread of horns! Like the fish that got away, I think him the finest specimen I ever saw. He gazes at me for a full half minute; then turns and shambles off into the poplars. Ah! if only I had had one of those long-range cameras—one with a trigger, that is aimed like a gun and that, if the aim be true, catches the victim full in the center of the disk. I remember to have seen such a one, on paper (Harper's Weekly), some years ago, and have often wondered why they were not brought out. What a boon such a gun would be to the sportsman! He might shoot and shoot to his heart's content, then, and no effeminate "woud-be" could shout "Game hog," either.

For an hour my imagination is at a wire edge. I have just evoluted the fourth black stump into a bear, and then, upon closer inspection, back into a stump again, when it occurs to me that the lake is still missing. It cannot be that I am off the road, for there is but one road, and I could not turn off from it if I tried. I now begin to examine into my calculations. I have been for ten hours in the woods. A brief reckoning shows that it should be sundown, whereas the sun is at least four hours high. Calculations that are four hours out in ten seem worthless as a basis. I conclude I am in the woods, and drop it at that.

Three hours later I come to the crossing of War Road River. Then I remember that this crossing is six miles from the lake. The deep, dark waters have an inviting look as they swirl and eddy beneath the overhanging trees. I am tempted to go into camp and wet a line, but the buzz of mosquitoes warns me to seek higher ground before halting for the night. A couple of miles further on I come to a high knoll with a large open stretch of grass at the top. In the center of this miniature park, where the wind has a free sweep, I conclude to camp.

Unharnessing the mules, I tie them to convenient bushes, giving them as much rope as possible in order that they may reach abundant grass. Then I collect some dry limbs and build a fire.

Preparations for supper are of the simplest, being limited to fetching and boiling some water for coffee. My provisions consist mainly of canned goods ready for the table. To be sure I might have had a pheasant to broil had I been so minded, but riding in a wagon

all day is not exercise to whet one's appetite for broiled pheasant. On canoe trips, where the exercise is violent, I usually live largely on broiled meats, but when traveling overland in warm weather prepared foods with fruits are more suitable.

A small rill a short distance back on the trail furnishes the water. It is soon at the boiling point, and carefully measuring out a handful of ground coffee I put it in the pot. Then, to make my calculations sure, I pour in a stream from the sack. This mode of making a cinch of a good thing I learned from a friend with whom I used to hunt ducks in the old muzzleloading days. He used a very heavy ten-gauge gun, and his unvarying load of black powder was "Six drams and a stream."

Supper is soon over. The things are cleared away and I unlimber my hunting trunk, take out and set up my gold medal cot and spread my blankets on it. I am aware that in all well-conditioned stories of camp life the first thing after supper one should light his pipe, but truth has a stronger hold on me than custom, and I am compelled to own that I had no pipe. I had resolved not to pitch the tent but to sleep in the open air. This still further extended the idle time usually filled in with smoke and stories, between supper and bed.

As I had neither pipe nor companion, I passed a part of the interim by taking my gun from its case and assembling it ready for use. Just why I should have done so on this night more than on any other is a mystery to this day.

On what slender threads of chance have depended some of the greatest events in history! A random thought gave birth to Thanatopsis. But for the mere incident of Isaac Newton taking his nooning under an apple tree, water would still be running up hill; in which case, what of our duck marshes?

Had I been a lover of weed and brought my pipe along, the stirring events of this night might not have occurred.

If some drifting fancy had not put it into my head to assemble my gun, how different might have been the termination of my adventure!

I have just laid the gun across the foot of my cot and started to replenish the fire, when my attention is attracted by one of the mules. He has backed away from the bush to which he is tied, as far as the rope will permit, and is sitting on his haunches, snorting and trembling with terror.

Picking up the gun again, I slip a couple of target shells into it and walk in the direction the mule's ears point to see what has startled him. The sun has been down for some little while; a full moon has climbed well above the eastern horizon. The long, pointed shadow of a lone pine is just beginning to make itself discernible across the glade, while from the deeper gloom of the dense forest down in a valley to the north comes the insistent cry of a whip-poor-will. The day, which has been oppressive, has given way to a beautiful night, the wind in the poplar leaves produces a soothing cadence; but from the way in which Jack surges on his rope and snorts, he is evidently not taking much notice of this.

What can it be? At first I can discern nothing as I look across the glade and scan the bushes closely along the opposite side. But a rustling in the wild-pea vines just in front of me causes me to glance in that direction. Though I never saw a panther in my life, one glance at that long, lithe body and swaying tail told at once the nature of our visitor.

I was as well acquainted with him then as if I had associated with him for years. It is astonishing how familiar one becomes with birds and animals one has never seen through the magic of good black ink. Here was a gentleman, a perfect stranger, yet his countenance and every move were as well known to me as if I had lived next-door neighbor to him all my life. Aside from this recognition, I knew just what to expect from him. I had not read the "Leather Stocking" and like tales in vain.

Though the gun I held in my hand, a light twelve-gauge Parker, had always been regarded by me as a toy rather than as a defensive weapon, and I had some misgiving on that score, I was perfectly sure of myself. My nerves, which usually become unstrung on the slightest provocation, were steady as the solid earth beneath me. I never went to score to shoot a mud pie, even for fun, without being more or less flustered; but here I was face to face with an animal that has sent a thrill of terror to the hearts of the bravest and most renowned hunters, yet I was as unmoved as a lighthouse.

I remember all the tales I have ever heard of the ferocity of this beast as I get into position and stand at ready, waiting for the bird to fly. It will be a one-bird race, thirty-foot rise, privilege of both barrels. And the stakes are high—a mule and a man on the on hand and the life of an individual who practically owns the earth on the other. A vast difference, to be sure; and the bird certain to be an incomer. Think of this regal creature laying his life against mine. He whose day has been one continual round of conquest, who has never for a moment known thrall, whose sleek coat has never become frayed or worn and whose suspender buttons have never flown off at critical times; whose every want has been supplied without effort other than that we of the meaner clay call sport; whose every movement has been free and untrammeled; and whose inheritance, compared to that of a Gould, is as the universe to the atom. Think, I say, of this prince of creation playing all this against my miserable existence!

Against such a royal hazard I could only place my life of gradgrind and eternal thraldom, a life never since boyhood free for an instant from the shadow of want and unrealized ambition. No matter how far I may wander into the wilderness, in the feeble effort to imitate the life of my noble adversary, the chains that bind me to the needs and customs of man are ever clanking behind me. I have tried to shake them off and be like him, but all in vain; the stream cannot rise higher than its source. He is the true sportsman, I the imitator. He has never slain, simply to boast of his achievements to his fellows later on. He never hunts for the pot. Neither has he committed any acts of vandalism, but has taken Nature as he found it, fresh from the hand of the Creator, admired it and left it so.

All these things his feeble imitators do. They kill what they do not want that they may boast. Then they grow jealous of each other's boasting and make rules to regulate their killing, then counter rules; until they are tangled up in a network of rules and flounder about like flies in molasses, each madly jealous of the others:

> "We have a passion, make a law
> Too false to guide us or control;
> And for the law itself we fight
> In bitterness of soul."

I had reasoned the matter out on these lines and was about to thrown down my gun and capitulate to my superior, when it occurred to me that I had not taken the mules into my calculations. They were slaves, of course, like myself, and wearing the shackles of civilized life, but entitled to some consideration in striking a balance.

I had not decided in my own mind which were the worthier, three slaves or a free man, when my calculations were brought to an end by the bird taking wing. This stampeded all reasoning; brute instinct took the floor and won out in favor of me and the mules.

Flat as a shingle, straight at my throat, the panther sailed through the air, his mouth wide open and his hot breath singeing my flowing beard to a charred stubble. Yet, with my chest thrown out, my eye hard and disdainful as a cold chisel, like a minor peak of the Rocky Mountains, I awaited his frightful onslaught. Truth compels me to add, however, that there is one slight speck upon the perfect picture I have drawn—I felt a trifle in doubt as to the efficacy of my three drams of Dupont Smokeless and No. 7 shot.

Holding my fire until he had passed the meridian of his flight and was sweeping down upon me like a meteor, I aimed at his throat just between the nether jaws and pressed the trigger. Though I had decided on no plan of action, the second barrel followed the first so quickly that both charges entered the animal's gullet at the same spot, making a hole little larger than the bore of the gun.

The shock of the discharges turned the beast a complete somersault, and he landed squarely on his back with his tail between my feet. Had not the force of the shot checked his impetus, he would have been a "dead out"; as it was I scored, though by a very close margin. Panthers are easy when you meet them in the right way.

I don't know how the fin-de-siècle sportsman might view it, but I made the best argument I could to myself in favor of myself and dropped the subject, after which I roused up and began to prepare my cot for sleep.

Dreaming, did you say? No; I had just been telling myself a story to pass away the evening.

THE PARSON.

Natural History.

Seaboard Air Line.—VIII.

To Nov. 1, 1902.

BY May 25 our northern patrons had passed along, and with many of our summer regulars for company, we started the season of 1902.

Vegetation was backward, owing to the lagging spring weather; hence much nest-building that usually develops unseen, was patent to the eyes of any who cared to give even a passing glance in faring along our highways.

In general, we had many hundred more of our native residents who bred and sported and sang for us than in many years. A pair of cardinals located nearby about the middle of August, and practically all day long the inspiring slogan of the male rang from the treetops, now here, now there, as the shy creatures stole about in successful endeavor to avoid the scrutiny of the passer-by, whose curiosity was aroused by the clear accents of these "artful dodgers." Like the evasive voice of our yellow-breasted chat, the cardinal's whistle is an uncertain quantity to reckon with in locating the bird, as it possesses the same ventriloquial power—though to a less extent than that our "chatt-y" friend who loves to poke about the bushes and low shrubbery. Aug. 25, crystal clear skies, with a light air from N. by E.; was a marked day in our orderly routine of summer bird business. At 10 A. M., while revelling in the glorious harmony of the outside world, there came a peculiar "h-i-ss" of wings that awakened boyhood memories with a sudden surge that brought me to my feet with the mental cry of "wild pigeons." Low down, just clearing the treetops, my startled eyes caught the swift, graceful, onward sweep, the old-time formation in close order, the clipping wing stroke of a huge flock of—wild doves (*Z. carolinensis* (L.)). There were at least 150 of them, where bound—they flew N.E.—or how so many of them came in company I cannot say. Never have I seen more than seven or eight together in this locality before, the usual appearing of this bird having been in pairs, or, at most, in little companies. Old timers who read these notes will sympathize with me in my momentary excitement, for who among them can ever forget that sibilant sound of filling all the air of dawn in the days of long ago, when the wild pigeons boomed along overhead. This peculiar swish or hiss of wings was as much an accompaniment of the flight of the "vanished race" as the whistle of an up-springing woodcock is an inseparable accompaniment in all mental pictures of days afield in pursuit of this also fast vanishing game bird. Science recognizes two minds in the man: the objective and the subjective. They tell us "the subjective mind never forgets an impression once received," so I have to thank my subjective mind for that renewal of impulse, for that sudden start as the sibilant rush of wings overhead brought back in one vivid moment—a far cry from the past—the living, moving reality of the long "vanished race."

During all the fine days we were favored with in September, the mosquito hawks were prevalent, in fact, unusually so, often on clear days with northerly winds, at an immense height in the clear sky, above the low-lying blue haze of bituminous coal smoke, that always drifts over us from the city when the wind is in the N. Two woodcock only this season; there may have been more, but I can vouch for two only—July 15 and again Oct. 7—poor lonely chicks, soon they will also be "back numbers." Our annual flight of hawks was a general affair, a scattered passing from Sept. 19 to Oct. 2, owing to prevailing N. and E. winds and a generally upset state of weather conditions.

During the past few weeks of gorgeous autumn days, big fellows, little fellows, in bright, and again in modest attire of dun, russet and gray, have traveled along melodiously, both by night and day. To-day, while the sunlight is playing in glowing color on the fast changing foliage, the distant squall of a belated bluejay serves to emphasize the departure of our feathered friends, while again and again the call of passing bluebirds, themselves unseen—a part of the cloudless sky—tempers the chill silence of the outside world.

WILMOT TOWNSEND.

A Silver Tip Family.

A sketch contributed to "Trail and Camp Fire," one of the "Books of the Boone and Crockett Club."

MOST of my hunting of grizzlies was in the Big Horn Mountains, in 1880, 1881, 1882 and 1883, at a time when they were not much disturbed, and had not as yet adopted what I understand is now a common habit, of feeding almost exclusively at night. A favorite custom of mine was to ride to a hill or point overlooking a good deal of hillside and forest margin, picket my hunting pony, and with a good field glass to watch such game as might appear; and in those days it was seldom that some animals were not in sight—buffalo, elk, white tail or mule deer, antelope, sheep and black or silver tip bears—according to the locality. As a rule, I preferred to watch rather than to hunt, unless an unusually fine head or the need of meat in camp was an incentive to kill. Of the game seen none was more interesting than the silver tip, and with one family I became quite well acquainted.

While on a fishing trip in June, camp was made on a fine trout stream where I passed several days, fishing a little and incidentally looking over the country with a view to returning in October for a fall hunt. Near by was a divide, open for a mile or more and then covered with pines, surrounded on two sides of its triangle by small cañons. Regularly each afternoon about four o'clock, a large female silver tip with two cubs would appear from the woods and work over the ground, sometimes till dark. Occasionally a larger bear, probably a male, would appear, but did not join the others, who seemed to be rather afraid of him. I may mention that on one occasion three mule deer crossed the slope a little below the bears, so that I had the unusual experience of having four bears and three deer in the field of the glass at one time.

The chief occupation of the bears while in sight was turning over stones in search of insects beneath, and it was most interesting to watch their methods. A man turning over a stone usually draws it over directly toward himself, to the imminent danger of his toes; but a bear knows better than that. In the case of a heavy stone, they would brace themselves with one foreleg and with the other raise the stone and give it an outward sweep well to one side, so that it would not strike them in falling. The moment the stone was over their heads went down, and they apparently licked up such insects as were in sight, though I was not near enough actually to see this. Then usually one or two rapid sweeps of a paw were made, probably to uncover such insects as might have secreted themselves. One of the cubs would sometimes join the mother in this search, but generally each worked independently. Imitating their mode of search, I have found many beetles and ants, and numbers of mole crickets, and of the large stone cricket (*Anabrus*). In this place, at least, dead stumps were rarely searched.

The habit of turning over stones is very general in the spring and early summer, and was one of the best indications of the presence of bears; later in the season, wild plums and other fruits are more generally sought as food. This family of bears were regular in their habits, feeding from early morning till about nine o'clock, and reappearing about four in the afternoon. On cloudy or showery days they might be seen at intervals all day, but a hard rain they avoided. The female, while watchful, was not at all shy. She happened to be in sight when the tents were pitched, a process she watched with much apparent interest and some surprise. At first she brought her cubs in close to her; but before long they resumed their search for insects, and finding they were not molested, paid little more attention to us. When watching an object she would raise herself to her full height on her forelegs and elevate the head, which was moved slowly from side to side, giving her a rather uncanny look of mingled watchfulness and waggishness; at such times she appeared to be making up her mind whether to sneak off, to charge, or to dance! This is a common attitude, and one I have frequently observed when hunting. The effect is of a pretty direct line from nose to rump in contrast with the usual outline of the bear on all fours, where the shoulders are highest and the head and rump lowest. This attitude has something comical about it, and when seen assures the hunter that the animal is alert.

I watched this interesting family for about a week, and left them undisturbed until autumn. At that time bears were plentiful. In the same month and near the same place I saw eleven in one day, two black and nine silver tips, which I think was not far from the usual relative abundance of the two species in the Big Horn Mountains fifteen and twenty years ago.

I remember these incidents more distinctly than others that occurred to me. Unfortunately, in those days I thought, with many others, that game would continue in abundance much longer than proved to be the case, and so neglected to preserve many notes and specimens that to-day would be of very great interest.

J. C. MERRILL.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

The Serpent's Tongue.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In my dissertation on the rattlesnake I omitted one significant item of my observation, which is, that there seems to be a strong suggestion of a degree of sensitiveness in the tongue that enables the snake to discern the nature of objects without getting in contact with them. The tongue appears to be an important organ in all snakes, and is brought into play with great frequency when curiosity is excited. It is never brought into contact with any object of inquiry so far as I have observed, and I believe must have sensorial functions that we know nothing about.

Sensational writers about rattlesnakes all give prominence to the eye and its effect on observers. The eye is in reality small and inconspicuous. I have found some difficulty in getting a clear view of it at short range; it is a dull yellowish color, with a vertical slit for pupil, overshadowed by a prominence above, and, like aquatic reptiles, they are well advanced toward the nose end.

There is also much said about the strong odor of rattlesnakes, which I believe to be wholly imaginary. They may give off an odor at certain times and under certain conditions, perhaps, but with a somewhat intimate association with a number of specimens I have never perceived any odor, though my olfactories are quite sensitive.

The young squirrel is building a nest in a broken jug, and robs my desk of the tissue paper I use for pen wipers.

COAHOMA.

[There is in the first volume of the *Woodcraft Magazine* an interesting article on this subject by the well-known naturalist, W. H. Hudson, whose observations agree with those of our correspondent. Hudson writes:

"Doubtless those who invented this use for the organ were misled by observing snakes in captivity, in the glass cases or cages in which it is usual to keep them; observing them in such conditions, it was easy to fall into the mistake, since the serpent, when moving, is frequently seen to thrust his tongue against the ostructing glass. It should be remembered that glass is glass, a substance that does not exist in nature; that a long and sometimes painful experience is necessary before even the most intelligent among the lower animals are brought to understand its character; and, finally, that the delicate, sensitive tongue comes against it for the same reason that the fly buzzes and the confined wild bird dashes itself against it in their efforts to escape. In a state of nature, when the snake is approached, whether by its prey or by some large animal, the tongue is obtruded; again, when it is cautiously progressing through the herbage, even when unalarmed, the tongue is exserted at frequent intervals; but I can say, after a long experience of snakes, that the exserted organ never touches earth, or rock, or leaf, or anything whatsoever, consequently that it is not a tactile organ."

Nor, he adds, does the structure of the tongue give support to the supposition that the organ can be sensitive to "an emanation from an object which might in some unknown way convey to the brain its character, whether animate or inanimate, cold or warm blooded, bird, beast, or reptile, also its size, etc." Two uses are suggested for the extruded tongue, one that it serves as a warning, and another that it is a lure; and the reasons which give ground for these theories are set forth at length in a record of the author's field observations.]

Wild Animals of the North.

From Richardson's "Fauna Boreali-Americana; or the Zoology of the Northern Parts of British America."

WHAT we in America call elk, was commonly called by the Hudson's Bay people of early days, red deer, on account of its resemblance to the European red deer, which, however, it exceeds in size. Richardson places the northern limit of this animal at 56° or 57° parallel of latitude, and says that it is not found to the eastward of the line drawn from the south end of Lake Winnipeg to the Saskatchewan. He adds that to the south of Lake Winnipeg it may perhaps extend further to the eastward. Of course it is well known that in old times it did extend far to the eastward, and the species was probably found occasionally in Michigan and Wisconsin, up to about 1870, and perhaps casually somewhat later. He reports that two male wapitis were found near Edmonton-house lying dead, with their horns locked into each other. But, indeed, the range of the elk was quite to the southward of most of Richardson's journeyings.

This, also, is true of the mule deer, which he mentions only to say that he has not seen specimens. He mentions as a variety of the mule deer one called Columbian, which is known to be quite a different species.

The white-tailed deer was also rather out of Richardson's line of travel. He quotes Douglas as to some of its habits, and says that the native tribes call these deer by means of blowing into a hollow tube, which produces a sound like the animal's voice. With such a tube, "aided by the head and horns of a full-grown buck, which the hunter carries with him as a decoy, and which he moves backward and forward among the long grass, alternately feigning the voice with the tube, the unsuspecting animal is attracted within a few yards in the hope of finding its partner, when, instantly springing up, the hunter plants an arrow in his object."

The antelope's range, too, was chiefly south of the country traversed by Richardson, who gives its northerly limit as about latitude 53°, and calls them merely summer visitors to the north branch of the Saskatchewan. "They come every year to the neighborhood of Carlton-house, when the snow has mostly gone. Soon after their arrival the females drop their young, and they retire to the southward again in the autumn, as soon as the snow begins to fall. Almost every year a small herd lingers on a piece of rising ground not far from Carlton-house, until the snow has become too deep on the plains to permit them to travel over them. Few or none of that herd, however, survive until the spring, as they are persecuted by the wolves during the whole winter."

It is known that in recent times, in severe weather, there is a great migration of antelope to the north down into the valley of Milk River, and in past years hundreds have been butchered there in most disgraceful fashion.

Richardson says that the Mandans, on the Missouri, are said to capture antelope in pounds, and it is sufficiently well known that this was formerly done by certain tribes west of the Rocky Mountains, as well as by other tribes of the plains.

One of the early descriptions of the white goat, though of course, by no means nearly the earliest, is given by Richardson, with a figure which shows admirably some of its characteristics, but gives no notion whatever of its form or appearance. The artist has drawn a high-headed, alert animal, which is as different as possible from the actual mountain goat, and whatever account Richardson gives of its habits is borrowed from others.

Neither did Richardson know much about the mountain sheep, though Mr. Drummond met with them and reported that, "In the retired parts of the mountains, where hunters had seldom penetrated, he found no difficulty in approaching the Rocky Mountain sheep, which there exhibited the simplicity of character so remarkable in the domestic species; but that where they had been often fired at, they were exceedingly wild, alarmed their companions on the approach of danger by a hissing noise, and scaled the rocks with a speed and agility that baffled pursuit. He lost several that he had mortally wounded by their retiring to die among the secluded precipices. Their favorite feeding places are grassy knolls, skirted by craggy rocks, to which they can retreat when pursued by dogs or wolves. They are accustomed to pay daily visits to certain caves in the mountains that are encrusted with a saline efflorescence, of which they are fond. The same gentleman mentions that the horns of the old rams attain a size so enormous and curve so much forward and downward, that they effectually prevent the animal from feeding on level ground. The flesh of the Rocky Mountain sheep is stated by Mr. Drummond and others, who have fed on it, to be quite delicious when it is in season, far superior to that of any of the deer species which frequent the same quarter, and even exceeding in flavor the finest English mutton."

Richardson's remarks on the buffalo are, in part, devoted to quotations concerning the earlier history of the buffalo, but are still very interesting as giving dates of extermination in certain portions of the East, and also as giving the northward distribution of the species which we now know as wood bison. He says, "Warden mentions that at no very distant date herds of them existed in the western parts of Pennsylvania; and that as late as the year 1766 they were pretty numerous in Kentucky; but they have gradually retired before the white population, and are now, he says, rarely seen to the south of the Ohio, or on the east side of the Mississippi. They still exist, however, in vast numbers in Louisiana, roaming in countless herds over the prairies that are watered by the Arkansas, Platte, Missouri and upper branches of the Saskatchewan and Peace rivers. Great Slave Lake, in latitude 60°, was at one time the northern boundary of their range; but of late years, according to the testimony of the natives, they have taken possession of the flat limestone district of Slave Point, on the north side of that lake, and have wandered to the vicinity of Great Marten Lake, in latitude 63° or 64°. As far as I have been able to ascertain, the limestone and sandstone formations lying between the great Rocky Mountain ridge and the lower eastern chain of primitive rocks, are the only districts in the fur countries that are frequented by the bison. In these comparatively level tracts there is much prairie land, on which they find good grass in the summer, and also many marshes overgrown with bulrushes and carices, which supply them with winter food. Salt springs and lakes abound on the confines of the limestone, and there are several well-known salt-licks where bison are sure to be found at all seasons of the year. They do not frequent any of the districts formed of primitive rocks, and the limits of their range to the eastward within the Hudson Bay Co.'s territories may be nearly correctly marked on the map by a line commencing in longitude 97° on the Red River which flows into the south end of Lake Winnipeg, crossing the Saskatchewan to the westward of Basquiau Hill, and running from thence by the Athapescow to the east end of Great Slave Lake. Their migrations to the westward were formerly limited by the Rocky Mountain range, and they are still unknown in New Caledonia and on the shores of the Pacific to the north of the Columbia River; but of late years they have found out a passage across the mountains near the sources of the Saskatchewan, and their numbers to the westward are said to be annually increasing. In 1806, when Lewis and Clark crossed the mountains at the head of the Missouri, bison skins were an important article of traffic between the inhabitants on the east side and the natives to the westward. Further to the southward, in New Mexico and California, the bison appears to be numerous on both sides of the Rocky Mountain chain.

"The bison wander constantly from place to place, either from being disturbed by hunters or in quest of food. They are much attracted by the soft tender grass which springs up after a fire has spread over the prairie. In winter they scrape away the snow with their feet to reach the grass. The bulls and cows live in separate herds for the greatest part of the year, but at all seasons one or two old bulls usually accompany a large herd of cows. In the rutting season the males fight against each other with great fury, and at that period it is very dangerous to approach them. The bison is, however, in general, a shy animal, and takes to flight instantly on winding an enemy, which the acuteness of its sense of smell enables it to do from a great distance. They are less wary when they are assembled together in numbers, and will then often blindly follow their leaders, regardless of, or trampling down the hunters posted in their way. It is dangerous for the hunter to show himself after having wounded one, for it will pursue him, and although its gait may appear heavy and awkward, it will have no great difficulty in overtaking the fleetest runner. While I resided at Carlton-house, an accident of this kind occurred. Mr. Finnan McDonald, one of the Hudson's Bay Co.'s clerks, was descending the Saskatchewan in a boat, and one evening having pitched his tent for the night, he went out in the dusk to look for game. It had become nearly dark when he fired at a bison bull, which was galloping over a small eminence, and as he was hastening forward to see if his shot had taken effect, the wounded beast made a rush at him. He had the presence of mind to seize the animal by the long hair on its forehead as it struck him on the side with its horn, and being a remarkably tall and powerful man, a struggle ensued, which continued until his wrist was severely sprained and his arm was rendered powerless; he then fell, and after receiving two or three blows became senseless. Shortly afterward he was found by his companions lying bathed in blood, being gored in several places, and the bison was couched beside him, apparently waiting to renew the attack had he shown any signs of life. Mr. McDonald recovered from the immediate effects of the injuries he received, but died a few months afterward. Many other instances might be mentioned of the tenaciousness with which this animal pursues its revenge, and I have been told of a hunter having been detained for many hours in a tree by an old bull which had taken its post below to watch him. When it contends with a dog, it strikes violently with its forefeet, and in that way proves more than a match for an English bulldog. The favorite Indian method of killing the bison is by riding up to the fattest of the herd on horseback and shooting it with an arrow. When a large party of hunters are engaged in this way on an extensive plain, the spectacle is very imposing, and the young men have many opportunities of displaying their skill and agility. The horses appear to enjoy the sport as much as their riders, and are very active in eluding the attack of the animal, should it turn on its pursuer. The most generally practiced plan, however, of shooting the bison, is by crawling toward them from the leeward and in favorable places great numbers are taken in pounds. When the bison runs it leans very much to, first, one side for a short space of time, and then to the other, and so on, alternately.

"The flesh of a bison in good condition is very juicy and well flavored, much resembling that of well-fed beef. The tongue is reckoned a delicacy, and may be cured so as to surpass in flavor the tongue of an English cow. The hump of flesh covering the long spinous processes of the first dorsal vertebræ is much esteemed. It is named *bos* by the Canadian voyagers, and *wig* by the Orkney men in the service of the Hudson's Bay Co. The wig has a fine grain, and when salted and cut transversely it is almost as rich and tender as the tongue. The fine wool which clothes the bison renders its skin when properly dressed an excellent blanket; and they are valued so highly that a good one sells for three or four pounds in Canada, where they are used as wrappers by those who travel over the snow in carioles. The wool has been manufactured in England into a remarkably fine and beautiful cloth, and in the colony of Osnaboyna, on the Red River, a warm and durable coarse cloth is formed of it. Much of the pemmican used by the voyagers attached to the fur companies is made of bison meat procured at their posts on the Red River and Saskatchewan. One bison cow in good condition furnishes dried meat and fat enough to make a bag of pemmican weighing 90 pounds. The bison which frequent the woody parts of the country form smaller herds than those which roam over the plains, but are said to be individually of a greater size."

The Sellick Moose.

MONCTON, N. B., Oct. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Moncton is a town of 12,000 inhabitants, surrounded by good hunting woods for partridges and moose. Several parties have killed moose thirty miles outside of town limits. One party, Mr. W. F. Humphrey, M. P. P., left here at 10:30 A. M. and returned with his moose next day by 3 o'clock. The carcass was in the market by that time.

The farmers about this district complain bitterly of the deer, and occasionally moose, destroying their crops. This summer I was starting on a fishing expedition, and I was not more than three miles from the town in the adjoining county of Albert, when I saw a deer grazing in the field along the road with horses and cows; he was there when we left. Houses not more than 200 yards distant, with men working near at hand.

We have here a hunter, Sellick by name, who has four or five moose in captivity. They are inclosed in a large block of woodland fenced, and the animals have logs about six feet long attached to a rope around their necks, which prevents their escaping. An hour's drive brought me to his place. Sellick went a short distance in the woods with me, cautioned me to keep out of sight, and called his large bull moose, who answered the call at once. Sellick put a halter on his head and tied him to a tree. While this was going on he was perfectly quiet, but the moment I put in appearance the scene was changed. It was with great difficulty Sellick could control him—in fact, he ordered me to get out of sight after a very few minutes.

I believe Sellick has sold two calves in the States, realizing good prices.

J. W. P.

Separation.

From the volume of poems entitled "Tangled in Stars," by Ethelwyn Wetherald.

He went upon a journey
And she was left at home;
And yet 'twas he who stayed behind,
And she that far did roam.

For though he went by mountain
And wood and stream and sea,
A little cot enwrapt in green
He saw perpetually.

And she within the green leaves,
Not knowing that he stood
Forever by her, dreamed her way
With him by mount and wood.

Now heaven help these lovers,
And bring her safely home,
Or lead him back along the track
Where she, e'en now, doth roam.

Hints and Wrinkles.

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

No. 4.—A Handy Combination Grub-Box and Table.

THE novice at camping is often puzzled over the problem of how to carry his perishable provisions while on his way to camp, and what to do for a table when he arrives and makes ready for a meal. To an old hand these questions are easily answered, and he prepares for every need ere he leaves home. But while a few minutes' time and work will provide a serviceable table in the permanent camp, if one knows how to go about it, one who camps only now and then for two or three days, naturally casts about for something that will be efficient yet simple, and at the same time serve two purposes, at least. Canoeists have hit upon something that will do this, in the combination grub box and table, and a description of it may give the beginner a fair idea of a box that serves as boat seat, supply kit, dinner table, and a handy place to lay things on at night, when the ground is damp.

When kerosene vapor stoves came into general use among canoeists, they realized the advantages of eating meals inside their tents when mosquitoes were annoying

THE COMBINATION GRUB-BOX AND TABLE.

outside, or during a rainstorm. Of course, it was awkward to do this when a temporary table had been prepared from bits of plank or boards, picked up on the beach, and perhaps this suggested the combination table and grub-box, which can be picked up bodily during a meal, if need arises, and moved into the tent or elsewhere, and this, too, without removing any of the contents of the box or whatever may be on the table at the time. This is possible when the legs are in place and the lid locked in a horizontal direction by means of a brace underneath. These articles are made in various shapes, but as their size is generally much alike, a description of one of them will answer as a guide for any novice at camping who may wish to make one for his use. The inside measurements of this box are: Length, 16 inches; width, 15 inches; depth, 8 inches; depth of lid, 1 inch; length of legs, 18 inches; dimensions of separate board, 16x8x¼ inches; thickness of ends, ⅜ of an inch; of sides, top and bottom, ¼ of an inch; legs, 1¼x ⅜ of an inch.

By referring to the illustration of this table, a very good idea of its form and appearance may be obtained. It is shown in Figure 3. Figure 1 shows one of the four brass pieces into which the legs are fitted temporarily, and Figure 2 shows the brace rod of the lid and one of the brass pieces into which the brace rod fits. The wood of which this table is made is red cedar, but white pine will be found more durable. The sides are fastened to the ends with brass screws ⅞ of an inch long, and the top and bottom are fastened with ¾-inch screws. To insure perfect fitting of lid and box, the whole should be finished as a covered box. Then, with a very thin saw, the box should be sawed through one inch from the top, and when this is finished, the edges should be smoothed off slightly with sandpaper, otherwise it will be difficult to fit the lid neatly. Two brass strap hinges are then attached to box and lid at one end, and a brass staple and strap placed in the center of the opposite end. Flat-head brass screws ⅜ of an inch long will hold these attachments. A small padlock may be added, or a bit of pine, tapered, will serve to keep the strap in its place over the staple. A staple riveted on a plate will be best.

To make the pieces for holding the legs, get some soft brass 1¼ inches in width and 1-16 of an inch thick. Cut four pieces, each about 4½ inches long. These should be bent to shape, as shown in Fig. 1. This can be done very easily in a vise, by hammering. Care should be taken to mark the brass where it is to be bent, so that all the angles will be sharp, and the width of each loop the same, as otherwise each leg must be fitted separately when the brass pieces are in place on the box. When the screw holes have been bored in the brass, it it attached quite near the bottom of an end of the box, and an angle sufficient to permit the leg to extend outward, as, if all the legs were made perpendicular, they would afford little stability to the table when resting on soft ground, and frequent capsizes of the outfit would be the result. When the four brass pieces are in place, the legs should be fitted into them, and each leg provided with a shoulder, so that it will not push further through than necessary. Then set the whole on an even surface and mark the bottom of each leg, sawing it off so that it will rest evenly on a floor. When this is done, the table will be quite rigid, for so small an affair, when set on soft ground.

Take two pieces of brass, each an inch wide and three inches long, the thickness being about 1-32 of an inch. Lay one across the vise, first opening it about ¼ of an inch. Take a 3-16-inch steel drill, or a wire nail, and place it across the brass, parallel with and over the opened jaws of the vise, then hammer the drill until it forms a loop across the bit of brass like that shown in A, Fig. 2. A few raps with a hammer will do this. Then bore three holes in each end of the strip, and treat the second one in a similar manner. Place one of these brass strips near the bottom of the box, on the end carrying the hinges, and the other strip on top of the lid, near the edge and just above the hasp. Now turn the lid back until it is in a horizontal position, and measure exactly the distance between these two strips of brass. Then take a piece of hard brass wire about 3-16 of an inch thick and place it in the vise, letting one end stick up a trifle more than an inch. Hammer this end until it forms a right angle, try it in one of the strips and see if it fits nicely, then bend the other end likewise, until the finished rod resembled B, Fig. 2. If this rod is of the correct length when inserted in the loops in the two strips, it will hold the lid-table as rigidly as if it were nailed in that position.

The separate board—shown under the vapor stove in the picture—fits into one end of the box when not in use. Behind the match box will be seen a tiny strip of wood. On this and a corresponding strip on the other side of the box the board rests during a meal, then is

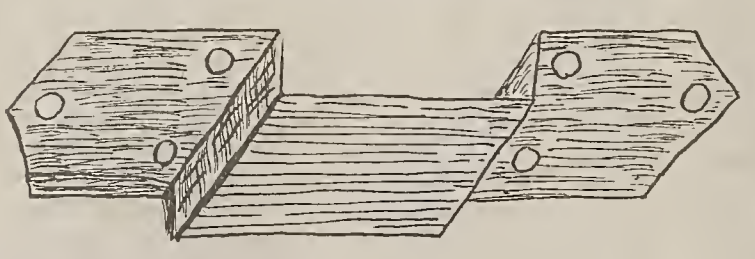


Figure 1.

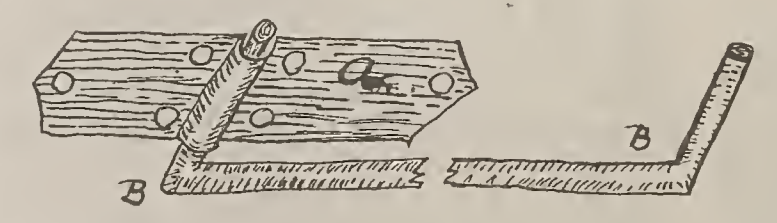


Figure 2.

replaced in its groove in the end, as mentioned above, where it also serves to strengthen the lid when the box is used as a seat in the boat. By this means the space that may be used as a table is nearly one and one-half times the size of the box. For carrying handles, two holes may be bored in either side and bits of cord tied in these. If a small ax is carried, it may be safely stowed away in the box by tacking a bit of leather on one side and pushing the blade into this pocket, as shown in the picture.

If care is exercised in selecting the cooking outfit, it may be stowed in the box and abundant space left for provisions. In the box pictured here, a gallon kettle occupies one corner. In another the following articles are nested: An asbestos plate, three aluminum plates, a frying-pan with detachable handle, four saucepans, the coffee pot, two cups, salt and pepper shakers and a teaball for coffee. Then there is a deep tin can holding spoons, knives, forks, a small whetstone, etc. The other articles are in a tin box containing coffee, one for sugar, one for matches, a screw-top butter jar, and other small stuff. Some of these nest in the large kettle, but there is sufficient space left for bread, eggs and the usual supplies for two persons for two days, while the legs and lid-brace lie across the contents under the lid. The vapor stove and its supply of wood alcohol and kerosene are carried in a tin sugar box, in which there is also sufficient space for sundry supplies in tins or jars. When the two boxes are filled, there are supplies for several days. As it is often desirable to cumber the tent with as few articles as circumstances will permit, the table may be left outside at night, with the lid closed. With this end in view, it is well, in finishing the box, to give it two coats of linseed oil and two of good spar varnish, so that it may be left out in the rain without fear of injuring it or its contents.

Some of these boxes have been made of thicker material than the one described, but this is not necessary if white pine or red cedar is used. For larger ones however, it is well to make the ends of half-inch boards and the sides three-eighths. As the average decked canoe will not accommodate a much larger box, sixteen or seventeen inches seems to be the size generally made. In stowing the box is placed in the after end of the cockpit and used for a seat.

PERRY D. FRAZER.

Game Bag and Gun.

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

Captain Bill and his Crew.

EARLY in October I found a letter on my desk from Mr. Mershon, of Saginaw, notifying me that his car would pass through St. Paul on Oct. 7, en route for Dawson, N. D., and to be surely on hand to meet the boys, as when the day rolled around the car and all on board were there. Beside Capt. Bill were Major Lyon and Mr. Humphreys (hobbling with a cane, yet as game and enthusiastic as any of the party), Messrs. Davis, Jed Avery, Briggs, Morley and Mr. Seib.

For over ten years to my own personal knowledge this car and this same party, with slight changes from year to year, have been making this same trip. Poor Bill Schultz has shot his last mallard, for eighteen months ago he joined the legions of mighty hunters who have already crossed the silent river to the land of the shadowy brook and the golden prairie.

Although every nook and hidden corner of the car was replete with drawers and lockers, and although every man on the car had perhaps figured over his wants a dozen times and found nothing wanting, yet for the short time they were in town before starting for the north, nothing must do but that they saunter over to the gun store of Burkhardt's, and when they got there and looked around strange to say they, every man, found he needed something. The way they swooped down on vests and shooting jackets and caps and other things was a caution. Jed, intending to continue out toward the coast and do some timber prospecting, bought a Mauser pistol, light to carry and yet powerful enough to lay low a Roosevelt cat.

By train time we were all back at the depot, and found our car hitched on to the end of the Northern Pacific train. Ten successive years have I been invited on this trip, and I have yet to make it. Always something will prevent that final action of slamming down the lid of one's roller-top desk and just going.

Before the "all aboard" signal was given, Capt. Bill turned the key in the door and said he: "What would happen were we to just carry you along? We have plenty of shells, an extra gun or two, an extra sleeping bag, a vacant berth in the car and plenty of provisions—what's to hinder your being shanghaied? What would happen?" I pleaded my case, and the court reluctantly discharged me, and on my part I very regretfully and longingly followed the glimming rear lights of that train as it whisked away, perhaps the best and jolliest party of gentlemen sportsmen that ever threw a fly or aimed a gun. I got away from my captors by promising to run up to Dawson and spend a day with them before they return, but Kansas City and Chicago called me hence, and the opportunity was again taken from me.

Saturday last, the 18th, the following wire from Dawson reached me:

"Leave Dawson eleven fifty to-night; need a roast and a turkey and oysters. W. B. MERSHON.

That telegram was simply eloquent. Like the British who in Hogarth's time were stationed on the Continent, they longed for the good roast beef of old England.

Here these boys had put in ten solid days upon the Dawson prairies, interlarding a strictly game diet of the canvasbacks, mallards and redheads, with prairie chicken scattered here and there, and now and then in desperation indulging in local steaks and roasts of a presumably dubious character. And now that their faces were turning toward home, they longed and prayed for oysters, for a turkey or roast beef!

In my early days, after knocking about on the road, through Iowa, from one hotel to another, where fried steaks and sausage and cakes were the standbys, how I have longed for the sight of a grill room where one might go and ordering a sirloin or a chop, actually sit there and see it spurt and sizzle over the glowing coals. And I knew how that poor game-surfeited crowd felt, and I longed for them, and when their train rolled in yesterday at 2:15 P. M., a messenger handed over the finest lot of oysters and the plumpest and juiciest roast that the market afforded.

What a happy crowd they were! Everybody exuberant in his praise of the shooting and general good time had by them all. Geese there were none, the lakes north being yet open, but chickens and sharptail grouse and ducks, well, they found them, and in abundance. The days were bright and the air was bracing, and their mornings and evenings were given up to ducks, and between times they followed the elusive grouse and wary chicken. The early shooting had educated the chickens up to club

together, merging or consolidating for mutual protection, so much so that in one case they saw a flock of fully five hundred in one stubble field, and the old cock birds waited for neither dog nor man, but sailed away when danger neared.

The first good batch of chickens, thirty-three in all, were picked and cleaned, and were hung on the rear of the car to drain and cool, and lo and behold when the chef went to bring them in to put in the cooler, all but eight had been filched by the crew of a passing freight train.

The division superintendent was informed of the theft by wire, and the matter was investigated and no doubt the culprits located, but no redress or relief was offered, because, as explained by the official, were he to discharge that crew, they would go right up to St. Paul and order a strike on the whole system. And thus was cold comfort handed out to Capt. Bill and his crew.

Well, I took my boy with me and turned him loose in the car. He soon had it well surveyed, from one end to the other, from kitchen to bath room. And then he came to the lockers where the guns were kept, and Mr. Mershon took his own Scott 16-gauge out and turned it over to the boy to study out, and when the boy got through "breaking" the gun and snapping the locks and aiming it at pigeons flying along the tracks, he handed it back to Mr. Mershon and turning to me said: "Pa, are you not going to take me hunting some day?" And then Capt. Bill jumped out of his chair. "What's that?" said he. "Never have taken that boy shooting! What's these yarns then you have been writing to the FOREST AND STREAM about 'Taking your boy hunting'?" And then he drew a long breath and started in again: "When I read your article I gave you all the credit possible, because I believed every word you wrote, and here I have you face to face with the boy and I find you have been stuffing the FOREST AND STREAM readers." And Capt. Bill said a lot more that would hurt my credit with the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM were I to repeat. It's up to me now to make good, and that boy before I am twenty-four hours older will have a 16-gauge gun and some shells, and he'll go shooting if I must turn him over to Sam Fullerton to take him. After this I will quit shooting birds with my lead pencil and keep down to facts. One such checking up as Capt. Bill gave me should last a man a lifetime.

Well, after the car had been switched down the yards to be iced and watered, we left the car and wended our way toward the Sherry or Delmonico's of this town, Carling's (previously putting the boy on the trolley car for home), and securing a snug corner, we sat down to supper. The first call was for oysters, Humphrey and Morley scorning anything less than a straight dozen each, and while the oysters were opening, we fished for the sunken cherry with our oyster forks and made up the order, which was simply straight steaks, extra sirloins and double porterhouses, with fixings—and what a sight it was to see those bronzed, hearty and healthy men enjoy their dinner. Morley, unacquainted with the laws of Minnesota, and because of a taste left in his mouth for game, ordered a broiled quail, but the virtuous indignation of the colored waiter, Charles, broke forth in a look of righteous scorn, and Morley got no quail.

Lord, but it was good to spend an hour with your feet under the mahogany with such a crowd. Every man brimful of fun and rife with anecdotes. We missed good old Jed. They said Jed did all things well until he hit the poker chips each night, and the pounding he got, he said, made him feel much like a local duck traveling from slough to slough on Sunday with every farmer's boy within miles pounding him with a "Zulu." One night Jed had a full house or a royal flush or something, and pulled 35 cents out of the bank at quitting, which went far toward restoring him his nerve and self-esteem.

There were some gray heads in the party, and if one might judge from appearances other than the gray hairs, they are the youngest of the party. Long live the Saginaw boys, and may the Fates hold them together and good Dame Fortune grant them many such trips as they have just had, is the wish of

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

The Saginaw Crowd.

THE twentieth annual hunting trip of the Saginaw Crowd was described by Mr. W. B. Mershon in the Saginaw Courier-Herald, from which we copy as below, for the Saginaw chronicles belong in FOREST AND STREAM:

You have asked me to tell the readers of The Courier-Herald something about Dakota shooting, and the recent trip of the Saginaw party. I have not time to comply with your request fittingly, but briefly would state that this year was the twentieth annual trip of the Saginaw Crowd to North Dakota. The first trip was made in our old hunting car, "City of Saginaw," in 1883, which was the year the Northern Pacific was completed, and we followed the excursion party that went to drive the golden spike binding the East to the West. At that time our old car, which had not nearly as large accommodations as our present one, contained twenty-two passengers. We slept double, even in the upper berths, and to-day I wonder how it was done.

In those days the game was far more plentiful than now. We stopped at New Buffalo and had duck shooting that was grand, but the next year, when we stopped at New Buffalo, the water had dried up a good deal and the shooting was far poorer, so we moved on to Dawson, Kidder County, which has been, with one or two exceptions, our annual place of rendezvous.

Fifteen or twenty years ago, around Dawson, was one immense wheat field. It was a boom town and locality, but as the settlers found that it was only about one year in seven they could raise a crop of grain, they have gradually petered out, until to-day there are very few grain fields in that vicinity, and the few people there are subsisting by raising cattle and sheep.

On account of the abundance of grain, the geese on their southern flight congregated there in vast numbers. Kidder County is filled with lakes and sloughs, as the prairie marshes are called. We used to pay more attention to goose hunting than anything else. The prairie chicken was unknown in that country then, but there were quite a good many sharp-tailed grouse. Of late the prairie chickens have increased, and the sharp-tailed grouse have decreased, so on our recent trip, out of ninety birds killed, probably three-fourths of them were prairie chicken, or more properly speaking, pinnated grouse. But as I said before, our main joy was in goose shooting.

The modus operandi was to drive out during the forenoon early, and find some big grain stubble on which the geese were feeding, for until disturbed or the feed has been used up, they will continue to come to the same locality. They like the barley stubbles best, but failing in them, they go to the wheat stubbles, where the left-over and lost grain is most plentiful. Finding one of these feeding grounds, we would remain in the locality until the birds had eaten their fill and left for the lakes or watering places, which is usually about 10:30 or 11 o'clock in the morning. We would then go into the stubble and begin digging pits, one for each shooter. If there were four in the party, we would make four pits 10 or 12 feet apart, and about 40 inches deep and 30 inches in diameter, just large enough to sit in comfortably and have your eyes on a level with the ground. The earth was not piled up around the excavation, but scattered, and when the pit was finished, the stubble was pulled, going a distance from the pit for this purpose, and then this pulled stubble was transplanted, all around the freshly dug pits, so as to make it appear like an undisturbed stubble field. The hunter in a grass-colored suit, sitting well down in his pit, was almost completely hidden.

Now came the placing of the decoys. These were 30 or 40 in number, and were always placed to the leeward of the pits, and 20 to 40 yards distant, for the geese coming in with the wind would always turn and swing to the decoys, to alight against the wind. Thus, with their eyes fixed on the decoys, the geese coming into them, would necessarily have to pass over the pits in which the hunters were hidden, to alight among their sheet-iron counterfeits, for the decoys were made of sheet iron, heavy enough so they will not wobble in the wind, painted to resemble geese and stuck in the ground. They are merely profile, but by putting them at various angles, generally headed toward the wind, the incoming birds could see them until they really got over them. It was laughable at times to see geese coming up sidewise to these decoys, suddenly loose sight of them altogether, and you could see them crane their necks around in every direction to see what had become of their supposed brethren.

Now, after preparing the pits and setting out the decoys, and getting our shell boxes, which generally contained a good stiff charge of smokeless powder, and about one ounce of No. 2 chilled shot, we would adjourn to some sunny hillside for our luncheon and smoke, but if it was cloudy and windy, we would have the right to expect the early return of the birds from the lakes to the feeding grounds. On pleasant days, from 4:30 to 5 o'clock, was about the time to look for the birds, but on cloudy days or windy days they would come an hour or two earlier.

A novice would always misjudge the distance and shoot before the bird would be within gunshot. I have known some of my Saginaw friends to stand up and deliberately blaze away at an incoming bird, coming directly toward him, when I am certain it had not approached nearer than 200 yards. But remember it is a prairie country without a single bush to gauge distance by and absolutely clear sky and a bird weighing from twelve to fifteen pounds, and so it is not to be wondered at that they look big and right on to you, when they really were a rifle shot away.

The captain of the party is generally put in the center pit and is supposed to give the word of command when to fire, so that each man can get in his right and left if possible. It is generally arranged so that the center man takes the center of the flock, the man on the right the birds on his side and the one on the left the same. Big birds as they are, and apparently slow flying, it is extremely difficult for a novice to keep cool and shoot right. Many a good man at the trap has learned to his confusion that he could break a clay pigeon easier than he could kill a goose at first. After a while, they catch on.

Wing-broken birds should be gathered immediately, otherwise they will slink away and run off into the stubble, and in an incredibly short time they get beyond finding distance.

In the old days, these goose shoots netted good sport and good bags. It was not unusual for three or four of us shooting together to get 25 or 30 birds in an afternoon or morning flight, and I have known instances where four of us shooting together have gotten as high as 65 birds in one shoot. They are fine eating, fat as they are on the wheat, and being generally young birds and not having toughened themselves by long flights to the south. With the Saginaw party, no game ever was wasted, for what we did not use or give away out there, we brought home for division among our friends.

With the disappearance of grain fields around Dawson and the widening out of grain culture in North Dakota, the flight has changed, or in other words, spread out, so it is not so concentrated. I am speaking of black geese, of which there are three or four kinds; the geese that are most prized and the ones that decoy. The white, or Arctic goose, will not decoy and does not have specific places for feeding, for whatever field the first flock drops down upon, the others will follow, too, and some whim will strike them in the midst of their feeding, and they will all move off to another field, a mile or two distant. The white geese are far thicker than they used to be, and there are dozens of places in North Dakota, where you can go late in the fall and find these birds in thousands and tens of thousands. This year at Dawson we did not get a single goose; first, for the reasons given above, and next, because the weather was like mid-summer, and the northern birds had not come down. At Devil's Lake, the greatest of the northern feeding and resting places for water fowl, where geese are usually in thousands, it was said at the time we were in North Dakota that no birds had reached there from the north yet. But we did have nice shooting upon sharp-tailed grouse and prairie chicken, though the law ran out on the 15th, and we were not equipped with dogs; but at this time of the year prairie chicken do not not lie well to dogs and are in bunches or "packed" for the winter. They are generally found in the wheat stubbles or along the weed patches adjoining them.

The northern ducks had not come down to any extent and were mostly local birds that were on the lakes and sloughs; they were there in large quantities, but had been shot at so much they did not fly during the day; and while sometimes an evening flight would be good for a few minutes, generally they availed themselves of the bright moonlight nights for their flying from one place to another. Some of the lakes were well filled with canvasbacks, and out of 254 ducks that our party of eight got in the two weeks we were there, 37 of them were canvasbacks.

But the Saginaw Crowd does not go so much for shooting birds and the game that they can get as for the rest and recreation, getting away from business, politics, coal strikes and everything else of that kind, that one has to contend with eleven months of the year, and is in great luck if he can skip the twelfth month; filling one's lungs with that grand, pure air of the treeless plain, outdoor exercise and freedom from all care, pay far better than a wagon boxful of ducks or geese. We had birds enough to eat, birds enough to give to our railroad friends passing through Dawson, and that was enough, and I hope that the Saginaw Crowd can take these annual trips for twenty years to come. Three members of our party have joined the silent majority, and will go with us no more, and those that are left notice that they cannot stand so much tramping nor so much fatigue as in days of yore. The enthusiasm of youth is lessened, but we hope that the last spark of it will not vanish for many years to come.

W. B. MERSHON.

Washington Goose Shooting.

SEATTLE, Oct. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This is the time of year when the honk of the goose is heard every night as the flocks wing swiftly along in a V or wedge, far above the city, in their annual migration to the south. It is a sound that sets the hunter's blood tingling through every vein and conjures up visions of wheat fields, profile decoys and a hole in the ground. In this hole the hunter imagines himself crouching on his knees with every sense alert, waiting for the "wush-wush-wush" of wings.

No one who has not experienced the sensation of waiting for this welcome sound to approach at the break of day, and set his eyes on the glorious old Canadian geese as they wheel into the decoys in broken ranks, can realize the excitement of this sport. It gives the dyspeptic new life; it robs the overworked business man of the blues and makes the slave of the golden nuggets think there is something in life beside the chase for wealth.

A man who has been through it once will travel miles for another charge from the same battery. It is life itself. And when he glances along the barrels of his trusty old shotgun, pulls the trigger, quickly changes the line of vision to another whirring body, pulls the trigger, and then sees two great big honkers tumbling out of the sky with their feathers and wings all askew, he feels like jumping high in air and yelling like a Siwash Indian on his first spree. To make a double on geese is the ambition of every sportsman, but the feat is not achieved as often nowadays as it was ten or fifteen years ago in western Washington, and I feel almost safe in saying the same thing of the magnificent shooting grounds in Oregon.

The Puget Sound country does not offer the best goose shooting at the present time, either on land or water, although occasionally a good bag is reported. Eastern Washington, especially Walla Walla and Yakima counties, affords much better sport than western Washington. The black brant sometimes come into the sound in such numbers that the sportsmen who happen to be on the ground make good killings. The black brant is a relative of the goose, and in some localities has the goose family name attached to it with an adjective of a descriptive character that keeps the brant character from being entirely lost. The barnacle goose of the Atlantic coast is a brant. It is, in fact, the real brant. Out in the Pacific Northwest we do not see this bird, or, at least, I have never heard of it straying out this far. If the black brant has worked its way East it will be news to me. It is probable that members of both species stray into some of the States included in the Middle West belt, and the same is probably true of the black brant.

The goose most common in Washington is the honker, or Canadian goose. Sometimes it is called the gray goose. The snow goose, which derives its name from the color of its plumage, used to be plentiful in California and Oregon. As it passes the summer in the far north, it must come somewhere near Washington in its annual trip to the south. Why it practically overlooks this State I am unable to explain, but I judge from conversations with old residents and hunters, that such is the real condition of affairs. It may be that the migration is along the coast line, well out to sea. If this surmise is true, it explains why California and Oregon claim this bird as one of their winter visitors while we look for it in vain.

A limited number of Canadian geese pass the winter, or a greater portion of it, in western Washington. There are probably more of them than one imagines from the fact that they are careful to select secluded lakes and ponds in which to sleep. When one considers the large stretches of heavily timbered country, dotted with little lakes, it is easily seen how these most wary of birds can be in the country and yet be seldom noticed. They make two flights every day, morning and evening, and this rule is what gives the hunter his tip as to the

on watch and are also careful to select a place where there is clear water all around them. There is usually one or two flocks every winter on Hood Canal. It might be possible to get one or two shots into them by rigging up a float, well covered with brush or something else that would not alarm the sentinel and then float down on the flock with the wind. The first attempt might prove a failure, the birds taking alarm at the strange object, but if there was no attack, they would become accustomed to the float, and look upon it as a harmless object. A second attempt to approach the flock by the floating process would probably be successful, but after one volley the sport would be ended for all time. I have heard of a few geese being killed near Oak Harbor and Coupville on Whidby Island, and I know personally that the birds like those localities. I presume it is the warm reception that they get which compels them to seek other quarters. One afternoon three or four years ago, Ned McCrohan, of Oak Harbor, and myself, sat on the roadside and watched a large flock of geese preparing to settle in the stubble of a field, which was partly surrounded by timber. It was fully three-quarters of an hour before they went down and threw out their sentinels. First they circled the entire field and swooped down as if about to alight.

"They are down," said McCrohan; "I have a mind to try a sneak on them."

No sooner had these words left his mouth than we saw the entire flock suddenly rise into view and commence circling again. They went very slowly and appeared to be examining every inch of ground for signs of danger. As we had been shooting quail in that field only a short time before, the geese may have imagined that a foe was under cover. It was amusing to see the way they inspected the side of the field along which the woods ran. They would approach rather high in the air and wing slowly along, gradually dropping down to a height that seemed to us not much above the trees. They would float along and then suddenly climb up into the air at an astonishing rate. I don't suppose that all flocks require three-quarters of an hour to make up their minds to take earth, but I mention this instance to show how careful they are.

We learned of a field where a certain flock made its appearance every day at a certain time. Our plans of battle were as carefully arranged as possible, and when we took our stands everything was in apple-pie order. The water in which the geese passed the afternoon was a comparatively short distance from where we lay, and was separated from us by only a narrow strip of timber. We could hear the geese, so we knew positively that they were in the vicinity, and it seemed certain that our plans were about to be successful, provided we could shoot straight. We waited, and we waited. The "appointed" time came and passed. Still we waited. We were calm outwardly, but inside all sorts of emotions were playing ping pong with one another.

"Now, wouldn't that make you sick," remarked Mac, as we crawled out of our hiding place and started for home. If I remember correctly, I answered in a manner that destroyed all the good marks we must have received for the outward calm maintained so long under high pressure.

The next morning Mac and I went up to the post-office when the steamer Fairhaven came in from Seattle. The farmer who owned the field where we had planned our battle and subsquently fought it out with ourselves, was just hitching his horse. He looked up with a sort of half apologetic, half amused expression, and remarked:

"Say, Mac, those geese were in that field less'n fifteen minutes after you got out."

"—— smart geese, said Mac.

Once in a great while a flock of geese will light in Lake Washington, but never on Sunday. They couldn't find their way down through the rain of lead anywhere from the head of Squak Slough, through Lake Washington to Renton and from there to the end of the White River valley. Last winter, during the snowstorm that made all Seattle wonder what had happened, Lake Washington went on a rampage and threw things at the Eagle Boathouse into all kinds of shapes. Captain Jacob E. Johnson and Otto Stark came tumbling out of bed to see what was going on and found enough to keep them busy all night. Between the boathouse and the ferry slip was a large barge loaded with wood. The barge discharged its load into the water, and when Stark appeared on the scene, cordwood was floating around in all directions. Among this wood, and serene as if nothing had happened, floated a large bird. Stark watched it, and it watched Stark, but made no effort to get away. Suddenly Stark caught on to the fact that he was looking at an immense Canadian goose. "It didn't take me more than thirty seconds to get my gun," said Stark, "but when I got back the goose had disappeared." The goose, like many other birds and animals, may remain still when surprised, until the surpriser makes a motion, then it immediately seeks safety in flight.

Eastern Washington offers the best goose shooting in the Pacific Northwest north of Oregon. Eureka Flats, thirty miles northwest of Walla Walla, is the most famous ground. It is an immense wheat field, about thirty-five miles long by fifteen wide. No one lives on it permanently, and after the harvest it is deserted save by wild fowl and hunters. Geese find good feed, but are compelled to fly every morning and evening over to the Snake River, some twenty-two miles, to get water. This condition of affairs has given rise to the story that when the geese come south in the fall they all bring canteens of water with them to the Eureka Flats. The farmers haul water around on wagons during the planting and harvesting seasons. Horse Heaven, in Yakima County, is another favorite spot. Many places along the Columbia River, which forms the dividing line between Washington and Oregon, affords good sport.

PORTUS BAXTER.

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Across New Brunswick on Snowshoes.—VIII.

THAT we had not yet left the moose country was abundantly proved the first evening Henry Braithwaite and I went out to prospect from his Indian Lake camp. We followed along his trapping trail for a couple of miles and counted fourteen distinct moose trails, old and new. I found the country here thickly timbered, with hills perhaps not quite so steep as north of the Tobique Divide. We were still in the great central wilderness of New Brunswick, and had abundant proof on all hands of the plentiful supply of game.

"If we only get a good hunting day to-morrow," said Henry, "I think I will be able to show you something."

At the last moment—that is to say, the next to the last day of the shooting season—fortune smiled on us to a certain extent. A gentle snowstorm came on which deadened the sounds on the old crust and which was attended with sufficient wind to render the woods a bit noisy, conditions which make to the success of a moose hunt on snowshoes. Carefully consulting the direction of the wind, Henry started up a long ridge back of the camp, which I think he called Beckwith Mountain. We two went alone, Adam and Charlie staying at the camp. Adam told me to go ahead and kill a moose if I could, as he thought I would feel better if I shot something before leaving the country; and since both he and Henry seemed entirely agreeable to that effect, I resolved to do a little hunting that day, and see if the luck was going to turn at the last moment.

Henry and I labored on up the mountain for a couple of miles or so and found ourselves by that time in the very center of what seemed like a general moose yard, extending over a mile or so of ground. There was abundant horn sign, and very many trees showed the sharp chisel marks of the moose family. The ground was cut up with the deep tracks of moose, which seemed to be traveling backward and forward between this ridge and another higher one which lay across a little valley from us. Henry picked up the freshest of the larger tracks and we made a cautious little hunt after a bunch of three moose, one of which seemed to be a big bull. We had about the same luck with this which had attended me heretofore. We watched the sign gradually grow fresher, timed ourselves so that we concluded that we were but a few minutes back of the moose and at length came to the beds where the animals had been lying down. Beyond the beds stretched a series of widely separated tracks.

"Jumped."

"Jumped!" said Henry. I was used to the word. We had jumped a good many moose before that, and I was beginning to believe that we would never be able to get good enough weather to make it possible to come up with a moose on this kind of snow.

We tried again, presently finding another fresh trail, and once more we went through the same performance. "Jumped," said Henry, and we looked wrathfully at the series of tracks showing where a good moose had gone off at a gallop.

We pressed on up to the top of the ridge, winding in and out, and at length we came to a series of tracks which we knew could be made only by good bulls. There were three of these trails, and we were satisfied that we had game here worth the following. We crept along on this promising lead for a half-mile or so, and finally found ourselves at the top of a little ridge, beyond and below which lay a bit of dense cover. We worked up a little above the trail in order to have a better chance of seeing the game. "It's no use going down in there," said Henry, "for we couldn't see to shoot if we did start the game." Hitherto we had been hunting in fairly open country, which would allow us to see game in some cases for 100 yards or more.

Still reluctant to leave these big tracks, we swung down the hill, across the series of zigzagging tracks of the yarding moose, and followed along the hillside for a little way. Presently we came to three great beds in the snow. "Jumped!" said Henry, and we saw where the last moose out of seven which we had started had gone off through the thick cover. How they did it without our hearing them is something we never could tell. It is possible they heard us speaking as we stood on the knoll directly above them. At any rate here were the gallop marks. In some places we could see where twigs had been broken off and carried forward on the trail, undoubted horn marks. Moreover, when we went back to the beds we saw where one moose had cut a big groove in the snow with the tip of his antler as he swung his head around. So now we knew that we had jumped three bulls, and that at least one of them had good horns. Of course we did not undertake to follow any of these moose, for that is something no moose hunter thinks of doing.

We swung around on the back trail from the place where we had jumped these last moose, and came down into a little valley where there was a sort of pool or spring at the head of a little brook. Here the ground was tramped down as though it had been a cattle yard. How many moose there had been that morning tramping and standing around in the water we could only guess. There was a regular trail leading up, and many radiating trails. It was from this place, without doubt, that the three bulls had come which we had but recently started.

"If we had been here an hour earlier," said Henry, "we could have shot into the flock."

At Last.

By this time I must admit I had lost considerable of my hopefulness in regard to the moose question. I had been out with the best moose hunters in the Province, and we had certainly started moose every time we had gone out, but first one thing and then another had been against us, although I felt that we had done all that any hunter could have done. So, half the time a trifle chagrined at the probable failure of the hunting side of my trip, and again reflecting on the foolishness of that, since I had had so grand a time, I blundered along with head down, after Henry, as he plowed on through the blinding snow, which was now sifting down steadily. We walked from this stamping ground of the moose perhaps 200 or 300 yards, there being moose trails to the right above us on the hill, and some more off to the left. Henry's active eyes were scanning the country steadily as he went on, although I must admit that I was about ready to conclude that my last day's hunt was drawing to an end, although it was not yet noon.

All at once, as I glanced up, I saw that Henry had stopped, and I saw the wave of his gray-mittened hand, which told me to come forward quickly. He didn't say anything, but looking in the direction toward which he was glaring, I saw, up on the hillside above us and a trifle behind us, some 75 or 80 yards away, a large, dark, indistinct outline, half-hidden among the trees.

There are all sorts of curious things which you see in the woods when hunting, stumps and tops of bunches of roots, boughs, all of which sometimes take on the appearance of game. Yet as quick as I saw this dim outline, showing heavy and black through the trees, I knew that it was a moose, my first moose, a live one, a wild one, and, of course, a bull, else why should Henry motion me to shoot? I did not see the head of the bull at all, and, as it seemed, neither did Henry, although he stood further to the left than I did, and had a different view. In an instant the cover was off my gun and I was holding for the only spot of hair that I could see, a spot of black about as big as my hat. This was the only thing that I could see clearly enough to shoot at, and I didn't pause to argue with myself whether or not it was the right part of the moose's anatomy. As quick as I could get the tall front sight of the .30-40 down to where it belonged, I turned her loose, and instinct told that the shot had gone home. I also felt at the same instant that the game was ours.

The animal, which had been struck by the first bullet, made no leap nor bound, nor yet did it sink down in its tracks. A few steps would have taken it across the ridge and out of sight, but it was too weak to go up hill in that direction. It half-turned and came staggering and blundering down the hill toward us.

Horror.

Horror of horrors! As it turned toward me, and showed through an opening in the trees, I saw the great gaunt head of the creature extended far out in front of it; and it had no horns! Instead, I could see two little bumps in front of the ears, and even on the instant knew that the bull had shed his horns!

Sick at heart, I none the less stuck to the adage that it is well to throw lead as long as there is hair moving. As the moose blundered through the trees for perhaps fifteen or twenty yards down hill, I fired at it five times, if I kept my count correctly. I had told Henry that if I shot at a moose and it seemed to be getting away, he was to shoot at it, too, as I didn't want another wounded moose about loose in his country, and as I was getting scared at all of this talk about small bores not killing a moose. It was after my second or third shot, I can't tell which, and neither can Henry, that Henry turned loose his famous two-bushel gun. I presume there is no better game shot than Henry, but just as he fired he met with one of the accidents which sometimes happen to the best of men. He slipped off his snowshoe as he braced to take up the recoil of his rifle, and just where he landed on the landscape is not yet fully determined. We found one bullet in a tree. Henry said it was mine. Also we found two bullet marks or so on the snow above the place where the moose finally dropped. We thought one of these might have passed entirely through the body of the moose, but were never sure. It was all over so soon that no one could tell how it happened. Henry called out to me, "Don't shoot him any more, he's all right now," although the moose was at that time still standing, perhaps three or four seconds after the first shot had hit him. I kneeled down on my snowshoes and at the last shot caught a fairish view of the hindquarters of the moose as he stood nearly broadside to me. This time I thought I would shoot him through the backbone just in front of the hips, as I had a good sight of him for that shot. At the crack of the rifle he fell in a heap and Henry and I then went up to him. The poor beast was swinging his head about in misery, and I finished him with a shot back of the shoulder. So, horns or no horns, it was ours, and it was dead. I wished very much for a while that he was alive. Then on the whole, after mature deliberation, I concluded that I would rather wish that he had horns. He was a beautiful five-year-old bull, dark, as are most of the forest-shaded New Brunswick moose, and of just the right age to have a splendid set of antlers. He had shed his horns but very recently, one of the stumps being still bloody. Henry and I stood by the side of the poor old fellow, and now admired his proportions, and now cussed at the hard luck which had terminated my hunt in this particular fashion.

At last we began to search the moose for bullet holes. "Who cut this big hole in his shoulder?" said Henry, pointing to a wound on the side opposite to that which the moose had turned toward me when I first shot at him. "Why," said I, "that's your tomato can load sure, for I never shot at the moose when its right side was turned toward me." Henry shook his head. "I don't understand that," said he. "If I had hit him he wouldn't have come down the hill to say good morning to us."

I had a lot of fun with Henry on the way home, nor did he feel easy in his own mind about it until the next day, when we cut up the carcass. Then we found that his shot had not struck the moose at all. I don't know whether the concussion knocked the moose down or not, but I understand it isn't necessary to hit a moose very much with a big-bore gun. In the mix-up among the trees, the moose had certainly turned his right shoulder to me, though neither of us knew it. My first shot was delivered very far back, passing entirely through the paunch. It practically killed the moose, nor did the animal really require another shot after that, although it was not knocked down. Had I used my own judgment and stuck to the hollow-point bullet, instead of the soft-nose, which Adam advised me to use, I think this hollow-point would have destroyed the animal at once, for the bullet would not have passed through, and the shock would have been very much greater. As it was, the moose was made very sick and would have sunk down very shortly had I given him time. It stood no longer than I have seen a sheep stand in the same place, and did not even go so far as I have seen an antelope go shot through three times with a .45-75. The second

shot struck him at the back edge of the right shoulder, passed through the lungs to the opposite shoulder and lodged against the skin. There was one, or perhaps two, bullet holes further back through the carcass. The shot which I fired for the front of the hindquarters was placed a little too far to the right, and struck directly on the hip joint. I never in my life saw a worse case of bone smashing than the soft-nose did there. The joint and hip bone for a space of about a foot were literally crushed into fragments. Even Henry had to admit that this bone was pretty badly mussed up, and he said he had never seen the interior of a moose much worse disorganized. The water of the paunch had escaped into the abdominal cavity, the lungs were shot up, and in fact there was nothing good about the works of that moose when we got through with him.

Just to show that he had an argument left in the box, Henry said, "If that moose had been in the fall in the running season, when they are fuller of vitality, he would have skipped away with that hole through his paunch and never have minded it, and we should have lost him sure."

Perhaps. I don't know. I only know that this moose was stopped with the first shot of a .30-40, and that delivered almost by chance in a part of the body where the old black powder loads would not have stopped an antelope. I have rarely seen game dropped absolutely dead, and shall always be satisfied to stop my game this close. I think the destructive effects of the .30-40 when shot through the paunch of an animal depend very much upon the amount of water there happens to be in the paunch at the time, the explosive quality being much greater in soft or moist tissue or in water. This moose had his paunch filled with a most astonishing quantity of garden truck, apparently a wash tub full of bark and buds which he had chewed up. The bullet passing through this mass of food had carried a tremendous shock. I am not ready to say that my rifle is the best one on earth, and I realize the good judgment and far wider experience which friends of the big bores have, but it still remains a puzzle to me how any one can shoot a moose a half-dozen times with the .30-40 and not get him—that is to say, provided he shoots him in the hollow of the body, or indeed shoots him in any way but the most rankly tenderfoot fashion. I don't know about the other small bores, but I am speaking now only of the .30-40 rifle which I used. Henry admitted that he had never seen the .30-40 used before, or I so understood him. I am still wondering whether he would rather have seen my moose get away than to have him killed with a small-bore! It was pretty rough on Henry, when you come to think of it—to go down into his country on long snowshoes, on rubber shoes, with a small-bore rifle, and to kill the tame moose which had been making all these tracks around his cabin!

"I guess I have about put you out of business," said I to Henry, as we finally talked the matter over. "I guess so," said he, grinning. "I will have to go out of the moose business now sure, but I have got my pet caribou left yet to fall back on."

Henry told me that when he saw this moose first it had the end of its muzzle stuck out in front of a bunch of trees and he could not see the rest of its head. It was eating at the time, and he could see its jaws moving, a fact to which we no doubt owed our shot. When a moose is chewing anything its sense of hearing is practically suspended for the time, and a feeding moose is easier to approach than one lying in its bed. This old fellow was standing above us, which is certainly the best place from a moose point of view; the wind was blowing directly from us to him, which was another point in his favor, and moreover, we had passed entirely by him and below him on the hillside. Just how on earth it happened that we could get a shot under such conditions, let him explain who can. Henry told me that this was an old moose and very poor, and probably thick-witted. "I don't think he would have wintered through anyhow, if you hadn't shot him," said Henry, grinning. It's astonishing how these big-bore men hang to their convictions.

Henry and I went back to the water hole to boil the kettle after killing our moose, and after opening the carcass and preparing it to keep over night. It came on to snow good and hard now, and the mountains were wrapped in a blinding blanket of falling white, so that Henry had to get out his compass several times. We got home in good season that evening, and had a mild sort of jubilation at the camp, making it as pronounced as we dared in view of the fact that our moose had no horns.

"Well," said Adam, "I'm mighty glad that you got your moose, but I would have been just a little gladder if you had killed him north of the divide, and a heap gladder yet if you had killed one with horns on."

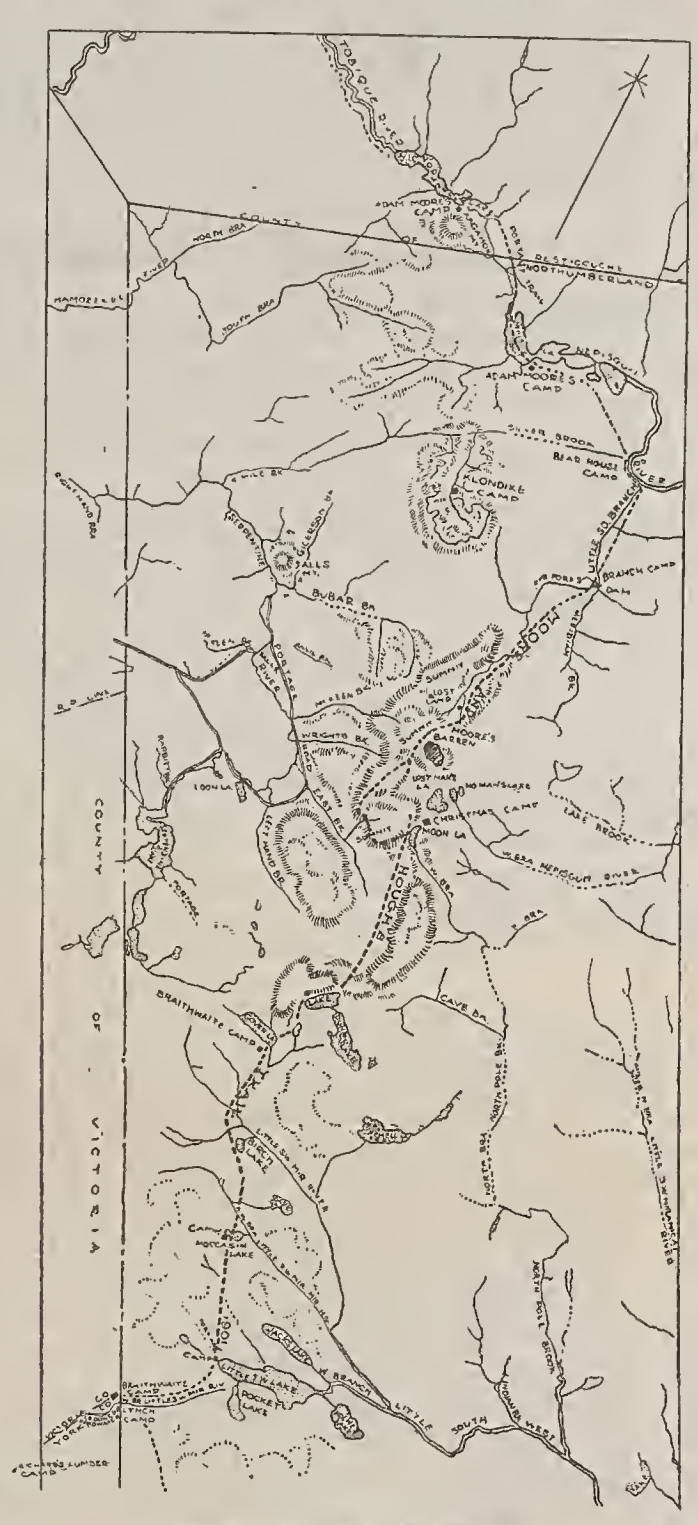
I explained to Adam that it was my practice always to kill moose close to the trail and without any antlers, so that it didn't make hard sledding to get the trophy out to the settlements. We brought out our meat and hide and scalp the next morning, and this ended our hunting operations.

Henry finished his season with just one last half-day, of which he wrote me after I returned home. He says: "I went out along my trapping trail and got up to a bunch of five moose. I emptied the old tomato can at what I thought was the biggest moose of the lot, and when I got up to him I found that he had only one horn!"

I heard that one or two other parties who were in earlier than ourselves killed moose with one horn or none at all. Henry told us that the moose which made the big sign at his Christmas camp, the same one which Adam and I followed in the rain, had only one horn, for he had seen him the morning when he went up to that camp. Adam and I were then sure that the big cow which we had seen on the Moose Brook trail was a bull which had shed its horns. That was two weeks before the date on which I killed my moose. We felt quite sure that the thaws and soft spells had the effect of making the moose shed their horns unusually early. Perhaps one-quarter of them had shed by Dec. 15. Both Adam and Henry found in this a good argument for setting forward the date of opening the season of moose to Dec. 1 instead of Dec. 15, and closing it Dec. 15 instead of Jan. 1.

He would have been a poor sportsman who, after a trip like mine, would have felt that he had any complaint, even if he could sing with the poet, "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a hornless moose." Perhaps I ought not to have felt so cheerful about it, but I really felt satisfied in every regard with my trip, although I could not say that I wanted to start for home.

It was a bright and sparkling winter morning when at last we said good-by to Henry and his son-in-law, Albert, at the Indian Lake camp, leaving them to attend to their trapping operations while Adam, Charlie and myself started for our long trail of forty miles or so to the settlements. We had two toboggans pretty heavily loaded, so Henry advised us not to undertake any short cut across the hills to the Richards lumber camp, seven miles distant, where we hoped to find a tote team going down the road to the railroad. It was twenty miles around by the Crooked Dead Water trail, but we had a chance of catching a team at one of the two or three lumber camps which we should pass. We got into the first of these camps at about 10 o'clock in the morning and stopped for tea and pie. We made the next, one and a half miles, in jig time, coming to Dan Kelly's camp, and ate some more pie and tea, this making the third meal of the morning. Still we found no team, and as we were in a desperate hurry to get out to the settlements, we pushed on down the road, crossing the terrible climb of the County Line Mountain, around the head of Renous Lake, and so at



ROUTE OF THE EXPEDITION.

length reached the next camp, known as the Lynch camp, about six miles from Kelly's, and twelve to fifteen miles from Henry's Indian Lake camp. Here we had some more pie and tea and things. We still had at least nine miles to go to make the Richards camp, where the tote teams started for the settlements nearly every day. We tried to hire a team at Lynch's camp, but the owner of the team was away and no one would let us have it. After we got down the road a piece we met the owner, and he gave us a lift, which seemed very gratifying to us at the time, although we would have gone through to Rodgers' at any rate, for our blood was now up and we were hitting the trail for all there was in us. We were now in fine shape, physically, barring Adam's bad cough.

We spent a pleasant night at the Richards' camp, and met there Ed. Norrand, a guide who was driving a tote team, with whom we arranged to take our stuff down the road the following morning. That day was the hardest of the whole trip, for it came off very cold, and we were traveling over the hardest road the eye of mortal man ever saw. Of course we could not sit in the sleigh very long in such weather, but walked a good part of the way. It was nearly dark when at last we came to the open ridge known as "The Clearing." Here the storm was blowing a regular blizzard, and the snow was drifting badly, and it seemed that we would certainly freeze before we could make the lights of the Holtz farmhouse, where we intended to pass the night. We did make it at last, however, and by 9 o'clock found ourselves once more under shelter, warm and comfortable. Thence it was only nine miles to the railroad, and we made Boiestown the next morning in easy time for the train, reaching Fredericton at 1 o'clock of that same day. Here we had to do considerable in the way of explanations. Billy Chestnut said he hardly expected we would get any moose, for the weather had been bad, and nearly every party who had gone out had complained of the snowshoeing. He himself had made a nine-day trip, but did not get a shot. I was told at Fredericton that no sportsman had ever made the trip south across the divide from the Tobique and down the Miramichi, so that I presume on the whole my trip was to be called about as eventful as that customarily made by visitors to New Brunswick.

It was a great pleasure to spend some time with Mr. W. P. Flewelling, Deputy Surveyor General, at the Crown Lands Office, examining the splendid collections in natural history, etc., which are to be seen in that department of the Governmental offices. There is a grand collection of New Bruswick animals here, as well as a great many photographs, maps, views, etc., taken in all parts of the Province. I don't know whether it is generally known, yet is the case, that the splendid George A. Boardman collection, which was the object of the loving care of that well-known naturalist, passed into the hands of the New Brunswick Government shortly after the death of Mr. Boardman. The birds and animals of this collection cover a wide part of the fauna of North America and are beautifully mounted and preserved. I felt under very many obligations to Hon. W. A. Dunn, Surveyor General, and his obliging lieutenant, Mr. Flewelling, who did everything possible to make my stay pleasant and placed every source of information at my disposal. Mr. Flewelling was so good as to make me a map of the whole section of New Brunswick traversed by our party. He explained to me that the lines of the survey run across the country east, west and north and south, a distance of five miles apart. The surveyors do not in all cases know what there may be in such a square of five miles, the interior of which they do not always visit. We had crossed two or three blocks of this sort, which have not as yet been fully mapped, and Henry, Adam and myself were therefore able to offer some suggestions in regard to the location of lakes, streams, etc., which we had met in our wanderings. We put in three new lakes, arranged a few streams, and reset a mountain or two, all of which shows that old New Brunswick still is new and has news in it.

Mr. Albert Everett, our host at Windsor Hall, called a little meeting of sportsmen for the evening of the day on which we arrived in Fredericton. There were present at this enjoyable little banquet the following gentlemen: F. B. Edgecombe, President of the Board of Trade; C. Fred Chestnut, President of the Tourist Association; W. P. Flewelling, Deputy Surveyor General; W. T. Chestnut, H. B. Atherton, George W. Hoegg, A. A. Tweeddale, H. R. Babbitt, A. A. Shute, William Walker, H. G. Chestnut, Adam Moore, Charles Cremin, John Macpherson, R. P. Allen, E. J. Payson, and others.

It was like pulling teeth to say good-by to big Adam Moore and Charlie Cremin. Every fellow who reads the FOREST AND STREAM knows how much he gets attached to friends of the out of doors. They are the best sort. So perhaps the least said the better. I can quite agree with Mr. L. I. Flower, of Central Cambridge, N. B. (who waited eight days at Fredericton to meet our party when it returned, and who was originally to have gone in with us. Mr. Flower left for home the very morning of the day on which we arrived, hence I had to meet him only by correspondence). "You are right in what you say," said he; "your Uncle Adam Moore is no ordinary man. His level-headedness and common sense are qualities many a man might envy, and as to his physical endurance—don't mention it."

Adam and I finally managed to break away from the blandishments of Fredericton, and start for our little journey to Chicago. This was my first experience in hunting east of the State of Michigan. I have never been in any country where there is so much game to the square mile as there is in New Brunswick. I have never been in any country where a man gets a better run for his money, nor where he comes away with a greater consciousness of having received perfectly square and honorable treatment in every regard. I fear we may no longer hope for the old days of freedom and abundance in American big game. Under these changed conditions and under the modern limitations, I do not believe the superior, if, indeed, the equal, of New Brunswick exists as a hunting country in any region accessible to the sportsmen of the United States and Canada. My own hunt was not made exclusively for the purpose of killing game, but for investigation, and it gave perhaps unusual facilities for learning in regard to the abundance of game. I want to say that the game is there, and the guides are there, and if you don't get game, it is not their fault, but your own, or that of the weather. We had unusually bad weather during our trip, or I presume I might have written a much bloodier story—might perhaps have told a story of a better trophy. December is the hardest month in the year for a moose hunt, but I certainly could not ask a better time than I had. Adam says we are going to do it all over again some time. "I am thinking up some other fool trip for you and myself to go on two or three years from now," said he. "We'll start across the country to the north somewhere, and come out by way of Labrador or Hudson Bay, or some other place in foreign parts." Dear old Adam, and dear old Henry! That's the way one feels about it. May they live forever, kings in their wilderness kingdoms. It will long be one of my pleasant memories that I was along when the trail blazed between their principalities.

E. HOUGH.
HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

New Jersey's Game Birds.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In preparing a report on the game birds of New Jersey for the Fish and Game Commissioners of that State, I should be exceedingly glad to receive from sportsmen and others information in regard to New Jersey's game birds. For example, it is desired to know the comparative abundance or rarity of game birds at stated localities. Where, for instance, is the ruffed grouse or partridge present or absent in New Jersey? What is the distribution, in summer, of the wood duck in New Jersey? At what times do the summer resident game birds nest? Do they rear one or two broods? What are the times of arrival and departure of the migratory species—the snipes, plovers and ducks? What are the local names of game birds in New Jersey? This last is a matter of especial importance. By game birds, it may be added, is meant the ducks, geese, swans, rails, coots, gallinules, woodcock, snipes, plovers, curlews and other shore birds, partridge, quail, dove and reed bird. I trust that sportsmen will aid me in this matter.

FRANK M. CHAPMAN.
AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, New York City.

My First Moose.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For many years past I have regularly visited the Maine woods during the shooting season, and have spent many delightful days in the pursuit of partridge and deer, with excellent success. There was, however, an aching void in the fact that I had never in any of my trips encountered a moose. I have lain in wait in all sorts of likely places for them, followed fresh tracks for miles and miles, shivered on bogs cold nights, while my guide endeavored to imitate the love call of the cow in hopes of attracting to us the monarch of the forest. All our efforts failed, however, and I had to be satisfied with deer and partridge and the bracing air and delightful scenery of the lakes and woods.

It has been said that "all things come to him who waits," so this year I tried again, selecting a new camp, opened for the first time this fall on Chandler Pond, about thirteen miles from Ox Bow. For the first three days I saw nothing but deer, mostly does, but the fourth day while paddling in a canoe on a stream winding through a bog, I came upon a large bull and cow moose in the water, about fifty yards off. I almost lost my breath and felt my heart beating like a trip hammer.

The bull jumped out of the stream and hid behind a thick clump of bushes, the tips of his antlers just showing over them. I calculated as nearly as I could where his neck and shoulders ought to be, and gave him my first shot. He started slightly, but d d not run. I sent my second shot through the bushes, and he started slowly toward the water. The next two shells missed fire, and I came very near being profane. As I threw the last shell from the magazine into the barrel, his head and part of his neck appeared with blood streaming from his mouth. This gave me a chance to put a shot just back of his shoulder, which brought him to the ground, and I said in my heart, "He is mine!" Probably a minute did not elapse between my first shot and the time he was down, but it seemed to me about half an hour.

The animal proved to be a large one, with a fine spread of antlers, which I hope will soon grace my dining room. My belief and theories in regard to the great shyness of moose and the difficulty in getting near them, are rudely dispelled by this experience. I would not believe that a great animal like this could possibly stand still and let me deliberately pump lead into him as this one did, and what seeemd equally strange was that the cow remained standing in the water looking at us during all the shooting, at no time over a hundred feet off. As we paddled past her on our way to the spot where the bull fell, she quietly walked out a short distance from the stream and began browsing. We saw her there again on our way back to camp, and also another cow, to which we paddled so close that I could easily have touched her with my paddle as she was swimming.

I have wa ted several years for my moose, but have the satisfaction of feeling that he has been growing all this time and developing a fifty-inch spread of antlers, with twenty points.

My guide was Roach Adams, who, with Almon Currier, owns the camps at Chandler's Pond. I cordially recommend them to any one seeking big game and comfortable quarters. J. T. SHERMAN.

NEW YORK, Oct. 31.

What Made Gurth Sit Down.

STEVENSON, Conn., Oct. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read the letters of your correspondent, Charles Cristadoro, with much pleasure, and while I have occasionally wanted to ask him to "hark back," I have not until now done so. I have known "Crissy" ever since he began carrying his first muzzleloader, and could many a tale unfold, but I wouldn't do that. In his "A Gun-Shy Squirrel Dog," however, he vilifies one of the best dogs that ever lived.

To start with, he calls him a "mixed collie." Gurth was a thoroughbred and to the manor born. In his younger days he was squire to a stallion named Ivanhoe, a loyal squire to a knightly horse. Later on he was one of the best of cattle and farm dogs, and, while I would not vouch for his letting down and putting up bars, I could spin yarns by the score illustrating his knowledge of dog lore that might only serve to bring me in dispute with your readers. Crissy was right about his getting a charge of bird shot, but, to use the language of a neighbor, I "disremember" any bird being killed, my recollection being that the bird flew off into the bushes in the opposite direction from where the dog was. He was correct, also, in that the shot made Gurth gunshy to a certain extent. All his life he enjoyed going gunning with me and had no objection to a neighbor joining, but if he saw one of those city fellows with a gun he went in the house and sat down. I often felt like following him; indeed, Crissy brought one gentleman up here, and after watching one of his performances in the field, I did follow the dog's example. If a bird flushed or a rabbit started he would, with gun held about as high as his hips, whirl round and round, his eyes bulging out and reminding me, for all the world, of a story I once read of an experiment with flying artillery during the Civil War.

A bright young officer conceived the idea of strapping a small howitzer on a mule's back so that the muzzle would stick out over his tail; and the plan was that when they got the enemy started they would run the mule to within shooting distance, turn him around, and fire. To see how the thing would work, he and some brother officers got a mule, strapped on a gun, loaded it, and, as this was an experiment, stuck a piece of safety fuse in the touch hole. Then they led the mule up on a bluff on the bank of the Mississippi, headed him so that the gun pointed across the river, touched a match to the fuse and stepped a few paces in front of him to await results. The mule no sooner heard the sissing of the fuse than he turned his head to see what was going on, and began revolving. At the first turn those officers made a break for the foot of the hill in as many different directions as there were, and with more celerity than I started for the house when I saw Crissy's friend revolving. When the gun went off it was pointed inland, and the recoil tumbled the mule heels over head into the river, when the weight of his armament sank him out of sight.

Notwithstanding the fact that the collie would not venture out with Crissy and his friend, they often had dogs that were vastly greater nuisances. I remember a pointer pup that they brought up here that was a wonder. They could do nothing with him, and as I only went along to show likely places for birds, they made me lead him with a string. Off by myself I would let him go. I don't think he ever intentionally flushed a bird, for he seemed to have no more nose for a bird than for a turnip. I saw a flock of fifteen or twenty quail get up all around him one day as he was trotting through a meadow, and he was so scared that he didn't know which one to run after, although if he saw a bird get up ordinarily he would chase it as far as he could see it. The only bright thing I ever knew that dog to do was one day when a friend of mine, who was out with us, shot a quail and waited to load before picking it up. When he went for it he found that dog snuffing around apparently trying to "find dead." He called me and we encouraged the dog and looked ourselves, but had to give it up. A little further on my friend flushed another bird and killed it. This time he didn't wait to load, but started for the quail, and a moment later he called out, "Say, R. S., I know what became of that other quail and this one, too. This dog swallowed 'em both. I saw him pick this one up and swallow it before I could get to him." We didn't "accidentally" shoot the dog, but I put the string on him again and concluded that while he might make a pot hunter, he would never make a sportsman's dog. R. S.

Massachusetts Association.

68 DEVONSHIRE STREET, Room 6, Boston, Oct. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you herewith the call which the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association is sending out to the various organizations of the State that are interested in fish and game. Past experience has shown the importance of co-operation in order to prevent the passage of bad laws as well as to secure good ones.

Legislators are always anxious to please their constituents and only when there is a substantial agreement among sportsmen themselves can they expect success in legislation.

The anti-sale law of 1900 was the result of harmonious and united effort on the part of those interested from all parts of our State. The reports that have been received by the Commissioners and others indicate that game birds have become more plentiful since the passage of the law prohibiting the sale of woodcock and partridge, and it is believed that this law should be placed permanently on our statutes. I desire to add that while the call is sent chiefly to organized bodies, all sportsmen and other persons interested in legitimate protection will be welcome at this gathering.

HENRY H. KIMBALL, Secretary.

No. 68 Devonshire street, Boston, Oct. 28.—Dear Sir: At a recent joint meeting of the Board of Management of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association and the Executive Committee of the Massachusetts Central Committee for Protection of Fish and Game, it was voted, that, in view of the excellent results from the Convention of Sportsmen's, Farmers', and other clubs and societies, held in December, 1899, and the organization of the Central Committee, the secretary be instructed to extend to all such clubs, and others interested, an invitation to meet in convention at the Copley Square Hotel, Boston, on Thursday, Nov. 13, at 2 o'clock P. M., for a full and free discussion of fish and game interests; the reorganization of the Central Committee, and to take action on the re-enactment of the Anti-Sale law on partridge and woodcock which expires this year, and on such other measures as delegates may desire to bring before the meeting.

You are, therefore, cordially invited to send one or more delegates from your organization—as many as can come—and, if possible, to remain in the evening and dine with the members of the State Association, at 6 o'clock, P. M.

After the dinner the discussions will be continued.

The secretary begs to remind you that "eternal vigilance" is the price of protection, and he hopes every organization receiving this notice will be represented in the convention.

Kindly fill the blanks on inclosed postal and return the same as early as possible, to enable the secretary to make arrangements to accommodate all. Yours truly,

HENRY H. KIMBALL, Sec'y.

Concerning Breaking the Chain.

DANBURY, Conn., Oct. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the issue of Aug. 30 of the FOREST AND STREAM, the head lines "A Chance to Cut the Chain" attracted my attention. It contained an invitation from that true and thorough sportsman, B. A. Eastman, of Barre, Vt., to any sportsman to come and spend a week's shooting on grouse and woodcock in the beautiful hills of the Old Granite State. As I lost no time in responding, I was the lucky man to be accepted.

Arriving at Barre two hours later than schedule time, I was nevertheless espied and heartily welcomed by Mr. Eastman at the little station. On Monday, Sept. 8, after dinner, I was introduced to Mr. Eastman's pets, the dogs. First the pointer, Jack, a fine specimen of his race and a good one in the field, as later developments proved; then the 'coon hound, Jake, whose amiable disposition betrayed nothing of the fighting qualities in him when tackling a fat old 'coon; and last, the foxhound, Captain, a finer specimen I have not seen in a good many years.

To make it short, we spent a fine week together on grouse and woodcock. Although we never got the limit of five birds each for one day, we did not get discouraged, and were perfectly satisfied. Mr. Eastman is a crack shot, and whenever his gun cracks, the whirring partridge, or the whistling cock, tumbles to the ground and is retrieved by Jack in beautiful style. I also had a good chance to initiate my own dog, Rod, into first actual retrieving in the field, especially on woodcock. I do not expect to get very many at home of these apparently vanishing birds, although in Vermont by no means scarce as yet, for I found not the smallest alder covert or cedar swamp that did not contain some of the brown beauties.

If there were a few hundred more of the Eastman type of sportsmen, many a one of the fraternity could be made happy by a week's shooting, as per such an unselfish and liberal invitation. Board, guide and team were given, to say nothing of the time my attentive host lost in his business. I also made the acquaintance of his brother, W. Eastman, who is another of the same parent stock and nobility of character. I had the pleasure of being companied by him the last day. Genial Mrs. Eastma who did everything in company with Auntie to make stay the most comfortable, will forgive me if she sho find some particles of alder swamp soil on some of carpets, as she insisted on my going everywhere w hunting boots on, and the latter were never a gem cleanliness. CHAS. F. BROCKEL

Arkansas Birds and Foxes.

ALMA, Ark., Oct. 25.—The outlook in western Arka sas for winter shooting is good, so far as quail and duc go. The past summer has been a very good one quail, and many coveys are seen in the fields and woo Ducks are coming in and when Jack Frost stripped the leaves from the trees and killed the wee good shooting can be had anywhere in this part of State. Ducks on the lakes and streams are more plenti than for several years, while doves, yellowhammers a rabbits are almost as thick as the English sparrow. Squ rels are not so plentiful as last season, though I ha killed a number of good bags this fall.

There has been some fine fox hunting the past mo or two, and in company with some friends who en the sport, I have had some fine chases. Two weeks we started a red fox near a farm of mine about an h before daylight, one morning when there had been a r the previous evening, and with six hounds we ran him hours, as fine a race as I have ever listened to. He not leave the section of country where we started him, ran in and out of the farm many times, finally coming n A. W. Brown, who is an enthusiastic hunter, and s and killed the fox, thus ending the chase.

The coming into western Arkansas of the red fox driving out the grays, much to the regret of the lover the chase, as the reds are much harder to capture cover so much more ground in running that they sca the dogs so that nothing but the best of hounds are any value.

I have had some fine fishing this season, which I tell the FOREST AND STREAM family about this winter. J. E. LOUDO

Game in Broome County, N. Y.

CONKLIN, Broome County, N. Y., Oct. 28.—Gray sq rels were plenty here from Sept. 15 till Oct. 10, at work acorns. There are very few chestnuts or walnuts, beechnuts. Partridges are in moderate numbers h plenty were seen in Susquehanna county, Pa., slashi in nine days of scouting (without a gun) through sev of the northern townships. I put up more woodcoc one two-acre swale, isolated in locality, than I have for years. I shall not kill any nor put any gunner o the locality. Local ducks of different species have bec the Susquehanna River along here this season in g numbers. M.

Maine Moose.

NORCROSS, Me., Oct. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stre* I am just returning from a two weeks' hunting trip a moose. Dr. Bashford Dean, of Columbia Universit with me. We have been very successful. We g moose on the first day, and another on the fourth We outfitted at Camp Eureka, Spencer Bros., Millino Carry. Our hunting was done up Sandy Stream, on slope of Katahdin. Our guides were William Reyn and Elmer Hale. We recommend them as absol trustworthy and reliable. Men, in fact, who know business thoroughly and who do it well.

WILLIAM H. AV

Maine Game.

READFIELD, Me., Oct. 27.—Woodcock are quite plent the full flight is now on. Ruffed grouse are sc Quite a few deer are reported; a fine one was shot Mr. Chas. Stevens, of Lowell, Mass., and some of local hunters have been equally fortunate. The small is indulging in squirrel shooting to his heart's con Our duck and snipe shooting was very poor this fall. E. A.

Currituck Ducks.

CURRITUCK SOUND, Oct. 25.—Ducks are arriving day by the thousands—redheads, ruddys, black d mallards, teal, pintails, widgeon and all the other k except swan and canvasbacks. There certainly were more at this time in many years. Our season opens 10, and we are anxious to get at them.

MORE AN

Sea and River Fishing.

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

A Pearl River Camp.—III

(*Continued from page 350.*)

TIRED though we were, sleep did not come at th invitation. Home and loved ones seemed so far and the woods so deep and full of the mysterious. talked a little in whispers, and tried to keep the ne tremor out of our voices as we explained to each the night noises that occasionally rang or sobbe of the depths of the woods.

The two younger boys finally dropped off to slee the thought of that large black object covered wit which had caused us such a fright when gathering effectually kept me wide awake. I tried again and to convince myself that it was nothing but a log or s but could not do so in the face of Walter's ass that it was covered with hair, and the additional fa the glimpse I had of it was not at all conducive to t or stump theory.

Over and over I turned the matter, trying to

some reasonable conclusion as to what manner of animal it could be, and why it lay still when we ran on it. The fire finally burned low, and as I did not wish to be deprived of its welcome light I crawled out to replenish it.

Here I was joined by Walter, who assured me that he had not slept at all, but like myself had been trying to solve the mystery of our fright. "Do you suppose it could have been a bear?" said he. This was just what I had supposed it to be a dozen times during my worry over the problem, but now encouraged by the firelight and company, I scouted the idea.

Every possible, and many impossible, theories we discussed, without arriving at any satisfactory conclusion, and then my companion advanced one that nearly made me fall in the fire.

"Perhaps it was a dead man," said he, with a start and a gasp.

I went cold all over. "But you said it was covered with coarse hair," I ventured.

"I thought it was, but when I fell only one hand touched him, and that may have been his hair."

"Him," "his," I thought. Good gracious, he feels sure of it.

Crowding closer up to the fire, and almost holding my breath, I fell to trembling violently and wondering what was behind me. The longing that came over me for home was not akin to pain, it was the real thing.

We sat silent for a few moments, and then Walter, whose back was toward the "thing," got up and came around to my side. "Let's wake the other boys," said he.

This proposition was debated at length, but finally abandoned, as we could see no advantage to be gained by adding the two younger boys to our counsel.

Another interval of silence ensued, broken by the hoot of an owl in a nearby tree, that nearly caused us to faint, and then Walter said: "Look here, I can't stand this. There is no use of our trying to sleep, and we will be half-dead if we sit here until morning. Let's go see what it is right now."

A proposal to go jump in the river would have been more to my liking. I offered every objection I could think of, except the real one—that I was afraid—even going so far as to urge that we ought not to leave the other boys alone, but nothing I could say had any influence with my companion, in the way of changing his determination.

When it finally came to the point of admitting that I did not dare go, or else going, I gave in. The fear of being thought afraid was simply greater than the fear of danger.

Walter took the revolver and our lantern, while I carried the big gun. I debated the question in my mind, as to which gun to carry, realizing that in case a retreat was in order, the heavy weapon would interfere very much with my movements, but as it would be much more effective than the lighter weapon, I finally concluded to take it, and in case of a condition arising warranting flight, abandon it altogether. The trail made by the limb was plain, and down this we went with as bold a front as we could put on. I was scared almost to death, and had every reason to believe that my companion was in the same condition.

We were really being very brave, if we had but known it, but we did not. What we did know was that it was very eerie, dark, and gruesome, and we heartily wished ourselves well out of it. Every stick that broke underfoot caused a tremor through the entire company, and when a bat, attracted by our light, swished across our faces, we swallowed hard and gasped for breath.

On we went, following the plain trail made by the limb we had dragged in for firewood, until we came at last in sight of the object of our quest, a long, dark body, lying across the path.

It looked as though it might be either a bear or man, and to our excited minds was an awful spectacle.

Walter saw it first, and with a startled "There!" thrust forward the lantern as far as he could reach, holding his weapon presented in the other hand. I swung the big gun up to ready, and in spite of its weight, held it there, with the muzzle jerking about as though it was a featherweight.

We stood thus for a moment, and then in a whisper I said: "I can't hold her up any longer; let's both shoot and run."

"No, wait until it moves," said he.

For another trying moment I stood holding that big, heavy gun, every muscle on a terrible strain, and then my indignation overcame my fear and I protested:

"How am I going to hold up this old cannon 'til it moves, especially if it is dead, as you think? Here, give me the pistol and you take the gun awhile."

This Walter declined to do, and emboldened by the fact that no movement could be detected, we lowered our weapons and moved a little nearer. Waiting a moment and there still being no movement, we crept yet closer, and leaning forward with the light extended as far as we could reach, saw plainly the object of our awful fright.

It was a large, black hog, and stone dead. What looked like a bullet hole in the head back of the ear explained its death, and a mark in the ear showed it to be identified property.

So thankful were we that the mystery was solved, and the danger past, that we hurried back to camp and went to bed without so much as waking the other boys to tell them how brave we had been.

Will and Jim roused up early next morning, and each taking one of the guns, and holding as close over our heads as possible, awakened us with a double salute. In no humor for such pleasantry, Walter promptly knocked Jim down and sat on him, while I chased Will into the woods. War was not to the liking of any of us, and a truce was soon declared, and all hands repaired to the lake for a swim, Walter and I frequently referring in a mysterious manner to our adventure of the night before.

Our swim over, and the younger boys being worked up to the proper pitch of excited curiosity, we detailed our adventure and took them to see the hog.

"That is my hog," said Will. "I killed it yesterday when they were looting the camp, but I didn't know it then, as they all ran off." This was probably true, though it had not occurred to us before, not having a very exalted opinion of his marksmanship, and he not having known it.

Hunger soon drove other matters out of our minds, and we proceeded to canvas the question of breakfast. Bacon and meal was the entire contents of our larder, and we did not know how to make corn bread.

Fish were to be had for the catching, but fishing was no fun on an empty stomach, with hunger gnawing. We finally fried some bacon, and made out to eat a bit, but it was not very palatable without bread.

Immediately after breakfast we resumed fishing, and soon had a goodly lot of bream in our fish box. While paddling back to the landing we discussed the question of food, which was now a very serious one. Forgetting the fact that we were enjoying exactly the kind of trip that we first planned, we proceeded to seriously consider sending our foragers for bread and other civilized food.

"We better go home than starve," said Will, who had only managed to dispose of one small piece of bacon, and was now feeling the pangs of hunger. This heresy was promptly rebuked, and we decided that even if we did suffer hunger, we would stick it out for the week.

"Why not eat my hog?" said Will. "He is fat, and fresh pork is good." This seemed not altogether a bad suggestion, and was the subject of favorable discussion until Walter raised the objection that it would be stealing to take the hog, as it bore a mark.

Our condition was not yet sufficiently desperate to warrant our stealing a hog, but further discussion brought forth the argument that the hog was dead, and if not used by us would be a waste, and benefit no one.

We finally concluded to go to camp, eat an early fish dinner, and then butcher the hog and use the meat.

"Fish are sure good to eat," said Will, as he cleaned the bones of his fourth, "but I am glad we will have nice fresh pork chops for supper."

We knew that hogs were usually scalded and scraped, but concluded to dispense with it in this case, so after dinner we started in with our knives to work up our meat. Every fellow had a theory as to the proper way, which was tried in turn, but none of them seemed practical.

At the end of an hour's hard work, perspiring and dirty, we adjourned in a body to the lake to wash up, leaving a horribly mutilated carcass, hacked and torn, from which we had tried in vain to get out, first, chops; second, tenderloin; third, a ham; fourth, pigs' feet, and then anything that was meat, all in vain.

Thoroughly disgusted, we heartily indorsed Walter's positive statement, made as he scrubbed his hands and arms with sand, to this effect: "I wouldn't eat a piece of that blamed hog if it was prepared by Delmonico and served on solid silver."

After resting for some time, we tied a bit of rope to the least mutilated hind foot of the carcass, and by hard work dragged it a safe and comfortable distance from our camp down into the swamp, where we left it, fervently hoping that the hog incident was finally closed.

Returning to camp, we got out our minnow seine and prepared to catch some minnows, as we had concluded that if our diet was to be a fish diet strictly, we might at least vary the species.

White perch, goggle eye and trout could be taken with minnow bait, and we wanted to try them. What we called trout were really black bass, but that was the name they held locally, and we knew no better then.

Getting into the boat we paddled down to the river, a distance of about one-quarter of a mile, and by mid-afternoon were back with a nice bucket of minnows, ready for business.

LEWIS HOPKINS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Toddy Pond.

MACOMB, Ill., Oct. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having received an invitation from Dr. W. S. Blaisdell and family of Punxsutawney, Pa., to join them on a camping-out visit at East Orland, Maine, I set out for that point, going by way of Chicago, Boston and Bangor. Stopping over in Bangor, I called on my friend Manly Hardy, who lives in Brewer, across the Penobscot River. Mr. Hardy is getting along in years, but enjoys telling a good hunting story just the same as he did when a young man. No man in Maine knows more about the hunting ground in the State than he. He has a large building filled with stuffed birds and animals from almost every clime. It would take a person a week to look over and study the different varieties of these birds, each one labeled in perfect order with note of the part of the country it came from. Any person that loves nature could not spend a day with more pleasure than here. I took the Bangor and Bucksport Railroad and arrived at Bucksport, where I found a carriage waiting for me to take me to East Orland, where I went into camp with my son and family. The next morning I took a walk over the old farm, where I first saw the light of day. One-half a century had brought many changes. The old house that I was born in was gone, but the three juniper and an ash tree I planted over fifty-five years ago are still standing in front of where the house stood. The old red schoolhouse had disappeared from the wear of time, but a new one stood on the same spot of ground where the old one stood eighty years ago. The town was quite a business place many years ago. The sawmills are about all idle now for want of timber, that has disappeared by the ravages of the ax. These mills are on what is called Toddy Pond. The pond got its name some 150 years ago. Two men were crossing it, one had a jug of molasses and the other had a jug of rum, and they cut a hole in the ice and let the water in. They turned in the rum and molasses and both took a drink! This pond has been known as Toddy Pond ever since.

Our camp, once owned and built by Mr. Bell, of Portland, Conn., is now owned by his brother, and is near this pond o nthe side of Mason's Mountain. It is located among the pine trees and has a beautiful view overlooking the pond, which is nine miles long. On the highest point of the mountain one can see Belfast Bay and Castine Bay, where several battles were fought in the early settlement of that country. Looking in another direction one can see the Penobscot River and steamers and vessels passing and repassing at all times of the day. Mt. Desert can be seen very plainly from this hill.

I shall never forget my hunt on Mason's Mountain in 1856 with W. S. Hanscom, of Portsmouth Navy Yard, which terminated so unfortunately. We were hunting on top of this hill in a thick young growth, when a rabbit jumped up, and I shot the rabbit dead, but one of the buckshot struck Mr. Hanscom in the leg and felled him to the ground. He carried this shot in his leg till he died on the retired list.

At the foot of this mountain there is a beautiful sheet of clear water called Craig's Pond, and here are the finest trout I ever saw, but very hard to catch. These trout will weigh from three to five pounds. There is a running stream out of this pond into Great Pond, and here the Government Craig's Pond Fish Hatchery is located on this stream. It is a beautiful place and well adapted for the business. Mr. Atkins, a pleasant gentleman, has charge of the hatchery and takes great pains in showing people the workings of it. There are several kinds of trout hatched here, among them is the rainbow trout from Colorado. The principal fish hatched here is the landlocked salmon. Over 22,000 of them have been put into Toddy Pond, where they are doing nicely. Some of them are three or four years old, and will weigh from one and a half to two pounds. They will spawn when four years old, and they will multiply very fast. By the time they are seven or eight years old they will weigh from eight to ten pounds. In Sebec Lake, Maine, they have caught specimens that would weigh from ten to twenty pounds.

I went out in a boat with John Huckens on Toddy Pond and we caught nineteen with fish worms. We caught them in seventy-five feet of water, but fished about fifty feet. They will not bite well on a cloudy day, but will take hold well on a sunshiny day after ten o'clock A. M. till two o'clock P. M. There were several other parties fishing the day that I was there, and among them was Miss R. M. Leighton, a typewriter for a law firm in Portland, Maine. She caught quite a number and handled the line the best I ever saw a woman. I hear she is fully as handy with the rifle, as she shot two fine buck deer last fall.

On the last Sunday in camp Dr. W. S. Blaisdell gave a banquet to his friends, and seventeen sat down to dinner. The dinner was a grand one, and probably there will never be such a party in camp there again. East Orland is a nice little village, settled by good people, and they are always glad to see people come among them from abroad. There is quite a number of camps and summer houses built there, mostly by people from Connecticut. They make the place quite lively through the summer months, and the residents are very sorry to see them return to their homes in the fall. The Rev. Mr. Rafrety, of Portland, Conn., has proved himself a salmon fisherman as well as a pulpit orator, for I saw him and Mr. Bell with a fine string of sixteen. The deer and ruffed grouse are quite plentiful. The deer often come into the fields and destroy the crops, and a gentleman wrote me the other day that they had eaten up his beans. I hope to be there again another summer and try my hand again at salmon fishing—the most beautiful of all fish.

W. O. BLAISDELL.

Salmon and Sea Lions.

In the current Contemporary Review, Woods Hutchinson contributes some experiences on the Northwest Coast having a bearing on the salmon—sea lion question which has been discussed in these columns.

ABOUT a mile up the coast from our camp a couple of fishermen had established a little hut for the purpose of killing (for their fat and hides) the sea-lions, which abound on the rocks for which we were bound. Their boat was a fine, staunch, old sea-going craft, the gig of a whaler, requiring at least six men to row her and ten to launch her, as we found to our sorrow. There was no lack of game, for directly in front of their little cabin and scarcely half a mile off shore the innermost group of rocky islands, which we hoped to visit, were covered with the great brown bodies of the sea-lions and their little, shiny black cubs. They are not aggressive animals at best, and at that distance the old ones looked like great round sticks of cord wood and the youngsters like little black caterpillars. They simply carpeted the lower ledges, looking almost as if piled upon one another like driftwood after a storm, but as they receded from the water their ranks grew thinner and thinner, until finally the topmost ledges of the rock-reef were occupied by three or four magnificent old bulls, the self-constituted sentinels and defenders of the herd. Their roaring was both cavernous and continuous and could be plainly heard all up and down the coast whenever the surf would moderate, but I am reluctantly compelled to admit that there was little in any way impressive about it. It did not in the least remind one of the "great seal roar that beats off shore above the loudest gale." It was much more accurately described by the light-keeper, of agricultural antecedents, who declared that he could hardly sleep for hearing them "a gruntin' and a fitin' all night long, like a passel o' big hawks under a barn." What the meaning of it all might be was hard to conjecture, for the mating arrangements were long since settled and there was absolutely no fighting going on. Nor were the songs intended as danger signals, for, with the exception of an occasional plunge by a single member for a cool sea bath and a little scurry after a cuttlefish, there was almost no movement going on in the herd. They were lying there in the sunshine, like so many logs of drift wood, only at intervals lifting their heads to join in the extraordinary chorus. Whether for some imaginary benefit to the crowd or merely for the pleasure of hearing their own voices it would be impossible to say.

The more I see of animals, the more firmly I am convinced that man for once has been grossly slandered when accused of being the only animal which talks purely for the pleasure of hearing its own voice. Those who moralize upon the vain loquacity of men and the dignified silence of animals usually know very little about animals. The motto of the whole animal world, man included, seems to be: "What is the use of having a voice if you can't use it?" Nearly every animal of gregarious habits and the slightest pretension to any

social gifts spends the greater part of the time in which he is in the society of his fellows in some form of conversation, or at least vocal exercise. An afternoon tea or a Salvation Army testimony meeting is not by any means the only occasion upon which a continuous flow of remarks is considered an absolute necessity. A flock of rooks, a band of sparrows, a drove of elk, nay, a dignified senate of sea-lions or congress of seals, are all imbued with the same idea. Even cattle and sheep will keep up a constant interchange of sounds, excepting at such times as their mouths are actually engaged otherwise in the process of eating and drinking. Man is probably the one animal that talks while he is eating, but with that exception he is not a whit more loquacious than many of his blood relatives. Not only is this true of talking as a means of social intercourse, but I have also known a great variety of animals, including elk, bear and buffalo, as well as birds innumerable, who would keep up an almost incessant conversational soliloquy even when entirely separated from the rest of their kind. The moping owl is seized with fits of this description.

The presence of these sea-lion hunters brings under notice an interesting and hotly disputed question as to the natural dietary of these great beasts. On the one side are ranged the fishermen and salmon canners; on the other the scientists. The former hotly denounce the sea-lions as among the deadliest foes of the salmon and other fish, alleging that, not content with capturing them in open chase, they will hang about the gill nets spread in the mouths of the rivers, when the chinook are running up to their spawning places, and tear the thirty-pound "silver sides" right out of the meshes of the net—with what effects upon the latter fabric may be readily imagined. They allege that the sea-lions simply swarm about the mouths of the rivers, when the salmon are running, like deer about a salt-lick, and that one sea-lion will destroy hundreds of salmon in a short season. Not only do they kill and devour them, but they are also said to rush furiously in among the ranks of the fish and snatch and tear in every direction, burying their teeth in the flesh, or eating a single mouthful of a salmon and then dashing for another, killing for the mere lust of slaughter like a wolf among sheep. For a long time no one dreamed of challenging this assertion, and the sea-lion was put down, like Artemus Ward's Indian, as "pizen wherever found." But a few years ago a biologist was appointed by one of the State institutions to investigate the question, which he proceeded to do by securing the bodies of as many sea-lions as possible and examining the contents of their stomachs. A number of stomachs of the creatures were also secured by fishermen and others and sent in with their contents for examination. The result was somewhat startling, for in no single instance were fish bones or scales to be found either in the stomachs or in the intestines of these great brutes, while an abundant supply of the remains of cuttlefish and traces of shrimps, jelly-fish, etc., were discovered. Whereupon the distinguished scientific gentleman was compelled to state that, so far as he could discover, the alleged atrocities perpetrated by the sea-lion upon salmon and other fish were not supported by sufficient evidence. This naturally annoyed the fishermen, as nobody likes to be flatly contradicted, even when he is told that an imaginary enemy of his is really doing him no harm whatever; and as they were agitating for a bounty to be placed upon the heads of sea-lions, as enemies of the State, they demanded a further investigation. Another expert was thereupon set to work and reported precisely the same results, only the "pens" of cuttlefish being found in the alimentary canal, instead of bones and scales.

In spite of this, however, the fishermen and cannerymen having a considerable number of votes and the scientists only one or two, the legislature was induced to pass a bill granting a bounty of $2.50 for the scalp or other evidence of the killing of a sea-lion. Whereupon our fishermen aforesaid had taken advantage of the slack season in the salmon fishery to embark on their little lion-hunting expedition. Unluckily for our friends Solomon and Indian Joe, by a base trick of fate or a special dispensation of providence (according as one sides with the scientists or the fishermen) it was discovered after the bounty bill had been passed that no funds had been provided to pay the scalp fees, but as this did not come to light until the first batch of scalps was actually presented, their enterprise was under full way before its hopes were dashed to the ground. The naturalist's sneaking fondness for biology (of which he declares that man and all his works form only one small chapter) was unexpectedly stirred by the problem, into which he suddenly plunged, if not up to the eyes at least up to the elbows. A number of gruesome and fragrant carcasses, victims of the hunters' rifles, strewed the beach, and equipped with a large hunting knife he proceeded to dispute with the gulls for the possession of these entertaining pieces of carrion. In spite of the abundant supply of excellent, if rather rancid, oil which his investigations provided, the flame of his enthusiasm waned lower and lower, after each ghastly encounter, until finally after two days, during which not only everything which he handled or ate or looked at but even his very dreams fairly reeked with train oil, he announced with a snort of disgust that the rest of the question might settle itself, so far as he was concerned. One small incidental advantage derived from the process was that his hands and boots were both practically waterproof and protected from "salt-chap" during the remainder of his stay.

However, the five huge paunches which he did succeed in quarrying out of the cavernous interiors of these great hulks, weighing from 1,500 to 2,000 pounds, absolutely confirmed the reports of the scientists. Not one of them contained the faintest trace of any form of fish food, nearly all being occupied by a thick, reddish fluid, which closer investigation showed to be a purée of shrimps, and from one to a dozen "pens" (or chitinous plates from the dorsal mantle) of cuttlefish. After careful collection and sifting of the evidence of a number of fishermen he was able to arrive at a conclusion which was satisfactory, at least, to himself. His decision was a somewhat Delphic one, that both parties were right, as their apparently conflicting results were obtained at different seasons of the year. The only season at which the sea-lions can be captured in any considerable numbers, or at which their bodies can be obtained for study, is during their breeding period, from May to August, when they collect upon the reefs and rocky islands in swarms and herds. Now, during this season (as he fishermen promptly and without any leading on his part informed him) they are like their cousins, the fur seals, eating nothing at all or confining themselves to cuttlefish, jellyfish, hydroids, shrimps and such exceedingly small deer as can be captured in the open sea; just as the findings of the scientists from their stomach contents indicate. As soon, however, as the autumn sets in and the fall run of salmon begins they disappear from these breeding places and begin to frequent the mouths of rivers and smaller streams, which are packed with the masses of the salmon. There seems no reason to doubt the veracity of the fishermen's testimony in this regard, as salmon have been found with large pieces bitten out of them, and these rovers of the sea have also been seen dashing in among the frightened salmon, coming up to the surface with a great "steel-back" between their teeth, tossing him into the air and catching him as he falls with a resounding snap, just like a greyhound with a hare. Until a sea-lion can be caught, during either the fall or the spring run of salmon, in one of their chosen beats, the question must remain unsettled, with the burden of proof on the side of the fishermen. So far as analogy is concerned, their near cousins, the seals, are well known to be as destructive to fish of every description as terriers are to rats, and may be seen driving or herding schools of mackerel, like sheep dogs their flocks, and chasing them up into narrow and shallow inlets of the bay, where they can be secured by the rest of the waiting pack. On the other hand there is no inherent improbability in such behemoths supporting life entirely upon a thin and unsubstantial diet like shrimps and cuttlefish. Those mastodons of the ocean, the whales, live exclusively upon such food materials, and even include infusoria and tiny hydroids as well.

Natural Preservation of Fishes.

From the manuscript of a book on "General Biology," by Prof. H. A. Surface, Department of Zoology, the Pennsylvania State College.

Fishes have greater economic value than all other classes of so-called "cold blooded" animals combined. They are beyond doubt the best flesh food that mankind can eat, and as a consequence serve as food for all nations. Statistics show that those nations, like the Scotch and South Sea Islanders, who eat fish as their chief flesh food and avoid beef, are most exempt from tuberculosis and other diseases and parasites that are conveyed to man by infested beef.

Years ago nearly every stream in this State yielded fresh fish in abundance for the masses, and this formed a common element for the food of the working man. Today most of the streams are barren, and fresh fish is a delicacy found upon the table of the wealthy man only. Fishing as an industry or for recreation is steadily declining. The reduction of our native fishes is due to the combined influence of their natural enemies and man, but the effects of the latter are by far the most destructive in most places. Among their natural enemies are internal and external parasites, aquatic insects, hags and lampreys, other fishes, water dogs or mud puppies, and other amphibians, water snakes and turtles, certain aquatic and semi-aquatic birds, such as herons, divers, loons, mergansers, kingfishers andospreys, and certain mammals, like the otter, mink, raccoon, muskrat, wildcat, etc.

The indirect effects of the actions of mankind have been far more destructive to fish life than have the effects of his direct attacks upon the finny tribe. The mere taking of fishes from the water would not exterminate the race. Among the agencies that are effecting their wholesale destruction are the following: 1. The pollution of streams by poisonous waters from mines, factories, sewers, etc. 2. Dumping into water such material as sawdust, ashes, screenings, etc., that cover the fishes' spawning beds and fill their gills. 3. Keeping the water constantly roily by certain kinds of mining operations, factories, etc., and by rooting of carp, which were introduced by man. 4. Logging or floating large logs down streams and tearing up spawning beds, often at a time when many eggs are thus destroyed. 5. Clearing away forests and natural vegetation, which causes the water to be warmer and shallower or less abundant and more intermittent in flow than formerly. 6. Draining swamps, which not only reduces the water supply, but also destroys the minute food material for the young fishes. 7. Clearing out streams and clearing away débris that furnishes natural places for their safe concealment and reproduction. 8. Building canals and irrigating ditches and otherwise turning the water out of its natural channel. 9. Building dams, which prevent the migrations of the anadromous fishes, like the salmon and the herring. 10. Wanton destruction in capturing fish, as by dynamite, and the accidental and careless killing of great numbers of small individuals when hauling nets.

All of these are causes over which mankind has control to some extent and their practical remedies are being sought and made known by our State and United States Fish Commissions, which deserve the strongest support of every citizen and all possible aid by legislators.

Dynamiters in Arkansas.

ALMA, Ark., Oct. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have had an opportunity the past summer to see what destruction is wrought by the dastards who are mean enough to use dynamite in a stream to kill fish. The headwaters of White River in Washington county, Ark., afford good bass fishing and many have been the game black bass I have lured from the shady pools along these streams. But in June some parties killed everything in the shape of fish in the West Fork of White River; but so careful were they in their work, that it is impossible to detect them, and while I am sure I know who it is, I have no legal proof. Under the laws of Arkansas it is only a misdemeanor to kill fish with explosives. But I have prepared, and when the General Assembly of the State meets in January, 1903, am going to have introduced a bill making it a felony, punishable by imprisonment in the penitentiary for not less than two nor more than ten years, and to pay a fine of not less than one hundred dollars, one-half of the fine to go to the informer who gives testimony securing a conviction, and the other half to go to the school fund of the State, and upon failure to pay the fine the defendant to serve it out in the penitentiary at one dollar per day. This may seem a rather drastic punishment, but I think this to be one of the worst crimes against property that can be committed. In order to protect the game and fish of the State, the Legislature has declared them to be the property of the State; and now I think it the duty of the lawmakers to enact laws that will protect them, and I propose to see that at least the Legislature has a chance to vote on this proposition. I would be glad to have the views of other sportsmen along this line. J. E. LOUDON.

Hungry and Tame.

LAKE FOREST, Ill.—Several weeks ago FOREST AND STREAM contained a little article concerning the feeding of fish while confined in a fish box. The writer was somewhat surprised to note that a fish endeavored to swallow another almost half its size while so confined. He wanted to know if others had noticed similar cases. In answer I would like to relate a little experience I had last summer.

During the month of August the fishing at Lake Wabesa, Wis., was not very good, and an angler was generally kept busy all day providing a mess for dinner. One evening in particular we had unusually bad luck. One of the little boys at our camp caught a small perch some nine inches long, after faithfully fishing all evening. He put this fish on a stringer off our pier. Next morning I saw the little fellow, took pity on him, and removed him from the stringer with the intention of throwing him into the lake. Just then I noticed several dead minnows in my minnow box, and got the happy idea of providing the perch with breakfast before releasing him. I placed one of the dead minnows part way into the perch's mouth, while I held him several feet above the water. Imagine my surprise to see that the perch was not at all backward, but swallowed and enjoyed the minnow with every indication of pleasure. Three other minnows followed in rapid succession. The last one I placed on my hand, just touching the nose of the perch, which wiggled until the minnow was safely stowed away.

Are perch in the habit of getting familiar on such short acquaintance? E. J. R.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Nov. 26-29.—Philadelphia.—Philadelphia Dog Show Association's show. M. A. Viti, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 6.—Eastport, L. I.—Pointer Club of America's (member of the American Championship Club) second annual trials. R. E. Westlake, Sec'y, Scranton, Pa.

Nov. 7-8.—Robinson, Ill.—Western Irish Setter Club's inaugural trials. T. L. Fenn, Secy.

Nov. 10.—Bicknell, Ind.—Independent Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Nov. 11.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trial Club's trials. F. W. Smith, Sec'y, New Haven.

Nov. 10.—Ruthven, Ont.—North American Field Trial Association's (member of the American Championship Club) fourth annual trials. Richard Bangham, Sec'y, Windsor, Ont.

Nov. 11.—St. Joachim, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's fourteenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.

Nov. 17.—Glasgow, Ky.—Third annual trials of the Kentucky Field Trial Club. S. B. Hays, Sec'y.

Nov. 18.—Branchton, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's seventh annual trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y.

Nov. 18.—Ruthven, Ont.—Fourth annual trials of the North American Field Trial Club. Alfred Wigle, Sec'y, Windsor, Ont.

Nov. 24.—Glasgow, Ky.—American Championship Field Trial Association's second annual trials. C. B. Cooke, Sec'y.

Nov. 29.—Thomasville, N. C.—Continental Field Trial Club's eighth annual trials.

Nov. 24.—Glascow, Ky.—American Championship Field Trial Club's second annual trials. Chas. B. Cooke, Sec'y, Richmond, Va.

Dec. 15.—Huntsville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) third annual trials. John F. Fletcher, Sec'y, Birmingham, Ala.

Canine Elegies and Epitaphs.

XXVII.—Hector.

THE correspondent who sends this writes: "The author is now Chief Justice of the Connecticut Supreme Court. The dog was a setter that I owned—a good all-round dog, and by long odds the best quail dog I ever saw.—H."

Here lie the relics of a faithful friend
Upon whose virtues it were vain to dwell.
He sleeps the sleep that never knows an end,
Amid the woods and fields he loved so well.

The fields, the woods, the hills he joyed to roam
Lie round him yet; he is like them a part
Of Nature that has kindly called him home,
To sleep forever near to Nature's heart.

"A Vermont Mode."

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—In FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 1 there is a letter on fox hunting, by W. W. Brown. While seriously intended as an account of good sport, the methods employed placed it well outside the domain of sport, as the term is understood by sportsmen. The ordinary New England method of "fox hunting" has long been a matter of debate pro and con. As a method of fox hunting, it is not fox hunting at all in the true sense. Fox hunting in its true sense is a pursuit, the fox being the pursued and the dogs the pursuers. The fox hunters follow afoot, horseback or in carriages, as they please. The New Englander employs a hound or two instead of pack, pickets the fox's runways with a number of his friends armed with shotguns, who wait patiently till the fox is driven to them, whereupon, thus ambushed, he is potted with a load of buckshot, the remains are collected and constitute a trophy, and the sum total of activity is termed fox hunting. Now, New Englanders have a

right to hunt their foxes in their own way, but they should employ some term which truly designates that peculiar way. Call it fox potting, or shotgun practice on foxes, or, if the foxes are pests, call it vermin extermination, but pray do not call it fox hunting, a term which has honored traditions, eminently honorable methods, and methods which are so distinctive that they are entirely unlike. But be the New England methods as wrong as they may, the fox slaughter, described under the caption "A Vermont Mode," out-Herods Herod. The essentials of it are two hounds, two "hunters," one a "crack fox hunter," two "favorite stands," a harried fox, a woodchuck hole, crowbar and shovel, digging for the fox, smoking him out, pulling him out, giving him to the dogs to shake, and "the pelt, an extra fine one, was presented to the cabin by Mr. Currie, and will occupy a place of honor over the stone fireplace." The fox, thus brought to hand and to death, is designated as a "trophy." It was truly a "mode." At the conclusion the writer sagely remarks: "There are two interesting facts to note, first, a fox driven to earth by hounds will suffocate rather than jump out to the dogs." How strange! How inconsiderate on the part of the fox to deprive the hunters of a crowning pleasure. But New England fox potting seems to have offshoots of peculiar methods, of which the "Vermont mode" may be an advance and possibly in its effectiveness and novelty an improvement.

ALBERT CONVERSE.

Clay and Benton, and a Basket of Puppies.

SIXTY or more years ago I heard Joshua R. Giddings relate the following stories relating to those two eminent statesmen:

Clay, as is well known, was a great favorite with young boys, and many of the newsboys and bootblacks in Washington were on intimate terms with him. He was one day approached by a young lad carrying a heavy covered basket. "What have you there, Jimmie?" he asked. "Puppies," he replied; "three of them, and I want to sell you one. You can have your pick of 'em for one dollar." "I think Mrs. Clay would like that spotted fellow," Clay replied. "What are their politics?" The boy was aware of his political belief, and promptly replied, "They are good Whigs, and their mother is, too." "Well, here is a dollar; take him to Mrs. Clay and tell her to give you a good dinner."

Three days later Clay and Benton were walking down the same street discussing as usual the "specie question." "Say, Tom," says Clay, "there is a boy coming who will ask you to buy a young dog. Whether you purchase or not, be sure and ask him about the puppies' politics." Benton said to the boy: "I guess that my girl Jessie does need a puppy, or thinks that she does, but I wish to be very careful about buying. What politics have the two young dogs?" The lad was also aware of the political belief of Benton, and assured him that they were good Democrats.

"What! What!" says Clay; "you told me that they were Whigs." "They were then," says Jimmie, "but now they have their eyes opened."

Benton was so pleased with the boy's reply that he gave him an extra dollar, and an order on Jessie for a good dinner.—Jay B. Miller in Springfield Republican.

Yachting.

For Cruising Yachtsmen.

WITH the purpose of stimulating the interest in cruising, and the keeping of a detailed log by cruising yachtsmen during the season of 1902, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer prizes for the best stories of cruises submitted to be published in FOREST AND STREAM. It is believed that these will form not only entertaining records of pleasant summer days spent afloat along our coasts and waterways, but will furnish information of practical value to other yachtsmen making subsequent cruises on the same waters.

Prizes will be awarded to the three best stories as follows:

First prize, $50.00.
Second prize, $30.00.
Third prize, $20.00.

Contributions are invited under the following conditions:

1. The cruise must be made in waters of the United States or Canada in the season of 1902.

2. The cruise must be made in a sailing yacht, power to be used only as an auxiliary, if at all.

3. The story must be prefaced by a description of the boat. Cruises should be treated in as interesting and readable a way as possible, but should be practical and contain all possible information and data that would be of value to men going over the same route. A description of the handling of the ship in all weathers will be regarded very favorably in making awards, and it is suggested to writers that an accurate account be kept of all incidents happening while under way.

4. An outline chart suitable for reproduction, showing the course taken, must accompany each article. When possible, articles should be accompanied by amateur photographs taken on the cruise, including one of the boat. Good photographs will be considered in making the awards.

5. The story should contain about seven thousand words, written on one side of the paper only, and must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York city, on or before Nov. 15, 1902.

Mr. T. C. Zerega has very kindly consented to act as judge and to make the awards.

The following sales have been made through the agency of Mr. Stanley M. Seaman: 35ft. sloop Narcissus, owned by Mr. Adolph Erdman, New York city, and the 30ft. sloop Duchess, for Mr. L. D. Huntington, Jr., New Rochelle.

GENESEE.
Designed by A. Cary Smith & Barbey for James S. Watson, 1900. Photo by James Burton, New York.

Cruise of the Schooner Genesee.

THE schooner Genesee, which arrived in New York on Sept. 26, after an extended European cruise, is now at Tebo's, South Brooklyn, where she has been put out of commission. Genesee was designed by Messrs. A. Cary Smith & Barbey, and was built by Mr. Lewis Nixon at Elizabethport, N. J., in 1900, for Mr. James Sibley Watson, of Rochester. Genesee is 148ft. over all, 110ft. waterline, 27ft. breadth and 13ft. 6in. draft. Her power is supplied with two Almy boilers of 100 horse-power, and she carries twenty tons of coal. A cabin plan and a complete description of Genesee appeared in FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 22, 1900. The photograph of the boat reproduced in this issue shows her under cruising canvas. Genesee is an enlarged Lasca, one of Mr. Smith's earlier productions, a boat of 90ft. waterline length, that proved to be a very fast and able craft.

Genesee's recent cruise was an interesting one. She left New York on May 1 of this year, and her log for the trip across follows:

May 1, 1902—Scotland Lightship abeam at half-past two o'clock; 155 miles.
May 2—Moderate N.E. wind; 181 miles.
May 3—Variable northerly winds; 179 miles.
May 4—Strong N.N.E. wind, with choppy head sea; 186 miles.
May 5—Fresh S.E. wind; heavy sea; 226 miles.
May 6—Moderate gale; heavy sea; 237 miles.
May 7—Strong gale; hove to 17 hours; 84 miles.
May 8—Wind and sea moderating; winds N.N.W.; 263 miles.
May 9—Very light N.W. wind; sighted the Navahoe; 180 miles.
May 10—Light wind and calm; 93 miles.
May 11—Light southerly wind and calm; 163 miles.
May 12—Light southerly wind and 12 hours' calm; 73 miles.
May 13—Same, with eight hours' calm.
May 14—Light westerly winds; 157 miles.
May 15—Fresh westerly winds; 241 miles.
May 16—Fresh gale from N.W.; under reduced canvas; 236 miles.
May 17—Strong N.W. wind; close reefed mainsail; 227 miles.
May 18—Same conditions; 240 miles.
May 19—Same conditions; 240 miles.
May 20—Strong northerly wind and choppy head sea; 156 miles.
May 21—Same conditions; arrived mouth of Elbe River at twenty minutes past two P. M.
May 22—Went through canal under steam and arrived at Kiel at eight P. M.

After staying for the big regattas at Kiel, she proceeded to the Baltic, and there visited Stockholm, Calmar, Wesby and other ports. Before going to the coast of Norway, stops were made at Copenhagen, Goteborg and Christiania.

In the Baltic Sea and the North Sea Genesee covered 3,200 miles, but only 700 miles of this distance was under sail, the balance of the trip was made when under steam.

On Aug. 20 Genesee sailed from Bergen, Norway, for Inverness, Scotland. She made this run under canvas alone, and arrived there on Aug. 22. Genesee passed through the Caledonian Canal on the trip from Inverness to Oban, where she arrived on Aug. 31. After reaching Oban the vessel was put in shape for the voyage home. On the morning of Sept. 9, Genesee sailed from Oban for New York, where she arrived on Sept. 26. The log of the passage home is as follows:

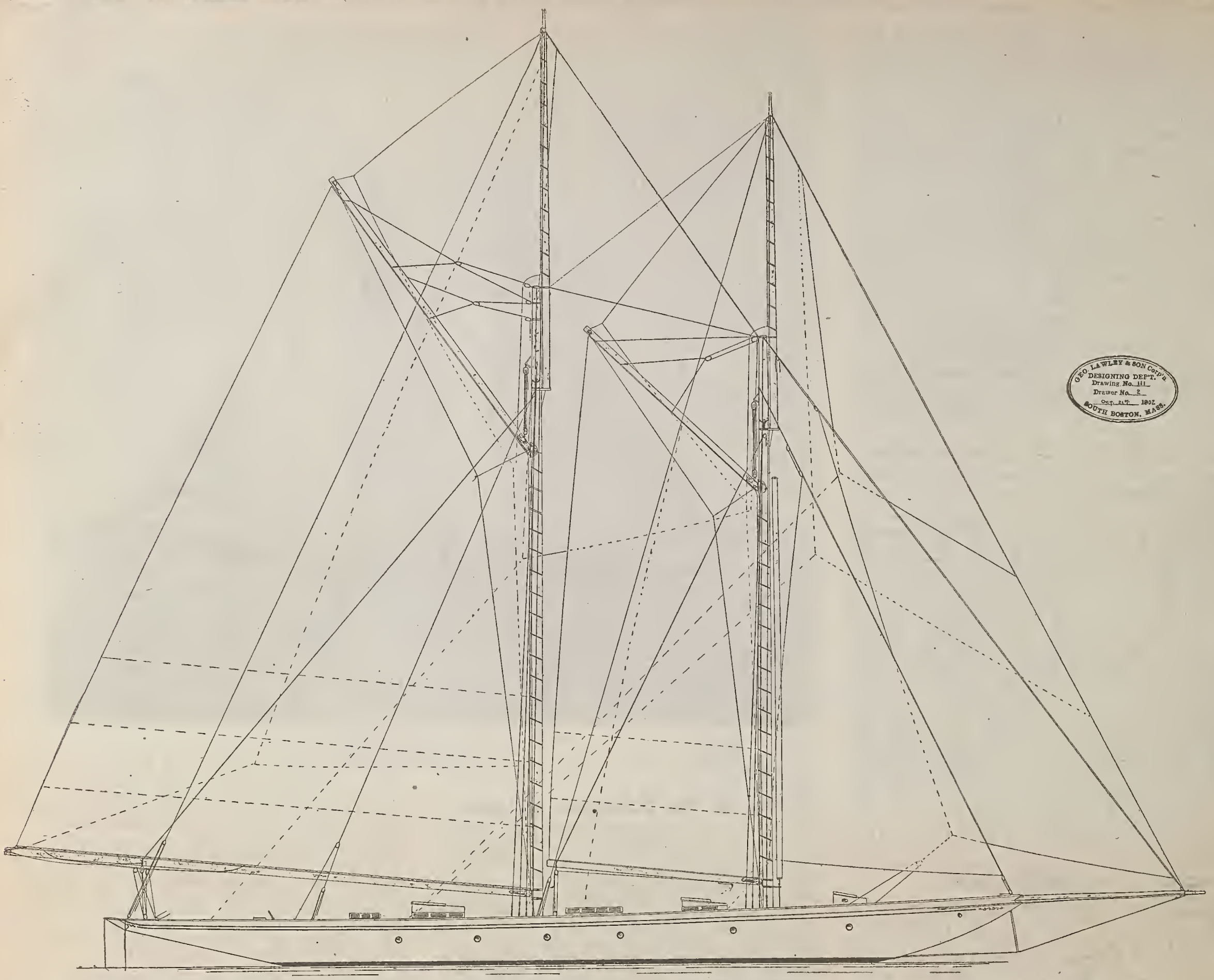
Sept. 10—Fresh northerly winds; 250 miles.
Sept. 11—Variable northerly winds; 237 miles.
Sept. 12—Moderate N.N.W. winds; 210 miles.
Sept. 13—Light N.N.W. winds; 180 miles.
Sept. 14—Variable and light; 120 miles.
Sept. 15—Light air and calm; 70 miles.
Sept. 16—Same conditions; 18 hours of calm; 55 miles.
Sept. 17—Same conditions; 65 miles.
Sept. 18—Fresh northerly winds; 201 miles.
Sept. 19—Fresh N.N.W. winds; 232 miles.
Sept. 20—Light N.N.W. wind; 138 miles.
Sept. 21—Light easterly wind; 232 miles.
Sept. 22—Light S.E. wind; 166 miles.
Sept. 23—Light northerly winds; 127 miles.
Sept. 24—Variable westerly winds; 132 miles.
Sept. 25—Northerly and fresh easterly winds; 248 miles.
Sept. 26—Fresh easterly and S.E. winds; 230 miles. Arrived at Scotland Lightship ten minutes after three o'clock in the afternoon.

English Letter

THE most notable event in yachting since my last letter is an order given to Messrs. Fife for a 65ft. racing cutter. This is the first yacht over 52ft. as yet built under our rule. No doubt this will be followed by others—if not Tutty will prove but a poor antagonist, though she is, for her time, an admirable boat. Once the new Fife sixty-five is seen, I have no doubt she will be a strong inducement to others to build, for the rule will be at about its best in this class. The name of the owner of this new boat is as yet a sacred secret. I have long since come to the conclusion that the true value of yachting and yacht racing has hitherto been entirely overlooked. The sport is a safety valve for conspirators. The awful plots that we read of in history would never have been hatched if yacht racing had then been popular. Those countries, such as Russia, that have a poor opportunity for practicing the mystery of yachting, are hotbeds of conspiracy. There is certainly something in the idea.

The news of a definite challenge from Sir Thomas Lipton has been considerably discounted long since, and even the daily papers have not been able to make much of it. Some journals which make yachting a feature of their publication appear anxious to decry the baronet's efforts in the Cup line, but so far as British yachting is concerned, these races never do any harm to the sport at home, and, indeed, furnish a very welcome variety to the deadly monotony of our season. Of course if we had a uniform measurement and classification, the Cup races would serve to recruit the racing fleet of both countries. In connection with the next races, some doubt has been expressed as to whether the change in the New York Y. C.'s measurement rule will affect the time allowance between the competitors. I have no doubt that no such intention exists, but it seems to me that the club will have to take some steps to avoid it. The challenge and acceptance are under the same conditions as governed the last races, but one of the conditions was the application of the N. Y. Y. C. time scale—not a specified time scale, but merely that in use by the club. When the next races are sailed, the "same conditions" would involve the use of the club's time scale, but that time scale would be new. They have plenty of lawyers in the club to puzzle this out, and it ought to be settled soon. In all probability it won't make the slightest difference either way, but Cup races should be free from probabilities of this nature.

We are promised a recrudescence of the luffing rule trouble this winter, and many yachtsmen appear to wish for the



56-FOOT WATERLINE CRUISING SCHOONER—SAIL PLAN—DESIGNED BY F. D. LAWLEY AND BUILT BY THE GEO. LAWLEY & SON CORP., 1902.

adoption of the American rule. On the other hand, in Australia they have tried your rule and fallen back on ours as preferable. As a matter of fact, no rule of the sort ought to be countenanced by our Y. R. A., for a pious expression of opinion appears in its rule book that races should be a test of speed and seamanship. To hang yourself and another boat up in the wind while a third goes past you both, does not achieve this ideal state of things. But luffing has a charm all its own, and it would be a pity to give it up. It is not pleasant to the luffer or the luffee to see a third boat go past. Then why do they risk it? Simply because luffing is such good sport between themselves that for the mere sake of it they will jeopardize the chances of both. No disputes could ever arise if a boat could luff as she pleases. Often, of course, a weather boat would be fouled when nothing could prevent her from getting past. But, knowing of this risk, it would be her own fault for taking it. Both ours and the American rule are counsels of (mistaken) perfection, tending to endless disputes in which one side always will remain dissatisfied.

To-day Messrs. Stephen & Son, Clyde, are launching the new turbine steam yacht built by them for Sir Christopher Furness. The vessel is about 750 tons, and the engines are expected to develop 1,500 horse-power. All our papers unite in calling this the first turbine steam yacht in the world, forgetting that Col. McCalmont's vessel was in commission last July. Sir Christopher's new boat is to be named Emerald.

The steam yacht Maria, lately bought by Mr. F. G. Bourne (who, I understand, will soon be Commodore of the New York Y. C.), had a very bad experience after leaving the Clyde on her way to New York. She left Greenock on Oct. 12, in charge of Capt. Foxworthy, who has been the late owner's captain for several years. After passing Tory Island the yacht encountered very bad weather, which only changed for the worse during three days. At one time the yacht was hove down practically on her beam ends, and a lot of water found its way below. The decks were swept repeatedly, and the fittings much damaged. On the fourth day the water was getting into the stokehold, and there was every chance of the vessel foundering, so it was decided to up-helm and run for Queenstown, where she arrived in safety. The crew describe this as the worst gale they have ever faced, and it did an enormous amount of damage round our coast. Maria is a yacht of 815 tons, designed by Mr. G. L. Watson, and built for Mr. W. B. Stewart, on the Clyde. She is a fine vessel, and will be a valuable addition to the New York Y. C.'s fleet. E. H. HAMILTON.

Robert Palmer & Sons, Noank, Conn., are building a steam house-boat for Com. Hooker, of the Hartford Y. C.

56ft. Waterline Cruising Schooner.

THE 56ft. waterline cruising schooner, the cabin and sail plans of which boat appear in this issue, is now building at the yard of the George Lawley & Son Corporation, South Boston, Mass. The boat was designed by Mr. Fred D. Lawley. She is of wood construction, and will be used for cruising along the coast. Her dimensions are as follows:

Length—	
Over all	87ft. 0in.
L.W.L.	56ft. 0in.
Overhang—	
Forward	14ft. 0in.
Aft	17ft. 0in.
Breadth—	
Extreme	9ft. 6in.
Freeboard—	
Forward	6ft. 4in.
Taffrail	4ft. 9in.
Least	4ft. 3in.

The cabin plan clearly shows the interior arrangement. There is 6ft. 4in. headroom under the flush deck. The companionway leads to a steerage. Directly aft is the ladies' cabin, which is 7ft. 6in. long, and runs the full width of the boat. On either side is a wide berth under which are drawers. In front of the berths are transoms. On the after partition is a bureau with the usual drawers and shelves. At the forward end of each berth is a hanging closet. Overhead is a good-sized skylight. Underneath the companion steps is a set wash basin. On the port side is the door leading to the passageway, and on the starboard side is a door to the bath room, which is 6ft. long. Here is a bath tub, set basin and patent closet. The combination skylight and companionway gives ample light and ventilation. A door from the bath room leads to the owner's stateroom. This room is 7ft. 6in. long and has a double bed, underneath which are drawers. There is also a bureau and hanging closet.

On the port side opposite the bath room is a locker 2ft. 6in. wide for oilers, and a chart table with drawers 3ft. 6in. long. In front of the chart table is a transom. Forward of the chart space is a single stateroom 7ft. 6in. long. This room is fitted with a berth hanging closet, bureau and mirror and transom.

Next forward comes the main saloon, which extends the full width of the boat, and is 10ft. 6in. long. On the port side is a transom with lockers behind, and at the forward end is the buffet. The transom on the starboard side returns around the after partition, making a corner for the cabin table. On this side there is a buffet and lockers, corresponding to those on the port hand. Overhead is a large skylight. On the port side forward is the galley, 7ft. long. The galley is fitted with a large ice box, sink, dresser, lockers, etc. A door from the starboard side of the galley leads to the captain's stateroom. This room has a folding berth with transom under, bureau, desk, folding wash basin and clothes locker. Forward is the forecastle with berths for six men, a closet for the men's clothes and a water closet. There are beside the skylights and companionways, port holes in all the cabins, which insures good ventilation.

The boat has a good-sized sail plan, and should prove a smart boat. A gig and a launch will be carried on the davits.

The wor kon the boat is well advanced, and she will be finished at an early day.

New York Y. C.'s New Measurement and Racing Rules.

AT the adjourned meeting of the New York Y. C., held on Oct. 30, the new measurement and racing rules were adopted with amendments. It will be seen by comparing the rules with those published in these columns last week that some material changes have been made which greatly improve the rules. The rules as adopted follow:

Rule I., p. 210. Strike out all of Rule I. up to heading "Courses" in Sec. 7, on p. 215, and insert:

Rule I.—Measurements for Classification and Time Allowance.

"Yachts shall be rated for classification and time allowance according to the following formula:

$$\text{Rating Measurements} = \frac{L\sqrt{SA}}{5\sqrt[3]{D}}$$

Length multiplied by square root of sail area, divided by 5 times cube root of displacement.

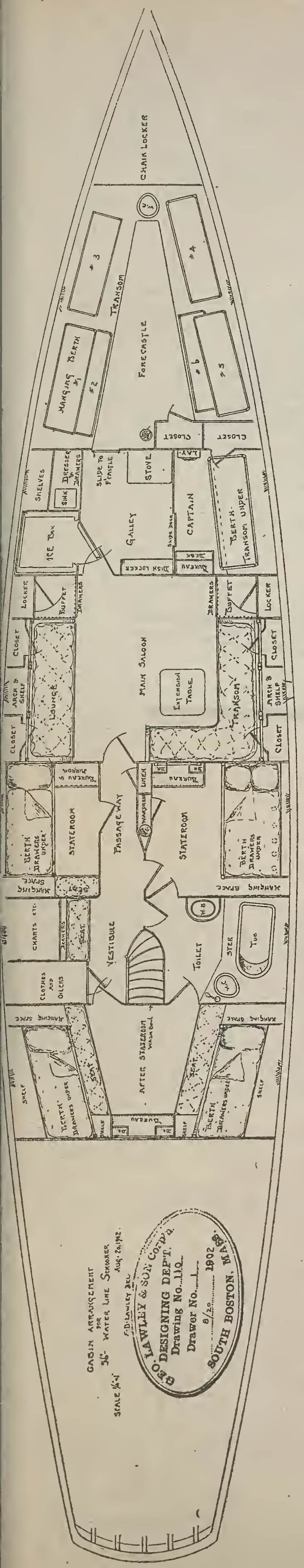
The result is the measurement for classification and time allowance.

The measurements shall be obtained as follows:

LENGTH.

The mean of the length over all, exclusive of bulwarks and rail and of the length on the load water plane, both measured parallel to the middle vertical plane and at a distance from it equal to one-quarter of the greatest beam at the load waterline.

In case the extreme width of the stern exceeds one-half the mean beam, the measurement for the length shall be taken to a point abaft the stern where the continuation of the fair line of the top edge of the plankshear intersects the mean quarter beam line.



56-FOOT WATERLINE CRUISING SCHOONER—CABIN PLAN—DESIGNED BY F. D. LAWLEY AND BUILT BY THE GEO. LAWLEY & SON CORP., 1902.

SAIL AREA.

S. A.—Sail area to be obtained as follows, and the square root of this area to be the $\sqrt{S\ A}$ in formula:

MAINSAIL.

A. Measured from the top of the boom (under the pin for outhaul shackle on traveler, or clew slide, when hauled chock out) to the gaff under the pin of the sheave of the topsail sheet, provided the peak cringle of the mainsail does not extend beyond the pin; in the case of the yacht having no topsail, or of the peak cringle extending beyond the pin of the topsail sheet sheave, then the measurement to be taken to the peak lacing-hole.

B. Perpendicular to A, measured to underside of gaff close in to the mast.

C. Measured from top of boom over the pin of the sheave or outhaul or end of clew slide to underside of gaff close in to the mast.

D. Perpendicular to C, measured in to the mast, in a line with the top of the boom, or to tack cringle of mainsail, if below top of boom.

CLUB TOPSAIL.

E. Measured from upper side of gaff close in to the mast to pin of sheave for topsail sheet, or to lacing-hole in club.

F. Perpendicular to E, measured to lower lacing-hole in sprit.

G. From lacing-hole to lacing-hole in sprit.

H. Perpendicular to G, measured to pin of sheave for topsail sheet in gaff; or to upper lacing-hole in club.

JIB HEADER.

K. Measured from top of gaff close in to mast to pin of halyard sheave in topmast.

L. Perpendicular to K, measured to pin of topsail sheet sheave in gaff; or to upper lacing-hole in club.

LUGSAIL.

To be measured as mainsail, except as follows:

A. Upper end measured to peak lacing-hole in yard.

B. and C. Forward end measured to lower lacing-hole in yard.

D. Lower end measured to tack cringle of mainsail, if below top of boom, or forward of mast.

HEADSAILS.

I. The perpendicular I to be measured from the deck at the foreside of the mast to where the line of the luff of the foremost headsail, or of the spinnaker halyard, as the case may be, when extended, cuts such perpendicular. In the case of a schooner the perpendicular I shall be measured upon the foremast, unless she has a main spinnaker the height of which exceeds the perpendicular upon the foremast, in which case the excess shall be added to the perpendicular I.

J. The base J to be measured from the foreside of the mast to where the line of the luff of the foremost headsail when extended cuts the bowsprit, other spar, hull, etc., as the case may be. In all cases, if the distance from the center fore and aft line of the mast to the outer end of the spinnaker boom exceeds the distance from the foreside of the mast to the bowsprit end (where cut by the line of the luff of the foremost headsail), the excess shall be added to the base of the fore triangle. In the case of a schooner, the base J shall be measured from the foremast, but if the main or longest spinnaker boom exceeds the before mentioned distance, the excess shall be added to the base J.

In the case of a yacht having no headsail, but carrying a spinnaker, the area for headsail shall be computed from the length of spinnaker boom, and the height from deck to where the line of the halyard of the spinnaker when extended cuts the mast.

A spinnaker may have a headstick or board not longer than one-twentieth the length of the spinnaker boom, but not a foot yard, or more than one sheet, or any other contrivance for extending the sail to other than a triangular shape.

In the case of a yacht carrying a square sail, or square topsail, or raffee (together or separately), the actual area of the same shall be computed; and if such area exceed the area of the fore triangle, the excess shall be used in the total area for determining the rating.

FORESAIL OF SCHOONERS.

To be measured as mainsail, except that the lower end of A is to be taken at foreside of mainmast, in a line with main boom gooseneck.

Directions for Measuring Sails.

The measurer shall take measurements I and J for fore-triangle, G and E for club topsail, and the length of spinnaker boom. If the other measurements are supplied by the sailmaker, the measurer shall check them by measuring the following:

Boom, from lower end of A to lower end of D.

Gaff or lugyard, from upper end of A to forward end of B.

Club topsail, sheet to outer lacing-hole.

In cases where it is necessary for the official measurer to measure the sails, he shall do so in the following manner: Take the length of boom from mast to pin of sheave for outhaul, and length of gaff from mast to pin of topsail sheet sheave or lacing-hole, as the case may require; then hoist the sail with the tack fast and set the peak and luff up taut, and let go the topping lifts so that the weight of the boom comes on the leach of the sail. With a line and tape, measure the leach and luff and the diagonal C. For the headsail measure the height I, and the distance J, as provided for in the section dealing with headsail. For topsail the sail should be hoisted and marked in a line with the gaff; then lowered and the other dimensions taken. From the measurements so taken a sail plan should be made and the other above-specified measurements obtained therefrom.

Calculation of Sail Areas

MAINSAIL.

Multiply A by B and C by D, and add the two products together and divide by 2.

YARD TOPSAIL.

Multiply E by F and G by H, and add the two products together and divide by 2.

JIB HEADER.

Multiply K by L and divide by 2.

HEADSAILS.

Multiply I by J and divide by 2.

LUGSAILS AND HEADSAILS.

No deduction is to be made from headsail area on the score of any portion of the lugsail area ahead of the mast.

SAILS BOUNDED BY CURVED EDGES.

Any increase in the area of sails due to curved edges, extended by battens or otherwise beyond the line between the points for measurement, shall be computed as follows: Multiply the base E by two-thirds of the perpendicular P.

DISPLACEMENT.

D—Displacement to be obtained as follows:

At points dividing the length of the load waterline into five equal parts, find areas of immersed cross sections in square feet; from the areas in square feet obtained and load waterline length, find approximate displacement in cubic feet, which will be the D in formula.

LIMIT OF L.W.L.

One-half of any excess of L.W.L. over one hundred and fifteen per cent. of L shall be added to the rating measurement.

LIMIT OF DRAFT.

Limit of draft in feet = .133 (rating measurement) + 2.66.

Any excess of draft, exclusive of centerboard, as per above formula, shall be multiplied by five and added to the rating measurement.

The draft of any vessel, exclusive of centerboard, shall not exceed 18ft.

LIMIT OF SAIL AREA.

Any excess of the square root of sail area over 135 per cent. of L, shall be added to the rating measurement.

All measurements of hull shall be taken with only such persons on board as shall be required by the measurer.

The L.W.L. shall be the distance in a straight line between the points furthest forward and furthest aft, where the hull, exclusive of the rudder post, is intersected by the surface of the water when the yacht is afloat in racing trim.

All measurements specified may be certified to by the designer, in a certificate to be filed with the measurer of the club, but such certificate must be accompanied with drawings, showing the measurements taken and the true line of flotation of the vessel when measured in racing trim, which line of flotation must be verified by the measurer, before any certificate of measurement shall be accepted by the secretary.

If from any peculiarity in the build of a yacht, or other cause, the measurer shall be of opinion that the rule will not rate the yacht fairly, or that in any respect she does not comply with the requirements of these rules, he shall report the circumstances to the Regatta Committee, who, with the measurer, after due inquiry, shall award such a certificate of rating as they may consider equitable, and the measurement shall be deemed incomplete until this has been done.

Classification.

SCHOONERS.

Class A. All over 100ft., rating measurement.

Class B. Not over 100ft. and over 80ft., rating measurement.

Class C. Not over 80ft. and over 64ft., rating measurement.

Class D. Not over 64ft. and over 51ft., rating measurement.

Class E. Not over 51ft., rating measurement.

SINGLE-MASTED VESSELS AND YAWLS.

Class F. All over 100ft., rating measurement.

Class G. Not over 100ft. and over 80ft., rating measurement.

Class H. Not over 80ft. and over 64ft., rating measurement.

Class I. Not over 64ft. and over 51ft., rating measurement.

Class J. Not over 51ft. and over 40ft. rating measurement.

Course I. Rule I., p. 215.

In line two after the word "from," insert the words "a stake boat to."

Rule IV., Sec. I., p. 217.

Add at the end of this section, the words "but this rule may be suspended for proper cause shown in the discretion of the Regatta Committee."

Rule VIII. Strike out second and third paragraphs, "Schooners" and "Single-Masted Vessels and Yawls," and substitute:

Classes A and F, one man for every 250 sq. ft. of sail area, or fraction thereof.

Classes B, C, D, E, G, H, I, J and K, one man for every 300 sq. ft. of sail area or fraction thereof.

Amend time allowance table as follows:

P. 229—On line 8, change words "60 per cent." to read "80 per cent." On line 10, change formula to read $.8\left(\frac{600}{\sqrt{I}} - \frac{3600}{\sqrt{L}}\right)$.

Strike out lines 13 and 14, and substitute:

"Practically the formula is $\left(\frac{2880}{\sqrt{I}} - \frac{2880}{\sqrt{L}}\right)$; eight-tenths of 3,600 being 2,880."

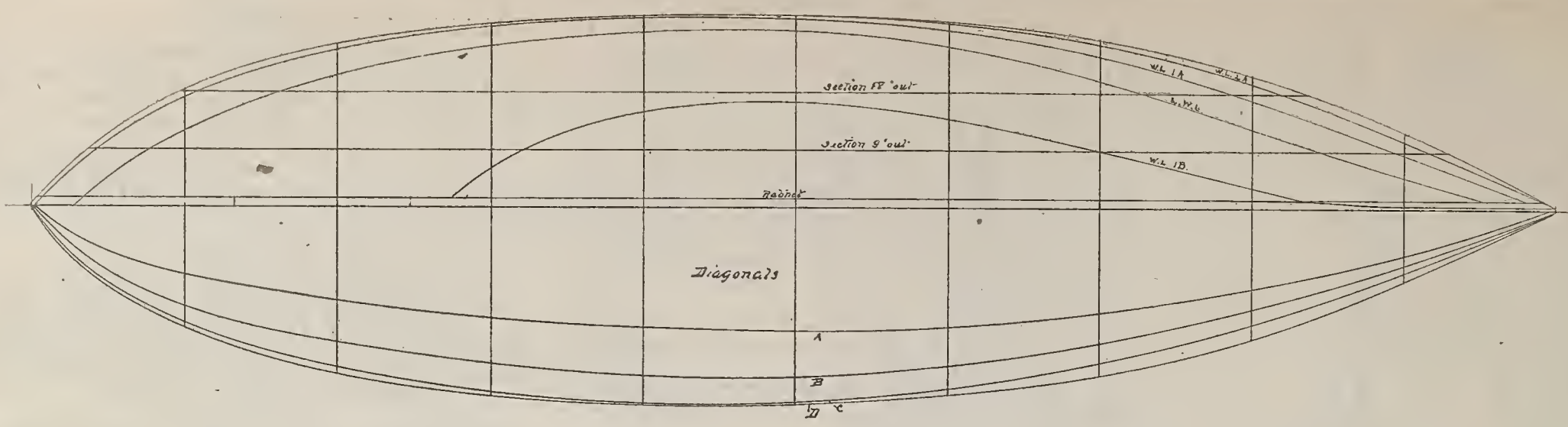
Alter example given on p. 230 to new formula.

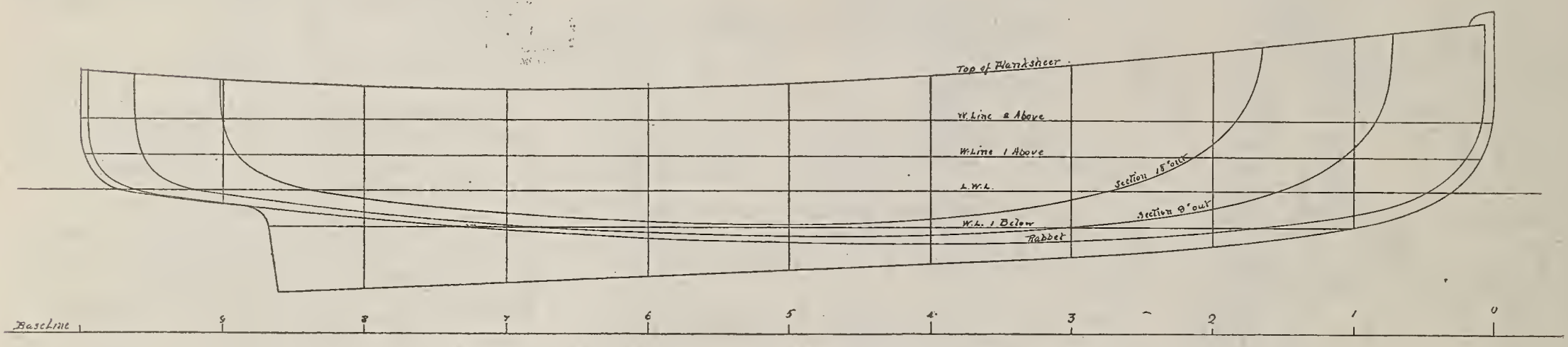
Amend tables of "Time Allowance for One Nautical Mile in Seconds and Decimals" on p. 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237 and 238 to new formula.

Messrs. Charles G. Davis and Walter M. Bieling have formed a co-partnership under the firm name of Davis & Bieling, and will transact a general yacht brokerage business at 50 Broadway, New York city.

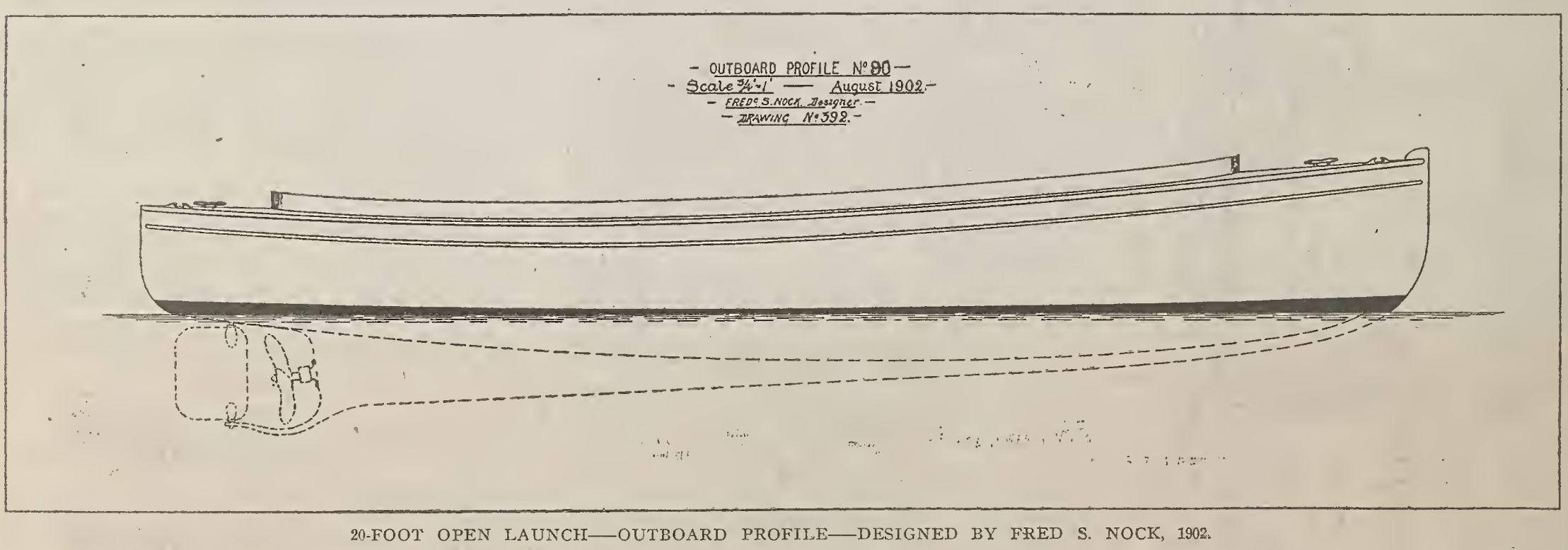
* * *

Mr. Wilson Marshall, Vice-Commodore of the Larchmont Y. C., is to have built from designs made by Messrs. Gardner & Cox, an auxiliary schooner yacht 135ft. long. The Townsend & Downey Shipbuilding Co., Shooter's Island, will build the yacht.





20-FOOT OPEN LAUNCH—DESIGNED BY FRED S. NOCK, 1902.



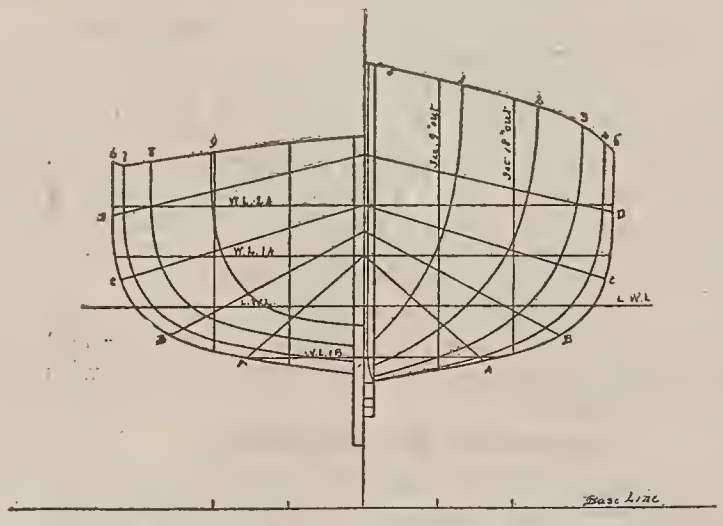
20-FOOT OPEN LAUNCH—OUTBOARD PROFILE—DESIGNED BY FRED S. NOCK, 1902.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Nov. 2.—The adoption of new measurement rules for rating is still the subject of debate among the yachtsmen of Massachusetts. A meeting of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts was held last Thursday evening, at which it was proposed to adopt a rating rule similar to that which has been recently adopted by the New York Y. C. The fact that this rule was adopted by the Eastern Y. C. at its last meeting gave it more support than it had at the special meeting of the Association, held two weeks previous; but the majority of the delegates were still in doubt about adopting any radical changes without further consideration. On this account the matter was held over and will be acted upon at another special meeting to be held Nov. 13. Mr. Louis M. Clark is the champion of the proposed new rule in the Yacht Racing Association, and, while he was not successful in having it passed at the last meeting, he did get some minor rules adopted, which will probably affect the greater question when it is again brought up.

The new 22ft. class was brought up for adoption at the last meeting of the Association, but failed in passing. The vote, however, showed that opinion is pretty well divided upon the merits of the class. It requires a two-thirds vote of the Association to change any of its rules, and the vote upon the question of adopting the 22ft. class stood six for and six against. It may be said that it is the hardest possible thing to get the necessary number of votes to make a change in the Association's rules, especially when a new class or rules which will cause the establishment of a new class are considered. The yachtsmen look with disfavor upon anything that looks like a change. This was the condition when the present restricted classes were adopted. A howl of indignation was sent up and it was some time before sufficient confidence was felt to insure the building of new boats in any numbers. The rules which were then adopted fitted the conditions which then existed, but it has been since shown, as has been the case with most measurement rules, no matter how commendable, that certain conditions have arisen which make the rules, which were then to the point, insufficient. Since the first talk of adopting some rules similar to those of the New York Y. C., opinions have changed greatly. The inconsistency of the present rules are being realized and the result has been that more yachtsmen were favorable toward the adoption of the New York rule at the last meeting of the Association than at any time previous. Whether the rules will grow in favor before the next meeting is a matter of conjecture.

But the refusal to adopt the 22ft. class and the fact that the maintenance of the old rules, or the adoption of new ones, for the restricted classes, is causing an apathy from which yachting will be slow in recovering. As it



20-FOOT ONEN LAUNCH—BODY PLAN.
Designed by Fred S. Nock, 1902.

is, everything is in the air. Designers have provisional orders for new yachts, but the prospective owners are not disposed to go ahead in the present unsettled condition of affairs. The designers feel the same way about the matter. They do not feel that it would be consistent to turn out yachts only to find that they might be barred or receive new classification under new rules, which would be detrimental to their chances of winning. It is said that there are certain of the yachtsmen who have been interested in the formation of the new 22ft. class who will build for that class anyway, but it is not likely that the number would be as great in any event as it would have been had the Association adopted the class. If sufficient number of boats should be built for the 22ft. class the clubs would undoubtedly give them races.

The prospects for a brilliant season among the smaller restricted classes in Massachusetts Bay do not appear to be as bright as the majority of the yachtsmen would wish. There is a movement on foot to revive the raceabout class, and already two meetings have been held, one by the yachtsmen interested, who may possibly build for the class and another by the Knockabout Association, to consider the advisability of changing some of the rules. Some of the prospective owners of raceabouts desire that a balloon jib should be added to the equipment. If the yachtsmen will agree upon this point there is no doubt that the Knockabout Association will do everything in its power to give them what they want. The objection made to the addition of a balloon jib is that there are now sufficient sails used in proportion to the size of the crew, and that the spinnaker, as used at present, can be poled forward until it takes the place of a ballooner. To this the advocates of the ballooner claim that it would be much easier to set and take in a ballooner, with the same crew, than it is to flow the spinnaker forward; that the addition of the sail would make the boats faster, a regular balloon jib having more shape than one improvised from a spinnaker. They also claim that it would be better in producing skillful skippers as it requires considerable judgment to know just when to set a spinnaker and when to set a balloon jib. Raceabouts were very popular in Massachusetts Bay a few years, but the decline of the class was as swift as its rise. The class is popular in other sections, and it is thought that there should be no reason why it should again be popular here. It is the hope of those interested in reviving the class that interclub racing may be had with the clubs of Long Island Sound, Buzzard's Bay and Bar Harbor.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

20ft. Open Launch.

THE plans of the 20ft. open launch that appear in this issue were designed by Mr. Fred S. Nock for a day boat. Comfort was the first consideration, as she was to be used mainly for a family boat, and speed was a secondary consideration, but with a three-horse-power motor she has shown very fair results. The dimensions follow:

Length—		
Over all	20ft.	0in.
L.W.L.	18ft.	11in.
Overhang—		
Forward	0ft.	7in.
Aft	0ft.	6in.
Breadth—		
Extreme	5ft.	0in.
L.W.L.	4ft.	8in.
Draft—		
To rabbet	0ft.	9in.
Extreme	1ft.	6in.
Freeboard—		
Forward	2ft.	5in.
Aft	1ft.	8in.
Least	1ft.	5in.

The keel is of white oak sided 3in., the frames are of oak 1in. square, spaced 8in. on centers, and the planking is of cedar ¾in. thick when finished. The cockpit is 15ft. long.

New York Y. C.

COM. LEWIS CASS LEDYARD presided over the adjourned meeting of the New York Y. C., held on Thursday evening, Oct. 30. The meeting was well attended, and after the routine business had been disposed of, Com. Ledyard announced that the contract was signed for a new yacht

to be built for the Cup defense by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co., and that work on the boat had already begun. The following gentlemen make up the syndicate that owns the new defender: Messrs. Elbert H. Gary, Clement A. Griscom James J. Hill, William B. Leeds, Norman B. Ream, William Rockefeller, Cornelius Vanderbilt,. Henry Walters and P. A. B. Widener. Mr. C. Oliver Iselin will be the managing owner of the new boat, and Capt. Charles Barr will be the skipper. Columbia will also be put in commission, as will Constitution. Capt. "Lem" Miller will sail Columbia, and she will be managed by Mr. E. D. Morgan. Capt. Urias Rhodes will again have charge of Constitution, and Capt. Norman B. Terry will assist him.

The amendments to the measurement and racing rules that were adopted at the meeting held on Oct. 23, were also adopted. The new rules are now in force, and hold for five years.

Resolutions of thanks were offered to the Eastern Y. C. by Vice-Com. Bourne, and unanimously adopted, for the courtesies extended to the New York fleet when in Marblehead during the past summer.

Rear-Com. C. L. F. Robinson also offered a resolution of thanks to the Kaiserlicher Y. C., which was passed, for courtesies extended to members of the New York Y. C.

Captains Anson Phelps Stokes, Lloyd Phœnix and Robert E. Tod. were appointed by Com. Ledyard to serve on a committee to arrange a club cruise to the West Indies during the winter season if found advisable.

General Meeting of the Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound.

THE October general meeting of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound was held at the Arena, West Thirty-first street. New York city, on Friday, Oct. 31. A committee of naval architects was appointed by the Association about a year ago to go into the question of measurement rules. This committee, which was made up of Messrs. B. B. Crowninshield, Clinton H. Crane and William Gardner, reported that the rule adopted by the Association last year had not proven satisfactory, and more time was given them to make a fuller report. The new measurement rule adopted by the New York Y. C. was discussed and action was postponed for three weeks, when another meeting will be held.

On motion, the chair was authorized to appoint a committee to confer with the Larchmont Y. C. and the Massachusetts Y. R. A., as to the possibility of adopting a uniform rule, this committee to report at the next meeting of the Association.

Beside the delegates, there was present Messrs. Crowninshield and Gardner, as members of the committee of designers; Mr. Newbury Lawton, by invitation of the Executive Committee, for the purpose of explaining the rule as adopted by the N. Y. Y. C.; Mr. A. Bryan Alley, who informally represented the Larchmont Club, and Mr. J. F. Brophy, representing the Brooklyn Y. C.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The cruising yawl which is nearing completion at Port Jefferson, is for Mr. Charles R. Smith. She is 66ft. long over all. The yacht will be used in Southern waters this winter.

* * *

At Amityville, Long Island, Frank Wicks is building for Mr. Fred B. Dalzell, of the Unqua-Corinthian Y. C., a racing catboat. She is 24ft. over all, 8ft. breadth and 20in. draft.

* * *

Countess Adeline Schimmelmann has sold her mission yacht, the Duen, or Dove, which has laid idle for some time at Manning's Basin, Brooklyn. The price was $600 and the purchaser, a Philadelphia man, is having the noted vessel rebuilt into a house-boat. The two brass saluting guns and the 20ft. gasolene launch were not sold, and they are being put in readiness to be shipped to the Countess in Denmark. The sale was made through Henry Endner, a spar maker, of Beard street. Countess Schimmelmann purchased the Duen from Prince Waldemar of Denmark in 1895. She was originally named the Tumbler and registered fifty-three tons. After becoming the property of the Countess, the yacht, in 1897, visited fifty-eight ports in Germany, Denmark, England, Sweden and Italy, distributing tracts. She also visited 652 ships on the same mission. With a crew of eight men, the Duen reached the Great Lakes and cruised there in 1898 with the owner on board. The Countess was nearly drowned while returning to shore on one occasion from a gospel meeting on the Duen.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Rifle at Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Oct. 27.—Yesterday was bullseye day at Shell Mound. The fight for annual cash prizes in the Germania 3-shot contest is waxing warm, F. E. Mason leading by a few points. A 72 does him no good. The count is: Best ten 3-shot scores. First prize, $60. Scores yesterday:

At the San Francisco Schuetzen Verein, monthly bullseye shoot prizes were won in the following order: W. Appiarius 193, E. Doell 283, August Pape 333, August Jungblut 453, John Utschig 522, O. Burmeister 538, August Goetze 568, Gustave Schulz 596, J. Gaefken 748, F. Brandt 768, F. P. Schuster 778, S. Heino 826, D. B. Faktor 860, F. Rust 870, J. de Wit 981, Herman Huber 1006, J. C. Waller 1041, Charles Oldag 1100, R. Stettin 1216, J. D. Heise 1243, Henry Meyer 1248, A. Lemaire 1270, August Meyer 1336, E. Stehn 1556.

Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club, pistol match, gold medal: J. Kullman 90.

Handicap: J. Kullman, 90, 83, 81; Dr. D. Smith, 83, 84, 83, 81.

Revolver handicap: J. R. Trego, 88, 86, 85, 84, 80; Dr. D. Smith, 80, 77, 77.

Rifle handicap match: G. Henderson, 220, 209; A. Gehret, 218; W. F. Blasse, 201.

Gold and silver bars: G. Tannmeyer, 215, 213, 208, 208; W. F. Blasse, 217, 214, 214, 201; M. Blasse, 206, 212, 209.

Silver medal: G. Mitchell, 201, 188.

Glindemann trophy: W. F. Blasse, 215.

Germania Schuetzen Club, monthly bullseye shoot: F. E. Mason 272, A. Gehret 435, A. Goetze 540, John Utschig 630, August Jungblut 740, S. Heino 900, F. P. Schuster 1162.

Germania Schuetzen Club, monthly trophy contest: D. B. Faktor 221, Herman Huber 215, F. E. Mason 214, F. P. Schuster 213.

Competition shoot: A. Pape 72, F. E. Mason 71, N. Ahrens 70, F. P. Schuster 70, A. Gehret 70, A. Jungblut 68, D. B. Faktor 69.

Norddeutscher Schuetzen Club, monthly medal shoot: First champion class, F. P. Schuster, 429; second champion class, F. C. Rust, 401; first class, D. Salfield, 394; second class, John Lankenau, 369; third class, Henry Meyer, 369; fourth class, August F. Meyer, 294; best first shot, Herman Huber, 24; best last shot, F. P. Schuster, 22.

ROEEL.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made on Oct. 26 at 200yds., off-hand, Standard target. The members contested for trophies during the last six months, which consisted of medals for first, second and third class, and were won by the following members: Nestler, first class; Jonscher, second class, and Hofer, third class;

Hasenzahl	91	88	84	84	84	Roberts	80	79	77	76	73
Payne	89	88	83	81	81	Lux	74	73	72	70	69
Gindele	86	85	84	83	80	Hofman	74	73	71	70	70
Nestler	84	82	78	78	77	Weinheimer	73	70	68	64	61
Trounstine	84	82	76	73	70	Freitag	71	68	67	64	62
Odell	83	81	80	79	79	Topf	61	54	54	51	54
Jonscher	82	80	78	77	74	Drube	76	..	..	..	..
Hofer	81	77	77	76	73	Uckotter	71	..	..	..	..

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Nov. 27.—Ossining, N. Y.—Inter-county seven-man team shoot and 100 target event for cup emblematic of championship of Westchester county.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's target shoot, every Saturday afternoon. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

Fourth Tuesday of each month, Hell Gate Gun Club's shoot at Outwater's Riverside grounds, Paterson Plank Road, Carlstadt, N. J.

Second Friday of each month (January and July excepted), shoot of Hell Gate Annex, at Dexter Park, Brooklyn.

Saturdays, Brooklyn Gun Club's shoot, Enfield street, near Liberty avenue, Brooklyn. Visitors welcome.

Saturdays, Newark, N. J., South Side Gun Club's shoots, South Broad street, near Lehigh Valley coal depot.

Saturdays, Outwater's grounds, Carlstadt, N. J., live bird handicaps.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The daily press recounts that "Mr. George Page, the champion wing shot of Mercer county, N. J., was defeated here to-day in a 50-bird match by Mr. William Widman, of Trenton. Widman killed 49 birds straight, while Page succeeded in grounding but 41. This is the first live-bird shoot held here since last fall, when an effort was made to secure legislation against the pastime. The match was for $50 and the championship of the county."

*

We publish a cut of the Florist Gun Club's club house, situated on the club's beautiful grounds at Wissinoming, Philadelphia. The club house is commodious and thoroughly equipped with every convenience for the members and their guests. The club is one of the most active in America, and the club grounds have been the scene of many contests eminent in the annals of trapshooting.

THE FLORIST GUN CLUB'S HOUSE.

*

Mr. John S. Wright, manager of the Brooklyn Gun Club, has been knitting his brow of late, a habit which he exercises when in profound thought. He was thinking about trapshooting matters. He announces that he will give a Christmas Day shoot at Interstate Park, Long Island, the particulars of which will be published later. He says it will be arranged on popular lines.

*

The contest for the championship of New Jersey, of which the E. C. cup is the emblem, terminated in favor of the holder, Mr. Neaf Apgar, of Plainfield, N. J. The challenger was Mr. George H. Piercy, of Jersey City, a gentleman of skill and renown. The scores were: Apgar 46, Piercy 39. The weather conditions were unfavorable for high scores:

*

Mr. W. W. Marshall scored the first win on the November cup at the shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club, at Bay Ridge, L. I., last Saturday. With handicap allowance added, he scored 47.

*

At the shoot of the Hell Gate Gun Club, at Outwater's grounds, Carlstadt, Oct. 28, Messrs. Peter Garms and P. Albert scored straight in the club event.

*

At the Hillsboro (Ill.) Gun Club's tournament, Oct. 30, Mr. F. C. Riehl won high average, and Mr. W. Montgomery second high average.

*

On the grounds of the Fairfax (S. D.) Gun Club, Oct. 29, Mr. J. F. Spatz, challenger, defeated Mr. Carl Porter, holder, in a contest for the Peters Cartridge Company trophy, emblematic of the target championship of Gregory county. The scores were 41 and 37.

*

On account of Tuesday, No. 4, being Election Day, FOREST AND STREAM went to press on Monday of this week. In consequence several communications were necessarily left over.

BERNARD WATERS.

A Theory Concerning Obstruction.

I NOTICE that you have lately reopened the vexed question as to the causes of bulging or bursting guns. Many sportsmen, as you pointed out, believe that the air, imprisoned between the moving shot and the obstruction near the muzzle, does the damage, while others are of opinion that the bulging effect is due to the wave action of the powder gases behind the moving shot. A single experiment will convince you and your readers that neither the imprisoned air nor the wave action is an essential agent in this respect.

Take a 12-bore shotgun barrel and close it at the muzzle by an ordinary shot charge between two wads; behind this obstruction let the walls of the gun be pierced by three circular holes of 7 millimeters (.276in.) diameter each, two of them close behind the wadding and diametrically opposite to each other, the third hole being midway between, and lying a little more toward the breech. These three holes serve to allow the compressed air to escape. About 12 centimeters (4.7in.) further toward the breech make seven similar holes in the walls of the barrel, the whole area of these seven holes being about equal to that of the muzzle of the gun, so that nearly the same amount of gas may pass through these seven holes as ordinarily passes through the muzzle.

Your readers will doubtless remember that in your number 2295 of Dec. 19, 1896, page 997, an experiment was described relating to a 12-bore shotgun. In the cartridge case the shot was replaced by an accurately fitting piece of very hard wood about 6in. long, each end of which was provided with a felt wad. If the above-mentioned perforated gun be loaded with a cartridge containing 5 or 6 grammes (77 to 93 grains) of black powder and the peculiar wooden projectile, it is obvious that in firing the gun the air between the projectile and the obstruction at the muzzle will be pressed out through the holes, and that the powder gases will begin to rush out through the rear set of holes as soon as the base of the projectile passes them. At the moment when the front part of the wooden projectile reaches the obstruction at the muzzle the air is driven out of the barrel, and a great part of the powder gases has also rushed out. Of course, the wooden projectile, after having passed the rear holes, does not receive any further acceleration, but the momentum it had attained is great enough to push it with such an amount of violence against the obstruction at the muzzle that the gun bursts at a point somewhat nearer to the muzzle than the backward wadding of the obstruction.

I think that a single shot may be sufficient clearly to demonstrate that neither the air nor the powder gases behind can produce this effect; but I may add that we here tried many experiments under varied conditions, always with the same effect—i. e., that in the case of the muzzle being obstructed by an ordinary shot charge between two wads, the muzzle end of the barrel was blown away in a length somewhat shorter than the ordinary length of the obstruction (sic). Instead of the piece of wood, we also tried other projectiles, such as cylindrical pieces of iron, etc., gradgradually diminishing their weight. We found at last that four ordinary wads tightly compressed over the powder in the cartridge case, without any other projectile, had force enough to burst the barrel in the expected manner, although the barrel was provided with the above-mentioned holes in the side walls. In all cases, the bursting of the barrel did not take place in the line of the circular holes close behind the obstruction, but a little more toward the muzzle, the holes themselves remaining uninjured. These experiments tend to prove that the bulging or bursting in the case of an obstruction at the muzzle consisting of a shot charge is due to the violent compression of this shot charge by the impact of the projectile pushing against it. The rear part of the obstructing shot charge is suddenly driven against the front part, which latter still remains in rest. Before the front part has gained time to be set in motion, the rear end of the obstruction, compressed between the front part and the projectile, is so tightly pressed against the walls of the gun that these give way, and must bulge or burst, as the case may be.

To afford further proof that the wave action of the powder gases has nothing to do with the bulging effect, we fastened in the muzzle a plug of soft iron of about 4 centimeters (1.6in.) long, and of a diameter rather less than the bore of the gun, by means of a steel nail going straight across through the walls of the barrel and through the iron plug. The walls of the barrel behind the iron plug were not perforated as in the former experiments. The cartridge was loaded, in addition to the usual powder charge, with only two tight-fitting wads, without any other projectile. On firing the gun no loud report was heard, and the powder gases slowly escaped through the small space between the iron plug and the walls of the barrel. On examining the barrel we found that the steel nail suceessfully withstood the strain, the holes in the barrel being but slightly enlarged. A very slight bulge was to be seen, not behind the iron plug, as must have been the case if the wave action of the powder gases had produced the bulging, but on the rear part of the iron plug itself. Here a portion of the felt wads had been strongly compressed by the powder gases between the iron plug and the walls, and under this compression of the felt the walls had given way.

In repeating the same trial, but altering the conditions by loading the cartridge with a similar soft iron plug of a length of 4 centimeters (1.6in.), the muzzle of the barrel was blown away; the bursting, however, did not take place behind the movable plug, but rather at a fore end of it, and the remaining parts of the barrel showed the greatest amount of bulging at the point where the movable plug had touched the rear end of the fastened plug. Here the two ends of the plugs, and especially the fore end of the movable plug, clearly showed the beginning of what is known to all sportsmen as mushrooming of lead bullets when shot into sand, etc. By this action the diameter of the two plugs at their ends was so enlarged that bulging of the barrel must have been the result. No bulging was to be seen behind the movable plug.

It cannot be surprising that in all cases when we projected a common shot charge against the fastened iron plug, the bursting occurred not behind the shot charge, but rather in the middle of it, where the greatest compression of the pellets took place. The bulging or bursting effect may occur if any slight obstruction in the barrel suddenly checks the traveling shot. In this very usual case the rear part of the traveling shot is driven forward by the powder gases, while the front part is suddenly slackened in its motion. The pellets of the shot, therefore, are tightly compressed together, the diameter of the shot charge becomes greatly expanded, and the walls of the gun give way before the increasing strain.—Major Thiel (Manager of the Deutsche Versuchs-Anstalt für Handfeuerwaffen), in Field (London).

WESTERN TRAPS.

Chicago Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 27.—The final shoot of the Chicago Gun Club was held on its grounds, Saturday, Oct. 25, and concluded one of the most successful of the many seasons of the club's existence. The past season the club adopted a handicapping system that has proved the most equitable of any heretofore used, giving all shooters an even chance for the prizes.

In matters of prizes the club's policy has been liberal, giving three monthly merchandise trophies and added money each week in a sweepstake. The monthly prizes of $2 each, three each month, were won as follows:

W D Stannard	5	$10 00	A Walters	2	$4 00
A W Morton	4	8 00	F P Stannard	2	4 00
J P Bowles	3	6 00	Dr Carson	1	2 00
Cap	2	4 00	Parker	1	2 00
Dr Morton	2	4 00	G V Weart	1	2 00

The $60 added money, or $2 each week, was given as added money for club sweep, and ties divided. Three each month were won. Lem Willard won special prize (a Harrington & Richardson hammerless revolver) for June, score being highest for month without handicap.

The five best averages out of a possible 250 were:

	Score.	P'r C't.		Score.	P'r C't.
W D Stannard	246	98.4	F P Stannard	222	88.8
L Willard	232	92.8	J P Knowles	220	88
Cap	226	90.4			

The winners of the annual prizes were as follows: W. D. Stannard won first prize, a $95 grade hammerless ejector shotgun, donated by the Lefever Arms Co., of Syracuse, N. Y. This prize was won on seven out of thirty weekly contests. The second prize, an iron duck boat, which was donated to the club by Mr. W. H. Mullins, of Salem, O., was won by Mr. A. W. Morton, on five wins. Third prize, highest average, without handicap, on ten high scores, was won by L. C. Willard, who received $20. Fourth prize of $20, was won by Dr. W. E. Burcky. Fifth prize of $20 was won by J. P. Bowles. Sixth prize of $20 was won by Dr. E. C. Morton. Seventh prize, a high grade shooting coat, donated to the club by Mr. H. J. Updegrove, of Valpraiso, Ind., was won by Cap.

In the final shoot Walters, F. P. Stannard, Cap, Dr. Mortno and Weart made straight scores, which, after a spirited shoot-off, was won by Weart.

G. V. WEART, Sec'y.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 1.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the fifth trophy shoot of the fourth series. Hellman won Class A trophy on 21. Fred Wolff won Class B on 19. C. J. Wolff won Class C on 16..

The trophy shoot was followed by the cup shoot, which was tied for by Hellman and Pollard on scores of 21. After tieing again in the next event, and both being out of shells, they tossed a coin for it, and Hellman won on the toss.

The day was a bad one for target shooting, as a strong head wind made the flights extremely erratic, and a shooter had to keep nerved right up to get them.

Twenty-sixth trophy shoot, 25 targets:

F Wolff	1101111110011111110101110—19
Dr Meek	1111110110110111111100110—19
Pollard	0111101111111101011100011—19
Wilson	0111100011100101000101110—13
Thomas	1101110111100111000101111—17
L Wolff	1010010100110011101000011—12
T Jones	1111001110110001111001011—16
Hellman	1110111111111101111111100—21
C Wolff	1111011100000011101111011—16

Twelfth cup shoot, 25 targets, divided 15 singles and 5 pairs:

F Wolff	101011110001101	00 00 10 01 00—11
Dr Meek	111101010111111	11 10 11 11 10—20
Pollard	111111111111011	11 11 11 00 10—21
Wilson	111111110110111	01 11 10 11 01—20
Thomas	110111001111101	10 11 01 10 10—17
Jones	111101111111101	11 10 11 11 00—20
Hellman	111111111111111	11 11 00 10 10—21
C J Wolff	011011111000111	10 10 01 00 11—15

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10
F Wolff	6	7	5	6	7	..	T Jones	..	..	..	..	10	9
Dr Meek	8	7	7	9	8	..	Hellman	..	..	..	..	7	9
Pollard	9	7	9	8	9	..	C J Wolff	..	..	..	..	4	8
Thomas	..	7	8	8	7	7							

Trap at Watson's Park.

Chicago, Ill.—The following scores were made here to-day, with a high wind blowing across the traps:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	50	25	25	10	10	Targets:	50	25	25	10	10
Barto	40	18	19	..	..	Weber	..	15	..	8	6
Young	34	14	20	..	..	Kendal	..	10	..	5	6
Roll	45	19	22	9	9	Shorgren	..	20	18	7	..
Houpt	22	8	13	..	..	Amberg	..	..	..	6	5
Stenberg	41	18	..	6	6	Middleton	..	..	..	6	4

JOHN WATSON.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Hell Gate Gun Club.

Carlstadt, N. J., Oct. 28.—There were twenty-three members and two guests at the Hell Gate Gun Club's shoot to-day. The birds were fair. The weather was pleasant and favorable for good shooting. Two scored the limit of 10 in the club event, namely, Messrs. P. Garms and P. Albert. A number missed but one bird. The scores, etc., follow:

Dr Roof, 30	2222*22222— 9	P Albert, 28	2112211212—10
V'n Valkenb'g, 28	2212020212— 8	C Lang, 28	0222111100— 7
J Klenk, 28	1220001221— 7	P Brennen, 26	0021011222— 7
J Schlicht, 28	020112*110— 6	E Doeinck, 30	1121022221— 9
P Trostel, 28	0202221211— 8	F Gardella, 26	2222211102— 9
F A Belden, 28	2001002002— 4	J Selg, 26	2010200221— 6
*Col J H Voss, 30	1120212221— 9	C Knodel, 26	0102120202— 6
A Dietzel, 30	2222222010— 8	F Ficken, 26	1102000200— 4
E A Meekel, 28	2111221220— 9	A Webber, 28	1111101111— 9
L T Muench, 28	2*11222222— 9	*J Keane, 26	0*001*1101— 4
C Steffens, 28	1211111120— 9	*P Thompson, 28	020001121*— 5
P Garms, 28	1112111222—10	F Baudendistle, 26	2001021111— 7
J Deady, 28	0222001222— 7		

* Guests.

Championship of Gregory Co., S. D.

BONESTEEL, S. D., Oct. 29.—To-day at 2 o'clock P. M., Mr. J. F. Spatz, of the Bonesteel Gun Club defeated Mr. Carl Porter, of the Fairfax Gun Club, on the latter grounds. Mr. Carl Porter, holder of the Peters Cartridge Company trophy, emblematic of the inanimate target championship of Gregory county, won by the score of 41 to 37.

The trophy was donated by the Peters Cartridge Company to the Bonesteel Gun Club, and was put up in open competition on their grounds in August, at which time it was won by Mr. Porter, and he successfully defended it against Thompson, of the Fairfax Gun Club, and again against to-day's winner, on both occasions putting up scores of 46. To-day, however, he seemed very much out of form, and Spatz proved an easy winner.

A hard wind, blowing from left to right across the grounds, made high scores impossible, and the shooting, under the circumstances, may be classed as good.

Within the next ten days a return match will be shot on the grounds of the Bonesteel Gun Club for the trophy, and a good substantial side bet between the principals in to-day's contest.

Great interest is being manifested in these contests, and there is always a good attendance.

Several sweeps were run off as usual in connection with the main event. Following are the scores of the trophy contest in detail:

Spatz	1111011111111101111111111—23
	0111111001110101111101101—18—41
Porter	0001111110110111101010111—16
	1111111100110110111111111—21—37

W. A. LEACH, Sec'y Bonesteel Gun Club.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Nov. 1.—There was an unusually light attendance at the weekly shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club to-day. The first contest for the November cup had five contestants, of whom Mr. W. W. Marshall scored 47, and was high with the aid of his handicap allowance. The scores:

November Cup, 50 targets, handicap allowances added:

	Al'ce.	Brk.	Tot'l.	Al'ce.	Brk.	Tot'l.	Total.
W W Marshall	6	18	24	6	17	23	47
Dr I I I Pool	3	17	20	3	20	23	43
Geo W Hagedorn	2	17	19	2	11	13	32
H B Vanderveer	4	19	23	4	15	19	42
C Marshall, Jr.	10	9	19	10	11	21	40

Sweepstakes, 25 targets: Hagedorn 14, Pool 14, W. Marshall 12.

Sweepstakes, 25 targets: Pool 20, Hagedorn 14, W. Marshall 14, C. Marshall, Jr., 13.

Sweepstakes, 25 targets: Pool 19, W. Marshall 15, C. A. Sykes 14, C. Marshall, Jr., 13.

Match, 25 targets: Pool 17, W. Marshall 14, Sykes 11.

Shoot-off, 25 targets: W. W. Marshall (6) 24, C. Marshall, Jr. (10) 21.

Trophy, 50 targets, handicap allowances added:

	Al'ce.	Brk.	Tot'l.	Al'ce.	Brk.	Tot'l.	Total.
W W Marshall	6	18	24	6	17	23	47
C Marshall, Jr.	10	14	24	10	13	23	47
Dr Pool	3	20	23	3	16	19	42
H B Vanderveer	4	12	16	4	14	18	34
G W Mead	7	10	17	7	8	15	32

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Nov. 1.—The weather was cool and pleasant, favorable for comfort and good shooting. John S. Wright was on deck catering to the entertainment of his patrons. His motorman had periods of ecstatic activity and philosophical calmness, with the result that sometimes the targets flew high, wide and fast, or slow and near. The fast targets resulted in many goose eggs The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	25	10	20	25	25	20	30
Borland	8	19	5	14	21	21	16	16
Wright	3	11	4	11	19	17	15	16
Skelly	7	18	9	12	21	22	14	20
Goetter	7	18	6	..	22	22	..	..
Newton	6	..	..	..	15	16	..	..
Waters	5	..	7	11	15	23	15	18

No. 3 was at 5 pairs. No. 8 was at 20 singles and 5 pairs.

Oakland Gun Club Shoot.

OAKLAND, Ill.—Possibly your readers do not know much about the town of Oakland, and its good shooters. It is situated in the greatest corn country on earth, in the southeastern part of the State of Illinois. It would appear that the gun club has been keeping their "light hid under a bushel," as it has been shooting and beating the surrounding towns as a team. That the home people have strong faith in it, there can be no doubt, since on Oct. 30 and 31 there was held at this city a tournament to which the citizens donated $80 as added money.

It will be noted that the attendance was small, and there must be some reason for it. One was very possibly the short time taken for advertising and distribution of programmes, as there was no notice given through the sporting press, though the management engaged a lady shooter to be present as an attraction, and also advertised two professionals who failed to appear.

The manager of this club desires it known that there is a team of five or six men here who feel confident of defeating any like team of members of one club residing in Illinois.

The center of attraction for the last day, outside of Miss King's good scores, was that of Master Carlysle Pemberton, son of Senator Pemberton, being only fourteen years of age, shooting in the regular events, putting up his money and winning or losing like a man.

Those present hailed from nearby towns as follows: C. R. Smart, Charleston, Ill.; Miss Netta Smith, St. Louis, Mo.; S. Jones, Oakland, Ill.; S. B. Wright, Paris, Ill.; R. B. Williams, Charleston, Ill.; Elmer Van Gundy, Mason City, Ill.; Tom Williams, Decatur, Ill.; J. W. Cryden, Paris, Ill.; G. G. Rupert, Decatur, Ill..

Most all present on the first day stayed over for second day, expecting a large crowd. The weather was very good, though a bit windy, which caused some of the good ones to "go 'way back and sit down," because the shells for sale on the ground were of the kind used generally for snipe shooting. The scores:

First Day, Oct 30

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Total
Targets:	10	12	15	15	10	12	15	10	15	20	10	Broke.
G Moore	9	10	12	..	8	8	13	8	14	14	9	105
T Williams	8	9	14	11	9	7	14	10	12	11	6	111
C E Cory	7	11	12	14	8	11	12	9	13	17	9	123
O Beidle	10	10	14	11	9	12	15	10	14	16	9	130
Van Gundy	8	10	15	15	9	10	12	9	15	19	10	132
F Beedle	8	9	12	12	7	12	15	9	13	18	8	123
C Beedle	9	11	13	12	8	11	13	8	14	19	7	125
Geo Ward	7	8	13	13	7	8	10	7	..	..	..	73
Rupert	10	11	14	15	10	10	14	9	15	15	9	132
C Smart	9	10	13	13	10	11	15	9	12	16	8	126
J E Smith	9	9	5	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	29
Miss King	..	12	12	12	7	9	11	5	10	19	8	105
S B Wright	4	..	..	..	6	10	12	..	..	..	..	32
Krider	4	..	..	..	8	9	9	..	..	..	..	30
S A Jones	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	9

Second Day, Oct 31.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	Total
Targets:	10	12	15	15	10	12	15	10	15	20	10	10	10	10	10	10	Broke.
F Beedle	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	6	..	13	..	6	8	..	..	8	53
Ruppert	7	9	13	9	10	9	15	..	..	..	..	10	10	9	9	8	113
Jones	4	9	9	11	6	5	5	7	11	12	..	4	7	9	6	6	111
C Beedle	6	10	..	..	..	8	..	..	12	16	..	8	6	..	..	..	66
Van Gundy	6	11	13	10	9	8	11	..	..	..	..	9	9	9	8	9	112
C Cory	9	12	12	12	8	9	14	8	11	14	..	7	9	9	8	9	151
O Beedle	7	8	11	12	10	8	8	6	14	13	..	10	7	8	6	7	135
King	6	9	8	11	6	6	13	3	13	16	..	8	7	8	9	9	142
Moore	6	9	9	10	7	7	13	8	11	15	..	6	8	7	6	7	129
Smart	6	10	11	14	9	9	12	7	..	14	..	8	8	7	9	8	133
Cryden	2	8	..	..	7	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	21
Wright	8	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13
Williams	5	6	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	22
T Williams	7	6	..	..	6	5	..	6	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	39
Pemberton	..	..	..	..	..	11	10	8	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	42
Alexander	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14

O. KAW.

Hillsborough Tournament.

OCT. 30.—The gun club at Hillsboro, Ill., gave a pleasant amateur shoot in that thrifty town to-day. Nineteen guns participated, the event being conducted under expert trap rules. Targets were thrown against a dark background, which made the shooting difficult. F. C Riehl won first and Billy Montgomery second general averages. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Snell	6	3	6	7	11	4	6	10	4	6	14	7	8	7	12	15
Victor	9	9	13	9	18	8	9	12	9	8	..	8	9	7	17	7
Schiess	7	7	11	6	15	6	9	10	8	10	19	7	..	..	..	..
Geddis	8	7	12	9	18	9	5	..	..	9	17	5	..	..	..	..
Emery	9	9	9	8	17	8	9	14	9	9	17	8	12	9	16	8
Riehl	9	9	15	8	19	9	10	12	9	10	17	7	12	8	19	8
Montgomery	8	8	15	10	18	10	8	14	6	9	16	9	13	10	16	9
Keller	8	8	14	10	20	9	9	13	10	8	16	9	13	9	..	9
Allen	8	8	..	9	..	7	6	..	8	..	..	9	12	9	..	..
I K Y	7	7	..	7	..	8	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..
Carver	7	7	13	6	..	7	5	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..
Boa	9	7	15	8	17	..	8	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dean	7	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Truitt	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	10	4	..	8	..	..	..	..	..
Lang	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	5	4	9	4	..	..	..	7
Langwell	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	5	..	6	.	..	..	..	..
White	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	7	..	..
Clatfelter	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	7	..
Revis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	3	10	4	6	5

HAWKEYE.

Dalton Tournament.

DALTON, O.—The two days' shoot of the Dalton Gun Club, held on Oct. 30 and 31, had ten regular events each day, beside which several extras were shot. Entrance was based on ten cents per target. The purses were divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Manufacturers' agents were barred from purses. There were two high and two low averages, for which one-half a cent was set aside from two-cent targets. The scores:

First Day, Oct. 30.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	15	15	10	15	15	15	10	20
E H Stout	9	15	15	14	6	14	15	12	7	20
E C Fort	10	10	10	12	8	11	12	13	9	16
A F Groff	6	7	8	..	7	10	..	7	..	7
O Santmyer, Jr	5	8	7	10	6	10	4	5	7	11
F E Gibson	7	6	..	8	5	..	..	..	..	..
E F Scott	4	8	7	10	8	14	10	5	5	16
H D Santmyer	4	6	6	7	4	10	10	7	6	14
J Chaffin	3	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..
E F Haak	9	12	14	12	10	11	13	12	6	17
H O Smith	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	5	..
J E Miller	6	4	..	..	..	5	..	..	4	..
C McDowell	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	5
W H Becker	7	9	12	13	7	12	9	10	8	16
A L Luce	10	10	13	13	6	11	11	11	6	14
R O Heikes	10	14	15	14	8	13	14	12	10	19
H E Money	8	10	11	13	7	11	..	..	10	19
Z Mont Barron	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	11
W Dugan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	13

Second Day, Oct. 31.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	15	15	10	15	15	15	10	20
H E Money	6	13	10	15	9	14	13	14	9	16
R O Heikes	8	13	12	15	10	15	15	14	10	19
C F Dreihs	6	13	11	12	9	12	10	12	8	17
R S Trimble	8	12	15	13	8	13	12	15	9	16
W H Beecher	7	12	11	10	7	11	13	12	9	14
E M Stout	10	12	10	13	9	13	13	14	8	18
H D Santmyer	8	9	12	11	8	11	9	13	5	14
E F Scott	3	9	13	10	5	8	10	9	6	12
O Santmyer, Jr	6	12	10	8	6	11	11	9	8	10
E F Haak	9	13	10	14	9	10	13	14	9	17
E C Fort	10	13	12	15	10	14	13	14	9	19
W W Rodgers	5	9	11	13	8	9	12	10	6	12
W M Archibald	..	..	..	11	..	6	..	8	3	..
H Wertz	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	4	..
C McDowell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	4	5
J E Miller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	8	..

Winchester Gun Club.

DETROIT, Mich.—At the regular shoot, Nov. 1, the winners were Brodie, Class A, 20; Guthard, Class B, 20, and Ford, Class C, 19. Following are the scores, the last string being the club event:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	15	10	15	25	Targets:	10	15	10	15	25
Shiell	..	..	7	..	17	Ford	..	..	6	..	19
Brodie	8	13	..	13	20	Babcock	..	..	6	12	13
Guthard	7	13	9	13	20	Bennett	..	..	6	7	7
Hitchcock	8	10	..	..	17						

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y.—The following scores were made by the Ossining Gun Club at their regular Saturday afternoon shoot, Nov. 1. Clarke and Ball carried off the honors, while Hans was not up to his regular good standard. No. 4 was at 5 pairs:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	Targets:	10	10	10	10	10
Hans	6	5	8	7	6	J Stevenson	4	3	..	..	..
E Ball	8	9	9	..	..	G Edgers	6	..	..	..	..
W Clarke	9	7	9	7	9						

C. G. B.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The E. C. & Schultze Gunpowder Company, 318 Broadway, New York, claim the following successes: Fred Coleman, of Hegins, Pa., Oct. 27, at Holmesburg Junction, Pa., defeated Harry Coldron, of Reading, 100 live pigeons per man, from the 30yd. mark, by a score of 99, the lost bird being dead out. Coldron scored 96. He used 3½drs. of New Schultze. At Spirit Lake, Ia., Oct. 21 and 22, W. R. Crosby won first high average at targets, shooting from the 22yd. mark. Second average and high average in the amateur class was won by Guy Burnside, of Knoxville, Ill. Mr. Crosby also won the special trophy in the 50-target race, scoring 46 out of 50, from 22yds. Messrs. Crosby and Burnside use E. C. powder.

Deer Shooting.

THE prospects for deer shooting in Northern Wisconsin and the upper peninsula of Michigan the coming season are exceptionally good, and fine sport is assured. Reduced rates will be made for excursion tickets from Chicago and Milwaukee to points on and via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. A synopsis of the game laws now in effect may be obtained on application to F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

Messrs. M. A. Smith & Son, of Philadelphia, Pa., must be nearly or quite the pioneer makers of sportsmen's footgear in this country. They tell us that the hunting boots and shoes which they make for women and for men are the product of fifty years' shoemaking skill, and of practical suggestions of hundreds of sportsmen. There is no part of the sportsman's equipment more important to his comfort than what he wears on his feet, and a shoe that is comfortable and serviceable is a tremendous contribution to the pleasure of an outing.

Shipley's "Gem Drag" is a new device, which, it would seem, must meet a want of all anglers who use the multiplying reel. We are told that it can be applied to any reel, and that it does not at all interfere with the action. To apply it, it is necessary merely to hold the handle of the reel, and if the fish overcomes the drag, the spool turns, but the handle does not move. The drag is made in two sizes, and will be for sale at all tackle dealers.

In these days people everywhere wish to be comfortable, and all people do more or less reading. For this reason, the reclining and easy chairs and the book cases and reading desks devised by the George F. Sargent Co., New York, have attained a wide popularity, and are found in homes all over the land. That book cases made by this concern have been adopted for the new Library of Congress is, of course, a very high indorsement of their merit.

In a brief advertisement like that of the Rippley Hardware Co., it is impossible for them to describe all the products of their factory. Beside their skiffs, hunting and pleasure boats, they manufacture various articles useful for country dwellers. What these are can be learned only by sending for their circular to Grafton, Ill.

Among the very many brands of Scotch whisky now on the market, the "Glen Garry" and "Navy Liqueur," sold by C. H. Arnold & Co., of 27 South William street, New York, take a high place. These are imported from Glasgow, and a booklet descriptive of these whiskies, and of Arnold & Co.'s wines, will be sent on request.

Mr. Neaf Apgar, of Plainfield, N. J., holder of the E. C. cup emblematic of the target championship of New Jersey, defended it on Oct. 28 at North Branch, N. J. His competitor was George H. Piercy, of Jersey City, N. J. Apgar was again victorious, winning on a score of 46 out of a possible 50, to his opponent's 39. Apgar used Peters Ideal factory loaded shells in this match.

At the trapshooting tournament connected with the forty-second State Fair of North Carolina, at Raleigh, last week, E. H. Storr, of Baltimore, Md., won high average. He used Peters factory loaded Ideal shells.

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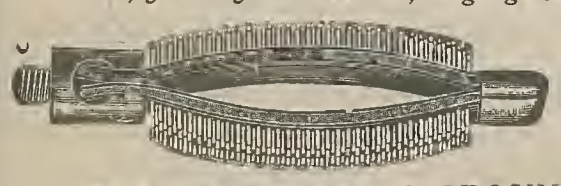

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At Spirit Lake, Ia., Aug. 6th, 1902.

Events..... 15 15 20 15 15 20 15 15 20 15 15 20--200
Score..... 15 15 20 15 15 20 15 15 20 15 15 20—200

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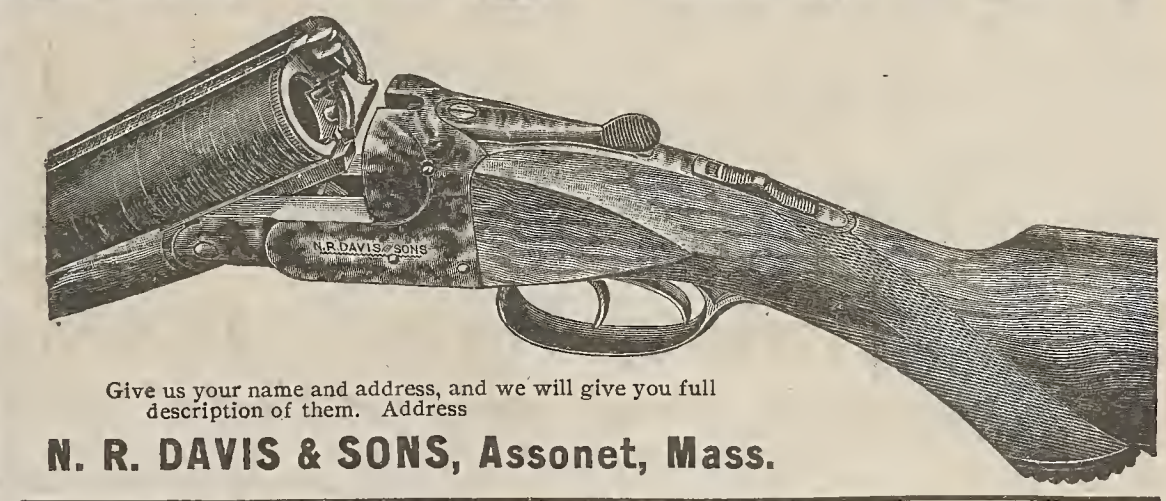

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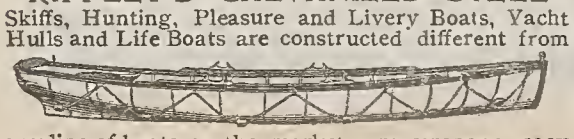
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ANNOUNCEMENT.

Under the attractive title Samoa 'Uma, or "All Samoa," Mrs. Llewella Pierce Churchill has written a book for which she gathered the material during a residence at Apia, where her husband, William Churchill, was the American Consul-General. The conditions of life at the Consulate were most favorable for a study of the people, and with the instinct of a journalist Mrs. Churchill improved the opportunity to the full. As a woman she won confidences which would have been denied to a man, and acquired a vast fund of interesting lore which would have been withheld from one less sympathetic and less fully trusted. Thus she learned and has here described the real Samoa, that is the Samoans as they are.

The successive chapters give an admirably complete picture of a people in whom, as we read of them in these vivacious pages, Mrs. Churchill compels us to feel an unflagging interest. The book is well balanced; there is just enough of the history of Samoa to give an understanding of the events which have brought a portion of the islands under the flag of the United States; and just enough of description to make an appropriate and effective stage setting. But the chief characteristic of this brightly written book is action of incident and story. It is writing of the sort that has movement, and leads one on from page to page.

"Samoa 'Uma" is not exclusively about the Samoans; there is a chapter on Papalangi life, from which it appears that living in Samoa is so different; and some of the best things in the book are the personal experiences and adventures of this particular Papalangi woman, whose love of outdoor life led her on frequent excursions amid the coral reefs and into the dark jungles.

All in all, it is a book that will be read through, and read more than once. Here is the list of chapters:

CONTENTS:

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III.—The Samoan Housewife.
IV.—Courtesy and Ceremonies.
V.—Kava—The Ceremonial Drink.
VI.—Music and the Siva Dance.
VII.—Handicraft and Art.
VIII.—Fishers and Sailors.
IX.—Shooting the Apolima Passage.
X.—The Weed that Catches Fish.
XI.—Torches on the Reef.
XII.—The Palolo Anniversary.
XIII.—The Chase of Rats.
XIV.—Things that Creep and Crawl.
XV.—The Wreck of the Schooner Lupe.
XVI.—Samoan Fickle Brides.
XVII.—The Vampires of the Tuasivi.
XVIII.—Beachcomber and Missionary.
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XX.—Papalangi Life.
XXI.—The Story of Laulu's Hunt.
XXII.—The Great Vaiala Steeplechase.
XXIII.—Some South Sea Hoodoos.

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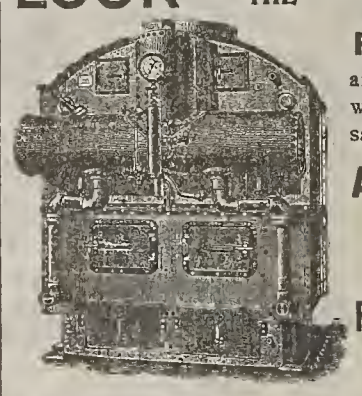
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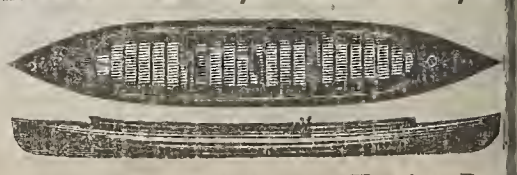
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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1902.

VOL. LIX.—No. 20. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

SQUIRREL-SKIN CLOAKS.

ONE of the yellowest of the yellow journals has worked itself up to a high state of excitement over the discovery of a certain squirrel skin cloak intended for the adornment of the person of a society woman in New York. The instigating garment is composed of bits of skin from the heads of 5,000 squirrels killed in Norway; and the newspaper writer thinks it intolerable that so many innocent creatures should have been slain for the gratification of feminine vanity. When the possessor of the robe puts it on, he piously suggests, it should give her the horrors and burn her flesh. If other women are intent upon indulging in like garments, he entreats of them first to repair to Central Park and watch the squirrels there, and by contemplation of their playful and confiding ways to learn the great lesson that squirrels were created to live their lives unmolested and unsought for the gratification of woman's whims.

If the women who can afford to wear such costly garments have common sense in proportion to their purses, they are unlikely to experience pangs of remorse over their extensive collections of squirrels' skins. They will reflect that the only considerations involved are those of economy with respect to the source of supply. The one important question is whether the animals will hold out to furnish the garments; and if it shall prove that the stock is limited, so that there may be few cloaks, so human is woman that she will take increased satisfaction in the possession of a garment which cannot be common.

To speak of squirrels in the wilds of Norway or anywhere else as innocent creatures which have a right to live is to talk at random. The Central Park squirrels are accorded a right to live only so far as their existence is agreeable to the people of the city. Left to themselves, they would so multiply as speedily to become a nuisance. At intervals the park employees turn out with shotguns and kill off the surplus. The squirrel trappers in Norway and elsewhere are doing the same thing. Inherently there is no more of reason in the contention that a Norway squirrel is innocent and has a right to live than that the Norway pine in which the squirrel frisks is innocent and entitled to enjoy existence. Each is a living organism, a part of nature. Mankind holds toward the pine and the squirrel precisely the same attitude, regarding them as of utility to the human race and to be used for its benefit. This is the rule which has been followed for ages with animals and with trees, and will be followed for ages to come. Man is a carnivorous creature; he eats flesh; to supply himself with food to keep himself alive he slays and eats those wild creatures which are good for food. He propagates by millions and tens of millions other creatures which he has reduced to domesticity. Chickens, ducks, geese, pheasants, pigeons, cattle, sheep, hogs and dogs he breeds to kill and eat, generation after generation of them, through cycles of time. Other forms of wild animal life man utilizes to keep him warm; capturing them and taking their clothing for his own clothing. There have been and are sentimentalists and cranks who eschew flesh, but there are none who are permitted in civilized society to go without clothes; and there is not in principle the slightest distinction whether the material for the clothing of the human race is derived from slain domestic creatures, or from slain wild animals. To prate of the cruelty of killing squirrels for cloaks, or 'coons for caps, or seals for coats, is not only mawkish sentimentality, but it is quarreling with the whole scheme of creation so far as that scheme includes man and other animals and their relations to each other. As Dr. Watts sings:

> How proud we are, and fond to show
> Our clothes and call them rich and new;
> When the poor sheep and silkworm wore
> That very clothing long before.

To declare that animals have a right to live is a pleasing abstraction, but the proposition is one which is not accepted in practice. The right of an animal to live is never recognized when the abrogation of that right may be of any advantage to mankind. The human race farms the animal products of the earth precisely as it does the vegetable products, using whatever is of good for subsistence, for clothing or for ornament.

No healthy-minded wearer of a squirrel skin cloak feels remorse over the death of the squirrel which contributed to the making of her robe, no more than she does for the bird—wild or domestic—that gave the plumes for her bonnet, the tortoise that contributed the comb in her hair, the mollusks that yielded the pearls for her brooch, the silkworm larvæ that perished to give the silk for her dress, the kids that supplied her gloves and boots.

AWAY FROM THE BUSTLE.

THE village looked just as it had looked twenty years ago, with the elms gracefully arching the main street, and the comfortable houses set amid their gardens and orchards. There was the same pleasing picture of the apple and pear trees bending down with their loads of fruit, the barns with bulging mows, and the herds of cattle on the hill slopes. It was good for the eyes, the seeing again this quiet, peaceful, contented place, away from the unrest and drive of the surroundings the man was used to; and it was all the more grateful to him because everything was just as it had been twenty years before.

"The place has not changed a bit," he said, reflectively and musingly, aloud.

"No; and do you know why?" said the driver. "It's the Quakes"—meaning the Quakers. "They just sit and rock on their rag carpets, and think they are comfortable, They don't know no better."

The man was not in a mood for argument, and so contented himself with unspoken dissent. But the double negative, he said to himself, just expressed it—"they don't know no better." And pray why should they know better? Why should they wish to know anything better, or anything different, for themselves or for the old village? They have houses and gardens and orchards, and pastures and meadows and grain fields. They have enough, and what is better, sense to know that they have enough.

A MOMENTOUS FISHING TRIP.

IN the spring of 1899 two anglers went on a fishing excursion in the Sapphire country of North Carolina. The fishermen were Dr. C. P. Ambler, of Asheville, N. C., and Judge William R. Day, of Cleveland, O. So impressed was Judge Day with the beauty of the scenery, the grandeur of the forests, the mountain ranges and the lakes of exquisite loveliness, that he readily fell in with Dr. Ambler's suggestion that the Government should step in to secure control of the region and preserve it for all time in a condition of nature.

From that fishing excursion dates the movement to establish the Appalachian Park. Others were interested in the scheme. An association was organized to press it before the public and upon Congress. Dr. Ambler, as the secretary of the association, did heroic service in informing the public, answering objections, enlisting sympathy and support, and making the demand for the forest preserve national in scope and powerful in intensity.

The outlook is bright for a favorable action of Congress in the forthcoming session. The Appalachian Park promises to be an assured fact. When the full history of the movement which led to its establishment shall be written, the first chapter must be begun with that chance Sapphire angling trip which proved to be so momentous.

THE PLANK IN MASSACHUSETTS.

THIS year is the last one of the term of three years during which the sale of woodcock and ruffed grouse (partridge) is forbidden by the Massachusetts law. The period has been ample to demonstrate completely the excellent working of the system. Those skeptics who professed to question its utility in the beginning, were, if honest, long since convinced that the absolute stopping of the sale means a decreased killing, a replenished supply. We have not the slightest doubt that a poll of the sportsmen of the Commonwealth would show public sentiment unanimously in support of the system.

As for the game dealers, by whose co-operation or acquiescence the statute was adopted, it may fairly be assumed that in the three years which have elapsed they have found that their business could be adapted to the new conditions, and that they were not dependent upon making merchandise of these two native game birds. It is to be assumed that having adjusted their trade to the changed conditions they will be quite as ready now as they were three years ago to join in the protection of woodcock and partridge, and will make no opposition to a renewal of the anti-sale system for another term of years, or to the adoption of the plank in perpetuity.

For the sake of the country at large, so far as it may be affected by the example of Massachusetts, a readoption of the anti-sale law is extremely desirable. The Massachusetts Association and the allied organizations which are working in sympathy with it, and Commissioner Collins and his associates, are all alive to the demands of the situation, and may be depended upon to work for the extension of the present law.

There was recently found in West Virginia, near Steubenville, O., the skull of a musk-ox which came from the glacial terrace found in that neighborhood. Since its discovery, the nearly complete shoulder blade of a mammoth has been found close to where the skull was discovered. Of this skull only the back part with the horn core remains. The specimen has been broken and polished, as if the bone had been carried some distance before it was finally imbedded in the terrace from which it was recently unearthed. Dr. J. B. Hatcher, of the Carnegie Museum, who has examined it, says that it belongs to *Ovibos cavifrons* Leidy. He adds that "the chief interest attached to the present specimen comes from the additional evidence it affords as to the faunal changes brought about over this region during the glacial period."

Specimens belonging to this animal have been found at Fort Gibson, in Indian Teritory; St. Louis, New Madrid and Benton county, in Missouri; Humboldt county, Ohio; Big Bone Lick, Kentucky, and from localities in Pennsylvania, Iowa and West Virginia. These remains have always been found in glacial deposits, or in deposits that have some relation with some stage of the glacial period. It appears, therefore, that since the musk-ox presumably always preferred a climate such as they now inhabit, they moved southward before the advancing ice until they reached Indian Territory, Missouri and Kentucky, always keeping just ahead of the ice. It may be presumed that when the ice sheet retreated again they closely followed it northward.

The case of the People of the State of New York vs. the Arctic Freezing Company, of this city, which is the celebrated cold storage of game case, is making its way through the courts. As has been recorded in these columns, the case was carried to the Court of Appeals. There it is No. 340 on the calendar made up for the term, which began on Monday of this week. Despite the long time which has been consumed, the progress made with the cold storage case has not been slow, when measured by that of other cases in New York's congested courts, and it does not appear that the Forest, Fish and Game Commission or the counsel representing the prosecution are in any degree censurable for their conduct of the affair.

An Adirondack hunter mistook a companion's brown hat for a deer and killed his man. Another shot at a plaid shirt which he thought was a deer, and killed his victim. And so the record grows. If human beings do not escape being taken for deer, how may immunity be expected for a chance elk or moose sighted by one of these premature shooters? The Forest, Fish and Game Commission have placarded the woods with poster warnings against the killing of the introduced game; and they might well add a warning against shooting before the shooter knows that it is a deer and not a man nor a moose.

That is a very suggestive note which Mr. Durlin sends from Wisconsin of the shooting grounds of Lake Mendota, which have been planted with wild celery, with the result that the canvasbacks now resort thither in a good supply. This is one expedient of practical game stocking which is open to shooters in very many localities; and the success of the Madison sportsmen should point the way to others.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A Story of the Old Frontier.

BY ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

NEAR the southern border of Vermont a little brook leaps and races down the hills to an intervale, through which it creeps in devious windings to a tributary of the Connecticut. One unacquainted with the industries of the pioneer settlers might be puzzled to account for the origin of its name, Potash Brook, which it has borne since the first settler here gathered the ashes of the fallow burnings and turned them to account in the manufacture of a marketable commodity.

One hundred and fifty years have passed since Simeon Draper made a clearing and built a rude potashery on the bank of the brook, half a mile up the larger stream from his home. It consisted of a rough stone chimney and fireplace, in which a great potash kettle was set, sheltered by a bark-roofed shed that was inclosed with logs on three sides. Near this and close by the brook, for the sake of the necessary water, three leach tubs, sawn from a large hollow elm, stood on a slanting platform of hewn plank or puncheons, from which the lye dripped into a great log trough, and near by was the important ash bin, carefuly roofed.

Simeon Draper and his son, Stephen, a lad of thirteen, tended the works by day, as far as possible, when there was less of the always imminent danger of murder or capture by prowling bands of Canadian Indians. One or the other dreadful fate was predicted by the less venturesome settlers who lived further down the valley nearer the shelter of the fortified blockhouse, but Simeon, brave to the verge of foolhardiness, and impelled by the hope of a bountiful reward, declared that he would not abandon the enterprise until obliged to do so by something more than fear of danger.

One forenoon early in May, after a busy night, Simeon stood regarding the boiling kettle with critical satisfaction for a moment before speaking to his son.

"Now, Stevy, I'll go to the house an' fetch some dinner an' supper, an' fill the vinegar bottle that's e'enamost empty. We'll need it bad if we get a speck o' potash or a drop o' lye spattered in our eyes. You keep the kettle a-wollopin', for we want to 'salts down' afore dark, so's not to have to stay here over night, only don't let it bile over. You needn't put no more water on the leaches, for the lye is gittin' so weak it won't sca'cely bear an egg, now; you won't have nothin' to do but keep the fire goin' an' the kittle from b'ilin' over, an', of course, keep an eye out for Injuns. I don't b'lieve there's one in fifty mile, but if you see any sign, clinper for home. I'll leave the gun wi' you an' 'll be back to rights," and taking the empty vinegar bottle, he set forth at a brisk pace along the footpath.

Stephen fed another stick of wood to the roaring fire and then went to the back of the shanty, where the long-barreled smoothbore leaned in a corner, from which he lifted it and fondled it with more than mere boyish admiration of a firearm, for now it was his sole companion and faithful protector. He rested it across the projecting end of a log of the side wall, and took a long aim at an imaginary Indian in the form of a stump on the rocky hillside beyond the leach tubs, then drew a finer bead on a moose flower that shone in bright relief against a black shadow, and wished that he might prove his marksmanship by actual test. But such a waste of precious ammunition was not to be thought of even if the report would not be certain to bring his father hurrying back in needless alarm. As a bear would not shamble forth nor a wolf sneak into the open from the woodside where a company of jays were berating some object of their dislike, he contented himself with opening the pan and examining the priming and adding a few grains of powder from the engraved powder horn given his father in Connecticut.

A premonitory slop of lye on the hot embers hastily summoned him to his duty. He partially quelled the riotous liquid by vigorous dipping and pouring with the long-handled dipper. He paused in his work to listen to an unfamiliar bird song that caught his ear above the crackling roar of the fire and the muffled wolloping of the kettle and the churning of the little waterfall in its hollow basin. It was a merrier sound even than the babble of the brook or the musical tinkle of the lye in the great trough, for it was the song of the first bobolink that had discovered the new clearing, rejoicing over its desolation of blackened stumps and withered fireweed, wherein, perhaps, it saw the greenness and bloom of future summer meadows. Three years had passed since the young pioneer heard a bobolink singing its blythe chorus in the sunny fields of old Connecticut, and it brought an ache of yearning for the pleasanter and easier life in the older settlement. Yet it was a signal of conquest well begun, and a promise of victory over savage nature. The boy's abstracted gaze rested on the scathed clearing, the brook, robbed of all its beauty and choked with brush, the greening border of the forest, yet he saw not there but a vision of smooth meadows and pastures and a clear stream winding between green banks. The turmoil of the boiling lye recalled him to his duty, and he began dipping and pouring again, too intent upon his work to look behind him for the cause of a nearer outbreak of clamor from the jays. A moment later a smart tap on the shoulder made him turn his head with a sudden start, which was succeeded by a sinking horror when he found himself in the presence of two stalwart Indians. The face of the nearest wore an almost good-natured expression as he regarded Stephen's consternation and complete helplessness. The other was a wicked-looking savage whose beady little eyes glittered with a snaky, murderous light, and he fingered his tomahawk in his belt as if he could hardly restrain the desire to use it.

"Boy no good watchman camp," said the first, broadening his grin. "Injun ketch now. Boy walk in woods 'long me. Me makum good Injun."

As he spoke he handled a thong of moose hide, the use of which Stephen understood, and to "walk the woods" he knew meant to be taken through the wilderness to Canada. Both Indians cast furtive glances upon the boiling lye with a curiosity their stoicism could not conceal, until abandoning the attempt the spokesman asked, pointing to the kettle:

"What call um? Pastoniac make um lum?"

Impelled by an impulse of self-preservation, the consequences of which he did not pause to consider, Stephen answered:

"Yes, yes! Want to drink some?" and raised the half-filled dipper with a gesture of invitation.

Both stooped toward the proffered draught, each blowing at the steam and shrinking a little from immediate contact with the hot vessel. A means of escape flashed through the boy's mind which he put in execution as soon as conceived. Withdrawing the dipper a little, he flung the contents full in the faces of the Indian, then leaping out at the opposite side of the shed, he sprang away at full speed for home.

The one on the further side received the larger share of the scalding caustic fairly in the face, and was completely blinded by it, while the other was struck upon one side and made immediate use of his uninjured eye to take a flying shot at Stephen. Half-blinded, wholly surprised and tortured with excruciating pain, his aim was wild, and the ball went whistling high over Stephen's head. His companion, bewildered by the sudden blindness and suffering torture as exquisite as any his people had ever inflicted on their captives, groped away from the noise of fire and seething kettle till the sound of the running brook caught his ear, when he staggered toward it and plunged into the water.

Simeon Draper, alarmed by the report of the gun, was hurrying back with provisions, the refilled vinegar bottle and the spare gun from the house, when he was met by his son, who with few words told of his adventure. Stealthily approaching the camp by a circuitous route, they discovered the Indians still at the brook and so engaged in bathing their injured faces and with but one eye between them to apprise them of danger, that they were easily captured. There was small chance of escape when one half-blind man had to lead another totally blind, and they submitted stoically to their fate, whatever it might be.

"Red water burn plenty bad," said the spokesman. "Water no put um out."

Draper gave him the vinegar and directed him to bathe his own and his comrade's eyes with it, which, though it smarted terribly for a time, stopped the biting of the caustic and gave grateful relief.

Then Stephen, with the long smoothbore, stood guard over the captives while his father completed the boiling down of the lye to "black salts." This was set to cool and harden in a smaller kettle. Then as the sun was going down, with their prisoners before them, they marched home, hungry as wolves, for the pork and cornbread had been fairly divided with the Indians, whose appetite seemed unimpaired by their misfortunes.

Great was the surprise and thankfulness of Patience Draper when she saw her husband and son returning, safe and unharmed, although accompanied by the two savages, for she had heard the gun and had passed two hours of such agonizing dread as frontier life often brought to womenkind. The deliverance gained by her son's bold stroke aroused her devout thankfulness, yet her womanly heart pitied the suffering plight of the stolid captives, and she dressed their wounds as carefully as if these men were friends and not the relentless foes of her people.

The news of Stephen's exploit soon spread among the scattered settlers, and they came to seek confirmation of the story by sight of the captives, with their heads bandaged by good Mistress Draper, whose kindness met slight approval from most of the visitors.

"If I'd ha' ketched 'em, I'd jest ha' knocked 'em in the head wi' my ax or beetle," declared old Ephraim Long, who had been a scalp hunter and had borne a part in Lovewell's famous fight. "Sarve Injuns that sass an' they won't never pester nob'dy ag'in."

The opinion of the majority of the settlers coincided with that of "ol' man Long," yet Patience Draper continued her benevolent work, and the condition of the captives improved so rapidly that the neighbors predicted they would soon be able to murder their benefactors and then make their escape, and all increased their vigilance and strengthened their means of protection. The silent Indian indeed seemed vicious enough to fulfill the prophecy if he had the power, but the other made simple and apparently sincere expressions of gratitude.

"You good squaw. Me Cap'n Joe," he said, standing erect and pounding the breast of his blanket coat with his fist. "Me fight, plenty. Me ketch Pastoniac, plenty. Make um walk woods. Me big man. Dodosun," pointing to his comrade, "him good sojer; fight Pastoniac, ketch, plenty. Him big man, bose big men. Lee'l Pastoniac boy, half so big, ketch um bose of it. Ugh! Dat shame, plenty," and he laughed as if he relished the joke, but the unbandaged lower half of Dodosun's face looked savagely sullen.

Simeon Draper had no fear of his captives' attempting to escape in their present condition, and maintained a loose guard over them. So it happened later on that he awoke one morning to find them gone, so long departed that they must be far beyond the verge of the forest, in which it would be as useless to search for them as for a mouse in a straw stack. Except for their value as exchanges for English captives, and that they had carried away one of the guns, he was not sorry to be rid of them.

The prediction of the older settlers was verified in part and its completion still expected, yet for two years the frontier remained undisturbed, except by rumors of threatened attack. But one midsummer day when the men folks were all at work in the meadows, in such fancied security that but few had carried their guns with them, a strong band of Waubanakees suddenly swooped down upon the place, killed and scalped one man, wounded and captured another and carried off three women and five children, among whom were Patience Draper and her youngest child, a little girl not two years old. No attack was made on the blockhouse, where the families at once took shelter, and from which all but a small guard of able-bodied men set forth in pursuit of the marauders, under the lead of Sergeant Ephraim Long.

After a sharp pursuit twenty miles up the river, the Indians were about to be overtaken when they sent back one of the captured children with the threat that if they were attacked they would at once put all the captives to death. Some of the rescue party were for giving no heed to this, but a majority, among whom were those whose wives and children were in jeopardy, were unwilling to risk its execution, and it was decided to abandon the chase.

The Indians continued their route by what was known as the "Indian road" up the West or Wantastequet River, then across the "height of land" to Otter Creek, where their canoes had been secreted. In these they now embarked with their plunder and captives to the great relief of the latter, who had been hurried over the rough trail in constant fear that some of the little children would give out and be murdered by the savages, according to their well-known custom. No one of the unhappy company suffered the horror of this fear more keenly than Patience Draper, whose little girl was the youngest of the captives, and least able to endure the hardships of the journey. For many weary miles the mother had carried the child, till she was in danger of bringing upon herself the fatal stroke, the most dreaded because it would leave the child among the savages without her care and protection.

Embarked in the canoes, in comparative bodily comfort, the party glided steadily down the river, winding through the ancient forest, past shores that showed no trace of former human presence save in the worn trail of carrying places, past rock-torn rapids and thunderous cataracts. Passing the last and greatest of these, at what is now Vergennes, they glided for miles down a wide, deep channel so devious that it well deserves the name Peconktuk, "Crooked River," by which it was known to the Waubanakees as well as by the name of Womakahketuk, "Otter River." At length they came to the broad expanse of Peton Brook, the beautiful lake of lower Champlain. Here they landed on a low promontory sloping gently to the river from the rock-walled lakeward shore. In front the ragged steeps of a mountain arose from the water's edge. Far to the northward, beyond jutting capes of rock and forest, lake and sky met where dim islands lay like stranded clouds between them. To the southward the blue waters seemed compassed by low shores and sheer walls of mountain. In all the extended scene there was no sign of human life but in the brief encampment of marauders.

The next morning the Indians held an unintelligible consultation, which resulted in their embarkation for the southward. Coasting along the eastern shore, after two hours of continuous paddling, they saw before them the emblazoned lilies of France floating over the citadel of Fort St. Frederick, and half an hour later they landed on the beach near the western walls of the fortress.

Here a motley company of French soldiers, Indians of both sexes and all ages, and a similar throng of Canadians from the adjacent village, were gathered to receive the comers with various expressions of satisfaction. The Frenchmen tempered theirs with pity for the unfortunate captives, the Canadians vociferously jabbered inquiries and comments, the Indians uttered yells of triumph, and the squaws crowded about the prisoners, taunting and mocking them, and were only withheld from actual violence by the interposition of a French officer.

Patience noticed one Indian attentively regarding her with the only eye that he possessed, by which and by his scarred face she presently recognized her old acquaintance, Captain Joe. She started and would have spoken, but with an unmoved countenance he turned his back upon her and stalked away with his squaw following three paces behind him.

"An Indian's gratitude!" she sighed, and then grew sick with fear that vengeance might be wreaked on her and her little daughter for the cruel way her son had defended himself against Captain Joe and Dodosun. With this dread added to her dismal forebodings of a long and miserable captivity, she was led away with her fellow prisoners to the fort, where by direction of the officer, they were placed in a comfortable though dungeon-like apartment, and supplied with abundant food. Here they were left to themselves, except when some inquisitive visitor came to stare at them. Once a black-robed priest with a crafty, smooth-shaven face, stole in, cat-like, and closely scanned each face, dwelling with open admiration upon the pretty features of little Nancy Draper.

"She is a child of great beauty," he said in English. "We will place her in the convent and the good sisters shall make her to be a Christian."

Patience drew the child closer, as if to shield her from a fate so abhorrent to her own belief and the priest passed on.

At night, a small lamp hanging on the wall was lighted and the captives laid themselves down on a litter of straw on the stone floor, the most comfortable beds they had enjoyed since their captivity, and soon all were asleep, save Patience, whose anxieties were too great for repose. Some time had elapsed when she saw an Indian cautiously and noiselessly enter the door, followed by a squaw and pappoose, both closely wrapped in a blanket. To her surprise and alarm they came directly to her, and the man said in a low voice:

"Come 'long me. Me take you. Dlaper. You know me. Cap'n Joe. Me no forgit flien'. Put um squaw blanket on. Covel up lee'l' gal. Come."

The squaw threw off her blanket and Patience saw that what she supposed was a pappoose concealed beneath it was only a make-believe bundle. She hesitated a moment, then arose and took her sleeping child in her arms, when the blanket was thrown over both, covering her head so as to conceal her color and features from casual observation. The squaw was quietly lying down in her place as she followed the Indian.

They passed a French soldier who stood on guard outside the door, but he barely noticed their exit, so freely were the Indians permitted to come and go. Her guide led on through several rooms and passages to a stone staircase, descending to a heavy, oaken door, where a white-coated soldier stood under arms with a lantern at his feet. At a word from the Indian he unbarred and opened the great door, holding the lantern to light the way down another short flight of stone steps, the water gate of the fortress, and the glitter of wavelets shone at their feet. A canoe was lying there, and at a motion of her companion, Patience stepped into it, when he drew the stern toward him and got on board.

"My brother and sister go forth late," the soldier said, speaking in French, as he stood holding the lantern at the head of the stairs.

"To spy the Pastoniac, squaw sell um baskets," the Indian answered, laconically.

"Oh, I comprehend," the soldier laughed, softly. "My brother is a fox. Good voyage."

The Indian turned the canoe and paddled straight away till the clang of the closing door was heard and the light of the lantern no longer shone out on the lake. Then changing his course to the southward and tending toward the eastern shore, he paddled swiftly and silently until the fortified windmill south of the fort loomed darkly against the sky behind them.

"Pastoniac squaw no 'flaid?"

"No, Cap'n Joe, not of you."

"All safe w'en we by Carillon, s'pose we no meet Iliquois. No hunt um white squaw. Kill um Waubanakee. My folks plenty mad w'en fin' um squaw gone—pappoose gone. No kill um, Cap'n Joe. Cap'n Joe good sojer. Dey t'ink we go oder way. Me only 'flaid Iliquois."

At last they saw before them the lights glancing from the embrasures of Fort Carillon. Enjoining perfect silence, Captain Joe kept the canoe still closer within the shadow of the uneven shore, till the fortress lights shone like stars far behind them, and the musical monotone of the neighboring cascade fell to a distant murmur. At length they entered a river-like channel, seemingly wide in the illusion of dim starlight, yet was but a slender waterway between rushy borders. Into one of these masses of rank growth, the Indian suddenly drove the canoe by one vigorous stroke of his paddle, whispering:

"Stoop low! Canoe comin'."

Wondering by what sense he had discovered its approach, Patience peering through the palings of rushes, saw it glide past like some ghostly craft, so noiselessly was it propelled by four dusky figures, from one and another of whom an occasional low-spoken word fell in a harsher tongue than the liquid dialect of the Waubanakee. When the wake of the canoe no longer stirred the water growth beside him, Captain Joe whispered:

"Iliquois go scout 'loun' Carillon. No git um Cap'n Joe scalp dis time." Then backing the light craft into the channel, he resumed the voyage.

As the eastern stars began to pale in the light of morning, he turned into a channel whose devious course, covered with lilypads, barely gave passage to the canoe. Now a heron launched itself awkwardly into the air within the canoe's length of the prow, now a flock of summer ducks sprang to swifter and noisier flight before it, and now a deer, disturbed at its early feast of lilypads, splashed and floundered through water and mire to the shelter of the forest, uttering loud whistles of alarm, till at a place where water and shore met, the voyage at length ended.

The canoe was carefully secreted and after a couple of hours of sleep and a breakfast provided from the Indian's pack, the party began a weary journey through the forest, wearisome even to the hardened muscles of the Indian, for much of the way he carried little Nancy upon his shoulder. Without other adventure than the hardship incident to such travel, they came to the upper waters of the Otter, and in a hidden canoe made an easier stage of their journey. After another long march on the trail of the "Indian Road," toward the close of an August day, the light of a clearing broke through the twilight of the forest before them, where, with inexpressible joy and thankfulness, Patience Draper saw the smoke of her own chimney drifting up toward the evening sky, and at the further end of the stump-blackened meadow saw her husband at work, and on the rude ox cart with its lading of new hay a lesser figure she doubted not was her son.

"Way good, now," said her faithful guide. "Me no go furder. He see me, ol' Long shoot me, mebby. Goo' bye."

"No, no, go with me! Come home an' eat an' sleep an' rest. No one shall hurt you. I'll tell them all how good you are. Come on."

With some hesitation he made as if to follow, and she hurried forward, leading her child. Speaking and getting no answer, she looked back, but caught only a glimpse of Captain Joe as he vanished in the shadowy verge of the forest, and so passed forever from her sight and ken, but never from her grateful remembrance.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

In the Faroe Islands.

(*Continued from page 363.*)

ALTHOUGH I spent several weeks at Hans Kristoffer's, in Midvag, I fished only four or five times in Sorvags-vatn. The lake was a mile from the house; it was the season for storing peats, when young and old are busy on the moors, and how can a woman fish alone with any pleasure when three bulls are grazing on the lake shores, and there are no fences or walls to climb over? I did not even try, but waited until the last peat was stacked in the "gróthus," and the very next night, Jegvand, Jr., Heine and I went fishing.

During the summer, the youth of Midvag seldom fish during the day. From 8 P. M. until 1 A. M. in June and July, and from 7 to 10 P. M., and 2 to 4 A. M. in August are the hours preferred. An inconvenient time, one might think, but the Faroe people seem to lay up sleep in winter as a bear does his fat in summer, and they are able, without difficulty, to turn night into day. The tackle used consists of a stout pole, coarse white line, and large hooks baited with angleworms, and the trout are jerked violently from the water with no attempt to play them. Jegvand and Heine, however, had made much lighter rods and primitive reels, and they fished in more scientific fashion.

I left my fly-rod at home that evening and took a greenheart rod made by Hardy Brothers, of Alnwick, England. By changing the tips this served admirably for both bait-fishing and spinning. Jegvand and Heine were to take turns in rowing and fishing. Their method was to trail a rather small hook baited with angleworms, at a distance of about forty feet from the boat. I had a light braided silk line, stout leader and an Abbey & Imbrie "spinning coachman." Numbers was our object. It was not a time to experiment with fly-fishing at night. Fru Hans Kristoffer expected relatives from Bó to dinner on the morrow—Sunday—and she had requested us to bring home enough trout to make a large dish of "frikadellas." These are a glorified kind of fish cake. I would give the recipe, except for my conviction that no native-born American would have the patience to pound and whisk the ingredients for two hours and a half, and so produce that creaminess and lightness indispensable to the ideal frikadella.

There is a charm and mystery about these night fishings. It is broad daylight until 11 o'clock, with wreaths of rosy mists about the bare fjelds, and the higher peaks glowing with flame and copper hues. Then for two hours is a clear silvery twilight, with every object distinctly visible. One waits, unconscious of the passing time, for it to grow darker, but it lightens instead and another day has come. As we pass, the ever-watchful curlews give the alarm, the oyster catchers answer and the golden plover; there is a chatter of titlarks, wrens and stonechats, and a few ravens and crows hurry from the cliffs to see what is the matter. The gulls, terns and kittiwakes are all astir, eider ducks are taking little excursions in groups of five or six, and now and then a puffin flies over, straying from his quarters on the bird crags above the sea. It was so light that I am sure an expert fisherman could have taken many fish by using a small white or yellow miller, such as one would choose for early twilight fishing in America.

During the first hour I caught eight good trout, and Heine, whose turn it was to fish, not one. Heine (aged sixteen) is a born fisherman and something of a misogynist, considering woman of small account except as she provides food and clothes to man, and so enables him to live and fish. He had never spoken to me (Jegvand did the necessary talking), but I always had hopes of softening his heart. Heine takes his fishing seriously, and I realized that unless he could catch something soon, the situation would be critical. So I lent him an Abbey & Imbrie capelin minnow. He caught five nice fish in half an hour, all larger than mine, and the danger was past. And that night, when he returned the minnow, his lips were unsealed. "Thanks shall you have!" he said with haughty grace. "That's a remarkably good little fish!"

We came stealing into the silent house at 1 A. M. with twenty-eight trout, weighing from three-quarters of a pound to two pounds, every one a fighter and in fine condition. Our dish of frikadellas was assured.

A few years ago a young Englishman spent a month in the Faroes, and then wrote a book about them. In it he gave free rein to his imagination. This was a pity, for it caused inconvenience and disappointment to others who naturally wished to catch scores of trout averaging three pounds apiece, and to shoot large bags of curlew, oyster catchers, snipe, and plover during a short stroll. The courteous governor of the Faroes has received and answered many letters asking if these tales be true. One less prudent sportsman, an Anglican clergyman, did not inquire, but came, shot a snipe the morning after his arrival, and was promptly haled before the authorities. The above-named birds cannot be shot before Sept. 15, too late for travel among the Faroes. As for the fish, those "finny montsers of Sorvags-vatn," Hans Kristoffer testifies that he has never seen anything bigger than two pounds and a half. The Sorvags-vatn fish, however, are not to be despised. They are the *Salmo fario* (the river trout of Europe), gamy, pink-fleshed and finely flavored, and under favorable conditions a large catch can be made. A few days after our first fishing, Heine had a regular fishing orgie, an all-night affair, and caught sixty, ranging from one-quarter to one and a half pounds.

As near as I can ascertain, there are nine or ten fishing lakes in the Faroes, not counting a number of tarns where small trout are often taken. Fjalla-vatn and Kvittla-vatn, two lakes in Northern Vaagöe, have fish which, though not so numerous as those in Sorvags-vatn, are heavier—but there is no shelter at these lakes of any kind, and the way to them is rough and fatiguing. There are both sea and river trout at Leinum, Saxen and Stromnoes or Stromöe, Eide or Osteröe, and Sand or Sandöe, and I am sure there must be many an inlet and bay still unfished with light tackle where sea trout might be taken. But the difficulties of Faroe travel are great. In many places steep fjelds prevent land excursions, and storms make excursions by sea impossible for weeks at a time. The life insurance companies of Copenhagen certainly do not underestimate the risks of a Faroe life. Their charges are five times greater for Faroes than for Denmark.

When I left Hans Kristoffer's it was to go to Leinum, on the island of Stromöe. Here there are three small lakes connected with one another and with the sea. Waders and a boat were necessary here, and I had neither. There had been little rain, and the sea trout had not begun to run. Also, lest I do injustice to Faroe fishing, I might as well confess that I cannot cast a fly well. My line often falls on the water with a distressing splash, and I cannot cover much water with it. Had I been willing to use worms, I might have taken many little troutlets, but I persisted in fly-fishing, and the truth is I did not catch a thing. It was a time of humiliation, emphasized by the fact that the small boy who accompanied me, with a touching faith, always carried a bushel basket. It was some time before it occurred to me that this was intended to hold my fish.

To wait at Leinum for rains that might be long in coming, was not wise, and after two days I started over the hills to Stromnoes, a half-way hamlet on the route to Saxen. No one who cannot take rough tramps can really see the Faroes. My walk that day was a typical one. Two men carried my traps in "leipur" on their backs, and I trudged on behind, with skirts kilted and fjeld staff in hand. We followed the brook and lake shore for a mile and a half, and then climbed slowly upward for an hour. A keen wind met us on the summit; the air was clean and fragrant with peat and wild grasses. We passed cow limit, then after a half-hour or so, the further sheep lands, and reached the lonely higher ranges, toiling over stones and hillocks, through matted grass and boggy spots where the feet sank deep in sphagnum mosses. For the first two hours I paddled along in a state of active Nirvana, thinking of nothing in particular, vaguely conscious of the skirling of curlews and terns, and the plaintive "dee-e!" of the golden plover. The sweet rain whisks against my face and the sun lays a warm hand on my shoulder. I feel like a primitive person, a nomad, with none of the cares and worries of civilized life. The two figures on ahead are members of my tribe, bearing our few worldly possessions, only—were I a true primitive person, I, as the woman and beast of burden, would be carrying the pots and skins and kettles.

Then this beatific mood passes, and tired muscles protest against the toilsome work. We stop to rest, and I curl up in a hollow and eat black bread and dried mutton, and find that the best "pick-me-up" is cold tea, East Indian tea, in a bottle with plenty of sweet cream in it. Then on again, feeling a kind of satisfaction (to quote Thomas Hughes) in "the consciousness of silent endurance, so dear to every Englishman, of standing out against something and not giving in."

It is slow work, over four hours for eight miles, and one's brain wearies of using one's judgment continually about the deepness of boggy spots and the wobbliness of hillocks. At last sheep come in sight again, then cows, and as we dip down to lower levels, from the fjord comes a breath of salt air, and peat smoke from cabins still hidden below the rocky ledges.

Though I have never heard Stromnoes recommended as a good fishing place, I feel sure that sea trout could be caught there. I dined from delicious fish which my hostess said were caught in her husband's herring nets—and there were all the conditions for sea trout, a sheltered fjord, a clear, swift stream and a tarn or two at its head among the hills.

Next day I left Stromnoes for Saxen, walking over easier ground for six miles. As we approached, dark fjelds closed in upon a narrow valley, a brook tumbled over and between boulders, flowed through a lake, and with many a fall and rapid to the sea. It looked very trouty except for the lowness of the water.

Saxen I found to be a three-house hamlet. The house where I stayed had its peculiarities. There was a rooster who crowed every two minutes after 1:30 A. M.; a cow homesick for the "out-fields," and a calf whose lamentations had no beginning and no end, and all three lived directly under my bed, with only an open flooring between us. The number of exasperating things that calf did! He snuffled and snorted, thumped my floor with the top of his head, bellowed and grunted and rolled a wooden bucket about. In the morning I protested; my hostess suggested mildly that I "might get used to it," but I assured her that never while life remained could I get used to such a calf. They were kind people, and thereafter at 10:30 P. M. the calf and the rooster were borne away to other quarters, the rooster protesting indignantly, and the cow and I put up with each other's society.

Then followed a tiresome week of waiting for the sea trout to come. The water near the lake was shallow and with no boat or waders there was small chance of any good-sized lake trout. The stream was shrunken, and the empty nets in the bay testified to the absence of sea trout. I had a gourmand's interest as well as that of a fisherwoman in catching fish, for I grew very tired of kittiwakes for dinner, and the only alternative was last year's whale's meat. Every day at 11 o'clock I heard the report of a gun, and soon a pretty kittiwake in a dying condition would be shown to me, and I ate it at 2 o'clock, feeling like a Moloch or a Juggernaut.

But at last came a mighty west wind, bringing with it the blessed rain, and all the burns and cliff waterfalls awoke and made a chorus up and down the glen. I took my rod and splashed through the puddles toward the inlet, glancing as I passed into a pool which had always seemed promising. Yes, there were fish in it; a little one, a larger one, and in the shadow of a boulder a vague shape that might be a large trout. The sea trout were coming from the sea. I quietly slipped on a grizzly-king and a professor, and cast across the pool. At the second cast the medium-sized fish took the fly and I landed him after a sharp fight, a beautiful pound and a half trout. A few minutes later there was a swirl and a big fellow darted out at the fly, but the little one was ahead of him and was taken in short order. Then I went away for twenty minutes, put on two new flies, tested the tackle and did my very best to throw the flies lightly in the shadow of the boulder. In an instant I had him fast; he moved slowly away a few yards, then jumped high from the water, a great shining bar of silver, fell back heavily and diving under a sharp ledge see-sawed the leader against the edge; at last it parted, the fish was away with my two flies, and I sat down on the ground and groaned and said unpleasant things to myself for hesitating to risk my light rod and force him out. An experienced angler might have done it, but my Hardy guinea rod of eight ounces was a new one, and I did not know then how much it would bear.

That ended my day's fishing, but I dreamed of big trout, and next morning made extensive preparations, and with a small boy to help, stole softly down to that pool, hid behind a rock and peeped in. I could count twelve fine sea trout, all lying in the bed of the pool and swaying lightly to and fro in the strong current.

And then I began to fish. It was not easy work. The best place from which to cast was on a sloping boulder, where I was almost hidden behind a great mass of rock. I had to cast over this, wait to see that the fish was firmly hooked, and then in the few seconds which elapsed before he realized that fact, pass the rod over the rock, keeping the line taut as I climbed over several slippery rocks, and reaching the strand, face about just as he began to fight. I had never fished for sea trout before, and had always supposed that the Canadian Nepigon trout were the gamiest in the world. But I have never seen such wild rushes, high leaps and lightning speed. I was no longer afraid to trust the rod and found I could check the fish as they made for the sea. But it was lively work. Such beautiful creatures they were! like burnished silver with a little blue-green down the back. I had unfortunately left my landing net at Midvag, and I had to tire them out and then lead them cautiously up to one little piece of sandy strand where the small boy could go in the shallow water and secure the fish. And never have I seen a stupider specimen than Paol Jens. He stood each time like a graven image, not moving a finger until roused to action by my fierce wrath. He will never make a fisherman! Heine, of Midvag, at the age of three, would have known just what to do, and how to do it. But there were times that morning when I had murder in my heart toward Paol Jens.

During the next two hours I caught seven out of the twelve fish. In weight they ranged from one and a half to almost three pounds. I think I might have taken several more, but I was quite exhausted by that time, and had to go home for dinner. The largest and wariest fish were still in the pool, and I noticed that the heavier the fish the redder was its flesh. Even in the water one could see the pink and copper tints gleaming through the silver skin. They weighed probably from three to six

pounds apiece. The water was very clear and I could see them distinctly as they poised themselves lightly in the current or made little tours around the pool, rising now and then at a midge or fly. I would return, I decided, in an hour, refreshed by my kittiwake dinner, and try to catch at least three of those big fellows. But I reckoned without Paol Jens. While I was eating my kittiwake, that miserable boy awoke to a misplaced activity, took his heavy fishing pole and line, and thrashed the surface of that pool, scaring away every fish in the neighborhood.

I had but one day more to spend in Saxen, as I was obliged to be in Westmanhavn on the following day in order to catch the little Smyril. Early next morning it blew a gale, but I was early at the pool, only to find that a man had stretched a net across it. Two beautiful sea trout, weighing five and six pounds, were in it, caught by the gills. Further up the stream I took three sea trout of a pound and a half apiece, and half a dozen river trout. But by that time the storm had increased, so that the flies were whisked high above the water and I almost blew away up the glen; and the men of the house sent word that the Froken must come home and rest; that she did not know what it meant to walk from Saxen to Westmanhavn.

"There are undoubtedly big fish at Saxen, but they are not taken in large numbers. Generally every year two or three Englishmen find their way to Saxen, provided with tents, folding boats, waders, and a skillful oarsman and interpreter from Thorshavn. By spending most of their time on the water, two rods may take seven or eight large fish during the day, some weighing as much as eight pounds, and perhaps a fair supply of the *fario* trout. A skillful angler who can cast a long, clean line would undoubtedly get some big fish without a boat. But the man with a boat or servant will have the best sport.

In leaving Saxen for Westmanhavn, one can go twelve miles by sea, if the sea is calm, or nine miles over the fjelds. I had intended to take the former route, going in a large boat with eight oarsmen, on a serene day, the afternoon sun gilding the wonderful peaks and crags of Western Stromöe, I taking kodaks and sketches on the way, and my men lifting up their voices in song. Three months of adverse experience had not taught me wisdom. Instead, I went, as might have been expected, by land, in a howling storm. All the waters were out, and four times one of my men, a giant of a Faroese, had to carry me through the streams, I rejoicing in the meantime in the bigness of his calves. There are, I believe, fine views to be seen en route in good weather, but I saw nothing but shifting gray walls of mist, and it rained "shoemaker's apprentices"—the Faroe equivalent of the English "cats and dogs."

A few days later found me on the way to Sand or Sandö, where I hoped to catch one big trout before returning to Thorshavn. As we passed down the western side of the island, the captain of Smyril pointed out the place where the ill-fated Principia was lost in November some years ago. On that same night I had left Thorshavn on a Danish steamer. We had passed on the other side of the island at the very hour when, hidden from all help behind the cliffs of an uninhabited coast, the Principia was burning. Out of all the crew and passengers, one only was saved after drifting for thirteen hours lashed to a plank. And that same night a clergyman in Scotland, whose brother was on the ship, saw her in a dream; saw the fire amidships, the life boats burned, a hastily constructed raft overturned and wrecked in launching, and his brother jumping into the water. He woke with the words "Faroe Islands" sounding in his ears. But he knew nothing of the Faroe Islands, and thought the ship was hundreds of miles south, bound for America. He told his old housekeeper his dream next morning, and six weeks later when the post came from Faroes, he heard that a fire had broken out on the Principia, passengers and crew had fought it for three days; they could not steer the vessel, and a southwest gale had driven it far north; and there, burning, she was dashed to pieces against the cliffs of Sandöe. When I went to Midvag, I found that it was Jegvand, Sr., who had found the brother's body and helped to bury it. "A fine man, a *kraftig* [strong] man," said Jegvand, sadly. "He had a life belt on, but there was little chance for him; of all the wreck that came ashore, not one piece was big enough to use. It was in splinters. There was great surf that night. I have never seen worse."

I post this letter from Thorshavn. I accomplished my mission to Sand and caught my big trout. Only one big one, to be sure, among a number of small ones, but he was a fish to satisfy the most exacting, a beautiful sea trout, fresh from the bay, caught with my light rod and a small green-mantle fly. He weighed a full five pounds, and we had a long and fair fight. And then a fierce equinoctial storm arose, and—little Smyril was due before it was over. Each day I watched the surf, and talked with old sea dogs, who were digging their potatoes, about the prospects of my being able to board her if she came. They were unpleasantly optimistic. "Don't be afraid, Froken," they said. "We'll get you on board somehow! Yes, unless it gets worse (though it won't be pleasant) we can do it!" And I could only hope and pray it would get worse and so make the attempt impossible.

But Smyril came at last, the old sea dogs put me on board "somehow," and that trip to Thorshavn gave me a fellow feeling for the voyagers of the "Lotus Eaters"—

> "Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,
> Weary the wandering fields of barren foam."

The little capital, after my four months' absence among the lonely islands, looked cosy and hospitable. There was the hum of voices, the clatter of pattens in the narrow lanes; lights twinkled in the grass-covered cabins and on a fleet of fishing smacks from Iceland—Norse, Scotch and Faroe—that had taken refuge from the storm. The baker was making his Saturday evening crullers and little cakes. I could smell the spices in a whiff of land breeze. The cheerful voice of a friend greeted me in English as, chilled and tired, I stumbled out of the boat.

It is good to be back again. ELIZABETH TAYLOR.

"Curious thing about a man with a watch is that if you see him take it out and look at it, and you ask him two seconds later what time it is, he never remembers. He has to look at it again."

"Yes; I've noticed that he'll always do it—if his watch is a fine one."—Chicago Tribune.

The Wild Horse of the Banks.

THERE is really no more historical as well as interesting and curious territory in the United States than the long sand banks which mark the eastern boundary of North Carolina, and which form a vast breakwater, within which are the "sounds" through which the Government now proposes to provide an inland water-way which will end the terrors of Cape Hatteras.

This is to be a story of that part of the banks further to the southward of Cape Hatteras, where the little ponies are, the only wild horses east of the Mississippi; ponies which have over three centuries of history behind them, and which date back to the time of knightly Sir Walter Raleigh and the days when the Moors of Barbary were a power.

The part of the banks in question is known as "Shackelford's banks," taking its name from the chief owner. Beginning at Ocracoke Inlet, this stretch of sand reaches to Bogue Inlet, terminating at Shackelford's Point, in front of the town of Beaufort. Shackelford's banks are almost forty miles long, low-lying, with here and there dunes or sand hills, rising to a height of say forty feet, tree covered, the trees loaded with vines, and in this mass of nearly sub-tropical vegetation, much of it evergreen, are the Spanish bayonet, prickly pear or small cactus, and the fan, or scrub palmetto. There are homes here and there along this irregular stretch of Shackelford's banks, and there is also a lighthouse and near it a natural harbor of refuge, at Cape Lookout, which the Government is also planning to utilize.

On Shackelford's banks alone are the little ponies referred to. It is strange but true, that they are found in their wild state nowhere else. There are said to be about twelve hundred of them on the banks. Inquiry made of residents as to whether the number of ponies had decreased during the past fifty years brought the response that it had, and that until about 1850 the ponies increased. The ponies weigh about 800 pounds, and their height is about thirteen to fourteen hands, that is, 4¼ to 4½ feet. Their life is mainly on the banks, though in very stormy weather they sometimes swim over to the mainland, a distance of from two to five miles away. Their food is marsh grass, sea oats, leaves of scrubby trees, and shrubs and berries, particularly the berries of the holly. The woods give them usually a good shelter, and hence it is seldom that they seek the shelter of the mainland. They live to quite an age, but the average is about 22 years. Some reach the age of forty. When they want water they paw holes in the sand in low places, and get plenty of it.

These ponies have owners. The "Banks" are owned by various persons, largely upon grants sold by the State. These people make pens out of drift wood and rough logs and poles, and into these the ponies and their colts are driven and branded. A colt following a branded mare is considered the property of the owner of the mare, and he brands it. In cases where there are colts which do not follow the mares, then the "penners," that is men who make and own the pens, take them. Such is the unwritten law. The ponies are driven out of the scrub by drivers or herders, and this is a matter of no small difficulty, as the scrub is often so thick as to be jungle, threaded by thousands of narrow paths through the shining sand. The wind and salt keep down much of the vegetation, so that there may be seen hickory trees not over three feet in height, yet loaded with nuts, and horse chestnut trees equally as dwarfed.

The colts are covered with hair several inches in length, a nature's protection against the weather. This is called colt hair, and looks like felt. It falls off in large flakes. Most of the colts are of a faded brown color, but are sometimes black. They are termed colts until they are branded, though they may be three years old or more before they are pennned and the brand put on. These ponies are always known in all parts of the State as "bankers" ponies. They do not appear to be sold much outside of North Carolina, as the people in other States do not know anything about them. They cross well with horses. When taken up-country and fed upon corn, hay and oats they fill out and darken in color somewhat. Their instinct is remarkable. They know by means of it the way to get to the mainland or to islands with the minimum amount of swimming, and the writer has seen them wade great distances without getting out of their depth, making various turns and changes of direction to conform to the shoals, yet they are fearless swimmers.

Though an inlet only about two miles in width separates Shackelford's banks from Bogue banks, yet the ponies never go on the latter banks, nor do they cross the Ocracoke Inlet.

Ancestors of these hardy and valuable little horses were the Barbary horses which Sir Walter Raleigh sent over with his colonists to Roanoke Island. They have bred and multiplied, and for at least two centuries have been utilized by the people of that section. Sir Walter Raleigh's colonists, when the relief from England was so long delayed in reaching them, went with the Indians to the mainland, but must have left the ponies. The Indians were unused to horses. These Indians were the Haterasks, who gave their name to the dreaded cape. When Raleigh's colonists first landed there they found that the Haterasks were distinguished by their blue eyes, and that they had a tradition that their "fathers could talk out of a book." Hence the inference that at some former period a crew of white men had been cast away thereabouts and had amalgamated with the Indians.

These sturdy little ponies are, therefore, a part of the romance which hangs about this quaint part of North Carolina. There are persons who hold that Raleigh's colonists first landed on Shackelford's banks, and later went to the "Isle of Roanoke," where they built their fort because it was a more defensible place, and that they left the "little Barbary horses" on the banks until better times should come. FRED. A. OLDS.

In a Restaurant.—He—"Will you have a little lobster?" She—"Oh, John, this is so sudden!"—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Natural History.

Life of the North.

THE last issue of North American Fauna (No. 22), the publication of the Division of the Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture, contains a paper of unusual interest. Prepared under the direction of Dr. C. Hart Merriam, the Chief of the Division, it was published Oct. 31, and gives an account of a "Biological Investigation of the Hudson Bay Region," by Edward A. Preble.

For more than a century the employees of the Hudson Bay Company used to send collections of birds and mammals from Hudson Bay to London. These were examined and described by naturalists, for, of course, the new country gave many new species. Many of the specimens from which the description were drawn have now disappeared, and often the specimens were without labels showing just where they came from, so that really little more was known about them than that they were secured in the northern part of North America. No modern museum possessed anything like a representative collection of the mammals and birds of Hudson Bay, and this became a matter of great importance when the Biological Survey began to receive large collections of birds and mammals from Alaska. Without specimens for comparison, it was impossible in many cases to tell whether the Alaska specimens were or were not different from those described long ago from other parts of boreal America. In view of this embarrassment, Dr. Merriam decided to send an expedition to Hudson Bay in order to collect the topotypes that he so greatly required, and Mr. Preble was chosen for this laborious task. The report just published, containing about 125 pages, is the result of this expedition. It shows that the work was well performed, and is full of interest—a useful contribution to our knowledge of the north.

The party, consisting of Mr. Preble and his brother, Alfred E. Preble, as assistant, started from Winnipeg June 14. At Winnipeg and throughout their journey thereafter, they were everywhere assisted by the Hudson Bay Company and its employees. Without this assistance the trip would hardly have been practicable. They crossed Lake Winnipeg by steamer and reached Norway House June 17. Here they procured Indians and a large Peterboro canoe, and from Norway House, starting down Nelson River, they passed by river and lake to Hudson Bay at York Factory. Here they exchanged their canoe for a sailboat, and proceeded up the west coast to Fort Churchill. The younger Preble remained there to collect, while his brother pushed northward to the Barren Grounds. This trip occupied three weeks, and on his return to Fort Churchill it was necessary to start on the return journey, to avoid being shut in by the winter.

Mr. Preble describes in some detail the character of the country traversed and illustrates it by a number of capital photographs; the plates in the volume, numbering fourteen, beside a map, on which the route is marked, showing the whole of Hudson Bay and extending west as far as Bathurst Inlet and Aylmer Lake. He tells something of the life zones of the region passed through—from Winnipeg successively the Canadian and Hudsonian zones, and well into the Arctic. Above Cape Churchill the Arctic zone is continuous on the coast, as shown by the birds and the mammals collected there. A more or less brief review is given of the previous work done in this region, and a bibliography beginning with Edwards, 1743-51, and ending with Oberholser, 1902.

The report treats chiefly of the birds mammals and batrachians of the Province of Keewatin, though, of course, there are many references outside of those limits, since the travels of some of the Arctic voyagers have been used. The report describes six new species and subspecies of mammals, a mouse, a muskrat, a hare, a mink, a weasel and a shrew; and, since the completion of the trip, three other species which fall within the scope of the report have been described, two of them mice and one a form of Arctic fox. Quite full notes are given on some species in the lists of mammals and birds.

The Greenland whale was formerly found as far south as Churchill River in the bay, and still occurs further to the north. The narwhal is found to the north, and the white whale is abundant; so much so, that at the time of Mr. Preble's visit men were at work for the Hudson Bay Company capturing them at the mouth of Churchill River.

The woodland caribou is found in some numbers everywhere between Norway House and Hudson Bay, and Mr. Preble's party saw tracks frequently. Barren Ground caribou were not uncommon at the most northerly point reached, and were just beginning the autumnal migration southward. The southern limit of the range of the Barren Ground caribou on the west slope of Hudson Bay is given as Churchill River. Even in former years, according to Hearne, they seldom crossed that stream. Further inland they go south as far as the south end of Reindeer Lake.

The moose occurs in considerable numbers between the head of Lake Winnipeg and Norway House. Tracks were frequently seen, and some of them so recent that the mud had not yet settled in them.

While Mr. Preble's party saw no musk-ox, yet he brings back an interesting southerly record of recent date. It is probable that the musk-ox commonly occurs as far south as Chesterfield Inlet; but "Several times during the summer of 1897 parties of Indians reported seeing a pair of musk-oxen on the 'Barrens,' about half-way between York Factory and Fort Churchill. The male was finally killed in August, and the head brought by the Indians to York Factory." This pair had probably wandered beyond the limits of their normal range during the preceding winter, and for some reason failed to return.

The beaver is becoming scarce throughout this region, though skins are annually traded at most of the posts. Of the skins seen at Norway House, several were black.

The northern muskrat is smaller than our common form. It is extremely abundant, and though worth but a few cents in trade, many thousand are taken each year. Mr. Preble says: "The sweet flag (*Acorus calamus*), a favorite food, abounds in the Robinson's Portage, and the great number of muskrat houses seen there show the locality to be a favorite resort. We saw many muskrats

while we were descending Hill and Steel rivers. Here they live entirely in burrows in the banks, as the deep water and swift current render house building impracticable. Piles of mussel shells, showing where the animals have been feasting, were frequently noticed on the bank. The point of marsh below York Factory seemed to be the home of a considerable number of muskrats, but as it is frequently overflowed, they are said to seldom survive the winter. In the vicinity of Fort Churchill they were found in but one place—a stream entering the Churchill River a few miles above the post, and they were rather uncommon.

"A winter following a dry season is said to be very destructive to muskrats. On account of the low water, the animals construct their burrows and houses correspondingly low and are often forced out by floods at a season when they are unable to procure food, and have no protection from their enemies."

The Arctic hare was seen on the Barren Ground near Mr. Preble's furthest north, as were also white wolves. Gray wolves were more or less abundant in the Winnipeg region.

Merriam's Innuit fox was quite abundant north of Fort Churchill, and occurs through northern Keewatin. The black bear is abundant, while nothing new was learned about the Barren Ground bear. On the other hand, polar bears were seen, and are said to be of regular occurrence all along the west shore of Hudson Bay, and as far south as Severn River, and possibly to the head of James' Bay.

The walrus and several species of seals occur with more or less frequency in Hudson Bay, especially toward the north. A walrus was brought by an Eskimo to Fort Churchill only a few days before the party reached there.

Three species of loons were seen on Hudson Bay, and two others are recorded from there. Mr. Preble speaks of the noisiness of the loons, and says of the Pacific loon: "The howl of a wolf or any unusual sound was generally followed by a chorus of their wild, weird calls, lasting for several minutes.

All three species of merganser were observed. Mallards were rather abundant, and as might be expected, the list of the ducks and the geese is a long one.

Mr. Preble took near York Factory five little yellow rail, which he secured by following up their call note.

As might be expected for a trip along the sea shore, the list of beach birds is long. The spruce grouse, Canada ruffed grouse, willow ptarmigan and sharp-tailed grouse are all recorded. The rock grouse they did not see.

The list of the lesser birds is a long one and contains many interesting notes, to which the reader must be referred. A few frogs and salamanders were secured.

A New Caribou.

From the valuable natural history material brought to the American Museum of Natural History by Commander R. E. Peary, on his return from his sojourn in the Arctic region, are the skins of five caribou. Of these four are flat skins of adults, without skulls and more or less defective, and the complete skin of a young fawn, preserved in brine. On this material Dr. J. A. Allen has described the Ellesmere Land caribou (*Rangifer pearyi*), a new species, quite different from the Greenland caribou, and indeed from any other that is known. In the winter coat, which these animals still wore, when killed in June, the Ellesmere Land caribou is pure white except for a dark patch on the middle and posterior part of the back. In the single male, the dark patch on the back is drab gray, while in the three females this patch is darker, and extends a little further forward. In two of these females the front surface of the forelegs is dark grayish brown. In the fawn the contrasts in color are less pronounced than in the adult animal, and it is more or less rusty throughout. Something of this may be due, however, to the brine in which it was preserved.

In a letter to Dr. Allen, Commander Peary says that the winter coat of the Greenland caribou is pronouncedly darker than the Ellesmere specimens.

The Real Samoa.

From the New York Sun, Nov. 5.

It is a remarkable book that Mrs. Llewella Pierce Churchill has written in "Samoa 'Uma" (Forest and Stream Publishing Company). The Pacific islands, with their eternal summer and delightful natives and blissful indolence, have been a fairy land for dreamers from the day of the Mutineers of the Bounty to that of Bishop Peter. They have been spoiled by missionaries and diplomatic quarrels and ethnographers and by enthusiastic literary men. Samoa has suffered above all; it has come to mean to most of us only a senseless international wrangle, though it does recall a great heroic scene; moreover, it must bear the burden of the Stevenson cult and the reality, the little community of Pacific islanders, is lost sight of. It is this that Mrs. Churchill observed and that she tells of.

She was in an unusually favorable position for her readers in that she had no ax to grind. She was there, not as a missionary, nor a scientific investigator, nor an official, nor a poet in search of the picturesque; she was there simply as a wife who accompanied her husband whither his business led him; she was in Samoa a long time and used her eyes and her brains in finding out what was around her. The people and their ways interested her and she reports what she saw pleasantly, clearly and with no favor. The result may be disappointing to those who have closed their eyes to the savage side of the amiable Samoans and the Pacific islanders in general, but they will feel that they have now a sure foundation of fact to build on.

Mrs. Churchill, without any parade of learning, depicts the institutions of the people, their daily life, their customs, amusements, and so on, with illustrative anecdotes and incidents, and, beside, describes characteristic adventures and scenes in her experience. She also shows the effect of Pacific surroundings on the white men who drift into the islands and become entangled with the natives. After reading her book the dreamer will doubt whether it is to the Pacific that he wants to go, after all. By the side of the bread fruit and other vegetable attractions there are bugs of many kinds that sting and crawl. There are gastronomic ventures on the author's part that make the flesh crawl; she had no chance to taste a missionary, but—she tells of baked rat and vampire bat that taste like squirrel.

The pictures are from photographs and are fine. Many represent Samoan girls who are pretty enough to make the dreamer turn his back on Mrs. Churchill's narrative and take the next steamer to Samoa, vampires or no vampires.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in Forest and Stream.

A Hard Time on Old Baldy.

There is philosophy in the remark made by the man who went 'coon hunting one night when he said, "I wouldn't have missed it for a farm, but wouldn't take another one for a farm with a hay rake thrown in." E. Hough in his intensely interesting "Across New Brunswick on Snowshoes," says in speaking of "Lost Man's Camp," where they put in a night with the thermometer 21 degrees below zero, while one had to keep a good fire burning while the rest slept, "It was one of those experiences such as one would not willingly let go from his memory." It is well known and yet hard to explain why it gives so much pleasure and gratification to recall that in our experiences which was attended with so much hardship and discomfort.

I was planning for a trapping expedition one fall after I would get my work done on the ranch, and just about the time I was ready to start out, Oscar Elmes, one of my neighbors, proposed that he would take his wagon and go with me about ten miles into the mountains, in the hope that I might kill some meat for him to take home, as he was out of meat. This arrangement suited me very well, as I only had one horse at that time, which would have necessitated my walking and packing my outfit on my horse. The day we started it was raining, and before we got far on our way it began to snow, and by the time we were at our proposed camping place, there was seven inches of snow, and it was still snowing, as it can snow in the Rockies.

The discomfort began as soon as we started on our journey, and by the time we stopped to camp everything outdoors, ourselves included, was as wet as snow and rain could make it, and the prospect for anything like a comfortable camp was gloomy enough; but by the time we had worked right lively for an hour clearing away the snow and doing all the necessary work in making camp in a snowstorm, we had our blood warmed and felt better.

The next morning there was over a foot of snow, and it was still snowing. The snow was wet and heavy, making it very hard traveling, but we started out on horseback and went up over a very high and bare mountain, Old Baldy, which was in a southerly direction from camp. As we were riding we did not realize how terrible the traveling was, and we went several miles without seeing anything. That was not surprising, for we knew it would be only by the barest chance if we would find any game moving in such a storm, it being the first of the season. We left our horses picketed in a little park while we continued on our way southward. After going but a few rods from our horses we noticed a very dim trail going in the direction we were going, but we could not tell what it was or which way it was going. We followed it in the direction we had been going, and soon I found, sticking to a log, the hair from a horse's tail, and we at once concluded it was the trail of a neighbor who had gone into the mountains after meat. For the sake of easier traveling we continued on the trail, and in a short time came to the fresh trail of an elk, which had come into the old horse trail and gone on southward. After following it for some time we found where it had been lying down. By getting down and examining carefully its tracks where it had stood in its bed after getting up and noting by the condition of the snow when it had been there about where the sun must have been, we believed it must be two hours ahead of us. It was going down a very steep mountain side into an immense body of green timber, and after following it about a mile we found where it began to feed; then I asked Oscar to stay several rods behind while I got in my work, for it was very evident that his chance of getting meat was going to be slim if we did not get that elk. The snow was hanging heavy on the pine and spruce timber, which made it difficult to see far ahead; in a short time I had gone around the head of a ravine where it had been feeding, and struck its track where it had gone on down through the woods, as if hunting a place to lie down, and then I had the pleasing sensation of seeing its horns sticking up above the logs and rocks. I motioned to Oscar to stop. I was satisfied it was lying down, and getting on my hands and knees I crawled through the snow for about twenty yards; when I got to a favorable rise of the ground I rose up and could see its head and neck, and saw that it was lying down with its head laid back on its body at rest or asleep. Being then only about fifty yards from it, I took careful aim to break its neck. My gun snapped, and although the noise was very slight, he moved his ears, but did not raise his head. Being afraid to throw in another shell for fear of rousing him, I cocked the gun again, and that time it went off, and it just went "smack," seeming about as loud as the explosion of a percussion cap, and I was surprised after hearing the report to see him drop his head back on the snow, dead. Those who have shot in snow-laden timber know what a faint, muffled report it makes.

With a whoop for Oscar to come on, I went down to find a splendid bull, probably two and a half years old, nice and fat, with its neck broken, which allowed it to bleed when stuck, just like a beef, and as the snow kept everything about it nice and clean in dressing, it was the finest and cleanest woods dressed meat that I ever handled. By the time we got it dressed and got back to our horses, we had to go lively to get back to camp by dark without going back for our meat. The next morning was rather warm, and the snow was just soft enough to make hard traveling. We went leisurely out after our meat, believing we had an easy job before us. It was about noon when we got there, and we ate our lunch before packing our meat; then we packed up and started on what proved to be the most tiresome trip that I ever took. Instead of following our back tracks, that we might have a broken trail to help us, we thought to take an easier grade in going back, and therefore had to wade through the unbroken snow for fully six hours, in soft snow up to our knees all the time. By the middle of the afternoon we were taking short turns at taking the lead, as the one in the lead had much the hardest work. We were both well nigh "tuckered out" by 4 o'clock, but as is always the case, neither of us wanted to "squeal." When we were within a mile of camp, we had passed beyond the point of ignoring our distress and began to speculate as to whether or not we would be able to make it to camp. We worried along till within eighty rods of camp, and it was getting dark, when Oscar sat down on a log and said, "I cannot go any further." I was in the lead at that time, and when he declared himself done up, it kind of nerved me up, and I just forced one foot after another, and reached camp without making another stop, intending to unload my meat and go back after Oscar with my horse. When I got to camp and looked back, I saw Oscar plodding along in my trail. When he reached camp he just flopped down and left his horse standing with its pack; I told him I would not sit down until the horses were relieved of their packs. After resting a little he got up and helped to unpack his horse, then tumbled down into the tent, where he stayed until I built a fire and made some coffee. Immediately after getting into camp I became sick at my stomach, and never was sicker than I was for about an hour. By the time the coffee was made I was feeling a little better, and after sipping a little hot coffee I revived as if by magic, and began to get hungry; then we went to cooking meat and eating, and by the time we were through we were as good as new, and suffered no ill effects afterward. I have been tired many times since, but always console myself by thinking that I am not as tired as I was the time I packed the elk meat over Old Baldy. Like many other of past experiences, I would not like to repeat it, but would be loath to allow it to pass from my mind.

Emerson Carney.

Morgantown, W. Va.

Taking the Boy.

It certainly has been pleasant for the writer to describe in an imaginary way the taking of his boy hunting, one of the pleasures of anticipation put on paper, but while it gave pleasure to the writer and perhaps afforded a few moments' enjoyment to the readers of Forest and Stream who also have boys, yet it, is a matter of fact, gave little or no actual practical enjoyment to the boy in interest.

He, weeks ago, picked up my copy of Forest and Stream, and therein read the imaginary sketch of his shooting trip, made up out of whole paper and lead pencil. I furtively watched his face as he read it, and certainly was paid for my work in the varying and interesting facial exhibitions of interest as he worked along from paragraph to paragraph. And when he laid down his paper he looked up to me and simply remarked: "When will you take me?" I gave him no definite reply other than, "Sometime when I get time," which, when you come to figure it out, is as near to "never" as the word itself.

But his birthday was coming around, and I proposed to take the first step by giving him a gun. A boy with a gun is synonymous with "danger," and I figured that it was best that the danger be reduced just half by getting him a single barrel and not a double gun.

I got him the best single, breechloading, ejector gun in the market (made by ——), a gun that would have rendered me speechless with joy had I received such on my 13th birthday, instead of the muzzleloading percussion cap proposition that I started with. That gun and boy went the rounds of the neighborhood, and it was a hard struggle to have him quit oiling that gun and squinting through the barrel for specks and leading and go to bed.

And when that gun passed into his hands I began to study the calendar closely for a Saturday that could be given over to him. While I fixed the day, yet bearing in mind that man proposes, but the Lord disposes, I began to figure how not to disappoint the boy in case I fell down. So I took Mr. Fullerton into my confidence and we fixed up the trip, Mr. Fullerton to chaperon the boy in case I could not go. With plenty of other things to do, yet Mr. Fullerton gladly consented to aid in helping the young idea how to shoot.

The next thing was to rig out the boy. His football shoes settled the footwear question. Then a pair of canvas leggings to protect his stockings from the briers. A pair of corduroys that years ago had encased my nether limbs, when I weighed less than I do now, were ripped apart, recut and made into an ideal pair of knickerbockers for the little fellow by his mother.

His football sweater was warm and light, and that settled the hunting shirt problem. Then came a canvas hunting coat, fortunately picked up at the gun store, which fitted him comfortably and loosely. A corduroy hunting cap completed his outfit. The boy was practically and sensibly equipped. A friend wrote me only a few days ago to "train up your boy in the way he should go, so that when the dogs see him armed and equipped for the field they may not feel tired and go off somewhere and lie down, as I am told dogs have done before now."

It took some days to do all this, but finally the grip began to bulge as one piece of togging after another was stuffed in.

It was hard for that boy to keep other things out of his mind during school hours, but he managed to so do. At last Friday morning came, and at the first signs of dawn I heard coming from a vacant lot across the street the call of a lone strayed quail, Cohee!Cohee! He had roosted under the weeds during the night, and at the first signs of day began to hunt his mates. I was awake before the quail called, and at the first note jumped out of bed, ran across the hall to the boy's

room, and lifting him out of bed carried him to my room and into my bed and bade him wake up and listen to the calling quail, Cohee! Cohee!

His mother waking, asked what all this fuss was about, and remarked what a shame it was to awaken that boy. But my only reply was that it was a part of the boy's education as a hunter.

The evening train took us south to Norwood, and at midway between eight and nine o'clock we reached our destination. Little time was lost getting located at the hotel and getting the boy into his bed. Admonishing him to snuggle down into the bed clothes and go speedily to sleep I left him and joined Mr. Fullerton in arranging for the team, etc., for the morning.

Mr. Fullerton had brought his meat dog with him, unexcelled on chickens, but, because of his tremendous ranging powers, dubious on quail. We counted upon a pair of unexceptional quail dogs, but they were elsewhere when we arrived, and we made shift by getting a dog here and another one there. And finishing all details by a little after ten, we went to bed, leaving a call for six in the morning. And when I opened the room door I was greeted with "Hello, pa, is that you?" which I met with, "I thought I told you to go to sleep." And if I remember rightly, twice that boy jammed me in the ribs during the night and told me to quit snoring, and when the freight went through the town at four he was awake and remarked that he had heard three other trains go by during the night. There was no need of the Swede watchman informing us that "It was six o'clock already yet," as he thumped on our door. We knew that better than he did.

In no time that boy was rigged for the fray and was about to fill his pockets with shells from the case before he went in to breakfast, so as to be all in shape.

We were at last in our rig, the lunch box, water and coffee jugs being stored away under the rear seat. Mr. Fullerton and myself took the rear seat, and Harold and the driver sat in front. We took in the quail dogs, but the meat dog was left to follow the wagon with a view of steadying him down a bit.

Away we went past farm after farm, until we neared the brush and woody farming district, where wheat and corn fields interlarded strips of woodland and brush lots.

Getting out we entered a wood. The hard rain of the night before had wet everything down, and we realized that our shooting would be circumscribed mainly to snap shots as the birds first got up—and it so turned out.

The first bevy got up wild and went sailing out of the woods across a plowed field to another strip of woods. Mr. Fullerton and I warmed our gun barrels on them—that's all. We began to work out through the tangle of brush and brier toward the open, when just ahead of Harold a quail flushed, going straight away. Harold was between us, and we watched him bring his gun to shoulder, aim and pull. There was a cloud of feathers, and Mr. Fullerton yelled at the top of his lungs, "Got him, by thunder! Good shot! His first shot and his first quail." Harold walked forward and picked up his bird. He had never handled a quail before. He studied it all over, and smoothing down the feathers, put it snugly into his coat pocket. He certainly was a pleased boy.

We worked the edge of the woods, and on turning a corner with Harold by my side, another quail broke cover and sailed away in the open. In cocking his gun and getting it to his shoulder the time was going and so was the quail. I was covering him with my gun, and when I thought him too far for the boy to reach, I pulled—and shot behind him; I moved my left barrel up a peg or two and pulled again, Harold shooting at the same time. The quail dropped. I claim Harold killed him and he claims I killed him, and there the matter rests.

It was proving a poor day for quail. Where they went I know not. When they broke and pitched, the dogs and no amount of kicking could dislodge them out of their wet cover. They seemed to shoot into some place like a bullet and disappear. It was exasperating. Finally, in a meadow was a small brush patch, and here the dogs pointed a bevy. We walked up close and could see the birds scurrying here and there through the leaves. Finally they got up and were off. Harold, I am afraid, tried to kill the whole flock in mid air, and got none, Mr. Fullerton and myself getting one each. We marked them down as best we could, but saw them no more. We quit for lunch. Harold began to look like a veteran, his leggings deep in black mud and his face showing contact with the briers. We built a fire, boiled our coffee a second time, and ate our noonday lunch with a relish—inwardly bewailing the fact that things were wet and that the quail would not run.

But we were again in the rig and away to fresh fields. Up went a Wilson snipe from a pond close by the road, only to fly a few yards and again alight. Harold and Mr. Fullerton walked it up—and as it zig-zagged away Harold fired and Mr. Fullerton right after him—so closely that it appeared like one report—and the snipe fell. It is yet a question who killed that snipe, because Mr. Fullerton asserts that the bird was already falling as he pressed the trigger. And soon darkness set in and we turned the team toward home with a snipe and six quail in the wagon box. The boy blamed himself for his bad shooting, etc., etc.

We reached the hotel and found more boys down for a Sunday shoot. We having had such poor luck also decided to stay over, and we all went to bed hoping for a clear, sunny day on the morrow, and felt sure of such a day because the weatherman so predicted.

The boy was soon under the covers and sound asleep. At six the next morning the Swede made the rounds like the crier of old, and remarked for the benefit of the whole house that "It had been raining already yet since four o'clock." I found that out at four in the morning myself, when I arose to shut the window and then listened two hours to the rain as it came down in sheets and all but blew in the glass.

But the boy slept on, and only awoke when the crier passed down the hall. At first he spoke derisively of the hunter who could not "stand a little rain," but as he listened to the pelting storm he agreed that his home was the best place on such a day, and we ate our breakfast, made our belongings snug and took the train for home. We made the boy march ahead of us going through the depot carrying the bunch of birds, and we disclaimed any proprietorship, gladly giving him all the credit.

But Mr. Fullerton insists that we will yet have another go at the quail and perhaps at the ducks, too. He and the boy have entered into some bond that means further quest for game whether I go or not, and I can only agree with the boy that he is lucky to have such a friend as Mr. Fullerton, who already has done so much to m[illegible] Minnesota what it is to-day in the way of a fish and game State.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

Carrying Game Through New Jersey

NEW YORK, Nov. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* During a recent hunting trip through Orange county, some discussion arose regarding our homecoming, which would necessitate our traveling through the State of New Jersey. Our game consisted of rabbits, squirrels, quail and partridge, and it was up to us to get these home some way or other. One of our party spoke of an amendment made in New Jersey's laws prohibiting residents of New York bringing game exposed through New Jersey, during the closed season. There seems to be quite a great deal of uncertainty regarding these points. R. T.

[The New Jersey law on this point, as given in *Game Laws in Brief*, reads as follows:

Sec. 26. It shall be unlawful to remove or to attempt to remove from this State any quail, ruffed grouse, pinnated grouse, woodcock, hare, squirrel, English pheasant or ring-necked pheasant: Provided, however, That this section shall not apply to common carriers carrying from beyond the confines of this State in unbroken packages to some point beyond the confines of this State such quail, ruffed grouse, pinnated grouse, woodcock, hare, squirrel or pheasant; any person guilty of any violation of this section shall be liable to a penalty of $20 for every quail, ruffed grouse, pinnated grouse, woodcock, hare, squirrel or pheasant removed or sought to be removed: Provided, however, That this section shall not apply to English or ring-necked pheasants killed on preserves at present established.

The New Jersey authorities construe this as applicable to game brought into the State for transportation through it and out of the State again, even when the game is carried by sportsmen passing from New York State to New York State. An exception is made in favor of common carriers, that is to say, railroads, express companies, etc. Hence, if the game taken in Orange county, N. Y., be turned over to the express company for transportation to and delivery in New York, it will pass through New Jersey without molestation.

But the New York law provides with respect to the shipment of game:

Sec. 29. Woodcock, grouse and quail shall not be transported within this State or into the State from a point without the State less than twenty-five miles from the State line, unless accompanied by the actual owner thereof, and no person shall transport or accompany more than thirty-six grouse or thirty-six woodcock in any calendar year, or more than twelve of either kind at one time. No common carrier or person in its employ shall transport such birds as owner.

This means that the game must be carried by the express company on the same train that the owner of the game travels on; *i. e.*, must be "accompanied by the actual owner thereof."

There is also a provision in the New York law which forbids the export of game from the State; but this is held not to apply to game which is exported from one part of the State to be received in another part, as in this case of export from Orange county through New Jersey into New York again.]

Some Sportsmen's Letters.

Mr. W. B. Mershon, of Saginaw, Mich., writes:

I inclose a letter from Mr. William Held. He is a naturalist sportsman, and he is as fond of flowers as he is of birds, and we enjoy swapping experiences on both subjects. A year ago, Held promised to take me woodcock shooting, for I have not had time for a good many years to look up the woodcock country, so I am entirely out of it. But from his letter, it seems we will have to wait another year. We have had so much rain in this part of the country that it is impossible to get into the covers now, and I think the young broods were about exterminated in June—that is, the quail and ruffed grouse. No one reports very good luck, though I stole away for a few hours Saturday and got three ruffed grouse and a pair of good wet, blistered feet, for I wore rubber boots and I never could tramp in them.

Mr. Held writes to Mr. Mershon:

I am sorry to say that there will be no woodcock shooting this fall around here. I believe the birds passed through during the two weeks before the season opened, Oct. 20. I was out on opening day and bagged five woodcock, and I could see that the grounds were exhausted and finished for the season. The last two seasons were exceptionally late, which made good shooting after Oct. 20. The continuous rain during the past summer and early fall rushed the grounds through earlier than usual. The same cause applies to the snipe grounds. This is the poorest season for snipe I have ever seen, and all on account of the grounds not being in condition when the birds are moving on their southern flight. The little sora, or rice bird, was also scarce on opening day, Oct. 1. The evening before I must have flushed at least 200 in going with a boat half a mile. They all went south with the storm that came up shortly after dark. Quail and partridge also seem to be very scarce around here, I think owing to the extreme wet weather during the breeding season.

I see that some of the FOREST AND STREAM writers are advocating a five-year close season on woodcock. One of them says they are so easily found. I can't agree with him there, as I think they are the most difficult of all game birds to keep track of. I think there are very few killed in the North in comparison with the numbers which are slaughtered in the South. The woodcock is far from extinction, owing to its migrating at night and changeable habits. Once in a while a fellow will write that he has hunted some old woodcock cover a whole season and never found a bird. We have the same thing here. I know a number of places that used to be good covers for woodcock, and they have not contained a bird in three or four years; but that does not show that the bird is becoming extinct, because there are other places not far from the old ones, which have formed within the past few years and contain numbers of birds every fall.

I saw a passenger pigeon last week near the Cass River. It was with a little bunch of mourning doves, and it is the second one I have ever seen.

I hope next season will be a better one for woodcock, so that I may take you along and let you familiarize yourself with this strange bird.

WM. C. HELD.

Here are some paragraphs in the letter of one sportsman to another, so full of good sense and suggestion that we have asked permission to put them into print:

"You have been writing about what a grand thing it is to take the boy fishing or teach the youngster to shoot, and I could plainly see the way the little fellow acted; there had been a complete famine of handling a gun or squinting at a bird. Teach the young idea how to shoot, and not only that, but give him a chance to remember his first shooting trip and many other shooting trips when his father went along as a guide and teacher.

"I know I can look back with the greatest amount of satisfaction to the first time my father took me in his duck boat to let me see him shoot ducks. I can remember when my uncle took me out in the morning to a pigeon flight and let me bang away at a flying bird with my 16-gauge muzzleloader, and how large the lone pigeon was which I promptly lugged home to my mother; it looked bigger than a turkey. I remember how, when there was no one else to go with me, my mother and grandmother used to go and take their knitting and sit on a log and watch me shoot tip-ups and plover off from the salt flats at the outskirts of the town. They were there to see I did not shoot myself, I suppose, and we all felt better satisfied for having been together. I know of the old drives through the woods near the town (for the woods did come near the town then), when mother went along to hold the horse while father and I and the old dog got out to shoot the partridges we could always find nearby.

"Now I think the storing up of such treasures of memory as these in the minds of your boy is a vast sight better than eternally grinding in and thinking you cannot get away from business for even a day."

A NEW JERSEY correspondent, who tells us that he has found much satisfaction in reading the occasional extracts from personal letters printed in these columns, sends us these paragraphs from a sportsman friend, who writes from Chenango county, New York:

I killed six woodcock in Virginia July 1. We had heavy rains just before the first that scattered the cock or we would have done better, as my friend had five broods located. Quail are also very numerous in this section. I have a brood or two on my place. Got some fine work the other day from Gay, Ned and Lady on quail in the meadow by the river. Dogs do nobly.

You are mistaken about it being a poor hatching season for grouse. It was very dry here until June 1, when the rains commenced. The young grouse were then old enough to take care of themselves. From reports the grouse crop is unusually good, which tallies with what I observed July 1. The woodcock crop is better than known for years, and if we get no more long rainstorms, cover will be right for finding them. Swamps are down and in good shape now. I hope you will come up for at least a week. Divide your vacation up. The shooting is assuredly of a higher class than the New Jersey quail shooting. On looking over records I find we killed in 1899 42 birds; in 1900, 38 birds, and in 1901, 25 birds. A pretty good record for these days. Still, in case you come up for the annual shoot next month, I am hoping and expecting to set a new mark. Conditions are favorable for the birds and the weather is great for walking.

Fishing has been good in the rivers. Have been out twice, and took thirty-two bass the first day, from three-quarters to one and a half pounds. My second trip was up the Chenango with D. We made a kill of fifty-two bass and pike. I took a three-pound bass and he a three-pound pickerel. My bass was hooked and killed in swift shoal water. You must let me tell you about it, if we are let to meet again.

It is very doubtful about my getting to New Jersey for the quail this fall. We shall go to Florida rather earlier than usual, and I have a certain number of grouse, quail and woodcock that require my attention. My efforts in New Jersey have been more or less of a failure of late. I would like, beyond anything else, to have some of the good old days with you again, which seem to have gradually got out of our reach. Hump yourself and arrange for the hunt.

Some Game Won and What it Weighed.

NEW YORK, Nov. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Hunting in Connecticut on three days last week, my guide and I secured two rabbits, six ruffed grouse, twenty quail and eighteen woodcock.

Rabbits, squirrels and grouse were plentiful, but we did not care to kill rabbits and squirrels, and the cover was so dense that successful grouse shooting was exceedingly difficult.

I have photographs taken of the "string," and if I get the time to spare, may give you some details of the trip. On this trip I killed my first woodcock and grouse, while my first quail was bagged on Long Island last December, and described in one of January's numbers, making this my second crack at the quail.

The weight of some of these birds were as follows: 4 woodcock, 8 ounces each; 2 woodcock, 7½ ounces each; 10 woodcock, 7 ounces each, 2 woodcock, 6 ounces each; 2 grouse, 1½ pounds each; 2 grouse, 1 pound 6 ounces; 2 grouse, 1¼ pounds each; 4 quail weighed 8 ounces each, and the other birds were unweighed.

The weather was delightful, the sport fine and my enjoyment unbounded. W. H. E.

Man with the gloomy liver,
Cease to deplore thy fate;
Get out toward the river
And go to—digging bait!
—Atlanta Constitution.

Michigan Brush and Marsh.

HARTFORD, Mich., Nov. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The quail season opened here with a fair showing of birds, but a great many are undersized. Your correspondent got eight the first day. But few birds have been killed. There are few trained dogs in this vicinity. I wish to tell you of my experience in killing a ruffed grouse the other day; it was marvelous. Grouse are very scarce in this locality, therefore when we get one we consider it a prize. While I was out shooting quail, a startled grouse flew almost through my hair; not having time to shoot until it had passed me, I turned, but could not shoot until it was out of range. Soon after I shot I heard another gun, which shot from the same direction I saw the bird fly, and followed my shot so closely I knew it was meant for the same bird. Going over the crest of the hill where I had heard the gun, I found it was a lady huntress, Mrs. Nina Moore, of Hartford. She said she had shot at the grouse and missed it. She said it flew so close to her she could have clubbed it with her gun and might have killed it that way. She pointed out to me where the bird had gone down in the brush, some forty rods distant, and I started, determined, if possible, to flush the grouse. Not having my dog with me, I knew it was a matter of chance, as when they have flown so far the birds will lie very close. When I arrived as near as I could calculate to the place where the bird lit, I found the brush very thick and plenty of logs, but grasping my gun with a firm hand, I started into the brush, hoping to flush the bird, and if flushed, to shoot, hit or miss. As good luck would have it, I had not taken five steps into the brush, before whirr went the grouse from almost under my feet. A shot rang out instantly, and that grouse lay fluttering in the grass without any head. That is what I call first-class luck. I do not remember ever killing a bird, of which the thug of the fall gave me more pleasure than did the fall of that grouse. And I instantly thought of the controversy going on in FOREST AND STREAM as to what constitutes sport. I know that the writers are friendly, and I think each one believes what he advocates, but I have killed many a wild turkey and many a deer that dressed 250 pounds, and I know that the pleasure of killing that grouse was as great as it would have been had it been a 200-pound deer. So I thought of the poet's comments on the "Difference in Opinion";

"Do not mock your neighbor's weakness when his random whims you see,
For perhaps he something like it every day beholds in thee.
Every mortal has his hobby. It may foolish seem to you,
But remember, bright or simple, you have got your hobby, too."

So, with these friendly writers for the FOREST AND STREAM, both are right, and I love to read the discussion.

It may interest the readers of your paper to know what the duck shooting is in some parts of Michigan. Harry Soule, of Syracuse, N. Y., is the Nestor of the Monroe Shooting Club; he is seventy-three years old, and every season finds him on hand ready for the hunting season to open. Yesterday he was feeling particularly frisky, and he started out to break the single-gun record, and he did it without turning a hair. When he returned to the club house after his day's shooting, he carried with him ninety-eight ducks, eighty-two of which were canvasbacks. Ducks were never known to be so plentiful on the club's preserves as they are this season, but the pot-hunter had better keep at a safe distance, as the marsh is guarded at all points. More than 300 ducks have been killed by the members of the club this week. This report is just one week late.

'Coon are very plentful. Ernest Tyler caught a 'coon on the Paw Paw River the night before last which weighed twenty-eight pounds. SULLIVAN COOK.

Woodcock and Wood Duck.

OTTAWA, Canada.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Sportsmen worthy of the name are lamenting the vanishing of the woodcock and the wood duck, not only in the United States, but in Canada. The woodcock is to be found in eastern Manitoba, along both sides of the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence, and in the Ottawa Valley—in fact all the way up the St. Lawrence River to the Gaspé Peninsula. In Rensselaer county (New York State), a law has been passed rendering the shooting of woodcock illegal before 1903, and if this creditable example were to be generally followed throughout the region inhabited by the woodcock, there could be no question as to the result. Such action on the part of the Northern States would have the co-operation of Ontario, which has a law empowering it to act with two or more of the States lying to the south of that Province (one of such States being either New York, Pennsylvania or Michigan) in prohibiting for a period all hunting, shooting and sale of any migratory bird that appears to be in danger of extinction. In fact, New York has recently taken steps looking to the establishment of such co-operation as the Ontario Legislature have suggested on this point. Unless sportsmen and others especially interested will take this matter in hand and secure proper legislation for the better protection of the woodcock, future generations will have cause to grieve over the loss of one of the finest game birds that ever graced a covert.

The wood duck is found from Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Ontario, westward to British Columbia, and southward through the United States to its southern border and Cuba. It is rather uncommon in the eastern Canadian Provinces, but in parts of Manitoba and British Columbia it is abundant. In the Saskatchewan region it has been found as far north as latitude 54, and on the west shore of Hudson Bay as high as latitude 60, but it is rare north of the fiftieth parallel. Happily, to their credit be it stated, the three Canadian Provinces of Manitoba, Ontario and New Brunswick, and seven States of the Union (New Hampshire, Vermont, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Utah and California), by closing the season before Feb. 1, have abolished the spring shooting of wood duck within their borders. It is regrettable that such States as Iowa, the Dakotas, Montana, Wyoming and Colorado, which contain large breeding grounds, should be among the number that extend the open season to April or later. Birds are more easily and more completely destroyed on the breeding grounds than on areas which they merely pass over during migration; for when the breeding season arrives and the nesting site is chosen, birds become less shy and more inclined to remain in the neighborhood, so that gunners (the term "sportsman" cannot be used in this connection), while in search for late migrants, have little difficulty in killing all the wood ducks that are to be found. Sportsmen willing to deny themselves a little present sport for the sake of future gain to themselves and posterity should spare no efforts to save and restore this beautiful bird. If spring shooting were abolished the wood duck would gradually return to its old haunts, and by degrees re-establish itself, to the joy of all sportsmen and the satisfaction of all lovers of nature. W. H. COARD.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Northern Flight is Down.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 8.—The northern flight of big ducks is at last down along this parallel of latitude, and if we are to have shooting this fall it will be within the coming week. Indeed, we have already had shooting, good shooting, and lots of it, for the last week. The reports from the Kankakee country near Water Valley, Shelby, etc., say that the sport there early in the present week was as good as has been known there for twenty years. This flurry of shooting came in unexpectedly and very quickly, and was no doubt attributable to the change of the weather from fair to rainy and stormy. The last two days were bright, and it is hardly to be supposed that the duck shooters who went out the middle of the week have had any very heavy shooting. Those who went down Sunday and Monday last were the lucky ones. Eddie Bingham and Frank Bissell were down to Water Valley on a sort of loafing trip and didn't get out until after 11 o'clock, but between them picked up over fifty ducks. Tom McCoy, of Rensselaer, Ind., with his pusher, killed ninety-six birds one day, most of them big ducks, this latter being the heaviest fall bag of ducks of which I have heard in many years in this region. It is sometimes, though rarely, equalled by the spring shooters on the first north-bound flight, when the birds are thin and very hungry. Other shooters from Indiana and from this State who were in along the Kankakee the first three days of the week, are stated to have had excellent sport. Upon the contrary, the Tolleston marsh, located further to the north, just across the Indiana line, did not furnish so heavy shooting as the Kankakee country below it. For some reason or other the Tolleston birds seemed to move out and drop down further toward the south. This well-stocked and well-fed marsh, however, is by no means abandoned, and nearly all of the duck shooting club members are now present upon the grounds. Mr. C. S. Dennis and one or two friends left yesterday and a great many others are going down to-day. Mr. Hempstead Washburne is another one of the Chicago membership to try the Tolleston marsh at this time.

Mr. W. L. Wells and his friend, Mr. Robert Stites, of this city, have been trying all week to determine upon some shooting country where they might be fairly well assured of some ducks. They made it up to go to the Upper Meredosia marsh on the Mississippi River, below Clinton, Ia., but yesterday morning Mr. Wells got a report from Mr. Jenks, of Clinton, to the effect that the weather had come off fair and that no ducks were in along the river. This unsettled them very much, and they determined to go to Fox Lake, Ill., starting to-morrow night, there having come report that considerable numbers of birds were working in that country, with the likelihood that greater numbers would come in any day. Now came up the reports of these heavy Indiana bags, and a half-hour ago I saw Mr. Stites and Mr. Wells chasing down the street getting ready to go to Thayer, on the Kankakee River, for their trip, which will be of two or three days' duration.

Mr. Eddie Pope, of this city, has been passing four days at New Boston, on the Mississippi River, but no reports have come up from him in regard to his success. It is believed that he got there just ahead of the heavy shooting, and that the fair weather probably killed his sport.

Mr. Henry Ehlers, an old-time member of the Diana Club, of the Kankakee country, started for the club ground in a big hurry yesterday. It is believed that good shooting will be had there within the next few days.

Meantime, a cold wave which reached twenty below zero at Medicine Hat, in the Northwest, is reported to be making its way eastward. This will assuredly send all the birds down out of the northern country, and, granted any fairly cloudy and rough weather here in the next few days, should assure the wildfowlers their best opportunity of sport in the current season.

Charges Refuted by Actions.

The unfounded attack of a Chicago paper upon the State game warden and deputies of the State of Minnesota received the best sort of refutation during this week. Warden Fullerton and his hustling assistants began a campaign against the hotels and cafés of the cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis. They raided the Niccolet Hotel, of Minneapolis; Cromby's Restaurant, and Barge's Restaurant, as well as Carling's Restaurant, in St. Paul, bringing suits in each of the instances above mentioned and taking out warrants for the arrest of the proprietors of the different places. It is not of record that the State game warden of Minnesota asked the advice or consent of the paper in question in thus carrying out his customary warfare against illegal game sellers, but the fact that he has gone after the very people who were reported to be his friends and allies in crime, would seem to be full answer to the malicious misstatements.

Lost in the Rockies.

On last Tuesday, Nov. 4, Supt. E. F. Egan, of the Great Northern Railroad, who was with a private car party of hunters at Belton, Mont., disappeared from his friends, and at this writing has not been discovered. The other members of the party are at the car waiting for his return. No word has been received from him as to his whereabout, and considerable alarm has been felt by his friends. President James J. Hill, of the Great Northern Railroad, has directed that 100 men be sent out to hunt for Mr. Egan, and Mr. Egan's brother has gone on from Chicago to join in the search.

The Quail Season Opens.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 1.—The quail season for Illinois opens to-day, but it is not attracting very much attention, for the reason that our quail shooters are obliged to go almost as far for good shooting as the duck hunters, and they prefer to wait until they can make a good and probably successful hunt of it. It is still too early for the best of the sport, for in this phenomenally mild fall we have had no frosts as yet, and the vegetation is unusually high on account of the heavy rains of the summer. It is mild and bright, better chicken weather as we commonly find it than quail weather. Perhaps any day may bring a change, with more of the orthodox fall tang to it, and then we shall see the hunters going out in greater numbers. Messrs. F. E. Atherton and R. A. Turrtle started to-day for Savannah, Ill., west of here, in what is known to be good quail country, and a few shooters start south this afternoon, but nothing much is doing yet.

It is the belief of the experts that there will be a good crop of quail south of the wet belt in this State; that is to say, as far south as St. Louis. Below that line there is likelihood of abundance of birds. The Illinois Central Railway people say they have birds all along the line below the Kankakee River. Some men to-day left for Farina, on that line, and expect to find birds from what stories they have heard. Thence south to Cairo there should be shooting.

My old-time shooting friend, Warren Powel, down in Christian county, suggests that we get after the birds before very long, and wants to scare up some sort of shoot for a day or so next week, and then make a trip further south toward the Ohio River later in the month.

Chicago shooters ought not to overlook the attractions of Minnesota this fall, as a quail State. Any shooter who took out his license for chickens last summer might do much worse than use it again on quail. Minnesota would have the additional charm of a good chance to get some fine ruffed grouse shooting, to say nothing of a duck shoot in the bargain. The prairies of the Northwest in the fall can not be beaten for keen sporting flavor. Warm weather is nice, but the Southern shooters always like a taste of the air of the frosty Northwest when they get the chance. The truth is, however, we all want what we haven't got. As for sport, to my own mind, quail shooting is about the best of all, in the days when the leaves are red and brown, and the stubbles are gray, and the cornfields a thousand shades of yellow and gold, and the persimmon hangs high but ready to let go.

Deer.

Now also is the deer season with us, a season with the warmth of autumn in it, and no touch of snow for tracking, which means many disconsolate days for the still-hunters. The railroads are making their customary campaigns in Ohio and Indiana, and will carry the usual train loads of deer hunters up into the woods—more than they will carry back again. The custom of wearing highly colored clothing while engaged in deer hunting is coming into more and more general use. The proper "deer stalker" now is a bright red cap, with coat to match, either bright red or blue. Even so there will be plenty of men mistaken for deer and shot by their friends. There was never any very great excitement over the deer season here in Chicago, for some reason, the greatest numbers of the Wisconsin and Michigan shooters coming from other points than Chicago. Mr. Byron Veatch, with a few friends, is preparing for a deer hunting trip in the Fifield country of Wisconsin, and he says they have reports which state deer are very abundant indeed at present in that section. They expect to have no trouble in getting their limit.

Ducks.

A few ducks are in on the better known marshes about this city, but the weather is at this writing too warm and clear to offer any special sport at them. A few of our shooters go up to Fox Lake to-day, more for the sake of getting out of doors than with any expectation of sport. There are a few birds in there, and among these a little flight of jacksnipe, not enough to afford much excitement. The main item in a Fox Lake bag these days is the mudhen, and indeed this bird furnishes more than three-fifths of the number of shots fired by a duck shooter in this part of the world to-day. Ten years ago one would have been laughed to scorn for taking one of these fowl home with him, but now it seems the case that many shooters, no matter how shame-faced they may be about it, rather figure on this bird to offer a bit of shooting, and a great many mudhens are now taken home, whereas formerly they were not shot, or were left to rot where they fell. I regret to say that there are some shooters so brutal as to kill mudhens and leave them lying where they are shot. I have heard of one party who killed over a hundred mudhens in this way, making no use whatever of them. This is not right. It would not be right even if the bird was quite unfit to eat. Some of my friends say that it can be eaten and is not wholly unpalatable. Eat it, and like it, or don't shoot it.

I hear that one of the Muercke boys of Nippersink killed 187 mudhens a week or so ago, but understand that he used them at his hotel table. The battue on mudhens is now part of the sport offered on the Fox Lake Chain. A big raft of the birds is located and driven into a bay, and then the boats close in on them, and get the shooting as the birds rise and fly back toward the open water behind the fleet of boats. Sportsmen tell me that of a morning the bombarding of the mudhens is as heavy as the firing used to be in the days of actual duck shooting. The newly come duck shooter is apt to be deceived by it, and to think that a duck flight is really in. The latter is not apt to happen on Fox Lake in these degenerate days.

Got Foolish.

To-day I got foolish. I was passing a window of a department store, and saw some old weapons, all of patterns once used and approved in the Army of the United States. I could never resist such things. I added to my collection of what a Certain Person calls "junk" a couple of bayonets at 15 cents each, a fine officer's sword at one

dollar, a pair of sword bayonets at fifty cents, a cavalry saber at six bits, a Sharps carbine at two dollars and a half, and a Springfield rifle, the same sort I used to tote in the National Guard, for the same price as the carbine. There'll be trouble in my family when that stuff is delivered; but how could I help it? It was too bad to see these splendid things in such a place, Beside, I have a theory that every American man ought to preserve all the weapons of his own family, and if possible should keep at least a fair assortment of the weapons of his country, and he ought to know how to use all the latter as they come along. I forgot to say that I got a pair of genuine old Colt's navy revolvers, wooden butts, such as used to be correct in Western full dress up to times within my own memory. They were both worn and disfigured, but the locks were beautifully smooth and even. There was a box full of them, and it was a shame. I was much of a mind to buy the whole outfit. Every one of these weapons was in just as useful condition as ever it was, and it made one feel a bit odd to see such excellent arms now so wholly without value. The Springfield breech block in limbo, and the grand Sharps' action out of use! How strange that seems to even young men! I'm going to keep these things for the sake of auld lang syne.

With Uncle Adam.

This from Mr. M. F. Westover, who has been in New Brunswick and is going back again. I wish I could go back, too, to kill the rest of my moose. It was about this time last year that plans were making for my own trip to the moose country, and the trip which was so pleasantly unsuccessful, as I presume one may best call it, since I did not get all of my bull. Mr. Westover writes:

"I have greatly enjoyed your account of your trip with Adam Moore, and perhaps I am better able to appreciate it, since I was at the same time down on Cain's River doing some hard snowshoeing. I got in one night after twelve hours' work during a snow, which turned to rain in the afternoon, with not a dry thread upon me, chiefly because of the loads of snow and water the spruces dumped upon me. When I came through Fredericton Mr. W. T. Chestnut told me you were up in the woods. I shall start in day after to-morrow for a fortnight with Adam. Shall arrive at Plaster Rock on Friday evening, drive through to the Forks that night, and walk in to the lake from there."

Happy man, and good luck to him!

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Be Sure and Be Safe.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read in the American papers this season reports of several sad accidents, similar to many which have occurred during the last few years, due to hunters shooting men in mistake for deer. They seem to me to be attributable to two causes:

1. Occasionally to the use of small-bore military rifles, modified for sporting purposes, the projectiles of which have such an enormous range and penetration, that people have been struck by them without hearing a sound, or knowing whence they came.

2. Generally to the shocking practice (of which even some old hunters have been guilty) of firing at an object not distinctly seen, or, worse still, at a bunch of moving leaves.

It is to be hoped that the first-mentioned cause will soon be removed by the increasing use of the older pattern rifles of the Winchester and Marlin companies, the cartridges of which are now loaded with smokeless powders and metal jacketed, soft-pointed bullets, larger of caliber and shorter in proportion to diameter than those of military weapons.

Firing at moving leaves, or at anything not distinctly seen, appears to me to be really criminal, because the man who does so is well aware that the object he aims at may possibly be a human being. Even if he feel sure that it is a quadruped, the act is not that of a fair sportsman, for the chance of killing quickly is not greater than that of letting the animal escape with a broken leg or wound in a non-vital part of the body.

I can truly state that during the whole of my own shooting career I never fired at any animal, large or small, without being able to see enough of him to aim at a vital part. And I never knew one of my sporting friends or acquaintances who acted otherwise. It is a satisfaction to think that, through the observance of this rule, very few animals have been uselessly wounded; but even with this precaution, I, on one occasion, very narrowly escaped killing a human being. While walking through some acacia jungle, I saw what appeared to be a "ravine deer" feeding about seventy yards distant. The whole of the body was visible, but the head, neck and legs were concealed behind some low bushes. I leveled the rifle and was actually pressing the trigger, when a thought suddenly struck me that the color of the skin was not exactly that of a deer. I instantly raised the muzzle, stalked to within about thirty-five yards, and found that I had aimed at a Hindoo village woman who was digging up some kind of roots, her body being bent level. She wore the usual dress, consisting of a large kind of sheet, called sāree, which covers both the head and body. It was dyed with a red color, in common use, and exposure to the sun had turned it to yellowish brown.

As respectable native women dislike talking to strange men, I quietly drew back without letting her see or hear me, so she never knew how nearly she had escaped sudden death. Thirty-four years have passed since then, but even now the thought of how she might have been killed in another fraction of a second, gives me a feeling of horror. The difference in tint between her dress and the coat of a "ravine deer" was so difficult to see at a distance of seventy yards, that I am certain the idea must have been impressed upon me, at the last moment, by some friend in the spirit world.

A colonel in the Indian army with whom I was acquainted (a very fine shot) was in the habit of using an Enfield rifle of .577 bore for large game. One day he fired at an antelope, when the solid conical bullet dropped on to an old mud-built fence, rebounded to a great distance, and passed through the brain of a native. My friend was so shocked on discovering what had happened, that for a long time (I think some years) he gave up the use of the rifle, although an ardent sportsman. When resuming it, he bought a .450 express with hollow-pointed bullets. When one of these strikes the ground it is crushed out of shape and therefore does not travel to a dangerous distance.

The habit of reckless firing seems partly attributable to the use of repeating rifles. In muzzleloading times I resided for six years in New Brunswick and Canada, and never heard of one case where a man was shot in mistake for a deer. A muzzleloader required enough time to reload to make a hunter careful about firing before he knew what he was aiming at. J. J. MEYRICK.

SALTERTON, Devonshire, Eng., Oct. 25.

Chesapeake Bay Ducking.

HAVRE DE GRACE, Nov. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The ducking season on the Susquehanna Flats opened on Monday, the 3d inst., and cannot be said to have been successful. The throng of gunners who appeared on the ducking ground was larger than ever before known hereabouts, but a heavy fog which lay over the water prevented them from doing anything for the first half of the day.

Beside the local sportsmen, who turned out in great force, there were present many men from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other lesser cities.

The fog lifted about noon, and then the shooting began. Long before that, some of the gunners had become discouraged and given up; they returned to the shore, but the greater number waited with patience, thinking that the fog would lift and it would be possible to see. There was no question as to the abundance of the ducks, and the shooting would undoubtedly have been great if the weather had not been adverse.

Beside the gunners, the ducking police were on the ground, watching the various craft, in order to see that the law governing the time of starting out and crossing the line was observed. Their enthusiasm led a considerable number to cross the line before 5 A. M., and the police made seventeen arrests for this offense.

After the fog had lifted, the birds began to fly, and there was good shooting. While the number of birds killed does not compare with many opening days of the past, yet some very good bags were made—one of 148 birds and one of 147.

So far as can be learned at present, the number of ducks here is very large, but just how the shooting season may turn out depends on so many conditions that a prediction concerning it would not be safe.

There have been issued more than one hundred sink box and sneak boat licenses; a number which one would suppose would pretty well crowd the bay, but there is plenty of room here for these and for others.

The prices paid for ducks by dealers are, for canvasbacks, $3 a pair; redheads, $1.25; ruddy ducks, 80 cents, and blackheads, 50 cents. SINK BOX.

The Iowa Game Season.

HUMBOLDT, Ia., Oct. 31.—Duck hunting in Iowa this year, especially in the northern part, has been the best in many years. Ever since the season opened on the first of September fine sport has been had. On account of the warm fall the ducks are slow in arriving, but when they do come down there will be the biggest flight ever seen in Iowa for several seasons.

The first of this week was a slight cold spell, which brought a few ducks down and with the ducks already here, great sport was had, but the warm weather has again come back and rain is now falling.

The northern prairie chickens are down now from Minnesota and other neighboring States in great numbers. Chickens are nearly as numerous as ducks, while only a few weeks ago a hunter who saw a bird in this country was regarded as looking upon quite a rare sight.

In the evening and early morning, if one finds himself in the country, he will be greatly surprised at the immense numbers of chickens he sees flying. But get in a good fly way and you will be still more surprised, flock after flock, ranging in number from half a dozen to thirty or forty birds, will go over you, and if you are a good shot you can get a good number of birds. It is difficult to get at them unless you get in their fly way, for they are way up in the air and going at a pretty good rate.

GEORGE J. BICKNELL.

Heavy Flight of Woodcock.

WEST HAVERSTRAW, N. Y., Nov. 3.—The last week in October has been marked by a heavy flight of woodcock. I have not been out myself, but hear that the birds have been more numerous than for many years. They were found principally in rather high ground along small streams of water and on the plateaus, wherever there was any feeding ground. Fortunately, only a few men knew of the flight in time to take advantage of it, and I cannot hear of many large bags being made. Two men had a large number of birds as the result of two days' shooting. The woodcock were in a large bag, and I have not learned the exact number. Quail shooting began on Labor Day, and the country side was alive with men and boys carrying guns. Wagon loads of dogs were transported here, there and elsewhere, but I doubt if the number of quail killed equalled the number of dogs, guns and men that took the field against them. T. G.

On Long Island.

BAYPORT, L. I., Nov. 10.—The past two weeks have been very good in this neighborhood for sportsmen, and the weather all that could be desired. Over 100 deer were killed in a radius of about four miles from here. They are in very fine condition, but very few bucks are killed in comparison with the does. I was out with the South Side Bohemia Sportsmen's Club on Wednesday at Oakdale, and we got three fine deer. Rabbits are very plentiful this year. Gentlemen out with the various guides, both ducking and quailing, have got very satisfactory bags. Redhead are now in the bay in good number, one gentleman staying here got four in one day.

HENRY STOKES.

New Jersey Ducks.

TRENTON, N. J., Nov. 10.—I returned Saturday eve from a three days' trip to Beach Haven, N. J., for ducks. Walter F. Smith was with me. The flight of ducks reached Tuckerton Bay on Monday. On Tuesday afternoon there were as high as fifty ducks shot from each of several different points. We located on our point about 2 P. M. on Wednesday, and between that time and dark shot forty-nine ducks. On Thursday at the same point we shot fifty-one ducks. On Friday we shot from an island leased by our gunners and got thirty-five ducks. We got sixteen redheads, and the rest were mostly broadbills.

With such a chance for a royal good time right at out doors, and with the excitement of the outing still in my system, I feel that brother duck shooters should be given the opportunity for like enjoyment.

FRED B. YARD.

Canvasbacks on Lake Mendota.

MADISON, Wis., Nov. 4.—Several years ago certain men planted some wild celery in one of our lakes, and this has grown very rapidly, and now covers a number of acres in one of the bays of Lake Mendota. The canvasback have discovered this rich feeding ground, and thousands of them can be seen at any time of the day. It is not unusual in this part of the country to see a hunter returning with a bag of anywhere from twenty to fifty of these fine birds. Of course, they are hard to shoot, but with a due amount of patience, a good shot is well rewarded for the trouble of going after them. I expect to waste my usual amount of ammunition in a futile attempt to bag some of these foxy birds.

FAYETTE DURLIN.

Dr. Davis Gets His Quota.

LANCASTER, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just returned from a very successful moose hunt in Nova Scotia, under the guidance of the veteran hunter and guide, Mr. J. McKay, of Shelburne, N. S. My hunting mate from many years was Mr. A. C. Kepler, of this city.

S. T. DAVIS.

Sea and River Fishing.

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

Fall Fishing in California.

AVALON, Santa Catalina Island, Cal., Nov. 1.—The fishing season is over in the East. Rods, creels and old clothes, fly-books and various articles dear to the angler's heart, are being laid away or hung up in the den, where they regale the eye, and perhaps some old live bait forgotten, regales the senses for weeks to come. How different is all this in California! Here the summer season is still on, though over in theory. Yellowtails are biting well, and November is, all things considered, the best month in the year, as the fish are now gathering to begin their off-shore cruise to the outer banks or down the coast to lower California. At this time the fish are found in large schools at Ship Rock, and every day bands and schools pass the bay of Avalon, affording splendid sport to the wielder of the rod. The yellowtail arrives in February and stays until the first hard storm, or about Dec. 15, so can be had almost the entire year. But by Dec. 1 the season may be said to be closed, and that of winter is on. So far as weather is concerned, no one would know that winter had arrived, as Santa Catalina has a climate about like that of Madeira, only cooler in summer. Winter here means roses in bloom; means a wealth of wild flowers. The Mariposa lily in bloom and the painting of the entire island in a garb of new-born green.

An old-timer told me that he had seen frost here once in six years; this at Avalon on the water, but if any one wishes frost they can find it in the upper island, 1,800 feet above the sea. But the days at this island are perfect, and in time to come it will be famous as a winter resort, and even now, one hundred thousand persons visit it a year, and nearly all of them fish, which conveys an idea of the quantity of fish the place must have to supply the demand.

When the winter angler lands at Avalon he is met by scores of marine hackmen, who hand him cards and cry the names of their boats. There are tuna boats, rowboats, glass-bottom boats, yellowtail boats—in fact, so many different kinds of craft that a man is bewildered. Down at the south end of the little bay are the stands of the boatmen, each of whom has about twenty feet for his headquarters, which consists of a tasty seat, rod box, rack for hanging fish and drying lines, above which is a long sign bearing the name of the boatman and gaffer. He owns the sea rights directly in front, and on a rope in a long string are his dozen or twenty boats, as the case may be. Probably no place in the world is better arranged or more directly designed for the comfort of the angler than Avalon, which is but forty miles from Los Angeles, a city of over 125,000 inhabitants.

The winter fishing here includes some very gamy fish, as the whitefish, which attains a weight of twenty-five pounds; five or six species of rock bass, from two to six pounds, and at San Clemente they range up to twelve pounds; the sheepshead twenty-five pounds; albicore, sixty pounds, and numberous fish, as the blue perch, which afford good sport with light trout or bass rods, including the halibut, a very gamy fish.

People here consider the whitefish the game fish of winter par excellence, and a beautiful creature it is, a dress of light gray, with long dorsal and anal fin tipped with vivid blue, a large head, yellow and white belly and most expressive eyes. I had what might be called the fish of my life with these gamy creatures at the island of San Clemente, twenty miles southwest of Avalon. The launch was anchored off a kelp-lined point, where the tide ran merrily, sometimes one way and sometimes another. The boatman began to "chum," and soon a hundred feet astern we saw a few brightly colored fishes that gradually

drew nearer and nearer. I had a ten or twelve ounce split bamboo, with a trout line, small hook and crayfish for bait, and this I cast well out into them. It had hardly reached a foot below the surface when there came a strike, which I am convinced astonished my rod. The fish made a fine run directly out, taking a hundred feet of my line to the music of the reel, and there was no stopping him—and no one wanted to. Around he rushed, directly at the surface, then turning, to plunge a few feet; then coming to the surface, to run in on me, turning like a bass, and playing a score of delightful tricks, all of which testified to its fine game qualities. If it had been a big lake trout, one might have told the story for weeks, and lived on it, but being only a whitefish, "putting up its regular fight," no one thought anything about it. I landed the fish in about ten minutes, and I forced the fighting in a mean and underhand manner, I confess it, that I might have more, and to pay me, the next whitefish put up a run that broke my line—how or why I know not, but I really felt happy to bring the rod out of that double rush alive. Three of us were fishing in this current, and some one caught a fish every moment, and we fished (tell it not in Gath) until we had enough to supply the yacht and the old herder ashore, and then we brought the fish to net and carefully released them. Commend me to California whitefish, when taken in deep water and a swift current in the flood tide.

We had expressed a wish to catch all kinds of fish, and a few days later came to anchor off a kelp bed near what is known as the fence, directly back of the town of Avalon, on the west coast of Santa Catalina. The boatman pulled in a big bunch of kelp, which served as an anchor, and we cast into open places in the kelp bed, using fairly stiff rods. Strikes came at once, from a fish that demonstrated its qualities by winding up my line in the kelp after a fine run of fifty yards, during which the reel made the music we had hoped to hear. It was cheaper to cut the line than waste time when such fish were biting, and ten minutes later I had a sheepshead on, which gave me as fine a play as any striped bass I remember, and several fifty-pounders have fallen to my gaff. The fish was a "tackle-tester" in every sense, and made so rapid a play that I was breathing hard when I had the fish where I could see it, a most astonishing creature, broad side on, bearing away from me with a force that made everything creak and really buckled my rod, when I finally put on too much strength. Yet I landed the game after a hard struggle, and if the fish had been taken clear of the kelp where I could have played it with freedom, it would take its stand with any of the fine game fishes of America, as it was a continuous and rapid contestant, and never gave up, resourceful and tricky. But the appearance of this game fish! It had a blunt head like an old frigate of 1760, a ram black as jet, yet the under jaw was pure white; the mouth large and filled with sharp teeth, plugs of ivory. The body was banded like a porgy, but the stripes were alternately black and red, giving the entire fish a most striking appearance. I or my boatman had anchored over a convention of sheepshead, as the strikes came so fast and the runs so furious that I could have filled the boat in a short time with these fine fish. I took several rock bass and half a mile up shore, in passing a little beach, we found a school of bass chasing sardines. They were within two or three feet of the beach, and taking a light rod I had my boatman back the boat in, keeping her head to the sea or rollers, and as she rode them well he put me within fifty or sixty feet of the school and I dropped a small smelt into the school, and every time took a fish, some very large, being heavier than the largest black bass I ever saw, and one must have weighed in the neighborhood of ten pounds, was a dark green hue, deep and thick. He made a splendid run and attempted to jump, not usually a trick of this fish, and cut through the waves in a most delightful fashion, and what with his plunges and my efforts to retain my position, dropping flat in the boat when a large wave came; I more than once almost went overboard. It was exciting sport, but murder, as the bass were crazed with excitement, and bit at anything. They make excellent sport, but give up much quicker than a black bass, to which they bear a marked resemblance, hence should be fished for with very light rods and line—trout tackle. In the bays and smooth water the blue perch, medialund, is common, and with an eight-ounce rod and long leader fly-hook and crayfish bait, I had trout fishing in all but name. The fishes run from half a pound to two pounds and were very gamy. All these fish can be had any winter day, pre-supposing the right boatman is had, and nearly all the men here are old-timers, but one, Mexican Joe, well-known by anglers, was born on the island and knows every rock.

The tournament of the Tuna Club this season was a particularly interesting one, though no great records were made. Never in years did the fish bite so well as in the past season. The prize for largest tuna went to Mr. Ernest Ford, of Phœnix, Ariz., a gold tuna button. Second tuna was a tie between F. C. Winter and R. F. Sticking, 150 pounds, prize silver mounted rod. Smallest tuna, Col. John Stearns, Los Angeles, 65 pounds. Col. Stearns was awarded a prize for the first tuna of the season, taken March 11. This was a very unusual catch, four months ahead of the regular season. Prize for the largest black sea bass, silver cup, gold medal, and silver-mounted rod, went to Dr. H. T. Kendall, of Pasadena, who now holds the world's record, 419 pounds. Artemus Ward, Jr., of New York, took the booby in this class (55 pounds), an infant phenomenon. Prize for largest white sea bass, silver-mounted rod, 45 pounds, went to Miss Florence Haas, of San Francisco. For largest yellowtail, 47 pounds, gold medal, silver-mounted rod, Dr. S. H. Trowbridge, Fresno, Cal. Largest albicore, silver-mounted rod, 35½ pounds, E. Fallon, New York city. Largest bonita, 24 pounds, Fred C. New, Denver, Colo., rod. Largest sheepshead, 28 pounds, Col. John Stearns, Los Angeles. Whitefish, 7 pounds, gaff, John E. Stearns. The boatman's prize for first tuna of the season went to Harry Elms. Following this tournament, the boatmen gave one themselves.

DEL REY.

Mrs. Youngwed—"And what are these?" Dealer—"Salt mackerel, mum!" Mrs. Y.—"Are they quite fresh?"—Chicago Daily News.

A Pearl River Camp.—IV.

(*Continued from page 378.*)

OUR tackle was about the same as that used for bream, except that we now used a larger hook.

The boat was propelled by a small paddle at the stern, used with one hand and kept submerged, and our casts were in toward the bank among the cypress knees and overhanging limbs. Walter had the first strike, taking a white perch of fair size. Will then hooked a fish, but lost it by becoming excited and jerking too hard as he swung it over the boat and out in the lake on the other side the full length of the line when the hook tore out.

Jim considered this so funny that he stood up to laugh, and Will, leaning over to secure a fresh minnow, tipped the boat, and losing his balance, Jim went overboard. The water was quite deep, so all hands rushed to the rescue. Walter had the paddle, and with rare presence of mind swung the boat around in the direction Jim had taken, calling to us to kneel in the boat and catch him when he came up, as, although he could swim some, the matter of clothes and probable strangling would be a dangerous handicap. He showed signs of being badly strangled as he struggled to the surface, and I nearly went over in a desperate effort to catch his arm or hair; but before I could do so Will grabbed a foot, and in spite of all we could do, would not let go, nor could he alone pull him in. I finally got to him, and together we dragged our nearly drowned companion into the boat. His first act, after relieving himself of about half a gallon of water, was to offer to knock the head off of whichever one of us it was that held his foot so that he could not swim, thereby nearly drowning him.

We lost some little time by this accident, but as soon as we had put Jim ashore so that he could go back to camp and get into dry clothes, we resumed our fishing.

After taking several fish all round, I had a vicious strike, and after a short, hard fight, landed a big, ugly, flat-headed fish, with little beady eyes. None of us knew what it was; but as we supposed all fish were good, and as it was large, we hailed it with delight. The only other event was the large trout that Walter caught. It weighed probably three or four pounds, and put up a fight such as none of us had ever seen, jumping entirely out of the water several times. There was no science in the way we finally all together dragged that noble fish into the boat, but he was a most welcome prize.

Our fish box held an abundance of fish for supper and breakfast, when we paddled to the landing guided by the light of the fire Jim had kindled, and we soon had a supper served that lacked nothing except variety. We ate fish as long as we could keep our eyes open, all hands being tired and sleepy, especially Water and I, and when we could eat no more, turned in and slept soundly the night through.

The next morning after breakfast we started out for a tramp in the woods, carrying the guns in hopes of finding some game. We hoped for a shot at a wild turkey or perhaps a bear, but had no intention of refusing small game.

A yellowhammer was the first game sighted, and almost precipitated a personal encounter between Jim and Will as to which should have first shot. Neither would yield, and we finally had to cast lots, spitting on a chip and throwing up "wet or dry." This resulted in Will's favor, but was an empty victory, as the bird flew off while the contest was being waged. A little later we put a fox squirrel up a tree standing alone, and after several ineffectual shots brought it safely to bag. Very much elated by the prospect of a change of diet, we moved on. Another squirrel was sighted in a tree, which we at once surrounded. It was Walter's shot; so, taking his gun, he began to slip around the tree, looking up for the squirrel. He had reached the opposite side from us, when glancing down to see that the way was clear, he gave a yell and jumped as high and far from where he had been standing as he could.

"Snake!" he shouted, and dropping his gun grabbed a stick. Catching up the weapons nearest to hand, we rushed to his assistance. The snake lay in the shape of a circle, and was very large, and perfectly still. We closed in on it, and could not understand its not moving, until a close inspection proved it to be but a freshly shed skin of a snake, evidently larger than any of us had ever seen. Stretched out, it was, by estimation, fully two feet longer than Walter, who was five and one half feet tall.

The squirrel made its escape while we were engaged with the supposed snake, and we concluded that we would like the hunting better away from that locality.

Noon was approaching, the sun growing hot, and we very hungry, so a return to camp was in order. It bid fair to be a light lunch, one squirrel for the four; but just before camp was reached, a young rabbit was started which was halted by a seductive whistle and shot; so our spirits rose somewhat.

The cooking was not wholly above criticism, but we did not leave any meat on the bones of either squirrel or rabbit, and could easily have been persuaded to eat more had it been on hand.

Our breakfast had been light, owing to the fact that we found my large fish of the beady eyes not in the edible class. Our dinner had not been at all of the button starting kind, so essential to a boy's happiness, and now the larder was entirely empty, except for the meal and bacon, the former being of use only to roll our fish in, and the latter so scarce that it was carefully saved to fry with. Corn bread we did not try to make, supposing that it was necessary to have eggs, soda, milk and other ingredients, which were not to be hand.

In an after-dinner discussion, we concluded that fishing and hunting was but work, when we had to do it for something to eat. We were living literally from hand to mouth, and hustling for each meal.

The serious situation was the subject of long and earnest discussion, but our determination to stick it out did not waver. We finally concluded to go down to the river that afternoon and put out some set lines in hopes of taking some large catfish, quantity being what we especially longed for. We had some heavy set lines and large hooks, and these we prepared by cutting the line into pieces about six to eight feet long, putting a hook on each, and baiting with a minnow, proceeded to tie out in the river to snags and overhanging limbs and roots. It was hard work paddling up and down the river in the swift current, but we persevered until we had out twenty or more lines, and then feeling sure that we could depend on some one of them for our supper, paddled down to a nice sandbar, took a swim and loafed through the remaining hours of the afternoon until time to examine our lines. Visions of a bountiful supper on large fish that would not need careful eating to avoid bones filled our minds as we toiled at the paddles to get the heavy boat back up to where the lines were set. The first one was hanging limp, with the bait gone, but no fish, as was also the second, third, fourth, and so on to the end, with the exception of one of the last taken in, which had one of the same kind of flat-headed, beady-eyed fish that we had thrown away in the morning.

Thoroughly disgusted, we knocked it on the head with a paddle and tossed it back in the river.

It was evident that in trying to get out as many lines as possible, we had cut them too short, and the bait had been taken by gar and other worthless scavengers, instead of catching the fish we wanted, which were bottom feeders.

As we silently paddled back down the lake to camp in the stillness of the twilight, our disappointment was too deep for words. Hungry as boys could be, there seemed nothing for it but to go supperless to bed, and we were certainly too hungry to sleep.

Arrived at camp, I began to cast about in my mind for some means of providing supper, and finally, in desperation, concluded to try to make a soup. Getting out our iron pot, a two-gallon affair, I washed it as well as I could with cold water, and putting in the rabbit and squirrel bones left from dinner, together with a bit of bacon rind, set all to boiling merrily over the fire. Cutting a long stick, I stirred the mixture occasionally, and was delighted when it began to give off a faint savory odor. The boys sat around the fire in an expectant, though skeptical manner, watching my experiment, occasionally trying to tell how hungry they were, reaching a climax when Will declared he could eat a raw dog with the hair on. It was pretty poor soup, but I had done my best, and went to get the salt, concluding to season and serve without further delay, when my eyes fell upon our half sack of meal, and I had an inspiration. Filling a pint cup with meal, I stirred it slowly into the boiling soup, and the result was a cross between a soup and gruel, that was really quite good.

We were four pretty comfortable boys that rolled into bed as soon as supper was over, and not one drop of soup was left. At about what I judged to be midnight I was wakened by Walter, who asked, "Ain't you hungry?"

"Yes, I am," I replied, as soon as I got well awake.

"I have been awake nearly an hour, too hungry to sleep, and trying to think of some way to get something to eat," said he.

We discussed trying to fish, but finally concluded it was no use.. Then we tried to think of some way to hunt at night, but to no purpose without dogs. Our resources next came in for discussion, and when we came to the meal, I said, "Mush is made of meal, and it is good, too."

"Mush!" said Walter, springing up. "The very thing, and I know how to make it. Get that fire made while I bring some water."

We made the big pot nearly full, and it was good mush, but there was none left to fry for breakfast, for the other boys joined us at the first invitation to come eat, and for the second time we retired, full and happy.

There was but a faint streak of gray in the east when I awoke next morning, and taking my gun slipped out to try for a breakfast. A perfect stillness prevails in the woods at daybreak and noon in semitropical or the lower latitude of the temperate zone; but the morning awaking is sudden and glorious. Nature seems all but breathless as the night-prowlers seek their various hiding places, and the birds are waiting in silence for the welcome light that makes it safe for them to begin their morning songs without the fear of discovering themselves to their enemies that hunt in the darkness. It was almost too dark to see the path as I followed the bank of the lake down into the woods; but before I had gone far I began to hear the early birds beginning their low calls to each other. They seemed to be exchanging the most confidential communications, in monosyllables; but as the gray dawn spread down through the trees, the low talk grew into a chatter, which gradually increased until the birds were all singing. It was now light enough for the squirrels to begin to move, and I was in a favorable location, where the woods was thick. I heard the swish of a limb in a nearby beech tree, but could not locate the game, so continued on along the lake bank, hoping to surprise a squirrel seeking its morning drink. I soon heard another out a little in the woods, and standing still to get its direction, found it coming my way, jumping from tree to tree. In a large white oak, near enough for a fair shot it stopped to look about, and the next moment I was retrieving it with a hungry haste that was far from sportsmanlike, but fully in keeping with my feelings. A little further along I was startled by a noisy rush of something up the trunk of a tall cypress tree that grew under a high bank on which I was standing, which took shape as it mounted well up toward the limbs, and proved to be two squirrels in a wild frolic. They were going so fast they seemed almost flying, and throwing up my gun, I fired both barrels at them in a hasty hope-for-some-result way, killing both as nicely as any crack shot could have done.

To say I was pleased is to put the case very mildly; I was half wild. Dropping my gun, I dashed down the steep bank to get them, almost going into the lake in my excitement, and no prouder or happier boy lived than I was as I scrambled back with a fine young gray squirrel in each hand. Gathering up my gun, and not so much as stopping to load, I put out for camp. Three squirrels and the sun not yet up was a feat to be proud of, and I wanted to see the boys open their eyes soon as possible.

Leaving the path and striking across through the woods for a short cut I ran on another squirrel in a tree on which grew a grapevine, and although I worked with feverish haste to get my gun loaded, it made good its escape before I could do so; but did not leave me altogether inconsolable, for on closer inspection I found the vine to be a muscadine, full of grapes, and soon had my hat full of them to carry to camp. It was a warm welcome given me by the boys when I got back, and we

soon had a good breakfast prepared, which we felt sorely in need of. The three squirrels, a pot of mush, and the grapes were all eaten up clean before we had enough, and again we were compelled to take up the question of something to eat. LEWIS HOPKINS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Fish and Fishing.

English Fishing Baits.

WHILE the art of fly-fishing, and particularly that branch of it relating to dry fly-fishing attains to no higher perfection anywhere than in England, it is astonishing to many American readers of British angling literature to note the vast amount of attention and space devoted therein to the subject of angling for coarse fish. Of course there are thousands of British lovers of the gentle art, who have no possible opportunity to indulge in the luxury of angling for what are known as sporting fishes, and to these the catching of chub and carp and barbel is sport indeed. But there are some fishermen, even among those who have occasional access to trout streams, who pride themselves upon their skill and success in luring the silvery roach and dace and chub to their baited hooks. Fully as much discussion is indulged in as to the relative value of different kinds of paste for bait, as one hears on the banks of a Canadian salmon river in regard to the killing qualities of the various flies which adorn the fisherman's books. There are pastes made directly from flour and others from freshly baked bread. There are some mixed with honey and others with cheese. Some are flavored with one drug and some with another. In some cases cotton wool is mixed with the paste to prevent it from washing too easily from the hook. Some anglers use the maggots from a wasp's nest and others those known as gentles, which are obtained by leaving a piece of meat out of doors to be blown upon by flies. Others fish with cherries, and some again with haws and other berries. To those who have not been accustomed to the different baits employed by British anglers in their coarse fishing, the various reports in the sporting papers of the relative success obtained by these different baits must prove very amusing reading.

Tickling Trout.

I very well remember, when a small boy in one of the midland counties of England, the sense of admiration which I entertained, in common with a number of youthful fishing companions, for an old man—I suppose now that I should be justified in calling him an old poacher—who captured large trout from a brook by quietly taking them in his hands from their usual haunts beneath overhanging roots or rocks. He told us that all we had to do was to tickle the trout and that they would make no effort to escape. The trouble with we boys was that the trout never waited around to be tickled by us, and of course the old man smiled at our lack of success, but never initiated us into the secret of unobtrusively approaching the wary fish from behind, while keeping thoroughly concealed from their view. We practiced upon minnows, with which we became somewhat successful, so long as they were cornered in a minute bay of very shallow water; but when it came to the turn of *Salmo fario,* we were simply not in it at all. Since that time I have heard and read many descriptions of trout tickling, none of which, however, are more practical than one at present before me, in a new book entitled "Sport Indeed," from the pen of Thomas Martindale. Speaking of trout tickling in the River Wear, in Durham, he says: "This is how the tickling is done. The fish are watched working their way up the shallows and rapids. When they come to the shelter of a ledge or a rock it is their nature to slide under it and rest. The poacher sees the edge of a fin or the moving of a tail, or maybe he sees neither; instinct, however, tells him a fish ought to be there, so he takes to the water very softly and carefully and stands up near the spot. Then he kneels on one knee and passes his hand, turned with fingers up, deftly under the rock until it comes in contact with the fish's tail. Then he begins the tickling with his forefinger, gradually running his hand along the fish's belly further and further toward the head until it is under the gills. Then comes a quick grasp, a struggle, and the prize is wrenched out of his natural element, stunned with a blow on the head, and landed in the pocket of the poacher." Salmon, as well as trout, are tickled by poachers in some of the north country rivers, and as neither tackle nor tool of any kind is employed by them, it is often difficult to secure their conviction.

The practice of trout tickling was not unknown to Shakespeare, who makes mention of "groping for trouts in a peculiar river," and causes Maria to exclaim in "Twelfth Night, "Here comes the trout that must be caught by tickling." So Beaumont and Fletcher, in "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife," written about 1624, place in the mouth of one of their characters this line, "Here comes another trout that I must tickle, and tickle daintily." Both Oppian and Ælian refer to the snaring of trout by tickling them with the hand, as practiced in their age. Ælian's account of the proceeding is that "men wade in the sea when the water is low, and stroking the fish nestling in the pools, suddenly lay hands upon and secure them." Oppian's description is as follows:

> "The fish in careless ease supinely laid,
> The grappling fingers of the swain invade.
> Up from the deep he springs, and bids the prey
> Recant his error in aerial day."

Fish Planting in the Great Lakes.

It is doubtful whether any expenditure by the Governments of the United States and the Dominion of Canada is attended by so large a return as that made for the purpose of maintaining and replenishing the fish life of the Great Lakes. When the Joint Commission of the United States and Canada on these fisheries, which reported in 1896, was appointed, over-fishing in the lakes and a disregard of the close seasons, had done their deadly work to such an extent that the commercial fisheries, which have been estimated by a recent writer to exceed in value the importance of these waters as a vast highway of traffic, notwithstanding that the volume of freight passing through the canals at the Soo exceeds twenty millions of tons per annum, were in danger of total destruction. Those who are interested in the details of the great work which has been done by the National Government during the last six or seven years, for the preservation and improvement of these fisheries, will find them in the annual reports of the U. S. Fish Commission; but in reading a magazine article the other day by Mr. W. S. Harwood, I was much struck with one of the illustrations furnished by him of the vast returns derived from the work of the Commission. "During last season," he says, "the Commission deposited 19,000,000 trout and 326,000,000 whitefish in the Great Lakes. The average cost per million for gathering the whitefish, as shown by one of the principal hatcheries—at Put-in-Bay, O.—was $13.95. Allowing this figure for the entire whitefish collection would bring the cost up to $4,500. I do not suppose any one can give any accurate estimate of the number of these healthy fish—for only the strong and healthy ones are distributed—which will survive, but should one-half of them reach a six-pound maturity, their value at low current prices will be $100,000,000." From what other sowing may such a harvest—an increase of over twenty thousandfold—be reaped? E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Stray Notes in Fishing.

THE man who knows all that can be learned about fly-fishing has yet to be born.

We have met a few anglers who thought they knew it all, but these have usually been sages of one season.

A fisherman who has passed a long life on one trout river may become wonderfully expert in luring its finny inhabitants, but will occasionally learn some new wrinkle foreign to his experience.

Eye hooks are slowly making their way in this country. If the eyes of all that are imported were properly made they would probably be more popular.

The eye of the Pennell hook, which is intended for the jam knot attachment, should be just large enough for the gut to pass through freely, otherwise it is not really a safe fastening.

When hooks with large eyes are used the gut should be passed through twice and a single knot made round the main line. If the gut is not perfectly soft it is sure to be chafed in slipping this knot down to the eye and pulling it tight. The old figure of eight knot used for salmon flies is perhaps a better attachment.

Some of the Hall turned-up-eyed hooks are made of fine wire, and in the larger sizes are apt to spring. We remember losing several good fish through this fault, and are not reconciled yet to the loss of one of these, a noble rainbow trout.

We found many of the eyed hooks called long May's—they are made for May flies—over-tempered and brittle. Three were broken in fish on one occasion, when we were using the dry fly over a school of very shy trout. It was one of those hot humid days when it takes all you know to get a rise.

Eyed hooks are certainly best for dry flies, but it is questionable whether they fall as lightly on the water as flies tied on tapered shanks. It is easy to tie flies on them, and the body can be made very neat and slim. We have found the true Pennell excellent for hooking and holding.

It seems impossible for hook makers to stick to exactly one form in any brand of hook. Three years ago we thought that we had got perfect Sproats at last. Each year since the shanks have been made shorter, until now many hooks in each box are useless. The bend has also been changed a trifle every year.

Many hooks are too cheap to be good. We have seen good-looking Sproats for sale as low as fifteen cents per box of 100. Competition must be very keen in the business of making fishing tackle of all kinds, but nearly all anglers are willing to pay a fair price for reliable articles.

Fond as we are of sport, very few Americans make it the first object in life as we hear is done on the other side of the big sea water. The seasons on various rivers over there run in such a way that salmon can be fished for nine months in the year, and some men do it.

It would be delightful to spend spring, summer and fall in the United Kingdom and take in all the fishing resorts of which we have read or heard. The chalk streams of England, the lakes and rivers of Scotland and Ireland. The latter must have been quite a sportsman's paradise not so many years ago.

It is quite possible to have fishing too good. We experienced something of the kind in Maine many years ago. We found on our arrival at the first lake that the camp keeper had buried a large quantity of trout that morning. We dragged a floating box about after that and in reeling up would take a look at the fish, then return them to the water. Trout were served to us three times a day for weeks, and we have seldom eaten one since. At a hotel in Wisconsin, situated near celebrated fishing, we saw nearly half a ton of fine black bass going to waste. So many were brought in daily that they could not be used.

High up on the Asiatic shore of the Pacific are many rivers so crowded with salmon and other migratory fish that they are crowded out on the shores and shallows in thousands. The stench of decaying fish can be smelt four miles away. (See the "Cruise of the Marchesa," a book well worth reading, we may be allowed to observe.)

Sport does not necessarily consist in taking great numbers of fish. If trout in any water run small, for instance, the excitement is in getting many rises and skill is shown in striking. A few fish of good size on a shy water will satisfy any angler of a reasonable turn of mind.

That is one benefit, at least, that we have derived from the introduction of the brown trout (*Salmo fario*). We catch larger fish and the average is much better than it was in the days of exclusive brook trout.

The prejudice that certainly existed against *fario* at one time appears to have passed almost entirely away. This fish grows very rapidly and seems to thrive everywhere, not only in this country but in Australia and New Zealand. We have seen some very large specimens, and its size seems to be only a question of water and food supply. This is largely the case with all trout, but monsters of this species are sometimes found in small brooks.

Nearly every one has heard of the big fish that had its home in the abutment of a bridge near Big Indian Station in the Catskills. We have been favored with many estimates of the weight of this fish from 4 to 7 pounds mostly, and have had notice of his death many times, recently that he had been shot. We have often watched this fish when out of his hole, and can bear witness that he was an ugly, black, big headed brute. There were other fish there, however, one not so large, but a real beauty.

These big trout haunt the same pool for many years and are quite safe if they have a retreat at hand under great rocks, the abutments of bridges, the aprons of old dams and other inaccessible places, otherwise they are sure to be foully dealt with, as there are always some persons whose covetousness is so aroused by the sight of any fish of unusual size, that they will resort to unlawful measures to possese them.

If the water is perfectly clear and smooth, large trout may be actually run down or hunted to death even in pools of considerable size, if they have no hole to slip into. They become blown or lose their heads completely, and will lie at last like stones upon the bottom. They are then easily snared. This may be doubted by many persons, but we saw the thing done many years ago in a large pool in the Neversink River.

This is one of those "white" water streams, and clear as possible. Two farmers were snaring suckers, when they discovered three large trout, which they determined to have. When we saw them they were beating the water and chasing the trout from one end of the pool to the other. There was but one place under shelving rocks where the trout could really hide, and this was not deep enough to prevent their being poked out. We passed on to our fishing, never dreaming that these fish were in real danger. On returning to our quarters that night we learned that three great trout had been captured. These were from the first planting of brown trout, about 1886.

We believe that trout can observe a strict fast for lengthy periods of time. Black bass are said to fast more and more freely as the temperature of the water rises. The habits of trout are different, warm water having an enervating effect. We have seen them apparently glued to the bottom for many days in summer, the movement of the gills being so slight as to be scarcely perceptible.

A good deal of minnow fishing has been practiced of recent years, and some very large trout have been taken with helgramites. Early in July this season, several big fish were taken under the dam at Henryville, Pa., with this bait.

Trout become very timid when the water is low, but if a freshet causes them to effect a change of base, they feed freely and may be readily taken. When a big fish is strong on the feed he becomes very bold and loses his usual caution to a considerable extent. We have had trout of over six pounds take the fly within fifteen feet of our position.

Our native brook trout is not in the habit of leaping when hooked; rainbow trout do so constantly, and are one of the gamest fish in the world. If the water is warm brown trout are apt to be sulky; no fish is more exasperating than a trout that will not fight. It is very apt to escape, as it preserves all its strength until the last moment. Brown trout show great spirit if the temperature of the water is fairly low. We used to think that they did not leap, but have since had days when nearly every fish left the water at least once. Many anglers think that this fish plays more tricks than the brook trout. It is surely a game adversary.

It is said that if brook and brown trout, of the same size, are cooked together, there is no difference in the flavor. A blind-folded person will enjoy one as much as the other. We think that big trout should be boiled. Some of these are almost equal to salmon, cooked and served in the usual way.

Fly-fishing affords an endless field for speculation, observation and study. We are always learning something. This is no doubt the reason why it rarely loses its fascinations for us, even in old age. Christopher North (Professor Wilson) had his fly-books brought to him when on his death bed, and he would wade and fish when he could walk only with the assistance of a cane.

Sir Humphrey Davy's greatest regret was that he had not learned the art of fly-fishing until after he reached the age of fifty.

We wish that anglers generally were more interested in entomology than they are. When trying to make a good imitation of a particular fly we have frequently sent several different shades to friends for trial. They are usually so much interested in taking fish that they fail to note which fly is most successful, or use it until completely worn out. We have heard that the water flies of the far West are peculiarly interesting, some species being very abundant at certain seasons of the year.

One of the greatest angling exploits of which we have ever heard was accomplished by a well-known resident of New York city last season. In the presence of two witnesses he landed 200 black bass in one day's fishing. All were taken with a 4½-ounce rod and artificial flies, and none were killed, having been returned to the water immediately. We do not know how large these fish were, but it was surely a wonderful performance. Allowing three minutes for each fish, it required ten hours' of active exercise, which might, by some people, be considered very hard work. The scene was a well known river in Virginia, in which State some of the best fly-fishing for bass in the country is now found.

We think that there is room for improvement in patterns of flies for the black bass. In the South, where the big-mouth is very numerous, we were astonished to find how great was the difference in killing power between one fly and another. We tried a great many before learning their tastes, then rose about every fish that moved. There was no hesitation, the fly being frequently taken the instant it touched the water. The first rush of these fish was a fine effort, though they have not the endurance of the small-mouthed black bass. One man of large experience assured me that a small-mouthed black bass, with a red spot in its eye, was found in the far South. We never saw any such fish.

Last week the streams, in eastern New York at least, were in fine order, as one of my friends on the Neversink says, it is like old times. On several days the river could not be crossed by wading in the neighborhood of Williams. The Beaverkill, Neversink and Esopus are all large streams and are called rivers on the maps.

Fish of twenty inches were caught with the fly last week. Of course no one need expect large scores of big fish, but good sport can be had by persevering anglers. Some men poach up the small brooks in which fry are liberated in the spring. It is a poor business, despite the numbers of small fish taken, and should be discouraged.

We like to feel a distinct shock, a slight chill on entering the water for a day's fishing. If the water is cold there is a fair chance of making a basket of trout. It is not a bad plan to carry a small basket in summer, at it is not so hard to fill. It is sometimes hard work to make a showing with my twenty-pound creel.

THEODORE GORDON.

A Night with the Rock Bass.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wonder if that dear old father of angling, Izaak Walton, ever had the pleasure of coaxing a 20-pound striped bass from the blue waters of the sea with an eel tail? I spend a few days each fall at Corson's Inlet, New Jersey, about two hours' ride from Philadelphia. A jolly crowd of fishermen will be found almost any evening at this time of the year around the fire of "Gus" Wittkamp. Gus is a good fellow and his door is always open; the coffee pot is never taken from the fire, but is always hot for the use of those who wander out all hours of the night on the bridge, which is but a minute's walk from the house.

It is ten o'clock and very dark. The rain that has been falling all evening has now stopped, and a moaning wind is all that breaks the silence without, except once in a while the surf some distance away breaks with a dull thud upon the beach. The story of battles royal of some big rock fish is being told for the sixty-seventh time, when footsteps interrupt and the door opens, and out of the black night Butch, who disappeared at the beginning of the story, calls out, "Come, boys, the tide is running hard and I heard a rock break just beyond the draw bridge." We rise as one, and get our rods, calling to Gus to keep the fire up and have the cookies and coffee where they will be handy when we come in. The eel tails are looked after again before we start out into the darkness. All is well and the start for the bridge is made. True enough, we hear the splash—splash, as the big fellows chase the winnows, which go skipping over the water like frightened sheep. We are not long getting our eel tails on the water and troll slowly along. There comes another splash which sounds like a man overboard, and we turn and peer into the darkness and wonder what would have happened if he had hit us. We grasp our rods firmer and press on our leather reel brakes to make sure everything is working right. What's that! The line tightens and starts to run out at a ten-mile clip, making a peculiar singing sound as it cuts through the water. A rock has at last taken the bait, and all the wickedness of the fish is brought into play. The faithful rod creaks and groans from the strain of the awful rushes; the line runs off twenty, now thirty yards, before being checked. He rises from the deep water and beats his tail in anger upon the surface; then is off again, ten more yards, before he is finally halted. The fight is too fierce for him to stand, and gently we bring him closer, but not until after a few more desperate efforts to regain his liberty. The gaff, after a few unsuccessful jabs, at last brings him to terms, and the beauty is ours. We light our pipes again, fix our eel tail that has been pretty well chewed, and start in where we left off, for a good night's fishing has just began.

P. A. W.

Pennsylvania Association.

THE Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association will celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the organization in a meeting at the Manufacturers' Club, Philadelphia, this Saturday evening, Nov. 15, at 8 o'clock. Mr. William E. Meehan will deliver an illustrated lecture on "Fishculture."

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Texas Tarpon.

TARPON, Texas, Nov. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Between 4 o'clock and 6 o'clock last evening at this place I landed eight tarpon, beaching all of them, and turning six of them loose for some other fellow's future sport. This is the most rapid tarpon fishing that I have ever heard of; and, if any of your readers know of anything to beat it, I would like to hear of it through your columns.

I came here on the 17th ult., and have since landed in twelve days' fishing twenty-two tarpon out of forty-six strikes.

Yesterday in the forenoon I landed a seven-foot shark that would weigh about 375 pounds. It was hooked foul, so gave me an extremely tiring struggle. I have saved his jaws, which are so large that when open they pass easily over one's head.

Three days ago I hooked my first leaping shark, and was delighted with the sport that it afforded. It is as game a fish as any sportsman could desire to tackle. Mine jumped four times, and on its first run took out nearly 300 feet of line, with all three brakes set. It took me fifteen minutes at least to land the fish, although it measured only five feet five inches in length and thirty-two inches in girth. Its weight was about eighty pounds. The leaping shark is magnificently built for running, and is by no means a bad looking fish, if fish it can be called.

This morning in a few minutes my wife landed on tarpon tackle two jackfish weighing about twenty-five pounds each. They fought fully as hard as fifty-pound tarpon would have fought; but, of course, did not leap at all.

The middle of October is a pretty good time to come to this place, notwithstanding the fact that there are very few sportsmen here then or later. Occasionally the tarpon leave the pass as early as Nov. 1, but they often stay till December. All depends upon the severity and coldness of the northers.

This year we have good reason to anticipate two or three weeks more of good fishing.

In a subsequent letter I intend to tell you of the most brilliant tarpon fight that I have ever seen or heard of. It occurred out on the Gulf, beyond the end of the jetty, the fortunate sportsman being Mr. L. G. Murphy, of Converse, Ind. I shall also have a few more remarks to make concerning tarpon tackle, as the latter is being improved constantly, and is still susceptible of much improvement.

I am sending you under separate cover a photograph of the record catch for Aransas Pass, made this year by Mr. J. R. Wainwright, of Pittsburg, Pa. It consists of thirteen large tarpon landed in one day. Am sending also a photograph of a catch by Mrs. Hetfield, mother of the proprietor of the Tarpon Inn. It was made one day just about two years ago, and consists of four large tarpon.

J. A. L. WADDELL.

Some More Cottonwood Bass.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, Kan., Nov. 7.—After an absence from the office of four weeks in the political campaign, I arrived home on the morning of election, and was condoled with by several friends, with the remark, "It is too bad, Judge, that you have been away during four weeks of the best bass fishing there has ever been had on the Cottonwood River, but you are too late now, for they have been all caught out." My reply was, "I will investigate the latter part of the week and see if all have been caught."

Yesterday morning a friend and I left the boat landing, went two and a half miles down stream, kindled a fire, broiled beefsteak and boiled coffee for breakfast, finished our meal by daylight and then began operations, with no results until about 9 o'clock. Then trouble began—for the bass. They found our crawfish and chub-minnow bait "just to their taste," and except for the cold north wind, which forced us to warm by a fire of driftwood twice during the forenoon, we had a good day's sport. Especially did the writer; but my friend had an off day, for while I caught twenty-five large-mouth black bass, he could not catch one, and although fishing by my side in the boat and using the same bait, he only had one nibble during the entire day, and failed to hook that one. He usually is successful as a fisherman, and the cause of his failure this day we have failed to find in trying to account for his poor success.

This afternoon, Friday, the sun coming out very warm, I started out for a trial with four crawfish and one dozen chub minnows, and trolled down the two and a half miles with a Skinner spoon, and had one strike, but failed to hook. Then I fished back over the ground as long as my bait lasted and caught twelve bass, and then I put on a No. 3 Buell spoon and trolled back for the mile of distance remaining and caught five good bass with the spoon hook, with about 100 feet of line behind the boat. I found they made far more fight when hooked on the spoon than when caught with baited hook, and it kept the reel on the split bamboo pole singing lively before each one was landed in the boat.

Selecting ten of the largest of yesterday's catch, and six of to-day's catch, and then culling the sixteen down to ten, I made friends look pleasant with presents of the surplus of the twenty-five caught yesterday and the seventeen caught to-day. The ten largest bass of the two days' catch, when dressed, ready to take to my family in Topeka, were put upon the scales and weighed 23 pounds, and as they were of about equal size, they made a very fine string. I took delight in showing them to the friend who had said that I had stayed away so long that the bass had all been caught out, to be told by him, "Well, it will be good news for the bass, when they learn that you have to go to Topeka and will be gone on a four weeks' trip." I do not remember ever having two days in succession of such "good luck" in all my previous fishing experience.

W. F. RIGHTMIRE.

His Mother—"Get up, Tommy. You know the early bird catches the worm." Tommy—"Well, I ain't going fishing to-day."—Detroit Free Press.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Record Small-Mouth Bass.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 8.—What is no doubt the largest small-mouth bass taken in the West this year was captured during the past week by Mr. Robert Forsyth in Green Lake, Wis. This fish weighed in Chicago, according to reports of two or three witnesses, seven pounds, six and one-half ounces. I did not see this fish myself and cannot offer the record as fully authenticated, but if the weight be correctly given, the fish was a very large one.

Stocking the Prairie River.

I have in times past had much to say about that truly beautiful little trout river, the Prairie River of Wisconsin. I do not know a sweeter stream in the world for wading and fly-fishing for trout, though of late the fishing has not been what it should have been, owing to depredations of different natures at the hands of unscrupulous fishers. It is pleasant to be able to say that, in addition to the other plantings along this stream, Mr. Bates, one of the farmers living along the stream above Dudley's place, has planted 100,000 fry in the upper river this fall, these fish having been obtained from the State Fish Commission. The Commission has always been liberal in regard to plantings in this stream and its tributaries, and it is to be hoped that this work will result in the continuation of the sport along that pretty water.

Chicago Anglers.

Some Chicago anglers went out for bass this afternoon, and will continue to go out until a freeze, which may come at any time nowadays. The sport, however, will not be very good, depending altogether upon the locating of the fish in the deep water. This is the time of year when successful minnow fishing for bass can at times be had along the streams in the deep holes, where the bass drop in to spend the fall or winter. I should think this kind of fishing, moving down along the streams, would be better fun than the bleak and somewhat cheerless aspect of the sport of bass fishing afforded by boat fishing upon the lakes.

Wood Duck Feathers.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 1.—Mr. Theodore Gordon, of West Haverstraw, N. Y., writes as below in regard to his present needs as a fly-tier:

"I know that you have applications from readers of FOREST AND STREAM living in all parts of the country asking for information or assistance. I understand that your prescriptions are always successful, so venture to trouble you on my own account. I tied a fly several years ago with summer or wood duck wings, which has been very killing, but am running short of feathers. I refer to the plain mottled feather, not the barred black and white. If you have leisure will you put me in the way of getting some of these feathers?"

I imagine that if Mr. Gordon will write to George Sloane, commission merchant, South Water street, Chicago, or to Randall Bros., commission merchants, South Water street, same city, inclosing a small fee as a gratuity to a salesman, he will get the feathers he wants, provided he makes it quite plain just what feather he requires. These commission firms occasionally supply feathers to fly-tiers, though they are more accustomed to seeing the latter prowl along the street and rob the displayed birds of their plumage.

If Mr. Gordon fails thus, let him write to Mr. Graham H. Harris, Ashland Block, Chicago. The latter is a most excellent good tier of flies, purely amateur, but usually fairly good-natured when not wanting to go fishing and finding himself unable to do so. Mr. Harris knows where to get all sorts of feathers. A fellow in New York sold him a bird not longer than your hand the other day, and it cost as much as a suit of clothes, but he had to have it, being engaged on a work of art which called for a feather raised only by that particular sort of bird, which grows only on some sort of desert island in foreign parts.

Good List of Michigan Flies.

In getting up my stock of flies for next year's fishing over in Michigan, I enlisted the aid of Mr. W. B. Mershon, of Saginaw, who is as well posted as any man in the State upon what is needed in the way of trout flies. Mr. Mershon's letter came in the way of personal reply, yet I think he will not dislike to see his advice placed where it may help others also. His mention of the McGinty, Mershon and good-evening patterns will be new to many anglers, though they are all popular with the Saginaw Crowd. The list given is, of course, not exhaustive, nor does it comprise a tenth of the assortment commonly found in a fat Saginaw fly-book when the crowd is out for war. The specifications follow:

"Off hand, I should say the following flies, in something the order named: Whirling-dun, 8 and 10. This takes the place of the alder. There is another dun, a little slate-colored fellow with mouse-colored wool body and tail, which I have found a good early fly, though I have forgotten the name of it. Next comes Cahill, 6, 8 and 10, the largest size rarely required. Beaverkill, the same. Cowdung is not necessary, on account of similarity, but an old favorite, light-Montreal, dark-Montreal, Montreal, with a silver body. The Mershon is made by Mills & Co., 8 and 10. Get plenty of McGinty, for trout are freaky, and it is a freaky fly. I should have them in 6, 8 and 10, mostly 8, and a good supply of them. Some people like the brown-hackle and the coachman. I have never had much luck in Michigan with either of these flies. Queen-of-the-waters in 6 and 8 is good.

"You should have a few English floating-flies, for dry fly-fishing, for there are times when you can raise trout to them when they will not come for anything else. There are also times when you should have some 12's, in light grays, like mosquitoes, to use with gauze leaders, though for steady fishing this would not be much fun. Of course you can have a larger assortment. I have a good many. I get the good-evening in 6, 8 and 10, red body, turkey wing and pheasant tail. Then there is the pale evening dun, the Grannon, black-gnat and a lot of others, though those I have named will be sufficient for one. I have some

of my flies tied on long-shanked hooks, No. 8, so as to make a big fly, but a small hook. I have referred to the sneck bend hook, and to the stream patterns. By the way, don't forget to have some Stone flies; they are great at times."

There is no fly more vaunted than the brown-hackle, yet I may join Mr. Mershon in his experience. The coachman I have found more useful, though I can't say I ever gave it much of a test in Michigan trout fishing.

The above list of flies should be useful to one making up a book for Wisconsin. For the latter State I would suggest the addition of coachman, alder, cowdung (for early fishing), also grizzly-king, gray-hackle, and sometimes the Reuben-Wood. There is a good fly out this summer in our shops, perhaps old elsewhere, the Carleton, which is thought good at times, in 8 or 10. I should always like a few silver-doctors along, up to 6 in size, the English pattern, with thin body, pale turkey wings and peacock hurl in wings having proved a killer in some of my experiences. The tinsel on this fly does not tarnish, and it casts well. I think trout may strike it for a young minnow. It is one of those freaks which sometimes go, at least. Hare's-ear is another good fly to have along. I have sometimes tied a sort of rough hare's-ear with a raw wool body, and wings of the widgeon shoulder feather, and this fly killed at the time it was used—May—in northern Wisconsin.

After the first of August, indeed after the middle of July, Michigan takes a smaller fly than Wisconsin, and the Au Sable streams are best fished then with ten or even twelve at times. Some streams require larger flies than others. I have often mentioned Mr. Miller's preserved stream, the Pine. It calls for No. 6 nearly always, and one could possibly kill fish there sometimes on even a larger fly. No 8 will do there, but 6 nearly always much better. Yet this is a very bright, clear water. I have earlier mentioned the freakishness of the fish in this water, and their leaning to bright flies. The wild streams of Michigan and Wisconsin call for larger and brighter flies than stocked waters, usually. No one can account for all these things, but with the above assortment of flies he can account for a basket of fish in either of our two trout States.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Tomcod Fishing Season.

WHEN the leaves begin to fall and the crisp nights of autumn follow the balmy days, the local anglers who can spare a few hours' time from work or business hasten away to their favorite haunts and angle for tomcods. Some spots are better than others, of course, but when the run of tommies is large they frequent all of the salt-water reaches and furnish fun for countless thousands of men, women and young people, who have neither the time nor the means to go fishing as other and more fortunate persons do, to far-away resorts where game fish are abundant. Like the tiny lafayette, the tommy is a fish for the people, and the people go after tommies with enthusiasm worthy of bigger game.

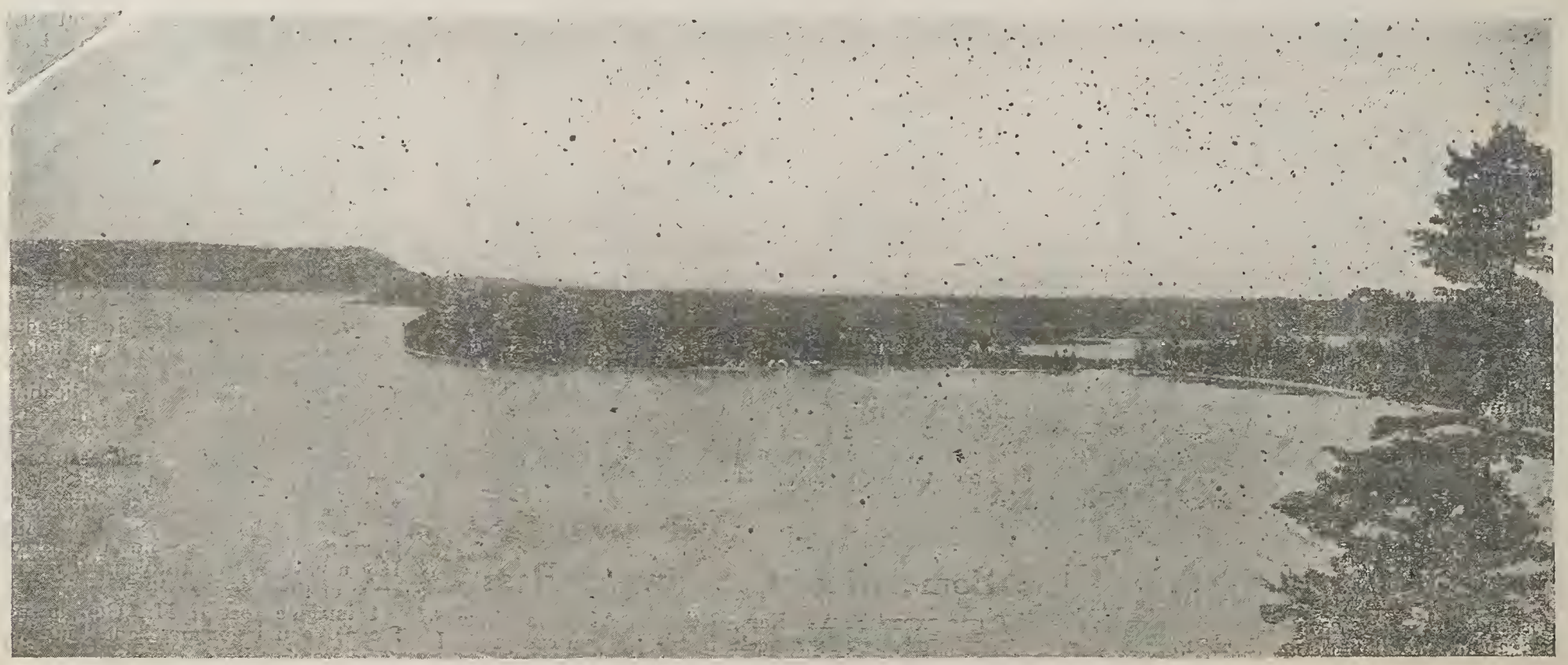
The tomcod, or tommy, is the frostfish (*Gadus tomcod*), which enters the rivers early in the autumn on its way to the shallow waters, where it spawns in December. It is not a large fish, and the angler who takes several weighing about a pound each considers himself fortunate, while the usual catch will average below rather than above a half-pound, I fancy. The average fisherman keeps every fish he catches, and often dozens are seen in the fish baskets that average nearer two ounces than a pound. But the fish is well liked as a pan fish, and several of the larger ones, nicely cooked, are not to be despised by any means.

The lafayette visits the waters round about New York city in late summer and early autumn, and is followed by the tomcod. The latter, being larger, attracts the attention, not of greater numbers, but of the habitual angler in salt waters as well as the casual fisherman with rod or hand line. The pierheads are generally sought by most of the anglers, and these swarm with human beings all day long; but club house floats, favorite nooks along the sea wall, all of the points along the New Jersey shore, and every jutting rock holds its fisherman while the run is on, and every available boat is pressed into service by persons who have a day to devote to the sport. Saturday afternoons and Sundays see the largest crowds along the Hudson, but on Election Day, which was warm and fine, every man who could muster a rod or a hand line seemed to be out, and the number of boats anchored along shore was greater than usual, while at Fort Washington Point and in the little bay below it the river was dotted with boats every few yards, and thousands of other anglers for tomcods were perched in various places along shore. Many a poor man who had no vacation last summer blessed the fine weather of Nov. 4, and throughout the long winter will remember with pleasure the fun he had on that day. Fish or no fish, it was good to be out.

The universal bait for all sorts of fish that may be caught along the water front is sand worms, and these are also used for tommies. Hooks are quite small, sinkers as large as usual, and hand lines the most common, although salt-water tackle of every sort is seen. The short, heavy, stiff rods and big wooden reels are commonly found in the hands of the old-timers, but there is also a sprinkling of more slender rods and multiplying metal or rubber reels carrying finer lines than those used in hand casting, with not a few oiled silk. But as long shots are the rule in placing the line where it will do the most good, and the ebb tides of autumn are strong, very heavy sinkers are employed, and these are either pear-shaped or flat and oval. Some of them must weigh four ounces or more, and woe betide the head that falls afoul of one of these whirling weights.

The persistence of many of the anglers for tommies is worthy of something better. Fair weather or foul, blow high or blow low, a sprinkling of enthusiasts may be seen any day from dawn until dark, patiently angling for the elusive tommies. Some provide themselves with heavy ulsters or rain coats, and even umbrellas and fishing rods are boon companions with pipes and liquid bait on raw, cold days in the early winter. It is interesting to watch these men at their sport. One who has the inclination to visit their favorite resorts at dawn may find them fishing, and dusk of the short days sees them still trying for one more.

PERRY D. FRAZER.



GLEN LAKE—THE CAMPS OF THE KINGFISHERS.

Camps of the Kingfishers.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., Oct. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have sent you a photograph of Glen Lake, Leelanau County, Michigan, near the outlet of which lake the Kingfishers have camped the past two seasons (1901 and 1902).

The view is taken from a hill opposite the camp and shows the tents—or most of them—along the shore. To the left is the eminence familiar to those who sail on Lake Michigan and known as the "Sleeping Bear." On the right are the two "Fisher" lakes, through which flows the stream which leaves Glen Lake not far from our camp, and empties into Lake Michigan. Near the

A LAKE SUPERIOR BIRCH.

Fisher lakes you can see the house of Mr. Burgess, whom we found a very convenient and obliging neighbor.

The camps were very pleasant ones, although the fishing was nothing to brag of, yet Kingfisher said that he had made "records" enough and didn't much care whether or not he made any more. When he was taken ill and left the camp, it was hardly the same place. My letter from him, within four days, is written in good spirits, and one later, from another of the party, states that he is out and walking around. I send also a photograph of a canoe in which I have done some cruising this summer. It is an old Lake Superior birch, which was given me by Rev. Luther Pardee, of Chicago, and which, being in bad repair, has remained stored in my loft for several years. There used to be canoe birches in these forests, and birch canoes have been made here since I came to this region, but I doubt if any are left, so I covered the craft with a canvas skin—10-ounce duck, with no seams at all, put on a coating of boiled linseed oil, with a little umber and turpentine added, wired on some outriggers, screwed on a pair of bow-facing oars, and—there I was. It is a very satisfactory canoe, and doesn't leak a drop.

KELPIE.

Some Emergency Diets.

THE hardest fare that six strong men and a boy of 15 ever kept alive on was the daily menu of the Windover's survivors, who were cast up on the Irish coast near Kilsegg a few weeks ago. They lived for sixteen days on stewed rope yarn, without a crumb of anything else to help digest it, except water; and, though it made them ill, they kept alive on it and did not waste away very much.

The Windover was a bark carrying salt between Spain and the States, with an English crew, and she was dismasted and abandoned about a thousand miles out on the Atlantic. Three of the crew were killed by falling masts, and two others were washed overboard; but the other seven took to the whaleboat and set out for Britain. Being in too much of a hurry they took too little food, but three large butts of water, besides the tank the boat already held. The result was they ate up the provisions in four days, but had water enough for a month, and, after starving two days more, they tried boiling lengths of tarred hemp rope into a pulp and swallowing it. They had a keg of paraffine wax, and, though it made them very ill at first, they eventually contrived to live on the boiled hemp, the tar, boiled to a jelly, adding to the nourishment of the rope. They landed in comparatively good health.

Two men who went to a small island off the Irish coast a little while ago kept themselves going for ten days on a diet almost worse. They landed in a boat, which was smashed by a wave on their trying to relaunch her, and they were left on the bare, rocky island, which has only a slight scalp of coarse turf, without food. Fortunately there is a spring on the island, but nothing in the way of food but gulls, which they could not catch, and nothing to make a fire with as a distress signal. There are not even any shellfish, as there is no beach, and the pair had to subsist for the ten days on cold raw seaweed washed up by the tide. For two days they starved, but after that they tackled the seaweed, making three meals a day of it, until rescued. When taken off they were a good deal emaciated, but no ill effects resulted. The same thing happened off the same coast five years ago, when four fisherwomen were imprisoned on an inlet by the loss of their boat. They lived on "kelpie" grass for six days.

A diet of boots is one of the commonest of last-resource foods; and, though it is hard for a well-fed person to imagine that any one could masticate and digest shoe leather, a pair of long seaboots will keep a man alive for a fortnight, if he has a little water. Capt. Maboly, of the foundered steamer Gwalior, and his second officer, created a record last year by living for seventeen days on boat leather and a pint of water per day each.

Of course, no teeth can tear cowhide boots; they have to be cut up and shredded with a knife, and the shreds chewed and swallowed. Boiling, even when possible, does no good at all, but takes from the boots what nourishment they contain. A few ounces of leather, being so hard to digest, stays the stomach for fifteen or twenty hours.

The best known and most useful of starvation diets for wrecked or castaway people, however, is that of barnacles, and if anything of the kind happens to you they will probably be your staple food. Barnacles are long, tough, half shellfish, half vegetable creatures, that grow on the under sides of vessels. Three Englishmen and a crew of Lascars who had been forced to abandon the sailing vessel, North Star, a few months ago, kept themselves going for over a week on barnacles, and only two of the crew died. The worst of them is that they give one internal cramps and cause an insufferable thirst; but they do nourish the frame. You have to reach under the vessel's side and pull them off, taking care not to leave the best half of them sticking to the planks. Only a starving person could possibly eat them. Many a castaway crew, however, has found them better than nothing.—London Answers.

Miami River Pollution.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Once more public attention is called to the terrible sanitary condition of our rivers. For many years the Great Miami has been the dumping place for our cities, and as a result the river is becoming so foul and polluted, that, to put it in the fisherman's parlance, "it will soon be impossible for even the carp to live in it." You can go anywhere along the river and see piles of cans, bottles, kegs, boxes and other refuse, scattered along the shore or collected on the riffles and islands. With so much refuse in the water, is it any wonder that our fishing grounds are ruined? The effect of this wholesale poisoning is shown by the following clipping, taken from the Dayton Daily Press:

"A crowd of boys and men congregated along the banks of the Miami River yesterday taking fish from the water that were dying from poison in the water, supposed to come from the paper mills. The fish seemed to revive when placed in fresh water. Crawfish left the water and refused to go back, thus indicating that some poisonous substance had polluted the stream. The men and boys amused themselves throwing stones and clubs at the dying fish as they came to the surface of the water gasping for breath. It became necessary to notify the police to stop the brutality. It is said that thousands of fish were taken from the water during the day."

It is strange, as well as deplorable, that our health officers are so blind that they cannot see the evil effects that this tainted stream must have upon the community. When a river is so foul that even the fish cannot survive in it, it is surely time to take the matter into consideration.

It will also be observed what a fine sense of distinction is shown between the different methods of brutality. The men and boys who were killing the fish, and thus putting them out of their misery, were ordered to desist; the paper mill managers, who poisoned the stream, were not molested. A fine show of humanity indeed.

CLARENCE VANDIVEER.

MIAMISBURG, O.

Mr. Hallock Visits the Cuviers.

THE Cuvier Club had a very distinguished visitor yesterday afternoon in the person of Mr. Charles Hallock. He is an old friend of President Starbuck, and called on him en route to St. Louis. In addition to Mr. Hallock being a devotee of rod and reel and a noted nimrod, he has a national reputation as a naturalist and a litterateur. He was the founder of FOREST AND STREAM, the leading journal for sportsmen on all topics that relate to the genuine sports in field and on stream. He was also years agone a favorite writer for Harper's Magazine, and has published a number of works which are considered as high authority on the subjects treated. His "Fishing Tourist," "The Salmon Fisher" and "Our Alaska" are some of his productions. The latter work is considered by all who read as one of the most magnificent compositions in the English language. It is really a classic, and so considered by every litterateur who has perused it. That alone was sufficient to give him a niche in the authors' temple. He is now in his seventieth year, and time has dealt kindly with him, for his eye sparkles as of yore and his visage radiant with the bloom of health, and he yet casts his flies with the ease and grace of youth. Mr. Hallock left last evening for St. Louis, where he has a host of friends, who will give the revered sportsman a warm welcome.—Cincinnati Inquirer, Oct. 31.

New Hampshire Spearers Come to Grief.

LACONIA, N. H., Nov. 3.—Seth Filanders, Frank L. Cawley and Harvey M. Sargent, all well-known citizens here, were before Judge Everett in the local police court this morning, each charged with having taken, by spearing, two lake trout in the close season. The respondents all pleaded guilty, and a fine of $25 and costs, amounting to a total of $36.38, was imposed in each case. As a further penalty in each case a fine of $10 was imposed under another section of law, and a sentence of six months in jail was also added, mittimus in the two last penalties mentioned not to issue until called for by the Fish and Game Commissioner. The men settled.

The capture of these three men was effected by State Fish and Game Commissioner Clarke, of Concord, assisted by six deputies, Sunday night. The men were near Governors Island, off the Gilford shore. Commissioner Clarke alleges that the law protecting fish is being ruthlessly violated by many residents about the lake, and that he saw the jacklights of more than twenty-five poachers in the vicinity of Governors Island Sunday night.

He asked the court this morning to impose a severe penalty in these cases, that it might have a restraining effect on other violators of the law.

Another One-Jawed Fish.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Regarding Mr. Guthrie's "Trout That Had a Hard Time," I have the head of an eight-inch *Salmo fontinalis* caught near Clear Pond, Essex county, N. Y., by Goody Clough, then a long-haired mountain boy, but now a prosperous M. D. out Syracuse way. The head is exactly like Mr. Guthrie's. Now, how do these accidents occur? I have never before seen one like my odd little head. These strange things seen in the woods are a sportsman's delight.

PETER FLINT.

Fisherman's Rare Luck.

A remarkable affair is reported from Morehead City which is vouched for by reliable parties here. A fisherman living near Bogue Sound in a small shanty saw a large school of fish go up one of the creeks or blind guts that enter the marshes in that vicinity. He had a quantity of nets on hand and a numerous family, and they all turned out and closed up the mouth of the short creek, capturing the entire school of fish, which were mainly large trout. The lucky fisherman has kept the fish enclosed in the place, taking them out as fast as he could handle them, selling large quantities to the fish dealers at Morehead City. His sales have amounted to $4,000 worth of fish, and several thousand dollars' worth still remain in the pond. The facts were learned from a dealer who came here for additional funds with which to handle the fish for shipment. It is considered one of the most remarkable incidents on record on this part of the coast.—Raleigh (N. C.) Post.

Advanced Ideas in Farming, Trapping and Woodcraft.

Number Two.

UNCLE'S farm comprised about three hundred and fifty acres, "more or less," as the deed's language guardedly declared, and the crops were diversified; Uncle was quite a hand for "rotation" in crops as well as in politics; he even carried this into poultry raising. He would have one breed of fowls for a year or so, and then he would introduce another. Pekin ducks, Langshang turkeys, Plymouth Rock geese, white leghorn pigeons, all followed along in rapid and bewildering procession. At the time of my advent to assume the responsibilities of the position of head push on this farm, that entrancing and graceful breed of chickens known as the Shanghai had the exclusive place of honor in the fowl department. The Shanghai was a sweet and lovable chicken, though rather loud and pronounced in his manner perhaps; I have thought sometimes that nature had originally intended to include this bird among the animals and classify him as a jackass, but having but two legs, and therefore no visible means of support if he wanted to kick with both hind feet at once, there seemed to be nothing left to do but let him go into the chicken class. There was one rooster in this lot big enough to plow with; he was certainly a screamer in every sense of the word. He just walked around that farm as though he was the whole and entire thing. He could eat corn from the head of a barrel without standing on tiptoe; and I believe he could stand beside a barrel full of shelled corn and eat every kernel of it clear to the bottom and then kick the barrel over to see if any had fallen through. Appetite! Well, it was eclipsed by nothing but the size of his voice. That Shanghai's crow could be plainly heard on every part of the farm, and on foggy mornings it was sometimes mistaken for the hoarse whistle of locomotive 360 on the 4:10 freight train, due at that hour at the station three miles distant. One of my advanced ideas was based upon the theory that there was no earthly use in getting up in the morning at the heathenish hours in vogue with farmers generally, anywhere from 1 o'clock to daylight; I claimed that if you work hard enough and with proper intelligence in making the farm hands work twelve or fourteen hours a day there was really no necessity for one getting out of bed the minute there was a streak of light visible in the east. This Shanghai rooster, however, had theories differing from mine; radically different and very obnoxious. In fact, some of this rooster's arbitrary methods were so distasteful that I had about begun to consider some plausible means to compass his destruction—by accident. Still, where was my theory of adaptation? Here was a fowl big enough to haul a load of hay, and voice enough to wake up the Seven Sleepers, kindly provided by nature to fill a big gap somewhere. It was not at all likely that he had been built simply to consume corn and tramp around, stepping on things.

One night I had been lying awake digesting some abstruse question of agriculture, and a big dinner of corned beef and cabbage, the latter perhaps predominating. There are few mental struggles, I think, that are to be compared to corned beef and cabbage, especially if assisted by liberal irrigation with last year's cider. When occasionally sleep did visit my pillow it was disturbed by visions of the Shanghai rooster tramping all over me as I lay on the floor of the old gas house, with Sherlock Holmes stuffing fingers in his ears as the rooster let out one of his yells. It was perfectly natural that I should have Shanghai nightmares, though perhaps it may seem slightly paradoxical. Finally in despair I got up and lighted my pipe, and then an inspiration struck me with great force. I thought at first it was one of the toughs I saw in the gas cellar; but soon got my bearings and began to work out the plans and specifications of a brilliant scheme.

The following day I left the affairs of the farm in charge of the Shanghai, and drove to the city. For several hours after my arrival I was closeted with the best patent attorney in the place. The result was well calculated to revolutionize the entire "signal alarm business in and through," as the application stated, the States and Territories of the United States. And this is it: A phonograph on a large scale was devised, with an electric attachment, and an ingeniously devised cylinder and mechanical connections. The receiver was to be exposed near the Shanghai rooster when he crowed the loudest, and a record made. There was no trouble about the Shanghai making a record. He had already demonstrated his ability to do that; an extra sized megaphone attachment did the rest. We built a machine and took it to the farm and prepared to receive the first impression. In order not to arouse any suspicion on the part of the rooster, we waited until his usual hour for arousing the inhabitants of the county in the morning, and then, when he opened up his vocal accomplishments, we turned the thing loose. We discovered what I had not before observed, that this fowl had seven different kinds of crow—not what you would call exquisitely modulated, but all different, and this was regarded as of immense importance. We could have one series of crows for fire alarm, another for railroad use, still another for marine purposes for foggy weather, or a combination of them arranged for various conditions and requirements.

After securing about fifty records, the chap whom I had taken in as partner, says: "Do you know what we've got? Well, we've got every other kind of alarm beat to a finish, and don't you forget it. I never heard such a noise in my life. A fog whistle simply ain't in it."

I began to think that, after all, old Shanghai had his uses, and my first attempt at adaptation was a good way from being a failure. Well, what happened? A St. Louis or Chicago man who was half crazy over a machine of his own invention for signal alarm purposes, heard of ours, through the Patent Office, and came pell-mell out to see us, bringing his financial backer with him. They came over to the farm one afternoon, and gradually led up to the question which was eating up his vitals. I kept them in a wrought-up condition of mind for an hour or so, and then I brought out the "chanticleer," wound up the mechanism, touched a spring, and off he went. Well, you should have seen those two Chicago men's faces! They were a sight sure enough. The capitalist realized that his money, invested in the other machine, was as good as sunk unless he could acquire mine. So there naturally ensued a season of tactics that was highly amusing. Finally the moneyed man said: "Well, your old crow machine ain't much good; only just a little novelty, that's all; but if you want to take $1,000 for it and throw in the Shanghai we'll think it over."

Of course it isn't every day that you can sell a Shanghai rooster's crow for $1,000; but I concluded there was more money in it to me just them. So I looked surprised and hurt, and then sitting down on the door step I simply laughed for fifteen minutes straight.

"Gentlemen," I finally managed to answer, "your thousand dollars wouldn't buy one of the wing feathers of my little bird, let alone the machine and patent rights."

There ensued the usual amount of backing and filling, proposals and counter proposals, startings off and comings back, and sham battles in various forms, until at last the chaps said $5,000 for the patent and "leave out the blamed old rooster."

As will be surmised, I wanted to get rid of the rooster anyway; so I just fired the last shot and bluffed this offer: "Make it $6,000 and take the whole outfit." And you may call me all kinds of Ananiases if he didn't snap me up quicker than you can say "Scat!"

We went right into the house and drew up the papers. Then we drove to town and the cash was turned over. Perhaps you may have heard of the great Shanghai rooster signal alarm? I haven't, nor yet hide nor hair of the two men or the rooster.

My sleep is tranquil in the morning, except when I get to thinking of what Uncle will say when he comes to miss that Shanghai.

My further opportunities for utilizing the beasts of the field and fowls of the air were soon very much in evidence. I was in great luck within a month after the above interesting experiment in the development of poultry. I am now agitated by conflicting emotions. Dinner is announced, and I more than suspect that corned beef and cabbage or boiled fowl with oyster sauce is on the menu. Kindly excuse me until I ascertain the facts. If it's corned beef and cabbage you'll hear from me next week.

FRANK HEYWOOD.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

New Publications.

Helps in Photography.*

MR. CHAS. M. TAYLOR, Jr., tells us very pleasantly "Why My Photographs are Bad." His book is intended for beginners, and he hopes that "this volume may aid the ambitious beginner, and enable him to avoid the most common mistakes incident to the first stages of this interesting study."

Mr. Taylor points out the most common mistakes of young photographers, which, notwithstanding they are so obvious, continue to be made. He begins by calling attention to the common error of placing the camera too near the object, and shows the result obtained, by reproducing the photograph of a woman whose head and feet are out of the plate. In posing single figures, one should focus upon the eye of the subject, which will equalize the general effect. In taking a group, focus upon the central figure. He also points out the importance of using diaphrams, or stops, and gives a table for exposures showing the times and stops required for different lights. The titles of some of the chapters are "Foreshortening," "Pictures Out of Focus," "Doubling," or taking two pictures on one side. "Holding the Camera Level" while focusing, and a chapter on "Under and Over Exposed Plates." In that on "Under Exposed Plates," the statement that "haphazard manipulation may succeed in some lines of work, but it is rarely successful in photography," unquestionably contains an element of truth.

Those who belong to the new era in photography are glad to read the statement that "should you make your exposure about the time of the sun's meridian, your results will be more flat and lifeless than if made at another time of the day"; and also "it is very monotonous to the eye to view a landscape flat in color and void of contrast as regards effects in light and shade."

On the other hand, one feels perhaps the lack of artistic feeling when he says that "too much foreground cannot be called a serious defect in a picture, but it is inartistic." There are a great many people who try for this very thing, believing that anything may be regarded as right in photography, provided the result is a beautiful picture. To get this result one must study the effect of light and shade and spacing. To think of every picture primarily as an arrangement, with beauty as the *raison d'être;* this is the desire of the more advanced photographers.

The last part of the book is devoted to specimens of good photography with the detail of lens, time and so on, and a few "Don'ts" for the beginner. We are tired of pamphlets telling us what not to do in photography, from the standpoint of the photographic dealer, and receive with joy a book full of plain truths told in an entertaining way.

Mr. Taylor ends the book happily by saying that "perseverance and vigilance will finally overcome all difficulties, and he who has the patience to continue in his work, will find himself amply rewarded."

E. C. G.

* Geo. W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. Price $1.15.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Nov. 26-29.—Philadelphia.—Philadelphia Dog Show Association's show. M. A. Viti, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 17.—Glasgow, Ky.—Third annual trials of the Kentucky Field Trial Club. S. B. Hays, Sec'y.
Nov. 18.—Branchton, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's seventh annual trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y.
Nov. 18.—Ruthven, Ont.—Fourth annual trials of the North American Field Trial Club. Alfred Wigle, Sec'y, Windsor, Ont.
Nov. 24.—Glasgow, Ky.—American Championship Field Trial Association's second annual trials. C. B. Cooke, Sec'y.
Nov. 29.—Thomasville, N. C.—Continental Field Trial Club's eighth annual trials.
Nov. 24.—Glascow, Ky.—American Championship Field Trial Club's second annual trials. Chas. B. Cooke, Sec'y, Richmond, Va.
Dec. 15.—Huntsville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) third annual trials. John F. Fletcher, Sec'y, Birmingham, Ala.

Only a Rabbit Hunt.

My sole last season's chance to tramp the fields, hills and woods after game was near the full moon of brown October. As my aged foxhound, Tamarack, who had been the partner of my joys and sorrows afield for ten years, had crossed the divide, I was obliged to borrow a dog. This was a beagle, Spotter, which a week later competed in the N. W. field trials and secured a prize.

It was a typical, warm, smoky Indian summer day. We were ready for the morning train. The hound obtained good quarters in the baggage car, and the baggage master also obtained a good quarter. I understand the railroad magnates intend to charge expressage for dogs, even if accompanied by owners. Well, the former way is the better one for all concerned.

We alighted at North Prairie, where friends made us feel at home. Harry, the chip of the old block, acted as guide. The best hunting ground of the region was among the Kettles, but the tract was posted. Happily, the proprietor of these lands was met. I received an introduction and the permission to hunt on his estate. The first favorable looking territory was not investigated because the possessor, who was husking corn in the field, ordered us out. A spry gray squirrel was the first game seen, but it successfully shunned acquaintance. Near the school house the beagle sniffed tainted air, and music floated through the woodland when the first bunny was blazed at as it scurried onward. Had it been a yard longer the charge would have reached it. The next thing that roared up with noisy flight was a grouse. This, probably, was missed, because a horseshoe that I had just found had not been saved.

Then the pup was missed. I suspected some wood cutters on the knoll of abducting him, but my fears were ill-founded. He developed the provoking defect of occasionally working behind instead of ahead of the hunter. When we got to Hanford's farm we found it very promising, and soon the solitudes were ringing with the quavering cry of the pursuer as he struck the spicy aroma of lepus. My first quarry was an incomer, which was bowled over. Hardly had it been assisted into the game bag when Spotter, signaling with eloquent stern, began another solo. This was Harry's opportunity, but luck favored the rabbit more than the hunter. He escaped into his catacomb, out of which his wagging admirer tried to excavate him.

Then we lunched and enjoyed the woodland scenery painted by the lavish brush of autumn. Oak and maple covered ridges bounded the view. The trees had mostly shed their draperies, and the stained, ripe leaves lay in purple, crimson, gold and wine color at our feet, like a Turkish rug; now and then a single bronze or scarlet leaf fluttered slowly through the unstirred, shimmering, hazy atmosphere. Some gnarled oaks were still robed in leather-colored apparel and the few beeches in yellow livery, but the vermilion dyes of the maples had mostly departed, and only the delicate tracery of their bare branches was left to the gaze. Brown acorns nestled among the fallen foliage, with tawny head, where the cap was detached; while grapevines were sprawling along the ash-gray, dilapidated rail fence near by. The woodsy odor of the amber, dreamy air was mingled with the blue-gray smoke of our cigars, and the kodak was brought into requisition to furnish us mementoes of the glorious times we were having.

I reproved my companion for climbing over fences with a loaded and cocked gun in his hands, but he argued that he had always done so; was now nigh on to seventeen years old, and had never been killed yet. After resuming the chase another partridge with a short "quit, quit," thundered up. I thundered after him, but his eccentric flight twisted him out of the difficulty. The dog, nosing along, opened up again and sang a duet with the echoes among the hills. My chance was coming around on its circuit, when Harry yelled like a fruit peddler, which drove the leveret in another direction, and it was finally lost. The next cottontail was urged along a ridge. I observed him limp daintily forward for about thirty rods, but when he came opposite me, the distance was considered out of range. This was a mistake, for it was less than forty yards.

The next drive I witnessed from a kopje. It was beginning to become dusk. I noticed how the doe stretched herself at full length, in fact, she buried herself in a pile of leaves. Her foe was perhaps twenty rods behind her, imbibing the ravishing perfume of the trail and uttering yells of triumphant delight. Half a minute later the rabbit would, in all probability, steal into a nearby stone pile. I had for my day's labor but one trophy, and, although conscience shrieked, she was swindled out of her life by a pot shot.

In the scramble to gain an advantageous position to bag the next scamperer, my kodak, which had been slung to my back, was lost. It took some time to locate it. My comrade ultimately discovered it dangling on a wire fence. The sun was preparing to bow itself from sight. It was time for me to take the back trail in order to catch the home-bound train. At this juncture another grayback displayed the white feather. I shot behind, but the rabbit shot ahead. The four-footed troubadour trilled merrily along the scent, his jubilant notes growing fainter and fainter. The muffled chimes may have been as sweet as the tinkling of evening bells, or like a vesper hymn, still I did not relish them just then, in fact, the affair cost me my entire vocabulary of imprecations. His white coat at last betrayed the vagrant into the leash.

Twilight had long ago melted into darkness; my train was gone; we were two miles from the station; so, now, we had ample time for the homeward tramp. The full moon flooding the open patches with a mellow light, enabled us to stumble our way out of the gloomy woods over steep mounds and across plowed fields into the village. We had put up nine cottontails that day and had killed all but seven of them.

A very pleasant evening was spent at the residence of Mr. S. A delicious supper, at which oysters and other fats of the land, as well as myself, played a prominent part, was one of the features of the entertainment, which was rounded out by music, cigars and conversation. Harry enthusiastically vouchsafed to have me out of bed before dawn for hunt No. 2. We then compromised to start at six. We got up at 6:45.

The following morning the landscape was clothed in its prettiest. My young confederate hooked one of the horses to one of the buggies, and we, Hess, Harry, myself and Spotter rolled eight miles to the south. A fox squirrel and a hollow tree delayed us under way. The nutcracker saved his scalp. We stabled the nag at Bill Box's quaint old place. Bill is a crony of Harry, and he extended a welcome to me, the stranger.

It was near the winding Mukwonago River, of which we caught glimpses now and then, where our hunting grounds lay. An added advantage was that the tract was also provided with trespass signs, for the presence of Bill secured for us the right to hunt thereon. We started about thirty bunnies in all, of which fifteen were extinguished. Bill is an experienced sportsman and keeps a serviceable hound. I did not care to embarrass dog or master by inquiring into the pedigree of the canine, for the hunting instincts of the half-breed were such as to overlook all shortcomings of his lineage. He had a fair voice, although it was not that weird and melancholy moan so highly valued by huntsmen. He was partly a pointer. He was a long legged, gaunt three-year-old, his ribs stuck out like hoops on a barrel. The grounds were chiefly meadows checkered with bushes, and only here and there sprinkled with alder, elm and aspen groves.

My first booty, driven by the mongrel, was an unaccountable, because it was procured at a distance that I usually do not attempt. Shortly after Spotter howled a gray-fur up to the river. We saw the whole comedy. We perceived the rabbit plunge into the stream, swim it, reach the other shore, and sped up the slope. When the trailer got to the spot where the fugitive had entered the water, he knowingly swam the brook, picked up the scent on the further bank and followed him. A very creditable performance, but the hero of the burlesque disappointed the spectators, because he declined to reappear on the stage.

We then meandered along a beautiful wood road and searched the network of brushland that adjoined it. We combed the thickets pretty thoroughly, and a number of leapers were harvested. Seven or eight woodcock zigzagged out, but none of us made proper connections. Meanwhile that beagle had strayed again. After a while the epicure was detected quietly munching a rabbit that had been killed, but not collected. Another dead cottontail, which was also found, seemed to be quite fresh, but nobody wanted it.

Presently the musicians, forging ahead with waving tails and stimulated by the alluring fragrance of another spoor, commenced another melodious sylvan concert. The undergrowth was very thick. Parting the everlasting twigs before the half-closed eyes, caused some damage to the bridge of my nose. The animal was hustled for a long time. I had changed my position repeatedly, when at last he scudded in my direction, a left quarterer, and the field trial winner twenty yards in the rear. I dropped the leader.

Soon after the pointer-hound pointed a graycoat in a brush pile. Hess mounted the heap, trampled out the occupant and checked his career before any of the others had a chance to touch the trigger. Hess was handicapped somewhat by using black powder.

One grayjacket that had been slightly wounded slipped into a hollow log. Harry pulled it out alive; beside he covered himself with glory that morning shooting his first rabbit in his life, and a running one at that. A remarkable incident of the hunt was that in spite of my partners' carrying cocked breechloaders, there was no accident.

It was now about noon, and we returned to the house. Bill invited us to dinner, but as we had provisions with us, we divided them with the hounds at our wagon.

After lunch we went south into Walworth County. Marshes, half withered, half green, studded with alder coppice and flanked by wooded hillsides, formed the cover. My first conquest was a straightaway, which hobbled along a hay rod. Turning toward the fusilade of the other gunners shortly after, I noticed a "partridge" whizzing toward me like a feathered baseball. I missed twice, which proves that I had no pump gun. Five cartridges had been expended, but he sailed away with flying colors. He was marked down on a hilltop, but was not retrieved.

Then the beagle, after a few whimperings, rendered a recitation as he inhaled the intoxicating redolence of a fresh track. My colleagues did not care to wait, and, as the soloist could be heard no longer, they were sure that he could not unravel the trail. But as I knew his stanchness, I made up my mind to tarry a while. In about fifteen minutes he hurried the runaway back from the oak ridge to the starting point. I pocketed the whitetail and hastened after the others.

A woodcock was flushed by one of the party. I secured it in sportsman's style and was glad to add its russet and velvet plumage to my collection. A young man, who accompanied the crowd with a Flobert rifle to accumulate some squirrels if possible, also realized a rabbit. Bill had espied one sitting in a little hollow. He motioned up the young fellow and showed him the crouching victim, which was picked through the head at less than ten paces.

In the meantime that wayward beagle was vagabondizing again. We had not seen him for two hours. As I had either to return the creature or forfeit his price, $35, I trudged back to look for him. A half hour's search revealed him afar off, across the marsh, trailing my footsteps. When I had again overtaken the party, which had once more drifted to the morning's grounds, it was time to prepare for our departure. While the rest had amused themselves with firing at tomato cans hurled into space, Bill had sneaked to the river and had pulled down a plump wood duck just as it skittered down stream. He had also bagged a snipe. At his home we were entertained by a pitcher of wine, which our host had unearthed from his cellar.

The homeward ride was a treat. The moon's silvery disk, a fleet horse, smooth roads, an old pipe, a damp, lazy autumn evening, agreeable company, a dozen rabbits and a woodcock in the game coat were the ingredients. The only unpleasant element of the trip was its end.

T. Le Trab.

Milwaukee, Wis.

Another Dog Hero.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As I have given the readers of Forest and Stream the history of two dogs from Idaho, I now ask your further indulgence in giving the history of one of the most noble dogs that has ever come under my notice, and his performance should be inscribed in letters of gold upon the scroll of Fame. I think that few dogs are worthy of being placed ahead of this one.

His appearance indicated that hound was the larger part of his pedigree. I think there was some Newfoundland in his make-up from his size and disposition. He was owned by Mr. and Mrs. Lowrey, of Republic, Washington, who kept the Montana House, and as the dog was used to being petted by lots of people, he was very affectionate.

Mr. and Mrs. Lowrey not having any children, of course the dog was a great favorite with them, and wherever either went the dog was their companion. Along in the winter two years ago Mr. Lowrey had to go to Sheridan Camp on some business, and the dog went along. While they were at camp there a very severe snowstorm came up, and it was very cold. Mr. Lowrey started to return to Republic against the advice of his friends, who wanted him to stay till the storm was over. But he would not stay, and he and his faithful companion started on what proved to be the last trip of Mr. Lowrey, and came near terminating the earthly career of his noble dog.

After traveling for a while he lost the trail, and wandered off to the left of the trail, and when he reached within about two miles of the Tom Thumb Mine he became exhausted, and lay down near the roots of an upturned pine tree, there to take that last sleep that knows no awakening. The storm proved to be a very severe one, and it was a week before any one passed between the camps. Mrs. Lowrey thought Mr. Lowrey was in Sheridan Camp, and those in camp thought he had reached home. As soon as it was known that he was lost, quite a large crowd started out to hunt for the man and dog.

Some miners near the Tom Thumb mine had heard a dog howling over across Granite Creek, but had attached no importance to it till they heard that Mr. Lowrey had been lost; then they went over in the direction whence they thought the howling proceeded, and soon they came across a sight that brought tears to the eyes of those sturdy old miners. There lay Mr. Lowrey in the cold embrace of death, and there was his poor dog nothing but a living skeleton, standing watch over that master, he would die before he would desert him, and would starve before he would despoil him. There were tracks of coyotes in the snow where they had come near and had been chased away, and the magpies were not allowed to light near, and when the miners approached he would not allow any of them to come near; but he was so weak that he was easily overpowered, and when they placed the remains of his dead master on the sled the dog was too weak to walk and was placed by the side of the one he had so faithfully stayed by for nine days, without food or water, on what snow he must have eaten.

What a sad home-coming it was to that poor woman, as well as it was to that faithful dog, who acted as if he would like to tell his mistress how he had watched over his master, waiting for him to awaken and return home. It was only with the most tender care that the dog was nursed back to health, and for a long time after his master had been buried he would moan and cry out as though his heart would break. Not long after, Mrs. Lowrey moved to Butte, Mont., accompanied by one of the most faithful dogs that was ever met by

Lew Wilmot.

Keiler, Wash.

"A Vermont Mode."

Editor Forest and Stream:

For the benefit of your Philadelphia correspondent, Mr. Albert Converse, who criticizes a "Vermont Mode" in your issue of this week, I beg to call attention to the note on Arkansas fox hunting on page 372 of the same number. From what Mr. Loudon there says, it appears that to shoot a fox before the hounds is an approved Arkansas mode. And as Arkansas took its shooting ethics from Davy Crockett, I assume that what is *à la mode* there must be followed by the rest of us; though as Mr. President Harrison once remarked, "Many things are done on the Kaw that don't go in Washington."

Now, as to digging out a fox that had been run to earth, while I should not like to do that, I confess that I can see mighty little difference between that and the English fox hunting practice of sending out a man beforehand to stop up the entrances to the holes to which it is thought the pursued fox will run for refuge from the hounds. There may be a difference between stopping up a hole so that the fox cannot get into it and digging him out after he has got into it, but I cannot see the distinction. To me it means just the same for the fox. I've

been on earth fifty-odd years, but I'm not too old to learn, and if Mr. Converse thinks it worth while to add to my education in this little matter, I trust that you second my invitation to him to do so. J. H. MONSON.

Points and Flushes.

On Wednesday and Thursday of this week, the Western Massachusetts Fox Club will hold its fifteenth annual hunt at Westfield. The annual club dinner will be served to members and guests at 6:30 on the evening of the first day's hunt.

Yachting.

For Cruising Yachtsmen.

WITH the purpose of stimulating the interest in cruising, and the keeping of a detailed log by cruising yachtsmen during the season of 1902, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer prizes for the best stories of cruises submitted to be published in FOREST AND STREAM. It is believed that these will form not only entertaining records of pleasant summer days spent afloat along our coasts and waterways, but will furnish information of practical value to other yachtsmen making subsequent cruises on the same waters.

Prizes will be awarded to the three best stories as follows:

First prize, $50.00.
Second prize, $30.00.
Third prize, $20.00.

Contributions are invited under the following conditions:

1. The cruise must be made in waters of the United States or Canada in the season of 1902.

2. The cruise must be made in a sailing yacht, power to be used only as an auxiliary, if at all.

3. The story must be prefaced by a description of the boat. Cruises should be treated in as interesting and readable a way as possible, but should be practical and contain all possible information and data that would be of value to men going over the same route. A description of the handling of the ship in all weathers will be regarded very favorably in making awards, and it is suggested to writers that an accurate account be kept of all incidents happening while under way.

4. An outline chart suitable for reproduction, showing the course taken, must accompany each article. When possible, articles should be accompanied by amateur photographs taken on the cruise, including one of the boat. Good photographs will be considered in making the awards.

5. The story should contain about seven thousand words, written on one side of the paper only, and must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York city, on or before Nov. 15, 1902.

Mr. T. C. Zerega has very kindly consented to act as judge and to make the awards.

High Speed Steam Yacht.

THE plans of the 77ft. high-speed steam yacht reproduced in this issue are from the board of Mr. Fred D. Lawley, of the Geo. Lawley & Son Corp., of South Boston, Mass. The boat presents a very smart and graceful appearance, and though of narrow beam, her accommodations are fairly roomy and far more so than is usual in craft of this popular type.

The dimensions follow:

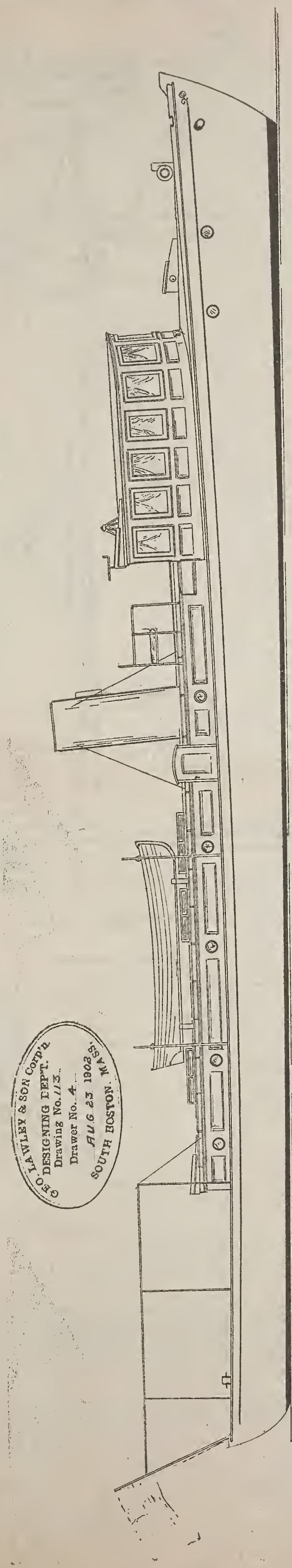
Length—	
Over all	76ft. 6in.
L.W.L.	71ft. oin.
Overhang—	
Forward	3ft. oin.
Aft	2ft. 6in.
Breadth—Extreme	12ft. 6in.
Draft—Extreme	4ft. oin.
Freeboard—	
Forward	6ft. oin.
Least	3ft. 2in.
Aft	3ft. 6in.

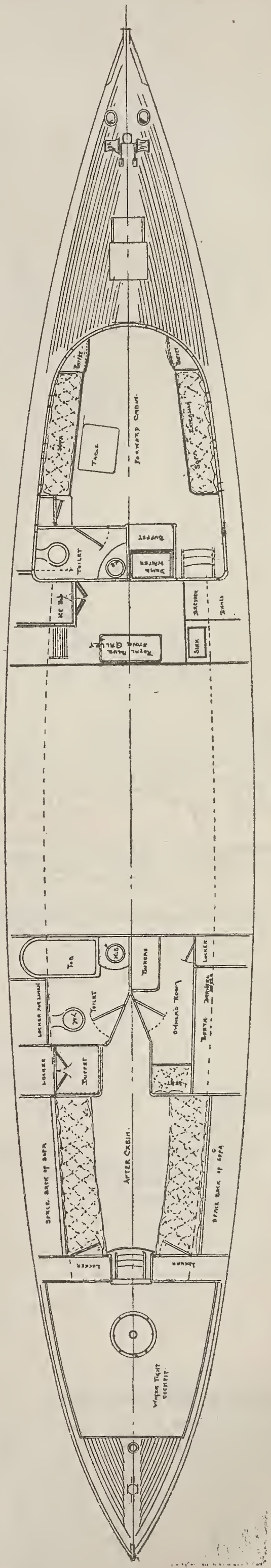
There is a roomy cabin in the forward house, which is 5ft. high, 13ft. long and 10ft. wide. On each side there is a transom and forward of these are sideboards. In the after end is a dumb waiter, which leads to the galley below and a toilet room fitted with a set marble basin and patent closet.

The low cabin house is 35ft. long and 2ft. high. In the forward end of this, just aft of the forward house, is the galley which is 4ft. long and runs the full width of the boat. The boat is steered from a bridge on the low house just over the galley. Aft of the galley is the machinery and boiler space. This takes up 13ft. 6in. Aft of the machinery space on the starboard side is a stateroom 8ft. long. There is a good berth, transom bureau and locker. Just opposite on the port hand is the bath room, 5ft. 6in. long. The tub is of porcelain, and there is a marble wash basin and water closet. Aft is the main saloon, 12ft. long, which leads to a roomy cockpit 8ft. long.

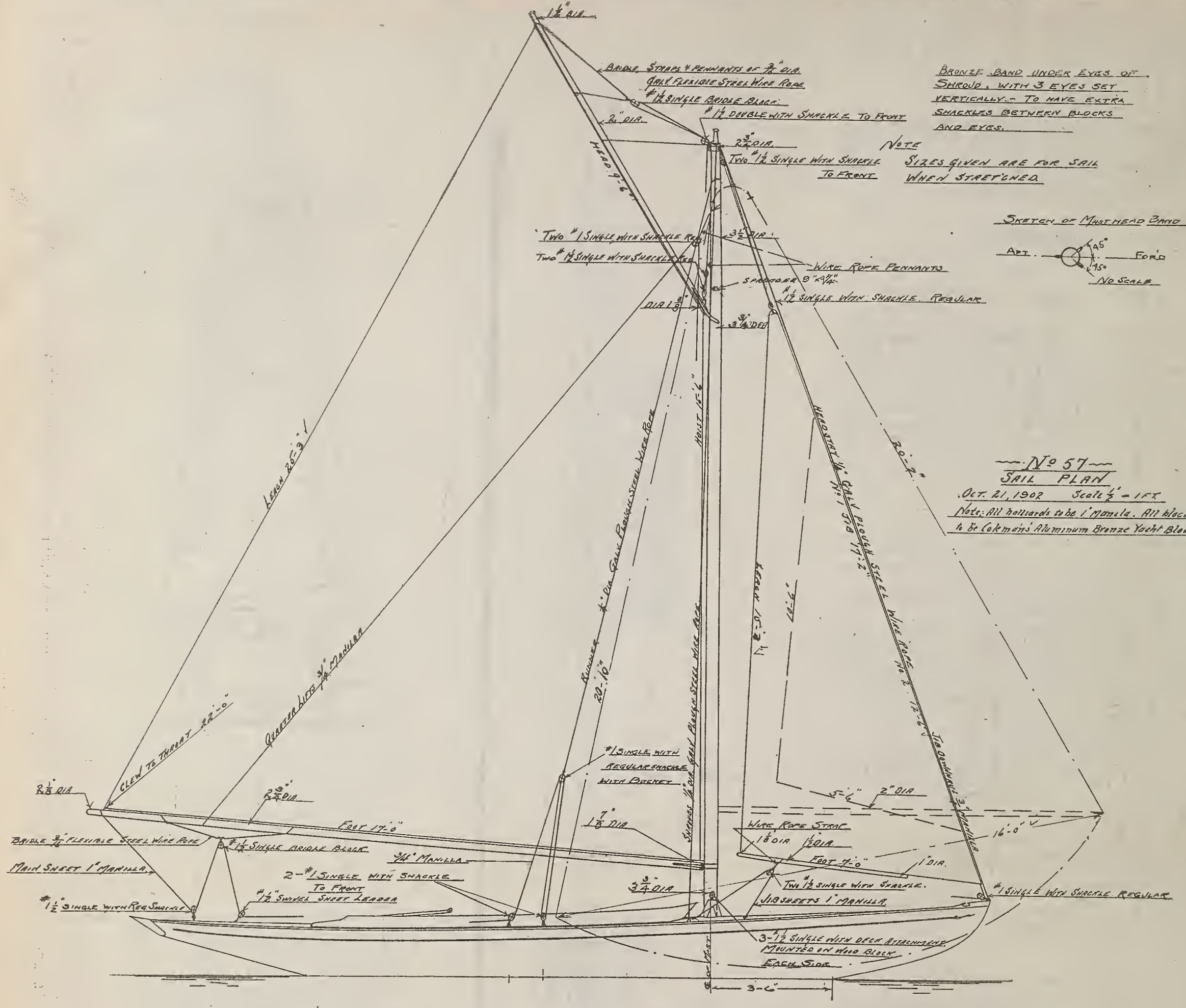
Forward there is a roomy forecastle with room for four men. A 13ft. boat is swung on the davits.

At Jacob's yard, City Island, work is progressing on the new schooner of Wintringham design, and the keel will soon be laid. Laid up for the winter at this yard are many of the large and noteworthy boats, and they form a most interesting study. Among them are Vigilant and Ailsa, side by side; the three 70-footers, Yankee, Mineola and Virginia; schooners Emerald and Amorita; cutters Neola, Queen Mab and the fast steam launch Scud, beside many other boats large and small, and of all sorts and kinds. Mr. Jacob is preparing for a very busy season and expects to have the yard filled with work.



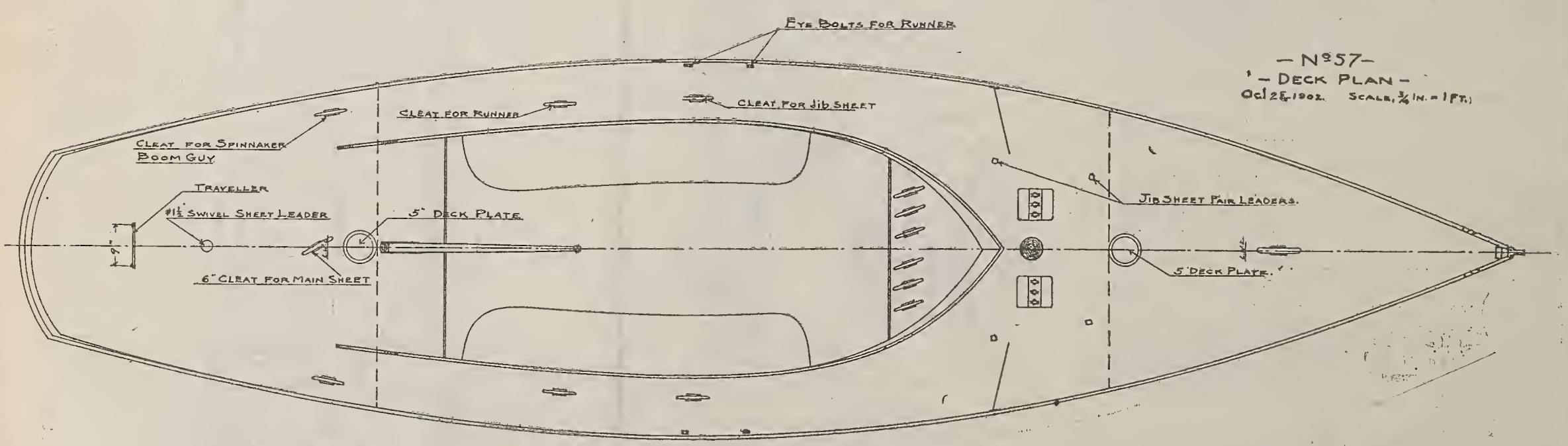


OUTBOARD PROFILE AND CABIN PLAN OF 77-FOOT HIGH SPEED STEAM YACHT.—DESIGNED BY FRED D. LAWLEY AND BUILT BY THE GEO. LAWLEY & SON CORP., 1902.



No. 57
SAIL PLAN
Oct. 21, 1902 Scale ½' = 1 FT.
Note: All halliards to be 1" manila. All blocks to be Cokmon's Aluminum Bronze Yacht Blocks.

SEAWANHAKA FIFTEEN-FOOTER—SAIL PLAN.



No. 57
DECK PLAN
Oct 25, 1902. SCALE, ¾ IN. = 1 FT.

SEAWANHAKA FIFTEEN-FOOTER—DECK PLAN.

Seawanhaka Fifteen-Footer.

THE Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. has again directed its efforts toward establishing a one-design class for racing at Oyster Bay, and the boats, which are now well under way, promise to form the largest and as fine a class of small one-design boats as can be found on Long Island Sound as seventeen boats have already been ordered, and there is all probability that more will be added to this list. It will be remembered that when the idea of establishing this class was first formed, a competition for designs for a boat of 15ft. racing length under measurement rule formulated by Mr. Hyslop was conducted through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, and liberal prizes offered for the best designs. This competition was successful in bringing out a number of good designs, but it was found that what was considered a desirable type of small boat could not be produced under the rule in force, so these designs were laid aside and Mr. Clinton H. Crane was commissioned to get up plans for a boat of 15ft. waterline without regard to the rule, the chief requirements being that the boat should be able and seaworthy, fast in all weathers and of handsome appearance. The result of Mr. Crane's work is shown by the plans which are here reproduced, and it will be seen from them that the design is practically that of a 21ft. raceabout reduced to 15ft. waterline. The dimensions of the boats are as follows:

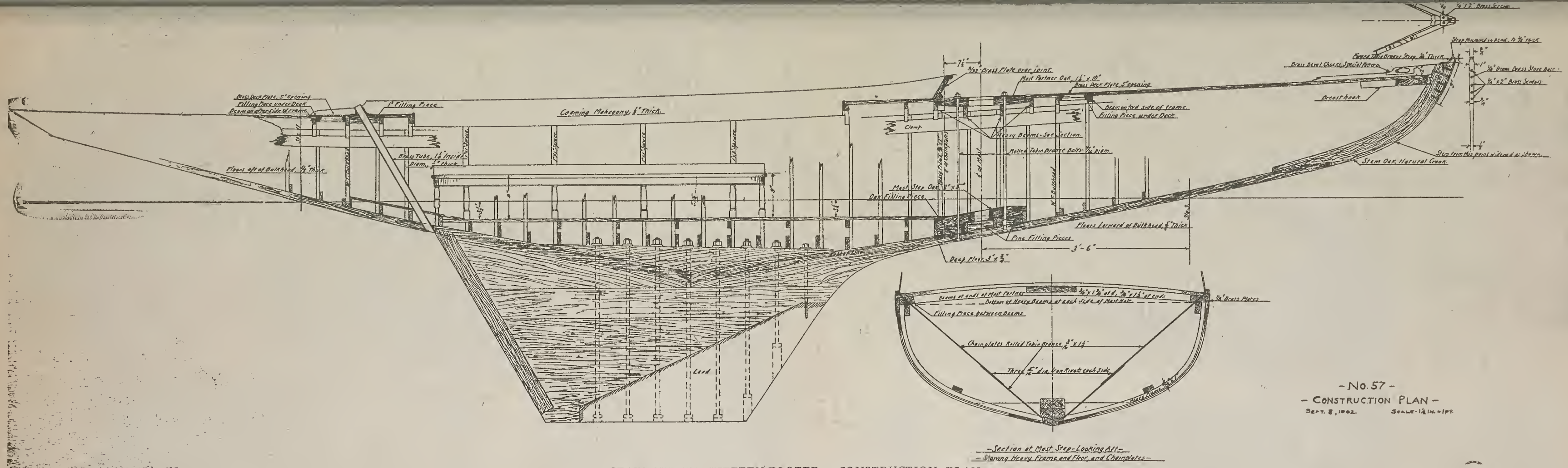
Length—	
Over all	24ft. 5in.
Waterline	15ft. 0in.
Overhang—	
Bow	4ft. 5in.
Stern	5ft. 0in.
Breadth—	
Extreme	6ft. 2in.
Waterline	5ft. 6in.
Freeboard—	
Bow	2ft. 1in.
Stern	1ft. 7in.
Least	1ft. 3in.
Draft—Extreme	3ft. 9in.
Sail area	290 sq. ft.
Lead keel, about	1,100lbs.

No attempt has been made to turn out a cheaply constructed boat, as the specifications call for the very best materials and workmanship in every particular. The hulls will be double planked, 3-16in. cedar being used for the inner skin, and 3/8in. mahogany for the outer, with cotton cloth between laid in varnish. The planking is copper riveted to the frames and all other fastenings are of copper or composition. The decks are of white pine covered with canvas and painted with the exception of the planksheers, which are left bright. Water tight bronze bulkheads, both forward and aft, insure the boats being absolutely non-sinkable. The sail plan is small and the rigging simple, so that the boats will be easily handled.

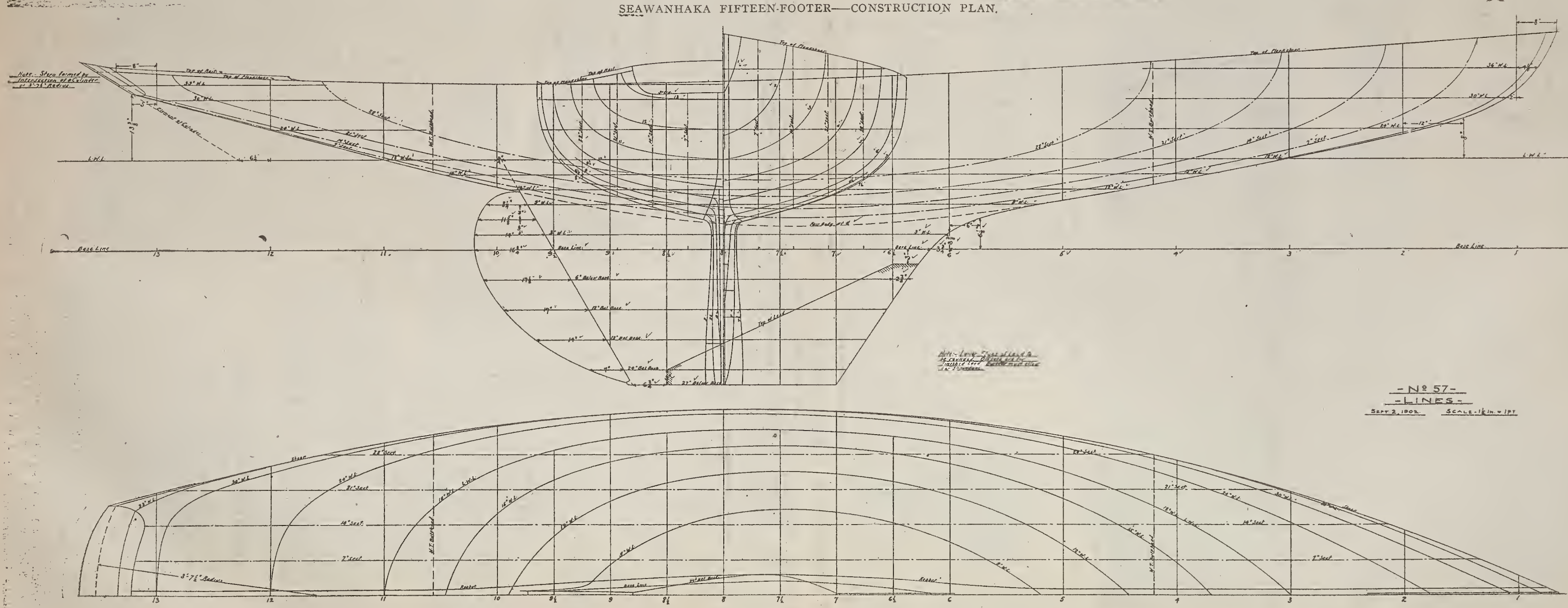
The contract for building the boats was awarded to Samuel Ayers & Son, of Nyack, N. Y., who already have one boat so nearly finished that she will be given a trial very shortly.

At a meeting of the owners recently held at the club's city quarters, the boats were assigned as follows:

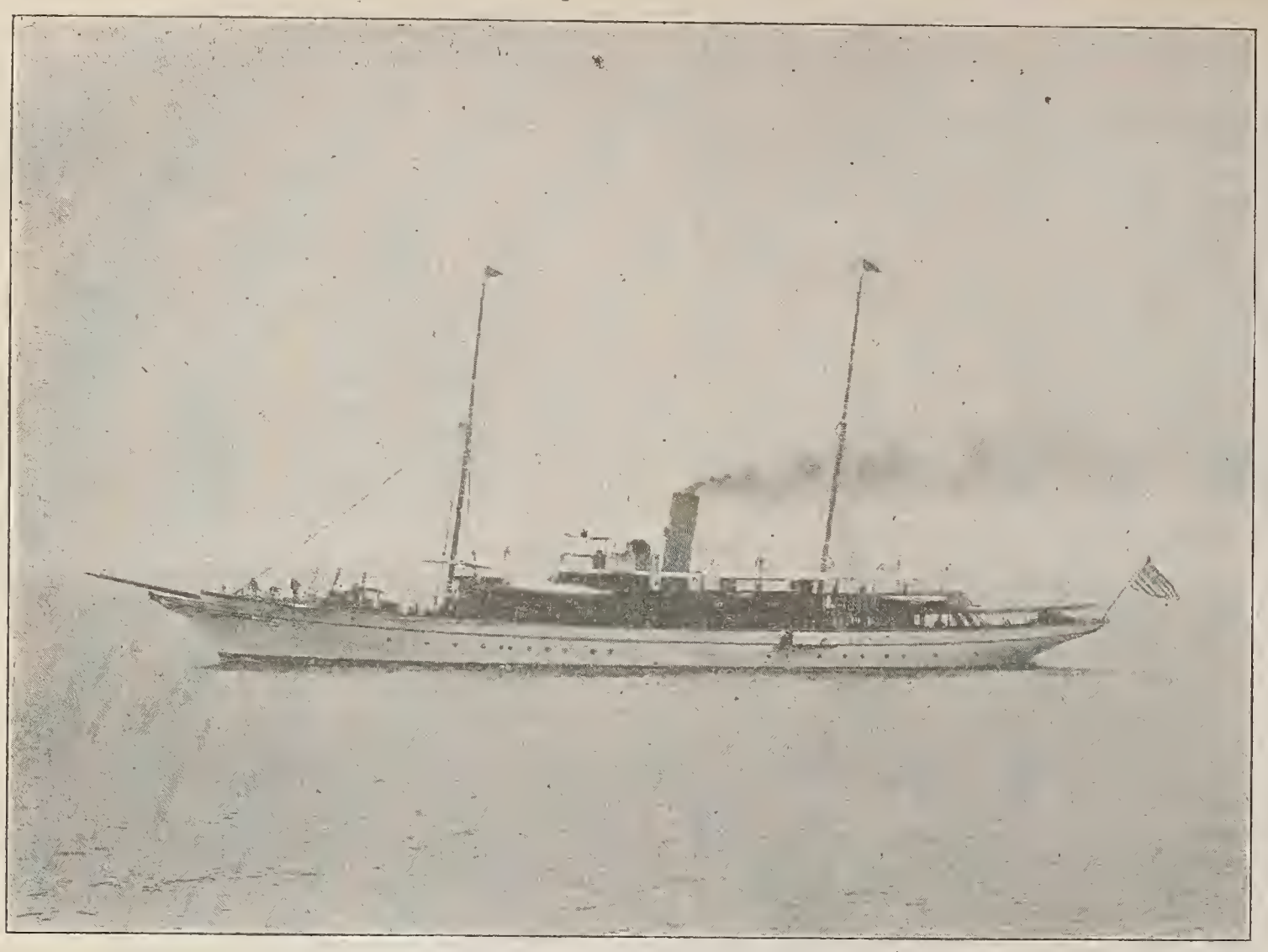
No. 1. Charles W. Wetmore.
No. 2. Daniel Bacon.
No. 3. Major H. H. Landon.



SEAWANHAKA FIFTEEN-FOOTER—CONSTRUCTION PLAN.



SEAWANHAKA FIFTEEN-FOOTER—LINES. DESIGNED BY MR. C. H. CRANE, OF TAMS, LEMOINE & CRANE.



TUSCARORA—ENGLISH-BUILT STEAM YACHT.
Photo by James Burton.

No. 4. W. Emlen Roosevelt.
No. 5. William J. Matheson.
No. 6. Franklin A. Plummer.
No. 7. Colgate Hoyt.
No. 8. Percy K. Hudson.
No. 9. Johnston de Forest.
No. 10. H. C. Rouse.
No. 11. Frank J. Gould.
No. 12. J. R. Burnett and F. D. Pavey.
No. 13. H. W. Gibson.
No. 14. James R. Ely.
No. 15. F. R. Coudert, Jr.
No. 16. Henry T. Sloane.
No. 17. Geo. B. Watts, Jr.

Manhasset Bay Winter Club.

NEW YORK, Oct. 28.—The Manhasset Bay Winter Club has been organized within the club, its object being to keep our members in close touch with club matters during the winter months, and make the club house an objective point, not only for members living within driving distance, but also for those living in the city, who appreciate the pleasure had from a trip into the country on a pleasant winter's day, and the added enjoyment to be derived from communing with fellow yachting cranks on the many debatable points of the sport.

The sole qualification for membership, is that each member shall pledge himself to visit the club house at least two Sundays during each month from November to April inclusive, or failing so to do, pay a fine. The aggregate amount so collected will be disposed of as may be later decided.

Arrangements will be made to keep the house warm, and Capt. Bird will serve dinner each Sunday at 1 o'clock P. M.

E. M. MACLELLAN, Sec'y.

YACHT CLUB NOTES.

The Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.'s House Committee announce that the club's city quarters in "The Mansfield," at 12 West Forty-fourth street, are now ready for occupancy, and from the Secretary comes notice of the fifth regular meeting of the club for the year 1902, which will be held on Tuesday, Nov. 11, in these rooms. Various amendments to the by-laws will be acted upon and after the meeting supper will be served.

* * *

The Indian Harbor Y. C. has had plans prepared for enlarging its club house at Greenwich to nearly double its present size. It is proposed to move the present house about a hundred feet to the northward and to build a four-story addition on the eastern side, thus enlarging the ball room, dining rooms and kitchen, and providing five extra rooms. Local contractors are now figuring on the work, which it is estimated will cost in the neighborhood of $25,000.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Mr. Frank M. Smith, of the N. Y. Y. C., has recently closed a contract with the John R. Robins Company, of South Brooklyn, for a new steam yacht, 211ft. long, from designs by Mr. Henry J. Gielow, to take the place of Hauoli, whose plans were given in a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM. Hauoli, though satisfactory in every way, was found to be a trifle too small to meet Mr. Smith's requirements, so the order was given for a larger boat of the following dimensions: Length over all, 211ft. 3in.; length waterline, 166ft.; breadth, 21ft. 6in.; draft, 9ft. She will be built of steel throughout, and will have five water-tight bulkheads. The outboard profile shows a schooner rig with two pole masts, and two deck houses, the forward one being about 60ft. and the after one 40ft. in length. The yacht has no pilot house and is steered from the bridge on top of the forward deck house. The owner's accommodations are well arranged in the two deck houses and below deck aft, while the space below deck forward of the machinery is given up to officers' and crew's quarters and storerooms. The yacht will be very handsomely and completely furnished and is to be ready for delivery by June 1, 1903.

* * *

Sir Christopher Furniss' new turbine steam yacht Emerald, recently launched from the yard of Messrs. Alexander Stephen & Son, Linthouse, Glasgow, is described as follows by the London Field: "The new yacht, which has been built to designs by Mr. F. J. Stephen, is a vessel of very handsome appearance, no extent of accommodation having been sacrificed to obtain speed. The intention of the designer is to reach a speed of sixteen knots, with an entire absence of vibration and an exceptionally low coal consumption. Dimensions: Length over all, 236ft.; breadth, 28ft. 8in.; moulded depth, 18ft. 6in. The vessel has three sets of turbine engines, three shafts and five manganese bronze propellers—one propeller on the center shaft and two each on the side shafts. The hull has been specially strengthened to prevent any vibration in the structure, owing to the great speed at which the shafts revolve. In the engine room, beside the three turbines, with their condensers and the duplicate electric lighting machinery, there are a large number of auxiliary engines of all kinds. The main boiler is of very large diameter."

A. C. A. Sugar Island.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 5.—Any member of the American Canoe Association desiring one or more copies of the blue print map of Sugar Island, can obtain same by sending to Robert J. Wilkin, President Board of Governors, A. C. A., P. O. Box 97, Brooklyn, N. Y., and inclosing fifty cents for each map desired.

ROBERT J. WILKIN.

Cold Comfort.

From the Waterbury.

Nervous Gentleman (who has engaged individual to act as guide)—But, my good man, are you sure you have taken the right road?

The Individual (gruffly)—I know I has; we are now close to the "Bloody Gulch," where a man's skelington was found last summer with bullet holes in the skull. They tried fix the murder on me, but (with a grin of great satisfaction) they couldn't prove nothin'. No; they couldn't prove nothin'!

The great python serpent of the Paris Jardin des Plantes has just died after fasting for two years, five months and three days. This finely marked python came from Japan. It was 21 feet long, in prime condition and extremely lively when it arrived, but refused all food. It was offered a Dahomey sheep, rabbits, geese, ducks, fowl. It would occasionally strangle the animals or birds placed in its cage, but under no circumstances would it eat them. The python took a bath from time to time. At length it lost weight and strength, and its scales turned a dull gray. Toward the beginning of this year it became extremely lean, and remained curled up in a corner of its cage, and quite harmless. Its keepers compelled it to swallow eggs, but the food apparently was undigested. The body was covered with ugly sores and the scales came off. The different organs of the serpent became inert one after another. Its weight when it came from Japan was 165 pounds; at the time of its death it weighed 60 pounds. Its loss of weight was thus 66 per cent., a larger proportion than has ever been observed hitherto in any animal.—London Daily News.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

The Function of a Telescopic Sight.

FROM inquiries and conversations which the writer has carried on with many eminent shooters and experts, it would appear that the precise function of telescopic sights is not as a rule well understood. The difficulty arises from the fact that telescopes serve very different purposes, according to the class of rifle on which they are used; and the mistakes which have arisen can be traced to the practice of arguing by analogy, leading to assumptions that the conditions which apply to one kind of work are common to all. The shooter who has a telescope on a rook rifle or a .22 rim-fire weapon finds certain improvements in accuracy and alignment which he assumes will be proportionately reproduced not only when firing at deer-stalking distances, but also at 1,000yds. on the range. The need for sharpshooting in military operations has afforded a useful fillip in the development of telescopes having the necessary mechanical soundness for standing the wear and tear due to the recoil.

If we start with the humblest instance of all, viz., a shooter who uses a .22cal. rifle for rabbits, not because he finds rim-fire ammunition as good as the more expensive varieties, but because of the reduced noise, we find that the function of the telescope works in the direction of increasing accuracy of alignment and pull-off. This is effected because of the optical advantages that arise when the sighting device and the object aimed at are both in one focus. An additional but more gradually operating cause of accurate alignment with telescopes is that the apparent movement of the rifle due to the natural motions of the body is increased in proportion to the magnifying power, and the shooter has therefore an extra inducement to control unsteadiness that would be barely apparent with ordinary sights. It is astonishing how quickly the muscles and nerves learn to obey the teachings of the brain, for at the end of a very few days the movements are reduced, so as to seem about the same as those which are experienced with ordinary sights. At the short distance at which sporting telescopes are used they are clearly not of much service for finding game. Admittedly, they enable one to pick out the details of an animal's anatomy, so that the shooter is more clearly assured that he is aiming at the center of an animal's head when he has the cross-hairs nicely placed thereon than he would be were he aiming over the ordinary foresight, or even through a hollow bead. This facility for picking out the details of a small animal is most marked when the destined quarry is partially obscured by intermediate foliage or vegetation.

In the case of deer-stalking, very much the same kind of influences are at work to increase the effectiveness of the shooting, though in this instance mention must necessarily be made of the great value of a telescope for correcting those defects of vision which would make ordinary sights difficult to use, even with the aid of spectacles. In deer stalking, however, especially at the longer distances, the power of picking out one's beast is a material advantage, because it may frequently happen that only so much of the body is visible as will lend itself to telescopic sighting when ordinary sights would be at a disadvantage. Doubtless the modern telescope is seen to its greatest advantage when applied to deer stalking rifles, because the cost of this kind of shooting, and the high quality of the weapons used, enable the finest glasses to be chosen, the cost of which is not disproportionate to the benefits gained. It is almost impossible to get a really high class telescope with properly achromatized lenses for less than about 7 guineas before fitting. The subsequent adjustment of the telescope to the rifle, so that the hairs shall be in strict agreement with the barrels, is by no means a cheap piece of work. In fact, while on this subject, it would be well to point out that the efficiency of many telescopic rifles is sadly marred by the impossibility of correcting various little defects of adjustment which are liable to develop in use. In all these rifles used for short-range work the adjustments for range should be effected by the raising of the cross-hairs within the telescope, the flatness of trajectory over sporting distances enabling a very moderate elevation of the hairs to do all that is necessary to correct the effect of the bullet's fall. It would seem reasonable to expect that the two hairs should be separately mounted, so that a so-called wind allowance could be effected by the separate movement of the vertical hair. Of course, it would be immaterial whether the cross-hairs are independently mounted, the one with vertical and the other with horizontal power of adjustment, or whether the disk carrying the two hairs be movable bodily in the two directions. In either case it would be possible, with a fixed mounting between telescope and barrel, for the sportsman to insure in advance that the bullets are flying truly with his own particular method of pull-off and firing.

In summarizing the effects of telescopes when used for sporting purposes, it will be seen that their function is almost exclusively limited to improving the accuracy of alignment. With telescopic sights fitted to target rifles for shooting at long ranges this advantage no longer exists. With a well adjusted pair of match sights the shooter can hold on to his bull so that the amount of error is little more than 3in. at 1,000yds. A telescope may do better in theory, but in practice it cannot, and if it could, the advantage would be immaterial. The difficulties of giving absolute adjustment in degrees, of maintaining the axis of the lenses in conformity with the markings on the scale, and of protecting the elevation of the glass from disturbance by the recoil, prove that match sights are more perfect as aligning instruments that the best telescopic sights that have ever been made, this, of course, applying only to shooting at long ranges. There is another source of wrong alignment with telescopes, which is known as parallactic error, viz., that due to variable position of the eye in reference to the eyepiece, a fault that may be in excess when there is a large field of view. That this error may be a serious one can be demonstrated by any one who will fix a telescope sight on a tripod. It will be seen that the position of the cross-hairs in relation to the background varies according to whether the eye is looking through the center of the eyepiece, or from a point near the edges of it. When the various errors and losses of adjustment of even the best telescopes are borne in mind, it will be seen that they have points of inferiority when compared with match sights, which are solidly fitted to the rifle, and whose adjustments remain intact after years of use.

The question then arising is as to the use of telescopic sights at all when they are shown to be incapable of improving on match sights as instruments of precise alignment. The answer to this query is that, while the ordinary aperture back sight and hollow bead foresight can be perfectly held on a black bull on a white ground, the strain on the eye is too great to allow for using them against obscure backgrounds, where the point to aim at is hardly distinguishable from its surroundings. For military purposes it is necessary to be able to aim a rifle at some particular portion of a piece of country where the distinguishing marks are few. In the case of men, for instance, who may be only occasionally in evidence when viewed through a glass, it is extremely difficult to find with the naked eye the precise spot at which to aim, and even more difficult to get satisfactory alignment thereon. With the telescope, however, the finding and shooting are both effected while the rifle is at the shoulder, and, however small the actual mark fired at may be, the alignment is perfect by comparison with the errors that must occur in range estimation and deflection due to wind. At the ordinary long-range target the match sights must remain pre-eminent, but if the target is indistinguishable with the bare eyes the telescope can still afford very nearly as perfect alignment as though the target were of regulation pattern. There can never be any likelihood of picking off small marks at long ranges. All that can be expected is that the bullets shall be scattered around a spot known to be occupied, the actual hitting and moral effect to be left to the law of averages working in combination with rapid fire. It is in this light alone that the use of telescopes for long ranges should be regarded.—Field (London).

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 19.—The Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club's scores, made to-day, on the Columbia target, off-hand shooting, 200yd. range, follow:

Rifle match, 10 shots: Mannel 53, 64, 66, 68, 71; Young 60, 64; Hovey 69, 75, 83, 84, 86, 97; H. Hinkel 72, 73, 75, 76, 93.

Three-shot match: Mannel 14, 14, 15; Hovey 17, 18; Young 20.

Military and repeating rifle, Creedmoor count: Twist 44, 37, 35; Hunsaker 44, 44; Pape 44; H. Kroeckel 45, 44, 43, 43, 43, 42; Knostman 42, 42, 42, 41.

Fifty-yard range, pistol: Brannagan 35, 39, 40, 40, 42, 44, 44, 45, 45, 47, 48; Barley 46; Young 46, 50; L. Hinkel 58, 57; Twist 61, 63, 72; Mrs. Mannel 62, 62, 66, 67, 67, 69; Hunsaker 65, 67, 78; Gimmel 67, 69; Mrs. Waltham 67, 79; Knostman 59, 63, 71, 77, 79, 81, 81 85, 87; Allen 89, 91, 99; Trego, revolver, 80, 82, 82, 83; Scott 94.

Revolver: L. Hinkel 38, 45; S. Carr 78.

.22 and .25 rifle: Young 17, 21, 26; Daiss 19, 26, 29; Kroeckel 22, 22, 23; Hunsaker 24, 26; Gimmel 27.

Nov. 2.—Rifle, 10 shots: Hovey 60, 71, 79, 88, 94; Mannel 61, 65, 67; Hinkel 66, 91; Kroeckel 68, 69, 87, 94.

Three-shot match: Mannel 13, 15, 16, 18.

Military and repeating rifles, Creedmoor count: Twist 46, 44, 44, 43, 43, 42; Kroeckel 46, 45, 45, 45, 43; Becker 45, 45, 43; H. Hinkel 45, 42; Hoadley 44, 46; Burry 44; Pape 44; Knostman 42, 41.

Fifty-yard range, pistol: Brannagan (tied the club and coast clean target record and took the lead from Young for 10 best scores of year) 30, 38, 42, 44, 45, 48; Dr. Hunsaker (beat his own record) 35, 47, 60, 66, 67; Young 40, 45, 47, 48; L. Hinkel 52, 67; Knostman 58, 69, 72, 76, 76, 80, 82, 80, 83, 86, 94, 95; Mrs. Mannel 66, Allen 72, 77, 79, 86, 87, 95, 95; Barry 66; Mannel 77; Mrs. Waltham 93.

Revolver: L. Hinkel 44, Brannagan 45, 45, 47, 57; Trego 82, 86, 78.

.22 and .25 rifle: Kroeckel 17, 20, 21, 22, 23, 25; Young 18, 21, 22, 24, 26, 26; Daiss 19, 19, 20, 21; Mrs. Mannel 30, 36, 37, 46; Twist 30, 35.

L. Hinkel forged ahead of Brannagan in the revolver total of ten best scores. Great interest in manifested in the matches. Oct. 19, Mr. Kicker, of Out-Door Life, and president and secretary of Stockton Woolen Mills Rifle and Pistol Club, were present. The Stockton Pistol and Rifle Club's fine 50yd. range was burned in the big fire.

FRED. O. YOUNG, Sec'y.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., Nov. 7.—The following scores were made at the rifle gallery of the Ossining Gun Club, distance 50ft.; target ¼in., 25-ring: Seth Herenden 232, 233, 241; C. G. Blandford 238, 235, 232, 230, 228, 239; Miss Frances Gibson 228, 213, 217, 222; Dr. E. B. Sherwood 233, 234, 235, 232, 231; F. Tompkins 234, 236; C. H. Sidman 236, 235, 232, 238, 239; D. Brandreth 232, 240; E. F. Ball 240, 235, 230; W. H. Coleman 235, 230; G. Tompkins 234, 233; Amos Bedell 234, 229, 237; Wm. H. Davis 222, Mrs. E. F. Ball 225, 227; C. G. Washburn 230, 231; I. T. Washburn 232, G. Davis 231, R. Stancliff 218, 214.

The following competitors are high in the re-entry cup contest closing on Thanksgiving Day:

Members: D. Brandreth 240, Amos Bedell 237, I. T. Washburn 232.

Non-Members: Geo. N. Tompkins 239, C. H. Sidman 239, F. Tompkins 236, G. Davis 231.

Ladies: Mrs. E. F. Ball 236, Miss Frances Gibson 222.

Cadets: E. H. Sherwood 229, R. Stancliff 218.

I inclose a clipping from the Montreal Family Herald and Weekly Star of Oct. 22, thinking same may be of interest:

"A peculiar incident happened at the rifle ranges at Victoria, Australia, recently. A man was taking aim at 400yds., and just as he fired several magpies flew in front of him at about 200yds. distance. The bullet struck one of the magpies, and brought it to the ground, and a bullseye was registered by the marker for the shot. A bullseye and 'magpie' were thus scored at one and the same time."

E. F. B.

Trapshooting.

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

Fixtures.

Nov. 14.—Princeton, N. J.—Intercollegiate contest between teams of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Pennsylvania and Columbia.

Nov. 22.—Singac, N. J.—Open live-bird shoot of the Jackson Park Gun Club.

Nov. 27.—Ossining, N. Y.—Inter-county seven-man team shoot and 100 target event for cup emblematic of championship of Westchester county.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's target shoot, every Saturday afternoon. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

Fourth Tuesday of each month, Hell Gate Gun Club's shoot at Outwater's Riverside grounds, Paterson Plank Road, Carlstadt, N. J.

Second Friday of each month (January and July excepted), shoot of Hell Gate Annex, at Dexter Park, Brooklyn.

Saturdays, Brooklyn Gun Club's shoot, Enfield street, near Liberty avenue, Brooklyn. Visitors welcome.

Saturdays, Newark, N. J., South Side Gun Club's shoots, South Broad street, near Lehigh Valley coal depot.

Saturdays, Outwater's grounds, Carlstadt, N. J., live bird handicaps.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

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

We acknowledge with pleasure receipt of invitation to the all-day tournament of the Delaware County Country Club, to be held on Thanksgiving Day at Manoa, Pa. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock. Besides the championship event, there are eight optional sweepstake events at 10 and 15 targets, entrance 50 cents, 75 cents and $1; Rose system. Paid experts allowed to shoot for targets only. From Philadelphia Manoa may be reached via trolley to Sixty-third and Market streets, and Philadelphia and West Chester trolley; also by Pennsylvania R. R. to Llanerch station. The programme contains the following: "The object of this tournament will be to settle the much-mooted question of the individual and six-man team championship of Philadelphia and vicinity, for which events a handsome medal for the winner of the first-mentioned, and a valuable silver cup for the winners of the latter will be given by the club. At 1:30 P. M. sharp, the individual championship, 100 targets, handicap rise, 14 to 21yds., takes place. The six-man team championship, 25 targets per man, 16yds. rise, follows. Entrance fee in both events is the price of targets. An optional sweep on each 25 birds of 50 cents, Rose system. There will be no restrictions as to the number of teams entered by a club for the six-man team championship. Club captains will confer a favor by sending team entries as early as possible. Meals and ammunition can be secured in the club house. Trapshooting Committee members are Howard George, Chairman; C. H. Newcomb, Llewellyn R. Huber.

The press criticisms of Annie Oakley's (Mrs. F. E. Butler) new play, "The Western Girl," are eminently gratifying both as to the merits of Miss Oakley's acting ability, and the merit of the play in itself. From The Call of Nov. 7 we take the following: "A crowded house greeted Annie Oakley in her first appearance in Paterson, N. J., last evening at the Opera House, and every one went away more than pleased. "The Western Girl" is a melodrama constructed on new and novel lines by Langdon McCormick, replete with thrilling situations and based upon a story that has never before been told upon the stage. For the lovers of this kind of play this is the best that has been seen in Paterson for a long time. The scenery reproduces the picture of the wild and woolly West in its early days, and gives a vivid setting for the word picture of the bandits and outlaws of the plains, whose machinations are foiled by "The Western Girl" at every turn with her trusty rifle and good horse Bess, whose fame is heralded as being almost equal to Miss Oakley herself." Miss Oakley was the recipient of many boquets and hearty congratulations at this performance.

After the first of December there will be open live-bird shooting every Saturday on the grounds of J. H. Outwater, near Carlstadt, N. J.

Mr. Wm. P. Dutcher, of Paterson, N. J., writes us as follows: "The Jackson Park Gun Club will hold a live-bird shoot on Saturday, Nov. 22, at their grounds on the road to Singac, N. J., beginning at 10 A. M. sharp. The opening event will be at 10 birds, $5, and as soon after as possible, a 25-bird event at $10, birds extra. If time allows, there will be extra events. Lunch and refreshments will be served. At the club house plenty of shells can be obtained. The club house will be heated comfortably for shooters and friends. We expect this to be our banner shoot, and will provide the best birds that can be bought. We will look after the boys."

The cuts which illustrate the proper use of the shotgun, published in our trap columns this week, are taken from the Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News (London), and are entitled "At a Shooting School; Stages through which the Tyro has to Pass." They are specially interesting inasmuch as they depict the thorough schooling from elementary principles to finished performance. They are valuable also in their instructiveness to those who are studying the art of shooting with the shotgun.

From the Baltimore Sun we clip the following: "On Tuesday, Nov. 18, the second Cecil county trap tournament will be held under the management of Messrs. H. Linn Worthington, Henry S. White and Cecil Kirk, on the grounds of the Gun Club, at Rising Sun. The programme includes five target events in the forenoon and six in the afternoon, the last being for the Cecil championship at 50 targets. The main prize is a gold medal, and ten others will be merchandise."

In the second contest of the Crescent Athletic Club for the November cup, at Bay Ridge, L. I., on Saturday of last week, Mr. H. B. Vanderveer was first with a score of 49 out of a possible 50. Mr. L. C. Hopkins was a close second with 48. Mr. W. W. Marshall scored the first win on the cup on the previous Saturday. It thus will be of greater interest during the remainder of the month than if one contestant scored two wins in succession.

Mr. C. V. V. Gunther, besides shooting skillfully and successfully in other events, recently made his second win on the cup of the Blooming Grove Park Association. A third win by him and it becomes his personal property. From the 28yd. mark he is now put back to the 30yd. mark, without any bird allowance, which makes him a scratch man.

The Carlstadt, N. J., Gun Club will hold a Thanksgiving Day shoot, open to all, excepting a club event, the main prize of which is a large plump goose, whose feelings are in touch with the holiday season. Turkeys and other poultry will be offered in abundance as prizes.

At the North Carolina State shoot, under the management of the Raleigh Gun Club, the State championship trophy was won by Mr. J. D. Carrier, of Asheville, with a score of 71 out of a possible 75. Col. James T. Anthony, of Charlotte, was a close second with 70.

The five-man team match, an annual target event between Harvard and Pennsylvania universities, was held on Soldiers' Field, Boston, Nov. 8. Harvard was victorious by a score of 135 to 96. Each man shot at 50 targets.

Nov. 14 has been fixed upon as the date for the Intercollegiate trapshooting contest between teams of Harvard, Yale, Pennsylvania, Columbia and Princeton, to be held on the grounds of the latter University.

The Fulton Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., will hold a prize shoot on Nov. 16, to which every one is welcome.

BERNARD WATERS.

Raleigh Gun Club.

RALEIGH, N. C., Oct. 31.—Our second annual tournament, Oct. 29 and 30, has come to a suecessful finish. Although our programme should have attracted more shooters, it is just on the eve of game shooting, and this may be one reason for a small attendance. If the trapshooting fraternity had been picked, we could not have had a nicer representation of amateurs and manufacturers' agents. All were old friends, having been with us quite a number of times before, except E. H. Storr, and it was only a short while before we all knew him well and felt at home just as with the others. A more genial, gentlemanly representative never went on the road, and we want him again. He didn't fail to hold up his people's goods either, as he was high average for the tournament shoot.

The following representatives were with us: Capt. Ben Eick, H. P. Collins, L. D. Thomas, E. H. Storr, J. Avery, Chas. Nichols.

Other visitors present were Col. J. T. Anthony, Charlotte, N. C.; J. D. Carrier, Asheville, N. C.; T. F. Stearns, Newport News, Va.; P. J. Gallagher and J. W. S. Butt, Portsmouth, Va.; P. G. Welch, Greensboro. Quite a number of other shooters partieipated, but did not shoot through the programme.

The first day a stiff wind played hide-and-seek with the targets, and throughout the whole shoot the traps would break about one-third of the targets thrown, causing no little trouble to each shooter, and no doubt pulled their average down.

The State championship trophy was won by J. D. Carrier, of Asheville, N. C., making 71 out of 75. Col. Anthony, of Charlotte, N. C., was second with 70. Jas. I. Johnson, of our club, shot well and came out third highest in the contest. The following scores were made:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Anthony, 20	380	306	Butt, 17	380	303
Carrier, 20	380	317	Welch, 16	380	251
Johnson, 19	380	314	Thomas, 17	380	263
Eick, 20	380	304	Stearns, 17	380	301
Avery, 19	380	277	Whitaker, 17	365	239
Collins, 17	380	228	Ellington, 16	245	182
Tennessee, 19	380	302	Gowan, 17	275	208
Gallagher, 19	380	301	Pearce, 17	190	161
Storr, 20	380	330	Lyon, 16	150	104
Gray, 16	380	245	Stark, 16	195	136

The Harvard Shooting Club.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Nov. 10.—I send you inclosed the scores made last Saturday in the match of the Harvard Shooting Club vs. Pennsylvania Shooting Club. The shoot was held on Soldiers' Field over a magautrap and under very unfavorable weather conditions, there being a high wind, which made the birds turn and twist like jacksnipe. The light was also poor. The fact that the match was held the morning of the big football game between the same universities probably had something to do with the poor scores.

Both teams hope to decidedly better their scores in the Intercollegiate shoot, to be held at Princeton on Nov. 14, where five universities—Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Pennsylvania and Columbia—have entered teams.

The scores, 50 targets:

Pennsylvania Team.

Lowden, Captain	0101011000010010101110101110001011001010001101001O	—23
Fitler	0011101000001111000011111010110000110001001101000O	—22
Adams	1001000111100000000001001101000110010111001100100	—20
Robertson	0010100001100110001000010001010100000001010010001	—15
Farwell	0000000011111100000000001011100010001001011100000O	—16
		96

Harvard Team.

Ingalls	1101010110111011100100101000011100000011000011010	—23
Bancroft	1100111100100111111111010011001000101111101000101O	—29
Du Pont, Capt'n.	0011011111001101101110100111011111110111101101100l	—34
Forbes	1011111111000011011000000100011000111001011010111	—27
Corbett	0100010010110011001100110100010001000110011111001O	—22
		135

E. E. DU PONT.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Nov. 8.—The weather was pleasant, and the attendance was good. Much better, in fact, than has been present during some weeks past. Mr. H. B. Vanderveer scored the second win for the November cup, the first having been secured by Mr. W. W. Marshall. Mr. L. C. Hopkins scored 48, only one less than the winner. The scores follow:

November cup, 50 targets, handicap allowances added:

	Al'ce.	Brk.	Tot'l.	Al'ce.	Brk.	Tot'l.	Total.
H B Vanderveer	4	21	25	4	20	24	49
L C Hopkins	5	19	24	5	19	24	48
D C Bennett	4	19	23	4	20	24	47
C Marshall, Jr	8	15	23	8	15	23	46
J H Jack	3	19	22	3	17	20	42
Dr Pool	3	21	24	3	14	17	41
W W Marshall	5	13	18	5	17	22	40
E L Beers	10	8	18	10	8	18	36
A W Money	1	18	19	1	14	15	34
Dr Raynor	10	8	18	10	3	13	31

Trophy, 25 targets, handicap allowances added:

	Hdcp.	Brk.	Total.		Hdcp.	Brk.	Total.
C Marshall, Jr	8	15	23	H B Vanderveer	4	15	19
L C Hopkins	5	17	22	C H Chapman	7	11	18
W W Marshall	5	17	22	J H Jack	3	14	17
A W Moncy	1	20	21	E L Platt	5	9	14
Dr Pool	3	17	20				

Trophy, 10 pairs, handicap allowances added:

Jack	3	12	15	Bennett	3	7	10
Pool	3	9	12	Chapman	5	4	9
C Marshall, Jr	6	6	12	W W Marshall	3	5	8
E L Rhett	4	7	11				

Match, 25 targets: D. C. Bennett 19, A. W. Money 16, W. W. Marshall 15.

Match, 25 targets: Bennett 18, W. W. Marshall 18, Money 16, Vanderveer 16.

The shooting committee of the Crescent Athletic Club, Messrs. A. W. Higgins, Charles A. Sykes, Harry M. Brigham, T. W. Stake and F. B. Stephenson, have arranged handicaps for November, as follows:

Targets:	25	15	10p	Targets:	25	15	10p
W W Marshall	6	3	3	E Banks	0	0	0
F D Mead	7	4	5	D C Bennett	4	2	3
C J McDermott	5	3	3	A M Boucher	5	3	3
W J McConville	5	2	4	H M Brigham	0	0	0
H C McKenzie	5	3	3	G L Blake	10	5	8
H L Meyer	9	5	8	F T Bedford, Jr	3	1	3
E L Maltby	9	5	5	H A Bourne	6	3	6
F E Mendes	8	4	6	G W Cropsey	2	1	1
G W Mceker	5	4	3	C H Chapman	7	4	5
G Notman	4	2	2	A E Corlies	4	2	3
H L O'Brien	5	2	4	W H Cornell	10	5	8
J C Oswald	10	5	8	W K Fowler	8	4	6
L M Palmer	3	1	3	J C Faulkner	8	4	7
A W Palmer	10	5	6	W M L Fiske, Jr	7	4	5
Dr G E Pool	3	1	3	J S Fiske	10	5	8
Dr F C Raynor	10	5	8	J O Graham	10	5	8
J S S Remsen	1	0	0	J H Hallock	3	2	2
E L Rhett	5	3	4	G W Hagedorn	2	1	2
A S Rhett	8	4	6	D V B Hegeman	4	2	3
Jas Rhett	10	5	7	A A Hegeman	5	3	5
C G Rasmus	4	2	4	A W Higgins	10	5	8
T W Stake	6	3	5	L C Hopkins	6	3	5
F B Stephenson	1	0	1	W H Holden	10	5	8
G G Stephenson, Sr	8	4	6	H Kryn	3	2	1
G G Stephenson, Jr	2	1	1	C Kenyon, Jr	4	2	3
C A Sykes	4	2	3	J J Keyes	2	1	2
Dr Sherwell	9	5	5	E B Knowlton	3	2	3
Dr Shepard	7	4	5	E H Lott	2	1	2
H B Vanderveer	4	2	4	J Lott	3	2	4
S E Vernon	10	5	7	F L Lawrence	10	5	6
H C Werleman	10	5	6	C Marshall, Jr	7	4	5
V W Wickes	10	5	8	A W Money	1	0	1

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Nov. 8.—A moderately stiff wind made the target flights somewhat erratic, and the scores were affected accordingly. S. Glover was easily the highest performer, though he shot in only a limited number of the events. Mr. T. E. Batten tried his new gun for the first time on targets, and was much pleased with its performance. He has not shot at the traps in some years, but is gaining in form, and soon will be on even terms with the leaders. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	15	15	10	25	15	5p	15	10	15	10	25	10
Waters	13	9	7	21	13	5	15	9	9	8	19	8
Batten	8	8	7	..	7	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Williams	8	..	4	16	12	2	6	7	..	..	14	6
Glover	15	..	..	22	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hopkins	12	12	8	..	13	8	13	..	14	..	24	..
Newton	8	13	..	15	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	6
Wright	8	8	..	16	13	3	7	..	9	..	..	7
Super	10	..	..	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Griffiths	13	..	9	21	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

WESTERN TRAPS.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the sixth trophy shoot of the fourth series. J. E. Dafter carried off the honors by going his 25 straight and winning Class A trophy. Wilson won Class B on 21. C. J. Wolff won Class C on 16.

The cup shoot immediately followed, and was won by Dr. J. W. Meek on a score of 22 out of 25, thrown as 15 singles and 5 pairs.

The day was a beautiful one, and ideal for trapshooting. All present seemed to fully enjoy themselves. Attendance not what it ought to be. Too many members are away after game.

Twenty-seventh trophy shoot, 25 targets, Classes A, B and C:

Wilson	1111101110101111111010111l—21
Dr Meek	1111101101111111111111111—23
C J Wolff	1010101111110101010011101—16
Dafter	1111111111111111111111111—25
Frank Ellis	1111100011001101111011110—17
L Wolff	1010010110000101011110001—12
Ford	1011011100011101111011110—18
Thomas	1011110111101110111101101—19
Hellman	1111111111111111110111111—24
T Jones	1101010110111111101101111—20

Thirteenth trophy shoot, 15 singles and 5 pairs:

Wilson	111100111101101	01 10 11 01 11—18
Dr Meek	011111010111111	11 11 11 11 11—22
Dafter	111011111111111	01 00 11 10 11—20
Ford	011101111010101	10 00 00 10 10—13
Thomas	111111011111111	10 01 00 11 11—20
Hellman	110111111111111	11 01 10 11 10—21
T Jones	101111101111111	11 01 01 11 01—20
C J Wolff	000101011010110	01 10 11 10 00—12

Sweepstakes, 10 targets each:

Wilson	6	5	8	7	..	..	Thomas	..	..	7	7	9	9	10
Dr Meek	9	9	9	9	9	10	Ford	..	..	..	7	..	..	..
C J Wolff	6	7	6	..	..	..	Hellman	..	..	9	9	..	..	..
Dafter	6	6	8	..	..	..	Jones	..	..	5	..	..	..	..
F Ellis	9	8	6	7	..	..								

M.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y.—The following scores were made this week by the Ossining Gun Club. While the attendance picked up a little, the sport was a little slow for this time of the year:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	5p	10	25	25	Targets:	5p	10	25	25
A Bedell	6	9	..	..	Hans	..	8	19	16
J Foley	8	6	16	..	K McAlpin	..	..	16	..
W Coleman	..	6	..	..	C Blandford	..	..	20	21
E Ball	..	7	..	..					

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Barrels as We Find Them.

One of the most interesting tasks of our shooting department is the examination of barrels which are sent to us for private report by various correspondents. As a general rule, some defect has developed, either in the way of noticeable flaw or a marked tendency to bad shooting, and our opinion is asked either upon obvious injuries or as to general capability for every-day work in the field. By this and other means we are enabled to obtain useful information. Our experience in the shooting of cartridges also affords us valuable data. The average shooting man is in constant quest of the perfect cartridge; but we have endeavored to show in previous articles that, even when cartridges are all that can be expected, it does not by any means follow that good shooting will be obtained from every gun firing them.

Although we must ourselves accept the responsibility that attaches to the publication of excellent records of patterns, it is to be hoped that no sportsman will suppose that these are to be obtained from every gun with the same nominal boring. As a matter of fact, it is our general experience that pattern is, more or less, a question of gun, provided the cartridges are all right; but the number of perfectly bored guns turned out in a year bears a very small proportion to the number manufactured. Furthermore, barrels may be damaged in use, which necessitates a certain amount of re-boring, though the interference with the original dimensions is very small when the raising of dents is carried out by a really competent person. If only sportsmen could realize that for about nine inches of a barrel's length the walls are no stouter than the aggregate thickness of seven sheets of the paper on which the home edition of the Field is printed, they would be much more careful how they handled their guns. Barrel steel of this thickness cannot possibly be made to stand violent treatment of any description. In fact the tubes before jointing together are so frail that, with one end firmly held in a vise, the muzzle will spring by slight finger pressure nearly half an inch. Of course, when assembled in the double-barreled form the gain in stiffness is very great; but the tubes are still as liable to injury as the framework of a light racing bicycle. If, therefore, a sportsman has purchased a light game gun, he must remember that it is almost impossible to allow more than about three pounds for the weight of the barrels. The strength required at the breech necessitates a proportionate thinness forward, where the powder pressure has considerably subsided, so that it is a matter of very skillful manufacture to make sure that the available metal is disposed in the most advantageous manner possible. This no doubt accounts for the number of guns received, which upon examination are found to be in a very strained condition for a great part of their length.

When looking down the tube of a sound pair of barrels the shadow of light thrown from the top of a window gives the appearance of a flow of ink toward the muzzle as the latter is gently tilted upward. If the apparent flow is irregular and jumpy, and little marks and rings show up just in advance of its forward extremity, then there is evidence of a weak or overstrained barrel. A similar shading of the outside of the tube will, in such cases, demonstrate irregularities having the same characteristics. We know of cases where barrels having this peculiarity have been badly dented, their natural weakness, of course, promoting the tendency to give way to slight impacts. As a general rule, it is possible to raise such dents without making the barrels weaker than before, though on the other hand, such an operation should not be authorized, except under competent advice that the barrels are of sufficient strength. A comparison of the inside and outside dimensions of a barrel will frequently show a difference that implies a sufficient thickness of the walls, provided, of course, the external and internal circumferences are concentric, but this is an exceedingly difficult condition to guarantee. When, as in the case of some barrels, there is an obvious thinness over a certain area, it is only reasonable to suppose that the walls are of irregular thickness around the circumference, or that an insufficient margin has been allowed between the two diameters. Good barrel making is rendered difficult by the fact that the eye, and the eye alone, is the sole test of straightness in a tube.

In the early stages of barrel manufacture, the tube, as it comes from Birmingham or from Whitworth's, in Manchester, is bored to an average diameter of about .010 less than the nominal finished size, and the exterior diameter has a still more liberal allowance for subsequent operations. The number of workmen who can by looking down such a tube, detect any slight want of straightness is limited. Granted, however, a competent workman, the tube may be bent or "set" until the proper conformation of bore is obtained. It is admittedly impossible to bore a straight hole over so great a distance as thirty inches, and the sole means of ultimately obtaining the required trueness is to set the barrels until the faults of the first drilling are rectified. It is well known that in the operations of boring out a tube to the requisite diameter an untrue barrel cannot be made into a true one. If, on the other hand, the irregularities are altered by setting the rough-bored tube, the subsequent operations of the boring tool will work the hole out clean and true, so removing the local irregularities produced by the setting process. By this means a pair of tubes in the rough are made true in the interior. To make the external surface in agreement with the bore the barrel is truly spun upon a lathe, and grooves are cut on the surface, which are necessarily concentric with the bore. These grooves are cut at different distances along the barrel, corresponding in depth with the required thickness of the walls at those points. The subsequent filing, known in the trade as "striking," makes the general contour of the barrels agree with the strength demanded at the different parts of the barrel, the grooves previously cut in the lathe serving to guide the workman in removing the surplus metal.

The above short reference to some of the operations of barrel manufacture will show that, given the capacity to form a true interior for the barrel, the exterior may be harmonized therewith by the use of a lathe. If, however, a bend or curve in the bore is passed uncorrected, the turning process will cause one side of the tube to be thicker or thinner than the other. It happens in this way that barrels of ample weight, and having a sufficient allowance for thickness of wall, show signs of distress due to local thinness of the walls, and it is such barrels which give trouble when dents occur. The operations of boring have a vast influence upon the patterns produced by the gun. The chamber must be true to size in order to provide for proper combustion of the powder, or else velocity will suffer. That part of the barrels beyond the chamber must be strictly parallel until the choke is reached, and here again skillful workmanship is an essential factor. A gun we recently examined showed a difference of as much as .010 of an inch in the diameter at different parts of the length, such a variation being of a kind to cause peculiarities of behavior that must influence the effectiveness of the shooting.

We therefore maintain that in a good gun the chamber and the rest of the bore must be in agreement with the standard sizes and strictly parallel throughout. The exterior must be similarly correctly formed, so that the expansion of the barrel under the action of the powder gases shall be regularly distributed around the circumference. With the above conditions fulfilled, and a chamber true with the cone, the cone true with the bore, and the bore with the choke, good and regular shooting is almost bound to result, the distribution of the pellets as regards number on a thirty-inch circle being proportionate to the amount of choke allowed for. We cannot accept as desirable any kind of tinkering with the bore of a barrel when once the conditions laid down have been complied with. It is only when a barrel is badly made that there is any apparent need for those tricks of boring which are supposed to improve pattern, but which generally do so at the expense of introducing other defects. In asking, therefore, for good shooting from a cartridge, the sportsman must assure himself first of all that he has a well-bored gun; but he must not expect a high grade of workmanship in this direction at a price which does not pay for the needful operations of inspection and adjustment.

Reverting once more to the results of experiments for patterns, such as are published in our columns from time to time, we can only say that they are produced by the aid of a gun specially selected on account of its proved capacity for doing good work. Some day we hope to publish a series of records, showing the behavior of various standard cartridges as fired from different kinds of guns selected haphazard from those we have constantly available. It is no uncommon thing when testing a gun to find cylinder patterns suddenly run down from 110, or with improved cylinder 140 to 50 or 60, which would be hardly capable of insuring one pellet on a six-inch bullseye at forty yards. For the purpose of testing powders and cartridges such guns are instantly discarded, though, of course, sportsmen not being able to do likewise with their game guns, must encounter a certain proportion of disappointing results. We are not certain that there is any royal road to a remedy for the difficulties we have named. It is not every sportsman who cares to pay the price of a best gun, though it is among these that the most consistently accurate work on the barrels is to be met with. There are, of course, exceptions to every rule; but the reputation of the maker remains as always the chief safeguard. We think, however, that if gunmakers would adopt a strictly standard form of boring, limiting the allowable variations of diameter by the use of suitable gauges, and would refuse to countenance systems of freak boring, and would generally set their faces against the undue sweating of weight in guns whose price does not allow for the necessary quality of workmanship, a marked all-round improvement would be registered. Then by the paying of more consistent attention to the straightening of the rough tubes and to their proper assemblage without pulling them round bow-shaped, they would be enabled to produce their weapons to a more consistent standard than seems to be observed among the cheaper grades at the present time. More than this, very careful attention should be paid to all barrels that come in for repair. It is more often than not possible to remove dents; but if the barrel was previously too thin it can be no certificate of strength to guarantee an equal degree of security to that which previously existed. The gunmaker is, as a rule, a master of mechanism, but it is difficult, in the ordinary course of his daily work, for him to become equally expert in the examination of barrels. Unfortunately, that most valuable instrument, the Allport barrel gauge, is no longer purchaseable. We hope, however, to be in a position shortly to give particulars of an appliance which, we think, will serve a useful purpose in dealing with the barrels which are sent to us for examination and report.—Field (London.)

Do not bring the barrel up to the stock, but—

Depress the barrel and raise the stock.

The Right and Wrong Method of Loading a Gun.

The Right and Wrong Method of Carrying the Gun when Walking up to the Birds. The proper way is shown in picture on the left, and the other on the right.

Firing at a Pheasant Flying Very High. A clay bird is sent over the tower.

Practice at Birds coming Over the Trees.

The First Step. The instructor shows the pupil the safest method of receiving a gun from an attendant.

A Lesson in the Proper Method of Changing the Guns.

Learning to Shoot at a Rising Bird.

Firing at a Disappearing Bird on a Fixed Target.

Trapshooting Beneficence.

Ossining, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Apropos of trapshooting, now that the game shooting is about over, those who have been foremost in shooting afield will attend the regular Saturday afternoon shoots to improve their form. Some have found that the thing most necessary for them to do to enable them to bring home a string of game was to hire some one to go along to do the shooting. These weekly clay-bird shoots are attractive from different standpoints. First, in appealing to one's vanity. If a man becomes a good clay-bird shot, he can hit anything that flies, accurately gauging the speed, whether from right to left, mastering the elevation, which is not the simplest thing in wing shooting, he may be able in a year's consistent practice to bring down 50 per cent. of his birds. You wonder where the vanity comes in. Did you ever go hunting with some good shot and have him repeatedly "wipe your eye"? Wouldn't you at the time have given a dollar a shot if you had dropped the bird instead of giving him the chance to look at you in a superior sort of a way as he picked up the bird and stuck it in his already heavy game pocket?

You have been leaning over a desk all the week; your shoulders have been stooped, thus compressing your lungs. Possibly you have been breathing the impure air of the city, doubly impure since soft coal has come into use. You need recreation; your system needs revivifying. Two hours of the pure air at the shooting ranges, with the gentle jarring of the gun, will open the unused cells of your lungs and will make you feel like a new man. These unused cells of our lungs, which we all have more or less, are the ones which foster disease germs. Tuberculosis lurks here. Show me the man who loves outdoor sports, who likes to shoulder a gun and tramp through the woods, rustling and pressing the crispy leaves underfoot and smell their fresh fragrance; who loves the open air, the God-given pure north winds which blow down laden with the indescribable balsamic freshness which even the interlying cities cannot taint, and I'll show you a man who has no need to fear tuberculosis or kindred diseases, and one who, as Nessmuk put it, can, if need be, "Trusted with your life." This is an appeal to those of us who are apt to neglect the simple demands of health in the pursuit of the hackneyed "almighty dollar." To those who scorn what they consider a frivolous pastime—clay-bird shooting—a game which, by the way, demands better control of the nerves and muscles than they can command; to trapshooters, hail! C. G. B.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Mountainside Gun Club.

Orange, N. J., Nov. 4.—The main event of the shoot of the Mountainside Gun Club to-day was at 25 targets. Mr. C. Zeigler was high, with 24, and Mr. A. Baldwin was second with 22. The scores:

A Baldwin	1110111011111111111110111—22
M R Baldwin	1111101111101111001101101—19
M F Pratt	1001111101011101111111110—19
A Williams	1111110111110101100110101—18
F Wright	1000110101111001110110111—16
C Zeigler	1111111111111111111111110—24
W Henley	1011000101110110011011100—14

Two target sweepstakes were shot as follows:

C J Zeigler	10	8	M F Prott	8	7
W Henley	7	6	A Williams	7	6
A Baldwin	9	9	F Wright	6	7

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

R. T.—See the point discussed in our shooting columns.

T. B. J., Toronto.—When shooting partridges or quail, which is proper in the case of a hammerless gun, to have the safety on or off in going through the woods? Ans. Off. When shooting partridges or quail in cover, there is no time for mechanical readjustments. However, whether the safety is on or off, the gun should be carried so it cannot do "accidental" harm.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

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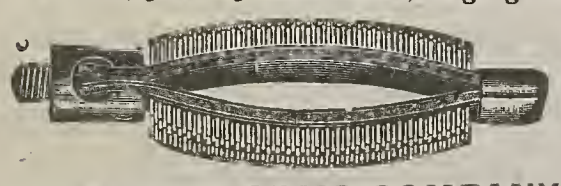

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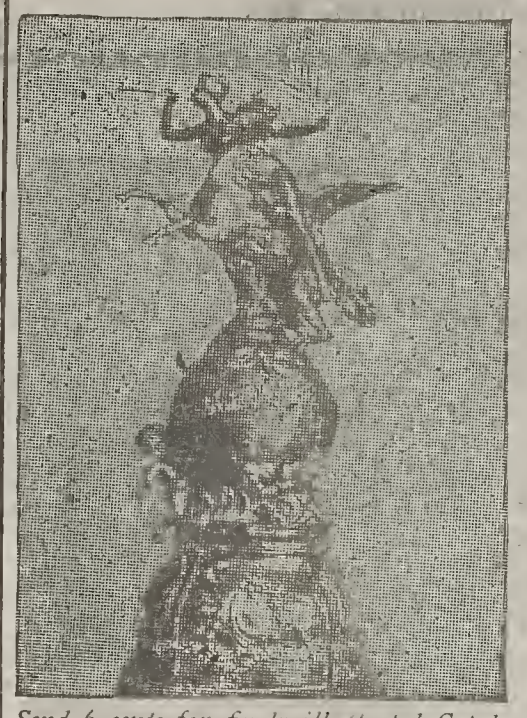

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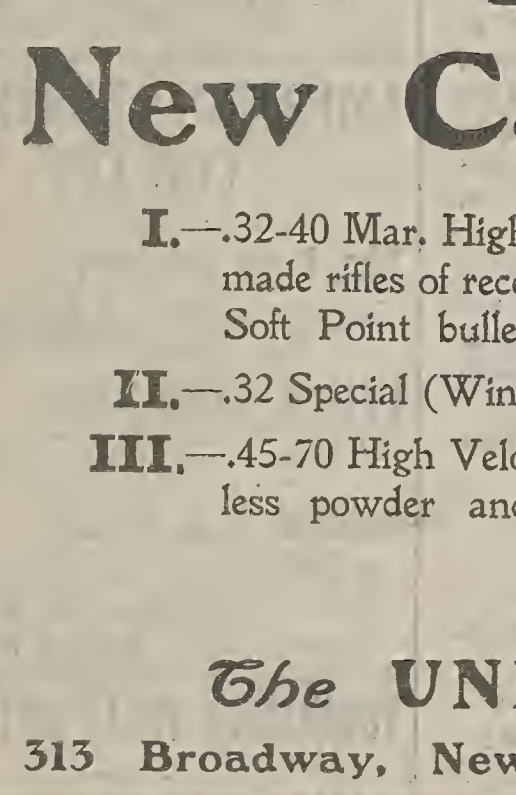

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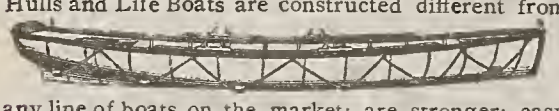

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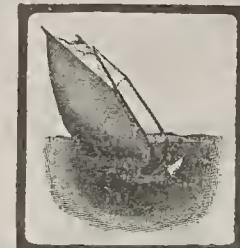
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Samoa 'Uma

Where Life is Different.

By Llewella Pierce Churchill.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Under the attractive title Samoa 'Uma, or "All Samoa," Mrs. Llewella Pierce Churchill has written a book for which she gathered the material during a residence at Apia, where her husband, William Churchill, was the American Consul-General. The conditions of life at the Consulate were most favorable for a study of the people, and with the instinct of a journalist Mrs. Churchill improved the opportunity to the full. As a woman she won confidences which would have been denied to a man, and acquired a vast fund of interesting lore which would have been withheld from one less sympathetic and less fully trusted. Thus she learned and has here described the real Samoa, that is the Samoans as they are.

The successive chapters give an admirably complete picture of a people in whom, as we read of them in these vivacious pages, Mrs. Churchill compels us to feel an unflagging interest. The book is well balanced; there is just enough of the history of Samoa to give an understanding of the events which have brought a portion of the islands under the flag of the United States; and just enough of description to make an appropriate and effective stage setting. But the chief characteristic of this brightly written book is action of incident and story. It is writing of the sort that has movement, and leads one on from page to page.

"Samoa 'Uma" is not exclusively about the Samoans; there is a chapter on Papalangi life, from which it appears that living in Samoa is so different; and some of the best things in the book are the personal experiences and adventures of this particular Papalangi woman, whose love of outdoor life led her on frequent excursions amid the coral reefs and into the dark jungles.

All in all, it is a book that will be read through, and read more than once. Here is the list of chapters:

CONTENTS:

I.—The Real Samoa.
II.—The Samoan Family.
III.—The Samoan Housewife.
IV.—Courtesy and Ceremonies.
V.—Kava—The Ceremonial Drink.
VI.—Music and the Siva Dance.
VII.—Handicraft and Art.
VIII.—Fishers and Sailors.
IX.—Shooting the Apolima Passage.
X.—The Weed that Catches Fish.
XI.—Torches on the Reef.
XII.—The Palolo Anniversary.
XIII.—The Chase of Rats.
XIV.—Things that Creep and Crawl.
XV.—The Wreck of the Schooner Lupe.
XVI.—Samoan Fickle Brides.
XVII.—The Vampires of the Tuasivi.
XVIII.—Beachcomber and Missionary.
XIX.—Copra and Trade.
XX.—Papalangi Life.
XXI.—The Story of Laulu's Hunt.
XXII.—The Great Vaiala Steeplechase.
XXIII.—Some South Sea Hoodoos.

ILLUSTRATIONS:

Portrait of the Author.
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The Land-Locked Waters of Pago-Pago.
Samoan Child.
Baked Pig Becomes a Triumph.
The Village Taupou and Her Attendants.
A Taupou and Her Tuinga.
Manaia with Heading-Knife.
Everything that Makes the Kava.
The Taupou's Duty is to Prepare the Kava.
The Siva is Danced Sitting.
The Brush is a Pandanus Nutlet.
Painted Siapos, Far the More Striking.
Apia, the Little Town Strung Along the Beach.
Village Boats with Many Oars.
Samoan House.
Every Man is Tattooed.
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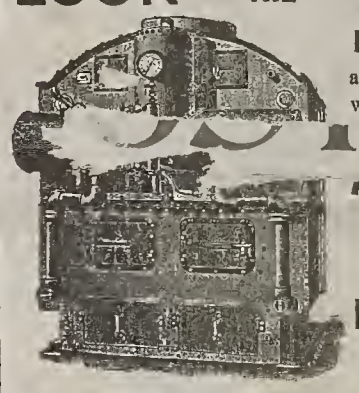

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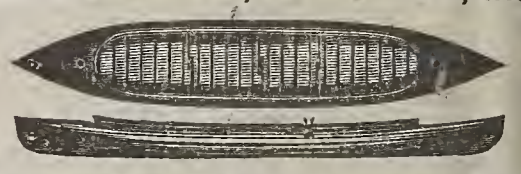

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1902

VOL. LIX.—No. 21. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

HOW PLANTS TRAVEL.

ONE of the things which constantly impresses the observant outdoor person at this season of the year is the enormous abundance of the fruit of various plants. The season for cultivating the ground is long past, and weeds of all descriptions run riot in ripening luxuriance. They grow in thick clusters, or widely extended beds, or in single plants in the pastures, along the fences, in the edge of the woods and on the rocky knolls that rise above the meadow, and each weed, it would seem, produces a thousand seeds. If one walks through the border of the swamp his trousers are coated with burrs, or with stickers and prickers of one kind and another, that are [illegible] laborious process of [illegible]y one. Anyone strikes his stick or his gun barrel among a growth of weed stalks, the seeds rain down noisily on the drying leaves.

Great Britain, $5.

The farmer toils hard to protect his crops from their many enemies, but no one takes care of the weeds. These plants out of place are competent to stand up for themselves. They need help from no man. In spite of the war continually waged against them with plow and hoe and cultivator, and in spite of the help given the farmer at this season of the year by the horde of sparrows and other seed-eating birds which feed upon the seeds, the weeds flourish and increase. It has been said of some of them that they produce so astonishing a number of seeds that a single plant may mature one hundred thousand seeds in a season, and if unchecked would produce in the spring of the third year ten billion plants, but a plant would destroy its own offspring, unless there were some way of distributing its seeds, for plant would crowd on plant until at last there would survive only a very few of the strongest.

If the abundance of these seeds impresses us, we must be impressed also by the risk to which each seed is exposed—the danger that it will fall in some situation where it is impossible that it should sprout.

Nature has provided a variety of means for the scattering of plant seeds over the earth, and beside the dispersion of plants by seeds, there are other methods by which plants travel. These methods are very well known, and in a very brief pamphlet recently published by Mr. Clarence Moores Weed, they are concisely enumerated.

Some plants travel by means of the stem. They may thrust this stem through the ground close to the surface of the soil, as does the red raspberry of our gardens, or they may push their stems along the ground just above the surface, as the strawberry and many other plants send out runners. Or again, the stem may rise above the ground, and then bend down to meet it and take root for a new plant, as does the black raspberry. One would hardly think of the willow tree as a stem traveler, yet it is one. If a willow branch be broken from the parent tree and thrust into moist earth, it will take root and grow. Now the stems of many willows are brittle and snap off easily in the wind, so that after a severe storm the ground is often covered with them. Such twigs may be carried down stream by flowing water, or may be blown across the ice of a pond or for considerable distances over the smooth surface of snow. In either case if the traveler comes to rest in a suitable situation it may take root and start a new tree.

One of the most familiar plants of the country is the jewel weed, whose orange flowers, often dotted with dark brown, overhang the brooks. The ripened seed pods of this weed when touched burst open with a snap that often throws the inclosed seeds several feet. From this the plant has been called "touch-me-not." Similar methods of seed dispersal are found in the witch hazel and in various tropical plants.

But, after all, the wind is the agency which more than anything else scatters seed abroad far from the parent plant. The silky tufts of the milk weed, the down of the thistle, the winged seeds of the maple and ash, and other trees, and the plumose fruit of the aster and many other similar plants are lifted by the wind and scattered far and wide.

There are other seeds which break off just below the seed head, or even just above the root, and which are rolled over and over by the wind, making long journeys, until at last they meet some obstacle which they cannot pass. An example of these is found in the familiar tumble weeds of our Western prairies.

We have seen how the water carries along the twigs of the willow tree, and it is certain that it will not disdain to transport the seeds of any plant which fall into it if they are light enough to float. Some seeds possess small air chambers which enable them to float for a long time.

If the elements are at work all through the season of fruitage, scattering the seeds of plants over the earth, living creatures are also most important agents in distributing plant life. Birds carry the seeds, far and near, and drop them in places which favor their sprouting. Ducks and herons pick up the seeds of water plants on their plumage or legs or bills and carry them to the next stream or pond which they visit; fruit-eating birds devour berries and as their seeds are too hard to be digested, these pass through the alimentary canal or may be disgorged through the mouth.

All the great family of burdocks, Spanish needles and many other plants are provided with hooks or spines by which they attach themselves to the fur or wool of animals, and so are transported from place to place. Some flat seeds seem provided with a gummy secretion, which enables them to cling closely to a very smooth surface.

Wittingly or by chance, man contributes his share to the distribution of seeds. Beside carrying the seeds of useful and beautiful plants from point to point, he sends the seeds of others which are noxious far and wide without meaning to do so. Many well-known plants of Europe are now almost as familiar here as there, even though they have been introduced for a comparatively short time.

WILLIAM K. MOODY.

IN another column is reported the death of William K. Moody, whose Boston correspondence over the familiar signature of Special had for years been a feature of the FOREST AND STREAM. Mr. Moody has a very wide acquaintance among sportsmen, and the news of his death will bring to many a heart unaffected sorrow. The characteristics of the man, which could not fail to impress themselves upon all who came in contact with him, were the open simplicity of his nature and his rugged honesty. It was good to know him. To talk with him and to be infected with his spirit was refreshing and stimulating. Mr. Moody was a native of Maine; he was ever loyal to the State of his birth, and was deeply interested in its game and fish and their preservation. His pen and his voice, his influence and his friendship will be missed.

THE COLD STORAGE CASE.

EVERY sportsman and every intelligent citizen as well will be interested in the session of the Court of Appeals which began at Albany on Monday, the 10th instant. The calendar made up for this session contains as case No. 340 the famous cold storage litigation, technically known as the case of the People of the State of New York against Jacob V. Bootman and Howard R. Robinson. This is the case brought by the Forest, Fish and Game Commission of the State against the Arctic Freezer Company for the alleged posession of a vast amount of game during the close season. The State has retained the well-known law firm of Black, Olcott, Gruber and Bonynge, of this city, to represent the People, and the accused cold storage firm is represented by Julius Offenbach and Louis Marshall.

The court records show that the action was begun by the service of a summons and complaint on Aug. 18, 1901. The order on which this action was begun was made by the chief protector on July 6, 1901.

An amended complaint was afterward filed by the attorneys for the State, basing the cause of action on nineteen separate and distinct counts for unlawfully and knowingly possessing game out of season, as follows: (1) 496 grouse and 236 quail, entailing a penalty of $18,360; (2) 371 grouse and 741 quail, penalty $27,860; (3) 491 grouse and 37 quail, penalty $13,260; (4) 96 woodcock, 1,168 grouse, 1,030 quail, penalty $57,410; (5) 1,563 grouse, 425 quail, penalty $47,260; (6) 3,049 grouse, 1,318 quail, penalty $84,225; (7) 422 grouse, 1,048 quail, penalty $36,810; (8) 4 ducks, penalty $160; (9) 441 ducks, penalty $11,085; (10) 432 ducks, penalty $10,860; (11) 400 ducks, penalty $10,060; (12) 338 ducks, penalty $9,010; (13) 141 ducks, penalty $3,585; (14) 808 plover, penalty $20,260; (15) 876 English snipe, 602 plover, 1,416 snow buntings, 96 snipe, penalty $74,810; (16) 288 reed birds, 3,630 plover, 1,152 snow buntings, penalty $126,935; (17) 1,336 snipe, 3,168 sandpipers, penalty $112,660; (18) 720 reed birds, 5,760 snow buntings, 1,439 sandpipers, 488 yellow legs, 150 plover, penalty $217,085; (19) 3,658 plover, 3,000 sandpipers, 4,800 snipe, 300 yellow legs, penalty $294,110.

Judgment is demanded on the several counts against the defendant in the sum of $1,168,315 and costs.

The attorney for the accused demurred on the ground that the complaint did not state a cause of action, and also that the court had no jurisdiction. The case was tried before Mr. Justice O'Gorman in the Supreme Court of New York County, who held in favor of the accused on the counts from 14 to 19 inclusive on the ground that Sections 30 and 33 of the game law could not be reconciled. This, if sustained, released the plover, snow bunting, reed birds and snipe as factors in the case. He decided also that the game law extends over the entire State; that an offender against the law is liable both criminally and civilly, and that possession during the forbidden season is *prima facie* evidence of violation of the law. Both the State and the defendant thereupon appealed to the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, which affirmed Justice O'Gorman's decision. An appeal was then taken by both parties to the Court of Appeals; the attorneys for the People against the findings of the Court as to the interpretation of Sections 30 and 33, and the attorneys for the accused against those portions of the decision which found the cold storage company guilty of violations of the law. This case was watched with great interest by sportsmen as well as by the cold storage companies and by intelligent citizens generally.

In the brief now on file with the clerk of the Court of Appeals, the lower court certifies that the questions of law involved are as follows:

1. Do counts 1 to 13 inclusive constitute a sufficient cause of action?

2. Is the plaintiff entitled to maintain a civil action to recover penalties under Section 39 of the Fish and Game Law for a violation of any of the provisions of Article 2 of the statute of which it is a part?

3. Is the complaint defective in not alleging that the various birds were taken in the State of New York?

4. Are sufficient facts to form a cause of action stated in counts 14 to 19 inclusive.

5. Can the defendants be made liable under Section 33 of the Fish and Game Law as amended by Chapter 91 of the laws of 1901 and Section 39 of said act.

The attorney for the People is under express instructions from the Commission, and has been so from the start, to urge this case to a conclusion with all the speed commensurate with the dignity of the courts.

The facts herein stated can easily be verified by any interested person from the court records on file in New York City in the office of either of the firms mentioned.

A RECORD OF THE MISSOURI.

THE FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 1 contained an article and illustration of a stone picked up near the mouth of the Heart River in North Dakota, engraved with a number of names and the date 1849. At this time the Territory was without white inhabitants, except the trappers and traders who occupied the occasional posts of the American Fur Co., which were scattered along the Missouri River and at other points in what was then known as the Far West. In that account we asked, "Who were the men who carved their names on this imperishable register?" "Can any of our readers help to read the story told by this stone?"

This week's FOREST AND STREAM contains an answer to these two questions in the form of a letter from Mr. Theo. Louis, who, 50 years ago, was in the employ of the American Fur Co., and traveled far and wide over the western plains then ranged over only by wild beasts and still wilder men.

The discovery through the account in FOREST AND STREAM, of a man who knew one of the travelers whose names are engraved on this stone, is hardly less interesting than the discovery of the stone itself. It shows—as has often been shown before in most curious fashion—the far reaching influence of FOREST AND STREAM, the wide circle which it covers and the deep interest felt by all its readers in the subjects of which the paper treats.

All our readers will feel grateful to Mr. W. D. Hoard, of Ft. Atkinson, Wis., and Mr. Theo. Louis, one of the few surviving old-timers of the West.

President Roosevelt has been bear hunting in Mississippi. Grover Cleveland has been duck hunting in South Carolina. King Edward and Emperor William have been pheasant driving together at Sandringham. King Leopold and Grand Duke Alexis have beeen shooting on the preserves of James Gordon Bennett at Versailles. President Roosevelt insisted upon seclusion. Only duly accredited representatives of the several press associations were permitted to accompany his party; other reporters, contumeliously scorned as "insurgents," were stood off from the bear brakes by armed guards. King Edward and Emperor William, on the contrary, did their shooting in the presence of crowds of spectators, who appeared to have been deeply impressed by the manual dexterity and deadly marksmanship of the Emperor. The taking along of newspaper reporters in the Roosevelt party, marks a change which is rapidly progressing in this country. Ten years ago when President Harrison went duck shooting on the Ragged Island Club grounds, he was unattended by reporters; to-day, when a President goes hunting, the press representatives go with him; ten years from now excursions will be run to the camp.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Two Years' Outing Across Siberia.

THE writer was engaged most of the year 1896, all of '97 and part of '98 on a detail of inspection of the then building trans-Cibiria railroad, followed up by a prolonged tour of the chief connecting and feeding Russian railway network. The work was commenced on the Pacific side, in extreme eastern Cibiria, and ranged from the 43d to the 60th parallels (average, 55 degrees). The total time on detail was 676 days.

Omitting all technical data, it can readily be conceived that a few articles on the outing features of the trans-Asiatic inspection, in a land which is yet a terra incognita to the mass of Americans, will naturally present some interesting material.

While a complete diary of the journey was daily kept, and is still on hand, I doubt if its mass of items would "digest" very well with readers; so its proposed reproduction was abandoned for the happier idea of confining the articles to a selection of the "plums" here and there. This I have done, without regard to order of sequence, as the more interesting phases occurred to me.

Cibiria as a Ground for American Sports.

The completion of the thru-trans-Asiatic railroad calls attention to Cibiria as a possible field for American sportsmen; that is, those men whose walking stick is their gun, and whose Bible is a well-filled pocketbook (backed by an unfailing bank account).

Why, yes, by all means give Cibiria a trial. You will have such a "ruf-tuf" time of it; remembrances of nights when you most needed repose, being rendered almost delirious by the onslaughts of treble-sized, stinking bedbugs in the stancias (resting or posting stations) and otels (inns); the lively experience of being able to buy everything you don't want and nothing (or very little) that you do want; pettifogging restrictions as to passports, and delays which you will not readily understand; having to doff your hat when going into every government building—from post-office to grog shop ("pub."), since even now the official monopoly has taken hold of the privilege of making the Russian drunk!

As to sport, why you must take your chances. You will find the Government officials and exiles have for years been keeping their hand in, and as there are no laws yet as to closed seasons, the game are given no chance, and are far, far from the haunts of "the madding crowd."

Cibiria being such a country of vast distances, and the impenetrable forests being dangerous to get lost in, better, for the sake of "society" (save the mark!), see if you can go with some of the parties of trappers. You can learn their whereabouts in the markets in the big towns, since they come and go with their skins and kit. But Cibiria is in places so desolate, you appreciate anybody's society—even to see a few human faces such as those of criminal convicts. However, they are as "harmless as butter."

And when your Cibirian trip is over, you will appreciate your America and its creature comforts as never you did before in your existence. Ability to better appreciate the "goods ye have," will be your lasting recompense.

A Vermont Sporting Goods Dealer in Cibiria.

To my surprise, I came across at Bladiboctok, on the Pacific, an old firearms importer named Smith, who came from the Green Mountain State, and had been some thirty years in Cibiria. He can tell of a few adventures in the land—and manufacture a good many more. He stocks leading arms, knives, hatchets and camping-out parties' equipments; has no regular price, but gets whatever he can on the maximum scale. I bought nothing of him, having laid in everything for the overland trip to Europe before reaching Bladiboctok. That town is, or was, a free port, the only free port I was in in my life—and that was the only good thing about it. A more abominable, dirty, big village I was never in during half a lifetime of travel. It is known as "the hell of the frigics," in contradistinction to Kalikata (Bengal), which is known as "the hell of the tropics."

Cibiria as a Market for American Sporting Goods.

It goes without saying that American sporting goods are appreciated by Russians, the Cibiriaks, and foreigners in Cibiria. This is speedily proved by the number of imitation Smith & Wessons you will see from end to end of the land. They are made in and imported from Germany, and the stamping alone of the firm's name on the barrel, with number and dates of patents, are so bunglingly done—rendering the lettering indistinct—that you can see at once the forgery. Take the genuine Springfield article, and the lettering and punctuation is a model of good die-sinking.

Then, as to the rifles. The forgers seemed to have preferred, for this line, British goods. Thus, you will find cheap Belgian made guns stamped "Greener," sold at prices which "defy competition" (naturally). Those enterprising continental jews find Cibiria a happy dumping ground for their "genuine American" and "British" forgeries.

But, as to seeking a market in Cibiria for American sporting goods, the process is very simple. Send along your usual catalogues and prices to the chief Cibirian hardware importers. These are the concerns which handle such goods. Their names and addresses can be obtained in any of the forcign trade directories. I have in mind a few score of them, and will one of these days, with the publisher's approval, send copies of FOREST AND STREAM to the chief ones making sporting goods an object rather than an item of trade. I mention this to enlighten those advertisers who may a few months hence perhaps be mystified somewhat by receiving inquiries from such a far country as Cibiria.

How the Cibiriak Shoots.

The average native is provided with a half-century old flint-lock (some of the antiquities I saw in actual use must have been some eighty years old), and a government-rejected or army out-of-date rifle, often crudely hand-transformed to suit their own pastoral needs. Here and there you will see a stolen rifle or two, but always used with discretion, to prevent any official inquiry as to "where did you get that?"

Powder and shot are as valuable as cash to the native, and he must not waste any on vain discharges. So he carries along a collapsible tripod, and poses the gun thereon when taking aim. The steady aim thus secured makes them good shots, and some of their "bags" would put to shame the efforts of some of our American dollaraires, young and old, who, with all their quick-fire lead-pumping repeaters and luxurious facilities, make a less showing in comparison than the poor Cibirski mujik with his flint-lock.

Sport on the Amur.

My first trip across the Amur was on Monday, June 13, from the ill-conditioned, murky town of Kabapofck. There is only a long-distance passenger steamship service on this great waterway, with stopping stations sixty to one hundred miles apart. If you want to go across the river, or a short distance of fifteen or twenty miles, you must hire a native excuse for a boat. This is a crudely made flat-bottomed rig, which they dignify by the name of "chalûp" (from French, chaloupe).

A party of a dozen peasants were returning to their village up and across the river, and arrangement was made for me to go with them. So soon after noon, we pushed off, and I made up my mind the crazy thing of a boat stood a chance of going to pieces when we got into the middle of the surging Amur. But no; it held together "out of pure cussedness," and that evening I spent the first night north of the Amur.

On the morrow, regular work began from this point inspecting what had been done on the railroad. (All this constructing work has since been abandoned in favor of the shorter trans-Manchurian line, and to-day you only see the decaying vestiges of what had cost some twenty millions of rybli (pronounced rubli) to build—track, wood bridges, etc.)

Great is the solitude of this region. A buck that will start up almost in your paces, turn and deliberately face you before plunging into the forest undergrowth, marks this as a region for the future sportsman spoiling for enjoying a hard time.

This is the country of the tundra (ball field marshes), interspersed with forest areas. It is a paradise in lovely flowers—lilies of the valley, iris, rhododendron, wild roses, violets, and scores of others. From a distance, so thick are the golden iris, they give the vision of a carpet of gold; while in other instances, the fields of violets, seen from afar, give the delusion of a deep blue lake.

Life on the Great Steps.

The word is spelled in the Slaf language thus, cten, but is pronounced step. The usual "steppe" is a French dog's tail addition of the useless "pe." The Gauls ruin their own language by attempting to Frenchify the national words of other nations. Cten in Russia means a heath or common. The nom-de-guerre of a brainy Russian writer, Stepniak, means a dweller of the heath (just as Cibiriak means a dweller in Cibiria). We can best translate stepniak into our own "commoner."

The Cibirian ctenc, or steps, are vaster than our American plains. The biggest in western Cibiria is a couple of thousand verstas across—say, 1,300 miles. Even a report on the practicability of preparing a topographic survey thereof, occupied me three months—that being the time spent in crossing and making an amply personal acquaintance with the region.

It is often interesting, with salt lake views, gently undulating surfaces, and ofttimes much stunted forest growths. The trees have never reached any appreciable height, due to the lack of hill obstructions to protect them from the glacial blasts of the arctic zone. In midwinter snow-white hares abound on this step—so white, it is difficult to distinguish them on the eternal six months of snow.

The survey worked across the step solely during the winter months—January-March. The weather was fine nearly the whole of the time—day after day, week after week, glorious sunny weather; cloudless, intensely blue skies; an extreme dry cold (varying from 15 to 35 degrees below centigrade—maximum recorded: 52 degrees: equal 58 below Fahrenheit). The parhelion, on the colder days, is seen in all its prismatic-colored splendor, suffusing the heavens, appearing for a couple of hours any time between 10 A. M. and 3 P. M. Of course it cannot be seen if clouds obstruct the view.

A SECTION OF THE LONG HIGHWAY.

I had some of the roughest knockouts in my life during that wintry inspection of the great cten and its railroad construction, yet the souvenir remains of happy memory. You forget about the nippy cold, the mosquito-like frost bites, the anxiety of going astray in the trackless low-grown forests, when the fear of having lost all sense of direction is sufficient to give you a cold sweat, despite the rigorous weather. It is well we can overlook the unpleasantries of past efforts.

In summer this great expanse of step is almost withered up under the hot blasts of the short Cibiria summer; mosquitoes (called komari) are there in trillions, and the evaporating salt marshes decompose the air with rotten odors. Some of those salt lakes have warm springs within them, and even in midwinter did I see them unfrozen, and at a distance of a couple of miles was the air polluted with the stench of sulphuretted hydrogen. So the fumes in the warm summer can be imagined!

What it is Like to be Lost in the Great Cibirian Forest.

Only one such experience had I, but that was sufficient! It was a few weeks before Christmas, '97, in the heart of central Cibiria. The snows for weeks had been deep on the ground, and on this morning, Sunday, 17th (29) November, there was no sun, but a slight flakestorm, which promised to "improve worse." I had quitted the house on the railroad of the engineer Tep-Obakimof—(he comes from the Kabkaz)—and had to reach another engineer's house that evening. No trains were running on this yet incomplete section, and I had to see some bridges here and there en route; and was told of a "short cut" through the forest to the first bridge, some eight miles off. It would save "a couple of miles"—as I was going through the forest on foot.

That (nearly) fatal "short cut!"—"Save a couple of miles!"—What a sarcasm!

I had plunged at good speed into the forest, taking care to follow instructions to keep to the sleigh route—or what evidences of one could be discerned in the fall-

ing snow. I was also to make a couple of turns near the end of the cross-forest walk.

Well, the snowing increased; the track was no longer discernible; here had I been almost a couple of hours plowing through the white carpet; yet no evidence of a "turn" to make or house in sight; nor the odor of one (in Cibiria, the sense of smell in the pure air becomes so keen, you can "sniff" houses, by the burning fuel, from a couple of verstas' distance); nor even the friendly bark of a dog was heard. The snappish howl of the wolf is another matter!

I did not like the looks of things! A lusty siren-shriek from my pocket-siren produced no response. Nor to repeated blows. The sounds died off in the eternal forests; but I heard something—a tantalizing something—yet nothing: the peculiar sound of "ringing nothingness" (to coin an expression) which falls on the ears when you find yourself alone in dead silence.

Had I passed the "turn?" Better, in any case, I thought, retrace steps, dispiriting as it is to have to do so—that would be better than continuing further into the unknown.

After five minutes' cogitation I turned to retrace steps, proceeded a few hundred yards, when, lo! if the falling snow and moaning winds hadn't completely obliterated my recent footsteps! Another couple hundred yards "probing" here and there, and I had lost all sense of direction. A pretty mess! Now commenced that moment of anxiety which distresses the entire physique.

But I did not lose my senses, nor start to run off, first one direction, then another. I had a pocket compass with me—not for traveling purposes, but the natural component of a surveying engineer's kit. Out it came; the cap-glass had been broken and lost some weeks before; and the needle fell out on to the snow. Supposing I had not observed it fall, and it had disappeared in the soft snow! Probably I should not be here to-day writing this!

The cold was so trying, and my fingers so numbed, I could scarce replace the needle. But I soon got bearings; knew that if I struck across forest north, the building railroad would be reached; but the difficulty was to penetrate the virgin forest for three or four miles—the assumed distance to the route of the now-completed railway.

Those Cibirian forests are a sight! I had read about them before proceeding to the country, and regarded the description given of them as another of those "travelers' yarns." ["All travelers are liars,"—Asiatic proverb.] But now for months I had been among them, and thought otherwise.

So densely timbered are the forests, the eye cannot penetrate more than a dozen feet. The trees stand upright like so many poles, and so close together that the agricultural college-reared forester would be disposed to exclaim "impossible! they could not get sufficient nutrition from the soil." At noon the "light" in that forest is only equal to twilight; for the sun can never be seen except from the treetops. A man can dodge the trees through those forests, but I doubt if a horse could.

So it was this kind of fopçt (pronounced forçt) that I conjured with for an hour, with an almost sweating—despite the cold—anxiety as to errors of compass in this northern latitude; the chance of having to negotiate almost impassable barriers and crevices (leaping or rounding the fallen timber was exercise enough!). Every ten minutes or so I referred to the compass, despite its inconvenience with the broken glass. This prevented my attaching it to lapel of coat, for fear of losing the needle.

After an hour of this, with, fortunately, no meeting of prowling big game—which would easily have made game of me in my unpreparedness—the forest became clearer. I knew what that meant, and in the distance could be seen the railroad embankment earthworks. Welcome sight!

A "short cut" indeed! Half the day had passed with only a real progress of about three miles; and the enervating anxiety seemed to knock me up for the rest of that day.

"Short cuts" in an unknown country are best if sacrificed to the "long way round." It was a prospective "short cut" on the Rigi, in Helvetia, that almost cost me my life in the fall of 1890. That particular short cut led down a steep slope, and I did not perceive through the undergrowth the brink of a precipice. Ere I knew anything, I was shooting like a log over the ledge; but with that instinct of self-preservation innate in us all, I grasped at something. These were the roots of the shrubs on the bank. They held! As the earth was disintegrating about them, I worked myself up and grasped the branches and pulled myself on the bank again, "in a twinkling."

Some human bones in some rotting clothing might have been found at the foot of that precipice by rare-flower gatherers a couple of years later. Coroner's inquest: unidentified.

Sleigh Driving—A Lovable Little Custom of Etiquet.

Whenever you are invited out to a sleigh drive with a lady friend in Cibiria, don't forget that propriety requires that you, being a masculine, and a supposed protector, should, once in the sleigh, and seated, proceed to slip your arm round your lady friend's waist; and, as the sleigh whirls along over the snow ice, and sundry jolts are experienced, you encircle your arm more and more, with an occasional half hug as the sleigh lunges more than usual in its rapid flight on the wings of the wind. That protective waist-encircling arm is to prevent the lady rider being thrown out—of course, of course!

Roads in Cibiria—The Longest Made Highway on Earth.

As already pointed out by the writer in "Roads of the World," in the Manhattan Automobile Magazine, and "Cibirian Roads" in the New York Good Roads Magazine, the longest made highway on the globe is the great Russian-Cibirian posting road stretching from the heart of the Iabloni range, in eastern trans-Baikalia, to the Vistula, on the old Polonia republic frontier. Total distance: turning 5,000 miles.

In parts the road is accidentally good, due to the firmness of the binding materials which happened to be there, and rarely to the efforts of the road builder. It is not in a Russian to build a good road. They had no original ideas as to how they should build first-class roads, so their engineers read up about and copied the French-made roads. France possesses the best *chemins* in the universe: that I know personally by long tours over them, especially the great highway of central France known as the route de Toulouse, and extending (officially) from Paris to the capital city of the south. In parts it is actually "smooth as a billiard table" almost, and you nearly feel disposed to try to take a slide on it, as on ice. I described at length this and other highways in Municipal Engineering, Indianapolis, in one of the summer issues of '92.

But unfortunately the Russian dopora (pronounced doroga) builders followed the French system in slip-shod fashion. When Telford and Macadam (who originated nothing, or little) copied French road layers—to which their names erroneously cling—they faithfully "followed instructions"; hence the success with which they perpetuated their names as if they were the original inventors. The Russ, on the other hand, sacrificed the roads to the exigencies of the contract system, in which every interested party thought, not of the road, but of his pocket. Even the "kontrolers," who were officially deputed to see that the contractors did not skimp their work, accepted the bribes of the latter, and passed the work. In Russia there is no such thing as patriotism; they give a cynical smile when the word is brought up, and, slapping their pant pocket, exclaim: "Here is the extent of my patriotism. This is the limit of our 'patriotism' [another slap]. We Russians spell it 'kapmahicm' [lit., 'pocketism']. Since we are badly paid, we steal all we honestly can."

Singular how this entire world is a question of pocket! Those Slaf "kohtpaktopc" (pronounced "kontraktors") in Cibiria are not isolated cases—not at all! And I could not help respecting them for the openness with which they admitted there was no patriotism in money matters; that they drew the line of patriotism at and including "kapmahicm" (which they pronounce "karmanism")—i.e., "pocketism."

It will be noticed that I continue to give instances of the difficult Russian spelling, and the examples (in parentheses) where the pronunciation is often totally different from the spelling. This is not an original idea with me: it is a copy of the plan sometimes followed during the publication of George Kennan's "Cibirian Prisons and the Exile System" in the Century. The editor thereof received so many inquiries how the Russian words should be pronounced, that he requested the author of the papers to, here and there, interpolate examples of Russian pronunciations.

The Good Results of the Kennan-"Century" Mission.

Dozens of times have I pointed out in different class papers, in special articles on Cibiria (particularly in the N. Y. Medical News, the Manhattan Book-Lover, Railway and Locomotive Engineering, etc.), the good results of the Kennan-Century mission on Cibirian prisons and the exile system. Now I will repeat the information for the benefit of the readers of this journal.

The Kennan exposures did a lot of good—although, of course, you will not get a Russian official to admit that it was due to the Kennan exposé that the prisons have improved. I was through various of them, and did not fail to notice the scrupulous cleanliness of the places. Even the old time-stained etanc (pronounced étaps), or half-way prisons, were as clean as old buildings can be made by a vigorous application of bass brooms and buckets of water. Why, in some instances, the floors were even cleaner than the interior window sills—which ledges the inmates had found useful for the reception of cigarette stumps, lemon peel, bits of bread, etc.

Your correspondent was through the prisons without any permit, so the expression "saw him coming" cannot be applied. In this wise: Putting up in the villages with the prison medicos, they naturally wanted to "show me the sights." So isolated are they, so few their visitors, they are glad to have somebody stay with them a couple of days. In the aggregate, during the trans-Cibirian journey, they almost forced me to be out of schedule a couple of months in reaching the Ural mountains, due to pressing me to "stop a day longer" in their "ruf-and-tuf" but hospitable log houses.

And not alone did Kennan's writings spring a little shame into the prison authorities, and cause them to adopt some of his suggestions: the military authorities—knowingly or unconsciously—"saw they were good," and actually introduced some of the Kennan ideas into the military transport service. Example: The most salient one was the American writer's showing how prisoners could be more economically carried by telera (pronounced telega), or wagon, to their destination in Cibiria, than being made to "foot it." And the writer actually saw able-bodied young soldiers—who would have been better for pechkom (walking)—being transported across Cibiria to their respective stations in telegas.

Kennan is a faithful pen portrayist, unsensational in the extreme, although writing (as on the Cibirian prisons) on what was then a matter often revoltingly sensational where the truth had to be told. If anything, things were even worse than Kennan made them out to be. My informants were prison officials who had perused the Century articles (circulated clandestinely), and found their envoy had understated matters. Naturally, some care was taken that the Yank investigator should not see everything—and that, of course, certainly not the best.

It is pretty safe to say that more educated Russians have read the Kennan writings from beginning to end, than have done as much with the Bible. The reason for this was, it goes without saying, because the writings were suppressed.

There is a Franco-Russian official excusist named de Windt, whose apologetic effusion on Cibirian prisons can naturally circulate all over Russiadom, but I only met one Russian who had ever perused it—and that only a perusal of a few chapters. This wind(t)y write-up has remained as dead as ditch water—like the vaporings of another imaginative juvenile tenderloin, the notorious Landor (known as "the little Munchausen"), whose Tibetan "horrible cruelties and atrocious tortures" were, with their precocious originator, effectually pilloried recently in one of our critical literary reviews under the title of "The Landor Imposture."

I wrote to the Century at the time from Tomck, west-central Cibiria, offering a paper on the improved state of prison conditions, and received a courteous reply, declining. Queer that a magazine should negative the offer of an article showing the good results of its own mission!

Some Hints for Possible Future Sportsmen in Cibiria.

Take along a pocket French-Russian and Russian-French lexicon, bound in two vols., not in one. Or, for second choice, a German-Russian or American-Russian one, according to the language with which you are most familiar. Thus equipped, you have no need of an interpreter.

Have plenty of patience. Remember the officials who ask you for your papers, and cause you delay, are only carrying out their instructions. Impatience will do you no good. Humor the Russian a bit, and you will find him a good-enough fellow; be just to him, but don't be "generous"—i. e., don't tip! Once you begin the tipping business, you will have to go through a whole lot of tipping. For my own part, I never "tipped" a single konek (pronounced kopek) or cent between the Pacific Ocean and the ancient Polonia republic. How did I do it? By not beginning.

Cibirian society and dinner parties imbibe overmuch of bodka (pronounced fodka)—67 per cent. alcohol. As you value your self-respect, avoid it, except possibly a sip after meals. The native way is to gulp down a small glass of the ardent stuff before the repast, consequently on an empty stomach. Even if you are used to alcoholic drinks, that fodka, taken à la Russe, will do you harm both physically, intellectually and socially.

The Russ may take offense at your refusing his schnaps—but never mind! Which is most important—your health or the opinion of your host? Be firm, and inform your acquaintance you are a temperance man. He will understand this, since he is accustomed to people whose religion forbids the use of intoxicants.

A Bankrupt Empire.

Russia is the nearest approach the world has to-day to a bankrupt empire. Everything is run at a loss. The only money coming in is in the form of loans raised in France, Germany, etc. Even the gathering of the taxes is performed at an economic loss. Although, under the guise of military service, the government extracts five years of servitude from the able-bodied male population, still the service is had at a heavy loss—since naturally every unwilling slave tries to do the least he can. The population literally live on each other—two-thirds being consumers, and the other third (the submerged tenth) producing and existing merely. The observant tourist cannot but fail to see how the whole empire is run at a heavy loss. The curse of officialism and paternalism and poverty is everywhere rampant.

And so things will go from bad to worse, till Russia exercises the "divine right" of hard-up nations—i.e., repudiation.

Quite right!

L. Lodian.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Tales of the Frontier.

VI.—Jim Morehead's Military Expedition.

Not in the pages of Motley or Bancroft will this record be found. Gibbon is silent concerning it, and the reports of U. S. Army officers may be vainly searched for any mention of it.

And Jim was not the commander-in-chief, either, but only a private in the ranks; yet this shall be known as Jim's expedition, for he was the only one of this band of frontier warriors known to me; and though not general-in-chief of this prairie army, he might well have been, save for the native modesty so strongly characteristic of him.

Dear, brave, kind-hearted old Jim! Long since gone to his reward; a truer Leatherstocking of the frontier never crossed over the Great Divide!

By the light of the open fireplace in the lonely trappers' cabin near the Great Bend of the Des Moines River, we finished up the evening's work of dressing fur, while Jim poured into my willing ear one of the many tales of savage slaughter, the recollection of which renders it difficult even at this distant day for an old timer of the frontier to think charitably of the villainous Sioux.

The Minnesota frontier seemed peculiarly unfortunate. Only with the greatest reluctance did the savage Sioux relinquish their hold upon this best of all their hunting grounds, and for years of its early occupation by the white race strong war parties raided the comparatively defenseless border, and a ferocious baptism of fire and blood awaited many of the venturesome bands of pioneers as the infant settlements crept further and further into the debatable country between the hostile races.

Among other tales of similar suffering and sorrow the legends of the border told of the Spirit Lake Massacre; the Norwegian Massacre, and the Great Massacre—or Sioux War.

Along the left bank of the Des Moines River, southwest of Fish Lake, a colony of Norwegian people established their homes in the then wilderness country, and by patient industry had become comfortably independent.

For years of peaceful occupation the little settlement slumbered in security and peace. Other colonies along the border struggled for existence, but the happy valley of the Norwegian colony slept secure! although for years this was the furthest out in the wilderness of any on this part of the border line.

Around Spirit Lake quite a number of settlers were established, and along the Des Moines River, near the present town of Estherville, a strong colony was located. My old friend Jim lived a few miles north of Estherville on the west bank of the Des Moines.

The time was just before the great War of the Rebellion, but the precise year I have forgotten. Suddenly as the rush of the Bengal tiger, the peaceful valley of the

Norwegian colony was enveloped in blood and fire; and when first I saw the ruins of the little settlement only the weed-grown fields and crumbling fences identified the stricken place.

Choosing the quiet of a summer Sunday morning, when many of the adult population were assembled for religious worship, the cowardly wretches made their first attack upon the women and children remaining at their homes, and when the uproar had stampeded the assembled congregation, many a bloody trail through adjacent cornfields bore awful witness of unavailing flight on the part of the unarmed worshippers.

Owing to the high vegetation of the fields surrounding their houses, many succeeded in escaping from their foes, carrying terror and apprehension to other exposed settlements along the line.

Overwhelmed with terror at the awful suddenness of the assault, some gave up without a struggle and died like curs. One man, who had gone to meeting, sprang into his wagon and drove away, leaving his family to their fate. Another ran homeward and, approaching his house under the cover of his cornfield, reached home just after the murderous wretches had departed, and found among his slaughtered family two little boys of some three or four years of age, who gave some sign of life.

In their ferocious haste the savage brutes had tried to dash out the brains of the little ones on top of the cook stove, but though horribly beaten, the little boys were still alive. Taking one under each arm he ran down through the cornfield toward the river, and before sunrise of the following morning staggered into the little settlement at Spirit Lake, Iowa, and laid down his precious burden, twenty-five miles from where he first took it up.

Let any man on this green earth—Sandow not excepted—try carrying such a burden as the limp bodies of two little children, of a probable 100 pounds weight, for a distance of 25 miles in 18 hours!

As Mrs. Stowe says of the flight of Eliza in Uncle Tom's Cabin: "Sublime is the dominion of the mind over the body, that can, for the moment, make the weak appear so mighty."

One of the children died in the father's arms—all unknown to the fleeing fugitive—and one lived and recovered completely.

When the escaped fugitives had told their several tales, it was found that no report whatever came concerning two Norwegian families located at the extreme northern end of the little settlement; and the uncertainty concerning their fate aroused the men of the frontier and led to the forming of the expedition, of which this tale is the chronicle. Mounted couriers scoured the country, calling out each and every man, and 25 men were quickly assembled at Estherville, and an equal number at Spirit Lake, and hurrying forward they joined forces at Jackson, and together marched up the left bank of the Des Moines on their errand of mercy, to save any possible survivors of the massacre and to bury the dead.

It was a motley force. Some were mounted and others on foot, with little pretense of military order in their march, and with any and all kinds of firearms possible to obtain. Hardly had they joined forces and commenced their forward movement, when from some all unknown locality, came a mounted man riding up in front, where, calling a halt, he pompously announced: "I am Mr. So and So, Lieut.-Colonel of the United States Army. I have come to take command of this expedition, and you are all under my orders!"

For a moment the little army of pioneers staggered under the grandiloquent announcement; but quickly sizing the fellow up, they marched on, and he, after riding up and down the line bawling out orders, to which no one paid the slightest attention, finally subsided and took his place in line, and made a pretty good volunteer soldier. Reaching the house where the Norwegian people had been gathered for worship on that fateful Sunday morning, they halted, and collecting and burying the scattered victims of the bloody foray they hurried on to learn the fate of the two families from whom no tidings had yet come.

As a band of horsemen were deployed in their march through a belt of timber, they suddenly started a gigantic Norwegian fugitive, who had escaped the massacre and remained hidden in the woods, and who, taking instant alarm at the approaching horsemen, rose from a thicket and bounded off like a startled buck.

Three mounted men raced in hot pursuit of the frightened fugitive, yelling out to him to stop—that they were friends—but he only ran the harder, and finally turning down into a slough, where the pursuing horses floundered in a vain attempt at crossing, gave them the slip and disappeared in the woods.

A mile or two further on all were rejoiced to come suddenly upon the house where the two families were gathered, still "holding the fort," and still keeping watch and ward in the hope of coming succor. At the time of the massacre the husband and father of one family, having gone alone to the meeting, fell among the first of the victims; and when the awful outcry of the massacre reached the ears of his wife, she quickly gathered her children and ran with them to the house of the neighbor, who, fortunately, proved to be a man of courage, and, who, gathering his own and his neighbor's family into his log house, the heavy walls of which were bullet proof, barricaded the doors and prepared for defense.

A careful search revealed but three cartridges for his gun, and just as this discovery was made, a voice was heard in English calling upon him from a brushy ravine just back of the house, and demanding an immediate surrender. Shouting defiance and daring the whole Sioux nation to the attack, the brave Norwegian ran upstairs and began knocking out the plaster and the wooden blocks which formed the "chinking" between the house logs near the roof, thinking that from that height he could command the enemy's position in the ravine. As the sound of his blows, followed by the falling mortar on the outside of the house revealed his position, a volley from half a dozen guns smashed into the logs in front of him, sending the dried mortar in a cloud of dust into his face, but fortunately without hitting him.

He now ran down stairs, and making what demonstrations he could at one of the windows fronting the ravine—but without exposing himself—he at length succeeded in again drawing a volley from the Indians' guns, which sent the glass flying in all directions. Springing to the window, he fired into the smoke of his enemy's guns, and evidently with effect, for the attack ceased immediately; nor did he afterward note the slightest indication of the presence of his foes. And until the coming of Jim and his friends five days afterward the little group of pioneers remained barricaded, keeping watch night and day.

Jim said that of all the glad and grateful people he ever saw, they certainly headed the list.

As the little army bivouacked here for the night, they were given the free use of all the farm produced, and the vegetables, chickens and pigs of the grateful Norwegians furnished materials for a feast which lasted until nearly midnight.

As night drew on guards were stationed around the camp at quite a distance, and as the little army was composed of two equal bands, each still under its own captain, each detachment furnished guards for half of the circle around the camp.

About ten in the evening, as the feasting went merrily on around the camp-fires, from out a clump of bushes close to the camp-fires suddenly arose a tall form, and stalking forward into the firelight, revealed the big Norwegian, whom the horsemen had raced so furiously during the day. He had watched the arrival of the white men from the edge of the neighboring woods, and had witnessed the rapturous greeting they had met from the imprisoned people; yet so overpowering was the panic fear which possessed him, that he dared not trust his own eyes; and not until he had crept forward in the darkness and finally overheard the Norwegian people conversing in his own mother tongue, did he dare reveal himself.

He now seated himself by the fire and told his story of what he had witnessed of the slaughter of his people, ending with an account of how he himself had that very day been furiously chased by three mounted Indians, who, yelling frightfully along his trail, almost overtook him when he ran down through a slough where the horses of the Indians were mired down until he had finally made his escape.

In vain did the pioneers try to explain the true situation, pointing out to him the very men who had tried so hard to catch him. Not a bit of it! He knew they were Indians—had had too close a look at them to be mistaken—and in spite of their assertion remained unconvinced.

At midnight, when all in the camp were asleep, the guard was relieved by a new detail, and suddenly from a point on the guard line came the report of a gun, quickly followed by others half way around the camp.

In a panic of fright and confusion half the camp sprang to its feet in haste to seize weapons and repel attack; and not until the whole outfit was in uproar was it finally understood that one talented captain had evolved from his own inner consciousness a peculiarly idiotic system of tactics, and without explaining the matter to any others of the force, directed his own half of the guard just relieved, to fire off their guns in a half circle around the camp.

When the smart Aleck performance was finally understood, and the echoes of the consequent profanity had died away in the distance, the little army again lay down to rest, and the night passed without further incident.

In the morning the return march was begun, and the little handful of survivors of the fated Norwegian colony safely escorted back to civilization, when the little army of frontier warriors melted away as quickly as at the call of mercy it had assembled.

But of the abundant and all unnamable evidences of fiendish ferocity inflicted on the women and children of this devoted Wyoming of the West I cannot write.

ORIN BELKNAP.

William K. Moody ("Special").

From the Boston Herald, Nov. 16.

MR. WILLIAM K. MOODY, editor of the "Market Specials" in the Herald, died at the City Hospital at 10 o'clock last night at the age of sixty-two. Mr. Moody had suffered for years from an internal, constitutional weakness, which developed phases which compelled him to quit his desk on Saturday, Oct. 26, never to return to it. The disease baffled the skill of the family and consulting physicians, who, as a last resort, recommended a surgical operation, which was performed Nov. 6 at the City Hospital. The result failed to meet expectations, and his active and useful life was brought to a close.

William K. Moody was born in the town of Strong, Me., April 19, 1840. He was the oldest son of Dea. John Moody, well known in Oxford county. The elder Moody was for years employed by William King, the first Governor of the State of Maine, and naturally his first-born was named after that distinguished citizen. He was educated in the public schools and at Hebron Academy and Waterville College, now Colby University.

He taught school for a time, but shortly after leaving college entered the newspaper business as the editor and publisher of the Winthrop Gazette, a weekly newspaper established by him at Winthrop, Me. After spending two years in that town, he removed to Mechanic Falls, where he established the Androscoggin Herald He remained here four years, and then, taking advantage of a favorable opportunity, purchased a half interest in the Somerset Reporter, upblished at Skowhegan. Later he purchased his partner's interest, and for a time was sole owner.

In 1875 Mr. Moody sold the paper to Messrs. Kilby & Woodbury, and came to Boston, where for a time he acted as editor of the Weekly Advertiser. Later he was publisher of the Woman's Journal, with which publication he was connected for several years. While connected with that paper his attention was directed toward commercial affairs, for which he had a natural aptitude, and for a short time he filled a responsible position on the Boston Commercial Bulletin.

About this time he wrote a series of articles for the Herald on Boston banking methods, which attracted wide attention, and secured him recognition upon the regular staff. Under his direction the market specials department was started, and early grew into a position of widespread influence and importance.

Mr. Moody was also a frequent contributor to other departments of the paper, his articles always being valuable and interesting. He was particularly interested in everything pertaining to hunting and fishing, especially in his native State, and his vacations were always spent at this favorite recreation. For many years he had a camp on Richardson Lake, in the Rangeley region, until failing health led him to dispose of it.

In this connection he was widely known among sportsmen, and was a recognized authority upon matters connected with the rod and gun. He took a deep interest in amending the laws of Maine for the preservation of game and regulating the taking of the same. He was a frequent contributor of articles to the Herald during the fishing season, and was also a regular correspondent of FOREST AND STREAM.

Mr. Moody was a lover of nature in art and left many photographs of wood and water and mountain scenes, taken by himself during vacations. He was an ardent amateur photographer, and was the inventor of several patented articles for photographers' use. He was also a builder of cameras for his own use, being skilled in metal and wood work.

Mr. Moody was respected by all with whom he came in contact in daily business and social life. Honest and upright, he could not bear to see anybody or anything oppressed, and always championed the cause of the weaker party. He will be much missed by a wide circle of friends and business associates, beside the immediate relatives.

Pacific Coast Letter.

THE death of "Old Whiskers" should have been mentioned in my last letter. This magnificent member of the red deer family had roamed the mountains near San Jose for years. Local sportsmen deemed it an experience even to have missed a shot at him. Superstition for awhile declared him to lead a charmed life. Hunter Saxe Shalton, of San Jose, while hunting in the Mt. Hamilton range, two days before the season closed, overcame the "hoodoo" and brought Old Whiskers into town. The antlers numbered eleven prongs and the deer weighed 175 pounds. The kill was a fine one, for which the lucky man should be congratulated; but the cañons of Mt. Hamilton range have been impoverished by losing their greatest incentive to hunt. We wear our inconsistent shoes out to take a big one and then deplore his death.

Senate Amendment No. 18, in relation to the division of California into fish and game districts and to be voted upon at the coming election, proposes adding to Article IV. of the State Constitution a new section that shall be known as Section 25½, and shall read as follows: "The Legislature may provide for the division of the State into fish and game districts and may enact such laws for the protection of fish and game therein as it may deem appropriate for the respective districts." County ordinance may not now lessen restraint imposed by legislature, though regulation may be enacted more stringent in its purpose, and the State laws are uniform for all sections, hence a complaint of overprotection in districts with too much game. Only a person familiar with the great variety of conditions to be confronted here, either in going from the coast inland, or the length of the State, will appreciate how difficult it is to pass measures suitable in every part, or how hard the problem for a country in which rough contour with varying degree favors production.

If adopted the amendment may yet preserve the salt-water fisheries along our sea coast. Too little attention has been given to this purpose. Avalon Bay is now nearly the only breeding water in the south protected by law from the purse netter, and it but indifferently by county ordinance, though there are many spawning places along the southern coast. Intelligent supervision in this regard would eventually mean a great deal to the Pacific States. Experience of the East might serve as warning of what will occur through neglect. As a biological laboratory will soon be established on Catalina Island, so says U. S. Fish Commissioner Geo. M. Bowers, the second on the Pacific, for the study of marine life, more practical ideas may be inculcated.

President David Starr Jordan, of Stanford, who has spent the summer at Samoa, in the interest of the U. S. Fish Commission, and is now overhauling his specimens at the university, reports that he secured upward of 600 kinds of fish, perhaps 25 per cent. of them unknown to scienice and unclassified.

The United States Government has lately withdrawn from entry 6,000,000 acres of public land, in northern California, to be divided into forest reserves as follows: Klamath River reserve, 3,780 square miles; Mt. Shasta, 3,024 square miles; Lassen Peak, 1,292 square miles; and Diamond Mountain, 822 square miles; the respective localities indicated by their names. The reservation of these vast tracts, beside the protection it will afford to timber by means of a ranger patrol, must result in preserving untold quantities of game from fire or other destructive agent, and thus will prove a boon to hunters and to students of natural history.

Great numbers of wild creatures are destroyed when the wilderness is burnt over, through asphyixation and other causes, there being often no safe refuge from speedy flame or volume of smoke even though water be reached. This was evident after the Washington forest fires of the past autumn. The surface of Woodland Lake, in Clark County, was found to be a putrid mass of bears, lions, wolves, deer, foxes, and numerous small animals, that had been driven to the water for relief, then had succumbed to heat and smoke or drowned. This destroyed country, too, it should be remembered, will be barren of forage for years to come.

The forest ranges throughout the south had prevented any fires occurring up to the time of the first winter rain, and now feel there is no longer the slightest danger. Planting barren parts of the reservations

will begin soon. Chief William L. Hall, of the Bureau of Forestry, impressed on his recent visit to the State by being shown growth four feet high from seed of the *Pinus tuberculata* sown two years ago on the north San Gabriel, has sent here C. O. Sparks, of his department, to co-operate with P. T. Lukens, of Pasadena, in further work of this kind, and declares this to be the beginning of an extensive effort toward restoring the timber. W. H. Mills, of the Southern Pacific Road, who is now drawing up a memorial to Congress setting forth the forestry conditions, will advocate liberal expenditure for this purpose.

A report that Santa Cruz Island, twenty-eight miles off the town of Santa Barbara, said to be the gem of the coast group, would soon be made a resort like Catalina, has been contradicted by the capitalists supposed to be interested, but the place must be developed in the near future. It has been merely a sheep range, and twelve thousand of the flock were slaughtered in 1876, twenty-five thousand in 1887, just for the pelts and tallow, and to reduce the number. The island is nine miles wide and thirty miles long. The eastern shore is said to be low and permit landing at many points. Western and northern sea cliffs are rich in caverns, where escaping sealions must be avoided. Sheltered coves about the island with smooth water in them, show sea gardens at great depths of brightly colored growth with brightly colored fish swimming above it. Admitted daylight into Painted Cave discloses for fifteen hundred feet back of a brilliant fresco of green, red, golden, or other surprising hue.

A number of California road-runners, with tails a foot long, appearance otherwise and their "cra-i-i-i-ks" not unlike those of the bittern, though in fact ground cuckoos, comical beyond description, for a month have been racing about the common and with passing vehicles on our streets, greatly to the amusement of all the neighbors within view, and even enter our premises to exhibit. One creature just escaped a Cooper hawk through maneuver and swift disappearance. Another has become a cripple since we first saw it. All of them understood on sight the construction of our chicken-wire fence, and either have used the gate or passed around the end. A side-hunt, to take place on Thanksgiving Day, avowedly to kill game and rid the Ojai of rabbits, beside destroying a great many larks and other attractive birds, must result in the death of many road-runners, for these tempt seriously the thoughtless hunter. Contumacious remarks or other ridicule would follow advice to the contestants.

A wild pigeon that lit immediately above our veranda on Oct. 20, the first bird of the season, escaped with magnificent speed from a shot aimed at its head. None of these creatures must stop near. Upon our arrival here we placed as drinking pool in the front yard for all kinds of birds a shapely Indian mortar, and for awhile we were grateful for the chorus of song, but the small boy with miniature rifle discovered what shooting he might have at the fearless singers and compelled us also to seek cover, for here as elsewhere, the usual coroner's jury will acquit if the murderer be careful to kill his victim through accident. Shots of hunters in the cañon near our yard, neighbors tell us, one season made life very uncertain about these premises, hence pigeons must be destroyed—or seared off. The flocks this year appeared in the valley three days before the first rain.

H. R. STEIGER.

NORDHOFF, Cal.

The Record of the Old Missouri.

FORT ATKINSON, Wis., Nov. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A recent number of the FOREST AND STREAM gave an interesting account of the finding of a stone in North Dakota, marked with the names of a number of old trappers and hunters who ranged that region in the days long gone by.

Thinking it would interest an old friend of mine, Mr. Theodore Louis, of Louisville, Wis., who was in the employ of the American Fur Company as a hunter and scout in the early fifties, I sent him a copy of the paper. Mr. Louis is a German, and one of the rare old type. He was hunter and scout for the Prince of Nassau, who spent five years, I believe, in hunting large game on the plains about 1853 or '54. Mr. Louis for a number of years has been one of the most noted and skillful breeders of swine in the United States, and he is full of most interesting reminiscences of the days when the Indian and the buffalo held joint sway over all of that region west of the Missouri.

I send you his letter, in which you will note he recalls one of the names inscribed on the stone. I do this, thinking that it may be of interest to you.

W. D. HOARD.

Mr. Louis' letter to Mr. Hoard, dated Nov. 12, 1902, reads as follows:

Dear Sir: Your postal card and marked copy of FOREST AND STREAM came duly to hand. Yes, it recalls years of yore in a land where we were monarchs of all we surveyed, no matter how broad the vision from the mountain's dizzy heights. I recall the name McCarthy. I met him in Fort Pierre, and later once at Fort Union, both old posts on the Missouri River. Like myself, he was in the service of the American Fur Company. I met him in 1852, but I was stationed at Old Fort John, below Fort Laramie, and my field of operations was southwest of there, with the Arapahoe and Cheyenne tribes in Colorado Territory, where the city of Denver stands to-day.

We boys had a habit of scratching our initials or names on any smooth-faced prominent rock, but I should think that before this time would have wiped out all these records.

I have a few relics left. The pipe and kinikinnick pouch that Mimilusa, a chief of the Cheyennes, gave me on Cherry Creek, in a winter camp, near where the city of Denver now is; a pair of moccasins and a few other trinkets; and my young ones sometimes say, "Father, you know you willed to me that powder horn made out of buffalo horn," or this or that.

While I was reading the story of this stone it drew my thoughts away from the gloomy and lonesome part of life.

With best wishes, your friend, THEO. LOUIS.

Natural History.

How to Attract the Birds.*

IN his report on "Insect Enemies of the Spruce in the Northeast," Dr. A. D. Hopkins says that, "In hundreds of infested trees examined, at least one-half of the beetles and their young had been destroyed by birds, and in many cases it was evident that even a greater proportion had perished from this cause alone." These beetles are able to overcome the resistance of a healthy living tree only when present in large numbers, and Dr. Hopkins estimates that on an average infested tree one hundred beetles exist for each square foot of the bark. As an average tree has about sixty square feet of infested bark, it may support 6,000 individual beetles. This gives some notion of the number of possible insects in an infested spruce forest. The destruction of our woods by unchecked work of such insect pests is enormously costly, and only the birds can protect us from this loss.

In summer, when bird life is most numerous, when the young are being reared, the food of the bird is almost wholly insects, and the value of their services to gardener and farmer is so very great that it cannot be computed. The statement that a few years of unchecked ravages of insects would render the earth uninhabitable is no doubt true.

The value of birds' services to mankind, how to bring them close to our homes, and a number of other interesting talks about bird neighbors, form the subject of a new volume by Neltje Blanchan, whose books, "Bird Neighbors," "Birds which Hunt and are Hunted" and "Nature's Garden," have had so wide and so well-deserved a popularity. The subjects treated are, "How to Invite Bird Neighbors," "The Ruby Throat's Caterers," "Bird Architecture," "Home Life," "Nature's First Law," "Songs Without Words," "Why Birds Come and Go," "What Birds Do for Us" and "Some Naturalized Foreigners."

To those who are familiar with the author's happy style, little need be said concerning the pleasing presentation of the various subjects which make up the book. In its matter, its illustrations, and its admirable mechanical construction, it is extremely attractive. In the eighth chapter, in which we are told "What Birds Do for Us," an interesting review is given of the division of the labor of insect destruction among the different groups. Thus: "One class of tireless workers is bidden to sweep the air, and keep down the very small gauzy-winged pests such as mosquitoes, gnats and midges. Swallows dart and skim about shallow water, fields, and marshes; purple martins circle about our gardens; swifts around the roofs of our houses, night hawks and whippoorwills through the open country, all plying the air for hours at a time." A little lower down, the large family of the flycatchers, including king birds, peewees and their allies, stand as sentries at various points, snapping up each luckless insect which shows itself, and thus do their share. To the tribe of the warblers and the vireos has been assigned the duty of taking care of the twigs at the extreme ends of the branches of trees and shrubs. They go over them with care and the vireos even inspect the under sides of the leaves, so that none of the insects may get away. These tiny birds deal only with the smaller forms of insect life. The thrushes, bluebirds, robins, mockingbirds, catbirds, thrashers, wrens, orioles and tanagers are searching for food all day long during the whole of their stay, dealing with the larger insects, and, while helping themselves, are helping us as well. As many birds will not eat the large hairy caterpillars, they seem to have been turned over to the cuckoos, who may often be seen at work about the nests of the tent caterpillars, which disfigure the apple tree and the wild cherry.

The woodpeckers are the great enemies of the beetles about which Dr. Hopkins writes, but they have faithful allies in those tiny little birds which spend the season of cold climbing up and down tree trunks and hunting along their branches for the eggs and cocoons of the insects which next spring are to do their pernicious work. Nuthatches, brown creepers, titmice and kinglets are the little fellows that by their destruction of insect eggs perhaps do as much good as any other birds.

When the sparrows at the end of the summer have finished the work of feeding their young on insects, they find the harmful weed seeds beginning to ripen and feed on them. Many of them stay with us all winter, and all through the season are at work at seed eating, just as the chickadees are at insect egg eating.

It is interesting to learn that a peach grower in Georgia has so high an appreciation of the value of the purple martin in keeping down the curculio beetle that he has set up on poles all around his orchards, gourds for the martins to nest in. They do nest in them, and well do they pay their rent.

Hawks and owls are shown to be far more useful than harmful, and vultures and gulls and terns each to do their various works in helping to make life pleasanter and easier for us to live.

The book is full of information most attractively presented, and is beautiful in illustrations and make-up. Though the pictures are mostly of the smaller birds, there are included woodcock, grouse and very many pictures of nests and nesting sites.

*Doubleday, Page & Co., Price, $1.25.

A KURILE ISLAND TREE.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

The Pronghorn's Horn Sheaths.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Exact observations on the shedding of the horn sheaths in prong-horned antelope, made upon the same individual through a series of years, are so scarce, that the following note will doubtless interest many readers:

On Oct. 29, 1899, a fine buck antelope, apparently about four years old, was received at the Zoological Gardens from North Dakota. A few days after arrival, it shed the horns it was then carrying, 7¼ inches in length on the exterior curve. It shed again about the same period in 1900, this pair measuring 9½ inches. On Nov. 1, 1901, and Nov. 3 and 4, 1902, the process was repeated, both of these pairs being about 11 inches long. The animal remains in perfect condition and health, and it is my hope that it may live to add to the series.

In December, 1901, three other bucks were received, one being a kid with horns an inch or so long, which were dropped about the middle of the month. The two others appeared to be three years old. One of them shed horns 8 inches long on Nov. 5, 1902; the other on Nov. 9, the horns in this case measuring but 6½ inches, and having a strong outward inclination, both in the horn-sheaths and covers.

Every observed fact so far indicates that the shedding is a regular annual occurrence, but so few observations have been recorded from those in a wild state, that room is still left for the possibility that it may not always occur in each individual with exact regularity—as is now known to be the case with some species of deer. I may add that I once saw a fine head of a freshly killed buck early in November, on which the sheaths were loose and about ready to drop off.

ARTHUR ERWIN BROWN.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Philadelpaia, Nov. 11.

[Mr. Brown's observations on the horns of the prong-horned antelope are interesting, and it is desirable that others who have the opportunity should make similar observations on this species now growing so rare.

The testimony of the old-time Western hunters is practically universal that in buck antelopes killed in November or December, the horn sheaths are always either loose or recently shed. More than once, when taking a buck by the horn to turn him over or drag him to a more convenient place for attention, we have had the horn sheaths come off in the hand, and a friend told us of a case where, havig shot a buck antelope, he found on going up to him that the horn sheaths had become loosened and had partly slipped off as the animal fell.]

How Do They Know?

THE instinct whereby wild creatures detect those of the human species who are likely to be hostile to them, and those who may be regarded as harmless, is of so subtle a quality that it almost appears to partake of the nature of metaphysics. Rooks will follow and feed at the very tail of the plow, and will take wing if a passer-by but lifts a stick to his shoulder as if it were a gun. These same rooks are unmolested by fire arms all the year round, save for some forty-eight hours of spring rook shooting, and even that persecution does not pursue them in the open fields, but when it does occur it invades their homesteads, and assails them from under the foliage of their actual domiciles. In the nesting season plovers will actually buffet the angler who is fishing too close to their broods; but by the date of the shooting season they would not allow him to get within two fields of them. The woodpigeon seems to know exactly the range of the modern fowling-piece, and will flash boldly past at an interval of 100 yards and upward, but is careful quickly to put a tree between himself and a sportsman if disturbed at any range within gunshot. The fox knows that he is sacred from guns, and will sometimes stand by and watch a covert beaten, and will audaciously seize a fallen pheasant and decamp with it within twenty paces of a retriever; he is quite aware that the latter is no foxhound. The wild ducks on the Thames seem to have fully mastered sections of the Thames Act of sixteen years ago, and to have abandoned their former shyness, in view of the statutory protection now awarded to them against prowling gunshot from boating parties. They will turn out to take stock of the practice of a university crew on Henley or Nuneham reaches, and rock serenely in mid-stream to the swell of a coaching launch that rushes past them; nor do they acknowledge any panic at the sound of a megaphone.

In the current partridge season many a covey will continue to breakfast on the stubble undismayed by the plow and team that are at work breaking up that same stubble only sixty yards away, and they will treat with contempt the voice of the teamster addressing the team at the turns; but let a party of guns enter that stubble at the far end, well out of shot, and hold an injudicious council of war, sotto voce, or let an inconsiderate keeper rate his dog loudly with "'ware fence" as the party climb the first hedge, and the old cock will sound the alarm and the birds be flushed and away well out of shot. How is it that the big game, as also the large carnivora that prey upon them, retreat long before they are exterminated from African pastures that are within touch of white men's settlements, though they had tolerated the society of the colored races for centuries in the same district? Why is it that the song bird flits within range of shot in careless confidence, while the game that is sought for is so shy? Not even the sound of a volley from the advancing line at a flushed covey seems to disturb the nerves of the larks on the stubble; they know that the hurly-burly is not directed at them, and they are content to move on a few paces, then settle again as calm as old artillery horses on a review day. Whence is the telepathy in fish that in a season or two, or less, in some hitherto unfished continental trout stream, alters the temper of the whole stock in the river, and teaches them to be shy, even though not one-tenth of them have ever seen the lure of the British lessee who has come to whip the water, and not one-thirtieth of them have been pricked? How is it that wild fowl at a decoy will tolerate the smell of a piece of burning peat held over the mouth of the man who works the nets, but will wind and avoid him if but one sniff of his breath be wafted toward them?—London Field.

Sand Dunes of the Atlantic Coast.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 14.—For several years the sand dunes of the Atlantic coast have been made a subject of study by the Bureau of Plant Industry of the Department of Agriculture, and a number of papers have been issued in regard to sand-binding grasses. During the past summer a study has been made by the Bureau of Forestry to determine what trees and shrubs are most useful in reclaiming the shifting dunes. Considerable damage has been done by dunes, especially in Virginia and North Carolina, and large dunes in several places along the coast are threatening life-saving stations, residences and club houses.

Dunes are formed by the drifting inland of sand washed up on the shore by high tides. The direction of the prevailing wind determines the course of dunes. They advance with the wind, or, if the wind changes its direction, as in New Jersey, they retreat and are blown back into the sea.

Dunes which are advancing on valuable property may be diverted from their course by building on top of them fences placed at an angle to the direction of the prevailing wind. Further drifting of the dunes may be prevented by planting on them beach grass, waxberry, or wax myrtle, which hold the sand together, and the permanent retention of the land can be best accomplished by obtaining as soon as possible a dense stand of forest trees, such as pine and oak.

Black Chipmunk and White.

WATERFORD, Oxford County, Me., Nov. 10.—Mr. Geo. W. Porter shot a few days ago a jet black chipmunk, first one seen or heard of about here. Nash, of Norway, is mounting it. A pure white one was shot in Bridgton recently. A red squirrel partly gray with almost white tail is seen daily at South Waterford.

Only three deer shot so far in town and reported; are seen frequently. Planted ten cans of fine salmon fry yesterday from Auburn. A wildcat (bobcat) was shot at by one of our gunners recently, a rare thing about here. More partridges than for some years, very wild and shy. Woodcock scarce. Some foxes taken in traps, also fat 'coons.

E. PORTER.

Odd Trees.

THE modern sportsman with his camera has one advantage over his prototype with rod and gun—he can secure at least the likeness of inanimate as well as animate objects. There is permanent pleasure in having in one's possession an exact reproduction of an odd specimen; of a tree, shrub, flower, animal or bird. The value is all the greater if the subject of the photograph is comparatively wild, or inaccessible to the ordinary camera fiend. In the "Forest Flora of Japan," Prof. C. S. Sargent reproduces many odd specimens of trees from the mountains and valleys of that odd country. The tree shown is a variety of *Laria dahurica,* a species widely distributed through Siberia, northern China, Manchuria, Kamtschatka and Saghalin. It was photographed by Dr. Mayr on the Kurile Islands.

Notes on Snakes.

CLARKSDALE, Miss., Oct. 24.—I should like to have information of the dentition of cobra-di-capello. I have the impression that his fangs are fixed, and situated at the extreme front ends of the jaw bones, and that he strikes by erecting the head and most of the body, and falling forward. I don't remember where I got that idea.

COAHOMA.

The fangs are fixed and are in front of the permanent teeth.

Coahoma further tells us that Tripod (who captured the two rattlers now under observation) also encountered one at close quarters and killed it. "He had part of it cooked at a country hotel under the guise of 'eel' and brought me a piece to eat. It was scarcely distinguishable in smell and appearance from fried chicken—to the palate more like frog."

A cobra in a church is not conducive to a particularly devotional frame of mind, and the members of the congregation of All Saints' Church, Nagpur, may well inquire of the scaly intruder, *"que le diable faites vous dans cette galere?"* He has taken up his abode in the roof and pokes his ugly head in and out of the rafters during service, and gets specially lively at the pealing of the organ. A local doctor wanted to see what a snake charmer could do, but the custodians of the church would not have the sacred edifice so profaned. The congregation have petitioned the *padre,* but we have not yet heard whether that embarrassed incumbent has succeeded in circumventing this wild sarpint.—Indian Field.

The Outside Dog.

You may sing of your dog, your bottom dog,
  Or of any dog that you please;
I go for the dog, the nice old dog,
  That knowingly takes his ease,
And wagging his tail outside the ring,
  Keeping always his bone in sight,
Cares not a pin in his sound old head
  For either dog in the fight.

Not his is the bone they are fighting for,
  And why should my dog sail in,
With nothing to gain but a certain chance
  To lose his own precious skin?
There may be a few, perhaps, who fail
  To see it quite in this light;
But when the fur flies I had rather be
  The outside dog in the fight.

I know there are dogs, injudicious dogs,
  That think it is quite the thing
To take the part of one of the dogs,
  And go yelping into the ring.
But I care not a pin what all may say
  In regard to the wrong or the right,
My money goes, as well as my song,
  For the dog that keeps out of the fight.

—Philadelphia Call.

Game Bag and Gun.

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

Imported Pheasants in Tennessee.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Nov. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am unable to state the progress of this bird in other portions of the State, but in East Tennessee I have been very much interested, and there are but few people even in this section who are familiar with what has been and is being done to encourage this noble game bird in what is a natural home for them, and those who are really interested do not realize that with the proper protection, we should within the next few years have the greatest reserve in the United State if not in the world.

In 1894 the question of introducing English ring-neck pheasants in this territory was discussed by the Knoxville Gun Club, at that time among the most active gun clubs in the country, and as a member of that organization, I purchased from Dr. Verner De Guise, Mahwah, N. J., one hundred eggs, eighty per cent. of which hatched; all the young chicks but three died within a month, however, probably for the reason that we were not familiar with caring for them. Of the three that lived, there were one cock and two hens. This was in the spring; in September these three birds were put out in the foothills of the Smoky Mountains in Severe county, Tenn. The following winter we had a very heavy snow and freeze, which lasted for five weeks, and which largely destroyed the small game in this territory, quail and other small game being frozen out to a minimum. The next spring, however, a full-grown ring-neck cock cock pheasant was seen near the place where these three birds were put out, showing that they had wintered safely; which I think was due to their great strength and heavy feathering.

Being encouraged, I as president of the gun club then purchased from Mr. John A. Durrell, Pleasant Ridge, O., seventeen English ring-neck pheasant. These birds arrived full grown and in fine condition, and were put out in the foothills of the Smokies in Severe county on protected land, the birds being placed in separate valleys that were closely watched, and the first season one nest was found containing forty-two eggs. The hen was sitting, and two weeks later the nest was visited again. Apparently every egg had hatched, there being nothing but shells to show for it. A short time afterward the brood was seen with two old birds, and counted by three parties, one making forty-two, one forty-one and one forty young chicks. Since that time a great many broods have been seen, with from fifteen to forty birds each.

Later on nine more full-grown ring-neck pheasants were secured; one cock and two hens were put out in Blount county and two cocks and four hens in Grainger county. One of the hens in Blount county was killed while on nest by a mowing machine and one by a dog, the old cock soon associated himself with the farmers' chickens, and while he was very shy, at last reports he was still with them. Over in another county, twenty miles from where the first birds were put out, a gentleman found a nest at the corner of his field, and built a temporary fence across the corner, so the hen would not be molested. This hen hatched out twenty-two chicks. I could cite many other similar finds. The birds have scattered over a rather large territory; a great many are now seen in the big mountains where they associate themselves with the native mountain pheasants, of which there are a good many.

In 1896 the gun club succeeded in getting a law passed through the Legislature protecting these birds in the various counties in which they were placed, for a period of five years, with a penalty of $25 for any person caught with one of the birds dead or alive. A boy caught a finely plumed cock in a trap three years ago, and immediately brought the pheasant to Knoxville and offered it for sale, he was told of the offense and an officer accompanied him back home and saw the bird liberated just where he was trapped. The report was circulated around the country and had a good effect; the boy thought it a very rare specimen of mountain pheasant and expected to realize a fancy price.

In the 1900 Legislature this law was renewed until 1905, at which time we expect to have the greatest pheasant reserve in the country, and I think if any person who reads this will stop and figure a little, he will agree with me.

Every one who is familiar with English ring-neck pheasants, will, I think, agree that they are very hardy birds; being large and strong, they are far more capable of protecting themselves than are quail and other similar game birds, and are large breeders. Now just to give you some idea of the probable reserve at the end of the ten years' protection, we will not consider the last nine birds put out, but will assume that each of the ten hens put out in 1895 will hatch a brood of twenty chicks each, which is really a small hatching for these birds. We will allow fifty per cent. for destruction by hawks, foxes and other natural causes. This should give us a balance of 117 birds the first year. Using the same proportion of seven cocks and ten hens, when the law protecting them expires Jan. 1, 1906, we should have no less than twenty-one million ring-neck pheasants, which if placed twenty-five birds in every square yard, would be enough to cover 12,000 acres of land. Now, if any gentleman thinks we are going too high, we will take five birds as an average brood and still have ten and one-half million birds, or enough to load three thousand 30,000-pound freight cars.

These pheasants are in a territory that would largely be under control of the proposed Appalachian National Park in Tennessee. This great movement and its consummation by the National Government will be its greatest gift to the South in its history; and the benefits to all the States lying east and west of the Appalachian range, from Pennsylvania to Florida and from the Mississippi River to the Atlantic Ocean cannot be estimated. We want this Appalachian Park, and we want it bad, and if Congress will authorize this great movement, with the protection afforded by the Government, within ten years East Tennessee and western North Carolina will be the greatest game bird preserve ever known to the world. If you

do not realize what the Appalachian National Park movement really means, then get some literature on the subject, read up on it, then take five minutes' of your time and write your Congressman to favor the bill when it comes before the next House, for it is surely coming before that body of lawmakers.

Along with the many other interesting points of a ring-neck pheasant, there is no handsomer bird; the plumage of a well-preserved cock pheasant is something beautiful. A friend told me that while on a fishing trip on the Little Pigeon River, forty miles above Knoxville, two summers ago, one afternoon while patiently awaiting the maneuvers of a black bass, a slight noise at his back attracted his attention. He had heard some pheasant whistling near by, so he carefully turned his eye toward the noise without moving, and there, within twenty feet, were two hens standing on a mound, and in half a minute a full-plumed cock appeared. He carefully surveyed the surroundings and then began what proved the greatest exhibition of pride my friend had ever seen. He said the cock walked around in the most dominant manner it is possible to conceive, every feather seeming to be placed to the best advantage, with his long tail made into a fan, he swelled his neck to wonderful proportions, all of which the hens seemed to appreciate to the greatest degree of admiration; the exhibition, he said, would make a turkey gobbler or a peacock absolutely ashamed of himself.

I am not as familiar with the habits of ring-neck pheasants as I should like to be, and would be glad to hear more of the great bird from parties who are interested.

Nov. 1 was opening day in Tennessee on quail, and was taken advantage of by a good many local sportsmen. The weather was all that could be desired for a day in the fields with a dog and gun. However, owing to the very rank growth of weeds and briers, and exceedingly dry weather, the bags were small, so far as I have learned. The birds found splendid hiding and it was hard work for the dogs. The season has been the best in years, and birds are plentiful.

For the first time in years I spent the day in the field, and there being no school on Saturday, took my second son, Pete, along, he being very anixous to try his new Marlin repeater. We went twenty miles out on the Southern Railway, where I have the run of two large plantations, which I helped to restock with quail after the big freeze, and upon our return to the station at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, we found we had twenty-six fine birds. The boy made two nice doubles, bagging eight birds in all out of six or seven covies found, the last of which was at the edge of a plowed field. Two got up, which I downed; two got up for Pete, which he knocked down within twenty feet of each other, which made five birds at five shots—time, one-half minute. Who did better?

SAMUEL B. DOW.

The Vanishing Woodcock.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Nov. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your typesetters made witchwork with my verses, "Over the Long Divide," in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 18, by printing "Bland choral symphonies" instead of "Heard," etc. It did not interfere with the rhyme, but it spoilt the reason!

I have been very much interested in the various letters relating to the vanishing woodcock, and agree with your other correspondents that some measures should be taken at once to prevent their entire extinction, and among them I suggest a complete close season at the North until the first of September, and at the South after the first of January. In fact, I do not see why the general Government is not able to pass a law prohibiting the killing of all migratory birds, not the special property or production of any State, such as swans, geese, ducks, woodcock, etc., from the first of March to the first of September. I think it would be fully as constitutional as the Lacey Bill, so called.

I have not shot a woodcock myself for many long years, and only know of their scarcity from general report, but such letters as those of Mr. C. M. Stark are conclusive to me, for he writes from a region which I know well, where these birds were so abundant fifty years ago, that the great dish, at the annual dinner of the manufacturing companies at Manchester, N. H., the first week in October, and to which 100 to 150 guests always assembled, was "broiled woodcock," which mine host Shepherd, of the Manchester House, one of the old-fashioned New England innkeepers, always provided in great style, and for which he always found plenty of birds, as the flight was then in full tide.

I knew the woodcock coverts around Manchester well some forty years ago, and many a pleasant day have I had after the birds in those days, of one of which I was reminded by Charles Cristadoro's letter describing shooting in Connecticut, published a few weeks since. It was a bright Indian summer day, the 1st of November, in 1861, I think. There were three of us, one having with him a staunch old pointer, over which he had shot for years; another a younger pointer he was training for me, and myself. The bag we got was a mixed one, like Mr. Cristadoro's, but a satisfactory one on the whole. It comprised woodcock, ruffed grouse and gray squirrels, and although it is so long since that I forget nearly all the details, I well remember two of my own shots, one, the first one I fired, where I "wiped the eyes" of both of my companions, by a long-range shot at a bird they had both missed, just as he was disappearing round a clump of alders, and the other at a bird going straight away, which my companions both said I had missed, but which I followed up over two stone walls and a road, until I found him, flat on his back in the next pasture, his red breast gleaming in the sun, amid the brown grass.

I think we got a brace of great northern hares that day also. I was shooting that fall with a 14-gauge gun, made by Kirkwood, of Boston, belonging to an old friend of mine, and one of the best guns I ever brought to my shoulder. It had more drop of stock than my own 12-gauge, which was all right to pick a gray squirrel out of a tall tree, but with which I always shot over on the level. I shall never forget that day, the mild air, the bright sunshine, the pleasant companionship and the perfect working of the young dog. We have all laid down the gun now, and one has gone "over the long divide," where the others must soon follow in the natural course of the time.

But this is a diversion from my topic of game protection. I want to see "spring shooting" stopped entirely, and I know no other way than for Congress to assume the authority, and I believe that such a "State's rights" man as Senator Vest would find it constitutional!

Game protection is showing its effects here in this town. Deer are frequently seen, and one herd of three is often noticed on a hill farm, about three miles east of the village. One of my young friends, Mr. F. Way, shot a fine three-year-old buck over in Vermont, where shooting is allowed the last ten days of October, which dressed 145 pounds. It was shot at the base of Skitsewauke Mountain, very near the spot where one was shot last year, and about two miles from this village. I think in a few years more we may be able to allow a short open season in the lower counties of this State, though I do not expect to ever take advantage of it myself. Blaze away at spring shooting in every number, you will bring down the game some day!

VON W.

A Wild Goose on Staten Island.

Shooting in Greater New York.

ON Saturday, Oct. 24, of this year, my brother Will and I started to go blackfishing. The wind was blowing pretty stiffly from the east, our usual storm quarter.

The distance from father's house to the light house where we keep our boat, is about a half mile; I took my gun, thinking we might have some chances at ducks.

When half the distance had been traversed, Will suddenly said, "What is that in Vanderbilt's wheat field, a wild goose?" Looking in the direction toward which he was pointing I saw my first live wild Canada goose on terra firma, and getting opposite where he was feeding on the young wheat, we crouched behind some scrub pines and held a consultation of war. As he was about 150 yards away and nothing better than 1½-inch wheat to conceal one's self, you can imagine what a chance we had of securing him. However, the only chance was to try to "sneak" near enough to secure a shot. So getting flat upon my stomach I began to crawl toward him. Moving only when he bent his head to feed, I slowly made my way toward him. It was hard work, and rough on both me and the wheat. I had made probably fifty yards, and not being used to such work, my head was aching fearfully with every move forward.

The goose now began to observe something suspicious in such a large object upon the hitherto open field, and I was compelled to be more careful than ever.

Soon he began to move away at a right angle, walking faster than I could crawl without being observed, and I looked around to ascertain the cause. In the open field, not 200 yards away, and walking directly toward Mr. goose, came a man. Thinking him a farm hand and realizing that what remained to be done must be done quickly, I jumped to my feet and made for the goose at a dead run. I had not gone six paces when he rose on the wing and started away. Hastily checking myself I gave him both barrels of No. 2 shot, without appearing to disturb him any. Away he flew and making for a marsh about a mile away, pitched.

I turned back and then recognized my father as the man who was walking on the goose. He had come down the road, and when Will showed him the goose, he had walked out in the field, intending to walk around him and walk him back to me. When he reached a certain distance Will was to also start out. Here is where they made their mistake: if Will had gone first, I should have known him instantly and divined his purpose, but supposing father anywhere else but in that field, I did not know him.

We now gathered up our traps and continued to the lighthouse, where Will borrowed "Uncle" Jake's gun and he and I started out for Mr. goose. As Will has killed hundreds of geese in North Dakota, he assumed the leadership, and when we approached the marsh (nearly all covered with cat-tails) he told me to go to the right and he went to the left. Keeping close to the reeds, I made my way carefully along, alert and watchful. I had gone perhaps 75 yards, when a shot rang out, and the No. 4s flew all about me.

Making my way back to Will, I found him at the edge of a "pond hole" and a dead goose in the center. He had shot it through the head while it was swimming in the water, as "Uncle" Jake's gun was only a single barrel and the shot, No. 4, a trifle light.

Getting some stones, we forced the goose to the sedge and carried it triumphantly back to "Uncle" Jake's.

As it was blowing too hard to go fishing, we returned home, and taking my Irish setter (Taffy) I started for a walk and incidentally some game.

As Staten Island hunting is very uncertain, it does not appeal very strongly to Will (who has had such fine shooting out West), so he decided to remain at home.

Heading for a marsh about a half mile distant, I started Taffy looking for English snipe. Like all other Irish setters that I have seen he is very wild for some time after leaving his chain, and he went through the marsh like "hot cakes."

We had covered perhaps 100 yards, when *scaipe, scaipe* went an Englishman, zig-zagging on the left quarter, about 50 yards away, in a frenzy to escape. Right and left barrels rang out in rapid succession, and he came down in a heap, leaving a trail of feathers floating slowly earthward. Taffy retrieved him in splendid form, and we moved forward hoping for more. This was the first English snipe I had shot this fall, and I think it will be my last.

We covered considerable marshy ground after this without a bird, and then passed down to the shore. After walking perhaps three-quarters of a mile I had fallen into a "brown study" and thoughts of birds were far away, when I was startled by the sharp whistle of the yellow-leg, as five of the large ones flushed from a hog, right and left followed each other quickly, and two of the beauties dropped in the water, one only wing broken, the others made a circle and I hastily inserted two more shells into the gun, whistling as I did so. Attracted by the whistle and the wounded bird, they came gracefully around in good range. This time only one came to earth, but I am sorry to say that the other was wounded, and although showing signs of distress, he made good his escape, in company with his fellow.

After Taffy had retrieved the birds, we crossed a meadow and a "flood gate" by the mill pond, and began a tour of the creeks in hopes of a shot at a duck or meadow hen. Shortly after Taffy pointed in the short meadow grass and thinking he had a wren, I called him off. He remained rigid, however, with right forefoot lifted, and I made toward him. Suddenly the bird moved and he sprang for it, whereupon it flushed and was bagged cleanly by my right. A few rods further I flushed a sora rail and added that to my bag, which was assuming respectable proportions.

Now ensued a long ramble around the various creeks, and I was beginning to lose my alertness, when, with a roar of wings a big black duck flared straight toward me. Realizing that my No. 9s were of small moment, I gave him the benefit of the 7½s, and followed it with the 9s; although he continued his flight, he was hard hit, and I watched him getting lower and lower, and finally alight about 600 yards away.

I marked him down carefully, and keeping Taffy to heel, made my way quickly toward him. I thought he had dropped in a clump of blue-bent, but I beat it all over without result. Leaving the grass, I went into an adjoining corn-stubble about 50 yards further and then turned and came back, facing the wind.

Taffy being sent on ahead, ranged back and forth, and finally pointed just at the edge of the blue-bent, but in the stubble. Stepping forward I could not see the duck until he moved and tried to get away; he had covered himself or crawled under some thick soft grass. As he could not fly, Taffy caught him and retrieved him. Then I started homeward fully satisfied with my day's hunt. I reached home at 3 P. M., having been away six hours. As I was going to Connecticut after woodcock the next week, I had my grip full of togs and had to carry my game on a string.

As a wild goose is a rarity on Staten Island, you can imagine the excitement my string created. When I reached the railroad station old Staten Islanders said it was the finest "mess" they had seen in ten years.

In the smoking car, on the boat, up Broadway, across the bridge, and uptown on the Kings County L, it was a continual craning of necks and murmurs of admiration at my game, principally caused by the goose, which was a beauty. It weighed 9 pounds and measured (if I remember aright) six feet from tip to tip.

Thus ended one of those pleasant and eventful trips which remain ever green in memory, to be recalled, ever and anon, with increasing vividness, as youth departs before the irresistible demands of increasing years, and the snowy hair betokens the ripeness of the human fruit.

W. H. EMMONS.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 15.

The Coot as a Game Bird.

WITH the gradual decline of duck hunting on Lake Washington, which forms the eastern boundary of Seattle, and extends both north and south of the boundary limits for eight or nine miles either way, there has grown up a system of shooting that is actually funny, irrespective of what one's personal ideas may be about it from an ethical standpoint. I refer to the Sunday battery shooting directed at the awkward and ungainly coot, or, as we call it in the Pacific Northwest, mud hen. Two weeks ago, while coming down from the head of the lake late in the afternoon, I counted three cripples and anywhere from eight to a dozen dead birds. True, it is that Sunday is a day of reckoning for the mud hen. Its slate-black body and ivory-white pointed bill make a good target.

The cannonading commences with the first signs of dawn and lasts, with now and then a lull, all day long. Far down the lake you will see a small launch, and a few moments later the breeze brings to your ears the sounds of guns. Bang—bang—bang, bang, bang, they go. With a wild beating of wings against the water the mud hens are under way. They kick their long, awkward legs out behind, and stretch their black necks forward until at last they get up enough momentum to permit of a fairly rapid and steady flight. Often they will fly at such an angle to the invading battery that a good opportunity is offered for a second volley. It is not so easy as one might imagine to do effective shooting under the latter conditions. The bird offers a good target, and if it does not have the speed of a duck or the corkscrew motion of the snipe, yet the motion of the boat from the waves as well as from the engine injects problems that must be figured out quickly and accurately if good results are to be obtained.

I have seen men who were rated as good shots fail to get "everything in sight," when shooting from a moving launch. Of course, it is an easy matter to get a mud hen just as it gets up, especially if it goes straight away; because the body of the bird sags low, the wings are outstretched and motion is not rapid.

It would seem as though the mud hens of Lake Washington would learn the value of a long flight, but somehow or other they are in the same places every Sunday and seldom take trouble to move until the enemy is within range. I have seen it stated by some authorities that the mud hen is shy of man, but out in the Pacific Northwest the reverse is true; they seem to court danger; perhaps they have enjoyed immunity so long, owing to the "strength" of their flesh, that they believe there is no danger.

I have no idea of the number of small launches that go out with parties, numbering from one to three, for a run after mud hens. One Sunday I counted up to eight and then stopped, and, mind you, I was at only one spot on the lake, while the mud hens are found in every bay along the lake, which easily has a circumference of sixty miles, probably nearer eighty. I asked one party what luck it had and the reply was, "Oh, we picked up a dozen; I guess we got half as many more." At this rate at least 100 mud hens are killed every week, and yet I cannot see that there is any signs of a decrease.

Judging from the effort it requires for a mud hen to fly, one would think that migration could not enter to any great extent into their habits, yet J. Percy Parkinson, formerly editor of the Nome News, who is now in Seattle, says that the mud hen is one of the yearly visitors to the north, and with other water fowl makes its way south in the fall, following the Siberian coast and then the long chain of Aleutian islands. Some of them undoubtedly remain in their Washington marsh homes the year around, but there is no question but that a large majority disap-

pear. I have noticed that Lake Washington is almost destitute of mud hens until about Sept. 1, when they commence to appear, as if by magic.

In times past I have condemned hunters for shooting the mud hen on the ground that it was a harmless thing, even if it were a nuisance. I was surprised to see a statement recently in the New York Sun to the effect that ducks usually gave up feeding grounds to the mud hen. On further investigation, however, I discovered that Leffingwell, who is a most conservative authority on wildfowl shooting, took the position that mud hens kept ducks away from decoys, or, as they say out in the Pacific Northwest, "boosters."

While it is never too late to learn, I must confess that I had never noticed that the mud hen interfered with duck shooting, and I have often seen good-sized flocks of ducks floating about in the water with large gatherings of mud hens. I should be pleased to hear from hunters of this section what their observations have been on this point. C. B. Yandell, who has hunted both in the South, Middle West and Pacific Northwest, said that while he had not given the subject special attention, yet he was surprised to hear that the mud hen was injurious to duck shooting.

More mud hens are eaten now in this part of the country than ever before, which I take to be a certain sign that duck shooting is not the sport it used to be. To those who enjoy this bird I willingly grant my share. I have tried to eat the mud hen, but found the game too strong for me every time. The taste is a combination of mud and fish and it will stay with you indefinitely. The impression left is almost everlasting. However, Captain A. R. Leake, who used to run the Eagle Boat House on Lake Washington, confidently informed me that he would just as soon eat a good fat mud hen as the best red-head that ever ducked eighty times before the weary hunter finally landed him.

"This prejudice against mud hen," said the captain, "is all bosh. Why I can cook a mud hen so you couldn't tell it from the finest duck that ever flopped a wing, or wiped the eyes of a hunter."

I asked the captain how he cooked the bird, and he said that he cooked it until all the strong flavor was cooked out of it. These directions were rather indefinite, but I passed them over to my hunting companion, L. F. Murdock, who can cook anything in the catalogue from a dish of mush to a Delmonico dinner. He was very skeptical, but said he would make one last effort to see if there was anything in the captain's contention. He kept that lone mud hen in water over night, he parboiled that poor fowl, he cooked it in water dosed with soda, he stuffed it with garlic and everything else known to the culinary art in hope of beating that fish and mud taste, but when the dinner came I capitulated—mud hen is too strong for me. But it furnishes great sport for the boys on Lake Washington.

PORTUS BAXTER.

Deer and Humans.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The story is told, I think, of Coal Oil Johnny or some other lightning high roller spendthrift, when, after having gotten through with buying hotels and giving them away and chartering special trains and yachts and other things, on once more donning his overalls and with pick and shovel working in the ditch, a lawyer came along and notified him that an uncle in Ireland had just died and left him a million. With a look of despair on his face Coal Oil Johnny exclaimed: "My God! Must I go through all this thing again?"

And so with the deer-shooting season, it's on again and it's up to the reader of the morning paper to once more go through the daily accidental killings. And despite all the warnings and preachings, the same crowd, with numerous additions, are trapsing into the woods armed with their small caliber rifles and their pockets filled with steel jacketed smokeless ammunition. There is about as much sense in taking such rifles and ammunition into the thickly grown woods of Minnesota and Wisconsin as there would be in using a Gatling gun wherewith to hunt cottontails in the brush.

Certainly deer hunting has its joys and pleasures, for during these beautiful autumn days perhaps no places are more inviting than the forests and the clearings, yet one takes one's life in hand when entering the forests during the open season for moose and deer. And curious to relate, the aim of the "thought-it-was" hunter is so absolutely deadly on human beings, horses and cattle, while when shooting at the real thing the emptied magazine and a circle of spent shells is the only thing to show.

It may be an inconsequential thing to accidentally shoot a fellow hunter in the woods, nothing further coming from it than appearing before a coroner's jury and being exonerated, but not so as to killing stock. Two Nimrods saw something brown through the brush and blazed away in their excitement, pumping their magazines empty and sending every bullet home. Hastening toward their prostrate game, they found stretched out upon the ground a heavy draft horse, such as is used in lumber camps, breathing his last, his side showing where every ball had entered. And attracted by the fusilade the camp boss appeared on the scene and demanded a quick settlement then and there. Between the two hunters $100 in ready cash was raised and handed over, and the trio marched to camp and then and there notes—demand—were signed for $150 more, and the hunters went back home to think it over and raise the stuff.

Who ever heard of a hunter being fined for killing another hunter accidentally in the woods? And the moral stands that it is cheaper to kill a human being in the woods than the stock of the farmer or camp owner.

A report comes in of a mother, with a babe, standing in the doorway of her cabin in the clearing, hearing something whiz past her face and feeling the child shiver, she looks down to see the child lifeless in her arms. Simply a case of a steel jacketed bullet "fetching up somewhere."

A traveling man reported to me an incident of eight men going into the woods deer hunting, and when they returned the party brought home three dead comrades and two deer. This was vouched for as a fact.

But then what's the use of preaching, like Coal Oil Johnny, we take up our morning paper and go all through it again.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

The Elk I Did Not Get.

WE had talked of little but bull elk for three months. We had studied every available map of the Northwest. We had finally agreed as to the place, and our dreams were soon to be realized.

We arrived at Athens, Mont., about midnight, Oct. 20, 1901. Our luggage was hastily hurried from the car, and with a hearty "good luck" from the train crew they were off, the colored lights disappearing around a curve into the darkness, and we were alone. A hasty examination of our surroundings disclosed the fact that Athens consisted of a board with that name painted thereon, nailed upon a post, and a deserted pump house. We soon had our luggage together beside the latter, built a fire, and after a lunch of coffee, canned beans and hardtack, rolled ourselves in our blankets to be lulled to sleep by the autumn wind whispering through the pines.

Next morning our guide, with whom we had made previous arrangements, appeared bright and early, and by 4 o'clock that afternoon had reached our destination on the shores of beautiful Lake Ashley, and felt that we had made no mistake in the selection of our hunting grounds. After a supper of mountain trout, flapjacks and coffee, we lit our pipes and sat around the camp-fire, our guide entertaining us with stories of his early days in Montana. He related how he had seen deer come and browse from the branches of the identical tree from which he had been chopping wood; how he had shot and killed an immense silver-tip, the largest known to have been killed in Flathead Valley; how he had been attacked by a mountain lion, which drove him to a small cave in the rocks, where it held him a prisoner all that night and greater part of the next day, he defending himself with a club, with which he finally, driven desperate by hunger and thirst, dispatched the beast. He told us of a band of Indians that had run down a large herd of elk, aided by the deep snow, and had killed them all, some thirty in number, on the identical place where we were now camped. Full of these stories of the chase, we rolled ourselves in our blankets and long after my companions were asleep, I lay there, listening to the many sounds that came from the forest. A soliatry bobcat screeched from his stronghold in the cliffs over the lake, and I thought it the most dismal sound I had ever heard. Now my attention was attracted by the little stream, the outlet of the lake, babbling over its rocky bottom, and my mind went back to school days at the thought of the little poem:

"Men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever."

But listen! What is this sound I hear? Is it the sound of some great animal trampling in the mucky banks, or is it the wind. The sound grows louder and more distinct. Yes, surely this must be some animal, perchance an elk, cooling his burning hoofs in the cool stream after many a mile of travel through the uplands in quest of food. I grasped my rifle and crept forth.

The great hunter's moon had just arose above the horizon, and there before me, his great massive antlers dimly outlined in the moonlight, stood the one object of which I had thought, talked, yes, even dreamed about: a beautiful bull elk. How my eyes feasted on his beautiful form. I could see him more distinctly now; could even count the points on the coveted antlers that would soon be mine, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven—seven points. I had honed for eight, but would surely be content with these. I raised my rifle and taking steady aim at the massive shoulder, fired——.

"Goll ding it all, ain't you fellers ever going to git up?" shouted our guide. "Breakfast ready and waiting."

I sat up and looked about me in amazement. There was the guide bustling about camp getting breakfast, my partner just emerging from his pile of blankets, but my elk had disappeared into the depths of dreamland.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Good Duck Shooting.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 14.—The good duck shooting which began ten days ago has continued with us throughout the week up to this time, so that on the whole we may call the fall duck shooting here above the average in excellence. In the past week some very good bags have been made at all of the remaining open waters of this State, and nearly all of the better ducking clubs have been adding good scores to their game records.

Day before yesterday was well nigh a record breaker in the way of an exodus of duck shooters. Reports came down from Fox Lake the day previous to the effect that a heavy flight of birds was in on that country, and on the day mentioned it is stated that more than 30 shooters left Chicago for that district. One can nearly always count upon plenty of company if he goes to Fox Lake. Grass Lake, or any of the marshes in that vicinity, but the man who was up there yesterday would probably have been lucky if he came back without having his skin full of shot. Some stories of good bags come from Fox Lake, but when these are sifted down it is found that the mud hen makes a large factor. Yet they undoubtedly had a big flight of mallards in over that country for the past week, and a few of these have been killed.

Mr. W. L. Wells, mentioned last week as starting for a ducking trip, had only one day's shooting, but got 14 fine mallards. His companion, Mr. Robert Stites, has not yet returned.

Mr. Eddie Pope came in from New Boston with the report that the warm weather had continued in that vicinity and that no great number of birds had been seen near the river in the Mississippi valley. He says that the mallards are in but that they stick to the cornfields and will not take to the overflows in the timber land until rough weather or a snowstorm drives them in for shelter.

Mr. I. V. Clarke, elected last week a member of the Tolleston Club, left this week for these happy hunting grounds. Mr. C. S. Dennis went with him. Mr. Dennis one day this week ran down to the club, which is only about 28 miles from the center of Chicago. He go there about noon, had lunch and by 3:30 had knocked down 18 fat mallards.

Mr. Geo. Adams, also of the Tolleston Club, reported that he got his limit of 24 birds before 11:30 o'clock of the morning he was down.

Mr. Geo. Marshall, formerly a prominent member of the Calumet Heights Club, was down at Water Valley, Ind., one day this week and killed 19 mallards before 3:30 o'clock.

All along the Kankakee marshes the sport has been very good, the best, perhaps, which has been known for many years. The weather has been just severe enough, cold storms alternating with warm days, so that the flight is in on this country, but not yet driven toward the south. At this writing the temperature is rapidly dropping and we may expect the coldest weather which we have had yet this fall, all of which may tend to give us even better duck shooting than we have had for a few days, barring an absolute freeze up.

Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, left early in the week for Swan Lake Club, and is supposed to be meeting good sport, although no word has come up from him since his departure.

Mr. Hempstead Washburne leaves this afternoon for a trip to Tolleston Club.

The Quail Crop.

Nothing very startling comes in regarding the extent of the quail crop. There are some birds, but there is no such startling aggregate as was the case two years ago this fall. Several shooters have gone down to that once famous point, Neoga, on the Illinois Central in this State. There is a dog trainer there by the name of Kunz who works dogs for some of the Chicago shooters, hence this point is very well known. Mr. C. H. Bonnell, of this city, returned from this point a few days ago and reported that while they found some birds, the crop was nothing startling. Mr. J. L. Jones, of this city, who was shooting in the same vicinity, had not been heard of at last accounts. Mr. Harry Raymond and his friend, Mr. Blair, also went in at Neoga this week and are thought to be sharing on about the same basis in the quail shooting of that vicinity.

Mr. E. Ellicott, city electrician of Chicago, left this afternoon for Custer, this State, where he meets Bill Haskell, also a member of the Wishininne Club. Mr. Haskell says that there are ducks and quail in abundance at Custer. Mr. Ellicott takes with him his two setters, which I saw this afternoon and which I must say are two of the handsomest bird dogs I have seen in a long while. He should have good sport in view of the nature of his rolling stock.

The Deer Season.

The deer season is now in full swing in our north woods, and it is to be supposed that the usual number of deer are being killed. The shortness of the season and the growing observation of the game laws still assure us some deer in Wisconsin and Michigan.

The usual number of fatalities are beginning to be announced from the deer hunting country, the names of the victims of shooting accidents being, in most cases, suppressed. Another proof of the haste and carelessness of a certain class of deer shooters is to be found in reports of several horses which have been killed by fools with guns. In Ontanogan County, Mich., a lumberman by the name of Duquette lost a horse said to be worth $250. He made the men who shot the horse settle up with him in full before they left the neighborhood.

At Otsego, Mich., Henry Shoulders was riding through the woods on a white horse. A shooter by the name of A. S. Myers saw the horse going through the woods and fired at it, as he says, on the suposition that it was a wolf. It is difficult to understand why a peaceable white horse should look like a wolf, but, at any rate, Myers shot the horse in the head, happily missing the rider. The horse is not yet dead. Mr. Myers paid Mr. Shoulders $100 for his mistake.

Still another story of a similar nature is told regarding a Republic, Mich., man, who also had his horse killed under him. It is getting to be nearly as dangerous to go deer hunting, or even not to go deer hunting, up in this country as it is to go into a pitched battle. When a hunter can come back and tell how many horses he had killed under him, he is, in a fashion, getting into the class of George Washington, General Grant, etc. There seems to be no practical remedy for this criminal carelessness with firearms.

Too Much Venison.

A Davenport, Ia., man by the name of Davis undertook to go home from Wisconsin by way of St. Paul. He had four saddles of venison with him, the law allowing but two. He was arrested and taken from the train at St. Paul by the able wardens of that city, but making a strong talk to Warden Boyd about his prominence, his certainty to return, etc., he was allowed to go on his way to Iowa, leaving his venison behind him. There was a considerable stir over the matter at the time, but owing to the fact that he is now out of the jurisdiction of Warden Boyd, the matter seems to be at an end at this writing. The Davis incident may give warning to other shooters who propose breaking the Minnesota game laws because they don't happen to suit their convenience. St. Paul is getting to be a dangerous place for law breakers, and has been all through the fall. To be hauled off of a train en route home, to have one's game confiscated and to linger for a few days in the custody of the Minnesota law officers is no very pleasant thing to contemplate. The best and simplest way is not to break the law.

Millionaires and Ducks.

Speaking of St. Paul, another little case comes to mind showing that one cannot with impunity always break State laws, even though rich. There are a couple of shooters by the name of Thompson who go out into North Dakota from St. Paul, wealthy men and apparently caring for little but shooting. I always thought that a man who was placed where he didn't have to work ought to work a little bit, anyhow; but that's neither here nor there, and this particular phase of the Messrs. Thompsons' sphere in life does not concern us. The important thing is that they kept on shipping ducks out of North Dakota into St. Paul, obviously with the understanding of some one at the

shooting end of the line. Warden Fullerton, learning of the arrival of one big bunch of ducks from North Dakota, instructed his deputy warden to seize them, and he did so, 176 ducks being seized, which had been shipped in trunks and in a carry-all bag. It had been the custom of the Messrs. Thompson to send their ducks to cold storage in St. Paul, and hardly had the warden confiscated these birds before the wagon of the cold storage firm called for them. The warden refused to give them up. A short time after this an attorney by the name of Griggs called upon Warden Fullerton and stated that these ducks had been seized without due process of law and asked Fullerton if he would give them up. Mr. Fullerton's answer was short and direct. He said "No."

"If I get a statement from your district attorney here in St. Paul stating that the Lacey Law is no good in this case, will you give them up then?"

"No," was the answer.

"If I get a statement from the attorney-general of the State of Minnesota to the effect that the clause of the Lacey Law is invalid, will you give up the ducks?"

"No," said Mr. Fullerton.

To several other hypothetical questions he returned the same answer, and Mr. Griggs, a far less pompous lawyer than when he came in, left the office, having failed to make Mr. Fullerton turn over the ducks to the Thompsons by means of a straight bluff.

Mr. Griggs then went to the governor of the State, seeking to bring the highly commendable agency of political pull into play. The governor was not accessible, but his right-hand man stated that he always thought Mr. Fullerton an able officer, and he declined to interfere.

Mr. Griggs then called upon a certain U. S. Senator, and the Senator called Mr. Fullerton up. "Sam," said he to Mr. Fullerton, "you know I don't want to interfere, but I just thought I would ask you in my personal capacity if you would give up these ducks." Mr. Fullerton said no, and the U. S. Senator replied that it was all right.

Upon this Mr. Griggs brought suit against the State Fish and Game Commission, and the case will come up for trial later on. It is in many ways an interesting one. Mr. Fullerton wrote to the authorities in North Dakota and asked their co-operation in the prosecution of the suit. He received no reply. He wrote yet again to the attorney-general of the State, and at this writing has had no answer. While it is not within the bounds of courtesy or of knowledge to accuse the State warden of North Dakota of any criminal knowledge of this violation of the North Dakota law, the fact remains that North Dakota had not at the date of two days ago, taken any steps to aid in the fighting of the suit. Mr. Fullerton got little assistance from Mr. Palmer, at Washington, who has most to do with the enforcement of the Lacey Law. The case of the Thompsons will be fought upon a technicality which may show a weakness in the Lacey Law which ought soon to be remedied. It is claimed that the birds were killed legally in the State of North Dakota, and that the Lacey Law acts only in the case of birds killed illegally. The question of illegal shipment, according to Thompson's lawyers, cuts no figure if the birds were killed legally. It is admitted that the birds were not properly tagged, as the Lacey Law stipulates, but it is held by the plaintiffs in this case that this does not operate, since the birds were killed legally. The intent of the law and the construction of the law will all come up in this trial. Even if Mr. Fullerton shall eventually be defeated on this technicality, too much praise cannot be given him for the courage with which he resisted all this pressure brought to bear upon him and stood out for the upholding of the game laws even when he was not sure that he had absolute footing beneath him. This case will, therefore, be an interesting one. If it shall bring into public contempt the wealthy men who openly and deliberately break the game laws of this and a sister State, it will have a good effect, no matter what the result of this suit may be.

Cobb Caught.

One Mr. Cobb, a cold storage man in St. Paul, has at different times figured in game law incidents in the city of St. Paul. We may remember that last summer a little convention of game wardens was held out at the Yellowstone Park. Here is one of the results of it. The State game warden of Oregon had a decoy letter sent in to Mr. Cobb, of St. Paul, requesting that the latter ship him out a couple of dozen ducks forthwith. The ducks were sent through all right from St. Paul, all the way out to the Pacific coast. There was not much profit in two dozen ducks, and there will be still less by the time the Minnesota wardens get through with Mr. Cobb, who thus so easily put his head into what might have been called a pretty obvious sort of a trap.

Some of the above little incidents I learned from Mr. S. F. Fullerton himself in the course of a call made at this office during the week. Mr. Fullerton was in town on private business.

By the way, in regard to the charges made by a local sporting paper here against the honesty of Mr. Fullerton and his associate wardens, I think I violate no confidence in pointing out that, in view of the personal records of the executive officers of the Minnesota State Fish and Game Commission, there will be no retrocession from Mr. Fullerton's earlier statement that the American Field would either have to retract its charges of dishonesty or have a chance to prove them in court. As honest and fearless a man as Sam Fullerton would hardly be apt to rest under malicious vilification, such as that in question. The only wonder is that any paper claiming to appeal to the sportsmen of the country could ever find it within possibility to make such absurd and unfounded charges. Much of this will no doubt come out in legal developments, which will ensue in proper course.

Sportsman Receives Honor.

George Shiras, III., the well-known naturalist-photographer, whose beautiful flash-light pictures of deer have become classics, was in the late election chosen as representative in Congress for the Twenty-ninth District of the State of Pennsylvania. The Pittsburg Times prints comment upon this election in the following terms:

"The introduction of Mr. Shiras into the National hall of legislation will bring to the statesmen of the country a modest, unique and interesting figure. Mr. Shiras is six feet four inches tall. He is equipped for statecraft in every possible way, but by inclination. Naturally he turns to the rugged in life. The woods and water ways, wild animals and big game delight him more than do the confusing problems of law or legislation. Yet withal he has an artist's nature. He has rare capacity as a lawyer, and he is experienced in legislation. On account of the peculiar tastes and disposition with which Mr. Shiras is endowed, he has often been likened to President Theodore Roosevelt, and when he finally reaches Congress it it practically certain that the President will not have a more ardent supporter or advocate than the new Allegheny representative. He comes of a family of lawyers. His father, George Shiras, Jr., is now serving as a justice of the United States Supreme Court, while his uncle, Oliver P. Shiras, is United States district judge for Iowa.

From boyhood Mr. Shiras has been an ardent hunter, and big game has been the attraction. When he was but 12 years old he shot his first deer on a small lake in northern Michigan about eight miles distant from Lake Superior. He now owns that particular lake and about 3,000 acres of forest surrounding it. Within the week, likely, Mr. Shiras will go to his preserve, where he will entertain a party made up of members of his own family. Don M. Dickinson, ex-Postmaster-General of the United States; Harry Russell, president of the Michigan Central Railroad; W. H. Drummond, the poet laureate of Canada and a distinguished sportsman and writer, and others of the same class.

The flashlight photographs of wild animals taken by Mr. Shiras have commanded the admiration of civilization. He was the pioneer in that skillful work. While a fairly large class followed Mr. Shiras into that artistic school his work is said to lead them all and is alone in its kind. Mr. Shiras contends that the sight of a wild animal within photographing distance shows the necessary hunting skill and is just as thrilling to the hunter as is the killing of the animal and his school of sportsmen no longer raid the woods with their guns.

Meat in the Family.

My friend Powel writes me as below: "I went out the other afternoon at 3 P. M. from a place in the country where I was stopping, and took Dolly along. Found a bunch of quail in the cover, had four points, four shots, four quail. Then I saw a little bunch of mallards on a pond, and Dolly and I made the sneak of our lives to them. Got three nice fat mallards. Then some of the boys from town came down, and after supper we took the hounds and got three 'possums. We surely are going to have meat at our house for the next few days." Mr. Powel adds that the weather is still warm in his part of the world, but the prospect is for cooler days before long.

Saginaw Luck.

The Saginaw Crowd was out four days at the beginning of the Michigan shooting season, and had plenty of success, half a dozen guns averaging six or eight partridges and several quail to the day, the trip being one of the most successful the car party ever took, in spite of wet weather.

Long-Bowed Snowshoes.

Mr. W. W. Brown, of Springfield, Vt., writes: "I have just completed your 'Trip Across New Brunswick on Snowshoes.' There is just one thing I don't like about your tales. They are too quick. Otherwise they are all right. I have tried through stores here in the East to get two pair of the long turned-up snow shoes used in the Klondike country, and which you spoke of in the above story in the FOREST AND STREAM. Will you aid me in getting them? I saw some once in a sportsmen's show."

This is a funny world. Only the other day I got a postal card signed Many Readers, and dated at Worcester, Mass., chronicling an opinion directly the reverse of Mr. Brown's, and intimating that my story was "hot air" and ought to be discontinued at once. I thank Mr. Brown and Many Readers. As to the snowshoe, if Mr. Brown will write to Metz & Schloerb, Oshkosh, Wis., he can, I think, get a pair of these long-bowed snowshoes known as their "Alaska model." These shoes are, however, not filled in Alaska, but in Montreal. The round-toed Alaska snowshoe, made a little fuller in front than the model earlier mentioned, but filled in front of the toe bar in such way that the filling curves up and does not stretch flat across the bow, can be had in a shoe made in Montreal. I do not know the name of the Montreal firm making these shoes, though I believe they are strung by the St. Regis Indians. Perhaps M. F. Kennedy & Bros., of St. Paul, Minn., could give advice in this matter.

These shoes above mentioned would be as good as any trade shoes and far better than the average snowshoe made in the so-called Montreal pattern. Of course, if one could get the long bows and have them strung specially with caribou filling, and done by a man rather than by a woman, he would get a better and more durable shoe. I do not know whether Arthur Pringle, of Stanley, N. B., would fill one of these long bows or not, as he would naturally have a leaning toward the New Brunswick shoe with which he is so familiar. The filling in this New Brunswick shoe is too close for travel in the Rocky Mountains, where the snow is so moist and heavy. My own idea of a shoe for comfortable travel would be one of these Alaska models which would come about to the chin when one stands up by the shoes: these filled with meshes of not less than a half-inch in the body of the shoe, not quite so coarse in the toe filling, but made with a curved or convex toe, as is done by the Alaska Indians in their light and long "tripping" snowshoes. In these shoes the toe hole is long and ample. They are not comfortable for getting over logs and climbing through cedar windfalls, as the New Brunswick hunters and trappers are obliged to do very largely in their snowshoe work: but for straight-away travel on a fairly open trail, I personally prefer these long-bowed shoes to the shorter and wider "codfish" patterns.

Trapping Luck.

Mr. George T. Farmer, of this city, shook off the cares of business for ten days this month and went trapping up near Long Lake, in Wisconsin. Mr. Farmer used to be an employee of the Hudson Bay Co., so he knew something about setting traps. In ten days he caught seventy-six muskrats, seven good black mink, one raccoon and one skunk. Mr. Farmer tells me that he sets his skunk traps on a spring pole, so that when the animal springs the steel trap it is thrown into the water and drowned. This renders it odorless. Mr. Farmer also established connections for a few brief moments with an otter. He found a couple of the toes of this otter in one of his muskrat traps. The otter had cut down the brush to the full length of the chain and the little trap had apparently held him for quite a while.

Called.

Mr. Miles Taylor, an old-time Kansas shooting companion of mine, whom I have not seen for twenty years, called at my office one day this week, and I was unfortunate not to meet him. Mr. Taylor has for many years been the private secretary of Senator Marble, of Montana, and his residence has been for the greater portion of the time at Washington. W used to shoot ducks and geese together on the Arkansas River, and I would like to see him to talk over old times.

Decoyed In.

The largest black bass ever taken in Lake Minnetonka, Minn., and one of the largest recorded in the North, was captured a week or so ago by a young man by the name of Fuller. It weighed eight and one-half pounds, and at the same time he caught another one which weighed over six pounds. The big bass was taken in to the office of the State Fish and Game Commission, and is being mounted. This fish was caught not far from Spring Park, in the upper lake, and directly in front of the long cottage known as Camp Messasebe, on that water. The cottage was shut up, but there were a lot of old numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM lying around in it, and I have no doubt at all that the fish decoyed in to some of the fishing stories contained in the FOREST AND STREAM.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago.

New Brunswick Visiting Sportsmen.

THE Miramichi Advance, published at Chatham, N. B., makes this comment upon one of its contemporaries which has been indulging in unwarranted criticism of the non-resident law:

The Chatham World appears to have no regard whatever for facts when it undertakes to attack any individual or class of men. Its quarry last Saturday was the hunters who come here for big game. It represented that each hunter from the United States paid a license fee of only $20 and killed three moose—"one for himself, one for his guide and another for his servant." Everybody knows that this is a calumny as mean and cowardly as some other slanders for which that paper has been brought to book, for the sportsmen coming here from abroad—from the United States, as well as from Great Britain—are, as a class, very honorable men and particularly careful in their observances of the law.

The World further says that in some of the States the license for moose hunting is $100, and that a good many New Brunswickers are of opinion that foreigners should be required to pay as much as this for the privilege of hunting big game in this province.

There is a lot more of such stuff in the World's article, which shows that it is ignorant of the game laws of all North America and the conditions attending big game hunting, as well as entirely reckles and unreliable in making statements on the subject.

The non-resident hunting license fee in New Brunswick is $30—not $20.

There is no State in the American Union in which even one-half of $100 is charged for a moose hunting license. In many states no license fee at all is required. The lowest is in Maine, $5 for owners of hunting camps (guides) the highest in Wyoming, $40. With the single exception of the last named State, none of them charge as high a fee as New Brunswick does.

It is the pride of New Brunswickers interested in the subject that their province has the reputation all over North America of having the best code of game laws extant, and its officers command universal respect for the efficiency with which they are enforced. The world ought, therefore, to apologize for its untruthful and slanderous statements.

Long Island Game.

LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y., Nov. 13.—Advices from Brookhaven report that a party going out there shot 31 quail in one day. Plenty of ducks, both black and broadbill, are to be had at Brookhaven, and arrangements can be made with Shepperd Newey, of that place.

The Bohemia Club, located at Sayville, shot 25 deer the first day of the season. Ducks are plentiful in Great South Bay.

Deer shooting at Ronkonkoma has been remarkable this season—thirty deer having been killed, those having been shot weighing between 100 and 200 pounds. A remarkable buck taken from this station was shot by J. D. Crosby, of Lawrence, L. I., and a party of friends. It weighed 250 pounds, with antlers beautifully formed, each antler having three prongs and about a foot and a half long. It was about four years old and the most beautiful specimen seen here this season.

DEER are very few in number in Connecticut, though at long intervals it is announced that one has been seen. Not infrequently their tracks are found in the central part of the State in the town of Killingly, and a year or two since two were said to have been seen by residents on Stratford Point. Last week, Nov. 14, an antlered buck was found grazing in a rye field on Beaver Brook Farm, in the town of Milford, Connecticut, not very far from the Housatonic River. Just where he came from is uncertain. It will be remembered, however, that two or three years ago a resident of a small New York town on the Hudson River, not far from Sing Sing, lost a number of deer from her park by the breaking down of the fence. These deer, from all accounts, were never recovered, and it is very likely that they scattered themselves over western Connecticut.

Cuvier Club's Banquet.

THE twenty-ninth annual banquet of the Cuvier Club of Cincinnati will be held on Tuesday evening of next week, Nov. 25.

The Adirondack Deer.

THE deer hunting season in New York State, which opened on Sept. 1 and closed Saturday, Nov. 15, was, on the whole, a good one. The deer have been numerous and in fine condition, and hunters have been successful in obtaining a great many of them. There were probably more hunters who enjoyed the sport this year than ever before, and it was a fairly good season as to the conditions for hunting, although not an ideal one. During the early part of the hunting season and up to about Sept. 10, there were very many more deer killed in the Adirondacks than there ordinarily have been in the same period in preceding years. One reason for this was that the weather was favorable for the deer continuing to come down to the lakes, ponds and streams, as they are in the habit of doing in the summer months and the consequence was that many were killed by hunters who laid in ambush along the shores awaiting their appearance, or by others who in violation of the law hunted them after dark with the aid of artificial lights. The hunting accidents which occurred early in the season undoubtedly saved the lives of many deer, for the reason that hundreds and probably thousands of hunters who, but for the fatalities and casualties, would have visited the wilderness in September and October, were prevented from doing so by the thought that they might share the same fate that others had at the hands of careless marksmen.

So far as the conditions for hunting were concerned from Sept. 10 to Nov. 1, they were better on the whole than they were in the same period last year, for in spite of the fact that the woods were dry and noisy at times, there were more frequent rains this year and the conditions for still-hunting were more often favorable. Nevertheless, there was comparatively little hunting done during this time, for even the guides and woodsmen became very cautious about prowling through the undergrowth while the leaves were on and taking the chances of being mistaken for a deer. The result was that for several weeks after Sept. 10, there was a very marked decrease in the number of deer killed. About Nov. 1, however, hunters began to flock to the wilderness in great numbers, and within a week there were more men in the Adirondacks in pursuit of deer than had ever been there before at one time. The leaves had all fallen from the deciduous trees and shrubbery by now, and hunters were not only able to see a deer further in the woods, but they believed that there was less risk of being shot at through mistake. During the first days of November, however, it was very dry in the woods, and it was almost impossible for a hunter to get around without making a great noise in the leaves, and thus giving the deer an early warning of his approach. Still-hunting was out of the question, and whenever a deer was killed it was ordinarily the result of good luck rather than skill, but in spite of this state of affairs, there were a good many deer shot. But rain finally came and the last ten days of the season were as favorable for still-hunting as they possibly could be without snow on the ground. The wilderness was overrun with hunters and the crack of the rifle and boom of the shotgun resounded among the mountains and through the valleys from morning till night.

It is safe to assume that not more than one shot out of ten brought down a deer, and not more than one hunter in ten who visited the big woods killed his own venison, but notwithstanding these facts, there was a great slaughter. Although definite statistics are not yet obtainable, it is believed that the aggregate number of deer killed in the Adirondack region this fall was fully as large as last year.

It is an interesting fact that deer hunters are coming to exercise greater caution than ever before in regard to their shooting, most of them having established the rule never to fire at an object without knowing absolutely what they are shooting at. Quite a number of hunters and guides in different portions of the Adirondacks have set the fashion of wearing bright red hats, sweaters, shirts and occasionally full suits of red, in order to minimize the danger of their being mistaken for deer or bears. People who have made a study of the subject say that the wearing of red does not in the least diminish the probabilities of a hunter seeing game in the woods, but on the contrary it may assist him for nearly all animals, deer especially, are greatly interested in the color and pause to gaze at it with the same curiosity that they watch a light at night. Certainly it seems a very wise precaution, and it is believed that if all hunters would adopt it the result would be to materially lessen the number of shooting casualties.

According to reports which came in late in the season, there have been a good many violations of the game laws in the Adirondacks this fall, including several instances where dogs have been used in hunting deer. In a number of cases the hunters who have thus broken the law have muzzled their dogs so that they were prevented from giving voice while following a deer, the idea being to reduce the chances of detection. It is a shrewd dodge, but one which the game officials will probably not be slow in getting on to. The dogging of deer was carried on very openly last fall, but somewhat more caution seems to have been used this year. It is a practice which should certainly be stopped if the law is to be allowed to remain in force, for it is unjust to law-abiding hunters to permit such violations. It is extremely aggravating to a party of hunters who obey the law and fail to get a deer, to know that another party, whom there is good reason to suspect violated the law, although there may be no positive evidence of it, have killed their full quota of deer. Reports have also been received regarding the use of artificial lights in deer hunting, and of salt licks placed in the woods to entice the deer to some locality where it would fall an easy prey to the ambushed hunter. If the present force of State game protectors is not sufficient to insure the proper enforcement of the laws, then it should be augmented until it is equal to the emergency.

Although deer hunting has been permitted in Sullivan county during the past fifteen days for the first time in five years, and deer have been very abundant there, some of the hunters who reside in that county have beeen in the Adirondacks of late, giving as their reason for going such a distance from home that there were so many shooters from New York and elsewhere flocking into their towns that they did not care to risk going into the woods there. If the hunters have been any busier in Sullivan county during the past fortnight than they have in the Adirondacks, they must have stirred things up pretty thoroughly. W. E. WOLCOTT.

UTICA, N. Y., Nov. 19.

The Maryland Season.

STOCKTON, Worcester County, Md., Nov. 8.—The summer has passed, and the long, lovely days of fall are with us—days when it is perfect happiness just to be alive.

At one time it looked as if the summer would go by with no beach birds to our score; all July we waited with not a bird; the summer was cool and dry, with no water in the ponds, and no place for the birds to feed. Then August nearly passed, when at last there came a run of overflow tide, followed by heavy rains, and the yellowlegs and dowitchers swarmed in like the famous locusts of Egypt. It made grand sport; day after day we piled them up, two and three hundred of a morning, until the flight was gone. These flights lasted far into October, sometimes resting only for a day, then again two or three days would be their stay; but after the first flight, which lasted two weeks, none were with us in numbers more than three days at a time.

So far the fall has been very warm and pleasant, with few ducks on the shoals, except coots and shell ducks, which no one bothers. A heavy northeast dry storm has been blowing for several days, with a shifting to the north, and bluebills and redheads are coming in fast, the dark line of feeding beds are showing up nicely on the open shoals. This time last year the shooting was fine, but through the whole season everything, even our quail, appear to be from two to three weeks late. I am using both a double and a single battery this year; all my old patrons are much pleased with this, as two shooting together make it far more companionable, with no long waits for turns. Where but two are in the party they shoot from morning until night, every day they are here. In the single box one man can shoot all day, or two can take turns. We have plenty of grass feed on the shoals, and there is no reason why the fowl should not be with us in numbers exceeding last year's flight, which was the finest I ever saw here.

Like all other localities I can hear from, we have more quail here than ever before, but with many coveys of very small birds. O. D. FOULKS.

Test of Maine Game Laws.

A PECULIAR phase of the Maine game law is emphasized by the case of Lloyd Foss, of Bingham, who is wanted by the Maine game wardens on the charge of killing a bull moose out of season. Foss is to be brought into court and is due to receive a fine of from $500 to $1,000 or spend four months in jail. Foss makes no secret of killing the moose, but the case shows that the law affords protection to a fierce and rabid animal, but no protection to the taxpayer and resident of the State who, in self-defense, may kill a human being, but not an animal. The Maine moose have been uglier than ever this year, and several inoffensive loggers who were unarmed have been treed by moose. Hunters have also met the same fate and have not dared to shoot, for the law has forbidden the shooting of moose out of season and the authorities have refused to accept a plea of self-defense. A big ugly bull moose has been ranging over Somerset county and considerable trouble has been stirred up, which, through Mr. Foss, has at last reached the courts and promises to be one of the most interesting test cases that has ever been tried in the United States.

Lloyd Foss, who has a gang of men cutting his birch wood for the spool mills at Somerset, while at work with his men putting out a forest fire, was attacked by this moose several weeks ago, and as a result the whole crowd had to seek the tree tops for cover and protection. After staying in their uncomfortable positions for several hours after dusk, Foss, who had a gun, shot the moose, and now a warrant has been issued for his arrest. Foss does not propose to pay either the $1,000 or the four months' jail penalty, and has engaged Walton & Walton, attorneys of Skowhegan, to defend him at the next session. He contends that if it is lawful to kill a human being in defense of one's life, it is also lawful to kill a moose under like circumstances, and that if the State protects the game from the inhabitants it must also protect the inhabitants from the game.—Springfield Republican.

West Virginia Game.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., Nov. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Game conditions are more unsatisfactory through this locality than perhaps they have ever been before.

We have no State law protecting rabbits and squirrels at any time, and heretofore they have been abundant, especially rabbits. Reports come in from every quarter that they never have been so scarce. As they are not migratory, there can only be one of two reasons for their scarcity—they have either died or been killed. The prevailing theory is that they have been exterminated by the use of ferrets, as these are known to be kept in some numbers, but persons who would prosecute their owners cannot locate them. The chestnut crop here is fairly good, which should assure the usual crop of gray squirrels, but they are missing. As they are migratory, and their location very uncertain, this would not seem strange.

Birds are reported by local gunners to be very scarce, and they have hardly been rewarded for the five years' close time which recently went off quail. I recently saw a fine wild turkey in the market here, which had been killed by a local hunter. There are quite a number of these gamy birds scattered through the mountains in this section, but their habitation is fast being destroyed. The cutting of timber is not now as it used to be. There was a time when only good saw timber was cut, such as would make lumber, which left a growth sufficient for the protection of all kinds of game, even deer and bear; but not so now. Everything is cut, even down to three or four inches in diameter, and when the choppers are through it is indeed a barren waste, without any attractions left for man or beast.

Glenn Hunter, a young man from here, went to the southern part of the State in October for his first outing in big-game woods, and succeeded in killing a deer.

EMERSON CARNEY.

The Huntsman.

FRESH tracks——By jove! so glad I came——Must have been something large——Hope I overtake it before the other fellows come up——What's that?——Certainly something moving there!——A crackling of brush——Thought I saw something——Yes, I did——There it is——A deer——Steady, now——Don't hurry——Take good aim——Pshaw! where should I aim at?——Guide told me last year——Oh, yes! back of the fore quarter——Of course——How stupid of me!——If it would only take one step forward——Could get a better shot then——Steady, now——Don't get excited——There! now is the time!——(Bang!)——By jove! ran away——I'm sure I hit it——Won't get far——Yes, I hit it——Here's blood——It's wounded——Wonder who that man is——What am I doing deer?——Hunting deer, of course!——What's that?——No deer within a thousand miles of here?——Well, by Jove! that's a good one——Just shot a beauty within a thousand feet——It's left its trail behind it, too——Come help track it down——It went this way——Here's more blood——Must find it soon——Couldn't get far——Badly wounded——Think I see it down in that little hollow——Yes, I do——There it lies——Bravo!——Hurrah!——I got the first one——Won't the other fellows be sore——By Jove! it's a big one——Looks a little funny——Horns; but no branches on them——What?——What's that?——An old brindle cow!——Well, by Jove!

H. MALCOLM.

Woodcock and Bass.

WEST HAVERSTRAW, Nov. 13.—In my note on flight of woodcock, etc., in your issue dated Nov. 15, "Labor Day" should read "Election Day."

There are also a number of errors in "Stray Notes on Fishing." Bass feed more freely, not fast more freely, as the temperature of the water rises. As the date was omitted, the notes on condition of streams and trout taken last week, are rather shocking. Please correct.

THEODORE GORDON.

Hints and Wrinkles.

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

No. 5.—Waterproofing Cotton Goods.

NOT a few novices at camping, as well as old hands, fancy that only the heaviest canvas or duck is suitable for tents, when as a matter of fact bleached muslin, treated in a simple manner, will turn water as well as a rubber blanket; while it is far lighter in weight and smaller in bulk than is duck. But as a general thing the lightest material which is suitable for tents is drilling or something like it, for heavy winds and constant wetting and drying are too much for the weaker goods.

The paraffin waterproofing process is simple. All one requires are, a varnish brush, some turpentine and a bit of paraffin. Dissolve the paraffin in the turpentine until the latter will carry no more, it being best to cut the wax into small bits or shavings, so that it will dissolve rapidly. Stir often. A tent or an awning for a tent can be waterproofed while it is in camp, but it should be set taut, to enable one to apply the brush properly. Otherwise the goods may be spread on a clean board floor and treated. The solution is applied evenly over the goods with the brush, then they are hung up in the sun to dry, when they are ready for use. On khaki, canvas, or other brown goods, no change will be evident, only the goods will feel less pliable than before treatment.

An old white duck tent, dyed with two packages of diamond dye, color seal brown, then treated with paraffin, will fade but slightly on exposure to the sun, and should leak not at all. Canvas hunting coats can be rendered far more serviceable by treatment after this manner, and I think it was Frank T. Bullen, the talented author of that weird old sea yarn, "The Cruise of the Cachalot," who recently told, in one of the British sportsmen's papers, of treating an ordinary woolen top coat in this manner for wear on damp days in his rambles afield.

There are few articles in a permanent camp so useful as a fly, or awning, of whatever shape or size. One of these, if made of common muslin and treated with paraffin and turpentine, will turn water well, and be far less cumbersome to stow or transport than the canvas article. An awning of triangular shape can be set with less trouble than any other—as a shade or shelter for the tent or as an independent shelter for the camp table. It may be set in a dozen different ways, with or without poles, if it has a grommet in each corner. The process of dyeing will cost the princely sum of ten to thirty cents, according to size of goods. PERRY D. FRAZER.

"Dogtown."

A MOST interesting story of home life, with the dogs and their doings, in their humble capacity as companions, pets, guardians and friends, is "Dogtown," by Mabel Osgood Wright. The title page gives the key to the theme of the story, "Dogtown" being some chapters from the annals of the Waddles family, set down in the language of home people. The author adheres to a normal and pleasing portraiture of happy home life, with its commonplaces and events set forth much as they actually happen in life with the dog associated as humble companion, pet, guardian and friend. It is pleasingly written, with good common sense treatment, conspicuous throughout. Most authors, in attempting a story in which the dog takes a conspicuous part, deem it the proper course to utter some good round denunciation of mankind with a smart antithetical praise of the dog in the way of establishing the superiority of the latter, a favorite piece of mawkish sentimentality being "The more I see of men, the better I like dogs." "Dogtown" treats of people and dogs in a wholesome way, with a pleasing story of the life of the dog as it relates to himself and as associated with family life, of interest from cover to cover. Published by the Macmillan Company.

Sea and River Fishing.

Fish Migration vs. Fish Propagation.

In recent articles upon migratory fish the writer adverted to the unquestioned fact that the finny voyagers returned, not only to their native stream, but to the very spot of their emergence from the parental ova. He moreover contended that the migrants of a particular stream had a fixed marine abode within the limits whereof they maintained a distinct and separate existence. In further support of the latter contention may be adduced the fact that migratory birds appear to have a localized winter habitat, and that the distribution of a species with relation thereto may be as wide as that incident to its breeding season. The associated departure and return of swallows, for instance, may be accepted as evidence that they keep together in southern climes, restricting themselves to a certain area, just as they do elsewhere. The migration of birds and fishes are so similar in operation that an identity of habit in this particular may be predicated of each great division of the animal kingdom; thus we know that the young of birds set off alone upon journeys of wondrous magnitude, being probably, as with fish, guided by an effective perception of their distant bourn. The voyages of both the finny and the feathered pilgrims are accomplished in varying degrees of obscurity and darkness, for the aerial traveler holds, often by preference, his certain course beneath the night's mysterious pall.

It would thus appear that the salmon fledgling, like the young bird, undertakes its initial voyage with a certain inherited perception of its proper course, but whether this perception exists as an undivided whole, or whether it is evoked, at different stages of the journey, as separate links of a continuous chain, is a matter for speculation. Not improbably, upon the fish's emergence from its native stream contact with salt water may stir into activity the appropriate instinct, just as a mosquito, despite the fact that it, together with generations of ancestors, may have been innocent of blood and unoppressed with a desire therefor, may develop, with a consciousness of its existence and direction, an uncontrollable attraction thereto. If, under the circumstances alluded to, the ancestors of the descending fish fry are "to the manner born," if they are the product of ova deposited by parents that are natives of that particular stream, then they may be assumed to possess the necessary equipment for their marine voyage. If, on the contrary, they are the product of an artificial hatching of the ova of alien fish brought from another and distant stream, then upon their encounter with the great ocean there may be awakened in the tiny wayfarers either a chain of delusive instincts or none at all. In any event, the particular perceptions incident to the locality are not evoked, for they are not possessed; thus, in every sense, the little wanderers are "all at sea."

The thraldom of an inherited instinct of direction would go far toward explaining the failure of every attempt to elsewhere establish the quinnat or king salmon of the Pacific. Probably over a hundred different tributaries, great and small, of the Atlantic, have been abortively stocked with the fry of this magnificent fish, and equally with our own country has the result been disappointing in Germany, France, Austria, Great Britain, and in the Southern Hemisphere. The Pacific salmon in habit, in strength, and capacity, is so nearly identified with its Atlantic congener that each should readily thrive in the waters of the other. What affords sustenance to the one doubtless does so to the other; but the fry of the native salmon, upon breasting the ocean's brine, is probably guided by an inherited perception of distant feeding grounds, whereas the forlorn progeny of a fish foreign to the tributary that is descended, possessing an unserviceable stock of inherited instincts, may be doomed to destruction. This may be illustrated by the salmon of the Yukon River, which great stream empties into the Behring Sea. The young fish probably attain the river's mouth in the fall, but the icy waters of the inclosed sea that thereupon confront them afford no fitting abode or nourishment. Beyond that sea's inclosing barrier—the chain of the Aleutian Islands—are the waters of the Pacific Ocean, enriched with countless myriads of organisms, borne northward by the Kuro Siwo or Japan current, the Gulf Stream of the Pacific. Upon the extraordinary richness and abundance of these lower forms of marine life is based that of the larger creatures. Nowhere else in the world exist such teeming multitudes of cod, salmon, herring and other fish, unsurpassed also are they in size and condition. To this marine Canaan, this abode of plenty, do the migrating fry, in all likelihood, instinctively bend their way. Seven hundred miles distant from the river's mouth are the passes of the Aleutian Islands, and probably through one particular gateway, and over one invariable pathway do the trustful little pilgrims attain the abiding place of their elders. Not unlikely the Atlantic salmon possess an inherited cognizance of like oceanic feeding grounds that may be hundreds of miles distant from their native streams; but which would manifestly be unattainable save by fish inheriting an associated instinct of direction.

The successful introduction of the Atlantic shad and striped bass in Pacific waters may be assumed to afford evidence that either such instinct of translation does not exist, or that, given facilities of ample subsistence, its possessor may readily conform to entirely novel surroundings. Such conclusion, however, would seem not to be in full accord with some peculiarities in the behavior of the transplanted fish.

The shad, a migratory fish in the Atlantic, has, as a Pacific exile, become substantially the reverse. It clings to the coast, and every day in the year is present in San Francisco Bay. Moreover, it seems bent upon exploring the coast, and is now diffused along its margin 1,300 miles, from the waters of Southern California to those of Alaska; and this diffusion was accomplished within a period of less than twenty years. It is not the habit of the Atlantic shad to so disperse the fish of one section apparently abiding therein. The menhaden, like the shad, is a member of the herring family, and a Maine fish is distinct from a Southern fish, and each from a fish of the intervening section. Again, the herring family are comparatively feeble swimmers, and therefore are presumably unadapted to the roving life of the mackerel, bluefish, etc. What then, it may be asked, has induced an apparent change of habit? Why have the expatriated fish become so erratic, so unfixed in their new abode?

For thousands, possibly for tens of thousands, of years each successive generation of their ancestors have traversed the same routes between fixed and familiar points. If their descendants in alien waters retain a glimmering consciousness of ancestral paths and abiding places, they would naturally cling, as they do, to the coast, for to go seaward would be merely "dragging a lengthening chain." So, too, it may be reasonably assumed that their wandering along the coast, as though seeking an eastern passage, is also an operation of the ancestral instinct, a species of congenital nostalgia.

The persistence of a migratory instinct that has ceased to be of service is shown in the Scandinavian lemming, that once in eight or ten years betakes itself in a straight line for the sea, swimming lakes, rivers, climbing mountains, and on reaching the coast, swims outward until whelmed beneath the salty wave. Scandinavia, geologically speaking, is of recent elevation, and it is inferred that the ancestral swarms set out for fertile meadows now covered by the restless sea. It is certain, however, that a migratory instinct survives that is of no apparent advantage to the species, and so is it also with the erratic migrations of squirrels, rats, field mice and other rodents; seemingly undertaken without motive and accomplished often without beneficial result. Thus the altered habit of the Pacific shad may persist indefinitely, for it is probably the operation of a rooted instinct seeking its wonted accommodation, and in conclusion it may be said that, however skeptical fishculturists may be as to the existence, in anadromous fish, of an instinct of special direction, the presumptive evidence is sufficient to warrant a restriction of propagative effort to spawn that is native to the stream that is sought to be stocked.

A. H. Gouraud.

On Lake Champlain.

A walk to Flat Rock, some three miles south and well inland, for a view of the eastern Adirondacks had been planned, but Sunday restfulness and a misunderstanding of time and place of rendezvous resulted in my return to the house from the post office only to see two of the girls rowing far out on the lake, Baker in the so-called office writing his diary, and the rest of our group nowhere to be seen. What to do? Some one asked me if I were going a-fishing. Even while answering, "Not on Sunday," the opposite determination flashed into my mind, and in a very few minutes I was on my way down the cliff to the boat house on the beach, rod and landing net under my coat, reel, line and trolling spoon in pocket and just a zephyr of guiltiness making a ripple of unrest to pass over the surface of an otherwise peaceful soul. Guiltiness in deserting the others of the party who might feel reproachful at my neglect and unrest in anticipation of fisherman's luck and the reputation among pious friends as a Sabbath breaker. One of the light St. Lawrence skiffs was lying on the beach at the water's edge, a can of worms was ready in the boat house, and once I was aboard and rowing up the coast, nothing but happiness was possible. Beside me the waves were plashing on the sand at the foot of the cliff, while out on the great inland sea whitecaps were dancing merrily and far to the east the Green Mountains lay, watched over by great Mount Mansfield and the Crouching Lion. Beneath me the hard sandy bottom, shelving gradually out into deeper water, was easily visible, with its wave-like corrugations.

A fair wind and an easy row brought me to the fishing grounds in twenty minutes, and letting my oars rest in the water, I jointed the light steel rod, rigged line and trolling spoon, put a generous gang of worms on the hook and threw the line over the stern, when the landing net had been set up. Then taking up the oars, I pulled leisurely along, with the butt of the rod on the bottom of the boat before me, its tip out over the stern. Letting out a little line, the spoon began to turn and pull. The friction of the reel's click allowed the line to be paid out until about 100 feet were gone, when by putting on the drag, the reel was held from turning until a strike might come.

The fishing grounds are about a mile above the village of Port Kent, in a bight formed by a westward trend of the shore, which makes out a half mile or so toward the Vermont side. Into this bight empty the two mouths of the Au Sable River, some distance beyond the fishing grounds. A pulp mill on the river just above the famous Au Sable Chasm has polluted the water of that stream so that there is not a fish in it. On the beach at the most protected part of the bight is the camp building of the Mountaineer Fishing Club, of Keeseville, a village of some size four miles back in the mountains. This club house is used as an outing rendezvous by the families of members, but now it was closed. Painted a yellowish brown, it is the principal landmark for finding the place to troll. Directly before it, and about 350 to 400 yards from shore, grow a patch of pickerel weeds in eight to ten feet of water, and not more than half an acre in extent. Their waving lengths are easily seen rising to a foot or so beneath the surface, except when the lake is rough. Here and there in a flat calm, the tip of a weed is seen upon the surface.

Among these plants lurk good-sized pickerel and pike at all times of day and in all weathers. The plants are not so densely placed as to foul the hook often, and it is only necessary to troll properly over them, back and forth, to find good sport. On the various occasions when I have fished here I have encountered calms and winds, light and strong, and from all points of the compass, but each time have made satisfactory catches.

To-day, by the time I was in readiness for work, the sun was bright, but a strong wind was blowing from the south-southwest, the waves were running high, and whitecaps were all about. The course over the weeds is parallel with the shore line, and took me before and against the wind. Going free, the light craft was blown along so rapidly that it was necessary to back water gently in order to preserve proper trolling speed; but against the wind it was a long pull and a strong pull. Four or five times I passed to and fro, keeping a lookout for weeds, but without seeing any, and of course getting no strike. At last I struck the spot, and found cross-bearings on shore to the southwest, which would help me to locate it on succeeding trips, and just then the reel began to sing, and life was real. This time a half-pound yellow perch was the victim, and was lifted aboard with the line without much ceremony. On the next passage across the weedy spot I had a strike which made the reel screech long and loud. Dropping the oars, which were held by pin oarlocks, I grabbed the rod and checked the rush of the game only long enough to feel its power and weight, when the line suddenly slacked, and it was gone—probably with a good-sized hole in the side of its mouth to let pass with each breath water before it had paid its toll of oxygen. This was on the windward trip, and before I could or did reel in, the boat was blown back toward the bait so quickly that the latter had sunk to the bottom and caught in the weeds. By the time the hook was clear and clean again, I was far out of my course toward the south branch of the river. Hereafter I was contented to fish but one way across the grounds—down the wind. Going to windward, I would reel in and keep the bait aboard, and struggle against wind and wave back to the starting place.

The next time across I hooked the mate of the perch, already caught. I said things to him, as did Hiawatha to Nahma, and called on the king of fishes, daring him to strike.

Again I hooked a pickerel of about two pounds in weight, and again I lost. This time I had brought him alongside and saw him glare wickedly at me, as only pickerel can, when all of a sudden a mighty shake of his head wrenched the hook from his mouth and actually threw it into the boat beside me. "Take your cheating old worms and be hanged to you," he probably said, as he disappeared.

But here was encouragement, and though I had a lurking suspicion of the approach of dinner time, I stoutly refused to look at the watch in my coat under the bow seat, and resolved to fish that patch until something was flopping in the bottom of the boat that might be heard without an ear against the gunwale.

On the second trip against the weeds after that I was wondering if I could light a pipe in all that wind, when Z-z-z-z-z-z! screamed the reel. I picked up the rod, pressed thumb on reel and attempted to reel in. Whew! how he does pull! He is well hooked! Oh, the joy of it! What of patients, affairs, business now? Who shall win this struggle? There he goes—far out of the water he jumps, his sides gleaming and the drops falling all about him as he shakes himself through his plunge into the air. This dash is unavailing—the hook holds, and now that I have seen his thirty long inches, I know there is a long fight ahead if the light tackle is to hold. Here he comes rushing toward the boat, but not a slack inch of line does he get, for the boat is drifting away from him, and the reel is a quadruple multiplier. After this he sulks and allows himself to be slowly and laboriously reeled in, until he gets sight of the boat, and the strange monster in it, both of which are surely connected with that strange thing sticking in his mouth and that mysterious and maddening tugging which for the first time in his life prevents him from gliding as free as light through the water. Then off he darts far away toward the more friendly Vermont shore. Nothing could stop him, save such a bolt rope and tackle as the pot-fishermen hereabouts use; certainly not this eight-ounce rod and thread-like line. But at last he stops and again allows himself to be reeled in until near at hand, when with another great lunge, he shoots directly under the boat, and heavens! the tip with him. Just in time I pass the rod around the end of the boat, but scarcely is it safe before he darts back to the other side again. My heart stands still—he'll break that rod yet. Three times he rushed across the keel, and each time I managed to save my tackle. After this, one long run played him out. He floated on his side as I reeled him in, and lay quietly while I passed the rod back, grasped the line above the tip and shoved the landing net under and in front of him and quickly lifted him aboard with certainly a third of his length projecting from out the net's mouth. Once aboard and dispatched by a blow on the head, I had scarcely time to admire his size, his beauty and his glance, wicked even in death, before the sound of breakers close at hand brought me to the realization that I had drifted away up the lake and close inshore. Quick moves were necessary in getting the oars shipped—I had taken them both into the boat during the lulls in the fight—and getting under way for home.

The wind and the waves made the row home a long, hard pull, and there was no opportunity to light my pipe, but it was sweet to look at that big beauty there in the shade of the little deck at the stern.

W. S. T.

Trout Tickling.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Chambers' interesting notes are always enjoyable, but his article about tickling trout in the paper of Nov. 15 calls to mind an experience of one of the employees of the U. S. Fish Commission, when collecting eggs of the lake trout at Lake Dunmore, Vt. A number of adult lake trout ranging from seven to fifteen pounds in weight were in a partially submerged open boat, in which they had been towed to a convenient point for stripping them. One of the employees quietly placed his hand under a large female and tickled the belly of the fish. The fish remained quiet for an instant, then darted suddenly to the other end of the boat, turned about, and returned to the point from which it had started, where the man still held his hand. He then proceeded to tickle the trout for some little time. This showed beyond all question that the fish enjoyed being tickled. I do not see how any poacher or fisherman could ever exterminate enough fish by this method, however, to necessitate any special legislation. In fact, I should think it would be a pretty slow method of catching fish.

Jno. W. Titcomb.

A Pearl River Camp.—V.

(*Continued from page* 390.)

"This business of hustling all the time for meat and going without bread, has ceased to be funny, and feels to me very much like work, and hard work at that," said Jim, as we opened up the usual discussion as to how to get our dinner.

"Yes," said Will. "When you have to do it, fishing is no fun at all, and hunting is no better than hoeing corn. Let's dig out for a day or two and go somewhere and fill up and then come back and have some fun. I am hungry all the time, even in my sleep."

"That is all right enough to talk, but where can we go to eat?" said Walter.

"There is not money enough in the crowd to fill us up on hay, if we could eat it, and if any of the natives about here have been around begging the honor of our company to dinner, they have spoken very low. It is no use to grumble about being hungry, and having to rustle for grub, for there is but one other thing to do if we can't stand it."

We knew he meant give up and go home, but not one of us was yet ready to contemplate the humiliation of sneaking back, starved out and discouraged, after the big talk we had indulged in; to say nothing of having insisted so on being left to our own resources in the matter of providing provisions.

After some further discussion we concluded to try the white perch and trout, and loading our minnow seine into the boat, repaired to the river to catch minnows. On a sand bar near where we were seining, I found a peculiar track made by some animal with claws, that seemed to have a heavy tail that made a deep mark.

I could not tell what it was that would make such a track, but Walter recognized it at once and pronounced it an alligator, and a large one.

We were greatly excited by the discovery, believing that alligators were very fierce and dangerous, and, although we had only a few minnows in our bucket, concluded not to tempt fate by further seining in that water.

Our fishing was not at all the success we hoped for, and any one of us could have eaten alone the entire catch of the morning. It was a sad and silent crowd that toiled up the bank from the boat, carrying our scanty supply of fish, and bearing in grim silence our hunger.

"Hullo! Company," said Jim, as we came in full view of the camp, and saw seated on a stump by the ashes of our fire a large, bearded man.

"Walter's friend," said Will. "Come to ask us to dinner."

As we approached our vistor he arose from the stump, dropped a double-barreled shotgun carelessly into the hollow of his left arm, and stood facing us. He was a very large man, of rather forbidding mien. He answered our polite salutations in a short, gruff manner, and immediately began to catechise us.

"Where you from?" he asked.

We told him.

"How long you been here?"

This question we also answered.

"Anybody else been camping around here since you come?"

We said they had not.

"Have you seen anybody around since you been here?"

We answered this in the negative, and the questioning ceased for a time.

The man's manner was abrupt, and his attitude rather truculent, but we were self-reliant boys, and not easily frightened, so felt nothing but a vague uneasiness from his visit and questions.

When the silence had lasted so long that it was growing embarrassing, Walter said:

"Was you looking for anyone in particular, sir?"

"Yes," he snapped out, with an oath. "I am looking for somebody allfired particular, and when I find him and give him the eighteen buckshot that I have got in this here gun, his infernal hide won't hold shucks."

The gentleman was plainly in dead earnest, and somebody was in danger of suffering great bodily injury.

We were divided between a feeling of sympathy for the unknown's danger and curiosity as to his offense.

"Well, we haven't seen a soul since we came here," said Walter. "What kind of looking man is he you are hunting for?"

"I don't know," was the reply. "Never saw him yet, but I will see him if I have to hunt a year. It is a —— thieving scoundrel that has killed one of my best hogs that I am after, and I'll shoot him just as quick as I get sight of him."

Will had stepped to the water bucket for a drink, and had the dipper almost to his mouth when our visitor spoke of the hog. I was looking at him and saw him freeze with his mouth open, and the dipper a few inches from his lips. His hat plainly moved on his head, and great drops of sweat broke out on his forehead, while he gazed at the angry man like a snake-charmed bird.

Fortunately, our visitor was not looking at him, so did not see his look of conscious guilt.

"How many hogs have you lost?" said Walter, evidently to create a diversion and let Will recover from his panic.

"How many have I lost? Do you suppose I have been sitting around letting a dad blamed hog thief rob me as he pleased? I've lost one hog, and a fine one, and when I catch the thief—as I will—the coroner will be his next visitor."

I glanced at Will out of the tail of my eye, and saw that he had not moved. We were all pretty uneasy and wishing that our visitor would take his departure, which he showed no signs of doing.

Trying hard to appear at ease, we set about building our fire and preparing our scanty dinner, while our bloodthirsty guest continued his tirade against the unknown slayer of his hog, with dire threats of vengeance. Finally, when we put on our small catch of fish to fry, and he saw how little there was, and that we had nothing else, he asked if the fish was all we had to eat. On our replying in the affirmative, he proceeded to speak very frankly and forcibly to the effect that it was foolish of us to come on such a trip without bringing provisions, and all but criminal on the part of our parents to allow it.

"You ought to have brought enough provisions to last your whole trip if you did not catch a single fish or shoot a squirrel," he wound up.

This struck Jim as being a reflection on us and our respective households, and he rose to explain:

"We did bring provisions, plenty of them. A clothes basket and a market basket full and the h—"

Walter was making desperate efforts to shut him off by grasping his own throat with one hand and pressing his finger on his lips, while I stood helpless with terror, believing that a moment more would see us facing a cross examination that would convict us as the hog-killers, for, of course, we could not let Will bear it all. But Jim got no further than the beginning of the fatal word "hogs" when Will broke in on him in a frenzied howl:

"Clothes basket full! Market basket full! Piled up, running over. Eat it all up. Eat all day, and all night. Never did eat so much. Just done nothing but eat. You never saw anybody eat so much, did he, fellows?"

Will wound up his wild harangue almost in hysterics, and it was not a bit funny.

He firmly believed that his life was in danger and was scared as only a boy can be.

Jim realized how near he had come to putting the fat in the fire, and was covered with confusion. There was a moment of silence, and then our visitor arose to his feet, shouldered his gun, and throwing out his hand in a careless gesture toward our frightened companion, said:

"If you boys ain't got sense enough to bring grub with you when you come camping out, you certainly ought to have decency enough not to bring liquor and drink it, young as you are."

We entered no denials, and were thankful to see him take his departure. He might think we were all drunk or crazy, we agreed, so long as he did not discover that we had killed his hog. There was a general sentiment to the effect that we ought to change our location immediately for fear of a return of our visitor, and it would have taken very little additional scare to cause us to abandon all our effects and start for home in a body. Will, especially, was very insistent upon leaving at once, declaring that he had rather walk all night than chance another such visit.

Our appetites had been so affected by the scare that our small supply of fish proved ample for dinner. After much discussion we concluded to at least defer our departure until the next day.

The afternoon was devoted to fishing for bream, and our success was great. Determining to atone for the short rations we had been on, we cleaned the entire catch, which more than filled a large bucket, and prepared for a real feed. The bacon was sizzling over the fire, and we had meal spread on a board to roll the fish in to prepare for frying, when a loud "Hello!" was heard on the opposite bank of the lake. Our friend of the afternoon was the first thought of each one, and our hearts sank.

After a hasty consultation Walter and I went to investigate the hail, leaving the other boys to look after the preparation of supper. Will's parting injunction was: "If it is that bloodthirsty old pirate, and he comes back with you, I will be in bed and you can tell him I am sick, and it will be perfectly true."

Arriving at the lake bank and replying to the hail, we found our would-be caller Bob Weston, a cousin of the Kirkman boys, whose home was a few miles away, and who had come over to visit us. We soon had him ferried across and up to camp, where he received a most hearty welcome, owing partly to the relief we felt and partly to the fact that he was the bearer of two large loaves of bread sent us by his mother. He further won our deepest gratitude by the assurance that he was acquainted with our friend, the hog owner, and knew that he was to go to Yazoo City the following day to be gone two weeks. This good news, the abundance of food—especially the bread—and our welcome young visitor acting altogether, made us so hilarious and hungry that we ate every fish and all the bread for our supper. Bob proposed to initiate us into a new order of sport after supper, and we set to work on our preparations.

He had brought what he called a fish gig and proposed to take us on a gigging expedition by torch light. The gig looked like a trident, as shown in the pictures of Neptune, being a three-tined fork—the tines barbed—set on a long handle.

Gigging, as he explained to us, was practiced by wading along in the shallow water after dark among the cypress roots and trees, with a torch made of pine knots, by the light of which you could see the fish and strike them with the gig.

"How about snakes?" asked Jim, when Bob had explained his method.

"Hardly ever see one at night, and they won't bother you at all."

This was good news to me, as a snake was my pet aversion, and I had thought at once how apt we would be to run on them. We found gigging very exciting, but not as easy as it looked.

Bob struck several fish to show us how, and then we each took a turn. The pine torch gave a good light, but the fish did not look right in the water.

We were not much troubled by the refraction, usually the most serious difficulty in spearing or striking fish in water, as we worked only in very shallow water, but the fish would not look right.

My first strike was a root into which I drove the gig with tremendous force to the great consternation of a large fish that lay almost against it, the root having presented the exact appearance of a fish to me, and vice versa.

We novices made many mistakes, but occasionally took a fish, which was all the more enjoyed, owing to the difficulty we found in mastering the sport. We finally had to quit, owing to the fact that our torches gave out, but we carried back to camp the best string of fish we had yet taken.

Walter struck the largest fish sighted, which we all took a hand in landing amid great excitement, but only to find that it was another one of the beady-eyed species that we had found worthless. Bob called it a grinnel and pronounced it unfit for food.

We were very tired when we returned to camp, but as Bob was compelled to get back home early in the morning, we prepared a generous mess of fish for breakfast before turning in.

Nothing disturbed our rest, and we slept—five in a bed—as only healthy tired boys can.

Lewis Hopkins.

An August Outing.

Editor Forest and Stream:

One day a few weeks since, while gazing from my office window, watching men and maidens coming from beach and mountain laden with that healthy brown shade which comes only with the good old summer time, there dropped in upon me a couple of friends, with an "Hello, old man, what are you dreaming about?" "Nothing in particular," I replied, "just enjoying the healthy glow I see passing, but, unfortunately for me, carried by the other fellow. It just makes me wish I could get away for a few days." "Well, why not?" they said. "That's what we are here for—all tired out and want to go somewhere. Now, you know where to go. Start and take us with you, away from railroads, letters and newspapers, into the woods, near the end of some distant point, where we can commune with nature for a week, shake off this tired feeling, and be able to brace up a little." "All right. When shall we depart?" "At once." And so, with hardly a thought of the matter, or where we were going, I consented to take my friends to some jumping-off place, where the noise of the grinding trolley could not penetrate.

The arrangements were left to me. In fact, I was duly appointed guide, and told what was expected of me. I was to pilot the party to just the proper place, amuse them with stories of my previous experiences—fact or fiction, mattered not to them—provide for their comfort, and, above all things, see them safely home at a given time, with life preserved and health improved. No small undertaking, I assure you, as both my friends are charter members of the "Tenderfoot" and "Kicker" clubs, very inquisitive and willing to learn. Looking into the muzzle of a rifle barrel, or casting a fly around a fellow's neck was all the same to them. They wanted a good time, and were bound to have it—taking chances being part of the programme.

I may as well introduce my friends—just plain Billy and Sam. They are fast friends and both good fellows—yes, mighty good fellows; and the way they "call" each other on various occasions is amusing, but let some other fellow mix, and there is trouble at once. Billy is in the hotel business. He knows all about running a hotel—or thinks he does—which is the same thing, and the spread he prepared for us for a send-off the night we left was well appreciated when later we sat down to tin plates, and the smoky food prepared for us by our Canadian guides. Sam turned his face toward the setting sun and thought of old Boston and her famous baked beans, but it was no use to think—eat or go hungry, and Sam faced the tin plates with the crowd.

Now, about Sam. Well, he is a lawyer. He is not a Webster, and says he is glad of it, for he would not care to have his picture hanging in every legal office in the land. This may seem strange, but if you could know Sam and his bashful, retiring disposition, all would be explained. But Sam is all right—only one failing, just a little gun shy. He did not enjoy some of Billy's military movements with a rifle, so one morning, when Billy came up the lake and made a good shot at a loon, Sam asked what he was shooting at. Billy said he was after a loon and got one right in the head. "That is nothing," said his bosom friend, "you have had one there for years," but he was sorry for this soon after. While passing through the woods, Sam was a short distance in the rear. Billy and I stopped behind a clump of bushes and watched him hunt the trail. "Wait for me, Billy," was the cry we heard, and when he came in sight that frightened, lost-in-the-woods looks on Sam's face was a picture no artist could paint.

But, enough of the boys for the present.

"Cummings' Camp, Square Lake, Maine, the home of the largest square-tailed trout in the State." That is the way the circular reads, and probably every man who has fished this famous chain of lakes has seen fish beauties usually found only in pictures. This was our destination. We left Boston one Sunday night. Monday morning found us at Bangor. Here we took the Bangor & Aroostook train, arriving at Jemtland at 2 P. M. Jemtland can boast of only two buildings, but it is surely on the map. Here we were met by a young man who was to drive us to the first camp, some twelve miles distant. The roads were somewhat rough, owing to recent rains, but at 5 P. M. we reached Camp Ranch-to-Rest-In on Cross Lake, safely, with no broken wheels nor bones. We were welcomed by Mr. D. L. Cummings and daughter, who had provided for us a supper such as only a tired traveler can fully appreciate.

Tuesday morning we started for the main camps, eight miles distant by canoe, situated on Square Lake, and here is where I lost my job as guide. Billy and Sam did not propose to take any chances in a canoe with me as propelling power, so, with cool repudiation of my contract as guide, three Canadian boatmen were engaged, and off we started. I will not attempt to give the names of these guides, beyond Frank and Pete, as I would surely make a mess of it. Anyway, they knew the lakes, and could handle a canoe, which was quite a necessary accomplishment for our party.

At Square Lake we found Mrs. D. L. Cummings and Mr. Fred Cummings in charge, and with a characteristic Maine welcome, we were assigned to a comfortable camp and told to make ourselves at home.

Wednesday morning bright and early we started on a cruise of some seventy or eighty miles. A ten-mile paddle took us nearly the length of Square Lake, and into the Dimmock country, which, by the way, is where the moose are full fed and grow large. It was no uncommon sight to see two or three moose feeding at the water's edge, careless of our presence, but the first crack of a rifle will soon warn these great game animals that the season of their discontent is at hand, and if they are wise, they will hasten to the nearest blacksmith shop for a set of high-gear traveling shoes.

After lunch and a pull at the brier, we again took to the water. Down Square Lake, through Eagle Lake thoroughfare, across Eagle Lake, then up Fish River, and camped for the night at the foot of Lake St. Froid. Here again was the courage of the tenderfoot severely tried, with another introduction to tin plates and camp-fire cooking. While the guides were preparing our evening meal, Sam was busy putting in several vigorous kicks from his seat on the smoky side of the fire. I shall always think that he was communing with the spirit of the departed Poe, for I surely heard him say "Nevermore." Leaving him to his own reflections, Billy and I wandered up the lake shore and in about half an hour returned with wet feet and a dozen pairs of fat frogs' saddles, and this was how it happened that our bill of fare for breakfast was made more tempting by the addition of frogs' legs, à la Boston. That long-to-be-remembered breakfast over, a little fishing was in order. We were not long in locating the finny beauties that were to furnish our midday meal, and had it not been that we wished to leave a few for breeding purposes, the sport might have continued indefinitely.

Going back to camp, a big trout nearly jumped over Frank's paddle. "Feesh of'en jomp in canoe on this lak'," said Frank. I glanced backward at his wrinkled face, but he gave no sign that the truth was not his specialty. I said nothing, and doubtless Frank concluded I had fished in other days, for he gave me no further information of a similar nature.

That night found us back at Square Lake Camp, which, the boys had decided, was more comfortable, for the night in the tent had not been a pleasant one in all respects. A friendly owl had also camped quite near us. Sam thought it was a bear. He sincerely hoped to see its black nose poked under the canvas near where Billy was dreaming of a beauty, but no beast.

Friday was occupied making a trip up the lake to Little Goddard Brook. Here words fail to fully describe this beautiful stream, with its winding course and ever silent shores. No sound broke the stillness, save the waters drip from the glistening paddle. We rounded each bend silently, wondering at every turn what new scene would present itself on this great panorama of nature; but not until the canoe grated on the sand at the trail landing was our watchfulness rewarded. There, standing in the tall grass, their great dark bodies silhouetted against the green foliage, we saw three large moose. This was a sight well worth the paddle of hours, and the entire cost of our trip. It is said, a moose is very intelligent, and it certainly seemed as though they had read the full text of the Maine game laws, and knew we could not harm them, for they viewed us with evident curiosity, and finally pushed their way into the heavy growth and disappeared in the forest.

Our party continued up the trail some three miles to Camp Gilmore, a charming little resting place that one must know in order to find. Here was served lunch—boiled eggs, sandwiches, fresh blueberries picked en route, and a cup of genuine forest-made coffee. Now, a Maine guide would as soon forget his dinner as he would his after-dinner smoke, and some sports are inclined the same way, so our smoker lasted nearly two hours, there amid the deep forest. Billy and Sam entertained the circle with many fairy tales of unusual interest, some of which would have done credit to our old friend Ananias, but were vouched for as positively true. Days of this kind pass all too quickly, and the gathering forest gloom warned us back to camp.

Saturday came too soon—our last day at this delightful lakeside home. The day was well improved on the water, up Big Goddard Stream, around to the pleasant Barstow Camp, then over the trail to the head of Eagle Lake, where the sparkling water, rippling over the glistening sands, gave us a tempting invitation for a plunge, which was gladly accepted.

Monday we had prepared for our start to the Hub. The morning was chill and misty. The teams had been engaged, and as all hotel and law business in Boston seemed to be at a standstill. Sam and Billy decided they must at once return to the haunts of men to put things in motion. That was a muddy twelve-mile drive, but no matter, it was enjoyed all the same, as well as the sights and scenery along the famous Bangor & Aroostook road, to Bangor. The mantle of night had fallen when the train pulled out of the Bangor station, and three tired fellows sought their berths.

Tuesday morning we landed in Boston, back again from a most delightful trip, and over our breakfast coffee we took a vote. Up went six hands, in favor of another journey into the forest when business would permit; and thus ended safely, a delightful August outing, for Billy, Sam and the Guide.

ROXBURY.

Fish and Fishing.

The Weight of Fishing Rods.

More than the ordinary amount of comment aroused by statements published in FOREST AND STREAM, has followed the remarks made a few weeks ago by Mr. Hough, relative to the weight of fishing rods. Over and over again have I heard references to the matter by anglers who take a special pride in the quality of the tools which they use. The unanimous opinion of those who have had the most experience in experimenting with various styles of rods seems to be that Mr. Hough hit the nail squarely upon the head when he pointed out that something more than lightness is required in a fishing rod. As a well-known angler remarked the other day, "a light rod without heart or backbone is a delusion and a snare." Many makers who turn out rods without regard to hardly anything else than their light weight are responsible for much discomfort and lack of succes on the part of anglers. On the other hand, there is no doubt that a greater measure of success in the manufacture of rods uniting lightness with casting and killing power, has been attained in America than anywhere else. The superiority of the well-balanced split cane rod of American manufacture for trout and ouananiche fishing made itself apparent to me long ago, and a three and three-quarter-ounce tool has been my constant companion on all my inland fishing trips of the last four years. Few anglers, I think, will be found to begrudge the extra time required to kill a large fish or to save a double with so delicate and so responsive a tool as this. I must confess that when it comes to a stand-up fight with a salmon, I have usually preferred a Castle Cannell or some other stout rod of the greenheart species, because I not only know the dangers which threaten the angler's connection with his fish during every instant of time that elapses between the hooking and the gaffing of a salmon, but also because when I go afishing for salmon, it is with the intention of fighting the fish that I may be fortunate enough to hook, and not remaining passive while they fight me. What had confirmed me in this preference was the experience I had had with some of the split cane salmon rods belonging to companions with whom I had fished. Last July, however, I found out that it is possible for a light cane rod to kill a lively salmon quite as quickly as a heavy Greenheart. My friend, Mr. Hart, returning tired to camp, suggested that I should try a pool close by with his new cane rod, while he looked on. A twenty-six-pound salmon was hooked at almost the first cast. The river was between Mr. Hart and the writer, and before one of the guides could cross and bring him over to the death in the canoe, the fish had been gaffed by the other. The rod was, of course, just such a one as Mr. Hough describes as desirable for the angler's use, and I never want a better one. What anglers have to guard against, however, in buying rods, is that lightness of make is the main consideration. An expert angler may sometimes know, or think he knows, just how a rod will act by the feel of it when set up in the tackle shop. There is very much, of course, in a proper balance, and even this cannot be well judged unless the reel is on the rod, but it is always advisable to have the line run out and to take the opportunity of testing the casting power of a rod in some open space before concluding a purchase.

Change of Opinion in England.

English writers on sporting topics are now advocating the use of lighter fishing rods than those hitherto in use, even in sea fishing, and that well-known fishing expert, Mr. F. G. Aflalo tells his readers in a recent number of the Field that a light trout rod, which he advocates for angling for codling, whiting and sea bass in rivers will give ten times more sport than the stiff sea rod, which he admits is excellent for lifting the heavy skate caught off the British coasts. One of these fish was recently taken with rod and line at Ballycotton on the Kenmare River, weighing 120 pounds, and on a handline one of 163 pounds has been taken.

It may not prove uninteresting, in connection with the size and weight of salmon rods made in England to describe one which has passed into my possession. It is made of whole cane, mottled black and yellow in color, and bears on a brass plate around the butt, the name of a famous London rod maker. It consists of four joints, and there is a hollow gaff or net handle, containing the spare tips. All these parts fit into a hollow cane case three and a half inches in diameter, and surrounded by six heavy brass bands, headed by a screw-plate of the same material. When put together the rod weighs four pounds and a quarter and measures nearly twenty-three feet in length. It almost requires a giant to wield it. Its original owner was a Philadelphia man of large stature, who used it on the Ste. Marguerite and other Canadian salmon streams several years ago. I am told that it cost from £15 to £20 sterling, and the beauty of the finish shows an evident determination to turn out an exquisite piece of work. In its original shape it is better suited for a museum of angling appliances or for a fisherman's library than for anything else, but I have rendered its upper half useful by making a short butt, which takes the place of the original two lowest joints. As customary with many British rods, the ferrules are colored black, to prevent the reflection of a bright sun on clear metal frightening the fish in clear water, and probably the mottled color of the cane was contrived for a similar purpose.

E. D. T. CHAMBERS.

A Fisherman Caught.

POLICE CAPTAIN MAUDE, of the Stagg Street Station, Williamsburgh, in an effort to capture a thief who persistently visited a tailor shop in Graham Street, hid a patrolman in the place last night. Shortly after 2 o'clock this morning the officer saw a young man open a window in the rear of the shop and pass in a long pole to which a fish hook and line was attached, which, by swinging around, he was able to secure some dress goods valued at about $30. The thief repeated the trick five times, and then the policeman from the inside caught the thief's arm. The noise of the struggle brought the tailor, who went to the yard and secured a grip on the thief until the officer was able to come out. The boy was held on a charge of burglary.—New York Evening Post.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Nov. 26-29.—Philadelphia.—Philadelphia Dog Show Association's show. M. A. Viti, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 24.—Glasgow, Ky.—American Championship Field Trial Association's second annual trials. C. B. Cooke, Sec'y.
Nov. 29.—Thomasville, N. C.—Continental Field Trial Club's eighth annual trials.
Nov. 24.—Glascow, Ky.—American Championship Field Trial Club's second annual trials. Chas. B. Cooke, Sec'y, Richmond, Va.
Dec. 15.—Huntsville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) third annual trials. John F. Fletcher, Sec'y, Birmingham, Ala.

"A Vermont Mode."

SPRINGFIELD, Vt., Nov. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am the man who described the New England fox hunt printed in your issue of Nov. 1, under the title "A Vermont Mode."

I have read in your issue of Nov. 8, under the same caption, a most beautiful "roast" by Mr. Albert Converse, of Philadelphia, Pa. If Mr. Converse had been present when I finished, you probably would have lost a subscriber. I was stunned. I, a game warden of my State, a hater of game hogs. I, who had worked so ardently for the protection of all kinds of game, was, after all, nothing but a pot hunter, a contemptible fellow who deserved this scathing rebuke. But the more I think about it the better I feel.

From the point of view of the humanitarian, the New England method is the better of the two. It lacks all the elements of savagery found in the English or Southern hunt, where the hunters, who are well enough mounted, arrive in time to see an exhausted fox torn to shreds by the wolfish pack.

From the point of view of the sportsman—yes, but there is no point; there are as many points of view as there are kinds and conditions of men.

I can readily understand how Mr. Converse, perhaps bred of a long line of fox-hunting ancestors, should look upon our hunt as a sacrilege, breaking, as it did, all the treasured traditions.

The New England fox hunter regards with the same aversion any man who would trap a fox. Although our methods are tabooed in England and in the South, we still entertain much the same regard for our quarry. A New England fox hunter will not allow his dog to follow a she fox during the early spring, and would see the last of his young chickens or turkeys disappear before he would shoot one in the summer.

With us it is a question of the present method or none at all. Hounds cannot be followed in our rough country on horseback or in carriages, and the people up here are too much occupied with the hunt for a living, to sport a pack of hounds, even if they could be used.

Mr. Converse's idea of the facility with which foxes are "potted" is erroneous. Wm. Everett Cram, in his book, "Little Beasts of Field and Wood," says: "From what I can learn, fox-hunting, as it is practiced in this part of the country, is a science that requires a great deal of study to make it a success. And the novice, though his dogs are of the best, may not even get a shot for the first season or two." This is true, and I can assure Mr. Converse that it requires both leg and head work to follow the hounds afoot. Our red foxes are so large, so crafty and their powers of endurance is so great, that no hounds can catch them among our hills. Therefore, the gun is the only means which gives hope of an occasional success, that element without which no sport can long survive. We like to hear the music of the hounds, none the less, because we only run two or three together.

Shall the nut-brown Vermont lad be denied the delight of enticing the big trout from the pool under the bridge because he has a cut pole and baits with the humble earth worm, while the man from Philadelphia throws his flies with a 6-ounce split bamboo? The comparison is fair.

If Mr. Converse or any one else can show us a better method for use in our country under existing conditions, he will be the most welcomed of men and we will not even insist on the use of the term "fox-hunting," which, however, appears to me a proper use of the English language. As to the use of smoke in the hunt described, this was an experiment tried in the hope of giving us another run. I do not for a moment deny its irregularity. The result was entirely unexpected. The other members of this hunt (I have nothing to say for myself and will leave Mr. Converse to draw his own conclusions) are gentlemen who would scorn to shoot a hare in her form or a treed grouse or catch short trout; in fact, they are sportsmen of as true a type as any other, and I know they will be as surprised as I was at Mr. Converse's bitter criticism. In the British Isles the deer was formerly hunted with horse and hounds, but the sportsmen of the State of Pennsylvania "pot" them with guns, and Mr. Converse has no more right to "jump on" me than a man who has followed the stag hounds in Scotland has to attack the sportsmen of Pennsylvania for shooting deer. It all depends on the point of view, and if Mr. Converse will give me his address I will send him an invitation to come up to old Vermont, and he will find, much to his surprise, perhaps, that we have our own code of shooting ethics, possibly as rigid as his own; and I can assure him that he will find among our sportsmen a generous consideration for the beliefs and opinions of others, which is one of the most admirable qualities a gentleman can possess. I hope I shall some day have the pleasure of meeting the enemy face to face, for between you and me, Mr. Editor, I don't believe this man Converse is such a bad fellow, after all.

W. W. BROWN.

Rabbits in North Carolina.

FOREST AND STREAM'S readers have knocked "around and about," to use a darky phrase, with the writer, in this southern country, in quest of the 'possum and the 'coon, the squirrel and the partridge, and the snipe, and now they are to be told about a little excursion after the darky's "winter friend," to wit: "Bre'r Rabbit." The rabbit is to the darky in cold weather what the "watermillion" is in summer; namely, a thing to be sought for and eaten with the greatest relish. The 'possum is more prized, it is true, but is scarcer, while "Bre'r Rabbit is ter be had fur de lookin'," as a darky sportsman sententiously remarked.

The writer must have enjoyed a thousand rabbit hunts, yet they never lose their zest and infinite variety. Each rabbit presents a new situation. The dogs and the negroes are of course as much a feature as the rabbit himself. A rabbit hunt lets out all the unctuous joy of the negro, his talk, his laughter, his shouts, and meanwhile the dogs make music which rings in the glades, romps over the hills, is returned in clangorous echoes by the woods, while the heart beats quicker and the legs run faster after that little bit of flesh and fur than they do after anything else.

The country around Raleigh is not exactly a paradise for rabbits. A negro once said to me, "De rabbit heaven is up in Chatham county. Up dere rabbits is so thick dat dey's two or three un 'em ter every brier heap." A slang term for the rabbit is "sand horse." The writer never heard it used save in this particular section. Chatham county is really full of them. They are so numerous as to be an article of trade, nearly approaching a staple.

However, the rabbits in the vicinity of Raleigh are nu-

merous enough to furnish plenty of sport, and a good bag as well. We made up one day what may be termed a sort of official party for a hunt. There were the Governor, the Secretary of State, the Auditor, the Commissioner of Agriculture, William Robbins, a large landowner and a thorough sportsman; the writer, and his young hopeful, also sundry negroes and about thirty dogs. The scene of the hunt was Mr. Robbins' 1,000-acre farm in plain view of Raleigh, the sort of place "Bre'r Rabbit" loves. Cotton, grass and cornfields, woods and those low places along little streams, with high grass, briers, alders and willows, which are rabbit resorts, are the features, and then there are patches of "broom sage," as the darkies term it, another sort of retreat for the hare.

Here are the dogs. Three of them are little grizzled fellows, with faces like those of very old men, nondescripts in the dog world, but only useful and highly prized by their owner, Ben, who says, "Dem's my shaggies. Dey's de greates' rabbit jumpers you ever seed. Dey kin run, too, but dey business is mostly jumpin' um. Atter dey doos dat, de udder dawgs mus' ten' ter dere part o' de business. If de rabbits anywhere de shaggies guine ter fin' him. Bet on dat! He's jus' got ter cum out o' de wilderness, en come quick, too." Three of the other "dawgs" are beagles or part beagles. Ben calls them "beagle houn's," and says "dey goes erlong wid de shaggies." Most of the dogs are the rawboned and rather large, shambling hounds, which are the darky's "best bower," and of which every country negro has at least one.

Great consideration is paid by the white sportsmen to the views of Ben and his chief assistants, who has the odd nickname of Soldier, possibly because he shirks all other work save rabbit hunting, in which sport he will go all day and lead the most strenuous life imaginable for a few drinks and the fun of the thing. The negro assistants are equipped with sticks, with which they beat and poke into every "likely lookin' place," to aid the dogs in starting or "jumpin'" the rabbits. One darky is so clever a beater that he is the first to jump a rabbit. Suddenly he emits a yell and throws his stick, and a rabbit rushes out of the edge of the marsh and right into a cotton field. The cotton has been picked, but the stalks stand thick and strong. There is the rattle and snap of the thickly ranged stalks as the dogs and the rest of us fairly surge through them. The white contingent is around with guns and quickly gets to points of vantage.

The rabbit is in his element, the cotton field. He knows exactly what he is doing. The rains and the frosts are causing a partial decay of the plants, and the acid in them, probably tannic, gives out a strong odor, which must tend to diminish that of the rabbit. Then, too, by lying down between the rows of the cotton the rabibt has a capital opportunity to use one of his favorite ruses, that is, to lie down full length, keep still, and let the dogs actually run over him. Sometimes he keeps on lying there. Again he will turn and go back, sometimes jumping several feet to one side or the other, to puzzle the dogs. Sometimes after the dogs have turned back toward him, he has the audacity to run toward them and through their lines, as most of them rush heedlessly in full cry.

Ben says: "Rabbits jes' nacherly takes ter er cotton patch. I don't rightly know why, but dey goes dere, sits still en saws woods, minds dey own business, er mebbe lies down, keeps right quiet en lets de dawgs run right over um. De dawgs is crazy ter git de rabbit. Keepin' still is what saves de rabbit. Watch de shaggies. Dey's trying ter jump him ergin. Watch ole Blue, dat big houn'. Dat udder big houn' by him is Lawyer, which I calls him because he makes such er fuss all de time like lawyers en de cote house." Ben grins at his own joke and whoops up his dogs.

The dogs make all kinds of turns and returns in the cotton patch. Presently the writer gets a glimpse of something moving. It is "Bre'r Rabbit." A snap shot knocks him over, but when the spot is reached he isn't there. The dogs go at it again. A minute later some one sings out, "Why, here he is," and sure enough there lies the rascal, stone dead, in a clear place, seventy-five yards from where he was shot.

The rabibt is held up so all the dogs can see him, as they are called up. Otherwise, they would not go after another rabbit without much delay. The darkies are given a dram, which they take with great relish. It is not considered good form in rabbit hunting, as in 'possum hunting, to take a drink until the first game is bagged. After that there is no limit. "Let's draw down to'ards de branch ergin," says Ben. "Dey's lackly ter be ernuther un um in dere. If not, den dey's sum en de hillside in de broom sage. Dey likes dis place, 'cause yander's er callard patch, en some turnips is close by."

Up gits another rabbit. One of the shaggies jumped him, and Ole Blue and Lawyer are leading the chase. He goes into the cotton patch, but so close are the dogs that he has to keep on running, so he makes a detour of perhaps a mile. Meanwhile Ben posts the people with guns, so as to head off the rabbit at the best points for getting a shot. But at this rabbit no shot is taken. The dogs have him, and Old Blue fairly tosses him into the air, while Ben has to rush in and snatch him from the dogs, to which he administers various and sundry kicks and cuffs, as they are trying to eat him.

"Dem shaggies shorely can run er cold trail," says Ben. "Dat track dey's on was made last night, erfore daylight. Here he goes!" ending with a yell. "Dat's er buck rabbit, de old he, en he kin run same as er fox, all day long en mo', too. This prediction proves very accurate indeed. This particular rabbit crosses a branch twice and makes a brilliant dash along the whole line of hunters, while the shooting is like that on a skirmish line. The last man knocks him over.

Another rabbit, roused from his snug for min a hollow, goes up streams and into the woods, leaps a branch and goes into a hole in a tree. The hole is three or four feet above the ground, and looks hardly large enough for a ferret to enter. The dogs tree. Ben says "Let Old Blue say if he's in dar." Old Blue declares with a loud voice that something is in that hollow. A forked stick is passed up into the hollow. It brings hair. Then a split stick is introduced and Ben says, "I'll twiss him out en er minnit!" He adds: "He mighty nigh climb de tree." One is reminded of the rabbit Uncle Remus tells about so delightfully. That particular rabbit did climb a tree. Then Uncle Remus' little boy auditor protested that rabbits didn't climb trees. Uncle Remus remarked very grandly, "Well, honey, dis un did, kase he wuz 'bleeged ter climb." That settled the question.

The dogs make one *faux pas*. They eat a rabbit. For this they get a sound thrashing. Then there is a fight between three or four of them. Ben explains their misconduct by saying, "Dey ain't all mine, and so dey ain't 'zactly un ter each odder. Some dogs is mighty onfriendly anyways."

One rabbit, literally flushed by the writer in a thicket, makes a wild dash. The dogs are put on the trail and away they go, the writer after them. The Auditor decides that the rabbit will return to that spot, so he takes a place in an old roadway. A quarter of an hour he makes his report, or rather two reports, bang! bang! but these are not followed by the shout which announces victory. The fact is he missed clean. There are a lot of people back of him, ladies, children and darkies, spectators. The rabbit, scared half to death, plunges through these and into a branch and disappears as if swallowed by the earth. One darky says, "I don' see why dat gemmen didn't kill him. De rabbit's eyes look as big as engine headlights when he come down dat ole road." That rabbit fooled a score of people in a space of a few yards square, for it required another quarter of an hour to find him. Then a darky pulled him out of the edge of the branch, dripping wet.

"Dat shorely is er keen un," said Ben, as a rabbit over which hunters and dogs had literally walked, got up and made tracks the other way. "He jes' sot still en let de dawgs show what plum fools dey is." This rabbit takes to a thicket along a stream edge, and dodges in and out and is shot at several times. One darky finally said, "I sced him just' now en I swear he was er sittin' on his ha'nches er washin' his face wid his forepaws." This he regarded as an act most contemptuous both of the hunters and the dogs, but suddenly shouted, "Big-eyed rabbit, hoo! hoo!" as the shaggies stirred out the sneaking rascal of a rabbit. The softer note of the little beagles is heard as they peg away after the quarry. Ben allows that good as are the shaggies, "de beagle dogs is de most perseverin' kind dey is. Dey kin go anywhere er rabbit kin."

The Governor was in bad luck. Of the nine rabbits bagged in a couple of hours, he did not get one, nor did he get a shot. The Secretary of State and Auditor got the shots and did well.

Ben entertains the writer with some stories about "the rabbit and his ways." He says he has "sced um er dancin' and er playin' en mighty nigh er talkin' and er singin'." Some of FOREST AND STREAM'S readers have doubtless seen rabbits at play in the gloaming, and will understand what Ben meant; their queer gambols and their squeaky little voices being almost uncanny. Ben says they dance. Says he: "Den sashays at one another jes' like people at er dance. Dey bows en dey scrapes, den jumps up en cuts de pigeon whing. Yearly in de mornin' en erbout dusk is de times dey mos' in genrul cuts up dat erway. When dey doos dat erway dey shore is a plum sight. Er rabbit is er master han' ter stir erbout of er night. Owls gits atter him, foxes wants him, but he gits eround jus' de same. Endurin' er de day he sits eround mighty quiet. He's er waitin' ontwell night time. Rabbits eats fros'. Dat makes um fat. Dey's two kinds un um, de ole fiel' rabbit an' de swamp hyar. One's littler dan de udder. Bofe un um kin run like er streak." FRED A. OLDS.

Western Massachusetts Hunt.

(From The Springfield Republican. Nov 13.)

NEARLY a hundred hunters and from 30 to 40 hounds joined in the opening day's hunt of the Western Massachusetts Fox Club at Westfield yesterday. It was the usual success, although the number of brushes secured was not as large as at some of the former hunts. Sociability and good cheer prevailed, which is worth more than the killing of a large number of foxes. The exhilarating exercise with the ever-present expectancy of seeing a fox within gunshot, or the sound of the hounds as they jump a fox from his hiding place in some swamp or upon a mountainous ledge, is worth much to the real fox hunter. Men are known who have hunted sly Reynard for years without having secured a single brush, yet they enjoy the sport keenly and are never discouraged. It is the free open air life that appeals to them as much as the mere slaying of the fox. At least six pelts were secured, but the driving on the whole was disappointing.

The conditions were thought to be ideal. A rain had fallen in the night, and the ground was well dampened for suceessful trailing. Some of the veteran hunters, however, thought there was too much water, and said that the scent had been washed off the leaves and grass. They also shook their heads when they saw a southwest wind was blowing. Their predictions were not far amiss, for the trailing was not of the best. Two of the old hunters who predicted poor following were John Rood and Joseph Clark, of Sandisfield. Mr. Rood is 82 years old, and Mr. Clark 79. Both were in the hunt. The morning was productive of the best driving, and from about 7:30 till 9 there was considerable music from different packs of hounds that had caught a scent and started their quarry. Three dogs jumped a fox in the swamp near the lower reservoir brook, and for a half-hour there was the liveliest kind of a time. The pace was fast and furious, and the hounds were led a merry chase in small circles, until Mr. Fox finally tired of his capers and led the dogs over Mt. Tekoa and nearly to Fairfield, where he again began traveling in circles. There were no hunters in that section, and the fox failed to return. About 8 several dogs started another fox at the foot of the mountain and carried him along to the north until he fell a victim to the unerring aim of one of the hunters. There was a vast amount of ammunition wasted, much to the disgust of the genuine fox hunter. Many of the novices took to hunting rabbits and squirrels, and there was a continual bombardment, after the novelty of standing behind a stone wall or tree had worn off.

The start was made from the Park Square Hotel about 6 A. M., in 'busses and single carriages. Bugler Pettis made a tour of the town about 4:30 A. M., and awoke the sportsmen, as well as a majority of the other citizens within hearing. The threatening clouds cast a gloom over many of the hunters, but this was dispelled in a short time, when it was seen that the clouds were to shed no water, and the sun peeped through the rifts now and then. It was an enjoyable day for out-door sport, greatly in contrast to a year ago, when there was a miniature blizzard raging. The wind in the afternoon was not favorable to the chase, but there was not much to chase after the noon hour. The club made its headquarters at Albert Healey's house, on the road between Pochassic and Wyben, and the women of the latter village furnished an excellent luncheon to the half-famished sportsmen. The proceeds will be devoted to the little chapel at Wyben. The majority of the hunters, who had stationed themselves along Pitcher street, took lunch at Mr. Hayden's farmhouse. Most of the successful hunting was done along the base of the mountain. There were several good drives to the west of Pitcher street along Mount Tekoa, but little fun was derived from the hounds cut from the leash near old Grindstone Mountain. There was also less trailing to the east, toward the brickyard, Trainfield and Furrowtown, the foxes apparently being determined to stick close to the hills. It was thought that conditions were right for them to play the dogs out into the open pastures and fields, on account of the damp condition of the woods, but they did most of their running in the woods.

Many out-of-town men joined in the hunt, including about a score from Worcester and a half dozen from Hartford. Several women were also out to have a part in the hunt. F. M. Lamb, of Worcester, shot a fox in front of C. B. Daniel's dog, that had been running less than five minutes. The dog was all alone, and started his fox below the Pitcher Road, to the south of Ball Mountain. Mr. Daniels is also a Worcester man, and had the distinction of shooting a handsome dog fox in front of his own dog soon after Mr. Lamb killed his. It was a fine specimen. Both foxes were shot within less than an hour of each other, and both in front of Mr. Daniels's dog. This is an unusual record, and it is safe to say that Mr. Daniels was as proud of the achievement of his hound as he was of having secured a brush. Others who secured foxes were Harry N. Phelps, of Southwick; Dr. I. H. Pomeroy, of East Gloucester; Edward Williams, of Southwick, and Herbert Higgins, of Westfield, making a total of six in all, which is considered quite satisfactory, the conditions being considered. Dr. Pomeroy killed his fox late in the afternoon on the east side of Ball Mountain, and Mr. Williams bowled his over about 4 P. M., near Grindstone Mountain.

The hunters met in the early evening at the hotel to recount the experience of the day. At 6:45 a line was formed and the members and guests marched in a body to the Gem Opera House, with Officer John S. Breen performing escort duty. Hubbard catered for the banquet, about 175 being present. John T. Way, president of the club, called the gathering to order, after the cigars had been passed, and introduced E. W. Dickerman as toastmaster, who presented the speakers in a most pleasing manner. Congressman George P. Lawrence was one of the guests of honor, and received a warm welcome. The speaking was of a high order and was brightened by many witty stories. Running through the remarks of most of the speakers was a vein of seriousness, in which was emphasized the value of leading lives of honesty and sobriety, and of the need of giving freely of time and effort in solving great national problems. The manhood of President Roosevelt was commended by several of the speakers. Congressman Lawrence expressed himself as favoring rigid government supervision and control of great industries supplying the necessities of life. Mr. Green spoke of the democracy of the sportsman's life and paid a high tribute to Westfield, his old home. The other speakers were Judge J. J. Quinn, of Hartford, and A. B. F. Kinney, of Worcester; Rev. W. C. Gordon, S. H. Holmes, C. A. Brodeur and H. W. Ely.

Retrieving.

The best work on retrieving is "Fetch and Carry," the well-known treatise by B. Waters. In this work the amateur can find all the instruction necessary in training his dog to retrieve. Every educational step is carefully marked out for him, the methods of teaching every detail and correcting faults are fully explained; and thus the amatur need not be experimenting aimlessly for methods. Many collateral branches of training are also treated. "Fetch and Carry" has received the indorsement of nearly all the expert trainers of Ameriea. The chapters are The Amateur Trainer; The Importance of Retrieving; The Natural Retriever; The Educated Retriever; Implements and Commands; The Natural Method! The Force System; Seeking Dead and Wounded Birds; Incidental Training; Wildfowl Retrieving; The Irish Water Spaniel; The Chesapeake Bay Dog; Handling Retrievers; English Retrievers; Qualities of the Retriever; The Finder-Retriever; The Dog's Mentality. Cloth, price, $1.00. Forest and Stream Publishing Company.

There is a story current at Kuliang (Central China), says the Foochow Echo, about a tiger in that quarter giving trouble. It is said that a missionary and his wife had been worried by a tiger prowling nightly around their home. They determined to get rid of it. One night they tied a cow up in the backyard and a dog at the front of the house. Then they armed themselves with guns and kept watch. The tiger appeared, the missionary fired and killed the cow. The wife rushed to see what had happened, and in her absence the tiger ate the dog.

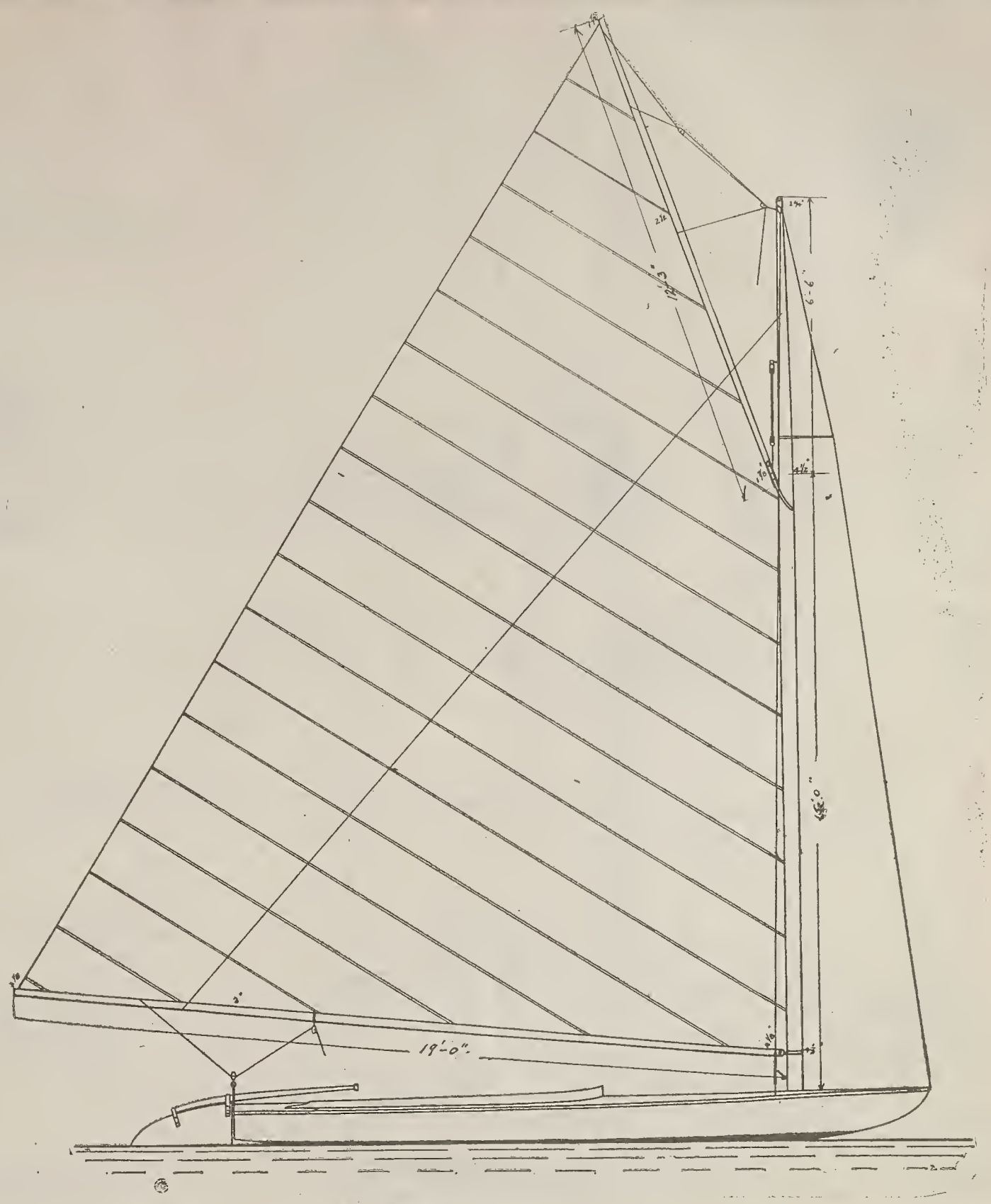
If warriors go to war by land, the turf shall receive the bodies of the slain. If warriors go to war by sea, the ocean shall receive the bodies of the slain. From time immemorial our gallant warriors have gone forth in swarms. Human life lasts but for fifty years; who would wish to purchase a few miserable years of life at the cost of dishonor? March and fire as long as breath remains, for our lives are at the disposal of the sovereign, our bodies are to be sacrificed to the glory of the country; let soldiers die with all their wounds in front. The souls of those who thus defy death shall be through the ages to come the guardian angels of tranquility. So, go forth, go forth, ye warriors; warriors, go forth!—Author, time and country unknown.

Yachting.

Barnegat Bay Sneak-Box.

The accompanying plans, which are given through the kindness of Mr. E. B. Schock, the designer, show the typical modernized sneak box, which is now raced on Barnegat Bay. The only restriction placed on these boats for racing is that they shall not exceed 17ft. over all length, and while boats of all descriptions and proportions are built and raced, it has been found that the most successful craft have been those with moderate dimensions of beam and sail area, similar to the plans given herewith The principal changes in this design from the original sneak-box, are the increase of freeboard, fuller bilge and more of a scow bow, to give her buoyancy forward and prevent diving when being driven off before the wind. The modern boats are handy and very fast on all points of sailing, and make an excellent type of inexpensive boat for afternoon sailing and racing in shallow waters. The dimensions are as follows:

Length—		
Over all	17ft.	0in.
Water line	13ft.	0in.
Overhang—		
Bow	3ft.	0in.
Stern	1ft.	0in.
Breadth—		
Extreme	6ft.	6in.
Waterline	5ft.	2in.
Freeboard—		
Forward	1ft.	3in.
Least	0ft.	10in.
Draft—		
Extreme	1ft.	0in.
Hull alone	0ft.	6in.



BARNEGAT SNEAK-BOX—SAIL PLAN.
Designed by E. B. Schock.

Boston Letter.

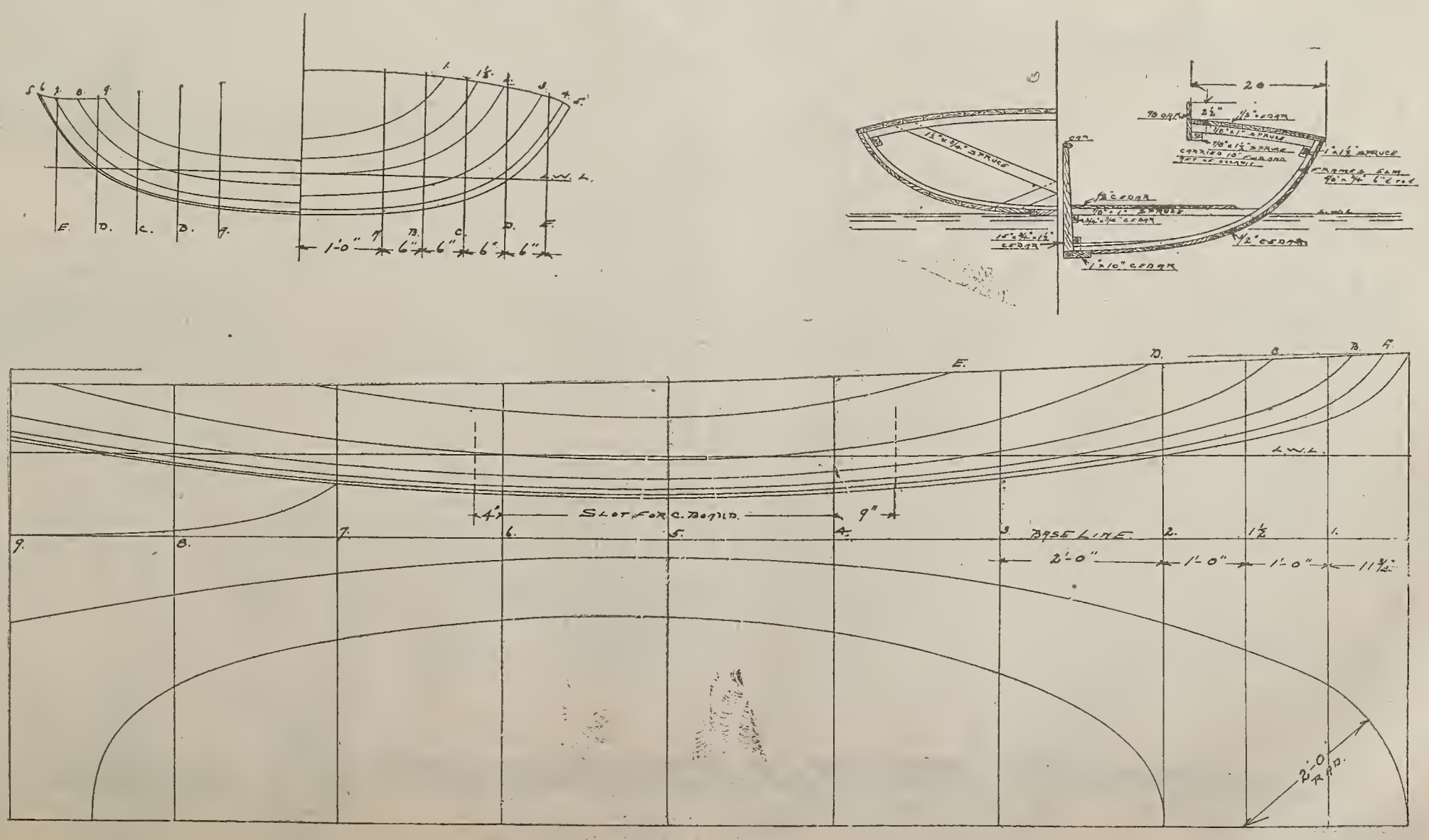
BOSTON, Nov. 17.—There was a hot time at the meeting of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts last Thursday evening, especially when it is considered that nothing was done. Two measures of immense importance were acted upon, one the adoption of the proposed new 22ft. class, and the other the adoption of changes in the present rules governing the restricted 25ft. and 21ft. classes.

There was a little better attendance than at the two previous meetings. The adoption of the 22ft. class had spurred Mr. Sumner H. Foster, the organizer, to greater efforts, and he not only made a personal canvass among the delegates, but also came armed with proxies. When the vote was taken the result stood 12 for adoption and 5 against. Two of the delegates present did not vote when their clubs were called, and it was ruled that, under the by-laws, their silence was equal to votes in the negative. Had these votes not been counted as in the negative the class would have been admitted, a two-thirds vote being required, but with the addition of the two silent members to the no side the motion was lost, and the association refused to adopt the class. The discussion waxed warm, and Mr. Foster tried in several ways to get the vote reconsidered later, but all to no avail.

In spite of the fact that the association refused to adopt the 22ft. class, Mr. Foster has informed me that those who intended having boats built for it are going ahead, it being reasoned that if sufficient number of boats are built the clubs will give races for the class, anyway. The orders for the boats, it is said, will be placed this week. Burgess is said to have three orders for 22-footers and Lawley, three. Mr. S. C. Winsor, of the Duxbury Y. C., is much interested in the class, is anxious to communicate with those intending building at his Boston office, 19 T. Wharf.

The 22-footers having been disposed of by the Yacht Racing Association, the matter of changes in the rules came up. It was the intention to adopt rules on measurement, which would embody some of the features of the New York Y. C. rule, while still maintaining many of the principles of the present rule. In the call for the meeting, the manner of obtaining length was the same as the New York rule. It seemed, however, that there was considerable prejudice against the formula and the failure of its possible passage became apparent. So Mr. Louis M. Clark offered as a substitute, that the square root of the sail area should not exceed 145 per cent. of the cube root of the displacement. This was applied to 21-footers, and was lost upon vote. Thereupon Mr. Clark avowed that he did not intend to propose any more motions, and so a like proposition for the 25-footers was never offered. It was then voted that it be the sense of the meeting that no changes should be made in the existing rules governing 25-footers and 21-footers.

The result of that meeting puts the yachting prospect for next season in Massachusetts Bay in a very doubtful state. In spite of the vote not to change the rules, there are very few actual boat owners in the restricted classes who will not admit that changes in the rules are necessary for the health of the sport. For next season, then, the only one of the restricted classes which will hold together is the 18ft. knockabout class. There is a movement on foot now to get some of the owners of the 21-footers together and agree to race among themselves, but not against the objectionable boats. It is said that they can muster up ten boats, but there is likely to be



BARNEGAT SNEAK-BOX—LINES.
Designed by E. B. Schock.

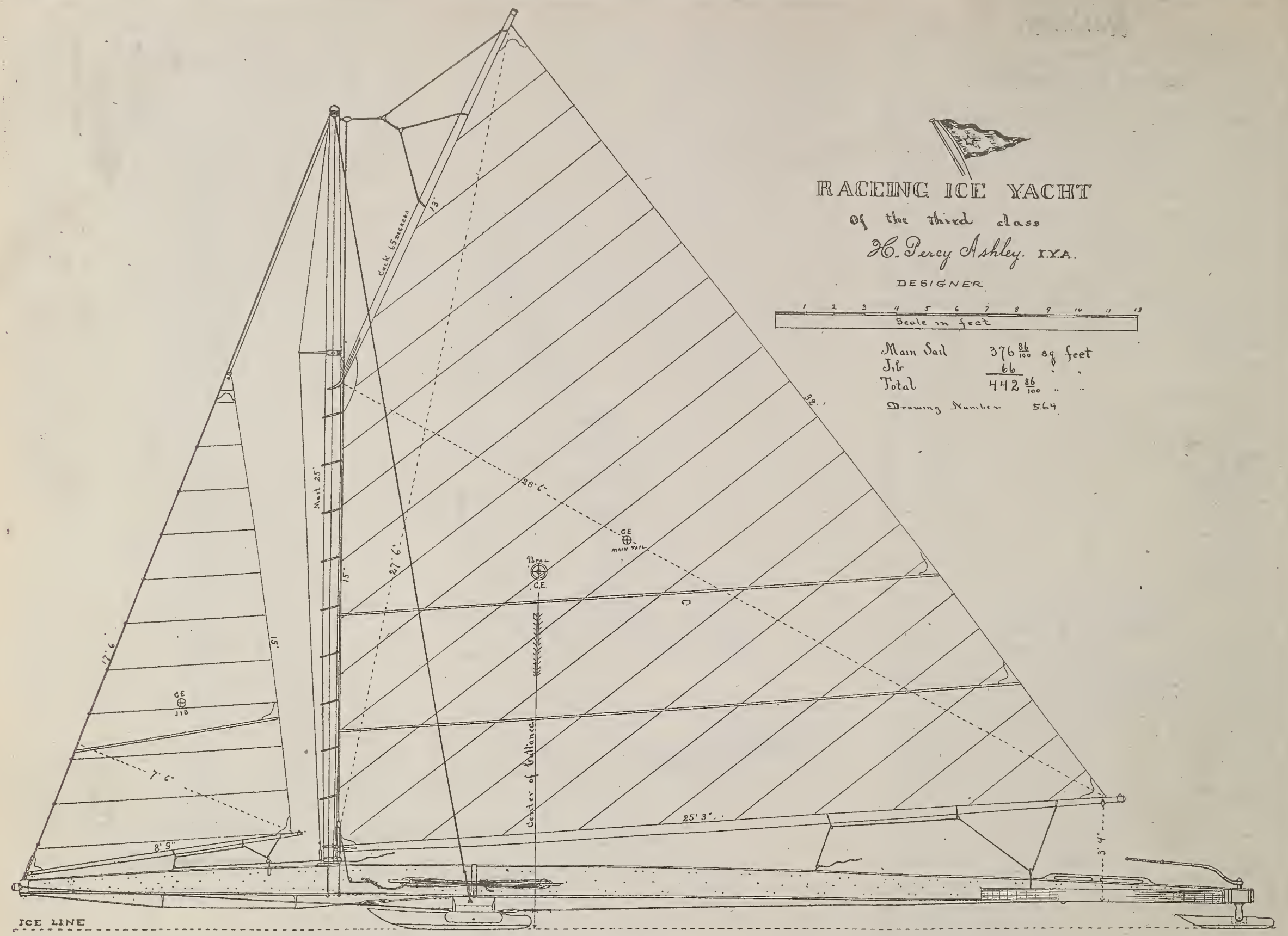


PLATE I.

ICE YACHT——SAIL PLAN——DESIGNED BY H. PERCY ASHLEY.

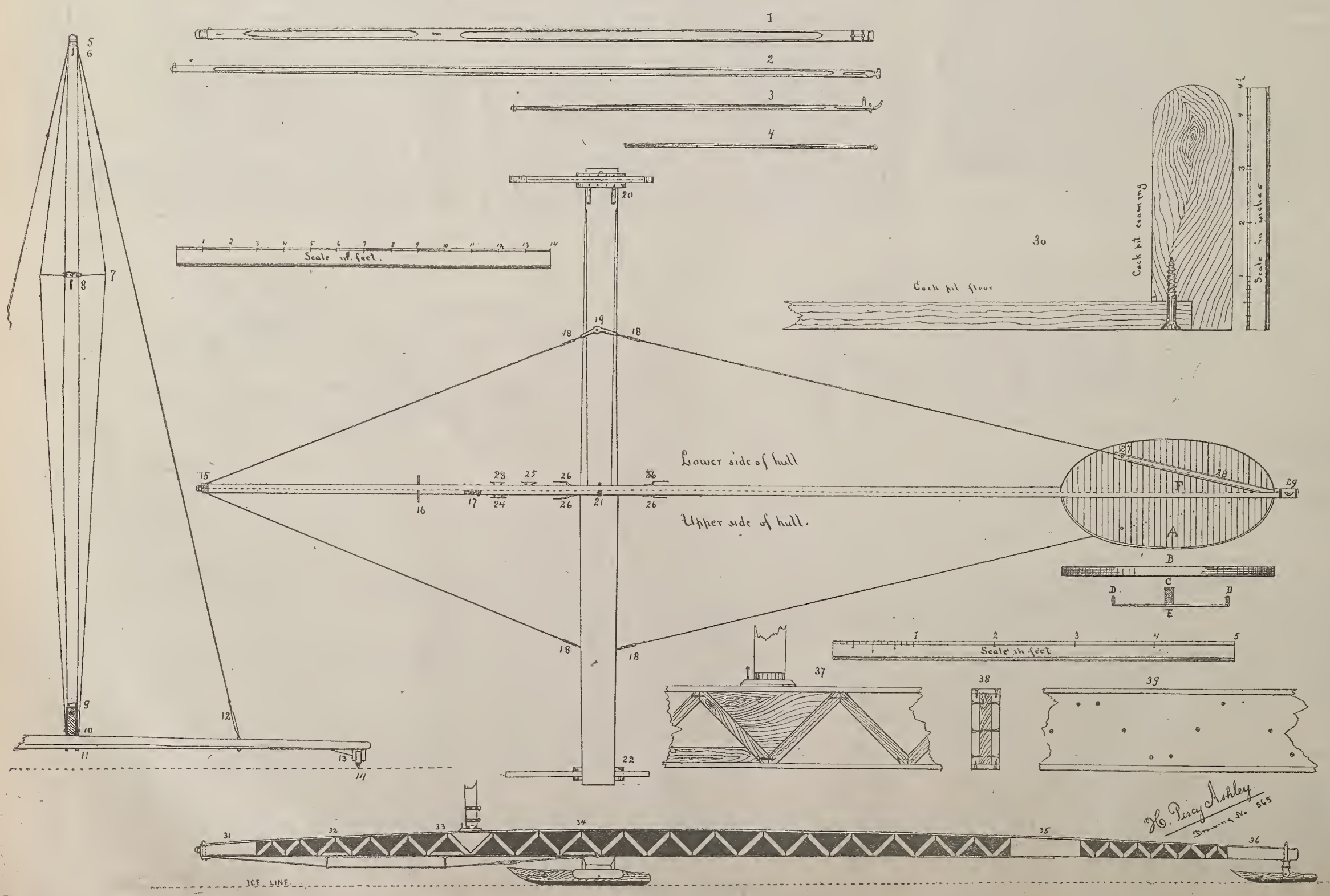
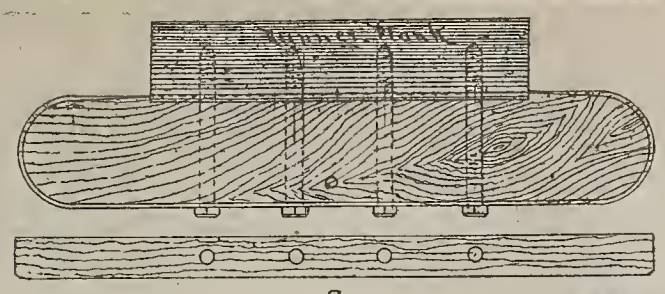


PLATE II.

ICE YACHT——DETAILS OF HULL AND SPARS——DESIGNED BY H. PERCY ASHLEY.



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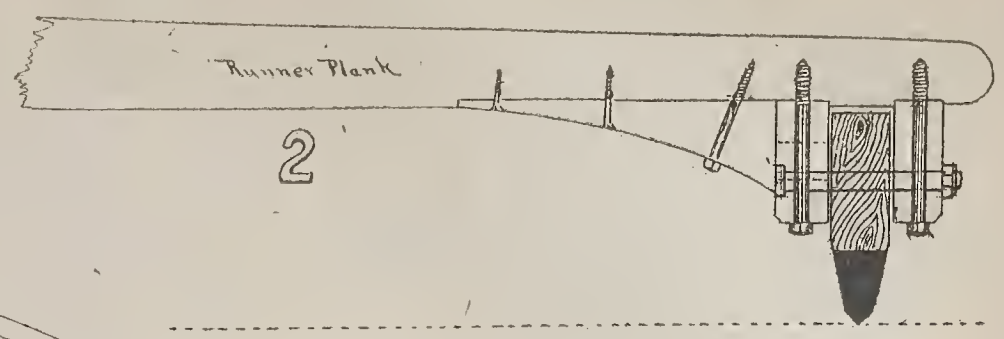

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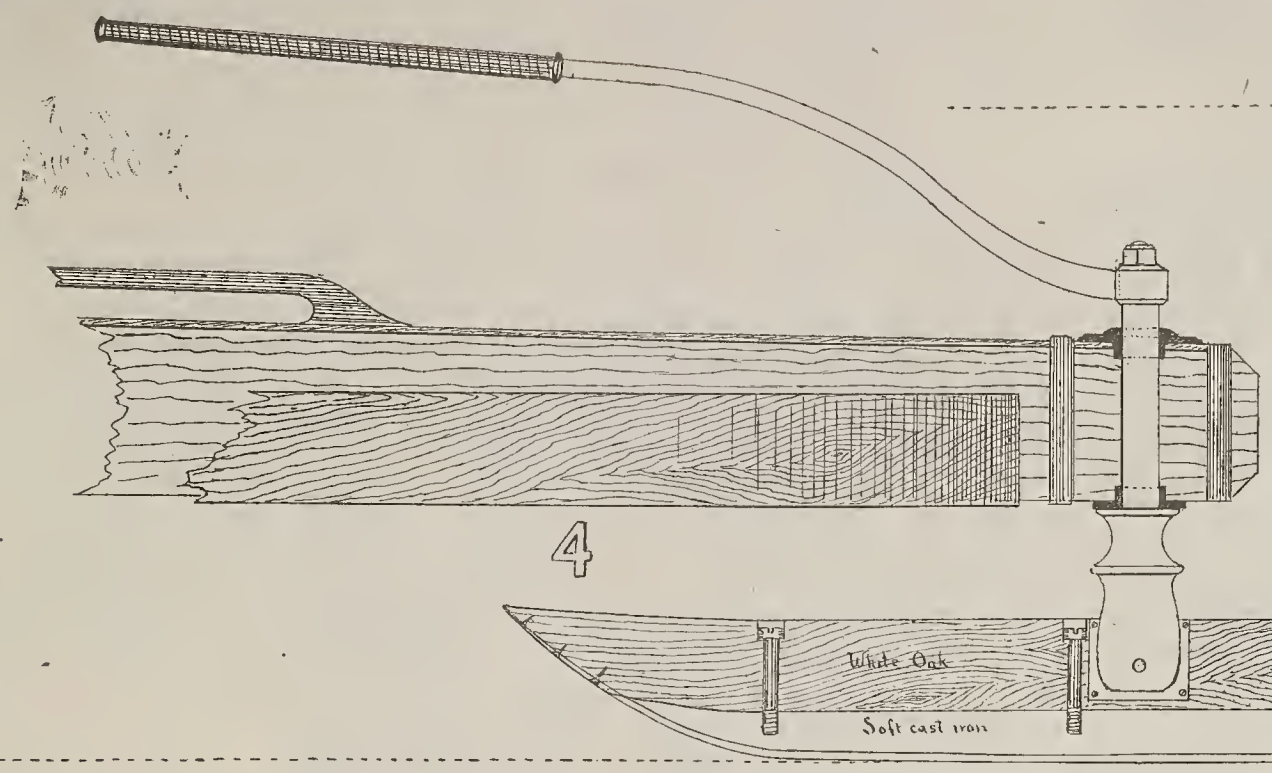

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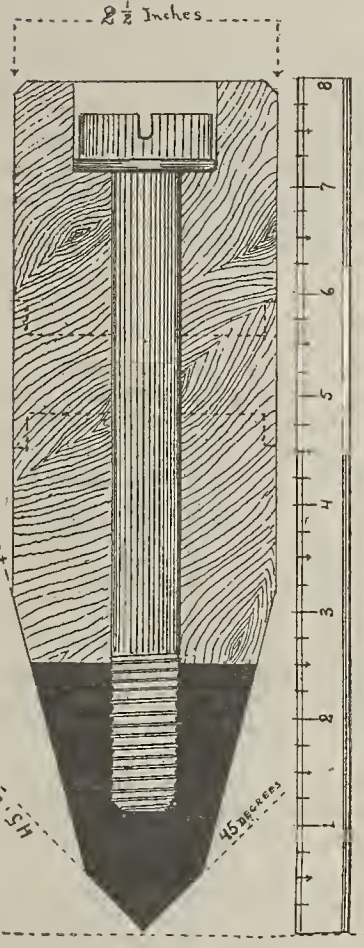

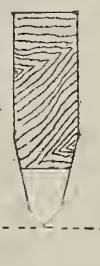

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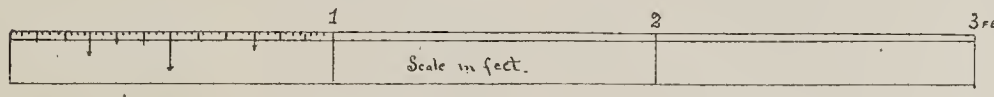

H. Percy Ashley
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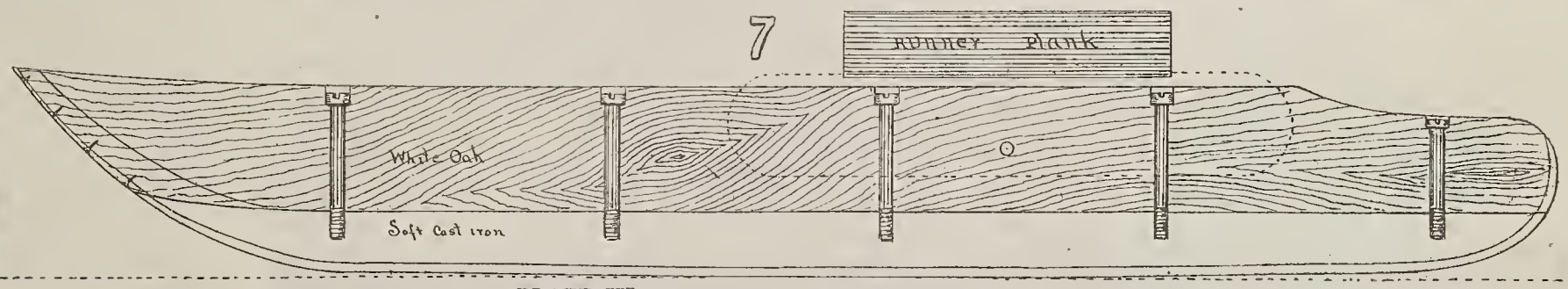

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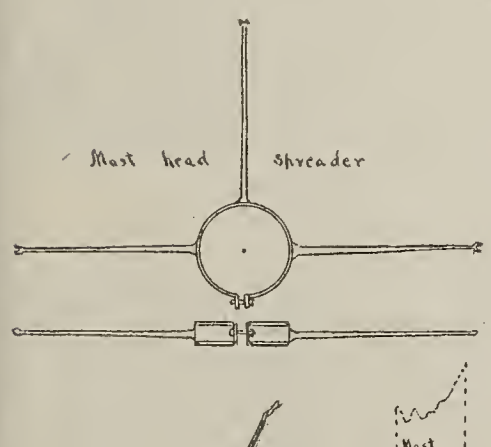
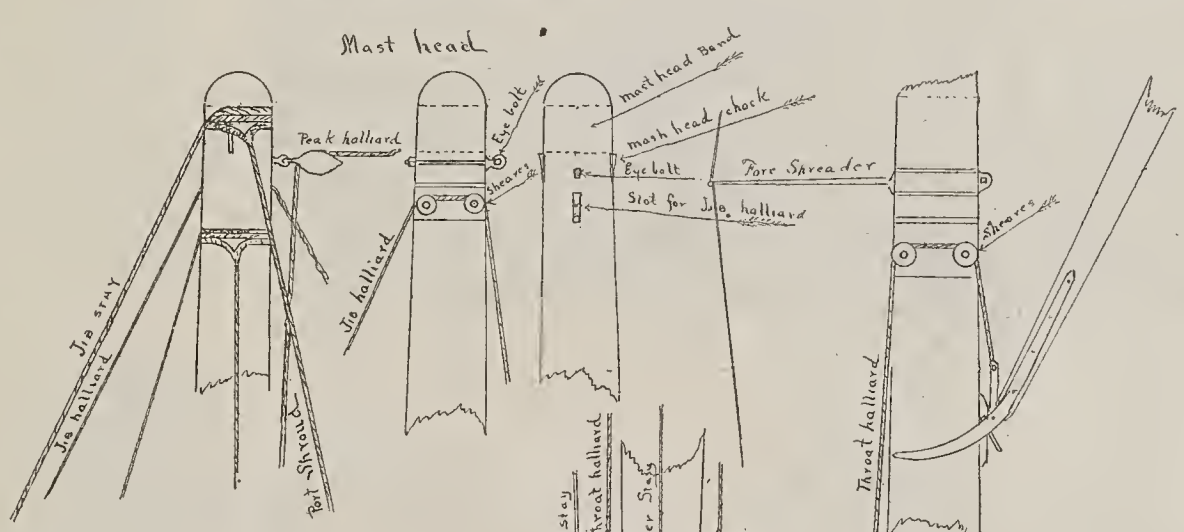
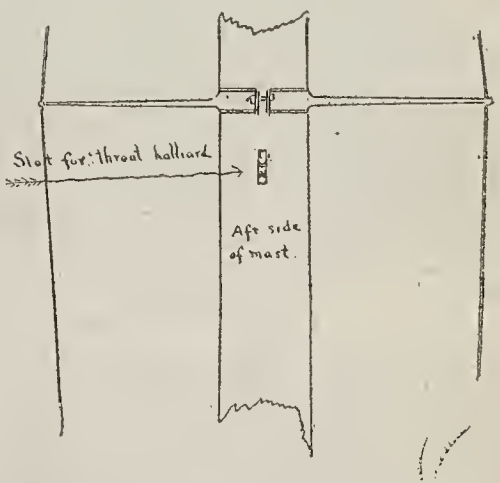
PLATE III.

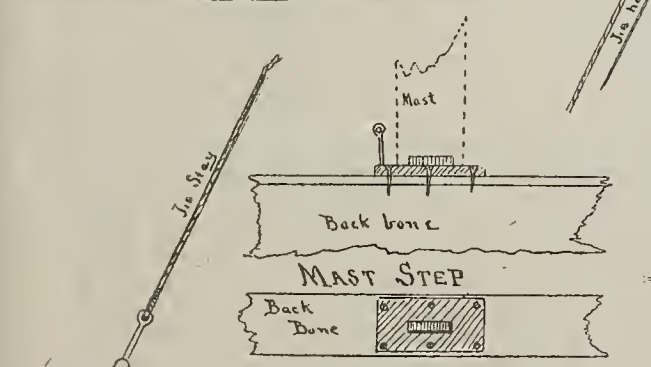
ICE YACHT——DETAILS OF RUNNERS——DESIGNED BY H. PERCY ASHLEY.

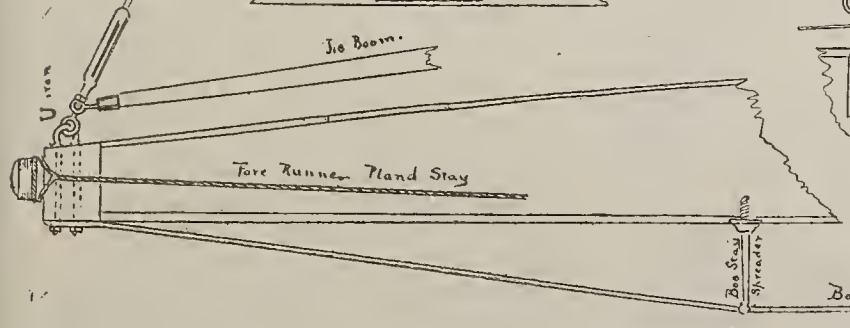
1. Chocks or runner guides.
2. End of runner plank and section of runner.
3. Section of forward runner.
4. Steering gear. Side view.
5. Steering gear. Section.
6. Forward runner. Section.
7. Forward runner. Side view.

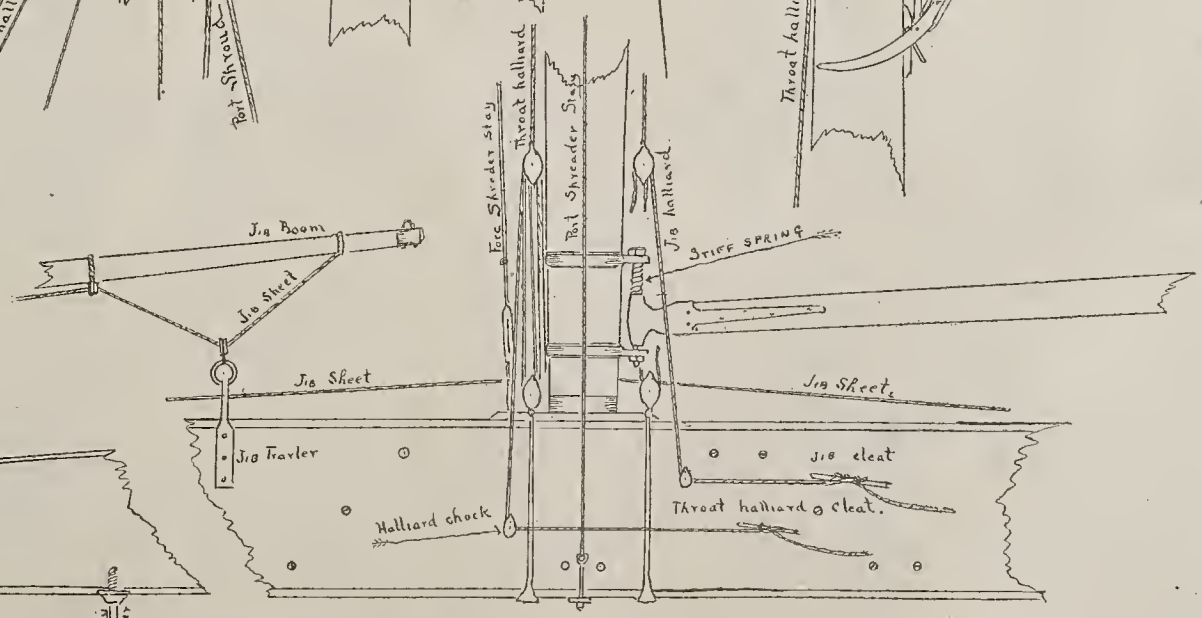


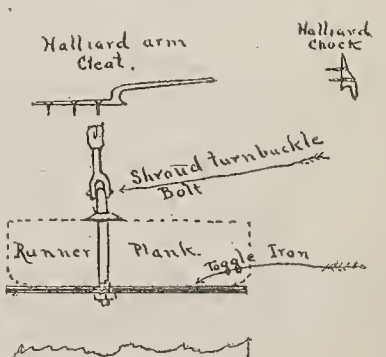


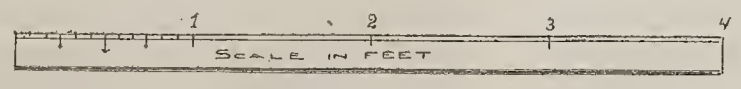


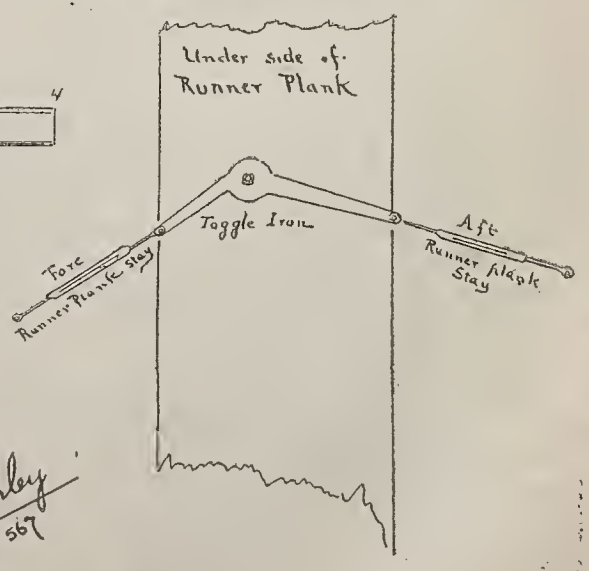


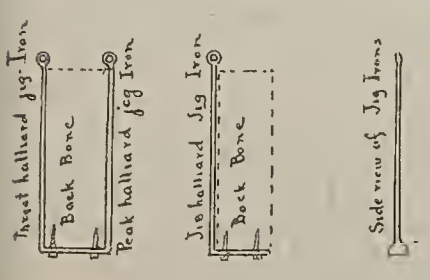


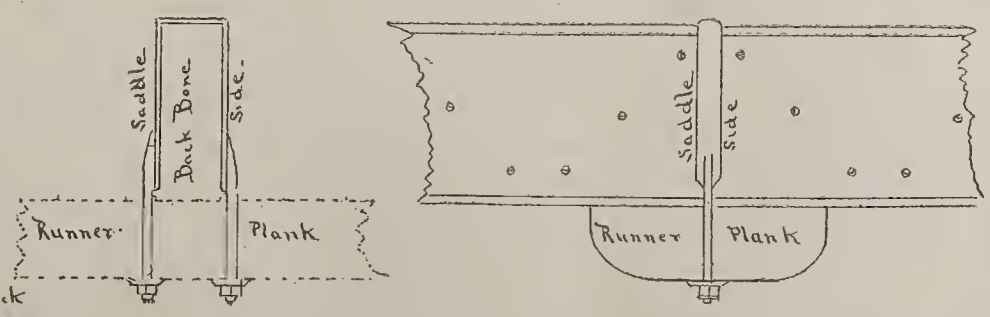


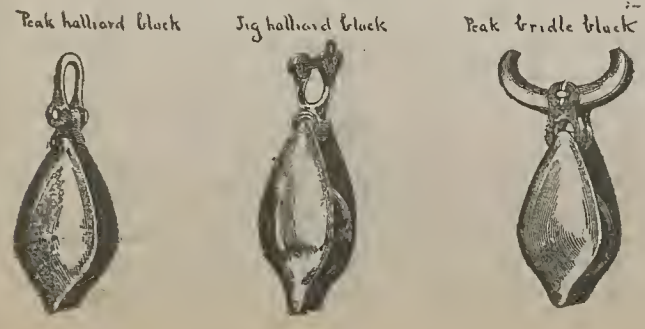


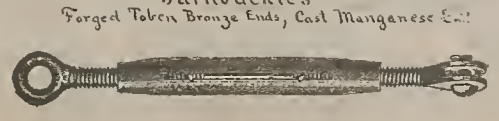


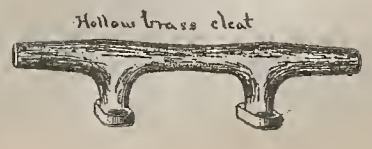












H. Percy Ashley
Drawing No 567

PLATE IV.

ICE YACHT——DETAILS OF RIGGING AND IRON WORK——DESIGNED BY H. PERCY ASHLEY.

some question about this number. It is said that the older 25-footers will not race against the boats of extreme dimensions that are now being built. If this is so the interest in the 25ft. class will be very slight. Had the 22ft. class been adopted by the association, it is likely that several more boats than are now contemplated, would have been built. It is said, however, that the Corinthian Y. C. is likely to adopt the 22ft. class at its next meeting, as will also several other north shore clubs. It is also likely that the Duxbury Y. C. will adopt the class. If this is done the chances of a number of boats being built will be stronger.

Up to date the number of racing boats under construction is very small. It is not known that any restricted 21-footers are being built, while there are only two 25-footers under way. Burgess has finished the lines of one of the Seawanhaka Cup challengers, and she will be laid down this week. She will be built in Fenton's shop. The lines of the other Seawanhaka boat will be started as soon as possible. She will be built at Manchester in a special shed. Burgess has an order for a 30ft. water line cruising yawl for Mr. J. J. Feeley. A dozen yachtsmen have agreed to build for the Mattapoisett one-design class, for which Burgess turned out the lines.

At Lawley's west shop the 166ft. steam yacht for Mr. C A. Fletcher, of Providence, is about framed. Part of the plating is on and the bulkheads are in. In the east shop a 50ft. ketch for Mr. J. H. Cromwell, of New York, is partly planked. The keel for the 60ft. waterline schooner for Mr. C. H. Clark, of Philadelphia, is set up. A 34ft. yawl for Mr. F. H. Adriance is laid down. The cruising 30-footer for Mr. Alfred Douglas has been hauled out of the shop, and a sister boat is having her cabin finished up. Fred Lawley has orders for a 25-footer for Mr. Swift, of New Bedford, and a cruising 21-footer for Mr. L. H. Spalding, of Winchester. He has turned out the plans for an 18ft. class to be raced at Kennebunkport, Me. They will be built at that place. The design of the 50ft. schooner for Mr. John M. Richmond is being held off, awaiting the final action of the New York Y. C. on measurement rules.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

A Racing Ice Yacht.

BY H. PERCY ASHLEY.

OLIVER BOOTH, of Poughkeepsie, who in 1790 built the first ice yacht, composed of a square box on three runners with a small sprit sail from his ducking boat, little realized that he was laying the foundation for thousands of racing ice craft all over the United States, Canada and Europe. Unless one has been constantly in touch with these speedy flyers of the frozen surface for the past twenty-five years, and noted their gradual improvement from year to year from the crude side rail affair to the hollow-back bone racing machine of this winter, the improvements seem incredible. And why? For the reason that past experience coupled with scientific designing, has placed these flyers under control, and the danger attached to this sport years ago when the ice yachts were built by the rule of thumb, has passed, the modern, up-to-date racing ice yacht is obedient to her tiller under any circumstances, and the windward runner does not raise from the ice except in a half a gale, and then reefing is required. The most prominent and practical improvements of late are hollow spars, hollow trussed back bone, steering box aft of the clew of mainsail, reduced jibs and sails, hoisting with pliable steel running rigging. Many of these improvements are due to Com. H. C. Higginson, of the Orange Lake Ice Y. C., who constructs, under his personal supervision, and sails new racing ice yachts from year to year. The racing ice yacht whose plans appear in FOREST AND STREAM, is of the third class, according to the world's classification if ice yachts, which is as follows: "Ice yachts shall be divided by sail area into five classes, as follows: First class, measuring 600 sq. ft. of sail area and over; second class, measuring 450 and under 600 sq. ft.; third class, measuring 300 sq. ft. and under 450; fourth class, measuring 225 sq. ft. and under 300; fifth class, measuring less than 225 sq. ft." The style of rig or shape of hull and dimensions are at the designer's option. In the accompanying sail plan that calls for the sails fully stretched, it will be noted that the ice yacht carries 442 86-100 sq. ft., making her a third class boat, and just 8 and 14-100 sq. ft. less than an ice yacht of the second class. Hence the craft can go up a class and sail in it as well as her own, and have a fair show with the second class boats, and for all around racing in class or mixed class, a craft of these dimensions is the most practicable. The international rule, which originated with the Orange Lake Ice Y. C., in a mixed class, is as follows: "Allow one second for every square foot of canvas carried over the smaller boat, provided the course is ten miles, and the time limit of the race is one hour. If the race is sailed in fifty minutes, 50-60 of a second per square foot, and so on in accordance with the time of the race. In other words, a large ice yacht does not give the smaller boat so much time if the race is sailed in a half hour as she does if the race is sailed in one hour. In a five-mile course, one-half second per square foot can be used. If the race is sailed in thirty minutes, allow 15-60 of a second per square foot, and if sailed in twenty-four minutes, 12-60, and in accordance. The general time limit for five miles is 30 minutes. In this racing ice yacht the general dimensions are: Back bone over all, 40ft. 6in.; track of fore runners, 22ft. 1in.; from nose to center of mast, 10ft. 6in.; from center of mast to center of runner plank, 4ft. 9in.; cockpit, 8ft. by 4ft.; sail area, mainsail, 376 86-100 sq. ft.; jib, 66 sq. ft.; total, 442 86-100 sq ft.

In building, the first step is to select the wood for back bone and runner plank. The very best wood is basswood, well seasoned and free from knots and checks. The merits of the other woods are in their order named: White wood, butternut, white cedar, pine. In carrying out these specifications, it should be clearly understood that the materials and workmanship of wood, iron, bronze, sails and rigging should be of the very highest order, and the plans accurately followed.

Back Bone or Center Timber.—Select two first class planks of basswood; when fully dressed should measure 41ft. by 12in. by 1¼in.; these form the sides or shell of the back bone (see Plate 2, Fig. 38). Take one plank and measure off 40ft. 6in. from the end used for the nose place, a mark 4in. from the lower side upward. At the mast it measures 11in., at nose of cockpit 7½in., at extreme stern 5¼ in; the lower side is perfectly straight. Now take a long batten and sweep out the curve, as shown in Plate 1. Mark your second plank from the first one after being dressed to batten mark. When the back bone is finished, including the oak caps on bottom and top, it should measure at nose 5in.; at mast, 12in., and at heel 5¾in. Now that you have your shells or sides of the back bone dressed smooth, lay one side on a leveled surface, and take your strips of soft, seasoned white pine, free from checks or knots. The dimensions of these pieces which form the truss for the hollow back bone, are 2in. by 2in. The first two pieces of the truss are placed under the mast at an angle of 45 degrees (see plate No. 2, Fig. 33). The contact surface is given a liberal coat of fish glue, and temporarily tacked in place with two screws from the inside. Between these two is fitted a triangular piece of pine 2in. thick, to sustain the downward thrust of the mast (Plate 2, Fig. 37). Now reverse the plank and screw fast, making the heads of the screws flush with the surface of the plank. At the next truss is inserted a piece of pine at the lower side, measuring 2in. by 3in., to sustain the upward thrust of the bobstay spreader. (Plate 2, Figs. 32 and 37.) The same directions are followed in forward bobstay spreaders. (Plate 2, Fig. 32.) Insert a 2in. piece at nose 2ft. long. (Plate 2, Fig. 31.) The formation of the nose is shown in Plate 4; the horn part of the same is capped with a 3in. diameter by 2½in. and ⅛in. thick iron band to receive the runner plank forestay. Aft of this is an iron band 3¾in. deep (on top and bottom) of ⅛in. iron set flush with the wood and pierced with a U iron ½in. in diameter, to receive turnbuckle for jibstay. (See Plate 4.) The iron work is fitted after the back bone is ready for varnishing. Secure the trusses aft from the mast until the runner plank is met, and fit a strip 2 by 3in. parallel with back bone to give holding wood for the three ½in. lag bolts that secure the heel of bobstay. (Plate 2, Fig. 34.) Truss aft, as shown in Plate 2, until the nose of cockpit is reached, and insert a piece of pine 2in. thick and 2ft. long; also one of the same thickness of oak at heel of back bone. (Plate 2, Figs. 35 and 36.) These pieces of solid wood strengthen ends of cockpit rail and rudder post. Now that your truss is finished, glue and screw on the remaining shell and cap, the same with strips of oak 4¼in. by ½in. on top and bottom. The oak is secured by glue and screws 6in. apart on each side. (Plate 2, Figs. 38 and 39.)

On each side of rudder post is fitted an iron band, 1¼in. broad and ⅛in. thick. The forward band is in contact with the heel of back bone on its inner surface, while the after one is set flush. (Plate 3, Fig. 4.) It will be noted by reference to Plate 2. Fig. 35, that the under ½in. oak cap extends only to the nose of the cockpit, as the flooring of the cockpit is in contact with the side planks of back bone.

Runner Plank.—A plank 23ft. long by 16in. broad and 5½in. thick, is required when dressed. See that the heart of the timber is on the upper side. Dress down from the upper side in a gradual curve to the ends, which should measure in depth 2¾in. Now take down the width of the plank at ends to 14in., and cut away wood on the under side at middle, the shape of draft of saddle in Plate 4, gradually bringing it to nothing as it meets the runner chocks. When the plank is finished the dimensions should be, center 16in. by 5½in., ends 2¾in. by 14in., length over all 23ft. The hole for shroud pin bolt is set 1½in. forward of the center of the plank. (Plate 2, Fig. 18.) The distance between these holes is 12ft. (Plate 2, Figs. 18 and 19.)

Runners and Steering Gear.—Turn to Plate 4, No. 7. The forerunners are made of white oak. The forerunners measure 5ft. 5in. from nose to heel, and are 2½in. wide by 5½in. deep. (Plate 3, No. 3.) They are pierced with a ¾in. bolt, on which they ride. (Plate 3, No. 2.) The shoe is of soft cast iron, 2½in. deep, and has a cutting surface of 45 degrees. This is securely held in place five square-shouldered screw-headed bolts ⅝in. diameter. In finishing up the fore and aft cutting surface of the shoe with a small file, see that at the riding bolt the bottom of the shoe takes a gradual downward curve from the nose to the riding bolt; the greatest depth is at the bolt, and is 3-32in. The upward curve aft of the riding bolt is the same. In Plate 3 the ice line is shown by dots. The wood for rudder runner is 3ft. 1in. over all, 3¼in. deep, and 2in wide. It has two plates set flush, of ⅛in. thick iron, to prevent chafing of jaws of rudder post. The rudder runner shoes are also of soft cast iron with a pitch at bottom of 45 degrees, with a slight fore and aft upward curve of 2-32in. at the ice contact edge. Full working details of the steering apparatus are given in Plate 3, Nos. 4 and 5. The rudder post is 11½in. from top of the nut to flange that sets on boss at lower side of back bone. From bottom of jaws to top of nut is 17in.; diameter of rudder post 1½in.; diameter of jaws, 3in. The rudder post works in two brass bosses on upper and lower side of back bone. They are secured to the wood by four screws for each, which are set flush with the face of the boss. The tiller fits on the square head of the runner post and is 3ft. 4in. over all. Material for steering gear, mild steel, engine turned.

Runner Chocks.—The runner chocks are made of white oak and measure 24in. over all by 4¼in. deep and 2in. wide. They are sunk ⅛in. in the plank, and each chock is pierced with four lag screws of ½in. diameter, which secure them to the ends of the runner plank. On the inside chocks are mortised two brackets of oak for each chock. Three brackets are sunk ⅛in. in the plank, being glued and lag bolted as well as the chocks. At right angles to chocks in their center, they are pierced with riding bolts of ¾in. diameter. (Plate 3, No. 2.) For drawings of chocks and brackets, see Plate 3, Nos. 1 and 2, also Plate 2, No. 20.

Cockpit or Steering Box.—Is composed of two steam bent rails, one for each side, of oak, 4½in. by 1½in. On the inner lower side is cut a square shoulder (before bending), ½in. deep by ¾in. broad. (Plate 2, No. 30.) The cockpit rails at their extreme are screwed to the sides of the back bone, and when in place the whole cockpit from outside measurements should be 8ft. by 4ft. The flooring is 2½in. wide by ½in. tongued and grooved oak, and is screwed to the bottom of the cockpit rail and back bone. (See Plate 2, Fig. 30, and letters A, B and D, E.) On the back bone at center of cockpit is placed a hickory hand rail which measures 4ft. over all by 3in. high. See stern of back bone, Plate 1.

Spars.—The spars are all hollow, and are of the Fraser make, of the following dimensions: Mast, over all, 25ft.; head, 4½in. in diameter; heel, 4¼in.; center, 5½in. At head and heel it is capped with two bands, set flush, the upper one being 2¼in. deep and 3-16in. thick; lower or heel band is 1½in. deep and 3-16in. thick; the material is brass. Below the masthead cap is a ½in. diameter eye bolt to which is shackled the peak halyard block, and above this is sunk to the depth of ¼in. two masthead chocks of oak. Below the peak halyard block bolt is cut a slot fore and aft, to receive two solid brass sheaves to receive a 5-16in. wire rope. Below this slot is sunk two more oak chocks, on which rest the spreader stays. (See masthead, Plate 4.) By referring to Plate 2, No. 1, you will see that the mast contains three solid parts, one at each end, and the third at the spreader. Just 6in. below spreader, cut slot fore and aft, and insert two solid brass sheaves to receive ½in. diameter running steel rigging for throat halyard. (See Plate 4, mast at spreader.) The boom is 25ft. 11in. long, 4¼in. diameter at center, 3in. at ends. The outboard end is equipped with a brass band and bronze staple for outhauling. The inboard end is attached to an aluminum bronze gooseneck, which passes around the mast, as shown in Plate 4. The gaff measures 13ft. 6in. by 3½in. at center and 2½in. at ends, and has a band and out haul staple at the outboard end, and bent jaws, tumbler and hoisting block at the inboard extremity. The jib boom is 9ft. 2in. over all, 2¼in. at center, 2in. circumference at ends. There are nine mast hoops, whose edges are rounded and whose inside diameter is 6¼in. The top hoop has a piece of pork rind sewed around the forward side to insure easy slipping on mast.

Rigging.

The main shrouds are of ⅜ diameter, plough steel (galvanized), of 7 wires to a strand, with breaking strain of 7 tons. Jib stay is the same as main shrouds—spreader stays of 9-32in. diameter plough steel (galvanized), with breaking strain of 3½ tons. The runner plank guys both forward and aft are of (galvanized) 9-32in. diameter plough steel, breaking at 3½ tons. The jib halyard is 5-16in. steel running rigging with a breaking strain of 2.2 tons, throat halyard ½in. diameter, steel running rigging, breaking strain 5.3 tons. Peak halyard, 7-16in. diameter, breaking at 3.3 tons. Lower bridle steel running rigging 5-16in. diameter, breaks at 2.2 tons, upper bridle ⅜in. diameter, breaking strain 2.7 tons. The blocks, cleats, etc., are of Durkee's make, and are as follows:

Durkee's bronze blocks, size 2 (for ½ diameter, 4 strand manila bolt rope, extra fine 12-thread). Style C, 2 double, 3 single, with becket, 1 single without becket. These are for the halyard jigs.

The peak halyard block is Durkee's bronze block No. 1, style C, with becket, remove its sheave and replace with the largest diameter sheave this becket block will take. As it remedies the great strain of wire peak halyard in passing through the peak halyard block, this block must be equipped with an extra strong Tobin bronze shackle and substantial pin bolt. The shroud turn buckles are of ¾in. diameter thread, with forged Tobin bronze ends and Manganese bronze body, breaking strain 8 tons; one end is an eye, the other a fork. Jib turn buckle same as shrouds, excepting it has an eye at each end with brass pipe washer and nut to keep eye bolt of jib boom in place (see plate 4), 4 half-inch turn buckles same style as shroud buckles, breaking strain 4 tons. These are for runner plank stays, 1 ½in. turn buckle, ½in. eye at each end, one eye to receive bronze shacle size No. 1.

Iron Work (Plate 4).

The mast head spreader is of mild steel, with hollow arms extending 11in., ¾in. at butt, tapering to ½in. The collar for spreader is 2½ by 3-16in. of steel. The bob stay is ⅝in. Scotch iron, lightened by an open turn buckle, with jam nuts at each end on the bobstay side, two bobstay spreaders set in square plates ¼in. thick, set flush with the lower side of backbone; the spreaders should be arranged to be removed from the plates when the boat is taken apart, length of spreaders 5in. A similar plate is made to receive the three lag screws of ½in. diameter at heel of bobstay. The mast step is 7in. long by 4¼in. wide and ½in. thick. In its center is a raised tennant, and a mortise is cut in the heel of mast to receive the same. The mast step is secured to the backbone by 4 screws sunk flush. Material of mast step, cast-iron. A ½in. iron rod, ending in an eye, is joined at forward end eye above mast step 2½in. Halyard brackets, of which there are 3 pairs (Plate 2, No. 26). Plate 4 shows shape and how they are placed on backbone. They are made of malleable iron and are 8in. over all. The halyard chucks are of cast brass, 3½in. long (Plate 4). The jig irons are of ½in. malleable iron, with eyes at upper end and a flat surface at bottom, held in place by ¼in. lag screws. The saddle is of malleable iron, 2in. by ¼in., and fits snugly over the backbone. The arms of the same are ¾in. diameter, iron ending in a nut capped by a flange washer. The toggle iron is of ¼in. iron with arms at ends of 1in., near circle 1½in., circle 3in. in diameter. It is held in place by a shroud bolt ⅞in. diameter, of mild steel, the upper end is fitted to receive jaws of turn buckles for main shrouds, the lower end has a thread and nut.

I wish to impress thoroughly that you cannot have a suit of sails set too flat. Have the sails made flat, no matter what your sailmaker advises, for they have no practical experience in handling these flyers of the ice. If your sail is the least bit baggy it backs with you as you fly over the ice at a mile a minute, and to a great extent retards your headway. Give the hull one coat of filler, rub down and cover with two coats of best spar varnish. Iron work to receive two coats of silver bronze. Blocks, turnbuckles, etc., to be buffed and then coated with lacquer, then they will stay bright all winter. The total weight of this boat should be 1,377 pounds, divided as follows: Backbone, 450; runner plank, 375; mast, 54; boom, 42; gaff, 14; jib boom, 7; runners, rudder post and tiller, 210; sails, 75; rigging of all kinds, 150 pounds. The above figures are for hollow construction. I would advise that runners, rudder post and tiller be made by an experienced man who has made a specialty of racing ice yachts.

Key to Plate II.

1. Hollow mast.
2. Hollow boom.
3. Hollow gaff.
4. Hollow jibboom.
5. Masthead band.
6. Slot for jib halyard.
7. Masthead spreader.
8. Slot for throat halyard.
9. Mast heel band.
10. Eye-bolts to tighten up spreader shrouds.
11. Saddle and bolts.
12. Shroud turnbuckles.
13. Runner chock bracket.
14. Fore runner.
15. Nose and cap.
16. Jib traveler.
17. Mast step.
18. Turnbuckles for guys.
19. Toggle iron.
20. Runner chock brackets.
21. Saddle for back bone.
22. Upper side of runner and chock.
23. Cleat for peak halyard.
24. Cleat for throat halyard.
25. Cleat for jib halyard.
26. Irons to coil halyards on.
27. Bolt for runner plank back stays.
28. Strip of oak to reinforce back stays.
29. Rudder post.
30. Enlarged draft, showing the method of joining the flooring and coaming.
31. Block in nose of hollow back bone.
32. Strip to reinforce bobstay spreader.
33. Strip to reinforce bobstay and block for mast.
34. Strip to reinforce heel of bobstay.
35. Two-foot block to reinforce nose of cockpit.
36. Two-foot block to reinforce rudder post and heel of cockpit.
37. Enlarged draft of bridge constructed hollow backbone.
38. Enlarged draft, mid-section of same.
39. Enlarged draft of outside of same.

A—Top of cockpit.
B—Cockpit coaming.
C—Backbone.
D—Mid-section of cockpit coaming.
E—Cockpit flooring.

English Letter.

So far the news of a new Fife 65-footer does not appear to have attracted any rivals, though this class ought to be an excellent one, according to the traditions of our racing. Indeed, there is little to show any likelihood of next year being any better than this in open racing, and so a strong feeling exists that the handicap classes should be placed on a more satisfactory footing. A suggestion has been urged for years by one of the papers that the Y. R. A. should appoint an official handicapper, and the Field some time ago pointed out an excellent way of carrying this out, viz., for a handicap committee to allot the boats in each class an imaginary rating, corresponding to the time allowance that in its opinion each boat should have. That is to say, a slow boat of perhaps 75 actual rating might sail as only 60 in all handicap races. This would save the clubs from no end of trouble in framing handicaps, and would undoubtedly please the owners better than the present happy-go-lucky system. An owner who thought his boat rated too high, could apply for a reconsideration of her case on payment of a small fee, and the committee would at any time readjust ratings that they saw to be wrong. On your side of the Atlantic yachting appears to suffer from the want of one central controlling association. Here we have such, or the makings of such, an association, but it is lamentably lacking in energy. Whether this suggestion will be taken up is doubtful, though it is eminently sensible, and even if it is carried into effect, it will have been accomplished only after a most persistent advocacy.

Talking of Associations, an attempt is being made to form one for motor launch racing, and I think it will have succeeded before this reaches you. The idea at present is to promote racing among yachts' launches of various sizes, with a bar on lack of beam and a compulsory minimum scantling. Beside this, an open or purely "machine" class is probable, in which the class limit of length will alone be considered. This may not fill for some time, but as our French neighbors adopt this form of racing to the exclusion of all others, we must have some means of licking them. Time allowances in the other, or ordinary, classes will take into consideration length and horse power, the latter being derived from cylinder measurements and number of revolutions, without the slightest reference to the makers' statements as to power. No doubt we shall have competitors from your side at times, and certainly from France.

A nasty petrol explosion occurred last month on a little 12-ton auxiliary cruiser in Southampton water. The paid hand (alone) had come on board about 10 o'clock at night, and was going to turn in. He struck a match and an explosion followed. He was seriously burned, but was able to get ashore in the dinghy, and is now recovering. Now, this was a somewhat peculiar case, for afterward no leak of petrol could be detected. I hear that the real cause lay in the fact that on the previous day when the boat was out, continued and prolonged attempts were made to start the engine, and the poor thing would not start because, as was finally discovered, the batteries were exhausted and supplied no spark! The continued efforts to start flooded the engine with petrol, and this in some way found its way into the bottom of the boat, where the gas hung until mixed up by the draught from the scuttle, when it was exploded by the lit match.

The most important turbine yacht yet built will be launched early next year. She is between thirteen and fourteen hundred tons, and is for Mr. A. L. Barber, of New York. Messrs. Cox & King are the designers of this vessel, and they also designed Col. McCalmont's small turbine yacht, which was the first yacht with this type of machinery ever built.

There is, of course, no news of the new challenger for the Cup, and any that may appear in your enterprising daily contemporaries may be taken as purely fanciful. Sir Thomas, I read, has expressed his disapprobation of racing machines for Cup-lifting purposes. That seems to me a most entertaining phase of thought in a man who, perhaps, has gone further than any other in producing such objectionable boats. The letters that passed last summer between him and the N. Y. Y. C. on the subject of the new rule have created a good impression here. It is felt that the club acted very honorably in the non-application of the rule to the next races, in view of the fact that it might have discounted the value of the first two Shamrocks as trial boats for the new challenger. Our daily papers are so hard put to it to supply the demand (?) of the public for information on Cup matters, that one actually issued a broadside this week completely filled with the news that a new defender would be built!

His Majesty's new yacht, Victoria and Albert, is to be fitted with telescopic masts. These will be much longer when at their full height than the present solid spars, and they will add very much to the vessel's appearance. The King intends to cruise in her in the Mediterranean in the early part of next year. Not a whisper further has been heard of the rumored new first-class cutter said to be building for His Majesty, and there is probably no truth in the report.

E. H. HAMILTON.

The Thomas W. Lawson.

MANY yachtsmen throughout the country have been interested in the building of the huge seven-masted steel schooner which was designed by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield, and they will now be pleased to learn of her performance on her maiden voyage, the following account of which is taken from the Boston Herald:

The big seven-masted schooner Thomas W. Lawson is back in Boston Harbor with 7,345 tons of bituminous coal on board for the Metropolitan Coal Company, and her commander, Capt. Crowley, says she is the finest vessel he was ever on board. The cargo she has is one of the largest a schooner has ever brought to this port, but it is not nearly large enough to fill the Lawson's holds.

"She can easily carry 8,000 tons," said Capt. Crowley yesterday afternoon. "With 7,345 tons on board, she is only drawing 26½ feet of water. We did not bring a full cargo because we could not get it."

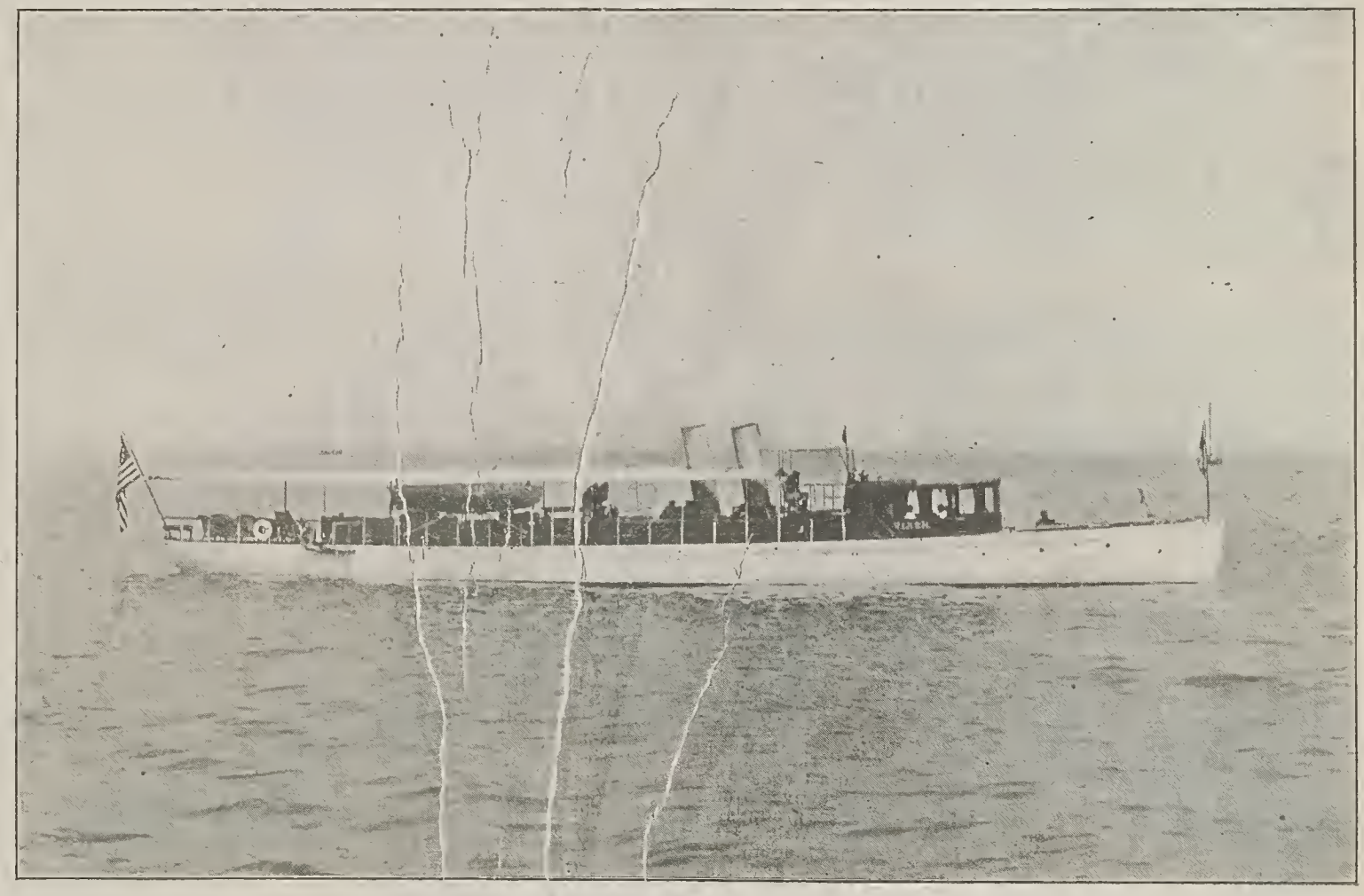
The Lawson was towed into the harbor yesterday. At 5 o'clock Thursday night she anchored off Boston Light, after a passage from Philadelphia that thoroughly tested her seagoing qualities. From the time she left the Delaware Saturday until her anchor was droped off Boston Light, she met a continuous success of gales, sharp breezes and heavy seas, which would have washed an ordinary vessel fore and aft.

But even a drop of water did not reach the Lawson's deck, Capt. Crowley says, and she rode in the heavy seas like a duck.

"She is away ahead of any wooden vessel I have ever been in," said Capt. Crowley, "and I have sailed in seven sizes of them. She is very easy to handle, and I am thoroughly satisfied that she is more than we expected she would be."

She is not of clipper speed, but she can reel off 13 or 14 knots, and stay at sea when smaller craft would have to seek shelter. Considering everything, she made good time from Philadelphia. Tuesday morning she was at Vineyard Haven, where she anchored because of a gale. Wednesday morning she left the shoals, and, although there was a lively gale in Massachusetts Bay Thursday, she was able to carry her canvas until she anchored off the Light at 5 o'clock.

The Lawson docked at the Liverpool wharf, near the South Terminal Station.



VIXEN—HIGH-SPEED STEAM YACHT.
Designed and built by the Gas Engine and Power Co., 1902. Photo by James Burton.

Vixen.

The high-speed steam yacht Vixen, designed and built by the Gas Engine and Power Company and Chas. L. Seabury Company, is owned by Mr. John D. Archbold, of the New York Y. C. Vixen is fitted with twin screws and has two triple expansion engines with three cylinders, each 7in., 14½in. and 17½in. by 10in. stroke. Steam is supplied by Seabury patent water tube boilers. Her dimensions are—length over all, 100ft.; waterline, 76ft.; breadth, 12ft.; draft, 4ft.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The steam yacht Aztec, owned by Mr. A. C. Burrage, of Boston, is now out of commission, undergoing preparations for a long winter cruise.

The auxiliary schooner Oonas, of Cary Smith design, has recently been sold through the agency of A. J. McIntosh to Mr. Albert V. de Goicoura, of New York city by Mr. William H. Alley, of Chicago, her former owner. Oonas was built last year by Poillion at South Brooklyn, and is 68ft. waterline, 95ft. over all, 20ft. beam and 10ft. draft.

Sloop Fanny, from Newberne, N. C., for New York, was caught in a northeasterly gale off the Delaware Breakwater and driven ashore at Point of Capes. She is owned by Mr. Thomas Fisk, of New York.

The Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company has secured a site for a station at Eaton's Neck, Long Island, the first of a series to be built along the Sound for the convenience of yachtsmen who, while cruising in these waters, can keep in communication with New York at all times.

At Morris Heights the Gas Engine and Power Company and Chas. L. Seabury & Co., are very busy with new work, and have several large steam yachts now under course of construction. The largest is for Mr. Edward H. Blake, of Bangor, Me., and will be called Aria. She is 165ft. in length, of steel construction, and thoroughly up to date in every particular. Frames are being set up for a composite steamer 115ft. long for Mr. S. H. Vandegrift, of Pittsburg, Pa., who will use the boat on the St. Lawrence. In order to get her through the canals, her bow and stern are being built so that they may be detached. Plans are being prepared for a high-speed launch similar to Vixen, built last year for Mr. John D. Archbold. The new boat will be 110ft. over all, 104ft. waterline, 14ft. beam, 4ft. 9in. draft. She will have twin screws with triple expansion engines and Seabury water-tube boilers. She is to have a speed of twenty miles and will be owned by Mr. Parker Bremer, of Boston. A flush-decked, schooner-rigged steam yacht, 103ft. over all, is well under way for Mr. Henry S. F. Davis, of New York. An auxiliary cruising yawl 70ft. over all is being built for Mr. J. H. Smedley, of Detroit, who will cruise in her on the lakes.

The auxiliary yacht Enterprise, owned by Mr. Frank L. Perin, N. Y. Y. C., is fitting for a Southern cruise at Baltimore, Md. Changes are being made in her spars and rigging, and when completed she will have about the same rig as Aloha, flagship of the Seawanhaka.

Designer Starling Burgess has a long list of orders for new boats, and is very busy getting out new designs.

From present indications the ice yachting season at Detroit will eclipse that of any previous winter. More boats will be added to the Lake St. Clair fleet than in any preceding single season, and more interesting competitions in the racing events hereabouts should be the result. The Grosse Pointe Ice Y. C. has already made arrangements for its season, and announces a club race every Saturday, a sweepstakes every Sunday, and a ladies' day every Thursday. Grosse Pointe's course has been greatly improved since a year ago, and of course for racing, two and a half miles triangular, is now possible. There have been removed from the lake about six hundred rocks that formerly protruded through the surface of the ice. The international race, which is the Grosse Pointe classic, will be decided in January, instead of at the usual date, some six weeks later. This is expected to give assurance of better ice. Canadian and Eastern owners are being corresponded with, for the purpose of making the race a more open event. Jacob Obernesser, of Toronto, has already promised to bring the Canada here.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

The riflemen of Newark, N. J., have taken steps toward arranging a series of home and home matches between the different rifle clubs, which in numbers are quite enough to form a good league. willingness to participate. This week, some definite action is con· Several clubs have signified their approval of the matter and their templated at thet meeting of Our Own Rifle Club, 136 Springfield avenue.

Trapshooting.

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

Fixtures.

Nov. 22.—Singac, N. J.—Open live-bird shoot of the Jackson Park Gun Club.

Nov. 27.—Ossining, N. Y.—Inter-county seven-man team shoot and 100 target event for cup emblematic of championship of Westchester county.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's target shoot, every Saturday afternoon. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

Fourth Tuesday of each month, Hell Gate Gun Club's shoot at Outwater's Riverside grounds, Paterson Plank Road, Carlstadt, N. J.

Second Friday of each month (January and July excepted), shoot of Hell Gate Annex, at Dexter Park, Brooklyn.

Saturdays, Brooklyn Gun Club's shoot, Enfield street, near Liberty avenue, Brooklyn. Visitors welcome.

Saturdays, Newark, N. J., South Side Gun Club's shoots, South Broad street, near Lehigh Valley coal depot.

Saturdays, Outwater's grounds, Carlstadt, N. J., live bird handicaps.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

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

The multitude of friends will be profoundly sympathetic on learning that Mr. Harold Money met with a grievous accident last week on Tuesday while hunting ruffed grouse in northern Michigan. His companion, who was well to the right in the rear of Mr. Money, shot at a grouse flying high, but in the general direction in which Mr. Money was traveling, and a pellet, unaccountably deflected, struck Mr. Money on the inner corner of the left eye. The sight is impaired somewhat, but probably only temporarily from shock to the nerves. Mr. Money arrived in New York on Saturday last, and is having the injury treated by an oculist.

Mr. Herbert Taylor, recently of St. Louis, Mo., has entered a broader field of business activity and responsibility in the business with which he has been so eminently and so successfully identified. for many years past. He has accepted a position in the Sales Department of the Hazard and Dupont powder companies in the home office, in Wilmington, Del. Mr. Taylor's ability as an agent in past years, and his profound knowledge of everything pertaining to the manufacture, sale and use of powder, insure his success in his new and higher position.

There will be an all-day target shoot at Interstate Park, L. I., on New Year's Day. Mr. John S. Wright has announced a target shoot for Christmas Day at Interstate Park, so that an active winter season of trapshooting competition on those historic grounds is assured by the auspicious commencement. Immediately after Thanksgiving Day at Interstate Park all the trapshooting equipment will be in readiness to entertain those who wish to shoot at any time.

The daily press recounts the death of Charles F. Bruning, an ex-Alderman of Mount Vernon, and formerly a prominent yachtsman. He died at his home in Kingsbridge road, Mount Vernon, on Nov. 17, from consumption. Mr. Bruning was a member of several yacht clubs, and of the Mount Vernon Gun Club, and Hiawatha Lodge F. and A. M., of Mount Vernon.

Dec. 4 has been fixed upon for the live-bird championship of New Jersey, between Messrs. T. W. Morfey, of Dover, and J. W. Hoffman, of New Germantown, the latter being the holder. In addition, there will be all-day sweepstakes at live birds. Take Central R. R. of N. J. to Somerville, whence stages will take visitors to the grounds.

The club house of the Richmond Gun Club, at Silver Lake, Staten Island, was burned on Wednesday of last week. The stove and some other property were maliciously smashed. All the indications are that the loss was caused by incendiaries. The club has already determined upon new grounds, easily accessible, and we are informed will hold a shoot on Thanksgiving Day, open to all.

Mr. F. P. O'Leary, of Buffalo, N. Y., erstwhile conspicuous in shooting matters, was a visitor in New York for a few hours on Tuesday of this week, en route to Chicago, where he will be for a week or two. He contemplates a visit to Milwaukee on Thanksgiving Day to participate in the live-bird shooting to be held there.

Mr. Carl Bittiner, whose single trigger device is world-famous, will sail for Europe early in December. He will visit Belgium, England and France. One of his purposes will be to establish a factory for the manufacture of the parts which compose the single-trigger action. He contemplates an absence of six or seven months.

After the shoot of the Erie Gun Club, recently, Mr. Eugene Doeinck gave to some members and friends a game dinner at 1355 Amsterdam avenue, New York. There were turtle soup, canvas-back ducks, venison and other viands galore, and an atmosphere of good fellowship to enhance the charms of the gathering.

The Jackson Park Gun Club will hold a live-bird shoot on its grounds, near Singac, N. J., on Saturday of this week, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M. Two events are on the programme, namely, 10 birds, $5, and 25 birds, $10, birds extra. Other events will be shot if time permits.

Some members of society, deficient in honesty, recently broke into the Fulton Gun Club's house, near the Old Mill, Brooklyn, and stole score pads, targets, etc. At the club's recent shoot there was a dearth of targets and a consequent shortening of the programme.

The Hell Gate Gun Club and the Emerald Gun Club, which hold their shoots at Outwater's grounds, near Carlstadt, N. J., will hold no shoot next month. They rest in July and December of each year, so far as trapshooting effort is concerned.

The Fulton Gun Club hold a meeting at Mr. L. C. Schortemeier's place, 201 Pearl street, New York, at 8 P. M. on Thursday of this week, to elect new members and other matters of routine club interest. Members are requested to attend.

At the shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club, Bay Ridge, L. I., Mr. H. B. Vanderveer scored a second win on the November cup, making a total of 50 with his handicap allowance.

Mr. D. S. Daudt, of South Bethlehem, Pa., eminent in the trapshooting activities of his State and vicinity, was a visitor in New York on Monday of this week.

Mr. W. L. Colville, arrived in New York last week, and arranged to remain till Thursday of this week, attending to business affairs.

The annex of the Hell Gate Gun Club, the target contingent of that organization, did not shoot on Friday of last week.

The Ossining (N. Y.) Gun Club will hold a prize shoot for members on Saturday of this week.

There will be no shoot of the German Gun Club this week.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

BROOKLYN, L. I., Nov. 15.—There were seven in attendance at the Brooklyn Gun Club's shoot to-day, and of these Mr. Wm. Hopkins, of Aqueduct, mighty in size and keen of eye, was easily in the lead. He made several straight scores, one of which was 10 thrown as 5-pairs. John Wright intends to make some activity in shooting matters in the near future. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	15	10	15	5p	15	10	5p	15	*	5p	20
Wright	6	12	..	10	4	..	..	6	9	11	4	14
Capt Borland	7	9	..	11	7	8	6	9	..	12	6	18
King	10	11	6	13	5	..	6	3	..	..	3	13
Hopkins	9	13	..	12	9	15	9	7	15	..	10	18
Ketcham	7	6	..	7	5	13	..	..	..	..	..	4
Newton	9	9	5	12	..	10	5	..	14	..	..	15
Doctor	2	6	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	9

Fulton Gun Club.

BROOKLYN, L. I., Nov. 17.—Targets ran out, as thieves broke into the club house and robbed everything they could. Regular meeting at L. H. Schortemeier's, 201 Pearl street, New York, Thursday, Nov. 20, at 8 P. M.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	15	15	15	10	30	Targets:	15	15	15	10	30
June	15	14	11	7	24	Glover	12	..	..	..	28
Dudley	12	..	..	..	25	Snyder	9	9	9	7	..
Marshall	5	..	..	8	..	Moylan	5	10	4	..	..
Bissing	4	5	..	..	22	Goetter	10	11	5	..	19
Eickhoff	8	..	..	..	23	Davis	3	5	..	7	..
W Woods	12	..	..	..	..						

No. 5 was for the Huntington District handicap.

A. A. SCHOVERLING, Cor. Sec'y.

Crescent Athletic Gun Club.

BAY RIDGE, L. I., Nov. 15.—Mr. H. B. Vanderveer made his second win on the November cup at the shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club to-day, thus having two out of the three contests to his credit. The weather was hazy and calm, conditions favorable for good scores:

November cup, 50 targets, handicap allowances added:

	Al'ce.	Broke.	Tot'l.	Al'ce.	Broke.	Tot'l.	Total.
H B Vanderveer	4	21	25	4	21	25	50
W J McConville	4	19	23	4	22	25	48
Dr Pool	3	17	20	3	23	25	45
H M Brigham	0	23	23	0	22	22	45
Dr J J Keyes	1	19	20	1	22	23	45
L C Hopkins	5	18	23	5	14	19	42
J T Skelly	0	21	21	0	19	19	40
W W Marshall	5	12	17	5	11	16	33

Trophy, 25 targets, handicap allowances added: H. B. Vanderveer (4) 25, L. C. Hopkins (5) 25, J. T. Skelly (0) 23,, H. M. Brigham (0) 22, Dr. Pool (3) 20, Dr. Keyes (1) 19, W. J. McConville (4) 19, W. W. Marshall (5) 18.

Shoot-off, 25 targets, handicap allowances added: L. C. Hopkins (5) 25, H. B. Vanderveer (4) 20.

Trophy, 25 targets, Handicap allowances added: Dr. Pool (3) 25. L. C. Hopkins (4) 24, H. M. Brigham (0) 22, J. T. Skelly (0) 18, W. W. Marshall (5) 17.

Contest, 25 targets: H. M. Brigham 25, J. T. Skelly 24, L. C. Hopkins 23, Dr. Keyes 19, Dr. Pool 18, H. B. Vanderveer 16.

Contest at 25 targets: H. M. Brigham 22, Dr. Keyes 22, H. B. Vanderveer 17.

Contest at 25 targets: H. M. Brigham 21, C. H. Chapman 19, J. T. Skelly 17.

Contest at 25 targets: H. M. Brigham 19, J. T. Skelly 18.

Contest at 25 targets: H. M. Brigham 21, J. T. Skelly 21, Dr. Pool 20, W. J. McConville 19, L. C. Hopkins 19, W. W. Marshall 14.

Contest of the Midnight Squad, 25 targets: H. M. Brigham 22, J. T. Skelly 15, C. H. Chapman 13.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Intercollegiate Match.

PRINCETON, N. J., Nov. 14.—There were four contestants, five-man teams, in the Intercollegiate match, held here to-day. They were Yale, Princeton, Harvard and the University of Pennsylvania. Each man shot at 50 targets, thrown at unknown angles. Yale won on a narrow margin, their score, 206, being one ahead of Harvard. The atmosphere was hazy, which accounts in a measure for the unusually poor totals.

Yale—Kinean 46, Hall 38, Rosenthal 44. Motter 37, DuPuy 41; total 206.

Harvard—Colson 40, Du Pont 41, Ingalls 41, Bancroft 42, Bell 41; total 205.

Princeton—Archer 47, Gaines 39, McCreary 43, Munn 37, Pardee 38; total 204.

University of Pennsylvania—Louder 33, Fitler 35, Robertson 32, Farwell 38, Adams 38; total 176.

Nishoyne Gun Club.

ORANGE, N. J., Nov. 15.—The Nishoyne Gun Club had a modest shoot to-day, on its grounds, High street, West Orange. The scores, 25 targets each event, follow:

First event: A. Mosler 17, R. B. Baldwin 16.

Second event: A. Mosler 22, R. B. Baldwin 22, F. G. Ward 19.

Third event: R. B. Baldwin 22, A. Mosler 22, M. R. Baldwin 18.

Fourth event: M. R. Baldwin 22, John Pearce 20, R. B. Baldwin 20.

Fifth event: John Pearce 21, M. R. Baldwin 20, F. G. Ward 18.

North River Gun Club.

EDGEWATER, N. J., Nov. 15.—Shooting commenced about the middle of the afternoon at the shoot of the North River Gun Club to-day and continued till the light was dim. Owing to the game season being now open, the attendance was light. The members cordially welcomed the visitors, and made it pleasant for them. Several new members were elected recently. The club is now out of debt and prospering. It contemplates holding a tournament, open to all, next month. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Truax	8	7	6	7	8	8	..
Waters	9	7	7	7	8	8	8
Eickhoff	9	9	8	8	8	10	9
Bittiner	6	9	8	5	6	7	6
Billerlain	7	1	3	5	6	3	3
Moore	1	1	3	2	1	..	3
Allison	3	6	7	5	..	..	6

JAS. R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

Middletown Shooting Association.

MIDDLETOWN, Del.—The shoot on the Middletown Shooting Association's grounds on Nov. 14 had twenty participants, ten of whom were visitors from Wilmington. The principal event of the day was the five-man team shoot, 50 targets a man. The Dupont team won first place, the Middletown team second, and Wawasset team third. 2,100 targets were thrown from the magautrap during the four hours' shooting. The scores:

Team shoot, 50 targets a man:

Dupont Team—Waddell 43, Squires 47, A. Dupont 40, E. Dupont 43, Wheatley 29; total, 202.

Middletown Team—Barnard 43, Massey 38, Burris 42, Kates 35, Pool 31; total, 189.

Wawasset Team—Foord 34, C. Buckmaster 38, McKelvey 43, Dr. Buckmaster 37, Reutter 32; total 184.

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	
Targets:	10	15	10	10	25	25	15	15	15	15	15	20	15	Av.
Squires	10	14	10	..	24	23	..	14	14	13	13	18	..	93
E Dupont	9	12	7	9	24	19	12	14	12	..	..	..	..	86
Barnard	10	13	6	..	19	24	14	..	11	..	..	..	..	84
Waddell	8	9	9	10	21	22	13	12	..	..	..	..	..	83
Stevens	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	12	..	12	18	13	80
McKelvey	6	9	10	8	23	20	13	10	..	..	..	..	..	79
Burris	..	..	..	6	21	21	13	..	10	11	..	..	12	78
C Buckmaster	4	11	8	..	24	14	..	15	10	..	..	..	..	78
A Dupont	8	10	9	..	19	21	..	10	11	..	..	..	..	76
Massey	..	..	..	8	22	16	..	..	..	..	10	14	11	74
Foord	7	8	6	..	14	20	11	8	..	13	14	15	..	73
Dr Buckmaster	4	7	8	..	20	17	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	66
Kates	..	8	..	..	17	18	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	65
Steele	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	9	6	..	10	..	..	65
Reutter	6	..	..	..	13	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	63
F Pool	..	..	8	6	15	16	11	..	..	..	8	14	7	63
Duryea	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	9	11	..	..	63
Wheatley	..	11	6	..	14	15	..	8	8	..	..	..	..	59
H Pool	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	8	..	12	..	6	58
Dr Pearson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	9	57
Black	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30

Detroit.

DETROIT, Mich.—Between being "chained to business" and off quail or duck shooting, the regular shoot, Nov. 15, was poorly attended. There was a squad, however, and they shot their best. Brodie beat Shiell in the club event in Class A, with 22; Hitchcock, in Class B, with 20, gained two points in the year's best ten club events by Guthard being away, and Ford had it easy in Class C. Following are the scores, the fifth event being at doubles, walking, and the last the club event:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	15	10	10	25
Brodie	7	8	12	7	6	22
Shiell	..	14	13	8	6	20
Babcock	..	10	5	4	3	13
Ford	..	11	7	9	4	15
Hitchcock	6	10	11	..	6	20

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y.—Am sending herewith scores of the Ossining Gun Club, made at the regular Saturday afternoon shoot, Nov. 15. Bill Coleman came across the range during the course of the shoot dressed in approved hunter's regimentals; he had a good dog, a good gun, but no game, so he took it out on clays and made the only 15 straight score. There will be a prize shoot on the grounds next Saturday, 22d inst., for all members:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	15	10	10	15	Targets:	10	15	10	10	15
G Edgers	6	11	..	7	9	C Blandford	9	14	..	..	13
H Bissing	8	10	6	7	10	A Bedell	..	..	10	..	..
W Clark	8	12	7	6	11	W Coleman	..	..	9	6	15

C. G. B.

Nonpariel Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 15.—The Nonpariel Gun Club held its shoot to-day at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing. Three members were in attendance.

The main shoot was at 50 targets, with results as follows: R. B. Mack 38, J. B. Barto 40, Dr. Carson 41.

Twenty-five targets, $1: Dr. Carson 20, Barto 22.

Twenty-five targets, for price of targets, Mack to have handicap of 5 targets: Mack (5) 24, Dr. Carson 21.

Twenty-five targets, same conditions as foregoing: Mack (5) 19. Dr. Carson 17.

JOHN WATSON.

He Tried His New Gun.

PINE ISLAND, N. Y.—A few days ago George Hunter, a brakeman on the Pine Island Railroad, went out on the Wallkill River in a dugout canoe to try his new $100 breechloading shotgun on ducks. He saw a duck, and blazed away. The new gun kicked like a mule and upset the boat. Hunter disappeared beneath the water, but came up again within reach of the boat and seized hold of it. The gun disappeared, and stayed there. The water was eight feet deep. Hunter floated about on the cap-sized dugout for an hour, and hallooed for help until he got hoarse. Then a man came along, got another boat, and rowed out and brought Mr. Hunter in.

The next day Hunter went out in his dugout, with a garden rake, to fish for his new gun. After dragging the bottom for nearly half a day, he got a hold of the gun. When he fired his gun off the day before both barrels were cocked, but only one went off. The hold Mr. Hunter got on the gun with the rake must have been on the trigger of the cocked barrel, for when the gun had been raised nearly to the surface, coming up butt first, there came a sullen rumble down below, and the next second the gun shot up out of the water like a skyrocket. It flashed by Mr. Hunter's face so close that it knocked his hat off. Mr. Hunter jerked back, and over went the boat.

As on the day before, Hunter went under and came up close by the upturned boat and seized it again. The gun repeated its programme of disappearing and staying there, only this time it was accompanied by the rake. Mr. Hunter was compelled to exercise his lungs once more until he was towed ashore by a neighbor. Next day he hired a man to go out and fish for the gun and rake. The man got them both in fifteen minutes. Hunter says he don't know whether to sell his gun or get another kind of a boat, or whether he had better lock them both up and lose the key. The duck escaped.—New York Sun.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Mr. J. H. Randolph, of the Leesburg (Fla.) Gun Club, though out of practice and shooting at targets thrown hard, scored 22 out of 25 at a recent shoot of his club, using Peters ammunition.

The extraordinary offer made by the Schmelzer Arms Co., of Kansas City, Mo., of 3,000 blackbird targets, one blackbird expert trap, and a silver trophy known as the Schmelzer loving cup for $21—little more than the price of the cup—will undoubtedly attract the attention of many individuals and trapshooting clubs in the West and elsewhere. This house is one of the largest sporting and athletic goods houses in the world, and is widely known in the West and Southwest.

Guns, Revolvers, Ammunition, etc.

ON YOUR FALL HUNTING TRIP

Use Shells Loaded with the Always Safe and Reliable

DUPONT SMOKELESS

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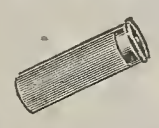

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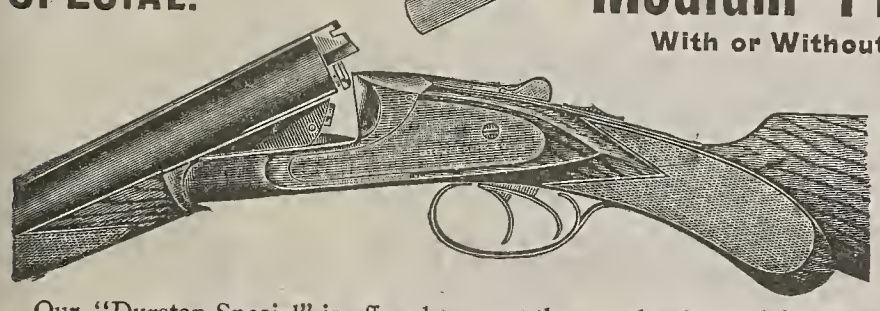

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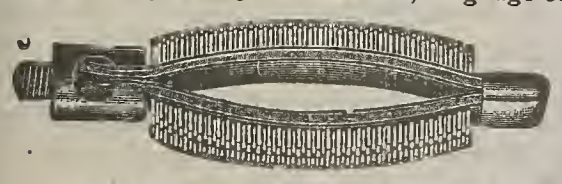

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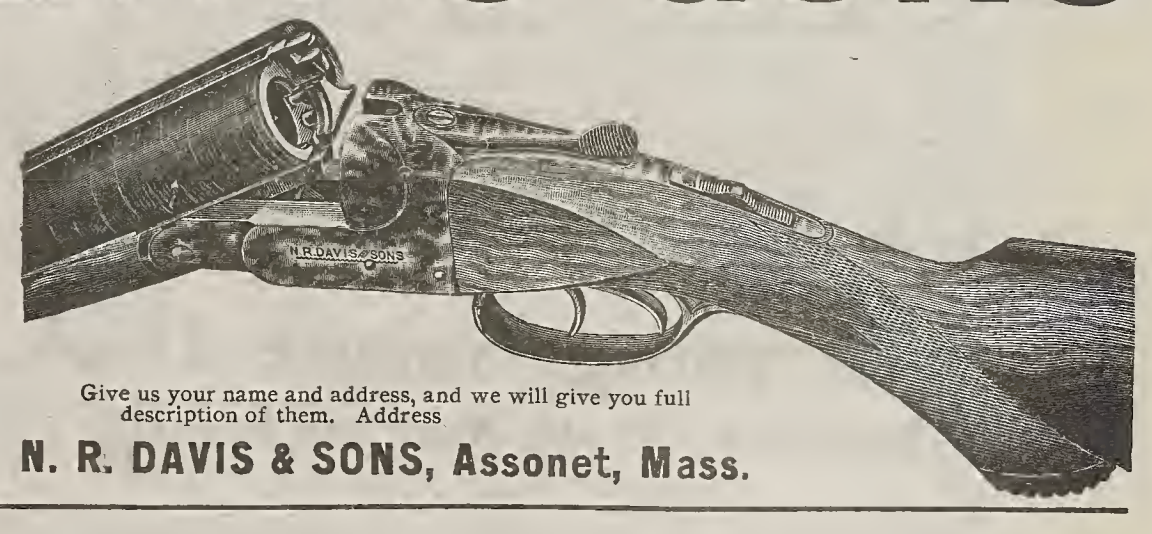

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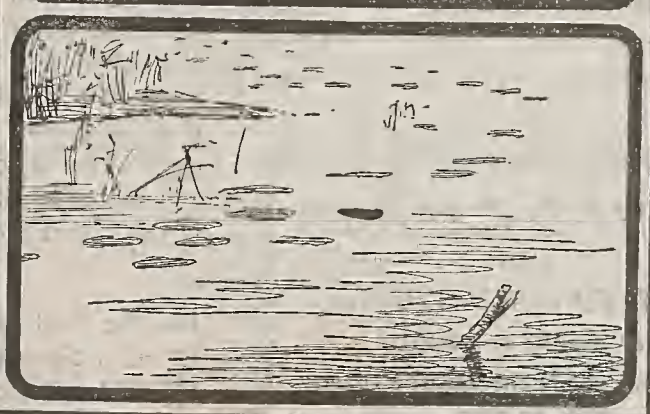

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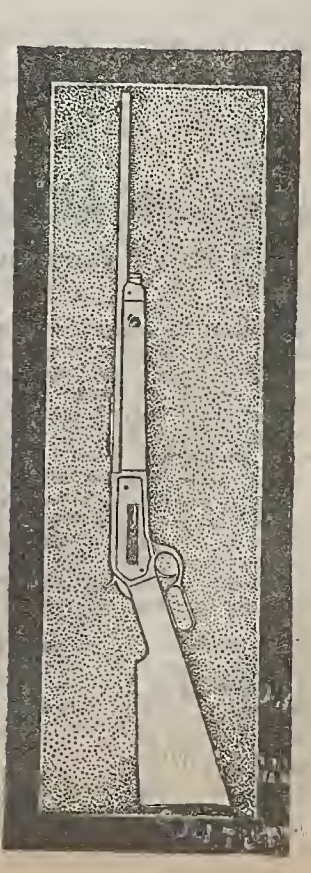

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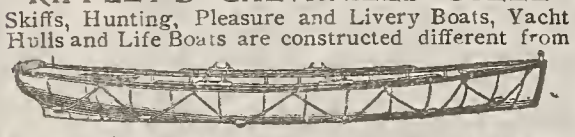
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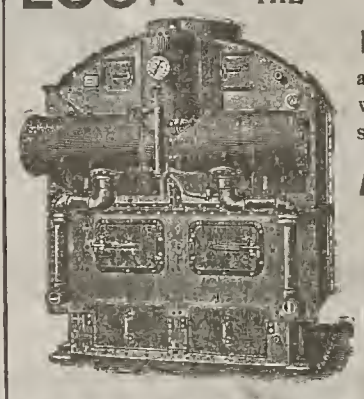
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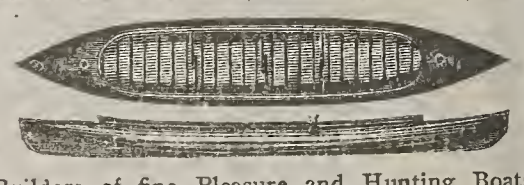
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NATIONAL MARKSMANSHIP.

IN our rifle columns we publish a communication from Mr. Charles Cristadoro in which he presents many cogent reasons in support of his contention that a high grade of rifle marksmanship should be acquired and maintained by American citizens at large, as a national policy with a bearing on possible wars of the future. But to interest the people at large in rifle shooting and to engage their material support of it, there must be offered an adequate incentive to induce action. No incentive, no action.

In pioneer days the rifle was both an implement of industry and a weapon of offense and defence. It was efficient in procuring a food supply, and in destroying savage enemies, beast or man. Under those conditions of life proficiency in its use was a vital necessity on the part of the early settlers. Self preservation, depending on one's ability as a marksman, is the greatest of all incentives to acquire marksmanship. The earlier settlers had it as a constant problem.

When the pioneer days merged into the days of communities and industrial development, the rifle, as a necessary adjunct of domestic life, became obsolete.

The cattle ranges superseded the wilderness as a source from which to draw a meat supply, and were a distinct advance over it in certainty of supply, quantity and quality. Also, the savages and wild beasts had been so near exterminated or driven so far into the wilderness that they ceased to be a factor in domestic life. The rifle, as a consequence, was not a necessity and it fell into disuse. There were left, here and there, some big game animals, the pursuit of which required the use of the rifle, but then their pursuit was a matter of sport, differing from that of the earlier days when their pursuit was a matter of necessity.

The efficiency of the revolutionary soldiers was largely due to their skill as marksmen, acquired in the ordinary routine of life as it existed at that time. Had they, in marksmanship, been no better than the citizens of the present time, it is a fair presumption that the history of the Revolutionary war would be of defeat instead of victory. It is clear that citizens now should be marksmen as the citizens were then, for wars are much the same in any age.

What the rifle was to the individual in pioneer days, it is to the nation at all times. It is an essential either in defense or attack. It is a dominant factor in maintaining peace, since it can destroy the bodies which disturb the peace. To command respect, consideration, and to hold a proper place in controlling its own and the worlds' affairs, the citizens of a nation must be riflemen.

To sustain general interest in rifle practice, however, after it has ceased to be a necessity to the individual, is a problem not easily solved on the first view, and yet easily solved if we keep in mind the essential condition that to promote the general use of the rifle there must be a general incentive.

Mr. Cristadoro has struck the keynote in his suggestion that the Government authorize a national rifle competition and appropriate a large sum to be distributed as prizes to the successful contestants. If, say, $100,000 a year was appropriated for the purpose, and it should evoke general interest in rifle shooting and a consequent general improvement in the marksmanship of the citizens, it would be a wise governmental policy on the score of economy. When a war occurs, as was the case not long ago, the Government necessarily expends many hundreds of thousands of dollars for ammunition used solely for practice. In addition, there are many months' time required to school new recruits in the use of the rifle. One battle lost from bad marksmanship might be a loss of millions. Marksmanship developed by governmental prizes might win battles.

The average man never attains the highest degree of skill by virtue of the irksome routine that he experiences as he does when he has an incentive which appeals to his highest individual effort, therefore the prize incentive would develop a higher class of riflemen than would the ordinary military drill.

The benefits of governmental interest in permanently establishing a high grade of national marksmanship is eminently illustrated by the situation which obtains in the Swiss Republic in this relation. Although a small nation, it has hundreds of shooting societies with enormous memberships. It is eminently respected by neighboring powers. Successful contestants at the periodical tournaments, beside the monetary prizes, receive distinguished attention and honors. Thus there is an incentive to strive for the highest skill, to gain sums which are of use in every-day life, and to secure honors which are gratifying to the just pride of every one who is ambitious to excel his fellows. Thus, while appealing to the self-interest of the individual, the power of the nation is trained up to the highest point of modern efficiency, offensively and defensively. In this manner, the judicious expenditure of a few thousands of dollars in peace may be the saving of millions in war.

METROPOLITAN GAME GROUNDS.

WE recorded the other day the occurrence of quail in the upper part of New York city. The problem of their origin now appears to be solved. Rev. L. H. Schwab informs us that a year ago this winter in the woods of Van Cortlandt Park, he started a bevy of quail, estimated to number twenty birds. These quail would probably not be greatly disturbed, since shooting and trapping is forbidden by city ordinance, and prevented by the city police. There would thus probably be left over a considerable portion of this bevy to breed, and it seems fair enough to conclude that the quail seen at Audubon Park were wanderers from the Van Cortlandt Park stock. Since the first quail was seen two more have been observed in the same vicinity.

Thus it may be perceived that New York is not without its game resources. More than this, we printed last week the story of a gunner's luck in getting a wild goose on Staten Island, which is within the city limits on the south, while in the northern part, in the Zoological Park, wild geese have been allured to the Bronx waters and trapped. There is still snipe shooting on the beach of Coney Island and at Rockaway, where centuries ago the Rockaway tribe of Indians hunted. No mean shots, by the way, were the New York Indians if we may credit the Reverend Charles Woolley, who was here in 1678-80, and who recorded of them that they lived principally by "Hunting, Fishing and Fowling. Before the Christians, especially the Dutch, came amongst them they were very dexterous Artists at their Bows, inasmuch I have heard it affirm'd that a Boy of seven years old would shoot a Bird flying: and since they have learn'd the use of Guns, they prove better marksmen than others."

BITS OF TALK.

THE MAN AND HIS CONSCIENCE.

"TAKE me with you," said his Conscience.

"Not by a long shot," said the Man.

"But I've been working hard, and need a rest; and there's no place on earth like the woods for a conscience to rest up," said his Conscience.

"I won't have a bit of use for you," said the Man. "You'll only be a nuisance."

"I'll be as still as a mouse," said his Conscience.

"But you don't know how to behave in the woods," said the Man. "You troubled me a whole lot the last time."

"Well, I wasn't used to the woods then," said his Conscience, "and I acted just as I would at home. But I know better now. I have been educated, and you won't hear me—not a peep."

"It is not the fashion for a man to take his conscience into the woods," said the Man.

"Nobody will know I am there," said his Conscience.

So the Man took his Conscience.

And his Conscience, being conscientious, kept the promise it had made not to jog the Man with any unseasonable hems and haws, nor to spoil sport with qualms, nor to stand between the Man and whatever the jacklight might show in the lily pads.

Moreover, it was as his Conscience had said, not a soul suspected that it was along. The guide supposed, of course, that the Man's Conscience was not with him. And this did not in the least surprise him, for guides are used to "sports" who either had no conscience, or if they have one, always leave it behind them in storage when they go into the woods. The Man had a rattling good time, and got what he went after. The trip had cost him a lot of money, and he had to have something to show for it. The State owed it to him, he said. His Conscience did not bother him a bit when, with the aid of a jacklight and a load of buckshot, he "got all that was coming to him," the all being, in this case, a fine set of antlers. In fact, his Conscience did its quietest to give him a good time. The Man appreciated this, and when they got back to town he said as much.

"Yes," said his Conscience, "I told you I was going to take a rest in the woods and I did I had a good long vacation and I feel better for it. I am healthier and stronger and weigh more than I ever did before. I am braced up for work. You can depend on me now, and if necessary, I can work overtime. By the way, how about that deer that you brought back?"

"See here," said the Man, "you were not to say anything about that."

"I wasn't? Well, I guess yes."

"You gave me your word you'd be still," said the Man.

"In the woods, yes," said his Conscience. "I did agree not to say anything about it in camp; but we are home now; and as I was saying, I am rested up and in good order. I want to know just what you think of that little jacking business? I mean, what do you think of yourself?"

"Oh, let's don't talk about that," said the Man.

"But let's do," said his Conscience. "What do you think of yourself as a man? Honest, now, was that an honorable thing for you to do? Between you and me, now that we are alone together, don't you know that it was a low down trick to break the law and kill that deer the way you did? If you didn't think it was, why did you give the folks that yarn about pulling him down on the jump? That's what you told your wife, and you lied to her, didn't you? The guide could tell a very different story. By the way, what do you suppose your guide thinks of you, not as a shot, but as a man?"

"See here," said the Man, "didn't you hear me say that I don't want to talk about that?"

"But I do," said his Conscience, "and I am going to."

SNAP SHOTS.

We are all of us likely to think, as we read each day of the multitude of shooting accidents—so called—which occur at the present time, that such mischances are something new, and arise from the use of high-power arms and from the great number of persons who now crowd the forests. Undoubtedly both these causes contribute to the frequency of such occurrences, but instances of shooting men by mistake for game are probably as old as the bow and arrow. Certainly the case of the English King who lost his life by a quarrel sent from a crossbow at a deer is familiar enough. Not so well known perhaps is the fact that in the year 1806 Capt. Merriweather Lewis, while descending the Missouri River on the return from the Pacific Ocean, was mistaken for an elk by Cruzatte, one of the men in whose company he was hunting, and was shot in the thigh, receiving a wound from which his recovery was long and painful. Cruzatte, who appears to have done the shooting, never actually acknowledged the deed, and Capt. Lewis at first thought that he had been shot by an Indian. But as no signs of Indian were found in the neighborhood, and as Cruzatte admitted that shortly after leaving Capt. Lewis he had fired at an elk, and as Capt. Lewis was clad in leather, which was about the color of an elk's hide, there seems little doubt as to what happened.

The four days which constituted the deer hunting season on Long Island gave opportunity for the killing of nearly 200. The number of grown bucks was comparatively small; does and fawns predominated. More than half of the entire number killed were killed on the first day; after the opening fusillade the deer took to the preserves and private grounds, where the army of hunters could not get at them. The number of deer killed in the Adirondacks, Protector Pond estimates, has not exceeded 4,000, as compared with 6,000 last year.

We print elsewhere the call for the annual meeting of the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League, which will be held in Syracuse on Thursday of next week. The organization is one in which every locality of the State should have representation.

The Sportsman Tourist.

In the Land of the Tin Cow.

A THICK gloomy evening—the lights of the city fading fast in the fog—and we were again on our way in search of adventure and the picturesque. The bay looked lonesome enough, and a solitary vessel we passed blurred itself into nothingness as we stole by.

Leaving the boat and boarding the cars, we don't find the bags where we expect them, pass on into the next; see that isn't the one, and then discover that we have locked ourselves out of our car and the train due to start any minute! However, we manage to get back in time, and the procession is at liberty to move.

It is dark; has been for two hours; there are no stars and no moon, though both are scheduled to appear, and the lights of the village of Point Richmond are a sorry substitute as we pop out of our first tunnel on our way south. We soon run into hot weather, and when we breakfast at Bakersfield are in the semi-tropics and far from the land of wind and fog. Off again, and it gets hotter and hotter as the day grows older, until the heavy coat and vest have to be hung up and the lightest we have donned instead. I have not brought a camera this time, and it hardly seems like traveling, but my want of success in Yellowstone Park last year has discouraged me, though Mrs. *** carries a kodak, and the binocular in its shabby worn case stuck on the shelf for the present, is all my light impedimenta.

Kern! Principally oil and odor. The country is either too hot, or too barren, or too something for even jackass rabbits and ground squirrels around here, or maybe they don't like the smell of oil: don't blame them, I don't either, but it has its merits. There are no cinders from the engine, though it does roar abominably, and no dust from the roadbed, for that is oiled too for miles. What it was before it was oiled, we get a taste of when we run over a short stretch of unoiled track, are buried in dust before the window can be closed, and half suffocated with the heat.

Near Wade a few ground squirrels show up, but I have come to the conclusion that if you really want to raise ground squirrels you must feed them well. Up North where the wheat grows is where the squirrel waxes "fat and sassy." Down here he seems to keep thin skurrying around in the hot sun trying to find something cool enough and soft enough to eat.

Most of the way we have no smoke from the engine, but climbing the steep grades makes even an "oil burner" smoke. Between breakfast and lunch we have to climb up and down some pretty steep hills, for from Caliente to Tehachepi is only some twenty-seven miles, but there are eighteen tunnels to go through, and the attentive porter informs us that it is "de greates' engineerin' freak in de kentry." We rise over 3,400 feet; then we drop 1,100 to Mojave, keep on dropping until we get below the 2,000-foot level somewhere near Hinckley, then rise sharply to Summit 3,819 feet, and drop as suddenly to Barstow, at 2,105 feet, in time for lunch. Sometimes we are up with the oaks and then down with the cactus and horned toads. (Note by Mrs. ***: "We didn't see a single horned toad in the whole trip.") The soil is either sandy gravel or gravelly sand: you can take your choice; the granite, where it shows, is decomposed, and the tops of the hills are all boulders, as if the soil had washed away and left the skull of the hill standing out to bleach in the sun.

Near Basko the inhabitants had moved the beds into the porches, and it was as hot as blazes. The barren hillsides and the equally barren plains were dotted about with doleful looking "yucca" plants (which, I believe, its other name is Spanish bayonet), looking like gravestones in a deserted soldiers' cemetery. In the intervals it grew hotter. At Mojave a pink girl got into the train, but it was too hot to look out of the window to see which car she got into. She left us after a while, but I forget where, because I grew interested in a new order of architecture, now first presented to our notice, the "tie house." Time was, when the "noble red man" made the climate even warmer than it is now; but he no longer chases the pale face over the plain, nor ornaments his girdle with the scalp lock of the unwary settler; he is to a considerable extent a "good Indian" now, since many of him are dead, but some of him work as section hands on the road. I don't think they work very hard; they don't seem to, but they work a mighty sight harder than I should want to in that climate; and even an Indian has to live somewhere, so somebody (probably not the Indian) devised the plan of utilizing retired railroad ties (the only lumber in the country) for houses. The house is limited as to its width by the length of two ties, sloping a little—a very little—and projecting somewhat for eaves: at a guess I should say that twelve feet was the width. A shallow trench is dug, the ties planted side by side (like a palisade) and a square, twelve feet by twenty-four, inclosed. This is divided into two tenements by a partition across the middle, also of ties. Then a space, probably regulated by the length of a tie again, is left, and two more exactly similar tenements erected. Another space, then two more tenements. A continuous roof of ties covers the whole affair, and upon this a coating of earth, gravel, etc., is spread. There is a door in each tenement close to the partition, a window at the back, and the stovepipes are stuck up through the roof in pairs.

The space between the tenements, open at front and back, but covered by the roof, give the only semblance of shade for miles around; and when the heat grows too great, the inhabitants sleep there. At other times they serve as lounging and gossiping places. As the ties, even though condemned, are from four to six inches thick, the dwellings must be fairly cool in summer and warm in winter; but how they get the roof tight for winter, I don't see—perhaps they don't try.

We pass a lake pretty soon—that is, it looks like a lake. We can see the birds flying over the water, and the bushes on the shore reflected in it; but as it grows larger and then smaller, and then larger again as we move swift- when we knew less about such things, for even now we ever seen. It is no wonder that people were fooled by it when we know less about such things, for even now we are not sure there is not some water there, until we ask the porter, who assures us "dere ain't no watter dere, sah; it's only a 'myridge'."

A real desert, and this is a real one, is the deadest thing in nature, but the clouds are beautiful. We had imagined that in Arizona and this part of California the sun shone out of a sky of brass, unbroken by cloud or hint of moisture, but that was a mistake, the clouds and the hints are there, but there is no moisture.

I made a sketch near Kramer because I thought it was so characteristic of Arizona scenery, and finished it all up and labeled it, only to discover that we hadn't got within a hundred and fifty miles of Arizona at that time, but it's got to stand all the same, for it looks a lot more like Arizona than it does like anything else. A distant range takes on a picturesque outline, and clothes itself in a warm brown; a rain cloud is discharging its contents among the mountain tops, and altogether "there's beauty in the desert," rimmed round by mountains as it is on all sides.

We sweep a long curve and draw up at Blake. We have traveled a good deal these last few hours, for we have passed through Siberia, Bagdad, Klondike, Amboy, Bristol and Cadiz, and Java is just ahead. The outline of the distant range is so peculiar that I find the best way to draw it is to try to draw a straight line slowly and let the car do the rest; and between us we are quite successful in getting the characteristic. In the middle distance, a circle of some five hundred feet or so is occupied by from six to a dozen whirlwinds, which send tall columns of dust high up in the heated air, while they chassez and pirouette with each other in a sort of witch's minuet. Over in another quarter the sun is setting behind a rain cloud, sending his beams to us through a veil of perpendicular lines.

The rain comes nearer, or we run into it, and with it thunder and lightning, until the landscape is lighted up like day for more than half the time, and here, for the first time, I saw a flash of lightning, not as it is drawn in the books, but as the photograph shows it to be, not the jagged zigzag of our infancy, no Jovian bolt with clean sharp angles, but a crooked, wavy, uncertain line, which for a brief season was flashed out in its whole length on the face of a cloud. That and one other flash were all I could distinguish, the rest were just sheets of flame.

At Needles we had to scuttle through the rain to dinner, fortunately not far, and somebody told us it was the first time it had rained there for a year. We were told that we should arrive at Williams (where we change cars) at five forty next morning, and asked how much time we required to get ourselves and our belongings out of the train. Half an hour seemed ample, and so we arranged it, turning in pretty early. By and by comes a knock on the door, and I say, "Hello!" and "All right," and then look at my watch. "Four A. M.! What the blazes?" But I conclude to dress, as long as I am awake. Mrs. *** thinks that an hour and forty minutes is more than she requires, so takes things easy, and about four thirty starts to get up. I am taking things easy, too, with my heels hanging over the upper berth, for my bag is packed and I am all ready. We begin to slow up—a knock on the door.

"Bags ready, sah?"

"Ready! No! When do we get to Williams?"

"This is Williams, sah."

"The devil! How long do we stop here?"

"Five minutes, sah."

I flew to the door of the dressing room, and informed Mrs. *** that she had just five minutes to get out of the train.

"But I can't!"

"But you must!"

And I proceeded to pack her bag. When I handed it to the porter, he was gray with fright.

How Mrs. *** managed it I don't know, though she has, I believe, explained the matter in detail to some of her intimate female friends, but in not much more than the allotted five minutes we made our appearance on the platform. I heard the porter say, "Dey're comin'," and the conductor's reply, "Well, it don't matter now, I've cut out the engine."

Sure enough, in desperation he had sent the engine on to the tank and left the train standing there, and Mrs. ***, not satisfied with holding up "bars" for their photographs, now holds the record for holding up the "Overland."

The trouble was that I hadn't noticed that we changed time just before we got to Williams, and my watch was consequently an hour slow. Having, for the reason that I hate getting up early, started from home at night, I now discovered that I had hung our expedition up at this forsaken place for thirteen mortal hours; but we managed to get through the time somehow, and it was about 7 P. M. when we drew out of the city of Williams, on the little jerkwater road that runs about sixty-four miles to the Grand Cañon of Arizona. There were but few passengers, and most of them seemed as unfamiliar with the adjustable chair seats as I was, and a good deal of the tedium of the trip was worked off experimenting with those articles of car furniture. Approaching the things with respect, we found them obdurate; but a brakeman, shaking one by the throat, as it were, showed us that it was necessary to take a firm grasp of the situation. With this example before us, we managed to make them conform to our various needs with no small degree of success. We had passed some time before out of the region of oil burners, and made our way now amid a brilliant shower of sparks, so continuous and persistent as to raise the question in our minds whether there was any coal remaining under the boiler, so much went up the stack.

A locomotive headlight mounted on a stand at the station at Grand Cañon illuminated the path to the hotel, and we made ourselves as much at home as possible in a room in a long barrack-like annex, where an abominable wire-woven mattress hung us up as in a hammock, and we woke in the morning full of aches and pains.

The railroad "folder" had warned us that we were not to expect "metropolitan luxuries" at the present hotel (there is to be a new one some of these days soon), but canned milk, eggs from Chicago, and bacon that seemed to have "been 'round the Horn" a time or two, was going, perhaps, a little too far in the other direction. Milk, I suppose, it was too much to expect, for there was nothing that a cow could have lived on in the vicinity; and every drop of water used at the hotel had to be hauled a hundred and forty miles; bathrooms, therefore, were conspicuous by their absence. The prevailing constituent of the "kitchen midden" in most parts of the world, is the tomato can, with its brilliant label for the delight of the predatory billygoat; but in this land it is superseded by multitudes of small round tins, each with two holes in one end, which line the railroads as well, showing that "bossy" is entirely without standing in the community, her duties being performed by the condensed milk can. For my part, I prefer "bossy."

After breakfast we watched a party of six or eight get ready to make the descent into the cañon, deeming it the part of wisdom to await the result of their experience, and after their departure set ourselves to get an idea of this "titanic chasm." The "folder" to which I am indebted for a good deal of my information on the subject, calls it "the greatest rift in the earth's crust," and when one looks at it, one is glad that it is the greatest; for if it were much deeper, I fear that this old orange we live on would be in danger of splitting open. From where we stood the river was not visible, so we essayed a short journey on foot down the trail, where we had seeen our companions disappear. The trail is a series of "switchbacks," very steep and covered with loose, rolling fragments of rock from the cliffs above. Notices at various points warn visitors not to roll rocks down upon the lower stretches, but it is more than difficult to avoid starting some of the smaller fragments which are displaced at every step.

We descended some distance—about five hundred feet, I think—traveling on that journey a half a mile or more, and seeing a comparatively comfortable resting place under a projecting rock, sat ourselves down to take in and realize as far as possible, the magnitude of the scene. That part of the journey which we had accomplished, seemed so small in comparison with the part to be done, yet would prove so arduous an undertaking on the return that we gave up the idea of any further progress on foot in that direction.

The scene before us and about us was one most difficult of description, and, truth to tell, rather disappointing, the brilliancy of color that we had been led to expect was not there, nor the variety of form. The overpowering magnitude and wonder of the scene grow on one in time, it is true, but it is somber and depressing in its effect; and all about is the barrenness of desolation. The sides of the cañon are a series of steps cut into fantastic alcoves and projecting bastions, and descending from a height, at the hotel plateau (not the highest point), is 6,866 feet above the level of the sea, to a sort of sloping plateau 4,430 feet lower. From here the descent is gradual for a couple of miles, then grows so steep that the horses have to be left behind, and the goal is reached at a further depth of nearly 2,000 feet to the river, which is 840 feet above sea level. The cañon at this point, therefore, is over a mile deep, and is about ten miles wide.

These dimensions are in no way appreciable; the eye, uneducated to such vastnesses, utterly fails to comprehend them; the marvelous purity of the atmosphere adds to the difficulty, and it is only after frequent trials and tests that any true idea is gained. Two pieces of paper in a patch of grass a little below us, resolved themselves with the aid of the binocular into two good-sized tents amid a grove of willows, and a moving ant or something was a man. There was nothing else to gauge by, not an animal, wild or domestic, appeared on the scene, not a house or tree broke the somber desolation; there was not even a bear for Mrs. *** to kodak. Near us were a few trees of fair size, but the distances were so immense, the drop from where we stood so sudden, that if there were any trees below us, they could not be distinguished from shrubs. We waited a long time for the party to appear on the trail, but failed to see them, either because they had already reached the grove and were resting there, or because we had miscalculated the difficulties, and they were still working the switchbacks of the trail.

If one were to attempt to convey to one who had seen nothing like it, the general plan of the cañon, I can think of no better way than to imagine that I am limited in my choice of material to an assortment of maple leaves. With these, then, we lay out the ordinary winding course of a river, increasing the size of the leaves for a space and then diminishing it again. This makes the main body of the cañon, and at frequent intervals we built in laterals of the leaves joining the main stream from both sides. These laterals again have feeders, and these again others, still using the maple leaf plan. Now, if one were to start at one end of the cañon and descend the river, he would travel, supposing he lived to get through, about two hundred miles, or a little more; but if he were to select the safer and more prosaic road along the edge of the cañon, he would travel probably between three and four thousand. So much for a birdseye view, except that while the cañon is about ten miles wide on the surface of the land, it narrows by successive steps and stages to the bare width of the river from two hundred to two hundred and fifty feet.

The geologists tell us that this is the most striking picture of the effects of erosion to be found in the world, but when one looks at it, the erosion idea seems difficult to reconcile with the thing as you see it. In the first place the rocks are hard as flints, full of quartz and agates and that sort of thing, and they stand up in walls that show small sign of elemental wear. These walls do not rise in sheer cliffs exactly as one would expect if the river had worn them away, but in successive steps. These steps again vary in size or depth, for while there are, so to speak, seven great steps in the mile rise from the river to the top step, the "treads" of these steps are broken up by a secondary series of steps, and over this and stretching half way up the "risers" of the big main steps, is a sloping mass of softer stuff which by contrast with the dark maroon rocks of the walls, looks almost like lodged snow. Erosion, however, seemed a little easier to understand when a mining engineer explained to me that there were three general series of veins in Arizona, one series running about east and west, one northeast and southwest, and southeast and northwest. These veins lie at different levels, and consist of decomposed and comparatively soft rock, bounded by walls of granite and the like. The river, finding its way into this soft stuff, worked down from one level to another, eating out a part of one vein and then a part of another, until over an area of thousands of square miles it had excavated and removed pretty much everything soft enough to be acted on by

water in a million years; but like a rather careless housewife, hadn't swept the corners clean. What the river took out it carried down to the Gulf of California or somewhere thereabouts, stopping to make a few deserts by the way. There are still a few points that are not exactly clear, as how a river two hundred feet wide could scoop out a trough ten miles wide, and a few other such conundrums; but give even a small river time enough and I suppose it can do almost anything.

A pretty steep hot climb brought us back again to the hotel, and as the attempt to get a cañon two hundred and thirty miles long, ten wide, and one deep, on a three by four kodak film was a little too much for even Mrs. *** we took pictures of each other perched on apparently paralyzing cliffs to humbug the stay-at-homes, as is the wont of travelers—because, of course, "the camera cannot lie."

After lunch we set out for a ramble through the mild kind of woods they have here, to a projecting point visible from the hotel, with the idea of getting a different view. Our road led us up with considerable rapidity, but having reached our designed point sooner than we expected (we were now rather inclined to over-estimate the distances), and being disappointed in the view, because, though grand beyond expression, it was in no way appreciably different from that we had had already, we continued our way until Rowe Point was reached at a level of 7,049 feet. Before us stretched the same interminable vista of re-entrant curves and giant steps, to all appearances, that we had seen before. They were in truth entirely different, but it would require an eye trained by much experience to detect it. I think, were one to miss his road and strike the cañon at any given point, he would be utterly unable to tell by any landmark, whether he was a mile or ten miles from the place he sought. With infinite variety of detail, there is infinite sameness of effect.

From our lofty perch we did get a glimpse of the river, a turbid stream broken by rapids, but a more careful inspection with the glass did not reveal any greater beauties, nor awaken any warmer desire to make its closer acquaintance.

The sun sinking toward the west gradually threw into strong relief pinnacles which in the morning had presented a totally different aspect; and these changes took place with sufficient rapidity to make it possible to note them, but still it was a change without a difference; and tiring of a view which in its dull hues and dense shadows was somewhat depressing, we set out on our return to the hotel.

At dinner we were rejoined by the party who had made the descent and waited with much interest to hear their verdict. One old gentleman had given out entirely and had been left behind on the way to await the return of the others; and at this meal he appeared a total wreck. Another whom I had sized up in my mind as the sensible and experienced one of the party, and whose report I was prepared to rely upon, said simply that the trip "was rather disappointing, and hardly repaid one for the fatigue." That was enough. I knew that he was putting it very mildly, and we decided then and there to confine our wanderings to the upper level.

We watched the train go out next morning with some interest, for it carried away every guest in the hotel save ourselves and two others. The "curio shop" proved to have few if any attractions. The Navajo blankets were most of them so suspiciously correct in their weaving that I set them down as probably either made in Chicago, or else from wool, and after patterns, prepared there; for the taint of commercialism is over it all, and there is a palpable air of being made for the market about everything.

The train having departed and the curio shop being exhausted, we set out for another projecting promontory known as O'Neill Point. By traveling along the brink of the chasm we managed to cover a good deal of ground and kill a good deal of time before reaching our destination, and the result was not wildly enthralling—that is, it was in no way apparently different from the other views. Looking at the cañon is a good deal like looking at the moon: no matter where you stand, you see the same old moon.

It wasn't too hot for comfortable walking, and the air was marvelously invigorating, but there was an almost absolute dearth of life; one solitary lizard and a couple of birds, I think, the sum total. There were no insects, not even mosquitoes, to enliven the scene, and the dogs didn't seem to have any fleas.

On the extremity of the point a cairn of white stones about six feet high, had been erected, and at one time covered with white cloth, doubtless to enable the surveyors to get sights on it from a distance, for triangulation. The stones were covered with pencilled names and dates, and the interstices stuffed with visiting or business cards.

Discovering that it lacked but twenty minutes of twelve, and knowing the reprehensible habits of punctuality which prevailed at our hotel, we set out on a hasty return journey, but we had not gone far before it began to thunder and lighten, and threaten to rain. Thinking that some time might be saved thereby, I suggested that we swing inland and endeavor to get on the stage road, but we wandered over a very considerable tract of timbered country before we found it. A "cullud gemman" appearing just at that opportune juncture, we inquired of him as to the distance and direction of the hotel, and then pushed on to get there before the rain did. It didn't rain very hard, but it thundered and lightened considerable, and the wind blew in savage gusts, likewise we were somewhat lightly clad, but Mrs. *** footed it like an athlete—long boots and short skirts are the things for good walking—and we reached the hotel with only a very slight sprinkling, just as the Chinese laundryman of the hotel was hastily taking in his whole morning's wash, which threatened every moment to take unto itself wings and fly over the brink of the chasm to the distant depths. Likewise, it was covered with dust, which was blowing in clouds, and would all have to be washed over again.

We were a little late for lunch, but hungry enough to catch up.

The unexpectedly overcast sky and gloomy weather where we had expected only sunshine (for we imagined that it practically never rained in Arizona), decided us to leave the next morning, though we had intended to remain much longer; but the exodus of so many of the guests and the somewhat unsatisfactory fare had a somewhat depressing effect. As I heard a man saying to an attaché of the hotel on the night of our arrival, "at Yellowstone there was something to do and something to see every day," and as he went away the next morning, I concluded that he had found it somewhat different here; I am sure we did. During the afternoon I found a tarantula cruising around in the rear of the hotel, and followed him, or her, for half an hour, to see what he, she, or it would do; without discovering anything of importance, and it at last took refuge under a log, instead of piloting me to its dwelling, as I had expected; then I went off and found some of the others, and rolling away the log, exhibited my curio. Meantime, a denizen of one of the neighboring tent-cottages came to see what I had found, and when she saw, took a big stick and lambasted the everlasting daylights out of the bug; she didn't seem to have any taste for tarantulas.

Then a pair of patient and long-eared burros came up from the depths of the cañon to take down the packs of a party expected by the train that night, who were to cross the river and proceed to a mine, or place where it was hoped a mine had been found, I don't remember which. Mrs. *** tackled the packer and engaged to take the pictures of his animals with their packs on the next day. By the way, this packer was the only man we met in any way out of the common; he was something of a character and gave us the only piece of information anybody had thought it worth while to waste on us. The name of the "Bright Angel" Hotel had seemed particularly inappropriate to the scene and its surroundings; a hopelessly plain building partly log cabin and partly clapboards, as uninterestingly ugly as a building could be, but the packer explained that when the intrepid Powell made his memorable trip through the cañon, never knowing what he would bring up against, and with so many perils packed into one journey that nobody yet has ever been able to do justice to the subject, the party came suddenly on a clear crystal brook pouring down a lateral cañon and mixing its purity with the muddy floods of the "Colorado." In his enthusiasm at the unwonted sight he christened it "Bright Angel Creek." Now, as it happened, in course of time, one of the few possible descents of the walls of the cañon was discovered on the opposite side of the river near this point; and it naturally took the name of "Bright Angel Trail," which was very well; but when they built the hotel there and called that Bright Angel, too, the thing became ridiculous.

Just about dark some misguided individual told Mrs. *** of some ancient and venerable Indian paintings under some overhanging cliffs, but after we had proceeded half a mile or less, I struck; for while it was possibly light enough to enable us to complete the journey there, it would be too dark to see our way back, and there is nothing soft to fall on in that country. Beside, we were no longer in climbing costume, and what is very good for high boots, is very bad for patent leather ties. Why the blazes somebody didn't tell us before, I don't see, for while I have my doubts as to the artistic value of Indian pictorial efforts, we would, under the circumstances, have been willing to devote considerable time to their examination.

Gee! didn't it thunder and lighten that night! One thirteen-inch Oregonian let go exactly over our room and seemed to lift the roof; then it traveled off down the cañon, making uncomplimentary remarks all the way for a hundred miles or so. After that it gradually quieted down, and we fell asleep.

It was a rather chilly morning, and the mists hung low in the cañon, making it more weird and mysterious than ever. By the way, we were greatly disappointed in the moonlight effect. I had arranged for a full moon, and it was there, all right, but the result was not at all up to our expectations. The great bastions and battleships and things didn't seem to stand out at all, as we had supposed they would; perhaps from the other side of the cañon it might have been better.

During the day there is a peculiar blue light in the cañon; not a haze, but seeming to be blue just as the sky is, because one looks through such a thick layer of air. There was certainly a sort of sky-blue effect after every vestige of cloud and mist had been dissipated by the sun.

Wandering around after breakfast, I came upon the pack train at the head of the trail in front of the hotel, all ready to begin the descent, but the packer, in much perturbation of mind, because he had promised a certain lady an opportunity to photograph the train when ready for the trail; and there was no lady armed with the deadly kodak, visible to the naked eye.

I knew who the missing lady was, but I had no idea where she was; so I lifted up my voice, and from the depths of the elsewhere came an answering and interrogative "Yes?" "Hi! get a move on with that kodak," I remarked, "not satisfied with stopping the 'Overland,' you're holding up a pack train now."

"'B-o-a-r-d," says the conductor, and we started on the return journey. We passed a lot of lumber and things by a camp where stands a sign showing it to be a "forest reserve," so that I judged that there was going to be something of an establishment there. It wasn't much of a forest as forests go elsewhere, but it was much too valuable in this country to be left unguarded, and we were glad to see that measures were being taken for its preservation before it was too late. It would do to get lost in at any rate, and was near enough to the hotel to be quite convenient for that purpose.

Then I saw a chipmunk! It gave quite a homelike air to the scene; he seemed like an old friend. We hadn't seen any horned toads, no Gila monsters, only one lizard, and half a dozen black-cap jays, the land is desolate. Some miles further on we came to a small colony of prairie dogs, but they lacked the "sass" of their Montana brethren, and slunk dejectedly away, instead of sitting up and barking at us.

We caught the west bound at Williams, and at Seligman, about forty miles on, we changed time, and my watch became once more right, or, to put it more properly, the time once more agreed with my watch. Here, as at most of the stations, were a number of Indian squaws with pappooses, which you could photograph, for a consideration; or beadwork which you could buy, for four times its value. Generally, they were clad in dresses and flowing mantles of the most bizarre patterns, and colors of great variety; but the wearers themselves, as was evident to more than one sense, were uniformly dirty. The Arizona Apache and his kindred was a bird as a fighter, but if he was ever a clean bird, he has got bravely over it, though he has preserved his love of finery.

Soon we came, near Berry it was, to a series of the longest "tangents" that I guess ever were. For miles and miles the track lay on the plain like two ruled lines in the "First Lessons in Perspective," then it would swing slowly to one side and disappear behind a knoll, to be succeeded by another as long. I watched one of these tangents until I was tired out; we had descended something of a slope for about a quarter of its length, and this more than compensated for the curvature of the globe, the consequence being that the rails seemed to go on until they met at the foot of a telegraph pole in the dim and misty distance. I had made a rash vow that I would not leave the rear of the train until that line curved; and I began to think that darkness would be the only thing to save me; mile after mile the train thundered along; I saw hand-cars put on the track as we passed, and watched them follow us until they diminished to indistinguishable specks, and still the track lay behind us, a straight line pointing to the foot of that telegraph pole. At last the line began to swing a little, and lest I should be tempted again, I hastily quitted my post.

The porter told me that we ran down hill here one hundred and seventy miles without a break. At Seligman we were 5,260 feet above sea level, and a few miles back, somewhere about Pinereta, we must have been a couple of hundred feet higher. From about Truxton it is a steady descent to Needles, 477 feet above sea level, or a drop of 4,783 feet in the one hundred and seventy miles.

We routed out pretty early the next morning, though it was quite cold, to have a good look at the Tehachapi tunnels; and as we began the descent, forgot the chill air in the endeavor to pick out on the mountain side high above us, the hole we had shot out of half an hour before. The whole distance is done by gravitation; the oil is shut off and there is no smoke in the tunnels. I recognized some of the scenery I had noted on our outward journey, but it is a very different sensation sliding down hill thirty-nine hundred feet in less than thirty miles, from crawling up the same distance.

When we were, as it seemed, within a stone's throw of Caliente (really a quarter of a mile, I believe), we turned our backs upon it, then approached again, crossed our own trail, swung away, and back; and after some seven miles of travel, stopped for a moment at its little station, and twenty miles further on drew up at Bakersfield for breakfast.

Owing to an accident to a drawhead, we left Barstow last night three hours late, but by the time we reached Bakersfield we had made up an hour of it; and by judiciously cutting out "local" traffic, they sent in to the terminal station at Point Richmond practically on time, getting us home in time for a late dinner, and our much-looked-forward-to trip was at an end.

It was, I fear I must confess, a good deal of a disappointment; the journey over the desert is a particularly hard one, though we suffered as little inconvenience as seems humanly possible, and the fare is not exactly calculated to build one up after the fatigues of travel. Everything is done that I suppose can be done, but we shall hesitate some time before again venturing upon spending a vacation in Arizona, the Land of the Tin Cow.

The cañon itself, though grand and impressive beyond words to describe, is gloomy and monotonous in an almost equal degree, and the fact that no change of view point, possible under the circumstances, gave any real change of view, saving and excepting the laborious descent to the river, must, it seems to me (Mrs. *** does not quite agree with me here), always serve to prevent its becoming so popular with the ordinary sight-seer and tourist as are Niagara, Yellowstone, Yosemite, or many other places of the sort. ***

Old Eph's Turkey.

"Hit des like dis, ole man," said Aunt Mandy, "if yo' don' git me a tucky foh Thanksgivin' yo' kin des go widout dinnah, fo' we ain' goin' to have no hog meat Thanksgivin' dinnah in dis cabin." And she pushed back her chair and rose from the table where the subject of a Thanksgiving dinner had been under discussion. Uncle Eph also arose and carrying his chair to the corner of the big open fireplace where he usually rested after the labor of the day, sat him down to silent meditation.

He had exhausted every argument he could bring to bear upon the subject in an effort to convince his wife that they could not afford a turkey for Thanksgiving dinner, and that one of her fat hens, or even hog meat, would do.

She had positively declined to sacrifice one of her scant stock of hens, and indignantly refused to prepare a dinner of hog meat for the day of rejoicing.

While smoking and pondering the weighty problem of how to become honestly possessed of a turkey without being possessed with the necessary current coin of the realm, his gaze wandered to the opposite wall of the cabin and rested on his old gun hanging on its pegs.

"There, now, why not?" he thought. There were wild turkeys in the swamp, to be had for the killing, and although his eyes and legs were not as good as they had been, perhaps he might manage it. "Is I got enny powdah en shot, Mandy?" he suddenly inquired. The old woman was surprised at the question, and her curiosity was aroused, but she was still feeling indignation and resentment.

"I dunno if yo' is or not," she replied. "Hit in de box if yo' is." Slipping into his shoes, and laying his pipe on the fireboard, the old man crossed the room to where the box of miscellany stood and commenced an overhauling of its contents that finally resulted in the finding of a small quantity of powder (of doubtful age and quality), a charge or two of coarse shot, and some caps. Putting these several articles conveniently together in a corner of the box where they could be come at when wanted, he then climbed on a chair and lifted down the gun.

It was an old musket, not handsome originally, time worn, abused and rusty. Sounding with the ramrod, he found it empty. Lifting and dropping the ramrod several times, he then withdrew it, inverted the gun and struck the barrel with the flat of his hand.

"Hit sho' dutty," said he, gazing down at the little mound of black and rust, that ran from the muzzle. "Gimme a rag, Mandy?"

Without question or comment the rag was furnished him. Taking a pan of water to the fireplace, the old man began the arduous task of putting the old gun in commission. Through water after water he rubbed and scoured the foul and rusty barrel, until the water began to come back only discolored instead of inky black. With a pin he picked at the tube until he could blow through it from the muzzle. Then with a bit of bacon rind he rubbed the outside until the rust was well covered, and the gun presented quite a respectable appearance.

He now overhauled the box again, and after long search was rewarded by finding his wing bone turkey call. His wife, after finishing the dishes, had taken her seat on the other side of the fire and knitted away in silence, utterly ignoring this unusual performance.

When his preparations were completed, he said, "I goin' to bed, now, Mandy, so as to be up early in de mawnin'."

Her curiosity had stood the strain to the limit, and she asked: "What yo' gitten up so early foh?"

"I goin' huntin' turkeys in de swamp, an' I goin' git one, too, befo' Thanksgivin'; hit two days off yit."

The first ray of light glinted on the brown, weather-beaten coat of old Eph, well down in the depths of the swamp. It was a sharp, frosty morning, clear and still.

His wife had relented when she found him stirring around preparing for his early start, and offered to get him some breakfast, but for this he would not wait, as his long-slumbering sporting blood was aroused and he wanted to get into the woods by the time game was beginning to stir.

Many a weary mile did the old man trudge that day, and many "signs" did he see, but no turkeys.

Hungry, and all but exhausted, he arrived at home a little after noon, to find his wife entirely placated and a good dinner waiting. As he ate he explained to her that although he had not seen the turkeys, he had found their range and would go back in the evening and try to roost them.

A little before sunset he took his gun and returned to the woods, remaining absent until some time after his usual bedtime. The old woman was watching at the door for him, having become uneasy at his continued absence. "I didn't git nary one, but I found de gang en roosted um, an' buil' my blin', an' I des bet I do git one in de mawnin'," said he, in great excitement. His wife was catching some of his enthusiasm, and was beginning to have visions of a turkey Thanksgiving dinner. She helped him off with his muddy shoes, and sat him down to a bountiful supper, while she prepared a lunch for him to carry with him next day. They went early to bed, and after settling down, Aunt Mandy roused up to say:

"I goin' scratch roun' an' hunt some ches'nuts, to stuff my tucky wid, in de mawnin'."

An hour before day, Eph was stirring, and before it was light enough to distinguish objects in the swamp, he was crouched down in the blind, shivering with cold and excitement. He waited until a bird whistled off in the woods, and then got out his turkey call.

Once, twice, three times, with shaking hands, he tried before getting just the right position in the corner of his mouth, and then, "Put! Put! Put!" went forth on the still air, a perfect imitation of the timid call of a lonesome young turkey. His breath stopped as a quick answering call of "Quit! Quit!" came from a turkey in a nearby tree. Dropping his caller, the old man grasped his gun, wishing with his whole heart that he could tell the exact direction of the answering call.

Almost afraid to move, he crouched down in absolute silence, watching and waiting. Then he heard, off to the left, a rustle, the swish of wings, and the unmistakable sound of a turkey alighting on the ground. With no more noise than a cat would make, he twisted around on the ground until he faced the direction of the sound. Peering through the branches of the blind, he saw a turkey stealing noiselessly up toward him, stopping every few moments to peer cautiously around.

"Dat Mandy's tuckey," he whispered, as he laid his cheek to the old gun. "I dis hatter git him."

Taking careful aim at the full-rounded breast of the approaching bird, and waiting until it stopped for a look about, he fired. The resounding roar of the gun was yet sounding when the old man sprang over the side of the blind and made after the turkey, fluttering and threshing around, apparently in its death struggles.

Evidently badly wounded, it yet was making desperate efforts to escape. Snatching up a stick, he hobbled after it, striking at it whenever he came near, but all his blows fell short. The chase continued for some time, until finally, utterly exhausted, the old man fell across a down tree, while the turkey, recovering somewhat from its wounds, made good its escape.

Eph's heart was all but broken, and from the highest joy he was cast down to the deepest woe.

"What Mandy goin' say to me?" was his first ejaculation when his breath returned. Having made his way back to the blind where he had left the gun, he measured the distance with his eye to where the turky had stood when shot, and found it near enough to almost insure a kill.

"Hit was des nach'ly tuff," said he; "ole an' tuff. Couldn' er kill dat tuckey wid a ax."

Long and patiently he roamed the woods, not with any hope of success in securing game, but with a desire to postpone the sad homecoming.

A yellowhammer was bagged in the afternoon, and as he held it in his hand and mentally compared it with the lost turkey, tears dimmed his eyes. "I'll des pick it," he said, "an' tell Mandy hit wus a tuckey w'en I shot hit, an' dat a hoodoo was on hit, an' hit swunk."

This attempt at facetiousness failed to lighten his burden of sorrow, and it was with a heavy heart he turned his weary steps toward home. He had made a long circuit and was now at the far edge of the swamp, near the home of a prosperous planter by the name of Brown.

As he turned his attention was attracted by excited shouts in the direction of Mr. Brown's, and he concluded to go on and see what was going on there. He found Mr. Brown and several farm hands in the stable lot surrounding a small black mule that had backed into a fence corner, trailing a broken halter.

A young darkey, with torn and dusty clothes, sat on a stump rubbing numerous portions of his anatomy, evidently having been thrown by the mule.

"Howdy, Uncle Eph," said Mr. Brown, as the old man approached the fence.

"Howdy, suh," said Eph.

"Is yo' breakin' de mewl?"

"Trying to, but the mule is doing the breaking so far," with a glance at the boy on the stump.

"He sho do look wicked," said the old man, as the mule hitched around as though about to kick at one of the men nearest it.

"Wicked is no name for it, he is a little black demon," was the reply.

"He sho do look it," said the old man, as the mule spun round, showing the whites of his eyes.

The old man leaned on the fence resting and watching the efforts made to secure the mule for a few moments, when his attention was attracted to a fine flock of turkeys crossing the other end of the lot.

A sudden wild impulse took possession of him.

"Mistah Brown," he called, "what you' gimme if I ride dat mewl?"

"Git out! Uncle Eph. You are no mule breaker. He would kill you before you could get a leg over him."

But the old man meant business, and was now over the fence.

"I has rid mules, bad ones, too, an' I'll ride him ef yo' gimme a chanst."

"Well, I will give him to you if you will ride him," said the mule owner.

"I ain' wantin' de mewl, Mistah Brown, but I will ride him if yo' gimme one of dem tuckeys, suh," said the old man, pointing eagerly to the flock of turkeys feeding in the lot.

"All right, Eph, if you want to try it, but I am afraid he will hurt you."

"How long is I got to stay on him?" said the old man, stripping off his coat and rolling up his sleeves.

"Stay on until he goes down on the ground and you can pick your turkey."

The old man agreed to this, and the men closed in and secured the mule. The old man refused saddle and bridle, only stipulating that the mule be held until he got on.

Dragging the animal up to a post and taking a turn of the rope around it, the men held him while Uncle Eph carefully worked up alongside.

With ears pointed forward, and the whites of both eyes showing, the vicious brute stood until, with a leap and scramble, the old man lit on its back. The rope was then cast off, and everybody made for the fence. The old man clapped his legs to the mule like a pair of close-fitting calipers and gripped its slim neck with both hands. Quick as a cat the mule sprang into the air, its full height from the ground, coming down perfectly stiff legged. The old man's hat was snapped off, but his hold was not broken. Then faster than the onlookers could count the animal kicked for about half a minute, throwing its hind legs so high that it looked as though it would certainly somersault, ending with the old man well up on its neck. Then reversing, it reared again and again, all but going over backward, with the old man hanging in a close embrace around its neck. Then it plunged the length of the lot, with quick stiff-legged jumps right and left, breaking the old man's hold and nearly unseating him several times. Then it tried a general mix up of all the mule tricks, rearing, kicking, bucking and jumping, fully proving its reputation of being a bad mule, but though often hanging by a leg, the old man was not thrown. Breathless the spectators watched his plucky fight, occasionally shouting words of encouragement, but on his part he uttered not a sound.

The wild plunging continued until the mule began to show signs of distress, and, finally, in a burst of vicious rage, it threw itself down and rolled over, apparently trying to crush its rider to the earth.

Everyone ran to the rescue, and the old man was pulled out from the midst of the vicious animal's flying hoofs. They waited for him to speak to learn if he was injured. Looking up into the anxious face of Mr. Brown bending over him, the old man said:

"Do I git dat tuckey?"

"You certainly do, Uncle Eph," said that gentleman, greatly relieved; "the biggest and fattest one in the gang."

"Les' go ketch him, den," said the old man, getting to his feet. "Dat is a rite peart mewl, suh," said he, as they passed his late antagonist, now very much subdued.

The turkeys were driven into a pen, and Uncle Eph was told to take his choice. The old man had his own reasons for passing by the big brown and bronze birds and selecting a slim, rangy, black one.

With its feet securely tied he bid Mr. Brown good-by; gathered up his coat and gun, and laid a straight course for home.

Well into the woods he placed the turkey on a log, walked off a short distance and fired his gun at it. It showed no signs of being hard hit, so he broke its neck with a stick, untied its feet, and swinging it over his shoulder, resumed his way.

"Heah is yo' tuckey, Mandy," said he, walking in on the old woman at sundown and proudly holding up his prize.

"Hi, ain' he fine," she exclaimed, an' fat," she added, lifting it. "I des knowed yo' was gwine git it, des nachly knowed it, an' I got de chesnuts all peeled an' ready. I des pintedly gwine give yo' de bes' dinnah dat any boddy evah eat to-mor'er, des yo' see if I don.'"

The next day, at noon, after a long and sincere thanksgiving blessing had been asked, the old man helped his wife to a generous supply of turkey and dressing.

"Dah," she said, as she disposed of the first mouthful, "Dis is tuckey. Dey ain' no meat got sich sweet taste as de wil' meat. Hit don' make no diffunce if folks is poah, an' kaint buy no tuckeys, if dey has a man what kin go in de woods an' shoot bettah ones den anybody kin buy."

And the old man, with one hand under the table rubbing a bruised and aching knee, accepted the compliment in pleased silence.

LOUIS HOPKINS.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Spot.

SPOT was only a dog, but I thought more of him than I did of a great many men that I have known.

Spot's mother belonged to a doctor in La Grange, Tex., and in the spring of 1866 the troop of cavalry that I then belonged to was stationed there in the Freedmen's Bureau. I was a corporal then, and acted as deputy sheriff for a sheriff that had been lately appointed by the military governor of Texas.

While going up town one day I passed a small fawn-colored greyhound in front of the doctor's office, and after I had stopped to pet her and had gone on again, I found her following me. As it would not look well in the sheriff of Fayette county to be caught stealing dogs, I chased her back, or thought I did; but when I had got to camp I found her close behind me, and taking her to my quarters fed her, then took her home. When I got up next morning I found her in camp again, and again took her home, but she would not stay there, and after I had returned her half a dozen times, the doctor told me to keep her. I had expected he would, for he could not keep her now unless he kept her tied, and he did not want to do that.

Our captain took a fancy to her and kept her about his tent nearly all the time, and when we were ordered back to San Antonio, he had her put in the ambulance and taken along. From San Antonio we were next sent to Camp Verell, an old post long since abandoned. Here Nellie, the greyhound, had a litter of four puppies, two males and two females. Three of them were the exact picture of herself; the fourth was a white dog, the only other color on him being a black spot the size of a silver quarter under one of his eyes; he was as large as the whole three others when dropped, and kept on getting larger every day.

I examined him and came to the conclusion that he was three-fourths greyhound and the other fourth just plain dog, and made up my mind that he would be my share of this lot. The bitch was mine, but the captain seemed to think she was his.

When the puppies were about two weeks old, the captain paid them a visit one day, then calling me, said, "Take that dog to the creek and drown him. He is a nuisance here."

I looked at the pup and could hardly keep from laughing. The puppies were nursing, or trying to, but he was doing the most of it, shoving the others out of his way. He was so clumsy now that when he tried to walk he fell all over himself.

I won't drown him this week, I thought to myself, then said, "I think I should have one of these pups, sir."

"Certainly, if you want one. Select any one of the three; I'll keep the other two myself."

"You can keep three, sir; I will take the white one."

"Oh, he is a mongrel; he will never be fit for anything but to eat and sleep, and make a noise in camp."

The captain was mistaken about the noise, though. I had the dog two years, and never heard him bark. I don't think he knew how to bark.

"I think I can make a dog out of him, sir."

"You will never make anything out of him but what he is, a cur. But if you want him, keep him." That settled that; he was not to be drowned now.

"I'll take him from his mother in a few days, sir, as soon as I think it is safe."

"You might take him now. That fellow would live anywhere. But let him remain here. I don't want you to lose your dog."

I took him from the mother in a few days, for he was starving the other three, and taking him into the quarters fed him myself. I had no hesitation in taking him into those quarters; they were hardly fit for a dog. This post had stood abandoned for five years, and the quarters were in ruins; they never had been palaces, anyhow. When we came here we found them in charge of a herd of goats, and it took us a month to get rid of the smell of the goats and of their fleas; they left the fleas when we turned them out. I had a bunk made of green poles (we could get no lumber) in one corner by myself, and piling down a lot of old saddle blankets under it put the pup in them; but this bed did not suit him, and in a short time he found his way up on top of the bunk; and until he had got to be too big for his quarters he always slept between me and the wall or across my feet and legs, and while I had him I never went to the field on a [illegible] that he did also; then he always slept beside me [illegible] the saddle blanket, and generally went first to bed so as to be sure of getting his share of it. By the fi[illegible] was five months old he was as large as his mother. He afterward grew to be the largest greyhound I have ever seen, standing at least two and a half feet high at his shoulders.

I thought it about time now to begin his education, and took him out to show him how to hunt jackrabbits; but found that he needed no showing; he probably had been hunting them in company with other dogs here for some time now. When the rabbit would show itself, Spot would go for it, and generally did not have to go far. A rabbit when Spot got after him might as well stop and wait. He caught them by the hindquarters, then held them for me to come and get; then if there was another in sight (these dogs run altogether by sight), he went and got it. The rabbits would try doubling on him. Most of our dogs when the rabbit did that followed the rabbit, doubling when he did. Spot knew a trick worth two of that. When the rabbit doubled, as he thought it had, he cut across lots and met it.

I tried him next, after he had got to be a few months older, on antelope. He caught them by the throat, threw them down, then lay on top of them and held them until I rode up and took charge. Then, if I had not kept him waiting too long, he would follow the band and get another. Three of us mounted took him out one day on the prairie that borders the North Concho, just where it falls into the Main Concho. This was our favorite ground to hunt antelope; they came in here after water, and the country back here is as level as a barn floor. Spot found a band, just as they were climbing up the bank out of the water; and pulled his first one down, not fifty feet from the bank. He got his next one in less than 600 yards; and pulled the third one down for me less than half a mile from the river. We kept close behind him then, and a man would be ready to take the antelope the moment the dog had pulled it down, then let him go for another [illegible] I have seen more than once a very fair cart

load of antelope brought into the post at Fort Concho. Spot had got them all, not a shot being fired.

I had been told that no hound would run a prairie wolf. Few hounds will, but I thought I had one that would, and sent Spot after them. He would hunt them if I sent him, but never went of his own accord. When passing them in sight, he would look at me, and if I stopped and said go, he went, but not before. But for a rabbit or deer he never had to be told to go. He caught and held the wolf just as he did the antelope, only taking care in case of the wolf to get hold of it close to its head, where it could not bite him. Then I would ride up and release the wolf. I did not want his skin, and made it a rule not to kill anything, even a non-poisonous snake or a 'coon, that was harmless when alive and no use to me when dead; and when I had any authority over enlisted men, as I often had, I would not let one of them shoot a coyote if the skin was not wanted. I have poisoned my share of them when I could use their skins.

With the big timber or loper wolf it is different. I shot them on sight if I could get within range of them. I killed a big loper once after I had run him two miles; then finding that I could not get in close enough to him without hurting my horse, I let him go, or he thought I did. Then, while he was busy watching for me to come the way he had gone, I rode around on his flank and shot him.

The coyotes would come into camp after night and eat the straps off of any saddle that did not have a man sleeping on it. We had to keep men sleeping on our packs at night to keep the wolves away from them. I was wakened up one night by having my saddle dragged from under my head, and I got up just in time to claim it; a coyote had it and I could not shoot him here. I wanted to do it badly enough, but did not want to raise an alarm in camp.

Spot would catch a buffalo as fast as he would any other animal; he began on them himself before I thought of sending him after them. Then I would send him when I wanted a laugh. He caught them where he did the rabbit, and an old bull when he found himself caught would whirl around to charge; but Spot would not be there then, and after the bull had got tired chasing him and had resumed his line of march, Spot would grab him again in the old place, then let go and get back and dance around just out of the buffalo's reach, and keep this up all day if I did not call him off. I often thought the dog was laughing as hard as I was; he looked as if he were.

When he was two years old my time in this troop was up, and I got ready to leave. I meant to take service as a cowboy down the country, and was going to take Spot with me; but the men had begged me to leave him, and I did so on their promise never to part with him. I should not have left him even then, but I did not really know when leaving here where I was going to. I might go north, and could not take him if I did, and did not want to leave him among strangers. Being a cowboy did not suit me, and I was only one for two months, then enlisted in another troop of this same regiment. I never got out of the regiment in my twenty years.

Two years after leaving Spot I was on escort duty on a mail route, the mail being carried on buckboard wagons drawn by two mules. The man on escort and the driver were the only two occupants of the wagon. We drove into the mail station a mile from Fort Concho one afternoon, the first time I had been here since two years before. I noticed about a dozen greyhounds in the stable yard here, one of them a big white one, and as I got down off the wagon, this one making a rush at me, got on his hind legs, then placing a paw on each of my shoulders began to lick my face, an old trick of Spot's. It was he, and he knew me the instant he saw me again. He had not seen me for two years now.

"That dog seems to know you," the manager said.

"He ought to; I raised him. How came he here?"

"Colonel Ficklin has him; he paid a cavalry troop $25 for him; he would not take one hundred for him now."

"Well, if I had him again he would not get him for a hundred dollars," I told him.

A hundred dollars for a dog might seem a big price to a man who only earned $18 a month, his board and clothes and medical attendance in case of sickness, to quote from the recruiting office hand bills, and I never needed that medical attendance either, but when I said I would not take that hundred dollars for him now if I had him, I meant every word of it.

Colonel Ficklin was a large mail contractor; he had about all there was in that line in this country then. He was a fine old fellow whom I knew very well. He made his headquarters in Washington, and died there some years ago suddenly, at a hotel dining table, I was told.

He paid regular visits here, bringing his friends with him, and kept Spot to hunt wolves for him. They would go out on horseback after night, and when Spot pulled the wolf down the colonel would put his brand on him, cut the wolf's tail off, then let him go. The country here was full of wolves carrying Ficklin's brand.

I afterward found out, when it was too late, that he had not paid a cent for Spot. The dog and half a dozen others had been given him by the troop when they left the Concho. The troop had a whole pack of them then, Nellie, Spot's mother, was to blame for the most of them being there. She contributed from three to half a dozen every year. The captain was absent when his troop left the Concho or Ficklin would not have got many greyhounds. The captain thought as much of a dog as I did, and knew a great deal more about one than I did; but he was away off in his estimate of Spot, and said so afterward.

Spot and I put in all this afternoon hunting jack rabbits, both of us on foot, and when we were ready to leave next morning Spot sat at the corral gate here looking on. I knew why he was here. "You had better tie that dog up," I told the manager, "he will follow me."

"You could not get that dog to follow you now, and stay with you if you tried. There is no danger of his following you."

"You will have another guess in about ten minutes," I thought. I took my seat and we started. These bronco mules were supposed to be half broken, some were, others of them were not. To get them harnessed and hooked to a wagon they would have to be lashed to a post; then when all was ready, one rope was taken off the mule's neck, the rope on the other mule passed to the escort to help choke them down if needed, and the mules taking the road now, would strike a ten-mile gait and never stop short of the next station, thirty or forty miles away. There was thirty miles between some, forty between others. They could not be stopped; but they could be driven in a circle, and when one of us had occasion to get out of the wagon, he fell off behind, then the other man drove in a circle until the first one had caught on behind and got in again. I have driven one of those teams half a dozen times in a circle before I could pick up the driver, when he had got off. These drivers were worked half to death, and finding that I could drive, they often would hand me the lines when clear of the station, then lie down on the mail sacks, after telling me not to hurry the mules, and go to sleep.

I would not hurry them until we struck a sandy road, then hauling in on the lines hard enough to stop any decent mule, it only made them run faster, and I would send them through that sand at a 15-mile-an-hour clip.

This is the kind of a team we had to-day, and as soon as they struck the road they were off. So was Spot.

The men ran after him, calling him, but he paid no attention to them.

"Keep on," I told the driver, "Never mind those men. I want that dog. He will follow me to Chadbourne, now."

He would follow me to the place the preachers tell us about, if there is such a place, and I were going there.

"I dare not go on, I would be discharged if I did," he told me.

"Then circle, of course. I don't want you to suffer."

He made a circle of a quarter of a mile, and as we swept past the corral gate again they got Spot.

Even after that, when I was there, Spot was always tied up before I left.

When Spot was six years old I heard from him again. There was a troop of ours at the Concho, and I corresponded with a sergeant in it. He told me that Spot paid regular visitis to the post and that he had been out with them on a scout for two weeks. He would always follow a mounted party and remain with it.

This troop was about to change stations and come to us at Fort Richardson, half-way across the State. I saw a way now to get Spot, and wrote to this sergeant telling him if he could possibly get Spot to bring him, and I would pay him $20 for his trouble.

Spot came into the Concho a day or two before this troop left, and the sergeant tied him up in the stable; then when they were ready to leave, turned him loose to follow. When half way up to our post they marched all day in a cold rain storm, and lay over next day, it being Sunday, to dry out. Here Spot took sick and in an hour was dead.

The sergeant had a grave dug for him, and had a cairn of loose stones built over his grave to keep the wolves from him. I got the location of his grave from the sergeant, and a few months afterward, when down here in charge of a wagon train and its escort, I camped here, and finding that the grave was in a spot that could never be used for any purpose—it was on the bank of a creek at the foot of a rocky hill—I cleaned the loose stones off the grave, then had a heavy flag stone carried down off the hill and put it on top of his grave. Then, while at the Concho, I made a small chisel, and when camping here on our return, with this chisel and a small hatchet that I always carried in my saddle pocket, I cut on the stone:

SPOT.
Born January, 1867.
Died March, 1873.

I was about to cut a cross on the stone to prevent any stray Indian from digging here to see what was under it, for a Comanche will not disturb a grave that is marked with a cross; and about the only Indians that ever came here were Comanches; and we had them pretty well cleared out now. But a friend here objected; he was a Catholic and did not want to see the cross on a dog's grave.

"I would not put it on every dog's grave," I told him, "but you knew Spot." Nearly every man who had been in the regiment in the last six years knew him. He still objected, and I left the cross off.

I always thought that Spot understood every word I said and that he could count. These dogs, while they are very gentle, I never knew one which was ill tempered, are not credited with having much intelligence, and have little sense of smell. I had always given Spot the credit of being a cross and not a full blooded hound; his size and the shape of his head made me think so; he had a hound's nose but his head was higher and wider.

I had a doctor who was a good naturalist, a correspondent for the Smithsonian Institution, examine him. He told me that Spot was not a mongrel at all, but a full greyhound, and that he had brains enough for two dogs.

I saw him do a trick once that gave me a higher regard for his intelligence. It will hardly be believed, but I will give it. In the field he always slept at my saddle, and as these saddles were all alike, I often wondered how he knew mine. Unless we had some mark about them we often could not find them in a moment ourselves. Yet he could go straight to mine any time. The leather hoods on the stirrups are generally too short when issued. I had cut mine off and put on a pair twice as long, but others had them as long as mine.

I had two small silver stars on the outside of each stirrup. They took the place of the copper rivets there, and no one else had any like them, they had cost me two dollars, and most men did not care to put that amount on a government saddle.

We were on a scout, and while in camp one evening I noticed Spot examining the saddles; he would walk past each one, look at it, then go to another, and kept this up some time. My saddle lay by itself, and I had the stirrups both laid on top with the blanket folded and laid on top of them, covering them. He finally stopped in front of the saddle, then pushing the blanket off with his nose, looked at the stirrups, then lay down. If he was not looking for those stars, what was he hunting for?

CABIA BLANCO.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Trent and Tributaries.

THE gray dawn was forcing a light through the heavy mists, and a deep chill was in the air. Up the river the boat was swiftly paddled, and, as the light grew, the waters sparkled like molten silver. The gnarled oak seemed clad in lace mantillas, so soft was the effect of Spanish mosses, that clung to them so affectionately. Peering in the wooded depths one conjectured the delight of an encounter with Bruin, or the antlered monarch of these wilds; again, the visions of vanishing turkey would be forced upon our vivid imagination, until the hist of the boatman gave warning of our real intentions. Afar in the hazy distance a dark blot appeared, following the river's course, and on a direct line with our boat, but high in air; swift as an arrow the line came nearer and nearer, and now the supreme moment arrives. Holding well ahead of the leader, we see the third bird drop slowly backward, and soon with set wings go hurtling to the waters below. What delight fills one to have the first shot of the morning successful? This bird is gathered, fondly examined and carefully laid away with the hope that it will soon have companions; this success was mere accident, as the birds are wary, and seldom under such conditions does one secure a shot within range. On and on in the morning's silence, past marshes where the waters swirl in great pools and eddies, making no sound, but we are ever on the alert for our quarry; now a bird rises from the dark marsh and cleverly swings to the stern of our little craft. My boatman is not quick to meet the condition, so no shot is fired, it being impossible to turn in the cramped quarters of the bow; another bird rises, followed by still another, and two beautiful misses are scored. Yet is not the crisp morning air filling our lungs, giving us new vigor, new life, brushing the cobwebs from our brain, and making us well content to live over such glorious days in sweet reminiscence? Now a little creek is entered where the branches overarch and intertwine; the silence is oppressive; the paddle falls with precision, every turn reveals new beauties as the sun gleams through the overhanging shadows; every sense is alert and the tension is to the point of breaking. With swift-beating pinions a wood duck strives to break through the heavy mass above, and succeeds only partially, as a snap shot, that will live while memory lasts, brings him to earth. After much labor he is placed beside his less handsome fellow, and admired as the most beautiful of his kind.

Here is every hue of the rainbow: glowing iridescence at every turn, the most harmonious blending of gorgeous coloring ever conceived by the wonder worker of nature.

A few shots are secured with indifferent success, as the biting cold and the long hours in one position incapacitate a novice from the possibility of a clean score. We lunch in an old field, shielded from the wind by a great oak, and endeavor to relieve our rigid muscles by violent exercise immediately after our meal, but the fascination of pursuit will not allow a long rest. Positions are again taken in our contracted craft (a small boat only being practicable for river or creek shooting in this locality), and the sinuous windings of the stream followed, till a narrow creek is found; this being entered, soon widens to a lagoon, and, on making a sharp turn, we suddenly flush a flock of mallards. Great was the consternation both of the ducks and shooter, and the first barrel was a sure case of duck fever; but nerves being suddenly controlled, the second secures a magnificent specimen of a male bird, enlarging the bag to three. As the dying sound of wings portrayed the departure of the flock to less troublous waters, we began the return journey in mid-afternoon, floating lazily along with the current, turning in the likely looking places, but quite content with the small showing made.

As the evening shadows fell, great banks of murky clouds loomed up beyond the receding woodlands, through which the dying sun pierced the waters. Here was light, there was shadow, and all about the silent world; no human sound reached our ears, no cry of beast or bird, no sail appeared, no hunter's craft cleaved these waters save our own; yet the lights, the shadows, and the silence, filled my soul with delight; far from the ceaseless sounds of strife, near to nature's heart, near to the real life. The wharf is reached, and soon the hotel, and then after a hasty toilet the inner man appeased. A recital of the day's experience follows with fellow members of the craft, then to rest, and pleasant dreams. Again the waters curl at the boat's prow, ripples rush hurriedly away, and then die in the water's vast expanse. The swish of wings is to us sweeter than the music of harpsichord, and the day is repeated, delight upon delight; overwrought nerves are restored to healthful conditions, over-tired brains find rest and peace, and we feel again the true joy of living.

EDWARD HAVENS GOODNOUGH.

Natural History.

The Hermit Crab.

THE war lately waged in the various warm and peppery Spanish islands had a chapter of crabs contributed not only from Cuba, but from the Ladrones and the Philippines as well. In every report, save those which have passed strictly "through military channels," as the regulations phrase it, it was made clear that the variety of indigenous crabs aroused as much wonder as disgust.

The operations about Santiago gave the soldiers an opportunity to watch the land crabs taking vengeance for many a soft shell or a shedder which had been employed for the nutrition and the appetite of man. If some sentry, keen to watch the lines and to recognize the slightest indication of the approach of the enemy, had turned out the guard to resist no more deadly attack than the nocturnal march of the land crabs, he could not have been ridiculed. The same marauders have turned out guards before this last war; it is a matter of history that they caused a terror-stricken flight of a British army in the same province. The noise in the jungle was so alarming that the British were sure they were facing a vastly superior force having also the advantage of position. Rather than accept battle under such adverse conditions, the invaders decamped in a hurry, routed by the land crabs.

In the Philippines and at Guam, the crab found on land is not at all the land crab of Cuba. Although quite as noisy, it is by no means as large as the disgusting Cuban animal; in fact, it is rather amusing than otherwise. This is the hermit crab, which is condemned to pass its life in a succession of unfurnished lodgings, the shells of molluscs which have outlasted their original tenants and have been taken by the hermits. The hermit has a large amount of protective armor and offensive weapon of attack, but they are all in front. The tail is not only bare of all protective shell, it is, indeed, covered with the very thinnest sort of a soft skin. The hermit is very vulnerable in that part of his body and stands a very feeble show for his life unless he can find an empty shell which will fit. When one shell begins to cramp him as he grows, it is necessary to hunt for a larger one and to transfer his quarters to that. It is a critical time for the hermit when he is about to move. After long search he has found an empty shell, which seems to be about the right thing. He has explored its recesses with his smaller claws and has carefully swept out the grains of sand. But experiment is the only way of making sure that the new lodging will suit. There must come a moment in which the hermit is out of the old shell and into the new without knowing certainly that he will not have to go back to his old quarters. There is a chance that some bird may be in a position to snatch at his soft tail as he is making the change, against that his protection is the rapidity of his lightning change. But while he is testing the new home another hermit may come along in search of lodgings and then there is sure to be a combat.

In Luzon and the other Philippines they are to be found of all sizes up to that of a coffee cup. They run everywhere about the houses by night and are quite harmless. But they make so much noise, their racket is so wholly out of proportion to their harmlessness, that they may well alarm a sleeper in a strange place and doubtful of his neighbors. To a certain extent they are beneficial, for they undoubtedly destroy multitudes of eggs of that pest of the Orient, the cockroach. That, in itself, is enough to win pardon for the hermits for all the noise they make in the still nights by the scratching of their claws on mats and woodwork and the thump of their heavy shells as they take sudden fright and fall from chairs and tables to the floor.

LLEWELLA PIERCE CHURCHILL.

Red Squirrels and Raccoons.

IT is the case that red squirrels will come out in June into towns and cities in Maine, but usually they are in small numbers, and after destroying all the eggs and young of all birds' nests they can find, they in a short time return again to the woods. This year has been an exception. They came as usual in June, but in much grater numbers than I ever knew before. They literally came by hundreds. I have seen three at one time in my garden, and people all over town would report seeing them in numbers in the same day. As usual, they destroyed every egg and young bird they could find. I took particular pains to inquire about this, and had the same report from other towns. I am aware that Hermit says this Cape Cod squirrel does not trouble birds' eggs. This is the only case where I have found that his observations differed from mine, but I am sure that our Maine red squirrels do destroy both eggs and young birds, as I have seen them when doing it. Contrary to their usual custom, many of the squirrels have remained and some are here at this date, Nov. 15, although it is over a mile to the first little grove of evergreen trees. One has been busy in the September days storing hundreds of horse chestnuts in my attic, and is seen every day or two near the house. Lately he has been carrying off large bunches of mountain ash berries.

The raccoons were later in coming. The first known of them was when corn was first fit to eat. Then any one who had a garden or patch of corn just outside the thickly settled parts, all at once found that the raccoons were at work nights. I know of over thirty killed in a space of not over eight miles long by two wide, and I do not think that I heard of two-thirds of what were taken. These were nearly all caught in traps set in gardens and corn patches. One was caught which weighed when the entrails were all removed, thirty-two pounds, and another also disemboweled weighed twenty-six pounds. I know these weights to be correct, as they were weighed on two different sets of scales. When the corn was all gone they disappeared as suddenly as they came.

M. HARDY.

BREWER, Me., Nov. 15.

The Murder of the Young Among Birds.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At a recent meeting of the Institut Général Psychologique, a section of which is devoted to matters of zoological psychology, a well-known naturalist, M. Kunckel d'Herculais, quoted a fact observed by himself personally. A pair of canary birds, already blessed in previous years with a numerous progeny, gave birth to three young ones. Matters go very regularly and smoothly, to begin; but one day while cleaning the cage, an unskillful hand hits the nest, and the nest falls. It is immediately restored to its place, the young, which had rolled out, being delicately put in again. Nothing particular occurs, or is noticed till a few days later, when it is discovered that the parents behave in a most extraordinary manner. The mother has expelled one of the young from the nest, and is dragging it toward the bathing dish, and she forces it under the water repeatedly, "till death ensues." The next day, murder number two, conducted by the same person, in the same manner exactly. But the tragedy stops here. Number three is not murdered. On the contrary, the parents make a great show of tender feeling and display great care in the nursing of their only heir. The latter gets on very well, but when nearly adult, it is remarked that some toes of one of the legs are in a state of marked atrophy. The heir is in fact an infirm, or at least an invalid; his infirmity, however, does not keep him from becoming otherwise prosperous.

Now the query is, Why did the parents murder numbers one and two? Can it be that all the young were injured by the fall; that the parents recognized the gravity of the injuries—hypothetical, mind; no one can tell whether they existed or not—received by numbers one and two, and recognizing the difficulty, or impossibility of rearing them, decided to do away with them, and not to lose any pains and trouble uselessly? Can they have considered number three as having reasonable chances of "pulling through"—as Adam remarked each Sunday, according to Mark Twain's latest revelations on the beginning—and therefore spared his life? The question is put to such readers of FOREST AND STREAM as have had similar experience; will they kindly give information as to the facts they have observed, and as to the interpretation they give thereof? Facts concerning other animals than birds would prove quite as interesting, of course.

Now as to another form of infanticide. It is popularly believed in France, among the uncultured principally, that when young birds are taken, with the nest, and put in a cage to which the parents can easily come, without being able to get in, of course (the cage is, for instance, suspended in the tree close to the place where the nest was made) the parents who generally do not abandon their young, come to the cage, and bring them food, but also, in many cases, bring them poisonous food, so as to kill their captive progeny. It sometimes happens that they kill it otherwise by beating it on the skull; it happens also that they do not kill it at all. But it is believed that the poisoning process is rather extensively practiced. Query: Does the belief exist in the new world; can any facts be adduced in its favor?

HENRY DE VARIGNY.

PARIS.

A Ward for Yellow Journalism.

JEFFERSON BARRACKS, Mo.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your Nov. 15 issue reminds me of the old yarn about the missionary who, having been sent to convert the Esquimaux to Christianity, set about doing so in the way he had always done, viz., by telling them of the endless punishment awaiting all unregenerate beings upon their passage from this life. He appeard to do well enough until he began to depict the fire and brimstone details, when, to his surprise, he found his hearers in all eagerness to join the ranks of the unbelievers, so that they might thus secure the boon of perpetual heat after a lifetime in the frozen regions. Now I am something of a metaphorical Esquimaux. I knew nothing of yellow journals until the missionary labors of the FOREST AND STREAM taught me that they appear to be a class of newspaper that urge the devotees of fashion to go out and observe interesting and attractive little animals frisking about in a state of nature, rather than, by creating an abnormal demand for their pelts, to stimulate the market-hunter to compass their entire extinction. This description has made me an ardent believer in yellow journals; they appear to teach the doctrine I have long favored; and if they will enlarge their scope to include song and insectivorous birds as well, they can occupy a place at my elbow right next to the FOREST AND STREAM itself.

WM. F. FLYNN.

Game Bag and Gun.

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

Massachusetts Interests.

BOSTON, Nov. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A convention of sportsman's, farmers' and other clubs was held on Nov. 13. The meeting was a large and enthusiastic one. Game protectors came from every county and almost every large town and city in the State, to the number of eighty or more.

A. B. F. Kinney, chairman of the Central Committee and vice-president of the Massachusetts F. and G. P. A., presided. George W. Emery, ex-governor of Utah, and Col. E. M. Stoddard from Marshfield, represented the South Shore. Gen. Francis H. Appleton, of Hamilton, Senator-elect from Essex, representing his section and the Society for Promotion of Agriculture; Leander Herrick, of the New England Agricultural Society and the Worcester Fur Club; Dr. W. G. Kendall, vice-president of the Megantic Fish and Game Club; Heman S. Fay, the League of American Sportsmen and the Marlborough Gun Club; I. O. Converse, the Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club; several new clubs, the Groveland, Georgetown, Northampton, Greenfield and others, beside farmers' clubs and several deputy fish and game commissioners. After two or three speakers had been called upon, a general invitation was extended to all present, and the opportunity was very generally availed of. The majority of those in attendance had something to say.

Resolutions were adopted in favor of the re-enactment of the anti-sale law; the deer law and the giving of further right of search to deputies.

A committee, of which Mr. Fay was chairman, reported in favor of continuance of the Central Committee, and reported as its executive committee the following: Chairman, H. A. Estabrook, of Fitchburg; Secretary, H. H. Kimball, Boston; A. B. F. Kinney, Worcester; A. C. Sylvester, North Attleboro; Salem D. Charles, Boston; H. S. Fay, Marlboro; Chas. H. Sawyer, Northampton; Wm. B. Phinney, Lynn; J. B. Bridges, Deerfield; H. P. Bryant, New Bedford; Joseph H. Wood, Pittsfield; J. Russell Reed, Boston; H. C. Tuck, Haverhill.

A vote of thanks was unanimously tendered Mr. Kinney for his efficient and untiring efforts in the cause of protection during the past three years as chairman of the Executive Committee.

After an hour's intermission the association was called to order by Vice-President Wm. S. Hinman. Several propositions for membership were presented, and six candidates were duly elected.

A nominating committee of seven, of which Dr. E. W. Branigan is chairman, was named by President Hinman, when the meeting was adjourned and the convention again opened.

The name of Congressman W. S. McNary, of Boston, was one of those proposed for membership.

Several State senators and representatives were in attendance, several of whom spoke and expressed their pleasure in attending and their purpose to favor all reasonable requests from the sportsmen.

Speaker Myers, who will doubtless be re-elected to that position, was among the speakers. Several of the guests from different sections of the State also spoke. This meeting, if not equal to the convention of 1899, was a very close second, and has put the anti-sale law and other measures distinctly before the people of the State, the press having given quite full reports of it.

HENRY H. KIMBALL, Secretary.

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If there have been those in the Old Bay State who have thought it safe to violate the game laws recently, because several of the most active game wardens were occupied in the distribution of fish, and were literally working night and day to stock the ponds and streams with trout, landlocked salmon and white perch, some of them at least have had a rude awakening within the past three days. It is only just to say that this recent work of the wardens, although remarkable for notable cases, is only a continuation of the liveliest campaign this old State has ever witnessed for the repression of illegal hunting and fishing.

Last Saturday and Monday three convictions were obtained, which not only cause immense satisfaction to sportsmen throughout the Commonwealth, but in each case the conviction was due to detective skill that would do credit to Scotland Yard, and which must impress those disposed to transgress the fish and game laws with the idea that it is decidedly unsafe to continue in illegal practices.

One of the cases referred to is specially interesting because it is the first occasion, since the enactment of the non-sale law for partridge and woodcock was enacted two years ago last July, that any one has been caught red-handed in the act of trying to sell either of these species. Some ten days or so ago information reached the Fish and Game Commission that there was reason to suspect one William Ellis, of Monterey, in the southern section of Berkshire county, was selling, or willing to sell, partridges. Deputy A. M. Nichols, of North Adams, was ordered to make a preliminary investigation, which he did. Upon his request for help, Deputy A. D. Putnam, of Spencer, was wired to join him. The information which the Commission has received shows that the case was worked up as follows:

Where Ellis lives is eight or ten miles away from a railroad, and in a notably wild bit of country, especially for Massachusetts. Last Friday night Nichols, posing as a person interested in a match factory, called at the home of Ellis and made inquiries about a piece of pine timber land in the vicinity. Nichols then returned to Great Barrington, where plans were laid to entrap Ellis, and where the co-operation of Police Officer Smith was secured. It was determined to go to Monterey Sunday, and as Officer Smith was unknown to Ellis, and was interested in the work, it was thought best that he should play the part of a hunter from Lenox, who was anxious to get a good lot of game, whether he shot it or not. It is evident that there might have been cause for suspicion on Ellis' part if Nichols, the supposed match factory agent, had indicated a desire to purchase partridges, and for this reason he decided it was best for him and Mr. Putnam to keep in the background, while Smith carried on negotiations.

These details having been arranged, the three—Nichols, Putnam and Smith—drove out of Great Barrington early Sunday morning, and away over the hilly country roads for Monterey. It matters little that the morning slumber of some late sleeper in Great Barrington may have been disturbed by the whirr of wheels, "rattling o'er the stony street," as the trio headed away for the wooded country. However that may be, the officers in due time reached the vicinity of Ellis' house. But instead of going directly to it, they drove into a back road near the house, hitched the team and then disguised Smith, who was rigged up in a hunting suit, equipped with a gun and bird, and fitted out with a lunch. He was then shown Ellis' house and instructed to go there and ask for a drink of water. Also he was told to go into the house, put his gun down, lay the bird beside it, produce his lunch on the pretext of being hungry, and improve any opportunity to get into conversation with Ellis.

The scheme worked like a charm. In a few minutes Smith was telling Ellis how anxious he was to find some good shooting in order that he might return to Lenox with a large bag of game, and intimated, of course, that he had rather give anything than fail. The bait was attractive and was swallowed at once. Ellis said he had five partridges he would sell for fifty cents each, although he had been getting $1.50 apiece for birds owing to the risk, for it would cost him $100 if he should be caught selling live birds. This offer was made, however, with the understanding, Ellis said, that the hunter from Lenox would do "the right thing." How much Ellis might have been influenced by visions of Lenox gold and a new customer from the hill town of palaces, can only be conjectured. The fact known is that he offered the birds for sale.

Smith made some excuse to get out for a few minutes, telling Ellis he would return immediately for the birds. He went down the road to where Nichols and Putnam were waiting, told them how the land lay and then returned to the house. They followed almost immediately and arrested Ellis. The latter was taken to Great Barrington, where he was tried and convicted yesterday. The penalty fixed by the court was $100. Ellis could not pay this and was sent to jail. For a first conviction under the non-sale law, this result must be a lesson to be heeded by others who are disposed to monkey with the buzz saw. There is occasion also for all sportsmen to bless their stars that the judge who had this case to deal with knows the law and realizes the importance of its proper enforcement.

Out in Gilbertville village, in the town of Hardwick, Deputies Lennan and Shea secured the conviction last Saturday of two ferreters, who were fined $20 each. This also required a bit of detective work. Lennan, who was busy distributing fish, got a hint that parties in Gilbertville were hunting with ferrets. He and Shea took a day off, went over to the village, worked up the evidence, had the two fellows in court Saturday, and they pleaded guilty and were sentenced as above stated.

Game Warden J. I. Mills, of Ayer, with the assistance

of a local officer, arrested three ferreters last Saturday night and had them in court yesterday. In this case the judge gave the defendants all the benefit of doubts, for he convicted only the one who had the ferret on him, Fred Hall, who was fined $20.

When we add to the above three Sunday hunters arrested and convicted by Deputies Burney, Nixon and Rausch, and three others arrested and convicted at Fitchburg by Deputies Gibson and Proctor, for hunting last Sunday, it will be seen that the way of the transgressor is hard in this neck of the woods, even if some are able to escape the pinch of the law.

Nov. 21.—Since I wrote you on Tuesday there were arrested enough that I know of to bring our record for the week up to fifteen. On Tuesday, Nov. 18, Deputy C. O. Gibson, of Fitchburg, secured the conviction of Henry F. Boutwell and Clayton Morse for trapping trout out of season. They were fined $10 each. Yesterday (Thursday, Nov. 20) Deputies Bent, Dickerman and Stackhouse caught George W. Wilbur, of Norton, in the act of removing a partridge from a snare. Wilbur was convicted to-day at Attleboro and fined $30. In default of payment he was sentenced to sixty days in jail. As you will see thirteen of these arrests were for violations of the game laws—a pretty good record for one week, I think.

BAY STATE.

San Francisco as a Big-Game Center

How many cities of one-third of a million population are there in the civilized world, from which an unpretentious sportsman may start in the morning, with gun and dog, travel twenty miles or so by boat and train, and return by 8 P. M., say, weary to be sure, but with a fat four-pointer of his own killing?

"But, stay!" cries Didymus. "This buck was surely killed in some preserve or other, where he and his fellows are fed and housed and generally molly-coddled during the close season, until they become as tame as sheep or cattle?"

Nay, not so, thou eloquent evangel of the scatter gun! The buck—he is but a symbol, standing for his kind—was wild enough; the brushy, rock-ribbed fastness that was his natal spot, his home, and served him as a death couch, was, and is, private property, doubtless; but land over which any sportsman, any well-conducted man—the former term embraces the latter—may hunt freely for the asking.

Come, members of FOREST AND STREAM's big family, far scattered over land and sea, speak up! How many large cities are there in North America or Europe where, within twenty or twenty-five miles of the municipal buildings, the plain, every-day man may be reasonably certain to bag his deer—yes, and enjoy a fox hunt, too, if so minded, after foxes that have never known the inside of a bag? Enjoy it—that is, if he can sit a horse on rugged ground. How many such cities are there, where the suburban resident may go lynx hunting with terriers any day, and feel sure, before he starts, that he will get at least one lynx? Or, where, with more time at his disposal, but still within the twenty-five-mile radius, he may get a shot at a bear? Or, less frequently, a panther? Marin knows but one—San Francisco.

The proof? Fish out your atlas from the lowest book shelf, where it lies wedged between the encyclopedia and the ponderous Greek, Latin, French and German dictionaries you used at college. Turn to the map of California. Mark San Francisco on her rock-bound peninsula, girt by bay and ocean. Measure off twenty miles to the south, and you are in the mountains of San Mateo; a scant twenty, eastward across the bay and from Mt. Diablo's summit (3,064 feet), you may survey a marvelous scene, a great city with the shipping of all nations within its portal on one hand; on the other, a wilderness of gulch, fen and forest; a bare twelve miles due north and you stand upon the slopes of Tamalpais, looking for all the world to-day as it appeared to Sir Francis Drake when, in the long ago, he careened his ship, "The Golden Hind," within the little bay named for him, embraced by its giant arms.

It startles even an "improved Easterner"—i. e., one who has been transplanted in salad days to California soil—to pick up his morning paper and read that such a one has been lost in the cañon (about twenty-two miles from the City Hall), and has wandered around for two days trying to get out! And yet such items frequently appear, and, unlike much that the daily papers publish, these are facts. Marin knows this, for he floundered about in one of the eighteen gulches which lead into this same cañon all one afternoon and the greater part of the night; and he has swapped experiences with other victims of the "getting-lost" habit.

Tamalpais, and especially the cañons, ridges and spurs to the north and northwest of this grand old mountain, form one of the finest natural game preserves in the world. The old Spanish grants, if they served no other useful purpose, by fostering endless litigation and keeping out settlers, have served to preserve the primeval wilderness as God made it. As it was before the Gringo came, so is it to-day—cattle raising is the chief, almost the sole, industry of this region. One cannot walk a quarter of a mile along any of the trout streams there, without seeing deer tracks; nor take a five-mile tramp over the hills in close season, without seeing a deer; probably two or three. A man named Bourne, living at Bolines, a small watering place twenty miles from San Francisco, has made a practice of hunting bear with hounds every winter, save last winter. Two years ago he killed three in about as many hunts. On the first day of the trout season this year, Marin saw fresh bear sign, not twenty-five miles from San Francisco. Some five years ago, on a foggy morning, when he was after quail, he saw a panther within the corporate limits of San Rafael, a town of 3,500 inhabitants, about sixteen miles from the city. He has seen their spoor repeatedly. The custodians of Golden Gate Park, in order to save the quail which frequent that haven of refuge, make a regular business of poisoning and trapping wildcats, raccoons, foxes and coyotes. These animals are so common to the north of the bay that it is of almost daily occurrence to run across one or more of them when quail shooting. Whenever in winter there is a phenomenally high tide, the duck hunters find drowned mink in the tules. Once Marin saw otter sign by a little stream on the slope of Tamalpais; and, upon another occasion, he caught a glimpse of what he took to be a fisher, beside a tiny pool among the redwoods, not eighteen miles from the city.

Is the evidence strong enough to support San Francisco's claim as a big-game center? "But," cries some doubting Thomas, "surely San Francisco's wealthy citizens who are fond of field sports have obtained exclusive control of the shooting privileges of this big-game territory at their very door, and the man of modest means stands about as much chance of getting his deer there as of bagging an elk in Central Park?" Not so; or rather, only partly so. There are three clubs of sportsmen, it is true, which control thousands of acres of good deer, quail, duck and snipe ground in the Tamalpais region; but there are tens of thousands of acres equally good where the young professional or business man who cannot afford heavy club dues, or the mechanic or artisan with only a couple of recreation days at his disposal, may go and, if his legs and lungs are sound and he can shoot straight, return with his quarry. Dwellers in this pent-up East can scarcely realize the condition of affairs that obtains here. Perhaps it may help them to state that there is one ranch in this Tamalpais district which is said to contain 70,000 acres! Plenty of elbow room on that one tract for a dozen clubs, one would think. The result: Every Californian boy learns to shoot a rifle about the time he learns to walk, as sundry Filipinos found out to their physical detriment, and, let us hope, to their moral enlightenment as well.

By the by, has it ever struck brother Didymus that the real end and object of all this floundering through Maine woods, all this hard riding and harder scrambling over Rocky Mountain ridges, is not the securing of a moose or elk head. Were this all, then Marin for one would lay aside his rifle, and advocate with all his might the passing of a law prohibiting totally the killing of big game within the United States for the next ten years. But there is a purer, nobler, less personal purpose that the big-game hunter, if he be a thoughtful man, keeps ever in view He seeks—not a trophy—but new health and strength, to persevere on his alloted life task to the end; the whisking away of mental cobwebs, city spun, by brushing up against nature in her more rugged mood; the broadening of his intellectual compass by close personal communion on trail and in camp with men, whose stock of book lore may be scant indeed, yet who are good men and can teach him many wholesome lessons—for example, that patriotism and good citizenship do not always walk abroad in broadcloth, and that there is a deal of hard-headed common sense stored away in odd nooks and corners of our country, where the screech of the demagogue never reaches. He returns from his outing mentally and physically refreshed: a stronger, clearer-headed man for it; a better husband and father; a better, because a more enlightened, citizen; a stauncher American, because his pride has been appealed to and he says to himself, if this man with whom I have shared my camp and who, judged by worldly standards, is my inferior, loves our country so well that he would freely give all he possesses and his very life ere the minutest speck of dishonor should rest upon her, how much the more is it my duty, in my larger sphere of usefulness, to cherish her fair name, and upbear the arms of her elected and appointed guardians. The purpose of the younger hunter ought to be, and no doubt is, to train his eyes and nerves, to harden his muscles, to inure himself to hunger and fatigue, to learn to shoot in fact—for that includes the others—so that he may the better defend his home and the Republic, should she need him. Any attentive reader of the story of the Anglo-Boer war, need not be told that military marksmanship cannot be taught on a rifle range, nor that it can be taught most effectively by a life-long pursuit of big game—but Marin has strayed far afield.

On Friday afternoons and Saturday mornings it is a pleasant sight to see the ferries thronged with bright-faced, clean-cut youngsters, with gun and hound or pointer, or collie, perhaps, bound for the woods and gulches of old Tamalpais, in quest of deer. Marin, albeit no chicken, tried it himself last week, and just to demonstrate the truth of the proposition that San Francisco can make good her claim, here follows the story of that little hunt.

Accompanied by a young Southerner who had never shot a deer, he took the ferry, then the train, and in one hour after starting, they were seated in a light vehicle bound for the Jory ranch, on the north slope of Tamalpais. Distance to ranch from San Francisco, as the crow flies, about sixteen miles. At three that afternoon, they sallied forth, Marin, Dixie and Jory's twelve-year-old boy, with a pair of two-year-old dogs—half fox hound, half fox terrier, a likely combination. As the dogs had never hunted, Marin took them through several gulches, first stationing his companions on the ridge. The first three cañons proved barren of deer. About 6 o'clock the bitch—she was the better dog—jumped a very large buck in thick timber at the head of a small gulch and ran him through the short brush, past Dixie, who did not shoot, for reasons which will be at once apparent to anybody who recalls his first deer hunt. Five minutes later, from the same gulch, the dogs jumped two deer—a doe and a spike buck. Marin caught a glimpse of the spike, fired through the trees at him and missed. He turned up the ridge, and almost ran into the kid, who bowled him over with a nice, clean shot through the foreshoulder. Then, as he kicked a little—it was the boy's first deer—he emptied his Winchester into him and hallooed for help! When Marin reached that spike he was very dead—two shots through his heart, a broken back, to say nothing of four minor wounds. Then Eddie learned his first lesson in deer hunting: "When the deer is down in open ground, quit shooting—he's your deer."

Sunday they did not hunt, but on Monday morning Dixie and Marin were up betimes and about 9 A. M. the good little dog ran a buck across the brushy ridge upon which they were standing. Dixie saw him first and fired three shots, which turned the deer, and then Marin's armament came into action and his second shot broke the buck's neck. The post-mortem disclosed that one of Dixie's shots, probably the third, had scored his right forehoof. He was a nice fat buck; his antlers irregular, 3-2. A horse was procured; but it was a wearisome job, getting the horse on the ridge and packing the deer out. They reached San Francisco before 8 o'clock that night with their quarry.

Surely, enough has been said to prove San Francisco's case? Plaintiff rests.

MARIN.

SAN RAFAEL, Cal.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Game Laws and Game Birds.

The *Game Laws in Brief* came pretty near trouble this week here in Chicago. A tall stranger from the lower part of this State, the country more or less commonly described as "Egypt," appeared in the gun department and asked to see the man who sold *Game Laws in Brief*. He was met by that interesting gentleman, Mr. Hirth, who blandly inquired his wishes:

"Do you-all sell these game law books?" said the stranger.

"We do," said Mr. Hirth, politely.

"They're wrong," said the stranger. "What's the use in puttin' out game laws and not doin' it right?"

This remark raised the sporting blood of Mr. Hirth to the boiling point, and he at once dived into his trousers pocket for the roll of bills which usually reposes there.

"I'll bet you a hundred dollars to your shirt stud," said he, "that the *Game Laws in Brief* are all right, and I can prove it."

The stranger didn't relish the sight of so much money and backed out of the store, but two days later he showed up again.

"I've got you," said he, "and I'll show you how."

"Do it," said Mr. Hirth, reaching again for his roll.

"Why," said the man from Egypt, "I've looked it all over, and it don't say a word about the 'possum."

You should have seen the scorn upon Mr. Hirth's expressive countenance at that moment. "Sir," said he, with icy dignity, "in the best sporting circles of this country the 'possum is not rated as a game bird. It may be in your country, but not in Chicago."

And yet the stranger was not convinced. "Any book," said he, defiantly, as he departed, "which don't take account of the 'possum is dead wrong, and that's all I've got to say about it."

Live Fox Hunt in Chicago.

It is known to at least a few Chicago sportsmen that there are red foxes to be found once in a while in the sand hill country along the shore of Lake Michigan below this city. Perhaps it was from this wilderness of sand dunes that there came recently the red fox which yesterday morning came well nigh to disintegrating the police force of Chicago. Policemen McGrath and McNamara, of the South Chicago station, saw this fox in Jackson Park and caught it, confining it, on the charge of vagrancy, in the police station. True to its nature, the fox verified the charges by continuing its vagrant life, jumping through a window and pulling its freight toward the open woods. The entire police force of that part of the city was notified and joined in the chase.

"You're all wrong," said McNamara to McGrath.

"Pfwhy?" said the latter.

"Ye didn't ought to wear a blue coat in a fox hunt."

"And phwat sort of a coat, thin, should I be wearin'?" said McGrath.

"Pfwhy, a rid one, to be sure," said McNamara.

"That's British," said McGrath.

"It don't make any difference," said McNamara, "if it is British. It's right in a fox hunt. They do it in Boston, too."

"There's nothin' British that's right," said McGrath. Whereupon they clinched, and for a time delayed the operations of the fox hunt. There were enough officers left, however, to pursue the vagrant, and finally he was cornered in the prairie adjacent to South Chicago and taken off in the patrol wagon. As a sporting center Chicago still continues not without interest.

An Exciting Jacksnipe Hunt.

Our jacksnipe flight seems all to have left us for a warmer and wormier land, and the most we can do is to sit around and talk about or write about the days which used to be. This sort of thing brings to mind the famous jacksnipe hunt, which was a few years ago engaged in by certain personages of this city, no less than the Hon. Hempstead Washburne, formerly mayor of Chicago; Mr. J. V. Clarke, President of the Hibernian Bank and formerly president of the clearing house here, and Mr. Charles Spalding, son of Mr. Jesse Spalding, one of the heaviest lumbering operators in this part of the country. These three gentlemen went to the snipe country adjoining Shelby, Ind., and pursued their sport during the first day with varying success. It was the first time Mr. Spalding had ever been shooting, but he didn't shoot anybody that day, and all were happy in the evening when they reached town.

It seems that there was a political campaign in progress at Shelby, and anyone who knows the exceeding hotness of the average Indiana political campaign can get an idea of the local enthusiasm which obtained at that time. In some way or other the names of these distinguished visitors got out, and forthwith they were waited upon by the local committeemen, who insisted that nothing would do but that each and every one of the Chicago men must make a political speech at the giant mass meeting which was to occur at the town hall that very night. Mr. Washburne was to speak upon the virtues of an enlightened government of the people, for the people, and by the people, and that sort of thing; Mr. Clarke was to speak of the gold standard in our national currency; Mr. Spalding was to make a stirring address upon the evils of free trade as applied to the lumbering industries of the State of Wisconsin. All this was nuts to Mr. Washburne, who is an old war horse in a political campaign, but it didn't go so well with Mr. Clarke or Mr. Spalding, who promptly expressed a desire to take the first train for Chicago. The committeemen, however, would not take no for an answer.

Ere long there was heard the sound of the local brass band, headed by an oompah horn, which fairly made the sidewalks rattle when it went off. Long lines of cheer-

ing and enthusiastic citizens lined the village street, bearing torches, and between these rows of expectant humanity walked the "distinguished visitors in our midst," two of whom, at least, felt that they were going to something worse than their own personal funerals.

"I thought you told me I didn't need anything but rubber boots," said Charlie Spalding to Mr. Clarke, his brother-in-law, as they marched down to the place of execution. "How would I look making a speech in rubber boots? How would I look making a speech in any kind of boots? I never made a speech in my life, and I'm not going to."

Mr. Clarke felt very little better. Mr. Washburne was gleeful, smiling and confident, but was so engrossed in thinking over his own remarks that he didn't pay much attention to the dejection of his companions. The chairman of the committee was nothing if not inviting. "Right this way," said he, to Mr. Clarke and Mr. Spalding. And he took them up a pair of dark stairs into the town hall. "Will one of you gentlemen give me a match?" said he. Having obtained the match in question, he started to light up the kerosene lamp, which was to furnish the illumination for the occasion. Unfortunately, the match went out, probably jarred out by the blare of the oompah horn, and for an instant there was darkness. A swift inspiration came to Mr. Clarke. "Duck!" said he to Mr. Spalding, and together they ran down the stairs faster than they had come up, and made their escape around the corner of the building. Mr. Washburne was not so fortunate. The committee got him, and the first thing his friends witnessed was the sight of the Hon. Hempstead Washburne, exalted upon the rostrum of a store box upon the sidewalk and addressing an overflow meeting, which had congregated and was now hanging upon the eloquent words of "the gentleman from our sister State of Illinois." The Hon. Mr. Washburne, they do say, was throwing it in to them a little warmer than he was ever known to do before. He had them all laughing, crying and shouting by turns, so that his speech is even to-day treasured among the household words and recited at the firesides of the Indiana men who heard its sentences fresh from the eloquent lips of the speaker. During his speech Mr. Washburne, who is always self-possessed and master of the situation in public addresses, discovered his two friends, Mr. Clarke and Mr. Spalding, peering around the corner of the house. They were spellbound for a moment, and Mr. Washburne, not knowing anything of their escape down the stairway, and supposing that they were willing to go on with the programme as laid out earlier, finished his speech in something the following manner: "In conclusion, my dear friends and citizens of our sister State of Indiana, I will introduce to you my friend, Mr. J. V. Clarke, a well-known business man of the city of Chicago, who will now address you."

He turned, waving his hand gracefully toward the spot where but a moment before he had seen Mr. Clarke peering around the corner of the house. He turned, looked, and looked again. There was no face at the point where but an instant before he had seen two faces. A sound of rubber boots was heard in the distance. Mr. Clarke and Mr. Spalding had disappeared once more! No one has ever explained how Mr. Washburne got out of this difficulty into which his friends had thrust him, but the inference is that he did so gracefully, logically and decisively. None of the three ever talks a great deal now about the great political jacksnipe hunt at Shelby, Indiana.

A Big-Bore Believer.

I am very glad to have the following letter from Mr. N. T. De Pauw, of New Albany, Ind., who has the proud distinction at this date of killing the record moose of the season in New Brunswick. There is little doubt that this is the record head for the entire known moose country outside of Alaska this fall. He killed his moose with a big-bore gun and has this to say about the transaction:

"I feel that I must thank you for your very kind notice of my big moose in FOREST AND STREAM. As you must know, my hunt with Uncle Henry was just as fine as it could be. He certainly has an excellent territory and is certainly a great man to hunt with. Your article is unusually correct, but you are a little wrong as to the height of the moose. It was 7 feet and 1 inch tall at the shoulder; and you are also wrong as to the rifle used, and especially are you wrong when you say I "came out of the woods a big-bore convert." My rifle is a .450 single, hammerless ejector cordite express, shooting 70 grains of cordite and a 480 grain bullet. With a less powerful rifle I am satisfied I would not have gotten this moose. He hid himself from us behind a thicket of small spruce trees, so that my first shot, before it struck him in the chest, went through one small tree and cut the edges of two others. My second shot, as he wheeled, before it struck him in the left shoulder, cut the edges of two trees.

"I am not a recent big-bore convert. Ever since I read Van Dyke's 'Still Hunting' and thought over his remarks about killing game quickly, if it was killed at all, I have been a big-bore man for big game. Not satisfied with a .45-70 and later a .45-90, I imported .577 cartridges and persuaded the Winchester people to build me a rifle for them, the one you saw in Henry's home camp. The execution of this rifle was everything one could desire, but its recoil was very unpleasant. As soon as the new high power rifles came into market I purchased one, I think the third one that Mr. Funke brought to this country, and followed this up with others as they came out. Three years ago I purchased a .375 cordite, shooting 40 grains cordite and a 320 grain bullet, with a velocity of nearly 2,200 feet. Using this rifle, I lost an immense moose last season with a much easier shot than I had at the big one this year, because the .375 bullet was broken up and deflected by some small bushes between me and the moose. I then determined that I would never go moose hunting without a rifle powerful enough to kill my moose and kill it quickly. As soon as I returned from my trip I ordered the .450 cordite and believe it to be the ideal rifle for moose hunting. Its accuracy could not be improved upon. It only weighs 8½ pounds, and yet shot at game, I did not feel the recoil. It can be taken apart and cleaned like a shotgun, and is so simple in construction that there is hardly the possibility of its getting out of order. I should like very much to have you see it."

A Small-Bore Believer.

So much for the big bore and moose killing with the big-bore gun. Here is the other side of the big bore-small bore argument, presented in a letter from Mr. Chauncey P. Williams, of Albany, N. Y. Notice the two Albanys, and witness the divergence of the two in regard to the caliber of guns! Mr. Williams writes as below:

"Permit me to thank you for the pleasure I have experienced in reading your 'Across New Brunswick on Snow Shoes,' concluded in the current issue of FOREST AND STREAM. The narrative has been of special interest to me, as I have hunted over some of the country you describe. I was at the Nictor and Bathurst lakes before there were any permanent camps there, and I tramped over nearly all of the surrounding country. The snowy part of your account also appeals to me, as I hunted with George Armstrong, of Perth, N. B. (whom I expect you met at the Chicago Sportsman's Show of 1900), on snowshoes in three feet of snow on the divide between the Tobique and Miramichi, and slept out at 15° below zero. On that occasion my luck was rather better than yours, as I succeeded in killing a moose with antlers spreading 63 inches, 16 points on each side and palmation 19½ inches wide. What Uncle Henry would have said then one can only surmise, as that moose fell to but two shots from a .30-30 Winchester. Experience, which I will not here attempt to relate, has made me a convert to the small bores. I find it quite a general rule that the most strenuous opponents of the small bores are those who have never tried them, or at any rate, have not tried them intelligently.

"Did it ever occur to you that the construction of the New Brunswick snowshoe might be accountable for the scarcity of toe nails in that province? The N. B. snowshoes that I have seen and used have had a short toe space from front to rear, so that if the tie loosens up a little the toes in going down will sometimes strike the forward cross piece of the shoe, thus causing the toes to become bruised in continued walking. On the occasion of the winter hunt mentioned above, I used a pair of snowshoes made in the Adirondacks which had a toe space of twice the depth of that in a N. B. shoe, and although I wore the New Brunswick tie all the time and carried frequently heavy loads, my toes caused me no discomfort. On other occasions I have worn the regular New Brunswick snowshoe with the shallow toe space with the same tie and footgear as before, and have caused the loss of my toe nails in a few days' traveling. I generally do some snowshoeing in the woods every winter, and have always suffered less from sore toes when wearing shoes having the long toe space than when using those with a short one.

"Your record of the Bear family was also of much interest to me. I met Tom Bear at the Bathurst lakes in 1897. He was considered a good guide (the Indians were about the only ones in the business then), but was the terror of Indian Point at the mouth of the Tobique when drunk, as he was pretty sure to be after his return from a trip into the woods. Old Noel Bear, Tom's father, I saw at Riley Brook not long afterward. He had just emerged from a stay of six months or so in the woods, where he lived on the country, and I was told that he was the only Indian remaining who could do so. He came to the settlements about twice a year, this being one of those occasions, and he had his small and very dirty tent pitched in a fir thicket beside the river, where he staid in preference to quarters under a roof.

"In FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 27 (p. 250), I noticed that you tell of genial Adam Moore's saying that 'no Indian and no guide who knows his business would think of leaving the waugan stick standing by the fire, etc.' In the preface of 'Chiploquorgan, or Life by the Camp Fire in New Brunswick and Newfoundland,' a book written by Captain Richard L. Dashwood, and published in Dublin in 1871, occurs the following: 'The word "chiploquorgan" is the Indian name in the Milicete language, for the stick on which the kettle is suspended over the camp-fire, as depicted on the cover of this book. The Indians attach a certain degree of superstition to the chiploquorgan, and it is considered most unlucky to burn or remove it on leaving camp.' Captain (now General I think) Dashwood, in the course of his fishing and hunting expeditions, visited Nictor Lake in the sixties with an Indian, whom he usually had for a guide, and from whom he undoubtedly gained the information above quoted. Times must have changed for the kettle stick as well as for many other things connected with sports of the field in America. The next time you try N. B., may be, if you leave the chiploquorgan standing, it will bring a moose that has not shed his antlers."

So much for both sides of the matter. I presume it is very much a matter of prejudice in these things. Personally, I am so horribly American that I cannot shoot anything but a lever action gun. I would not know what to do with a double barreled rifle, but perhaps might come to like the arm very much if I used it. The Winchester people are crawling up to caliber .35 now, and maybe after a while they will give us one of Uncle Henry's tomato can loads for those who like that sort of thing.

As to settling the question of small bore and large bore, it will be a long cold day before that is all over with. The small bores, perhaps, do not act the same in every instance, that depending largely upon the character of resistance the bullet meets in the body of the animal. Nor will one be apt to find a series of big game animals of any one species in which all will act precisely alike from the same wound. It is a matter of history that the bad men of the West were hard men to kill. They simply would not stop shooting even when cut to pieces. Other men have been killed from a shot in the foot or in the hand. It must be a good deal the same way with moose. As to the unfortunate animal, of whose undoing I was the unwitting agent, it is of record that Uncle Henry said the moose would have died pretty soon, anyhow! And there you are. Mr. Williams speaks golden words about snowshoes. I don't like the shallow toe hole, nor see the necessity for it. About the "waugan stick," I know only the tale as told to me.

New York's Non-Resident License Law.

We have been having considerable trouble and perplexity this fall over the status of the Minnesota wardens in regard to the enforcement of the non-resident license law of that State. As correctly reported in these columns, this law cannot be enforced against shooters coming from a State which has not upon its statute books a non-resident license act. The question is, where do you find such a State? Several gentlemen wrote me from New York saying that they felt exempt from this non-resident clause in the Minnesota game laws, on the basis that the State of New York has no such thing as a non-resident license law. The Minnesota wardens none the less enforced their own law against New York shooters, and Mr. Fullerton was able to inform several inquirers from the State of New York that their own jealousy for their sister State of New Jersey had made it uncomfortable for some of the New York gentlemen who wanted to shoot in Minnesota. As I understand it, there are some county laws which are enacted in retaliation against the shooters of the State of New Jersey, that State having established a non-resident license for herself. Probably the framers of this tit-for-tat legislation did not think of its working as far west as the Mississippi River.

The President's Bear Hunt.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 20.—It is matter of regret for every sportsman of the South—or of all America for that matter—that President Roosevelt did not succeed in getting a shot at a bear in his Mississippi bear hunt; or that he did not achieve his more probable ambition of getting into a mix up with the dogs fighting and holding the bear in such way that some weapon of shorter range than the rifle might be used effectively. As it was, the luck of the chase was against the President, as well it might be on so short a time limit as four fractional days. Not even the boundless hospitality of the South—and we may be sure that the South did its best—could cover an exigency like that and furnish a bear on such short notice; not unless it was a bear not *ferœ naturœ;* and no other hardly need apply. One may ride sometimes for several days before he gets into the final stages of a canebrake bear fight, which nearly always has the faculty of going the wrong way and leaving one out of touch and hearing. The race is not even for the swift in all cases, for it matters not that one knows which way the pack went, if one does not know the path or bayou or naked ridge which will make it possible for him to get across to the place where he hears the pack. In the canebrake one must know how to ride and how to take switching and thumping, but there is no such thing as cross country riding, or riding straight to the hounds. The man acquainted with the lay of the ground, the paths and "hocks," as well as with the average direction of the game when started in a given locality, is the one who has all the advantage. The real sport of this sort of hunting, however, is in hearing and trying to follow the chase. The kill is the tamest of it all. It is thought that President Roosevelt had the pleasure of hearing more than one chase, and of seeing the interesting methods of the canebrake hunt for bear.

It is perhaps not in just the best taste to suggest that had President Roosevelt's hosts located the hunt further to the north, in the bear country of Capt. Bobo, success would have been more nearly certain. Bobo would have wanted a week, but he would have delivered bears in assorted sizes. He was in camp on a hunt at the time the President was at Smedes, and report comes that he had killed eleven deer and four bears. I do not understand about the deer being killed, nor know why so few bear were killed, but suspect Bobo was not on a hunt by himself.

For Governor Longino to ask Capt. Bobo to come to Smedes was really an injustice, for neither Bobo nor his dogs would know that country, and a hunt there would have cost Bobo part of his reputation, at least with the ignorant, and would have cost him also most of his dogs. The thing to do, from the Bobo standpoint, would have been for the President, the Governor and all their suites, to come and live with Bobo. Then surely there would have been doings. I know personally that Bobo is disappointed that the party did not bring the hunt to his country. I am sure Bobo figures that in some ways he is as good as any governor; and there is more than a suspicion that even the President of the United States would have to outride Bobo if he got a shot at the bear; but that is all the better game for the President, who is himself a sportsman. As to Bobo and his principality, in Coahoma, I would far rather have his job than that of any governor there ever was in all the United States; unless, perhaps, it were of the Free State of Franklin, which is no longer on the map. It is only fair to those of us who had President Roosevelt's success at heart to let us hope that he will try again after his bear, and that before the railroads have ended the hunting in the Delta; and also that he will give a chance next time to the governor of Coahoma and its provinces on the Sunflower.

Ducks.

The feature of the week's wildfowling was a very heavy flight of ducks which crossed the latitude this week, going very high and not stopping. This is perhaps the last of the northern birds, for there has been a sharp freeze in upper Minnesota and Michigan, and in the former State the ice was strong enough to hold up a man on Monday of this week. That was in Beltrami county. In spite of the hurried exodus, a great many birds have been in this week on Fox Lake waters, and some fair bags have been made there. Mr. Eddie Pope got seventeen redheads and bluebills one day. Mr. W. L. Wells left for there day before yesterday. Nearly every one else has been there who can stand so much company. On one day this week seventy-five boats were in sight at once on Fox Lake, and thirty-seven hunters stopped at one hotel. That shows how badly folk want to hunt. Some few got a few birds.

Quail.

Quail are a poor crop in Illinois on the face of the returns thus far. We have been spoiled by two years of

abundance. In a few days, however, after the vegetation is down in lower Illinois, we should hear of better sport. It has been fair and warm, with few frosts thus far, and the week just past has shown a good brand of October weather.

To-day I got a telegram from State Warden Fullerton of Minnesota to "start at once" for his city, for a quail hunt. It seems a bit far to the north for quail, but as I am curious in regard to that, and as the invitation seems to come in the nature of a command, I reckon I shall have to go, however much against my will. We shall see about this rumored invasion of Minnesota by Bob White.

Minnesota Deer Season.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Nov. 22.—The Minnesota deer season is now at its height, but it is not yet time to tell much about the totals, for the parties are not yet out of the woods, and returns are not in. One St. Paul party came back this week with eleven deer. I saw one hunter come in with three deer this morning. Mr. P. O. Stephens, of Detroit, Minn., is in camp near Ilasca Park with three friends. On the 17th they wrote down that the country was full of deer. They had killed five at that time, in the first week of the season, and said that the snow hanging on the bushes made it hard hunting. They expected good hunting in case of a wind, which should free the undergrowth of snow.

Moose.

Minnesota has moose, lots of them, but its resources are not fully exploited. One can go into the northwest part of the State, or the extreme northeast part, the latter being the easiest place to get a moose. Then there are Tower and Grand Rapids, two of the more usual points of entry to the woods. I do not discover any regular system of guides or camps.

On the St. Louis River last fall, a young photographer of this city got pictures of seven moose in a run of twenty miles.

Word is in to-day from Mr. Frank Cyr and party, who are in at Crane Lake Portage, this State. They now have two fine moose and six deer hung up, the moose having good heads.

Wisconsin Game Laws.

Things do not look as well in Wisconsin as they might this year. Here is a State which, with appropriations and license fees is thought to have had a fund of over $70,000 last year available for purposes of game protection. Its laws, while not faultless, are, at least, not so bad as they might be, and have been put on the statute books after hard fighting and hard thinking. In short, the hardest stage of the fight for game protection was won in Wisconsin, as her spring shooting law alone might indicate. It is, therefore, a matter of regret to learn that the discontented, thoughtless, selfish element which has always caused so much trouble in Wisconsin, is now stirring up trouble over the game law, and will attempt at the next session of the Legislature, to amend them to the point of rendering them practically wide open. The first fight will be to abolish the law which prohibits spring shooting. The market hunters and dealers in game will attempt to still further modify the existing statutes. The best features of the Wisconsin laws are due to the earnest efforts of a small but devoted body of sportsmen, and it would be evil news to hear that all their work had come to naught. It is time to rally again. Watch this next Wisconsin Legislature.

Hard Luck for Donnelly.

At 3:30 to-day Judge Finehout denied the motion for new trial of Stanislaus Donnelly, attorney, under the Bentner administration, for the State Fish and Game Commission of Minnesota, who was earlier found guilty of killing two ruffed grouse out of season. (These were the birds discovered by chance on a sleeping car early last September.) Mr. Donnelly says he will go to the Supreme Court. His defense is that of ignorance of the law.

Heavy Bags of Ducks.

CHICAGO, Nov. 21.—The Powers boys, of Decatur, Ill., owners of a fine bit of duck marsh in the Illinois River valley, are stated to have turned out recently the modest bag of over 800 ducks, mostly mallards. These are the men earlier mentioned in these columns as having sold 1,900 mallards one spring, all these killed in a short time. It is understood that the Powers boys put up the plea that their marsh costs considerable to keep up, and that they need the money. I have a great deal of sympathy for a fellow who needs the money, for all of us have been broke and up against it now and again, but the sentiment of American sportsmanship bars from its ranks men who choose to make a living at market hunting nowadays. There are so many better ways of getting on in the world in these progressive American times. In the old world a prince or king or emperor may kill his hundreds of pheasants in a day, his "80 rabbits in 20 minutes," as is credited to the German emperor, who also sometimes shoots down 50 wild boar in a day, the boars being driven pasth im along a fence. A man may do that in Europe and be a king. He can't do it in America and be a two-spot. The Powers boys have no cause to feel aggrieved that the sentiment of the American sportsmen unhesitatingly condemns them. It is not the sentiment which is wrong, but they themselves. Now, wouldn't it be much nicer of them just to stop selling game, and to put a daily limit to the bag on their own marsh, and make it a reasonable one? I promise them, when they begin to do this, they will find themselves entering upon a new world of enjoyment, whose delights they have not yet dreamed. It will mean that they will really have a much better time. When these men can announce to the sportsmanship of America that they have stopped slaughter and stopped sale forever, at home or abroad, it will surprise them to see how many hands of friends will be reached out to them. It will surprise them to see how much better times they will have then than they have now.

E. HOUGH.

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Two Men in a Box.

IT is not always that we can look for new experiences in life, and in order to know as nearly as we can just what we are going to encounter, that we can secure a treatise to fit the occasion, and thus combine the theoretical with the practical and make them dovetail.

Being in search of new sensations with the shotgun, it occurred to me that I should accept an invitation sent me from Bayport to shoot ducks from a battery, and not caring to appear wholly as a novice, I decided to read up a bit on duck shooting, so I secured a copy of Mr. George Bird Grinnell's "American Duck Shooting," and immediately studied this particular method of bagging these suspicious yet foolish fowl.

Mr. Grinnell describes in the most complete detail the exact way in which it is done, and his plates show precisely the position of battery and decoys, even to the brant extras as a base to your submerged lonesomeness. So exactly alike did I find his descriptions and Capt. Le Roy Still's wooden distributions that I openly accused the captain of having read the book, but he only insisted that if Mr. Grinnell described it that way he did it right. Thus do learned doctors sometimes agree.

It would be, however, impossible for the author to have furnished sensations enough to go around among the thousands of sportsmen who have had, and for all time to come will take, their initiative sprinkling in a Great South Bay battery, and it is of these sensations that I would speak.

Battery shooting is a poor cure for nervous diseases. This can be proven by Mr. Chas. Keith and vouched for by me, because I did not fortify myself against snake bites and chills and fever. The close proximity in which one comes in contact with his neighbor in a double battery should make one as careful in selecting a companion for this sport as in choosing a wife; for, in addition to treading the same plank with four feet, there are four barrels loaded, and nearly always within a few inches of those same extremities. However, I am glad to say that in this particular case nothing disagreeable happened except missing, and this was done so often that I wondered that many of the ducks didn't come back just to see what had scared them. They must have been nine-tenths drakes.

Mr. Keith and I were carefully stowed away in that winged box, and were told to lay low and keep quiet; and this we proceeded to do, while Capt. Still boarded the sloop and sailed away. And right here I got my first real impression of helplessness of man, under certain circumstances. Through the mist the great red sun appeared just between our feet. From the distance there came bounding across the bay the weird call of the loon; and in another direction the metallic whir of thousands of powerful wings, as those vast myriads of ducks, disturbed by an approaching sail, broke for new quarters; while our frail and heavily freighted craft slopped in a choppy sea as though the burden were too great to bear; and I wondered what they were doing at home, and how much they would miss me. It was at this stage of thought that Mr. Keith, being short of stature, but striking a real manly average in thickness, suggested that I, being of slender build, do a bit of rubbering, which I did to my further discomfort, as there was nothing in sight except wooden ducks and water. A thin veil of mist had shut out even the friendly sun and swallowed up the sloop. So I went back to the dear ones at home, dried their eyes, assured them I was still here, but didn't know how long I would be; and just then one little roller escaped around the corner of the floating screen at our head, landed just under my ear and came out in my left boot, as five hundred broadbills swung around our decoys into the wind and tried to see which one could light nearest to our tailboard. I felt smothered, yelled at Keith, grabbed my gun and shot in self-defense, and won out handsomely—saved myself and every duck there, except that one fool duck did get panicky, and Keith dined on him a few days later. It was a new game to me, the action of the battery on the water, the suddenness of their arrival mixed up with a kindly remembrance of all my past friends, unnerved me; and flight after flight escaped me, until I determined to overcome all sensations and get down to business. So the chills and ducks passed on until neither were in sight, and I boarded that sloop with a predominating sensation of hunger and disgust.

After lunch I insisted that Capt. Still take my place, as I liked sailing better. Keith now being with a veteran duck hunter and wanting to be just right, asked the captain after they were stowed away if his head was low enough. "Yes," said the captain, "your head is all right; but reef your stomach. The ducks will think they are going ashore on a sand dune." Nothing, however, short of a forty-four-pound iron decoy could have brought about the desired result.

At three in the afternoon I relieved the captain and proportionately relieved the danger to the ducks. At this time they began coming in in small crowds, occasionally a single or double, which made very interesting shooting, especially for the right-handed shooters, which wasn't I, and Mr. Keith had lots of fun, the position of the battery being to the right at the thicker end of the pear-shaped decoy plant. I, however, gained sufficient confidence that the battery would hold up till night, so that I made some very satisfactory kills; and boarded the sloop a few moments before sundown with a feeling that after all it was a waste of money buying accident insurance.

Venison steaks at the Bayport Hotel later completed fully a day of mixed emotions, and dissipated for the time being at least my early morning fears. At three thirty the next morning found us pulling on the boots of confidence and prepared for anything from ducks down to the very near bottom of the bay. A moon set and a sun rise going on at the same time are a greeting to the early riser, and, in fact, to all mankind who will partake of these early luxuries well worth seeing. It was a morning brimful of promise, overflowing with beauty, furnishing other sensations than fear, and completing a regular holiday assortment of feeling; and we both felt glad we had come. The day proved a successful one, with good shooting and enough kills to feed bigger families than ours.

I must confess a fascination for this kind of shooting. To be sure there does exist a lurking element of danger, which can, however, be eliminated to almost an entire degree by the selection of a competent captain—one who notes the slightest change of wind or rising of the sea; one who carries a compass and knows how to use it, and whose bump of orientation is well developed. In such hands one is entirely safe. I believe Capt. Still to possess all these qualities, in addition to the numerous other conveniences at his hands. Calms or fogs have no terror for him; he goes just the same. An auxiliary engine in his sloop Ulrica assures the practicability of moving when it is time to move.

We arrived in New York Sunday morning, Mr. Keith looking the picture of the time present, his ducks showing the time past; I, with ducks and beard of two days' gathering, and drooping from the reaction of feelings intense. We wait at the ferry for a car, when a typical newsboy spies us, stops yelling his wares, looks us over and calls out to a fellow merchant, "Say, Jimmy, et's easy ter see which o' dem guys killed dem ducks, ain't it?"

THOS ELMER.

NEW YORK, Nov. 24.

Long Island Notes.

BAYPORT, L. I., Nov. 23.—The past week has been rather a disappointing one for ducking, the birds being very wild and difficult to stool, owing, it is said, to the very mild weather which has been almost like summer. But with the advent of the present cool spell and high wind the present week promises to be good. Quail shooting has been fairly good, a dozen to 20 being bagged with any ordinary shot. Guide Will Brown out on Thursday afternoon, ran into a covey of about 20 birds, 6 dropped with the first barrel and 1 with the second. He afterward bagged 6 more of them, which considerably reduced that covey. A very large number of gunners are expected here for over Thanksgiving, it being almost impossible to procure sufficient guides, and the more the south side of the island gets known I am convinced the more popular it will become with lovers of the gun.

The recent shooting accident in this village cast quite a gloom over the community, it being another instance of the danger of being careless with a gun; a lesson, no doubt, to a great many, but a very costly one at that. A youth of 19, the only son of a prominent business man here, out quailing with two companions, came to an apple tree. He took hold of the barrel of the gun and attempted to knock off an apple with the butt end and received the full charge in his stomach, and died almost immediately. It is the only serious accident reported this season in this part of the country. The deer hunting season closed (it was a very successful one) and not a single accident reported around here, which is rather unusual.

H. STOKES.

Currituck Ducks.

CURRITUCK SOUND, Nov. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our opening day for ducks, Nov. 10, was as bright and warm as a summer day, and has continued so up to date. About 7,000 ducks were killed the first day and 2,000 the second. Since then the shooting has been rather poor. There has hardly been a ripple on the water during the past week until to-day, when we had quite a storm, and there are indications of cooler weather to-night. We have an abundance of wild celery and other foods, and when the weather gets right will have fine sport again. I think the Swan Island and old Currituck clubs have as many ducks in theeir marshes as they have had in many years, which is due principally to the protection they are given. About one hundred and eighty ducks to one gunner was the largest bag I have heard of. Personally I have had keen sport, and for the benefit of my brother duck shooters, I would advise them to purchase a Mullin's "Bustle" ducking boat if they expect to do pond or point shooting. I just secured one this fall, never having seen one before; and for this kind of shooting I think it has no equal.

Swans arrived about ten days late this season, but they came in abundance on the 15th and 16th. Canada geese are very plentiful, and there are the largest numbers of black ducks, widgeon and pin tails I have ever seen. Mallards are not so plentiful as last season, but we have more than usual. I am glad to see in FOREST AND STREAM that there are plenty of ducks north and east of us.

MORE ANON.

Vancouver Island Notes.

CUMBERLAND, B. C., Nov. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The tracking here has been good recently, for several inches of wet snow have fallen, and the hunters have killed a good many deer.

On the other hand, there has been an unusual number of cases of men lost in the timber, and certain parties have been out searching for a man named George Allison for nearly a week now. Allison was lost Nov. 6, while hunting on the mountain near Quartz Creek. He and his companion started from camp together to hunt on McDouglas Mountain, but when the companion, M. Hennessey, returned to camp in the afternoon, Allison was not there, nor did he get in at all. The next morning Hennessey looked for Allison for some time, but failing to find him, returned to the settlement and got help. The search was continued, but at last accounts without result. It is feared that some accident has happened, since Allison knew the ground well, and could hardly get lost. When he left camp he had no food with him and was lightly clad. Since then snow has been falling and the weather has been cold, so that if he had fallen and injured himself, there is danger that he may have perished from the cold.

All the other lost men have found their way to camp.

G.

Surgeon-Colonel Pringle writes to the London Times concerning an interesting example of elephantine memory. At the Zoo the other day, with all the Anglo-Indian's regard for respect, he desired the elephant his little boys had been riding to "salaam karo" before he got his bun. The elephant looked at him hard and thought it over for a bit, then he sm—no he did not smile intelligently. He remembered his manners, as they say in the nursery, and made most correct salaam, to the utter amazement of his keeper. The incident is worth noting, as it appears that this elephant has spent seventeen years in the Zoological Gardens, and inquiry revealed that he had never been requested to salaam since his arrival.

Maryland "Duck Degenerates."

THE Baltimore American says that John Henry Keene, a well-known lawyer and hunter of Baltimore, recently spent several days ducking. He returned with the opinion that the sport in Maryland is more than ever in peril. The illegal use of nets constitutes the greatest danger. Mr. Keene said: "The epoch in the game history of Maryland is unmistakably in its decline. The epoch of the pot-hunter degenerate is unmistakably announcing its reapproach. If some decisive action is not immediately taken, Maryland wild duck history must be shortly written. The duck degenerate has shown himself extremely fertile in most diverse directions. Formerly this midnight assassin prowled to his prey with a dark lantern and heavily loaded swivel. Stealthily he stole upon the quietly feeding rick of canvas, redhead, mallard and baldpate; at one fire the dead fowl lay scattered in drifting heaps.

The present system of the duck degenerate is that of imminent perdition and destruction, and the duck degenerate now dominates every tried duck river and cove in Maryland. The new despoilers have appeared with an able body guard even upon the flats at Havre de Grace, Northeast River, and all the environments of that great feeding ground. No one throughout all Maryland, it seems, dares to molest or make the duck degenerate afraid. They pursue their own way with smiling serenity. Their instruments of torture are an improvement upon the Indian fashion. They can, and do, rack every duck ground and feeding marsh in Maryland. The cowardly degenerate now snares the ducks by nets. These nets have meshes into and through which the tired duck dives for his food. The ground is first sown with corn. When the duck redives for the surface, his neck and head pointing upward, he comes with all his force and finds himself entangled in the meshes of the net, which close. The duck misses the opening into and through which he first plunged. Before the break of day the duck degenerate fishes the net, and thousands upon thousands of these captives go to the Northern markets. Seldom are they seen in our markets. The naphtha launch fiend does not stand upon a much higher plane than his brother degenerate. He sails noiselessly upon the feeding rick, so screened that he cannot be seen, and when in range pours his deadly volley into the quietly feeding brood. Is it strange that the wild duck deserts his favorite famous Maryland feeding grounds?

A Bad State of Affairs.

SAGINAW, Mich., Nov. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Here are some samples of how the game and fish laws are not enforced in Michigan: I was fishing north this summer and heard a hound running, and soon after two shots. My driver said that was deer, and informed us the next day that a doe had been divided up among them. I said: "Why don't you report these things to the game warden?" and he said. "Not much, we all stand in and get some of the meat."

Last week I was at Harrison on a shooting trip, and our driver said that three weeks before (and mind you the season had not even opened then), a party of five one Sunday went up to one of the lakes and drove in some deer and killd two, and said they could get deer all summer any time they wanted to. I spoke about the trout in Cedar and Tobacco, and asked him if they got any large ones, and he said the big ones were all in Town Line Lake, but he said the only way to get them was to spear them; and all summer long they could go up there with a party whenever they felt like it, light a jacklight at night, go out with a spear and fill up a boat in no time. He said: "We got one weighing four pounds awhile ago."

The birds around Lake Station have been completely cleaned out, as I understand it, by two local hunters who hunt entirely for the market. This last week there has been a market-hunter from the south part of the State up around Evart.

The other day a man stopped into the Country Club with a lot of quail and partridge for sale.

W. B. MERSHON.

One of the Old Guard.

ELIZABETHTOWN, N. Y., Nov. 12.—Another of the "old guard" has been summoned to answer the last roll call. Sam Saunders died at Schroon Lake last week. He was truly one of the old-timers. He was probably the most skilled blacksmith who ever operated in Essex county, and as a hunter and trapper his fame had reached far beyond the limits of the Adirondacks. He began hunting in the now famous Boreas region "way back in the forties," having for a companion in those then lonely wilds our late departed friend, Elijah Simonds, of Elizabethtown, than whom a better hunter and trapper never lived in any age or any country. There was then no settlement in the Boreas region; in fact, no road, except "the poorest kind of a wood road." However, there they passed many happy weeks together, then both in the prime and vigor of fine young manhood, killing "loads of deer" and other game. Elijah held Sam, as he always called his senior hunting companion, in high esteem, and Sam thought Lige the most wonderful man he ever hunted with. Sam made the best bear trap springs obtainable in the world, his hand-hammered axes ranked high and his fish hooks beat all competitors. Up to last summer he made fish hooks for New York parties. Sam was a good story teller and had hosts of friends and no enemies that we ever heard of. He was unquestionably the greatest character that Schroon Lake ever knew, and summer tourists will miss his quaint sayings. G. L. B.

North Carolina Conditions.

PINEHURST, N. C., Nov. 20.—I am not a calamity howler, but for general, all-round queer conditions, the last twelve months beat the record.

Last year it rained all the time down here; and now it is as hot and dry as August. Yesterday it was 82 degrees in the shade; and it has been that way for days. Result, birds are in the deep and thickest cover, where they cannot be shot. PINK EDGE.

Some Game Weights.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 23.—In a two days' shooting trip in Connecticut my guide and I bagged one squirrel, five quail and thirteen partridge. We flushed about sixty partridges in our two days' journeying. The weights of above birds were as follows: One very large male partridge, 1 lb. 12 oz.; four, 1½ lbs. each; three, 1 lb. 7 oz. each; two, 1 lb. 6 oz. each; two, 1¼ lbs. each, and one weighed 1 lb. 1 oz., and had one leg, part of its breast and its entrails shot away. Two quail were 8 oz. each, two were 7 oz. each, and one 6½ oz.

I enjoyed the trip amazingly, as the weather was fine, though rather warm, and culminated in a driving rain storm in the evening, through which we were compelled to drive seven miles to the boat.

The success of the trip, however, offset the rain, and I do not care to think how I would have felt if the rain had descended earlier and thus cut short the sport.

W. N. E.

New Jersey Ducks.

HARVEY CEDARS, N. J., Nov. 21.—Mr. E. J. Davis killed 7 brant in one shot on Wednesday, and 8 broadbills in one shot on Thursday, with a No. 12 gauge gun that he has been using steadily for 23 years. Mr. Davis and Mr. Davidson got 265 ducks in four days, which they shipped to their friends. D. M. WHITE.

New York League.

THE annual meeting of the New York Fish, Game and Forest League will be held at the Yates Hotel, Syracuse, N. Y., at 10:30 A. M., on Dec. 4, 1902, and a full attendance is hoped for.

The objects of this Association are to create and foster a more general public sentiment in favor of Fish, Game and Forest Protection, to procure the enactment of laws for the protection of fish and game, and for the preservation of our forests, and to promote the observance of such laws.

In order to carry out these objects, we most earnestly ask the co-operation of all fish and game clubs and associations within this State, who are not already enrolled in the League, and urge upon them the great desirability of joining forces with us in order to secure yet more united effort in attaining these objects.

The initiation fee of $5, including as it does the dues for the year commencing on the first Thursday after the first Monday in December, when our annual meeting takes place, gives to each club the privilege of sending two delegates to the annual meeting.

The game laws of our State are at present in much better shape than they were a few years ago.

The constant tinkering by the Legislature with the game law is, however, a serious menace to fish, game and forest protection. Bills are constantly being introduced which, aiming to grant exceptional privileges to certain localities, create a general feeling of distrust, and seriously interfere with the enforcement of good measures.

The careful weighing of the merits or faults of proposed game legislation, by the persons most interested, the indorsement of what is deemed desirable, and the opposition to what is deemed objectionable, is the main business that comes before our annual meetings, and after election of officers for the ensuing year, and one adjournment of the said meeting, our Legislative and Law Committee keeps careful watch, during the entire season, of all proposed legislation affecting the game laws. In order that they may be fully discussed at the annual meeting, all proposed amendments to the present game laws should if possible be forwarded to the Chairman of the Legislative and Law Committee, Mr. Charles H. Mowry, Journal Building, Syracuse, N. Y., prior to the first day of December, 1901.

Applications for membership should be made to the secretary, who will gladly give any further information which may be desired. ROBERT B. LAWRENCE, President.

ERNEST G. GOULD, Secretary.

Hints and Wrinkles.

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

Simple Remedies for Woodsloafers.

IN the autumn, after the leaves have fallen off most of the trees and vines, is the time when one is quite likely to be badly poisoned by poison ivy or poison oak, for at such times the leaves are not present to warn one who approaches these plants too closely, and many associate the poison with the leaves only and feel safe in touching the vines. This is a mistake, as I know from personal experience, I having been very severely poisoned during January, as well as at earlier times during the winter months, by touching these vines, both with naked and gloved hands.

Some physicians say there is no satisfactory remedy for ivy poisoning, while others recommend sugar of lead and other loathsome concoctions. Here is something better: It is tincture of *Grindelia robusta*, a simple old remedy that will dry up and cure ivy poisoning in a few days, and it is no more unpleasant to use than arnica. Every person who goes to the woods for a stay of any length should carry a four-ounce bottle of this remedy in his kit, as it is likely to save him days of needless agony. Being peculiarly susceptible to ivy poisoning, I have given *Grindelia* a thorough trial, and have found that it cures rapidly and surely. During last month, while in camp, three of our party were more or less severely poisoned, but a country druggist supplied us with this tincture, and it worked wonders in a few days.

Mr. Hough has told FOREST AND STREAM'S readers of the good qualities of lime water and linseed oil—half and half—for sunburn, and his advice is sound. Nothing can be better, and a four-ounce bottle of it, too, should be found in one's ditty bag throughout the summer. I have seen canoeists, especially those of the fair sex, so badly sunburned that they were in agony and could not move hands or arms without the greatest effort, but this cooling lotion relieved them at once, and occasional applications for a few days effected cures. The only objections to this mixture is that the linseed oil is absorbed by one's garments, and is difficult to remove from them; hence some old cotton thing that is soft should be worn next to the skin while one is anointing himself with this remedy.

A third article for the ditty bag is a primer box containing a mixture of equal parts of vaseline, glycerine, mutton tallow, and Japan wax, by weight. For rough or chapped fingers and faces it is fine, as it is not sticky and oily, like some substances put up for similar uses, and it is healing and cooling as well. The first few days one is in the woods he is almost sure to hammer his hands all to pieces in one way or another, and something like this, to apply to bruises and hurts is worth its weight in gold.

Some old woodsmen recommend eating a small quantity of raw venison as a physic, in an emergency, and others say that for obstinate cases of diarrhoea, or even dysentery, flour and water is a sure remedy. The benefits to be derived from the homely old remedy of heated flaxseed being known; anyone suddenly taken with toothache, earache, pleurisy, etc., in the woods, can get relief from a cupful of rice or wheat, placed in a cotton tobacco bag and heated in a fryin-pan over the campfire, then applied to the part affected while piping hot. Ever try it? Well, it is almost as effective in driving away pain as was Nessmuk's burning paper plaster for his friend, the doctor's attack of pleurisy while they were in the Michigan backwoods. It is also well to remember that vinegar will relieve a burn, and as vinegar and burned fingers are often found in camp, the relief should be at hand.

PERRY D. FRAZER.

New Publications.

Samoa 'Uma.

THE decision of King Oscar of Sweden in the question at issue between Germany, Great Britain and the United States lends a peculiar timeliness to Mrs. Churchill's charming volume "Samoa 'Uma," which is just published. The King of Sweden was the arbitrator in the controversy between the three powers, and he has decided in favor of Germany and against the others.

Few of us have any idea where Samoa is, who are its inhabitants what its products. But the readers of FOREST AND STREAM are better off than most people in this respect, since they have had the opportunity of reading many of Mrs. Churchill's delightful descriptions of those far off islands. No one could be better equipped than she for writing of these people, since for four years she resided among them, was a friend to their men and women, witnessed many of their peculiar customs, took part with them in their hunting and fishing, and dug down into the ways of their lives and the motives which animated these ways as deeply as it was possible for any one to do, in the time at her command. If we add to this the fact that Mrs. Churchill is a trained writer and has a peculiarly happy style, it will be seen that her volume ought to contain—as in fact it does contain—more about Samoa, and that more interestingly told, than any volume ever written about the South Sea Islands.

For eight or ten years—during the very time that Mrs. Churchill resided there—the Samoan question was one of vivid active interest, and for a number of years there was decidedly more than a possibility that the country would go to war with Germany over Samoa. This condition of things has impressed the name at least of the islands on the memory of the American people, who have now an opportunity to learn all about the interesting group. It was high time that the study of these people should be taken up, for they are changing as rapidly, as all other primitive peoples change when brought in contact with the white race, which, notwithstanding all its boasted civilization, takes away from the savage much that he has of good, and gives him much that is bad in return.

Perhaps there is no way in which the contents of Mrs. Churchill's book can be better shown than by giving the titles of some of the twenty-four chapters included in its 300 pages. These are: The Real Samoa, The Samoan Family, The Samoan Housewife, Courtesy and Ceremonies, Kava, the Ceremonial Drink, Music and the Siva, Handicraft and Art, Fishers and Sailors, Shooting the Apolima Passage, The Weed that Catches Fish, Torches on the Reef, The Palolo Anniversary, The Chase of Rats, Things that Creep and Crawl, Wreck of the Schooner Lupe, Samoan Fickle Brides, The Vampires of the Tuasivi, The Beach Comber and the Missionary, Copra and Trade, The Tale of Laulu's Hunt, The Great Vaila Steeple Chase, The Sliding Rock of Papas'ea, Some South Sea Hoodoos, Papalangi Life.

Here, then, we have descriptions of the region, its people, their ceremonies, their arts and occupations, the way in which they live, many of their old traditions, and a chapter on the life of the white people obliged to reside on the islands. The field thus is a large one, and it is fittingly expressed in the title of the book, which means "All Samoa." The story is well told, and is of fascinating interest throughout.

Mrs. Churchill's first chapter gives us in compact form the chief facts in the history of Samoa, as concerns the outer world, from the beginning up to the time of its partition between Germany, Great Britain and the United States. The place became important to us because it lay on the border of the migratory course of the sperm whales through the Pacific, and it thus was early a point of call for these New Bedford and Nantucket whaling fleets which followed the herd down into the Antarctic Seas. The strained relations between the civilized powers claiming interests in Samoa were almost at their height in March, 1889, when the memorable hurricane took place in Apia Harbor, and three German and three American war vessels were destroyed or wrecked. The partition of the islands about ten years later put an end to the territorial quarrels, and it is likely that before long Samoa will lapse into the half forgotten condition which it held for nearly fifty years after Wilkes made his treaty with the Samoans at Pago Pago, in 1839.

The most interesting thing that can be learned about any primitive people concerns their social organization, and this Mrs. Churchill treats very fully. The Samoan has but one wife, but he may change his wife at any time, or the wife may change her husband. Marriage, therefore, is only temporary, lasting during the pleasure of the two parties to it. Children born during the existence of the marriage belong to the husband's family, but if born after marriage has been dissolved, to the family of the wife. A child on reaching adult life may not marry into the family of either father or mother. As soon as weaned, the child becomes eligible for adoption into another family, and by such adoption separates himself completely from his blood relatives, and becomes as much a member of the new family as though he had acquired membership in it by birth. But he cannot marry into the families of his blood parents. Thus his actual birth is remembered against him. Adoption is so common, that probably one-third of all Samoans, men and women, are members of families other than those into which they were born.

The male child chooses a name for himself at eight or ten years of age, and at fourteen or fifteen he is tattooed and becomes a man. He may now marry, and go to war, and becomes a worker—one of the productive members of the community. Property is actually held in common, though nominally it all belongs to the head of the family—using the word in the sense of clan. The head of the family is elected, but may resign, may lose his office by absence, or may be removed at the pleasure of those who elect him; the election being by unanimous vote of all the members of the family, male and female.

The Samoan housewife occupies a position of dignity and influence. She is not less important than the man as a member of the community. She is eligible to certain honors, and great respect is paid to her. How her days are spent is interestingly told in the chapter on this subject. Her last duty of the day, after all the household has gone to bed, is to lift out of its wire frame the lamp which has been burning all the evening, and turning it down until the flame is small, she places the lamp on the floor, that it may watch while all sleep. Why does she do this?

"As a good Christian woman she is sure that there are no wandering demons of the night, such as her people used to believe in when they were heathen, and knew no better and had to keep the fire burning all night long to scare away the evil spirts. Of this she is sure in the broad light of day. But in the evening, when it is dark and still, she will tell you there is no such reason now to keep the lamp on a glimmer, but after all it does no harm, she says, and it would be convenient if any one should awake and want to smoke, for then he could toast his tobacco leaf and light his cigarette at the flame. This night, and every night, there is not a Samoan house in which men are asleep, which does not give out the faint glow of a lamp turned low. And the demons of the old times never enter a house which shows this protection."

Here is a charming little essay on Samoan music: "It is natural for the Samoan to burst into song on any occasion. The canoe melodies are as old as the life of the people. Women at work about their houses are always singing, men delving in their lonely plantations lighten toil with song. At the great games of cricket or stick-throwing, in which village contends against village, there is always a chorus of singers. When the frequent processions move across the *malae* on any of their many errands, the presentation of a gift of food, the exhibition of ancient fine mats, there is always the music of singing. Every night at the lighting of the fires as the signal, itself a heathen survival, but now the signal for evening prayer, there is the singing of a hymn. On Sundays, and often

during the week, the same sound of melody swells from the village churches. When the kava is served to merry gatherings in the evenings there is a game of forfeit; after the calling of the cup the recipient must either recite a legend or sing a song, else he can have no drink. Almost all the knowledge of the past is preserved in chants and songs to be handed down with music.

"All this music is vocal, the human voice is the only instrument. The Samoans never attained to the slightest beginning of the idea of fixity of musical values which has culminated in the orchestra. They have a form of flute; with the bamboo growing in all the forests it would have been wonderful if there had been no recognition of its sound-producing value. But the island flute was an instrument of small compass, it was pierced with three holes, but the stops follow no regular system, and therefore are of no service in developing a musical scale. And this flute was blown at the nostril, not at the lips. Its sound is a faint and feeble note, too small of volume to accompany the voice, and with too little flexity to reproduce the tunes of the common songs. They are not whistlers; many of them do not know how to make the sound through puckered lips, a whistle is not used even to call a dog. The only development of the instrumental idea as an assistant to the voice has been along the line of the drum. They have drums of varying sizes, but of one general type, a log of wood somewhat like their canoes in shape and hollowed out through a slit on the upper surface. Some of these reach the length of ten or twelve feet, and give a note correspondingly deep. From this size they grade down to those of less than a foot, which may be carried in the hand. The drum sticks vary in proportion, from the single club which is used on the largest, to the two wands employed on the hand drums. The sharp tones of these excavated drums are employed only for signal purposes, to call the people to meeting, to sound the curfew, which sends the children scurrying off to bed. The drum is used in music, a mere measurer of time, is hastily made by rolling any mat off the floor to surround a bundle of a few sticks; it is beaten by a stick in each hand; in choruses it is usually supplemented by clapping of the hands.

"Rarely in these days does one hear the chanting of the old legends; the older people are becoming very jealous that the knowledge of them should not be spread among the Papalangi foreigners, the younger people are scantily familiar with the old forms of intoning. The reciter droned a large part of the poetry of these tales on a low note; from this he passed suddenly to a higher pitch and chanted a short passage, and then the hearers broke out into a lyric chorus of certain parts, after which the reciter returned to the droning recitative. From those lyric choruses, at first subordinate to the chants, has developed the music of the Samoans."

In the chapters that follow the more serious descriptive parts of the work are given vivid descriptions of adventure, of the habits of the people, and of the part Mrs. Churchill took. Her energy and her fearlessness took the author into many situations which were difficult enough for a civilized woman, but her unfailing cheerfulness and courage invariably brought her through.

The volume is beautifully illustrated with twenty-four full-page plates, including a portrait of the author, and the mechanical execution of the volume is all that can be desired. It is published in two editions, one on antique deckle-edged paper, uncut, with rubricated title page and gilt top. This edition is limited to 500 copies, numbered, and signed by the author. Price, $2.50.

The less expensive edition, price $1.50, is on ordinary paper.

Sea and River Fishing.

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

Reminiscences of an Octogenarian.*

Part I.

BY THE OLD ANGLER.

"No life, my honest scholar, no life is so happy and so pleasant as the life of a well-governed angler."

—*Izaak Walton.*

THE Ristigouche, from Dalhousie at its mouth to the junction of Kedgwick, some sixty-five or seventy miles, is unbroken by falls, cascades, rough waters, or even by rapids of any magnitude. It is a deep, swiftly flowing stream, always delightfully cold, and so clear that the bottom, even at a depth of six feet, is easily seen. In the absence of rapids and rough water, the salmon lie in still, deep stretches that glide away almost without a ripple. An angler accustomed to fish Tobique, Nepissiguit, and Miramichi waters, where the fish prefer angry pools at the foot of falls, above and below rapids, and among rough waters, visiting the Ristigouche for the first time, would pass miles of smooth, rapid water without taking the trouble to cast a fly, so unlikely would it seem that salmon would rise in such water, even if they were lying in its depths.

Some forty-five years ago, the late M. H. Perley, then Imperial Immigration Agent at St. John, and the late A. L. Light, C. E., in charge of the Quebec & St. Andrews Railroad, then in course of construction, crossed the short portage from Grand River, an affluent of the St. John, and struck the Ristigouche at its extreme headwaters. In a bark canoe, with two Indians from Tobique, one of whom was the Sachem Gabe, then in his prime, they glided down the whole length of the river to Dalhousie without making a single portage. They reported the river, from Kedgwick down, as alive with salmon which would not rise to the fly, and they had to allow their Indians to spear enough fish for camp on their downward trip. It may seem incredible that two good anglers, both of whom had fished the Spey and the Tweed in Scotland, and the Nepissiguit and Miramichi in New Brunswick, should have canoed down the whole course of the Ristigouche without taking a single salmon with rod and line. But the writer conversed with them both on their return, and finds no difficulty in believing their report nor in accounting for their unique experience. They had not learned to manipulate a fly as the small boy does his worm.

When the writer first visited the Ristigouche, thirty years ago, he was met at Metapedia by the late John Mowat, then a fishery warden on the Quebec side of the river. Born at Dee Side in Scotland, he had been reared from boyhood on the banks of the Ristigouche; had been hunter, trapper, lumberman, farmer and fisherman; he knew every mile of the main river and all the salient features of its principal tributaries—Metapedia, Upsalquitch, Patapedia and Kedgwick. In his boyhood, Dee Side Farm, named after his old home, was the highest point on the river to which civilization extended. Above that, only the Indian, the hunter or the lumberman broke the silence of these vast solitudes, except when the bull moose or caribou bellowed his challenge to some intruder who sought to join the herds. At that time the Ristigouche Salmon Club had not evolved, and few anglers ever went higher than the pools above and below the present railway bridge at Metapedia station. These pools were then, as they are still in the last half of June, well stocked with fresh-run salmon, and were free to all fishermen, whose love of sport induced what in these days was considered a tremendous journey. These were the "gold old days" before millionaires tempted riparian owners with fabulous sums and formed a "trust" which shut out all but moneyed men from the sport of salmon fishing with rod and line. In these pools the fish seldom take the fly above water. Mowat took one in his canoe to the head of the long, deep, still pool a few hundred yards above the bridge, and told me to try there. The pool was then about three hundred yards in length; deep, black, almost without a ripple, flowing swiftly but smoothly, as if oil instead of water was running past and beneath the anchored canoe. Accustomed to the broken and dancing waters of the Miramichi, the rushing and troubling cascades of the Nepissiguit, the Old Angler laughed at his guide; but at his behest made his best casts and played a Jock-Scot across the surface right and left in a manner he thought would tempt any salmon that lay within sight of the fleeting lure. After repeated casts all round without a sight or sign of fish, the guide advised that the fly sink beneath the surface and play it as a bait. This was something new to the writer, and he thought it queer salmon angling; but "live and learn" being one of his pet proverbs, he considered his most artistic Jock—on whose dressing he rather prided himself—a good fat worm, and proceeded to jig it gently up and down, as he used to fish for "sea trout" through the ice when a schoolboy at Newcastle, on the beautiful banks of the Miramichi, the most wonderful fish river in the world. Just here let me digress to tell your readers that in the tideway are sturgeon, mackerel, cod, pollack, herring, lobsters and oysters; up river there are salmon, bass, shad, gaspereau, trout, smelt, frost-fish and eels, all of which the writer has taken in its waters from boyhood to middle age. Here are fifteen species of commercial food fishes, taken in large quantities from a single river, in northern New Brunswick. If there is another like it in the world the writer does not know its whereabouts.

But, *revenons a nos moutons,* the river ran with such velocity that it was difficult to keep the fly submerged, and as artistic casting was useless, the fly was splashed out with the sole view of getting it under water and working it as a bait. I soon had a bite, and acting instinctively from acquired habit, made the turn of the wrist, which long practice with the fly on other waters had rendered automatic. The line came home minus the fly—and Mowat laughed! Several successive attempts cost me leaders, knotted from gut that was a guinea a hank, and flies that cost hours of careful dressing—and Mowat laughed—until I got so excited and nervous that I was glad to retire to the stretches below the bridge and try to get cool by catching some of the fine *fontinalis,* erroneously called sea trout, which rose gallantly to the fly and sometimes took it in mid-air, which no salmon was ever known to do on the Ristigouche or its tributaries. On that occasion the Old Angler had the chagrin of leaving the river without landing a salmon, which fact, with the loss of many leaders and flies, but above all, the unmerciful jibes and irritating laughter of Mowat, made the visit memorable.

On subsequent visits the writer partially overcame old habits and acquired the art of allowing the fish to hook themselves, which they will do if the fisherman will keep his fly moving under the surface and refrain from striking when he feels the fish. *Me judice,* this is but poor angling; but when the fish is securely hooked, he will give the angler all the exercise and excitement he wants and his tackle all it will bear to bring him to gaff, as the salmon of the Ristigouche seldom weigh less than eighteen or twenty pounds; they often run from twenty-five to thirty, with an occasional fresh-run beauty that will turn the scale at forty pounds.

The style of fishing is admirably suited to the millionaires of the Ristigouche Club, who now control almost the whole fishing of the river, and its main tributaries. Seated in a low chair in the bottom of a canoe, into which he has to be assisted for fear of upsetting, well supplied with costly cigars and iced champagne, a double-barreled breechloader at his side, one tube charged with duck shot, the other with ball cartridge, he sets off after a Lucullian breakfast and is paddled to the water he intends fishing, his face protected by an elaborate mosquito mask, and his hands by immaculate kid gloves, minus the finger tips. Arrived there, his attendant, generally a half-breed Indian from Mission Point, on the Quebec side, selects and attaches the fly he considers suitable for the day, and the water, all of which are profound mysteries to the club house angler, who proceeds, with a swish upward and swash downward to get it into the water. At the end of a short line and on a straight rod he sways it up and down the current as the small boy manipulates his gad and line of twine. Often he gets plenty of bites, but loses three fish out of every five that hook themselves. Unable to stand up, his guides humor the movements of the fish by suitable movements of the canoe, so that it is always more by good luck than by skill that the fish is brought to gaff. Very often the wealthy fisherman gets weary of the monotonous motion of manipulating his rod from a low chair and gives it to one of the guides, who does the necessary bobbing till a fish is hooked, when the angler relinquishes his costly cigar and resumes the rod to do what he rightly terms the "killing," which he considers the best part of the sport. The writer remarked to Mowat on one occasion that these fishermen took their outing *otium cum dignitate.* "The *otium* is all right; but the *dignitate,* I suspect, arises from the fear of moving, lest the canoe upsets," he replied with grotesque humor.

This is a fair description of the greater part of the salmon fishing that prevails among the millionaires of the Ristigouche Club; and their ideas of camaraderie—that feeling which makes anglers brothers wherever they meet—were as peculiar as their notions of sport. Their hospitality was confined to asking a visitor in a patronizing way to "have a drink," and that was exercised but seldom. The late Governor Carvell, of P. E. Island, and the present judge of one of the higher courts of Canada, with the writer, when an officer in the Civil Service, paid for our drinks at the bar, which was the most prominent feature of the club house, though the liquids supplied were by no means of first quality; but then perhaps they did not dispense supernaculum to visitors. Of course there were exceptions, and the writer is informed that of late years the exceptions are increasing. A few of the members were both sportsmen and anglers; but these spent little of their time at the club house. With a single attendant, a tent and necessary stores, they sought the most distant and difficult parts of the river, and doing all their own work except paddling the canoe and cooking, found and enjoyed all the sport the salmon of this river can give.

After several visits to the Ristigouche and its tributaries, the writer is compelled to the opinion that for the sportsman who has risen from the ranks of fisherman to the higher grade of angler, there is more sport and keener enjoyment to be had in the Nepissiguit and Miramichi, though the fish of these rivers do not reach more than half the weight of their Ristigouche brethren. The angler who has raised and hooked his salmon by fair casting at Rough Waters, Pabineau or Grand Falls on Nepissiguit, or at Chain of Rocks, Burnt Hill or Slate Island on the Southwest Miramichi, need not envy the millionaires of the club, though they have shut him out from the Ristigouche and all its branches. The fish of this river, especially those of the largest size, seldom leap more than once, no matter how prolonged is their fight for liberty. By main strength they bore their way up and down the deep pools in which they are almost always hooked. Generally they spend much time in "sulking" at the bottom, from which the guides have to rouse them with their setting poles or by throwing stones at their whereabouts, which can only be guessed at. What sport there can be to the angler who, in his chair, is more the prisoner of the salmon than the latter is of his captor, the millionaire alone can tell. The real sportsman who knows what it is to angle amid the music of rushing waters, would find little pleasure in this travesty of his favorite recreation. On the Miramichi and Nepissiguit, where submerged rocks, sharp ledges and narrow passages help the fish in his fight, he very often leaps three feet in the air half a dozen times in the course of his gallant fight. He who has followed his captive from rock, from ledge to ledge, with the eye of hope and the foot of faith, along a rugged bank and at last brought him fairly to gaff, has enjoyed such sport as the millionaire club man could neither appreciate nor follow. He who can stand at Flat Rock, at Pabineau, and by artistic casting (for nothing else will do it) lure the salmon of eighteen pounds that is surely lurking in the edge of the pitch, to follow the fly and take it on the surface; who can by the gentle turn of his wrist fix the hook in his fish—a Nepissiguit salmon never hooks himself—and by masterly management confine him to the pool above; or failing that, can leap ashore from rock to rock with the arch on his rod, follow him in his mad rushes down the rapids below the fall and bring him to gaff in the eddy a quarter of a mile further down, will have sport that no angler on the Ristigouche ever enjoyed. But the Old Angler is inclined to think the millionaires were wise in their generation, for they secured the one river in Canada which can give them the only fishing they desire; a place where they can blend a dilettantism of angling with the *dolce far niente* of kid gloves and Lucullian gastronomy; a place where the real sportsman and angler would be ashamed to waste the few precious days he can steal from the increasing cares of business life.

Some thirty years have elapsed since the writer found himself in the performance of official duty at Indian House Brook, a small stream debouching into the Ristigouche about thirty-eight miles from Metapedia station on the I. C. R. He was again accompanied by John Mowat, who had risen in the fisheries service to be overseer of the whole Ristigouche District, including both sides of the affluents and estuary of this noble river. Many anglers will remember this officer, and those who knew him well will give a kindly thought to one of the cleverest men who ever lived and died on the north shore of New Brunswick; one of the most genial, hearty and versatile men the writer has met in the course of a long and varied life. Those who have enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. Mowat and the comforts of Dee Side Farm will remember its spacious hall and large tables, where books, magazines and papers—among which was always the Edinburgh Scotsman, with angling news from the Dee, the Tweed and the Spey—told of the prevailing tastes of her fine family of sturdy boys and winsome lassies, who have since become manly men and motherly matrons. Mowat had a brusque manner and a grotesque humor that spared neither foe nor friend; indeed, the latter were those at whose expense it was most often displayed. Neither time, place nor company ever restrained him from laughing himself and making others join him; even his victims could not help joining the laugh against themselves. In after years, when we met in company with the late Samuel Wilmot, Superintendent of Fishculture in Canada, he told with inimitable skill and humor an incident exemplifying a characteristic weakness which, among Wilmot's friends—and he had many warm and sincere ones—in no way detracted from his many good qualities as *bon camarade.* The writer cannot pretend to relate this as Mowat told it; the most graphic word painter would fail to convey any but a faint idea of the exaggerated style and humorous gestures with which he imitated Wilmot's manner and speech; he can only feebly reproduce from memory the salient points of Mowat's story.

When the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise represented royalty in Canada, they were visited by the late Duke of Argyle and his two daughters. When the Marquis and the Princess went salmon fishing on the Ristigouche for the first and last time, the Duke and his daughters joined the party, which landed from a special train of palace cars at Metapedia station; the whole party consisting of the Duke and his daughters, the Marquis and Princess, Sir John Macneil and Major de Winton, A. D. C.s; a French *chef de cuisine,* and several attendants. Mowat met them on arrival, and the whole party, in two divisions, embarked on board two house-boats built on broad-bottomed scows, each towed upstream by a span of horses to the various points where the best fishing was expected. After two or three days' prospecting, with indifferent success, the two parties joined at Indian House and made permanent camps, the several pools in that neighborhood furnishing room for all to fish. The Marquis was soon tired of a kind of angling

* Those of the last two generations who have read "Sporting Sketches in Maine and New Brunswick," by An Old Angler, will be pleased to renew acquaintance with him in the reminiscences which he promised our readers.

quite new to him, and with Sir John, who liked such sport as little, decided to make a rapid run to Grand Cascapedia on the Quebec side of Chaleurs Bay, where cascades, rapids and rough waters gave a better prospect for such angling as they were accustomed to in Scotland, Ireland and Norway. Mowat and an Indian ran them down the forty miles in a few hours, found them a team to New Richmond at the mouth of Cascapedia, and returned to act as guides to the Princess's party at Indian House.

Mr. Wilmot, who had always a keen eye to the main chance, had bought out a squatter on the Quebec side of the river, and the Land Office had notified him that the transfer of title was in progress, consequently he considered himself riparian owner of all the water in front of the land, which included Indian House and the best pools on that part of the river where the royal party was encamped. He hit on a most ingenious plan to ingratiate himself with the Marquis, in the hope of getting some recognition from the Duke as a brother scientist, for as Mowat told it, "Sammy had a gude conceit o' himsel', and stood in no need of the Hielandman's prayer." He and his son, with two Indians, landed on the bank about a hundred yards below De Winton's camp, and with a tape line and note book proceeded to measure distances, drive stakes and make notes, with all the *empressement* of a civil engineer who had no time to spare. Seeing that De Winton, with the usual *insouciance* of the true Englishman, took not the slightest notice of his antics, as Mowat described his movements, Sammy played his trump card, and called to his son in strident tones, "Chawles, bring the theodotile." Charley shouldered a surveyor's compass fixed on the top of a folding tripod, and carried it to his father, who set it up and "took sights" right across De Winton's tent. This roused the curiosity, or, rather, perhaps the pugnacity, of the blasé Englishman, who lazily strolled down and watched Sammy's antics—thus Mowat, at which Wilmot winced while he laughed. Finding that De Winton would not "rise to his fly," the Superintendent was forced to open the conversation, from which he expected at least an invitation to dinner, and perhaps a presentation to the Duke, for "Sammy had a healthy ambition," as Mowat humorously asserted. At this point it was a liberal education in humorous narrative and dramatic art to hear and see Mowat relate the conversation that ensued between the Superintendent and De Winton. The ingenuity with which he would improvise, imitating to the life the Major's dudeism and Wilmot's attempts at dignity of manner and expression, would have forced St. Anthony to roar with laughter in the midst of his most devout orisons. The writer regrets that these cannot be reproduced on paper, and he would need the humor of Mowat himself to adequately describe them. All he can attempt is to give, in a prosaic way, the main facts as he recalls them. Wilmot had a peculiar mannerism, which all who have known him, socially or officially, will remember with a smile. In conversing, he "struck an attitude"—the left foot advanced, which he trotted in unison with the rhythmic swing of his pincenez to emphasize his points. Mowat's mimicry of these was a piece of natural acting that the writer's old friend, Ned Sothern, could not surpass.

Wilmot—"Er—um—my name is Wilmot—Samuel Wilmot, Esq. You have heard of me, perhaps. I am the Superintendent of Fishculture in Canada."

De Winton.—"Aw, yas! Laying out your pond, I s'pose?"

"Not a pond. I shall dam the brook inland to make my pond. I intend erecting a large and sightly structure for a hatching house, with a convenient landing just here."

"Aw, yas! But see here! Doncher know you'll have to defer all this until the Princess leaves the river? You can't intrude on the Princess and the Duke, doncher know!"

"Certainly not. A great deal of preliminary work has to be done, and meantime the Princess and the Duke and yourself are quite welcome to fish my pools as long as you please."

"Aw, thanks, awfully! Didn't know it was your river! Sorry the Princess didn't ask your permission, doncher know! As it is, you'll have to arrange with Mr. Mowat, who will be here to-morrow."

Saying this in the contemptuous manner that makes the impudence of the worst dude impressive, the A. D. C. turned on his heel and took no further notice of the Superintendent than if he were one of his Indians. Wilmot made his way to Mowat's camp and found that he had already returned from sending off the Marquis and Sir John. To him he related the incident, and expressed his disgust of De Winton's cavalier treatment, all of which was nuts and ale to Mowat, whom Sammy considered as his subordinate—because Dee Side hatching house was in his care.

* * * * * *

Wihin easy reach of this camp are several good pools at the mouth of Patapedia above, and two or three below. These afforded fishing for the whole party, which always met at dinner at 6 o'clock. This dinner was prepared by the chef and his assistant, and was served in two messes; the Princess, the Duke and his daughters, the Marquis and Sir John forming one, while De Winton, with two or three young officers of the staff, the other. Mowat and the Indians preferred their own cooking and took their meals as usual, *al fresco*. The Major had several times asked Mowat to join his mess, but he always made some excuse; he had so much to arrange for the morrow and so many instructions to give the Indians, etc. One evening after mess, the Major came on Mowat and the Indians at dinner, and the following colloquy ensued:

"Mowat, I have several times asked you to join our mess, but you have always made some frivolous excuse. Doncher know, I think you prefer the society of the Indians to ours."

"Oh, no, Major; but you see, I'm master of ceremonies here. I would cut a poor figure at your table, where the formalities spoil my appetite."

"Oh, come! You have some other reason than that. You can be as much at ease with us as you can here, if you choose to put on your society manners. Tell me your reason for preferring to mess with Indians."

"Well, Major, if you insist on knowing, I prefer my food clean!"

"What do you mean? Do you think your food any cleaner than ours?"

"Well, I don't know, but I saw your chef making the coffee for dinner with water the potatoes were boiled in.'

"The lazy scoundrel! I will see to this," and he left in hot haste to lecture the chef on his dirty cooking.

Mowat was a fairly read man for his opportunities, but he was not likely to know that the king of cooks and prince of gourmets—Brillat Savarin—made the discovery that coffee is much improved if the decoction is made with water in which potatoes have boiled; nor is it likely that the better educated A. D. C. was aware that his chef was following the approved mode of the greatest *cordon bleu* of modern times. V.

A Pearl River Camp.—VI.

(*Continued from page 412.*)

We had fish enough and to spare next morning, so concluded to take the guns and go part of the way home with Bob and hunt back to camp.

Crossing the lake to the other side, we found ourselves in the large loop, or island, formed by the lake, and wondered how our friend had crossed the other end, as he was compelled to do, to reach that part on which we were camped. This was soon explained, as he led us to the lower end, where it opened into the river, and there we found a large tree which had fallen across the lake just where it emptied into the river, forming a bridge. In crossing we noticed that the tree lay well for fishing, either out into the river or back into the lake, and concluded that we would come over again in the afternoon and try this new territory.

As soon as we got into the woods Bob made us slip along quietly and soon located a squirrel, which he killed for us. A little further along we treed two, both of which we bagged after some wild shooting on the part of the younger boys, who had insisted upon having a try.

We were tremendously excited by finding a real bear track, which Bob showed us in a soft bit of the swamp, and felt very much relieved that it was so far away from our camp. We sighted another squirrel that led us an exciting chase, and finally escaped, after receiving our whole broadside.

"Old fellow, and tough as rawhide," was Bob's consoling explanation of our failure to bag it.

The woods began to thin out now, and we prepared to turn back, leaving our visitor to continue on home, but he remembering that we were near a bee tree, which he had located on a former hunt, took us to see it. It was a large white oak, and the bee den was in a limb high up. It was the first bee tree we had ever seen, and very interesting. We tried hard to see the bees, as Bob would point up, calling out excitedly: "There! see, see! There they are," but, although we would occasionally say that we did see them, it was probably by faith, and not sight, as a cow would have looked small up as high as we were trying to see bees.

Reluctantly bidding our friend adieu, and urging him to visit us again, we turned back toward camp.

Circling round out into the woods, we hunted over new territory on the return, and soon had two more squirrels. Hearing some one chopping with an ax, not far out of the line we were traveling back, we concluded to be sociable and visit them. As we approached nearer we heard the chopper also singing. Drawing near we saw an old colored man chopping on a felled tree, keeping time with the ax strokes in the following song:

"Hard labor, hard labor,
Hard labor makes de man
Mammy tole me,
Daddy showed me,
Hard labor makes de man."

Over and over he sang the song, two words to the stroke, until we drew near enough to attract his attention, when he ceased work.

"Mawnin', young gentlemen," he said, taking off his hat and scraping the sweat from his forehead with a crooked and calloused forefinger. "Huntin' is you; I hope you has good luck."

We replied to his salutation and exhibited our squirrels in answer to his question.

"Wha' you stoppin' at?" was his next query.

We told him we were camping out, and described the location of our camp, and also the fact that we had had a visitor, and had accompanied him part of the way on his return home.

"Oh, yes," he said, "I know young Marse Bob and he pa, too. I work some foh his pa mos' every spring, plowin' an' plantin', an' sometimes later in de season choppin' cotton."

Talking further with him, he said he lived back a little toward the edge of the swamp, where he had a little cabin and a few acres of land.

"Yo' all kin des go out dah," he said in a hospitable manner, "an' my ole woman will be proud to give yo' a drink of 'simmon beer. We makes hit ourselfs, an' hit is shore good."

We thanked him but declined the beer, and then asked if he thought his wife would sell us a little bread.

"Suttinly, suh, ef she got hit. We'll des pintedly go sec," said he, dropping his ax and starting off. "Hit won't be nothin' but cawn bread, though; kin you all eat dat?"

We assured him, with a suspicious earnestness, that we could eat any kind of bread.

Arriving at his cabin, we found everything neat and clean, and the "old woman" as kind and hospitable as heart could wish. When we had been duly presented as: "Foah young gentlemen what is campin' out an' enjoyin' deyselves," the old lady gave us a hearty welcome. She set chairs out on the little vine-covered porch and brought us fresh water from the well.

"An' you little boys is campin' out; sleepin' in de woods all by you'selves?" she said. "Pears like you mamas would be skeered to 'low you to do hit. Ain't you 'fraid of de bears, wildcats and varmints?"

When assured that we were not and that we had plenty of weapons to protect ourselves, she said in a manner that indicated more desire than faith:

"I sho' hope dey won't nothin' git none of you, but hit is pow'ful reesky."

The old man then stated the special object of our visit, considerately adding:

"Yo' know hit des nach'lly make young folks hongry to git out in de woods, an' dey done et up all de nice bred what dey bring wid 'um."

"I got de pone on a bakin' for dinnah," said she, "an' hit a big one, 'cause de ole man is a scandlus eatah. Yo' is welcome to dat soon as hit done, an' I make ash cake foh ouh dinnah."

We visited while the pone was cooking, the good old woman hurrying it up as much as possible, and when done took our leave, carrying it swung in the least soiled handkerchief belonging to our party.

The old people gave us a cordial invitation to come and see them again, and urged us to be sure and let them know if they could do anything for us, or if we got in any trouble.

Congratulating ourselves on having such kind and friendly neighbors, we laid a straight course for camp, and by walking fast and making no stops, arrived there with our bread yet warm and fresh.

The fish being cleaned and ready to cook, we did not stop to prepare any squirrels for dinner. Fresh corn bread and fish we considered good enough for anybody, and were soon enjoying our dinner. The bread was excellent, and there was quite enough for all.

"I certainly am thankful that the old man is such a 'scandlus eatah,'" said Will, as he finished the third generous piece of corn bread.

After dinner we cleaned our squirrels and put them in our refrigerator—a covered bucket set in the spring—and then all hands laid down for a well-earned rest. It was mid afternoon when we awakened and concluded that we had made up the lost sleep of the night before. After some discussion it was unanimously decided that we would forego our trip to the fallen tree to fish the river and mouth of the lake as intended, and just loaf and have a good time the rest of the day, as our larder was stocked for at least two meals. It was almost like a holiday from school after our constant application to the task of providing our daily bread, or, rather, meat. Since finding the alligator tracks and noting the size of the alligator gars which infested the lake, some of which we had seen that were fully five feet long—we had not felt much interest in the delightful pastime of swimming, but Bob had assured us that we need have no fear of them whatever, provided we kept moving while in the water. They woud, he said, attack a man lying perfectly still in the water, but by striking or splashing, they could be frightened away. Knowing that he had lived all his life on the river and having confidence in his judgment, we concluded to go swimming in the lake. We were soon in and engaged in a contest to see who could swim across the lake the greatest number of times without stopping to rest, it being about fifty yards wide at our landing.

The second trip across I met with a slight accident that effectually put me out of the contest. About two-thirds of the distance had been crossed, all swimming abreast a short distance, when something raked me along the outside edge of the right thigh, causing a smart that showed the skin had been broken, and I immediately concluded that it was the attack of an alligator. I had no trouble in calling to mind Bob's instructions, and knew that I ought to thrash about in the water and shout, but could do neither the one nor the other. In an almost fainting condition I paddled weakly on, managing to reach a log at the bank that extended out some distance, on to which I climbed. The other boys, turning to swim back, called to me, but I only replied:

"Tired."

As I recovered, the thought came that I ought to have told them, and prevented their taking the risk of swimming back, but before I had recovered the power of speech it was too late.

On examination I found my hurt to be slight, consisting of two or three long scratches, which even in my excitement showed plainly to be caused by some sunken limb or snag extending near enough to the surface to graze me as I swam over. The boys swam over and turning back to my side, when slipping into the water I returned with them, swimming carefully "dog fashion," feeling for the snag. I found it, a jagged limb extending up from some sunken tree, and turning my head marked its exact position by a tree on each bank.

My companions had engaged in the sport of scaring me half to death with snake alarms on several occasions, knowing my great fear of all the reptile tribe, and it now occurred to me that perhaps here was a chance to retaliate.

On one occasion they had placed a dead snake inside the tent and persuaded me to go after a gun. I secured the gun and turned to leave the tent, and then discovering the snake, apparently in a position to strike, dived head first through the side of our domicile, demolishing the entire north wall and scratching my face badly. Another time Will coiled a short piece of rope under that portion of the bed on which I slept, leaving the end out, and after we had all settled down for the night began to slowly pull it from under me, crying snake in an excited manner, which caused me to take to the woods barefooted and very scantily attired.

As their fear of alligators was fully as great as mine of snakes, it looked as though my opportunity had come. As we rested a few moments after reaching the bank I spoke of a cool spot in the water that was probably caused by a submerged spring, and invited them to fall in line behind me and I would guide them over it. Taking my bearings carefully, I started across, followed by my unsuspecting companions, and coming to where the snag was, swam high, passing over without a scratch. Turning on my back so as to have a good view, I swam on.

Will was next, then Walter, Jim being last. The snag caught Will fairly in the groin, and as he described it afterward, he felt teeth meet through his body. For a minute he came as near walking on the water as ever a boy did, while the woods rang with his frightened yells. Walter was too astonished to change his course, and a moment later he grounded on the snag. His performance was very similar to Will's, only, if possible, he was more noisy. Jim turned back and swam for dear life, also yelling and splashing, and as I was shouting at the top of my voice to stimulate them and keep up the scare, it was a merry din. I venture to say that unless a can-

vention of panthers had broken up in a free for all fight, nothing like it had ever been heard in that neck of woods.

Will and Walter finally reached the shore and retreated well into the woods, where I left them examining their wounds and fairly blubbering with fright. Swimming to the other side I found Jim lying across a log, retching and groaning as he rid his stomach of the warm water he had swallowed on his stormy passage back to safety. As I paddled across in the boat to bring in the wounded, it occurred to me that they would now each have to bite me with a snake before they could even up the score.

Both boys were painfully scratched and both positive and vehement in their denial of my snag theory. Even after I paddled to it, got into the water and stood on the snag, they were skeptical and urged me not to risk my safety in that water.

Supper was eaten almost in silence, and our nightly gathering around the fire was not enlivened by the usual flow of conversation.

I had a large amount of fun on hand, but concluded that I had best save it until next day.

LEWIS HOPKINS.

Pennsylvania Muscalunge.

WATERFORD, Pa., Nov. 14.—In your issue of Oct. 25 you publish a record muscalonge caught in the St. Lawrence River, giving the length as 4 feet 8 inches, no weight given. I send you photo of muscalonge caught in our little Lake Leboeuf last August that was 4 feet 7

TOOK THREE MEN TO LAND HIM.

A muscalonge of 44lbs. 2oz., taken by G. B. Skiff, C. E. Fish and L. Z. Fish, Aug. 14, 1902.

inches long, weight, 44 pounds 2 ounces. The small fish weighed 12¾ pounds. These fish were caught with 21-thread Cuttyhunk line. It took two hours to bring the large one to gaff. The fish is not our record fish, but next to it. I have landed seventeen muscalonge this season from 5½ to 15 pounds. My last this afternoon, weighed 8 pounds 2 ounces. F. J. K.

"Not All of Fishing."

IF you've read your Walton you will remember these lines, in which is set forth an ancient exposition of the modern saw, "that it is not all of fishing to fish." Says *Piscator:* "At Trout Hall, not far from this place, where I purpose to lodge to-night, there is usually an angler that proves good company. And let me tell you, good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue.

"I'll now lead you to an honest ale house, where we shall find a cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the wall: there my hostess, which I may tell you is both cleanly, and handsome, and civil, hath dressed many a one for me; and shall now dress it after my fashion, and I warrant it good meat."

VEN.: "Come, sir, with all my heart, for I begin to be hungry, and long to be at it, and, indeed, to rest myself too; for though I have walked but four miles this morning, yet I begin to be weary; yesterday's hunting hangs still upon me."

PISC.: "Well, sir, and you shall quickly be at rest; for yonder is the house I mean to bring you to. Come, hostess, how do you? Will you first give us a cup of your best drink, and then dress this chub as you dressed my last, when I and my friend were here about eight or ten days ago? But you must do me one courtesy—it must be done instantly."

The King of the Pikes.

THERE is now on exhibition at the office of Mr. Ferris Meigs, at No. 26 Broadway, what is probably the largest pike ever caught in this State. This giant fish measured when caught 43.5 inches long and weighed a plump 25 pounds. It was taken on a common spoon with a naked hook on a hand line in Folansbee Pond, in Franklin county, in September, by Miss Juliet Wilbur Tompkins. Miss Tompkins, who is a short-story writer of no little renown, was enjoying a vacation when she had the fortune to land her trophy. The big fish made an exciting fight, which lasted fully twenty-five minutes. It was mounted in an artsitic manner by Miner, of Saranac Lake, and is to be placed in the collection which the Forest, Fish and Game Commission is making to illustrate the fishes of the State. The usual weight of the fish taken in the pond is about 16 pounds.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Nov. 26-29.—Philadelphia.—Philadelphia Dog Show Association's show. M. A. Viti, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 29.—Thomasville, N. C.—Continental Field Trial Club's eighth annual trials.

Nov. 24.—Glascow, Ky.—American Championship Field Trial Club's second annual trials. Chas. B. Cooke, Sec'y, Richmond, Va.

Dec. 15.—Huntsville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) third annual trials. John F. Fletcher, Sec'y, Birmingham, Ala.

"A Vermont Mode."

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—In FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 8 you were so indulgent as to publish a communication from me on that long-debated and inconclusive hunting issue, fox-hunting as conducted in the North and the South. To it there have been two replies, both in excellent temper, and both bearing all the evidences of the writers' sincere faith in their contention and in the soundness of the views promulgated in them. I desire to say that, though my communication may have seemed to have a personal trend, it was not intended to be personal. It was directed more at methods than at men.

With your permission, Mr. Editor, I will endeavor to show where Mr. J. H. Monson, in FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 15, and Mr. W. W. Brown, in the issue of Nov. 22, present some arguments which are fallacious.

Mr. Monson rests his chief defense on the following:

"Now, as to digging out a fox that had been run to earth, while I should not like to do that, I confess that I can see mighty little difference between that and the English fox hunting practice of sending out a man beforehand to stop up the entrances to the holes to which it is thought the pursued fox will run for refuge from the hounds. There may be a difference between stopping up a hole so that the fox cannot get into it and digging him out after he has got into it, but I cannot see the distinction. To me it means just the same for the fox."

I think that with a few seconds of deliberation, Mr. Monson will concede that there is a vast difference between the situation of a fox blocked in a hole and one blocked out of it. In the one instance the fox is entirely deprived of all his natural powers, so far as escape is concerned; in the other the fox is left in the exercise of all his natural powers unhampered. Speed, cunning, endurance, courage—all are nothing to the fox in a hole; they are everything to a fox at liberty. The fox in a hole can be dug out and to a certainty captured ignominiously; the fox at large may or not be captured; but, if captured, he succumbs with banners flying and the honors of war.

I would call Mr. Monson's attention to the fact that, in England, with all the burrows stopped, and an even struggle between fox on the one side and hounds and horses on the other on the earth's surface, the fox frequently escapes.

Let us next consider Mr. Brown's argument. He says:

"From the point of view of the humanitarian, the New England method is the better of the two. It lacks all the elements of savagery found in the English or Southern hunt, where the hunters, who are well enough mounted, arrive in time to see an exhausted fox torn to shreds by the wolfish pack."

I beg to call Mr. Brown's attenion to the fact that the fox frequently escapes; that if the fox's craft, speed and endurance are not sufficient to preserve his body, when the final act comes, it is between the dogs and the fox, not between the men and the fox. He continues:

"From the point of view of the sportsman—yes, but there is no point: there are as many points of view as there are kinds and conditions of men."

I beg that Mr. Brown will permit me to differ with him on this point. While his statement has a certain correctness as applied to men who shoot over setters and pointers, or pursue big game, it does not hold good as regards fox hunters. In England fox hunting is a national pastime. Men in that country have been schooled in its refinements from childhood to old age, as were their ancestors before them through generations far into the unknown past. The fox hunters ride in numbers, and, therefore, all their doings are constantly under the scrutiny of their fellows.

The fox-hunting laws were formulated by common consent, the outgrowth resulting from the experience of generations, and the wisdom of the ages. There is no point on fox hunting—and by fox hunting, I mean fox hunting as conducted in England and the South—but what is covered by law universally accepted. But where the sport is individual, that is to say, when men hunt solitary, as in field shooting and New England fox harrying, then each individual has his own peculiar view point. There is all the difference between them that there is between a rank of trained soldiers and an awkward squad. One in concert acts by certain standards, the other is emphatically individual.

Mr. Brown says: "With us it is a question of the present method, or none at all."

Here we come to the real issue. I concede the right of New Englanders to hunt the fox as they choose, but I object to the term by which they designate it. Fox hunting is a term which has a certain well defined significance during many generations. It denotes the use of horses and hounds in the pursuit. It never contemplated the methods employed in New England. I object to the misuse of the term. Let the New Englander hunt his fox in his own way, but let him adopt a distinct name for it. Call it any name other than fox hunting, a name associated with tradition, chivalry, hard riding and fox-hunting law. Thus, Mr. Brown will note that I do not oppose his methods of hunting the fox, but I do most emphatically object to the malappropriation of an honored title.

In conclusion, I beg to thank Mr. Brown for his generous and most sportsmanlike kindliness toward me. If the opportunity ever presents itself I shall be glad to take him in friendly spirit by the hand and talk over our little differences in a gentle way, as I really feel, even if my words seem to be otherwise.

ALBERT CONVERSE.

"Major's" Cure.

THERE is joy once more at Eagle Lake in the town of Ti. "Major" will hunt with his master once more, and all past disagreements are positively called off. I forgot to say that "Major" is a rough-haired yellow dog, the son of "Mary Jane," a pure blooded Irish terrier bench show favorite, his sire being a plucky Chilson Hill dog of no special pedigree. "Major" is known all over the land by an account of his plucky and successful trailing of a huge black bear two years ago in Peekinoose Swamp and thereabouts, published in the New York Sun. He has the reputation also of being the best all around dog in town, and A. had held him at $75 until the unfortunate gray squirrel trip to the Vineyard, in 1900, when he was "spiled," to use local phraseology.

On that morning dog, master, and a New York man started for the maple and hickory groves along Lake Champlain, ten miles distant, and down the hill toward Ticonderoga. The city man, used to suburban hunting, suggested taking "Major" in the wagon to save his strength, but A. would not hear of it. It might make the dog lazy, etc. So the willing one was permitted to race ahead and behind the fast mare in the clear frosty air, now exploring sheds and barns with rapid pace and then tearing up hill and down dale as he neared some likely place for game or struck a particularly fresh track. On reaching the "flats" and nearing the "squirrel acre," a big bulldog had an argument with the yellow dog, who was quickly called to the wagon, coming in with an ominous limp in his gait. "Major" was in fair shape upon reaching the cover, but seemed to dread the briers where the birds skulked. We needed him just then and were impatient at his apparent indifference. So he was lightly switched and ordered to go and find them. He started off, but soon came slinking back with his tail between his legs in an extraordinary manner. After a good rest we started in again after grays this time, and "Major" kept along with us, treeing a big one and stopping another as it fell wounded. This was training that pleased us all, and he seemed to like it. By and by the grape vines and low scrub oaks needed investigation, and he refused to work, whereupon a second switching was given and a more miserable dog or a more disgusted owner I never saw.

Upon raching the old log farm house Major lay down by the stove and kept so quiet that we actually said good-by and had gotten half a mile on our way home before we missed our dog. Back went A., while I stalked grouse among the withhazels in the pasture at the top of the long hill. Finally the wagon arrived. "He didn't even want to come home with me," said A., mournfully. We journeyed rather silently, hoping that "Major" would forget it in a day or two, but he did not. Nor did the long winter that followed change his mind. He thought that his beloved master had whipped him for hunting birds, and he decided to do no more of it for him in future, although he did not adhere to the rule when others occasionally took him out with the gun. A. had only to say "Hunt 'em out, Maje," to start the dog for home full tilt. I felt sorry for my two friends and hoped to fix things up between them. So, finally, I said prophetically: "He can be cured by the hair of the dog that bit him," as it were. "Let's take him down there again to-morrow and carry him under the lap robe all the way," I continued. "It won't hurt him and maybe he will forget the whipping of last year if he gets orders on the old ground again."

Accordingly, one brisk morning last October, we started off early to repeat our trip to the old log farmhouse, and "Major," albeit much against his will, rode along. He made great efforts to jump out and run home as usual, but the straps held fast, and after going it blind for three miles, he became contented and seemed to take pleasure in the trip, his soft brown eyes appearing from beneath the covers from time to time. We put away "Kittie," the black mare, and got out our armament, a Stevens No. 25 rifle and a No. 12 Baker, with the intention of getting a bag of game, dog or no dog. "Major" skipped and jumped from want of exercise, but appeared to take some notice of things as we passed a clump of raspberry briers. A. encouraged him with a word, but, alas, the old feeling returned, for he came crouching back toward us. I quickly sent A. on ahead, petted and encouraged "Major" and took him with me into a thicket at the edge of a field where I was sure there was a bird. So there was, too, for the dog at once began to trail all over the hill, and as I stood by, hoping for a shot, a roar of wings came from the other side, showing that a noble grouse had been aroused. The dog followed the flight with his eye and legs, and treed the bird several rods off in a big hemlock. I shouted, and A. came up and made a neat long distance kill with his .25 Stevens. More birds flew from adjoining trees and the dog soon barked again, but the brush was too thick to see anything. He then chased a big hare into my pocket, and when his first gray was sighted and treed, A. seemed happy once more. I left at once for a big patch of woods where I thought that Betsey Baker and I would have some sport, but the sun was now very warm, and the grays, although all about me in the thick maples, would only "sing" occasionally, giving me no chance for a shot. I heard a perfect song of joy from the little Stevens, and a jolly obligato from "Maje." So I gulped down my disappointment at coming so far for nothing, glad to know that my old friend was happy in his dog's confidence once more. The shades from Buck Mountain were lengthening as I wearily climbed up the Bliss Hill over my old hunting path where I had carried so much game in days gone by. I found A. quietly chatting under the big poplar with his host about crops, matters and things generally, and he said "The dog is all right. He treed and brought to me several grays, put up more than twenty partridges and I foolishly didn't hit a one."

"Major" was glad to ride home that night, and I am told that his value is again restored, for he now never

makes a "home run" when told by his master to "hunt 'em out."

PETER FLINT.

1011 Carnegie Hall, N. Y. City.

The Fox Can Reason.

From the Richmond Times.

CAPT. JOHN B. EAVES, chairman of the Republican State Committee; J. C. L. Harris, secretary of the committee; Robert W. Logan, United States Commissioner, and J. D. Miller, all except Harris living in the town of Rutherfordton, N. C., were one spring morning chasing a fox. It was a cool, crisp morning, and there was just enough dampness on the leaves and grass to enable the dogs to scent Reynard without making a break. The chase had been going on for two hours and more, and the forty dogs in the pack had been making the welkin ring. The fox was running around in a circle not over three miles across, and the hunters at sunrise had assembled on a knoll about the center of the circle which overlooked the territory which Reynard appeared to have circumscribed for himself in his jaunt with the dogs. The music of the dogs was inspiring and the race was perfect in almost every feature that goes to make this sport the most delightful. The knoll overlooked a ravine about 100 yards distant from where the hunters had taken their stand. Across the ravine a giant and venerable chestnut tree had fallen, and the devastation of time and the elements had caused the bark to drop from the tree. Miller was the leader of the hunters, and while standing on the knoll, as Napoleon did at Marengo, Austerlitz and Waterloo, he saw the fox come into sight with the dogs 400 or 500 yards behind him. The fox ran straight to the chestnut tree and disappeared therein. Up to this time it was not known that the log was hollow. The length of the chestnut across the ravine was about seventy-five feet. As quick as the fox could have traveled through the log he came out on the opposite side of the ravine and made off through the forest. The dogs ran to the log and there lost the trail. The hunters watched them for a few minutes, and then Miller called them across the ravine and put them on the trail, and away they went in full cry after the fox.

In about thirty minutes the fox came in sight again with his tail up and showing no sign of weariness. The dogs were somewhat further behind than before. The hunters watched the fox, and again he ran into the log and out on the opposite side. The dogs halted again and were put on the trail by Miller. The fox was gone about thirty minutes again, came back and again ran through the log. This was the third time the fox had gone through the log, and Miller remarked that every time he came out of the log he looked as if he had been rested and was fresh for the race. The dogs were becoming wearied. The chase had been going on for nearly five hours, and after the fox made his fourth entrance into and exit from the chestnut log Miller went to the end of the log where the fox came out each time and securely stopped it up. In about thirty minutes the fox ran into the log for the fifth time. Miller then stopped up the other end of the log and then cut into the log and extracted therefrom three full-grown foxes.

Great Dane Club of America.

AT a meeting of the executive committee of the Great Dane Club of America, held at the Ashland House, New York, on Nov. 18, 1902, at 7:30 P. M., pursuant to notice, there were present Messrs. J. Blackburn Miller, G. Muss Arnolt, John Hartmetz, Frank Rappolt and C. H. Mantler. Mr. J. Blackburn Miller in the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

It was decided not to offer any special prizes at the Philadelphia show, as the club could not indorse Mr. F. Freeman-Lloyd as judge of Great Danes.

The application of the Merrimack Valley Kennel Club was also refused, as the name of the judge of Great Danes was not mentioned in their letter. It was moved and seconded to offer a club medal for the best dog, and a club medal for best bitch at the Rhode Island Kennel Club Dog Show, to be held in Providence Jan. 20-22, 1903, as Mr. James Mortimer, the judge of Great Danes at this show, is acceptable to the club.

It was further decided not to offer specials at the coming Westminster Kennel Club bench show until the classification and the judge of Great Danes has been submitted to the club.

Mr. J. Blackburn Miller, the president of the club, presented the same with a silver cup, to be known as the President's Challenge Cup, for the best American-bred Great Dane under fifteen months of age, bred, owned and exhibited by a member of the Great Dane Club of America, and to be won twice by the same exhibitor before becoming his absolute property. Winner to receive a club medal in commemoration of the award, and the cup to be offered for competition annually at the Westminster Kennel Club Show. The thanks of the club were extended to the donor of the cup.

C. H. MANTLER, Secretary.

The Minister's Dog.

The Rev. A. N. Blatchford tells a story illustrating the modern desire for short sermons. A country vicar, he said, once went to fill the pulpit of a colleague who was temporarily absent from home. After the service he thought he would gauge the effect of his discourse by the opinion of that very fair index of public feeling, the parish clerk.

"Well, Rogers," he said, "did you like my sermon?"

"I did," was the reply.

"I hope I wasn't too long?" he anxiously inquired.

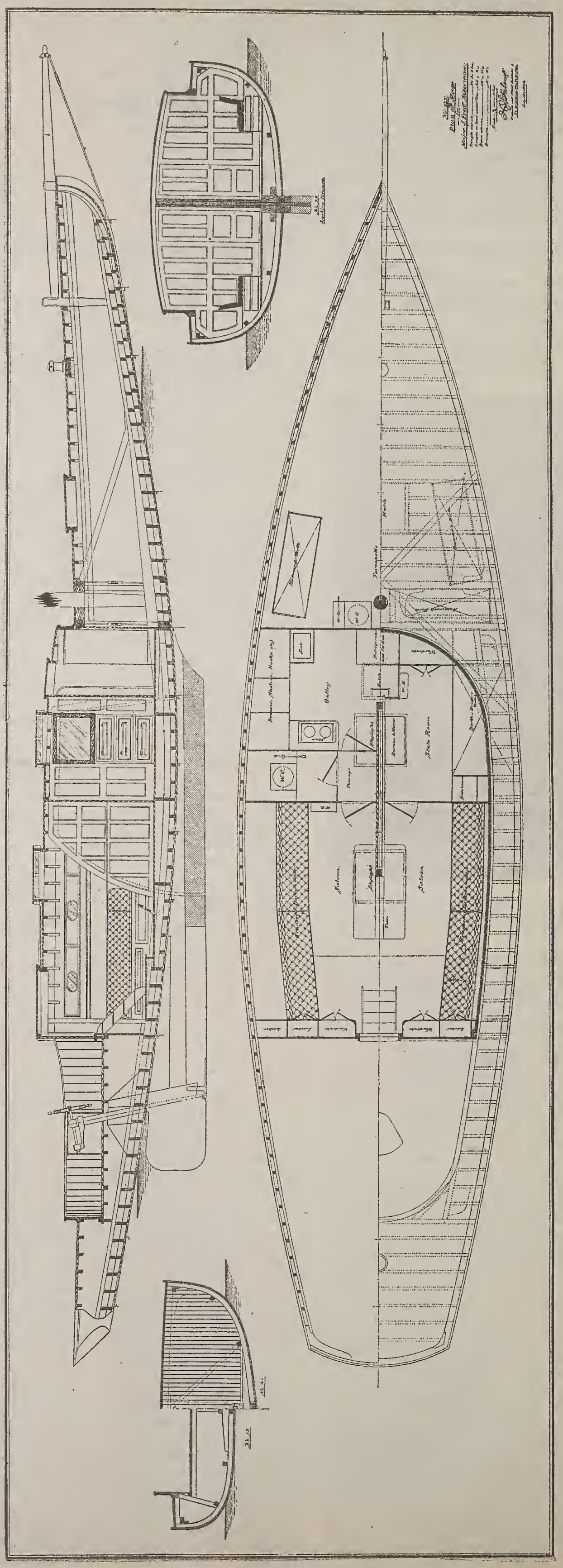
"No, you wasn't too long about it," rejoined Rogers.

"Well, then," said the vicar, "I hope I wasn't too short."

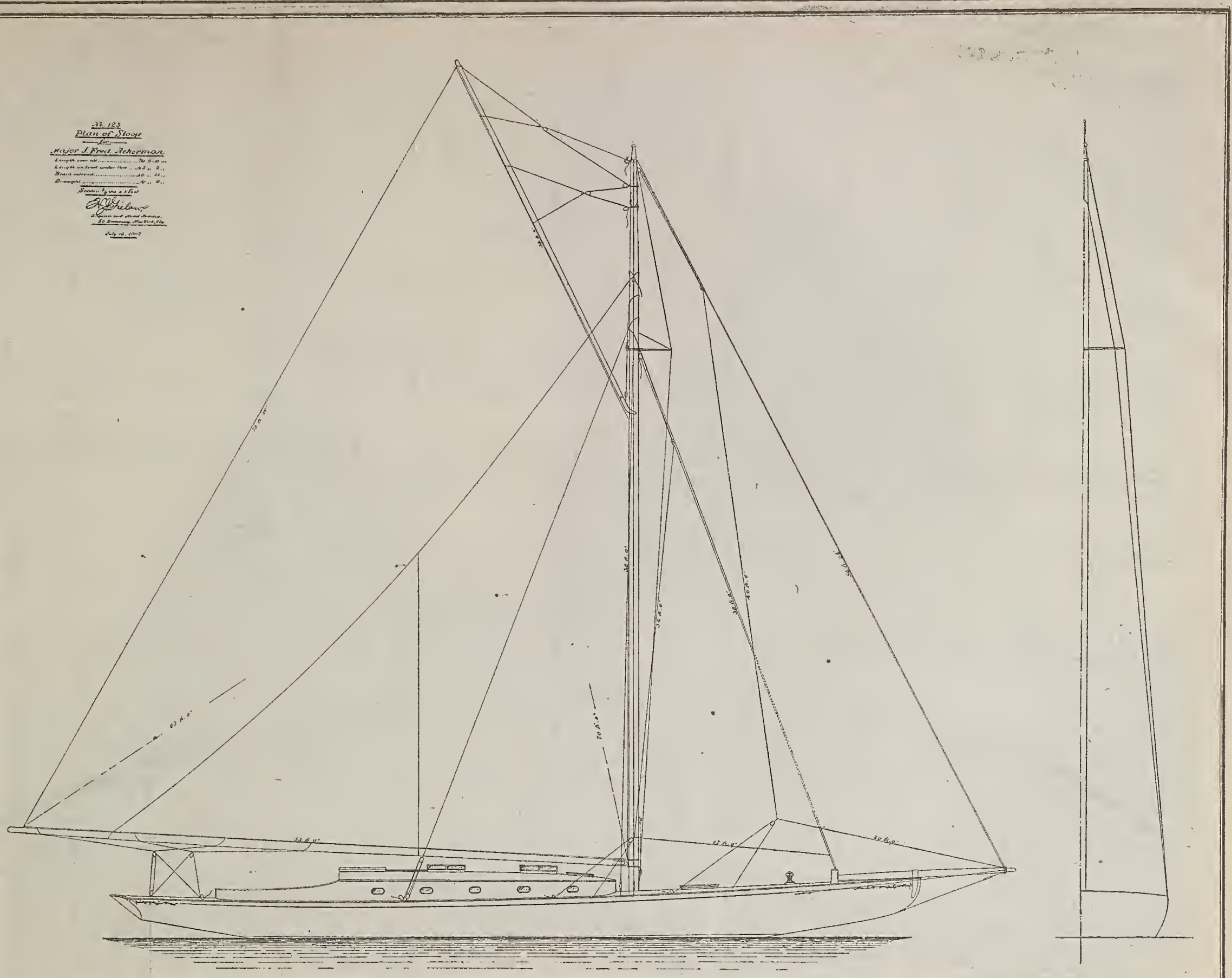
"No," answered Rogers, "nor yet too short, neither. You was just about right."

The vicar felt relieved, and said, "I'm glad of that, because, to tell you the truth, while I was writing that sermon my little dog got hold of four of the folios and destroyed them, and I was afraid it would be too short."

Rogers looked very thoughtful for a moment, and then very confidentially remarked: "Lor', now, did he? I suppose you wouldn't mine lettin' our vicar 'ome 'ere 'ave a pup o' your dog?"—Toronto Empire.



FORTY-FIVE-FOOT WATERLINE CRUISING SLOOP——CABIN PLANS——DESIGNED BY HENRY J. GIELOW FOR J. FRED ACKERMAN, ESQ.



FORTY-FIVE-FOOT WATERLINE CRUISING SLOOP——SAIL PLAN——DESIGNED BY HENRY J. GIELOW FOR J. FRED ACKERMAN, ESQ.

Yachting.

Shoal Draft and Cruising Sloop.

THROUGH the courtesy of Mr. Henry J. Gielow, we publish in this issue the sail and cabin plans of a 45ft. waterline cruising sloop.

The boat was designed by Mr. Gielow for Major Fred. J. Ackerman, and was built by Mr. William P. Kirk, of Tom's River, N. J. Mr. Kirk has done a remarkably fine job on the boat, and has employed the best workmanship and labor procurable in the construction. The design shows a boat with long and full ends, her shallow body has made it necessary to resort to a high cabin house to secure headroom below. As she has considerable power the sail area of 2,800 sq. ft. may be considered quite moderate. All the ballast is outside on the keel. The cabin house is 24ft. long and there is a waterway 1ft. 9in. wide all around the house and cockpit. Owing to the long forward overhang, very little bowsprit is needed, and it will project only 8ft. beyond the gammon iron. The dimensions are as follows:

Length—		
Over all	70ft.	0in.
L.W.L.	45ft.	2in.
Overhang—		
Forward	13ft.	4in.
Aft	11ft.	6in.
Breadth—		
Extreme	16ft.	11in.
L.W.L.	15ft.	4in.
Draft—		
Extreme	4ft.	0in.
To rabbet	2ft.	3in.
Board down	12ft.	0in.
Freeboard—		
Bow	5ft.	2in.
Least	3ft.	0in.
Stern	3ft.	9in.
Sail Area—		
Mainsail	2,070 sq. ft.	
Staysail	291 sq. ft.	
Jib	435 sq. ft.	
Total	2,796 sq. ft.	

The cockpit is watertight and the wheel box is about in the center of it. It is very roomy, being 10ft. 6in. long and 11ft. wide.

Below there is 6ft. 2in. headroom under the beams in the cabin house. The companionway leads directly into the main saloon, which is 14ft. long and extends the full width of the boat. The centerboard trunk runs into the main saloon for a short distance. There is 8ft. floor space between the transoms in the cabin and overhead is a skylight 3ft. square. On each side are transoms, the backs of which fold down, making very wide berths. During the day the bedding is stored behind. Lockers extend across the after bulkhead of the cabin. Under the skylight is an extension table.

On the starboard side forward is a large stateroom with a wide berth, a bureau, closets, etc. Opposite on the port side is the lavatory, with a patent closet, and forward of this is the galley, which is 7ft. long. The galley is unusually large for a boat of this size, and is conveniently fitted up.

The forecastle is cramped for headroom, there being only about 4ft. headroom. There are accommodations for three men.

The centerboard trunk is 11ft. 6in. long, and runs up to the underside of the top of the cabin house.

Long Island Sound Y. R. A.

AT a special meeting of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound, held at the Arena on Wednesday, Nov. 19, the important question of measurement rules for the coming season was acted upon and the rule of last season was, with some modifications, again adopted. An effort was made to have the Association adopt the new N. Y. Y. C. measurement rule, but as some of the Sound clubs refused to consider this rule, it was decided that in the interest of harmony and good racing it would be the best policy for the Association to stick to its rule of 1902. The rule as adopted is as follows:

MEASUREMENT.

Yachts shall be rated for classification and time allowance by racing measurement, which shall be determined by adding to half the load waterline, half the square root of sail area and a quantity expressed as P, and by dividing the sum of these quantities by 1.1.

$$\frac{\frac{1}{2}\,LWL + \frac{1}{2}\sqrt{SA + P}}{1.1} = RL$$

The quantity P is to be obtained in the following way:

B is breadth of load waterline plane at ⅛ of its length from fore end.

B′ is breadth of load waterline plane at ⅛ of its length from after end.

B″ is breadth (greatest) of LW plane.

E is any excess of (B + B′) over B″.

D is draft at MS + ⅔ of any greater draft aft, and all of any greater draft forward.

C is the maximum limit of the class.

$F = 4.05 - (C \times .008)$.

A = any excess of $(B'' + D)$ over $F\sqrt{MS}$ submerged.

E + A = P.

From this it will be seen that the change is in the method of obtaining the quantity P which corresponds with the L of the original formula. As it is now, instead of multiplying the square root of the midship section by 3⅓ for all classes, the multiplier is found by the formula $4.05 - (C \times .008)$, C being the maximum limit of the class in which the yacht sails. This figures out so that the multiplier for the 90ft. class of sloops is 3.33, as in the original formula, but as the classes go down the multiplier increases, so that for the 18ft. class it is 3.91, which allows for a proportionally smaller area of midship section in the smaller classes without so heavy a penalty for the excess of beam plus draft over the measurement of midship section. In the measurement for sail area the entire masthead is figured instead of 80 per cent., as formerly, and on hanging the peak halyard block the restriction has been made that it shall not be carried on a pennant. This is done to prevent an evasion of the rule, which was found in one or two instances last season.

In the requirements for cabin accommodations, the length of cabin floor over which the necessary headroom is required was reduced to 6ft. in the 25ft. class, 8ft. in the 30ft., and 12ft. in the 36ft. class.

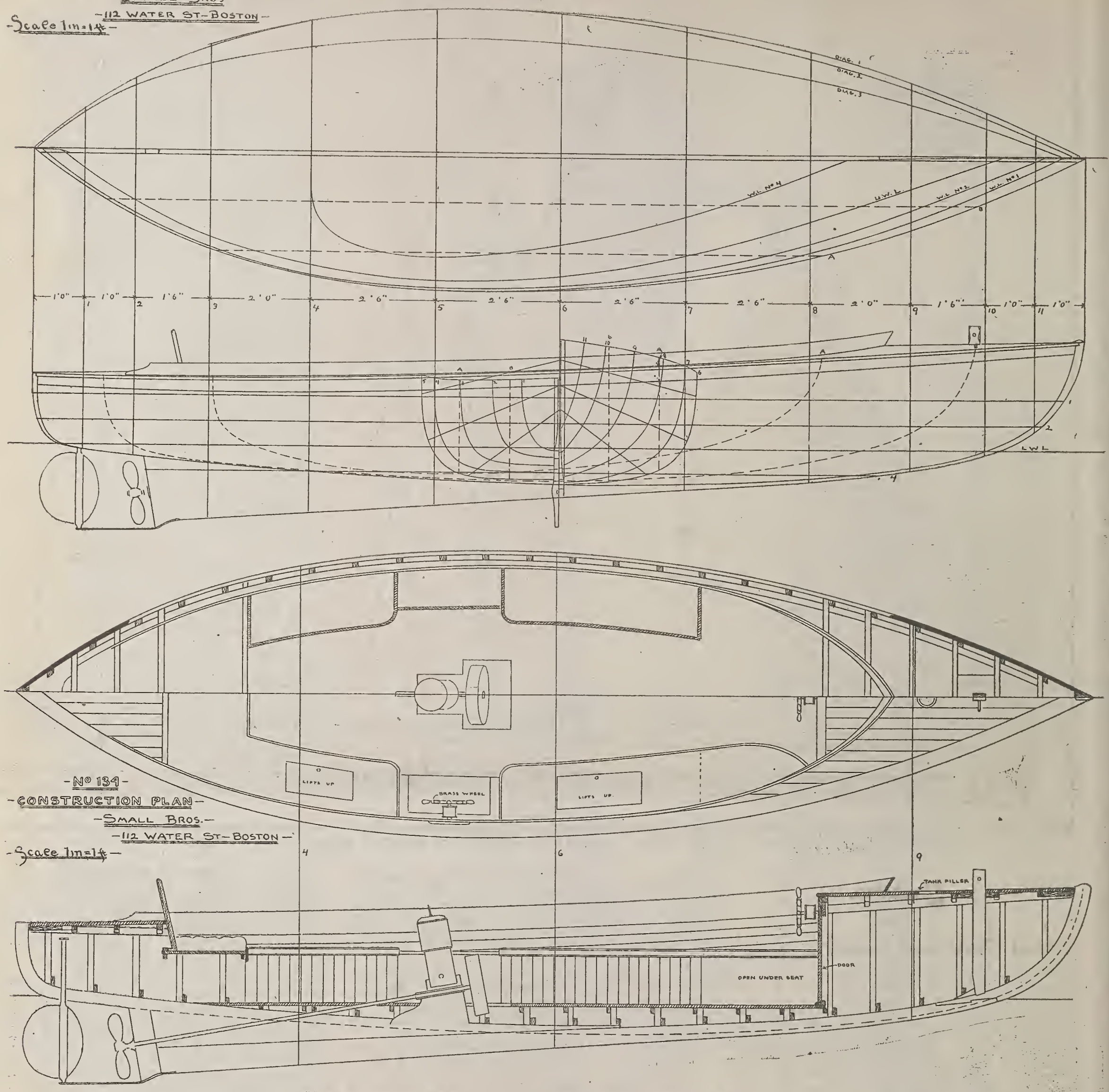
In the general rules regarding the management of the Association's affairs, another change has been made, and now instead of an executive committee with a chairman at its head the Association will elect at its March meeting a president, secretary and treasurer who, with four other members shall comprise the executive committee and govern the Association's affairs. This definitely settles the racing rules for the Sound for next year, so far as the Association is concerned, and as there is every probability that the Larchmont club will modify its rules to conform with those of the Association, there will be a uniformity to the rules which should help to develop good racing.

The handsome auxiliary Intrepid, has recently been sold by Mr. Lloyd Phœnix, N. Y. Y. C., to Mr. Henry R. Wolcott, of the same club. Intrepid was designed by Mr. J. Beavor Webb and built by the Neafie & Levy Shipbuilding Company, of Philadelphia, in 1892. She is 163ft. 6in. over all, 132ft. on the waterline, 27ft. 2in. beam and 13ft. 6in. draft.

Mr. Phœnix has commissioned J. Beavor Webb to design a new yacht of the same general dimensions and type to take the place of Intrepid, which will not be turned over to her owner until the new boat is finished.

* * *

For the defense of the Canada Cup in next season's match between the Royal Canadian and the Rochester Y. C.s, Mr. Norman Macree, of Toronto, has ordered a boat from Arthur E. Payne, of Southampton, England, which will be built in Canada by Capt. Andrews, of Oakville.



TWENTY-ONE-FOOT OPEN LAUNCH——DESIGNED BY SMALL BROS.

Long Island Sound Champions.

The championship winners for the Long Island Sound Y. R. A. races of last season have just been announced, and while the records may be slightly changed with the decisions on some protests which have not yet been settled, it is not likely that there will be any change in the class champions, which are as follows:

43ft. Class—Effort, F. M. Smith, owner.
36ft. Class—Leda, Harry Maxwell, owner.
30ft. Class—Mimosa, T. L. Park, owner.
21ft. Class—Gazaboo, H. C. Vulte, owner.
18ft. Class—Cricket, Harold Pryor, owner.
Raceabout Class—Whistlewing, H. M. Crane, owner.
Larchmont 21ft. Class—Adelaide, J. J. Dwyer, owner.
Manhasset one-design—Bob, J. M. Hoyt, owner.
New Rochelle one-design—Knave, R. U. Bavier, owner.

These championships are announced subject to correction on the receipt of official reports from two important clubs. These reports are withheld for the time being, because certain protest cases have not yet been decided. To qualify for championship a yacht must sail on at least one-half the racing days on which championship races are indicated in the association schedule. In every race a yacht is credited with a point for every yacht she defeats, and one additional point as a premium for completing the race. At the end of the season the number of points to a yacht's credit is ascertained and the per cent. which this number is of the number she would have had if she had won every race in which she started, is her championship record.

Effort was the only yacht to qualify in the 43ft. class, sailing in twelve of the sixteen races given and scoring first place in five races, second in two races, third in one race and two sail overs. She has 20 points out of a possible 26 and a percentage of 77.

In the 36ft. class Leda won seven of the ten races in which she sailed, scoring 26 points out of a possible 29 and having a percentage of 89.6. Spasm, E. L. King; Empress, G. M. Heckscher and Possum, E. S. Ballou, also qualified. The racing in the 30ft. class was very close between Mimosa, Alerion and Marguerite, all of which qualified. Mimosa won 8 of the 16 races she sailed, getting 47 points out of a possible 57, and a percentage of 82.4. Alerion's percentage was 72.4 and Marguerite's 70.6.

In the 21ft. class of sloops H. G. Vulte's Gazaboo was the only one to qualify. She sailed in 13 races, made 23 points out of a possible 45, and her percentage was 51. In the 18ft. sloop class, Cricket, owned by Harold Pryor, son of ex-Commodore Pryor, of the New Rochelle Y. C., was alone in qualifying. She sailed in 13 races and made 24 points out of a possible thirty-seven. Her percentage was 65.

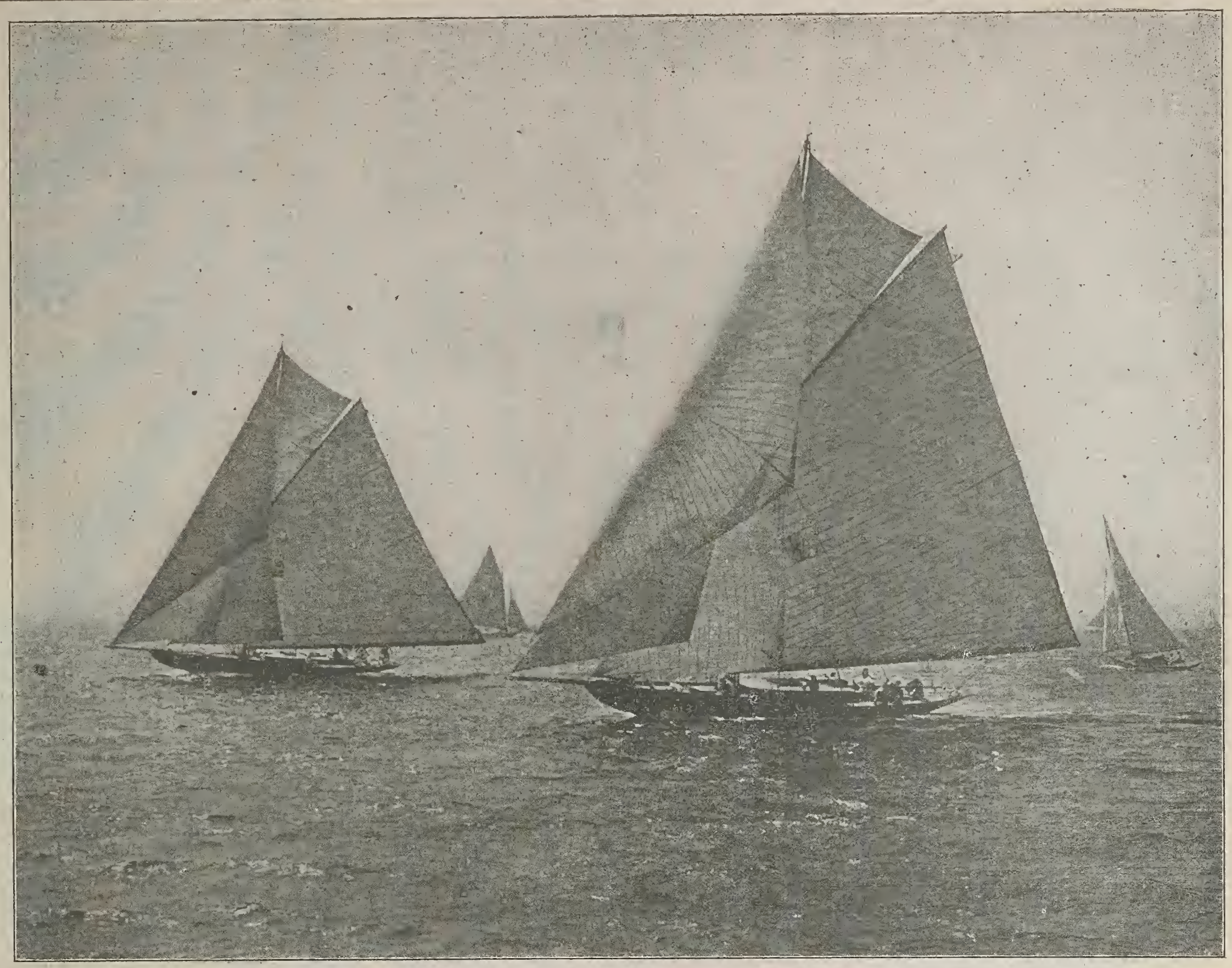
In the 25ft. sloop class, the 43 and 36ft. yawl classes, and the several catboat classes no yachts qualified for championships. The hottest contest of all was in the raceabout class. There were 18 race days. J. T. Pirie's Scamp sailed on 13, Gordon Pirie's Mavis on 17, T. B. Bleecker's Jolly Roger on 12, and A. Bryan Alley's Snapper, H. M. Crane's Whistlewing, and Trenor L. Park's Hobo on 9 each. The record, as it stands at present, shows Whistlewing to be champion, with a record of 51 points out of a possible 58 and a percentage of 87.9. The official returns, now lacking, may make something of a change in this record, however. Scamp's percentage was 38.5, that of Mavis 64.1, Jolly Roger's 67.1, Snapper's 41.7, and Hobo's 52. In the Larchmont 21ft. one-design class J. J. Dwyer's Adelaide won the championship, with a score of 13 points out of a possible 15 and a percentage of 87, against 10 points out of 17 and a percentage of 59 for J. H. Esser's Houri. Bab, owned by John R. Hoyt, is champion of the Manhasset Bay one-design class. She made 26 points out of a possible 29 and a percentage of 89.7. Her nearest competitor was Commodore Stephen W. Roach's Lambkin, which has a record of 26 points out of 33 and a percentage of 79. In the New Rochelle one-design class, R. U. Bavier's Knave is the champion. She sailed in every race given for her class—eleven in all—won ten of them, and finished second in the eleventh, having been defeated in that race by Ace, owned by Mr. Bavier's younger brother. Knave's record is 38 points out of 39 and a percentage of 97.4. Ace and P. L. Howard's Caper also sailed in every race, and made 22 and 18 points, respectively, in a possible 39.

About 160 yachts competed in some degree in the championship contests in the several classes, but only 25 yachts qualified in all.

21-Foot Open Launch.

We are able to publish this week, through the kindness of Messrs. Small Brothers, of Boston, the plans of a 21ft. over all launch, designed by them for Mr. Edward Stanwood, of Boston, who will use her on the Maine coast. The boat will be propelled by a three horse-power Lozier motor. The boat's dimensions follow:

Length—	
Over all	21ft. 0in.
L.W.L.	18ft. 9in.
Overhang—	
Forward	1ft. 9in.
Aft	0ft. 6in.
Breadth—	
Extreme	5ft. 6in.
L.W.L.	5ft. 0in.
Draft—	
To rabbet	0ft. 9in.
Extreme	1ft. 6in.



A START IN THE FORTY-THREE-FOOT CLASS——EFFORT AND DORWINA.
Photo by James Burton, New York.

Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers.

THE tenth annual meeting of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers was held in the auditorium of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers at 12 West Thirty-first street, on Thursday, Nov. 20. The annual election resulted in the re-election of Mr. Clement A. Griscom, who has now held the office of president for ten years. The following papers were read during the day's session:

"Technical Training for Shipbuilders," by Henry S. Pritchett, LL. D.; "Progressive Trials of the Screw Ferryboat Edgewater," by Edwin A. Stevens, vice-president, and Charles P. Paulding, Jr.; "The Possible and Probable Developments in the Use of Electricity on Board Ships," by F. O. Blackwell; "The Preliminary Official Trial of the U. S. Battleship Maine," by Assistant Naval Constructor J. W. Powell, U. S. N., associate; "The Water Tube Boiler in the American Mercantile Marine," by William A. Fairburn; "Longitudinal Bending Stress on Damaged Ships," by George C. Cook; "Some Problems on the Surfaces of Buoyancy and of Water Lines," by Prof. Cecil H. Peabody.

The paper on water tube boilers by Mr. William A. Fairburn contained interesting references to the use of oil as fuel in steamships. The paper says: "At the present time liquid fuel is being used on several ocean going merchant vessels, and the leading navies of the world are diligently experimenting with it."

Mr. Fairburn enumerates among the advantages of oil fuel:

Saving in weight of fuel and also in bunker space.

Two tons of oil have an evaporative efficiency equivalent to three tons of coal.

Saving in labor—the number of men required being only about one-fourth of the number required with coal fuel.

Ease in taking fuel on board.

No lost space in storage.

Cleanliness.

Speed in filling tanks with fuel. Saving of detention at calling ports.

Fires do not require cleaning.

No ashes to handle.

Reduced temperature of firerooms.

Increased life of boilers, due to constant temperature.

Improved engine performance, owing to constant steam pressure.

Fires always clean and in good condition, which materially increases the average working power of the boiler. With coal fires the power drops as the fire gets dirty, and it drops still more when the fires are being cleaned.

When atomizers are properly regulated the combustion can be made complete and there is no smoke.

In conclusion, Mr. Fairburn says that oil is destined to supplant coal as steam making fuel on the seas.

One of the most interesting papers was that of Naval Constructor Powell on The Preliminary Official Trial of the U. S. Battleship Maine.

Constructor Powell described the trip and said:

"In the fore and main, both lower and upper, tops only a very moderate amount of practically constant vertical vibration was noted, and the same was true of both the forward and after bridges. Throughout the waist of the ship the vibration was hardly noticeable. The vibration at seventeen knots was slightly more marked than that at eighteen knots."

Of the reversing test of the engines he said:

"This consisted of stopping and reversing the engines as quickly as possible, starting with engines going ahead at full speed and noting the time until each stopped, until each started astern and until each was making full speed astern. The time required to pass from full speed astern to full speed ahead was then noted.

From full speed to stop took 9s. with both port and starboard engines; from stop to astern, 5s. with starboard engine, 6 with port; from stop to full speed astern, 60s. with starboard engine, 55 with port; from full speed astern to ahead, 5s. with both engines.

The meeting was continued on Friday, Nov. 21, and papers were read on the following subjects: "The Tactics of the Gun," by Lieut.-Commander A. P. Niblack; "Submarine Torpedo Boats; Past, Present and Future," a paper by Lawrence Y. Spear; "Vibration of Steamships; With Special References to Those of the Second and Higher Periods," by Rear Admiral George W. Melville; "The Development of Modern Ordnance and Armor in the United States," by Rear Admiral Charles O'Neill; "Remarks on the New Designs for Naval Vessels," by Rear Admiral Francis T. Bowles; "The Possible and Probable Future Developments in the Use of Electricity on Board Ships," by F. O. Blackwell; "Measurement Rules for Yachts, with Special Reference to Racing Conditions," by F. W. Belknap.

After the reading of these papers had been finished the meeting of the Society was adjourned, and in the evening the tenth annual banquet was held at Delmonico's.

Those at the large circular guest table included Messrs. A. K. McClure, P. A. B. Widener, J. J. Hill, Myron T. Herrick, A. A. Raven, S. A. Huhn, C. H. Haswell, Frederick M. Storm, C. M. Goldfogle, Edwin Cramp, J. F. Hanscom and Rear Admirals P. C. Asserson, A. C. Engard and Francis T. Bowles, Captain J. A. B. Smith, Clement A. Griscom, Frank L. Fernald, Charles Loring, Lewis Nixon, John C. Kafer, Edwin A. Stevens, W. Wing Babcock, Washington L. Capps, Wm. H. Jacques, Frank B. Ring, Henry G. Morse, Horace See, George E. Weed and others.

One hundred and sixty persons were present, and Mr. Griscom acted as toastmaster. The speeches were informal.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Dorwina and Effort.

THROUGHOUT the past season on the Sound, Dorwina and Effort, of the 43ft. class, were raced very persistently, and their performance was followed with considerable interest.

Dorwina is a Gardner boat built by Wood at City Island, in 1901. She is now owned by Mr. Clifford V. Brokaw, N. Y. Y. C. Her dimensions are 60ft. 1in. over all, 35ft. waterline, 12ft. extreme beam, 9ft. draft.

Effort was designed and built by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co., and is owned by Mr. F. M. Smith. She is 58ft. over all, 36ft. 6in. waterline, 11ft. 2in. beam, and 8ft. 10in. draft. In our illustration the boat on the right, L 3, is Dorwina, with Effort, L 10, out to weather.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

IT is reported that the actual work on the new cup defender will commence very soon at the Herreshoff works, as the mould for the keel is ready and the lead will be run in a few days. It is hoped to have the boat ready for launching by the first week of April, which will give over three months for tuning up trials.

From across the water comes the report that Shamrock III. has begun to take form in the Dumbarton yards of Messrs. Denney & Co., and that a few persons have been privileged to see her. It is said that Fife has gone in for an easier form and a smaller wetted surface than in the first Shamrock, and that the draft has been carried to the extreme of 26ft. 6in.

Next season the yachtsmen of Milwaukee will make an attempt to capture the Lipton Cup, which is now in the possession of the Columbia Y. C. of Chicago. One of the boats which will compete is the Massachusetts 21-footer Pilot, which has been recently sold by Mr. Reginald Bordman, of Boston, to Mr. R. B. Brown, of Milwaukee, through the agency of Hollis Burgess.

The schooner of 90 tons, built last year by the Hanley Construction Company, at Quincy, Mass., and never put in commission, has been purchased by Boston parties, and will be converted into a fisherman. She will be in charge of Capt. Doughty.

Capt. Christopher S. Crosby, one of the best-known yacht commanders in this country, died recently at his home in Philadelphia, aged sixty-eight years. He was born in Eastport, Me., and went to sea when young, but abandoned deep sea sailing for yachting some years ago. His best-known achievement was in command of the Coronet in his famous ocean race from New York to Queenstown in 1887 against the Dauntless. Capt. Crosby was a prominent member of the Masonic Order.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Nov. 24.—In spite of the fact that the organizers of the new 22ft. class have declared their intentions of going ahead and building, and have called upon those interested to help out in the work, there has not been such a complimentary showing as was at first supposed. It was understood that Burgess and Lawley each had three orders for boats for the class, but it has developed that such is not exactly the case. With one exception these orders were entirely provisional. One boat, for Sumner H. Foster, has beeen ordered from Burgess. Another of Burgess' clients has decided to build in the 18ft. knockabout class, while the third is still undecided about going into the class. Lawley has three provisional orders for 22-footers, but has not been commissioned to go ahead with any of them. One of these boats is for a South Shore yachtsman who has been very active in the organization of the class, and it is thought that he will build. In that case definite orders for the other two boats may follow.

There is no doubt that the refusal of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts is responsible for the uncertainty in the minds of some of the yachtsmen who would have otherwise built for it. This is another instance of the moral effect of the attitude of the Association upon matters pertaining to yacht racing. As in all new features, this class has come in the line of an experiment. This in itself would tend to cause uncertainty in the minds of any but the most fearless yachtsmen or those with unlimited means. It is now believed by the organizers of the class that it will be adopted at the spring meeting of the Association, but there is sure to be a warm contest over the question.

Yachts for the Y. R. A. restricted classes are still limited to three, with the exception of the 18ft. knockabout class. This class, while adopted by the Association, is really under control of an association of the same name. The three new boats are for the 25ft. class, and it is needless to say that they are extreme. Up to date there has not been one new 21-footer heard from. As this was the star class last season, it would seem that there must be some strong reason for the falling off in interest. Still, there are yachtsmen who will say that existing rules are all right and should be maintained, but the present conditions do not seem to indicate any great degree of confidence in this belief.

The refusal to entertain changes in the rules was probably in the same spirit in which anything new is received by the Association's delegates. It is very hard to get them to adopt any changes, and, no matter how much the form of the proposed new measurement rule may be modified, it is likely that there will be much opposition to its passage if it is again proposed. The unsettled condition of affairs at present is not doing the Association any good, nor is it of any benefit to the sport. Those of the delegates who voted against the change in measurement rule as a result of any thought, took the attitude that was taken by some of the delegates of the Long Island Sound Yacht Racing Association that, while the rule would work out all right in the larger classes, it would not be a good one for yachts of 30ft. and under. Those who wanted the changes are not quite so certain of this distinction.

The latest rumor in Boston is to the effect that Hanley has plans for a centerboard 90-footer and that he has good prospects of forming a syndicate for her construction. With the knowledge of the centerboard 90-footer that was surely to be built in 1901 in mind, I am very much averse to the belief that any such boat will be built. There are many yachtsmen who believe that an out-and-out centerboard 90-footer would be in the running with any of the keel boats, and not a few who believe that such a boat would prove superior. Boston yachtsmen would thoroughly like to see the East represented in the trial races and with the representative centerboard boat, but there are few indeed who would invest any cold cash in the venture. In Boston, like other cities, there are probably a number of naval architects who have more or less definite plans of 90-footers which they would like to build if somebody would produce the money.

At Lawley's the Hart cruising 30-footer is about completed, and will probably be hauled out of the shop in a few days. A 30ft. ketch for J. H. Cromwell is nearly all planked, and the deck is being laid. J. H. Protor's launch is finished. The frames are out for C. H. Clark's 60ft. schooner. Keel and frames have been turned out for the 34ft. yawl for F. H. Adriance. C. A. Fletcher's 166ft. steamer is about one-third plated. A 50ft. schooner for Major L. S. Bent, of Philadelphia, is being laid down.

Frank N. Tandy has added a drafting department to his brokerage office. He has associated with him J. R. Daniell, formerly with Crowninshield, and is prepared to take orders for the designs of yachts.

Hollis Burgess has sold the 45ft. gasolene launch Haidee, owned by Mr. W. F. Beal, to Mr. A. P. Loring. Haidee was designed by Crowninshield and built this year by Roger Eccles, of Beverly. She is of the torpedo boat style and is supplied with two dummy funnels.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

High Speed Yacht for Mr. Gould.

MR. HOWARD GOULD, N. Y. Y. C., has ordered a steam yacht which he intends to name the Niagara IV. This new boat is designed to take the place of the Niagara III., which he recently sold to his brother, Edwin Gould, and will be used in service on the Sound, between Mr. Gould's country estate at Port Washington, L. I., and New York city.

The Niagara IV. is from the plans of Mr. Chas. L. Seabury, and will be built by the Gas Engine and Power Co. and Chas. L. Seabury & Co., at Morris Heights, on the Harlem. The yacht will be of the high-speed type, and her guaranteed speed will be twenty-three miles per hour; this practically means twenty-five miles, as the contract speed will undoubtedly be exceeded, and she will be the fastest vessel of her type in service. The yacht will be of steel and wood, double planked, with twin screws and two smoke stacks. The general dimensions are: Length over all, 110ft.; beam, 12ft.; draft, 4½ft. She will be fitted with triple expansion engines and Seabury water tube boilers of latest design. The contract calls for delivery on April 1, and the builders propose to have her finished and the final speed trials made before that time. As far as practicable the general design of the Niagara III. has been followed in the new model. There will be a commodious forward deck house, which is to be used as breakfast room. Mr. Gould's quarters will be aft, very roomy, handsomely furnished and comfortably finished. It is intended that the decorations shall be of the finest quality with unnecessary display. There will be a bath and toilet rooms, wardrobe and a large saloon, which may be used as a stateroom if necessary. Aft of the saloon will be a commodious cockpit, with easy chairs, and abaft of this a roomy deck. Seven men will be carried. The Niagara IV. when running at full speed is likely to present a very interesting appearance.

New York Y. C. Measurement Rule.

NEW YORK, Nov. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The measurement rule of the New York Y. C. is of interest to yachtsmen in general, due to the fact that a universal measurement rule is very desirable, and of interest to designers and owners of yachts because they must design and build under it, I therefore offer the following discussion as of great interest at the present time: The racing rule is

$$\text{Racing measurement} = \frac{L \times \sqrt{S.A.}}{5\sqrt[3]{D}}$$

$\sqrt{S.A.}$ may not exceed 1.35 L.

It may be admitted that every designer will take the maximum of sail area so that the formula may be rewritten as follows:

$$\text{Racing measurement} = \frac{L \times 1.35\,L}{5\sqrt[3]{D}} \text{ or } \frac{0.27\,L^2}{5\sqrt[3]{D}}$$

If we apply this formula to Class J, in which the limits are between 40 and 51ft. racing measurement, we find that the sail area and displacement may range between the limits of 6,000 pounds with 1,225 sq. ft. up to 90,000 pounds with 3,850 sq. ft. Assuming that the designer would wish to build up to the top limit of the class, that is 51ft. racing length, he may take any combination between 15,000 pounds displacement with 2,130 square feet of sail, and 90,000 pounds displacement with 3,850 sq. ft. of sail.

Heretofore the endeavor has been to eliminate time allowance and to foster racing between boats of practically the same size. It is said that the rule favors a large displacement boat—evidently from the above the exact converse is true.

Will not some of the gentlemen who have expressed themselves in favor of this rule show how it meets these objections?

GEO. HILL.

YACHT CLUB NOTES.

The annual meeting of the Manhasset Bay Y. C. will be held at the Hotel Manhattan on Tuesday, Dec. 2, for the election of officers for the ensuing year, and for action on amendments to the Constitution and By-Laws. The regular ticket to be voted on is as follows: Com., Alphonse H. Alker, steamer Florence; Vice-Com., Charles W. Lee (building); Rear-Com., H. Winslow White, sloop Coya; Sec'y, Edward M. MacLellan; Treas., Guy W. Buxton; Meas., Charles D. Mower; Trustees (class of 1905), James R. Thomson, Hazen L. Hoyt. After the meeting the annual dinner will be served and the prizes won in races given by the club during the past season will be presented to the winning owners. The Manhasset Bay challenge cup will be on exhibition during the evening.

* * *

At the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.s' quarters in Forty-fourth street on Thursday, Nov. 20, Capt. Howard Patterson delivered an interesting lecture on "Charts and Chart Sailing as Applied to Domestic Navigation."

The California Y. C. is preparing plans for a new club house, and expects to be in its new quarters at the opening of next season.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

A Nation of Marksmen.

Editor Forest and Stream:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

Rifle at Ossining.

OSSINING, N. Y., Nov. 24.—During the week ending Nov. 15 the following scores were made at the rifle gallery of the Ossining Gun Club; distance 50ft.; ¼in. 25-ring target; 10 shots: Geo. N. Tompkins 226, 236, 229; Wm. Wheeler 224; C. G. Blandford 233, 231, 219, 240, 228, 233, 230, 238; A. S. Harvey 189; Amos Bedell 231, 232; Wm. Fisher 221; Wm. Coleman 222, 224, 224, 230; J. Hyland 228, 219, 226; Geo. Edgers 187; J. A. Stevenson 217; C. H. Sidman 228, 227; Dr. E. B. Sherwood 235; W. H. Smith 208.

Pistol scores, 10 shots, 50ft., same target: J. A. Stevenson 82, C. H. Sidman 142, E. F. Ball 213.

Matches: D. Brandreth 224 vs. C. G. Blandford 219. C. G. Blandford 232, vs. D. Brandreth 227. C. G. Blandford 231, vs. D. Brandreth 230. C. G. Blandford 239, vs. Wm. Coleman 231. Wm. Coleman 234, vs. C. G. Blandford 230.

The scores for week ending Nov. 22 were as follows: C. Palmer 171; Miss Frances Gibson 218; C. G. Blandford 234, 233; T. Wyants 236, 232; Wm. Coleman 229; Warren Thompson 219; I. M. Sheldon 230; D. Brandreth 235, 237; Dr. E. B. Sherwood 227, 230, 232; J. T. Washburn 231, 236; J. Hyland 232; A. E. Kriegsman 206.

A series of matches between D. Brandreth and C. G. Blandford resulted in a victory for the former.

The following are high in the re-entry cup match, closing Thanksgiving Day:

Members: D. Brandreth 240, Amos Bedell 237, I. T. Washburn 236.

Non-members: Geo. N. Tompkins 239, C. H. Sidman 239; F. Tompkins 236, J. Hyland 232.

Ladies: Mrs. E. F. Ball 236, Miss Frances Gibson 222.

Cadets: E. H. Sherwood 229, R. Stancliff 218, A. E. Kriegsmann 206.

E. F. B.

Trapshooting.

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

Fixtures.

Nov. 27.—Ossining, N. Y.—Inter-county seven-man team shoot and 100 target event for cup emblematic of championship of Westchester county.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's target shoot, every Saturday afternoon. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

Fourth Tuesday of each month, Hell Gate Gun Club's shoot at Outwater's Riverside grounds, Paterson Plank Road, Carlstadt, N. J.

Second Friday of each month (January and July excepted), shoot of Hell Gate Annex, at Dexter Park, Brooklyn.

Saturdays, Brooklyn Gun Club's shoot, Enfield street, near Liberty avenue, Brooklyn. Visitors welcome.

Saturdays, Newark, N. J., South Side Gun Club's shoots, South Broad street, near Lehigh Valley coal depot.

Saturdays, Outwater's grounds, Carlstadt, N. J., live bird handicaps.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

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

The open season this year seems to be one of exceptional interest to the devotees of the shotgun, if their absence from the traps is a true criterion by which to judge. About New York, excepting the light shoots held by the regular clubs, there is no activity in shooting matters. However, after the holiday season, there will be a revival of interest and action.

After a long trip through the western part of Canada, in which Capt. A. W. du Bray visited Edmonton, Calgary, Winnipeg and other leading cities of that great game region, he is now journeying homeward to Cincinnati. We fancy that Capt. du Bray could relate some shooting experiences incident to his trip which would be of public interest.

The annual meeting of the Interstate Association will be held on Dec. 11, and clubs which desire the good offices of that Association in the matter of a tournament should set forth their wishes in a letter to the manager, Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, who officially mentions the matter this week in our trap columns.

The third and decisive win of the Crescent Athletic Club's November cup was scored last Saturday by Mr. H. B. Vanderveer, at the club's shoot at Bay Ridge. This win was the third successive one for him this month.

Mr. A. W. Baldwin informs us that the Mountainside Gun Club, of West Orange, N. J., will hold an open prize shoot on the Valley Road grounds, on Thanksgiving Day at 1:30 P. M. Turkeys and other prizes will be offered in the various events.

The offices of the Hazard Powder Co., in New York, were removed on Nov. 22 to the Engineering Building, 114-118 Liberty street. The Eastern agents are Messrs. John L. Lequin and E. S. Lentilhon.

There is a team race fixed to take place on Tuesday of this week between Cincinnati and Mechanicsburg (Ohio) teams, at the latter city, for the Phellis trophy.

The Passing of Authorities.

In a recent issue we published some extracts from "Hawker on Shooting," the title page of which bears the date of 1838. Licut.-Col. P. Hawker was a marvel of an authority in his day, the strongest point to sustain him being the force of his conviction. We have received so many communications expressing interest on this subject that we feel sure some more extracts from the writings of the redoubtable Peter Hawker would have more than a passing interest.

The following excerpts are taken from his work aforementioned, and however erroneous they may be concerning ballistics, they are very sound as to the matter of the dangers of careless gun handling, as follows:

I shall leave the following directions, as they originally stood, for flint guns, repeating my observation that with detonators the young sportsman has only to make half the allowance at crossing objects, etc.

Let every one who begins shooting take warning from the many serious misfortunes that have, alas! too often occurred, and start with the determination of never suffering a gun at any time to be held for a moment, or even carried, so as to be likely to come in the direction of either man or beast. One who strictly abides by this golden rule would be less liable to accidents, even if he went from his door with both barrels cocked, than he who neglected it for a few frivolous maxims.

Although we are not all blessed with such nerves as to aspire to being first-rate shots, yet I have no doubt but almost every man may be taught to shoot tolerably well; and indeed the art has of late been so much improved that, although but little more than half a century ago one who shot flying was viewed with wonder, we now frequently meet with schoolboys who can bring down their game with the greatest dexterity.

Most men who can in a slow, bungling manner kill more birds than they miss, or now and then shoot brilliantly, have the name of being "excellent shots"; and as this character has an opening for scandal, the world is too happy to indulge them with a circulation of it, while others who have real skill are laughing in their sleeves, and have real sense to conceal it.

But (to be brief, which is here my study) allow me to suggest an humble attempt for the instruction of the complete novice. First, let him take a gun that he can manage, and be shown how to put it to his shoulder, with the breech and sight on a level, and make himself master of bringing them up to a wafer.

Then (with a wooden or bone driver, instead of a flint or anything to protect his lock from the concussion of iron versus iron, if a detonator), let him practice at this mark, and when he thinks he can draw his trigger without flinching, he may present the gun to your right eye, by which you will see at once if he is master of his first lesson. In doing this, he must remember that the moment the gun is brought up to the center of the object, the trigger should be pulled, as the first sight is always unquestionably the best.

Then send him out to practice at a card with powder, till he has got steady, and afterward load his gun occasionally with shot, but never let the time of your making this addition be known to him, and the idea of it being perhaps impossible to strike his object, will remove all anxiety, and he will soon become perfectly collected.

The intermediate lesson of a few shots, at small birds, may be given; but this plan throughout must be adopted at game, and continued in the first instance till the pupil has quite divested himself of all tremor at the springing of a covey, and observed in the last till most of his charges of shot have proved fatal to the birds. If he begins with both eyes open he will save himself the trouble of learning to shoot so afterward. An aim thus, from the right shoulder comes to the same point as one taken with the left eye shut, and it is the most ready method of shooting quick.

Being careful to remind him (as a beginner) to keep his gun moving, as follows: Before an object, crossing; full high for a bird rising up, or flying away very low; and between the ears of hares and rabbits, running straight away; all this of course in proportion to the distance; and if we consider the velocity with which a bird flies, we shall rarely err by firing, when at forty yards, at least five or six inches before it. (As the barrels of double guns usually shoot a little inward at long distances, there is so far a preference in favor of the right barrel for an object crossing to the left, and vice versa, that if we were beating along the side of a hedge, it would be best to keep the barrel next to it in a state of preparation.) Till the pupil is *au fait* in all this, he will find great assistance from the sight, which he should have precisely on the intended point, when he fires. He will thus, by degrees, attain the art of killing his game in good style, which is to fix his eyes on the object, and fire the moment he has brought up the gun. He may then, ultimately, acquire the knack of killing snap shots, and bring down a November bird the moment it tops the stubble, or a rabbit popping in a furze brake, with more certainty than he was once used to shoot a young grouse in August, or a partridge in September.

Many begin with very quick shooting, and kill admirably well; but are often apt not to let their birds fly before they put up their guns, and therefore dreadfully mangle them, and I have observed, are not such every day shots as those who attain their rapid execution on a slow and good principle.

Others potter on in the old way all their lives, and offer to shoot with any man in England, because they can cock an eye and kill twenty slow shots running! Such adagio sportsmen take care never to fire random shots, as they call all, that are the least intercepted or confined to time; but usually point, and then take down their guns—a practice that is seldom admissible. Such is my opinion of a slow, poking shot, that I would rather see a man miss in good than kill in bad style. For instance, if I saw one man spring a covey of birds close to his feet and keep aiming at one till the covey had flown thirty or forty yards, and even bring down his bird dead, and another man miss both barrels within the same distance, I should say perhaps the latter, if in good nerve, may be a good shot, but I was quite sure that the former never could be one, because he was a hundred years behindhand in the art of using a gun. I know many old pokers who would feel sore at this assertion; but this I cannot help; it is my humble opinion, and therefore I have a right to give it.

There are few of my young readers, I dare say that have not at some time or other met with a man who, wishing to show off his shooting, has never fired but when he was pretty sure of killing, and whose pride was to be able to boast after dinner, that he had bagged so many birds without having missed a shot the whole morning. But before we give this person credit for the name to which he aspires, let us ask him whether in so doing he brought home as much game as he ought to do? Or whether, in order to bag a dozen head of game without missing, he has not refused at least twenty shots in covert, etc., and, taking all chances, about eight or ten of which ought to have been killed? It is generally the mistaken idea of those who are no judges of shooting, that if a man kills a certain number of times without missing, he is to be put down as a first-rate shot; and that another person, because he has been seen to miss, is to be considered as his inferior.

For example, the one man goes out and springs birds enough to fire fifty times within forty yards, and perhaps, being a reputation shooter, only twenty of these shots happen to suit his fancy. He never fires a second barrel unless the birds rise one at a time, or a covey happens to spring from under his feet; and in short, he kills his twenty birds in twenty shots. The other man takes the whole of the fifty shots, many of which may be very difficult ones, and under extreme disadvantages; he kills thirty-five and misses fifteen. A fair sportsman and really good judge, I conceive, would not hesitate to say that the latter has claim to be considered the better shot of the two.

We will then bring a first-rate shot into the field, and he shall kill forty-five out of the fifty (never failing of course to work both his barrels on every fair occasion); he will then have missed five times; and would any old sportsman judge so unfairly as to place before him the never-miss gentleman with his twenty trap shots running?

For my part, I should not, even if he missed an open shot or two within five yards of his nose; because such a circumstance might arise from his being nervous, or an accident, when the other, if put to the difficulties that he had been doing, would acquit himself no better than an old woman.

If such a person, therefore, has a pride about him, and wishes to be thought a great shot, let him throw aside his double barrel, and under the plea of having only one charge to depend on, he may come off with great éclat among the average of shooters.

With regard to the distance which constitutes a fair shot, there is no speaking precisely; but, as far as such things can be brought to paper, and guns to an average, I should say that, provided a gun is held straight, a bird should scarcely ever escape at forty yards; and that that is the outside of point-blank range, although at fifty yards the chances are three to one in favor of killing, with a good aim; but as a gun never shoots twice alike, a bird at this distance may sometimes be struck with three or four shot, and at others may escape through an interval, though the piece be never so well directed. But if a pellet should take a bird in a vital part, or the wing, at seventy or even eighty yards, it would probably come down, though the odds (at such distances) are of course against your hitting it at all. Birds flying straight away or coming to you require a much harder blow than those crossing or flying directly over your head; by reason that, in the first instance, they are partly shielded by the rump, and in the second, the feathers are apt, at long distances, to glance the shot.

Under these circumstances a man must either pick his shots or occasionally miss, though his gun be every time held straight. I may venture to say there is no sportsman living who has not been known to miss the fairest of shots; and there are very few but now and then in a season will shoot badly for a whole day. It stands to reason when the most skillful may become for a time unnerved for shooting, by ill-health, oppression of mind, one night's debauch, or anything that will operate on the temper or nerves.

One who vexes himself about missing a fair shot is the less likely to support himself at all times as a first-rate performer, because that vexation alone might be the very means of his missing other shots, and therefore he could not be so much depended on as another man who bore the disappointment with good humor. When a good shot misses from being nervous, it generally occurs through his left hand dropping as he pulls the trigger; and, if it happens that his gun should miss fire, he will immediately detect this by seeing that the muzzle has fallen below the line of aim. The best way to remedy this is to make a firm resolution to fire full high, and firmly grasp the stock for a few shots; and as soon as a few birds have fallen handsomely he will, most likely, recover his nerves and his shooting. I have luckily felt just enough of this annoyance to enable me to prescribe a little remedy for it; as I well know the unpleasant feelings of a shooting sportsman when deprived of his usual skill—he becomes like one with gout, love, or seasickness—cruelly tormented and laughed at into the bargain.

When two persons are shooting together, there cannot be a more simple way of avoiding confusion than for each man, when a covey rises, to select the outer birds on his own side. Let all birds that cross belong exclusively to that shooter for whose side their heads are pointed; and let all single birds that may rise and go away fair for either person, be taken alternately, and left entirely for the two barrels of the shooter to whom they belong. By this means there is no "wiping of noses!" as they call it; no "blazing a volley into the brown of 'em!" or, in other words, no jealousy; no unfair work; and two sportsmen may thus shoot coolly together with good nerves and in good friendship, instead of with jealousy and greediness, which not only destroys all pleasure, but soon lessens their good shooting, if not their good fellowship. I adopted these regulations for three seasons, with one of the best shots that ever went into a field; and our diversion by this means invariably went on so pleasantly that we shot with additional confidence when in each other's company. The gentleman alluded to was my lamented friend, the late John Ponton, Esq., of Udders House, Dorset.

Taking the average of shooting companions, however (except to beat a double hedge-row, or divide what could not be seen on both sides), I should pardon any old sportsman for saying that he would rather have their room than their company.

For one who professees himself an adept with a double gun, it is expected that he will kill a bird with each barrel, almost every time the covey rises within fair distance; unless impeded by the smoke of his first barrel or other obstacles, which he should endeavor to avoid. The usual method is to take down the gun, and present it afresh after the first shot; but as I have seen fourteen successive double shots killed the other way, I venture to recommend it as being more expeditious. It is never to take the gun from the shoulder till both barrels are fired, by which means so little time is taken between the two shots that the first, as well as the second, bird, may be suffered to fly to a proper distance; and let those who are not to be trusted with both barrels cocked, get the gravitating stops or use a single gun.

Since publishing the first edition of this work, I have seen on the plan here recommended fifteen double shots at partridges fairly killed in succession, provided I may be allowed to include one of the number which towered and fell at so great a distance that it was never bagged. It is of course not meant to include among these doublets such birds as were sprung by the report of one barrel, and killed with the other. Shots of this kind certainly intervened, as well as single ones at different sorts of game. The number altogether killed by the same person in about five days amounted to sixty head, without one miss.

As a further proof of the quickness with which two barrels may be correctly fired, provided the gun is kept to the shoulder, I shall mention an instance: John Ford, game-keeper to the Earl of Portsmouth, and a man about six feet six, laid his gun on the ground, of course with both barrels cocked; and after throwing off two penny pieces himself, he took up his gun and hit them both, most handsomely, before either fell to the ground. He requested me to try with his gun if I could do the same. At first I failed for want of being what we used to call at Eton a good "shy;" but after Ford had given me a few lessons in the throwing department, I did it the first time (though, perhaps, more by luck than skill), putting five shot in one and six in the other, which led me to conclude that, by practice, this might be reduced to about the same

Garfield Gun Club.

Under date of Nov. 17, the Garfield Gun Club, through its secretary, Dr. J. W. Meek, has issued the following circular notice:

"The postponed semi-annual meeting of the club will be held at the office of the secretary, 182 Park avenue, Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 8 o'clock P. M. The club has just closed a most successful season of twenty-one shoots as per inclosed statement. Owing to the recently passed city ordinance, there will be no pigeon shooting on our grounds this winter. There will be no more target shooting on our grounds until next May, except by special notice."

	SEASON.			1ST SERIES.			2D SERIES.			3D SERIES.		
	Shoots attended.	Ten Best Shoots	General Average.	Shoots attended.	Class.	Per Cent.	Shoots attended.	Class.	Per Cent.	Shoots attended.	Class.	Per Cent.
W P Northcott	..	....	.939	..	..	....	..	..	....	..	..	....
J S Boa	..	....	.937	..	..	....	..	..	....	..	..	....
O Von Lengerke	1	....	.92	1	A	.92	..	..	....	..	..	....
C P Richards	7	....	.891	2	A	.86	2	A	.92	3	A	.893
A Hellman	12	.90	.888	2	A	.90	5	A	.912	5	A	.856
Dr J W Meek	21	.936	.88	7	A	.908	7	A	.828	7	A	.902
Dr S Shaw	2	....	.88	1	A	.96	..	..	....	1	A	.80
A Marshall	5	....	.872	3	A	.893	2	A	.84	..	..	....
A E Midgley	6	....	.846	4	A	.85	..	..	....	2	A	.84
T P Hicks	..	....	.834	..	..	....	..	..	....	..	..	....
T W Eaton	19	.908	.833	6	A	.853	6	A	.826	7	A	.817
A D Dorman	13	.872	.827	7	A	.857	2	A	.70	4	A	.84
W H Baker	..	....	.80	..	..	....	..	..	....	..	..	....
N H Ford	..	....	.80	1	A	.80	..	..	....	..	..	....
J E Dafter	8	....	.785	..	..	....	5	A	.776	3	A	.80
Dr J A Huff	10	.776	.779	6	A	.78	3	A	.786	1	B	.72
J D Pollard	14	.856	.777	7	A	.771	3	A	.76	4	A	.80
T L Smedes	3	....	.773	1	B	.64	1	A	.84	1	A	.84
P McGowan	4	....	.77	2	B	.70	2	B	.648	..	..	....
L Thomas	17	.816	.767	4	A	.81	7	A	.782	6	B	.714
J T Fanning	..	....	.76	..	..	....	..	..	....	..	..	....
Dr T T Liddy	..	....	.76	..	..	....	..	..	....	..	..	....
W T Johnson	9	....	.751	4	A	.75	4	B	.71	1	A	.92
W A Jones	4	....	.75	..	..	....	..	..	....	4	A	.75
Dr A A Mathews	2	....	.74	..	..	....	1	A	.92	1	C	.56
A W Fehrman	..	....	.733	..	..	....	..	..	....	..	..	....
J McDonald	18	.80	.722	7	A	.76	5	B	.688	6	B	.706
F I Cooper	1	....	.72	..	..	....	..	..	....	1	B	.72
G W Drinkwater	17	.756	.689	7	B	.702	6	B	.706	4	B	.64
F H Wolf	3	....	.68	..	..	....	..	..	....	3	B	.68
S E Young	3	....	.666	..	..	....	1	A	.84	2	C	.58
S Palmer	..	....	.666	..	..	....	..	..	....	..	..	....
F G Barnard	10	.656	.656	6	B	.706	3	C	.56	1	B	.64
R S Leete	17	.736	.654	6	B	.633	7	B	.68	4	B	.66
A McGowan	12	.68	.646	4	B	.68	5	B	.648	3	C	.60
Ed Eaton	..	....	.646	..	..	....	..	..	....	..	..	....
Thos Jones	13	.692	.64	6	C	.573	3	B	.693	4	B	.70
C T Keck	2	....	.64	1	B	.68	1	C	.60	..	..	....
F S Baird	..	....	.64	..	..	....	..	..	....	..	..	....
J C Kissack	10	.62	.62	5	B	.64	3	C	.577	4	B	.62
M G Eldred	14	.676	.608	3	C	.466	7	C	.577	4	B	.77
Mrs Dr Shaw	..	....	.606	..	..	....	..	..	....	..	..	....
Wm Brown	..	....	.60	..	..	....	..	..	....	..	..	....
Dr C H Graves	..	....	.60	..	..	....	..	..	....	..	..	....
Jas Gardiner	..	....	.60	..	..	....	..	..	....	..	..	....
M Lowry	..	....	.60	..	..	....	..	..	....	..	..	....
L D Price	9	....	.595	5	C	.544	2	C	.60	2	B	.72
C J Wolff	3	....	.573	1	C	.40	1	C	.68	1	C	.64
J Monighan	9	....	.568	1	C	.58	6	B	.606	1	C	.32
M F Wilson	9	....	.568	2	C	.58	..	..	....	7	C	.565
W A Stuchlick	..	....	.566	..	..	....	..	..	....	..	..	....
R H Trail	..	....	.56	..	..	....	..	..	....	..	..	....
Dr W S Royce	..	....	.544	3	C	.546	6	B	.613	6	C	.473
C H Kehl	15	.60	.544	..	..	....	..	..	....	..	..	....
M R Bortree	..	....	.52	..	..	....	..	..	....	..	..	....
E B Ellicott	..	....	.48	..	..	....	..	..	....	..	..	....
L Wolf	..	....	.44	1	C	.44	..	..	....	..	..	....
Townsend Smith	2	....	.42	..	..	....	..	..	....	2	C	.42
T H Haggerty	..	....	.411	..	..	....	..	..	....	..	..	....
Geo E Adams	1	....	.28	..	..	....	..	..	....	..	..	....
C W Stiger	..	....	.16	..	..	....	..	..	....	..	..	....

Trophies awarded during the season:

First Series— Dr. J. W. Meek, Class A; T. W. Eaton, Class A; A. D. Dorman, Class A; Dr. J. Huff, Class B; J. McDonald, Class C.

Second Series—A. Hellman, Class A; G. W. Drinkwater, Class B; C. H. Kehl, Class C.

Third Series—L. Thomas, Class A; J. McDonald, Class B; M. T. Wilson, Class C.

Targets during the season, 27,322; targets broken during the season, 18,618; club average, .6810; Targets thrown during season in trophy shoots, 8,857; targets broken during season in trophy shoots, 6, 120; club average, .6932.

Club averages: 1893, .7138; 1894, .7129; 1895, .7131; 1896, .6696; 1897, .7206; 1897, .7144; 1899, .6241; 1900, .6618; 1901, .6805.

degree of certainty as other quick double shots. As to a man with his gun in his hand throwing up and hitting two penny pieces, or halfpence, it is no more than what many good shots can do, by the mere knack of catching the first just after the turn, and presenting well under the second; but the other performance is really a difficulty. Let some of the pigeon shooters try this by way of a "spree," and they will save a deal of innocent blood, and find they have enough to do. Most people will say, "This is not like shooting birds." True; but I say this: It distinguishes, to speak musically, the prestissimo from the allegro in handling a double gun; and this is one of the points by which we may judge as to the brilliant or first-rate style of shooting. But Ford is a capital game shot also; and as for his talent as a dove butcher, a pair of old blues have no chance with him, though he is unknown to all the celebrated artists of the trap. (His gun was made by Willmot, of Andover, successor to Long, and *eleve* of Parsons; and never, since the days of Joe have I seen one that pleased me better in the mounting. Since the sixth edition, Willmot has gone off on "spec.," to America, where I hope my recommendation, though not I, may follow him.)

Many sportsmen of the old school would be quite irritated if laughed at for their extreme caution in never allowing their gun to be cocked till after the bird had risen; but if they will show me one among them that can cock a gun and bring down a snap shot with as little loss of time as one who had nothing to do but to present and fire, and particularly in making double shots, I will resign all pretension to argument on the subject. This system may have done very well half a century ago, when they might almost have "put salt on the birds' tails," and when the art of neatly using the second barrel was wholly unknown; or even now, among the tame birds in the preserved turnip fields of Norfolk and Suffolk, where they may pick both their shots or keep the second barrel for the chance of springing another bird. But those who shoot on this system in a wild country would stand a poor chance in competition with one who went up to his game with both barrels cocked at a time when the birds were wary, and when the loss of an instant made the difference of ten yards in the distance. Then only is it that the difference is to be seen between a first and second-rate shot; and consequently that those who pride themselves on skill instead of easy slaughter, have the opportunity of distinguishing themselves. The argument, therefore, as to not cocking a gun can only be heard on the question of safety. And here again I must confess I have my doubts as to their correctness. We will put a cool and steady old sportsman out of the question; but suppose an eager young man, who is unaccustomed to shooting walks up to his dog with his gun half-cocked; the moment the birds rise he is in such a state of agitation that in attempting to draw back the cock of his gun with a trembling hand he lets it slip before the sear has caught the tumbler. Off goes the gun! and the best fortune that can be expected is the happy escape of a favorite dog, or the life of his fellow shooter. While, on the other hand, if he goes up with his gun cocked, and his companion or follower sees that he advances with the muzzle in a safe and elevated position, the worst than can happen is that he may fire it by accident in a direction that may be as likely, or more so, to kill a bird than when he aimed at it, or, at all events, in one that could endanger neither man nor dog. With regard to presenting a gun, the hand when near the guard is in the safest, and when grasping the stock, in the firmest position. Here let the shooter please himself.

Avoid squaring your elbows when you present a gun; it gives you an unsteady position, and has the same outlandish appearance as the squared elbows of our half strangled exquisites who drive about the streets. Nothing can be neatly or gracefully done that is not done with ease; and a man may as well say that he can sit with the same comfort in the stocks as on a sofa, as that he can in reality or appearance be as easy with his elbows forced outward as when in their natural position.

If we consider for a moment, then, we shall perceive that in doing most things, squared elbows have not only an unskillful, but an ungraceful appearance.

When a man is no further versed in shooting than just to have become quite expert at bringing down his bird, I conceive that he has only learnt about one-third of his art as a shooting sportsman. Knowing where to place himself for shots—how to spring his game to advantage—what days and weather to choose for the different kinds of sport—constitute at least the other two-thirds, till he is master of which he may often get beat in filling his bag by a very inferior marksman to himself. Again: admit him to have learnt everything in the ordinary way, then comes wildfowl shooting, the requisites for understanding which are so totally different that there are many of the greatest field sportsmen in the kingdom who know no more about it than children.

Jackson Park Gun Club.

PATERSON, N. J., Nov. 23.—The shoot of the Jackson Park Gun Club this afternoon was quite a success in regard to the number of shooters and the birds. The events were shot off in the short time which remained after the contestants all had arrived at the grounds. Some of them did not arrive till after 2 o'clock.

The first gun was fired about 11:30, and the competition was kept going continually until dark, which came soon after 4 P. M. The birds were a fine lot; very few sitters, and the most of them extra fast. The most of the misses can be explained better by saying that the birds were too fast for the boys.

Everything was kept going quite lively all the time, under the leadership of Count Lenone, of Passaic, who has just been elected to the captaincy of the club. He kept his end up, as the scores will tell, with some of his wonderful one-barrel shooting.

We expected more shooters up from the city by the 12 o'clock train, and kept the programme back on that account. We made the events to suit the shooters present.

There were quite a few visitors from out of town: Capt. A. W. Money, Tom Morfey, Bill Hobart, Sim Glover, Mr. Craft, Welles, D. F. Pride, and our old friend Frank Butler, and Herrington.

Every body seemed to be enjoying themselves, and getting all the shooting and pleasure out of the afternoon that was possible. It was an ideal day for outdoor pleasure.

There were one or two matches made, but no dates made. Doty vs. Morfey, and Doty vs. Glover in January; no date; each 100 birds, $100.

The 7-bird events were $3 entrance; the 10-bird events were $5. The last event was at 10 birds, but we had to stop at 5 birds. The scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Lenone, 28	2*10111—5	2122211111—10	11111—5
Money, 32	12*2211—6	2222212122—10	**222—3
Powers, 28	2222002—5	0200201122— 6	*0001—1
Morgan, 28	2201222—6	2222201002— 7	22201—4
Morfey, 33	0221220—5	*211112212— 9	22222—5
Glover, 32	1221222—7	0202212212— 8	.....
Hopper, 29	2222200—5	*222202222— 8	22022—4
Doty, 31	2221212—7	212222*221— 9	.....
Hopper, 28	.....	122220*221— 9	.....
Bunn, 28	.....	0*11122122— 8	.....
Butler, 28	.....	1222*22110— 8	.....

	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.
Lenone, 28	0110201101—6	1210112—6	1*120—3
Money, 32	1212012*22—8	021020*—3	12221—5
Powers, 28	1002100022—5	2020110—4	10221—4
Morgan, 28	220202222*—7	02*2210—4	20W
Morfey, 33	1221202202—8	1222202—6	10222—4
G A Hopper, 29	2002002222—6	2222022—6	20020—2
Glover, 32	.....	2202222—6	.....
Doty, 31	.....	2222122—7	00220—2
G W Hopper, 28	.....	1222222—7	02022—3
Bunn, 29	.....	1221222—7	22222—5
Butler, 27	.....	212202*—5	.....
Van Houten, 28	.....	2020011—4	00012—2
Booker, 28	.....	2102222—6	22011—4
Craft, 26	.....	1202020—5	22*12—4
Welles, 33	.....	22220*2—5	22202—4

The Interstate Association's Annual.

RAINMAKER'S CAMP, SLIPPERY ROCK, Pa., Nov. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you please be kind enough to again announce in the trap department of FOREST AND STREAM that the annual meeting of the Interstate Association will be held on Dec. 11.

Gun clubs desiring the assistance of this organization in holding tournaments during the season of 1903 should have their applications in the hands of the manager (Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, 111 Fourth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.) no later than Dec. 8, in order that they may be presented to the tournament committee for action thereon.

ELMER E. SHANER, Manager.

The hustling manager of the Brooklyn Gun Club, Mr. J. S. Wright, informs us that he will hold a shoot at Interstate Park, L. I., on New Year's Day. He will have his programme ready in a few days.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Emerald Gun Club.

NEWARK, N. J., Nov. 18.—The November shoot of the Emerald Gun Club was held on Smith Brothers' grounds to-day. The handicap was both distance and points. The veteran, Dr. Hudson, made a straight score in the club event, and was alone with first honors. The birds were a fair lot. Eight of the contestants scored 9. The scores follow:

A Schoverling	7	30	2222222*22— 9
F Kall	6	25	12*2122212— 9
H C Henry	6	25	1101122111— 9
Dr O'Connell	7	32	2222222012— 9
Marten	..	28	1221111101— 9
Dr Hudson	7	28	2222121211—10
R Regan	6	25	0110022010— 5
H C Koegel	7	30	2100122220*— 6
W Sands	6½	28	2011110122— 8
W J Corbet	5	25	2220100122— 7
J Moore	6½	28	0211111201— 8
J Fischer	6	28	1120211112— 9
A Schuble	6½	28	1102212212— 9
T Short	7	28	0020200002— 3
C Voehringer	6	25	2212220021— 8
W Hassenger	7	30	2212110210— 8
W Catton	7	28	0021110121— 7
Capt Duyer	6	25	1122*21011— 6
F Hansmann	6	25	1102112122— 9

Jeannette Gun Club.

GUTTENBERG, N. J.—Messrs. Pape and Schortemeier killed 10 straight in the club event, the latter waiving his claims in favor of Mr. Pape, who thereby won Class A without any shoot-off. C. Thipsen won Class B for the third time and was transferred to Class A in consequence. The birds were an excellent lot.

H Gerdes, 25	0200001200— 3	F Ehlen, 28	1*2*22212— 7
J Hainhorst, 28	0110112021— 7	F Kastens, 28	**20102111— 6
D Mohrman, 28	2120222121— 9	H Pape, 28	2112111222—10
H Luhrman, 25	1120202000— 5	C Meyer, 30	0201220222— 7
J Schmidt, 28	2020011110— 6	C Interman, 28	1021212120— 8
A Wohlrib, 25	02000012*2— 4	Job Lott, 30	1211112122—10
C Siegrist, 25	0*0*00*000— 0	C Thipsen, 25	1202212222— 9
Schumacher, 25	0201002000— 3	W Rohlfs, 28	1101011101— 7

Challenge medal, 15 birds; tie miss-and-out:

		Tie.
F Ehlen, 28	*12220021112201—11	111*—3
C Meyer, 30	0112110022222220—11	2112—4

President Ehlen shot in good form all day.

Team race:

Capt Rohlfs	10210—3	Capt Thipsen	11001—3
Ehlen	12200—3	Meyer	21222—5
Interman	22111—5	Pape	22120—4
Hainhorst	111*0—3	Kastens	10210—3
Mohrman	01200—2	Schmidt	20210—3
Wohleib	01021—3—19	Schumacher	10*01—2—20

Schumacher, by killing the last bird, saved the team race.

Hudson Gun Club.

JERSEY CITY, Nov. 23.—Following are the scores made at the last shoot of the Hudson Gun Club.

The club members have begun to take an old-time interest in affairs again, and the attendance has been good of late. The Hudsons will hold an all-day shoot on Dec. 14. All shooters are invited. The club will furnish a chowder and other refreshments, and the members will try to make all feel at home.

The annual meeting of the club will be held on the first Friday evening in January at 409 Tonnele avenue, Jersey City. Officers for the coming year will be elected, and such other business transacted as may come before the club:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	10	15	15	15
C V L	21	..	21	22	19	18	19	18	16	24	..	..	14	11
Hansman	18	21	15	16	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..
Banta	14	13	16	22	19	18	22	24	17	18	6	11	13	11
Bock	15	13	10	17	16	15	16	..	..	..	..	7	10	8
E Heritage	14	11	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kelley L	18	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hughes	16	17	21	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	10	11	..
Bodie	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ferris	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wilson	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Van Dyne	21	18	16	16	22	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	12	12
Pearsall	17	13	17	18	16	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	..	7
Gillies	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	4	..
Sinnock	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..

J. L. HUGHES, Sec'y.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

BROOKLYN, L. I.—The scores made at the shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club's weekly gathering to-day are appended. The weather was pleasant and favorable for good work.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	10	10	15	15	10	20	15	10	30
Rider	11	9	6	14	12	8	..	..	..	..
Newton	13	..	..	7	11	..	12	..	5	..
Pease	2	3	..	6	7	..	12	6	3	..
Hansleiter	3	3	..	6	7	6	10	6	4	..
Wright	8	6	8	12	..	6	15	..	..	18
Schneider	9	8	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	20
Doctor	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..
Thomas	6	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..

Nos. 3 and 6 were at 5 pairs; No. 10 at 15 pairs.

Crescent Athletic Gun Club.

BAY RIDGE, L. I., Nov. 1.—The November cup was cinched by Mr. H. B. Vanderveer, who scored his third successive win on it at the shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club to-day. There was a small attendance. The shooting was limited to two trophy events in addition to the November cup. The scores:

November cup, 50 targets, handicap:

	H.	B.	T.	H.	B.	T.	Total.
H B Vanderveer	4	19	23	4	17	21	44
H M Brigham	0	19	19	0	22	22	41
L C Hopkins	4	17	21	4	15	19	40
F B Stephenson	1	18	19	1	19	20	39
W J McConville	4	13	17	4	16	20	37
Dr G E Pool	2	16	18	2	16	18	36
J O Graham	10	9	19	10	6	16	35

Trophy, 15 targets, handicap allowances added: H. B. Vanderveer (2) 13, H. M. Brigham (0) 13, Dr. Pool (1) 11, L. C. Hopkins (3) 11, J. O. Graham (5) 8.

Shoot-off, 15 targets: H. B. Vanderveer (2) 13, H. M. Brigham (0) 12.

Trophy, 15 targets, handicap allowances added: H. M. Brigham (0) 13, L. C. Hopkins (3) 13, H. B. Vanderveer (2) 12, Dr. Pool (1) 11.

Shoot-off, 15 targets: L. C. Hopkins (3) 14, H. M. Brigham (0) 13.

Match, 25 targets: H. M. Brigham 22, L. C. Hopkins 17, W. J. McConville 15, W. S. Wigham 14.

Colorado Sptings Gun Club.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Colo.—A small practice shoot was held by several of the members of the Colorado Springs Gun Club, Nov. 17, at the grounds of the club at Broadmoor. The feature of the shoot was the long run of 154 by Mr. Frank C. Riehl, of Illinois, who was a guest of the members of the club. Mr. Riehl is a trade representative, and this is his first trip to Colorado in the interests of his company. He was in the city, and as he does a little shooting from time to time, decided to accept the invitation of the members to go out and take part in the shoot. Quite a number of professional shooters have shot here from time to time, but Mr. Riehl took the feather from them all yesterday. He shot in splendid form and good time, breaking his targets beautifully, and missing but four out of 200, giving him an average of .98. The weather was clear and very pleasant, and there was practically no wind, making it a fine day for the sport.

The shooting of Mr. D. C. Sanderson was not up to his usual standard, as he had been changing guns, and it will require some little time for him to get used to his new weapon.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	Av.
J W Garrett	23	25	25	24	23	25	24	25	24	24	.968
D C Sanderson	16	21	21	23	21	20	22	21	19	22	.803
F C Riehl	24	23	25	25	25	25	25	24	..	..	.980
Meredith	20	23	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.804

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O.—The ten best scores of twelve high men in the Cincinnati Gun Club's prize contest are appended. The best scores to date are included. There are nine prizes, but as the last seven men are so closely bunched, their scores are put in also.

There are four more contests for these prizes.

The upper figures are the distances at which scores were made.

We go to Mechanicsburg, Ohio, next Tuesday, the 25th, to shoot that team for the Phellis trophy.

												Prize.
Yards	19	19	19	20	20	20	20	20	20	19		
R Trimble	47	47	46	46	45	44	44	44	43	43	—449	$30.00
Yards	19	18	18	17	19	19	19	19	20	18		
Ahlers	48	46	46	46	43	42	42	42	41	40	—436	27.50
Yards	19	18	19	17	16	18	16	17	18	18		
Randall	46	44	43	43	42	41	40	40	39	39	—417	25.00
Yards	18	18	18	18	17	18	18	18	18	18		
Gambell	45	42	42	42	42	41	41	41	41	40	—417	22.50
Yards	18	17	17	17	18	17	18	18	18	18		
E Trimble	46	44	44	43	41	41	40	39	39	39	—416	20.00
Yards	16	18	18	17	18	19	19	18	18	16		
Coleman	44	44	43	42	41	40	40	39	38	37	—408	17.50
Yards	18	18	19	18	18	18	18	18	19	18		
Osterfeld	43	42	42	41	41	40	40	39	39	38	—405	15.00
Yards	17	18	18	17	16	18	18	17	14	15		
Van Ness	46	44	41	41	39	39	39	39	38	37	—403	12.50
Yards	18	17	17	18	19	18	18	17	17	18		
Medico	41	41	41	41	40	39	39	39	39	39	—399	10.00
Yards	17	18	15	18	18	17	14	16	18	18		
Littleford	42	41	40	40	40	40	39	39	38	37	—396	.....
Yards	17	17	15	16	18	18	18	18	18	16		
Black	45	42	40	40	40	40	38	37	37	36	—395	.....
Yards	19	19	18	18	18	19	20	20	18	18		
Maynard	45	42	41	41	40	38	37	37	37	36	—394	.....

Nov. 22.—Cash prize shoot, twenty-fourth contest, 50 targets, was held by the Cincinnati Gun Club to-day. The weather was very windy. The men advanced by to-day's contest were Trimble, 5 targets; Ahlers, 2 targets; Block, 5 targets, making totals as follows: Trimble 454, Ahlers 438, Block 400.

Cash prize shoot, 50 targets: R. Trimble (20) 48, Ahlers (19) 42, Block (18) 41, Coleman (19) 39, Barker (17) 38, Gambell (19) 37, Falk (16) 36, Jay Bee (17) 36, Medico (17) 36, Randall (20) 36, Corry (17) 34, Ackley (16) 34, E. Trimble (18) 34, Littleford (18) 32, Van Ness (19) 32, Roll (17) 31, Herman (18) 27.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y.—The main event at the regular Saturday shoot of the Ossining Gun Club was at 25 clay birds for a silver-mounted umbrella. The handicap allowances were misses as breaks. I. T. Washburn, Wm. Clark and Hans (H. W. Bissing), with their handicaps, made top scores of 25 each. The shoot-off was under original conditions, 25 birds with handicap. Mr. Bissing, who has been considerably under the weather, decided not to shoot off, as he did not feel equal to the extra 25 birds. Clark, shooting in fine form again, made 25, with Washburn only one bird behind.

Events:	1	2	3	4			
Targets:	10	10	10	25	Hdep.	Total.	
I T Washburn	9	8	9	22	3	25	
J C Barlow	5	8	..	19	5	24	
C F Brusie	5	4	4	9	10	19	
Wm Clark	8	..	..	20	5	25	
Wm Dimmick	5	7	..	10	8	18	
Hans	8	5	5	21	5	25	
C Blandford	9	..	..	21	0	21	
G Edgers	5	..	..	15	8	23	
A Bedell	10	..	..	20	2	22	
K McAlpin	..	..	..	17	5	22	
W Coleman	..	..	..	W	3	..	
D Brandreth	..	9	..	W	3	..	

C. G. B.

Denver, Colo.

THE following scores were made in practice at the Denver, Col., grounds on Nov. 16:

									Shot at.	Broke.
Warren	19	24	21	17	19	..	..	..	125	100
Riehl	21	21	23	23	24	24	24	25	200	185
Mount	12	20	8	..	..	..	..	..	75	40
Adams	17	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	34
Plank	25	24	24	25	25	..	..	..	125	123
Yankman	..	24	24	24	24	..	..	..	100	96

HAWKEYE.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Bird Calendar.

THE Massachusetts Audubon Society has recently published a beautiful calendar for 1903, illuminated by six figures in colors of familiar birds. The species are chosen with reference to the seasons, and are snow bunting, fox-colored sparrow, Baltimore oriole, wood thrush, meadow lark and red crossbill.

The publication is useful as a calendar and also extremely ornamental. On the back of each sheet, the front of which shows the calendar for two months and the picture of the bird, is a description of the species, of its nest and eggs, and a short account of its habits.

The calendar is published by the Tabor-Prang Art Co., of Springfield, Mass., and the figures are copyrighted by Mrs. J. W. Elliot, of Boston, Mass.

The Whitestone Hollow Spar and Boat Company have commenced the construction of a very modern and large plant at Whitestone Landing, Long Island, N. Y.

This firm will be under the personal management of Mr. J. C. Fraser, who has been at the head of the Spalding-St. Lawrence Boat Company since its organization.

The concern expects to occupy and operate the new plant some time next January, and will build a line of St. Lawrence River skiffs, canoes, sailboats, yachts' davit boats, launches, hollow spars, etc., as hitherto at Ogdensburg.

This change of location has become necessary on account of the fact that the greater part of that company's product goes to tidal waters, and the Ogdensburg plant, on account of a rapidly increasing business, has become inadequate.

HON. H. A. CASTLE, Auditor for the U. S. Post Office Department, says in the July, 1902, North American Review: "A measure is now pending in Congress embodying what is known as the 'Post Check' System, which is intended to furnish something more simple and accessible than money orders for ready use in making small remittances. To adapt these notes to their purpose it is provided that the words 'payable to bearer on demand' shall be eliminated, and the words 'payable to the payee named herein; payable to bearer if the spaces are not filled,' be substituted. These notes will thus pass from hand to hand as currency until the blank space is filled. Thereafter they are payable only to the payee; they can be redeemed at any money order office, and they will not again be used as a circulating medium. They will find their way by legal channels to the United States Treasury, where they will be handled and destroyed as mutilated currency.

This plan seems to be practicable, to accomplish several desirable results simultaneously, and to afford accommodation to the entire public at a minimum of labor and expense. The saving that would be effected by treating the paid and cancelled notes as mutilated currency, instead of vouchers; the intricate reports and interminable columns of figures that would be abolished; the simplicity of accounting and certainty of correct adjustments that would supersede present complications and uncertainties, can only be appreciated by those familiar with the crude methods employed in the Auditor's office for bringing forty millions of money orders annually into dubiously accurate relations with the thirty thousand postmasters who issued and paid them."

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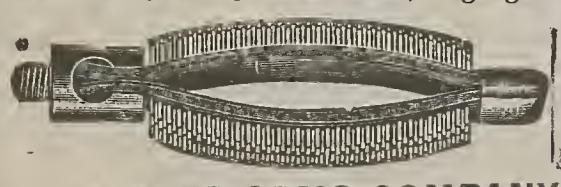

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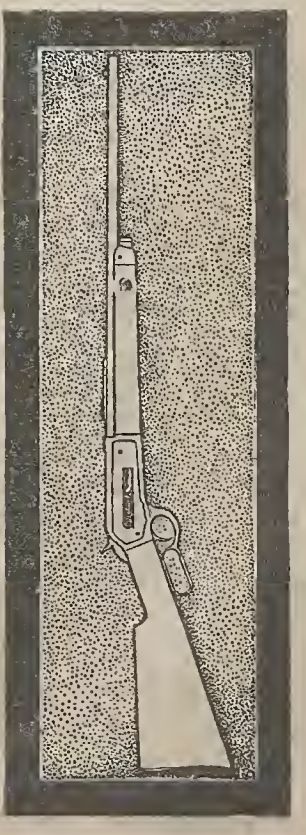

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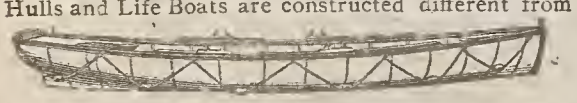

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Samoa 'Uma

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ANNOUNCEMENT.

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The successive chapters give an admirably complete picture of a people in whom, as we read of them in these vivacious pages, Mrs. Churchill compels us to feel an unflagging interest. The book is well balanced; there is just enough of the history of Samoa to give an understanding of the events which have brought a portion of the islands under the flag of the United States; and just enough of description to make an appropriate and effective stage setting. But the chief characteristic of this brightly written book is action of incident and story. It is writing of the sort that has movement, and leads one on from page to page.

"Samoa 'Uma" is not exclusively about the Samoans; there is a chapter on Papalangi life, from which it appears that living in Samoa is so different; and some of the best things in the book are the personal experiences and adventures of this particular Papalangi woman, whose love of outdoor life led her on frequent excursions amid the coral reefs and into the dark jungles.

All in all, it is a book that will be read through, and read more than once. Here is the list of chapters:

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V.—Kava—The Ceremonial Drink.
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VII.—Handicraft and Art.
VIII.—Fishers and Sailors.
IX.—Shooting the Apolima Passage.
X.—The Weed that Catches Fish.
XI.—Torches on the Reef.
XII.—The Palolo Anniversary.
XIII.—The Chase of Rats.
XIV.—Things that Creep and Crawl.
XV.—The Wreck of the Schooner Lupe.
XVI.—Samoan Fickle Brides.
XVII.—The Vampires of the Tuasivi.
XVIII.—Beachcomber and Missionary.
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XX.—Papalangi Life.
XXI.—The Story of Laulu's Hunt.
XXII.—The Great Vaiala Steeplechase.
XXIII.—Some South Sea Hoodoos.

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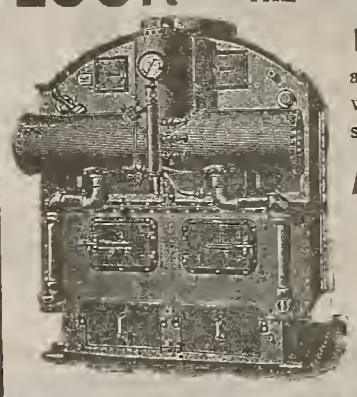

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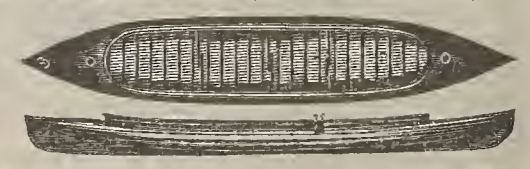

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1902

VOL. LIX.—No. 23. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

EAGLE CATCHING.

IN New York, Connecticut and some other States the eagle is protected and the slayer of one is made to pay a good round fine or go to jail. In Norway the eagle is recognized as a public enemy, a price is put on its head, and bounties are paid on 500 or 600 eagles a year. Now an eagle is an eagle, in New York or in Norway, and it might be thought that the same treatment would be meted out to it in both countries. It is altogether a question of how much harm it does. In Norway the bird is abundant and preys on other creatures which man considers of more value than the eagle. In some parts of America the bird is now extremely rare, does comparatively little damage to wild game or domestic stock, and is not only tolerated, but regarded with the sentiment which attaches to most forms of animal life which have become but as remnants and survivals. The immunity given the eagle is by no means universal in the United States. In Florida where, as is stated on another page, the eagle preys on young lambs, there is no disposition to protect it. Man never cherishes a wild creature which does him material harm; farmers who are trying to raise sheep have no use for eagles.

One of the methods employed by Norwegian eagle catchers is a close counterpart of the stratagem practiced by some of the American Indians of the West. The eagle hole of Norway as described by Barth is this:

A man takes his place in a hole dug in the earth for the purpose, alongside which is placed a piece of meat so near that the eagle, when it settles on the bait, can be reached by the hand. The hole, the depth of which is such that the man when he sits or stands therein has his head above the surface, has a little opening of turf or stone, which, when the occupant has taken his place, is so arranged that it can easily be thrust aside, and through it the man keeps watch. Here he may have, perhaps, to wait for an entire day without result; but when the bird descends and begins to eat the bait, he stretches out through the opening and seizes it, dragging it at once underground, when he puts his knees on its beak and breaks its neck. The whole is carried out so quickly, and the aperture is so narrow, that the eagle has neither time nor room to use its powerful weapons. I have, however, seen a man who had had much to do with this kind of pursuit, who bore very evident marks of the eagles' sharp talons.

The eagle catching stratagem employed by the North American Indian was practically identical with that of Norway. A pit was dug and covered with twigs and earth and grass, in which the hunter concealed himself, and seized the eagle when it descended to take the exposed bait. The Greenlanders in like manner catch the sea eagle by luring it to a hole in the snow in which the hunter is covered up; and a Greek writer who wrote at Constantinople in 1270, records that in his time fowlers took hawks in the same fashion by luring them to bough houses and seizing them as they struck at the live pigeon decoy. Thus the mode is not only widely practiced among the races of mankind, but one which was adopted early in the history of primitive man.

MAINE GUIDES.

COMPLAINTS have been renewed this year of visitors from Ohio and Indiana who invade the Maine woods in large numbers, carrying in their own supplies, hiring only one registered guide for a whole party, and enjoying their outing without leaving much money behind them for the people of the State. Maine folks look upon the game and fish as resources having a cash value, and in exchange for which the visitor who reduces them to possession should make over some equivalent. One suggested expedient to correct the evil of free hunting is a modification of the guide law, in such a way that each individual "sport" must have his own guide; or that not more than two "sports" may have a guide in common.

Two reasons are advanced for the proposed change. It will compel every visitor to contribute to the support of the guides; and it will assure a more stringent espionage on the doings of the visitor while in the woods. There are guides who will abet violations of the law; but there are also very many guides who will neither break the law themselves nor allow their employers to do so. The more intelligent guides—and in a growing proportion Maine guides are becoming intelligent in this thing—recognize that if their occupation is to last the game must be protected, and if the game is to be protected the law-breaking "sport" must be restrained. Guides who have convictions like these and the courage to live up to them are the most powerful agents in the Maine woods to compel respect for protective laws. It is not too much to say that the Maine guides practically have in their own hands the efficient protection of Maine game; or certainly would have it, if the law provided that not more than two sportsmen could go with one guide. How far the guides, having this opportunity, may be looked to to exercise the power it gives them must depend altogether upon how fully they may realize the situation and apply common sense to it. If they shall stand for game protection their employment will be as permanent as that of the farmer. And there is reason to believe that the trend of guide opinion is toward the support of the law, the discouragement of illicit game killing by their employers, the preservation of the deer and the moose, and the perpetuity of their own business interests. To adopt this principle and to live up to it often means the exercise of a high degree of moral courage. If any man on earth is sorely tempted, it is the Maine guide who finds himself confronted with the choice between being party to game law violation and losing his job. Scores of men who go into the Maine woods in the summer months and employ guides, are wholly without any principle when game is in range. They mean to have their venison, and if the guide stands in the way, they will dismiss him, and he will find himself out of employment. If he is of just the average type of man material, as we find it in the woods and out of them, he swallows his scruples and keeps his job. If he is a man of strong convictions and has the courage of them, he lets the visitor find another guide. The growing tendency, it is ventured to say, is now toward adopting the principle of living up to the law; and the time may come, much sooner than might be anticipated, when this will be the practically universal attitude of Maine guides. When that shall be the case, the guide occupation will be one of increased worth and dignity, and of tremendous influence for good. As has been said, they will have in their own hands for their own efficient control the protection of Maine game.

A MASSACHUSETTS GAME REFUGE.

THE readiness with which all wild creatures respond to protection by man is well known. Pretty much all things that wear feathers or hair would regard man as a friend rather than an enemy, if he would but give them the opportunity, and it is only the universal human desire for killing that makes birds and mammals wild. A familiar example of this tameness under protection is seen in the game of the Yellowstone Park, much of which is no more shy than the cattle in our fields. We see the same thing on Long Island, where, during the greater part of the year, the deer feed in the fields or along the roadsides without paying the slightest attention to passers by. Cases of similar tameness in wild birds are common enough, and we have all of us heard of reptiles that came at call, and may remember the picture—printed a few years ago—of Mr. Jewell, of Hartford, calling his frogs to dinner by the sound of a bell.

All this, of course, opens up great opportunities for observation and pleasure to people who control or are near considerable areas of protected land and water.

Such areas are happily growing more numerous in these days. Reservations are being set aside in States and Territories, and parks established in counties and towns and cities; and where this is done the wild birds and animals are quick to take advantage of such places. Such parks are protected; not always very well protected, perhaps, yet the difference between promiscuous pursuit at all hours of the day and night, and the occasional shot of the sneaking poacher is a wide one, and the wild things recognize the difference.

It is only a year or two since a flock of wild geese cleaving the air with arrowy flight during their migration across New York city, called down by the voices of some domesticated wild geese in the Zoological Society's park in the Bronx, were induced to give up their journeying, and are now daily seen by the visitors to that interesting place.

One place of this kind—a refuge and a resting spot during the migration—is found in Spot Pond, lying within the area of a park reservation in Massachusetts, surrounded by the towns of Malden, Medford, Melrose and Winchester. Shooting is prohibited there and the birds come there, alight, feed, rest and remain, thus teaching to sportsmen and naturalists a lesson which might well be remembered and acted on. This, in fact, is a game refuge, such as was first advocated, if we recollect aright, by Mr. Willard G. Van Name, of New Haven, Conn., a number of years ago.

Spot Pond, we are told, is a resting place for a great flock of sea gulls, which pass the night on its waters and in the morning resort to the sea shore to feed, returning again before dusk. Here, too, are said to be no less than 1,500 black ducks, as well as many others of different sorts, many of them probably sea ducks, for it is well known that, during the autumnal migration, the coots, old squaws, goldeneyes and other truly marine ducks are often found in fresh-water lakes far from the sea.

The superintendent of the park states that the aquatic population of Spot Pond is constantly changing. Almost every day fresh flocks arrive from the north, and other flocks take their departure for more southern waters. The noise of the birds' wings and their cries are heard at night and in the morning, and they have added a new feature of interest and attraction to the neighborhood. And not to the neighborhood alone, for we are told that people come long distances to the shores of this lake to view the interesting assemblage.

If a series of such refuges could be established up and down our sea coast it would be a great thing for sportsmen and naturalists, alike. More important than that, such refuges would do a valuable educational work in the sections where they were established, giving to people who know nothing about wild life the opportunity to rear broods whose presence in the neighborhood would be useful to sportsmen because they would attract birds to the region during the seasons when shooting is permitted.

The world moves. Game protective ideas advance. There have never been so many people anxious to have game—and life generally—preserved as now. We believe that the time is not far distant when the result of all this effort will be seen in the increased supply of living things.

If one-half of what C. M. Feuilliard, of Morehouseville, in the Adirondacks, writes of his neighbors can be substantiated, Chief Protector Pond may find there a state of affairs to engage his attention for some time. The record is one of deer jacking, hounding, crusting and killing out of season, trout slaughter and stealing timber from private and public lands. One of the worthies named is a supervisor, who is credited with having "fixed" a game warden who set out to investigate his doings. The list of offenses comprises pretty much all the crimes in the poacher's calendar; and not only are names, places, dates and witnesses given, but Mr. Feuilliard avers that in numerous of the transactions recorded, he himself had part. He has given earnest of his sincere wish for a cleaning up of Morehouseville by mailing a copy of his deposition to the chief protector at Albany.

The Post Check Currency bills now before Congress contemplate the issue of currency which shall circulate from hand to hand as the present currency does, but which when endorsed shall become a check payable only to the person to whom it is sent. This will provide a simple, convenient and safe mode of sending money by mail; and it goes without saying that such a system would be of incalculable benefit to all who have occasion to send money through the mails. The post check plan has been endorsed by the Postmaster General as "very simple and easily understood," and no substantial objections to the plan have been adduced. The public convenience would be served by the enactment of the measures into a law.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Two Years' Outing Across Siberia

(*Continued from page 403.*)

Life and Sport on the Trans-Baikal.

From the headwaters of the Amur, the route lay over the Iabloni range, thence across the valley of the Baikal, to the vast lake of that name—a beautiful journey. Negotiating the road-passes of the Iabloni Ciepa (pronounced ciera), little difficulty is experienced: the worst parts of the roads are on the upper ranges, and are almost knee deep in a coarse sand. It is cruel work on the horses, most all the year round, to pull telegas and tarantases over those shifty seashore-like dopori. In wet weather is, of course, the worst, when the adhering sand presents a "cling-surface" to everything enough to make even a leather-belting cling-surface specialist hate the very words which are one of his talking points. And, again, in winter, little snow falls in this region; sledges are seldom seen except on the frozen rivers, and the intense dry cold takes every particle of moisture out of the sandy roads and leaves them as soft and powdery as in the piping hot summer. If snow does fall, the Arctic temperature and the winds keep it on the move; for the flakes congeal into crystals, which in turn are expanded and exploded by the cold to an almost impalpable powder. Try to make a snowball of that snow, and you will fail; in pressing it together in your hands it will run through your fingers like silver sand.

A Lonely Station on the Trans-Cibirian.

The circum-Baikal route is probably the best sportsman's chance in Cibiria off the now open trans-Asiatic railroad system. There you will find bears and black foxes of a type whose skins are much sought for in furriery—and a combination of pleasure and money-making is never amiss. I have always held it is quite proper (whether you need the money or not) to make money honestly—to put, if possible, the spice of commercialism into your sport—to (if you will, in fact) respect and even love money. My experience with carping cynics who talk about "money muck" and profess to be "above it," is that they're not above "borrowing" your "money muck"; and, worst of all, never think of repaying it. Oh, no! it's not their "principle" to repay "money muck." I am induced to jot down this reflection on money by recalling an unfortunate central Cibirian experience, west of the Baikal; and still worse disappointments elsewhere in the world. However, should this paragraph reach the eyes of the Cibirski delinquent, I would say the debt has been "written off"; but he won't get another chance!

Boxing-in a Cibirian Forest: The Hugest Pole Fence Known.

In the approaches to the valley of the Baikal, as you near the dirty big village of Hijни-ydинck (pronounced Nijni-ydinçk), it will be noticed that the dense forests on either side ar for scores of miles roughly fenced in. Why? The forests are never used for anything—not even touched for timber or firewood. The villages are thirty to fifty verstas apart, and even the natives rarely venture into those black depths. So why the fenced-in protection? It had to be explained to me. The villagers' horses and cattle, in search of pasture, would stray miles and miles from the depebни—mostly along the great trans-Asiatic highway, and then turn off into the forest glades, and get remote into the forest depths. Thus far, so well. If let alone, the cattle would instinctively have found their way out and home again—if they wanted to. But probably many of the hard-worked horses found grassy dells beside tranquil lakelets, and preferred to stay there. Winter's approach would have reminded them that the snug village stables were (for six months of the year) better than the glacial depths of the forests, and accordingly they would have turned up at their stations by force of circumstances.

But, of course, their owners could not wait such a pleasure of theirs—I mean the horses. So men and children would start to explore the forests in search of the errants, and a comedy would turn into a tragedy! Divers of the searchers for the lost would hopelessly lose themselves. Without compass, a sky may be overcast for days and obscuring the sun—without woodcraft knowledge—running short of food (if they had the prevision to take any)—various of the younger folk have disappeared forever, in the years gone by; and even some of the older people have never been able to relate their experiences.

Any animal, no matter how unacquainted with water, will wriggle to land somehow if flung into a pond. Can the same be said of human beings? Our boating fatalities prove the contrary. A boatload of half a dozen persons, a poodle, a capsize and lo! the poodle proves the "noblest of them all"—i.e., he doesn't lose his head. Likely as not he proves the sole survivor; and, not content with swimming ashore, the noble canine will for hours—perhaps days—patrol the bank with his plaintive cries to get assistance for those for whom it will avail not.

So the Cibirian villagers, after repeated heartrending distresses over their lost ones, decided, "in extraordinary convention assembled," to take in hand the (for them) big task of actually fencing in the forests for scores of miles. Stop the cause: the effect will take care of itself. Of their own initiative, in their own time, the widely parted communes set to work to box in the forests. Each had its allotted sections to pole up. The process was rough, simple, but effective. Slim long firs were selected, a dozen blows of the hatchet, and down they came with a run. Speedily were the branches lopped off, which last were subsequently rounded up, bunched, and dragged to the villages for the winter's firewood: So the mujiks at least got the best part of their long winter's fire supply for their pains.

Now the slim tree lengths (without troubling to split them—for timber is too plentiful for that) were nailed bodily on to the skirting forest trees from tree to tree. There are three tiers of these tree-poles—high enough to prevent a trouble-meaning horse to clear, when being rounded up; and low enough to prevent colts and calves wandering thereunder.

The unique fence has well served its purpose. Without fence posts to rot (for, as just stated, the fence is nailed from tree to tree), in a pure, dry climate, that, the (I believe) hugest timber fence on the globe, will probably last another half-century.

And as you ride along day after day in the tarantas, and see that Cibirian "Chinese wall" (of wood) facing the black depths of the forests, you get to like it, and compare its comfortable top bar—just right for sitting on—to the inconvenience of the inhospitable American barbed-wire fence. For, personally, I consider the Yankee barbed-wire fence the most cussedestly uncomfortable seat to swing on that was ever conceived out of the brain of a depraved genius.

Sport on the Lake Baikal.

This is the greatest fresh-water lake in the universe, barring our own inland seas. It covers nearly 13,500 square miles. Baikal is an Arabic or Tatar word, meaning "rich water," or lake. Fresher-tasting lake water I never drank in my life: its freshness you seem to taste as an aromatic odor. Throughout the year—even in midsummer—the water is always under or little above zero centigrado. In the afternoons of the warm days of August, I would endeavor to bathe therein from the extreme southwestern shores, but the water remained so benumbingly cool, I could not stand it over a couple of minutes.

This low temperature is accounted for by the lake receiving its supply always from the snows of the Altai range. So pure is the supply, you can see the big white stones at the lake bottom through a score feet of water—and deeper still when the lake is frozen. The greatest depth of the Baikal has never yet beeen ascertained: soundings of over a mile deep have been made, yet without—in some places—touching bottom.

In fish, it is exceedingly rich. The neighboring towns and districts look to it for their fish supplies, and there is an organized fishing industry on a certain scale of magnitude. I often passed the ruins of fish cureries—showing how the scene of operations was often on the shift. The Cibirian towns depend on the Baikal for their kaviar (which they call, in Russian, *ikra*). This is obtained from the sturgeon; and the highest grade of isinglass comes from the same source. (It is, by the way, both comical and provoking how many ignorant people in America will persist in misapplying the word isinglass to and for mika, or mica.)

The sporting angler, then, touring across Cibiria, has in the great Baikal all the unexplored field he will need for years. No elaborate equipment is necessary: the village boys do wonders with a few feet of string and a bent pin; whereas the son of the governor-general at Ipkytck (pronounced Irkutçk), who came along with a 200-ruble outfit, and who had read up a petty library on fishology, and expected to stagger the benighted natives with his piscicultural hauls—this "know-all-about-it" book angler had such poor luck he wasn't above resorting (in his despair) to the subterfuge of buying up some of the villagers' bent-pin catches, and returning to Ipkytck and proudly showing them off as his own!

Silkworm gut is always useful in an angler's outfit—not alone for deceiving the cutest of fish, but also as a surgical ligature in case of need, or as an auxiliary guitar or violin string; or as forming the strongest emergency binding twine one could have. Therefore some of it could advantageously be carried by any sportsman visiting the land of dreadful distance.

Incidentally, I might mention that the process of manufacture of silkworm gut was unknown to the world till I made it known over a dozen years ago. In '88 I was traveling in Iberia, where (in Murcia) the making of the gut had always been a mysterious secret: and a letter came from R. Marston, editor of the Fishing Gazette (London), asking for an article telling all about the process. I got the information first-hand, personally handled much of the silvery-pearl threads, but decided to write out the account when it suited me, and to take my own time thereover; returned to America for six months, but did nothing; returned to Paris in the spring of '89, and from there wrote out "The Manufacture of Silkworm Gut." It duly appeared in one of the issues of the Gazette for May or June, and was credited world-wide for years. The last time it turned up was in a Chicago journal of technique, in May, '96. A couple of years after my first publication, the Carswell & Imbrie concern, Manhattan, came out with an independent account. "The cat was out of the bag," etc.

The Black Snow of Cibiria.

This phenomenon of nature was commented on by the writer when describing another of nature's little known phenomena in Cibiria, *re* the cold-expansion of metals, illustrated over a couple of years ago in the monthly Engineering Times (London). The curiosity is not unknown in the north of America; but in northern Asia you see it on a big scale—here and there, whole patches of a funereal black. This is the cause of the singularity: The earth in parts is an intense bluish-black. We all know that a deep blue-black looks blacker than a pure black. You will notice this in print: a circular printed in a pronounced blue-black is an intenser black (and is easier to read) than one printed with plain black ink, which, on drying, has a tinge of a dull gray in it.

Now, the blue-black earth of sections of Cibiria is first frozen by the cold, then the dry cold—getting intenser—dries every particle of moisture, and the clods of earth disintegrate to an almost impalpable powder. The result is you will occasionally see dust storms in Cibiria, in midwinter—in districts where scarce any snow falls—as dense as on the Mojave desert, and intensively more disagreeable—since accompanied by, maybe, a cold of 35 below centigrado.

Finally, along comes a blizzard of snow. For a couple of days there is a pretty churning up of those earth particles and the snow flakes—or rather snow crystals; for the vise-like cold freezes the flakes into powder-like granules ere or almost as soon as they reach the earth. The result is a layer of black snow, from two to six inches deep. Take some of it in your hand: the result of melting will leave some dirty water in your palm, but no sediment—proving how thorough has been the atmospheric mixing of earth and snow. But, while the black snow, melted, will hold the earthy particles in solution for some time, if you melt a whole tumblerful, you will find in the morning the law of gravity will "a tale unfold"—and there will be the earthy sediment.

There is nothing whiter than snow, and its intense whiteness is due to the bluish tinge of the flakes or crystals. Don't our own housewives insensibly copy nature's snow when, to whiten linen, they run the cleansed goods through the bluing tub? I mention the well-known whiteness of snow, as it is this very bluish tinge which, combining with the bluish-black earth, helps produce a snow which is the *blackest thing in nature!* I put it in italics—for there could be nothing blacker. The nearest approach to it artificially is the black crêpe common at funerals. The black snow is not a glossy or glittering black, but has quite a somber or dull appearance. It has not at all the look of dirty snow—too black for that.

There, as it lays in patches on the great steps of western Cibiria, hardened down by the cold so you can walk on it with scarce leaving an impression, you will notice the wind has gently furrowed it as the waves furrow sand on the seashore. This queer wavy or ribbed effect at once puts you in mind of and makes you compare it to the intense dull black of crinkled or fuzzy crêpe which widows like to wear.

Sportsmen's Accommodations in Cibiria.

It goes without saying, these are unsatisfactory everywhere. Judged by western standards, there is not a proper hotel in the country. But all outing people expect to have to rough it even in America, when camping out, but look forward to the town for "getting even" in creature comforts. In Cibiria, the outer must expect to rough it both in town and out of it. If he goes there prepared for thus roughing it, he will feel no disappointment. If he keeps to the line of the railway, he will find at all first and second class stations a respectable pectopaн (pronounced restoran), sometimes called *byfet* (meaning "beefsteak")—for the American or British beefsteak is well known in Cibiria and Russia—in fact, the world over.

The prices are soaring. For a glass of tea, 10 koneks (pronounced kopeks); coffee, 20 k.; cacao, scarce obtainable, but price would be about 25 or 30 k.; glass milk, 10 k.; apple, 25 k.; orange, 30 k.; lemon, 40 to 50 k.; beefsteak, 35 to 50 k.; ham and eggs, 50 k.; a little bread, 10 k.; cigar, 20 k.; champagne, about 7 pybli the bottle. Legally, the konek and pybl (pronounced rubl) equals our dollar and cent; in exchange, the pybli is worth 75 cents and the konek about ¾ cent. The currency is paper, some silver, and old cumbersome coppers. The silver is heavily alloyed with tin, and scarce rings like silver. Altogether, it is a depraved currency. There is false money, too, and it behooves one to be on the alert. I was victimized, as at first I thought all the silver false, and some that were really false did thus creep in. Not wishing, when I found out the fraud, to palm it off on others (which is wrong both legally and morally—beside, consider the awkward assumed look of innocence you have to put on when the proffered spurio is detected and returned to you)—all false money I received in Cibiria, I would deposit, in a spirit of the purest philanthropy, in church collection boxes.

Hotels in Cibiria have a fixed tariff posted in every room. You do at least know about what you will have to pay. The tariff is drawn up by a paternal administration thousands of miles away, at St. Petersburg. Thus, if you want hot water, you can have the piping samovar brought in: 10 koneks. The tariff is rated fairly high; but those printed figures prevent disputes.

"Sweet Repose, Indeed!"

At some of the Chino-Russian inns on the Manchuria-Cibiria frontier, the proprietors have yielded so much to Western ideas as to provide rough cane bedsteads for guests, instead of the straw mats most commonly used. They are made of a wizened or crinkled or very withered-looking gray cane, jointed like bamboo, but solid all through, and not liable to split like the hollow article. The fiber is of the toughest. I used to wonder what it was, especially as the boys about would surreptitiously slice pieces off the bed posts and chew them up. I tried, too, and found it sweet as maple sugar.

It transpired that the material was nothing other than desiccated or sun-dried sorghum sugar cane—chosen for its lightness, elasticity and exceeding strength when dried with its natural juices retained; also insuring to sleepers the sweetest of repose.

So, if you desired some candy when abed, all you had to do was to slice off and munch a little chunk of bed post!

Solitude of Travel in Cibiria.

Some years ago, when touring among the Pyrenees, and, later, among the Sierra Madre range of western Mexico, I recorded my impressions of the solitude of travel in a world which is said to be "getting full." On the Iberian slope of the south-central Pyrenees, three days' jaunt with scarce seeing a soul—and this is supposedly "crowded Europe"! In the land of la Mexicana, forty miles of riding on a straight road—one of the main mesa highways of Mexico—without seeing life! But I had not seen Cibiria then!

"The Seven Cardinal Sins."

There is one spot about midway on the Amur River, where from village to village is some 300 versti (say, in round figures, turning 200 miles). Not a soul to be seen between, outside of the lonely posting stations, or станcias (pronounced stancias). At those stancias reside the starosta, or storoj (chief), his family, and a helper. Day after day you travel without seeing life en route, excepting an occasional fleeing wolf or young deer, or the wildest of goats. The road is tortuous at times, travel slow, but the scenery ravishing in its poetic effects of distant prospects and vast horizons.

All travelers express themselves satisfied when the last of the seven solitary stancias are passed. They have given to the isolated seven, the never-forgetable title of "The Seven Cardinal Sins." Nor will the occidental tourist forget it if (as happened to the scribe) he gets benighted between those solitary stations—has the tarantas or harness break down seven miles from the stancia you are trying to reach ere the pitch-black night comes on: the *isvochik* (driver) has to tramp those seven miles to the stancia for a new belly band or shaft or axle (mostly made of wood), or for whatever the breakdown may mean; then there is the seven miles to come back for you, your baggage, and to haul the tarantas to the stancia. Going and returning will

AS HIS FATHER DID BEFORE HIM

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take him about six hours; meanwhile you are left to compose yourself among your furs in the vehicle, and listen to the moaning winds, and an occasional uncanny, stealthy creeping in the black forests, which will make you ask yourself with a shudder, "What can it be?" Verily, when the isvochik thus goes off, you feel, as never before in your life, that "he leaves the world to darkness and to me."

Of your own language, kith or kin, you will meet with very few in Russiadom. During the two years of travel between the Pacific and Polonia, I only accidentally met two such travelers. One was Dun, a mining placerist from the Golden Gate; the other, Alexander, a London mechanic. Both were rush-across-the-country tourists. The Britisher wrote a couple of papers for the London Field, entitled "Two Thousand Miles in a Sledge." They were stuff—replete with ludicrous errors!

The impressions of the rush tourist are naturally unreliable. The most recent errorist is H. Norman, whose book, "All the Russias," smacks very much as if the author had joined Fontanka kanal's big army of subsidized foreign official excusists. The publisher thereof (Heinman, London) was, it will be remembered, the same who marketed and exploited the Landor imposture.

Sporting Footwear in Cibiria.

The Cibiriaks have copied and adopted permanently for winter use the Tatar felted camel wool boots. On the dry winter snows, they are superb: the soles are also of the same felted material, double thick. They are the best insulators known against cold. But of course they are not waterproof, and with the disappearance of winter, they disappear too, and are replaced by leather top boots. Rubbers or gum boots are seldom seen in Cibiria, because, while keeping out wet, they also keep it in—in the form of perspiration, and are icily cold in winter and distressingly warm in summer. Rubber, in fact, is such a poor nonconductor, that, profiting by experience, I have entirely rejected it from present and future outfits for footwear.

In summer, the Cibiriak sallies forth in leather top boots, which are provided with extension tops. The poorest of mujiks provide themselves with itchigi (spelt as pronounced)—a grotesque-looking top boot, dreadfully clownish-looking, made of rawhide, painted with tar. For a sock, they stuff dried grass inside. For light wear, they use bark sandals, but these have no stability—the soles going to shreds after a couple of weeks.

I have run the whole gamut of Cibirian boots—and more: had pure cork-sole boots specially made (although cautioned not to), and split them like sealing wax within ten minutes of putting to a practical test.

In summer time, the best boot in the world is—no boot at all; in wet and wintry weather, the waterproof leather boot "can't be beat"; but for dry weather use, the Cibirian coarse camel-wool boot is unexcelled.

The Penns of Cibiria.

For the projected book of travel in Cibiria, I had penned down data on the Penns of Cibiria. As the work, however, promises never to materialize, unless issued as a successful failure, or economic loss, I might as well condense the matter into this paragraph. It will interest Americans, and especially Keystone Staters.

In April, '97, I ran across at Cipoctah (pronounced Ciroçtan), on the topmost Asiatic slope of the Ural divide, a family whose name was spelt in Russian letters—пенн. This is pronounced like our own Penn. Inquisitive, I began to investigate, and followed up the theme till I located the source of the Penns in the town of Ekatepinbypr (pronounced Ekaterinburg). From there there is a jump of 3,000 miles further into the heart of Cibiria—to the stancia of Kokyi, on the za-Baikal, where another Penn branch is located. They came to Cibiria from Russia less than a hundred years ago, and to Russia from the south of Britain, from the old William Penn stock of Buckinghamshire. As a boy, in some of my earliest vagrant travels, I visited the grave of Quaker Penn at Jordans, near Chalfont, in the shire of Bucks—it is almost as remote to-day from the madding crowd as it was when Penn was interred there nearly 200 years ago.

The Cibirian Penns are naturally by this time completely Russianized. A few speak the French language, as is common with all Russians of culture; only one has a definite knowledge of the American language. It is a very limited, but sympathetic and laborious family; they do not call themselves Christians, but *prabo-çlabni*, meaning, literally, "verity-faithists"—or "true-faithists."

Roads a Quarter of a Mile Wide.

There are some portions of the 5,000-mile highway that stretches from the Amur to the Vistula that average a quarter-mile in width. These expansive tracks are only found hereabouts, on the za-Baikal. The abnormal width came about in this way: Stretches of country are a hard gravel soil—so hard, that the road makers made little or no attempt to even define a made road over it. It was considered "good enough." So, not even a track being defined, the myriads of caravans and coaches which have passed over the route every month for a half-century, have chosen any part of the hard expanse, and (having broad road-making tires) have cut out what must be the broadest natural-made roads known. A dozen tarantases could easily race abreast, yet have the amplest latitude.

Safety of Travel in Cibiria.

During two years' journeying across Cibiria and Russia, never a single molestation from man or beast (two minor exceptions). I never once saw a wolf or a bear, although some mornings their tracks were visible on the fresh snow across the highway where they had crossed it from one forest to another. I always had my .45 five-shooter ready for an emergency, however; and twice had to use it on threatening starving wolf dogs. I would let them come near enough, to test their behavior, watch them narrowly, and just as they intended to spring, would shoot the foremost point-blank in the breast. They fell over without a sound or struggle—dead. A fine death! The others, jumping at the report and seeing the result, would hurriedly skulk off into the forest.

I had been told some weird stories by Russians themselves of escaped criminals, who were ever and anon "murdering isolated wayfarers" for their money, especially near villages. Now, although I traveled, as stated above, two years alone—some in the lonesomest parts of Cibiria and Russia—I was never once interrupted. I have seen strange characters disappear in the woods, or wait till I had passed, but maybe they thought I was myself a dangerous brigand, since being alone. For it appears that among the desperate classes all over the globe, the isolated criminal is feared as the most redoubtable, just as in the animal world the rogue elephant is, in its solitary life, reckoned the toughest by sportsmen.

L. Lodian.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

In Nez Perce Days.

Kipp, Mont.—Mr. E. W. Buckwalter, or Buck, as he is familiarly called, is one of Montana's old timers. He crossed the plains in 1863, and since then has had a most varied experience, having been at different times a typesetter, a miner, a bull-whacker, a merchant, a wood-hawk; he is now a prosperous rancher.

One evening recently we were talking about the Nez Percé war of 1877, when Buck came in, and some pilgrim asked him where he was during that exciting time.

"Where was I? Well, I'll tell you," he replied. "It has always been my luck to get mixed up in any row going on; I walked twenty miles to stumble into that one, and for a little while those Indians made things pretty lively for us. During the '70s, when steamboating on the upper Missouri was at its height, I had a wood yard a couple of hundred miles below Fort Benton, at Two Calf Island. I was right at the foot of a long stretch of shallow, rapid water, and every steamboat passing up bought all the wood of me that could be loaded on, for there was never any telling how many hours, or even days, it would take to get over the frequent bars. In the fall of the year, when the water reached its lowest stage, the boats went no further than Cow Island, twenty miles above my place, from whence their cargoes were hauled overland by bull and mule train to Fort Benton.

"In the month of October, 1877, the river was unusually low; I did not think there would be any more boats up that season, so one day, feeling rather lonesome, I thought I would walk up to Cod Island and visit the little detachment of soldiers and the citizen or two who were in charge of the freight left there by the last boats. I slung my rifle over my shoulder and started off on a game trail which led along through the bottoms and over the hills. It was a pretty wild country in those days and we woodhawks were exposed to no little danger from the war parties of different tribes who were continually prowling along the river in search of scalps and plunder. So I kept my eyes open as I went, and not a deer moved in the brush, nor a living thing of any kind came into view but what I stopped and made up my mind just what it was. Along in the afternoon I came in sight of Cow Island, and was surprised to see a large party of Indians, men, women and children, fording the river to the north side, and driving a large number of loose horses before them. I couldn't imagine what tribe it was; I had heard of no movements of the Indians, and so far as I knew there were none at open war with the whites. But I had long since learned by dear experience that discretion is the better part of valor, and I turned to go back. I only went a few yards, however, when I saw some Indians coming down the ridge on my trail; there was no alternative but to go on, and on I went, walking as fast as I could and yet not show indecent haste. All the same I was scared. However, I arrived safely at the landing, where I found my friend, Mike Foley, who had charge of the freight, and Sergeant Briggs and ten soldiers, who were guarding it. There were also five tenderfeet, passengers on the last boat, who were bound for Helena and were waiting for a chance to go on with the next freight train. Of course, I couldn't tell them who the Indians were. They had begun a small intrenchment when the first of the outfit appeared, and by the time I arrived it was about complete. I was standing looking at it, when we saw a couple of the Indians sneaking up toward the freight pile under cover of the river bank. Foley and I went out to interview them, and when they saw us coming they stopped and held their guns ready, half raised, a mighty bad sign. When we asked them who they were, one of them replied: "'No kum-tux,' a Chinook word meaning: I don't understand.

"Then we knew that they were from the west side of the Rockies, for the plains tribes do not speak that jargon invented by the Hudson Bay Co. We asked no more questions, but simply stood and looked them steadily in the eyes, and presently they turned and walked slowly back down the river.

"There happened to be a case of Winchester rifles and some cartridges among the freight, and under the circumstances the sergeant thought he was justified in using them; we carried the boxes into the intrenchment and pried off the covers.

"'Here,' said the sergeant, 'you tenderfeet may just as well understand right now that there's going to be trouble in this camp to-night; you've got to put up a good fight or die, and the chances are you'll die, anyhow. Everyone of you take one of these rifles and a box of cartridges and do your best when the time comes.'

"One big, strapping Irishman, a carpenter by trade, refused. 'Be jabers,' he said, "Oi niver handled wan av thim things in me life, an' oim too auld to larn new thricks. Jist give me an ax or a good shilalah, an' I'll do me share if they do be for makin' a charge.'"

"About five o'clock a party of the warriors came riding toward us; they all had their guns resting handy across their saddles. When only twenty-five or thirty yards distant the sergeant called out that we would fire if they tried to come nearer, and they stopped. A fellow who looked like a half-breed, who was with the three chiefs, a little in front of the rest of the party, called out in broken English that they wanted to talk, so Foley and I went over to hear what they had to say. I looked closely at the three chiefs while face to face with them, and afterward, when I saw their pictures in Harper's Weekly, I knew that I had met Chief Joseph, the noted and cunning Nez Percé leader, and his bloodthirsty aids, White Bird and Looking Glass. First they wanted to know if we had any whiskey, and we replied that there wasn't a drop in the outfit. Then they wanted some bacon; we said there was none of that either, but that if they were hungry they would find thousands of buffalo only three or four miles further north, which latter was the truth. That news seemed to please them and they turned and rode away.

"The freight pile, some sixty tons of miscellaneous goods, including about twenty tons of bacon, was near the river bank and directly under a high rocky ridge. The earthworks so hastily thrown up were some little distance from it, but were also overlooked by the ridge. The defense should have been constructed out in the middle of the flat, but when the boys began it they didn't really believe that there would be any attack, seeing there were women and children in the outfit, and, again, it was their duty to remain near the goods they had been sent to protect. But shortly after the talk with the Indians, we knew for certain what we had begun to suspect, that we were in for a fight, for a wood-hawk sneaked in from up the river, and told us that a soldier carrying dispatches to the Cow Island detachment, had been killed by them near his cabin that morning, the Indians taking his horse, gun, and accoutrements.

"'Well, fellows," said the sergeant, 'night is coming on and there's no doubt we're in for it. Let's have a bite to eat, for fear we never get another chance at the grub pile.'"

"He was a brave man, that soldier, and would have his joke no matter what was going on.

"We all pitched in, when all at once the Indians opened fire on us from the ridge, and dropping our meat and hard tack, we rushed into the trench. Before we got there one of the tenderfeet was shot; the bullet first tore away one of his thumbs, and then striking a rib, glanced along the bone for several inches, making a painful but not dangerous wound. He gave an awful screech when he fell, and one of his comrades was so badly scared that he dropped his gun, jumped the breastworks, and fled into the willows bordering the river. The bullets were plucking about us like hail, but we ran back to the wounded man and carried him into the trench. It's a wonder none of us were hit then. The breastworks were so low, and so near the ridge from whence the Indians were shooting, that it was with the greatest difficulty we kept from exposing ourselves to the terrible fire.

"As soon as it was dark the enemy broke into the freight pile. They found a few gallons of whiskey, barely enough for a drink around, but no ammunition, as we had taken that. There was lots of plunder, however, which they carried away, and then they set fire to the rest. The burning bacon gave out such a bright flame that the whole flat and the ridge were illuminated, enabling us to see what was going on, as well as affording the Indians plenty of light to keep up their accurate fire at our breastworks. They kept at it all night long, and charged us twice, but each time we drove them back without any loss on our side. We never knew whether we actually killed any of them or not, for each time they carried their wounded back with them. If we did, the bodies were so carefully concealed that they were never found. Perhaps they were weighted and cast in the river.

"About three o'clock in the morning, when the Indians made their last charge, I got a bullet through the shoulder which paralyzed my left arm for the time being, and as I was of no further use as a fighter, I crawled into a hole and covered up with some buffalo robes owned by the soldiers. At the edge of the hole, near my head, stood a large army mess-box; all the rest of the night I could hear the bullets plugging into it, making sieves of the tin dishes and cups it contained. After the fight was over we found that it had been pierced more than two hundred times! It was fully eight o'clock when the Indians ceased firing at us and moved away up the flat. Soon after they had gone our deserter appeared and said that they had been all through the willows during the night, and several times nearly stepped on him. He was awful hungry, he said, and would like something to eat. The sergeant cursed him roundly for being such a rank coward, and then gave him a piece of raw bacon and some hard tack. As soon as he got them safely in his hands, he leaped the barrier again and ran toward the river. Just to help him along the boys fired a few shots, the bullets plowing up the ground on each side and in front of him. Well, 'twas laughable to see his antics; he hollered and srieked, fell down and rolled a way, got up and ran, and then rolled some more; but all the time held on to his hardtack like grim death; and so he went until he finally disappeared in the willows.

"About an hour after the Indians left us we heard some heavy firing up Cow Creek, and pretty soon Cooper and Farmer, with their teamsters, came into camp and said that the Indians had captured and burned their wagon trains with all the valuable freight they contained, they barely escaping with their lives. About the same time a woodhawk, who had a yard below mine, arrived; the outfit had burned his cabin and he only got away by taking to the willows. He reported a steamboat aground at Grand Island, only ten miles below.

"As the tenderfoot and I were both suffering from our painful wounds, it was decided to take us down to the steamer in a skiff owned by Foley. We were about to push out into the stream when some more of the enemy appeared on the opposite side of the river, traveling east, and we thought it best to remain where we were until dark. As soon as night came we started again, and after going about a mile heard some horsemen talking English on the south shore. They were some Fort Benton volunteers led by Col. Ilges, and were after the Nez Percés. Among them were Charlie Rowe, Col. Donnelly, Judge Tattan, George Croft, Murray Nicholson and a number of others whose names I do not now recall. Louis Cobell was their guide. They told us of the awful bloody trail the Indians had left behind, of the battle of the Big Hole where so many of our soldiers were killed, and we in turn gave them what information we had, and showed them the ford, which they were looking for.

"A little further down the stream we were hailed again, and who should it be but the tenderfoot who had twice jumped the breastworks. He was still so badly scared that he could scarcely speak, and when we told him he could get aboard he came over the side in such a hurry that the skiff nearly capsized. Some one gave him a thump on the head with an oar and told him to keep still or we would drown him.

"We arrived at the steamboat without further incident. The next morning she got off the bar, but the water was so low it took us four days to make the ten miles up to Cow Island. Then we learned that the Fort Benton men had followed the Indians up Cow Creek until they found

their rear guard posted in a commanding position across the valley. A fight ensued, in which a man named Bradley was killed and the little party was forced to retreat, the Indians greatly outnumbering them and having all the advantage of defense.

"It is a matter of history how Gen. Miles finally rounded up the nez Percés near the Bear Paw Mountains. That was only a few days after they made things so lively for us at Cow Island."

Javanese Notes.

WHILE in Melbourne I made the acquaintance of a person recently arrived from Batavia, who informed me that in the zoological garden at that place there was a young Javan rhinoceros, which was for sale. Very naturally I was anxious to procure such a rare specimen, therefore pushed the collection of Australian fauna with all possible dispatch and took passage in the first steamer for Batavia. We passed up inside the Great Barrier Reef, making a day's stop at Somerset, Torres Straits. As we steamed into the harbor, I noticed several small craft lying at anchor, and on inquiry was informed that they were pearl fishers, with mixed crews of Caucasians and South Sea Islanders. They all hailed from Sydney, where their owners had fitted them out, giving the crews a percentage of the finds, which were mainly pearl shells. Just before we steamed out of the harbor, a rowboat came alongside, and as I happened to be standing near the gangway, I was accosted by the steersman, wishing to know if he could be favored with a late Sydney paper. Answering that I had several in my stateroom, which I would gladly present to him, if he would come on board. I piloted him down into the cabin, and slyly ordered the steward to bring a bottle of brandy, which was duly served while I was handing over the papers. As he seemed to enjoy his drink so much, I determined to give him a chance to finish the bottle at his leisure. Pretending to go into my stateroom in search of more papers, I passed into the steward's sanctum, gave him orders to roll the bottle up in a bit of paper, pass it down to the crew of South Sea Islanders, and say it was for the skipper. Keeping in my quarters long enough to give the steward time to do as ordered, I reappeared with a second batch of papers, accompanied the skipper on deck, and saw him start for his little craft, after a profusion of thanks. When he reached his vessel, he sprang on board and started for the cabin, when he was stopped by the violent gesticulations of one of the boat's crew, who passed up the bottle of brandy. He waved it toward me, rushed below, instantly reappeared and gave some orders to the crew, who immediately pulled toward the steamer with all possible speed. Our screw had begun to revolve when they got alongside, and tossed a parcel on deck, which, on opening, proved to be five pounds of magnificent tortoise shell, some of which is yet in my possession, in the shape of a toilet comb and a cap brim.

We passed into the harbor of Batavia just about dusk, and by the time we had passed the health officials it was quite dark. One other passenger accompanied the captain and myself on shore, where we hired gharrys and started for the European or modern portion of the city, where the hotels are situated. Our route passed through the Chinese quarter with its streets completely illuminated and thronged with people, which the captain explained by informing us that it was the week of Chinese New Year. On our arrival at the hotel the captain left us, in order to drive further up the city to the residence of his agent. I smoked a cheroot, was shown to my room and had just stretched out for a good night's rest when I heard the noise of wheels in the courtyard of the hotel, and immediately afterward was requested to get up and go to the office, where the captain wished to see me. On so doing, he informed me that he had learned, through his agent, that one of the steamers of his line had been wrecked, consequently it would be necessary for him to reach Singapore as son as possible, in order to make an extra trip in place of his unfortunate consort. Therefore I would have to hurry on board with him, gather up my luggage and get back on shore as soon as possible, as it was his intention to get up steam immediately and head for Singapore. I climbed into the gharry with him, and on our arrival at the pier it was some time before we could procure a boat. With the aid of a native policeman, we finally succeeded in getting one, and pulled out to the steamer. I hastened below, bundled up my traps, and on returning on deck was thunderstruck to find that the boat had gone ashore, as the captain, in his hurry, had forgotten to hold it for me. He proffered to man one of his boats to send me ashore, but I saved him the trouble by making out in the approaching daylight the hull of a vessel anchored not a great way from us. Pitching my luggage into the gig, which had not been hoisted on board, two of the crew pulled me off to our neighbor. On drawing near I made her out to be an English steamer with several native boats at her gangway, evidently soliciting jobs. Hailing an officer, who was standing on the poop, I explained my dilemma, whereupon he stepped to the bulwarks, spoke a few words in Malay to the parties in one of the boats, and directed me to make a transfer to it. Hastily following his directions, I found myself heading for the shore, while the gig returned to the steamer. The officer kindly shouted the amount I would have to pay for the service, for which I thanked him by a wave of my hat, and in a comparatively short time I found myself again landed in Batavia. Fortunately I ran against a policeman who spoke English, so I had no difficulty in securing a gharry to drop me at the hotel, from which I had hurriedly departed a few hours previous. Notwithstanding having lost an entire night's sleep, as soon as I had finished my breakfast, I hurried out to the zoological garden, and was annoyed to ascertain that young Jamrade had purchased the rhinoceros and started with it for London. Returning to the hotel, I dropped asleep and did not awake until the time of taking the usual afternon bath and dressing for dinner.

After dinner I took a seat on the front portico, and while enjoying a cheroot, my attention was attracted by the throngs of natives, all of whom were heading down to the Chinese quarter, which called to my memory the captain's remarks on the previous evening, whereupon I determined to join the crowd and endeavor to see whatever was novel and interesting in the observance of the New Year's festival. By simply following the groups of curious investigators, I soon reached the district inhabited exclusively by Chinese, and was astonished at the entire cessation of all kinds of business and the complete yielding of the whole population to conviviality and enjoyment. Every house, from the poorest to the most affluent, was open for the entertainment of acquaintances, while the streets were filled with symbolical floats, montebanks, acrobats, tumblers, etc., and at one place I met a party of three, which forcibly reminded me of the English carol singers. Should I happen to stop in front of the house of one of the poorer class, the occupant would dart out, attach a pack of firecrackers to a bit of bamboo thrust into the pavement, seize me by hand and draw me inside to take a cup of tea, while the noise of the exploding crackers served as a signal for a party of merry andrews to give their performance in front of the house for my especial gratification. If I chanced to loiter in front of the residence of one of the wealthier class, the servants would instantly request me to pass in, where the proprietor insisted on my imbibing something, from beer to champagne. I spent several pleasant evenings wandering about taking in the sights, but on the last night of the festival underwent my most singular experience. Finding that nearly every one headed in the direction of the Chinese captain's residence, which had been pointed out to me on a previous evening, I followed the crowd, and soon found myself in its vicinity. A cordon of native police kept quite an open space in front of it, which, a few moments after my arrival, was filled by the conveyances of a lot of Dutch officials, who had evidently called to pass the compliments of the season. After delivering their loads, the carriages were driven off, while the police still kept the space clear, and I pushed my way up close to them, in order to obtain a good look at the officials, who had ascended to the upper portion of a portico, which extended along the entire front of the house. In my eagerness, I pressed against one of the police, who, looking over his shoulder, detected me, and immediately beckoned to one of the group of servants, who stood at the entrance. He answered the signal, exchanged a few words with the policeman, went into the house and soon returned, spoke to the officer, who immediately signed for me to follow the servant. I did so, and on reaching the doorway was received by the master, who spoke excellent English, informing me that the party above were the Governor General and his staff, who were paying an official call, and of course he was obliged to show them every attention. Therefore, I would have to excuse him for a short time, but so soon as they took their departure, he would endeavor to make amends for his seeming incivility. Turning me over to one of his head servants, he hurried off, while I was piloted to the far end of the portico, seated at a small table, and speedily served with a pint bottle of champagne and a bundle of cheroots. Then commenced a regular Mardi Gras parade. In honor of his guests, the Captain had hired all the floats, rare shows, jugglers, acrobats, etc., which had filled the neighboring streets, to pass in procession in front of his residence. It was headed by an enormous fiery dragon, about a hundred feet in length, and spitting a mass of flames every few steps. It had more legs than a centipede, and I wondered how many Chinamen were hidden under its flame-incrusted cuticle. At the end of the parade, the officials bade the host a ceremonious adieu, who immediately took a seat opposite to myself, ordered additional refreshments and endeavored to make himself as agreeable as possible, and I am perfectly willing to acknowledge that he made a success. At the conclusion of our chat, he insisted on my acceptance of the use of his private gharry for conveyance to my hotel.

The next morning I concluded that I had spent about as much time as could be spared in giving attention to sights which were new to me, and determined to busy myself in trying to find out if there was any possibility of obtaining what I had originally wished to procure—namely, a living specimen of the Javanese rhinoceros. By dint of persistent inquiry, I learned through our consular agent that the most likely person to render me assistance was the landlord of a hotel at Buitenzorg, a village some thirty-five or forty miles from Batavia by railway. Taking a morning train, I was surprised to find that it was officered entirely by native Malays. At a later date I visited the workshops of the road and found them filled with the same race, who were performing all the labor, mechanical and otherwise, under the supervision of Hollanders. I found the landlord at Buitenzorg was an Italian, who had left home in his youthful days and wandered to New York, San Francisco, Japan, India, and finally to Java. He was a most enthusiastic sportsman, and usually made one or two trips yearly well into the interior, in quest of large game. He immediately proffered to do all in his power to assist me, and suggested the propriety of starting several runners in various directions to try and ascertain the whereabouts of a mother and calf rhinoceros, as it would be necessary to kill the mother in order to capture the youngster. Being convinced that his advice was correct, I authorized him to immediately engage and start the scouts, while I returned to Batavia, in order to arrange with my banker for funds to use during my expedition to the interior. Calling at his office immediately after my arrival in the city, I was sorry to learn that he was absent, and not expected to return for some ten days, therefore was compelled to remain quiet until his return, consequently devoted myself to an investigation of Javanese life, which proved to be entirely different from anything I had ever experienced in my wanderings.

The first novelty that struck me forcibly was the peculiar mode of hotel life. To use an Irishism, my chamber maid was a man, who not only performed all the duties about my bedroom usually discharged by a female, but also waited on me at the table. Every article which I used in taking my meals was kept on a small table in my room, and carried to the dining hall at luncheon and dinner hours. My breakfast was served to me individually on the portico in front of my quarters. I afterward found out that every article I used was counted out to my servitor, and he was held personally responsible for them. Much to my surprise, I discovered that the flavor of the coffee was unpleasant, which was a disappointment, as next to Mocha I had always considered Old Government Java a most palatable beverage. But a short time elapsed before I found a reason for the unpalatable taste. I was drinking new instead of Old Government Java, which I had been accustomed to imbibe. The first forenoon I was startled by seeing the lady guests passing about in thorough deshabille, being dressed in complete Malay costume of sarong, etc., with stockingless feet thrust into slippers, and the hair hanging loosely about the shoulders. When I saw how they suffered from the heat at the dinner table when dressed *à la mode,* I was perfectly willing to acknowledge the sensibility of their morning costumes. In passing through the bar room, my attention was attracted by a sign of "American Cocktails," hung in a conspicuous place. I immediately ordered one, and was astounded when the barkeeper, who was a Chinaman, compounded an eggnog. Turning to the landlord, who was a German, I asked if that mixture was what he called a cocktail. On being assured that it was, I proffered to teach him how to concoct a genuine one. He instantly assented, and with the help of some Angostura bitters and French brandy, I brewed two, one of which he imbibed, and in a trice ordered the Chinaman to use my recipe henceforth, as the eggs enhanced the cost of those previously dealt out. In wandering about the city, I was unable to detect a cellar, as all the buildings stand on brick or stone pillars, thus affording a free circulation of air underneath, for the purpose of cooling the floors. Even the Bank of Java stands on brick pillars of sufficient height to allow the gharrys of its customers to drive underneath and remain in the shade while the owner is transacting his business on the floor above. It struck me that such construction was a direct invitation to burglars, which I afterward discovered was checked by the presence of an armed posse from 3 P. M. until 10 A. M. Strange to relate, one of my most singular experiences happened in this building. So soon as my banker returned, I hastened to his office, in order to make the financial arrangements for my proposed trip to the interior. On my informing him that it would be necessary for me to carry quite an amount of small change, in order to pay my expenses while among the natives, he told me that it would be impossible to get it, as it was so very scarce that the bank refused to supply their best customers, even at a high rate of premium. Somewhat crestfallen on receiving this bit of unwelcome news, I determined to leave no stone unturned, in order to accomplish my purpose. I begged that he would send one of his clerks with me to the bank, in order to be properly introduced to its officials. He instantly assented, and ordered one of them to accompany me. Handing me a cheque for the amount I wished, he wished me success, but expressed a fear that I would make a failure. Jumping into a gharry, it was but a few minutes before we reached the building, and on entering I was surprised to find that all the tellers, etc., were Chinamen. On being shown into the cashier's room, I found myself face to face with another one. After being duly introduced by my companion, the Celestial politely inquired my errand. Handing him the cheque, I explained to him how necessary it was for me to be well provided with a quantity of small change for my proposed trip, and would esteem it as a great favor if he would let me have it, and I would willingly pay whatever premium he might see fit to charge. He laughingly replied, "I heard of your arrival and proposed trip, and was sure that I would have a chance to bleed you financially before you could get away. Come out to the paying teller and we will see what can be done for you."

Passing out of the office to the teller's counter, he said: "Give this gentleman all the small change he wishes in cashing this cheque, and don't charge any premium for it."

Before I could recover from the amazement caused by his generous action, he had darted into his private office and closed the door, thus preventing any heart-felt thanks. In spite of my amazement, I could not prevent a smile at the startled appearance of my companion, and at the same time, a thought flashed across my mind of how I would have been served, in like circumstances, in my native land. Having thus fortunately gotten rid of my principal hindrance, I hurried off to Buitenzorg (*Sans Souci*) to confer with Ferrari about the details of my proposed trip, and was disappointed to learn that none of the runners had returned, therefore was compelled to tarry until they should put in an appearance.

I found Buitenzorg well deserved its name of "without care," as it was beautifully situated on much higher ground than Batavia, and regularly frequented as a health resort by the inhabitants of that torrid city. One of my favorite resorts was the botanic gardens, said to be the finest in the world, and immediately adjoining which is the residence of the Governor General of the Dutch East Indies. Every afternoon I spent several hours wandering about and feasting my eyes on the wealth of tropical vegetation, contained in this unequalled repository, and one of my favorite strolls was through a magnificent avenue of the famous Upas trees. During my sojourn in Adelaide, South Australia, I had been taught by Dr. Schomburgk, superintendent of the Botanical Gardens, and brother of the discoverer of the celebrated *Victoria regia,* how to fix upon the hour of bloom of that wonderful plant, so that each afternoon I would seat myself alongside one of the many ponds containing specimens of this strange flower and enjoy its delicious perfume, which only lasts but a few minutes after blooming.

One evening, just after dinner, while I was sitting on the porch in front of my room, enjoying a genuine Manila cheroot, Ferrari introduced a gentleman who expressed a wish to have some private conversation with me. So soon as the landlord retired, he informed me that he was the agent for a firm in London, which made a specialty of dealing in orchids, and that he was in search of a species; only one specimen of which had ever appeared in market, which had died soon after its arrival. He said that he had wandered all over India; even to the highest portions of the Himalayas, through Ceylon, Malacca and Sumatra, without discovering a trace of it, and learning from the landlord that I was somewhat of a globe-trotter, he was in hopes that I could give him some information that would be helpful in his quest. I promised to take him the next day to that portion of the Botanic Gardens, which was devoted to them, so that he could quietly investigate the collection without exciting any suspicion of his intentions, as he did not wish from financial motives, that any one should divine his business. The next morning I proposed that we should first examine the different species on the trees in the grounds of the hotel, and had nearly finished our search when I pointed out one, which he had hastily passed, without attracting his attention. He gave a shout, and started to

execute a war dance, exclaiming, "That's it," when I suggested the propriety of keeping quiet, or his mission would be revealed. He instantly saw the cogency of my advice, and after talking the matter over we concluded to take the landlord into our confidence, with the hope that he would suggest some way by which the specimens could be secured at a reasonable price, without exciting any suspicion of their real value and destination. Luckily, he suggested a scheme, which was worked out successfully, without any one conjecturing the true issue. He proposed that he should be the only person who should appear in the transaction to the natives whom he would employ to collect the plants. The affair ended in his engaging three Malays to bring him three hundred plants similar to the one shown them, at thirty cents each. Now, as it takes two and a half or their cents to make one of ours, it was a mystery to me how much the contractors really paid for the plants as they delivered them in forty-eight hours; having evidently gone out to the neighboring villages and and hired the inhabitants to collect for them. Happily the agent got away with the three hundred plants, nicely packed in bamboo crates, without exciting any suspicion, and I have often wondered how much they brought on their arrival in London.

In the meanwhile, the scouts returned, and one of them reported the discovery of a female rhinoceros and young one in a locality favorable for capture. We immediately began preparations for departure, when Ferrari suggested the propriety of visiting the Rajah of the district, in which we proposed to hunt, and solicit his good offices in directing his subjects to give us all the assistance possible in our undertaking. Of course, I saw the wisdom of the move, and we made a trip to Bandong, where the Rajah of the Preanger District resided. We arrived in town early in the morning, and immediately after breakfast Ferrari started for the Rajah's palace, in order to have an hour appointed for my reception. He returned in a short time, and from his looks I divined that he was the bearer of ill tidings. He informed me that on his arrival at the palace he was told that the Rajah was unable to receive visitors, as he was undergoing a period of mourning for the death of a relative, and the Mahometan religion forbade the reception of visitors during its period. Very naturally thinking that our scheme had failed, we were anxious to return to Buitenzorg as soon as possible, but found that we should be compelled to wait until the departure of the afternoon train. In order to kill time we started out for a stroll through the town, which finally brought us to its outskirts, where my attention was attracted by a handsome space, beautifully laid out with walks, ornamental trees, shrubs, flowers, etc., which Ferrari informed me were the grounds surrounding the palace, and proposed that we should ramble through them. On my acquiescence, we wandered about for about half an hour, when we found ourselves in front of a pavilion, which we entered and found that it contained a couple of fine billiard tables. We were no sooner inside than the keeper, who recognized Ferrari, invited us to try our hands at a game; placing the balls on a table and pointing out the cue racks. So soon as we commenced playing he passed out of doors, and in a short time returned, bearing a waiter, which held a bottle of claret, glasses and a bundle of cheroots. In a short time every window in the building was filled with the heads of a crowd of natives, who seemed to highly enjoy the fluctuations of the game. Suddenly every one of them fell on his knees, and immediately after the Rajah and attendants passed into the door. Ferrari introduced me and acted as interpreter during our interview. The substance of the rajah's remarks was that he felt so much complimented by my visit for the purpose of asking his permission to hunt in a portion of the territory governed by himself, that he could not resist the temptation of breaking one of the most rigid of his religion's decrees and granting the requested interview. That he would cause it to be known that I traveled as his guest, and consequently must be treated with special courtesy. He positively refused to listen to my thanks for his great kindness, and wishing me every success kindly bade me farewell and hastily left the building. Thus, contrary to our expectations, the purport of our visit to Bandong was successfully consummated.

That afternoon we returned to Buitenzorg; hastily made preparations for our hunting trip, and hurried off to the Preanger District. On our third day out we were surprised by being joined by two of the Rajah's servants, with a pair of horses for our especial conveyance. One of the men looked after them and the other never let me get out of his sight, except when I was asleep. I laughingly requested that he would not be so vigilant, but he refused, and said that he had no fears of my suffering from personal violence, but I might unwittingly meet with some accident and then he would be held accountable for it.

The horses were never used and were simply led from one camp to another, whenever we made a change of base. We proceeded by easy journeys toward Sagranten, near which the rhinoceros had been seen, always spending our nights at one of the intermediate villages, where we occupied the rest-house, which had been built for the especial accommodation of the Dutch officials in making their tours through the country. During the afternoon a runner was sent ahead to notify the headman of the village of our purpose to spend the night in his hamlet, and on our arrival we would find everything prepared for our accommodation. On reaching Sagranten we found that the Raden Sastra Soedibdja had made especial efforts to render our sojourn under his roof as pleasant as possible. As several days elapsed before we received notice from the scouts regarding our presence in their immediate vicinity, I passed the interval in wandering about the neighborhood, trying to gain some insight into Malay life. In one of my rambles I had a narrow escape from four native buffaloes. They were out grazing and were attended by a couple of children. In passing I walked to the windward of them, and so soon as they caught my scent they made a wicked charge, in spite of the yells of the youngsters. Fortunately, a convenient tree served as my refuge, and I was astounded to see the tots deliberately climb over the rumps of the animals on to their backs, by using their tails as a help. When they were firmly seated at the shoulders, a series of shouts and whacks with bamboo cudgels caused my assailants to move off and allow my descent to terra firma, with the impression that it was not prudent for a Caucasian to prowl around among such seemingly peaceful creatures.

I was surprised at seeing the number of ways in which bamboo was used for all manner of purposes. For instance, it takes the place of buckets for holding and carrying water. By knocking out all the joints, except at one end, of pieces about four feet in length and swinging them with bits of rattan to the two ends of another smaller piece, carried on the shoulders, they are made to serve as vessels for the transportation of the fluid, and on reaching the dwelling, are leaned up in a corner until empty. I found the Raden in possession of a pack of playing cards, and very desirous of learning some game of which he had no knowledge. On the spur of the moment I thought of solitaire and proffered to teach it to him. He proved an apt pupil and expressed himself delighted at learning a game which he could play alone without being bothered to hunt up an opponent. He became so smitten with it that he spent every spare moment shuffling and dealing out the cards.

Several days passed before we received any word from our scouts, when our suspense was relieved by the arrival of a messenger requesting our presence at a small hamlet only a few miles distant. Hastily following our guide, we soon arrived at our destination, where, in less than an hour, a house was erected for the especial accommodation of the Raden, Ferrari and myself, every portion of which was bamboo. Singular to relate, the roof was the first portion constructed, and after the frame had been thatched with bamboo leaves, it was hoisted up on to the four corner posts, and bamboo mats were hung around, to serve as walls, while the floor was of small bamboo poles lashed on sills of the same material. The edifice was about sixteen feet square, and the only tool used in its construction was the parang, which is a large knife, very similar to the bowie, suspended sword fashion at the side.

We had just stretched ourselves on our makeshift shakedowns for a good night's rest, and I was in the act of reaching for the coal oil lamp in order to extinguish it, when I suddenly became conscious of an abrupt vibratory motion, and was forced to lift it from the floor in order to prevent its upset. Immediately sitting up on my pallet I became conscious of experiencing a violent earthquake shock, which was so severe that it was with great difficulty that I kept in an upright position. Suddenly there was an appalling crash, and the vibration increased for a few seconds, while the bamboo frame of our shanty squeaked fearfully, and an awful wail went up from the panicstricken inhabitants of the hamlet. Abruptly the vibration ceased as quickly as it had arisen, and we were able to stand up and move out into the open air, where we found the natives flat on their faces and heartily praying. It required a deal of persuasion on the part of the Raden to induce them to arise from their recumbent positions, and re-enter their domiciles, which had received little or no injury, on account of their peculiar bamboo construction.

The next morning the Raden received notice that a landslide had taken place in a ravine about a mile distant, and after breakfast we visited the locality and found that about an acre of woodland had slipped from a hillside into a valley, making one of the most complete examples of havoc that I ever witnessed, and furnishing an undeniable reason for the fearful crash and corresponding tremor which had been felt on the preceding night.

After such a terrible shaking up we were very anxious to hear from our scouts on the trail of the rhinoceros, and our anxiety was relieved about noon by the tidings that she and the calf were completely surrounded, and a party were at work arranging a driveway, along which they would be forced, so as to give a fair shot at the mother and insure the consequent capture of the youngster.

The driveway was in the form of an enormous Y, with the men stationed at short intervals along the outer edge and across the upper portion, Ferrari and myself were placed about midway of each jaw, so as to get a shot at the mother, while the frightened calf would be driven forward until it reached the junction of the paths where it would inadvertently thrust its head through a noose, which had been stretched across the pathway, and on rushing a few steps further, it would be entangled in a second one. To both of the nooses had been tied small, short bits of logs, which would serve as drags, for the purpose of wearing out the captive. The path in which the nooses were arranged was very narrow, and the sides were composed of a dense wall of heavily leaved palm branches in order to prevent any attempt at a bolt before becoming entangled in the second noose.

The Raden picked out the positions which Ferrari and myself were to occupy and then hurried off to give the signal to the drivers. In a very short time a most terrific din was raised, and the panicstricken animals rushed past Ferrari, who was so fortunate as to drop the mother in her tracks. The calf rushed headlong into the first noose and in a few seconds was entangled in the other one and trotted off, dragging the pieces of wood after him. The Raden then selected about a dozen of the drivers to follow the little one and keep it moving, so as to gradually tire it out, which he informed us would take some three or four days, as he did not wish to wear it out suddenly for fear of injuring it permanently. I noticed that every man he picked out carried a gun, while a large majority of those who had helped to make the surround were unarmed. On asking for the reason of the selection, I was informed that only the most skillful and trustworthy were allowed to carry arms, which fully accounted for the preference.

After receiving special orders from the Raden to keep the youngster in constant motion without pressing him too hard, the hunters started on his trail, which was easily followed, on account of the traces left by the bits of wood. The Raden, Ferrari and myself then returned to our hastily erected domicile, spent the night, and the next morning Ferrari started for Buitenzorg, as he could not afford to be absent any longer from his hotel, thus leaving the Raden and myself to look after the capture of the calf. We bundled up what traps we thought necessary for our journey and started to follow the pursuers of the baby. It did not take much time to overtake them, as their progress was somewhat slow. Their mode of procedure was to keep within a short distance of the tags and whenever the fugitive showed any disposition to stop and rest, a tug at the little logs would quickly cause a forward movement. As the ropes were some thirty or forty feet in length, there was not much risk from a charge, and if a vicious one was made, every one acted so as to divert the attention of the animal from his tantalizer. The Raden and myself were much amused and interested at the various ways by which the vicious lunges of the irritated animal were avoided by his skillful pursuers, and he was kept on the move from the earliest dawn until darkness set in. The hunters' food was passed to them while they were moving, and it was the special task of two men to keep the entire party supplied with fresh cocoanut milk, while one would be serving out draughts to the thirsty party, the other would be seeking a grove of the trees, from which he would gather the nuts and hurry back with a bag of them, so that there was no suffering from thirst. For a thoroughly cooling and refreshing drink, I have never tasted anything to compare with it. At dark the huntsmen would cease persecuting their quarry and form an impromptu camp immediately around the logs, while the Raden and myself were sheltered under a hastily constructed shed of palm branches.

The pursuit continued in this manner until late in the afternoon of the third day, when the Raden thought the hour had arrived for the complete checking and consequent capture of the nearly worn out calf. By his orders two of the hunters seized the logs and suddenly wound the ropes around two convenient trees, which entirely checked the forward movement of the little one, which lay down, seeming completely exhausted. Two hunters then advanced with a couple of nooses fastened to bamboo poles, for the purpose of entangling his legs and weaving a complete network around him. They not acting precisely as the Raden thought proper, he hastily stepped between them and their quarry, when to the consternation of the entire party, he received a backward charge, which tossed him among the branches of a leaning palm, where he hung senseless, while the calf prepared to follow up his advantage by another attack. I shouted "Badil! Badil!" "*Shoot! Shoot!*" when he received a volley which dropped him in his tracks, and every one rushed toward the unconscious Raden, who was quickly and gently lowered from his dangling situation and softly laid on a makeshift bed of palm leaves. In a few minutes he showed signs of returning consciousness, and soon was able to sit up and show that he did not suffer from broken limbs. A comfortable litter was manufactured, in which he was placed, and we started on our sorrowful tramp to Sagranten, which we reached in four days, with the Raden much improved, but still unable to walk without assistance.

For several days I was busy superintending the making of temporary cages for the transportation of the living zoölogical specimens secured during my trip. As all of them had to be carried on men's shoulders, their construction required a deal of thought and trouble, and I found that bamboo served as their main component. The Raden kindly drew a rough map of the best route to Buitenzorg, and I bade farewell to him while he was seated on his piazza at a table, busily engaged in playing solitaire.

FRANK J. THOMPSON.

The Fascinating Kissimmee.

From the Florida Times-Union Citizen, describing a trip in midwinter of 1901-2.

THERE is an old Oriental saying, "See Damascus and die." That city was considered so beautiful that it was taken for granted that it was no use living with the expectation of seeing anything to compare with it this side of paradise, and though we do not recommend the latter part of the saying to our readers so far as Florida is concerned, yet we can safely assert that no one can be said to have seen the beauties of the State unless they have made a trip down the Kissimmee River. Without being grand, there is a quiet beauty about it which clings to the memory—it is the beauty of repose, and from the time the steamer starts from the dock at Kissimmee till she reaches her destination at Bassinger or Fort Myers, one never wants to take his eyes from the every varying picture constantly opening up before him.

For the purpose of writing this notice we accepted the invitation to make the voyage in the fine steamer Bassinger, belonging to the Gilbert Bros.

On leaving Kissimmee, the first thirteen miles are over the waters of Lake Tohopekaliga, a Seminole name signifying the "sleeping tiger," probably so named from its shape. Several oak and palm-covered islands, one of which is called Paradise, deep bays and long sandy beaches, diversify the scenery till we reach the commencement of the great drainage system inaugurated by Mr. Hamilton Disston, at Southport; hence a canal 100 feet wide and four miles in length was cut, and in addition to forming a means of navigation to the coast at Punta Rassa, on the Gulf of Mexico, was the means of reclaiming a large extent of splendid land from the original swamp which existed there, and which is now partly under cultivation as a truck farm, the crops on which were looking particularly rich, and there are possibilities of many more on both banks of the canal. About half way down we saw a flock of about 1,000 sheep and lambs, all in good condition, and we learned that the increase is nearly 100 per cent., owing to the number of twin lambs. One of the chief causes of anxiety for their safety is due to eagles while the lambs are small. Cattle, too, are to be seen feeding in and near the marshes on either side. Near the lower end of the canal the land gradually slopes down till it forms the marshes which almost entirely encircle Lake Cypress, a sheet of water about five miles long by about one and a half miles in width. Another canal of three miles in length from this brings us into Hatchneha. We pass several projecting oak-covered beaches, with deep bays between, and then crossing a long arm, the lake narrows between fairly high pine woods and oak hammocks, and forms the real commencement of the Kissimmee River at Shell Hammock, a tract of high land covered with giant spreading oaks overhanging the river, here about forty yards wide, and extending down the river for more than a mile, to Gardner, another landing place on the river. At Shell Hammock a hotel has lately been opened for the benefit of tourists and sportsmen, as the river is famous for its fishing, and quail, ducks and snipe are plentiful in the season, and there is an occasional chance shot to be had at deer or turkey. Both these places are exceedingly picturesque, great moss-festooned oaks overhanging the deep running river, and palm trees and palmettos lend a tropical appearance. As the distance from Kissimmee is only twenty-five miles by water, it has become a very favorite picnic ground for the people

of the town, who often take advantage of moonlight nights to make a delightful day's outing.

It is also the landing place for a large cattle district, and the quantity of grain landed shows that a considerable number of people must be engaged in the stock industry. A few more miles brings us into Lake Kissimmee, a body of water some twenty miles long, with several deep bays, which may give it an extreme breadth of ten miles. We are now fairly in the cattle country, and large herds may be seen on all the shores, and the steamers stop at various points to land corn for the horses and supplies for the riders; we pass Bramah Island, about 1,200 acres in extent, and at Turkey Hammock the lake once more contracts, and again we get into the river, which now continues for over one hundred miles, till it empties itself into the great Lake Okeechobee. The first place of importance we stop at is Rattlesnake Hammock, fourteen miles from the lake; the residence of Mr. W. E. Godwin and family. A large clump of bananas well advanced in fruit, with their great shining leaves, almost surround the house, and show that, though it is now the end of January, the winter in this section is of the mildest description; ripe tomatoes and an ornamental garden of shrubs and flowers, such as the royal poinciana, hibiscus and other tender plants, all out in bloom, bear out this fact, and are an object lesson by showing the value of the climate prevailing here. A flock of sheep were feeding near the river, and our attention was attracted to a herd of well graded cattle, as well as some well-bred pigs. As we leave Mr. Godwin places in our hands a specimen of a Florida life preserver in the shape of a sweet potato, as perfectly and evenly formed as a large muskmelon, and weighing nine pounds. So perfect is its shape that we have placed it on exhibition as a pattern to our farmers.

From here we wriggle and twist through a tortuous river, compared to which the letter S is a straight line, but our captain knows the river and his boat, and negotiates the banks in good style, though occasionally an exceedingly acute angle—it cannot be called a bend—compels us to stop and back up—and then we arrive at Orange Hammock, long famous as the finest grove on the river, and for the quality of its fruit. Many of the trees are over twenty years old, and though at the time of our visit the greater number of the oranges, over 3,000 boxes, had been shipped, still there were enough left to show the excellent quality and productiveness of the trees. The grapefruit trees were particularly well loaded, and a curious feature of the grove is the number of trees budded on the same stock with orange, grapefruit and tangerines. Some sixty hives of bees are kept here, and we learn that last year over one ton of honey was shipped from this grove, clearly indicating another great industry in the near future.

Leaving Orange Hammock, some miles of more crooked river brings us to Fort Kissimmee, so named during the Seminole war, when, in March, 1852, the fort was erected and occupied by the United States troops. Now, the Indian war whoop is heard no more along the river banks, and the place is peacefully occupied by one of the valley cattle kings and pioneers, Joe Gay. Again we are on our way, ever getting further south, twisting and turning about in the crooked stream, which shows clearly through the wondrous aquatic growth of bonnets, with their great leaves shimmering in the sunshine on the surface of the water, while their long stems rise from their roots away down in nine or ten feet of water. Long fringes of water willow line the banks for miles, where these are partly submerged. Bull-tongue, water-lettuce, Indian arrow, saw and cane grass fill up the spaces unoccupied by the bonnets, but all adding a bright greenness most refreshing to the eye. Where the high land strikes the river great live oaks, moss festooned, hang over the water, and large clumps of giant palm trees add a pleasing change to the apparently never ending marsh of aquatic plants, through which the river wends its way, but everywhere there are cattle. You see them away back on the prairie as far as the eye can reach, in the hammocks, and here and there we see them feeding in the marshes, with the water nearly up to their backs. They have grown accustomed to the steamers, and barely lift their heads as we steam close past them. Now and again we make out a bunch of razorbacked hogs, but as a rule most of the settlers are now keeping improved breeds, and the long-snouted, slab-sided rooter will soon pass away. As we came sharply round some of the bends, we disturb an alligator basking in the sun on the banks, but they quickly splash heavily into the deep water below.

The bird life is wonderful; it is now midwinter, and large flocks of big gray duck, pintail and teal, fly wildly away on our approach. A purple gallinule, or the beautiful crested wood duck, occasionally give us a glimpse of their brilliant plumage, and the ubiquitous coot just flaps out of our way or dives under a branch leaf, to reappear when we have passed. Numbers of those birds so faithfully and well depicted by Japanese artists, the great heron, are to be seen perched on low bushes, or standing in the marsh with outstretched neck ready to strike frog or fish. We disturb them, and with legs stretched out and neck tucked in, they wing their heavy flight lazily away; long curved bill, brown limpkins, eye us curiously, and either fly or run a few feet off and go on with their feeding on snails or small crustaceans. Mexican buzzards, eagles and hawks soar over our heads, while blackbirds and ricebirds are everywhere. Great flights of white curlew wing their phalanx-formed way to and from their feeding grounds in the early mornings and evenings, and during the day whiten the willows with their numbers, but we miss the plume birds and the pink ibis, which were once so numerous on this river; alas, they have all gone—killed out to gratify a feminine fashion of adornment.

More bends and twists bring us to where the river from Lake Istokpoga joins the Kissimmee River, and here we make a trade with a party of hunters for coon and otter hides brought down from the lake, and again we wriggle along, ever getting further south, past Miccos Bluff, and then reach Laniers. At this place high oak land comes steeply down to the river for a long distance, and a great deal of this has been cleared up and set with groves, which will soon be planted out into one continuous grove of over a mile in length; some of the trees are now ten years old, and are in splendid condition, and when the different groves are all connected and set out with about 2,000 trees, it will certainly be the show place of the river. We must not omit to mention that it includes the famous old Pierce grapefruit grove, containing about eighty trees, many of them over thirty years old. They are immense in size, and their bearing qualities are in proportion to their size.

A little further on we reach Fort Bassinger, also an old military camp during the Seminole war, situated on the proper right bank of the river, now an orange grove on high commanding land, which rises steep from the river; on the other side of the river, about two miles back, is the settlement of Bassinger, with the thriving village of the same name, containing several good stores, church and schoolhouse. The settlement has a population of about two hundred, and the principal occupation is connected with the cattle industry, of which this place is the great center. The range in this section seems admirably suited to stock raising, and it has long been the home of one of Florida's chief cattle kings, Mr. Morgan, who has been credited with about 30,000 head; but there are many more in the district with their thousands. These people are now making themselves comfortable homes, and with the establishment of regular steam communication will be able to provide themselves with many more of the luxuries of life than they have hitherto been able to obtain.

Bassinger, which is about 150 miles from Kissimmee, is half way to Fort Myers; after leaving Fort Bassinger, the river finds its way through a great sawgrass-covered marsh, forming the commencement of the great Everglades, in which Ponce de Leon expected to find the fountain of eternal youth, some forty miles brings the traveler into the great Lake Okeechobee, in the middle of which you get out of sight of land, and which from its shallowness can be very rough. Thirty miles from the entrance of the Kissimmee River a canal leads into a small lake, Hickpochee, and from that the Caloosahatchee flows. The river then runs by Fort Thompson, Fort Denaud, and other places of interest connected with the Seminole war, and then you feel a saltiness in the air, and smell the ozone of the sea, and you find the steamer heading down the Caloosahatchee Harbor, and the voyage is ended at Fort Myers. There are three lines of steamers engaged on the river work, making each a weekly trip to Bassinger, viz., the Lillit, Capt. Johnson, new steamer; the Bassinger, owned and sailed by the Gilbert brothers, and Capt. Hall's Naoma. These boats are all skillfully handled, and it speaks volumes for the enterprise of their owners that, in spite of low water and small freights for many years, they have stuck to it in full confidence of the future of the Kissimmee Valley, and now, with increasing settlements and general prosperity of the residents, they are beginning to reap the reward of their patience and perseverance.

The most important factor in the prosperity of Osceola county is stock raising. From very early days in the history of Florida, the Kissimmee Valley and adjoining ranges have been regarded as about the finest in the State, and probably in the whole of the United States. Many things conduce to make them so, good pasture, shelter, abundance of water and mild winters, making it an ideal country for all kinds of stock, as they can be left throughout the year in undisturbed possession of their pasturage, and change it according to the season, moving from the high prairies when the grass there becomes used up to the low, marshy grounds which follow the course of the Kissimmee River for so many miles, affording an abundance of the richest food at all times when the water is not too high. An idea of the importance of this section can be formed from the fact that about 100,000 head of cattle are annually grazed upon it, their total subsistence being obtained from the natural native growth, which reduces the cost of raising to a minimum.

Natural History.

The Drumming of the Grouse.

A GREAT portion of our information and general knowledge must come through the investigation and observation of others; therefore it is interesting and instructive to read or hear the opinions of others, and much more, the result of their investigations. That which affords such a wide field for discussion, and brings out such heated arguments regarding wild animal life and natural history, is the fact that it is the animate object that is being dealt with, and even much experience will not make us gracious enough to allow the animal or bird of our opponent in discussion to act differently from that which may have come within our own experience. The chemist believes that he knows the result that would be obtained by combining two or more liquids, after reading the experience of some one who has tried the experiment and given the result; but if some one were to claim to him that such results were not to be obtained, he would easily be made skeptical, because he did not "know" that such was the case only from reading it; but allow him to make the same experiment himself, and obtain the same result, and all creation could not change his belief, because he "knows what he is talking about." That is all right, and admits of little chance for argument, because it is dealing with inanimate objects, which are generally the same under like conditions. As I said, much of our general knowledge must come through what we hear and read, as a result of the observations of others, and this, when dealing with inanimate objects, is more or less reliable; but in natural history nothing is so satisfying as personal contact with the subject studied. If a friend told us of an experience with beast or bird, and its attendant result, and we were to have an experience of like character with the same species, with an entirely different result, we would always expect a like result as our experience had brought, under the same conditions, no matter what confidence we may have in the truthfulness of that friend. We frequently hear that certain actions will result in certain conditions, and it is my delight to investigate such reports, and had circumstances permitted, it would have been the joy of my life to have devoted all my time to the study of wild creatures, for surely no study could be more fascinating.

When a child, I was told by my wicked elders that if I would put salt on a bird's tail I could catch it; and many vain efforts did I make to land the salt where it would work the charm.

It has been asserted, and to some extent believed, that while a partridge is drumming, it is deaf and blind to all its surroundings, so that if one were near enough when it begins drumming he might go right up to it without its stopping. I could not rest until I tested it, although not believing it. One day, being in the woods and hearing one drumming, I crawled up behind a log until I was within twenty-five yards of it, then lay quietly until it began drumming, when I jumped over the log I was behind, thinking to make a dash toward it, and drop down just before it would stop, and thus work my way up to it. The instant I landed over the log, although it was right in the midst of its drumming operations, it stopped, jumped off the log and ran off through the woods. Then I "knew" they had the full use of all their acute senses while in the act of drumming. It is considered quite difficult to approach near this wary bird while they are perched on their favorite log, sending forth their autumnal thunderings, but I have never found any difficulty in getting where I could watch their performance, and when a boy that was my favorite method of hunting them, having shot them when in the midst of their drumming process. Many people believe they produce the sound of their drumming by striking their wings on the log, while others claim the sound comes from the tips of their wings striking together, but it is simply, as most people know, their wings striking their body, and is the same as the noise produced by flying.

When they drum they rear back until their head is perpendicular with their feet, which gives their wings a horizontal movement, instead of up and down, as would naturally be supposed. During the month of October of this year I was visiting the old home in Pennsylvania, and while out rambling through the old familiar woods where I hunted in boyhood, I heard a partridge drumming about 100 yards away. I began my old-time cautious approach, and finally got the range, which seemed to locate it near an old dead chestnut tree. Beyond this tree about 50 feet, was a large log lying off the ground, which hid from view everything beyond it; about 20 feet beyond the tree was a shorter log, which was also rather high; between these was a little short log lying flat on the ground, entirely out of my sight when down on my hands and knees, and about 30 feet from the tree, and on this little log the old cock was standing. I concluded he must be beyond the furthest log, but waited for his next report; presently it came, and as it sounded on ahead I went on noiselessly as before, and just as my head came around the end of the first log which brought me in view of the little log, I heard the familiar k-r k-r k-r, and looked around just in time to see him not over 10 feet from me, which was the closest ever I got to one while at its drumming.

EMERSON CARNEY.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va,

Wild Pigeon Flights.

AUDUBON has left a description of a myriad migration of wild pigeons he witnessed in Kentucky. Evidently he did not witness the most interesting feature connected with the congregation of wild pigeons, or he certainly would have included it in his account. I refer to the collection of the birds at night—a pigeon roost. I had the pleasure of witnessing such a scene as the naturalist describes in northern Louisiana in 1873; and I can testify that Audubon does not in any way exaggerate as to the number of the pigeons seen.

About ten o'clock in the morning a cry was raised by some boys in the streets of the small town in which I resided, "Look at the pigeons! The pigeons! The pigeons!" The cry becoming general, everybody, old and young, men and boys, women and girls, ran into the streets to look at the immense numbers of the passing birds. Many seized their guns and ran to a waste field on the west side of the town, and there banged away at the feathered passengers, killing some, but not disturbing the birds any more than to fluster those overhead a little, just as a stick or stone flung into flowing water will create a momentary divergence among some of the particles, but the gap is speedily filled up and smoothed over by the ever rushing stream.

The birds were fairly above the tops of the tallest timber, about one hundred and fifty feet high; and were flying in a southern direction. It is impossible to make any estimate of the vast numbers that passed, but from 10 o'clock in the morning till nearly 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the air was literally filled with them. They flew in regiments, in corps, and in divisions; some of the later stretching for miles in length, numerous tiers in depth, and exhibiting so close and compact a body that the wings seemed almost to touch, and coming between the observer and the sun, shut out the light so completely as to have it appear that the twilight had come on.

The field afforded an unobstructed view, both north and south, for a considerable distance, and one could see flocks of birds in the air for more than a mile, appearing at first like thin blue clouds, but becoming more and more dense as they continued to approach, until sufficiently near the observer for him to descry, first, innumerable dots as composing the nebulæ, and then in a few seconds more behold those dots transformed into flying birds.

Looking upward and northward, one could trace the dark blue column until the limit of vision was reached, and when at last the termination of a great flock was perceived, a mass, dense and dark, composed of hundreds of tiers of birds, extending downward toward the earth, and stretching out for a considerable distance on each side, the line of flight appeared like a great cross-bar, which the long column was dragging, and forming a fitting period to the aerial march of millions.

The zone, or path of passage—hardly a half mile wide—was quite closely adhered to; indeed, the greater number of the flocks, of which there were several hundred, perhaps a thousand or more during the day—passed through a space of considerably less width.

The migration was doubtless due to the breaking up of a roost some distance to the northward, incident to the food supply of that region becoming exhausted, and the immense numbers were now moving over a territory, where the oak timber, probably having suffered from late frosts and ravages of insects, offered little or no inducements for a halt, to a district further south, where the season had been more propitious and the acorn food was to be found in abundance.

Wild pigeons seem to prefer to fly in single tiers, at

least nearly all small flocks exhibit this formation; but, unlike wild geese or ducks, they do not follow a leader, and form no arrow-like bodies in the air, but advance in a line like soldiers, one as far forward as another. Flocks of small size can at times be seen flying through the timber and generally a few feet below the tops of the trees, just where the limbs appear thickest and present the most impediments to fast flight. A mount of only a yard or two would put them above all obstructions; yet they continue their flight upon the lower plane, and apparently with as much speed as if in the open. They dash and wheel, this way and that, now under, now over obstructions, and now seemingly hang momentarily in the air, before entanglements of limbs that present an almost impervious front, but the next second they have passed on; how, one cannot exactly tell, breaking their line of formation, however, but reforming it in the next open space beyond, and all this breakneck racing continued for miles without ever touching a limb with a feather.

In large flocks numerous tiers are observable, but while the line formed by the advance birds is quite clearly defined and maintained, there are no lines resembling ranks perceivable among those that fly after upon the same plane.

There is a curious bit of evolution connected with the flights of these birds; and, although the same conduct may be observed among blackbirds, yet it is never upon such scale as in the case with the long columns of the swift flying pigeons. A great flock, perhaps a half mile in length, would be flying along in column like shape, when, suddenly the leaders would dart down almost to the ground and then back again toward the plane upon which they had been flying, with such speed that the eye could scarcely follow them; and this action would be followed by every bird throughout the entire flock, and with such accuracy that the column would appear like a long waving scarf, gliding through the air with remarkable rapidity. The bird does not pitch directly forward and downward, but seems to partly close the wings, one, a little more than another, perhaps, and makes the descent in a sidelong manner; but the dash upward, if not upon a straight line, lacks but little of it. The curious part is, how one bird finds out what his neighbor is going to do, so that he may execute the maneuver to the line, and as quickly. Yet the telegraphy must be perfect, for every bird darts and dashes exactly as and when all the rest do, and the flock resumes its usual flight, as if it was more a solid body than consisting of an immense multitude of individuals. Whether the action is caused by their meeting with a stratum of air different from and less pleasing than that through which they had been flying; or, is a kind of bird evolution executed out of pure joyousness; or, a parade of bird telegraphy and drill for the benefit of the two-legged creatures called men down on the earth observing, will have to be left entirely to conjecture.

For sometime before the establishment of a roost, flocks of all sizes will be seen flying about in every direction, evidently inspecting the quality and quantity of the acorn crop. Large areas, doubtless, are looked over and reported upon, and at last a convenient and central spot is chosen as the place for the roost. Here at nightfall all the birds for a considerable distance, and considering the pigeons' power of flight, this must mean a territory with a radius of forty or fifty miles—assemble, to digest the acorns and pass the night.

At sunrise not a bird is to be seen, all having dispersed at daylight in search of food. They feed on the ground in flocks ranging from hundreds to thousands. It is a curious sight to see them in the woods after the acorns.

A flock will alight on the ground and every individual goes forthwith industriously to work, scratching away the leaves that cover the food; and if the flock be large, the leaves are fairly made to boil up, as if a tiny whirlwind had got underneath them and produced the commotion.

A feeding line is established, and when the birds in the rear can find no food, they fly over the rest of the flock, and alighting a few yards in advance, begin again their work with the leaves. Those now left behind repeat this maneuver whenever the find fails, so that there is almost always a flock of birds in the air. It is astonishing how great a distance they will travel in this way in a short time. A hunter must get well in front if he desires a shot, and allow them to feed toward him; when a shout sends them into the air, and he fires on the wing, for though there may be thousands of the birds, and quite near, they cannot be seen on the ground for the flying leaves.

Late one afternoon the intelligence spread that the wild pigeons had found a roost on the west side of a small prairie about seven miles away. We hastily formed a party of some six or seven, horses were saddled, blankets rolled up and tied behind, and food being hurriedly secured for man and horse, we seized guns, mounted and struck gallop for the place. It was quite dark when we reached the edge of the prairie, but as soon as we were fairly out in it, we could see quite distinctly, and were able even to make out the lines of timber bounding on all sides. It was a beautiful night, and although there was no moon, the stars shone overhead, and some fleecy clouds appeared above the horizon.

A halt was called to breathe our horses. We dismounted, and with bridles in hand, stood to listen to the pigeons that about one and a half miles across the prairie were gathered in the timber to the west. It is impossible to describe the noise made by a vast number of pigeons forming a roost. It resembles somewhat a great roaring wind; but still, the ear can detect therein a multitude of minor noises, which, although collectively constituting the great roar, are not so thoroughly attuned as not to be noticeable. The noise is in some way connected with the process of digestion. The crop is filled with acorns at night, but in the morning it is empty. Some imagine that the bird opens its mouth to produce a stir or grind among the acorns in its craw, thus causing a slight noise to be made with the vocal organs; and this performed by millions, produces the roar.

The roaring is only heard when the birds are at rest, perched upon the limbs of trees. On a still night it can be heard for a distance of three miles.

Remounting, we rode across the prairie and entered the timber on the west side, the roaring growing louder and louder, as we advanced. We encountered considerable undergrowth for several hundred yards that compelled us to ride in single file, and rendered our progress necessarily slow. Reaching a small brook where the undergrowth seemed to terminate, we dismounted and tethered our horses to trees, unsaddling and feeding them as well, for we meant to follow the pigeons afoot and probably until daylight. Then we followed our captain in single file.

If the roaring would have been considered loud at a distance, now that we were directly underneath a part of the roost, the noise made was fairly deafening.

The birds were roosting in tall pine timber, most of the trees being over seventy feet high. It was quite dark, and though the noise proclaimed tens of thousands above us, we could not see a single bird.

Selecting a tree that appeared a little lower and more umbrageous than the rest—for the form of such trees as stood something apart from others could be dimly discerned as outlined against the sky—our captain shouted his commands for us to point our guns toward the branches of the one tree, and counting one, two, three, as a signal, all fired. The report of twelve or fourteen heavy charges from shotgun barrels, and proceeding from a single spot, silenced all other noises and sent the myriads of birds into the air. We heard numbers of limbs crack, break and fall, as the pigeons betook themselves to flight; for, indeed, limbs can be found of surprising size broken and lying on the ground on mornings after the trees have been occupied as a roosting place.

Through the open spaces above we could dimly discern vast numbers of the birds in the air; the swish of their wings being particularly audible. For a time it seemed as if they were undetermined as to which way to go, sailing around on slow wing just above the timber, but finally they moved off in a southeast direction, and in a few minutes more we heard the roaring begin, betokening the fact that they were again settling in the trees.

We now set to work to recover the birds that had fallen at our discharge, and while we were lucky enough to find some pieces of pine for torches, the light was so imperfect that it was only possible to find the major number of those that had been struck dead, all with broken wings—of which there must have been a number—fluttering a short distance away in the darkness, being abandoned. As it was we filled a three bushel sack with those obtained.

We soon found that there were several parties in the woods, and not being able to come up with them so as to form one party and thereby exhibit concerted action in the hunt, and seeing that desultory firing would force the birds to remain on the wing, or, else, move off too far to be followed, we returned to our horses about midnight, and after building a rousing fire, slept until daylight.

I visited another roost two or three years later about fifteen or sixteen miles to the south of the one described. The same cause, however, operated against our obtaining many birds. Men and boys had come to the roost from different directions and kept up a continual firing, until finally all were driven beyond hearing. The previous night, however, which was the first the birds had roosted in this location, had been passed by them without being disturbed. In looking about the next morning after I was there, I could not help remarking the effect the weight of the birds had upon the timber. The woods were principally composed of yellow pine, large trees, with tall, slim saplings of the same species for an undergrowth. A number of birds alighting in the small branches of these pliant saplings caused them to bend considerably at the top, and fresh numbers continuing to arrive and always, of course, perching upon the upper or bow side, weighed down the young tree more and more, until the upper portion of the trunk appeared almost horizontal. This weight remaining steadily upon them all night, well nigh took all the spring out of the timber, and the trees, when the birds had flown and the weight was removed—unable to assume an upright position—still exhibited a bent attitude.

It was a queer sight. The saplings looked as if their tops might have been filled with loads of ice and snow for some time, or that the trees had been on a lark, and as yet had not sufficiently recovered to perform their ablutions.

Some long-winded yarns are spun on the subject of wild pigeons in the Southern States, where they were plentiful during the seventies. Many birds no doubt have been killed with sticks, and sack loads of them brought home as trophies of a visit to the pigeon roost, for I have heard such tales related by persons whose veracity could not be doubted. Still, we have representations of the size of fish, the length of snakes, the weight of deer caught and slain, to continually deal with, and as the general sportsman demands that the microscope be passed over these before entries thereof are made in the record, it is evidently but just to employ the glass upon many of the wild pigeon stories, true, perhaps, but not in a digestible condition.

The wild bird has about the same stretch of wings as his domesticated brother, but is not so heavy, being of a neater, trimmer build. The sexes bear no obvious marks by which they can be distinguished, both being of a pale blue color, with feet so clean and red, that it would seem that nature's washerwoman had scrubbed them in ice water so long that they appear well nigh frozen. The meat of the bird is dark, like that of the genuine fowl, but not so sweet and tender; yet, after thorough cooking, it becomes fair eating.

For speed among the long distance fliers, the pigeon probably ranks first, it being supposed that it will cover sixty miles an hour, and the hunter is aware of the distance birds shot flying will be carried by the momentum before falling.

The sagacity of the engineer birds, as shown in the location of the two roosts mentioned, was very apparent, they being pitched near each other in the first considerable body of pine timber—a species the pigeon seems to prefer—upon the bluff, marking the western edge of the Mississippi Valley. The valley, fifty miles broad, contained multitudes of mast-bearing trees; while the uplands, for an equal distance to the west, watered by several considerable streams, grew immense numbers of water oaks, of the acorns of which the bird is particularly fond. During both these years the mast was exceptionally good.

Though multitudes were to be found in this region during the time to which the description refers, the wild pigeon has now entirely disappeared; from what causes cannot now be ascertained; but certainly not from lack of food, for though many of the acorn-bearing trees have been destroyed by the timberman of late years—still those were of selected growth—the bulk of the timber still remains.

As those that once were, however, hatched and grew up unnoticed until their numbers were legion, it might be that they again may increase to myriads, and, if so, those who will then behold them will agree with those who have beheld their numbers in the past, that it is one of the sights of a lifetime; doubtless the greatest concourses of birds on the continent; perhaps the greatest that have taken place in the world.

American Ornithologists' Union.

The twentieth congress of the American Ornithologists' Union convened in Washington, D. C., Nov. 17, and continued until the 20th.

Monday was devoted to a meeting of the Council, and to the evening or business meeting of the Fellows, both being held at Dr. Merriam's residence. The public meetings, commencing Tuesday, Nov. 18, were held in the large lecture hall of the U. S. National Museum.

The Fellows present were: Drs. C. Hart Merriam, A. K. Fisher, T. S. Palmer, C. W. Richmond, Theo. Gill and L. Stejneger, Profs. F. E. L. Beal and W. W. Cooke, Messrs. R. Ridgway, F. A. Lucas, E. W. Nelson, H. C. Oberholser, and Wm. Palmer, of Washington; Drs. J. A. Allen and Jonathan Dwight, Jr., Messrs. Frank M. Chapman and Wm. Dutcher, of New York city; Wm. Brewster, of Cambridge; Chas. B. Cory, of Boston; Ruthven Deane, of Chicago; Prof. Walter B. Barrows, of Lansing, Mich.; Dr. Thos. S. Roberts, of Minneapolis; Dr. Louis B. Bishop, of New Haven; Witmer Stone, of Philadelphia, and John H. Sage, of Portland, Conn.

The members and associates present during the sessions were: Dr. F. H. Knowlton, Vernon Bailey, Nelson R. Wood, Dr. Wm. C. Rives, Mrs. Florence Merriam Bailey, Mrs. Jeanie M. Patten, G. S. Miller, Jr., Dr. Wm. L. Ralph, John W. Daniels, Jr., H. W. Olds, Edward A. Preble, Barton W. Evermann, H. W. Maynard, Dr. Hugh M. Smith, Frank Bond, Frank H. Hitchcock, A. H. Howell, Paul Bartsch, A. M. Reed, and E. A. Goldman, of Washington; Louis Agassiz Fuertes, Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller, Miss Eliza S. Blunt, Miss Isabella L. Sand and Miss E. Putnam Moore, of New York; Geo. Spencer Morris, C. J. Pennock, Dr. R. M. Strong, Wm. L. Bailey, Sam Wright, W. E. Clyde Todd and Jas. A. G. Rehn, of Pennsylvania; R. W. Williams, Jr., of Florida; Walter Deane, Mrs. Anna B. Phelps, Geo. C. Deane, Rev. Wm. R. Lord, and Miss Harriet E. Richards, of Massachusetts; Hubert Lyman Clark, of Michigan; Mrs. Elizabeth B. Davenport, of Vermont; Prof. T. Gilbert Pearson, of North Carolina; Dr. W. F. Hutchinson, of Virginia, and Wm. B. Evans, of New Jersey.

Dr. C. Hart Merriam was re-elected President; C. B. Cory and C. F. Batchelder, Vice-Presidents; John H. Sage, Secretary; William Dutcher, Treasurer; Frank M. Chapman, Ruthven Deane, Jonathan Dwight, Jr., A. K. Fisher, E. W. Nelson, Thos. S. Roberts and Witmer Stone, Members of the Council.

Henry C. Oberholser, of the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., was elected a Fellow; Ernst Hartert, of Tring, England, and John A. Harvie-Brown, of Stirlingshire, Scotland, Honorary Fellows; Archibald J. Campbell, of Melbourne, Australia; W. P. Pycraft, of the British Museum, London; Dr. H. von Ihring, of Brazil, and Alfred J. North, of Sydney, N. S. W., Corresponding Fellows. Thirteen associates were elected to the class known as Members, and eighty-four new associates were elected.

Mr. Geo. Spencer Morris read extracts from the unpublished journals of Edward Harris—the friend of Audubon—and gave many facts relating to his life. It was an important contribution to the historical side of ornithology, and will undoubtedly be published.

A paper by Prof. T. Gilbert Pearson on the summer bird life of Eastern North Carolina provoked much discussion, and many inquiries were made for further information about the birds of that State. Dr. Bishop spoke of the species found along the coast, especially as regards their destruction by marketmen and milliners' agents. Mr. Dutcher remarked on the proposed legislative bills looking to the protection of birds on the North Carolina coast. Dr. Palmer thought the upland, as well as the shore birds, needed protection. He told of the immense number of ducks annually taken to the northern markets. Prof. Pearson referred to the destruction of bob white in his State, and of the illegal methods used in their transportation north.

Mr. Chapman compared the bird life of Gardiner's Island, N. Y., and Cobb's Island, Va., and showed conclusively the great benefit of protection. Gardiner's Island has been owned for several generations by the Gardiner family, and birds, having always been protected there, are increasing, while at Cobb's Island, for want of suitable protection, the birds, once so common, are now nearly exterminated.

The report of the Committee on Protection of North American Birds, read by its chairman, Mr. William Dutcher, showed that satisfactory results had been obtained during the past year, and that interest in the preservation of wild bird life was not lacking at the present time.

Dr. T. S. Palmer spoke of Federal Game Protection in 1902, and was followed by Mr. Sheibley, of the U. S. Department of Justice, who commented on prosecutions under the Lacey act.

In his "Glance at the Historical Side of the Check-List of North American Birds," Mr. Witmer Stone referred to the help accorded by the earlier ornithologists in making a check-list possible, and gave in detail the number of species described by each. Dr. Allen traced the history of the present A. O. U. Check-List from its inception, and spoke of its future.

The Union sustained a severe loss in the death of Major Jas C. Merrill, U. S. A., a prominent Fellow of the Union, and of Chester Barlow, a Member, who was also the leading spirit in the Cooper Ornithological Club, of California.

By invitation of the secretary of the Smithsonian Institution the members of the Union visited the National Zoological Park on Friday, Nov. 21, and many availed themselves of the privilege. Secretary Langley received the

visitors, who were subsequently taken through the Park by Dr. Frank Baker, the Superintendent.

The question of holding a special meeting of the Union in California the coming year—possibly in May or June—was referred to a committee, with power.

The next annual meeting will be in Philadelphia, commencing Nov. 16, 1903.

Following is a list of the papers read at the sessions:

1. "Notes on the Life of Edward Harris, with Extracts from his Journals"—Geo. Spencer Morris.
2. "The Development of the *Pterylosis*"—Hubert Lyman Clark.
3. "The Domestic Affairs of Bob White"—John N. Clark.
4. "Summer Bird Life of Eastern North Carolina"—T. Gilbert Pearson.
5. "Change of Color without Molt"—R. M. Strong.
6. "Iridescence and White Feathers"—R. M. Strong.
7. Some Problems of Local Bird Population"—Walter B. Barrows.
8. "Notes on *Picoides americanus* and *Picoides arcticus* in Minnesota." Illustrated with lantern slides—T. S. Roberts.
9. "Comparison of the Bird Life of Gardiner's Island and Cobb's Island." Illustrated with lantern slides—Frank M. Chapman.
10. "A Contribution to the Life History of the Herring Gull." Illustrated with lantern slides—W. L. Baily and Wm. Dutcher.
11. "The A. O. U. Check-List; Its History and Its Future"—J. A. Allen.
12. "A Glance at the Historical Side of the Check-List of North American Birds"—Witmer Stone.
13. "Evolution of Species and Subspecies as illustrated by Certain Mexican Quails and Squirrels"—E. W. Nelson.
14. "Form in Bird Music"—H. W. Olds.
15. "Ancient Birds and their Associates." Illustrated with lantern slides—F. A. Lucas.
16. "Observations on the Herons of the District of Columbia. Illustrated with lantern slides—Paul Bartsch.
17. "Bird Life in the Bahamas." Illustrated with lantern slides—Frank M. Chapman and Louis Agassiz Fuertes.
18. "Reports of the Chairman of the Committee on the Protection of North American Birds"—Wm. Dutcher.
19. "Federal Game Protection in 1902"—T. S. Palmer.
20. "Some Variations in the Piping Plover (*Ægialitis meloda*)"—Jonathan Dwight, Jr.
21. "Nesting of the Red-bellied Woodpecker in Harford County, Md."—Wm. H. Fisher.
22. "Some Food Habits of West Indian Birds"—B. S. Bowdish.
23. "The Significance of Trinomials in Nomenclature"—Witmer Stone.
24. "An Epidemic of Roup in the Canandaigua Crow Roost"—Elon Howard Eaton.

A Robin in Barracks.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I noticed in the current number of the FOREST AND STREAM a communication under the caption of "The Murder of Young Among Birds," that recalled to me something that happened many years ago. I had been sent early in January of 1880 to Jefferson Barracks, Mo., just below St. Louis, to drill recruits there; it was the cavalry recruit depot then.

There is a large reservation here covered with forest trees, and I knew that the next spring these trees would be full of birds; this seemed to be a favorite place for them. I asked permission to put up boxes for them and was told to put up all I wanted. I made about fifty, some of them with large doors in them for my favorite, the robin; and every box had a family of some kind of birds in it the following summer.

One of my robin boxes I put up in a tree in front of our quarters, and a pair of robins took possession of it and raised a brood. When the young were half fledged, one of them fell out of his box during a rain storm, and a big Tom cat we had brought him into the barracks to make a meal of him.

I took the bird from the cat, and now took a notion to raise this bird myself. I could have put him back in his box, but getting an old cage I put him in it; then hanging it on the back porch began feeding him. He would eat a chunk of beef the size of his body three times a day if I pulled it apart and fed it to him. I never offered him anything except beer that he refused. I fed him about everything we would eat, from peanuts and candy to raisins and boiled prunes. He refused the beer, though. He had only been a few hours in this cage before his mother found him, and she began feeding him, but never tried to poison him. I scraped up an acquaintance with her, and after a time she would eat out of my hand. It may be that this is why she did not kill her young one, she knew I had him.

When he was full fledged I took him one morning and holding him out over the porch, let him go. He flew off and I expected to see him no more, but at dinner time I found him back in his cage again ready for his dinner. He occupied this cage all summer and soon found his way into the quarters. He would perch on a gun rack here and let any of us take him in our hands. I could call him, and have him fly on my shoulders to be fed; but he never would allow a woman to touch him.

He seemed to hate the English sparrows, and never missed a chance to whip them; he could whip half a dozen of them. He grew very large, on account of the food he got, I suppose, and stayed with us until late in the fall; in fact, I had about concluded he did not mean to go at all, before he finally left.

I left there the following spring before the birds began to come; but a friend wrote to me that among the first to come was my robin. He brought a mate with him. They took possession of the box he had been hatched in, then flew into the barracks and took his old place on top of the gun rack. He and his mate raised a brood here that year, and did not have to do much foraging for them, either, the men kept them supplied with plenty of boiled meat.

My friend told me that this robin of mine would put in whole hours in trying to get his mate to come into the quarters with him, flying back and forward from his box to the open window, then waiting for her to follow, but she never would come.

CABIA BLANCO.

A Columbia County Wolf.

THE Hudson, N. Y., Republican of Nov. 24, reports:

"The first wolf that has been seen in Columbia County in forty years was shot Friday near Lebanon Springs by William H. Hatch. This animal had been committing great depredations, getting into sheep folds and terrorizing the whole neighborhood. It was asserted by the farmers that it had killed probably more than one hundred sheep within the last three months. The animal had its haunts in New Lebanon and Stepentown, and in the latter town recently killed and partly devoured a calf. It became very bold lately, and on several occasions was seen in the open, but managed to elude the hunters who were in pursuit of it, until Mr. Hatch came upon it among his sheep. The first shot from his gun badly wounded the wolf, but it turned on the farmer and was ready to give him battle until the second shot in the breast took deadly effect. The wolf bounded in the air, and after giving a yelp, fell dead a short distance from Mr. Hatch, who did not lose his nerve, when a miss would have left him in a dangerous predicament. The farmers had clubbed together and offered a reward of $100 for the capture of the animal, and now that it is dead they will feel more at ease, as they were afraid to travel along the highways at night while the wolf was roaming about. It stood about three feet in height and weighed 150 pounds. Last Thursday it attacked a cow, which was lacerated so badly that it had to be killed. It is thought that the wolf had a mate, which will have to be killed before sheep and cattle in the neighborhood are safe."

[What proof is there that it was a wolf?]

Tame Adirondack Moose.

HAMBURG, N. J., Nov. 24.—I saw an account in yesterday's Sun of a tame moose at Newcomb, N. Y. I left Newcomb Oct. 23, and this moose appeared soon after that. A few days ago Mrs. J. M. Chase sent me two pictures of the animal. In one the moose is taking an apple from a lady's hand; in the other it is lying on the ground near the house. The moose has no horns, one ear lops, and there is a long scar or sore on the left shoulder. This is probably some tame animal turned out by Mr. Whitney. Newcomb is about thirty-five miles from Long Lake, west, near where the moose and elk were let go. These pictures prove that some hunting stories are true.

J. B. PELLET.

Game Bag and Gun.

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

Experience with Pheasants.

EAST WAREHAM, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The modern mowing machine is one of the juggernauts of small life, and the greatest sufferers are toads, frogs and mice; at the time for cutting hay the meadows fairly teem with these small creatures, but there are others which flee from the fearsome clatter, and seeking the thickest cover, naturally keep in the standing grass, and are roused up each time the circuit is made, their cover narrowing till none is left, and away they rush—cats, rabbits or meadow mice, and sometimes a black snake. These last, with others of their family, are often caught by the cutter bar and lose a portion of their bodies, if the division is well aft they may recover; if otherwise, they are doomed.

Nesting birds suffer much, for if the nest withstands the cross tramp of horses as one machine after another is used, and escapes the tread of wheels, its seclusion vanishes when the hay is raked, and the changed appearance with attending turmoil discourages the mother, who abandons the location, leaving eggs or young, as the case may be.

On the 7th of July last, while mowing a piece of stout grass, the cutter bar of my machine passed over a Mongolian pheasant sitting on eight eggs, so closely that the knives cut off her long tail. She sprang from the nest into the standing grass, and then flew to a nearby maple swamp. Stepping off the machine, I found five eggs unbroken, the others were mashed by the bird as she sprang up after being pressed almost flat by the bar.

There was no nest or depression whatever, not a shred of material had been contributed by the bird herself, and after the eggs were taken up no one would ever imagine that a nest had been on the spot. The long tail feathers mixed with cut grass, showed how close the call had been; that the bird escaped is explained by the fact that the fingers on the cutter bar turn up slightly, and on striking any lump tend to raise the knives and pass over. When this took place I was almost through cutting and had a baby rabbit in each of my two coat pockets. After cutting out the piece I placed the five eggs in my cap and performed the somewhat difficult trick of driving a horse, holding a cap with eggs and keeping a rabbit in either pocket with my elbows.

On my arrival home the children, with a young friend from the city, were delighted with the woodsie babies, and it was some time before they were willing to return them to their meadow and mamma. Afterward, while raking the hay, one little body was found mutilated almost beyond recognition as a rabbit; there must have been a litter of them.

The pheasant's eggs I placed under a very gentle bantam. In just 21 days she brought out the whole five. What next to do we did not know, so turned them out into the garden after 24 hours in their nest—a nail keg half filled with hay. The bantam was so gentle anyone could pick her up outdoors or in. They seemed to thrive for two or three weeks, then we missed one; it failed to come in at night. The hen came back to her nail keg every evening, until the little ones were large enough to fly, then she took them up on a high shelf in a shed built against the barn. When they were six weeks old a second one grew sick and died, the others have never shown any signs of sickness.

We fed them but little, the hen was an indefatigable scratcher and worked all summer in a hot bed and around the woodpile. This last had been on the premises some time, and one day I got a Portuguese to saw it up. When he got down to the bottom the hen and pheasants were on hand. When he raised a stick from the moist earth and chip dirt there were exposed a lot of black field roaches, angle worms and earwigs or myriapods that sought seclusion under it; then the hen and chicks rushed in and caught them. This wood was long-cut—not cord wood—and required two trestles to hold many of the sticks; this, of course, necessitated the man's walking back and forth between them, and the hen was often under his feet, and some of his time was spent in "shooing" and pushing her away, for, when he lifted up one stick others were likely to roll down on either her or the chicks. In this manner they grew up tame, coming into the outbuildings or house when a door was open.

They like flies and spend much time in the horse stall scratching in the bedding, not minding the horse. When it rains they come into the shed; it does not matter if men are coopering barrels and children playing I spy or tag; they will sit on the grindstone, a barrel or bench, and dress their feathers as unconcerned as their foster mother.

Some four weeks ago she began to wean them and commenced to lay in the same keg where she sat. They did not take to weaning, would not be weaned; she could not lose them; while she was in the keg attending to her duties they stood about with their necks stretched up and peeped dolefully.

At first, when the notion to fly struck them, the hen would fly with them—usually a short distance into the garden, sometimes across the road into a neighbor's corn field. Now, when they fly, she stays back, and they commence to peep as soon as they find she is not with them. These birds can be quite destructive to crops; they will eat tomatoes equal to domestic fowl, dig up beans, peas, and corn, and even scratch out potatoes. Whoever thinks of stocking a place with Mongolians should consider well beforehand what reception they are likely to meet when they spread about the country. In this town they are remakably plenty now, and are prized by the citizens generally; some few complain that they cannot raise peas or beans unless close to the house. How this will be in a few years is hard to say; the birds are in every field now; they are quite prolific, from six to fourteen eggs in a nest and two broods. They are hardy as the ruffed grouse, and from their greatest range, not being restricted to timber or brush, can support themselves better.

Our birds now eat all grains, corn in preference to any; they do not care for dough, but eat bread. I think they would be difficult to raise on artificial food in the manner of chickens; they must have a large percentage of insects, and only a hen can supply them.

I am not certain that these birds roost off the ground, and think mine were taught by the hen. I have never seen one alight in a tree.

Of the three two are hens; if they are monogamous I shall need another male, i.e., supposing they continue to stay about the place. Cock birds appear the most numerous from their brilliant coloring, catching the eye more readily than the duller plumage of the females. They also are more fond of the open, like to sit on fences, walls, haycocks and other posts of vantage; the hens are more shy and really fully as plentiful. How we shall hold out after 1905 if shooting is then allowed, is hard to say, but I opine that then we, who have cherished these birds and love to see them about, will see a crowd of aliens come in and clean them out before our faces.

If an open season is declared only landholders should be allowed to shoot them, or their permission should be required, a limit on the number and sex should be insisted upon.

These birds are the gift of one or two public spirited gentlemen to the community. They are singularly confiding and easy to approach; once open the season and market, goodby pheasant.

WALTER B. SAVARY.

P. S.—Since writing I have had to confine my birds, partly to save them from the army of irresponsible shooters and partly for fear they would go off with wild pheasants. A few days ago I saw a flock of females fly down to the salt water, while some alighted on the shore at the water's edge, two dropped into the grass—called "creek stuff" here—where the water was two feet deep; there they sat like ducks, their long tails well up until I put up the covey in my anxiety to see them.

W. B. S.

A Maine Center.

WATERFORD, Oxford Co., Me., Nov. 24.—Brown trout that were planted three years ago in the brook and lake here have thrived, and were quite plenty in the brook, spawning last of October. I caught one in August of 2 pounds weight. Lots of fine salmon in Muting Brook, a tributary to Bear Pond; a few have spear marks, showing poaching; they are natives. C. D. Morse shot a buck of 256 pounds, and a Mrs. Emmerson shot one of 201 pounds from her door, said to be at 40 rods. We would like to see Mr. Converse hunt foxes his style up here. These real and only sportsmen are now all in the South. Conditions and circumstances change them. A large black cat was caught in a trap recently, thought to be a "Jock cat."

E. PORTER.

Various Matters.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On my return recently from an Adirondack hunting trip, one of the first things which I did was to read up the back numbers of Forest and Stream, which had accumulated during my absence from home.

The pleasure I derived from the many good things which I found was nearly offset by the reports of recent fatalities in the deer forests, where men were mistaken and shot to death for deer.

I notice that the opinion seems to prevail that these fatalities are largely attributable to the use of small-bore high-power rifles.

I do not think this opinion is warranted by the facts in the case. Anyone conversant wth the characteristics of deer forests, or forests in which any sort of game is killed with the rifle, must be aware of the fact that bullets from high-power rifles which are fired in such forests are sure to be stopped by natural obstructions before they have exceeded the range of black powder rifles, which, of course, makes one type of rifle just as dangerous as the other. So far as I am informed, no more people have been accidentally shot with high-power rifles, in proportion to the number of these rifles in use, than by any other kind of rifle.

It seems somewhat strange to me that among all those who have attempted to give reasons for these sad accidents, none have mentioned what to me appears to be a very prolific cause, viz., whiskey.

A drunken, or a half drunken man with a loaded rifle, trying to still-hunt deer in a forest where other men are trying to do the same thing, is a very dangerous combination. It is a lamentable fact that many deer hunters regard the whiskey bottle as a necessary adjunct of their trips, and these trips as the time of all other times in which to give unbridled license to drinking.

It is not my intention to deliver a temperance lecture, but I will simply say that I think this order of procedure should be exactly reversed, that whatever may be a person's habits in this respect ordinarily, he should abstain entirely from drinking spirituous liquors while on such trips. The terrible consequences which sometimes follow should make it unnecessary to say more on this point.

Another mistaken idea is that the aim of these man-killers is invariably fatal when shooting at the human target.

If this were true I would not now be alive as a witness to the contrary, as I have figured in the capacity of a target for a half drunken still-hunter. In the comparatively few cases where the aim is fatal we necessarily hear all about it, but we hear little or nothing about the many cases where the aim is poor, hence the mistaken opinion.

I do not wish it to be inferred that I think whiskey is responsible for all of these accidents. A very small percentage of them are no doubt genuine accidents, of the sort that sometimes will occur when the greatest precautions are observed.

Then many are the result of carelessness or inexperience, pure and simple.

I remember one of my hunts which was taken in company with several would be still-hunters, who were not only novices in this art, but also in woodcraft. I do not remember the number of stumps, rocks, and other inanimate objects which they shot, mistaking them for deer, bear, panther and other wild animals. Luckily on this occasion the stumps and rocks were the only things which these hunters shot by mistake. It has been a practice with me of late to hang a placard over the gun rack in camp, bearing inscriptions which I designate as the 11th and 12th commandments.

The 11th commandment reads, "Thou shalt not have loaded firearms in camp." The 12th, "Thou shalt not shoot at anything until thou art absolutely certain what it is." This works well.

In regard to Adirondack deer. I have hunted deer in the Adirondacks nearly every season for many years, and have found them more numerous each season than the preceding one. Even Saratoga County must now be regarded as a deer inhabited country, as they are now frequently seen in many parts of it, and quite a good many have been killed this season within its limits. For the fifty years previous to 1890, deer were never seen in a wild state in this county. During my recent trip our party of ten still-hunted on dry leaves and under other adverse conditions, and killed 13 deer in ten days' hunting. This does not indicate a scarcity of deer. It is true that a large number of deer are killed in the Adirondacks each season, and this gives the alarmists a basis on which to predict the early annihilation of Adirondack deer. They seem to forget that a much larger number is added to the supply each year by natural increase. I can see no present necessity for greater restrictions in regard to killing deer, but as a matter of economy I think the open season on deer should be changed so they could be killed only when they are in the best condition and when their meat could all be utilized to the best advantage. A deer is a large animal, and when one is killed during warm weather the chances are that before it can all be consumed it will be more suitable food for buzzards than human beings.

We found it quite difficult during out late hunt, to keep the deer we killed from spoiling, although they were all killed in November. I have always thought that the open season on deer should be from the first to the last of November, for I have always thought that game should only be killed when it is in the best condition, and when its meat could be used to the best possible advantage. This may sound strange to your able and interesting correspondent, Coahoma, coming from me, and therefore I will explain myself by saying that in my opinion we derive our "true sport" from the pursuit and capture of game. The utilization of the meat of captured game is purely a question of economy, and bears no relation to the sport involved in its pursuit and capture.

Apropos of this matter, I would suggest to Coahoma that quite likely his friend B. objected to throwing those thirteen quail into the bayou for the same reason that he would object to throwing the contents of his pork barrel into the same bayou. But his objection to this needless waste would be no evidence that he regards the slaughtering of hogs as "true sport." But enough.

I like Coahoma, and the loyal way in which he defends his honest convictions.

In regard to hounding deer. I have always thought the law against hounding a little too hard on those who can kill deer in no other way, or those who enjoy this way of hunting deer best.

Personally, I can kill five deer still-hunting while I would be trying to kill one driven by hounds, and I derive more sport from still-hunting than from any other method of hunting deer; but I believe that all have an equal opportunity to enjoy sport in the way that pleases them best, provided their way is a sportsmanlike way. I can discover nothing unsportsmanlike in hounding deer. The charge that it is cruel is the merest bosh. Deer are never found in situations where they cannot throw off the hound by crossing water before thay are distressed by the chase.

If the supply of game cannot stand the drain of this method, stop all hunting for a term of years until the supply is replenished. This would be very simple and effective, and perfectly fair to all interested. It would also be much less expensive than our present system, which, expensive as it is, stops far short of enforcing the law against hounding and jacking.

Lastly, if hounding were permitted, it would greatly lessen the number of fatal accidents, as that class of deer hunters who have none of the instincts and training of the still-hunter, would then pursue the sport in a way that offers but few chances for carelessness, in experience or intemperance, on their part to result in the injury or death of their fellow men.

Jos. W. Shurter.

Gansevoort, Nov. 26.

Mr. Brown and the Buck.

"Tell us about that big buck deer you lost once, Brown. They say you missed a very fine one a few years ago," said Jones to Brown a few evenings since.

"Well, it was like this," said Brown, taking a few puffs at his pipe. "I had never shot a deer and the evening before the occurrence of which you speak, I was alone in a log cabin far away from the haunts of men. I was figuring on taking a turn out in the thicket the next day to look for deer, which I had been told frequented it, and so naturally thought a good deal about deer and the probabilities of my being able to get one. If you have ever been domiciled in a cabin in the woods several miles from any human habitation, you can readily understand what the facilities are for undisturbed thought. By the time darkness came on I was shooting deer by the carload. Sometimes I would be content to kill them one at a time in rapid succession, and then, again, I would have them lined up and make one bullet do for two or more, but I never failed to bring them down. Amid these cheerful reflections I fell asleep and dreamed of sitting on runways and prowling through thickets. The next morning I started out full of hope and ambition. Every faculty was on the alert and my gun always in readiness for instant execution in case a deer jumped from the thicket. For a couple of hours I traveled thus, and seeing no deer, gradually relaxed my vigilance, and was swinging along at an easy gait with my gun carelessly resting on my arm. I had come out of the thick timber and had stopped on a hill overlooking some little meadows. I had not the slightest thought of seeing a deer, when all at once there burst upon my vision a monstrous buck calmly and peacefully grazing along the edge of the meadow at the foot of the hill. Instantly I was again a child, and by my father's side I stood clinging to his hand and gazed respectfully through the bars of a cage at the beautiful animal. Then the whole thing seemed like a picture of a beautiful landscape, with the live deer painted into it. Gradually I became conscious of something on my arm. It was the gun, and then the horrible revelation came over me that here was the deer I had come to kill. Slowly and mechanically I raised the gun to my shoulder and pointed it in the direction of the meadows, always with my eye riveted on the deer. I could not shoot yet, for I had not made up my mind how I was going to keep him there while I killed him; how I could spare enough attention from keeping him chained with my eye, to aim the gun and perform the operation of pulling the trigger. Those were moments of terrible suspense. The deer kept growing larger and larger, a mist swam before my eyes, and the earth, the trees and the sky all began to move. With the sensation that one has when he realizes that it is the other train and not the one he is on that is moving, I awoke to the fact that Mr. buck was leaving the meadow with my eye still chained to him. It was then or never. There he was only a short distance away, moving slowly along. I can see him yet. Great big fellow. His course brought him nearer and nearer to where I stood waiting"—(pause)

"Why didn't you shoot?"

"What?"

"Why didn't you shoot?"

"Oh. Why didn't I shoot. Well, as I said before, I had one eye firmly fixed on the buck. In order to sight a gun properly, as you may know, it is necessary to shut one eye, and with the other glance along the gun barrel between the sights. My gun was in place, but when I went to draw a bead on the buck my left eye being so firmly fixed on the buck, refused to respond, and I inadvertently shut the other eye. This moved the gun barrel around out of place and changed the position of the deer and mixed things up generally. I had been perfectly cool up to that time. Almost too cool. In fact, frozen, to speak technically, but this little matter of getting my eyes changed had a tendency to make me nervous. I quickly recovered, however, took aim and fired. I cannot imagine why he did not drop. They always dropped—the night before. He simply stopped and looked my way. Could it be that I had shot him so dead that he did not struggle sufficiently to fall at once? No, he was not dead. He did not even know he had been shot at, and to my utmost consternation he came directly toward me. He came a little way and stopped. How long we stood there staring each other in the face I will never know, but finally it occurred to me that if I killed him I must shoot him again. I raised my gun"——

"Why in the world didn't you shoot then, Mr. Brown?"

"Did you ever shoot at a deer?"

"No."

"No? Well, you see, when I made up my mind to shoot again it occurred to me that I hadn't pumped my repeater. I hastened to reload, when click! the deer wheeled like a flash, and with a gentle, graceful rolling motion sank quietly and peacefully into a kind of little ravine like, and I saw him no more. If the ground had been a little more level, or if —— (sigh). Say, give me a match, will you, my pipe's gone out."

With Dog and Gun.

The Delights of Upland Shooting.

There is no sport that has more pleasurable, health-giving qualities than that which appertains to the dog and gun. To roam at will through forest and glade, inhaling the purest air that nature provides, air laden with the scent of wild flowers, heavy with the balsamic odor of the pines, refreshing and exhilarating, giving breath and strength to the weakling and preserving those qualities in the strong. No scenery is more beautiful than that made by the divine landscape gardener, unmarred by the hand of man, whose desecrating hand strings rows of unsightly fences, rears an edifice of wood and mortar and stone in the clearing in the forest, once beautiful in its pristine freshness, but now an unsightly blot upon the face of nature. In the heart of every man there is one little spot, sometimes so infinitely small that even its possessor is not aware of its existence until moved by some glorious scene, and sometimes so large that it dominates the whole being, that loves the wildness, the freedom, the untrammeled beauty, found in the silent woods. And it is that love for nature that goes far toward making a sportsman. To leave the rush and turmoil of the town far behind, to get away from the confines of civilization and feel as free from care as the beasts of the field, the birds of the air, that is the longing that completes the change from man to sportsman. With many the hunting is merely an incident, to be enjoyed as one of the numerous pleasures that go to make the whole; it is the companionship of the beings of the woods, the animals that know nothing of civilization or captivity, the sense of being free, the wholesomeness of the life, that attracts the man.

Did you ever lie on your back on some mossy spot, beneath the trees, and gaze upward at the blue sky, taking note of the little birds that flit in and out of the foliage overhead, now hastily seeking the shelter of the thick pine when a threatening shadow warns them of the coming of their most troublesome enemy, the hawk; then, when danger is over, leaving their refuge and once more busily going about the duties of their little lives? You hear a faint scratching noise on the old fallen tree near you and then you see a tiny chipmunk watching you with twinkling eyes, a strange sight for him, resembling none of the wood folks with which he is acquainted, until a sudden movement of yours alarms the timid creature, and like a flash of light he is gone. Off in that tall chestnut tree there sounds the busy chatter of a squirrel, a bluejay catches a glimpse of you and screeches forth harsh notes of warning, while a distant whistle, a querulous quói-la-hee, quói-la-hee, proclaims a quail, separated from his relatives and sounding the call of the lost.

There is something irresistibly attractive in these sights and sounds of the woods that the maxim, "once a sportsman, always a sportsman," is rarely at fault. It is generally instilled when but a boy, this love of nature, and seldom a man, who as a youngster used to roam through the woods and fields, but that enjoys the same wanderings in his riper years.

Upland shooting gives one an opportunity to enjoy all these pictures from nature's book of field and forest, and that accounts for the man turning sportsman and the sportsman naturalist. No one passes a week or even a day in the woods without becoming interested in the animal inhabitants, and a desire to know more, to acquire a knowledge of the heretofore unknown wood lore, draws them again and again to the shadows of the silent forest until the charm is too strong to be resisted and many an hour is pleasurably spent beneath the trees.

Nor are all the attractions confined to the woods. The sportsman-naturalist wanders through the fields, sees the burrow of the woodchuck, the well-defined paths of the rabbit worn smooth through grass and stubble by the passing of many little feet. Under the branches of the oak tree in the corner of the lot are several little hollows in the fresh earth, the dusting place of Bob White, while the feathers scattered here and there about the spot prove that the daily dust bath is not neglected. Never a day is passed without some new and interesting scene to relieve the monotony, the book of knowledge is never all revealed, but day by day the wanderer looks upon a new page, and before he is aware of it is under that strange spell, the "spell of the forest."

Give a man a dog and a gun, let him roam at will through the fields and woods, and unless his heart is harder than the hardest flint, his eyes shut to all the beauties and charms of nature, he will be inspired by the delightful views, the new sights and purest air God can give, and go home, happier, better and healthier, surely recompense sufficient to pay for the day spent away from town and business.

It was not so many years ago when the man who loved the pleasures attendant upon dog and gun, in a day afield, was regarded by the majority of people as a ne'er-do-well, an idler who it would be best to watch, and maybe you can remember how you slipped out the back door with the gun concealed beneath your coat, acting as if you were a criminal instead of a respectable citizen who was going hunting, afraid of the remarks of your neighbors if they saw you off for such degrading sport and never perfectly at ease until beyond the confines of the village and the scrutiny of curious eyes.

However, in this more enlightened day the sportsman is not a creature of suspicion, but, if a sportsman in the true sense of the word, he is respected, admired by many and imitated by some, truly a different man from one of three decades ago.

The American people, as a whole, are a nation of sportsmen, and with a sportsman President at the helm, upholding and dignifying the title, the multitudes are becoming more and more convinced that the love of sport is an excellent quality to be instilled in each mind, for it is

rare that a genuine lover of the rod or gun is not worthy of all trust and confidence imposed in him.

So let us don our shooting togs, the coat, not of many colors, but of many pockets, the trousers and leggings made to resist the wear of the bush and scratch of the brier, and with gun resting comfortably on the shoulder, hide ourselves in the peaceful shade of the woods, or tramp over the crisp stubble with that pleasurable anticipation of a good day's sport that is never lost, but each day rises anew, whatever the disappointments of the preceding one.

The companion of many hunts, our Fidus Achates, in the shape of either a setter or pointer, is as eager as his master to be afield, and upon reaching the well-known hunting grounds, is off at a wave of the hand, quartering the fields, drawing each favorite spot where only the other day he found a bevy. Suddenly a whiff of that delectable bird scent is carried to the delicate nostrils and he slackens his gait, looks around for the master, and then, with head erect and putting each foot down as carefully as though he were treading on glass, he approaches the birds, until the strong scent warns him of their nearness, and pauses, rigid and beautiful, surely a sight that brings joy to the heart of the sportsman.

Hark to the whir of wings as the quail arise; watch the startled birds hurry to the shelter of the neighboring woods. The first bevy of the day is found, and now our cup of joy is overflowing.

Then at noon time, when the sun is high in the heavens, the sportsman seeks some sheltered nook and abandons himself to a delightful rest, and also refreshes the inner man with a tempting, though necessarily small, lunch, which was so carefully prepared and put into a pocket of the canvas coat by the little madam, who, although she is a sportsman's wife or mother, and has witnessed his coming and going many times, can never quell the feeling of uneasiness and always on parting utters those precautionary words, "Do be careful, dear." Bless the little woman! We all know what prompts those loving words, but we do not know how much she worries or how anxiously she awaits the homecoming.

The clear waters of the near-by brook serve to wash down the enjoyable lunch and also to soften the two or three dog biscuits that somewhat still the pangs of hunger in our faithful companion's stomach. His breakfast was not a large one, for the sportsman was wise and knows that no dog can hunt well after a hearty meal.

But there is one thing needed before the sportsman's satisfaction is complete. A search in the pockets brings to light a well-filled tobacco pouch and a pipe, whose very blackness proclaims a strength which only many pounds of the "weed that soothes" could produce. The pipe is carefully filled and then there is another search for a match, which is found, lit, and applied to the tobacco. Now he is happy as he lounges on the soft bed of leaves and pine needles. At peace with all the world is he, as he watches the circling smoke around and muses on the pleasures of the past few hours.

Perhaps the warmth of the November sun, as its bright rays shine into the little glade, has a soporific effect on the sportsman, and soon he is off to the land of dreams, accompanied by the dog, who has before been lazily dozing, but now, seeing his master embraced by the arms of Morpheus, curls up in a comfortable little hollow at the foot of an old tree and indulges in a deep, beneficial snooze.

All this may seem a bit out of place to some, this noonday slumber, but to the man who finds not all the pleasure in always "killing," it is as truly a part of the day's enjoyment as the shooting.

Surely we who love the dog and gun, can claim as good a right to be termed contemplative sportsmen as those who find their pleasures in bending rod and babbling brooks and have been designated by the father of trout fishing, as contemplative anglers.

But the sun has withdrawn its warming rays from the glade, and the old dog, who quickly notices the atmospheric change, begins to get uneasy. He indulges in a mighty, satisfying yawn, and then lazily arises from the soft bed beneath the tree. The sportsman is suddenly recalled from the land of dreams by a cold, damp nose being shoved inquiringly into his face, and awakens to find his dog standing by him, an entreating look in the large brown eeys, which seems to say, "'Tis time to be up and doing." So he looks at his watch and finds that there are only three short hours before the sun will sink behind the western hills, and that that day and its pleasures will be a thing of the past.

Off in the distance he hears a clear, melodious whistle. A bevy of quail have been scattered and are sounding their assembly calls, so he listens for a moment until another whistle leaves him certain of the direction, and then off he goes, for a half-dozen more birds added to those that are already in the game pockets will just complete the number he wishes to carry home.

Finally the dog gives the most positive signs of game, the sportsman moves up closer to where he is working, there is a sudden rustling of the dead leaves, a b-r-r-r, followed by a sharp report of the gun, and another victim swells the score.

Again the scene is enacted. Maybe the surroundings are different, for in nature's theater the scenery is always shifting, but there are the same actors, the man, the dog, the fluttering bird and smoking gun.

The sportsman is at last compelled to cease hunting, for the gradually deepening dusk, makes it impossible to shoot with satisfying results, and he calls his dog to heel, throws the little gun over his shoulder and starts on his homeward tramp.

"Fatigued?" you ask. "Yes, bodily." His limbs are not of steel and have conveyed him over many miles, through forest and field, but his spirits are not in keeping with the weary limbs. He is not thinking of the work he has done, the miles he has covered, but of the dozen or more plump quail that are so snugly resting in the game pockets, and should you ask him if the recompense is worthy of the labor, there will be no hesitating, the same cheery answer will be always given, "Of course it is. Why, my friend, there is no better sport, and I am never happier than when homeward bound after a successful hunt."

F. ARTHUR PARTRIDGE.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

One Way to Burst a Gun.

WE were firing at the 300-yard target, using new Spencer .45 caliber carbines. These are rim fire and some of their cartridges were defective, the percussion matter, whatever it was, often failed. It may have been on account of its not being evenly distributed, for if it missed fire the first time we turned the cartridge partly around, then let the plunger strike it in a new place, and it generally exploded then.

One of our sergeants stepped out to fire this day, and his first attempt was a failure; his cartridge did not explode. He turned it; then tried again, and this time the percussion was all right; but the gun made hardly any report, and I noticed but a light puff of smoke come out of the muzzle.

The marker signaled a miss, and the sergeant tried again. This time the cartridge was all right, but after firing the gun was found to have a small bulge that extended clean around the barrel an inch behind the muzzle. This was over twice the diameter of the barrel, but there was no split about it. The lieutenant, who had charge of us, here now examined the gun, then wanted to know if the sergeant had taken the rag out of the gun before firing. A good many of us kept a greasy rag in the muzzle as a stopper, and only a few days before this a man had forgot to remove his before firing at a deer and had ruined his gun; the barrel, in this case, had split two inches back from the front end.

There was no rag in the gun; sergeant said this had been his second shot, the first one would have burst it had he left his stopper in.

"Then I can't account for it," the lieutenant told him.

I had been standing only a few feet away when both shots were fired and had been busy thinking since then. "I can explain it, I think." I told him that first shot was one of those spoiled cartridges; he had to turn it, then, when it did go off it made hardly any report; there must have been only powder enough in it to drive the ball as far as the muzzle; there it found the smallest inside diameter and then stuck; the next shot burst the gun, of course.

"I think you have got it," he told me. "Have you ever seen a similar case?"

"No, sir; another like it might not occur in a year, but I reason it out that way."

"And that is the way it has been done. I must report this to the War Department as being something new."

I saw another of these carbines burst from having its muzzle full of clay; that was a piece of carelessness, though, and had I anything to do in this case the man would have had to pay $22, the price of the gun.

CABIA BLANCO.

ERIE, Pa.

Ducks on Gaede's Pond.

ONE afternoon last week a man rushed into Morgan's office on Broadway. When he inquired for Eddie it was plainly to be seen that the messenger was very much excited. The proprietor was not at home, and the man waited.

When Eddie came in the man took him over in a corner and whispered something in his ear. The people in the place could catch a word now and then about ducks and ponds, and Eddie seemed pleased over the information which was being imparted.

After the man had departed, Edward went to the telephone. His actions were quick and decisive, but his friends saw that he was under strong mental excitement.

"Hello, Central," said Edward, as he took down the receiver. "Give me 380, quick."

There was a delay for a moment, and then Morgan whispered into the 'phone:

"Hello, Powers, is that you? Say, John, a fellow's just been in and told me that there is a big bunch of wild ducks up on Bob Gaede's pond, just above Haledon. I want you to hook up your horse before daylight to-morrow morning, and we will go up and get them before Garry Hopper or Billy Stalter get wise. If they hear there are ducks on that pond, they will go up and camp out to-night."

"All right," said Ed, after he had listened to his friend Powers for a moment. "Be sure and be here by 5 in the morning; we won't have any time to lose if we want to get those ducks. Keep it mum; don't say a word to any one."

For the balance of the evening Morgan acted as if he were burdened with the weight of a great secret. His friends noticed his absent-mindedness, and it caused considerable comment. When Garry Hopper came in and said he had heard there was a big bunch of ducks up country Eddie got nervous, but he calmed down when Garry said the ducks were on Cedar Pond at Orean Park.

The next morning when the police were going on duty at 4 o'clock, a man was noticed driving through the streets at a rapid gait. He pulled up at Morgan's and Eddie came out, loaded down with shells and gun, which were hastily concealed in the back of the wagon. Then they whirled away over the river and up the Haledon hill.

"If we find those ducks, John," said Ed, "we will have to be pretty careful, as they will be apt to be wilder than hawks. If they are near the shore, we will sneak up from two sides. We'll put the first barrel into them on the water, and then when they bunch on the rise we will simply slaughter them with the second barrel. We'll certainly have the joke on Hopper and the gang by going out and getting a bunch of wild ducks right here in the town before breakfast."

When the hunters reached the top of Jackson's Hill, the pond on Bob Gaede's estate lay spread out before them like a mirror. Dawn was just breaking, and the surface of the water was partially hidden by the early morning mist. When they were within three yards of the lake, Powers suddenly stopped the horse.

"There are the ducks," said John, pointing to a group which was floating about thirty yards from the shore, at a point where there was good cover on the bank. "I think, though, they are tame ducks."

"No, they're not," said Morgan. "They're mallards; look at their size and see them swim. We won't do a thing to them in a minute. You go over to that point, and I'll go yonder; when I whistle blaze away."

It took John and Eddie fifteen minutes to get to their respective positions, and all the time they kept an eye on the ducks. Then there came a low whistle, and the simultaneous reports of two guns broke the morning stillness. The shot churned the water into foam right in the middle of the batch of ducks, but they never moved.

Neither Morgan nor Powers shot the second time. They got wise quickly. They sneaked back to the wagon, and the horse had to make record time to get back to Paterson before people were up.

Morgan says now that he knew all the time that the ducks were decoys which had been placed in the pond by Bob Gaede to fool some of his friends, and that he only pretended that they were real ducks in order to have a good joke on Powers.

Curiously enough, Powers says the same thing about Morgan.—Paterson (N. J.) Chronicle.

Market Hunter Fined $360.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Game Warden George A. Ferris, of Stamford, Conn., did a clever piece of work when he arrested and convicted Wallace A. Stevens, of Stamford, Conn., for selling thirty-three quail, woodcock and partridge.

Stevens received the minimum fine that the law provides, viz., $10 per bird, and $30 for costs—$360 in all. Upon first reading this fine may appear excessive for the first offense, but when other circumstances are taken into consideration, the decision will meet the approval of all good sportsmen, and it's the general sentiment in and around Stamford that the fellow got what he deserved. Stevens' occupation is that of driver for the Diamond Ice Company in Stamford eleven months in the year, but the twelfth month, October, he gives up his position and goes back into the country to a camp of his, or else boards at a farmhouse, and takes up shooting as a business. This he has done for several years. Several complaints have been made to the game warden about Stevens shooting on Sundays, and about his shooting for market; but all such fellows are shy, and it is hard to get positive evidence to secure a conviction on, and Stevens had made the statement several times that "Ferris never would catch him, and he would just like to see him come up and arrest him."

Game Warden Ferris is, however, not only an enthusiastic sportsman, but a man of much determination and resource; and after several weeks of patient investigation—the watching and noting of several persons with suspicious looking baskets who went to New York pretty frequently—the following of persons to New York and ascertaining where the contents of these suspected packages and baskets were disposed of, he was able finally to obtain positive evidence, had the warrant issued, and went up personally and arrested Stevens.

Assistant Prosecuting Attorney Jenkins conducted the case for the Commonwealth; Judge Downs presided. Judge Downs, in giving his decision, explained that the maximum fine was $50 per bird, and even imprisonment, and the minimum fine was $10 per bird, which he imposed, as it was Stevens' first offense before the court.

Mr. Ferris has received complaints of several other parties who are shooting and selling game illegally, and has them under consideration. There are several persons in that town, and, in fact, in almost every town in the State, who encourage shooters to violate the law by offering to buy the birds of them, and it is stated that a New York broker who resides in Stamford, bought a gun and gave it to a man who is known as a market shooter—gives the fellow his ammunition and takes his birds, and the presumption is that he quietly pays him for his time and game.

The good work of Game Warden Ferris will give some of these persistent market shooters a more wholesome respect for the game law, and such work will receive the hearty commendation and congratulation of sportsmen throughout the State of Connecticut.

N. S. A.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn.

On Staten Island.

PRINCE'S BAY, N. Y., Nov. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the last issue I read an article about shooting in Greater New York. The article was a good one. The man who wrote it is in my estimation a gentleman, and he was in the bounds of the law in all his doings. We all like to hear of a man going out and doing an honest day's work with his rod and gun. It is good reading. If the pages of FOREST AND STREAM were supplied with all of the illegal shooting that has been done on Staten Island this fall it would make a great many columns of reading that would not suit a good many men. When I say men I mean gentlemen, not gentlemen of wealth, but those who are possessed of means that are worth more than would enable them to stand in a police court and deliberately lie about their wrongdoing when pushed to the wall (of injustice).

The casual reader may say, Why is it that there is so much illegal shooting on Staten Island, and why do they not make arrests? We have made arrests, and have gone through the form of prosecution, and all that; but we have had our drawbacks. We have a good prosecuting attorney, a man sincere, honest, and a thorough student of the game laws; but when he runs up against a wall thicker than seventeen Killarney castles, how under the sun can he knock it down single-handed? The Richmond County Fish and Game Protective Association have been keeping an eye on all of the proceedings, and have noticed several cases where the education of the lower class can be benefitted. When I speak of the lower class, I do not mean anything detrimental to any one. I am speaking of classes. We all know that there is the infant class, the primary class, grammar school and high school. Now, there is a high school in all classes. Take dogs; some belong to the high school class; and horses, there are the high school horses; they can step to music better than some men can step or stoop to common sense. But such people generally will stoop to common cents, if they think it will go. And I thank God that there is a high school in our courts that throws away petty politics and scorns the evildoer, and throws the searchlight of justice to help law-abiding people. We are going to the higher school of justice, where the faculty have been educated to the laws of the State.

A MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATION.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Game Law Matters in Illinois.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 29.—State Game Commissioner A. J. Lovejoy, of Roscoe, Ill., favors this office with the following statement of matters and affairs connected with his administration:

"To set you at rest regarding what the State Game Commissioner is doing, I herewith hand you a little synopsis of the forthcoming report to the Governor. The cause of the delay in report is that it is almost impossible to get a deputy warden to answer any questions regarding his work, and I wished to make the report as complete as possible.

"At the commencement of my appointment there was in the State game fund the sum of $1,967. The last General Assembly, in trying to revise the game law of Illinois, inadvertently left out the word 'quail,' which has caused some to attempt to kill them at all seasons, instead of waiting till Nov. 1 to Dec. 20. Notwithstanding this error in the present law, we have succeeded in protecting them fully as well as ever before by enforcing Section 29 of the law, which forbids any to hunt on the lands of another without first procuring permission, etc., under penalty of prosecution for trespass. I am reliably informed that there has been less violation than usual. There has, however, been something over one hundred prosecutions for violations of the law during the fiscal year. In nearly every case we have been successful in fining the violators. Beside these cases under the State law, the report shows that there has been seized under the Lacey law numerous packages of game illegally shipped into the State from States forbidding the shipment of game beyond their borders. As required by this law, the game so seized has been sold for the benefit of the State Game Fund, except such portion as goes to the deputy making the seizure. The cases have been turned over to the U. S. Government for prosecution, and we are informed that Illinois stands at the head of the list of States for this work, and has made the best record of any. The licenses granted to other States to hunt in Illinois during the open season have also been more than ever in the history of the law. The larger number coming from St. Louis, with Burlington, Hannibal, Quincy, Dubuque, Indiana, Wisconsin, etc., following.

"To show that we are doing business and reporting the same, the game fund in the hands of the State Treasurer on June 1, 1902, showed a net balance of $6,204.90, instead of the small amount of $1,967, when the office was turned over to me. This was a net profit to the State of $4,237 over and above all expenses and salaries for the year.

"I merely send you these figures to quiet your nerves and to show that a game commissioner can attend to his busines and do right without running around to the newspapers telling of it. I have noticed two or three slurs about the game commissioner in your paper that were entirely uncalled for. Trust this will ease your mind till the complete report is out of the hands of the printer, and show that things are in good shape.

"I am as anxious to see a better game law enacted as you are, and am trying to get the assistance of the sportsmen in the matter, as I believe they are the best men to know what is best for the protection of game."

I am sure these figures are received in proper spirit and promise Commissioner Lovejoy that no one will be unduly nervous. It is a matter of much congratulation to the commissioner to see the good financial showing. Cash on hand is always good. I am in ignorance of what is meant by "slurs about the game commissioner." I am sure there is no department in FOREST AND STREAM which would not rather print praise than blame. The State game wardens can do no greater service to the cause of game protection than by giving publicity, not only in the sporting papers, but in the daily papers of the country to all the workings of their offices. There are plenty of men who would rather pay a fine than be held up for criticism before the public. The power of the press in enforcing the game laws of the country is well nigh as great to-day as the executive arm of the law itself, and it could be made much more powerful did the officers appointed to enforce that law avail themselves of the friendship and good offices of their natural allies, the newspapers. I know Commissioner Lovejoy will do this, and shall thank him always as now.

The Law in Indiana.

I had occasion to call attention to the ease with which one may borrow the non-resident license of a friend for the purpose of shooting in the State of Indiana. To-day I heard of another way in which to escape the penalty of this law. Say you want to spend a few days shooting on the Kankakee, where the duck shooting has been better this year than it has been anywhere else, and better than it has been for many years in the State of Indiana. Very well. You write to the office of the State game commissioner stating your real name and enclosing the fee for a resident license, and giving your address as Hammond, Ind. Then have your license sent in care of a certain friend at Hammond, Ind. When you go shooting your friend meets you at Hammond and hands you your license. After you are across the line you become a resident of Indiana. The wardens do not know you as anything but a resident, and naturally they do not want to take chances of making a mistake. In this way several Chicago men have made themselves residents of the State of Indiana for the time being. I simply call this to the attention of the State game warden, who is apparntly in ignorance of this state of affairs.

Ducks.

We have had an unusually good duck season and one more than ordinarily long. There has been no freeze up at this latitude as yet sufficient to shut up the waters, and old marsh shooters say that the best of the shooting is yet to come. With this dictum I hardly agree, but believe that one could expect good mallard shooting along the open waters of the Kankakee quite up to the time of the final freeze. Out in Minnesota, at the latitude of St. Paul, all the lakes have been frozen for some time and the ducks have left that country.

By the way, can anyone advise me of good duck and quail shooting in the State of Arkansas, and can anyone tell me what is the attitude in that State to-day in regard to the non-resident shooter? I have understood that Arkansas and Missouri are not hankering for non-residents. For some reasons I do not in the least blame them.

The License Law.

There is considerable discussion in this part of the world now over the question of non-resident licenses. The situation has grown so urgent that shooters are not always bold enough to openly violate the laws of their sister States. Hence we hear the cry that the non-resident license law is unconstitutional, that the State cannot charge a non-resident any more than it charges a resident for the privilege of shooting, etc. This is open abandonment of the doctrine that the license fees go to swell the revenues of the game protectors. I think any one who knows the sentiment of the legislators of the Western States will agree that so soon as we undertake to put a gun tax of even 50 cents a gun, or a shooting license of even $10 on our statute books, we shall see every game law wiped off of those statute books by the hands of an irate Legislature. If you put the price down to $1 or $2, you will come near enough to doing this same thing; and if you make it an even price for shooters of all the different States, you will not get enough money into your fund to materially benefit you in the enforcement of the laws. There are some who think that the non-resident license laws as they stand are good. Others would like to see the non-resident tax not above $10 in each State. Others again, begin to howl that they want no tax at all. I am afraid that the trouble with the great North American citizen John Jones, is that he wants protection for John Jones, but not for the game birds. The American people do not deserve to have any game, and the probability is that they will not long have any.

The Deer Season.

As I wrote last week from St. Paul, the returns from the deer hunters had not at that time begun fully to come in. Since then many of the hunting parties have come out of the woods, and they for the most part bring with them substantial proof of the abundance of game in Minnesota. Early last week one Great Northern train brought down 128 deer to the city of St. Paul. On board that train was one party made up of Frank Nordstrom, Gus Rylander and F. Nelson, who were returning from a trip of two weeks in the country between Vermillion and Rainy Lake. They had one moose, nine deer, two bears, and 125 partridges. Now, if any of our Canadian or Maine friends want a little record, they might cast their eyes this way. I fully believe that Minnesota is as good a game country as Maine, were it equally well systematized, mapped, tabulated and ticketed.

Two St. Paul policemen came down last week from a hunt in northern Minnesota, and each of them had a good moose, with good antlers. This is the third hunt which these men have made in Minnesota, and they have got a moose each time. Well posted hunters of St. Paul insist that it is as safe a proposition to get a moose in Minnesota as it is anywhere on earth.

In Wisconsin the deer law seems to work fairly well, at least in the city of Milwaukee. Mayor Rose, of Milwaukee, was out hunting last week and brought home with him a nice deer, which was left in the express office by the mayor when he arrived in Milwaukee. The next morning he sent his license and an order for the deer to the express office, in care of his butcher. The game warden was at the office and refused to honor the order of the mayor of the city, so the latter had to go down to the office and check up like anybody else. These Milwaukee wardens have been very vigilant and have gotten themselves very much disliked by reason of their efficiency. There have been several cases of game taken from parties coming through to Chicago, and they have come pretty near establishing a reign of terror among the unregenerate.

Not so much could be said for some of the settlements further north in the State of Wisconsin. A Stevens Point, Wis., dispatch has this to say as to a seizure lately made at that point:

Utter disregard of the game laws has characterized the operations of hunters and game dealers in the central and northern part of the State. Several large confiscations have been made, but the largest one was made in this city yesterday by Game Warden Brown, in which he secured more than 400 pounds of partridges and venison. The find was made in searching a Wisconsin Central refrigerator car. One consignment of 250 pounds was billed from Spencer as "dressed poultry," to Lepman & Haege, Chicago. One barrel was packed at the top and bottom with domestic geese, but in the middle were twenty-eight partridges. Another consignment of "dressed poultry" billed from Colby to T. J. Holing, Chicago, consisted almost wholly of partridges. Saddles of venison to the amount of 100 pounds were found disguised as "veal." The confiscated goods were tagged as contraband of law, and promptly sold on the local market, the proceeds being sent to the State warden at Madison.

Deaths Among Deer Hunters.

Thus far I have heard of several deer hunters killed and sixteen wounded in the States of Wisconsin and Michigan this fall. It is not pretended that this list is in the least complete. There are many sportsmen who do not care to go deer hunting in the northern woods of these States during the present reign of terror. The pine woods region of Michigan and Wisconsin in the deer season is a kingdom of fools.

A man from Montrose, Mich., by the name of Chauncey Streeter, went out from his hunting camp and failed to return. His companions hunted for him for over a week, and at last he was discovered, wounded, in a logging camp some miles away, where he was being cared for. He had been picked up in the woods, shot through the thigh by some unknown party.

Big Deer Story.

Mr. Sam Ryan, of Appleton, Wis., hands me the following story from the Merrill Advocate:

"While out hunting deer one day last week Knut Severson, of 1404 East Main street, ran on to five bucks engaged in mortal combat. Mr. Severson was attracted to the scene by a great commotion, and walked up within easy range of the enraged denizens of the forest. After looking at the battle a short time he took aim and felled one to the ground. The buck had no sooner fallen than another buck picked the dead on his horns and threw him high in the air. Mr. Severson again fired and brought down another one. The rest then discovered the hunter and took to the woods. Mr. Severson says that but for the fact that he was so interested in the furious fight he might have killed the whole bunch."

It is to be regretted that Mr. Severson overlooked his opportunity to kill five deer with interlocked horns. Mr. Ryan says that this account from the North equals the alligator war story which Captain Lowe used to relate down at Fort Myers, Fla.

Quail.

Nothing much is doing in the quail regions of this State, our shooters coming back with reports of very moderate bags. The Michigan season is practically at an end, and I do not hear of anything very startling done by those of our Chicago sportsmen who have gone around the lake. Mr. W. B. Mershon, of Saginaw, reports a trip with six friends into a new partridge country in that State, which panned out pretty well, eight or ten birds per day to the gun regularly. Mr. Mershon also says that a friend of his and two others killed two moose in three days near their sawmill in Canada.

The Saginaw Crowd will go into mourning now, I presume. Harry, the head porter and general utility man who has helped make things comfortable on so many of the Saginaw Crowd's trips, is to leave Saginaw and go to college for a course in mechanical drawing and engineering. He is a good engineer of a car party right now.

The Daily Reporter.

My friend, the daily reporter, still does stunts on field sports. He opines that in wild turkey shooting "one needs a good choke bore, shooting a tightly packed load of nitro powder with BB shot in front of it." I cannot help expressing a mild surprise at this statement, as I believe it has never been customary to load BB shot behind a tightly packed load of nitro powder. "That shot must be driven with mighty force," says the daily reporter, "to penetrate the lordly escutcheon of burnished feathers that shines on the wild turkey's breast." I see no reason why talent like this should not find ready employment in the natural history department of a traveling circus. An escutcheon of burnished feathers is not without charm.

Quail in Minnesota.

I have heard a great deal for several years about the abundance of Bob White quail in the State of Minnesota, and, as stated last week, was able to have a taste of the Minnesota quail shooting in company with Mr. Sam F. Fullerton, the State game warden, and Mr. Frank Waterous, of the Waterous Engine Works, of St. Paul. We went out to Norwood, and had in all three days of good, keen sport, being blessed with the first sunshine which had been seen in that country for a long time.

This sport of quail shooting in Minnesota is something worth a little description. I was told that the quail belt extends nearly 70 miles north of where we were, that is to say, about that distance north of St. Paul. There is a big belt of hardwood timber which extends east and west, partly across the State of Minnesota, lying between the prairie country and the pine country. All this country where we shot was once very heavily timbered, and was noted as a splendid range for deer. To-day you would hardly know that this region was once heavily forested. For some thirty or forty years it has been farmed by a thrifty class, mostly composed of German immigrants. The soil is a deep, black loam, exactly like that of the prairie State of Iowa. Here and there a swamp or marsh runs through a section, but for the most part the ground is high and rolling. The crops are wheat and corn, and these thrifty farmers farm so close that they hardly leave cover enough for a quail. That is to say, that would be the offhand dictum of the man accustomed to find these birds in the denser vegetation of our lower country of Illinois and of the South. In the old days out in Iowa, where I spent my boyhood, these fields of corn and wheat were vast in extent, and no one ever thought of cutting or stacking his corn in the fall. The "shucking" was done in the field and the stalks were left standing or lying, as the case might be. With these Minnesota farmers the reverse is the case. They cut and shock all their corn and get the stubble grounds plowed clean early in the fall season. The infrequent groves are for the most part cleared of underbrush, and very little more than a carpet of leaves is left for cover to the quail, which invariably go to the timber when flushed on a bevy rise. When I first saw this region I was satisfied that it was not a good quail country, because it did not resemble other quail countries I had known. But the proof of the pudding is in the eating. Mr. Fullerton told me that he had on one day put up thirty bevies of quail in this same country. We ourselves on one

day started ten bevies, and a great many shooters have gone out there and had no difficulty in making the daily limit of 25 birds. We confidently expected to do as much ourselves. The truth is, perhaps, that we were in there a little late in the game. On our first day's drive, without any local guide and not knowing the country in the least, we only put up a few bevies. The first of these we got up in the first hundred yards of our hunting. They rose high and strong and seemed to light on a patch of brush a short distance ahead. Yet, try as we might, we found only one straggler, and could not stop him. It seemed impossible that they could have gone across the railroad track to a distant grove which we saw, yet such proved to be the case. The birds undoubtedly started to run as soon as they struck the ground and kept going. We put up one or two in the grass as soon as we struck the railroad track, and after hunting around for about an hour where they ought to have been, got a wild flush on the leaves of about half the bevy. These got up wild and scattered every way, flying like bullets, and we could do nothing with them at all after that, picking up only two or three birds after all our skirmishing. We were willing to mark up our appreciation of the sporting qualities of Bob White several degrees before noon of that first day.

We drove on through the country, a clean, prosperous, tidy country, with the mail boxes of the rural delivery staring us in the face at every farm gate, but not getting much encouragement in the quail industry until just about lunch time.

"Now, here's a place," said Mr. Fullerton, pointing to a grassy opening in the middle of an old deadening, "where I am at home. I've been here several times and never failed to get up a good bunch of birds. We'll do some business here."

Sure enough we did. The dogs, being a little eager, flushed a tremendous bevy of birds too far ahead of us to get a shot on the rise. These birds, however, came directly to us and we marked them down close and hard in the grass. To make the story short, we knocked down 17 out of this bevy alone, and, although we lost four in the pick-up, thought that we had done pretty good work. This bevy had probably never been shot at before.

We worked on across the country and at last Mr. Fullerton and Mr. Waterous left me for a trip to a distant cornfield, I waiting near a country graveyard on the somewhat distant chance that our driver, whom we had left a couple of miles away, would be able to keep his appointment and meet us at the church near the graveyard. I did not think the others would find any birds on their trip, and so begged off, but much regretted it later. It was a trifle cold and I found it poor fun walking up and down and reading epitaphs on tombstones. It was still more discomforting when my friends returned, just at dark, carrying five of the biggest quail I have ever seen. They said they needed help on these birds, which they had found at the edge of the wood about a mile away.

It was now dark and the distance into town was about seven miles. As our driver had evidently lost us, we started, with what grace we could summon, to hoof it into town. We negotiated about three miles of mud and darkness and then concluded to charter a farm team. Hardly had we gotten the latter hooked up before our own lost driver came prowling along in the dark. Him we reviled copiously, but presently forgot everything in the warmth and comfort of the little hotel at Norwood.

On the next day we concluded to make the same rounds. Our first day had netted us 19 birds, and on this second day the best we could do was 20. We worked over the same country and located all of our yesterday's bevies and some more beside. All the widely scattered bevies of the day before were found assembled, and at the same places where we first found them. I must say that we all of us shot very indifferently. I used to think that I could shoot quail a little bit sometimes, but lost all manner of conceit of myself on this particular occasion. Some badly loaded shells brought on a shooting headache and I blinked my shots aplenty. Yet, even when one is at his best, he will find that these Minnesota quail ask his best skill. I don't think I ever saw the day when I could kill half of them, day in and day out. They are the largest quail I have ever seen, unless it be those of the Province of Ontario. The dogs could do very little with them when once they struck the leaves, where they seemed to run and disappear as though indeed they left no scent behind them. We passed a delightful day, however, and closed it at dark on a scattered bevy, which would have given us eight or ten birds in all likelihood had we struck them a half hour sooner.

On the third day the best we could do was 18 birds, but we did not find so many bevies as we did on the day previous. We located three bevies each, for the third day, at its regular stamping ground, showing the regularity of habit of this bird. Our shooting on this last day was even more disgraceful than it had been the day before. I felt that I simply had dishonored myself, and even Mr. Fullerton, who is a very steady and reliable shot, indeed, at times, laid himself open to rebuke at the hands of Mr. Waterous and myself, who were depending on him for a bag. Our dogs put up a pretty strong game. Two of them were the property of Mr. Waterous, a fine old setter, Spot, and a hardy, stub-and-twist pointer, by the name of Sport, both very practical meat dogs and perfectly in hand, facts which add so much to the sport of quail shooting, as everyone knows. We had also a beautiful little pointer bitch by the name of Flo, the property of the local banker, Mr. Bradley, a friend of my companions. This latter was reputed to be one of the best chicken dogs in the State and certainly was a god one also on quail. We found that three days' steady work was about all that either men or dogs cared for. Sometimes we thought the dogs looked at us a bit reproachfully when we failed to stop our birds, but once in a while when a quail got up wild on the leaves it was our turn to look reproachfully at the dogs. The fact of the matter is these northern quail represent the survival of the fittest under hard conditions. They are strong enough to stand these severe Minnesota winters, shrewd enough to take care of themselves even on this thin covered country, and strong of wing enough to tax the best kind of shooting skill. I have shot quail pretty much all over the West and South, but I have never seen so hard a quail game put up as they give a fellow out in Minnesota. We only bagged 57 quail in our three days, it being remembered, of course, that part of the time was taken up in driving out of town and prospecting around the country. A well-posted local shooter could probably have done much better, and I presume under ordinary circumstances our same party could have made double the bag out of the chances we had. In good truth, I had chances to kill my limit on two of the days in question, and at that need not have used any greater skill than is common in good, fair quail shooting in the Southern country. I would like to see a lot of these Southern quail shooters go out and get against some of Sam Fullerton's trained birds. Methinks they would come back minus a little conceit and a few birds. Anyhow, that was the way I did.

There are very few ruffed grouse in that part of the country. We only put up two, not getting a shot at either. As for the quail, they there all right, from the line of St. Paul all the way south through the State wherever there is farming country, and it seems to me these birds are there to stay. The winters of Minnesota are by no means so severe as they formerly were, and ever at its worst, the Minnesota winter is not so dangerous as that of Canada or our Middle Western States. The snow, when it comes, is cold and dry, and there is not much rain or sleet to form the fatal crust, which is the worst destroyer of the quail. The food of the birds is abundant, in spite of the bare look of the country, and in spite of the fact that the stubble fields are plowed up early for the sowing of winter wheat. The woods are very open, but there are occasional thickets, or fallen treetops, or ricks of straw or hay, so that in some fashion the hardy little fellows get all the shelter they need. We forgot to weigh any of our quail, but we killed some giants, with strong, thick legs, dense plumage, brilliantly colored, and altogether the handsomest quail I think I ever shot and the sportiest as well. I must congratulate Mr. Fullerton on his so fully making good everything he has said about the quail in Minnesota. Had we only made good with the shooting I might have had quite a story to tell.

Minnesota as a Game State.

I have been growing better and better acquainted with Minnesota for the last few years, and I must say that the more I know of it the more respect I have for it as a game State. I question whether there is in the country a more desirable place of residence for a sportsman than one of the Twin Cities of the State of Minnesota. One can in two hours' ride or less have grand shooting. Norwood is only fifty miles from St. Paul. At Wabash also good quail shooting is reported, and there are many other nearby points. The prairie chicken shooting in Minnesota this fall, as I have had occasion before to testify, is as good as is to be found anywhere. The glory of the Minnesota duck marshes is coming to be all that it ever was. Wild geese, that is to say, honkers, and not white geese, are to be had in some of the northern counties. Ruffed grouse shooting is excellent in different sections. The sharp-tailed grouse shares with the prairie chicken large areas of the State. There is good trout fishing, the best fly-fishing for bass in the world, perhaps the best muscallunge fishing in America, and fishing for wall-eyed pike and big-mouthed bass, such as is not to be equaled in any part of the world. These statements seem broad, but they are made advisedly. The deer supply is such as to allow one easily to get his limit. There are a few elk, probably between 30 and 50 head, still to be found in a remote portion of the State. Of moose, the best posted men tell me there are thousands. In regard to this latter I am very curious, but am satisfied that there are very many moose to be had in the State of Minnesota provided one knows where and how to go. The same can be said of caribou. I don't think there are as many caribou as in New Brunswick, and, of course, not so many as in Nova Scotia, but one stands a very good chance of getting a caribou in a winter hunt in Minnesota. In jack snipe and the different plovers Minnesota can make as good a showing as any of our Western States. The game supply of this State is better than it was ten or fifteen years ago. As I have so often stated, I believe this fact to be full proof of the efficacy of the Minnesota game laws and the rigorous honesty of their enforcement. Here in Chicago we are in the middle of a devastated, desolate, sportless region. It is pleasant once in a while to get out into a corner of the world where one can still get a little touch of the old outdoor American life.

Wild Boars in the Orient.

I see no reason why Japan, the Philippines, the island of Formosa and adjacent territory should not properly be included in the sphere of influence of Chicago and the West. These places are all west of Chicago, and one goes through Chicago to get there. At least, Mr. J. O. Averill, of New York, a tea merchant, with interests in Japan, always goes through Chicago in his trip to Japan. He is this week just back from his season's work in Japan, and paid a pleasant visit as he passed through going home to New York. Mr. Averill says he visited Formosa not long ago and went out into the back country, quite beyond the zone of Japanese military authority. None of the savages of the interior were encountered, however, and everybody brought his head back home with him, which is far more dignified, as well as more comfortable, than having it brought in by another fellow on the end of a sharp stick. These "furtive folk and wild" have still the pleasant custom of head hunting, and one tribe last year took between 500 and 600 heads. They don't mean any harm by it, and are really a simple and charming folk to live with. It is necessary for a man to take a head before he can vote or get married, and this law of the land renders the population at times a trifle hasty, and so careless that death frequently ensues, as a consequence of the otherwise merely perfunctory operation of head-taking. The custom has much to recommend it, politically and socially. It must be grateful and comforting, when two gentlemen are paying addresses to the same damsel, for one to feel free to cut off the other's head. At least, it might seem so before the marriage.

But I was about to speak of sport in Formosa. Mr. Averill says that they had "fish there with much the habits of our trout, though in appearance it more resembles the grayling. Wild boars there are in abundance, and big ones. He saw one boar hunt in which several natives engaged, and in which they got their boar, though hardly according to Hoyle. The animal crossed a bit of open on a hillside, whereupon a native with an ancient musket took a shot at him and crippled him. As it rolled down the hill, another native, armed with a long, sharp sword, fell upon it. Yet others laid hold presently upon its legs, and ere long the boar was finished. Mr. Averill says it was an exciting little hunt, even with the old musket in it.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Vermont Game.

SWANTON, Vt., Nov. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The game crop here in northwestern Vermont, taken as a whole, has been this season an abundant one, though back on the highlands the cold wet weather during the early summer destroyed most of the young grouse, but down in the lake towns they have been, and are now at the present time unusually plentiful.

We get here both varieties—the true ruffed grouse and the larger Canada gray grouse. The latter bird, from its heavy plumage, looks to be much the largest bird, though actual weight they are but a few ounces the heaviest. We recently killed an old Canada cock bird that weighed one pound and twelve ounces—this was actual weight; the guessed weight was about three pounds.

We had more woodcock here this season than for many past seasons. We can only account for this fact that during their migratory flight southward last season they in some manner escaped the horde of gunners that lay in wait for them. It is not the few that we kill here near their breeding grounds that diminishes their numbers, but it is the number shot along their migratory route and also where they winter in the South, where beside the sportsman and market-shooter, nearly every colored boy has a cheap single-barrel breechloader, which they use on that bird that they have learned "is mighty fine eatin'." In the localities where the frosts in the early summer did not destroy the beechnut crop, gray squirrels are numerous.

Deer are on the increase. One morning recently, just after the open season closed, two bucks and two does were seen in the center of the village of Highgate, Vt. They were in the backyard of our late State's Attorney Steele, and were evidently paying their respects to one who has been active in giving them the full protection that our laws will give to that kind of game. On every occasion possible, State's Attorney D. W. Steele has made it extremely "hot" for violators of the game laws.

Thousands of black duck bred this season here in our marshes. As the flats are overflowed, they have had the best of feeding grounds. So far the flight of migratory duck and wild geese has been light. The next keen cold frost will bring them along. During the early autumn the muskrats in this vicinity began building their houses up high out of and in some cases away from the water. This caused us to predict high water, and this prediction has come true, for the water in the marshes was never, in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, so high as it is at the present time.

Our fox hunters are having fair success, and some good pelts have been taken. Our State legislators have recently passed a bit of "jackass legislation" in placing a bounty of $1.25 on foxes killed during the summer months. This is simply another instance where the farmers do not know their best friends. The fox stands to the farmer's orchard, meadow and pasture lands as the cat does to his granaries; it keeps the mice in check—keeps their numbers down. In western Vermont the fox saves to our farmers thousands of dollars where they kill a single dollar's worth of poultry. The writer has hunted foxes for fully half a century and has yet to see where a fox has killed a turkey, goose or chicken, and many and many a time have we seen full broods of turkeys raised back in the back pastures where foxes were numerous. When they take poultry it is after they have caught off all the mice. The number of mice, called meadow moles, that a fox kills every year, if allowed to live and breed, would with their progeny ruin the farmer's crops. The valuable fur of the fox if killed during the winter months brings a much-needed revenue of foreign money into the State. In face of these facts, which were given them, our Dogberries have put on a bounty for the summer months that will encourage every boy in the country to kill and exterminate this valuable fur-bearing animal when its skin is commercially worthless.

An occasional moose is seen in various parts of the State. So far, the number of buck deer reported killed here during the open season is 405. One of our hybrid lawyer-farmers carried in a bill to the Legislature for something like $400 damages done on his farm by deer. His claim was promptly turned down, as the character of the man was so well known that it helped rather than injured the fast-growing sentiment of full protection for the deer. STANSTEAD.

Game Near Worcester.

WORCESTER, Mass., Nov. 24.—On a shooting trip the other day we killed 24 birds—13 grouse and 11 quail. Pretty good string for one day's hunt within a few miles of the city. GEO. H. BURTIS.

Some Long Island Shooting.

RIVERHEAD, Nov. 26.—The Roanoke Recreation Club have this year shot and killed 200 quail, 150 rabbits and 25 partridges, in addition two foxes, which was the result of the first day's hunt for foxes. Rabbits have been very plentiful this year. One day members of this club killed eleven rabbits in a two hours' hunt at the sound cliffs. Old hunters say that not in many years have rabbits and foxes been so plentiful as they are this year.

MANOR, Long Island.—Wm. Jerger, of New York; Ben. Hallock, of Centre Moriches; Ben. Shaw, of Valley Stream, and Geo. W. Raynor, of Manor, had a very successful day in shooting Thursday, Nov. 20, having killed fifty quail and six rabbits. G. S.

EAST MORICHES, Nov. 26.—Duck shooting has been fairly good in this section recently, and yesterday was one of the best day's shooting ever known here, taking into consideration the kind of birds shot—redheads—of which forty-four were killed, also some broadbills, by Scott E. Raynor, Frank Albin, George W. Palmer and Edgar M. Benjamin, all of East Moriches. The birds were shot in Hart's Cove, within one-half mile of the public landing at East Moriches. Old gunners say redhead shooting is now the best in their lifetime.

W. C. GERARD.

AQUEBOGUE, Nov. 26.—Mr. A. V. Fraser came out here hunting for quail, and in two successive days killed thirty-eight quail and one partridge. These were all shot on the grounds of the Aquebogue Gunning Club, and within one-half mile of the station.

C. L. HALLOCK.

RIVERHEAD, Nov. 28.—Game appears to be plentiful in this section this season. Eugene Beitter, of Brooklyn, recently made a gunning trip to Aquebogue. Mr. Beitter is a thorough sportsman, but he acknowledges that he never had so much sport as he did on Tuesday of this week, when he and his friend, James M. Magee, of Aquebogue, went out on Peconic Bay with Capt. Herbert Downs ducking. The party killed and brought home twenty-three ducks, including a number of broadbills and some black duck. As a result of three days' gunning trip, Mr. Beitter carried home twenty-three ducks, twenty-two quail, ten rabbits and one partridge, all of which game was killed on unleased lands.

One day recently Capt. Downs and party killed eighty-one ducks off Mattituck with a battery.

Nathan T. Corwin and party killed a fox on Thanksgiving Day.

BAYPORT, L. I., Nov. 30.—The past week has shown considerable improvement in gunning, if the number of birds counts for anything. Among the number from here who have had good bags was Mr. S. G. Painter and party, of New York, who on Thanksgiving Day got forty-five broadbills with Guide Will Brown. Mr. G. Hill, with Guide Le Roy Still, got twenty. Mr. Painter and party made a start out on Friday at 4:30 A. M., but the wind was blowing so hard it was impossible to put out a battery, and they returned to the city very well satisfied with their one day outing.

Saturday was a nice day for ducking. Will Brown in a single battery got twenty-three broadbills. G. Still got eight quail. The ducks still keep rather wild, but I think that if we had three or four days of storm, when they could be relieved from their daily bombardment, which has been going on now for six weeks, there would be some appalling bags made. One gentleman who had shot ducks in all parts of the world, said to me the other day he never saw so many ducks at one time before, and the feeding grounds are in excellent shape. HENRY STOKES.

The Cuvier Club.

THE Cuvier Club, of Cincinnati, held the annual banquet on Nov. 25 in the club rooms, which had been handsomely decorated for the occasion. President Alexander Starbuck welcomed the members and guests, of whom there was a goodly company, for the Cuvier membership now comprises 500. The menu was an artistical gustatorial non disputandum triumph of Chef E. P. Boblett, of Columbus, whom the Cuviers regard with a certain degree of awe for his skill and achievements. Mr. Boblett has a secret method of boning fish after they are baked and putting them together again without a break in their symmetry, and he apologized for the delightful deception he had played on the old hunters and Nimrods, but his apology was not accepted, and he was voted a gold medal. The game features of the elaborate menu included: Saddle of blacktail deer, venison steaks, venison chops, Kentucky sauce, golden plover with entrails on toast, teal duck, snipe, duck (wood pintail), mallards, guava jelly, antelope potpie with fresh mushrooms, rail birds, quail broiled on toast or stuffed with oysters, hominy fritters, wild turkeys a la Montargis, cranberry sauce, sherbet, creme de menthe, cold pates of black bear, pates of game, St. Hubert aux pistaches.

Fox Hunting on Long Island.

RIVERHEAD, Long Island, Nov. 27.—Fox hunting is now great sport in the vicinity of Riverhead. The first party of fox hunters went out on Tuesday of this week, and in a half day's hunt succeeded in killing two splendid specimens of the golden fox. In the party were Nathan T. Corwin, Fred. Corwin and Charles Cheshire and the foxes were hunted on what is known as the Quogue Plains, south of the village of Riverhead. This vast field of waste land affords splendid territory for fox hunting. Fox hunting is exciting sport, and a hunt with an experienced Long Island fox hunter is indeed a treat. Foxes are reported to be plentiful this season. VULPUS.

They Always Did It.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Speaking of the frequent casualties to hunters at the hands of each other, I find that Thoreau, in mentioning the early celebritics of Litchfield, on the Merrimac, says, "James Rogers was from Ireland, and father to Major Robert Rogers. He was shot in the woods, being mistaken for a bear." So they seem to have been always at it. In this morning's paper I see mention of two more casualties of the kind. There is plainly nothing for it but for every hunter that goes to the woods to wear a bell.

T. J. CHAPMAN.

INGRAM, Pa.

Dead Shots in the Maine Woods.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The art of gunnery as practiced in the Maine woods, according to the stories told of men being shot there, so frequently when when mistaken for deer, shows that our young bushwhackers are dead shots. They never have buck ague. They never miss what they aim at. Had the man who was shot been a deer he would have dropped just the same, presumably. Now, these fellows ought to train for the army as sharpshooters. They would be a mortal terror as soldiers. No human enemy would dare to face them. C. H.

How to Cook a Coot.

OSSINING, N. Y.—I noticed in an article from Washington State that mud hens were too strong for Mr. Baxter. I have had no experience with the mud hens of the far West, but those from this locality, if fixed in the following manner, are plenty good, and excelled only by a broiled woodcock or possibly the broiled breast of a young fly-up-the-creek or bittern.

Remove the skin, slice off the breast, cut slits in it, and stick in the slits thin slices of fat salt pork. Broil over a quick fire, and see if you ever throw away any more coots.

C. G. BLANDFORD.

In Western Massachusetts.

PLAINFIELD, Hampshire County, Nov. 17.—The last days of October and the opening days of November have been beautiful; no house fire except in kitchen, and all windows open; in fact, it is more like summer than our summer was. Leaves are all off the trees. A lot of game has been killed this fall, and one hears the reports of guns at all hours and on all days, on Sunday as much as any other day. Partridges and hawks are numerous, both very tame. Rabbits are trying to get out of the country. One was seen reading the fingerboard of the cross roads the other day. F. W. G.

Hints and Wrinkles.

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

Rifle Wrinkles.

IT IS sometmies desirable to use for hunting a rifle barrel which has fitted in near the muzzle the base of a wind gauge target sight. A good hunting sight may be whittled out of a celluloid collar button in such shape that it will fit in the same base and slide in and out readily. The wide bottom portion of the button should be trimmed off at two opposite points, narrowing it to the required width, and the straight edges thus formed should be beveled to fit under the beveled faces of the sight base. The button is then slid into the base until it comes against the ring of metal, which is made for the screw of the wind gauge sight. That end of the button must be cut off enough to bring the bead—which is made from the small, upright part—in line for correct aiming. This is arrived at by careful rest shooting at a target, with a file at hand for the final touches at the inner end of the celluloid. This is the delicate part of the operation, as the least bit too much of filing here will let the bead go past the desired line of aim. This sight, if made just right, fits snugly enough to keep its place, but may be fastened, if necessary, by a little wedge, like the end of a wooden toothpick, inserted under the outer end.

Some of the methods of cleaning rifle shells are absurdly laborious. I find nothing necessary but to soak them in hot water, and then shake them up thoroughly in it. Under this treatment, they turn blackish, but that does no practical harm. They are not dirty, corroded or weakened by this discoloration. A handy device for drying them may be made from a cigar box. Remove the cover, and cut out in the bottom of the box slits as wide as the shell is at the point where it joins the head. Then, with the box bottom-side up, drop the rinsed shells into the slits, where they will hang by their heads, and set the box on the stove, grate or radiator.

The box thus tinkered also serves me conveniently in connection with lubricating bullets, which is the worst part of bullet-making unless one has some suitable instrument for the purpose. The Ideal and similar lubricating tools are rather expensive, and I have managed to get along with a home-made substitute. I lubricate the bullets after loading, having left them projecting from the shell near their whole length, which is conducive to accurate shooting. The loading of the clean bullet is a neat and pleasant job. I use tallow for the lubricant, and it is a good one, but so nasty on the fingers that I like to apply it without touching it. For this purpose a tool may be made as follows:

Take a bit of planed board two or three inches square and an inch thick or more. In one face of it, with a fine saw, make two cuts half an inch deep—more or less, according to the bullet used—crossing at right angles in the center of the block. At this point bore down to the same depth with an inch auger. In the saw cuts fasten four thin pieces of wood—veneer, for instance—projecting equal distances into the auger hole. Their inner ends must be so near together and trimmed to such a curve, that when a loaded shell is stood up between them the bullet touches each of these ends all the way down.

The tallow having been melted in a shallow tin dish and placed on the cooler part of the stove, take each loaded shell by the head, dip the bullet in the grease, and then hand the cartridge through the bottom of the cigar box, as above directed for drying shells. Set the box aside and the tallow will soon stiffen enough for the rest of the process. It should not get so cold as to crack easily. Taking each cartridge again by the head, insert the bullet in the hole in the block, and by a turn or two of it the superfluous tallow will be removed by the ends of the veneer slips. A similar turn of the nose of the bullet in a bit of rag will leave that part still cleaner if desired, with plenty of lubricant remaining on the bearing part.

BRISTOL HILL.

Sea and River Fishing.

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

A Pearl River Camp.—VII.

(Continued from page 433)

AFTER an early breakfast next morning, we began preparations for our trip to the tree bridge at the mouth of the lake, for a try at the river fish. Our light lines were removed and replaced by heavy cotton ones, about as coarse as chalk line, fitted out with a buckshot, called a blue whistler, and a strong hook. No floats were to be used, as we intended to do only bottom fishing, mostly for channel cat, which is an excellent table fish when taken in running water, if not too large, the large ones being somewhat coarse.

The plebian angleworm we knew to be the best bait, but how to get them was a question that puzzled us. No spade, no hoe, no nice damp spot in the yard or garden in which we knew them to be, whether near the surface or deep down, it was all too unusual and vague to be encouraging.

Will solved the first part of the difficulty by making a very serviceable fork—for the soft ground we had to work—by cutting a dogwood limb that forked, and pointing the ends with our hatchet.

Then by moving logs and turning over about half an acre of ground, we succeeded in collecting a fairly good supply of bait, which was stored in a broken jar, that had come out with us filled with an article of strawberry jam, that would win county fair blue ribbons against all comers, only to be eaten by hogs.

"How had the mighty fallen!
Immortal Cæsar dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

Crossing the lake in the boat, we hurried down to the point of destination, arriving there just as the sun was beginning to show through the trees.

It was a perfect morning, calm and bright, and we found the river flowing by without a ripple on its clear surface. The conditions were all favorable to success, and our enthusiasm was great and expectations high.

Walking out on the tree, we seated ourselves in a row over the water on the smooth trunk, which afforded a comfortable and convenient location for fishing the river. As fast as we could bait up we sent our respective lines out into the water, where they landed with a musical "plunk" and sank down until they hung almost perpendicular from the end of the poles, showing that there was good depth of water.

It was not what a salmon killer or expert fly-caster would have thought the thing, but it suited four boys as though made to order; and we swung our feet, chatted in low tones, and were altogether happy.

"I've got a bite," said Jim, after a few moments' waiting.

"Big one?" we chorused.

"Yes; see him jerk."

And we could see the line show considerable disturbance.

"Give him time," said Walter; "let him run before you pull."

Waiting until the line straightened out in a strong, steady pull—which was what we called running with it—Jim jerked. He hooked his fish, and it was a good one, a channel cat that weighed about two or three pounds. Dragging it upon the log, amid excited suggestions and directions from all hands, he gripped it firmly back of the dangerous fins and made for the nearest bank, climbing over Will and knocking off that gentleman's hat in his haste.

While Jim secured his fish, the rest of us cast for the hat that had gone overboard, and finally succeeded in catching a hook in it before it had floated out of reach.

Walter had the next bite, and caught another catfish about as large as the first one. I scored next, and then Jim was lucky again. We each caught several fish before Will had a bite, but he broke the record when he did begin, as his first fish was a cat that we felt sure would weigh from eight to ten pounds, as it was fully two and one-half feet long. We all took a hand in landing the big fish, and it was a very exciting event. After several narrow escapes from pitching off the log we retreated to the bank, dragging the pole, and fought it out there.

The fish was well hooked and the tackle strong, so we only had to wear it out by dragging around in the water and then haul it out on the bank. It was a glorious fish, and filled us with satisfied pride when its capture was accomplished.

We held an informal celebration in honor of the lucky event, and danced around our prize like a lot of savages around a well-fed missionary.

There was very little of the successful sportsman enthusiasm in our function; it was the thought of once more having all we could possibly hold to eat that caused our rejoicing.

Resuming fishing, we soon added variety to our string by catching some fairly large perch and drum.

As the sun mounted well up, it grew unpleasantly warm, and as we had a large string of fish, and the bait was giving out, we discussed the advisability of getting

back to camp so as to prepare an early and bountiful dinner. The suggestion was made that we ought to have some of the old darky's good corn bread to eat with our big fish, and this met with favor. Careful search brought to light sufficient funds to buy the dinner loaf on the same terms as before, and we proceeded to cast lots, to see which two should go after bread, and which return to camp to build the fire and clean fish. The lot fell to Jim and me to go after the bread, and I was not sorry to get a pleasant tramp in the woods instead of doing a stunt cleaning fish. Jim had stopped fishing some time before, owing to the fact that he had caught a large snapping turtle, which the combined efforts of the entire party failed to persuade to part with the hook.

"Let him keep it, if he wants it that bad," said Jim, resignedly cutting the line at the hook, after we had exhausted ourselves in trying to get it out.

The others now began to wind up their lines, preparatory to leaving, but I was very anxious to discover the identity of a fish that had bitten at my hook several times, and so continued fishing. It was a peculiar bite, unlike that of any fish I knew, consisting of a series of short, snappy jerks, and a long gentle pull. Three or four times I jerked, thinking I had the fish, but failed to hook anything. Finally, waiting a little longer, I gave a hard jerk and the hook struck. I hoped it was something large, and the first pull looked as though I had my wish. The tough spring pole bent almost double, as I laid back with all my strength, but no fish showed.

Easing up a little, the line was drawn smartly back, and greatly excited I again pulled with all my strength. I could plainly feel a quivering and jerking, but could not gain any ground in the tug of war contest, although doing my very best.

The other boys were now crowding up on either side encouraging me to "hold on" and "pull hard," both of which I was doing.

Again I laid back with all my strength, and this time won. Out of the water and straight at me, wriggling and threshing, came a large eel, the first one I had ever seen.

It did not require the startled cry of "Snake!" raised by one of my companion, to mislead me. It never occurred to me that it could be anything else. I had been pulling straight in, and when the eel's hold broke and it flew out of the water, it was directly toward me.

There was no time to run, or even to get to my feet. There was but one thing to do, and I did it. Rather than have the snake in my lap, I took to the water, pitching over backward off the log.

Will, under the impression that I had lost my balance and was falling in, tried to rescue me, and very narrowly escaped going in too; his hold on my foot breaking just in time to permit of his saving himself by a quick grab.

The fifteen-foot fall and deep water had few terrors for me, but I did hope that the boys would intercept the snake, and not allow it to follow.

Coming to the surface, after a long dive, I saw that they had my pole and were dragging the snake, as I yet thought it, to the nearest bank. Turning, I swam over and landed on the other side. Crossing back on the tree, I found the boys gathered around the eel, which Walter had identified. They condoled with me on my accident, as they thought it, and I told them no better.

We were all greatly excited over the novel catch, but rather at a loss to know what to do with it.

Eat it, of course, we said, but each one firmly determined that he would not undertake to prepare it for cooking. After a little *finesse* it developed that not one of us would even take it off the hook, and the line was finally cut, leaving about a foot to carry it by.

As it was necessary for me to go to camp for dry clothes, Walter volunteered to take my place in going after bread with Jim, while Will and I went to camp with the fish.

As they were starting it occurred to Walter that perhaps our negro friend might know more about eels than we, and might possibly consider them a delicacy, so suggested that he carry it to them, as a present. This was agreeable to all, and we separated, Walter and Jim making for the cabin in the woods, carrying the eel and all our available coin, while Will and I returned to camp with the heavy load of fish and the fishing tackle.

Reaching camp, I changed to dry clothes, and Will having made up the fire, we set to work cleaning the fish.

Practice had made us so expert in this business that we soon had the entire catch cleaned up and put away.

Arranging all things in readiness for getting dinner without delay, we started to paddle across to where the boys would strike the lake on their return to meet and ferry them over.

I had carried my gun, thinking we might have to wait some time, and something might offer to shoot at. The other boys had not arrived at the lake when we started over, and we idled along enjoying the beauties of the view up and down the long stretch of water.

We were seated in the bow and stern of the boat, and as we drifted along well out from shore, I noticed a large water bird flying toward us from down the lake. Will had turned his back to me and was looking in that direction, but had not noticed the bird.

It looked like it belonged to the crane family, all neck, legs and wings, but had it been a wild goose, in season and condition, I could not have been more excited and anxious to kill it.

It was a big, strange bird, and I a boy, with sporting blood. Like the London Cockney and his friend:

"Eh, Bill, 'ere a bloomin' stranger."

"'E is you soi? 'Eave a stone 'at 'im."

Cocking my gun carefully, so that Will would not hear and go to moving about, shaking the boat, I began to try to cover the approaching bird, intending to fire when it got near enough.

It was flying slowly and steadily, but I could not get satisfactory aim at it.

Nearer it came—flying straight toward us—and higher and higher went the muzzle of my gun, as I jerked it around in my excitement, until the bird seemed about to pass over the boat, when, in desperation, I fired at a moment when my gun happened to be pointed right, and down it came in a confused tangle of legs and neck. Will whirled around at the report of the gun, but before he could begin his inquiry, the big bird crashed down, striking him a glancing blow on the side of the head that almost knocked him out of the boat.

Badly frightened, he snatched up a paddle and stood on the defensive until he saw that the bird was dead. He then invited me most cordially, in very forcible language, to lay down my gun and come to his end of the boat and let him knock a little sense into my head, frankly assuring me that a fellow who would shoot a big bird like that to fall on any one's head, did not have as much sense as a string of dead fish.

It took me some time to convince him that I had shot the bird flying and could not know where it would fall, but peace was about restored when the other boys hailed us, having arrived with the bread. After all had duly admired the bird, and speculated upon its usefulness as an addition to our larder, Walter and Jim gave an account of their visit to our colored friends.

They had been as kind as could be, and seemed glad to supply the desired bread. They were delighted with the eel, and said it was the best of eating, and that the skin would certainly cure "de misry an' rheumatiz."

The boys had a nice present in return for the eel, a dozen fresh eggs for our breakfast, which filled us all with delightful anticipation.

Our dinner that day was one of the few meals we had enjoyed, when every one actually had as much as he could hold. "Thank goodness we don't have to lick our plates to-day," said Jim.

As the next day would be Saturday and mark the close of our camping out, we concluded to devote the afternoon to a trip which had been discussed several times, but not attempted owing to lack of time to devote to it.

This was a voyage in our boat down the lake to the river, then by the river to the upper end of the lake, then on the lake to our landing, making the entire circuit.

We set forth after dinner, carrying both guns, feeling sure that we would see some small game and perhaps something in the way of big game, in the new country about to be explored.

The plan decided upon was that two should sit forward with the guns ready to shoot any game sighted, while the other two paddled the boat, and whenever a fellow got a shot he was then to exchange places with one of the paddlers, thus giving all a share of the work and sport.

Jim and I drew first turn at the guns, and taking positions well forward—with Walter and Will at the paddles—we started off down the lake, paddling along quietly as possible close in to the bank under the shade of the overhanging trees. Jim was very excitable and was soon wrought up to a high pitch by a commotion in a hickory tree that grew near the bank, caused by some squirrels that were disturbed in their afternoon lunch.

We tried hard to get a fair shot at one of them, but all escaped.

On down the lake we went, Jim and I almost breathless with excitement, starting at every rustle on the bank, or splash of fish in the water. In perfect silence we rounded a point and ran almost on a big blue crane standing in the water's edge.

In a moment all was confusion, Jim and I springing to our feet and the other boys hissing out directions in excited whispers.

Before I could raise my gun to shoot, Jim ran to the bow of the boat, and leaning forward toward the big bird flying slowly away, fired both barrels of the gun—which he had not raised to his shoulder—down into the water, just missing the side of the boat, then turning around he commanded, begged and implored us to pull hard as the big bird was hit, declaring that he saw the feathers fly in a cloud.

He was promptly disarmed and relegated to the galleys. A squirrel was the next game sighted, which, when shot, fell in the water. We waited patiently for it to come to the surface, not knowing that it was one of the few animals that did not float in water when killed, until our patience was exhausted; then concluding that it would not be in a condition to do us any good by the time it floated, we left it.

Two more squirrels were treed a little further on, which were killed so as to fall on the bank.

The most interesting event of the trip was seeing a water turkey, which we approached quite near, in slipping around a point. None of us knew then what it was, but our surprise was great to see it dive from a limb and go under the water, scarcely causing a perceptible ripple.

We stopped the boat and watched for it to come to the surface until we finally concluded that it had wittingly or unwittingly drowned itself.

This theory was strengthened in our minds by seeing what we believed to be a small twig shaking as though disturbed at its lower end, which was under the water, and we concluded that the unfortunate bird had dived and become fast in some sunken drift.

We learned later that the supposed moving twig was in reality the bill of that strange, snaky-looking bird called the water turkey. Near the lower end of the lake the boat passed under an overhanging limb that extended out about on a level with our heads. Walter and I were forward, with the guns, and as we reached the obstruction, and leaned forward to pass under it, both discovered a large moccasin snake lying directly over where the boat would pass. It was too late to change the course of the boat, or shoot the snake. Knowing the habits of these snakes, I felt sure that it would drop from the limb as soon as disturbed, and concluded to be out of line, if possible. Dropping my gun, I dived under the limb and scrambled to the front end of the boat. Disturbed by the boat, or my sudden movement, the snake rolled off, falling behind and directly in front of Jim, who sat in the seat just behind us. Jim had leaned forward so as to escape the limb, which caused the snake to narrowly miss falling on his head, and land immediately under his face.

Springing to his feet, he found himself swept by the motion of the boat against the limb which the snake had vacated, and with the idea of "any port in a storm," immediately sprang up on it. Will, seeing the snake, and not caring to try conclusions with it in such close quarters, with rare presence of mind followed Jim's example and sprang into the tree.

The limb, not strong enough to bear their weight, let them both down in the water, but they were better off than we were. One paddle had gone overboard, and the snake was between us and the other one.

It seemed to feel that it was not welcome, and made two or three unsuccessful efforts to go over the side, while Walter and I crowded into the bow of the boat, as far away as possible.

Walter had held on to his gun, and I urged him to shoot the snake, but fortunately he had the good sense to refrain from doing so, knowing that such a course would wreck and sink the boat. Taking a wiser and safer course, he drew out the ramrod of the big gun, which was almost as thick as an ordinary walking stick, and armed with this weapon attacked the snake.

Before he could deal a killing blow, the enemy concluded that it could climb the side of the boat, and doing so disappeared under the water.

Jim and Will were only wet to their waists, and we were all glad that the adventure ended as well as it did, for as the moccasin snake was known to be both vicious and venomous, our danger had been real. Re-embarking our two companions, we resumed the voyage. Near the mouth of the lake we treed two more squirrels, both of which were bagged, and on the trip up the river we killed two small ducks. The ducks we knew as whistlers, or fish ducks, and were by no means highly prized by local epicures, but in spite of this, and the fact that it was out of season, we considered them great prizes.

Reaching the upper entrance to the lake, we stopped for a short rest, beaching the boat on a sandy point, and once more saw the big blue crane, or another of the same species. It was discovered when some distance off flying lazily up stream toward us. Walter and Will had the guns, and we all crouched down in the bottom of the boat in great excitement. Slowly the great bird flew, following the stream, until almost abreast of our boat, when the two gunners sprang up and discharged both barrels of their guns at it, without so much as ruffling a feather.

With the exception of Jim, who yet felt the humiliation of his failure to bag it, we were dreadfully disappointed at not adding so great a prize to our bag.

The shooters each made long and detailed explanations of the remarkable escape of the bird, but as their hands shook so that they could scarcely reload the guns, it was very evident that intense excitement was the real trouble with their shooting.

As we approached the boat landing we were hailed from the opposite side by the boy's cousin, who had come back to spend the last night with us. He was very welcome, especially when we found that he had brought two loaves of bread and a large package of cakes. It was a positive orgie in camp that night, as we cooked nearly everything we had, and ate to the point of delightful discomfort. Fish, squirrels, ducks, eggs, bread and cake at one meal seemed verging on extravagance after the season of dearth of variety through which we had passed.

An honest effort was made to work up some feeling of sadness appropriate to the occasion of the last night in camp, but though the talk was all right along the line of how awful hard it was to give up the freedom and delights of camp life and return to the monotony and restrictions of civilization, there was an undercurrent of hilarity among the mourners that argued somewhat against their sincerity. In spite of every effort, our conversation would drift around to home, and we would begin to plan pleasures incident to the return with eager enthusiasm. Especially did our discourses grow eloquent when the discussion turned to the subject of the one week ago despised home cooking.

"And pie!" said Will. "Why, fellows, it seems years since I tasted pie. I'll bet I could eat three whole ones by myself."

"Three?" said Jim. "I could eat a dozen; and as for boiled custard, and rice pudding, I could eat—as our little cowboy used to say—I could eat a slop bucket full."

It was late bed time before we could manage to cease discussing the sad prospect of returning home, and we were up and at it early the next morning.

There was not much on hand for breakfast, which was soon disposed of, and then—although we had given our teamster express instructions not to return for us until late Saturday afternoon—we hastily packed up everything in readiness to start home.

Fishing, a boat ride, and a short hunt were, in turn, proposed to pass the time until the wagon came, but none of us seemed inclined for these pleasures, although entirely out of provisions. Our visitor had started for home early in the morning, and so we had no element of variety to help the time pass.

From sunrise until well past noon we sat around our dismantled camp, straining our ears for the first sound of the vehicle that was coming to tear us away from all the delights of camp life, and drag us back to hated conventionalities, and were beginning to feel, and show, some signs of very realistic impatience when it finally hove in sight.

We certainly were good actors to hide our sorrow so well, and welcome the good old colored individual with such apparent shouts of welcome. But when he handed out a basket of dainties sent us by loved ones at home, and requested us to "Des pleas' eat a little bite while I feeds de hosses," we loved him, honestly and sincerely.

The return trip was as pleasant as such a sorrowful journey could be to four impatient boys, and if we were reluctant to return, and did constantly harp on the perfect delight of camp life, our welcome was cordial. We were the envy of all the other boys, and our narratives were eagerly listened to whenever we would tell of our week of glorious freedom, and especially when we would dwell on the fact that we literally lived all the time on fish and game. There was one very unpleasant incident of our homecoming, which had to do with the hog mentioned heretofore. It seemed that the hog owner had read the signs better than we thought and instead of scaring us to death, had considerately visited our parents and allowed them to settle for the hog. Our respective paternal ancestors settled with us, imposing terms, each as seemed him best, and the days of our first camp were "Gone, alas! like our youth—too soon."

LEWIS HOPKINS.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM. *Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?*

Camping on Old Capon.

THE Rod and Reel Club of this city, which has heretofore camped on the Shenandoah River, changed fishing grounds this year and pitched their tents on the banks of old Capon. The Shenandoah is all right when it is clear, but the trouble is you so seldom strike it in that condition.

We left old Winchester town about 2 o'clock Monday morning in a hay wagon. None of us will ever forget the ride, or the walk, as some of the fellows called it. There were eight of us in the party, and after we had packed our provisions, tents, etc., on the wagon, there was little room for anything else; so we had to take seats around on the boxes, on the minnow barrel and any old place where we could get a hold. After we passed Whitacre the road was something fierce, and every now and then you would see some one slide off and try it afoot. But we finally got to Break Neck spring, and by 6 o'clock had the camp in order and some fish for supper, too, having detailed several of the camp to try their luck, while the rest put up the tents. We were all tired and worn out when we sat down to supper, but I tell you everything tasted good. Judge Hodgson can't be beat at making coffee and frying fish, and we all owe him a debt of gratitude for acting in this capacity while on Capon.

After supper the judge proposed a game of pitch, and Claude Ryon, the youngest and gayest soul of the party, soon had the cards out of one of the boxes and soon two games were going. At 10 o'clock Quartermaster Yeakley made the announcement that it was bed time, and we were all soon sleeping on our beds of straw at the foot of the mountains along old Capon, far from the madding crowd—with naught to disturb our slumbers save the musical murmuring of the water as it gently glided past us on its never-ceasing journey.

The water was a little too muddy for bass fishing the first two or three days, but it soon cleared up, and then we got down to work. For some distance, both above and below us, there were riffles of the finest kind, here and there deep pockets and eddies, just the places to run across old Mr. Bass.

It was a sight to do one good to see the venerable Judge Hodgson wading waist-deep in the tumbling water, gracefully casting here and there into the pools and

THE CAMP ON OLD CAPON.

around the rocks, and to hear the sweet music of his reel as the fish goes out. The judge calls a halt and gets down to work, and the game fellow at the other end throws himself clear out of the water in his efforts to get away; but the judge has him fast and he is soon in that veteran angler's fish basket. Most of our party were fond of fishing, and the little dam we had made just below Break Neck was nearly always full of fish, and, after being cleaned, would keep there as well as if in cold storage.

Looking down the river most any morning you could see Cap Clowe balancing himself upon a rock in the riffles, every now and then throwing into a different place, and later on, if you were in no hurry and out for a morning walk, you could see him suddenly raise his rod and become deeply interested in something cutting through the water, and there see a shining object flash in the sunlight and later slide down his fish string. "Cap" is an ardent follower of my friend Walton, and is never happier than when looking for fish in the riffles.

Charley Brown, you might say, was one of the most enthusiastic anglers of the party. Possessing plenty of patience and good staying qualities when he knew the fish were there (and he generally knew where to find them), he always had a good string to his credit when the evening shadows became too thick for him to pursue his favorite pastime any longer. He and my fisherman friend, Billy Flemister, generally went together and always brought in their share of the fish.

Dick Hodgson and myself (my old fisherman companion) could every morning be seen strolling down to some favorite resort below Auntie Hatfield's, and not until the dusk of evening had fallen and the faint call of Quartermaster Yeakley was heard in the distance, would we turn our faces toward camp. Mr. Yeakley always says he doesn't care to fish much, but one day, while coming up Water Street he saw something cutting through the water, and jerking a line some of the boys had left tied to the bank. He couldn't resist the temptation to see what it was, so he got hold of the line and commenced to pull it in, but the thing at the other end was game, and before that gentleman got through with him he acknowledged to himself that there was sport in fishing after all.

A trip was made to Cawdy's Castle several days before we left Capon. From the top of this immense pile of rock, rising out of the mountain, can be had one of the most magnificent views in that section of the country. You can look far, far away to other lands that seem fairer than this—where the fleecy clouds bend down to kiss the hazy slopes of other mountains—but after looking around you closely you will come to the conclusion that there could hardly be lands fairer than this along old Capon. It is about 700 feet from the bed of the river to the top of the castle, and the climb up is both picturesque and dangerous. Just before you reach the top you have to climb up a little ladder about 10 feet long, and you don't want to look down, either, for if you do you might lose your nerve, and then it would be all up with you. I will have to confess that I was glad when I got off that ladder on to the top of the big rock and gladder still when I got down from there altogether. Cap Clove, Billy Flemister and Claude Ryon raced around over the top of the castle as if they were trying to beat each other to some favorite fishing place below Auntie Hatfield's.

Cawdy's Castle is visited every year by a great many people. Just before you reach the top there is a room-like apartment in the rock about 6x6 feet, and as you approach the entrance you make a short turn. The path right here is very narrow, one side of which slopes down almost perpendicular. Cawdy was an Indian scout, and whenever pressed too hard he would go to this little cave, and when his Indian pursuers would round the curve at his retreat he would push them over the path down into the depths below.

Many good times we had at camp at night playing cards. Judge Hodgson is very fond of the game, and we boys could not cheat him, either. The night before we left we had a farewell game, and the judge and Cap Clowe, and Billy Flemister and Claude Ryon were at one table. Suddenly Claude Ryon made the startling announcement that he and his partner had made high, low, Jack and the game. The judge looked up and said, "We'll just count you for game." At the end of the count Claude made the discovery that he had counted two too many, and then some one yelled from the other table: "It's all in the count, judge."

We were all sorry when the time came to leave old Capon, for we had all grown to love the picturesque surroundings of Break Neck and the walk down "Water Street." You could notice the judge, just before leaving, looking longingly down over the sparkling riffles below us, when his whole soul was at the moment wishing, no doubt, for just one more wade in the tumbling waters. His reverie was interrupted by Driver McFarland calling out "All aboard," and we were soon leaving Break Neck far behind us.

ALF. CLINE.

WINCHESTER, Va.

Fish and Fishing.

More About Trout Tickling.

A COUPLE of letters which have reached me within the last few days, and Mr. Titcomb's note in FOREST AND STREAM of the 22d inst., illustrate the interest taken by anglers in the recent references in this paper to the subject of trout tickling. One of my correspondents inquires whether the practice is known to be followed to any extent on this side of the Atlantic, and if so, where. I have only known of it being done by way of experiment in America, and indeed there is no reason why it should be resorted to at all in countries where trout can be so much more easily obtained by lawful means. Those who tickle trout in the Old Country are generally men who dare not be seen on the banks of a stream with rod and line.

Another reader of this paper writes to ask whether guddling for trout is not what is generally known as tickling. Of course it is, and a good example of the use of the term is furnished by Ian Maclaren in his "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush," where he makes the doctor say, with reference to his youthful experiences, "Guddlin' wes a graund ploy. A' think A'm at aince mair, wi' ma sleeves up tae ma oxters, lying on ma face, wi' naething but the eyes ower the edge o' the stane, an' slippin' ma hands intae the caller water, an' the rush o' the troot, an' grippin' the soople slidderin' body o't an' thrown' 't ower yir head, wi' the red spots glistening on its white belly; it wes michty."

What Do Salmon Flies Represent.

A friend draws my attention to the definition of fishing with the fly contained in one of the newest and handsomest of the works on American fishes advertised in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. Fly-fishing is there described as "the art of presenting to a fish a bunch of feathers tied to a hook in such a manner that the fish will believe that the aforesaid bunch is something edible and become 'permanently attached' to it." My friend asks me a difficult question when he inquires what special edible a salmon fly represents. Major Fisher, in his "Rod and River," says that it is the general opinion that salmon take the artificial fly for some living thing, probably a shrimp; but he admits that whatever they suppose it to be, it most certainly is not like anything which lives above the surface of the water. He therefore concludes that the term "fly" is a misnomer. The idea that the salmon lure is taken for some living thing or other would seem to be borne out by the fact that it is greedily taken by trout when they are known to be on the feed, and are eagerly devouring natural insects and other food. And the English experience, which shows that natural shrimps are some of the best killing of salmon baits, doubtless encourages the belief of British sportsmen that the fish take the artificial fly for a shrimp. Whatever the Atlantic salmon of American and Canadian rivers take the salmon fly for, however, it is certain that they do not take it for a shrimp or any other natural food, for they invariably refuse the genuine article; and as no kind of undigested food is ever found in their stomachs when the fish have been taken from fresh water on this side of the ocean, many anglers have jumped to the conclusion that they seize the fly to which they rise in North American rivers, either in sport or in anger. The salmon in these waters have certainly not been taken with any other kind of either natural or artificial bait than the ordinary fly, though there are stories of solitary specimens having taken live bait in the brackish waters of estuaries.

The Color of Trout.

Commodore J. U. Gregory, of Quebec, one of the few remaining survivors of the original subscribers to FOREST AND STREAM, was talking in the Garrison Club of the ancient Canadian capital the other night, about the difference in the color of the flesh of trout caught in different waters, and called my attention to certain circumstances which seemed to him to knock out the pet theory that the deeper pink or red coloring of the flesh of some of the *Salmonidæ* is due to the abundance of the crustaceans which form a large proportion of their food supply. The Commodore fished last September in Lac Trois Saumons, a fine body of water, reached by way of the Intercolonial Railway, running in an easterly direction from Levis, opposite Quebec, along the south shore of the St. Lawrence. The lake is swarming with crustacea of various kinds, chiefly small crayfish, with which the stomachs of the fish opened by Mr. Gregory were found to be well filled; yet the flesh of these trout is exceedingly light in color, especially in comparison with that of Lake Edward trout, for example, which is always a deep red, though these latter fish live principally upon the minnows and small gudgeon which abound in the waters in which they are found. Cheney, Agassiz and Lanman have all pointed out how largely the rich red color of the flesh of the brook trout is contributed to by a crustacean diet, yet here is a notable exception, which seems worthy of record. Shall we say that this is only another instance of the exception proving the rule, or is the evidence strong enough to shatter our faith in preconceived opinions of the matter?

Striped Bass and Smelt.

It is not often that striped bass are taken so high up the St. Lawrence as the port of Quebec. Last week, however, one measuring nearly thirty inches in length was captured off the mouth of the St. Charles in the middle of the harbor, by a boy who was fishing with bait for tomcods. The nearest point to Quebec where striped bass, or bar, as they are called by the French-Canadians, are taken in any numbers by anglers, is below the Island of Orleans, in the vicinity of Madame Island. Even here, however, the size of the fish taken has very much deteriorated in recent years. There was a time when such fish as that above described were by no means uncommon. Now they are very seldom seen at all in the St. Lawrence. The reason is not far to seek. In the weirs or wicker net traps along the shores of the river, the market fishermen take fish of all sizes, and it is no uncommon thing to see striped bass of not more than four inches long brought by them to market. This matter is to be brought to the early attention of the Minister of Fisheries.

The arrival of the autumnal run of smelts in the St. Lawrence, in the vicinity of Quebec a few days ago, was quickly followed by that of a number of porpoises which remained for some days disporting themselves in front of the city. The unusual visitors were apparently in pursuit of the toothsome little smelt, and the latter were apparently aware of the fact, for during the time that their monster enemies remained in the neighborhood they were conspicuous by their absence, and the smelt fisher fished in vain. Since the disappearance of the porpoises, the smelt have been on the feed as usual, and large numbers of them are being taken at the various city wharves at every tide, the anglers being quite content to stand the biting cold of the November frost and sleet and cutting wind, for the purpose of enjoying the sport.

Net Fishing of Lake Nepigon.

Lake Nepigon, the source of the famous Nepigon trout river, is to become the scene of one of the most important commercial fisheries of the continent. This is to be prosecuted by a newly incorporated joint stock company, calling itself the Canada Fish Company, with a capital of a million dollars, which has obtained important concessions from the Government of Ontario. The company secures an exclusive privilege for net fishing for a term of twenty years, but is forbidden to take bass or speckled trout, two game varieties for which the region is famous, and no angling rights are in any way to be interfered with. In return for this privilege the company will pay a bonus on a graduated scale, ranging from $2,000 to $20,000 a year, in addition to the usual license fee, based on the amount of apparatus or plant in use; and they undertake to build a railway connecting the Canadian Pacific, which crosses the Nepigon River close to Lake Superior, with the shores of Lake Nepigon, forty miles away to the north. It is provided that no nets shall be set on spawning grounds, nor within a mile of the mouth of any river or stream, nor within a mile of the outlet of the lake into the Nepigon River. The catch of fish is limited to 500 tons a year for the first three years, and to 1,000 tons a year for each subsequent year of the term. The vast quantity of enormous lake trout and whitefish inhabiting this lake makes its fishery wealth of great importance, but its commercial value has, in the past, been practically nil, owing to the lack of railway facilities. By the new arrangement, the Government secures the building of the road, and insures a large annual revenue to the province, without in any way impairing the value of the huge commercial fishes, some of which do not hesitate to make a meal off a good brook trout whenever the opportunity presents itself, and which are noted spawn eaters as well, ought to improve the fly-fishing in the river rather than injure it. The taking of all necessary precautions in this direction was only to have been expected of the minister who made the concession to the company, for the Hon. Mr. Latchford, the gentleman in question, is not only a sportsman himself, but also the president of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association.

Another Salmon Difficulty.

Canadian salmon fishermen on the Pacific coast are claiming another grievance against their American competitors. Whatever the character of the western ocean may be, it is pretty clear by this time that the international relations of those engaged upon its shores, whether in taking seals or salmon, are anything but pacific. Mr. Todd, representing one of the largest canneries upon the British Columbia coast, has lately had an interview with the Minister of Fisheries at Ottawa, to urge that the Canadian regulations be amended so as to provide that traps may be used for catching salmon. Hitherto, though extensively operated within the limits of the American fisheries, these traps have not been permitted in Canadian waters. Mr. Todd pretends that the American fishermen have so arranged their traps as to intercept the fish after they have passed in from the ocean through the Straits of San Juan de Fuca on their way up to the Fraser River. It is claimed by the Canadian fishermen that this condition of affairs is calculated to deplete the salmon fishery, but as the Dominion cannot prevent it, Canadian canners claim that the use of traps should also be permitted on the Canadian fishing grounds, so as to give them the same advantage as that enjoyed by their business rivals. They claim that if traps are advantageously placed off the southern coast of Vancouver Island, no salmon at all would reach the fishermen in United States waters. Something would be apt, however, to reach the authorities at Ottwa, in such a case, and a knowledge of this fact may perhaps have had something to do with the delay of the Canadian ministers in acting upon the demand of the canners.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Dec. 15.—Huntsville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) third annual trials. John F. Fletcher, Sec'y, Birmingham, Ala.

Canine Elegies and Epitaphs.

XXVIII—Rab.

This tender and touching poem was written on a pet spaniel by Mr. R. T. Chilton, who was private secretary to Daniel Webster:

RAB.

A little mound in the garden,
  Aside from the box-bordered walk,
Tells in such language as flowers
  And only flowers can talk—
(No need of other inscription,
  No need of memorial slab,)
Tells that, all still and silent,
  Underneath lies our little Rab.

And yet in fancy I see him,
  Alert, overflowing with life,
Now racing across the grass-plot
  With the children in playful strife;
Then, with head drooping saucily sideways,
  On his haunches, with heaving breast,
Awaiting the further onset,
  While the children stop to rest.

Rab, with his coat so silky,
  Seal brown set off by white,
With his long, soft ears and his questioning eyes
  Aglow with an inner light;
Shall we see him no more for ever,
  Will he come no more at our call,
He, the delight of the household,
  The merriest, maddest of all?

Ah, Rab! we will miss you sadly,
  As we look at the spot where your name,
Wrought of the Ash's red berries,
  Glows as if written in flame.
And the flowers will bloom and wither,
  For many and many a day,
On the little grave where the children
  Have tenderly laid you away.

A Kentucky Fox Hunt.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I attended the recent meet of The National Foxhunters' Association at Bowling Green, Ky. I have been a member of the association ever since it was organized, but this is the first meet I have been able to get to, but if I had felt—as I now do—what a royal time a visitor has there, I would have been at all of them. With the whole Bowling Green Kennel Club, led by Mr. Meredith, as our welcoming hosts, and such Kentuckian visitors as Messrs. Walker, Williams, the Chinns, the Triggs, Bosworth, Kirby, Finck, Mitchell, Smith, Graddy, Sturgeon, Delaney, Draughan, etc., an oak log would have its heart warmed up. True, getting up at 3 A. M., having a scratch breakfast, riding four to six miles out in the dark, was not what some people would call "fun," but then I so called it, and it seemed to me that all hands did. Of course, such a blind bat as I am could not think of saddling it at that time, when I could not see my hand before my face, so I adopted the somewhat out of the way plan of riding out in a buggy, leading a saddle horse, and mounting when it became light enough to see, and I got some mild chaffing about foxhunting in a buggy. But if my buggy had not been on hand, there might have been trouble in getting home one of the crack hounds which was taken very sick and found by accident in the woods. Of course Kentucky ladies attended, you may trust them never to shut the light of their faces off from foxhunters.

I have never seen one of the fashionable, set-to-order foxhunts of eastern Pennsylvania and New York, where the hounds seem incidents, and the horses the main thing, as witness the last Era, with about a dozen pictures of horses and riders, to one very poor one of hounds. That style of foxhunting is doubtless all right to those who like it, but it is not the sport I learned to love years since when the company were pretty much all mountain moonshiners, who finally lodged in jail. Nevertheless, we had fun, lots and lots of it, and the Kentucky hunting is that same type of sport, but followed by gentlemen and ladies. Then there is a suspicious air of being dressed to death in those Era pictures, and while that is all right in the ladies ("the first duty of woman being to look well"), still I don't like foxhunting with shiny boots; it is too starched for my taste. However, when "hunters" can find any fun in fooling a pack of hounds with an anise bag, there is no saying what "sport" is, bar that "fox terrier coursing" isn't.

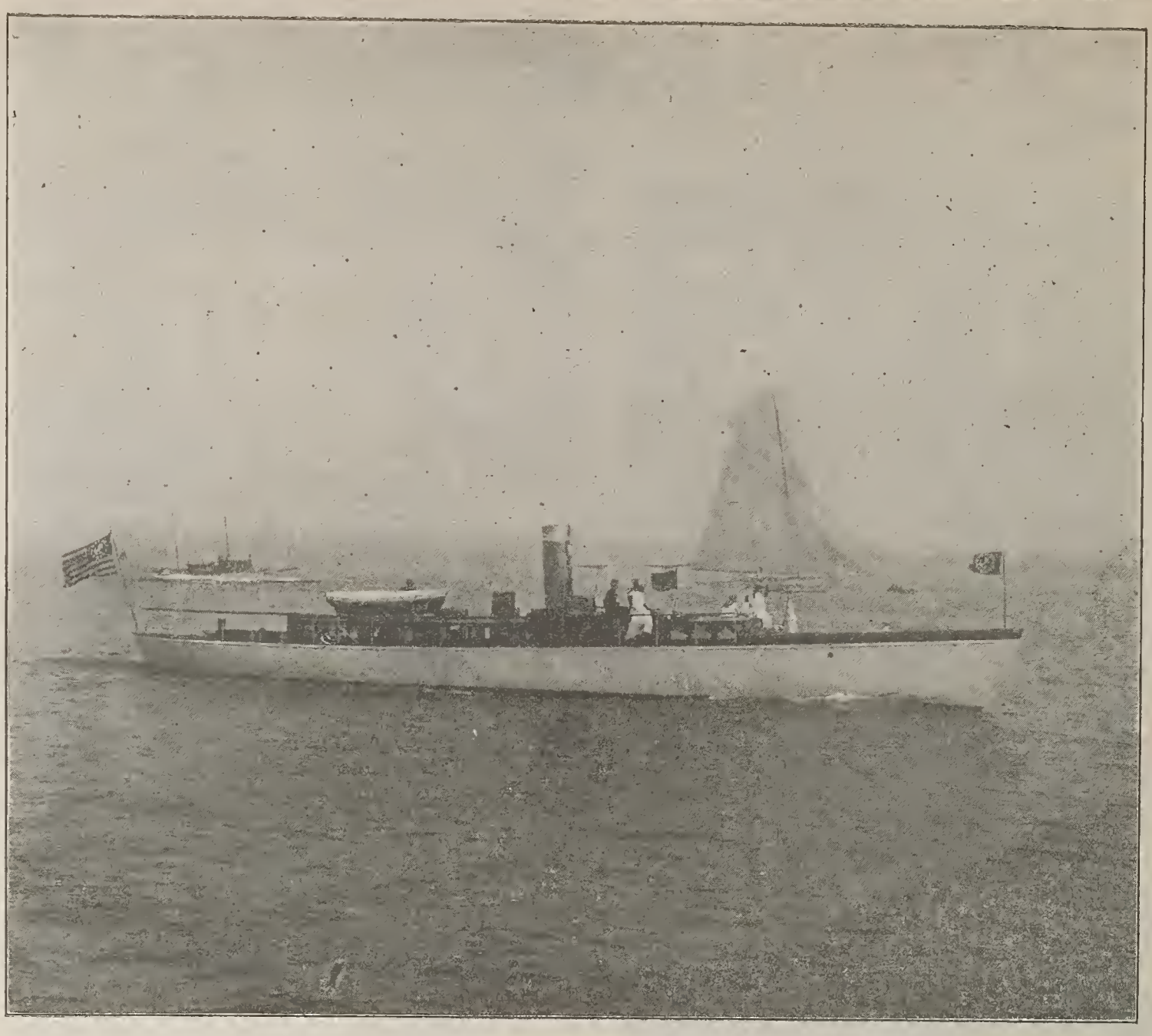
Well, do you want a detailed report of the hunting? Sorry to say I have none to set forth, further than that the conditions were about as unsatisfactory as could be. We were just at the waning of a long drought, the wind was rather high most of the time, and our early starts were to take advantage of the morning dews. But for all of that, while the grass was damp enough to wet our boots, still no scent seemed to lie; losses were constant; the hounds worked hard, but it was rare to have a well sustained full cry for fifteen minutes. So, as far as actual foxhunting went, the meet was by no means a success. But wasn't it delightful all the same! Well, just you come and try one once, and you will not need to ask me or anybody whether a Kentucky hunt is enjoyable or not. And really that is the chief object of this to impress it on the family of FOREST AND STREAM, that all who enjoy such sports as foxhunting, ought, by all means, to go to one of the Kentucky meets.

On Friday evening one gentleman quietly informed us that I was going home with him for a week. If you know anything of Kentuckians you will know that my having left my wife without another person in the house but servants, that I had lots of things requiring my looking after at home, etc., did not count in such a situation; and you will further know that I went, and you ought to know that I thoroughly enjoyed my visit, even if I could not make it the whole week. And that wasn't all. On that Friday evening we had a gentle but copious fall of rain, making hunting conditions admirable, and on Saturday evening we went out, and for forty-five minutes or so had the finest full cry of the hounds; in fact, the only one I heard during the whole of my visit to Kentucky. What if it was only a gray, the music was not the less rich or well sustained. So the sum and substance of it is: Go to Kentucky when you want a good time.

Another matter at Bowling Green interested me very much. At the county jail I saw a pack of four "American bloodhounds," used very successfully for tracking criminals. I expected to see a very ragged looking lot of dogs, of all types and no type; but to my surprise I saw four hounds, very "sorty," of the old type of black and tan native foxhounds, on very short legs, the kind we used to say would "run all week and half the next." The most surprising fact was that two of them were half English bloodhound in blood, and, with, perhaps, a slight amount more of tan on heads. There was no real difference between them, either in makeup or in voice, none had the redundant and useless dewlaps and wrinkle of the English bloodhound, apparently caused by their skins being one-half too big for them, that is so characteristic of the modern English bloodhound; but all were neat, active, clean-made hounds; not the hounds for a fox chase, by any means, but just suited for staying on the trail of a man all day long. Of course, I was not surprised to find them exceedingly affectionate and solicitous of notice.

We are apt to think of Kentucky as the land of whiskey; yet, do you know, that during the whole week I was there I saw but two drunken men, one a loafer on the streets, the other the darky huntsman after the hunt. And do you know that Kentucky has the largest percentage of local option prohibition area of any State in the Union? W. WADE.

OAKMONT, Pa., Nov. 27.



SCOUT—HIGH-SPEED STEAM YACHT.
Designed and built by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co. Owned by August Belmont. Photo by James Burton, Esq.

"A Hair of the Dog that Bit You."

The following remarks are copied from the reeent issue of a loeal newspaper: "This phrase, though now confined to a symbolic and alcoholic interpretation, has an aceurately canine origin. In the Caucasus it is still common for any one who is bitten by a dog to lay a handful of hair taken from the same animal's coat upon the wound before eauterizing and bandaging it. In some mystic way the hair is supposed to prevent untoward consequences."

The efficacy of this usage is referred to by Pliny. (Nat. Hist.," 1601.) Holland's translation has: "And there bee some againe, who burne the haires of the same mad doggs taile, and conveigh their ashes handsomely in some tent of lint into the wound."—Notes and Queries.

In France there exists an order of merit founded by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, of which the members are dogs who have distinguished themselves by deeds of bravery. A tastefully designed "collar of honor" is awarded to the nominees of the order. Among the animals already decorated in this way one of the most celebrated is Bacchus, a large bulldog, whose specialty it is to stop runaway horses by jumping up and seizing them by the bridle. Bacehus' master resides in the Rue Biscornet. It is calculated that the intelligent beast has already saved the lives of eight persons, if not more, in this way. Pataud, another bulldog, received a collar for saving his mistress from the attack of a footpad, and Turk, a splendid Newfoundland, has had a similar honor for saving three young children from drowning on different occasions.

Yachting.

40-Foot Cruising Launch.

WE reproduce this week the plans of a 40ft. cruising launch that was designed by Mr. W. Starling Burgess, of Boston. The lines show a well-turned craft that should be driven fast with a moderate amount of power.

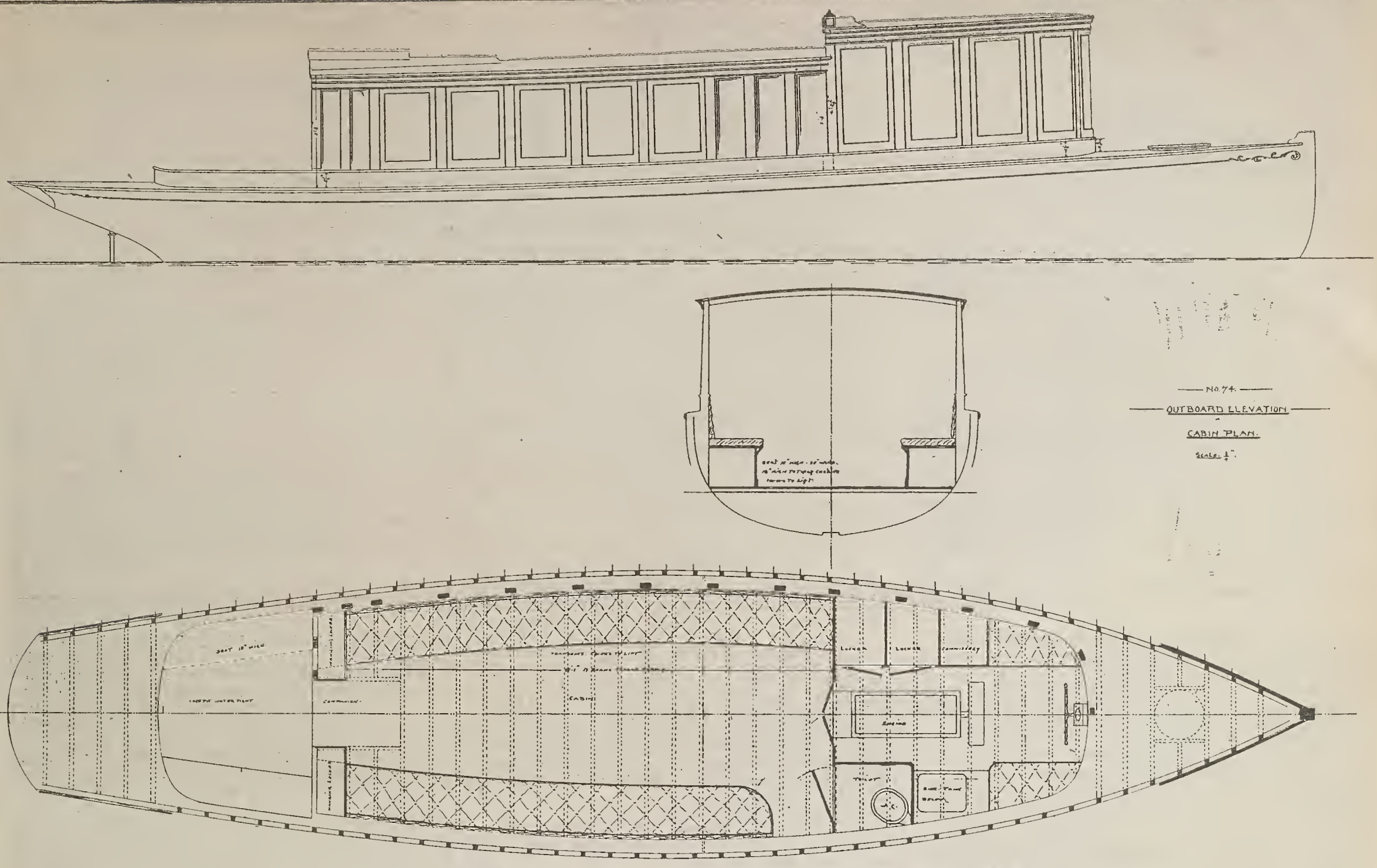
The location of the engine is rather unusual, but by placing it so far forward it is possible for one man to run the boat and the engine at all times. The forward house serves as a galley, engine room and pilot house. This is shut off from the big cabin aft which is over 15ft. long. There is sleeping accommodation in the saloon for four persons. The toilet room is reached from the forward end and aft there are roomy hanging lockers. A good-sized water-tight cockpit makes a very comfortable place for those who wish to be on deck.

The boat is splendidly built and presents a very shippy appearance in the water. Her dimensions follow:

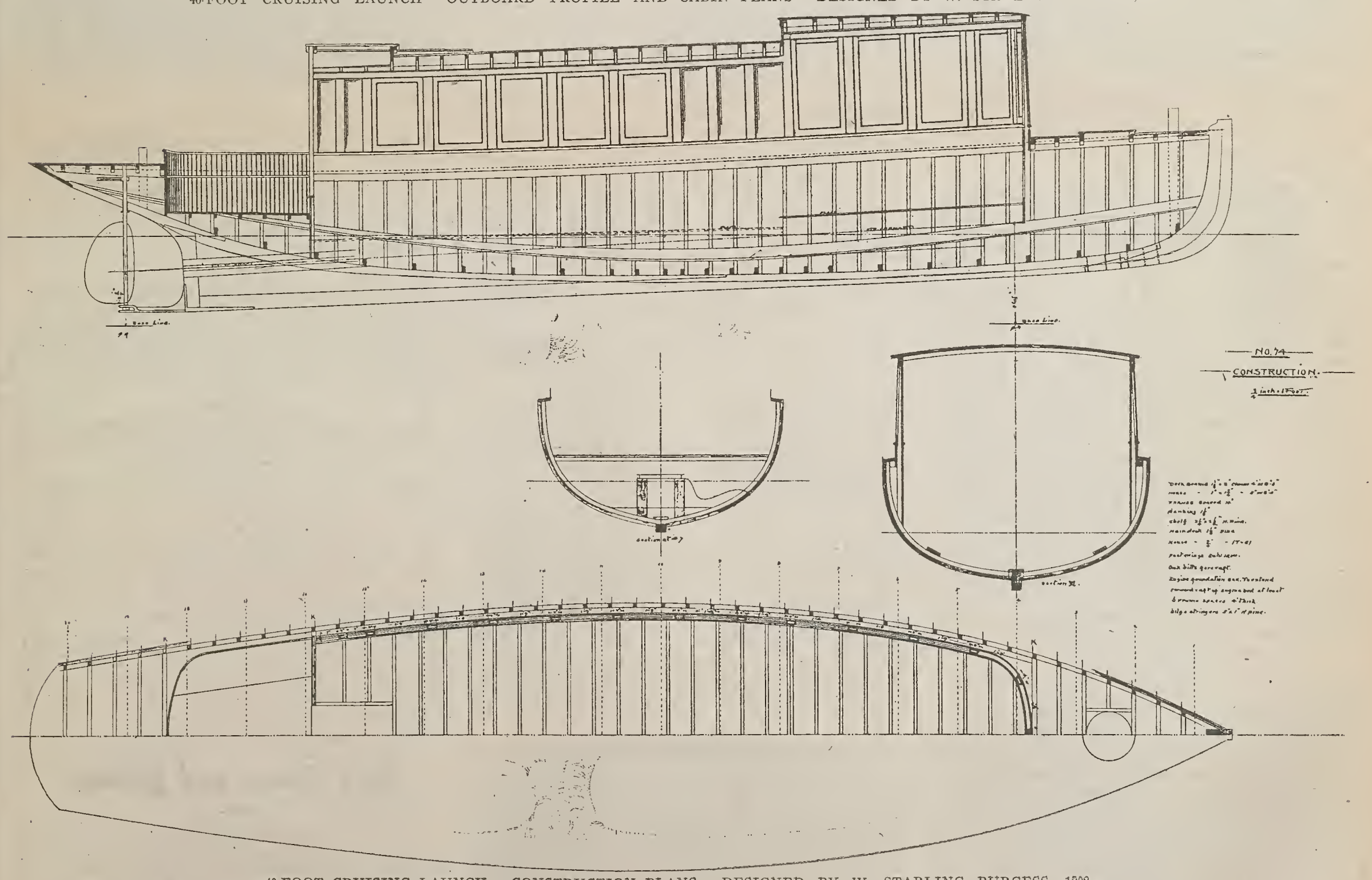
Length—		
Over all	40ft.	7in.
L.W.L.	35ft.	3in.
Overhang—		
Forward	0ft.	6in.
Aft	4ft.	10in.
Breadth—		
Extreme	9ft.	1in.
L.W.L.	8ft.	0in.
Draft—		
Extreme	2ft.	6in.
Freeboard—		
Forward	3ft.	6in.
Least	2ft.	2in.
Aft	2ft.	4in.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Nov. 30.—At a meeting of the Corinthian Y. C. held at the American House last Tuesday evening, it was unanimously voted to adopt the new 22ft. class, conforming to the limitations of the Twenty-two-Foot Cabin Yacht Association. The action of the Corinthian Y. C. is hailed with joy by the organizers of the new class, and especially by Mr. Sumner H. Foster, who has done most of the work in forming it. With this backing to start with, it is considered that yachtsmen, who looked favorably upon the class and who have had doubts of its success on account of insufficient support, will now build. Mr. Foster said last week that he had assurance that at least four boats would



40-FOOT CRUISING LAUNCH—OUTBOARD PROFILE AND CABIN PLANS—DESIGNED BY W. STARLING BURGESS, 1902.



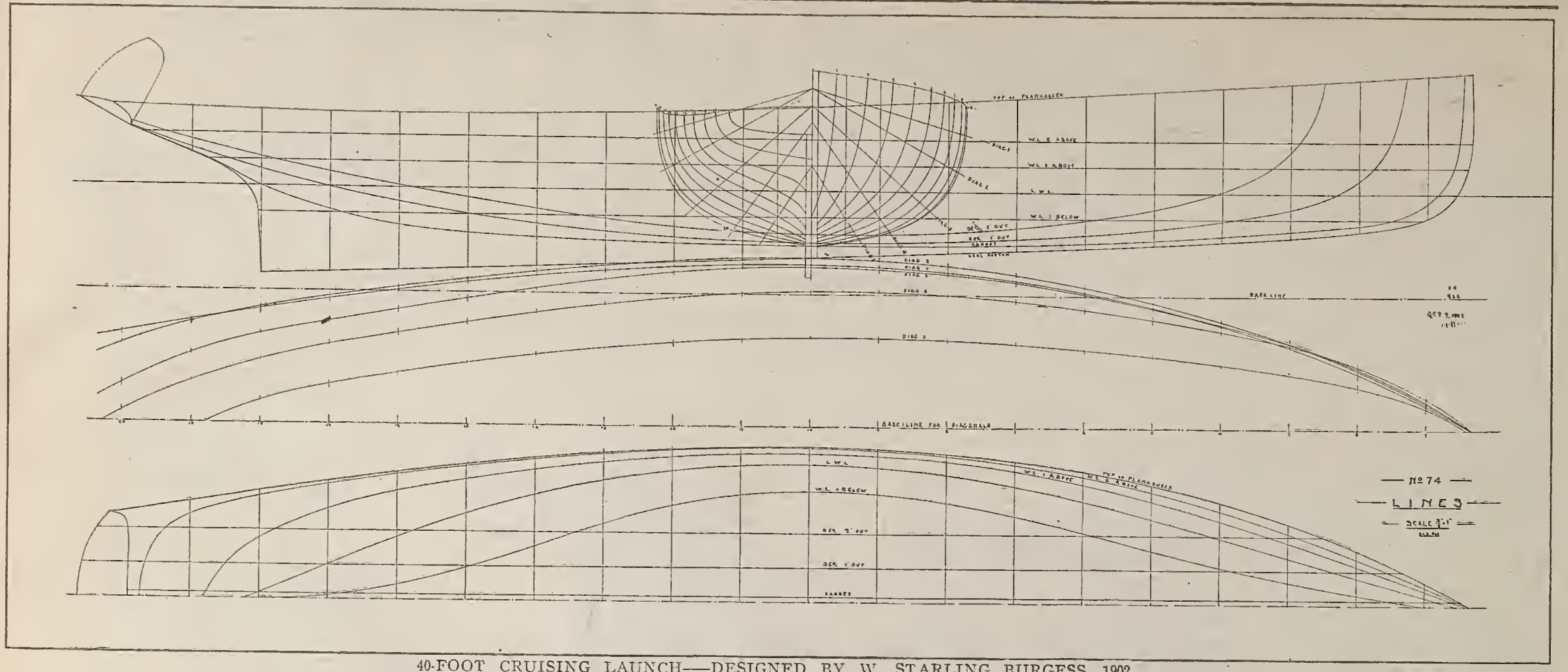
40-FOOT CRUISING LAUNCH—CONSTRUCTION PLANS—DESIGNED BY W. STARLING BURGESS, 1902.

be built for the class, and that he had hopes of more prospective owners showing up now that the class has received the support of one of the largest clubs in the bay.

At the meeting of the Corinthian Y. C. the following commitee was elected to nominate officers, to be voted for at the annual meeting: Frank E. Clark, George P. Hodgdon, F. W. Moore, F. A. Gunnison and Roland Worthington.

Some time ago a movement was started by members of some of the North Shore clubs to revive the raceabout class. At the time considerable interest was manifested, but subsequent developments do not augur much success for the revival movement. It is not known that any orders for raceabouts have been placed up to date, and from the present outlook there does not seem to be much prospect of any. There are yachtsmen who want to build and will do so if there is any assurance of a number of boats built for the class, but they do not appear to relish the idea of going it alone. Some of those who were most interested in reviving the class have since said that they did not intend to build, and this has undoubtedly held others off. At present it looks as though the decline of the raceabout in Massachusetts Bay is for good. It will take only the hardest kind of work and thorough organization to bring it back to the popularity it enjoyed three years ago.

The classes of the Yacht Racing Association are still in the unsettled state they were left in after the last special meeting. Work upon three 25-footers is still going on, and these boats will probably race, although it is considered doubtful if the boats that raced in the class last year will compete with them. At Fenton's the 25-footer designed by Burgess for Mr. F. G. Macomber, Jr., has been finished and hauled out of the shop, and work has been started on the 25-footer by the same designer for Mr. T. K. Lothrop, Jr. There have been no new 21-footers heard of, and it is not likely that there will be while the rules are in their present unsettled, unsatisfactory shape. The movement is still on foot to race the boats of normal dimen-



40-FOOT CRUISING LAUNCH—DESIGNED BY W. STARLING BURGESS, 1902.

sions in this class next season. Three of these boats have already been sold, but it is thought that there will be enough left to warrant clubs giving races for them.

A change of considerable importance was made in the office of one of Boston's most prominent designers last week. W. Starling Burgess has formed a partnership with Alpheus A. Packard, recently with the Herreshoff Manufacturing Co. Mr. Packard has been superintendent of the Herreshoff shops, which position he left only within a few days to join Mr. Burgess. Mr. Packard worked upon the construction of the Columbia, but was not at the works when Constitution was built. He worked upon all of the preliminary details of the new Cup defender, and it was he who laid her down. He has also been connected with the New York Shipbuilding Co. The advent of Mr. Packard in the office of Mr. Burgess is an important one, as by it two very strong forces are joined, one on the theory of naval architecture and the other on construction. Beside being a constructor, Mr. Packard is considerable of a draftsman. At present they will continue the work of yacht designing at Mr. Burgess' offices, but further developments of this partnership may be looked for later.

Yacht designing offices have been on the increase in Boston lately. J. R. Daniell is now drafting in the brokerage office of Frank N. Tandy, and E. R. Boardman, formerly associated with Crowninshield, has started out for himself as a naval architect, yacht and ship broker at 20 Central street. Mr. Boardman only started in housekeeping last week, but he hopes to get several orders through before long, which are now being considered.

At the Marblehead yacht yard plans are being made by W. B. Stearns for a 40ft. auxiliary yawl for J. P. Elton, of Waterbury, Conn. Her deck and cabin fittings will be of teak and she will be fitted up for long cruises. She will be launched some time in May. Several launches are to be built, from 14 to 36ft. An order has been received for a sailing tender for Gordon Dexter's 46-footer, Wasp. A new deck, cockpit and companionway will be put on the 40-footer Gorilla. Extensive alterations are to be made in the Kiowa, owned by G. S. Payson. A launch owned by H. A. Church is to be rebuilt. Among the yachts hauled out in the two yards are the following: Ameria, C. W. Sherburne; Gorilla, Joseph Battles; Barbara, Robert T. Paine, 2d; Katonah, Dr. Dudley Williams; Intrepid, Henry A. Church; Ranger, H. A. King; Umbrina, J. P. Elton; Kiowa, George S. Payson; Chasca, Dexter H. Follett; Golden Rod, G. E. Bruce; Chickadee, F. E. Peabody; Khedive, Joseph Bigelow; Grig, Franklin Dexter; Cock Robin, C. S. Eaton; Wyvern, R. K. Longfellow; Suzanne, Frank Brewster; Scud, C. P. Curtis, and Sanderling, J. R. Thorndike.

At Lawley's the 166ft. steel steam yacht, designed by A. S. Cheseborough for Mr. C. A. Fletcher, is about all plated. An order was received last week for another steel steam yacht of Mr. Cheseborough's design, for Mr. Charles G. Emery, of the New York Y. C. She will be 116ft. on the waterline and is expected to develop a speed of sixteen knots. The 60ft. schooner for Mr. C. H. Clark has been set up and the 50ft. ketch for Mr. J. H. Cromwell has been planked and the deck laid. The 34ft. yawl for Mr. F. H. Adriance is in frame. A 36-footer for Mr. W. B. Rogers has been set up. Major L. S. Bent's 50ft. schooner has been laid down, as has been a cruising 21-footer for Mr. L. H. Spaulding. A set of boats is being built for Mr. W. C. Cox's steam yacht. This yacht is now building by Ramage & Ferguson, at Leith, Scotland, and is expected to arrive at his port late in April.

Hollis Burgess has sold the 21-footer, Opitsah IV., to a Philadelphia yachtsman, who wishes to remain unknown for the present. She will be shipped by rail to Philadelphia and will be used on the upper Delaware.

Small Bros. have an order for a 26ft. hunting launch for Mr. I. S. Carpenter. The lines of a 28ft. cruising yawl have been turned out for Mr. S. H. Eldridge, a summer resident of Hyannisport.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

The Nilson Yacht Building Co., Baltimore, Md., are building for Messrs. Richard P. Hart and Henry Burden, 2d, a steam yacht from designs made by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane. She is to be 126ft. 6in. over all, 110ft. waterline, 20ft. breadth and 6ft. 6in. draft.

New York Y. C.

COM. LEWIS CASS LEDYARD presided at the special meeting of the New York Y. C., held at the club house on West Forty-fourth street, New York city, on Monday night, Dec. 1. The meeting was well attended.

Owing to the Cup races which take place next season, it was deemed necessary to lay out the programme of the season's racing in order that it would not in any way conflict with the international contests. The schedule of the racing as adopted follows:

Thursday, May 21, Saturday, May 23, and Monday, May 25—Special races for the 90-footers, on Long Island Sound, off Glen Cove.

Thursday, June 4, Friday, June 5, and Saturday, June 6.—Special races for the 90-footers, at Newport.

Thursday, June 11—Annual regatta in the lower bay. High water at Governor's Island at 8:45 A. M.

Monday, June 15—Races for the Glen Cove cups, on Long Island Sound, off Glen Cove.

Thursday, June 18, Saturday, June 20, and Monday, June 22—Newport series, at Newport, R. I.

Annual Cruise—Thursday, July 16, rendezvous at Glen Cove; Friday, July 17, squadron race to Morris Cove, New London; Saturday, July 18, squadron race to New London; Sunday, July 19, at New London; Monday, July 20, squadron race to Newport; Tuesday, July 21, races for the Astor cups, at Newport; Wednesday, July 22, squadron race to Vineyard Haven; Thursday, July 23, squadron race to Newport; Friday, July 24, races at Newport for the Owl and Game Cock colors. Disband.

Tuesday, July 28, Thursday, July 30, and Saturday, Aug. 1—Trial races at Newport for the selection of the defenders of the America's Cup.

Thursday, Aug. 20, Saturday, Aug. 22, Tuesday, Aug. 25, Thursday, Aug. 27, and Saturday, Aug. 29—International challenge races for the America's Cup, off the Sandy Hook Lightship.

Thursday, Sept. 17—Races for the Autumn cups, on Long Island Sound, off Glen Cove.

After passing the racing schedule the members acted for the second time upon the new measurement and classification rules as finally amended. There was no opposition and the rules will be in force for a period of five years.

A committee made up of ex-Com. S. Nicholson Kane, T. A. Bronson, chairman of the House Committee; Rear-Admiral Erben, U. S. N.; Fordham Morris and Capt. J. D. J. Kelly, U. S. N., was appointed to arrange a series of lectures to be given in the club. These lectures will begin in January and will continue on at intervals of three weeks until the racing season opens.

Messrs. Anson Phelps Stokes, Lloyd Phoenix and Robert E. Tod, the gentlemen who were appointed at the meeting held on Oct. 30, to look into the question of a club cruise in West Indian waters, reported that the cruise could not be brought about for this season.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Mr. William H. Hand, Jr., New Bedford, Mass., already has a number of boats building from his own designs. A 31ft. waterline cruising yawl is being constructed at the Newport Ship Yard, Newport, R. I., for Thomas J. Carlton, M. D., of Savannah, Ga.; the 25-footer building at the same yard for Mr. F. P. Sands has been completed and run out of the shop. Other boats now building include a 21-footer for Mr. H. E. Carse, Los Angeles, Cal.; 21-footer for Mr. P. E. Phillips, Detroit, Mich.; 18-footer for Mr. W. Morly Buck, Port Dover, Ont., Canada; 26ft. yawl for Mr. George Schofield, Toronto, Ont., Canada; 18-footer for Mr. J. Ashley Gibson, of Mobile, Ala.; 18-footer for Mr. J. Hugh Weir, Hamilton, Ont., Canada; 15-footer for a Chicago yachtsman. Mr. Hand is now working on plans for two 50ft. sea-going launches and a 40ft. yawl for a Western yachtsman.

Mr. W. R. Osborne, Croton, N. Y., launched from his yard on Saturday, Nov. 22, a house-boat, which he built for General Louis Fitzgerald, of New York city. The new boat, which will be known as Bonito, is 100ft. long, 23ft. breadth and 3ft. draft. The yacht is heavily built and will be driven by two 25 horse-power gasoline motors. In addition to the main saloon, which is in the forward part of the boat, there are four staterooms and bathrooms. Aft of these is the galley and pantry, and next comes the engine room. Still further aft are the quarters for the servants and crew. The upper deck is free from all obstructions and is to be covered with an awning. Bonito is being put in readiness for a cruise in Florida waters.

The steam yacht designed by Mr. Albert S. Cheseborough for Mr. Charles G. Emery, will be built by the Geo. Lawley & Son, Corp., South Boston, Mass. The new yacht will be known as Calumet. She is 145ft. over all, 117ft. waterline, 17ft. 6in. breadth, and 6ft. 4in. draft. The yacht will be built of nickled steel throughout. She will have triple expansion engines, which will drive the yacht at a speed of nineteen knots. Calumet will be very completely fitted, and when finished will be used for cruising along our coast and on the St. Lawrence.

The new yacht that Mr. J. Beavor Webb has designed for Mr. Lloyd Phoenix, will be slightly smaller than Intrepid. It is said she will be 127ft. on the waterline, 28ft. breadth and 16ft. draft. She is to be rigged as a two-masted schooner, but when off shore cruises are taken the long main boom will be dispensed with and a jigger mast will be stepped. The new boat is to be completed on Sept. 1, 1903.

Manning's agency has sold the centerboard schooner yacht Wayfarer for Mr. W. M. Ivins, N. Y. Y. C., to Mr. Edward L. Ryerson, of Chicago, Ill. The same agency has sold the gasoline launch Scimitar to Mr. D. R. Dunlap, of Mobile, Ala., and has also sold the twin screw cruising launch Genevieve to Mr. Leonard D. Richards.

Fortuna, owned by Mr. Henry R. Wolcott, is being fitted out at New London for a Southern cruise.

Gerhilde, Mr. Charles Robinson Smith's new boat, left Gravesend Bay on Friday, Nov. 28, for Norfolk, Va.

Mr. Albert C. Bostwick has commissioned Messrs. A. Cary Smith & Barbey to design for him an auxiliary schooner. The yacht will be built by the Harlan & Hollingsworth Co., of Wilmington, Del. The new boat is the same length on the waterline as the German Emperor's schooner Meteor, designed by the same firm. Mr. Bostwick's boat will be built of steel throughout and the contract calls for the vessel's completion by July 1, 1903. The principal dimensions follow: 158ft. over all, 120ft. waterline, 27ft. 6in. breadth. Her engines will be of 200 horse-power.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., Nov. 29.—The re-entry rifle matches of the Ossining Gun Club closed Thanksgiving Day with winners as follows:

Members, shoot-off: D. Brandreth 232, I. T. Washburn 222.

Non-members: Geo. N. Tompkins 242.

Ladies: Mrs. E. F. Ball 236, Miss Frances Gibson 235, with a possible 236. Target submitted to expert for decision.

Cadets: E. H. Sherwood 229.

The prizes in all the above classes are handsome silver cups.

The following scores were made on the 50ft. range, ¼in. 25-ring target, 10-shot scores: G. B. Palmer 171; Miss Frances Gibson 218, 227, 221, 235, 230, 226; C. G. Blandford 234, 233, T. Wynants 236, 232; Wm. Coleman 229; Warren Thompson 219, 225; I. M. Sheldon 230; D. Brandreth 235, 237, 237, 238, 239; Dr. E. B. Sherwood 227, 230, 232, 224; A. Bedell 230; I. T. Washburn 237, 240, 236, 235, 236; C. G. Washburn 222, 220, 225, 227, 228, 232; Geo. Tompkins 231, 242, 238; Mrs. E. F. Ball 225, 220, 226.

Matches: C. G. Blandford 227, vs. D. Brandreth 225. C. G. Blandford 229, vs. D. Brandreth 225. D. Brandreth 239, vs. C. G. Blandford 231. C. G. Blandford 237, vs. D. Brandreth 228.

A new series of prize contests will shortly be inaugurated on a 75ft. range, and new and heavier rifles will be supplied. By the time the next contest closes we hope to be able to show as good scores on the 75ft. range as we have previously made on the 50ft. one.

E. F. B.

Trapshooting.

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

Fixtures.

Dec. 25.—Dover, N. J.—Holiday live-bird shoot of the Dover Gun Club. Bull shoot the special event.

Dec. 25.—Interstate Park, L. I.—John S. Wright's target tournament, sweepstakes, etc.

Dec. 25.—Interstate Park, L. I.—John S. Wright's target shoot.

Hell Gate Gun Club's shoot, fourth Tuesday of each month (July and December excepted), at Outwater's Riverside grounds, Paterson Plank Road, Carlstadt, N. J.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's target shoot, every Saturday afternoon. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

Hell Gate Annex shoot, second Friday of each month (January and July excepted), at Dexter Park, Brooklyn.

Brooklyn Gun Club's shoot, Saturdays, at Enfield street, near Liberty avenue, Brooklyn. Visitors welcome.

South Side Gun Club's shoot, Saturdays, South Broad street, Newark, N. J., near Lehigh Valley coal depot.

Outwater's grounds, Carlstadt, N. J., Saturdays, live-bird handicaps.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private*6* ing grounds always ready for target matches, club shoots or private practice.

1903.

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

Jan. 1.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Interstate Park target tournament.

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

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

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

A trapshooting tournament will be given in connection with the Detroit Automobile and Sportsmen's show, to be held at Detroit, Mich., Feb. 9 to 14, inclusive. Concerning it Mr. S. G. Lewis, the secretary, writes us as follows: "It will be held under the auspices of the Tri-State Automobile and Sporting Goods Association, at the Rusch House grounds. There will be at least $500 added money. This amount has already been pledged, and we hope to make it $1,000. At any rate, the shoot will be of sufficient importance to attract the best talent in this line throughout the country. Mr. John Parker is at work arranging details, and will have other parties associated with him in the arrangement of this shoot. The high gun system of dividing prizes will prevail, and we will inaugurate the Great Western Handicap, 25 birds, $25. In addition to the added money in this event, there will be a valuable trophy, which will become the personal property of the winner. The International trophy, 15 birds, $15 entrance, will be at live birds and targets. The handicap on targets will range from 16 to 21yds. On live birds, 26 to 32yds.

The Thanksgiving Day shoot of the Ossining Gun Club was a pleasant gathering of choice spirits. Several special events were a part of the programme. Ossining and Poughkeepsie shot a four-man team match for the Inter-county cup, and Poughkeepsie in due form scored a win, and is now ready for further trouble. The medal contest, at 50 targets, for the championship of Westchester county was won by Mr. A. Bedell, with the excellent score of 47, Mr. E. Ball pressing him closely with a score of 46. The prize cup donated by Mr. F. Brandreth for those who had never previously won a trophy, was captured by Mr. R. Kromer, Jr., with a score of 25, his handicap of 3 being just sufficient to make the maximum when added to the 22 which he broke.. Mr. J. T. Skelly was one of the visitors, and was one of the three high averages, as follows: C. G. Blandford, 899 per cent.; R. Kromer, 889; J. T. Skelly, 879.

At the open tournament of the Delaware County Club, held at Manoa, Pa., Nov. 27, the six-man team match was of special interest. There were the Clearview, the Westchester, the Country Club teams, and the Florists' had teams Nos. 1 and 2. The Florists' No. 1 won with 127 out of a possible 150. There was a large attendance of shooters, and everything is auspicious for a successful future.

Nov. 28, at Ledgewood, N. J., a closely contested two-man team match took place between Messrs. Timmins and Hathaway on one side, and Mr. Smith and Dr. Vliet on the other, 25 live birds per man, $50 a side. The result was a tie on 40, and in the shoot-off at 7 birds they tied again on 12. Mr. T. W. Morfey acted as referee.

The Dover, N. J., Gun Club has made arrangements for an open Christmas Day live-bird shoot on the baseball grounds. A special feature will be a bull shoot. The contestants in this event shoot at a two-inch block, and the one who sticks a shot nearest the center of it wins the bull. The competition is open to all. The programme will be out in a few days.

Mr. Wm. Dutcher, of Paterson, N. J., writes us that the Jackson Park Gun Club will hold open live-bird shoots on Dec. 6 and 13, commencing at 12 sharp. Every one is welcome. Take Singac cars at City Hall direct to grounds. On Dec. 13 the return match between Bunn and Lenone, 25 birds, $25 a side will take place.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Fanning, of the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., will leave New York for California on Dec. 10, for a long visit with his parents and friends, whom he has not seen since 1899, the year in which he made his last visit. Mr. Fanning recently returned from a long trip of ten weeks, the greater part of which was made in Canada.

The six-man team contest between the Mechanicsburg and Cincinnati gun clubs, at Mechanicsburg, O., Nov. 25, was won by the former club, by a score of 457 to 437. Each man shot at 50 targets. Messrs. Gambell and Dreihs, of the Cincinnati team, scored 44 each, and were high men on their team.

The Poughkeepsie Gun Club will hold an inter-county shoot and tournament on New Year's Day. Six events will be shot off, including a 100-bird race, $10 entrance, open to the world. For further particulars address the captain, Max Condit, 296 Church street, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

At the Thanksgiving Day shoot of the Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club, Hooey won the first contest of a handicap series, the prize of which is a silver loving cup. Mr. W. Hooey shot as a scratch man. The club will hold its next shoot on Dec. 6.

Mr. H. S. Mitchell, of the Mitchell Manufacturing Company, London, O., after about a week's visit in New York, departed for his home on last Sunday. He, beside attending to important business matters, made many new friends.

BERNARD WATERS.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Smith and Vliet—Timmins and Hathaway.

Lakewood, N. J., Nov. 28.—To-day a closely contested two-man team match was shot between Mr. James Smith and Dr. Vliet, of Hackettstown, on the one side, against Messrs James Timmins and Steve Hathaway, of Morristown, on the other, 25 birds each, $50 a side. The team tied on 40, and in the shoot-off at 7 birds, tied again on 2. Mr. T. W. Morfey was referee. The scores:

Vliet	1220010210210001221120120—16
Smith	2202122112211212212212111—24—40
Timmins	2202200222222020202202222—18
Hathaway	2221021210111012222221111—22—40

Shoot-off at 7 birds:

Timmins	2222020—5	Vliet	1012222—6
Hathaway	2122121—7—12	Smith	2021122—6—12

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J.—There was a good shoot of the North River Gun Club on Nov. 29. There was a small attendance, owing to the fact that most of the boys were off quail-shooting. The prize was won by Morrison, with Eickhoff a very close second. Morrison had just returned from a four-days' duck shoot, and probably that is why he killed straight. The only one that did not shoot up to his form was poor Cathcart, who explained that he had just been duck shooting, and the targets looked too small.

Shoot for trophy, 25 targets, $10 added money:

Eickhoff	1111111111111111110111111—24
Gillerlain	1011111101110111011111110—20
Vosselman	1101110011001111011101110—17
Morrison	1111111111111111111111111—25
Cathcart	1000000000010000000000000— 3

Sweepstakes, $1 entrance:

Targets:	10	25	25	15	10	10	10	10	10	25
Eickhoff	10	20	22	15	10	7	4	7	3	18
Vosselman	4	14	..	..	4	2	5	..	..	..
Gillerlain	..	18	19	11	..	0	4	..	..	8
Morrison	..	..	23	14	..	8	9	7	8	18
Hexamer	..	..	..	..	9	6	4	5	5	16
Truax	..	..	..	..	6	8	..	..	..	22
Herrington	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..
Dr Combs	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	10
O'Callaghan	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	4
Richter	..	..	..	..	6	8	6	..	..	20
Scales	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..
Morrison	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	7	8	18

Morrison, 5 pairs, broke straight.

JAS. R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

Bound Brook Gun Club.

Bound Brook, N. J., Nov. 28.—The following is a record of yesterday's shoot of the Bound Brook Gun Club, which we shall be pleased to see in your esteemed paper. Mr. W. M. Hooey won the first shoot in a series of handicaps for the silver loving cup of the Bound Brook Gun Club at their grounds on Thanksgiving Day. The weather conditions were favorable for good shooting.

Target trophy, 50 targets, handicap allowance added:

	Hdcp.	Brk.	Total.		Hdcp.	Brk.	Total.
Hooey	0	43	43	Schenck	5	28	33
Anderson	0	38	38	Smith	10	23	33
Jackson	3	35	38	Brampton	8	21	29
Dr Bache	5	32	37	Dr Pardoe	5	20	25

In addition to this, a turkey and duck shoot added considerable sport. The next shoot will take place on Dec. 6.

DR. J. H. V. BACHE, Pres.

Carlstadt Gun Club.

Carlstadt, N. J., Nov. 27.—The Thanksgiving Day shoot of the Carlstadt Gun Club was well attended. Events 10 to 13 were high guns. The highest gun received a chicken. All ties were shot off, miss-and-out.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	25	20	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
E B Smith	..	10	4	8	3	4	9	5	6	6	4	9	7	7
W Brightly, 2	16	..	..	6	..	5	6	7	6	9	7	6	7	..
C von Lengerke, 0	..	..	..	8	..	10	6	10	7	9	10	9	8	..
W Johnson, 2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	7	6	9	9	7	6	..
T Gunpp, 2	11	12	..	4	..	..	6	5	7	9	5	9	7	..
H Krug	..	..	..	5	7	7	..	..	4	8	4	7	9	5
A Roemer, 3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	6	7	4	4	..
M Rasmus, 2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	6	8	7	..
J Vohs, 2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	4	10	9	7	..
J de Pauw, 6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	..	..	..
E McDonald	8	6	..	7	5	2	5	9	..	..	..	..	..	5
Robertson	..	15	4	4	3	3	6	6	..	..	..	..	..	6
G Frank	..	10	6	..	..	..	2	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
W Rasmus, 3	..	..	..	..	..	4	7	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
C Niederer, 4	..	..	..	..	6	..	6	5	8	8	..	..	..	..
E B Smith, Sr	..	..	..	7	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J Rasmus, 3	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	6

Mountainside Gun Club.

West Orange, N. J., Nov. 27.—Event 1 was a turkey shoot, 25 targets, 50 cents entrance. Messrs. A. Baldwin and M. F. Pratt tied on 19. The scores follow:

A Baldwin	1111111010110111010101111—19
R Baldwin	1111101011101000110110100—15
M F Pratt	1111101011110100011111111—19
H Wethling	1110100011000110011101111—15
F Wright	0110010101001110100101101—13
C Zeigler	0110110101111111111000101—17

Second prize shoot; first prize, hand protector; second, cleaning outfit.

A Baldwin	1111101011101O1—11	M F Pratt	0110011101111111—11
R Baldwin	1011111010111111—12	C Zeigler	0111111001011O1—10
M R Baldwin	0101011011001110— 8	G Zeigler	1100111011101110—10

Twenty-five-bird sweepstakes:

A Baldwin	1110101110111101111001000—16
H Wethling	1111011100110110001001110—15
F Wright	1010000011100001001000010— 9
G Zeigler	1110111111101111111111101—22
R Baldwin	1110011111011100100001001—14
M R Baldwin	1101111100100111111010101—17
M F Pratt	1110110111001011111110101—18
Slater	0001000110100100101111100—11

Trap at Singac.

Paterson, N. J., Nov. 29.—The invitation shoot held at Bunn's Hotel, Singac, on Thanksgiving Day, was quite a successful shoot. It brought together some of Paterson's best shooters, and a few from the outside. The competition was exciting throughout.

In the afternoon Bun furnished the very best of country birds, and had them in great shape.

Capt. A. W. Money spent the afternoon with the boys. He got away with the 15 birds, C. Morgan and Klotz missing their last bird. Morgan hit his hard with both charges, but couldn't stop it. Klotz's bird got away. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Birds:	5	15	7	7	Birds:	5	15	7	7
Lenone, 28	2	8	4	5	Powers, 28	5	..	..	..
Bowker, 28	4	..	..	..	Geo Hopper, 28	3	..	..	..
Christy, 28	3	9	6	5	Money, 30	..	13	6	5
Klotz, 28	3	12	4	6	Johnson, 30	..	10	7	7
Roberts, 27	3	..	..	..	Morgan, 29	..	12	6	5
Morgan, 28	4	..	..	..	Connors, 25	..	..	3	..
G A Hopper, 28	5	..	..	..	Bunn, 28	..	..	5	6

Gun below elbow:

Christy, 21	11011—4	10101—3	00101—2— 9
Money, 21	10010—2	11111—5	10101—3—10

Nov. 29.—In the match at Bunn's Hotel between Count Lenone and Arthur Bunn at 25 birds, $25, Lenone withdrew on the 18th round, as he could not win. Something wrong with his load. He hit them, but could not stop them. Scores will tell the rest:

Lenone, 28	000*02211010001*000w
Bunn, 28	222212*21222220011

East Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., Nov. 27.—The East Side Gun Club held a good shoot to-day on Smith Brothers' grounds. The club event at 20 birds resulted in a tie for first between Messrs. Koegel and Schortemeier. The first 10 birds of this were shot as a separate event for the Troisdorf medal, and the scores of it were as follows: Koegel 9, Hassenger 8, Schortemeier 9, Fessenden 8, Colquitt 9, and the guests made scores as follows: Pape 9, Duston 9, Hawes 7. The most wins by a contestant in ten shoots captures the medal. The club event had three moneys, divided by the Rose system. The scores:

H C Koegel, 29	212*2222212122211212—19
W Hassinger, 29	1201220112222121012—17
*H Pape, 27	2220212111*222010222—16
L H Schortemeier, 29	1121211201111111212l—19
*J S Duston, 29	222*1111221211212001—17
*A Hawes, 26	1212020101101102201 2—14
H P Fessenden, 29	201222112021*2222222—17
L Colquitt, 29	2222221120222222022—18

*Guests.

Five birds, $2, two moneys, Rose system.

J W Knevels	22022—4	L H Schortemeier	21111—5
L Colquitt	22222—5	H C Koegel	21122—5
W Hassenger	11212—5		

Hell Gate Gun Club.

Carlstadt, N. J., Nov. 25.—The Hell Gate Gun Club held its November shoot at Outwater's, to-day. There was a good attendance. The birds were a good lot. The weather was unpleasant. The scores follow:

Dr Roof, 30	*212122220— 8	E A Meckel, 28	2220202212— 8
V'n Walk'nb'g, 28	*011200121— 6	E Steffens, 28	0102222112— 8
R Regan, 26	0121012120— 7	C Weber, 28	0120021121— 7
Herbert, 28	2112000021— 6	P Albert, 28	010221021*— 6
P Garms, 30	0202221110— 7	C Lang, 28	1201112210— 8
J H Selg, 26	0000022002— 3	H Foster, 28	2222100222— 8
L Stelze, 28	0002210111— 6	F Trostel, 28	1202201210— 7
A Seibbe, 26	0000012012— 4	J Deady, 28	2110202011— 7
Col J H Voss, 30	2102120100— 6	E Doeinck, 30	2022202022— 7
P Whoelfel, 28	02011012*0— 5	F Gardella, 26	022002*222— 6
Klenk, 28	0122220222— 8	*F Mayser, 28	0021121120— 7
J Schlicht, 28	2210021121— 8	J Fecken, 26	201*000201— 4
A Knodle, 26	120*201111— 7	*J R Kane, 26	2022000020— 4
L T Meunch, 28	0222*21222— 8	*W Thompson, 28	20221000*0— 4
A Baudendistle, 26	2020*10221— 6	W A Sands, 28	*001*222*0— 4

*Guests.

To Make an Old Gun Shoot Well.

[From Col. Peter Hawker's "Instructions to Young Shooters," 1838.]

THIS may be done if the barrel be of sufficient substance, of tolerably good iron, and perfectly sound, first by boring it* (as before mentioned), so as to have friction downward, and this gradually relieved forward; secondly, by putting in a chamber plug; and thirdly, by giving extra strength to the mainspring of the lock.

This recipe may not only be worth the observation of those who cannot afford a new gun, but useful to officers on service, who from not wishing to increase their baggage when constantly engaged, take no gun with them, and are perhaps after a summer's campaign stationed in winter quarters, where they have plenty of leisure and the finest shooting, though with no other fowling-piece than a regimental musket. This was the case on the old expedition to New Orleans in the country near which place the wild-fowl were innumerable.

A regimental armourer (even if he had the means) might not be perfectly master of the boring; and if he was, where on service would he get a lathe? But the perforated plug and the strengthening of the mainspring would very much accelerate the firing of a musket; and some of these barrels, if properly loaded, often make a very effectual substitute for a duck gun; and particularly if eased a little at the muzzle by the hard working of sandpaper. (This, by the way, would be very near the right bore for a detonator.)

The proper charge for them would be about two tobacco pipes full of powder, and the same measure of large shot; but, as this had better be regulated by the degree with which they are felt in firing, I shall lay down a rule, which, by the way (with a very trifling alteration, according to circumstances), may be applied to all duck guns, and most other guns, that are fired with a flint lock.

Load with powder and shot by equal measure in as large a quantity as can be fired with ease to the shoulder, putting your wadding strong on the former and light on the latter.

As this alteration is all inwardly, it cannot affect the appearance of the musket; and (omitting the boring) it would, if kept clean, be all the better for her Majesty's service. The perforation of the plug, however, should not be too small; and particularly in cases where it may become necessary to use it with cartridge powder.

Before concluding the observations on improving common guns, it may not be amiss to mention the following circumstances: An old fisherman in the country where I was residing had killed more wildfowl than any other man on the river, with a gun which he had picked up for thirty shillings. A few seasons previously to his death, he gave up shooting, and I bought this gun from the reported excellence of the barrel, which fully answered my expectations. Finding, however, that the plug and touch-hole were rather too much worn to be safe, I had them both replaced by the same country maker who put a new stock and lock. The barrel afterward shot so slow and weak that it was perfectly useless, on which I sent it to be altered by Mr. John Manton, who very civilly undertook the job; and by putting in a common touch-hole, made this gun shoot so admirably well that it was not till I had received five best finished duck guns from London that I could get one to equal it.

We are often laughed at for our expenditure in guns, when an old game-keeper will sometimes beat them all with a "piece" that has scarcely a choice, whether to prefer firing, or being fired at with it. I admit that if his barrel happens to be well bored, his mainspring strong, and his touch-hole and chamber plug well put in, there will perhaps be very little difference in the killing, between his "piece" and the best gun that ever came out of London. But if we consider that the excellence of a lock and soundness of a barrel, although not absolutely requisite in killing, are indispensably necessary for the safety of our persons; and that, although practice may bring a man to point accurately with a broomstick, yet we must allow the advantage, not to say the comfort and neatness, of having our guns turned out in a proper and workmanlike manner.

* In a stout barrel, even the deep flaws may be easily got rid of by means of making it red hot, and beating them in before you fresh bore it.

Mechanicsburg—Cincinnati.

MECHANICSBURG, Nov. 25.—The Mechanicsburg and Cincinnati gun clubs contested for the Phellis trophy, emblematic of the six-man team championship of the state, at the former club's grounds to-day. The Cincinnati team were beaten in a most decisive manner. Gambell and Dreihs were the only ones on the team to shoot up to their averages.

The conditions for high scores were bad, the weather being raw and cold, with a heavy wind blowing across the traps. Under the circumstances, the scores made by the winning team were very good. Mr. V. Phellis had the honor of making the high score, and under most unfavorable conditions, his gun giving him considerable trouble from the very commencement.

Mr. Harris Kirby refereed to the entire satisfaction of both teams. The scores:

Mechanicsburg Team—V. Phellis 45, Guy 44, Phil 43, Patrick 42, Shaul 42, Martin 40; total 457.

Cincinnati Team—Gambell 44, Dreihs 44, Coleman 40, Ahlers 38, Van Ness 36, Medico 35; total 437. ART.

At Brownsholme Hall, an old mansion in Lancashire, England, is shown a dog gauge, an ancient relic of the forest laws, consisting of a ring of a certain size through which every dog on the estate, except those belonging to the lord of the manor must be able to pass. This, of course, compelled the farmers and others, to possess only small-sized dogs, which could not injure the game.

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Delaware County Country Club.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Nov. 27.—The Delaware County Country Club Gun Club, a new addition to the local trapshooting world, was fairly launched with an open tourney on their grounds at Manoa to-day. The tourney was well attended, but owing to the nature of the programme the squads were arranged in ragged order, leaving one of the two set of traps idle a portion of the time. The drawing features on the programme were an individual match at 100 targets over the magautrap, handicap rise, for a very handsome gold medal, open only to Philadelphia and vicinity, also a contest for the six-man team championship at 25 targets. The prizes in this event were a large silver cup for the winning club, and a small silver cup for each member of the winning team.

The shooting arrangements at the country club are the best to be had at a location where the grounds are very uneven, the background sloping away from the score very rapidly, making a target which ordinarily would be 12ft. high. look to be 30ft. high. Poor scores resulted in every instance. Neaf Apgar did manage to locate the targets in the last few sweeps, while A. H. Fox was simply up in the air. The trapping arrangements are a magautrap and a Sergeant system.

A very comfortable shooting box is in course of erection, and will be completed in the near future.

The individual match was shot over the magautrap, with thirteen entries, including Neaf Apgar, whose score did not count for the medal. C. Torpey, of Radnor, won with 81, practically beating out Van Loon in the last string. Five teams were entered in the team match, and the prizes were practically given to the Florists' before a gun was fired.

The tourney was managed by Howard George, assisted in the office by J. P. Edwards and J. S. Alcorn. The scores follow:

Individual championship:

Apgar, 20	23	22	21	18—84	De Treg, 15	19	21	18	18—76
Torpey, 17	19	18	20	24—81	Ford, 16	19	20	17	18—74
Van Loon, 18	23	18	18	20—79	Gregory, 16	19	17	17	19—74
Fisher, 18	22	19	20	17—78	Winchester, 19	17	19	18	19—73
Edwards, 18	20	20	20	18—78	Huber, 16	17	20	15	20—72
Parsons, 16	19	22	19	18—78	Weinmann, 16	19	18	15	20—72
Cotting, 14	21	20	20	17—78					

Team match:

Florists' No. 1.		Westchester.	
Anderson	22	Torpey	20
Sanford	22	Howard	17
Winchester	23	Eachus	13
Parsons	20	Cardwel	19
Cartledge	21	Richards	18
Sheeler	19—127	Farr	19—106
Clearview.		**Florists' No. 2.**	
Downs	17	Massey	16
Smith	14	C Hansel	18
Jones	17	Van Loon	23
Fisher	21	Westcott	17
Edwards	22	Thomas	9
Bye	21—112	J Hansel	12— 95
Country Club.			
Huber	19	George	11
De Treg	12	George	16
De Susson	16	Wynn	10— 84
Cotting	11		

Sweepstake events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	15	10	10	15	10	15
Fisher	9	8	11	7	9	14	7	10
Huber	6	4	12	6	4	14	7	13
Cotting	8	6	8	6	6	13	6	12
Apgar	9	10	14	9	7	15	10	15
Jones	7	6	9	9	5	14	6	14
Puff	7	5	5	5	0	9	4	13
De Treg	6	4	12	7	..	13	10	14
Franklin	4	9	11	6	7	..	7	..
Eachus	6	8	12	4	..	12	7	..
Richards	7	7	10	4	..	9	7	..
Howard	6	5	11	5	..	13	8	..
Cardwell	8	5	..	6	..	12	6	..
Van Loon	9	8	11	8	7	13	8	13
Bye	4	4	..	..	..	..	9	..
Mack	7	5	5	..	..	..	..	..
De Susson	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	11
Alexander	5	3	..	4	..	13	1	..
Barrett	2	..	12	..	..	..	..	..
Gill	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Blanch	7	..	..	6	..	12	4	..
Ferguson	7	..	..	5	..	12	5	13
Beyers	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Worthington	..	..	10	9	8	14	9	..
Torpey	..	..	..	9	7	11	8	12
Edwards	..	..	..	..	..	12	10	14
Robinson	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	12
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	12
Anderson	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	8
Sheeler	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	13
Redifer	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..
Downs	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..
Ford	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..
Bell	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	11
Weinman	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	10
Thomas	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8
Hanse	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7
Gregory	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12
Beebee	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9
Cartledge	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14
Ambiehl	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9
Sanford	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10

Event No. 5 was at 5 pairs.

Aquidneck Gun Club.

NEWPORT, R. I.—The Aquidneck Gun Club held its usual holiday shoot on Thanksgiving Day. Though a dense fog prevailed, and occasional showers added to the discomfort of the shooters, the boys did not murmur, but donned their heavy weather clothes and essayed to snuff out the clay saucers as though sunshine and bright skies prevailed.

A programme of 100 targets had been arranged, divided into eight events, and this proved to be long enough, for the traps balked frequently, owing to the general wetness, which also affected them.

The first four events were devoted to merchandise prizes, and the remainder to sweeps. Dring captured first honors, both in the prize events and in total score. Griffin landed second with 3 less.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Total
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	Broke.
Dring	8	12	7	12	10	10	7	12	78
Griffin	9	11	5	11	6	13	9	11	75
Powell	8	7	6	11	10	10	8	11	71
Mason	7	10	7	14	6	10	6	10	70
Coggeshall	4	11	5	9	9	10	4	11	63
Hammett	9	6	5	5	6	9	7	10	57
Cozzens	5	8	6	6	4	9	9	9	56
Gardner	3	7	4	10	6	6	5	7	48
Bentley	2	6	5	5	3	9	6	7	43
Champion	2	6	4	9	4	3	1	4	33
Anthony	5	4	1	5	1	2	1	5	24
H A Peckham	6	11	8	13	9	11	..	..	...
E S Peckham	2	8	6	8	6	12	..	..	...
Chase	4	5	3	7	..	3	..	..	...
Sherman	..	..	5	5	7	12	..	..	...

J. S. COGGESHALL, Sec'y.

Winchester Gun Club.

DETROIT, Mich.—The regular shoot, Nov. 29, was a great day for ducks, but not for targets. There were sailers and dippers and fierce low lefts, even Joe Marks said they weren't easy. Guthard figured them best. Folowing are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	15	10	15	25	25
Brodie	8	..	11	..	11	20	15
Guthard	5	13	14	9	11	18	20
Ford	..	..	..	2	9	11	9
McAdam	..	..	..	7	6	9	8
Marks	7	12	11	7	..	15	..
Hitchcock	5	8	9	..	8	..	15

"MY AIR GUN."

My little girl, nearly seven, got off something that set me thinking. They all do, of course. At supper, just after attending the regular shoot, she with pride said to a little girl friend, "My papa has four guns—his bear gun, his air gun, his quail gun and his duck gun."

I mentally placed them all but the "air gun," and after thinking a moment, I asked her which was the "air gun," to which she immediately replied, "Why the one you take to the club."

D. A. H.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y.—The Thanksgiving Day shoot of the Ossining Gun Club shows up very well from an attendance standpoint. In all, twenty-nine shooters favored us with their presence. The Inter-county match was a sort of a fizzle, though the only team competing with the home team lifted the cup, and a beauty it is too. But four shooters came down from Poughkeepsie without their captain, Max Condit, too, and rather than have them go home disappointed, we shot them a four-man match, and right gamily they shot too. It was probably better that way, for now we can go up to Poughkeepsie and meet the Poughkeepsie boys again, it having been a pleasure this first time.

Mr. J. "Tecumseh" Skelly was the only trade representative present. Aside from being a fine shot with a gun, as well as with Roman candles, Mr. Skelly showed his versatility by juggling some cranberry sauce and the contents of a Vichy syphon among the scant locks of a hard-working fellow shooter. Such dexterity in shampooing could only come from long practice, or is it an outcropping of heredity? Perish the thought.

The first event was for the championship of Westchester county. A. Bedell, of the Ossining Gun Club, won the cup and title with 47 out of 50. Mr. E. F. Ball, also of the home club, and a new man at the traps, was a close second with 46.

The second cup put up by Mr. F. Brandreth for members who had never previously won a trophy, was won by R. Kromer, Jr. It was a popular win by a popular fellow. Mr. L. Goetter, of Brooklyn, is an all-right fellow, and always welcome. Mr. Davis, who came with him, is stamped the same way. As he is an old Mount Pleasant Academy man, he knows the way to Ossining, and will come again. Our old standby, Betti, was on hand, though a little out of practice. In fact, it was a good, jolly crowd, and there was no unpleasant episode to mar a successful day's sport. High averages for the day were as follows: A. Bedell, 90 per cent.; G. Grover and C. Blandford, 89 per cent.; R. Kromer, 88 per cent.; J. T. Skelly, 87 per cent.

Inter-county cup shoot, 25 targets:

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.		Ossining Gun Club.	
A Traver	24	A Bedell	22
P McCormack	20	A Ball	18
W Briggs	17	C Blandford	24
F Buckley	23—84	W Hall	18—82

Medal shoot,- championship of Westchester county, 50 clay birds: A. Bedell 47, J. Foley 37, I. T. Washburn 36, A. Betti 43, *P. McCormack withdrew, *J. Skelly 42, C. Blandford 44, K. McAlpin 34, R. Kromer, Jr., 44, J. C. Barlow, F. Brandreth and D. Brandreth withdrew, W. P. Hall 42, E. Ball 46.

*Shot along.

Prize cup, for those never previously having won a trophy, 25 targets, handicap:

	Brk.	Hdcp.	Total.		Brk.	Hdcp.	Total.
J Foley	15	5	20	*J C Barlow	13	5	18
*I T Washburn	21	0	21	F Brandreth	19	4	23
J Skelly	22	0	22	D Brandreth	20	3	23
K McAlpin	15	5	20	G Edgers	12	8	20
R Kromer, Jr.	22	3	25	W Smith	11	8	19

Other events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	10	15	15	25	Targets:	10	10	15	15	25
J T Skelly	8	9	15	11	22	Ganoung	3	..	..	..	..
C Blandford	9	..	12	..	..	Burt	3	..	..	..	..
G Travers	..	..	12	13	..	I T Washburn	9	10	12	11	20
K McAlpin	4	9	..	..	..	F Hahn	7	..	..	..	..
D Brandreth	..	8	..	..	..	F Brandreth	..	8	..	..	..
R Kromer, Jr.	..	9	..	..	..	G Davis	..	..	5	7	..
J C Barlow	8	9	..	..	..	W Clark	..	..	10	10	23
L Goetter	..	8	13	12	23	P McCormack	..	..	9	..	..
G Edgers	5	..	..	..	..	A Betti	..	..	11	w	17
W Hall	..	..	15	..	..	W Coleman	..	..	12	14	19
E Ball	7	9	..	..	..	J Foley	..	..	..	10	..
A Bedell	9	..	12	..	..	C Elpert	..	..	..	9	15
C Swain, Jr.	4	..	..	..	..	F Buckley	..	..	..	7	..

C. G. B.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Crescent Athletic Gun Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Nov. 27.—The Thanksgiving Day shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club was well attended. Two members who had not appeared in the prior contests of the present season participated successfully, each capturing a prize. The scores follow:

Thanksgiving Day cup, 50 targets, handicap:

	H.	B.	T.	H.	B.	T.	Total.
D V B Hegeman	4	22	25	4	21	25	50
L M Palmer, Jr.	3	23	25	3	21	24	49
H M Brigham	0	23	23	0	21	21	44
E L Beers	10	14	24	10	9	19	43
D C Bennett	4	13	17	4	21	25	42
Dr Pool	2	19	21	2	18	20	41
W W Marshall	5	17	22	5	14	19	41
Jere Lott	3	17	20	3	17	20	40
G W Cropsey	2	15	17	2	19	21	38
C Marshall, Jr.	7	8	15	7	15	22	37
G W Meeker	5	15	20	5	11	16	36
G W Hagedorn	2	17	19	2	14	16	35

Club trophy, 25 targets, handicap:

	Hdcp.	Brk.	Total.		Hdcp.	Brk.	Total.
D V Hegeman	4	21	25	G W Cropsey	2	20	22
L Palmer, Jr.	3	22	25	D C Bennett	4	17	21
G W Meeker	5	18	23	C Marshall, Jr.	7	14	21
Jere Lott	3	20	23	G W Hagedorn	2	18	20
E L Beers	10	13	23	Dr Pool	2	18	20
H M Brigham	0	22	22	W W Marshall	5	14	19

Shoot-off, 25 targets, handicap:

	Hdcp.	Brk.	Total.		Hdcp.	Brk.	Total.
D V Hegeman	4	21	25	L Palmer, Jr.	3	21	24

Vanderveer trophy, 25 targets, handicap:

	Hdcp.	Brk.	Total.		Hdcp.	Brk.	Total.
L Palmer, Jr.	3	23	25	G W Cropsey	2	18	20
H M Brigham	0	24	24	D V Hegeman	4	16	20
C Marshall, Jr.	7	16	23	W W Marshall	5	15	20
Dr Pool	2	21	23	D C Bennett	4	14	18
Jere Lott	3	19	22	G W Meeker	5	12	17
E L Beers	10	12	22	G W Hagedorn	2	11	13

Palmer trophy, 25 targets, handicap:

	Hdcp.	Brk.	Total.		Hdcp.	Brk.	Total.
R E Wigham	8	17	25	H L Meyer	9	8	17
H M Brigham	0	23	23	J S Fiske	10	2	12
W W Marshall	5	18	23				

Shoot-off for club trophy, 25 targets, handicap:

	Hdcp.	Brk.	Total.		Hdcp.	Brk.	Total.
R E Wigham	8	17	25	W W Marshall	5	17	22
H M Brigham	0	22	22	H L Meyer	9	8	17

Club trophy, 25 targets, handicap:

	Hdcp.	Brk.	Total.		Hdcp.	Brk.	Total.
W W Marshall	5	22	25	H M Brigham	0	23	23
C Marshall, Jr.	7	19	25	G W Meeker	5	17	22
L Palmer, Jr.	3	21	24	Dr Pool	2	19	21

Club trophy, 25 targets, handicap:

	Hdcp.	Brk.	Total.		Hdcp.	Brk.	Total.
L Palmer, Jr.	3	22	25	W W Marshall	5	15	20
G W Meeker	5	17	22	Dr Pool	2	17	19
H M Brigham	0	21	21	C Marshall, Jr.	7	11	18

Match, 25 targets: Palmer 24, Bergen 21, W. Marshall 17, Hagedorn 13, Bennett 11.

Match, 25 targets: Palmer 16, Meyer 6.

Nov. 29.—The shooting members of the Crescent Athletic Club were present to-day in good numbers at the Bay Ridge traps. Harry B. Vanderveer had already won the November trophy, so the final contest was abandoned. Summaries:

The high scores in the November cup contest, best three strings to count, were:

	1st string.	2d string.	3d string.	Total.
H B Vanderveer	49	44	50	143
L C Hopkins	48	44	40	132
Dr G E Poole	43	45	41	129

Trophy shoot, 25 targets, expert traps:

	Hdcp.	Brk.	Total.		Hdcp.	Brk.	Tot
W W Marshall	5	12	17	W McConville	4	15	19
H M Brigham	0	22	22	D C Bennett	4	11	15
Dr J J Keyes	1	19	20	A Corliss	4	10	14
Dr G E Pool	2	15	17				

Sweepstake, 25 targets per man, expert traps: H. M. Brighai 23, Dr. J. J. Keyes 22, W. J. McConville 17, Dr. G. E. Poole 1 D. C. Bennett 15, A. Corliss 11, W. W. Marshall 9.

Ten pairs per man, scratch, expert traps: H. M. Brigham 1 Dr. J. J. Keyes 8, E. T. Wigham 8, Dr. G. E. Poole 7.

No. 1, sweepstake, 25 targets per man, expert traps: D. C Bennett 18, W. W. Marshall 18, Dr. G. E. Poole 15, A. Corlis 13, W. J. McConville 9.

No. 2: Bennett 21, Keyes 20, Brigham 18, Poole 14, McConvill 13, Corliss 13, W. W. Marshall.

No. 3: Bennett 14, McConville 13, Corliss 8, Marshall 19.

No. 4: Bennett 15, Brigham 23, Poole 19, McConville 17.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Nov. 27.—The Brooklyn Gun Club held a suc cessful shoot to-day. The club's active, hustling manager, Mr John S. Wright, was, as usual, in charge. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	1
Targets:	10	15	10	15	5p	10	5p	15	15	10	8
Newton	7	12	..	14	..	7	..	10	..	..	.
Griffiths	10	13	9	15	8	9	7	14	11	8	.
Wright	8	12	7	11	6	7	7	10	13	9	1
G Remsen	10	15	9	14	8	10	..	15	12	9	.
Hatfield	8	13	8	14	7	8	5	9	11	..	.
Church	4	7	4	8	3	5	..	..	..	..	.
Neff	3	10	6	4	6	..	..	..	..	..	.
Ebbetts	5	9	10	11	7	..	..	..	6	..	1

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., Nov. 28.—The holiday target shoot of the South End Gun Club, on its grounds, on Boyer's Island yesterday after noon, was somewhat of a disappointment in the quality of th sport, the day being anything but favorable for making goo averages. The occasional bursts of sunshine furnished the ex ception, when it was fairly good, the shooters being then able t find the targets about normally, but at other times the backgroun was dark, making shooting a difficulty rather than a sport. Whe the conditions that beset the day are considered, the average made were very good. The highest individual average of th afternoon was made by Gerhard, who broke 89 out of 110 target shot at in sweepstake events.

Murphy had the best straight score made during the afternoon 25 out of a possible 25. The magautrap was used part of th afternoon, but later the club's new Sergeant traps were presse into service, and they gave entire satisfaction.

The scores made were as follows:

Sweepstate events, all at 10 targets each:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	1
Schultze	7	7	9	8	9	6	6	6	7	6	..	..	..	
Yost	7	7	8	8	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	19	22	1
Gicker	..	7	8	9	8	6	3	10	6	..	..	..	19	.
Miles	7	5	9	5	6	6	7	7	6	..	..	22	13	1
Gerhard	7	9	8	10	9	7	7	8	8	8	8	16	17	1
Farr	7	7	8	7	6	8	3	6	6	7	7	19	..	.
Jones	6	5	6	6	2	8	5	4	9	6	5	..	..	.
Sellers	5	3	5	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.
Matthias	4	6	5	6	4	10	7	10	6	..	..	..	..	1
Howard	7	5	7	9	5	8	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	
Murphy	4	6	6	7	7	5	..	..	..	..	..	23	19	2
Texter	2	1	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.
George	8	3	6	9	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.
Henry	6	4	7	5	4	4	7	5	..	..	..	14	..	.
Earnshaw	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	1
Giles	6	8	8	5	7	9	5	5	6	6	8	..	..	.
Renninger	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.
C Miller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	1	..	..	.

DUSTER.

Denver Gun Club.

DENVER, Colo., Nov. 24.—The Denver Gun Club enjoyed a pleas ant outing on the 23d inst., at the grounds, south of this city The occasion was a turkey shoot for Thanksgiving birds. The shooting was done in squads of six, each representing one turkey the ties being decided by lot. Capt. J. S. Sedam, who is just returned from an extended stay at the Utah duck preserves, came out best winner in the ties with three orders to his credit.

Some informal practice work followed, some at handicap dis tances, and doubles, the scores under these conditions being very good. Figures are subjoined:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	Broke
Sedam	9	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	21	..	..	..	..	99
Fredericks	9	10	9	10	10	10	9	10	25	..	..	..	..	102
Pickett	10	10	10	9	10	9	10	10	24	..	..	..	..	102
Seymour	9	7	9	7	9	9	9	..	..	23	23	..	..	105
Adams	7	..	7	..	10	8	10	8	..	..	..	..	..	50
Youkman	..	..	..	..	10	9	10	9	..	24	22	..	..	84
Riehl	9	10	9	10	10	9	10	9	22	22	23	23	24	190
Hawland	9	9	9	9	9	7	6	..	18	..	..	..	..	76
Gorst	3	4	3	5	6	6	5	5	..	..	..	..	..	37
Parsons	4	..	4	..	4	..	5	5	..	..	..	..	..	22
Hughes	6	10	6	10	7	8	7	9	..	..	..	..	..	63
Simmonds	6	6	6	6	6	5	6	5	..	..	..	..	..	46
Smith	3	4	3	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	10	..	30
Warren	7	..	..	7	..	8	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	30
Schwalbe	7	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12

KILLMORE.

Tim, a well-known and popular "collecting dog" of Paddington station, is dead. About eleven years ago he arrived, a waif, by an early morning milk train, was adopted by an inspector, and soon made himself at home on the passenger platforms. He had a box attached to him in which travelers were wont at their will to drop coins, and Tim, though no parasite, had a knack of looking after first-class passengers, to many of whom he was introduced. With the late Queen Victoria he was a great favorite, and she always had a donation to give him, which was for the most part of gold. King Edward and Queen Alexandra likewise subscribed to the fund he collected, which was for the benefit of widows and orphans of persons who had worked for the Great Western Railway. The dog collected thousands of dollars.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

An important ruling in regard to what are known as "newspaper laws" has been made. These so-called laws provide that subscribers to newspapers are liable for the price thereof unless they give express notice to discontinue, or when they give notice to discontinue without paying arrearages, or when they refuse to take papers from the office, and that the publisher of a newspaper can have any one arrested for fraud who takes a paper and refuses to pay for it, and that it is an unlawful act to allow a subscription account to run on for six months or a year and a half and then tell the postmaster to mark it "refused" or send the editor a notice to discontinue the paper.

The post-office department has time and again informed parties making inquiries, and the public generally, that there are no such laws. The ruling now made is to the effect that a publisher who makes a demand for payment of the subscription price of his paper, through the mails, accompanied by a threat of enforcing such pretended laws in case the demand is not complied with, may be prosecuted for attempting to obtain money under false pretenses, provided he knows that such so-called laws have no existence as laws, or decisions of the courts.

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IN FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 25 and Nov. 1 appeared an advertisement headed "Hunting" and signed "The Lawrence-Roos Co., International Hotel, Sault Ste Marie, Ontario, P. C. Roos, Mgr." Inquiries made in Canada show that P. C. Roos has no connection whatever with any of the allied companies which operate the International Hotel. He is alleged by business people in Sault Ste Marie and by one of the banks there to be without known financial responsibility.

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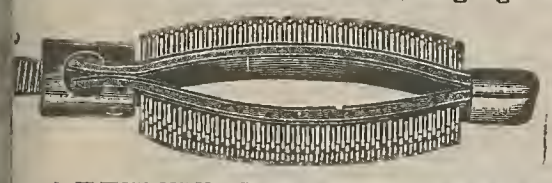

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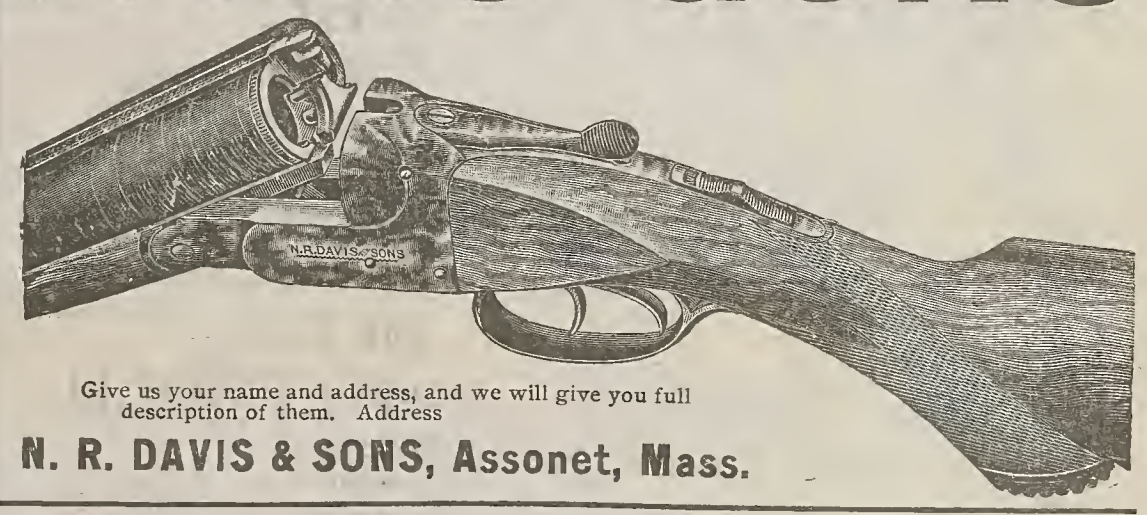

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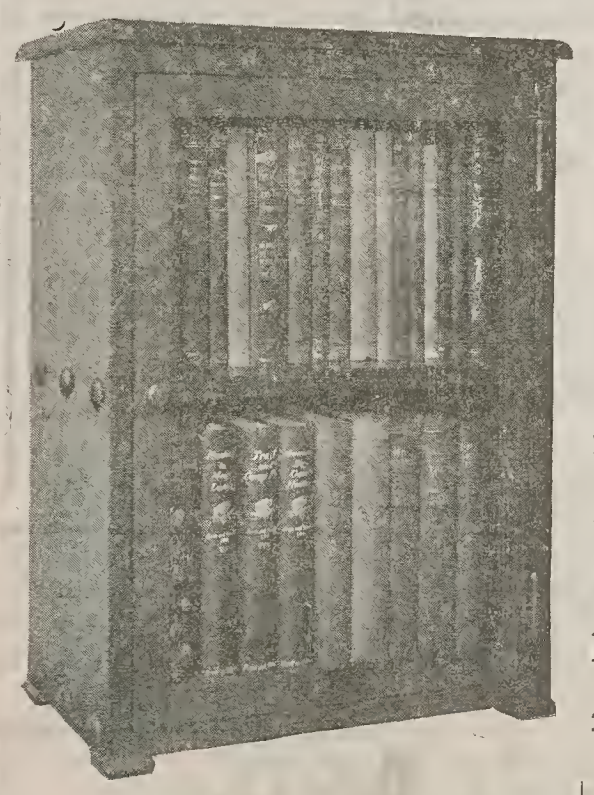

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VOL. LIX.—No. 24. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1902.

FOREST AND STREAM

ROD AND GUN

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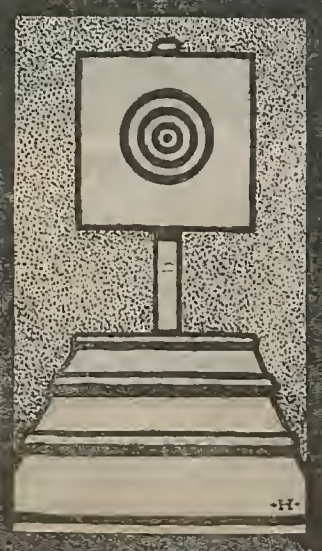

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THE severest kind of a test of the accuracy, cleanliness and general desirability of Winchester .22 Caliber Smokeless Powder cartridges loaded with Winchester Greaseless Bullets was made recently in San Antonio, Texas, by Adolph Toepperwein. Mr. Toepperwein, who held the World's Record for shooting flying targets with a rifle, having made a score of 979 hits out of 1,000 shots, undertook to better this record. He succeeded, making the remarkable score of 986 hits out of 1,000 shots, the targets being 2 1-2 inch clay discs thrown into the air by an assistant. Mr. Topperwein attributes his success in improving his previous record to the fact that the new Winchester Greaseless Bullet cartridges are so much cleaner than the lubricated bullet cartridges, which he used before. He says: "I am constantly using .22 caliber cartridges of Winchester make loaded with smokeless powder and the new Winchester Greaseless Bullet, and it is my belief that it is the best small caliber ammunition on the market. Its accuracy cannot be beat and I find the penetration equal to black powder loads and, if anything, greater, due probably to the hardness of the bullet. The ammunition works magnificently in any repeating rifle, and there is nothing to stick and gum the action. While shooting for the record last week, I shot in all 1,100 shots. During all this shooting, I did not clean the two rifles I used, nor did I find it necessary to cool them, although I shot quite rapidly. The barrels at the end of the 1,100 shots were as clean as though I had fired only 10 or 15 times. I am glad that you are pleased with my shooting, but it was only the result of using the best ammunition I assure you."

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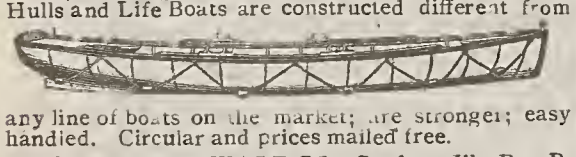

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This interesting little volume is a practical guide for the cruising canoeist, the man who wishes to start away from the city and for a short time to make his canoe his home. With this in view, Mr. Frazer, who regards canoeing as a healthful and economical method of passing away leisure hours, has written briefly but attractively of canoes, camping outfits, clothing, firearms and ammunition; fishing tackle, photography, and in general of cruising, camping and all that pertains to this phase of outdoor life. While the volume has been written chiefly for the younger men, it is yet full of practical information and suggestion that appeals to those who have had a wider experience.

Such a book as this should be in the library of every man who is interested in outdoor life or the things which pertain to it. It is one of the manuals which should stand on the shelf alongside of "Woodcraft," of which, in fact, it is a part.

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Samoa 'Uma

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ANNOUNCEMENT.

Under the attractive title Samoa 'Uma, or "All Samoa," Mrs. Llewella Pierce Churchill has written a book for which she gathered the material during a residence at Apia, where her husband, William Churchill, was the American Consul-General. The conditions of life at the Consulate were most favorable for a study of the people, and with the instinct of a journalist Mrs. Churchill improved the opportunity to the full. As a woman she won confidences which would have been denied to a man, and acquired a vast fund of interesting lore which would have been withheld from one less sympathetic and less fully trusted. Thus she learned and has here described the real Samoa, that is the Samoans as they are.

The successive chapters give an admirably complete picture of a people in whom, as we read of them in these vivacious pages, Mrs. Churchill compels us to feel an unflagging interest. The book is well balanced; there is just enough of the history of Samoa to give an understanding of the events which have brought a portion of the islands under the flag of the United States; and just enough of description to make an appropriate and effective stage setting. But the chief characteristic of this brightly written book is action of incident and story. It is writing of the sort that has movement, and leads one on from page to page.

"Samoa 'Uma" is not exclusively about the Samoans; there is a chapter on Papalangi life, from which it appears that living in Samoa is so different; and some of the best things in the book are the personal experiences and adventures of this particular Papalangi woman, whose love of outdoor life led her on frequent excursions amid the coral reefs and into the dark jungles.

All in all, it is a book that will be read through, and read more than once. Here is the list of chapters:

CONTENTS:

I.—The Real Samoa.
II.—The Samoan Family.
III.—The Samoan Housewife.
IV.—Courtesy and Ceremonies.
V.—Kava—The Ceremonial Drink.
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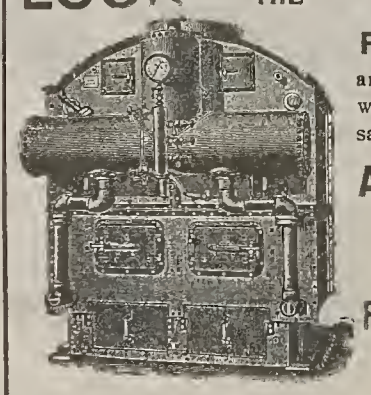

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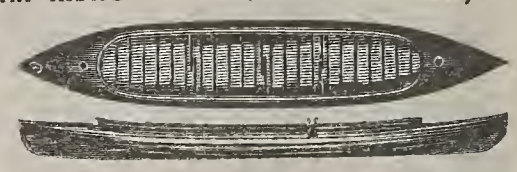

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1902

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THE SEASON'S DUCK SHOOTING.

THE recent cold snap offers us forewarning of the close of the duck shooting season in the North, and from this time on the gunner must look for his fowl in Southern waters—those wide arms of the sea or bodies of brackish, or fresh, water which from time immemorial have been the winter feeding grounds of the swarms of ducks, geese and swans, which rear their young in the far north.

We know little about the breeding of these fowl. For the most part their summer homes are far from the haunts of men, and there are few opportunities to observe them or to learn anything about their annual increase. As it happens, we do know that in western Montana, close to the mountains, and northward into the Province of Alberta, Canada, very few young ducks were bred during the past summer. Spring opened late, and the summer was consistently cold, with continuous rains, so that in many cases the water covered the prairies and drowned out the nests of eggs on which the birds were sitting. This observation, however, covers but a small section and affords no hint as to how the wild fowl may have succeeded in rearing their young in other quarters.

So far, the duck shooting has been generally good. Reports from the Middle West show the flight to have been a large one. The mild weather caused it to be late in coming, but after a few hard frosts the birds came in well, and the usual lakes, marshes and club grounds furnished shooting quite as good as is commonly had.

Along the Atlantic coast, the shooting has been better than usual. Broadbills and redheads have been abundant in the Great South Bay, and some extraordinary bags have been made. Thus, notwithstanding a century of persistent gunning, Long Island still retains its fame as a duck shooting resort, and it will probably hold that eminence for generations of gunners yet to come.

Passing southward to Chesapeake Bay, we learn that in many localities the shooting has been better than it usually is. On Spesutia Island—once a great resort for canvasbacks—blackheads and occasionally redheads offer shooting good enough to satisfy the most greedy gunner. And while the Chesapeake waters do not furnish such vast numbers of ducks as used to be killed there twenty-five or thirty years ago, the aggregate number taken by the increased number of shooters is very great.

Still further to the southward come the great broad waters lying along the coasts of Virginia and the two Carolinas, where the birds are said to be found this year in unusual numbers. During much of the time since the shooting season opened, the weather has been so warm as to make sitting in the blind uncomfortable, and it has been impossible to use any considerable number of ducks which might be killed. Nevertheless, many birds have been killed, of ducks, geese and swans, and as the weather grows colder and more tempestuous, there will be great shooting. It is said that in Currituck Sound there are already many canvasbacks and redheads. Further south, even in Core Sound, canvasbacks have made their appearance in numbers. On the other hand, we are told that at City Point, Va., there are now no ducks because of the mild weather.

It is never easy to forecast the results of a duck shooting season. Even though the birds be plenty, weather conditions may make the season a failure, or, again, when the ducks are relatively few, the proper weather may result in bags which are very satisfactory to the sportsman.

A good season of duck shooting leads the superficial observer to think and say that the ducks are as plenty now as they ever were, but this is not true. In view of the constantly increasing number of gunners, and the general settling up of the country, north and south, and east and west, it is inevitable that the birds should grow scarcer year by year, and it is the part of wisdom for gunners generally to consider what measures should be taken to offset, in some degree, the slaughter which takes place each year. Wild fowl being what they are, it seems evident that the only remedy is to kill each year a less number of birds, until the number killed shall be smaller than the annual increase. When this happens the fowl will begin slowly to grow more abundant. To lessen the number of birds annually killed, means to shorten the season, as has been done in the case of certain game birds in several States; and to this shortening of the season might well be added a limit of the bag, so that no man should kill more than a certain number of birds, which number should be established by statute. It is only by measures such as these that the decrease of our wild fowl can be arrested.

THE MAN KILLING.

RECENT associated press dispatches recount that fourteen people were killed and twenty-one injured more or less seriously in Michigan by hunters since the commencement of the open game season in that State this year. This is an appalling list of calamities, more suggestive of war than of the peaceful and beneficent sport of field and forest. It is a deplorable condition of hunting, all the more deplorable since it is not due to any inherent dangers in the sport.

Most of the so-called accidents from the use of rifle and shotgun are the result of criminal carelessness on the part of the users. They have their origin in the erroneous judgment of the man who mistakes his fellow man for a deer, or who uses a high-power rifle in a settled community regardless of the perils he imposes on its dwellers. They are unjustifiable.

Though commonly considered and dealt with as an accidental happening, the shooting of man on the assumption that he is a deer is not an accident at all. Such is criminal carelessness in its most culpable form. The dangers of such shooting are a matter of common knowledge. The past years have had their long lists of deaths and maimings caused by reckless hunters. The dangers of shooting at a body first and investigating whether it is man or deer afterward, or of using in a settled community a rifle having a range of two miles or more when one of two hundred yards would be sufficient, are dominant themes every year in the open season. No one can truthfully plead ignorance of them.

After killing a man in the common woods manner, it is absurdly weak to plead that the man was mistaken for a deer. There is no resemblance whatever between them. Even in the woods, the distinctive features of man and deer are easily distinguishable. If the hunter in the woods can perceive a body of some kind moving, but cannot definitely determine to what class of animals it belongs, it is quite as easy for him to think that such animal is a man as to think that it is a deer. In any event, under the dangerous hunting conditions which obtain at present, the hunter has no justification for shooting until he absolutely knows what kind of animal he is shooting at, or at least that he is not shooting at a man. The fact that the hunter shoots a man is, unconditionally, an act of criminal carelessness. If he did not know, he should have investigated till he did know. Suppose it was really a deer and escaped in consequence of the delay. Let it escape then. The lives of men are not to be jeopardized because a hunter dislikes to risk the loss of a deer.

The fact of the matter is that so many killings and woundings give just grounds for suspicion that some of them are perpetrated maliciously and intentionally. There are men of cruel natures who take pleasure in killing anything, even their fellow men. This perverted craving for bloodshed finds expression in various forms. In the great cities, not infrequently some murderous individual creates a reign of terror by murdering and mutilating many people. It is a well-known fact that farmers are insistent in the claim that their live stock is shot in utter wantonness. It has been stated as a fact that a sportsman in Maine asking his guide to take him into another section of the woods in a hunt for big game, the guide refused emphatically on the ground that if so and so caught him in that section, so and so would mistake him for a deer and kill him. The safety with which life could be taken maliciously under the plea of mistake was thus clearly apparent. It is a belief in India that many of the deaths attributed to tigers are really caused by men.

In any case, deaths or maimings due to criminally careless acts, should come within the cognizance of the law. Men guilty of manslaughter should be punished for manslaughter. The profound sorrow of the offender does not in the least condone or excuse the act. The plea that he did not know really aggravates the offense. There was a dominant obligation that he should have known that he was not firing at a man. Once put the offender's liberty in jeopardy, or his life if the shooting is done maliciously, and there will be a great slump in the number of so-called accidents incident at present to deer shooting. With the penitentiary as an alternative for criminally careless shooting, men who are reckless now will be imbued with caution for their own personal interest. The value of one life is far in excess of the sum total of all men's pleasure, and it should be properly safeguarded by law, when the ordinary human considerations of mankind have yearly been shown to be wholly inadequate.

Montana taxidermists advertise buffalo specimens and heads at prices which run from $100 for a "Rocky Mountain bison calf specimen," to $375 for a "Rocky Mountain buffalo bull specimen," and from $125 to $500 for heads. These quotations go to show the profitable character of buffalo farming, and explain also the eagerness rooted in cupidity with which poachers harry the remnants of the race now roaming in a wild state. The existence of certain semi-domesticated buffalo herds serves as a cloak to cover the traffic in illegally killed wild buffalo—for there is no place in the country where the wild ones may lawfully be taken. Just so long as the hunter can get a round price for buffalo heads he will seek them. The only way to put a stop to buffalo poaching is to prevent its rewards, by stopping entirely the transportation and the sale of wild buffalo heads. The sale of heads of animals raised in domestication may very properly be permitted, each head so sold being duly certificated to show it origin. But to endeavor to preserve the wild buffalo, while at the same time allowing taxidermists to make merchandise of their heads is the sheerest absurdity. Stop the sale of wild buffalo heads.

Notice has recently been received at the Lewistown Land Office in Idaho of the temporary withdrawal from settlement of 2,300,000 acres lying south of the present Bitter Root Forest Reserve, in the counties of Idaho and Boise. An investigation is to be made as to the advisability of adding this territory to the reservation. Should such an addition be made, the Bitter Root Forest Reserve will have an area of 5,300,000 acres—about equal to the State of Massachusetts. The land temporarily withdrawn lies along the Salmon River watershed and includes several mining districts.

The question of the pollution of streams by coal mine refuse is soon to be investigated in Pennsylvania by the Division of Hydrography of the U. S. Geological Survey. It is a matter of common observation that streams running through the anthracite districts of eastern Pennsylvania, and other mining localities, are often heavily charged with sulphur. The mine refuse which comes from the washeries carries with it much fine coal dust in suspension, so that for some distance below the outlets of these washeries the streams look like liquid stove polish. The fine coal dust carried long distances down the stream is gradually deposited and tends to fill up the stream. Water so polluted destroys or drives away all varieties of fish, is unfit for use in the household or in the manufactories, and the process of filtering it is extremely difficult. An important part of this investigation will be to learn what effect the sulphur-charged streams may have on the processes of decomposition of organic matter, which is taking place in the rivers.

The most important measure that came up for discussion by the New York League last week was the abolition of the sale of woodcock and ruffed grouse killed within the State. Such a law is absolutely essential to any efficient protection of these birds. With an open market the grouse snarers and market shooters will kill for sale; an open market means continuous traffic. That is an axiom. The only way New York can save its most valuable game birds is to stop the sale of them. It will be something better than present conditions if the proposed law shall be put into operation to forbid the sale of birds killed within the State, but the only actually sufficient system will be one which prohibits traffic in the birds altogether, without any distinction as to their origin,

The Sportsman Tourist.

Reminiscences of an Octogenarian.

Part II.

BY THE OLD ANGLER.

(*Continued from page 432.*)

But, to return from this long digression, let the writer relate the incident which will always connect itself with his memories of Dee Side Farm and the Restigouche. On arriving at the log camp which, with the squatter's cabin near by, were the only signs of civilization then existing on the upper waters of the river, he saw a bell tent and an upturned canoe on the shore, and an Indian cooking a savory-smelling meal. A tall, elderly gentleman, seated in a camp chair, was playing a flute, while waiting for the meal to be served. Mowat introduced him as a member of the club who had his own notions about sport, and sought it in his own way, as far from the club house as he could get. By Mowat's advice he had been camped here for several days, but he intended going some distance up Patapedia before he left the river. The writer had, some fifteen years previously, fished the Southwest Miramichi with this gentleman's cousin, whose report of New Brunswick as a field for sport had induced him to become a member of the Restigouche Club. He invited us to join him at table, where, for the first time, the Old Angler tasted "head rice" cooked as it is only in the Southern States.

Many old anglers will remember Wm. Neill Habersham, of Savannah, Ga. When we first met he must have been approaching his sixtieth year. Tall, straight, thin, but wiry, he was then active and vigorous, and on occasion could handle a paddle well. With strangers, he was distant but courteous; a fine type of the Southern gentleman befo' de wah. With his associates he was an intelligent, well-read, affable and genial *bon camarade*. All his prejudices and sympathies were Southern, and as he had lost two sons in the Civil War, his feelings toward the North were no doubt embittered; but he seldom gave them expression. His greatest hobby was music; he was an enthusiastic admirer of Wagner's compositions, which were at that time coming more and more in favor with the musical world. He played several instruments, of which his favorite was the violin; but only a very elaborate and highly finished flute accompanied him to the woods and streams. His cigars were a revelation. He evinced much enjoyment of a bottle of French brandy, one of the only two in the writer's gripsack, which the well-known importer of that day, Thomas Furlong, had lately received from Marseilles, where he had selected it himself on his preceding visit to the vineyards of France. Hundreds of readers of Forest and Stream who have enjoyed the pure wines, brandies and whiskies in the old days dispensed at Furlong's wine cellars, will be pleased to read that he is still hale and hearty, enjoying his advancing years among his books and pictures, among which last are fine reproductions of those great originals, "The Rise," "The Leap" and "The Last Struggle" of America's foremost painter, in whose studio, when at 41 Tremont street, Boston, the writer has spent many happy hours discussing rods, lines, reels and flies; for beside being a great artist with his brush, he has few equals with rod and line.

At Mowat's request Mr. Habersham played several pieces on his flute, which were Sanscrit and Greek to us both, but which he assured us were typical of the music of the future, but at that time was appreciated only by the best cultivated ears. As it was quite beyond our appreciation, Mowat asked him to play some familiar tune, the music of which was within our mental grasp, and suggested "Yankee Doodle" or the "Star-Spangled Banner." Imagine, if you can, a Southern gentleman of the *ancien régime* voluntarily playing the Northern hymn of triumph! I can see now the expression of pain and disgust that distorted the features of our kindly host, as he seemed about to speak; but rising, retreated to his tent and we saw him no more until next day.

Whether it was that the classical music which neither of us could appreciate, reminded Mowat of something he could grasp, or that he was annoyed at himself for having aroused painful memories in our friend, he began humming so hilarious a lilt in French that I wished to hear both tune and words. The two half-breeds caught the familiar notes and at once joined in the exciting *diablerie*, and for the first time the writer heard the old French chanson, "*En roulant ma boule.*" The words of the song have no connection with the chorus; they consist of some twelve distichs, which tell in a rambling manner of a prince going hunting and shooting a snow-white drake, whose death is described and whose feathers eventually form a soldier's bed. They seem a mere frame on which to hang th rollicking chorus which sets Frenchmen frantic with joyous excitement. I have now before me the notebook in which are the words of the first verse and the much-repeated chorus, which are as follows:

"Derrier chez nous, ya-t-un étang,
En roulant ma boule,
Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant
En roulant ma boule,
Roli roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule roulant,
Roli roulant ma boule."

The writer has often since heard it sung, but never more hilariously than in the Canadian House of Commons, where it is one of the many modes of obstruction when killing time is the object. Whoever has seen the boyish delight with which grave and reverend seigneurs join in this ridiculous lilt will not wonder that it is so popular with all Canadians—old and young, high and low. Wherever a dozen French-Canadians are assembled, no matter what the occasion, some one is sure to start *En roulant* before they part. There seems to be something uncanny in the very sound of the words, as there is in that now forgotten song which used to set Irishmen crazy with excitement, the chorus of which is just as senseless:

"Lero, lero, lilliburlero,
Lilliburlero, bullen a la."

Bishop Burnet tells us; "the army and the people, both in city and country, were singing it perpetually, and perhaps never had so slight a thing so great an effect." But probably the good Bishop never heard *"roli roulant ma boule"* sung by Frenchmen.

Mr. Habersham was an artist with rod and line. His fly-book was a sight to gladden the heart of an angler. He had all the standard flies tied to his order in London on double hooks of very small size; and his casts and leaders were of the best gut that money could buy. With these, a split bamboo rod in three pieces, two spare middle joints and three extra tips, with eighty-five yards of American plaited waterproofed line on a plain reel, he would take a salmon where the general angler would swear by Father Izaak no salmon would lie. The brightest sun did not deter him; he would often raise and hook his fish in the full glare of midday. Of this he was very proud, and entered in his notebook all the incidents of each victory. He had wonderful patience. I think he exasperated the fish until they rose to take vengeance on the persistent little insect that challenged them to the chase. Day after day he would return to camp, from up or down the river, seldom without a fine fish. Sometimes two, and on one memorable occasion, no fewer than four rewarded his patience and skill, and the good old gentleman was more pleased than a child with a new toy. Few anglers, I venture to say, better enjoyed the sport or found more unadulterated pleasure in its pursuit, than the quiet Southern gentleman who, until his death some years ago, annually fished Indian House and Patapedia. Fine angler as he was, he had one very bad habit, acquired in catching catfish in Southern rivers, in which, I fear, he persisted to the end. He would, when excited, recover line by drawing it through the rings by hand, allowing the slack to form confused coils at his feet. He knew perfectly how unscientific it was, and how it really increased the chances of losing his fish, by himself losing control of the arch of his rod, which control, with proper management, lies at the foundation of salmon angling as an art. Casting a long line is a matter of mere practice with a good rod, and is, after all, a matter of no great importance, except under unusual circumstances. Making flies fall lightly on the water is a useless, fanciful accomplishment, not worth the trouble of acquiring. Every angler of much experience will recall how, nine times out of ten, he has raised his trout or salmon on the clumsiest casts, which he thought disgraceful, but about which the fish evidently held a different opinion. He will also recall with a smile how often he has missed hooking his quarry, because he was more intent about the *manner* of his cast than about his *object*. Once in a while the ability to cast a long line will reward the artist with a rise he would not get with a short cast. But every angler who has had experience with *Salmo salar*, Ouananiche or *Fontinalis*, will remember how much more his success in raising them depended on the day, the wind, the state of the water, but above all, the humor of the fish, than upon his own skill. How often has the Old Angler seen the small boy with his wattle and ten yards of twine, splash out his bait and "strong in" his two-pound trout, while the said angler, with his split bamboo, his silver-plated "multiplier" or "automatic action" governed by the little finger, his hundred-dollar fly-book with spoons on swivels and carefully imitated grasshoppers, beetles and young mice, has left the lake with a heavy heart and a light basket!

The last day of our stay at Indian House had come. I was anxious to take home a fresh salmon, so after breakfast repaired to the head of the pool, Mr. H. kindly going to the mouth of Patapedia, leaving the whole pool to my single rod. This rod, by the way, was a good specimen of the almost forgotten "Castle Connell." It was fifteen feet long, the butt of Irish ash, the second joint of lancewood with greenhart tip, so cunningly proportioned and graduated that, while the tip was sensitive as a nerve, it was strong enough to act in concert with the lancewood and ash. These two pieces were joined by splicing a long scarf with waxed thread, which left the wood at its strongest, and the play of the arch free from the irregularities caused by ferrules, no matter how deftly these are fitted. A plain reel with eigthy yards of line set into the butt about eighteen inches from the "spear" completed the plainest, the cheapest and the best rod I ever handled. I admire, as every angler must, the beautiful split bamboo, with its fine fittings, and there is no denying its excellent qualities when a heavy fish is on the hook. But I must say that I never yet played a heavy salmon on one that I did not wish for my old shabby-looking "Castle Connell," sent me by an angling friend who had often tested its virtues with the heavy fish of famous Blackwater in Ireland. In passing, let me say that a friend sent me lately a clipping from the Chicago Field, in which was described, at some length, as the recent invention of a Western angler, the spear, which was common on salmon and trout rods made in England more than a century ago. The bags in which these were packed for sale always had a pocket to hold the spear, which screwed into the brass cap on the butt. How strange it seems that such simplicity can yet exist among American anglers! But that the editor of a paper devoted to fishing and shooting should print such a paragraph, is passing strange indeed.

But to return from this digression into which modern rods and modern inventions all unknown to Dame Berners and Father Izaak have tempted the Old Angler. The river was high for the season and quite a ripple ran over the shallows at the head of the pool. Beginning well up, I commenced careful fishing, casting the fly fairly for half an hour without a rise. I then reluctantly resorted to the style of fishing which is always more or less successful at Indian House—allowing the fly to sink and playing it as a bait. In the course of an hour's fishing—not angling—I had hooked and lost two fish, simply because I had not, at that time, quite overcome the impulse to strike when a fish took the submerged fly. The third one hooked itself while I was carelessly talking to Mowat over my shoulder, as he sat in the stern and managed the canoe. This fish gave good sport and took off most of the eighty yards on the reel, which compelled following in the canoe to the lower end of the pool before his rush could be checked. He never showed himself nor broke water from the time he was hooked until Mowat had the gaff in his side. But for strength and dogged fight, without much activity, he was equal to the best of his confreres. Commencing again at the head of the pool, another hour's fishing drew a blank, and as dinner time was approaching, I was about willing to "let it go at that"; but the camp was some distance below the pool, and Mowat urged me to put on a Jock-Scott—the only one I had left—and fish down to camp. Noticing the leader was somewhat chafed, I replaced it by a new one, and with my last Jock commenced careful casting, as this fly will bring them to surface if any will. A little below the head of the pool at that time was a large rock or boulder, which has since been carried by ice nearly to the foot. Mowat approached this rock with care from the shore side, for he knew that there lay about the last chance we had for another fish at Indian House. Carefully casting toward the rock, I soon had a splendid rise, the swirl of which indicated a large fish. Had I not then acted instinctively and made that indescribable turn of the wrist which every angler knows perhaps as well as the writer, I should have lost the biggest fish I ever hooked and captured in a long fishing experience, which covers sixty-five years on river, lake and stream, to say nothing of missing the strangest complication into which a leader ever got since Dame Julyana Berners and Father Izaak Walton commenced "fisshinge with an angle." The first rush took off sixty yards of line, and at the end of it a splendid leap showed the dimensions of what looked about twice the size of any salmon I had ever seen. This made me more anxious to secure him, and this very anxiety caused a nervousness that I know augured very badly for success. Remembering he was at the end of a new and unworn leader, and knowing the strength of both line and rod, I soon felt confidence and coolness return. After leaping he turned and rushed toward the canoe at a rate quite beyond the capacity of the reel to recover line. Had I known that in the prolific womb of the future lay hidden an automatic self-acting reel that could be manipulated with the little finger, I am sure I should have prayed for one, but in the absence of knowledge of any better reel than my own—which I am sure a multiplier is not—I did "all I knew how," and really I do not know what that was at the time. All I do know is that I soon felt the sway of the fish on the perfect arch of the rod, which I could vary by raising or lowering the butt, according to the strain on the line. When near the canoe he again turned and made a downward rush; but never again did I get sight of him until he came, motionless and almost lifeless, to the shore on which I had landed. His rush was not far, checked as it was by as quick an arch as I dared use. On trying to reel in, the feel of the thing told me the fish was hooked foul, and again nervousness almost lost the prize. The writer's experience has been that four out of every five fish hooked foul escape, in spite of the utmost care and skill; the hook almost always enlarges the hole and works out. Knowing this from long experience, I also knew that the sooner he was brought to gaff the better. There were risks all round. The longer he was in the water the more *my* chances decreased; the more strain put on him to bring him in the more *his* chances increased, and I fully realized the force of the common expression, "between the devil and the deep sea," which fits with great aptness every tight place. However, I recalled a solid chunk of wisdom handed down from antiquity—most likely from Socrates when he lost a big fish in the Piræus—to the effect that while man cannot command success, he can do better—he can deserve it; so I set about deserving success by doing all I could in putting what skill I could against the wonderful strength that fish displayed. I concluded to take all the risks involved in attempting a speedy capture, in preference to those a longer fight entailed. Acting on this decision, I put on all the strain that rod and line would bear, and it was real sport to see the arch of that rod change as the erratic movements of the fish rendered necessary, knowing that every change had its peculiar risks. Could an angler only know where a fish is hooked and how strong the hold is, he would know just how to handle him. But in utter ignorance of this and with the scantiest data on which to form an opinion, he is always acting in the dark. Perhaps what he thinks most artistic work is the worst possible for his chances and the best possible for the captive. It is this uncertainty which gives to angling the peculiar excitement that, so far as the writer knows, no other sport affords.

Despite all the strain I dared exert, that fish bored his way wherever his erratic fancies led him. His rushes were short and sluggish, and each successive one convinced me that his movement rather than his strength was interfered with. I had, in my time, struck and played, lost and secured, many foul-hooked fish, and had a good general knowledge of their action; but this fellow "knocked higher'n a kite" all my knowledge, skill and experience. He was not only the strongest I had ever felt, but his peculiar action puzzled me exceedingly, and curiosity to know how he was hooked added to my other sources of excitement; but I was literally helpless. All I could do was to give him a wide arch to waste his strength on. Several times Mowat suggested that he should set me on shore, but I knew that my best chance was with the fish in deep water. Beside, I could not, with any prudent strain, get him out of that deep water had I wished it. For more than an hour I could only oppose the arch of the rod against the sullen strength of the captive. To the surprise of both Mowat and myself he had, for a long time, ceased to rush. He kept in the deepest water and simply moved straight ahead with such strength that, when I feared the leader must part, I was forced to give him line to ease the strain. I pointed out his peculiar action to Mr. H., who had now returned, and ventured the opinion that he was hooked very near the tail, which prevented its free use. In this opinion Mowat agreed, and had the fish been lost, we should both have felt satisfied that the hold, very near the tail, had given out from the long-continued strain. After having spent two long hours in efforts to save the fish, and feeling fatigued and much cramped from long standing in the canoe, I was forced to land and stretch my wearied legs. Here, I fear, I grew reckless, for Mowat more than once cautioned me that the strain on the tackle was beyond prudence; but slowly I began to recover line, every inch by sheer force on the reel. Forty yards were out, of which I had not recovered a yard that I was not forced to relinquish later to save leader or rod. To my intense satisfaction, he came slowly in as the reel took up turn after turn of the line. Evidently the captive was tired out, for his strength failed fast, and he came in with

lessening strain. I asked Mowat to get the gaff into him at the earliest moment possible, and to make no blunder doing it. He gave me an indignant look that spoke a volume, and waded in thigh deep, waiting for the fish to be reeled within reach. When he did get sight of him, he stepped toward the shore and said, coolly, "Reel up, reel up!" With a mental anathema at what I thought his obstinacy, I obeyed his gesture rather than his voice, and cautiously reeled the fish into more shallow water, mentally blessing Mowat for not gaffing it. Again came that gesture and again "Reel up!" I did so, but I am afraid the atmosphere was blue with "cuss words." What I more distinctly remember—and the whole picture is before my mental vision as I write—is seeing Mowat stoop, reach out an arm, seize the tail and walk to shore with a fish so large that even in his strong hand its head and shoulders dragged on the sand. When its feeble struggles were ended by a blow on the head and the fish laid on the grass, the whole mystery was solved—the fish was fast by the tail, but not hooked there. Incredible, nay, almost impossible, as it seems, the hook was deep in the angle of the left side of the mouth; thence the line had crossed through the mouth to the right side, gone straight down that side, took two plain turns around the peduncle of the caudal fin, and then two perfect half-hitches—as perfect as if human hands had placed them. I now saw Mowat's reason for wishing to secure the fish without using the gaff. He dimly saw the line round the tail and feared the struggles which would surely follow the stroke of the gaff would disarrange it, and he was curious to see the enigma explained. The first two turns had quite buried themselves in the skin, and the two half-hitches had made a deep groove round the peduncle close to the junction of the tail. I had seen many curious complications of lines and leaders, but this surpassed all that any of us had ever before witnessed. No doubt the compress around the tail had paralyzed that organ and rendered it incapable of further action. I cut the leader two feet from the hitches and had it packed with the fish to show angling friends in St. John. Of some six or eight good anglers and *bon camarades* who saw this strange tangle, the writer alone still "lags superfluous on the stage." The fish weighed thirty-nine pounds; when fresh run from the sea, it would doubtless have been two or three pounds heavier. Mowat packed it in grass and fern, bound with twisted withes until it made a mummy almost as large as himself. We started at once for Metapedia, arriving there in time to meet the Quebec express, and next morning the writer was in St. John to resume the less pleasant duties of official life.

* * * * * *

There must be some witchcraft about lost fish! They are always the gamest and the largest, and by some mysterious process they increase in size every time the story is told! If they merely rise and are not hooked they are always big fish! If hooked and lost, they are "whoppers"; but if the captive has made a fine leap and escaped, he at once assumes marvelous proportions, and the grieving fisherman grows pathetic in describing every minutia of his rising, his leap, his rushes and his final escape, which, strange to say, is always attributed to being very sligthly hooked! Once in a while a frayed casting line or leader, a knot slipping or a fly drawing from the gut gets the blame, but whoever heard an angler so much as hint that any fault of his own caused the loss on his monster fish! After all, half the plasures of life arise from being cajoled, and happy is the angler who can cajole himself and get his listeners to thrill with sympathy when fighting his battles o'er again.

But the Old Angler is shelved. Only in memory can he now cast a line or play a fish. No doubt he would cut a poor figure with his shabby old "Castle Connell" beside the *jeunesse dorée* of the present day, with all the beautiful and expensive tackle that American ingenuity and mechanical skill have evolved; though I doubt if Father Izaak would know what to do with it. I also doubt whether the present day angler "with all appliances and means to boot" can knot a more reliable leader, put up a more killing fly or handle a rod any better than the grizzled members of the Old Guard with whom the Octogenarian has fished. Among these he would mention as *facile princeps* Walter M. Brackett, of Boston, who has given to art lovers the three greatest fish pictures in America; Charles Hallock, who founded and for years edited FOREST AND STREAM, still the leading sportsman's paper in the United States, to whose zealous and persevering efforts the devotees of true sport are more indebted than to any other man now living, who, the writer is glad to learn, is yet active as ever in the pursuit of sport and Natural History; dear old Thad. Norris, whose too early death was a loss to fishculture and true angling; Joseph Jefferson, the renowned and accomplished actor, whose unrivalled impersonations have added to the gaiety of nations; Nathan Cummings, of Portland, who did more than any other man to draw the attention of scientists and anglers to the "landlocked salmon" of Sebago and Schoodic lakes; Commissioner Stillwell, of Maine, who did so much for the protectiou of salmon in those two noble border rivers, the Penobscot and St. Croix; and many other true sportsmen less known to fame, who were the *avant couriers* of "fisshinge with an angle" in the United States. In the Maritime Provinces of Canada, the Octogenarian is the sole survivor of the Old Guard, among whom he knew Sir Edmund Head and Sir Arthur Gordon; M. H. Perley and A. L. Light, Robert Tannahill and Tom Trafton, Dick Calvert and Sandy Wood, all of whom have crossed the bourne to the happy hunting grounds of the hereafter.

Dr. Langstroth, the best taxidermist; Joe Dalzell, the best rod maker, and Tom Willis, the best fly-dresser in Canada, though all on the down hill of life, are still hale and vigorous. Each is an artist with rod and gun, and can yet show deftness on lake and stream and unerring aim in the forest. For fin, fur and feather, no more thorough sportsmen has the Old Angler met, and none more worthily represent the Old Guard or more religiously follow its high precepts.

The man who can select the best gut, securely knot his own leaders, put up a decent fly when confined to camp, cast a fair line, perform the magic turn of the wrist when his fish rises, manage on scientific principles easily understood, a moving arch on his rod, so that an easy strain on the fish is always maintained, never for a moment allowing a yard of slack line, and can maintain this under constantly changing conditions, until the gaff is in his salmon or the net under his trout, has little more to learn. He is fully qualified to enter the arcanum of the angler and enjoy pleasures that only the angler knows. And yet, alas! the great majority of these good fellows—sportsmen in the rough—who go a-fishing, are only fishermen! But all honor to the guild, the craft, the brotherhood by whatever name they are called! A good fisherman cannot be a bad man! A good angler is the highest development the *genus homo* has yet reached, and however the race may yet progress, among the highest and best, and holding the formost places, will still be found the anglers! V.

Theo. Louis, Trader.

MANY of our readers were interested in the note, from the pen of Mr. Theo. Louis, recently published in FOREST AND STREAM, telling that he recalled one of the men whose name is engraved on the old stone, dated 1849, recently figured in FOREST AND STREAM.

Mr. Louis was born in Duisburg, on the Rhine, in the year 1829. He took part, under General Franz Sigel, in the Revolution of 1848, in Germany, and was obliged to fly his native land. He came to America and went West, direct to Wisconsin.

In 1852 he engaged to accompany Prince Nicholas of Nassau, on a trip to the West. The party left St. Louis on the steamboat Robert Campbell during the June freshet, and went up the Missouri River. The vessel steamed during the day and tied up to the bank at night. Crew and passengers chopped their own wood, and supplied meat with their own rifles. The vessel belonged to the American Fur Co., and took up the river men for the different forts and merchandise for the Indian trade. There were a few luxuries, such as coffee, rice and sugar, but for the rest the white men, like the Indians, subsisted on wild meat—buffalo fresh and buffalo dried.

The trip up the river to Fort Union occupied six weeks. Mr. Louis went with the Prince's party up the Yellowstone, and then back to Fort Pierre, and there taking horses, went west by way of White River, through the bad lands toward the Black Hills, to Ft. Laramie. At this point he left the Prince, and engaged to Captain Gratiot, of old Fort John, which was situated near the Platte River, not far from Scott's Bluff and Chimney Rock. At this post he was stationed until 1855, traveling about over the plains, trading with the different tribes of Indians and chiefly in company with his friends, Antoine Le Duc and George Lamont. At the post were such old mountaineers as Billy Adams, Rulo, who had had part of his feet frozen off, Carifeld and Tom Shaw.

During these journeys Mr. Louis kept memoranda of the events of his journeys, but on his return to St. Louis these were destroyed by fire.

A little later he married and settled in Wisconsin, striving to make a farm out of a wilderness. He still retains a few momentoes of his life as a trader, and we may imagine that he often looks back with longing to the free days of fifty years ago. He is now a successful farmer and breeder of live stock in Wisconsin, and his later life is smooth and happy.

Zenaida.

THIS name was suggested by the Zenaida dove, and although too far north for this variety, still their cousins, *Zenaidura macroura,* haunt the place all summer long and nest in the glade made by the little stream which makes the eastern boundary of the farm. If I could have a country place for the asking, I would surely convey to my Macaenas in some way that he put a stream on one border at least, where cardinals could bathe in the cool shadows of button ball and alder bushes, and by which I could walk at evening and always hear in summer the fluty note of the vesper, and in winter the pipe of the white-throated sparrow. * * * As I have no place, who shall deny my praise of Maudellon's? What peace does dwell there and what dove's wings beauty! As my car approaches its precincts I feel the expansiveness of the outdoors tingling eyes and ears. I stop to listen for the country silences, broken only perhaps by the sonorous drum of the red-headed woodpecker, which loves the locust trees of this neighborhood.

If I stop to drink at the sulphur spring and see Maudellon silhouetted against a distant sky line, daintily picking her way across the brook, who shall say that this does not add a picturesqueness which the bare brown nature of this autumn season would fail to give?

On an afternoon not long ago, as I stood at the spring enjoying the picture as above outlined, I saw two mounted figures also approaching from another direction. They proved to be two friends come to explore Maudellon's possessions. After the honors of sulphur water, we looked at them inquisitively and they seemed to understand, for they at once began a most excessive admiration of the turnip patch in the immediate foreground, and the winter oats on the hills to the right suffered as well their urban heroics.

Our friends, booted and spurred, and with the last cut of a crop, had come for a ride, and they rode down everything, including the pike, at a rate so furious that I had to hang in my stirrups in a most lamentable cockney fashion, and Maudellon's hat danced on her head with frightful uncertainty. After a few leagues of this strenuosity, we came upon Maudellon's lane.

As we approached it the French teacher observed it at once. "What charming way is this?" she asked in her lovely idiom. "A lane, mademoiselle." "What is a lane, where leads it, what contains it?" came in a clatter. "Stop, stop, attendez," she cried to the others. "We shall see this way, this lane." "You must first ask the consent of my friend yonder," I replied, "she has the key." This was too confusing both for me in my French and for mademoiselle in her understanding, so Maudellon approached and bravely led the way up this sacred avenue.

I followed behind very reluctantly, noticing the bird nests which my careless observation had failed to locate during the summer; and the milkweed cones, setting adrift their gauzy seed; and the red berries of the *Cebetha caroliniana,* shining against the faded rows of golden rod; and the yellow primrose, still exhaling the perfume of summer evenings. Only a few stragglers among the birds gave the place any life, and the settled melancholy of the autumn had laid its hand on every green bower. I was glad that she did not remember and could not point out the place where the rabbits were found playing and where we stopped on our first invasion of this lane to eat supper. Although I protested with some lame excuse, still she took them within sound of the sheep bells and further on past the cardinal's grapevine bower. At last even she became convinced of their philistinism, and we turned back, soon to see over the hill Zenaida lying in the purple twilight. E. M.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., November, 1902.

Natural History.

Growth of the National "Zoo."

"THE National Zoological Park has been in its present location since 1891, and during all of that time, nearly twelve years, but two animals escaped which caused the least trouble to the attendants, and those two are known not to have inflicted the slightest injury upon any living person."

This assertion was made yesterday by Mr. Frank Baker, Superintendent of the park, in response to a query as to whether or not the animals ever get beyond their confines.

"Many years ago," continued Mr. Baker, "we had a black bear confined in the dens down on the creek. The weather was cold and the ice formed rapidly. During the night the water running down the side of the rocky cliff froze as it reached the surface, and finally piled up so high that Bruin was able to climb over the side of his cage. He was soon detected by the attendants and an effort was made to capture him alive. Every time the attendants got him surrounded he would make a charge at one of them and break through the line by giving the man a great scare. Finally it was seen that the bear could not be captured alive, so orders were given by the then superintendent to kill the animal rather than to take any further chance of his escaping from the park and inflicting injury upon some person. This was done in a few minutes.

"The other escape was that of a small cub wolf a few days ago. And right here I want to say that that wolf is alive and well in the park to-day. It has not shown the slightest sign of rabies, as has been stated, and there is not the slightest symptom of anything being wrong with him. The wolf was born in the park and has never shown any of the bad traits of similar animals born in their wild state.

"When it is considered that there are now in the park 537 animals, 225 birds, and 116 reptiles, I think you will admit that we have made an excellent record and have been particularly successful. Few of the larger animals ever make any determined efforts to break out of their quarters. The lions, tigers, hyenas, and other inmates of the big animal house appear to be perfectly contented. Some of them, it must be remembered, were born in captivity, and have never known the free, roving life of their companions in captivity. The attendants say that the animals appear to grow fond of human companionship and appear less restless during the hours when there are visitors in the park.

"Those cages on the hill in which are confined the wolves, foxes, hyenas, and like animals have wooden doors, which are closed at night, making the escape of the animals less easy, and at the same time giving them a better opportunity for having a night's rest. The deer and the elk are probably the most favored of the animals, for throughout every day they are being constantly fed and petted by women and children, and they would probably not run away at all if they should get out of their confines."

There are recent arrivals at the Zoo that have added large interest to the collection and are much prized by the superintendent of the institution. Among these are a cougar from Oregon, three roseate spoonbills from Texas, two swamp wallabies from New South Wales, and a Tasmanian wolf with young from Tasmania, considered to be a very rare specimen.

The delightful weather of the fall has delayed the moving of the animals into winter quarters. Such of them as need warmth are fastened up at night and allowed to bask in the sunshine during the day. The new house for Dunk, the elephant, which is being built by a special act of Congress, providing $10,000 for the purpose, is rapidly nearing completion and will be ready for his occupancy in about two weeks. In this house he will be more comfortable than he has ever been since taking up his quarters at the Zoo, and it is understood it will not be necessary for him to be made fast continually with two heavy chains attached to his feet.

The eagles have been moved into a handsome new cage, which was recently completed, and the new flying cage, 158 feet long by 50 feet wide and 50 feet high, enclosing several trees and running water, built at a cost of $6,200, has proved to be a great boon to the feathered species. New bear yards for the kadiak bear and polar bears are being constructed and will be ready for occupancy in about a month. The antelope house has been renovated and repaired, and the temporary bird house has been enlarged by an addition of forty feet on the north end. Plans have been prepared for a modern and much more satisfactory aquarium to take the place of the barnlike structure now in use.

During the year forty-six animals were born in the park, among which were one lion, four gray wolves, five coyotes, five blue foxes, one American bison, one zebu, two Cashmere goats, one nilghai, seven American elks, one Virginia deer, one mule deer, three llamas, seven hutie-cougar, five prairie dogs, and two acouchy.

In addition to the specimens received recently a number of important additions were made to the collection during the past year. Mr. R. A. Gross presented a pair of young lions from Somaliland, Africa, and a pair of

young leopards were presented by E. S. Cunningham, United States Consul at Aden, Arabia.

Mr. Perry M. De Leon, United States Consul at Guayaquil, sent a kinkajou and a coati mondi. He also sent four sloths, but they died en route. Two Sitka deer, one of which died en route, were presented by Capt. Ferdinand Westdahl of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey. A Liberian eagle was presented by Mr. James R. Spurgeon, United States Secretary of Legation at Monrovia, Liberia. Mr. E. H. Plumbacher, United States Consul at Maracaibo, sent a large crocodile. Some Lanzarote pigeons were sent by Mr. Solomon Berliner, United States Consul at Tenerife. Four Newfoundland caribou and a pair of young moose were also obtained, but the moose died.

United States consular officers and officers of the army and navy and others attached to the service of the United States are constantly sending specimens to the Zoo, and it has been the aim of Prof. S. P. Langley, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, under whose control and guidance the park comes, to interest everybody possible in the great work of perpetuating the specimens at least of the mammal, bird, and reptile kingdom.

Professor Langley hopes to be able to persuade Congress to carry out the plan originally mapped out for the park—that is, to treat it as it does the National Museum, as something not existing for the District of Columbia alone, nor to be maintained by the taxation of its inhabitants. While it is a national park, Congress has never considered it under one of the principal purposes for which it was founded, the preservation from extinction of national animal races. Prof. Langley will make an effort to secure the necessary appropriation for carrying out a plan he thinks will prove of greater benefit than anything that has heretofore been attempted.

Prof. Langley says experience has taught that many rare animals if secured and transported immediately from their native haunts are most unlikely to live under the conditions of civilization. They are, on the contrary, very likely to live and even perpetuate their species if taken with care and kept surrounded by the protection that experience and common sense suggest, and both these mean the continuance of the present National Zoological Park under the eyes of Congress, but with a simultaneous provision for first bringing up the wild animals in a commodious place of confinement in the country where they belong, large enough to allow the animals to live without a sense of captivity.

This place, Dr. Langley suggests, might be a small ranch where the things of vital importance after their capture, namely, their being "gentled" and accustomed to the sight of the keeper before being transferred to the National Park, can be carried out.—Washington Star.

A Pet 'Coon.

Opal, Wyo., Nov. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* When a boy I owned a pet 'coon, which was as full of curiosity as a woman. One day (my mother was away) I gave him free range of the house, just to see what he would do. After going through my mother's workbox, scattering its contents over the floor, he began to rummage the pantry, pulling the cork out of the molasses jug, licking it, and trying to insert his paw into the neck of the jug; then standing on tiptoe, he grasped the edge of a pan, full of milk, when splash! down it came, pan and all, on his head.

Ned was very fond of all kinds of sweets, especially loaf sugar, and I remember how his "sweet tooth" once got him into trouble. On the occasion referred to, I had gone to the barn with a pan of salt for the horses, and my pet trotted after me. I set the pan down and left it there for a moment. Soon I heard a coughing and sputtering, and running back, I found a very sick 'coon, and a good portion of salt missing.

One day I shut him in the granary as a punishment for some of his pranks, but when I went to let him out, he was nowhere to be seen. I gave up all hope of ever finding him; but what should I see, when I happened in the loft above the granary, but my long-lost friend, squatting on my bed, which I had slept in during the warm weather. He must have climbed up one of the perpendicular two by fours, then crawled along a horizontal eight by ten on the ceiling, back downward, to be able to get through the hole in the ceiling. Here he sat on my bed, blinking his eyes and yawning, as if he had been enjoying a huge nap.

Having one morning prepared his breakfast of bread and milk, I set it away out of his reach till I could straighten his trough. But like some "human 'coons," he grew impatient to get at his meal. Reaching out one of his hind feet, he dexterously pulled the feed pan within reach, and proceeded to help himself to its contents.

J. R. M.

Destruction of Plovers' Eggs in England.

St. Augustine, Fla.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our old friend, John Bull—of England, don't you know?—has always been fond of poking sticks at us, and shows no disposition to let up; but he also has some vulnerable spots, and I think it only fair to balance matters by retaliating. Nearly every city boy in England who goes into the country on a visit, makes it his principal object to rob every bird's nest that he finds, and instead of reading him a lesson on cruelty, his teachers and parents encourage his villainous habits as part of a scientific education.

To this charge I will add the universal British traffic in plovers' eggs. During the nesting season the London market is flooded with plovers' eggs, and if that is so in London, why not in every other town in England?

Now, here is wholesale destruction of one of the most useful insectivorous birds in the world, and there are not, in the aggregate, brains enough among the farmers and legislators to make the slightest move in checking it. Not only would the crops be benefitted if every insignificant egg—as a market item—were left to hatch, but the country would swarm with one of the finest of game birds that would make a marketable product worth considering. It is a matter for surprise that all the birds of England are not exterminated.

Didymus.

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The Siberian Mammoth.

Some eighteen months ago the Governor of Yakutsk informed the Imperial Scientific Academy of St. Petersburg of an unusually interesting discovery in Siberia. A Cossack had learned from the natives that a gigantic animal with huge tusks had been found embedded in the ice on the Beresovska, a tributary of the Kolyma River, about 200 miles from Svedin-Kolymsk. From the description given it seemed probable that the animal was a mammoth, and Dr. Otto Herz, director of the museum, and Herr Psitzemayer, naturalist, were authorized to proceed to the spot and bring it to St. Petersburg in as good condition as was possible under the circumstances. The animal is now in the Russian capital, where it is being preserved and set up. Special interest attaches to it, as it is the most complete specimen of this long extinct species ever yet obtained. Although in Dr. Herz's opinion it is 8,000 years old, the skeleton is in wonderfully good preservation, as is also the hairy covering of the skin. Messrs. Herz and Psitzemayer succeeded in carrying out their mission successfully, but not without many difficulties. Last summer they traveled to Yakutsk, and then their troubles commenced. From that point to where the mammoth had been found was a distance of 1,200 miles, which had to be traversed on horseback. The country was an extremely difficult one; mosquitoes swarmed, and in the dangerous swamps it happened more than once that a Cossack and his horse disappeared without leaving a trace behind them. At length in the autumn the party reached their destination, and found, to their satisfaction, the huge beast, resting in an almost horizontal position. Probably it had stumbled when grazing and fallen into a crevasse. The forelegs, especially the left one, were much bent, which showed that when attempting to recover itself the animal's body had proved too heavy, the hind legs slipped underneath it, and it became frozen fast. Thus the beast perished, and has ever since lain undisturbed beneath the layer of earth which in the course of ages formed above the ice, until at length the warmth of the sun exposed it to the light. It was necessary to remove the remains before the advent of spring, otherwise it would have been too late. Wild animals had already begun to tear at the flesh, and to preserve the remains on the spot was impossible, as a body which has lain for so long in the ice decomposes with greater rapidity when exposed to the air. It was, therefore, determined to divide it into several parts, forwarding each in a frozen state, and putting them together afterward. A hut with a stove in it was constructed over the mammoth, and as the ice gradually melted the portion thus released was removed and duly prepared for transit. The entire process of excavation occupied two months, during which time the open air temperature was 50° Celsius. The legs and feet resemble those of an elephant, except that the latter has three toes, the mammoth five. The hair is of a brownish yellow color, and is so long and thick that its owner could hardly have felt cold in any temperature, however low. The skin is from 20 to 23 mm. thick, and underneath it there is a layer of fat 9 mm. thick. Blood was found in the body, and in the mouth there was the remains of food on which the marks of the teeth were impressed. The contents of the stomach were enormous, and in quite a fresh state. In spite of the great difficulties of the journey, all the various portions were conveyed without injury or loss to St. Petersburg, and now constitute a unique trophy.—London Field.

A Skinned Beaver.

Hurrying along the streets of Cairo, Ill., the other day to keep a dinner engagement, as I passed a meat store I saw hanging upon the rail in front a skinned beaver. I had little or no time to spare, but I nevertheless paused sufficiently to look the animal over. It was flayed with the greatest of care, not a scrap of fur even being left upon the head the size of a dime. It was literally skinned to the teeth. The butcher had run the hook into and under the lower jaw, resulting in a partial distension of the jaws and an exhibition of the chisel-like teeth of the animal.

The paddle-like tail with its rubber-like skin was yet a part of the animal, and evidently had not been appropriated by the hunter and stewed or broiled, or whatever they do to a beaver's tail, to make one thank the gods that one lives and eats.

It is a serious matter aside from the etiquette of the case to keep a host's soup waiting, and appreciating the enormity of such an act, I hurried on, as much as I wanted to go in and find out all that butcher knew about the rare exhibit in front of his shop.

Such a sight in Fulton or Washington Market would undoubtedly cause some comment in the daily press, and, if the law on beaver is closed in New York, probably the confiseation of the carcass.

Anyway, the sight was a novel one to me, for I had never seen a beaver skinned and hung up like a calf in front of a butcher store before. A slaughtered buffalo would not have surprised me more.

Charles Cristadoro.

Samoa 'Uma.

Mrs. Churchill, the wife of an American Consul-General in Samoa, has written a charming account of its interesting and singular people. A lover of nature and fond of sports of field and water—she was almost as much at home in the surf as a native, could cast a fly and handle a rifle—the author lived out of doors when her housekeeping duties were not too exacting, and having an inquiring mind, there was nothing in the free Samoan life that escaped her.

In Mrs. Churchill's pages you shall also read about the handicrafts, art and music of the Samoans, their traditions and their sports, and this information is conveyed in a sprightly and unaffected style, proving the enthusiasm of the writer. You may also read of the shooting of the perilous and therefore exciting passage of Apolima, an experience which makes the hair of the venturesome stand on end; of the weed that catches fish; of spearing by torchlight in the tidal pools; of the chase of blue rats with the throwing stick, and of how toothsome a meal these little creatures make; of innumerable hideous things that swarm and crawl and creep; of the vampires of the Tuasivi; of some South Sea hoodoos; of the incorrigible, shameless beachcomber, and of sundry other odd, novel and wonderful things. A chapter with a very attractive title is "Samoans Fickle Brides," and few will pass it by. "Samoa 'Uma," which means "All Samoa," is certainly a book that kills time, and having read it, you will know the human side of Samoa and a good deal about the biological.—New York Evening Sun.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in Forest and Stream.

The New York League.

Special Report to Forest and Stream.

There was a good attendance at the annual meeting of the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League, which was held pursuant to call, at the Yates Hotel, in Syracuse, Thursday, Dec. 4, and the proceedings were of a very interesting nature. Some of the discussions were quite spirited, showing that those who participated were deeply in earnest, but the best of feeling prevailed and everyone manifested a disposition to sacrifice personal views and preferences in deference to the will of the majority and for the greatest good of the greatest number. The delegates present were:

New York Association for the Protection of Fish and Game—Robert B. Lawrence, John C. O'Conor, New York city.

Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River—W. H. Thompson, A. C. Cornwall, Alexandria Bay; R. P. Grant, Clayton.

Anglers' Association of Onondaga County—C. H. Mowry, F. C. Eddy, John H. Forey. Alternates: George C. Kirk, Henry Loftie, George B. Wood, J. L. Perry, Syracuse.

Black River Association for the Protection of Fish and Game—W. E. Wolcott, Utica; W. L. Fowler, Holland Patent.

Spencer Sportsmen's Club—W. S. Gavitt, Henry Killick, Lyons; H. B. Whitney, Phelps.

Schenectady County Fish and Game Protective Association—Dr. A. L. Sitterly, Schenectady.

Niagara County Anglers' Association—Charles W. Hatch, H. K. Wicker, Lockport.

Genesee Valley Fish and Game Protection and Propagating Association—John R. Fanning, Rochester.

Geneva Fish and Game Protective Association—Dr. W. H. Jordan, C. C. Gates, Charles S. Burrale, H. K. Schieffelin, Geneva.

Seneca Falls Sportsmen's Club—Ernest G. Gould, Seneca Falls.

Honorary Members—Aaron Mather, Bridgewater; Maj. J. W. Pond, Albany; James Annin, Jr., Caledonia; Assemblyman Williams, of Onondaga county; John D. Whish, of Albany, Secretary of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission, and J. H. Levitt, of Gloversville, were also in attendance.

President R. B. Lawrence called the meeting to order at 10:30, and expressed the pleasure it afforded him to meet the members of the League again. He was pleased to greet the new members as well as the old. He believed the great need was for more clubs to become identified with the League.

Treasurer A. C. Cornwall's annual report showed: Balance on hand last year, $68.69; receipts, $95; total, $163.69; disbursements, $80.83; balance on hand, $82.86.

Chairman C. H. Mowry, of the Legislative and Law Committee, reported that his committee had tried hard to secure the passage of a bill to prohibit the sale of grouse and woodcock killed in this State. He said such a bill passed both houses, but the Governor allowed it to die. Mr. Mowry thought it best to push the bill again this year. A bill to prohibit the taking of more than 25 pounds of fish from Oneida Lake in a day was prevented from passing. The passage of a bill to permit the use of batteries for shooting ducks on Cayuga Lake for one or two days in a week, shared a similar fate, as did also one to allow netting in certain portions of Cayuga Lake.

Another bill was presented permitting fishing through the ice for pike and pickerel in certain waters not mentioned in the old law. It permitted twenty lines in Oneida Lake and other waters. The argument was that they wanted to legalize what had been practiced a long time, the claim being that it did no harm. The commitee deemed it best to concede the fishing in the waters asked for.

President Lawrence said it was a matter of congratulation that the Legislative and Law Committee had done such effective work. On motion of R. P. Grant a vote of thanks was extended to Mr. Mowry for his earnest efforts as chairman of the committee. Mr. Mowry thanked the League for its approval of his action and the expression of appreciation of the work done.

W. S. Gavitt, chairman of the special committee on organization, reported that circulars had been sent to different organizations of sportsmen throughout the State calling attention to the necessity for cooperation and becoming members of the league. Some of the associations have sent representatives and others have signified their intention of joining. He thought the League should have representation in every county in the State, and suggested that it might be well to make it possible for individuals to become members of the League on payment of $1 each.

Resting on a table in the center of the assembly room was a big muskallonge from the St. Lawrence River, and President Lawrence called on W. H. Thompson to explain how it came there. Mr. Thompson said the fish was caught in the river the day previous, and he brought it down to show what had been done there in the way of propagation. Muskallonge are caught in the St. Lawrence weighing from 5 to 50 pounds. For six or eight years the State has been very liberal in supplying fry of the muskallonge and walleyed pike for stocking the river, and the work is necessary to maintain good fishing. For three months of the year on the St. Lawrence reservation there are a thousand boats out fishing, and it requires a good many fish to supply them. With all the fishing that has been done, however, the fishing is improving. Not long since he saw six bass brought in at Alexandria Bay which weighed 31½ pounds, and one of the number weighed 6½ pounds. Another fishing party a short time ago caught three muskallonge weighing 12, 20 and 39 pounds respectively. Mr. Thompson said there had been some talk in favor of the netting out of coarse fish to benefit the game fish, but this plan was tried years ago, and the result was that it took many years to get the fishing back to where it was as good as it was before netting was allowed. The St. Lawrence Anglers' Association feels well repaid for the money that has been expended in getting things where they are. We ask the League, continued Mr. Thompson, to recommend that the law be allowed to remain as it is now in the St. Lawrenee reservation, and that no netting be allowed there except for minnows.

Mr. Gavitt offered a resolution that the constitution be so amended that any individual desiring to connect himself with the League could do so by payment of $1, and that there be not to exceed five such members from any one county. He thought unanimous consent would be necessary for the consideration of an amendment at this time.

Mr. Mowry.—Then five individuals could come in from a county and outvote the two delegates of a club.

Mr. Gavitt.—I do not think there would be any abuse of the provision, but I would not object to making the number three instead of five.

Chief Game Protector Pond favored the resolution, saying that assistance was needed in every county. There are some counties which have no sportsmen's association, but if the resolution prevails you will get sportsmen from all over the State who will aid the League, and not abuse the privilege. They will not join the League to oppose better legislation.

John R. Fanning also favored the idea. He thought the association was organized on too narrow a scale. With an abundance of money in the treasury much can be accomplished which can not be without it. He said there were bays near Rochester where the game laws were violated by netting. He hoped the resolution would prevail.

John C. O'Conor moved that unanimous consent be given to amend the constitution in regard to membership. Carried.

Mr. Mowry suggested that some measure be taken to restrict the voting power of individual members so that they could not in any county exceed the voting power of a club.

On motion of Mr. Gavitt, the president was authorized to appoint a committee of three to consider the proposed amendment. Messrs. Gavitt, Fanning and Wolcott were named as such committee.

Mr. O'Conor spoke at some length concerning legislative matters. He referred to the bills passed at the last session of the Legislature, 9 of which affected game, 13 fish and 2 were general. Section 173, said he, relates to the powers of game protectors, and why should they not have the same powers in the counties of New York and Kings as they do in other counties? I would like to have the committee recommend that this section be amended by striking out the clause excepting the counties of New York and Kings. Mr. O'Conor then called attention to Section 141 of the game laws. He thought a portion was put in for the benefit of cold storage warehouses. The speaker also referred to the section relating to wild fowl. He said there was great objection to limiting the season on Long Island as early as March. It seemed to him that with the great opposition from Long Island it would be almost impossible to prohibit the shooting of wild fowl as early as that, but it might be possible to prevent the sale of the birds after March 1.

Major Pond was pleased to hear something from Long Island. This matter had been threshed out in the League, and the conclusion reached that Long Island was a kingdom by itself. He said there were good results from the cold storage law this year. Representatives of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission were allowed to examine goods when the closed season began and seal them. The seals were not broken during the closed season. Thousands of insectivorous birds were found and this put the commission in a position to commence action for these birds, which are not allowed in possession at any time. So much for Section 141. In the counties of New York and Kings the protectors have only got to go a block before they can get a search warrant, but in the rural districts they sometimes have to go miles to get one.

Mr. O'Conor admitted that a portion of Section 141 was very good. One of the good things we got out of the Legislature was the section about insectivorous birds. Can the major tell me why a man should give a bond to break a law? We want to repeal Section 141 and strike out in Section 173 the provisions excepting New York and Kings. It is difficult to get search warrants. Give the game protectors the same rights in New York and Kings they have elsewhere. We want the right of search in cold storage warehouses and we want it illegal for anyone to have game in possession in the closed season.

Major Pond.—I did not say the department would be displeased if the protectors had the power of search.

Mr. Fanning asked Major Pond how many cold storage warehouses there were in the State. He thought perhaps a dozen.

The chair appointed Messrs. Thompson, Forey and Wicker as a committee on nominations, and declared a recess until 2 P. M.

At the afternoon session Chairman Mowry, of the Legislative and Law Committee, reported a number of proposed amendments to the game laws, and the League decided to recommend the following: That the counties of Sullivan, Ulster and Greene be brought under the general law as to ruffed grouse and woodcock. That the open season for quail shall close November 30, except on Long Island, and that the season for black and gray squirrels shall end on the same date; to amend Section 176 so as to give such special game protectors as are in the employ of boards of supervisors or of any regularly organized club for the protection of fish and game, the same powers of search that the regular protectors have; to amend Section 80 relating to fishing in Seneca Lake, by cutting out the four lines about taking fish with spears; to provide that wild ducks and geese shall not be offered for sale after March 1 in any year until the open season begins; to prohibit the sale of grouse and woodcock killed within this State.

There was a lively discussion over a proposition that the club also recommend that the sale of quail be prohibited. Dr. Jordan, Assemblyman Williams, Messrs. Mowry, Forey, Fanning and Grant spoke on the subject. It was decided that such a bill could not be passed at present.

Quite a debate concerning spring shooting followed the presentation of a proposed new section, to be known as Section 143, to provide that there shall be no open season for any birds earlier than Sept. 16 or later than Dec. 31. It is intended that the law shall not be construed to affect bird seasons which may open after Sept. 16 or close earlier than Dec. 31.

President Lawrence spoke of the bay bird shooting on Long Island in July and August, and suggested that Long Island might be excepted from the proposed section.

Mr. Mowry thought there would be objection in the rest of the State to having spring shooting allowed on Long Island and not elsewhere. The Legislative and Law Committee reported in favor of the section by substituting for "birds" the words "web-footed wild fowl." The League decided to recommend such a measure.

Mr. O'Conor offered a resolution that the League favor a bill repealing so much of Section 141 as relates to the giving of a bond. Adopted.

Mr. O'Conor also offered a resolution that the League favor striking out in Section 173 the exception in regard to the counties of New York and Kings. Adopted.

Mr. Cornwall presented a resolution protesting against any change in the laws relating to the St. Lawrence reservation calculated to permit netting, except for minnows. Adopted.

Mr. Gavitt, of the special committee, presented a resolution to amend Article 15 of the constitution so as to permit individuals to become members of the League on payment of $1 annual dues, those representing each county to be entitled to two votes, providing there is in said county no organization connected with the League. Adopted.

It was decided to recommend that the sale of venison in the Adirondack Park be prohibted within the blue line.

The committee on nomination, Messrs. Thompson, Forey and Wicker, reported in favor of the following officers, and the same were duly elected: President, Robert B. Lawrence, New York; Vice-President, H. K. Wicker, Lockport; Secretary, Ernest G. Gould, Seneca Falls; Treasurer, A. C. Cornwall, Alexandria Bay; Legislative and Law Committee, Chairman, C. H. Mowry, F. C. Eddy, W. S. Gavitt, R. P. Grant; Auditing Committee, Aaron Mather, W. G. Babcock, C. W. Hatch; Biological Committee, James Annin, Jr., Geo. B. Wood, Henry Killick; Organization Committee, W. S. Gavitt, W. E. Wolcott, J. H. Forey.

W. E. Wolcott.

Utica, Dec. 5.

Maine and Massachusetts.

Hunters' Licenses.

Boston, Dec. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The question whether Maine should have a law requiring hunters from other States to purchase the privilege of killing game in the State is one that interests Massachusetts sportsmen very much.

As is to be expected, there is great diversity of opinion among them. Some go so far as to say, that, in case such a law is passed, they will abandon their autumn trips to that State and go to Canada or Nova Scotia instead. Your readers are aware that many New England moose hunters prefer to go to New Brunswick and pay $30 for the privilege of hunting rather than go to Maine, believing their chances of securing a fine trophy in the latter regions a great deal better.

This class of sportsmen will naturally continue to pursue the same policy. But will those who consider Maine the "paradise for sportsmen" take kindly to a license law?

The question is not altogether a new one, but the positive manner in which Chairman Carleton has recently recommended the enactment of such a law brings it to the front just now. I have been to some pains to obtain the views of some Boston sportsmen in reference to it. One of them recently returned from an extended trip to northern Aroostook, tells me the woods were full of "so-called sportsmen," as he expressed it. He said for his part he would be glad to see a law passed requiring a fee of $50 for hunting big game. On his trip he said he "found people everywhere," and he could not get away from them. This, bear in mind, was in a very remote part of the State. The view expressed by this gentleman represents one extreme. That of another who said he should never care to pay a license fee for hunting in Maine, represents the opposite extreme.

Several have remarked that they would not object and, in fact, would be quite willing to pay a moderate fee, provided resident sportsmen were required to contribute also. It is a matter of common knowledge that men from large towns and the cities of Maine as well as from places without the State, have been going into the wilderness the last few years (since deer have become so numerous) with the idea of bringing out game enough to defray a large part of the expense of the trip. The venison they bring home finds its way into the markets.

These men, no doubt, are fond of the woods. They derive enjoyment and get relaxation from their outings, and they would resent being called "pot-hunters" or "market-hunters," but are they doing their part as sportsmen?

How many of them are members of any game protective society or club? How many of them contribute a single penny toward the care or propagation of fish or game, either in their own State or elsewhere?

They certainly cannot claim to be ranked as sportsmen of a high order. Let them show a disposition to aid the cause according to their means, be it never so little.

One Deer Only.

I would suggest as a remedy for market-hunting that instead of allowing two deer to be deported, as under the present law, only one should be permitted. This would certainly be ample for the sportsman to distribute among friends. It will be conceded by every one that game of all kinds should be so used as to confer the greatest good upon the greatest number. As a product of great pecuniary value to the State, it is her policy to adopt such regulations as to its capture and use as will best promote the welfare of her citizens as a whole.

Hundreds of men depend on the patronage of sportsmen for a living. If a license fee so great as to deter the patrons of camps and hotels in the wilderness from making their usual trips be charged, the result must be a greatly reduced income to the proprietors. Among those who have for years been accustomed to hunt without paying for the privilege, there is a natural feeling of opposition to the change, but if a moderate sum be exacted from non-residents and residents alike, or, possibly, a smaller tax be levied upon Maine citizens than upon those from without the State, and the proceeds be devoted to improved protection, very few would make serious objection, and, in my opinion, the business of hotels, camps and guides would be continued without serious detriment.

The raids of large parties from Indiana and Ohio upon Maine game furnishes an argument in favor of the license system, also, it seems to me, for reducing the quantity of game that may be deported. If reports of such incursions are reliable, they come near being a nuisance, a menace not only to the game, but to human life as well.

I have heard men say that every deer they had killed cost them at least a hundred dollars, and a Boston sportsman who recently returned from a trip of a few days in company with four others, showed me the footing of their expenses amounting to $800.

The fact that more deer have been shipped out of the State this year than ever before at this date, indicates to my mind that they were never more abundant and that there has also been a larger number of hunters as well. Deer have unquestionably spread over larger areas within the last few years, not only within the State, but they have passed over the western boundary into New Hampshire, still further into Vermont and are now working into Massachusetts in very considerable numbers. Reports of deer being seen in every county of this State are coming in almost every week.

Only last week a doe was captured while swimming in Barnstable Bay and liberated in the Lynn (or Saugus) woods. The time may come when men of the old Bay State will find no difficulty in furnishing their tables with venison without going several hundred miles for it.

Commissioner Carleton will doubtless have the support of the farmers and of men in the lumber business. In fact, the Lumbermen's and Landowners' Association, at the annual meeting in Bangor, on Dec. 1, adopted a resolution in support of the measure.

At the meeting of the Maine Sportsmen's Association, to be held Dec. 10, the question will no doubt be thoroughly discussed in all its bearings, and it is to be hoped that a conservative policy will be recommended.

Every true sportsman surely desires to see the killing of both deer and moose kept within such limits as to insure their increase rather than a reduction in their numbers.

Indiscriminate slaughter of does should, it seems to me, receive the attention of game protectors. The number of half-grown deer coming through on the trains of late years is surprising. This killing of fawns is "murder of the innocents" and should be abandoned by all men claiming to be in any sense sportsmen.

I have heard the claim made that Maine is unable to afford a larger appropriation for the work of her commission. That position is untenable. The same claim was made at the session of the Legislature in 1894-5, but the appropriation was largely increased, notwithstanding the objections of opponents. The State cannot afford to withhold money needed to keep up the work so ably conducted and to carry it forward to still greater completeness. It is to be hoped such legislation will be had the coming winter as will show that Maine is ready to do her part and does not wish to exact everything from non-residents who gladly pay liberally for such entertainment as her forests afford.

Henry H. Kimball,
Sec. Mass. F. and G. Prot. Ass'n.

Massachusetts Law Enforcement.

The work goes bravely on in Massachusetts. From Chairman Collins, of the commission, I learn that Deputies Luman and Shea recently got Joe Bugbee, of West Brookfield, for attempted sale of thirteen partridges. On Nov. 30 they took three men for Sunday hunting; also that a man was arrested in Marshfield for Sunday gunning.

He writes further: "I am certain the game laws were never enforced in this State as they have been this fall. Snarers, ferreters and those trying to sell game illegally have felt the pinch of the law. The result has shown what a trained and centrally directed force can do. There is no question but we have broken up a lot of illicit work."

The requirements have been such that the commissioners have been forced to supplement the labors of the regular paid deputies by putting on an increased force for special work.

From Greenfield.

A large and growing club of two years' standing bids fair to be a power in that section of the State. The writer had the pleasure of meeting the members on the occasion of their second "Annual Game Supper." Roast 'coon, rabbit pie and venison furnished a tempting menu, and the occasion was one of rare enjoyment. The president, Mr. Charles C. Russell, presided with grace and dignity, and among the speakers were Dr. Newton, Deputy Wm. Leipple, Mr. Daniel Collins and others. The membership of the club is about two hundred.

From Westfield.

Still the good work goes on. Mr. Charles N. Lewis writes from this thriving town as follows: "I have worked hard to form a fish and game association here, and have got it going in fairly good shape now."

Hon. George W. Wiggin, former president of the State Association, recently returned from a trip to "The Forks," Maine. In the party were also Mr. Bradley Rockwood, of Franklin, and Mr. Howe, of Boston. They went in via Bingham and to a camp on Moxie Pond. They report a horde of Westerners in the region, but were able to find a secluded spot where they secured three deer.

James R. Reed, president of the State Association, writes from New Brunswick that he finds caribou plenty, but has not yet seen a bull moose; saw several cows.

Among those who have returned from Maine with moose are C. H. Randall and F. Webster, of Boston, and Charles Harmon, of Lynn. John W. Farley, George Carter, E. G. Penniman, F. F. Cushman, Mrs. J. L. Cushman, A. D. Wright, F. W. Thurston, J. C. Chamberlain, Mrs. Chamberlain, G. W. Sullivan, E. G. Morse, W. B. Berry, G. R. Noble and Frank E. Wilson, all of Boston, have recently returned from Maine with deer.

CENTRAL.

Massachusetts Game Laws.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is very doubtful if there is another State in the Union that has better protective laws for fish and game than the old Bay State. More than two decades ago summer woodcock shooting was made illegal. For the past three years spring duck shooting has been prohibited. For the same length of time the open season on woodcock, partridge and quail has been limited to the two months of October and November, which is all the time that should be allowed under present conditions.

We also have a law prohibiting the sale of woodcock and partridge at any time, which was brought about by the sportsmen with the aid of the marketmen, who agreed not to buy or sell these fast disappearing birds, and we have good reason to think they deserve the praise of having lived up to their agreement for the past three years. This law has produced good results and saved a great many birds, as it is estimated that from 15,000 to 20,000 were shot for the market annually. These two valuable game birds cannot be successfully bred in captivity, and turned loose to replenish the exhausted covers like the quail. The woodcock and the woodduck being migrants, are being persecuted at both ends of the line, North and South; it is like burning the candle at both ends. It seems a great pity these birds are not protected in every State in the Union during their breeding seasons. Spring and summer shooting should be abolished everywhere. We have a very efficient board of fish and game commissioners. The arrests and convictions of lawbreakers have been many, and the fines so heavy as to teach them that the commission has not been idle, and the way of the transgressor is hard.

GEO. L. BROWN.

Massachusetts Poachers Discouraged.

BOSTON, MASS., DEC. 4. The good work of enforcing the game laws has gone on as usual since I last wrote you. On Sunday, Nov. 23, two of the game wardens "surrounded" six Sunday hunters down in East Douglas, and each one of them was convicted and fined $15. Since then, deputies Luman and Shea have captured Joseph Bugbee of New Braintree for having in possession for sale thirteen partridge. Bugbee was tried on December 2 at Gilbertville on one bird and fined $20, and Judge Healey continued the case of sentence on the other twelve birds and told Bugbee that if the court learned of other transgressions of the game laws on his part the full sentence would be imposed. On the same day Luman and Shea secured two other convictions for violations of the game laws, and beside these, four other convictions have been secured this week by other deputies.

This vigorous work has had a most salutary effect and the would-be poachers and pot hunters are badly scared, so much so that in sections where the game laws were never before respected, there is a decided change now.

BAY STATE.

New Hampshire Deer Hunting

With a Bear Episode.

I HAVE just returned from a short trip after deer. I understand that there have been more deer hunters in northern New Hampshire this season than ever, and very few deer have been killed, and most of what were, were shot by parties watching near apple trees. My hunting grounds were in the vicinity of Merrill's Mountain Home, on the road leading to the top of Moosilauke Mountain. Some two miles from Merrill's are two deserted farms; they are but a short distance apart, and the deer go from one to the other. There is a barn on one farm and a house and barn on the other. There are also a number of apple trees, and I think about all the deer in that section go to those apple trees. They show considerable sense and go as I judged about midnight. The morning after my arrival I was at one of the barns at daybreak and not a deer was to be seen, though there were plenty of sign that they had been there.

The next day it began to snow (there was no snow before), and I thought I should get a chance to do some still-hunting. With the perversity of such snowfalls (when one is on the hunting grounds), it was a mixture of snow, rain and hail, and the result was the noisiest kind of traveling.

Before daybreak the next morning I was at the barn. The snow told the story of the preceding night. Deer tracks were everywhere, of big deer and small deer. The snow was completely cut up. The house and the barn are some thirty-five yards apart, and three deer had walked between the buildings. I circled around that ground and found that some six or seven deer had made all the tracks. The day was very still and the snow very noisy, and the frozen leaves under the snow in the woods made more noise than the snow. There was about one chance in a hundred of getting a shot by tracking. I took a couple of tracks and followed them as carefully as I could for about an hour. They led straight up the mountain and showed no signs of wanting to stop. I expected to see signs of their stopping to lie down, and I intended then to try and circle around such places. Well, I saw what all still-hunters often see, two fresh beds and two sets of tracks where the deer had gone on the jump. I then struck north along the side of the mountain, and after a time found the track of a very large buck. He led through some quite open hardwood growth, and I began to have hopes of getting a shot. I tried my best to get that deer, keeping most of the time some fifty yards to one side of his trail and using my eyes for all they were worth. After about an hour I saw the buck a long way off. He had just turned broadside to me, and went out of sight. I could not think what had become of him. I knew he did not run, and thought he might have lain down. I watched for a few minutes, then worked up, and found that a small break ran down the mountain and the deer had followed it up and there was just bank enough to cover him. I followed him then for two hours and jumped him in some thick spruce, never getting a glimpse. I gave up then trying to do any more tracking. I did not know where I was, and it was about all I wanted to do to get out of the woods. Men born and bred in that or similar regions may enjoy slabbing those mountains. It takes the wind out of me to do much of it.

After that I spent a number of hours watching from the barn. On the last morning I climbed up under the eaves of the barn and saw a deer so far away that it looked about as large as a sheep. It turned and walked into the woods, and I started for Merrill's and took the afternoon train home.

A neighbor who is a first-rate still-hunter and also a very lucky hunter, was hunting in the vicinity of the three ponds in Ellsworth. He was some six or seven miles east from where I was, but there was quite a bunch of mountains between us. It so happened that we both came home on the same train. His experience was about like mine. He had not seen a deer, but had found five times as many fresh signs. He jumped deer after deer, and no matter how carefully he worked, he could not get a glimpse of one. He found it just as noisy as I did.

I do not see how there can be any fair still-hunting this season. In the region where I was there is some four inches of noisy snow and the frozen leaves under it are worse. Six inches more of dry snow would not kill the noise. Should the present snow go off and more come afterward, there might be some hunting, but it is not likely, as there is less than two weeks of open season left.

In some instances that I heard of where deer were killed, luck had a great deal to do with it. A man (as I was told) started out one day on bare ground, took his horse and wagon and drove along a road to where an old lumber road came down off the mountain. He tied his horse and walked some two hundred yards up the lumber road. Saw a deer walking down the road and shot it. While dressing this deer he saw another coming toward him; he shot that one. A few minutes later he saw a fox coming down the road, and he killed the fox. He then dragged the deer out and loaded them in his wagon and started for home. After going a short distance he saw another fox coming toward the road; he shot that fox also. He said he was gone from home just three hours, and killed two deer and two foxes, and did not have to work to get them.

Now as to Merrill, of the Mountain Home. Merrill catches some bears. He also keeps some sheep. The bears catch his sheep and he catches the bears. I think Merrill would be willing to lose more sheep if he could catch more bears.

Merrill has a sort of frog pond in a swamp up in the mountains back of his house. In years past he has caught some fifteen bears at that place. Merrill says that when a bear strays that way he nearly always goes through that swamp at a certain place. Merrill has made a sort of loose brush fence there, leaving an opening for the bears to go through. He sets his traps in the opening, using no bait. The trap patiently awaits the coming of the bear. Last May a bear took four sheep, and the trap was set. The first time the bear came that way he stepped over the trap. The second time a hedgehog had the trap, or the trap had the hedgehog. The third time the bear did his part and got caught. The trap was set in May and the bear got into it in September. Now, catching a bear in a steel trap does not mean that you go to where the trap was set and find a bear in it. It means that both trap and bear are gone. This bear was easily tracked for some distance, then the bear used his wits and got rid of the clog of the trap. He was followed for a while and then all traces were lost.

Merrill says that a bear will pick up a trap and carry it, leaving no trail on hard ground. Merrill made a wide circle around in the direction he thought the bear would go and found the trail. It was followed a long distance, and the bear was found. I saw a photo of it as it lay dead in Merrill's door yard.

On my way home I saw several returning deerless sportsmen. There is one thing this tracking and still-hunting of deer is doing, and doing it thoroughly. It is making the deer very much wilder. Years ago in sections where deer were hunted with dogs, one when hearing the footsteps of a still-hunter, would jump up and stand looking, waiting to see what was coming. After being still-hunted for a time, they lost all such curiosity. They jumped up and left at once.

Now, I am not at all satisfied with the result of my recent trip. From near my house I can see the mountains in the region where I hunted. Should I hear that the snow there goes off during the present week, I shall go up and spend the last few days of the open season. It may prove unsuccessful, but there is nothing like trying.

C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H., Dec. 1.

Currituck Shooting.

CAROLLA, N. C., Dec. 2.—The November record is 1,000 ducks, 500 geese, 300 swans. Most of the ducks are canvasbacks and redheads. One party from Washington killed 300 ducks, 5 swans, 15 geese in two days. One party from New York 6 swans, 20 geese, 200 ducks, in four days. Another party from New York, 2 men, shot 150 ducks, 3 swans, 25 geese, in two days, and the oher fowl were shot by Ross White and Miss Lee White.

L. R. WHITE.

Guns and Their Handlers.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While the hunting season is on we can seldom pick up a paper that does not give at least one account of an accidental shooting from some cause or another.

Mr. Joseph W. Shurter, in the current number of the FOREST AND STREAM, gives his opinion as to what causes some of them; and he is right. A man who has taken too much whisky has no business with a gun either in his hands or his pocket. I have no dislike for whisky or the men who use it; I can use it myself, but I don't need any when I am traveling around with a gun.

But I have often thought that our modern breechloaders should have the credit for a great many of these accidents. There are some of us still living who began shooting years before we had any breechloaders. Then we did not blaze away at every bush or bunch of grass we saw moving. We waited until we saw what was moving it, and were sure we did see what it was before firing; for if we missed, before we were ready to fire again whatever we were shooting at would be half-way across to the next county. But now with the breechloader that only needs a twist of the wrist to reload, we can keep on pumping lead until the magazine is empty, and by that time we will have hit something, if it is only a stump on the side of a hill half a mile away. If it is not a man who stops one of these balls, then that is the man's fault, not ours; we have not stopped long enough to see whether he was in range or not.

The man or boy who carries his gun by the muzzle and drags it out of a wagon or boat or through a fence with the muzzle pointed toward him, belongs to a class by himself, he will shoot himself or some one else sooner or later; that is a foregone conclusion.

If it should be a boy who is doing this, he will get a lesson as to how to handle his gun, from me, before he goes any further. If it is a man, then I want to go further myself and get clear out of his neighborhood before the catastrophy takes place, then let some other unfortunate get that charge of buckshot.

The last shooting accident that I saw a notice of was where two young men in our own State here were hunting quail; one of them had just stooped down to pick up a dead bird when his companion fired, sending his load of shot into the head and shoulders of the man who was stooping here at his feet.

"You were probably both shooting the quail on the ground," I thought, "so I can't pity you much. After the doctor gets through with you, both of you may be more careful hereafter. Let us hope so, but probably you won't."

CABIA BLANCO.

ERIE, Pa.

A Disgrace to Virginia.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On Thanksgiving Day in this year of grace, 1902, I was in Princess Anne county, Virginia, in the vicinity of that small sheet of fresh water commonly known as the North Bay. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon we were alarmed by what appeared to be a perfect fusillade of musketry, as though the fiercest kind of a sham battle were being fought on the bay.

On proceeding to the shores of the bay, we discovered the cause to be a battue of that nondescript wildfowl locally known as "blue peter," and we beheld a sight which would incite to wrath every lover of animal life and cause a real man the utmost indignation. Several small, quick-moving sailboats would, as far as possible, surround a raft of blue peters and then close in as rapidly as possible, and open fire on the almost helpless prey. Each boat had two men in the bow to do the firing, and fire they did as fast as they could, so the din and the slaughter can readily be imagined. When the round up was finished by the boats reaching the shore, the boats would return under easy sail and pick up the dead, and when this was done the blue peters would be again sought and the performance repeated. Naturally, every living thing except the crew of the boats left the bay. Formerly this bay was frequented by large numbers of wildfowl, but owing to the above-described way of carrying on wanton destruction, as well as the continued use of batteries, wildfowl have been practically exterminated and a duck is rarely seen on this water. I am informed the same practice has begun on the Back Bay, and that batteries also are largely used there. It is safe to say that if some stop is not made and that right speedily, the wildfowl will be driven from that bay, and the once-famed shooting ground of the Ragged Island Club will be but a memory.

One remedy would appear to be simple. Let the Legislature prohibit shooting from boats and also authorize the appointment by a chief State warden or by the county court, of game wardens in every county, and let each and every gunner take out a license and the fees received from licenses be expended in paying the game wardens.

It certainly is the duty of the State to protect itself and its law-abiding citizens against such lawless acts and prevent such wanton and useless slaughter.

XPER.

Capt. John Travis.

From the Turf, Field and Farm, Feb. 29, 1868.

THE celebrated pistol shot of the United States being now in our city for a short time, giving lessons in his favorite art, our readers may like to learn something of the man and his remarkable feats. He is the winner of 108 consecutive matches, the distance he has shot in his different matches ranging from 10 to 500 yards, shooting altogether with a pistol. Some of our readers perhaps will recollect the great feat he performed in Louisiana in 1853, shooting at the first shot on a wager of one thousand dollars, a small orange from the head of Mr. J. P. Osgood. At the distance of twenty paces, another great feat of his at Niagara Falls was much talked of at the time. Monsieur Blondin, the renowned rope walker, was crossing Niagara River from the American to the Canadian side. When half-way across Blondin held out his hat, and the captain from the deck of the steamer Maid of the Mist, at the distance of 360 feet, shot a ball through the hat.

Adirondack Deer.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The deer season has ended, and as the snow is coming down as though it meant to stay, there is not much likelihood of any more deer news reaching the woodsmen till the crusting begins, which it does as soon as the crust is thick enough on deep snow.

It has been a pretty good year for deer. Ruffed grouse and woodcock were never so scarce in the valley of the West Canada as they were this fall, but it has been a long while since the deer were more plentiful around the clearings along that stream and its sister, Little Black Creek. Almost daily we heard that deer had been seen "up the road," or in somebody's pasture. Deer were seen eleven times in Johnny Bousefield's pasture, most of which can be seen from Northwood post office. Probably these deer did not number more than five or six individuals, however. A band was seen many times across the creek in Ohio. It began with five individuals, but diminished to three before the hunting opened. I saw a score or more of deer tracks where the animals had crossed the road up the creek within two miles of the stores here, and on at least two occasions two deer crossed the road together. One time, however, a dog was after a pair, judging by the track.

When the season opened, several deer were shot around Northwood and Wheelertown. A few were got in fair fashion, as they wandered at the edge of a clearing, but there are some hounds which can run deer still left in the country, and some of these did not grow fat while the hunting lasted.

But it is a fact known to every resident of the region that the number of dogs able to run deer is gradually decreasing, and that the violations of the law in this manner have fallen off more than in proportion. The constant reiteration that it is against the law, and that the State is liable to have a man up in this country has worried all who have poaching inclinations. The result is that hounding is no longer carried on in this neighborhood as it once was. In fact I do not know of a single race being run at Northwood this year.

But along Little Black Creek, numbers of deer have fallen ahead of hounds, or other dogs. Yet even there so much caution was used that none should run to West Creek, that only short run dogs were used for the most part, and so frequently after a circle or two in the woods, the deer shook its pursuer, and went free unseen.

It is a fact, however, that even this little hunting with hounds has kept the deer supply down a great deal. Unless it is stopped, still-hunting with any success in the wood lots is far from likely within three or four years. But the deer are increasing, around the clearings at least, in the estimation of the woodsmen.

One effect of the still-hunting law has been to make better woodsmen of the hunters who visit the deep woods. "We didn't know how to hunt them at first," Fred Jones said the other day, and so it was. Men who had of late years merely sat on runways and waited for the deer to pop into view found that the deer back in the woods was conspicuous chiefly as a flying white plume, with no particular place to aim at. Deer five rods away in the woods were a harder proposition as a target than one ten rods away on an open stream. Many men with long records of big bucks found to their amazement that they couldn't get any at all. They simply had to go to work and learn how to hunt deer, of which they had known practically nothing save that the animals fled to the water when pursued by dogs and that they followed runways to the streams.

In these days it is no longer the Gorge Runway, the Pine Tree, the Natural Dam, of which one hears of an evening at the store, or by the fireside in a camp, but of the Burning, the Beaver Meadow, the Mountain up next to the top, the Beech flat down the brook. The most remarkable and the best effect of the non-hounding law has not been that it saves the deer, but that it has compelled the men to learn woodcraft, to study the nature of the game and of the lay of the land.

Incidentally in the learning, men have had a widening of their personal experience. Of a party of ten men who went to Horn Lake this fall eight slept out all of various nights—at least ran around trees, for the nights were cold—because they could not find camp. They got in in the morning or by the next night in all but one case, and that man stayed out two nights. So too with a party of hunters up on Little Black Creek Lake. They were hunting, and two of them got lost. One fetched up at the Old Pardy Place nine miles away, and the other carried a deer to the North Branch, a matter of six or eight miles out of his course.

In my own experience I have been a bit more fortunate. I have not been out all night, but I found myself ten miles from my camp at three o'clock on a November afternoon. The way I hit for camp was record breaking. In just the ordinary course of a day's hunt, I have discovered lakes, mountains and brooks far from their natural resorts, and it was only with much effort and a compass, known to be perfectly reliable, that I was able to put them back in their proper places. I know from my own personal experience, as well as from listening to the tales of the woodsmen, that there is more real information to be had by the ordinary man from a day's still-hunting than from two weeks on a runway.

And the difference between sitting for ten hours on a log or rock, chilled, blinded by the reflected light of the sun, deafened by the roar of a stream and numbed by inactivity, from slipping through the woods exercising every muscle and the faculties and senses, is so great that to change back to the hounding would be to the disadvantage of the woodsmen, mentally at least; and to the city "sports" physically as well as mentally, though in the latter case not in so marked a degree, since sitting on a runway to the two-week or so wood dweller is sufficiently occupying to the mind in its novelty.

As to the accidents in which men are mistaken for game, we have had none of them in this locality. Nor do I know of a man's being shot at. But it might easily happen if any one were in the least careless. In the party I was with this fall, the two best woodsmen had experiences to make them shiver. They were hunting on a side hill, Will at the foot, and Fred half way up. Will saw a deer and fired. He was then at the foot of the hill. Fred heard the shot and in a few seconds, as it seemed, he saw the hind leg of the deer directly in front of him, on the hill side. Fred stopped instanter and waited for the shoulder to appear. In a few moments the leg moved along, and then Will stepped out from the brush. Nine out of ten hunters would have felt themselves justified in shooting when all the circumstances so clearly indicated a deer. A day later Will had a similar experience with Fred. He supposed Fred was on his right, but Fred was to his left instead, where he loomed through the woods like a deer, but by waiting for a clear view in both cases, a tragedy was averted. The gang I travel with begins to talk about being careful before the supplies are purchased for the trip, and not a morning comes in the woods but what mutual warnings are exchanged.

One reason why there are not more convictions for breaking the game law is neighborliness. Nobody likes to tell on his neighbor. One way to break the wholesale violations is to send a stranger to the district infested by the lawless spirit. Evidence could be had easy enough to convict half the citizens of some communities, but one conviction would make such a place "clean." Those who talk the most about law breaking are not always the ones who obey the law.

This fall a local paper came out with a tirade against hounders. Wilmurt needed the warning all right enough, but the man who gave it was indiscreet. He signed his name to the article. Just one week later to a day, I was driving to Noblesborough, through Wilmurt. I heard shots ahead, and on reaching the place, I met four men. Three of them were carrying a big doe, the fourth, the man who wrote, had four guns. The doe was wet, and had been killed in the water. A mongrel hound sported along with them. Of this same man it is told that he was on a runway—I've seen him so many times—watching for law breakers. A deer came along, and the man missed it, not once, but many times. Pretty soon the dog came along, and the watcher killed it according to law.

The laws ought to be enforced. There is no doubt about that. But to offer half the reward to a man's neighbor for betraying him, does not seem to be the best way of doing it. Nor are political appointees likely to be the most efficient. If game constables were elected and could be made to see the need of doing their duty, probably the game laws would, after a time, become as well observed as any other laws. But when government officials of various sorts—including judges, and lieutenant-governors, and the like, violate game laws, it looks as though it was just a case where liberal education and a fair sense of honor was needed. The trouble is further in the fact that when a man is in the woods, he is there to get away from rules and codes and business. Anything that suggests law and order are most distasteful to him. He wants to be "free," untrammeled. That is what he is there for, and one way of being so is to get out and shoot deer contrary to the law. With some it is just a way of showing that they are independent.

One sort of game is growing plentiful in spite of lack of protection. That is bears. There have been lots of them seen. Roscoe Conkling killed four one day, and saw eleven, in the Woodhull Lake country. He seems to have met a whole migration of them. He ran short of cartridges, or he would have killed—nobody knows how many more. Then Jim Macbeth saw a couple up at Noblesborough, and over at Wheelertown half a dozen or so were shot at. Their tracks were everywhere around the clearings. I saw three myself one day. I shot, of course, and missed. But it was worth missing to see the old one. She ran ten yards and then stood behind a big dead stub, and peeking around to one side of it, wondering what I was up to anyhow. With a rifle of low trajectory—a .30-30—I might have hit her, but it was a long shot. In other respects I have found my .45-90 entirely satisfactory.

The .30-30 is in the balance as regards local opinion. Many have used them here. Some tell about the awful holes they make, and others tell how they have had to put half a dozen bullets into deer before they could get it. When the bullets hit a bone, it is generally agreed, the effect is terrific. But otherwise a .32 would be as good. For our work here a .38-55 is plenty strong enough, and with that gun half the deer killed in this region are brought down. It is not unlikely that if more accidents occur with the .30-30 in proportion, it is because tenderfeet use them.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

NORTHWOOD, N. Y.

Virginia Duck Shooting.

CITY POINT, Va., Dec. 6.—Duck shooters who would like to come here and cannot, may comfort themselves with the reflection that their time would be wasted again this year, as it was or would have been last year. About the first of November, 1901, ducks appeared in their usual abundance, and for two or three weeks afforded excellent battery shooting. Then, owing to the scarcity of food, they "took out" and did not return, even in March or April.

This year's food conditions are very similar, and no river ducks have come at all, though there are some black ducks, mallards and sprigtails on the marshes, which are as a rule rented to private parties. The Belch boys have not even put their battery overboard, and their house-boat lies unused at anchor below General Grant's wharf—or the remains of it.

Mild weather is generally regarded as the cause of the absence of blackheads, redheads and canvasbacks this year, and a cold snap which may bring them is anxiously awaited.

J. L. K.

Ontario Deer and Hounds.

ONTARIO has some of the finest deer hunting in the world, and season after season we have heard fairy tales of how, thanks to the excellent game laws of the Province and their thorough enforcement, the number of deer, instead of decreasing, has been actually increasing, notwithstanding the invasion of the bush by hordes of hunters and hounds. The fact of the matter is that the number of deer is fast becoming smaller except in the more remote and inaccessible localities, and that they will be practically exterminated within a few years unless our boasted game laws are changed. The change that is wanted is the prohibition of hounding. This has been advised by the Government's Game Commissioners, as well as by others, but the pressure from the hounders and the butchers who murder deer in the water has been too strong, the game act remained unchanged and the slaughter has been unchecked. Even hounders begin to realize this and some of them suggest remedies such as limiting each hunter to one deer—anything but the prohibition of hounding. Let us hope that the Government will take action during the coming session. First let hounding be prohibited. This done, the hunters should be restricted to killing bucks only. This plan has been adopted in other countries with good results, and has been applied in Ontario to moose and caribou. Why not to deer also? It would not only help to keep up the number of the latter, but the necessity for looking for antlers might prevent the shooting of men in mistake for deer, and there appears to be no good reason why each hunter should not be allowed to kill two bucks if he can.

There are proposals to change the season, making it open later, as it is argued that venison is liable to spoil in the early part of November. Some may have spoiled during the season just ended, but it was exceptionally mild. However, no great harm would be done by having the season open later, nor, if hounding be stopped and none but bucks killed, by lengthening it by a week or ten days.—Canadian Champion.

In the Yellowstone Park.

THE usual amount of game has come down out of the mountains. Elk are very thick. I do not notice any particular increase in the number of antelope. I think coyotes and other animals have taken almost all the increase. There is a lot of sheep and mule deer. The sheep have done better than the antelope.

A mountain lion was killed about Nov. 25 in Gardiner Cañon by Scout Holt. It had just killed a coyote. Something new to us. Holt saw the kill made down by the river, which leads us to think the coyote had gone there for water and was sick. Possibly it had got hold of some poison. There is lots of strychnine out. The lion was taking the coyote up the side of the cañon when shot. If they would kill coyotes and not sheep they would be useful animals in the Park.

The wild things around here are getting very tame. Teams pass down within a few feet of them unnoticed. The other day the mail stage had to stop for a buck mule deer in the road. The team was afraid to go on, and it was some time before the deer would get out of the way. As it was the running season there was some danger from the buck. They are getting too tame. I told the driver, Morrison, to carry a lot of good-sized rocks on the seat to throw at the bucks when they would not let the U. S. mail pass. I have known mountain sheep to be very slow about getting out of the road.

The railroad is completed to Gardiner, by spring I hope to be able to sell out and move my roll of blankets to Seattle and Alaska. There is considerable snow here for Gardiner, about 4 inches. About 18 inches at Swan Lake flat, 12 at Mammoth Hot Springs, 3 feet between Norris and the Cañon. I don't see where all the game is going to get food this winter. Major Pitcher will feed the antelope when they require it. They range now from Gardiner to the first fence this side of Cinnabar.

T. E. H.

Black River Association.

UTICA, N. Y., Dec. 2.—The Black River Fish and Game Protective Association held its fifteenth annual meeting on Dec. 1, and many matters of interest to true sportsmen were considered. The report of Treasurer H. A. Pride showed the financial condition of the organization to be very satisfactory. Secretary W. E. Wolcott presented his annual report.

Resolutions were adopted declaring it to be the sense of the Association that the open season for deer should be from Sept. 15 to Oct. 31, both inclusive; that the sale in the market of venison, grouse, woodcock, squirrels, wild ducks, wild geese, snipe and plover, killed in New York State, should be prohibited; that the Legislature at its coming session should make a liberal appropriation for the purchase of additional forest lands in the Adirondack region.

The following officers were elected: President, William L. Fowler, Holland Patent; Vice-President, Ed. Robertson, Trenton; Secretary, W. E. Wolcott, Utica; Treasurer, H. A. Pride, Holland Patent; Directors: John W. Hicks, Marcy; Frank S. Fowler,, Oriskany Falls; John C. Thomas, Remsen; Ed. Robertson, Trenton; George G. Chassell, H. A. Pride, Ira L. Park, Holland Patent; Delegates to State Convention: W. E. Wolcott, W. L. Fowler.

W. E. WOLCOTT.

Pennsylvania Grouse.

SAYRE, Pa., Dec. 5.—Ruffed grouse are plenty in all the favorite covers of northern Pennsylvania. A good many bevies of quail are also reported. Gray squirrels were found in plentiful numbers and rabbits are everywhere abundant.

Mr. Benjamin S. Warner, of Sayre, a long-time reader of FOREST AND STREAM, and the owner of a Gladstone setter that is a sure enough meat dog, is just back from a week's outing at Browntown, Wyoming county, and reports quail more plentiful in that vicinity than for several seasons past. Mr. Warner hunted largely over posted grounds, and the shooting he enjoyed was of an exceptionally high class character.

Benjamin Stone recently made a double on ruffed grouse in a bit of shooting country just out of Athens that is somewhat remarkable and worthy of note.

A grouse arose directly in front of Stone, and on the instant he shot at this bird a second grouse flew into the exact line of fire, and both birds were killed.

If in the bright lexicon of sportsmanship there is such an existing fact as a cinch, then the lean and supple youth from the historic environs of Athens certainly acquired it on the occasion mentioned.

M. CHILL.

The Drum of the Grouse.

New York, Dec. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The interesting letter from Morgantown, W. Va., on "The Drumming of the Grouse," published in this week's issue of your valued paper, evokes in me the following pleasant recollection:

While eating a hasty lunch on the shore of one of Maine's loveliest lakes last October, I heard a partridge drum in the thick woods behind me. Having but recently entered the wilderness and not having yet indulged my first taste of ruffed grouse for the season, I quickly grabbed the gun and ran in the direction whence the sound was coming. Proceeding slowly and cautiously for 50 or 60 yards through the woods, I came to an old lumber road without having seen the bird, which by this time had ceased drumming.

Crossing the road, I soon perceived the cock standing on a large fallen log, and as I was about to raise the gun to my shoulder, the thought struck me that I might get the oportunity for which I had many times longed, of seeing a partridge drum.

I was then about 60 or 70 feet from the log, and by carefully walking in a crouching position, I succeeded in approaching, totally unobserved by the bird, within 25 or 30 feet from where he stood.

There I anxiously waited for what seemed to me fully 20 minutes, and which in reality was, I suppose, but one quarter of that time, when all of a sudden, the bird, which during this period had kept motionless, raised his head and neck, ruffled his feathers, straightened up his body in the same fashion as a rooster does when about to crow, and began striking the tips and edges of his wings, behind his back, very slowly at first, and gradually more and more quickly, until the noise and the extremely rapid motion fairly dazzled me for an instant, when suddenly the operation stopped.

The moral effect of this "virtuoso's" performance caused his life to be spared, and I withdrew to finish my interrupted repast, and incidentally stretch my cramped up legs, leaving him undisturbed.

Your correspondent positively asserts that the noise is produced by the bird striking the wings against his body; I only saw his wings strike each other.

However, it may be possible that "the many birds of his" acted differently from this "one of mine."

J. Oswald Jimenis.

A Settler's Close Call.

The practice of pit lamp hunting, or jack-lighting for deer, though illegal, is indulged in to a great extent by certain unprincipled poachers in this neighborhood. Although columns have been written in nearly every newspaper in the country, protesting against the evil practice, pointing out its dangers to man and beast, and giving accounts of the many fatal accidents resulting from that practice, yet there are men who still sneak out with their lamps and deadly long range rifles, in defiance of law, and in utter and selfish disregard of their neighbors' and their neighobrs cattles' lives, to shoot deer at night. Not so long ago a settler was arranging things about the stove, preparatory to retiring, he had turned around, and was about to step into the next room, when a bullet from somewhere outside, pierced the window glass, glanced off the stove, and went out through the other side of the house. Had the man not moved just when he did, he must have been shot. Of course, an examination out of doors failed to reveal anything. Night prowlers of this sort are in habit like sneak thieves, and so soon as they had become aware of the effect of their shot, they promptly "doused the glim." The settler referred to is saying very little, but it is extremely probable that there will be warm times in store for anyone he catches pit-lamping in that vicinity. Fool criminals of the jack-lighting class should, in addition to all the several penalties of the law, have their firearms taken from them and never allowed to again carry a gun.—Cumberland (B. C.) News.

Philadelphians in Virginia.

Philadelphia, Nov. 29.—As I passed through the gates of the Pennsylvania station here to-day the inspiring sight met my gaze of six men with as many gun cases filing through a neighboring gate, and well laden with sufficient hand baggage to indicate that six places of business would know their respective manipulators no more for some time to come.

Later, as the train moved out for the South and an overwhelming desire to "hit the pipe" came over me, I moved to the smoking compartment and found six gunners located there discussing the game of hearts. They could not play because the porter said "it was against the rules." The party consisted of Messrs. F. T. Patten, known to his immediate party as "Pop," certainly an undeserved nom de plume; N. B. Gaskill, as "Babe," (an ill-fitting sobriquet); W. A. Shreve, S. W. Beldon, G. W. Black (I was told that "W." stood for the real Washington), and P. F. H. Blakeley. They were bound for Virginia, duck shooting. I can only add that if they could overcome duck scruples as easily as "coon" scruples, they must have come home laden. T. E. B.

Forest Protection.

From the President's Message.

Few subjects of more importance have been taken up by the Congress in recent years than the inauguration of the system of nationally aided irrigation for the arid regions of the far West. A good beginning therein has been made. Now that this policy of national irrigation has been adopted, the need of thorough and scientific forest protection will grow more rapidly than ever throughout the public-land States.

Legislation should be provided for the protection of the game, and the wild creatures generally, on the forest reserves. The senseless slaughter of game, which can by judicious protection be permanently preserved on our national reserves for the people as a whole, should be stopped at once. It is, for instance, a serious count against our national good sense to permit the present practice of butchering off such a stately and beautiful creature as the elk for its antlers or tusks.

Sunning a Deer.

This is about as it came to me: "The sun was dipping rapidly toward the horizon when out from the cover of the timber, well down the lake, walked a splendid buck, to a point where the lilypads grew. My guide, a full-blooded Chippewa, first saw the animal and called my attention to it. Looking at the sun, he pointed to the canoe and whispered, 'Gun.' I mechanically and quickly obeyed, but as the canoe was pushed through the reeds it was pointed straight away from the sun and toward the deer. I was at a loss to know the meaning of such a course. The canoe was driven along through open water nearer and nearer to the deer. The wind was from the deer, which the Indian well knew before he made the start. Repeatedly the deer raised his head and looked our way, but only to resume his feeding. Although we were less than a hundred yards from him, he saw nothing. Our backs were to the sun. Nearer and nearer we glided along through the rippling water, and yet the deer continued to attentively look up and feed on.

"As we closed in upon him the guide whispered, 'No shoot yet,' and nearer yet we came, our backs straight against the sun, and when we were not fifty feet away, the guide having thoroughly demonstrated his wonderful (to me) experiment, said, 'Shoot now,' and as he held the canoe I planted a ball between the eyes of the staring buck, and he was mine."

Charles Cristadoro.

List of Game Protectors of New York State.

J. Warren Pond, Capitol, Albany, Chief Protector.
John E. Leavitt, Johnstown, Fulton county, Assistant Chief Protector.
Manister C. Worts, Oswego, Oswego county, Assistant Chief Protector.
Ball, J. Edward, Old Forge, Herkimer county.
Barnes, Charles T., Olmsteadville, Essex county.
Beede, Fletcher S., Keene Valley, Essex county.
Benson, Neil J., Neversink, Sullivan county.
Buckley, James W., Niagara Falls, Niagara county.
Burhans, Edward, Brown Station, Ulster county.
Carter, Thomas, Bridge street, Buffalo, Erie county.
Conklin, De Witt C., Olean, Cattaraugus county.
Courtney, Frank E., Wells, Hamilton county.
Donnelly, Thomas H., Perry, Wyoming county.
Dorlin, E. A., Freeport, Nassau county.
DoVille, Claude, Sodus Point, Wayne county.
Farley, John, Rhinecliff, Dutchess county.
Fournia, Frank O., Albany, Albany county.
Gaylord, Harvey N., Turin, Lewis county.
Grennon, Joseph P., Raquette Lake, Hamilton county.
Hawn, Spencer, Cicero, Onondaga county.
Hazen, Edward A., Hammond, St. Lawrence county.
Holmes, James, Apalachin, Tioga county.
Kidd, Willett, Newburgh, Orange county.
Kinsman, Emery, Natural Bridge, Lewis county.
Klock, Charles A., Fairfield, Herkimer county.
Lake, George E., Bath, Steuben County.
Lamphere, James H., Weedsport, Cayuga county.
Mattison, Samuel G., Altmar, Oswego county.
McCullum, Byron H., Oswegatchie, St. Lawrence county.
McKinnon, Daniel H., Masonville, Delaware county.
Nichols, Robert B., Indian Lake, Hamilton county.
Northrup, Joseph, Alexandria Bay, Jefferson county.
Piersall, Samuel, Camden, Oneida county.
Potter, Frank M., Chautauqua, Chautauqua county.
Reed, Wallace L., Canandaigua, Ontario county.
Reynolds, Ernest H., Colton, St. Lawrence county.
Scott, Newton A., Greenfield Center, Saratoga county.
Selkirk, George, Duane, Franklin County.
Shedden, James F., Moocrs, Clinton county.
Somerville, Robert, Sodom, Warren County.
Smith, George B., Horseheads, Chemung County.
Vosburgh, Isaiah, Saranac Lake, Franklin county.
Warren, R. E., Hampton, Washington county.
Weir, John W., Dannemora, Clinton county.
Wellman, Amos D., 608 Haywood avenue, Rochester, Monroe county.
Williams, Albert P., Mansville, Jefferson county.
Winslow, Alvin, Stony Creek, Warren county.

OYSTER PROTECTORS.

Edgar Hicks, West New Brighton, Richmond county.
John E. Overton, Port Jefferson, Suffolk county.
John Ferguson, Patchogue, Suffolk county (Asst.).

Christmas Books.

The problem of Christmas gifts is one to which much thought is given each year, and the decision of the weighty question as to what shall be given is put off in many cases until the last moment, and the work of selection and purchase done in a hurry and amid much confusion, so that often the gift arrives after the eventful day has passed; to the great disappointment of the donor.

Among the convenient and useful gifts for Christmas none take higher place than good books, and for the readers of Forest and Stream and their friends, those published by the Forest and Stream Publishing Co. are peculiarly attractive. Such books should be ordered well in advance, so that they may be shipped before the rush of postoffice matter clogs the Christmas mails, and to each reader who may wish to make a selection the Forest and Stream Publishing Co. will gladly forward a free catalogue of its publications.

Among the books especially attractive to the big game hunter are "Camera Shots at Big Game," "Camp Fires of the Everglades," "American Big Game Hunting," "Hunting in Many Lands," and "Trail and Camp Fire." The man who uses the shotgun will be pleased by a copy of the "American Duck Shooting," "Field, Cover and Trap Shooting," Elliott's "Game Birds," or "Hitting vs. Missing," or by any one of the dog books by the great authorities, Messrs. B. Waters and S. T. Hammond.

For yachtsmen there are "Small Yachts," "Steam Yachts," "Yacht Architecture" and various books on canoe building, handling and cruising. "Fly Rod and Camera," "Fly Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout," and Dr. Henshall's "Black Bass" books appeal strongly to the angler; while there are miscellaneous books by R. E. Robinson, Mather, Mrs. Churchill, Grinnell and others, full of interest, and of useful information.

"I hear you had a gun stolen the other day?"

"Yes, and if the thief returns it, I'll give him the contents and no questions asked."

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in Forest and Stream.

A Series of New Salmon Flies.

Of all the branches of sport I have had the privilege of enjoying in the wide world—yacht racing, shooting in India, hunting, deer stalking, game shooting, dry-fly trouting, and many other forms—there is nothing to my mind so grand and so evergreen as salmon fishing with the fly, and yet there is no sport in which the final connection between man and success is less certainly understood or commonly accepted than is the sparking point in salmon fishing—the fly, or the vanity of man, an unsettled brain, or a high faculty of fiction; anyway, an admission that human science has not finally penetrated the mysterious nature of the salmon. It is even said that salmon themselves can be educated to hook on, but, if so, it must take time, and no sportsman cares to kill a very brown fish.

It is not my intention in the following remarks to meddle in any way with the beautiful and vast collection of marine biology called "standard" salmon flies, nor to pull to pieces the pet local concoctions of the river gillies; let them all be enjoyed by their slaves. My intention is to describe an exactly opposite plan, which I think will be appreciated and found quite effective by that large body of salmon fishers who fish as guests, as short time renters, or as ticket holders; in short, migratory fishermen who cannot spare the time, the brain exhaustion, or often the money to fully follow out the scientific use of the 200 pattern system. Long ago I kicked against that vast accumulation, but, of course, I started a little one on my own. To any expert angler, whatever his own system of fishing may be, I, with all deference, would say, before you decide *pro* or *con*, on the plant I am about to explain give it a level good trial; tie the flies and go out in company with another expert rod who will fairly work the scheme of scientific selections from the hundreds of patterns recommended from time to time, who will use one fly to rouse a fish and change to another to kill, or, perhaps, even stop and tie by the river a special fly to kill, while you merely shift once or so for size.

The old standard patterns kill well even yet, and will do so, and there is no reliable evidence that great novelties have displaced them, but that they need not be slavishly copied in all detail is commonly proved.

Without adhering to minute particulars of wing construction in coloring, which nine times out of ten fish cannot possibly see, he being right under the fly (see Fig. 1, middle position), I grouped the ordinary and the extraordinary patterns as to general color and their probable effect in water as they would be seen by the fish. In this way I finally arrived at four pretty distinct groups and one large indefinite lot. Then I set about to design a single fly to fairly command each group, viz., a dark heavy fly, mainly black, blue, and gold; a dark wavy fly, mainly black and silver and scarlet; a bright showy red and gold stiff fly; a light blue and silver cinnamon; and, finally, a light fly, distinctly yellow, red, and black, a combination I had found successful on many occasions in bright sun and shallow or low water. Whether such reduction of patterns is scientifically correct I care not; I find my kills on various and very different rivers have not fallen off. I rather think they have increased, but who can gauge salmon kills season by season? Nobody can. One result I do know is the comfort of having few and definite weapons to use.

There are about 300 different published patterns of salmon flies and quite another hundred local killers. Mr. Kelson's great book "The Salmon Fly," gives some 244 distinct patterns. Major Treherne, in the Badminton Library, gives a careful selection of useful patterns, fourteen in number.

Color, that is, in a general way, is no doubt important in certain colorings of the water caused by peat, road washing, and many other things, but in any river large enough to maintain such title the color of the water is susceptible of considerable changes; therefore so also as to the fly coloring to be used thereon. The surroundings of the pools on most rivers differ immensely—red cliffs and rocks here, green trees and slate colored rocks, and, on the same beat, some pools open, with gray shingle and green banks. The contention of some men goes as far as suggesting, even maintaining, that a river subject to all these changes of shore color and water mixture definitely demands one particular color in preference to others. Size is the main thing after general color has been decided for the particular circumstances. My box for a day's work, carried in breast pocket, holds sixty-four flies, that is, five patterns, four sizes of each, and three copies of each size—i. e., sixty flies, with space for an occasional trial bogie, said to be the *ne plus ultra*. In my tackle case I often carry, but seldom use, several old hairy things and curios to work off the fancies of gillies who may, on strange waters, mar your sport by not disclosing the catches if you do not pander to their fancy. But once you know the river ot beat go "pooh-bah," and stand by to have to give your own concoction as a pattern, to be unearthed to some future fishing guest as the thing for the river.

The salmon fly, as I have hinted, is to my mind merely a personal invention founded more or less on tradition and some success. The way to see the hollowness of the multifly system is to paint water-color drawings of as many marked patterns as your patience will permit and time allow. Draw them to one size, say one and three-quarter inches, hooks, each on a separate card, then place these on a clear table or the floor, shift about till you have grouped general leading color and tinsel in fleets. They will group as before described. Can you not get some five patterns of new conglomerations to cover the lot as far as fish are likely to know it? It has been my endeavor to rig up four flies to command these four groups, and to make them possibly simpler, less work to tie, less variety of material to carry about, and yet to have each a fly not too grossly different from the flies which salmon have always taken, and beyond these one bright yellow black "curio" for sulky fish in low water or in bright sun. I have now had several seasons of using these

flies and modifying them into simplicity, and I have had some very good sport with them. I have usually carried some of my old stock of standard patterns, and, when failing with the new ones over a fish, I have tried the regulars and even the river keeper's local pets, but usually with no better success than with my own; therefore, my old regulation stock is allowed to die out. Many regulation flies will cut up nicely when away from home, and will redress as one or other of the patterns I give; others are given to the kelts when it is evident that few or no spring fish are about, for I like to flog all day and chance it for a fresh fish, yet one begrudges beautiful specimens for such rough work as kelts give them.

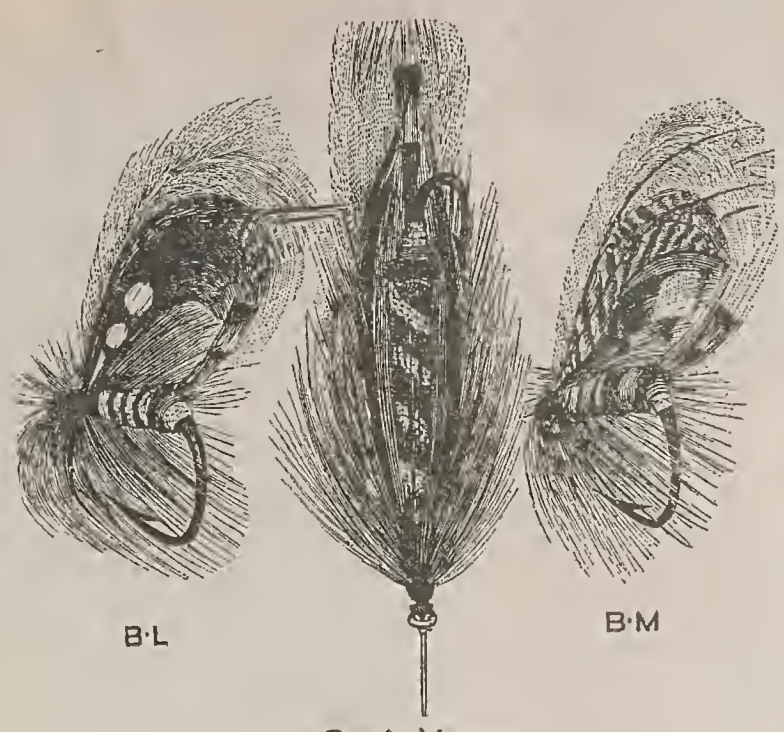
The fashion is to call each salmon fly by some name, just as is a ship or boat, no matter whether such name resembles a fly, a man, a trade, a rank, or even a king, so, in honor of the most reliable bit of male creation with which I have had the pleasure of being associated in connection with water, I name my first fly the Blue-Jacket—blue and silver, a light, go-anywhere fly. I have killed with it on all sorts of rivers; indeed, if I were forced to reduce to two flies, Blue-Jacket would be one of them. With the slight variation of jungle cock, instead of bluejay, at sides, it plays the devil in almost any water, bright or heavy. The next leveler is mainly red and gold, the helpmate of the aforesaid handy man; this is the Red-Marine. But for heavier work and longer range we need artillery, so my No. 3, still sticking to the ship, is the Blue-Marine (Marine-Artillery), mainly dark blue and gold in his uniform. Then we come to the black and silver division, a large lot, mostly defaulters, having no particular character, useful for doing drudgery in any place in any weather, always logged on board ship as in the Black List. Finally there remains the yellow fly for sulky, sickly fish impounded in low water pools or tropical sun; this is Quarantine, the yellow flag.

The materials needed for making these flies are comparatively simple, and I have found that even a roughly built fly will kill. I am not going to describe the actual fly-tying; there are excellent books thereon, such as "How to Tie Salmon Flies," by Capt. Hale, and "The Salmon Fly," by Mr. G. M. Kelson. These give all the necessary instruction. I would only add that in tying my own flies I often depart from the school ways in making wings and in putting on hackles. I make numerous stop hitches and varnish them, so that if the fly gets ripped by a fish only small portions can come away, and often the wreck left will fish, and has fished, well enough to kill another. The cost of flies is much a question of the feathers used, so I buy whole skins now instead of a dozen or so of particular feathers. A golden pheasant skin contains, bar the hackle and sides, all the feathers necessary, but such things as mallard, turkey, jay, jungle, gallina, and Simla parrot are very inexpensive. The build of the fly may be varied, and should be. I have some patterns long, scraggy, and wavy, others of the same, but built stiffer, shorter, and deeper, so as to suit different pools.

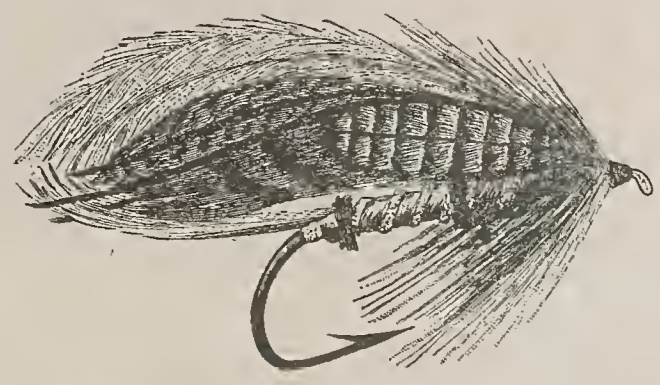
I often tie any one of the flies with slight variations, just to anticipate fancy when picking out of the box. See, for instance, the Blue-Jacket. You keep to the general character of the fly, viz., blue and silver, a dash of scarlet about the shoulder, with light blue over at the throat. Then the wing a gray over a cinnamon general color. I do not think it matters much whether that wing is from any particular bird, nor whether it is made of mixed fibers, married strips, or strands. Do it as you find convenient, and with the handiest feathers, so long as it casts well and tows straight. In another way I vary the fly; sides may differ for different waters or daylights, such as putting on jungle cock instead of jay, or large, long jay instead of a little scrap. Failing having spare copies of either pattern, and being without the time, material, or conveniences for tying flies, a shop standard may be got for the time; match chiefly by body and hackle, and stand by to refit in next port.

I have no doubt that my description, with the drawings, will be ample for the professional dresser, so that if any fisher likes to try my quaint conceits, he can order samples from his tackle man, and see how they look in the real. Here I will just touch a point which must appeal to the pocket, if not to the common sense, of those who only fish occasionally, not being regular, habitual river-siders—the pounds, shillings and pence. Taking the average cost of middle-sized flies on double hooks, shop made, with three or four toppings, they come to 2s. each. Now my five flies stand thus for a trip to a river: Five patterns in four sizes of each, and three of each size, comes to sixty flies to be taken; value £6. Taking Major Treherne's list of fifteen flies, in the same sizes, and spare numbers, we have 180 flies, at a cost of £18. But when we turn to the 244 separate standard patterns given in "The Salmon Fly" book, of course, there would have to be selection, and I give up such an exasperating puzzle.

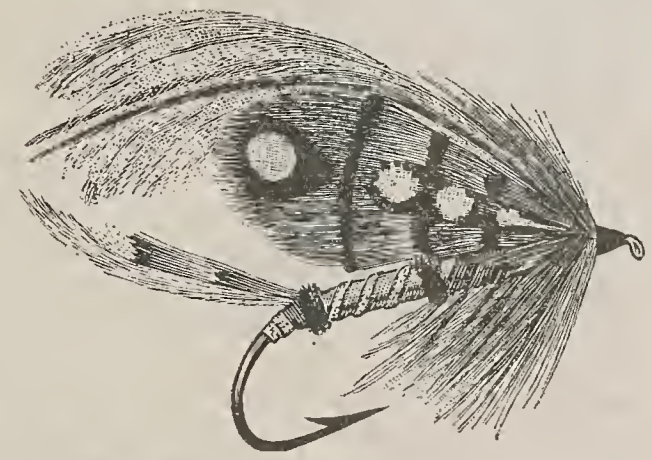
Shape is much a matter of fancy. I find long wings cast best and tow far best. Give me a skinny fly in preference to one high-arched and full-winged. The drawings, of course, show more stuff than should actually be found in the fly, being descriptive, not portraits of flies. And the length of wing, of hackle, of tail, or of sides should be put in the actual fly as suits the dresser's fancy, unless the fisherman has his own ideas on the subject. The mode of building the wings, again, can be varied, even in one pattern of fly, so that, in the four sizes and three copies of each to be carried, almost any kind of water-run can be satisfied. Even some variation of dressing, much depending on the feathers one has handy, will not be harmful, even may be useful, so long as the general appearance of the fly remains as suggested. *Vide,* for instance, the Quarantine (Fig. 4), the back to back whole feathers can be golden pheasant sword feathers with longer jungle sides, instead of Himalayan pheasant red and spot hackles with short jungle at sides. Or, in the Blue-Marine, on some days and states of water I should, on personal presumptive precocity, prefer bluejay sides instead of the jungle cock sides; but I do not know that the salmon would, so I tie some with jungle. In the Red-Marine fly, probably a strip of scarlet and black-tipped Simla parrot between wing is as effective as are the two spot and black Himalayan pheasant red hackle feathers, projecting from between the four or two tippets in the alternative dressings. You may have plenty of sizes of the one, and but small amount of the other in your tying box store. Black-List can be harmlessly but sometimes



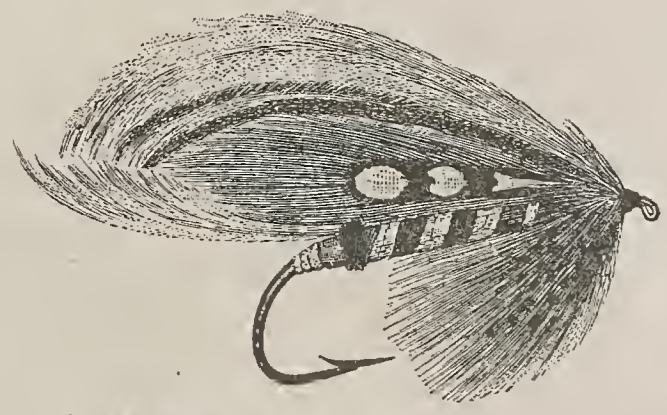
FISH'S VISION
Fig. 1.



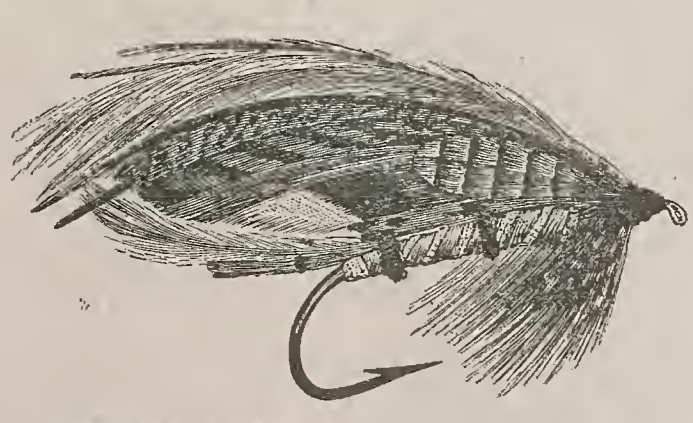
BLUE-JACKET
Fig. 2.



RED-MARINE
Fig. 3.



QUARANTINE.
Fig. 4.



BLUE-MARINE.
Fig. 5.

BLACK-LIST
Fig. 6.

usefully varied by gold pheasant scarlet sword feather in place of Simla red parrot, or red macaw can be put in; in short, we want some bright scarlet. As to Blue-Jacket, the only variation I make, or rather keep in the box for daily use, is as to the sides and the throat hackle. I think if I had kept a log record of kills, Blue-Jacket would stand at two for every one fish killed by the four other flies. Taking throat hackle first, I have found dark Prussian blue, almost black, very good on dull days; jungle instead of jay for sides on some waters; and, again, the largest pale blue whole jay, almost as long as the body, excellent as sides on a bright day. So, I say, tie what you like so long as you have the distinct changes, and instead of buying a microscope to examine your flies with—or more probably for the purpose of criticizing some other fellow's flies—expend that money in new sound gut casts. One word more as to build before I state the formal dressings. Except in rare circumstances, I believe that toppings make the fly. On a bright day toppings disclose the fly at a distance, acting as a heliograph to the fish to come and inspect, and the body and hackles do the trick with the overhang of the toppings. This overhang is about the only part of the wing that the fish can see after the fly comes over him in deep water. In shallow water a side show, in addition, is useful, but its minute nature, I consider, is immaterial beyond general tone (*vide* drawing of fish vision for medium depth water). On a dark, black, windy day toppings are of less value. Black on red is your game if you want salmon in hand.

Now the bugle sounds for dressing. I give the formal names, as I suppose they may indicate the make-up; but by "shoulder" I mean the place for a hackle wound round just under the wings; by "throat" is meant between head and wing—a neck hackle.

THE BLUE-JACKET (Fig. 2).—Tag: Silver, and light blue silk. Tail: Topping and light blue fibers. Butts: Bronze peacock herl. Body: In two parts, silver tinsel flat and ribbed, or embossed silver, then light blue silk ribbed with silver, and a bright cardinal red dyed hackle run down it. Wings: Two strips of any light brown or cinnamon turkey, mottled, or zebra mottled gold pheasant tail, two strips of gray mallard (for choice) over, and two long toppings. Sides: Whole jay, pale blue feather; vary size in different flies, even to extending the length of the body; in some small flies put jungle instead. Horns: Two scarlet at mid-wing outside, and two blue macaw over the mallard. Throat: Very light blue, dyed hackle, long, and wound round. Head: Varnished black.

In regard to dressing, I have found that in the very small sizes it is well to tie the body all in the silk of the pattern, and rib it with tinsel, instead of dividing the body; and also, in such case, to run the first hackle right up the body in some flies, to somewhat veil the tinsel where the water fished is very clear.

Blue-Jacket, Blue-Marine and Black-List can usefully be tied in two natures—stiff, deep, and short winged, and long, scraggy, wavy, long hackled. The other two are always stiff flies, whole-feather make.

THE RED-MARINE (Fig. 3).—Silver, with scarlet or claret silk. Tail: Topping, with tippet strands. Butts: Bronze herl, or green herl. Body: In two parts; first, gold with silver ribbing; second, cardinal red, or nearly claret, silk with similar color dyed hackle down it, and ribbed with gold. Wings: Two Himalayan pheasant red hackles with white and black spot, set back to back, projecting well from between two or four tippets, in latter case lapped to form three black bars a side; or, alternatively, a broad strip of red and black tip Simla parrot; or a golden pheasant scarlet sword feather in place of the Himalayan spot hackle, and a couple of strips of mallard over this, three or four toppings over all. Horns: Two scarlet. Throat: Hackle light blue, dyed, wound round. Head: Varnished black.

THE QUARANTINE (Fig. 4).—Tag: Silver, and blue silk. Tail: Two toppings. Butt: Black herl. Body: Black silk, or fur, or wool, ribbed silver tinsel and lace. Hackle: At shoulder bright yellow golden, such as macaw. Wings: Two Himalayan pheasant red hackles, white and black spot, back to back (or gold pheasant scarlet sword feather, or ditto two breast red hackles, or red macaw fibers, etc.), four or five toppings over. Sides: Jungle cock, two or three spots. Two horns of green peacock herl. Throat: Spotted guinea fowl, dyed bright blue, or, in small sizes, bluejay for hackle.

THE BLUE-MARINE (Fig. 5).—Tag: Silver, with blue silk. Tail: Topping with tippet strands. Butts: Black herl. Body: In two parts; first, gold flat or embossed, ribbed with fine silver; then second, dark blue silk, ribbed with silver oval, with blue dyed hackle down it. Wings: Long tippet strands (or red macaw), close long body, two wide strips black turkey with white points, narrow strip (or several strands) scarlet, such as Simla parrot, macaw, etc., two strips narrow brown mottled turkey, or zebra mottled gold pheasant tail, and brown mallard over (in smaller flies only the brown mallard is enough over the scarlet); two toppings over all. Sides: Bluejay, or in some put jungle. Horns: Scarlet over the wing side, and blue macaw over all. Shoulder: Guinea fowl spotty hackle, dyed dark blue, almost black; bluejay in small sizes of flies. Head: Varnished.

THE BLACK-LIST (Fig. 6).—Tag: Silver, and red silk. Tail: Topping and tippet or scarlet fibers. Butt: Black herl. Body: Black silk or fur, ribbed with silver. Hackle: Scarlet from second turn of tinsel. Wings: Scarlet, next body (such as Simla parrot strips, macaw, scarlet sword feather, or tippet), over such two good strips black and brown dark turkey, cinnamon ends; darkest brown mallard stripes over, and two or so long toppings. Sides: Long jungle on line of turkey. Horns: Scarlet just above, turkey outside, and, in large flies, two blue macaw on top. Throat: Very dark blue, dyed, spotted gallina, or in long scraggy flies a long black hackle, and in quite small flies bluejay for throat hackle. Head: Varnished black.

Also, I have found very small flies of the above five patterns, but simplified to a mere likeness in the dressing, are fine killers of sea trout and large lake trout. The hackle here called cardinal red is somewhat difficult to describe; it should be toward claret, but yet decidedly on the scarlet side. Ramsbottom, of John street, Liverpool, has hackles just the color that I fancy; also, I find them, and the blues, in hackle-feather picture brooms obtainable at the stores.

In very low water and bright sun small jay or blue

chatterer seems to be better as sides than jungle; it may, however, be men's fancy, but I have killed with no sides on the fly. This fly is just the Doctor fly for fish penned in by low water, hence getting sickly or brown; but as a rule true sportsmen do not care to go for potted fish, and would rather leave them in quarantine. But sometimes this fly is a snooker in shallow necks of pools, with the whole-feather wing; anyway, it is well worth a trial when Red-Marine fails (perhaps mere fancy from a success), and the more brilliant the sun the more would I use Quarantine in preference to Red Marine; but not in all places. Black-List, also, is a good sun fly in very deep pools.

In the words or thereabouts of Patent Office, common form, "having now described my invention and the manner in which I work it," and having covered all possible future enlargement and all previous anticipation, I may as well finally say I claim no invention, no monopoly, and no particular cudos. I have merely endeavored, for my own benefit in the sport, to concentrate the sound virtues of several hundred flies into five. Others, I know, have worked in the same line, but, I believe, on standard patterns. Such men will be interested with kindly feeling toward my foregoing remarks.

W. Baden-Powell.

Jew Fishing Extraordinary.

Ingleside, Texas, Nov. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While waiting for a howling wet norther to abate, and (from necessity) "remembering the Sabbath day to keep it holy," I take the opportunity to send you a few lines descriptive of some extraordinary jewfishing, which was done about a week ago at Tarpon.

About sun-up on Sunday, Nov. 23, I noticed a small crowd of men and boats at Point of Rocks, some four hundred yards away. This I interpreted to mean that the roe mullet were running and that the jewfish were after them, a condition of affairs which we had been anticipating for several days, and to which the sportsmen had been looking forward with considerable eagerness and pleasure, especially because the tarpon fishing had been letting up somewhat, and we were anxious for some other sport to take its place.

Turning my eyes seaward, I saw approaching the entrance to the harbor a small two-masted schooner, which I surmised to be the Flower of France, a vessel for the use of which, during the month of December, I had been negotiating for a couple of weeks, and whose delayed arrival at the Pass had been causing some uneasiness because of a terrific norther that had struck the locality a few days before.

There was just about sufficient time for me to collect my tarpon tackle, hustle out my boatman and get to the channel so as to head off the vessel. When I reached Point of Rocks I found there two sportsmen with their boats and several of the unemployed boatmen, all fishing for jewfish in the midst of a great, continuous school of roe mullet. Two or three jewfish had already been landed, and two more were hooked, while I paused for a few minutes to view the sport, but I could not remain to see them landed, as the Flower of France was approaching rapidly.

Hailing her, they threw us a line, then I went aboard and got the captain, Mr. Ray Dunbar, of Matagorda, to heave to while we concluded our negotiations, after which the vessel proceeded on her way to Rockport, and I joined the other fishermen. However, I was just in time to be too late, as the eighth and last jewfish of the morning's catch was landed soon afterward, while I failed to get a strike. At nine o'clock the fishing was practically over for the day, although two market fishermen, who spent the rest of the day fishing at the Point, landed two more in the afternoon.

The average weight of the ten fish caught that day was probably about 350 pounds, as there was only one small one in the lot.

Up to this time the world's record for weight of jewfish landed on a rod was 435 pounds, the fish having been landed at Tarpon a year or two previously. The record jewfish of the Pacific coast weighed 415 pounds.

The largest fish landed this first day on a rod was caught by a young gentleman from Cincinnati named Joseph. It was about six and a half feet long, and the formula made its weight 401 pounds. There were two other fish landed on hand lines that were a very little larger than this.

Next morning before daylight Mr. Joseph, Mr. Sea, of Independence, Mo., and I, who were all the sportsmen then at Aransas Pass, were at Point of Rocks with our boats and boatmen; and, in addition there were half a dozen of the natives with their boats and hand lines.

Soon after sun-up the jewfish began to strike, and the fun waxed fast and furious. It was not long before I was attached to one, which in a few minutes I hauled on the beach, as it was a little fellow of 50 or 60 pounds' weight. I had not more than gotten my line into the water again before I hung another. My boatman for the time being was Mr. Robert Farley, the taxidermist, who had offered to row me that morning for the express purpose of trying to break all records. When he saw that I was again attached, he yelled, "sock it to him," which I proceeded to do. Meanwhile, Farley had taken up the anchor (for all of the boats were lying at anchor close to the rocks with their sterns pointing outward into the stream), and had shoved us off so as to clear the other fishermen's lines and get out into deep water, where the fight could be fought to a finish without interference of any kind. It soon became evident that our fish was a monster. Fortunately my tackle was all new and of the very best, and the line was doubled back some 20 feet; but we then noticed for the first time a discolored spot in it just above the long loop, which gave us some uneasiness. Our fears, however, were unfounded, as the line did not part.

After about fifteen minutes of the hardest kind of fighting, we got the fish to the surface where we could see it well enough to judge of its size. Farley remarked "that fellow is a record breaker; be careful you don't lose him."

It was one thing to get the fish to the surface, but quite another to keep it there, as it continued to sound for the next ten minutes, during which time my new ribbed-leggings that I suggested in a previous communication in your columns, stood me in good stead, enabling me to bring a great uplift on the fish without any severe punishment on my legs.

By this time the monster had begun to show signs of fatigue, and I at last succeeded in turning it belly upward, so we began to tow it to land, heading for Point of Rocks so as to give the rest of the crowd the benefit of the excitement. When we reached shoal water, Farley jumped overboard to haul the fish ashore with the gaff; but the creature then took a new lease of life by rolling over and striking out for deep water. In an instant Farley tumbled into the boat again and grabbed the oars, I shouting to the other fishermen to get their tackle out of my way, as our quarry was striking out over several of their lines. Fortunately, though, we did not foul any of them; and I managed to stop the run without letting out a hundred feet of line, so it was not five minutes more before we again had the fish in tow, belly upward, and headed for the shore. This time the great brute grounded on the sand, and was hauled immediately by the gaff hook far enough up on the beach to prevent its escape; then a slit was cut in its lower jaw, and a heavy rope was run through and tied, thus bringing the fight to a close, much to the relief of all concerned. Farley immediately made the measurements of length and maximum girth, which proved to be respectively 7 feet 3 inches and 5 feet 9 inches. The formula for these dimensions makes the weight 518 pounds, and before it was computed Farley, who has weighed many jewfish, declared that it would weigh over 500 pounds. Unfortunately, there were no means at Tarpon of weighing such a heavy fish. We kept it alive for two days, then had it hoisted on to the deck of the mail boat and carried to Rockport, where the scales made the weight only 450 pounds. Farley declares that the two days without food in the water and the drying out in transit reduced the weight fully 50 pounds. Be this as it may, and calling the weight only 450 pounds, Mr. Farley and I can now claim the world's record for jewfish landed on rod.

While I was struggling with my big fish, Mr. Joseph hung one but little smaller, and landed it in about half an hour, his boatman being Mr. Will Farley, a brother of the taxidermist. These two men, by the way, are certainly the best all-around boatmen and tarpon oarsmen in the settlement, but Mr. Robert Farley very seldom can spare the time to row. Occasionally, as a special favor to an old friend and shooting companion, he rows for me. He is a first-class sportsman in both fishing and shooting, and makes a point of studying the habits of the fish and game which he pursues. Mr. Joseph's fish measured one inch shorter and 4 inches less in girth than mine, and the Rockport scales made it weigh some twenty-five pounds less.

Mr. Sea landed that morning a fair-sized jewfish, and the hand-line fishermen secured two more, making six for the morning, and sixteen for the two days.

If this kind of sport can be beaten at any other locality I would like to learn where. Every November there are two or three days' run of jewfish at Tarpon, and during the entire tarpon season, which begins on April 1 and is supposed to end on November 15, occasional jewfish are caught on both hand lines and tarpon tackle.

That the tarpon do not always quit striking about the middle of November, I proved this season by landing one at Point of Rocks on the evening of the 24th inst., and another at the same place the next morning.

It would be difficult to conceive of a more delightful resort for anglers than this. The drawbacks are few and often there are none. Sometimes in the autumn, especially when there is an unusual amount of rain, as was the case this year, the mosquitoes are vicious and specially poisonous; but in the summer there are seldom, if ever, any.

As a rule, the people frequenting the place are companionable and agreeable, but for the sportsman there is very little time to devote to social functions, as there is fishing during all the daylight hours, and as tackle repairing demands a portion of each evening.

As soon as I can find an opportunity to write it, I shall send you my promised letter on "Fishing for the Leaping Shark."

J. A. L. Waddell.

Some Maine Records.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having just returned from a four months' trip to Maine, I take the liberty of submitting my following fish and game scores, which may compare favorably with other records of the same order made in the State during the year of 1902:

Score of large square-tailed trout made with fly and troll from Deer Island Home, F. L. Gardner, proprietor, Moosehead Lake, Aug. 8 to Sept. 27, weight as follows: 6¼, 4¾, 4½, 4¼ pounds, 4 pounds 2 ounces, 4, 3¾, 3½ and 3 pounds.

My son, Master W. Chambers Young, age twelve, took on the fly a trout of 5 pounds 2 ounces, which I think was the largest trout on fly caught during the year.

Game record while in camp at Ragged Lake, Oct. 1 to Nov. 2, Bert Duty, of Greenville, guide: One moose, spread of head, 47 inches; two black bear, two large bucks.

Moosehead Lake and the surrounding country is full of fish and game, and I feel that I have been particularly fortunate in enjoying the hospitalities of the Deer Island home, and securing the services of Mr. Bert Duty, who is one of the most reliable and best guides in the State.

W. B. Young.

All communications intended for Forest and Stream should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Size and Age of Fish.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is difficult for a writer without books to collect information concerning the relation between the length and the age of certain food and game fish. The writer has examined the revised "Manual of Fish Culture" of the U. S. Fish Commission, and the "Transactions of the American Fisheries Society of 1902," and has obtained the following notes, which may serve to introduce this important subject. The notes are arranged in the order in which the fish appear in the most recent ichthyological books.

Atlantic Salmon.

In two years the Atlantic salmon reaches the length of six or eight inches in captivity. Adult salmon are thought to be four years old

At the Craig Brook Station, in Maine, mature fish measured from 29 to 31 inches in length, and weighed from 9 to 12 pounds. An occasional fish 35 or 40 inches long, and weighing much more, was taken.

Salmon weighing from 9 to 12 pounds furnish from 6,000 to 8,700 eggs each, but fish measuring from 35 to 40 inches yield from 16,000 to 20,000 eggs.

Landlocked Salmon.

It is assumed that this salmon becomes mature at the age of four years. At the spawning season the average weight of males is four or five pounds, and of the females a pound less.

Specimens of 12 to 14 pounds weight are not rare, and one weighing 25 pounds is recorded. The Union River fish are of about the same size.

The St. Croix fish vary in weight in different parts of their range, but the average weight of either sex at Grand Lake Stream is a little less than three pounds; individuals above 6 pounds are rare, and none over 10 pounds is recorded.

At Green Lake, Maine, in 1899, the average of 69 full-roed females was: Length, 25 5-10 inches; weight, 7 8-10 pounds. The males averaged as follows: Length 22 3-10 inches; weight, 5 pounds. One female was 30 inches long and weighed 11 pounds 6 ounces. One male was 31 inches long and weighed 13 pounds 8 ounces.

Rainbow Trout.

In Colorado lakes, where the water becomes moderately warm in summer and food is plentiful, this trout reaches 12 or 13 pounds, fish of this age being from 25 to 28 inches long. In the Au Sable River, Mich., the rainbow attains to a weight of five to seven pounds. In their native streams of California, rainbows are often caught ranging from 3 to 10 pounds, but averaging 1 to 2 pounds.

The largest rainbow ever produced in the ponds at Wytheville, Va., and fed artificially, weighed 6½ pounds, but many others of the same age in the same ponds weigh from 1 to 3 pounds. Superintendent Seagle states the average growth of rainbow trout under favorable artificial circumstances is as follows:

One year old, from ¾ to 1 ounce; two years old, from 8 to 10 ounces; three years old, from 1 to 2 pounds; four years old, from 2 to 3 pounds.

These trout grow until they are eight or ten years old, the rate of growth diminishing with age.

Brook Trout.

According to the experience of Superintendent Frank N. Clark at Northville, Mich., this trout, under favorable circumstances, reaches an average weight in the first year of ¾ ounce to 1 ounce; in two years it weighs from 8 to 10 ounces; in three years about 1 pound.

Lake Trout.

According to the same authority, at Northville, Mich., lake trout artificially reared in from 10 to 12 months after hatching measure from 4 to 8 inches in length.

Shad.

Observations made at Washington, D. C., during a period of years show that shad hatched late in April reach the length of from 4 to 9 inches before they leave the river, late in November.

Black Bass.

At the age of five or six months the young measure from 4 to 8 inches, according to locality and food supply, though some individuals reach a much larger size by preying upon smaller fish, not excepting their own kind. At Neosho, Mo., a black bass which was known to be under 18 months old weighed 1 pound 9½ ounces.

Rock Bass.

At the age of six months the fish seldom average 2 inches in length, adults usually weigh from ½ to ¾ of a pound, occasionally reaching 1 pound, and an individual taken in a river of Virginia was reported to weigh nearly 3 pounds. This bass may reach maturity at 2 years.

Crappie.

This fish and the strawberry bass, when adult, range all the way from 1 to 3 pounds in weight. At six months old the young of both species are about the size of the black bass of the same age, or a little smaller. Some individuals in each school will be larger than the majority.

Mackerel.

At maturity mackerel vary from 12 inches to 20 inches in length. Fish 12 inches long weigh from ¾ to 1 pound, while a mackerel of 20 inches may weigh from 3¼ to 4 pounds. The age is uncertain, but is supposed to be three or four years.

Cod.

According to observations made in Massachusetts, the following relation exists between the age, length and weight of the cod:

One and one-half years, 9 to 13 inches, 7 to 8 ounces; 2½ years, 18 inches, 2 to 2¼ pounds; 3½ years, 22 inches, 4 to 5 pounds.

The largest cod on record from New England weighed

211½ pounds, and was over 6 feet long; it was caught on a troll off the Northern Coast, in May, 1895.

Flat Fish.

This is also known as the winter flounder. The usual length of the fish is from 12 to 15 inches, and its weight about 1½ pounds; rarely fish measuring 20 inches and weighing 5 pounds are taken.

This is a very prolific fish, over a million eggs having been deposited by a large female.

This is a subject of very great interest and value, and the writer trusts that the suggestion of FOREST AND STREAM that observations bearing upon the relations of the age to the weight and the size of fish will be furnished freely by fishculturists and naturalists who have the opportunity to obtain information.

TARLETON H. BEAN.

A Game Tarpon.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some time ago I promised to send you a description of the finest tarpon fight that I have ever witnessed. It occurred one afternoon last month out on the Gulf of Mexico, beyond the end of the jetty at Aransas Pass, when Mr. L. G. Murphy, of Converse, Ind., and I were there on tarpon fishing bent.

I had just succeeded in bringing to boat a fine six-footer after a longer struggle than usual, owing to the fact that I had completely drowned the fish before taking it in; and, while the boatman was baiting my hook for another trial, I sat watching Mr. Murphy's boat, which was only a few yards distant. Suddenly there was a strike, and a heavy-looking six-footer leaped into the air over twelve feet high. A few seconds later it made another leap fully as high, then a run, and instantly afterward another jump of the same height. In all it made six jumps, and not one of them was less than twelve feet high.

The ordinary height which a tarpon jumps is from eight to ten feet, and generally each leap is a little lower than the last, till finally the fish is unable to spring entirely out of the water. Once only before had I seen a tarpon jump so high. It was on my line in the Panuco River, near Tampico, Mexico. Unfortunately, that fish threw out the hook at once, so I did not have an opportunity to learn whether it could keep up its record on jumping.

Mr. Murphy, who is a powerfully built man and both muscular and active in spite of his sixty-odd years, handled his fish with much skill and apparently the greatest ease, bringing it to gaff in fifteen or twenty minutes.

It proved to be six feet one inch long by thirty-nine inches girth, which would make the weight by formula 139 pounds.

Mr. Robert Farley, the well-known and skillful taxidermist of this place, has mounted the fish, and is going to present it to the Tuna Club of Catalina Island, and in exchange the said club is going to send a mounted tuna.

The catching of this wonderful leaper brought up the question of the relative merits of tarpon and tuna as game fishes, and Mr. Murphy and I both agreed that no fish could improve on the fight which the one under discussion had put up.

In a year or two, after I have had some experience in catching tuna, I shall have something further to say to you on the question of which of the two is the king of all game fishes. In my opinion, though, the leaping shark will give both the tarpon and the tuna a close call for supremacy. I have had considerable experience of late with the leaping shark, but of this more anon.

I continue obtaining by personal experience valuable data concerning tarpon tackle, and, as soon as I can spare the time, shall send you my promised letter on that subject.

J. A. L. WADDELL.

Wading for Goldfish.

WHEN they found it necessary to build an annex to the Auditorium Annex in Chicago, they conceived the idea of building a lounging and drinking room that would make the hotel famous around the world. I am told $100,000 was spent upon this room. They call it the Pompeiian Room. I will not go into a detailed description of it in this article, further than to state that to the left of the center of the room, surrounded by fluted Carara marble pillars, is an electric fountain emptying into a tiled tank of large dimensions, in which hundreds of goldfish swam in schools around the fountain.

Football enthusiasts and others, after perhaps too generous attention to the fluid courses of their dinners, have boldly jumped into the angry lake and fruitlessly chased the nimble and elusive fish. This has become so common of late that Mr. Southgate now has a life-saving corps of husky porters always at hand.

And all this reminds me. Back of our country place on Long Island, where as a boy I spent my summers, lived a neighbor on whose farm was a large pond well stocked with goldfish, eels, etc. He had cut a small drainage canal from the pond to a field a couple of hundred yards away, where a pit had been cut about thirty by thirty through the solid clay. The water in this pit was murky, about two feet deep, and alive with young goldfish that could be readily seen swimming about.

I had a young cousin who lived in Brooklyn, and save for his annual visit with us in the country, was cooped up between bricks and mortar for the balance of the year. A city boy, full of life and spirits as a thirteen-year-old boy should be.

As the day rolled around for his visit, he appeared, appareled in just such attire as a fond mother would clothe her boy when going visiting—in fact, I think he wore nothing inferior to his best Sundays. Stopping at the house only long enough to give and receive his greetings, we started on a general survey of the premises, and after the barn had been inspected and the various fruit trees sampled, we wandered further afield and came to the clay pit with its swarms of golden fish. The sight was too much for that boy; he simply could not stand it. He had seen goldfish in the aquariums in the bird stores, but to see millions of goldfish to be had for the taking was simply nerve-racking. With an, "I'll be back in a minute," off he ran like a jumped deer—and within half an hour returned with a mosquito net window frame taken from the kitchen window by force of arms, and the family coffee pot. Without further ado he removed his coat, shoes and stockings, and rolling up his pants and shirt sleeves, slid down the clayey, slippery bank, and holding the mosquito frame in front of him fairly scooped up the young fish. The miraculous draft of fishes was not repeated for at the first scoop he got enough fish to fill the coffee pot twice over. That the boy did not think of the family wash tub and bring that with him was a source of poignant grief to him. It was certainly a case of embarrassment of fishes, and with frame in one hand and coffee pot in the other, he longingly looked back upon the fish still there "by the million," and thought nothing of his clothes and person, most generously smeared with clay and slime. His aunt had come from town with him as his custodian, and I will long remember the meeting, the boy on his side bubbling and bursting with excitement and having no thought of else but his prizes in the coffee pot, and on the other hand the aunt bordering on and gyrating between surprised muteness and indignant hysterics.

I have experieneed enthusiasm myself in life at various and sundry times, but I question if I ever had it as badly as did Frank and his wonderful haul of goldfish.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

She Goes Fishing.

My uncle, who is eighty-three years old, was induced by me—one of those girls that delight in all outdoor sports—to go for a day's fishing on the river.

The bass were plenty in the Susquehanna, and from all reports also biting well.

Now, Uncle was a great fisherman, usually coming in with an empty bait box and an equally empty fish basket—but still his enthusiasm was always great, and the immense fish that he lost and the many bites he had were truly remarkable.

For a long time this fishing trip had been planned, so one morning when the wind was in the south and clouds were overhead, our preparations were begun. Of course the nearest creek was first visited for minnows, when, after a struggle with brush, ditches, tangled lines and the loss of several hooks, we succeeded in capturing six, which, by the way, were nearly large enough for eating.

Well, we were tired with this attempt, and a little bit discouraged, but we at least had the consolation of knowing where to get some worms to finish out for bait.

Finally, about noon, we were on our way to the river, which was about a quarter of a mile away. Uncle was laden with the minnow pail, two anchors and the fish poles while I had the bait box, lunch basket and an umbrella. We were indeed well equipped.

After securing a neighbor's boat, we had to fix the anchors and rig the fish poles, and as it was now long after noon, we concluded to eat our lunch. This task was soon completed, and we were at last on the water. At the mouth of a small creek, which Uncle said would be a fine place for bass, the anchor was dropped and fishing was commenced.

We found that the minnows were all dead, as the pail leaked and the water had nearly all run out, so we had to use worms for bait.

I had just thrown my line in the water, put up my umbrella (the sun was now shining), when, jerk went something at my line. Of course I at once pulled it up, so quickly, in fact, that my umbrella went handle down in the river, and with my pole Uncle's hat was knocked from his head and went sailing serenely down the Susquehanna. We pulled anchors with all haste and were away after the floating articles.

After a ten-minute chase they were captured and put up in the boat to dry, and we were again ready to fish—but, oh! what did I catch? It was merely an old root which took me about ten minutes to free from the line.

Uncle had a very short, slender pole, with which he was fond of throwing a long line. After fishing for about half an hour without even a bite, he concluded that he had too short a line, and at once unreeled about fifty feet or more and attempted to throw it; vain attempt—the line was wound around my pole, one anchor and both oars, and in the struggle the bait box was knocked into the river, where it immediately sunk.

No, Uncle was not provoked, merely nervous; so nervous that a very vigorous jerk which he gave to free his line, left his pole broken above the second joint.

It took us only a short time to get home, and when I go fishing again I shall sit on the shore and fish for shiners. Uncle will have to put in a new supply of fishing tackle, and when next he goes he will doubtless consider it more profitable to go alone, or if he takes me, to at least teach me how to pull in a root.

MABEL A. COOK.

The Aquarium Sturgeon Dead.

DEATH has again visited the Aquarium, and this time the victim is the huge sturgeon. The great fish—she was 8 feet 9 inches long and weighed when in good health nearly 300 pounds—succumbed to tuberculosis. She had been ill a long time, and so far as is known had not touched food in months.

The sturgeon was one of the finest specimens ever on exhibition in this city, and was acquired by the Aquarium June 3, 1901, from a fisherman of Bay Side, L. I., who netted her a short time prior to that date. For months she swam round and round her tank, always going to the right, and never, so far as visitors could judge, stopped to rest. Of course, there is no way of telling, but Mr. Spencer thinks that homesickness had a great deal to do with the fish's death. She always seemed to be hunting for a companion.

Several months ago the fish showed signs of illness, and all the books on fish diseases were consulted in the hope of diagnosing her case. She rapidly lost in weight, and Mr. Spencer and his assistants believed that the great sturgeon had consumption, a theory that proved true when the autopsy was performed last week.

Sturgeons are known to be restless in captivity, and there is no record of a fish of that species ever having been in confinement that did not suffer from apparent homesickness.

The sturgeon that has just died, according to Mr. De Nyse, had both nostalgia and insomnia in the worst form, and hence, when she developed tuberculosis, her life rapidly ebbed away.

The ravages of disease had so weakened her that at the time of her death her great spine looked as if it were about to burst through the skin, so thin and lean had the once big and healthy fish become.

It was sent up to the Museum of Natural History, where it will be stuffed and mounted. A four-foot sturgeon is now in the pool formerly occupied by the dead fish. The new sturgeon seems to be just as homesick and restless as his predecessor.—New York Times.

Lake Champlain Net Fishing.

SWANTON, Vt., Nov. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Net fishing is to be stopped in our Vermont waters. We have seen recently a Canadian Order-in-Council which will stop net fishing in all waters adjacent to Vermont, excepting the waters of Lake Champlain (Missisquoi Bay). This leaves the Canadian fishermen to catch the pike-perch that we breed. As their market for those fish is in New York, an act of Congress should be passed prohibiting their sending these fish to our markets. As the Montreal market is flooded with that kind of fish, the Missisquoi Bay fishermen's market is south. Cut this off, and they would stop fishing. This must be done or there will be serious trouble with the Vermont fishermen along the line between this State and Canada.

There is a report that it was the money and influence used by the Vermont net fishermen that caused that clause to be inserted in the Canadian Order-in-Council, granting licenses to fish in Missisquoi Bay waters. If such is the case, they have to thank themselves for this state of things. We ourselves overheard some conversation that they had raised $160 for that purpose, but this seems a small sum to buy the influence of an M. P.

If a passageway was opened through the sand bar bridge it would greatly improve the hook and line fishing in the famed Back Bay of Lake Champlain.

The boys thought that they had scored a point against the Hon. John W. Titcomb when they influenced Daniel Meigs, Esq., M. P., to secure the Canadians licenses to fish, but Mr. Titcomb has caused the blow to rebound against their own heads, and now if they fish with their nets it will have to be under Canadian licenses and in Canadian waters. Verily, how things do act sometimes. A person when at home in his little country town may think himself a fellow of considerable consequence, and find when he gets out among people that he can go out of the little end of the horn and not fill even half of the hole.

STANSTEAD.

A later note from Stanstead says that after the late of his writing "the Vermont Legislature reconsidered the matter and decided to allow seining in the waters of Lake Champlain. We never know what our Legislature has really done until after the session has closed. Make a law to-day and to-morrow reconsider and repeal it again."

The Fisherman.

BY H. MALCOLM.

Row slowly now——A little nearer to the shore——There, that's right——Steady, now——This eddy looks like a good place——The left oar, just a little—There, that's fine——Just by these lilypads a large one was caught the other day——Gee whiz! did you see that?——A strike, and he was a beauty, too——An eight-pounder, I'll bet ——Back water, quick, till I try him again——Steady, now——This is the place——I guess we've missed him ——No, by jove! there he was again——He's got it!——He's got it!——Stop the boat, quick, quick——Turn her out into deep water——He's in the lilypads now, and a goner sure——Thunderation! and he was a monster——Must have weighed at least ten pounds——No, there he is ——He is still hooked——He is all right——He is free from the lilies——He is free——Steady, now, and put the oars in the boat——See the pole; he bends it nearly double ——And doesn't he make the reel sing——Now, he has turned——He is coming toward us——Hand me that landing net——Quick! Quick! He is going under the boat——He will snap the line——Holy smoke! there he goes——Grab the line——Grab the line, I say——Have you got it?——Keep him fast, now——Just a second——Steady, now——There he goes into the net——Here he is in the boat——We have him——He is safe——And isn't he a beauty?——Isn't he a beauty, a dandy, a cracker-jack, a peach?——He will go above six pounds, if he weighs an ounce——Wasn't he lively?——Did you see him make that three-foot leap out of the water?——You didn't?——Man, where were your eyes?——Row in, now, and we will weigh him——How much did you say?——Four pounds and two ounces——Pshaw! that can't be right——Your scales are not accurate——Well, he's a beauty, anyway——It took a full half hour to tire him out and land him——Three minutes, you say?——Oh! you're mistaken——That can't possibly be——It was surely longer than that——He was a fighter to the last——Excited, when I caught him?——Naw! not a bit——Cool as a cucumber, just as I am now——He certainly is a beauty.

A Susquehanna Black Bass.

OWEGO, Tioga County, N. Y., Dec. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. William H. Thomas, of this place, caught in the Susquehanna River to-day a small-mouth black bass weighing seven and three-quarter pounds. This is the largest black bass of the small-mouth variety that has ever been caught in this locality.

I understand that there is a reward offered somewhere for a black bass weighing over six pounds, and write you to ascertain if you can enlighten me on the subject. Mr. Thomas has also requested me to write you on the subject. The statement as to the weight of the fish can be authenticated by affidavits of any number of reliable people who weighed the fish, or saw it weighed. The fish was alive when I saw it.

FRED J. DAVIS.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

Dec. 15.—Huntsville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's (member of the American Championship Club) third annual trials. John F. Fletcher, Sec'y, Birmingham, Ala.

Canine Elegies and Epitaphs.

XXIX—Geist's Grave.

Four years! and didst thou stay above
The ground, which hides thee now, but four?
And all that life and all that love,
Were crowded, Geist! into no more?

Only four years those winning ways,
Which make me for thy presence yearn,
Call'd us to pet thee or to praise,
Dear little friend! at every turn?

That loving heart, that patient soul,
Had they indeed no longer span,
To run their course, and reach their goal,
And read their homily to man?

That liquid, melancholy eye,
From whose pathetic, soul-fed springs
Seem'd surging the Virgilian cry,*
The sense of tears in mortal things—

That steadfast, mournful strain, consoled
By spirits gloriously gay,
And temper of heroic mould—
What, was four years their whole short day?

Yes, only four!—and not the course
Of all the centuries yet to come,
And not the infinite resource
Of Nature with her countless sum

Of figures, with her fullness vast
Of new creation evermore,
Can ever quite repeat the past
Or just thy little self restore.

Stern law of every mortal lot!
Which man, proud man, finds hard to bear,
And builds himself I know not what
Of second life I know not where.

But thou, when struck thine hour to go,
On us, who stood despondent by,
A meek last glance of love didst throw,
And humbly lay thee down to die.

Yet would we keep thee in our heart—
Would fix our favorite on the scene,
Nor let thee utterly depart
And be as if thou ne'er hadst been.

And so there rise these lines of verse
On lips that rarely form them now;
While to each other we rehearse:
Such ways, such arts, such looks hadst thou!

We stroke thy broad, brown paws again,
We bid thee to thy vacant chair,
We greet thee by the window-pane,
We hear thy scuffle on the stair;

We see the flaps of thy large ears
Quick raised to ask which way we go;
Crossing the frozen lake, appears
Thy small black figure on the snow!

Nor to us art thou dear
Who mourn thee in thine English home;
Thou hast thine absent master's tear,
Dropt by the far Australian foam.

Thy memory lasts both here and there,
And thou shalt live as long as we.
And after that—thou dost not care!
In us was all the world to thee.

Yet fondly zealous for thy fame,
Even to a date beyond our own
We strive to carry down thy name,
By mounded turf, and graven stone.

We lay thee, close within our reach,
Here where the grass is smooth and warm,
Between the holly and the beech,
Where oft we watch'd thy couchant form,

Asleep, yet lending half an ear
To travelers on the Portsmouth road—
There choose we thee, O guardian, dear,
Mark'd with a stone thy last abode!

Then some, who through this garden pass,
When we, too, like thyself, are clay,
Shall see thy grave upon the grass,
And stop before the stone, and say:

"People who lived here long ago
Did by this stone, it seems, intend
To name for future times to know
The dachshound, Geist, their little friend."

—Matthew Arnold.

*Sunt lacrimæ rerum.

The Dog's Mentality.

Are animals intellectual? Have they minds and powers of reason? Man is an intelligent being. He may have his intellectual and reasoning powers strongly developed, and still when out in the woods become "lost" and thoroughly demoralized, his eyes will be staring and glazed, without any expression of intelligence, and his hearing so impaired that at first he will not recognize the voice of his best friend.

Recently we have several times seen the same thing occur here in the city with an intelligent young setter, who would stop to pay his respects to some other dog, or to investigate some attractive scent; when he would look up and miss his master, how quickly his whole appearance would change. He would dash here and there among the crowd thoroughly rattled, eyes wild and glazed, and would have to be called several times before he would recognize his master's voice; then in an instant his whole appearance would change, his eyes become bright and beaming with affection and love as he jumped around his master, his actions seemed to say "I was lost and am now so happy that I have found you again."

If beings only moved and acted through instinct, without reasoning powers, could they become so mentally rattled and lost, and would they have the power to feel the impulses of affection, love, anger, hatred and jealousy. How many many times we see these feelings plainly expressed by our canine friends. Let madame notice and caress one of the setters in the presence of the household pet "Bob" the fox terrier, from a bright, cheerful little fellow he is suddenly transformed into a blazing fury, and there is a dog fight on the next moment. When it is all over, to see the humble, beseeching and apologetic look that the little hero of a hundred fights puts on, which plainly says "I am sorry that I was so naughty, but I couldn't have you pet that big fellow," would make any skeptic admit that Bob was moved and influenced by human-like passions, consequently he must have reasoning faculties.

A well bred dog never expresses any emotional qualities such as affection or hatred, but from some reason, and if he has for so doing a reason, why then he must possess reason. It is impossible for a human idiot to become rattled or mentally demoralized, neither can they have the sensitive feelings of affection, hatred, fear or hope. When hungry or thirsty, instinct causes them to eat and drink to satisfy nature's cravings, but they show outwardly no glimmering or spark of reason in so doing, and if they possess such faculties they are too dim and faint to be perceptible to our ordinary eyes. Ergo—dogs must have reasoning powers and mind and reason, consequently in a greater or less degree so have all animals that are endowed with the breath of life.

Stanstead.

His Unwritten Elegy.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been very much interested in your series of canine epitaphs and elegies. I am praying the Fates to give me occasion to contribute to the list. What I would dearly love to send you would be the epitaph or elegy on a vigorous husky-voiced dog which works his combination megaphone and explosive bomb bark o' nights in a backyard on Fifty-seventh street, Borough of Manhattan. So appreciative am I of the canine epitaph done in rhyme that I would pay for one of this loud mouthed terror a full column long at advertising rates.

Insomnus.

P. S.—You may get it some day.

Yachting.

Sir Thomas Lipton's Cup challenger, Shamrock III., building at the Denny's yard, Dumbarton, had a narrow escape from destruction by fire on Thursday night, Dec. 4. The fitters' shop, which was close by the shed where the yacht is building, was gutted, and it was only by great effort that the building that enclosed the third Shamrock was saved, as a strong wind was blowing in that direction. The yacht was not damaged.

All the frames are now in place, and barring delays she will be completed by the first of April. This means she will be rigged and ready for a trial trip by the middle of that month. It is learned on very good authority that Shamrock III. will be steered by a wheel instead of a tiller. Captain Wringe, who is to have charge of Shamrock III., is, we understand, in favor of a wheel, and it is at his suggestion that this innovation will be introduced.

At the Herreshoff shops, at Bristol, work is being pushed on the new boat that is being built for the Cup defense. The boat's construction is surrounded with the same secrecy that has prevailed in previous years, but it is learned that the casting for the lead keel came out perfect, and is without any flaws. The frames and plating are to be of Tobin bronze, and the lead keel is now being sheathed with that material. It is believed that the boat will be ready for launching about April 1, or about the same time that Shamrock III. is to be put overboard. If this proves to be the case she will have the advantage of several weeks' more sailing than Shamrock III. will, for the changing to jury rig, the voyage across and the rerigging on her arrival on this side, means a big loss of time, but even so the English boat will have more tuning up than the previous defenders have had.

Mr. Norman Macrae has ordered a boat from Mr. A. E. Payne, of the firm of Messrs. Summers & Payne, Southampton, England, for the defense of the Canada Cup. She will be built by Captain Andrews, of Oakville, Canada. The new boat is said to be 40ft. waterline, 60ft. over all and 9ft. draft. Her sail area will be about 2,600 sq. ft.

There is some talk about Effort, the successful 43-footer, being entered in the trial races to be held by the Rochester Y. C., for the selection of the challenger for the Canada Cup. Effort was designed and built by the Herreshoff Mfg Co., and is a very slippery craft. It is doubtful if she is up to the scantling requirements that govern the construction of boats competing in the Canada Cup contests.

Word is received that two boats are being built for the trial races by Detroit yachtsmen.

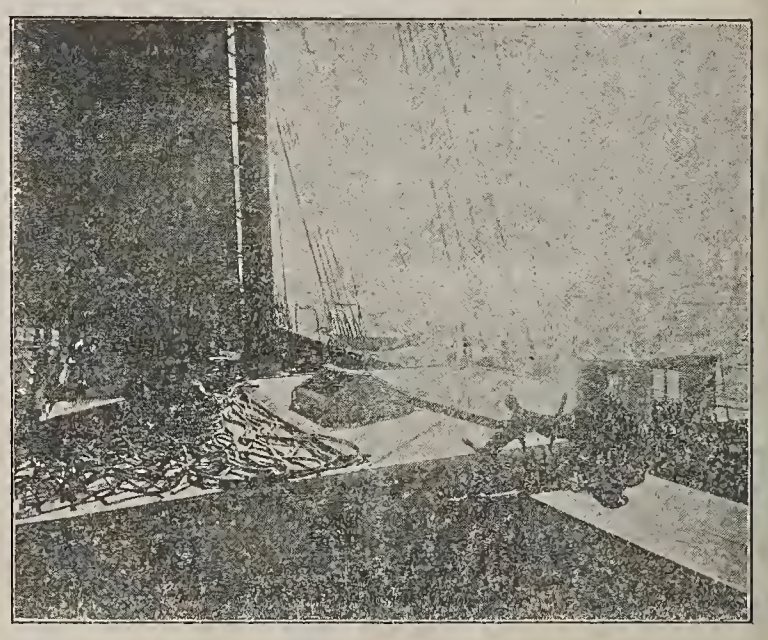
Men of the Coast.

Two Passages.

BY F. L. ENO.

About a dozen years ago I took passage in the schooner Lucinda G. Potter, Capt. Potter, bound from Boston to Newport-News, light. The month was October, and the day of our departure all that could be desired. The sun was bright, the sky a deep blue, the waters of the harbor blue as the sky, and the crisp, fresh air sent the blood tingling through one's veins.

A year or more of confinement in the city makes one appreciate a morning like that. The desire to get hold of something heavy, after long service in office or at desk, comes as a natural reaction, and on our shores one turns instinctively to the sea. There as nowhere else, one can be out of doors; there is a field which calls for qualities of the sternest kind; and the men who handle our coastwise sailing fleet are made of stern material, for no others can stand the life. But for a few days the change from the daily routine and grind to the wind-swept deck and ocean furnishes just that tonic which the physical and



"A BIG SCHOONER—THE MOON LIGHTING UP THE DECK."

mental man needs; and I appreciated to the limit the beauty of the immediate scene and the exhilarating sense of expectation which any voyage, long or short, always arouses in the amateur.

Our ship was a vessel of about 600 tons, a centerboard three-masted schooner; a large vessel and heavy to handle, as she was a "hand vessel," so-called, that is, she was not fitted with a donkey engine forward for hoisting sails and anchors, etc., but everything had to be done by hand.

High out of water she rode as we drew near in the tug, and climbing over the side we found the mate standing on deck in evident disgust.

"Have those sailors come off yet?" was the first thing Capt. Joe fired at him.

"Yes, sir. Come and gone. They said she was too big and heavy and with no steam, so they went back in the tug. Me and the second mate has cleared things up best we could, and the shipping master said he would send another crew right along."

Here was one vexatious item, one among many of the coasting skipper's life. The charter party is signed, mate

"THE WORLD OF WOOD AND CANVAS."

and cook engaged, grub stowed away, perhaps a fair wind blowing, when a few hours at one end may mean a week at the other, and the sailors, shipped for the voyage by the shipping-master uptown, can come aboard, and if they don't like the looks of things, or want one more drink or take any fancy, can go ashore, if they can get there, and the captain is helpless. His only alternative is to obtain another crew. In this case the sailors didn't even come aboard; the high-sided hull and heavy spars of the schooner evidently scared them, for they came out, gave one look at the schooner and said: "She's a brute. To hell with the ——— hooker," and returned in the boat.

The "old man" relieved himself of a few sweeping observations in regard to sailors and shipping-masters, and we went below to store our dunnage.

The cabin of a 600-ton schooner is none too roomy, as vessels go now; but I was allotted a stateroom by myself, and comfortable enough. The captain's room and the spare room, if there is one, are on the starboard side; amidships the main cabin, which also serves as a dining-room in a small craft, and did here; on the port, the mate's and steward's rooms, and forward of all a small pantry and forward companion-way. Any degree of comfort or the reverse can be found in these long-shore cabins; but

as a rule, comfortable and sometimes even elegant apartments are provided for the after guard; and in case there is a woman on board, wife of captain or mate, the interior is at once transformed into something like a shore home and rendered doubly inviting by the contrast between its air of homelike quiet and the rough and rude aspect of things on deck. As the vessel grows in size, the cabins keep pace with the rest, and those in some of our recent big schooners are dreams of comfort, luxury and taste, with steam heat, telephone forward, bath rooms finished in white and gold oftentimes finished throughout in natural woods; and, in fact, wholly in keeping with the American spirit that is not content till it leads the world. One of our four-masted schooners a couple of years ago, created a sensation in France. They had never imagined anything so magnificent; but thousands passed that vessel every day in Boston and never gave a second look.

But it was no morning to stay below; the captain was impatient of delay, and the passenger had been so long a time short of sea and breeze that we preferred the deck. In the course of an hour Captain Joe, who had kept his binoculars trained up the harbor, gave a grunt of satisfaction.

"Here come our shell-backs. Bet they won't go back this time. If I once get 'em aboard we will go to sea, if they are all dead drunk."

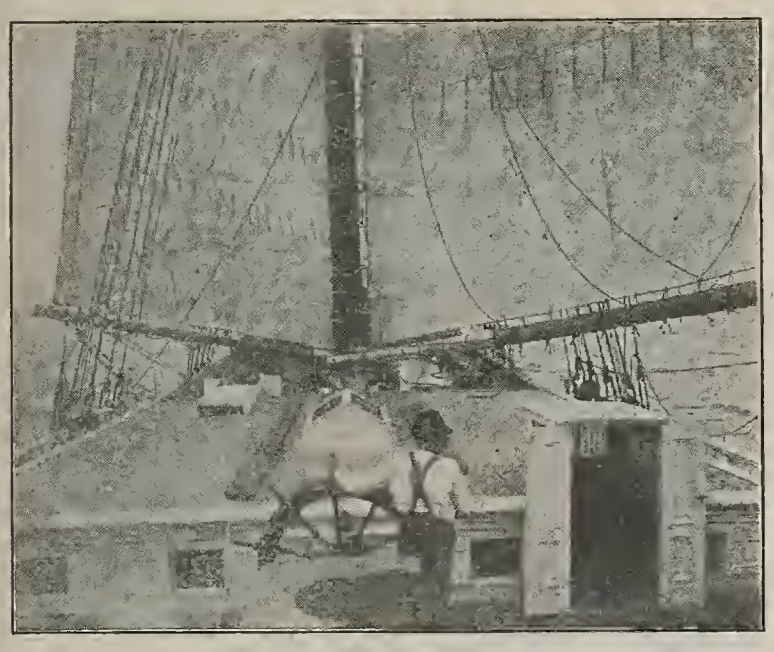
The boat came alongside, the four sailors who were grouped on the forward deck passed up their bags and dove into the forecastle, soon to reappear, rigged for duty.

"Now, then, boys, Spanker," sang out the mate, as the first man "showed a leg" out of the forecastle door.

"Spanker, sir." "Spanker" was echoed as they jumped to obey, and three of us on each halyard sent the gaff aloft till the weight of the canvas began to tell. She comes harder now, and four get on to the throat, then the peak; the fore-handed man sings out the word, with all kinds of twists and accents, and a few inches at a time the heavy sail creeps up.

"That's well, sir, the peak. Jig."

"Jig, sir," and the gang tail on to the jig (a smaller tackle on the other end of the halyards, which increases the purchase many fold). But all must pull together or the effort is wasted, and the only way to do so is for one of the men, usually the best sailor in the bunch, or, if the



"SPLIT OPEN."

mate is hauling with them, the duty falls upon him, ex-officio, to give the signal; and this is done by the most unintelligible string of expressions, which mean nothing more than that it is time to transfer your weight from the deck to the halyard or rope on which you have barely room to place your hand; for with four hauling on one halyard, each one must know what to do with his knees and elbows, and not knock somebody in the eye or sit down in his lap. So it goes like this: "A-ha-a-a!" "Up with him!" "Ho-boy!" "Peak him!" "She must!" "Wey-hey—!" "Yo-oh-oh-oh. Ho!" "Come down!" till your arms ache. "Catch a turn!" cries the mate. "Swing off!" and the bunch settles back till they touch the deck, and the mate hauls in the slack. The boom rises from the saddle and the heavy sail is set, flattened by the weight of the spar.

So, I imagine, Dana sailed out of Boston seventy years ago.

Main and foresail follow, and then we man the windlass, and walk her up to the anchors till the brakes begin to go hard. The mate looks over the bows. "Heave away!" "Heave!" "Start up the outer jibs a couple of yer!" and he lends a hand at the windlass. The mate of a coasting schooner has plenty to do. Suddenly the chain comes in freely, the anchor is broken out and the brakes go rapidly up and down.

"Vast heaving!" Jib halyards. "Jib halyards, sir!" "Two of yer jump up and loose them tops'ls!" The old man has the wheel. We hoist away on the jibs and soon the cry comes down from aloft: "All ready the main!" "All ready the fore!"

"Let 'em hang and lay down. One hand take the wheel."

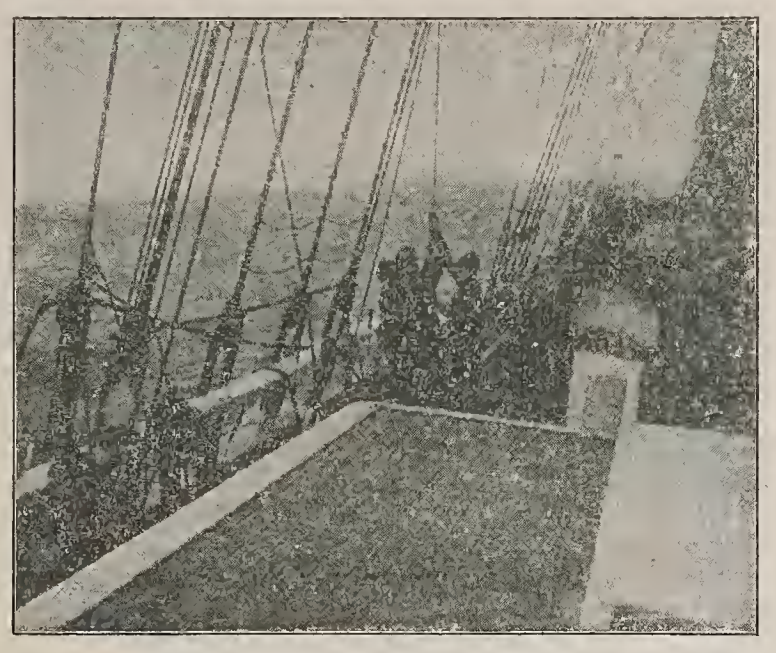
The mate comes aft and gives a look around. "This wind is terrible light; we shall have a head tide, too."

The schooner is slipping quietly through the water, but as we get into Broad Sound, the wind, which had been losing strength, fell altogether, the flood tide began to make its power felt, and to prevent drifting back up the channel we anchor and haul down the jibs.

The steward comes aft with his basket, and the odor of ham and eggs floats up through the companion-way.

What an appetite all this has given us! The crisp air and exercise have started every muscle and nerve into action, and you are alive. It takes a couple of hours of this sort of thing to make one appreciate ham and eggs. You crave something strong; strong ham, strong coffee, strong dishes, strong language; the atmosphere of the sea breeds strength, and things which on shore among shore-folks would create a terrible commotion, at sea pass unnoticed; the grub served up in the forecastle amid filthy surroundings is eaten with a relish; while, if the same were set before men of the same stamp, engaged in some indoor, enervating occupation on land, there would be a revolt. Niceties of speech and action have no place on shipboard; the rough, sturdy qualities are the ones that tell, and the men who can drive these schooners up and down the worst coast in the world, winter and summer, may and do have the aspect of refinement; but just beneath is the rugged self-confidence and resourceful spirit that does not show up to the public on the diamond or gridiron with thousands of yelling "rooters" to goad them on, but fights its battles alone off shore somewhere without an audience, in the cold and wet and danger of the North Atlantic.

I love to rub elbows with these men; to share for a period a little of the exposure and risk they experience through the years, and after meeting, day in and day



"PEAK HIM."

out, the artificial life of the city; the soft muscled, soft spoken clerks and business men of the street, what a change to heave at a winch and haul at a rope with a half-dozen stalwart two-fisted fellows who could clean out a store full of men-milliners. I never meet a man with clean, soft, white hands, bediamond, maybe, without a wish that I could be the mate for one watch, turn him out at eight bells some cold, rainy night and send him aloft to furl a topsail.

A few weeks ago a coasting captain and I went into an ice-cream parlor in Savannah to kill an hour one evening, and were seated at a table; two or three girls came in, walked up to the soda fountain and engaged in a vapory conversation with the delicate thing who stirred the syrups. As they exchanged sweet nothings over the counter, the young man's mezzo-soprano voice was heard:

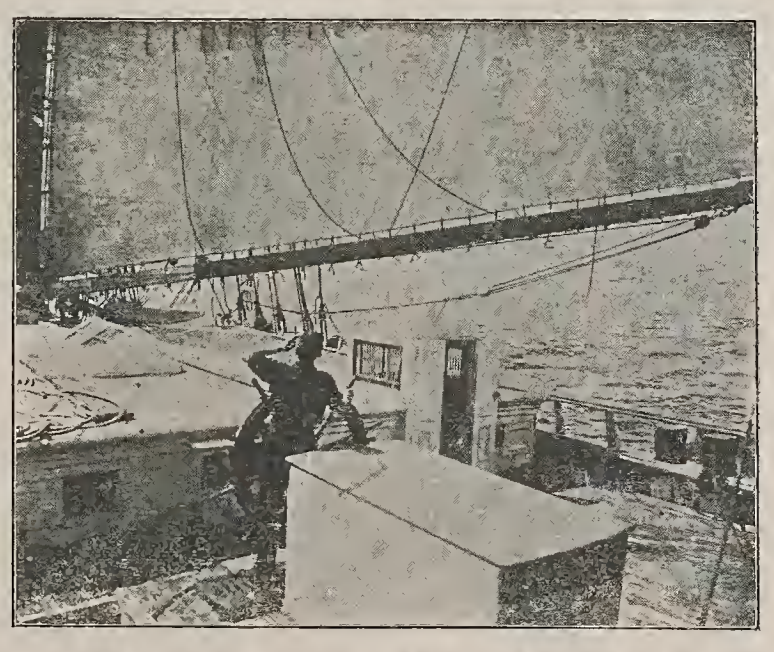
"Yes, a nickel, please. Thanks. Ta! Ta!"

I glanced at the "old man," who, by the way, had practically lost all his sleep on the passage down on account of neuralgic pains in the face, the beginning of the end of twenty years of knocking round the coast, and had often expressed his lost opinion of a seafaring life.

"Which had you rather do, serve out syrup and taffy to the girls in this gilded alhambra, or go to sea?"

"Go to sea, by ———" and the withering look of disgust he gave the innocent peddler of prattle said so, too.

But ours was to be no winter passage this time. The Indian summer haze hung over the sea and the sun reflected from the smooth water was warm at noon. Off in the southern board a dark streak appeared, and soon a light southeasterly reached in and we got underway.



SPANKER BOOM (THAT SOMETIMES TAKES CHARGE).

Jibs and anchor came up again, and Captain Joe hove the wheel down.

"If I can get this old wagon round on the other tack we will start across the bay; but she does hate to come; let's flatten in this spanker sheet, son. Now, when she rolls, hook that boom 'tayckle' on to the rail. Come aft a couple of yer and man spanker-boom tayckle."

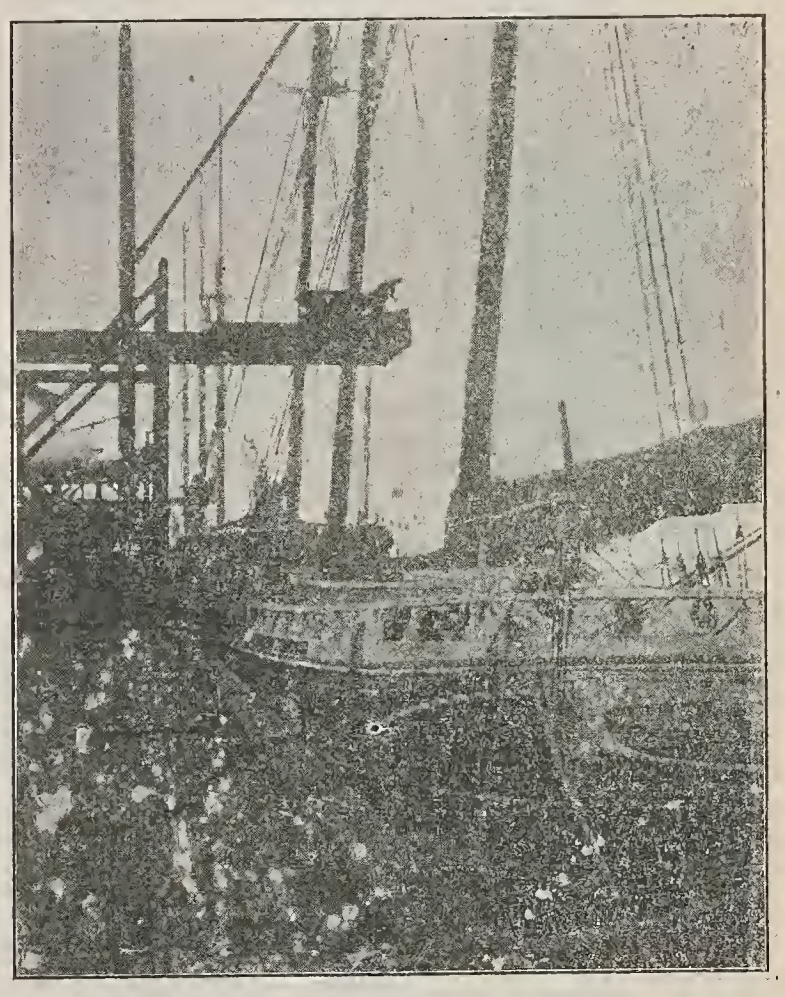
"Spanker-boom-tayckle, sir; spanker-boom-tayckle, sir," and we work her around and get her headed for Cape Cod.

"Get the tops'ls on her (to the mate)," and we mast-head the mizzen from the poop, haul out the sheet on the winch and take the tack around the mast. The fore and main go up to the same music as the lower canvas. "A-a-ho!" "Rouse him!" "Once again!" "Mast-head him!" and then as the hard, sudden jar coming the length of the halyards from the topmast head, tells us that one block is hard up against the other. "Two blocks! Belay!" "Sheet!" "Sheet, sir!" "Tack!" "Tack, sir!" and the sail is set.

The wind comes fairly fresh, and we go out of the sound dragging the centerboard along the bottom until the old boat trembles; but she is soon clear of the shoal, and we spend the rest of the afternoon beating slowly out of the bay.

The mate has all hands forward getting the anchor, which has been hanging from the bows on the rail, whence a turn of the hand can send it to the bottom again; fenders are piled just forward of the break of the quarter deck; decks are cleared up, hatches taken off to air the hold, and if the weather permits all hands have a busy day in the hold, sweeping up and dumping overboard coal dust; and if the vessel be bound South for lumber, or down East for ice, a thorough mate will make the hold as clean as a table, after a day of wet, dirty drudgery.

The night was calm, clear, and the sea smooth. The sea is fascinating by day; night adds the charm of mystery. Except upon the blackest, darkest night, you can always see something; a cheerful ray from the cabin skylight shines into the spanker and illumines sail and boom with ever-changing areas of light. The dim glow in the binnacle seems almost like a companion, and the bright compass card the true friend that it is. The soft hiss of foam under the boat on the stern davits, as the water races past, or the squeak of a block aloft, or the groaning of some unknown timber, sounds different at night. The cool, damp air fans out of the sails, the deck is wet with dew, the spars, magnified by the darkness, appear to stretch up out of sight; the great expanse of canvas looks almost ghostly. If it is calm, the racket is tremendous. This may seem paradoxical, but a large schooner or any fore-and-aft-rigged vessel of size, becalmed in a sea or with a light following wind, can create a most awful disturbance, and especially at night. With no wind to steady



SCHOONER LUCINDA G. POTTER DISCHARGING COAL. TAKEN JUST BEFORE HER LAST TRIP.

her, your watch on deck is a series of groanings, creakings and ripping, tearing thunder, varied about every two minutes by, perhaps, ten seconds of absolute quiet, when you can hear the clock ticking in the fo'ard cabin; then a block squeaks up aloft as she rolls to windward, booms grind on the saddles, the heavy gaffs dig their jaws into the mast, boom-tackles snap up short, and as she rolls to leeward the sheets take the strain, sheet-blocks are whipped up from the deck to fall again with a crash, the immense spanker boom, well off over the quarter, rises high in the air; the weather lift slats into the sail with a swish that sounds like the explosion of a rocket, as the spar falls again, and you think the sleepers below will surely come up to see what the trouble is.

But with a breeze which allows everything to draw, the sight of a big schooner stealing along at night, the moon lighting up the decks and showing every sail full and hard, as clear as day, is one to remember. There is quiet then; the man at the wheel leans against it, motionless; she would steer herself with the wheel in the becket. There is just enough wind to keep her moving without any fuss; and gazing up at the quiet stretches of canvas and towering spars, you forget earth and dirt and trouble; the world is made of wood and canvas, and is inhabited only by fleeting shadows coming and going in the uncertain light, and you are apart from it somewhere in space—then the mate begins a long yarn about his girl in Providence and breaks the spell.

The day following found us off the Cape with the wind about south and weather threatening; the small fleet that had come out of Boston Bay with us, was hull down astern, and Captain Joe picked up the end of the spanker sheet and shook it over the rail: "Come on. I never saw anything yet this old packet wouldn't outsail. She's a plank on edge, but she will travel."

And we were traveling. She was heeled over like a yacht, and one could hardly stand on deck. Toward dark we laid out and furled the outer jibs, clewed down the staysails and fore and main topsails. Next to flying comes riding the jib boom of a vessel in a seaway; you are lifted with one grand sweep, poised a moment in mid air and then things drop from under you. You reach forth your hand to grasp a stay and your hand flies up. You try to step on a foot rope and find that you weigh nothing. You cannot get down to it; you lie over the boom and feel no pressure; and then you weigh four or five hundred pounds, and can hardly raise hand or foot as she lifts again. The roar of water under the bows is like a small cataract, and the humming of the wind through the rigging, the strong, bracing air of ocean, the general atmosphere of rude, rough life are a tonic to the one who doesn't have to.

Once through the slue of Pollock Rip, the old man decided to anchor, as it began to get thick, so we let go; at noon the following day we got underway and with a rattling westerly tore along in the smooth water.

At dark a small sloop yacht about 40ft. long passed us to windward; she was well heeled down, under a reefed mainsail and jib, and showed her crew in oil-skins. We waved a greeting, and the mate gave her a long look.

"That's the life for me. Plenty of money and cruise where you want to. No coal dust about her, I'll bet. Look at those," and he struck out a pair of grimy paws, hardened and bruised. "That's what going to sea is. Beauties, ain't they? I suppose you shore people have lots of money."

Sailors always seem to think that a stiff hat and high collar and fairly clean hands are some sort of a financial rating; and I have heard an ill-concealed snort of contempt and pity from one of the hands, when, in reply to the captain's query as to where I would rather be that evening, I had answered, "Right here." Why any right-minded person should voluntarily isolate himself from all the pleasures of land, especially in the winter, and join his fortunes with those of a coal schooner, passes the comprehension of the average jack.

"Couldn't you get me a chance to go in some yacht, mister? (That is a regular query.) I'd like something where I could keep clean; this coal dragging is dirty work."

"Didn't that feller astern of us anchor? I don't see his lights," said the captain. "Suppose we ought to if he did. It's funny how one vessel will do what another does. If one takes in a topsail everybody else begins to look around and guess on the weather and thinks perhaps the first one has seen something that he hasn't, and then he will take in his," said the mate. "I have a friend, mate of a schooner, and he come out the Chesapeake in company with another vessel and kept along all day together, with the wind sou'west. About dark the other one jibed over, hauled to and started to beat back. Well, this feller said the old man he was with looked round and sniffed and guessed and reckoned and finally hauled to, and followed the other one back to Hampton Roads, and then sent over to find out what the reason was."

"Captain was taken sick," was the answer. "Why did you come back?"

Meanwhile the wind had been freshening, and at dark the schooner was tearing along well over on her beam-ends. Supper we ate squatting on the cabin floor, close up against the lee bulk-head, holding cup in one hand and plate in the other; while the steward crawled about with his basket on his arm, occasionally expressing his opinion of wind and schooners, and of that cranky schooner in particular. It was blowing fresh when we returned to the deck; the man at the wheel had about all he could do to keep her straight. The wind was about abeam and we were going at steamer speed. I went forward along the weather side at the captain's warning, where the lookout was swinging from one side to the other.

"She is turning the turf to-night, all right."

"Yes, sir. But I don't like the way she lays over. She is too tender, altogether," and the old sailor glanced aloft at the staysails and topsails, straining against the stars. "Old man ought to get those rags off her before they blow away."

A moment later a wicked puff struck the schooner, and the main topsail split across and began to slat to pieces. Then "clew" up fore and main topsails. Haul down flying jib. Haul down main and mizzen topmast staysails. Tie a couple of reefs in the spanker. Let her come to (to the man at the wheel). "Come to, sir." Spanker sheet, all hands, "Spanker sheet, sir!" Well spanker sheet. "Hook on your rolling tackles and run that reefing-plank aft; stand by the halyards. Lower away. Two reefs! Keep her away a couple of points." "All right, sir! Knot away," sings out the mate from the reef-earing then hoist away again, and the spanker is reefed.

"I like to get that spanker reefed, then you can handle a vessel," said Captain Joe. "I've known of a fine vessel that was thrown away by holding on to a whole spanker a few hours too long. Then the spanker boom took charge when they did try to reef it, carried away the wheel, she broached to, got her decks swept and they had to leave her—just thrown away."

Shortly after midnight a heavy squall struck the vessel; she laid down like a yacht and then came to in spite of the helm.

"Guess we might as well let go and tie things up"; so we do and put a peak-stop on the sails, furl the jibs and set an anchor watch.

Morning showed a beautiful breeze and clear sky, and soon after daylight we got under way. As the windlass breaks go up and down, the men look around. There is nothing in sight but a lightship a few miles to the east'ard.

"Cross-rip," said one. Again we make sail. The men sweat as they pull; the air is rank with the odor of moist tobacco, and the stinking smell of the forecastle, which still clings to their clothes. No wonder sailors are short-lived. Here, in pleasant weather, in a mild month, and smooth sea, a man is expected to do a good half-day's work before breakfast; add to that the broken rest, wet and cold, and the terrors of the land. While at sea the limit for sleep at one time is three and one-half hours, never more, often less (a mate with whom I once took a trip in the great blizzard of '88 was on deck for a period of 92 hours without sleep), and if there is a hell on earth it is being dragged from a warm, comparatively comfortable bunk to the wet, cold, dark deck to battle with straining gear and banging canvas. Steam has lightened the labor somewhat in sailing vessels, but the cold and wet and danger, and sleepless nights still take the life out of the sailor man.

The remainder of our passage was uneventful. We had moderate fair winds, and about a week after leaving Boston dropped anchor off Newport News. Here I left the vessel with the feeling of regret which I think always comes upon one at parting with the fabric which has borne him in safety to his destination.

Two months later the Lucinda G. Potter sailed on the same trip from Boston to Newport News to load coal back. Another captain went in her this time, and the passenger stayed ashore. Of the ship's company of the trip as told above, only Bunce, the steward stayed by. Captain Joe was in Bath superintending the building of a four-master.

A few days before Christmas, which fell on a Thursday, they sailed. Terrible weather prevailed, and in a N.W. gale they ran down to Monomoy and anchored somewhere under the lee of the land. Between Cape Cod and Hatteras is a stretch of water which could tell some fearful tales. See the chart of Cape Cod showing the wrecks of thirty years. It looks like a cluster of flies on a fish-hook. I have heard captains who have been going to sea all their lives say that right off Cape Cod was where they caught it the worst; and as we were pacing the deck off Highland Light one day, one brown, weather-beaten old captain, a fellow passenger of mine in the Baltimore steamer, with a look in his half-closed eyes as if he were peering to wind'ard in a N. W. gale, gave a grunt of contempt, directed at the captain in his warm steam-heated pilot house and said: "Look at that; a warm parlor and always laying your course, plenty of company and good grub and good pay; that's a little different from the life I've led. I've seen weather off here that would make a man white-headed in a night. Awful! Awful!" And the wrinkled eyes and gray hairs seemed to confirm his words.

Through the Sound with its cross currents and fogs and shoals, most of the coastwise traffic takes its way, and in winter it is man-killing work to handle a big schooner on this coast. Sailors proverbially want sea room, and let it blow, but on the coast, when every wind may make a lee shore, there is no rest for the coaster.

The Potter on Thursday, the 23d, with a moderate S.W. wind, worked through the Sound and anchored in the Vineyard. Wednesday, with the wind N., gave them a chance to get out, and on Christmas morning, when the wind went to N.E., they were well along with every prospect of making a quick run.

The wind and sea rose rapidly, and Capt. Evans reefed her down and let her come to, to keep in under the beach. The temperature was falling rapidly, and before night the cold was intense, and the wind, coming in heavy squalls, laid the schooner, crank as she was, well over on her side. As darkness came on, she was running quartering, with spanker furled, under double-reefed fore and mainsails, main jib and flying jib. The man at the wheel, despite the freezing air, was warm with his exertions to keep her straight.

The captain and mate were together on deck and stood watching the vessel jumping through the seas.

"How she is traveling! Seems as if she was terrible tender—more so than usual."

"Well, it's blowing very fresh," said the mate, "and with this sea she rolls down."

"But she seems to act different. Sort of logy and slow in rolling to windward. Don't you think so?"

"I don't know. Do you suppose there is any water in her? The pumps sucked yesterday morning in the Vineyard."

"Well, perhaps it's my imagination," and the captain went below to supper, hurried through the meal and returned to the deck.

The man at the wheel spoke up:

"She steer bad, sir. I no unstan'."

The mate stepped to the wheel. "Let me take her." After a minute, "She does steer quer. I'll try the well." He came back with a white face. "There's a lot of water in the hold, sir." The captain jumped. "Call all hands. I wonder how long this has been coming in. It can't be very long, as we didn't notice anything till just now. Ship the brakes and start 'em pumping."

The sailors went at the pumps, but at midnight had failed to reduce the water in the hold. It gained slowly, but still gained, and though wearied with the night's labor, morning showed them putting up a stiff fight against a merciless foe. Things were looking serious. They had been divided into watches of four and four, one watch resting and sleeping while the other pumped; but at such exhausting labor, a half-hour at first and then fifteen minutes sufficed to use them up, so that sleep was almost denied them. They cut down through the cabin floor and passed the water up in buckets—as well try to scoop it out with their hands.

But morning brought a shift of wind, which caused their hearts to sink; out of the N.W., butt-end first, came the blizzard, and the schooner, helpless and unmanageable, drove to sea. They had long ago lowered the sails and given all their attention to the pumps, and Friday and Saturday, the two days following Christmas, 1890, were for the eight men in that waterlogged craft days of desperate unequal struggle with grim death. In New York city, forty miles away, bells were ringing and Christmas festivities were in full swing. Out in the bay, within a few hours' steaming of a swift tug, men of the coast were fighting for their lives—and lost. Finally the poor fellows gave it up. "We can't pump no more, capen," said Chris, the mate. "We are all used up."

Wallenberger, a Swede of immense size and strength, lifted his hands, swollen and bleeding and half-frozen. He had done the work of two men, and his vast powers had been drawn upon to the verge of collapse.

"We tired, cap'n. No use de pump."

The men spoke and declared they could not lift another pound, and knocked off at the pumps and stood around waiting for the seas to come aboard. Nobody knew where they were, and nobody cared. No pen can write the true story of that three-days' drift. The little told here was gathered from the disjointed, half-crazed remembrance of a Swedish sailor, whose language at best was difficult to comprehend.

Sunday morning the leak had gained so fast that the schooner filled and capsized. There was left in some one strength enough to crawl along and cut the lanyards of the weather rigging, and she finally rolled her masts out and the hull righted. As the masts went, the spanker boom swept the after house clear of the skylight and caboose, smashed the wheel, monkey rail, boat and davits, took two of the men with it in its course, and lay under the counter grinding against the side. Somewhere in the tangle of spars and rigging to leeward, two others had met their fate and one was found in the hold after the vessel had been towed in and pumped out. The three who remained clung to the wreck of the skylight and waited for the end. One of the three of less endurance than the others, died during the day. But Wallenberger and the captain could not lift the frozen body and left it where it lay. Another night shut down and hope fled. There was about one chance in a thousand of that low-lying hulk being seen or of their cries being heard, and to pass another night on the cabin top meant death.

I well remember that bitter day. On shore the wind made the cold doubly felt; but to the men on that waterlogged wreck, exhausted with three days' and nights of horror, worn with lack of food, sleep and shelter, and freezing in the winter's blast—and all this right at our doors!

But the captain and Wallenberger kept a sharp lookout, and when about 9 o'clock a vessel's lights were seen, they raised a feeble cry and were heard. They were then about fifty miles east of Five Fathom Bank Lightship, and Providence sent the schooner D. A. Lawson, Capt. Smith, from Savannah to Philadelphia, just in time. Capt. Smith lowered, the boat's crew had a tough pull of an hour in a rough sea, and found what was left of the Lucinda G. Potter. Tenderly the living two were taken aboard, but the warmth of the cabins proved too much for the poor frozen limbs, and the captain died soon after the rescue. Wallenberger's iron constitution pulled him through. Later tugs took the wreck into Philadelphia. She was sold, rebuilt and under another name sails the sea to-day.

But the men of the coast come and go. The age of adventure and daring has not gone by. You might think so to walk along the street and see men in offices doing woman's work; but danger and heroism are there, just off the coast, within sight of the glare of the lights of New York and Boston. Take a second look at that coaster following the tug down the harbor some frosty morning, with the men jumping around decks, making sail. She may never come back. You don't hear much of adventure and strange experiences in distant seas, for the plodding tramps have eliminated the romance you used to associate with snowy decks and a maze of sails and rigging. But while Cape Cod and Hatteras are on the chart you can find the same thing right here at home. And I, for one, uncover to the men who handle our coastwise sailing fleet, to the men who broil and freeze and know long sleepless nights of toil and vigil, and terrible lee shores and fog and snow and collision—to the men of the coast.

The South Bay Scooter.

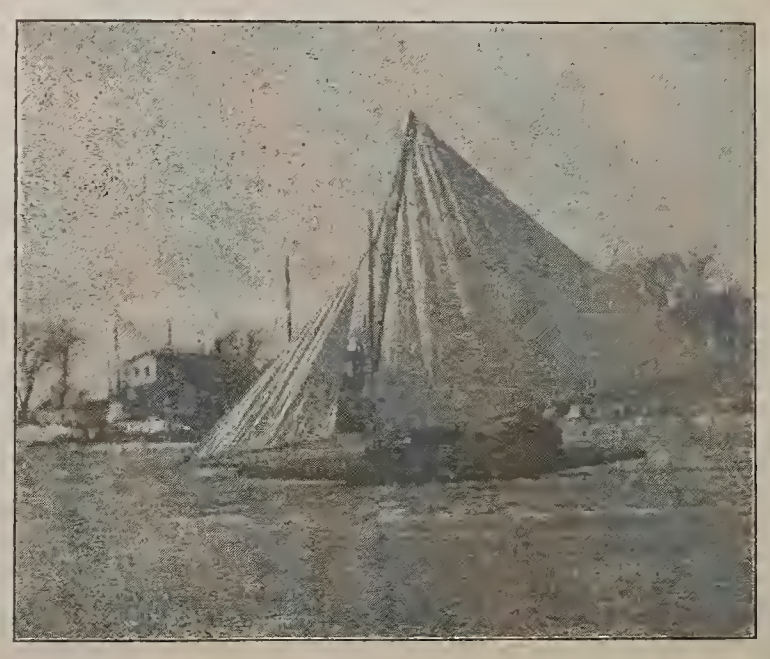
Editor Forest and Stream:

In the following description of the "South Bay scooter," I trust I will convey to many of my fellow sportsmen the information that they have sought ever since the scooter has been brought into general notice by now and then a note of its many advantages as a valuable acquisition to every true sportsman's outfit, by every sporting paper that could secure an inkling of its uses.

AWAITING INSTRUCTIONS.

As no thoroughly detailed account of its general lines, dimensions, uses, etc., has yet appeared to my knowledge, I now take pleasure in giving such to the readers of your valued publication.

The South Bay scooter is a boat designed especially for winter use. Its length is usually about 14ft., and beam amidships about 4ft.; depth of hold, 12in. The boat is of the "whaleback" type, being, if anything flattest on the under side. The bottom is fitted with two runners, brass shod, about 9ft. long, placed parallel about 20in. apart, total depth of wood and shoe about 2in. An open hatchway or cockpit is cut in the deck about 6ft. long by 2ft. wide, narrower at either end. The boat's full equipment consists of a mainsail and jib, a pair of 6ft. oars, one long pike pole and one short one, also a rowing seat. The deck outlines are not unlike any water boat, except that the stern narrows up to either a very sharp round or sometimes to a point like the bow.



"READY."

By the above description you can see at once that the boat combines a craft suitable both for ice and water sail-

ing. And it is right here that you will recognize its valuable qualities.

How often have our sportsmen reached the ducking grounds to find the surface of the water coated with ice, too treacherous for an ice boat, unsafe to cross afoot and too thick to row or sail through, and with this condition of affairs seen myriads of birds safely huddled in an open "air hole" half a mile or so from shore, safe from all intrusion, yet forced to return to the city, dollars out of pocket, no ducks, no sport, nothing except disappointment, because there was no means of reaching the feeding grounds.

"LINED UP."

Here is where the scooter comes in under the above conditions. Instead of returning home, now the hunter launches his scooter, puts in his decoys, gun, etc., puts on a white canvas suit and hat, hoists his sail and makes out for the air hole, sailing over the ice where it is sufficiently strong and through it where it is weak, but one thing he is certain to do, and that is to reach the air hole in which he puts out his decoys, covers his scooter with thin ice broken from the edges of the main body, lays down in the hatchway of his boat and then have duck shooting such as never was dreamed of until scooters were devised.

A DISCUSSION ON RUNNERS.

The accompanying illustrations will give your readers a good idea of how a scooter looks rigged up especially for sailing, as many sportsmen down this way have boats specially for that purpose, only finished up in the finest style, bright decks, brass fittings and all the trimmings of a yacht. The regular gunning scooter is painted white all over, but has all the other qualities of the finest boats as to sailing, rowing, etc.—in fact, all except looks.

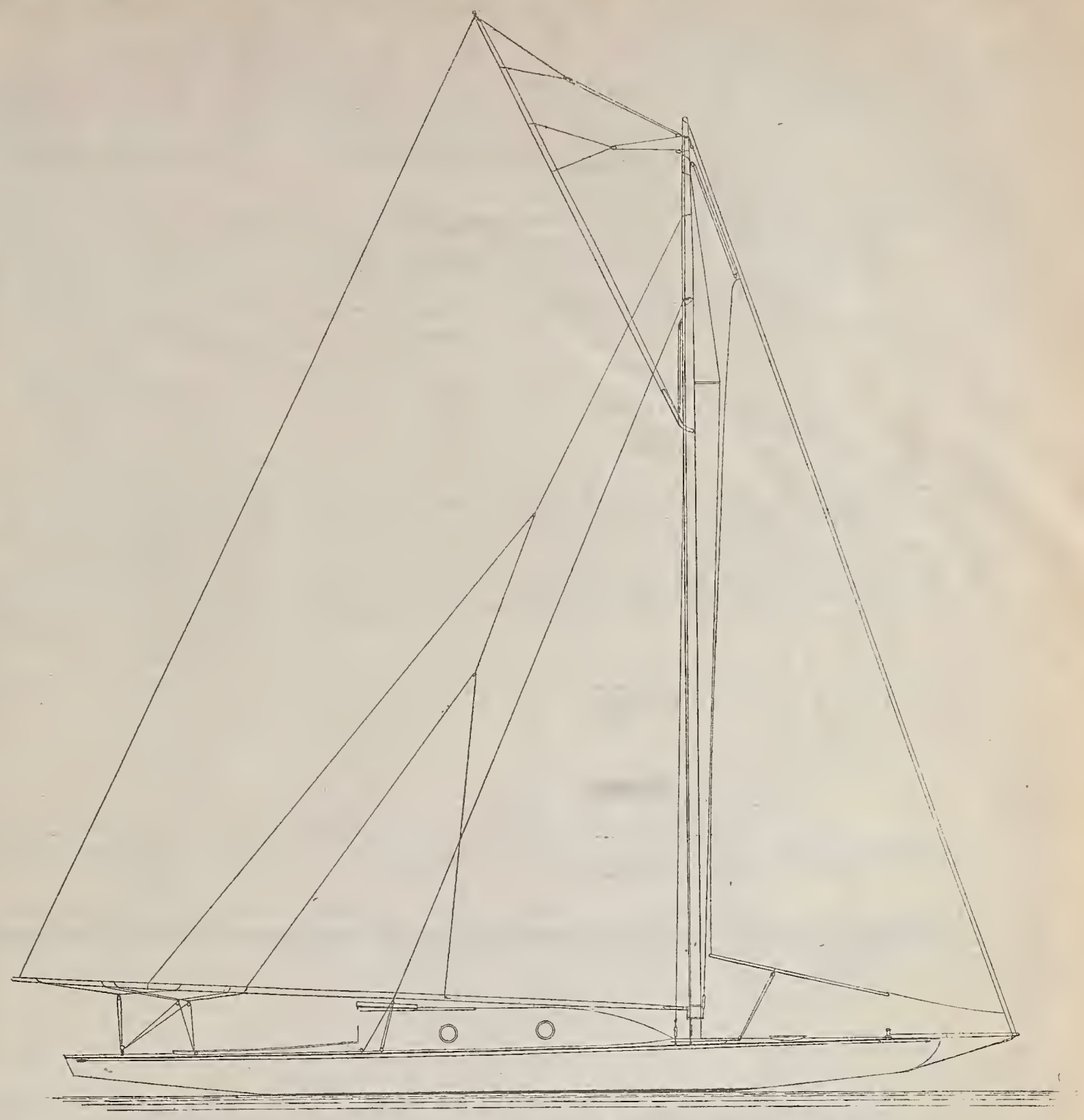
H. V. WATKINS.

English Letter.

Navahoe, Herr Watjen, is to fit out for the Mediterranean regattas, and is to have new decks. It was rumored some time ago that her owner wished to sell her and build a large racing schooner. That does not, however, appear to be correct. Lord Crawford's fine auxiliary ship, Valhalla, is bound for a cruise in the Pacific. Godwit, a Fife-built 45-tonner, has sailed for Bombay, her owner joining her at Gibraltar. She is a nice cruising yawl and speedy. The passage is being made under her ordinary spars. There is nothing to report about the new challenger, save that the progress known to be made with her promises an early launch.

The best news of the week is an order for a new 52-footer, to be designed by Alfred Mylne, who made a hit this year in the Clyde 36-footer class. The new boat will go far to establish the 52ft. class on a sound basis. The name of the owner, according to the now fashionable custom, is not disclosed. One effect of this has been, in at least one instance, to cause an intending builder of a 65-footer to hold back, as he would not build without knowing who he would have to race against.

Very little interest seems to be taken on your side in the new rule of the New York Y. C. It seems to me to be an extremely troublesome one to put into execution, and not very good, even then. The objection I have to it is that it aims at influencing the shape of a vessel's ends, whereas, I hold that these should be left to develop into the best shape for speed, and that the mid section alone ought to govern their length. If a good, deep body is secured by a rule the ends will cease to be abnormal. Our own rule could easily be altered to produce a splendid type of boat. It also suffers a little from a tendency to influence shape, but that is confined to the mid-section, and I am afraid some designers would disagree with me in saying that it acts harmfully in this respect.



CHAMPION 21-FOOTER LITTLE HASTE—DESIGNED BY W. STARLING BURGESS, 1902.

A launch-racing organization has been established over here, under the name of the Marine Motor Association. Racing is to be adopted as a means of developing the marine motor. The classes are arranged by over-all length—25 and 40ft. for open classes, in which any power and hull dimensions may be used, and the classes for utility boats (yachts, launches, etc.), are 30, 25, 20 and 15ft. o. a., the last being a clencher-built dinghy class. There is to be a minimum beam, freeboard and thickness of planking in these classes and a maximum h. p. Of course, there must be no end of trouble in getting a satisfactory engine measurement, but in time a good result will be obtained. Auxiliary racing will also be encouraged, and that opens up no end of good sport, for it will often entail far more judgment than in racing under sail only.

I hear that in all probability the design of the new large Solent one-design class, promoted by the Earl of Albemarle, will be supplied by Alfred Mylne. I am surprised at this, not because I doubt the ability of the designer, but because these classes are usually designed by one of the naval architects of the district. Mr. Mylne designed the Clyde 20-ton O. D. C. They are good boats, and no doubt he will improve on them for the Solent. It is stated, with some show of probability, that H. R. H., the Prince of Wales, will have a boat in this class. Nothing would do more good to yacht racing than the participation of the Prince, and one-design racing would probably not satisfy him for long.

E. H. HAMILTON.

Some Sea Terms.

MANY aquatic terms explain themselves, such as "rowlock" and "thwart." The latter, conveying the idea of a crossbar, is exactly analogous to the Latin equivalent of "transtrum" (*vide Æneid V.*). In naval architecture the varieties of "clinker" and "carvel" tell their own tale etymologically; in the one build the timbers being clinched, overlapping each other, and in the other being carved, or sliced to a flush surface. But it requires a reference to history of latter day navigation as instructed by Venetian mariners to recognize under "larboard" and "starboard" phonetic corruptions of "villa borda" and "ista borda." A "forecastle" preserves the history of shipbuilding from days when both bows and poop were constructed with castellations for protection in combat, whether against pirates or king's enemies. A cockswain is a character of much greater authority at sea than in boat racing, and hence his designation. A skipper is but a (Dutch) schipper, or shipper; a gunwale, or gunwall, speaks for itself. A thowl, or thole, does not so easily explain itself, but we find the old English verb to "thole," in Chaucer, equivalent to "bear" or "endure." There is also the Gothic "thulan" and Saxon "tolan," of similar meaning. This helps us to throw back to the old Aryan root that crops up in Latin "tollo" and in the irregular perfect of "tuli," and at once gives us a *raison d'être* for a thole of a boat as that which bears the strain of the oar and carries the leather or metal loop which takes the oar to its "support."

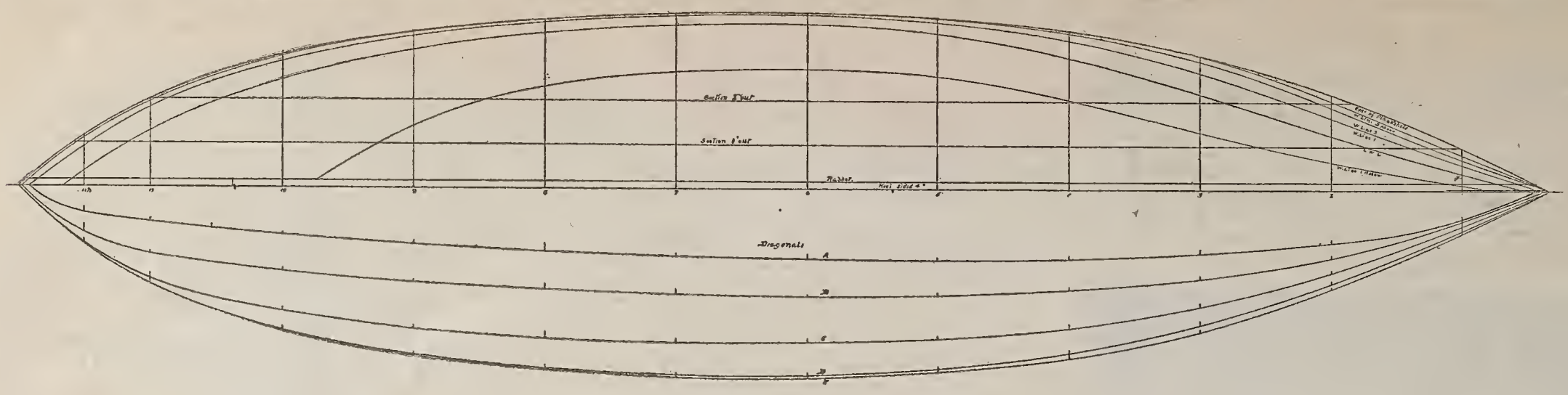
The "moorings" of a vessel have a far-fetched derivation, but one which I think is reliable. We have the old Aryan lost word "mawr," or "maha," meaning great, as seen in maha-rajah, in MacCallum More, or in Pen-maen-mawr. Next, the idea of superior size passes to high ground; hence a "moor" is *primâ facie* hill ground. The same, being frequently uncultivated, extends the meaning of the word in due time to any wa te land, even though lowlying. But the "moor" ground, as regards an estuary or river channel, continued to mean the elevated bank above tide level. Hence when vessels were small, to "moor" or to "beach" them was one and the same process. Vessels grew in dimensions until their places of repose were floating depths in mid-channel, but the term "moorings" has still stuck to their resting places, although these are no longer aloft and on the high or great ground.—London Field.

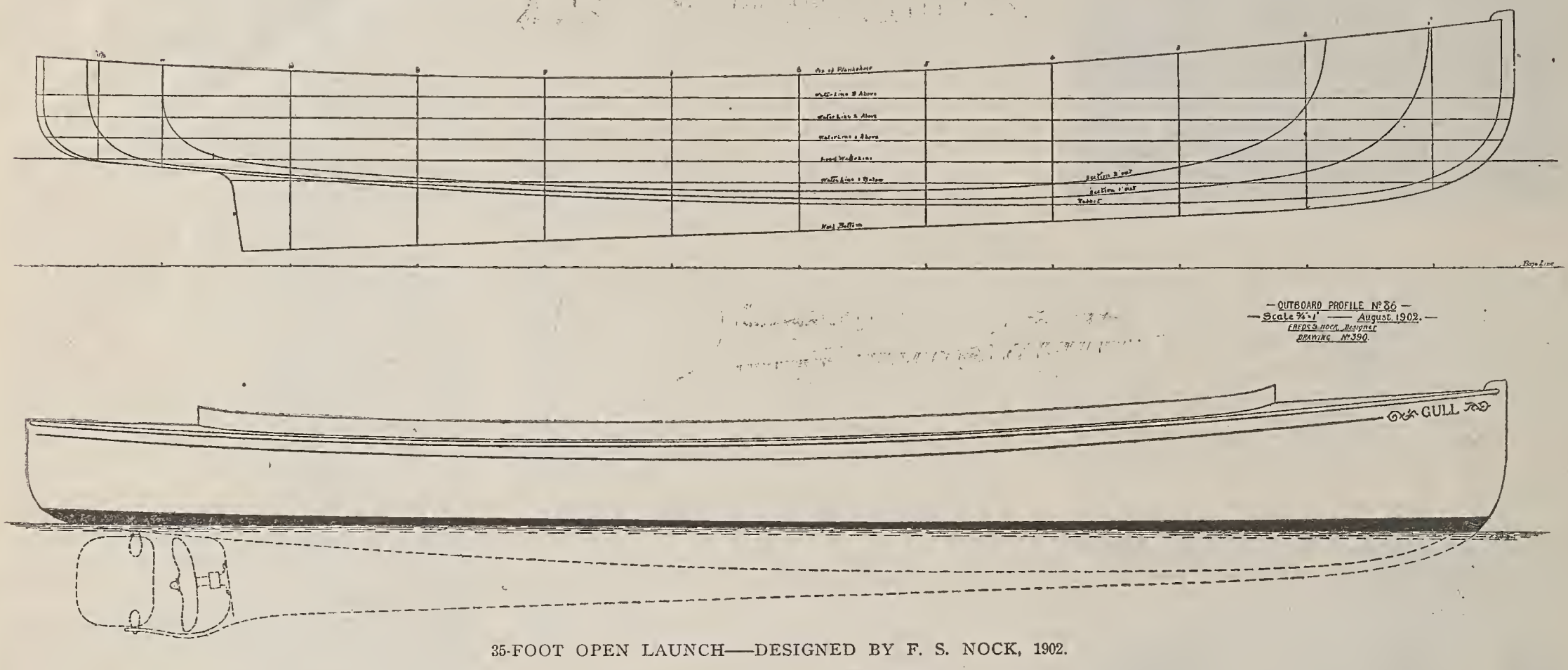
Little Haste.

IN this issue there appears the outboard profile and sail plan of Little Haste, champion of the 21ft. class, Massachusetts Y. R. A. The principal dimensions of the yacht's hull and spars follow:

Length—	
Over all	40ft. 0in.
L.W.L.	21ft. 0in.
Overhang—	
Forward	10ft. 0in.
Aft	9ft. 0in.
Breadth—	
Extreme	10ft. 9in.
L.W.L.	10ft. 3in.
Freeboard—	
Bow	2ft. 0in.
Stern	1ft. 6in.
Sail Area—	
Mainsail	755 sq. ft.
Jib	187 sq. ft.
Total	942 sq. ft.
Sail measurement:	
Mainsail—	
Boom	28ft. 6in.
Hoist	26ft. 6in.
Gaff	21ft. 2in.
Leech	47ft. 0in.
Jib—	
Hoist	35ft. 0in.
Leech	28ft. 0in.
Foot	14ft. 0in.

A new yacht club has been organized at Bayonne, to be known as the Bergen Point Y. C. The following officers have been elected: Commodore, A. W. Booth; Vice-Commodore, Midland Borland; Rear Commodore, T. J. Parker; Secretary and Treasurer, W. R. Wilde; Trustees, A. W. Booth, M. S. Borland, T. J. Parker, W. R. Wilde, Henry A. Wheeler, W. W. Genet, J. D. Boyd, Newton H. Day, and Dr. L. F. Donohue. The club starts with 107 members, and they have secured a club house on West Eighth street, Bayonne.

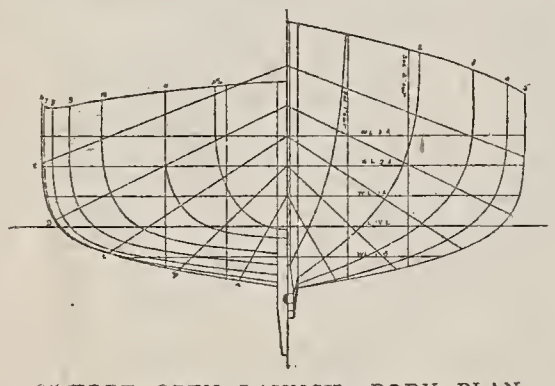




35-FOOT OPEN LAUNCH——DESIGNED BY F. S. NOCK, 1902.

35-Foot Open Launch.

In this issue there appear the plans of a 35ft. over all open launch. The boat was designed by Mr. Fred



35-FOOT OPEN LAUNCH—BODY PLAN.

S. Nock, of West Mystic, Conn. She is a roomy craft and is fast and dry in a seaway. Her dimensions follow:

Length—		
Over all	35ft.	0 in.
L.W.L.	33ft.	3 in.
Overhang—		
Forward	0ft.	8 in.
Aft	1ft.	1 in.
Breadth—		
Extreme	8ft.	0 in.
L.W.L.	7ft.	0 in.
Draft—		
To rabbet	1ft.	0 in.
Extreme	2ft.	3 in.
Freeboard—		
Bow	3ft.	4½in.
Stern	2ft.	4½in.
Least	1ft.	11½in.
Displacement	6,270lbs.	

The boat is well put together and will stand much bad usage. Her keel is of oak sided 4in., the stem and stern are also sided 4in., the frames are of oak 1⅛in. square, spaced 6in. on centers; the planking is of clear white cedar 1in. thick when finished. The motor is a double cylinder 12 horse-power, of the two-cycle type.

YACHT CLUB NOTES.

The annual meeting, election and dinner of the Manhasset Bay Y. C. was held at the Hotel Manhattan, on Tuesday, Dec. 2, over one hundred members and their guests being present.

The report of the secretary showed a total membership of 257, and a fleet enrolled of 154 vessels, by which showing 60 per cent. of the members are yacht owners.

The treasurer's report showed that the past season had been a most successful one financially, and that of the total issue of $35,000, building bonds, $28,000 had been subscribed for. During the evening, the balance remaining, $7,000 were taken up by the members.

The Building Committee reported that the new clubhouse had been completed in accordance with the original plans, and had in every way been found satisfactory, much credit being due the architects, Messrs. Hoppin and Koen, for the planning of the building.

The House Committee reported that the season's business had exceeded their expectations, and that the service given had apparently proven satisfactory to the members, for the reason that but three complaints had been lodged in the complaint book, those relating to minor details.

The Race Committee reported that the club had given three open races during the season, and that all classes scheduled had filled with large entries. This committee recommended that future open races given by the club be sailed over a course from Northeast Execution buoy, over the triangle to Matinicock and Delancey Points, which once around, measures fifteen miles, and the adoption of which will obviate the complaints made by some of the racing skippers, that to win a race at Manhasset Bay required a knowledge of local bay tidal conditions. An additional advantage had, by the adoption of this course, will be the cutting off of about five miles each way, in getting to and from the starting line from the various Sound clubs, which, when there is a light wind on the morning of a race day, often means the loss of many of the boats entered, owing to their inability to reach the starting line in time.

The committee also recommended that for the annual regatta of 1903, all classes be scheduled, instead of, as heretofore, calling only for the boats from 43ft. down.

The Race Committee was authorized to at once print the conditions to govern the races for the Manhasset Bay Y. C. Challenge Cup, by the 30ft. sloop class, and send same to the various clubs, with an invitation to compete for the cup. As all the Bar Harbor 30-footers will race on the Sound next season, and several new boats will be built, this, as a racing class, promises to be the largest of the fleet next summer, and the races for the Challenge Cup should prove most interesting, particularly as the boats will all sail together on the point system, instead as is usually the case, two boats racing together. Although the conditions have not been made public, the club has already received informal notice that four clubs will send representatives, and it is hoped that some of the eastern clubs will send entries.

A photograph of the cup and the conditions to govern the races for it will be published in our issue of next week.

The following officers were elected to serve for the next year:

Commodore, Alphonse H. Alker; Vice-Commodore, Charles W. Lee; Rear Commodore, H. Winslow White; Secretary, Edw. M. MacLellan; Treasurer, Guy W. Buxton; Measurer, Charles D. Mower; Trustees, class of 1905, James R. Thomson, Hazen L. Hoyt.

Amendments to the by-laws were passed, increasing the annual dues to $30, and the initiation fee to $50, and a class of army as well as navy members was provided for.

After considerable discussion the proposed amendment providing a junior class of membership, with annual dues of $15 and no initiation fee, the age limit being thirty years, was tabled until the next meeting.

It has been customary with this club to present the cups won in its races at the annual dinner, but owing to the silversmiths' strike, they were not ready in time, and the Challenge Cup, while on exhibition, was in an unfinished condition.

Among the guests present were A. Bryan Alley, secretary Larchmont Y. C.; George B. Wilson, W. A. Kissam, C. A. Harriman, F. K. Thayer, Anson B. Cole, George A. Corry, Edwin Ayres, Frederick A. Hill, George A. Thayer, John H. Barnard, E. C. De Kay, Henry L. Maxwell, Henry C. Ward, Charles M. Gould, and Commodore Woodward, of the Springfield Y. C.

* * *

The annual meeting of the Shrewsbury Ice Boat and Y. C. was held at Pleasure Bay on Dec. 5, and the following officers were elected:

Commodore, E. W. Reid; Vice-Commodore, Thomas Riddle; Recording Secretary, C. H. C. Clark; Treasurer, John L. Price; Financial Secretary, E. H. Green; Fleet Captain, George P. Joline; Measurers, H. L. Seaman and Thomas Riddle; Trustees, T. V. Arrowsmith, T. E. Hoyt, A. Patterson and Theodore Joline.

* * *

The Regatta Committee of the Larchmont Y. C. announces that the spring regatta for next season will be held on Saturday, June 13, and the annual regatta will be sailed on July 4. This will also mark the beginning of "race week."

The racing season on the Sound will open with the special regatta of the Huguenot Y. C., on Saturday, May 16. The special regatta of the New Rochelle Y. C. will be held the following Saturday, May 23, and on May 30, Decoration Day, regattas will be given by the Seawanhaka-Corinthian, Indian Harbor, Harlem and Bridgeport Y. C.s.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The contract for the Red Bank Y. C., one design class, has been placed by the designers, Messrs. Herreshoff & Wells, with the Metropolitan Boat and Launch Co., of Astoria, L. I. Eight boats have already been ordered and all will be completed and ready to be turned over to the owners on May 15 of next year. The boats are intended for afternoon sailing and racing on the Shrewsbury River. Owing to the shallowness of the water in parts of the river it was found advisable to limit the draft to 20in. The boats are 28ft. 3in. over all, 18ft. waterline, 7ft. 3in. breadth, 20in. draft of hull, and 5ft. 6in. draft with board down.

* * *

At Wood's yard, City Island, there is building a 35ft. waterline yawl for Mr. H. G. S. Noble from designs made by Messrs. Gardner & Cox.

* * *

Mr. Arthur Masters, of New York city, has gotten out plans of an auxiliary schooner for a New York yachtsman. She is 70ft. waterline, 23ft. breadth and 6ft. draft.

* * *

The Holmes Shipbuilding Co., of West Mystic,

Conn., is building a cruising launch from designs made by Messrs. Herreshoff & Wells. The boat is 36ft. over all and 8ft. 6in. breadth. She will be equipped with a 10-horsepower engine, which will give her a speed of nine miles an hour.

F. E. Wicks, of Amityville, L. I., has received an order for a catboat 27ft. long over all, from Mr. Duncan Stewart, of New York city. Work on the catboat building at this yard for Mr. Frederick B. Dalzell, of Brooklyn, is well advanced.

James Brown, of Tonawanda, N. Y., is building a steam yacht for Mr. T. Shirale, of Buffalo. She is 90ft. long over all and 20ft. breadth.

Mr. Fred W. Martin, of Waukegan, Ill., has gotten out plans of a 71ft. steam yacht for Mr. F. F. Stanley, of Boston. The new boat will take the place of the yawl Narkeeta, designed by Mr. Martin for Mr. Stanley. Mr. Martin has also designed a gasoline launch for Mr. Allison P. Fuller, of Brighton, N. Y.

The Marine Construction & Dry Dock Co., of Mariner's Harbor, Staten Island, is to build a wooden steam yacht from designs made by Mr. T. W. Millard, of New York city. She is 116ft. long, 17ft. breadth and 9ft. depth. The yacht's engines will be built by Messrs. Alexander Miller & Bro., Jersey City, and she will have Almy water tube boilers.

On Saturday, Dec. 6, there was launched from the yard of the Nilson Yacht Building Co., Baltimore, Md., the yacht built by that firm for Messrs. Richard P. Hart and Henry Burden, 2d, both of New York city. The vessel, which is sort of a combination house boat and steam yacht, was designed by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, and she will be used in southern waters. The first cruise the owners are to make in her will be up the Amazon River. She is known as the Constant. After the launching she was towed to the Baltimore Dry Dock and Shipbuilding Co.'s yard at Locust Point, where she will receive her engines and boilers. Constant is 126ft. 6in. over all, 110ft. waterline, 20ft. breadth and 6ft. 6in. draft.

The 100ft. steam yacht that was designed and built by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co. for Mr. Morton F. Plant, was launched on Thanksgiving Day. She was named Claudia. The Herreshoffs have received fifteen orders for boats in the new Bar Harbor one design class. They are 31ft. on the waterline and about 50ft. long over all. One boat has been completed and is now ready for a trial spin.

Mr. Robert Jacob has recently received a contract to build at his yard at City Island, a steel steam yacht for Mr. Spencer Kellogg, of Buffalo. The yacht was designed by Mr. Henry J. Gielow, and will be built under his supervision. The boat, which is to be completed by June 15, 1903, will be 126ft. 8in. over all, 101ft. waterline, 16ft. breadth and 6ft. 10in. draft. She is to be built of steel throughout and will have a flush deck and two mahogany deck houses. In the forward house is the dining saloon, the butler's pantry and the captain's room. The saloon occupies the forward end of the house, on the starboard side aft is the pantry, and the captain's room opposite on the port side. Twelve persons can be served in the dining saloon, and the pantry has direct connection with the galley, which is just below. The after house is to be used as a sort of living room. A staircase gives access to the staterooms and bathrooms, which are on the deck below. Directly aft of the machinery space, which is about amidships, is a large stateroom for the owner and his wife, running the full width of the boat. On the port side aft are two staterooms, and opposite on the starboard side of the passage is a bathroom, another stateroom and a lavatory. Occupying the after part of the yacht is another double stateroom, which also extends the full width and is 8ft. 6in. long. All the staterooms are finished in white pine enameled, with mahogany doors and trim. The plumbing is of the latest and most approved design. Forward of the engine space is the gallery and staterooms for the engineer, mate, etc. The forecastle is roomy and well ventilated.

The machinery consists of a triple expansion engine and two water tube boilers. This power will drive the yacht at fifteen miles for ordinary running, and eighteen miles under moderate forced draught. Electricity will be used for lighting the yacht.

She will be steered from the bridge, which is on top of the forward house. She is fitted with two pole masts, and three boats are swung on the davits—a launch, a gig and a dinghy.

The Gas Engine and Power Co. and Seabury & Co., of Morris Heights, have received orders for two new steam yachts of moderate size. The larger of the two is for Mr. Alfred Marshall, of New York city. She is similar in design to the boat building by the same firm for Mr. Howard Gould, which was described in these columns a few weeks ago. Mr. Marshall's boat is to be built of wood, her frames are to be of oak and she will be doubled planked with cedar. The yacht will be lighted by electricity, and will have a speed of twenty miles. She will be ready for delivery on May 15, 1903.

The other boat is for Mr. Walter E. Duryea. She is somewhat smaller than Mr. Marshall's boat, being 65ft. long over all. The yacht will be completed by June 1, 1903, and her owner will use her almost entirely for cruising.

At the Herreshoff plant the frames for the 130ft. steam yacht building for Mr. Shilah R. Van Duser, have been set up in the North shop, and the work of planking has commenced. The yacht is very similar in design to Duquense, a vessel turned out by the Herreshoffs several years ago.

Mr. A. Appleton Packard, late superintendent of the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company, has entered into partnership with Mr. W. Starling Burgess, and they will carry on the business of naval architects and engineers under the name of Burgess & Packard, at 15 Exchange street, Boston, Mass.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE following scores were made by members of this Association on Nov. 23, 200yds., off-hand, Standard target. Some very good scores were made. Mr. Hasenzahl's shooting was very fine, having made three scores in the 90s. Mr. Odell has made his first 91, with a fair promise of doing better. Uckotter, Jr, a young member, has also made a score of 91, and showing his father the kind of metal that is in him.

Hasenzahl	94	92	90	87	85	28
Odell	91	83	83	79	78	25
*R Uckotter, Jr.	91	87	86	80	76	..
Payne	88	88	87	85	81	24
Gindele	88	84	85	83	83	24
Hofer	88	74	76	76	75	27
Strickmeier	86	86	86	86	84	..
Nestler	86	84	83	83	81	22
Roberts	82	80	80	78	77	25
Lux	82	78	77	75	73	18
Jonscher	82	77	77	74	70	26
Hofman	78	78	76	66	65	25
Trounstine	79	69	..	..	..	19
Drube	77	75	72	66	65	26
Uckotter	75	73	72	71	69	20
Freitag	72	70	69	67	66	19
Louis	71	71	71	69	66	..
Topf	71	66	66	65	63	20
Weinheimer	64	62	61	58	58	20

*On rest. The last column denotes scores made on honor target.

CINCINNATI, O.—At the regular meeting of this Association on Dec. 7, the following scores were made. Although the weather conditions were poor, some creditable scores were made. Conditions, 200yds., offhand, Standard target. Wind, 5 to 8 o'clock:

Payne	92	85	85	82	82	Jonscher	79	77	76	75	73
Gindele	92	89	88	85	84	Freitag	77	70	67	67	65
Odell	89	87	84	83	81	Bruns	76	73	62	49	..
Strickmeier	87	85	84	82	82	Uckotter	75	70	69	68	67
Nestler	87	81	80	80	79	Trounstine	74	73	69	68	66
Hoffman	84	77	73	72	71	Topf	71	69	69	63	62
Lux	82	76	76	75	67	Drube	71	..	..	..	..
Hofer	80	80	74	73	69	*R Uckotter	79	79	79	79	78

*Rest.

Honor target: Gindele 27, Payne 28, Odell 24, Nestler 30, Hoffman 20, Lux 24, Hofer 14, Jonscher 24, Freitag 19, H. Uckotter 20, Trounstine 22, Topf 18, Drube 20.

Rifle at Ossining.

OSSINING, N. Y., Dec. 8.—In the rifle competition closing Thanksgiving Day, Mrs. E. F. Ball won the ladies' cup by a score of 236. Miss Frances Gibson made a score of 235, which was so nearly 236 that her target was submitted to experts for decision.

A new contest has commenced in the non-members class, the prize being a Winchester repeating rifle, .22cal., with gallery sights, the best two scores of five shots each to win. Re-entries unlimited.

Following are some of the five-shot scores recently made at 50ft. on the ¼in. 25-ring target, with light rifle, coarse sights and smokeless cartridges:

C. H. Sidman, 114, 117, 114, 112, 117; E. F. Ball, 113, 117, 115, 115; C. G. Blandford, 118, 113; Mrs. E. F. Ball, 112, 116; Wm. Fisher, 113.

In a series of matches between C. G. Blandford and E. F. Ball the latter won three out of four.

We are using Smokeless cartridges, entirely owing to the absence of smoke and light report, but they do not seem to give the uniform results that the old black powder ones did. With one brand that we used we would occasionally get a strong one which would give an unusually loud report and would burst the rim of the shell. With another kind we frequently find a cartridge which gives a very light report, and in the opinion of some of the shooters the shots from these strike lower than the others. One of our members injured his rifle last fall by shooting .22-short Smokeless cartridges. After firing a cartridge which gave a very light report, the shot from which failed to strike the object aimed at, he inserted another cartridge and fired, missing again. On his return to camp, while cleaning the rifle, he discovered a dark ring around the bore, about 4in. from the muzzle. The first bullet had stuck at this point, and the second one had struck the obstruction with sufficient force to bulge the barrel.

From our observations it would appear that the powder does not ignite uniformly, probably owing to irregularities in the priming.

We would like to hear from others who have used the .22 Smokeless. E. F. B.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 16.—The Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club scores of to-day are as follows:

Columbia target, offhand shooting, 200yds. range:

Rifle: Young, 47; Hovey, 57, 72, 76; H. Hinkel, 61; Mannel, 65; Kroeckel, 82, 89.

Military and repeating rifles, Creedmoor count: Pape, 48, 48, 46; Hovey, 48, 47, 47, 47, 46; H. Hinkel, 48, 45, 44, 44, 43; Twist, 44, 44, 42, 43, 38; Berry, 43, 42, 42, 41; Hoadley, 43.

Pistol, 50yd. range: Brannagan, 36, 38, 41, 42; Barley, 38; Young, 45; Knostman, 48, 60, 61, 63, 64, 67, 69, 73, 73, 76; Hunsaker, 45, 55, 56, 58, 58, 60, 64, 65, 68, 68, 69; Berry, 62; Trego, 67, 70, 71, 72, 85; Gimmel, 67, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 84; Allen, 84, 89, 93; Courtright, 86.

Revolver: L. C. Hinkel, 43, 53; Hunsaker, 89.

.22 and .25cal. rifles: Kroeckel, 16, 18, 18, 19, 20, 21, 21, 22, 23; Hoffman 18, 18, 18, 18, 19, 19, 21, 21, 21, 23; Gimmel, 28, 34, 35, 37, 39, 45; Hunsaker, 31, 38, 46. Kroeckel took the lead from Daiss by 1 point, with a total of 179. Hoffman used a Pope-Stevens .25-21, and made best average ever made in one day in club.

Nov. 30.—We held shoot to-day to make up for one lost in early part of the year by flooding of range. Scores, 200yd. range:

Rifle: Young, 49, 50, 50, 55, 58, 58, 59, 59; Dorrell, 54, 69; Hovey, 66, 70; Twist, 121, 134.

Military and repeating rifles, Creedmoor count: Hovey, 47, 47 47; H. Hinkel, 47, 46, 45, 45, 45; Mrs. Hovey, 40.

Pistol, 50yd. range: Brannagan, 36, 41, 44, 47, 51; Barley, 39, 44, 45, 52; Schneider, 51, 64, 73, 76; Hovey, 57; Knostman, 75, 80, 85, 85, 90, 90, 87.

Revolver: H. Hinkel, 43, 54; Brannagan, 51, Hunsaker, 63, 73, 92, 90; Twist, 80, 91.

.22 and 25cal. rifle: Hoffman, 17, 17, 18, 18, 19, 19, 20, 22, 22, 24—196 in ten out of eleven entries; Hunsaker, 28, 31, 32; Allen, 30, 33, 35, 35, 36, 37. Hoffman tied Kroeckel in this match, 179 for the ten best scores of the year, which is the coast record. All were glad to see Dorrell return from his mine for the winter.

FRED. O. YOUNG, Sec'y.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Trapshooting.

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

Fixtures.

Dec. 17-18.—Spirit Lake, Iowa.—Gilbert and Burmister, amateur target and live bird tournament.

Dec. 25.—Dover, N. J.—Holiday live-bird shoot of the Dover Gun Club. Bull shoot the special event.

Dec. 25.—Interstate Park, L. I.—John S. Wright's target tournament, sweepstakes, etc.

Hell Gate Gun Club's shoot, fourth Tuesday of each month (July and December excepted), at Outwater's Riverside grounds, Paterson Plank Road, Carlstadt, N. J.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's target shoot, every Saturday afternoon. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

Hell Gate Annex shoot, second Friday of each month (January and July excepted), at Dexter Park, Brooklyn.

Brooklyn Gun Club's shoot, Saturdays, at Enfield street, near Liberty avenue, Brooklyn. Visitors welcome.

South Side Gun Club's shoot, Saturdays, South Broad street, Newark, N. J., near Lehigh Valley coal depot.

Outwater's grounds, Carlstadt, N. J., Saturdays, live-bird handicaps.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private*6* ing grounds always ready for target matches, club shoots or private practice.

1903.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

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

The Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Gun Club announces a holiday shoot for Jan. 1, the title of which is "the Inter-county shoot and tournament." The Inter-county contest is open to seven-man teams from Westchester, Rochland, Orange and Dutchess counties. There are five other events on the programme, of which No. 3 is at 100 targets, $10 entrance, high guns, open to the world. The other events are at 15 targets, $1.30 entrance. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock. Targets, 2 cents. Ship ammunition to H. E. Winans, 16 Washington street. Refreshments and ammunition may be obtained on the grounds. Those who so desire may shoot for targets only. Shoot rain or shine. Magautrap. Mr. Max Condit is the captain.

A correspondent writes us as follows: "On New Year's Day the Jackson Park Gun Club, of Paterson, N. J., will give an all-day shoot, beginning at 10 A. M. sharp. They extend an invitation to the shooters of Greater New York, Jersey City, Newark, and in fact all shooters who can spare the time to come to be our visitors and guests on that day. The club will spare no expense to make it pleasant for all, and to see that every one enjoys himself and has a good day's sport at live birds over the traps, under the leadership of Capt. Charles Lenone and the members of the Jackson Park Gun Club."

The following notice, concerning a change of dates, is of general interest to trapshooters: "The amateur target and live-bird handicap tournament, announced by Messrs. Fred Gilbert and John Burmister, to be held at Spirit Lake, Iowa, Dec. 12 and 13, has been postponed to Dec. 17 and 18. The programme will be carried out as previously announced."

The secretary, Mr. C. B. Axford, writes us as follows: "The Boiling Springs Fishing and Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., will hold a live-bird shoot on New Year's Day, Jan. 1, 1903. We will have plenty of good birds on hand. We will begin at 10 A. M., and if time permits will shoot targets afterward."

The secretary, Mr. Percy S. Benedict, writes us as follows: "The first tournament of 1903 of the Mississippi Valley Trapshooters' and Game Protective Association will be held under the auspices of the City Park Gun Club, at New Orleans, La., Feb. 20 and 21, Carnival week. Added money to be announced later."

Mr. R. S. Waddell, general sales agent of Messrs. E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., writes us as follows: "We are pleased to announce that our offices have been removed to the three top floors of the Equitable building, Ninth and Market streets, Wilmington, Del., where our friends will be cordially welcomed."

The match which took place on Dec. 4 at New Germantown, N. J., between Messrs. T. W. Morfey, challenger, and J. W. Hoffman, for the live-bird championship of New Jersey, was won by Mr. Morfey. The scores were 23 to 22. Mr. Morfey was thereafter challenged by Mr. J. E. Applegate, of Freneau, N. J.

The New York State shoot for 1903 will be held in Schenectady under the auspices of the Schenectady Gun Club, of which Mr. V. Wallburg is president and captain. The dates will be in June. Full particulars concerning dates and programme will be announced later.

Mr. H. M. Brigham, shooting from scratch, scored the first win on the December cup at the Crescent Athletic Club's shoot on Saturday of last week. He scored 47 out of 50, an excellent performance.

BERNARD WATERS.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM. *Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?*

Northern Rambles.

CINCINNATI, O.—Leaving Cincinnati early in September for my annual Northern trip, I reached Grand Rapids, Mich., in time to take part in a very well attended and managed tournament, thereafter which I went on to Battle Creek, Mich., where the Indians held forth in full swing for four days.

Regarding this Indian shoot, I must say that never in my life have I seen such difficult shooting, nor have I ever seen targets thrown as hard and far. One particular trap, from No. 2 set, was sending its targets close to 90 yards, these being measured on a still afternoon. As it blew most of the time it is quite safe to say that with the wind favoring them, many targets were thrown full one hundred yards.

At this shoot all stood at even distance—i. e., 16 yards—so that a fair comparison of the shooting as between the men could readily be made, it being quite clear that when a distance handicap is in force no such conclusion can be attained. Therefore, it may be of interest to know that Mr. Fred Gilbert landed 25 targets ahead of Roll Heikes, who was his nearest competitor, and 36 beyond the redoubtable Billy Crosby, the respective scores being Gilbert 756, Heikes 731, Crosby 720, out of a total of 800 each. Considering the fact that the cream of the shooting talent was at Battle Creek, and all shooting at same mark, Gilbert's victory was certainly a splendid one.

In the next target tournament of importance, at Cincinnati, where the two shooting giants met, both standing at scratch—i. e., 22 yards—the tables were turned, Crosby scoring 472 to Gilbert's 469, each shooting at 510 targets—truly a wonderful performance when the rise is taken into consideration, for it is the veriest twaddle to assert that distance is no handicap, and no one who knows anything about the game has ever been known to make such a statement.

But between these two tournaments one came off at Detroit under the management of our Jack Parker. I say our, because Jack belongs to all of us, and is the only real Jack of auld lang syne. Well, it was here that an exhibition of shooting was given us the like of which will not be seen many times in any man's life, regardless of its duration.

There is a medal known as the Gillman-Barnes trophy, which is shot for every year, and which is to become the property of the man who is fortunate enough to win it three times. This year Messrs. Bates, Gilbert, Jack Parker and Tolsma tied on 15 straight, and then the tie was shot off, Mr. Tolsma going out first, then Parker and now only Bates and Gilbert remained. Gilbert standing at 32 yards and Bates at 31. They kept hammering away until dark. Center shots were the rule, and at last when it seemed that neither could miss, Bates drew a very dark colored bird, which, in the dim light, was a most nasty mark, and missed it. This was his eightieth pigeon on the shoot-off and ninety-fifth including main event. Gilbert killed, so that he ran 95 straight at 32 yards, and had a run of 7 straight in a previous event, making a grand total of 102 pigeons in one continuous run at 32 yards, stopping without a miss; in all probability the world's record at that extreme distance. The birds were good, above the average. Both men made some splendid shots; in fact, it was from start to finish the most stubbornly contested affair the writer has ever seen. While Bates lost, he need never lose any sleep over it, for it ranked him at once as one of the very best and most plucky shots in the world, and no one but Gilbert could have beaten him on that day, and it most positively kept him very busy to do so.

When Mr. Bates first appeared on the scene in the States he captured the Grand American Handicap; but his work in that memorable event is not to be compared to his Detroit performance, for there he stood much closer and the birds were not as good, and he still has the consolation of knowing that 94 pigeons straight at 31 yards is probably as long a run as was ever made, especially when it is known that he had two wins to his credit and needed only this one to finally capture this beautiful trophy.

From Detroit I made the trip to Winnipeg direct, getting there a little later than I intended, as I wanted to get as much chicken and grouse shooting as possible during the season. Well, I got it sure enough, and while we made no record-breaking bags, yet we had great shooting and splendid sport both at grouse and duck, and a little goose shooting as well.

My companions afield were Capt. R. D. MacDonald and Messrs. Putnam, Simpson and Totten, all from Winnipeg, and all men with whom it is a pleasure to shoot.

I was exceedingly fortunate in being honored with an invitation to shoot at Mr. F. H. Brydge's shooting box, situated near the great Manitoba Lake marshes, and there again enjoyed great sport, to say nothing of verifying all I have ever said regarding the serviceability of a good 20-bore gun. Every true sportsman knows, or should know, that it is not the number of birds bagged that constitutes the entire enjoyment of shooting, but rather the companionship of congenial associates and the many pleasant incidents which go so far toward making a shooting trip thoroughly enjoyable. Regarding this particular one, I will say that never in my life have I had so delightful an experience nor have I ever been the recipient of more cordial warm and genuine hospitality. I say this in all truth and sincerity, and the day next year that finds me wending my way to Mr. Brydge's famous shooting box will be one of the red-letter days of my entire life.

Much to my regret, I did not have a favorite opportunity to fully try my 20-bore on geese, so I will have to wait until some other time to air my ideas on this subject. But I did make the acquaintance of one of God's noblemen in the person of Mr. James Westcott, at whose house I stayed, and under whose guidance I made several efforts to get some shooting. We did all that could be done, but unfortunately could not locate these wary birds. So, although our pits were dug en regle in spots which seemed must be the best, yet something happened, so that very little execution was done by either of us. Mr. Westcott bagged, I think, six, while I could account for only three. However, it is worth going many a mile to meet so grand and good a sportsman, and I will never forget the many favors extended me while his guest. Men of his stamp are scarce, and I believe always were, for many of the very best—his kind, you know—die young.

Trapshooting at Winnipeg has been very active during the whole season, and, as usual, Mr. Frank G. Simpson has carried off the honors at both gun clubs. His trapshooting this season was of highest order, while his game shooting is on a par even though he has but recently commenced using a 20-gauge gun.

From Winnipeg, Mr. Putnam and I journeyed to Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, making our first stop at Calgary, 800 miles west of Winnipeg. Edmonton, being 200 miles north of Calgary, was our objective point.

At Calgary we were entertained by a lot of men whose chief enjoyment seems to be the making of others feel comfortable and happy, so of course we had a regular jubilee there.

Mr. W. Herbert Heald is the leading spirit in shooting affairs in those parts, and the man who would supplant him has never been born. He is the king pin of the shooting element, organizes the best shooting parties afield, leads the score at the traps, is the mainspring and raison d'être of the Calgary Gun Club, and to sum it up, is a thorough-going sportsman, crack shot with rifle, pistol or shotgun. He breaks his own dogs and shooting horses, and none are as good as his. He mends his own guns, manages the traps, prescribes for all of his friends' sick horses and dogs, and should the painful necessity arise, nurses and watches at the bedside of his friends in life and unto death; up to the very last, night and day—untiring, unselfish. Kind and thoughtful as a mother caring for her sick child, this British giant of tenderest heart and most gentle hand. But, mark you, those tremendous arms have at their ends a fist that comes down like a maul, and they have thrashed a big bully until the hospital was his only abiding place for many a week; not once, but twice, and are ready to do it again whenever occasion may require.

Such, then, is the Chevalier Heald, now of Calgary, erstwhile of the wide world, originally of England, always a sportsman, a polished, highly educated man of the world, fortunately one of leisure, the idol of the Calgary shooting contingent.

When at Calgary last year I was struck at once with the natural advantages and beautiful location of its gun club, and wrote my impressions at the time. This year another surprise awaited me in the way of a tower ninety odd feet high, from which targets are thrown, giving one the benefit of practice at overhead shooting, by far the most difficult of all. At present this tower has but one expert trap 85 feet from the ground, but when a stronger and more suitable one has been built, it is the intention to place several expert traps at varying distances from the ground—say one at 20 feet, throwing an extreme right angle; one at 40 feet, a left; one at 60 feet a quarterer anywhere, and a magazine trap on top at 85 feet, throwing at all incoming angles. Electric wires will then be attached to all of these traps, and concentrate into one pulling box, so that the puller may release any target from any trap, giving thereby the shooter standing, say, 20 to 25 yards from the base of the tower, a most varied and difficult assortment of flights, and affording, as it must, the most diversified kind of shooting.

While at Calgary we had tower shooting, magazine trapshooting and pigeon shooting, the latter from five scoop traps, which make good birds of indifferent ones, and screamers of fast pigeons, as we all know. The entire arrangement and management of the Calgary Gun Club is in the hands of Mr. Heald, and he is, so far as the writer knows, the first, and only, man who has succeeded in putting up a tower on this side of the Atlantic. Surely some of our large clubs, if but to break the monotony of the present style, might with profit emulate his example.

Shooting from a tower at targets, all thrown as incomers, is difficult enough, as any one will soon discover upon trial; but when other traps are set at different heights to throw at all angles and elevations, then it certainly will be a much more complicated game, and one which is bound to teach valuable points when brought to bear in actual game shooting. It does seem a remarkable thing that at so remote a point the initiative should have been taken in what must appeal to any sportsman as a move in the right direction, and serves to prove that one good man at the head of a gun club can accomplish wonders, provided he has the confidence and support of all its members. Alas, how few gun clubs can boast of such a man, and more's the pity, for utter selfishness, favoritism to certain cliques, indifference to all but one's own aggrandisement are so often the basis from which the mismanagement of many clubs have come to grief. A few men of Mr. Heald's type scattered over the country would give an impetus to shooting matters such as it never has had, because every move he makes is solely with a view of making the sport of target shooting more attractive, relieving it from the monotony of present stereotyped forms, and ultimately rendering the practice of a more practical kind, thereby educating men to the freer use of their guns, and training them on correct lines for all kinds of game shooting.

The journey from Calgary to Edmonton was an uneventful one, barring the fact that much game was seen en route; grouse and duck everywhere. At Edmonton no shooting was done, owing to a heavy fall of snow, and weather turning suddenly very cold. I understand they have a gun club there; unfortunately the town has extended in the direction where the traps once stood, so that now another place will have to be selected. I am promising myself the pleasure of another trip that way next year, and hope to report more fully, and I am sure that with such enthusiasts as Messrs. Mercer and Morris a good club will boom along there next spring.

On our return trip to Winnipeg via Calgary we had more trapshooting at latter point, although, goodness knows, the weather was too cold for comfort. On this occasion Messrs. Heald and Comer succeeded in capturing two merchandise prizes donated to the clubs by admiring friends.

What struck the writer as quite remarkable was the spectacle of getting nearly within shooting distance of a band of about 200 antelope at a point say twenty-five miles west of Medicine Hat on the Canadian Pacific Railroad. The sight of these beautiful animals carried me back to my old frontier days when serving with Custer's regiment, the valiant Seventh U. S. Cavalry, during the campaign of 1878 and 1879, when pursuing the Nez Percés Indians, and the fugitive Cheyennes. We saw many small groups beside this big one, numbering from six to eighteen or twenty; but so large a band was quite an unexpected treat. Numerous coyotes were seen, some of which trotted leisurely off, while others stood their ground and would have offered capital shots had we been prepared to take advantage of them.

To sum up the whole trip, I may say this: It was from every standpoint, business, pleasure and socially, a most pleasant one. The bracing air of that northern land is invigorating and bracing to a remarkable degree, and one feels all the better for having breathed it. The people are hospitable, kind-hearted, and to those who are fond of sport always ready to extend a helping hand. Game is abundant, though at the rate the country is being settled up, this may not long endure. The writer divides his year now in two seasons, one up in the British Provinces duck, goose and grouse shooting; the other in Louisiana and Texas, snipe and quail shooting. Quite a long span, it is true, both as to time and space, but extremely enjoyable from the fact that in September I can shoot in the north, and when that is over I can look forward to another opportunity in March in the far South; but above all, in knowing that I have warm friends at each extremity—and I trust many in between—to all of whom I extend a hearty greeting, and for all of whom I wish health, prosperity, a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

GAUCHO.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Nishoyne Gun Club.

Orange, N. J.—In addition to the regular open shoot held on Dec. 6, on the High street grounds of the Nishoyne Gun Club, of Orange, there was a handicap prize shoot. Dr. G. W. Wakeley, with a handicap of 7, at 25 targets won. Two others tied Dr. Wakeley in the preliminary trials. C. L. Smith broke 22 targets and R. B. Baldwin broke 22, which with their handicaps made 25. The first prize was a hunting coat. The second prize was won by Dr. D. Curtis, and the third prize was won by A. Mosler, 20.

In the regular open events the following scores were made:

First event: O. Yeomans 24, R. B. Baldwin 22, A. Mosler 14.

Second event: O. Yeomans 23, A. Mosler 21, C. L. Smith 18.

Third event: Dr. G. W. Wakeley 23, R. B. Baldwin 22, C. L. Smith 22, O. Yeomans 22, A. Mosler 20.

Fourth event: C. L. Smith 19, J. C. Pearce 18, F. J. Miller 15.

Fifth event: A. Mosler 21, Dr. G. W. Wakeley 21, C. L. Smith 20, Dr. D. Curtis 19.

Championship of New Jersey.

Morfey and Hoffman.

New Germantown, Pa., Dec. 4.—The match for the challenge trophy, emblematic of the championship of New Jersey, was captured by Mr. T. W. Morfey, of Dover, N. J., from Mr. J. W. Hoffman, the holder. The conditions were 25 birds per man, 30 yards rise. The birds were good, and the race was close. It was a tie at the twenty-third bird. Hoffman started off with a miss, and lost his eighth dead out, thereby placing his opponent two in the lead. Morfey lost his eleventh and twelfth dead out, which placed both men on even terms, and they so shot, up to Hoffman's miss of his twenty-fourth. The scores were 23 and 22 in favor of Morfey. The scores:

J W Hoffman	0222222*2222222222222202—22
T W Morfey	2221212121**12211222222222—23

Jackson Park Gun Club.

Paterson, N. J., Dec. 6.—The Jackson Park Gun Club open sweepstake and handicap brought out only seven guns to-day. There was only one visitor from out of town, Marshall Herrington. He came just as we finished shooting. Several of the Paterson boys came out to look on. Garry Hopper pulled the traps this afternoon. He is all right; says it is too slow for him. Guess he will shoot next time. The birds were good. Retrieving was done by Bunn's dog, Nell.

Next Saturday, beside sweepstakes same as to-day, there will be a match between Count Lenone and Arthur Bunn, at 25 birds, $25, 12 o'clock sharp.

The 5-bird events were $3 entrance; 10-bird events, $5:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Morgan	212*0—3	22210—4	12022—4	2222122212—10
Lenone	11011—4	002*0—1	22211—5	1011***200— 4
Powers	00112—3	21220—4	02111—4	1222211222—10
Hopper	22222—5	22212—5	12022—4	222*21*112— 8
Bunn	2120*—3	02221—4	01122—4	1122101212— 9
Van Houten	22100—3	2*102—3	11001—3	1201211221— 9
W Cristy	....	.....	21120—4	*210122122— 8

Event No. 5, 5 birds: Morgan 5, Lenone 4, Powers 4, Bunn 5, Cristy 5.

Schenectady Gun Club.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., Dec. 6.—The shoot of the Schenectady Gun Club to-day was of unusual interest. The Ferguson silver cup was contested for in a 100-target event. It was won by Mr. S. K. Warnick, with a score of 92.

The race between Messrs. Warnick, H. E. Greene, A. A. Green, E. Berg, and H. H. Valentine in the contest was particularly close and exciting for the first 50 targets. Valentine, Berg and H. E. Greene each broke 45 targets, and A. A. Green and Warnick broke 44 targets out of the 50. Warnick smashed 48 out of the second 50. H. E. Greene and A. A. Green broke 46 each, Berg 44 and Valentine 42, closing the match with Warnick a winner by a single target, and only one target separating the three leaders.

In the afternoon several individual matches took place. To decide ties for position on the first and second teams, Mr. Litchfield withdrew in favor of Mr. Levengston for position on the second team, Mr. M. P. Rice and V. Wallburg shot off their tie for third place on the second team, which was won by Mr. Rice by a score of 23 to 22. The tie for the sixth position on the first steam between Berg and Stewart was decided in Berg's favor, Stewart failing to appear. Mr. Berg then challenged Mr. Borden for fifth position on the first team, which Borden won by the score of 46 to Berg's 45.

J. R. Lovejoy challenged Berg for the sixth position on the first team. Berg won easily by a score of 44 to 39, thus maintaining his position on the first team.

The score of the contest for the champion cup for 1902, is:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Per
Targets:	25	25	25	25	Cent.
S K Warnick	22	22	25	23	.920
H E Greene	23	22	22	24	.910
A A Green	22	22	24	23	.900
E Berg	23	22	22	22	.890
H H Valentine	22	23	20	22	.870
M P Rice	23	22	20	17	.820
S Ferguson	22	19	19	18	.780
J R Lovejoy	24	21	18	..	.840
J M Andrews	22	21	17	..	.800
R L Emmett	22	4	20	..	.746

Other scores made during the afternoon are:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	25	25	25	10	15	Targets:	25	25	25	10	15
J O Adams	20	11	18	..	..	H J Borden	24	21	..	..	13
W Rice, Jr.	21	18	..	..	..	W H Jackson	..	..	..	5	10
M Grimes	19	..	..	..	..	V Wallburg	..	22	..	..	..

The day was bright and clear, with a moderate, steady wind, and a ground covered with the new-fallen snow.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Dec. 6.—There was quite a good attendance of students at John Wright's weekly shoot to-day. Nine events were shot. Of the contestants, Mr. Harry Welles was easily in the lead in the matter of skillful performance, as will be shown by the scores, which are herewith appended:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	15	10	15	5p	20	5p	15
Welles	8	10	13	10	15	8	18	9	15
J N Borland	9	8	11	8	12	4	14	5	..
Wright	6	7	12	10	10	6	13	5	12
W G Borland	7	7	9	9	12	5	16	8	..
O'Callaghn	4	4	...	5	..	4	6	..	..
Marshall	9	10	10	7	14	9	18	8	14
Cotter	9	9	13	8	13	7	16	7	..
Ainslie	5	3	7	7	8	..	10	4	..
Kissler	4	3	..	6	4	5	8	4	6

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Dec. 6.—Mr. H. M. Brigham, one of the scratch men of the Crescent Athletic Club's shooting contingent, scored the first win on the December cup with the very excellent score of 47. There was a rather light attendance. The scores follow:

December cup, 25 targets, handicap allowances as kills; shot off in two strings of 25 targets: H. M. Brigham (0) 47, F. B. Stephenson (1) 46, G. G. Stephenson, Jr., (2) 45, H. B. Vanderveer (3) 34, Daniel C. Bennett (4) 38, W. W. Marshall (6) 39.

Trophy shoots, 15 targets per man, expert traps, handicap: H. M. Brigham (0) 12, F. B. Stephenson (0) 13, H. B. Vanderveer (1) 9, W. W. Marshall (3) 12, D. V. B. Hegeman (2) 14, G. W. Hagedorn (2) 10, G. Notman (2) 15, L. M. Palmer, Jr. (1) 14.

Renewal same conditions: D. V. B. Hegeman (3) 23, G. Notman (4) 23, H. M. Brigham (0) 21, W. W. Marshall (6) 25, H. B. Vanderveer (3) 20, L. M. Palmer, Jr. (2) 20, F. B. Stephenson (1) 20, Dr. J. J. Keyes (1) 16, A. W. Palmer (10) 18, G. W. Hagedorn (3) 17.

The Owl's Head distance handicap, 25 targets: G. Notman (20) 13, L. M. Palmer, Jr. (20) 11, Dr. J. J. Keyes (21) 10, H. M. Brigham (22) 9, F. B. Stephenson (21) 8, G. G. Stephenson, Jr. (20) 5, W. W. Marshall (16) 8.

Scratch sweepstake contest, 25 targets: F. B. Stephenson 20, D. C. Bennett 10, G. Stephenson, Jr., 16, H. M. Brigham 16.

Renewal, same conditions: L. M. Palmer, Jr., 20, D. V. B. Hegeman 19, G. G. Stephenson 16, G. W. Hagedorn 16, W. W. Marshall 15.

Twenty-five targets, same conditions: D. V. B. Hegeman 19, G. Notman 17, Hagedorn 13, L. M. Palmer, Jr., 16.

Same conditions: Brigham 17, G. G. Stephenson 15, W. W. Marshall 15, A. W. Palmer.

A. and S. G. A. Show.

DETROIT, Mich., Dec. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The second annual Automobile and Sporting Goods Association show will be held here next February from the 9th to the 14th inclusive; also in connection with this show it is proposed to hold at the Ruscl House grounds a trapshooting tournament; first three days a targets, thrown from expert traps, and fourth day at live birds Traps to be ready for practice Monday, the 9th, but programme to commence Tuesday, the 10th, continue Wednesday and Thursday. On Friday, live-bird day, it is proposed by the Association officers, providing they receive proper encouragement from the shooting fraternity, to make as the principal event, a 25-bird race to be called the Great Western Handicap at Live Birds, for a trophy to be presented by the Association, and such entrance and division of moneys as shall be determined on by Mr. John Parker who is to have complete control of the shoot when he returns from the South, where he is at present absent on a business trip. The shoot will be open to all on a handicap basis.

The decision of the Interstate Association not to hold the Grand American Handicap at live birds next spring makes it possible for this shoot to be especially attractive to those who would otherwise miss their pilgrimage to the shrine of the trapshooting fraternity. I am requested by the Association officers to request you to lay this matter before your readers in such form as you would deem wise, requesting all those interested in this shoot to address Mr. John Parker, 465 Junction avenue, or Mr. Senec G. Lewis, P. O. Box 5.

E. J. CODY.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y.—No inducements were offered in the way of cups, etc., for to-day's shooting of the Ossining Gun Club, so the attendance was rather slim. It is astonishing how quick the members educated themselves to the expectation of prizes. Were it not for some of our good friends helping us out occasionally in this respect we would be at a loss what to offer to keep up the interest in the sport.

Mr. F. Brandreth, who in the past has been particularly generous in offering trophies, has presented four cups to be shot for in a winter series.

The first shoot, open to all members, and a handicap at 25 birds will take place on Saturday, Dec. 20. Those aspiring to shoot on the team against the Poughkeepsie Gun Club on New Year's Day, are earnestly requested to be present at this shoot, as well as all other members who want to try for this pretty prize, useful as well as ornamental. Aside from the honor of being one of the first eight shots in a club of 118 members, the pleasure associating with the kind of men one meets at these team shoots is stimulus enough to bring some of us out every Saturday afternoon to keep in practice. The only shooters on the grounds that day were Bedell, Edgers and Blandford; the latter brought his gun, the others came from force of habit, but could not resist the temptation of trying a string with Blandford's gun, the results of which would not look good in print. Shells and guns are always to be had on the grounds Saturday afternoons; the first by purchase; the second for the asking.

C. G. B.

Visitors.

Within the past few days, New York has been favored with the presence of sportsmen of national fame. Mr. Irby Bennett, ever debonair and alert, was here, there and everywhere. Mr. C. Beveridge (the Dominie), fresh from the pure air of Nebraska and looking the picture of health and contentment, visited his many New York friends last week. The redoubtable Daddy 'em All, Mr. R. O. Heikes, and his son Horace, are making a visit of several days' duration. The irrepressible Mr. Phil Bekeart, of San Francisco, was a host in himself. Mr. J. S. Fanning was of the group till Saturday last, the day he had fixed upon for his departure to California for a three-months' stay in that land of sunshine and flowers. He travels by the way of the Southern route. Mr. Harold Money was in evidence also, and to please to relate, his eye is rapidly recovering from the accidental injury to it from a stray pellet of shot, and with a few days' more rest it will be good as new. On Tuesday of this week Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, mighty in deeds of tournament management, came to New York and will here remain till after the Interstate Association meeting on Thursday of this week.

Modern Methods of Gun-Making.

The Manufacture of Iron for Gun Barrels.

From "The Gun and Its Development," by W. W. Greener.

Gun barrels may be made of plain iron, but as shotgun barrels they are worthless with modern explosives. They may be made from solid steel, as are rifle barrels, or they may be made of figured iron—that is, of a mixture of iron and steel.

The method of producing this special material is as follows: Pig-iron obtained from a mixture of the best ores is placed in a furnace, melted, and cleansed from all dross by puddling—the dross, being much lighter than the iron, rises to the surface and is skimmed off. When sufficiently cleansed, the draw-plates of the furnace are lowered, the heat reduced thereby, and the liquid iron while cooling gathered and worked into blooms about one hundredweight each. The puddler takes the bloom with a pair of tongs, runs with it to the tilt hammer and hands it over to the shingler, who, by dexterously turning the metal under the hammer, forms it into a square block and passes it to the roller; it is then passed through the various rolls until of the required size, and drawn out into a bar of about ten feet in length. The hammering under the heavy tilt condenses the metal and causes the dross and scale to fly off. The rolling increases its ductility and tenacity by elongating the fibre.

If scrap steel is used, it is treated in the same way. But if new metal is employed, the finest qualities of rolled bars are chosen; the steels suitable are open hearth and ingot steels produced by modern methods, if low in carbon. On account of its purity and uniformity, best Swedish steel is most usually preferred. Steel is not improved by puddling.

Iron is improved—that is to say, purified—by the processs of puddling; so it is usual to take bars of puddled iron, cut them into short lengths, and pile them into faggots. These faggots are heated in the draught furnace, welded under the tilt hammer, and the block of metal is reheated and hammered for the manufacture of the best barrels, to condense the fibre of the metal and increase the specific gravity. After being hammered, the

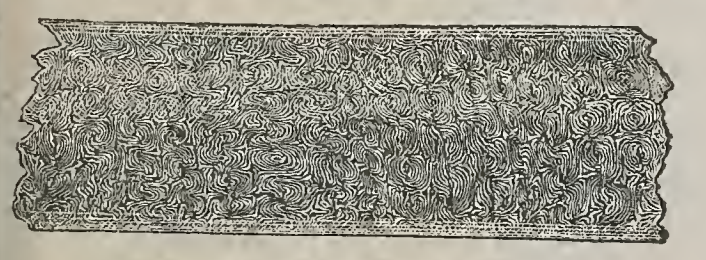
Silver-steel Damascus Barrel.

locks are rolled out into bars; these bars are again cut into equal engths, laid and fastened into faggots, heated in the furnace, nd welded together and rolled into thin, narrow strips. In the bove process the ends of the bloom, or extremities of the rods, re cut off and thrown aside, being less dense, and consequently scless for gun iron.

The loss in the puddling is about 15 per cent., in the shingling nd rolling about 14 per cent.; in reheating the metal it also loses considerably, making a loss of about 40 per cent. in those three rocesses alone; and there are successions of similar losses in ach further stage of the manufacture of iron. The proportionte amount of the different descriptions of metals in a barrel letermine its quality. The old-fashioned laminated steel was omposed of nearly three parts of steel; best English Damascus nd modern laminated steel contain over 60 per cent. of steel; nd the best silver-steel Damascus contains nearly 75 per cent. f the best worked steel. The amount of steel is determined pon before making the metal into faggots for the last time; if or scelp barrels, the strips of iron are twice the thickness of the teel, the faggots being formed of alternate layers of iron and teel. In single iron Damascus barrels the proportion of iron sed is not much less than the steel, but the metal for these ommon barrels does not pass through quite so many processes s that for the best barrels, and although far superior in quality o ordinary iron, its tenacity and specific gravity is not so great s that of the very best gun iron. In best Damascus barrels the on and steel are mixed together systematically.

In the piling of the iron and steel, it is possible to so arrange he metals that many different figures—that is to say, direction f the grain of the metal—result. In the best silver-steel Damasus, used by the author, the exact proportions of iron and steel sed are such as have been found by experiment to give the greatst strength; the figure is fine and uniform. By using more iron han steel, and keeping to the same arrangement of the metals, very inferior barrel would result. The tenacity, durability nd beautiful figure of the barrels depend almost entirely on the roportions and arrangement of the steel and iron, the desiderata eing the placing of the iron in the best position to give the gular and fine figure of the finished barrel.

In piling the iron for the ordinary Damascus twist strips of on and steel are laid upon each other alternately. In another gure the iron, in lieu of being in strips, is in rods, which are ranged so that in cross section they resemble a checker board. In producing chain twist, diamond twist, and irregular-figured nd fancy-figured barrels the iron rods are differently piled. They



Fine Stripe Belgian Damascus Barrel.

y be of hexagonal section, or rhomboidal, or some square and hers parallelopipedonical. Combinations of strips and squares e common on the Continent, where also, instead of plain rods bars, the iron and steel used for piling is sometimes of V, L, and other sections or combinations of various figures. There ems to be no limit to the varieties of figure obtainable by the angement of the iron and steel in the faggot, and afterward tably working the metal.

The next process is to heat and weld the faggot of piled iron d steel and roll they into rods of the sizes required by the lder.

The welder may, for a common barrel, have the metal in the ape of a strip about three-quarters of an inch wide and of mboidal section. For a figured barrel it is necessary to have rods of square section, and to heat them and twist them upon mselves—a process which turns the grain of the alternate strips iron and steel running logitudinally from end to end of the l in a spiral direction.

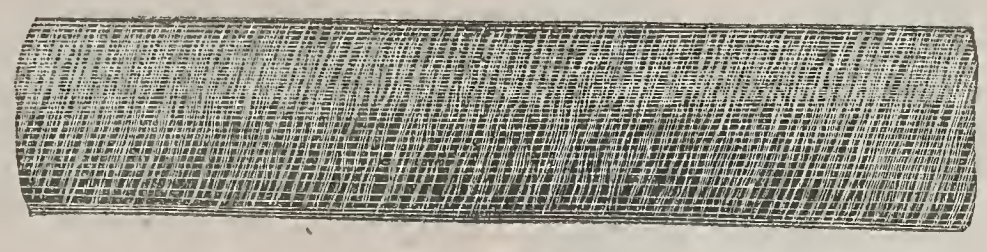
n twisting the rods care is taken to keep the edges of the iron l steel strips to the outside, for it is the twisting of the differ metals that gives the various figures in the finished barrel. e steel, being hard, resists the acids, and retains a white or t brown hue, while the iron, or softer metal, is so acted upon the acid as to be changed into a dark brown or black color. ighteen pounds of prepared gun iron are required to weld an inary pair of 12-gauge barrels, which, when finished, weigh with ribs, lumps, and loops but little over three and a half pounds. er bearing in mind this fact, and considering the great exse and loss of expensive steel and iron attending the manture of the metal, and the cost of welding the best barrels, will no longer be a matter of wonderment that best guns are ensive to produce.

Gun Barrel Welding.

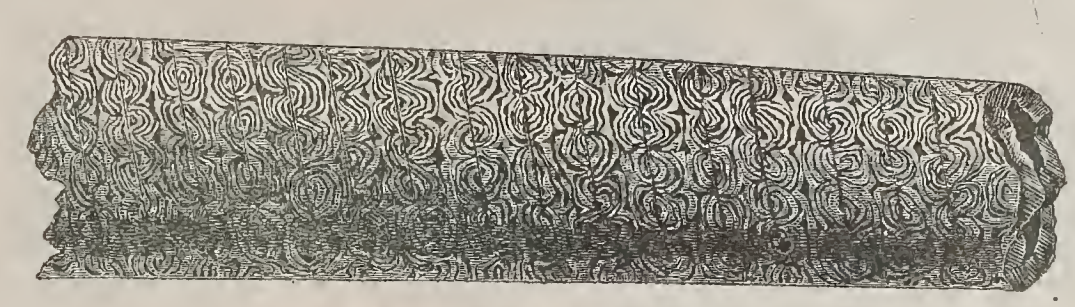
he methods practiced in manufacturing Damascus barrels er but in unimportant details from each other. The welding barrels by hand is still carried on in the author's factory, and various processes of barrel making as employed there will be described and illustrated.

ue square rods of prepared iron are first twisted to give the nascus figure. The rods are about four feet long, and are ed in the forge fire until about eighteen inches of the rod is ught to a red heat, when one end is thrust into a square hole block made fast to a frame, and the other end fixed into a rable head at the other end of the frame; a rotary motion is given to the movable head by means of a winch handle and wheels; the rod, being square, cannot turn round with the , so is twisted in itself. The rod is carefully watched while ring, and should one part commence to twist more rapidly than her, a man is ready with a pair of tongs to hold that part of rod, so that it is prevented from twisting. This process is reed until the whole rod is perfectly twisted, and a regular e in the barrel insured.

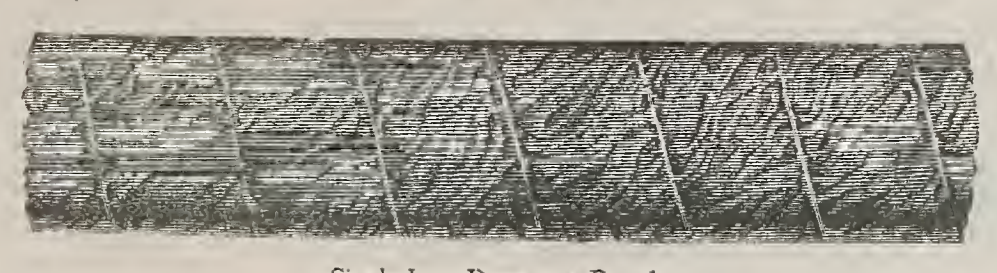
Two-Iron Damascus Barrel.



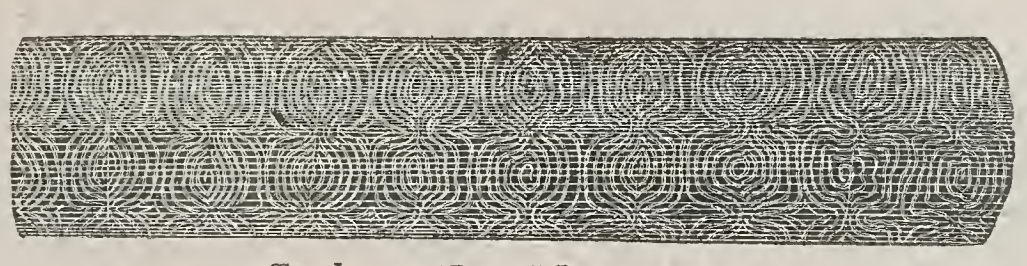
Scelp Gun-barrel.



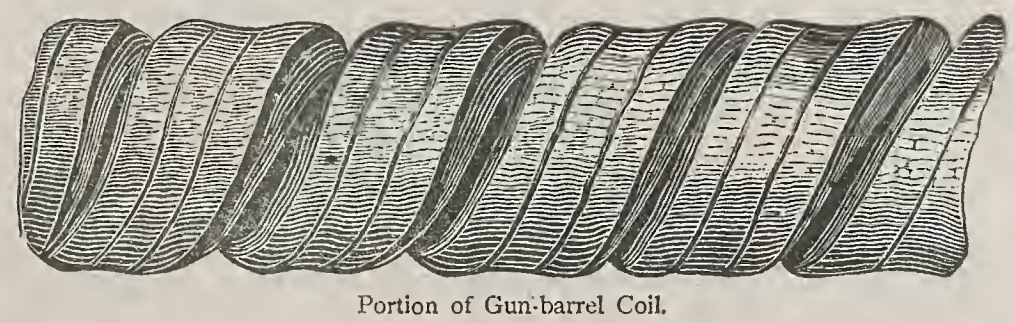
Three-Iron Stub Damascus Barrel.



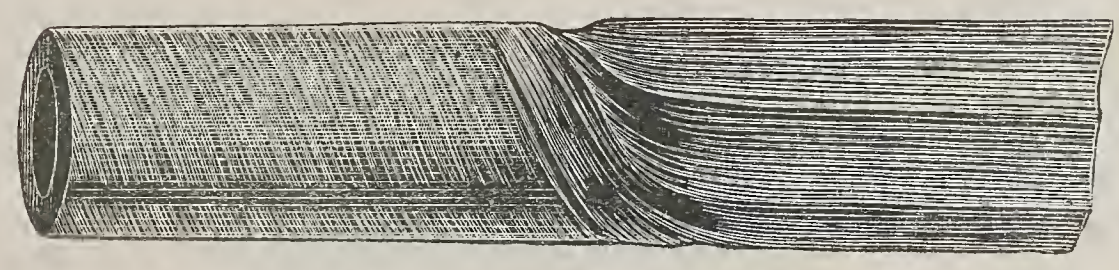
Single-Iron Damascus Barrel.



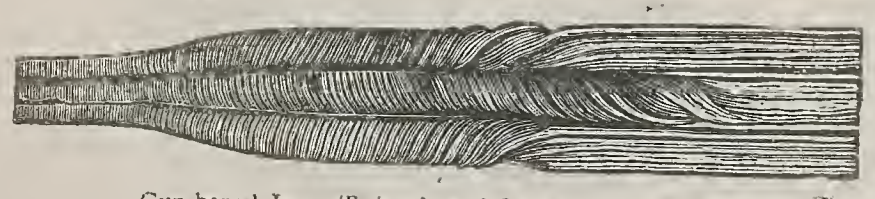
Two-Iron or "Boston" Damascus Barrel.



Portion of Gun-barrel Coil.



Greener's Solid-Weldless-Twist Gun Barrel.



Gun-barrel Iron, Twisted, and Laid into a Riband.

When finished twisting, the rod will be round, except the squares at each end where held in the block and head, and the four feet rod will have become shortened to about three feet three inches, and have about eight turns to the inch. All Damascus barrels must be made of twisted rods, while plain twist or scelp barrels are made from plain straight rods or ribands.

Without this twisting of the rod the finished barrel would have the appearance of a wire twist barrel, or it might be of a plain barrel if the top or bottom of the rod, instead of one of the sides, was kept to the outside of the barrel. By twisting the metal the grain is so arranged that it appears on the outside of the finished barrel in the form of a number of irregular links or circles.

The rod prepared, it is either joined to other rods or coiled and welded into a barrel singly.

The cheapest Damascus barrels (single iron stub Damascus) are made from a single twisted bar, rolled out into a riband seven-eighths of an inch by one-eighth for the fore end of the barrel and seven-eighths by one-quarter for the breech end.

Two-iron stub Damascus barrels are made from two twisted rods, each three-eighths square, and welded together, and rolled into a riband five-eighths by one-sixteenth for the fore part, and five-eighths by three-sixteenths for the breech end, with the twisted spirals in opposite directions.

Three-iron stub Damascus barrels are made from three twisted rods, each three-eighths by seven-sixteenths, and laid and rolled together with the spirals, as shown in the illustration, forming a riband of one-half inch by seven-sixteenths for the breech ends, and one-half an inch by three-sixteenths for the muzzle piece.

Best laminated steel barrels are twisted, and the rods welded in the same manner as the stub Damascus, but the rods are composed of superior metal containing a larger percentage of steel.

In laminated steel and stub Damascus barrels it is not usual to use more than three rods in their manufacture. Fine Damascus barrels, as manufactured by the Belgians, are occasionally made from four or six rods together, but three are sufficient to give a very fine figure.

The true English Damascus barrel is prepared from three rods, twisted as described and put together as shown in the twisted riband, and is known technically as three-iron Damascus; the silver-steel Damascus is similarly made, but of different metal piled in a different order.

The rods having been twisted and the required number welded together, they are sent to the iron mill and rolled at a red heat into ribands, which have both edges bevelled the same way. There are usually two ribands required for each barrel, one riband or strip to form the breech end, and another, slightly thinner, to form the fore, or muzzle part of the barrel.

Upon receiving the ribands of twisted iron, the welder first proceeds to twist them into a spiral form. This is done upon a machine of simple construction, consisting simply of two iron bars, one fixed and the other loose; in the latter there is a notch or slot to receive one end of the riband. When inserted, the bar is turned round by a winch handle. The fixed bar prevents the riband from going round, so that it is bent and twisted over the movable rod like the pieces of leather round a whip-stock. The loose bar is removed, the spiral taken from it, and the same process repeated with another riband.

The ribands are usually twisted cold, but the breech ends, if heavy, have to be brought to a red heat before it is possible to twist them, no cogs being used. When very heavy barrels are required, three ribands are used—one for the breech end, one for the center, and one for the muzzle piece.

The ends of the ribands, after being twisted into spirals, are drawn out taper and coiled round with the spiral until the extremity is lost, as shown in the representation of a coiled breech piece of Damascus iron.

The coiled riband is next heated, a steel mandrel inserted in the muzzle end, and the coil is welded by hammering. Three men are required—one to hold and turn the coil upon the grooved anvil, and two to strike. The foreman, or the one who holds the coil, has also a small hammer with which he strikes the coil, to show the others in which place to strike. When taken from the fire the coil is first beaten upon an iron plate fixed in the floor, and the end opened upon a swage or the peam of the anvil, to admit of the mandrel being inserted.

When the muzzle or fore-coil has been heated, jumped up, and hammered until thoroughly welded, the breech end or coil, usually about six inches long, is joined to it. The breech coil is first welded in the same manner, and a piece is cut out of each coil; the two ribands are welded together, and the two coils are joined into one, and form a barrel. The two coils being joined, and all the welds made perfect, the barrels are heated, and the surplus metal removed with a float; the barrels are then hammered until they are black or nearly cold, which finishes the process.

This hammering greatly increases the density and tenacity of the metal, and the wear of the barrel depends in a great measure upon its being properly performed.

When the barrels are for breechloaders, the flats are formed on the undersides of the breech ends. If an octagon barrel is re-

quired, it is forged in this form upon a properly shaped anvil; in rifles the barrels are welded from thicker ribands and welded upon smaller mandrels.

Another method of making twist barrels is practiced in Birmingham, and may be shortly described.

The iron is twisted in much the same way as that already described, but steam power is used to turn the winch instead of hand power. The forge fires are blown by a steam fan instead of the old-fashioned bellows, and the welding is done by one man instead of three. This is accompanied by having a tilt-hammer close to the forge regulated to give sharp, quick, short blows, and capable of being thrown in and out of gear with the foot. The welder is also provided with an anvil, swages, mandrels, etc. When he removes the coil from the fire, he has only to knock in a mandrel, straighten the coil on the anvil, jump it close by striking it on the floor in the usual manner, and place it under the tilt, reheating the coil, and repeating the process until the barrel is properly finished. The appearance of barrels so welded is not so good as that of those hammered by hand, but they are strong and sound, and on account of less care and labor being bestowed on their production, they are cheaper than hand-forged barrels.

The latest method of making the plainer twist barrels is to treat the iron for twisting, and the coils, in a furnace instead of a breeze fire. The theory is that the metal is less liable to be burned, the heat being uniform and freedom from grays and faulty welds thereby insured. Experience does not fully bear out the theory. Possibly more can yet be done in this line toward producing a perfectly welded and clear barrel.

Foreign Twist Barrels.

Damascus iron barrels are forged in Belgium and at other gun-making centers of the Continent by the same methods as practiced in England. The chief difference between English and foreign welded barrels exists in the quality of the materials; iron of local manufacture being that generally employed. Another difference is that barrels of a smaller figure and barrels of fancy figures, already alluded to in the paragraph on iron-making, are frequently produced by French, Belgian, and German welders.

Softness is the characteristic of Belgian iron; it is found in all their iron manufactures, and is particularly noticeable and objectionable in their barrels. The welders prefer the soft metal, as being easier to manipulate, welding more freely, and containing fewer surface flaws than hard metal into the composition of which steel largely enters. There is, comparatively, little steel in the Belgian barrel; there are even barrels in which there is no steel, two different qualities of iron serving to produce that distinction which is necessary to produce figure in the finished barrel.

The barrel welders of Belgium are chiefly located at or near Liège. The very best barrel makers who manufacture for the London, Berlin and Vienna markets are to be found at Chaudfontaine or Nessonvaux, both places a few miles from Liège. Their method of welding is much the same as that practiced by the best English welders, but they work at a smaller forge, and instead of breeze, use a mixture of coal dust and clay. The fires being much smaller, the barrels are heated only a few inches at a time, so that greater labor has to be bestowed upon their manufacture.

The greatest care is taken to keep the anvils and tools perfectly clean and free from scale, so that no foreign matter can get between the coils and thus affect the soundness of the welds.

The type of barrel which is peculiarly their own, is the fine figured or six-stripe Damascus; in this the figure is very minute, as shown in the illustration, and is produced in the following manner: The welders take thirty-two alternate bars of iron and steel, and have them rolled into a sheet three sixteenths of an inch in thickness; the sheet is then split by a machine into square rods. These rods are then twisted after the method of the English welders already described, but to such an extent that the rods resemble the threads of a fine screw, there being as many as eighteen complete turns to the inch. Six of these rods are then welded to each other side by side and rolled into a riband, and the result is a figure so fine that it appears no larger than the eye of a needle, and requires special care in browning to obtain markings which can be distinguished.

For these fine barrels and for some others the old plan of welding on a chemise is still in use. The other old plan of plating or welding a thin coating of Damascus iron upon a barrel of plain iron has been abandoned, save for very heavy barrels for duck guns, etc., which are still not infrequently welded of the cheaper scelp, or plain twist iron, then coated with fine figured iron.

The regular Belgian barrel of commerce is the double-iron Damascus, "two-iron," or "Boston"—the same barrel, by whichever designation known. It differs from the English two-iron Damascus in showing fewer white or light-colored streaks, and being usually of coarser figure, obtained by piling larger rods in the faggot and again not rolling them to so small a section as is the practice of the English masters.

At St. Etienne in France, where a manufactory for sporting firearms was founded early in the fifteenth century, the Belgian models are followed and the iron of the district is soft and ductile. One plan much used in this district, but by no means original, is the forming of barrels of two twisted rods to one untwisted; the appearance is that of a "barber's pole," a distinct broad stripe of straight-grained metal running spirally round the barrel from end to end between a broader band of curled Damascus figuring.

The only centers at which Damascus barrels are made are, in addition to those already cited, Brescia in northern Italy, and Suhl in Prussia.

Varieties and Qualities of Twist Barrels.

In the foregoing descriptions of the methods of manufacturing twist barrels it is stated incidentally that some kinds are superior to others. The comparative strength of gun barrels and of the material employed in their manufacture, the merits and disadvantages of chosen varieties, will be found stated in detail later, but as the method of manufacture, as well as the material employed, affect the quality of the barrel, it is advisable to state here that, so far as known, the strongest forged or twist barrel is the laminated steel now usually termed "stub Damascus," made of three twisted rods to the riband.

The word laminated, as the designation of a gun barrel, arose from the fact that early in the century thin strips, plates, or laminæ of steel, piled alternately with iron strips or plates, formed the composite metal from which they were made. They differ from Damascus in so far as the iron and steel are differently arranged in the pile, so that instead of a decided curl in the figure there is only what may be termed "herring bone" lines running spirally round the barrel from end to end. Technically, laminated steel is a name metallurgists apply to faulty steel. It has been used in the gun trade for more than half a century in quite a different sense, as here stated.

By rolling the rods too fine before twisting, by twisting too much, or by twisting to a degree the particular metal so treated will not bear, the material of the finished barrel is weakened. This, apart from any possible faults in the forming—that is, welding and shaping—of the barrel itself.

Over-twisting, over-heating, and the endeavor to produce a fine-looking barrel at a low price result in weakened material.

In the twist barrel the iron and steel must be so arranged that perfect welds may be easily made; and so disposed that the fibers of steel and iron intermingled shall support each other when the strain of the explosion has to be borne by the barrel. Steel of the hardness—that is to say, steel as high in carbon—employed in the manufacture of Damascus iron would be too brittle to withstand the shock of the explosion if used alone; on the other hand, the iron alone would be too soft and the barrel would bulge. By combining the two metals in the best manner, so that neither loses its character, they together give to the twist barrel sufficient hardness to withstand bulging; sufficient elasticity to insure that the barrel, after the expansion produced by the force of the explosion, shall return to its previous caliber, and that high tenacity which prevents the bursting of the barrel by the sudden shock.

The mechanical structure of the twist barrel, not less than the purity of the metals employed, enhances the strength.

Some barrels of good material may have their strength lessened by faulty arrangement of that material, while barrels made of much inferior material will yet be stronger because of the better use made of that material by arranging it with judgment. So far as can be explained, without too greatly indulging in technical minutiæ, the best proportions of iron and steel can be arranged to best advantage in what is known as the three-iron barrel; whether the iron be piled to give a curly figure when twisted, or to give the plain, straight, short-lined figure of the "laminated" steel, is quite immaterial. One is as good as the other. Four-stripe barrels are not so good, unless the barrel is heavier, thicker and larger than ordinary, when of course a point would be reached when the four-stripe would equal the other. In like manner the two-stripe is inferior, though perhaps not to the same extent. The Belgian six-stripe barrels, apart from the softness of the material of which they are made, are over-twisted. Many of the fancy-figured barrels are not improved by the manner in which the iron and steel are combined, but the reverse. The advantage claimed for the St. Etienne barrel, that by the combination of the Damascus with the plain twist greater tenacity in both directions is obtainable, is yet to be proved, while the method is decidedly disadvantageous on other grounds.

In the trials of barrels by the Birmingham Proof House—barrels of thirty-nine different varieties obtainable by the Birmingham trade—the first place is given to the group of English "laminated" steel barrels of three strips. The next best of the twist-barrel groups is the "English Damascus" in two strips; the next the "English hand-forged Damascus" in four strips; then "English two-strip Damascus"; and then "English Damascus" in three strips; then English laminated steel in two strips. The first group of foreign-made twist barrels is the "Pointillé" (a fancy figure), eighteenth down on the list in order of merit; foreign "Damascus Crollé," in three and in four strips, come next, and have the same figure of merit, both being placed twenty-fifth on the list. At the same trials, when individual barrels were tested to bursting or bulging to the extent of .01 inch, the first place in the order of merit was occupied by "English variegated Damascus," two-strip; "English Damascus" three-strip; and "English Damascus," two-strip again, all three barrels withstanding exactly the same test. The foreign "Damascus" two-strip, and the same in three-strip, passed equally to the seventh place, while last in order of merit were the foreign fancy-figured "Pointillé" and the foreign "Crollé Damascus" four-strip barrels.

This report, issued in 1891, only confirms what the author wrote in earlier editions of this book, with respect to the relative strengths of twist-barrels, and has now repeated more concisely.

A figured barrel, notwithstanding the fineness of the figure and the apparently high quality of workmanship, is no indication of trustworthiness much less of excellence and unusual strength. To obtain barrels combining the utmost strength with lightness and beauty the best way is to purchase or order from a gun-maker of repute and leave the choice to him. It is not always that the type of barrel best suited to one caliber or weight will prove so advantageous when used in the construction of guns of other calibers or weights. There is only one wide difference in the practice of the English gun-maker and his continental competitor when choosing a barrel for a particular purpose; with the English maker the figure of the barrel is the last thing to be considered when determining the type most fit for the particular purpose, whereas with the foreign manufacturer it is usually the first, and often the only, consideration. The English maker takes a barrel that will do best; the foreign maker the barrel that will look best.

Weldless Barrels.

In addition to the seemingly large variety of figured barrels, there is now an even greater assortment of weldless barrels available for shotguns. These are, for the most part, of steel; some drilled, some drawn, some forged, of steels of many qualities and made by different processes.

First as to the history of the weldless barrel, and its increasing popularity.

One of the greatest difficulties with which a gun-maker has to contend is the "gray" in gun barrels. The "gray" is a defect of small actual importance, but decidedly a blemish on a fine weapon, and an eyesore in every description of gun barrel.

The numerous twistings and weldings of gun-iron rods and ribands are fully detailed in the description of the barrel-welding processes, and it must have occured to the reader that the Damascus barrel is one mass of welds from breech to muzzle. This is so. Unfortunately a certain amount of burnt metal, or scale, is imbedded within some of these welds, and in the finished barrel this fragment of scale forms a "gray," or small speck of useless material, which will not color in harmony with the other part of the barrel, but is made more apparent by the finishing processes of polishing and browning. These "grays" may appear some time after the gun has been in use, the hard metal composing the barrel being eaten into by rust, or the thin coating over the "gray" being worn away. They are developed in the inside by the chemical action of the powder gases, and are practically ineradicable. Sportsmen must not imagine that "grays" weaken a barrel to any appreciable extent, and their development in a gun, after some months' or some years' wear, in no way reflects upon the reputation of the gun-maker.

A barrel eaten right through with rust, at or near the muzzle, may be fired with perfect safety; consequenktly a "gray" is not to be regarded as an element of danger; and barrels after thirty years' wear, or after firing upward of 100,000 shots, are safe to use, providing they are free from dents, bruises and rust inside. Best quality barrels can be ruined—and many have been—in a couple of seasons by rough, careless usage, firing when dented, and being allowed to rust inside and out.

A welded barrel will not stand a blow given sideways. A knock against a hard substance will dent one barrel and frequently break the other in the weld. Many more guns are ruined by hard knocks than by hard wear.

Owing to the great difficulty in procuring perfectly welded barrels, gun-makers are now discarding tubes of the Damascus variety for those of solid steel, which are free from grays and blemishes, and if carefully chosen and tested will fill every requirement of the sportsman. The harder the Damascus barrel the greater the liability to grays, and a soft barrel will not make a fine shooting gun.

It is possible to have a twisted weldless barrel. Some years ago the author produced his "solid weldless twist," a figured barrel which is admirably adapted for sporting and other rifles and in every way suitable for shotguns. The grain runs spirally and the figure is similar to that of the wire twist. The illustration shows clearly the method of manufacture from ordinary gun-barrel iron. The twisting closes the grain of the iron, making it more dense toward the center, thus presenting an even solid surface for rifling; outside the grain runs spirally from end to end.

Of the steels used for shotgun barrels, the best known is Whitworth's fluid compressed steel. This is a cast steel; the ingot, while in a liquid or a semi-liquid state, is submitted to pressure, with a view to eliminating blow holes. The top and bottom of the ingot is cut off and thrown aside as usual. Eminent metallurgists contend that in the process of cooling the contraction of the ingot is so great that no pressure which can be brought to act upon it by mechanical means can affect the metal—at any rate, beyond a few inches from the surface. The process is therefore by some regarded as quite superfluous. On the other hand, it is generally allowed that the Whitworth steel is of excellent quality, and it has been used for barrels for so many years that its suitability for that purpose may be taken as fully proven.

The Whitworth steel is to be ordinarily distinguished from other steels by its brand, and by that alone. This mark is a "wheatsheaf," and London gun-makers who have sold guns with these barrels for many years now have their barrels with this registered trade mark stamped on the under side and the ordinary lettering "Whitworth's steel," etc., on the top of the barrel or the top rib. Whitworth steel is higher in carbon than many steels used for gun barrels, but it is sufficiently ductile to allow of drilling.

Steel made by the Siemens-Martin process has been used successfully for shotgun barrels as well as rifles. So, too, tubes of basic open hearth steel, made from hematite pig and scrap, and carburized by Darby's filtration process, were tested at the Birmingham Proof House in the trials already referred to and obtained a high figure of merit.

Steel barrels may be made by drilling them from the ordinary rolled bar; they may be drawn by rolling out pierced blanks; they may even be rolled hollow by the Mannesmann process, or they may be forged, then drilled.

The quality of the barrel depends less upon the method of forming the barrel than the quality of the metal used—the reverse of the twist barrel, where manipulation is all important.

In the choice of a suitable steel, actual experience is a surer guide than the indications of theory as to the composition which ought to be the best for the purpose.

The author uses a brand of metal to which the name of Greener's wrought steel has been given, which steel he has found specially suited to the requirements of the gun-maker for shotgun barels; in this steel the metal is not drawn, but is forged out of a solid bar, and drilled its whole length. Barrels so made are of close metal, stronger and denser than any obtainable by other means.

The "Wrought Steel" recommended is made of a homogeneous metal, of very fine quality, and admirably adapted by its great tenacity, or tensile strength, for use in gun barrels. It has been thoroughly tested by the author, as well as at the Government Proof House, with very heavy charges, viz., 28 drams of powder and 4½ ounces of shot, this charge being equal to seven ordinary charges of powder and four charges of shot. This test and many others it withstands perfectly.

"Wrought steel' barrels are of sufficient strength for all practical purposes, and only in appearance are they at a disadvantage when compared with twisted Damascus and laminated steel barrels.

Unlike "cast steel" barrels of the old type, "wrought steel" barrels bulge instead of breaking, and increased strain produces an open burst similar to that of a welded barrel, instead of a sharp break or a longitudinal rip, as is found to result with imperfect steel barrels. The quality of the metal is such that it will stand successively more than double the strain to which a sportsman can submit his gun with fair usage. And it will not "rip" or "crack," however sharp may be the explosive used.

The author has made many experiments with various explosives, in order to test thoroughly the fitness of this steel for gun barrels, and the results prove that there is no material which will excel it, and as the illustration shows, when tested to a bursting strain, the break which follows the bulging of the barrel is similar in character to the failure of Damascus under like circumstances.

The bulges were caused by placing a small charge of shot between two felt wads (first a thick felt, then the shot, then the thin felt) at the spot where the bulges are, and firing an ordinary charge from the gun.

The burst was effected by increasing the charge of shot between the wads; the bulges appeared about fifteen inches from the breech end after firing.

As many as five thick wads may be placed in any part of the barrel, and the gun fired without causing a bulge, but experiments prove that even the small quantity of ⅛ ounce of shot placed between wads at any place in the barrel will cause a bulge even as near as nine inches from the breech. The different sizes of the bulges in the illustration were caused by different charges of shot. The shape of the burst indicates the extent of bulging before bursting. The illustration is reduced to half size.

In choosing steel for gun barrels, many things have to be considered. The author attaches much more importance to the iron from which the steel is made than the amount of carbon contained in it. His wrought steel is made from the very toughest iron that can be procured, and as much carbon is used as can be allowed to admit of the drilling and boring of the barrel, so that the barrel is both hard and tough. These wrought steel barrels will stand being heated for brazing, without deterioration. Messrs. Krupp have introduced a steel for gun barrels which has many excellent qualities, but they must not be brazed, but held together by soft soldering only, which altogether excludes them from use by English gun-makers, as the hammering, chipping, etc., of English breech actions require that a stronger and more tenacious hold be made than any soldering affords.

Other Metals Used in Gun Manufacture.

The furniture of the gun was formerly made of swaff iron—that is, chippings, filings, borings, etc., of the iron barrels and other parts, collected, rewelded and forged. The material now most used is either puddled iron, ingot iron, or mild steel, containing 0.15 of carbon. The ingot iron is preferred as being clearer than puddled iron. Mild steel, when case-hardened, is quite suitable for breech action bodies. The bolts are usually of cast steel.

Stampings, or drop forgings, made by knocking the metal when red hot into dies, have now superseded hand-forged parts, save for one or two minor pieces, as the trigger guard. For hand-forging "best best" puddled iron is used, the forging performed in much the same manner as in the ordinary blacksmith's shop.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The Pine Woods of the South.

THE NEW ENGLANDERS AND MIDDLE STATES' MEN AND WOMEN GOING SOUTH.

A GREAT many of the Northern people who go South to the pine woods at Southern Pines and Pinebluff imagine before they go that the pines are as thick as the pine woods of Maine. The fact is that there is hardly twenty pine trees to the acre in the Sand Hills of North Carolina, where so many people go for their health. At first sight the visitor is very much disappointed not to find more pines, but he or she soon realizes that the great healthfulness of the section is on account of the fact that at some time during the day the sun gets to every grain of sand and every blade of grass and dries it so there is no moisture to cause mildew and rot, or make food for the germ life to live on, and on account of the sunshine and pure white sand the water is as pure as the purest. The Southern pine tree is unlike the pines North, as it has but little foliage. A few scraggy, unsightly limbs at the very top, sometimes eighty feet from the ground, but the pine leaves or needles are beautiful and the constant lullaby song that the wind makes as it passes through the pine leaves is so soothing to the tired nerves of the invalids that they are soon nodding in the sunshine as they sit under the unsightly but health-giving trees of the South. If you want to learn anything about the pine woods and how to reach them by the best rail or water route, write to Mr. John T. Patrick, Pinebluff, N. C.

Some Calendars.

The 1903 calendar, showing "animals that are hunted," published by the Bcemis Omaha Bag Co., of Omaha, Neb., is rather a new departure in calendars. It shows the buffalo, mountain sheep, moose, antelope, caribou, black bear, white goat, grizzly bear, Virginia deer, polar bear, mule deer and the head of an elk, these representing the twelve months of the year, from January 1903. Printed either on paper or cloth, it will be mailed to any address by the Ad-Sales Co., of Omaba, Neb., on the terms specified in their advertisement.

Through the medium of their calendar for 1903. Messrs. E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Wilmington, Del., for public distribution, present a field scene, a copy of a painting possessing rare excellence. Two dogs in the foreground, a setter and a pointer, stand one on a point, the other on a back, both in spirited pose. Close to them a father is giving his son a first lesson in shooting. The father, calm of poise, yet sympathetically encouraging, has one hand grasping the gun, the other resting gently on the youth's shoulder, coaching him for the shot. The boy, open-eyed, intensely eager and excited, holds the gun awkwardly, as all boys do in their first attempts at field shooting. It is realistic in every detail. The legend on the picture, namely, "Generations have used Dupont powder," gives to the whole a theme which extends far into the past.

The calendar for 1903 issued by the Savage Arms Co., is unusual for its beauty and its truth to nature. A long, slim hunter has shot a mule deer buck, which has run down the steep hillside through open pine timber and fallen over on a log. We do not know the artist who drew this picture, but whoever he is, he knows his subject. Copies of this calendar will be sent on receipt of 4 cents by the Savage Arms Co., Utica, N. Y.

It Pays to Advertise Gunning Records in "Forest and Stream."

BLACKSBURG, S. C., Nov. 27.—I always get good results from my advertisement in your paper. I got a nice party lately.
A. G. MINTZ.

OYSTER P. O., Va., Nov. 16.—Since advertising in your paper it has brought quite a many sportsmen to my place, and I feel it was money well spent, as my place is pretty well known among the sportsmen now. E. B. COBB.

Also Sneak Boxes.

BARNEGAT, N. J., Dec. 2.—We are getting a great many inquiries for our sneakbox through the advertisement in FOREST AND STREAM, and have sold two of them, one in Pittsburg, and one in Northampton, Mass. A. F. KIRKPATRICK & SONS.

At the thirty-third annual convention of Associated Master Car and Locomotive Painters, of United States and Canada, recently held in Boston, Chairman W. O. Quest, of Committee on Tests, reports as follows concerning Durable Metal Coating, manufactured by Edward Smith & Co., 45 Broadway, New York: "Where unbroken from loose under (rust) scale, this paint is still elastic enough to award it the claim of being "Durable." It also stood a severe acid test without injury. This proves that where the Durable Metal Coating is applied to steel frames of skyscrapers, bridges, or metal work, it will preserve it for years against rust. Great care should be taken that all rust be eliminated before applying the Durable Metal Coating.

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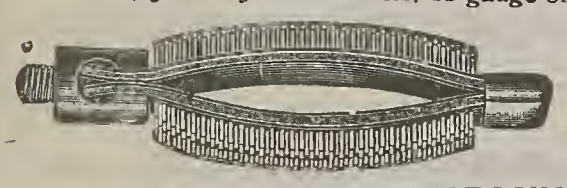

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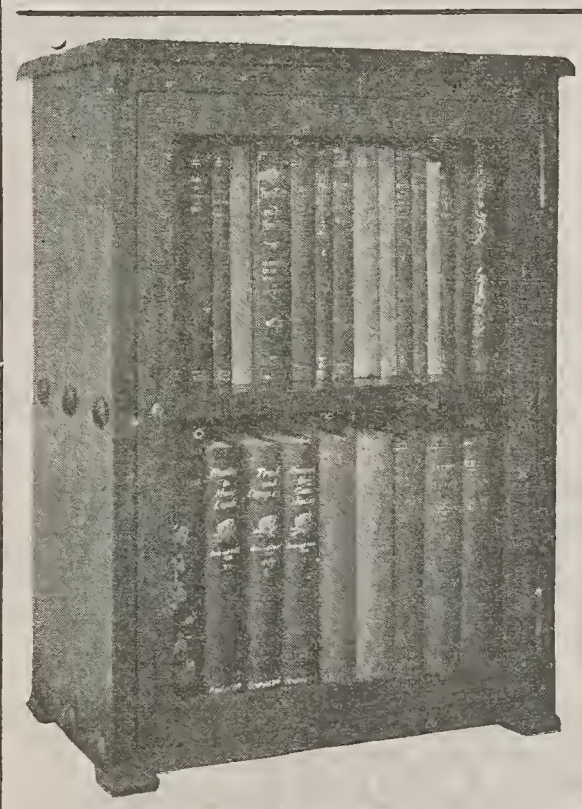

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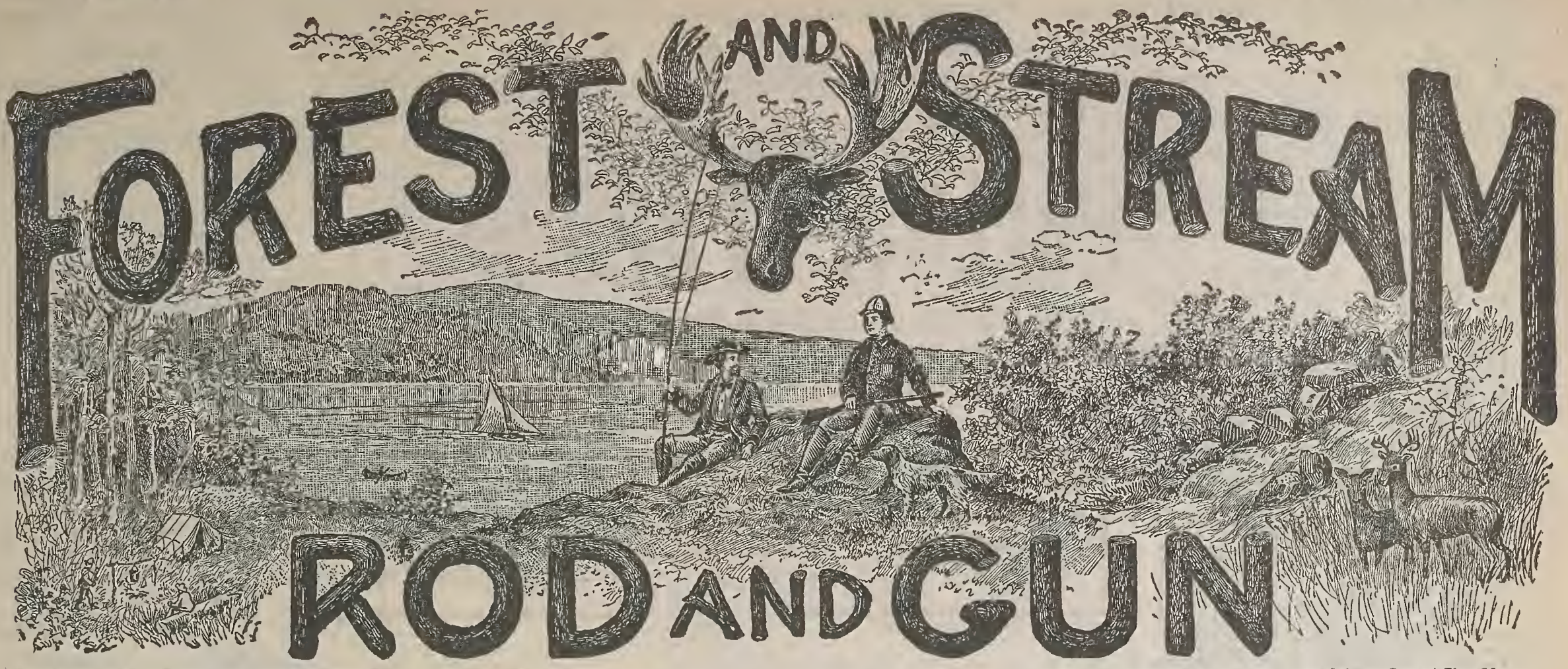

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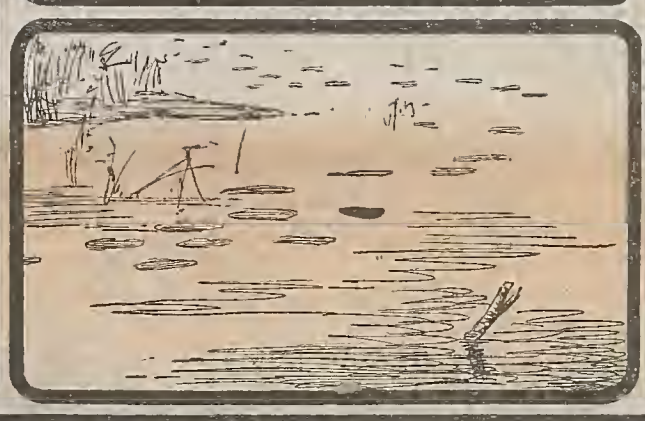

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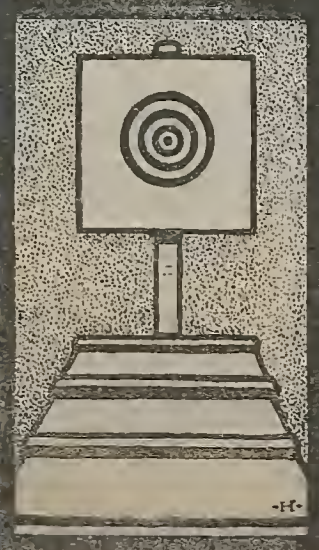

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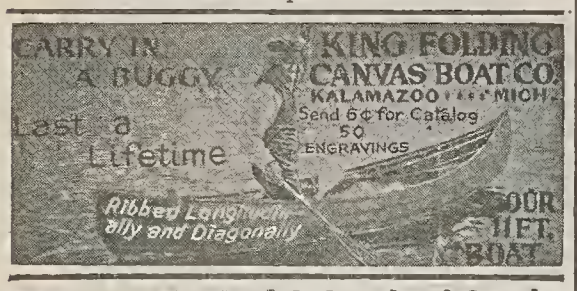

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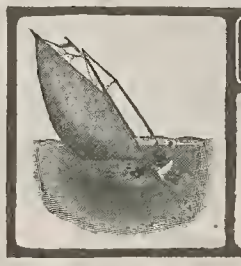

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We have just had prepared by the official draftsman of New Brunswick a map of that province, giving the localities where big game—moose and caribou—are most abundant, and also the streams in which salmon are found and the rivers and lakes which abound in trout.

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Fig. 66.

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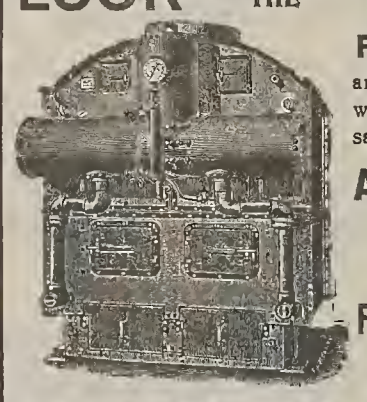

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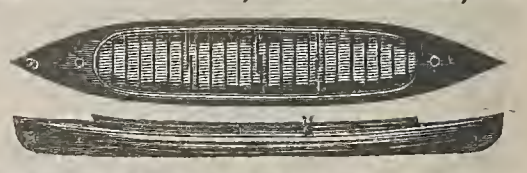

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ALERT.

This spirited engraving of the noblest game animal of Eastern North America was drawn for the FOREST AND STREAM by Carl Rungius, and has been reproduced as an artotype by E. Bierstadt in the full size of the original drawing. The plate is 12½ x 19 inches, on paper 22 x 28 inches. It is the most faithful and effective picture of the moose we have ever seen and makes a magnificent adornment when framed for hanging on the wall. Price (mailed in a tube, postpaid), $3.00.
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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1902.

VOL. LIX.—No. 25. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Through the beneficence of Providence these magnificent mountains, having forty-six peaks and forty-one miles of ridges exceeding six thousand feet in height, and two hundred and eighty-eight other peaks and three hundred miles of ridges of over five thousand feet, "the greatest masses of mountains east of the Rockies," and "the highest mountains covered with hardwood in America," have been provided as an unfailing source for the rivers of six great States.

What a wonderful provision! First the bountiful, even wonderful rainfall; then these splendid forests to preserve and store it for the use of man! But the work of man is fast destroying the handiwork of God. Let us at once see to it that this shall stop, and that what was intended for the benefit of toiling millions shall not be perverted to their ruin.—Speech of Hon. William Elliott, of South Carolina in the House of Representatives, on the Appalachian Forest Reserve.

FOR CHRISTMAS WEEK READING.

THE next issue of the FOREST AND STREAM will be the Christmas Number, and will contribute its share to the enjoyment of Christmas week by providing a rich fund of entertaining reading.

Mrs. Llewella Pierce Churchill has written for this number a story of "The Rainy Chasc of the Robber Crab," a bit of experience which has all the novelty and charm of her other Samoan sketches.

Francis Moonan will contribute a story of Rocky Mountain adventure, "The Wolf at the Door," in which the wolf plays a part quite different from that of the conventional creature whose presence at the door is expressive of the never ending struggle for bread.

"The Passing of the Sledge-Dog," by H. M. Robinson, describes the new conditions in the North under which the sledge dog, oncc the common transportation agency, has disappeared.

Alma will tell in "Stubble Rhymes" and picture a story of quail shooting in Michigan.

Yo will record the winning of a goat head by a novice amid the peaks and crags of the St. Mary's River country in the Rocky Mountains.

Charles L. Jordan will chronicle the extreme difficulties and some marvelous achievements of photographing the wild turkey in its native haunts.

Dr. Geo. McAleer will relate an amusing incident of simple and ingenuous backwoods life in Canada.

Coahoma will give some further notes drawn from his close study of rattlesnakes and squirrels.

The Old Angler will continue the "Reminiscences of an Octogenarian," papers which Charles Hallock in another column to-day characterizes as graphically imparting to the reader thc realism of salmon fishing.

And to give further representation of the "Old Guard," Von W. will have a poem, "When the Long Shadows Fall," which, if it shall not be understood of the younger readers, will surely appeal to him who, looking back, reckons the tally of many a Christmas week long, long gone by.

PLACE NAMES.

ONE of the first things to be done when a new country is entered by man is to name its various geographical features. Hills and mountains, rivers and brooks, buttes and divides, springs and swamps, must receive names by which they shall be generally known, in order that the business of the new occupants of the territory may be carried on. As towns and villages spring up, and as roads are established, these, too, are named. Later, often much later, the surveyor and the topographer pass through the country, establish the location of its various natural features, and finally these features and others which depend on its occupancy by civilized man are transferred to maps and charts.

The note found elsewhere from the pen of our correspondent Juvenal calls attention to the unhappy methods used by Americans in naming places and natural features. It would seem as if some early surveyor in the Mohawk Valley, in New York State, had taken a classical dictionary and had at random named the various villages and towns after the best known names in classical history. Utica, Attica, Syracuse, Ithaca, Marathon and Rome are examples of the devotion to the classics of this early surveyor, who may be responsible also for such names as Marcellus, Cicero, Manlius and others. The French blood of long ago is seen in such names as Massillon, Marseilles and Vincennes, a little further to the West.

The early settlers of this country seem to have suffered from a sort of anæmia of the imagination, or, perhaps, it would be truer to say that they had no imagination to be anæmic.

West of the Missouri River we find names often given by people who were also without imagination, but who applied to the natural features of the country names that were either descriptive or historical. For creeks such names as beaver, elk, deer, muddy, willow and box elder, are scattered over the whole western country, duplicated, we dare not say how many times. But if they are commonplace and mean little, it seems better that a stream should be called Muddy Creek or White River, rather than Tiber River or Pactolus Creek.

In the matter of naming the streams along which they lived and which they had to cross, the Indians showed what will appear to many persons much better taste than has been displayed by the white man. Usually their names are historical and have a distinct meaning, the story of which still lives in the tribe. A certain stream in Montana, which we call Armell's Creek, is called by the Indians, "It Fell on Them," because once, when women were digging out from under its high bank the red earth which they used as paint, the bank caved in and the falling earth crushed a number of people. Another Montana stream, at which a bear, rushing out of the bushes, seized an Indian and tore him to pieces, the Blackfeet call "Where We Were Bitten." So there are Punished Woman's Fork, Crazy Woman's Fork, Antelope Pit River, Pawnee Buttes and the Hill of the Pile of Bones and many others, all of them based on events which are still remembered.

Such names have character and meaning, and where possible should be retained. They compare favorably with the names applied to some of the old towns in New York, or with some given recently—but which, happily, will not stand—to certain peaks in the Rocky Mountains, as Mt. Olympus, the Matterhorn!

In our cities, which so often are governed by bodies of men whose education is very slight, whose interests are largely confined to politics, and who are likewise destitute of imagination, we may expect to find names such as Edgecomb Boulevard, Pinehurst Avenue and Blythebourne Terrace. These things are past remedy. It is hopeless to attempt to raise the average city dweller above the level of his own commonplaceness.

Yet while, in place names in America, we have a vast number that are quite hopelessly bad from any point of view, we should be grateful for the large number that are not in that category, and which really represent something. Indian names are many, and all of them good; old Dutch or French or English names—those of the discoverers or early settlers of any region—may fittingly be used to perpetuate the memory of persons who came first into the country. But names that are high-sounding, yet without meaning, are an abomination, and should not be used.

The good old names that we have are yet in danger of being changed for others that are fanciful and meaningless, and many people who appear to believe themselves better than their forebears believe also that these old names are not good enough for them. It may have been a New York City Council which altered the name Tubby Hook to Inwood; and it was probably a village council which altered the name of the village of Schraalenburgh, descriptive and euphonious as it is, to the name of a living bank president!

The place names in old Canada, given chiefly by the French, are musical and pleasant sounding to the Anglo-Saxon ear—Rimouski, Trois Rivières, Trois Pistoles, St. Jean de Matha, Notre Dame des Anges, Temiscamingue. Many of them are of Indian origin, and of those which are French, the majority are the names of saints or are in some way descriptive.

THE account given elsewhere by Mr. E. A. Richard of the working of the new Newfoundland caribou law is very interesting. Whatever we may think of non-resident licenses, either between different countries or different States, it seems clear enough from Mr. Richard's statement that the increase of the Newfoundland license fee for the killing of bull caribou from $50 to $100, has had its effect in protecting the caribou. The extraordinary reduction in the number of American sportsmen visiting Newfoundland for caribou was due primarily to the exaction of a tax so high that it was regarded as an imposition. A fee of $100 is practically prohibitive, as the event has proved. Other influences, too, have operated to reduce the number of visitors. In sport, as in other things, fashions prevail. A dozen years ago very few Americans had ever been to Newfoundland for the purpose of hunting caribou, but half a dozen years ago it seemed as if every big-game hunter one met was asking questions about Newfoundland, how to get there, and what the prospects were when this land should be reached. For two or three years after that there was a great slaughter of caribou, and many men who believed themselves sportsmen, in pure wantonness shot down the beasts, as they attempted to cross the streams or later the railroad embankment. Against such methods there was before long a natural reaction, and American sportsmen of the better class were not slow in expressing their views on such butchery. It became apparent that to kill caribou in such a way required no skill, and was not sport, and men ceased to care for it.

The action of the authorities in setting aside an area of country fifteen miles long by ten miles wide, in which no caribou should be killed, was wise and far seeing, but this law has had a deterrent influence upon visiting sportsmen, for it requires the hunter to go further and work harder for his game.

Tourists in the Yellowstone National Park have been plagued by the nuisance of the clouds of dust, stifling and blinding, which have made travel on the Park roads a pilgrim's penance rather than a pleasure excursion. Government engineers in charge of the roads have put in operation a water sprinkling system which has accomplished so much in making the roads agreeable that it will be continued permanently. Not only has the comfort of tourists been promoted, but the roads have been subject to less deterioration than in other years. It has been proposed to apply to the Yellowstone Park roads the system of oil sprinkling, which has been such a notable success in California.

The time for discussing the expediency of setting apart the Southern Appalachian Forest Reserve has gone by. The wisdom and necessity of the step have been demonstrated. The country is convinced, and demands the park. Boards of trade, manufacturers' associations, town and city authoritics, and State Legislatures have spoken for it. Nothing remains but for Congress to act. The action may well be prompt, because the measure is no longer debatable. It has been debated. Give us the reservation.

A novel movement in Colorado is the organization of a secret society for the protection of game. Game Commissioner Harris is at the head of it. The membership is to be made up of influential business men and other substantial citizens; each member will be expected to give to the commissioner information of any game law violation he may have knowledge of, and in every case the identity of the informer is to be kept a profound secret, even from his fellow members, thus to secure immunity from any revenge of prosecuted individuals.

Three carloads of elk from the October Mountain preserves of William C. Whitney, in the Berkshires, have been liberated in the Adirondacks. One lot was put out at the foot of Raquette Lake, and the other two were distributed near Long Lake, West Station. There must now be in the Adirondacks sufficient parent stock to insure a permanent elk supply if the newcomers can be shielded from the bullets of the thought-it-was-a-deer shooters.

The Sportsman Tourist.

An Indian Scare.

In the spring of 1867 our cavalry troop was sent on a scout from Camp Verde, Texas. We were to scout for a month in Edwards County, southwest of Verde, hunt deer and Indians, and look at the country.

We found plenty of deer, they and the wild cattle had this country all to themselves then. I never was able to find but one settler in the whole county, and he seemed to be here only because he would not be allowed to live anywhere else. As this was in Texas, it will be remembered, he must have been a hard citizen. The deer covered the country everywhere, and they were far easier to approach than were the wild cattle; in fact, we could not get within shooting distance of wild cattle at all, while we were on horseback, had we wanted them, but we did not; venison was good enough for us just then.

We saw no Indians, but found plenty of places where they had been less than a hundred years ago, and I have no doubt that these Indians saw us more than once, but if they did, they sent no one to tell us of it. We had marched west all one day without finding a drop of water since leaving camp early that morning, and I had about made up my mind from the appearance of the country ahead of us that we would either have to make a dry camp, or what was more likely, would have to counter march back to where we had come from and put in all night in doing it, when we came to a small lake or pond; it is called a water hole here. In the wet season this pond would be quite a quarter of a mile across either way, but just now all the water in it was right in the middle of it, it being a hole ten yards across that was fed by a spring on the bottom, most likely; the water was very good, anyhow.

The part of this pond that was dry now had a heavy crop of grass, a kind of a reed, rather, I would call it sedge grass. It grew so thick here that we had to cut and break it down to make a path to the water, then had to carry out water in camp kettles for our horses and mules. We camped on a hill nearly a quarter of a mile away from the water on account of the grass, the grass in this low bottom being too coarse and rank and not fit for horses.

The men carried up water for supper and breakfast before dark, but the cook had on hand a job of cooking venison, and shortly after dark concluded that he must have more water, and sent a man who had only been with us a short time, after it.

We had a number of these recruits with us, and the old hands had stuffed them with hair-raising stories of Indians. Nine out of every ten of these men who were giving the "rookies," as the recruits were called, this authentic information about hostile Indians, had never seen one themselves; we had only been on the frontier a few months then, and had not "met up" with many Indians yet. I had met my first ones when a boy 12 years ago, and had probably forgotten more about Indians then than these fellows were ever likely to know. But I listened to them stuffing the rookies and said nothing. I would get about all I needed of these recruits when sent to drill them.

Most of these new men had got so much Indian information now that they were able to see an Indian behind every bush after night; they were, most of them, from our large cities at the North, and this country out here after night was likely to frighten them.

The man had been gone after that water half an hour, when I heard a sentry that was on post at the foot of the hill call out his "Who comes there?" then repeat it; and in half a minute after doing so fire. A few moments after he had fired, this man, who had been sent after the water, came up the hill at what our officers designate when drilling us mounters, as a "S-l-o-w gallop." They were in the habit of drawing out the slow still slower to convince us probably that they did not mean a fast gallop.

This sentry, who had done the firing, happened also to be a recruit; it was lucky for the water carrier that he was; but an old hand would probably not have fired at all; he would have guessed who came there, the water carrier had passed out at this post.

I was acting quartermaster-sergeant here, our regular quartermaster-sergeant being at the post sick. I saw this man come rushing in minus the camp kettle; he had dropped it on the way, he had not been a soldier long but knew that when making a forced march to the rear the less baggage you carry the faster you can get there. Even an Indian knows that, and when we got after them they would always leave a string of old saddles, packs and buffalo robes to help us keep their trail.

"What is wrong now, Brown Second?"

We had three members of the Brown family in the troop, and a man here never heard his first name except when the muster roll was called. There were Brown First, Second and Third. I had Brown Second before me now. He was from Philadelphia, and had never been ten miles from it before.

"Indians! Corporal. Oh, that place is full of them! They almost got me."

"Indians be ——— Where did you leave that camp kettle?"

He had left it down there at the water.

"Do you suppose that we have so many camp kettles that we want to issue them to Indians? What did your Indians look like?"

He had not stopped to see; he was just going to dip up the water when he heard the most awful noise all over the country; I would have been scared myself if I had been there, and so he ran and left the camp kettle there.

"Why did you not stop and shoot a few Indians? Is not that what the Government pays us for? What do you suppose they gave you that pistol for?"

He could not see any to shoot.

Picking up my carbine I said:

"I'll go with you and shoot about all the Indians we meet; we won't meet over a dozen down there."

Had not he better get his carbine?

"No; you get the water; I'll attend to the Indians."

I knew that no Indians were likely to fool around that water hole while this troop was in sight of it up on this hill, and I thought I knew what had scared him.

When we were within a mile of this water to-day I had seen an animal put out across the prairie as though he was going somewhere and was in a great hurry to get there. I should have liked to follow him to see that he met with no mishap, but we were riding in column and I could not leave without permission; I would have been given it had I asked for it.

This fellow travels under the name of the Mexican lion down here; he is sometimes only the catamount; it depends a great deal on where the man, who is naming him comes from. I knew him as the wild cat. He is not half so dangerous as he thinks he is; I had a greyhound a few years after this that could kill him as fast as I could club him down out of a tree to where the dog could get him; he got me one out of the Concho River.

We started now, and as I passed our sentry, I told him not to be so extremely ready to fire after this; the moon was up now, and he could see who came there if we failed to tell him. I would answer him the moment he challenged though, the regulations told me to do so; and I was supposed to set an example; but a man half scared to death by "Indians" might not hear him, Brown did not.

We kept on down to the water without seeing any Indians. There were no trees down here, and I did not expect to find that cat here. He might have been in here after water, and if he had scared Brown he had no doubt been as fully scared himself, and had left long ago.

The camp kettle and tin cup lay here where Brown had left them; the Indians had not got them.

"You are lucky, Brown," I told him, "when you come to sign the next pay roll you won't find 'due to the United States one camp kettle.' You barely escaped having to pay for this one. Those Indians must be long on camp kettles, they did not want yours. It is the first time I ever met Indians who did not want the earth."

Brown took up his tin cup now to get the water, and the moment he struck the water with it we were saluted with a noise that cannot be better described than as being like the noise a boy makes by raking a stick quickly along a paling fence. The noise came out of the water. Brown got up and began to shake, but did not run away this time, and the noise stopped as soon as he took the cup out of the water.

Handing him my gun I took the cup and hit the water, and the racket began again.

"Keep a good lookout for those Indians, Brown, and I'll fill your kettle for you." I knew now what was making this noise. I filled the kettle while the noise continued, then, when I quit, it stopped.

"Now, do you know what made that noise?" I asked.

No, he did not.

"Frogs, Brown, just plain everyday frogs. That hole must be full of them. This water is still here and when you touch it they know it, and make that noise. We won't see any Indians to-night."

We started now, carrying the camp kettle between us, and after going on a while Brown asks, "Will you do me a favor, Corporal?"

"Yes, if I can. What is it?"

"Please don't say anything about this up in camp."

"I won't. If the men ask you about it tell them that the cat we saw to-day made that noise and that I could not get a shot at it down there, it was too dark."

Had this story got out in the troop Brown would have been favored about twenty times a day for a week, or until the joke had been worn threadbare, with more or less accurate imitations of a frog croaking.

Cabia Blanco.

Erie, Pa.

In the Shastas.

Shasta Mountains, Cal., November, 1902.—Deer have been notably scarce in my domain. I had climbed the steep brown sides of the mountains to various altitudes, clambered through the cañons and ravines, cooned it over rocky promontories, bushwhacked in the dense thickets, and tobogganed (?) upon the glassy pine needles of the slopes until my hunting boots were wrecked, my wearing apparel threadbare in its more conspicuous parts.

The summer had been an unusually dry one (which means much in the sierra of northern California), and the warm rocky slopes were sunbaked, hard, harsh and crumbling under foot. Moreover, the gophers, squirrels and other small miners seemed to have been exceptionally industrious in making the broken surface of *terra firma* rather *infirma*. Under such conditions the science of deer stalking is additionally complex and laborious. The few and scattered deer in the more accessible haunts, very high up the most broken ridges, were apparently content to keep themselves within narrow bounds, and the noisy nature of the dry leaves, undergrowth and crumbling ground made it nearly impossible to approach near enough to get a glimpse of them.

The open season had nearly come to a close, without a drop of rain, and in the last days of October the weather had not changed conditions so as to amend them to any appreciable extent. When the first rains began to fall they proved so warm and moderate they had no evident effect upon the movements of game.

I made a dozen or more excursions with my amiable dog, Shep, and my meat gun, with the result of but a glimpse of two or three allowable deer. Shep considered larger game out of the question and devoted himself to small matters. We picked up a number of squirrels, two foxes and a large lynx, in our trips with the rifle, without my getting a shot or Shep getting a ki-yi-yi-yow at a deer. Then we ignored the sublime and fell to sniping an occasional mountain quail from near thickets with a shotgun.

Finally a heavy, soaking rain, lasting for over a week came, clearing the atmosphere by putting out forest fires, freshened vegetation, and particularly benefitting things by soaking and softening the soil and forest litter of the mountains. Then we made two or three other efforts to find deer, with no satisfaction other than to find a bed or two, high up on the ridges, which showed that the deer were not shifting. A kind of shrub-oak, which is little more than a bush, growing in the higher altitudes in this region, were well loaded with acorns, but the deer were not feeding upon them. Both my dog Shep and I had about concluded that most of the deer had been exterminated or had migrated to parts unfamiliar and remote.

A Buck is Nominated.

The long-continued rain was yet rattling upon the roof, dripping from the pines, firs, black-oaks, maples and dogwoods, and all the underbrush was bending under the weight of water held in the cups of the foliage. Bowlder Creek was a roaring torrent and the ravines tributary were humming low or loudly according to the area of the territory they drained. About ten o'clock the rain clouds broke away somewhat, and instead of a constant downpour, the rain fell at intervals in heavy showers. In this particular region the sky is notably frivolous—when it rains. It can clear and cloud, quit and resume, shine and shower more times within a few hours, or rain longer and steadier and bigger drops than it doth anywhere from whence I have intelligence, either by private correspondence, leased wire or associated press dispatches.

And so, about ten o'clock, when the clouds scattered somewhat, in a sort of a bogus way, Shep and I went around a ridge to the north. We found the trees and bushes dripping with water, and we were both soon wet about the legs. Then, at the time when we were in the midst of some of the steepest and most difficult ground, and in the thickest brush, the weather resumed active precipitation, so we made tracks for the house, where we arrived with as much moisture in our immediate possession as we could have collected by special endeavor. When we had safely reached shelter, the rain ceased abruptly, and the sky became jarringly blue and distressingly serene.

And, dripping profusely, with an apologetic kind of an advance, I approached the kitchen stove, drew up a chair, and proceeded to explain to my wife that deer hunting is sometimes difficult and damp. It occurs to me at this juncture, that, in writing my adventures, I have not heretofore advised you that I am married. This is, however, a fact—a fact so well known to me that I have, perhaps, presumed in thinking it a matter of general import and intelligence. It is another story.

As I was saying, I was explaining, preparatory to obtaining some dry clothes, when Shep barked outside and from the window Jim could be seen coming in from the woods. He had his rifle, and I noted with some regret that he was not as wet as I was. Somehow he had found some sort of a shelter—probably in some hollow tree.

"Well," said I, "have you been out in it, too?"

"Yes," he said.

"See anything?"

"Saw a buck," said he, "up above the thimbleberry patch between the forks of Bowlder." After a pause he added: "Had a fair shot at him at fifty yards, and tracked him a couple of hundred yards. Lost him."

"No use hunting with that gun," said I, "it was worn out twenty years ago. Couldn't hit your hat with it, and hold your hat yourself; it——"

"Well," said Jim, "he was a four or five pointer, standing under a tree eating acorns. Shot at his neck. If I had shot at his face I would have got him. He was fat. Followed him to a rocky point. He was gone, but I couldn't find his tracks out of there."

"Ought to be able to track a big deer on a muddy hill. Ought to have a dog. Might borrow a gun that——"

"Ground too rocky," said Jim; "too much brush—steep hill. I can kill quail with this gun—killed one the other day, shot its head off. I hit the deer in the neck."

"Well," I observed, "he ran away. Did you knock him down?"

"No. He didn't fall. Ran off a hundred yards, seemed dizzy and stopped a moment behind a tree from me."

"Run up hill, or down?"

"Kept around the hill toward the creek. When he got to the rocky point he was out of sight and I lost track. He went up hill part of the way—kept a sort of a trail."

"Never touched him. He wouldn't got up hill. He wouldn't follow any trail if he was hurt. Did you find any blood?"

"There was a little where he was standing when I shot. Couldn't find any more. Must have hit him in the neck too far back."

"Do you want to go back with the dog?"

"Well," said Jim, "I never got a deer yet by going back. Don't think Shep would track him. If I had had Jack I would have got him."

I thought it over a minute. We were both wet—we wouldn't get much wetter, though it was evidently going to shower. It was one o'clock. It is at least two miles all up-hill and steep. Brush was very wet. It had rained on the track hard and would rain more. Could Shep follow the scent? Possibly we might get a shot at other deer—it was a good place for 'em.

The latter consideration turned the scale, thereby provoking this story.

"If you want to go back we will take Shep and try it. Think it any use?"

"It's wet," said Jim. "Never got a deer yet going back after it. We might get a shot at another."

"All right. We will eat a lunch and go. No time to lose. It's going to rain though."

Whether she thought it useless or immaterial, my wife offered no protest, and, after a hurried lunch, Jim and I set out; Shep was promptly on hand and he had evidently summed the situation up to his own satisfaction. He led off in advance, glancing back now and then to see that he was guessing our course properly. If he had been told in language clear to his comprehension just where we were headed for he could not have taken a more direct course, or have assumed a more confident

and assured expression of countenance and demeanor. Dogs understand some things intuitively—whatever that is to say. Shep, however, had no premonition that he was on the way to the most formidable adventure of his active life, and that he would not frisk about as gaily two hours later.

While we were in the house the rain had ceased and the sky was fairly blue to the west, the direction we took. For about a mile on our way we followed a ridge, known to us as the "long ridge." It is timbered chiefly with tall pines with some black oaks. About half way up the ridge we had made our way when the rain resumed, and it came in torrents. We hugged the trunks of some pines during the heaviest of the showers, mainly to keep water from coursing down our backs, but with no hope of keeping dry. Nearly two hours elapsed before we reached the thimbleberry patch, and during most of this time rain had fallen heavily. We had concluded that it would be impossible for the dog to track.

Reaching upper Bowlder Creek, and crossing the torrent upon the huge granite bowlders strewn in its channel by prehistoric avalanches, we climbed the most abrupt and broken of a series of ridges that are spurs from an unnamed peak, one of the highest and most pointed of the region. After a sharp clamber through dripping brush and over huge broken ledges of granite we came to a small terrace, broken with a number of short steep ravines. Here a group of live-oak trees was pointed out by Jim, under one of which the buck had been standing when he shot.

There Was a Drop of Blood.

When we reached the bench or terrace, a few paces from the group of trees, and paused for breath, we found ourselves standing by a "bed" made by a deer. It was fresh, that is to say, it had been made during the day. The rain had not washed out the animal's tracks, and they were those of a big buck. The bed was simply the leaves and grass pawed away for a space a yard in diameter, and it was out in the open upon the exposed projection of the ridge.

"Didn't see that before," said Jim; "he must have had his bed here last night. He was eating acorns under that tree over there when I saw him."

The tree was on the steep slope and under its shelter the deep tracks of the buck, where he had jumped at the crack of the rifle, were yet plainly seen. Upon a loose fragment of granite, by close inspection, we found a single drop of blood—so nearly washed away by the rain that it could barely be distinguished to a certainty. I called Shep's attention to the rock, and much to my surprise he promptly took the track, with his most confident air. He has not been trained to slow-track, and consequently he set off at a smart pace, tracing the course of the deer around the side of the mountain almost upon a level. As Jim and I followed, quickly as we could over the sidling and slippery ground, we could see that the buck had taken short jumps for an animal of his size, but there seemed to be no irregularity about them, as would be the case with an animal much hurt.

We followed the course Shep had taken, over two or three spurs of the mountain, covering a distance of about three hundred yards. Jim had been over this ground the third time in the morning, and each time had lost the track at this spur which was completely covered with fragments of rock, pitching off abruptly into a dense thicket that reached down over steep broken ledges to the stream that thundered in its chaotic gorge below. When this rocky spur was reached Shep, too, was bewildered. At first he went up the mountain for a short distance, hesitated and retraced his tracks a number of times, then came back and entered the thicket, going down into the gorge.

"If he went down there I think he is hurt," said I, "and Shep will jump him."

"Don't know," replied Jim, "I was around through there as far as I could get this morning. Could find no tracks or signs."

We could see the dog now and then, as he hunted the thicket faithfully down to the steep precipices overhanging the torrent. Finally he worked his way back to us, well winded. In his old age he is inclined to corpulency, and his coat is thick and heavy for a hot corner. He came to us plainly puzzled. There was a little brushy hollow the dog had apparently avoided and I clambered down to it and had him search it well. He again came back, intimating clearly by his actions that it was no use. After searching about as best we could for an hour we could but conclude that if the deer had taken that course he had found his way into or across the gorge, and if so the rain and stream had obliterated all signs.

"Were you far into the thicket this morning, and which way did you go?" I asked him.

"Made two trips into it and back again, from here," he said.

"It is possible," I replied, "that Shep has followed your tracks to see what you went down there for. At first he went up the mountain. I believe the deer did not come down here, but kept around or up the hill."

"No use," said Jim, "I looked over the ground up there several times. If he went that way I could have found his tracks. Never got a deer yet by going back for it. If I had had Jack——"

"I'll go up there and start Shep again," said I.

Jumped, and a Hot Corner.

Both Jim and myself were somewhat weary in our wet clothing, from our trips in the earlier part of the day, and the long climb up to our present situation. We went up the point or spur of the mountain to the spot where the track had been last seen. Here I put Shep at work again and he had gone but a few rods, around and up the mountain side, when I saw that he was interested in this new move. After sniffing in different directions and trotting here and there, suddenly, without further pause, he started a fast walk, then a quick trot and then broke into a run, following a consistent and direct course diagonally up the mountain. I watched him as he clambered up a second spur that was almost perpendicular for a few rods. Meantime I called Jim's attention to the tracks of the buck where his sharp toes marked the ground.

"That's his track sure," said Jim. "Strange I couldn't see it this morning."

"Shep is on the track," I replied, "but, if the deer has gone up that way, we are not likely to see him this year."

I had scarcely spoken when we heard Shep's cry, apparently half a mile away, and up the mountain. Now it stopped, was then heard faintly as if in crossing a ravine, then it would sound like a baffled bay. It sounded then as though the dog was in a ravine through which he was scarcely making progress. The spur of the mountain we had left about a hundred yards to the north of us, could be seen from our present position to be one of the main ridges, keeping its form and slope almost to the summit of the peak. As we listened the sharp cries of Shep seemed to come from the upper end of this spur. An instant more and they came into view. Head on, the buck came bounding down that steep spur of the mountain with the dog in close pursuit. We were at the time in a cluster of pines, I being several rods in advance of Jim. We both turned back to get clear of the grove in order to get a shot at the magnificent flying target. In this maneuver Jim was in the advance, but could not clear the grove of trees in time to get an unobstructed view. I could not begin to get into open ground in time. Jim fired three shots without effect.

Meantime the intermittent view of the chase that I had was one of the most magnificent things I have seen in the mountains. The sun had broken through the clouds and mist sufficiently to throw a wonderful light upon a sublime prospect. The long ridge from the mountain top to the cañon below stood up sharply against its background, a golden-brown wedge, standing edge up against the blue-black forest beyond. Dropping from the real clouds that crowned the summit of the mountain the magnificent buck sprang with mighty bounds down the very edge of the narrow golden slope.

Apparently in full vigor and prime, one of the fleetest of the larger animals, with head erect, antlers thrown back, tail spread like a fan and showing like a white and black plume, he came, with increasing momentum and speed sheer along and down the narrow line of the steep decline.

Shep had gained the ridge perhaps a hundred yards behind the deer. The quarry in full view, the whole nature of the dog was frenzied. The ground was now perhaps more favorable to the dog than to the deer. The greater weight of the latter made him necessarily more guarded against the tremendous momentum, that seemed sufficient, at each time he sprang forward to hurl him into space. The black form of the dog seemed rather to shoot like a rocket along the crest of the ridge than to depend upon any visible means of motion. In the run down the slope of perhaps a quarter of a mile the dog shortened the space between himself and the buck from about one hundred yards until he seemed to reach the heels of the deer.

The ridge terminated in the gorge before mentioned, but it became rocky and broken some distance above its abrupt extremity. As the deer reached the first cliff of rocks, without the least slackening of his speed, over it he went, with a mighty bound and final dip of his white flag. Shep was, at the time of their disappearance, so close to the deer that they seemed both to rise and go over the ledge at the same instant.

The three shots fired by Jim in rapid succession made no change in the race, though it is possible that one shot of the three passed through the animal. One cut a half circle from the buck's ear.

As dog and deer disappeared we hastened as rapidly as possible to the ledge, pausing repeatedly but hearing no sound. When we reached the rocks we found the ledge to be less abrupt than I feared, and both deer and dog had evidently cleared it and reached a chaotic mass of rocks and jungle below. We had gone but a few steps when Jim sprang to one side to see around some brush and fired two shots, saying, "Here he is." His shots were ineffective, being fired at the buck's head at fifty yards. The deer had meantime moved, so that I saw him clearly from my position. At the third shot he went down, shot through the heart, as I thought.

We rushed down over the rocks and brush as best we could, and as we did so I heard the dog utter a sharp cry ending with a stifled whine. Believing the deer down, if not dead, I asked Jim, who was near the spot where the buck had fallen, if Shep had him. He looked over the mass of brush, fallen tree tops and rocks and said, excitedly, "The deer has got Shep!"

I rushed to his side as he raised his rifle to fire. We stood within ten feet of the deer. He had regained his feet and now stood with head down and feet braced. Between a tangle of thorns and a log, with the deer's antler's bearing upon him with all its power, there was a silent and motionless rolled up bundle of black hair that was probably poor Shep.

At the instant came the crack of Jim's rifle—the buck dropped, rolled over on his side, the bundle of black hair straightened out—coming head-first from the tangle. It was Shep, with his teeth fastened in the buck's nose. The last shot struck the deer in the ear, killing him instantly. As the deer dropped limp and motionless, Shep unfastened his teeth and staggered to his feet in a dazed way, and it was some moments before he was assured enough to wag his tail. But Shep is game. He recovered his mind before he could keep his feet, and tried his best to rejoice.

As far as could be seen at the time the dog had no serious cuts in his skin, but it appeared that some bones must be broken, and he was perhaps greatly injured internally. He was broken down so that his hind legs were partly paralyzed, and he could not keep his feet. We made him as easy as possible by raking some leaves together for him to lie upon, and as it was then after four o'clock we proceeded to hang up and care for the buck.

He proved to be a five-pointer and in prime condition. He weighed approximately 200 pounds, and owing to the nature of the ground it was no easy task for us to get him fifty feet up the hill to a small pine where we hung him, after removing head and horns. He was a comparatively short-legged animal, with a notably thick-set, heavy body, his horns being of a reddish brown color, instead of the more ordinary light stone or gray color.

These short-legged, heavy-bodied deer with red horns are frequently killed in this region, and experienced hunters readily note their distinguished differences to the commoner California and Pacific deer. In my opinion they are a cross between the mule-tail and the latter.

In skinning the buck we found that Jim, as he said, had hit him in the neck. The bullet had struck to one side of the vertebræ and ranged into the muscles at the shoulder. The shot after the lapse of two or three hours had perhaps stiffened the animal about the neck and shoulders, just sufficient to enable the dog to stop him after the hard run had brought him to the broken walls and tangle of brush in the gorge. The buck had received two bullets while at bay, one through his body a little back of the brisket and one breaking his shoulder. The finishing shot passed through the base of the brain.

The rain had ceased for a time, and a sharp wind from the west made it cold work dressing the animal. Being wet we were quite chilled before we had it done. It would have been impossible to get to the spot with a horse, so we decided to partially skin the animal and carry one-half of it. A good way to do this is to skin the deer from the head back to the last or short rib, leaving the skin on the remainder and cutting out the fore quarters. This makes it much nicer to handle and protects the best parts of the meat while being carried to camp.

By the time we were ready to start for home we found that Shep could keep his feet after a feeble fashion, and with encouragement he could follow slowly—going upon about two legs and a half. Upon closer examination I found no evidence of broken bones, but he was much bruised in the groin and there was an ugly place torn in his side just forward of his flank. Jim took the half of the deer (75 or 80 pounds) upon his shoulders, while with the two guns, the deer's head, and the crippled dog to look after, I thought I had all I cared to undertake.

Poor Shep was not yet out of the woods nor at the end of his troubles for the day. Painfully and slowly, but always with assuring wags of his bushy tail, he followed as best he could until we reached the creek that we must cross. It was booming down its gorge, swollen with the rains and roaring with energy and power. Where we crossed there was a succession of falls—where the water plunged from a yard or two to twenty feet sheer over logs and bowlders. We selected a place where there was a fallen tree reaching across the stream, but the log was covered with vines and briers. Jim and I crossed upon the log, and by a jump of a yard or more, to the bank. I was putting my load of guns, and the antlers, down, to go to the dog's assistance, when I saw that he had avoided the log and was trying to cross upon the bowlders. He had made his way to the middle of the stream, and was now hesitating upon a round bowlder upon which he could, in his crippled condition, scarcely keep a footing. From where he was to the next bowlder he must jump at least six feet. This, with his hind legs almost useless, I knew he could not accomplish. I hurried toward him, and tried to stop him, but in the roar of the water he could not hear my voice. He tried the jump, his legs failed him and into the boiling, ice-cold rapids he went. For a distance of a dozen yards he was chiefly under the water and unmercifully hurled along. I ran for a little eddy, or rather a whirl-hole between some of the huge bowlders, just below which the stream plunged fully twenty feet over a granite wall—sheer down to bowlders below. Shep struggled bravely as he swept into the eddy, and by the merest chance I succeeded in catching one of his paws. I pulled him upon the slippery bowlder upon which I sprawled. He was a very wet, cold and forlorn dog. But he was game yet.

With the ice-water streaming from his shaggy coat, in his crippled and sore condition being powerless to shake himself, Shep could still wag his tail as an assurance that he would make it yet. Make it home he did, and at this time he is almost recovered, ready for another chance at anything on four legs.

I think this sketch is long enough. It is the accurate account of the killing of a deer, with attendant incidents. Just where the sport comes in the fellows who have not hunted deer can scarcely determine, perhaps, and I cannot explain clearly myself. But an old hunter will spend many an hour in after years dreaming over just such adventures. This I know, for I can recall many such, and with more accuracy of detail, more pleasant reflection, and with probably an easier conscience than a man is wont to reflect upon things of greater moment with which he has been connected in the world.

RANSACKER.

P. S.—In the past week I have been busied at odd times in preserving the trophies of the hunt. I usually preserve the horns with a portion of the skull attached and the shield of skin over the forehead. I preserve the skins by tanning them with the hair on. A large deerskin, taken from an animal killed in October or November, and properly tanned, makes a very attractive rug or floor mat. The hair is coarse, and in color of a quiet effect, but it is peculiarly rich and heavy, and grows more and more pleasing to the eye almost anywhere it may be placed.

R.

A West Virginia Bear.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., Dec. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For the past five years a large bear has made its home in the Beaver Dam country in Pocahontas county, this State, and has subsisted principally on sheep. The whole population has been banded together to kill it, but it seemed to be proof against all traps, poison and bullets, and is estimated to have killed one thousand dollars' worth of sheep.

Last Tuesday night it killed a sheep for Dan Munday and on Wednesday a hunt was organized. The bear was jumped on Day's Run, and came by one of the party who shot it through the fore leg, crippling it badly; it was able, however, to get away for the night. On Thursday a pack of hounds and bear dogs was made up and the hunt continued; the bear was found on Spruce Knob and the dogs put it across William's River and stopped it near the top of Black Mountain. Dan Munday came up with the game and put a bullet through it killing it.

It weighed, when dressed, four hundred and fifty pounds, and had an exceptionally fine pelt, for which they refused thirty dollars. There is much rejoicing at its being killed.

EMERSON CARNEY.

A Story of Amos Cummings.

The relations of Amos J. Cummings and Lawrence S. Kane were those of Damon and Pythias. Were both alive now, one, the late Congressman, would not deny that he preferred to gratify his ruling passion for practical joking on "Larry," in spite of his strong liking for him, to "rigging" any other of his acquaintances, and "Larry" would admit that he submitted to Amos's fun without rancor. They used to fish for black bass at Henderson Harbor on Lake Ontario. Larry was one of those nervous sportsmen who are always on edge and ready to bag anything. On his fishing trips he was never without his gun and ammunition.

Larry at 4 'o'clock one summer morning was roused by Amos with the information:

"Ducks, wild ducks."

"Where?" asked Larry, vaulting out of bed and rubbing his eyes.

"Down the cove. Ten of 'em. Now, quick and careful."

In a minute Larry, gun in hand and dressed in anything he could snatch up was on the porch of the hotel cramming cartridges in his pocket. While he loaded his gun—he crammed in buckshot cartridges by mistake—Amos planned the campaign against the wild fowl.

"They're as wary as hawks," he said, "and the only way to get within gunshot, Larry, is to stalk 'em."

"Stalk 'em?"

"Yes. Over the knoll, just as if they were deer. You mustn't raise your head, but go along on all fours. 'Tisn't far. Only about a quarter of a mile. Then you come to some brush not seventy-five yards from where they are, and can give it to them. You crawl ahead and I'll follow."

Trembling with excitement Larry began the "stalk" over rough ground, covered with briers and chunks of rock. Had he looked around he would have seen Amos walking erect and rolling with merriment. At the brow of the knoll he was halted with a "Sh-h-h-h" from Amos, who crawled up beside him.

"See 'em?" Amos asked in a whisper, pointing to a little bay in the cove.

Larry strained his eyes and saw a number of floating objects bobbing on the water, and his excitement increased.

"Go on stalking 'em," was Amos's caution, "to those bushes. Then bag 'em. Fire at the bunch. I'll stay here."

Larry, perspiring and breathless, continued wriggling like a snake over the broken ground and managed to reach the place indicated. He leveled his gun three times as he lay prone before he could aim, and then pulled both barrels. The recoil knocked him around so that he could see Amos—running and yelling with laughter toward the hotel.

"I kept shy of Larry," said Amos, relating the story, "until dinner time, when he sat down at the table rather sheepishly, shook hands and attacked the grub without saying a word. I felt a bit contrite, but I would again get a wetting as I did in putting out those decoy ducks to see Larry crawling over that knoll and the expression of his face when, waist deep in water, he discovered the facts. The only sign of anger from him was after dinner when I snickered at his remark:

"'Well, anyway, that Parker of mine made a good pattern on the decoys.'" T.

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

Then a strange thing happened. You may, perhaps, have observed during your perusal of the modern novel—the twentieth century novel of average construction, dealing in yellow mystery, inch-deep plot, beer froth and unsanitary exhalations, that when the story has reached a point of unusual stupidity and utter rot, that the author apparently awakens to the startling truth that if he is to get any further along, he must interject something with an exclamation point following it. He invariably says: "Then a strange thing happened!"

The reader, aroused by this jolt, and impelled by curiosity to ascertain if there was anything stranger than that the writer had found a publisher, now pulls himself together, rubs his eyes, steps on the cat's tail, and partially awake, reads on under a misapprehension. But he commonly finds that the author has been trying to keep him awake under false pretenses, that really nothing does happen, and he again peacefully falls asleep to dream of croquet, and young people sitting on the beach, with a big policeman hiding behind a tree. But in my case it is wholly different. I make use of the phrase advisedly and with malice prepense, as it were, and you will agree with me later on that I know what I am talking about. I repeat, A strange thing happened. The 11:45 P. M. through fast freight had passed the rear end of our farm without stopping at the last station, apparently having an important business engagement further on down the line. At this point there is a considerable grade, at the foot of which there is a sharp curve; just why the chaps that surveyed the line for this road put that curve just where they did has puzzled more than one cracker barrel scientist.

Uncle Ephraim, however, had a theory that it was because the railroad company regarded the price asked for the right of way through the sheep pasture on the rear end of the farm as too high, and sought a less expensive route for the distance of a mile. Of course, the land embraced in the sheep pasture was no doubt the worst on the farm, beside, uncle didn't keep any sheep, anyway. Ordinarily, the piece in question would be dear at $12 per acre for any purpose except for railroad tracks, but uncle was one of your thrifty New England farmers raised out among the stone heaps of Vermont, and he estimated that for railroad purposes the strip, equal to about four acres, was worth to the railroad about $5,000, but seeing it was for the public good, and all that, he would take $2,500, and an annual pass over the line. This offer was declined with thanks by the railroad officials, and failing to remove uncle's impressions regarding comparative real estate values, the road took a scoot around that corner of the farm, and uncle still remains sole owner thereof.

The fast freight was coming down the grade at about a forty-five-mile-per-hour gait, and when it struck the bend at the foot beyond the row of maples, on that dark midnight, the engineer saw before him, about eighty yards away, the headlight of another locomotive; he could see a long train moving as fast as his own. He was undoubtedly impressed with the force of a now generally admitted fact that it is highly imprudent if not positively risky, for two trains moving in opposite directions upon the same track to attempt to pass each other. The thing has been tried time and time again, and probably fools and cranks will keep on trying just the same as they do on perpetual motion. But the inevitable result is dismal failure and an awful mussing up of the right of way. The train crews, of course, jumped, some into a concenient ditch, others into adjacent piles of ties and railroad iron. That was another strange thing—why the men preferred to land on piles of iron rails and cedar ties when they could just as well alight gently in the mud. There's no accounting for tastes, as the old lady said. I remember a cussed little gray pony that uncle once bought of an Indian and put him on the farm to haul the two boys and me to school. That pony seemed to have less sense and judgment than anything living. He would stand in the broiling sun all day with a thousand flies making life miserable, and never flick a fly, with a nice, shady grove within fifty feet of him. He would eat mullen leaves and burdock, when a clover pasture was wide open to him. He was certainly the biggest fool in Kansas, and that is saying a good deal.

The train which the fast freight met with so much suddenness and informality happened to be the first section of a circus train. It contained the menagerie and performing monkeys, also the usual assortment of "gentlemanly assistants who will now pass around the ruby lemonade, etc." It might be mentioned in passing that there was no lemonade passed at that performance. If you had been in close proximity to the point where those two trains met, I think you would have said that I am amply justified in using the expression with which this chronicle opens. When the animals realized what had occurred and that there would be no duties demanded of them the following day, they just simply tore things wide open, and every single specimen that had any claims to a voice at all vied with every other specimen in filling the surrounding space with noise, and the space was soon crowded with it. At first the people in the surrounding country thought it was our big Shanghai rooster, but remembering that I had sold it, they came rushing over, pell mell, falling over the African lions and butting into the big and little elephants, trying to get away from the polar bears and avoid the snakes and walruses. That "aggregation of attractions" never gave such an exhibition before or since. Everything was *al fresco* and *au naturel*, free, gratis, for nothing, and every man for himself. It also looked as though not only the devil would take the hindmost, but that the royal Bengal tiger would be an active competitor for this honor. The giraffe was the only creature, biped or quadruped, that appeared to take an excited view of the situation, and he proved to have had a leg broken. Well, it was a bad mess, and the tumult lasted until noon the next day, when the managers and bosses and animal trainers took account of stock of things.

I saw my opportunity. It is truly an obstinate and unruly tornado in Kansas that blows no good to anybody whatever. I saw my chance to go into the adapting business mentioned as one of my fond ambitions. I hung around the treasures and found that the show was financially embarrassed, anyway, and this calamity was the last strand. I began to throw out feelers for bargains in animals, and in less than an hour I had a broken-legged giraffe, two white sacred cows (with some of the paint rubbed off, but practically as good as new), one damaged zebra, one cage of brown melopotismians (unclassed), three horned owls, four ostriches (much the worse for the loss of their feathers and three eyes), two camels (affected with catarrh and ingrowing nails), one yellow horse with a false tail and a glass eye (which he had lost in the accident), then together with an assorted lot of battered monkeys gave me an elegant collection, all for three hundred and forty-four dollars. The wild man of Borneo struck me for a position as care taker at $20 per month, but when he said he was raised in Canada and talked Irish, I turned him down cold.

As my chronicle concerns the farm and its affairs, the development of nature's forces and especially the principle of adaptation, as previously announced, I will not longer follow the fortunes of the wrecked circus, nor the incidents and future of its victims. I think I have my hands full at home, to say nothing of the barns, the barnyard and the fullness thereof. It didn't take me over two hours to realize that I had made an awful mistake in acquiring that yellow horse and the cage of monkeys. But the giraffe commended himself to me at once by an accidental occurrence; he reached up to the topmost limit of an apple tree and helped himself to the finest pippin on the tree. Then came an inspiration. This, I think, was inspiration No. 2. I would train this beautiful and tractable animal to pick my apples. I set the broken leg, fixed up a comfortable place for him, and in three weks he was as good as new; and in another three weeks I had that chap trained so that I could strap a couple of bushel baskets to his back, and he would march through that orchard picking every tree clean, discarding the rotten apples and sorting out the choice fruit into one basket and the common into another. When the baskets were full he would make a bee-line for the barn, and kneeling down, empty the baskets on the barn floor, or on the grass plot in front. I also taught him many other useful things, such as packing the apples in barrels, with the proper arrangement of the best-looking specimens on top. It was indeed touching to watch the intelligence of an animal that is not usually considered as having enough sense to keep him out of the fire. I called him Sage (after my old friend Russel).

The white sacred cows of Burmah, after I had removed the remaining whitewash, proved to be just two ornery very old scrubs, and mighty ornery at that. These, I afterward sold to a peripatetic dealer in Jerseys, my hired man having ingeniously devised a hair dye that was a great success. These cows were always so thin in flesh, and with thin new coat of hair dye, that anyone would take them for Jerseys—if they didn't know the difference. The damages to the zebra were easily repaired, yet I always thought he would look better if he had not parted with one of his ears; the only other drawback was that, owing to the shock of the collision, probably I could never make him move forward. He always backed. If I wanted him to go to the barn, for instance, I was obliged to turn him around and say "git," and he would back straight to the desired spot and never make a miss. He would also draw any desired load, smaller than a load of hay, with his teeth, while backing.

The cage of brown melopotismians I never could make much of, and I never have seen anybody that could. They were a sort of cross between a 'coon, 'possum, muskrat, catfish and mud turtle, with all the bad qualities of each and not a good quality of any. They are for sale—anybody wanting some melopotismians can get this collection cheap, without waiting for a marked down sale. The camels are fine. I feel proud of that purchase for this reason: I had a white mule that could and would kick everything within reach, and keep on kicking. He would kick when there wasn't anything to kick at. He evidently hated everything on earth, including himself. One day he was prowling around the biggest camel, and apparently selecting some point of vantage to deliver a full battery of his most vigorous kicks. He never got a chance. The old hump-back suspected something, and when the mule came within range, she let out with both hind feet at once, and that mule didn't stop tumbling over himself until he struck the barnyard fence. You never saw so surprised an animal in this world as that devilish mule. He picked himself up and sneaked around behind the barn, and that was the last ever seen of him. The ostriches I have trained to plant corn and potatoes with great skill, while as potato-bug destroyers, they have made it unnecessary for to go to the drug store after Paris green. The monkeys and horned owls will require a chapter all to themselves.

Frank Haywood.

(To be continued.)

Natural History.

Addison on Animal Instinct.

Opening a little volume of "The Spectator" at random, I lit upon No. 120. "I must confess," says the genial writer, "I am infinitely delighted with those speculations of nature which are to be made in a country life; and as my reading has very much lain among books of natural history, I cannot forbear recollecting upon this occasion the several remarks which I have met with in authors, and comparing them with what falls under my own observation."

We usually think of Addison as only a writer of English of unsurpassed sweetness and excellence, but he was a close observer of nature, and finds many an illustration of his topics in the humbler life around him; thus he finds something similar to memory "in those several animals that are filled with stores of their former food, on which they may ruminate when their present pasture fails;" and looking around him he wonders to observe, as he says, "by what a gradual progress the world of life advances through a prodigious variety of species, before a creature is formed that is complete in all its senses," by the way tracing up an argument from the lowest forms of animal life to the highest that seems a foreshadowing of Darwin's doctrine of evolution.

There is a charming simplicity in these old observers of nature, Sir Thomas Browne, Izaak Walton, Gilbert White, and Joseph Addison. They lived in a simpler and clearer age, before science with all its close analysis had turned everything inside out, and before microscopy gone to seed had disgusted men with the discovery of loathsome bacteria, microbes, and what not in every crystal drop that distills from the rock and in every cherry that hangs red upon its twig.

The point at issue in Addison's "Spectator," No. 120, was the instinct of animals as against their reason. Of course he rather begs the question in advance by assuming that those who claim some intelligence for the lower animals claim it "to as great a degree as man," which is preposterous. Nobody has ever made any such claim, but only that animals possess reason within certain, perhaps very narrow, limits as compared with man. But to deny all reason and intelligence beyond simple instinct to the elephant, the horse, or the dog, it seems to me is to deny too much.

Addison seems to have made a special study of the hen. "My friend Sir Roger," says he, "is very often merry with me upon my passing so much of my time among his poultry; he has caught me twice or thrice looking after a bird's nest, and several times sitting an hour or two together near a hen and chickens." It was very well for him to argue his point from this fowl, for I suppose a chicken has less sense than any other creature of its size. We have had learned pigs and trained fleas, but an educated chicken we have yet to hear of. He remarks that the brute makes no discovery of reason except in a few particulars and within a very narrow compass; only so far, in fact, as regards the animal's own preservation or the continuance of his species. Take a brute out of his instinct, he says, and you find him wholly deprived of understanding. And that is just the point that some people deny. Then Addison proceeds to illustrate his doctrine by means of the barnyard fowl.

"With what caution," he says, "does the hen provide herself a nest in places unfrequented, and free from noise and disturbance? When she has laid her eggs in such a manner that she can cover them, what care does she

take in turning them frequently, that all parts may partake of the vital warmth?" He then goes on to speak of the manner in which the hen suits her necessary absences from the nest to the varying temperature of the air; with what strange intelligence she knows the exact moment when the chick in the egg is hatched; with what nicety and attention she helps the little creature to break its way out of its prison, and with what care she defends it and provides for it in its helplessness. "But," he continues, "at the same time the hen, that has all this seeming ingenuity, which is indeed absolutely necessary for the propagation of the species, considered in other respects, is without the least glimmering of thought or common sense. She mistakes a piece of chalk for an egg, and sits upon it in the same manner. She is insensible of any increase or diminution in the number of those she lays; she does not distinguish between her own and those of another species; and when the birth appears of never so different a bird, will cherish it for her own. In all these circumstances, which do not carry an immediate regard to the subsistence of herself or her species, she is a very idiot."

I have already expressed my own view of the very limited intelligence of the hen, but still I claim that honest biddy is capable of acquiring some knowledge, especially if it is in the way of being troublesome. For instance, my side porch faces the south. A window opens out on the porch. On a sunny day in the winter the chickens persist in getting on that porch to bask in the sunshine. I may stand at the closed window and wave my hand or my handkerchief and "shoo" for all I am worth, and the utmost regard I can win from them is possibly a turned up eye, but not the movement of a foot, though I am in plain sight and within two or three feet of them; but the moment I open the door ten feet away they all take to "instant flight." Now they have learned, and from very brief experience, too, that there is something in the window between them and me that makes it impossible for me to harm them. This is no instinct; this is acquired knowledge. A wild bird will fly away at my approach to the window as quickly as when I appear at the door.

Addison ends his beautiful essay with these observations: "There is not, in my opinion, anything more mysterious in nature, than this instinct in animals, which thus arises above Reason, and falls infinitely short of it. It can not be acounted for by any properties in matter, and at the same time works after so odd a manner, that one cannot think it the faculty of an intellectual being. For my own part, I look upon it as upon the principle of gravitation in bodies, which is not to be explained by any known qualities inherent in the bodies themselves, nor from any laws of mechanism, but, according to the best notions of the greatest philosophers, is an immediate impression from the first mover, and the Divine Energy acting in the creatures." T. J. CHAPMAN.

Nature and the Camera.*

IN a work of art there may be two motives, either to copy nature exactly—to make a record of facts—or to use nature as a means of expressing our own feelings. In his book entitled "Nature and the Camera," Mr. Dugmore has combined both these motives. He has been a leader in photographing living birds, mammals and fish, and the object of his present work is to tell how this has been done, so that others may do the same, and to interest boys and girls to look for the happy things in nature by which we are surrounded, but which we have not the eyes to see.

The camera has many tribulations, but Mr. Dugmore has happily overcome most of these difficulties. The first subject considered in the book is the photographic outfit. "To influence a man in the choice of a camera would be almost, if not quite, as absurd as trying to tell a man which gun to use." "A camera that may be best to-day might in a week's time be superceded by something so much better that the older one would be thrown aside for the newer invention." The matter of lenses—a consideration of the highest importance to the nature photographer—is discussed at length.

The photographing of birds' nests is taken up after the photographic outfit. "This calls for artistic sense, as so much depends on the composition of the subject and the lighting." "A nest properly lighted makes a beautiful picture, but the same nest taken without regard to the lighting is absolutely uninteresting," from the point of art.

A ground nest of simple form is the woodcock's, but the nests of crows and hawks are much more difficult. The kingfisher's nest cannot be photographed, as it is placed in a bank, and in order to get the picture part of the bank would have to be torn away.

Birds will desert their nests if the nest has been handled, so it is absolutely necessary not to disarrange the nest or its surroundings.

Do not let this work be an excuse for destroying bird life. Let it take the place of egg collecting, and both the birds and ourselves will reap the benefit."

The illustration of a wood thrush on its nest is very pleasing, while that of the cedar bird has the effect of being rather made up. In photographing birds on their nests, we learn of the existence among them of a marked individuality in temperament. Some are shy, while others are very bold. To be successful at this work, it is necessary first of all to let the birds know that you are a friend.

What could be more charming than the picture of the nest of the little marsh wren with the long, sweeping lines made by the cat-tails, which so suggest to us the marsh. The light coming from overhead shines on the nest, accentuating the dark hole by which the little brown bird enters its home. Such a picture brings to mind a thousand memories. And if in a picture we are stirred by an emotion kindred to that felt by the author in the presence of his subject, has he not succeeded in making a work of art? When Mr. Dugmore turns to photographing birds alone, whether as individuals or in families, his pictures, while not less admirable as representations of fact, are far less pleasing from the artistic point of view. This is, of course, inevitable. Birds will not pose for the artist; he must take them as he can, not as he would, and the opportunity for securing a happy pose or combination

LOCKED ELK ANTLERS.

of surroundings and light and shade occur very seldom.

In the same way, though for different reasons, the pictures of animals, reptiles and fishes, though true, are less interesting. Yet those of the antelope (p.80) and of the moth unfolding its wings (p. 90) are very attractive. With certain of his pictures of fish also, Mr.

LOCKED ELK ANTLERS.

Dugmore has succeeded very happily. That of the moon fish, from its position in the aquarium at the time of taking, makes an intercsting composition in form and line.

Mr. Dugmore proceeds step by step and tells in such a clear and simple manner what one should do in that particular branch of nature study that one cannot fail to comprehend his meaning. His book is airy in structure and will, no doubt, be an incentive to many who desire to know more about nature by means of observation and photography. E. C. G.

* Nature and the Camera—How to Photograph Live Birds and their Nests; Animals Wild and Tame; Reptiles; Insects; Fish and Other Aquatic Forms; Flowers, Trees and Fungi. By A. Radclyffe Dugmore, author of Bird Homes. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

A Pair of Woodcock.

DID you ever while out shooting come across a bird or animal that appeared to have a charmed life? Did you ever waste shell after shell, or bullet after bullet, in vain endeavor to bag the coveted creature, only to fail ignominiously? Let me give you an experience of my own, in which a pair of woodcock figured as the coveted game.

One Sunday while out walking with a companion, we passed across a piece of marshy ground, near which was a fine spring. While we were carefully picking our way across, two woodcock suddenly arose from beside an old decayed log and flew swiftly in the direction of some wooded knobs on the opposite side of the marsh. I told my companion that I would come back on the morrow and attend to their order, and as I had never killed a woodcock, I was greatly pleased with the prospect.

The next day I took my gun and crept carefully through the bushes to the marsh. I beat about among the bushes for some time, but failed to raise the bird, and was about to retrace my steps when I heard a faint whir of wings to my left and looked up just in time to see the woodcock disappear among the thick bushes. I was disappointed, but resolved that they should not fool me the next time.

Again and again I visited the marsh, but always with the same results. The birds either got up out of range or dived into the thick bushes where it was impossible to get a fair shot. I generally sent a charge after them, however, hoping to bring one down with a stray pellet, but it was a mere waste of lead.

I was about ready to give up, but decided to try once more, so in company with my brother I set out for the marsh again. On reaching the place the woodcock, as usual, got up out of range, and although we both fired at them, they gained the knobs in safety and settled down in the bushes. We then proceeded up the side of the knob, and by good fortune flushed the birds again. As they rose we each chose our bird and fired. At the report of my gun the woodcock gracefully folded his wings and fell with all the dignity that he could command. No more would the echo of his wings be heard in the lonely marsh; the day of his happy reign was over. My brother crippled his bird slightly but it got away. The next day while hunting over the same knob he started it again and sent it to the happy hunting ground to join its consort. CLARENCE VANDIVEER.

MIAMISBURG, O.

Locked Elk Horns.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. J. J. Carter, familiarly known as "Pap Carter," who is one of the few remaining pony express riders, and who lives at Chency, Wyoming, in the lower end of Jackson Hole, in getting his winter's meat this fall, ran across a black bear that was feeding on a bull elk, which had its horns locked with those of another that was still alive, although very near death from starvation. He killed the bear and found that in order to get the elk heads apart, so that he could pack them on his burro, he had to saw down through the skulls.

I inclose you a photograph showing the way in which they were locked. You will notice that both heads are freaks; one having eighteen points and the other fifteen. An interesting feature was that the largest elk, the one with eighteen points, had his neck broken, while the smaller was still alive. TAHENA.

Strange Tale from Michigan.

During the past few years we have frequently heard stories of black-tailed deer being killed in Michigan. It is said that the tip and underside of tail is jet black and that the animal is slightly less in size than white-tail deer. This description does not correspond with the mule deer, and in any event is too vague to be of use. If any of our correspondents should kill or know of such a deer, it is to be hoped that he will send a skin and a skull to Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Department of Agriculture, Washington, who will be able to tell us what it is.

Hints and Wrinkles.

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

Collecting a Cooking Outfit.

THE novice at camping out experiences not a few annoyances in the matter of selecting proper cooking utensils for his needs, and if he has no advice from seasoned campers-out, who have gone through the mill often, the result must be a waste of time and money ere he gains an insight into just what he does not need, rather than the other thing. This is especially true of beginners at canoeing. They generally purchase too many articles, and too bulky ones. This they learn for themselves in time, and the result is that a new outfit becomes a necessity, and in the purchase of this they exercise more judgment. Still, this one must, of course, be gone over as more experience is gained, so that in a couple of seasons all the articles are new, and the original ones represent some money wasted.

I do not refer to cooking outfits for several people, but to those suitable for the use of two men—for it is conceded that the lone camper will invite a friend to go along with him occasionally, and an outfit for two will comprise only a few little extra articles like spoons, cups, forks and knives. Old-time canoeists who camp throughout the warm season, have learned from hard experience that it is not wise for several men to club together in the matter of provisions and cooking outfits, even while several persons are cruising together. Several persons may thus agree to meet at a certain place and start for a cruise of a given number of days. One man is expected to carry half the provisions, another the cooking outfit, a third and fourth the tents, a fifth the blankets, and so on. Business detains one, sickness another, the third is delayed. The result is that some have gone ahead, expecting all hands to meet at the first camp. They wait and wait in vain, then take an inventory of the articles that have been brought along, as agreed. The situation is laughable, but serious and exasperating at the time. There may be several pounds of coffee, but no coffee pot; three tents without poles and pegs; several pounds of butter, but no bread; etc. Experiences like this have taught the lesson that each man must take with him his own complete outfit throughout. He may cook and eat his meals alone, if he prefers, or several persons may club together in a general mess. This latter is often done, but as a general thing, the different members of a party pitch their tents close together, but each one attends to his own needs. There is no selfishness in this. Rather habit, and a good one. What applies to canoeing will also apply to hunters, fishermen and others who prefer to be independent while in the woods, and who may transport their outfits on ponies, burros, or by boat or train.

As it is true that in time the woodsloafer learns to buy the best articles he can afford, it is well to bear this in mind; provided one is sure. If not, then the cheaper the article the better at first, as weeding out will be less costly. One may purchase complete cooking outfits of aluminum, and these are superb in many respects, but they are costly as compared with granite and agate iron ware. The latter are so generally used they will be given the preference here in some respects. Go to the largest hardware or department store near at hand, and ask to be allowed to make your own selections, in your own time, and do this carefully from a list previously prepared. Don't let the sales people advise you.

First select three granite ironware plates. This ware

is blue outside and white within. The enamel is hard and smooth, and they not only look clean but are easily kept in clean condition. They will not bear heat unless filled with water.

Then purchase an agateware frying-pan that will rest inside the nested plates. This ware is grayish and will chip only after long use over the flames. When you get home, file the long handle off smoothly where it is riveted to the pan. Explanation further on.

Next comes a granite-ware pan that will nest within the frying-pan. It should be three inches deep. Then select two smaller pans, of the same ware, that will nest within the larger one.

Now for a coffee-pot. An article is made of agateware, which is merely a very large cup, with a loop handle and tiny spout. The cover is tin. The pot has perpendicular sides, is seamless, and holds about three pints. This nests within the pans. If aluminum cups are preferred, purchase two that will nest within the coffee-pot; otherwise get granite-ware cups. In either event, cut the loop handle of one of them just above the bottom rivet, so that this cup will nest within the other one. Now buy a tea-ball a trifle larger than a hen's egg and of that shape. In use this is filled with ground coffee, closed tightly, and dropped into the pot while the water is heating. Let the water boil a half minute, and the result is a pot of clear coffee, all the grounds remaining within the tea-ball. There is still space in this pot for salt and pepper shakers, which will be mentioned elsewhere.

Purchase a granite-ware kettle having a wire bail instead of a long handle. This should hold about a half gallon of water, but if two kettles are desired, a larger one should be selected, then a smaller one that will drop within the other. In either event, see that the deep pan resting within the frying-pan will fit one kettle, as it may thus be utilized as a double boiler. Within the kettle, or kettles, a number of small articles may be stowed, in order that all available space may be utilized.

For knives there should be one with a keen edge. Every camper should carry a good sheath knife with a four or five-inch blade, and this will serve at table as well as in a dozen other capacities. It should not be one of the cheap abominations with a long blade and a guard, but a modern knife with a sheath fitting it snugly and leaving only an inch or so of the haft protruding, otherwise it will be lost out easily. It should be of the best steel and by no means a cheap affair. Several knives forged from tool steel are to be had of the sporting goods trade. These cost about $2, and are worth it. It is a waste of money to purchase an iron knife. The second knife in the outfit may be a round-pointed table knife the home folks have discarded. Purchase six aluminum spoons, four of them small, the other two tablespoon size; and two aluminum forks. Next comes a whetstone. Get one about six inches long, an inch wide and flat. One that is used while wet. It should cost ten cents, but will increase in value the longer you carry it. The ax and knives may be kept sharp with a little judicious use of this tiny stone. It will be worth its weight in gold very often. Purchase a pair of cheap pliers about six inches long and resembling blacksmiths' tongs in form. These are for picking up hot kettles and pans, and make it possible to do away with long-handled pots and pans that will not nest with the other utensils. Now, these forks, spoons, and small stuff should be kept in a box selected for the purpose, and there is nothing better than a tin biscuit box or can some ten inches high and two in diameter, with a tight lid. Otherwise the small stuff is always mixed up with other articles.

A five-cent tin-bound asbestos mat is needed if you cook over a vapor stove, and this mat will go with the plates. For toasting it is serviceable.

The camp ax does not properly belong with the cooking outfit, perhaps, but if the latter is stowed away in a wood grub box, a handy place for the ax will be in a leather pocket within the box. Select an ax forged from the best steel. One weighing a pound is large enough, and it should cost $2 at least, and be guaranteed by the maker. As with knives, so it is with axes, and there is nothing that will teach a novice to use weird and strange oaths more quickly than the possession of an ax that will not hold an edge ten minutes. I have heard campers say of their axes that the glance of a steel blue eye would turn the edge. You don't want this sort. Get a good one.

Now for the salt shaker. The only article I have ever seen that would not absorb moisture in a damp climate is a rubber iodoform shaker sold by wholesale pharmacists' supply houses for surgeons' uses. This is an inch in diameter and about three in length. On either end is a screw cap. One cap is unscrewed for filling; the other one protects the perforated end. These cost about 75 cents, but are worth the price. For salt it is necessary to slightly enlarge the perforations. Recently these shakers have been offered for sale by some firms in the sporting goods trade. For pepper get a small glass bottle with a metal screw top and drill a few holes in the top—very small holes. Pepper is not a moisture absorber.

If a grub box like that described by me in FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 8 is used, there will be two places in it occupied—one composed of the kettle or kettles, the other of the plates, pans, etc. Each stack of nested articles should be about seven inches high by nine or ten in diameter, so that there will be ample space left in the box for provisions, etc. For coffee and sugar, tin cocoa or baking powder boxes will answer admirably, while matches require a smaller can or bottle with a tight cap. Meal, flour, rice, baking powder, etc., will be handy if kept in tin cans of proper size. Tins with seamless caps or screw caps may be had at the pharmacists' supply houses, and by going there one may select the exact sizes he requires. These firms also sell screw-top glass jars with tight cork inner caps, and these are admirable for butter, preserves and the like.

If a vapor stove is employed—and these are generally used by canoeists wherever kerosene may be purchased—the oil can be carried in nothing so handy as quart cans with stoppers that screw out half-way and expose the opening of a tiny spout for pouring. These are made by the can trust for heavy oils, leather dressings, etc., and cost ten cents each. When properly closed a leather valve prevents any kerosene from escaping. The wood alcohol for priming the vapor stoves is generally carried in a small glass bottle. The stove, two oil cans, and other small articles can be stowed in a bag made for the purpose, and another one will contain all the cooking utensils, if no box is used. An outfit need not be so compact if one has an open canoe, or travels by wagon, and when there is sufficient room to stow bulky parcels there is nothing more serviceable than the cheap tin bread box sold at hardware shops. One may be utilized for stowing away the vapor stove and other articles that may not be injured by kerosene, while another one will answer for the provisions. They are waterproof save when entirely immersed, and if the lids are fastened down, they may be left outside in all sorts of weather without fear.

Another handy article that properly belongs with the cooking outfit is a small bunch of candles. Paraffin candles six inches long are cheap, clean, and very handy in camp if one wishes a light for a moment to hunt for some misplaced article in the tent, etc. They may be old-fashioned, but they are, nevertheless, valuable for temporary uses.

PERRY D. FRAZER.

Game Bag and Gun.

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

Notes: Some —— and Otherwise.

A RECENT allusion in FOREST AND STREAM columns to "Breakneck Spring," started Juvenal's thinker, and now his pen. The spring referred to is far away, but it instantly recalled visions of a marvelously clear, copious, cold and refreshing spring at the foot of Breakneck Hill in the Adirondacks, and known, of course, as Breakneck Spring. The hill is rightly named, for it is steep and rough—hard climbing; while the descent of the bank above the spring, unless made carefully, might easily result in the name becoming a reality of experience. But the spring itself! The pool of water is some three to four feet across, and about ten inches deep in the middle, where the water gushes up through the sand. It is the coldest pure spring water the writer ever saw, with one exception. In Rutland County, Vt., at a spot known locally as "the ice-bed," a spring flows from under a pile of slide rock at the foot of a mountain. Far under the rocks ice is found in midsummer. This water is so cold that care is necessary in drinking it, and the air is chilled for several rods' distance in the small ravine leading to the spring. Of course, it is a resort for local pleasure parties. Breakneck Spring is a resort for lumbermen and sportsmen. Many times have Juvenal and his comrades filled canteens at the spring and carried the water for miles, because it was so superior to that found elsewhere, and returning, whether empty handed or laden with spoils, it must be some cogent reason that could prevent a little aside from the trail to drink and rest at the spring.

Names—Natural vs. Unnatural.

Now the thought in mind when the pen started (though perhaps the path to it is as long and devious as a forest trail), is this: The fact that the same name, "Breakneck Spring," is applied to two springs so far apart and doubtless from the same cause, viz., the surroundings, illustrates a natural naming process. Facts appeal to the child of nature, so we have many Panther Mountains and Wolf Ponds, many Breakneck Hills, with their corresponding springs, and many other applications of the same principle of naming according to natural suggestion. Those most real children of nature, the Indians, made most extensive use of this principle, and so their nomenclature is not only descriptive but historic. Their names express natural fact, or real experience at will. With suitable limitations is not this better than tacking on names that are so far fetched as to have no meaning—e. g., the many names of cities along the N. Y. Central, classic, indeed, but unnatural here. The writer is not opposed to the classics or to classical names, and hence to that which is both natural and poetical, whether in fact or in name.

The Critter Question Again.

As so many writers keep at this, both in FOREST AND STREAM and in other publications for sportsmen, permit a brief statement of facts relating to different cases the past season:

Case 1.—A friend of the writer went to far northern wilds in Ontario for moose. One morning his Indian guide saw a deer on the mountain side, so far away that the white hunter's eye could see no sign of game, but going carefully up the mountain to the spot he came face to face with a beautiful doe within twenty-five yards. But he did not shoot—he was after moose. His opportunity came at length. A monster moose swimming across a bay was pursued by a canoe, and as the animal went ashore, shooting with a .30-30 began at about 150 yards. Soon at closer range the third shot brought down the bull with a bullet in the neck. The Indian would not approach, and for a long time prevented the white man, but finally the hunter determined to end the sufferings of the animal, so went carefully close in and gave the quietus with a ball at the base of the ear. Dissection showed that the second ball struck squarely against the shoulder blade and went badly to pieces, doing no real damage. The third ball, which dropped the bull and so paralyzed him that he could not get up, lodged among the vertebræ of the neck without breaking any bones or being itself broken. Soft-point bullets were used. The bull was estimated to weigh over 1,000 pounds. The hunter is satisfied that the .30-30 is not a moose gun. Yet some would think the above pretty good luck with any rifle.

Case 2.—The gentleman who went on the trip with Case 1, also carried a .30-30. He also got his moose, but it was after fifteen shots at various distances—none of them long—and at various parts of the anatomy. The shots were in strings of three to five, and while they all landed somewhere on the target, none of them were "bullseyes." During the shooting the bull managed to cover considerable ground, and the pursuit was mainly by canoe. After the poor brute was down and thrashing about in mortal agony, he was allowed to suffer for hours, and only then put out of misery by the courage and action of the gentleman in Case 1. He made a torch and succeeded in getting a guide to hold it for him while he shot and killed the moose. Case 2 knows the .30-30 is not a moose gun. Some might ask if in his hands any other rifle would have done any better?

Case 3.—Another doctor (both the preceding were M. D.'s). The same is also in Canada, but in another portion, the man is a veteran sportsman, and the rifle a .40 caliber, with a record on game. The moose were at home to their visitors and furnished plenty of entertainment in the way of photographing specimens. When the time for a fine head came the doctor was so sure of his shot and its effect that although the moose disappeared, the next morning, when attempting to follow and secure him, the doctor coming suddenly within a few yards of four moose, did not shoot because one moose was enough, and he was supposedly safe. He was, but in another sense. The doctor says that when he goes after moose again he will have a heavy express rifle.

Case 4.—The writer's long-time hunting companion in the Adirondacks shot a deer at 200 yards with a .30-40. The soft-point bullet entered back of the shoulder about one-third of the way up on the body, ranged backward somewhat, and came out back of the ribs on the other side. The bullet hole at exit was large, and the interior of the animal badly lacerated by the mushroomed ball, yet that deer ran about 150 yards without external bleeding, so far as noticed, and was found only by careful search.

Case 5.—The writer shot a deer with a .30-30 soft-point bullet at a little over 100 yards. The deer was partly in alder bushes and walking slowly. The ball entered just forward of the shoulder, about one-third of the way up on the body, made a large hole, where it came out just at the opposite foreleg, and cut that leg clean off, so that it hung by a little skin only. Yet this deer managed to run about 150 yards, most of the way being plainly marked with splotches of blood. In fact, there was practically no blood left to follow the knife at the throat.

What do these cases prove? Nothing decisive. But they illustrate

(a) That game animals often act differently from what the hunter wishes or expects; also differently from one another; some will show remarkable vitality, while others easily succumb. (Plenty of moose have been killed almost in their tracks with small caliber rifles.)

(b) That to stop a big game animal immediately it is necessary to hit a nerve center. Do that with any rifle and the game stops.

(c) The man behind the gun still counts. Yet circumstances such as light, position of game, etc., will affect any man and sometimes limit success.

The smokeless powder and flat trajectory of the small calibers is greatly in their favor, the records prove they do get game, and as to the shooting of men, it is certainly true that in most places where large game may be properly shot with any rifle, the small-caliber, long-range rifle may be as safely used as any other. The whiskey danger is greater than any other—it disqualifies the guide and the sportsman alike—and when it is both at the same time, as is frequently the case, look out. If those who have so much to say about what is "sportsmanlike" and "unsportsmanlike" will take up this issue in earnest and help create a universal sentiment that it is really unsportsmanlike because unmanly, to carry intoxicating beverages into the woods—either in the man or in the pack—they will do more toward the elevation of sport and sportsmen than all their talk about methods of taking game and fish. That our highly prized FOREST AND STREAM may nail this banner to the mast and lead the way to victory, is the earnest wish of

JUVENAL.

Preserving the Equilibrium.

DURHAM, Kas., Dec. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your recent article on yellow journalism, and Mr. Flynn's remarks concerning it, coupled with numerous other articles I have read of late, induces me to dip into the subject and go round and round a few times like a chip in an eddy. It seems almost impossible for the average mind to understand what true protection for game and song birds really amounts to. The fad is on and has brought into the ring its thousands of rabid protectors who do not know a bird from a balloon. Out of the ensuing babble comes chaos. Just now the craze runs to squirrel protection, and it is usually argued as if there were really something sacred about the little beast that makes it a crime to kill it at all, no matter what the conditions. This is nonsense of course. The proper mission of protection is to maintain an equilibrium. The farmer who killed all his poultry and pigs in the spring would be much better off than one that did not kill them at all, but kept them till they died of old age. The open and close season on game is supposed to maintain this equilibrium after which game is supposed to be killed and used for any useful purpose the same as all domestic things brought under man's dominion. There is no open season on birds not considered game because there seems no reason for killing them, yet in a recent farm journal I read an account of several thousand being killed at considerable expense to protect a single fruit farm.

The squirrel is of no value except as their flesh is good to eat and the skins good to make into coats. They have no more right to special protection than have pigs or poultry. When they become sufficiently numerous they should be so used, for their capacity for mischief is considerable. The maintaining of correct balance is all there is to it, and how to maintain that balance is all there is to argue about. The question of cruelty to ani-

mals does not come in here at all. That is a question as to whether the killing is purely wanton and unnecessarily cruel and vindictive or not. The rest is a mere question of economy. Not sentiment, but common sense.

I think I hear a few hundred thousand fadists say, "Umph, is that all," when brought to understand this, "we thought there was some fellowman to run down and persecute at the end," and then the subject would be dropped with a sigh and the chase would tear away into some new field.

Among the most disgusting things anent the squirrel question is a criticism of President Roosevelt's sons. According to a newspaper account the boys were returning from the woods where they had been squirrel hunting. They had two squirrels, one each. On this meagre account the critic takes them up and censures the President for training his sons to shoot squirrels. Who could begrudge the boys their two squirrels? Certainly it should not be one who has written himself down in history as the most wanton game destroyer in America. I thought what a noble thing it was to teach those boys woodcraft instead of bringing them up in the path of the ladedah, in which case they might become fadist some day. Such rot makes me want to own a number ten boot that runs by steam and then have said critic inside a forty acre lot. E. P. JAQUES.

Boston Notes.

A Deer Killed Within Six Miles of the State House.

BOSTON, Dec. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As reported in one of our daily papers last evening, John T. Collins, of Malden, shot a doe on Dec. 11 in Maplewood. When he tried to sell it to a provision dealer he learned some things about the game laws that were new to him. No doubt, in due time, he will gather more information, which is likely to remind him of the old adage, "Experience is a dear schoolmaster."

Last summer a gentleman reported finding a deer's carcass in Lexington, within ten miles of the gilded dome. The hind quarters had been partially removed. No clue to the perpetrator of this slaughter, so far as I know, was ever obtained, although diligent efforts were made in that direction.

Such cases, I believe, are quite rare, and the time is fast approaching when they will be a thing of the past, unless all signs fail. The people are waking up to the importance of caring for wild animals and the birds, and there is abundant evidence that all the more intelligent men and women of Massachusetts frown upon illicit and wanton killing. Chairman Collins has been very busy of late in preparing the report of the commission, which will contain much information of especial interest to sportsmen.

Next Monday will be the last day for quail shooting in Bristol County. Your readers will remember that by dint of persistent efforts the members of the Legislature from that county secured a change in the bird law last winter, making the open season on quail from Nov. 1 to Dec. 15. If the quail hunters all abstain from shooting partridges in December it will be rather remarkable. This change was strongly opposed by Representative Hunt in behalf of the North Attleboro Association, and by the sportsmen generally all over the State, for the reason that they think it much easier to enforce laws applying to the State as a whole. A season's experience of the present law may be sufficient to convince our friends in New Bedford and Fall River that they made a mistake.

A 'Coon Supper.

Mr. C. W. Bowles, a veteran 'coon hunter of New Bedford, recently returned from a successful hunt in South Amherst. There were several in the party, and five 'coons "came down," the largest weighing 22 pounds. Among those in attendance at the banquet given by Mr. Bowles were George E. Thayer, G. F. Thayer, C. S. Tillson and others, of Amherst; Irving Quimby, Capt. F. A. Jenks, Louis Fournier and others, of New Bedford. The game was prepared in many different ways, and furnished a rare treat to Mr. Bowles and his friends.

Shipments of Game.

Up to last Friday night there had been shipped through Bangor the present season, 5,124 deer, 191 moose and 27 bears. More shipments have been made from Greenville than from any other town, viz., 465 deer, 14 moose, 8 bears. Other important shipping points are Patten, Norcross and Staceyville.

One surprising feature of the season is the large number of successful women hunters, they having shipped through Bangor 126 deer and 2 bears.

By inspecting a list of about 100 names of ladies who have returned with deer, I find 27 of them are from the old Bay State. For one I think it is a capital thing for women to get such outings. More of them should "take to the woods." I wish them the best of luck.

You have heard of one of the famous rifle shots of Massachusetts, whose record at Walnut Hill rifle range is among the first, Mrs. Patridge ,and there are others.

Some of the Bostonians recently returned with game are P. J. Abbott, Eugene Coffin, Mrs. E. Knight, C. F. Eaton, F. S. Brown, O. A. Burrill, W. J. Dodd, T. R. Tarrant and E. H. Dickinson. CENTRAL.

"As His Father Did Before H'm."

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., Dec. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* No doubt it is difficult to produce something that pleases all people, and while there may be some who would not take a second glance at the supplement of Dec. 6, "As his father did before him," yet to me it is the most pleasing picture that has been sent out with the FOREST AND STREAM, while they have all been highly pleasing and are prized beyond a money value. I wish therefore to thank you specially for the pleasure I have had, and will have in feasting my eyes on this splendid reminder of the days agone. EMERSON CARNEY.

Winning a Maine Trophy.

MR. AND MRS. HENRY A. CAESAR returned to New York few weeks ago, after spending the month of October on a shooting expedition in the wilds of Maine. They have added as a result of their trip a dozen or more superb trophies of the chase to their already remarkably fine collection.

Of these evidences of their skill and prowess in field and woods, Mr. and Mrs. Caesar are justly proud, for the series of mounted heads which graces the hall and dining-room of their town residence, is one of the finest private collections in New York. Its most interesting feature is that it has been brought together by their own personal skill with gun and rifle.

Occupying places of honor on either side of the great open fire-place in their stately dining-room hang the most recent trophies of their hunting, the majestic heads and antlers of two immense moose killed by Mr. and Mrs. Caesar on their recent expedition in the "Pine Tree State," and thereby hangs this tale of a moose hunting trip which Mrs. Caesar was prevailed upon to tell.

"After shooting a seventeen-point buck in Maine last year," said Mrs. Caesar, "I felt that I should like to shoot at bigger game, and Mr. Caesar being of the same mind, we started on a moose hunting trip last October.

"Taking St. Francis, Quebec, as a starting place, we made an all-day drive of forty miles to St. Justine, where after resting over night we journeyed five miles to Black

MRS. CAESAR AND HER MOOSE.

Brook, also in the Province of Quebec, where, by appointment, we met our guides, one of them being Will Henderson, of Jackson, Maine, who had been with me on many hunting trips before.

"We then proceeded along the Duquan river to a point where it empties into the northwest branch of the St. John's River, stopping over night at Sand's Camp, which is just on the boundary line between Quebec and Maine. The next day a short journey of twelve miles brought us to Bogan Brook, where Mr. Caesar had had a hunting lodge built during the summer.

"There had been a slight snow fall and the air was deliciously crisp and invigorating. So far in our journeying we had not met with a person outside of our own party. The country was wild in the extreme, and all about were silent and solitary forests of spruce, birch and alders. We found the surrounding streams and brooks fairly alive with trout, and the woods really teemed with birch partridges which we found exceedingly tame in comparison with the Pensylvania partridges.

"It was the second day in camp when I succeeded in bagging the game I was after. With Henderson for my guide I went down the river prospecting for moose and deer tracks, while Mr. Caesar and his guide went the opposite direction. We had proceeded about three miles when, on emerging from the bush to the burnt land, Henderson, who was a bit in the lead, quickly turned, and springing lightly over a windfall, tossed my rifle to me and cried, 'Shoot! Shoot!'

"An instant later two moose bounded into sight about one hundred and fifty yards away, the foremost one almost as quickly disappearing into a thicket. I 'banged' at the second moose and he fell sprawling, but was up and in flight again in a second. We followed in hot pursuit and fifty yards from where he fell we came upon him breathing his last.

"I had used a .45-70 Winchester one-half mantle bullet, and the shot had taken effect in the shoulder. There lay the huge animal still in death, and my mission to the Maine wilds was accomplished. I had killed my moose. When we reached the spot where the fallen monarch lay Henderson declares that so great was our mutual feeling of surprise and jubilation, that we stared at one another for fully ten minutes before either of us spoke.

"The moose proved to be an immense fellow, Henderson estimating his weight at over 1,200 pounds. The horns had a 52-inch spread and had fourteen points, and proved to be one of the finest specimens secured in Maine during the season.

"In cleaning the head of the moose Henderson met with an unfortunate accident. He cut his finger, and blood poisoning setting in, his hand swelled to an immense size. Fortunately we found a physician who was spending his vacation at Sand's Camp, and the wound having been promptly dressed, Henderson was soon out of danger and himself again.

"Although we saw a great many moose tracks, it was not until about two weeks later that Mr. Caesar succeeded in getting his game. After long days spent in traveling the burnt woods and marshes he finally secured the desired shot and brought down a fine specimen with a 44-inch spread of horns with thirteen points."

It is these two new fine heads in their superb collection that Mr. and Mrs. Caesar now point out to their friends with natural pride.

Next fall Mr. Caesar will go to Wyoming to hunt elk. Mrs. Caesar will accompany him, but it is her full purpose not to return until a grizzly bear falls a victim to her unerring rifle.

Newfoundland Caribou.

MR. E. A. RICHARD, of this city, who has hunted big game in various sections of this country, tells an interesting story of his recent expedition to Newfoundland after caribou and other game. It was Mr. Richard's first shooting trip to Newfoundland, and he had as his companion Mr. H. R. Kidney, of Auburn, N. Y.

Both Mr. Richard and Mr. Kidney met with all the success that the most enthusiastic sportsman could wish, and the tale of their doings, observations and adventures during their month's visit to that island spot will doubtless be read with interest, and may inspire other hunters to visit that region next season, when the high license fee and certain other game restrictions passed by the authorities last February, are likely, in Mr. Richard's opinion, to be much modified.

"Our objective point," said Mr. Richard, "was Hawley, which is located in about the center of the island, and in the very heart of the caribou district, and there we arrived by easy stages early in November. In the beginning we were fortunate in securing the services as guide of Robert B. Stroud, of Boni Vista Bay, who, we were told, was the most experienced guide and hunter in Newfoundland. As far as we were concerned, it is a pleasure to say that he lived up to such a reputation.

"Stroud secured for us the services of two packers and a cook, and it may interest many who contemplate a hunting trip to that region to learn that the labor of all four men was secured for the modest sum of seven dollars a day, which they regarded as ample compensation. Like most of the natives we encountered, our men were all of either Scotch or Irish descent, and honest, reliable and God-fearing to a degree. There was no hunting or shooting on Sundays, and so strong was their dislike to alcoholic stimulants that one of the men, named Elijah, could not be persuaded to carry a pack that contained a bottle of whiskey. Compared with the French-Canadians, whom I employed on a moose-hunting expedition on the waters flowing into Hudson Bay, they were indeed models of their kind. The former, to judge by my experience, and that of a number of my friends, are often found to be lazy, indifferent and hard drinking.

"Contrary to our expectations and adding greatly to the pleasure of our trip, we found the climate not especially cold. During our stay we had only a few flurries of snow that were not at all disagreeable, and there was but very little rain. The thermometer never recorded lower than twenty degrees above zero, and during the day time it averaged between forty and fifty.

"In former years the open seasons for shooting caribou were from July 15 to Oct. 1, and from Oct. 20 to Dec. 31. Last February, however, the authorities made the open seasons for this year from July 15 to Oct. 1, and from Nov. 1 to Dec. 31, thus closing the entire month of October. Whether this law will continue in force remains to be seen.

"Another act of the authorities last February was to raise the license fee for hunting caribou to $100 for three bucks. It appears to me that by so doing they killed the goose, so to speak, that laid the golden egg, for according to the figures given to me by M. Pike, game agent at Port au Basques, only twenty-seven hunters had taken out licenses up to Nov. 20, while up to the same date last year over five hundred licenses were issued. As one of the authorities said to me: 'We guessed you Yankees could afford to pay $100 just as well as not for the privilege of shooting our caribou, but there are evidently not enough of you who feel like doing so, and next February I'm pretty sure that down will come the price again.'

"We also learned that the authorities had prohibited the shooting of caribou along a stretch of fifteen miles on the railroad track at Hawley, and also for five miles on either side of the track, thus making a belt fifteen miles long and ten miles wide, where the caribou enjoy absolute immunity from hunters. This particular tract of ground was in former seasons a favorite spot for many hunters, for when the caribou migrate from the north to south on their way toward the straits of Red Indian Lake, they are compelled by the conformation of the country to cross this now proscribed portion of the railroad track, and their slaughter was immense. It was almost like shooting at the animals in a pen, and I think the new law, in this respect, a wise one, although it does make the hunting a deal more difficult.

"So we found it necessary in order to secure our game to pitch our camp back in the hills, between the railroad track and Red Indian Lake. The country there is one continuous bog or marsh, dotted everywhere with countless thousands of little ponds and larger bodies of water, and [illegible] rough and hilly in the extreme. In all this stretch of seventy-five miles there is scarcely a patch of woods, only clumps of bushes here and there.

"We pitched our camp about forty-five miles due south from Hawley in the shelter of some half-grown trees, which afforded us a protection from the wind storms, which at times are quite severe. A 'look-out' line was then chosen about a mile and a half from camp, and here we built a lean-to of hemlock boughs,

"I had many times heard stories about the abundance, or, rather, super-abundance, of caribou in this particular portion of the country, but was scarcely prepared for the sight which greeted our eyes the day after we had pitched camp, and which continued all the days that we stayed there. It was the height of the migratory season, and the number of caribou that daily crossed our vision from our look-out station seems incredible.

"The smallest band that we saw together at any one time numbered three animals, and the largest one hundred and two. Herds numbering from six to seventy-five were espied daily. Although the work of stalking them was exceedingly difficult on account of the bogs and swampy condition of the soil, which makes a tramp of a few miles exceedingly arduous and fatiguing, we found that the killing of our complement of bucks was practically simply a matter of selection. Altogether, we figured that over eight hundred caribou passed within our view, during our stay in camp.

"Leading from the direction of Hawley we found a trail six feet wide and beaten down almost as hard as asphalt by the herds of caribou that passed along it, making for Red Indian Lake. Along this trail I succeeded in photographing a fine buck, with a Series 2 Zeiss lens at a distance of seventy feet.

"In addition to the caribou we shot, we killed numbers of Arctic hare and ptarmigan, or snow grouse, which we found delicious cating. Foxes were also rather plentiful, and altogether this shooting trip in the wilds of Newfoundland was a pleasurable and gratifying success in every particular."

California Shooting.

THE California Game and Fish Commission made an important capture on Tuesday last, which will go far toward stopping the illegal traffic in quail, ducks and other game birds by commission merchants and cold-storage companies in this State. Ever since the quail season opened on Oct. 1, complaints have reached the commissioners that the law-respecting sportsmen found this wily little California game bird unprecedentedly scarce, and the quail grounds sown with empty shells—the tell-tale earmarks of the "sooner." Chief Deputy Vogelsang at once started on a still hunt and quickly learned that various firms of commission merchants were flooding the State with circular letters directed to market-hunters in the interior offering big pecuniary inducements to them if they would violate the lw. In some instances as much as $2 per dozen for quail and all transportation and other expenses were guaranteed by the commission merchants. As the State is large and the appropriation small, Mr. Vogelsang was having "mighty hard hoeing," until fortune favored him. John F. Corriea, of Cain, Boyd & Corriea, addressed one of these circular letters to B. S. Smith, an Oroville shopkeeper, who enjoys a local reputation as a wing shot. Mr. Corriea did not happen to know that Mr. Smith was a Deputy Game Commissioner, and Smith did not go to the trouble of informing him of this important fact, but forwarded the commission man's letter to Mr. Vogelsang. The Chief Deputy wrote an enthusiastic letter concerning the prospects of building up a colossal business in illicit quail and sent it to Smith, who signed it and forwarded to Corriea. The latter took the bait like a fresh-run steelhead. By return mail Smith received a letter telling him to pack not less than fourteen dozen quail in a trunk and check the trunk to this city and mail the check to Corriea, who would send a man to the baggage office to get it. Deputy Warden Kertcheval took the train for Oroville, and he and Smith packed the decoy trunk, but prior to doing so they spent three days wandering through the woods and cañons collecting the necessary birds. Twenty-six quail, one more than the legal limit, was the total bag, and these were packed in a trunk with sundry pieces of lead-pipe and a few brick-bats to increase its weight. A representative of the commission firm called for the trunk and presented the check, and Corriea was promptly arrested, but made light of the matter. Immediately upon his arrest he wrote to Smith, telling him to make himself scarce, but the astonishment of himself and of his counsel was boundless when the first witness called for the prosecution was Mr. Smith, of Oroville, who produced all the Corriea letters and testified to the facts as set forth herein. The prisoner's counsel immediately applied for a continuance, which was granted. Mr. Vogelsang has a number of other commission firms on his list and further prosecutions are in order.

The continued fine weather has scriously interfered with duck shooting in northern California, as the steady flight has not as yet begun. In no instance has an individual member of any of the many ducking clubs about the bay recently bagged the limit, which if fifty ducks. Mr. Hermann Oelrichs, on his private pres;erves in the Suisun marshes, came near it last week, returning to the city with forty-five ducks, mainly canvasbacks and sprigs. Mallard so far have been very scarce this year, although teal seem to be comparatively plentiful. MARIN.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 2.

The Corriea Case.

As INTIMATED in these columns last week, the prosecution of John F. Corriea, the commission merchant who was so cleverly caught red-handed by Chief Deputy Charles A. Vogelsang with illicit quail in his possession which had been shipped to him by one of Mr. Vogelsang's deputies in response to a circular letter, couched in alluring terms, has begun to bear most excellent fruit. On the 8th inst. Police Judge Cabaniss convicted a Portuguese clothing merchant, named Silva, with having twenty-four dozen quail in his possession. These birds were shipped by market hunters in San Luis Obispo County, and the Commissioners have evidence that Silva was acting for Corriea in the matter. A case against another go-between, involving thirty dozen quail is yet to be tried. Corriea himself is making a strenuous fight to keep out of jail; but a final decision of the case is expected by the beginning of next week. The Commissioners have been extremely active this season in enforcing the game laws and great credit is due them and their energetic Chief Deputy, as the appropriation at their disposal for game protection amounts only to $3,600.

A Mediaeval Recrudescence.

Deputy Game Warden Robinson, of San Rafael, received a call the other day from a stranger who complained to him that an unknown foreigner was at that moment engaged in killing quail by some illegal device or other on the Hearst property near Fairfax. The stranger did not state what the device was, but Robinson saddled his horse and rode to the place in question without a moment's delay. There he found Jules La Shelle, a San Francisco Frenchman, hunting quail with a trained falcon. La Shelle informed him that he had purchased the bird from the captain of a French vessel. It was a magnificent specimen of the peregrine falcon and had evidently been carefully trained, returning to its perch on its master's wrist whencver he whistled. A sprightly little fox-terrier flushed the birds for Monsieur La Shelle and the bird-hawk at once sailed in and did the rest. Robinson was an interested spectator of the performance for a couple of hours, during which period the falcon killed three quail. In speaking of it afterwards, he said, "Hawking is not prohibited by the game laws and there is no particular reason why it should be. A healthy man with any sort of an old scatter-gun would have bagged at least eight quail out of the four bevies flushed, in the time that it took La Shelle's hawk to dispose of three birds."

On Unhappy Hunting Grounds.

The number of ducking clubs controlling marsh lands to the north and south of San Francisco has increased so amazingly during the past three years that the annual rent of some of these favored localities has more than quintupled. As most of this tide-land and tule property is unfenced, altercations between members of rival clubs concerning the boundaries of their respective preserves have become very common. The Swan Gun Club, of which Deputy Game Commissioner C. G. Gould is president, controls the shooting rights of a large territory in the Alvarado marshes, and its next door neighbor is Mr. F. J. Horn, a San Francisco liquor merchant. Last week Mr. Horn was crossing from one blind to another, when, so he claims, some person on the Gun Club grounds took a shot at him. This incident disturbed Mr. Horn's serenity to such an extent that, shortly afterwards, upon meeting Dr. L. F. Cranz, a member of the club, at the railway station, he whanged that gentleman over the head with a walking-stick and subsequently was fined $50 by an unsympathetic justice of the peace. Both the club and Mr. Horn have decided to have their respective holdings surveyed and to preserve a strict neutrality, at least until the result of the survey is known.

MARIN.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 9.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Another Reason.

Bearing upon the American complaisance in regard to the destruction of that wild game which is one of the great heritages of this people and the very one most difficult to replace, I may cite yet another reason why there are some things in this country of which we need not be proud. Here is a letter written to a Michigan sportsman by another Michigan sportsman:

"The inclosed clipping is from the Mt. Clemens Leader of Nov. 24. Wm. Sunderlin is a rubber in a bath house in Mt. Clemens, and his wife a cook. These two people make a business every fall of going North the 20th of October and staying until about the close of the season, getting all the birds they can. Then they have their photographs taken with their birds strung on a pole, and have the cut put in the Cutter's Guide. If you will write to F. R. Eastman and ask him to send you one copy each year of the Cutters' Guide with these cuts showing, you will then form an idea of the amount of birds which these people destroy. I say destroy, because last year, when they strung them on the pole to carry them to the protographer's office, the wings and legs actually dropped off the pole they were carrying them on, the birds were so rotten. I take FOREST AND STREAM, and read the reports of the 'Saginaw Crowd' and enjoy them very much. That is why I take the liberty of writing this letter to you. I know you will be interested in what I say, as every sportsman should be. I had intended sending this clipping to our next Legislature, but I am satisfied you could put it in better shape and that it would have a better effect. What would you think of a law which would forbid any man or woman having in possession at one time more than 50 partridges or quail, or 50 birds of either kind, and not more than 100 birds in a season, either quail or partridges? It is a great mistake that all States do not take up FOREST AND STREAM's platform, of 'No sale of game.' We have market hunters here. They go out in naphtha launches at night with a big headlight and slaughter the ducks. The ducks will not stand being shot after going to roost. You can pound them as much as you please in the hours set by law, but not after they go to roost. We have a game warden here, but it is a case of $1,000 a year to do nothing. I have told him repeatedly about this, but it does no good. A political job, don't you know. I have a cottage at the lake and can hear them shooting ducks until I go to sleep. We sportsmen have got to get a move on us or the game hog will wipe out everything."

The name of Mr. Sunderlin is not a new one in these columns. The FOREST AND STREAM a year or two ago printed a story in regard to this man and his doings quite similar to that given above. The photograph showed many rows of grouse hung up for the purpose of photographing, and it was stated at that time that the work of the photographer was nearly intolerable by reason of the odor from the decomposed birds. Just why Michigan will tolerate such doings is something difficult to understand.

The Quail Season.

The quail season is over in Minnesota and Michigan, and has not yet opened in Wisconsin, owing to the close term there. It will presently be over in Illinois, and it has been over all the year in Indiana, so far as most of the Chicago shooters are concerned, the non-resident license law barring out a great many men who formerly shot birds in Indiana. A good many of our sportsmen have been going after quail and grouse in the State of Michigan. It is their custom to bring their birds home with them in spite of the Michigan law.

As to the State of Illinois, inquiry and investigation in good neighborhoods lead me to believe that the reports regarding scarcity of quail in this State have been well founded. Some of my friends have pooh-poohed the idea that quail are influenced by wet or dry seasons. I am personally convinced that they are as subject to drowning out as the prairie chicken, and I base this upon investigation of a wide strip of country in the southern part of the State this fall. As everyone in this part of the world knows, we had an unusually wet spring and summer. I have seen miles of bottom land covered with weeds and corn, ideal grounds for the feeding and breeding of quail, grounds with timber close at hand and all kinds of hedges and brush patches adjacent, which this fall show almost no quail whatever, although last year, the year before and for many years preceding the quail were very numerous indeed in that very locality. In Christian County, formerly as good a quail country as we had in Illinois, the water still stands where for months at a time it stood in the overflows, due to the heavy rains of last spring. I know personally that there was a fine breeding head of quail left in that country last fall. There were not as many quail at the beginning of this season as there seemed to be left at the end of last season. Increase is hardly apparent at all. A good many coveys are put up which experienced hunters declare to consist of old birds exclusively. Again, there are some young birds, showing extremely late breeding, perhaps after the high waters had to some extent subsided. I am entirely disposed to believe with these shooters directly on the ground that the Bob White quail not only may be, but is largely affected in its breeding operations by continued wet weather. Perhaps the quail may have sense enough to breed on a spot above the actual overflows, but the heavy rains would seem naturally to be well-nigh as fatal to the tiny little Bob Whites, naked and not larger than a bumble bee, as with the young of domestic poultry, which any good farm wife knows will perish in scores when subjected even to one heavy summer rain.

A Quail Shoot in Illinois.

Believing it to be part of the duty of any American citizen to vote at least once in every election, and to go shooting at least once in every shooting season, I this week left town and spent a day or so with my friend, Warren Powel, in Christian County. Mr. Powel began to apologize about the birds almost before we started out shooting at all, but it not being a part of the programme to kill all the birds in the county, we got along nicely in spite of the fact that we did not find so much game as we formerly did in his country.

Our old friend Dolly, Mr. Powel's hunting dog, proved herself as good a judge of quail as ever before. Dolly, broad and portly from lack of use, is just beginning to show the touch of advancing years, and she makes her head save her heels upon occasion and her nose save both. I have never seen a better nose on any dog than that carried by this same wise-headed individual. Mr. Powel and I took Dolly one afternoon and walked out a little way from his house. We put up five bevies in all, one in very heavy scrub oak, and three others on one stubble field just about dusk. On the whole, we counted ourselves very fortunate in picking up an even dozen of nice birds. We did our best work on one bevy which we marked down on a grassy hillside. For a few brief moments we really thought we were pretty hot quail shooters, since we let nothing get away. Then we went over into the aforesaid scrub oak, put up a bevy of big, strong birds, and got a practical lesson in humility. We did not bag a single bird out of these, and indeed had only one shot, fired to no effect at the wild bevy rise on the leaves. These quail simply vanished, disappeared, evaporated! We knew perfectly well that a better single bird dog did not exist than Dolly, but we found only two or three birds out of the entire bevy, and these were very wild. We looked carefully into the trees, believing that most of the unaccounted for were hid in the scrub oak; but as it was growing dark, we could not locate them, and finally gave it up.

Bob White is certainly getting to be a more difficult proposition ever year. I perfectly agree with a chance acquaintance, whom I met in Minnesota, who said that he thought the quail was the most resourceful of all our game birds. We are in the habit of thinking that the ruffed grouse is wiser than the quail, but such is not really the case. Suppose you put up a covcy of fifteen grouse, would you not be apt to get easily four or five before you got done with the singles? Yet the man who at this season of the year bags four or five birds to the bevy of quail, is doing very good work with head, gun and dog. The birds fly to timber whenever they get a chance, and when in cover of that kind they are hard to pick up.

Our three bevies on the stubble field we found when it was so dark we could hardly see Dolly while she was pointing. We should not have cared to disturb the birds so late, but had to cross this field on our way home. Stooping down to see more clearly against the sky, we did get four shots at the first bevy, and somewhat to our own surprise picked up three birds. A little later Dolly pointed yet another bird in the dark, sprang, and caught a single, which seemed to be disabled and crippled from our own or some other gun.

Grand Jubilee.

On the day following this Mr. Powel planned a grand quail and 'coon jubilee. We were to go out 10 miles to a little cross-roads known as Vanderville, near what was thought to be a good quail country. With us were Estill Harner and his dog Rock, both old

friends of mine in that country, and Frank Taylor, who keeps the village barber shop under the spreading chestnut tree. Mr. Taylor is the owner of a meat dog known as Dan, and as we had along Dolly also, we certainly had no reason to complain of our rolling stock. We reached our hunting grounds a little after noon and started out from Vanderville on foot. During the afternoon we put up quite a lot of quail here, there and everywhere, mostly in the woods and thickets. Between us we gathered up 30 birds, but Mr. Powel was responsible for our not getting a good many more. His innate kindness and dislike to offend once in a while makes him a victim. In this case he met a solitary hunter who was out trying to shoot quail without any dog and without any experience. He seemed to gravitate in toward our party, and in order to save the lives of the rest of us Mr. Powel took him in tow and wandered around all the rest of the afternoon. Hence he got only two or three birds to his own gun, thereby cutting down our bag to lighter proportions than it should have shown. He explained later that he was so busy most of the time dodging around trees, to keep from getting shot by his new friend, that he didn't have time to do any quail hunting.

As to the dogs, they behaved beautifully. They are all used to hunting together, have all got noses, and are all perfectly up in every point of the game. I think that in all my experience, North or South, in any kind of company, I never saw three dogs put up a better exhibition of field work. They were perfectly independent of each other, all good rangers, and everyone of them had good bird sense. They seemed always to know where to go and what to do. A keener nose than Rock showed would be a matter of superfluity, a better single bird dog than Dolly never went on four or three legs, and as for Dan, he supplied the only possible deficiency by being a perfect retriever. The other two dogs have not been trained to retrieve, but content themselves with pointing dead birds. It was such a comfort to watch these dogs going about their business so contentedly and methodically that we did not insist so very much upon the shooting part of the game.

To some extent I retrieved the reputation which I lost as a quail shooter in Minnesota; but even so we did not shoot perfectly, the birds being strong and wild, and for the most part in heavy cover. Taylor proved a good quail shot, and Harner was always able to account for over half his birds, which I call excellent shooting. The only possible regret one could feel under such circumstances was that twilight came about three or four hours earlier than ought to have been legally permissible. I imagine that any lover of the nervous, horse-racing whippet known as a field trial winner, would have been disabused of a few notions could he have seen these three level-headed meat dogs follow their vocations on that afternoon. It was a joy forever. I have tried for two or three years to buy this Dan dog from Mr. Taylor, but after seeing them work together, it seemed to me it would be a shame to part them. I would not sell a dog of that kind myself, nor does it seem right to ask any other fellow to. It is all right to sell field trial winners, but meat dogs—never! As to buying Dolly or Rock, methinks there is not money enough in the present unsettled condition of our banking institutions.

A 'Coon Hunt.

I am satisfied that Warren Powel will be the death of me yet, one way or another. He will either kill me laughing or walking. He is the most merciless walker I ever got tangled up with, and he can see no reason why his pedestrian enthusiasm should not extend itself to all mankind. It seemed to Mr. Powel a pretty good thing after walking 15 miles or so in the afternoon, to go out and hunt 'coons the rest of the night. He had a couple of his men come out from town in the evening, bringing a pair of his 'coon dogs, which he values almost more than he does Dolly herself. These were a present from Mr. W. I. Speers, of Byhalia, Miss., and have killed many a fat ring-tail since they came into Mr. Powel's possession. I was not especially hankering after any more walking, but it was impossible to resist Mr. Powel's blandishments in regard to 'coon hunting in general. Accordingly, at about nine or ten o'clock we started out. One cannot do justice to the disappointment Mr. Powel felt when we found that the conditions were so much against us. Without doubt these heavy timbered tracts along the creek bottoms held good store of 'coons. Indeed, we heard of a local hunter who had killed several but a night or two before. The hour was, however, too early for the raccoons to be disporting themselves, and, most disappointing of all, there came a cold north wind and a heavy freeze. Now all men well posted in raccoon lore know well that it takes a moist, warm night for Mr. 'Coon to do his traveling, and that the latter gentleman is most apt to begin his wandering at some hour after midnight. Our dogs opened two or three times, possibly after mink or 'possums. Once they made quite a run, and we were satisfied killed some small animal at the end of it, although we could never tell what it was—surely not rabbit, perhaps mink, 'possum or house cat. It was pleasant music, this deep voice of the hounds, in the silent, frosty woods, and I felt myself enjoying the situation. We were out for three or four hours, and finally gave it up on account of the unfavorable weather conditions; hence, having to record almost the first blank for Mr. Powel's redoubtable 'coon dogs. These latter have a good many pelts to their credit this fall, notably that of one old grandfather 'coon, which weighed 23½ pounds. Mr. Powel and his friend Harner got up at three o'clock one morning, took the dogs and went out for a little festivity, and this big 'coon was the product of their morning devotion to sport. They got a good run nearly every night, and hence felt very much disappointed at the bad success on this particular occasion.

A Night in a Country Store.

After our 'coon hunt we rounded up at our temporary headquarters, which were in a country store located at Vanderville crossroads. The kindly proprietor of this store, Mr. Busby, took care of us the best way he could, and gave us plenty to eat, but he had no beds where we could sleep that night. It seemed a long way to ride into town against the cold north wind, so we concluded to send the teams in and to hunt in toward town on the following morning. That left our four quail shooters, Messrs. Powel, Harner, Taylor and myself, to pass the balance of the night as best we could. We had a big stove in the middle of the long storeroom, and around this stove dogs and men disposed themselves as best they could under the circumstances. Mr. Powel slept on the counter with a sack of flour as a pillow. He describes a sack of flour as most excellent good for such purposes, though a trifle cold. Mr. Harner arranged three boxes of unequal height as his own personal couch, and Mr. Taylor made preparations of a similar nature. I found that a sheet of brown wrapping paper makes an excellent mattress upon occasion. This I spread upon the floor, put a rubber coat on top of it, and with a shooting coat for a pillow, did very nicely, indeed. It was a little cold during the night, and Dolly, good soul, came to share my bed with me. I found that she made even a better pillow than a sack of flour or a shooting coat. We got along very nicely until four o'clock, when Mr. Busby informed us that breakfast would be ready very soon. By break of day we were ready for the road once more, a little bit short of sleep and a little bit long of pedestrian experience, but all of us feeling better than we had any right to feel under the circumstances. As Mr. Powel was due home that morning, and as the quail country was not so good close toward town, the rest of the expedition resolved itself mostly into a steady tramp through the muddy fields or the side of the still muddier road. We put up three bevies of quail en route, one of them on the grounds of a man who ordered us off his place. On the whole, we thought ourselves fortunate to add nine quail to our stock. The dogs still behaved beautifully, the weather was clear, and although the going was heavy, I am sure that our hearts were light and we enjoyed every foot of the way. Some other time we are going out to attack that 'coon who was too fast asleep to entertain us on the evening of our visit to his domain. Perhaps I am getting old; I do not know; at any rate, I can go out and have a good time even if we don't kill a 'coon or more than a dozen birds. Beside that, a visit to the Powel household is medicinal in its nature. It is a comfort to get out of the city and to meet people who are real folks. This not to mention the great Powel store of Things like Mother used to make.

On Pie.

Speaking of eating, what a wonderful thing is the stomach of a sportsman! When we went away from Taylorville early in the morning, we forgot to take any lunch. Mr. Powel sent to a restaurant and got some sandwiches and also four or five pies. That night at our Vanderville bivouac, we ate up all these things, Mr. Powel thinking that pie could not by any possibility hurt anybody. I have no religious scruples against eating a pie or so upon occasion, and am here to bear testimony that pie is perfectly innocuous when taken in connection with a 'coon hunt at midnight. This hunger, which comes from the outdoor air—what a splendid and beautiful thing it is!

Wouldn't Stand for It.

We had only one really unpleasant incident in our Illinois quail shooting, and that arose from the unwillingness of a certain farmer to let us conduct operations with a certain bunch of quail, which we had marked down in his cornfield. Of course, as soon as he told us he didn't allow shooting, we signified our willingness to go on our way, but as quickly as we turned to go this individual seemed to think that his occasion had come to show authority and masterfulness.

"You'd better go right on out," said he.

"We're going out," said we.

"Well, you'd better go on," said he.

"We are," was our rejoinder. We also tried to explain matters, saying that we did not intend to shoot against his will, and that we never did such things; but the more we tried to treat this fellow like a gentleman the more he acted like anything else. At length Mr. Powel said to him: "My friend, how far does your jurisdiction extend, anyhow?"

"Never you mind," was the reply. "I'm just as good as you are, if I haven't got on store clothes." We wondered a little bit at this, but about an hour or so after Mr. Powel's face lightened up. "I've got it," said he. "When I asked that fellow about his jurisdiction he thought I was calling him some kind of a name or other. You mind, after this 'jurisdiction' don't go. Just ask him where his land runs to, and let it go at that."

The Sultan Called a Halt.

When I was out in Minnesota a week or so ago I met one of the well-known political characters of that State, Hon. Thomas Dowling, member of the Legislature, formerly speaker of the House in Minnesota, at one time secretary of the National Republican League, and in very many ways a prominent man in the Western political world. Mr. Dowling, it may be remembered, was sent as a special commissioner to our Oriental possessions by the late President McKinley, and, among other things, was instructed to visit the Sultan of Sulu and to report upon matters as he found them at the court of that functionary.

To look at Mr. Dowling one would not know that he was a badly crippled man. The truth, however, is that when he was a boy, a farmhand working on a ranch, he was caught out in one of the terrible blizzards which constituted one of the dangers of the Western pioneer, and was so badly frozen that he lost both of his legs below the knees, one of his arms below the elbow, and all but the stumps of his fingers and thumb on the other hand. In form Mr. Dowling is well-nigh gigantic, and mentally is equally well endowed by nature, yet one would think that this misfortune, coming upon a young man, would either have killed him or utterly wiped out all hope and enterprise in his soul. This was not the case with Mr. Dowling. He says to-day that his misfortune was the making of him. He at once began to study to get himself a good education, and worked up from one line of business to another until he has come to be one of the most prominent men, not only in his community, but in his State. Clear-headed, kindly of soul, unsoured by his misfortune, he is one of the best examples of what clear grit will do for the American man.

Above all things Mr. Dowling is a keen sportsman, and about a year ago was so lucky as to kill his moose up in Minnesota. He can walk perfectly well on smooth going, but is obliged to hunt on horseback in the woods. He killed his moose from horseback, one of the few instances of this kind, perhaps, ever to be chronicled. I should not write thus freely of him did he retain any sensitiveness as to his own disfigurement. Upon the contrary of this, he discusses it freely and relates many humorous incidents in connection with it.

One night, when in a sleeping car, he followed his usual custom of removing his trousers, with his feet and boots attached, and hung them over the edge of the upper berth in the sleping car. He left instructions with the porter that he should be called for at a certain station. The porter in the morning, on parting the curtains, saw what he supposed to be the form of his client sitting on the edge of the berth with his legs hanging over and all dressed for rising. As a matter of fact, Mr. Dowling was still sound asleep. The porter did not call him, and he was carried past his station. The matter was reported to the conductor, who called up the astonished and terrified negro.

"'Deed, boss," said the latter, "I went into dat man's bu'th to call him at the place where he was to git off, and I swar to God, he was sittin' up there all dressed with his feet hangin' over the bu'th. I didn't see no use a wakin' up a man what was a'ready woke up. You can't blame me. They ain't nuthin' in the rules says I got to wake up a man what's a'ready up and dressed." To this day the porter cannot understand how his man could be both asleep and awake at the same time.

But in regard to the Sultan of Sulu. Mr. Dowling duly visited the court of the sultan and discharged his duties conscientiously, as is his wont. He thought it might be well to inquire into the domestic relations of the august monarch, and stated that it would give him much pleasure to visit the harem of the sultan. But the sultan drew the line at this, stating that the harem was a private institution pure and simple, and that no human being, not even Uncle Sam, had ever been admitted to its precincts save himself. During this conversation Mr. Dowling and the sultan were sitting comfortably on the floor, after the fashion of that country. It was warm, and both residents and non-residents participating in the conversation, were clad lightly as befitted the temperature then prevailing.

"It is a little warm, I find," said Mr. Dowling, finally, to the sultan through his interpreter, "and if you don't mind, I'll just cool off a little bit." So saying, he reached down to his ankle and unscrewed one of his legs, which he calmly laid on the floor in front of the sultan. The latter was astonished but game, and although he was evidently scared, managed to keep his face straight. Mr. Dowling also kept his countenance unmoved, and presently remarked that he found the heat still quite depressing, and that, if the sultan didn't mind, he would still further disencumber himself. Whereupon he unscrewed the other leg and laid that also on the floor in front of the sultan. The old man got a little nervous at that and shifted his seat, but was unable to keep his eyes away from these *disjecta membra* before him. Seeing this, Mr. Dowling reached around and unscrewed his arm, which he also placed upon the floor. That settled it. The sultan threw up both hands in horror.

"Hitherto," said he, "I have lived somewhat in seclusion in this empire of mine. I admit that I have not become fully acquainted with the customs of American civilization as you represent them to me. It will not be necessary for you to take yourself apart further. I you want to go into the harem, very well. The place is at your disposal."

This is the tale as it was told to me, between St. Paul and Norwood, upon the Milwaukee and St. Paul Road, upon a certain evening in November. Verily, the world of sportsmanship is wide and not without a varied interest.

From New Brunswick.

Mr. Chas. K. Palmer, of Fredericton, N. B., is this week making his second visit to Chicago, and paid the FOREST AND STREAM office a pleasant call. Mr. Palmer was here with the New Brunswick guides at the sportsmen's show winter before last.

Weasels and Ermine.

In the woods it is a weasel, but in the city it is an ermine, and there is a difference. Last winter up in New Brunswick Charlie Cremin gave to a Certain Person a bunch of six weasel skins, saying that they would only net him perhaps ten or fifteen cents apiece at the fur buyers. This winter the Certain Person suggested to me that these skins—they were "ermine" by the time they got to Chicago—would make an excellent collar for an opera wrap, and that as we had such a good start on such wrap, it might be well to finish it, since it would probably not cost more than $300 or $400 or so. In the course of operations it came out that a Certain Person was shy one or two of these black-tail tips, which are supposed to go with ermine when it moveth itself aright. "Go buy a tip," said I "go buy a couple of dozen of them." I was figuring on the New Brunswick basis. It is different here. Charlie Cremin gets fifteen cents for a whole weasel skin. The fur dealer here gets just sixty-five cents for the end of that weasel's tail. This goes a little easier when you call it "ermine."

Turning Southward.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 10.—At this season the thoughts of a great many sportsmen are beginning to turn

southward. Our shooting is nearly over now in this part of the world, and, indeed, it would be very well, in view of the scarcity of quail in Illinois and Indiana, were the shooting to end at this date. We would not have any too many birds to stock us for next year even did we stop shooting now, if we were to catch a second bad season next year, though that is not likely. The more abundant and more regularly supplied covers of the Southern States naturally appeal to the Northern shooter, who has leisure for a trip into that country. The sportsmen of Saginaw earlier mentioned as having procured a large quail preserve in Mississippi, will possibly get together some time within the next thirty days and visit their new hunting grounds with a view to putting up a club house, etc.

Mr. Ernest McGaffey and a party of four or five others of Chicago have returned from a trip to the timbered country of Arkansas, where they hunted on a tract owned by the Paepcke Lumber Co. of more than 100,000 acres in extent, all wild country. Among other results were two big wildcats, four deer, five wild turkeys, an assortment of raccoons, etc., the hounds which were taken in, proving industrious in their way. Mr. McGaffey reports a very enjoyable time.

Southern Migration of Squirrels.

Col. R. E. Bobo, of Mississippi, who is again in Chicago, tells me that this fall there came in across upper Mississippi a great migration of gray squirrels. These came from somewhere to the northwest, without doubt from Arkansas, and hence must have crossed the Mississippi River. At last accounts they were still tarrying in the Yazoo and Sunflower country, where the mast is good. These great migrations of squirrels are among the interesting phenomena of nature, and can to-day be, perhaps, better noted in the South than elsewhere. It has been reported in FOREST AND STREAM that such a migration a few years ago started in eastern Tennessee and wound up in New Hampshire. Bobo tells me that sometimes the squirrels entirely leave his country, and again are very numerous. He has on four different occasions seen these migrations crossing large rivers, twice, I believe, the Mississippi River. He says this fall the squirrels crossed while the water was yet fairly warm, but has seen winter migrations when long submersion in the icy water left the squirrels almost utterly exhausted when they emerged from the water. He says that in these cases the squirrels simply crawl out on the bank or sand bar and lie there, nearly perishing, until they gradually become dry. He has seen persons go along and pick them up by the tail, throwing them into sacks in any quantity desired, and has seen parties go out in boats to meet the swimming hordes, picking the squirrels up by the tails and throwing them into baskets or bags in the boat.

Bobo and the Bear Hunt.

It is late now to speak of President Roosevelt's bear hunt in Mississippi, but in view of certain inaccurate statements which have appeared in different parts of the country, Bobo wishes to be set right before the sportsmen, and is anxious that the FOREST AND STREAM shall have what will perhaps be the only accurate statement of the matter published. There was just a little politics, after all, in the Mississippi hunt, which was not really organized under the advices of Governor Longino after all. As to this, however, we need not concern ourselves. A paper in Memphis printed the somewhat astonishing announcement that Col. Bobo had declined to enter the hunt at Smedes, and assigned an unworthy reason for this action. This story stirred up the hospitable Colonel's ire to the last degree, and he promptly came out with a card, which was printed in different Southern papers, stating that he claimed to be both patriot and gentleman and had no part in the awkward and uncouth attack made upon the President of the United States at the expense of himself. Col. Bobo printed the following card: "Mr. Stuyvesant Fish wired Capt. A. A. Sharp to ask me to join the President's party. When I got the message I had been five days in the woods, hunting with personal friends from Champaign, Ill. I regretted more than words can express that I could not see any honorable way to comply with Mr. Fish's request, and I so wrote him. I should have been delighted to join the President's friends and to aid in extending him every courtesy, which would be due not only the man but his exalted office. The President of the United States is never slighted by any true American, and anything published to the contrary as coming from me, no matter by whom related, is so related under total misapprehension and in error. (Signed) R. E. Bobo."

There is no special moral and no reflection intended in this somewhat delayed statement, except that the next time the President wants a bear hunt, it is to be hoped he will go to Bobo direct. The Bobo bear pack is by comparison the only one in the State of Mississippi. It is a pleasure to see it when it moveth itself aright on its accustomed grounds; and when Bobo goes out after bear, he gets bear.

Western Men in New Brunswick.

I have already mentioned two or three Western men who were successful in New Brunswick. To these there is to be added Mr. George Henneberry, of Chicago, who was out with Adam Moore this fall on a successful trip, and who has the unqualified admiration of his guide, as witness a letter just received from Uncle Adam to-day. Adam says: "We have had a very successful season. I have never known big bull moose so plenty. We got some very fine ones and were never more than a week in getting any man his moose. Until November there was no snow. On the 12th it snowed, and then we saw a good bull every day for four days, while the snow lasted. That new country we discovered last winter and which I opened up this season is a dandy. That's where Mr. Robinson, of Chicago, got his moose."

Mr. M. Westover, of Schenectady, N. Y., was another one of Adam's customers this fall, and takes pains to write me under date of Dec. 8, saying that he had a most enjoyable fortnight with Adam. He met him at Perth and they drove to Riley Brook that night, went on to the forks of the Tobique the next morning, and on the second day's walk thence arrived at Nictor Lake. Mr. Westover interviewed seven different bull moose, let go one at which he might have shot, but shot his moose and caribou, although waiting for a long time to pick out a good moose head. Something of my own experience comes back as I read the following sentence. "I am sorry I killed the moose, but we followed two bulls for several hours, and when we came up with them it was so thick we could not see much, and Adam judged much more by size and color than by sight of the horns. I shot each animal but once, using the new .50-110 cartridge."

Changed Habits in Game Birds.

Speaking of Minnesota quail, my friend, Mr. Mershon, of Michigan, a close observer, writes thus:

"It is strange how the habits of these birds have changed. Northern Michigan is full of them, and instead of being an open field bird, they seem to frequent dense thickets. Their habits are more like those of the ruffed grouse. It seems to me they have become larger and hardier, and they are wilder, flying further after they are flushed, and being an entirely different bird than that which we knew here in southern Michigan twenty years ago. In fact, Saginaw was the extreme northern limit for a long while. In those days these birds were winter killed so often that it was only once in four or five years we had decent shooting. At times we would think they had entirely disappeared. Now we find them all around Wingleton, in Lake County. I saw lots of them north of Tawas this fall, and hear of them all over the State."

I can say that my own experience bears out these observations on the habits of the Bob White quail. These birds, as I saw them in Minnesota, were an entirely different game bird from the quail of my earlier years in Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska and other parts of the West and South. I believe that in these northern regions they surpass the ruffed grouse in shrewdness, shiftiness and general ability to care for themselves, and I believe that they in time become almost as hardy and as able to endure the northern winters, and will show fewer of those general and mysterious disappearances which sometimes turn up in regard to the ruffed grouse supply.

Heavy Seizure of Nebraska Quail.

Dec. 13.—A shipment of 500 quail, packed in barrels with layers of poultry on top, was seized at Fremont, Neb., by State Game Warden George L. Carter on Dec. 12. The shipment came from Verdigris, Neb., and was billed to Chicago. The name of the consignor is thought to be known to the State Game Warden and the impression is that arrest and conviction will follow. This is the most important seizure of game reported from Nebraska for a long time, and the sentiment regarding it would seem to be one of mild surprise. There is no question that large quantities of game are shipped out of Nebraska regularly to the Chicago market.

Found Dead in the Woods.

The body of Nelson Fordham, a merchant of Virginia, Minn., was discovered in the woods of a part of the Mesabe range a week or so ago. This was at a point some ten miles from the railroad. Fordham had been shot through the body by some unknown party and the probability is that he was another one of the victims of the deer-hunting season. No clew whatever to the shooter was discovered. Fordham's own rifle lay beside him and showed no sign of having been discharged.

The Quail Season.

The Illinois quail season is tapering off now very rapidly and few of the Chicago boys are now going out, owing to the bad reports brought in by shooters regarding the scarcity of birds. No one has been having very heavy shooting, although it is not to be said that the head of game is cut down to a point warranting any special alarm. Granted a good winter and spring, we should have a fair supply of quail next year, at least let us so hope.

Mr. Oswald Von Lengerke was down at Marion, Ill., in a very good quail country, a few days ago, but did not have any very heavy sport, although on one day he got 28 birds. He reports great quantities of rabbits, with which, of course, he was not interested. Here is a tip for some one who likes fun with beagles.

At Tolleston.

Mr. C. S. Dennis took a few friends to-day for an afternoon at Tolleston Club, south of Chicago. There seems to be no legal reason why they should not shoot a few blue rocks or pattern their shotguns on the barn door if they feel so disposed. There is talk of a quail preserve to be established by the Tolleston Club, that is to say, if there can be any such thing as a quail preserve for a club of any great extent and for a country so near to the gun bearing population of the lower Chicago precincts.

Mayor Goes to Oklahoma.

Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, went as the guest of honor in a special car party which will take a trip in Oklahoma this week with a view to a little quail shooting. Different chiefs of the Indian Nations have sent the Mayor invitations, the story having gone abroad that the latter is a member of the tribe of Wishininne, and hence qualified to shoot in all the Indian territories.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Few Ohio Woodcock.

MIAMISBURG, O., Dec. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Woodcock are becoming very scarce in this section of Ohio and are seen only at rare intervals. C. V.

"I think I know," said the amateur gunner, after his fifth straight miss, "why those birds are called 'ducks.'" "What's that, sir?" inquired the guide. "Because they duck out of the way every time a fellow shoots."—Philadelphia Press.

A Warrant to Arrest Your Attention.

Every week for years I have read with much interest the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, and at last I feel it almost my duty to write a few lines concerning the dedecrease of our wild fowl.

I have read the fine work of Mr. George B. Grinnell, "American Duck Shooting," and heartily agree with him in his suggested methods of stopping, to some extent, the decrease, namely: Limit the bag for the day and also for the season, and stop spring shooting. I have made a study of the game laws of the several States where the famous ducking grounds are located and find that ducks can, practically, be killed whenever seen; as the close season is the time the ducks are north breeding. You will readily see by consulting the laws and with a knowledge, born in all men, of the arrival and departure of the fowl, that in the matter of season, ducks are afforded very little protection, except perhaps on the flats around Perryville and Havre de Grace, where the laws are more binding than in other localities.

During my short existence, I have noticed a very marked and sad decrease in the hosts of fowl as they come down each fall, and although my observations have been confined to one locality, principally the Delaware River, around Marcus Hook, Wilmington, Billingsport and Essington, I have noted the decrease from time to time, and it only seems a question of a few years before they say good-bye forever.

In "American Duck Shooting," I see an article which describes the shooting on the Delaware River, some years ago, between Marcus Hook, Pa., and Pennsville, N. J., and I note with appreciation the shame of the shooter, after a day of slaughter among the mallards. But such examples as this one are very rare; usually the shooter simply shoots until either his ammunition is exhausted or the flight of fowl ceases. I fail to see any sportsmanlike qualities in such gunning, and I think the sportsmen will agree with me in the belief that the sooner such men as these are out of the way, the better duck shooting will become.

I believe that by the time another generation has grown to manhood, the accounts of duck shooting will be told, much as are the thrilling accounts of hunting the bison to-day. While in Charleston, at the exposition, last winter, W. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) informed a reporter of one of the local newspapers that in the early seventies he (Cody) had killed five thousand buffalo in eighteen months. While this is a little out of line with the text of my article, it serves to illustrate how quickly game can be exterminated, when so slaughtered, as recited above.

Let all interested write to their representatives in the Legislature and recommend a course that will protect these beautiful as well as gamy birds from the certain destruction which now confronts them.

ALBERT M. BARNES.

Which?

I HAD some sportsmen friends whose enthusiasm for shooting and fishing impressed me so deeply that I, who had known nothing of sport, became imbued with their spirit, and finally, as a raw novice, joined their ranks. I spent much money in obtaining a shooting and fishing outfit. For many years I took two to three weeks' time to indulge my passion for use of rod and reel, dog and gun. For many years I returned empty-handed. I furnished subjects for my friends' merriment. I was pointed out as the original man, well garbed, well equipped with the finest of rods and reels, who purchased his fish of the country tatterdemalion with a "pole," clothesline, pin hook and earth worm. I was also the original hero of the episode in which the dude man with a dude dog and dude gun buys his game in the market after a return from a shooting trip, and a few moments before his advent within the bosom of his family. I was pleasantly referred to as a "duffer," a "lobster" and other terms of endearment, which pass between friends when they esteem each other so highly that they can safely say unkind things. I was no good. I was simply so inefficient that I was a laughing stock. Why? It was not necessary to kill anything to have true sport. Why then was I such an object of general ridicule?

I got past the unskillful stage in time. I return now with good bags, the product of knowledge and skill acquired by application, weeks of practice, the expenditure of much money and the suffering of much mortification from the contempt of my friends. But, strange to relate, I am now a game hog. I was an object of contempt, because I couldn't bag any game, and now I am a still greater object of contempt because I can and do kill something.

If one listens to all the censure and heeds all the whims of others, what would one do? Nothing.

J. H. BLACK.

Forestry for Farmers.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 10.—The farmers of this country own about 500,000,000 acres of woodland, ten times the acreage of all the Federal forest reserves. Most of it consists of small wood-lots from which the owners derive their timber supplies for farm purposes.

It was to help the farmer in caring for his timberland that the Bureau of Forestry several years ago undertook to furnish him, without cost, with the services of its foresters. The offer proved popular, and applications for assistance have far exceeded the ability of the Bureau, with its limited number of trained foresters, to answer them. During the season just passed the Bureau has accomplished more than ever before in putting small woodlots under forest management and in teaching the farmer how properly to treat his timber. Two experts have been employed in the North and South who have examined and have put under management several thousand acres of woodland.

A great deal of wood is consumed every year on the farm for fuel, posts, poles, and other uses. Ordinarily, the farmer cuts what he needs without thought as to whether he is lessening the power of his forest constantly to yield its supplies. The result is that the forest becomes

poorer every year and less able to furnish the wood its owner needs. The skill the farmer exercises in the management of his crops is not of the kind that enables him to manage properly his timber. He needs the services of a forester.

Usually, only one visit to the farm by the Bureau's expert is necessary, and this service is given without cost to the owner. When, as occasionally happens, a second visit is needed, the owner is required to pay the traveling and living expenses of the expert while employed at the work.

Game Refuges.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your reference to "Massachusetts Game Refuges" in your issue of Dec. 6, calls to my mind what seems to me a most excellent suggestion to be adopted by the State of New York. Sometime ago I wrote a note on this subject, but finally cast it into the waste basket. My suggestion would be that the State establish in different localities, and especially about the sources of our streams, a number of parks as game and fish refuges. In these parks there should be neither fishing or hunting. Of course they should be in the charge of a keeper who, let us hope, might be something besides a man with a political pull, and who might retain his charge so long as he performed his duties faithfully and honestly.

The State could purchase or acquire at a small cost comparatively, sufficient land in different localities to establish such parks, and they would not only protect the sources of our water supply and streams, but assure us game and fish that would migrate therefrom and thus furnish a lasting supply of both, to some extent at least.

The land necessary for these parks or refuges would necessarily be such as is located in the hilly and rougher portion of the State as well as marsh lands. In fact, a very few thousand dollars, if discreetly used, would purchase a large number of acres in different sections of the State.

This to me is a subject that I think every lover of nature and sportsman, would be interested in, and I should be pleased to have their expressions together with yours through the medium of your journal.

If the idea is a favorable one it is not too late to procure the necessary legislation at the coming session of the Legislature. F.

Massachusetts Game.

NORTH BEVERLY, Dec. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* All this fall there has been a great scarcity of ducks in the ponds of this section, and as far as I can learn this applies all over eastern Massachusetts. Geese were a total failure and black ducks at a premium. The only birds that appeared in any numbers were bluebills.

Among a number of odd birds taken at the stand was a canvasback, shot on Nov. 13. This was the first ever taken here to my knowledge.

Longtail ducks were also shot in the pond for the first time, and at the early dates of October 19 to 21.

During the last few days there has been quite a little flight of American mergansers with some splendid male birds. It is a curious fact that the males of this species, and also the male buffleheads and hooded mergansers are very rarely seen here, while the females of all these birds are rather common.

The main duck flight this fall was from about October 10 to 26. The geese were seen in greatest numbers on the 14th, 15th and 16th of November, but on account of exceptionally mild weather, few if any, were secured. Later than this there appeared to be only a stray bunch now and then.

Woodcock were, of course, very scarce. In about nine days' hunting in the towns of Beverly, Danvers, Wenham and Topsfield I started only three. Snipe were practically absent. I saw only two, and other gunners reported about the same. Last year we had a fair number.

Quail were in good numbers for so shot out a locality as this, and ruffed grouse seem to be on a steady increase. It is only to be hoped that they will continue to have the chance to do so. J. C. PHILLIPS.

Massachusetts Deer.

WILLIAMSTOWN, Mass., Dec. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last Sunday, Dec. 7, two companions and myself saw three deer in Williamstown, Mass. They were a doe and two fawns, and had come to the edge of a wooded hill, about a mile from the town, to eat some late apples which still clung to the tree.

Ten years ago deer were about as common in Williamstown as elephants, and one might walk the hills all winter and never see a track. Now, however, they are seen quite commonly, and just across the Vermont line several are killed every year.

The notable increase is interesting as a commentary on the good laws of Vermont and Massachusetts, which I hope may long remain on the statute books. The wardens, too, deserve credit for enforcing the laws.

DAVID E. WHEELER.

The Sportsmen's Show.

THE ninth annual Sportsmen's Show, held under the auspices of the National Sportsmen's Association, will open at Madison Square Garden, New York City, Saturday, Feb. 21, 1903, and continue until Saturday, March 7.

One of the features will be many reputable and competent guides from hunting and fishing sections, never before represented.

Fly-casting, rifle and revolver contests—never failing sources of interest to the general public, as well as to sportsmen—will be held under the management of those well qualified to conduct such contests.

Trade exhibits, excepting launches, marine engines and motors, will occupy space on the gallery. Launches, marine engines and motors will occupy space on the main floor.

J. A. H. DRESSEL,
General Manager.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

West Virginia Skunk Protection.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., Dec. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Under the provisions of a recent law, whenever two hundred citizens sign a petition requesting it, the law is put in force, in the county in which such petition is signed, prohibiting the killing of skunks. Six or eight counties in the State have put this law into effect.

EMERSON CARNEY.

Sea and River Fishing.

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

The Mahseer.

NO FAMILY of fishes has a better claim to noble rank than the *Cyprinidæ*. From remote ages the carp has been associated with man in the Far East, where it has lived a gentle and civilized life in fish ponds, esthetically surrounded by stone lanterns, dwarf pine trees, porcelain bridges, and lotus blossoms. Migrating from Central Asia with the Aryan race, this ancient family planted scions in Europe, and their descendants swarm there at the present day, especially in the fish preserves of Germany and Austria. Among them there must be carps of long pedigree, whose ancestors were, perhaps, favorites of some early Chinese emperor.

Centuries of culture seem to have developed the intelligence and special senses of the carp. Its alertness and the cunning it displays in avoiding the sweep of a net have not escaped observation. Fish in general are supposed to be deaf, or, at any rate, somewhat hard of hearing; but there is no doubt that the tame carp knows and answers a call to feed. Owing to its being regularly fed in ponds, it has lost the habit of hunting small fry; and the carp is, therefore, reckoned among the least predatory of fishes. Izaak Walton pays tribute to the fineness of its breeding, its quality, when he speaks of the carp as the "queen of rivers; a stately, a good, and a very subtle fish."

Yet, in spite of this praise, the carp in modern England, where it is more common than in this country, is not highly esteemed by sportsmen. It herds with roach, dace, and other "coarse" fish—as they are called—in muddy, silent streams, or grows fat and sluggish in a placid pond, where it is angled for with float and worm. It is not a lively, sporting fish; that is the head and front of its offending. English fly-fishers, who know little of the bass family, are apt to look on the *Salmonidæ* as the only game fish in existence.

The British angler exiled in India has discovered, however, that he is dependent upon the *Cyprinidæ* for sport. They are distributed throughout that continent from the Vale of Kashmir, across the northern border, to the Carnatic district in the extreme south. They are found in the swift streams of the Doon as well as in the lakes of the foot-hills and the quiet pools of the great Jumna. The mahseer, as the Indian carp is usually called, is a sporting fish, but its disposition varies with the nature of its habitat. Trout lose their gaminess in sluggish, sun-warmed streams, and the salmon of the forest-shrouded rivers of the Pacific Coast do not rise readily to the fly. There are similar differences in the sporting qualities of the mahseer. If it has to struggle with the cold and rapid waters of a torrent like the Thelum, the fish develops a strength and spirit that makes it the peer of the most pugnacious salmon.

The name "mahseer" comes from the vernacular mahasir and means "big head." The fish is aptly named. Running as it does up to forty or fifty pounds weight, the mahseer is a giant carp, with all the characteristics of the genus *Cyprinus*. It is deep in the shoulder and carries a big dorsal fin on its arched back; two pairs of barbels, those fleshy mustaches from which another member of the family takes its name, droop from the corners of its almost toothless jaws. At the opening of its narrow gullet is placed a large, flat bone, which crushes indifferently hard grains and stout hooks.

Being omnivorous in its feeding the mahseer is taken with various lures. In the Kumaon lakes, a Scotch salmon fly is used, when the water is low and clear; but the fish are generally angled for with molded paste, tinctured with some strong smelling oil, or with some form of spinner. Of these the light, oval, shining brass spoon, no larger than the finger-nail, makes very pretty fishing; it can be cast underhanded and spun near the surface of the water. But where the angling is done from a boat and the mahseer run heavy, one uses a heavy, four-inch silvered flat triangle, which has two of its corners produced and turned up, so that the bait spins round, screw-fashion, on its axis. Another way, and one that may seem strange to the American angler, is to fish with parched peas. These, after a hole has been drilled in them with a needle, are threaded, two or three together, on the shank of a hook and cast, with an underhand action, so as to float on the surface of the stream. The hook, of course, is attached to the line with silkworm gut and, with the light grains, weighs no more than a small salmon fly. Gram fishing, as it is called from the native name for the bait, affords the active angler the same exercise and roving delights as fly-fishing; he can stroll from rapid to rapid, casting as he goes. But mahseer can be taken with "gram" only in rivers where they are accustomed to feed on seeds and grains.

Such a river is the Nerbudda, which, rising in the teak forest of Seoni, where Mowgli lived with his friends, the wolf-cubs, flows through the partly cultivated country to the south of Jubbulpore in Central India. Twelve miles from the city, it flings itself into a deep chasm in the limestone formation at a place called the Marble Rocks. This is the scene of the destruction of the dholes, as narrated in the Jungle Book. The wild dogs, it will be remembered, were lured by Mowgli to the brink of a precipice, over which they plunged to be stung to death or drowned in their attempts to escape from the wild bees. The nests of these formidable insects hang like bunches of grapes from the Marble Rocks, and visitors take every precaution to avoid disturbing them. That their stings have proved fatal to human beings is shown by the inscription on a tombstone close by the chasm. This records how an engineer met with his death "drowned by wild bees in the Nerbudda."

This river is, moreover, one of the sacred streams of Hindostan. There are many temples on its banks and long flights of steps, or ghauts, by which the faithful descend to perform their ablutions or to draw nearer to the holy water to take home with them. The worshippers eat their meals on these stairs and cast rice, pulse, and other grains into the river. This attracts the mahseer to the ghauts, where they wax fat in the muddy, sluggish pools below the temples. The fish in the Nerbudda have thus become grain-eaters.

Angling for tame mahseer off the steps of a temple is not sport. Though not forbidden by law, it is contrary to the spirit of British rule, which respects the religious prejudices of the natives. But the fish that live in the pools and rapids below the shrines are just as fond of the peas and other grains as their more favored brethren. Plenty of such food floats down the river; the fish feed on it and may be caught with "gram" bait in the proper season.

The time for fishing depends, like everything else in India from the harvest downward, upon the recurrence of the monsoon. During this period, which lasts from June to September, the rain that falls continually, save for an occasional interval of fine weather, puts an end to angling. The Nerbudda rises, foot by foot, till the brown, tumultuous flood is almost level with the brim of its deep channel. After the monsoon, the waters subside gradually till, by the middle of winter, the broad and deep bed appears a world too wide for the shrunken stream that meanders through its sands. The weather is now set fair, the days cool and pleasant, and the time for mahseer fishing has come.

But you cannot stroll down to the river, rod in hand, as if you were going trouting. The river must be "chummed," or ground-baited, at some particular spot, usually a series of rapids. To perform this service you send out a "syce," or grass-cutter, or some one of the host of servants who swarm round your bungalow. The man must be provided with a liberal allowance of grain, for, by the custom of the country, he will help himself to what he wants and bestow the remainder on the fish. When he has attracted the mahseer by assiduously casting them daily rations, Nathoo, let us call him, returns to say that the "bundobast," or arrangement, is made. He then parches some grains, drills them so as to be ready for the hook, and, with a reserve supply in a bag by his side, follows the angler to the river.

At its cold weather level the Nerbudda flows at the bottom of a deep trench formed by rocky or sandy cliffs of no great height. The panther has his lair in the strong, jungle-covered hills that abut on the river; though rarely seen, his howling cry is sometimes heard at nightfall. The stream does not fill its bed, but winds from side to side over pebbly flats and past sandy islets, covered with grass and low bushes, in which the gaudy plumage of the wild peacock is sometimes seen to flash. This is the scene of your sport and, if Nathoo has done his "chumming" thoroughly, the water will seem alive with fish, when he throws a double handful of grain into the bubbling rapid, to bring the mahseer to the surface. As the gram touches the water, there is an instant commotion and a sound like the smacking of many cart whips. Not a nose is seen above the waves, but the floating grains are sucked under. Then you swing the line out from your cane rod and let the baited hook float down the current over the feeding fish. The first sign of a rise is given by the whir of the reel, for the mahseer usually hooks himself. All the fighting power of the big carp is expended in the first rush. If well hooked, and the leathery mouth holds the hook well, the mahseer may then be reeled in, resisting more or less according to his weight. On the Nerbudda a fish of five or six pounds is a good one and, played in a swirling rapid, a fat, olive-green, ruddy-finned mahseer affords excellent sport. Smaller fish abound in the litle streams that join the main river.

Fishing in these waters, with fine gut and but one grain on his hook, the exile may almost cheat himself into the belief that he is fishing for trout. He drops his bait under sparkling cascades into amber pools. The living productions of nature in India, all that covers the surface of the land with shade and herbage, is strange and unfamiliar, but in the primitive elements of rock and water he fights the "touch of nature that makes the whole world kin." For granite is granite all the earth over, the rock is shaped and worn away by Eastern streams into the forms familiar from boyhood to the Northern man; and water makes the same music with the pebbles of Nerbudda as with those of Tweel. Pursued in this spirit, his favorite sport charms the angler into forgetfulness of his exile, of the many leagues of "salt, estranging sea," that divide him from the land of his birth.

F. W. REID.

Bass in the Susquehanna and in Cayuga Lake.

SAYRE, Pa.—On the Susquehanna River, a few miles above Owego, some of the finest pike and black bass fishing of the season has lately been enjoyed by local anglers. Some especially large pike have been taken both at the point above named, and on the river between Sayre and Owego. As a matter of fact, the past two months have afforded angling of a most delightful sort on Susquehanna waters. Advices from Cayuga Lake concerning the bass and muscallonge and pickerel fishing sustain and confirm the report above made.

Along the east shore of the lake just off from what is locally known as Esty's Lookout, a large number of bass were taken during October and November, and for this particular reach of water the bass season, for the number and weight of fish taken, must be classed as a record breaker.

M. CHILL.

"Some New Salmon Flies."

The paper on new salmon flies in our issue of Dec. 13 should have been credited to the London Field, from which journal it was copied.

Game Fishes of Northern California

The anglers of San Francisco are now happy in the conviction that for good sport they will not hereafter have to depend entirely upon trout fishing. A few years ago the scarcity of trout in our coast streams was deeply deplored by the angling fraternity, but striped bass fishing was then in its infancy and salmon fishing was not on the list of sports in our streams. Fortunately the trout fishing has somewhat revived and this year moderately fair sport was had during the early part of the season. To counteract the scarcity of trout, we have excellent bass fishing practically all the year round, also salmon fishing from November to January and the usual run of steelhead trout every winter.

Trout.—For fair trout fishing the angler has only to travel three hours from San Francisco, where one of the most prolific streams, the Paper-mill Creek, is reached. This stream has furnished good fishing for years to a very large number of sportsmen. The Sonoma Creek has also proved itself worthy of notice and Boulder and Bear Creeks, in the Santa Cruz mountains never fail to yield fairly good catches to those familiar with its stretches.

In the early days of California when anglers were few and far between, good sport could be had on any coast stream. Where there were fifty fishermen twenty-five years ago, there are now probably five hundred, hence trout fishing must be a scarce commodity in our midst. Two rivers which yield good sport are worthy of mention, viz., the upper Sacramento and the never-failing Truckee. The upper Sacramento affords good sport from the opening of the season until about June 15, when fly-fishing practically ceases on account of the arrival of the salmon making for their spawning beds. The salmon, however, return to the ocean about the middle of September and fly-fishing is resumed from that date to the close of the season. On the Truckee, fishing is good dur-

PAPER-MILL CREEK—SALMON FISHING.

RUSSIAN RIVER—STEELHEAD TROUT WATERS.

ing the entire season, but is at its best during June and July. This river has its source from Lake Tahoe and empties into Pyramid Lake. The anglers who yearly whip this stream comprise not only California anglers, but sportsmen from all parts of the country, and the same faces are seen year after year at the different fishing points along the line, principally among which are, Truckee, the Union Mills, Boca, Floriston and Verdi. This surely is sufficient proof that for good sport the Truckee River has not its equal in California or probably the United States.

The only difficulty which our city anglers experience in visiting these rivers is a too short vacation, the railroad rates are most liberal during the summer months and within the means of any angler who wishes good sport at a small outlay. The Southern Pacific Railroad Company's lines run parallel with the Sacramento River from Slatonis to Shasta Soda Springs, and on the Truckee River from Truckee to Reno. The railroad employes are very obliging and are always willing to impart their knowledge of the best fishing points. The summer resorts at the best fishing grounds of the upper Sacramento River are Slatonis, Sims, Castle Crags, Shasta Retreat and Shasta Soda Springs.

Bass Fishing.—Although only in its infancy is a boon to the masses and bass are taken in large numbers almost anywhere in the waters of San Francisco Bay, the shores of Belvedere, San Pablo Bay, the sloughs of Petaluma Creek, the long fill, Point Reyes, the Oakland estuary, estuary canal and Lake Merritt, Oakland. The bait thus far known is the clam. During the past two years trolling with a large spoon (Wilson's) has proven a very killing lure.

Bass fishing has become universal and hundreds of fishermen enjoy the sport. Our deep sea fishermen have taken it up, our "Dago" friends with their hand-lines can be found everywhere in search of this game fish. The proper tackle for this sport, is an 8-foot rod, 200 yards of strong line, good substantial reel and a No. 4-0 hook.

Steelhead Trout.—This very game fish may be taken with rod and line during the winter months, in tide water and is found in all streams emptying into the ocean, the best of which is the Russian River, Mendocino County. They loiter in the pools awaiting an opportunity to ascend to their spawning beds and it is at this time that they will take all kinds of lures, but principally a trolling spoon. They run in size from a few pounds to 25 and 30 pounds, and when hooked put up a great fight before being brought to gaff. The tackle used, a 10 ounce rod, 100 yards silk line, a 3-foot leader with one or two double hooks for bait fishing with salmon roe as a lure. For spoon fishing, a 3-foot leader, with red fly on swiveled hook running loose on the line above the leader.

Salmon.—It is only within the past year or two that this species ,the Quinnat salmon, has visited the tide water of the Paper-mill Creek in quest of spawning grounds. The majority taken thus far are monsters in size, but not as game as the steelhead, they, however, make a few good rushes, are swift and strong and the tackle required is similar to that for steelhead. About the first of November they appeared in large numbers at Point Reyes and many of our local anglers went up after them, but the fish would seldom take any of the tempting lures presented to them.

I. B. Kenniff and Sam A. Wells are both very expert in spoon casting and demonstrated to their admiring brother sportsmen that they could cast from the reel a 5E Wilson spoon to any desired spot in the White House Pool. It was even remarked that W. A. Cooper would have to look to his laurels, even though he is recognized as one of the best fishermen from San Francisco.

The salmon were seen moving up stream by twos and fours. During their movements they had spoons thrust upon them from both sides, but they were too wise and failed to take any notice of the flashing metals. However, a few were picked up in the White House Pool and the Narrows, and Messrs. Wells, Banker, Fatjo and Hall were the lucky ones. It was reported that Al. Hall caught one weighing 33 pounds on a No. 6 hook with a white worm as a lure.

Fishing for salmon is an innovation in the Paper-mill Creek and the anglers will soon learn that the tackle must of necessity be of the strongest kind, at the same time it must be light, and the rod should not weigh more than 8 ounces. If the angler endeavors to cast incessantly all day with a heavy rod he soon will have to quit the sport and seek lighter tackle. He must also provide himself with 100 yards of silk line, as the fish are swift and strong, and put up a hard fight before being brought to gaff. The silk line is by far the best, as it runs freely from the reel and enables one to make a much better cast than with the linen lines in use.

We were all very much amused recently at our friend Banker, who was fishing with the butt end of a good-sized sapling, and notwithstanding the weight of his rod, he landed in a couple of minutes a fish that would do credit to a deep sea fisherman, it was a 35 pounder. A novice at angling for salmon whose tackle was of the best, emulated Banker's style of playing his fish and lost two good sized ones which he might have landed had he allowed him a little leeway.

On this occasion Sam A. Wells made the catch of the day, and judging by his efforts and excitement, we thought he had hooked on to a 50-pounder, but it soon developed that the supposed mammoth salmon was nothing more than a large sized northern diver or grebe which had taken the spoon, while it was sinking, in mistake for a fish. Wells landed the diver after a twenty minutes' fight and was vigorously applauded by the assembled fishermen.

James Watt.

San Francisco, Dec. 8.

Fish and Fishing.

Fly-Casting Up or Down the Stream.

Only a day or two ago I listened to a very interesting discussion by two old fishermen upon the relative merits of fishing up and down stream, and though both of the disputants are men well up in the literature of angling, and quoted freely from the authorities in support of their respective views, I could not but observe that only one American author was appealed to in support of the contention that in wading a stream it is better to cast toward its head, although this is the view entertained by the majority of English writers on the subject. Genio C. Scott, who advocates fishing up stream when wading, supports his contention by saying that this method does not roil the water, and that consequently there is less liability to alarm the fish. He admits that when casting from the shore it makes very little difference which way the stream is fished, but fails to make the principal point insisted upon by English advocates of up-stream fishing, namely, that fish resting in the water have their heads pointing up stream and cannot see behind them. The majority of American and Canadian trout fishermen believe in down-stream fishing as a general rule, and rightly so, I believe; though I know of bright, clear, shallow brooks, where the well-educated finny inhabitants can only be successfully tempted from the rear. Sometimes, as Genio Scott has said, the question as to fishing up or down a stream, should be decided by its condition, and the difference between the characteristics of the average English and American trout stream has doubtless had much to do with the different habits of the anglers who fish them. Thaddeus Norris has well pointed out that only in a still pool or where the current is gentle, is one able to fish up stream with any degree of precision, for the force of the current in our rapid brooks and rivers dash the flies so quickly along, that if the angler is below them, they are at his feet almost immediately after reaching the water. Hallock and Bradford and almost every other American author on the subject favor down-stream fishing for trout, and in salmon fishing there is, of course, no room for any difference of opinion on the subject.

While upon this topic I take down an English book which I was glancing over a few days ago, and in which I had marked something that very much amused me, in connection with the matter now under discussion. David Webster, in his "Angler and the Loop Rod" (attributed in literary circles to Dr. James Livingstone, of Wisham), says "The reason why so many anglers prefer to fish down in all conditions of water is simply that they find it easier to do so. And no doubt fishing up stream is more difficult than fishing down." If the pursuit of difficulties be the angler's chief ambition, he should naturally, at all times, fish up stream. But most fishermen find difficulties enough ready to their hand without going out of their way to look for more, though the author of the work referred to, being a good angler himself, repeats the dictum of Plato that "what is good is difficult," and adds to the "difficulty," and, therefore, to the presumed "goodness" of his sport, not only by his method of stream fishing, but also by the weight of the rod with which he does it. He describes it as being a two-handed spliced rod, from 13 feet 6 inches to 13 feet 8 inches in length. As the butt is made of ash, the middle piece of hickory and the top of lancewood, the rod must be quite as heavy as those generally used by American anglers for killing salmon.

The American Sardine Industry.

So noticeable has been the decline, of late, in the herring fisheries of the Bay of Fundy and the western Nova Scotian coast that an investigation has been undertaken to determine whether or not this decline is attributable to the operation of the so-called sardine weirs, or brush traps, especially off the New Brunswick shores. Between 700 and 800 of these traps are fished every season under licenses issued by the Dominion Government, while on some of the West Isles off Passamaquoddy Bay, limited parts of the shore are thickly studded with these fish-weirs. In the waters further north, especially in St. John County, N. B., there has been a serious decrease in the supply of full-grown herring, so much so, in fact, that certain schools which provided important fisheries in former years, have totally disappeared. The growth of the Maine sardine industry has been remarkable, especially in view of the fact that the major part of the raw material comes from Canadian waters. Its value is about $3,000,000 per annum, and as there is no such fish as the real sardine in American waters, those canned in Maine being the young of the common herring, it is not surprising that there should be a large decrease in the supply of the latter.

E. T. D. Chambers.

A certain Scottish laird recently invited an English friend to stay with him for some fishing. One day the Englishman, who was a novice at the sport, hooked a fine salmon, and, in his excitement, slipped and fell into the river. The keeper, seeing that he was no swimmer, hooked on to him with the gaff, and was about to drag him ashore, when the laird called out, "What are ye aboot, Donal'? Get haul o' the rod and look tae the fush. Ma friend can bide a wee, but the fush winna!"

"Do you think that the theatrical profession leads to unhappy marriages?" "I have never been able to decide," answered the manager, "whether a stage career leads to divorce or divorce leads to a stage career."—Washington Star.

Reminiscences of an Octogenarian.

Part III.

BY THE OLD ANGLER.

(*Continued from page 463.*)

"Let us to the ancient woods; I say, let us value the woods. They are full of solicitations."—Thoreau.

"Doubt not, sir; but that angling is an art, and an art worth your learning; the question is rather whether you be capable of learning it."—Izaak Walton.

FIFTY years ago anglers in the Provinces were a very small brotherhood. The officers of the regiments stationed at Halifax, St. John and Fredericton were the envied exemplars of this sport, and did much to spread the love of it in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. In the early forties of the last century the Thirty-fourth Regiment formed the garrison at St. John, with a detachment in Fredericton. The officers of this regiment were enthusiastic sportsmen. Some had their fast horses and were always ready for a race on the sands with George Gilbert, Hugh McMonagle or the first Roland Bunting, the father of the turf in New Brunswick. If the Octogenarian's memory has not failed him, a captain in this regiment was Lord Hill, whose great hobby was his horses. There may be some readers of FOREST AND STREAM in the Provinces who will remember both him and Larry Stevens, who kept a livery stable and ran the daily mail between St. John and Fredericton. Larry was a typical Irishman, with all an Irishman's humor and love of sport; he was, beside, a lover of horses and a good judge of their points. He was one of Nature's gentlemen, notwithstanding his unpretentious avocation, and was on easy terms of acquaintance with the sporting officers of the garrison. After repeated defeats on the sands, where Hill's blooded stock was too fast for Larry's best roadsters, he bet the officer twenty guineas that he would start from Fredericton with a pair of his stagers and take them into St. John ahead of Hill's fancy team with long pedigrees. The bet was accepted, and a great deal of interest was felt in the match. Hill started in a light sleigh, with costly robes, gold-plated harness, and what was then a novelty in St. John, the present web lines, and called "tapes." Larry had a light mail bag in a strong "pung," better known nowadays as a "cutter," with strong, plain, domestic-made harness and a buffalo skin. The road was in excellent condition, and for the first 20 miles the thoroughbreds led, then kept together, the drivers laughing and joking, each making occasional spurts, until Douglass Arms was reached, 50 miles from Fredericton. Here a hot meal awaited them, and each saw to his horses. After a rest of two hours they started on the last stage, which is about 18 miles from St. John. Hill's horses, totally unused to such work, soon fell behind Larry's more seasoned team. This was just what Larry had calculated on, and bidding Hill a sarcastic good-by, he soon left him far in the rear. When within five miles of the city one of his horses fell and broke his neck, which almost broke Larry's heart, more for his good horse than for the loss of his bet. When his lordship overtook Larry he found him with a fresh team, and they drove to town in company. When his friends blamed Larry for not putting the dead horse on the sled and driving in the single horse, which would have won the bet, as he might easily have done with the lead he had, Larry slapped his knee, opened his eyes wide, shook his head sadly and said: "May the divil admire me, why didn't I think of that?" Hill offered to consider the bet off, but Larry insisted on paying, and Hill declared him the truest gentleman he had met in his travels.

Several of the officers cared more for fishing and shooting than for racing, and every day of leave they could obtain was spent on the rivers or lakes or in the woods, which in those days were better stocked with fin, fur and feather than they are now. Moose, caribou and deer then went in large herds; bears were more common, while geese, ducks, woodcock, snipe and partridge were found within easy reach of the city. Sachem Gabe was then in his prime, and no better hunter ever guided sportsmen to their quarry in the forest, or more skillfully propelled his birch canoe on river, lake or stream. The surroundings were strange and the woods had all the charms of novelty. Eating *al fresco,* with an appetite that only hunters know, sleeping under the stars, wrapped in his blanket, on a bed of fragrant fir boughs, with his feet to the fire, was a new experience to men fresh from English cantonments, and they reveled in the change. Many of them soon became expert in the canoe and on the trail. Some could handle a pole or paddle or lug his pack in a fashion that surprised their Indian guides. One officer in particular, was said by Gabe to be "great hunter; good man in woods; same as Indian in canoe."

At this time the Schoodic Lakes and land-locked salmon were all but unknown to the little coterie of anglers in St. John. Roads were rough; travel difficult and the angling nearer home—at Loch Lomond, Mispeck stream, Beaver and Ball's lakes—was good enough, and the trout large enough to satisfy the most greedy fisherman. In those days it was much more difficult to lug home the basket than to fill it with trout running from 1 to 2 pounds. Consequently, there was no inducement to go further afield in search of sport. In 1862 the Fifteenth Regiment was quartered in St. John. Among the officers were Capts. Dashwood, Farquharson and Coventry, ardent sportsmen all, wild to explore that Canada of whose game resources every returned officer had told them marvelous stories. After having explored all the lakes in the neighborhood of St. John, these officers made a trip to the Schoodic Lakes, and their report of the fishing and of the game qualities of the land-locked salmon in Grand Lake Stream and the lakes above set our little coterie wild. In company with the late Sheriff Harding, well known to hundreds of readers of FOREST AND STREAM, the Old Angler made his first visit to these lakes, and had such sport as induced many subsequent visits in after years.

In his charming "Chiploquorgan, or Life by the Camp Fire," published after his return to England in 1872, Captain (now General) Dashwood has given us the best guide books to sporting in the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland that the Octogenarian has ever seen. He makes the following remarks about the Schoodic salmon: "I may here say a word as to the species of the trout in these lakes, as it has been a matter of much controversy between American naturalists, some of whom affirm that they are pent-up salmon. * * * For my part, I do not for a moment suppose that these fish are salmon. In my opinion the idea is absurd, as there is nothing to prevent these fish going down to sea; and when the river was first blocked by dams, surely the fish then in the river would have followed their natural instincts and returned to salt water."

In opposition to this opinion, Prof. Agassiz, America's great naturalist, had pronounced these Schoodic trout to be degenerated salmon. In a sketch, describing these fish, printed in 1869, some years previous to the publication of General Dashwood's fascinating book, the present writer said, after a long discussion with two American gentlemen then camped on Grand Lake Stream, who were very intelligent men and fine anglers, one of whom suggested that hybridity might offer a solution of the difficulty:

"Scarcely, even if the hybridity of fish, which naturalists deny, were admitted. As both salmon and trout go to salt water, it is hard to suppose their mixed progeny would be averse to it. If these fish were known in the lakes before the dams were erected, that fact would be fatal to the degeneration theory."

"Why so?" asked Mr. R. "I do not see that consequence."

"For this reason. Before the dams were built on the river there was no obstacle to the free passage of the fish up or down, and they would spawn in the main river below Princeton as well as here in this stream. As we know the St. Croix was a fine salmon stream before the dams were built, we should have to admit that the perfect salmon and the degenerated salmon frequented the same stream, and that, under precisely similar conditions they had very dissimilar habits. This, I think, would constitute a distinct species. On the whole, I incline to the opinion that the supposition of a distinct variety presents the least difficulty."

Since this was written, that close observer, fine writer and keen angler, Mr. E. T. D. Chambers, has given us his splendid book on "The Ouananiche and Its Canadian Environment," in which he exhausts the subject and goes far to prove that the ouananiche, or fresh water salmon, is the true parent of the *Salmo salar,* "which has acquired the habit of wandering from the crystal Eden in which it was created, into the salt wilderness of the sea, by its acquisition of a taste for the flesh-pots of the briny deep." The copious quotations from foremost American and English naturalists and observers go far to prove that Mr. Chambers' theory, if not the correct one, is that which best fits all the facts, so far as these are known to the scientific world. The Old Angler has great pleasure in calling the attention of brother anglers to this most instructive and entertaining book, published by Harper & Bros. in 1896. No more competent authority and few such fascinating and instructive writers have added their quota to the literature of fishing; no more delightful reading can the disciples of Father Izaak desire.

Since "Chiploquorgan" was written, General Dashwood has many times crossed the Atlantic and renewed his acquaintance with the forests and rivers of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. His last visit was in 1900, when he was somewhat stouter than of yore, but as vigorous and active as ever in his pursuit of big game. Whether he still holds to the opinion stated in "Chiploquorgan" that there is a sea trout in the Provinces distinct from *fontinalis,* the writer cannot say; but he has often wondered that so acute an observer could write as follows: "Sea trout frequent, more or less, all the rivers in North America. In some seasons they are so numerous at the commencement of the run as to be a positive nuisance to the salmon fisher." That Capt. Dashwood should have fallen into this error, is not strange; but that so competent a naturalist, and an angler of such experience as Mr. Charles Hallock should have perpetuated this error, is somewhat surprising. The Old Angler's experience of the rivers of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia extends over a period of 65 years; 22 of these he was an officer of the Fisheries Department of Canada, and his duties took him to all the rivers in both Provinces. He is convinced that there is not, in the rivers of Nova Scotia or New Brunswick, any trout distinct in appearance and habits from *fontinalis;* until he sees and handles such a fish, he is forced to retain his present belief, the grounds of which he here presents to his brother anglers and those naturalists who read FOREST AND STREAM.

As a schoolboy on the banks of the Miramichi—the best river for so-called sea trout in the Provinces—the Old Angler caught these trout through the ice in the tideway from December until March, when they left the upper tideway for the estuary and mouth of the river to meet the first run of smelts. The larger trout in the upper reaches of the river also descended to meet the smelts as they came in to spawn in the smaller streams and large brooks that empty into both sides of both branches of this noble river. In the month of June large numbers of these so-called sea trout are found at Indiantown on the southwest branch, just below the confluence of the Renous River. In his boyhood both Indians and white settlers resorted to the mouth of the Renous to fish for these sea trout, which linger there for the last straggling runs of smelt and afford the finest sport for anglers, as they will greedily take almost any fly offered. Every season angling parties from St. John still resort to Indiantown for these sea trout, and find good sport; few of them think any more of the matter. But mark, now, the facts: When the last of the smelts disappear, so also do the sea trout from Indiantown; but their course is upward to the headwaters, not downward to the sea. This fact is proved by their being caught in the gaspereau nets from Indiantown to the head of the Settlements, above Boiestown, some 50 miles distant, and afterward by salmon fishermen, still higher up, and thence to the headwaters of the river. No fewer than four times has the Old Angler crossed from St. John waters to the extreme headwaters of the Southwest, and in his downward course has caught these sea trout weighing from 1 to 2½ pounds so plentiful that, for want of salt to save them, he and his companions have liberated as many as twenty in the course of a few hours' fishing. This was before the settlements at Glassville and Beaufort, which have seriously depleted the headwaters and consequently reduced the numbers resorting to the tideway.

These remarks are strictly applicable to all the rivers on the north shore from Restigouche to Shediac, and from Nouvelle to Gaspé. The so-called sea trout, instead of coming from the sea into the river, go down from the upper waters to the mouths of rivers for the better feed to be found in their estuaries. Every considerable river on the north shore has its sea trout; but there is one fact that should settle the question forever in the minds of all competent observers. The sea trout of the Restigouche, the Nepissiguit and the Miramichi, are not to be distinguished from those of the smaller rivers, except in point of size. In these three rivers alone do they reach the weight of 3 pounds, and these are rare. From 1½ to 2½ pounds is the usual weight of sea trout in these three rivers; but the numbers of the latter weight have sadly fallen off since the writer caught them in his boyhood. The smaller rivers all along the cosat have their sea trout, but none so heavy as those in the larger rivers, though in all other respects identical in appearance and habits, and all spawn in the upper waters of their respective rivers. The Nepissiguit furnishes demonstration of the utter fallacy of the sea trout cult. The mouth, between the Capes, is narrow. In the boyhood of the Old Angler the trout from the river came down in spring in large numbers to meet the smelts coming in to spawn. Many were taken in seines used for the purpose of catching smelts, which were taken in vast quantities, and there being then no means of getting them to a market, they were used as a fertilizer on farms in the neighborhood. Since the I. C. R. has furnished a means of reaching Provincial and U. S. markets, frozen smelts have formed a large export from all the Northern Counties. Last year the aggregate shipments from New Brunswick amounted to 7,863,000 pounds. Return we to sea trout. After the smelts have disappeared, the trout returns to the upper waters whence they came, and intense is the annoyance of salmon anglers at Rough Waters, Round Rocks, Middle Landing and the falls pools to find his most artistic work interrupted by the greedy grip of a sea trout, sometimes as large as 2½ pounds, but only a nuisance when the cast was made in the hope of raising a salmon that was surely within reach. How often has the writer cursed the splendid trout which, under other circumstances, he would have blessed, that took his fly at mid landing and by his rumpus effectually destroyed all hope of raising that salmon which yesterday nosed his fly on the surface and sank back behind the white stone, whose glint could be seen within easy cast.

Ay de mie! How the old time comes over me! Again am I on the Nepissiguit—paradise of anglers! From the head of tide to Grand Falls is only 20 miles. But in this distance are displayed, on a small scale, all the features of a great river. There are long stretches of deep and quiet water, placid as a pond; rough reaches of roaring rapids with huge boulders standing high above the crested waves; rocky ridges over which the waters, pent up by the narrow gorges through which they roll and roar, seethe and swell, rush and wrestle till they reach a smoother course, when they spread out into broad shallows with pebbly bottoms, over which they laugh and dance at their recovered freedom. At length is reached a miniature Yosemite, into which the whole volume of 60 miles of river pitches over a short perpendicular fall, and then cascades down a gorge inferior only in size to America's great spectacle of the sublime and beautiful! The shore is as various in its aspect as the stream. In some places woods grow to the very edge and overhang the water; in others a smooth and grassy strand delights the angler; here steep and frowning banks almost forbid access to the stream; there a sandy beach offers fine footing, while sometimes a swampy shore makes passing difficult. Several small tributaries add their waters; the most important is Gordon's Brook, which takes its rise not far from the northwest branch of the Miramichi. In spring, when the water is high and cold, to fish from a canoe such places as cannot be reached from shore, is more convenient; but in summer, when the water is warmer, there is scarcely a good cast on the whole stream that cannot be reached by wading knee-deep. And, O dear! There is not a cast on the whole 20 miles of this delightful stream from which the Old Angler has not brought his salmon to gaff! When "Dominie Gilmour" spent his annual two months in camp at Pabineau or Grand Falls, and was joined by his old crony, Bob Tannehill, who regularly made the weary journey by stage from St. John to Bathurst to foregather with his old chum from the Tweed, and enjoy such sport that even the Tweed could furnish no better, who can blame them if, under the genial influence of a *quaigh* of guid Glenlivet after a day's rare sport, they felt with their immortal countryman and brother angler that "worldly men and worldly cares might all gang tapetterio?" Dear old Thad Norris! How, at Rough Waters, on a previous visit, did he gloat over his first salmon! But, there—surely old age is garrulous! I had quite forgotten the sea trout in following him to his proper habitat. *Revenons a nos moutons.*

From Rough Waters to Grand Falls these sea trout are found all summer. After spawning the largest descend to tideway, where they spend the winter, and are not found at the Capes until the following spring. Grand Falls are impassable for both salmon and trout, consequently it follows that if any trout are caught above the falls, they cannot be sea trout. The writer has twice canoed from Grand Falls to Nepissiguit lakes, which are the source of the river. All along its whole course, in suitable water, he has taken trout identical in shape, color, markings and weight with those below the falls, while in the lakes they ran still heavier; along the river they varied from 1 pound to 2½—those in the lakes often reached 3 pounds. Crossing the short portage into Nictor Lake, the source of the Tobique, precisely similar trout were caught, but these were not so large, running from ¾ to 1½ pounds; these never go to salt water, which is some 140 miles distant. Surely these incontestable facts should settle the question as regards all other rivers on the North Shore. From Shediac, in Westmoreland, through Kent, Northumberland and Gloucester to Dalhousie on Restigouche, every river has its sea trout identical in every minute particular with those in the three larger rivers, except in weight, and this varies as the rivers are larger or smaller. In the Charlo and Jacquet the sea trout are nearly as large as those in Restigouche,

The two rivers between Louison and Benjamin are small, as are their sea trout. Nepissiguit and Miramichi are large rivers and their sea trout are the largest in the Province. The intervening rivers, Caraquet, Pokemouche, Tracadie and Tabusintac are considerable rivers, and in them the sea trout run large. Below the Miramichi the rule still holds. Kouchibouguac, Richibucto and Buctouche are all small rivers and their sea trout seldom exceed 1½ pounds. Cocagne and Shediac are still smaller streams, and their sea trout seldom reach a pound in weight, though in all other respects they are indistinguishable from their larger brethren. In all the above rivers the sea trout meet the smelt in spring, spawn in their upper waters and winter principally in the tideways. But now comes the crux, which those who believe that we have a sea trout distinct from *fontinalis* must explain or revise their theory. Along the whole coast, from Richibucto to Dalhousie, salmon nets are set in the very track of these trout, which the theorists say come from the sea to feed on the smelts as they ascend the rivers to spawn. These nets are set from May until the middle of August, and all have "hooks" or pockets of mesh small enough to capture every large trout that enters them. Can the theorists explain why these nets, set in the estuaries of all these rivers, in the very track of the sea trout coming from and returning to the sea, rarely capture them? The few taken are caught in nets set closest to the mouths of rivers. Those set furthest from the rivers seldom or never take a trout, but capture on the average as many salmon as their neighbors. If, as the theorists assert, these trout come from the sea in "countless myriads"—"immense schools of thousands of barrels"—is it not amazing that so few are caught in salmon nets? Another fact, well known to all who have really investigated the question on the spot, calls for explanation from those who have pinned their faith on this mythical sea trout. For the last ten years of the writer's official life, mackerel traps and purse seines were operated as far up the Bay Chaleur as Caraquet—about its narrowest part. As these traps were set in the direct track of the sea trout, if they came from or returned to the sea, and as purse seines take everything they surround, special instructions were given to local overseers and wardens to visit the localities daily and report to the writer the number of trout taken. So far as his memory serves, not a barrel of trout was ever taken in either trap or seine. Still another question calls for answer from the theorists. If, as they contend, these trout follow the smelt from the sea, and return with them to the sea—where do they spawn? If they answer "in the sea," they must give up their contention that sea trout belong to the salmon family, for all the varieties of this family—if we can trust the naturalists—require fresh water to develop their ova. Nor do *Messieurs les Savants* help them any when they call it a *char,* take it out of the salmon class, invent a brand new class for it, and give it the euphonious name—*Salvelinus;* for even they make it spawn in fresh water. The writer understands that Mr. Hallock came to his conclusion principally from what he saw on the north shore of the St. Lawrence and the Labrador coast after he had personally inquired into the subject on the north shore of New Brunswick. Never having been on the Labrador coast, nor ever having seen a sea trout from this locality, the Old Angler does not presume to express an opinion. There may be for aught he knows, mermaids and centaurs in that mysterious region. But presuming that Mr. H. recognized these sea trout as identical with those he saw in Bay Chaleur, the inevitable conclusion is that their appearance and habits were the same. In that case there can be little doubt that their true habitat is the rivers in whose mouths they were seen, and that, like all others of the family, they spawn in fresh water, and in that water their ova hatch and grow.

The Old Angler makes no apology for the perhaps tiresome length at which he has dwelt on facts which are irrefutable. Had any writer of less note than Mr. Hallock supported this untenable thesis, he would not have wasted time on its refutation, though the error is so widely spread among United States anglers. Mr. Hallock's standing as naturalist, scientist and angler, his long connection as an indefatigable field worker with the Smithsonian Institution, and the great debt all true sportsmen owe him, render anything from his able and prolific pen worthy of grave consideration. I have not seen all he has written on this subject, but truth compels me to say that what I have seen will not bear close examination. Had we an opportunity of discussing the question, I feel persuaded he would not have committed himself to its support. I submit for his consideration the above facts. In my opinion he must either refute them or revise his conclusions. V.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Perfect Fly Rod.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 6.—I have been very much interested in a personal communication sent me by Mr. C. H. Mitchell, of Dover, N. H., who seems to be something of an amateur rod builder, but possessed of more than average amateur skill and wisdom in matters pertaining to fly-rods. With Mr. Mitchell's consent I offer his letter, which is as follows:

"Like yourself, I chased the perfect fly-rod for several years before I caught up with it. When found it was this: Handgrasp, birdseye maple; first joint, bethabara wood; second joint and tip, greenheart; length, eight feet four inches; weight, 5⅞ ounces. It was built by these fair hands after much reviling by rod-makers, who had no conception of their use. I had offered several kinds of money for a rod such as I wanted; had handled rods by several celebrated makers, but every one had the inevitable 'kick,' which I so heartily despise.

"I entreated one maker to make me what I wanted, but he said, 'I have quite a reputation for rod-building, and would not care to injure it by putting out a freak.' That let me down. I said, 'Will you kindly sell me a set of fittings such as I may select?' He said he would, and this was my selection: Metal reel-seat, ¾-inch diameter; first ferrule, 11-32 inch diameter; tip ferrule, 5-32 inch diameter; which with winding check, rings and keepers, all German silver, cost me $3.15, and subjected me to his scorn—as thus: 'I want to see that when you get it done.' I replied: 'If it proves what I think it will, I want you to see it. If it does not, no one will see it.' Many have seen it. I have used it twelve years—almost exclusively—and bait-fishing in Onawa Lake one day in '99, I landed five trout (square-tails), weighing 11¼ pounds. So much for its work. In its action it is like a high-grade whalebone carriage whip, the spring seems exactly where needed; it handles a No. 3 line to my perfect satisfaction. Fifty to 60 feet is all I can put out with accuracy, but within its capacity it is better than the best. It could be lightened a bit by using sumach for grip, and perhaps a ferrule 10-32 inch diameter in place of the 11-32. I would have used a ⅝ reel seat if there had been any on the market.

"I formerly had more opportunity to 'experiment,' which aided the successful pursuit of the 'perfect fly-rod.' For the last eight years I have been in the sporting goods trade, and during that time have never been shown a rod whose performance pleased me. It may seem egotistic, but I think in the building of my little rod I discovered the secret of the universal 'kick,' which is too large a ferrule at the top of the middle joint, in proportion to the first joint ferrule.

"There should in my opinion be at least 5-32 inch difference between the two, to give proper spring and balance, and eliminate the top-heavy 'kick.' I have earnest hope for your success in possession and use of the 'perfect fly-rod.'"

What Mr. Mitchell says in regard to the difference in size of the middle joint ferrules to a fly-rod is very interesting indeed, and may be of value as suggestive to other amateur rod makers. Most rods, as we see them, are built upon a straight taper from butt to tip. I do not believe that any rod can have perfect action which is so constructed. I have earlier mentioned the very comfortable fishing rod made by Asa Stuart, an amateur of Grand Rapids. I notice that his rods are bellied out in the middle of the joints, slightly, indeed almost imperceptibly, yet certainly to some extent. I do not know by what means Mr. Stuart reaches his results, but the result itself is apparent in the easy, smooth delivery of the line, without kick and without excessive wrist or arm movement, which is necessary in the use of too many of our fly-rods. I am perfectly clear in my own mind that a rod can be powerful without asking too much muscular strength in its use; it can be easy of action without being weak; it can be comfortable to use all day and yet quick enough to strike a fish quickly and fight it successfully. I believe that our choke-bore fly-rods will be superseded eventually in the shops of many of our best makers. Certainly there ought to be a variety of rods, or rather of types of rods, offered by any really good class maker. If our leading gunmakers made only one type of gun, bored in only one way or fitted in accordance to only one pattern, they could not stay in business. It is something of a paradox, but none the less true in my opinion, that the American fly-rod makers make the best rods in the world, but still do not make them as good as they can and some day will.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The "Old Angler."

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am glad that Mr. Venning has been moved to write up his river reminiscences. No writer since Capt. Dashwood has ever put pen to paper who can, or does, so graphically impart the realism of salmon fishing to the reader. I say this without fear of dissent. He had this reputation when he contributed his inimitable series of angling sketches to Stewart's Quarterly in 1867, and thirty-five added years do not seem to have impaired his ability to "jerk a quill."

What a blessing it is to be mentally vigorous at eighty! Venning is not only a thorough master of the art, but he seems to understand the idiosyncracies of the fish by intuition. And how vivid are his recollections of bygone friends and scenes! and with what pathetic tenacity he holds to those who survive. Let us rejoice that he still lives to write! And I would that he was not too obese to continue flailing, like Walter M. Brackett, who is but four years his junior, and still in the ring. Egad! how the old veteran demurs to being laid on the shelf, *pas capab'e!*. But why should he mourn? Let him betake himself to his dory and try sitting, for one of the less active of the thirteen varieties of fishes which he enumerates as denizens of the Mirimichi and its estuary. Let him stick to his rod as of old. F. E. Spinner did at 86; and if perchance the last call comes as his did, die in the boat with his jumper on! It is the fashion of some Indian tribes to *bury* in canoes; just as it was of the old Scandinavian vikings 1,000 years ago. Suppose him bury in canoe, eh? CHARLES HALLOCK.

I was fishing the Aln and standing in the water thigh deep, when I felt some heavy body push from behind through between my legs. I naturally gave a start on looking down to see the head and shoulders of a very large otter half through. The beast gave a great wriggle, almost upsetting me, and then dived up and across the pool. A friend was standing about five yards from me and we both saw him distinctly. [I certainly never heard of such an incident before, and it is lucky Mr. Hardy did not get bitten. I remember once wading in the Barle and putting my foot on the head of a 16-pound salmon, which nearly upset me; it was lying with its nose between two stones. I have once or twice had a good trout, which I had hooked when wading, bolt down-stream between my legs and smash me, but never got so unpleasantly close to an otter.—ED.]—London Fishing Gazette.

"I tell you," said the Cynical Codger, "the President's message must have been an awful hard task. Just think how hard it must have been to resist the temptation of putting in several of his bear-hunting stories and experiences."—Baltimore Herald.

The Kennel.

Canine Elegies and Epitaphs.

XXIX.—Moustache.

IN 1779 a young dog, who apparently had no master, came, no one knows how, to Caen, France, and met there a regiment of grenadiers starting for Italy. Urged on, apparently by destiny, he followed them. He was to all appearances a regular street cur, dirty and ugly, but he had such a bright expression and seemed so intelligent that they did not hesitate to take him. His new companions forced him to act as sentinel, to obey orders, to keep step, to become accustomed to the sound of firearms, to obey roll call, and all other duties the soldiers were called upon to perform. He received and ate his rations with them, and lived in every respect as his regiment was commanded to do. In going to Italy Moustache crossed Saint Bernard at the cost of unknown hardships, and encamped with the regiment above Alexandria. It was here that he was to accomplish his first great feat of arms. A detachment of Austrians hidden in the Valley of Balbo advanced in the night to surprise the grenadiers, and was heard by this vigilant dog as he was making his rounds. The soldiers were awakened by his barking. In a moment every one was on foot, and the enemy dislodged. To reward Moustache, the colonel had his name inscribed on the regimental roll, and ordered that he should have every day the ration of a soldier. He ordered that there should be put on his neck a collar bearing the name of the regiment, and the barber was ordered to wash and comb him every week.

Some time afterward there was a slight engagement, in which Moustache conducted himself very bravely. He here received his first wound—a bayonet thrust in the shoulder. It must be said here that Moustache was never wounded except in front. About this time he quarreled with the grenadiers, and deserted because they had left him tied in the garrison. Taking refuge with a company of chasseurs, he saw a disguised Austrian spy enter the French camp. Moustache, forgetting the insult he had received, welcomed the stranger by springing at his throat with much fierceness. This action astonished all at first, but they had time for reflection, and then remembered the sagacity of the faithful dog. The stranger was arested, searched and found to be a spy.

Moustache continued the series of his exploits. At the battle of Austerlitz, seeing the color-bearer surrounded by enemies, he flew to his rescue, defended him as well as he could, and when the soldier fell pierced with bullets, enveloped in his colors, Moustache, seizing with his teeth that part of the glorious flag which he could get, fairly flew past the enemy, and brought back to his company the blood-stained remnans. It must be said here that a charge of musketry had taken off one of his legs. This beautiful action merited honor. They took off the collar he wore, and Marshal Lannes ordered that they put on him a red ribbon with a copper medal bearing this inscription on one side: "He lost a leg at the battle of Austerlitz, and saved the colors of his regiment." On the other side it read: "Moustache should be loved and honored as a brave French dog." As it was easy to recognize him by his ribbon and medal, they decided that, in whatever regiment he should present himself, he should receive the portion of a soldier. He took part yet in several battles, and among others that of Essling (1809). He made with the dragoons two campaigns, and the brave dog fought every time he had the opportunity. He always walked in front, on the alert, barking when he heard any noise, and could not find out the cause. In the Sierra Morena Mountains he brought back to camp the horse of a dragoon who had been killed. It is said that at several times he showed this same act of intelligence. He had his last campaign with the artillery, and was killed at the battle of Badajoz, March 11, 1811, at the age of twelve years. They buried him on the spot where he fell with his medal and ribbon. On the stone which served as his monument they wrote:

"Here lies Moustache."

These simple words are more eloquent than the most pompous epitaph.—Detroit Tribune.

The Long Island Kennel Club, a bench show club, was organized in Brooklyn recently, with officers as follows: President, Dwight Moore; Vice-President, F. B. Thomason; Sec.-Treas., Jos. M. Dale. The club issued a call for a meeting to be held on Wednesday of this week, for the purpose of adopting a constitution and by-laws.

MISS EDITH RANSON, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. J. Ranson, of New York, who is visiting the Misses Cora and Alice Graham at Lake Hopatcong, on Saturday and Sunday shot thirty-five wild ducks sitting in a rowbooat floating on the rough water.

Samoa 'Uma.

From the Literary World.

"Samoa 'Uma," that is to say "All Samoa," the whole of it. Scenery, history, people, customs, manners, laws, habits and "local color" in abundance thickly laid on; all is here in a book which, apart from its illustrations, appeals almost if not quite as much to the eye as to any other organ of sense, so pictorial is it in its descriptions and effects.

The author has "been there!"

Mrs. Churchill lets us slightly into the secret of her intimacy with this distant new possession of the United States in the blue depths of the Pacific, and that she has seen with her own eyes and knows with familiarity that of which she writes is evident from the first page to the last.

Here is the Samoa of Stevenson in all its nakedness, its torrid beauty, its savage gentleness, its artistic shapes and tints and fascinating naturalness; the girls in their dances, the men in their war paint and feathers, the cottages in their enveloping foliage, the breakers as they roll upon the shore, the palms and the brightly plumaged birds, the feasts and the formalities, the wrecks on the rocks of vessels from afar, and the hideous wrongs perpetrated by the white "Christians" on their dusky and helpless brothers of the sea.

Twenty-four chapters there are of as close and fond delineation as one could ask for, with just as many vivid pictures from photographs obtained with great difficulty amid the lights and shy conditions of the islands which rise like bunches of green from the expanse of blue.

Life is the keynote of the book. The landscape is there, and the hunts, and the creeping things and flying things, reminiscences of the disastrous tidal wave of 1889, glimpses of political complications, and wrangles that have helped on history, bits of romance, studies of rude arts and embryonic science, but most of all life, the life of the islanders in its primitive artlessness and serene simplicity, before it was vexed by the contaminating, the disturbing, the disheartening influences of what is called "civilization."

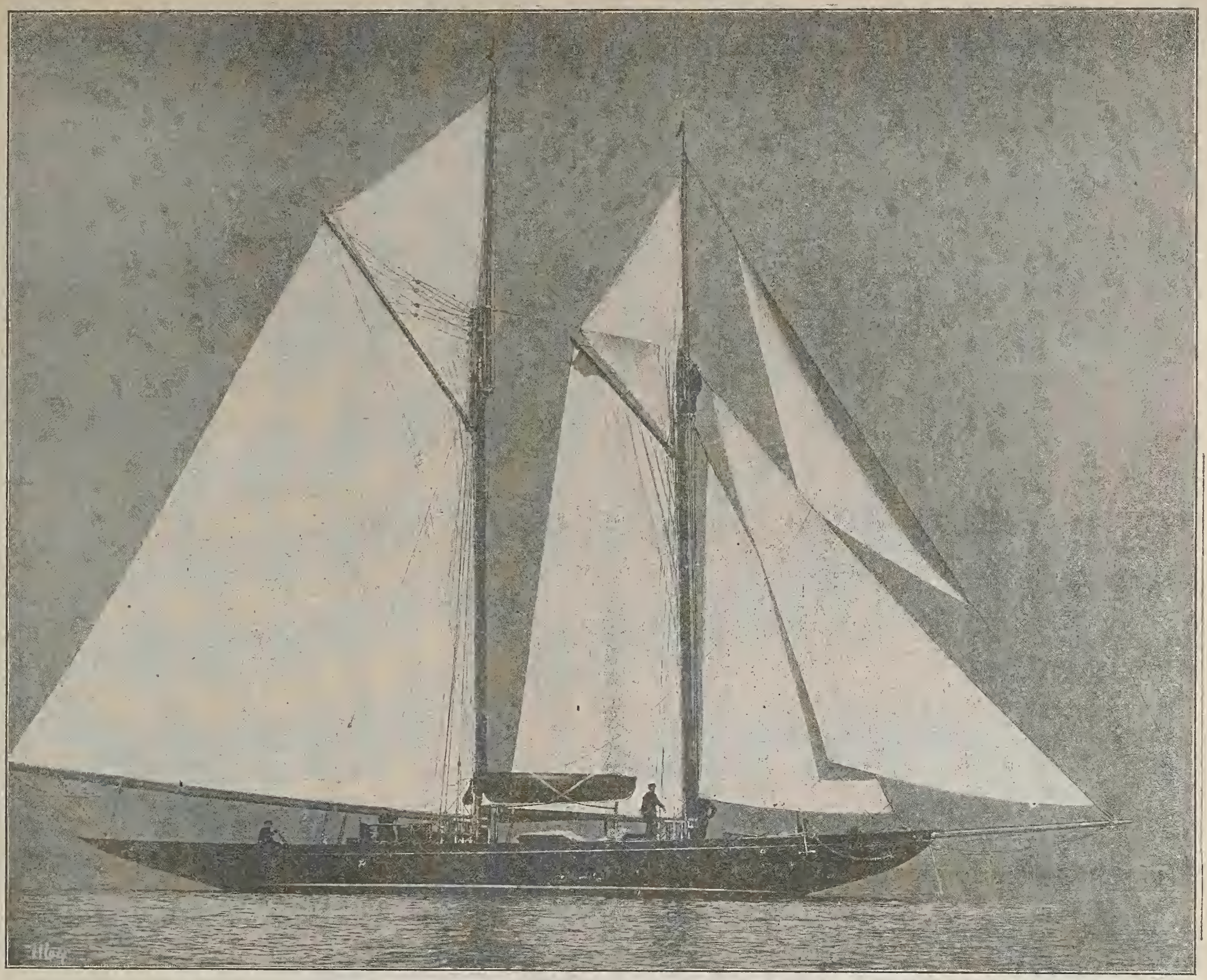
Mrs. Churchill has given us a true book about a remote and hidden corner of the globe, and a fascinating one. Read it. You will find it deeply and strangely interesting.

A Sure Cure for Pneumonia.

Boston.—Take six to ten onions, according to size, and chop them fine; place over a hot fire; and about the same quantity of rye meal, and vinegar enough to form a thick paste. Stir thoroughly, letting it simmer from five to ten minutes. Then put the mass in a cotton bag large enough to cover the lungs, and apply to the chest as hot as the patient can bear it. Before this gets cold apply another, and then continue reheating the poultices. In a few hours the patient will be out of danger. Usually three or four applications will be sufficient, but continue treatment until perspiration starts from the chest.

This simple remedy was formulated many years ago by one of the best physicians New England has ever known, and who never lost a patient by this disease.

Of the many cases I have known where this remedy has been tried it has never failed, even after the best local talent has pronounced the case hopeless. One of the best physicians in this vicinity says he has used this remedy for several years with success in every case. GEORGE L. BROWN.



CYGNET—DESIGNED BY TAMS, LEMOINE & CRANE FOR ARNOLD LAWSON.
Photo by T. E. Marr, Boston.

Yachting.

Cygnet.

During the winter of 1901-02 there was built at the yard of the Geo. Lawley & Son, Corp., South Boston, Mass., the schooner Cygnet, the plans of which appear this week. The builders did remarkably good work on the boat, and she is said to be one of the finest and most expensive yachts of her size ever built in an American shipyard.

Cygnet was designed by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine and Crane for Mr. Arnold Lawson, a son of Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, of Boston. The boat was planned to be a fast cruiser, and has more than filled these requirements, as she has shown good speed and is an excellent sea boat. She is a very handsome craft, and has been greatly admired. The overhangs are well balanced, the sheer graceful and the rig well proportioned. The bottom is painted drab and the topsails black, relieved by a gold stripe. A narrow copper line of white gives a very smart appearance, and the teak rail and deck trim make a good finish to the black topsides.

The deck is flush, and below there is considerable room which has been well utilized. The cabins are well laid out and splendidly furnished. The large companionway, which serves as a shelter in bad weather, leads below to the chart room, which is on the port side. This room is 4ft. 6in. long and is fitted with a sofa, gun rack, book shelves and a chart table with drawers underneath. Aft there is a large double stateroom 7ft. 8in. long. On each side is a berth with sofas in front. At the end of the berths are hanging lockers, and in the center of the after partition is a combination bureau and desk. There is a set marble wash basin under the companionway. Overhead there is a skylight, which gives light and ventilation. Opposite the chart room, on the starboard side, is the toilet equipped with a set marble wash basin, and a patent water closet, back of these is a roomy locker for linen.

Opening from the chart room is the main saloon, which is 11ft. long and runs the full width of the boat. Sofas extend along either side, and behind these are lockers and shelves. At the forward end on each side are buffets.

A door opens into the galley, which is 8ft. long. Here there is a large ice box, sink, range, dresser, dish racks, etc. On the starboard side, leading from the galley, is the captain's room, with a swing berth, bureau, desk and hanging closet.

The forecastle is 13ft. long, and there is ample room for the three sailors and the steward. There is a water closet for the men and locker room for their clothes.

Two boats are carried on the davits—a launch to starboard and a dinghy to port.

The principal dimensions follow:

Length—		
Over all	73ft.	8in.
L. W. L.	46ft.	
Overhang—		
Forward	13ft.	8in.
Aft	14ft.	
Breadth—		
Extreme	15ft.	
L. W. L.	13ft.	10in.
Draft—		
Extreme	10ft.	6in.
To rabbet	5ft.	4in.
Depth	7ft.	9in.
Freeboard—to top of rail—		
Forward	6ft.	
Least	3ft.	10in.
Taffrail	4ft.	5in.
Ballast—		
On keel	25,000 lbs.	
Sail area—		
Mainsail	1,416 sq. ft.	
Foresail	507 sq. ft.	
Fore staysail	271 sq. ft.	
Jib	370 sq. ft.	
Total area lower sails	2,564 sq. ft.	

The boat's construction, which is rather elaborate, is clearly shown on the plan of the midship section.

Steam Turbines.

BY CLINTON H. CRANE, OF TAMS, LEMOINE & CRANE.

In considering the substitution of steam turbines for reciprocating engines in marine propulsion, there are of necessity many points of view from which the subject may be approached; but there are two chief considerations which at once suggest themselves. First, a direct comparison of turbine and engine in weight, size, principles involved and general mechanical qualities. Second, the effect on the various elements of the vessel brought about by the essential differences, and a summing up of the gains and losses which may be anticipated in various cases from the change.

In the first place, there are two classes of turbines in successful use at the present time—jet turbines, which derive their energy from a jet of steam impinging on a series of plates set on a periphery of the wheel or disc on the same principle as water on a Pelten wheel. The whole expansion of the steam from boiler pressure to condenser pressure takes place in the jet itself, and the total energy is transformed to the velocity of the steam flowing from the jet.

The second classes of turbines are those known as the parallel flow turbines. Here the plates are set alternately on the periphery of a revolving comb and a fixed envelope, and the motion is caused by the sinuous flow of the steam from plate to plate. In this case the expansion takes place in the turbine itself.

In either case the turbine principle is entirely different from that of the reciprocating engine. The turbine takes its energy from the velocity of flow of the steam, and the engine from the initial boiler pressure and adiabatic expansion of the steam in its cylinders. Of course the velocity of steam flow in the turbine is caused by this same pressure and expansion, but in one case the transformation into mechanical energy is indirect and in the other direct. The steam velocities are extremely high, in the neighborhood of 4,000ft. per second, and as a turbine to run with the greatest efficiency must absorb this whole velocity, the peripheral speeds are at the best enormous and greater in the jet turbines than those of parallel flow.

The revolutions of a de Laval jet turbine of small size are about 35,000 per minute, and in the larger sizes from 8,000 to 10,000 revolutions a minute.

This tremendous speed has compelled the use of a reducing gearing.

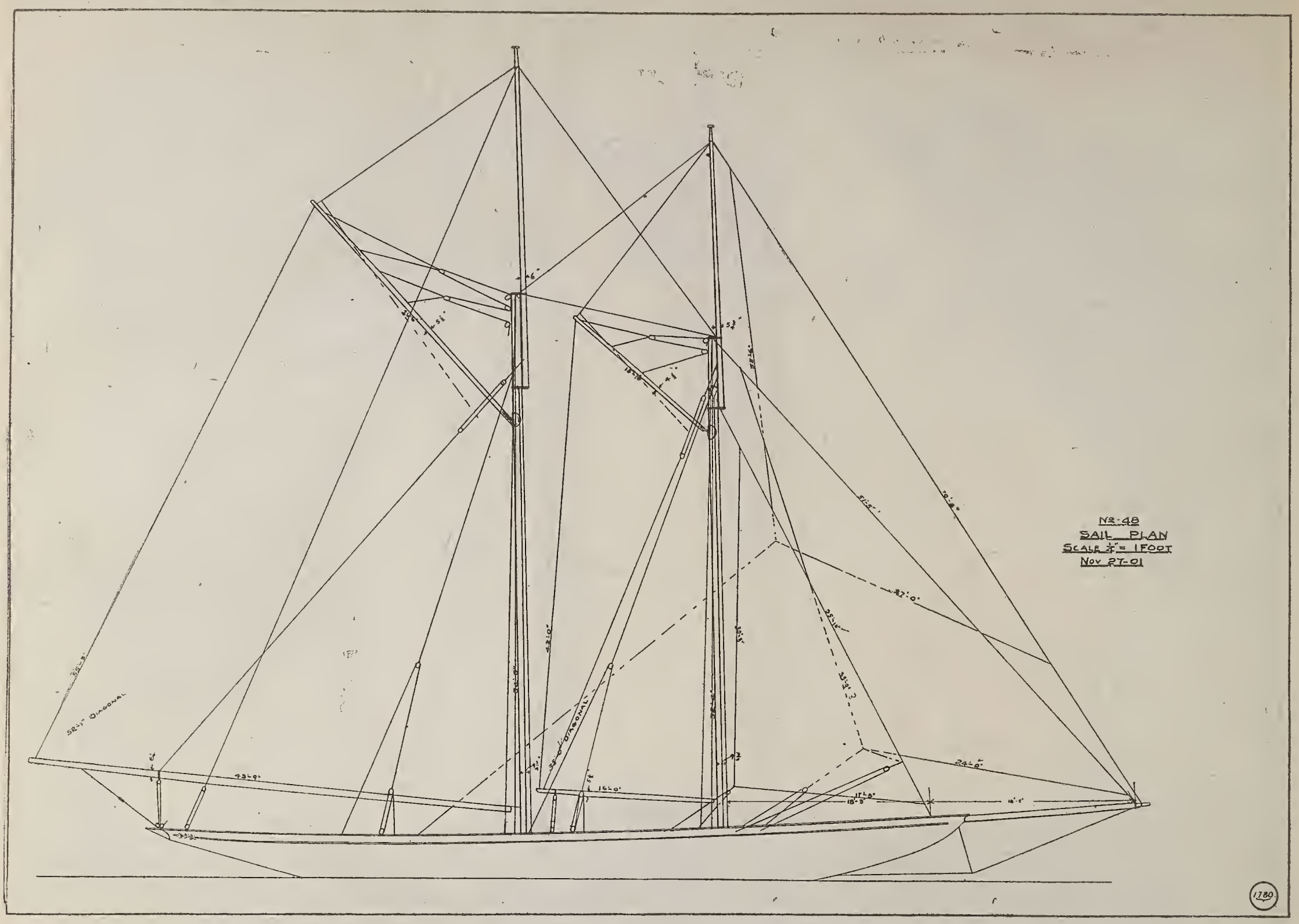
In the Parsons' turbine the smaller sizes have a speed of about 3,000 revolutions per minute, and the larger sizes about 500.

A high-speed reciprocating engine of corresponding sizes would have a speed of 600 revolutions per minute and 100 revolutions per minute respectively, or one-fifth as many as the Parsons turbine, and one-fiftieth as many as the de Laval.

Horse-power, which is the engineer's measure of work done, is a product of two factors—weight and speed, or in case of a revolving shaft, tort (that is, twist) and revolutions. This means that for a constant horse-power the tort will decrease in direct proportion to the increase in the number of revolutions, and as strains are in the main dependent on tort, sizes and weights will decrease as revolutions increase. We should therefore expect to find turbines of a given power much lighter than reciprocating engines, and as a matter of fact they are so.

The high-speed engines of torpedo boats and fast yachts weigh about 10lbs. per indicated horse-power. Steam turbines about 3 to 5lbs. per indicated horse-power. Engines of slower yachts and merchant vessels weigh about 20 to 30lbs. per indicated horse-power.

As regards efficiency, at the full-designed speed the turbine uses rather less steam per indicated horse-power than the best triple expansion engine, but at speeds less than the designed speed, the turbine uses from 10 to 25 per cent. more steam per indicated horse-power than the triple



CYGNET—SAIL PLAN—DESIGNED BY TAMS, LEMOINE & CRANE FOR ARNOLD LAWSON, 1901.

expansion engines at corresponding speeds, for in the case of a reciprocating engine efficiency is very slightly affected by changes of speed.

This loss of efficiency at low speeds is admitted even by Parsons himself, and it is stated that in the design of the newest torpedo boat destroyer to be fitted with turbines, supplementary reciprocating engines are to be installed for driving the boat at low speeds.

There is one point on which there is absolutely no comparison between turbine and engine, and that is the matter of vibration. With a turbine there is no vibration whatever, and, as in place of the fifty or more different bearings on a reciprocating engine, we have only two in the turbine; the cost of repairs and maintenance is as 1 to 25 in favor of the turbine.

Having made this brief comparison, it will be interesting to see how the fundamental differences affect the application of turbines to marine propulsion. To sum up: Our turbine must revolve certainly five times as fast as a reciprocating engine of the same power. It is inefficient except at one speed. It cannot reverse.

In its favor: There is practically no vibration. There is a very marked saving in weight and space.

Let us briefly analyze the advantages:

The saving in weight is from 5 to 7lbs. per indicated horse-power, but this is a saving which applies to the engine alone. The boiler and auxiliary machinery, such as pumps, piping, condenser, etc., in the case of the very high speed boats would weigh about 30lbs. per indicated horse-power. This would be the same whether we used turbine or engine. The coal to be carried would be the same, or nearly the same, in case both boats were always run at their full designed speed. At the slower speeds we should need to carry 10 to 25 per cent. more coal on a boat driven by turbines than one driven by reciprocating engines in order to go the same distance.

In the case of the high-speed boat, the machinery would weigh probably 50 per cent. of the total weight of boat and machinery.

In the case of the slower yachts or passenger boat, the boiler and auxiliaries would probably weigh 90lbs. per indicated horse-power, and the weight of machinery would be only 12 per cent. of the total weight of yacht and machinery.

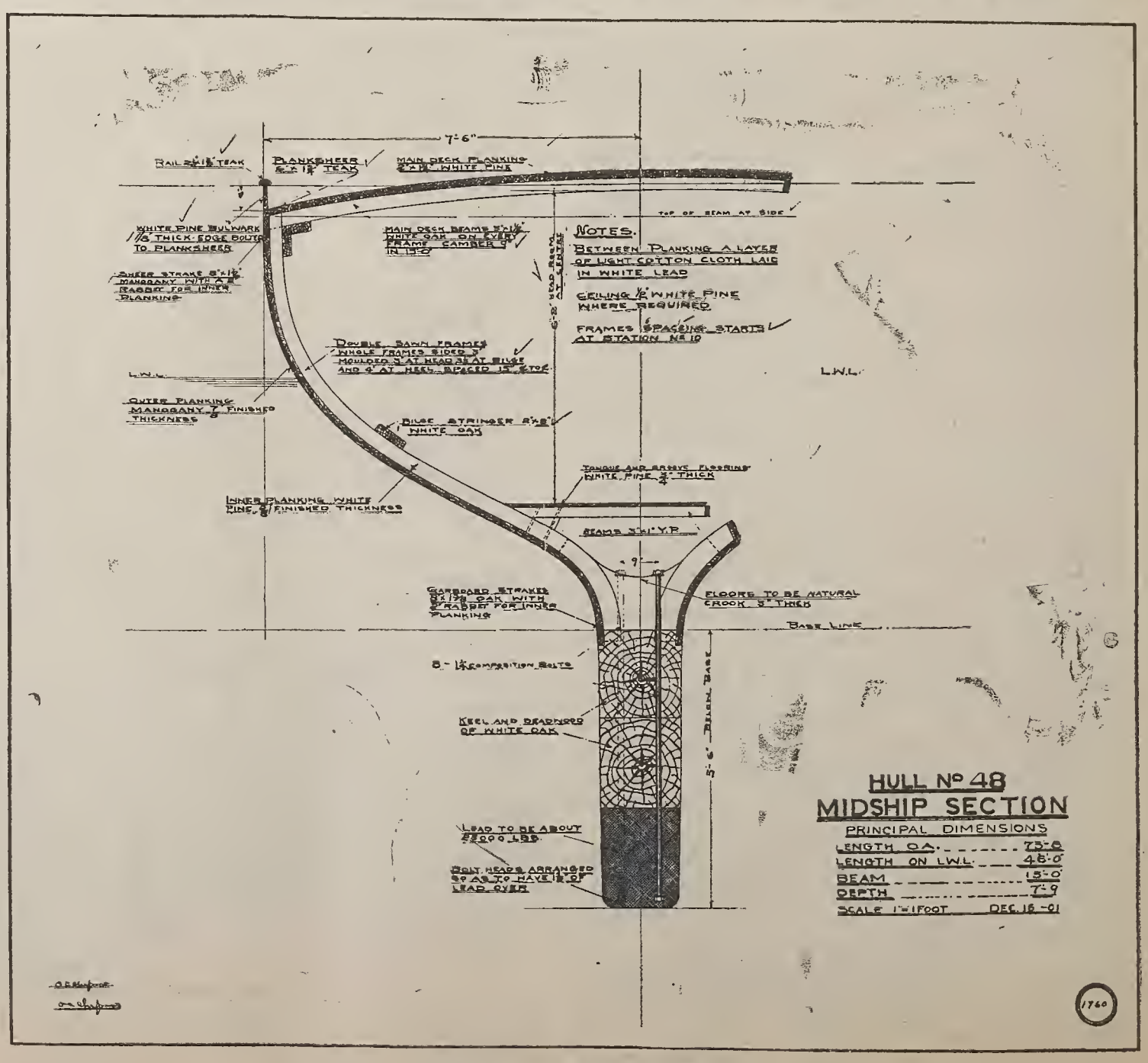
Now, let us sum up these facts: In the case of a high-speed boat, we could save 5 per cent. of our total weight of hull and engines by using turbines. This would mean greater speed. We should eliminate two-thirds of the vibration, as one-third is certainly due to the vibration of the screws. We should cut down our repair bill to the smallest dimensions. At slow speeds we should require a greater amount of coal than with ordinary engines; but this is not a matter of vital importance on a boat of this character. In the case of a cruising yacht the total saving in weight would be about 2 per cent. on the whole boat. This would mean practically no difference in speed. At slow speeds we should have to carry more coal, and as a cruising yacht rarely steams at top speed, this would be an important consideration. We would make a very small saving in room, and we should probably need more space for coal and would lose nearly all we gained from the small size of the turbines.

Repairs and vibration are small in vessels of this character with slow-moving reciprocating engines.

To sum up: Turbines are eminently suitable to high-speed vessels, and are of the greatest advantage in cutting down vibration and cost of repairs. In slower types of vessels they are also of advantage, though to a less degree, except where the vessels run at constant speed. So far as first cost is concerned, the turbine and reciprocating engine are practically on a par.

Turbines are now being so generally built for electrical purposes in this country and abroad that it is only a question of months when some of our best contractors will be willing to take up the matter of marine turbines.

Since compiling the foregoing the writer has had the pleasure of a trial trip on the new turbine-driven boat Revolution. The turbines on this boat are designed by Mr. Charles G. Curtis, and seemed to the writer to be the best turbines for marine propulsion yet placed before the public. The one drawback to the equipment seemed to be the noise either from the propellers or the roaring of steam, which was apparent in the after quarters. This, although less than is usual on boats of the same power driven by the ordinary type of engine, was ap-



CYGNET—MIDSHIP SECTION.
Designed by Tams, Lemoine & Crane for Arnold Lawson, 1901.

parent in contrast to the other lack of noise and vibration in the boat.

Mr. Curtis's turbine, so far as the inventor is willing to take the public into his confidence, is a combination of jet and direct flow, by which the inventor has been able to very materially reduce the speed of revolutions, and, therefore, the difficulty of designing suitable propellers.

These turbines develop 1,250 horse-power each, with a speed of revolutions of only 650. Parson's best result on the same basis is in the neighborhood of 2,000. Although 650 is a high speed of revolution, it is not beyond practical limits.

One great additional advantage of Mr. Curtis's machine is that by an arrangement of additional buckets and jets he is able to reverse his main turbine at three-quarters of full power.

The Revolution can be stopped and started more quickly than in the case of any such engine the writer has ever seen.

To run this plant at 2,500 horse-power, two engineers only are needed, as against four to six on ordinary triple engines of the same power.

The engine room is free from oil and water, and in this respect is a marked improvement to ordinary high speed boats.

So far as steam economy is concerned, it has been very thoroughly tested by Professor Denton, of Stevens Institute, the result of which test will shortly be made public.

The writer knows that the speed result obtained could not be bettered with triple expansion engines, using the same boiler and auxiliaries.

Manhasset Bay Challenge Cup Conditions.

BELOW we give the conditions to govern the races for the Manhasset Bay Challenge Cup, for 30ft. sloops, to be sailed under the auspices of the Manhasset Bay Y. C., of Port Washington, Long Island, next season.

While a matter of arrangement between the Manhasset Bay and the first club challenging for the cup, it is probable that these races will be sailed on the Wednesday, Thursday and Friday preceding Fourth of July, by which arrangement the various boats in this class, which promises to be the most active on the Sound, will be enabled to take in not only the cup races, but also Larchmont race week, which next summer will commence with Fourth of July.

The conditions have been very carefully drawn up, and it is believed cover all possible points on which the successful racing for the cup depends.

The Manhasset Race Committee for 1903 has just been appointed and consists, as last year, of E. M. Maclellan, Chairman; Charles D. Mower and Robert Jacob.

DECLARATION OF TRUST GOVERNING THE MANHASSET BAY CHALLENGE CUP FOR THIRTY-FOOT SLOOPS.

This intrument, dated October, 1902, made by the Manhasset Bay Y. C., a corporation duly organized and existing under and by virtue of the laws of the State of New York, witnesseth as follows:

The Cup.

The Manhasset Bay Y. C., having offered a perpetual challenge cup, to be known as the Manhasset Bay challenge cup, for the promotion of small yacht racing and the development of amateur seamanship, hereby sets forth and declares the terms and conditions which shall govern the tenure of the said cup and the competitions therefor.

ARTICLE I.

Clubs Eligible.

Any organized yacht club in good standing, of any country, shall always have the right to challenge for the cup and to sail a match therefor; provided such challenge shall be made and such races sailed in accordance with the terms and conditions of this instrument.

ARTICLE II.

Yachts Eligible.

Matches for the cup shall be limited to yachts propelled by sails only, whose racing measurement shall qualify them to enter in the 30ft. sailing length sloop class, of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound, as such classification exists on the date of this instrument, or such equivalent classification as said Association may in future adopt. The construction of said yachts shall be in accordance with the Definition and Table of Scantlings, and any other requirements of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound for such class as in force on the date of this instrument, or such definition and table of scantlings and other requirements as said Association may in future adopt, provided, however, that any yacht in existence Dec. 1, 1898, that is of substantial construction, conforming practically to said table of scantlings, shall be considered as in accordance therewith.

ARTICLE III.

Rules Governing Matches.

Matches shall be sailed under the rules of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound, of the year in which the match is sailed, except as hereinafter modified.

ARTICLE IV.

Crews.

The crew of each yacht sailing in a match shall number not to exceed five persons, including the helmsman, at least four of whom shall be amateurs and members of a recognized yacht club. The helmsman shall be an amateur and a member in good standing of the club whose yacht he sails.

ARTICLE V.

Season for Sailing Matches.

The club holding the cup shall defend it between June 15 and Sept. 15 against all challengers, under the conditions as set forth by this instrument.

ARTICLE VI.

Form of Challenge—Time Limit of Filing.

All challenges shall be in writing, signed by the proper official or officials of the challenging club. To insure a contest, one challenge must be delivered by April 1. Subsequently other clubs may challenge and enter the same contest on the terms proposed and accepted in the first challenge received; but no other challenge shall be accepted if received later than May 15.

ARTICLE VII.

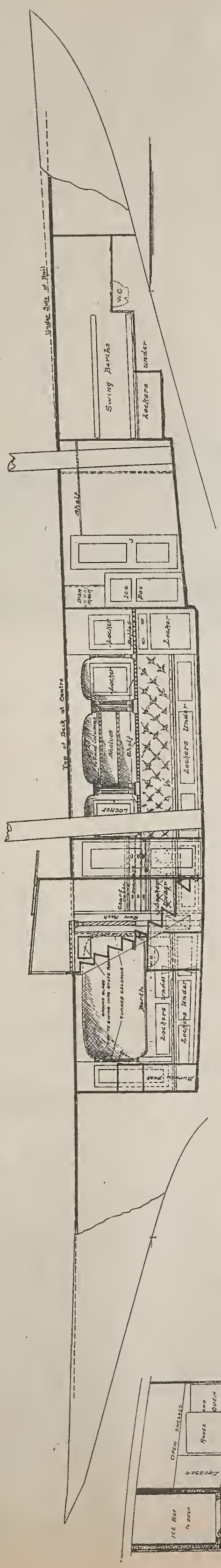
Number of Races, Courses, Starts, Winner of Match, Naming Representative, Measuring, Hauling Out, Protests.

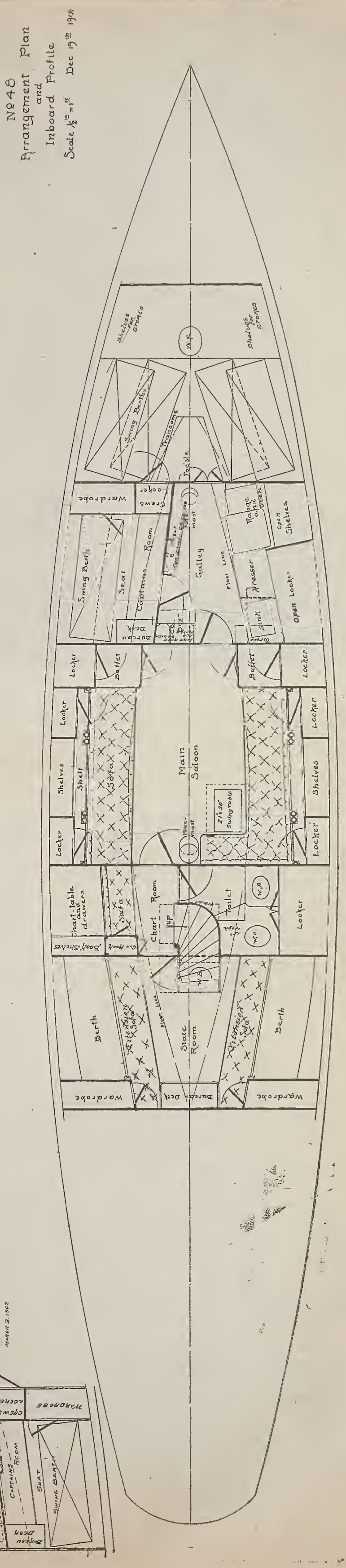
A match shall be constituted of not less than three or more than five raees.

(a) Courses shall not be less than 15 nautical miles in length, nor more than 22 nautical miles, and shall be laid as nearly as possible as follows: The first race shall be to windward or leeward and return. The second race shall be over a triangle, one side of which shall be to windward. Subsequent races shall alternate as above until the series shall have been finished. A change of wind, occurring after the start has been made, shall not invalidate a race.

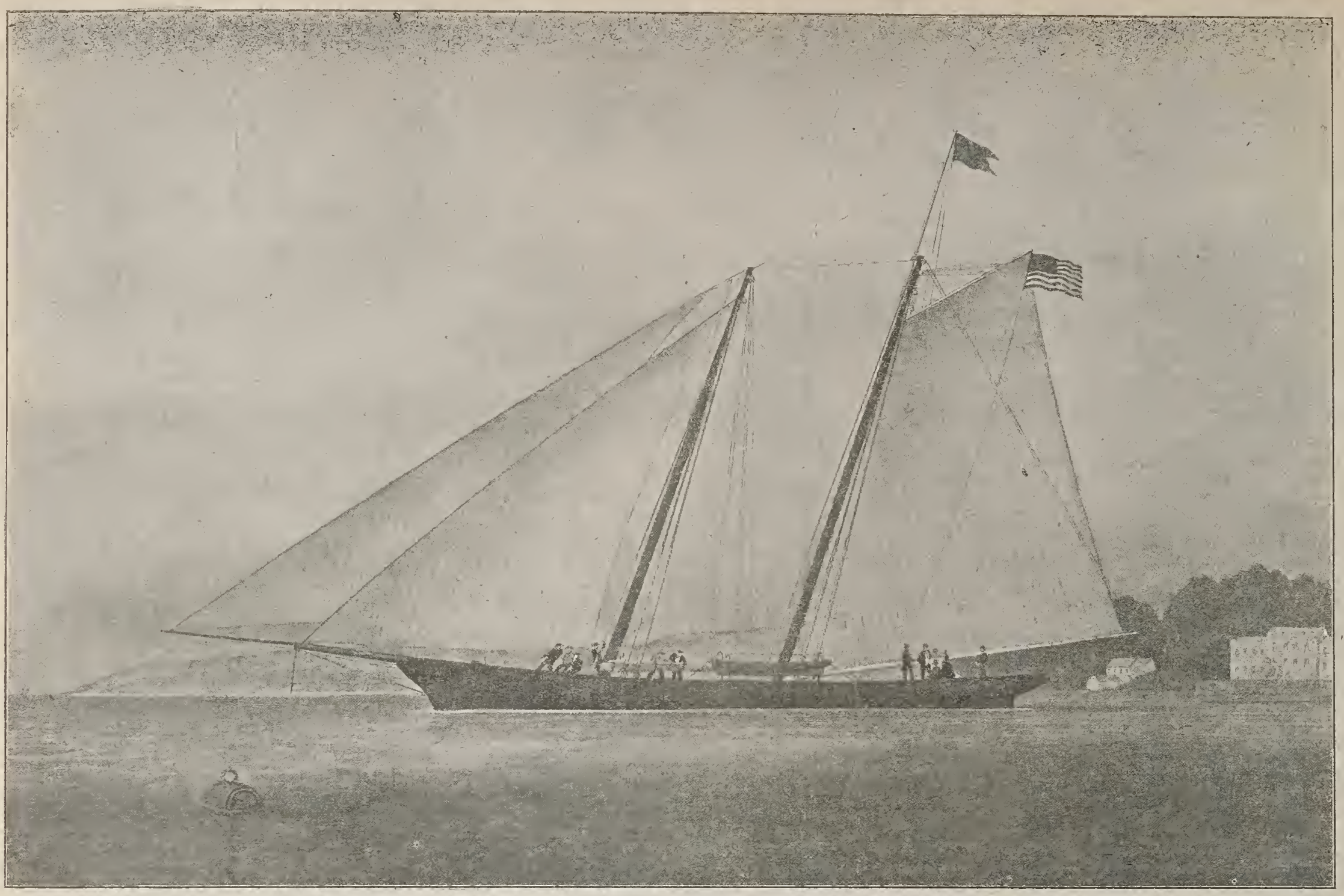
(b) All courses shall be laid in waters of suitable depth for the competing yachts, and of sufficient expanse to permit of each leg of each course being not less than three miles in length.

(c) The start shall be a one-gun flying start, with a preparatory





CYGNET—CABIN PLANS—DESIGNED BY TAMS, LEMOINE & CRANE FOR ARNOLD LAWSON, 1901.



PUBLISHED BY N CURRIER 152 NASSAU ST NEW YORK

DIMENSIONS.

TONNAGE	170
LENGTH OF KEEL	82 FT.
LENGTH ON DECK	94 "
EXTREME BREADTH	22½"
BREADTH MOULDED	22 "
DEPTH OF HOLD	9 FT.

THE CLIPPER YACHT "AMERICA".

WINNER OF THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON CUP VALUE £100 IN THE GREAT MATCH FOR ALL NATIONS AT COWES AUGUST 22ND AND OF A MATCH WITH THE TITANIA FOR £100 AUGUST 28TH 1851.

Built by Mr George Steers of New York for Jno C Stevens Esqr and associates of the New York Yacht Club

SPARS.

FORE MAST	79 FT. 6	INCH	2½ INCH TO FOOT RAKE
MAIN MAST	81 "	"	
BOW SPRIT (HOLLOW)	36 "	"	17 FT. OUT BOARD
FORE GAFF	34 "	"	
MAIN "	26 "	"	
MAIN BOOM	68 "	"	

signal, and shall be made between the hours of 1 and 3 o'clock P. M.

(d) The winner of the match shall be determined by the point system, as used by the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound, whereby each yacht entering and finishing a race of a match receives one point for her entry and one additional point for each yacht which she defeats, the winner being that yacht scoring the highest aggregate number of points in all the races of the match.

(e) Each club whose challenge has been accepted, shall name its representative yacht for the series, the day before the first race.

(f) No club shall enter more than one yacht for the same series of match races.

(g) A yacht to be eligible to compete, shall be the bona fide property of a member or members in good standing of the club it represents.

(h) Yachts must be measured previous to a match by the measurer of the challenged club.

(i) No yacht entered for a match shall be hauled out or laid on shore within twenty-four hours preceding the first race or during the period of the races, except in case of accident and for necessary repairs. Any yacht so entered, which shall have been hauled out or laid on shore, must be launched at least twenty-four hours preceding the first race.

(j) Protests must be filed in writing with the committee within twelve hours from time of starting the race protested.

ARTICLE VIII.

Arrangement of Preliminaries and Details for a Match.

The club challenging and challenged club may by mutual agreement fix and decide all the terms and conditions of the match, whether relating to dates, courses, sailing directions, notices or any other matter whatsoever, pertaining to the match or preliminary thereto, any may also by mutual agreement waive for such match such of the provisions of this instrument as would otherwise govern the match or the preliminaries thereof, provided, however, that the consent in writing, signed by the Commodore and Secretary of the Manhasset Bay Y. C., under authority of sail club to such waiver, shall have first been obtained.

ARTICLE IX.

Modification of Agreement.

If deemed desirable, the terms of this agreement may be modified by the Manhasset Bay Y. C. while the cup is in its possession and when not in its possession by agreement between the Manhasset Bay Y. C. and the club having the custody of the cup; provided, however, that no modification shall be made during the pendency of any challenge, unless consented to by all the challengers.

ARTICLE X.

In case the club having the custody of the cup shall be dissolved or cease to exist, the cup shall thereupon revert to the Manhasset Bay Y. C., and shall continue to be subject to the terms and conditions of this instrument.

ARTICLE XI.

This instrument shall be executed in duplicate originals, one of which shall be preserved in the archives of the Manhasset Bay Y. C., and the other shall accompany and be delivered with the cup whenever won and transferred, and any club winning the cup shall, upon receiving the same, duly execute and deliver to the club from which the same is received, an acknowledgment substantially in the following form, namely:

Received this .....day of..... A. D.....
from the..... Yacht Club, the Manhasset Bay Challenge Cup for Thirty-Foot Sloops, awarded to the undersigned club, as the result of a match sailed at .....
on.....under the auspices of the.....
Yacht Club, on the days of....., which cup is delivered to the undersigned club, in pursuance of the terms of a certain instrument executed by the Manhasset Bay Yacht Club, of Nassau County, New York, under date of October 8th, 1902, and will be held by the undersigned club, subject to all the terms and provisions of said instrument.

.....Club.
By.....

In witness whereof the Manhasset Bay Y. C. has caused its corporate name to be signed hereto by its commodore, and its corporate seal to be hereunto affixed and attested by its secretary. All done in duplicate originals, as of October .., 1902.

Manhasset Bay Yacht Club.
(By ....., Commodore.)
Attest:....., Secretary.

YACHT CLUB NOTES.

At a meeting of the Pavonia Y. C., held recently, the following officers were elected to serve during the coming year: Commodore, C. F. Lynes; vice-commodore, Walter Wood; corresponding secretary, Howard Smith; financial secretary, William F. Tobin; treasurer, Louis Middlesdorf; measurer, A. Curtis, and trustees, William D. Salter and Colonel Charles Angens.

Last season the Ardsley Club organized a yachting department to be run in connection with the club. The yachting branch was a success from the start, and those interested have now formed the Ardsley Y. C., and the following officers have been elected: Commodore, Edwin Gould; vice-commodore, W. L. Bull; secretary, Nathaniel A. Campbell; treasurer, F. L. Eldridge; fleet captain, Clifford Buchanan; regatta committee, Philip Schuyler, chairman; Frank J. Gould, F. L. Eldridge and Robert Hewitt. The club now has eighty members.

At the last meeting of the board of directors of the California Yacht Club several sets of plans for the new clubhouse, to be built near one of the railroad moles, were presented for consideration. The design most likely to be adopted was suggested by ex-Commodore Allen M. Clay and was approved by the directors present at the meeting. The clubhouse will be two and a half stories high, in the colonial style, with a lighthouse tower containing a cluster of lights eighty-five feet above sea level. A veranda will run around the dome, from which a fine view will be obtained.

In the clubhouse there will be fifty lockers for yacht owners and 250 for members who do not own yachts. There will be space for storing eighty small boats and for a pumping-room, in which will be installed a motor to supply power for hauling yachts up on the ways.

A wide staircase will lead to the second floor, on which will be the reception hall and assembly-room, which will have a stage 37 by 18 ft. at one end. There will also be a parlor, dressing-room, rooms for the directors and for billiards and cards. Dressing-rooms will be adjacent to the stage. A large reading-room with a great open fireplace will lead off the assembly-room. The wide veranda will be open on one side and covered with glass on the other. The half-story on the top will contain a stewards' room and a sail loft.—San Francisco Call.

The Board of Governors of the Philadelphia Yacht Club, at Essington, have had plans prepared for extensive improvements to be made to the clubhouse. The drawings provide for alterations and additions, including two new bowling alleys, an electric lighting system, additions to the dining-room, swimming pool, and the servants' quarters.

Mr. Charles D. Mower has been nominated to fill the position of measurer of the New York Y. C., left vacant by the resignation of Mr. John Hyslop, who has held the office for many years past. Mr. Mower is also the measurer of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound, and of the Manhasset Bay Y. C.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Some little impatience seems to exist among some of our readers, who are anxious to learn what has become of the Cruising Competition, and we are only now able to gratify this natural curiosity. It has taken time to read over the various accounts of cruises submitted, and to sort out those worthy of a place in the competition from others which were not so good. Of the number submitted, eight have been adjudged worthy to compete, but a decision as to the successful competitors must be delayed for some little time since the judge, Mr. Zerega, of the New York Yacht Club, is now in Europe, and the stories submitted must be sent to him for examination and placing. Meantime, we must ask the competitors and others to exercise patience.

Mr. Howard Gould's steam yacht Niagara sailed from New York on Dec. 10 bound for the Mediterranean. She reached Bermuda on Dec. 13.

OSSINING, N. Y., Dec. 12.—To the Members of the American Canoe Association: It is my sad duty to notify you of the death of your Secretary-Treasurer. Louis Simpson, of Yonkers, N. Y. He died there yesterday after a short illness of appendicitis.

His death is a great loss to his family, friends and to the A. C. A., where those who knew him had formed the utmost respect and affection for his sincere and lovable qualities.

During his membership in the A. C. A. his manner of action and life at our various meetings, in doors and in camp, has been a proper model and fine example for our members to follow:

I will extend our heartfelt sympathies to his family.

NATHANIEL S. HYATT.
Commodore of A. C. A.

Mr. Stanley W. Seaman has made the following sales: Auxiliary yawl Possum, sold by Mr. David Gregg, Jr., Jamaica Plains, Mass., to Mr. Adolph Erdman, New York City. Half rater Indian to Mr. Regis Post; Indian will be shipped at once to Bermuda, where her owner will use her during the winter.

Colonel Harry McCalmont, a well known British yachtsman, died suddenly at his residence in London on Dec. 8.

The Whitestone Hollow Spar and Boat Company has recently been incorporated. The corporation is capitalized for $200,000. The company's plant is now being built at Whitestone, L. I., and they will build hollow spars, yachts, launches, tenders, canoes, etc. The five directors who will serve the first year are: John G. Fraser, New York City; George B. Bidwell, New York City; John M. Dolan, Far Hills, N. J.; George Bullock, Cincinnati, O.; George S. Clay, Plainfield, N. J.

At the Marblehead Yacht Yard there is building a 41-foot waterline auxiliary yawl for Mr. J. P. Elton, who formerly owned Umbrina, a 35-foot waterline cutter that was designed and built at the same yard. The auxiliary will be the most elaborate and costly boat ever built by this firm. She will be fitted with fifteen horse power Standard engine. There will be two quarter state rooms aft with lavatories, toilet rooms, etc., connected with the port state room, a very large main cabin, combined galley and engine room separate from forecastle. All the joiner work aft will be of very choice mahogany which has been especially selected for this yacht. The floor frames will be of tobin bronze bulb angles. The deck and diagonal straps, chain plates, and in fact about all the wrought metal work in connection with the hull will be of tobin bronze. The plank and deck fastening will be of special drop forged tobin bronze nails, and for the keel bolts a new process metal is used which will have a tensile strength of 94,000 lbs. to the square inch, and is probably the strongest lot of bronze rod ever turned out in this country. The deck joiner work, covering board, rails, etc., will be of teak. Planking will be of hard pine, single skin, as the boat is designed for severe usage, and the single thickness of planking seems more advisable than double skin work. She will be very snugly canvassed and yawl rigged.

Other work contracted for includes some small launches for yacht dinghies, sailing tender for Mr. Gordon Dexter's Wasp, 25ft. speed launch for Mr. E. T. Bigelow, of Medford, and several other boats.

Trapshooting.

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

Fixtures.

Dec. 17-18.—Spirit Lake, Iowa.—Gilbert and Burmister, amateur target and live bird tournament.

Dec. 25.—Dover, N. J.—Holiday live-bird shoot of the Dover Gun Club. Bull shoot the special event.

Dec. 25.—Interstate Park, L. I.—John S. Wright's target tournament, sweepstakes, etc.

Hell Gate Gun Club's shoot, fourth Tuesday of each month (July and December excepted), at Outwater's Riverside grounds, Paterson Plank Road, Carlstadt, N. J.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's target shoot, every Saturday afternoon. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

Hell Gate Annex shoot, second Friday of each month (January and July excepted), at Dexter Park, Brooklyn.

Brooklyn Gun Club's shoot, Saturdays, at Enfield street, near Liberty avenue, Brooklyn. Visitors welcome.

South Side Gun Club's shoot, Saturdays, South Broad street, Newark, N. J., near Lehigh Valley coal depot.

Outwater's grounds, Carlstadt, N. J., Saturdays, live-bird handicaps.

1903.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

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

Mr. John S. Wright, 318 Broadway, has issued the programme for his shoots, to be held on Christmas and New Years, at Interstate Park, Queens, L. I. The programme is alike for each shoot. There are eight events, of which three are at 15, one at 20, and a 100-target handicap, divided into four events of 25 targets each, $2 entrance. Handicaps, 14 to 23yds. All moneys divided Rose system, except the optional 100-target event. Targets, 2 cents. Any one who desires, may shoot for targets only. Shooting commences at 10:30. Trains leave Flatbush avenue at 7:50, 9:19 and 10:58 A. M.; 12:18, 1:48, 2:45 and 4:23 P. M. Leave Thirty-fourth street at 7:50, 9:20 and 11 A. M.; 12:20, 2, 2:50 and 4:30 P. M. Trains leave the park at 7:05, 7:43, and 10:52 A. M.; 12:16, 1:54, 3:26, 4:52, 5:52, and 6:52 P. M.

That the Interstate Association has lost none of its energy and effort is evidenced by the broad programme which it contemplates following in target tournaments for 1903. Checked in the great live-bird competition, the Grand American Handicap at live birds, it turns to the cultivation of the broad field of target tournaments. It will give two Grand American Handicaps at targets, the fourth one in April at Blue River Shooting Park, Kansas City, the fifth one probably in May at Interstate Park, L. I. To each $1,000 will be added. These will be Interstate Association tournaments exclusively. Numerous others will be given for the benefit of clubs in different sections of the country. A number of applications have been received, and the following have been favorably considered: Boston (Mass.) Shooting Association, Akron (O.) Gun Club; Viroqua Wis.) Gun Club, Rainmakers' Gun Club, Ottawa, Ill.; West Branch Rod and Gun Club, Williamsport, Pa.; Meriwether Gun Club, Warm Springs, Ga.; Chautauqua County Gun Club, Dunkirk, N. Y. Mr. Elmer E. Shaner was re-elected to the office of manager, which he has filled with conspicuous ability and success for many years.

In behalf of the Hell Gate Gun Club, of New York, Col. John H. Voss, the president, and Mr. E. Doenick, the secretary, whose address is 1355 Amsterdam avenue, have addressed a circular letter to the club members as follows: "On account of our shoot falling two days before Christmas, and this being very inconvenient for business men, the executive committee considered it best to hold a shoot the week before, and it is hereby called for Tuesday, Dec. 16, at 12 M."

The members of the Hell Gate Gun Club of New York, will celebrate their tenth anniversary and beefsteak dinner at 521 and 523 West Fifty-seventh street, New York, Dec. 18, at 8:30 P. M. This is exclusively a club function. The club has a numerous and active membership, marked by admirable good fellowship, so that there is no doubt but what the tenth anniversary will be celebrated by the club's full membership.

Mr. R. O. Heikes, with his son Horace, left New York on Saturday of last week for his home in Dayton, O., after a two weeks' visit in New York and Bridgeport, Conn. "The Daddy of Them All" was looking in perfect gladiatorial form, and in 1903 there is no doubt but what he will be shoulder to shoulder with the leaders in trapshooting competition.

The match shot last Saturday at Paterson, N. J., on the grounds of the Jackson Park Gun Club, between Count C. A. Lenone and Mr. A. Bunn, 25 birds each, was won by the latter on a straight score, his opponent losing five, of which two were lost dead out.

In May, 1903, the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association will hold its twenty-seventh annual tournament under the auspices of the Lincoln Gun Club, of which Mr. T. E. Mockett is secretary.

Mr. Chas. F. Dreihs, the secretary, writes us as follows: "The Ohio Trapshooters League will hold its seventeenth annual target tournament at Cincinnati, June 9, 10 and 11, 1903."

BERNARD WATERS.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Dec. 13.—There was a wintry storm in action, yet it did not deter the regular shooters of the Crescent Athletic Club from engaging in their weekly shoot. For the December cup there was a tie between Messrs. H. B. Vanderveer and D. C. Bennett on 45. The scores:

December cup, 50 targets, handicap: H. B. Vanderveer (3) 45, D. C. Bennett (4) 45, G. G. Stephenson, Jr. (2) 43, F. B. Stephenson (1) 42, L. C. Hopkins (6) 41, L. M. Palmer, Jr. (2) 39, F. T. Bedford, Jr. (3) 37, Dr. Pool (3) 37.

Trophy, 25 targets, handicap: F. B. Stephenson (1) 24, H. B. Vanderveer (3) 22, D. C. Bennett (4) 22, G. G. Stephenson, Jr. (2) 21, L. M. Palmer, Jr. (2) 20, Grant Notman (4) 19, L. C. Hopkins (6) 19, Dr. Pool (3) 16, F. T. Bedford, Jr. (3) 14.

Trophy, 15 targets, handicap: F. B. Stephenson (0) 12, L. C. Hopkins (3) 12, L. M. Palmer, Jr. (1) 11, G. G. Stephenson, Jr. (1) 9, H. B. Vanderveer (1) 8, E. B. Knowlton (2) 8, C. H. Chapman (4) 7, Dr. Pool (2) 6.

Shoot-off, same conditions: F. B. Stephenson (0) 15, L. C. Hopkins (3) 14.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Dec. 13.—Notwithstanding the wintry weather, seven events were shot off at the Brooklyn Gun Club's shoot to-day, of which J. S. Wright is manager. The highest scores were made by Mr. H. S. Welles. No. 3 was at 10 singles and 5 pairs. No. 5 was at 5 pairs:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	15	25	20	20	10
J B Ainslie	7	..	..	..	..
H S Welles	15	21	18	19	10
S Poder	12	..	..	..	7
J S Wright	6	14	13	12	4
A Kissel	3	..	..	..	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	15	25	20	20	10
Capt J N Borland	..	20	9	16	8
Dr O'Callahan	..	12	6	..	..
I Marshall	..	..	16	17	10
W J Borland	..	..	14	16	..

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O., Dec. 6.—The twenty-fifth contest for the Cincinnati Gun Club's cash prizes, resulted as follows: Medico (17) 44, Parker (17) 43, Ahlers (19) 42, Gambell (19) 42, J. B. (17) 40, Coleman (19) 39, Dreihs (17) 39, R. Trimble (22) 39, Capt. (18) 39, Roll (17 38, Barker (17) 38, Block (18) 37, Falk (16) 36, Littleford (17) 36, Osterfeld (18) 34, Herman (18) 34, E. Trimble (18) 33, Corry (17) 33, du Bray (22) 32, Van Ness (19) 32, Ackley (16) 29, Boeh (15) 27, Roanoke (22) 26.

Changes by to-day's scores are: Medico advances from eleventh to eighth place; Gambell advances to third place; Randall drops to fourth place; Block drops to tenth place; Van Ness drops to ninth place. Ahlers and Coleman improved their scores by 1.

Match, team race, 50 targets per man, 20yds.:
R. Trimble 47, Gambell 43; total 90.
Ahlers 43, Medico 38,; total 81.
No. 2, same: R. Trimble 46, Gambell 42; total 88.
Ahlers 43, Medico 38; total 81.

S. S. White Gun Club.

GORGAS STATION, Pa.—There was a good attendance, notwithstanding the bad weather, twelve shooters participating. Dr. Cotting was high in the club shoot at 25 targets. For making the highest possible scores in the last six months, T. E. Hinkson was awarded the silver loving cup, donated to the club by W. F. Parry, Jr. The scores:

Club event, 25 targets, unknown angles: Dr. Cotting 19, H. Wilkins 18, Contrell 17, Harper 17, Denham 16, Witherden 15, Kendall 15, Robinson 14, Hinkson 12, Heite 12, Parry 8, Hise 6.

The sweepstakes were at 10 targets, unknown angles:

First event: Hinkson 7, Witherden 7, George 5, Dr. Cotting 5, Parry 5.

Second event: Hinkson 8, George 8, Cotting 7, Denham 5, Parry 3, Witherden 3.

Third event: Hinkson 7, George 7, Curry 6, F. Hise 4, H. Hise 3.

Nonpariel Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 13.—At Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, to-day the Nonpariel Gun Club held a regular shoot, at targets, the scores of which follow:

G Roll	1100110011111111010111110	18
	1110111111111111111111110101	22—40
Adams	0111011110101111111111110	20
	0111111111111111101111011	22—42
Barto	1111111110111110111111111	23
	1111111111110111101111111	23—46
Lord	0100101111011111111100101	17
	0110111111111101110011101	19—36

Sweep, 20 birds: Roll 18, Barto 17, Lord 16, Adams 15.

Sweep, 25 birds: Lord 22, Roll 19, Adams 21.

Sweep, 20 birds: Roll 13, Barto 13, Lord 11. Tie shot off at 5 pairs: Roll 5, Barto 7.

JOHN WATSON.

Interstate Association's Annual Meeting.

THE annual meeting of the stockholders of the Interstate Association was held at Oakland, N. J., on the morning of Dec. 11 last, but was adjourned later to the offices of the Laflin & Rand Powder Company, 99 Cedar street, New York, where the meeting was again called to order at 2 P. M., with President J. A. H. Dressel in the chair. Every company that is a stockholder in the Association was represented at the meeting, among those present being Mr. J. A. H. Dressel, of the U. M. C. Co.; Capt. A. W. Money and Mr. Edward Banks, of the American E. C. & Schultze Gunpowder Co., Ltd.; Mr. Irby Bennett, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; the Hazard Powder Co. and E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. were represented respectively by Mr. John L. Lequin and Mr. E. S. Lentilhon, while Messrs. Eugene du Pont and R. S. Waddell, both of the Dupont Co., were also in attendance, as were Mr. A. W. Higgins, of the Laflin & Rand Powder Co.; Mr. W. F. Parker, of Parker Bros.; Mr. J. H. Marlin, of the Marlin Fire Arms Co., and Mr. T. H. Keller, of the Peters Cartridge Co. Messrs. Tatham & Bros., Leroy Shot & Lead Works, Remington Arms Co., Hunter Arms Co., and Markle Lead Works were all represented by proxy.

After the general routine business, the report of the Association's manager, Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, was read, the report being subjoined.

In accordance with Mr. Shaner's suggestion it was decided to change Section 5, Rule 21, of Target Rules so that it now reads that "the targets shall be thrown from unknown traps."

Mr. Lentilhon, who has for several years represented Messrs. Dupont & Co. at all meetings of the Association, announced that his place would in future be filled by Mr. Eugene du Pont. That Mr. Lentilhon's late colleagues appreciated his services is shown by the fact that by unanimous vote honorary membership in the Association was tendered to him, an honor hitherto not bestowed upon any individual. Before adjourning, the stockholders of the Association elected a board of five directors, who in turn elected the officers for 1903. The five directors were: Messrs. Dressel, Bennett, Banks, Higgins and du Pont.

The following officers were then elected: President, J. A. H. Dressel; Vice-President, Irby Bennett; Treasurer, A. W. Higgins, and Secretary, Edward Banks, the latter accepting the office only on the condition that his term of office last until Dec. 29 next, when a proposed change in the by-laws would permit of the appointment of another secretary who need not necessarily be a member of the board of directors, as is now made compulsory by the by-laws of the Association. Mr. Banks has held the dual position of secretary-treasurer of the Association for four years, having been elected to that office in December, 1898. It is perhaps unnecessary to state that Mr. Elmer E. Shaner was unanimously selected to again fill the position of manager, this being his twelfth term of office.

The following committees were then appointed:

Executive Committee: Mr. Edward Banks, Chairman; Messrs. Eugene du Pont and Irby Bennett.

Tournament Committee: Mr. Irby Bennett, Chairman; Messrs. Tatham, Banks, Parker, Lequin, Marlin, Higgins and du Pont.

Club Organization Committee: Mr. T. H. Keller, Chairman; Messrs. Delano, Markle and McMurchy.

After the stockholders and the board of directors had held their respective meetings, the Tournament Commitete went into session, Mr. Bennett in the chair. All the members, with the exception of Mr. Charles Tatham, were present. President J. A. H. Dressel and Manager Shaner were also present. It was decided to hold two Grand American Handicaps at targets during 1903, to be known respectively as the Fourth and Fifth Grand American Handicaps at targets. It is proposed, providing satisfactory arrangements can be made, to hold the Fourth Grand American Handicap at targets at Blue River Shooting Park, Kansas City, Mo., some time during the month of April. The Fifth Grand American Handicap at targets will be held at Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., N. Y., probably during the month of May. The Association will add $1,000 to the purses at each of the above tournaments.

Manager Shaner presented a long list of applications from gun clubs and State organizations for tournaments during 1903, to be given under the auspices of the Interstate Association. From the number presented seven were chosen, as follows: Chautauqua County Gun Club, of Dunkirk, N. Y.; Meriwether Gun Club, of Warm Springs, Ga.; West Branch Rod and Gun Club, of Williamsport, Pa.; Rainmakers' Gun Club, of Ottawa, Ill.; Viroqua Rod and Gun Club, of Viroqua, Wis.; Akron Gun Club, of Akron, O.; and Boston Shooting Association, of Boston, Mass. Two other tournaments will also be given by the Association at points not yet decided upon.

Mr. Shaner's Report.

Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 10, 1902.

To the President, Officers and Members of the Interstate Association:

Gentlemen—It gives me much pleasure, in submitting the report of the work of the manager's office for the season of 1902, to be able to state that our sky is still unclouded and that the storm raised of late by the emotionalists has but served to establish the organization of the Interstate Association more firmly in the affections of rational men who understand its aims and scope. Like the monarch of the forest, the shaking of its roots has only caused them to take a stronger hold on intelligent public opinion.

At the risk of appearing monotonous, I am again impelled to repeat that another successful season has again been the most successful. Trapshooting continues to grow in favor in every section of the country, and its friends cheerfully recognize the Interstate Association as its progenitor and give honor where it is due. This was strikingly shown by the fact that during the season of 1902 the majority of tournaments were governed by the revised trapshooting rules of the organization, and while there were fewer large tournaments than in former years, there were many more small ones of two and three days' duration, thus extending interest over larger sections of the country.

Grand American Handicap Tournament at Live Birds.

As usual, this was the opening event of the year, and it was significant in showing the wisdom of the change from the East to the boundless West, whither the star of empire has been tending for centuries. It was held at Blue River Shooting Park, Kansas City, Mo., March 31 to April 5, and the entry list was phenomenal—more than justifying prediction as to advisability of change of base. The entries numbered 493, with 456 actual starters, surpassing all former records by more than 200 entries. Only those actually engaged can fully appreciate the enormous task of carrying the gigantic enterprise to a successful terminus. It was up to date, and subject matter for comment by all our sporting journals, and it has ever since furnished a conversational topic to the fraternity. It might be well, however, to ponder the objections raised by experts on the sporting journals to the immensity of such tournaments. Many will agree with them that notwithstanding its success, the scale was too extensive to obtain the best results possible. On this head of course, there is room for honest contention. Tournaments of such magnitude undoubtedly tax the resources of even the Interstate Association to the utmost, and success is only attained by herculean exertion, The suggestion that a higher entrance fee, more birds to shoot at, and more severe handicaps, would have greater public significance than opening of the list to all manner and condition of shooters, is worth careful consideration. There is no pessimism in the suggestion, or hint that the Association has so far overtaxed its powers; the result negatives that supposition. Labor omnia vincit.

Inanimate Target Tournaments.

The third annual Grand American Handicap target tournament at Interstate Park, L. I., May 6 to 9, was a pleasant affair, detached from all accessories, and was a drawing magnet for target shooters. The fact that the targets were inanimate did not detract from the interest, and the tournament was a triumph from opening to close. There was a larger number of entries than for its predecessor in 1901, and many of these were of the staying class, shooting throughout the entire programme each day. As the programme of 1901 had been a success, that of 1902 was framed on the same general plan, with equally gratifying results. The shooting was, on the whole, good, and the handicapping gave as much satisfaction as could be expected. The distance handicap was regarded by experts as the best, giving to all classes of contestants terms on which they could compete most satisfactorily and fairly. From beginning to end, the tournament ran smoothly, there being no hitch of consequence.

The tournament given for the Charleston-Palmetto Gun Club at Charleston, S. C., May 14, 15 and 16, was enjoyed by all, whether participants or spectators. On the first day forty-eight contestants entered and twenty-eight shot through the programme. The interest was fully maintained the second day, there being the

same number of entries. The attendance the third day was also good, and it was the general verdict that the Interstate Association's methods are all that can be desired in these events.

Some of the foremost professional and amateur shots in the Union competed in the tournament given under the auspices of the Memphis (Tenn.) Gun Club, on July 10, 11 and 12. Contestants came to shoot, and the competition was keen and unflagging. There were more than sixty contestants. Visitors were well taken care of by the Memphis Club, and not the least of the attractions was an old-time Southern barbecue dinner, which sustained energy each day, and the man who didn't enjoy it had villiainously poor digestion.

Although attendance at the Raleigh (N. C.) Gun Club's tournament, June 25 and 26, was not as large as anticipated by the local club, the loss was that of absentees, for the sport was good and those present felt that it was good to be there. The club is three years old, and its strenuous life shows that it will continue to grow. Its grounds are splendidly equipped and less than ten minutes' ride from the Capitol by the car line. Here the members practice each Thursday afternoon, which insures proficiency. At the conclusion of the regular programme the second day, the Raleigh Gun Club gave a $50 purse, open to all except themselves, without entrance fee. The handicap was by distance. This liberality won the hearts of all visitors, and made them reluctant to say, "Good-by."

The tournament held at Titusville, Pa., July 16, 17 and 18, under the auspices of the Titusville Gun Club, though no more successful than anticipated, was up to the mark. This was expected, for though the club is less than two years old, its members have steadily exhibited the qualities that make success certain. The personnel of the club is first class. It contains the cream of the city, business and professional men, noted for esprit and hospitality cheering to the hearts of visitors. The shooting grounds are a mile west of the city limit, and reached by a ten-minutes' ride on the electric cars. Nature was prodigal in furnishing a beautiful site on the margin of historic Oil Creek. A neat, commodious and convenient club house was built for the accommodation of visitors, and nothing to be desired was omitted. Though a strong western breeze was discommoding on the opening day of the tournament, the weather was on the whole satisfactory. The brisk wind made shooting difficult at times, as the targets were erratic. The man who was disappointed in this tournament was a misanthrope whom it would be folly to attempt to placate.

The tournament at Marietta, O., on Aug. 6 and 7, under the auspices of the Columbian Gun Club, one of the oldest in the Buckeye State, was expected to fill its usual girth, and it is scarcely necessary to say more than that it did. But three manufacturers' agents took part in a field of between thirty and forty contestants. The club house and shooting grounds are at the Fair Grounds, on the Muskingum River, well shaded and within ten minutes' ride by trolley line from the heart of the city. Contestants represented all parts of the country, and they were well pleased with the entertainment afforded by the club. The first day was fine, nothwithstanding a couple of showers, which delayed the finish. The second day was like that "perfect day in June" about which poets rave, and all in all, the affair could scarcely have been improved on.

Brunswick, Me., redolent of a century of Bowdoin College, Longfellow and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Uncle Tom's Cabin, etc., was not too transcendental to get up a splendid tournament under Interstate Association management on Aug. 13 and 14. The club is but little more than a year old, but it has already about 100 members, and it is indefatigable in its proceedings, and had every requisite for comfort on its grounds at Merrymeeting Park. The attendance of contestants was lessened by the fact that the closing tournament between Maine and Massachusetts was held on the 11th and 12th at Auburn, Me., and this city being but nineteen miles distant, necessarily divided the enthusiasm.

The tournament at Haverhill, Mass., Aug. 27 and 28, was, like all similar events the Interstate Association provides, up to the high standard of excellence the public has grown to expect. The entries for some unaccountable reason were not up to the expectations of the Haverhill Gun Club. The club has a membership of sixty, and has on its roll many successful business and professional men. Its arrangements are strictly up to date. The shooting grounds and club house are at Hoyt's Grove, some two miles from the center of the city and accessible by two lines of electric cars. Thirty-four contestants came to the scratch each day, about half of the number expected. The shooting was good, and much credit for the success of the tournament is due to the committee which had the immediate charge of same.

The success of the tournament at Nappanee, Ind., Sept. 3 and 4, under the auspices of the Nappanee Gun Club, was marred by the jealousy of other gun clubs, who persisted in holding tournaments on the same days and in the same State. This regrettable opposition caused injury to the Nappanee tournament, not only in the matter of general attendance, but in entries also. The club, however, is made of the right stuff, and did not allow its interest to flag in consequence, and the programme, as advertised, was fully carried out. The grit of the club is commendable, and it will eventually reap success in due time. It is a young organization, and exhibits zeal worthy of a better fate.

The closing tournament of the year was held at Lewistown, Ill., Sept. 29 and 30, under the auspices of that club. Others would do well to emulate that of Lewistown in the matter of working up attendance, and preparing preliminary details which are of more importance than some people seem to think. If you have a good thing in this country there is nothing more necessary to success than letting it be known. No fear of the frown of public disapproval. People want to know what you have got, and they don't want, and will not take, much trouble to find it out for themselves. "If your foot is pretty, show it."

The Future.

The outlook, so far as inanimate target shooting is concerned, is roseate—never better. The sport has increased in popularity in all parts of the country, its meritorious features being developed by the Interstate Association's work in its tournaments, and the members can congratulate themselves that their good "works do follow them, even" into the byways where much spirit is often nascent and needs only a little stimulation to cause it to bloom. All this is very encouraging and pleasing to contemplate.

Grand American Handicap at Live Birds.

At a special meeting of the stockholders of the Association, called for the purpose of considering the advisability or otherwise of holding this great event during 1903, it was the unanimous sentiment of the meeting that it would be advisable not to give a Grand American Handicap at live birds in 1903. My views on the subject were fully set forth at that meeting, and it is unnecessary to repeat them at the present time.

Fourth Annual Grand American Handicap Target Tournament.

This tournament has grown steadily since it was established, and promises to he in the near future as firm a fixture as the Grand American Handicap at live birds. It would seem to be wisdom to adhere to a similar programme of events as in former years, as the distance handicap appears to equalize contestants better than any other before the public at present. At least it gives satisfaction to a large majority of competitors, which is and always has been our aim.

Inanimate Target Tournaments for 1903.

The Union is all before us to choose where we will. We have applications from all sections. For a large part of the season, at least, we should work in the middle West. The West goes into such matters with so great zest that it not only deserves encouragement, hut promises for a long time to be the most profitable. If people there were born gun in hand they could not be more enthusiastic, and the uppermost feeling they always excite is that it is good to be with them. It is not altogether business with them, as sentiment always buttresses business so largely as to relieve operations considerably of materialistic flavor. The West has not been appreciated as it should be. Tournaments should not follow so closely as during the season of 1902, and the entire circuit should be mapped out early in 1903, in order to achieve best possible results.

Trapshooting Rules.

I respectfully suggest the following change in the inanimate target rules, as revised in 1902: Change Section 6 of Rule 21 (Sergeant system) to read as follows: "The targets shall be from unknown traps." This suggested change accords with the system, as understood and enunciated by its inventor, Mr. W. G. Sergeant, of Joplin, Mo. During the season just closed, the rule of "known traps" caused many disputes, and caused delays in shooting on numerous occasions. While one squad of five men shot at 15 targets, I have known the shooting to be delayed as often as twelve times while contestants paused to ask "What trap do I get?" In addition to this objection, a dishonest contestant can take advantage in many ways under the rule of "known traps," and it should be, and I know is, the aim of the Interstate Association to discourage and when possible prevent anything savoring of unfairness.

Conclusion.

Allow me, in taking my adieu of 1902, to thank the Interstate Association for its kindness to me in person, making the intercourse more pleasant as each year goes to join the past, and ever cementing the tie more strongly, and in this connection I would join the sportsmen's journals, both for their support of the Association and for myself as well. Last, but not by any means least, I want to render full recognition and thanks to our subscribers for the unflagging interest they have taken in our work. Very respectfully submitted,

Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

Progress in Gunmaking.

Those who endeavor to trace the present-day developments of the shotgun are generally at a loss to name any improvement now in course of adoption which can be compared with those that mark the difference between the modern ejector and the older hammer gun, or even muzzleloader. Most persons seem satisfied to regard the single trigger as the only present day development of any great importance, and doubtless they are right, in so far that one or other of the practical systems in vogue seems well adapted for the purpose in view, while the shooters using them appear to appreciate the added convenience. Granting the virtual impossibility of a stay in the process of development of firearms, one is bound to look in other directions than the system of trigger action to discover such changes as may be taking place in the construction or style of modern shotguns.

A good deal depends upon which type of firearm is to form the basis for consideration. If one takes a best gun by one of the leaders in the trade really having the name for turning out a superior article, the task of instituting a comparison is quite different from what it would be if the same process were applied to medium quality guns, such as are sold in considerable quantities all over the country. To simplify matters, it will be best to review both classes of firearm from the standpoint of their development as compared with a period running some years back. In the first place, it cannot but be noticed that the improvements in modern machinery bave influenced in a great measure even such a marked example of hand work as the best gun. The machining of the actions in the earlier stages of their construction, and the formation of the various surfaces and recesses, have been greatly influenced by the more exact methods which are now available in the production of every class of manufactured goods. The saving of cost and the increase in efficiency very naturally make it possible for the concientious gunmaker to put an enhanced quality of work into those parts which most need it. A hole is none the less a satisfactory piece of workmanship because it has been drilled true to position and dimensions by modern methods. Conversely, a hole that has been shaped out by the old-fashioned fiddle drill, or by an out-of-date lathe may have cost much more money, and demanded a greater amount of skill in the workmanship, without being any better done; as a matter of actual fact, it is probably inferior in several respects. Again, in the formation of the various flat surfaces of a gun the working of a milling cutter, while imparting a high degree of finish and accuracy, must he cheaper and, at the same time, more effective for the end in view. Therefore, as time has gone on, and one manufacturer after another has possessed himself of an improved grade of appliances, the quality of the work done has shown a proportionate tendency to develop in the right direction.

In entering into the details of construction of a best gun one is not disappointed when looking for improvements upon methods that were in vogue a decade or so ago. The most marked change is, of course, in the enhanced substantiality of design and constructing of the various working limbs of a gun. A working part that was years ago adjusted by laborious hand process is now adjusted the same way, but the difference that exists is that, while the adjustment in years gone by required to take into account want of trueness in the positions of the engaging surfaces relatively with one another, such differences are now greatly minimized. As the capacity to repeat the exact form of a given limb has been increased, so its design has been, bit by bit, more closely harmonized with the work put upon the various bearing surfaces. The effect of such a development as the alteration of a center or pivot by the sixty-fourth of an inch cannot be expressed in a very definite way, but in practice it must tend to reduce the number of casualties liable to occur in the wear and tear of constant use. In this way the ejector of to-day is a much more satisfactory article than the ejector of ten years ago, and as time goes on, the weaknesses occasionally met with will gradually he eliminated.

Turning from the mechanical parts to the general construction of the weapon, one cannot help being struck by the remarkable combination of strength and lightness that is typical of the modern best gun. When one hears of 12-bore barrels weighing 2 pounds 14 ounces, it is difficult offhand to realize the mechanical ingenuity that must be exercised to obtain the necessary margin of strength with such a small amount of metal available. The fact remains that this is done, and many a pair of barrels weighing this amount are of greater all-round strength than others 4 ounces; 6 ounces, or 8 ounces heavier. It is not certain that modern machinery has done very much of late years to perfect the manufacture of shotgun barrels. Certainly the development of steel in place of Damascus has created certain radical changes in the methods by which the rough bored tubes are produced, though even now one cannot help being struck by the apparent longevity of the appliances employed in the production of the very best grade of work.

Among the marked changes in the practice of shooting is, of course, the inerease of driving as against shooting over dogs, and it is this development which has influenced very largely the construction of the most modern gun. Lightness and handiness of balance have to be combined with a solidity that will not give way before the constant concussion of heavy days of shooting repeated throughout the season, while at the same time the stock must be so shaped as to satisfy the shooter that he is not handicapped by a hadly fitting weapon. Under these conditions it is possible to lay down with a fair amount of certainty that the latter day development of the sporting shotgun has all worked in the direction of affording a light, perfectly balanced weapon, capable of standing an amount of wear and tear that few shooters were able to give to their guns in years gone by. When, however, we turn to the cheaper class of shotgun it will be found that the transition is far more marked. The refinements of construction that have previously been limited to those paying the highest prices have gradually been brought within the reach of the man with a modest purse. It is now possible to buy a hammerless ejector single trigger gun for a matter of £25, and it must not he forgotten that such a thing would have been thought well nigh impossible some years ago, taking into account the solidity of workmanship that can be guaranteed at the price.

Unfortunately, the development of the medium quality gun is very unevenly distributed. Some firms have advanced very much further than others, and the sportsman can hardly be expected to differentiate upon casual examination between what is really sound and well worth the price offered, and that which is likely to he a trouble and a disappointment. It is easy enough to get the best for the best price, but the pitfalls that are encountered in trying to get value when buying a medium quality of gun are very considerable. At the present time we helieve that the mechanism of the less expensive grades of gun is in many cases far ahead of the boring of the barrels. The recent efforts to secure standardization of the cartridge chamber have shown how many gunmakers there are who have not paid adequate attention to this detail of their work. It is prohably one of the unfortunate traditions of gunmaking that the action filer chambers the barrel and forms the cone therein, while the barrel borer does the rest of the inside and the whole of the outside of the tubes. An actioner cannot possibly acquire the perfection of training that enables one accustomed to looking down barrels to appreciate absolute trueness in the chamber and cone. Furthermore, his appliances are hardly of the kind that seem best adapted for the work. When it is realized that the ordinary brace is the favorite instrument for doing much of the work on the chamber, it will not be surprising that so many guns show evidences of bad formation of the chambers. One cannot help believing that the most urgent requirement in the modern shotgun, whether of the best or a medium quality, is a more satisfactory formation of the chamber and the boring of the barrels truer to the nominal standards than is at present the practice, and it is in this direction that we would now look for an immediate advance toward improved all-round efficiency.—Field (London.)

IN NEW JERSEY.

Jackson Park Gun Club.

Paterson, N. J., Dec. 13.—Jackson Park Gun Club's open shoot brought out several visiting shooters, who braved the storm to get here, but could not get brave enough to go out before the traps. The Lenone-Bunn match was started about 1:30 in a snow and hail storm, almost blinding and a very strong wind from the northeast came with it, bringing the birds to the left of the club house.

Count Lenone fared quite badly. His gun went off twice while bringing it up, on his first and nineteenth birds. He did not try for his twenty-fifth bird. Bunn shot in quick time, and used good judgment, getting them all.

Two 5-bird sweeps were shot after the match.

The birds were of an ordinary lot. Sim Glover and J. W. Hoffman and several other gentlemen were here, but did not shoot. Capt. Lenone declared shoot off for the day.

Lenone, 28..............................*22*0211221112111201111120—20
Bunn, 28 ....2222212121212221212111212—25

Edwards	*2022—3	11111—5	Bruy	*201*—2	21222—5
Klotz	22221—5	22212—5	Hopper	20202—3	11122—5
Lenone	11111—5	1*111—4	Holt	....	10201—3
Bunn	10122—4	11021—4			

Dutcher.

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, N. J., Dec. 14.—Following are the scores made at the last regular semi-monthly shoot of the Hudson Gun Club. The day was bitterly cold, with snow on the ground and a strong wind blowing. Straight scores were hard to make. The real features of the day were the number of shooters present from the Fulton Gun Club, of Brooklyn, and the close race for programme honors between Glover and Schorty. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20
Glover	19	16	16	18	17	20	..	..	..
Wells	14	13	15	16	16	19	..	..	17
Schorty	17	15	16	18	20	18	16	20	..
Goetter	12	17	15	17	12	11	..	..	..
Jones	13	13	12	9	13	13	10	..	..
Schneider	12	14	15	16	18	16	..	..	..
Van Dyne	13	10	16	14	13	12	..	..	..
Merten	15	12	12	17	19	13	..	..	11
Craft	10	12	12	12	..	..	..	..	..
Hearne	14	11	13	10	13	16	..	..	..
Banta	18	12	12	12	18	15	..	..	..
Bissing	15	13	10	13	12	13	..	..	9
C B Smith	15	12	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bock	12	12	10	9	11	9	..	..	..
Southard	11	9	9	15	..	..	..	..	10
C V L	16	13	16	14	16	13	..	..	..
Romer	6	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Davis	..	5	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gillies	..	7	5	7	8	..	..	..	..

Nos. 7, 8 and 9 were re-entry. J. L. Hughes, Sec'y.

Winchester Gun Club.

Detroit, Mich.—The last shoot of 1902 was shot in a blizzard, but an extra sweater or two, a warm house, and the exhilaration of shooting kept everybody in good spirits. Following are the scores, the last event being the club event:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	15	25
Tolsma	6	..	6	7	6	11	14
Brodie	..	4	7	5	4	9	19
Guthard	8	7	5	8	7	8	16
Hitchcock	3	8	5	..	7	..	17

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	15	25
Ford	..	..	..	..	4	11	11
McAdam	..	..	..	..	3	8	10
Barthel	2	2	..	4	..	..	9
Hance	..	2	8	9	..	14	20

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Why Many Ladies Go to Pinebluff, N. C.

Ladies like to be considered pretty with a soft delicate skin and a healthy complexion, and it has proved beyond a doubt that the bathing in pure water will improve the skin to a greater extent than the use of any balm or mixture yet gotten up. Rain water is good, and many ladies bottle the rain water and keep it for that purpose. The water at Pinebluff is nothing but rain water filtered through the huge mounds of sand that were left piled up hundreds of feet high when the ocean receded from that section thousands of years since. The water is so soft and pure than by washing in it it imparts to the skin health and life, and by constantly bathing in it and keeping the face and hands wet the skin takes on a softness and tint that nothing else can impart. Elderly people who from age have lost that freshness can, by a few months' use of the water, regain much of the youthful appearance. There has become a demand for the water by those who cannot afford to go South, and it is shipped North from Pinebluff. Many Northern people have settled at Pinebluff permanently, until it is really a New England city with city government. Many persons are growing fruits, vegetables and raising poultry. Pinebluff is the home of Mr. John T. Patrick, of the Seaboard Air Line Railway, the great railroad that makes such quick time between Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Richmond to Pinebluff, Southern Pines, Pinehurst, Savannah, Tampa and Jacksonville, Fla.

The Peters Cartridge Co., of Cincinnati, O., has issued a superb calendar for 1903, which presents a particularly striking scene, representing dawn in the wild fastnesses of gameland. In the background are mountains, with the sun breaking forth over their tops. In the foreground is a large hull moose drinking at the lakeside, while on the right a deer stands, startled by a flock of mallards taking flight. Also in the foreground there are a fine cock grouse, and a bevy of Bob White. The scene is entitled "Dawn of a New Era," suggestive of the introduction of Peters cartridges. Write for it to the company at Cincinnati, O., or the Eastern Agency, 80 Chambers street, New York, accompanying the application with ten cents for postage.

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Spratts Patent (America), Limited, Newark, N. J., will be pleased to send their book of 96 pages to those who apply for it. It is entitled "Dog Culture," and is replete with information concerning canine diseases, and gives a full list of their products. To those who have friends whom they wish pleasingly to remember during the holiday season, their list of dog collars and furnishings and foods offers a large variety to select from.

The Marlin Fire Arms Co., of New Haven, Conn., have for 1903 prepared a desk calendar of special excellence. It is neat, artistic and useful. It is printed in twelve colors. It will be sent to applicants who will inclose two cents to the Marlin Fire Arms Co. for postage.

In our business columns this week Messrs. D. M. Lefever, Sons & Co., Syracuse, N. Y., advertise their new Lefever field, trap and pigeon guns, with their new single trigger specialty. All particulars are minutely set forth in their 1903 catalogue, which they will furnish to all who apply for it.

Colt's Patent Fire Arms Co., Hartford, Conn., have recently issued a catalogue, voluminous in text and artistically illustrated with half-tones of their products. The automatic Colt pistol, sporting and military models, are given special attention, both in the text and the illustrations.

Guns, Revolvers, Ammunition, etc.

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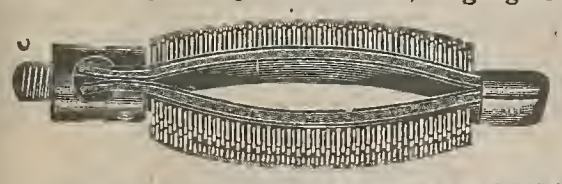

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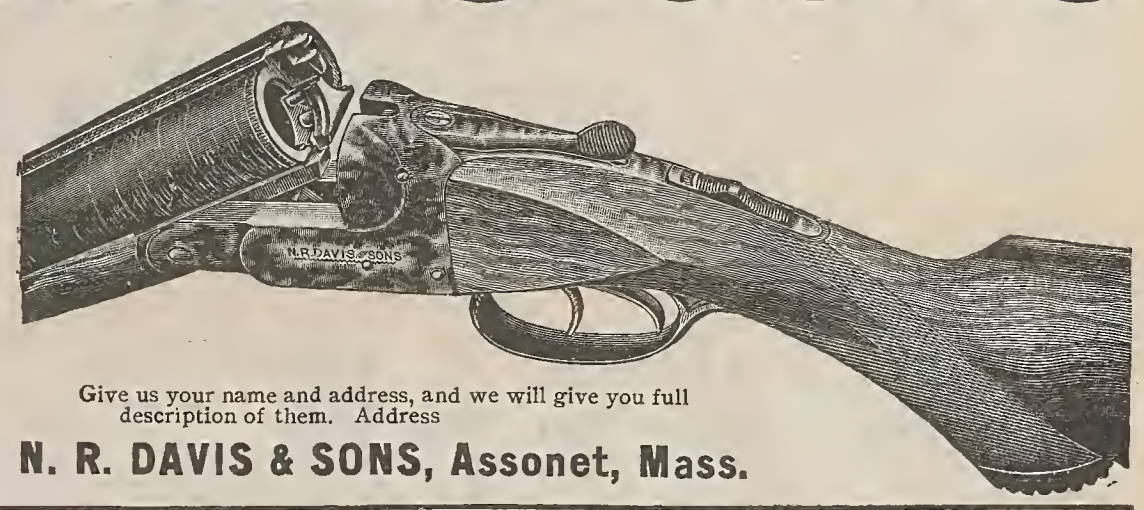

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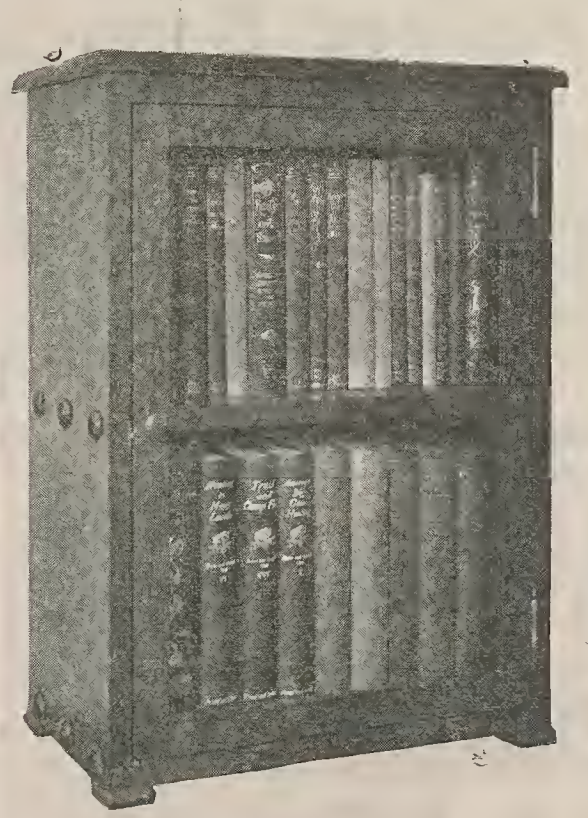

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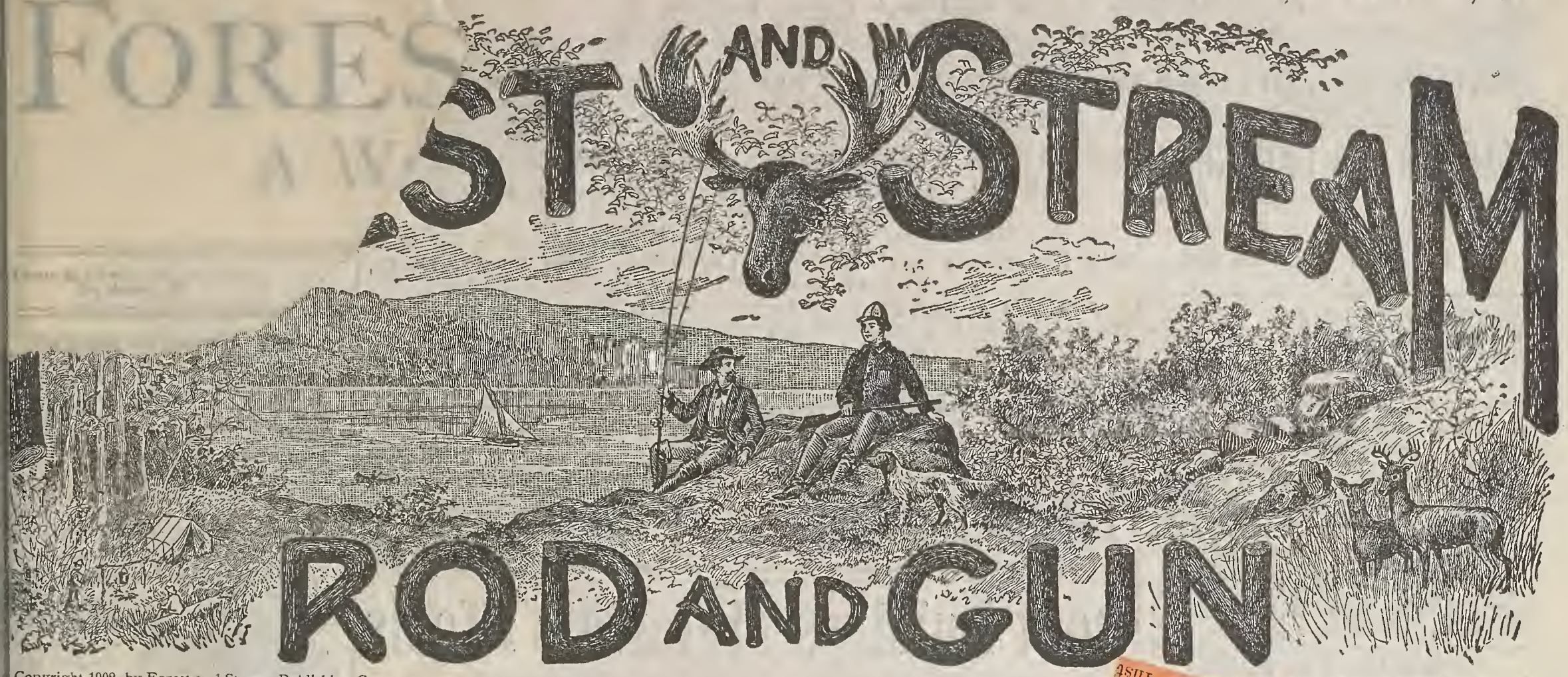

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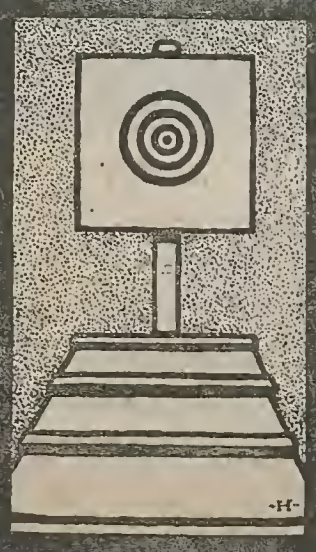

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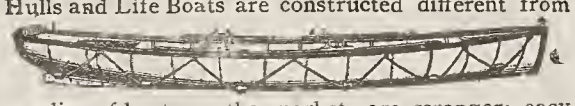

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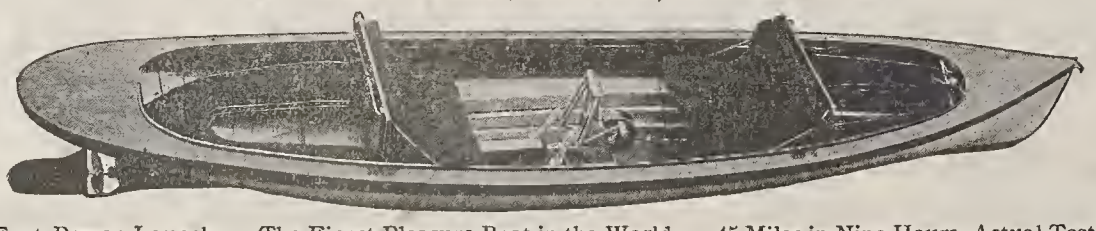

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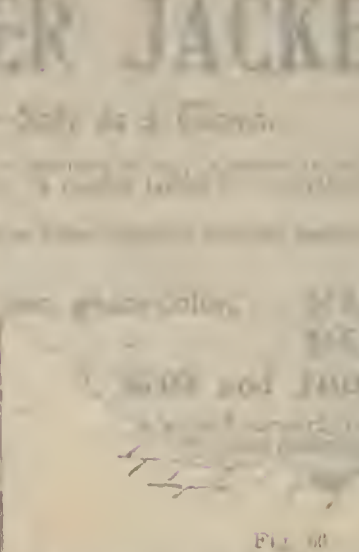

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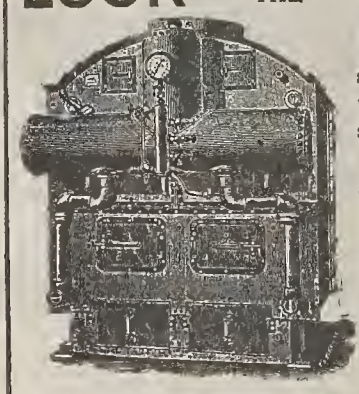

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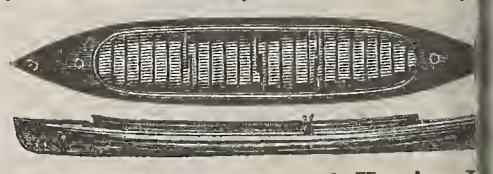

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This spirited engraving of the noblest animal of Eastern North America was drawn for the FOREST AND STREAM by Carl Rungius, has been reproduced as an artotype by E. stadt in the full size of the original dr The plate is 12½ x 19 inches, on paper 2 inches. It is the most faithful and effecti ture of the moose we have ever seen and a magnificent adornment when framed for ing on the wall. Price (mailed in a tube, paid), $3.00.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

Fortunately, nature has a few big places beyond man's power to spoil—the ocean, the two icy ends of the globe, and the Grand Canyon.
John Muir.

For Christmas Week.

IN accordance with time-honored custom, the FOREST AND STREAM contributes its quota of Christmas Week good cheer by the provision of a series of stories and sketches which cannot fail to give entertainment and pleasure. Here is the list of Christmas contributions and the writers:

PHOTOGRAPHING THE WILD TURKEY.	*Charles L. Jordan.*
WHEN THE LONG SHADOWS FALL.	*Von W.*
THE WOLF AT THE DOOR.	*Francis Moonan.*
RAINY CHASE OF THE ROBBER CRAB.	*Llewella Pierce Churchill.*
THE PASSING OF THE SLEDGE DOG.	*H. M. Robinson.*
NOTES, ALSO OBSERVATIONS.	*Coahoma.*
STUBBLE RHYMES.	*Alma.*
WAYS OF THE NIGHT.	*Geo. McAleer.*
ASHBEL'S GOAT.	*Yo.*
DAWSON YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.	*J. B.-Burnham.*

THE MOUNT VERNON DEER PARK.

WHEN by reason of the pressure of public and private business, Washington was in 1785 compelled to give up hunting, he broke up his kennel and gave away his hounds, including those which had been sent to him by Lafayette. But that he might not be without some reminder of the wild life of the forests, he established on the slope of the Mount Vernon estate, below the mansion-house, and extending along the river, a deer park of a hundred acres, which he stocked first with the native Virginia deer, afterward adding some English fallow deer from the park of Governor Ogle, of Maryland. In course of time, with the decay of the park palings, the deer escaped and had the run of the estate. George Washington Parke Custis, Washington's adopted son, tells us, in a chapter of his "Recollections," which is reprinted in one of the recent numbers of the *Woodcraft Magazine,* that Washington was extremely tenacious of his deer, and would permit none of them to be killed; but when it became evident that the hotel in a neighboring town was being supplied with haunches of venison taken by poachers on the Mount Vernon preserves, he consented to the killing of "an old buck." Custis was the master of the hunt, and chose for his weapon "an old British musket of the fashion and time of George II., a heavy, black, ill-favored looking piece, but capable of carrying two balls, each of an ounce weight, and famed for hitting hard behind as well as before." The buck having been wounded, and brought to bay in the Potomac, the carcass was carried in triumph to the mansion-house and there inspected with approval by Washington. The next day the venison was served at a banquet in the family dining-room of Mount Vernon.

This was in 1799, and it is the last record we have of the deer, but sixty years later, in 1859, Benson J. Lossing recorded that the antlers of "the Washington stag" were still preserved, and graced the great hall of Arlington House, the home of Custis, and of Robert E. Lee. Soon after this last date came the occupation of Arlington by the Federal troops, and the removal of the Custis and Washington relics. Perhaps some one at the National Capital, whose eye shall read this, may tell us what became of the historic antlers and whether they are still in existence.

When the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union assumed possession and control of the estate, the expressed purpose was to preserve the home of Washington as it had been in his day, and among other features of the grounds which it was thought desirable to restore was the long abandoned deer park. The funds for the purpose were provided in 1887 by the sons of the late Mrs. Robert Campbell, Vice-Regent for Missouri. The park is inclosed on the mansion side with a substantial iron fence; and contains at the present time eighteen deer. These constitute an animated feature of Mount Vernon, which is very pleasing; and sitting beneath the majestic trees of the lawn, one may see to-day just such happy groupings and graceful poses and pretty pictures of deer life as those which interested and delighted the proprietor of Mount Vernon more than a century ago.

BOB WHITE IN CHINA.

CERTAIN of the American residents of Shanghai are convinced that the American quail would prove an adaptable addition to the feathered game resources of China, provided a parent stock of birds could successfully be transported across the Pacific. One enterprise in this direction has already been undertaken, but has resulted in disaster, because of mismanagement at the American end of the line. Some 25,000 quail were shipped from San Francisco, consigned to residents of Shanghai, but because of improper and insufficient cooping all but a beggarly sixty-five birds perished on the voyage, and the survivors were so miserably weak and emaciated that they speedily fell victims to winged and ground vermin. The failure in this case was due entirely to causes which might easily have been avoided by the exercise of gumption on the part of the shippers; it argues nothing against the feasibility of the introduction of American quail into China; and as we have received in the pheasant so valuable a bird from the Orient, it is much to be desired, for sentimental reasons if for no others, that the United States might reciprocate and do its share in the world's game stocking by sending to China a consignment of vigorous birds which might be the first seed of a permanently established quail supply.

SHOOTING LICENSES.

THE shooting license has been so widely adopted in this country that the system may now reasonably be regarded as one which will be generally and permanently in operation throughout the United States. Among the several reasons for which the license system is advocated, one is that it provides a revenue which may be devoted to a fund for protection; another, that it may be so operated as to put a restraint upon lawless shooters and to bring them to account; and a third, that if the license fee be high enough it will reduce the number of shooters. Of these three reasons the first is the most cogent; but the last, if it be based on fact, is not a good reason; for any system intended to regulate shooting is meritorious only in so far as its makes shooting possible for a greater number, not for a less. It is true that with the passing of the years, shooting in the United States is growing to be more and more a luxury, that is to say, something which exacts more and more the expenditure of money for its gratification. But this very fact should demand from those who are concerned with the control of conditions governing the sport an earnest striving not to hasten the time when shooting can be only the luxury of the rich, but to defer the evil day as long as possible by discovering ways and means for assuring a continued game supply and a continued enjoyment of it by the shooter of moderate means. As we have said before, the man of wealth may be trusted to look out for himself; his are game preserves owned or leased, and stocked with home-bred game. Those who most require opportunities of hunting, those whose interests it is the duty of the State to conserve, are they who must in some degree at least count the cost. These constitute the largest class of shooters. That system of game protection, then, is most desirable which has for its object to promote the interests of this large class. The rule of the greatest good to the greatest number holds here. A license system which most closely respects this rule comes most closely to the accepted principle of good government. A moderate license fee, which applies equally to all and is a burden to none, is more equitable than one which puts all the burden on any one class, as non-residents.

A MARINE LABORATORY FOR FLORIDA.

THERE are before Congress two measures relating to the establishment of a marine biological station for the Gulf of Mexico. One is House Bill 11476, introduced by Mr. Sparkman, of Florida, and the other is House Bill 14353, introduced by Mr. Jones, of Washington. Mr. Sparkman's bill is printed in another column with the favorable report made upon it by the Committee on Marine and Fisheries. The Jones bill is an omnibus bill providing for the establishment of a number of fish hatcheries and for three biological stations. The proposed hatcheries are for South Carolina, Kansas, Florida (on the St. Johns River), Pennsylvania, Washington (in Yakima County), Michigan (on Lake Erie), Nebraska, Maryland, Utah, Wisconsin (Washington County), Arkansas (Fulton County), Minnesota (Goodhue County), Rhode Island, Kentucky, and Indiana. The projected marine biological stations are for the Florida Gulf Coast, for the investigation of problems connected with the marine fishery interests of that region; for Oregon or Washington, for the investigation of questions affecting the aquatic life and fishery interests of the Pacific; and the third, for the Great Lakes at a point in some one of the bordering States.

The location of each of the stations, and their establishment and equipment are left to the United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries. The provisions here outlined are those contained in the bill as it came from the Committee on Marine and Fisheries, with a recommendation that it be adopted. In advocacy of the biological stations, the committee says:

> The importance of biological stations on the Gulf Coast, in the Great Lakes region, and on the Pacific Coast cannot be overestimated. The marine life, its protection, and the climatic conditions are so varied and different in the different sections of our country that a thorough and complete knowledge thereof is of the utmost importance in the development of this industry. The problems needing investigation are the breeding times, places, conditions, habits, food, and feeding grounds of the most important food fishes in these different regions, together with their enemies during the earlier and later stages of their growth. The observations necessary in determining these matters cannot be carried on systematically by any one State, and should be conducted by the Government itself. This can be done only through the biological station, and its location should be determined only after careful investigation.

The Gulf of Mexico, with a coast line of 7,000 miles, contains fishery resources which are of immense importance, and are capable of being made of vastly greater value by successful development. Study of the marine life by specialists is a prerequisite to intelligent administration of the Gulf food fish supply; and to afford opportunity for such needed investigations the proposed marine laboratory is essential. It is of first importance to know the life histories of the marine species, and the conditions affecting their development. The work which the Woods Hole Station has done for the North Atlantic coast fisheries should be paralleled for the Gulf by such an institution as the enactment of either one of these bills would provide.

Massachusetts sentiment is all in support of the law which forbids the sale of woodcock and grouse, and is in favor of a renewal of the law for another term, or for making it permanent, as it should be. The trend of opinion is shown not only in the attitude of the protective associations, but in the notes of personal observation and experience. It is gratifying to be assured that the Boston game dealers are not averse to an extension of the law, and the outlook is for a favorable consideration of it by the coming legislature.

For Christmas Week.

Photographing the "Wild Turkey."

BY CHARLES L. JORDAN.

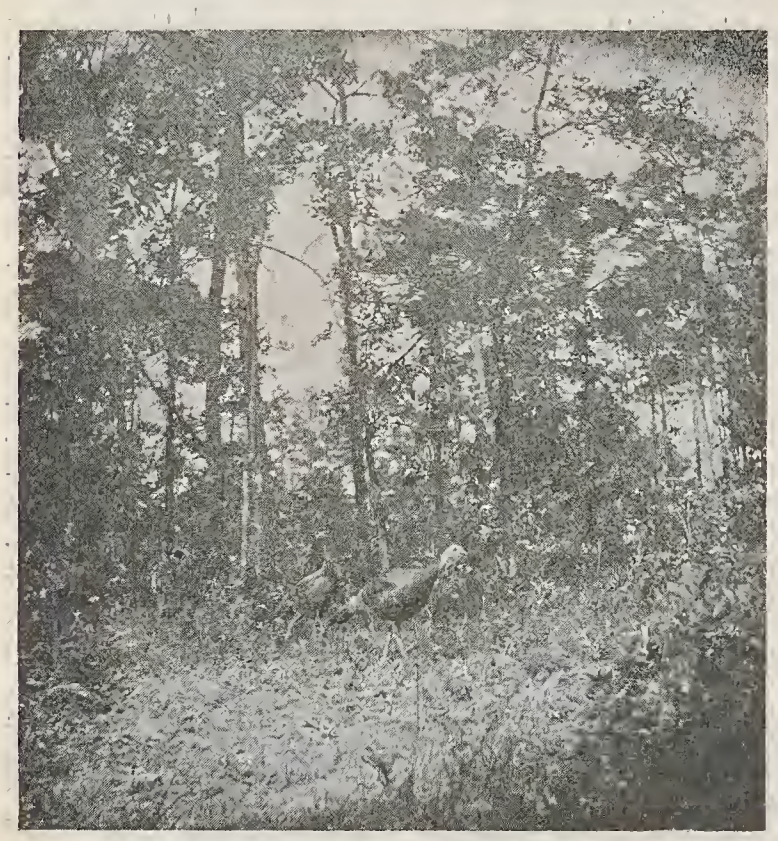
The average reader, contemplating illustrations in the magazine he is glancing over, little considers the cost to the author or producer in time, study, craft, discomfort and worry to obtain and produce; but let him try it!

When the naturalist-amateur photographer enters the wilderness, far from man's busy habitat, to secure, by aid of camera, that which under other conditions were impossible—faithful portraits of living wild fauna, of whatever name or character, be it mammal, fowl, reptile or fish—he undertakes one of the most arduous and often exasperating tasks.

Many of the half-tone photographic reproductions, purporting to be representations of sundry varieties of animal life, or death, and thus exploited, are snapshotted in parks, zoos, private preserves, or other prison affairs, and foisted upon the credulous reader as taken from the wild, free life in the native wood. Others from stuffed examples posing in museums—or possibly from live, tamed specimens tied in the brush or confined in cages, greatly to the detriment of the hard-worked naturalist who labors for facts, the honest way.

Such work as described involves about as much skill as exposing a plate on an unsuspecting calf in a barnyard, or a negro eating a watermelon, requiring no more thought or tact; but, is obtaining valuable and instructive portraits of wild animals in their unhampered freedom so easy? Try it!

Try wild turkeys in their native haunts; try whooping cranes, herons, bald eagles, goshawks, wild deer,



TWO HENS ON A HOT MAY DAY.

panther, wolf or the bay-lynx (wildcat) with his keen eyes and infallible nose, while marauding for hares. Try the razor-back wild hog of southern swamps and cane-brakes, whose keen scent will detect you a half mile; likewise try the dreamy alligator as he dozes on a slimy log or stalks a little nigger for his noonday meal. Try the fish fauna sporting in their native pickle, the water, with eyes and actions quick as the lightning's flash.

All these tax the genius of the most skilled and learned of men and methods. No bungler need attempt; but it's of turkeys, wild, untrammeled examples of that race I have now to speak. Three years since I was severely criticised on some free-hand illustrations in a certain magazine as to alleged defects, the subjects being wild turkeys, and the text raided with attempt to wreck.

Keeping temper, however, giving little attention to the unwarranted attack, I determined one day to even up with the self-posed cynic by producing something that should be above the pale of suspicion and beyond the reach of smart Alecs and meddling parasites, and what he could not accomplish in a thousand years.

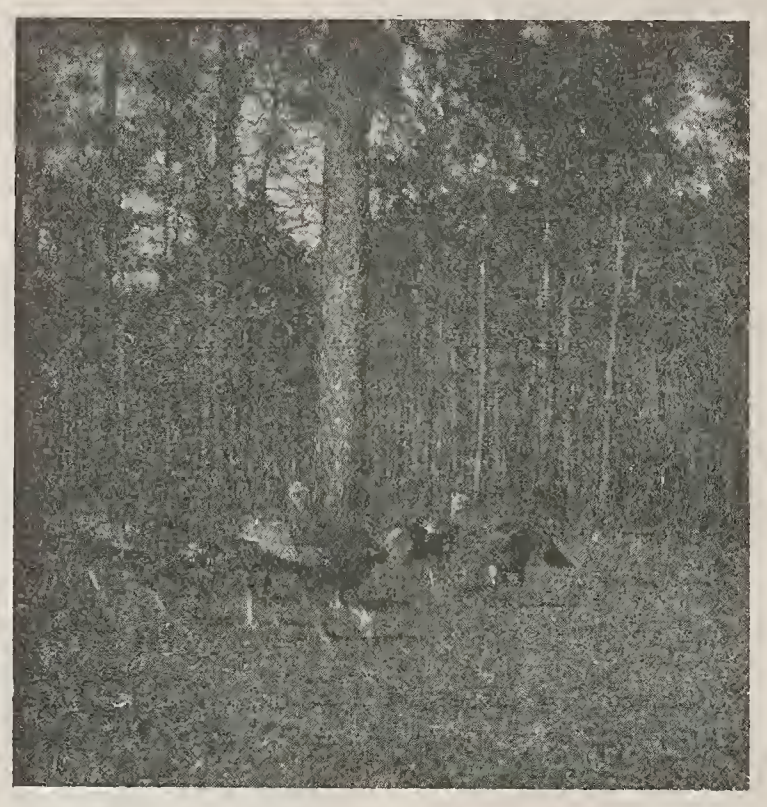
I bought a camera.

Then my soliloquy ran—"I'll get in my graft by taking wild turkeys on glass plates, if it takes the rest of time; and, hence, ordered a plain box, universal focus—12-to-the-minute cyclone affair—with the solace of being equipped to tackle all kinds of photographic matter; but, ere long, discovered I knew more of other things than cameras; as a consequence, the usual trouble and blunders of the novice—I know better, now.

It was in 1878 when my first attempt was made, being permitted to enter the Homochitto Hills, in the State of Missouri, one of the grandest wild turkey regions in the South, in quest of the coveted portraits of that tribe, and to hunt and fish on the noble and bounding Homochitto River.

It was at the home of an elderly Swedish gentleman and planter that I had been advised to stop and linger, nor have I since regretted it. His name is Jensen, than whom a nobler spirit does not exist—one of God's best efforts. He greeted me a cordial welcome, and carte-blanc to all in sight. One of the best appointed and most comfortable rooms in the old mansion was pointed out to me as my den. It was one of the old Jefferson Davis plantations, an ideal, antebellum, Southern home, with its peculiar and quaint surroundings so vividly characteristic of the familiar erstwhile. Great oaks, hickory, pecan, beech, holly, magnolia, breathing and palpitating with swarms of bird life.

The Baltimore oriole with their hanging nest and the bluejay that pillaged them of their young—then the brown thrush, mocking-bird, jack-daw, shrike and the rest, doing nothing but making nests and promoting din; while the flowering-mimasa, sweet olive, crab-apple and cape-jasmine filled the air for miles around with delicious, intoxicating odors. All this supplemented by droves of ubiquitous little "niggers," who lead up slowly to strangers in stupid wonder and naive curiosity; likewise doing nothing, by the aid of each other, but laugh, grin, yell corn songs, suck their fingers, roll in the dust or swing on the gates.



OLD GOBBLERS AND ONE-YEAR-OLD.

Here was Audubon's favorite haunt to study ornithology and hunt game, of which the country abounded. Here he obtained the live gobbler he reared and petted and loved so well and mentions so pathetically in his great work on American birds; and wept when the hunter (on the Ohio River), through mistake, killed the great bird and brought to Audubon the dead body.

Here, amid these wonderful hills and narrow valleys, I spent months stalking, crawling, calling—endeavoring to induce the festive, timid, tricky lynx-eyed gobbler to approach and pose. Did I succeed? Take a view of "Cripple Dick," the "Evening Meal," etc., and there's your answer.

The sobriquet of Cripple Dick was furnished me by the negroes on the place, due to a limp in his walk, as I had several times noticed while calling him, as he strutted, gobbled and coquetted with me beyond the reach of the camera, for a satisfactory exposure.

See that left leg? Seems shorter than its mate? So it is—an inch, and that's why he was so infernally wild. Let a stick crack, a bird flit across his vision, a squirrel drop a nut, he's gone! And why fate so decreed that I must cross lances with this crippled-up, oft-shotted, nervous, wary old reprobate in place of an easier and more plastic subject was a mystery to me. Of all the unreasonably, uncompromisingly wild things this individual excelled. He was wary and cautious

ONE OF THE WILDEST OF THEM ALL.

beyond measure, but he had a right(?) Once I had him baited with grain, to tempt him to appear near and pose, and was almost successful when some negroes passed in sight on their way to work, frightening him away. Then it was two weeks, I had him coming to call, gobbling and strutting, the camera resting on a fallen log, masked with bush and green leaves, and I was doubly sure, but fate steps in again just as he was turning a corner of timber in the open field—in full strut—when, bang! came the report of a big shotgun or a nigger's zulu—and that settled it forever with him, as I thought—and I am balked again; but in two weeks more I discovered him once more, this time on a range of hills of birch, magnolia and pin-oak timber and switch-cane, gobbling as vigorously as ever, and there hunted him still, two weeks more, daily, from day break until 10 A. M. Surely his was a charmed life.

Sometimes I had him within thirty paces strutting and gobbling, when he would suddenly, without provocation, drop his dress and nonchalantly and serenely walk away; then, with grim disgust and abiding fortitude, I did the same—homeward.

But my time came one Friday morning when there was nothing to molest, and the photo of Cripple Dick was the result. Wait a moment and get the story!

Ere it was daylight I got in an old hollow stump but an antique shell, with low switch-cane around it. He began to gobble at the first rosy tint of day, and when he had flown down from roost, I proceeded to invite his presence by appropriate calls to my impromptu studio, receiving in turn vigorous and favorable response, but putting in no appearance as yet. Now a long and provoking silence ensued. Hearing nothing of him in two hours, I apprehended a fright, but being in the turkey business and studying all of life, was no novice to their tricks, hence waited his pleasure.

Should I cough or sneeze, the opera would be over and the music done. Patience. He has had a leg broken by shot; his beard clipped by a rifle ball—hence not eligible as yet. I waited until the sun had crept in on me and was baking me to a crust. The birds had quit their din of song, the cow-bells had ceased to jingle, and all nature seemed in silent repose. I had taken my hands from the camera, while it rested in a niche in the old stump, entirely masked, save the lens, with moss and leaves, except a small opening on one side, to peer through. My position there was taken at half-past 4 A. M. It was now 10, and I worn

UNSUSPICIOUS.

out and hungry. When at the very acme of despair, as the novelist would say, gil-oggle! obble! obble! rang out within twenty feet of me. Gee! It took my breath, so sudden and unexpected, nor had I the least idea the direction he was, but slowly and noiselessly slipped my hands to the camera—one to hold it firmly, the other to engage the button.

Peering with extreme caution through the little opening at the left side of the box, I could see nothing of him, but could hear the soft rustle of the cane leaves on his feathers as he moved stealthily by. Then I knew he was within 4 or 5 feet of me. Now I saw the end of his beak and the tip of his long beard, as it vibrated nervously from his breathing. That was all I ever saw of him, but knowing he was in range or scope of the lens, pressed the button.

That was all he saw or heard, but in the half second was passing over the tops of the pine trees 100 yards away, in glorious flight, yet, surely his memory and image were left indelibly on the plate. Being satisfied the impression was all right, as he was in the bright sun at the time, and believing the negative a good one, I gave up the hunt for him altogether.

From his position in the picture he must have been very near me while passing, as he was not beyond 8 feet when the exposure was made. He was a grand old bird with a gorgeous plumage and long, fine beard. Three days afterward Dr. Casey killed him, and I saw him dead—with regret—and photographed him prone. This was, briefly, the history, posing, taking and death of "Cripple Dick," and, although spending all that season on the Homochitto trying to photograph these wary fowl, that was the only male I secured; however, several females (hens) were taken, but at too great range to get sufficient detail of plumage.

Not satisfied as yet, I determined to go elsewhere, spending the next season in like quest, in the State of Alabama in vicinity of the swamps and pine hills contiguous to the Tom Bigbee River, in the effort to succeed. There my hopes were fully realized; the result of which placed me in possession of a liberal collection of the finest in the world, which are now in enlarged bromides 14x17 inches.

A few of these, as examples, I am allowing to be published for illustrating this text.

That the reader might know how faithfully I worked and what I endured to get these photographs, will say: I began in November, 1899, as soon as the young broods were nearly grown, and quit in May. Not a day, save one, when a thunder and rain storm

kept me in doors, that I was not in the woods walking 5 to 15 miles every day in dogged search, worrying with these indescribably wild and sensitive creatures.

Nothing save that innate love in the born naturalist and sportsman prompted and held up my arms to stand the test.

Near one hundred plates spoiled, snapping under all conditions of light or position—for the least shade or a haze over the sun—you get no picture. You hope, trust to luck. You develop and get—disappointment. That's what you get endeavoring to get a wild turkey to stand up and look pleasant. After all, my success

WHEN THE SHUTTER SNAPPED.

COME TO ATTENTION.

is quite satisfactory. I have examples of the grandest old gobblers on this continent, varying in number from a single individual to bands of three to ten—all that could be crowded on to a 4x5 plate.

How I did this is almost a marvel, even to myself; having nothing to level, range or sight by except the eye, and corners of the camera as guides, as finders are out of the question, yet surely they are secured on the plates in every instance as faithfully as if operating in a studio, as evidenced by the accompanying illustrations; but you will bear in mind, brother, it took me three months the first season and six months each of the next two seasons to accomplish it, and that, too, in unremitted daily work, in rain, storm, sleet, snow or hot, baking sun.

My second year's efforts lay in the hammocks adjacent to the swamps of the Bigbee River mentioned, once historic hunting and battle grounds of the Creek, Seminole and Choctaw Indians; the finest and richest hunting lands the sun shines upon. Even now many a noble *gallipavo* forages in freedom amid its primeval luxuriance and splendid woodlands, fattening upon its plethora of beech nuts, acorns, gum seed and other food.

In those, my own native haunts, I felt assured, the best specimens of the turkey tribe would be found, being familiar with every habitat, hence the quest, which began in November, lasting into the following May.

After much research a band of magnificent old males was located, their daily trend and haunts figured out, the work of getting near enough to secure good plumage detail contemplated a place that appeared one of frequent resort was discovered, when they assembled to scratch up the dry leaves in search of food. Here I resolved to watch, stalk and call, but as yet had seen none of them, but their number and age was clearly indicated by tracks crossing old forest roads, in which manner a half dozen or more were estimated. One day, while lying in wait, I saw them approaching, feeding slowly along as if time was of no consequence to them.

Now, they must come very near, lest the images be too small to obtain the sufficient definition—say 10 to 15 feet. Meantime, the camera rested upon an old log masked with leaves and débris. At length, however, they came right along unsuspecting the fiend lurking behind that charred and blackened log, or the mask of brush heaped upon it, so intent were they gathering their evening repast. Such a sight would thrill the most callous.

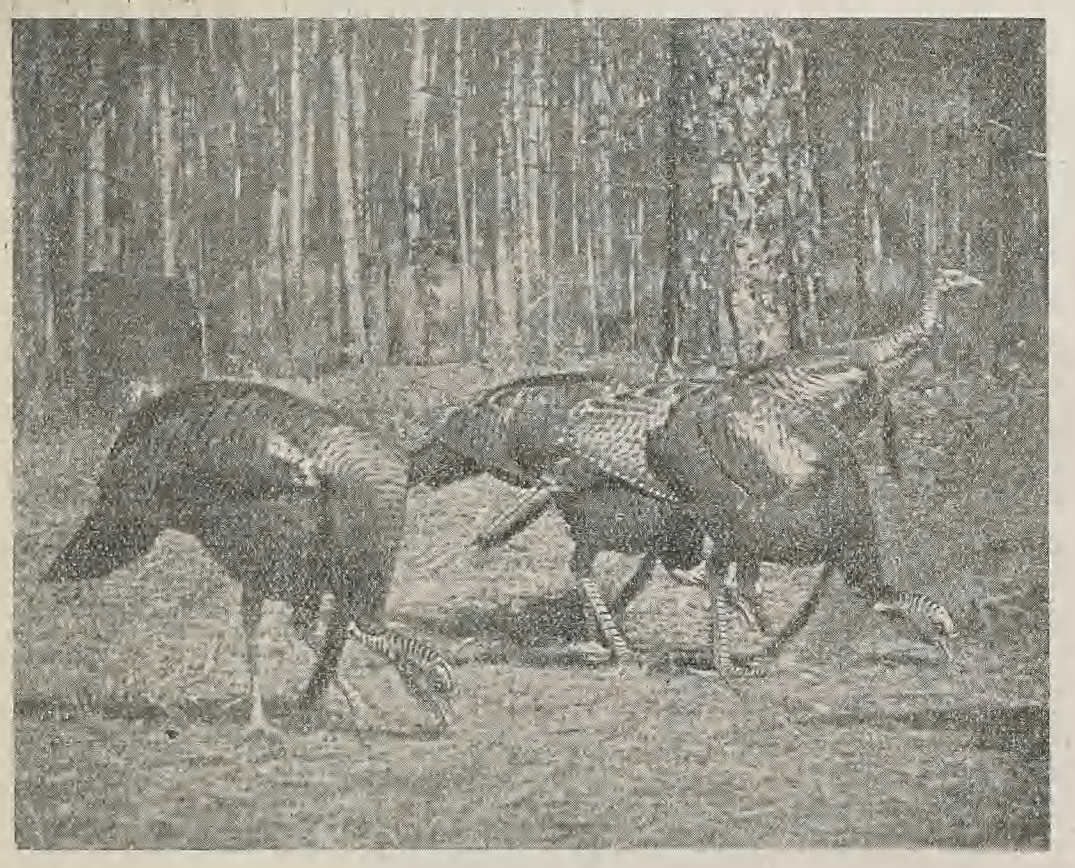
The mob consisted of nine old bearded and spurred patriarchs, with wrinkled necks, black satin breasts and gorgeous, bronze plumage, reflecting an hundred evanescent colors in the bright sunlight. It was worth a thousand miles of carfare to have seen the sublime spectacle, and what a pity that only the black and white half-tones can be reproduced, leaving those matchless metallic reflections to waste in the desert air! When in twenty paces of my hiding they began to veer to one side, but a low note from my caller caused them to turn and drift within 19 or 20 feet, when the exposure was made. On the photo, "Evening Meal," only four of the old birds are secured on the 4x5 plate—and snapshot work at that, for the least attempt at time, being unavailable on these sensitive and nervous creatures. The first click of the shutter all are gone.

The metallic click of the camera or cocking of a gun has a significance alarming to all wild animals, but with the turkey, unless the cause is seen, fear is soon over and they will return and renew the feast as if nothing happened, sound alone seldom disturbing them, but a sight of the human enemy is all sufficient to clear the premises of their company for that day at least—no argument will stop them.

In "At Sunrise" we have a splendid portrait, not only of the picturesque attitude of the subjects, but also of the yellow pine forest landscape as well. This was snapped as the sun had lifted above a nearby hill and shone in splendor over the surrounding woodlands and the feeding birds, consisting of one old gobbler and two yearlings that sport no beards as yet.

The shade being on the wrong side of the latter to get plumage definitions, the button was pressed just as the old bird raised his fine head to scan for danger, and when the shutter clicked a loud put! put!! put!!! brought the others to attention—when all three—"caput et auribus erectus in swampo," made a sublime spectacle, and had another plate been available what a grand picture could have been secured, but their suspicions aroused, there was no time for speculation, and "exeunt omnes" was the finale.

[The photograph of the crippled gobbler unfortunately proved to be unadapted to reproduction.]



THE EVENING MEAL.

AT SUNRISE.

Maine Guides.

While somewhat slow in the matter, yet "better late than never." Allow me to congratulate you on your editorial entitled, "Maine Guides," in Forest and Stream, issue of Dec. 6. It describes present existing conditions among the Maine guides (as I found them) to a dot. There is a growing tendency among guides to strictly observe the law, and to encourage sportsmen to do so.

On no one point does your argument state facts more truly than in respect to crowds of Western visitors flocking to the woods of Maine, who deplete the "game and fish resources" without giving in exchange an "equivalent" other than the wages of a single guide to a crowd, which, of course, is not an "equivalent." I heard, the past fall, a great deal of complaint on this score. And the guides claim that these Western crowds kill more game than other sportsmen, for they are expert hunters.

There was considerable discussion among the guides whom I happened to meet, in favor of increasing their charge for hire from $3 to $5 per day; and of requiring not less than one guide to three sportsmen—in fact, of forming a guides' union. Good wages should be paid to guides the same as to other people, but only in proportion to the value of services rendered. Should their union materialize it would far better stand on the rock of game protection, than on the flimsy foundation of a minimum or maximum wage scale. Guides are very much the same as other people, some are worth in hire $5 per day, some $3 per day, and others come high at 30 cents. No, guides, leave out a fixed rate for your hire and stand on your own individuality! Do not allow the unworthy to "hold up the worthy!" A rule of not less than one guide to three sportsmen, however, should receive support and encouragement from all sportsmen worthy of the name.

A minimum wage of $5 per day for Maine guide hire, would drive thousands of annual visitors out of the Maine woods into the woods of New Brunswick. The difference between the Maine and New Brunswick price for guide hire, would more than pay the shooting license of New Brunswick, and take one to fields which he skips now as a matter of economy.

Skipping from one subject to another, I wish to indorse Mr. Jos. Shurter's argument when he says that "bullets fired from high-power rifles are sure to be stopped by natural obstructions before they have exceeded the range of black powder rifles." This, of course, applies to shooting deer in thick woods. To the doubting ones I would say, just try it and be converted. I have experimented, out of curiosity, where I knew it was perfectly safe to do so, and am surprised to find how quickly a bullet will "fetch up" against some "natural obstruction," when fired in thick woods.

William H. Avis.

"When the Long Shadows Fall."

At dusky eve, when the long shadows fall,
And the last sunlight lingers on the wall,
My book laid down, I light my pipe, and dream
Of long past hours in forest and by stream.

Once more I saunter up the woodland way,
To seek the sweetest, brightest flowers of May,
And gather clusters of its fragrant sheaves,
Hiding their buds beneath the withered leaves.

Again I loiter by the mountain brook,
Tempting the wary trout from shady nook,
Or cast the fly on lake or river fair,
To rouse some giant from his stony lair.

In summer's heat I seek the forest's shade,
And on some mossy stone supinely laid,
With limbs at rest, and mind at perfect ease,
Watch the stray sunbeams flickering through the trees.

I see the grouse burst forth with thundering wings,
I hear the woodcock's whistle as he springs
From alder covert near some marshy rill,
Or scattered birches on the sunny hill.

I hear the nutshells pattering as they fall—
Some squirrel feeding in his leafy hall—
And joining in his feast with right good will,
The beech and chestnuts soon my pockets fill.

From dewy spring to autumn's golden haze,
Float back the visions of departed days,
Forming bright pictures to the mental eye,
Of stream and forest in the hours gone by.

So may it be, when life's last shadows fall,
And quietly I wait the final call,
May pleasant memories cheer the parting day,
And light the path along the untrodden way.

VON W.

DEC. 12.

The Wolf at the Door.

BY FRANCIS MOONAN.

THE three friends had eaten their Christmas dinner after the time-honored custom and returned to the bar-room.

Jake Kümmelwasser, the inn-keeper, looked decidedly more pursy than he had a year ago, but evidently was still well content with himself and the world.

Wirt Zaender, the silent philosopher and hugger of hot stoves, had more the appearance of a clothes peg, or lay figure, whilst his complexion had deepened its resemblance to a dried tobocca leaf.

Only Tim Mulcahy, the sportsman—the braver of wind and rain and frost and snow—appeared wholly unchanged. Like a well set frame was his square muscular body, and his cheek had the tone of a rosy russet apple Despite his fifty years he might easily have passed for forty.

Everything about the bar-room wore its accustomed air of order and neatness and homely comfort. The canary had ceased to sing, but the kettle on the stove had taken up his lay after its own soothing fashion. Outside the winter wind blew searchingly about the eaves, or occasionally indulged in a fit of bluster which caused the windows to rattle.

"Vell, gentlemens," said Jake, "vat you tink?"

This remark was intended less as a question than as a comment on the situation of things in general.

"I think," said Tim, "that we're three lucky min. How many poor craytures has to dine on sinkers and coffce, or maybe go hungry this blessed evenin'."

"Ya, ya," sighed Jake, "der volf at many a door alretty is!"

"The wolf at the dure—the wolf at the dure!" took up Tim. "Ay, ay, I remimber—I remimber."

For a while he leaned against the bar reflectively and then rousing himself, exclaimed:

"Come, boys, sit down and I'll tell yez a story."

When the three friends had taken their seats around the stove Tim spoke as follows:

"There isn't many things I haven't turned me hand to since I came to this counthry. I've carried the hod, I've driven a hearse, I've struck for a blacksmith, I've held a candle for a plumber, I've laid ties on a railroad, I've cooked on a canal boat, I've hoed corn, I've washed dishes in a restaurant, I've blasted rocks in a quarry, I've cut ice, I've shoveled coal, I've run a razzle dazzle and I've bossed wild bastes in a menagerie.

"There's one other thing I did that ought to have made me a millionaire, but it didn't, and that is I dug for goold. Yez mind Casey—him that caught the wild cat. Well, years ago Casey and me was out in Colorado workin' in the mines. Afther me experiences there if I iver find meself in Roosia I'll keep out of Sibayria—that's all.

"Well, one evenin' Casey and me was down at the 'Rattlers' Din,' which was the name of a saloon run by a man by the name of Brimstone, or Ould Bill Blazes, as we called him. He had the place all fixed up with rattlesnakes that he claimed to have killed. We used to say he kept thim on tap for his impty bottles. Well, sir, on the evenin' I spake of everything was unus'ally quiet. Instead of a rattlin' of dice and a cussin' and a-swearin' there was Ould Bill Blazes dozin' in an arum chair and me sittin' at a table readin' a paper and Casey amusin' himself with the dice at the bar. I don't know why it was, or at laste forget. At all ivints it was only the calm before the storm.

"I was beginnin' to get a little drowsy meself listenin' to the snorin' of Ould Bill whin the dure opened and in walks a man by the name of Sour Mash Sam—a big, raw-boned man, with long hair and a skin on him like an alligator. He was supposed to have been a horse thief or something of that kind and was gin'rally looked on as a dangerous man. I bid him the time of the evenin' and he just nodded and walks up to Casey.

"'Good evenin', stranger,' says he, 'have a throw for drinks.'

"Casey hesitated a minute and then said, 'I don't mind.'

"'You throw first,' says Sour Mash Sam.

"So Casey began to throw and threw 37.

"'Reckon I'll bate that,' says Sour Mash, takin' the dice.

"'Ha!' he cried afther makin' the first throw, 'four and five is eleven and three is seventeen.'

"'Hould on!' cried Casey, 'that's not the way to count.'

"Whin I heard Casey say this I cocked me ears, for I smelt trouble at once. Now Casey in thim days was a quiet unasshumin' young man—just the sort of one you'd think you'd be safe in bluffin', but there's where you'd make the mistake.

"'That's not the way to count—eh?' says Sour Mash, glarin' at Casey. 'Wal, that's the way *I* count.'

"'Well, thin, me man,' says Casey, 'you'd betther go back to school.'

"At this Sour Mash let fly a volley of oaths and wanted to know if 'a green galoot' like Casey preshumed to tell *him* to go back to school.

"'You're a green galoot, ain't you?' says he.

"'Well,' says Casey, 'I may be green but I ain't *black.*'

"There was a silence of a minute or two, while you could see Sour Mash's mouth workin'. Thin with a roar like a bull he made a dive for his gun, but Casey was too quick for him and had him round the body, pinnin' his arums to his sides. I seen it was me turn to lind a hand now, so I got up and wrinched the weapon away from Sour Mash. Casey thin squared off and let fly with his right and sint the bully sprawlin' on the flure.

"'If you won't go back to school I'll tache you a lesson anyway,' says he.

"'That'll do, Casey,' says I, 'and now come home.'

"At the dure I turned about and says to Sour Mash, who was gettin' up from the flure rubbin' the back of his head and lookin' cowed as a sick calf: 'You can have your gun back, me man, whin you learn to be good!'

"Casey and me trudged home to our shanty in silence. Once there, howiver, I took Casey by the hand and shook it.

"'Casey,' says I, 'you're a man. But you've upset our hopes of becomin' millionaires. We've got to clear away from this at once. I hate turnin' me back on an inimy,' says I, 'but whin an inimy is a common murderer there's no help for it. If we stay here our lives isn't worth twinty-four hours' purchase.'

"Casey agreed with me sadly, so we set about gettin' ready to start. We got our few spare duds and a couple of blankets together and tied thim up in bundles; thin stuffed some bacon and hard tack, with a few cookin' utinsils, into the bundles and flung thim over our shoulders. We took a last look around the shanty, wished it ajew and thin struck for the thrail.

"It was late in the fall and the moon was shinin' like an electhric lamp. So along we pegged at a good rate, not sorry to be cuttin' loose from our way of life, though wishin' we were loaded with goold instead of ould duds. Afther we'd covered five or six miles, we began to feel a bit tired, for the thrail was rough, and we decided to go into camp for the night. There was a belt of pines to our right, and we inthered this and selected a spot. In a little while we had a fire lit, cooked some bacon and made our supper; thin wrappin' ourselves in our blankets were soon fast asleep.

"I awoke towards mornin' with the soughin' of the pines. The moon was gone down and it was dark as pitch and much coulder. A change in the weather, thinks I; the Lord grant it don't come on to snow!

"I roused Casey and we had a bite of breakfast and as soon as it was light enough to see we shouldered our packs and started on our way once more.

"Now the station, as I'd often heard, was about thirty miles distant from the mines, so with fair weather and no mishaps we didn't doubt that we'd be able to make it before nightfall. But the looks of the weather filled me with unaisiness. It was leaden and glowerin' with a low wind moanin' across the mountains. I said nothing, howiver, only kept urgin' Casey to quicken his pace. Along towards noon I could hould me thoughts no longer, so I says:

"'Casey, I'd give the biggest nugget I iver seen mined to feel just one drop of rain.'

"'How much would you give,' says the poor innocent, 'to see a flake of snow, for there's one?'

"I started like a man at the sight of a ghost.

"'Casey,' says I, 'God help us if the thrail should get covered up!'

"With that, in a sort of panic, I started on a run and called on Casey to follow me. But runnin' over a rough thrail is no aisy matther and we were soon winded. But the minute we got our breath off we started again and kept this up for a couple of hours. Manewhile the snow was fallin' fast, coverin' up the thrail, so that we could hardly see it. I prayed to God that we might fall in with some one who knew the counthry, but niver a soul did we lay eyes on. Pantin' and perspirin' we struggled along, keepin' the thrail to the best of our judgment, whin suddenly we had to pull up for fear of fallin' into a chasm.

"'Casey,' says I, 'we're off the thrail. Back on your thracks for your life, man!'

"For a while we were able to see our thracks, but the snow continuin' to come down like a blanket they grew fainter and fainter and fin'lly disappeared altogether. Me heart sank within me like lead and I felt like throwin' meself down on me face in the snow. Oh, but it's a terrible feelin' to be lost in the wilderness. Whin I was a boy at school I remimber readin' a poem about a sailor that was cast away all by himself.

> 'Alone, alone, all, all alone—
> Alone on a wide, wide say!'

"That's how you feel, and for the moment I forgot I had Casey with me.

"'What's the matther, Tim?' says he, seein' me standin' there as if I'd been turned into a stone.

"'Casey,' says I, thryin' to conthrol meself, 'we're lost—that's what's the matther, me poor frind!'

"'We're lost!' he cried in a wild, frightened voice; 'oh, my God, Tim! and I'm the cause of it. Forgive me, won't you?' And he grabbed hould of me hand.

"'Casey,' says I, 'I have nothing to forgive and you don't act like the conqueror of Sour Mash Sam. We're lost, 'tis thrue, but we may find ourselves again. Sthranger things have happened. Now, the first thing to be done is to get our bearin's, if we can, so if you plaze I'll make a few observations.'

"I knew something of woodcraft and began to examine the thrunks of the trees and the growth about thim, but couldn't make much of it. Thin I climbed to the top of a tall pine and viewed the counthry all 'round, but couldn't see the laste sign of a habitation, or anything to guide me. So I climbed down and tould Casey that so far luck seemed against us, but it might turn.

"On a bould vinture, thin, we struck out a line through the openest part of the mountains. We kept on this till it was near nightfall, whin once more we had our path cut off by a chasm.

"It was still snowin', but lighter. We got into the woods and prepared to spind the night with heavy hearts. We lit a fire in the lea of a big rock and cooked our bacon, but though we hadn't ate anything since mornin', nayther of us was hungry, bein' too anxious, faith. But we were like to be hungry enough before long, with nothing but wind, maybe, to fill up on.

"Whin we'd done atin', we cut some spruce boughs, shook the snow off thim and spread thim about the fire to sleep on. Thin we sat down and lit our pipes.

"By this time the snow had stopped fallin' but it blew up piercin' could, so that we had to wrap our blankets about us. There we sat like a pair of red min by the flickerin' camp fire, and just about as churful and talkative. The dead laves rustled around us in the chilly blasts and the pines whispered and sighed like so many sperrits above our heads.

"'I'm thinkin', Casey,' says I, 'that this sort of a life would make an Injun of me before long.'

"Casey didn't answer, but heaved a sigh, poor man. By and bye, seein' that it was no use attimptin' conversation, I says:

"'I guess I'll go to bed and lave you to look afther the fire till midnight; thin I'll keep the second watch till mornin'.'

"I was afraid if I let Casey go to sleep first that I couldn't trust him to stay awake in the early hours, which was the time the fire would be most needed.

"'Where's that chambermaid with the warmin' pan?' says I. 'Well, here goes. Good night, Casey—and mind you don't nod and let the fire go out.'

"'No fear,' says Casey, as he put on more wood.

"With a log under me head and me feet to the blaze I wrapped me blanket close about me and closed me eyes. But though I was tired I was so anxious I couldn't sleep. What was to become of us with only another day's rations—half rations at that—and no firearms, or lastewise only a little six-shooter? I lay ponderin' this question with eyes half closed till long into the night. I could see Casey sittin' by the fire a picture of melancholy, with head thrun' forrard on his breast and hands hangin' by his sides, but rousin' himself now and thin to keep the fire alive. The wind wint down and everything became still as death. All of a sudden out of the blackness of the forest there rose a horrid panjemonium as if all the divils had been let loose and thin something flopped down near the fire and was away in a minute, silent as a spook.

"Casey jumped up with a shout and thin fell a thrimblin' like a lafe. I tell yez I was scared meself, but only for the minute or till I opened me eyes; then I knew it was only a big horned owl objectin' to our fire.

"I began laughin' at Casey, and hearin' me he took courage and cries:

"'My God, Tim, what was that?'

"I explained the situation to him and thin lay down again, and do yez know that afther this my thoughts bein' disthracted I fell sound asleep.

"I woke with the could and seen the fire gone out and Casey doubled up, snorin' like a bagpipes. I was goin' to rouse him up and coort-martial him, but no, says I, the poor crayture needs all the sleep he can get; I'll take him to task in the mornin'.

"I built up the fire again and set it agoin', and thin as I sat ponderin' an idea came to me. Now in me young days I sarved a year before the mast and knew something of the stars, and my idea was that if I could locate the north star I'd be able to lay a coorse for the mornin'. I looked up at the sky and seen that the clouds were all cleared away and the stars shinin' bright. So I crept out of the forest and made me observations and found that we'd been thravelin' due north instead of south, which shows how one gets twisted up in the wilderness. Well, I laid out our coorse for the mornin,' feelin' that it was God directed me and returned to camp. I found Casey still snorin' away and I let him snore till it was just daylight; thin I shook him and he woke with a start.

"'Casey,' says I, 'I must complimint you on bein' such a wide-awake watch.'

"'Sure, Tim,' says he, 'I didn't intind it, but the sleep stole on me.'

"I believed him and forgave him. 'But,' says I, 'we're on a perilous voyage, me man, and we've got to steady our helm and keep a sharp look out.'

"We ate a little hard-tack, savin' the bacon for dinner, weighed anchor and lay to our coorse. We met with nothing but head winds and cross says and had to tack twinty times before noon and thin we didn't seem much advanced. In the afthernoon we made a little betther way and thought that maybe we might fetch up in some port, but the night found us still tossin' on the high says.

"Well, to drop me nautical lingo we wint into camp in the head of a rocky defile. The weather continued clear but could as death. We made a fire, fixed things as comfortable as we could and thin the question was whether we should fry all our bacon.

"'Fry it all!" says I; 'no use makin' two bites of a cherry.'

"That night I kept the first watch. All was quiet till about midnight, whin what should I hear but the barkin' of wolves in the distance! It made me blood run could. I didn't wake Casey till on towards mornin' and I said nothing about the wolves.

"'Ain't you goin' to lie down?' says he.

"'No,' says I, 'I'm not sleepy.'

"'Nor hungry, maybe,' says he, by way of a joke.

"'Nor hungry,' says I.

"'Thin,' says he, 'there's something wrong. Tim, you ain't goin' to give up?'

"The words stung me and I jumped to me feet.

"'Whin Tim Mulcahy gives up,' says I, shakin' me first, 'St. Pether or the divil will have him by the hand!'

"'That's good,' says Casey. 'Faith, you rouse me courage, Tim. But see, there's the dawn.'

"'Sure enough,' says I. 'Lord! how strange it looks!'

"Whin we haven't slept we look at the world with different eyes. Ay, ay, so we do.

"I will pass over two days that followed this, whin we wandered about God knows where, starvin' and miserable. How we survived I don't know, but I suppose the youth that was in us kept us alive. I don't want to dwell on thim days and nights, so I will pass thim over and come to the third day.

"It was evenin' and we were thryin' as a last chance to make our way to a spur of the mountains that commanded an extinsive view. I'd often heard that there were hunters' camps scatthered about and I knew that our only hope now was to discover one of thim. But I feared we'd niver get there in time to see smoke, if by chance there was any to be seen. It was beginnin' to grow dusk, and we were crossin' a sort of clearin' more like two specthres than live min. Casey was ahead of me, for he was the waker of the two, and I wanted to encourage him by makin' him think he was walkin' me down. For a minute I stopped to take breath and look back. Something caught me eye that sint a could shiver down me spine. It was a mere shadow as I may say flittin' across the clearin' into the black belt of the pines. A'most before I could realize it, it was gone. I hoped it was nothing but the vapors in me head risin' from me impty stomach, and yet I feared—oh, how I feared! But, however, I said nothing and wint on afther Casey. I didn't want to look back again, but prisently something seemed to magnetize me from behind and I turned round. As I looked me heart gave a bound and thin seemed to stop. A hundred feet away right on our thracks was a big gray wolf! Seein' me stop he stopped too and cocked his ears, thin disappeared like a shadow as before.

"The perspiration broke out all over me and I had a feelin' of sickness as if I was goin' to vomit, savin' your prisence.

"'What's the matther, Tim?' says Casey, turnin' round, for he missed me footsteps behind him. 'Ain't you feelin' well?'

"'Oh, a little passin' wakeness,' says I. 'I'll be all right in a minute.'

"Casey limped back to me.

"'Come lane on me,' says the poor soul. 'I'll help you along.'

"By the powers, gintlemin, if this speech of Casey's didn't make me as brave as a lion and I felt as if I'd encounther a whole pack of wolves to save that poor unselfish frind.

"'On Casey!' says I. 'If there's any lanin' to be done it won't be done by Timothy Mulcahy! All the same,' says I, takin' his hand, 'thank you kindly, Dan, for your offer.'

"We hadn't gone more than a hundred yards whin we got to the ind of the clearin' and thin what should we spy but a little log cabin. It was like the sight of a plank to a drownin' man.

"'Casey,' says I, 'the luck begins to turn.'

"We inthered the cabin and found it spread with pine needles and mountain grass, comfortable as a parlor. In one corner was a place for a fire. The dure was sthrong and swung on two hinges. I looked about to see if by chance there was any remains of ould hide or ould bones or anything to make a supper on, but nary a thing could I see. Well, says I to meself, if we've got to give out to night at laste the wolves won't ate us.

"No sooner had I said this than I started with an idea that flashed through me mind. I was going to tell it to Casey, but the poor man was so done up that he'd gone right to sleep standin' as he was, with his head up against the side of the cabin. I took him in me arums and laid him on the flure, thin wrapped his blanket about him and covered up his feet with the withered grass and left him to sleep—maybe for the last time.

"As I said the dure was sthrong with an iron bolt and a wooden bar and if once closed a dozen wolves couldn't break it down. But I didn't close it, but left it ajar, or about a foot open and thin took a sate behind it with me eyes to a chink.

"Night was fallin' fast, but there was a full moon, and afther it was dark it was brighter than it was before.* The hours slipped by and there I sat with me eyes to the chink in a state of horrible suspinse. For the time bein', howiver, the hunger had stopped gnawin' me vitals. Casey slept without a move or a sound, so that you'd think he was dead. Once I took alarum at his bein' so quiet and crept over and put me hand on his chest. It was heavin', though with me ear a'most down to his mouth I could scarcely hear him brathe. But he was alive and that satisfied me, so I crept back to me place by the dure.

"Everything remained quiet till about the middle of the night, as I judge—the moonlight stramin' down on the white snow and the pines all standin' up black against the sky. Once or twice I heard an owl whinnyin' like a horse (Ugh! 'tis the sthrange church-yard birrd!) but that was all. But about the hour mintioned I gave a sudden start and me flesh all crept on me bones, for there was that shadow on the snow again! I grabbed me jackknife that I had open by my side and waited, with me eyes glued to the chink.

"For a whole hour the shadow—for it scarce seemed more—came and wint, but always nearer and nearer. At last it came within a few yards of the dure and sniffed, but on a suddin darted back and wint prowlin' round in the rear. I heard it sniffin' through the logs—oh! how me heart bate!—and thin retratin' once more. For half an hour maybe—sure it seemed half a cintury—I seen nor heard no more of it, whin without warnin' there was the shadow before the door again. This time it came right up under me nose and listened. I held me breath. The next minute the wolf had his head in through the openin' and sniffed. Quick as a flash I jammed the dure to and had him by the neck. He made a hijous outcry, but I quickly silenced him with me knife.

"I was thrimblin' like an aspen lafe whin I turned round to see if Casey was awake. But he was sleepin' as pacefully as if nothing had happened.

"'So much the betther,' says I; 'I'll give him a surprise.'

"I set to work at once and skinned the wolf. This done, I lit a fire and thin, gintlemin—well, yez may be squamish and I don't want to spoil your digestion on this evenin' above all, so I won't inther into details.

"The next day, afther a fine sleep, we made the spur of the mountains, and luck bein' on the turn, as yez know, we didn't cast our eyes about in vain. Less than a mile away we seen a thin column of smoke risin' through the trees in the mornin' air. We made for that and found a couple of hunters who took us in and thrated us like hunters—I need say no more. In twinty-four hours we were ourselves again and thin we were sint to our destination with a guide. And, in troth, whin it was all over I thought it was only a dhrame, but bad cess to me if it ain't the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

"Let us for the notary publics send!" said Jake, the scoffer.

Wirt Zaender was so much awed that he didn't even smile.

* It is to be feared that this exquisite Irish bull was lost on Tim's audience.

Rainy Chase of the Robber Crab.

CHRISTMAS only a week off, at the end of a wet fortnight still raining cats and dogs, and Talolo felt himself up against a proposition.

It wasn't so much the weather, though even Samoans do not find unalloyed enjoyment in their rainy season from November to March when it rains all the time, and frequently more so. The rain beats on their bare backs like so much small shot thrown in unremitting handfuls, and they say it stings. It messes up their hair as well and drapes their scanty garments about them as so much wet rag. The rainy season is the hot season as well, a combination of tropical misery to which no mere words can begin to do justice.

But it wasn't climate that was wearying Talolo's soul, or the nearest Samoan equivalent to, or substitute for, that organ. When one is born to a dispensation of Providence that supplies an annual rainfall of fifteen feet coming all in a bunch and runs the thermometer close to a hundred at the same time, there comes a certain sense of resignation which, after all, is the best any one can do about any weather. It was Christmas that was worrying the lad, Christmas and his "mea alofa," his loving things as the islanders say, the love proving uniformly a mercenary sort of emotion in which a little gift is to elicit a much larger one. Talolo was by no means fretting about what he was going to give me. That was easy in his simple savage state and I already knew what it was to be. He had taken the pains to tell Tonga so that the knowledge might come to me indirectly and govern me in settling upon my "mea alofa" to him. He had already ransacked the simple treasures of Salatemu, his mother at that particular time of the current series, had laid purloining hands on two baskets woven of gaudily dyed fibre, together with a large sleeping mat. He had asked Tonga if she did not think that in return for his doing so much for me I must make a really princely return, perhaps even the "shoot gun." Poor boy, he was always hoping against hope for that regular companion of our excursions into the deeper jungle. He knew that the Consulate was a place at which laws were made for Samoa and it was beyond his power to comprehend why that did not give the same right to break laws, in particular that which forbade the sale or gift of arms and ammunition to Samoans. So far as I was concerned Christmas involved for him neither cost nor worry.

But there were others. Those others were of his own race and quite up to all his little games and devious wiles. A small gift to me might win a rich return because I was a Papalangi, one of those innocent foreigners who were ever such easy marks for Samoan craft. But with his own he knew that the presents that should come to him would depend entirely on the scope and magnitude of his love to the giver as measured by the gifts he himself gave. The proposition that confronted him was money to enable him to go to the traders around the Matautu corner and down in Apia; and money was hard to get. Early in our acquaintance we had settled on the gift that I was unfailingly to render as the offering on the sacred altar of friendship, a tin of salmon or corned beef and four hardtack to be eaten on or off the premises. But money—well, when Talolo got money from me it was in return for real service rendered. A sixpence was not difficult to get, that meant only the fetching in of another bunch of bananas to hang mellowing on the veranda. But in the holiday emergency what was a sixpence? No less than a dollar would carry through his Christmas present making on the scale that befitted the son of the chief of Vaiala and particularly one so close to the administration as Talolo boasted himself to be. But the lad had early learned the lesson that it is not always so easy to get a dollar; so far as I was concerned he knew it was not to be had for the mere asking.

All these facts came out when Talolo paid me a call in a pouring rain when Christmas was right upon him and that dollar still far out of reach.

Now, in Samoa when it rains it rains. It surely was out there that they concocted the proverb about its never raining, but it pours. From so many directions did the rain come at once that there was not a dry spot on the veranda, and we were driven into the stuffy interior of the house with every door and window shut and caulked tight. The walls and windows were tearful with the drops of condensing humidity. One could actually see the blue mould grow on the leather of shoes and belts and the mildew spotting the linen of our duck garments.

Out of the storm into the merely soggy dampness of the interior enter Talolo, shining with the rain, clothed in clammy rags, bonneted with a close-fitting cap made of banana leaf twisted up to keep his hair dry, vainly struggling in the fierce blast of the hot north wind to make banana leaf serve the purpose of an umbrella. Over all was an air of the most ponderable gloom, a misery that oozed from every pore. He was quite too wet to be allowed to bring his melancholy inside the house and he was promptly sent down to the cook house to put on a dry lavalava belonging to Tanoa and to get his rations. These details satisfactorily settled, Talolo was admitted to the house, clothed and dry but still gloomy. That looked bad, for a melancholy that could last though a mere trifle of between two or three pounds of solid nourishment had been consumed, argued a serious state of affairs for Talolo. The reason soon came to light as above set forth, Talolo must have a dollar, he was so completely in need of it that he would actually work for it.

"Tama'ita'i e!" said the sorrowful Talolo when his tale of woe seemed to suggest to me no ray of hope gleaming with "le tala e tasi" or one dollar; "Tama'ita'i e! Ta te tutulimanu!"

"Tutulimanu!" ejaculated Tonga with fine scorn. "Pursue animals, indeed! I think so, you fool boy. What animals, think you, the Tama'ita'i will pursue in the Vaipalolo, the season of the rains on the coasts and the rains on the mountain backbone, the rains on Samoa 'uma all-over always? Come now you great pursuer of animals, where are the lupe pigeons in the Vaipalolo? Are they here along the coast feeding on the berries or are they on the Tuasivi lean and hungry in the rain? Or when the blows from the north until great ships go to smash at their anchors in Apia think you that the Tama'ita'i has the powerful arm to fish for great fish with the rod that is in three pieces and has bird feathers on the hook and the noisy spool for its line?"

This burst of eloquence checked Tanoa, who, at the first mention of hunting had started to get out the shot gun even though it had been carefully swathed in greasy rags to protect it from the dampness until some other day after the rains had gone away. Tanoa was as faithful as could be, but his intelligence was not such as to startle.

But Talolo bore the scolding with an aggrieved air. His rank was not quite high enough for him to venture on answering Tonga back, yet it was not sufficiently removed below her position to preclude him from at least looking the things he might not speak.

"True it is, Tama'ita'i, that the lupe are far away in the great swamp on top of the mountains and they are no longer good to eat. And when the rain is heavy on the waters you cannot fish after the way you fish, but only as the Samoan women fish, by wading in the water with their nets. But on the back of the island there is a cave that they say is filled with birds that live in the darkness and only fly out for food. You might take fire sticks and shoot them and thereby I might get the dollar for my Christmas gifts."

"Still you are a fool boy," exclaimed Tonga. "How shall the Tama'ita'i cross over the mountains to Falealili in the rains when scarcely will a Samoan venture on the Ala Sopo road? And besides, those birds that you know nothing of are little swallows not fit to eat, and you need not shoot them, you can kill them by the hundred with a switch."

"It is all true," said Tanoa, "in the Vaipalolo there is no animal to pursue nor fish to take, the only thing is the robber crab."

Talolo was quick to see his opportunity. "Tama'ita'i, will you give me the dollar if I take you to hunt the Uu, the crab that steals our cocoanuts?"

No less prompt was Tonga in deprecating the suggestion with an angry glance at Tanoa for making it. "You must not go to hunt the Uu," she said. "If it should fall on your head it would kill you dead extremely. If it should hit you with its claw it would break your leg. Such hunting is only for strong Samoan men, it is not for a lady. Besides, you will get very wet in the rain."

And Tanoa tried to square himself with Tonga for the unfortunate suggestion. "It is not well to pursue the Uu," he said, "for it can only be done at night and then the aitu are in the bush and it is not well to have the aitu hurt you, for then you die and perhaps wander a weary road."

Waving aside this domestic opposition, to which I was well accustomed, I asked Talolo if for the dollar he so much wanted he would undertake to bring me face to face with the robber crab, ghost or no ghost. He accepted gleefully, only asking for delay sufficient to enable him to learn from old Lauta when the moon would be right for the capture of the giant crab. It might prove an interesting branch of astronomy for somebody to study out the connection of the moon with the affairs of Samoa. My experience has been that everything I wished to do in the forest or along the streams had to be regulated by some sort of lunar calendar, of which only the very old men, such as Lauta in particular, were fully informed and had to be consulted for some such fee as a box of matches or enough kerosene to fill their lamp.

While Talolo is off in the rain consulting the elders as to what the moon says about the hunting of robber crabs, one may try to form some estimate of whether Talolo was really a sports-boy or only a meat hunter. It must be confessed that when he went after game he deemed it absolutely essential that at the appropriate time he should be found with the goods on him. I can count up dozens of times when Talolo has led me to the killing of things for which I could make no sort of use, but which proved acceptaable to the housekeeping of Chief Patu and Salatemu and Talolo himself as a junior of that household. But that is, after all, a very narrow view to take of Talolo's hunting. It soon broke upon me that Talolo's sportsmanship was brought best into play before ever we started out on our many expeditions. Talolo was after better game than fur, fin or feather, and I was it. His skill in stalking me, the way he baited the ground to which I was to be led, his absolute ingenuity in devising the always changing lures—all these stamp Talolo as a clever sportsman. His unfailing cheerfulness when I broke away from his best laid schemes, his readiness in devising new attractions—all these things showed that he played the game for the pure sport of it. If I was his game at least I was appreciative of his skill. This is a season when one can say this sort of thing with all peace and good-will. Those who have become acquainted with other of my adventures with my happy little Samoan companion may have seen through his little game; this is said only by way of serving notice that I, too, was not unaware of the tricksome devices with which he made his own tiny profit while giving me such rich pleasure afield or afloat.

After no long absence Talolo returned with a supply of information. Being as he thought on an official errand he had to be equipped with a raincoat and an umbrella,

and was accordingly proof against the weather, and on such a day there was no difficulty in finding all the old men sitting together and plotting rebellion or playing "svipu" or cassino, the one occupation being little more dangerous to the peace of the realm than the other. All the ancients had told him that a Papalangi woman had always very absurd ideas, but that if she insisted on hunting the robber crab the proper time was "fanacilele," being the fourth night after the full of the moon. Samoa under the rain clouds had not caught a glimpse of the moon for nearly a month, but the almanac established the astronomical date of the full moon, and to Talolo's great glee it was found that that very night was "fanaeilele," and, therefore, it was now or never for crab hunting.

It was by no means the first that I had heard of the Robber Crab or the Purse Crab, as the beast is sometimes called. At the foot of many a cocoanut tree along the beach I had seen a hole about as large as a woodchuck burrow and presenting much the same appearance. These I had been told were the burrows of the robber crab, and that on general principles it would be just as well to leave them alone, for while the inmate was supposed to sleep by day and to confine his efforts to the night hours, still he might wake up if one should slip into such a burrow at any time. Just to test the facts in the case I jabbed a stout stick into one of these burrows and woke up the occupant. He was evidently annoyed at being aroused from his nap, for the stick was seized so roughly as to wrench the other end from my grasp and when, after a few minutes of mauling it, the stick was thrust out of the burrow the end of it was chewed to splinters. It was quite clear that this crab was no child's play.

Invisible by day the crab roams about at night and finds its food on the cocoanuts. If the supply of windfall nuts is deficient (and in the neighborhood of Samoan houses every fallen nut is promptly picked up to be cut for copra or used in cooking), then the crab climbs the trees and wrenches the nuts from their stalks and collects them from the ground afterward. One of the tourists, those who in a stay of six hours on the beach while the steamer rolls at anchor equip themselves to speak as one having authority on Samoan affairs, has gravely recorded an interesting addition to this observed fact. The gifted author goes on to say that if the fall from the top of the tree does not crack the nut open the sagacious animal seizes the nut in its claws, reascends "to a higher branch of the cocoanut tree" and drops the nut again, and rarely without success. The value of this statement in natural history will become promptly apparent to any person who will stop to recall that the cocoanut tree has no branches whatever, and that fruit and leaves all grow at the same level.

When the appointed time came that evening Talolo, as the master of the hunt, announced that he was ready to lead the forees on to do battle with the fierce robber crabs. The place where we were to hunt was in the unoccupied land of Taumeasina, just across the little river Fuesa on the eastern edge of Vaiala and between that stream and the Vailoa which separates it from Matafangatele. When Tonga heard this she promptly decided to forego the hunt for several very important reasons grounded upon the weather and the state of her health. These were merely pretexts, for I happened to know that Taumeasina was the chosen romping ground by nights for a swarm of aitu ghosts or demons of Tonga's own family, and that she would rather die than cross that half mile strip in the dark. Tanoa never was any sort of use after nightfall in his terror of the demons, and was going through the motions of a deadly attack of sickness in order to make it plain that he must be left behind. But there were other boys who were ready to face the elements and the aitu for a prospective supply of beef and salmon.

As to the weather conditions it need only be said that it rained. That rain had begun only two weeks before and was good for yet another week, therefore, it is not to be supposed that it would let up for so trifling a thing as a hunt by night. In Samoa one loses the habit of postponing things until it has stopped raining. The only thing to do is to put on a slicker and go out in the wet.

Thus we set out in the driving rain, myself in waterproofs and the Samoans in an extra coating of oil on their skins to serve the same end and wearing their oldest clothes. As we went through Vaiala along the road and saw the gleam of light upon the falling rain where here and there a ray escaped through a chink of the closely drawn mat screens, the boys raised the hunting shout, but those who were dry and under cover were too wise to part the screens and give us response.

But as soon as we had crossed the shaking foot bridge over the Fuesa and entered the debatable land where we were to look for our game, Talolo forsook his forward position as leader of the expedition and found it less terrifying to stick close to my side. Not that he said so; nothing of the sort; only it took no great powers of reasoning to see through his flimsy pretense of wishing to point out the rifle pit where Laulu with Tonga by his side fought the Germans to a finish in the fifth war before the last. Just as though one could see a pit in a pouring rain and inky blackness. The other boys were quiet too, but it was less on account of the aitu—luckily Taumeasina is peopled with Matafangatele aitu who have very little to say to Vaiala folk. The silence was rather that their quick ears might catch through the steady beat of the rain on the cocoanut leaves overhead some other sound familiar to their trained ears which should reveal the aerial presence of the game we sought. So far as I was concerned there was nothing to hear but the unremitting drumming of the rain on the sonorous leaves overhead and the roar of the overburdened barrier reef a mile off shore. But in no long time I felt, for in that tumult of gale and darkness it was impossible to hear or see, I felt that the boys had gathered about a certain tree. Talolo led me to its trunk, and in some way I found myself with my ear against its trunk listening. I could hear another sound than the voice of the storm, it sounded like some heavy body scratching its way over obstacles. All at once I recalled what Tonga had said about the crab falling on me and "killing me dead extremely," and I lost no time in moving out of what I regarded a danger zone. A few feet away the boys found another tree that promised game. Between these two trees the boys divided themselves and Talolo and I took our station midway between them ready to join whichever group should offer the better promise for sport. For all that he was a little savage and brought up to that sort of thing, the graceful little hand that crept into mine was cold with more than rain, and brought to mind the fact that Talolo was only a boy after all, and was earning his Christmas dollar rather hard.

After a certain period of inaction during which the blackness of the night prevented me from seeing what was done, the surroundings were suddenly illuminated by the glare of torches, which we had brought with us in plentiful supply. For such a rainy spot Samoa has the corresponding advantage that the dry leaflets of the cocoanut furnish a torch that will burn in all weathers. Then in the bright light I saw that the boys had climbed each tree about half way to the top, and there had tied a bunch of grass about the trunk. This, I learned afterward, is a risky thing to do, for the crab is likely to become aware of the man climbing the tree and to start to climb down to meet him. In that case there is nothing for the man to do but to scramble down to the ground and light his torch, for the enraged crab will attack anything that is in the way of its refuge underground.

As soon as we had light on the scene the boys began to shout and throw sticks and stones into the crown of leaves on each tree. The light, the noise and the direct assault were too much for first one crab and then the other, while in the outer ring of darkness we could hear the rustle of other crabs that were scurrying out of our dangerous neighborhood. In the tree on which the brighter light was cast I saw the leaves move apart and then, while the Samoans set up the cry Uu to name the beast, I saw a huge misshapen creature start to climb down the tree. Just how we were going to catch it I did not know, for when Talolo gave me a stout club as the others carried he assumed that the knowledge of what to do with a club came by instinct. With every foot that the crab climbed down the tree he looked less and less attractive for a close encounter and I became quite sincerely regretful that my particular club was no more than a yard long, that seemed momently to be an absurd sort of weapon against the giant crustacean. But the crab while making steady progress down the tree was equally cautious. He never let go his hold with one claw until he had made sure that the other three which were capable of such use had secure holding. At times he managed to secure a grip with one or the other of the huge front nipping claws with greater powers of pinching than any lobster ever dreamed of. Thus foot by foot the crab climbed down, not slowly, but deliberately. At length he reached the twisted clump of grass about the trunk. Then he let go all holds and came down by the run while Talolo led the shout of the kill. With a shudder I appreciated just what Tonga had meant, for the beast struck ground with a smash that would surely have laid out any merely human person that chanced in the way. One of the boys rushed forward to the crab and then we saw that it had been killed by the fall, the soft parts of the body being crushed to a jelly. Scant attention was paid to this victim and all the party drew closer to the other tree, down which an even larger crab was crawling. As soon as it reached the grass band this crab, also, dropped off and came to the ground. Whether this one fell on a harder part of its shell or whether the fall was broken by some low bush I did not notice, but this beast was thoroughly alive when it reached the ground. In an instant we were a ring of shouting humanity about the great crustacean and I could see that the trap having failed there was nothing for it but a sheer fight in which clubs were matched against claws that certainly could break a leg if once their blow were delivered. As well might one attack a battle ship with a crowbar, except for the one weak point of the animal. While it is heavily armored in front, the abdominal rings of the robber crab are soft and provided with only a leathery hide. It was through falling on this that killed our first Uu. This other and very lively one knew its weak spot as well as any, and in a flash he backed up against the roots of the cocoanut and secured the protection he did not own. With a torch in one hand and a club in the other the boys rained blows upon the fierce fighter. After several minutes of this kind of rough fighting a lucky blow on the soft parts dispatched the crab, and we trudged homeward with the catch and with our torches alight, as is the right of successful hunters.

Talolo took one of the Uu, and there was nothing to choose between them, saying that that one was the due of the chief and people of Vaiala. The other he carried to the Consulate and turned over to Tanoa, now miraculously restored from his illness and welcoming me with all the proper speeches. Tonga was ready with dry raiment, a thing which I had not thought of, for as soon as the robbers began to climb down their trees I lost all consciousness of the fact that it was raining.

Tonga and Tanoa explained that this was the usual way of catching these crabs. As soon as they reach the grass upon the tree trunk they think they have reached the ground and let go.

Tonga took the crab home with her, for she said that it was not of high enough rank for my use, an old pretext with her when she wanted something. Still before I yielded to her request I had Tanoa take the axe and chop off one of the two-foot long front claws which looked meaty. I had it cooked in the morning. The claw turned out to be mostly shell and what meat there was was oily and rank in flavor. The Samoans eat the meat and from the soft parts extract an oil which is used for sprains and other bodily aches.

Incidentally it should be said in conclusion that Talolo got his Christmas dollar and was able, no doubt, to make his presents as profitably as he had hoped to do.

Llewella Pierce Churchill.

The Doctor Ought to Know.

The physiology class was up, and the teacher asked, "Where are the bowels located?" A number of hands went up. "George, you may answer." George promptly put his fingers on his pulse and answered, "Here it is." "Oh, no," said the teacher. I asked, where are the bowels?" George insisted, "Here it is," and he added, "When you are sick don't the doctor put his fingers on your wrist and say, 'How's your bowels?' He ought to know."

The Passing of the Sledge-Dog.

The gradual disappearance of the sledge-dog, and so of dog-sledging, in the northern quarter of this continent, is worthy of more than transient notice. For, fifty years ago, the dog-sledge supplied in winter months the chief means of transport and travel throughout this vast region. North of a line parallel with, and but little above, the upper reaches of the Missouri, and extending northeasterly from its eastern border of the Dakotas to the Atlantic, the sledge-dog was from mid-November to mid-April the common beast of burden.

Compared with existing conditions, the demand for transport in this area was, of course, meager. The region was thinly peopled, the occupants being Indians and half-breeds, the servants of the great fur companies and the "free," or independent, fur traders. This population was, however, largely nomadic. The natives frequently changed their places of abode, were constantly engaged in the chase, and so required a considerable amount of transportation. The fur traders, though conducting their heavy traffic during the summer months by boat and horse carts, had to maintain communication between posts and outposts during the winter. Add to this journeying the hauling of packs and the volume of travel and transport throughout this region bulked very large.

The burden of it fell upon the dog. Horses then were in fair supply. But the heavier animal sank in the snowdrifts and slipped on or broke through the thin ice of the streams and lakes, and was speedily worn out. Beside, in its lack of supplies of grain, it was difficult to provide him with food. Hay could not be carried in bulk, and the time allowed for stops did not permit of extended searchings under the snow for dry grasses. So the dog passed under the yoke. If he was not as strong, he could still haul more than his own weight, could on the hard snow-crust travel faster and further than the horse, and could easily be supplied with food. He required no picketing, did not stampede at night, nor have to be searched for in the morning. Further, he was at once a companion and protector of his master.

But it was hard on the dog. With the instinct of his wolfish forebears still strong within him, he clung to his freedom with a fierce tenacity. In hauling a sledge he did something from which his whole nature revolted. It is true that among natives the toil and burden of the "travaille" had been his since the aborigines began their long march northward from the central continent. But the two long poles tied to his sides, like the shafts of a cart, and dragging upon the ground, across which was laid the impedimenta of the Indian camp, made only occasional breaches in his liberty. The journeys were not likely to be long, and were, moreover, eminently social. Though every day bore a load, he marched with the women and children, a barking, chattering throng.

On the other hand, the sledge was, in winter, in almost daily use. The journeys were, many of them, long, the pull heavy and continuous, the march apt to be solitary. There was little of the rivalry in progress to be found in a pack of "travailles.' The sledge-dog faced the illimitable horizon across a wide waste of snow, day in and day out, alone, and with, to him, no end in view. Save when the snow was deep, and the driver tramped ahead to beat down a path with his snowshoes, the dog led the way. He must keep straight on in the teeth of a storm, against which every other animal turned tail, or feel the sting of his master's lash. And at night, after bolting at a few mouthfuls his meager supper, he must curl up about his driver's blankets and act as buffer against the blasts.

Against all this the dog made vocal protest. But savage life knows little pity for animals, and submission was induced by the lash and the club. What a pathetic array of bruised and battered heads—heads with ears torn, with eyes out, and skin disfigured—the memory of long journeys conjures up! But from a little north of the Missouri to the Arctic line every dog big enough bent to the collar.

In the great region covered by dog transport, the Eskimo, or "Huskie" dog, was for many years the prime favorite; though the Indians used, as they still use, every dog, either in sledge or as pack animals. As known in the interior, the huskie was a medium-sized dog, weighing perhaps ninety pounds, but possessed of far more endurance than the ordinary ruck of mongrels. A bushy-tailed, fox-headed, long-haired animal, with erect, sharp-pointed ears springing from thick tufts of fur, there could be no mistake as to his kind. His chief defect was his short legs. In the coast region, where the snow crusts hard, this was not a serious one, but in the softer snows of the interior it greatly impeded progress.

What was needed was a long-legged dog of good weight; and in time this animal began to appear. He was the result of cross-breeding between the huskie and the deerhound, stood considerably higher than the former, and in weight ranged from ninety pounds to one hundred and twenty pounds. As, apparently, he owed his existence to the experiments of the fur traders along the middle reaches of the Mackenzie River, the breed was known north of the boundary line as the "Yukon." It was by long odds the best produced by the necessities of sledge transport. With all the endurance of the huskie, it combined speed and pertinacity of the deerhound. With a single train of four of these dogs an officer of the Hudson's Bay Company traveled continuously from Fort Simpson, on the Mackenzie, to Winnipeg, a distance, by the route taken, of twenty-four hundred miles. Another officer made the same journey with a single train by a route twenty-one hundred miles long in forty-six traveling days. Naturally these dogs were highly valued, the possession of a superior dog-train being a matter of no little rivalry among the fur traders. Prices ranged from $25 to $30 per dog, and rose as high as $50, and a good train of four dogs readily brought $100.

The supply was, however, necessarily limited. Away from the coast regions neither the huskie nor the Yukon breed came into general use, being owned for the most part by the "free-traders" and the traders of

the fur companies. The bulk of sledge transport was always supplied by the mongrel, and mixed breeds, with no distinctive type predominant. Mostly they were of the ordinary Indian kind, very wolfish in appearance, with sharp muzzles, pricked ears, and straight wiry hair. They ran the gamut of color, though a kind of blue-gray with black spots was very common, and accompanied a rather bad temper. In all dogs weight was, of course, essential, an animal under seventy pounds being too light for freight traffic.

Owing to the exigencies of its service, passenger transport by dogs reached its highest development through the Hudson's Bay Company, that great chartered corporation which for so long a period governed as well as commercially exploited the northern quarter of this continent. Successful supervision of its scattered forts and trading posts necessitated communication during the winter months. With frozen rivers and lakes, and the general lack of roads and trails, the dog-train was the only method of travel. Then, too, its hunters often required rapid transport, and once every winter the "packet" started from Fort Garry on its long journey northward, carrying the mail to the isolated posts, to stop finally at a lonely station within the Arctic circle.

At its best the passenger train was composed of four dogs, the word "train" applying in the north only to the dogs. They were attached to the usual toboggan-shaped sledge, covered with skins or heavy canvas, and so stiffened by bows and a back as to resemble a heelless shoe; the bottom projecting behind the seat sufficiently to give space for baggage, or afford the driver standing room when weary from running. Many of these sledges, or carioles, were highly decorated with paint and pigments, and the interior was always made comfortable with robes and blankets.

A DOG TEAM RESTING.
From "Hunting in Many Lands."

The method of harnessing dogs differed somewhat with locality, the Eskimo running their dogs abreast, and other natives attaching them by separate lines into a band or pack. But throughout the great interior dogs were driven tandem, and harnessed between two long traces with a space of a foot or more between them. A round collar of soft leather fitted closely to the shoulders, and buckled on either side to the traces, which were supported by a band passing over the back. Both this band and the collar were made the subject of a good deal of decoration, being often hung with tiny bells, or ornamented with ribbons or fox tails. A train of good dogs thus gaudily appareled, with a blue cariole, from the back of which a fringe of red blanket appeared, and a driver with tasseled fur cap, dark blue capole, a red sash, beaded leggings and moccasins, contributed greatly to the warmth and color of the landscape.

In passenger travel the driver usually ran alongside the sledge, for it seldom happened that the passenger was also driver. Only the most thoroughly trained dogs could be driven from the cariole; attempt to do so with the ordinary train generally ending in an inextricable tangle, in which the leader took the place of the "wheel" dog. With a driver to keep the line straight, and ready to meet any deviation with whip and imprecation, progress was easy enough.

The rate of travel on a fair track, or on the snow crust, was from five to six miles an hour, though much better time was frequently made. A "company's" officer told the writer that he once made fifty-five miles without stopping in seven and a half hours, his passenger being a lady with her trunk, robes and day's provisions. And he said that he had known dogs to trot twelve miles an hour without breaking. But such speed is exceptional.

In traveling start was usually made at three or four o'clock in the morning, with a stop between seven and eight for breakfast and another at noon, the day's journey ending between four and five o'clock in the evening. The best progress was made, however, with a half hour's rest every four hours, during which the dogs were taken from the harness and allowed to roll in the snow, a comparatively easy matter; every dog being trained to come to his own collar when called up. Few spectacles appealed more strongly to the imagination than that of a dog train passing low down upon the horizon across the snowy plain, to disappear at last, a mere speck against the blue. It was a picture of human life—the advent, the brief passing, the speedy disappearance; and like the going down of a ship upon the sea, it magnified for the onlooker the feeling of infinite solitude.

It was in the night camp that the sledge dog again came to his own. The day was for him only a long-drawn misery, relieved by the few fugitive joys of his resting spells. Loosed from the cariole, his old instincts, tempered by circumstances, reasserted themselves. Like the retired green grocer who builds a rockery in his backyard in the effort to return to nature, he essayed to assert his freedom by vocal challenges to his fellows, wanderings about the camp, and suspicious sniffings of the snow, as if game were somewhere concealed. This until the fire burned. Then came a sudden metamorphosis. For with the blaze the sledge-dog became statuesque and intently expectant, sitting rigidly upon his haunches, his eyes fastened upon the row of frozen fish thawing before the coals, and consumed by a fierce hunger. For supper was for him the only meal of the day. Each dog received two fish—about seven pounds—as his ration. There were no pleasures of deglutition. Like its diners, which Thackeray described, when men met only to eat, the meal was served in a single course. A few gulps and swallowings, a wistful sniff or two, and the sledge-dog curled down upon the snow as, in beating down his nest, his wild ancestor had curled in the long grasses of the prairie. As the hours wore on, and the stillness and cold of the northern night settled over him, he sought his master's blankets, edging closer and closer until driver and dogs became an indistinguishable heap. At times some grizzled leader, answering the howl of a vagrant wolf, roused the camp by his hoarse baritone. But in the main only the imprecation of the driver, as he resented the too close encroachment of the dogs, broke the long silence.

In freight hauling much the same routine of travel was followed. The vehicle was, of course, a much simpler affair, the freight sledge being the usual toboggan, save in the coast region, where a low, very flat runner was not infrequent. In each cords passed along the edges by which the loads could be tied, or, rather, laced down; the closer the weight lay to the snow the easier being the labor of both dogs and driver. Usually the latter maintained the equilibrium of the load, and prevented overturn by a cord attached to the rear of the sledge.

A good dog on a beaten track could haul about one hundred and fifty pounds, and for a short distance might do even more. On a journey of, say four or five days, four hundred pounds for a train of four dogs, with fish at the rate of seven pounds per day for each dog, kettles, ax, blankets, etc., was considered a fair load. With this a train could travel on the snow crust or hard road, at a rate of four miles an hour. In soft and deep snow, however, the rate was scarcely more than half that, the drivers having first to walk ahead and beat down a path with snowshoes in which the dogs could follow. As the loaded sledge sank deeper than the track thus made, it was indispensable to progress that the dogs got a foothold upon the ground.

Moreover, continued travel in deep snow was apt to make the dog's legs sore above the ankle, and to diminish his speed and endurance. In the spring time the brittle snow crust cut both the dog's feet and the driver's moccasins; a disablement guarded against in the case of the former by putting him in shoes. These were merely pieces of soft leather or cloth secured about the ankle with a thong, but which for the time constituted an effective protection.

Generally speaking, however heavy the pull and difficult in trail, the dogs performed their task with a degree of equanimity, not to say resignation, which, considering its arduous and repugnant nature, was much to their credit. There was very little fighting, and that little generally among newly made-up trains, when the places of the dogs were changed, or when the leader engaged in a quarrel. Dog nature resembles human nature, in that it is suspicious of strangers, and resents a change of position which involves harder labor or reduction in rank. Many dogs, too, will not work well except in the lead, a trait not wholly canine. Once acknowledged, all sledge-dogs respect the leader, follow him and fight for him, even out of harness. Some dogs are, however, naturally very stubborn, and seem never to be reconciled to their task. Very few can be trained to the sledge without severe beatings.

As was inevitable with a people given to nicknames, dog nomenclature throughout the north, and especially among the half-breeds, formed an extensive vocabulary. In the early days the dog was named after his owner, after personal traits, natural objects, or some battle or adventure in which he had been conspicuous. But following the advent of the fur traders and the introduction of liquors, names for a time were those of various brands of drinkables. Of these whiskey, brandy and coffee attained the greatest popularity, and for many years it seemed safe to say that of every train two dogs at least bore one or the other of these labels. With the driver shrieking for whiskey and brandy, and the passenger calling for coffee, the cup of creature comfort at that time throughout the North would seem to have been full. As no custom hardens without a reason, it may be assumed that these names were chosen by men constantly exposed to cold and storm, as most suggestive of warmth and good cheer. With the advance of civilization, however, taste in this direction changed, and the sledge-dog took the names of great statesmen and cities—Bismarck, Gladstone, London, etc., and with the Scotch fur traders that of national heroes, Bruce, Wallace and the "Scots wha hae."

But whether named or not, the half-breed driver never lacked appelations with which to urge on his train. He was never at a loss for invective or phrases descriptive of his opinion of the defects of particular dogs. And no dog ever entertained a doubt as to who was meant when they were applied. The profanity of the half-breed driver was delivered with a shot-like precision which never missed its mark, or failed to awaken renewed effort; and his general appeal to the train to "just see if they couldn't do a little better," with marginal references to their ancestry, had all the effect of the lash.

It was not until the year 1880 that the decline of dog-sledging became pronounced. It is true that in the middle region south of the fiftieth parallel, it had, previous to that date, suffered some eclipse. The opening of roads and trails, and the gradual settlement of the country, had brought the horse increasingly into use in winter travel. By the latter year the process was being repeated in the Canadian Northwest, and especially in the great plains south of the Saskatchewan. The settlement of the Indian tribes on reservations tended further to diminish the work of the dog, by circumscribing the wanderings of the Indian hunters.

In the north, however, the dog-sledge still held its own. But gradually, even there the whistle of the steamboat was heard upon rivers which, since time began, had borne only the birch bark canoe and the macinac boat. Little settlements sprang up here and there, roads and trails were opened to connect them, and in winter the horse sled took the place of that drawn by the dog. Greatest blow of all was the discovery of the Alaskan gold fields, and the consequent opening of great arteries of travel to the north. In the eastern coast region the dog-sledge remains, and probably will remain, the ordinary means of winter transport. But in the great central area and the western coast the horse vehicle has largely taken its place. Only in the Mackenzie and English River districts, and in Alberta, is the dog still in general use.

It was a picturesque phase of aboriginal and pioneer life that is thus passing away. There was no more novel and animated spectacle than that of the dog trains, with their gaily-colored carioles, tinkling bells and smartly dressed drivers gathered in the fort yards for departure. It was a moment of much cheer, of laughing and gesticulation, of handshaking and wishing of *bon voyage*. And when Pierre and Baptiste and Louison set sail with their little craft out upon the limitless expanse of snow, what a shouting of adieus! On they went, little lines of light and motion, crossed by other lines going east, west, north, south, bearing the travel and commerce of a fourth of a continent, and bringing cheer to the hearts of men. But the utilitarian has ever waged war with the picturesque; and the dog-sledge with which the *coureurs des bois* penetrated the great region west and north of Lake Superior and opened it to settlement, is disappearing in the struggle. The dog has had his day.

H. M. ROBINSON.

Long Island Ducks.

BAYPORT, L. I., Dec. 20.—The past week since the thaw set in has been better for gunning than at any time before this season. Redheads are in the bay in large numbers. Brant and geese have also been seen, though as yet I have not heard of anyone getting either. The quail shooting has been very good for so late in the season, which closes here the first day of January. Mr. G. Still, out one day last week, got 21 quail, 2 partridges, 2 rabbits. Guide Will Brown on Thursday got 51 broadbills, 3 redheads, 3 coots. On Saturday he had out Mr. Such, of Perth Amboy; the weather was not very favorable, and they only got 17 broadbills and 4 redheads.

Guide Le Roy Still was away on his sloop two days and returned Saturday with 85 ducks, including 16 redheads, most of which he got point shooting, the ducks coming right inshore and stooling good. Rabbit shooting has been quite good; Will Bason, of Sayville, on Monday last got 17 and Mr. Sharp 12. Will Clock and party, of Islip, on Monday last got six fine wild geese.

HENRY STOKES.

W. T. Woodward, a La Crosse attorney, has drafted a bill, which he will present to the Wisconsin Legislature next winter, the purpose of which is to prevent the telling of "fish stories." The bill provides that every fisherman must, under penalty of fine, register the weight of every fish taken exceeding one pound in weight. It provides for the appointment of a State officer, with county deputies, with whom register shall be made, and whose duty it shall be to see that the law is enforced.

Notes, Also Observations.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I propose to give you some notes on the rattlesnake and squirrel, and perhaps some observations about other matters.

There has not yet been an opportunity to determine at what temperature the rattlers become completely torpid. We had a minimum thermometer of 30½ degrees night before last; but when the snakes were observed the temperature was 33 degrees. They were then quite inert, but with consciousness and some power of movement A few days ago, the weather being damp and chilly, though the temperature was not lower than about 40 degrees, I brushed off some straw from the larger snake with my naked hand, and stroked his neck a little with my fingers. His only recognition was a feeble movement of the tongue and a slight squirming of the body in his coil.

This looks like undue temerity; but I was quite certain that his nerves were not keyed up to the striking point, aside from his disinclination to strike at familiar objects without severe provocation. Some days ago a lady approached the box to view the reptiles. The day was warm and bright, and the snakes rather lively. The lady wore a large hat and a striking costume. Joseph became very much excited, put himself in an attitude of defense and sounded his rattle vigorously, which he had not done before for some weeks, or perhaps two months.

When the rattlers have become completely torpid, I propose to subject them to a quiet decapitation, as I shall have no further use for them, except to dissect their heads.

The pet squirrel has grown to be a "big boy," but is as saucy and badly spoiled as ever. He assumes the privilege of interrupting me at my work whenever he pleases, compelling me to quit, and romp with him. He makes vigorous onslaughts upon my fingers, with ears laid back, apparently intending to bite through; but always restrains himself, and does not bite hard enough to hurt. A little girl, three years old, came to see the squirrel, and I expected mutual pleasure between them at their meeting. But he showed a decided resentment at her approach, ran off and concealed himself in his den, and could not be coaxed out while she was present. I then reflected that he had never seen anybody but men before. He also shows his disapproval of the occasional presence of ladies by remaining in retirement during their visits. He was coaxed into approaching a lady's hand for a nut held between her fingers. He approached in a nervous, jerky fashion, scolding all the while, with his tail well advanced before his nose, which I have observed to be his custom when curiosity impels him to approach an unfamiliar object. He seized the nut and galloped off with it, still scolding at the lady as he retreated.

Now for some natural history notes.

This squirrel has never heard another squirrel bark, unless in his early infancy. He has developed an utterance of his own, differing in form from that of his kind in a state of nature. He uses his forepaws exactly as hands are used, grasping and holding on to small objects, lacking only thumbs to having perfect hands.

He has a habit of "washing" his face with his paws, after the manner of a cat, and uses his tail as a towel, to wipe his countenance with. He invariably seizes his tail near the root and runs his nose rapidly along it to the end, rubbing the while vigorously with his paws.

His heart-beats are of extraordinary rapidity. While reposing on my shoulder, my ear resting against him, I took my watch to count the pulsations and time them. I could count only as high as ten, and then begin again at one, as I could not repeat fast enough, even mentally, the dissyllabic numbers above ten. I made out eight times ten beats in ten seconds, or eight beats per second—480 beats per minute, while in a normal state of repose. I did not suppose that the heart action of any creature was as rapid as this.

And now for my "observations."

I suppose that my good friend Mr. Jos. W. Shurter, will expect me to say something about his last remark about not dumping the barrel of pork into the bayou. I will do so briefly. "Objected to as irrelevant." It cannot be supposed that the man who should own the barrel of pork would decline to sell it for say 25 cents a pound, merely because he himself had butchered the hogs. Not to pursue the argument further, I will merely "mention a circumstance." There is a lake in the adjoining county of Tunica, called Swan Lake, about forty miles from here, mainly by rail. I was informed that this lake is a great resort for ducks in season, and the shooting there very fine. But the lake is almost completely occupied by a tall, coarse grass; so that it is impossible to recover the ducks after killing them. For that reason the lake has no attraction for sportsmen, and is never visited by them, although only four miles from a railroad town. Corollary: There is no "sport" in shooting ducks unless they can be had in possession after killing them.

Observation No. 2: I have occasionally been imprudent enough to "put in my oar" in other people's controversies toward the wind up, for the purpose of "pointing a moral," or deducing an abstract principle; and have sometimes got myself into hot water by so doing, as witness Mr. Shurter. The late dispute between Mr. Converse, Mr. Brown and others, about the "Vermont Mode," affords another opportunity for a similar experiment.

I believe it may be truthfully said that the proper mode of hunting game of any kind in any country is purely a "local issue." Different methods of hunting in different countries grow up naturally, as it were, as the result of environment. Under the compelling influence of local conditions, sportsmen in the South, and in Old England, hunt their foxes in a certain way because the physical features of their country are favorable to that way. Likewise the New Englander, without indulging in any sentimental theories on the subject, simply and naturally adjusts his method of fox hunting to suit the physical conditions by which he is surrounded.

It is difficult to understand upon what ground the right is claimed by a sportsman of Pennsylvania or of Mississippi, or any other State, to dictate to New Englanders, either how they shall or shall not hunt their own foxes, or to bar them the right to call their mode "fox hunting." If it is not fox hunting, what is it? As the illiterate man said, "If n-a-t does not spell nat, what does it spell?"

It would seem that the Vermonters, who have developed a "mode" of fox hunting to suit the con-

"Then veteran Cap winded a bevy."

ditions of their country, have the same right to apply the obvious and non-copyrighted term, "fox hunting" to their sport, as have the sportsmen of other countries, who have done the same thing after their lights.

As regards the proper or improper way, of accomplishing the destruction of the fox, the view we may take, like all other purely sentimental questions, depends altogether upon what we have been accustomed to. Our method is the right one; all others are wrong. And here, we are apt to indulge the delusion that the estimate we form upon this question has relation to the feelings and sensibilities of the fox. That is a mistake. It is our own feelings and sensibilities that are consulted, not the fox's. The mode of killing the fox that we have not been accustomed to, may be revolting to us, because our own sensitiveness is shocked in its contemplation.

It would be difficult to say, if the fox were consulted, whether he would prefer to be killed from ambush, without warning, or smoked out of a hole, or chased to the point of exhaustion and then give up in despair, to be torn to pieces by the pursuing pack. Judged by human standards, the first method would seem preferable. But so far as the fox has

"He careful drew and stanchly stood."

given evidence of his views on the subject, the last method seems to be preferred. Certainly none of these modes of destroying our four-footed fellows in this vale of tears is nearly so cruel as keeping a bear or other animal four days at a time with his foot fastened in and lacerated by a steel trap. And yet I have never seen the propriety of doing so questioned—because we are accustomed to the idea; therefore it seems right.

COAHOMA.

Dec. 7.

Stubble Rhymes.—IV.

Warning.

When Scotia's bard sings Robert Bruce,
His verse flows on a limpid stream;
When Alma chants of Robert White,
His rhymes roll on a limping dream.

Prologue.

What madness drives us in the spring,
To whipping up and down the stream?
Or lures in autumn chill to seek
The quail with which the stubbles teem?
No fragrance like the meadows' breath,
No melodies like woodland tunes,
The rills and winds sing soothing songs,
Their music weds weird forest runes.
When hunger gaunt smites every son
Of Nimrod with a welcome pain,
How sweet the fare; and sweeter still
The fellowship in hardship's train.
What peace in "God's first temples" reigns!
What vigor in the mountain air!
What like communion with the hills
To knit "the ravell'd sleeve of care!"
The mountain brook with nectar flows,
Each hill and vale enchanted land;
Diana beckons to her shrine
With health and happiness in hand.

The Major rousing from the spell
Cast o'er him by the hundred four,
Said to the Colonel at the club,
"I find this social whirl a bore
And long to don my shooting coat
And shake myself from business free;
The Norman also has a mind
To take his gun and go with me."
"Now autumn's here," the Colonel said,
"I'll scatter lead o'er hill and dale,
And touch the woodcock on the head,
But sprinkle more on Bob White's tail."
"Why linger in the city's din?
I go to summon all the clan,
Blackstone and Æsculapius,
For pilgrimage to Michigan;
Where other days have seen such sport
As rarely falls to lot of man:
The quails are piping in the corn,
What think you, Major, of the plan?"
"The plan is good, the time is ripe,
To-morrow ere the sun goes down
Shall find us in a Pullman car
And speeding west to Almatown."

Sport.

The morning sun had barely rolled
The misty blanket from the breast
Of field and stream, when sportsmen four
Were sallied forth on merry quest;
Don coursing boldly up the slope,
With swinging stride Vic racing down,
The white dog and his darker mate
Are silhouettes on stubble brown.
They catch the faintly tainted breeze
And up-wind quarter well the ground,
Then careful side by side draw on
And stanchly stand; the quarry's found.

What strange contagion in the air
Has instant hushed the merry tone?
Men, dogs and birds are motionless
As images of graven stone.
The heart beats fast, life currents bound
Through every vein a torrid stream;
Nerves a-tingle, each muscle tense,
With bated breath and eyes a-gleam:
A moment thus, then from the heath
The covey bursts on whirring wing
To greet the thunder of the guns
And to their fire defiance fling.

"My gun at safe," "Sun in my eyes!"
Excuses buzz as thick as bees
When swarming wild in forest deep
And honey hunters fell their trees.

"All trigger fingers left at home?"
The Major asks—his fire retards
Till as they to the open flash
He cuts two down at fifty yards.
"However could you do it, G?
For shadows never swifter sped."
With merry twinkle in his eye—
"Crack shots are born, not made," he said.
"Could greedy guns attain that state
They would the game exterminate;
So that lime-lighted eminence
Diana holds in self-defense:
And sees afield no sadder sight
Than bristles on her chosen knight."
Then stooping by a pile of brush
Where steady Don did stanchly stand,
Discerned a Bob White 'neath a branch
And deftly caught it in his hand.
At words of praise his swarthy cheek
Blazed ruddy as a blackbird's wing
When o'er the marshes *Kink-cher-ee*,
Rings out a harbinger of spring.
Such skill and modesty and grace
Are themes the minstrels love to sing,
See Siegfried with the mystic hoard,
And then the Nibelungen Ring.

Once more the pointer ranging wide
O'er furrowed field to shady wood,
When by a clump of berry brush
Threw up his head and stanchly stood,—
Foot up, rigid, save twitching lip
And tremor slight at tip of tail;
What life and energy restrained,
Made statuesque by perfumed gale!
Behold the stalwart financier
With ready gun and purpose grim!
The wary quails that lay concealed
Made merry of the likes of him;
For as they flushed by twos and threes,
He promptly shot, but strange to tell,
Instead of bringing down the game
Did nothing at all and did it well.
Such shooting makes the maples blush,
Bluejays above with laughter scream,
While comrades look the other way,
And smiling ripples sweep the stream.
"Aha!" he cried, "those fleeting wings
Must be well loaded down with lead;
Let's follow them and surely find
A brace or two among the dead."
(No trigger-knight would e'en in thought
Accuse him of mendacity,
But simply free, unfettered by
Exactions of veracity).
"I'll *habeas corpus* two," he said,

The rest demurred and there remained
While dog and man the stubble scanned;
  Writ returned, demurrer sustained.
Then two strong birds were quick a-wing,
  As quick the Greener had its say
In two short words, and two fine birds
  Upon the frosted stubble lay.
Oh, what were loans and 'margins then!
  Notes, bonds and stocks were all forgot;

"More birds lie hidden in these weeds."

And still his eye with rapture beams
  At mention of that clever shot.

"More birds lie hidden in these weeds,
  There must be three unless they've run;
Come, Æsculapius, and do
  The little trick as should be done,
And show the clan the excellence
  Of treble-wedge, non-jar-off gun."
"After you, Alphonse," but forward stepped
  Unable to repress elation:
"A little dose of leaden pills
  Will give the quarry nerve prostration."
"Quite possible," the joker said,
  "Judging from your clear description
And rumors rife, such dire results
  Sometimes follow your prescription."
How close they lie! but such finesse
  Deceives not pointer, setter fleet.
"Whoa, steady, Don!" and "Mark, there, mark!"
  As whirring wings spring from our feet.
The jar-off to perfection worked,
  Birds flew as tho' a trifle late,
But that they suffered nervous shock,
  They and the papers failed to state.

Then veteran Cap, head high in air,
  Winded a bevy deep in brush;
The Colonel hurried to his side
Clearing all things in his stride,
  Hoping to reach him ere the flush.
He reached a frail and age-worn fence,
  Likewise age of indiscretion,
Well endowed with avoir-du-pois
  To make on earth a deep impression.
Vaulting ambition! This shooting star,
  Ignoring many friendly hints,
When rails collapsed saw other stars
  Besides the usual rainbow tints.
Though fallen low and prostrate he,

"Behold the stalwart financier."

No sulphurous exclamation:
We all admired and counted him
  Wise in his degeneration.
Up spring the quails, the Colonel then
  Side-stepped so nimbly left and right
In looking for an open shot,
  Kept flies guessing where to light;
Till through a break in tangled vines
  A flash of wings uncertain, dim;
Then flashed the gun, down came the wing:
  Back benches were not made for him!
A smile played o'er his weathered face,
  He tapped the Daly featherweight;
"When quails are called to shuffle off,
  This will the pace accelerate."

Imagination eighteen fine,
  Have all sportsmen sans contention,
And are, when singing of their guns
  Pipe dreamers in the fourth dimension.
My dog, my gun, my fishing rod,
  In autumn sere and springtime green;
If only half that's told were true.

What wondrous things this world has seen!
And it is well. The field-won health
  Which makes of life perennial spring,
Touches as with an artist's brush
  And roseate hue the common thing;
And implements inanimate
  Take on rare personality,
And charms unseen by other eyes—
  The sportsman's dear fatality.

And pranks! By gnawing hunger pressed,
  A farmhouse near with open door;
We entered in, friends not at home,
  The table spread with pies galore.
We feasted; then a card of thanks—
  This legend on a field of white
Was placed upon the ravaged board
  Weighted with coin of silver bright—
"Fair lady, this is not a case
  Of theft and inebriety,
A hunter's grace ere eating pie,
  Labels it piebald piety:
Or, since the crust was super-thick,
  Say upper-crust satiety."
And to this day with zest she tells
  Of honest hobos wandering by,
Who sat unbidden at her board
  But paid two prices for the pie.

No sooner were we well afield,
  Refreshed within and glad of heart,
Than strode a stranger vassal forth
  Inviting, urging us "Depart
And trample not these acres broad
  With sportsmen's feet, now hurry, start!"
(The corn-field wide, tossed in the sun
  To golden billows by the breeze
Was corn; the reach of mead and wood,
  Cloud capped, to him was grass and trees;
A woodcock by the brooklet's brim
  A timber-doodle was to him,

Bob White.

And nothing more. With souls so dim
  A sportsman's chance is rather slim.)

"So bos! If you're the manor's lord,
  Reproach us not so stridently;
Bad form! To roar like taurus mad,
  Degrades bucolic dignity.
Malevolence and raucous tones
  Mar pastoral tranquillity:
Is it not true that old blue jeans
  Sometimes conceal gentility?
The apple with the fairest cheek
  May often have a flavor tart;
The melon with the greenest rind
  May sometimes have the reddest heart.
Hie, home, show title deeds and speak
  Words dulcet, all-persuasive,
Your face adorn with smiles that tell
  Of good-will all-pervasive,
And you shall see how cheerfully
  Eastern chivalry and setters stanch,
(Not hastily with *sauve qui peut*)
  Will gracefully vamoose the ranch."

The answer soft turns wrath away,
  The ox-goad gently sinks to earth;
No Shamgar he to put to flight
  The Pihilistines but joins the mirth;
And game that wingless lendeth wings.
  To shekels bright is in his mind
As quails take flight; "A flush," one cries;
  "Not so," he says, "three of a kind,"
And dissipates dark anger's trace
  With grins enough to sprain his face.
Our farmer friends will never find
  True sportsmen willing trespassers,
Regardless of their vested rights,
  But always by-your-leave chasseurs.

When shadows long are eastward thrown
  And weary footsteps homeward tend,
A score of birds are counted out:
  Not much for four? A plenty, friend,
To nimrods careless of the bag
  But mindful of the vista grand—
The rugged hill, the valley sweet,
  The startled wing, the setter fleet,
The lights that play on sky and land;
  The music of the trees and streams,
Good fellowship and camp-fire dreams—
  Bird in the bush 's worth two in hand.

Cogitation.

Ah, poor Bob White! How full of grace!

How quickly fled the vital spark!
Could he a better purpose serve
  Than for a sportsman's shining mark?
With healthful recreation give
  A morsel of the choicest food
For banquet, friend or invalid—

"Could he a better purpose serve?"

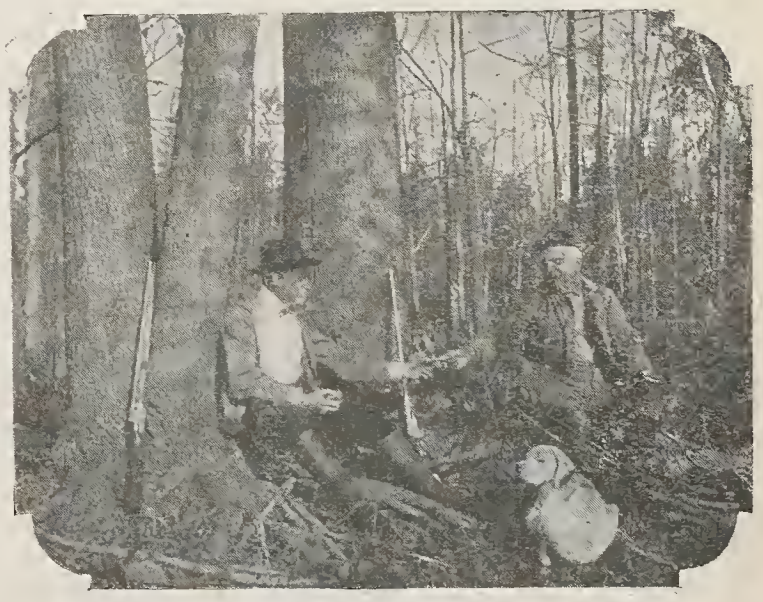
Is there for him a higher good?
Pursuit of him makes all akin,
  The prince and peasant meet as men;
The season past and guns laid by,
  All hope to meet Bob White again.

Since wild life ends in tragedy,
  Let us invoke the tragic muse:
Come, then, pied piper of the field
  The manner of your passing choose.
Shall taloned pirate of the air
  Swoop swiftly on unerring wing
And strike you down, make your fair form
  Torn limb from limb, a mangled thing?
Shall velvet-footed prowler sly
  Slow let your blood with greedy fang?
Then crush your warm and quivering frame?
  Or, strangled by the snarer hang?
Shall winter's blast pile snow and sleet
  Where you repose on withered bloom
Asleep 'neath spotless shroud, then wake
  To perish in a crystal tomb?
Or wander far, alas! to find
  Your food encased in gleaming shields—
Starvation's lingering agony
  Upon the bleak and ice-clad fields?
Or from the stubble strong of wing
  To upward spring and skyward sail.
Swift passage to oblivion
  By sudden burst of fiery hail?

The rub—To shoot or not to shoot?
  The question burns but deep involved,
We pick his bones with repartee
  And leave the problem still unsolved.

Au Revoir.

From woodland green and covert gloom
All redolent with vernal bloom,
From waxing morn to waning light,



**"When hunger gaunt smites every son
Of Nimrod with a welcome pain."**

We hear his love-note, "Ah, Bob White."
When yeomen reap the fragrant meads
With chattering knives and patient steeds,
His merry voice makes labor light;
How cheerily he pipes "Bob White."
When groaning wains wend slowly by
To bursting barns, unseen and shy
For vesper hymn the little sprite
Chants through the gloaming still, "Good night."
When autumn's golden days are come
And sportsmen love the fields to roam,
His plaintive call-note rising clear,
The scattered bevy summons "Here."
His destiny not feeble age
But fadeless youth on printed page;
From merry days to festal nights
Served hot for prandial delights.
At reason's feast and flow of sense
He wings responsive eloquence;
The honored guest and genial host
Find none like him to grace the toast.
Let other bipeds emulate.
In life and death to man's estate
He adds health, strength and happiness;
His shadow, may it ne'er grow less.

ALMA.

Ways of the Night.

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men."

There are places where game abounds that are shown on no sportsman's chart; there are ways and means for its capture not laid down in sportsmen's publications.

One such case came under my observation and one such method was brought to my attention some years since when jacking deer was considered good form and had legal sanction. The place still exists, and as the method is somewhat novel and not likely to materially aid in the extermination of deer, with or without legal sanction, I may be pardoned for making it public now with attendant incidents and experiences.

Deer Bog—that is the place—but you will look in vain for it on any map, or in the advertisement of any camp owner whose seductive words are the net to catch the dollars of the tenderfoot and unwary sportsman.

Deer Bog, deer bog—rather a fetching name, eh?—and one likely to recall many stirring adventures of camp and trail.

Well, here it was one night in the rapidly lengthening years agone that two noble bucks paid the penalty of over-curiosity or over-confidence, or both.

The place? Oh, yes!—but I crave to be excused if I am not more specific—it is up in Canada in the Megantic Country, off toward the Boundary Mountains. Jack Boyle lives up that way—Jack has made many tours of exploration and discovery, and the location of Deer Bog is one of his secrets that I do not feel at liberty to reveal.

Jack is one of the many verifications of the old adage which says that "valuable goods are done up in small parcels." He is well versed in woodcraft, willing, cheerful, companionable; he can carry a good pack, is past-master of paddle and frying pan, and resourceful in emergencies. He is just the man with whom to share your camp blanket in the woods—and to him I refer the reader as the proper sign post to point the way more definitely to Deer Bog.

With a party of friends and guides we had closed the trout season in a blaze of glory on the head waters of the Dead River in northwestern Maine, and early the next morning we set forth upon the long trail over the mountains to take advantage of the opening of the deer season in Canada, Sept. 1. A soaking rain storm forced us to accept the shelter of a friendly lean-to beside the trail for several hours, and this with heavy packs and increased difficulties of travel delayed our arrival at the clubhouse on Spider Lake several hours beyond the time planned. Here we learned that another party had gone up Spider River where we had planned to go; but Jack, to use an expressive modern colloquialism, always has "something up his sleeve" for emergencies and to please and bring success to his employer.

To this seeming untoward yet fortunate circumstance is due my introduction to Deer Bog and the possession of two noble bucks weighing respectively 205 and 240 pounds.

Journeying from the clubhouse several miles by water and team we at length drew rein at the log cabin of an *habitant* near the edge of the woods. As he could speak no English, I was about to polish up my very limited knowledge of *parlez-vous Français* and start it going at him, when the very unusual sight of a winsome Canadian lass with auburn hair and hazel eyes appeared upon the scene and accosted us in English. I noticed that her cordiality was not that of a stranger, and that for Jack at least the place might be both dear and deer bog.

But Jack is married now, and this, as the novelist would say, is another story.

It was late in the afternoon and we had yet a couple of miles to travel on foot through the woods—some of the distance over an old portage road and some through swamp and dense undergrowth. The horse having been cared for, and telling her our errand, we took our departure for the adventures of the night at the bog, accompanied by her oft-repeated expression of good wishes for our success and safe return.

Arriving after a hurried walk, which induced profuse perspiration, at our destination in the rapidly deepening twilight, Jack sought his old dug-out canoe where it had been safely *caché* since the previous season, and dragging it over the yielding, mossy surface of the bog we launched it upon the water. A few yards back was what appeared to be a flag pole standing upright in the bog. Jack was somewhat puzzled and troubled about this, and in answer to my questioning said he thought that someone must have discovered this out-of-the-way and favorite place of his and had been camping here, and that the pole was probably erected for a flag staff.

We soon had two noble bucks, the limit allowed by law, "biled the kettle," improvised a shelter for the night, and slept the sleep of the tired and successful sportsman.

With earliest dawn, we started out for the team and assistance to bring out the game. Arriving at the cabin the daughter was surprised and delighted when told of our success, which, to appear gallant, we attributed very largely to her good wishes for our success the previous evening.

The parents were incredulous at first, but again being positively assured that we "got two bull deeres," and that the head of the household must lend a helping hand to get them out, he discharged a Maxim rapid-fire gun loaded with interrogatories at me, which the daughter as rapidly interpreted.

"My fader he wants to know if you gat dose deeres by fire?"

"By fire? Oh! yes, we jacked them," I replied when the meaning of her question dawned upon me.

This, being told to him, seemed to increase his surprise and led to animated and prolonged conversation between all the members of the household.

The interpreter resumed her task with:

"My fader he says you are big hunter for sure. He go on same place some tam, den some more tam, den more tam agin, and he hang him light on pole and stay all night and no deeres come. No, no—for sure."

"Did he have only one lantern, and did he whistle any?" I inquired.

"We haf only one lantern, but I don't know 'bout whistle him. I will ask my fader 'bout dat."

Then for a time the English abdicated and French had the floor.

"My fader say him no whistle. He say you know 'bout all dose things for get deeres, and will you tell him all 'bout fire way lak one big fire?"

"Well, you tell your father he must get another lantern and put up another pole opposite the one now there, and fasten a lantern high up on each pole. He must then get in his canoe and take his place midway between them, and whistle a jig or other lively dancing tune occasionally. You know deer are lively and jovial and have a good ear for music. Then when the deer come running down the mountain side and plunge into the water looking for the music, he can get a good shot. By having a lantern on either side he can see both ways, which will double his chances for getting his game."

This information elevated me in the estimation of all to a higher level as a mighty hunter, and elicited generous words of admiration, praise, and thanks.

Just then Jack announced that he had the team in readiness, and as our fire-hunting friend was to accompany him, I took my leave and pointed the toes of my moccasins toward Spider Lake, where Jack overtook me with the two bucks soon after I reached its shore. We loaded the deer in our canoe and a paddle of a few miles landed us at the clubhouse, where we were showered with heartiest congratulations and praise.

I have never heard whether or not our fire-hunting friend was successful in getting "deeres" by my improved method of jacking, and I have not deemed it judicious to make personal application to ascertain.

Geo. McAleer.

Worcester, Mass.

The Wolf Concert Cure.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There is, or was, away back in 1882, a silver mine just back of Cooks Peak, in Grant county, New Mexico; it is ten miles from the nearest railroad station, and what little ore there was shipped from this mine (it was only low grade ore, and a limited amount of it was sent up to Sante Fe to be used as flux in the smelter there) was hauled by wagon from the mine to Porter station on the Santa Fe road.

A friend of mine named Wilson had the contract to haul it, and he drove one of his teams himself. He had two fine horses in this team, but one of them was, I think, the most stubborn animal I have ever seen. A mule is credited with being stubborn. I could generally coax or whip an army mule into doing anything I wanted done. I could do nothing with this horse. I had tried coaxing him time and again, and had seen Wilson half kill him whipping him; I had to interfere to stop him; still the horse would not move an inch.

An Arizona camel that I once tried to educate, but made a failure of it, came about the nearest to this horse for stubbornness of any animal I have ever seen, one being about as stubborn as the other.

I carried a mail on this road, going over it twice a day, riding a mule, and generally each evening I would find Wilson and his team at a dead stop a mile or two from the railroad. This horse had quit here for the day. Then Wilson would unhitch them; then mounting this one or his other horse, would leave the wagon here and ride home. The horse would go now, but he would not drag that wagon another inch to-day. To-morrow he would help haul it down, then back to the mine; then down here again, to stop here as before. This was the regular programme; and Wilson was nearly tired of it, he told me.

I came down the road that evening and found the team here at a dead stop as usual. It had been here an hour now, and was still a mile and a half from the railroad; it would stay here if this horse had to haul it. I was a full hour ahead of train time, and concluded to try an experiment on the horse, if Wilson would let me.

"If you let me have this horse to-night, Wilson, I think I can cure him."

"Go ahead; cure or kill him, I don't care much which. I am sick of him."

We took his mate out of the wagon; then I got two rope lariats out of the wagon, and tying one on each side of his head, carried the ends of them clear across the road, one on each side of it; then drove the iron picket pins in hard, leaving the horse only a few inches to move his head in either way; and next we chained both hind wheels; that was hardly necessary, though, for the wagon had about two tons of ore on it, and the horse would hardly drag it far if his head were not tied if he did make up his mind to move. Next I unhooked his outside trace chain, tying it up out of his way. Then we both mounted and left him.

"I am afraid that the wolves will finish him," Wilson told me; "but I will risk it."

"They won't go near him as long as he is not crippled. I depend on those wolves to cure him. They will keep him in a cold sweat all night. That is why I left him there. I don't think you will ever have to leave him there, or anywhere else, after this."

These were the little prairie wolves; there were plenty of them here.

It was long after dark when I rode back here again on my way home. The horse heard me coming, and began to whinny; he was getting lonesome. These little wolves had already found him, and were giving him a free concert when I came up. I stopped a moment, and the horse began to dance; he would pull that wagon down home now, I had no doubt, if I wanted him to do it.

"You stay here," I told him; "we don't need you to-night; when we do we know where to find you."

I came back with my morning mail just after sunrise next morning; the horse stood just as I had left him, and looked at me as if to say, "What kind of a deal do you call this, anyhow? Have you never heard of the Humane Society?"

Wilson came up now, and taking the ropes off, hitched his other horse in; then mounted the seat, and the team started off. The horse needed no whipping to-day; he seemed to think that he could not get to that railroad soon enough. He wanted water and his supper and breakfast. He got them, then dragged the wagon up to the mine and back again, not offering to stop anywhere he was not told to stop, and getting in soon after 3 o'clock. He hauled six loads a week for the next month, then only quit because Wilson did, his contract being filled.

The next time I saw him, months after this, he was still going. I began to pet him, and asked, "How often does he go on a strike now?"

"Never. He has never offered to stop since the night you tied him out. I believe he remembers it as well as we do."

"Yes, and what is more, that horse understands every word we are saying now; I can tell by his eye that he does. Well," I said, standing in front of the horse and speaking slowly while I passed my hand down his face, "if he begins to stop again just send for me, I'll fix him. You don't want any more wolf concerts, do you?"

Cabia Blanco.

Ashbel's Goat.

We had been traveling up the St. Mary's River above the lakes and had just come out from the thick timber of the mountain side into the little marshy flat, where we sometimes camp. It was the middle of the afternoon. We had been traveling long and fast and the animals were all hungry. A halt was made here, and while each horse began to feed as rapidly as it could, most of the men slipped from their saddles, and ran back to tighten up the packs. A little further along on the trail were several boggy places, through which the horses must flounder with difficulty, and we did not wish to have the packs come off in a place where a saddle blanket would mire down.

Ashbel, however, who was an odd man—two men are needed to pack a horse—and who beside knew nothing about packing, sat on his horse, and with his glasses studied the stupendous cliffs of Citadel Mountain just across the river, which rise a couple of thousand feet almost sheer. Presently he exclaimed in an excited tone, "I see a bear."

"Grizzly or black?" said an older man who was near him, supposing that Ashbel had taken a stump for a bear, and disposed to make fun of the boy. But Ashbel was too busy to reply.

"By Jove, there's another," he said. "And there's another. There are three of them."

His good faith was so evident that the older men looked as he was looking, and after a moment each of them saw one or more of the bears, which were working about on the ledges and along the sides of a watercourse, running down the cliff, which was half precipice and half ravine.

The discovery of three bears was of course more or less exciting. Ashbel was the only one of the party who had formally started out to hunt. The other members of the party professed to be mere mountain climbers, yet one of them in his day had been a hunter, and had often been as much excited at the presence of game as anyone is likely to be. Still, the bears were a long way off; half a mile horizontally and nearly as much vertically. The whole outfit was in plain sight and they might take the alarm at any moment. It seemed useless to attempt to approach them, though it was obvious that Ashbel wanted to. Now was the time when Jack Monroe came forward with his usual cheerful optimism and declared that of course the bears could be killed.

He said, "We can crawl through the brush up to within three or four hundred yards of them, and they have a half a mile to run before they can get out of sight. It'll be queer if we can't get one of them before they disappear."

Ashbel needed no persuasion and the older man but little. Directions were given to let the horses feed for half an hour, by which time, according to Jack, at least one bear would have furnished a hide for Ashbel to take home. The three hunters crossed the river on horseback, and riding as close as possible to the foot of the talus of great rocks which lay beneath the cliff, began a long crawl through the tangled alders. For most of the distance the bears were in sight, or, at least, could have been seen by anyone who wished to look for them, but the hunters were all occupied in keeping out of sight themselves, and did not look at the bears again until they had reached an open spot below the cliff, which it was impossible to cross unseen. They stopped here perforce, and viewed the animals.

The mother was nearest to them; two cubs—yearlings apparently—were higher up, and all were busy searching for food. A few moments later, however, the old bear saw or smelt something that made her uneasy, and after looking across the valley at the horses, she started to scramble up the cliffs. The hunters must shoot now or not at all. The distance was estimated about 700 yards and bullets soon began to kick up the dust about the fleeing bears. One from Ashbel's rifle seemed to pass through one of the cubs, but the three kept on, and in a brief moment of time disappeared, evidently having reached a wide ledge along which they could gallop, unseen by the hunters at the foot of the cliff.

Returning toward the river they endeavored to learn from their companions on the other side what had become of the bears, but the distance was too great, and even the cheerful Jack became disgusted. Hearing his own shouts so distinctly, he imagined that those on the other side of the river must also hear them, and since he could not distinguish the words of the answering cry he declared indignantly that "those fellows seem to have their mouths full of mush."

When the horses had been mounted, the river crossed and camp reached again, it was getting late. Jack's twenty minutes had stretched out to nearly two hours, and it was decided to camp here. While the beasts were being unloaded, there was much speculation as to whether the bears had or had not been hit. Jack and one or two others thought they must have been, and finally Jack expressed a wish to climb up to where the game had been and to follow the trail. He asked Ashbel if he wished to go, and found that he did. The two at once started, but it

was two or three hours after dark before they reached camp again, hungry, tired and in rags. They had scrambled almost to the top of Citadel, had found where the bears had been, and had followed the trail where they had raced madly along a ledge, and then up a ravine into a basin back of the mountain, but the men had found no blood. Then starting back for camp they had been overtaken by night, and had clambered, fallen and rolled down the mountain side. They were tattered, wet, scratched and bruised, but still cheerful.

The next day I said to Jack, "That was a pretty tough climb you gave Ashbel last night."

"So it was," he said, "about as tough as I ever made."

"How did he stand it?" I asked.

"Oh, he's all right," said Jack. "He never squeaked or weakened. He'd fall down a place and roll along until the bushes stopped him and then get up and find his gun and come on again."

The next day we traveled on up the stream, reached the extreme head of the river and spent a few days there, hunting, traveling backward and forward over the mighty glaciers that furrow the mountain sides and climbing two or three peaks. Then turning our faces down the stream again, we reached the camp where the bears had been seen.

This is immediately below a stupendous shoulder of the main range which runs out from Mount Reynolds, one of its most impressive peaks. Reynolds had been in sight during much of our journeying up the river and it had appealed strongly to the imagination of one of the mountain climbers. He proposed that we should spend a day here and make a prospecting trip to see how close we could get to Reynolds. The suggestion was agreed to, for we all wished to reach the top of Hairy Cap from which it was believed that a large number of the kingdoms of the earth could be seen. Moreover there was a prospect that game might be found there.

Early next morning, five or six men might have been seen on hands and knees digging their fingers and toes into the almost vertical sides of Hairy Cap, and trying to reach its crest. A portion of the way chosen was bare of timber, and being covered with soap grass and dry vegetation was so slippery that it was with very great difficulty that it was climbed. At last, however, a clump of pine trees was reached on the shoulder of the mountain, and from here upward there was what seemed to be an old game trail, rough, rocky and sometimes steep, to be sure, but offering good footing. It held to the crest of the ridge, and occasionally extended views were had on either hand; on the right, the valley of the North St. Mary's, and on the left, that of the river we were camped on. At one point a bevy of great blue grouse was started from the ground, and all the birds flew into the pines and stood there looking down at us. It was not deemed wise to kill them on account of the possibility of big game being in the neighborhood, and when their curiosity was satisfied, one by one they whirled off into the valley, leaving the trees just as we sometimes see a wild ruffed grouse pitch from a tree in which he has taken refuge.

At last the summit of the ridge was reached and the walking was more or less level, though constantly ascending. It was a pretty country, with open pine timber and little lakes, and grassy meadows now partly covered with snow, furnishing an attractive feeding ground for deer or elk, or for sheep in winter. These animals must have been abundant here until killed off or frightened away by the prospectors, who in recent years have overrun the country on the lower river. Mounting steadily, but by a very gradual ascent, at last the pines grew smaller and fewer and a wide outlook was had over the country to the north. It was a great basin beginning at the foot of Mount Reynolds, nearly a mile wide, and sloping gradually down between Mt. Martin and Hairy Cap, toward the valley of the north fork of the St. Mary's, which, however, it did not seem to reach, but descending abruptly appeared to break off in a precipice a thousand feet high.

As we sat down near the edge of one of the cliffs to eat our lunch, the west wind blowing down from the heights above us felt cold. The basin into which we looked seemed from this great height to be level. It was intersected by many little streams, each of which had its source in some snowbank or ice field, and was dotted by many groups of pine trees, and looked like an ideal summer pasture for game. As we sat there, looking over it, the keen-eyed Ashbel exclaimed: "I see a goat. I see two goats." Sure enough; there they were on the other side of the basin, coming through a low saddle between a shoulder of Reynolds and Mt. Martin, working along slowly, feeding as they went, but a mile or more away and as safe as if gun powder had never been invented.

After watching them for a time, we went on, now quite above timber line and walking over finely broken rock, which in many places was covered with snow. And here was seen something more encouraging to the hunter; the track of a large goat, sometimes in the rocks, again in the snow; going in the direction which we were following, and made some time during the day.

While one man followed the track, the others spread out more or less on either side of him, so as to cover as much ground as possible. After perhaps half an hour of this search, all the time climbing higher, a cheerful whistle was heard, and looking up I saw, twenty-five or or thirty yards above me, Jack, who made signs that he had seen the goat. I hurried up to his altitude—signing meanwhile to the others of the party, all of whom scrambled toward the heights—and Jack showed me where the goat, but a moment before, had walked under a ledge out of sight. Presently we were all in position, and Ashbel, for whose success we were all anxious, stood with his rifle ready, waiting for the animal to appear. I wondered whether the sight of his first goat might give him buck fever and grasped a rifle in order to be ready to do anything that might be necessary. Jack shouted at the goat, and when it did not respond, threw down a stone or two and presently the majestic male walked slowly out from under the ledge and stood there, knee deep in the luxuriant grass. He made a pretty picture, his white body outlined against the green grass and the darker firs; and his sharp black horns, curving back toward his shoulders, shone in the afternoon sun as he slowly turned his face toward us. Ashbel was ready. The gun went to his shoulder. There was an instant's pause; the crack of the smokeless load, and the goat stumbled forward and slipped out of sight beneath the evergreens. It had been a good shot—instantly fatal.

While Ashbel and one of the men went down to skin the goat the others kept on along the crest of Hairy Cap toward Reynolds. It was far too late in the day to attempt to climb the peak, which still towered fifteen hundred or two thousand feet above us, and after a hasty inspection of its base, we set our faces toward camp.

Before we had reached the worse part of the descent darkness was upon us. How we fell down the mountain and tumbled over down timber and snagged ourselves on dead branches and generally had an unhappy time, I will not try to tell. It was near the middle of the night when we reached camp, and we were very weary and very hungry. But Ashbel had his goat. Yo.

Dawson Yesterday and To-day.

A thousand dollars in gold dust was stolen last night from the home of John McDonald, a tailor and dry goods dealer, while the family was at the theater. No arrests have been made.—Dawson news item.

ONE of the few suggestions of the untamed days of '97 and '98 is the gold dust still in circulation as money. This, too, will soon be a thing of the past, as the trading companies have put forth their fiat against the uncoined metal, and will only accept it at a considerable discount below its true value.

In other respects, the story of the tailor's thousand stolen while he saw the play might as well apply to the oldest as to the youngest civilized city in the world.

Things move at a rapid pace just now. How soon Dawson's past has been relegated to the legendary days!

It seems only yesterday that we heard that Foghorn George, the squaw man, with his Siwash brother-in-law, had washed the first Klondike gold. Civilization in four thousand years hardly made greater progress than Dawson accomplished in four. The man who travels to Dawson by steamer and palace car, laughs when you ask him if he saw any dead men on the trail. There isn't even a horse skeleton to be seen in White Pass, where three thousand horses perished in three months in 1897. Starvation has been switched off to the back country—to the headwaters of the Koyukuk and Kuskokwim, and a thousand unmapped streams that lace the Arctic waste. It is no longer a familiar spectre on the Klondike. Here the wilderness blossoms with potted geraniums and schoolmarms from New England, women of education, nurses, bookkeepers, and the like, have hard work finding employment, not because there is no employment for business women, but because the field has already been occupied. Dawson City now has fine municipal buildings, including a court house, a residence for the Governor, and a handsome new school house for the accommodation of upward of two hundred pupils. The Presbyterians have erected a modern church, after the style of the English country church, with a seating capacity for several hundred. Three of the churches of the city have pipe organs.

Dawson now has telegraph communication with the outside world, as well as telephones and a district messenger service, with electric call boxes. Its electric lighting system is thoroughly modern and up to date. The coal strike has not affected Dawson as it has three separate sources of supply above and below on the Yukon, independent of outside conditions.

There is not much indication of hardship about this paragraph clipped from a Dawson newspaper last fall: "Potatoes, which for a while were scarce, are again becoming plentiful. Fresh grapes, peaches, apples, watermelons and other such fruits are common in the market. The first shipment of potted flowers ever brought from the outside arrived from Seattle a few days ago, including blossoming geraniums and the like. They came in good condition, and sold well."

The boulders from the Thirty-Mile River have been removed, and the channel of the Upper Yukon greatly improved by draining and dredging. At Hell Gate, nine miles above Fort Selkirk, a dam 680 feet long has just been completed to concentrate the river in one channel and deepen it by the scouring that is bound to come with an increased head; and at Lake Le Barge jetties with sections measuring 400 feet, 2,800 feet, and 3,400 feet, respectively, have been constructed for like purpose. At Five Finger Rapids hundreds of tons of obstructing rock have been blasted away, and White Pass has no terrors now that the railroad has conquered its grades.

The questions bothering Dawson nowadays are much the same as elsewhere in civilization—elections, franchises and the like. As regards dissipation in its exuberant manifestation, Dawson long ago settled that. Gambling even has been tabooed, and Dawson is an ideal Sunday-school picnic ground to-day. The question is, Shall the Klondike Mines Railway be permitted to traverse the west side of First avenue to gain access to the wharves and quartz mills; and it can be stated for the benefit of New York city that the city government is not holding up the measure like their aldermanic prototypes in the wicked East.

Twelve millions in gold was Dawson's contribution from her creeks in 1902; but the city is also important in trade. For the three months ending Oct. 1, Dawson's customs receipts amounted to $227,144, and during September, she received and distributed goods to the value of a million and a third.

During the year 1902 Dawson has spent $60,000 improving the city streets. Many blocks of eight-foot sidewalks have been built, and extensive work has been done macadamizing streets and laying permanent sidewalks. Seventy thousand dollars was spent for the maintenance of the fire department.

The total assessed valuation of Dawson property, as shown by the report just compiled by the city assessor, is $12,038,740—not bad for the precocious six-year-old! J. B. BURNHAM.

Natural History.

Squids in Fresh Water.

A SHORT time since a newspaper story went about, telling of a citizen of Syracuse, who had captured, while drawing a net in Onondaga Lake, a strange looking fish. This, when submitted to a local teacher of science, was identified as a squid. Another specimen was afterward taken by another individual, and this last has come into the possession of Prof. John M. Clarke, who will submit it to an authority for examination in order to learn what it actually is.

The squids are marine animals, while Onondaga Lake is a body of fresh water, and it would be very astonishing to find squids actually living in that water; but on the other hand, a considerable number of cases are known where marine animals are found living in fresh water lakes, having in some way adapted themselves to new conditions, and appear to flourish under them.

Onondaga Lake, as is well known, is a shallow body of fresh water resting on strata which contain salt in abundance. From these strata it receives a certain amount of salt, for there are salt springs on the border of the lake which pour their briny waters into it. It is near such a spring that these squids are alleged to have been taken. Beside that, this body of water had not very long ago—in post glacial time—a connection with the sea by way of the St. Lawrence River, and at this time its waters may have been salt.

It is possible, of course, that these two specimens may have been introduced into the waters of the lake by some practical joker, though this seems hardly possible, since both are alleged to have been alive when taken.

Squids, or if not squids, at least members of the great Class Cephalopoda, to which the squids belong, have inhabited the earth since very early geological time, and to-day various forms of this class are known as the food of different fishes, as the famed nautilus, fossil as ammonites, and most impressive of all, as those giant squids whose arms may be 30 or 40 feet long, which have been described chiefly by Prof. A. E. Verrill, of New Haven, and which have given rise to so many stories of sea monsters and sea serpents.

One of the earliest descriptions of these vast creatures is that of Pontopidian. The animal was long regarded as a myth, although figured by the learned bishop, and described in the following language:

"This monster was taken at Dingle-I-cosh in the county of Kerry, being driven up by a great storm in the month of October last, 1673; having two heads, one great head (out of which spring a little head two foot, or a yard from the great head), with two great eyes, each as big as a pewter dish, the length of it being about nineteen foot, bigger in the body than any horse, of the shape represented by this figure, having upon the great head ten horns, some of six, some of eight or ten, one of eleven foot long, the biggest horns as big as a man's leg, the least as big as his wrist, which horns it threw from it on both sides; And to it again to defend itself having two of the ten horns plain, and smooth that were the middle and biggest horns, the other eight had one hundred Crowns a peece, placed by two and two on each of them, in all 800 crowns, each crown having teeth, that tore anything that touched them, by shutting together the sharp teeth, being like the wheels of a watch, the Crowns were as big as a man's thumb or something bigger, that a man might put his finger in the hollow part of them, and had in them something like a pearl or eye in the middle; over this Monster's back was a mantle of a bright Red Color, with a fringe round it, it hung down on both sides like a Carpet on a table, falling back on each side, and faced with white; the crowns and mantle were glorious to behold; This monster had but one bone about him, nor skin nor scales, or feet, but had a smooth skin like a man's belly. It swoom by the lappits of the mantle; The little head it could dart forth a yard from the great, and draw it in again at pleasure, being like a hawk's beak and having in the little head two tongues by which it is thought it received all its nourishment; when it was dead and opened the liver wayed 30 pounds. The man that took it came to Clonmel the 4th of this instant December, with two of the horns in a long box with the little head, and the figure of the fish drawn on a painted-cloth, which was the full proportion of it, and he went up to Dublin, with an intent to show it to the Lord Lieutenant."

The identification and further history of the squids from Onondaga Lake will be looked for with much interest.

Connecticut Winter Birds.

BEAVER BROOK FARM, MILFORD, Coon., Dec. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream.* After an exceptionally cold ten days, during which the thermometer rarely reached the point of 10 deg. F., the weather became quite mild.

Yesterday, Dec. 17, I observed a large number of robins and blue birds and a few song sparrows and white throated sparrows, also a pair of common crossbills and some smaller finches which I could not identify. Again to-day I saw some of the above and in addition a sparrow hawk. Does this portend a mild and open winter?

M. G.

[All the birds mentioned commonly winter in southern Connecticut, except the crossbills; and these are such thorough vagrants that their presence does not necessarily mean anything more than bitter cold weather to the northward. We do not believe that the appearence of these birds portends anything meteorological.]

Teacher—"Bessie, name one bird that is now extinct." Little Bessie—"Dick!" Teacher—"Dick? What sort of a bird is that?" Little Bessie—"Our canary—the cat extincted him!"—Puck.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in Forest and Stream.

An Iowa Game Law Case.

The Waterloo, Iowa, Courier of Dec. 19 reports: The Supreme Court yesterday handed down a number of decisions. One of the most interesting was the case of the State against Harry E. Fields, of Cedar Falls. In this famous case, which was for the killing of six quails last winter in the closed season, Justice J. H. Hildebrand, of Waterloo township, before whom the first trial was held, found Fields guilty in spite of his claim, substantiated by the testimony of Prof. M. F. Arey of the Iowa State Normal School, that he killed the birds to mount as specimens for the museum at the State school. Fields appealed the case to the district court. The case was heard before Justice Hildebrand, Feb. 8, 1902, and before Judge Blair at the March term of the district court. In the district court, Justice Hildebrand's decision was reversed and Fields was cleared of any intention to violate the law. The State, while not able to further prosecute the defendant, carried the case to the Supreme Court. Now Judge McClain of that court rules against Judge Blair and in favor of Justice Hildebrand. One of the regretable features of the case is that Fields gets off without any punishment. Had he not been declared innocent by the district court he would have been obliged to have paid $20 fine for each bird killed, besides the costs. But there is this consolation, that a precedent has been established depriving any illegal hunter from setting up the claim that he is a taxidermist when birds are found in his possession which the law protects during certain seasons of the year.

The Register and Leader of this morning gives the following concerning Judge McClain's decision:

In the case of the State against Harry E. Fields, the Supreme Court decided yesterday that game birds can not be killed in the closed season for purposes of taxidermy or other scientific purposes. Fields was convicted before a Black Hawk County justice of killing quail in the closed season. He appealed to the district court, his defense being that he was a taxidermist engaged in collecting and mounting specimens for the State Normal School Museum. The district court found him not guilty. Section 2551 of the Code for the protection of game birds prescribes periods during which the killing of game birds is prohibited. No exception is made permitting them to be killed for any purpose, but section 2561, referring to certain harmless birds, other than game birds, prohibits the destruction of them or their eggs, except for the use of taxidermists. The Supreme Court rules, however, in an opinion by Judge McClain that the exception in section 2561 does not apply to section 2551.

License as a Remedy.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There appears to be two ends which may be attained by a law requiring license of sportsmen from outside the State of Maine. One is to restrict and retard the visits of many of these same sportsmen by adding a good sized license fee to their already heavy expenses and thereby help to free the woods of hunters. This will allow those persons who are mentioned in article under "Hunters' License" in Forest and Stream, of Dec. 6, to have the woods of Maine for their own use providing they pay the price.

This is rank selfishness and is intolerable to true men. The real object to be gained by a proposed license law is the better protection of the game now existing and the further propagation of any and all species of game which may be made to thrive in the forests of Maine.

To this end, the forests must be carefully watched and protected from fires. Rifles and guns should be prohibited by fishing and camping parties in the summer time, and finally the slaughter of game in close season, and most odious of all the butchery of deer by the score and hundreds by paid hunters hired by lumbermen to supply logging camps during the whole winter, should be stopped.

It is of no use to attempt to make little of this latter evil and point out that it is only in exceptional cases that it occurs. I have personally seen the evidence of it myself even in the small bit of the State which has come under my immediate notice, viz., heaps of rotting deer hides in close proximity to old lumber camps. In explanation of our question of what this means, we are told by our guides and by residents who live near these lumber camps, of as many as 60 or 80 deer being killed in a winter and consumed by the loggers who rarely have any other fresh meat furnished them. These are facts.

Now, why do not these guides or residents prosecute the law breakers? Because living as they do in the immediate neighborhood, a bullet or the burning of barn or house would be the result.

As I said before these are facts gathered in visits to Maine during the last ten years. Why should it not be so? Who is there to prevent it? The game commissioners of Maine and their assistants are doing a good work, all that a few men can do or be expected to do, and I believe the most effective work is being done in creating a public sentiment in the right direction, but there is need of a much greater number of executives in the prosecution of the game protection interests. What can one game warden do toward protecting the great territory which he is now expected to cover in the little time and with the little pay allotted to him. And just here is where the license fee or the fund derived therefrom, may be directly and profitably spent.

This is the outline of the proposition: The establishment by the game commissioners of Maine of a thoroughly organized, well equipped, intelligent and honest body of traveling game and forest wardens, who shall traverse during the entire year the wild region of the State, by twos for mutual protection and defense, and also for more efficient work. The State of Maine has an abundance of strong, courageous and capable men, so there need be no lack of material.

They would be really an organized forest police, not with settled beats so that lawbreakers might watch and know when to expect them, but rather with routes mapped out by their chief which might be known only by the head of the department. They would be expected to drop without warning upon loggers, trappers, hunters and fishermen's camps at all times of the year and make careful watch for evidence of law breaking which they could obtain for themselves.

Moreover, the same men should not travel the same country all the time, but by being shifted from one district to another, as with city police, would have no fear or favor in any particular locality. These wardens should have a yearly salary sufficient to attract and hold the best men. They should make reports of all their doings and experiences in the game country which would furnish a most valuable fund of information to the game commissioners of the State.

I have merely outlined above a few of the various duties which would fall upon such a band of men. They must also be numerous enough to efficiently cover the State. The number would depend somewhat upon the amount of fun available. It is reasonable to believe that seventy-five to one hundred thousand dollars would not be too little to expect from moderate licenses, say $5 for non-residents and half that amount for residents of the State. I do not believe that the latter should be overlooked in helping to pay for what conduces directly to their own interests. This amount would be directly in addition to the regular State appropriation along this line.

Above all, sportsmen should be shown that the license fee is not enough to prohibit or prevent any, but is to be used for one and only one object as outlined above, that is the direct protection of game and forests by men who are fully in the spirit of the work and give their entire time to the cause. I may say also in conclusion that I believe this is a plan which ought to be put into practice in every State where game is to be saved. Good laws are all right, but amount to nothing unless there are a sufficient number of men to directly enforce those laws, and sportsmen must pay the bills. Therefore I say, license the hunters.

L. A. J.

Rhode Island.

Massachusetts Association.

Two Important Meetings.

Boston, Dec. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Thursday, Dec. 18, the Executive Committee of the Massachusetts Central Committee for Protection of Fish and Game, met at the Copley Square Hotel. The chairman, Mr. H. A. Estabrook, of Fitchburg, presided.

That the anti-sale law on partridges and woodcock should be continued was agreed by every one, and it was voted to endeavor to secure its enactment as a permanent statute the coming winter.

Mr. Wm. B. Phinney, of Lynn, who has been re-elected to the Legislature, and expects to serve again on the Fish and Game Committee, expressed the opinion that the law had been highly beneficial in preserving the birds, and should be re-enacted either permanently or for a term of years, and there is no doubt regarding the stand he will take; and he said he believed several of the members of that committee who have been returned would take the same view of the subject. But the attitude of the Executive Committee is one of determined effort in behalf of the measure, and Heman S. Fay, Esq., of Marlborough, was unanimously chosen as legal counsel.

Your readers will remember that he was counsel for the committee in 1899-1900, when the sportsmen fought and won the hardest battle in the history of game protection ever waged in this State.

While the Committee hope it will prove easier to get a renewal of the law, it is deemed the part of prudence to be prepared for a contest. Chairman Collins, of the Commission, was present, and is in hearty sympathy with us.

He expressed his disappointment that the Legislature last winter did not enact a law giving deputies the right of search, and it was voted that counsel draw up a bill of such a character as would be likely to receive the approval of the incoming Legislature and report the same to the Committee at its next meeting.

It was voted that an effort be made to secure a re-enactment of the deer law, so as to prohibit their killing for a period of five years more.

Mr. A. C. Sylvester, president of the North Attleboro Association, said hordes of hunters were in the woods of Bristol county from Dec. 1 to 15, and he condemned the present law for that county in severe terms. The impression prevails that sportsmen there have had enough of it. Let us hope so. Mr. Sylvester stated that the associations of the Blackstone Valley in Rhode Island will attempt to get a law against sale of woodcock and partridge in that State, which would be an advantage to sections of Massachusetts bordering on Rhode Island.

Capt. Collins also mentioned the difficulty met by wardens frequently in securing warrants for the arrest of offenders. It seems many of the judges are not deeply impressed with the importance of a rigid enforcement of the game laws. In one instance, where by the statute a fine of $10 is fixed, the judge made it $5. This raises the question whether or not judges are amenable to the law.

The Committee adjourned to meet at the State House on Monday, Dec. 29 at 2 P. M.

Association Meeting.

Immediately after the adjournment of the Executive Committee at 6:30, the members of the Association sat down to dinner. In the absence of President Reed, Vice-President Wm. S. Hinman occupied the chair.

Dr. E. W. Branigan, chairman of the Nominating Committee, presented the list of officers for 1903, to be balloted for at the annual meeting, Jan. 14. For President, J. R. Reed, Esq., is nominated, as are most of the present board. The following names were added to the membership list by unanimous vote: M. A. Spear, A. S. Bruinier, Hon. Wm. S. McNary, Leroy S. Brown, L. Noyes Whitcomb, president of the Englewood Club, all of Boston; Fred E. Gillis, of Boxford; Dr. Samuel H. Talbot, Cambridge; John C. Phillips, N. Beverly, O. K. Gerrish, Lakeville; B. M. Rockwood, Franklin. Mr. Charles C. Russell, president of Greenfield Sportsmen's Club, was elected a corresponding member.

Dr. J. T. Herrick opened the after-dinner speaking. He assured the members that the Springfield club, of which he is president, is active in securing the enforcement of the laws in that section, and that it is in hearty sympathy with the State Association. He reported that everywhere he went he heard the work of the Association commended in the highest terms.

President Sylvester said it gave him great pleasure to bring the greeting of the 300 members of the North Attleboro Association. He spoke in detail of the good work of that club in liberating quail and stocking the streams, as well as in educating the whole community to take an active interest in protecting and propagating fish and game and the enforcement of the laws. So much good has the anti-sale law done, not a man can be found in his section who is not in favor of its continuance.

Mr. A. B. F. Kinney expressed the opinion that not a man could be found in Worcester who would care to oppose the re-enactment of the law.

The testimony of all the speakers was that the law had been the means of adding materially to the number of birds in the covers.

Henry H. Kimball, Sec'y.

People and Incidents of Interest.

[By a Forest and Stream Staff Correspondent.]

On my arrival in Buffalo last Tuesday morning I found the mercury making love to zero, which made the big round stove in Le Valley's store a new friend of the warmest kind and one I regretted having to leave so soon, more especially so from the fact that that stove has been for many years the center piece of more game and fish history than falls to the lot of many of its kind. It is here that Major Phipps and his coterie of friends have weighed and measured game and fish from the Atlantic and the Pacific, from the waters and woods of Canada and Florida. Mr. Le Valley should write a history of men he has hunted and fished with around that dear old stove. Fish stories are not killing, on the contrary, they lighten the weight of years, the seared period of life loses its seriousness around such stoves. Mr. Le Valley himself is a fine exemplification of this, so let them flow. the fish gets heavier and makes a prettier fight with each telling.

It was here that I first heard of the laxity with which the game laws of New York State are enforced, a deplorable fact which reaches across most of the State. Buffalo, with its fine contingent of sportsmen, should wake up to the times' crying necessities, and enforce the game laws.

While in Rochester it was my good fortune to be entertained by Dr. Durand, of foot power boat fame. I found the Doctor full of his practicable, well-tested and clearly proven theories and delightfully entertaining on the subject; he only needs to meet you "face to face" and you are his. A visit to the Genesee Valley Club revealed much to the interest of visiting and local sportsmen. A beautifully mounted specimen of the tarpon surmounts an open fire-place, and other trophies are not lacking. A particularly interesting feature is a collection of Chinese firearms and field guns, captured during the recent yellow plague. It would take a page of Forest and Stream to do justice to this mixture of ancient and modern, aggressive and defensive thought; suffice it to say when one Chinaman exhausted his supply of ammunition he had to take to the woods.

A grilled chop and tea furnished reminiscent moods, and boyhood days came to us again and again, until I regret I can only continue in thought; however, there are deeds in men's lives of so rare and tender a sort that the world would be much better should they know of them and in a degree emulate them.

Imagine the blood-letting sportsman on his way home at 1 A. M., when the thermometer was below zero, hearing a wee small voice by a big tree in a lonesome neighborhood plaintively wailing "meaw, meauw." His big burly figure stops; he removes his warm gloves and feels around until he finds a half-grown kitten in the last stages of emaciation, gathers it up in the warm folds of his generous coat and carries it to his study, only to find it past his skill to help, except by kindness, warmth and then chloroform. With dimmed eyes he warmed it and it slept. I only remarked, "Doctor, didn't you prolong its agony? A dash on the frozen walk would have been quick and effective." "True," said the Doctor, "but I couldn't bear the thud."

In Syracuse I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. W. A. Able—most everybody knows Mr. Able, but those who don't ought to. In him I found the sportsman of a generation agone and of to-day, surely a happy condition only attained by the ordinary observances of God's laws to man. Mr. Able has a fine collection of forest and stream prerequisites of ours and other times, one of the most interesting is a gun with a romance.

This gun is a double-barreled flint-lock, with solid silver mountings, a rarely pretty, graceful affair, not weighing over seven pounds. It was made in the year 1810, in a basement at the corner now occupied by Von Lengerke & Detmold, on Broadway, New York, for a Frenchman who emigrated to this country for reasons best known to himself. He afterward settled on the shore of Cayuga Lake, and three years afterward died. During the many years (forty-seven) which his faithful widow survived him she had the servants remove this gun from its case and polish and oil it twice a year. Its beautiful state of preservation to-day would indicate that sentiment and affection so tenderly bestowed by her had lost none of its sacredness in the hands of others. This

identity of interest in cold steel between man and wife is food indeed for modern reflection.

Mr. Robert Hunter, of Fulton, N. Y., was most generous in giving me three hours of his crowded time showing me through their vast gun factory in this place, and knowing every detail of the work as he does, even to making of any of a gun's many parts, furnished me with much data that I never even dreamed of, yet I have handled guns so long that it tires memory to go back so far. Here I found 450 men employed and the factory running night and day, superintended by five brothers, all working in different directions that merge into one ambition, and that the highest perfection of their product.

At Utica Mr. Savage best showed his devotion to rifle building by forfeiting his lunch hour to entertain me. He informs me they will be in their new plant by Jan. 1, and Feb. 1 to 15 will be able to market their new products in the way of calibers, etc.

I visited Mr. H. H. Valentine in Albany and found him at this end of the State in much the same frame of mind as Mr. Le Valley at the other, regarding the game laws. The well known conditions of Rensselaer County, where, under closed season for three years, the grouse have nearly become extinct, tells the story—snared to death.

T. E. BATTEN.

NEW YORK, Dec. 15.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Death of Col Bobo.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 19.—Last week there was printed in these columns some mention of that veteran bear hunter and prominent citizen of Mississippi, Col. R. E. Bobo. It is sad reading to offer in this time of cheer, yet I am obliged to chronicle the death of this friend, who was also the friend of thousands of other sportsmen in America. Col. Bobo died in this city at eight o'clock on Wednesday morning last, and his remains, in charge of his son and a friend, left this city yesterday morning for their final resting place in the soil of Mississippi. The immediate cause of death was an acute complication which resulted in something like severe jaundice, the liver being badly involved. Bobo was accustomed all his life to hunt in the malarial swamps of the cane brake country. Perhaps the swamps finally had their revenge on the man who had done so much toward conquering their secrets, and so much toward changing that country from a wilderness into a land of civilization. Col. Bobo lived to see fertile plantations stretching over much of his old bear hunting grounds, and he was one of the most prominent aids of the railroads, which have been doing so much toward settling the Mississippi Delta in the last few years. He died possessed of a fortune of $200,000 or $300,000, all of which he had amassed by his own energy and foresight. He was at one time offered $100 an acre for land for which he paid less than $2 an acre.

Col. Bobo was, without question, the most expert hunter of the black bear which this country ever knew. To repeat earlier mention of his exploits, I may state that he was known to kill 206 bear in one year, 6 one day, 5 the day following, and so on. It was his delight to take his friends out upon these hunts. There was no master of bear hounds in all the country like this same energetic Mississippian, as I am sure earlier mention in these columns must have shown fully.

It was my sad office to help Col. Bobo's friends to assemble his effects. I found in his pockets telegrams and letters bearing upon the recent presidential bear hunt in Mississippi, mention of which was recently made at his request in the FOREST AND STREAM. Sick as he was and nearing his end, as he personally knew before any of us did, it was none the less a source of great annoyance to him to have it reported in some of the Southern newspapers that he had shown discourtesy to President Roosevelt in refusing to join the latter with his pack of bear dogs. No one who knew Bobo doubts that he was the soul of courtesy and hospitality. As bearing upon this, a few months ago there was a little railroad wreck near Bobo's plantation, in which some 155 persons were left breakfastless on the train. They tramped over to Bobo's house and there they were fed, each and all of them. All of these people offered Bobo pay, but he stated that he had never charged a man for a meal in all his life, and was too old to begin it then. He practically kept open house in the old time Southern fashion, and he was one of the best living survivors of the old-time Southern type, generous, hospitable, ready to resent any wrong upon the instant, yet animated by a large sense of fairness and justice. There was not a negro on the Bobo plantation who did not love the "boss." I may say also, that, during his stay here, he made a wide circle of friends who not only respected but loved him, even on this short acquaintance.

He died at the age of 55 years. Mr. Fincher Bobo, his eldest son, is the sole remaining member of the family now at the old plantation.

There will be no one to take the place of Bobo, the bear hunter. The Delta is changing very rapidly. Railroads are going through there at distances of every few miles. New problems and new customs are arising in that country, the last of the old South to experience change. The Bobo bear pack will perhaps be scattered. The memory of its owner will not readily die, certainly not in the minds of those of us who have ridden with him, slept with him in camp, and known that friendship which arises only between men who know each other for what they are in the outdoor air, wide of all the artificialities and conventions of city life. I knew Bobo and loved him, and am only one of very many of whom the same might be said. I feel sure it is my privilege to speak for them in expressing this sense of loss. R. E. Bobo was no ordinary man. He was a big man and was rapidly forging ahead into still bigger stages of life. We cannot have too many American citizens of his type, men of courage, fearlessness and a fine and delicate sense of personal honor.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Deer in Massachusetts and Maine.

BOSTON, Dec. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The case of Mr. Collins, of Malden, has done more to advertise the deer law than anything that has occurred in Massachusetts for many a day. Hardly a daily paper for a week but has had something about it. Deputy Burney had him in court and he was fined one hundred dollars. Not having the money he was sent to jail where he remained some days. It was believed, however, that he was ignorant of the law. He had a numerous family dependent upon him, so the kind-hearted judge, Judge Pettengill, started a subscription to pay his fine. The generous citizens of Malden and others responded and the poor fellow is now at liberty. Now probably this man was not unable to read, and it seems very strange that he should not have known that the killing of deer is illegal. Query, how can a knowledge of the game laws be made universal?

The total of deer shipped through Bangor this year is 5,289; of moose, 191.

It is believed that fully five times this number of deer have been killed in the State the past season. Even this estimate may be too low. No doubt there are a great many still left in the woods, but what would be the result of a very severe winter on the supply for coming years?

It is reported that excellent sport in the shooting of bears and foxes has been had in Washington County and southern Aroostook. Some of the Boston sportsmen recently returned with deer are: Messrs. J. H. Harding, S. J. Turner, W. H. and Mrs. W. H. Ellsmere, John Magee, F. F. Field, A. B. Pratt, O. E. Bowers, H. A. Lewis, John J. Moore and Harry B. Hobbs.

Dr. A. F. Townsend, a dentist of Worcester, brought out two fine deer. He also obtained with his camera many of the best views of scenery about Katahdin.

CENTRAL.

Sea and River Fishing.

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

The Sea Trout Per Se.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In No. 3 of Mr. Venning's series of interesting sketches which are being printed in FOREST AND STREAM under the caption of "Reminiscences of an Octogenarian," the author discusses the much vexed question whether the sea trout (so recognized by naturalists thirty-five years ago) and the brook trout, yclept *Salvelinus fontinalis,* are identically the same, or a different variety; and he courteously challenges me by name to meet his objections to my contrary opinion, which I am known to have pertinaciously defended for a lifetime.

Well, under a position so well fortified and strenuously defended as his, I should say that my inevitable alternative would be to recant or burn, except that I happen to have, as I believe, the key to the problem, which, if admitted, should reconcile all variances. We will see!

While both of us agree that there is no specific or structural difference between the two fishes, I maintain that their environments, habits and food are so widely diverse that they predicate variety, distinct and obvious, just as parents differentiate and distinguish twins which cannot otherwise be told apart. I hold that the sea trout is a littoral marine fish, which feeds (for the most part) along the estuaries on shore food, and spawns in the rivers at the head of the tide, or not far above it, while the brook trout dwells in the forest, feeding on insects and ephemera (for the most part), and spawns all along the length of a stream from its mouth to headwaters. One is migratory and gregarious, entering the rivers periodically in immense numbers, in June and October, after the salmon; not to deposit their spawn, but to eat the extruded ova which the salmon have deposited in the gravel, while the other is a purely local, stationary and fluviatile fish, which is never found in very large schools and never leaves his native water except in individual cases for a momentary picnic in the brine, supposing that he has access to it. The largest schools of brook trout that I have ever seen were in artificial retaining ponds.

As to geographical distribution, brook trout occupy the greater part of the inland continental area of British North America and the United States, being found in twenty-eight States, while sea trout are not met with below latitude 49 degrees on either the Atlantic or Pacific side, and then only in coastwise estuaries and in rivers having access to the sea.

Taxonomically, fishes may be classified as follows:

1. Pelagic fishes, which are ocean rovers, though many species, such as bluefish, tilefish, menhaden, mackerel and herring, come inshore to feed at certain seasons, and some of them perhaps to spawn.

2. Littoral or shore fish, which dwell and feed along the coast, but run up at times into the rivers and estuaries to feed and spawn, usually at or near tide water, where the flux and efflux nourishes the ova with alternate baths of salt and fresh water every day. Of this class are white perch, skates, sheepshead, some kinds of sharks, sea sturgeon, hyacks or gaspereau, dogfish and sea trout.

3. Anadromous fishes, which spawn and mature in the rivers, but take their salt and fresh water baths at long intervals, returning periodically to their native gravel beds. Of these the shad and the so-called sea salmon, in contradistinction from landlocked salmon, are conspicuous.

4. Fluviatile fishes, which spawn and live continuously in fresh-running water, though individuals at times run down to salt water if they have access to it. Black bass, pike (jack fish), and brook trout are notable examples of this class.

5. In the great inland lakes the lacustrine fishes imitate the ocean fishes to a degree; the ciscowits, namaycush, herrings, whitefish and sturgeon ranging wide, for the most part, but approaching the inflowing rivers at stated seasons in quest of minnows, shadflies, shrimps, and microscopic bottom food, or to spawn on the sandbars at and near the outlets. In lesser eastern lakes, the like habit is noticed, where landlocked salmon and togue follow the smelts into the rivers in early spring, though they do not themselves spawn until October. (No more do the sea trout, although they run up the rivers in July.) So also in the British northwest the trout and sturgeon of the great lakes spawn near the discharge, while grayling, trout and squawfish spawn all the way up to headwaters of the affluents, thereby providently stocking the water courses throughout their fluvial extent.

This general information I have acquired chiefly by travel and observation, though Mr. Venning, who has not been thoroughly posted on my continuous field work, is pleased to intimate that I foregather mainly by hearsay. Such, I plead, has not been my life-long reputation. But give hearsay a chance! I will not affect to stand on my own ipse dixit. In canonical jurisprudence "the tesimony of two witnesses is true," and I have two accredited witnesses! One of these is Com. J. U. Gregory, of the Canadian Department of Marine and Fisheries, who has been at the head of the lighthouse supply for thirty-eight years, and has cruised along shore some. The other is John Manuel, of Ottawa, who owns the river Godbout, on the lower St. Lawrence, and has hardly missed a salmon fishing season for twenty-five years, to my personal knowledge. I have been bon camarade with both these gentlemen more or less since the 60s. Mr. Gregory writes:

"I am of opinion that sea trout are gregarious and migratory shore fish, which come and go periodically, feeding on littoral food, such as minnows, caplin, sand worms, shrimps, etc., as you say, and are looked for only at stated periods of the year; but I am aware that many rivers, at certain periods yearly, become well stocked with sea trout, which come in by the mouth of the river which empties into salt water; that these fish go a long distance up-stream, and are a nuisance in salmon pools. After a time, they disappear; while in these same rivers, the ordinary *Salmo fontinalis* remain on, and are about as numerous as they were before the sea trout struck in and went out again; therefore, they do not follow them to sea. I consider this as an argument in favor of your theory."

But Mr. Manuel's deposition is a clincher. He says, cautiously:

"As to where sea trout spawn, I cannot declare at present. My observations on the Godbout are that they go up that river in large numbers; but I think it is for the purpose of reaching the spawning beds of the salmon and living on the ovum. My reason for thinking so is that they follow the salmon. When we see the trout going up the river, it is a sure sign that the bulk of the salmon are already up. Another reason is that I have never seen any trout fry in the river. If they spawn in the river we would surely see the young trout, just as we see the salmon, peel and parr, unless they all got out to sea before we reach the river, which is early in June. In that case they would be differently constituted from the salmon, for the young salmon cannot live in salt water until they are two years old, and have got the silvery scales like the parent fish. But even if they did go out, as stated, there would always be some late stragglers to be seen to show that trout had spawned in the river. I have seen them netted in large numbers at the mouth of the Godbout River. We net them every year, to prevent them getting up to the spawning beds of the salmon. We don't market them, but give them to the habitants for food, our only object being to get rid of them and protect the salmon as much as possible. The large schools of trout that appear in the estuaries in July and August are going up. Some of them may come down again later in the season, but most of them remain in the river all winter and come down when the river breaks up, in May. I incline to think that sea trout are littoral or shore fish, as you suggest."

From the foregoing evidence it seems to me that Mr. Venning's observations can easily be reconciled to fit, if he would but allow that sea trout ascend rivers to eat spawn, and not to deposit it. We all know that the sea trout of Alaska are voracious spawn eaters, and that the Indians of the Pacific coast use little else than fish spawn for bait. The Dominion Coast Survey has reported sea trout all along the eastern and northern Labrador coast as far as Hudson Bay; but these fish do not occur in the Mackenzie River, nor do any kind of salmonoids, and Lieut. Fred. Schwatka does not mention sea trout as occurring in Back's or Great Fish River, although he speaks of salmon fishing in July and August, and of catching them through the ice in winter. Had sea trout been present, some of them would have been hooked.

I would suggest to the guild that comparison of the gills of fresh run sea trout when in the rivers with the gills of occupants which are known to remain the whole year round, would show quite a difference in the texture and color of their papillæ. Nature has adapted every creature to its environment, and no one can thrive equally well in two elements, even amphibians. Introduced species have to be acclimated. The difference of density of salt and fresh water is well known, and besides, the two are chemically quite unlike.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

A Marine Station for Florida.

Hon. S. M. Sparkman, of Florida, has a bill before Congress authorizing, empowerings and directing the Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries to establish in the State of Florida, on the Gulf of Mexico, a station for the investigation of problems connected with the marine fishery interests of the region. It reads:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of American in Congress assembled, That the Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries be, and he is hereby, authorized, empowered, and directed to establish at some suitable point in the State of Florida, on the Gulf of Mexico, a station for the investigation of problems connected with the marine fishery interests of the region.

Sec. 2. That for necessary surveys, purchase of land, erection of buildings and other structures, and for the proper equipment of said station the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars, or as much thereof as may be necessary, be, and the same is hereby, appropriated, out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated.

The House Committee on Marine and Fisheries has made a favorable report on the measure, on which they say:

"The Committee on the Merchant Marine and Fisheries, to whom was referred the bill (H. R. 11476) authorizing, empowering and directing the Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries to establish in the State of Florida, on the Gulf of Mexico, a station for the investigation of problems connected with the marine fishery interests of the region, have examined the same and recommend that the bill pass without amendment.

"There have heretofore been established two of these similar stations for experimental work connected with fish problems on the Atlantic coast, one at Woods Hole, Mass., and the other at Beaufort, on the coast of North Carolina.

"It is considered by the Fish Commission that the above two stations are sufficient to cover necessary investigations on the Atlantic coast.

"The species of fish found in the Gulf of Mexico, their habits and manner of propagation, are essentially different from those found upon the Atlantic coast, and an independent station for such investigation is absolutely essential if the same objects are to be subserved for that region.

"The necessity for such biological investigations for the propagation of fish has now been settled beyond controversy, and this work must necessarily proceed or be contemporaneous with the establishment of fish-cultural stations.

The catch of shad on the Atlantic coast prior to the introduction of artificial propagation had been yearly decreasing. Under the influence of artificial propagation by the Fish Commission the catch has been increased from 3,000,000 fish in 1880 to 11,760,000 in 1898, this increase being equal to 30,000,000 pounds of fish caught in 1898 over the catch of 1880—valued at nearly $1,000,000. At a cost of not exceeding $4,000 shad were introduced on the Pacific coast, and 5,000,000 pounds of this fish have been recently caught where there were none before. By artificial propagation we are increasing the supply of food, and thereby cheapening it, to the great benefit of the people.

"A similar work is being done for the salmon industry on the Pacific coast, where the catch has been greatly and continuously increased since artificial propagation was introduced, and the salmon is also being successfully introduced into the Great Lakes.

"An equally important work has been in progress in connection with the cod fisheries of the Atlantic coast from Maine to New Jersey. In this region, under the influence of artificial propagation, the catch of cod in 1898 showed an increase of 43,000,000 pounds in ten years; and as another result of the Fish Commission's work, extensive inshore cod fisheries have been developed there during the past few years, where few or no fish were found before.

"The artificial propagation of the shad, cod and salmon was necessarily preceded by a large amount of biologic work, which made known the principal facts connected with the reproduction and breeding habits of these fishes; and so in connection with the artificial propagation and increase of the other species of fish and of the oyster, clam, lobster, shrimp, etc., here again the practical work of propagation must be preceded by a still larger amount of experimental work, in order that we may know more accurately the processes of reproduction; and there is need also of a much larger amount of information concerning the nature and extent of the food and feeding and breeding grounds of these different species of fish and other forms.

"The Fish Commission is one of the most useful departments of the Government. The result of its work is to increase the supply and thereby cheapen one of the most important food products of the country. Improved transportation facilities are year by year distributing this food product to consumers everywhere. The only cost of this food consists in propagating and starting the young fish, catching them when grown, and distributing them. Nature does the rest. This work of propagation cannot be done by individuals or States. It is essentially national in character and must be done by the Government. If this beneficent work should cease this great food supply will ultimately disappear. Enlarge it and the supply will be perpetuated, increased, and cheapened.

"As heretofore stated, careful and painstaking investigation is necessary and precedent to the more practical work of propagation by the hatchery stations.

"The Fish Commission have made a careful investigation of the territory covered by the Gulf of Mexico with a view to selecting that location which would offer greater facilities for the investigation of the sea life peculiar to the Gulf of Mexico and have concluded that the same should be established at some point upon the west coast of Florida to be subsequently determined by the Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries.

"The operations of this station will require no large annual expenditure, as the investigations will be conducted by volunteer observers and scientists from the country at large and by men already in the employ of the Fish Commission.

"The committee appended hereto a communication from the Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries recommending the passage of this bill.

"'Commission of Fish and Fisheries, Washington, D. C., April 29, 1902.—Sir: With regard to the bill (H. R. 2000) to authorize the establishment of a fish-cultural and biological station on the Gulf of Mexico within the limits of the State of Florida, it is recommended that it be not passed, as it contains several objectionable features, to which attention has been drawn in previous communications. In place of this bill, I recommend the passage of House bill 11476, which provides for the same station. Very respectfully, Geo. M. Bowers,

"Hon. Charles H. Grosvenor, Chairman Committee on the Merchant Marine and Fisheries, House of Representatives.'"

Work of the New York Hatcheries.

Fishermen will be particularly interested in that portion of the forthcoming report of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission to the Legislature which deals with the State Hatcheries. This important part of the work is in charge of Hon. Chas. H. Babcock, of Rochester, who is himself an enthusiastic fisherman, and who ever since his appointment as a member of the Commission has taken entire charge of the supervision of the hatcheries and the distribution of their output. The State has eight regular and four temporary hatcheries from which to stock the lakes and streams with every desirable variety of fish. Their product this year amounted to 128,672,516 fish of the various varieties, and their facilities have been so increased as to provide for a much larger output of yearlings and fingerlings than usual. This form of distribution will in the main hereafter take the place of fry, as the fish are much sooner available to the people, and numerous reports received from various parts of the State indicate that the departure made is giving the greatest satisfaction. The distribution for the year included an unsually large number of lake trout yearlings, as well as of the other varieties of favorite game fish. Particular attention was also given to increasing the output of cheap food fish, and the figures of the report show that large amounts of pike, perch and whitefish have been placed in the waters of the State. It is the intention of the Commission, if suitable provision is made by the Legislature, to return to the cultivation of black bass, for which there is a large demand, and for which also one of the State hatcheries is admirably suited. During the past year 10,000 of these fish were netted out of the canal and distributed in nearby ponds and streams in accordance with the custom of the Commission, which is to save as far as possible the bass when the water is drawn off from the canal. No help has been required from the United States Fish Commission during the year, as the excellent condition of the State Hatcheries enabled them to meet all requirements. The number of applications received by the Commission from all parts of the State for fish of various sorts was about 1,700.

Pike-Perch Planting in Northern Vermont.

It is gratifying to learn that the hatching and distributing of pike-perch (glass-eyed pike, wall-eyed pike) in northern Vermont has been attended with very encouraging results. The fish were hatched at the Swanton Hatchery on the Missisquoi River, and were distributed in various ponds and streams in that section of the State as well as elsewhere. The work was begun by the U. S. Fish Commission in 1899 as an experiment, and has since been carried on jointly by the U. S. Fish Commission and the State of Vermont. The partly grown and adult fish were caught in great numbers this last summer in Franklin Pond (Silver Lake) and other lakes where they were never known to exist before. In Silver Lake, the pike-perch fishing is reported to be as good as in Lake Champlain, and in Lake Champlain itself, pike-perch are said to have appeared in unprecedented numbers.

It is quite possible that the U. S. Fish Commission will establish an extensive hatching plant near the mouth of the Missisquoi River for the hatching of these fish. Mr. Myron Green, formerly superintendent of the U. S. Rainbow Trout Station in California, has been appointed Superintendent of the Vermont State Hatchery at Swanton where the pike-perch hatching was conducted, last year.

Salmo.

Remarkable Growth of Trout.

Kalamazoo, Mich.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In response to Dr. Bean's request in your issue of Dec. 13, I send you these notes of trout growth.

About June 15, 1902, I placed 94 trout in a fountain of our City Park. Of these 78 were rainbow trout hatched Feb. 15, 1901, and 16 were brook trout hatched about the same time. The rainbow trout averaged about 10 inches and the brook trout about 7. The fountain basin is circular, 60 feet across, having a depth of water of 4 feet. The water supply was taken from the city mains and was not very large, consisting of a center spray and four or five smaller jets.

Here these fish found an acceptable home. Everybody fed them worms, minnows, liver, Hamburger steak, cake and crackers, in fact, almost everything. The remarkable part of it was that the rainbow trout ate everything that was offered them. They were very tame and everything was grist that came to their mill. The brook trout were not much in evidence, there being a pyramid of cobble stone in the fountain in which they could hide.

Six fish were lost during the summer. On Oct. 23 I took the fish out and they were simply enormous. The rainbow trout weighed 1½ pounds; four of them weighed 2 pounds. The brook trout averaged about ¾ pound. They were very highly colored, in fact, could not be distinguished from wild fish. I attribute their large growth to the amount of rains they had and the diversified food. Also to the temperature of the water which was quite high.

Albert Rosenberg.

Reminiscences of an Octogenarian.

Part IV.

BY THE OLD ANGLER.

(*Continued from page 494.*)

Before leaving the subject it may interest the Old Guard to know that the first time the writer met dear old Thad Norris was at Rough Waters on the Nepisiguit, where, on a former visit, he had killed his first salmon. The manner in which he handled a lively fish, fresh from the sea, on a rod of his own make and on a fly of his own dressing, settled his standing as an expert angler. His main object in this second visit to the North Shore was to inquire thoroughly into this vexed question of a sea trout in North America, distinct from *fontinalis*, for the prevalence of which belief he was himself largely responsible. In his "American Anglers' Book," published some years previously, depending almost entirely on erroneous information and a few hours' fishing on the Tabusintac, an affluent of the Miramichi, he described the fish caught there as the *Salmo Canadensis* of Hamilton Smith. He stated that it was entirely distinct from *S. fontinalis*, and a purely anadromous species. He had afterward found reason to doubt the correctness of his published opinion, and hence this visit for a more thorough examination of the grounds on which it was based. He had just come from the Restigouche, where his inquiries left him in grave doubt of the existence of such a fish in that river. The late Samuel Wilmot, Superintendent of Fish Culture, was one of the party, and we discussed the question fully and freely. He was introduced to the intelligent fishery Overseer of the district, and by him brought in contact with the oldest fishermen on the river and down the coast.

During our stay at Rough Waters an incident occurred which furnished much amusement and some instruction for the whole party. Among the canoe-men was Billy Bateman, one of the best on the river. His home was not far from our camp, and his father, a man of middle age, came often to visit us. He was a most amusing character, full of cynical remarks and quaint expressions, whose horse-sense and mother-wit made him always a welcome visitor. He was a special favorite with Mr. Norris, who was highly amused at his droll sayings and caustic remarks about the waste of time spent in angling. He averred that he could take more fish in a single night on his hickory hackle (*Anglice*—spear) than the whole party could in a week with all their "costive rods and silkworm's guts." He said if a salmon knew his own strength he could break the strongest leader that could be made. Billy, who was a good rod fisherman as well as a most expert spearer, had all his father's quaintness and a stronger sense of humor, spoke up at once:

"Well, father, you're a good deal stronger than a salmon; do you think you could break loose if you were in the water and the fly was in the collar of your shirt?"

"Of course I could, and smash your rod, too!"

"Well, father, I get a dollar a day for poling this canoe a good many hours. Would you like to make it in ten minutes?"

"Just give me the chance, my bouchal (*Anglice*—good boy)."

"Very well; hold here."

Taking my Castle Connel—the strongest rod in the party—a fly was securely fixed in the collar of his strong woollen shirt. Near by was a deep pool close inshore, where salmon never lay. It was about 25 yards across, but to get out of it, a steep rugged ledge of rocks had to be climbed before footing could be obtained.

"Now, father, you go in, swim across, get on the rocks and you can run out the whole line and break the leader or the rod."

"Put the dollar in Jack Buchet's hand and I'll show you a trick the salmon don't know."

Wilmot supplied the dollar for Billy, and old man Bateman, dressed only in homespun shirt and trousers, slipped into the pool and struck out for the other side. Billy retreated and let the line run off the reel. When he had about 20 yards out and the old man had some 10 yards' start, and was swimming strongly, Billy put the whole force of a wide arch on the line, which checked the swimmer's progress. Still he make headway slowly, and various were the opinions expressed and great the excitement produced. Norris cheered and encouraged the old man; Wilmot and Hickson prompted Billy. I had little doubt of the result, but still was nervous about my rod and line—the leader was a small affair. For some moments it was doubtful whether the old man would get across; but slowly he forged ahead, and Billy had more line out than he cared to see. Of course, he could not reel in, and had to let the line run or risk the leader. The arch was wide and the strain so even that there was little fear for the rod. I doubt if one of that party was ever so much interested in seeing a salmon played, as he was in this novel trial of strength between a man in the water and a single gut leader in the hands of one who knew how to use a rod. At length the old man reached the ledge and lifted an arm to secure a hold. At that instant Billy "gave him the butt" for all the rod could do, and as he expected, the old man lost ground. Again he reached for a hold, and putting out all his strength, raised his shoulders from the water. Another application of the butt, pointed straight at him, pulled the old man backward, and he went completely under water. Again he attempted to gain a hold and again he was drawn backward, heels over head, into the water.

"Will you give in, father?" called out the graceless scamp, while shouts of laughter shook all the spectators of this queer scene. The old man was really too nearly exhausted to make further efforts, and Buchet, who had been sent round by Billy after the first submersion, reached down and assisted him up the ledge. I attached the fly to the hook of a spring balance, and holding it firmly by the ring, directed Billy to put the same strain on the line in order to ascertain how many pounds of tension the old man had contended against in the last ten yards of his struggle. The index marked ——. Perhaps no question in the wide and varied range of those offered by angling has given rise to more discussion than that of how much force, in pounds, a salmon exerts in its rushes. The wildest answers have been given, showing how various are the conclusions reached from the same data. Some

good anglers have estimated it at not less than 40 pounds. Others have fancifully thought a pound of strain for every pound of its own weight would be a near approximation, while others have contended that no salmon ever hooked could move a ten-pound weight lying on the ground. The note-book in which is recorded the number of pounds indicated by the balance, is now before the writer, and he would like to have his angling readers guess the number.* The old man soon recovered after clearing his stomach of the water taken in his tumbles. He was quite crestfallen, and revised his opinions about rods, lines and salmon. Mr. Norris suggested that the fun and information derived at his expense was well worth a dollar to each, with which we all agreed, and the old man said "devil so good a day's work did I ever do in my life."

Mr. Norris did his work thoroughly this time. After leaving the river he proceeded down the coast to interview fishermen whose fathers were among the first settlers, and who had fished all their lives. As the writer's official duties required his presence at Chatham, whither he intended proceeding by rail, he changed his mind and decided to accompany Mr. Norris down the coast, and with him visit the Tabusintac which debouches into the estuary of the Miramichi. This is a very considerable stream, which in its upper waters divides into two branches, each of which has several smaller tributaries. It has, since the settlement of the country, been celebrated for the number and size of its trout, and as the post road to Chatham crosses it not far from its best pools, a fine opportunity was offered, with little trouble or expense, for Mr. N. to see on this visit the true habitat of the sea trout, and to correct his former opinion that their habitat was the sea. As this river offered every facility for testing the statements made by fishermen and arriving at a sound conclusion, we made but one stop in the journey, at Caraquet, in order that he might taste the oysters which more nearly resemble the English "natives" than any others in the Maritime Provinces.

Here we met Overseer Hickson, one of the most intelligent and energetic fishing officers that ever gave good service to his country. He had gone down the coast on one of his periodical visits to inspect nets and settle some of the numerous and interminable disputes that constantly arise among fishermen, especially when the disputants are French. We put up at a comfortable farm-house where Hickson was to hold his court. He sent the local warden to rake a basket of oysters, which added much to the enjoyment of a substantial dinner for which our ride in the ozone-laden breeze from the salt water had given us a sharp appetite. After dinner Hickson, who knew the disputants and their several dispositions, prepared the wide hall for his court-room, and covered a large table with all the books in the house. The neighbors, mostly French, from far and near, had made a fete-day, and were waiting outside in quite a crowd, and of course did not fail to sing *En roulant ma boule.* Arranging his papers, and taking his seat in a large arm chair, Hickson summoned the disputants, announced the court open, and made a speech in substance as follows: "Gentlemen, before I hear this case, I wish to say that these disputes are growing more frequent and more annoying to the neighborhood, to yourselves and to me, every season. I have made up my mind that these quarrels about nothing must end. Hitherto I have refrained from applying the law, which fully provides for all these cases, solely for the purpose of saving you expense and large legal costs. Instead of appreciating my leniency, you have redoubled my labor, and caused me great annoyance, to which I will no longer submit. I am here to-day to uphold the majesty of the law. Do you see these books? They are all full of law, and I will enforce the whole of it if you make it necessary. There are many knotty points of law in these books and every knot will cost you each five dollars before it is satisfactorily decided. I advise you to settle your disputes without any law proceedings, and to give you every chance to do this, I now adjourn the court for one week, when it will re-open at my house in Bathurst at ten o'clock in the forenoon. *Vive la Reine!*" The result showed that Hickson fully understood his men. He heard no more of the case and his little ruse saved the fishermen and himself from much trouble. Hickson has now reached the allotted span of life, and has retired from the arduous duties his office imposed. In his early manhood and middle age few could compete with him in feats of strength and agility. He was, until years impaired his strength, a good hunter, an able canoe-man, a fine shot with rifle and pistol, a neat fly-dresser, a good rod-maker and a thorough angler. Like the water, he can now only live over again in memory, the pleasant days spent in pursuit of fin, fur and feather, and these memories recall to each of us many happy hours in forest and on stream. All old-time anglers on the Nepissiguit will recall Overseer Hickson's uniform kindness and assistance in their search for sport. He is the last of the Old Guard left on the North Shore.

We arrived at Tabusintac that night and next morning proceeded up stream to the famous Escadillac pools, which, on his former visit, Mr. N. had reached by going down stream from Harris's Inn on the Bathurst road. Here, as Mr. N. had done before, we caught trout at almost every cast weighing from one to two and a half pounds, and desisted only when surfeited with fishing. As the smelts had long left the river, these trout, if denizens of the sea, should have followed them; but here they were, veritable *fontinalis,* identical with those which are found in every river in the Maritime Provinces, and here they would remain until they went down to salt water to meet the smelt again the following spring. The result of this inquiry on the mind of Mr. Norris was that the North Shore of New Brunswick has no sea trout distinct from *fontinalis.* The lamented death of Mr. Norris soon after prevented the publication of the conclusion arrived at and the grounds for correcting his former belief. We parted at Chatham. Mr. N. took rail for St. John and his home in Philadelphia. Alas! the next tidings of my friend announced his unexpected death, and as I grieved, so, I am sure, did every angler and every man who had enjoyed the intimacy of this genial gentleman and true sportsman—one of the best known of the Old Guard. Mr. Norris was the pioneer writer on Fish Culture, and though printed 35 years ago, his book contains all that so-called *scientists,* with half the alphabet attached to their names, have since written. His "Anglers' Book," I hope, is in the hands of every American fisherman.

In taking final leave of this subject, the Octogenarian would like to expostulate with *Messieurs les Savants,* who have lately developed a genius for new classifications. There seem to be fashions in zoology as well as in dress. Some years ago the fashion was to generalize structure and to reduce species; to-day the fashion is to differentiate very minutely on structure and to multiply species; but in neither fashion is there unanimity among the savants. Since the days of Dame Berners, Father Izaak and Brother Cotton, the anglers of England, Ireland and Scotland have been under no doubt or difficulty about the brook trout. On the continent of Europe all classes of the people are familiar with *Salmo fontinalis* of Humboldt and Cuvier. In America there was not, until recently, any confusion in the minds of the common people as to what was a brook trout. But Agassiz and Baird, who were content with the classification of their great predecessors in natural history, are dead, and *Messieurs les Savants,* dragging half the alphabet after their names, (as if the more letters they could flaunt the more the *oi polloi* were bound to submit to their superior knowledge) are, on the principle of *lucus a non lucendo* writing glibly about "vomers plane" and "vomers boat-shaped," "shafts elevated and shafts depressed," "teeth in rows or no teeth at all," "scales conspicuous or scales embedded," "black spots, red spots or gray spots," until a poor devil is so confused with the learned trifling that he begins to doubt his own eyesight and his ability to tell a sea salmon from a brook trout, which, by the way *Messieurs les Savants* now tell us is no trout at all, but only a miserable "char!" What has science gained? How has knowledge been increased by the learned jargon of these *fin de siècle* professors and adepts who, with scalpels and microscopes are counting the number of bony rays in dorsal and caudal fins, especially since no three of them ever agree in their count? Will the *oi polloi* know the brook trout any better because these savants have taken him out of the *Salmo* class and given him a brand new name? Will we know him any better as a *Salvelinus* than we have hitherto known him as a *Salmo?* Will he give more sport or taste better as a char than he did as a trout? Come, *Messieurs les Savants,* let up on us poor ignorami, for whom the old, universally known term, *Salmo fontinalis,* is good enough. Some of us are too old to learn your long-sounding new names; it will require two or three generations to make sportsmen forget the old familiar terms and to replace the familiar *Salmo* by the strange *Salvelinus.* Let up, *Messieurs!* You are only confusing a very simple matter, by applying to it your "science" and long words! What was good enough for Humboldt and Cuvier, Agassiz and Baird, Buckland and Huxley among naturalists, and "Kit North," Sir Humphrey Davy and Frank Francis among anglers, is good enough for us who have no time to split hairs and make distinctions without a difference. Were the Old Angler to try his hand at classification, his description of these New Savants would read something like this, and not an Angler in the world would have any doubt about the *animile: Order,* primates; *genus,* homo; *family,* college dons; *species,* Smithsonian; *variety,* fishmongers; *individuals,* fellows that "know it all." How Father Izaak would laugh at you and quietly pursue his angling for *Salmo salar* in the Tweed or for *Salmo fontinalis* in the Wye!

V.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

*Note.—So far as we are informed, no authentic decision has ever been given on this vexata questio. Any answers we may receive to the Old Angler's question will be given in our Angling Column.—Editor FOREST AND STREAM.

The Rockefeller-Lamora Case.

A newspaper despatch from Glens Falls, N. Y., announces the decision by Judge Beman, of Malone, Essex County, N. Y., of a nonsuit in the case of Rockefeller against Lamora in the action brought for the recovery of penalties for unlawfully fishing in Mr. Rockefeller's private park in the Adirondacks. The defense showed that the waters of the park had been stocked by fish from the State hatcheries and at public expense, and Judge Beman declared that this was a complete defense under that clause in the law relating to private parks, which provides that waters stocked by the State shall not come within the provisions of the act. This means, as we interpret it, that when a private preserve has been stocked by the State, the owner cannot recover the special trespass penalties which the law prescribes. The well-established common law principles governing property and trespass are nevertheless in such cases still in force, and under these the land owner is still secured exclusive right of occupation or entry for any purpose whatever, hunting or fishing included.

Break the Chain.

Tell your friend you mean to spend your life fighting for money and power, and he will, if he be an average man, applaud your decision; tell him you mean to dwell in the country, gaining a simple livelihood from your labor, and he will either not believe you mean it, or will conclude you are a beaten competitor in the city's race. Most people do not know they are the slaves of their modern improvements, so-called. They build houses larger than they can occupy—for show; they pinch and scrape year after year to pay for them, and after that continue pinching to pay taxes, repairs and other maintenance charges. A large house demands expensive furniture. Then fine dress. And the demands increase. The man keeps his nose on the grindstone, the woman wears herself out taking care of the fine feathers. No time to just live and enjoy it; got to make a show first—going to take a real rest, and cut off all the little vanities, next winter—next summer—some other time, when matters are not quite so pressing. I am not exactly a loafer, but I like Walt Whitman best of all our American writers, because he had sense enough to "loafe and invite his soul" once in a while. I am tired of hearing the everlasting preachers of the "strenuous" life. Go slower, and you'll go farther and enjoy it better. Don't live to work; work to live. Bread and butter work, I mean. Leave a little time for the sort of work you find your chief pleasure in.—Frank Putnam in the National Magazine.

The Kennel.

Canine Elegies and Epitaphs.

XXXI.—From the Greek.

Τὴν τρίβον ὃς παράγεις ἀλύπως τόδε σῆμα νοήσα
Μή, δέομαι, γελάσῃς, εἰ κυνός ἐστι τάφος.
Ἐκλαύσθην. Χεῖρες δὲ κόνιν συνέθηκαν ἀνακτος
Ὅς μου καὶ στήλῃ τόνδ' ἐχάραξε λόγον.

"Only a dog!" Yes, here a dog is laid;
Yet laugh not, stranger; there was one to love me;
He wept, dear Master! when I died, and made
This verse to mark the stone that stands above me.

Yachting.

Designing of Small Racing Yachts.

Lecture Delivered by W. Starling Burgess before the Society of Arts of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, on Nov. 28, 1902.

THE designing of small racing yachts is probably the most fascinating branch of naval architecture, and one that appeals most to the majority of younger men. Unlike what is apt to be the case in the production of larger craft, all the details of the small racing boat are usually thought out and provided for by one man, there is but little specializing of the different parts of the work involved. Small help can be gained from the data obtained in larger vessels, the entire problem of design is a unique one, and governed by laws of its own. A very wide range is afforded for experiment, in the design of each new boat its forerunner is but little adhered to. As a result, failures have been many, and some most grotesque. Unlike a steamer, it is almost impossible to accurately predict a racing yacht's performance.

There are many subtle qualities which go to make up the elements of the successful craft which are at the present time wholly unknown. For instance, the proportions and various curves of the sails are an important factor, but we are in almost total ignorance of what these proportions and curves should be. To be sure, almost every sail maker and designer will have his pet theories; and it is significant that these are often at total variance with one another.

At the outset we must bear in mind that the sole object for which a racing yacht is constructed is to defeat every competitor that measures no larger under the rating rule to which both conform.

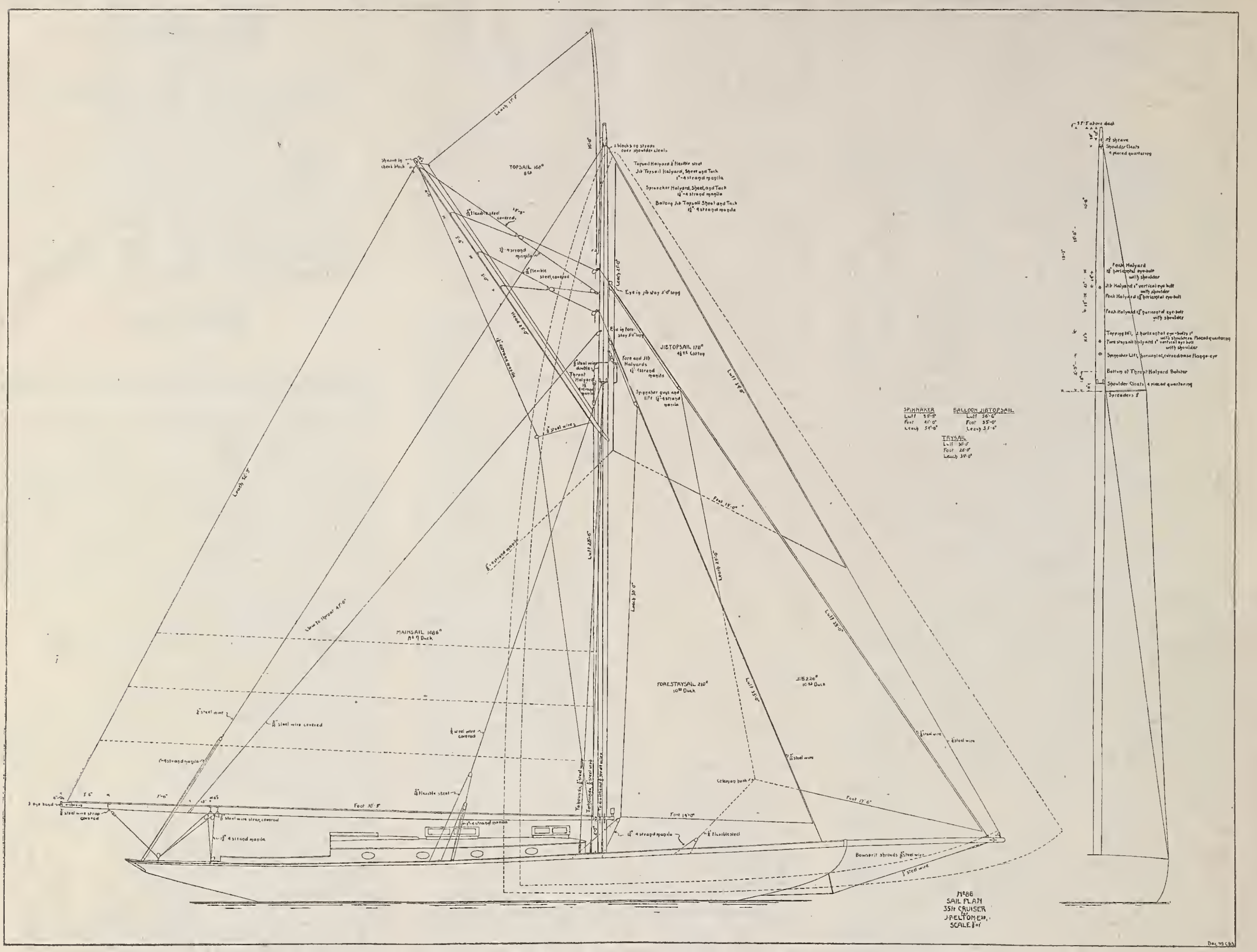
The most efficient steamer is that which for a given displacement gives the greatest speed for the least horsepower. Thus from the standpoint of the engineer, the most efficient sailing boat would be that which on a fixed displacement showed the highest speed for the smallest sail spread. However, rating rules in the past have almost never considered displacement and but seldom sail area.

The one standard of racing measurement has been length. In the days of the yacht America length of hull seemed a fair measure of speed. The clipper bow with graceful figurehead, and the narrow raking stern, while lending beauty to many of the early yachts, were in no sense speed elements and were rightly left untaxed.

From time to time attempts were made to tax the sail area in addition to the length of the immersed hull, and other elements were incorporated in the racing formula; but in this country in most of the so-called open classes the length of the immersed hulled alone has been the standard of measurement. Following the classical experiments of Froude—for many years the displacement was systematically increased, it being found that the greater stability or sail-carrying power which it afforded, more than balanced the wave making resistance it gave rise to. Thus the later boats designed by my father had enormous sail spreads, created great bow waves, and left heavy wakes behind them. If the displacement were left a constant it was found that three means remained, outside of lightness of construction, of increasing the stability. These were, first, increasing the water-line length, which being directly taxed was limited in each class; second, increasing the beam, which soon led to an altogether impracticable excess of wave making and wildness of steering; and third, increasing the draft, which found its limit under the conditions of the many shallow harbors of our coast.

Unlike the steamer, the sailing boat does not sail upright, but at a more or less great angle of heel. The length of the immersed hull was always taken when the boat was at rest, with sails furled, and in a vertical position. About eleven years ago it came to be realized that the above-water portion of the hull could be so shaped fore and aft that the immersed hull when heeled would have a length far exceeding that of the vertical hull, and that such excess of length would pass untaxed. This increased length was found to have three great uses: First, from the increase of length alone it allowed finer lines of entrance and run, and consequently less pronounced wave-making tendencies; second, it also gave increased moment of inertia to the inclined water-line plane, that is, it afforded a greater base or platform, so to speak for the lofty sail spread to stand upon; and, finally, it caused the center of buoyancy to shift to a greater distance to leeward of the centre of gravity when the boat heeled, and then a boat of the same weight or displacement had greater stability.

It was at first urged that the prolonged above-the-water hull would prove faulty in a seaway; that the long overhangs would pound in a dangerous manner, and that the extra weight of hull due to the long ends would offset the above-mentioned advantages. In well-designed craft of the smaller class this prediction was not fulfilled, and the overhanging hull found favor more and more. At first both the deck and water-lines closely resembled each



UMBRINA—CRUISING CUTTER—SAIL PLAN—DESIGNED AND BUILT BY THE MARBLEHEAD YACHT YARD FOR J. P. ELTON, 1900.

other, the deck-line only being somewhat longer and more sharply drawn out. Next, to give an increased moment of inertia to the load water-line plane and to form sharper sections of entrance and run when heeled, the water-line plane was filled out at the ends and brought to closely resemble a circumscribed rectangle. Thus the horizontal sections of the water-line became absolutely square and blunted at the stem and stern, resembling those of the ordinary mudscow; and hence arose the term "scow" as applied to racing craft. It might be thought that these square water-lines would be a great factor of resistance, but it must be remembered that the profile or vertical section lines showed but a slight angle to the surface of the water, and thus it was a case of a flat plate moving not normally to its line of advance, but skimming over and pressing down the water at a very acute angle.

As time went on the desirability was found of filling in or squaring the deck-line to an almost equal extent to the load water-line itself, for the boat with long overhanging square bow and stern thus held in reserve above the water an immense chamber of buoyancy, which on the smallest heel she could at once place in the water and at a great distance from, and consequently acting with a great leverage upon the centre of gravity. The enormous length of this untaxed out-of-the-water hull was exemplified most extremely in the Quincy cup defender Outlook of last season. This boat, whose immersed hull when vertical measured but 21 feet, was 53 feet on deck. Many of the scow type of boats, while sailing very fast in smooth water, were found to lose headway and almost stop when encountering a choppy sea. This was explained to a great extent by their forward overhangs striking the water at an oblique angle which tended with each pitch to drive the hull backwards. This was overcome by the so called reversed-curve bow, that is, a bow whose vertical contour and buttock lines, while rising somewhat sharply to the water surface, quickly reverse and run in straight lines over and almost parallel to the water surface. Such a boat when pounding struck the water with an alarming crash, but received no back-throwing impulse. When under way in a moderate sea the forward part of the Outlook's bottom bent like paper with each plunge. It sounded like wicker baskets under the blow of a pile driver. To derive the greatest possible advantage from this reversed-curve bow it is essential to have the horizontal contour line of the deck as nearly as possible a straight line all along the region of entrance, for otherwise it will have the effect of a bow with sharply rising buttock lines when heeled. This type of craft when measured by the length of immersed hull alone allows almost unlimited sail area, and will exhibit relatively marvellous speed as long as she holds together, but she is subject to the most unusual stresses, and from the very nature of her type must be built with most disproportionate lightness. Although most exciting to sail on, she must be considered rather as an abnormal development of a faulty rule than as a useful type of craft.

Sir William White says that the ablest designer is the one who under given restrictions turns out the ship which best meets the special requirements demanded, such as great cargo capacity, extreme speed, a heavy armament, or unusual steadiness in a seaway. As I have already said, the one requirement in a small racing yacht is speed. Therefore the designer must aim to conform to the restriction under which he builds, in the manner which shall least retard the racing efficiency of the yacht.

The successful yacht in a heavily restricted class is often referred to as a "disguised racing machine," and it is slightingly pointed out that while she doubtless complies to all prescribed measurements and weights, she really has the greatest proportion of sail area to weight, or of overhang to water-line length, or in some real or imaginary speed-giving element.

There is a satisfaction in going to the limit which may be indulged in in a small yacht. Unheard of dimensions, hulls whose length on deck more than doubled the load water-line and ratios of sail area to displacement apparently out of the question.

I shall try to describe briefly the phenomena that occur when a hull is moved a reasonable speed through still water.

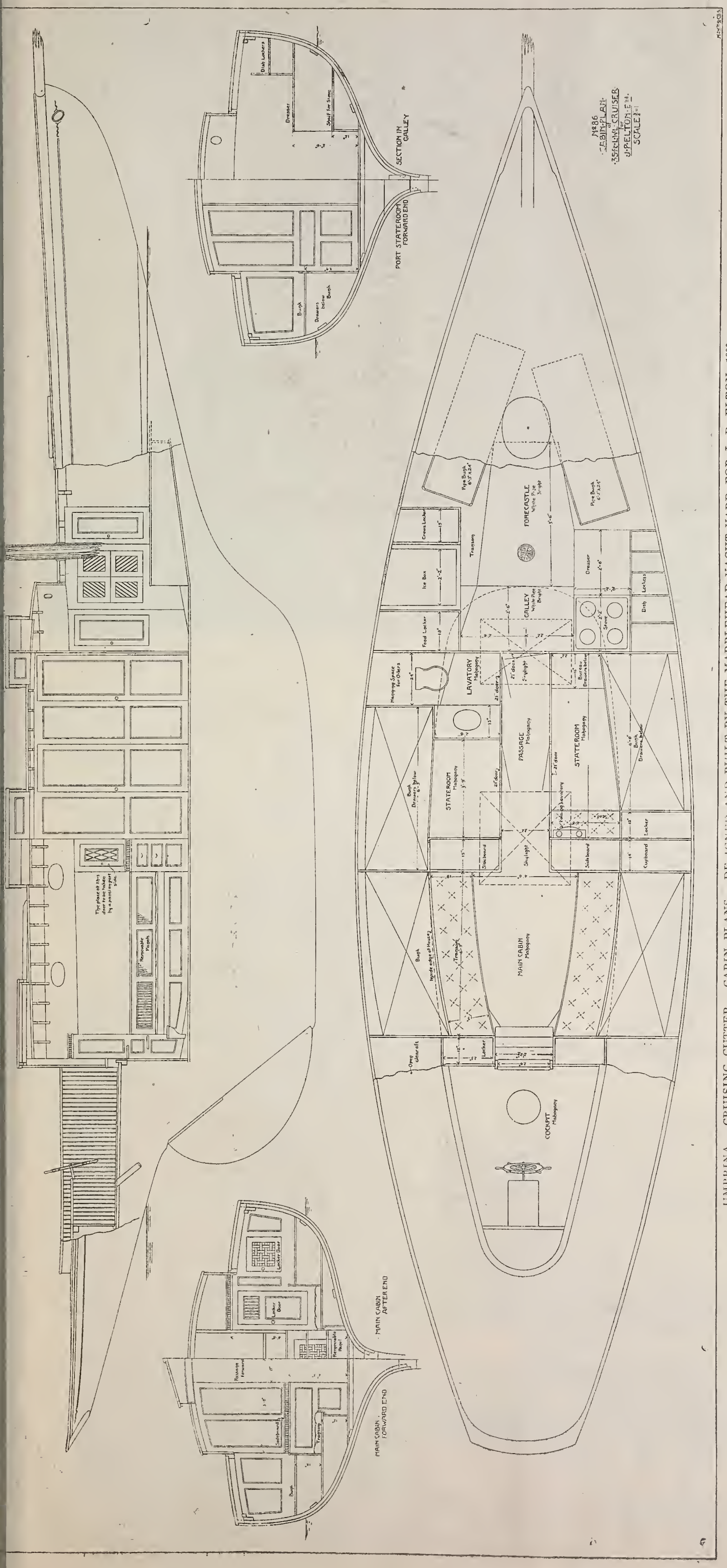
If a flat plate is moved sideways through water, the fluid ahead will be seen to rise, then sweep around the edges of the advancing plate, curl in eddies in its immediate wake, and pass astern in fanlike, spreading ripples. To create these waves requires the expenditure of work in moving the plate, but were the moving body of such form that the stream lines of a perfect fluid, deflected by the stem were left with their original velocity and motion at the stern, no waves would be set up and no force expended. This ideal condition manifests itself to some extent under real conditions, for it is an actual fact that the stream lines, whose deflection offer great resistance to the advancing forebody, sweep in around, and, so to speak, squeeze forward the afterbody. This is but little realized, and may perhaps be better stated as follows:

The part of the work done in stream deflection by the forebody is given back in forward propelling impulses to the afterbody, just as the energy lost by the slowing piston of the steam engine is stored in the flywheel and given back in the return stroke.

Thus in a boat, if the afterbody is disproportionately shortened, the stream lines are unable to deliver their forward propelling impulses to the best advantage, and instead swerve around the counter in disturbed eddies, and waste their energy in useless waves. Or, in the other extreme, if the afterbody be too long or a straight middlebody of great length intervene, the skin pressure of the stream lines can have but a lifting or balanced side pressing effect, which yields a small forward resultant. It is also probable that in the case of a long, straight middlebody the action of the stream lines is delayed, and so to speak, damped out so that its effect when closing around the afterbody is partially destroyed. This tendency of a long straight middlebody has been demonstrated by towing models of steamers, where the wider ship with long fore and afterbody gave less resistance than the narrow hull with straight sides and comparatively blunted entrance and run.

It was determined at an early date that the resistance per square foot of a thin plate moving under water normally to its line of direction was a little over 100 pounds at a speed of 10 feet per second or 600 feet per minute. As the speed increased or decreased within reasonable limits, the pressure was found to vary as a little less than the square of the velocity (with the one and eighty-five hundredth power, according to the experiments of Calvert). It was also thought that for an angle of obliquity X of a plate to the line of its advance the normal pressure of the afterbody was the square of the sine of the angle of obliquity. Many sought to determine the resistance of hulls by considering their surface divided into many separates plates of unit volume and of varying angles of obliquity. However, no satisfactory results were obtained by this reasoning, and it finally gave place to the modern stream-line theory, so beautifully worked out by the late Mr. Froude. The stream-line theory does not attempt any arbitrary division of the immersed hull into separate plates or units, but, on the other hand, regards it as a whole.

Long before the advancing hull reaches a given spot, the particles of water begin to feel its influence, and are set in motion in different directions. As the stem approaches the particles on either side are not only caused to diverge, but are given a forward motion, and a zone or wave of water higher than the surrounding surface is formed at the bow, and as a given region of particles reaches the middle body, its speed sternward is greater than the outlying surface, then a depression of water is caused. This again gives place to a summit at the stern where the stream's line motion is also changed, and they, to a certain extent, follow and are urged forward at the hull. Not until the hull is well passed do the particles of water assume their original state. These retardations and accelerations of particles of water as the ship passes give rise to the bow and stern waves. To sum up the foregoing a little more concisely, it may be said that at the bow and stern the speed of the particles of water with reference to the advancing vessel is at its minimum and wave crests are formed, while on the other hand, amidships, where the relative speed is at its maximum, a wave hollow results; that is, the particles of water at the bow and stern are moving in the same direction as the ship relatively to the surround-



ing water. Just where the forward motion of the water stops and the sternward motion begins, must depend on the form of bow and length of entrance. Every vessel may be considered to have a line of nodes peculiar to itself, extending from the port and starboard bows along which all the particles of water are absolutely at rest relatively to the far outlying surfaces. With the sharp needle-like bow and long entrance as exemplified in the modern torpedo boat, the two lines of nodes will run forward at a sharp angle to the axis of advance and diverge but little from one another. On the other hand, when the bow is very blunted and the entrance short, the node lines will be greatly divergent.

Generally speaking, the greater the displacement the greater will be the force absorbed in wave making, and also the nearer this displacement comes to the water surface, the greater will be the disturbance. A torpedo towed but partly immersed has a greater resistance than when towed far below the surface. It is a common fallacy of belief that a bulb of lead retards a deep draft boat more than when placed near the surface of a shallower vessel. It is, in fact, most decidedly the reverse, other conditions being equal.

Unlike a perfect fluid, molecules of water flow past one another with certain difficulty, and a surface advancing in water will cause all the particles in immediate contact with it to move forward revolve in so-called frictional eddies and finally pass astern in a frictional wake. These eddies form a skin about the moving hull, whose thickness varies according to the velocity and length of the hull, and to the comparative roughness or smoothness of its surface. If a well varnished plank is moved through water, the surface nearest its bow or leading edge will be found to have a frictional resistance of nearly 4-10 of a pound per square foot, but this resistance per square foot will be found to rapidly diminish as the distance from the leading edge increases, finally assuming a value for lengths of fifty feet and upward of but little over 2-10 of a pound. This diminishing resistance is easily accounted for when it is considered that as the plank passes through the water it sets all the particles in immediate contact with it in motion in a direction similar to its own, so that the relative difference in motion is lessened as the distance from the leading edge increases, moreover, it has been determined experimentally that this decrease of friction no longr holds for lengths of surface over fifty feet.

The forward propelling tendency of the stream lines under the afterbody was well illustrated in the experience of the two triple screw cruisers, Columbia and Minneapolis. On these ships the two propellers were arranged, as is the ordinary custom, with twin screws and a third propeller in a well similar to that on the single screw vessel. Each propeller was driven by a separate engine, all designed to be of about equal horsepower. It turned out, however, that the central engine developed slightly more power than the port and starboard engines; instead of giving an increased number of revolutions, as would at first sight be expected, there was, on the contrary, a decided decrease in the number of turns. The pitch and diameter of all three propellers being identical, the only explanation was that the forward moving stream lines and skin friction eddies about the center line of the afterbody was to account for the increased resistance.

With the victory of the Defender in 1895, and the successes at the same time of many of the fin-keeled racing boats of the season, a reaction took place against the centerboard type of boat, and many made so bold as to state that the heavy ballasted type had once and for all vanquished the centerboard boats, in all classes above the diminutive half raters and other small skimming dishes. It was urged that the centerboard was more of a mechanical than a nautical contrivance, and even likened to shifting ballast devices, hinged hulls and even catamarans, and the great advantages of its extremely light draft and easy lined hull being entirely lost sight of. To my mind the cumbrous lead bulb hung far below the hull proper is a far less ship-shape device than a moderate form of centerboard.

The heavily weighted centerboard offers an entirely different problem. With the exception of the Harpoon, in her second racing season, few of the larger racing boats have derived much benefit from the heavily weighted board, and it is a curious fact that the increased statical stability, which on paper it would seem to afford, is not lived up to in practice. The light centerboard gives a decided capsizing moment to leeward, in fact it presses so hard on the lower windward edge and the upper portion of the leeward side of the centerboard box that it is usually impossible to raise it except in stays. In the heavily weighted board this effect is so neutralized by the weight of the board itself that it will lie almost neutral in the box and often vibrate from side to side.

We finally come to the questions of the most easily driven form and the form which offers the least wetted surface, always remembering that both ease of form and minimum of wetted surface have often to be sacrificed to increased power of carrying sail, and with the best results. It is a favorite joke with the rule of thumb men that a boat cut away to a nicety as to her wetted surface, will often perform wretchedly, but the same boat, when hauled out and given an enormous scag or other unusual additions to her keel, will sail steadier and much faster. This does not mean that wetted surface is an overestimated factor, but rather that the art of balancing a boat to get the best results is beyond the present method of calculation. In the case of sailing merchantmen, the early naval architects had to do with enormous slow-moving ships with proportionately insignificant sails and long, steadying keels. The rules which were deduced under these conditions for the so-called lead (that is the distance of the center of gravity of the planes of the sails forward of the center of gravity, of the profile of the under water hull), worked very well. However, when we come to apply these rules to the quick turning racing boat with its pivot-like keel and rudder almost amidships, we are led to grievous error. ...With later yachts it has

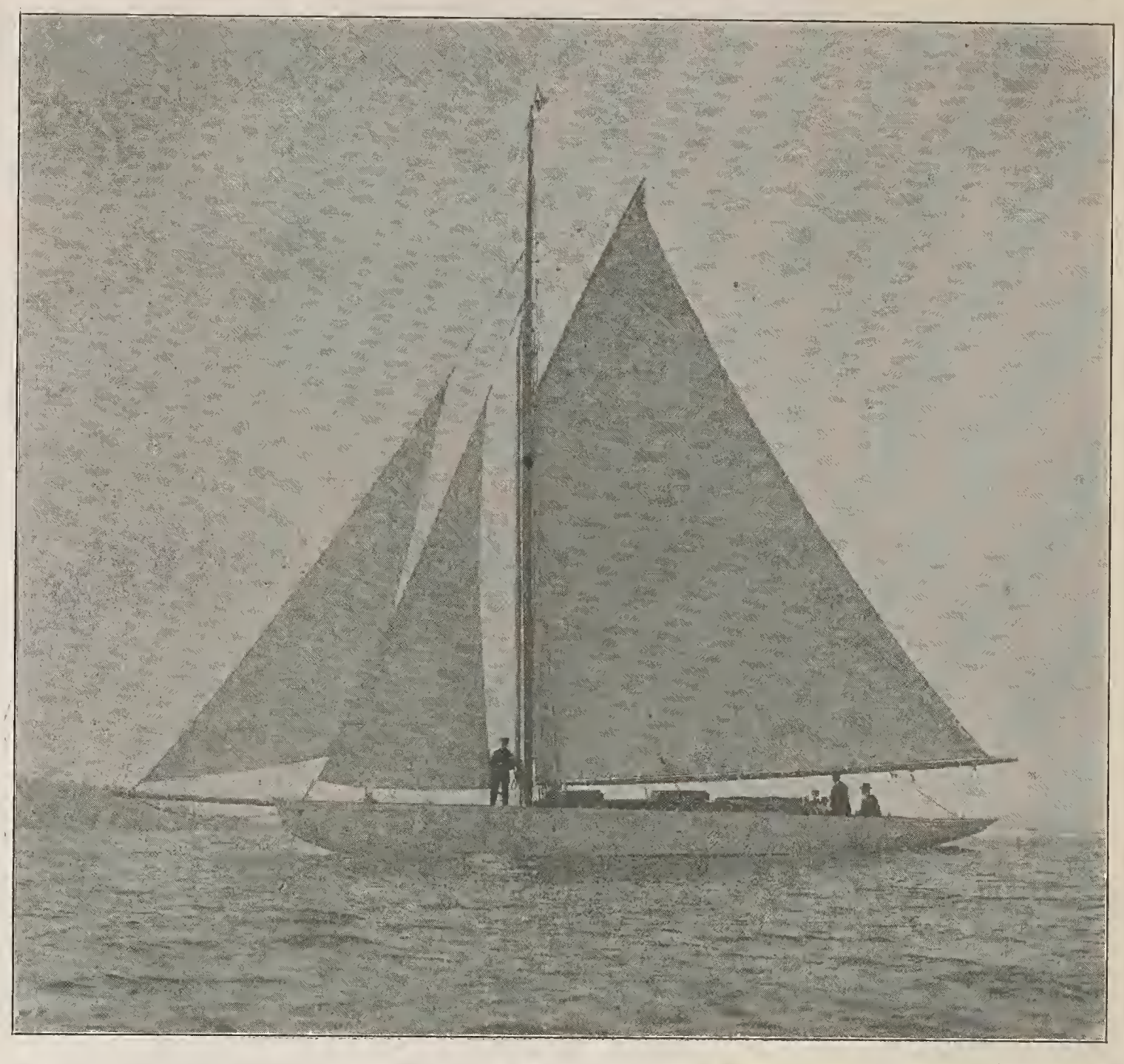
often been the custom for a designer to give up the attempt at nice balancing and provide his boat with the so-called sliding mast, that is, a mast whose position forward and aft could be readily changed by an adjustment of wedges.

There are two extreme opinions as to the use of scientific designing, the one holds that it is possible to calculate or in some manner to ultimately arrive at a highly developed and perfect form of hull, which for a given sail power will show such a balance of resistance as will result in the greatest obtainable speed. On the other hand, some say that it is all mere guess work, and one indiscriminate shape will do as well as the other. The latter being often supported in their views by the sight of the very wide shallow and blunted craft sailing on equal terms with the narrow, canoe-like type of boat. I think it may be safely said that mathematical theory alone will never evolve a perfect craft, even for given conditions, but on the other hand, I firmly believe that careful and appropriate experiment with much thought and precise methods of calculation will always place the art of designing higher and higher, and eventually entirely supersede all hit and miss methods.

Theory is much, but experiment must give the final touch, as Goethe said, "Gray is every theory and green the golden tree of life."

Umbrina.

The plans of Umbrina, published herewith, show one of the type of light draft 35ft. waterline keel cutters designed and built by the Marblehead Yacht Yard. In performance these boats turned out surprisingly well, being more than reasonably fast to windward and exceptionally fast off the wind. Umbrina is, perhaps, the most successful example of the type, not only in point of speed, but in seaworthiness and general comfort of arrangement. The two staterooms seem somewhat cut up, but as a matter of fact, there is plenty of elbow room even in the small one, and the convenience of the separate sleeping compartment appeals to many, especially when plenty of ventilation is provided for, as in this case. The main cabin is 7ft. 6in. long and the starboard stateroom is 7ft. long. The toilet room is 3ft. 3in. wide. The cabin house is 18ft. in length, and there is a waterway 2ft. 9in. wide all around. The galley is roomy and well arranged, and there is full headroom over a floor space 2ft. 6in. by 5ft. The forecastle has ample accommodation for the two men that are carried. The cockpit is watertight, and is 8ft. long and 6ft. wide.



UMBRINA.
Designed and built by the Marblehead Yacht Yard for J. P. Elton. Photo by Willard B. Jackson, Marblehead.

The boat is very handsomely finished below decks in figured mahogany. The cabin trunk is lined with mahogany. The beams are mahogany, and the deck is laid in two thicknesses, the inner of mahogany, so that with carefully arranged panel work the effect is exceptionally handsome.

The dimensions follow:

Length—		
Over all	52ft.	3 in.
L. W. L.	35ft.	
Overhang—		
Forward	7ft.	9 in.
Aft	9ft.	6 in.
Breadth—		
Extreme	12ft.	11½in.
L. W. L.	12ft.	5¾in.
Draft—		
Extreme	6ft.	6 in.
Freeboard—		
Forward	4ft.	5 in.
Least	2ft.	9 in.
Taffrail	3ft.	2 in.
Displacement	33,000 lbs.	
Ballast	14,000 lbs.	
Sail Area—		
Mainsail	1,086 sq. ft.	
Forestaysail	210 sq. ft.	
Jib	226 sq. ft.	
Area lower sails	1,522 sq. ft.	
Topsail	168 sq. ft.	
Jib topsail	178 sq. ft.	
Total area	1,868 sq. ft.	
Center of mast from stem at l. w. l.	5ft.	
Bowsprit outboard	5ft.	9 in.

MANHASSET BAY CHALLENGE CUP FOR 30-FOOT SLOOPS.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Greene Bros., of Bridgeport, Conn., are building a 66ft. auxiliary for Mr. John A. Serrell, of Bayonne, N. J. The yacht will be fitted with a Globe engine.

* * *

Messrs. Herreshoff & Wells have gotten up plans for a one-design class for members of the New York Y. C. The boats are 25ft. waterline, 40ft. over all, 10ft. breadth and 4ft. 6in. draft with the centerboard up and 8ft. with the board down. There is 1,100 sq. ft. of canvas in the lower sails. It is expected that eight of ten boats will be built, and all of them will be ready for delivery by May 15.

* * *

The auxiliary steam yacht Elsa has been sold by Mr. Evans R. Dick, of the New York Y. C., to Mr. Max C. Fleischmann, of Cincinnati, through the agency of Messrs. Gardner & Cox. The Elsa was formerly the Black Pearl, and was designed by Wm. Fife, Jr., and built by Culyean Shipbuilding & Engine Co., of Scotland, in 1885. She is of steel construction, 162ft. over all, 144ft. waterline, 23ft. 3in. beam.

* * *

The steam yacht Maria, owned by Vice-Commodore Frederick G. Bourne, N. Y. Y. C., arrived at Newport on Tuesday morning, Dec. 16. She was eleven days, sixteen hours from Fayal, and twenty-six days from Queenstown. Very rough weather was experienced, but the yacht behaved well, and Captain Archibald Learmouth, who brought the vessel out, speaks highly of her seagoing qualities. Mr. Bourne and Mr. Geo. A. Cormack, Secretary N. Y. Y. C., met the yacht at Newport and came down the Sound in her. Maria is now at the works of the W. & A. Fletcher Co., Hoboken, N. J., where she will be generally overhauled.

* * *

The annual report of the Regatta Committee of the New York Y. C. has been printed and has been distributed among the members. The report is very complete and well gotten up.

* * *

The Regatta Committee of the Atlantic Y. C. announce the resignation of Captain George Hill as Chairman of the Regatta Committee, and the election of Captain Henry J. Gielow as Chairman, to fill the unexpired term. The report of the committee has been printed and sent to the members.

English Letter.

The names of the owners of the new one-design class for the Solent have been published, and it is a very influential list, viz.: The Earl of Albemarle, Earl of Arran, Lord Brassey, Baron Eckhardstein, Mr. John Gretton, M. P., the Hon. Alwyne Greville, Capt. Richard Charteris and Capt. J. Orr-Ewing—eight to start with, and with power to add the whole aristocracy to their numbers. Now, nobody could grumble at this movement, were it not for the fact that it will infallibly kill open racing in the 36ft. and probaly in the 30ft. class on the Solent. The owners have chosen a design of almost the same dimensions as a 36-footer, the loadline length being 34ft. 6in. The boats have only one cabin. It may be very satisfactory so far as racing is concerned, but the movement on the part of wealthy men is characteristic of that selfishness that has (being quite unchecked by legislation) directly led to the collapse of our yacht racing. Capt. J. Orr-Ewing is a member of the Council of the Yacht Racing Association, which, as the representative organization of British yachting, has never received a more deadly blow than this. I have been responsible, perhaps, for the establishment of more O. D. C. classes than anyone, and I have always favored the idea as being productive of good sport among men of moderate means who cannot otherwise afford to race; but hitherto these classes have not interfered with open racing in any marked degree. This South Coast class, as it is called, is a very different matter.

No authentic news about the new challenger is forthcoming. I believe she will have a more easy bilge than Shamrock I., but that belief rests on very slender foundations. Sir Thomas Lipton declares that the design is the very best that has ever been seen. As to that I would prefer to rely upon my own belief in Mr. Fife's talents, for I do not forget that on two former occasions Sir Thomas used almost the same words. The yacht will be ready for launching in April next. At the yard, where she is building, there was a serious fire last week, and the challenger was in some danger. Happily, however, she was uninjured.

On Monday last Col. McCalmont died very suddenly as he was leaving his house. His death is deeply regretted, for he was a splendid all-round sportsman. He built the great steam yacht, Giralda, which was

bought by the Spanish Government at the outbreak of the war with you. Giralda carried some machine guns, and could steam at a little over 22 knots. She was a very smart-looking vessel, of a much more rakish appearance than is usual now among very large steam yachts. His last yacht was the little torpedo-boat-like craft, Tarantula, which was launched last summer, and is the first turbine steam yacht ever built. It is said that Col. McCalmont had some share in the Valkyrie III. syndicate.

It is stated that a project is on foot to make a canal from the Thames to Southampton. If this is accomplished it will have a wonderful effect on Solent yachting, for no doubt all sorts of unseaworthy craft in the shape of houseboats, launches, etc., will be constantly passing to and fro. There is also some talk of laying down a motor-car road alongside the canal. The project is a big one, but it would have very pleasant results.

The newly formed Marine Motor Association is still in the midst of its troubles over a rule for rating engines. There does not seem to be much prospect of reaching finality, but the committee considering the matter is very earnest, and has several experts in its number. By experts I mean trained engineers who are making motors, not the man who occupies his time in shouting out that he knows more than anyone else. One member of the association has decided to build an unrestricted 40ft. launch at once. From his engine scheme I expect he will take some beating.

The Clyde, after very long thought, has at last produced an order for one 30-footer. Our sport is now in such a parlous way that this is quite an important item in itself, but it is also interesting because it is the beginning of a new Y. R. A. class. Whether it will succeed is more than doubtful, for the 36-footers are none too favorably regarded up North. Still, time was, and not so long ago, when the Y. R. A. classes were quite unrepresented on the Clyde for many years. This little boat is being built by Messrs. Fife. By the way, the new South Coast O. D. C. is from Mr. Alfred Mylne's design. He is also designing a 52-footer for a London owner whose name I know, but fear to reveal, lest some evil should befall somebody. No owner of any new boat as yet ordered has allowed his name to be disclosed.

Quite a large fleet of cup defenders are building, according to reports cabled over here from New York. I rather fancy that one with 40ft. beam and the centerplate. I wonder your pressmen do not design more of them. Our editors love to have them, and they like them tall and broad. You can cable over at least five more without the slightest fear.

E. H. HAMILTON.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Dec. 21.—Prospects appear to be at present somewhat brighter for racing among the smaller classes in Massachusetts Bay during the coming season, although it is not expected that there will be nearly the enthusiasm that was manifested during the three previous seasons, and especially last year. The class which will hold the greatest number of boats will be the 18ft. knockabout class. Yachts for this class are being constructed all over the bay. There are so many that it is very hard work keeping track of them. Many of the owners are desirous of keeping under cover, too, and it is likely that the full complement will not be brought to light until the opening of the racing season of 1903. It is safe to say, however, that there are more than a dozen 18-footers under construction. Burgess and Packard have orders for eight, and the other designers, while not getting so many, have received a good share. In the midsummer series of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. last season, there were from 15 to 17 of these little fellows in each day's race. That was not the full number, however. There were probably over 30 in different parts of the bay. It would not be surprising to find as many as 20 new ones when the season opens. While some of the older boats are being disposed of, there are few that are leaving Massachusetts waters, and, thus, the number to be seen at each race throughout the season may be expected to be very large.

There is not much being said about the new 22-footers, although Sumner H. Foster, sponsor for the class, was in the best of spirits last week. He said he had been informed that there were 5 new boats for this class already under construction, but he could not say for whom they are being built. As a matter of fact, Burgess has actually orders for two of these boats, while an order for a third is pending. Fred Lawley has been reported to have orders for four, but according to his own statement, he has not yet been told to go ahead on the plans of any. It is said that a boat for the class is being constructed for Mr. John Greenough by Archie Fenton, of Gloucester. It is not known that Shiverick, of Kingston, has any orders for 22-footers from any of the Duxbury contingent. One of the yachtsmen who was most anxious to have the class adopted by the Yacht Racing Association, and who is loud in his praises of the boat that can be produced in the new class, made the statement last week that his new 18-footer was well along toward completion. It does seem funny that he did not go up 4ft. on waterline length and get one of the boats he admires so much.

There are no new restricted 21-footers being built, and it does not look as if there will be. Nothing more has been heard from the movement among some of the owners of yachts in this class to race among themselves, to the exclusion of the freaks. It is likely, however, that some such arrangement will be made before the racing season opens. In the 25ft. class there now seems to be some prospect of racing, this all having come about through orders to Burgess and Packard to design four of them. With this number there is no doubt the clubs will give them races, such as they are. To say that these boats, built to the limits of extremes under the rules, are undesirable and at variance with the effort to get a safe, seaworthy boat, would be putting it mildly. E. A. Boardman has turned out a full model of a boat that can be built under the rules. She is not so long on top as some of those which have been designed, but, if she were supplied with a square bow, instead of the apology for a sharp one, her model might easily pass for that of Hostess, Lookout or Outlook. A glance at her will convince any rational yachtsman that he does not want to monkey with a class whose rules permit such freaks. And still the delegates, or rather a majority of the delegates, to the Yacht Racing Association, declared by vote that the present rules are all right, and that no changes should be made.

Two notable schooners changed hands last week. Puritan, the defender of the Cup in 1885, the first of the yachts which has done so much to revolutionize ideas in designing and the yacht which established the standing of the late Edward Burgess as a naval architect, was sold by Commodore John O. Shaw, Jr., of the Corinthian Y. C., to Mr. C. H. W. Foster. The sale was made through the agency of Hollis Burgess. Mr. Foster intends to further alter Puritan by adding a 20 horse-power gasolene engine. The schooner is as beautiful and as much admired as ever. Outside of a little leaking around the centerboard box, she is as sound as in the days of old. This may be remedied, but if it cannot be fixed easily, the center-board box will be plugged up and she will be made a keel boat. To take the place of the Puritan, Commodore Shaw has purchased the schooner Alert, until recently owned by Mr. Clement A. Griscom. The sale was made by Arthur Binney.

At Lawley's the cabin work is being put in the 50ft. ketch for Mr. J. H. Cromwell. The deck is being laid on the 60ft. schooner for Mr. C. H. Clark. Mr. F. H. Adriance's 34ft. yawl has been planked and the deck is being laid. A 36-footer for Mr. W. C. Rogers and a 21-footer for Mr. J. H. Spalding have been set up. The Cox 18-footer is partly planked. The deck is being laid on Mr. C. A. Fletcher's steam yacht. The Emery steam yacht, designed by Cheseborough, has been laid down. It is reported that the Lawley Company has secured an option on the tract of land, adjoining its yard, upon which stood the house of correction and the insane hospital. It is a very large parcel and has a fine water frontage, although it will have to be dredged for any large work. It will be interesting to learn how the company will dispose of it.

Frank N. Tandy has an order for a 40-rater under the new measurement rules, for a Western man, who summers at Marblehead. She will be 52ft. 1½in. over all, 33ft. waterline, 11ft. 6in. beam and 7ft. 6in. draft. She will carry 2,004 sq. ft. of sail.

The yacht yard and shop of Pryor and Clark, at North Weymouth on the Fore River, has been leased by W. W. Meek & Co., who will carry on the business of yacht designing and building. Mr. Meek was senior draftsman for Lewis Nixon and has also been with Neafie and Levy.

Smith, of Quincy Point, is at work on a 21-footer, designed by Crowninshield for Mr. Joshua Crane, Jr. She will be raced in Buzzards Bay.

Burgess and Packard have received an order for a 40-rater, under the new measurement rules, for Mr. R. H. Morgan, of Boston. They have also an order for a 22-footer for Mr. Herbert White, and report that Mr. Sumner H. Foster's 22-footer, building by Hodgdon, of Booth Bay, is well along.

E. A. Boardman, recently with Crowninshield, has started out on his own hook with an office at 20 Central street. He has already received orders for two 18-footers for Boston parties, and is considering plans for two 15-footers and a 45ft. speed launch.

Small Bros. have turned out the lines for a one-design class of 18-footers on the order of Mr. W. R. Carson. Four have been ordered, which will be built and raced at Calais, Me.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., Dec. 22.—In the re-entry rifle contest, open to non-members, the following 5-shot scores were made at 50ft. on the ¼in., 25-ring target, two best scores to win; prize, a Winchester model 1890 rifle, with gallery sights: Fred Bellington 113; Jas. Schmidt 116, 113; Frank Tompkins 115, 113, 118, 119; Fred Tompkins 111, 112.

Practice scores, 5 shots at 50ft.: G. Tompkins 119, 116, 118; J. Schmidt 114, 107; Wm. Fisher 118; C. G. Blandford 121, 114; Wm. Coleman 116, 109, 110, 115; C. H. Sidman 118, 117.

Matches at 50ft.: C. G. Blandford 117, Wm. Coleman 115. Wm. Coleman 117, C. G. Blandford 115. C. G. Blandford 117, Wm. Coleman 110. C. G. Blandford 242, Wm. Coleman 236. Wm. Coleman 236, C. G. Blandford 231.

Ten-shot scores, 75ft.: C. G. Blandford 235, Mrs. E. F. Ball 217, Dr. E. B. Sherwood 208.

Matches at 75ft.: C. G. Blandford 230, E. F. Ball 228. E. F. Ball 237, C. G. Blandford 235. E. F. B.

A special feature of the ninth annual Sportsmen's Show, to be held in Madison Square Garden the week commencing Feb. 21, will be rifle and revolver tests, beside other kinds of competition. Capt. J. A. H. Dressel, 313 Broadway, is the General Manager.

Trapshooting.

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

Fixtures.

Dec. 25.—Dover, N. J.—Holiday live-bird shoot of the Dover Gun Club. Bull shoot the special event.

Dec. 25.—Interstate Park, L. I.—John S. Wright's target tournament, sweepstakes, etc.

Dec. 28.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Fulton Gun Club's shoot. Albert A. Schoverling, Sec'y.

Hell Gate Gun Club's shoot, fourth Tuesday of each month (July and December excepted), at Outwater's Riverside grounds, Paterson Plank Road, Carlstadt, N. J.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's target shoot, every Saturday afternoon. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

Hell Gate Annex shoot, second Friday of each month (January and July excepted), at Dexter Park, Brooklyn.

Brooklyn Gun Club's shoot, Saturdays, at Enfield street, near Liberty avenue, Brooklyn. Visitors welcome.

South Side Gun Club's shoot, Saturdays, South Broad street, Newark, N. J., near Lehigh Valley coal depot.

Outwater's grounds, Carlstadt, N. J., Saturdays, live-bird handicaps.

1903.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

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

The programme of the Sunny South Handicap at live birds and targets, to be held at Brenham, Texas, Jan. 26 to 31, inclusive, provides competition of four days at live birds and two days at targets. The Sunny South Handicap is a 25 live-bird event, $20 entrance, birds included, handicaps 26 to 31yds. The following is quoted from the published conditions: "All entries to this event must be made by Jan. 15, and accompanied by a $5 forfeit, made payable to Alf Gardiner, manager, Brenham, Texas. Money in this event will be divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., class shooting. In addition to first money in this event, the winner will receive a handsome silver cup, value $100. To this event we now have the forfeits of ten Brenham amateur shooters, who have signified their intention of shooting, and deposited these forfeits with us in good faith. We have the promise of others in our city. Make your entries to this event and attend a good shoot. Sunny South Handicap at targets, 100 targets, $10 entrance; handicaps, 14 to 20yds. Five moneys, 30, 25, 20, 15, 10 per cent.; class shooting. In addition to first money the winner of this event will also receive a handsome silver trophy. Shooters who like high gun shooting can arrange a side purse with secretary in these events, to be divided on the high gun system."

The secretary, Mr. W. H. Shelton, informs that "the Grand midwinter carnival shooting tournament under the auspices of the El Paso Gun Club will be given in El Paso, Texas, on Jan. 13 to 15, 1903. Professionals and manufacturers' agents allowed to shoot for targets only. There will be fifteen events, five each day, from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M., the balance of the day to be taken up with other carnival attractions. Added money will approximate $1,000, to be divided under the Rose system, ratios 7, 5, 3, 2. Ten-gauge guns and black powder barred. Interstate Association rules of 1902 to govern. Shooting over magazine trap, known trap and unknown angles. There will be specially low rates on the eight railroads reaching El Paso. Programmes will be mailed on application."

The Florists' Gun Club announce a target tournament for New Year's Day, at Wissinoming, Pa. It is open to all. Three sets of traps will be available. Sweepstake shooting will commence on the arrival of the 9:58 train. Upon the arrival of the 1:50 P. M. train from Broad street a merchandise event and a five-man team match will be shot. There are ten events on the programme, six at 10 targets, 50 cents entrance; two at 15 targets, 75 cents entrance, and one 25 cents entrance to which $5 is guaranteed; merchandise event, $2 entrance; five-man team match, $3 entrance; 30 targets, handicaps added.

The Richmond Gun Club have announced a holiday shoot for Christmas Day, at Concord, Staten Island, commencing at 10 A. M. The secretary, Mr. Albert A. Schoverling, writes us: "New grounds; new club house; everybody welcome. To reach the grounds from New York, the ferry boat to St. George, thence Silver Lake trolley to the junction of Clove road and Richmond turnpike; thence shuttle car to the grounds, or ten minutes' walk in place of shuttle car. The grounds are at the corner of Serpentine and Clove roads."

The Breeder and Sportsman of Dec. 13 contains the following pleasant personals: "Harvey McMurchy has been here for several weeks. 'Prince Mac' says he has greatly enjoyed the duck shooting he has been having, twice a week, at the Spooney Gun Club preserve, near Mt. Eden. Phil B. Bekeart is dated for a return appearance here about the 20th inst. Jack Fanning, a sportsman universally liked and widely known, will also make his appearance on Sportsman's Row on or about the 20th."

On Wednesday evening of last week, Capt. J. A. H. Dressel gave a banquet and theater party to his staff of shooters and missionaries, a list of whom follows: Messrs. John E. Avery, Frank E. Butler, J. L. Head, John S. Cole, Jr., T. W. Morfey, Malcolm Moore, L. J. Standish, F. C. Riehl, Geo. T. Little, S. M. Van Allen, S. D. Woodhouse, George Bingham and A. H. Myerhoff.

Messrs. C. Fleishman and John Heflich have agreed to shoot a match at 50 birds per man, $100 a side, Interstate rules, loser to pay for birds. Date and place are Jan. 1, on Heflich's shooting grounds, Hackensack River Bridge, near East Rutherford, N. J. Fleishman will stand at 30yds., Heflich at 26yds. Mr. Carl von Lengerke holds a forfeit, and has been agreed upon to act as referee.

On Jan. 15, at Guttenburg, N. J., there will be a three-man live-bird Eastern team championship. The teams to be composed of members of clubs, and any club may enter as many teams as it pleases. Entrance $7.50 per team, birds extra; 28yds. rise. The winning team will receive three cups, one for each member, beside 50 per cent. of entrance; second team will receive 30 per cent; third team, 20 per cent. For further information, address Mr. Gus Greiff, 318 Broadway, New York.

The Bound Brook (N. J.) Gun Club announces an all-day shoot for Dec. 27, commencing at 10 o'clock. There will be a dead mark shoot—that is, shooting at a block of wood—for a quarter of beef. The shot sticking in the block and nearest to its center wins. Turkeys and chickens are also on the prize list. If the 27th is stormy, then the shoot will take place on the following Wednesday.

Mr. C. B. Axford, secretary of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, Rutherford, N. J., writes us as follows: "On account of the date conflicting with that of the Jackson Park Gun Club, the Boiling Springs Gun Club have postponed their live-bird shoot of Jan. 1 to some future time. There will be a target shoot instead, beginning at 1 o'clock P. M."

The match at 100 targets between Messrs. Harry M. Brigham and J. S. Schenck Remsen, both of Brooklyn, was won by the former at the shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club, held at Bay Ridge, L. I., to-day. The scores were as follows: Brigham 92, Remsen, 85.

On Monday of this week Messrs. J. W. Hoffman, of New Germantown, Pa., and C. Steffens, of New York, made a match at 100 live birds, $100 a side, to be shot on Smith Brothers' grounds, Newark, N. J., Jan. 8. Mr. S. M. Van Allen holds a forfeit.

Mr. A. Felix defeated Mr. Geo. Bauer in a match at 100 live birds, at Point Breeze race track, Philadelphia, on Dec. 20, by a score of 79 to 71. The match stopped in the ninety-third round, Bauer then being shut out.

Mr. Albert A. Schoverling, corresponding secretary, informs us that the Fulton Gun Club will hold a shoot on Dec. 28. The grounds are about ten minutes' walk from the Crescent street station, Kings County Elevated.

The Towanda (Pa.) Gun Club announces it will hold its annual tournament on Jan. 1. There will be events at live birds and targets. The secretary is Mr. W. F. Dittrich.

Messrs. C. E. Willard, of Chicago, and Ed Rike, of Dayton, O., were visitors in Sportsmen's Row, New York, in the latter part of last week.

BERNARD WATERS.

Arkansas Championship.

PINE BLUFF, Ark., Dec. 17.—In an open contest for the Peters Cartridge Co. trophy, emblematic of the live-bird championship, J. A. Coles, holder, of this city, successfully defended his title against eight other aspirants. In this race he simply outclassed the other contestants, as he beat his nearest competitor four birds; that, too, after making a bad start, losing his first bird. After this, however, he settled down to business and shot in rare form, killing out straight to the end, and thereby aggregating the very fine score of 24 out of 25, on the very best lot of birds the writer has ever seen trapped in Pine Bluff, the majority of which were fast drivers. Up to the fifteenth round there were several others factors in the race, but from thence on there was nothing to it but Coles, as all the other contestants experienced a few bad minutes, which put them out of the race.

Coles came into possession of the trophy on Thanksgiving Day, when he won it in a similar contest with the same score in a field of twelve. Prior to this I. J. Vick, also of Pine Bluff, was the holder, he having won it in open contest at Stuttgart last September, on which occasion he killed 25 straight. At the Stuttgart shoot R. W. Larkan, of De Valls Bluff, was the runner up with 23 to his credit. Aside from the victory above referred to, Vick also successfully defended the trophy against Coles in an individual contest. This match took place in October, and Vick scored 25 to Coles' 21.

The contest of to-day is the third open one of the season, but others are sure to follow, as the rules governing such contest permit any club to redeem the trophy from the holder and put it up in open competition. This provision was added at the last meeting of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association, and has greatly stimulated the interest in the trophy.

The conditions of the contest call for 25 live birds, 30yds. rise, Interstate rules.

The weather to-day was all that could be desired, bright and clear, but with little wind, though a keen, sharp atmosphere had an invigorating effect upon the birds as well as the shooters.

At the request of the principals, Paul R. Litzke, of the Peters Cartridge Co., acted in the capacity of referee and scorer, though one of the contestants himself. Scores follow:

Coles	0221122211221211111121111—24
Powell	0202221121 2*2202112022212—20
Cromwell	1201202222211212 2*221100—20
Cook	1112212102201021202201101—19
Vick	0023120 1*0022021211112121—18
Litzke	2222222022022 2*22*20*0202—17
Lloyd	1221**10002212202*0020010—13
Balle	0210000021102010211020222—13
Dr Williams	110100022*w

Dr. Joseph Charles.

THE preamble and resolutions concerning the death of Dr. Joseph Charles, passed by the Chesapeake Gun Club, are as follows:

We, the committee appointed by the Chesapeake Gun Club to draft resolutions over the death of Dr. Joseph Charles, most respectfully submit the following:

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God to take from our midst our beloved friend and fellow sportsman, Dr. Joseph Charles;

Therefore, Be it resolved by the Chesapeake Gun Club that, while bowing in humble submission to His will, we feel keenly the loss and sincerely regret the death of our departed friend.

In his death we lose not only our truest sportsman, but one whose pure, manly character, unbounded liberality, and ever readiness to serve, had endeared him to the hearts of every member of the club.

To his widow and immediate family we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

Be it further resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be duly forwarded to his widow, the several gun clubs in our State, and to the Virginia Trapshooters' Association.

E. S. ROBINSON,
THOS. F. STEARNES, } Committee.
G. B. JAMES,

NEWPORT NEWS, Va.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., Dec. 20.—The main event at our shoot to-day was a 25-clay-bird, misses as breaks, handicap for a cup, being one of a set of four presented to the club by the president, Mr. F. Brandreth. The attendance was nothing to brag of, but the scores made were A1. The birds were thrown full 50yds., in spite of which the first four broke 90 out of 100 without their handicap allowances. Mr. E. F. Ball was the star performer with a score of 24 out of 25; he had an allowance of 2, one of which was superfluous. Wm. Fisher was second with 20, which, with his handicap allowance of 5, gave him a clean score. On the shoot-off under original conditions, Fisher got 22, while Ball went straight without his handicap. As Mr. Ball has only been shooting about three months, this was a remarkable performance.

No. 3 was the prize shoot. The fourth column denotes misses added; the fifth column is the total; the sixth column the shoot-off.

Events:	1	2	3				Events:	1	2	3			
Targets:	10	10	25				Targets:	10	10	25			
*Hans	4	4	22	4	25	..	J Folcy	5	7	17	7	24	..
E Ball	2	9	24	2	25	25	W Fisher	7	7	20	5	25	22
A Bedell	3	..	23	0	23	..	N Tuttle	6	..	15	6	21	..
C Blandford	3	..	23	0	23	..							

*For birds only.

C. G. B.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Clearview Gun Club.

The most important event was at 25 targets, handicap rise, the scores also to count for the club's main event of the year. There were five qualified to contest for the yearly prize, and Fisher won by scoring 20. The scores: Jones (16) 23, Smith (17) 23, Downs (16) 22, Barr (16) 22, Bell (16) 20, Fisher (17) 20, Franklin (17) 18, Davison (16) 16, Leicht (15) 16, Hill (14) 16, Bivens (14) 11, Yurrec (12) 8, Yardley (16) 5.

The open sweepstake events that rounded off the shoot were all at 10 targets, 16yds. rise, unknown angles.

First event: Franklin 9, Leicht 8, Fisher 8, Downs 8, Jones 7, Barr 7, Curry 6, Ludwig 6, Bell 6.

Second event: Fisher 9, Downs 8, Davison 7.

Jackson Park Gun Club.

Paterson, N. J., Dec. 20.—The members of the Jackson Park Gun Club, of Paterson, N. J., are busily at work perfecting all arrangements for their New Year's live-bird shoot, which, from present encouragements, is going to be a great affair. The club is sparing no expense in getting first class, good, strong country birds throughout Jersey, so that no one will have any complaint to make about birds.

Capt. Lenone expects to arrange a programme for that day that will please every one that takes part in the shoot. The poor shooter will be looked after, and the good shooters will be able to get some money if he can stand the pace. Any shooter who so desires can shoot for birds only at all times at this club.

The committee on entertainment is composed of men hard to beat—ex-Capt. Johnny Powers, Ed. Morgan, Billy Stalter, George Hopper and T. C. Wright.

Garry Hopper is looking after the birds, and says everything is going along nicely. But wait till New Year's Day. Everything for the comfort of visitors will be looked after. The club house is well heated and has a glass front the entire length of the building, 40ft., so that everybody can see the sport. Everybody is welcome to be with us on New Year's Day, 1903.

The club shoot to-day brought out quite a crowd, good shooting and fair birds.

Big match Tuesday at Bunn's, 1 o'clock; Geo. Hopper vs. Ed. Klotz, 50 birds, $50 a side; the best of birds.

Events 1, 2, 3, and 4 were $3 entrance:

Johnson, 30	01022—3	20221—4	22212—5	21*21—4
Hopper, 28	22222—5	21221—5	21*02—3	22020—3
Klotz, 28	01120—3	21212—5	20112—4	10220—3
Hopper, 29	02222—4	22202—4	*2222—4	0*0*2—1
Bunn, 29	11121—5	*1222—4	01122—4	21012—4
Lenone, 28	01010—2	11111—5	11001—3	11112—5
Connors, 28	....	.....	12*12—4	11211—5

WM. H. DUTCHER.

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., Dec. 20.—The main feature of the North River Gun Club's shoot was Mr. S. Glover's performance, breaking 70 straight. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	20	20	30	Targets:	20	20	30
Eickhoff	18	17	26	Gillerlain	..	14	23
Glover	20	20	30	Allison	..	16	25
Greiff	14	..	23	Morrison	..	17	25
Vosselman	13	14	18				

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Dec. 18.—A practice shoot was held on the grounds of the Brooklyn Gun Club, John Wright, manager, to-day. The wind was strong, and the targets were hard. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	15	15	15	5p	15	25	25
Welles	12	11	13	14	7	..	23	21
Capt Money	7	14	9	13	6	13	17	16
Glover	10	..	13	13	7	15	..	..
Keller, Jr.	11	10	7	6	3	..	16	16
Wright	11	6	..	10	2	..	..	..
Batten	6	9	..	5	2	..	10	..
Caunitz	7	9	..	11	6	10	..	..
Dennis	11	7	..	10	3	..	..	..
Williams	9	7	..	9	3	..	12	..

Prize shoot, 25 targets, handicap allowances added: Welles (3) 22, Money (3) 19, Glover (0) 22, Caunitz (8) 23, Keller, Jr. (8) 20, Batten (10) 21, Williams (10) 21, Dennis (8) 18, Wright (8) 18.

Dec. 20.—There was a busy afternoon at the Brooklyn Gun Club's grounds to-day. Eight events were shot. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	10	15	10	15	25	25	5p
Hopkins	13	10	13	9	14	23	..	10
Newton	9	6	13	5	9	15	..	..
Hansleiter	5	4	3	2	8	9	..	3
Sharp	12	7	15	9	13	19	..	7
Wright	11	10	10	6	12	20	15	7
Bergen	13	9	13	4	..	16	22	5
Griffiths	..	..	..	..	..	18	21	..

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Dec. 20.—The shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club to-day was well attended, a match between the club champion and an ex-champion being a special attraction. Messrs. W. W. Marshall and A. W. Palmer tied for the December cup on and J. S. Schenck Remsen resulted in a victory for the present and J. S. Schenck Remsen resulted in a victory for the present club champion, Mr. Brigham, by a score of 92 to 85.

Brigham also won the 100-target event for the shooting committee's medal, scoring 95; Remsen was second with 93. The third contest for the December cup resulted in a tie between W. W. Marshall and A. W. Palmer, each of whom broke 50, with their handicaps.

December cup, 50 targets, handicap allowances added: W. W. Marshall (12) 50, A. W. Palmer (20) 50, L. C. Hopkins (12) 48, G. G. Stephenson, Jr. (4) 46, D. C. Bennett (8) 44, W. J. McConville (8) 43, F. B. Stephenson (2) 42, H. B. Vanderveer (6) 37.

Match, 100 targets: H. M. Brigham 92, J. S. Schenck Remsen 85.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap: L. M. Palmer, Jr. (1) 15, H. B. Vanderveer (2) 15, A. W. Palmer (5) 15, L. C. Hopkins (3) 13, W. W. Marshall (3) 11, R. D. Whigham (3) 11.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Palmer 15, L. M. Palmer, Jr., 14, Vanderveer 11.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap: A. W. Palmer (5) 15, W. J. McConville (3) 15, W. W. Marshall (3) 13, H. M. Brigham (0) 12, F. B. Stephenson (1) 12, L. M. Palmer, Jr. (1) 8.

Shoot-off, same conditions: McConville 15, Palmer 14.

Trophy shoot, 10 pairs: Dr. J. J. Keyes 8, L. M. Palmer, Jr., 8, H. M. Chapman 7, Brigham 6.

Trophy shoot, 25 targets, handicap: R. I. Whigham (6) 25, A. W. Palmer (10) 25, W. W. Marshall (6) 23, H. M. Brigham (0) 22, L. M. Palmer, Jr. (2) 22, H. C. Chapman (8) 22, F. D. Mead (7) 21, Dr. George E. Poole (3) 21, Dr. J. J. Keyes (1) 21, L. C. Hopkins (6) 19.

Shoot-off, same conditions: A. W. Palmer 25, R. I. Whighham 23.

Sweepstake race, 15 targets: Dr. J. J. Keyes 12, L. C. Hopkins 12, Dr. Poole 11, W. W. Marshall 10, D. C. Bennett 10, A. W. Palmer 10, H. B. Vanderveer 8, R. I. Whigham 8, H. M. Chapman 7, A. E. Vorlies 5.

Monthly contest, 100 targets for gold medal: H. M. Brigham 95, J. S. Schenck Remsen 93, F. B. Stephenson 85, W. J. McConville 82, G. G. Stephenson, Jr., 79, Dr. J. J. Keyes 54.

Felix—Bauer.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 20.—A live-bird match, 100 a side, was shot to-day between Messrs. A. Felix and Geo. Bauer. The race ended at the ninety-third bird, Bauer then being shot out. The scores:

A Felix	0222222220222122222222021102222202222122220222*0	
	2202222200130222222222222112222222212022202	—79
G Bauer	0222200222222202 2*22222220222202222222222221*0220002	
	2*02222020221222211202122*022220202222222	—71

Keystone Shooting League.

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Pa., Dec. 20.—There was some good shooting at the weekly shoot of the Keystone Shooting League to-day. The scores:

Darby trophy, 15 birds, 30yds.:

Roll	111121211211122—15	Harrison	121101112112112—14
Rothacker	222222202222202—13	Darby	222220222202202—12
Geikler	222222222202202—13		

Club handicap, 10 birds:

Roll, 29	2*21210101— 7	Harrison, 28	2111112111—10
Rothacker, 29	2222222222—10	Darby, 29	22022222*2— 8
Geikler, 27	222222222*— 9		

The following programme has been arranged for New Year's Day by the Keystone Shooting League, to be shot on the club's grounds, at Holmesburg Junction:

First and second events, 5 live birds, entrance $2.50, birds extra; high guns, three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.

Third event, 7 live birds, entrance $5, birds, extra; high guns, three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.

Fourth event, 10 live birds, entrance $7.50, birds extra, Rose system; three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. If over ten entries, four moneys, 50, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

Fifth event, 15 live birds, entrance $10, birds extra; Rose system, three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. If over ten entries, four moneys.

Club house open and ready for service from 10 A. M. Scheduled events to commence on the arrival of train leaving Broad Street Station, at 1:10. Lunch served at club house all day.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Driving Nails a Nerve Tonic.

IT is an odd remedy for nervous prostration, yet it is almost a sure cure, so says a well-known Southerner. Some time since a prominent business man in Boston, Mass., wrote Mr. John T. Patrick, of Pinebluff, North Carolina, asking him if the climate of the Pine Woods, where he resides, and where so many Northern people go to recover health, was good for those suffering from sleeplessness and nervousness. Mr. Patrick wrote: "We have many persons coming down here who can hardly get an hour's sleep out of twenty-four, and they are not here a month before they can sleep eight hours during twenty-four. Dr. W. C. Wile, editor of the New England Medical Monthly, of Danbury, Conn., has said that it is one of the finest places to sleep at he ever visited, and the doctor is up on nervous troubles. And Dr. J. Warren Achorn, the prominent specialist of Boston, Mass., who has had great success in treating over-worked and tired-out business men, sends us a great many of his patients, and one of his prescriptions is addressed to us, in which he directs us to put his patient to sawing boards and driving nails, and the results are wonderful. The working of the home lumber is healthful, the exercise is beneficial, and the man cannot think of himself as he drives nails. We have in this way aided Dr. Achorn in curing many of his patients. He has sent us men out of the stores, prominent editors, managers of factories, and even presidents of railroads. We have filled his prescription by putting these men to work, and by their sleeping in the open air as much as possible, some in tents, others in little shanties and cottages they would hardly think of going into in the North to keep out of a shower of rain, they have gained appetite, health, strength and weight, and it only takes a few days until a piece of Southern pork and corn bread tastes better to them than the best meal they can get in the Parker House in Boston, and if driving nails and sleeping in little shanties will bring tone, vigor and sleep to the over-worked man, is it not better than any medical compound? At first the business man, with his soft, delicate hands, hesitates to take hold, but after he has mashed his finger a few times, and gets his hands as hard as a farmer's, he begins to eat and sleep, and when he gets the chance to see himself in a mirror, he wonders what has brought the contented, happy look to his face, and the answer flashes to his mind, 'driving nails and living in a shanty.'"

A Charming Pleasure Place.

FEW winter resorts have the equal of Lakewood's advantages, which are, primarily, location, climate, and surroundings. At the end of a ninety-minute railroad journey you reach Lakewood. The winter home of fashion, culture and society. Fine roads in several directions lead to the hotels and cottages of the latter, of which there are many, and the life of their occupants is as merry as can be. The climate at Lakewood is at least ten degrees milder than at New York or Philadelphia, and by its situation in New Jersey's famous pine belt, there is an exhilarating healthfulness found nowhere else on the Atlantic Coast. The hotels are metropolitan in every sense, and every convenience imaginable is found there, including Sun Parlors, Palm Gardens, Artistic Tea and Music Rooms, and a wonderful appointed cuisine. There are innumerable opportunities for out-door life, and sports like Pony Polo, Golf, Cross-Country Riding, Coaching and Automobiling, are indulged in. The only road to Lakewood from New York is the New Jersey Central, and its express service is such that many New York business men travel daily between Lakewood and New York. To know about Lakewood write C. M. Burt, G. P. A., New Jersey Centray, New York City, for Book on New Jersey's Pines, etc.; it's free for the asking.

The Laflin & Rand Powder Co., New York, Chicago, Denver, San Francisco, has issued a calendar for 1903, which depicts a situation having a theme sure to arouse pleasant memories in the minds of all sportsmen. The bright glow of a fire, cheerily burning in the old-fashioned fireplace illuminates the cabin, in which are three hunters, one of whom, the eldest of the party, is descanting on the merits of Infallible, a package of which he holds forth in his hand as an object lesson. Of his two companions, one is listening in a pose of eager attention, while the other, preparing the coffee, is in a state of suspended action while listening to the wise man. The picture is entitled "It's Infallible." A man-of-wars man and a soldier, portrayed with much spirit on the margin, are suggestive of the powder's further uses. It will be sent to applicants by the Laflin & Rand Powder Co.

The illustrated catalogue of Marine Hardware issued by Anthony S. Morss, of Boston, Mass., is a fat little volume of more than 250 pages. It seems to contain everything that the yacht builder could possibly use, from a palm to a propeller wheel, and from a squilgee to a searchlight. Some idea of its size and variety may be had from the fact that the index alone occupies twenty pages in double column. Yacht builders, and those contemplating building should certainly send for this catalogue.

We have just received from the Almy Water-Tube Boiler Co., of Providence, R. I., their catalogue for 1903. The catalogue deserves more than passing notice, for it is particularly well gotten up, and contains a great deal of interesting matter. The pamphlet is well printed on heavy-coated paper, and the half-tones of the company's plant and of some two hundred yachts and steamers that are equipped with their boilers, show up to the best possible advantage.

Mr. Paul North, of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Co., Cleveland, O., in a letter of recent date, informs us that he has sent to Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales, 302-304 Broadway, New York, a Parker gun, equipped with the Fulford single trigger, thus affording to the sportsmen of New York and vicinity ample opportunity to observe its practical advantages and workings.

The Marine Construction and Dry Dock Co., of New York, whose works are at Mariners' Harbor, S. I., not only build yachts, launches and sail boats, but also attend to the work of repairing and overhauling vessels and looking after and storing them and their rigging for the winter. Their proximity to New York makes them especially accessible to those desiring to have work done.

At the new plant of the Durand Manufacturing Company are constructed sail boats, power boats, row boats and canoes. The new foot-power launch which they are building is stated to have covered forty-five miles in nine hours—a remarkable record. This is a device often tried before, and Dr. Durand seems to have solved the problem that has puzzled so many mechanics.

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